

MAC L. SNYDER

July 24, 1972

Snyder: Just by way of introduction, my name is Le Moyne Snyder, and I am in my office at our home in Paradise, California. Today is the 24th of July, 1972.

I was born on the campus of Michigan State University on June 16, 1898. At that time, it was called Michigan Agricultural College, and my father, Jonathan L. Snyder, was president. I have rather vivid recollections of the early days of Michigan State, and most of it has never appeared in print in any of the college histories or anything of that sort. Consequently, I have thought it might be helpful and of interest at least to members of my family if I would just record some of those early recollections, and so that is what I am proposing to do now.

At the time I was born, my father had been president of Michigan State about three years, having come from Allegheny, Pennsylvania, now a part of Pittsburgh, where he had been the superintendent of the Fifth Ward School. Incidentally, it was one of the largest and most progressive schools, high schools, that is, in the whole country. While my father was superintendent of it, he introduced manual training and home economics courses for the girls and made it rather an advanced school.

When he assumed the presidency of Michigan Agricultural College in 1895, there were only about two hundred students, and also a bill in the legislature to abolish the college entirely. I believe I recall correctly when I state that his salary was \$3,200 a year, plus a house. Years later, it was advanced to \$5,000 a year, which was the most he ever made as president of Michigan Agricultural College.

The campus was an ideal place for a boy to be reared. There were no restrictions of any kind, and most of the dangers that beset youngsters today were nonexistent at that time. There was no traffic, no automobiles, or anything. We were allowed to just run anyplace, and there was no danger involved. The campus was exceedingly beautiful at that time. The grass was very well

cared for, mowed regularly by horse-drawn mowers, and there were flower beds in profusion, all over. They were beautifully cared for. So that at the time that I was just a youngster, the campus at MAC was proclaimed, along with that at Cornell, I believe, as the most beautiful campus in the United States.

At that time, there were no campus buildings of any kind south of the Cedar River, not even farm buildings. All of the farm buildings were on the north side of the river, in close proximity to the college buildings. I recall distinctly that one of them housed a great many hogs. It had a big sign on it called "The Piggery." The smell from that building became obnoxious at times, and there was considerable complaint about it. It was located on just about the spot where the building for electrical engineering is located now.

The first college structure south of the river was a wooden grandstand built on the athletic field across the river. At the time that I arrived on the campus, all the athletic contests were held on the drill ground, which was just west of the present Music Building. There were no stands of any kind, and everyone simply sat along or stood along the sidelines. At that time, the college did not have a paid coach who had the status of a faculty member, but usually the team itself would select one of their number to act as coach. This led to some difficulties, as you might suspect.

All the land where the athletic stadium is now, and that huge dormitory complex and all of that area, in fact, all of the area between Harrison Avenue and the spur line railroad track didn't belong to the college. It belonged to a Mr. Woodbury, and it was known as the Woodbury Farm. It extended from the athletic field, along the river to Harrison Avenue, and then all the way back to the railroad tracks. That land was not acquired by the college until many years later.

In fact, when Mr. Woodbury decided to sell it, my father was still president and very anxious to have the college buy it, as he could foresee how useful it would be in time. The price was very modest. I recall--and I'm pretty sure I'm right--that the entire cost would be \$12,000, which included the farm buildings, of course. At any rate, the state board turned down the proposition, and my father was on the point of buying it for himself. He would have done it

except that he thought in later years people would not understand the circumstances surrounding the purchase, and he would be subject to criticism for sort of feathering his nest in a way that wasn't appropriate for the president of the college.

The president's residence, where I was born and raised, was officially known as Number 1 Faculty Row. Faculty Row consisted of ten residences, each with a barn. In addition, there was a sort of bachelors' dormitory for unmarried instructors, which stood where the Union building now stands. And then on further east where the Home Economics building now stands, was sort of an apartment complex called the Paris. My recollection is that there were about eight apartments in this, and they were occupied by mainly married instructors. I recall there were quite a few children who lived there. Among others, Mrs. [Linda E.] Landon, who was the college librarian for a great many years.

This house of ours, Number 1 Faculty Row, was a huge, big brick, three-storied square home and constructed, I would judge, about 1875, or along in there. It was built of brick, a white, muddy-looking sort of brick, which, incidentally, was made on the campus right down in front of our house, in what later became the drill field. Several other buildings and residences on the campus were constructed out of this same brick. Among them, the old chemistry building, and the house occupied by Dr. [William James] Beal and later became the [John A.] Hannah residence, and the college farmhouse were some that were all made out of brick which was manufactured right there on the campus.

This house had very high ceilings and very large rooms. From the front door, there was a wide hallway that ran clear through the center of the house and went up three stories. Simply to try to conserve heat, the third floor had been completely blocked off, and it was used largely as a storage place and as a general rumpus area for all the kids. I remember we converted one room into a basketball court at one time. It was quite a place. What they had in mind when they built that house, I can't conceive.

It was heated by a hot water furnace of the old type. The pipes to the radiators were certainly not less than two inches in diameter, if not more. It would just take forever to get that house warm. The furnace in the basement was huge. I recall when my father would go down at night to bank the fire, he would throw in twenty shovels of coal to bank that fire at night. It usually became the duty of my brothers and myself to lift the ashes, which we had to do frequently. We would simply pile them in one of the vacant rooms in the basement until spring, when the whole thing would be cleared out. In fact, it took so much fuel, that my father, every summer, would order a carload of coal. It would take about three days for the coal company to bring that out and shovel it into our basement. Naturally, the house would be a mess after that, and would require just cleaning from top to bottom, with coal dust just every place.

Originally the house had a brick privy, which was constructed out in back of the building. Later, a bathroom was constructed out of some space on the second floor. It was the only bathroom in the house, and the only way to get to it was to go through another bedroom, so it left a lot to be desired, but it was very modern for its day.

A short distance from our front steps was a high bank for the Red Cedar River. This bank was high and steep, I would judge about fifty or sixty feet high. Like all kids, we would play baseball right in our front yard, and every now and then, a ball would get knocked over to that back and go into the river. It terrified our folks, because, like kids, we would go over that bank just like a bunch of squirrels. At one time they had a fence put up clear along that dangerous area. But they were very much afraid of the river, which really was quite dangerous, because every now and then, a student or instructor or somebody would get drowned in that stream.

Along this river bank down to the western entrance to the campus was the main road. That is, the main road of access for the campus for many, many years. In fact, that road used to be the main road to Detroit. It ran right up through the campus, around past what used to be Williams Hall, and then went out and rejoined what is now Grand River Avenue someplace up around Bailey Street or in there. The streetcar line from Lansing had its terminus down there at

that west end which was called "the gate." When I was a boy, that was always referred to as "the gate." There actually was a white wooden board fence across there, although I don't remember there ever was actually a gate across the road, although there probably was at one time. It wasn't until later that the streetcar line was extended on up around along what is now Michigan Avenue and entered the campus up where the Union building now stands.

Incidentally, our house had electric lights, which were installed before I was born. However, the electricity for those lights came from the streetcar line. Every time the car started up or was in the right location or something, which I don't understand, the lights would get very dim. And then when the streetcars weren't using the power, why, they would be nice and bright.

For several years prior to the advent of my father and mother on the campus, there had been no new college buildings constructed, that is, of any consequence.

There were quite a few women students who were enrolled in the usual college courses such as English and math, and possibly chemistry or something of that sort. They were all housed in Abbot Hall, which was a red brick dormitory, a two-story dormitory, which stood where the Music Building now is located. One of the first major changes that my father was made to establish the Department of Home Economics. In conjunction with that, money was obtained to build a women's dormitory.

Plans and drawings were made for a fairly large red brick building that would not only be a residence for the women students, but also provide classroom space and laboratories and workrooms for the various activities of the home economics department. The trouble was, as usually was the trouble, that there just wasn't enough money to do the job properly. As a consequence, the north wing of the Woman's Building never did get constructed. The entire building, which is, I think, a three stories, not four, because I recall right now it's a three-story building. At any rate, the building was constructed for \$69,000, and I believe is still being used every day.

From that point on, the new buildings were constructed on a rather regular basis. Just one of the early ones was the bacteriology building. Then the new Wells Hall, which was to replace the old Wells, which burned down. Then the agricultural building, which was by far the finest building on the campus and is still used to its full extent. Then the engineering building. Later, the new chemistry building, the new gymnasium. I could go on for a long time discussing the new buildings.

Along with all this was a steady, gradual rise in attendance. While there were only about two hundred students when my father and mother went there, when he left the school twenty years later, the enrollment was over two thousand.

The college curriculum also underwent a drastic change. Originally the students went to school spring, summer, and fall, and had the long vacation in the wintertime. I don't understand exactly the reason for this, but it may have had a lot to do with the difficulty of heating those old buildings and dormitories. I'm not certain how all of those old buildings and dormitories were originally heated, but it must have been that each one had its own individual heating plant. It is easy to see what a problem would be created.

One of my earliest recollections was that in the early 1900s, I would judge around 1904, the college built a great tunnel system all over the campus in which all campus buildings were heated from a central power plant. These tunnels contained steam pipes, and also water and electrical power. Consequently, a person can walk all over the campus underground. That greatly facilitated the heating problem. As a great many of the students lived on farms at home, the curriculum was altered to more or less conform to that of other colleges, with the long vacation coming in the summertime and classes held all winter.

To me, one of the very interesting things was the problem of health and illness among the student and faculty populations in the early days. One only has to recall that from a health standpoint, living conditions were primitive, as compared to modern ideas. Aside from smallpox vaccination, there was no immunization of any kind, as we understand the term now. That is

there was no immunization for such diseases as typhoid fever, diphtheria, scarlet fever, or measles, or any of those conditions. Pasteurization of milk was virtually unheard of, and certainly not employed. There was no physical examination given to students coming to school. Consequently, there was always a few students and members of the faculty who had active tuberculosis of the lungs.

Surgery for such conditions as appendicitis was in a very primitive state, and one of the college's professors, the first professor of forestry, Professor [Ernest E.] Bogue, died of appendicitis after several operations. I am sure that under present-day methods, this would have all been unnecessary. As a consequence, there was a good deal of sickness. At times it would be epidemic.

Right directly opposite where Abbot Road runs into Grand River stood the college hospital. This was just a residence which had been converted to a hospital and was presided over by a registered nurse by the name of Miss Ketcham, who was a Canadian. When a student got sick enough that he really was suffering, his friends would take him over to the college hospital and turn him over to Miss Ketcham, and she would really go to work on him. It was seldom that a doctor would be called in to see a sick student, unless the condition became very critical.

Later on, about 1910 or '11, along in there, four cottage hospitals were constructed in back of the bacteriology building, where the horticultural building now stands. These went under the general name of path houses and were used solely for highly contagious diseases. Most of the time they were empty, but on occasion they were overflowing. We had diphtheria and whatnot.

Not only did we have no way of preventing these diseases in those days, but we had no effective way of curing them. Whether it was pneumonia or typhoid fever, or whatnot, the main idea was just to try to keep the patient alive in one form or another until the natural protective armament of the body itself would overcome the illness.

In the very early days of the school, and long before our family came to Michigan Agricultural College, one of the main difficulties was malaria. This was particularly true at the

time the college was founded, and back about the time of the Civil War. At that time, and for many years after the college was founded, every student had to spend a couple hours a day or so in manual labor on the college farm. A lot of this was in clearing land and pulling stumps and building fences, and that type of work. However, malaria was just endemic all over that area. It was a very common affliction among the students and also among the faculty. In fact, in the boarding clubs, when a student would come down for breakfast every morning, there would be a tablet of quinine by his water glass. The first thing he did every day was to swallow that tablet of quinine and try to protect himself.

When the great flu epidemic of 1918 struck, the college was an armed camp. The SATC [Student Army Training Corps] had control of everything, and virtually every student was in uniform and living under military restrictions. These students were affected by the epidemic, as were similar groups of men all over the country and all over the world for that matter, and the death toll was high.

One of the major headaches for a college president in those days was the problem of discipline. When we compare it with modern student activities, there was very little recreation for a student. By and large, they had to make their own entertainment. There were no movies, no radio, no television. The girls who lived in the Woman's Building were under severe restrictions as to when they had to be in and where they could go and what they could do. About the number-one sin that a student could commit would be to go down to Lansing and go into a saloon. The college was very rigid in enforcing that restriction. The end result is the students would get out and just sort of have a riot now and then and start shoving each other around, and maybe break a window here and there, and tear up sidewalk, and so forth.

There was no such thing as a college police force, and the real policeman on the campus was the college president. Consequently, on occasion, things would get pretty much out of hand, and some drastic action had to be taken. The action that was usually taken was simply to fire the student out of school, because nobody knew what else could possibly be done.

About the time that I was born, things got very much out of hand. Groups of students were tearing up sidewalks and just raising Cain. The newspapers picked this all up and the college was getting a lot of very bad publicity, because things were so out of hand.

It finally reached the point where a special meeting was called of the State Board of Agriculture. Now, this State Board of Agriculture is now called the Board of Trustees, I believe, but it was the governing body of the college. There were about seven, as I recall, members of the board. At any rate, a special meeting was called of the board, which always met in my father's office, to consider what should be done. Of course, the student body was well aware of this special meeting. While these members of the board were pondering what to do in the dilemma, a brick came right through the window, smashed the glass and rolled to a stop right on the carpet in front of them.

This was more than the board was prepared to take, and they decided to really get serious about this matter. The meeting finally ended up by authorizing my father to hire a detective who could come in and find out who the malefactors were, so they could kick them all out of school. Now, mind you, no publicity of any kind was given to this decision. No member of the student body nor of the faculty was aware of this. So my father proceeded to carry out the instructions of the board. He got in touch with the Pinkerton Detective Agency in Chicago and explained the problem, and asked if they could help. They promptly replied that they had just the man who could really take care of that situation, so he was hired.

A few days later, into my office comes the new detective. He announced to my father that he had been sent up to take charge of the situation and was ready to start work. He was very wonderfully dressed, a dapper character with a derby hat and with white piping on his vest and patent leather shoes, and certainly bore no resemblance whatever to any member of the student body or faculty, for that matter. Dad told him that this would be great, but anybody could spot him as a dick as far as they could see, and that he would have to dress in conformity to the other members of the student body. He allowed he could take care of that, all right. So, thereupon, he

was enrolled as a special student in forestry, and assigned a room up in Williams Hall, which was generally supposed to be the place where most of the deviltry was coming from.

So this fellow whom I'll call Joe, because I don't know what his name is, now took up residence and started going to class. Not only that, he went out for the baseball team. Then he started rushing the coeds, and he started going out with the fellows and going down to the saloon. He proceeded to work his way into the position of being one of the most popular persons on the campus. He was out with them, and he engaged in all of the monkey work that was going on, and he became a very, very popular character. This went on all spring, or at least for several weeks, until finally it was time for commencement.

One Sunday evening about nine o'clock, there was a knock on our back door, and here was Joe. My father and Joe got together, and Joe handed in a list of just everybody that had been engaged in deviltry, and just exactly what he did and the date and everything, and he just spilled the beans on everybody.

So, it being at the end of the school year, the State Board of Agriculture was hastily convened again, and they proceeded to carry out the order of execution on all of these students. One by one, they would be called out of class, over to the president's office, where, in the presence of the State Board, they would be summarily fired out of school. Then they would send out for another one and do the same to him. Well, naturally, with every new one being called in and fired, the whole student body became more jittery and more agitated and more excited. They didn't know quite what to do. Finally, it came to the point where they had just about cleaned up the list, and I think they'd fired eleven students out of college that day, in the course of just a few hours.

Then all of a sudden, someone said, "Well, how about Joe? We can't leave him. He was the worst of any of these characters." So, as a final maneuver, they called in Joe out of class and fired him. Well, that was just too much for the student body. That was the straw that broke the camel's back, and the entire student body went on a strike, largely precipitated on account of

firing Joe, who, of course, was the stoolie who had spilled the beans on all the others. However, there wasn't much to do, because the school year was over and they were anxious to get started on the summer vacation.

But the final ending of this sad tale about Joe was that Joe had packed up his bag and was going to take the train from the Fair Marquette [phonetic] station. So all the students went down to the station, riding on the streetcars on the roofs and all over, to see Joe off on the train. With the train standing in the station ready to pull out, Joe appeared on the back platform and gave a talk to the student body and admonished them that, after all, he had just gotten what he deserved, and he had no hard feelings, and told them to go back and settle down and study and make good citizens out of themselves. So that's the end of the story about Joe, who was the stoolie who oversold himself. It sort of has an O. Henry twist to it, somehow or other.

While I'm on this general subject of student activities, I would like to recall a few things that happened that I am sure have never been put into print, but, nevertheless, are very interesting and indicate the sort of a life that went on in those days. For some reason or other, it seemed that if anybody could think up something which was completely outlandish to perpetrate, why, that was very much in order. That very frequently happened at around Halloween.

Here are one or two of the things that happened. For example, take the Woman's Building. There was a long flight of stone steps up to the front door of the Woman's Building. I would imagine there would be twenty-five or thirty steps up to that landing. Then as you went into the Woman's Building, there was a big hallway, a reception room on the left, and the dean's office on the right, then a big hallway running lengthwise of the building, and then a stairway to the second floor. Now this stairway was a double stairway, that is, both on the right and left that went up to a landing, and then a common stairway up to the second floor. Facing the front of the building was the parlor. It was a large room, nicely furnished, carpeted, with a grand piano. It was a formal type of reception room.

Well, don't ask me how it happened, one morning after Halloween night, my father got a frantic call early in the morning from the Woman's Building because there was a cow in this parlor up on the second floor. Naturally, it was not making the place any more habitable. Now, the mystery is this, how did some students go over to the college barn and corral a cow, and walk it across the campus over there, and push it up the front steps of the thing and then into the hallway and then up to the second floor and into the parlor? That's one of the mysteries which I think has never been explained yet. But naturally, the campus thought it was huge fun, even though it took an awful cleaning-up job to repair the mess in the parlor.

Then there were certain things dealing with explosives that caused some trouble. In front of the college armory that stood where the Music Building now stands, there was a tall flagpole over a hundred feet high. Surrounding the base of it were three old Civil War cannon. There used to be a couple just like them that stood in front of the Capitol in Lansing for many years, and may be there yet, for all I know. Of course, these old cannon were muzzle-loaders, and they were fired by a fuze that went through a little hole in the breech. Every once in a while, somebody would get a hold of a bunch of black powder and go over there in the middle of the night and pour in a quart or two of black powder, and then take newspaper and wet it and ram it down on top of it with a ball bat, and set the thing off. Well, it would make an explosion that would just waken the dead all over town. Furthermore, they would fire all three of them, usually, at the same time. Well, that was a harmless sort of prank, and nobody got hurt, and no damage was done.

But one time, something else happened. Again, it was just at the end of the school year. Along in early June, I would estimate this was along about 1908 or '09 or '10, in there, at any rate, in the middle of the night, there was one explosion to end all explosions. It literally shook our house, and, of course, my father was very much alarmed and got up and tore over across the campus to see what had happened. Over in back of Wells Hall and the engineering building, right alongside the river, and actually, almost under the railroad bridge where the college spur line

comes in, somebody had placed an enormous quantity of explosive. I say it was an enormous quantity of explosive, because it left a crater ten or twelve feet across and blew one of the piles supporting the bridge clear off, and broke virtually every window in the back of Wells Hall and the engineering building. Particularly over in the greenhouse which would be a considerable distance away, the damage was terrific.

There were several mysteries in connection with that. Obviously it was a prank. Nobody intended to damage any property. It isn't like the bombings that happen nowadays, where somebody is deliberately trying to destroy something. And yet there must have been several hundred dollars worth of explosives that went up to make that terrific explosion. College students don't have that sort of money, and the mystery is not only who did it, but how did they do it and where did they get the dynamite or whatever it was to do it with. At any rate, it was a Jim Dandy.

[Begin Tape 1, Side 2]

Snyder: The post office that served the college and also the town of East Lansing was located right there at the main entrance to the campus now, directly opposite to the little drive in there to the west end of the Union building. It had a safe, a good size one, and on several occasions, at least two or three that I recall, that was blown open and the contents rifled. Of course, that was the work of professional hoodlums and doesn't fall into the category of college pranks at all.

However, one college prank that caused no end of difficulty had to do with the college bell. Of course, in those days, there was no synchronized electric clock system for classrooms or anything of that sort, and the entire campus lived and moved by the college bell, which was a large bell placed on top of Williams Hall, which was the highest building on the campus, and was rung by a rope running down through the building to a student's room on the second or third floor. Every year, a student would be assigned to ring the college bell, for which he received a

[unclear] in the way of board and room or something of that sort. At any rate, the college literally ran by the bell. It started at six o'clock in the morning to get up, and then it would ring for breakfast and chapel and for classes and for drill, clear through until there was nothing more to record.

Now, this bell was a great big bell, and it would take five or six strong men to lift it. It was hung on a rocker, a cradle, a steel device up there. But at any rate, early one morning the student whose job it was to ring the bell came over and said that he couldn't ring the bell because there wasn't any bell. In other words, the bell was gone. How in the world they got up on the roof and got that thing down, no one can figure out, and what they did with it no one can figure out. Presumably they took it and buried it someplace. At any rate, you can imagine the difficulty of running a college when no one knew when a class was to start or let out or anything, but that's the way it was.

The head of the college foundry allowed that he could cast a bell, and proceeded to make the molds and everything and finally did cast a bell. It was put up and in place, and we thought everything was all set, except that about the first time it was rung, it cracked and made a most horrible noise. Furthermore, it wasn't loud enough that anyone could hear it. So the difficulty of the college bell kicked around for months, until eventually it was replaced by a new bell that they got from someplace, I don't know where.

Now, I'm afraid from the preceding remarks that someone would get the idea that the college and the campus was just a nest of hoodlums and hillbillies and whatnot. I hasten to state that nothing could be further from the truth. In other words, there was a formality present in those days that I believe to be entirely nonexistent at the present time. There was a deference shown to a member of the faculty and the president and other persons. For example, a professor walking across the campus, if he was met by a student, invariably the student would tip his hat and make way for him on the sidewalk. There was a certain dignity and formality that pervaded the entire campus.

Whenever my father presided at any college function, like chapel on Sunday mornings or at a faculty meeting, or anything where outsiders were present, he invariably wore a Prince Albert suit with a cutaway coat and striped trousers. It was customary for professors and others to make a formal call on the president and his wife on occasion, not every year, but every now and then. More often than not, they would come, the professor or instructor, whoever it was, in a full dress suit to make an evening call. Of course, at that time there was no such thing as a tuxedo. We had never heard of it. It was white tie and tails the whole way.

At least a couple of times a year, my mother and father would put on a reception in our house, which was ideally designed for just that purpose. In fact, it was about the only purpose it was ideally designed for, because there was lots of room and the ceilings were high, so that you could pack in an awful lot of people before it got too crowded. But on those occasions, my mother would always have our piano moved to the back hallway and have an orchestra of three or four pieces play all during the reception, light operatic music, background music, of course. Nobody stopped to give it their full attention; it was pure background music. But nevertheless, it was a formality that we never hear about anymore.

However, on one such occasion, I remember my folks were giving a formal dinner for the governor of the state. I think it was Governor Chase Sossbourne [phonetic] at that time. There were a lot of distinguished people there. There must have been thirty people, I should imagine, there for dinner. For the occasion, which was very special, of course, she had ice cream brought in from Lansing in some great big tubs. That was stored in our woodshed outside the kitchen until such time as it was ready to be served. The only difficulty was that when it came time to serve the ice cream, there just wasn't any ice cream. Some students had snatched the whole business and had a great party with it. There was a lot of jollification about that for quite a while. Actually, I think they'd had enough to eat without the ice cream anyway, but it was something to talk about.

People might wonder what East Lansing was like in those early days when I was a child. Well, to tell the truth, there wasn't any East Lansing at all, as we understand the term. There were a few houses down at the western end of town, around where Beal Street and Harrison and so forth, around what we called "the gate" at that time. And then on the south side of Michigan Avenue, there was a big old white brick building, which I believe was probably built of the same brick that our house had been built with, that was made on the campus, but this was at least a three-story building, and possibly a four, apartment house. A tenement house would be a much better name for it. It was known as the "White Elephant." I never heard it called anything else. As a matter of fact, when the streetcar put a stop there, the sign on the stop was "White Elephant."

As the college began to grow, it required more instructors and professors. There was no more room for them to live on the campus, so they had to construct their own dwellings in what is now East Lansing. That's how East Lansing came into being. So quite a few of these married instructors took up residence in the White Elephant. In those days, I guess it was all right, but later it became very dilapidated. It was not kept up at all, and finally became East Lansing's original ghetto.

This White Elephant was owned by an old Civil War veteran and a bachelor by the name of Ping Harrison [phonetic]. In addition to owning the White Elephant, Ping had a little store precariously situated between the streetcar track and the river. As a matter of fact, the back end of it was built out over the river bank, and the front end of it was right on a very sharp curve of the car line where the car was usually going very fast. I'm sure that the front end of the car didn't miss the front end of Ping's store by over six feet. But Ping would sit in there, read the newspapers and sell tobacco and candy. He was sort of a cantankerous old character. He was always mad at the college for something or other, and wasn't too popular in the community. Besides, it was rumored that he was a Democrat. However, he was the only merchant, if you could call him that, who would put in a stock of firecrackers for the Fourth of July, so we managed to give him some business after all.

But for the rest of the town, there was just nothing. Now, for example, take along Grand River Avenue, they first started building Abbott Road. They named it Abbott Road after a former president of the college [Theophilus Abbot] and then paid him the supreme compliment of misspelling his name. His name had one T on the end of it, so they wanted to be generous and put two. But from Grand River Avenue, all east of Abbott Road, over to what would be M.A.C. Avenue and all the way north, taking in all of that area of Grove Street and whatnot, clear up to where Saginaw Street would be now was solid woods, right down to Grand River Avenue. There wasn't a building in there anyplace.

Then there was a little meadow that extended up where M.A.C. Avenue goes now, and then east of that became Angel's Woods, as it was called, which was just like darkest Africa; nobody had ever seen the other end of Angel's Woods when I was a kid. There was quite a stream running down through there. Of course, actually it only went a few blocks, up to about where Bailey Street is now. But that was all solid woods and no houses anyplace along there.

As more houses were built for instructors and others who came there, certain things had to expand, and one of them was the school system. Originally, practically all of the kids in school were children of the faculty or employees of the college. The school was conducted in the YMCA rooms over in Williams Hall, on the campus. But finally it got just a little bit too much for that, so they had to look someplace else. Besides, the town was growing up, although it wasn't incorporated. In fact, the name of the place, the post office address, was Agricultural College, Michigan.

I mentioned before that each of these houses on Faculty Row had a barn. In our barn, a room had been finished off, that is, it had been sealed with just boards, and a respectable floor put in, and a stove. That became East Lansing's--well, it wasn't East Lansing--but that was the school, all eight grades. The teacher's name was Miss Dresser. School was held in that barn for two years. When they decided that they had to get something else, so the new school was built, it was constructed right where Central School now stands.

I started in with the first grade at that school the second year it was built, and that was in the fall of 1903. That same fall, the Wright brothers made their first flight in an airplane down at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. The school had just one room, and all eight grades were taught. The teacher was Miss Moran, M-O-R-A-N. She stayed two years, and then a Miss Ward followed. Later on, several years later, when the town outgrew that, they put a second story on top of it, and then later a big addition in front of it, until finally the whole thing burned down. I'll tell about that later. It is interesting that now, almost seventy years later, my two grandsons are going to school on exactly the same spot.

At that time, the area was swampy. Across Grand River was a big swamp in which water stood all summer. That extended clear up to Evergreen Avenue.

There was a well out in the schoolyard. One of the first jobs every morning, the teacher would designate one of the larger boys to take the tin bucket and go out and bring in a bucket of fresh water, which stood over on the window sill. There was a tin cup which everyone drank out of. If the cup dropped to the bottom of the bucket, as it sometimes did, why, just stick in your hand clear up to the elbow and get it. But most of us lived, although sometimes you wonder how.

One thing that we didn't have was a flagpole and a flag. People were very patriotic in those days and took all of that sort of thing very seriously. So the teacher got us all started on a soap-selling campaign. We sold blueing and whatnot to get wrappers for the Larkin Soap Company. Eventually we were able to buy a flag. I don't know how we got the flagpole. It was just a tall, straight pine tree that had been trimmed down, but it made a wonderful flagpole. It certainly impressed everyone when we had the flag going.

One of the most important days was Memorial Day. There would always be exercises at which our parents were invited. Somebody would recite Barbara Fritchie, and we'd sing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "John Brown's Body" and all of that. But the main thing was to hear Mr. Corcoran talk. Now, this Mr. Corcoran was an old Civil War veteran and he had been with Sherman on his march to the sea. He could describe most graphically how they would tear

up railroad tracks and pile the ties up until they had a pile about six feet high, and then lay the rails across the top. So when they burned the whole thing, the rails would just about bend double. That really fixed the railroad for good. Well, it was quite a time.

In that school, there were a lot of remarkable kids. Many of them became very important people. Among them were the Collingwood children, Harris Collingwood, who was somewhat older than I am. He must have been five or six years older, but then there were two daughters, Rebecca and Laura, who were approximately my age. Rebecca may be a few months older and Laura a few months younger, both beautiful girls and lovely people. Incidentally, Harris Collingwood was the father of Charles Collingwood, who is the commentator on CBS.

As the town became larger, it was obvious that something would have to be done, because they had to rely entirely on the college for water, for fire protection, for everything. Of course, there was no police protection at all. So the question of incorporation came up and founding a city. Eventually that came to pass, although, as you might imagine, there were lots of arguments about what to call it and many other things. Many people wanted to call it College Grove. Others, including my father, thought that East Lansing would be a more appropriate name and identify it with the capital. At any rate, it eventually became East Lansing. They proceeded to install their own water system, built a high water tower off of Hillcrest Avenue, and eventually even put in a police and fire department, although that came along very slowly and much later.

The first mayor was C. [Clinton] D. Smith, a professor who lived on Faculty Row. He later left the college to become head of an agricultural college in Brazil. I do recall one rather interesting incident having to do with C.D. Smith, however. Mrs. Smith was always in rather precarious health. They had no children, but it would seem that for weeks at a time, she would be bedridden and was really in tough shape, although I haven't the slightest idea what was wrong with her.

At any rate, the college had a big deer park with a high fence, a fence that must have been at least nine or ten feet high, that would take in that area now, if I can describe it, it's all filled

with the women's dormitories now, but would run right along the car track on Michigan Avenue, up around to Mary Mayo Hall, and in that area. It would be a park of, I would estimate, six or seven acres. They had deer in there. Also, they had some elk. Among others, a big bull elk. I don't know what you call an elk, a buck, I presume. But at certain seasons of the year, this buck would let out the mating call or whatever it was, and literally, you could hear that for miles. Well, that seemed to annoy Mrs. Smith very much. It would keep her awake at night. Personally, I sort of liked it. I would wake up at night and hear that thing. I don't know, there was something about it I sort of liked. But it annoyed her very much. So they decided they'd have to do something about it.

Now, just how you stop a bull elk from bellowing in the middle of the night is more than I know. At any rate, some men from the college farm went over there and got in there, a couple of fellows on horseback. I think what they had in mind, they were going to lasso that bull elk and transport him someplace else. At any rate, they went in there. Now, this elk had the most beautiful set of antlers that you ever saw. I wouldn't have gotten within a half mile of that critter. But they went in, and of course, he got frightened and the deer got frightened, and they started stampeding. While they were chasing them and whooping it up and everything, the elk dropped dead. Why, I don't know, but that was the end of it.

So everybody felt bad about that. However, the antlers were retrieved, and they stood in our front hallway for many years. Made the most wonderful hat rack that you ever saw, a beautiful spread, absolutely symmetrical. So that was the sad story of that. The deer park, I don't know what they ever wanted a deer park for anyhow, but eventually it was done away with as they needed the room for something else.

In the early 1900s, my father began to look forward to the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the college and concluded that it should be made an occasion to really put Michigan Agricultural College on the map. The legislative act establishing the college had been passed in 1855, but it took some time to build buildings and get ready to start operations, so the college did

not really start operating until 1857. So my father figured that the fiftieth anniversary was really 1857, although they celebrated the hundredth anniversary in 1955.

The early classes were seriously interrupted by the Civil War. As a matter of fact, the first class, I think, enlisted virtually in a body. It must have been very tough going in those days. At any rate, up until this time, the college had been a struggling school, and it needed something just to give it a boost. The Ann Arbor university looked down on it as a country cousin, and compared to the university it certainly was at that time. Although strangely enough, my father's relations with President [James B.] Angell and later President Hutchins was always the best. In fact, the University of Michigan gave him an honorary LLD degree, so there was never any difficulty on the top level, but there was a lot of sniping further down the line.

Well, Dad was a great admirer of Theodore Roosevelt, who by this time was President of the United States. And what could be better than to have Theodore Roosevelt come to Michigan Agricultural College and deliver the fiftieth anniversary address to the graduating class? Now, my father had to make quite a lot of trips here and there, frequently to Washington. He'd have to go to Washington several times a year on business, in connection with the college and whatnot. Quite frequently, we would plead to be taken along, with such lame excuses as it would help us in our geography and things like that. So in the spring of 1906, when my father got ready to go down to Washington to invite President Roosevelt, I put on a campaign to go along. Much to my astonishment--I can't believe it now--but at any rate, he took me.

In those days, it took a day and a night to go to Washington. Of course, you took a sleeper and ate in a dining car and did all sorts of wonderful things. I was eight years at that time. Well, we had a wonderful time. Our ride on the train, I remember in the dining car they had a deal in which you could eat anything on the menu for a dollar. You could eat the whole menu for a dollar if you could. Of course, a dollar was an awful lot of money, but that was really something.

When we got to Washington, we put up at the new Willard Hotel, which was supposed to be the last word in wonderful hotels, and I guess it was. Dad had an appointment to meet the

president at about 10:30 the next morning, so we got up and put on our best clothes and started out. It was a beautiful spring day. Down on the sidewalk was a shoeshine stand. I had never seen anything of that sort before, but Dad allowed that we at least ought to have a good shine going up to meet the President of the United States. So we climbed up on the bench, and Dad told this colored boy that we were going to see the President and to give us a good shine, and he certainly did. After that, we took a hack. Of course there were no taxis in those days, but this was a horse-drawn hack, and went to the White House.

We came in and we were met by "Uncle Joe" [Joseph G.] Cannon, who was Speaker of the House of Representatives for a great many years. "Uncle Joe" Cannon was the original Uncle Sam. I think all caricatures of Uncle Sam are made from "Uncle Joe" Cannon. He was tall, thin, wiry, with chin whiskers, bushy eyebrows, a thin face, and a very penetrating gaze, always smoking a long cigar, but was a great character. So he was sort of acting as usher for President Roosevelt, at least on that particular day.

Finally, he announced that we could go in and meet the President, so in we went. I shook hands with President Roosevelt and he patted me on the head. My father extended the formal invitation to him, and he accepted right on the spot, said he would just like to come to Michigan the next year and give that talk. So that was a great success.

But we were all through, and here it was only about eleven o'clock in the morning. So what to do? Well, Dad got the idea that it was such a beautiful day, it would be nice to take the boat down to Mount Vernon and see Mount Vernon. So we got another hack and went down to the boat landing, wherever it was, Foggy Bottom, I suppose they'd call it now. At any rate, we took the boat to Mount Vernon and spent a couple of hours around there, and then took the boat back again.

When we got back to Washington, it was the middle of the afternoon or a little later. We were amazed to see the streets filled with people, so full of people that traffic couldn't get through, and they were all congregated in front of newspaper offices where people were posting

bulletins all over the fronts of these buildings. The great news that they were posting was the San Francisco earthquake which had happened that morning. Of course, the news was scanty but was coming in piecemeal. "The whole city in flames, thousands dead, martial law." Oh, they had everything. Of course, everyone was terribly excited and very apprehensive. But that was the day of the San Francisco earthquake. So that was that.

I'll have more about the semi-centennial a little later. Well, on second thought, this seems to be about as good a time as any to go ahead and tell about the semi-centennial. In a way, I'm a little reluctant to talk about the semi-centennial, simply because it was such a tremendous event that I can't tell what I know about it without seeming to make my father and mother heroes and to sort of brag a little bit. Nevertheless, this jubilee which occurred sixty-five years ago in May 1907 was an event that I believe it is perfectly safe to say has not been duplicated or even approached since. I say this judging it from the standpoint of the preparation that went into it. The distinguished people from all over the world who attended, the programming, the music, and everything else, made it an event that was simply astounding for the year 1907.

In the first place, let's just take a look at the campus itself. In those days, there was nothing across the Red Cedar River except the athletic field. It contained a little wooden grandstand. Much more attention was given to landscaping. There were flower beds in profusion, all over the campus, which were maintained in beautiful condition. In preparation for this event, the main buildings were all outlined with electric lights around the cornices and down the corners. Over all the sidewalks on the campus was strung electric lights covered by Japanese lanterns. These were just everywhere, and only about thirty feet apart. So the whole campus at night really presented a spectacle that was beautiful.

At that time, the college had no auditorium which would be at all adequate for the meetings which were scheduled, so a large circus tent was erected over on the drill field just west of where the Music Building now stands. The various programs of a general assembly nature were conducted in this large tent.

Then there were two other tents set up, one for serving meals and the other as sort of a kitchen. It was somewhat smaller, for the preparation of food. Of course at that time, there were no restaurants in what is now East Lansing. There was no food closer than Lansing, and preparations had to be made to take care of the throng that was expected.

To furnish music for all the events, the Bach Orchestra of Milwaukee was hired. This orchestra was a symphony orchestra, although considerably smaller than what we believe a symphony orchestra to be now. At any rate, it had, I would judge, thirty-five to forty pieces, and it provided beautiful and splendid music for all of the events. On one of the evenings, the oratorio *Elijah* was given. The orchestra was furnished by the Bach Orchestra, and then the college chorus under the direction of Louise Freyhofer took part. There were four soloists, two from Chicago and two from New York, that carried those solo parts. Louise Freyhofer was the sole director of music. She was the entire music department at that time. She was a young woman, certainly no older than her very early thirties. She gave piano lessons and conducted the college choir and played for chapel. She was the whole business and was a tremendous asset to the entire jubilee and was a famous and beloved citizen of East Lansing throughout her lifetime.

Looking over the list of distinguished guests who were present for this event, one will be truly amazed because the presidents of so many of the universities and colleges were here, and also foreign universities were represented. In addition to that, there were congressmen, members of the Cabinet, the senators from Michigan, and, of course, the President of the United States on the last day. But it is a very imposing assortment of distinguished people.

Now for a few personal recollections of the event. In the first place, our house needed some renovating, which was provided. The windows in the front of the parlor on the first floor were taken out in front of the house and a large bay window installed. In addition to that, the small front porch which had originally been on the house was removed, and a much larger porch installed that went clear across the front of the house. In the downstairs, hardwood floors were laid over the old wide pine slab floors that were originally the flooring in the place.

Then in addition to that, my father and mother bought a lot of new furniture, among other things, a new hall carpet, red, which also extended up the stairs. It was a beautiful thing and lasted us for many, many years. Other furniture was purchased, too. Of course, all of this came out of Dad's own pocket, that is, except the repairs to the house itself.

During the week of the semi-centennial, there were many spectacular events, among other things, a torchlight parade, in which the students were all in costume, carrying kerosene torches on poles, and ending up with a huge bonfire over in front of Wells Hall. Of course, old College Hall, which was the original classroom building and in which the college really started, was still standing, and was still in daily use for classrooms and other purposes.

But the one big event to which everything else was pointed was the final day when President Theodore Roosevelt was to appear and give the commencement address. In those days, the President didn't travel in private cars or special trains or anything of that sort, but he came along just as a regular passenger. I don't believe there was any security furnished at all, insofar as the guards and things of that sort are concerned. The plans called for the President to arrive by train in Lansing fairly early in the morning, around nine or nine-thirty, and then go up to the State Capitol to meet the governor.

[Begin Tape 2, Side 1]

Snyder: The plans called for the President to arrive by train at Lansing fairly early in the morning, around 9:30 or so, and then go up to the State Capitol, where he would meet the governor--Governor Warner was the governor at that time--and the members of the legislature, and give a short address of welcome and shake hands with various dignitaries there, and then proceed by automobile out to M.A.C., where he would be arriving about noon.

At that time, there were two automobile companies in Lansing: the Oldsmobile, and the Reo. When they got wind of what was coming off, each of them was determined that it was going to have the honor of carrying the President of the United States out to M.A.C. and back. There

was quite a difference in the two cars, although both companies had originally be started by R.E. Olds. The Oldsmobile made a luxury automobile comparably speaking, at that time. The Reo made a much more moderately priced car and was not nearly the automobile that the Oldsmobile was at that time, although it was headed by R.E. Olds and took its name from his initials. Consequently, there was a great hassle about that. Nearly every afternoon, one or the other company's representatives would be in my father's office to tell him why they should have the honor of carrying the President.

It finally became impossible to settle it except on the basis of tossing a coin. So that is exactly what happened. Both representatives met in my father's office by appointment. Dad threw a silver dollar. It landed on the carpet, and Reo won the toss. The idea was that the company could carry him out from Lansing to M.A.C., which would be the big event, and the other car would return him, which would be definitely an anticlimax. So that was how that was settled.

At that time, the Reo car was a two-cylinder, chain-drive automobile, and the touring car was a two-seated automobile with room for two persons on each seat. So when the festivities were over in Lansing, they started for M.A.C. Out about where Regent Street is in Lansing now, there was a temporary holdup for some reason or another in this cavalcade of automobiles and parade. Oh, they had everything, the National Guard groups and horses and mounted troops. There was just everything. But during that temporary delay, someone got a photograph of the automobile with President Roosevelt and my father seated in the back seat, of course wearing silk hats. Behind the wheel and driving the car was R.E. Olds, wearing a derby, and next to him was Secretary Loeb [phonetic], who was President Roosevelt's private secretary, also wearing a silk hat. However, that photograph showed everyone very nicely. There was no top on the automobile at all. That became a very famous photograph, and was reproduced countless times. As a matter of fact, when the Olds Tower Building was built in Lansing decades later, that picture was reproduced in bronze in all of the elevators in the building.

In those days, of course, one of the principal ways of judging an automobile was whether it could go up a hill, not on high, but get up at all. My father had some worries about whether this automobile would be able to come up the little grade from the gate, the western entrance of the campus, up the hill by the river bank, although the grade is very gentle and it was a gravel road, but with four men in it, Dad was just a little worried about it. But after conferring with R.E. Olds and trying out the car and everything, the conclusion was that there would be no difficulty to amount to anything. And it proved to be true; there wasn't.

After a very cold and wet spring, this day, which was the 31st of May, turned out to be a gorgeous spring day. It couldn't have been better. The cavalcade was to arrive at our front door, where Theodore Roosevelt was to have lunch. Luncheon would be a better word. That was quite an event. Most of the furniture had been cleared out of the first floor of the house and tables set up. My mother served a sit-down luncheon to 135 people, which ran the gamut from the President of the United States to Cabinet officers, senators, congressmen, the greatest array that you can imagine, President Angell of the University of Michigan, President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California, and about everyone in between. Gifford Pinchot. The names come to me faster than I can repeat them.

When the President arrived, he was escorted upstairs, where he could leave his hat and coat on the bed, as there were no other facilities, and refresh himself in the bathroom, and so forth. My two cousins, the Mifflin boys, Elgin and Plummer Mifflin [phonetic], who were considerably older than I was, had very smart uniforms which were the cadet uniforms used on the campus at that time. They weren't like a regular Army uniform; they were very snappy-looking. They acted as sort of valets up there to take the President's hat and coat for him and to wipe off his shoes, and so on and so forth. They had taken a box Brownie camera with them, which they had concealed. While the President was having luncheon downstairs at this huge luncheon, the two Mifflin boys took each other's picture wearing President Roosevelt's silk hat.

The commencement exercises were held on the parade ground, the drill field, right down in front of our house. It was just a very short walk from our front steps down to where they had constructed a special platform which extended out over the bank. As a matter of fact, this was right where the old brickyard had been, where the bricks had been originally made from which our house was built, but this platform was built out over the area so that it was big enough to hold all of the honored guests. There must have been thirty or forty or fifty of them, that is, the people who were receiving honorary degrees and all of that sort of thing. There was bunting all over it and sort of an awning deal over the top of it.

The very first thing my father did when he got up early that morning was to go down there to where this platform was constructed and crawl in underneath it, all over, as it was boarded up on the sides, to make sure that somebody hadn't planted a bomb in there or something of that sort.

About halfway from our front steps down to this platform was a nice open space, and the college had decided it would be a wonderful thing to have President Roosevelt plant a tree. So that was arranged. The afternoon before this happened, a Mr. Wilcox, whom everyone knew very well but who worked for the college grounds, came over and dug the hole and made all the arrangements for the tree planting.

Now Catherine Vedder, who lived next-door, and I were very much interested in seeing Mr. Wilcox dig this hole. It would be about two feet across and maybe a foot and a half deep or something like that. He smoothed the dirt out very carefully all over the bottom and arranged all the other dirt in a very neat pile. Among other things, they had a brand-new spade for the President to use in planting this tree. I thought that was an unnecessary extravagance at the time, but, nevertheless, that was done.

One thing I remember with a good deal of interest is that Catherine Vedder and I watched Mr. Wilcox spread out the dirt very carefully on the bottom of this hole to make it look nice, and among other things, left a stone in this dirt at that bottom. Now this stone was about the size of

an egg. It didn't amount to much, but we asked if Mr. Wilcox if he wasn't going to remove that stone which was in the bottom of this hole. He said, no, that was fine, leave it there. It provided drainage or something else or other. However, after he got all done and had left, why, Catherine Vedder and I went and got that stone out of there and threw it away, and smoothed the dirt over again. Well, we thought this was plain sabotage, that was all.

So after the luncheon was finished, President Roosevelt walked down with my father and stopped where my father held the tree. It was an American elm. Teddy Roosevelt shoveled in four or five shovelfuls of dirt around the roots, and they went on down to the place. That elm grew, and it was my job for, oh, several years to make sure that it got plenty of water. We didn't have a hose long enough to reach it, so about once a week I would have to carry down ten buckets of water to put on that thing. The tree grew and flourished and became a beautiful tree. The college never put any sign on it to indicate that it had been planted by President Roosevelt, because they were afraid that visitors and vandals and curiosity-seekers would whittle it up and carve their initials and all of that sort of thing, so, actually, very few people ever knew that that tree had been planted by President Roosevelt.

Years later, the tree was in an area where they wanted to build a new dormitory for women, so it was removed. I haven't any idea whatever happened to it. I never knew where it was transplanted or whether it survived or what. The probability is that if it had survived, well, the Dutch Elm disease would have long since have taken care of it. But it was quite an event at the time.

This area in the drill field where President Roosevelt was to speak was literally filled with people. The newspapers said there were forty thousand, but I have no idea how anybody would know. But when you consider that automobiles were practically nonexistent at that time, that the only way of getting out from Lansing was either to walk or to take the old streetcar, which was totally inadequate to handle the crowds, although they put on lots of extra cars, one wonders just

where all the people came from, because they were certainly there, and there were thousands of them.

Of course, this was long before the days of loudspeakers and microphones and all of that sort of thing. So President Roosevelt delivered his speech, which wasn't very short. As a matter of fact, it was pretty long. But just standing there and shouting out to that multitude must have been a terrific strain on him, and it was a terrific strain on everybody who had to stand there but couldn't hear him, those that were too far away. But he had a strong voice and he projected it very well.

After that, he went back to our house and retrieved his hat and coat, and then took off in the Oldsmobile for Lansing and left on the train from the old Lake Shore depot, which was down by the river bank. So that was the end of that.

However, that hit the front pages of every major paper in the country. As a matter of fact, I have a copy of the front page of the *New York Times* the next day giving a great account of it. It really did more, the semi-centennial celebration, to put Michigan Agricultural College on the map than anything that could possibly have happened to it. It was a great day, and I'm sure that no one who was there ever forgot it.

I mentioned earlier that the relationship between Michigan Agricultural College and the University of Michigan was always on a very favorable basis, particularly at the top level. At these commencement exercises, honorary degrees were conferred on quite a number of distinguished people, including the cabinet officer, James Wilson, the Secretary of Agriculture, and many others. But among them was James Berle [?] Angell, the president of the University of Michigan for a great many years. I have before me the remarks that went along with conferring this degree, which my father presented to him. I think it's rather interesting.

It is this: "James Berle Angell, this college confers upon you an honorary degree, not with the expectation that it will add to the many similar honors that you have received from the great universities of the country, but that we may express to you our appreciation and sincere gratitude

for the work you have done for the people of the state and for the kindly feeling and most helpful spirit that you have always shown toward this institution. This college honors itself in conferring upon you, the first citizen of Michigan, as well as its greatest educator, the degree of Doctor of Laws, and in presenting you with this diploma." I think that's sort of nice, myself. That makes me feel good.

I have a few interesting recollections about athletics over the course of the decades at Michigan State. I have only a very faint memory of football games being played on the old drill grounds, which was the athletic field when I was very small. Along about 1903 or '04 or '05, along in the there, the athletic field was moved across the river and a bridge built over to it. Originally, the college had no salaried coach for football or baseball or anything of that sort, but usually the team was a more or less spontaneous affair, and the team would select one of its own members as coach. Some rather unique things happened under that system.

In those days, there was a potent beverage by the name of Duffy's pure malt whiskey, that was widely advertised for its tonic value and general recuperative powers. During the half, the football team went into the bottom of the grandstand, where they rested before the start of the next half. The visiting team had no place at all to go, and they just sat in a circle out in the middle of the field. Dad had a rather bizarre idea that, being a president of the college, that he not only had the privilege but the duty to take a look at anything that was going on around the place, and on one occasion he ventured in to this area under the grandstand between the halves to just see what was going on, and was amazed to find the players passing around a bottle of Duffy's pure malt whiskey, all taking a healthy swig, the idea being that that would inspire them to play their hearts out the second half. Well, naturally, it didn't take Dad very long to put a stop to that sort of business. But I've often thought in later years that I've seen football at Michigan State run the whole gamut from Duffy's pure malt whiskey to Duffy Daugherty, the head coach. Both Duffys have done a great deal for the team, I presume.

The first real full-time coach was Chester L. Brewer, and he was a very fine man and a very good coach. Of course, he coached everything, football, basketball, track, whatnot. He had no assistants. After many very successful years at M.A.C., he became head of the athletic department at the University of Missouri and had a very distinguished career.

Many other well known figures have at one time or another been connected with the M.A.C. athletic department. For example, Frank Leahy, who had a very distinguished career of coaching football at Notre Dame, was assistant coach at M.A.C. for a couple of years.

I have heard it said that Knute Rockne was at one time hired as coach at Michigan State and failed to show up at the last minute. That may be true, but if it is, I have no personal recollection of it.

However, one time Michigan State had an assistant coach--I will not memorialize him by mentioning his name--but who had very definite underworld connections in Detroit. He managed to get them tickets for the games, and every now and then they would come up, that is, several of them, to take in some game, usually with the University of Detroit or something like that. But of course you had to cross that bridge across the Red Cedar River to get over to the football field. There were wild ducks on the river, had been for years, and nobody ever paid any attention to them except to throw them some bread once in a while. But as these gangsters were going over the bridge, they happened to see these ducks swimming on the water down there, and what do they do but just walk up to the railing and pull out there guns out of their hip pocket or wherever they kept them, and start blazing away at them, much to the consternation of everybody else crossing over. Well, I guess the college authorities put an end to that in a hurry, too.

The game of football has been drastically altered from what it was in the early days. In the first place, the rules have all been changed. The football field, I recall, had 110 yards in length instead of 100, and instead of four downs to make ten yards, you had three downs to make five yards.

The football itself was much larger in circumference, in fact, so large that the ordinary good-sized man could not grab hold of it with one hand, the way he can easily do now. This resulted in two things. There was virtually no forward passing, because you couldn't throw it with your hand like a baseball or like they do now. If you threw it at all, you would have to sort of cradle it in your whole arm and then throw it from your shoulder. Of course, that would just give it a lopping, high, slow throw which was easily intercepted and very inaccurate. Another effect was that the ball being much larger, it was much easier for the opposing team to see it and keep their eye on it. Consequently, the plays were mostly of just a bone-crushing type, in which four or five fellows would get together and by sheer power, try to drive that ball a few feet into the opposing line.

There was very little protection in the football suits of that day. Helmets were rarely worn. There was no padding around the shoulders such as exists today. The most would be that some of the sweaters had just a little bit of felt inlaid over the points of the shoulders. No protection around the hips. They did wear shin guards, which were helpful to an extent, I suppose. And occasionally a plunging fullback would wear a nose guard which was made of heavy rubber and which he held in place with his teeth and a band around his head. However, injuries were very common, serious injuries, too.

Down on the football field across the river, there was the grandstand on one side and then temporary bleachers would be put up along the same side, which left the opposite side with nothing in the way of construction at all. In the early days, the first automobiles would come out and they would just line up on the opposite sideline, and horses and carriages, too.

I recall one exciting event when we were having a big game with somebody. At any rate, on the opposite side was a team of spirited horses that were attached to a beautiful open carriage, which was filled with two couples. I think that there was a driver up on the seat, although I don't remember that that was right. At any rate, right in the middle of the game, for some reason or other, those horses just took off right out on to the field, just hell-bent, the darnedest

runaway that you ever saw. Well, the football players saw what was coming, and they just took off to get out of the way. These women were screaming holy murder in the carriage. The horses were panicked, they didn't know what to do except to keep on going with their heels kicking the dashboard loose. Finally, they got cornered and stopped. Fortunately, no one was injured, but it produced some real excitement. I've never seen a football touchdown play that had half the thrill to it that that thing did.

In those early days, the teams that M.A.C. played were almost entirely colleges within the state. There was a conference called the MIAA. I don't know whether it's still going or not, but M.A.C. belonged to it. They played Olivett and Alma and Hillsdale and Adrian and those denominational schools. In fact, they frequently started the season by playing the school for the deaf at Flint, and it was interesting to see them giving their signals with the hand signs.

As the college grew in importance and athletic ability, it branched out. We took on Wabash and Ohio Wesleyan and Case and institutions like that. Then we started playing the University of Michigan, which was the big game and almost invariably the first game on the schedule. Of course, this was simply a practice game for Michigan in those days, and it was very apt to be quite a slaughter. Later on, as the college grew in importance and size and athletic ability, the favorite teams became such schools as Syracuse and Penn State, Kentucky. Then it wasn't until much later, after Chicago dropped out of the Big Ten, that the opening was available for Michigan State to be included in the Big Ten, where it has been now for a good many years.

When I was speaking some time ago about the general air of formality about the activities on the campus, I neglected to mention the Junior Hop. This was a party. It's really hard to describe it, because I don't think there's anything nowadays in our educational institutions that is quite in the same class with it. It was put on by the junior class and was very closely restricted to just members of the junior class. That is, one of each couple had--

[Begin Tape 2, Side 2]

Snyder: As I was saying, one of each couple had to belong to the junior class. It was formal to an extent that wouldn't be understood today at all. As for the men, there were no tuxedos in those days, and the dress was a full dress suit with tails and white tie and white gloves. Girls, of course, were in formal gowns, and, naturally, every man that went to the hop made it a point to see that a nice corsage was delivered to his date that afternoon. The president of the college and his wife were always invited, and usually the governor of the state was also included with his wife. It was the one party of the year that made an exception of all the usual rules about the coeds having to be in by eleven o'clock and so forth, because the dancing went way on till the small hours of the morning before the party would break up.

But here's the way it went. The party would start about 4:30 or 5:00 in the afternoon with a formal reception, and in the receiving line, of course, where the guests of honor and the class officers and so forth. Light refreshments would be served at this reception, and it would last for an hour or two. Following that came a formal banquet of several courses. Along with that would be beautifully engraved programs of the dances and the menu of the banquet, and the list of the speakers who gave toasts following the food. Invariably there would be an attractive present for each woman, for each girl, attending the party.

In due course, following the banquet would start the dance. Always an out-of-town orchestra would play for the dance, frequently coming from Chicago or Detroit or even further away, usually an orchestra of fifteen or twenty pieces. It would play until two o'clock in the morning or even later, before the party would break up.

Naturally, this was the top social event in every student's career. In later years, the J-Hop just became another dance that was open to the public and everybody else, and the whole character of it was changed drastically.

In the first years of the junior hop, the reception and banquet was usually held in the Woman's Building, the reception taking place in the formal parlor on the second floor and the banquet in the dining room. Following that, they adjourned to the armory for the dance. Of

course, the armory would be decorated like nothing you ever saw. If you can imagine making such a barren old place beautiful, they would certainly do it. Usually the J-Hop took place toward the middle or latter part of the winter term, around Washington's birthday, in that general zone.

It was only natural that this J-Hop would be a target for some student pranks to try to have some fun, nothing vicious at all, but just anything to cause a little trouble or a little confusion. One morning about three or four days before the Junior Hop, the chemistry professor came into my father's office to report that the chemical laboratory had been burglarized the night before. Snow had fallen the evening before, and the tracks of the culprit could be traced readily to where he had pried open a window and gone in and helped himself to some chemicals.

Well, Dad was enough of a detective to know that no burglar was going in there to steal chemicals just to steal chemicals; he had some motive in view. From long experience, he suspected that it may have had something to do with the J-Hop. He asked the professor if any chemicals taken could be used for making gas of some obnoxious kind, and the professor said, yes, there were chemicals taken that could be used for that purpose.

So Dad went over to the armory where the J-Hop was scheduled to be given a day or two later. Now, there was no basement underneath the armory. The floor of the armory was just a foot or two off the ground, but there were a few places where a person could crawl in underneath that armory floor. So Dad started looking around the foundation and found a place where a pipe was sticking out about a foot or so, which seemed to have no use that he could see. But he climbed in under there, or had someone climb in under to see where that pipe led to. They found out that in underneath the floor of the armory, about the middle of it, there was a bottle of acid of some sort and a pan of some chemical, I presume sulfur or something of the sort, and that by just kicking this pipe on the outside, you could break that bottle. The contents would fall into this pan. Then on careful inspection, right directly above it, they found that a whole bunch of very small holes, not over a quarter of an inch in diameter, had been bored right through the floor

directly over this device, so that as soon as this chemical reaction started to work, the fumes would just come right up into the armory. The idea was that it would drive everybody out of the place. Well, fortunately the evil designs were thwarted in time so that on that occasion the J-Hop went off without incident.

In later years, a favorite place for holding the J-Hop was in the Masonic Temple down at Lansing. The nice feature about that was that the banquet and reception and dance and everything could be all held right in the same building and didn't require tracking across the campus in formal clothes with galoshes and fur coats and all of that, as was necessary in the middle of the winter. The Masonic Temple in Lansing was located right next to where the Masonic Temple is now, on Capital Avenue there. A whole string of streetcars would be obtained to carry the whole crowd, more or less en masse in half a dozen or more streetcars.

I recall very vividly that it was in February 1912, because I was a freshman in Lansing High School at the time. On this particular night in February, the J-Hop was scheduled for the Masonic Temple in Lansing. About ten o'clock in the morning, it started to snow. It was really coming down. By noon, it really was going to town, and plenty of wind with it, too. By three o'clock in the afternoon, it became very apparent that they never were going to get downtown by streetcar to that hop, because the streetcars just were out of commission entirely.

Well, what to do? This was a real emergency, but the juniors went out and scoured up farmers all over the area who had bobsleds and a team of horses and some fresh straw, to come and convey these people down to the J-Hop. So by five o'clock, there was a whole string of bobsleds, and here are these girls in their party clothes and shoes, and these fellows with tails and the white tie, and always at least a derby hat and frequently a silk hat, but they climbed into these bobsleds on top of the straw and snuggled in under these horse blankets that had a very strong aroma of the stable. But they all went off, and they got down there through the storm and had their party, and came home again. Everyone said it was the best party they had ever had, because, well, you can imagine just how it would be, being snuggled in under a blanket with your

date wouldn't be too bad anyhow. But that was one of the great events that was always remembered.

In those early days of the 1900s, there wasn't much entertainment in the way that we understand the term now. Of course, there were no such things as radio or television, and there were no motion pictures at that time. However, there were very good plays and musical events, which from time to time it was possible to attend. Down in Lansing was the Baird's Opera House, which stands where the Gladmer Theater later stood. I suppose the Gladmer Theater is still there, but I don't know. But at any rate, very good plays would come quite frequently during the winter season. Every week or two, there would be one of the Barrymores or Maude Adams, actors and actresses of that caliber in traveling plays.

Also, the college put on a lecture and entertainment course, which attracted very important and very interesting people. Almost always, these people would be entertained at our house. It was a great experience for a young boy to be able to meet and talk with these people.

Likewise, my father always attempted to get very important people to deliver the commencement address. In the main, he was very successful in this regard. I remember that on one occasion, the commencement speaker was Miss Jane Addams, who was head of Hull House in Chicago. She had had a very distinguished career as a social worker in that area. Incidentally, associated with her for many years was Dr. Alice Hamilton, who was a pioneer in industrial medicine, and she was the first professor of industrial medicine and occupied that chair at Harvard Medical School, where I came to know her very well many years later.

At any rate, to get back to Jane Addams, an amusing incident occurred. The college, that spring, had purchased a beautiful new three-seated carriage. My mother and father thought it would be very nice to take Miss Addams for a little tour of the campus and surrounding country, and maybe out the farmland and so forth in this beautiful new carriage. So that was all arranged for the afternoon before commencement day.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon, the driver appeared with this equipment and a team of very spirited horses. We all got in and started this tour, but this team of horses was just uncontrollable. Both of them just started walking on their hind legs, and we were just getting no place, on top of which everyone was scared to death. So after going not over two blocks--well, I know we didn't get down to the end of Faculty Row--when Dad thought they better terminate the whole thing right there while nobody had any broken bones. So we all got out and walked home. That was the end of that.

On another occasion, the commencement speaker was David Starr Jordan [phonetic], the president of Stanford University. He was also the first president of Stanford University, and had been a zoology professor at Indiana University when Leland Stanford picked him to be the first president. He did not stay in our house, but was staying in the Downey Hotel in Lansing, which occupied the site now occupied by Knapps [phonetic] Department Store. It was arranged that there would be an afternoon reception in his honor the afternoon before commencement, and I was selected to go down in our Reo automobile and pick him up and bring him out.

Earlier in the afternoon, a violent thunderstorm had come up and it had rained very hard for half an hour or so, but later it cleared off and the sun came out and it was a beautiful warm spring afternoon, although very, very wet. There was a driveway into our front steps, off of the main street, which went between two huge lilac bushes, great big things ten or twelve feet high. Ordinarily the car would go between those with no difficulty at all, but when I had brought Doctor Jordan out, he was sitting in the back seat alone and no one else was in the car except myself. Of course, this was long before we had closed automobiles; everything was wide open. But I didn't appreciate the fact that those lilac branches were just very heavy with water, and consequently, this gap between these two lilac bushes was very much narrowed. At any rate, that didn't bother me. I went slam-banging right in through there, with the result that these wet branches just swung and hit Dr. Jordan on the chest and thoroughly saturated him. He didn't

appreciate that very much, as you can well imagine, but everything turned out all right and things went off fine after that.

The college also had a lecture course and an entertainment course, and many very distinguished people would appear from time to time on that. I remember on one occasion was Alfred Noyes [phonetic], the poet laureate of England, and John Maysfield, and people like that. Very frequently, these people appearing on this course would be overnight guests at our house, and at any rate, would always be there for dinner preceding the entertainment.

I recall on one occasion the speaker was Hudson Maxim, who, with his brother Hiram Maxim, had invented smokeless powder and also the Maxim machine gun, which was a great advance in military hardware. Hudson Maxim had no left hand, and his left sleeve was empty except that he gesticulated and waved it around on every possible occasion. During the course of his lecture, talking about smokeless powder, he talked right directly to the students, and said in words to this effect, "Look, you fellows, be careful." And he held up his left arm with no hand above the cuff, and he said, "Do you see that? You know how I got that?" He said, "I put a decimal point in the wrong place." Well, that naturally brought down the house. I never have forgotten it, although it happened a good many decades ago.

On another instance, I recall the speaker was McCutcheon [phonetic], who was the famous political cartoonist for the *Chicago Tribune*, and probably the most famous cartoonist along that line this country has ever known. At any rate, he had dinner at our house before going over to the lecture. As he got ready to leave, he asked if he could see a college yearbook, because he wanted to look at some of the photographs of a few of the professors. Consequently, we got this out, and he casually turned a few pages and looked at a few of these pictures. He didn't take over two or three minutes to do it. We all then went over to the lecture. He had a blackboard on the stage with him, and following his formal presentation, he started entertaining the crowd by drawing caricatures of these professors just from his memory of what he had seen in that college yearbook. Well, they were simply astounding. I presume the secret of cartooning is to over-

accentuate the features of a person. But at any rate, the audience had no difficulty whatever in recognizing the subject of the cartoons, and it was a very popular performance.

Another commencement speaker we entertained in our house was Ida M. Tarbell. She was a very prominent writer and a friend of Ray Stannard Baker. She had a great deal to do with writing about the Standard Oil Company and to a large extent was responsible for breaking up the original Standard Oil Company into the many subdivisions that it later was formed into.

There were many other famous people, many of them university presidents from all over the country. We even entertained many European dignitaries who were on tour in this country. It was a very interesting and stimulating experience.

In the year 1909, my father was head of, or president of, the Association of Agricultural College Presidents, or Presidents of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations. I think that's closer to it. At any rate, they were to hold their annual convention in Portland, Oregon. Dad and mother conceived it would be a wonderful thing for the entire family to go to the West coast on this trip. Of course, this involved a very considerable financial outlay, but inasmuch as Dad's traveling expenses would be paid, he figured that he could swing the rest of it some way or another. Fortunately, his family, which consisted of numerous brothers and sisters, had all moved West many years before, so he had brothers and sisters scattered all over the West, and we stayed with them on every possible occasion, which cut down the expense very considerably.

Consequently, in the middle of July 1909, we started out. Our first stop, of course, was Chicago, and then we took a sleeper to Council Bluffs, Iowa, where father had two brothers, one a physician and the other an attorney. We visited with them for several days and then went on to western Nebraska, where there were other relatives. This opened us up to the Wild West, which we had heard about. It was a great and thrilling experience. Several of these relatives lived on ranches, and we were indoctrinated into the Western culture of prairie dogs and coyotes and everything that went with it.

Most of our travel was in sleeping cars, and invariably we had the same arrangement, two lower berths directly opposite each other. My father and mother occupied one lower berth, and us three boys, my older brother being five years older and my younger brother two years younger, the three of us slept in the other lower berth. Two would be sleeping in one direction, and the other in the middle would be in the opposite. Well, it sounds sort of wild, but we got along in fine shape and had no trouble at all.

A great many of these trains didn't have any dining car at all, but would stop at some place for a meal, usually a Harvey Restaurant or some sort of eating establishment run by the railroad.

Those sleeping cars were really something in those days. There were two classes of sleeping cars: the regular sleeping car, which had red plush seats, and what they called the tourist sleepers, which were just the same as far as I could see, except they had rattan or wicker seats. They were reasonably comfortable and considerably cheaper. But, of course, there was no air-conditioning or anything of that sort, and going down through the Southwest, it could get terribly hot. The porter, in making up the berth, would put a little screen underneath the window to give you a little ventilation, but that didn't keep out an awful lot of cinders and soot. Usually in the morning you had soot in your ears and up your nose and in your eyes and every place.

We took in all the sights of Colorado, Colorado Springs, that area, then went through the Royal Gorge and stopped with another brother at a little town close by, called Florence, I think that was the name of the town. And on to Salt Lake City.

Then after a day or two there, we took a train to Los Angeles. It wasn't called Union Pacific or Southern Pacific at that time. As I recall, the name of this railroad was the Salt Lake-San Bernardino and Pacific. At any rate, it went over the track that later became the Union Pacific.

Among other towns it went through was Las Vegas, and I recall that very vividly. This trip was in the daytime. It was just stifling hot, and the windows were all wide open. But these

little towns where we would stop would be something. They would consist of about a dozen little buildings along the railroad track. There would be the railroad station and then a post office. The post office would usually be in a sort of a general store. Then all the rest of them were saloons or something very much akin to it. Las Vegas was one of those.

We eventually got into Los Angeles rather late at night, after a very tiring, hot, and dirty trip. At that time, Los Angeles had a wonderful system of inter-urbans, and you could just travel all over Southern California, almost, in these inter-urbans. I recall there was an outfit called the Tilton Trolley Trips, a hundred-mile trolley trip in which they took you all over and showed you all the sights in one day's time. It was quite an event. I remember they took us out to San Gabriel Mission, and then to the Costen [phonetic] Ostrich Farm, where Disneyland now stands, and then finally over to Long Beach, where we saw the Pacific Ocean for the first time. It was quite an event.

Father knew several people around that country whom we called on. I remember one of them was Rodney Abbot, who was the son of President Abbot, who had been president of the college for twenty-two years, I believe, back in the seventies and eighties, along in there. At any rate, Abbot Road in East Lansing is named after him.

[Begin Tape 3, Side 1]

Snyder: President Abbot had only one T on the end of the name.

We made our way up to Pacific Grove, California, which is adjacent to Monterey and Carmel. One of my father's younger brothers, Ford, was a Presbyterian minister in Pacific Grove, and we stayed with him for several days, with him and his wife. They showed us a great time. They took us fishing, and we saw whales and all sorts of interesting things, and caught some fish, too. I remember that he conned father into giving the sermon at the Sunday service.

We then went to San Francisco, and there was a great sight. This was only three years after the earthquake and the fire which had devastated all of central San Francisco, clear out to Van Ness Street and clear up Nob Hill, Chinatown, all that area, had been completely destroyed. The St. Francis Hotel had just been reopened and was, of course, completely redecorated. We went in and took a look at it. I remember thinking to myself that it was the most beautiful building that I had ever been in. But from the front of the building, standing out on Powell Street and looking up towards Nob Hill, it was still complete devastation. There were blocks and blocks with not a building on them. They looked just like Frankfurt, Germany at the end of World War II.

The hotel we stayed in was called the Argonaut. To the best of my recollection, it must have stood down about the corner of Powell and Market Street, in that area someplace. Oddly enough, the Ferry Building at the end of Market Street escaped destruction. Just how, I don't know, except that it was made of wood and probably swayed a lot without actually collapsing.

While in San Francisco, we went down one day to Palo Alto to visit with David Starr Jordan, the president of Stanford University. Stanford had been badly damaged in the earthquake, not wiped out like downtown San Francisco, but still a lot of damage had been done. Dr. Jordan gave us a personally conducted tour all over the place and was very gracious to us.

We also went out to Berkeley to visit the University of California. The president, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, personally conducted us all over the campus. He was very proud of the new Greek Theater, which had just been completed a short time before and was the gift of William Randolph Hearst.

Both President Wheeler and President Jordan were long-time friends of Dad's. Dad never tired of telling a joke that he picked up someplace, I can't imagine where, but according to the story, Wheeler and Jordan were walking down a street one day when they saw a crippled old lady trying to cross the street with crutches. Wheeler said to Jordan, "David, supposing that old lady

was your mother. What would you do about her?" To which he replied, "Benjamin, I'd wheel her." That was a great piece of humor. At any rate, Dad always enjoyed it. So did Mother.

Dad and I recalled that we were in Washington, D.C. three years before when we first heard of the news of the disaster.

We then took a train to Portland. I recall we spent all day going by Mt. Shasta, making frequent stops. On that particular day, I was introduced to a new delight that almost revolutionized the confection business; that was the ice cream cone. We had never heard of anything like that before. At one of the stations, I think it was Shasta Springs, there was a stand where they sold ice cream cones, but it was quite different from our understanding of the term today, because they made the cone right on the premises. The rice flour batter, dough, would be rolled out thin and then baked right in front of your eyes, and then served to you hot. That crispy, hot cone with a nice gob of vanilla ice cream in it was simply delicious. We enjoyed it immensely, although the price of ten cents, we thought was a little bit on the steep side, but we had never tasted anything so good. That was my first introduction to the ice cream cone. They spread from the West Coast all over the country, but the business of making it on the premises was too much of a nuisance. Before long, the factory-made cones came in. But they never were nearly as good as the old original.

We got to Portland, and that, of course, was where the convention was held. We spent several days there being entertained. And then went on Seattle, where the Alaska Yukon Pacific Exposition was being held.

By this time, it was late in the summer. Before long, school would be starting, but father got the idea that in as much as we'd gone to a lot of trouble and expense getting that far away from home, it would be a shame to go back without visiting Yellowstone Park. Consequently, he had to wire back to get some more money to take on this added expense, but it was arranged. So we finally arrived at Gardner, Montana, which was the northern end of the park.

Now, going through Yellowstone in those days was very different from what it is now, because at that time they did not allow automobiles or motor vehicles of any kind in the park. Everything was drawn by horses. There were several different systems by which you could go through the park, but we took what was known as the Wiley [phonetic] Permanent Camp tour.

Now, they had these camps set up. There were about five of them, as I recall, located at the various hot springs, the canyon, Yellowstone Lake, and other points of interest. You would drive from one to the other in a three-seated hack with a team of horses. Now, these camps were set up like this. It was a tent with a board floor and your beds and a little stove in which they would have some kindling and so forth, because it was beginning to get very cold at night in the park. Then there would be a big eating tent where everybody ate, and, of course, stables out in back with a manure pile about fifty feet high and there were flies in profusion every place.

But you would start out to drive, and there would be maybe twenty of these carriages strung out, one right after the other. It was just a dirt road, and of course, the dust was terrific, but we didn't seem to mind that in those days at all. And of course we boys enjoyed seeing bears from time to time. It was always fun at these camps, because after supper, bears would come out to get the garbage and we would chase them and have quite a time.

But it took us nearly a week, I believe six days in fact, to make the circuit through the park and back to Gardner, where we took the train on back home by way of St. Paul and Chicago on the Northern Pacific.

I recall one incident that provoked a great deal of interest on the way back. On some point along the line, Dad got off the train and bought a paper, a newspaper from some place or other. It contained the startling news that Perry had discovered the North Pole. This was in particular interest in view of the fact that several weeks before, a Dr. Cooke had claimed to have discovered the North Pole. As you know, a tremendous controversy developed as to whether either or both had arrived at the North Pole. It was later established that Perry definitely had, and that Cooke's claim was a hoax.

Incidentally, later in life, we were to have an interesting connection to that affair. On account of the fact that one of the persons who accompanied Perry on this trip was Donald MacMillan [phonetic]. Donald MacMillan continued to be an Arctic explorer his entire life, and contributed to our knowledge of the Far North, and also became a very close friend of ours and has stayed at our house on several occasions. Our son John went with Commander MacMillan and his wife on one of the trips to the Far North in 1948, I believe. At any rate, they went in the *Boden*, a sailboat, clear as far north as it was possible to go. You could just get out on the ice and walk from there, the rest of the way. But we always enjoyed the MacMillans.

We got back home in the middle of September. Our school had already started, but it was the end of a tremendous trip for us. We still enjoy thinking about it and talking about the things that happened.

[End of recording]

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