4 Nov 1978

Normal School Reunion lectures.
Moderator unidentified.
Speakers: Fred Ausenberg,
Ruth Verney Held, Guy Fox,
Sue Earnest, John Adams

Homecoming Series
Tape 1
OLD CAMPUS ALUMNI HOMECOMING 1978

Transcription of Speeches delivered and Oral Histories taken on the 4 November 1978

Taping of Oral Histories by Pamela Browning.
Taping of Speeches by L.T. Campbell.
Transcription by Barbara Newton under the direction of L.T. Campbell

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Typist: Anne Geissman
That was a very productive little recess that we had. Hope you enjoyed it as much as I did. (Applause) It might turn out to be a godsend, because my program was going to be a little too long. With a break like that, it won't be (inaudible) to talk. I forgot to mention one thing earlier—we had invited Dr. Black's daughters and Dr. Hardy's daughters to be with us. The combination of business and ill health made it impossible for them to be here, but they send their best wishes to us.

We asked several people who were at school between the years 1910 and 1920 to reminisce for us and they were all making (inaudible) con them into doing it. And I was asked because I was a kid in the training school from 1914 to 1922. Somebody suggested that the training school was really a part of the Normal School. Maybe I can give some doddering reference of what it was like to be here then, in the elementary school.

For those of you who are not acquainted with the training school, you can now (inaudible), but it was a real good school for a long, long time. They took select groups of youngsters, tried to weed out trouble makers, but they never succeeded to have anything for the student teachers and they had a supervisor over each grade. A super-duper principal and a super-duper faculty all-around. And awfully good teachers. We got a superior education here.

Three professors stand out in my memory as a kid there. I think I'll mention them. First was Professor Bliss. Remember him with his vandyke? Great person. He used to come in with his (inaudible). He had a unique capacity to relate to children. I think we called him (inaudible) because of that beard when he first came in. (Inaudible) European history, (inaudible) Grecian history. And the history of the United States. You remember when Irving
(inaudible) came in as a young man? Sure. (Applause)

*****The rest of this section is such that transcription is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to do.*****
Professor Fred Ausenberg—

I'm supposed to tell you the story of how you became Aztecs. As I remember through a faint haze (inaudible). If I roam a little bit, Lewis Shellbach (?) back there will correct me.

It all started one afternoon when Louie, Fred Morrison (?), and I were sitting in the Paper Lantern office, complaining because we didn't have, you see, we were the three reporters, complaining because we didn't have a name. The papers referred to as the J.C.'s, sometimes the office kitty. We thought that was horrible. And the students couldn't get together on a name. So I told them the problems that I'd had in the years before getting the name Del Sudoeste, I had the bright idea that I could use some art motifs from the California dome, like Incas or Mayans or Aztecs. And Louie said, "Maybe 'Aztec' would work" for a name, not Inca or Mayan because the previous year I hadn't used any of them, because Sam Campbell said that would be irrelevant. Sam and Fred Morrison, who's left us, Al Reeder, who's left us, said that would be irrelevant. Not as irrelevant as using the pictures of the graduating seniors from hometown high school instead of our own. So I gave the idea up. I was talking to Lloyd and Fred about this and we decided Aztec would be a good name. We were interested and fit it into the headline. It was different, had a sound to it. Aztecs were fighting men. The athletes would like it. We thought that would work out pretty good. Well, how do you get this to a college? And Louie came up with the solution. He said, "Anything people read in the paper, they believe. We'll put it in the paper." I just don't believe it. We don't have a column. But the three of us sat down and wrote our stories, we made them rather small so the city editors wouldn't mangle them. And we got the story in. We attributed the announcement to the student body president, (inaudible) said that the contest they had selected "Aztec".
We were expecting a little annoyance when we came up to the campus. We even expected, perhaps, a little more than annoyance. But we didn't expect the hostility we met. We were trapped with being kicked all the way downtown because we wrote the story. So the three of us immediately went into hiding. We maintained a very low profile. We never moved into groups, so people forgot about us. That's why over the years, little by little, it has been forgotten how the whole thing happened. Because the three stockboys who did it sort of slipped offstage and stayed offstage.

Well, I didn't suggest the name for the Paper Lantern. It was not part of my plans. The gentleman who did that has asked me not to mention his name. He said under no circumstances. Isn't that true, (inaudible), isn't that what you said? (Laughter) (Inaudible) Carter told me that and I'm not mentioning his name.

Well, this is something that Trudy (?) doesn't know. I'm telling this for the first time. After about a week or so, a big (inaudible) was bodily harmed. Incidentally, as I recall, there really weren't very many, they were just big. Dean A.G. Peterson put it or threatened me, he said, "You acted in a most undemocratic fashion. You have usurped the rights of the students to name themselves." He was indignant. He implied the three of us having taken his sociology class had learned nothing.

I guess most the students would have felt the same way about it. But the noisy and rather busy little ones were the ones who made the impression on me, at any rate. After about two weeks of that I was beginning to feel very insecure. I dropped in to see Coach C.A. Peterson. I said, "Coach, I think I'm going to retract the whole thing. I'm going to write a story in which I will state that the student body president has announced that he didn't say it. What he did say was that there is going to be a contest and that 'Aztec' was just one of the names. What do you think?"
You remember the coach. (Laughter) He put (inaudible) in the wall. Now you remember the coach. You remember the way he'd attack (?) That means that he either was opposed to what you had in mind, or he favored it, (laughter) or he had an opinion expressed on the subject, or he didn't have an opinion expressed on the subject. So I sat there for a minute and looked at the chin (?) and I figured I wasn't going to get any answer, so I wandered off. I never wrote the story. As a result, I didn't assist changing history for the second time (inaudible) the first time.

Now one person probably had more to do with this than I did, simply because he came up at the right idea, put it in the paper, and you'll all believe it. Louie Shellbach. (Applause) (Inaudible comments by Shellbach) (Applause)

Announcer: Ruth Verney Held was a student leader in Music, in student government, sorority activities, and (inaudible). Her (inaudible) athletic distinction, as well added distinction to the college. Ruth is the author of a charming (inaudible). I think it's all sold out now, but (inaudible) about the old days in Ocean Beach. If you get a chance to read her book, you certainly should do so. Beach Town is the title. Ruth will tell about the years 1924-27. Ruth.

Ruth: It's pretty nice of you to applaud here, in a group like this. Yet I believe he's also written a book (laughter), and they're probably both on sale down in Mission Valley. I'm to tell about the happy, carefree years of 1924 to '27. My original plan was to get the men from the men's glee club up here, who were in The Pirates of Penzance and have them echo me in a little parody on The Pirates of Penzance. But (inaudible). Now many pirates are here today? Not too many. So I'm going to have to do this song by myself. Remember there were the policemen and they sang a song something like this. (Sings song) (Applause)
Actually, we did get a quality education here. We did learn more than we thought we were learning, even though we had an awful lot of fun on the side. We were really an elite group. We had to have such high grades to get in. I nearly didn't make it. And the transfers from State to other colleges did better than other people who transferred to the other big colleges. Many of our outstanding city leaders went to State College in those days for a year or two and then went somewhere else to finish their educations. And so San Diego is full of people who are leaders in the town and did start here—learned how to enjoy life, as well as to meet others.

There are about a thousand of us in the fall of 1927. And I counted in the annual a staff of 66. Led by Dr. E.L. Hardy, with the Dean A.G. Peterson and his aide Dean Ada Hughes Coldwell. (Inaudible) everybody went to all the games. We'd have rallies with the big bonfires. Remember the bonfire that night that the Civic Auditorium burned down and all the firemen were at their annual ball?

There were lots of gold footballs, basketballs, and track shoes in and out in those days. In 1923-24 and 1924-25 we were the football champs of the Southern California Junior College Conference. Also in basketball. In track the 1924 team took home the cup for having won the championship for three years in a row. In those days there were thirty men on the football squad. Basketball had eight lettermen. Baseball didn't get going until the year '25-26. Then in '26-27 we left the Junior College Conference for the big times—the Southern California Intercollegiate Conference. No freshmen could play, and I guess you know where we ended up that season. Way down in the hole. But that fall we had an exciting event, in the fall of 1927, when the whole Pomona Student body came down on the Ruth Alexander and we went down to meet them all on Friday night at the dock and the next day played the football game, and we pretty nearly beat them. (Laughter)
For our social activity, the Women's Rowing Crew, which had been going since 1906, were still there in 1924 and the (inaudible) Club, which had been going since 1914. By June 1924 there were also two fraternities, Epsilon Eta and the Hods. There were the Sphinx, the Shen Yo, Fra Di Noi, and Komo. There was the Skull and Dagger, a (inaudible) fraternity, and the Delta Kappa. Others, of course, were added and dropped through these years. Some of the rowing crews became sororities, and by 1927 the Del Sudoeste listed 28 organizations. The first inter-fraternity dance was January 10, 1925. In those days we danced cheek-to-cheek to "I'll See You in My Dreams," "Show Me the Way to Go Home," "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby".

We were starting to wear lipstick. We had our stockings rolled just below the knees and the skirts just about touching the knees. Some of the girls even started smoking. We had a good time in those days. Although here in the Roaring Twenties, we were a little slower getting the hip flask than some of the other colleges. Mostly we didn't drink at our dances. It was pretty obvious who was going out to the car to share the bottle and to neck a little.

In 1925 Mission Beach opened up. It wasn't a school dance, bunches of us would go out there to dance to the big bands. And when we went to the beach for swimming, the college crowd took their ukeleles to Old Mission. Remember Andy's? And that gal who knew everybody and their business? And remember Slim's? Where the boys used to go for a hamburger after they left off their dates? Some of us are bitter. (Laughter) And Fenn's (?)?

At times we used to talk philosophy, I guess, at Dick's College Pharmacy. And Merican's (?) George isn't here today. George (inaudible) for an American. Our politics were pretty freewheeling in those days. The ASB presidents that we had in the years '24-27 were Henry Parrish, Myron Bryant, Mary Irwin, Barkham Garner, and Loris Hoyt. The Associated Men Students was run by John
Hancock, Ed Ruffa, Dave Barnes and maybe Guy Fox. The year 1926-27 they had only one meeting, but they had four pictures in the annual. The AWS was headed by Dorothy Dee Stevens, Mary Irwin, Harriett Pollack and Artha Tyler.

About this time in the spring of 1927 it was noticeable that the Phi Sigma Nu and the Phi Lambda Xi held most of the school offices. So I don't know how many of you know about this, but there was a coalition of the other fraternities and sororities. They put up a slate of noncontroversial people, like me, and that's how I got started. I would never have dared to run for an office, but they asked me, did I want vice-president of the student body or president of the AWS. And I thought I liked the honor better than the work, so I got on the student council. I was a great leader—I voted yes on everything. (Laughter) Except changing the colors to red and black. But that's John Fause's (?) story in the following year.

Publications in those days were important. The Paper Lantern was edited in '23-24 by Bernice Cornell and the next year by Lewis Shellbach. He changed it to Aztec in '25-26 and the editors were Leavenworth Colby and then Alex Crosby. Del Sudoeste's 1924 editor was Freddie Osenburg. In 1925 staff, headed by Wallace Dickey, was the first to use the Aztec motif. Hugh Gillis was editor of the 1926 annual. And in 1927 we had our first real rascal as editor. We had some small potatoes (inaudible), but Dana Thompson absconded with the money he left the annual (inaudible) over. (Laughter)

We'll finish with a tribute to speech and music. Debate and oratory flourished in those years and we won many a contest. Drama was alive and well downtown at the Savoy Theater and the Spreckels. And the stage under Sybil Eliza Jones reproduced "Seventeen", "Passing of the Third Floor Back", "Trelawney of the Wells", "Arms and the Man". Then, best of all for some of us, Kollege Kur-Ups, which was a riot every year. And the (inaudible) Crazy plays like, (inaudible). Deborah Smith, who came in 1922, put on lovely,
lively operettas—"Once in a Blue Moon", "Robin Hood", "Serenade", and of course in 1925 "The Pirates of Penzance". We loved that one. The girls got to wear pajamas in one scene. And the pirates crept up and grabbed us and we shrieked in ladylike fashion. What we learned didn't last was largely left to chance (?). (Applause)

Announcer: Thank you, Ruth, for your charming presentation. Guy Fox was class president. He was an athletic leader. He was a member of various student body organizations. And one of the famous Fox brothers who did so much for the college. Incidentally, the Fox brothers distinguished themselves in lots of ways. One of them was to marry such beautiful girls. I don't know how they did it, but they all did. Guy will tell us about the school years '28 and '29.

Guy--

Guy Fox: I know you're getting tired of sitting and I just want to pass on a little news for you--the previous speaker said, word for word, exactly what I was going to say. (Laughter) I know you don't want to hear it again. But I'd kind of like to pay homage to San Diego State College, University, Junior College, this place when it first began.

When my brother and I moved down with the family from Santa Monica to help build houses and make things go, we had never even heard of a college. But some organization in San Diego decided it would be interesting to get all the amateur athletes together for a great big track meet down in the State. So we were kind of interested because we'd been on the track team at Santa Monica High School. I said, "Let's enter." So we did. And we looked around on the track and naturally building houses in the various vicinities, we spotted one out here with a wire fence around it. So we thought, gee, that's great. So after work we'd dash on over and hide our clothes because we wore our track suit
under and run around the track. Until one late afternoon we got caught. Right
now I'm saying at that time was coach C.E. Peterson. And he says, "Yeah, fellows,
go on and run." He says, "Are you just starting your training?" I says, "Yeah." "It's kind of late, isn't it--two years (inaudible)." Well, I learned that I'd run the quarter-mile for 425 yards. And by that time my legs were so tightened up that I was walking. My brother was walking right on beside me. And finally he reached over and got my arm and says, "Come on--they're all (inaudible)." So I said, "Oh, brother, wasn't that a performance!"

Two nights later the doorbell rang about 8 o'clock at night. And who was there, but this nice man C.E. Peterson. So he came in and he talked us in, first of all, college, second, to come to the Aztecs. Now we sat there with Dad, and he said, "Well, I can let you know, but I can't let my own brother Morris because he was (inaudible) worked for the family.

That's the way I got started. February of '24. And it's changed my entire life. I didn't know I was a school teacher. Dean C.E. Peterson did. And clear on up to the junior's half of the year of the following years, he assumed that's what I was taking--a teacher's course. Good God, a schoolteacher? He says, "Sit down. I'm going to point out to you what you're going to do from now on." And he did and I worked hard and I became a schoolteacher and I've loved every minute of it for forty years. (Applause) To try to remember back, you find out memory (inaudible) is kind of rusted and (inaudible). So when I think in terms of some of these events that you folks are mentioning, sure (inaudible), show how your memory can be bad. Representing some of the schools and especially the District of Escondido, we had to make many trips on up to Sacramento where all the people were (inaudible) the whole situation. I remember one time I went up there, we had a lot of people around saying, "Hey, how are you?" I'd say, "Gosh, I have to admit, the face is familiar, but I can't possibly come up with your name." And then the next face is
familiar, but I can't come up with your name. And so on. The last guy was standing here and I say, "You look quite familiar, but..." and this guy reaches over and says, "Damn fool! I'm your brother!" (Laughter)

He isn't here because he got five permits for the greatest animals (inaudible)—Wyoming, Montana—and the season's open and he's a crack shot and he's up there. And I think fond memories of San Diego State. (Applause)

One more little anecdote. Coach and I were standing here over at the old college house. The steps came down, leaned against the door, and gee, all of a sudden some girls came walking out and I went, "Ooohweee!" And I just looked over and punched Coach in the arm and I said, "There is my wife." He says, "You must be crazy." I says, "Watch." Four months later I had $4, and old Model T car, and married her, and she is right here! (Applause)

Announcer: That's wonderful, Guy. I'm certainly glad that you mentioned Charlie Peterson so prominently. I'm sure you all know that the Peterson Gymnasium, great big building over on the far side of campus, is named for him. He was here for many, many years. And was a very, very fine leader and example for all the students. Sue—is she down here? I haven't seen her. Yeah. We asked Don Wolfer to discuss the years '30 to '33. Oh, I'm going to introduce Sue (inaudible) Fox. That's pretty hard to do, not for Sue. Don Wolfer won't be here. His sister, Sue Earnest, will discuss those and will also give us her reminiscences of the faculty. Our beloved Dr. Sue—Sue?

Sue: Don regrets very much that he had to do a quick trip to Santa Barbara where his brother-in-law is in intensive care with a heart attack. And that's why he's not here. He apologizes. He did want me, however, to mention just a few of you people who are here today with whom he worked in the period of 1930, '31, and '32 and '33 as well. Carol Woods Nelson, Milford Ellison, Dave Jessop,
Helen Squires, Virginia Noon were very active on the student council at that time. Again, Milford Ellison, Donald Pageant, Lionel Rideout and Rena Case (inaudible) for one thing. Very active in drama and music.

You notice the same people appear again and again. In music, Phyllis Barker, Rena Case, Beth Porter, Alta Robbins, Helen Squires and Grace Walker. I'm mentioning the people who are sitting here today. We know there were lots of others in these events. But these are the people who we're so happy were able to come today. Richard Boronda was active in the Aztec Band. A journalist, (inaudible). And Milford Ellison. Now this is '32. We'll come to Dick in a minute in '33. In football, Harold Grant and Milt Bailey and Milner (?) Knowles. In track, Dave Jessop. In golf, Paul Flack and Dick Worthington. In Sword and Dagger, Harriette Sargeant, Ruth Hamill, Rena Case, Alta Robbins, and Milford Ellison. In Pendragon, Betty Grimse, Lionel Rideout, Irene Watson. And dear Albert Seelig, Robert Albert Seelig was very active in rowing.

Skipping quickly to 1933, Abbie Jean Johnson and Gertrude Tyler were running the freshman class. And president of the Associated Students was David Jessop. The new (inaudible) Jessop completed. The Vice-President was Virginia Noon. And Helen Magee was secretary. And on the student council we find Vic Whitaker, Bernice Kelleher and Abbie Johnson. The Finance Board was headed by Keith Atherton. And the Aztec was written, the editor was Vic Whitaker. The El Palenque included Jean D. Swiggett on its staff.

And in drama again, we find Rena Case, Betty Grimse, Lucille Knowles, Don Wolford. Now, in opera, John Tyres was singing opposite Rena Case. And in Treble Clef, Margaret Kendell and Phyllis Barker, Alta Robbins, Elaine Bond, Reinette Chase, Beth Porter, Helen La Zelle and Beatrice Schnug were all singing. And in Men's Glee was a bright young man who became a professor, now Dr. Clifford Baker. He was also in the quartet. And in the orchestra, Gertrude Tyler.
It's probably fortunate that my brother isn't speaking when I see how the time is going on. So, then I will talk about what has been assigned to me—a bit about the faculty.

Now, Dick has done such a good job of talking about faculty that I, too, am going to shorten this or we'll leave nothing for Jack Adams to talk about. I thought of talking about Dean Willis Johnson and the application of the project method. Or, I thought of talking about President Hardy picking up all of the banana peels for the safety of his students. I thought of talking about Sybil Eliza Jones and her aging car Hibitka (?). And I thought of talking about our chemistry professor, the brilliant one, who had cohorted another professor who made very serious charges against certain of the faculty, practically all of the faculty. These charges ranged from fiscal mismanagement to downright indecency. Now, there was one person who was not attacked, whose name was John Adams.

Now it may be due to the purity of his character or it may be because he had just arrived. This professor kept in his desk pistols and masks, which we found rather interesting. It provoked our curiosity. But when he finally accused President Hardy of gross mismanagement of college funds, and above all things accused Irving Outcalt of sex offenses (laughter), we knew there was something wrong. And so did the chief officer in Sacramento. He came quickly, and San Diego was minus two professors.

Today we have with us, and they are all sitting over here—maybe they won't mind raising their hand when I mention their names—we have the two Browns—the Brown who came first, Leslie, came in 1922. We have Dorothy Harvey. And Jack Adams here on the stage. Alice Raw then, and now Warner. And Spencer Rogers, just a kid, but head of a department. Christine Springston. Harry Steinmetz. And Miss Suhl, now Storm. There were some who, and then of course the next year, 1933, came James Crouch. He's there. The ones who couldn't be here were
Everett Gee Jackson, who is preparing an art show. Chesney Moe, who just got out of the hospital and cannot walk very well yet. Abe Nasatir, who is enjoying his Sabbath in the way that he always does. And Baylor Brooks who is on his way to Kansas. And then also Dr. Pfaff and Marguerite Bradgard were not able to come. We have out there on the bulletin board notes from Dr. Franklin Walker, who many of you remember. And from Dr. Harwood, who was just not up to making the trip down from Claremont. I also want to mention that about this time that Mary McMullen took over the duties of Dean of Women, Ada Hughes Coldwell, that was not very well.

Now, just briefly, two little incidents, or three perhaps, that had to do with faculty that were fun at that time. The Sophomore Class in 1925 decided to have a party in San Clemente, which at that time was a new subdivision halfway to Los Angeles. And Les Earnes, my husband, had said, "I will provide the ethyl alcohol for the punch." This was prohibition. And I had, not knowing that he was taking this under the back seat, had invited Dean Ada Hughes Coldwell to come in our car. So she sat right over it. (Laughter) And when we got there, I had to quickly whisk her into the front door and make her busy by doing her deanly duties while Les went in the backdoor with the booze.

That same year that (inaudible) sophomore class put on a dance in the library. You remember where the library was, near the stairs? And about halfway through the dance they decided it was a dull, dull dance that needed picking up. And so one of the students who was a chem major and had the keys to the laboratory said, "I know how to take care of that." And he did. And the party was so lively that the administration, which had been leaving up to this point, sensed something was wrong. And they found out where it had come from. And in those more strict days, that student was sacked forever and was never able to come back to San Diego State.
Along with our real worship of C.E. Peterson is our real worship of Deborah Smith, who you probably know passed away rather recently. She would get special assignments for the students so that they would have unusual experiences. And one of them, I remember, was sending the Quartette to Hollywood, where they sang in a number of places. And Ward Cash sitting here today and Les Earnest were in that quartet. She also was approached by the director of the Savoy Theater who wanted to put on a musical comedy named "Raree" and the director asked for fourteen girls from the Treble Clef. Three of the mothers would not permit their daughters to go. But fourteen happy girls excitedly went down. They were going to be professionals and they were getting $35 for one week of rehearsals and one week of production. The quartet also sang. Well, the director found out rather quickly that the Trebe Clef girls couldn't dance. So he marched down to the burlesque show and picked up the Nichol Sisters. So the Nichol Sisters stood at the end of the chorusline and they danced, but they couldn't sing. So the quartet was invited back for further performances of other productions, but never again was the Treble Clef invited. (Laughter)

And the final little thing. You know in the early days we worshipped intelligence tests. We thought they were the answer and gave us full knowledge of the capacity of a human being. The Thorndike Intelligence Test was introduced to San Diego State the spring of '26. And one of, a professor noticed that two of his students fell in the lower third. So, he brought them into his office and sternly said, "It is quite clear you do not have the capacity for college work. I advise you to drop out and we'll save the taxpayers' money." Well, fortunately they paid no attention to him. And they both went to the University of California at Berkeley. One of them became the chief engineer in the design of the Oakland approach to the San Francisco Bridge. And the other one was in charge of the entire fortifications of Wake Island. His brother is sitting here--Fred Busing (?). (Applause)
Announcer: Thank you so much, Sue. We have asked John Adams, longtime professor of English and the witty friend of faculty and student alike, to speak to us briefly this afternoon. You should know that the Adams Building on the campus was named recently in his honor. An honor which he richly deserves. He will speak on the subject "Back through the Archives". Jack-- (applause)

John Adams: Thank you very much. 1928 was my freshman year at San Diego State, and I was graduated in 1968. Forty years may not be the record for loitering on the campus, but since 1968 I have been doing further graduate study here, which adds up to about half a century of acquaintance with the institution. In 1928 I came not as a freshperson student, but as an equally uninformed teacher, ignorant of the folkways of Southern California, of San Diego, and of teachers colleges generally or specifically. After fifty years of continuous study in these subjects many gaps still exist in my knowledge. A gathering such as this is truly educational. A great deal of what I have learned (inaudible).

We are fortunate to be here on a Saturday. On a working weekday there would never be room for us. Every morning the central campus swarms with studentpersons—for probably more individuals are on the campus every day than the total residents of San Diego in 1898 when the first classes were held downtown. In addition to the pedestrians walking in from their parked automobiles, some students ride bicycles wherever and however they wish; and lately a few daredevils have been rushing around on skateboards, weaving in and out like motorists challenging death on the freeways. A few years ago I recall the campus was similarly afflicted with uncontrolled stray dogs. Now the campus dogs are on leash, and it is time for a similar regulation that all skateboarders must be on leash and accompanied by guardians, human or canine.

Curiously, at the same time that the campus is overcrowded—and neighborhood parking space is even less adequate—the University administration is
concerned over a shortage of students. FTE is a sad symbol which may cost the current budget 335 thousand dollars. It is typical of the growth of the University that a mathematical abstraction like FTE may sometimes be more important than a human being. An individual may weigh three hundred pounds and fill two student stations in a classroom and yet not be a FTE student unless he or she had signed up for fifteen units of credit. Just try to picture that, if you can.

Possibly there were FTE policies in 1928 or 1898, but not so much was published about them. In one of the first classes I taught here—late afternoons, for regular and extension students—President Hardy's secretary was an auditor who took down all the lectures in Gregg shorthand. Georgia Amsden could have been spying for the administration for all that I knew; but in exchange my wife visited some of Miss Amsden's classes, where one fellow-student was a daughter of President Hardy. I doubt that FTE was given a thought. For years auditors were welcomed in the English Department by Irving Outcalt without inquiring whether they had enrolled or paid fees. Money was not so vitally important on the campus then, primarily because there was not enough to be worth a fight. At the founding, President Black was the highest paid man on the faculty, with an initial salary of $3500 annually, not monthly. Fifteen years later President Hardy’s monthly pay was $333.33, which added up to about $4000 a year.

Reunions like this are happy opportunities to meet old friends as you know and revive memories. None of us knew the first building downtown, which was used for only one year. It was plain and sturdy. By now it is plain and dirty, in a questionable location on the outskirts of the gaslamp quarter. The first permanent building, at the head of El Cajon Boulevard, was charming, even beautiful. Unfortunately it was destroyed about 25 years ago, ruthlessly
murdered. Under present-day conditions it could not have been knocked down without protest, for it was the creation of the celebrated architect Irving Gill and his senior partner, thus a part of the city's cultural heritage worth preservation as a museum in a small park.

I remember little about that building, hardly more than that the lobby was spacious and handsome, and that the stairway to the second floor creaked suspiciously. The photographs that have been preserved are a more reliable guide than memories. By 1928 the building lacked space and equipment for the increasing enrollment, which was about nine hundred and rapidly approaching a full one thousand. That building was so crowded that I never had an office in it. A discarded classroom table was provided--yellow wood, about three feet wide and two feet deep, with a hole in one corner for an inkwell--and that was my equipment. The table and a chair were set down in the corner of the vice-president's office (we had only one vice-president in 1928--I don't know the latest count of vice-presidents now, there were several a few years ago) which was next to the president's office. Nothing could have been more fortunate for a novice whose closest associates were Irving Outcalt and Edward Hardy. Who could escape loving an institution with such benevolent bureaucrats as these!

If my remarks which call on "Then and Now" have a central theme, it must be that some things change and other things do not change. The changes are more visible, and some of them appear to be improvements. Problems are likely to be permanent, or at least recurrent. A timely example is the up-and-down fortune of a varsity football team which has some good seasons and others not so good. The solutions for the football team are the same, whether at Ohio State with their troubles or San Diego State with the same troubles. The solutions are the same--either fire the coach, or promote him to dean, or hang him in effigy. (Laughter) One treatment is as effective as another, temporarily, and the permanent problem is forgotten. In my own much less glamorous
field of literary studies the perennial problem is what to do with or for the freshperson who cannot write. What to do in English Composition I was a question in 1928 and I believe it still is. The solutions are obvious: to fire or promote the instructors, to flunk out the student or graduate them, or to change the course number. (Laughter) The urge to "do something" is satisfied without disturbing the happiness of those students who can't or won't learn. Years ago one of my unresponsible students protested that he would never need to write; since his only goal was making money, he would hire whatever low-paid servants he needed, retired professors would serve him very well, and so on. This thinking is common but the outcome was rather unusual. This individual became a subdivision developer noteworthy for ruining a great deal of our suburban landscape. He accumulated several million dollars and died relatively young a few years ago in the midst of his schemes. Proper attention to English Composition I might have helped him find a way through the net of problems that caught him; or transcendental meditation might have been better for him.

One misconception about the development of SDSU that you can help dispell is, namely, that the quality of education has improved here over the years. I do not believe in it. The scope has unquestionably widened greatly; a student's choice of studies is many times what it was, but the goal of "excellence" is a stock term which was popular not long ago, the goal of excellence is the same goal as in the period of the Normal School. It was more easily reached then, when there was one program, one set of classes, and one identical goal for all students--to become teachers in the elementary schools. No plan could be more efficient, and after two years the graduates were fully equipped to venture out onto the educational battlefields.

The early faculty was equally excellent. One young man deserted the Normal School and eventually became president of the University of California
Most of the others loyally remained here, where I met some of the survivors in 1928; you knew them too, probably better than I did.

SDSU has been particularly fortunate in its presidents, beginning with Samuel Black through Dr. Brage Golding and—we have every reason to expect—Dr. Day. We insiders know that a college president is not as important on a campus as laymen imagine, for students and professors determine the tone of a school, but poor administration can be disastrous. Our greatest good fortune with our presidents is that they have continued the Black-Hardy emphasis on general culture, broad interests and responsible citizenship. Another lucky accident is that there have been so few of them: five in eighty years (plus a few "acting" presidents of equal ability); each has had time to grow into his position and to become truly a leader entitled to loyal support.

The Normal School program was nationally recognized as being excellent for a normal school. Off-campus events produced a change, however, in 1921. The city had grown, Southern California was changing, and altered State of California requirements for teaching credentials replaced normal schools with teachers colleges. Years of study were increased to four, including a college degree as well as a license. Our school absorbed these curriculum improvements calmly, but more exciting to the campus was a second change in 1921. Many of you were part of it. For economic reasons a lower-division community college was located on the campus. Extremely high-class students enrolled, preparing to transfer to universities. This diversity enriched the campus life, and new professors like Charles Leonard and Leslie Brown stimulated an interest in scholarship beyond whatever had existed previously. Accounts of participants agree that San Diego State Teachers College was a stimulating place to be during the roaring twenties. You know more about it than I do, for by the time I became accustomed to the little city, the old campus had been moved to its present location in the desert.
outskirts of sagebrush, rattlesnakes, and increased collegiate sophistication.
But this is quite another story.

A few final words, for there are other attractions this afternoon. If you get to our Love Library which has replaced the single room that passed for a library for books on the old campus, you can follow the theme of this meeting through a display of mementos; a very nice display of mementos. President Black's gold-headed can for one, and his lodge sword, with a photograph of him in his gorgeous lodge uniform. You will find other photographs, the first tiny annual catalogue side by side with the most recent very large one, copies of student publications beginning with the first White and Gold yearbook, and other fascinating reminders. In the same room—which is numbered 363—you will also find a tape recorder into which you are invited to recite your reminiscences or observations and comments, if you will.

Some day the history of SDSU will be written for posterity to admire. What do you know that should be included there? Studentpersons didn't have much authority on the campus in the early days, but they knew a lot more than they ever showed in their classes. Now is the time to go over to Love Library and to tell ALL.

Announcer: Thank you very much, Dr. Adams, for a characteristic, terribly delightful presentation, and full of information as well. I have a question that Dr. Day gave me before he had to leave. He was (inaudible). The question—would you care to ask on that? (Applause) (Inaudible)

Ellen Ellison (?): We're going to all sing, so in your programs you will find the words to the song.
This talk was given by Isabella S. Hammack, Class of 1910, at the Old Campus Homecoming Luncheon, November fourth, 1978.

My memories of the Normal School days are first of the building; the white pillars; the broad steps and porch; the entrance. There was the lawn outside where the May Pole Dance was given each year on May Day, which became Founders' Day. A newspaper of 1898 found in the cornerstone of the Normal School states that the building was copied after the Fine Arts Building of the Chicago Columbian Exposition at the cost of $100,000. The central building was to be built first at the cost of $35,000 and the wings later. The spacious entrance hall led into the Assembly Room where we had Bible reading, was it every day or every Monday? There were the Friday morning Assemblies and finally graduation. I still have my graduation dress. I think our class was the first to wear 'Cap and Gowns.'

Our class work was taken very seriously. I remember our teachers more than the subject matter. Mr. Bliss of the History Department—a well known historian and writer; Mr. Kemp of the Education Department, later to become Dean of Education in the University of California at Berkeley; Miss Way and Miss Pratt. No one could forget them. They lived together in a little house on the edge of a canyon. Tall, prim, Preceptress Emma Way and little Alice Pratt, the Shakespearean specialist of the English Department. The students sometimes called on the faculty members on Sunday afternoons and had tea in their homes. There was Mrs. Caldwell of the Home Economics. We used to make puddings and delicacies. Mr. Outcalt of the English Department who said he could put a class to sleep in twenty minutes. He could but no one could read poetry as he did. He also wrote it. His "Admetis" and other poems were well known. Miss Davis of the Music Department and Mr. Crandall of the
Then we came to the Practice Teaching. This was a Normal School and we all were to be teachers. There was Miss Rogers of the primary department and Miss McCleod of the upper grades. We had to pass their approval or we would never graduate. Woe be to anyone who did not have an approved lesson plan on the desk of the classroom while she was teaching. That was sometimes hard to get. I will never forget the time that I stood at Miss McCleod's desk and was sent to the dictionary to look up the word telephone. I had written "phone" without an apostrophe in my plan. "You see there is no such word", she said "It is telephone". To this day I find it difficult to 'phone and I "telephone". I remember Miss Davis standing at the open door, and the doors had to be open, laughing, as I was teaching a song to fifth graders, and I wanted to collapse.

As to social events: We had rowing crews not sororities. There was a shortage of men, in fact not one man in our graduating class of sixty-four women. But we must have had good times. We played basketball, baseball, and other games under the supervision of Miss Tanner.

I wish to read you part of the graduation address given by the first President of the College, Dr. Black, in 1906. His instructions were to the "25 young women who were to begin life's work." They might be helpful to teachers of today.

"The school children of today are waiting to welcome you as their guides, counselors and leaders. The state, through its responsible representatives, has certified, under seal, that you are worthy of these high offices - that your personal characteristics, education and training are such that the functions attaching to them will be intelligently, faithfully and conscientiously performed.

As a teacher in the community, as far as lies in your power, you
are to treat all the patrons of your school - both reasonable and unreasonable - with equal courtesy. You will avoid all neighborhood disputes. You may be compelled to listen to more or less gossip, but even while you listen, forget. Give every pupil a square deal. See that you protect the small child from the cowardly bully, if there be one. Remember, you have the whole power of the state at your back, and thus backed, you have nothing to fear. You owe it to yourself, as well as to your school, to be careful that you never enter your schoolroom without thorough preparation both as to lesson plans and subject matter. Do not attempt any educational bluffs.

As a teacher in the community you have some rights as well as duties. You are entitled to the obedience of your pupils, the respect and cooperation of their parents, and the cordial support of the school board. You are entitled to a suitable boarding place - one of your own selection - and to the exclusive use of your own room, to which you may retire of an evening or whenever you may desire to be alone. You are entitled to your monthly salary, and you have the right to spend it legitimately.

As a teacher in the county and state, you are to conform to the recognized code of professional ethics. You are to be loyal to all school boards and school officers clothed with power under the law and constitution of the state so long as these boards and officers continue to act within their constitutional powers."

These are some of my memories. I have seen this institution develop from a State Normal School, to a State College, to a State University. I have seen it grow from an institution in 1910 of 2,231 students to a University in 1978 of 30,000. I still have my memories.