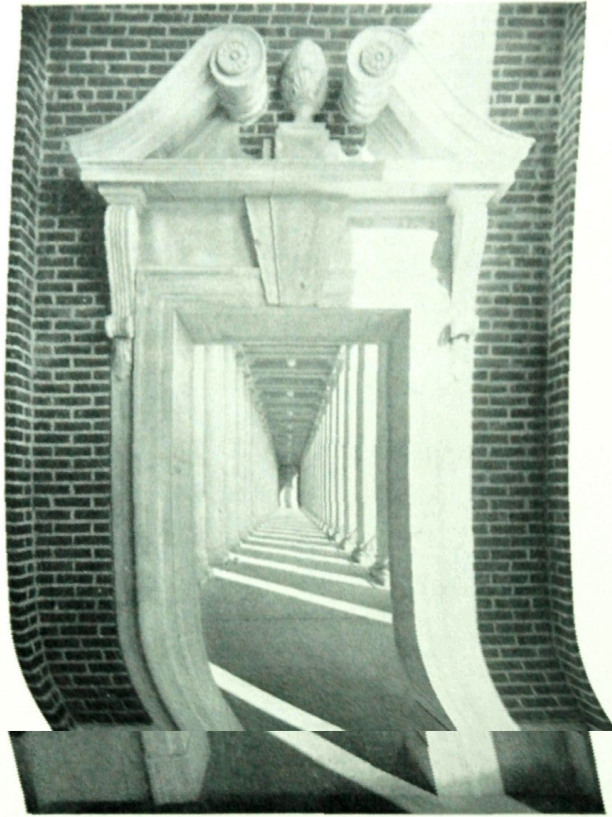


UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

MEMORIAL  
STADIUM



*"Lest we forget"*

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS  
MEMORIAL STADIUM  
DEDICATION  
EXERCISES

OCTOBER SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH  
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR

## FOREWORD

THE Memorial Stadium of the University of Illinois is the gift of more than twenty-one thousand students, alumni, and other friends of the University. It is a memorial to the University men and woman who gave their lives in the great World War.

For many years Mr. George Huff, Director of Athletics at the University, planned for a time when athletics, both intercollegiate and intramural, could be provided for more adequately than by the facilities offered on the old Illinois Field. After the War he conceived the idea of a memorial stadium with columns on which would be inscribed the names of those who died in the War.

In April, 1921, were held the first mass meetings of students which started the drive to raise funds for the Stadium. In the months following, meetings of alumni were held all over the country for this purpose. Ground was broken for the Stadium in September, 1922. The first football game was played in it on November 3, 1923. The structure was completed in October, 1924, and dedicated on Friday afternoon, October 17.

## PROGRAM OF THE DEDICATION EXERCISES

*Friday Afternoon, October 17*

- 2:00 Parade to Stadium, headed by Illini ex-service men.
- 3:00 Dedication exercises at the Stadium. Mr. Robert F. Carr, '93, master of ceremonies. Introduction of members of Stadium executive committee. Dedicatory Address by President David Kinley. Reading of names of men and woman to whom columns are dedicated, Col. William T. Merry, U. S. A. Reading of Stadium Ode by the author, Mr. Lew Sarett, '16. Pageant illustrative of athletics and physical development.

*Saturday Afternoon, October 18*

- 1:30 Flag Raising Ceremony in the Stadium. Presentation of Stadium to the University by Mr. George Huff, Director of Athletics. Acceptance by Dr. William L. Noble, President of the Board of Trustees.
- 2:00 Football Game: Illinois vs. Michigan.

REMARKS BY MR. ROBERT F. CARR,  
MASTER OF CEREMONIES AT THE  
DEDICATION EXERCISES

THE accomplishment of a great undertaking such as this has to be crystallized around a fine leader; a man of lovable personality; one who has the acquaintance and friendly interest of the thousands of boys and girls who have passed through this University; a man who throughout each year of his life and through each contact he has made, has inspired greater confidence and respect and admiration.

I may emphasize to you a fact that we all appreciate to the fullest extent that it was around the personality of Mr. George A. Huff that our thousands of University men and women rallied when we decided to build this Memorial Stadium.

It was a great inspiration of one of the most beloved men of our University that our memorial to our war heroes should take the form of a beautiful Stadium;

That a structure might arise here whose stately design would be a fitting monument to our dead;

That we might, in this way, show in some measure our love of their memory and our appreciation of their deeds;

So that when we gather here on all great occasions we would ever feel renewed obligations for the sacrifice they have made.

The decision made, we began about three years ago to ask for subscriptions from alumni, students, faculty, and friends, to build this Memorial Stadium.

Two years ago, with rather an interesting ceremony and after a few brief talks delivered from one of our farm wagons, George Huff turned the first spadeful of earth on the spot where I now stand, which was then a field of hay.

George Huff and Robert Zuppke spoke to our alumni in all of the cities of this State and in most of the important cities of America. It is not necessary for me to say to any of you here how convincingly both of these gentlemen can speak.

The total subscriptions met our expectations and the payments, under the polite but persistent solicitation of our friend, Mr. Roseberry, have been generally punctual. Some have delayed; some for the time being have failed, but we have faith in the loyalty of the men and women of Illinois.

We have watched the progress of this work with loving interest. Our architects have designed and our contractors have built what we are proud to believe is one of the finest achievements in Stadium architecture. The beautiful colonnades stand at a height overlooking the landscape these boys once loved so well, and this is indeed a wonderful accomplishment for Illinois men and women and a fitting memorial to the two hundred noble men who went from this University and gave their lives for our country and for a better world civilization.

How well I remember, as I sat near President James when he addressed the graduating class of 1917, and said, with a tear in his eye and a break in his voice, "God bless you, one and all, for some of you I will never see again." How true this proved to be!

Our University was represented by men in every field of action. There was scarcely a man between the ages of eighteen and fifty from this University, as well as from all of the colleges and universities of America, who was not serving in some way or in some place where he could be of usefulness in this unparalleled world conflict.

But while men of all ages devoted themselves to this cause somewhere and in some way, yet the tragedy is that only the young and vigorous and strong can stand the strain where the greatest danger lies, and hence, as a rule, only the young must die. The lives of two hun-

dred of our noblest young men were quenched in that conflict. The stupendous price of victory, not to mention the appalling losses of defeat, should arouse the interest of every man and woman of our generation to use their best influence and endeavor to constantly aid our government in trying to find a sane, practicable, and honorable way to prevent war.

I have faith that this government of ours, together with the other governments of the world, will find a workable plan, and such machinery for an equitable adjustment of international disputes need in no way prevent us from maintaining proper military and naval defense for our country.

For thirty years David Kinley has been associated in the faculties of our University.

He has occupied many different chairs on the educational staff.

He has established, organized, and directed several departments in the institution.

He has been a great force in bringing the value of the University to the acquaintance of the people of our State.

Since he has taken the reins of leadership as President of our University, our financial support from the State has been doubled.

He has ideals and ambitions for every phase of University life that give greater opportunities each year for those who come here.

While he exercises a guiding hand over the educational and administrative sides of the institution, he has such an unusual capacity for friendship that there are few, if any, of the thousands who have contributed to this Memorial who are not personally known to President Kinley.

It is fitting, indeed, that this Memorial, built by his boys and his girls who are living, in honor of his boys and girl who have passed away, should be dedicated by David Kinley, President of our University.



## DEDICATION ADDRESS

PRESIDENT DAVID KINLEY

THIS Stadium is a memorial to those of the University of Illinois who died in the World War, 183 men and one woman. We are dedicating it to them. Dedication is a consecration. But we cannot hallow this structure by what we do or say. They made it holy by dying for the principles and ideals in which they believed. It is for us to keep it hallowed by living those principles and ideals. The dedication is a pledge to our dead that we will do so. By our pledge we consecrate ourselves to perpetuate their principles and ideals, to keep alive the spirit that led them to give up their lives. But the dedication means more than this. It means that the uses to which this great structure is put, in all the years to come, shall exemplify their principles, their ideals, their spirit. The physical monument will remain a substantial reminder through many years. The manner of its use will be an everlasting reminder that their spirit is kept alive. The dedication of our Stadium means that the members of the University of Illinois pledge themselves to maintain, in their lives, that immortal spirit of service and self-sacrifice which made these boys and this girl of ours walk up to the face of death.

We talk much about the Illini spirit. What is it? On the lips of those who speak thoughtlessly, it means, I have sometimes thought, merely a temporary enthusiasm about some ideas or actions not very clear in the minds of the speakers. The spirit of the University of Illinois, the Illini spirit, involves more than shouting or occasional enthusiasm. It involves the character of our living. It implies thoughtful choice of the right and the good, in impulse and conduct. It implies loyalty to the

University, the State, and the country. It implies that we believe in, and try to live up to, the ideals of honesty, industry, service, and self-sacrifice, which are necessary to make a people or an institution great and noble. It implies adherence to an industrious life, moral cleanness, and political uprightness. Men do not acquire these qualities through outbursts of lip-loyalty on some occasion of an hour. They are the results of thought, self-control, self-repression, loyalty to standards and devotion to ideals. If a university education has any value it should train him who gets it to self-control. It should teach him to direct his impulses to what is consciously the right and the good as against the wrong and the bad. It should develop in him the moral stamina to make the choice. Without this moral stamina all else is useless. The University of Illinois devotes itself, through its educational ideals, and through the character of its instruction, to the development of this moral stamina and of the intellectual power to make right choices. It aims to train young men and young women to those ideals of self-sacrifice and devotion to their country's cause, which inspired the heroes whose memory we are honoring today. Our consecration through the dedication of this Stadium is our pledge that we will continue to do so.

It is thought by some that the primal instincts of man were wholly physical. This belief has become the basis of a somewhat widely accepted philosophy of life. That philosophy is, that since our instincts, however brutish, however low, are natural, it is proper that we should give free, full play or license to their expression. This philosophy runs through much of the literature of the day. I challenge it in the name of our dead and in the name of our institutional ideals and practices. Man makes progress not by indulging his physical instincts and his brute impulses, but by controlling and repressing them; by directing the energy that is behind them to the attainment of better habits than they would build, of

better and higher ideals than they imply. Through the increasing association of men, the energy behind these instincts has promoted the growth of the finer feelings, charity, love, regard for others, service, obedience to law, and all those qualities that go to make what we call refinement, culture, civilization. Part of the cost of their attainment is the repression of the so-called primary, physical instincts that too many are lauding, whose unlicensed exercise they are urging. Our consecration of ourselves so to use this Stadium as to maintain the ideals of our dead, is an eternal rejection of that philosophy. It is a pledge that we will manifest in our academic work, in our sports, in all that we do, that fine spirit and idealism which implies the qualities—loyalty, self-sacrifice, and belief in our institution—of which the Stadium is a memorial. By our use of this great monument will it be determined from year to year whether we are keeping on the high plane of ethical aspiration and conduct that our beloved and honored dead raised for us; whether we are continuing to honor them by infusing into our life at the University the spirit, the purposes, the faith, the devotion to duty, which inspired them. According as we do this will the Illini spirit live and grow strong and we shall be able to stand, by and by, with unblushing faces, at the judgment bar of our fellow Illini whose memory we honor, and report to them that we have kept the faith; and that honor, truth, and loyalty are still the watchwords of all Illini. This dedication is a pledge that we, of the University of Illinois, shall forever serve men and honor God.

We consecrate ourselves to the service of our country and pledge that we will give her our all in her day of need.

We pledge ourselves to keep alive the spirit of democracy and the equality of opportunity to all, which is the essence of democracy.

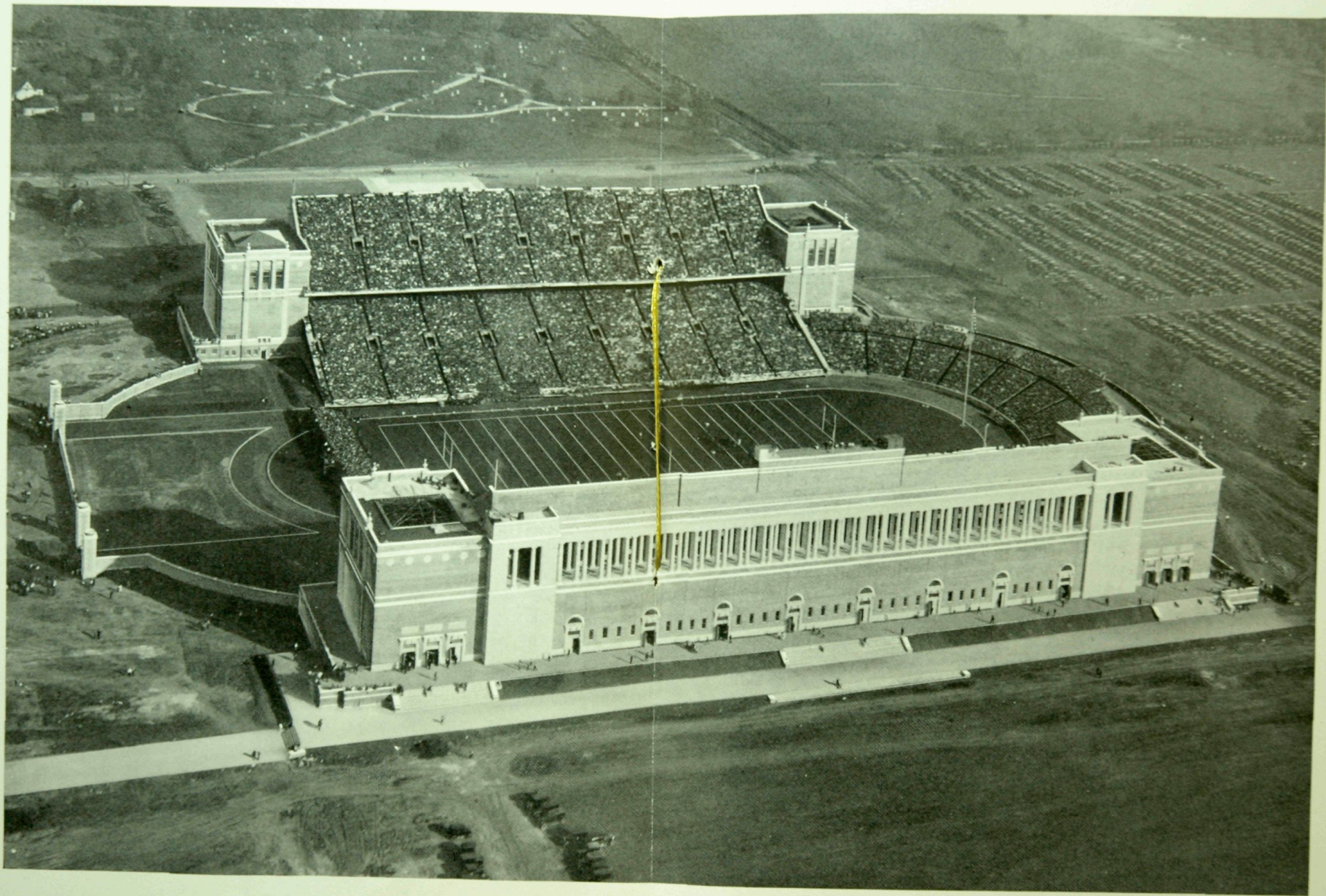
We pledge ourselves, as members of an educational institution, to keep alight the torch of learning, of freedom of thought and word.

We pledge ourselves to make the most of our bodies and minds in this institution for the service of our fellow men.

We pledge ourselves, in the use of this great monument, to keep alive the spirit of sportsmanship, which means courage, skill, courtesy, and honor.

We pledge ourselves "to win without boasting and to lose without excuses."

We pledge ourselves to keep this Stadium and its uses in honor through all time to come.



UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS MEMORIAL STADIUM

## PRESENTATION TO THE UNIVERSITY

PRESENTATION OF THE STADIUM TO THE UNIVERSITY  
BY MR. GEORGE HUFF, DIRECTOR OF ATHLETICS

IT IS my pleasure, in behalf of more than twenty-one thousand students and alumni and other friends of the University of Illinois, to present this Stadium through you to the University of Illinois.

ACCEPTANCE OF THE STADIUM ON BEHALF OF THE  
BOARD OF TRUSTEES BY DR. W. L. NOBLE,  
PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD

On behalf of the Board of Trustees and in the name of the people of the State of Illinois, I accept this magnificent gift of the students, alumni, faculty, and friends of the University as their tribute to the valor of the Illini who made the supreme sacrifice that the spirit of justice, of equality, and of fair play might prevail. We who are left behind can never share with them their priceless heritage; but, standing here in the shadow of this everlasting monument we can, and we will, resolve to keep alive that spirit which they so nobly exemplified in camp and on the field of battle.

Even greater is the inspiration which generations of Illini yet unborn will get from this evidence of our love for our fellows who have gone on before. Here they will assemble to learn the traditions of a long-ago past, to measure their spirit of devotion with the spirits of those whom we honor today, and to pledge their all to an enrichment of this spirit. Then, and only then, will our aims have been met and our dreams realized.

Just what these traditions shall mean to the oncoming generations of Illini we alone can determine. We can go from here today rededicated to the task of giving

our all if necessary to the continuance of equality in opportunity, of honesty and justice in human relations, and of tolerance and freedom in thought and opinion. To do otherwise would be to turn our backs on the men and women whose memories make this one of the sacred spots of the world, and to destroy our influence with those who are to come after us.

More and more as the years come and go, we can expect this mighty structure to become a shrine for an ever increasing stream of patriotic men and women, seeking solace and inspiration; and here in the heart of a great commonwealth, rich in material and spiritual resources, it shall stand as a symbol of Illinois spirit—a spirit that exemplifies fair play, honest work, a respect for the right of others, and an undying devotion to justice and truth.

Many will be the repetitions of this day when the sons of Illinois shall struggle yonder for supremacy, neither over-exultant in victory nor downcast in defeat; and just as often shall we, and those who come after us, gather to cheer them on to victory. May such spectacles forever and forever be a fitting tribute to the fighting spirit of those whom we have assembled to honor.



THE MEMORIAL COLUMNS



## COLUMNS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THESE ILLINI DEAD

Inscribed on the two hundred memorial columns, part of which are shown in the view on the opposite page, are the names of the following who gave their lives in the World War:

### *East Stand*

TRUMAN O. AARVIG, ex '18	LEE S. CASSELL, '14
ALVIN J. ADAMS, ex '20	LESLIE G. CHANDLER, ex '18
CHARLES P. ANDERSON, ex '18	MINOR J. CHAPIN, ex '19
MICHAEL L. ANGAROLA, '15	HARRY L. CLAYTON, ex '17
ALAN N. ASH, ex '14	PAUL M. CLENDENEN, '09
JOHN W. BAILEY, '15	HENRY R. COLTON, ex '19
HAROLD J. BARNES, '17	LINN P. COOKSON, ex '18
LOWELL W. BARTLETT, ex '19	CHARLES E. COOPER, '16
BOHUSLAV BARTOS, ex '19	WILLIS H. CORK, ex '18
FRANK A. BENITZ, ex '15	JOSEPH C. CRISMORE, ex '18
JOHN S. BENNEHOFF, ex '20	BRUCE N. CULMER, ex '17
MERRILL M. BENSON, ex '18	ROBERT M. CUTTER, ex '19
EDWARDS H. BERRY, '14	HOMER W. DAHRINGER, '13
ARTHUR L. BEYERLEIN, '12	JOHN H. DALLENBACH, '14
BENJAMIN H. BLOEBAUM, ex '14	THEODORE F. DEMETER, ex '20
IRWIN J. BLUESTEIN, ex '19	TOWNSEND F. DODD, '07
VINSON R. BOARDMAN, ex '17	JAMES E. DURST, ex '18
HENRY H. BOGER, ex '11	VINCENT J. DUSHEK, '17
ARTHUR L. BONNER, ex '18	WILLIAM F. EARNEST, ex '19
MARCUS H. BRANHAM, ex '20	ADRIAN C. EDWARDS, ex '16
GEORGE R. BRANNON, '15	ARTHUR M. EVANS, '16
WILLIAM E. BROTHERTON, ex '17	EMERY C. FARVER, Grad. '15
BAYARD BROWN, '16	ARTHUR W. FREER, ex '17
WALDO R. BROWN, '15	LLOYD H. GHISLIN, ex '18
HAROLD C. BUCHANAN, Mech.	RALPH E. GIFFORD, '17
JOHN E. BURROUGHS, ex '08	GLADYS GILPATRICK, '17
CHARLES B. BUSEY, '08	ORLANDO M. GOCHNAUR, '15
CHARLES E. CALDWELL, JR., '12	ISAAC V. GOLTRA, ex '06
WILLIAM J. CALLAHAN, ex '15	THOMAS GOODFELLOW, ex '20
JAY I. CARPENTER, ex '16	ALGERNON D. GORMAN, ex '19

OTTO B. GRAY, ex '18  
 EDWARD F. GREENE, Acad. '00  
 JULIUS E. GREGORY, ex '19  
 CHARLES H. GUNDLOCK, Elec.  
 CHARLES L. GUSTAFSON, '12  
 GEORGE P. GUSTAFSON, '16  
 MELSOR E. GUSTAFSON, ex '15  
 CHESTER G. HADDEN, '16  
 FREDERICK HADRA, Acad. '86  
 WILLIAM J. HAMILTON, '17  
 FRANK L. HAMMERSTRAND, '09  
 JOHN C. HANLEY, ex '14  
 HOWARD H. HARDY, ex '19  
 TILLMAN H. HARPOLE, ex '16  
 ARTHUR H. HARRIS, Acad. '11  
 EVERETT L. HARSHBARGER, ex '17  
 GERHARD F. HARTWIG, '15  
 CALVIN W. HESSE, ex '19

JAMES B. HICKMAN, '15  
 JOHN A. HIRSTEIN, '17  
 LEONARD C. HOSKINS, ex '17  
 OSCAR L. HOUSEL, '01  
 ALLEN K. HYDE, ex '07  
 LESTER H. IHRIG, ex '18  
 RALPH IMES, '17  
 GRANT R. IRELAND, ex '12  
 ROBERT P. IRVINE, ex '19  
 LENTON W. JAMES, '15  
 FRANK A. JARRETT, '17  
 HUBERT JESSEN, '15  
 JOSEPH H. JOHNSTON, Grad. '16  
 ARCHIBALD F. KEEHNER, '14  
 CURTIS E. KELSO, '05  
 CLINTON D. KENDALL, ex '15  
 JAMES H. KENDALL, ex '14  
 ELMORE A. KIRKLAND, ex '20

### *West Stand*

ROBERT D. KIRKLAND, ex '20  
 BAYARD T. KLOTZSCHE, ex '18  
 LYNN E. KNORR, Fac.  
 JOHN C. KROMER, ex '13  
 EDGAR A. LAWRENCE, '16  
 THEODORE E. LAYDEN, '13  
 JOHN C. LEE, ex '13  
 RAYMOND G. LEGGETT, ex '12  
 SAMUEL B. LEISER, '17  
 EVERETT R. LEISURE, ex '18  
 LESTER R. LEWIS, ex '21  
 WILFRED LEWIS, '07  
 LESLIE A. LIGGETT, '14  
 JOHN R. LINDSEY, '17  
 ROBERT L. LONG, ex '20  
 LECOUNT R. LOVELLETTE, '17  
 BERNARD M. LYONS, ex '18  
 CLARE P. McCASKEY, '09  
 ISAAC F. MCCOLLISTER, ex '19  
 LEO G. MCCORMACK, ex '21  
 JOEL F. McDAVID, ex '14  
 JOHN McDONOUGH, ex '09  
 WILLIAM H. MANDEVILLE, ex '17

LEWIS V. MANSPEAKER, '09  
 LEO J. MATTINGLY, '16  
 DEAN E. MEMMEN, ex '18  
 ALEXANDER V. MERCER, ex '07  
 RUSSELL MICENHEIMER, ex '20  
 LEO C. MILLER, '06  
 WAYNE K. MOORE, '18  
 ALFRED T. MORISON, Fac.  
 GUY E. MORSE, ex '19  
 CHARLES S. NARKINSKY, '12  
 RALPH M. NOBLE, ex '11  
 TOMÁS OLAZAGASTI, ex '20  
 THOMAS J. PALMER, '05  
 RAYMOND W. PARKER, '15  
 MILES M. PARMELY, ex '18  
 LLOYD M. PARR, ex '21  
 HOMER C. PARRISH, '08  
 WALTER C. PATON, '09  
 CLYDE F. PENDLETON, ex '17  
 HERBERT C. PETERSEN, '13  
 WILLIAM C. PETERSON, '16  
 LOUIS I. PHILLIS, ex '18  
 ERIC F. PIHLGARD, '16

HORATIO N. POWELL, ex '13  
 HUGH M. PRICE, '03  
 BENJAMIN J. PRINCE, ex '18  
 GEORGE H. RAAB, ex '14  
 JAMES K. READ, ex '19  
 LAWRENCE S. RIDDLE, ex '10  
 JOHN W. RUCKMAN, ex '81  
 HAROLD C. SCHREINER, ex '17  
 HAROLD S. SEIBERT, ex '20  
 WILLIAM J. SENSE, ex '14  
 PHILIP F. SHAEFFNER, Fac.  
 A. VERNON SHEETZ, '16  
 OTIS E. SIMPSON, Grad. '17  
 CLARENCE W. SMITH, '17  
 PHILIP O. SMITH, ex '17  
 WILLIAM E. SMOOT, '17  
 REGINALD G. SQUIBB, ex '18  
 OTTO STAEBEL, ex '16  
 CHARLES L. STARKEL, ex '18  
 HARRY H. STRAUCH, Fac.  
 HAROLD H. SUTHERLAND, ex '17  
 DANA E. SWIFT, ex '20  
 ALEXANDER S. TARNOSKI, '15  
 JOHN L. TEARE, Grad. '17  
 RALPH W. TIPPET, Grad. '15  
 NORMAN J. TWLEDGE, ex '18  
 CHARLES A. WAGNER, JR., ex '18  
 ELLIOTT P. WALKER, ex '19  
 EDWARD WALLACE, '13  
 BERT H. WARD, ex '18  
 MARIERRE B. WARE, '17  
 WILLIAM E. WHEELER, JR., '17  
 GEORGE E. WILCOX, ex '11  
 LLOYD G. WILLIAMS, '12  
 FREDERIC H. WINSLOW, ex '05  
 WARREN C. WOODWARD, ex '11  
 HENRY YOUNG, ex '12  
 ASHFORD F. CORBIN, ex '20  
 HARRY M. GRAY, ex '12  
 KENT D. HÄGLER, ex '18  
 ALFRED E. JAMES, ex '13  
 LOUIS R. KRATZE, '12  
 UNKNOWN ILLINI DEAD  
 STUDENTS' ARMY AND NAVY  
 TRAINING CORPS DEAD  
 CURTIS G. REDDEN,  
 University of Michigan, '03  
 LAURENS C. SHULL,  
 University of Chicago, '16

## ODE TO ILLINOIS

BY LEW SARETT, '16

*Written for the Dedication of the Memorial Stadium. Read by the  
author at the Dedication Exercises, October 17, 1924*

### I

As beavers migrate to a virgin lake  
To build new dams, to make  
New homes and cities in a land  
Of lonely reach and strand,  
So did our sires forsake  
Their stagnant ponds, beneath the stress  
Of want and tyrannical excess;  
Venturing forth, a valiant band,  
Clear-eyed and strong, they sought to break  
The spine of a wilderness;  
And beating back with naked hands  
Ravenous beast and savage host,  
Until the uttermost  
Wild borderlands  
Were ringing with their fame  
And echoing their victory and joy,  
With giant furrows on the prairie sod  
They scrawled the glory and the name  
Of Illinois,  
And reared their soaring peaceful cities unto God.

### II

O pioneers, O men of beaver mold,  
Know that the ancient dams still hold  
And newer, stronger bulwarks brace the old;  
That a mighty commonwealth has grown  
From the seedlings you have sown;  
Out of your strife and toil,  
A stately stalk of corn, robust of root,  
Nurtured by rich black prairie soil,

Flings out its golden bannerets that foil  
    A heavy golden fruit;  
    And high above the windy leaf,  
It bears an ultimate bloom, a fertile tasseled sheaf.

III

O Alma Mater, high blossom of our state,  
O tasseled prairie flower, born to germinate  
    In the sons of pioneers, the seed  
    Of labor and of learning,  
    And in their hearts, a burning  
Spirit for freedom, a will for the righteous deed,  
O Alma Mater, yours is a deathless story,  
    And yours shall be the glory  
    Through dim eternity  
    With fertile seed to saturate  
    The dreams of sons to be—  
In your sons and daughters to instill  
    Our fathers' fortitude and will;  
And yours the challenge to perpetuate  
    Their dreams, and on the state  
    A fertile pollen spill,  
That fructifies our land as corn upon a hill.

IV

As beavers in a dome, asleep, inert,  
    Are none the less alert  
And watchful for the ominous decline  
    Of the lapping water-line,  
And hasten to repair the broken dam  
With matted clayey vine and poplar jam,—  
So lived our commonwealth until that day  
When the dams of old were swept away—  
    When under the beat and stress  
    Of hate and selfishness,  
The floodgates of the world released  
The tides of war, when our bulwarks ceased  
To hold, and our battered dams went out.

Oh, who shall soon forget the shout,  
     The song of triumphant joy,  
     The wounded world's acclaim  
         When the sons of Illinois  
         And her valiant daughters came  
 To buttress back the devastating flood!  
     A buoyant singing brotherhood  
         Of every hue and blood,  
         A stalwart prairie legion  
         Of every rank and region,  
 From mill and mine and college walls.  
 Out of our Alma Mater's cloistered halls,  
 Ten thousand strong they marched, and flung  
     A song their ancient sires had sung—  
         Of the will that makes men free,  
         Of world democracy:  
         Soldier and sailor and marine,  
         Lean grayhounds of the sea,  
         Swift falcons overhead,  
 And carriers of the wounded and the dead.  
 Fair Belgium's ruins and the peaks of Italy  
     Rang with the iron of their tread,  
         With the click of the magazine,  
         With the shriek of their molten lead;  
 At St. Mihiel, Chateau Thierry, Verdun,  
 And Argonne Woods, at last the frenzied Hun  
     Succumbed to stinging steel  
         And felt the prairie heel;  
 And prairie crimson blots the shining green,  
     Where scarlet poppies dance,  
     Where a host of broken soldiers bled  
     And stained the fields of France.  
 Back to a land of peace our sons returned,  
 A broken legion, a shattered singing throng:  
     The bronzed, the hale, the strong,  
     The blind, the halt, the burned,  
 The shocked, the walking-dead, the lame—  
 And some came back a shadow, and some  
     came back a name.

## V

O sons of pioneers, who sleep beneath  
     The tenderly chanting stars,  
 Blanketed by a scarlet-poppied heath,  
     Or by a goldenrodded plain,—  
 And sons of Illinois who knew the pain  
     Of ragged bleeding scars,  
     Upon whose groping brain  
     Was seared with molten rain  
     Of death the holocaust of wars—  
 O victorious living, and glorious living-dead,  
     Know that a legion, loyal, reverent,  
 For you has reared a mighty monument  
     Of stadium and colonnade, outspread  
 Upon the bosom of the prairie like a flower,  
     A flower eloquent  
 With the wistful beauty of your dreams  
     And the splendor of your power,—  
     A rugged monument that gleams  
 With memorial columns that aspire  
     Like living souls afire  
 With spiritual fervor and desire,—  
     Whose pillared walls, upthrown  
     And lifted from the prairie clod,  
     Go leaping through the goldenrod,  
     And up the sky to God,—  
 An enduring prayer for you, a prayer in steel and stone.

## VI

O sons of Illinois, and sons of sons  
 To be, and sons of Illini's loyal band  
 That marches ever onward through the land  
     With a stalwart martial manner,  
 Beneath the blue and orange banner  
     Of learning and of labor,  
     Spiked are the roaring guns,  
     And sheathed the bloody saber;

Yet ours the sacred trust  
To keep the banner from the dust,  
To consummate our brothers' fight  
For freedom and for right,  
To carry on the light  
That our prairie fathers bore,  
Until the hosts of darkness are no more,  
And the flags of fratricidal war  
Are dropped at last and furled,  
And none but peaceful cities rule the world.  
Here in these college halls make sharp the knife  
Of intellect that puts an end to strife,  
That trims the sputtering lamps of all the earth.  
Here in these stadium walls, quicken the eye,  
Make strong the sinew, heart, and thigh,  
That through the bludgeoning of years,  
The sons of Illinois may have the girth,  
The mold, the will to win, of prairie pioneers.

## VII

When the heart is low upon this stadium field  
And the flesh is failing, do not yield,  
O men of Illinois, nor falter;  
But place upon the altar  
Your utmost strength, and answer blow for blow  
With unconquerable will,  
As our elder warriors answered long ago  
In a fiercer, bloodier kill.  
Nor will you fight alone.  
Know then that hovering about each stadium stone  
And every wildwood blade  
And bough, the heroic shade  
Of some great prairie sire sustains your arm  
And holds you safe from harm:  
Out of the wistful haze  
Of Indian summer floating above the vales  
Of the Sangamon, red-skinned warriors gaze,



And step with soft moccasins everywhere—  
 The elder Illiniwek whose names you bear—  
     The tribe of They-are-men:  
 The strength of one is the strength of ten;  
 When the wind shakes the corn, the rustling stalk,  
     Know that upon the trails  
     That wind across the forest floors  
     Among the patriarchal sycamores,  
 The spirits of our buckskinned pioneer fathers walk  
     And whisper to you across the night;  
     That even the soil of Illinois shall talk  
         To you of fortitude,—  
     Of the Great Exemplar of democracy  
     And Universal Brotherhood,  
     Who turned his troubled face  
     Upon the sorrows of a shackled race,—  
     Of that Patient Warrior whose memory  
     Still lingers, fragrant, sweet,  
     In the soil whereon he pressed his weary feet.  
     Know that the broken hosts  
     Of martial-moving ghosts,  
 Who gave to a warring world their last full breath,  
     And won to immortality in death,  
     Hovering in stadium shaft and tower height,  
     In memorial court and buttressed peak,  
     Shall watch for you, and speak  
     To you of Great Moments in a Greater Fight.  
     O men of Illinois, in war and peace and play,  
     So may we live that when the crucial fight is won,  
     And the long race run,  
     These spirits of an elder day  
     Shall bend to each of us, and say:  
         Well done! Well done!  
 Yours is the will to win. Well done, my prairie son.