2017

100 Years Ago: Saint John's in 1917

Peggy L. Roske
College of Saint Benedict/Saint John's University, proske@csbsju.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/archives_history_lessons

Recommended Citation
https://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/archives_history_lessons/1

This Presentation is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@CSB/SJU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Archives History Lessons by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@CSB/SJU. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@csbsju.edu.
100 Years Ago: Saint John’s in 1917

(although the photo above is from 1912)

c. 1912 photo; Devil’s Tower would be added in 1916, Benet Hall in 1922
http://cdm.csbsju.edu/digital/collection/SJUArchives/id/6643
This was published in front of every 1917 issue.

1917-07-01, The Record p.383

http://cdm.csbsju.edu/digital/collection/CSBArchNews/id/20601/rec/10
Commencement degrees 1917-07-01, The Record p. 425
http://cdm.csbsju.edu/digital/collection/CSBArchNews/id/20578/rec/10
Commencement Day account 1917-07-01, The Record p. 417
http://cdm.csbsju.edu/digital/collection/CSBArchNews/id/20570/rec/10 and
Reger image from
http://cdm.csbsju.edu/digital/collection/SJUArchives/id/1017/rec/28, SJU Alumni
Magazine, Fall 1968, cover
Fr. Walter was prefect in Benet Hall, musician, professor of European and Church
history, Dean of the Prep School, Dean of the College of Arts & Sciences, and Director
of Alumni Relations.
(http://cdm.csbsju.edu/digital/collection/SJUArchives/id/24816/rec/37, Spring 1971
Alumni Magazine, p. 1)
1917-06-01, The Record p.331
"Sumer in Italy" 1917-06-01, The Record p.332
“Praise of Toil” by J. Gruber 1917-06-01, The Record p. 350
1917-07-01, The Record p.389
http://cdm.csbsju.edu/digital/collection/CSBArchNews/id/20542/rec/10
Photo in the SJU Archives PC061880-1930s v.1 p.40 1917 Leaving for Easter vacation
Inset photo PC061880-1930s v.1 p.53 1917 Jemmings & McC.
Shades of Harry Potter in The Record’s frontispiece

Many of The Record’s articles, such as this one, were long and on weighty and academic topics (understandably)

1917-10-01, The Record  p. 447, 450
http://cdm.csbsju.edu/digital/collection/CSBArchNews/id/20738/rec/11
http://cdm.csbsju.edu/digital/collection/CSBArchNews/id/20741/rec/11
Perhaps in no other branch of education in the United States has so much improvement been made since the opening of the twentieth century as in the line of medical education. The change has come upon us so suddenly that we can scarcely realize that it has taken place. However, to appreciate this fact we have but to look to the just fading past. We all remember well what a simple matter it was to obtain a degree of Doctor of Medicine formerly. Comparatively little or no work beyond high-school was required for entrance into a medical school, and sometimes even that was not necessary. In fact, there were no real premedical requirements, and such as did exist were unsatisfactory or were not enforced.

The cost of educating a medical student has increased proportionally. At the present day the average cost per year of educating a student in eighty-two of the ninety-five medical schools is four hundred and nineteen dollars, while the average tuition fee per year is
"Ads" in The Record in 1917

1917-07-01, The Record p. 446
http://cdm.csbsju.edu/digital/collection/CSBArchNews/id/20599/rec/10
Speaking of dentists:

Dr. Delphin Kohler, '12, alias “Dusty”, motored down from Albany Sept. 28, to tell us he is now in partnership with Dr. Watson of that “city.”

On the same day, Dr. W. E. Kain from Iowa stopped in to tell us how glad he was to see us and to find out what progress St. John’s has made since he bolted the famous “black-bread” here in ’96. The Doctor has been mining money out of suffering humanity’s teeth for the last fifteen years at Algona, Iowa.

Dr. T. M. Noworka,
Physician and Surgeon
Glasses scientifically fitted.
Office above Malters Drug-store
ST. CLOUD, MINN.
Office Phone 1009 Res. Phone 893
Dr. Albert E. Breunel
—Dentist—
709 1-2 St. Germain Street
St. Cloud, Minnesota.
We will not attempt to describe in this column the varied autumnal beauty of Nature round about us— we leave that pleasure to the local poets. But we feel in duty bound to review for the benefit of those who have not the privilege of enjoying them in person, the improvements with which Dame Nature has been embellished by our local landscape artists in the past two months.

Two new “bridgelets” have been constructed in the path around Pickeral Point. To the cement bridge, that was constructed at the west outlet of Caesar's Bay last year a very artistic touch was added by extending the bridge and adorning it with concrete work. The other bridge, the Prefects' Bridge, situated at the east outlet of Caesar's Bay on the path around the bounds, is made of rubblework and looks real rustic.
The covered bridge replaced the cement bridge in 2016.

We will not attempt to describe in this column the varied autumnal beauty of Nature round about us—we leave that pleasure to the local poets. But we feel in duty bound to review for the benefit of those who have not the privilege of enjoying them in person, the improvements with which Dame Nature has been embellished by our local landscape artists in the past two months.

Two new “bridgelets” have been constructed in the path around Pickeral Point. To the cement bridge, that was constructed at the west outlet of Caesar’s Bay last year a very artistic touch was added by extending the bridge and adorning it with concrete work. The other bridge, the Prefects’ Bridge, situated at the east outlet of Caesar’s Bay on the path around the bounds, is made of rabblerwork and looks real rustic.
Inside the building the smell of fresh paint was abroad. The paint signs frowning at us at every corner kept us from getting too familiar with walls and railings. The desks in the class-rooms and the Commercial Study Hall have been refurnished and now look as good as new, and, we dare say, rather tempting to our pocket-knife artists.
One of the old landmarks of St. John’s—the old laundry on the lake shore—having gone out of date, is fast passing into local history. It is about half torn down now; and the other half looks as if a cyclone had struck it.
One of the old landmarks of St. John’s—the old laundry on the lake shore—having gone out of date, is fast passing into local history. It is about half torn down now; and the other half looks as if a cyclone had struck it.

The drying building still remains, as the beach house.
The Stella Maris Chapel on the island is fairly completed. For several weeks this summer, Mr. A. Hipp and Mr. Edmund Kopfmann, '14, decorators from Minneapolis, were busily engaged in frescoing the interior and endeavoring to bring it up to the artistic standard of the exterior.
The Stella Maris Chapel on the island is fairly completed. For several weeks this summer, Mr. A. Hipp and Mr. Edmund Kopfmann, '14, decorators from Minneapolis, were busily engaged in frescoing the interior and endeavoring to bring it up to the artistic standard of the exterior. Some devout soul was certainly impressed with their work and wished to add his contribution toward the ornamentation. On Sept. 8, as they arrived bright and early for work, a beautiful votive statue of St. Anthony of Padua greeted them in the entrance, accompanied by twenty-five dollars and an anonymous note of explanation. Some pious devotee of the great “wonder worker,” out of gratitude for a cure wrought in his behalf, made this donation, under cover of night, to our little Chapel of the Virgin.
Times do not seem to be so hard after all. Up to date 378 students have been enrolled.

Eight of the fourteen members of the Alumni Class of 1912 met at St. John's August 29-30 for a private reunion, which proved to be quite a pow wow.

Cupid does not seem to be disturbed in the least in his archery by the clanging and booming of Mars. Among his latest victims are Mr. Edward Kapsner, '12, and Miss Alice Phelan, who became Mrs. E. Kapsner at Larchwood, Iowa, Sept. 26. The newly-weds were here on their honeymoon to witness the solemn religious profession of Fr. Celestine, brother of the groom.
The Suppression of the Monasteries in England under Henry VIII

ONE of the darkest deeds, which mar the history of the English nation, is the suppression of the religious monasteries by king Henry VIII. The voluptuousness of his life and that of his courtiers had drained the exchequer to such an extent, that Henry had to cast about for a new source of revenue, which would enable him to satisfy his insatiable thirst for pleasure. The numerous monasteries and the extensive domains belonging to them, looked very attractive to the covetous Henry, and he determined upon their ruin, and the transfer of their revenues into his treasury. Another reason which prompted Henry to dissolve the monasteries was his desire to eradicate Catholicism from his dominions. Ever since he had completely separated from Rome, he had nursed an undying hatred against her religion, and he did everything in his power to destroy it. He saw with a glance that, to destroy the religious houses was to destroy the religion of the people, for their faith was maintained almost exclusively through the efforts of the monks.

Education and learning also were no small losers by the confiscation of the religious houses. The instruction of the English youth had been almost exclusively in the hands of the monks. Especially among the middle and lower classes, where there was no thought of a private tutor, all means of education were cut off when the monks were removed.

Among the fine arts, however, literature suffered the most. The monks were the custodians of all that the world possessed in English literature at that time. To the monks we owe the preservation of the early English poetry; for they divided their time between prayer and the copying of manuscripts, of which they had accumulated so many by the time of Henry VIII. The library was one of the principal possessions of every monastery. Long, in his English Literature says, “to their (the monks’) influence we owe all that is best in Anglo-Saxon literature.” Many of the religious had devoted themselves to making illuminated copies of the missal, which were the finest among the artistic possessions of the monasteries. However, of the quarter-million of them which existed in the monasteries before their suppression, there was only a very small number preserved from Henry’s desecrating hands.

1917-11-01, The Record
The books in the libraries shared a fate no better than that of the missals and other goods of the monasteries; for great numbers of them were wantonly destroyed by the “new men”, as the people were called who purchased the monastic property from the king. These men had absolutely no regard for the literary value of these volumes. They sometimes sold whole libraries for a few shillings, which contained manuscripts that are worth hundreds of pound to-day. John Bale, a contemporary writer says that “those who purchased the many monasteries reserved the books, some to rub their boots, some they sold to grocers and soap sellers, and some they sent over the sea to the bookbinders, not in small numbers, but at times whole ships full, to the wondering of foreign nations.”

From what has been said it may easily be deduced that the secularization of the monasteries in England was a far-reaching event, one of the most deplorable consequences of the reformation in England and one of the darkest blots on the reign of that monster, Henry VIII. The effects upon society, both moral and physical, the injuries sustained by the fine arts, especially literature, and the decline of education, were felt for centuries afterwards.

*Leo Dworschak*

(Motivation for the future HMML!)
Farewell to Summer

Farewell! green hills and mountains,
Farewell sepulchred grove!
Your shades of the summer
Were my delightful grove.

From hitherto a music
I now can hear no more,
And bays, whispered learning,
Enclosing human lives.

In heaven’s green was comfort,
An arrow, a shiver,
Whose voice a voice that gladdened
With gentle dews divine.

Now all is desolate silence,
And all is lost and bare;
The only life now stirring
Is the sleeping of the bare.

Farewell then, till the springtime
Will whisper with her look
The beauty that now slumber,
And decorate my book.

J. Gruber.
1917 photo of library (Wimmer Hall)
O:\Archives\SJUArchives\Images\Buildings\Wimmer Hall\SCANS for Library Presentation\Interior 1917 Scan 5.jpg