A Century of Learning

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A century of learning

EVERGREEN TRANSFORMATIONS
In The Beginning

"Who knocks on my door?" asks History.
"A bewildered confused student of yours whose world asks more questions than it answers."
History asks, "Do you want facts or the truth?"
"You mean there is a difference?"
"My books record not what was said and done but what men thought was said and done—between the two truth sometimes leaks away."

In the beginning one hundred years and more ago, there was a building on a hill, a shelter built for homeless children made orphans by the storms of war.

In the beginning a spadeful or two dug from the past, made orphans by the storms of war. The bones are there, but the spirit?

flies to its secret tree and there in flames asks, "Do you want facts or the truth?"

"New words for an old song," said History, "that's mostly the way it is, or crack an egg and release life, or plant a seed to spread more seeds to rise from the decay of the mother and wear her colors."

IOWA STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

Begin, yes begin, urged the teacher, today's page tomorrow will be yesterday's, who knows what star the telescope will find and reveal it's light, what parasite confess its toxin to the microscope, what flowers unfold after a strange fertility, even the words we listen for will find a new voice in the halls of learning to bring an answer or a question for an answer to those who hear.

New walls must wait for ivy but cornerstones can hake its walls. scholarship walks to build today's chapels where students may nourish itself on peace and wisdom. Here is where the proud students in the disciplines of the humanities and sciences. Experience is our dictionary. We learn its language and meaning from our notebooks, words spoken by the farmer, carpenter, priest and scholar. We train our minds with thought, our minds with the muscles of research, and with experiment. Living is our aim, to learn to stand on our own feet, speak our minds, find health in the healing strength of our own character. The coming days, shradded in their anonymity, may wear the scornful masks of the master of slaves or the open faces of free men. The will to choose lies with the minds of the beholder. Then shall we learn that nature is ever reflected in the spirit of ourselves where life, blood-warm, may nourish itself on peace and wisdom.

A poem by James C. Hearst

James C. Hearst
1876-1886

A century of learning

A temple of learning, let it stand a marker to a noble aim, when claims and counter-claims had burned away something remained that shaped itself inside the bricks and mortar, the empty rooms. Wisdom teaches. Study the tramp of armed feet is an idea when its time has come. Our country's frontier maps more than Indian and the buffalo. Listen to pages turned, lessons read, the squeak of chalk on blackboards, pencils on slates, the meager chime of taxons from the General Fund won with your meager chime for the congregation of the closed few. This is what they made their stand, the pioneers who looked for the promised land with its springs to quench the thirst young men and women felt as they blazed new paths to follow away from the rut road. Schools and churches mark the trail of the pioneer, and always the hope, ever the hope.

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