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1873--LOOKING BOTH WAYS--1985

By WILLIAM D. TURNBULL

Junior Dean, College of Engineering

The Third Annual Freshman Week has passed into history. By this time everyone has settled down into his daily routine of study and work. Nearly three thousand freshmen have been initiated into the mysteries of college life, over five hundred of whom have cast their lot for engineering. That they are welcome goes without saying.

The beginning of classes on Tuesday, October 1, 1929, marked the fifty-seventh time that the University had opened its doors to the young people of our State. Back in 1873 there was hardly any need of Freshman Week; for there were only seventeen freshmen, and to tour the campus meant merely to walk around the old University Hall. Columbus contained at that time about 35,000 people and did not extend much farther north than the present Union Station. High Street north of that point was known as the "Worthington Pike," on which was an occasional farm house. There was a tollgate at what is now the corner of High Street and Eleventh Avenue. The little "college in a corn field" was away out in the country, farther from downtown than Boston is from San Francisco; for there were no means of quick communication, and to get word to the city one had either to walk or make the trip in a buggy. There were no sidewalks or paved roads on the campus, and of course parking problems were unknown.

Those early freshmen were not "lost in a crowd" by any means, and to get acquainted with each other was the easiest thing in the world—in fact with a student body of only seventeen, and a campus which was merely a clearing in a sparsely settled country, there was a danger that the poor student might wander off into the wilds and disappear from civilization.

The faculty numbered seven—almost enough to take care of the student body not only in mental gymnastics but even in fistic encounters. Did those early students get acquainted with their professors? Well they should have, for they lived together—at least most of them did—in old University Hall.

The president and the professor of agriculture lived on the campus, the former in the building now used by the School of Music and the latter in the small brick house at the corner of High Street

and Eleventh Avenue. The professor of modern languages didn't have it quite so soft; he lived at a hotel down town. I wonder what time he got up in the morning to make an eight o'clock class. The rest of the faculty lived in the main building. The professors of chemistry, mathematics, and Latin occupied three rooms on the third floor, and the professor of physics, with his wife and one-year-old son, lived on the second floor. The students were relegated to the basement which was

partitioned off into small rooms by means of muslin partitions. Here, also, was the "College Commons" with a dining-room. This was the only eating place available. The High Street hangouts had not yet been called into being.

Personal contacts! Well I should say so. With a majority of the faculty living in the same building with the boys and eating with them, it was just like a large family. And so our University started on its career. But as we sing

Summer's heat or Winter's cold
The seasons pass, the years
will roll,

so time and change have been at work. And what do we see after a lapse of fifty-six years? A great University with ten thousand students hurrying to and fro, and an instructional force of nearly a thousand to instruct them and aid in their preparation for the work of the world. The old tollgate has disappeared, the city with its 300,000 people has surrounded the University, roads

and sidewalks have thrown their network across the face of the campus, automobiles have come in ever increasing numbers, airplanes have started to make things interesting overhead, and lo, a strange and delightful little creature has appeared amidst all this hustle and bustle—the traffic violation tag!

Three thousand freshmen put down in the midst of this throbbing, busy, student world—there you have the reason for Freshman Week.

And now I am wondering just what kind of place this University will be in 1985, fifty-six years hence. I don't know. Do you? Will we need Freshman Week even more than we do at present? I suspect so.

THE COLLEGE OFFICE WELCOMES YOU

A subtle change is about to come over Lord Hall. Those of us who have been wont to drop in occasionally at the office of the College of Engineering to ask whether there has been any improvement in our hours and points, to pour out our troubles to the Junior Dean, to take a few precious moments of Dean Hitchcock's time for a discussion of problems of our future, or to ask the kindly advice of Miss Glasgow, have felt the warmth of welcome in old Lord Hall. A cheerful welcoming spirit pervades the whole office.

Now the spirit of the College office will be moved with the desks, and files, and chairs to the new office in the south end of the Chemistry Building. It will be the same old welcome though.

Without the personal touch there could be no welcome. The Dean, the Junior Dean, Miss Glasgow, the assistants in the office are all friendly people and take a personal interest in every student from the top honor man of the senior class to the reddest-capped freshman. They operate the College for the benefit of the students.

You're welcome in the College of Engineering. In this little retrospect of Freshman Week, Junior Dean Turnbull tells you how welcome you are.

—THE EDITOR.