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UA97/2 That Ogden Spirit

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Fellows:

I have witnessed some inspiring events: soldiers marching away to war with rifle a-shoulder and flag a-hoist; the President of the Republic returning from Versailles amid the cheers of the multitudes.

I have seen platform adopted and President nominated in National Convention, where the galaxy of the party's leaders mingled with the thousands while the bands played, the chieftains planned, and the throng indulged in pandemoniac uproar.

I have seen the running of the Kentucky Derby, where the elite of "The Blue Grass" and the lovers of good horse flesh from everywhere gathered to the number of seventy thousand and placed their dollars on their favorite even until the rope was reached and the race was won.

I have heard Galli-Curci, Schumann-Heink and John McCormack, and seen Bo McMillan carry the pig-skin for a touchdown.

But the most tangible spirit of the human will I have ever seen is what we fellows know as "that Ogden Spirit."

Letters reach the College from former students or those who have been away return to express their longing to be back once more within these walls. The alumni contribute their dollars without stint and wax eloquent as they recall "The Major," "General Perry," that old banner of "Red and Green," or a poker saved from the aftermath of an Ogden-Bethel football game.

Nor was the Ogden Spirit ever more militant than it is today. Ever year men enter Ogden one day and leave the next, because they don't fit in; but those who stay, -- the mass of them, -- soon catch up our torches of tradition and carry on in the name of "Mother Ogden." The spirit that radiates from this institution makes one feel that it is fine just to be an "Ogden Man."

And it is. I have seen young men thrust out their chests in pardon able pride and become better men, --I have seen them pause and consider their conduct in terms of the reputation of this College. Every day I see the Ogden Spirit wherever Ogden men go. I see it in those who go out into the business and professional world; I see it in those who are here: in the classroom when a fellow student is thoughtless or a teacher is cross perchance; in student activities of every sort; at the HI-Y Club; in our shirt-tall parades; on the athletic field.

Ah! I have seen men don the "Red and Green" and pledge themselves to win or die, when the tide of fortune seemed to flow the other way and the name of the College was at stake.

Yes, and I have seen men forego their cigarette, and "casting aside the sin which doth so easily beset us," train with patience and perseverance of the football season, and when the event of the season came, and the enemy outstripped them in weight, in age, and in skill, and marched steadily toward the goal, I have seen that Ogden Spirit flash up afresh, and with determination written deep in their faces, I have seen that Ogden line stiffen and hold like adamant until the crisis was passed and the game was saved.

Ah fellows, but isn't it just fine to be an "Ogden Man"?

--President Whittle

At Chapel
October 27th, 1923.

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