

# The Monitor

Volume 10  
Number 1

August 29, 2003

Truman State University's only source for thorough coverage of community issues, student affairs, politics and culture

## The Monitor says, "I love Kirksville"

Story by I Cameron Moore

Great Scott! It's another school year and that means it's another year for *The Monitor* to fulfill the University's independent media needs. For those of you new to Kirksville this semester, *The Monitor* would like to welcome you to our campus community, and we would also like to give you a brief introduction to our publication.

The content of this first issue of the semester differs quite a bit from what one will generally find inside the pages of *The Monitor*. One of the things we are trying to do with this issue is to provide new students with a directory to the businesses in and around the downtown square.

In order to accomplish this, the center two pages of this issue (pages four and five) contain a map marked with the locations of several downtown businesses. Around the map, we have an advertisement for each business that is indicated on the map, along with a number that may be used to find that business' location on the map.

We hope that both new and returning students will hold on to this issue to use the map as a reference for phone numbers and addresses throughout the remainder of the school year.

Aside from the map, the content of this issue is different from what we generally publish in this paper is different in that the stories we are running in this issue were not written by current University students or community members. The

stories we have chosen to print for this first issue of the year are all reprinted stories from old publications of Kirksville's past. For instance, on this front page you will find two stories: one written by former University President John R. Kirk in a 1925 edition of the University newspaper the *Index*, and another that was written by J. B. Bowcock in a short pamphlet titled *A History of Kirksville*, also published in 1925.

These stories are just fun pieces of Kirksville history that we have included to give recognition to the history of the community in which we live.

Another story included in this issue on page two is taken from a broadsheet advertisement published at the turn of the century. It is an account of a tornado that ripped through Kirksville, leveling a large portion of the town. This grim account of the tornado and how it devastated the town was written and published by an insurance agency that was trying to promote tornado insurance, which makes for an interesting read given the ulterior motives of those who wrote it.

So now that I have explained what is included in this issue, it would maybe be helpful to explain what is not included in this issue. Missing from this issue of *The Monitor* are student-written articles ranging from news

to opinions to music and movie reviews. We are usually full of submissions from students and professors and other community members who choose to write things and give them to us for publication. In this sense, we are a campus collective, in that we have no well-defined staff of writers; we just print what people give us.

In order to truly exercise our freedom of press and expression, our publication is not censored in any way. Rarely, if ever, do we turn down pieces from publication, and when we edit stories, we do so only for grammar. As editors, we are here to facilitate the publication of what the collective submits, and that is our main priority. We do not assign stories, and we are in no way a members-only club. In fact, we don't even require attendance to our meetings (even though it's a lot more fun if people come).

In order to have something published, one can drop off their poetry or story in our mailbox downstairs in the SUB, or email it to us at [monitortrm@hotmail.com](mailto:monitortrm@hotmail.com), or they could stop by one of our meetings that take place every Tuesday and Thursday night at 9 pm in Baldwin Hall 346. Hope to see you there!

## Welcome High School Students

Story by I President Kirk

The TeachersCollege community rejoices in the gathering of the 1200 high school contestants and their friends coming from the towns and consolidated schools of northeast Missouri.

You come from good homes, good towns and good schools. You represent the educational highlands of a great state. By contact with larger crowds from larger and smaller towns you are to have a better measure of the high merits of your home schools.

I for one am for the "old home town." the town having from 500 to 5000 people, the town of the type that was the home of William Shakespeare, Mark Twain, Eugene Fields and Anna Howard Shaw, the town of the type that produced a majority of the great people of our country. I believe in the "old home town."

It was in "the country town" that I came into personal contact with men and women most worth while. It was there my professional life was dreamed into form. It is there that the ideals of moral character and conduct are highest.

It is a great trip you make to the contests once each year. You join the crowd that stands for the simple life and the high thinking, where the old and the young make and mature their plans and decide through individual choice what is best to do in life.

I hope you will not soon rush away to the great city where so many go to bury their talents and waste their lives and be repressed and reduced to the commonest level. Oh yes; you should see and understand the city. Everybody should. But high character and capabilities are more easily and more permanently attainable in the smaller cities.

The highest average of the educational curve is in the smaller cities and consolidated school districts where 20% of all the children reach the senior high school as against 8% in the big cities.

I hope you will carry home more definite ideals of school and college because the school and the college are the most powerful promoters of moral character, personal integrity and unformulated religious convictions and ideals.

The crowd on the Teachers College campus welcomes the great gathering that represents the cream of the greater community life in Northeast Missouri.

*This article was originally published in 1925 in the Volume XVII, Number 6 edition of the Index, and was excerpted from an original copy in The Collection of the Publisher, FBN Press, Ltd.*

## A History of Kirksville

by  
J. B. Bowcock

When I was a little boy I used to go to the creek and hunt rocks and arrowheads and Dr. Still would tell me about them and how coal was formed. Now I want to show the public all I know of what the man did.

"Ec" Hawkins got his knee cut with an ax and the doctors said that his leg would have to be taken off. Dr. Still took him and cured his leg with Osteopathy but it left his leg still. Uncle "Charlie" Beardsley, de horning cattle nine miles northeast of Kirksville, was hurt and he came in to see the "Old Doctor." When he went in the office Dr. Still said, "Beardsley, take a chair, I will be there in a minute," and when he got through he came over to him and said "Beardsley, you have been de-horning cattle." He took hold of him and he had a rib dislocated and he cured him. Nobody knew how he was hurt until he came to see Dr. Still.

One day the "Old Doctor" was coming from his home when he saw a lady and a little boy who was probably ten or twelve years old. The "Old Doctor" said, "What's the matter with your



Photograph from original in The Collection of the Publisher, FBN Press, Ltd.

A.T. Still, founder of Osteopathic Medicine, pictured center

Continued on page 6

# The Monitor

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Volume 10, Number 1

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The Monitor is published every other Tuesday. We meet every Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m. in BH 249. Each writer is responsible for his or her own work.

Subscriptions are available to out of towners - you just pay for postage. Send a check or money order for \$10 to the address above for a semester's worth of Monitors. That's really cheap, huh?

Among people who have learned something from the 18th century (say, Voltaire) it is a truism, hardly deserving discussion, that the defense of the right of free expression is not restricted to ideas one approves of, and that it is precisely in the case of ideas found most offensive that this right must be vigorously defended. Advocacy of the right to express ideas that are generally approved of is, quite obviously, a matter of no significance."

-- Noam Chomsky

# DEATH and DESOLATION

Kirksville, Mo., April 27.—The sky emptied its fury in a gigantic cyclone upon Kirksville, the town made famous by osteopathy, at 6:20 o'clock to-night, when the east side of town was wiped from the map. A broad, clean path, nearly a quarter of a mile wide, lies through the town as smooth as virgin prairie. Probably 400 homes, where an hour ago families were asking divine blessings upon their evening meal, are now scattered as fragments somewhere beyond the town in woodland and prairie.

It is probable a hundred people were killed. The known list at 9 o'clock reached thirty-one. A thousand were injured. It will be long after daylight before any adequate conception of the destruction to life can be had. It is the record of the St. Louis and the Louisville cyclones all over, as fatalities are upon everyone's lips; each blanched face on the street reports a new calamity.

In the heavy rain following, the people who escaped the calamity have turned out to rescue the injured and hunt out the bodies of the slain, and the surgeons, professors, operating staff and students, men and women, of the American School of Osteopathy, together with all the drug doctors resident in the town, have formed rescue and hospital corps, and, in the darkness and rain, are hunting out the unfortunates to set fractured bones, bandage the lacerated and ease the pain of anguished hearts. This work is being superintended by Mayor Noonan and Dr. Charles E. Still, Dr. William Smith, Drs J. Beard, David Littlejohn and Hewey Walters. From every locality the cry comes up: "Send surgeons." Searching for the Dead.

There are men, women and children in agony, and the rescuing corps are lifting roofs and searching the basements of houses all along the edge of the death-track not entirely demolished, for the forms of the bleeding, dying and dead. Cabs, express wagons, private conveyances and stretchers are all in service, yet the supply is wholly inadequate and many needed ones are limping out of the wreckage and making their way as best they can to asylums.

Half a dozen wrecked dwellings took fire immediately after the cyclone had passed. The fire bells rang out a call of help to Kirksville's needy, but there were none with time to stop these isolated fires. They were left to their own resources. Lurid lights from these bonfires now illuminate death's wake and is helping the res-

cuers to carry on their errand of mercy. Kent's undertaking establishment is being used as the charnel house and a score of the dead are now there, some of them unidentified. The homes just outside of death's wake are open to refugees, and people, speechless with gratitude for the deliverance of loved ones and themselves, are doing a vain work to give comfort to other hearts bleeding with bruises of the flesh and immeasurable woe for fathers, mothers and children who are gone.

### Approach of the Storm.

The cyclone approached Kirksville from the southwest. At a distance it seemed to be making for the fair grounds, and people at the American School of Osteopathy, on the west side of town, watched its coming for two minutes, in fear that it was bearing down upon them. Before reaching the town limits it veered further east, however, and cleared the state normal school without touching it. Patterson's extensive nursery, just west, was swept down to clean soil. The course from that one was through a well built up section of the town, made up mainly of new houses and largely populated by students of the normal school and American School of Osteopathy. Marcus Ward's young ladies' seminary was a couple of hundred yards east of the storm's path. A hotel building close to it was demolished. A score of guests stood upon the porticos and in the dining room of the Still house, half a mile west of the storm's path, and saw it sweep terrific (sic) through the town, terrified at the manifestation of ruin and death it was wreaking. The storm king drove his chariot of wind and cloud in awful grandeur. His coming was announced with a roar like a fast mail train, along with the deep, muffled rumble of distant thunder behind it. There was a suction from both sides, and before the advancing column, while a steady, crunching, crackling, grinding noise as of a monster grazing down forests sounds out of the death din. These undertones were the houses and trees that snapped before the cyclone and the sound of their grinding to powder was heard distinctly out of the roar of the elements a mile from the path of the cyclone. Nothing Could Resist It.

Roofs blew ahead of the blast like leaves, seemingly far in front of the revolving cloud and a full hundred yards in the sky. Now and then a great branching tree would toss up in the arms of the blast, high over the city, and spin on ahead like a wheat straw out of a threshing machine. People are found on every side who tell of seeing human forms sweeping skyward as birds and from the list of missing among east side families the story seems credible. One horse was blown out of the shafts of road wagon which lodged against the front of a house in the

edge of the wind track. No one knows what became of the animal. Members of households disappeared with the partial demolition of homes while others remained unhurt among the debris. Along the edge of the storm path, holes are seen through frame houses as if punctured by cannon balls.

A second edition of the cyclone followed the first in about twenty minutes. It came as an ink-black cloud, widely distributed, and covering the whole town. On its front the terrified people behind a gleaming yellow crest, with a sweeping, changing, ominous aspect that betokened another chariot of death. Many sought refuge in cellars, while others awaited fate in calm, deliberate observation. The tail end of the cyclone did not break upon Kirksville, however, seeming to go by overhead, gathering fury as it went. It is believed that this second cyclone wave dropped down to the ground before traveling much farther on its journey. The heavens became black for fifteen minutes, after which a heavy rain fell for an hour and a half. By 8 o'clock the sky was clear and starry and an ominous pall of quiet seemed to hang out of the sky.

Mayor Noonan telegraphed at 8 o'clock to every station between Bloomfield, Ia., and Moberly, Mo., for surgical assistance, as the list of maimed totaled up to about 1,000. Undertakers have wired St. Louis and Chicago rush orders for coffins. A subscription has started for the relief of the sufferers. Scores of families will be rendered absolutely destitute in addition to injury and death. There is no doubt that outside assistance would be appreciated to care for these unfortunates, who, by daylight, will be wards on the bounty of their neighbors.

### More Victims Reported.

Homes along the path of the cyclone, for four or five miles out, were destroyed and it is rumored that a number of persons were killed or injured. Henry Lowe and three children, living three miles north of town, were crushed to death beneath their demolished home. The other members of the family escaped. Medical assistance is being called for to go to the country to-night, but owing to the pressing work in town the doctors cannot respond. The town will be in mourning for many days, because of the terrible disaster. Some of the best citizens were either among the killed or wounded. Tonight the people appear to be dazed by the catastrophe. Little groups gather and whisper in awe-stricken tones of the terrible work.

From The Missouri Farmers' Mutual Tornado, Cyclone and Windstorm Insurance Co. broadsheet advertisement circa 1900. Reprinted with permission from original in The Collection of the Publisher, FBN Press Ltd.

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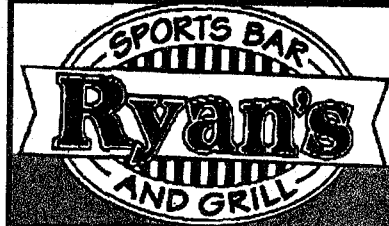
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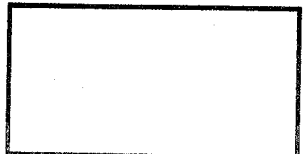
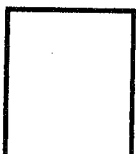
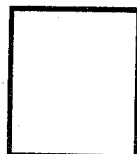
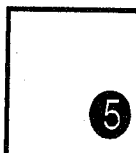
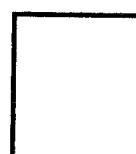
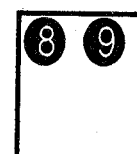
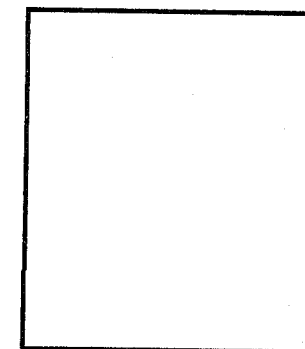
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## KEY



# - Indicates location of  
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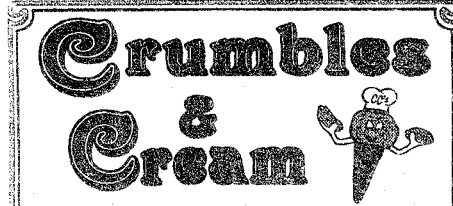
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Marion

## Continued from page 1

boy?" The woman said "I have had him to Chicago and the best doctors every place can't do a thing for him. They don't know what is wrong with him." He took hold of the little boy and took him over and laid him on the grass and then he treated him and soon the little boy was able to move his neck. His mother said "You have cured my boy, who are you?" Dr. Still said, "They call me an old 'quack' and a bone doctor." The woman said, "How much do I owe you, I want to pay you." He said, "Not a thing, take your boy and go on."

If it was not for the Osteopathic School, The Teachers College, High School and the Shoe Factory we would have to have a balloon ascension to have a quorum. Professor Baldwin did so much for the schools and Professor Kirk did more for our schools, got more improvements, more students than all the other Professors put together.

The population of Kirksville is 10,000.

Across from the Pool Hotel west the men paid a dime to see the bear and when they got through looking at the bear they found a glass of whiskey and a glass of water on the counter for them.

Sam Furrow ran a grocery store on the North side of the square and he had a barrel of whiskey set on a goods box with a faucet to it and a tin cup there, put in a quarter and took out fifteen cents and had all you wanted for a dime.

Kirk was the first man in Kirksville to die and Kirksville was named for him. He died in 1846. M. Smith, a traveling man, had small-pox and the first one buried in the graveyard here.

George Wall Smith was born October 6<sup>th</sup>, 1849, enlisted in army October 6<sup>th</sup>, 1861, and was the youngest soldier in the United States army. He was four feet and a half high and was twelve years old.

This memorandum was found in my Father's book and was dated 1836. He ran a Grocery Store in Howard County:

One gallon of whiskey got by black-boy, Jack Head, fifty cents per gallon.

Seal Skin Cap \$1.00 apiece.

Broadcloth \$9.00 a yard.

Buttons \$1.00 per dozen.

Twenty-five cents to send a letter.

We have good churches, good preachers, and good people. A fellow told me twenty years ago that young Jim Clark and little Bob Clark were two of the best hardware men in Northeast Missouri, and they are two of the oldest business men in Kirksville now.

The Travelers Hotel is the best equipped Hotel in Northeast Missouri. It cost \$250,000 and is fire proof. Mr. Brott, the Manager, is as good a business man as there is in Kirksville and is a gentleman. The clerk is a gentleman.

The Andrew Taylor Still family, V. Miller family, The Building & Loan Company, Clarence J. Baxter, Chas V. Miller, have done more for building up Kirksville than anybody in the fair city.

Boys and girls, go to school and get an education. Go to Sunday school. When your

mother and Farther are down and out take care of them. Boys, go to work and quit your stealing, don't gamble, don't fool with whiskey. I am going to put it up to you, and if you won't work, we will give you a place to sleep, plenty to eat and put you in striped clothes and then you will work.

The Ivie cow used to stand on the side walk and eat out of a slop bucket on the Northeast side of the square and if a traveling man should come in and they were out of milk all they had to do was to take a tea-cup and milk the cow and pour it into the coffee.

Mack Hannah ran a barber shop on the South side of the square and his stove pipe got stopped up with soot and "Fee" Keel told him to get some powder and put in the stove. He got a nickel's worth and wrapped it in four thicknesses of brown paper and put it into the stove and held the door tight with the poker. It went off and blew the stove all to pieces and blew him out in the street.

"Nels" Thomas put some gasoline in a coffee urn on the West side of the square and it exploded and blew the front of the building out.

Professor Eugene Fair steps into the lead of the State Teachers College. Dr. Fair is liked by the people of Kirksville. He is a big man with ambition to make the Teachers College a leading school in the United States. He is a hard worker ready to do his part for the city...

Excerpted from *A History of Kirksville* by J. B. Bowcock, circa 1925.  
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217 South Franklin Street, Kirksville, Missouri 63501

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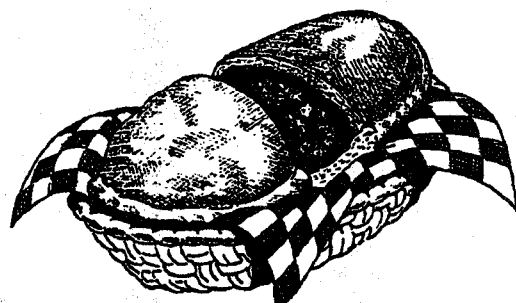
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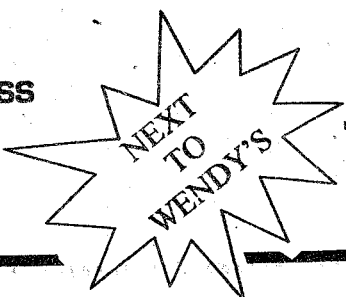
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# Our Back Pages...

Hola! and Bonjour to all the incoming and returning dudes and dudettes! Now don't be a cow poke and go get yourself lassoed into a pick-a-dilly of apathy and voicelessness! Shucks naw! you can send all sorts of submissions to me, countzachula@hotmail.com. poems, prose, jokes, riddles, and mind teasers, i seen em all, so don't be shy! Yeee haww! and Waaaaa hooooo!!! zach.

## Uncle Shane Sonnet

Uncle Shane was on the roof, drunk no less,  
with a BB gun, shooting up old cans  
when he shot my cousin Josh in the face.  
The worst thing he ever did though was get  
himself hit by a train, dead instantly,  
leaving my Aunt Eunice with nothing but  
8 kids, breast cancer, and a single wide.

You might wonder if it was a suicide,  
we say don't think, what's done is done is done.  
Dad gave a brief but perfect eulogy:  
"He was dumb as a shovel but you bet  
he could work one for decent pay.  
I hope the damn fool had life insurance."  
Forever and ever Amen, I guess.

-Dana Kuhnline

## Naked and Hungry

"Don't shit where you eat,"  
or so they say;  
well, for the past twenty years  
I've been crapping on my dinner plate.

I hid it under the couch  
so nobody would see it,  
but my dog dragged it out,  
and he started to eat it.

He ran around the block  
proclaiming to the world  
that I am not a man  
who stands by his word.

So now I'm naked and hungry  
for the things I took for granted,  
such are the fruits that grow  
from the black seeds that I planted.

But you know I won't give up.  
In fact, I'll beg your pardon;  
if I could only borrow your plow  
I'd grow quite a luscious garden.

-cee em

## Lovepoem.

My limbs are living

furniture for her.

She casually shares

Gravity. (w/ me!)

Ain't no thing

this love eternity.

-Joe Moccia

## To a soldier:

Jubilant revivals inspire the preaching of  
Old Testament mythology like...  
never touch a woman who's bleeding, and  
anything with a vagina is a malicious whore.  
Twisted morals mixed with bad poetry,  
hung over from the school of misogyny,  
abjectly frustrates my already  
nebulous faith in that same holy spirit. Instead,

offer to me thoughtful musings, but  
try not to spit with so sharp a tongue,  
or make such archaic assumptions of my sex.  
Odd, that you should be so careless as to  
let yourself bludgeon this faith to a pulp, for we are not the  
evil Jezebels in your sordid, "Army of God" mind.

-Suzanne Chappelow

What is it with bricks?  
Always wantin to fly through  
big windows and shit!

-Ras

## Chaos

The last possible *deed* is that which defines perception itself, an  
invisible golden cord that connects us: illegal dancing in the courthouse  
corridors. If I were to kiss you here they'd call it an act of terrorism-  
so let's take our pistols to bed & wake up the city at midnight like  
drunken bandits celebrating with a fusillade, the message of the taste of  
chaos.

-Go Roke!