

10/30/21  
78

# University Musical Society

Francis W. Kelsey, Ph. D.,

ACTING PRESIDENT.

*2<sup>nd</sup> Season*

Fifth Concert, Choral Union Series.



# The Redemption ✓

(Gounod)

University Hall,

Saturday Evening, May 30,

1891.

*and*

**O. S. GULLEY, BORNMAN & CO., PRINTERS.  
DETROIT, MICH.**

*and*

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## Soloists.

MRS. JENNIE PATRICK WALKER, Soprano. ✓

MISS ALICE MAY HARRAH, Mezzo Soprano. ✓

MISS JENNIE L. STODDARD, Contralto. ✓

MR. JULES JORDAN, Tenor. ✓

MR. ARTHUR BERESFORD, Bass. ✓

AND A

## FULL ORCHESTRA,

WILHELM YUNCK, ✓ . . . . . LEADER



# THE REDEMPTION.



GOUNOD.



PROLOGUE—THE CREATION.

ORCHESTRA.

THE FALL.

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Tenor).*

O Lord, when Thou didst rest from the work of creation,  
Thou didst call very good the things which Thou hadst made ;  
Of the works of Thy hands, by Thy predestination,  
Was the father of man appointed to be head ;  
And he, placed in a land of abundance and beauty,  
Lived a pure happy life under the guidance of Duty ;  
And at length of decay, and of death knowing naught,  
While in slumber infolded, would have been heavenward caught.

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Bass).*

But since he in revolt, blindly refused to hearken  
To Thy Divine command, that which Thou wouldst have done,  
The deep shadow of death did his life newly darken,  
As the shadow of sin on our faith has been thrown ;  
And to Man heaven was closed. Not by blood flowing often  
Could Mankind ever hope the Lord's anger to soften :

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Tenor).*

But of the spotless Lamb whom Thy love doth provide  
All the types incomplete shall be now set aside ;  
Thou by Thyself, O God, will accomplish this wonder,  
So filling up the gulf which earth and heaven doth sunder ;  
In our flesh One will come, to be born and to die,  
To prevail over death, exalting Man on high.  
Thy blessed Son hath said :

## THE PROMISE OF REDEMPTION

CHORUS.—*Celestial Choir.*

The earth is My possession :  
I leave my heavenly home  
To atone for transgression :  
O My Father, lo, I come.

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## PART I.

### CALVARY.

NO. I.—RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Bass).*

Then is Jesus condemned ; and they bind Him, and they mock Him, on the head do they smite Him, in His face even spitting ; the blood is also gushing out beneath the scourge. Then, when His tormentors ended their insult, He said, upon them casting a look sad and sweet :

SOLO.—(*Jesus*).

If my deeds have been evil, bear ye witness against Me ; if indeed I am guiltless, then wherefore smite ye Me ?

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Bass).*

When the hour was at hand, the Lord with resignation  
Went forth up to the mount, as a sinner to die.  
For us, gave He Himself as a willing oblation,  
That in His holy blood, Man, by a new creation,  
Might again be invested with grace from on high,  
And at last might attain to eternal salvation.

## MARCH TO CALVARY.

*Orchestra, Soli and Chorus.*

### CHORUS.

Forth the Royal Banners go,  
Before our eyes appearing;  
The Cross, in mystic glow,  
Is power and love declaring:  
To make us free doth One its bondage know;  
As Man, the Lord Himself the weight of sin is bearing.

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Bass).*

And while Jesus went up the mount, and bore his Cross, there followed after women, who wept and bewailed Him.

### SEMI-CHORUS.

Alas! they go then to put Him to death; it must be the Just One will perish. Behold, how He has fallen; a second time has fallen!

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Bass.)*

And the Lord heard their words, and, turning to them, spake thus:

SOLO.—*Jesus.*

Ye daughters of Israel, weep ye not for Me, but weep ye for yourselves, and weep ye for your children. Jerusalem is faithless found.

### CHORUS.

Forth the Royal Banners go,  
Before our eyes appearing;  
The Cross, in mystic glow,  
Is power and love declaring:  
To make us free doth One its bondage know;  
As Man, the Lord Himself the weight of sin is bearing.

## No. 2.—THE CRUCIFIXION.

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Tenor).*

Behold, when they are come to the place appointed, they extend on the Cross, the Saviour's sacred limbs. He, though His eyes are dim with more than mortal anguish, yet turns on them a gaze full of Divine compassion. From His feet, from His hands, that are torn by the nails, the blood drops on the ground.

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Bass).*

Then with words they blaspheme Him, with looks do they deride, unrestrained is their fierceness. The passers-by come near to behold what is done.

CHORUS.—*The Passers-by.*

Ha! Thou that dost declare Thou destroyest the Temple, Thou that canst in three days build it again, hast Thou not power to save Thyself? Canst Thou not now come down? Save Thyself! Son of God, come Thou down from the Cross.

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Bass).*

The priests hearing the cries, with mocking voices said:

CHORUS.—*The Priests.*

Can He not save Himself, He, the Saviour of others? See Him there! None to help, not a friend, no disciples. Is He King of the Jews? Let Him shew it to-day. If He be the Son of God, let His Father give ear and release Him. Behold, let Him now come down from the Cross, and at once we believe on Him.

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Tenor).*

And the Lord, in His love for Mankind never failing,  
On behalf of His slayers for pardon implores:

SOLO.—*Jesus.*

Pardon their sin, My Father, for they do not know what they do.

THE REPROACHES.

CHORUS OR QUARTET.

O My vineyard, come tell Me why the grapes are bitter. What have I done, My people? Wherein hast thou been wronged? Did I not bring thee out from the land of the stranger? Made I thee not to pass through the depths of the sea? Sent I not food from heaven, and gave meat in abundance? Did manna ever cease till thou camest to Canaan? Reply, unthankful race! And thou, for all this love preparest Me the Cross whereupon I shall die.



No. 3.—MARY AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Tenor).*

And Jesus then, as down on the ground He was looking, saw at the foot of the Cross the disciple whom He loved ; the same that on His breast at supper had reclined. Near unto him He saw His Virgin Mother. On her He bent an eye full of tender regard ; and, showing filial love unto her who had born Him, He said,

SOLO.—*Jesus.*

“ Woman, behold thy son ! ”

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Tenor).*

Then, speaking unto John, He said :

SOLO.—*Jesus.*

“ Behold thy mother. ”

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Tenor).*

And the disciple took her that day to his home ; her, as the sacred trust of an eternal love.

QUARTET AND CHORUS.

Beside the Cross remaining,  
A face the Mother wears  
Unresisting, uncomplaining,  
And yet the grief she bears  
Her heart in sunder tears.

Though He claim adoration,  
On the Cross Jesus hangs ;  
Her soul past consolation,  
Knowing but lamentation,  
Has a share in His pangs.

SOLO.—*Mary.*

While my watch I am keeping,  
Ye that go by, sinners,  
Gaze at the Mother weeping,  
Torn by anguish unsleeping ;  
Ask if any one bears  
Any grief like to hers.

CHORAL.

While her watch she is keeping,  
Ye that go by, sinners,  
Gaze at the Mother weeping,  
Torn by anguish unsleeping;  
Ask if any one bears  
Any grief like to hers.

No. 4.—THE TWO THIEVES.

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Bass).*

While the crowd at their feet was gathering to view, from one of the thieves did railing proceed, and to Jesus he said, crying out and blaspheming:

SOLO.—*The Impenitent Thief (Bass).*

Thou canst not be the Christ, else wouldst Thou save us all; first Thyself, us then likewise.

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Tenor).*

The other replied:

SOLO.—*The Penitent Thief (Tenor).*

Ah! and fearest thou not, inasmuch as thou art in the same condemnation? For that which we have done a due reward we suffer. As for Him who hangs here with us, wherein hath He offended, what hath He done amiss?

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Tenor).*

Then he turned toward Jesus a look as of hope, and said:

SOLO.—*The Penitent Thief.*

O Lord, wilt thou remember me when Thou comest in thy Kingdom?

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Tenor).*

And the Lord was touched by the faith in pardon which he shewed, and turning to him, spake thus:

SOLO.—*Jesus.*

In very truth say I to thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.

CHORAL.

Lord Jesus, Thou to all bringest light and salvation.  
The man that trusts in Thee over death will prevail;  
And, though he die, in Thee will find his restoration.  
O Saviour true, O mighty God, Thy Name we hail.

No. 5.—THE DEATH OF JESUS.

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Bass)*.

Now from the sixth hour until the ninth hour the light of the sun was obscured, and darkness, as of night, came over all the land, from sight all things concealing.

THE DARKNESS.

ORCHESTRA.

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Bass)*.

And about the ninth hour Jesus, in bitter anguish, with a loud voice cried out, as if, in face of death, invoking the unchangeable love of His Father :

SOLO.—*Jesus*.

My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me ?

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Tenor)*.

When, at the last, the shadow of death was descending, raising His eyes to Heaven, with a loud voice He cried :

SOLO.—*Jesus*.

My Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Bass)*.

Then gave He up the ghost, and all came to an end.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

RECITATIVE.—*The Narrators*.

And then the air was filled with a murmur unwonted, as if Nature herself for her Lord were lamenting ; and the veil of the Temple was rent in twain throughout, and the rocks were rent, and the earth did quake, and the tombs were unclosed ; and many of the saints that had fallen asleep rose again with their bodies ; and they, after His resurrection coming forth, to the city returned, and by many were seen.

No. 6.—THE CENTURION.

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Bass).*

And when the Centurion, and they that were with him, saw the earthquake, and all the things that were done, they were amazed and afraid, and glorifying God, they said, This man then was in truth the Son of God.

CHORAL.

For us the Christ is made a victim availing,  
Yea, unto death, and the death of the Cross ;  
In vain our ancient foe will mankind be assailing.  
To Him who now has died shall be triumph unfailing.  
Oh death, thou art discrowned, thou gainest only loss.  
Faith unswerving, holy Hope, that unconquered remaineth,  
Heavenly Love, ever young; for them thanks do we raise.  
Thou, by Whose Death and Passion, Man unto heaven attaineth,  
O Christ, Thee we adore, and unto Thee give praise.

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PART II.

FROM THE RESURRECTION TO THE ASCENSION.

No. 1.—CHORUS.—*Prophetic Choir.*

Saviour of men, we know that because Thou art living  
We live: Thou to the dead resurrection art giving:  
Yea, all them that are sleeping from the grave Thou wilt bring,  
So that, to life restored, we shall see Thou art glorious,  
When as Death, over whom this day Thou art victorious,  
Has fled before the Lord and King.

No. 2.—THE HOLY WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE.

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Tenor).*

Now when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, came, bringing spices wherewith to anoint Him; and they came to the tomb of the Master whom they loved. Day was dawning, as on their lonely way they were going, their hearts full of the thought of their sweet ministration. They as they went said to themselves: .

TRIO.—*The Holy Women.*

How shall we by ourselves have strength to roll away the stone from the tomb? Is there no one who will aid us? Who will look on our distress?

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Tenor).*

The newly risen sun with his life-giving rays the hill of Calvary was gilding, ere these devoted women had arrived at the tomb. To the threshold at once they directed their eyes, and they saw the stone rolled away from the entrance into the tomb. Behold, one that in face was like unto lightning, and was arrayed in dazzling apparel, stood at their side, as they thought thereupon. When the angel appeared, the women were affrighted. Then said the Angel to them:

SOLO.—*The Angel.*

Why seek ye the living among the dead? Are the words of the Lord now no longer remembered? But let your hearts be glad, and full of comfort. Ye are seeking the Lord, but He is risen again; behold! the very place where His body was laid. His sacred limbs themselves have these grave-clothes been swathing. But depart, and tell His disciples He goeth into Galilee, according as He said; there shall ye see Him again.

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Tenor).*

Bright with pure heavenly beauty did the face of the Angel at the moment appear. At the words they had heard, filled with sacred awe, the women went on their way.

No. 3.—JESUS APPEARING TO THE HOLY WOMEN.

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Tenor).*

And behold, as they went on their way, the Lord Himself unto them came, and said, when He appeared:

SOLO.—*Jesus.*

All hail! Blessed are ye women. All the things ye have done, all the tears ye have been shedding, signs of a faithful love, have their reward in heaven. Be not afraid, but go, tell ye My brethren they shall see Me, and they shall then sorrow no longer. Depart quickly, and say to them that ye have this day seen the Lord.

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Tenor).*

And they fell at His feet, and, holding them, they worshipped: and the Lord disappeared. The women then arose, and continued their journey.

NO. 4.—THE SANHEDRIM.

RECITATIVE.—*The Narrators.*

Now when these things were done, lo, the watchers came to the city, they that till morning guarded the tomb; and they told to the priests all the things they had witnessed.

CHORUS.—*Soldiers of the Watch.*

Christ is risen again. Vainly we keep a watch. Lo, the tomb open stands. This is in truth a sign. Jesus Christ, He Whom some as a prophet regarded, the Just One, and was He more than mortal?

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Bass).*

The priests and the elders were greatly amazed; but at length, consulting together, to the soldiers they gave large money, and they taught them:

CHORUS.—*The Priests (Tenor).*

Say ye that in the night His disciples have come, while ye were fast asleep and stolen Him away. If the matter should come to the Governor's ears, and if he should resolve to punish guards who sleep, we will rid you of care. Rely on us, we will persuade him.

CHORUS.

Now behold ye the guard, this your sleep-vanquished guard!  
Ah! ye priests who conspired, ye yourselves were in slumber,  
What time ye to the shameless betrayer did number,  
In return for his deed, that agreed-on reward.  
To the crime ye were blind; yet does Justice record  
That through gold, which the hand of the traitor did cumber,  
For ages on your head shall contempt be outpoured.

No. 5.—THE HOLY WOMEN BEFORE THE APOSTLES.

RECITATIVE.—*The Narrators.*

Now while by their bitter sorrow the disciples were dismayed, for their comfort they bethought them of the promise of their Master, that they should see Him again. But so it was, when the tidings were brought them, their faith displayed itself as inconstant and doubtful.

TRIO.—*The Holy Women.*

The Lord, He is risen again:  
To our sight and to our hearing  
Have wondrous signs been appearing:  
He doth Manhood yet retain.  
The Lord, He is risen again.

Him we saw when home returning  
At the breaking of the day;  
Our hearts are within us burning;  
All grief and doubt passed away.  
The Lord, He is risen again.

SOLO (*Soprano*) AND CHORUS.

From Thy love as a Father,  
O Lord, teach us to gather  
That Life will conquer death:  
They who seek things eternal  
Shall rise to light supernal  
On wings of lowly faith.

No. 6.—JESUS APPEARING TO THE APOSTLES.

THE ASCENSION.

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Tenor).*

The apostles that were left at evening met together, the doors now being shut; and, while they were assembled, the Lord Himself came, and stood in the midst. They were greatly afraid at the sight, but He said:

SOLO.—*Jesus.*

Be not afraid, it is I! your heart need not be troubled. Behold! for I am not a shadow, an apparition; I am such as I was when I walked on the sea. Behold! for a spirit can have neither flesh nor bones.

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Tenor.)*

And the disciples did obeisance: and they fell on their knees, in fear, giving Him worship; and the Lord then approached, and said:

SOLO.—*Jesus.*

Arise, and hear! All authority is Mine in heaven and on the earth, and by you shall witness be borne unto Me. To all the nations bear the news of salvation. Depart, give them the word which I gave unto you, baptising them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. I leave you my peace, and I am with you alway, yea, to the end of the world.

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator Tenor.*

After this to a mountain led He them forth, and then, lifting up His hands, as in blessing, He departed, and ascended into heaven.

CHORUS.

Unfold, ye portals everlasting,  
With welcome to receive Him ascending on high.  
Behold the King of Glory! He mounts up through the sky,  
Back to the heavenly mansion hastening.  
Unfold, for lo, the King comes nigh.

CHORUS.—*Celestial Choir (Soprano).*

But who is He, the King of Glory?

CHORUS.

He who Death overcame, the Lord in battle mighty.

CHORUS.—*Celestial Choir (Soprano).*

But Who is He, the King of Glory?

CHORUS.

Of hosts He is the Lord; of angels and of powers; the King of Glory is the King of the saints.

Unfold, ye portals everlasting,  
With welcome to receive Him ascending on high.  
Behold the King of Glory! He mounts up through the sky,  
Back to the heavenly mansion hastening.  
Unfold, for lo, the King comes nigh.



## PART III.

### THE PENTECOST.

#### No. 1.—CHORUS.

Lovely appear over the mountains  
The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.

#### SOLO.—*Soprano.*

Ye mountains, ye perpetual hills, bow ye down.  
Over the barren wastes shall flowers now have possession.  
Dark shades of ancient days, full of hate and oppression,  
In the brightness of joy fade away, and are gone.  
In this age, truly blest more than ages preceding,  
Shall the corn never fail from the plentiful ground;  
Under the shining sky shall the lambs gaily bound;  
Void of fear, undisturbed, safely shall they be feeding.  
Then the timorous doves, wheresoever they fly,  
Shall not fear any more the hawk's merciless cry.

#### CHORUS.

Lovely appear over the mountains  
The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.  
Ye mountains, ye perpetual hills, bow ye down.  
Over the barren wastes shall flowers now have possession.  
Dark shades of ancient days, full of hate and oppression,  
In the brightness of joy fade away, and are gone.

#### No. 2.—THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

#### RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Tenor).*

Upon the day of Pentecost it came to pass, that in one place, with one accord, the disciples, according as they were wont, were praying while they waited for the promise of God.

#### THE APOSTLES IN PRAYER.

#### ORCHESTRA.

RECITATIVE.—*Narrator (Bass).*

Lo, there came a mighty sound, a sound as of a tempest, and it filled all the place in which they were assembled. Then tongues to them appeared, and were parting among them. The tongues were like as of fire; and on each one of the chosen band it was sitting. On a sudden appeared the tongues that were like as of fire, parting among the band.

RECITATIVE.—*The Narrators.*

At once the Spirit came upon them: a holy rapture, their very souls possessing, both inflames and inspires them: these untaught simple men, these hearts with terror chilled, like to heroes appear, in their zeal for the faith.

SOLO.—*A Voice from Heaven (Soprano).*

Go ye forth on your way: the Lord Himself will guide you:  
Unto death be ye faithful, whatever betide you.  
Through the world go ye forth, unto you it is given  
To preach the tidings glad of the Kingdom of Heaven.

CHORUS.

The Word is Flesh become: thus begin we the story:  
Full of grace, full of truth, is He.  
In the womb of a Virgin did He veil the glory  
Of His eternal Majesty.  
He is before the worlds, all light from Him we gather,  
God, holy, just, and true, is He;  
And, like the Holy Ghost, is one with God the Father  
In everlasting Trinity.

## SOPRANOS.

Miss Anna May Bailey.	Mrs. J. Gormley.	Miss Edna Paddock.
“ Minnie L. Bender.	Miss Jennie M. Grace.	“ Mabel E. Peck.
“ Achsa Blunt.	“ Emilie Gruner.	“ Donna Pinckney.
“ Fannie Bolton.	“ Gertrude Hamilton.	“ Mary F. Power.
“ Amelia M. Breed.	“ Kate Lilyan Hatch.	“ Flora M. Quigley.
“ Julia Brennan.	“ Mary K. Heard.	“ Amanda Reyer.
“ Ella Buck.	“ Lina Hesse.	“ Julie Rominger.
“ Carlotta B. Bullis.	“ Mary E. Hubbard.	Mrs. M. G. Stark.
“ Cecilia L. Burke.	“ Kate V. Ilgenfritz.	Miss B. Sheldon.
Mrs. Sidney W. Clarkson.	“ May C. Jacobson.	“ Martha Speechly.
Miss Alice Caldwell.	“ Mary Adelaide Jay.	“ Ida M. Street.
“ Elizabeth Campbell.	“ Grace Jennelle.	“ Gertrude Sunderland.
“ Laura L. Clark.	“ Ella W. King.	“ Amy Tanner.
“ Lydia C. Condon.	“ Lou E. La Tourette.	“ Martha D. Taylor.
“ Hattie A. Crippen.	“ Harriet A. Lovell.	“ M. Grace Taylor.
“ Jennie A. Crosby.	“ Emma G. McAllister.	“ Alice Treadwell.
“ Jennie Davison.	“ Jessie M. McIntyre.	“ Kate Tremper.
“ Nina M. Davison.	Mrs. Grant Mahan.	“ Millie Tremper.
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Mrs. Ed. H. Eberbach.	“ Charlotte L. Millard.	“ Lillian Webster.
Miss Kate H. Edwards.	“ Anna K. Miller.	“ Anna Wetmore.
“ Fannie L. Elder.	“ J. Maud Miller.	“ Annie M. Wiley.
“ May Estey.	“ Lena Miller.	“ Elizabeth D. Wood.
“ Anna E. Fisher.	“ Lulu E. Moore.	“ Stella L. Wood.
“ Clara J. Foley.	“ Mathilde A. Neumann.	“ Grace D. Worrall.

## ALTOS.

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Miss M. Ella Bennett.	Miss Lizzie M. Foley.	“ Florence H. Pope.
“ Christine F. Bronson.	“ Maude Forhan.	“ Gertrude Richardson.
Mrs. W. A. Campbell.	“ Ethel Fountain.	“ Antoinette E. Robson.
Miss Gertrude Clark.	“ J. Grace Goble.	“ Reba W. Rogers.
“ Mary Clarcken.	Mrs. George Hempl.	Mrs. A. A. Stanley.
“ Annie Condon.	“ N. S. Hoff.	Miss Bena Seyler.
“ Isabella Cottrell.	Miss Bertha D. Hill.	“ L. Irene Sias.
“ Mabel Crabbe.	“ Kate A. Hopper.	“ Rhoda E. Tanner.
“ Alys D. Cramer.	Mrs. J. T. Jacobs.	“ Monna J. Tucker.
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“ M. E. Davis.	Miss Mary Kelly.	Miss Alice E. Wadsworth.
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“ Hattie Eddy.	“ Flora Oakley.	“ Susan Whedon.
“ Jennie Eddy.	“ Emergene Orr.	“ Helen Woodin.
“ E. G. Eldridge.	“ Lulu Paddock.	

## TENORS.

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L. Churchill.  
Arthur G. Cummer.  
G. Otis De Urfae.  
Wm. H. Dorrance, Jr.  
Grant Foreman.  
E. H. Harriman.  
H. J. Harvey.  
Geo. Hefferan.  
L. Hildner.

Chas. Hill.  
Frank William Howe.  
L. P. Jocelyn.  
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R. L. Roberts.  
P. W. Ross.  
Fred A. Sager.  
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I. Newton Smith.  
L. C. Thayer.  
Harry H. Watts.  
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William Wilhartz.  
Fred E. Wood.

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Herbert E. Baright.  
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C. A. Bowen.  
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W. A. Cutler.  
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P. R. de Pont.  
Chas. E. Dorrance.  
Robert W. Doughty.  
Thomas J. Doughty.  
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John W. Foley.  
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Harry D. Geiger.  
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Harry E. Hodge.  
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W. B. Kelly.  
Thos. Kerl.  
Philip M. Kerridge.  
Chas. O. Knudson.  
A. H. Lawrence.  
F. F. Lehman.  
I. A. Lieghley.  
A. H. Lloyd.  
C. P. McAllaster.  
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Frank A. Manny.  
G. F. Mulliken.  
A. C. Newell.  
L. D. Osborn.  
Rudolf Osius.  
L. F. Puter.  
J. H. Rishmiller.  
W. H. Rheinfrank.

J. A. Ross.  
R. A. Shipp.  
W. H. Slack.  
Shelley F. Smith.  
Chas. S. Stewart.  
Louis A. Strauss.  
J. R. Sutton.  
Edward E. Taylor.  
L. S. Taylor.  
T. Dudley Taylor.  
R. C. Thayer.  
C. L. Thomas.  
Robert F. Thompson.  
Will. H. Trook.  
Thos. C. Trueblood.  
Lyman B. Trumbull.  
Raymond E. Van Syckle.  
Henry H. Walker.  
Edward D. Warner.  
L. D. Wines.