

"We have a heritage from the Illini Indian—the Great Heart, the fighting spirit"

AN INDIAN TRIBE BEGAN IT A LONG TIME AGO

LISTEN to the historian, and learn what manner of man lived where today is Burrill avenue, Green street, and the Boneyard

The Illini Indian, he was called, and he was a hunter, and a fighter, and more generous in war and in peace than his neighbors, the Shawnees, the Iroquois, the Sioux, the Chippewas, and the Kickapoos.

He was an individualist, and his children, whom he loved, were given freedom to grow as they willed, only they had to be brave and self-denying, and each had to find his god—his Manitou—to protect and inspire him; for this was the law of the tribe.

Never were people better made than the Illini, said a traveler who observed them. "They are neither large nor small... They have tapering legs which carry their bodies well, with a very haughty step, and as graceful as the best dancer. The visage is fairer than white milk so far as savages of this country can have such. The teeth are the best arranged and the whitest in the world. They are vivacious"

Although they had religious ceremonies, they were "too well off to be really pious," and to none of their deities did the Illini attribute moral good or evil.

No temples have these ancient Indians left us, and no books. But we have a heritage from them, direct through the pioneers who fought them and learned to know them. It is the Great Heart, the fighting spirit, the spirit of individualism, of teaching our children to be free but brave and to have a God—for

these are the laws of our tribe.

See us today living vitally in our heritage.

Watch us play football; see us on the cinder track, on the base-ball diamond We are different, somehow, we of the middle west—not particularly better, but different. We are uniquely ourselves.

He was an individualist

But how can we express this self of ours—this character which we have inherited from the Illini Indian and from our pioneer forefathers? How can we leave a mark of it which will never be forgotten—a mark with beauty, with distinction, with truth?

Beauty is old, and truth is old. Greece knew it, and so did Rome, thousands of years ago. And for great expression of great things the world has always gone back to the spirits which built the Dionysian Temple, the Parthenon, and the Colosseum.

And so do we go back into the dim ages that tomorrow a white magnificence—a Stadium—may tell the world that we of Illinois have fought and died for our country and fought and lived for our fellow men.

There will be a court of honor for every hero who died in the war and a great recreation field to bring greater vigor and life to our young men and women.

And there will be a vast enclosure where seventy-five thousand may see twenty-two men in the heat of sportsmanlike conflict or, as the May sun sets, many maids in harmonious and rhythmic welcome to the springtime.

