

Floyd T. Swisher.

Floyd True Swisher was born at Brighton, Iowa, on April 23, 1883, the son of Milton W. and Julia Swisher.

and began his education in the Red Oak schools. On coming to Grinnell, in 1892, this education was continued in the city schools from which he graduated in 1901. He immediately entered Iowa College from which he graduated with the class of 1905. After finishing his college course he was employed for several months in the clothing stores belonging to his father, M. W. Swisher, and his uncle, C. A. Swisher, at Grinnell and New Sharon. About eighteen months ago—being anxious to go West—he took up a claim near Murdo, S. D., which he "proved up." At the same time he secured a position with the firm of McIntosh Bros., contractors, who were engaged in building the western extension of the Milwaukee railroad. His work was in the commissary department and so able and trustworthy was he that he was advanced to a responsible position in the office which issued supplies to the gangs of workmen along the line.

Here it was that he contracted the dread disease of typhoid fever. All summer long he was far from well but he would not abandon his work save for an all too short vacation when he visited at home last winter. He complained scarcely at all and would not take the rest which his friends and relatives would have gladly had him take, though not appreciating his real condition.

About two weeks ago he was taken to the hospital at Aberdeen. His father hastened to him and provided every care that could possibly be desired. The outlook was bright and skilled physicians predicted his recovery. A few days after his father had left, his uncle also visited him and left him a week ago this morning with assurances that he was well on the way to convalescence. Then like a bolt from a clear sky came the news Saturday morning that a turn for the worse had come and an hour later a telegram announced his death from a hemorrhage the previous night. So passed one of the fairest young lives which we have ever

C. A. Swisher was communicated with at Chamberlain, and with Alex. Shadboldt went at once to Aberdeen where they took charge of the remains, which were brought here Tuesday morning.

Beautiful funeral services were held at the home Tuesday afternoon in charge of Professor Charles Noble, assisted by President J. H. T. Main. Both spoke tenderly and appropriately of the deceased to the throngs of bereaved friends who filled every available space and overflowed onto the porch. Music was furnished by a quartette from the Iowa College Glee Club of which the deceased was an alumnus member. The body lay in the front room, which was simply banked in a profusion of flowers, the tributes of friends far and near. There for the first time, while the glorious Indian Summer day shone without as beautiful as the young life just closed, many a one gazing on the handsome features of the dead and missing the bright light in the fine eyes, realized for the first time the fact which they had been vainly trying to grasp for days—that Floyd Swisher was dead.

We could not begin to pay as fitting a tribute to the memory of the deceased as was paid by the speakers at the memorial services and to attempt to add to the things they said and which awoke a responsive sentiment in every heart, were surely adding praise to praise.

Floyd Swisher, as those who knew him best realized, was a rare fellow. He was not a "mollycoddle" of the "goody-goody" sort. He was full of life, full of the warm, red blood that carries good spirits and healthful mirth with it. He was what the boys when they wish to pay an especial compliment to one of their number, call "a prince."

Not long ago, but before his illness, a friend said to the writer, "I have never known of a person of whom I have heard so little in way of criticism as Floyd Swisher." The listener corrected him by saying: "So little? I have never heard anything ill of Floyd," and the correction was gladly accepted. Yet he was not the wishy-washy character that fails to make enemies because it lacks

strength. He possessed a strong, independent spirit and his most intimate associates will readily admit that he was one of the cleanest, most wholesome and manly boys in their circle of acquaintance. We do not believe any of them ever knew him to do a mean, unmanly, ungentlemanly thing.

He had had the privilege of exceptional advantages and he enjoyed those advantages and used them to the best purpose. We have been saying during the past few days, "How sad that he should die just when he was to begin a fine career." Yes, but how much sadder if he had not

had the preparation for a successful career, the privileges which he enjoyed so much and appreciated so well. That is why the bereft father can rejoice in his heart that his son had the best advantages he could give him, even though they were to bear so little fruit in after life.

In College he was a leader. As the years went by he came to a commanding position among his fellows and we think we can truthfully say, was the most popular man in College in his day. As manager of athletics, as a member of the Glee Club, literary societies and president of his class in its Senior year, and as a leading participator in the other varied activities of college life he was marked for his ability. In the class room also, he was a leader and his quick intellect placed well towards the front in scholarship, as his teachers gladly testify. The same characteristics marked his short business career and were fast winning him recognition. Said one of the other men in the office where they were both employed, "The trouble with 'Swish' was that he was too conscientious. He wouldn't 'soldier' any like the rest of us and would keep plugging away at his desk when he should have been resting or have been in bed."

A remarkable testimonial came from J. C. Luthicum, the head manager in the office work where he was engaged. He sent word to the family here that in all his experience he had never had a young man working under him who grasped difficult problems so quickly as Floyd. "I had come to have perfect confidence in his judgment and it had never failed me," he said. "Floyd had never made a mistake and I had at times gone away and left him in charge, with my check book, knowing that everything would go along all right under his care. I was coming to rely on his judgment and to feel his help indispensable." Shortly before his death his father received a letter from the company telling him they would send the invalid home to regain his strength, but they wanted him back as soon as he was able to come, not because they would expect him to work hard, but because his knowledge of details would be valuable to them.

In his home he was an ideal son, always thoughtful and out of it he was a perfect gentleman, always polite. In losing him Grinnell has lost one of its most promising sons, Iowa College has lost an alumnus whose face was set steadily and surely towards the rising sun, his friends have lost one for whom they had nothing but affection and admiration, and his family have lost the one who was rightly their pride and idol.

The remains were taken to the old home at Brighton Wednesday and laid by the side of the deceased's mother. The body was accompanied to the depot by an escort of friends and relatives, and the following went to Brighton for the interment: Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Swisher, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Swisher, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Moyle, and H. F. Lanphere.