

Blessed be the interurban

Now and then, most college students yearn
for a world beyond the confines of campus.
A century ago, electric interurban railways were
one way to reach that world.

A poem written in the style of the 23rd
Psalm and published in the 1915 Cornell Col-
lege yearbook lauds the interurban that served
Mount Vernon and the surrounding area.

Running several times a day, the interurban
would drop Cornell students off at “bright
woods and green pastures” for a picnic, deliver
them to Cedar Rapids for a moving picture or
play, or connect them to major railways for
longer trips.

And the price of a ticket on the inter-
urban was just right for students who, as this
poet notes, walked “in the valley of the shadow
of bankruptcy.”

—The Editor

ROYAL PURPLE



1. The interurban is my friend and my helper, I shall not want.
2. It taketh me to bright woods and green pastures, yea also it leadeth me by the still waters of the Cedar. It taketh me to Bertram. It leadeth me to Greene's and the Majestic and I walk the streets of Cedar Rapids because of the righteousness of its works.
3. Yea though I walk in the valley of the shadow of bankruptey and have not kale, yet I fear no evil. For it is with me. It gives me joy, even its rails and ties do comfort me.
4. It preparest time tables for me in the presence of my enemy the North Western. It runneth to suit my convenience; though the North Western be hours late, yet do I make my connections at Marion. Yea every odd hour may I travel.
5. Surely wealth and honor shall come to it all the days of its life. It shall bring students unto Cornell and profit unto its coffers.
6. And it shall be called blessed and its manager, Isaac B. Smith will dwell in the lap of luxury forever.

D. B. L.