At the regular meeting of the Alumni Association at the commencement of June, 1915, a reorganization was effected with a view to bringing the former students of the college into closer touch with one another and into more frequent touch with the college.

In the new constitution adopted the following features are deserving of special note:

1. Membership.—Any former student of the college, whether a graduate or not, may regard himself as a member.

2. Annual Dues.—There shall be a fee of two dollars, payable annually to the Secretary and Treasurer. This fee is a voluntary one.

3. Alumni Bulletin.—A Quarterly Alumni Bulletin shall be issued and sent, free of charge, to all who pay the annual dues of the Association.

4. Class Organization.—(1) Every class shall elect a permanent officer, known as Class Secretary and Treasurer, who shall have charge of working up reunions and caring for and applying to their proper use any funds under the direction of the class.

(2) The Class Secretary shall have authority to appoint the necessary committees to assist him.

(3) In case of vacancy in the office of Class Secretary and Treasurer, the Secretary and Treasurer of the Alumni Association shall appoint a Class Secretary and Treasurer to hold office until the next reunion of the class and the election of his successor.

5. Class Reunions.—(1) Each class shall hold reunions at commencement, one, three, and five years, respectively, after graduation, and every fifth year thereafter. All members of
classes, at any time during their course, are expected at these reunions, irrespective of whether graduates or not.

(2) Every class shall, upon the twenty-fifth anniversary of its graduation, make some suitable gift to its Alma Mater.

6. Local and County Organization.—The officers of the Alumni Association shall assist in and encourage the organization of county and other local associations.

7. Executive Committee.—“The Executive Committee shall consist of the President, Vice-Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer, and three additional members, at least two of which additional members shall be residents of the City of Spartanburg.”—Article III, Section 1, of Constitution.

NOTES AND REMINDERS.

The Bulletin begins its second year. The three issues (January, July, and October) averaged one thousand each. Owing to mistakes in the mailing list and oft-seldom to the short circuit between the hand and the waste basket, many have failed of their object, i.e., to reach the hand and gain the thoughtful attention of a Wofford man. This mailing list doubtless yet has a few errors, but the large majority of addresses have been written with the eye on the object. Please open and read your Bulletins.

There is, however, much cause for gratification. There is evidence of wider attention and growing interest. The alumni fees referred to below have come in with increasing frequency. Not a few letters of encouragement, appreciation, and suggestion have been received. Responses to the request of the Secretary are getting to be more prompt. Certainly to those who during the past year made contributions to the content of the Bulletin all Wofford men have cause to be grateful.

But both in scope and in variety there is room, much room, for improvement. Surely there should be abundant material to give both fulness of content and keenness of interest to the section devoted to “Memories that Cling.” Yet thus far there has been but one voluntary contribution.

With this issue begins a section entitled “Here and There

Among Wofford Men.” To make this section full, varied, and accurate, the co-operation of every reader of the Bulletin is needed and urged. How beautiful the spirit ready to note good news about one’s fellows and how passing beautiful the habit of passing the notice on to others! Will not each Wofford man keep an eye quick to note such facts about his fellow alumni and, what is of equal importance, a postal card ready to carry this fact to the Secretary and Treasurer in Spartanburg. “Tros Tyriusque nullo discrimine agetur.” The generation of students antedating the elective era will understand.

In concluding this comment—a comment likely to be repeated often in substance—it must be emphasized that the Bulletin cannot be made worthy to represent the history and spirit of the college unless actively and systemically supported by former students, individually and through organization.

Alumni Dues for 1917

As may be seen from the reprinted article on Alumni Reorganization, a voluntary annual fee of two dollars has been assessed upon each former student. And under the term former student are included all who once attended Wofford and are yet interested in her growth and well-being. Last year, one hundred and thirty responded with this fee. Their names are given elsewhere. It makes for encouragement that the proportion of those paying rapidly increased toward the close of the year, thereby showing an equally rapid growth in the awakening of alumni interest. And the best is yet to be.

Would it be expecting too much to fix upon three hundred for the year 1917?

Let each of those who paid in 1916 send at once their fee for the current year, and urge a like promptness upon all others with whom they come in direct contact. Do not wait. Send now.

Alumni Organization made to effect as far as possible a threelfold organization—organization by classes through the selection of class president and class secretary, organization by counties, and local organizations in communities where a sufficient number of Wofford men can be found.
This is no small task. It is not likely that the end of the year will find it accomplished. But it is thoroughly worth while. And there are in nearly every part of this State and in not a few far removed parts of this great country of ours men who love Wofford College because they love and try to live her spirit, and who are prompt and strong to throw themselves into any movement that may react to her credit and to her helping. These are the men who will ultimately make possible this and yet other forward steps toward the solidarity of Wofford men for the enrichment of individual, community, and college life. Fellow alumni, will you join this group now and continuously?

A striking feature of modern college activity is the growth of organized inter-relations between the college and its alumni. Many of the larger institutions have created a new office, that of Alumni Secretary, whose time is wholly given to the organization of the alumni and to bringing them into closer and more sympathetic touch with their institution. This relation—that of student to his college—has always been a close one. For the influences, both direct and indirect, which this relation connotes are vital and persistent. Men cannot get away from them. Even the world will not let them be forgotten. Be it said to the credit of many men, they neither forget nor wish to forget—though often their memories are passive rather than positive.

Possibly it would be no exaggeration to say that for all the advantage of income and adequate equipment, the chief feature in an institution’s endowment consists of the body of its former students. And it is with a view to making more productive this only partially available capital that is due the present movement to a closer alumni organization in so many institutions.

In another part of this issue are reprints from The Vanderbilt Alumnus, the remarks made by Chancellor James H. Kirkland to the Association of Alumni Secretaries at their meeting last October. And in quoting Chancellor Kirkland we do so with pardonable pride, in the knowledge that he is an alumnus of Wofford.

The two following paragraphs, titles and all, are quoted from the same issue of The Vanderbilt Alumnus as bearing directly upon this relationship between the alumni and their college:

"The alumni movement of recent years tends toward restoring something of the status of early universities, when the very word by its inclusiveness indicated that the whole scholastic body, graduates as well as tutors and students, was viewed as one. In America the governing board in control of the property and the faculty directing the work of teaching has usually been thought of as constituting the institution, even the student body being reckoned as subordinate and secondary. It is plain, as Chancellor Kirkland so well points out, that once the alumni set themselves to do it, once they acquire something of a separate consciousness and at the same time begin to think of themselves as integral to the institution—a constituent of the universitas—the range of their influence will be very wide.

"Financial backing is one of the first things that will occur to them. This for the simple reason that growing institutions are always in need of funds, and that, in the second place, this is the most direct way in which a man can show his interest. The alumnus better than any other can understand an appeal for money. Is it for a new building? He recalls instinctively the limitation of the old. Is it to endow a chair? The whole experience of his four or six years of study will be brought back to him. The memory of teachers whom he reverenced, of subjects that fascinated him, will live again. He does not, like a stranger, have to be introduced to the university and its wants; he needs only to be reminded."—The Vanderbilt Alumnus.

"An interesting aspect of the building up of an alumni constituency for any institution is the rebirth of love and enthusiasm which comes to many. A man who went away from the college without graduating, or a graduate who took his degree and diploma away without setting any special value on them, or, finally, an enthusiastic student who has later become quite immersed in life’s affairs—any one of these who on solicitation has consented to make a contribution of money to the needs of his college ought to thank the man or the committee who comes to him for it. For in nearly every instance it will bring into his life fresh currents of interest which he greatly needs. To acquire again
the uplifting loyalty of youth for Alma Mater, to feel himself awaken, after failing to do so in youth, to all that one's college means to him, to turn aside from the purely self-centered activities of life for the purpose of giving attention and time and money and affection to an institution that is unselfish and idealistic, makes life for man worth while and sets the mile-post of old age far forward."—The Vanderbilt Alumnus.

It seems scarcely necessary to comment Our January Bulletin on the contributed contents of this issue of the Bulletin. Yet it is impossible to refrain from expressing special thanks to the three honored alumni who have so richly added to the interest of the issue—Dr. Samuel Weber, '59; Capt. J. W. Humbert, '60; and Dr. Charles Forster Smith, '72. To the writer not the least part of the favor thus done by these fellow alumni lies in the promptness and cheerfulness with which their contributions were made, and their expressed willingness to contribute further.

In reply to the request that he write a series of personal sketches of the early faculty, Dr. Smith writes: "As to the articles about the early professors, I think I can write them. * * * I wrote for some journal years ago a sketch of Prof. David Duncan, which could be reproduced now, and which would be better than anything I could write at this distance of time. * * * It was printed in a South Carolina paper that lived for a very brief time, called the 'Chautauquan.' Take this as my first sketch of the old faculty." And it is this sketch which appears later, done in Dr. Smith's inimitable style and spirit.

The following is the list entire of the Wofford men who paid their dues for 1916, thereby making possible the publication of this Bulletin.

The fee for 1917 is now due, and the goal set is just Three Hundred:

Abney, A. M.
Ackerman, H. W.
Ariail, M.
Archer, E. L.
Bailie, J. G.

Beach, G. A.
Bomar, E. E.
Bomar, H. L.
Boyd, J. W.
Brabham, M. W.
Brown, B. H.
Brooks, M. M.
Burnett, Bobo
Burnett, J. J.
Bruce, W. W.

Calhoun, J. S.
Carlisle, C. H.
Carlisle, M. L.
Carlisle, H. B.
Caston, R. T.
Cates, R. Z.
Cary, J. C.
Cannon, Gabriel
Cannon, S. F.
Clark, N. T.
Cleveland, Jesse
Cleveland, Van
Cleveland, Jno. B.
Clinkscales, J. G.
Coleman, William
Cohefd, James
Connor, W. M.
Cox, R. L.
Cottingham, T. J.
Creitzberg, A. M.
Crouch, B. W.
DuPre, Warren
DuPre, W. D.
DuPre, D. A.
DuPre, A. M.
Dagnall, A. H.
Dawsey, C. B.
Dibble, F. E.
Dobson, C. E.
Easterling, T. C.
Evans, Mrs. Mary L.
Evins, J. C.
Fair, H. W.
Fleming, J. L.
Ford, J. E.
Fripp, E. M.
Glenn, J. L.
Hall, W. H.
Hamer, P. M.

Hardin, E. K.
Hardin, L. L.
Hardin, S. H., Jr.
Hammond, E. B.
Hartzog, L. A.
Haynes, Thornwell
Herbert, C. C.
Hodges, S. C.
Holcombe, B. E.
Horger, E. L.
Huggins, R. C.
Humbert, J. B.
Irwin, W. P.
Kilgo, J. W.
Kirkland, J. H.
Kirkland, W. C.
Kinar, D. T.
Koon, J. B.
Klugh, W. F.
Lanham, J. C.
Lanham, S. T.
Law, R. A.
Law, J. A.
Lake, T. D.
Lander, E. M.
Lande, J. P.
Lee, J. B.
Leonard, G. C.
McKewin, G. R.
McGhee, S. H.
Manning, H.
Major, R. S.
Matthias, J. H.
Montgomery, T. C.
Moore, A. E.
Moore, Fred
Moore, F. B.
Moss, B. H.
Nabors, H. Z.

Letters to Alumni on College Interests

Special attention is bespoken the letters in this issue from Rev. F. H. Shuler, Commissioner of Education of the South Carolina and Upper South Carolina Conferences, and also from the Alumni Athletic Committee.

In regard to the nature and the need of the task assigned to
the Commissioner of Education, his letter and the previous knowledge of Wofford's former students should suffice without further emphasis in this column. No thoughtful or interested man can fail to realize that Mr. Shuler's efforts may be seriously handicapped or greatly reinforced by the part taken by the former students of the institutions concerned. He that provideth not for his own when he can and as he can, need not be surprised if others are lacking in zeal and slow to help.

It is an encouraging sign of growing alumni interest that a group of former students voluntarily asked permission to help, by counsel and contributions, the athletic activities of the student body. At least two of the many reasons for encouragement call for special mention.

From the very nature of the case, there is no more compelling and absorbing interest on a college campus. It is also natural that without continuous and wisely directed restraint this interest is in danger of exercising a disproportionate and therefore harmful influence on the student mind and student efforts. It is not alone that it has a tendency to distract his attention from the essential tasks of college life, but there is also a natural tendency to put the emphasis upon the accidental rather than upon the important values of what may be justly spoken of as one of the most helpful of student activities. It is just here that alumni touch and co-operation may bring helpful and corrective influence—the influence of the mind and judgment steadied and broadened by direct contact with the realities of life and by the perspective which this contact should give—a point of view and a balance of judgment from the very nature of the case impossible to the immature mind of the student. Truly the need and the opportunity for alumni influence and reaction at this point should be as compelling in appeal as they are great in possibilities.

Nor must the reflex influence upon the alumni themselves be forgotten—and this is the second of the reasons for the encouragement above mentioned. The opportunity thus given to keep in constant touch with one's old college, to keep fresh the aspirations and sentiments of the student days, to renew and strengthen these aspirations and sentiments by concrete expression—these will help not alone to renew the rich, the untainted feelings and visions so strong in youth, but to soften with sentiment and enrich with spiritual ideals the all-too matter of fact realities of practical life.

Such co-operation between the students of the past and the students of the present cannot but result in benefit to the alumni, to the undergraduate body, and to the college. Nor should it be overlooked that one favorable occasion for the beginning of such co-operation may be found in heeding and meeting the appeal of this committee for material help to student athletics. Certainly the cause is one that appeals to an interest close at once to the student body and to a large number of former students. With equal certainty this athletic interest is in real and just need of the aid thus asked.

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TO THE ALUMNI—A REMINDER AND A CALL.
REV. F. H. SHULER, ’95, COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION.

Wofford College has established her right to the support and patronage of South Carolina by what she has done for the commonwealth. The impress of this institution has been put upon every vocation, and her sons have been, and are, leaders in all the professions. The intellectual, moral, and spiritual influences that have gone out from this small college to bless and elevate the citizenship of this State cannot be estimated. For more than sixty years she has been sending into the life of this State an increasing number of young men of high ideals, trained minds, broad sweep of vision, moral stamina, and Christian character. It is no marvel, then, that those going forth with the indorsement of this college upon them should take their places as leaders and be esteemed and honored by their fellow men in all walks of life.

There is something in and about Wofford College that puts the spirit of service into men. In the two callings that do most for the uplift, development, and salvation of our humanity, preaching and teaching, and indeed they might be put down as one, for it is difficult to distinguish between them, this college is easily in the front rank, and in a class by itself in the State. There are more Wofford men in the school rooms of South Carolina than from any other college within her borders. More than one hundred ministers in South Carolina received their training at Wof-
the Commissioner of Education, his letter and the previous knowledge of Wofford's former students should suffice without further emphasis in this column. No thoughtful or interested man can fail to realize that Mr. Shuler's efforts may be seriously handicapped or greatly reinforced by the part taken by the former students of the institutions concerned. He that provideth no thought for his own when he can and as he can, need not be surprised if others are lacking in zeal and slow to help.

It is an encouraging sign of growing alumni interest that a group of former students voluntarily asked permission to help, by counsel and contributions, the athletic activities of the student body. At least two of the many reasons for encouragement call for special mention.

From the very nature of the case, there is no more compelling and absorbing interest on a college campus. It is also natural that without continuous and wisely directed restraint this interest is in danger of exercising a disproportionate and therefore harmful influence on the student mind and student efforts. It is not alone that it has a tendency to distract his attention from the essential tasks of college life, but there is also a natural tendency to put the emphasis upon the accidental rather than upon the important values of what may be justly spoken of as one of the most helpful of student activities. It is just here that alumni touch and co-operation may bring helpful and corrective influence—the influence of the mind and judgment steadied and broadened by direct contact with the realities of life and by the perspective which this contact should give—a point of view and a balance of judgment from the very nature of the case impossible to the immature mind of the student. Truly the need and the opportunity for alumni influence and reaction at this point should be as compelling in appeal as they are great in possibilities.

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TO THE ALUMNI—A REMINDER AND A CALL.

REV. F. H. SHULER, '05, COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION.

Wofford College has established her right to the support and patronage of South Carolina by what she has done for the commonwealth. The impress of this institution has been put upon every vocation, and her sons have been, and are, leaders in all the professions. The intellectual, moral, and spiritual influences that have gone out from this small college to bless and elevate the citizenship of this State cannot be estimated. For more than sixty years she has been sending into the life of this State an increasing number of young men of high ideals, trained minds, broad sweep of vision, moral stamina, and Christian character. It is no marvel, then, that those going forth with the indorsement of this college upon them should take their places as leaders and be esteemed and honored by their fellow men in all walks of life.

There is something in and about Wofford College that puts the spirit of service into men. In the two callings that do most for the uplift, development, and salvation of our humanity, preaching and teaching, and indeed they might be put down as one, for it is difficult to distinguish between them, this college is easily in the front rank, and in a class by itself in the State. There are more Wofford men in the school rooms of South Carolina than from any other college within her borders. More than one hundred ministers in South Carolina received their training at Wof-
ford College, and there has gone out from these preachers and teachers a mighty power for good.

The spirit of fraternity and loyalty to their Alma Mater among Wofford men is proverbial. It is beautiful, and is not equalled among the alumni of any other college of which I know. Well, fellow alumni, all praise to your loyalty! May we remain loyal and grow more so as the years roll on, but the time has come in the history of the college when we must express our loyalty in more substantial terms than plaudits. The campaign is on to raise $140,000 to pay her indebtedness and add something to her endowment, that she might be better equipped to train our sons than she was to prepare their fathers for life. I am set by the Church to conduct this campaign. It will begin in a State-wide movement the first of April, and I call on every Wofford man to fling the “Old Gold and Black” to the breeze, and talk, and work, and give. We talk about giving to Wofford! Well, put it that way; but really only a few of us have paid back to her what she put into us, for it cost the college $75.00 more each year to teach us than we paid into her treasury. So most of us owe her about $300.00. If we would pay back, would not the college we love so devotedly be in fine shape? Let us stand by our educational mother in this campaign. I call upon our alumni to make a large gift to Wofford. She needs it in order to do her great work.

THE ALUMNI AND COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

On Thanksgiving afternoon, 1915, several Wofford alumni met up town in Greenville following our annual game with Furman, in which we had just received a very sound “licking.” We were feeling sore, and conversation turned automatically, as it were, to the question what could we do to help the students put out a winning team in 1916, and, more particularly, a team which would be good enough to beat Furman. More talk with other alumni followed; then the matter was presented to the faculty and student body, with the result that in February last a new board was put in control of athletics at Wofford. This is known as the Advisory Board, and is composed of three of the faculty, three students, and three alumni—one of these latter being designated each year as Graduate Manager and having charge of all athletic finances and general supervision over the acting and doings of the student managers. The idea in forming this board was that, in bettering the athletic situation, the alumni should take an interest, should have some measure of control, and should render financial support for two or three years, until athletics could be put on a paying basis.

Our first step was with regard to a football coach for the next season. We were all dissatisfied with the coaching in 1915, and felt that for a college the size of Wofford we ought to have a coach who could teach our team the “open game.” The best exponent of the open game at that time was the Washington and Jefferson team, of Washington, Pennsylvania. This school, about the same size as Wofford, had in the past several seasons got out a team which had defeated Yale and several other big teams. Such a system seemed to be what we wanted. From Washington and Jefferson we procured Leslie Moser as football coach, and, after further inquiry about him, he was selected as Director of Athletics and coach of all sports for this year.

When the football season opened last fall, we had a large squad out; in fact, too large for one man to handle satisfactorily. As a result of this lack of an assistant coach and the fact that the squad was to a large extent green, the effects of Moser’s coaching did not show up for some time, and our early season was disastrous. The team had, however, played good football in the second half of some of these early games, and those of us in close touch with the situation felt that when they did begin to play the kind of football from the opening of the game which they had been playing in the second half that they would surely win. Our beliefs were justified and our dream of a year before realized on Thanksgiving Day, when they completely outplayed and defeated the strong Furman team. The score was close, and was not any indication of our superiority. The Greenville News would hardly give us more credit than we deserved, yet in their write-up of the game they had the following things to say about it: “The surprise is that Wofford did not make more points, for the Methodists played with machine-like precision, while Furman never got together for any length of time on consistent playing. In aerial work, Wofford made the Furman team look foolish. The home team tried at least twenty forward
passes, and was successful in all except four or five. Furman was utterly helpless before this mode of attack. *** Wofford's team was better trained by far than Furman, so far as the playing of today would indicate. *** The most brilliant feature of the game was the really wonderful forward passing of Wofford. *** Wofford was the best trained small college team Furman has met this season. The Methodists played jam-up ball. Their line charged harder than Furman's, their formations were better, and their tackling better. Their overhead work incomparably better than Furman's.

It may be mentioned in this connection that Wofford made a Southern record for forward passing that day, completing nineteen out of twenty-five attempts. All of which shows, in our opinion, that we now have the right system of play and the right man to teach that system. It takes more than one year for a coach to establish a system and turn out a winning team, and we feel that this victory was but a beginning. Next year all except three of the men who won this game will be back in college, and we have good men in sight to replace them. Coach Moser has been signed up for another year, and we are planning to remedy our mistake of last season by giving him a line coach to assist him; the large majority of the squad will know his methods, and he will know his material. We, therefore, feel confident that next fall will see the "Old Gold and Black" right around the top in South Carolina football.

Touching on the financial side of the situation, another scheme instituted by our Board was to have the students pay a Student Activities fee of $10.00 a year, of which $4.50 should go to athletics and admit them to all the home games. This idea was endorsed by the student body and the faculty and adopted by the Trustees last June. This gives us a fixed fund of approximately $1,200.00 a year upon which we can depend. However, at the same time, our gate receipts for games are correspondingly reduced because of the fact that the students are admitted without charge. We thought in beginning this new scheme that the alumni in general would and should contribute $1,000.00 or more a year for two or three years, or until we could get athletics on a paying basis, with the aid of the student fee. We, therefore, made a campaign by circular letters and personal solicitation, but the results have been disappointing. Our total collections so far have been $400.00, of which $275.00 comes from within the City of Spartanburg, and only $125.00 from alumni elsewhere. When we took charge the Athletic Association was about $700.00 in debt. Last spring turned out to be the most disastrous baseball season in our history, and as a result we lost on it about $200.00 more. The consequence is that the association is now paying interest on a $900.00 debt. Not as an excuse, but as a matter of clearing the record, it may be said that both the baseball schedule last spring and the football schedule last fall had been made up before we came on the scene. The baseball season this spring will be the first schedule arranged under the new management, and we feel confident that both the coming baseball season and the football season next fall will see Wofford making a distinct advance in these sports.

We feel the alumni should have this account of our stewardship, as we are your representatives in this matter, and solicit your advice and criticism as well as your check. Have you made any contribution as yet this year? If not, we sincerely hope that as soon as you have read this you will turn to your check book, before this slips from your mind, and send us something to help athletics along.

Ben Hill Brown, '02,
Chas. P. Wofford, '05,
T. C. Montgomery, '09,
Graduate Manager
Alumni Athletic Committee.

Spartanburg, S. C.

ANDERSON ALUMNI ASSOCIATION—ANNUAL MEETING.

(Note:—What about the annual meetings of the other County Associations?)

On the evening of December 19th, the Wofford Alumni Association of Anderson County held its annual banquet in the dining room of St. John's Methodist Church at Anderson. Dr. Snyder came over for the evening, and then, too, there was F. H. (Big)
Shuler, an old football star, who is financial agent for our Methodist colleges, and Carl Montgomery, of Spartanburg, who is representing the alumni on the Athletic Advisory Board.

On account of the nearness of the holidays, the attendance at this banquet was down to about twenty, but what it lacked in numbers it made up for in genuine enthusiasm. The Wesley Philathieas served an elegant and rather elaborate dinner, and had decorations appropriate for the season. After everybody had been sufficiently nourished, informal but happy talks were made by Dr. Frank Lander, Samuel L. Prince, Judge George E. Prince, T. Frank Watkins, Carl Montgomery, F. H. Shuler, and Dr. Snyder. A. H. Dagnall, Esq., the retiring President, presided. The following were selected as officers for the coming year: Samuel L. Prince, President; Roy Griffin, Vice-President; and Fred Felkel, Secretary and Treasurer.

The meeting, in addition to being an unusually pleasant occasion, will be a source of inspiration to those in attendance to be of more service to their Alma Mater in the future, and to contribute in a larger measure to the uplift and progress of their county and State. The following Wofford men were in attendance: Dr. Frank Lander, Samuel L. Prince, Judge George E. Prince, T. Frank Watkins, Carl Montgomery, F. H. Shuler, Dr. Snyder, John Owens, J. B. Humbert, W. T. Lander, Marion Owings, R. L. Holroyd, Thos. F. Hill, Roy Griffin, Dr. Mark Carlisle, Rev. T. C. O’Dell, Rev. W. C. Kirkland, A. H. Dagnall, Esq.

The Association put itself on record as being in full sympathy with the forward movement to raise three hundred thousand dollars for our institutions. Mr. O’Dell offered this resolution:

“Resolved, That we hail with great delight the efforts of the Educational Commission of the two Conferences of our Church in the State to raise $300,000.00 for the better equipment of our colleges, and pledge our hearty support, both morally and financially.”

The resolution was seconded by Judge Prince, who had previously made a strong speech on this subject. The resolution was enthusiastically and unanimously carried.

S. L. Prince, ’07.
He was assigned to the defense of Fort Moultrie. * * *
Exposed to the severities of the season, he contracted the disease which terminated his existence. He lived to reach the paternal roof (he was the son of Rev. Wm. Martin, then President of Columbia Female College.—Ed.) and died—the first martyr to Southern independence."

W. J. Fripp.—Left college before graduating. Joined S. C. Conference in 1857, but located in a few years.

Charles Petty, Limestone Springs.—First honor man of his class. Captain in the Confederate army. Long an intellectual leader in Spartanburg. A friend to everyone, loved of everyone. As editor of the Carolina Spartan he was widely known and appreciated.

1859-60—Dr. Samuel A. Weber shares the honor and responsibility with Rev. R. B. Tarrant, ’58, and Capt. J. B. Humbert, ’60, of being the Nestors of the Wofford alumni. A noble trio of men. Wofford is proud of them and their contribution to the life of their time. Long may they continue to bring joy and inspiration to their fellows! Both Doctor Weber and Captain Humbert have articles in this issue.

1872.—Dr. Charles Forster Smith, who has two articles in this issue of the Bulletin, is Professor of Greek in the University of Wisconsin. Dr. Smith, in addition to being recognized as one of the leading scholars of America, is something yet greater—he is one of the country’s most inspiring teachers. Personal touch with him, in or out of the class-room, never fails to be an inspiration. The class of ’72 gave to the State and country an unusual group of men.

1900—As noted elsewhere, three members of this class are in the Legislature.

1905—M. A. Connolly is a successful dentist at Woodruff, and is president of the Board of Trade.

W. D. Roberts is principal of schools at Clio.

1907—W. W. Carson, Ph. D., is Professor of History at Depauw University, Greencastle, Ind., a Methodist institution having about 900 students. Dr. Carson is one of a number of Wofford men engaged in college work in other States of whom Wofford should justly be proud.

Charles Galloway is connected with the Bank of Clio.

J. Cal Watson is connected with a bank at Ridge Spring, a man of influence in his community.

1908—J. LeRoy Dukes was recently elected County Attorney and Clerk of the Board of County Commissioners for Orangeburg County.

G. R. McKewn holds a responsible position with the Edisto National Bank, of Orangeburg.

F. B. Morgan, Jr., is a member of the firm of F. B. Morgan & Son, of Central.

LeRoy Stanton is a successful planter of Marlboro County and an official of the Marlboro County Fair Association.

1909—D. Marvin Ariail is cashier of the Bank of Graniteville.

The following from The Old Gold and Black involves so many Wofford men, and especially so many of the class of 1909, as to justify reprinting here: “We understand that during the holidays quite a number of the Wofford-alumni paid their respects to the professors and their families. The Steadman-Rembert wedding brought several to Spartanburg, prominent among them being Dr. Clyde Curry, of 1909, and Wallace Steadman, brother of the bridegroom. Mr. Wallace DuPre, also of the class of 1909, and cousin to the bride, was one of the groomsmen. Allen Rogers, another classmate of the bridegroom, lives in the city. Still another was Mr. J. W. Scott, of Greenwood. Dr. Steadman, the bridegroom, is in the English department, assistant or associate professor, in the University of North Carolina, and has already made quite an enviable reputation for accuracy of scholarship and thoroughness of work. Dr. Curry did his post-graduate work at Leland Stanford University, California, where he obtained his doctor’s degree. He is in the English department at Vanderbilt, and Mr. Wallace DuPre, an A. B. graduate of Wofford and B. S. of Cornell University, is now engaged in engineering work for a large construction company in Chattanooga, Tenn.
Mr. DuPre is a son of Mr. Warren DuPre, the popular book store man. Wallace Steadman finished at Wofford in 1915, and is now superintendent of the Ridge Springs school. Still another attendant was Mr. J. Hartwell Anderson, of '14. Mr. Anderson holds an important position with the Tucapau Manufacturing Company. Mr. Allen Rogers, still another, was also a member of the large class that furnished the bridegroom for that wedding. Mr. Rogers holds a lucrative position in the Central National Bank of Spartanburg. Mr. J. W. Scott is now doing postgraduate work at the University of North Carolina. Mr. Wofford one year, where he was efficient and popular as an instructor."

1910—C. Reid Elkins is attorney-at-law and one of the editors of the Hampton County Guardian.

W. Grady Hazel is editor of the Saluda Standard.

Ralph L. Newton is news editor of the Charleston Evening Post.

1911—T. J. Carter, so long connected with the Textile and Industrial Institute and for a year teaching in the far West, is now cashier of the Spartan Savings Bank, in Spartan Mill village.

G. R. F. Cornish was on the campus in September. He is now a lieutenant in the army, appointed in competitive examination and because of his service as an officer in the Philippine constabulary. Lieutenant Cornish was married on December 20.

H. M. Snyder, a planter near Cameron, recently became the father of two little girls. One should see the smile on Grandpa Heinie's face.

1912—The Old Gold and Black also gives us the following: "Mr. A. W. Ayers, of '12, writes from El Paso to a friend: 'I have already risen to the rank of sergeant in the South Carolina Engineers. My education has been neither technical nor military, yet I have been advanced in a company which deals entirely with the technical part of war, and that is a vastly important part in our day.'"

1913—D. L. Edwards is principal of the Wilmer Avenue School, Anniston, Ala. He was on the campus during the Christmas holidays with all of his 167 pounds, looking as trim and vigorous as aforetime.

J. B. Paysinger has recently been appointed to a position in a bank at Rock Hill. The announcement of his engagement to Miss Annie Caldwell, of Sharon, has recently been made.

1915—J. M. Townsend is connected with a bank in Bennettsville.

1916—Cullen Gosnell is teaching History and German in the Chester High School. He has his face turned toward a university training.

John Harris is teaching English and French at Rome, Ga., making one of a number of Wofford men in that State.

J. C. Cauthen, Geo. E. Prince, J. C. Pruitt, and G. B. Smith are with the Bell Telephone Co. in Atlanta.

J. K. Montgomery was on the campus last October. He, with E. B. Hamer, also of 1916, and W. Emory Burnett, of 1918, were with the naval volunteers on a month's cruise the past summer on the battleship Alabama. Their ship won the trophy for marksmanship among the volunteers. If reach of vision and dialectic skill were an item in this contest, Hamer and Montgomery certainly played an important part in this victory.

Wofford is well represented in the present Legislature. So far as information has been possible, they are as follows: Senators C. D. Lee, 1900, of Darlington, and J. D. Griffith, 1910, of Saluda. Members of the lower house: J. W. Boyd, '05, of Spartanburg; J. W. Crum, of Bamberg; T. C. Duncan, '81, of Union; E. M. Fripp, '07, of Beaufort; Jones Fuller, '90, of Greenwood; E. H. Hall, 1900, of Chester; J. W. Hamer, of Dillon; W. C. Martin, 1900, of Orangeburg; W. G. Nichols, '09, Marion; J. C. Redmon, '03, Calhoun; L. M. Rogers, of Dillon.

Below are given brief sketches of two Wofford men, Rev. H. Z. Nabers, '93, and Dr. G. T. Pugh, '97, who have recently been selected for positions of honor and responsibility—Rev. Mr.
I knew it well. I remember a part of the exercise to this day, after an interval of more than half a century. Just think of it! They say it is better to be born lucky than rich; but how about one's good luck standing in the place of knowing Greek? I know and have known all these years that it may stand a while, but not for long.

But I want to tell you about a week's end at Wofford in those days—just an average week's end. When we got through the work on Friday afternoon and, after prayers in the chapel, started down in front of the college—there were not quite forty of us all told—to go over to town across the bridge behind where Rev. Mr. Harley now lives, you would have thought from the way we frisked and capered about that we were through college work for the week. But, no—far from it! We had to hurry to our rooms and study one more lesson between then and supper, or forego the privilege and pleasure of a vacant (?) evening with the girls or an oyster supper or a lunch at the pie counter of Zeller’s, at the northeast corner of Church and Main streets, or a serenade or a Calathump or something else. All this because of the inevitable college bell that was ring at sunrise or earlier on Saturday morning, which meant a call first to prayers and then to an hour’s recitation. Now, many’s the time I’ve hurried on my belated trip from nearly opposite the old Baptist church, half-bathed, unkempt, and partly dressed, over to the chapel to pray and then up the third story in the left wing of the college to Professor Duncan’s room to recite Homer’s Iliad and Sophocles’ Greek Grammar. All this, understand, to curtail Monday's work to two recitations. The average was three lessons a day for five days, an hour long each. The idea was to keep us out of devilment Friday night, give us Saturday night for the Calhoun Society—the only one in college then—and to require only one less on Monday morning, and that on the Greek Testament, so that we could have the whole day on the Sabbath for the preaching service and the Sunday School. If we didn’t study our Greek Testament before, it wouldn’t be so bad to study it on Sunday night. See! How long that lasted after I left college, I don’t know. That was certainly the way before the war, when Doctors Wightman and Whitefoord Smith and Professors Duncan and DuPre and Carlisle constituted the faculty.
The most of the boys (about all) went to the Methodist church, first, to the morning Sunday school, and after that to preaching at 11 o'clock, and to preaching again at night. Dr. Carlisle was my Sunday school teacher for about all of my college course. His teaching was a running lecture in conversational tone and style; and his instruction, his earnestness, his speaking eye, along with his speaking lips, all these made impressions that have survived his natural life and will follow— I hope and think they will—while mind and memory last.

Samuel B. Jones was pastor then. He was earnest, thoughtful, and at times eloquent in the pulpit. He told me in after years that his one year's pastoral term in those days at Spartanburg was of incalculable value to him. He assured me that his systematic study then and there did more for him than any regime to which he had been subjected at any time afterward. He attained to distinguished usefulness in later life. Dr. Charles Taylor, fresh from the China mission field and now at the Spartanburg Female College, occasionally preached. His pulpit style, fashioned in the necessities of his missionary work among the heathen, was very didactic and consisted largely in simple illustrations. Dr. Taylor was educated at the Columbia College, in the City of New York. He worked his way (for he was a poor boy) through college, and graduated at the head of his class. He was a stalwart and a hero, but simple and unpretentious. When Dr. Wightman and Dr. Whitefoord Smith, of our college faculty, preached, as they frequently did, you would certainly sit up and take notice. Each was in his manly prime and meridian glory in those days. We boys got a start under most friendly auspices, and not a few of us made good. There was a small number in the college, when we had only one Senior, six Juniors, fourteen Sophs, and sixteen Fresh. Some of us were very fresh in those days, and some of us were slow to ripen. One went to Congress, several to the Legislature, several of us preached, and one of these became a bishop; there were several field and company officers during the war; there were several editors; there were merchants and bankers, lawyers, doctors, planters, and college professors. We have had no need to be ashamed.

Charleston, November 28.
on his way home returning from the hospital, and I presume died at that time, as I heard nothing more from him.

(Note:—Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle has the following comment in the record which he kept as Secretary of the college: "Lieut. E. W. Davis was killed by a cannon ball on the field of battle, June 30, 1862, near Richmond, Va.")

T. E. Dawkins was from Union County, a good, jovial member of the class. He went into Confederate service in 1861, and was killed in the battle of Gettysburg, July, 1863.

H. C. Dickinson was from Barnwell County. His mother was very kind to him and furnished him with plenty of money. He made a fair average in his class and was popular with the boys. After the war he could not have succeeded very well in business, as he died in the Confederate Home for Old Soldiers in Columbia in 1913.

T. C. Duncan was a son of Prof. D. D. Duncan and a younger brother of Bishop Duncan. "Tis a law of nature that like produces like—he was bright, as all the Duncans were bright men. He was in charge of the Reidville High School with Oddie Capers, and volunteered early during the war, and was killed in one of the first battles of the war in Virginia. After Duncan’s death, Capers volunteered, saying he would avenge the death of his friend Tom Duncan. At the second battle of Manassas, in August, 1862, Oddie Capers, J. J. Palmer, of the class, and Horace McSwain, of the Senior class, and Whitefoord Smith, Jr., and Breeden, of the college, were all killed by the bursting of a shell in front of Company K, Palmetto Sharpshooters. Five Wofford boys killed with one shell! No one shell did more damage or caused more grief and sorrow to the hearts and homes of the people of South Carolina.

James Jenkins DuRant was from Sumter County, now Lee County. He was my chum and roommate for four years. A model young man, a man of clean lips and upright life, modest to a fault. He made an average grade in his class. After the war, he became a successful farmer, was married twice. By his first marriage he left four sons, three of whom are still living, to honor his memory. He passed away January 1, 1908.

C. J. Dunlap was from Camden. Still living, and engaged in the drug business in Atlanta, Ga.

S. D. Garlington was from Laurens County. He left Wofford during the Freshman year and entered the South Carolina College.

Allen Angus McPherson Hamby was from Rutherford, N. C., a good student and strong competitor. He served during the war in Maj. F. F. Naseby’s Company of Light Artillery, and made a good soldier, for we were in the same arm of service. After the war, he taught school in Georgetown successfully, and died April 15, 1895.

J. B. Humbert was from Laurens County. He taught school in Orangeburg in 1861, went into Confederate service in ’61 as lieutenant of the Orangeburg Artillery, and in ’62 was promoted as captain of Co. I, Second S. C. Artillery, and served during the war. On October 5, 1864, he married Miss Emma Pooser, daughter of Maj. Geo. H. Pooser, of Orangeburg, fulfilling a promise made before the war, and Hamby was his best man. After the war, he engaged in farming with some degree of success. Representative from Laurens County in the Legislature for four years—1876-80—was a member of the Wallace House.

R. N. Littlejohn was from Union County, and is represented as a successful merchant in Charlotte, N. C.

T. S. Moorman was from Newberry County. The only lawyer of the class, he practiced successfully for several years and then moved to Columbia, where he was appointed Librarian of the Supreme Court, and his practice of law was confined almost entirely to argument in the Supreme Court. Tom was a genial companion, and made a good record in his class. He passed away August 4th, 1902.

T. M. Paysinger was from Newberry County, and left college after the Sophomore year.

J. J. Palmer was from St. Stevens Parish, Charleston County. A handsome and refined gentleman, popular, and stood well in his class. He was killed in the second battle of Manassas, in August, 1862.

E. V. Steedman was from Lexington County. After the war, he took a medical and post-graduate course and practiced successfully in Orangeburg for ten years; then moved to Fort Valley, Ga., where he soon won a good practice, and engaged in farming also. After giving up his practice, he moved in town, retiring
from business and living with his son, a man of high moral character. He is almost blind, and it was with great difficulty I could read his letter. He was one of my intimate friends, and I know he is just waiting for the summons. It is enough; come up higher.

J. H. Sturtevant was from Savannah, Ga., the only preacher of the class. He was maimed and a bright man. He taught school, and after the war went to New York, where he accumulated quite a fortune and was rated in Wall Street as a millionaire.

J. T. Walker was from Spartanburg, and left college after the Freshman year. C. M. Green was not considered a member of the class. I have a faint recollection of seeing him in Dr. Carlisle's room once.

The class of 1860 was the fourth class of Wofford, and we thought it an important era in the history of the college when she should have four regular classes enrolled for college work, and I place this as a tribute to the pleasant memories of my college life.

Laurens, S. C.

CLASS OF 1872.


John Archer did his work with the preceding class, merely graduating with us. Clyde I remember as a slender fellow, with sharp, clear-cut features, long black hair, and dignified bearing. In those days we wore shawls instead of overcoats, and I can see at this moment Clyde walking up after dinner to my room, on the second floor, left wing of the college building, to ascertain the lesson of the afternoon. I imagine he could hardly have forgotten so often what the lesson was, but merely wanted an excuse for a little visit with Folk and myself; for after he had been told he often gave no further attention to the lesson, and I remember him standing up sometimes—we always stood at recitation—before Dr. Whitefoord Smith and following the cue of the Doctor's questions with an impromptu disquisition that was not exactly based on Blair's treatment of the subject.

Dickson was a serious fellow—"old Dick," Coke Smith used to then call him—though he had a good deal of fun in him. He was already a licensed preacher, and did his work with all correctness. When he was excited or a little nervous, he would nibble at his knuckles, keeping them rather raw. (How we remember little odd habits!)

Charlie David was a tall, good-looking fellow—six feet in height before he was sixteen. He was something of a wit and full of fun, and, as he had a remarkable gift at drawing, often made hasty pencil-sketches of Doctor Smith or Professor Duncan and passed them round the class to our great amusement. His artistic gift was more marked, I think, than any other member of the class showed in any line, and he ought to have been an artist, at least a cartoonist; but it was understood that his family had a prejudice against drawing or painting as a calling, so he indulged his talent merely for fun and recreation—as he has made it, not a vocation, but an avocation, all his life. Evidently, even in the sixties, he is still much the same boy he was forty years ago, as the following extract from a recent letter, sent me by a brother of mine, may show:

"Greenville, S. C., June 15, '16.

"Your letter has just come, and takes me back to a period in the world's history that I have begun to associate with the Siege of Troy and the Forty Years of Wandering of the Children of Israel! But don't those days—those happy college days—seem far in the past! So much has happened since then that sometimes I wonder if there really was such a time, and if it can be that I was a part and parcel of it all. Now, do not infer from this that I consider myself any older than when I drew cartoons (don't think the word cartoon had been coined then, though) of 'Old Upe' and the others, for I do not. No, sir! I am just as young in feelings now as when I helped to tie a calf to Dr. Lander's bell rope. I am a proud grandfather four times over, but I have laid down the law that I am never to be called GRANDFATHER! The youngsters may call me 'Charlie,' 'Bud,' or anything
from business and living with his son, a man of high moral
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Laurens, S. C.

CLASS OF 1872.

The roll of the class as it graduated was: J. Archer, L. K.
Gilbert, L. M. Hamer, L. B. Haynes, D. G. Humbert, W. P. Irwin,
W. W. Pegues, W. A. Rogers, A. Coke Smith, C. F. Smith,

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The youngsters may call me 'Charlie,' 'Bud,' or anything
else, but never grandfather. I don’t like the word; it implies gray hairs, false teeth, and trouser tops piled up on the gloss of bed-room slippers."

William Hayne Folk was my roommate from Sophomore on. He was good-looking—blue eyes, light hair, frank, open face—and well dressed, for he had a little more money than most of us. I rather envied him a velvet coat he had one year. He was a hard student and easily led the class in recitations on Blair’s Rhetoric, for he would practically memorize the text and repeat it verbatim. He was apt to do his history and philosophy in the same way, and it was clear that his recitations in moral and mental philosophy made an impression on his classmates. With such a gift, it was natural that he should like to speak, though his performances were apt to be carefully prepared and practically memorized speeches, rather than strictly debates. He went into the law later. Toward the end of his life I heard that he was writing a book, which seems never to have been finished—a pity, for I am sure he had something to say. Perhaps no member of the class was more ambitious.

Jim Gee was of stocky build, ruddy complexion, and seemingly in vigorous health. He had always been fond of dogs and hunting. If I remember correctly, he was especially good in mathematics, and made an impression on us in Freshman geometry and later. He was, I recall, an ardent believer in the cause for which the South had fought in the Civil War, and I have always remembered a passage in one of his Senior year speeches eloquently describing Gordon’s charge at Spottsylvania—a dash made in the dark, directed by the flash of the enemy’s guns.

Frank Gilbert was dark-haired, slender, and very neat in dress, keeping his clothes always well brushed. He was a hard worker, but I have no distinct recollection as to the character of his recitations. We liked him all the more perhaps because he already showed symptoms of the trouble that brought him to a premature grave.

Lewis Hamer came to us at the beginning of Sophomore year. He was blue-eyed and square-faced, sincere and honest, like his brother Lawrence, who graduated two years ahead of him.

Lawson Haynes impressed one by his square jaw and thin under lip. I remember best his good work in mathematics, and

I can see now that the look of his eye and his under jaw denoted a purpose in life.

Dave Humbert was perhaps the oldest member of the class, but not uniformly so successful in recitation as in fun-making. I never think of him without recalling Grimalkin, the cat that played so big a role in our French book. It was in our Senior year, but the little group sitting near Dave was anything but decorous as he whispered to us some of Grimalkin’s tricks that were not in the book. It was bad for our mental habits, but we suffered no other loss, since our French work was a farce. The intellectual performance of Dave’s that made the greatest impression was one of his Senior speeches—"Omnia mutantur" and "nos mutamur cum illis." We wondered how Dave could have written that excellent speech.

Pink Irwin had the advantage of being the son of a notable teacher, a well educated Irishman or Scotchman. Pink looked then just as he does now, substituting black for gray hair.

Willie Pegues was of stocky build and the chubbiest member of the class. In one way he always reminded me of Odysseus, for the first I ever saw him was at Dr. Shipp’s dinner table, where he seemed to be the tallest of all the young fellows, and I was surprised when he stood up to see that he was shorter than most of them—just the impression Odysseus made on some other old hero.

William Rogers was the smallest man physically in the class, but the most popular. His election by the class to deliver its valedictory in Senior year was only one of many evidences of the general good will. He had some prestige from the start, in that he came to Wofford from Washington College, where he had been under General Lee. Such amiability and character deserve popularity.

Coke Smith was the natural leader of the class from the start. He was nineteen years of age when he entered, and mature even for that, and had, besides, great natural abilities, a gift for mimicry that easily won people. He told a story well, and his power of pathos was marked even then. The effect that he produced sometimes in college prayer meetings surely foretokened his after success as a preacher. His election in Freshman year to the annual debate of the Calhoun Society shows the early recog-
nition he won, and he was in the Senior year the Calhoun anniversary orator. At graduation, the class elected him salutatorian. I am sure that the faculty depended upon his influence in the class more than upon any other. Socially, he was naturally our most popular man. His after career of distinction, ending with the bishopric, was not a surprise to any of us who knew him as a student.

Barnwell Rhett Turnipseed had the distinction of wearing glasses, and golden ones at that, being very near-sighted; and I remember that he wore broadcloth sooner than any of us—for he had some money. He was an honest, good fellow, but his entering the ministry was a surprise.

John Wannamaker was just as quiet and dignified then as he doubtless is now—tall, slender, neat in appearance, well bred, in all his conduct giving sure promise of the useful and successful citizen he has long been.

Charles A. Woods always did his own thinking. Entering college at sixteen, he did not come forward so rapidly as Coke Smith, whose natural peer he was, but by Junior year he was getting a reputation as a debater, and in Senior was doubtless without a rival in this respect. His Senior class speeches and essays seemed to us to show unusual power and promise.

Several others were with us, as regular Freshmen, or reciting in some studies with us, namely: S. Bethea, P. Bodie, T. E. Burroughs, A. P. McCormick, T. E. Moore, J. Newland, F. Porter, J. A. Richardson, R. Shipp, and Lad Williams. Of these, Burroughs was a fellow of infinite fun, and doubtless would have been an acceptable member of the class to graduation, had not the charms of a young widow won him into matrimony in his Freshman year. The same fate exactly took Newland from us. “Tobe” McCormick was the baby of the class—only fourteen—a pretty boy and popular with the girls; of good mind, too, but he soon dropped out. Tom Moore was a good talker and well read, in Scott’s works especially. Frank Porter was the son of Dr. A. Porter, the Presbyterian pastor at Spartanburg, and so came naturally by his brains. He had some marked idiosyncrasies—one of these long hair down upon his shoulders, due doubtless to some vow. When his father was called away, he left us. Bob Shipp was a nephew of Dr. Shipp, a hard worker, and full of fun.

Perhaps we missed him more than any of the men who dropped out. As he, Coke, and I came together in the class alphabetically, my memory of him is vivid.

As I look back at it all after forty-five years, I have great respect for the general seriousness and earnestness of the boys of my class. None of them had been sobered by service in the Civil War, as many of those in the three classes ahead had been; but they were at college, not to have fun, but to get an education. They worked steadily and hard, as a rule, and if they did not get all or most that a college education should give, it was not their fault. The exercises of the literary societies, managed entirely by themselves—debates Friday evening, essays Saturday morning—still seem to me worthy of all praise. And for any deficiencies in the course, the chief fault did not lie with the faculty. They were real gentlemen, deeply interested in their students, and unsparing in their efforts in their behalf. But the college was very poor; it had no laboratories, practically no library—except the two literary society libraries—and the whole scheme of instruction was merely hearing lessons. The course of study was narrow in range: Latin, Greek, and Geometry in Freshman year; Latin, Greek, Blair’s Rhetoric, and a little history in Sophomore; Latin, Greek, natural philosophy, chemistry, logic, and perhaps a little history in Junior; geology, mineralogy, Kame’s Elements of Criticism, moral and mental philosophy, and a little French in Senior, with one recitation weekly in the Bible throughout the four years.

The standard of requirement for promotion from class to class, or graduation, was not very rigid; but the unwritten standard among the students was high, and duty was, as a rule, faithfully performed. There was no chance for a man to lay the basis of real scholarship in any line of study for professional work. No Wofford student up to that time had ever gone in to graduate work elsewhere. Those who became lawyers studied in a law office; physicians took the then one-year medical course in some medical college; preachers went right into the pulpit without any theological training. But for citizenship and the general duties of life the Wofford training of the early 70’s was an admirable preparation.

The greatest thing that could have happened to us would have
been the addition to the teaching force of one or two able and well trained young men who had done severe post-graduate work somewhere, and would have insisted on laying a sure foundation for special work afterwards. Such young men could hardly have won the personal hold upon the students that Professors Carlisle and DuPre had, but such special knowledge and enthusiasm as I have in mind would have been a most welcome stimulant to ambitious young fellows, who needed simply an incentive and an example.

PROFESSOR DAVID DUNCAN.

Invited to write a piece for The Chautauquan, I thought I could not do better than to give some reminiscences of the first professor of Greek in Wofford College. He had taught my father at Randolph Macon College, and hence I had some claim upon him, and from the first knew him well. My father must have made some impression on him, for he always called me in class by the first initial of his name, though our college courses were separated by more than thirty years.

Professor Duncan was born in the north of Ireland, of Scotch-Irish parentage; was educated at Glasgow University, and, after some service in the British navy, came to Virginia and entered upon his life-work of teaching. He taught first, I believe, an academy at Norfolk, became professor of Ancient Languages at Randolph Macon about 1836, and remained there until called to Wofford at its opening, in 1854. Here he remained, as is well known, until his death, in the autumn of 1881, most of the time serving as full professor of Latin and Greek, afterwards as professor of Greek only (half work), finally as professor emeritus, instructing the Senior class only one hour a week in the Greek of the New Testament.

As it is proposed in this journal simply to give some reminiscences of the man, I shall not attempt to make any estimate of his work as a teacher or scholar. Long after their knowledge of Greek is gone, will linger with his old pupils the picture of the dear old man, as he sat upon his platform in the long room on the third floor of the left wing of the college building—a table covered with green cloth and filled with books before him, the text-book, his magnifying glass, and the “urn” in his hand or within reach. It may be stated here, by the way, that he would never consent to have his recitation room on a lower floor in order to avoid climbing steps. In that room I see him now—a short figure, rugged though refined face, with prominent features, mouth and nose being large, and eyebrows heavy, his massive head covered with a greyish wig. Under those shaggy eyebrows were grey eyes that twinkled to the last, the index to a heart where good will and good humor held perpetual sway.

His nickname was “Old Up,” which he received from the fact that his pronunciation of the Greek letter upsilon (the second syllable of which he properly pronounced long), struck some green student as peculiar.

His wit and humor were proverbial among the students, and when he had given a sharp retort to some luckless fellow, he would join in the laugh of the class and shake in his chair till the tears rolled down his cheeks. He enjoyed nothing better than the discomfort of some student who tried to guess his age, and I believe he kept his age secret so long simply to tease the boys. He would not resent further than by some witty reply even Tom B’s oft-repeated inquiry, whether he had taken part in the Trojan war, or been an eye-witness of some other great event of Greek history.

Who does not remember the “Urn?” This was a little box containing the names of the class written on little cards, and he would always shake it before taking out a name. No one could ever deceive him by preparing his special part of his lesson for there was never any telling whose lot would come forth when the urn was shaken. And every Freshman class made a personal application of the following verses from Horace (Odes, II, 3). I quote them from the copy he gave me; the one which, for more than twenty years, he used in the recitation room:

Omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
Versatur urna serius ocus
Sors exitura et nos in aeternum
Exilium impositura cumbae.

Another thing which strongly impressed itself upon me was the part he took in morning and afternoon prayers. Friday was his day, if I mistake not, and nine times out of ten, it seemed to me, he read the 1st Psalm, and always made the same prayer. It
was not eloquent, but it had an honest ring, was couched in exceptionally good English, and was short. This last feature we liked, for college students, like all other human beings, prefer short prayers, though the preachers seem not to know this.

Professor Duncan never made the mistake, so common among teachers, of economizing in books. His was, perhaps, the best printed classical library in the South, containing over four thousand volumes, very many of them bound in the handsomest style, and all cared for with affectionate regard. His signature was so well known to certain publishers that once, when he was in New York and wished a draft cashed, the publishers, who had never seen him, identified him instantly when he wrote his name. No library at Wofford had so much interest for me as his, and I found him outside of it less frequently than any professor of the college.

It was doubtless perfectly natural with him to dress neatly, but certainly he was in this an example to his pupils. He could not have been more scrupulous with regard to his attire if he had felt, as teachers should, that his position, as well as self-respect, required of him the wearing of clean linen, neat and well brushed clothes and shoes, and proper attention to hair and beard.

Being a gentleman, he always acted the part naturally and with ease. I remember particularly that he never allowed a lady to leave his house, even at his extreme old age, without assisting her down the steps and opening the front gate. He was never known to spilt in the presence of a lady. Old students, on their return to the college, never had cause to complain that the professor had forgotten them. They had always to break bread with him, and he never forgot the call due to the stranger within the gates. I shall never forget that on my return from Germany, in 1881, he was the very first to call and welcome me home. And this recalls the fact that when my wife reached Williamson, Massachusetts, in the spring of 1882, Dr. Mark Hopkins, then eighty years old, was the first person to call on her, though he had a daughter at that time sick unto death. I fear that we young men are not in point of courtesy equal to the scholarly gentlemen of the olden time.

In promptness and regularity of attendance upon his duties he was the peer of the late Dr. Shipp. I do not remember that he was ever late at recitation but once. On that occasion he had gone down after dinner, and his watch being a little wrong, got back to the college ten or fifteen minutes late. It was such an unheard of thing that we never thought of dispersing, and when at last we saw him come trotting through the pines, we hastened down to meet him. As he turned the corner of the building, the whole class pretended to be greatly surprised at meeting him, but received pleasantly his excuses; then, forming a line behind him, marched back to the Greek room, where he showed his appreciation of our courtesy by being especially lenient.

I have very especial reason to feel grateful for his courtesy and kindness; for when, at twenty-three, I took charge of the Latin department, I was entirely at his mercy, and if he had been inclined to criticize and ridicule, instead of advising and commending wherever admissible, my position would have been very unpleasant. One alumnus sent me word (indirectly) that in case I did not know anything in Greek or Latin I should apply to the old professor (very good advice, by the way); another told a friend of mine that "no man was fit to be professor before he was thirty-five"; others dropped remarks that easily reached my ears, to the effect that the college would go to the dogs if such young fellows were put into the professorships. I cherish no grudges on this account, for all that was very natural; but I am still grateful that I could always feel that the kindest as well as the most competent judge of my work was the genial old Scotch-Irish professor, who had always stimulated my love of the classics and had been always ready to recognize any evidence that the scholarly traditions he had tried to hand down to me had taken root.

Charles Forster Smith.

Vanderbilt University, August 25, 1887.

WOFFORD AND LANDER.

By Rev. S. A. Weber.

Editor A. G. Rembert writes me a letter, which I greatly appreciate, asking me to prepare for the Wofford College Bulletin a reminiscential sketch of President Samuel Lander as a suitable contribution to our alumni quarterly. In his letter to me the Doctor writes that, though Samuel Lander's name is not on our roll of old students, it is nevertheless most honorably
identified with our Alma Mater as one of her best friends and most useful promoters.

The idea both pleases and flatters me that the names of Dr. James H. Carlisle, easily the leader in our work of education among the boys and the young men of South Carolina, and that of Dr. Samuel Lander, in his primacy of a like work among our dear girls and young women in the State, should in fact (as by implication) be brought together in a Wofford College journal, Par nobile fratrum!

Immediately on getting Dr. Rembert's letter and request I wrote to my cousin, Mrs. John O. Willson, the remaining link that connects the Lander blood with Lander College, and asked her co-operation with me in the purposes of this article. She graciously and gladly consents, and her assistance is of prime importance, as will be observed.

Three of the earlier Wofford alumni were prepared for college, and mostly by Samuel Lander, at Olin Institute, in North Carolina. I mention their names in the order of their graduation: Samuel A. Weber; Prof. A. A. McP. Hamby, for many years and at his death principal of the Winyah Indigo School, at Georgetown; and Hon. B. F. Miller, who was in the South Carolina Legislature from Lancaster, S. C., for a number of terms. We three were together under Professor Lander at Olin before we were under Professor Carlisle at Spartanburg. Ah, me! how this irrepressible pencil, readily subservient to a rejuvenescent memory, moves by leaps and bounds in descriptive memorabilia of the distant past as though recording occurrences of the passing day in the living present! How vividly do the events of sixty years ago and more appear to me during this festal season (December, 1916), anniversary of, and memorial of, the advent of our Lord!

The Samuel Lander of those days, though mature away beyond his years, was on the threshold of his tutorial career. He and his youthful wife—each about twenty-two years old—meant much, a great deal, to the rural hamlet which they chose as their home and the theatre of their joint work. His bride was ever a helpmeet for him (Gen. 2:20). He was easily the first man of the village. Quietly, modestly, gracefully, and yet manfully, he moved along in the even tenor of his way. The leading teacher of the school and equally adept in all the branches taught there, the active and liberal church-worker, teacher and leader in the vocal music of the school and community, the neighborhood surveyor, the teacher of the Sunday school Bible class, in which were scholars old enough for his father, the man of affairs in all community interests, he it is who is in my mind's eye today. He was not then a preacher.

Olin was his second school. He went there from a short term of service at Catawba College, Newton, N. C., where he taught with Professor Smith, father of Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia. These two schools, with one year's incumbency as assistant professor in Randolph Macon College, embraced the whole of his work as a teacher in male institutions. Ever afterwards his one work as a teacher was in the tuition of girls and young ladies. This work was an uninterrupted one of more than half a century, with the exception of the two years he was pastor of the church of his native town (Lincolnton, N. C.). That was in the closing years of the war. The fact is, the principal feature of his preaching was teaching. His instructive sermons and his comprehensive prayers abide with me still. They were both and equally edifying (upbuilding) services. He was always an interesting preacher to a thoughtful hearer. This much you could always depend on, a well-prepared sermon.

His life was an uneventful one. To outward seeming a teacher's life is always so. And yet it is full of events, and is so because of the close, personal touch of teacher with pupil. A teacher is not only to study and continue to study the lesson he teaches, but has a separate subject of study in the individual scholar. Who can measure (not one) the life-work of such a man as Samuel Lander? I knew him well—better than most men knew him. I knew of the heart-throbs and heart-aches of this most conscientious of teachers and have been with him to the very border line of his lonely Gethsemane, and I am prepared to believe and assert that his so-called uneventful life was full—full to overflowing—of most significant, momentous events.

I take a liberty which is not accorded me, and so borrow what is not lent for the purpose of my so using it (and that, too, with-
out revision) the letter of Mrs. Wilson as the appropriate closing of my willing but unworthy contribution:

Dear Cousin Sam:—I was so glad to have your recent letter—glad because it told of your improved condition, and glad because it told of your prospective sketch of my honored father.

Five sons were graduated from Wofford, one son-in-law, and three grandsons, while two other grandsons were students there for a time.

All the men teachers the college has ever had have been Wofford men with one exception—Mr. I. N. Edwards is from South Carolina University. Neither of the two presidents attended Wofford.

Professor Clinkscales once taught in Williamston. Our Prof. R. O. Lawton once taught at Wofford. Professor Clinkscales' wife graduated at Williamston. Prof. D. A. DuPre's sister and Professor Waller's wife attended Williamston College for a time.

Bishop Duncan, long connected with Wofford, dedicated the first building of Lander College. Bishop Kilgo, also connected with Wofford, dedicated the new building.

Rev. F. H. Shuler, Commissioner for Lander and the other schools, is a Wofford man, and married a graduate of Lander and has a daughter here.

Rev. E. K. Hardin, once a teacher at Wofford, is the son of a Lander graduate.

On Founder's Day at Lander the following Wofford men have made addresses: Dr. Snyder, Dr. Clinkscales, Dr. Rembert, and Dr. James H. Kirkland and Dr. Craighead, who also have served us thus, were once teachers in Wofford.

My father graduated June 10, 1852, from Randolph Macon. Fifty years later, Norman Lander Prince graduated at Wofford, June 10, 1902. Uncle Murphy began teaching my father Latin when he was just a baby, not more than five, I think.

If any of these facts can be of service to you I shall be so delighted.

Concerning a relationship whose influences have been so continuous and in the main so subtle, because so largely silent and spiritual, it would be impossible to make a full or just estimate either in kind or degree. Some of the benefits, however, each has rendered to the other may and should be given. Many of the friends and supporters of Wofford outside of Spartanburg are, because of this very remoteness, unaware of the real service the city has rendered the college, while not a few of the citizens of Spartanburg, with equal naturalness, fail to realize the vital service of the college to the city.

Taking the last first—with the repeated statement that the nature and number of reciprocal influences at work are too many and too subtle to allow more than suggestive statement—what has Wofford done for Spartanburg?

From the time that the now city was an obscure up-country village these contributions from Wofford have been making, openly and silently, with increasing degree and cumulative effect. Obvious enough to call alone for mere mention are the tens of thousands of dollars brought here from other sections to become a part of the wealth and wealth-producing activities of the community. This feature of Wofford's service is easy enough of valuation, but connected with it is a fact that easily escapes attention, though of much greater importance in its contribution to the influence and growth of the City of Spartanburg. The inflow of this money represents the incoming of hundreds of young men—some from other States, but the large majority from nearly every section of South Carolina.

A striking feature of modern business thinking and activity is the estimate put upon advertising, especially upon that form of advertising which consists in putting and keeping the thought of the place or thing advertised upon increasing numbers of minds continuously and repeatedly. Only a few weeks ago the Chamber of Commerce of Columbia expressed great gratification that it had succeeded in having the name of Columbia introduced into the announcements of all southbound trains leaving the station of Washington, D. C. This fact meant, in their judgment, a worthwhile advertisement of their city.

If this estimate be correct of the advertising value of mere
suggestion—and the writer so believes it—what should be the estimate placed upon a form of advertisement which not fleetingly suggests the mere name, but fixes deep and continuously upon heart as well as mind the character, the welfare, even the daily life of a place—and this, too, in all sections of that area which must count most for the normal growth and prosperity of the place? No interest is comparable to the personal in its power to give meaning and life. It is the one touch of nature needed to make the whole world feel its kinship. Townsend’s surrender put Kut-el-Amara on the thought map of the reading world. For those who had friends and kindred there it became at once and for life a vital and ineffacable element of their experience.

It would be difficult indeed to estimate the mere advertising value to the City of Spartanburg of the many students who have in the years past attended her colleges. This fact more than any other form of advertisement received or ventured by the city has put the city—its interests, its people, and its just claims for recognition—upon the thought and heart map of South Carolina. It would be no exaggeration to say that this fact has made of Spartanburg a household word, an element of daily thinking and planning in homes scattered over almost every section of the State. And this is an influence that often works, not for the years, but through succeeding generations.

The essential worth of this truth will justify yet another confirmatory illustration. Many of the citizens of Spartanburg will recall the wide advertisement gained for Converse College by its burning in the early nineties. Large dailies all over the country gave accounts of the fire. Would the fact of a big fire account for this evidence of interest in far removed sections? Would even the fact of the destruction by fire of a college building explain the widespread and extensive notice? The moving cause is to be found in the fact that there were in Converse at the time daughters from many a home, representing widely scattered communities in this broad country of ours. Where our child is, our heart and thought are, and nothing that concerns that place is foreign to us.

This enumeration of Wofford’s services to Spartanburg would be far from complete without mention of the mental and spiritual influences and the constructive forces which through her have been started and continuously renewed in the life and growth of the place. In some subtle way these influences and forces have transferred themselves to the very atmosphere of the city to such a degree and with such perceptible effect as to call forth repeated comment from thinking people from other sections. These influences and forces, moreover, have through the generations expressed themselves in constructive human personalities whom the college has brought to the city or quickened and developed among the young men of the city. These personalities—there is no need to call names. They who know aught of the history of Spartanburg cannot be ignorant of their number or of their names. These personalities—in simple tasks of a quiet life, as in the more conspicuous places of leadership—have in the past impressed themselves upon the life and progress of the city, and are today contributing in no small degree to its constructive work and its leadership—and that, too, in directions social, intellectual, and spiritual, as well as material.

But in return for this service—which has, in the nature of the case, admitted of little more than suggestive statement—what has Spartanburg done for Wofford College? Doubtless no one will deny that, from the very nature of their reciprocal relations and their respective spheres of being, Wofford has given and must continue to give to the city more than she gets. Should she cease to do so, indeed, she would thereby forfeit, and rightly forfeit, her chief value and glory—that of an institution for service. In institutions as in individuals, the test of real worth and of fitness for leadership must lie in the higher degree and value of the service.

The answer to the above question might begin with a discussion of the ways in which a city or its citizens might rightly be expected to serve an institution in its midst which is in many directions and high degree its benefactor. So important both for such a city and such an institution is this phase of their relationship that it is regrettable that only brief mention of some of the more important of these ways is admissible here. Briefly they may be classed as material aid, sympathy, and moral support. In regard to the last two, whose very nature makes their definite valuation impossible, the writer has been long enough and intimately enough identified with the life of both college and city to
justify the following statement: Spartanburg as a city is proud of Wofford College. What concerns the college lies very close to the hearts of the large majority of its citizens. Among a large number of its citizens Wofford has found and still finds some of her warmest friends—men who know and give no little thought to her needs and interests, men in whose plans and efforts she has held and holds a large and active place.

Sympathy and moral support are forces elusive when it comes to definite description, but when measured in result of encouragement, of moral stimulation, of renewed strength, of clearer and more compelling visions of duty and opportunity, they are unmistakable in their evidence. In this sympathy and moral support, with their courage-giving, life-renewing power, many in Spartanburg have never been found wanting. Amid the silent human and spiritual influences inwrought into the life and character of the college during the years gone by, those which have sprung from its home city form no inconsiderable part.

But the question is open to a far more definite answer in a material direction—the direction, too, to which it most often points in the asking, what has Spartanburg done to help Wofford College? Even to the writer the answer has brought surprise. For lack of definite information, a class of gifts that bulk large must be omitted—those that were in themselves small, but which in the long life of the college have been many and frequent. It is to the large gifts that attention must be directed.

He who walks the campus of the college, valued at more than $150,000, is walking on the gift of the village of Spartanburg. The college building, that lasting witness of the rare good taste of its architect and the first board of trustees, is the gift of one who—a Methodist preacher—was also a citizen of Spartanburg, where his money was made. To one standing in front of the college, to the remote right he may catch sight of Archer (Alumni) Hall, whose inception was made possible by the timely words and equally timely gift of Mr. E. L. Archer. On another occasion also, when the founding of the library and the realization of a forty thousand dollar gift from two Northern sources were dependent upon the collection of a certain stated sum, Mr. Archer made both a possibility by the gift of $10,000. Moving on from Archer Hall, the eye falls upon the W. E. Burnette Gymnasium, made possible by the gift of Capt. W. E. Burnett. Science Hall (it would be Cleveland Science Hall but for the modesty of its donor) next catches the eye—erected and given to the college by Mr. J. B. Cleveland at a cost of $20,000. This gentleman’s name would be found not a few times in a roll of those who have given to the college. Next comes the Whitfield Smith Library, made possible by the large gift of Miss Julia Smith, of Spartanburg, in memory of her father. In the far reaches of the campus rises in its beauty Carlisle Memorial Hall—for whose cost of some fifty-five thousand dollars Wofford is now indebted for all save twelve thousand dollars to the liberality of the citizens of Spartanburg.

It was the subscription of the last forty thousand dollars of the foregoing amount that has called forth this article and that sets the seal to the genuineness of Spartanburg’s regard for the college and willingness to extend material help.


You college men who come from all over the country make a notable gathering. It is a fine list of institutions represented, extending all the way across our country; it brings to me many memories, many associations. You know I am beginning to boast a little of the fact that I have helped to inaugurate presidents, or been at celebrations where presidents were inaugurated, at almost every institution of distinction in this country. There are very few college presidents that have served one institution as long as I have served this one; so that I am somewhat familiar with the institutions you come from, and I want to assure you of a very hearty welcome. You ought to feel very much at home, from the fact that you find us in the midst of a campaign to raise money.

You will be interested in knowing that we are reaching the closing days of a very intense campaign in the City of Nashville. We have until the first of January to complete projects that will secure for us a million dollars endowment for the College of Arts and Sciences.

Now, to try to force myself away from the active campaign
in which we have all been engaged is rather difficult. To collect
my thoughts for any worthy discussion of the subjects that must
come before you in the next few days is not easy under the cir-
cumstances. I shall trespass on your time only long enough to
indicate certain lines of activity that it seems to me the alumni
must assume toward any institution.

There are four particular lines of activity, it seems to me,
where the influence of alumni in the coming years is destined to
be felt more extensively than in the past.

The financial side of every institution is one that is of the first
importance, because everything else is conditioned on that. No
one will pretend for one moment that an income of ten
thousand dollars or fifty thousand dollars or a hundred
thousand dollars per annum is the supreme fact of life, or the
supreme fact in college history; but we all agree that it is one fact
on which is predicated all possible activity of an institution, all
possible usefulness. There is no use talking about intellectual or
spiritual values until you have cared for the material side. Now,
I need not emphasize the importance of this side to you men of
the alumni office; all I wish to call to your attention is the fact
that every institution, no matter how small, no matter where lo-
cated, every institution is busyin itself with the task of securing
from the alumni a recognition of college needs. An institution
that cannot rally to its financial assistance the men who have
taken its degrees and whose diploma is their passport into the
world is in poor position to ask assistance from others. It is not
merely what the alumni give, it is the fact that they do give, that
is of supreme importance. Now, that is a truism; that is so evi-
dent that it does not need to be emphasized, save as it puts upon
you and upon your office an obligation. You are not merely to
secure assistance, but to secure universal assistance.

There is another field that alumni have been quite active in,
and that is the field of athletics. Alumni have been more active
there than perhaps in any other field. I presume that all of you
find it easier to interest your alumni in athletics than in any
other branch of college life.

Too frequently alumni, when they leave an institution and
get out into the world, forget the college point of view, the ed-
cational aspect of athletics, and become interested solely from
the sporting standpoint. You know, gentlemen, you surely know
that the history of college athletics for the past twenty years—
well, let us leave out the past ten years, and go back twenty
years—is not all creditable. You know very well that the activi-

ities of college alumni have not always been in keeping with the
spirit of college life. Too often men have been hired to play on
teams, and those men have generally had their wages paid by
alumni. I do not hesitate to say to you that this has been a dis-
graceful chapter in our educational history which we ought to
try to atone for. (Applause.) However, a better is coming, has
come, and I would therefore ask the alumni of all of our edu-
cational institutions to help the faculties and to help the students
and help the coaches maintain high ideals in athletics. In my
opinion, an institution cannot have a character any better than
the character that is manifested in its athletic department. An
institution that will permit the hiring of players cannot have
much abiding authority or any great influence over the lives of
its students. (Applause.)

I would indicate another field in which alumni have been
and still are very active and helpful, and that is in relation to
fraternities. The problem of college fraternities is a constant
one everywhere. Now, fraternities are more amenable to influ-
ences brought to bear on them by alumni than they are to the
influences brought to bear upon them by the faculty. And yet,
you know that not all alumni have considered that a real obliga-
tion. You know that sometimes the alumni have come back on
some great occasion, have taken possession of college houses, and
have mingled with student life and have themselves been guilty
of excesses and immoralities that would have severed their con-
nection with the institution if they had been undergraduates.
Now, those are facts, and those things ought not to be. Rather
should the alumni go to the chapter houses, talk to the boys,
meet with them occasionally, uphold them in their regulations,
and see that the general principles of life upon which fraternities
should operate are not violated. I regard that as a very high
obligation that college alumni owe to students now in college.

The last point that I shall notice is the obligation of alumni
toward the intellectual ideals of an institution. Now, one would
think that that ought to go without saying. I never heard of any
group of alumni who were antagonistic to college requirements and were unappreciative of student scholarship; but there is room for a great deal more intelligent interest than has ever been manifested. Let me cite as an example of what I regard as very intelligent interest—that Amherst report of some years ago, when the alumni of Amherst drew up a program for such a college as Amherst. Now, I do not say that everything in that program is right or should have been followed, but what I commend is the intelligent wrestling with that problem on the part of a large group of Amherst graduates. That was highly stimulating and very encouraging.

I have an idea, gentlemen, that in the years to come our institutions ought to be differentiated more, they ought to stand for some one thing. We have too slavishly followed each other. We have simply considered one institution to be just a little better, just a little bigger, and we have followed fashions, thus securing a uniformity that to my mind is not desirable. It seems that we are lacking in originality, and we deserve the reproach that we are academic. We do not seize our problems and work them out. Now, I look to the time when institutions will try to differentiate their work, when one institution may be known as a strictly classical college, when another institution will emphasize the relation of education to commercial life, and others emphasize other activities.

Now, gentlemen, these are the things that occur to me as some of the great tasks of alumni in future years, and these things must be done through your offices. I would have you take a wider view of your obligations than simply to act as agents for raising money or as a bureau to send out press notices for football contests. I would have you take as your ideal the possibility of so organizing the alumni that all of the best they have, the strongest influences they wield, may be exercised for the uplift of the institutions you represent. That to my mind is the new task for college secretaries. We are just beginning to realize the possibility of this situation. Colleges will give more authority and more funds to operate with if you meet your responsibilities in this matter. Those responsibilities, from my point of view, are very great. It was more than a joke when I said to a few of you who kindly called by my office this afternoon that the day was coming when the management of our institutions would not be in the hands of the president, but in the hands of the alumni secretary. The alumni office is now, and always ought to be, a throne of power. (Prolonged applause.)—The Vanderbilt Alumnus.