WOFFORD AND HER LOYAL SONS

"His Loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal."
—Milton.

Ye beacon-bearers of the sacred flame,
That caught from Wofford's torch its nascent fire,—
Ye loyal sons, fresh homage now proclaim,
And sing her virtues to the sweet-strung lyre!
What tho rare Avon's sonnet waft the note,
Be wing so white, that golden truth conveys,
Whereon her honors may not worthy float?
Or dulcet tongue too true to voice her praise?
And unto you, her mantled sons, who feel
Her spirit's throb, this charge hath ever been:
Go forth love-fraught to serve with faith and zeal;
Live God's own truth; and fashion God-like men.
No Croesus' pile for you, nor sculptured stone,
But guerdon rich and full in Heaven's "Well done."
Wm. G. Blake, '83.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY WOFFORD COLLEGE
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

OFFICERS OF ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, 1917-18

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First Vice-President—S. H. McGhee, '85 . . . . Greenwood, S. C.
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Secretary and Treasurer—A. G. Rembert, '84 . Spartanburg, S. C.
*Alumni Orator . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

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J. C. Rogers, '98 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Florence, S. C.
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(*) To be appointed later.

Wofford College Bulletin
ALUMNI ISSUE

Vol. II  JULY, 1917  No. 3

GREETINGS FROM PRESIDENT HERBERT

Dear Fellow Alumni:

By the revolution of the "Constitution Wheel" I find myself President of the Alumni Association. Every year for now twenty-seven years I have had a desire to be with "The Boys" at old Wofford again, but with one exception other duties have kept me elsewhere.

Last year I had the honor of being First Vice-President and this year, as I understand it, by virtue of the new constitution I come to the office of President. I assure you that I consider it no small honor to be the President over a body of men who hold a vast number of the most responsible places in South Carolina and many points out of the state. We do not yield the palm to any other college when we come to mark the prominent positions of the Sons of Wofford throughout the state. And as I remarked above many of her sons have reached places of peculiar power far beyond the borders of South Carolina.

To one and all of these as your President for 1917-18 I send most hearty greetings.

Not since the early history of our Alma Mater have we faced just such conditions as we are facing today. During the stormy days of 61-65, Wofford's history was a history of trial and struggle. But today we come into even more trying hours in some regards.

Shuler has accomplished what I consider a remarkable
success. In the face of the driving wind that always precedes the coming storm he drove right straight ahead. From every quarter of the state there came the deep determination, "We'll try it in spite of the War Clouds." And I repeat it, He and his hundreds of helpers have done royally, tho there is much to be accomplished before we can shout the final victory.

But in these few words of greeting I wish to call your attention to a grave danger which I see threatening not our Wofford only, but all the colleges of the land. All our young men from twenty-one to thirty-one have been called up to register. This takes in practically every boy that has gone out from Wofford in the last ten years including many of those who received their diplomas this year. Now many of these young men hold responsible positions all over our state in shop and office and counting room and farm. Now the danger that I see lies in this—that when these men are called to the colors many of them will be accepted and in the main those accepted will be the very choicest. Who now will be called upon to fill their places? Not the men from thirty-one to forty-one. But in many instances pressure will be brought to bear upon the young men from seventeen to twenty-one to turn away from their college career and fill these vacancies made by the boys gone to the front. If this were for one day only it might do, but who can tell the duration of the war? Should it be four years, then here will be scores and hundreds and doubtless thousands of young men who tomorrow must without a college training battle out life's difficulties, because they were urged to take these vacant places and postpone their education.

There may be cases where this will be a necessity, but let us as Alumni faithful to the coming generation and faithful to our Alma Mater watch this danger and as far as possible guard against it and undertake in spite of the conditions of 1917-1918 to to fill her class rooms again this fall. For when this war is over our young men just entering the busy life of a new world will need training, if possible, more than the men of today.

After writing the above I came across an article in The Literary Digest, headed, "Stick to the School Books." In this a reference to an article by Dr. P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education is made as follows:

Dr. Claxton points out the fact that 200,000 boys and girls will graduate from high school. Normally 90,000 of them would undertake some further course. These are the ones that are in danger of yielding to the constant temptation to drop out. Yet the next few years are the ones that will fix their intellectual habits and determine their place in the ranks of skilled or unskilled workers. The colleges, normal schools and technical schools will all be opened with diminished income from public funds and endowments, and the expense of their maintenance will continue. It is quite probable that many of the old students will not return next fall, and the higher classes will be smaller than usual. The graduates from the higher schools should see to it that the lower classes more than make up for this deficiency.

Surely these are no idle words coming from a man who holds a position of this nature. Note, however, that he speaks of public funds and endowments and keep in mind that while the public schools and colleges look to these for their maintenance, Wofford looks largely to her students. Let us therefore watch our opportunity and turn every boy possible toward the old college of our love. LONG LIVE WOFFORD.

In this year, therefore, when every passing breeze brings a cry for help and when on every hand there is ample opportunity to serve, I can wish you and myself no greater happiness than that each may have the eye to see his opportunity and the skill to meet it.

Yours truly,

THOS. G. HERBERT.

President of the Wofford College Alumni Association.
of the Bulletin to the number of fees paid, but to send a copy to all former students whose addresses could be found with any degree of probability, as well as to the ministers of the two supporting Conferences. Thus the last issue numbered twelve hundred.

Reference to the paragraph on Alumni Reorganization will show partially at least, the need of a larger balance to meet the demands of clerical work and postage.

**Report of Treasurer, June 30, 1917.***

To Certificate of Deposit Received from J. F. Brown, Treas. $101.83
To interest on above ........................................ 12.20
To 132 Annual fees for 1916 ................................ 264.00
To 98 Annual fees for 1917 .................................. 196.00
To Annual fees for 1918 paid in advance .................. 1.60

Total .................................................... $ 575.53

By Bulletin, issue of January, 1916 ......................... $ 42.74
By Bulletin, issue of July, 1916 ............................. 76.36
By Bulletin, issue of October, 1916 ......................... 81.19
By Bulletin, issue of January, 1917 ......................... 119.31
By Alumni Medal, June, 1916 ............................... 10.00
By printing, sundries, etc. ................................. 33.33

Total .................................................... $ 363.93

Balance in First National Bank ......................... 111.60
Certificate of Deposit in Savings Bank ................ 100.00

$ 575.53

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**1917 Annual Fees Paid.***

- Ashill, E. L.
- Bailey, H. W.
- Herbert, C. C.
- McLeod, T. G.
- Moss, A. H.
- Pegues, A. S.
- Willis, W. E.
- Wannamaker, J. E.
- Ackerman, H. W.
- Daniel, R. L.
- Walker, W. L.
- Watson, W. W.
- Dagnall, A. H.
- DuPre, A. M.
- Gambrell, G. C.
- Hodges, S. C.
- Humbert, J. B.
- McGhee, S. H.
- Woods, M. C.
- Law, A. M.
- Lettner, C. C.
- Sessions, F. W.
- Connor, W. M., Jr.
- Culler, E. L.
- Newton, R. C.
- Smith, M. L.
- Walker, H. A. C.
- Walker, J. R.
- Hardin, L. L.
- Lander, E. M.
- Rogers, C. P.
- Eldson, H. G.
- Wannamaker, Miss May
- Williams, J. R.
- Strother, Dave C.
- McIntyre, J. A.
- Betts, A. D.
- Brabham, M. W.
- Lawton, R. O.
- Stockton, J. P.
- Roberts, W. D.
- Dukes, P. M.
- Watson, J. C.
- Dukes, J. L.
- McKewen, G. R.
- Rogers, W. E.
- Steadman, J. M.
- Beets, D. L.
- Beach, G. A.
- Horger, E. L.
- Wannamaker, D. F.
- Miser, W. J.
- Prince, J. L.
- Wannamaker, J. E. Jr.
Alumni Reorganization

Alumni Reorganization

The unusual attendance and the fine spirit of the last two Alumni gatherings bear unmistakable witness to the advantage of the effort to secure a more compact organization of our Alumni Association. The spirit indeed has always been present. There is need merely for the opening up of more definite and regular channels of expression to make the full force of its influence felt.

It has been thought that the quickest and surest way to secure compactness of organization is (1) by class organization; (2) by County organization; (3) by local organization in communities where there are several Wofford men.

Of these class organization seems relatively the most important, certainly the most readily secured. The first step in this direction will be the appointment of a permanent class Secretary and Treasurer. The new constitution authorizes the Alumni Secretary and Treasurer to make such appointment. But he has thought best to work through a class committee and to this end a letter is now being issued to the classes that have held their reunions as provided for in the new constitution.

The last commencement was the reunion year of the classes ending in 2 and 7 and of the classes of 14 and 16. The names of those present at the banquet are given elsewhere. In addition to these there were on the campus during commencement many former students who were unable to attend the annual meeting and banquet.

The commencement for 1918 will be the reunion year for the classes ending in 3 and 8, together with the classes of 1915 and 1917.
interests or Wofford men will find grateful and ready response among hundreds of former Wofford students. It is to be hoped that the truth and sincerity of the foregoing words will lift them above the plane of the commonplace and impel many to the early active support of The Bulletin.

To Our Boys in Training

It was an impressive experience at the last Alumni banquet when Capt. J. B. Humbert, '60, responding to the toast of the "Young Men of Old Wofford" was immediately followed by Thomas H. Glenn, '17, answering to the toast of "Sixty Seven Years After"---representative of the best type of the spirit of Wofford in its fruition in character and high service, followed by the best type of that spirit in its sincere aspiration for a like fruition in the coming years. It was the veteran of a great war that in God's providence resulted in the lasting peace and unity of a great nation offering the concrete example of the patriotism that has made the heroic sacrifice of self to the representative of the generation who with like purpose of self-sacrifice are entering another war which we pray may in God's providence result in the lasting peace and unity of all nations. It was the Old Wofford---if that may be called old which in thought and deed bears witness to the abiding presence of an eternal spirit---passing on its sacred mantel of high ideals and earnest service to the young Wofford---if that may be called young, which throbs to the impulses of the same undying spirit.

As in the Wofford of the early sixties so in the Wofford of today, all whom their country calls are ready, aye, eager, to respond to the highest service—that wherein the giver goes with the gift. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. This type of service then in a very true sense these men of Wofford in training at Oglethorpe and elsewhere are even now rendering——thus winning for themselves and reflecting upon their college a share in the honor and more than human glory which ever inform and crown the cause that has for its object the assertion of individual worth and the safeguarding of human liberty.

To these young men of Wofford who face unflinching a supreme duty, the undying spirit of the Old Wofford and the whole body of living Alumni do herewith express the "well done" of grateful pride in them and do send the greeting of a deep and abiding affection. In the spirit of reverence it may be added, in earnest admonition to each and every one of you: Only be thou strong and very courageous that thou mayest observe to do according to the Law; turn not from it to the right hand or to the left that thou mayest do wisely whithersoever thou goest. Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee.

THE COMMENCEMENT, 1917.

The 1917 Wofford Commencement was a successful one in every respect, and was fully up to the high standards already set by the College. It began with the annual debate between the Carlisle, Preston, and Calhoun Literary Societies, Friday evening, June 1st. The debate was followed by the conferring of medals and honors for the various student activities and the delivery of the Society diplomas to the outgoing class, closing with an hour's social enjoyment in the reading room of the Whitefoord Smith Library.

Saturday was a pretty full day. The morning was given to the reunions of the Alumni of various classes, many having come back "home" to renew old loyalties and friendships. In particular the class of 1892 came back to celebrate their 25th anniversary, and 17 out of the 26 living members sat down to dinner at the Cleveland Hotel as the guests of Dr. C. B. Waller. They lived over the other days in happy fashion, and decided that, taking them all in all, they were about the best class ever sent out by Wofford. Not a single member of the class disputed this proposition,
nor did anyone even outside the class deny them their generous gift of a handsome granite and metal gate for the main entrance to the college grounds, to be set up as a memorial of their 25th anniversary and as an expression of appreciation of what their Alma Mater meant to them.

The presence of this class in such large numbers was a source of great gratification, and looking them over to take the measure of the growth of their manhood after twenty-five years, their Alma Mater was proud, not ashamed.

From 5 to 6 o'clock in the afternoon, the class of 1917 held its last meeting as a class on the lawn in front of the Main Building. There under the shade of the old trees, in the presence of many friends, the class, resolving itself into "the Board of Trustees," settled before leaving some important affairs of the college, and then with pledges of loyalty to their Alma Mater, even though they might be absent from her, they turned over to the class of 1916 the duties of college leadership the coming year.

From six to seven, in the Smith Library, the Faculty and their wives received the relatives and friends of the graduating class, Alumni and visitors, and an hour was spent in pleasant, informal fellowship. It should be said that this bringing together socially of the Wofford Commencement visitors is becoming one of the significant features of the Commencement.

The Alumni banquet at 8:30 in Carlisle Hall was a happy and inspiring occasion. The Hon. E. L. Asbill of the class of '92, was the annual orator, and he delivered a thoughtful, suggestive address on "The Obligations of the College Graduate to the Social, Religious, and Political Issues of the Day." The high moral idealism of Mr. Asbill's address was of the nature of a worthy interpretation of the traditions and standards of his Alma Mater. Representatives of the following classes sat together at the banquet table:

1890—Wofford, C. P.
1891—Collins, J.
1892—Martin, J. C.
1893—Jones, W. A.
1894—Wright, T. F.
1895—Kirkland, W. C.
1896—Bomar, H. L.
1897—Wallace, D. D.
1898—DuPre, A. M.
1899—Humbert, Jno. B., Jr.
1900—Shuler, F. H.
1901—Law, A. M.
1902—Connor, W. M.
1903—Smith, J. C.
1904—Smith, W. M.
1905—Cannon, Gabriel
1906—Major, J. R. T.
1907—Hall, E. H.
1908—Shockey, H. M.
1909—Brown, B. H.
1910—Cunningham, J. H.
1911—Colman, W. W.
1912—Stuckey, R. C.
1913—Cunningham, J. C.
1914—Holman, W. W.
1915—Wofford, C. P.
1916—Covington, J. C., Jr.
1917—Davis, H. M.
1918—McClimon, J. S.
1919—Palmer, G. W.
1920—Anderson, E. M.
1921—Bagwell, S. R.
1922—Bostick, F. J.
1923—Burnett, J. J., Jr.
1924—Burgess, R. B.
1925—Cooley, J. W.
1926—Davis, G. L.
1927—Dantzler, F. N.
1928—Dantzler, M. O.
1929—Earle, T. M.
1930—Garrison, E. K.
1931—Glenn, T. H.
They constituted a strikingly impressive record of the history of Wofford and of its contribution to the best life of this Commonwealth—a group of citizens, representing every walk and activity of life, differing, therefore, widely in the fields of their labor, yet bound together in a unity of spirit, the Wofford spirit, that pledged them to clean living and high service. The chief interest of the occasion naturally centered around three classes—the class of 1860, represented by Capt. J. B. Humbert; the class of '92, celebrating its 25th anniversary, represented by Hon. T. G. McLeod; and the class of 1917, represented by T. H. Glenn. Somehow each of these speakers, coming out of widely separated periods in the history of Wofford and thinking from greatly differing experiences, talked in a language understood of all Wofford men because in it was voiced the abiding spirit of their Alma Mater. When '60, '92, and '17 spoke out of the changing years and differing conditions, they revealed something which neither the flying years nor the shifting conditions could change—a sense of duty in all the relationships of life, a high moral idealism, and the obligations of service. In this they were but stating afresh for a new dedication what all Wofford men recognize as the lasting spiritual element in the meaning of their Alma Mater to them and to the State.

Sunday morning Bishop Warren A. Candler preached the Commencement sermon before an immense audience in Central Church. From every standard of measurement it was real preaching—broad in range, deep in its searching analysis of general and personal problems, impressive in the steady march of its logic, and moving in its appeal. Based upon the Temptation in the Wilderness, it was an unforgettable interpretation of the supremacy of spiritual power.

Monday morning, beginning at 10:30 in the College Chapel, sixty-five diplomas and two certificates were given, sixty students receiving the degree of A. B. and five the degree of M. A. The degree of Litt. D. was conferred upon Professor William Hane Wannamaker of the class of '95 and Professor of German in Trinity College, and the degree of D. D. upon Rev. Charles C. Jarrell, Commissioner of Education of Emory University. Six representatives of the graduating class made speeches of unusually fine quality, and Bishop William Fraser McDowell of Washington, D. C., delivered the Commencement Address. Bishop McDowell’s subject was “Leadership,” and it was handled in a strikingly impressive way. For sheer charm of manner, strength of appeal, the intimacy with which he touched the finer impulses of his audience, its vision and insight, this address has not been surpassed upon the Wofford platform.

With President Snyder’s announcement of “Business as Usual” for the coming session of 1917-18, the session of 1916-17 came to a happy and successful conclusion. The years have brought to Wofford many rich and great experiences. In fact no year has been without them, and they give promise that the future will have even more, for the meaning of Wofford, as summed up in its Commencement, is coming more and more to be understood by the people of the Church and the State, and with this understanding, they are sure to cooperate in the continued advancement of the interests of the College.
HERE AND THERE WITH WOFFORD MEN

IN MEMORIAM

MAJ. W. L. GLAZE, Class of '76

Died Feb. 25, 1917

(Note.—Continuing the roll of Wofford’s earlier classes, that of the class of ’58 is here given. The address given is, first, that on entrance, followed where alumnus is yet living, by present address, if known. For much of the information thanks are due to Dr. Samuel Weber of ’59. Any further information would be appreciated.)

1858—H. Baer.—This is the able and widely known Dr. Hermann Baer of Charleston, S. C., who in so marked a degree united success in business with unfailing interest in matters of a wide and varied scholarship. For many years and up to the time of his death he was a member of the Board of Trustees and a regular commencement visitor. He came from Germany and at the time of taking his degree was an instructor in the Preparatory Department of the College.

T. F. Barton, Orangeburg, S. C.—Lived and died in his native county—“an excellent and modest gentleman.” The following remark is found in the record kept by Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle: “Graduated in first grade of scholarship. Admitted on trial in S. C. Conference, Dec. 2, 1859, at its session in Greenville. Left ministry in first year without charge against his character.”

W. M. Cummings, Ridgeville, S. C.—“A local preacher at Ridgeville for a number of years.” The following from the College record: “Graduated with the second honor of his class. Admitted to Bar January, 1860.”

W. W. Duncan, Spartanburg, S. C.—Entered from Randolph-Macon College, Va. Son of Prof. David Duncan. Subsequently member of Virginia Conference. Professor and agent of Wofford College and Bishop of M. E. Church, South. Died March, 1908.

James C. Hardin, Cedar Shoals, Chester Dist., S. C.—The following from College record—“Entered Sophomore Class, January ’55, but in few days requested to take Freshman class which was granted. Graduated dividing First Honor with A. W. Moore.”


T. A. Harris, Lowndesville, S. C.—A local preacher and teacher in Georgia.

W. H. Heath.—Died in Freshmen year.


J. A. McDowell.—Left at end of Sophomore year.

A. W. Moore, Jackson, Butts Co., Ga.—Entered in Junior year from Emory College, Ga. Shared in First Honor with J. C. Hardin. Admitted to S. C. Conference, December, 1858. His subsequent long and striking career as preacher, editor and occasional lecturer is too well known for need of comment here.

J. A. Moore, Spartanburg, S. C.—Died in battle.
R. B. Tarrant, Greenwood, S. C., now of Springfield, S. C.—For some years member of S. C. Conference. Now a Lutheran minister. The only living member of his class and therefore the oldest living graduate of Wofford College. We hope to have a letter from him in the October issue of The Bulletin.

1860—Of the few surviving graduates of the years before the war, Capt. J. B. Humbert of this class was the only one able to be with the Alumni at their annual meeting. With a personality radiating the grace of a strong life nobly and successfully lived, this young man of old Wofford worthily represents the best type of Wofford's spirit and achievement. His presence and words were a notable feature of the Alumni gathering and will long live in the grateful memory of those who were present.

1861—P. C. Johnston, who taught school for many years in Texas is now the efficient Clerk of Court for Dorchester County. C. L. McCeartha is connected with the State Normal School at Troy, Ala.

1862—There was no graduation class this year, but in a talk with Col. D. P. Duncan, who was a member of this class, we learn that there are at least three yet living, all in Union County.

1871—J. Wash Boyd of this class visited the campus last March for the first time since 1874. He is a lawyer of St. Joseph, Mo.

1872—Those who know Charlie David personally or by reputation will be glad to read his paper in this issue of The Bulletin and in so doing will “ask for more.”

L. B. Haynes, long a well known teacher in this State and now professor in Meridian College, Miss., deserves and receives the thanks of his fellow-Alumni for coming so far to attend the reunion of his class.

1876—Maj. W. L. Glaze, who died in Orangeburg on February 25, at the age of 63, was one of the foremost Wofford men in the State. In church, in State, in his profession of the Law, in varied directions of service he was a trusted and efficient leader.

1891—K. D. Senn has for some years been superintendent of the school at Mullins, S. C.

1892—This class celebrated this year its twenty-fifth anniversary. The following account of a banquet given in its honor is clipped from The Spartanburg Herald:

“A reunion of the class of '92 of Wofford College was held at the Cleveland hotel Friday evening, and a banquet was served the guests by Dr. C. B. Waller, of that class, who is professor of chemistry at Wofford. This is the twenty-fifth year since the graduation of the class of '92 and is the regular year for that class to have a ‘home coming.’

“Twenty-nine men graduated from this class, and of that number 16 were present at the banquet tendered by Dr. Waller. Three members of the class are dead, leaving a total of 26, 10 of whom could not get here this year.

“Those attending the banquet Friday evening were: E. L. Asbill, of Leesville; E. M. Bearden, of Asheville; H. W. Fair, of Columbia; Rev. R. C. Boulware, of Campobello; T. F. Wright, of Greenwood; W. D. Dent, of Lexington; W. E. Willis, of Cottageville; Rev. C. C. Herbert, of Chester; A. H. Moss, of Orangeburg; J. M. Moss of Walhalla; Dr. Carl V. Reynolds, of Asheville; Dr. John C. Harper, of Greenwood; J. C. Covington, of Clio; T. G. McLeod, of Bishopville, and Dr. C. B. Waller, of Spartanburg.
“The old Wofford men assembling here again after 25 years seemed to be having an enjoyable time, and they declared that the banquet was the happiest they had known, and that a delightful time was had, and a happy reunion. Dr. Waller was highly praised by his old classmates for the interest he had taken in the reunion and the work he is doing as a man.

“Among the class of ‘92 are several eminent men. Dr. C. V. Reynolds, of Asheville, is one of the most noted specialists in the South, and Dr. J. C. Harper, of Greenwood, is also noted. The others are all doing good work wherever they are, and the class boasts that it is ‘the class of no black sheep.’”

1893---Thornwell Haynes has recently resigned the presidency of Birmingham College to reenter the U. S. Consular Service in which service before taking up the work of teaching he served as consul in France and China and as consul general at Singapore.

1894---W. W. Watson has developed at “Pecanwood,” Orangeburg, S. C., a large and successful nursery for pecan trees. His ability and energy have won for him a position of authority in this profitable and growing industry.

1897---Judge William M. Connor, U. S. Judge of Catbalogan, Philippine Islands, is spending a part of his leave of absence with his parents in Spartanburg. It is a pleasure to note that the exacting duties of a judicial office have not detracted from the brightness of the smile and the personal charm so well remembered in the college boy.

1898---D. T. Kinard, long the principal of Dillon Schools, has given up teaching and returned to his farm near Ninety-Six. Successful both as teacher and superintendent, Mr. Kinard made a distinctive contribution to present day education in our schools in the direction of industrial and vocational training. He was for several years a member from his district of the State Board of Education.

1900---E. H. Hall, member of the lower house of the present legislature, has returned to the profession of teaching which for so many years he so successfully followed. To the college boys of his day he is doubtless best remembered as yoke mate with Faysoux DuPre—-the two phenomenal pitchers in Wofford’s most noted baseball team.

H. T. Shockley, principal of Hastoc School of Spartanburg, has been elected president of the S. C. High School Oratorical and Athletic Association succeeding in that position D. T. Kinard of ‘98.

1904---W. C. Herbert, long superintendent of school at Timmonsville, was elected superintendent of the Bennettsville Schools.

1905---A. D. Betts. His selection to succeed Dr. George Williams Walker (Wofford ’69) to this unusually responsible and important place of leadership is a deserved tribute to his training ability, and consecration and meets the approval of those who know him. The following are significant facts in his life: Born May 28, 1882, at Shiloh, Sumter County, S. C. Son and grandson of Methodist ministers. Graduated at Wofford June 13th, 1905, with A. B. degree. Received Master of Arts degree from the hands of Woodrow Wilson at Princeton University in 1907. Graduated from the Princeton Theological Seminary in 1908. Married September 14th, 1908, Miss Katherine E. Budd of Eatontown, N. J. Received Bachelor of Divinity degree from Drew Theological Seminary in 1909. Licensed to preach at Laurens, S. C. by the Spartanburg District Conference May 13th, 1905. Served as student supply in the New Jersey Conference: Eatontown and Trinity Falls two years; assistant pastor Princeton Methodist Church one year. Returning South sup-
plied as pastor in 1909 Limestone Street Church, Gaffney, S. C. 1910, pastor South Union Circuit; 1911-14, pastor Conway Station; 1915-17, pastor at Clio, S. C. On April 25th, 1917, was elected president of Paine College, Augusta, Ga.

W. D. Roberts, after a year's recreation (?) on the farm returned this year to his old position as superintendent of the Clio School. The writer attended the commencement of this school in May. He was especially impressed with the highly creditable character of the exercises, with the marked respect and love of the school for the superintendent and with the outspoken confidence expressed by many of the leaders of the community in his judgment, ability and character. One of our best communities has found one of our best teachers.

1907---J. B. Koon, for years superintendent of the School of Holly Hill, has been elected superintendent of the school at Allendale.

1911---T. E. Crane, for some years superintendent of the School at Allendale; has been elected superintendent of the Beaufort Schools.

1912---R. E. Moody, who is teaching at McCormick, was recently elected an officer in the Teachers' Association of McCormick County. R. W. Wilkes, for some years a member of the Class of '12, was recently elected president of the Teachers' Association of Chester County.

1914---Vernon Padgett, recently on the Mexican border with the Charleston Light Dragoons, has been appointed on examination a second lieutenant in the United States Army.

1915---J. Y. LeGette is principal of a large school at Fort Lawn. A new school building is being erected to cost $7,000.

Note. It is gratifying to note how many Wofford men are engaged in the high service of teaching, and with what success they are meeting the important and exacting duties of their profession. At no distant date The Bulletin hopes to take up a treatment of Wofford and the teaching profession.

LETTER FROM OGLETHORPE

Company 3, Training, Military Branch.

Chattanooga, Tenn., June 20, 1917.

Dear Professor Rembert:

We are working under a very heavy schedule and have little time for writing, but in response to a request, I shall write a few notes about the officers' training camp.

There are sixty-seven Wofford men in camp. This we consider a splendid representation for a college that has never taught military tactics before this year. The call came for men and we are proud of the response the Wofford men made.

We have organized a Wofford Club here with the following officers: A. A. Manning, President; J. L. Glenn, Jr., Vice-President and L. C. Wannamaker, Secretary and Treasurer.

The first five weeks of the course were very strenuous and many men were eliminated. Some were eliminated because they failed to pass the critical physical examination each man was given last week and others because the officers in authority considered them incapable of becoming efficient officers in the great army America is to have.

We are proud to have with us here a Wofford man who came all the way from Belgium in order to prepare himself for service in the American army. I refer to J. Lyles Glenn, Jr., who was a Rhodes scholar.

The first five weeks were given to a careful study and practice of the close order drill and the manual of the bayonet. We had regular practice marches with our packs each week.

Last Thursday the first term of the course ended and
a reorganization of the camp began on Friday. The candidates were assigned to different branches of the service. Wofford is well represented in every branch. A number of Wofford men have gone to Fortress Monroe, Va., where they will receive special instruction in coast artillery work. The field artillery, cavalry and infantry are to remain here.

We no longer have to read The Literary Digest to learn how war trenches are dug. Those of us who are in the infantry are having practical experience in trench digging. My company was detailed for trench digging today and it is very fresh in my mind. We are digging trenches exactly like the trenches being used in Europe now and when these trenches are completed we are to have sham battles.

We are not doing a lot of close order drill, but we are studying and practicing all phases of military tactics. We go on patrol duty, attack the "enemy" and make bayonet charges.

The daily schedule is as follows:
5:15 A. M.—Reveille.
5:30—Physical exercises.
6:00—Breakfast.
7:00-11:45—Drill and field work.
12:00—Dinner.
1:00—4:15 P. M.—Drill and Field Work.
5:30—Supper.
7:00-8:30—Lectures and individual study.

The above schedule keeps us very busy and the men are working splendidly. The competition is very keen and it is increasing as the time for the issuing of commissions approaches.

With kindest regards and best wishes. I am,
Yours sincerely,

GEO. W. WANNAMAKER, JR.
the spell-binder, South Carolina was then in the throes of carpet-bag rule; everything was unsettled, debts included; land values had dwindled to nothing; business of all kinds was at a standstill, and the upshot of the whole matter was, that the people had less and owed more than ever before.

So it was little wonder that the boys off at school and college had precious little spending money. Three members of the class were preparing themselves for the Methodist ministry, and that fact automatically eliminated them from the crowd in which Croesus was supposed to have moved; the remaining fifteen, with possibly one or two exceptions, were from families in very ordinary circumstances of life.

The Recording Angel is probably the only one who knows of all the sacrifices made by the folks at home, in order that some members of this class might have the benefit of four years at college. If the writer's memory is not at fault, Barnwell Rhett Turnipseed, a big-hearted, near-sighted fellow, used to have money oftener, and in larger quantities, than anyone else. It seemed that he had some sort of an arrangement with a grandfather of his to send him so much at stated intervals. Consequently, "Old Turnip" was a sort of a banker for some of his friends who were always short. He was as generous with his money, as if it had belonged to some one else; and was never known to refuse a loan ---and without interest too, he was always too thankful to get back the principal. If it had not been for Turnipseed, and that grandfather of his, it is doubtful if some members of the class could have kept on speaking terms with their wash-ladies. This was all before the days of soda-fountains and soft drinks, and when a fellow "heard from home." pecuniarily speaking, about all he could do was to buy a bottle of pickles, and set his chums up to a cucumber. Living was cheap in those days; paper collars cost only ten cents for a box of ten, and as they were reversible, the cost was considerably lowered.

Instead of a new overcoat each Fall, the students just changed the style of wearing the same old shawl, and went on as before. These shawls were draped toga-fashion from the shoulder by day, and by night they did their duty as a blanket. Except on Prayer meeting night, there was absolutely nothing doing in Spartanburg, no movies, no lyceum lectures, no "votes for women" parades, and even the drug stores did not stay open. So all the choice a student had, was to study for the next day, go to bed, or go to see the girls. It would not take a witch to guess which one of the three was the most popular. To this day, the writer could never figure out, how the Spartanburg girls managed to get sleep enough to retain the good looks for which they were famous. In those days, the town was perfectly content to attend to whatever had to be attended to during the daylight hours, and when night came the town shut up and went to bed. The morals of the community were looked after by one lone policeman---Henry Alley, by name. This over-worked representative of law and order, was chief, sergeant, corporal and roundsman. The only difference between officer Alley and any private citizen was that Alley slept in the daytime, and the other at night. Church street was not the well lighted one that it is today; an oil lamp on a post that was once green, stood near the Methodist church, and its nearest neighbor loafed at the corner of Main and Church, partly in front of the old Palmetto House. Sometimes these kerosene lamps were lighted, and sometimes they were not, but that made not the slightest difference to the prowlers of the night, as people were expected to remember where the mud-holes on the sidewalk were located, and not to depend on street lights. Spartanburg may not have been on the map in those days, but she certainly was on the "blink." The unlighted streets of the town, recalls an incident that came near ending in a tragedy. The writer had been appointed a committee to furnish stove-wood for a banquet to be given by a certain secret society, in the loft over a wagon shop on Magnolia Street. Gath-
ering an armful of wood, ready cut, from the kitchen of his landlady, he proceeded down Church street to Archer's corner, where he turned down a dark alley leading into Magnolia. There was no moon, and the lightning bugs had gone on a strike, and as luck would have it, the lamp in front of the church, two blocks away, was not burning. It also happened that Mr. Archer's cow was taking the open-air treatment, and was asleep on the sidewalk. The committee on stove-wood walked straight up that reclining cow, from the rear, and as she arose with a snort, the wood was pretty evenly distributed over that particular ward and the committee could never convince the crowd waiting in the loft, that he had ever started with the wood. Speaking of dark nights, another adventure that reflects little credit on the participant might be mentioned. This Freshman of a few months, was at the time violently in love with a certain angel in human form, whose one failing was a passionate yearning for flowers, hyacinths in particular. The party of the first part did want so much to give her hyacinths---yes, just loads and loads of them; but he did not have a single copper to his name, and besides, he owed the Preston Society a whole dollar, fines imposed for non-speaking on debate; even if he had had the money, the nearest florist did business in Augusta, Ga. Happening to pass the Thompson place on upper Main street, he saw row after row of hyacinths bordering the walk, just daring some one to pick and enjoy them! And they were beauties---some were the dreamy pink of ocean shells---some were as purely white as Easter lilies---and others were lilac like the color the wisteria wears. That night this lovesick youth, and his chummiest chum, wandered up North Main street, until a subtle fragrance in the night air told them where to stop. They planned that one should gather the flowers, while the other waited and watched at the gate. Now it happened that policeman Alley noticed these two young outlaws, and noted the furtiveness of their movements, so he followed along, just as a matter of course. The watcher at the gate recognized the tramp of authority as the marshal drew near, and he silently stole away, leaving his companion placidly plucking hyacinths. The minion of the law silently halted at the gate, and waited developments. Things immediately developed, when the student in the yard tiptoed down the walk, and as he handed his fragrant loot to Alley, whispered, "Will these be enough?" Mr. Alley said he "thought it would." As he took the flowers in one hand, the other hand gripped the young man's collar. After many threats, and much fatherly advice, the student was allowed to go, but not until he had carried the ravished flowers, and placed them on the piazza of the owner. It is strange how you can't forget some things, isn't it?

REV. WHITEFOORD SMITH, D. D.

(By Dr. Charles Forster Smith, '72
University of Wisconsin.)

Dr. Whitefoord Smith was the first member of the Wofford faculty I ever met. I was to enter Wofford in October, 1868, and my father took me up to the Commencement in July preceding. We had driven across country from our home in Abbeville County, and as we were unhitching the horse near the college building, Dr. Smith came out to greet my father. I was introduced as a prospective Freshman, and so received from him my first welcome to Wofford College; from that day till his death, twenty-five years later, the Doctor was my friend. He was then about fifty-five years old, and little past the zenith of his power.

In October I entered the Freshman class, and that year was under the Doctor in Quackenbos' Composition.
From that little book, under the Doctor’s guidance, we got considerable help in learning to write, though doubtless it would have been better if we had put the printed rules we learned into more constant use in writing to be corrected and improved by the Doctor. But Freshman compositions are not apt to be especially interesting reading, and as the Doctor had no assistant to help him read our papers, it was not strange if he spared himself here. It was the practice then for all students, at least of the three lower classes, to declaim, two each afternoon, from the college rostrum at the close of prayers. Here we came in contact with the doctor at his best. He was a real pulpit orator, a fine declamer, and gave us, from Freshmen up, very fine instruction, both by his own declamation setting us an example to be followed, and by correcting our own halting attempts. To this day my judgment approves heartily his instruction in elocution. It was a pleasure and an inspiration to hear the Doctor declaim a fine piece of prose or poetry, and such phrases as Homer’s “poluphloisboio thalasses” as he rolled them out, still ring in my ears. He was patient but exacting in his demands, and spared himself no pains for our improvement. Was it any wonder if students’ efforts were sometimes felt as a burden? I recall a letter he wrote me the year after graduation, saying, “I am now through with my spring trouble, the Senior speeches.”

In later years of the course he was our instructor in rhetoric, English literature, logic, Paley’s “Evidences of Christianity” and Kame’s “Elements of Criticism.” Blair’s Rhetoric was, on the whole, perhaps not a great favorite with Sophomores, and was one of the hardest of our weekly tasks; but in rhetoric the Doctor was completely at home, and there was probably little work in the whole college course that was better done. The course in logic was too short to accomplish very much; but supplemented as it was by weekly debating in the literary societies, it was by no means time wasted. I am unable after so long an interval to estimate how much Paley did for us. My recollection of the arguments and evidences is still somewhat more vivid than of most of my text books, though I have not seen the book since my Senior year. For Kame’s “Elements of Criticism” I fancy I was then too immature to profit by it in the highest degree. The Doctor’s treatment of English literature, was, I think, inadequate. It was a sort of general survey of the earlier periods of the literature which we took down at the Doctor’s dictation, i. e., a skeleton outline of the best authors and their chief works, with a short summary judgment of values. Such a skeleton outline might have served admirably for filling in if we had been required to read widely for ourselves. But this was not required nor expected of us. Contemporary English literature, for example Tennyson or Browning, Newman or Ruskin, was not touched at all, and we did not come down even to Wordsworth and Shelley and Keats. American literature was not treated at all. I cannot see that this course has ever affected or influenced my knowledge of English literature.

There was at the time no college library to supplement the Doctor’s instruction. The so-called library occupied at that time only a single room—that to the right of the chapel entrance on the second floor—and there was little in it except congressional reports and a few old volumes of antiquarian interest. It was never opened to students, and probably only annual debaters ever worked there, I remember working there with “Niles’ Register,” and some other similar publications, on my annual debate. The students were not averse to reading, but had to depend entirely upon the libraries of the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies. These were much used. When I entered college some of the upper classmen started a laudable movement to stimulate reading in current literature, forming a reading society with a small fee for the purchase of current periodicals. The magazines were left in the room of John Woods and Ed. Patridge—right wing, third floor.
front (left), and Partridge acted as librarian, I think. Lewis Cannon was one of the chief movers in this, and one of the most assiduous readers. But this reading circle continued only a year or two.

But I am getting away from the Doctor. He was at this time a rather striking figure. He wore in cool weather a cloak—such as that worn by John C. Calhoun in his portraits and statues—and it was very becoming to him. It made him appear taller—he was of medium height—and his gait seemed to conform naturally to its soft folds. His brown wig made him appear a bit younger than was quite natural, but the combination of this with his blue eyes and good complexion and expressive features made a fine impression—that of a dignified, handsome man. At least the Doctor always seemed handsome when he preached. He appeared in the pulpit always, even in the morning, in the old-fashioned swallow tail dress coat. It seemed right for him to dress up in his best for the pulpit, for this was his throne of power. He read hymns as nobody else could, the scripture lesson in his utterance was impressive, and when he got fully under way in his discourse one felt there was a master at least so far as form went. His prayers, though eloquent, were long. I remember a Freshman from Florida by my side one Sunday morning ejaculated from his tired knees, "Lord, will he never stop?" I do not know whether the Doctor had any tricks of oratory or not. There was a story that once in Columbia, when with fervent gesture he knocked the big Bible from the cushion to the floor, William C. Preston congratulated him on the effect. It may have been the first sermon I ever heard him preach at Cokesbury—when apostrophizing the aged Jacob, he said with great dramatic effect, "Go to your couch, old man!" He had succeeded somehow in bringing the Hebrew patriarch vividly before the eyes of his congregation, so that the scene and the phrase abide with me. I doubt if the Methodist Church in South Carolina ever had a more consummate master of all the outward forms of pulpit oratory.

I was four years a pupil of the Doctor's—1868-72—and four years his colleague in the faculty—1875-79. Naturally my recollections from the latter period are not so vivid as they are from the former. In my student days the Doctor's barouche and bay horse—"old Baldy," we called him—were as well known as the Doctor himself. "Old Baldy" was not a fast horse, and old Woffordites of the time will remember the witticism attributed to Professor Duncan. He was on his way down town, at a gait more like a fox-trot than a walk, when the Doctor stopped and called to him. "Get in, Professor Duncan." "Thank you, Doctor, I'm in a hurry," said the genial Scotch-Irishman.

In my professorial period the bay had been replaced by an old gray, and I remember the Doctor entertained the faculty—"it was more of an entertainment than he was perhaps aware—"with an account of a recent illness of old gray's; and how it upset the gravity even of Dr. Carlisle when the doctor told how in his quandary he had called in Zach Whiteside—then a Sophomore or Junior—because Zach had had a mule of his team die a short time ago. To this day I recall the pleasure a written account of that faculty-meeting gave to Dr. DuPre, who had gone to Virginia to be president of Martha Washington College.

But if the good Doctor had his idiosyncracies, which were accented with the years, peculiarities which even students laughed at, everybody recognized in him "a gentleman of the old school"; a professor with an over-supply of troublesome nerves and somewhat given to coddling himself; but conscientious and guided by a high sense of duty, a man of real culture, and a most wholesome influence in a college community. To all that I might say in commendation of the good old Doctor, I am sure every Wofford student that knew him would give most hearty approval. Perhaps the old Wofford faculty were not great scholars, but they were
a set of gentlemen of the highest character; and one of the chief of these noble gentlemen was Dr. Whitefoord Smith.

WOFFORD CAMPUS SIXTY YEARS AGO

(By Mrs. Alice A. Wallace.)

In 1854 Wofford College opened its doors to the world.

In speaking of the five notable men who composed the first faculty, I shall take them in the order of their houses as they stood in a semi-circle reaching to and beyond the college. The President's house was the brick, three-story building.

The first president, Dr. (afterwards Bishop) William M. Wightman, was an accomplished scholar, close student and a magnificent preacher. The chief impression of him made on my youthful mind was of moral and intellectual strength. Like a great rock he stood immovable for truth and righteousness.

Dr. Wightman resigned from Wofford in 1859, to become president of the college at Greensboro, Ala. This first break in the campus circle was lamented by all.

Professor David Duncan, head of the chair of Ancient Languages, lived next door, placed there, as Dr. Carlisle told me, by the request of Dr. Wightman, on account of the long acquaintance and intimacy of the two families, formed when Dr. Wightman and Professor Duncan were brother professors at Randolph Macon college. Prof. Duncan was born 1791 in the north of Ireland of Scotch Presbyterian ancestry, was educated at the University of Glasgow and came to the United States in 1817. He presided over a classical school in Norfolk, Va., for nearly twenty years, and was called to the chair of Ancient Languages in Randolph Macon college when that institution was founded, in 1836.

When Wofford College was founded, in 1854, he was called to the same chair in that institution, where he spent the remainder of his long life, in his latter years as professor emeritus. He had one of the largest and best appointed libraries that I have ever seen in upper South Carolina. The use of this library, with his experienced scholarship as a guide in reading, was of great value to the young people of his family. Prof. Duncan's intense love and constant study of classical literature was proverbial among his acquaintances.

Wallace Duncan, the future bishop, Professor Duncan's fourth son, came to Wofford college a boy of fourteen.

We all know Wallace Duncan's career—how closely identified he was with the college as student, financial agent, professor and trustee; of how when called to be bishop of his church he threw all his tremendous energies into his work until he laid down his armor and went to rest.

Equally well known to Spartanburghers was his wife, Medora Rice Duncan, the queenly woman who for so many years stood by his side, a ministering angel from her radiant youth when I first saw her, until he was laid to rest in beautiful Oakwood.

Wallace's older brother, the gallant Major David R. Duncan, after serving in the Confederate army until the close of hostilities, while Wallace served as chaplain, came back to a dismantled South, and helped to build up the small village of Spartanburg into one of the most important cities of this section. Major Duncan was already an alumnus of Randolph Macon college, when he came to Spartanburg, but he spent some years on Wofford campus, both before and after his marriage; was for years a trustee of Wofford, and she was only second to his Alma Mater in his affections.
Next in order comes the youngest member of the faculty, James H. Carlisle, professor of Mathematics.

That venerable form, that severe countenance are familiar to most Spartanburghers, but few are left who saw him as he was at twenty-nine years of age.

As far back as I can remember him, I was struck with the majestic dignity so characteristic of him. Great teacher, great speaker, great man.

Wofford campus was happy in having him within her circle fifty-five years.

In almost my last conversation with Dr. Carlisle, he spoke with feeling and eloquence of the first faculty: "Never a college family happier or more congenial, more harmonious," he said.

He also told me that in 1854 Church street, now one of the city's fashionable boulevards, was like a country road.

Dr. Whitefoord Smith, professor of Belles Lettres, lived in the house between Dr. Carlisle and the college. As I write his name his intellectual sensitive face rises before my mind's eye.

His taste in English literature was said to be well nigh faultless. His surpassing gifts of voice and pulpit oratory made him, without controversy, the Chrysostom of South Carolina Methodism. He trained the Wofford students to a high standard of oratory and declamation.

Professor Warren DuPre, of the chair of Chemistry and Natural Science, had the only house beyond the college, where three residences now stand. This noble gentleman appeared to me the embodiment of the highest qualities of the Cavalier and the Puritan combined. He had an ease and polish of manner which would have made him equally at home in a king's palace or in a cottage.

In addition to his talents as a scientist, he was a fine speaker and an extremely graceful orator, and had been from his college days, as I was told by Professor David Duncan, who had been his preceptor at old Randolph Macon at Boydton, Va.

I happened to attend the first Wofford commencement after Professor DuPre's death, which occurred at Abington, Va., where he was president of a college. Dr. Carlisle in a very beautiful tribute to Professor DuPre said one of the rarest things on earth is a perfectly unselfish man. Then he added with emphasis, "One such man walked this campus for more than twenty years." Dr. Carlisle's tribute was not exaggerated, as many now living can testify.

Our second president, Dr. Albert M. Shipp, was teaching in the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill when called to Wofford in 1859.

His family formed a valuable addition to the campus circle as well as to the society of the town.

Dr. Shipp was a capable writer, author of a History of Methodism and a distinguished preacher, having been in the actual ministry until some throat trouble compelled him to withdraw from the regular work of an itinerant.

His baccalaureate addresses to his graduating classes were among the finest that I have ever heard. Even to this late day they linger in my memory as models of grace, beauty and solid wisdom.

His household were so strongly intrenched in the affections of their associates that when, in 1875, Dr. Shipp accepted a chair in Vanderbilt, the giving up of this charming family was like a real bereavement to the campus.

The administration of Dr. Shipp's successor, Dr. James H. Carlisle, is too recent to require much comment. It was read and known of all men.

His influence extended far beyond the college. His power over the minds and affections of his fellow citizens was something phenomenal and excited the astonishment of Dr. Eliot, ex-president of Harvard, when he was on a short visit to Spartanburg some years ago. Dr. Carlisle ex-
celled in the spoken word. Some of his addresses made at different times in Spartanburg have been gathered in book form, and will well repay study.

The women of the campus, each worthy of a separate biography, represented a high type of Christian grace and of nineteenth century culture. In this group must be included young Mrs. David Duncan (Major Duncan's wife), Mrs. Sallie Caston, Mrs. Carlisle's sister, who, after her husband's death, made her home with Dr. and Mrs. Carlisle and Miss Free Henry, a woman of rare beauty and accomplishments, an intimate friend of the DuPre's, with whom she made her home for years, and was looked on as a sister by the younger members of the family.

Major Duncan's two elder daughters were always looked upon as campus children, and Mrs. Caston's three sons were regarded in the same light. These campus women distinguished themselves 1861-5 by their zealous work for the Confederate soldiers. One of their number was president of the Soldiers' Aid society of Spartanburg, and they contributed many garments cut and made by themselves, many home knit gloves and socks and other comforts to the huge boxes which were sent to the army. Children too young for any other work picked quantities of lint for the wounded.

Wofford campus offered two costly sacrifices on the altar of the Southern Confederacy. Thomas Cary Duncan, son of Professor David Duncan, twenty years old, and just two years out of Wofford college, who fell mortally wounded in the battles around Richmond in June 1862, and Whitefoord Smith, only son of Dr. Whitefoord Smith, a boy of eighteen, killed in August of the same year in the second Battle of Manassas.

If I remember aright, it was in the year of '62 that the graduating class received their diplomas without any commencement festivities, and went almost in a body to the war front, from whence some of them never returned. After that Wofford saw no more college classes until 1865.

John W. Shipp, son of Wofford's second president, old enough to be in the army a year or two, and Daniel Alston DuPre, son of Prof. DuPre, who went in as a mere lad out of the school room the last year of the war, were fortunate enough to come back alive.

Professor Duncan's youngest son, D'Arcy Duncan, a Citadel cadet, was encamped on Wofford campus in the latter weeks of the war, with the cadet corps and its commanding officers.

It may not be generally known that one of these cadets, young Thomas Johnson of Newberry, brother of Mr. William Johnson, a prominent business man of Newberry, died on the campus at the house of Dr. Carlisle, having been tenderly cared for in his last illness by Dr. and Mrs. Carlisle. Many years afterwards I was talking with the young man's mother in her home at Newberry. In her advanced age (she was some years past eighty) she retained a grateful remembrance of the kindness shown her son; spoke particularly of the very beautiful floral tributes placed on the casket by the ladies.

The educational advantages of the campus children were excellent. Besides the Wofford preparatory school, there was a female academy and the Methodist college for girls. The latter imported from somewhere or other very fine music masters, of whom at least two were Germans devoted heart and soul to the high classical music. Spartanburg's deserved reputation as a musical center is but an evolution from those early days.

Facing the site of Carlisle Hall was a broad, open space where the children played; the boys flew their kites, and boys and girls played prisoners' base and other games. On the edge of the campus was a ravine with trees growing on its sides, large rocks for seats, a grape vine swing, and a little brook purling through the middle, where the girls liked to play. The car of modern progress came along in the guise of the Southern railway, and with its remorseless wheels swept this romantic dell out of existence. We
got instead the line between Charlotte and Atlanta, which we called "the Airline," because at that time we did not know any other air line.

I wonder how many remember the long bridge over this ravine with paths leading to it from the professors' houses which so much shortened the walk to town. Part of that walk is now so criss-crossed by tracks of the Southern and the C. C. & O. that it is the part of prudence to keep away from it.

The campus children had also indoor sports, among them graces and battledoor and shuttle-cock.

I was recently in a crowd of intelligent, educated women ranging in age from twenty-five years up. Some allusion being made to these old amusements, I was surprised to find that not one of them had ever seen them, one of them saying she had never heard of such things.

Why doesn't someone gather up some of these old playthings with a few spinning wheels and put them in a college museum, that the children of the coming age may not be totally ignorant of the recreations and occupations of their ancestors?

Did the limits of this sketch permit, I should be glad to speak at length of Mrs. John and Mrs. Louisa Bobo Carlisle and their family, loved and esteemed, who lived so near the charmed line of the circle as to be considered among "ours," of Mrs. Moultrie the gentle low-country lady, right on the edge, no doubt affectionately remembered by some Spartanburghers, and Rev. Archibald Lester, one of the later Wofford professors, one of the kindest and most companionable of men, loved by the students and also by his fellow-townsmen, among whom he lived on North Church street.

The original faculty and many members of their families have passed away. Those left are striving like their fathers to serve God and their country. I pray that it may be long before some one will have to write an apprecia-

BOOKS FOR THE PEOPLE

To the Editor of the Bulletin:

In complying with your request for a short article for The Bulletin I wish to call the attention of Wofford men and other college men and women to what seems to me the greatest and least appreciated social sin of our State and of all Southern States. It is the failure to supply the moral and intellectual gospel found in good books. Intelligent men and women of the North and West wonder at our indifference and lack of understanding of the importance of books for the people more than at any other Southern characteristic. Looking at the matter either on its merits or in contrast with conditions in other States, the lack of public libraries in the South seems a strange anomaly. It connotes a curious unconsciousness of the meaning of books in the education and achievement of the people. This lack of appreciation by nearly all the Southern people of the dynamic force of free access to the best books is indeed hard to explain.

The want of books means denial of the opportunity to men and women to continue the education begun in the public schools. No institutions are so popular as the public and private schools, and nothing is so neglected as the duty of providing opportunity for all the people to continue education after school days. Even in the backwoods communities it has come to be considered that the sign of narrowness and selfishness is opposition to liberal taxes for the schooling of children. Every lover of his kind is made glad by seeing the new light in the eye, the new hope in the life of children who come from homes cheerless from poverty, without beauty and without books, to live
a few hours each day in school buildings whose dignity impresses them with the greatness of their opportunity and in association with teachers who impart to them aspiration. In school, boys and girls discover that in books they must rely as the chief source of intellectual progress; that in books are preserved the best things that men have ever said or done; and that real progress either of the individual or the community must be founded on this recorded knowledge. To emphasize the value of books, to teach what is to be found in books and the use of books as a means of advancement in mechanics, in commerce, in social science, in all that goes to make success in business and development in culture, we spend millions every year. And in a great degree we succeed in introducing boys and girls to books and in having them to rely on books as the chief source of intellectual life. Then at the close of school days, we turn them out to intellectual starvation; and the sad story of arrested development begins.

Here the lapse of education occurs. We act as if we believed in the theory that books as a means of education and culture are not necessary after school days are over. We teach the value of books and reliance on books and then deny books. We present the vision of delicious food out of reach. Need we go much further to account for the deficiency in mechanical and agricultural invention and enterprise, and in intellectual productiveness of the South as compared with other countries and other sections of the Union?

Are not our people as a whole strangely blind to the obvious in another respect? May the fact not be stated without irreverence that they have not acquired a sense of proportion when they contribute twenty thousand dollars a year to support its purely religious association and nothing to the education or enlightenment of its adult population. True vision also makes evident the lack of a sense of proportion in a city which expends millions in the building and support of churches, in indulgence of differing religious conceptions and nothing in building and supporting a public library.

The complacent answer, we are getting on very well and making progress without concerning ourselves about public libraries or other facilities for free adult education. So our ancestors in their excess of individualism said about free schools, with the result that for their sins our teeth are set on edge by the humiliating fact that every Southern State may even now be identified by its excessive percentage of white illiteracy. We are not doing well enough. Some progress the South is making, but neither in letters, nor agriculture, nor mechanics, nor in any other field of endeavor does it take the initiative or set the pace. It never can until it gives the masses of its men and women a chance to learn that by free access to great books which communities in other countries and other states have provided as a necessity.

There is another consideration which ought to produce intense enthusiasm for public libraries. The thing of all others which vitalizes both the public and private life of a community is enlightened discussion of significant subjects. Discussion does not mean, as some persons seem
to think, the mere assertion of haphazard opinions having no other foundation than tradition or individual environment. It means the attrition of minds informed by contact with the best results of investigation and reasoning about essential things. From such attrition comes fire, light, enthusiasm, force, achievement. Is not the chief life due to the allegiance to one political party and the lack of access to books that count?

It is true that there has been intellectual as well as material progress; but the impartial student of the subject finds himself depressed by the much greater progress of those sections of the Union where provision is made for the continuation of education after school days. The public library is the university not only of the poor, but of the entire adult population of a community.

The assertion sometimes made as an argument that the masses will not read good books is scarcely worth notice; for experience has proved it untrue. A public library is a collection of the best books made to circulate and enlighten by the aggressive activity of a trained librarian, just as learning is carried to students by the aggressive activity of college professors and religion by the aggressive activity of its ministers. The gospel of religious faith is not greater than the gospel of intellectual light. A public library stands on the same plane as the church, the school, the university.

So far nothing has been said of the necessity of a public library to the efficiency of the schools. The expectation that teachers will produce the best results without having for themselves and their scholars the aid of the best books on all subjects is like hoping that a man with one leg will win a race. Those who have seen the effect of a public library on school activity will bear witness that the familiarity of teacher and scholar with the culture disclosed in its books vitalizes the tasks of the school room, develops taste in reading, and imparts a sense of proportion in mental processes not to be derived from any other source.

Beyond these somewhat practical considerations, a public library has a sentimental value not much thought of, but which it would be hard to overestimate. In every community there are many men and women, more than we ever know, living in pain, or sorrow, or loneliness, or neglect. To many such men and women the opening of a public library is the opening of a treasury of relief and solace.

In considering whether the people of the Southern States and especially their men and women of means have estimated at their true value public libraries as a means of popular education, we seem almost blind to what the people of other states are doing. The view is unpleasant and humiliating. Turning to the Report of the Bureau of Education on Libraries covering the year 1913, and taking states of different sections at random, we find these figures as to Public and Society Libraries containing over 1,000 volumes; Connecticut had 179, New Hampshire 192, Wisconsin 145, Kansas 87, Virginia 21, Alabama 26, and South Carolina 13. In volumes Connecticut had 1,781,000, New Hampshire 1,113,000, Wisconsin 1,438,000, Kansas 668,000, Virginia 208,000, Alabama 240,000, and South Carolina 155,000. The books issued to readers by these libraries for the year 1913 were in Connecticut 3,185,000, in New Hampshire 1,297,000, in Wisconsin 3,987,000, in Kansas 1,120,000, in Virginia 122,000, in Alabama 266,000, and in South Carolina 103,000. The income provided in Connecticut for the support of these libraries was $386,000, New Hampshire $235,000, Wisconsin $529,000, Kansas $146,000, Virginia $43,000, Alabama $31,000, and South Carolina $15,000.

Analysis of these figures shows a depressing contrast. South Carolina has a white population of over 679,000 and New Hampshire of 430,000. South Carolina has less than one-fourteenth as many libraries as New Hampshire and less than one-seventh the number of volumes in its libraries. The citizens of South Carolina used less
than one-twelfth as many volumes as the citizens of New Hampshire, and the income of the libraries of New Hampshire is more than fifteen times that of South Carolina. In Massachusetts there is not a single town without a free public library.

Some persons balked by any difficulty, undertake to meet all this by saying that public libraries however desirable are not practicable in the South because the whites and Negroes would have equal right to use the libraries and that such common access would produce an impossible condition. It is sufficient to say that those communities which have boldly met the issue have had no trouble with the Negroes. The Negroes themselves have recognized the impracticability of common use of a public library by the two races and have been content with a few suitable books in their schools for the use of the small number of their race who can be induced to read books.

C. A. WOODS.

Marion, S. C., June 30, 1917.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24TH, 1912.

Of the Wofford College Bulletin, Published Quarterly at Spartanburg, South Carolina, for April, 1917.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
County of Spartanburg.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared A. G. Rembert, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of The Wofford College Bulletin, and that the following is to the best of my knowledge and be-