10-1-1917

Wofford College Bulletin, Alumni Issue, October 1917

Wofford College. Alumni Office

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.wofford.edu/alumnibulletin

Recommended Citation
http://digitalcommons.wofford.edu/alumnibulletin/5

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Campus Publications at Digital Commons @ Wofford. It has been accepted for inclusion in Alumni Bulletins by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Wofford. For more information, please contact stonerp@wofford.edu.
Wofford College Bulletin

Alumni Issue

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY WOFFORD COLLEGE
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

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

There is no Wofford man who does not feel a reverent affection for those who today represent the Wofford of the days before the Civil War. There are five of these alumni. They are Rev. R. B. Tarrant, '58, Springfield, S. C.; Dr. S. A. Weber, '59, Charleston, S. C.; Capt. J. B. Humbert, '60, Ware Shoals, S. C.; P. C. Johnston, '61, St. George, S. C., and Rev. C. L. McCartha, '61, Troy, Ala. In this issue of The Bulletin appear letters or messages from several of these gentlemen. It had been planned to add a group picture, but the modesty of some of them prevented.

In addition to these five, there are probably a few others who belonged to the same classes. Repeated effort has so far failed to trace them. Any information about any such survivors would be gratefully received.

Contribution for Bulletin

The Bulletin herewith extends sincere thanks to those whose contributions have added so much interest to this and preceding numbers. On the basis of frequent verbal comment and of letters, these articles and letters have brought real pleasure to very many of the former students of the college. In the name of the alumni and for the sake of the successful continuance of

The Bulletin, any and all former Wofford men are urged to write something, whether article, letter, reminisciental sketch, note or comment.

Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed saepe Alumni Reorganization cadendo. This bit of pedagogic wisdom, so familiar to the student of the good old days of occasional Latinisms, is the best justification for repeated emphasis upon the present need and plans for Alumni Reorganization. Indeed, the fruits of the efforts already made for the new and more compact organization have been unmistakably evident and encouraging in the unusual attendance and fine spirit of the last two alumni meetings. This spirit has always been existent. It has merely called for more definite and regular channels of expression to make the full force of its influence felt.

How to renew the old channels for this expression and how to create new ones is the problem with which the new efforts and plans must deal. It has been thought that the quickest and surest means to this end would be (1) by class organization; (2) by county organization; (3) by local organizations. Of these, the class organization seems the most important. To this end an appeal will shortly be made to committees selected from the several classes that have had reunions in the past few years. In view of the end sought, there is surely no need for further emphasis upon the necessity for prompt and hearty response and co-operation upon the part of these several committees.

Within the past few months a graduate of what has been termed the "Old Wofford" has visited the campus after an interval of more than a quarter of a century. He has been asked to write for The Bulletin some account of his impressions and of the changes most noted. Meanwhile there came to The Bulletin a reminisciental letter (published in this issue) from Dr. Butler, who went through the Sophomore year with the class of '77. It is to be hoped that this very interesting letter of Dr. Butler's will call forth from others letters about the same period, for while not dating so far back, the writer can not but feel that Dr. Butler's unique reception was a rare if not actually unique experience for those days.
The Lyceum, The Bohemian—yearly record, pictorial and otherwise of college life—the Glee Club, some half a dozen clubs representative of different phases of athletic life, the Athletic Council, the Debating Club, the Prohibition Club, the Honor System Committee, the Ministerial Band, and a dozen or more county and State clubs. Left for last mention is the Y. M. C. A.—real heart and most active of student organization. Save in name and inner spirit, the Y. M. C. A. of today bears little outward resemblance to the original organization of 1879. Then the weekly prayer meeting was the chief, if not only, feature. Now the names of its several committees will serve to suggest its varied activity and intimate touch with college life. These committees are Membership, Mission Study, Personal Work, Social Service, Publicity, Bible Study, Music, Handbook, Conventions and Conferences, Social Reception.

Possibly the old boys would hold up their hands in protest and wonder as some often do, how the boys can find time for the regular work of the college. Indeed, the boys themselves have caught and crystallized the grim humor of it in the saying, “Don’t let your studies interfere with your college duties.” With apologies for the suggestion of the pedagogic shop, these modern students have wrought better than they knew. Not only are these varied duties fairly well distributed, but no fact of modern psychology is better established than that not only the practical value of an idea but even its sure grasp and maturity is conditioned upon its concrete expression. Note, however, Mr. Productive Efficiency, that in all achievement this idea remains at once foundation and impelling force.

Thus far only one hundred thirty-five
Alumni Dues for 1917 have remembered to pay the alumni dues of two dollars for 1917. The present issue of THE BULLETIN goes to press on faith in the quick response to the notices just sent out. Last year this fee was paid by one hundred twenty. This year the goal was set for one hundred thirty-five.

It might be well to keep in mind that this fee is not a subscription for THE BULLETIN, but is intended to meet all activities incidental to alumni organization and expansion. THE BULLETIN is paid for out of this fee and sent free to all former students whose addresses are known and to all ministers of the two supporting conferences.

Up to this time, it is true, the fees collected have little more than sufficed to meet the cost attendant upon the issue of THE BULLETIN. Even now, as above stated, the October number is ventured on faith.

The almost complete exhaustion of funds for THE BULLETIN alone has seriously curtailed the efforts making for a more compact and comprehensive alumni organization. This fact will explain the iteration and reiteration of reference to the fee aforesaid. It is urged that every former student who is in sympathy with the college and with the alumni organization shall at once remit to the Secretary, A. G. Rembert, a check for two dollars.

For the convenience of those who have paid, as well as for a gentle reminder to those who have not so done, there is added the following list by classes of all payments to date:

1860—Humbert, J. B.
1869—Cleveland, J. B.
1871—Archer, E. L.
1872—Wannamaker, J. E.
1874—Hodges, G. C., Sr.
1875—Buzhardt, O. M.
1877—Kirkland, J. H.
1878—Corbett, L. G.
1879—Walker, W. R.
1880—Dial, W. H.
1882—Cofield, James
1883—Blake, W. G.
1884—Burnett, J. J.
1885—Carlisle, H. B.
1887—Chapman, R. H. F.
1888—Mouzon, E. D.
1889—Mouzon, E. D.
1891—Goodgion, G. S.
1892—Ackerman, H. W.
1893—Daniel, R. L.
1894—Walker, W. L.
1895—Dagnall, A. H.
1896—DuPre, A. M.
1897—Gambrell, G. C.
1898—Hodges, S. C.
1899—Humbert, J. B.
1900—McGhee, S. H.
1901—Shuler, F. H.
1902—Woods, M. C.
1903—Law, A. M.
1904—Leitner, C. C.
1905—Sessions, F. W.
1906—Connor, W. M., Jr.
1907—Culler, E. L.
1908—Newton, R. C.
1909—Smith, M. L.
1910—Walker, H. A. C.
1911—Cannon, G.
1912—Law, R. A.
1913—Major, R. T.
1914—Rogers, J. C.
1915—Walker, J. R.
HERE AND THERE WITH WOFFORD MEN

IN MEMORIAM
D'ARCY PIEMONT WANNAMAKER
CLASS OF 1911
DIED SEPTEMBER, 1917

1859—(Note:—Continuing the roll of Wofford's earlier classes, that of the class of 1859 is here given. For much of the information thanks are due to Dr. Samuel Weber, '59. Any further information would be appreciated.)
H. S. Beatty, Unionville, S. C.—Practiced medicine in Union. Was member of Legislature. Died several years ago.

1859—
Roberts, W. D.
Dukes, P. E.
Watson, J. C.

1905—
Ariail, J. M.
Betts, A. D.
Brabham, M. W.
Cleveland, V.
Lawton, R. G.
Mangness, J. B.
Nicholls, S. J.
Stockton, J. P.
Spigner, E. T.
Stilwell, L. J.

1917—
Anderson, E. M.
Henry, Charles
Sheridan, W. M.
Thomas, F. C.
Griffith, T. T.

J. D. Dunlap, Camden, S. C.—Graduated in first honor. Practiced law in Camden and later in Atlanta, Ga.
P. V. Green, Shelby, N. C.—Left college in Sophomore year.
J. W. Holmes, Shelby C. H., N. C.—Long and widely known as editor of The People at Barnwell, S. C., at which place he died a few years ago.
J. W. Humbert, Tumbling Shoals, Laurens Co., S. C.—Divided second honor with A. G. Stokes. Admitted to South Carolina Conference December, 1859. His long, lovable and useful life as a minister of the Methodist Church is too well known to call for further comment here.
R. R. King, Friendship, Clarendon District.—Died in hospital in 1862 of disease contracted in camp. The following from Dr. Carlisle's notes: "Elected Principal of Prep. Department in October, 1859, to succeed R. W. Boyd, who left to take charge of Cokesbury School. At the same time the Preparatory School was removed from the college building to the old Baptist church."
S. E. A. Lewis, Alexander, Ga.—Entered Soph. from Emory College.
E. H. Miller, Shelby, N. C.—Died Lieutenant-Colonel in Confederate service.
W. W. Murray, St. George, S. C.—Left college in Junior year. Practiced medicine in Berkeley County.
M. H. Sellers, St. Matthews, S. C.—Died in war.
A. G. Stokes, Midway, S. C.—Divided second honor with...
J. W. Humbert, along with whom he also joined South Carolina Conference in 1859. After a long and prominent service, he died a member of the same Conference.


L. C. Weaver, Crawfordsville, S. C., Spartanburg District. Joined South Carolina Conference in 1859 and died at Bishopville in 1863. Dr. Carlisle remarks about him, as about two or three other students of these early years, that “he joined the church in his college course.” Query: Why a significant fact?


1879—Dr. J. M. Lander, of Brazil.—Has two sons in the Wofford College Fitting School.

1894—Dr. D. D. Wallace is acting for the present session as supply professor in the Department of History at the University of Michigan.

1895—W. H. Wannamaker, Professor of German and Dean in Trinity College, N. C., received the honorary degree of Litt. D. at the last Wofford commencement.

1896—C. C. Leitner has the credit of making the largest real estate deal made in Boston for cash this year.

1897—Judge W. M. Connor has returned to his duties at Cebu, Philippine Islands.

P. H. Stoll, for past eight years Solicitor in the Third Circuit, has received an appointment as Judge Advocate with the rank of Major.

1900—L. L. Hardin was appointed Chairman of the Richland County Council of Defense.

1905—C. P. Wofford, of the Alumni Committee on Athletics, is now at the Officers' Training Camp, Oglethorpe, Ga.

1908—C. E. Klugh is stationed at Camp Wadsworth in the commissary department.

1909—P. F. Finch, A. B. and M. D., graduate of Western Reserve University, is now a surgeon in Medical Corps, U. S. A., with rank of First Lieutenant.

Bert France and Carl Montgomery are now in France as Lieutenants, U. S. R. With them are Lyles Glenn, 1912; George Wannamaker, 1915; J. E. Eubanks, 1916; Roland Moseley, 1916.

A. L. Rogers has recently been appointed Cashier of Bank of Commerce, Spartanburg. Two of his brothers, J. C. Rogers, '98, and F. C. Rogers, '03, occupy similar positions in bank work.

1912—A. W. Ayers is connected with the Y. M. C. A. staff at Camp Jackson, Columbia.

J. Lyles Glenn, recent Rhodes scholar from South Carolina and for some months with Hoover in Belgium and with Ambulance Corps, received an appointment as Second Lieutenant at Oglethorpe and is now in France.

1913—S. A. Merchant, for four years instructor in the Carlisle Fitting School, is now connected with the Wofford Fitting School.

1914—Claude Carmichael has received an appointment as Vice Consul to Hull, England.

Field Wardlaw, on graduation in law at the University of Virginia, was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. This is an honor conferred only on students of distinguished attainment in scholarship.

1915—J. J. Riley has been appointed instructor in English at Clemson College.

1916—J. E. Murph is in the employ of the Canadian government in the chemical department of an ammunition plant.

J. B. Reynolds is an instructor in the Wofford College Fitting School.

MEMORIES THAT CLING

Dear Prof. Rembert,—I have just finished reading the very interesting reminiscences in The Wofford Bulletin and my mind reverts to my days at old Wofford.

Instead of going to church this lovely Sunday morning I am going to write some of my recollections of Wofford.

My father, General M. C. Butler, was a very firm military man and stern in his treatment of his children, although he was the most loving and considerate father that ever lived, purchased...
my ticket and put me on the train for Spartanburg to enter Wofford and I obeyed orders.

I am writing these lines with the hope that what I write will be of interest and help to young men just entering college and that they may profit by my peculiar experience.

Well, it took the train all day to get to Wofford from Augusta, Ga., via Columbia. I landed in Spartanburg in the fall of 1873 and they sent a one-horse wagon and negro for me. I put my trunk in and was driven to the home of the kind-hearted old lady I was to board with in town, not on the campus. She received me very cordially—and I needed it—and gave me supper, which I enjoyed very much.

After supper she said: “Come in here. I want you to meet two college boys.” I went into the room, and what do you suppose greeted the poor little freckle-faced country boy? Two Juniors playing Seven-Up for ten cents a corner with a bottle of corn whiskey and a box of cigars on the table. I sat there and merely answered, “Yes, sir,” and “No, sir,” to every question put to me, looking with a boy’s wonder at the type of college boys of Wofford. I finally went to bed, said my prayers and cried myself to sleep and woke up next morning and was escorted over to the old Wofford. Everything was in one building, rooms for students, class rooms, etc.

I was introduced to Mr. John Shipp, son of Dr. Shipp, who had gone to Vanderbilt from the presidency of old Wofford. When I say old Wofford, I mean the one there before the present modern improvements.

Well, Mr. Shipp gave me a list of books to get at Oliver’s Book Store, then near an old German beer saloon, where I took my first glass of beer with E. M., of ---, and C. R., of ---, and I think M. S. was with us. I was ordered next morning to report to the Preparatory Department to be assigned to my classes. Boy-like, I was delighted not to have anything to do.

After supper that night the Junior friends who had exploited before me the night of my arrival invited me to go up town with them, and, of course, I readily assented. No sooner had we landed on the street in front of the house where I was boarding when the Juniors pulled out a pint of white corn whiskey and offered me a drink. I promptly refused, having never tasted whiskey before, but, of course, they insisted, and I finally gulped down a drink. I remember after this second degree of my initiation in college I was put through the third degree when they took me into the old Palmetto Hotel, on Main and Church streets, and put a billiard-stick into my hand and taught me to play billiards. I went to bed that night, I imagined, thoroughly initiated into the wonders of college life.

I studied Latin and Greek and took the full classical course, now about to be eliminated from the college course, I am sorry to say. I was fortunate with my classic or ancient languages, for the old Irish gentlemen with whom I lived had taught my father, and he was a highly-educated man, having graduated in Dublin, Ireland, before he came to this country. This educated gentleman could read Latin and Greek at sight and took pleasure in reading my Latin and Greek every morning and evening, so this, with the little studying I did, helped me very much.

Dr. Carlisle, that magnificent man, was Professor of Mathematics, and what he, by his character and learning, has done for Wofford can never be estimated this side of heaven. He was also President, having succeeded Dr. Shipp. I studied geometry and trigonometry under him—two of the easiest branches of mathematics.

Dr. W. W. Duncan was Professor of History and Latin. I studied Wilson’s “Outlines of History,” “Cicero de Senectute” and “Cicero De Officiis,” which I read with my Irish friend, under him, and usually learned it by reading it over on my way to college. He was a charming, magnetic gentleman, and I never will forget how I rejoiced when I saw in the paper that he had been elected Bishop. I wrote to him and he replied.

Well, to revert to my Juniors, one graduated in the class of 1875 and his roommate quit college.

I then did what I should have done before, but didn’t know, and moved over on the campus, which, by the way, I would not know now, as it has changed so much. I boarded with Miss Cornelia Jones, an Edgefield lady of the Jones family of Edgefield—one of the oldest and best in South Carolina. I roomed in the same house with Dr. David Duncan, Professor of Ancient Languages. My, how nice he was in teaching! I almost always
struck a portion of Homer that I knew. We had to scan and translate at the same time, all Latin verses, Ovid and Virgil.

What a charming, cultivated gentleman old Dr. Duncan was—full-blooded Scotchman, educated in Scotland. Then Dr. Whitefoord Smith, Professor of Belles Lettres and 'Literature—and, oh, how dry old "Blairs' Rhetoric" was, not a picture, nothing but a treatise on literature. I used to read that over on my way to college—start early and read it twice. Dr. Smith used to make us stand in a corner in his classroom and declaim for him, of which he was a fine judge, for he was considered one of the greatest pulpit orators the Methodist Church ever had.

In my time the professors used to sit in silk gowns on the platform in old Wofford's amphitheatre with that high old rostrum with the long flight of steps on the right-hand side of the hall. Friday evenings when the classes took their seats to be called by Dr. Smith to run up those high steps and say your declamation was something to be remembered. My! I shall never forget the longest day I live the "stage-fright" I endured while declaiming before those distinguished men "The Atrocious Crime of Being a Young Man!" Dr. Smith and the others soon found out that there were no symptoms of oratory in me.

Things moved along smoothly at Wofford until Dr. Charles Smith came from Germany and took Ancient Languages and Dr. Baskerville took Modern Way of Teaching English. It was like a shell bursting among the boys who had been so easily passing oral examinations and helping one another in preparing for recitations.

My first impression the night I looked with boyish delight on the two Juniors and subsequent associations totally unfitted me for the new things from Germany, so I left Wofford and was sent to C. M. I., in Charlotte, under the management of the distinguished Col. J. P. Thomas, of honored memory, one of the finest men I ever knew.

My reports used to go home to my dear father, "Conduct excellent. Studies not up to his ability."

I was talking the other day to Judge Woods, of United States Court, one, if not the most distinguished graduates of Wofford College, and I asked him, "What Literary Society did you belong to?" He replied, "Calhoun." I told him I was also a member, and I said: "Judge, do you remember the motto?" And he repeated the Greek and translated it. "Alpha Delta Pi," and I had never forgotten, either.

I remember once I wrote an essay on "Character" for the Literary Society, and wrote to get out of the fine, but much to my surprise, Sondley, the big fellow from North Carolina, who was considered one of the ablest in the class of 1875, got up and complimented me on my paper. Now, Sondley is a bachelor and one of the most prominent lawyers in North Carolina, and I can never forget him.

Since I left Wofford under most unpropitious circumstances, for Charley Smith, as we used to call him, gave me an entire summer's work to do, which was more than I could stand, my father sent me and his other boys to Col. Thomas' famous military school, C. M. I., in Charlotte, N.C. I went to the graduating class there, and after that I took up the study of medicine, having won a position of intern in old Roper Hospital, on Queen street, out of a class of twenty-two. After serving my time as intern I was stage marshal, acting in this capacity that commencement year, I had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Carlisle deliver the commencement address. Afterwards I went up to him and congratulated him with tears in my eyes, but of course he did not know me. When, however, I made myself known, the dear old man gave me both of his hands and we had a regular "love-feast meeting." I told him that in spite of doings at Wofford I had risen above this unfavorable feature of my life and had made a success. I now had a college and hospital diploma and was ready to start out on my professional career.

I was Acting Assistant Surgeon in the United States army for five years before the Spanish-American war, and while out West I made up my mind, after being convicted with religion by Mr. Moody, when he was last South, and when I made this decision one of the first persons that came to my mind was Dr. Carlisle. Because he came to my mind—I remember vividly his Friday afternoon lectures, so full of timely advice on morality and religion. All of these impressions, unconsciously absorbed by me, forced the fact upon my mind that probably but for these lectures I would never have taken this vital step.

I remember when I wrote to Dr. Carlisle I was away outside
the bound of civilization at an army post, how promptly and cordially he replied and mailed me "The Life of Christ."

I remained in the army for five years and came home to my father after the death of my brother, Capt. William Butler.

After I came home I planted for awhile and then moved to Edgefield, my native home, and practiced my profession. I married in 1896 and afterwards moved to Columbia and have been here over ten years.

I was physician to the Soldiers' Home. I was physician to State Prison for five years after moving to Columbia. When doing this work I received a letter from Dr. Carlisle, after I had mailed him one of my annual reports, and in a half page in his letter to me he expressed fully to me the exact character of my work. It was so graphic and true that I saved the letter.

I am now City Physician of Columbia. We have two pretty little girls, the joy of our lives. I married a fine Christian, George Prince, another Wofford man, was presiding, and a young lawyer was defending a corporation that caused the death of a man by inhaling atoxic gas. The lawyer tried to trip me on chemistry, and very adroitly, he thought, asked me what N₂O was. My mind quickly went back to Wofford and Dr. DuPre, Sr., who taught chemistry and physics. Well do I remember when he demonstrated the effects of laughing gas, or N₂O, on the Seniors. Judge Prince was then one, and I saw him jump around the campus under the effect of N₂O. The judge smiled as this incident brought back happy days at Old Wofford.

The faculty of Wofford in those days was composed of the highest type of Christian gentlemen.

My object in writing this reminiscence, as I said, is to warn young men when entering colleges or universities to start right. And it further strikes me as being the duties of parents to go with their sons or daughters and place them in a healthy moral atmosphere, for a good beginning generally creates a good life and a good ending. Whether the old style of education was inferior to the modern or not, Wofford has sent men who enjoyed the old style out who have reflected honor and distinction on their State and Alma Mater in the civil and religious world. Bishop Coke Smith, Bishop Kilgo, Bishop Mouson, of Texas, and many others of like fame.

In State offices, Judge Gage, of the Supreme Court, one of the best-balanced men I ever knew; Judge Hydrick, of the Supreme Court, brilliant in college and with eminent ability in his chosen profession. Judge Wood, who holds the highest office ever held by a Wofford man in the Circuit Court of the State, and others too numerous to mention, all of whom obtained their education and religion from "Old Wofford."

Most men who did not measure up at Wofford when I was there have fallen by the wayside, either by early death or by failure in life. The latter was caused by the fact that they would not accept what Wofford had to give. Everything that takes to mold men was found there, and their records speak for themselves.

F. W. P. Butler, Ex-Sophomore, class '77.

FROM WOFFORD'S OLDEST LIVING GRADUATE

When memory's wheel turns backward sixty years and lands me on old "Wofford's Campus," I am once more reminded of old, old times. God bless the memory. I first met Dr. Wightman with love beaming from every ligament of his countenance, for all mankind and particularly for every student of Wofford College. I was carried into Prof. Duncan's room for my first examination. Well do I recall the feelings of fear at the face full of knowledge and of Irish wit. My fears were soon relieved by Dr. Wightman's holding up a paper, significantly remarking: "Don't be too strict with the applicant; this recommendation is from an eminent educator and speaks well for Mr. Tarrant." After that the sailing was easy. I went through the same with the other professors and was informed the same day, "You have been admitted to the Freshman class half advanced." My college life begins. A few days ago, I was looking over several public manuscripts in which I was honored by my class and by the public. Oh! how I wished I had my college days to go over again! I would leave off all frivolities of youth and be a man.

"All the sad words of tongue and pen; the saddest are these, it might have been." But I come now to the saddest. Of all my
old professors, not one is alive. Of all my classmates, as far as I know, I am the only living member. All have crossed with the "silent majority." I alone remain. It makes me feel lonesome. I feel like one who treads alone "Some banquet hall deserted." It is sad to grow old! To feel your physical strength grow less and less daily; your mind fast decaying, and your memory shattered, and in your eighty-first year your old, old friends all gone and left you—alone. A comfort! I shall soon join them.

Affectionately,

R. B. Tarrant.

St. George, S. C., July 10th, 1917.

My Dear Dr. Rembert:—In compliance with your request, I send a "recent photo" of myself for The Bulletin.

I regret very much that my official duties prevented me from attending the last meeting of the Alumni Association. Only one of the Young Men of Old Wofford was present. Alas! "Time and the sword have thinned our ranks." I would have been pleased to see Captain Humbert. He and Tom Duncan were generally on opposite sides in the debating society, and always made the debates interesting. Tom Duncan was a noble young man and gave me special attention when I had typhoid fever during my vacation, while his mother, one of the noblest ladies I ever knew, sent me every day a waiter with only such things as the doctor would allow me to eat. I can never forget the kindness of the Duncans. If I had gone to commencement I would have been disappointed in not meeting there Dr. S. A. Weber. "Web" and "Bud" Holmes were roommates of mine one year while I was in college. "Web" and "Bud" Holmes were like Jonathan and David. "Web" admired the brilliant and amiable "Bud" Holmes, and Bud Holmes regarded Web as one of no ordinary ability. Emory Watson was the champion of the society, and always asked for "one more minute."

Bishop Wightman one year, then Dr. Shipp, Prof. Warren DuPre, David Duncan Dr. Whitefoord Smith, and Prof James H. Carlisle filled the different chairs while I was a student at Wofford. It was truly a grand faculty.

Again thanking you and the members of the Alumni Association for the kind invitation to attend Wofford commencement as a guest of the Alumni Association, I am

Yours sincerely,

P. C. Johnston, '61.

The photo, which I send by parcel post, was taken only a few days since. I am now in my seventy-eighth (78th) year.

P. C. J.

Mr. A. G. Rembert,
Spartanburg, S. C.

Dear Sir:—Nothing can meet the case but candid confession of guilt. Your very kind letter of June 13 came duly to hand, and I fully intended a speedy answer, but being deeply engrossed in the arduous work of a heavy summer normal term, besides various calls for addresses, sermons, etc., I allowed day by day to slip away. Pardon me.

It was my full intention to attend the veterans' reunion at Washington and take in the Wofford commencement on the way, but as the time approached it became more and more evident that I could not be spared at that time. I attended the semi-centennial commencement and had the high honor of being dear old Dr. Carlisle's guest. He was my Professor of Mathematics when I was a student and the hero of my boyish admiration.

A few years later, in passing through Spartanburg on my way to Blue Ridge Y. M. C. A., I strolled into the old cemetery where slept in close proximity Dr. Carlisle, Prof. David Duncan and the courteous, refined Professor DuPre, father of your present professor, "Little Dan." The scythe of time has cut a wide swath in my friendship circle. There is a sad suggestion in your clause, "The five ante-helium graduates." I believe Preston C. Johnston is the only remaining member of our class of 1861, besides myself. It was a fashion for the boys to buy a costly "album," in which were inscribed the names of personal friends. Last night I hauled mine out from among my treasured mementoes and spent a full hour in reviewing the names, ambitions and kind wishes expressed. Needless to say, it affords me a sad pleasure. Of most of them—nearly all, in fact—it may be said:
old professors, not one is alive. Of all my classmates, as far as I know, I am the only living member. All have crossed with the "silent majority." I alone remain. It makes me feel lonesome. I feel like one who treads alone "Some banquet hall deserted." It is sad to grow old! To feel your physical strength grow less and less daily; your mind fast decaying, and your memory shattered, and in your eighty-first year your old, old friends all gone and left you—alone. A comfort! I shall soon join them.

Affectionately,
R. B. TARRANT.

St. George, S. C., July 19th, 1917.

My Dear Dr. Rembert:—In compliance with your request, I send a "recent photo" of myself for THE BULLETIN.

I regret very much that my official duties prevented me from attending the last meeting of the Alumni Association. Only one of the Young Men of Old Wofford was present. Alas! "Time and the sword have thinned our ranks." I would have been pleased to see Captain Humbert. He and Tom Duncan were generally on opposite sides in the debating society, and always made the debates interesting. Tom Duncan was a noble young man and gave me special attention when I had typhoid fever during my vacation, while his mother, one of the noblest ladies I ever knew, sent me every day a waiter with only such things as the doctor would allow me to eat. I can never forget the kindness of the Duncans. If I had gone to commencement I would have been disappointed in not meeting there Dr. A. Weber. "Web" and "Bud" Holmes were roommates of mine one year while I was in college. "Web" and "Bud" Holmes were like Jonathan and David. "Web" admired the brilliant and amiable "Bud" Holmes, and Bud Holmes regarded Web as one of no ordinary ability. Emory Watson was the champion of the society, and always asked for "one more minute."

Bishop Wightman one year, then Dr. Shipp, Prof. Warren DuPre, David Duncan Dr. Whitfoord Smith, and Prof James H. Carlisle filled the different chairs while I was a student at Wofford. It was truly a grand faculty.

Again thanking you and the members of the Alumni Associa-
tion for the kind invitation to attend Wofford commencement as a guest of the Alumni Association, I am

Yours sincerely,

P. C. JOHNSTON, '61.

The photo, which I send by parcel post, was taken only a few days since. I am now in my seventy-eighth (78th) year.

P. C. J.

Mr. A. G. Rembert,
Spartanburg, S. C.

Dear Sir:—Nothing can meet the case but candid confession of guilt. Your very kind letter of June 13 came duly to hand, and I fully intended a speedy answer, but being deeply engrossed in the arduous work of a heavy summer normal term, besides various calls for addresses, sermons, etc., I allowed day by day to slip away. Pardon me.

It was my full intention to attend the veterans' reunion at Washington and take in the Wofford commencement on the way, but as the time approached it became more and more evident that I could not be spared at that time. I attended the semi-centennial commencement and had the high honor of being dear old Dr. Carlisle's guest. He was my Professor of Mathematics when I was a student and the hero of my boyish admiration.

A few years later, in passing through Spartanburg on my way to Blue Ridge Y. M. C. A., I strolled into the old cemetery where slept in close proximity Dr. Carlisle, Prof. David Duncan and the courteous, refined Professor DuPre, father of your present professor, "Little Dan." The scythe of time has cut a wide swath in my friendship circle. There is a sad suggestion in your clause, "The five ante-bellum graduates." I believe Preston C. Johnston is the only remaining remember of our class of 1861, besides myself. It was a fashion for the boys to buy a costly "album," in which were inscribed the names of personal friends. Last night I hauled mine out from among my treasured mementoes and spent a full hour in reviewing the names, ambitions and kind wishes expressed. Needless to say, it affords me a sad pleasure. Of most of them—nearly all, in fact—it may be said:
"Their names are graven on the stone,  
Their bones are in the clay."

God has been wonderfully kind to me in prolonging my life and strength. For fifty-six consecutive years I have been teaching. For the past twenty-seven years I have been in my present position. I received license to preach while a Sophomore in college, and for fifty-eight years have served the cause of Christ as a local Methodist preacher. For twenty years of that time I preached more than a hundred times a year. When I came to south Alabama fifty years ago I found a primitive condition and great educational and clerical need. God honored me by using me in pioneer work, and He has spared me to see the fruit of my seed sowing a half century ago. I have for years had in my classes my intellectual grandchildren, and now at the age of seventy-seven I am doing full professor's work in the chair of History. I am humorously alluded to as "the youngest professor in the college." I am strong and healthy and have the best vegetable garden in Troy and one of the best appetites for its products. Neither negro, hired hand or plough goes into my garden. I have not had a likeness taken for many years and those I have do not represent me now. With an abundant original endowment of native ugliness, I have added to my capital in that respect, so that now I would add nothing to the artistic effect of The Bulletin. My old friends wouldn't know me; my new ones wouldn't admire me. "My record is on high," and I am looking to face it before many years, but through faith in the all-atoning Lamb I have no fear.

If you can cull enough decent matter out of this ramble of a garrulous old man to help The Bulletin, you are welcome to it. Please send me a copy.

Long life and prosperity to dear old Wofford and the richest success for all her alumni.

Fraternally,

CLARENCE LINDEN McCARTHA, '61.

---

STUDENT LIFE TODAY

G. D. SANDERS, '18.

The Wofford man of yesterday, were he to visit the college campus today, would find himself in a new college world. For to the one who left the campus twenty-five years ago, and since then has not been back, it would be perhaps a novel experience to visit the old places, and see the things that the students are doing today that were not done in those old days. The atmosphere is perhaps different in many ways from that of a quarter-century ago. Today there is a martial spirit on the campus, even manifest among the professors who were here in the "good old days" which the alumni like to talk about.

But perhaps, after all, the change which the years have brought is only external, because the old ideals are the same; the same lofty aims inspire the students and faculty that was evident when the greatest men whom we know in the State today were a part of the Wofford life; and the same customs and habits of character formation are as truly a part of the institution that we new men know today as they were of the college the old Wofford men speak of.

The new man, finding himself on the campus for the first time, is struck at once with the feeling of comradeship that is evident between all the college men from Freshmen to Seniors. This, we know, was handed down as one of our inheritances from those who have gone before. We live in the midst of a wonderful lot of traditions that instinctively bind all of us, who come each year as the years go by, to those who left for us this heritage, such as perhaps few colleges have.

But to return to the college of today. Can the student who left the college in the days when the main building was recitation room, living quarters, library and chapel for the whole student body, imagine himself in a large dormitory, rising at the sound of a bugle in the early morning hours, donning a khaki uniform in a room heated by steam; eating in a dining room with 200 other boys, and then, with uniform all ready for inspection going to a field to drill with 350 other boys, who are doing just what he is doing? Well, if that sentence doesn't carry too much to be all taken in at once, that is a little of the exterior difference that is visible at Wofford today.

The drilling exercises are a novelty for the new Wofford men, as well as they would be for the old visitor, but they are "making good," and the boys wouldn't be without them except on one condition—that the war should be over.
Wofford College Bulletin

But there are other phases of college life that should receive special mention. The Y. M. C. A. is one of these. By new college rules, every man who comes here and pays his dues automatically becomes a member, but the cabinet this year adopted the motto, “Every member a live member,” and a good year has begun for the Association. When the new men arrive at the college they are met at the station by numbers of Y. M. C. A. workers, wearing Old Gold and Black ribbons, and are conducted to the college, given a handbook gotten out by the Y. M. C. A., which contains information about everything relating to the college, and then they are looked after for several days to see that they “go straight.” Then come the weekly meetings, the spirit of co-operation that lends beauty to the Y. M. C. A. work, and the yearly “big” meeting that always brings lasting good to the campus. And the new men usually get the Y. M. C. A. spirit.

There is the Ministerial Band, also, for the boys who expect to be ministers have banded together, and each Sunday morning before Sunday School time, hold their services, which are elevating, besides giving to the members of the Band excellent practice.

The college publications are growing better each year—those who read them say—for those who get them out have all the past years of experience to look back to, and a knowledge of journalism that has not been known before to help in the work. The Journal is no longer the student body organ, but is now wholly a literary publication, containing all the literary efforts of the students. To the Editors of the Old Gold and Black, the college weekly, falls the task of keeping the various phases of college activity before the student body. And the little paper is making good—backed by the students, faculty and alumni—and it has been called by disinterested persons “the best college weekly in the State.”

The Bohemian, the college annual, is a leather-bound volume that is published once a year, and which gives a summary of all the events of the session.

The Lyceum each year brings to the college some of the best musical companies, as well as some of the best lecturers in the country. It is a pleasing part of the college course.

The literary societies, if old men may be believed, are not what they once were. Tales of the days when the societies stayed in session until midnight are flashes from a dead past. The societies open at 7:30 and rarely stay in session later than 9 o’clock, or 9:30. But the debates are often spirited, and it is in the technical work that most of the time has been taken off—and somehow, through these societies, Wofford manages to hold premier honors in oratory and debate between all the State colleges.

Athletics, of course, hold their usual commanding position, and this year promises to be “Wofford’s best,” for instead of hurting the teams, the stress of present times has called men to college and made them engage in athletics who would not otherwise have done so.

It would be fine, too, to tell of the work of the honor system, and how it is making Wofford better; of the fraternities here, and how nothing but a fine feeling of friendship exists between fraternity and non-fraternity men; of the new professors and the old—all trying to instill into the hearts and minds of the Wofford men only those things that will make the boys educated Christian gentlemen; but, shades of Plato! Greek is still to be studied, and it’s a cinch one will be “rode;” therefore, no more of this now. To all the old Wofford men, therefore, who have gone out before us—both those we know and those we have never seen—we send a message from the college of today, and hope that perhaps when the class of ’18 comes to the end of its college days and its members are ready to say “Transcendimus collis, montes in conspectu sunt,” we may have the pleasure of meeting all the “old boys” on the campus again, and be able to tell them face to face how we appreciate, and how we honor them for, the ideals and traditions they have handed down to us from the years of yesterday.

ANNUAL MEETING OF WOFFORD TEACHERS

J. Milton Ariail, ’05.

I hesitate to accept Dr. Rembert’s invitation to give a brief report of the banquet which the Wofford teachers held at the Jefferson hotel during the State Association of Teachers, in Columbia. I hesitate because I am too enthusiastic and, hence,
scarcely reliable because the last Wofford banquet I attend seems to be the best. I know this because my students smile when anything is said about Wofford in my presence—be it only the announcement that the "Gym" team will pay us its annual visit. But since this account is to be read in the family, I venture to give the facts as uncolored as I can.

Dr. Snyder began on time, and as the McGregor of the clan made where he sat the head of the table. This being the second time that the Wofford men had assembled at the Jefferson, the management of the hotel had evidently got its bearings, sized up the crowd, learned a little about Wofford, etc., and served a much better banquet than that of a year ago. True, it cost a little more, but there was a noticeable improvement. The "weight" of the plates and the variety and abundance of good things to eat made the pain felt by the absence of Dr. Clinkscales more acute. I was with him at several picnics last summer, and I know.

I cannot at this date recall all of the toasts. If I fail to mention a single one and the man who responded to it, it is enough to say that they were as good as any toasts ever delivered in Columbia, as far as I am concerned. Joe Sparks welcomed the boys to Columbia, and he spoke from his big heart. I wish all Wofford men knew something of the brand of Joe's loyalty. I wish I were at liberty to publish two conversations that I have had with him during the past year. I can't break the seal of propriety, but it would warm the hearts of all who might read it.

Then, W. D. Roberts, of that well-known class of '905, spoke beautifully to the toast, "Intaminatis Fulget Honoribus," and only fear that Prof. Gamewell would call him on his Latin prevented him from growing eloquent. In fact, he did.

O. M. Mitchell responded fittingly to the toast, "The Wofford Man and the Community." Had he told of his own achievements it would have been a better toast. In the original poem by Prof. W. G. Blake, the men were given something unique and valuable. It was real poetry, a gem, as several exclaimed, and it was the sense of the boys that it should be published in THE BULLETIN. Dr. G. T. Pugh, President of Columbia College, gave a toast to "The Men Who Have Made Wofford Great," and he did it with a feeling and a sincerity that voiced the sentiment of every man there, and, incidentally, it was a pleasant and favorable introduction between the boys who did not know him and the latest of Wofford's presidential contribution. Prof. A. M. DuPre, who knows his subject, spoke most interestingly from the facts of the "Wofford Man and State Problems." Of course, there was a wild burst of enthusiasm when Prof. Gamewell arose to speak. Some of us had been waiting for years to let him and Prof. D. A. DuPre know what we thought of them. Neither of them has ever received a welcome more tumultuous or sincere. It was exactly like the greeting that Jamie Soutar and his fellows gave Dr. MacLure on the Sunday that he passed the Scotch church. And I imagine Professors Gus and Dan felt somewhat like the doctor felt about it.

Professor Gamewell took the "Blue-Back Speller" for his subject and the keynote of his toast was progress. His closing words were tremendously effective and too beautiful to be reported. But it was something like this: Aeneas, shipwrecked on the shores of Africa, saw even then the towers of Rome and the promised kingdom, and he spoke to his comrades in this spirit: "Forsans et haec olim meminisse iuvabit." (Dr. Snyder gave one of his characteristic "Ah-h-h's" when Professor Gus rolled out this great line.)

Prof. DuPre spoke of the Wofford of the past. And few of us knew until that night that his life was so interwoven with the history of the college. As he spoke modestly we knew that we were hearing history from a maker of history, as far as Wofford is concerned. He told us intimate things of Dr. Carlisle that we did not know; of his own father, and of the first faculty of the college. What he said is too valuable to pass with an occasion like the banquet. It should be written down and put in book form. We honored him that night, as we honored Professor Gamewell, with somewhat of the honor that the scholar of the ancient Greece felt for the master.

Hon. J. A. McCullough, of Greenville, brought to us a great and inspiring message. His subject was "The Aristocracy of Scholarship," of which he is an illustration, for he showed it to be consecration to high service and broad usefulness. Because the hour was late he did not give us all that he had to say. One of the men present censured the committee because Mr. McCul-
lough had not been warned that “we get together like this only once a year and we expect to stay all night.” I wish that Mr. McCullough had known this or would print his address.

It was a great occasion and the spirit was fine. There were nearly ninety men present. It was an event that was talked on the streets during the association meeting. We had Mr. Shuler there and he made a forceful talk. But as fine as it was, there was something lacking. Dr. Rembert and Dr. Clinkscales could not be present, and the boys felt their absence. On all sides there were expressions of regret. “We ought to have them here” was openly said before and after the banquet. But “illos absentes audierunt videruntique!”

In conclusion, I scarcely know what to do about the banquet. It has become an institution, and the fellows want all the faculty here—the older members to show them what their work has accomplished and their affection, and the younger men to show them how Wofford men have gratitude. This is up to Dr. Snyder. But this I know: Next year the plates of the faculty and the invited guests will be paid for.

---

"THE ARISTOCRACY OF SCHOLARSHIP"

NOTES FROM ADDRESS BY DR. J. A. McCULLOUGH

It is hard to define scholarship; dictionaries define it as “the sum of the mental attainments of a scholar.” But who is a scholar? Scholarship can be described, rather than defined. Bishop Potter says that “the scholarship that has moved the world has been the scholarship that has been content to be poor and to be counted obscure; that has not been in haste to rush into print, but which has revered supremely the truth, and that has sought for it often with tears.”

History attests the fact that the world’s greatest asset has been, and now is, its scholarship. In literature, from Homer to Browning; in art, from Phidias to Wagner; in philosophy, from Socrates to Spencer; in science, from Gutenberg to Edison; in politics, from Alfred the Great to Woodrow Wilson; in religion, from Moses to St. Paul. Even from the commercial, or utilitarian standpoint, scholarship is the world’s greatest asset. Those scholars may be divided into two classes—theorists, and those who have applied the theories to practical use. Some of them belong to both classes; for instance, as to electricity, Benjamin Franklin, Morse and Edison; as to steam, Watts. The most important factor in the world’s war today is science and its application to methods and munitions. When the war ends, history will accord the greatest glory for this result, not to the commanders, but to some scientist or scholar. Scholarship invented the submarine and the airplane; scholarship must meet and overcome the very things it has put in motion. In passing, had Germany been true to the ideals of Goethe and Schiller, her greatest scholars, the world would have been spared this horrible conflict.

The secret of this scholarship, “This one thing I do,” Virgil, in twenty-four years of unceasing labor, wrote less than thirteen thousand verses. He spent seven years on 2,188 lines of The Georgics, and eleven years on the Aenied, which consists of only 9,896 lines. An original Shakespearian manuscript, recently discovered, shows that this scholar, perhaps unsurpassed in the world of literature, created his manuscripts in a most painstaking way, as is evidenced by the frequent erasures and interlineations. Scholars who have moved the world along, not only knew the one thing and did the one thing, but they were familiar with all the things to which the one thing was related. For instance, Edison in the development of his theories. Some one has said that Voltaire could read a book and could condense its real contents in less than half a dozen sentences.

The tendency of the times is to discourage scholarship. This is a fast and a mechanical age. We are bending every effort to save the time and the individual labor necessary to the development of the scholar. Men who dictate to stenographers save time, but it is at the expense of individuality of style and diction. Moving pictures have supplanted Shakespeare in the world of drama and entertainment. The modern evangelist conducts his campaign by methods that Whitfield and Wesley and Spurgeon would despise. The demagogue in politics walks away with the statesman. We no longer hold up to the American Youth for imitation the scholar, but rather the successful business man. Says J. Ogden Armour, in a recent issue of the American Magazine—"In choosing between experience without education, and education without experience, I select the former. This is the reason we have so few college men in our organization."
I have no sympathy with much of the modern tirade against "commercialism," but I do appreciate the dangers of modern tendencies. Very little attention is paid these days to a write-up of one of the world's greatest scholars. The same magazine gives the life of Annette Kellermann, who acquired the art of converting herself into a fish and swam into fame and fortune. I fear our colleges are beginning too much to pander to this spirit of the age. When you open the catalogues you find special emphasis is placed upon "short courses" and "special courses," and I fear that our industrial institutions are placing too much emphasis upon "industrial training" and too little upon the one thing which is essential even to a successful industrial course, to wit: the classics. I fear that the time will soon come when Latin and Greek will be eliminated from the curriculum of a great majority of our institutions. It will not be eliminated from the curriculum of Wofford College, if she be true to her present ideals and her past traditions. There is not only the ridiculous, but an element of sound philosophy in the sign which an Oklahoma physician flung to the breeze, "A specialist in all known diseases." The opportunities open to a denominational institution are great; the perils must not be overlooked.

Montesque says, in his Spirit of Laws:
"The principle of stability in a monarchy is honor, in a republic virtue, in a despotism fear."

The church used to be a despot, but under the persuasive and pervasive influence of the spirit of the Master, this despotism is fast disappearing, though not altogether gone. Fear of ecclesiastical despotism has handicapped many a denominational institution in its contributions to real scholarship. It must teach that which those who have not specialized in science, have uttered in their dogmas. There can be no conflict between science and religion, and those who think so, or pretend to think so, and teach others so, not only deceive themselves, but deceive those whom they teach. When Pilate put the question to Christ, "What is truth?" he propounded the most momentous and most tremendous question ever asked. It is so comprehensive that it embraces the work of the church, the school, society in its organized and unorganized capacity, and to answer this question is the life work of the individual. Our colleges and those who teach in our colleges should bend every effort of mind, soul and body to answer this question to their own conscientious satisfaction, and then teach others so. After all, the world, in every department, must depend upon its scholars for its progress in civilization. Scholarship is the joint product of the school and the church, and they should together bend every energy in its pursuit.

I was recently struck by what a commentator said of one of the world's greatest scholars:
"Carlyle, as a man, was irritable, impatient, intolerant, fiercely proud, occasionally hasty in his judgments, and preserved to the last certain Scottish rusticities of manner and mental attitude. But no one ever faced the real misfortunes of life with a calmer courage. He was as incapable of conscious injustice, unkindliness and vindictiveness, as he was of insincerity and impurity. When in pecuniary straits, even in despair, he never wrote a line that he did not believe, never swerved by a hair's breadth from the noble purposes which dominated his life and extinguished all selfish ambition. He adopted the same and dignified hypothesis that the working of the universe is informed with purpose and that, come what may, good in the end must be the final goal of ill."

Wofford College and those who control her destinies must stand for a scholarship like this.

"THE WOFFORD SPIRIT"
By W. L. Pugh, Ph. D.
Professor of English, Wofford College
To many college men of the old school it is a sad fact that the spirit and tone of our colleges, particularly of our large colleges, are not what they used to be. As these old fellows pass in and out among the "reverend walls" of their Alma Mater and hear, not the voices of "a band of youthful friends in debate," but the "noise of songs and clapping hands," they sadly shake their gray heads and think of the days that are gone.
That they should be displeased with much that they find in the modern college occasions no surprise in one who is familiar with the American college of their day; for the school in which they were educated was a small school—small in every sense of
the word, except in the character of the men sent out. Upon
their return to their Alma Maters today, these old graduates find
them large, very large in everything except in that which they
consider of supreme importance—thoughtful men. Naturally,
they seek for reasons.

"Why," one asks, "do we find so many men in college? What
motives prompt them to come? Do they seek comradeship with
kindred minds and broad scholarship through intensive study, as
was the case in our day? Evidently not.

And as they continue their inquiries, they find that they are
right—the majority of students no longer seek the college halls
for deep study. One comes to be with the crowd—it is fashionable;
another, to make the varsity team—he wishes a good job
as coach; another, to please his parents—his father is a graduate;
and another, to join a fraternity—he desires a political pull with
a certain class of college men.

Such diversity of motive means, of course, diversity of inter­
est and little concern for scholarship. Most of the men just
mentioned have slight regard for the student who strives for
more than the "Gentleman's Mark." He is hard to comprehend
and not to be tolerated in the society of "good fellows." College
spirit with these men means boisterous rooting and betting at the
big games, and dissipation when their team is victorious. In the
intellectual contest of their college they have no part at all. They
belong with a certain Harvard man who could glibly recite the
football scores without missing a point, but who did not know
that Harvard and Yale ever met in debate. And Harvard had
just defeated Yale in the theater in Memorial Hall!

The trouble with men of this type is that they have no con­
ception of the ideals which led our fathers to devote their money
and lives to the education of American youth. They seem to
think that their only duty is to spend their fathers' money fool­
ishly. They fail to realize that college life is anything more than
"the tumult of the halls." The spirit of true comradeship that
develops noble character does not exist among them. Hence, Dr.
Jordan is right in saying that such triflers "should be taken to
the edge of the campus and quietly dropped off.

To the lasting credit of the good fraternity, let it be said that
it has tried honestly to make something of such men by restoring,
them twice blessed in that they could still return at commencement

time in the old way to friends, who would send them back into
the business and professional life of our country, with greater
faith in humanity and increased devotion to every noble cause.

Like the classmates of Dr. Holmes, they could sing:

Ah! ours is friendship true as steel;
That war has tried in edge and temper;
It writes upon its sacred seal!
The priest's ubique—omnes—sempert

PROFESSOR WARREN DU PRE

BY DR. CHARLES FORSTER SMITH, '72

University of Wisconsin

Professor Warren DuPre was a handsome man, of impressive
appearance. He was about six feet in height, 180 or 190 pounds
in weight, well proportioned and easy in movement. His hair
was abundant and wavy, his blue-grey eyes frank and kindly
and sincere, his whole bearing indicative at once of modesty and
dignity. Your first impulse was to like the man and to have
confidence in him. The impression induced by his appear-
ance was confirmed by his voice. It was of pleasing quality and
well modulated, and you were not surprised to learn that he was
a fine singer. He had, then, the outward qualities that go far
toward constituting a good teacher, as well as a good man.

As he had no classes below Junior, except a weekly one in
the Bible—Book of Genesis—students did not come to know him
normally early in the course, as in the case of the other profes-
sors. But the word passed down from Juniors and Seniors to
Freshmen and Sophomores was that he was unusually genial and
kindly, always ready to advise students who consulted him, and
particularly helpful in suggestions about debates and essays for
the literary societies or about Senior speeches. I remember well
the first long talk I had with him. I was consulting him about
a speech I was to write, I don't recall on what subject or for
what purpose, but I do remember how pleasantly and how interest-
ingly he talked and that I left the room in a happy frame of
mind, encouraged and stimulated. It must have been then that
he revealed his somewhat intimate acquaintance with English
parliamentary history. The description he gave of an attack,
made in debate, by Lord Brougham on Canning, how the latter
realized that the great debater, in the heat of his argument, was
drawing a coil that lessened and tightened about him, and trem-
bled in his seat before others saw that he was the victim to be
strangled—left a very definite picture in my mind, though I have
never since heard or read the story. I think it was in that con-
versation that he gave me a good rule, effective for composition
on any subject, namely: not to waste time by sitting down in
cold blood and forcing yourself to write when you don't feel like
it, but having chosen your subject, then to read an interesting and
stimulating book to warm up your mind. As soon as that got hot
you were more than apt to turn to the subject your mind was
brooding upon, and ideas would begin to suggest themselves; then
throw down the book, take up a pencil, and write down as fast
as possible the teeming thoughts. Somehow I have always re-
membered, in connection with that excellent suggestion of Dr.
DuPre's, how Coke Smith told me of Ed Partridge sitting up all
night in the vain attempt to write a Senior speech and getting no
further than the simile of the neighing of the war horse of the
Bible, which he wanted to bring into his speech—only his speech
wouldn't start so that he could bring in his figure.

I should not omit to mention at least one other way in which
he was especially helpful to the general student body. They had
great confidence in his artistic good taste, and appealed to him
especially in remodeling and refitting the literary society halls.
The presidential platforms in both societies, as they were in my
day, were, I think, designed by him.

Perhaps I have already given a fair impression of the geniality
of the professor and the strong personal hold he was likely to get
upon the best students in a small college. As an instructor, his
subjects—chemistry and geology—as then taught in a small col-
lege, put him at a disadvantage as compared with mathematics or
languages or history or literature: for the sciences in our day
were taught without laboratories, and chemistry without the ex-
periments worked out by the pupil is not apt to be a fascinating
subject, especially organic chemistry. I remember that I got my
lessons, liked especially the experiments performed before the
class by the professor—above all, the out-of-doors administra-
tion of laughing gas to the students that were willing to take it—and liked more and more the genial teacher; but I can't say that I really learned much chemistry. Mineralogy was not much more interesting than chemistry, but with geology it was different. The story of how the earth grew through the ages into its present shape, how the hills and mountains and valleys were made, why the rock strata sometimes lay horizontal, sometimes pitched at a greater or less angle, the wonderful varieties of shape in the earth's crust, the action of volcanoes and earthquakes, how coal was stored away in the earth, how the sea left its record everywhere in shells and other fossils, as well as in great sand-beds—all this was fascinating in itself and much of it could be told out of doors with the objects before us. Anyway, the impression left on my mind is that I tried to do my duty in getting my chemistry lessons, but geology was a pleasurable exercise.

It was clear, I think, to most people that the two men in the faculty of widest general influence among the students were Doctor Carlisle and Professor DuPre. The fact that Doctor Carlisle had the students from Freshman geometry to Senior astronomy gave him an advantage. His Sunday afternoon class for young men was another element in his favor. Professor DuPre conducted, at the same hour when Doctor Carlisle's class met at the church, a meeting for women at his house. He became then more a spiritual adviser for young women, Doctor Carlisle for young men. These facts gave Doctor Carlisle somewhat the advantage in the way of impressing the student public and through them the wider general public over the State. When in 1875 Doctor Shipp resigned the presidency of the college to go to Vanderbilt, it was clear that his successor would not be a preacher but one or the other of these distinguished laymen. Professor DuPre was older by ten years and had been head of the Female College, at Newberry, before coming to Wofford, so that it would have been natural for him to feel it when his younger colleague was elected President. If he did feel hurt at Doctor Carlisle's election, he hid it in a very gentlemanly way, and there was no outward sign of lack of cordial support of the new administration during the six months that he remained in the faculty until called to the presidency of Martha Washington Female College, Abingdon, Virginia. As to Doctor Carlisle, I only know that he told the Trustees he would be satisfied if they should elect Professor DuPre.

If the latter had continued at Wofford, I should have fuller and more interesting reminiscences of him as a member of the faculty, inasmuch as I came in with the new administration; but before I had got fairly broken into my new duties he was gone. One little incident, however, I remember especially well which seemed to promise that his influence upon me as an older colleague would be but a continuation of that which he exerted upon me while I was a student. He was the first, so far as I know, to pronounce a favorable verdict upon my initial work as professor at Wofford. His remark, as reported to me, was very flattering, and I remember what an encouragement and stimulus it was to me at the time. If I have not attained to all that he predicted, that does not necessarily prove weakness in his judgment of men, while it does show a ready sympathy with youthful ambition and honest effort.

He was a very popular man in the town and in the State; people could not help liking a man who was so genial and public-spirited, so full of humor and such a good story-teller, so honest and honorable in all his dealings with men. But the best thing about him was his beautiful home-life. There cannot have been many happier homes than that over which he presided for twenty-one years at Wofford. I have been told that he always found time to read aloud to his wife and growing children interesting books, especially Dickens, and to talk over these with them. Besides, all the family, except perhaps the mother, were musical, and there was probably no front porch in the town where one heard—in spring and summer and fall—so much good singing. It all seemed as natural as the birds singing in the trees. If he was ever irritable with his family, I never heard of it, and it was natural that in his family he was idolized and reverenced to an extraordinary degree.

When he left Wofford to go to Martha Washington, the church took leave of him in a farewell meeting, and I remember how deeply affected he was, especially how tenderly he referred in his farewell remarks to the fact that he was leaving behind not only the friends of a lifetime but the graves of children. I hear now the breaking in his voice at this point and Doctor Car-
lisle's call to him: "It is well with the children, my brother!" When three years later news came that he was at death's door from erysipelas, the college and the town were moved as I never knew them moved in my time, especially when the end came. He had served well the college and community in his day and generation, and richly deserved the honorary LL. D.—Wofford's first—bestowed upon him at the first commencement after he went to Virginia.

THE OPENING 1917-18.

The alumni will be interested in knowing how the college opened in point of numbers. Of course, it was to be expected that the draft, voluntary enlistment, and general war necessities would draw upon our student body as it would draw upon the student bodies of all the colleges for men. Indeed, it would not be to the credit of any institution if, at this crucial time, its men failed to respond to the call of country and civilization. And we are proud to say that our Wofford men, both alumni and students, have responded to this call. Last year, 199 old students returned to college; this year, only 166—a difference of 33. However, the increase in the Freshman class almost counterbalanced the difference. We have 105 Freshmen, as against 86 for last year. Thus the total enrollment for this session is at present 271—only 15 short of what it was for the whole of last year.

It should be said that a fine mood of seriousness pervades the student body. They are evidently feeling the bigness of the forces in the world about them, and this feeling is sending them to their college tasks with a deeper earnestness. Besides, they are taking hold of the various student activities—literary, social, athletic, religious—in a way that seems to promise an unusually successful year.