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Wofford College Bulletin, Alumni Issue, January 1919

Wofford College. Alumni Office

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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 though 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 Godlike men.

No Croesus' pile for you, nor sculptured stone,
But guerdon rich and full in Heaven's "Well done."

WM. G. BLAKE, '83.

Spartanburg, S. C.

Alumni Issue

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY by WOFFORD COLLEGE
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Entered at the Postoffice at Spartanburg, S. C., as second class matter, May 17, 1916, under Act of Congress August 24, 1912.
OFFICERS OF ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, 1917-18
President—R. T. Caston, '71..............Cheraw, S. C.
First Vice-President—S. H. McGhee, '95........Greenwood, S. C.
Second Vice-President, (*).
Secretary and Treasurer—A. G. Rembert, '84........Spartanburg, S. C.
Alumni Orator, (*).

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
President, Vice-Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer, Ex-Officio
(*) ......................................... Spartanburg, S. C.
J. C. Rogers, '98................................Florence, S. C.
B. H. Brown, '02................................Spartanburg, S. C.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY ASSOCIATIONS
Anderson—President, G. Cullen Sullivan, Anderson, S. C.; Secretary
and Treasurer, R. E. Holroyd, Anderson, S. C.
Greenwood—President, W. W. Nickels, Greenwood, S. C.; Secretary
and Treasurer, O. M. Dantzler, Greenwood, S. C.
Laurens—President, W. H. Dial, Laurens, S. C.; Secretary and Treas­
urer, (*)
Marion-Dillon—President, (*), Marion, S. C.; Secretary and Treasur­
er, (*), Marion, S. C.
Marlboro—President, J. C. Covington, Clio, S. C.; Secretary and
Treasurer, J. C. Moore, McColl, S. C.
Orangeburg—President, (*); Secretary and Treasurer, (*), Orange­
burg, S. C.

(*) To be appointed later.

NOTES AND COMMENTS
The Bulletin It was with regret that circumstances made it impracticable to issue the Octo-
ber number of The BULLETIN. Not the least of these obstacles was the inability to secure the funds necessary for publication. For The BULLETIN alone the cost of publication, mailing and even the minimal expenses for clerical work would require at least four hundred dollars a year, that is, if these several tasks are to be fully and efficiently done.

In addition to the foregoing expenses, the plans included in the alumni reorganization look to the compiling of an alumni directory. So far little has been done in this direction. Indeed, but for the loyal help of Mr. Betts—help often rendered at considerable sacrifice—even The BULLETIN must have failed of regular quarterly publication.

On the mailing list of The BULLETIN are something more than nine hundred names of former students of Wofford College—names of those whose academic course, whether partial or complete, was wholly taken at Wofford. It is these who constitute our regular alumni, in the larger and truer meaning of that term, and it is from these that the association asks the annual voluntary contribution of two dollars. The payment of this fee by three hundred members would furnish ample funds for putting into effect the present plans of the association.

Lest you forget, write check at this point. Contributions The BULLETIN has thus far fully justi­fied its undertaking. There have been not a few letters of encouragement. It scarcely needs the say-
ing that this worth chiefly grows out of the following features: The personal mention column, the reminiscential and historic contributions, and the real value of many of the articles written by alumni and friends.

For the personal mention section, the compiler must in large degree depend upon information voluntarily sent by former students of the college. Surely it is not asking too much of them to urge that wherever one sees or hears of the well being or well doing of some Wofford man, he drop to the Secretary-Treasurer a postal card giving the information. Some few have already without solicitation contributed to this column.

The more than passing value of THE BULLETIN must, however, rest upon the number and character of the reminiscential and more formal contributions. Thanks are due and sincerely given to all past contributors. To live and maintain its interest THE BULLETIN needs a continuous flow of such contributions. Wofford is rich in historic matter and reminiscential material. One needs only meet up with former Wofford men to realize the truth of this statement. Indeed, a few such incidental meetings cannot fail to impress one with the ever fresh and varied character of the Wofford spirit and interests. One need not fear criticism for monotony who in this spirit writes for THE BULLETIN about the campus interests and incidents of his day.

Again, it will ever remain true that the best endowment of an institution is to be found in the living interest of its former students. It is an endowment not alone of growing material advantage but of spiritual enrichment. The life of such an interest is conditioned upon the vigor and the direction of its growth. A growth so humanly conditioned is itself quickened, if not wholly nurtured, by regularity and fulness of the human touch. A living alumni calls for an active and progressive organization. To such an organization no little help and stimulation would come from a bulletin rich in the elements of interest aforementioned.

The official compiler therefore not only urges any and all to write if but a news item or a brief remembrance but also invites without reservation any criticism or suggestion that may suggest itself to the reader.

A Memorial Number

It is now planned to make the next issue a combination of a memorial number and a record of Wofford’s contribution to the war. The year just past has made many a gap in our ranks—not alone in the camp and on the battlefield, but among older men who in the spirit and sacrifice of high service exemplified the best that the college has always tried to incarnate. We need to enrich and quicken ourselves by special emphasis upon the memory of these.

Preliminary to such an issue there is need for more complete data about our alumni in the service. Directly and indirectly the authorities of the college have come into possession of the most of this information. This is included in the present issue with the urgent request that attention be called to any mistakes or omissions.

WOFFORD MEN IN THE SERVICE

Class of 1882
Weber, Dr. J. L., Y.M.C.A. Director.

Class of 1885
Herbert, Rev. W. L., Camp Pastor.

Class of 1888
Gentry, Rev. J. J., Camp Pastor.

Class of 1895
Shuler, Rev. F. H., Camp Pastor.

Class of 1896
Sessions, F. W., Y.M.C.A. Wannamaker, O. D., Y.M.C.A.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class of 1897</th>
<th>Connor, W. M., Jr., Major, Judge Advocate Dept.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1899</td>
<td>Stoll, P. H., Major, Judge Advocate Dept.</td>
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<td>Class of 1900</td>
<td>Fairey, J. C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1901</td>
<td>Manning, A. A., Capt.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1902</td>
<td>Austin, T. C., Col. M. C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1904</td>
<td>All, E. L., Lieut. Inf.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class of 1905</td>
<td>Brabham, M. W., Y.M.C.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class of 1906</td>
<td>Anderson, J. C., Y.M.C.A.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1907</td>
<td>Foster, M. C., Lieut., Judge Advocate Dept.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1908</td>
<td>Fripp, E. M., Lieut.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1909</td>
<td>Calvert, C. P.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1910</td>
<td>Elkins, J. W., Jr., Capt. F. A.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1911</td>
<td>Johnson, C. A., Capt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class of 1912</td>
<td>Klugh, C. E., Field Clerk.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class of 1913</td>
<td>Brogdon, J. C., Lieut. M. C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1914</td>
<td>Dargan, Marion, Jr., Inf.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1915</td>
<td>DuPre, W. D., Lieut.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1916</td>
<td>Easterling, C. A., Lieut. Inf.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1917</td>
<td>France, B. H., Lieut. C. A. C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1918</td>
<td>Finch, P. F., Lieut. M. C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1919</td>
<td>Herring, O. L., Capt.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1920</td>
<td>Hill, T. F.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1921</td>
<td>All, C. O., Lieut. Inf.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1922</td>
<td>Beach, G. A., Sgt. Inf.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1924</td>
<td>Elkins, C. R.</td>
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<td>Class of 1925</td>
<td>Galbraith, J. C., Lieut. Inf.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1927</td>
<td>Hisey, T. W., Lieut. Inf.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1928</td>
<td>Horger, E. L., Lieut. M. C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1929</td>
<td>Heintz, G. M., Lieut. Av.</td>
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<td>Class of 1930</td>
<td>Jones, J. S.</td>
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<td>Class of 1932</td>
<td>Lauder, S. H.</td>
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<td>Class of 1933</td>
<td>Owen, J. H., Lieut. Inf.</td>
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<td>Class of 1934</td>
<td>Flyer, C. D., M. G.</td>
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<td>Class of 1935</td>
<td>Raynor, H. C., Lieut. M. C.</td>
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<td>Class of 1936</td>
<td>Shockley, C. W., A. T. S.</td>
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<td>Class of 1937</td>
<td>Wrightson, W. O., Lieut. M. C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1938</td>
<td>Black, S. O., Lieut. M. C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1939</td>
<td>Barnett, J. S., Lieut.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1940</td>
<td>Connor, R. S.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1941</td>
<td>Cornish, G. R. F., Lieut.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1942</td>
<td>Cudd, J. E., Lieut. M. C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1943</td>
<td>Darwin, R. F., Lieut.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1944</td>
<td>Dillard, W. Y., Lieut. C. A. C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1945</td>
<td>Duckworth, Rev. R. L., Y.M.C.A.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1946</td>
<td>Epps, E. K.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1947</td>
<td>Gage, L. G., Lieut. M. C.</td>
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<td>Class of 1948</td>
<td>Humphries, A. L., Lieut.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1949</td>
<td>Hutto, W. D., Jr.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1950</td>
<td>Keller, B. M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1951</td>
<td>Langford, Henry, Lieut. Q. M. C.</td>
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<td>Class of 1952</td>
<td>Lindsay, C. M., Capt. Inf.</td>
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<td>Class of 1953</td>
<td>McLaurin, J. B.</td>
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<td>Class of 1954</td>
<td>Mobley, J. M., Lieut. F. A.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1955</td>
<td>Nichols, Montague (Killed in action).</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1956</td>
<td>Ouzst, D. T., Jr., Lieut.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1957</td>
<td>Prince, J. L., Corp.</td>
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<td>Class of 1958</td>
<td>Richardson, James.</td>
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<td>Class of 1959</td>
<td>Shell, V. M., Capt. Cav.</td>
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<td>Class of 1960</td>
<td>Shores, Raxlin.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1962</td>
<td>Thompson, P. H., Lieut.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1963</td>
<td>Turbeville, D. M., Lieut.</td>
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<td>Class of 1964</td>
<td>All, W. L.</td>
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<td>Class of 1965</td>
<td>Ayers, A. W.</td>
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<td>Class of 1966</td>
<td>Badger, B. M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1967</td>
<td>Beach, Rev. F. C., Chaplain</td>
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<td>Class of 1968</td>
<td>Cromley, B. F.</td>
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<td>Class of 1969</td>
<td>Edens, N. W., Lieut. Inf.</td>
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<td>Class of 1970</td>
<td>Elterbe, H. L., Lieut. C. A. C.</td>
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<td>Class of 1971</td>
<td>Floyd, J. T.</td>
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<td>Class of 1972</td>
<td>Glenn, J. L., Jr., Capt. Inf.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1974</td>
<td>Hill, R. S.</td>
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<td>Class of 1976</td>
<td>McIver, R. B., Lieut. M. C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1977</td>
<td>Merriwether, R. L., Lieut. M. G.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1978</td>
<td>Nelson, J. D., Jr., M. T. S.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1979</td>
<td>Ouzst, W. L., Lieut.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class of 1980</td>
<td>Rice, L. M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Class of 1981</td>
<td>Steele, C. D., Aviation.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class of 1982</td>
<td>Wannamaker, L. C., Lieut. M. G.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class of 1983</td>
<td>Whitaker, G. W., Lieut. Q. M. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class of 1984</td>
<td>Zimmerman, C. E., Lieut. M. G.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Wofford College Bulletin

Class of 1913

Asbill, B. M., Lieut. F. A.
Bethea, J. E., Lieut.
Bethea, W. C., Lieut. F. A.
Buice, W. S., Lieut. F. A.
Burnett, Bobo, Engs.
Calvert, J. T.
Cope, G. W., Engs.
Epps, J. C.
Genes, S. A.
Gibson, H. G.
Googe, A. L.
Herlong, W. F.

Humphries, T. B., Lieut.
Hyer, J. C., Tr. Mortar.
Madden, Z. L., Y.M.C.A.
Monroe, J. T., Lieut.
(Red of disease.)
Rhoad, C. S.
Sims, H. R.
Spigner, E. T., Lieut. Inf.
Stockhouse, J. M., W. S.
Stillwell, L. J., Lieut.
Watson, L. N.

Class of 1914

Anderson, J. H., Lieut. Inf.
Anderson, J. H., U. S. N.
Bethea, J. C., Jr., Lieut. A. G. D.
Blake, W. E., Munitions Fcty.
Bomar, L. J., Sgt. C. A. C.
Brice, L. K., Lieut. Inf.
Burch, J. E.
Carmichael, D. C., Lieut. Inf.
Cauthen, L. J., Sgt. Q. M. C.
Cross, W. D., Lieut.
DeBose, H. P.
Fairey, R. T., Lieut. Inf.
Fort, M. K., F. A.
Grenecker, T. B., Lieut. Inf.
Heinith, H. E., Jr., Lieut. M. C.
Herbert, T. C., Lieut. M. T. S.
Huff, P. D., Lieut. F. A.
Hutto, G. A., Balloon Service.
Jenkins, R. S.
Jossy, H. L.

Lake, T. D., Jr., Lieut. Inf.
(Licked in action.)
Lyles, Bryan, Lieut.
Marshar, R. C., Lieut.
Montgomery, F. C., Lieut. Av.
(Mucked in accident)
Moore, Henry, Capt. C. A. C.
Moore, L. L., U. S. N.
Riggett, V. L., Capt. Cavalry.
Patterson, J. C., Capt. Inf.
Rice, C. S.
Robinson, J. I., Sgt. Inf.
Segars, J. B.
Sims, C. M., Lieut. M. G.
Smith, H. M., Lieut.
(Blurred in action)
Smith, M. L.
Smith, Walton H., Q. M. C.
Smith, Wm. H.
Sprott, J. M.
Stackley, S. P., Eng.
Wardlaw, J. F., Lieut. F. A.

Class of 1915

Blackman, E. H., Inf.
Bomar, E. C., Capt. C. A. C.

Boyd, L. D., Aviation.
Brown, W. J., Inf.

Class of 1916

Adams, G. C., Lieut. Inf.
Bennett, J. L., Lieut.
Best, R. H., Lieut. Aviation.
Bowman, H. C., Ensign U. S. N.
Boyle, A. B.
Carter, P. T., Lieut.
Caulk, J. O.
Cauthen, J. C., Lieut. Av.
Creighton, C. R.
Crews, W. H., Jr., Sgt. C. A.
Cudd, R. L.
Dargan, W. H.
Davis, H. M., Sgt. Inf.
Earle, J. P., Lieut. Inf.
Denison, R. M., Aviation.
Enright, E. S., Eng.
Felkel, H. E., U. S. N.
Fletcher, R. T., Inf.
(Blurred in action)
Gosnell, C. B., Ensign U. S. N.
Griffin, J. L., Corp. Inf.

Muldrowe, L. M., Lieut. F. A.
Raysor, F. W., Lieut.
Riley, J. J., U. S. N.
Sanders, D. D.
Sanders, D. P., Lieut.
Shaffer, J. A., Lieut. Inf.
Stuart, J. D., Inf.
Stuckey, W. B., Lieut.
Steadman, W. W., Corp. Inf.
Sytan, R. J., Lieut. F. A.
Townsend, J. M., Lieut. Q. M. C.
Wannamaker, G. W., Jr., Capt. Inf.
Waters, H. G., Lieut.
Whitaker, Paul, U. S. N.
White, E. O., Lieut.
Wolfe, J. S., Q. M. C.

Hamer, E. B., Lieut. Av.
Harris, J. W., Jr., Lieut. Av.
Hodges, W. H., Jr., Engs.
Hood, J. H., Inf.
Huff, O. P., Lieut.
Johnson, C. L., F. A.
Lankford, B. C., West Point.
Langford, J. R.
Latimer, G. T., U. S. N.
McCray, H. W., Lieut. F. A.
Medlock, R. T., Sgt. Inf.
Montgomery, J. K., Ensign U. S. N.
Moody, H. M.
Moseley, E. F., Lieut. Amb. Serv.
Pate, Rembert, Lieut. Inf.
Patterson, Lieut. C. A. C.
Pendergrass, E. P.
Prince, G. E., Aviation.
Pruiett, J. C., Lieut. Tel. Bn.
Ramsue, W. G., Field Clerk.
Reid, T. F.
### Class of 1916—Continued

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Rank</th>
<th>Unit</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Abney, J. R.</td>
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<td>Anderson, E. A., Lieut.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Blair, S. L., Balloon Service</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Breeden, D. C., U.S. Marines</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Brooks, L. F. A.</td>
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<td>Burnett, J. Jr.</td>
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<td>Byrum, R. H., Med. Corps</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cabral, N. V., Inf.</td>
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<td>Cates, R. Z., Lieut. Av.</td>
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<td>Cauthen, C. E., Aviation</td>
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<td>Clarkson, C. A., Corp. M. G.</td>
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<td>Cooley, J. W., U. S. N.</td>
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<td>Dantzler, F. N., Lieut. Q. M. C.</td>
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<td>Davis, J. A., Corp. Sig. Corps</td>
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<td>DeShields, L. M., Inf.</td>
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<td>Dotter, J. C., Lieut. Inf.</td>
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<td>Dunovant, R. G. M., Lieut. F. A.</td>
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<td>Fort, L. W., Lieut. Inf.</td>
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<td>Glenn, T. H., U. S. Marines</td>
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<td>Ackerman, C. K., U. S. Marines</td>
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<td>Barber, S. W., Balloon Service</td>
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<td>Branson, G. W., U. S. N.</td>
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<td>Baddin, F. A., Chaplain</td>
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<td>Burnett, W. E., Lieut. C. A.</td>
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<td>Carlisle, H. B.</td>
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<td>Cato, J. D., Sgt. Inf.</td>
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<td>Clayton, B. R., Am. Train.</td>
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<td>Thompson, J. E.</td>
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<td>Tillinghast, D. A., Sgt. C. A. C.</td>
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<td>Wharton, W. C., Sgt. Inf.</td>
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### Class of 1917

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<th>Name</th>
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<td>Huggins, J. T., Lieut. F. A.</td>
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<td>Hughes, A. A., Inf.</td>
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<td>Morgan, C. E., U. S. N.</td>
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<td>Nesbitt, J. C., Inf.</td>
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<td>Osborne, L. G., Lieut. Inf.</td>
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<td>Ouzts, W. H., Lieut.</td>
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<td>Rembert, R. H., U. S. N.</td>
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<td>Sanders, H. W.</td>
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<td>Steedley, B. B.</td>
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<td>Stone, M. C., Aviation</td>
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<td>Vaughan, F. F.</td>
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<td>Whetstone, G. I., U. S. N.</td>
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<td>Wood, Harlan, Lieut. Q. M. C.</td>
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<td>Daniel, Vernon, U. S. N.</td>
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<td>DeShields, C. H., Engineers</td>
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<td>Ellerbe, F. R., Ensign U. S. N.</td>
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<td>Finch, A. C.</td>
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<td>Floyd, H. B.</td>
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<td>Oeland, J. M., Lieut. Inf.</td>
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<td>Ouzts, R. H., Lieut. F. A.</td>
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<td>Patton, W. M., U. S. N.</td>
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<td>Pearson, M. C., U. S. Marines</td>
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<td>Smith, L. W.</td>
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<td>Woodberry, D. L., U. S. N.</td>
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<td>Wright, E. L., U. S. N.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lancaster, R. M., M. C.</td>
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<td>Leanord, G. T., U. S. N.</td>
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<td>Mitchell, E. C., Sgt. F. A.</td>
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<td>Moore, A. T., Lieut. Inf.</td>
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<td>Moore, H. K., F. A.</td>
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<td>Phillips, H. R., Inf.</td>
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<td>Rogers, V. M., Sgt. F. A.</td>
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<td>Snelling, J. G., Signal Corps, U.S.N.</td>
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<td>Vaughan, H. F., Aviation</td>
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<td>Watson, J. C., Lieut. Inf.</td>
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CLASS REUNIONS AT THE COMING COMMENCEMENT

By provision of the new constitution the coming commencement is the reunion year for the classes ending in 4 and 9 and for the classes of 1916 and 1918.

By an additional provision some special contribution is asked of the class celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary. This provision for this year refers to the class of 1894. So far no class has responded to the request above referred to, though a few have taken the preliminary steps.

It should be further noted that attendance on these anniversaries includes all who were at any time members of the classes involved irrespective of whether they completed their course.

It is needless to name and emphasize the many and impelling reasons why the coming commencement in all our colleges should be historic both in spirit and in attendance. With a view to such a consummation at Wofford the following committees are appointed. The authorities at the college are always at their service:

CLASS REUNION COMMITTEES, COMMENCEMENT 1919

1859—Dr. S. A. Weber.
1869—D. A. DuPre.
1879—J. L. Glenn.
1884—J. J. Burnett.

1889—W. F. Few.
1894—H. L. Bomar.
1904—S. F. Cannon.

1890—A. M. Muckinfuss.
1900—Rev. J. M. Snyder.
1904—E. L. All.

1891—A. E. Moore.
1897—Rev. W. H. Hodges.
1899—Rev. W. J. Snyder.
1904—W. C. Herbert.

REPORT OF STUDENTS’ ARMY TRAINING CORPS UNIT

Made by President Henry Nelson Snyder

1. The enrollment in 1917-18 was reduced by approximately 10 per cent from that of the previous year. However, by the end of the year 20 per cent had withdrawn from college to enter the various branches of military service. The probable effect of the Manpower Act of August, 1918, reducing the draft age to eighteen would have been to bring the attendance in 1919 down to not more than 20 per cent of the usual enrollment.

2. The number of men in college at the beginning of 1917-18 was 274. The present year, 1918-19, there were matriculated 243, of which 185 were inducted into the S. A. T. C.

3. Estimated number of S. A. T. C. who would (a) normally have entered college, 150; (b) who entered only because of the S. A. T. C., 25.

4. Estimated loss of students because of demobilization of S. A. T. C. is 40. Most of these, say 25, will not return for lack of funds, the others form (a) a sort of a reaction against the military system, (b) the failure to catch the real academic spirit of the institution on account of the domination of the military motive, (c) business positions offering unusual compensation, (d) and a general feeling that the college would not return to normal before September, 1919.
5. (a) Though the academic work went on without a break, for the first week, beginning October 1, the absences from classes must have averaged as many as twenty men per day. This condition affected approximately 50 per cent of the unit, though most of the men were not absent from duty for more than a week. (b) There were only two or three late applicants for induction, consequently everybody was ready for duty on October 1, when the work began. (c) There were no withdrawals for Officers' Training Camps, the first call being cancelled by the signing of the armistice. (d) In the beginning, say, the first month, academic work was considerably interrupted by extra military duties, particularly in the cases of certain men who showed aptitude for special kinds of duty.

6. Wofford College found little difficulty in meeting the suggestions of the committee. We studied with great care the committee's program and suggestions, and then studied ourselves, our teaching force and equipment, and set to work to do what we felt we could do with reasonable efficiency.

7. At first the interest shown by the students did not compare favorably with that shown in peace times, although there was a steady improvement toward the last. It should be said, however, that conditions were not favorable to a fair test. The influenza, the adjustment to a new and unfamiliar organization that brought all sorts of psychological "wrenches" to both faculty and students, the compelling presence of a motive, the war motive, that made other motives seem pallid and anemic, the academic, for example, created a situation that renders it virtually impossible to make a satisfactory comparison.

8. The faculty did not have time to shape their judgment definitely into what might be called an "attitude" toward the combination of military instruction and academic work. Up to the signing of the armistice, November 11, they had simply accepted whole-heartedly their relations to the S. A. T. C. as a necessary, patriotic duty, and were trying to assist in making each other more adequate for the task required of them. The standard and quality of academic work had been used to hardest work they could begin to test experimentally the merits of the combination. So about all they would probably say at the day of demobilization was that they had the "feeling" that the standard and quality of academic work they had been used to would not "mix" with so much attention given to military duties.

9. All academic work satisfactorily done by members of the S. A. T. C. will be credited towards the requirements for a degree. We regard it of a sufficient value, though the courses required of all 20-year-old men, whatever their degree of advancement—Freshmen, Juniors, Sophomores or Seniors—was somewhat elementary compared with what would have been required of some of them.

10. The first method of "supervised study" we applied was that of requiring all students to study in two groups in two study halls. The supervision was conducted by the faculty. This method did not seem to bring results. So a change was made. All students were permitted to study in the dormitories under the inspection and supervision of the military officers except those who were reported as doing unsatisfactory work in as many as two of their courses. These latter were required "to keep study hall" under the supervision of members of the faculty. At the end of every week each instructor reported those students whose work was not up to standard. This method was proving to be quite successful. At the time of the demobilization the number of "lame" men in the study hall was steadily decreasing, and the faculty felt that they had hit upon a good scheme.

11. The course in the Issues of the War was an extraordinarily promising one, that is, like much else in the S. A. T. C., time was not sufficient to adjust it to students of different degrees of advancement and to work out definitely in its various phases. It will be continued and developed.
12. The relations between the academic and military authorities were of the best. There was nothing approaching friction, and each had come to an intelligent, sympathetic understanding of the other, appreciating the fact that the success of the whole scheme depended upon the cordial cooperation of both.

13. Up to the order for demobilization the effect of military discipline upon the morale and conduct of the student body was extraordinarily fine. We have never seen young men adapt themselves with a better or more willing spirit to even the hardest and least accustomed requirements of military discipline. With the war over and the order for demobilization, there was a perfectly natural letting down in both morale and conduct, though not enough to warrant complaint.

14. The effect of military training and discipline was of the nature of a decided improvement in the physical condition of the men. Their physical improvement was the outstanding feature of even this short experience in military training.

15. I doubt whether our S. A. T. C. experience will affect our future educational policy beyond (a) some sort of adoption of a supervised study system whereby the men who are not working are quickly discovered and isolated until they improve or are detached from the institution before they damage themselves or it over much, and (b) a more scientific responsibility for the health and physical condition of all the students.

16. In a similar emergency it seems to me that one of two things should be done: (a) either take over the institution completely and give instruction only in those subjects that are technically military in character, or (b) letting the regular college courses and classifications stand without modification, simply add the military training and discipline, trusting to the army camps to do the rest. The first suggestion would mean the transformation of rather select human material into quickly available military use to meet an immediate emergency; the second would mean at least the maintenance of the college organization, less interruption of the normal processes of the student's education, and at the same time would be preparing him for his "call" when it should come.

17. I think some form of military training should be offered in all colleges, like, for example, the R. O. T. C. But it should be a purely elective course, and the influence of its discipline and ideals should not be strong enough to modify to any considerable degree the academic atmosphere of the institution. It does not seem to me that military methods, ways of thinking, aims and ideals can be congenially at home in the academic atmosphere as we know it. From what we have learned of the military spirit, its point of view, and ways of going at things, its mind, I do not believe that the two can get along helpfully together. They will not "mix." This is not to say that the academic spirit might not be better off with some of the military spirit injected into it. It is to say, however, that they do not go together, and that it would not be well for American education and consequently for American life if its colleges, or any considerable number of them were militarized. It is a "long, long trail" to universal military service in this country, but if it should come, I feel that the college should grant credits to those of its students who would elect to take their military training in college.

18. Number S. A. T. C. students, 185; number former students in service, 427; number commissioned officers, 181.

19. I cannot get away from the impression that much of the comment given above is of the nature of judgments formed without sufficient data to warrant their being worth a great deal. The faculty wished the plan to go on until July 1, in order to test out by practical experience some of the very questions that have been raised. The sum of the matter is, as things now stand, we are glad to return to business as usual, though no little of this mood may be but a part of a vague feeling induced by the Great Peace.
THE SOUL OF SCIENCE

Prof. W. G. Blake, '83

Time was when the chief effect of natural phenomena upon the minds of men was to arouse the primitive emotions of fear or wonder or admiration. This resulted in the deification and worship of material forces, a fact not to be despised in the development of the race. Imagination ran riot in an unlimited domain where it not only encountered the terrible and the menacing, but also found material enough to develop in a wonderful way the aesthetic sense—a process which gave men's literary essays in truth-delving a vestiture at once beautiful and illuminating. Greece has shown to the world what gifted and disciplined mind can do in the realm of the spirit amid the darkness of a religious and scientific night. But today Christianity has demolished pagan worship, while science has depopulated Mount Olympus and dissipated the many-hued clouds of a classic superstition. Dissipated, I say, not destroyed; for, as the dewdrop condensed from the morning fog glistens like a diamond in the sunshine, so the mythology of ancient Greece and Rome shines today like a splendid gem in the drapery of human thought.

Yet, while a diamond is very beautiful and highly prized, it is a dead thing. Nature is no longer personal. King Jupiter and his host still exist, but they lie in state within a crystalline sarcophagus.

What has this meant to the world? When the balance is struck is it gain or loss?

For superstition, a true religion has more than substituted a worshipful First Cause. But what has science done to replace those multiform living agencies that controlled natural phenomena and furnished unbounded imaginative incentive? Has the material world of today, bereft of its innumerable animating deities, and subjected under the glass and scalpel to the keen, cold-blooded investigation of uncompromising truth-seekers anything but a stone to offer us in mitigation of the soul hunger of men? Have the wonderful discoveries and inventions of modern times, and this profound penetration into nature's secrets fulfilled their mission when they have enabled men the better to see, to hear, to talk, to ride, to fly, and to fight?

By no means.

It is quite fitting that the first contribution of natural science to human welfare should have been material benefits; yet the idea will not down, not only that matter does not exist essentially for the sake of matter, but that everything tangible and visible in this life is a divine means to a spiritual end. Plato's dictum that time is but the image of eternity, and that all things material and evanescent are but symbols of the immaterial, the real, and the eternal, is strengthened by Drummond's well-developed conception that the same great, fundamental laws link and control the world of matter and the world of spirit, while the whole is brought up to date in the bold suggestion based upon scientific reasoning that matter itself is but a vortex in the ether. And let me add, why may not this vortex be the result of the projected thought of a Master Mind upon that mysterious fluid? However that may be, the idea is not antagonistic to reason, and holds a deep, poetic thrill.

As yet the soul of science has not emerged from its chrysalis so far as the bulk of civilized men is concerned. We are willing to accept with thanks its wonderful material blessings, and let it go at that. Yet there is a world about us peopled with infinitely varied creatures of coherent scientific imaginings—not the wild, uncurbed fancies of the fertile, though ignorant child mind of the race—but conceptions welded to fact and appealing to faith; conceptions no less beautiful and varied, but more spiritually ennobling than the tragedies and comedies of mythical heroes and demigods.

Renaissant poets, enamored of the Jovian tribe resurrected
from their sepulchres in ancient Greece, burdened their pro-
ductions with classical allusions. The Muse, however, became
thoroughly surfeited after a few centuries. Most certainly the
poet of today and his quondam friends are severely estranged.

To modern science, however, poetry is slowly but surely
paying court. Nor will the marriage that is being effected
between the two ever suffer divorcement, but the union must
wax more and more intimate and splendid as the horizon of
scientific truth grows larger and still larger.

I refer, of course, to exact science. Nature in her untamed
moods and surface manifestations has ever been a most fertile
field for poetic gleaning. But today the university laboratory
may minister to the soul. In its delicate testings, its infinitesi­
mal measurements, and its miracles in the realm of matter,
there is for those who have the eye to see and the ear to hear a
wealth of the spiritually true and beautiful and good.

To be sure the Theory of Evolution with its creed-smashing
propensities and its man-monkey affiliations seemed more akin
to the ridiculous than to the sublime. And when it appeared
to substitute for God's immanent, guiding presence in the
universe a sort of automatic contrivance that ground out
inevitable results, it was soul depressing rather than edifying.
Such was true, however, for only the surface delver into this
epoch-making hypothesis. The open fossil volumes of the
rocks, with their long-time disturbing question mark hanging
over them, became a fascinating study when evolution fur­
nished a Rosetta Stone; but not until the thought was born
that God had placed within a bit of formless protoplasm the
divine potentiality which, after the first creative fiat, could
issue forth untrammeled and develop a world of teeming life
animal and vegetable—not until then was the soul of the stu­
dent stirred to its center. No wonder that the geologist Car­
ruth of a certain western college was inspired, when such
thoughts came to him, to write words that arrested attention
in two continents. Looking even beyond the protoplasm he says:

A fire-mist and a planet;
A crystal and a cell;
A jelly-fish and a saurian;
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it evolution,
But others call it—God!

What a magnificent sweep is here—from the Nebular Hypo­
thesis, through the cosmic ages, to the creature made in God's
image, while the still small Voice is heard behind it all!

I wonder if a vivid imagination is not always a necessary
equipment of the master minds of discovery, invention, and
reform. Vision is the forerunner of achievement, and often so
wild apparently and fanciful the vision that the seer is dubbed
a crank, a fanatic, a dreamer.

There is nothing so remarkable in Newton's wondering what
made the apple fall, and his determination to discover the
secret if possible; but it took the soul of a seer and a poet in
the great mathematician to wonder if the moon and planets
and stars were not governed by the same law that drew the
apple to the ground. And even a greater wonder and a deeper
thrill is aroused by the thought that through the selfsame law
the earth is drawn upward by the apple. The writer has often
been impelled to attempt to write his thoughts in poetic form;
but never was that impulse stronger than when, looking at the
leaves falling from the trees on an autumn day he penciled
the following:

Touched by rude Winter's breath, the autumn leaf
Falls fluttering to the ground. Unheeded? No!
The great, round world upmoves a little space
To take the stricken gold upon its breast.
Pierced by the barbed shafts of adversity,
Hard writhes the human soul. Unheeded? No!
The glorious Maker of worlds, suns, and angels
Bends down a loving heart to sympathize.
Even mathematics has its poetry, its spiritual appeal. The serious student may sense behind the formulas of its higher branches the mysteries and divine attributes of God. My honored preceptor, Chancellor James H. Kirkland, read us one day in class from Chapman’s Homer the parting scene between Hector and Andromache, and we were deeply impressed with its charm. But a thrill of another kind and a profounder one was aroused within me on another occasion when the revered Dr. James H. Carlisle was talking upon a very different subject. He had been dealing with the summation of an infinite series, that strange but wonderfully useful mathematical process that reaches an exact, finite result by adding an infinite number of terms. After a pause he remarked, referring to the blackboard: “There we see, young gentlemen, God’s finger pointing to His infinity!” Here the good Doctor was a poet, and unsurpassed for loftiness of thought and beauty of expression by either a Milton or a Homer.

Atheism and true science cannot dwell in the same house. “Faith is a delusion,” says the infidel; yet he trusts in his mathematics to predict his eclipses hundred of years hence to the fraction of a second, forgetting entirely that this most rigid of all sciences is based on axioms, which is faith. How the young mathematician groans over “limits” and strains his imagination to perceive the polygon merge into the circle! How can the finite bloom into the infinite, upon which his every-day, workable formulas depend? In despair he shakes his head, while his mathematics thunders, “Faith! faith! faith!”

What a lesson is here relative to other fields of truth! “Go to the ant thou sluggard,” is spoken to the improvident. “Go to thy trusted, inflexible mathematics.” He says to the flounderer in Bible mysteries, “learn of her ways and be wise.” What! Fling away your Bible because all infinite truth is not discovered in the finite page? Then fling away your rule of three, and doubt that two and two make four!

Yes, in many more ways than one God permits us to handle His infinities for every-day, temporal needs. I wonder if the Father Heart does not yearn for a more frequent and reverent recognition on our part of their spiritual content? In every field of exact science the new flowers of truth that reward the patient investigator dispense—every one—a rare perfume that only the spiritual in man may detect, a transcendent beauty the soul alone can appreciate. But there must be present a soul—a quickened, vigilant soul, or the precious essence will escape.

And as for astronomy, I seriously wonder if any man is more than half man who knows little or nothing about the starry heavens. This world is not man’s permanent dwelling-place. Still he is prone to anchor his all on its shifting sands. Hence, a lovingly solicitous Maker would wean him from this earth-enthralment, and so He has sprinkled His infinite spaces with innumerable spheres, and He binds them in their courses with immutable laws, and robes them in splendor and mystery. Then He invites man to see and learn, assuring him in that old, familiar voice, “The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork.”

There is reason for encouragement that our colleges are beginning at last, though grudgingly, to grant a diploma they dub B. S., which represent perchance a little preponderance of science over belles lettres, and of questionably equal grade with the time-honored, A. B.

And just here I find myself thinking about culture. Thou skittish, evasive thing! I shall not attempt to define thee; yet methinks I see thee as chary of association with him who is satisfied with the flotsam and jetsam of science, as with him who has only a bowing acquaintance with history, literature, and art.

There is a little story about a certain labyrinth and a dreadful Minotaur and a hero and a beautiful woman, which it were well for us all to have read. But he who knows nothing about another labyrinth with its winding chambers, its trembling waters, its harp of three-thousand strings, and, withal, its
maze of science and poetry, is to be pitied. We envy indeed who is well versed in literature, so-called. Yet blessed also is the man who can appreciate the poetry of mathematics who has heard the music of the spheres, who has read the romance of the ions and the epic of the cells. Thrice blessed, however, is he whose spirit can roam at will in God's universal domain.

DOCTOR JAMES H. CARLISLE

CHARLES FORSTER SMITH, PH. D.

University of Wisconsin

I first heard of Dr. Carlisle in November, 1861, through my oldest brother, who entered the freshman class in October of that year. He had been at Wofford only six weeks when he volunteered, and coming back home on his way to his regiment told us, among other things, that the great man with the students was Professor Carlisle. So I went to college, seven years later, prepared to find a big man. His was a striking figure: six feet four inches in height, about one hundred eighty or one hundred ninety pounds in weight, his walk, like his demeanor, measured and sedate. His head was large, he wore a number eight hat, but admirably proportioned to his unusual height. His splendid dome never became bald, his dark hair and beard, though thinning with the years, at the end were only gray, never white. With his majestic figure he would have been picked out in any assembly of men, but it was his blue-gray eye still more than his Saul-like stature that marked him a king among men. That eye might not impress you greatly unless you saw him under the impulse of strong emotion. That his soul could become a volcano I realized once when in a small company of intimate friends he said: "Brethren, if any of you has the ear of——, I beseech you to speak to him in time; if I have to answer him . . ." Then he suddenly checked himself. It was the discipline of habitual self-control. When, possessed with a great idea, he faced a crowd of men, especially of young college men, that blazing eye held and compelled them, and the torrent of living words swept them away. But in general his look mirrored a great soul made habitually gentle by life-time sympathy with human suffering.

Of Irish ancestry, he had naturally a quick sense of humor—as for example, when saluted deferentially by a drunken man in the street, he remarked to me, "One of my bar-room acquaintances"; but his humor was not usually allowed to betray itself. It was the tragedy of life, not the comedy, that he usually contemplated, as when once from the book-store he saw a man across the street reel into a saloon. He had seen, as it were, a man entering the gates of hell, and with indescribable pathos, ejaculated, "Poor fellow!" His prevailing mood was one of high seriousness. His laugh was never loud; not even when a room full of sedate men, after a good dinner at Doctor Whitefoord Smith's, were convulsed at the marvelous mimicry of Dr. James A. Duncan, taking off Dr. William A. Smith of Virginia, or Bishop Wightman of South Carolina. Even then Dr. Carlisle was the quietest man in the room, though Dr. Duncan's exhibition, with that incomparable organ voice of his, was better than Dr. Buckley's "Celebrities I Have Seen," before twenty-five hundred people at the Madison Chautauqua, taking off Dr. Talmage, with that reverend gentleman sitting on the platform behind him. Dr. Carlisle's eyes told that he saw all the fun, but even then he was not hilarious.

I got my strongest impression of him the first year in the algebra class, which he taught extra daily at twelve o'clock, to freshmen that volunteered for it. Nearly the whole class volunteered. Most of us needed it, and it was well taught. His instruction in the regular freshman geometry also made an abiding impression upon me and the class worked hard if they ever did. But why do I recall now a trifling incident of the black-board work of that period? We were, toward the
end of the year, taking a hasty review in arithmetic; and one red-headed, good-hearted young fellow, whose forte was not mathematics, had to reduce two-thirds of a second to the decimal of an hour. "Are you ready, Mr.——?" called Professor Carlisle. "Yes, sir, two-thirds of a second reduced to the decimal of an hour equals forty fours." "Do you believe that?" gravely asked the Professor. "No, sir." "Very well, you may take your seat." I can still see the look of dismay on the countenance of the poor boy as he had to walk to his seat before the laughing faces of the whole class. Trigonometry next year was perhaps even more stimulating work than plane geometry; but analytical geometry, to me at least, was difficult and uninteresting. Calculus Dr. Carlisle sometimes offered in the junior year, when a class wanted it; but ours did not vote for it—I think owing to '71's report of its terrors—though among us were Coke Smith, Charles Woods, Gee and Haynes. Instead of Calculus, we had natural philosophy (physics) three times a week. The senior course in astronomy, was more interesting to me than any other, and Loomis' Astronomy still wears for me a sort of halo, for a text book.

This reminds me to say that no intellectual impression of my freshman year was probably so strong as an address given by Dr. Carlisle, in a course of three or four public lectures offered for the purpose of raising money—twenty-five cents a lecture—to buy a telescope for the college. I believe I could still repeat as much of that lecture as of almost any I have ever heard. Think of the impression made on a freshman's imagination when he heard Professor Carlisle name a fixed star, so remote that a ray of light starting at the moment of the birth of Christ and traveling at the rate of about two hundred thousand miles a second, was just reaching the earth! Dr. Carlisle's one-hour-a-week Bible class, Monday 9 a.m., for Juniors, on the books of Samuel and Kings, has left with me more and richer memories than even the astronomy course; and no wonder, for everybody knows that Dr. Carlisle ought to have been Professor of Moral Philosophy. But why does one little incident from that class-hour come to my mind oftener than any other? I was reciting on I Samuel, 25, and repeated the words about Abigail, Nabal's wife, "A woman of good understanding and of a beautiful countenance." Dr. Carlisle startled me by commenting: "When you come to choose a wife, let that be the order of your preference."

We students all had absolute confidence in the genuineness of Dr. Carlisle's religion, and I cannot imagine anybody ever doubting it, especially one who had heard him in public prayer. No other man's extempore prayers ever so affected me; for he prayed, not at the audience, but to the Lord. I remember one day at Leipzig, in the winter of 1874-5 when Baskervill and I used to read together Greek and Latin alternately every evening at B's room, how we were discussing the possibility of assurance concerning the future life, and I said I would ask Dr. Carlisle when I got home, if he did not know, from his "conversion," there was a life beyond. I did ask him that question, and I remember he told me that was not the surest test: a man might err in a matter of experience; it was safer to stay one's faith on the promises of the Bible.

Somehow that discussion with B and that later talk with Dr. Carlisle associate themselves with a little talk I made on the occasion of the welcome-luncheon given by the Faculty of the University of Wisconsin to Lyman Abbott when he came to do some religious work with our students. I was limited to five minutes, and some one or two others were allowed as much time, all the rest was to be Dr. Abbott's. I began by saying that a freshman entering an institution like the University of Wisconsin was much like a boat without a compass. My best advice was, as soon as possible to tack on to some good man in the Faculty and follow his lead. Then I tried to describe how such a personality as Dr. Carlisle's, whom I mentioned by name, might be at once, "guide, philosopher and friend." Perhaps I spoke with some enthusiasm, for I believed in my man,
but I kept within my five minutes. I shall always be grateful for the way my colleagues received it, and especially what Dr. Abbott told Mr. Frank Hall on the way down town that afternoon. But I deserved no especial credit, for it was the simple story of Dr. Carlisle's influence, told by one who had seen him live his religion for forty years.

I never had but one thing against Dr. Carlisle. He spoiled the best speech I ever made. That was my speech on "The Making of a Scholar," given as the literary address at the Jubilee of Wofford (1904). It came right out of my soul. I would not change the speech, for such an occasion, even if I had it to do over again. I still treasure Bishop Galloway's four words as he took my hand at the close, and I am sure the speech made the Bishop my friend as long as he lived, I remember, too, the words of Kirkland and Snyder. But my well laid plan had failed. My peroration was an apostrophe to Dr. Carlisle. He was the inspiration of the whole speech. I had written it with him in mind, not as the ideal scholar so much as the ideal man: and for once in my life I meant to take advantage of him for a spectacular effect. Perhaps there was some selfish vanity in the matter, but the main thing was that I wanted to show that audience of South Carolinians, that loved him, what he was to us alumni. I meant to break them down and make them cry. When I got to the peroration I looked everywhere for him—he was not on the platform, and I felt he was not in the audience—and asked, "Where is Dr. Carlisle, the rest is for him." He was not there, and I failed of my supreme effect. He had stayed at home that morning, and even pleaded "indisposition;" which was as near a fib as Dr. Carlisle ever was guilty of. I am sure, too, that he wanted to be there, for I adored him and I knew he loved me. But he was wont to say: "The gratitude of men makes me mourn," and he feared there might be a scene that morning. When he sent his son after the speech to read it, I said: "He can't have it." But I sent it to him all the same.

I shall never forget the emphasis with which Josephus Daniels said to me in May, 1910, while talking about the needs of a University—he was a trustee of the University of North Carolina—"We want more men like your Dr. Carlisle." I felt proud that he said, "your Dr. Carlisle." And I am proud also to remember at this moment how President Carter of Williams College, once while wintering for his health at Aiken, South Carolina, made a pilgrimage clear across the State just to see Dr. Carlisle; because he had heard me say, in 1881, that Dr. Carlisle was the greatest and best man I had ever known. And I could readily believe Gus Gamewell's report that Jenkin Lloyd-Jones, when he spoke at Spartanburg, told him Dr. Carlisle was the biggest man he had met; but whether he meant in the South or the whole world, I do not know. To me the closing words of the Phaedo of Plato about his great master seem peculiarly appropriate also to Dr. Carlisle: "The best man we have ever known and the wisest and the justest."

His administration as President, his eloquence, epigramatic sayings, the kind of books he read, his wonderful personality and influence over men—are these not recorded elsewhere? (Life sketch of Dr. Carlisle in Carlisle Memorial Volume, edited by Rev. W. B. Duncan and in the Methodist Review, 1910.)

REV. WATSON B. DUNCAN, Ph.D.

MRS. W. I. HERBERT

Rev. Watson Boone Duncan delivered the alumni address at Wofford College, June, 1918. This fact has given rise to the jotting down of some thoughts concerning him. He had the good fortune to be born and reared on a farm. This has been the record of many of our great Americans, into whose blood has entered the iron and ozone furnished by direct contact with Mother Nature, whose earliest primers were the fields and forests, mountains and the open skies. Dr. Duncan drew his
knowledge from human sources as well; having as his instructors his own father, Mr. J. D. F. Duncan, and his brother, Rev. Whiteford M. Duncan, who taught in the country schools in his neighborhood. He had also that honored teacher, Emory Watson and others. His course at Wofford College covered two years, and was interrupted by failing eyesight. Not daunted but with his Scotch blood manifest, he pursued his studies from year to year as improving sight permitted, until he acquired the degrees of A. B., A. M., and Ph. D. from the Polytechnic College, Erskine, Wofford, and Central University, respectively.

Converted in his childhood, he early felt a call to preach and began without delay to prepare for his lifework. He received into the South Carolina Conference in 1887. He served a number of our best appointments, combining unusually the habits of a student with those of an active pastor. He has enjoyed important appointments on boards and committees of his church and is in demand as lecturer and speaker for special occasions.

His literary pursuits have led to the publication of a large number of articles for magazines, Sunday School periodicals and so forth, beside which he has published several books and is doubtless at work on others.

Dr. Duncan was married in December, 1889, to Miss Liza Huggins, daughter of Dr. Huggins of Manning, S. C. He has three living children, Watson B., Jr., and Elizabeth Louise, both married and Herman Franklin, now a student at Wofford College.

**THE PROVIDENTIAL MISSION OF AMERICA**

By Dr. Watson B. Duncan

Mr. Toastmaster and Members of the Wofford Alumni Association:

A gentleman who had been invited to make an address on an important occasion was asked upon his return how he had succeeded with his effort. He replied: “I made a moving, soothing, and satisfying speech. I am sure that I made a moving speech, for while I spoke about half of the audience got up and moved out of the house. I am sure that I made a soothing speech, because as I talked on the other half of the audience went to sleep. And I am quite sure that I made a satisfying speech, because when I had finished the people said that they did not care to hear me any more.”

I trust this evening to make a moving, a soothing, and a satisfying speech, but not in the foregoing sense.

I shall speak for awhile at this hour on “The Providential Mission of America.”

Two outstanding facts render our topic both interesting and vital. The great world-conditions in which we find ourselves demand an honest and candid examination into the foundations of our Faith; and never in the history of the race has a favored nation had such an opportunity for high and holy service as has America in the world-crisis now upon us.

God’s relation to the world and to human history is a subject of vital importance. In fact, it is fundamental in life and achievement. It has ever been a topic of perpetual interest. Men have held various opinions upon the subject and the theories propounded have produced endless discussions.

The Atheist cuts the problem short and puts an end to all controversy so far as he is concerned by denying the very existence of God. This, however, has never been acceptable to many people and there have been few Atheists in the world. Thinking men have seen wisdom displayed in the natural
In 1883, John Henry Newman was travelling for his health. He was lying sick both in mind and body on the deck of a sail vessel in the Straits of Benefacio, in the Mediterranean Sea. He was in wretched health at the time and was greatly depressed over the condition of Church and State in England. In his eagerness to do something for the betterment of affairs, he longed for light and guidance. It was then and there, on the deck of that little vessel in the Mediterranean Sea, that he breathed his prayer in that immortal hymn:

Lead, Kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on!
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled by will. Remember not past years!
So long thy power hast blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

The preceding thoughts will prepare us for the consideration of the special topic under review: “The Providential Mission of America.”

There is a sense in which every nation has a Providential mission. Standing on Mars’ Hill and addressing the Athenian Philosophers, St. Paul said: “God hath made of one blood all the nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation.”
It is interesting to note the contributions made by some of the nations to the civilization of the world. There is Egypt. What did this ancient and peculiar nation do for Christian civilization? The preservation of the Chosen Family in the desolating famine and the education of the little child found among the flags that grew along the banks of the Nile who became "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians and was mighty in word and deed," gives the answer to our question. Egypt was the only place at that time where Moses could obtain the intellectual equipment necessary to the successful execution of the great task committed to him in after years. Drilled in all the fundamental principles of the religion of Israel by the mother who was so providentially called to take the child and train it; then, as the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter, having access to the schools and halls of learning that he could not have found elsewhere, he became the efficient leader.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword—
This was the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless pages truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

The three great nations of antiquity that made notable contributions to the progress of civilization were Rome, Greece and Israel.

Rome's contribution was largely physical. Her central government and mighty arm of protection, her great road system, and her rapid communication with outlying provinces greatly facilitated the introduction of Christianity into the world as it then existed.

The contribution of the Greeks was largely intellectual. Their sublime poetry, their graphic prose, their matchless art, their charming painting, and their profound philosophy have been the admiration of the ages. Their language, the most beautiful in the world, was a fitting vehicle through which the Gospel might be transmitted to posterity.

Israel had a genius for religion and it was the mission of the Hebrews to teach the world how to be genuinely religious. Amid the demoralizing influences of idolatry, the Jews preserved forever the pure worship of Jehovah, the only true and living God. What a mighty debt we owe to the Jew! The great covenants with Abraham and Israel; the great law of Moses, the foundation of all righteous jurisprudence; the great personalities of the race, like Abraham and Moses and Isaiah, who walked the summits of revealed truth and returned to the common paths of life bringing the blessings and benefits of the sublime visions and experiences, are some of the blessings that have come to us from the Jewish race.

All the great elements of truth and revelation came to their fruition in the Man of Galilee. He who was the Son of God was also the Son of Man—the Son of Humanity. As such, He possessed all the essential elements common to man. He is not separated from us by race or country; nor by the peculiarities of His age; nor by differences of education or culture; nor by means of rank or station. Jesus possessed all these elements beautifully harmonized. Great men are usually great in one or more directions; Jesus was great in all directions. We do not think of Him as a Philosopher, yet He gave us ultimate truth. We do not think of Him as an Orator, yet "never man spake like this Man." We do not think of Him as a Reformer, yet His teaching has been the inspiration of all worthy reforms since His day. We do not think of Him as a King, but He is to be "King of Kings and Lord of Lords." In Him opposite and seemingly contradictory elements are blended. In Him we find prudence and courage; tenderness and strength; love and anger. In Him we find the active and the passive virtues united.
If Jesus Christ is a Man
And only a Man, I say.
That of all mankind I cleave to Him
And to Him will I cleave all way.

If Jesus Christ is a God
And the only God, I swear
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air.

There is a sense in which America has been the beneficiary of all the nations of the past and the best thought of the ages has been embodied in our national ideals. We live down here where all the civilizations of the past converge upon us to bless. The key to the storehouses of all the treasures of all realms has been turned over to us and we have been told to walk in and help ourselves to the glorious inheritance. These treasures consist of the material, the intellectual, the social, and the spiritual inheritances of all the kingdoms of the whole earth. America is the result of all that has gone before. Egypt is in it; Rome is in it; Greece is in it; and Sinai is in it. All the arts and sciences and discoveries of all races are in it. What a privilege to live in this day and time and in this land so highly favored of Heaven!

This glorious inheritance, cherished in an atmosphere of freedom, has been the inspiration of many of the noblest and purest specimens of the race. First of all, there is Washington, the intrepid leader and wise statesman, who piloted the Nation through the perilous period of its history. There is Abraham Lincoln whose greatness grows with the decades. There is a third outstanding figure of our national history. He is a man of purest personal character: a man who believes in the fundamental principles of Democracy: a man who holds that every other man should have a fair chance: a man who has an abiding faith in God and in the final triumph of righteousness and who is willing to give his time and talents and life energies to the establishment of a righteous peace on the earth. I refer to the greatest President the Nation has ever had—Woodrow Wilson.

These three are the imperial trio of character and statesmanship, illustrating the supreme product of American ideals.

In the history of the world there have been four great epochs and four great methods of nation-building. The first was the Oriental method—conquest without incorporation. This method was illustrated in the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates. Egypt and Babylon and Assyria were the results. The second was the Roman method—conquest with incorporation but without representation. The third was the English method—conquest with incorporation and representation. This was a great advance and the British Empire has extended its boundaries until her morning drum-beat follows the rising sun. The fourth is the American method—co-ordination and equal representation. In perfect harmony with this method is President Wilson’s condition of world peace: No conquests and no annexations without the free consent of the inhabitants of the territory involved.

In order to properly appreciate the mission of America it is necessary to consider the nation as a child of Providence. There are three ways in which Divine Providence is manifest in the history of the American Nation.

The first is in the planning the field of activity. God seems to have planned and preserved the very land itself for the establishment and training of a great nation. Its geographical position would indicate this to the thoughtful observer. Lying off to the north are the Arctic regions, through whose frigid climate no deadly foe can approach. Eastward and Westward are the two great Oceans, upon whose plastic bosom floats the commerce of the world. Southward lies the Gulf of Mexico, beneath which God’s mighty furnace seems ever to burn and out from which flows the Gulf Stream plowing its way through the Atlantic Ocean, tempering the climate of the New England coast and then turning across and dividing its bounty with
Great Britain, as if to indicate the warm current of Brotherhood that now flows across the deep to the distressed nations beyond the seas.

Knowing that the time would come when there would be a necessity for closer connection between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, God left the narrow Isthmus so that at a proper time the Canal at Panama could be cut with the utmost rapidity and at comparatively small cost.

Then there are the great mountain ranges lying both on the East and the West, in whose depths are the mines of coal and copper and silver and gold. In between these great mountain ranges is the valley whose fertile fields must ultimately feed the world. The first Eden was planted in the valley of the Euphrates; the second, in the valley of the Mississippi.

The second way in which Divine Providence has been displayed in the history of America was in the discovery of the country. We are accustomed to speak of Columbus’s discovery of the New World; we should rather speak of God’s disclosure of the New Continent to the Christian World. Think of the Providence displayed in the flock of birds that flew over the little vessel in which Columbus sailed to the New World. Accepting the flight of birds as an indication of the direction, Columbus turned the prow of his ship Southward and landed on the West Indies rather than on the mainland there would have been established here that Polish form of Roman Catholicism that has impeded the progress of civilization in Mexico and South America for all these centuries. The very distribution of the colonists was Providential. To the rugged New England shores came the stern Pilgrims, while to the milder climes of the South came the Cavaliers. The mixing and mingling of the two produced the highest type of citizenship known to the world. America has been the loom in which the various peoples of the earth have been exquisitely woven into civic fabric. The Pilgrims and the Puritans and the Cavaliers and the Scots and many others have been woven into the threads of silk and silver that have been beautifully blended in the fabric of the Nation.

The third way in which Divine Providence has been displayed in the history of America is in the development of the country and the people. It is very evident that from the very beginning Providence has protected the country and preserved it for the establishment of the highest type of Protestant Civilization. When French Catholics were trying to hold the Mississippi Valley, Wolfe met Montcalm on the Heights of Abraham and Catholicism lost the day. This with Houston’s signal victory at San Jacinto saved the whole country to Protestant Civilization. It is said that in 1716 the French Catholics started a great fleet against this country. Our Protestant citizens assembled in their places of worship and prayed that the enemy might not be able to land. The Rev. Mr. Prince was praying in the Old South Church in Boston when he heard the windows rattle. He then prayed: “O Lord, make the wind the means of our deliverance!” The fleet went down and the enemy never put foot on the American soil.

Providence works in long periods, and this is illustrated in the history of America. The compass came to make navigation possible. Then the astrolabe and the quadrant came so that the navigator could locate his distance from the Equator by the altitude of the sun. These instruments unchained the ocean and made man at home upon the seas. Then men realized that the ocean was not designed to be a barrier, separating continent from continent, but a great highway between land and land and that upon its bosom should float the commerce of the world.

After opening the highways of the sea, the art of printing and book-making came on. These gave the Bible to the world. The time for the discovery of America had come and the bold navigator turned the prow of his vessel to the New World. Though discovered, the New World was not to be populated for nearly a century and a half. This time is needed for the Bible
to work its way in Europe and get ready the people who are to occupy the prepared land. At the right time the people came and planted the new nation upon the principles of the Bible.

The Atlantic Coast was made the home of liberty and law and righteousness. When this coast became strong enough to influence the whole land for God and Truth, a western pioneer discovered a flake of gold in the Rocky Mountains, and in a single decade a whole nation poured into the great West.

It remains for us to consider this highly favored Nation. America must ever illustrate and enforce the great lesson of human freedom. Emerson says: "America is another name for opportunity." This is the land where the driver of the canal horses may be given the reigns of the national government, as was the case with Garfield. It is the land where the rail-splitter may rise from the log-cabin to the White House as did Abraham Lincoln.

The truth for which our fathers died must ever be maintained at any cost. America must ever be the refuge of the oppressed of every land under Heaven. This glorious inheritance must be shared with all the world and must be projected at the expense of the dearest thing we possess. No life should be too precious to be given to its defense; no treasure too valuable to be expended in its extension.

We have come to the kingdom for such a time as this. The great and bitter struggle between Democracy and Autocracy is on. It is the testing hour for the Nation. Is our principle of human freedom worth dying for? Is our great doctrine of Brotherhood equal to the test of this emergency? Democracy must be made safe for the world and the world must be made safe for Democracy.

We must emphatically hold the fact that revealed Truth is indispensable to the permanency of a nation. Let us remember that the supreme lesson of the present world-crisis is that the civilization which is not Christian is doomed to failure. The truth of the Bible must be the foundation of our national greatness or we shall have no greatness. On the rocky summit where the "Mayflower" first cast her anchor is a significant monument. It is that colossal statute which some one has pronounced at once a miracle, a parable, and a prophecy—a miracle of artistic skill, a parable of Christian Civilization, and a prophecy of coming national glory. On the corners of the pedestal are four figures in sitting posture, representing Law, Morality, Freedom, and Education. Standing far above on a lofty shaft of granite is a majestic figure symbolizing Faith, holding an open Bible in the left hand and the index finger of the right hand pointing away to the throne of God. What a sublime conception! How true to our heroic history! That open Bible is the Magna Charta of our Civilization, and that trust in God, indicated by the uplifted finger, is the only hope of our national stability.

Donatello was a student of Michael Angelo, the great sculptor. Having carved his beautiful figure of St. George on the outside of the Church at Florence, Donatello asked his master to come and look at the finished production. Michael Angelo beheld the figure with evident admiration and surprise. Every limb was perfect, every outline complete, the face aglow with almost human intelligence, the brow uplifted, and the foot thrust forward into life. Donatello awaited with intense anxiety the verdict of his master. Angelo looked upon the statue, slowly lifted his hand, and said: "Now march!" That was the greatest encomium he could pay.

Here stands America with her open Bible, her untrammelled Church, her public school system, her Democratic ideals, and her lofty citizenship. The great God who made it all possible for us says to the Nation: "Now march!"

Furthermore, the mission of this highly favored nation is to project upon other nations the ideals that have made us great. Here we have a two-fold opportunity—immigration and evangelization.

The movements of history have brought us to the leadership
of the world. The tremendous drain upon the resources of the nations beyond the seas has transferred the financial center of the world from London to America. The ruthless destruction of the schools and colleges and universities of Europe has turned the minds of the nations to the educational institutions of our country. The righteous attitude of our nation in the world crisis now on has brought us to the moral leadership of the world.

Two things are imperative: we must develop a virile citizenship in our own land; and we must give ourselves to a more vigorous evangelization abroad.

Germany presents a very clear case of materialistic evolution. Her philosophy has materialized the theology of the nation, eliminated inspiration, and perverted the moral sense of the people. The "survival of the fittest" proved exceedingly attractive to the people. The gentleness of Jesus is contrary to their doctrine of the "superman," so the German god of conquest has been substituted for the God of love.

In this day of the clash of nations and the wreck of civilizations it is America's Divine task to save the day for a despairing world.

One of the great attractions at the World's Fair at Chicago was the fiery simulation of our country's flag floating in the air. A vast cloud of smoke was tossed high into the great dome to form the blue field. Into this forty mortars discharged as many bombs, which had been carefully timed to explode simultaneously, forming forty-four stars, representing the number of States then in the Union. Other mortars were discharged and their explosives in bursting threw out long streamers of red, white and blue to form bars. The whole performance produced a gigantic American flag floating in the air with all the colors beautifully blended.

In the dark dome of the world's dreadful catastrophe may be seen the Stars and the Stripes, emblem of the highest civilization, inspiring the leadership of the world.