



History of Ninety-Six.

“Too much magnifying of man or matter,” said Lord Bacon, “doth irritate contradiction and procure envy and scorn.” Thoroughly recognizing and appreciating this important truth, my purpose in writing a brief history of Ninety-Six is not to extol my class beyond the limits of reason, for that would encourage scorn; but rather to state facts upon which my readers may base their own conclusions. These facts, so numberless and illustrious, may produce envy on the part of other classes, but being facts, they cannot possibly be creative of contradiction.

Ninety-six began its eventful struggle for knowledge in the fall of '92, the faithful recruits numbering thirty-five. Our Freshman campaign was not indeed very eventful. However, we accomplished all that could have been expected of Freshmen—in the academic department, making a rise; in athletics becoming very proficient players of leap-frog, marbles, catch-me-if-you-can, etc.; in politics receiving very many honors—holding all the offices in our class.

Next year dignified “Sophs,” casting aside the mantle of “Freshness,” the pride of their mothers, the pets of the “lassies,”—in their minds, they entered upon the hardest and most trying campaign of the war. There were many well-fortified strongholds to be taken, the most important of which was Calculus and its several outworks. Hard and bravely did we fight. The difficulties encountered led some to desert; others fell bravely fighting; and still others being only wounded, entered the “University Hospital” during the summer, where, with proper stimulants and treatment, they finally recovered to enlist in our mighty army the following fall. This year by hard work and untiring zeal, we captured the baseball pennant; took a very prominent part in athletics, sporting, society, studying and—loafing, (and actually received all the Sophomore speakers and corporals' places.)

The following year the battlements of science loomed up before us, and we advanced to the siege. Slowly but surely the outposts were captured, and we have at least succeeded in planting our flag upon

the citadel itself. In Physics we have learned why a rock falls to the ground instead of dangling in mid-air, and are really in a fair way to discover the formula for perpetual motion. In Chemistry we have learned how to make H_2S , that bane of Spring debates; have penetrated the workshop of the Creator and almost watched Him hook the cosmic atoms together. In Psychology we have learned to conceive the inconceivable, and such things as concepts and intuitions have become our everyday toys. In Biology we have learned how many rings are on an earthworm; how many joints in a crayfish, and hope in time to determine the exact amount of Simian blood in our veins. All this and more has yielded to our valiant attacks, and now, looking back over the conquered territory, strewn thick with the monuments of our victories, we cannot but weep because there is only one more world to conquer. Another pen will inscribe the history of that final campaign, and then indeed the Anabasis of Ninety-Six will have been completed.

Such in brief is the history of Ninety-Six. In a single year we shall be called from these pleasant scenes to others of a graver nature. Goethe, in his prologue to Faust, looks back with fondness to the days of his youth when he fought battles and wooed maidens; when he had nothing and yet had enough; when he yearned after knowledge and yet was happy in ignorance. But from this reverie the poet rises to remind us that to sweep with easy wanderings toward a self-appointed aim, is the task that maturer age imposes. After all, this is the great lesson to be learned. All life is not spent at college; beyond its classic walls lie the sterner conflicts of the world. To so live and labor here as to be able to grapple successfully with the difficulties that the future present is of a truth the sum of duties for us all. If we do this—if, while here, we work toward a self-appointed aim, letting all our aims be those of our God, our country and truth, then coming years will weave garments of honor for Ninety-Six, and its name, instead of growing dimmer, will become brighter "with the process of the suns." In any event, however, whether success crown our efforts or defeat be our humble portion,

When our college days are o'er,
When we are here to meet no more,
Let us in our memories cherish
Precious thoughts that ne'er shall perish,
Of the happy times at college
When with '96 we sought for knowledge.

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