

* * * History of Ninety-Six. * * *



"*Arma virumque cano,*" says Virgil in his immortal epic in which he relates the story of the adventures of the valiant Aeneas leading up to the foundation of Rome. So, too, could it be said of Ninety-Six, when relating the history of her varied experiences as she seeks to lay the foundation of her knowledge—her Rome.

Conscious of his inability to do justice to such an inspiring theme, the historian with reluctance takes up his pen to tell of her history—so brilliant in the past, and with a future so bright.

In the fall of 1892 thirty-five Freshmen (as they were called) assembled together on the historic old campus of the State Uni-

versity and formed the nucleus of the Class of Ninety-Six.

It was the beginning of an eventful career. Even the most careless observers predicted that a bright future lay before us.

In our Sophomore and Junior years a number of recruits, brave and true, fell in line with us in our struggle for knowledge.

From time to time some of our brightest members have been compelled to break ranks. Some have been called forth into the busy world to enter upon the active duties of life; some have fallen bravely fighting, and some have given up in despair, while several of our number, having already gained so much knowledge with Ninety-Six, are now disciples of Blackstone. The face of one of our brightest and most beloved members shall be seen on earth no more. In his Junior year, in the bloom of youth, his spirit was wafted from earth to that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns."

Ninety-Six now numbers thirty-two faithful, hard-working students. Her career has been a glorious one, and great have been her achievements. In the recitation room the boys of Ninety-Six have proved themselves the peers of any of their predecessors.

By their brilliant intellects and studious habits they have mastered the most difficult literary and scientific problems of the day, while more than one of them has succeeded in solving that most difficult mathematical problem—that one and one make one.

In the halls of the literary societies, ever since they were Freshmen, their eloquent voices and logical arguments have been heard, tearing to pieces and throwing to the winds the arguments of all others.

In athletics Ninety-Six has a record of which any class might well feel proud to boast. Although we did not succeed in bearing off the pennant in our Freshman year, since then never have we been defeated on the diamond or gridiron, but our colors have waved triumphant in every conflict. On Field Days Ninety-Six has always carried off more than her share of the honors.

In 1892 there were no inter-collegiate games, owing to a ruling of the trustees. The following year, however, these restrictions were removed. This year Ninety-Six furnished four men to the 'Varsity football team. The next year she was called upon to furnish four men to the football team and four to the baseball team, and for three years she has furnished the 'Varsity pitcher. On the football team of last season were to be found three Seniors, one of them the captain himself, to whom much praise is due for the record of the team.

Ninety-Six has always been a model class.

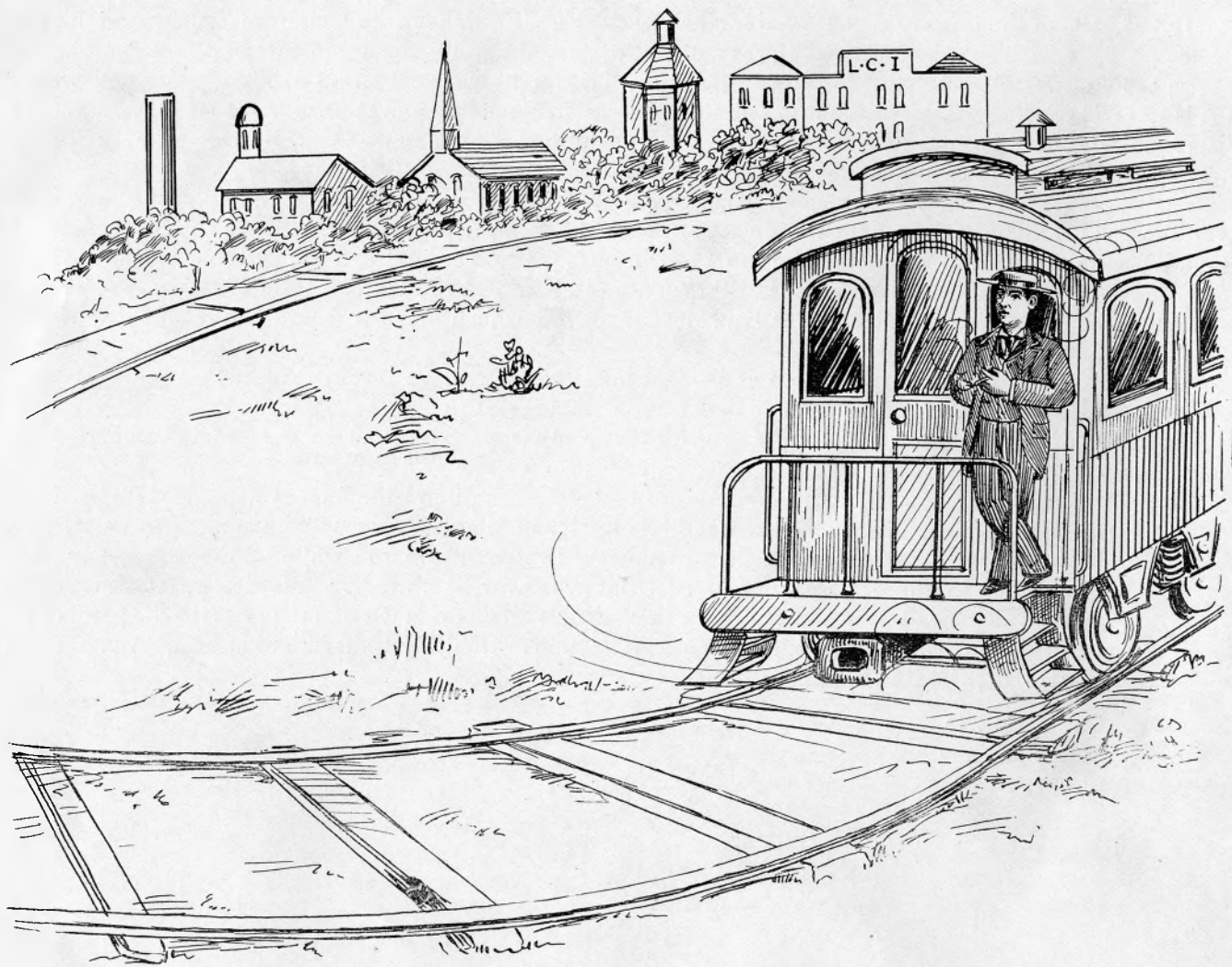
Although her members are possessed of brilliant intellects, they have always realized that genius is work and have always had *perfect* recitations and never knew what it was to "cut."

The boys of Ninety-Six came to the University for no other purpose than to gain that training which would equip them for the battles of life.

Bravely have they fought through the battles of college life, and now the final campaign is rapidly drawing to a close. Soon we are to leave these familiar walls and pleasant scenes to grapple with the more difficult problems of the world. We hope that we have so lived and laboured while at the University that we may be victorious in these sterner conflicts. But whatever of power or influence we may attain, or whatever of success may befall us in the future, we shall always attribute much of our success to the training we received while at the old University, and pleasant recollections will always cluster around our Alma Mater, and we will always cherish fond hopes for her future.

HISTORIAN.





• • A Senior's Reflection. • •

UPON the platform of the very last car,
My cheeks by the cool breezes fanned,
I, a poor, weary, worn-out lad,
Was speeding over the land.
Finals were o'er, Commencement was done,
My girl bidden a tender adieu;
My "dip" reposed safe, in the tray of my trunk,
Tied up with its ribbon of blue.

I mused o'er the friends I was leaving behind,
Perhaps for ever and aye.

And especially of *her* I had bidden "Good-bye"
On the glorious yesterday.

The echoing yells of the 'Varsity swells,
The Seniors of old Ninety-six,
Continued to sound in my wearied ears,
With the noise of the engine to mix.

I grieved for the life I was leaving behind,
The days so happy and free,
And dreaded to enter the pathway of life,
Seeming dreadfully steep to me.

I was out of touch with the friends at home,
After my four years' stay
In the classic walls of the 'Varsity town
I was leaving behind that day.

I knew on the horizon of my old sphere
New stars had appeared right along;
Old ones had sunk in various ways,
And a new and varied throng

Would take the place of my dear old friends,
The friends of my boyhood days,
With whom in winter I used to dance,
And a-fishing go in Mays.

And yet for months, I'd wistfully longed
For the glorious day to come,
When I could lay my books aside
And work for a future home.

For the real true joy of a man's whole life
Is not in his schoolboy days;
From *our home, ourselves*, our joys must flow,
As Cotton beautifully says.

And while in youth from care we're free
As jolly's the day is long,
This kind of happiness cannot be
That of the poet's song.

Responsibility deepens our joy—
The happiest man is he
Who *works* for love and trust and joy,
And is not from care so free.

And so with feelings of deep regret,
A mixture of joy and pain,
I'd packed up all of my souvenirs
And boarded the home-bound train.
With Athens fading from vision,
Faded, too, my college career;
But there opened a vista ahead of me
Of a happiness far more dear.

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