CLEMSON COLLEGE REUNION - THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

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Ladies and Gentlemen:

Birthdays are happy days. Anniversaries are joyous affairs. Festivals and feast days are impressive. But these reunions possess all these good qualities.

I am somewhat bewildered by the splendor of this fine occasion. I feel that I would like to just stay here forever, but knowing I cannot, I am reminded of the fate and disappointment of a little fly.

Once upon a time, in the meadow, on top of a luscious daisy, basked a tender little fly. Came the cow, munching the daisies. Munch! Munch! Munch!

Among the blossoms nipped off by the cow was the one occupied by the lonesome little fly. And tumbling down the cow's throat went the innocent little creature. At first the fly was dazed. Presently he bestirred himself, rubbed his eyes and looked about him. Indescribable wonders! Surely no fly had ever seen such things before. It was warm. The danger seemed over. The little fly grew courageous and started exploring this great cavern. So long and insensitive did he investigate that he grew tired and lay down to rest.

Alas, he went to sleep.

And when he 'woke, the cow was gone!!

So I fully realize that we cannot remain indefinitely within these happy environments.
But when I try to find ideas for a speech on an occasion like this I really feel "busted"—just like the young lady. Her sweetheart bought her a brazier. The next day she took it back to the store and told the clerk that she was broke and would rather have the cash because she was "flat-busted". So I feel the same way in attempting to talk to you tonight.

But seriously I wish I could honor you with a real speech on this fine occasion; I am afraid you will say that I have not been working much on this speech. Like Bobby who asked,

"Mother, what does father go down town for every day?"

"Why, he goes down town to work and get money so that Bobby can have a good dinner every day," his mother replied.

A few days later when Bobby sat down to dinner he viewed the table with a critical eye. Seeing none of his favorite dishes, he disdainfully shrugged his small shoulders and grunted: "Huh! Father didn't do so much today did he?"

But you can make this "engagement" pleasant for me by giving me your kind attention and heartfelt sympathy. Then I will not regret the "engagement" like the darky girl I heard about.

In the Delivery Room of a hospital a young Negress lay in great agony. This was her first.... she was having trouble....

"Don't be afraid," a nurse had said, patting her hand, "it won't take long."

But, the nurse had been mistaken.

Something had gone wrong. The interne assigned to her has called in the house doctor for a hurried conference. The house doctor looked grave and shook his head.

The frightened darky called the nurse to her side.

"H-honey," she sobbed, "is there--is there a t-tall dahk cullud f-fellow outside in the w-waitin' room?"

"Why, yes," the nurse answered, "I believe there is."

"Tell him...."

The doctor and the interne gathered close to hear.
"Yes?" said the nurse, wiping the perspiring girl's forehead.

"T-tell him," the Negress gasped, "tell him if-if this is a s-sample of married life, ouah engagement is off!"

As the most important group of our Clemson Family, the Alumni Association receives new members into its ranks, we would stress one quality—a quality which sets men apart from the throngs more than kingly robes, which gives more authority than any sceptre, upon which friendships, institutions and nations rise and fall—LOYALTY.

Graduates, old and new, by loyal to Clemson! She who nurtured you, provided warmth, fed your appetite for learning and wisdom, surrounded you with friends, opened opportunities for service, and fitted your needs for a faithful, full-hearted support in the coming years. A school is as strong as its alumni body.

Let not time nor distance—two acid tests of loyalty—quench your love for your Alma Mater. Physical contacts may be fewer, but frequent letters, unselfish gifts on your part will open the well-springs of your heart, keep fresh and vivify your memories and contribute to the very life blood of your Alma Mater.

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Years have passed since some of us left school with brave hearts full of confidence. We marched out to meet what the great world had in store for us. Some of us have slowly but persistently put one foot above the other on the ladder of success in various lines; some of us have, on the other hand, settled into easy grooves and become contented with what is; some of us may have slipped and stumbled a little here and there, but all of us are better Americans, better citizens, better fitted for life, because of the training in higher ideals received at the hands of our superiors in this institution.

One of the things we were told, in school was that "There is no royal road to learning," no short-cuts to freedom. The advice always carried with it
the conviction that in order to escape total ignorance one had to grind, grind, grind. There was no use expecting to find a flowery path. A few subjects might be interesting but the purpose of schooling was to train students to keep doing things they did not like. Those who wanted fun as they went along usually dropped by the wayside, unless they squeezed by on their wits.

But to-day, if there is no "royal road," there is unquestionably a much more pleasant highway to education than lay before the children of the past. The spirit of the age has snapped the tension which bound teacher and pupils in restraint. Nowadays they work in helpful groups, sharing experiences instead of hoarding them to keep success to themselves. It is all in the way one approaches a task that makes it work or play, educators are proving.

If you meet the world with a heart that's light,
If you work with a laugh and song,
If you tread the path where the sun is bright,
You will win, though the path be long.

Years ago public opinion decided that it was a good thing for a child to have at least a grade school education. Compulsory education laws were enacted tending to bring about such a desirable condition. The American nation was highly lauded for its progressive scholastic doctrines. A few more milestones passed by and business men began to demand high school training of the new-comers to their work. Women craved knowledge, and girls seminaries sprang into being. The female college had its origin during this period. European liberals pointed across the sea once more to the leadership of the United States.

Where is the voice denying that more and better living among our people has resulted from more and better education? The man who doubts the wisdom of general education doubts that the American people are happier, better off, healthier than the inhabitants of Russia. One nation has built its economic, political and recreational institutions upon the cornerstone of free and liberal education. The other has maintained that down through the
ages, knowledge, culture, education, should be imparted only to the gifted few.

The stand-patters say, "Let well enough alone." Was such the spirit of Washington, of Lincoln of Theodore Roosevelt? And who can better typify the American spirit of the past and set an example for us of the present and for the children and grandchildren of the future?

Do you know half the failures of life come from misfits of occupation? There are lawyers starving for want of clients, doctors with patients under monuments, and preachers talking to empty pews, who might have been successful in factories or furrows. Cowper was a failure as a lawyer, he was a success as a poet; Goldsmith was a bungling surgeon, he was a power with his pen; Horace Greeley was a success in the Tribune office, he was a failure as a farmer and a slow candidate for president.

Down in Texas the short cotton crop forced a large number of country negroes to the cities. One of them applied for a job at the office of an employment agency.

"There's a job at the Eagle Laundry," said the man behind the desk. "Want it?"

The applicant shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"Tell you how it is, boss," he said finally, "I sure does want a job might' be d, but de fack is I ain't never washed an eable."

If it is true "ever since creation shot its first shuttle through chaos design has marked the course of every golden thread," then every human being is designed to fill a certain place in life. There are young women teaching school, getting to be old maids, who should be the wives of good husbands, and there are some wives who ought to be old maid "schoolmarms."
We have born architects, born orators, born bookkeepers, born musicians, born poets, born preachers, born teachers, born surgeons, born bankers, born blacksmiths, born merchants, born farmers, most of whom are not doing the thing their hearts desire. It is a little late for us oldsters to change, but I charge you to find your proper vocation and press on gladly whether it be setting broken bones or mending broken lives or just singing to make the world happier.

Science you know is the common sense of things. About the most scientific thing on earth is a woman—because her chief stock in trade is common sense. That is why she is so delightful, so enjoyable. When things are being done look for the woman as well as the man, for there isn't much being done that is worth while without a woman in it. True, she spoils some things, wrecks a life now and then, and occasionally interrupts progress, but her record on the whole, compares very favorably with that of man. It is in the social world that women plays her greatest part, but she doesn't play it alone. She sometimes tries to crowd man into a dark corner that she may shine alone, but somehow the "shine" isn't so effective unless she mingles her light with his.

Because the American woman holds so high a place in American life and American civilization, it is inevitable that her influence is a potent thing. "So lies the world in her heart"—in a very wide and a very real sense—that it is tremendously important, not only because she is good, but because she is essentially an American, that she should be

"Sweet as only vigor can be sweet,
And strong as only loveliness is strong."

It is well to achieve honor and fame and golden store; but these rear no monuments in the human heart. Success in only an incident after the sexton has done his duty, and is likely to be forgotten the next day. Kindness, charity and smiling helpfulness are the things which insure a cherished memory. The only thing which really lives after death is love.

He who lives only in the PRESENT, viewing men and matters as he finds them, without thought as to
how and by what slow degrees the human race attained its present state; viewing the nations of the earth as they exist, without having traced the rise and fall of the elder empires from out whose ruins they sprang, though he may be a very sagacious man, shrewd in business, counting his millions like a Shylock, must of necessity be a very narrow-minded if not a sordid and selfish man.

He who lives only in the PAST, delving among the ruins of ancient empires, or deciphering the faded inscriptions from crumbling walls and obelisks, though he may become a very learned man, will grow antiquated and wholly unfit to keep pace with the progress of the times.

Would one fully realize his relation to all created things, he must stand upon the isthmus of the PRESENT, keeping in memory the history of the past, and from these draw conclusions concerning the future.

What about the years to come? It is a marvelous Panorama upon which we are looking. Before our eyes is being played the greatest drama of the ages. We are taking part in the wonderful movements which our old earth has ever seen.

Our boasted civilization about which we talk so enthusiastically will pale into insignificance before the marvels which science and industry is preparing for man's advancement during this century, and the demand is for men—men and women big enough morally, mentally as well as spiritually to meet and intelligently direct the multiplying developments.

During the last 100 years the training institutions of Europe and America, alike, have specialized intensively along intellectual lines and people have come to regard the scholarship as the highest manifestation of human excellence. Western civilization has relied upon intellectual brilliancy instead of character to guide its progress, and history is teaching today the oft-repeated lesson of such fatal error. If our nation is to retain its inheritance of righteousness and stand the stress of the trying days to come, the public schools must see clearly and embrace the enlarged mission of moral training that has been too long neglected. Public
schools were not conceived as substitutes for the moral training practiced in the home. It was their definite mission to aid the homes in equipping children with the elements of learning.

But the home is no longer the economical and industrial unit, with power of initiative and control. The great armies of workmen that serve our corporations and factories are almost wholly deprived of active supervision of their children. The home, as a constructive moral force, has almost vanished from the dense city populations, and elsewhere its efficiency as a training agency has waned.

The peace and prosperity of this nation, and of the world will never be made where nation's councillors meet—unless it is made by mothers, fathers and educators who have implanted in the children an understanding of their duties toward all mankind.

The years give us a certain mellowness, a different attitude toward living, a revised conception as to what it is all about. And this different attitude develops far more rapidly in times of depression and difficulty than is so-called "good times."

Education has tended more and more to vocational courses that would most quickly "fit men for life", by which was meant "fit men to make a living." The expansion of our enterprises has been so rapid that it was necessary to call on the colleges and universities for men who could execute and direct.

Now, for the present at least, that expansion seems to be halted. Our problem for the future is not how to produce more but how to distribute more equitably. We are to have leisure if only we can master the technique of controlling it and using it wisely. The aim of education should be to give us some inner resources, some intellectual and spiritual satisfactions that will make life richer and better. Education should train us not to make a living but to live a life.

My closing message is: "Let us EVER KEEP IN MIND THAT THOSE WITH WHOM WE COME IN CONTACT WILL TAKE LESSONS FROM US. By the mere possession of your
education you will have a profound influence in determining the thoughts of the community in which you live. May the future find us all marching shoulder-to-shoulder in a land made bright by our efforts and may we pass on to those who follow a better world for our having lived in it.

The fraternal influence and benefit of reunions, anniversaries and memorials are recognized by all. Especially is this true of school reunions. Man is a social creature, and normally, craves the society and fellowship of others.

What memories these school reunions revive! They are rich in memories to unseal life's secret springs. Memories of the old home. Memories of father and mother, perhaps, long gone to their eternal reward. Memories of play-days with brothers and sisters who also have passed to "that bourne from whence no traveler e'er returns. There are memories of joys and sorrows, but after all, valuable, as a rich contribution to aid in life's tasks and life's pleasures.