

were rapidly approaching Bamberg. When we had grabbed our grips, we went to the door of the coach to get off, and whom should we see there at the station to greet us but Brigadier General Goethe, Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish Army, and another man who hid behind a heavy black mustache, whom we soon discovered to be Earle Guess. Goethe informed us that he had gone to Turkey because the social life there appealed to him; and that the Turks, quick to recognize a military genius, had made him Commander-in-Chief of the Sultan's Army. Earle Guess was an electrical engineer of some renown, of Columbia, S. C., a city commissioner, and chairman of the board of stewards in the First Methodist Church. It was no hard matter to see that "Duke" was a prominent figure in Columbia, just as we thought he would be before he left Carlisle. They informed us that numbers of the class of '22 had arrived in town to attend the reunion. Going over to the Mayflower Inn, we found that Peter Stokes was the proud proprietor of that great hotel.

The day soon came to a close, and about seven o'clock we all began to wind our way up toward old Carlisle campus to attend the class reunion. Upon our arrival, we were received graciously by Col. Elliott O. Watson, who was now the President of Carlisle; as we observed him more closely, we noticed many silver threads among the red, yet he was the same jolly good fellow that he used to be as Commandant. Immediately we inquired of him as to what had become of Col. Duncan. Col. Watson laughed heartily, and informed us that for the last eighteen years Col. Duncan had been married to a charming little wife, and had retired to private life; built a little love nest at Embree, S. C., and was operating a large chrysanthemum farm. Before a great while the joyous throng of the class of '22 had intermingled, shaken hands, and chatted a bit about old times. We then marched into the dining room which was no longer in the old Guilds Hall but in the "Watson Memorial Hall," that now stood where old Brabham Hall once had been.

Col. Watson had arranged an elaborate and toothsome menu for us. We all ate so heartily and were so jolly and happy, that, by casting a long look back into the past, it seemed that the old days had come again and it seemed as if a recurrence of the old days when we used to eat boiled beef and zip.

After we had finished all the twenty eight courses that were offered at the dinner, Col. Watson, who was toastmaster, arose, and, after a few preliminary remarks, introduced the speaker of the evening. This was none other than Judge E. D. Law of the South Carolina Supreme Court. The Judge, in accounting for himself, said that he had labored hard for several years as a shyster lawyer before the people really found out his worth as a jurist. He added, however, in a confident and assured manner that it was a well known fact that you could not "keep a good man down"; and that the world sooner or later would recognize the worth of her talented men. He also said that in all of his career as a judge, his most painful duty arose when he had to fine John Luther Faurey a hundred thousand dollars for buying up all the grocery stores and merging them into a trust. Judge Law told us that Jordan Johnston had also found success in the law profession and that he had been made a Judge Advocate in the United States Army.

Another interesting speaker of the evening was Dr. Thaddeus Inabinett, a world famed evangelist, who had made a good record that would make Billy Sunday look like a village parson. People of this country back in the days of 1922 built tabernacles, but they were now having to build coliseums and amphitheatres to accomodate the countless thousands that flocked to hear Dr. Inabinett.

The last speaker on the program was Dr. William Lander, head of the Science Department at Oxford. Dr. Lander's work in chemical and scientific research had been so wonderful that it was almost unbelievable. He had invented a gas so deadly that it would kill a man over the telephone. He had also invented a gunpowder of such a highly explosive nature, that, when used in guns, it was no longer necessary to see the enemy; all that was necessary was his address.

He had likewise invented a marvelous liquid that would make the old young; that would heal a broken limb in one second; that would bring the dead back to life again; that would make fire horses out of billy goats; and that would make watermelons out of cucumbers.

It was indeed hard to realize that this great scientist was the same small "Runt" Lander who used to look so meek and harmless on the campus at Carlisle.

After the banquet, I struck up with my old friend and roommate, Rudolph Bozard, who was now a famous inventor. He informed me that he was working on a machine that would enable people to travel instantaneously. He said that he had made the trip down from New York by that method of locomotion in three seconds. It sounded like a fish tale to me, but "Buzzard" looked so serious that I did not dare to question his statement.

Looking across the room, I saw another face that immediately struck me as being familiar,

