

[ca. Feb, 1922]

### Tribute Service to Mr. C.W. Wilson.

The faculty and student body of the East Carolina Teachers College held service as tribute to Mr. C.W. Wilson at the College Auditorium, Friday at 1:00 o'clock. President Robt. H. Wright presided over this service.

After that favorite hymn, He Leadeth Me, sung by the students, Dr. Vann beautifully interpreted the First Psalm and applied the principles of life therein to Mr. Wilson, the 'happy man who walks in the Counsel of God; who lives a properous fruitful life, as the tree planted by the rivers of water, whose way is known and approved of God.'

Mr. Ascue said in part. I am glad to be ~~with~~ here to-day just to spend a few moments with you while we think and talk of our departed friend, and brother. Yesterday when I received the message to come, I wanted to come, but I said "I hope I will not be asked to say anything because I cannot say anything." My heart is full of praise to God to-day as I think of our brother and his great heart and life. Whenever I have met a Training School girl, and it has been my privilege to meet a great many, when I ask her "Do you know Mr. Wilson?" her face always brightens, "Oh yes, he is always our friend.

We have lost a great friend, a Christian man, a man great in the school, great in the Sunday school, great in the church, great in the community, but greatest in the bigness of his heart - a man without guile. As I was talking with his wife to-day I said "He would be distressed to-day if he were with us and knew any of us were resigning our tasks." His life meant to do more to help the world. I thank God I have heard his voice lifted in prayer. I love to think of him to-day as being as much interested in us as when he was with us in the flesh.

Great is my sorrow, but deeper than my sorrow is my joy that he lived a Christian life. May God bless every young lady in this institution who knows him to-day. May his life be an inspiration to-day to do larger things in Christ whom we serve.

Mr. Underwood spoke in part as follows:

I wish I could bring you to-day some word of hope cheer and comfort, because they seem to be the outstanding characteristics of our friend.

We have read "In the midst of life we are in death". For him I would like to reverse that expression. Smiling through this sad occasion is the thought that he is not dead. That kind of life in its far reaching effects lives on through the lives it touches. It reaches up, it reaches down and goes on through all the years. I would love to think of him as working with us, the ideals for which he consecrated his life, the things he tried to do must go on through you and through me. I like to think to-day of the fine faith of the man. He was optimistic in the highest sense of the word. He had an abiding faith that the right would triumph, because he had faith in people, faith in humanity.

I like to think of him having no children of his own and giving his life to the children of the state. He was one of those rare souls <sup>whose</sup> motto of life was "This one thing I do". I could speak of a thousand characteristics of the man dear to us. One strong characteristic ~~was~~ was his willingness to serve any where under any conditions. I have been closely associated with him. ~~Our~~relations have been the most intimate. I have never called on him for any service that he did not gladly and cheerfully consent with that fine spirit of optimism of the real kind, faith, hope, courage.

When I heard the news that he had gone I could not do otherwise than come to you and lay a tribute at his feet. This was as natural as the feeling of a child to want to go home. As I think of Mr. Wilson ~~my~~ mind instinctively turns to Matthew Arnold's tribute to his father, Thomas Arnold, who was a teacher. It is to my mind a fitting tribute to Mr. Wilson;

But thou wouldst not alone be saved, alone  
Conquer and come to thy goal,  
~~Leaving the rest in the wild.~~  
Leaving the rest in the wild.  
We were weary, and we  
Fearful, and we in our march  
Fain to drop down to die.  
Still thou turnedst, and still  
Gavest the weary thy hand.  
If, in the paths of the world,  
Stones might have wounded thy feet,  
Toil or dejection have tried  
Thy spirit, of that we saw  
Nothing: to us thou wast still  
Cheerful, and hopeful, and firm.  
Therefore to thee it was given  
Many to save with thyself;  
And, at the end of thy day  
O faithful shepherd, to come,  
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

Then, in such hour of need  
of youz fainting, dispirited race,  
Ye like angels appear,  
Radiant with ardor divine.  
Languor is not in your heart,  
Weakness is not in your word,  
Weariness ~~not~~ is not on your brow.  
Ye alight in our van. At your voice,  
Panic, despair, flee away.  
Ye move through the ranks, recall  
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,  
Praise, reinspire the brave,  
Order, courage, return:  
Eyes rekindling and prayers,  
Follow your steps as ye go.

Ye fill up the gaps in our files,  
Strengthen the wavering line,  
Stablish, continue our march,  
On, to the bounds of the waste,  
On to the city of God."

In the closing prayer Dr. Vann thanked God "for the life of Claude Wilson, for the fulness of his service, for the sweetness of his spirit, for the strength of his life and for the beauty of his holiness" and asked for the continued blessing of his influence upon the life of the school.

The service closed with singing How Firm a Foundation  
The Faculty and officers and representatives from all the student organizations accompanied the family to ~~the~~ Emanuel Baptist Church for the funeral services and the entire student body formed a guard from the church to ~~the~~ Cherry Hill Cemetery.