

**IN MEMORIAM**  
**CLYDE CHEW GLASCOCK**

(Died May 24, 1944)

Clyde Chew Glascock died at seventy-two years, of age, having been a revered member of this faculty since 1923. He had here no family ties and hence much of his leisure time was spent at the University Club and in friendly association with his colleagues. Strong and deep were the personal attachments so made; and keen, indeed, is the loss, which we who shared his friendship feel.

His peculiar genius seemed to be for personal friendship, rather than for the broader and more inclusive connections, which we expect of the so-called public character. His name rarely appeared in the papers. His public addresses in all the twenty years with us were confined, so far as we know, to a touching testimonial to his good friend, Dr. Wharey, on the occasion of Dr. Wharey's formal retirement and to a quite humorous address before the local chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. He shunned the limelight; he had a distaste for making speeches only equaled by his distaste for listening to them. He often besought, his nearest and dearest friend, Dr. Parlin, to protect him when he died from just such memorials as this.

Making acquaintances one by one is a slow process, so that no matter how active one is even through a long life, the accumulation in, the end will be relatively small; hence, comparatively few people outside the University neighborhood, and of course, the wider circle of scholarly acquaintances, came to know Dr. Glascock at all, or, indeed, came even to know of him.

It is hard to write of him (1) as a man, (2) as a scholar, (3) as a teacher, (4) as a friend, and so on His was an integrated personality. He was gentle and gracious in the classroom; but so was he in other situations also. We know that the genial humor, which delighted his campfire associates, also shed its glow in gatherings of a more formal character. The deep sincerity and reverence for truth which made of him "... a scholar, and a ripe and good one" also made of him a

fine companion, "Exceedingly wise, fair spoken, and persuading," and, to those who sought his company, "sweet as summer."

His learning was not something apart, but was mixed, chemically, so to speak, with other characteristics. His kindness and the courtesy (which is the flower of kindness) were inbred, a cultural inheritance from the class into which he was born and in which he was reared. Moreover, he received from this class that moderation and serenity, which the ancient classical authors so highly, prized.

Anecdotes of him abound, as they do of all original characters who do not choose to slide along in the conventional rut, or have their orbits of action constricted by the gravitational pull of approved social usage.

One of Dr. Glascock's camping associates tells of his first encounter with Texas coast mosquitoes. "I remember him," he says, "posed in the brilliant moonlight, sitting on the edge of his cot, deliberately changing from his camping clothes to a nightgown, excoriating the voraciousness, pertinacity, and overwhelming numbers of the insects, but expressing determination, nevertheless, to sleep like a gentleman, irrespective of what he called the cowardly example of certain Texans who had sneaked into their cots with all their clothes on. 'Which of you indigene's,' he taunted, 'is remembering the Alamo?'"

A member of our committee recalls the verbal feuding he carried on with the late J. E. Pearce -- a pose, of course, assumed by each of them for the amusement of whoever happened to be around. It was Pearce's custom to present Glascock as a soft specimen from the effete East, sample of a decadent civilization, encumbered with outdated culture and the useless learning of ages that were forever gone. On one occasion, Dr. Glascock, endeavoring to drive his car along a country road, impossibly rough, over which Pearce was conducting a party of picnickers, crashed into a sturdy post oak stump, spilling the crankcase oil about profusely. Pearce, pretending great vexation, referred to the driver as a "tenderfoot," an appellation which Glascock repudiated with great warmth. "I'm no tenderfoot," he declared with dignity. "In your designation of me as such

you are guilty sir, of terminological inexactitude," which phrase ended the argument in an uproar. Whereupon, a University student, a member of the party, remarked in an aside to Mr. Benedict, "It doesn't take the juice out of a fellow to be a scholar, does it?" "No," Dr. Benedict replied, "on the contrary, in the genuine article, juiciness is essential."

Many of his more Intimate associates will recall, also, the famous Pepper-Pot party, engineered by Pearce (in his capacity as Anthropologist) in an attempt to duplicate a dish and a ritual of certain West Indian tribes. The recipe called for every vegetable on the market and portions of every obtainable kind of meat, all stewed up together for days in a large iron washpot. Guest's were polite and simulated a sort of primitive festivity, which, Pearce declared, which was the necessary mental approach. Glascock, however, remained glum, but managed without protest a second helping, which his host forced upon him. But when Pearce finally precipitated the issue by asking him point-blank how he liked the Pepper-Pot, Glascock exploded in characteristically bookish but nevertheless forceful language:

"It is," he said, looking his questioner sternly in the eye, "the most nauseous concatenation of clashing and mutually neutralizing savors that extreme hunger ever forced upon the palate of man.

Any one article of food that went into the pot, would, taken singly and properly cooked, be pleasant to the taste, but this conglomerate mess stewed for day is not fit for any human being and would probably prove fatal to any beast. The explorer who, you say, described the mess with such ecstasy, was probably a starving man grasping at a nutritional straw."

He seemed able to accommodate himself to any company and to any kind of situation. But this sociability was not of the soapy, backslapping, hale-fallow-well-met sort. He insisted, first of all, on being himself. His adaptability was the result of reciprocal adjustment: he yielded no more than he imposed.

But after all is said and done, it is how successful a man is in what he professes, that is, in his profession, that must count heavily in any final estimate of him. In this regard we have the

unanimous testimony of his associates in the department of the University in which he labored. He had a vast background of preparation in his chosen field. He had that substantial grounding in subject-matter without which the classroom-teacher has literally no place upon which to stand. A list of the men under whom he received his professional training in the greatest institutions of America and Europe reads like an enumeration of the most distinguished scholars in the linguistic field of the past generation.

We expect of the teacher not only learning but the ability to inspire in others an ambition to learn, and a true judgment in directing the pupils' efforts in the satisfaction of that ambition. And of greater importance still, some think, is the actual character of the person who professes to be a teacher of the young. He is on constant exhibition, and the intuitive glance of youth is often uncomfortably penetrating. We cannot conceal our true character. The deportment, the bearing, the behavior, as indicative of character, is, a test, which we who have known Dr. Glascock best do not hesitate to apply. He apparently held with Emerson, that what you are proclaims itself so loudly that I cannot hear what you say. By whatever inspiration or inward compulsion he was dominated, and so fashioned his life, he certainly became an exemplar of beautiful conduct.

His own sense of responsibility to his students in such collateral matters as general behavior is suggested in the closing sentence of an address he made a few years ago to the local chapter of Phi Beta Kappa.

"And so it is," he said, "that we proudly and joyfully welcome you now members in our midst, and, if it is true, as Calderon says in some of his oft-repeated -lines, that all our life is just a dream, and all our dreams are dreams, we earnestly hope that you may dream great dreams,"

Then, half humorously, but with growing seriousness, he continues:

"That sounds like a fine conclusion, 'and I ought to stop right there, but incongruous as it may seem, and though I have to go back eight

generations in my family, on either side, to find a single minister, a Huguenot, I have, nevertheless, a faintly moralistic trend that gives my students more satisfaction than any of my pedagogical effort at though they never actually think that I have missed my calling and that I should have been a preacher. Perhaps they find an element of incongruity in my staying over into the field of ethics."

He then concludes, rather wistfully, "worldly honors are often wholly out of reach of a man who does his duty to his follow men, to his family, and to himself, if he would be true, and so it is that the life that is the most glorious in reality sometimes leaves no blaze behind, a across the sky; the record of it is written, one might think, on the shifting, changing sands of time."

Perhaps, we have here a clue to the high standard he had set for himself and to the rigorous self-denial, which the acceptance of that standard entailed. Perhaps, as he recommended to the Phi Beta Kappa initiates, he had himself dreamed great dreams, but had found life "most-glorious in reality" by discharging the obligations which fate assigned to him and in giving himself wholly to that service, however humble, which he felt himself best qualified to perform.

Committee:

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Clyde Chew Glascock  
(Biographical Data)

Clyde Chew Glascock was born at Buckland, Virginia, March 17, 1872, the son of Lessie Delaplaine and Orlando P. Glascock. As a boy he fell under the influence of an Episcopalian rector, a graduate of the University of Virginia, who aroused in him an abiding interest in the classical and modern foreign languages and inspired him with a desire to become a theologian. He entered the University of Virginia with that intention and studied there in 1891 and 1892. He then taught Latin and modern languages in the Miller School of Albemarle County Virginia, from 1893-1897.

He entered the Johns Hopkins University in 1897, holding scholarships through 1897, 1898, and 1899, and a Fellowship for 1899-1900. He received the Ph.D. degree in 1900. At the Johns Hopkins he pursued the study of Germanic and Romance languages and Latin. He was instructor in German, at Yale University from 1900-1908 and Assistant Professor from 1908-1914. While at Yale University he was for one year, president of the Connecticut branch of the New England Modern Language Association.

It was his habit to spend the summer vacations traveling in Europe and studying at the Universities of Berlin, Jena, and Munich. In 1914 he became Assistant Professor of modern languages at the Rice Institute, which position he held until 1923 when, he resigned to accept an Associate Professorship of Romance Languages at The University of Texas. He was advanced to full professorship in 1926. After coming to Texas he spent many of his summers in Cuba or Mexico perfecting himself in the use of the Spanish language.

Dr. Glascock was a member of Phi Beta Kappa to which he was elected by the Johns Hopkins Chapter and a member of the Sigma Delta Pi fraternity. While at the Rice Institute he was president of the Texas of the Folk-Lore Society, 1914-1915, 1917-1918; of the Historical Society of the Rice Institute, 1922-1923; Chairman of the Modern Language Section of the Texas State Teachers' Association, 1922-1923. At The University of Texas he was for one-year president of the Fortnightly Club and one year president of The University of Texas Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. He was a member of the Modern Language Association of America and of the Texas State Teachers Association.

Dr. Glascock died suddenly on May 24, 1944, in the office of a physician to whom he had gone for an examination.