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THE HOWLER
VOLUME FOURTEEN
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN



THE HOWLER



VOLUME
FOURTEEN

- 1916 -

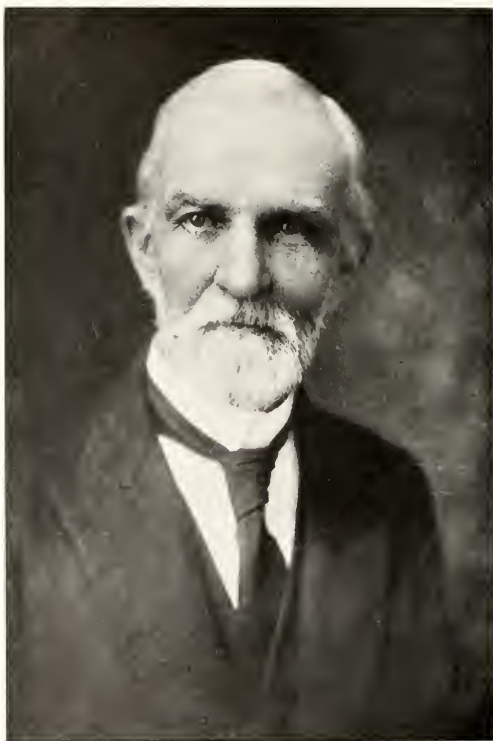
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The Church



TO
WILLIAM BAILEY ROYALL, D.D., LL.D.
FIFTY YEARS PROFESSOR OF GREEK
IN WAKE FOREST COLLEGE
THE SCHOLARLY TEACHER THE FAITHFUL PREACHER
THE LOVING FRIEND THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN
THIS NUMBER OF THE HOWLER IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY THE EDITORS

William Bailey Royall, D.D., LL.D.

In Professor Dowden's delightful life-story of Robert Browning he speaks of the inadequateness of a simple narration of facts when the chief concern of the reader is a "biography of the mind." The like difficulty confronts the writer in the attempt to construct a biographical sketch of Dr. William B. Royall, for the bare relation of the details of a life of this truly great and good man would be insufficient to give a correct idea of his greatness as a teacher and the goodness and gentleness of his character and influence. In the limited space, therefore, at our disposal it will be necessary to pass rapidly over the facts of his life and to mention the more obvious characteristics of personality, leaving the "biography of the mind"—that beneficent and lovable nature that really makes the man—to the sweet and tender memories of the thousands of friends who know and love him.

William Bailey Royall was born September 2, 1844, at Mount Pleasant, S. C., in view of the city of Charleston. It is no mean honor to be descended as he was from a noble Huguenot ancestry, a splendid people who have so greatly enriched and embellished the moral and intellectual life of America. His father was Dr. William Royall—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—a scholar and teacher of wonderful versatility and a preacher second to none in inspiration and depth of thought.

This learned and godly father was the fruitful mentor of the son, who, at the early age of ten, began under him the study of Greek and enjoyed the unsurpassed advantage of his influence and instruction during the four years from 1855 to 1859 that he was a student at Furman University. In 1860 the family removed to Wake Forest, from which institution Dr. Royall was graduated with the Bachelor's Degree in 1861, and the Master's Degree upon his return from the war in 1866.

Immediately after his graduation he entered the Confederate Army, being at first a corporal in the Santee Artillery of Manigault's South Carolina Battalion. Upon the appointment of his father as Chaplain of the 55th North Carolina Regiment, the son was transferred to that command in 1862 and served under Longstreet, A. P. Hill, and Robert E. Lee, being with General Lee at the Surrender at Appomattox.

During these four years of storm and stress he maintained an ardent and enthusiastic devotion to the Greek language, as a result of the influence of the scholarly and inspiring teaching of his old master at Furman, Professor P. C. Edwards. On his return from the war he at once took charge of a preparatory school, which he conducted with such success that he was elected a member of the Faculty of Wake Forest College in January, 1866, and has thus attained the

unique record of having completed a half-century of continuous service as a college professor.

Dr. Royall was ordained as a minister of the gospel in 1869, and for thirty-seven years served as pastor of country and village churches. In all of these churches the memory of his gentle influence and untiring devotion is cherished as a perpetual benediction.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Judson College in 1886, and that of Doctor of Laws by Furman University in 1907.

Dr. Royall's scholarship is solid, profound, and discriminating, and yet is pervaded by a most delightful and refreshing modesty that forbids any undue display of the depth and extent of his erudition. These endowments of learning and simplicity, combined with an intimate knowledge of and sympathy with his fellow-men, an exquisite tactfulness, a clearness of vision and fastidiousness of taste, have made him an ideal teacher. No earnest student ever came under his influence without feeling the inspiration toward the good and the beautiful in life. These same characteristics are illustrated in his literary productions, which are models of chaste, pure and simple language.

As a minister of the gospel Dr. Royall has always felt a peculiar delight and satisfaction, and his influence in this field of labor has been, perhaps, as deep and far-reaching as in his teaching. Thoroughly orthodox, and yet devoid of the arrogance of orthodoxy, genuinely evangelical, and yet free from emotionalism and sensationalism, clear concise, effective, and authoritative in his preaching, with a spirit of beautiful charity toward the erring and of tender sympathy for all trouble and suffering, he has been unrivaled as a pastor and preacher. For over forty years he was the adviser and examiner of the ministerial students of the College, and the same gentleness and graciousness that characterized his own ministry were in rich measure imparted to the young men who began their spiritual labors with his kindly counsel and encouragement.

It is impossible to write of Dr. Royall as a friend and an associate; the heart grows full and words are inadequate. We who have known him, who have seen the beauty and gentleness of his home life, his quiet geniality and cheerfulness in the social circle, his Christlike patience in trials and sufferings, his unostentatious piety, and his unswerving loyalty to all that is true, noble, and good, we love him from the depths of our hearts and we honor him with full devotion. We fervently pray that many years may yet be added to the beautiful and useful life of this servant of God.



OUR PRESIDENT



OUR DEAN



Faculty

WILLIAM L. POTEAT, M.A., LL.D. - - - - - PROFESSOR OF BIOLOGY

President

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1877; M.A., 1889; Graduate Student, University of Berlin, 1888; Graduate Student, Woods Holl Biological Laboratory, 1893; Professor of Biology, Wake Forest College, 1883; LL.D., Baylor University, 1905; LL.D., University of North Carolina, 1906; President Wake Forest College, 1905.

WILLIAM B. ROYALL, M.A., D.D., LL.D.,

PROFESSOR OF GREEK LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1861; M.A., 1866; D.D., Judson College, 1887; LL.D., Furman University, 1907; Assistant Professor, Wake Forest College, 1866-1870; Professor of Greek, *ibid.*, 1870.

BENJAMIN SLEDD, M.A., Litt.D., PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

M.A., Washington and Lee University, 1886; Litt.D., *ibid.*, 1906; Graduate Student, Teutonic Languages, Johns Hopkins University, 1886-1887; Headmaster of Languages, Charlotte Hall School, Md., 1887-1888; Professor of Modern Languages, Wake Forest College, 1888-1894; Professor of English, *ibid.*, 1894; Travelling Fellow of The Albert Kahn Foundation, 1914-1915.

JOHN F. LANNEAU, M.A., LL.D.,

PROFESSOR OF APPLIED MATHEMATICS AND ASTRONOMY

Graduate South Carolina Military Academy, 1856; M.A., Baylor University, 1869; LL.D., Furman University, 1915; Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, Furman University, 1866-1868; Professor of Mathematics, William Jewell College, 1868; Professor of Physics and Applied Mathematics, Wake Forest College, 1890; Professor of Applied Mathematics and Astronomy, *ibid.*, 1899.

NEEDEHAM Y. GULLEY, M.A., LL.D., - - - - - PROFESSOR OF LAW

M.A., Wake Forest College, 1879; LL.D., *ibid.*, 1914; Member State Legislature, 1885; Member of N. C. Code Commission, 1903-1906; Professor of Law, Wake Forest College, 1894.

J. HENDREN GORRELL, M.A., Ph.D., - - - - - PROFESSOR OF MODERN LANGUAGES

M.A., Washington and Lee University, 1890; Assistant Professor, *ibid.*, 1890-1891; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, 1894; Professor Modern Languages, Wake Forest College, 1894.

WILLIS R. CULLOM, M.A., Th.D., D.D., - - - - - PROFESSOR OF THE BIBLE

M.A., Wake Forest College, 1892; Assistant Professor Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, 1893-1896; Th.D., *ibid.*, 1903; Professor of the Bible, Wake Forest College, 1896; D.D., Richmond College, 1915.

E. W. SIKES, M.A., Ph.D., DEAN OF THE COLLEGE,

PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE

M.A., Wake Forest College, 1891; Director of Gymnasium, 1891-1893; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, 1897; Member of the North Carolina Senate, 1911; Professor of Political Science, Wake Forest College, 1898.

JAMES L. LAKE, M.A., - - - - - PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS

M.A., Richmond College, 1882; Graduate Student in Mathematics, Johns Hopkins University, 1890-1893; Professor of Natural Science, Bethel College, 1893-1896; Fellow in Physics, University of Chicago, 1896-1898; Professor of Mathematics and Physics, Ursinus College, 1898-1899; Professor of Physics, Wake Forest College, 1899.

J. HENRY HIGHSMITH, M.A., - - - - - PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION AND PHILOSOPHY

A.B., Trinity College, Durham, N. C., 1900; A.M., 1902; Principal Grammar School, Durham, N. C., 1901-1904; Graduate Scholar, Teachers College, Columbia University, 1904-1906; Professor of Philosophy and Bible, Baptist University for Women, Raleigh, N. C., 1906-1907; Professor of Education, Wake Forest College, 1907; Professor of Education and Philosophy, 1915.

EDGAR W. TIMBERLAKE, JR., B.A., LL.B., - - - - - PROFESSOR OF LAW

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1901; Professor of English and Greek, Oak Ridge Institute, 1901-1903; LL.B., University of Virginia, 1905; Associate Professor of Law, Wake Forest College, 1906; Professor of Law, Wake Forest College, 1909.

WILLIAM TURNER CARSTARPHEN, B.A., M.D., - - - - - PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1897; M.D., Jefferson Medical College, 1904; Graduate Student, *ibid.*, 1910; Professor of Physiology, Wake Forest College, 1910.

GEORGE W. PASCHAL, B.A., Ph.D., - - - - - PROFESSOR OF LATIN AND GREEK

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1892; Graduate Student University of Chicago, 1893-1896; Fellow in Greek, *ibid.*, 1899-1900; Ph.D., *ibid.*, 1900; Associate Professor of Latin and Greek, Wake Forest College, 1906-1911; Professor of Latin and Greek, *ibid.*, 1911.

HUBERT McNEILL POTEAT, M.A., Ph.D., PROFESSOR OF LATIN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1906; M.A., *ibid.*, 1908; Instructor in Latin, *ibid.*, 1905-1908; Driesler Fellow in Classical Philology, Columbia University, 1908-1910; Master in Latin, The Hotchkiss School, 1910-1912; Ph.D., Columbia University, 1912; Professor of Latin, Wake Forest College, 1912.

WILBUR C. SMITH, M.D., - - - - - PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY

M.D., University (Missouri) Medical College, 1908; Intern University Hospital, 1905-1906 and 1906-1907; Night Surgeon City Hospital, Kansas City, Mo., 1907-1908; Assistant Pathologist and Bacteriologist at the new General Hospital, Kansas City, Mo., 1908-1909; Assistant Superintendent State Village for Epileptic and Feeble Minded, 1909-1910; Instructor in Anatomy at Bellevue Medical College, 1911-1913; Studies in Embryology and Comparative Anatomy at the University of London, 1912; Studies in Surgery at Stadt-Krankenhaus, Frankfurt, A.M., Germany, 1912; Professor of Anatomy, Wake Forest College, 1913.

HUBERT A. JONES, M.A., LL.B., - - - - PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1908; M.A., *ibid.*, LL.B., *ibid.*, 1909; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1910-1911; Graduate Student, Columbia University, 1913; Instructor in Mathematics, Wake Forest College, 1908-1911; Associate Professor of Mathematics, *ibid.*, 1911; Professor of Mathematics, 1915.

JOHN W. NOWELL, M.A., Ph.D., - - - - PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1903; M.A., *ibid.*, 1909; Instructor in Chemistry, Wake Forest College, 1909-1910; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, 1912; Instructor in Chemistry, N. C. College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, 1912-1914; Associate Professor of Chemistry, Wake Forest College, 1914; Professor of Chemistry, 1915.

ROSWELL E. FLACK, B.A., M.D., - PROFESSOR OF BACTERIOLOGY AND PATHOLOGY

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1901; M.D., Johns Hopkins University, 1913; Baltimore City Health Department, Summer 1913; Winyah Sanatorium, Asheville, N. C., fall 1913; Health officer to the Department of Welfare and Health, Spray, N. C., 1914; Graduate Student in Pathology, Johns Hopkins University, Summer 1915; Professor of Pathology and Bacteriology, Wake Forest College, 1915.

CLARENCE D. JOHNS, B.A., M.A., - ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE

A.B., Randolph-Macon College, 1908; A.M., University of Chicago, 1911; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1909-1911; *ibid.*, Harvard University, 1912-1913; Fellow in American History, University of Chicago, 1913-1914; Associate Professor of Political Science, Wake Forest College, 1914.

ROGER P. McCUTCHEON, B.A., M.A., - - - ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1910; M.A., Harvard University, 1912; Assistant Principal, Franklin, Va., High School, 1910-1911; Graduate Student, Harvard University, 1911-1913; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1915; Instructor in Rhetoric, University of Minnesota, 1913-1914; Acting Professor of English, Wake Forest College, 1914-1915; Associate Professor of English, 1915.

J. RICHARD CROZIER, B.S., - - - - DIRECTOR OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

Director of Physical Culture, Wake Forest College, 1901; Graduate of Harvard University Summer School of Physical Education, 1913; B.S., Wake Forest, 1915.

ELLIOTT B. EARNSHAW, B.A., M.A.,

BURSAR AND SECRETARY, SUPERINTENDENT OF COLLEGE HOSPITAL

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1906; M.A., *ibid.*, 1908; Instructor in Mathematics and Acting Bursar, Wake Forest College, 1906-1907; Bursar and Secretary, *ibid.*, 1907; Superintendent of College Hospital, *ibid.*, 1911.

MRS. ETHEL T. CRITTENDEN, - - - - LIBRARIAN



THE HOSPITAL





R. P. McCUTCHEON
FACULTY EDITOR

The title 'FOREWORD' is rendered in a large, black, serif font. The letter 'F' is significantly larger than the other letters and is positioned on the left side. A decorative, swirling ribbon-like element loops around the 'F' and extends across the top of the word. The word 'FOREWORD' is contained within a rectangular frame with a decorative border. Below the 'F', a small illustration of a swan is visible, with a flame-like shape above it.

FOREWORD

Gentle Reader: We present this, the fourteenth volume of the *Howler*, for your approval or criticism. We trust that you will study its contents carefully, thoughtfully and without antagonistic ideas, and then give us an honest opinion concerning it. If you do not approve the photographs, read the grinds, and if you do not enjoy the grinds, study the photographs.

Whatever may be your advice, remember, that we have attempted to give a true picture of college life in its many forms, and have not attempted to paint a Utopian Institution which is without the pale of college life.



HOWLER STAFF



ALUMNI BUILDING

The Classes





SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS



MISS RUBY BARTHOLOMEW

Sponsor

SENIOR CLASS



J. A. ABERNETHY, LL.B., ET
Mecklenburg County, North Carolina

"A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck."

Abernethy has more "pep," to the square inch than any other man in college. His work on the gridiron has many a time featured in putting the ball over the line. He varies from the general rule in that he has won distinction, but also in the forensic arena. From the time of the Newish contest in which he showed good form, his brilliancy in public speaking has steadily increased. During his stay here he has won a host of friends, not only among the athletic supporters, but also among every class of fellows in college. After using the "hickory stick" for a while he will employ his time in smoking cigars and exhorting the jury. With his qualities of true worth and dignity he will achieve success in whatever he undertakes.

Age 24, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 180

J. E. ANDREWS, B.S., ET
Washington County, North Carolina

"Nothing is denied to well directed labor."

In the anatomical make-up of every student body there must lie some deep seated inconspicuous tissue which carries on the vital functions and supports the more conspicuous part. Andrews was a man of the type, though not an athlete, yet one on whom athletics depends for support. In the same inconspicuous manner this son of Washington County supported every worthy activity on the Hill. In the classroom and laboratory Andrews's unassuming manner did not bring him into prominence, but the fact that his name generally reposed among the first five in honorable mention for grades showed the quality of his work. Despite his close application to work old Andrews generally found time to patronize the Meredith-bound "Shoo Fly."

Anything short of the highest success in medicine on the part of Andrews will be disappointing to his classmates, who know that in him lie all the qualities necessary for success.

Age 21, height 6 feet 2 inches, weight 160.





FRANK B. ASHCRAFT, LL.B., ESQ.
Monroe, North Carolina

"I am not of that feather to shake off my friend when he most needs me."

Never a cloud passes over the brow of this valiant son of Union County. "Kitty," as he is familiarly known, is a man of action. He makes up his mind with deliberation and proceeds with unflinching courage to attain his end. He is a leader among the boys, and his seemingly inexhaustible supply of jokes with his droll way of telling them has caused many hearty laughs. Frank's chosen profession is Law. In the legal profession he is bound to succeed, for he is a forceful speaker, with a magnetic personality and plenty of grit.

Age 22, height 5 feet 7½ inches, weight 165.

Class Football, '12-13; Class Basketball, '12-15; Class Baseball, '13-15; Law Basketball, '12-15; Law Baseball, '13-15; Manager Lawyers Baseball Team, '15; Manager Lawyers Basketball Team, '15; Sheriff Moot Court, '15; Chief Rooter, '15-16; Historian of Law Class, '16.

J. H. BARNES, LL.B., ESQ.
Isabella, Tennessee

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

On a day in September in the fall of 1913, a wanderer from the "Volunteer State" cast his lot with W. F. C., and from that day he has been an ardent supporter of Old Gold and Black. Barnes has not been a contestant for college honors on account of his ministerial work. He has been pastor of two to four churches from his first year in college. In his senior year he made the list of three great choices, and fell a victim to "Cupid's" bow. We predict for him a happy as well as a successful career in the great work which he has chosen.

Age 30, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 170.





JACK BEAL, B.A., PH.D.

Nash County, North Carolina

"A man o' independent mind."

"Jack" is an easy-going, unassuming fellow who has a word for everybody. He learned from Solomon's proverb that "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." His genial disposition and irrepressible wit have won for him many friends. Without any undue pretensions, he has done very creditable work in the classroom. Before coming to college he evinced a predilection for art, and has since become famous for his ingenious cartoons which have adorned the pages of so many **HOWLERS**. We predict for him a successful career as art editor of some reputable magazine or journal. He has been a faithful student and a boon companion. "We shall never look upon his like again."

Age 22, height 5 feet 10 in.-hes, weight 175.

Sophomore Class Football, '13-14, Art Editor **HOWLER**, '13-14, '15-16

IVAN LOVERIDGE BENNETT, B.A., PH.D.

Brunswick County, North Carolina

"A man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous efforts and honest aims."

During his four years here Bennett has been interested in every phase of college life—athletics, debate, class-work, and even the college hospital has taken full share of his attention. Upon first acquaintance you might take him for somewhat of a joke, but down beneath his wholesome wit and humor lies a seriousness that rounds out his life into symmetrical proportions. The high ambition with which he entered college, and the difficulties which he has overcome, have made his college career count for much. His geniality and original thought will win for him esteem and leadership, and the application of these qualities deserves to bring him a reward no less valuable than a "Ruby."

Age 23, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 135.

Assistant in Bible, '14-15-16; Freshman Improvement Medal, '13; Intersectional Debater, '15; Member Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '15-16; Manager Lassiter Club, '15-16; First Anniversary Debater, '16; Delegate to State Y. M. C. A. Convention, Guilford College, '15.





LAWRENCE ALBERT BIRD, JR., B.A., PH.D.
Wayne County, North Carolina

At any time, anywhere on the campus, one is apt to see A. Bird. This Bird's activities seem to know no limit—a business man, a happy-go-lucky good fellow, an athlete of no mean ability, and, in spite of his varied occupations, we must admit, a good student. If it were not for that winning smile of his we might contest the mortgage that he evidently has on the daily mails. At the evening calling hour it is useless to look for Albert in his room—the moon might suggest Raleigh or certain other towns thereabouts; besides, being a star track man, he has the reputation of being able to catch any train on short notice. Bird has many friends, both fair and masculine, and, judging by that smile, a future to be envied.

Age 21, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 150.

Associate Editor of **HOWLER**, '13-14; Class Football, '14; Track, '13-14; Captain Track Team, '15; Coach Track Team, '16.

LONNIE ELWOOD BLACKMAN, B.A., PH.D.
Wayne County, North Carolina

"Work is honorable, perseverance wins."

Here is a man who smiles and smiles and will not sigh. Take a look at him and see if you do not think there is a large portion of God's own sunshine in Lonnie's make-up. None of the class of '16 has been more "diligent in business" than he, and it is this that counts for true success in life as well as in college. The lure of college politics has not tempted him into the honor-seeking realm. He has not sought popularity among the students, but has won the lasting friendship of those nearest him. To know him is to become his friend. Though duties are hard and exacting, Blackman is always found meeting them with a sure and steady tread. He belongs to the type of men for whom the world is calling, and his diligence will make his life work in the ministry an eminent success.

Age 23, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 150.





STONEWALL JACKSON BLACKMON, B.S., PH.D.
Kershaw, South Carolina

From South Carolina came this aggressive young medical student, who for four years made himself a favorite with all on the Campus. Outside the classroom Jack was known far and wide for his athletic attainments, having been one of the best football tackles in the Old North State. True to his friends, industrious in the classroom, and cordial to all, Blackmon was liked by both Faculty and students. Though medicine is Jack's chosen profession, he is not so narrow as to confine himself to one line. His "artistic" tendencies get the better of him sometimes and result in beautiful mural decorations. Whatever work Jack assumed, it was always put through with dispatch to a successful culmination, whether it was a matter of keeping the "Newish" in his section orderly, or seeing that the student body celebrates victories in approved style.

Age 22, height 6 feet 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches, weight 190.

Freshman Football, '12; Varsity Football, '13-14-15; Freshman Anniversary Marshal, '12; Treasurer Junior Class, '14-15; Treasurer Medical Class, '14-15; Vice-President Medical Society, '14-15; Track Team, '14-15; President South Carolina Club, '15-16; President Medical Class, '15-16.

Though countless cadavers stare with ghastly grins and sightless sockets, yet this brave heart will not be scared away; though myriad micro-coeri approach him with writhing, vernicular motion, still he is not afraid! Every inch of his anatomy is filled with dauntless courage. "Grady" has been one of our most energetic workers, winning honors galore and friends not a few. Not only has he been successful on the campus and in college activities, as well as standing for clean college "politics," but he has also made numerous conquests in the realm of love, where his winning ways have wrought sad havoc. Doubtless one of the first duties that he will undertake when he enters the practice of medicine will be to bind up the hearts he has broken in his youth. Ultimately he intends to seek the foreign fields as a medical missionary.

Age 23, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 135.

President Senior Class, '15-16; Junior Sophomore Debater, '14; Chief Marshal Commencement, '15; Junior Debater's Medal, '15; President of Scholarship Club, '15-16; Secretary of Davie County Club, '15-16; Assistant Librarian, '14-15; State Secretary of Volunteer Union, '14-15; Vice-President of Volunteer Band, '15-16; Mission Group Leader, '13-14-15; Secretary Sophomore Class, '13-14; Secretary Scholarship Club, '13-14; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '13-14-15.



JOHN GRADY BOOE, B.A., PH.D.
Davie County, North Carolina



W. S. BURLERSON, B.A., E.U.
Burcombe County, North Carolina

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil consumed the midnight oil?"

It has been said that if you will show me how a child carries in chips I can tell you how he will rule a nation. Those who heard Burleson deliver his initiatory address on Woman Suffrage to a mob of howling Sophomores could easily predict a part of his college career. Reared in the shadow of Mount Mitchell, he has doubtless ascended this lofty peak and made resolutions that have here materialized. He is not only a leader in society work, but he is what we call an all-around student. By virtue of his assistant place in French he has smoked many a cigar liberally proffered by sufferers in this department, and been leagued *ad infinitum* by Xewish in general. We dislike to make any startling statements, but we merely mention without elucidation that during his college career he has corresponded with girls from New York to Florida. He is a natural born teacher, and we predict for him success in this profession.

Age 23, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 155.

Junior Society Day Debater, '14; Secretary Junior Class, '14-15; Member Senate Committee, '15-16; Member Scrub Faculty, '14-16; First Anniversary Debater, '16.

H. G. BRYANT, B.A., E.U.
Union County, North Carolina
"His soul is full of noble thoughts, his life of noble deeds."

Quiet and unassuming during his entire college course, Bryant has not sought college honors. Yet he is recognized as a man of strong character, sound judgment, and marked ability as a student. His words are few, but when he does speak men listen. Although entering college as a married man and a minister of some years experience, he has shown himself one of the boys. For four years he has served full time as a pastor and is known throughout this and adjoining counties as a minister of no small ability. He is an energetic worker and is filled with love for his calling. In whatever community he may locate he will prove a live wire. We predict for him a career of usefulness, success, and Christian leadership.

Age 33, height 6 feet, weight 160.





Lonnie Ray Call, B.A., Ed.

Davie County, North Carolina

"The countenance is the portrait and picture of the mind."

Lonnie Ray Call, better known as "Dillberry," came to us just two years ago as fresh as the morning dew. That he has joined the ranks of the "Progressives" finds evidence in the fact that he developed out of a green Freshman into a ripe Senior in one year, with a Summer School extra. "Dill" seems to have the happy faculty of devouring a college course with the same greedy, gormandizing disposition that he devours college club steak. In short, his chief characteristic is to do a great deal of whatever he engages in in a very short time. "Dillberry" is a good, sound fellow, possessing many noble aspirations. His chosen vocation is the ministry, and fortunate that flock whose shepherd is "Dill." We all wish for him abundant success in his endeavors.

Age 21, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 140.

Secretary Ministerial Class, '15-16; Poet Freshman Class, '14-15; Track Squad, '15-16.

A. CARLYLE CAMPBELL, M.A., PH.D.

Harnett County, North Carolina

"Ah! let us try

If we then, too, can be such men as he!"

Hail to "the baby of Class Eleven," who returns to take his Master of Arts Degree, no longer clad in the abbreviated nether garments with which he first appeared upon our campus, but clothed in dignity and conscious power of well-rounded manhood.

Since his graduation he has devoted his time and talent to the instruction of youth, and few men in our State are better equipped for such service. We predict that he will not be content with his present acquirements, however, but will be continually striving for greater knowledge, that he may increase his sphere of usefulness.

And wishing him well in his life's work are his classmates of other days, his classmates of today, and all who have had the privilege of imbibing knowledge from the fountain of wisdom which he has opened to them.

Salam, Carlyle!





LESLIE H. CAMPBELL, M.A., PH.D.
Hargett County, North Carolina

"A man of mark, to know next time you saw."

Graduating, B.A. with high honors in the Class of 1911, this gentleman has returned to take still higher honors in the Class of 1916. Actuated at all times by the noblest principles, he is making himself a power for good in his native State, leading its youth into fields of larger service.

The saying that "Time will tell" has been verified in his case, for what the HOWLER of 1911 said of him, "Whether he will remain a bachelor is uncertain," has now been made manifest, and though he may have been in a state of single blessedness, he has for some time past been living in double happiness.

As a scholar, diligent; as a friend, loyal and warm-hearted; and in all things a Christian gentleman.

This many-sided man hails from the historical Cape Fear section, and, like his Scotch neighbors, he is fond of fishing and hunting. But this is not the extent of his activities, for there is scarcely a phase of college life with which Canady has not been identified, and during his four years with us there was probably not a single student in college whom he could not call by name. Whether it is in the role of auctioneer or preacher, his enthusiasm and self-confidence will arrest attention. He had been on the Hill but a short time when he could shake hands with all and call by name the country people who regularly come to town, and we shall not be surprised if he should some time use this art for getting votes in the field of politics.

He says that Law attracts him and that he will probably come back to college and further explore the legal lore. One of his greatest assets is his untiring energy, and this, well directed, will assure him success in whatever work he may undertake.

Age 23, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 170.

Anniversary Marshal, '13; Associate Editor HOWLER, '14-15; Club Manager, '14-15; Scrib Faculty, '15-16.



JOHN DAVID CANADY, B.A., PH.D.
Hope Mills, North Carolina



FOUNTAIN WILLIAMS CARROLL, B.A., PH.D.
Pitt County, North Carolina

For the past four years "Dean" has been steadily rising in esteem among his fellows, and now he is looked upon almost with reverence by the Freshmen, and with sincere respect by his own classmates. His scholarship is unquestioned, and he has held the enviable, though arduous, position of Secretary to the Dean for four years. As a speaker he is unparalleled, and he can always bring his opponents to earth by his convincing arguments and withering sarcasm. No one is more ready to do his comrades a good turn, and he will always inconvenience himself rather than refuse to help some one who needs assistance. Throughout his college course Dean has always stood decidedly for the square deal in everything, and we can with confidence predict a successful future for him in the true sense of the word.

Age 22, height 5 feet 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, weight 175.

Secretary to Dean, '12-16; Chairman Y. M. C. A. Finance Committee, '14-15; Class Football, '13; Intersectional Debater, '15; Class Basketball, '15; Exchange Editor of *Student*, '15-16; Secretary Student Senate, '15-16.

Rupert, better known as "Legs" to his many friends, stands out singularly among this year's class. He is by far the tallest appearing, and holds the honor of being the best medical student to graduate here in many sessions. He is a foresighted and earnest student, and can always be trusted to possess the fundamental facts of any project with which he is concerned. His indomitable will power has gained him much distinction besides his other admirable characteristics. Nor is he a good student alone, but he overflows with college spirit and is always willing to contribute his full share of never diminishing energy to any worthy cause. Legs was a large stumbling-block to any man who attempted to make a dent in our football line this past season. In summary, we must admit that a more honest, better equipped, good natured piece of accomplishing force in the form of a man never went out from this institution.

Age 21, height 6 feet 2 inches, weight 180.

Sophomore Football, '13; Varsity Football, '15; Poet of Medical Class, '14-15; Secretary Medical Class, '15-16; Honor Committee, '15-16; Assistant in Embryology and Histology, '15-16; Secretary Medical Society, '15-16.



RUPERT FRANKLIN CARTER, B.S., PH.D.
Wake County, North Carolina



KENAN CASTEEN, B. A., PH.D.

Duplin County, North Carolina

"To be most useful is the greatest virtue."

Quiet, unassuming, industrious, Kenan has held the even tenor of his way through the successive stages of college life. Though not taking what is called an active part in athletics or society, of necessity, not from choice, he has staunchly upheld all of the best in college activities. Friendly, but not intruding, he has won to himself all those with whom he has been intimately associated, and has reaped a rich harvest of lifelong friends. That he is far above the average as a student in his line is shown by the fact that he was chosen as interne for our college hospital above all others of his class. Unfailing, cheerful, sympathetic—valuable assets for a physician—and his sterling integrity will lead him to true success as well as eminence in his profession.

Age 25, height 5 feet 6 inches, weight 195.

Prophet Medical Class, '16; Hospital Interne.

W. S. CLARK, B. A., EU

Northampton County, North Carolina

"Describe him who can, an abridgement of all that is pleasant in man."

Spurgeon is one of those fellows who have utilized their time in such a way as nearly to claim a degree in three years. This year he has piloted the Bay Leaf High School and got off the remainder of his college work as a side issue. His diligence in the classroom gave him a high place in the estimation of the Faculty, while his genial disposition attracted to him hosts of friends. Of course Clark had no choice about the matter, but he is a natural born ladies-man. On many occasions certain of the weaker sex have seen fit to call him handsome. It is probably in this realm he has recently shown the most real heroism saying "*veni, vidi, vici*," when the situation seemed invincible. As he launches into the sea of instruction we hope favorable winds will inflate his sails and swift currents speed his craft over the deep.

Age 22, height 6 feet, weight 165.

Secretary Sophomore-Junior Debate, '14-15; Anniversary Marshal, '14-15; Treasurer Teachers Class, '14-15.





ALBERT ROY COUSINS, B.A., PH.D.

Luthersville, Georgia

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear."

This smiling youth comes to us directly from the state noted for its peaches, and he is no exception. To be with him, is to like him, for his seeming good-nature is constantly bubbling out, either in smiles or humorous remarks. His mind is stored with the rich sentiment of the dreamer and his soul is open to the subtle touch of nature, so it is like talking with a poet to converse with him. He is a poet in a way, and loves to sing of his native hills of Luthersville, Ga. But with all his wealth of dreams, he is an excellent student. He entered college at "Mercer" in Georgia, but even there he felt the call of this sacred place and came to bow at this shrine and to drink of its fountain. Although he has been with us but two years, he is a strong Wake Forest man, and when he goes home to his native state he will spread the fame and hand of Wake Forest in a double capacity: as a devoted son, and a loyal Cousin.

Age 22, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 140.

BENJAMIN McLAUGHLIN COVINGTON, B.A., E.D.

Anson County, North Carolina

"A minute, vibrant person; watch him!"

Ben is small in stature, but when conversing with him it causes you to feel as if he is very large in brain capacity. In this small man there is embodied all of the characteristics of a true gentleman—polite, dignified, and quiet. He never makes a display of his knowledge until aroused, then you get an insight into the hidden qualities of the man. With little effort he is finishing with honors and is recognized as an authority on all of the subjects he has tackled during his four years in college.

After receiving his B.A. Degree, Ben has decided to take up the study of law, and we expect great things from him in the profession of the bar.

Age 21, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 130.





E. B. Cox, B.A., LL.B., Eu.
New Hanover County, North Carolina

What panorama could be more conducive to oratory than a bridge over a silent stream, all the stars stopped to gaze through the crisp midnight air, Newish officers to be nominated, and tyrannical Sophs. lurking in every shadow? Here E. B. set the air to vibrating, and he has kept it in motion ever since. Two years later the same aerial waves hurled all his opponents off their feet and gave him the Junior Debater's Medal by an easy margin. With him before us there was no question as to who should be Anniversary Orator. Cox has the natural air of a statesman, and his friends will be disappointed if he does not utilize it. His popularity among the students foretells what his mental ability and genial disposition may win for him in his future career.

Age 25, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 142.

Debate Council, '13-14; Junior Debater's Medal, '14; Anniversary Orator, '15-16; Secretary Debate Council, '15-16.

HAM DAVIS, B.S.
Wake County, North Carolina

"A promise made is a debt unpaid."

Ham Davis is a man whose face is not his only recommendation. He has all the qualities which go to make up a true gentleman. Besides this, he has plenty of ability and imitative qualities for which there is always a place. His prowess as an athlete has made him well known; he has frequently helped to decide close conflicts in favor of his *Alma Mater*; his manly qualities, his pleasing personality, and his modest demeanor have won him many good friends; and his application to his studies has won him the favor of the faculty. From such a formula as he presents we can get but one result—a man. He is the personification of strength and speed in athletic conflict, the loyal comrade in the walks of friendship. In the medical profession may he as successfully guard his practice as he has guarded his man on the basketball floor during his college days.





WILLIAM HENLEY DETRICK, B. A. Ed.
Danville, Virginia.

"Polly" is a son of the Old Dominion, who descended upon us from the city of Danville and requested a degree in three years. However, his stay with us has been long enough for him to manifest his ability in the classroom, on the athletic field, as a financier, as an editor, and as a lion among the ladies. His characteristic neatness, his proverbial good humor, and his unflinching courtesy, make him a favorite on the campus, with the faculty, and with all who know him. But all of his time has not been in college activities, for there is an attractive grove in the southern end of town where he is wont to loiter. Those sterling qualities mingle in him which assure us of his success in whatever field of work he may choose to enter.

Age 20, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 150.

Commencement Marshal, '14; Class Basketball, '14-16; Class Baseball, '14-16; Law Class Basketball, '16; Treasurer Senior Class, '15-16; Editor-in-chief *Student*, '15-16; Secretary Sophomore Class, '14-15; Member Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '14-15; Teachers Class Basketball, '15; Ray Club Manager, '15-16; Manager Sophomore Basketball, '15; Vice-President Virginia Club, '15-16.

A. LEO DENTON, B.S., PH.D.
Castalia, North Carolina

"When Duty whispers low 'Thou must,'
'The Youth replies 'I can.'"

This robust youth hails from the good county of Nash, where "A man's a man for a' that." If there is one personal trait in his composition which overshadows all others it is perseverance. He refuses to acknowledge defeat in any realm of human endeavor in which he has engaged. His original wit and delightful humor never fail to provoke a hearty laugh on the part of his fellow students. He has evinced a strong propensity for writing poetry; next to medicine it seems to be his master passion. His lyrics breathe the genuine spirit of the muse. After two years of literary work he entered the field of medicine with avidity, and this is his proper element, for above all things Denton desires to minister to the wants of the sick and afflicted.

Age 26, height 6 feet, weight 170.

Poet of Junior Class, '11-15; Poet of Senior Class, '15-16.





WILLIAM GRADY DOTSON, M.A., PH.D.
Henderson County, North Carolina

"The warmth of genial courtesy
The calm of self-reliance."

Dotson took his B.A. degree last commencement, but, since he and his Alma Mater were attracted each by the other, he has been with us again. Many and radical changes have taken place in this man's life in the past year. To begin with, he was elected as Instructor in Mathematics and Chemistry, thus could no longer be called "Dot," but is called Prof. But this is not the greatest change. The Professor soon tired of single life. Cupid had done his deadly work, so on Christmas he entered the sacred realms of matrimony, and since that day his face is ever adorned with a smile. Notwithstanding all this he is still one of the fellows, a thorough and popular teacher, an excellent student, a noted musician, and a true gentleman. The Class of 1916 is fortunate to have an adopted member with such a brilliant record, and we know we shall not be disappointed when we expect great things of him.

Age 24, height 6 feet 1 inch, weight 175

WILLIAM CARLYLE DOWNING, LL.B., PH.D.
Cumberland County, North Carolina

"No wind aids him who has no destined port."

Ponderosity personified! No man is better fitted to hold down the Legal Bench than "Carl," as he is familiarly called by his friends, and we expect to hear of his doing that very thing before many years pass over his head. Not only has he a magnificent and imposing physique, but his mind is in proportion to his body, and his heart as generous as his build. As a supporter of the Society of his choice, or of Athletics, Downing has no superior. As a student, his ability is demonstrated by the fact that he is taking his degree in two years, and has nearly always been on Case Committee in the Law Class. A genuine friend to all in trouble or distress, a genial companion to his associates, and a man of marked ability, Downing is sure to make his mark in the world, and we are confident that he will rise to enviable eminence in the legal realm.

Age 30, height 6 feet 2 inches, weight 220.

Associate Justice of Law Class, '15-16; Licensed Attorney, August, '15.





POSIE E. DOWNS, M.A., ET.

Cleveland County, North Carolina

"And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche."

Posie hails from upper Cleveland, and the invigorating breeze of the Blue Ridge manifests itself in this diligent student. Not content with his two degrees of B.A. and Prof., he must crown these with an M.A. His professional dignity is not even compromised by becoming a student again, but, during his four years of diligent and systematic work, he got off the requirements for both degrees. Meantime he has efficiently piloted the South Fork Institute as its principal. Wherever he may go and whatever he may do, you can be assured that his highest ambition is to serve God by feeding His sheep. His friends—and that includes all who know him—wish him godspeed.

Age 27, height 6 feet 2 inches, weight 160.

Principal South Fork Institute, '15-16.

"Dad" Ferree is our Worldly Wise Man,—subtle, sagacious, a political genius, and a born manipulator of men. Few political campaigns have been made in the college arena during the last four years without the active or advisory participation of Dad. In every election his personal magnetism and his long head have made themselves felt. Early acquainted with his fellow-students, Dad has made himself deservedly popular. He has gone in for athletics and has distinguished himself on two of our teams. In all college activities he has taken an honorable and prominent part, and has at the same time been a good student. While still a Junior he won his spurs in the legal realm at the August term of the Supreme Court, and is now one of our "Legal Advisers."

Age 25, height 5 feet 11½ inches, weight 170.

Licensed Attorney, '15; President Sophomore Class, '13-14; Member of Honor Committee, '13-14; Secretary Junior-Sophomore Debate, '13; Secretary Athletic Association '14-15; Assistant Business Manager of *Student*, '13-14; Manager Class Football Team, '12; Manager of Class Baseball Team, '13; Varsity Football, '13; Varsity Baseball, '14-15-16.



IDYL A. FERREE, B.A., PH.D.

Randolph County, North Carolina



WILLIAM RUSSELL FERRELL, B.A., EC.
Raleigh, North Carolina

"Not to know me argues yourself unknown,
the lowest of your throne."

Here we have the figure of one whose attainment has early been reached, since, while only a student, he holds the position of instructor. The eminent distinction of Russell Ferrell lies in the department of science. He is, to be sure, an expert gymnast, a thorough student, a writer of no mean ability; but, above all, he is a scientist. During his Sophomore and Junior years he was Assistant in Biology; this year he has been promoted to the position of Instructor in Geology. Cool-headed, accurate, skillful in investigation and research, he is due a career of unquestioned success.

Age 21, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 140.

Assistant Art Editor HOWLER, '13-14; Art Editor HOWLER, '14-15; Class Football, '14; Track Team, '14-16; First Honor Man Gymnasium, '15; Gymnasium Team, '15-16; Assistant in Biology, '14-16; Instructor in Geology, '16.

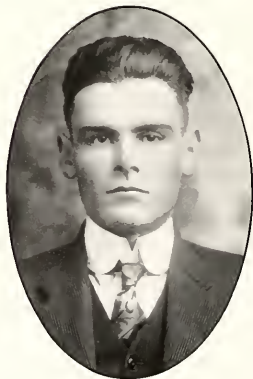
CLAUDE ROBERT FRANKS, LL.B., EC.
Hiwassee, Georgia

"A lawyer's dealings should be just and fair;
Honesty shines with great advantage there."

"Leo" hails from the mountains of western Georgia, and from them he has received a heritage of strength and endurance which he has loyally devoted to his *Alma Mater* on the track, the diamond and the basketball floor. On the latter he has won special distinction. Here the tall center leaps into the air to unheard of heights with all the ease of the bounding hart on his native heath. He has also leaped high in the estimation of his fellows, having the signal honor of being the President of the Law Class of '15-16. Yet with all his prowess, he is a modest, unassuming gentleman and has endeared himself in the hearts of all his friends. His admirable qualities will open the way for him in his practice of the law, so his success is assured.

Age 20, height 6 feet 1 inch, weight 165.

President Law Class, '15-16; Baseball, '14-16; Basketball, '14-16.





CLAUDE HENRY FRYAR, B.S., PH.D.
Sampson County, North Carolina

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

Here is another bright-eyed youth who comes to us from good old Sampson County. Being reared in the country, he finds Wake Forest an ideal place to spend his college days. Having a remarkable memory, he has made many acquaintances among his fellow students. No X-mas ever passed under the Arch but what Claude knew his name.

After completing two years of college work he took up his studies in the medical school. In his class he ranks with the best, being absorbed in the work of his chosen profession. Not seeking college honors, which quickly fade, he chose rather to acquire that which will bring lasting recognition—knowledge. His kind disposition, unirritable temper, and his never-failing patience, pre-eminently fit him for administering to the needs of the sick.

Age 22, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 165.

C. C. GREGORY, B.A., ET
Camden County, North Carolina

"In every rank, or great or small;
'Tis industry supports us all."

Gregory hails from Camden County, and you would guess he was reared near some deep water. It happens to be the Atlantic. He goes about his work in a quiet, but determined manner. He Americanizes German efficiency by a combination of business and altruism. Although few have ever reached his standard as a student, yet he has never been heard to boast. He has a slightly retiring disposition, does not engage in any heated discussions, and avoids political turmoil. Those who are fortunate enough to be admitted into his inner circle find that he has a keen sense of humor and enjoys a joke immensely, though he rarely ever tells one himself. Gregory has the air of an investigator and a scholar. He will continue his studies at some northern institution.

Age 23, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 165.

Assistant in Education, '11-16; Instructor in German, '15-16.





GEORGE WILLIAM GREEN, B.A., ESQ.
Canton, China

"I am a fat pig from the pig-pen of the Epicureans."

This pompous and jovial "Bill," as we know him on the campus, hails from far Cathay, where he was born and where he lived for some twelve years. Indeed, he seems to have inherited the intellectuality, as well as the gastronomic attainments, of two races, for he has made an enviable record in his academic course without having ever bought a text-book, so far as we know. He also enjoys the distinction of being the champion of the local chess club, which numbers some skilled players. However, as he leaves us to return to China as a teacher, we will remember him less for his brain than for his big heart. He is truly a friend to us, a comrade of unflinching loyalty. We wish him all success in his work, sincerely hoping that he will find sufficient beans and catsup in Asia to satisfy his Epicurean stomach and ideals.

Age 22, height 5 feet, weight 175.

"A merry heart goes all the day, a sad one tires a mile away."

This loyal son of Georgia came to North Carolina four years ago, and Wake Forest now turns him out, a finished product. Endowed with an abundance of energy, he has taken an active interest in all college activities. He has made an enviable record on the basketball team, proving one of the mainstays of the team at forward for the past four years. Alex. has always looked at life from the lighter vein, and no one has ever accused him of harboring deep and serious thoughts. He has spent much of his time here perusing voluminous letters from the fair maidens of the South. Whatever may be the field of his endeavors, we predict success for him, for Alex. has plenty of practical sense and a pleasing disposition that wins many friends for him.

Age 20, height 5 feet 11½ inches, weight 164.
Law Basketball, '13; Freshman Basketball, '13; Varsity Basketball, '13-16; Freshman Football, '13; Sophomore Football, '14; Class Baseball, '14-15; Law Baseball, '14-15; Varsity Baseball Squad, '15-16; Captain Basketball Team, '14-15.



ALEX. HALL, A.B., ESQ.
Moultrie, Georgia



WILLIAM ALBERT HARRIS, B.A., PH.D.
Cherokee County, South Carolina
"A promise made, a debt unpaid."

Will came to us three years ago from the Palmetto State, a fleetfooted Freshman. That he was good football material has been proved by his three seasons on the gridiron. He has taken an active part in all phases of college life except politics, though he is well known and popular,—the essential qualities of a politician. As a Society man, he ranks among the foremost of our student-body. Despite the tendency that Athletics, Society and popularity have to separate a man from his books, this is not so with "Bill." His power of concentration, coupled with a superabundance of energy, have placed him high on the ladder of fame, and he is going to graduate in three years with high honors. Cheerful, industrious, persistent, he is sure to succeed in the battles of life.

Age 18, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 155.
Varsity Football, '14-16; Track Team, '14-16;
Historian Sophomore Class, '14; Vice-President South Carolina Club.

This man has been with us but for three years. He escaped the unnoticed class in college, leaping from the realm of a typical Sophomore into the dignity of Seniority. The classes that remain on the campus next year will miss his cheery smile and the hum of his favorite songs. Carey has the rare gift of showing himself a friend indeed under all circumstances, and during his course here he has won many friends for himself who will be true to him through life. If he is mischievous, he makes you like his impertinence; if he is in high spirits, he makes you like his jollity. Beneath his frivolities and tendencies toward merriment is a deeper earnestness—an earnestness that reveals a determination to stand by his task and to win. Whether he goes back to the land of Chatham as a pedagogue to help raise the standard of living among the drivers of "Old Mollie Hare," or exercises his legal talent, we feel sure that he will make good in either undertaking.

Age 22, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 150.
Anniversary Marshal, '15; Class Prophet, '13-14; Assistant Business Manager of Howler, '15-16 (resigned); President of Mission Study Class, '15-16; Vice-President Teachers Class, '15-16.



WILLIAM CAREY HARWARD, B.A., PH.D.
Chatham County, North Carolina



L. P. HENDRIX, B.A., Eu

Davie County, North Carolina

"The sun, too, shines into cesspools and is not polluted."

Hendrix hails from the banks of the Yadkin in Davie County. The deep, silent river that flows by his home, pressing ever toward the sea, is vividly reflected in his character. Always the same, he has never been seen excited, nor does he ever have the "blues." In every issue he instinctively takes a decided stand for the right, and remains so just like Gibraltar. In fact he is one of the few college boys who, untainted by any allurements, completes his course with the same integrity with which he entered. On account of this he was recognized as the logical representative of the Teachers Class on the Honor Committee. He is a good thinker and a most conscientious student. In his chosen profession of teaching, his students will have a model worthy of imitation; and along with his ability to impart knowledge will radiate the elements of genuine manhood.

Age, 39, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 150.

Secretary of Anniversary, '16; Member of Honor Committee, '15-16.

ROBERT POWELL HOLDING, B.A., Eu

Wake County, North Carolina

"Loyal-hearted, strong of mind, a nobler fellow you'll never find."

This pure type of a gentleman is recognized as being one of the most popular in the graduating class. He has done good work as a student and also as an athlete. Being strong, faithful and optimistic, he has a personality which makes us feel better when we meet him. Indeed, he is a "hail-fellow-well-met," whose kind greetings and sunny smiles inspire us to undertake greater things. As an athlete "Bob" has won the esteem of the entire student body, because of his hard fighting qualities, which placed him on the State Championship basketball team. His musical talents have given him a place on the Glee Club, where he never fails to be heard. He is a friend to his fellows, even to the bitter end, and he will be a power in his profession, whatever it may be.

Age 19, height 6 feet, weight 156.

Basketball, '15-16; Glee Club.





WILLIAM WILLIS HOLDING, B. A., Ed.
Wake County, North Carolina

Bill did not enter college with our present class, but according to all traditions he has been here from time immemorial. It is due to the fact that he is a native of Wake Forest that he has become so proficient in the world of athletics. For four years he has been one of the best basketball forwards ever seen on our floor, and by his sensational goal shooting he has turned many seeming defeats into victories. This season Bill has broken his former record for goal shooting, registering in one game eighteen field goals. He is a vital part of the team that has this year easily won the State championship in basketball, and which bids fair to equal any in the South. On the baseball field, Bill has proved his value in "hitting the pill" as well as holding down first. On the gridiron he played marvelous ball, and when it came to receiving forward passes his former basketball training was used to excellent advantage in grasping the ball.

Age 20, height 6 feet, weight 180.

All Class Basketball, '11-12; Class Baseball, '11-12-13; Class Football, '11-12-13; Class Track, '12-13; Varsity Basketball, '13-14-15-16; Varsity Football, '14-15-16; Varsity Baseball, '14-15-16; Captain Basketball, '15-16; Captain Baseball, '15-16; President Citizens Club, '11-15.

T. C. HOLLAND, M. A., Ed.
Cleveland County, North Carolina

"His nature is too noble for the world, he would not flatter Neptune for his trident, or Jove for his power to thunder."

Here is one who will tolerate no compromises, but always insists upon the ideal. Germany's military system has never been worked out to any higher degree of efficiency than Holland's moral code. In his daily life he lives up to all he advocates, and those who know him intimately are always influenced by his standard. He is one of the few who serve his fellow-man, not for any personal honors, but out of real devotion to the needs of the world. After receiving a B. A. degree in the class of '13 he entered Louisville Seminary, where he spent a year. Since then he has been pastor of the Boiling Springs Baptist Church. He will later finish his course at Louisville and continue his chosen work in the ministry.

Age 27, height 6 feet, weight 165.

Pastor Boiling Springs Baptist Church, '13-16.





RAYMON F. HOUGH, B.A., Ec.
Stanly County, North Carolina

"Have your convictions and stand firm."

To be covered with roses is great, but the kindred thorns will never fail to act well their part. To those who stand for the square deal always, there is not a more desirable friend than Hough. Honors and friends seem to seek his path, and are never disappointed with his companionship. Thus it is that those who oppose him must fight the more bitterly. Quiet and unassuming, he had been with us several months before we realized that he was on the Campus. Since that time his advance in the esteem of the student body has been steady. Do not think, however, that his activities have been confined to the College. He mingles freely in social circles, and your first impression would be that he had never "specialized," yet he has. His mutability in this respect is marvelous. He notes well that variety is the spice of life.

Age 25, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 165.

Anniversary Marshal, '14; Manager Teachers Baseball Team, '14-15; President Stanly County Club, '16; Teacher Historian, '15; Assistant Business Manager of HOWLER, '15; Business Manager of HOWLER, '16; Manager Hodnett Club, '15-16; President of Student Bazaar Class, '16; Member of Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '16, Class Orator, '16.

CHARLES FRANKLIN HUDSON, B.A., Ec.
Burke County, North Carolina

"There never was a great man unless through divine inspiration."

One cold night in January '13, "Gifty" blew all the way down from the foothills of the Blue Ridge. Despite the fact that his arrival was so unfortunately timed, he soon impressed every one with his sincerity of purpose and determination to succeed. Conservative in thought, but generous in friendship, quiet in demeanor, but powerful in the use of words—these qualities have gained for him quite a reputation as a student-preacher, and at present he has charge of two live churches for full time.

While being very busy, still he has found time to go "sparking," it is said. That at least one of these "sparks" may kindle his affections, is our wish. Charles goes to Louisville next year, and we predict that he will add fame and honor to old Wake Forest's name.

Age 27, height 6 feet 3 inches, weight 190.

Honor Committee, '15-16.





GEORGE WILLIAM HAIR, B.A., PH.D.
Cumberland County, North Carolina

"Honor lies in honest toil."

Quiet, unassuming, steadfast,—Cumberland County can be justly proud of this her son. Hair has been with us for only three years, but during that time he has won the respect and admiration of his associates. Possessing that quality which makes one try again in spite of defeat, he has overcome the difficulties of college life with steady persistence. Not only has he been diligent in class work, but he has expressed a lively interest in all phases of college life and has always supported the highest standards in the student body. Never seeking so-called college honors, he has performed his work with that diligence which gives more lasting reward, and this steadfastness will make his life count for much in whatever community his presence may bless.

Age 22, height, 6 feet 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches, weight 160.

Carey is characterized by a gentle disposition and a great fondness for literature. He is one of our most talented men, being at once a logical thinker, a graceful speaker, and an artistic writer. In his Sophomore year he was chosen inter-collegiate debater, and in his Junior year he was on the team which defeated Richmond College at Richmond.

Throughout his college career stories and essays from his pen have appeared in the *Student*, vastly to the benefit of that publication. During his Senior year he has been one of the editors-in-chief of that periodical, as well as editor of *Old Gold and Black*. In these papers his well-written editorials have done much toward influencing college sentiment along various lines.

Age 20, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 130.

Wake-Forest-Baylor Debater, '11; Wake Forest-Richmond Debater, '15; Sophomore-Junior Debater, '11; Editor-in-Chief of *Student*, '15-16; Historian Sophomore Class, '13-14; Member Debate Council, '14-15; Chairman Debate Council, '15-16; Scrub Faculty, '13-14, '14-15; Winner Student Essay Medal, '13-14; Editor *Old Gold and Black*, '16.



CAREY JOSEPH HUNTER, JR., B.A., PH.D.
Raleigh, North Carolina



B. C. INGRAM, B.A., Ec.

Anson County, North Carolina

"They serve God well who serve his creatures."

As soon as the class of '16 first passed under the arch they began to cast about for a leader. Ben was selected, and now, with four years of maturity, no one doubts the wisdom of the choice. You can always depend upon him under any kind of circumstances. His high moral standard and lofty ideals have won for him the admiration and respect of the entire student body. Far from being a mere passive character, you will see by his honors that his activities have been broad in scope. He is well fitted for the ministerial work, and, while we wish him the greatest success, we regret the loss of this genial friend from our midst.

Age 23, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 154.

President Freshman Class, '12-13; Honor Committee, '12-13; Ministerial Class Baseball '13, '15; Ministerial Class Basketball, '15; Glee Club and Orchestra, '14-15-16.

"The man worth while is the man who can smile, when everything goes dead wrong."

This man is, first of all, a friend to his fellows and a genuine gentleman; second, a capable and painstaking student with much talent as an artist and a writer of love poems. His ability in art has not only won for him the distinction of Art Editor, but his productions have adorned the pages of the *Howler* for four years. His popularity is not confined to the campus alone, but it is said that among the ladies Dwight is a general favorite. Dwight intends to graduate in spite of a half-year lost on account of illness. He expects to devote his life to the ministry, and in this he will surely succeed, for his good nature, integrity and training will win success and honor in this field of endeavor. We feel confident that he will be one of the broadest, kindest, and most sympathetic of divines, and our heartiest good wishes go with him.

Age 22, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 155.

Senior Editor of *Howler*, '16; Prophet of Senior Class, '16; Art Editor of *Howler*, '14-15; Assistant Art Editor of *Howler*, '12-13; Poet Teachers Class, '15-16; Poet Ministerial Class, '13-14; Delegate to Y. M. C. A. Conference, Guilford College, '15.



DWIGHT HUMESTON IVES, B.A., PH.D.
Moore County, North Carolina



FERDIE TALMAGE JOHNSON, B.A., PH.D.
Sampson County, North Carolina

"Best be thyself, imperial, plain, and true."

Here is a man whose calm exterior gives no evidence of the operations of his mind. He has a gentle disposition and has never been accused of worrying over the petty trials incident to a college career. He has unbounded enthusiasm for all forms of athletics and has helped to rouse the "pep," on more than one occasion. He has also been a consistent worker in Society. His modesty, however, has kept him from aspiring to any honors at the hands of this organization. This student's interest in college politics seems to indicate that he may entertain hopes of participating later in the genuine article.

"Ferdie" intends to lead the young minds along the flowery paths of knowledge, for some years at least, though he contemplates making law his permanent vocation, and we feel assured that he will succeed in either profession.

Age 24, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 170.

J. B. JONES, B.A., Ed
Cleveland County, North Carolina

"I love my books as drinkers love their wine,
The more I drink, the more they seem divine."

Jones belongs to that class of fellows who come to college with a definite purpose in view. His mastery of Mathematics and Latin, as well as other subjects, shows that he has accomplished his purpose. He is not a bookworm, but a student of affairs in general. He is one of the most widely read men of the class. Because of his sound judgment, many seek him for advice. For a long time J. B.'s most intimate friends thought he was a zealous woman hater, but this conclusion has been proved a fallacy because of the boxes of candies and cakes that come in continually.

Success must come to a man of such teaching ability.

Age 23, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 130.

President Cleveland County Club, '14-16;
President Boiling Springs Club, '15-16; Instructor in Latin, '15-16; Bursar Scrub Faculty, '15-16; Senior Editor HOWLER, '15-16; President Teachers Class, '15-16.





J. M. KESLER, B.A., E.U.

Thomasville, North Carolina

Here is a refutation of the theorem that if you make many friends you will assuredly have some enemies. Jack seems to enjoy real life, and has never failed to participate in all phases of college life. The fact that he is a splendid student shows that he is a "chip off the old block." He is not only a good student, but also a musician, playing a French horn in the College Glee Club. He has held this place ever since his Newish year. All readers of the HOWLER know of Jack's artistic ability. Last year he produced his masterpiece in the "Evolution of a Bonehead." He is best known, however, as a leader in the scientific groups, and he will doubtless distinguish himself in this field.

Age 22, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 145.

Secretary and Treasurer of Freshman Class, '12-13; Glee Club, '14-15-16; Orchestra, '12-16; Chief Marshal Society Day, '14; Art Editor HOWLER, '14-15-16; Instructor in Applied Math., '15-16; Vice-President of Senior Class, '15-16.

HERBERT ELLIOTT LANE, B.A., E.U.

Perquimans County, North Carolina

"What'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please."

Dashing, warmhearted, true to his friends, plucky, "Twitchit," for thus he is known to us, is one of the best-liked men in college. He is further fortunate in the possession of a level head, never unsettled or unerved in crises, and sound business judgment. As an apostle of the wholesome creed contained in "self-knowledge," his name will go down as one of the faithful missionaries who gave up a summer for the sake of humanity—the Shannonizing of the world.

"Twitchit" is a man of action—he does deeds, espouses causes, rallies to his friends quickly and courageously. He stands well among us. The best of luck to him in whatever he undertakes.

Age 21, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 140.



G. W. LASSITER, B.A., ED.

Bertie County, North Carolina

"Music hath charms to sooth a savage breast."



Mr. Lassiter came to us as a graduate of Shenandoah Institute and his sheepskin has been thoroughly utilized. There is not a religious organization connected with the College or Church which is not under the greatest obligation to him. Nothing can make them go like special music, and when it comes to providing this he is always on the job. What will become of this phase when he leaves, no one has been able to foretell. Music is one of the few things that never becomes a bore to a sophisticated college student. In connection with his regular college work, he has found time to teach a class in music. Many of his seeds have been sown on "hoxy" soil, yet his class has been a constant feeder for the Glee Club. Being a member of the Glee Club, he is a doer of music as well as a teacher. He goes about everything with the utmost sincerity, and his patience is proverbial.

Age 34, height 5 feet 5 inches, weight 156.

Poet Teachers Class, '13-14; Poet Ministerial Class, '14-15; Director of Band, '14-15-16; Glee Club and Orchestra, '15-16.

"Homo doctus in se semper divitias habet."

"Fatty" Lovelace is a genial, pleasant man, a likable companion and a scholar of the profoundest type. His judgment can always be relied upon, for in every problem he goes right into the essence of things. Always optimistic, he strikes you as one filled with love for his fellow-man and with the joy of living. His activities have been broad in scope. He is a leader in the classroom, and a practical thinker. To be with him in the classroom, your first impression may be that he is a grind, but observe more closely and you will see that he attends every athletic contest, mingles freely with the boys and has some traits of a genuine Epicurean.

Age 26, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 195.

Assistant in English, '13-16; Associate Editor Student, '14-15; Sophomore Debater's Medal, '13-14; Treasurer of Scholarship Club, '13-14; President of Honnett Club, '15-16; Member of Student Senate, '15-16; Member Debate Council, '15-16; Vice-President of Scrub Faculty, '15-16; Society Day Orator, '15-16.



A. C. LOVELACE, B.A., ED.

Rutherford County, North Carolina



AUBREY DUNCAN McFADDEN, B.A., PH.D.
Fayetteville, North Carolina

"Whose heart-strings are a lute."

This young man has never been accused of being cognizant of a stranger. He knows everybody who happens to come within the circumference of his activities. His ingratiating manner and amenity seem to bring him into favorable notice with the ladies. "Mc" enjoys music of any denomination; in fact he is an accomplished musician himself. For years he has been an invaluable member of the Glee Club, an organization in which he is thoroughly at home. Far from being a book-worm, he has performed his classroom work creditably. He possesses the unusual gift of divining the vital facts in a proposition while his collaborators are eliminating the valueless details. He has chosen teaching as his vocation, and we feel confident that any body of pupils may count themselves fortunate who are placed under his tuition.

Age 20, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 150.

Class Football, '12-13; Anniversary Debater, '15; Member Glee Club, '14-16.

GREEN T. MILLS, B.A., PH.D.
Wake County, North Carolina

"A Christian is the highest type of man."

Laboring under peculiar difficulties, Mills has completed with credit the course which he has pursued with such steadfast determination. Though remaining out from college several years, he never lost sight of his goal, and he returned to complete his studies bringing his family with him, for he married in the meantime; and, indeed, it is perhaps as much due to his wife's loyal, self-sacrificing assistance as to his own firmness of purpose that he has surmounted the difficulties that lay in his path.

Always a hard worker, friendly and sympathetic to those who knew him, he has won the admiration and esteem of his associates. With a portion of his life well spent behind him, and a broader life ahead, his classmates cheer him on to a still more noble future as a "shepherd of his Master's flock."

Age 37, height 6 feet, weight 215.





G. G. MOORE, B.A., ETC.
Cleveland County, North Carolina

"See the conquering hero come;
Sound the trumpet, beat the drum."

George is his name, but he is better known as "Mutt," and this appellation describes his stature without further modifiers. For four years he has fought for the college in both football and baseball. As soon as he got off of the train he was recognized as football material, and during his entire college career no one surpassed him on the gridiron. Not only has he been the Gibraltar of the football team, but his arm has been of inestimable value for four years on the pitching staff. He is very popular among the students, and is never too busy to take part in some joke or recreation. His muscular strength and blue eyes will doubtless figure in his future conquests; and with his qualities as a financier we predict much success for him in the battle for wealth.

Age 23, height 6 feet 3 inches, weight 191.

'Varsity Football, '12-16; Captain Football Team, '14-16; 'Varsity Baseball, '12-16.

SPURGEON B. MOORE, B.S., PH.D.
Caldwell County, North Carolina

"This tall, robust mountaineer is mild-mannered, urbane, and masterful; enjoying the confidence of all his friends and associates."

Obsessed with unbounded enthusiasm and perseverance, and inspired by the power of a high resolve, this ambitious youth will doubtless achieve distinction in his chosen profession, the practice of medicine. He will carry into his life's work the highest ethics and ideals of the medical profession, and many a poor victim "on despair's unhallowed bed" will find in him an interested and sympathetic practitioner.

"Moore" has considerable ability as a speaker which, we believe, will stand him in good stead should the allurement of public life ever induce him to enter the forum.

Age 23, height 6 feet, weight 160.





JOHN P. MULL, LL.B., ESQ.

Cleveland County, North Carolina

"For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those who
toil."

We pass lightly over the fact that John was one of the most logical thinkers we have ever known, his ability as a speaker has already been lauded *ad libitum*; and we hurry to note his latest conquest. Wife—that expresses it all and no one would have thought it. He sandwiches this event with a B.A. last year and a LL.B. now. In the summer Law School he won the Clark prize for the best student in this department.

As superintendent of the Spring Hope Graded School he has quietly won recognition in educational work, but the Law calls him louder. With his latest inspiration we predict that he will easily pass from Prof. to Hon. Here is wishing for him the greatest success in his field.

Age 27, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 200.

Licensed Attorney, '15; Superintendent Spring Hope Graded School, '15-16; Winner of Clark Prize, '15.

JERE M. NEWBOLD, B.A., ESQ.

Perquimans County, North Carolina

Jere is noted for his grit and industry, a combination which is bound to bring success. One can always count on him being on the job, whether it be in selling tailored clothes and sporting goods, in the classroom, or on the Glee Club. When thoroughly provoked he invariably resorts to his cuss word, "Dog-gone." Ladies and music are Jere's strong points. He is naturally inclined towards music and declares that "she," too, must be a lover of that admirable art. The Glee Club has afforded an ample outlet to his inborn desire for "the symphonies of sweet sounds," and, at the same time, it has presented a means of association with the "tender" sex for whom he cherishes such a fondness. In the classroom Jere is all attention, though showing a decided preference for Chemistry. We expect to hear of him as one of the leading scientists when he has an opportunity to expand.

"Dog-gone!"

Age 20, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 135.





BURRELL RAYMOND OLIVE, J.L.B., PH.D.
Wake County, North Carolina

He can who thinks he can."

The handsome subject of this sketch is a jolly, good-natured fellow, who makes friends wherever he goes. Always having lived in Wake County, he did not even leave home to find the college of his choice, believing that the best was nearest at hand. "B. Ray" is an optimist of the most pronounced sort, confident that "where there's a will, there's a way." Overcoming all the obstacles of college life with ease, he has counted them only as pebbles, or stepping-stones to success.

Ray has taken an active part in Society work, winning the Freshman Improvement Medal in 1914. Since then he has worked unceasingly, and is always found in the front ranks. As a student, as a thinker, and as a debater he is as good as the best, and we predict that in future years his voice will be heard ringing in the legislative halls of both State and Nation.

Age 24, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 160.

Freshman Improvement Medal, '14; Sheriff Moot Court, '14-15; Vice-President Wake County Club, '15-16; Licensed Attorney, February '16.

COLLIER CARLTON OLIVE, B.A., ED.
Greensboro, North Carolina

"Turn to the press—its teeming sheets survey,
Big with the wonders of each passing day."

"Preacher" won his name, probably, by the babble of polite talk which he is capable of releasing from smiling lips. This gift of easy and inconsequential conversation, together with a cherubic pinkness of complexion and a gallantry of bearing, makes him one of our most successful ladiesmen. However, there is another side to his college life. "Preacher" is ever on the job when it comes to the newspaper business, and he is often seen pacing over the campus in quest of news with which to enlighten the State. The fact that he is able to work as well as play is borne out by his graduation after only three years' residence on the hill.

Age 22, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 140

Historian Senior Class, '15-16; Glee Club, '15; Staff *Old Gold and Black*, '16.





LEE PARKER, L.L.B., Esq.
Hertford County, North Carolina
"The glass of fashion and the mould of form."

Lee came to Wake Forest in the spring of '14 as a gifty from A. and M. During the two and a half years he has been with us he has spared enough time from social activities to win a L.L.B. Degree. He has not only captivated the fairer sex of the village by his genial disposition, but he is a friend to every one and is one of the most popular fellows in college.

Lee has studied, when necessary, and has always stood well in his classes. He reigns supreme in the gymnasium, having directed the expenditure of Newish energy during the past year.

Age 23, height 6 feet, weight 150.
Assistant in Gymnasium, '15-16.

HERBERT RICHARD PASCHAL, B.A., PH.D.
Chatham County, North Carolina

"A man, he seems, of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows."

"Pas," as he is known throughout his circle of friends, is a man of steadfast convictions, conservative temperament, and an individual sense of humor which convulses him with the most uncontrollable mirth upon the slightest provocation. Although retaining a wholesome regard for the conventions and the powers that be, he is nevertheless a man of strong personality, taking sides with determination, and arguing to the last ditch to uphold his views. Paschal is one of our honor men. In point of scholarship he is capable and thorough-going, and it was to him that the Department of Education turned when a man was needed who had sufficient ability and energy to assist in teaching at the local school.

Age 21, height 5 feet 10½ inches, weight 155.

Editor-in-Chief of HOWLER, '16; Member of Senate Committee, '15-16; President of Society Day, '14; Historian of Teachers' Class '15-16.





D. RUSSELL PERRY, B.A., PH.D.
Wake County, North Carolina

"At least, not nothing like a weed, but, having sown some generous seed, is fruitful of further thought and deed."

His gentle disposition, modest demeanor, and pleasant personality have won for him many good friends. He is a good student and combines his learning from books with business qualities—a rare combination. He identifies himself with every progressive movement for the college and his fellow-students.

"D. R." has always been an enthusiastic supporter in athletics and has demonstrated this as manager of the baseball team of 1916. As he is now completing his B.A. degree and making good his first year medicine in four years is conclusive proof that he will triumph in his chosen profession in the medical world. Yes, as is always the case, a hidden cord will soon entwine his heart with "hers." From such a formula as he presents we can get but one result—a man.

Age 22, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 165.

Secretary Sophomore Class, '13-14; Manager of Sophomore Football Team, '13; Assistant Manager Baseball Team, '14-15; Manager Baseball Team, '15-16; Testator Senior Class, '16.

H. J. POPE, B.S., E.C.
Halifax County, North Carolina

"Books are as good company as we could want."

Harry is a good-natured, easy-going fellow with a keen sense of humor, but is very decided in his opinions and firm in his convictions. He is a great lover of art and possesses a very artistic temperament. Pope came here in the fall of 1912. He was a very timid young fellow when first he came, but soon he learned the ropes of college life. Before being on the hill a great while he won the respect and admiration of his fellows by showing his marked ability as a student. The students were not alone in speaking well of Pope's abilities, for the faculty had such confidence in him that they appointed him Assistant in Applied Mathematics. Here is the man who wins success by hard work and on his own merit—not by the favor of his friends.

Age 24, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 135.

Assistant Applied Mathematics, '15-16.





JULIUS CARLYLE POWELL, B.A., PHI.
Duplin County, North Carolina

"A man who would circumvent the devil."

What's the matter with Powell? He's all right. Though never having sought popularity among the students, it has come to him as naturally as the sun shines—he fairly radiates it. "Sky" is perhaps the best all-round athlete on the hill, and in debate he is as "good as they make them." Not only winning honors on the gridiron, on the basketball floor, and on track, he has also won the distinction of standing like a man for all the best things in college life. "Hard as nails" against things which he considers wrong, in all other respects he is kindly, genial, and sympathetic, and he is almost the idol of the small boys of the community. We know that "Sky" will put up a winning fight against the evil in the world, just as he has against the difficulties incident to a college career.

Age 26, height 6 feet, weight 185.

Marshal Sophomore-Junior Debate, '14; Winner of Football and Track "W" '13-14; Winner of Stars, '14-15-16; Intersessional Debater, '14-15; Society Day Orator, '15; Captain of Track Squad, '16; Ministerial Baseball, '15; Ministerial Basketball, '16; Freshman Baseball, '13; Junior Baseball, '15.

"He alone is great who by a heroic life conquers fate."

This tall, stately personage hails from the county of Surry, and no man in college is more widely known or universally esteemed than "Dick." In all phases of college life he has taken an active part and can always be counted on for "fair play" and a "square deal." He is a gifted orator, an excellent student, a noted minister, a true gentleman, and a good all round fellow. Do not think from the long list of honors below that he is a politician, for he is not. These may be attributed to his native talent and to his valuable services in the Society Halls and elsewhere. As he enters his chosen field, the ministry, we have no fear of other than success, for such rare traits as his will win the esteem and confidence of his associates wherever he may go.

Age 26, height 6 feet 1 inch, weight 170.

Historian Freshman Class, '12-13; Y. M. C. A. Quartet, '13-14; Prophet Ministerial Class, '13-14; Track Team, '13-14; Winner Allen Orator's Medal, '14; Historian Ministerial Class, '14-15; Glee Club, '14-16; Alternate N. C. Peace Oratorical Contest, '15; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '14-16; Society Day Orator, '15-16; President Ministerial Class, '15-16.



RICHARD K. REDWINE, B.A., EV.
Surry County, North Carolina



CHARLES O. RIDDICK, B.S., E.U.
Asheville, North Carolina

If any one can describe a point or give the exact distance to infinity let him undertake to characterize this prodigy of Buncombe County. He must have acquired mathematics as Minerva obtained her physical maturity. Some venture the assertion that he deduced a formula for the curve of his rocking cradle and calculated the locus of his waving feet—the latter not being confined to a narrow line.

To mention all the different phases of life Charles has taken part in while a student here would be to enumerate almost the whole variety of human activities. Nobody would attempt to account for it, but the fact remains that Charles has completed the course in three years, has made high grades, and has never been found—in his room. We predict that he will eventually deduce formulae for all motion and calculate the loci of every line of thought.

Age 21, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 180.

Class Football, '13; Class Basketball, '14; Assistant Manager Glee Club, '13; Manager Glee Club, '14-'16.

"Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are sure

So much the better, you may laugh the more."

"Steve" is one of those creatures hailing from "The Land of the Sky." Since his first arrival upon the hill, that energetic, invigorating atmosphere of the mountains of Western Carolina has always surrounded him, and the "pep," instilled into him there has never ceased to flow. During his four years' stay in our midst he has made a host of friends and has always considered the welfare of his fellow-students. In the athletic and political world, Steve has taken a prominent part. During his Freshman year he worked hard on the gridiron and proved his ability by making a place on the "Varsity football team." Steve is nobly gifted as a "Dormitory Disturber" and as a ladiesman.

We predict for Steve a successful future as a government expert, devoting his time to the preservation of the large timbered areas of the National Government.

Age 23, height 6 feet, weight 176.

Varsity Football, '12, '14, '15; Assistant in Physics, '13-14-15-16; Sophomore Commencement Marshal, '14; Chief Commencement Marshal, '15; Manager Baseball, '15; President Athletic Association, '15-16.



WILLIAM ALLEN RIDDICK, B.S., E.U.
Buncombe County, North Carolina



GEORGE DAVIS ROWE, B.S., PH.D.
Fredericksburg, Virginia

A fine specimen of manhood, both physically and mentally, is found in this quiet, industrious young "Doctor."

Actively participating in the athletic and literary sides of college life, he has won distinction and honor in both. A member of the Varsity Football team, he always "played the game,"—and did it well. As a scholar in his chosen line, he is in the very front ranks, as is shown by the fact that he was chosen as Assistant in Pathology and Bacteriology, and was a winner of the Student Essay Medal in '15.

Age 26, height 5 feet 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, weight 158.

Secretary Student Volunteer Band, '14-15; Football Squad, '14-15; Medical Basketball and Baseball, '14-15; Assistant in Bacteriology and Pathology, '15-16; Student Essay Medal, '14-15; President Berean Class, '15-16; Corresponding Secretary of Y. M. C. A., '15-16; Delegate to State Y. M. C. A. Convention, Guilford College, '15; Member Honor Committee, '15-16; Secretary and Treasurer North Carolina Volunteer Band, '15-16; Vice-President Volunteer Band, '15-16; President Virginia Club, '15-16; Varsity Football, '15; Historian Medical Class, '15-16.

F. C. SAMS, B.A., M.A., E.C.
Madison County, North Carolina

In the fall of 1899 a young product of Madison County by the name of Sams came on the Campus. His parents had perfectly good intentions when they named him Fred, but on account of his dense spirals of cockle-burr locks he was soon dubbed "Knotty." During his Sophomore year he was a regular attendant at prayers, not to worship, perhaps, but to march in the Newish according to his standard of decorum. Now that he has returned to the scenes of former escapades, with a somewhat reminiscent vein he deplors the lenity of the modern Sophomore.

Knotty was the best third baseman in the history of the College. His feats here continually raised the grand-stand. Coming back after an absence of twelve years he shows his spirit of determination.

Age 32, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 175.

'Varsity Baseball, '00-02-03.





SWEPSON HARRISON SAUNDERS, LL.B., F.C.
 Florence, South Carolina

"Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
 Ten to the world allot, and all to Heaven."

"Bap." is one of our wits and men-about-town. He has had many delightful experiences, and he relates them, occasionally, in a cynical, drily humorous style which is the joy of his friends. His absorbing passions are a fondness for the accordion solos of Pietro Deiro, a consuming hatred for a Greek who keeps a restaurant in Norlina, and a boundless pride in the Palmetto State, a locality which he jealously defends against all comers in a peculiar form of satirical argumentation known as "ragging." Few men can boast as many friends as "Bap." His room is frequented by a number of kindred spirits devoted to the love of music and wit—he and his Victrola furnish an ample supply of both commodities.

Age 21, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 142

Sigmon has been in college only three years, but owing to his ability and studiousness he has completed enough work for the B.A. Degree. He entered with our class, but after sojourning with us for two years, was out a year—coming back this year and demanding a degree. In the classroom he has been faithful, on the Campus congenial, and in athletics loyal. He not only supports athletics, but has the honor of being one of the All-Class footballists of '14. And while not a "sky," Sigmon is counted among those who support religion in all its phases, being especially interested in Y, M. C. A. and B. Y. P. U. work. "Sig's" purpose in life is to be of service to his fellow-men. With his progressive mind and his daring courage we predict that his life will count for the most in whatever work he enters.

Age 26, height 6 feet, weight 180.

Vice-President Sophomore Class, '13-14;
 Member Senate Committee, '14-15; Leader
 Mission Study Band, '13-14; All-Class Football,
 '13-14; Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic
 Association, '15-16; Secretary B. Y. P. U.,
 '15-16; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '15-16; President
 Mars Hill Club, '15-16.



NOLAN J. SWATON, B.A., Et
 Catawba County, North Carolina



ROBERT F. SLEDGE, B.S., PH.D.
Forsyth County, North Carolina

"Reason firm, a temperate will, endurance, foresight, strength, and skill."

Sledge is one of our hard workers. Having a definite goal toward which he is working, he has made everything else secondary to this. He is devoted to the subject of medicine and spends much of his time in the laboratory. His natural ability and industry have won for him distinction among students and faculty alike. His place on the Scrub Faculty and his seat in the Senate both speak of the high regard in which he is held. Bob is a good fellow and has many friends. Though small in size he is as hard as nails from a three-years sojourn in the wild and woolly west. He still shows the spirit of the west in his blood in his broad interest in all the campus activities and the business-like manner in which he goes about his work.

Physiology is the guiding star of this young doctor, and unless his name is placed with the immortals of that science his many Wake Forest friends will miss their guess.

Age 28, height 5 feet 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, weight 140.

Senate Committee, '14-15; President Scrub Faculty, '15-16; President Medical Society, '15; Assistant in Physiology, '15-16.

L. T. STALLINGS, JR., B.A., EC.
Tulton, Georgia

Stallings, hereabouts known universally as Giffie, came to us from Georgia. His career has been one of many successes. Most of his studies proved easy for his intellect, and in the spare time he has covered a wide range of activity. As a faithful member of the football team, he has experienced many moving accidents 'twixt fload and field. On the Glee Club he has made mirth and melody in countless concerts. His orations in the Society hall have been listened for with anxious eagerness.

As a devourer of whatever new happens in literature, Stallings will be long remembered. Enthusiastic quoting, and quotable, he is perhaps the widest read man in college, and on *Old Gold and Black* he has cracked the Campus with marked success. As a social headlight he has rendered considerable illumination in these parts. We expect to hear of many achievements by this prince of good fellows, whether he follows literature or business.





G. VAN STEPHENS, B.A., PH.D.
Wake County, North Carolina

"The man who wins is the man who works,
the man who toils while the next man
shirks."

Look the college over and you will hardly find a man who is more generally liked by the student body. Always cheerful, with a kind word for all, he has won friends on every hand. While in college Van has aspired to no great honors, but his record as a student has been surpassed by few. Though "Steve" has been handicapped by having to drop out of college in the midst of a term, he has won for himself a record that will long be remembered by all who know him. Not only is he a man faithful to every task, vigorous in every effort, and honest in every aim, but a man of high ideals, and with a purpose that is sure to carry him over. We predict that you will hear from this clean-cut gentleman again in the field of his labors, and whether at home or abroad we know that he will be a faithful "feeder of the sheep."

Age 25, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 135.
Member Senate Committee, '15-16.

GLENN FRANKLIN STROLE, B.A., LL.B., E.P.
Columbus County, North Carolina

"His lips o'erflow with praise."

Strole comes to us indirectly from Illinois, but, having taken his abode in Columbus County, he is now as pure a Carolinian as the strawberries which Chatham produces. He is an all-round good fellow, of the unassuming, level-headed type. He believes in being a man first, then a lawyer. Success should be with him wherever he hangs his shingle, for if he can't argue the people into his favor, he will sing them into it. If he ever fails in his chosen profession, it will be because his melodious bass voice has won a higher place in the heart, or hearts, of his people.

Strole's ever-ready smile, kind word, good judgment, as well as his loyal support in the choir, quartet and Glee Club, have made his association in college worth while.

Age 22 height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 160.
Glee Club and Orchestra, '13-16; Licensed Attorney, '15.





WILLIAM D. SUTTON, B.A., E.U.
Jefferson, South Carolina

"How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees!"

Sutton hails from the Palmetto State. He has been with us only three years, during which time he has completed the necessary work entitling him to a B.A. degree. Even the most casual observer is soon convinced that he is a student of unusual ability. Seeking college honors has never been his aim, nor has he allowed himself to become entangled in college politics. During his stay here much of his time has been spent conversing with great authors of the past. He has a high regard for the opinion of others, yet he is by no means lacking in independent thinking. As a member of the Eu. Society, Sutton has ever been ready to answer to the call of duty. He has chosen as his life's profession the field of pedagogy, and we shall expect to hear from him later in his much neglected profession. Truly it may be said of him that the life of the college is bettered because of his having been here.

Age 24, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 185.

W. T. TATE, B.A., E.U.
Rutherford County, North Carolina

"So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be."

If industry were to be incarnated W. T. would fill the place without any modifications. He is one of the most conscientious students that has ever been on the Campus. Nor is he satisfied with theoretical college training; but ever since he entered he has been pastor of from three to five churches. Yet his classroom work has been of such a nature you would think he studied text-books all the time. We would not render him justice without mentioning another item. When it comes to a healthful bunch of bright-eyed boys and girls, his family stands head and shoulders above that of any member of the Faculty.

Tate will continue persecuting the saints; and, not satisfied with a B.A., he expects to take a degree at the Louisville Seminary.

Age 29, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 185.





R. C. TATUM, B.A., ET.
Davie County, North Carolina

"O, ye much partial gods! why gave ye men affections and not power to govern them."

Here is a man of real worth. He has done consistent work in the classroom, and ranks high in the esteem and respect of his fellows. Roy is modest, quiet and unassuming. He never solicited college honors, but, in recognition of his outstanding qualifications, he has been given several positions of honor and responsibility, all of which he has filled with credit to himself and profit to the students. "Doc" has a will to work, a disposition that wins the hearts of women and men, and a sincere devotion to his chosen profession. We expect these, in connection with his courage and patience, to secure plenty of practice.

Age 25, height 6 feet 2 inches, weight 160.

Poet Sophomore Class, '13-14; Secretary Scientific Society '13-14; Vice-President Mars Hill Club, '13-14; Prophet Junior Class, '14-15; Member Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '14-15; Medical Librarian, '14-15; President Y. M. C. A., '15-16; Vice-President Medical Class, '15-16; Medical Librarian, '15-16; Chairman Honor Committee, '15-16; Delegate to Southern Students' Conference, '15; Statistician Senior Class, '15-16.

ROSSER HOWARD TAYLOR, B.A., PH.D.
Nash County, North Carolina

Upright, straightforward and prepossessing alike in physical and mental characteristics, and withal a man of infinite resource and sagacity, Taylor creates a favorable impression in whatever circle he may move. A clear thinker and graceful speaker (we had almost said orator), and yet so modest and unassuming that one would scarcely suspect he had hidden within his being the silver tongue of a Nestor. During his entire stay with us he has been steadily winning friends and admirers among both Faculty and students.

Remaining out of college just after his Junior year, he filled with credit the position of principal of the Dell High School, and now he intends to spend his days as an instructor of youth and in "teaching the young idea how to shoot," a position for which he is eminently fitted both in scholarship and personality.

Age 24, height 6 feet, weight 165.

Assistant in History, '13-14; Prophet Junior Class, '13-14; Anniversary Debater, '14; President Buie's Creek Club, '15-16; President Anniversary Exercises, '16; Acting Principal of Dell High School, '14-15.





WALTER FREEMAN TAYLOR, B.S., EU.
Hertford County, North Carolina

"My honor is my life; both grow in one;
Take honor from me and my life is done."

Walter came to us a Freshman in the fall of '13 and, as a member of the class of '17, bore, along with his classmates, the trials that all Freshmen must undergo at the hands of Sophomores. However, he has distinguished himself as a steady student and, by so doing, has gained a place in our class. In three years he has taken his B.S. Degree, which is proof of his ability to do telling work. Upon the athletic field he has been a hard worker and a faithful attendant. Taylor is not only a student, but has become a shining light in the society of Wake Forest—the part of a college course which many men neglect. He is not a mere "lady-killer," but a desirable participant in all social affairs. We welcome him into the class of 1916.

Age 22, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 140.

Manager Sophomore Baseball Team, '14-15;
Scrub Baseball Team, '14-15.

"In soul sincere, in action faithful, in honor clear."

Thomas hails from the good old county of Brunswick and deserves a place of honor among her loyal sons. Being by nature very studious, he proceeded to schedule himself and complete nearly half his work during his first year. Yea, many a night he bored over Latin, Math., or Greek, while the howls of the blood-thirsty Sophomores he passed by in a "none of these things move me" manner. Indeed, he fell into such a way of boring that it has become habitual, and now, even though he is a Senior with all his work done "years ago," he still conscientiously keeps it up.

Thomas is one of the very best students in the class of '16. College has wrought in him a great change in clearing his vision as to the real meaning of life, and no one who has intimately associated with him has failed to be influenced for good.

Age 26, height 5 feet 11½ inches, weight 160.

Chief Marshal Wake Forest-Richmond Debate, '15; Orator Society Day, '15; Leader Mission Study Group, '14-15; Leader Bible Study Group, '15-16; Secretary Buie's Creek Club, '15-16; Assistant Librarian, '15-16; Secretary Ministerial Class, '15-16.



CORNELIUS THOMAS, B.A., PH.D.
Brunswick County, North Carolina



EDGAR STINCEON THOMPSON, B.S., PH.D.
Fairmont, North Carolina

Here we have a fellow whose cleverness and affability are unquestioned, greeting you with a contagious smile and a cheerful word. He is always good-natured and companionable, a very valuable asset for one who intends to enter the medical profession. "Red," as he is familiarly called on the Campus, is a thorough-going, hard worker. His acute mental faculties, coupled with his untiring thrift and perseverance, have always kept him in the vanguard of his class. Not only has he done a high order of classroom work, but he has shown his public spirit by taking stock in other college activities as well.

This youth will no doubt carve for himself an enviable place in his sphere of service. Two years hence he expects to take the oath of Hippocrates, and then the demons of disease will have to look well to their strongholds.

Age 24, height 5 feet 5 inches, weight 135.



HERBERT MOFFITT VANN, M.A., EC
Pittsylvania County, Virginia

"Never leave growing till the life to come."

"Hubby" has been from us for a year, but still there linger pleasant memories of this good-natured man. Vann is fundamentally a worker. While here he held an assistant's place in medicine for two years, a record rarely made. Then, in spare time, he got off enough work for his M.A. degree, which he asks for this year. Not satisfied with these alone, he is now toiling at Jefferson Medical College, where he is fitting himself to serve humanity in the role of a physician. Those who know him love him and predict for him a great success in the realm of medicine.

Age 23, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 150.



J. W. VANN, M.A., E.C.

Danville, Virginia

"With us ther was a Doctour of Phisyk,
In al this world ne was ther noon him lyk
To speak of phisik and of surgerye."

Bill doubtless believes with Spencer that education should be a harmonious development of all the faculties. His classroom work was such that he became a member of the Scrib Faculty in his Sophomore year. He finished the requirements for two degrees in four years, receiving a *cum laude*, which is a feat rarely performed by Medical students.

Unlike some good students, he found plenty of time for physical training. He took an active part in athletics, and when not in the game he was one of the chief supporters. Since leaving us to continue his studies at Virginia Medical College he has been one of the stars in the Varsity Basketball team.

The foundation for a great and useful life is being well laid, and we predict that the structure will be massive according to the pillars.

Age 21, height 6 feet, weight 156.

WILLIAM F. WARD, B.A., PH.D.

Craven County, North Carolina

"A loyal, just, and upright gentleman."

A glance at William's elegant chin and brow is sufficient to discover his judicial temperament. When he opens his lips and pronounces an opinion, always a guarded and conservative one, your estimate is confirmed. He comes of legal stock, and with great fondness for the law. He went before the Supreme Court and secured his license before reaching the age when he might practice,—clearly he will one day occupy an imposing position on the bench.

Among us William has ever been quiet, firm, dependable,—a man eminently fitted for the position he held on the Senate Committee, a man whose advice is worth something,— and he has made many friends.

Age 22, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 169.

Member of Senate Committee, '15-16; Vice-President Law Class, '15-16; President Craven County Club, '15-16; Commencement Marshal, '13; Society Day Marshal, '12; Freshman Class Prophet, '12-13; Licensed Attorney, February '15.





E. B. WHITEHURST, M.A., PHI
Beaufort, North Carolina

"A learned physician and manslayer."

"White," as he is commonly known among the fellows, is a man who stands well in his class, especially among the men of the Medical Department.

His athletic figure has often been seen on the basketball floor and on the baseball field, where he has ably upheld his class honors. In spite of his heavy work in the Medical Department he stuck to the basketball squad.

Whitehurst is now attending a northern university and great things are to be expected of him in the future.

Age 23, height 5 feet 11½ inches, weight 165.

He was once a "Newish," and no Freshman ever had more dreams of bloody encounters with Sophomores, and his preparedness program would have made Woodrow and Josephus blush with shame. He felt that he was persecuted for righteousness' sake, for it was only the frequent evidences of his unavoidable in-born devotion to the ladies that incited the wrath of his upper-classmen. As he leaves, the classroom loses a good student, the society, a good speaker, the Campus, a bit of its sunshine, and everybody, except the lazy man and grouch, a genial, good natured friend. What is a highly practical man. Even during his college career he has seen and seized opportunities to make some money. He is neither afraid nor ashamed to work.

Age 22, height 6 feet 4 inch, weight 170.

Winner Freshman Medal, '12; Secretary Scholarship Club, '12-13; Vice-President Scholarship Club, '14-15; Vice-President Wake Forest Club, '14-15; Prophet Law Class, '14-15; Assistant Business Manager *Student*, '14-15; Clerk of Moot Court, '14-15; Business Manager *Student*, '15-16; Assistant in Law, '15-16; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '15-16.

Licensed Attorney, February, '16.



ENNIS P. WHITLEY, B.A., ESQ.
Wake County, North Carolina



H. WAYNE WHITLEY, LL.B., ESQ.
Wake County, North Carolina

"Happy am I, from care I am free!
Why arn't they all contented like me?"

"Stub," as he is generally known on the Campus, was reared almost within hailing distance of the college bell. For three successive years he has answered that call, and now demands a LL.B. degree. If popularity is the true test of greatness, "Stub" has it. He has won friends by his absolute sincerity and unaffected frankness of address, and his friendship will always be a pleasant memory. "Stub's" name has been shouted on the baseball field, and his presence has often meant victory to our team.

As to his future vocation, Stub has chosen law. His many friends join in wishing for him great success.

Age 22, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 160.
Class Football, '13; Varsity Baseball, '14-16.

JOHN BAYLUS WHITLEY, LL.B., ESQ.
Wake County, North Carolina

"The law—it has honored us; may we honor it."

"J. B.," a fine, genial fellow, has lived these three years almost under the shadow of the college walls. No wonder he has become so dignified and learned! For three successive years he has made all the trips with the Glee Club and is one of its most faithful and accomplished members.

He has directed his efforts not only to the securing of the coveted degree, but has also engaged in many other outside pursuits which have broadened him and helped to make his a well rounded education. Add to this the fact that he has "passed the court" and is now ready to "hang out his shingle." We recommend him for all cases requiring a clear thinker and good judgment.

Age 25, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 155.
Glee Club, '14-15-16; Licensed Attorney, '16.





ROBERT LAFAYETTE WHITLEY, A.B., PH.D.
Beaufort County, North Carolina

"Common sense is the backbone of a real man."

To every man in school the name of "Zadok" has a peculiar significance, for he is a personal friend to all when election time comes. He is ever out for office, but if his "pal" is running look for him on the stump—he goes at it like a veteran. During his four years he has never been known to go with the girls, but the post office officials do not remember the day when his letter was not deposited. "Whit" has never been known to show "cold feet" when some hazardous undertaking was on foot, and never does he talk it afterward. He cannot be called a book worm, neither is he a loafer, but, being a firm believer in the doctrine of association as half of college life, he strikes a happy medium. Graduating with honors has not turned his head, and his modesty would cause the casual observer to think him an under-graduate. He contemplates joining the law class and dealing with legal problems.

Age 23, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 150.

Class Baseball, '14-15; Lawyer Baseball, '15.

LEONIDAS P. WILLIAMS, B.S., PH.D.
Duplin County, North Carolina

"The best of men have ever loved repose."

This stalwart young fellow of the lowlands possesses the qualities which are bound to mean success in the future. He is always careful to see that the most minute detail of his daily work is done just as faithfully as the larger duties, and at no time is he satisfied unless his work represents his best possible efforts.

"Red" is an enthusiastic supporter of all college activities, and always takes advantage of everything that's going. Though quiet and unassuming, all his friends know that when Red speaks the sound is not the signal for an outburst of "hot air," but represents thought. He has chosen the practice of medicine as his life work—a field fitting to a man of his sterling character and sunny nature—and doubtless the future has waiting for him a crown on which is written the thanks of thousands of joyful and happy hearts, made glad because he came, and by his skillful hand caused pain to flee.

Age 23, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 155.





WALLACE BARBER WRIGITT, B.A., EV.
Asheville, North Carolina

Here is a man whose college activities have been well balanced. Especially has he been one of our most ardent supporters of athletics. During the last year he has managed the Varsity Football team and shown marvelous diplomatic ability on several occasions. Quiet and unassuming, he goes about his studies with bulldog determination and never relinquishes till the subject is thoroughly mastered. In the Y. M. C. A. and Berean Class he shows the same spirit, and almost from the beginning he was recognized as a leader in all religious work connected with the College. Being exceedingly good to look upon, he has allotted a small part of his time to the pursuit of pleasures among the illusive feminine. As to his success we cannot state dogmatically, for he is rather inclined to be mum along this line.

Age 21, height 6 feet, weight 158.

Class Football, '12-14; Class Baseball, '12-14; President Scholarship Club, '14-15; HOWLER Staff, '15-16; Manager Varsity Football, '15-16; Chief Marshal Anniversary, '16.

This "long, keen, good 'un" has graced our Campus for the full four years, and has been one of the shining lights of the community from the first. During that time he has won many honors in the various phases of college life,—in the classroom, in debate—never overcome by defeat nor unduly exalted by success. "Kyle" is by no means a paragon of human virtues, but most of his failings are so microscopic that we can proudly say of him "Behold a man and brother."

Age 20, height 6 feet, weight 165.

Member Debate Council, '15-16; Secretary Senior Class, '16; Anniversary Orator, '16; Chief Marshal Society Day, '14; Varsity Track Team, '14-15; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '15-16; President College B. Y. P. U., '15; Prophet Ministerial Class, '14-15; Vice President Ministerial Class, '15-16; Varsity Basketball Manager, '16; Scrub Basketball, '13-14-15; Class Basketball, '13-14-15; Ministerial Basketball, '13-14-15; Captain Class Basketball, '14-15; Captain Ministerial Basketball, '11; Assistant Manager Basketball, '15; Ministerial Baseball, '15; Vice-President B. C. A. Club, '15-16; Varsity Basketball, '16.



KYLE M. YATES, B.A., PH.D.
Wake County, North Carolina



C. W. CARRICK, M.A., Et

Guilford County, North Carolina

"Intellect and physique in harmony blend."

The class extends a hearty welcome to "Shorty," who, after spending the past year at Cornell, comes back, not to reorganize the nocturnal triumvir with "Sis" and "Steve," but to get his M.A. Every inch of this prodigy of six feet four is a man, athlete and scholar. His splendid talent in the classroom, and his brilliant record on the gridiron and basketball floor deservedly gave him the Royster Scholarship-Athletic Medal. Frogs, bugs and butterflies are his chief delight, and we predict for him enviable success as an agriculturist after he completes his course at Cornell.

Age 22, height 6 feet 4 inches, weight 200.

JOHN M. GATLING, LL.B., Et

Bertie County, North Carolina

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom."

John, or the politician as his work among the fellows clearly shows, is an energetic student. One of his greatest powers is his ability to do a comparatively large amount of mental work in a short time without showing signs of fatigue.

Taking his Bachelor of Arts Degree in 1915, he entered the Law Department September following. His work as a careful and an astute student of the law has made for himself an enviable record. The fact that he received the Clark prize for the best fitted member of the Supreme Court Class is clear evidence of his prominent qualities. His strong intellect, force of will, and his intuitive sense of politics, linked with his skill in mastering the law, argue decidedly that his future will be turgid with success.

Age 21, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 150.

Winner of Clark Prize, '16; Licensed Attorney, '16.





H. D. PEGG, LL.B., Esq.

Guilford College, North Carolina

"Sage philosophy sits enthroned with reason."

Pegg impresses his philosophy upon all with whom he comes in contact, and is noted for his calm and deliberate consideration of all subjects that present themselves. By his persistent work he has obtained two degrees in four years. This shows that hard work has no terrors for him. He has not only shown his mental ability, but has also distinguished himself on the athletic field.

We predict for him a most successful career in the pursuit of his chosen profession.

Age 26, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 165.

HENRY C. STRICKLAND,

Wake County, North Carolina

Henry hails from a little place a few miles down the road, sometimes called Raleigh. He is a live wire and has demonstrated his talent as a leader on several occasions. As a clean-cut politician he has no equal in college, always winning his point, and at the same time leaving his opponent feeling that he has had a square deal.

His easy and complaisant manners make him a great favorite with the ladies, in whose society he is perfectly at home.

Both in the Law Class and in the Phi. Society his work has been highly satisfactory. As associate editor of the *Student* he demonstrates his ability as a thinker. No one in college can sling ink more freely than he. He has chosen Law as his life's work, and we feel safe in predicting that success awaits him.





Senior Class Poem

Boys, here's a cup from which to gulp
A nameless, mystic wine,
Extracted not from luscious pulp
Of tree, nor bush, nor vine.

And he who quaffs this wine shall name
It whatsoever he will—
E'en tho it be life's greatest aim
That aim it shall fulfill—

If wisdom, corp'ral strength and health,
Or fame, or kingly crown,
Or if an earthly store of wealth
The same shall be his own.

We seize the simple earthen cup
That bears no gilded beauty,
Full to the brim we fill it up
And drink and name it duty.

History of the Senior Class

The time-honored phrase, "How green I am," could never be applied to the 1916 class of first year gentlemen. No! Certainly not! We came to college with a vast store of worldly knowledge. After making one thoroughly acquainted with the fourth dimension, we could then explain in the most minute details the Alpha and Omega of the sixth sense. But, strange as it may appear, those gentle and majestic sovereigns, more familiarly known as Sophomores, were not content to stand by, and look on in that "Come down Freshmen" tone of voice. Suffice it to say that, after the dust and smoke of battle had drifted away, we emerged with the modesty of a blushing damsel. Yes! Fellow-sufferers, we had to learn.

Thanks to the kindness of his high lordship, Mr. John McCormick, for the Bird of Paradise at Wake Forest, whose palatial domicile was used as a fortress in which to organize. But some of the Sophs. were present, and in great glee started upstairs to the "Newish" meeting. But our stronghold could not be surrendered! Sophs. had surrounded the house when our prominent divine, Mr. Benjamin Ingram, called for volunteers to guard the class at the head of the stairs. The rebellious little band that was stationed there extended to the intruders an invitation to retire. But the Sophs. did not accept, and this kind invitation was later accomplished by both insistence and assistance. The organization was completed in peace and the little band of Freshmen, numbering one hundred and sixty strong, marched two abreast through the college campus, marking time to the whistle of the indignant Sophomores.

The second rebellious march was made in the spring of our Freshman year, when the Baseball champions of the South defeated A. & M. The news of our victory reached the Hill. Skys, Lawyers, Doctors, Teachers, Freshmen and all, responded to the call for volunteers with one accord. The battle-ery was "On to Raleigh," and a La de Box-car was the mode of travel. A triumphant march up Fayetteville street and the remains of A. & M. were laid to rest at Meredith.

On entering college, in September 1913, we passed from under the bonds of tyranny into the golden days of our youth. From a year of oppression to a year of anarchy. Now, as our distinguished Professor Lake has aptly said: To every action there is an equal reaction, and in the opposite direction. And it is needless to say that reaction was strongly in our favor. The Sophomore class was a broad class, its activities extending from Norlina on the North, to Johnson street of the South, and covering all the intervening territory. We realized our newly inherited responsibilities and spared no small amount of exertion in attempting, as we thought, some much-needed reforms. We were very sociable and agreeable—especially to Freshmen. We felt it our duty to welcome the Freshmen. And we gave a most hearty welcome to all we could find, and dutifully hunted for the rest. I might add, in passing, that Jack Blackmon, the breaker of girls' hearts and referee jaw-bones, and his shy little accompanist, Robert, Lafayette, Needham, Zadock, Thompson, Whitley, were the charmen of this Freshmen reception committee. Oh yes! they personally provided ample entertainment for all the First Year gentlemen. But, to the credit of our class the historian may add, that the barber shops complained of a decided decrease in midnight scrubbing, which so often came as a result of blacking.

It was in this year that we contributed largely to the Varsity Football team, giving such immortals as Moore, Blackmon, Stallings, Riddick, Powell, White and Daniels. And it is needless to say that we won the class championship in Basketball. What class team can beat a team which was represented by Hall, Robert Holding, Hensley, Yates, Ashcraft, and Huntley? On the Varsity Baseball team our men were Holding, Daniels, Ferree and Moore.

Freshmen are conceded to be fresh, Sophomores wise, and Seniors dignified, but Juniors—Oh, well, they are nothing in particular. But the scribe of this humble chronicle has the support of the entire class behind him in declaring that our Junior Class was an exception to the rule. With the advent of our Junior year, we were vaguely forward to the termination of our college career, and, of course, it was necessary to assume a false dignity. In this year the well known Baird Edwards succeeded the renowned "Dad" Ferree on the class pedestal of honor. Edwards instilled that wholesome mountain spirit into the class and we continued to play the

leading role in college activities. In this year we began to invest our money in text-books. Alas! we tired of spreading information on the college campus. In fact the class was so overcrowded with brilliant men that we contributed heavily to the 1915 class. We subscribed our proportionate part for the building of the new church and furnished an unusual number of men for the Varsity teams.

Comrades, loose these sandals from off your weary feet, for you have now gained admission to the sacred battle ground of "College Sovereigns." On this field of honor only the bravest of the college soldiers have assembled—trusties, who have been conquerors in the many battles with Psychology, those who have advanced with flying colors on the many sieges against Greek and Latin. Now that the collegiate battles are over, we soldiers rejoice as we gather around our battle standard—the *Alma Mater* of our college days.

The class of 1916 had been subjected to many disastrous diseases, but probably the most disastrous has been that of love. For love is only a disease. The first epidemic appeared among the wearers of trousers, locally known as college arelights. First there was a slight attack of self-love. But who could be content with loving one's self while Meredith and other colleges for the training of young women were so near by? And then it was so cumbersome to love one's self. Why not broaden out in other directions? In accordance with this suggestion Stallings, Newbold and Lee Parker were elected chairmen of this "Fall in Love" committee. Oh, yes, the disease became quite contagious under their guidance, terminating in matrimony in case of the Reverend Barnes, who brought a modest bride into our midst at Yuletide.

The second victorious march of our college career was made in January of our Senior year. The historian can only give expression to this eventful march by means of poetry, being indebted to Robert Buras, who attempted to picture a similar situation on the field of Battle:

"Boys, who Fayetteville street did tread,
Boys, whom farmers learn't to dread,
Boys, whom Moore and Blackmon led,
On to victory!

Who for Meredith songs and cheers
Showed themselves the farmers' peers,
In the hardest game for years,
And on Fayetteville street—
Laid the envious farmers low,
Sore-heads fell in every foe,
Meredith neared at every blow,
Boys, who did or died!

Our class is not only proud to present the names of Hunter, Cox and Taylor, who have represented the college in intercollegiate debates, but several other speakers of quality as, Lovelace, Burleson, Bennett, Yates, Redwine, and last, but by no means least, our distinguished president, Mr. Grady Booe.

On the athletic field we have contributed such immortals as Holding, Blackmon, Moore, Stallings, Powell, Riddick, Harris, Carter, Beam, Davis, and Ferree, while Albert Bird and Jack Beale have run away with the track honors.

As the historian writes this humble account of the 1916 Class, a roaring bonfire on the campus foretells the State championship in Basketball. What college team can compete with that Senior quintet which has laid the Basketball laurels at the feet of our *Alma Mater*? May the names of Hall, Davis, Beam, Franks, William and Robert Holding be placed on our college roll of fame.

The historian has attempted to point out, in a very humble manner, a short history of the greatest class, to my mind, that has ever favored Wake Forest with its presence, a class which will now step forward to enter the gateway of the world. With manly stride we shall pass down the pathway of life, impressing upon the world the fact that we are loyal sons of a great *Alma Mater*.

So when we hear the lust, sweet, lingering notes of the college bell, the Senior class bids Faculty and friends a fond farewell.

HISTORIAN

Senior Class Prophecy

Truth is stronger than fiction, so they say; hence, instead of undertaking long and laborious journeys in search of oracles, or endeavoring to mesmerize, hypnotize, or transmute myself in the vain hope that the soul would flutter forth and be enabled to peer about among the dim, distant scenes that lie in the misty future, we will, in so far as we are able, faithfully make known all the haps just as they happened to the Class of '16 within a score of years.

It befell somewhat after this fashion: In the spring of 1936, the President of the Class of '16, Dr. J. G. Booe, home on a furlough from the foreign fields, wrote to the secretary of the aforesaid class, Rev. Kyle M. Yates, and suggested that he issue a circular letter to all the members of that class who were then in the land of the living, and request that they all meet in a reunion at the Wake Forest Commencement of that year, celebrating the second decade since their graduation. The suggestion was received with enthusiasm—it was just what we had all been wishing for—to renew old acquaintances and meet again friends whom we had not seen in many years. Besides, several had sons who were graduating, and they were coming anyway; still more had sons in the lower classes whom they had dutifully sent on to their *Mama Mater*, and all thought it necessary that they should come and see how their respective progeny were progressing.

As it was planned, so it occurred, and on Saturday before Commencement gray-haired alumni could be seen alighting in groups from the dozen or so passenger trains that now run through Wake Forest since the Seaboard has been double-tracked. You should have heard the cheers the earlier arrivals gave each bunch of old boys that came in, with voices that could still make "Wake 'em up" ring in spite of increasing years. Yes, most of them turned up on Saturday because they wished to hear the sermon the next day by their classmate, Rev. F. W. Carroll, of the Grabanickel church in Atlanta, now become an eminent theologian with a nationwide reputation. All over the campus, now adorned by two new dormitories and a new Science building, could be seen old friends meeting one another and slapping each other on the back just as they used to in days gone by. Here is a group admiring a bronze figure of Dr. Taylor that has been set up under the old oaks, the gift of a former class. Let us have a look and see who they are. Hello! There's Dr. K. Casteen, head of the State Sanatorium for the treatment of pellagra; and there is W. A. Riddick, a famous scientist, and talking with him Carey J. Hunter, a noted journalist and editor of the greatest newspaper in the State of California, who has come all the way from the west just for this occasion, and Dr. G. D. Rowe, whose health broke down a little over a year ago while serving in the new American Hospital in Peking, China. The others of the group are Prof. W. R. Ferrell, just returned from studies abroad; C. R. Franks, a prominent lawyer in the city of Charlotte; Dr. D. R. Perry, who is still practicing medicine in his home town of Wakefield, happily married however, years ago—that is his eldest son with him now, by the way; and the two brothers J. B. and E. P. Whitley, who have formed the firm of Whitley & Whitley, and are prominent corporation lawyers in New Jersey.

Let us move on across the campus and see what other familiar faces we can find. Ha! There is old Jack Blackmoo! A doctor of prominence now, through his discovery of a great nerve restorer, composed of a distillate of the antennae of the soldier ant, the crystal, saccharine fluid exuded by the minute plant *Drosera rotundifolia*, and a third element which he has carefully kept secret. It is said that a hypodermic injection of this preparation will restore heart action after all other stimulants have failed. Dr. C. H. Fryar, Prof. C. C. Gregory, Rev. C. F. Hudson, Lawyer F. T. Johnson, and Prof. G. W. Lassiter are here with their wives and children, so Prof. W. D. Sutton informs me. Prof. Gregory, by the way, is head of the new Centennial School in Raleigh.

But while these classmates from abroad are renewing half-forgotten memories on the campus, we must not forget those who were already here, having found this town a good place in which to live since their graduation. A. P. Slodd is a well-to-do farmer along intensive lines, and has a large interest in the Bone Meal Fertilizer Company established here recently by Alex. Hall and H. E. Lane. The Wake Hotel has for its genial proprietor our old friend "Bap" Saunders, with J. M. Newbold as head clerk. For a number of years "Legs" Carter has been coach of the football team as well as surgeon in the college hospital. C. O. Riddick and C. C. Olive have jerked the tail of the soda-fountain in Holding & Holding's Soda and Ice Cream Parlor for many a year, seeming satisfied with the job. Prof. R. H. Taylor is Principal of the Wake Forest High School, now grown to large proportions (the school, not Prof. Taylor), and a necessary adjunct to the college. W. C. Harvard is also employed here as Instructor in Manual Training and Director of the Playgrounds. L. A. Bird, W. A. Harris, and E. B. Whitehurst have taken over the former Dunn Plow Company's foundry and are rapidly enlarging the business. If you are ever in Wake Forest drop in to see any of these gentlemen—they will be glad to talk over old times with you.

Judge Ferree says that he has a case to come up soon in which Giftie Stallings is to be tried for attempting to "hobo it" on a freight. It seems that Giftie rather unnecessarily has attempted to imitate Walt Whitman and follow the open road. The lawyers for the plaintiff are B. M. Boyd and W. H. Lyon; for the defendant, B. Ray Olive and J. H. Barnes. The case promises to be very interesting, owing to certain details.

J. M. Kesler, leading architect in Greensboro, says that W. F. Taylor is surveying the site of a large power plant on the Amazon river and cannot leave his job to attend our reunion, and that R. F. Hough is also in South America attending to the foreign interests of the Bell Telephone Company; well, we miss the old boys, but are glad to know that they are doing well. Rev. I. L. Bennett, our State Secretary for the Baptist Board of Education, tells me that nearly all the "Skys" of our Class are prospering; Blackman, Ingram, Redwine, Powell—all have good churches, but are so busy that they cannot meet with us. Rev. G. V. Stephens and G. T. Mills are here from their pastorates in Fort Worth, Texas.

But the greatest event of all was the banquet held on Wednesday night of Commencement week. All the Alumni who could possibly attend were there; speeches were made, and the grape-juice flowed freely. The most notable talk of the evening was made by E. B. Cox on "The Why and the Wherefore of the Whielness," a speech loudly applauded and pronounced deep stuff by Prof. W. B. Wright and W. H. Deitrick, a prominent business man of Rolesville. Jack Beal was requested to relate how he originated his famous cartoon character of "Bumbum the Hobo," which he did in a few words, stating that Prof. A. C. Lovelace had been kind enough to pose for him. Toasts were proposed and other speeches followed. Dr. S. B. Moore gave a short, interesting discussion on the effect of a radium collar button upon the thyroid gland, though he said that he was somewhat indebted to Dr. Sledge for statistics. Other spicls were made by attorneys W. F. Ward and H. H. Whitley, Drs. Tatam and Signon, W. S. Burleson and H. J. Pope, after which were read telegrams from Chief Justice Downing, Dr. A. L. Denton, J. B. Jones, Rev. C. Thomas, the Campbell brothers, L. W. Smith, Dr. E. S. Thompson, and a score of others, regretting that they could not be present to aid in our celebration. By this time it was well on toward morning, so H. R. Paschal proposed that we "sing a tune" and break up; this suggestion was acccepted, and, after waking G. G. Moore, R. L. Whitley, L. P. Williams and B. M. Covington, who had succumbed to the effects of too much grape-juice, and were asleep in a corner, we all joined in singing "Here's to Wake Forest," with G. F. Strole, A. D. McFayden and Professor Lassiter well in the lead.

Thus with a song ended the historic banquet of the Reunion of '36.

The Fortune forsake us, and Fate o'ertake us,
We'll ne'er forget our dear old college days.

Last Will and Testament

In the name of God, Amen, We the Class of '16, Wake Forest College, County of Wake, State of North Carolina.

Being in good bodily health, according to the criterion prescribed by Crozier and Parker, and of sound and disposing mind and memory, according to the local phrenologist and alienist, calling to mind the frailty and uncertainty of college careers, realizing that we must soon close our eyes on quiz pads and campus scenes and drop from our cold grasp the things of this mundane orb for which we have toiled and probably sinned, do make and declare this our last will and testament; hereby revoking and making null and void all other wills and testaments by us heretofore made; whether or not reported to His Deanship.

First, we commend our future prospects to the service of our country and after our labor shall have ended our bodies to "Silent and pathetic dust."

And our college assets and all the belongings thereto, whether tangible or intangible, which at the time of our departure we declare ourselves sole owners of, do devise, bequeath and dispose thereof in the manner following, to wit:

Imprimis: To the inexpressible joy of our deluded parents, we relieve them of the burden of paying our padded accounts which have heretofore greeted them at the end of each collegiate month, and we assure them that the promptness with which they have been met, without a murmur, has been duly appreciated by us.

Item. As a token of our gratitude and loyalty we give, devise, and bequeath to our *Mama Mater* the continuation of our good will and undying love and pledge our heart and hand to the worthy cause for which she stands.

Item. On account of his unusual attainments in the realm of hymnology, and in consideration of his emulation of Orpheus we give, devise and bequeath to Nogum Trogum the privilege of being called Professor here and abroad.

Item. To the Junior class we give, devise and bequeath the proverbial Senior dignity and privileges, a legacy which has been transmitted from Senior Class to Junior Class, "From the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

Item. To the Sophs we cancel all debts of gratitude which they feel they owe us for our brotherly protection which we afforded them in their minority.

Item. We give, devise and bequeath the first year gentlemen the rights and privileges to escort all incoming students to the "Wolf's Den," "Neuse Falls," Holding's Pond, and the surrounding places of interest, and all the pleasures and emoluments therunto belonging. And—

Lastly. We do nominate and appoint the President, Dean and Bursar to be the executors of this our last will and testament.

In testimony whereof, we, the class of '16, have to this our last will and testament, contained on one sheet of parchment, subscribed our names and affixed our seals, this the 16th day of May, Anno Domini, 1916.

We, the Senior Class of said Wake Forest College, do make this codicil to our last will and testament, published by us and dated the 16th day of May, 1916, which we ratify and confirm, except as the same shall be changed hereby.

Whereas, the said Nogum Trogum shows little appreciation for the titular distinction conferred upon him by the said Senior Class on item number two (2) of said will, we hereby revoke said devise and herein confer upon Assistant Ferrell the title conferred upon Nogum Trogum in the above mentioned item, namely, the sole and exclusive prerogative of being called Professor, upon the special trust that he shall wear the distinction in such manner as not to become embarrassing to himself nor obnoxious to others.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the said Senior Class to be a codicil to their last will and testament, and in the presence of each other have subscribed our names and affixed our seal.

CLASS OF 1916 (Seal)

Senior Vote

When the last great meeting of the Senior Class was announced excitement ran high, canvasses were numerous. Cigars, soda-checks, promises of support, and other electioneering paraphernalia were extravagantly displayed. The unfortunate who had always lost out at legging were making their first desperate effort to win, and the politician realized this was his last opportunity to pull off one.

The confusion that reigned over the meeting would make a suffragette raid look like a funeral procession. When the big president pealed forth with his thunderlike voice everything became silent except Canady, who so persisted with his characteristic legging that it was necessary to vote him an office before the object of the meeting could be announced. Without opposition he was elected College Legger.

Saunders thought he heard the president announce some office for Anniversary, and asked Alex Hall to nominate him, which he did; but it was for President of the Ananias Club. There was no opposition.

A hot contest followed in the race for the biggest rounder between Billie Green and Lasser. When Bill was defeated he voted to make it unanimous in order that he might have no opposition as Faculty Legger.

Denton, A. L., was the Optimist by common consent, while Moore, S. B., was voted the Pessimist. The Most Femicioist was given to Strole without dissent, while Lee Parker had to fight for his place as the Biggest Sport.

Since Doctor Ferrell was nominated for both Hot Air Bag and Dude, it was thought best to withdraw his name to avoid a party split.

The organization of a political triumvirate bent on big things resulted in E. P. Whitley being the Biggest Ladiesman, Franks, the Most Reserved, and Ferdy Johnson, the Biggest Bore. When it came to the Best Athlete several names were proposed. George Moore was mentioned, but because of his hard work in the past and his recent attention to the fine arts, it was feared he could not maintain this record. Ben Covington was elected to this place because he had never exercised himself to his own hurt. George Moore withdrew from the race to run for the Best Singer, which he got without opposition.

Gifty Stallings's speech nominating Mills as the Brightest Man, resulted not only in the election of Mills, but led to Giftie's being elected B. S. Shooter.

The political steam roller was put on and crushed out every vestige of opposition. This organization is composed of an unconquerable combination who were bent on self-aggrandizement. This resulted in putting in R. L. W. X. Y. Z. Whitley the Most Studious, Alex Hall, Drug Store Supervisor, Ferree, Best Politician, and Preacher Olive, Tightwad. Hardboy Dixon agreed not to oppose Jack Beal for the Best Looking Man if he would vote for him for the Neatest Dressed Gentleman.

Bill Holding was elected the Wittiest when he nominated Sutton as Logician, but Sutton was defeated by J. B. Jones when he explained why Turkey Pope should be elected Heart Breaker. The election was interrupted just at this point by a quarrel between Red Thompson and Red Williams about whose hair was the reddest.

For their daring deeds of heroism displayed at different times and under various circumstances, Blackman, Riddick, W. A., and Stallings were unanimously voted the Most Patriotic. For the patriotic speeches over these heroic deeds, R. H. Taylor was the only man nominated for the Best Orator.

The foregoing are the unchangeable decrees, not because of anything that has gone before or anything that shall come after, but because it was voted by the Senior Class of 1916.

JUNIORS



Henry Davis



MISS MARY HOLDING

Sponsor

JUNIOR CLASS



Junior Class Officers

F. S. HUTCHINS.....	President
G. F. RITTENHOUSE.....	Vice-President
C. W. BLANCHARD.....	Secretary
W. B. JONES.....	Treasurer
C. H. STEPHENS.....	Prophet
G. P. HARRILL, JR.....	Poet
J. W. PARKER.....	Historian

Junior Class Poem

A Freshman came to college
Just three short years ago.
Some thought his quest was knowledge
Although they did not know.

When he was just a Newish
Of him they said, "too fresh!"
They shingled that poor Newish
And painted black his flesh.

A Sophomore you find him
As rowdy as a kid.
He makes the Newish mind him
And sometimes lift their "lid."

But he has quit his prowling
With scissors and with paint;
No more his nightly howling
Makes Newish weak and faint.

A Junior, almost dizzy
With Latin, Greek and French;
And yet he's always busy
For he must "take the trench."

Methinks I see him later;
Life's battles are begun.
He thanks his *Alma Mater*
For every victory won.

History of the Junior Class

The Class of 1917 entered college with one hundred and thirty-five Freshmen. We came marching up the campus with lordly air, but the first night gave us different dreams and visions. We heard the shrill cries of the Sophs. on a raid for "Newish," and a few minutes later we were invited to join in the war dance. We succeeded in outfighting the Sophs. and had our class picture made, also outwitted them and had our first meeting. We got out very good basketball and baseball teams.

Having passed through the joys of our Newish year and a pleasant vacation, we again arrived on the hill as Sophs. ninety strong. This was the renaissance for us. Soon we got ourselves in fine shape for work, and had an excellent basketball team. The first game was played with the Juniors, which resulted in our favor, the score being twenty-eight to twenty-one. The members of our team were: Carlyle, Franks, Deitrick, Dowell and Williams. They caused the class to be proud of them. We were not quite as successful in baseball. The Juniors and Sophs. both beat us by large scores. Owing to disagreeable weather the games with the Seniors and Faculty were postponed until it was too near commencement. We were certain of a victory from the Seniors and had hopes of winning from the Faculty.

The Varsity football squad was greatly strengthened by the addition of such of our men as Langston, Parker, Howell, Harris and Duffy. We contributed also to the basketball and track squads, giving them Franks, Daniels and Savage. Also in the literary life of the college we did not fear, for there were Hutchins, Newton, Hughes, Boyd, Hayes, Daniels, Jones and Smith.

We might mention here that we did what we could to down the barbarous practice of hazing, decreasing the number of Newish blacked from fifteen to three. We also took a stand against fraternities, making the college spirit as democratic as possible.

When the fall of 1915 came around seventy members answered to the roll call. Some, becoming dissatisfied, joined the Seniors, and others failed to show up, but the noble seventy had the "pep" and started things off lively.

Football was the first test of strength. The team did fine work under Coach Dixon. Now the game with the Seniors—these being the strongest team in college. The game started off with small gains on either side, the ball stayed near the center of the field; but in the last of the second half the Seniors, by putting up a plucky fight, got the ball in our territory and, in the meantime, Perry kicked goal. When the game was called it stood three to nothing in favor of the Seniors. The fact that we failed to win the championship is no reproach when one considers that we have furnished far more than our share to the Varsity stars.

Our basketball team developed nicely and soon showed that we had the fastest team in college, beating the Seniors and Newish. The Sophs. won the championship, because they had to have something to make them feel their importance.

We cannot tell what our men will do in track and baseball, but the outlook is encouraging. As a class we will be behind anything they do. We cannot end this Class History without making some mention of the patriotic work of J. G. Savage, in other words "See," in keeping the clothes of our members neatly pressed, and acting as mail carrier up Faculty Avenue. We hear with regret that he expects to leave us in a short while to settle in Baltimore, at least for a week or so.

"Purp" Blanchard was accused of setting fire to the New Dormitory to keep from paying his contingent deposit, and, after much pleading before the faculty, we finally succeeded in clearing him of the deed.

Our greatest loss was when our only prize fighter, "Bap" Saunders, joined the Seniors. We now have no one to defend us in time of peril.

With all our misfortunes we have had a remarkable history. We expect great things of our men in the coming years.

HISTORIAN

Junior Class Prophecy

Yes, they chose me for prophet of the Junior Class (the eighth wonder of the world). Realizing that I was not a prophet, I began to make a rather extensive research into my family history to learn whether or not I was the son of a prophet. This task proved most discouraging. I found, on investigation, that but one of my either near or remote ancestors, had been accused of such a title, this being my great-great grandmother's half-brother, who was called weather prophet, being six feet six. In fact, almost all my progenitors were so nearsighted that they were compelled to wear double reinforced glasses in order to see much farther than the end of their nose.

Being a rather ambitious lad, I determined not to let such conditions baffle me. My classmates had elected me, and it was up to me to prove that they had made a wise choice. So I set out with this one end in view, that of becoming what we commonly call a "selfmade."

So, early in the fall I fell to this dignified undertaking. Mosscovered, antiquated HOWLERS were drawn forth from their long, undisturbed position. The prophecies of the past sages I devoured with eager eyes, noting, as I read, where each of my forerunners had gained his inspiration.

After reading these and studying the lives of all the great prophets, to the extent that I exhausted the supply of the Wake Forest Library, I continued so far as to search all the libraries of Forestville, Youngsville, and Neuse, and spent one day in the great Library of Wyatt, hoping that by the help of these I might be enabled to look beyond the dark curtain. Forthwith, I set out in quest of some of these oracles. I visited "Wolfden," "Hurricanes," "Rock Monument," the abode of the deceased under the Alumni Building, and every other terrifying place about Wake Forest.

But I might as well have been searching for the Holy Grail. With renewed determination I began to explore all the hills and valleys for five miles around, looking for some hermit or cave dweller, whom I had been told possessed the power to read the future of my class. Exciting and varied were my experiences, but, all alike, ended in misery and disappointment. Was it possible that there was no one who could read the future, or had my class fallen from its high estate?

After months of continued effort I gave way under a nervous breakdown, all hopes gone. My failure was too much for me, I could no longer look my classmates in the face. In this frame of mind I decided upon a most desperate deed. So, one spring evening just as the sun was kissing Sunset Rock good-bye, I climbed with feeble hands and tottering knees to the top of the water tank, to do what I hoped would ease my troubled heart. I had bade the world good-bye and was in the act of jumping, when an unseen hand was placed upon my

shoulders while a voice said: "Alas, you shall know!" Clouds came between me and the ground, I was enraptured with the scene. By this same unseen hand I was given a telescope and told to look. My joy was complete. I put the telescope to my eyes and, behold, "I dipped into the future as far as human eye could see."

Looking to the south, I saw a spot of earth, which the voice said was Robeson County. As I looked, I beheld one plowing a gray mule while ten husky children picked up corn stalks about him. I at once recognized this to be my beloved classmate, Rev. J. S. Johnson. Although his face was rather haggard, I was told that his domestic relations, his gray mule and his four churches had been almost too much for the brother. On looking the second time, I saw one Dr. F. M. Barnes near by, trying earnestly to persuade Rev. Johnson to allow him to phrenologize his children at ten cents per head.

Charlotte then came within the scope of my view. Painted in large letters on a window of one the city's tallest skyscrapers I read: "Boyd & Hutchins, Attorneys at Law and Live Stock Dealers" (mostly "Bull"). Just below this window I read "J. H. R. Booth, Horse Doctor and Agent for Aluminum Ware."

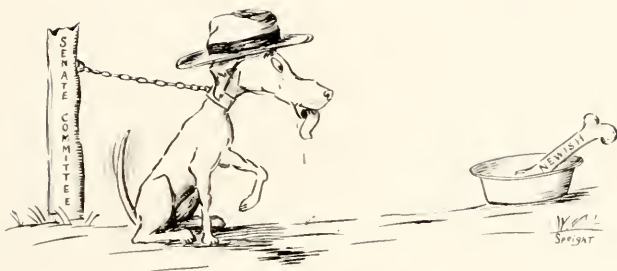
My attention was next directed to an operating table, which I was told was in Raleigh. There stood my classmate J. S. Brewer, giving a patient ether while Robert Humber cut a knot hole out of his wooden leg. Dr. Foster was seen near by, trying to figure out some means of making such operations painless.

Fearing to trust myself further, I now turned to Wake Forest. Here I saw many additions to the Faculty. "Bun" Rucker was teaching the new chair of "Legging." H. H. Hamilton had Mr. Lassiter's place, teaching music, assisted by A. Y. Dowell. J. M. Hester was teaching the Art of Dignity and Expression, and was also pastor of the Second Baptist Church of Wake Forest.

I now let my glass wander over various parts of Eastern North Carolina. Many strange sights I beheld. At last my eyes were caught by a street scene in the midst of which "Peewee" Blanchard, with tones that would arouse the sleeping Demosthenes, preaching to throngs of people, while White, W. E., passed around the hat, keeping time with "Jocko" Ray's furious beats of the drum. These gentlemen had been received by the Salvation Army.

I wish to stop here to offer an apology. I was so overcome by this sight that I dropped my telescope, my prophetic vision vanished. Had this not happened I might have told the future of all my classmates.

PROPHET



SOPHOMORE



MISS GERTRUDE MERRIMON

Sponsor

SOPHOMORE CLASS



Sophomore Class Officers

H. E. OLIVE	President
F. H. BALDY	Vice-President
J. E. HERNDON	Secretary
R. R. MALLARD	Treasurer
S. S. MEEK	Prophet
L. W. HAMBRICK	Poet
C. D. MOORE	Historian

Sophomore Class Poem

When we came on the scene we saw
The pew that Newish fill;
Although quite green and frankly fresh,
Our fears would not be still.

The spooky howls and songs of Sophs.
At every turn we'd hear;
And one great goal to us was reached
When we passed through that year.

But now we've spent our Soph'more year,
And we have made our rep. ;
We've blacked a few, let some escape,
But always kept the pep.

As athletes we are unsurpassed
By any effort made;
For we are champs of ev'ry game
That we have thus far played.

No ear has been so aged or deaf
Within our vast domain,
But that it heard our Campus yells
That echoed with refrain.

But now in closing our career
We hand our scepter o'er;
No longer Sophs., we now embark
To reach the Junior shore.

POET

History of the Sophomore Class

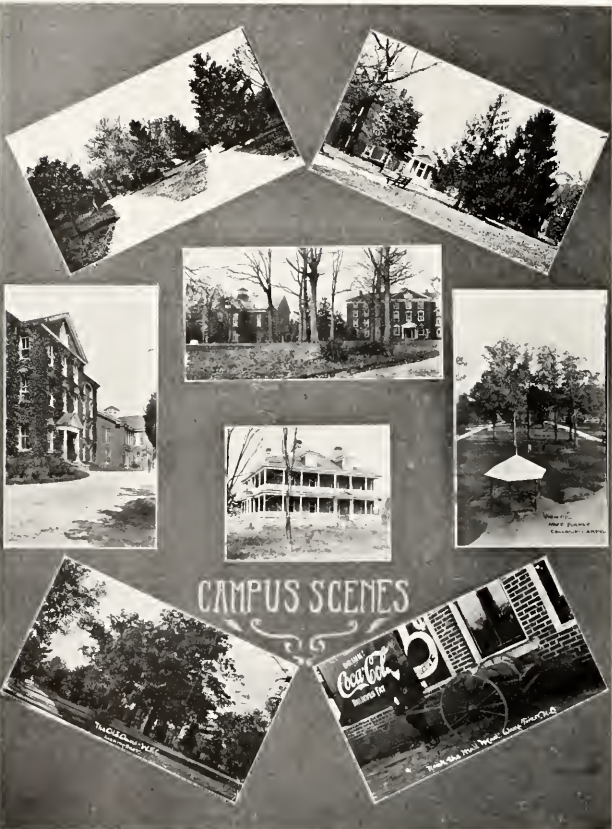
Our history begins in September of 1914, when as Newish we set our timid feet on Wake Forest soil. Long will that time stand out in our minds, adorned with golden reminiscences—that day when we passed for the first time under “Pro Humanitate” and turned our ambitious toes upon the Campus Boulevards of Knowledge, towards the far distant Citadel of Wisdom. That beginning of our college career was not heralded by trumpet blasts—except for a few Sophomore hoots. It was quiet and earnest. Nor was our first year marked by any grand display of spectacular phenomena. We stayed in our holes—as meek and lowly Newish should—and studied, keeping eyes and ears open, and mouth shut. Thus we passed through the pupa stage. In the due course of time, September of 1915 saw us burst from the chrysalis and flop our wings in the gay sunshine of Sophomority.

The paramount feature of our history as Sophomores is our record in inter-class athletics. In the fall semester our football team, coached by Samuel Thompson, upheld the sacred Sophomoric tradition of defeating the Freshman team. Two touchdowns, scored by Pennell and Savage, and two goals, kicked by Savage, gave us the victory with a score of 14 to 0. In our first game on the basketball floor we won from the Freshmen by 21 to 14. Subsequently we took the class championship, winning over the Seniors by a score of 27 to 22. It is our hope, of course, to win the baseball championship in the spring, thus to become the omni-victorious class, a distinction which has not been made in many years.

Our achievements are not limited to the field of athletics, for we have been well represented in the literary and forensic activities of the college. Of the contributions to the *Student* made by undergraduates, almost half have thus far been made by members of our class. Two of the leading contributors are Sophomores—Mallard and Hester. Nor have our men been obscure on the floor of public debate. In the Society Day debate our representatives, Olive and McCann, delivered excellent speeches, to the credit of themselves and their class. And, aside from these public affairs, in the everyday routine of academic work our classmen have made records that will rival those of the other classes.

As a class we are proud of our work this year. But we do not mean to boast. These few achievements are, indeed, only a small beginning. There is a long road before us yet. The end is still far distant. In fact, we are still traveling towards the real beginning, the Commencement. We are looking beyond—even beyond that happy graduation day—into the life that lies ahead for each one of us. And, in that great battlefield of life, we mean to do things which will cause men to point with admiration to North Carolina, and cause North Carolina to pride herself in Wake Forest, and cause Wake Forest to honor her sons of the Class of '18.

HISTORIAN



CAMPUS SCENES



The College Building



Think the Most Before Using Your Car

Sophomore Class Prophecy

Not being a prophet myself, or the son of a prophet, I wondered why the mantle of prophecy should have fallen on me. Thinking a mistake had surely been made, I began to remove its clinging folds from my body, but no sooner had my hand touched the cunningly wrought embroidery than a peculiar sensation crept over me—I was aware of an overmastering "Presence," and a sweet persuasive voice began to speak thus:

"I am the spirit of the Future, O man. 'Unto me is revealed the destiny of mortals, and I have been commissioned to enlighten you, the prophet of the Sophomore Class of 1916 of Wake Forest College, as to the future of certain members of that class." Before me then began to unfold a panorama of everyday life cast in the future, and the first figure to attract my special attention was that of a man well on in middle life. His handsome countenance radiated happiness and his dress bespoke prosperity. A closer scrutiny confirmed the identity of my old friend, Durham Moore. Unseen by him, I followed his footsteps, and was much pleased to note that he made his way as one having authority into a most pretentious bank building. Clerks showed him unusual deference, and when he entered the office sacred to the president I understood the situation fully. His secretary entered as Durham was looking over the mail to introduce another familiar figure. So into his private office entered a large, fine-looking man, somewhat burdened with an unwieldy package. The president no sooner saw the package than he recognized Earl Hamrick, his erstwhile partner in the unbleached sock business at Wake Forest College. He began to laugh as he hurriedly glanced about to see that no intruders were watching this business transaction. Earl wanted the bank to finance a scheme to supply the students of the college with unbleached socks. His resources, though ample, had been depleted in paying exorbitant fees to the distinguished lawyer, J. B. Pennell, to get him out of scrapes for "looking too long and fondly upon the fair sex." This distinguished barrister, for the sake of old times, gave the matter his personal attention, and the records of the day attest to the masterly manner in which he handled the suit.

Another scene came before me. I seemed to be in the maze of city streets where electricity was used in all the up-to-date advertising schemes. It gleamed at one from the sidewalk, raced up and down tall buildings, telling in flashes of colored lights the story of the city's commerce. Methought as I thus gazed enraptured, "surely this is the perfection of advertising," when suddenly I saw a figure emerge from the throngs in the street whom I recognized to be Sam Thompson, his rumpy figure making him conspicuous. He seemed to be toiling under the weight of a heavy ladder, which he finally unfolded, and, climbing up to the top of a very tall building, began to manipulate a paint brush with such skill that soon there blazed in large illuminating letters, this sign—

W. M. DICKSON, JR., Florist.

Perceiving that this magnificent establishment was owned by my old college friend, I pushed my way through the crowds and into this great building, and saw before me one of the most beautiful displays of flora, both of this country and the east, that my eyes had ever beheld. A beautiful woman and two cherubic children seemed to be quite at home in the office of this establishment; so I concluded that William had transplanted into this collection of growing flowers, "the Rose of his heart," and the picture was indeed lovely. I made myself acquainted and was turning to go when I saw a male of the species known as "Lady Killers" whom close scrutiny revealed to be Charles Kendrick, still buying flowers for his many inamoratas. He was glad to see me and began to talk as fast as an adding machine about "the greatest advertising scheme in America today." He said he still found his old college motto a good one—

"Early to bed,
Early to rise,
Work like the D
And advertise."

As with the shifting of a stage setting, the scene changed, and I found myself in a little village with strangely familiar buildings, and yet I was not sure that I was in Wake Forest until I saw an elderly beau "dressed to kill" whom I recognized to be my old "pal," Furnan Biggs, twirling a cane as he gingerly picked his way over an old familiar path which led to a certain Beauty's house. He was either still busy at the courting game or he had won and was winding his happy homeward.

Happy thoughts of my past college life so engendered me that I failed to note a queer figure with flowing locks, long coat and high hat, sneaking out from behind the Campus Arch. He leered at every passing boy, licked his lips and showed unmistakable signs of dementia. I asked a "first year gentleman," who was passing in breathless haste, who it was. He said "That is the Freshman Tormentor, formerly known as J. Vann Savage. He carried his craze of pestering the 'Newish' too far and, in a skirmish, he had a bad fall which left the poor man with a hallucination that he must ever be on the defensive with the 'Freshman.'"

Resting beneath the cool shades of the trees on the Campus I noted several changes. New and modern buildings replaced the older ones. In the crowd of students I recognized not one familiar face, but suddenly there came across to the building dedicated to Mathematics, which was a gift to the college from L. G. Ellis, the World's Champion Pitcher, who when wealth came to him remembered his *Alma Mater* in this substantial way—there came, I say, to this building a distinguished scholarly man, deep in thought. The snow of many winters sat lightly upon his erstwhile raven locks. He turned to see who rested under the college shade, and lo! I saw my old chum, W. B. Gladney. He had graduated in law at Wake Forest, then at Tulane in his own State, but the call of the schoolroom was too strong, and, after several years "trying to fit a round peg into a square hole," he took up that branch of work for which he was fitted, and success had crowned his efforts.

He invited me to stay over and enjoy a number of the Lyceum Course, when a distinguished platform lecturer was going to present some of his own productions to the critical college audience. I accepted, and you can imagine my surprise when the performer of the evening proved to be my old friend and fellow-student, "Rail Road" Mallard. When offering congratulations he bade me hold my tongue until the next number on the program came, for before me would appear the finest orator in the South; one whose silver-tongue messages had arrested the attention of fellow senators and won laurels from abroad. Before me stood the president of our Sophomore Class at Wake Forest College, H. E. Olive, and proud I was that this signal honor had come to him.

Just then I dropped the mystical mantle from my shoulders and, as it disappeared in a pinkish, bluish cloud, I found myself once more a mere man and resumed my place in that wonderful company of mortals whose existence makes Life.

PROPHET

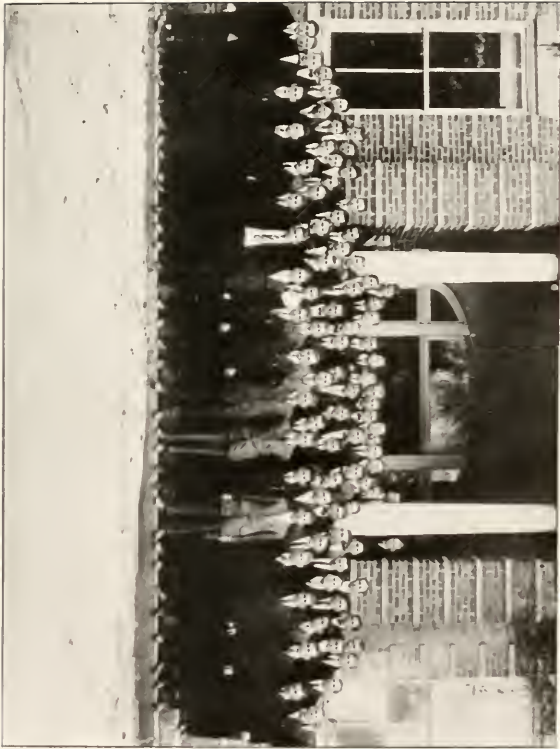


FRESH-
MAN

SPENCER



MISS MARY HARRILL
Sponsor
FRESHMAN CLASS



Freshman Class Officers

H. P. SMITH.....	President
J. A. FLEETWOOD.....	Vice-President
T. C. BRITT.....	Secretary
S. A. PERRY.....	Treasurer
E. J. TRUEBLOOD.....	Poet
J. L. RIDLEY.....	Prophet
L. E. BARRETT.....	Historian

Freshman Class Poem

We intended when we came to college,
To make a great commotion;
But when we learned the unwritten law,
We had to change this notion.
Full well the upper-classmen know
That we have tried to heed advice;
When we are commanded, we always go.
Just ask the "Sophs." if we're not nice.
One little question let us ask—
Explain that we may understand—
Why has the Sophomore forgot
That he is just an ex-fresh man?
Since we've had Newish preparation,
We believe that we are wise,
We shall wait with expectation,
Next year's Freshmen to advise.
We thank our friends, both one and all,
Sophomores and all other wise men;
We believe you have bravely borne this year
The unlimited ignorance of the fresh men.

POET

History of the Freshman Class

A true history is a record of not only the deeds of man, but also the feelings and hopes. If I should be guided by such a definition this history would assume the form of a book, instead of a page in the *Howler*, because the feelings and hopes of these College lambs have been numerous and varied. Therefore, I shall confine myself to an enumeration of our achievements since we came to College.

On September the 18th our class was called to meet under the timely direction of Dr. Bean, Chairman of the Freshman Committee. At this meeting the officers for the year were elected. The only other important meeting of the class, so far, was the one at which we elected Miss Mary Harrill as sponsor. Since that time we have had reason to believe that we could not have made a better choice. On December 31 she gave a reception for the class at Meredith. It was a success, and it is an event to which the class points with pride.

Contrary to the general rule, that Newish should be seen and not heard, we have been heard on the athletic field. This year's football team was materially aided by members from our class, namely: Robley, Shaw and Turner. Besides these, we had a class team composed of unusually strong men. The Sophomore-Freshman game was hotly contested and ended in a close score in favor of the upper-classmen. We attribute this to the fact that their team was better trained than ours, rather than to the fact that our men did not display genuine ability. In basketball we are contributing our part. The game with the Sophomores was lost, of course, but it could not have been otherwise, because we are too modest to even aspire to the honor of being class champions. Robley deserves special mention because this is the second team on which he has won a place, and also on account of his brilliant playing at guard.

Our career in college is short; consequently we do not have a long history. This is no discredit to the class for, considering the length of time we have been here, we have made an unusual record. As is the rule, Freshmen study more than the upper-classmen; thus we have been preparing for the larger things that shall be ours in the future. However, the above account of our class gives some idea of what may be expected later on. This Freshman history is nothing more than an introduction to the history of our college career. With these facts in mind the historian is compelled to predict for the class a career that will be unparalleled, one that will go on record as a tribute to the genius of its members, and one that will be an honor to the glorious old Class of 1919.

HISTORIAN

Freshman Class Prophecy

Being the word of prophecy which appeared unto A-Dam Newish, prophet of his class during the reign of Bean over the Senate Committee in the land of the wide aWAKE FORESTS and Sophomores, concerning the fates and fortunes of the prospective graduates of 1919:

"Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary, over many a quaint and curious volume of" some unearthly text-books, I felt the prophetic drowsiness slowly but surely wafting me on gentle breezes of sweetest forgetfulness of the things of the material afar on into the land where all prophets seemingly are forced to go to receive their inspiration,—namely, the land of dreams,—and Puck was furnished me as a guide.

"Hard Boy Dick" Taylor, famous since the football game between the Newish and Sophs., was the biggest surprise of all. I found that in four short years after leaving Wake Forest Dick had changed his course entirely and was at the head of the Department of Voice Culture at Meredith College, having as his able assistants Fred and "Knotty" Lambert. I learned from him that W. D. McCullers, who had always avowed that he would some day be in business for himself, had a "General Store" at Forestville, and that he carried a good supply of valentines just to give to his numerous lady friends. This reminded me of something I had often heard on "Mac"—but which, for the present, we will pass unheeded. Dick also told me that Proctor, Plunket and Edwards were partners in a barber shop business in Scotland Neck. It seemed that they knew how hair ought *not* to be cut, and what ought *not* to be rubbed on a man's face, and I learned they were very successful. "President" Smith's executive ability was still recognized as great and he was mayor of Neuse, of which metropolis John Holman was the constable and leader of the band.

Here we returned to Wake Forest for a glimpse of some Sophomores of 1916-17. Coach Crozier was rather hard pressed for a man to take Frank's place at center on the basketball team when lo! Ennis "Jess Willard" Bryan started to work with a vim and soon had the place cinched. Our friend Robley was still a star guard and his "Yea Buddy" injected much pep into every game. Penny was playing a star game at quarterback for the Varsity eleven, having beat out S. A. Perry by a narrow margin. Perry, it seemed, was very deeply in love and was somewhat prone to stop for a deep sigh, during which process he usually forgot his signals. Shaw had turned his efforts to track work and broken the State record for the pole vault. (It might be added that he also broke the pole.) Roy Lyle, Count De Shazo and Bass formed the backbone of the baseball team, which was captained by our genial friend, Mr. Vassey. Uzzie and Sterling ran a close race for the presidency of their class. It was so close that each withdrew in favor of the other, and Fleetwood was elected.

But just here another roving spell struck Robin Goodfellow, and he declared that there had elapsed an interval of ten years in time, and bade me follow him as he flitted here and there and gave me glimpses of some more of my companions.

Vernon Castle was now a back number in "Lil' ole New York," and I found his place of prominence filled by none other than L. T. Gibson, whom I remembered as the "outdancin'est Newish on the hill." My old side-kick, Dean S. Padon, was, I knew, affiliated in some way with Columbia University; so Gibson and I went out to see him. I found that he had risen to the very highest place possible at Teachers' College. (He was up there painting the flag pole.)

But Puck said we must be getting on, so we went to San Francisco. Here I found Speight and Davis in a studio together, and both were now famous artists. They were just completing their masterpiece—a beautiful representation of Sky Trueblood, in which he was represented as standing behind a tree. Glenn and Stallings had drifted out there from Buie's Creek, and were both doing well in the realm of politics. Glenn was recognized as the greatest orator on the Pacific Coast and Stallings was his law partner. While here I ran up with "Pee Wee"

White and "Sec." Britt, who were preparing to embark for the Hawaiian Islands to take part in a great swimming contest. Barrett was accompanying them, going on to China in search of data for his "History of the Chinese Language."

But then we started back for Wake Forest. Stopped over at Vanderbilt University for awhile to see George Lee Burnett, who was head of the Department of "Dead Sports" and their Languages. Feezor was their coach in baseball and track.

Our next stop was Raleigh. We didn't have long to stay, but I was ashamed to pass through the old burg without a trip to the "Grand," so I persuaded Puck to stay over. We first walked up to the Yarborough, and lo and behold, I saw my old friend, "Gifty" Blackman all dressed up as a bell boy. I learned that he was a famous detective and was working on some "Million Dollar Mystery." In the writing room we met J. W. Bryan, Jr., who was in Raleigh in the midst of a big political campaign. This, however, had not lessened his mania for "Grand" programs. "Gifty" laid aside his disguise and we all three went and were surprised to find Spurgoun Black directing the "Orchestra," with Goodson playing the "swinette."

But too soon, I had to take my departure for "the hill." Passing through Forestville I saw a sign—

MINSTRELS TONIGHT
WALLACE AND J. AND V. NOLAN
—featuring—
SHORTY RIDGE
ASSISTED BY FUTRELL, TALLY, AND GWALTNEY
Funniest Show on Earth!

I wanted to stay over and see the show, but Robin Goodfellow did not. We had a rather lively discussion, which soon led into an exchange of blows, and so vicious was one I received that it knocked me down, and I awoke to the fact that it was then nearly morning; also to the fact that my prophetic nightmare was over. For this last I was truly glad, and—but excuse me just a moment, please; the Dormitory is on fire and I shall have to entreat your pardon until I can rescue my dear little blue shirt which mother gave me as I was leaving home.

PROPHET



W. H. BROWN - SENIOR

E. S. MITCHELL - JUNIOR

CLASS PRESIDENTS



H. R. SMITH - SENIOR

J. E. OLIVE - SENIOR



S. J. BLACKMON, PH. MED.



J. D. JONES, ED. PED.



R. K. REDWINE, ED. PH.



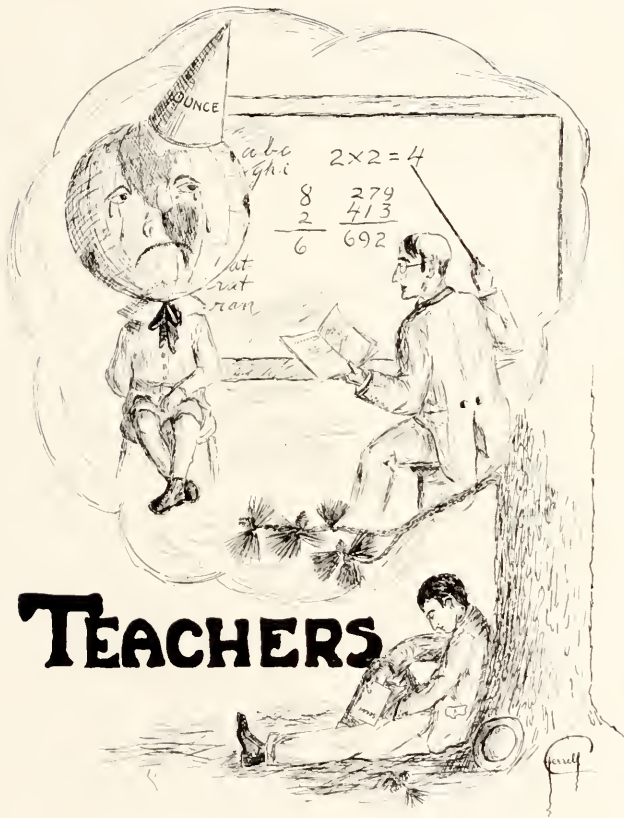
C. R. FRANKS, ED. LAW



DEPARTMENT PRESIDENTS



THE GYMNASIUM





MISS RUTH GREENE
Sponsor
TEACHERS CLASS



Teachers Class Officers

J. B. JONES	President
W. C. HARWARD	Vice-President
R. HOOPER	Secretary
J. B. RUCKER	Prophet
D. H. IVES	Poet
H. R. PASCHAL	Historian

Teachers Class Poem

The Song of the Child

O teacher, with us gently deal,
And mould each plastic life with care;
For thou dost bestow both woe and weal;—
May'st thou not hinder, but prepare.

Rule never with an iron hand,
Seek not through fear to train the mind;
But try instead to understand
The child itself,—be gentle, kind.

Thus through love eanst thou imbue
Desire to learn in each small breast,
A wish to grow strong, brave, and true.
So teach;—and leave to God the rest.

POET

History of the Teachers Class

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought I summon up remembrance of things past."

The teachers have been making history for the past six years as an organization. During our four years stay here it has been a glorious history, full of renown and glory to our body. Although young in years, we are mature in thought and action.

Our greatest task has been to subdue the preachers and keep them on the strait and narrow path that leads to chastity and restrain them from the counsils of the ungodly. This task has been successfully accomplished thus far. The way in which we have accomplished this has been through athletics. Every year, except one, has seen the preachers go down in defeat in basketball before the wily teachers. This is our great departmental game.

However, our time has not been taken up wholly with this. We have communed together many times in the past year. Great was the congeniality and friendship. "Climax" was profusely in evidence and occasionally a cigar. We would discuss the wisdom of establishing disciplinary subjects on the major part of the curriculum of the High School in preference to the vocational. The opinion has been nearly equally divided.

The teachers of the Class of Sixteen are thoroughly prepared for their work, and, we know, will have great success. Our happiness has been great, and it is with a feeling of regret that we go out from Wake Forest, not to return next year.

HISTORIAN

Teachers Class Prophecy

Having a severe headache, I proceeded to the Chemical Laboratory where Dotson proposed instant relief by giving me a hyperdermic. In his haste he procured the wrong bottle and gave me a peculiar anesthetic which put me in a swoon. The peculiar medicine had the effect of drawing aside the curtain of future events and I saw most vividly my old classmate Lovelace posing for the photographer in East Liverpool. On questioning him further I learned he was advertising cream of wheat every evening as a side issue after having instructed a select body of Irish in English Literature.

Before long, however, Ramond Hough flitted across my cerebellum. He had just succeeded Booker T. Washington as President of Tuskegee Institute and was on his way then to the Gym. to coach basketball for the game against Shaw University. Two pedestrians were suddenly seen coming down a narrow lane whose faces were familiar and, by close observance, I detected Mills with a copy of Pestolozzi in his hand, while at his side was Gregory, who had Rosseau's "Emile," and Shakespeare's Poems. They were on their way to Colizeze, Mexico, having been previously called to the cabinet of Carranza. They informed me that our friends Hendrix, Eaddy and H. J. Pope had organized a sight-seeing club at Turner Hotel in Raleigh, were paying five per cent dividends, and that the melon was soon to be cut.

All the newspapers had the photo of J. B. Jones on the front page as a candidate for Knighthood. He had just finished his course at the University of Jena and was appointed chief engineer of the French Army. His first problem solved was the squaring of Joppa.

Accidentally just then I caught a glimpse of Paschal. He had just taken his M.A. at Columbia and was coaching the Cosmos Club at Glen Royal. Hooper had put up a skating rink in Assyria, having gone to that country with his wife, whom he met in Wake Forest his Junior year. Eddins had just been promoted in the signal service corps in the National Park of British India. His particular work was to laugh when wild animals were near.

The other boys were all in Mississippi attending the National Teachers Convention, where they hoped to secure positions, except their classmate, Ben Ingram, who was then teaching Bible on Trinidad Island.

About this time I heard an explosion and, on awaking, found myself relieved and was glad indeed of the experience without which I might never have known of our 1916 Teachers Class.

PROPHET

WOL





MISS ELIZABETH CHAPIN

Sponsor

LAW CLASS



Law Class Officers

C. R. FRANKS.....	President
W. F. WARD.....	Vice-President
L. B. MEYER.....	Secretary and Treasurer
F. B. ASHCRAFT.....	Historian
J. B. PENNELL.....	Poet

Law Class Poem

Who studies least and knows the most?
Who gives the College course to boast?
Who dreams of clients by the host?
The lawyer.

Who stands around and chews his weed?
Who advocates old Blackstone's creed?
Who is our help in time of need?
The lawyer.

Who shoots his spiel without a fear?
Who makes stump speeches far and near?
Who wins for Senator next year?
The lawyer.

History of the Law Class

Many and varied have been the activities that have characterized the present Law Class. However, for lack of space, I feel that I cannot do justice to the class. So, fellow classmates, if some of your deeds and acts have been omitted, remember that they still live in our hearts and minds.

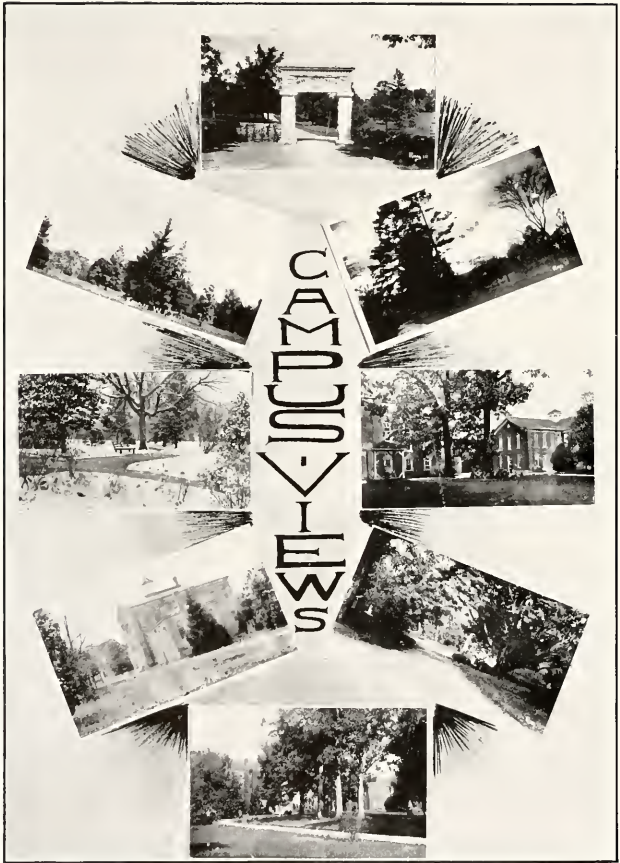
The election for the Class officers was held early in September. A shrewd but quiet campaign was waged, resulting in the election of C. R. Franks as President. The remaining officers were elected: W. F. Ward, Vice-President; L. B. Meyer, Secretary and Treasurer; F. B. Ashcraft, Historian; J. B. Pennell, Poet.

Our class, with an enrollment of over seventy-five, is represented in every phase of college life. In athletics we have furnished more than our quota. In football we have contributed the following "W" men: C. W. Parker, Moore, Dixon. Messrs. Parker and Moore had the distinguished honor of being on the All-State team. In basketball we easily won the championship of the Departments. We were represented on the Varsity basketball team by Holding and Franks. On the Track and Tennis squads members of the law class have done credit to themselves and honor to the class.

Nor do we furnish men only for the athletic teams. The following men are debaters of no mean ability: Cox, Boyd, Chappell. We have the distinguished honor of furnishing E. B. Cox as Orator for Anniversary. Members of the Law Class are found taking an active part in Y. M. C. A. and, in fact, in all religious undertakings.

The present Law Class has played a worthy part in making the year 1916 the best year of Wake Forest.

HISTORIAN





SAFES.

Handwritten signature



MISS ELIZABETH DAVIS
Sponsor
MEDICAL CLASS



Medical Class Officers

S. J. BLACKMON	President
R. C. TATUM	Vice-President
R. F. CARTER	Secretary
G. H. DAVIS	Treasurer
G. M. BILLINGS	Poet
R. F. SLEDGE	Surgeon
K. CASTEN	Prophet
G. D. ROWE	Historian

Medical Class Poem

One thing we Meds. have got on you,
You Lawyers, Skies, and Teachers too,—
Which is that when our market's on a slump
And we can't find enough to do,
It's easy to create a prosperous jump
And *make* all sorts of work to do.

Here's the formula:
We feed a little pill
To make a monstrous ill;
We feed another pill
To cure the ill
And make a monstrous bill.

And if perchance those pills don't pan out right,
The victims can't take out their spite;
For then they take a northwest flight,—
In a wooden overcoat.

History of the Medical Class

The history of the Medical Class of 1916 naturally contains many facts that have been contributed to the HOWLER's readers ever since there has been a Medical Class at Wake Forest. Of course, we have sold our old Brubakers and Villigers to the unsuspecting "Newish" Meds. with the same secret joy that was felt by our predecessors when they beguiled us into a similar deal. But why recount the commonplace and trivial when there is such a multiplicity of uncommon events to be recorded in this document?

Our cosmopolitan membership was supplied by North and South Carolina and Virginia, together with the metropolis, Wake Forest, which contributed "Ham" Davis and that one essential to a complete course in microbiology, viz., Kito. However, the scattered location of our native hearths did not prevent us from showing the most congenial class spirit in college. In fact, that congeniality had developed to such an extent that one Med. could not pitch his "Apple Sun Cured" to a classmate without the Faculty suspecting a fraternity.

Naturally the Med. Class did not star in class athletics; our men went right on to the Varsity, where we were represented in football by Beam, Blackmon, Carter and Rowe; and in basketball and baseball by Beam and Davis. Neither were we great in the Society halls, for it is generally conceded that our most eloquent speeches were made when pleading for a leave of absence. Was it a reflection on us to have the chairman of the Student Senate and three members of the Honor Committee selected from our class?

The most important accomplishment of the Medical Class was the organization of the William Edgar Marshall, Jr., Memorial Medical Society. The work done in the meetings of this Society has instilled into each member the desire for a wider knowledge of up-to-the-minute medical subjects. The various medical reference books the Medical Society added to the Library are but a nucleus around which we hope a complete Medical Library will be gathered.

The spirit of research has not been lacking in our worthy Class. Moore's investigation of the *chus toxicolendron*, known in Wake county as poison-oak, was so thorough that he will go no further with the subject, because the "Old Man" considered it as such a bloody mess. He will next take up the investigation of xylol as soon as Andrews gives him "ducks" on the bottle. Bob's careful work in Physiology Lab. will certainly get him a Ph D., two-thirds of which has already been granted. Fryar has just about perfected a system that will be of vital service to maunking when Mrs. Pankhurst's cohortettes come into power.

During our work here we have done everything in a good-natured manner, being in the very best of humor when hiding one-third of the supply of oil immersions in our locker, hooking Holliday's test tubes, expressing our opinion about the gas machine; and some seem to think that the Medical contingent at Raleigh on January 27th was not in a very angry frame of mind.

Thus it is that with sad hearts and great ambitions we bid farewell to the Alumni Building and the Wake Forest Campus.

HISTORIAN

Medical Class Prophecy

After despairing for some weeks of ever getting a sufficient glimpse of the future to write the true prophecy of the Medical Class one night I had an inspiration. Why should I rake my brain when a gifted seer was at hand who could peer into the lives of unborn generations with his skill? I consulted, therefore, with no less a person than the famous Doctor of Phrenology, Furman M. Barnes.

"I shall be delighted to predict the career of your classmates," the obliging genius assured me. "It will only be necessary for you to gather the entire class together in some quiet room and I will perform my experiment."

In a short while I had collected my friends and led them to a room where privacy was assured. The learned Doctor then began his performance, laying hands first on the head of Mr. Jack Blackman. "The thyroids on this gentleman's medulla," began Dr. Barnes, "tell me that while possessing medical ability, he will soon develop into a pugilist of note. His livelihood will be secured by punching holes in the faces of his opponents, and then giving first aid to the injured."

We all marveled, and then Dr. Barnes touched the skull of J. E. Andrews. "Mr. Andrews is destined to abandon his practice early," said he, "living in Dr. Blackman's town, he will find it more profitable to become an undertaker and cover up the mistakes of his friend."

After examining G. D. Rowe's pate for a moment the phrenologist declared that he detected signs of a philanthropic tendency and that this gentleman would undoubtedly go as a medical missionary to China. "Your first operation," said the doctor, "will be the amputation of an ingrowing Chinese pig-tail."

Dr. Barnes then, in his impressive manner, placed one hand upon the head of Mr. A. G. Thompson, while he let the other rest upon that of Mr. C. H. Fryar. "These two men," he said thoughtfully, "will probably be associated with each other in life. My fingers detect a keen interest in social welfare in these skulls; they are doomed to revive Mr. Thompson's Self-knowledge and place it on the market in an enlarged volume under the title of "Searchlights on Dark Corners."

Running his fingers through the locks of Mr. S. B. Moore, he continued: "Here is a man who would make an ideal medical missionary were it not for his mortal dread of water. So far from crossing the broad Pacific, however, he will turn back overcome when he reaches the waters of the majestic Nense."

The phrenologist paused in his lecture and, glancing at the heads which rested upon the shoulders of Messrs. R. F. Sledge and H. M. Bean, proceeded slowly. "A mere look is sufficient to inform me that decided business instinct exists within these skulls. They will become wealthy by selling medical text-books at enormous profits. I believe, in fact, that they have already exercised their talents along this line."

Dr. Barnes now let his palms descend upon the locks of Mr. Roy Tatum. "The extension of the Borallic nyroids indicates a man of devout and godly disposition," he remarked. "The gentleman will make his fortune as practicing physician and then endow a hospital for old and infirm horses."

When the Doctor ran his fingers through the locks of Mr. L. P. Williams's hair he smacked his lips. "Ah!" he cried, "a rare character. Mr. Williams, after much labor, will make the discovery of the age, a salve which will turn red hair black, brown or gray. He will discover this after many experiments on himself."

Turning to Mr. Ham Davis, "Here," he announced "we have a good surgeon. When I find a man with such Banoffic lobes there can be no doubt about his skill in using the knife. He will prosper as a veterinary surgeon and his operations will always be successful, although the animal will usually die."

Dr. Barnes let his fingers rest lightly upon the dome of Mr. R. F. Carter. "Dr. Carter will also be a specialist," he pronounced, "and will become famous for his remedies for rheumatism, gout and other diseases that infect the human legs. He will take particular interest in such maladies on account of the modest pride which he takes in his own distal limbs."

One man remained. The Doctor nervously fingered Mr. A. L. Denton's top piece. "I am now feeling the head of a poet and literary genius," was his verdict. "Dr. Denton will soon give up his practice to compose poems about the new-mown hay, and his name will be handed down to posterity as the author of a ballad entitled, "Granma's teeth will soon fit sister." This convinced us beyond doubt of the gift of Dr. Barnes.

PROMET

YE



PREACHER

IVES



MISS ELIA NORRIS
Sponsor
MINISTERIAL CLASS



Ministerial Class Officers

R. K. REDWINE	President
K. M. YATES	Vice-President
L. R. CALL	Secretary
R. K. WHITE	Treasurer
PAUL HARTSELL	Historian
J. BLAINE DAVIS	Poet

Ministerial Class Poem

On to Victory!

Soldiers of the Worthy King,
Be thy motto, far and near;
"Ourselves, today, we give to Thee
Without a doubt, or yet a fear,
But, that, in this, our lives we bring.
Then, break earth's bonds and set us free!"

Hail, Heralds of Immanuel's song!
To thee, the call, the task, the cry
From realms afar, and yet at home,
To bear, to those who soon must die,
The chorus sung by angels long,
"Peace from heaven to earth is come."

Then, arise! Arise, Ye soldiers all!
Gird yourselves with truth and might,
That through thy power—sequel to purity—
Earth's prison-doors may welcome light,
Bid bond-captives heed thy call,
And urge thee, ever, "On to Victory!"

POET

History of the Ministerial Class

There are approximately one hundred men who belong to the Ministerial Class of Wake Forest College. The class consists of the ministers who are preparing themselves to do ministerial work, on the home field and on the foreign field, as well as those who are equipping themselves to do medical missionary work.

The class meets immediately after the opening of the fall term and elects officers whose duty it is to serve throughout the collegiate year. Then the class holds a weekly convocation at which time it has the privilege of hearing lectures and addresses. The class has been fortunate in hearing, during the past year, Dr. Benjamin Sledd, Dr. T. J. Taylor and the venerable Dr. Henry C. Mabie.

The regular leader of the class is Dr. W. R. Cullom, who has met with the young ministers of the college weekly for a number of years. Dr. Cullom spares neither energy nor effort in making these conferences as pleasurable and profitable as possible, and he has faithfully and courageously stood by the class during the past year. His services to the class are of untold benefit.

The Ministerial Class is not a band of goody-goody's; but is a body of well-rounded and well-balanced young men. They can be counted on in anything that is honest and honorable. They are represented in every legitimate phase of college activities. They are equal to their fellows in the classroom, on the debating team, and in all phases of the literary society work, and they are to be seen in the athletic games.

The year opened with the largest number of ministerial students in the history of the College, and a few joined our ranks at the beginning of the spring term. We have lost only a few men during the year. However, at the close of the present session we will lose twenty of our number. These are those who have been fortunate enough to finish their college course. And so, men may come and men may go, but the Ministerial Class will go on forever.

HISTORIAN

Ministerial Class Prophecy

After a Sunday evening service in a village church we were all sitting around the fire, when the clock announced that it was bed time. Being very tired and sleepy, I was soon fast asleep. Some time during the night I heard a low, but stern voice, saying "Hark! Awake!" I opened my eyes and saw, standing by my bed, a tall and peculiar looking person, wearing a long white beard and gray hair. His costume consisted of a white oriental garment somewhat tattered, and a pair of sandals; on his shoulder he carried a long scythe with a long, crooked stock.

At his command, I arose and dressed myself quickly. "I am going to show you in a single night what it will take others a quarter of a century to see," was his first explanatory remark. He started and bade me follow. "So off we went, and, as we came to the edge of the yard, we found an auto, waiting for us. The old man told me that we must travel very swiftly; but bade me not be afraid, as he had never met with eternity. Soon we were traveling at the rate of a hundred miles per hour. Our first stop was a little country church, near which stood a modern country schoolhouse. He began by telling me that ten years ago there was not a church or schoolhouse in ten miles of this place, and that the people here cared nothing for schools and very little for religion. His explanation of the progress was that a young man came there and began preaching and teaching in a little log hut, and had opened the eyes of the people. When I inquired his name, I was somewhat surprised to find that he was a member of the nineteen-sixteen graduating class, and without a Seminary training, had thrown himself into that work. As we started on he said, "Now there are four new churches within a radius of eight miles."

After resuming our journey our next stop was in a little village, and, hearing the church bell for mid-week prayer, we entered the church to find there, as pastor of the little flock, one of those big-hearted fellows of the sixteen class. I found that he was serving two country churches besides.

To increase our speed, we mounted an aeroplane. As we approached a mining region in the west, I remarked to my companion that these clean villages were ideal homes for the laborers. He then told me some of the history of the place. "That just a few years ago, it was a desperate place, with dingy huts, and the people were very wretched on account of the vice and the wickedness that reigned there. He told me that two W. F. C. men had been sent there by a certain missionary society, had built churches and schools, and had revolutionized the whole place. Then I remembered that these fellows, while in college, had never shirked from duty or given up in defeat.

Thence, on going southward, we soon arrived at a college town. My friend said to me that this institution was turning out yearly a stream of young men to bless humanity. He described its president as being a great benediction on all men who sat at his feet to learn. On hearing his name, I was thrilled with joy to tell my benefactor that he and I were in college together.

After this we visited many towns in the South, and found in several of them members of the "Sixteen Class," giving their lives unreservedly to the cause of humanity. Then I saw another member of the class who was giving his full time to two country churches; and another, as best he could, was serving six-week congregations, and spending all his salary keeping a "Johnny Ford" in repair for use on his parish.

From here we started at a very dizzy speed for the northern part of the country. Here in one of our greatest pulpits, we found one of the boys. He was not a very quick student in college, but had that in him which made him stick to it until he had completed his Seminary course. He was always loyal to his people and had been loved everywhere he went. And year by year was receiving calls to stronger pulpits, until he accepted the one in which we found him. While surveying the conditions of the people in the slums of the great city, I recognized the face of a friend I had not seen for twenty years. We had been on class together so often that, when I saw him, it called to my mind many happy experiences of our college days. "But why is your hair turning gray so fast, and why do you look so broken?" I asked him. His answer was not satisfactory; but I learned from the people that he had worn himself out trying to help them live nobler and higher lives.

Then, by some means which I have never understood in an hour's time, I found myself on the soil of Africa. There we visited a mission school and found one of the boys. Then, further on in the interior, we found another preaching and studying the conditions of the savages. Continuing our journey into China, we found in a hospital two of the boys who had gone there together and were giving their lives, in the name of Jesus Christ, trying to heal both soul and body.

The voice of the old brother with whom I was spending the night awoke me, announcing that breakfast was ready, and though I may not have seen all the boys, or all of any of them, I am thankful that I saw none of them a failure.

PROPHET

Organizations



Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS



BLUE RIDGE GROUP



YES

Societies and
Representatives



To Euzelia

Hail, proud Euzelia, fair of Love;
'Tis thine to point men to the goal
Where noble effort meets success,
Where wisdom stands her sons to bless,
Where Truth and Courage, joined with Right
Move on to storm yet grander height,
While Knowledge spreads her welcome rays
On all who tread her rugged ways.
This mission well through four-score years,
Through times of stress and storm and tears,
Thy soul hath met;—and still we see
Thee young in hope and energy.





Philomathesian Poem

Ere from this presence long revered
Departing footfalls, sully heard,
Shall die away, some time-proof word
With you, my soos, I fain would leave.
Bear hence this blessing I bestow,
Stop by my counsels as you go,
Be strong for right, scorn measures low,
In God put trust, in man believe.
Strive all brave deeds to emulate,
Serve well in mart, in church, in state,
Bear ye my name inviolate,
And then, my sons, the crown receive.



Intercollegiate Debaters



R. H. TAYLOR



B. M. BOYD

AT RICHMOND



J. B. RUCKER
Alternate

Query—Negative

Resolved, That the United States should adopt the policy of subsidizing its merchant marine engaged in foreign trade.

Intercollegiate Debaters



E. B. COX



I. L. BENNETT

AT WAKE FOREST

Query—Affirmative

Resolved: That the United States should adopt the policy of subsidizing its merchant marine engaged in foreign trade.



J. G. BOOE
Alternate

Anniversary Orators and Officers

Orators



K. M. YATES



E. B. COX

Officers



R. H. TAYLOR



L. P. HENDRIX

Anniversary Debaters



W. S. BURLISON



I. L. BENNETT



P. S. DANIEL



D. C. HUGHES

Society Day Orators



A. C. LOVELACE



J. C. POWELL



R. K. REDWINE



C. THOMAS

Society Day Debaters



I. E. CARLYLE



L. W. CHAPPELL



D. P. McCANN



H. E. OLIVE



SOCIETY DAY OFFICERS AND MARSHALS



DEBATE COUNCIL



ANNIVERSARY MARSHALS



COMMENCEMENT MARSHALS





STUDENT STAFF



SCRUB FACULTY



SOUTH FACULTY



SENATE COMMITTEE



G. D. WOOD



J. H. FENKEL



L. E. BROWN



W. C. TAYLOR



H. F. CARTER



G. D. WOOD



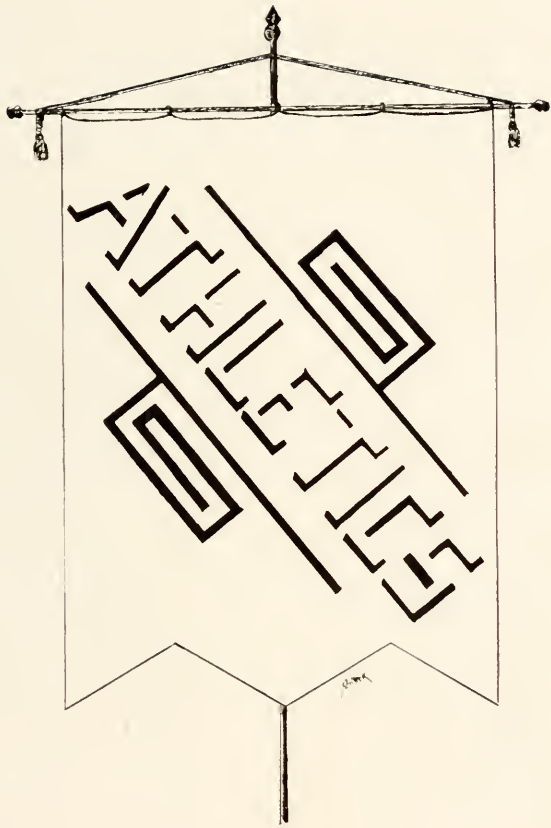
J. H. FENKEL



L. E. BROWN

HONOR COMMITTEE





Our Coaches



W. C. SMITH



J. R. CROZIER



G. M. BILLINGS



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OFFICERS



WALTON H. ISAAC



H. D. WING - POWELL

→ CAPTAINS ←



H. D. WING - POWELL



POWELL TRAVIS





MISS MARY GREENE
Sponsor
FOOTBALL



Football

On the gridiron Wake Forest has been well represented this season. Although winning only three games out of seven, the team proved itself to be a quick and snappy working machine and to possess a superiority of endurance.

To the making of the team and to the wonderful enduring powers, much credit is due to our coach, Dr. Smith. He put into shape the eleven that this year held A & M almost scoreless; that played an amazing offensive game against the heavy Gallaudet team; and that kept the fast V. M. I. aggregation uneasy until the last whistle blew. It was through the generous spirit of Dr. Smith, because of his interest in the college, that football was made possible this year.

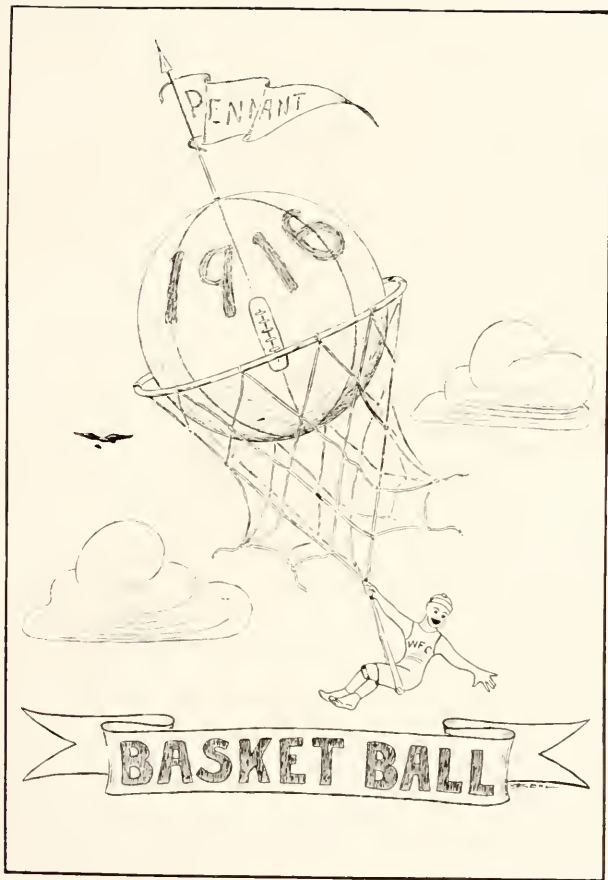
Following is the schedule as played this year:

Florence (S. C.) Y. M. C. A.	0	Wake Forest...	80
University of North Carolina	35	Wake Forest...	0
A. & M.....	7	Wake Forest...	0
Richmond Blues.....	0	Wake Forest...	40
V. M. I.....	21	Wake Forest...	6
Gallaudet	6	Wake Forest...	28
Davidson (Thanksgiving).....	21	Wake Forest...	0

The first game of the season was easily taken from the Florence Y. M. C. A. by the score 80 to 0. In the next game with Carolina the team had the misfortune of losing Captain Moore from the line-up, the cause being a wrenched elbow sustained in the early stage of the game. This was the first time in his four years of play at tackle that George ever had to leave the field of battle, and his "pep," and ability were greatly missed by the entire team.

In the games with Richmond Blues and Gallaudet, Billings never showed up in better form. His long and accurate passes were numerous, while his dashes around end and spectacular dives were things of great wonder. The game with V. M. I. was much more exciting than the score indicates. The excellent work of Parker at his new position at full was easily the outstanding feature of the game. Time after time he ploughed the line of the Virginians for long gains. The score of the Thanksgiving game with Davidson was not as expected, but the work of the team was fine. Pace played his best game of the season.

"W's" were awarded to the following men: Carter, Howell, Langston, Pace, Robley, Rowe, Shaw, and Turner.



BASKET BALL



MISS BESSIE HOLDING
Sponsor
BASKETBALL



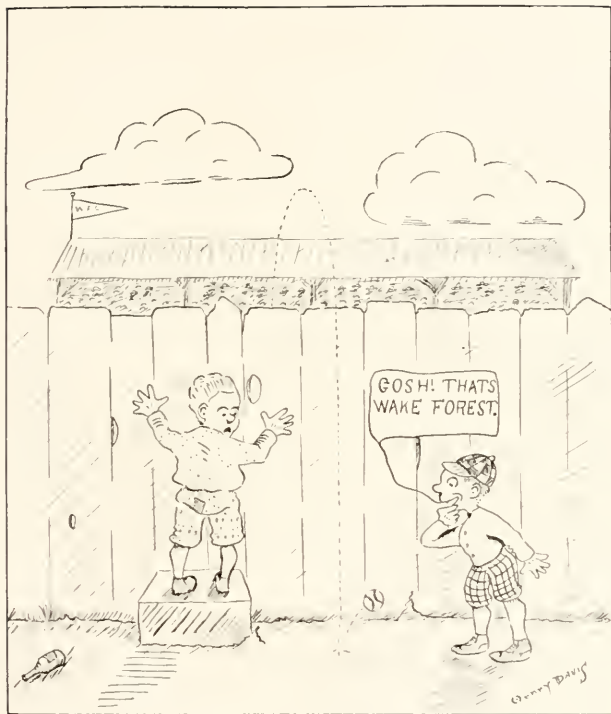
Basketball

The basketball team had the most successful season in the history of the college, setting a record that has not been made in the State for years, and a record that no quint can more than expect to equal, for the Baptist aggregation went through the season, meeting every college five in the State, save one, without losing a single game in the State. Eighteen games were played in all, resulting in sixteen victories, with over half of the eighteen games staged on foreign floors. By establishing a perfect record in the State Wake Forest won the undisputed championship of North Carolina for 1916.

The Baptists in their eighteen games rolled up a huge score at the expense of their opponents—804 points representing the total score registered by the combined efforts of the team, while Wake Forest's opponents' total score in the eighteen games amounted to 382 points. Probably no team in the South can point to such a phenomenal record, taking into consideration that Wake Forest met strong and representative teams of three States, and over half of the games were played away from home, as is shown by the following record of the 1916 season:

The 1916 Record

- January 13, at Wake Forest—Wake Forest, 56; Durham Y. M. C. A., 27.
- January 15, at Raleigh—Wake Forest, 27; University of North Carolina, 22.
- January 25, at Durham—Wake Forest, 28; Trinity College, 26.
- January 27, at Raleigh—Wake Forest, 26; A. and M. College, 24.
- January 29, at Wake Forest—Wake Forest, 38; Elon College, 18.
- February 1 and 2, at Wake Forest—Wake Forest, 48; Maryville College (Tennessee), 21; Wake Forest, 33; Maryville College, 14.
- February 3, at Wake Forest—Wake Forest, 34; A. and M. College, 23.
- February 10, at Wake Forest—Wake Forest, 89; Guilford College, 9.
- February 12, at Wake Forest—Wake Forest, 62; Church Hill Athletic Club (Richmond, Va.), 19.
- February 14, at Guilford—Wake Forest, 56; Guilford College, 15.
- February 15, at Salem, Va.—Roanoke College, 36; Wake Forest, 18.
- February 16, at Blacksburg, Va.—Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 30; Wake Forest, 28.
- February 17, at Lexington, Va.—Wake Forest, 40; Virginia Military Institute, 16.
- February 18, at Richmond, Va.—Wake Forest, 71; Richmond Howitzers, 22.
- February 19, at Richmond, Va.—Wake Forest, 78; Church Hill Athletic Club, 18.
- February 25, at Wake Forest—Wake Forest, 40; Trinity College, 23.
- February 29, at Elon—Wake Forest, 32; Elon College, 14.





MISS ROSA MCINTOSH
Sponsor
BASEBALL



Baseball

The batting averages of the team for the past season are as follows:

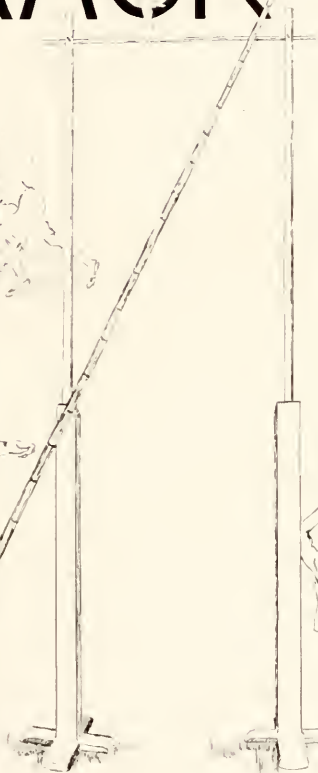
<i>Players</i>	G	AB	R	H	Av.
BEAM, rf	18	69	16	24	.348
BILLINGS, ss	19	79	19	24	.316
HOLDING, 1b	19	76	16	22	.290
LEE, lf	17	58	12	15	.259
HENSLEY, 3b	19	77	14	18	.235
DAVIS, c	11	28	3	6	.214
TRUST, cf	19	81	18	18	.222
CARLYLE, 2b	18	66	10	13	.197
MOORE, p	10	15	4	4	.266
ELLIS, p	13	25	4	5	.280

Team batting average, .255.

Record of Games

	<i>Score</i>		<i>Score</i>
Wake Forest	16	Trinity Park	2
Wake Forest	0	Bingham	0
Wake Forest	0	University N. C.	1
Wake Forest	5	Liberty Piedmont	3
Wake Forest	0	A & M	5
Wake Forest	3	Trinity	4
Wake Forest	3	Durham League	13
Wake Forest	18	Elon	9
Wake Forest	0	Carolina	10
Wake Forest	7	Raleigh League	7
Wake Forest	7	Trinity	6
Wake Forest	2	University S. C.	14
Wake Forest	13	University S. C.	8
Wake Forest	12	University S. C.	3
Wake Forest	5	University S. C.	0
Wake Forest	6	Davidson	2
Wake Forest	2	University N. C.	9
Wake Forest	9	Elon	0
Wake Forest	1	Guilford	0

TRACK





MISS ROSA HOCUTT
Sponsor
TRACK



TRACK SQUAD

Track

The Wake Forest Track Team deserves much credit for its present standing, having won its prestige by a small group of the student body who gained their honors for the college through sweat, blood and persistence.

The team's past record has been that of a struggle, having one of its own number as coach, but "every cloud has its silver lining." The Senior Class has seen its struggles and are planning to give as their donation to the college a track on which these men may spend their future efforts more profitably by doing systematic work.

The present year's team will be composed of the following who have featured in previous meets, by gaining their letters or stars: Harris, Herring, Byrd, Powell, Thompson, Warren, and McLendon (A & M) and others who have done good systematic work.

1915 Team

100-yard dash	HARRIS, HERRING, BYRD
220-yard dash	HARRIS, BYRD, HERRING
440-yard run	BYRD, DOWELL, JORDAN
Half-mile run	HAYNES, DOWELL
1-mile run	DANIEL, YATES
2-mile run	INSOE, CHILDRRESS
High hurdles	THOMPSON AND FERRELL
Low hurdles	POWELL AND THOMPSON
High jump	HARRIS AND FERRELL
Broad jump	HERRING AND HARRIS
Shot put	BLACKMON AND POWELL
Hammer throw	POWELL AND HERRING
Pole vault	WARREN AND THOMPSON

Class Athletics



SOPHOMORE FOOTBALL TEAM



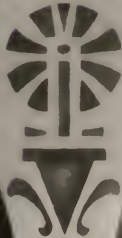
SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL TEAM



W. B. WRIGHT - FOOTBALL



K. H. YATES - BASKETBALL



O. R. DERRY - BASEBALL



W. S. DANIELS - TRACK

ATHLETIC MANAGERS



■ SUBS ■

SPERRY



WAKE FOREST COLLEGE GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA



GLEE CLUB



Engineering Corps

KESLER
 POPE
 GREGORY)
 TAYLOR)
 DETRICK
 WARD
 VAUGHAN)
 JORDAN)
 MEYER)
 SHAW)
 HOLMAN)
 JOYSER)
 POWELL
 BLALOCK

Resident Engineer
 Chief Engineer
 Transitmen
 Compassman
 Levelman
 Chainmen
 Rodmen
 Draftsman
 Head Laneman
 Axeman



Six Aces

Motto: We shine when other lights are out

Aim: To win the love of all "Newish"

Meeting Place: In the Gloom

Favorite Saying: All night long

Favorite Drink: Brandie Water

Favorite Toast: Here's to the guy who never sleeps

Favorite Smoke: Rabbit Tobacco

Favorite Saying: If you talk in your sleep, don't sleep

<i>Name</i>	<i>Office</i>	<i>Nickname</i>
ASHCRAFT	<i>President</i>	"Snow-Bird"
CARTER	<i>Vice-President</i>	"Legs"
SLEDGE	<i>Secretary</i>	"Sledger"
LANE	<i>Chaplain</i>	"Snatchet"
WHITLEY	<i>Sponsor</i>	"Zadlock"
BLACKMON	<i>Door-keeper</i>	"Stony"

P. S. Sponsor refused to give reception.



NORTHAMPTON COUNTY CLUB



STANLY COUNTY CLUB



WAKE COUNTY CLUB



ROBESON COUNTY CLUB



MAVIS HILL CLUB



WINGATE HIGH SCHOOL CLUB



SOUTH CAROLINA CLUB



VIRGINIA CLUB

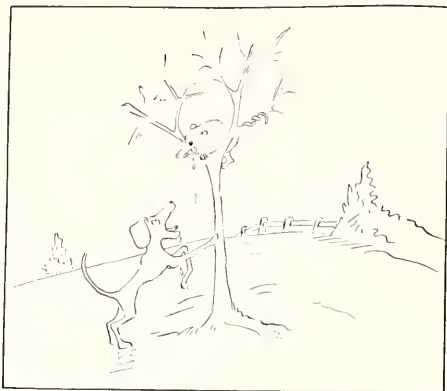
In Memoriam

CHARLES ELISHA TAYLOR, B.LITT., D.D., LL.D.

PROFESSOR OF LATIN, 1870-1884

PRESIDENT, 1884-1905

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY, 1884-1915



The Howler Down in Duplin

Come heah Joe, and turn loose de dog,
U'h possum sho done crossed dis log;
So git yo axe and snuff up de fire,
Dat possum's mine ur Ring's a liar,
Siek 'im, boy, wid yo' good old nose;
Whah dat possum gone, Gaud only knows,
Nigger give dat torch here to me;
Old Ring done got him up a tree,
Dat's right, Ring, speak to him, old dog,
'Till I kin git cross dis here log,
Um—hm! I knowed dat possum wuz mine
De minit I seed his red eyes shine;
Ring, you sho is a fine old hunting dog,
Dis possum is des as fat as a hog,
Oh, you may slobber and you may spit,
But yo' kin ball yo' self all up da in a heap,
Yu can't fool dis nigger, you ain't asleep,
Law me, how Sindy gwinder smack het mouf,
When she see me bring dis possum to de house,
Fur possum and taters and hot ash poue
Makes mo folds den uh nigger hone.

Hero Hawkins

"B—O—N—F—I—R—E! B—O—N—F—I—R—E!" The cry was reverberating through the Campus. Men were rushing along the walks in the direction of the Gymnasium. Freshmen were running and yelling "bonfire" at the top of their voices. The old college bell was ringing as only the Liberty Bell had rung, and it had cracked.

In the midst of this uproar, the scene on the Campus seemed a repetition of the moving of Birnam Wood—not the Birnam Wood of green branches, but of cordwood. Cordwood walked, cordwood trotted, cordwood loped—all moving to the heap that was growing before the Gymnasium. Magnolia, pine and cedar branches skipped upon the heap; and in every direction wood could be seen literally skimming over the ground making its way straight for the conflagration.

Two Seniors strolled leisurely up the walk. Dignified, lordly, overbearing, gallant, knightly Seniors they were.

"Well, well, I thought we'd beat tonight," remarked Webb to his companion.

"Yes, we have a remarkable team this year. Truly we do have a *most* remarkable team this year, don't you think so?"

"Certainly, the State Championship in basketball is ours without doubt," was the reply that came in measured, sonorous tones.

"You know games generally bore me, but I wouldn't have minded seeing that one tonight, not because I care for the game, but it would have been interesting to watch those guys put away their ears after having decorated it," returned Harrison as he was pushed to one side by "Fatty" Hawkins.

"Look here, you tub of fat, what do you mean pushing me off the walk?" indignantly inquired Harrison.

"Haven't got time to go around you, got to go to the celebration," was Fatty's curt reply as he shuffled on up the walk.

"Isn't he some tub of fat, as well as of cheek?" queried Webb as they watched Fatty shuffle, or rather, roll along.

"Yes, he's some boob, the durned fool pushed me off the walk and never even asked pardon. He looks like he would like to swallow himself in order to get out of sight," was the reply.

"Watch him walk; he wobbles like a worn-out two-horse wagon, and happy? Why he's the happiest fool on the Campus," returned the other.

"Listen to those Freshmen jeering him. Don't they take him for a good time, though?" laughed Harrison.

No sooner had Fatty reached the crowd of Newish than they began to guy him.

"Where've you started, Fatty?" demanded the group.

"I don't know; guess!" was the reply, and Fatty rolled on.

"Say, there's no use for you to go up to the bonfire, we don't want any barbecue tonight," came another taunt.

"No, we're not looking for a feast, we're just celebrating our victory over Timothy College," was another word of consolation which greeted Fatty.

He did not even notice these taunts, he was accustomed to them, and just at present he was thinking of the great celebration that was in progress. He passed several groups of fellows on the walk, and was always greeted by some fun-making remark. He paid no attention to them, and rushed on to the bonfire. A call for more wood was made, and the Freshmen immediately deputized Fatty to go to the basement of the Chemistry building for the wood.

Fatty Hawkins scurried off in the direction of the Chemistry building, not knowing that the floor of the basement was covered with mud and water about two feet deep. Several minutes later he returned with his arms full of wood, but he was covered with mud from head to foot.

"Hello, submarine Fatty," volunteered one of the Newish as they watched him leave the wood on the fire.

"That's a fancy suit you got on, old top, I didn't know you were a deep sea diver," was another casual remark.

"Don't let the suit worry you; I got the wood, didn't I?" retorted Fatty, as he turned his back to the fire to dry off a bit.

"Don't get too close, or you'll roast," "Better mind, Fatty, you'll melt," "Looks like the 'beef trust' has had a drop," and "See the world's greatest wonder," were a few remarks made by his fellow-students, as he turned himself before the fire.

As was the custom, it was the duty of the members of the Faculty who were present and the orators from the student body to make speeches suitable to the occasion. The crowd gathered between the bonfire and the steps of the Gymnasium and eagerly awaited the first speaker. Just when the flames were shooting a little higher than the Gymnasium, and the fire was hottest one of the professors who occupied the chair of Latin in the college was borne on the shoulders of the students to the top step of the building. The boys took off their hats, but he walked up with his hat on; he then raised his hat and began:

"Gentlemen, I take off my hat to our Coach."

This utterance was greeted with great applause, yells for the Coach were heard, and then the crowd waited in breathless suspense for the rest of the speech.

"The victory tonight," continued the speaker, "is due in a large measure to the faithful work of that one man. For years now he has been seen on the Campus, attending to his duties in a quiet, unassuming way, and —"

But here he was interrupted again by applause, the crowd went wild, and it was some minutes before he could be heard again.

"But, as I said, he is responsible for this victory by training the team not to give up even if the odds were against them. It is this spirit that made the team come back in the last half of the game, when the score stood 16 to 9 in favor of Timothy, and win out by a score of 28 to 26."

Again great applause was heard, with occasional yells, as "Hurrah for the team," "Rah, Rah for Coach," and "What about the championship?"

The Professor of Latin proceeded. He spoke of the brilliant playing of the team, of its captain, of its successful Coach. He ended by saying:

"Gentlemen, we have a team that can play basketball. Now it has demonstrated its ability to play both in a gymnasium and in a chicken coop."

He left the steps, while the boys were cheering frantically; his allusion to the gymnasium of Timothy as a chicken coop brought down the house.

Numerous other speeches were made by members of the Faculty. Then orators from the students were called upon. A big Newish, who was noted for his forensic ability, was placed on the steps. He delivered a speech in which he told of the Roman triumphs, and how the vanquished were dragged at the chariot wheels. "Methinks," he continued, "I see a modern triumph tonight with Timothy College being dragged at the wheels of the Lakewood College chariot." This sentence was greeted by much applause, with an occasional "Hurrah for the Freshmen," and "Go your route, Newish." Inspired by this, he continued his speech and ended with an allusion to the "Glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." George Morgan, Captain of the football team, was called upon. He was carried up the steps and, when he had straightened his powerful physique, began:

"Fellows, I had a phone message from Timothy. Those effeminate rascals had prepared a hearse, decorated with Lakewood colors, and were preparing to take a coffin, which was wrapped in our colors, to the negro graveyard and bury it. They thought that they would beat us, and had prepared this celebration before the game had ended. Now what we want is some one to go over there in a car and do some appropriate decorating. We don't want a crowd, but would like to have one fellow who is not afraid. We'll arrange for the car."

He came down amid much applause. It was a great scheme, but who would undertake it? No one volunteered. The boys were ready to say yes, but when asked to go it was a different thing. Morgan would have gone, of course, but he was a Senior and his degree was at

stake. Of course the Faculty could find out the guilty man, and it would mean nothing less than expulsion. Considering these things, no one would offer to go. Harrison took his place at the top of the steps, and vociferated for about half an hour, arguing that the lower-classman who wouldn't go just didn't have any college spirit. He told of what a spectacular thing it would be to have a Lakewood banner floating from the Timothy flag pole, and he showed how the one who did the deed would be looked on as a hero among the boys, but no one volunteered.

The crowd finally decided to content itself with the celebration that had just been held, and dispersed. The fire had died down, and here and there a group would get together and sing a little before turning in. Harrison and Webb were going to their rooms when Fatty brushed by them, hardly speaking.

"Why don't you go, Fatty?" said Webb. "You are just the fellow to do that job."

"Oh, I haven't time," returned Fatty.

"But you ought to do that much for your College," remarked Harrison, "and you know you are the only man in College that has the grit to do a thing like that."

"Yes, I got the grit, but I don't believe in anything like that," was Fatty's reply.

He shuffled on down the walk, feeling that his *Alma Mater* was calling him to a deed of valor. He did not hear Harrison laugh after he passed, nor did he suspect that what had been said was nothing more than chaffing.

"Should I do it?" Fatty asked himself this question over and over.

The picture of Mr. Hawkins, better known as Fatty, being made a hero by his fellow students, instead of being looked on as a practical joke, was at least pleasing to him. And in case he should get suspended—but no, no one would ever know it. He had not committed himself before the boys, and he could keep it secret until the matter had been settled. With these thoughts disturbing his inactive brain, Fatty directed his steps towards the Lakewood garage.

Fifteen minutes later the village druggist, on his way home, saw a car passing under the electric light, occupied by the chauffeur and one lone passenger.

The next morning all the papers told the tale of vandalism. Timothy College had been invaded by the enemy. The flag pole wore a Lakewood banner that flaunted about six feet long in the air. All of the pressed brick buildings were adorned with slogans five feet tall, telling the tale of defeat. The new rock wall around the campus was adorned with letters that he who runs may read. On the marble steps to all the buildings could be seen the slogan, "L. C. 28; T. C. 26." No one knew who the guilty one was. "How could it have been done when the night-watchman was on duty?" and "Will it ever come off?" were questions that could be heard almost continually on the Timothy Campus. Expert painters and architects, along with the professors of Chemistry in the College, said that the paint could not be removed, and that the damage would extend into the thousands of dollars. The Lakewood students wore one huge smile, but inquired among themselves as to whom the great deed could be attributed to.

One week later Fatty Hawkins walked into the Chapel between Harrison and Webb. As he passed some Freshmen on the steps they took off their hats to him. When he went to his seat, instead of having to occupy the lower end of the bench farthest from the stove, the Seniors as well as Newish moved down and gave him the most desirable seat just in front of the stove. The usual Chapel exercises were finished and a general mass meeting was called. Instead of about half the students running out in order to get to dinner early, not a one left the hall. Contrary to the general rule, silence prevailed when the President of the Senior class took the chair. He rose and began:

"Gentlemen, we have a matter of no little importance to consider this morning. I hope you will pay careful attention while Mr. Harrison states the object of the meeting."

"Fellows," began Harrison, "you are all well acquainted with the fact that some painting was done at Timothy College last Tuesday night."

This remark almost took the top off the house. "You are right!" "Hurrah for Fatty Hawkins!" and "Down with Timothy!" were remarks that echoed through the hall.

"And you are also aware that some one must take punishment for the deed. We are glad that it was done, but at the same time we all admit that it was carried a little too far. You

have no doubt heard that Hawkins did the job, and did it well, and he has been suspended for it. Now it is not fair that he should bear the burden for all this. We all said 'ameo' to the project, and it was at our suggestion that he went. I have a set of resolutions here that I would like to read for the approval of the student body."

"Read them! Read them!" came the reply from every part of the hall.

"Whereas, Hawkins has been suspended for painting Timothy property, and whereas he was only the representative of the student body, it is not fair that he should bear all the penalty incurred by that act.

"In the second place, whereas, he has been suspended for the deed, we hereby recommend that the Faculty be petitioned to abolish inter-collegiate athletics for the remainder of the Spring Term instead of having Fatty Hawkins leave school for thirty days."

These resolutions were greeted with great enthusiasm. As much as the boys loved inter-collegiate athletics, they were willing to be deprived of them for the Spring Term, rather than have Fatty leave college for the deed. The Chief Rooter got up and made a motion that the resolutions be accepted. Then almost a dozen fellows jumped to their feet to second the motion. Fatty was listening; he was thinking, and now he was walking down the aisle. He mounted the platform and began speaking, amid much applause.

"Boys, I appreciate what you are offering to do for me, but I don't think that is the thing to do. I did the job, and I am willing to take the consequences. Not only that, I wouldn't feel right to be walking around this Campus, and every one pointing at me and saying: 'He's the cause of no baseball this spring.' And if athletics are abolished now, the Trustees of the College will abolish them forever. I won't lose much by staying out of school for thirty days, and I can come back and get off my year's work all right. In the name of Goodness and for the love of Lakewood College, I ask that you let these resolutions drop."

When he took his seat the student body was divided in its opinion of what should be done. They hated to see Fatty suffer alone, and they equally hated to see athletics abolished. Speeches were made on both sides, and for a while it looked as if the resolutions would be passed. The question was debated pro and con, enthusiasm was running high.

Webb rose to his feet. The boys gave audience. He told them that Fatty would be miserable all spring if he remained on the hill, and they had heard him say so.

"The wise thing to do," said Webb, "is to defray the expenses incurred by this term of suspension, and in this way show him that we are behind him. This will be much more satisfactory to all concerned. We will decorate an automobile and let him leave in an honorable manner."

This appealed to the students. They realized that it was the only plausible thing to do. The former resolutions were put aside, and Webb's motion passed without the least opposition. Fatty Hawkins was to leave that afternoon, so, accordingly at 5 o'clock the students gathered around the decorated automobile which stood in front of the College Arch. The car was the same one that had carried Fatty over to Timothy on that fatal night. The college colors were draped about the car, and the back seat was profusely decorated. All of the students wore crape on their arms, and promptly at 5:15 the College bell began to toll, according to the instructions of Harrison. A few minutes later Fatty was seen coming down the walk. Two Freshmen were scrapping over who should carry his grip, while another was enjoying the supreme pleasure of carrying Fatty's coat unmolested. As soon as he reached the arch he was boldly hoisted over the heads of the crowd into the car. He was then called upon for a speech.

"Boys," began Fatty as he raised himself in the car, "I thank you one and all for the way you are standing behind me. Now I want to ask that *you* do nothing that would bring the Lakewood colors from the high place they now occupy in the esteem of the citizens of the State."

The crowd cheered wildly as the car moved off. They stood there and watched until Fatty had disappeared in the distance, and then turned back to the walls of old Lakewood College. The Campus was not as jolly during the thirty days that followed that scene, for it had lost one of its most jovial characters.

* * * * *

One month later a fellow dropped off the south-bound train in Lakewood. There was something about him that looked familiar, yet no one recognized him.

"Who is that chunky fellow there with the rather lank face?" inquired some of the boys.

"I don't know," was Harrison's reply. "Looking at him from the back he resembles Fatty Hawkins, but he is a little too thin for Fatty."

"W-e-l-l, I'll be doggone if that's not Fatty!" ejaculated Webb as he rushed up to shake his hand.

The boys crowded around welcoming him back. Some one yelled, "What've done with your fat, Fatty?" "Haven't you had enough to eat, Fatty?" came another question, and "What're you doin' with that wrinkle in your forehead?"

Just then some Freshmen came up, pulling a buggy. Fatty was lifted in it and wheeled away to the Chapel, followed by the boys. Again he walked down the aisle with Harrison and Webb, but this time he was as a man among men. He ascended the platform. His face no more looked like a baked apple, and the hair on his head did not resemble the cover of a billiard ball partly torn off. The Freshmen sat with mouth agape, and the upper-classmen regarded him as one of the greatest amongst them.

"You don't know how glad I am to be back with you. I appreciate the way you have treated and are treating me, and I shall strive to be worthy of all you have done." Having spoken thus, he came down.

Webb arose and took his place on the platform.

"Gentlemen, inasmuch as we have Mr. Hawkins back with us, it is only fitting and proper that we change his name. Now considering the service he has rendered the student body, and the way he has borne it all, I think that he should be officially named "Hero" instead of Fatty. I make this a motion."

The motion was passed enthusiastically and unanimously, and from that day Hawkins has occupied a high place in the esteem of the students, and has been called "Hero" instead of Fatty.

ROBERT R. MALLARD

A Synod of the Gods

BY

ALPHA OMEGA NUMSKULL

Characters

Zeus—Billio Potetatis
Argus—Deanus Sikeakak
Ares—Pascalion
Prometheus—Guilliones
Catehas—Potto Cullomonides
Apollo—Hubertias Potetatis
Other Great Gods
Chorus of Minor Gods

The scene discovers the summit of Mount Olympus; dark and lugubrious clouds overhanging, whence issue at intervals thunder and lightning. In the foreground, the gods are met at council, severally disposed upon seats of heavn marble, circularly arranged; Zeus, wearing an olive wreath, sits at the center, in gloomy silence; the other gods are seated about, whose countenances variously display anger and grief and questioning. In the immediate background, the city of Forestia appears, with trees and roads and houses; where are gathered sundry groups of mortals, who anxiously discourse one with another, anon regarding the council seat of the gods with appearance of profound concern. In the more distant background, Mount Kithaeron is disclosed; her sacred temples being decorated with variegated colorings and an ensign of gold and black floating from her loftiest pinnacle.

(The chorus advances, does homage to Zeus, performs a mystic pantomime, and sings.)

CHORUS:

Behold upon each stately brow
Sit sullen shadows now.
O whence and when and how
Arose these shades?
What wickedness of men below,
Or what of pain or strife or woe,
Upsets this high assemblage so?
O mighty Zeus, speak, we pray,—
Declare the root and cause
Of this mysterious dismay.

(The chorus moves apart, reverentially regarding Zeus, who arises with solemnity, and stretches forth his arms.)

ARES (*aside*):

May he be brief, for I must hasten soon
To milk my goats and feed my little ones.

ZEUS (*in a stately manner*):

My ehildren, I do call ye here to counsel
U'pon a matter of momentous weight.

OTHER GODS:

Hear, hear.

ZEUS:

Ye know the mortals of Forestia
Have done a deed of ignominious turn—

Threatening murmurs.

Hear now with care. These mortals of Forestia,
Full drunk with victory, did desecrate
Our fairest temples of Mount Kithaeron
With vaunting inscripitorial figures.

(Painting towards Kithaeron with his trident. Louder murmurs. Thunder peals.)

By their rude actions they did disconcert
Our own sweet savory lambkins, who do graze
Upon the fattening herbs of Knowledge there
That grow on Mount Kithaeron's slopes and vales.

ARES *(vehemently)*:

A scandal, for which punishment is sure!

CALCHAS:

Nay, nay,—be gentler. Prithee, keep sweet.

ZEUS *(waxing fervent)*:

And further yet, their crime is worse, for they
Unfurled atop the highest pinnacle,
Out-waving in our own ethereal sky,
A banner wrought of worldly workmanship,
Bewrit with most nefarious epithets.

ARES *(mournfully)*:

That was a thing ignoble! Pity, pity!

CALCHAS *(wiping tears from his eyes)*:

Alack the day that saw the foul act done!

APOLLO:

Nay, rather say, Alack the night that did
Not see it done. The sun did hide his face
Against the odious deed, and stars alone
Did wink to see the action perpetrated.

ARES *(violently)*:

Base sacrilege it was—base sacrilege!

(All the gods, save Prometheus, turn lowering countenances upon the mortals of Forestia. Lightning and thunder. Meanwhile the Chorus advances and sings.)

CHORUS:

Behold, a wicked deed is done,
And under all the sun
Base mortals do defame
Our holy Mount of Kithaeron,
Defiling our sacred name,
Attempting on our regal throne
An act of threat and shame.

(The chorus resumes its former place. Zeus concludes.)

ZEUS:

Speak, children. Make ye known your counsels best.

(Ares leaps forward and vociferates, turning his eyes alternately to the clouds above and to the earth beneath. The gods regard him ungenially.)

ARES:

Great Zeus and gods, give ear, for I shall speak,
And humbly now unfold the wisest scheme
Whereby we can avenge this sacrilege.

APOLLO (*aside*):

He lies in saying *humbly*.

ARES:

Whereas these mortals mar and violate
Our sacred temples, them disfiguring
With scurrilous device of ornament;
Whereas again these mortals seek to daunt
Us holy gods, by flaunting sordid flags
Upon a high and sacred pinnacle;

(*pointing towards Argus*)

Whereas this Argus of the hundred eyes
Was napping at his post, with all eyes shut,
And failed to see and check their desecration.

ARGUS (*interrupting*):

What falsity is this thou saidst of me?

ARES (*without noticing Argus*):

Since all these things are so, I do propose:
First, that the acts are sacrilege, and are
Atoned alone in banishment from out
Foresta fair, to infernal hades;
And secondly, that Argus hath been found
Of duty negligent, and therefore he
Should be bereft the use of all his eyes,—
Which is, that he should be struck blind.

ARGUS (*rushing forward angrily*):

Art thou a fool? How could I see the mortals
At their *base sacrilege*, when it was night?

CALCHAS:

Be gentle, prithee, both. Be calm. Keep sweet.

ARES (*without noticing Calchas*):

But canst thou not, O Argus hundred-eyed,
Whose duty is to see and smite man's crime,
Canst thou not see in darkness?

(*Tauntingly put*).

ZEUS (*interposing*):

My Ares, cease this childish prattle.
Not Argus, nor you, nor I myself, can see
Lest there be light whereby to see.
We are not cats. Therefore cease taunting Argus.

ARGUS (*resuming his seat*):

O Mighty Zeus, thou art most wise and just!

ARES (*confusedly*):

Well, let this pot-bellied Argus go, and keep
His useless polly-ocular windows!

The mortal act is sacrilege, and must
Be punished correspondingly!
So let us slaughter every doggone man!

(He takes his seat, mopping sweat from his brow. A pause. The Chorus sings.)

CHORUS:

Ye erring mortals, take ye care!
For sullyng our temples fair
Fell vengeance shall descend
To wreck your wicked art,
And Cyclopean darts shall rend
Ye soul and flesh apart!
Beware, beware!

(The Chorus moves aside. Zeus arises and speaks philosophically.)

ZEUS:

Ares, meseems there be a faulty crack
In your fine argument. If we do kill
All these Forestian mortals for their crime,
Then wherein shall we have our regal power,
Not having subjects to it? For without
Some subjects there can be no power.
Who then would worship us? Who sacrifice
To us? Who sin, that we might punish them?

OTHER GODS *(applaudingly)*:

O mighty thunderer, well hast thou spoke!

ARES *(abashed somewhat)*:

I had not thereon thought. True, we must keep
The mortals, for to keep our regal power.

APOLLO *(aside)*:

He argues as a simpleton.

ARES *(recovering his former confidence)*:

Most surely, power faileth lest there be
Some victims of it. We must keep our power!

ARGUS *(aside)*:

I fear this Ares loves his power too much.

ARES:

Since that aforesaid is not the best scheme
For punishing our subjects' sacrilege,
I now shall offer that which is the best.

(The gods make mirth at this.)

This penalty is best, O Zeus, since that:
First, amply doth it compensate the crime;
Next, greatly doth it show our dominion;
Last, it shall not quite kill the mortal men.

APOLLO *(wearily)*:

O name it, Ares, and be quick about it!

OTHER GODS:

Aye, aye! Thou art too lengthy in the wind.

ARES:

Give good attention, now, for I am speaking.
Briefly, the scheme is this: That we deprive
These wicked mortals of the use and right
Employment of their limbs; and thus subdue them.

APOLLO (*fiercely*):

Never! For thus they shall be made unable
To toss the ball, and hurl the quoit, and win
Victorious laurels in the race!

ARES:

Well, what of that?

APOLLO:

Why, simply this,—the mortals then cannot
Perform those sports wherein we take so great
Delight in viewing them.

ARES:

Who taketh great delight in viewing them?

APOLLO (*angrily*):

Myself,—Apollo of the mellow voice
And fingers skillful to make melody!
Destroy these mortal sports, and I shall leave
Your universe, O gods, and let it crumble!

CALCHAS (*solicitously*):

Be not so rashly spoken. Prithee, keep sweet.

ARES (*snickering at Apollo*):

And what, Apollo, if thou dost leave us?
Will then our cosmos seem to collapse?

(*Apollo is enraged. Ares continues, sarcastically.*)

I know thy mind. Thou wouldst betake thyself
With thy harmonious phorminx, and go
Unto Forestia, and charm the mortals
From erring ways to innocence, by playing
Heart-easing melodies!

APOLLO:

Thou fool!

ARES (*becoming enraged also*):

What!

APOLLO:

I say, thou fool! Thou art most mad!

(*Ares strikes Apollo with his trident, and they engage.*)

OTHER GODS:

Stay, stay! Let there not be a conflict here!

CALCHAS:

O have ye peace, I pray. Keep sweet, keep sweet.

(*The struggle continues, more ferociously. Zeus attempts to strike the combatants with a thunderbolt, but his aegis is disordered and produces only sheet-lightning.*)

CALCHAS:

O Zeus, cease thee from thy useless attempts.
Thou only makest sheet-lightning, and fuo
For these irreverent gods. Prithee, keep sweet.

(The gods snecker at Zeus. The conflict continues briefly. Apollo ejects Ares from the council circle, and hurts him from off the summit of Olympus. He is not seen again.)

APOLLO (victoriously and breathlessly):

Behold, a mighty one is fallen now!

CHORUS: (Singing exultantly):

Strophe.

Hail to Apollo, great and good!
For Ares' frenzy is withstood
By him.
The gods, O mortals, shall not rend
Your parts athletic, thus to end
Your sport.

Antistrophe.

And now, Prometheus, that sittest by
Observing all things silently,
Speak, O speak a message mild
To satisfy this council wild.
For thou, Prometheus, art friend to man.

(The chorus regards Prometheus fixedly, who has been silent and motionless hitherto, and who appears inspired by the song. He slowly arises, and speaks oracularly, with eyes closed. Subdued thunder.)

PROMETHEUS:

Ye gods, a deed is done!

OTHER GODS (eagerly):

Hear, hear! He speaks with inspiration.

PROMETHEUS:

A deed is done!

And when a deed is done, there needs must be
The doers of that deed; for lest there be
The perpetrators of a deed, there can
Be no deed done. And now, who be the doers
Of this deed? They be our mortal subjects
Who dwell in the fair city of Forestia—
I say, our subjects!

OTHER GODS:

Even so,—they be our mortal subjects!

PROMETHEUS:

Furthermore, what form
Did this their deed assume? It was a deed
Of decoration, by the artistry
Of human colorings. Now Ares did
Declare the deed to be a sacrilege.

I shall, by logic clear and fairest law,
Now briefly prove to you that this same deed
Be not a sacrilege.

(Whispers of acclamation).

I shall be brief,
And not detain your ears for longer time
Than the short space of three or so hours.

* * * * *

(Here several pages of the original MS. are missing, which unquestionably constitute the greatest loss that literature has ever suffered. We surmise that Prometheus delivers a long speech. Where the MS. begins again, he is concluding his remarks, and Calchas is the only other god awake.)

* * * and such. Thus,
O mighty Zeus and all ye other gods,
Do I deduce this final verdict.
(Zeus awakes at hearing his name, and sleepily rubs his eyes.)
By best of law and logic have I proved
This mortal deed to be a sin,—no more;
A minor sin, and not a sacrilege.

ZEUS *(drowsily)*:

What sacrilege dost thou make reference to?

(Prometheus does not hear.)

CALCHAS:

O father Zeus, he speaks upon the deed
Which mortals of Forestia have done.

ZEUS:

Ah, yes! I had forgot. * * * What! Are the gods
All dozing, save for thee, my Calchas?
Step hastily and waken them each one!

(Calchas awakens all the sleeping gods, tapping their heads gently with his trident.)

O I am wondrous empty inwardly!

CALCHAS *(hungrily)*:

I, too, O Zeus, should welcome now a bit
Of ambrosia, and a sip of nectar.

(Supper bells are heard to jingle merrily in Forestia.)

APOLLAS *(looking toward Forestia)*:

Great balls o' fire! How I am hungry!
Would that I only had some cabbages
And some persimmon beer, as those mortals
In Forestia below do have! And too,
I vouch my infant Muse at home doth cry
For his daddy.

ARGUS:

O gods, I do propose that we disband,
And discontinue this sweet napping here.
The night draws on apace. Let us from hence
To banquet halls, to sup. We all are vacuous.

(General shouts of approval.)

ZEUS:

A moment, children, stay! What shall we do
To punish our mortal subjects' sin?

PROMETHEUS:

O gods and father Zeus, in view of all
That I have said, I briefly now propose:
Let us exile the erring mortals for
The space of just one moon. Whenafter, they
May come again to fair Forestia,
And all resume their previous estate
Beneath our care and high dominion.

OTHER GODS (*with great satisfaction*):

O wisely spoke! Hail to Prometheus!

ZEUS:

Is now the matter found agreeable?

ALL THE GODS:

Yea, verily! Now let us all depart!

(*At the sign from Zeus, they exult precipitously, Apollo leading and Calchas waddling in the rear.*)

CALCHAS (*as he exits*):

Now rest ye merry. And prithee, keep sweet!

(*The chorus advances, does a dance and sings with rejoicing.*)

CHORUS:

Mortals, rest ye gay—
Dance and sing
In a ring—
Celebrate the day!

Up on Mount Olympus' height,
Mild the gods
Spare their rods,
And make their vengeance light.

Thus, O men, ye shall be free,—
So make a ring
And dance and sing,
And let your merry chorus be:

*The gods may howl, the gods may growl,
The gods may frown and flurry;
Still we are gay, and always say—
O what's the use to worry?*







"FATTY" HAMRICK (*writing home*): How do you spell "financially"?

DURHAM MOORE: F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y. And there 're two R's in "embarrassed."

DR. SLEDD: What did Iago say?

WOOD PRIVOTT: "I am nothing if not cylindrical."

DR. CULLOM: What are divers diseases?

"FATTY" HAMRICK: I don't know, unless it's water on the brain.

CLERK in a haberdashery store (*to "Knotty" Sams, who was buying a pair of socks*): What number will you have?

SAMS: Why, two, of course! Do you take me for a one-legged veteran?

NEWISH LEDFORD: I washed my pants, and they shrank up so tight that I can't get in them. What must I do?

MITCHELL: Try washing yourself!

Garcia says that in Cuba the lands are so fertile that they produce forty bushels of frogs to the acre, and alligators enough to fence them.

McFADYEN: Why does Jerry Newbold shut his eyes when he sings?

DR. POTEAT: Because he's very tender hearted, you know, and doesn't like to see people suffer.

DR. SMITH: I'll examine your body for ten dollars.

"JOCKO" OLIVE: All right, Doc., and if you find it you can have half.

"Dilberry" Call dug a well once, that was so crooked that he fell out of it.

QUILLIN (*while a scrap was going on in the dormitory*): Why don't you stop them?

"BIG STIFF" MALLARD: I'm trying to decide whether it's a case for arbitration or intervention.

Recipe for finding out how it feels to be better off: Sit on a hot radiator.

(NOTE:—This experiment will not work on a dormitory radiator.)

NEWISH McCULLERS: Reekon if you was to fall out of this window, you would get aoy of Jimmy Lake's momentum?

"JOCKO" OLIVE: No, by golly! I'd hit the ground too quick!

DR. HUBERT POTEAT: Mr. Sikes, isn't your noun here in the wrong mood and tense?

SIKES: Yes, sir!

For a reminiscent keepsake, let us bear in mind that Dr. Gorrell bought a new suit in 1915.

When the lady behind the bars recognized him, "Sky" Hudson said: "Light can shine even in a cesspool."

DR. POTEAT: What is a colloid?

"BUN" RUCKER: It's a green vegetable, sorter like a spinach, that grows in heads and you eat it.

Found on a History I quiz pad: Napoleon was killed in the Punie War, having three horses shot under him, and a fourth went through his clothes.

MITCHELL: What's the matter with you, Dilberry?

"DILBERRY" CALL: I had a lawyer to trace my pedigree.

MITCHELL: Well, wasn't he successful?

CALL: Successful? I should say so! I had to pay him a hundred dollars to keep quiet about it!

PROFESSOR JOHNS: Why are the Middle Ages known as the Dark Ages?

"TUBBY" ERVIN: I guess it's because they had so many knights.

NEWISH PERRY: I am a self-made man!

PRIVOTT: Praise the Lord! I thought somebody else was to blame

DR. HUBERT POTEAT: Mr. Heafner, what is the construction of victims?

HEAFNER (*waking up and whispering to Rittenhouse*): What did he say?

ITTENHOUSE: Duhno.

HEAFNER: Dono, donare, donavi—

DR. POTEAT: ?——?——?———!!!

PROFESSOR HIGHSMITH: It is said that an athlete loses five pounds in playing a football game. How many games do you think a man can play?

JACK BEAL: Why, that depends on how much he weighs, of course.

MATRON OF BOARDING HOUSE: I am sorry, Mr. Barnes, but I'll have to raise your board two dollars.

"DOCTOR" BARNES: For the love of Pat, don't! It nearly kills me to eat ten dollars' worth!

"DOCTOR" FERRELL (*mailing a short story manuscript to "Snappy Stories"*): How much postage will this take?

POSTMASTER: First or second class matter?

FERRELL: First Class!

DR. NOWELL (*calling the roll*): De Shazo—

NEWISH DE SHAZO: Come in!

"GIFTIE" STALLINGS: I've just read Huxley's Autobiography.

CAREY HUNTER: Who wrote that?

Newish Hobbs wants to know if Abraham Lincoln was a Eu. or a Phi.

PROFESSOR JONES: What is rho?

"TUBBY" ERVIN (*waking up*): Oh, he's a Senior Med. student!

"SHORTY" RIDGE (*at dinner table*): This stuff is all right, but I'd a whole lot rather have some collards with a few molasses poured on 'em.

"DOCTOR" FERRELL (*soliloquizing*): A few more years hence the students of this institution will be studying my life and works—

PHANTOM VOICE: Yes—in the stiff room!

Basil Boyd says he always goes to classes late so the professors will know he is busy.

DR. SLEDD (*to "Pimple" McCurry, entering the classroom twenty minutes late*): Come in, come in; we have been waiting for you!

NEWISH HOLMAN: Are you going to hear Geraldine Farrar?

NEWISH SPURLING: No! I wouldn't go ten feet to hear any woman lecture!

On January 18th Newish Ridley said that the cold weather would be all right, only if it wasn't so cold.

DR. SLEDD (*talking about the war to the English II class*): Now, young gentlemen, we don't want to waste time on Shakespeare this morning.

JOHN PACE: Hey there, Newish!

LITTLE BEAFNER: Yer talkin' ter me?

Reid said that the printers made a phonographical error in his essay in the *Student*.

Found on Newish Holman's English I quiz pad: Christianity was introduced in England 557 B.C.

JOHNSON: "Winter's Tale" hasn't got any historical background, has it?

MALLARD: No.

JOHNSON: Then it can't have a date of composition either, can it?

"RED" MILTON (*at the dinner table*): I wish I had some good old tough sorghum. I can't hem these molasses in my plate.

NEWISH HOBBS (*seeing a counterpane for the first time*): That's a pretty big towel on that bed, isn't it?

DR. GULLEY: What is a legatee?

"DAD" FERREE: He's a man you ask to vote for you.

"SKY" CALL (*meeting a boy with a fishing pole, one Sabbath day*): Do you know where little boys go who fish on Sunday?

LITTLE BOY: Yes, sir! Most of us fellows around here goes to Buzzard Creek, just a little ways down from the bridge.

A boot-black (*seeing "Doctor" Barnes smoking a very short cigar stub*): Mister, yer chaw er 'baccer's burnin' up!

NEWISH McCULLERS: Do you think "China" Britton is really a Chinaman?

NEWISH TAYLOR: No—because Chinese have small feet.

"Shorty" Ridge wants to know why they pay the faculty all the money, when the students do all the work.

Newish Hobbs wants to know why the faculty doesn't give us a holiday on the Fourth of July.

JACK KESLER: When you're off Glee Clubbing, and the folks you're staying with want you to sing, what's the best way to make 'em quit asking you?

DR. HUBERT POTEAT: In your case—just start singing.

DOCTOR POTEAT (*dictating*): Slave, where is thy horse?

NEWISH GIBSON: Under my coat, sir, but I'm not using it.

HEARD JUST BEFORE THE SPRING EXAMS.

NEWISH BLACK: I guess the president is right, I'm for preparedness, too.

Newish Liles says that he don't see why you have to cross the street at Raleigh at the corner. Why in Wingate you can cross anywhere you want to.

SHARKIE RAY (*on medical class*): Doctor, what's a fatal dose of H₂O?

DR. HUBERT POTEAT (*on Latin Class to Newish Neal, who has been stamping his feet*): Stop that, Freshman! You'll injure your brain.

DOCTOR HUBERT POTEAT (*after having read a Latin sentence that Lovelace has put on the board*): Don't be alarmed, brethren! That was no earthquake; it was only Cicero turning over in his grave as he read this sentence.

DR. NOWELL: Mr. Jordan, do you know of anything harder than a diamond?

JORDAN: Nothing, Doctor, except Newish Wallace's head.

George Moore was requested not to practice his vocal music during Anniversary for fear of frightening the fair visitors.

"Why is it Uzzle has become such a good singer lately?"

"Oh, he is eating at the same club that Nogum Trogum does."

NEWISH VASSEY: Is the Baltimore Bargain House in Richmond?

PROF. JOHNS (*to Mr. Owens*): Which wife of Henry VIII lived longest?

SOPH. OWENS: The one that died last.

WRIGHT (*to Charlie Watson*): What do you think of Maupassant's technique?

WATSON: I think that's the best thing he ever wrote.

NEWISH PENNY: What does retrospect mean?

POSTGRAD: Looking back.

PENNY (*eagerly searching in the back of the book*): I can't find it back here.

II. M. POTEAT (*on Latin I*): What did the murderers of Caesar call themselves?

SENIOR E. P. WHITLEY: The Ides of Marefi.

NEWISH MCKAUGHN: How high is the Wake Forest Curriculum?

NEWISH NEAL (*pointing to the water tank*): I think it is about 150 feet.

PROF. JOHNS (*on History II*): Mr. Savage do you know Thomas Paine?

MR. SAVAGE: Not very well, I think he is a Newish or Gifty, one.

NEWISH FLEETWOOD: Can't I be vaccinated for the mumps?

"Dick" REDWINE: What ever became of my girl society day?

MEREDITH GIRL: What is it that makes you seem so different from the rest of the Wake Forest boys?

BRYSON (*embarrassed*): Why—er—er, I haven't a single agency!

LEST WE FORGET:

Hobgood is a medical student.
Newish Neal is John Neal's brother.
Dr. Ferrell is a professor at Wake Forest College.
That Soph. Keller has a cane.
That McFagan is a Senior.

HEARD AT THE FARRAR CONCERT.

NEWISH RIDGE (*speaking of the pianist*): Can't that fellow play, and on a three-legged piano too. I bet if they would give him a good one he'd be the best player in the world!
NEWISH TOLAR (*at book store*): I want a copy of Horace's "Odes and Episodes."
Newish Tolar wants to know if all the men whose names are carved on the Arch are buried under it.
NEWISH McLEOD (*at the Freshman reception at Meredith*): What is that band doing playing behind the trees?

HEARD ONE NIGHT BETWEEN THE COAL CAR AND MRS. HARRISON'S.

Fine, small voice of "Josh" Keeter: Fat, this coal hurts my back; I guess I'll have to buy my share.

STUB WHITLEY (*at the soda fountain*): Give me a dope with corroborated water.

NEWISH STERLING (*being asked by a girl at the Freshman reception at Meredith if he would put his name in the registry book*): No, thank you. As it happens, I am not old enough to vote yet.

COACH GREGORY (*to J. A. Ward substituting for the head waiter for a day, proudly wearing his new pair of glasses*): Do your specs magnify?

WARD: Yes, right much.

GREGORY: Well, then, I wish you had taken them off when you cut my piece of pie.

One evening, when Dr. Powers was in the back of the store, the clerk shouted to him: "Dr., shall I trust Plunkett for a drink?"

"Has he had the drink?" called back Dr. Powers.

CLERK: Yes, sir.

DR. POWERS: Then trust him.

DR. SLEDD: The boys are mighty bad about getting my papers at night. Just two or three nights ago, I looked out my back door, and saw a crowd out there. I would have shot, but I was afraid I might hit some one.

"You should have shot, Doctor," suggested a bystander, "You wouldn't have hit much."

"I know," said Dr. Slodd, "but sometimes the less you hit, the more fuss it makes."

DR. LANNEAU (*in Applied Mathematics I*): I see we have Messrs. Deitrick, Joyner, Ward, Washburn and Vaughan absent today. Can any one offer an explanation of this?

BLANCHARD (*examining the human brain*): Dr. Potat, are these furrows on the brain called convulsions?

NEWISH PADEN (*teaching at Glen Royall Moonlight School for a week*): James! You here again with a dirty face! Don't you ever wash your face? What would you say if I came here with my face as dirty as yours?

JAMES: I'd be too polite to say anything.

PADEN: Well, (*reddening*) what would you think?

JAMES: I'd think it was a Newish trick.

PROF. JOHNS (to *Roone Arledge, who had been asleep on History I*): Mr. Arledge, what was "The Prince," and by whom was it written?

ARLEDGE: I have never heard of him, Professor.

PROF. JOHNS: Well, then, perhaps you have dreamed about him.

DR. SLEDD was ten minutes late in reaching the English II class one day. On seeing the few who had not left, he exclaimed, "Well, gentlemen, I see we have a survival of the unfittest."

NEWISH DE SHAZO (to *Saunderson, while in the lobby of the Yarborough*): Say, Saunderson, I will match you to see who pays the bell-boy the elevator fare to the second floor.

PROF. JOHNS (on *History I to Newish Burgess*): What was the Renaissance?

NEWISH BURGESS: It was a town or community.

PROF. JOHNS: Where was it located?

NEWISH BURGESS: In Italy.

GIFTY COLE: I enjoy being in school here, because we have a little recess between every class.

FRESHMAN ROBLEY (with *football team at Lexington, Va.*): Who is that guy? (looking at a monument).

BLACKMAN: That is George Washington. Didn't you ever hear of him across the Mississippi river?

ROBLEY: Hey, boy!

MEEK (to *Newish Sterling after Sterling made a speech at the bonfire*): Are you going to see the game in Raleigh?

NEWISH STERLING: No, I only have fifty cents, and I am going to buy my girl a birthday present.

SHORTY SINCLAIR AT A WAKE COUNTY BARBECUE.

THE GIRL: Where are you from?

SINCLAIR: I am from Hendersonville, N. C.

THE GIRL: O! I thought you were from GREEN-land.

J. STREET BREWER: I declare, it ain't fair for the people in the Western United States to have to go plumb to Raleigh to the capitol.

WALL (a *staunch Democrat*): You can cuss as much as you want to, but Roosevelt will never be elected again, and neither will Teddy.

MARTIN (on *History I to Prof. Johns*): Professor Johns, who was Eraymus.

PROF. JOHNS: I don't understand. Will you spell it?

MARTIN: E-r-a-y-m-u-s, Eraymus.

PROF. JOHNS: Oh, you mean Ignoramus.

DR. HUBERT POTKAT (on *Latin I*): Mr. Proctor, the commander-in-chief of the army begs to inform you that you must dismount, leave the cavalry and your horse in more discreet hands, and join the infantry for the remainder of the term. If you refuse, you will be given your pass-port and must not be found in the ranks again until the coming year.

Let us forget that Bryson caused an A. and M. fellow to fall in the Wake Forest and A. and M. mixup. Bryson's opponent fell from fatigue trying to catch Bryson.

Wanted to know: What became of "Long" Meek when "A. Freshman" drew his gun on him.

NEWISH PARKER (just before *Anniversary*): I want a big time. I want, I want a girl; I want I want, I don't know what I want.

JONES (to *Knotty Sams at table after the A. and M. basketball game at Raleigh*): Knotty, have eggs?

KNOTTY: No thanks, I got enough in Raleigh.

E. P. WHITLEY (*seeing a lady going to put on a cloak, at the Anniversary reception, and holding a garment at the same time*) offered his service, not knowing what the garment was. He made his way around the stove, and looking back, he saw that he had stretched the lady's trail quite a distance.

NEWISH BARNES (*meeting Smith*): Where are you from, Mr. Smith?

SMITH: I live on the Hill.

NEWISH BARNES: Lived here all your life?

SMITH: Not yet.

JACK BEAL (*to Tatum, whose pet dog was sick*): How is your dog today?

TATUM: Very well, how's all your folks?

EADDY: I want to profit by my mistakes.

HESTER: You will sure have a lot of profits, young man.

HESTER: What fools these mortals be.

HOBGOOD: Listen at that Sky quote Scripture.

DR. CULLOM (*on Bible II*): Ancient frescoes showed sprinkling as a mode of baptism.

CHARLIE STEVENS (*after a long silence*): Dr. who were the frescoes?

PLYBON (*on Bible III*): O, that this book were filled with glorious things like Milton's "Crossing the Bar."

PROF. JOHNS (*on History I*): Who were the peasants?

NEWISH BRIDGER: They were a denomination that revolted from the Catholic Church. Martin Luther was their leader.

FIRST JUNIOR: Are you taking Greek II?

SECOND JUNIOR: I don't think there is any danger. I've been exposed to it all this year.

DR. FLACK (*to "Uncle Dubie" recovering from grippe*): How do you feel today, Mr. Hudson?

"UNCLE DUBIE": Like a window sash.

DR. FLACK: How's that?

"UNCLE DUBIE": Full of pains.

NEWISH BASS (*at the Hodnett Club*): I got invited out to supper tonight, but I didn't have a clean collar on, so I couldn't go.

HOUGH: Where were you invited?

NEWISH: To Allen Club.

DR. POTEAT: So you see, gentlemen, that chlorophyl is the substance which gives green color to plants. Are there any chlorophyl bearing animals?

"BIG STIFF" MALLARO: Yes sir—Freshmen!

NEWISH McCULLERS (*to "Sky" Ridley*): No foolishness now, Ridley, tell me—are you really a sky?

"SKY" RIDLEY: Ho!—no!

PROF. McCUTCHEON: What is the future of the verb "invest"?

NEWISH PERRY (*prospective speculator*): Investigation!

Dr Hubert Poteat says that insomnia is contagious—when the kid has it.

EADDY: Dr. Mabie says that Wundt is the greatest living philosopher.

"HOOK" PARKER: Guess he hasn't heard of John Henry.

HAYNES: How do you like Plato's "Apology"?

"JIMMIE" JAMES: Oh, it's all right, but even Plato has his shallow moments.

PERRY: Have you got a fire in your room?

"DOCTOR" BARNES: No.

PERRY: Got any wood?

BARNES: No. But I've got my pipe. Have you got any Prince Albert?

DR. POTEAT: Have you any exoskeleton?

"PEE WEE" BLANCHARD: I guess so, but I wouldn't call it that.

A FRIEND (to "Giftly" Stallings's father): Does it take much to send your boy to college?

MR. STALLINGS: No, but it takes a deuce of a lot to keep him there?

When "Shorty" Ridge first came to college he did not know how to turn off an electric light.

So when he was ready to go to bed, he tied a sock over the bulb.

DR. SMITH (on *Anatomy*): Booe, why are you scared of me? Do I look like a bear?

BOOE (still scared): No, sir, but you act like one.

DR. SMITH (in *dissecting room*): MacMillan, where is the chisel?

MACMILLAN (hastily): On page 163, Doctor.

DR. FERRELL (on *lab.*): Sir, what are your eyes for?

NEWISH (scared): I don't know, Doctor.

BELL (answering proposal from Meredith): If I had the power of the mighty Hercules, I would pluck a gigantic oak from the coast of California and dip it in the tank of Vesuvius and paint on the deep blue sky "Peg, I love you," and pray that the sun would shine so that the whole world might read.

BREWER: To lynch does not necessarily mean to hang.

BOOE: I know it does, for I looked it up in Daniel Webster's Dictionary.

PERRY (failing to hear from girl in ten days sent the following telegram): "Please wire me if you are dead. If so, where you are gone."

Wanted to know: Where Dr. Ferrell got his degree.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

Bill Jones with his hat on.

"Nasty" Howell at church.

"Rabbit" Hair putting coal in the furnace.

NEWISH ROGERS (sound asleep): O mama, get me that doll.

SOPH. OWEN: You have enough playthings already.

ROGERS: But, mama, I need a doll too.

AGENT (taking Meek's measure for a suit): Do you want one hip-pocket or two?

MEEK: Two, I guess.

AGENT GLADNEY: They'll have to be put one above the other; there's not room for 'em side by side.

Dr. Barnes relates how, in sending his photograph to a certain young lady, he absentmindedly included his professional card.

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"Mig" BILLINGS: How did you like the show last night, Eric?

ERIC BELL (punning on "Sari"): Oh, well, it was sorry.

"Mig": You didn't pronounce "Sharee" right, my boy. Don't you know the Hungarian language?

ERIC: I board at Mrs. McKinnin's, so I don't know the Hungary language.



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