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VOLUME SEVEN

The Howler
1909

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY
THE PHILOMATHESIAN AND EUZELIAN
LITERARY SOCIETIES
OF WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

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To

John Bethune Carlyle

Professor of Latin in Wake Forest College

By whose devoted labors the Gymnasium, the Alumni Building
the College Hospital, the One Hundred and Fifty
Thousand Dollars Endowment Fund
became possible

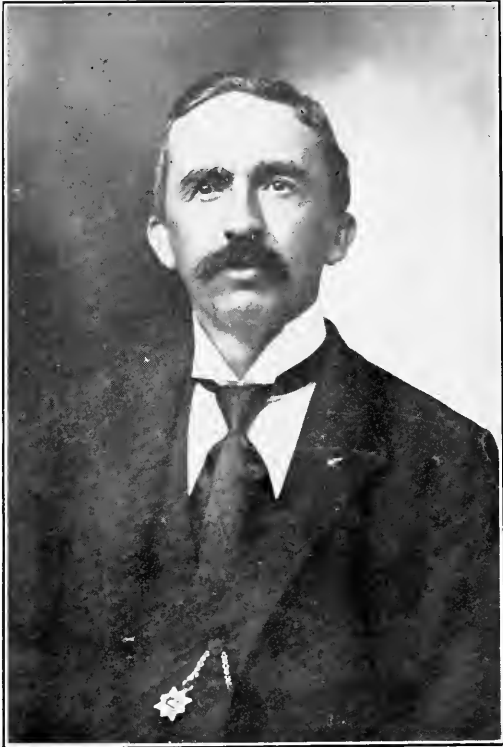
Widely influential in promoting the Improvement of the
Public Schools of North Carolina

Twice President of the Baptist State Convention

Friend of the Struggling Student

The Howler of 1909 is Dedicated

with admiring appreciation



PROF. JOHN BETHUNE CARLYLE

College Calendar

Session 1909-1910

September	7.	Beginning of the Session.
September	15.	Applications for degrees submitted.
October	1.	Last day for settlement of College fees for Fall Term.
October	6.	Subjects of Senior and Junior Theses submitted.
October	15.	Senior Speaking and Reception by the Senior Class.
October	30.	Removal of conditions.
December	14-22.	Fall Term Examinations.
Dec. 23—Jan. 3.		Christmas Holidays.
January	4.	Beginning of Spring Term.
February	1.	Last day for settlement of College fees for Spring Term.
February	11.	Anniversary Celebration of Literary Societies.
March	10.	Senior Speaking.
March	26.	Removal of conditions.
April	8.	Last day for removal of conditions by applicants for degrees.
Easter Monday.		Holiday.
May	2.	Senior and Junior Theses submitted.
May	10-17.	Spring Term Examinations.
May	15.	Sunday, 11 a. m. Baccalaureate Sermon.
May	18-20.	Commencement:
Wednesday.	10 a. m.	Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees.
	8:30 p. m.	Baccalaureate Sermon.
Thursday.	11 a. m.	Annual Literary Address.
	8:30 p. m.	Address before the Alumni.
Friday.	11 a. m.	Commencement Day. Addresses by representatives of the Graduating Class and Closing Exercises of the Session.

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HON. EDWIN YATES WEBB, B.A., Shelby.

*Deceased.



OUR PRESIDENT



Faculty Roll

WILLIAM L. POTEAT, M.A., LL.D., *President, Professor of Biology.*
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 of Wake Forest College, 1905.

CHARLES E. TAYLOR, B.Lit., D.D., LL.D., *Professor of Moral Philosophy.*
B.Litt., University of Virginia, 1870; D.D., Richmond College, 1885; LL.D., Mercer University, 1904; Professor of Latin, Wake Forest College, 1870-1883; President, *ibid.*, 1883-1905; Professor of Moral Philosophy, *ibid.*, 1884.

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., Andson College, 1887; LL.D., Furman University, 1907; Assistant Professor, Wake Forest College, 1866-1870; Professor of Greek, *ibid.*, 1870.

LUTHER R. MILLS, M.A., *Professor of Pure Mathematics.*
M.A., Wake Forest College, 1861; Assistant Professor of Mathematics, *ibid.*, 1867-1869; Professor of Mathematics and Bursar, *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.

CHARLES E. BREWER, M.A., Ph.D., *Professor of Chemistry.*
M.A., Wake Forest College, 1886; Graduate Student of Chemistry, Johns Hopkins University, 1887-1888; Ph.D., Cornell University, 1900; Professor of Chemistry, Wake Forest College, 1889.

JOHN F. LANNEAU, M.A., *Professor of Applied Mathematics and Astronomy.*
Graduate South Carolina Military Academy, 1856; M.A., Baylor University, 1869; 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.

- JOHN B. CARLYLE, M.A., *Professor of Latin Language and Literature*.
M.A., Wake Forest College, 1887; Superintendent of Public Schools, Robeson County, 1887; Assistant Professor of Latin and Greek, Wake Forest College, 1887-1890; Professor of Latin, *ibid.*, 1890.
- NEEDHAM Y. GULLEY, M.A., *Professor of Law*.
M.A., Wake Forest College, 1879; Member of 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, and Assistant Professor, 1890-1891; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, 1894; Professor of Modern Languages, Wake Forest College, 1894.
- WILLIS R. CULLOM, M.A., Th.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.
- E. WALTER SIKES, M.A., Ph.D., *Professor of Political Science*.
M.A., Wake Forest College, 1891; Director of Gymnasium, 1891-1893; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, 1898; 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.
- WATSON S. RANKIN, M.D., *Professor of Bacteriology and Pathology*.
Student of North Carolina Medical College, 1897-1899; M.D., University of Maryland, 1901; Resident Physician, University Hospital, 1901; Graduate Student, Johns Hopkins University, 1901-1902; Resident Pathologist, University Hospital, 1902-1903; Professor of Bacteriology and Pathology, Wake Forest College, 1903.
- EDGAR E. STEWART, M.D., *Professor of Anatomy and Physiology*.
Student of the College of the City of New York, 1896-1900; M.D., Columbia University, 1906; Assistant Physician and Surgeon, New York House of Relief Hospital, 1907-1908; Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, Wake Forest College, 1908.
- J. HENRY HIGHSMITH, M.A., *Professor of Education*.
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, New York City, 1904-1906; Professor of Philosophy and Bible, Baptist University for Women, Raleigh, N. C., 1906-1907; Professor of Education, Wake Forest College, 1907.
- GEORGE W. PASCHAL, B.A., Ph.D., *Associate 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 Greek and Latin, Wake Forest College, 1896.

EDGAR W. TIMBERLAKE, B.A., LL.B., *Associate 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 Pro-
fessor of Law, Wake Forest College, 1906.

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H. A. JONES, B.A., B.L., *Instructor in Mathematics*.

J. S. MARTIN, *Instructor in Chemistry*.

J. D. IVES, M.A., *Instructor in Biology*.

H. F. PAGE, M.A., *Instructor in English*.



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ELLIOTT B. EARNSHAW, *Secretary and Bursar*.

GEORGE W. PASCHAL, *Librarian*.

JAMES W. LYNCH, D.D., *Chaplain*.

MISS MINNIE GWALTNEY, *Head Nurse of College Hospital*.



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Examinations—

Professors HIGSMITH, GULLEY, and LANNEAU

Library—

Professors PASCHAL, ROYALL, and SIKES.

Lectures—

Professors CULLOM, HIGSMITH, and SLEDD.

Athletics—

Professors CROZIER, BREWER, and RANKIN.

Buildings and Grounds—

Professors GORRELL, LAKE, and BREWER, and W. W. HOLDING.

Executive—

Professors GULLEY, SIKES, and BREWER.

Entrance Requirements—

Professors SLEDD, PASCHAL, and LANNEAU.

Appointments—

Professors SIKES, CARLYLE, and HIGSMITH.

Budget—

Professors BREWER, GORRELL, and LANNEAU.

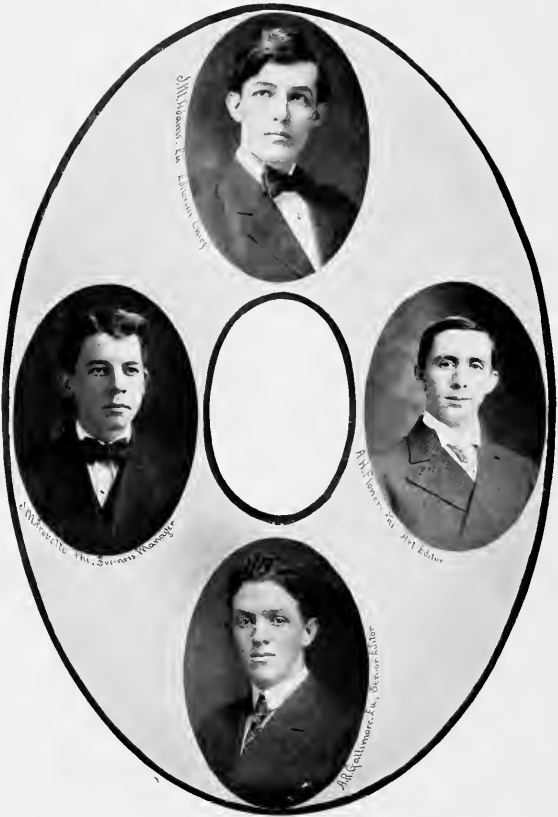


PROF. J. HENRY HIGHSMITH
Faculty Editor

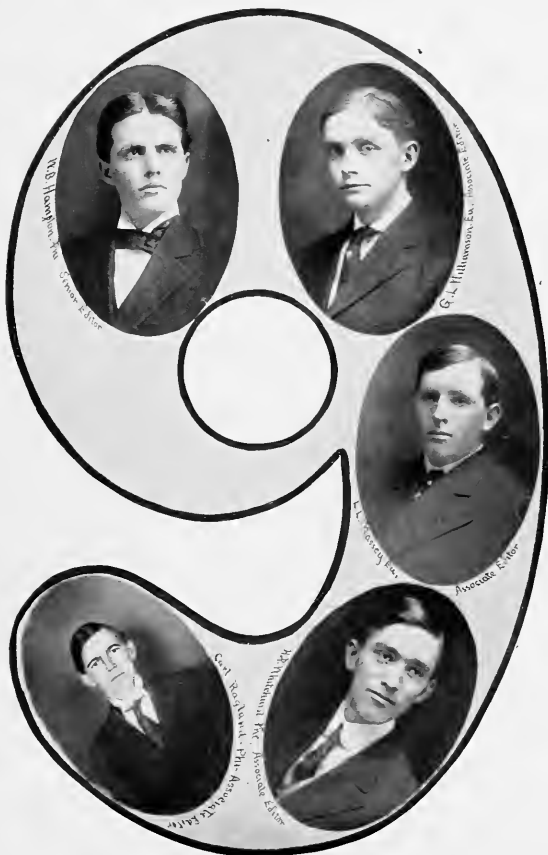


Greeting

Thru youth, thru prime,
And when the years
Of harvest time to us shall come—
Thru all we'll bear the memories dear
Of those golden days,
Dear college chum.



HOWLER STAFF



HOWLER STAFF

HOWLER EDITORS.

J. M. Adams.

J. M. Bennett

A. H. Flowers.

A. R. Gallimore

W. B. Hampton

G. L. Williamson.

H. P. Whitehurst

Carl Hagland.

L. L. Massey



The Classes



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS



JAMES McKEE ADAMS, B.A.,

RALEIGH, N. C.

*"In all thy humors, whether grave or
mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant
fellow."*

Member of Glee Club and Orchestra '05-9;
Treasurer of Y. M. C. A. '07-9; Leader of
Glee Club '08-9; Member of College Senate
'08-9; Editor-in-Chief of *HOWLER* '09; Presi-
dent of Senior Class '09; Dixie Quartette
'09; Chief Rooter '09.

Height 5 ft. 8 in. Weight 140 lbs.
Age 22 years.

According to the alphabet, the President of the Senior class comes first. He is really one of the indispensable members of the class. He is a good student and has made an enviable record in college. "Jimmy," as he is familiarly known, has a winning eye, a pleasant smile, unbounded enthusiasm, and a sunny disposition, all of which account for his popularity. He is noted for his enthusiasm, especially when the reputation of his Alma Mater is at stake. His record as a "rooter" at the Randolph-Macon debate needs no comment.

A whole book might be written on the life of Jim, but of course only a brief sketch can be given here. He will follow the calling of the ministry. The best wishes of the Class of 1909 are his.

AUBREY JOEL ALLEN, B.A.,

MARLBORO, S. C.

*"A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair Science frowned not on his humble
birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own."*

Height 5 ft. 9 in. Weight 147 lbs.
Age 28 years.

Allen, a genuine Sand-lapper, hails from the "Land of Palmettoes," and possesses the knitted brow, the iceberg features, and "solemncholy" countenance of his patron saint, Calhoun. He is quiet and unostentatious; seldom speaks, and when he does it is concerning the College Pressing Club, or the McKenon Boarding Club. Since coming to college he has been the architect of his own fortune and deserves commendation for working his way through. He has no external biography. The arrows of the cute little god, Dan Cupid, pierce no more his manly bosom. The ministry is his chosen profession.





ROBERT GIBSON ANDERS, M.A.,
HENDERSON COUNTY, N. C.

*"In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Evra Pater;
Could tell by sines and tangents straight
If bread and butter wanted weight."*

Vice-President Y. M. C. A. '07-8; Assistant in Physics '07-8.

Height 6 ft. 2 in. Weight 187 lbs.
Age 26 years.

Last year he bore away the coveted trophy, a B.A. degree. And, in order to make his education complete, he pleads for another, at the same time, the distinction of graduating with the Class of '09. This man has a mathematical look, a mathematical walk, but not a mathematical appetite, for that is unbounded and incalculable. While in college, mathematics was his passion, physics his recreation, logic his pastime, and psychology his amusement. He was proficient in every department of the College, starring in physics as an assistant. By his studious habits and friendly bearing he won the respect of all. He is now serving in the capacity of an educational lighthouse for the region round about the French Broad.

HENRY WALTER BALDWIN, JR., B.A.,
MADISON, GEORGIA.

*"But genius must be born, and never can be
taught."*

Associate Editor of *Student* '08-9.

Height 5 ft. 9 in. Weight 140 lbs.
Age 20 years.

This gentleman hails from "Way Down in Georgia." He entered the Sophomore Class of 1906, and began his college course by making 100 on Freshman English, a distinction enjoyed only by a few, which shows that Mr. Baldwin is a fine student. He is a good writer as well, having a place on the staff of the *Student* in his Senior year.

Walter has become quite a ladies-man during his last year in college, and very often makes trips to the surrounding towns.

Mr. Baldwin has inherited a legal mind, and when he will have finished his education, will probably become a member of the Georgia Bar.





HERBERT WAYLAND BAUCOM, B.A.,

APEX, N. C.

*"If Heaven a draft of heavenly pleasures spare
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
Breathe out in other's arms the tender tale."*

President Ministerial Class '09; Vice-President Senior Class.

Height 5 ft. 8½ in. Weight 160 lbs.
Age 26 years.

"Five years have passed, five summers, with the length of five long winters," since first this aspiring, love-making youth affiliated himself with the College. He has helped to usher in many a new member of the faculty and watched four generations of Seniors enter the world's broad field of battle. Surely his career stands as a landmark in the history of the College.

"His life is the history of affection, the heart is his world," and its dominion his goal. He is a staunch apostle of our sister institution, B. U. W., and in the coming campaign for increased endowment he will be one of Dr. Vann's most ardent and faithful agents. Despite his propensity for the romantic, he has recognized that "a good man's character is the world's common legacy," and has adorned his profession while in college. He will wear the robe of a minister with dignity and influence, and be a worthy leader of the sheep.

BRYAN SPIVEY BAZEMORE, B.S.,

WINDSOR, N. C.

*"Although we sneer
In health—when ill we call them to attend
us."*

Historian of Medical Class '08; Prophet of Medical Class '09; Assistant in Pathology and Histology '08-9.

Height 5 ft. 7 in. Weight 135 lbs.
Age 23 years.

This little fellow is a man of science. He graduated in 1907 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, but so great is his love for the old College, and for the learning it imparts, he has spent two more years in its walls, receiving the B.S. degree with the present Senior class.

He is a prodigy. He is little of stature and has a little head, but we often wonder how one small head can hold the vast amount of knowledge stored away in his. He is as jolly as a cricket, and his peculiar laugh can be heard all over the dormitory.

The physical sufferings of humanity have found a tender spot in his heart, so he will spend his life as a physician.





JOSIAH HILL BEACH, B.A.,
LENOIR, N. C.

*"Let me silent be;
For silence is the speech of lore."*

Testator of Senior Class '09.

Height 5 ft. 5 in. Weight 130 lbs.
Age 22 years.

The subject of this sketch is a shy, retiring soul, possessed of the temperament of a teacher. He is a good student, and "minds his own biz." He attended the Dell School before coming to college, but might be called an honorary member of The Buie's Creek Fraternity.

Two brothers of Mr. Beach have graduated before him, both of whom now hold important places in the educational development of North Carolina. He is destined to follow in their train.

CHARLES THOMAS BELL, B.A.,
MOREHEAD CITY, N. C.

*"Hark! to that shrill, sudden shout,
The cry of an applauding multitude
Swayed by some loud-voiced orator who
wields
The living mass as if he were its soul."*

Business Manager Student '08; Secretary Law Class '09; Senior Speaker.

Height 5 ft. 9 in. Weight 145 lbs.
Age 21 years.

It has been said that the day of oratory is past. Not so. It has been said that the day of the politician is past. Not so. It has been said that the day of the "trust-buster" is past. Not so. It is characteristic of every institution of learning to have enrolled among its students a youthful "trust-buster." In "Chas." the College presents to the financial world a vigorous antagonist of the trusts, yea, even another Tom Lawson. In Society whatever be the query he never fails to pay his respects to "Stolen Wealth," or to ridicule with withering satire E. H. Harriman, John D. Rockefeller, et cetera ad infinitum.

Notwithstanding this peculiarity, he is a diligent student and enthusiastic in whatever pertains to the renown of his class, Society, or College. So great is his conviction in the superiority of the Class of '09 that he was once heard to say, "It is the most brilliant star on the crest of time." He will enter the legal profession.





FLEET TATE BENNETT, B.A.,
SAMPSON COUNTY, N. C.

*"By your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love."*

Height 5 ft. 9 in. Weight 145 lbs.
Age 27 years.

Here is a man who might be termed "sui generis." An impassioned speaker, he has the gift of soaring from the sublime to the ridiculous. As a joker and wit producer he has gained some notoriety, for nature endowed him with a wonderful gift of speech and he has increased the blessing forty-fold. His motto is originality, and Dr. Taylor may think him somewhat eccentric since he deviates from the exact wording of the book and thus makes his examination pads peculiarly original. Though he has politized for few offices while in college, he is interested in everything which pertains to the public weal. A good observer, a constant reader, and ambitious, he seeks "to win the wreath of fame and write on memory's scroll a deathless name." Married life will be his major course, and his minor may be the law.

HOMER CLINGMAN BENTON, LL.B.,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

*"My crown is called content;
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy."*

Baseball Team '05-9; Captain of Baseball Team '08-9.

Height 5 ft. 10 in. Weight 160 lbs.
Age 21 years.

By all lovers of baseball, Benton's name is well known. He has played shortstop on our team for the last four years, and it is with reluctance that Wake Forest gives him up. He is a good, whole-souled fellow, and is a friend to every one who knows him. He has not attempted any intellectual stunts while in College, but his career has been marked by faithfulness and punctuality.

In losing him we lose a man who will be greatly missed next year, but we hope that he will win the success in life that he has won on the diamond. He is inclined toward the law.





EMMETT B. BLACKMORE, LL.B.,
DUPLIN COUNTY, N. C.

*"So wise, so grave, of so perplex'd a tongue,
And loud withal, that would not wag, nor
scarce
Lie still without a pee."*

Solicitor Moot Court '08; Associate Judge
Moot Court; Law Librarian '09; Licensed
Attorney.

Height 5 ft. 7 in. Weight 135 lbs.
Age 21 years.

This man has obliterated the word "impossible" from the English language. "There shall be no Alps" has been his motto while in College. If ever man surmounted difficulties and overcame impediments, this man has. He entered a shy, retiring fellow of modest demeanor, though studious in habits. With an impediment in his voice and a tinge of stage fright in the beginning, he recognized that "Labor omnia vincit," and by assiduous devotion to duty has largely overcome these difficulties.

A man of "cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows," he has acquired some notoriety as a politician. His course yields him a license from the Supreme Court of North Carolina and a LL.B. degree. He is unusually energetic, self-confident, learned in legal matters in general, and is ambitious to become a bright light in his profession.

FREDERICK FERNANDO BROWN, M.A.,
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

*"Verily, O man, with truth for thy theme,
eloquence shall throne thee with arch-
angels."*

Winner of Freshman Medal '05; Wake Forest-Mercer Debater '06 and '08; Poet of Junior Class '07; President of Y. M. C. A. '07-'8; Commencement Speaker '08; President of Athletic Association '07-'8; Anniversary Orator '08; Football Team '08; College Senate '08-'9.

Height 5 ft. 8 in. Weight 155 lbs.
Age 26 years.

The Class of 1909 is glad indeed to have in its number one of last year's class in the person of Mr. Brown. He received the B.A. degree last commencement, and receives the M.A. degree with the present graduating class. He has made a record while in College of which any one could feel proud. He masterfully upheld the honor of the College in two intercollegiate debates with Mercer University.

He has always been interested in athletics, but not till this year did he try for a team. He made a good record on the football team last fall. But in all his endeavors he succeeds.

We expect to hear of his early recognition as one of the strongest ministers of the country.





ARCHIE M. BYNUM, B.A.,
RICHMOND, VA.

*"A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal."*

Vice-President Junior Class '07-8; Manager of Baseball Team '09.

Height 5 ft. 10 in. Weight 150 lbs.
Age 22 years.

One of the many representatives of the "Old Dominion." He is very proud of being from the historic city of Richmond.

Archie would naturally be an athlete, but for a physical impediment. Although he can not play any of the popular college games himself, he is always a loyal supporter of the athletic teams. He has successfully managed the baseball team of '09.

Archie has not decided whether he will be a settler of men's disputes, or a healer of mankind's ills, but he will do either with enthusiasm, skill, and tactfulness.

NORMAN THOMAS CABLE, B.A.,
CLAYTON, N. C.

*"Tiring, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close."*

Height 5 ft. 10 in. Weight 165 lbs.
Age 22 years.

Cable is a type of that strong middle class of students whose equilibrium is never disturbed, and who, in fact, are the mainstay and tap-root of the institution. The possessor of great faculties, he has a contempt for mere external display. Work has been his passion and work his recreation while in college. Difficulties have been no bar to his success, for he has overcome many. A friend faithful and just, a student diligent and persistent, a man honest to a fault and without ambition for political preferment. It is knowledge and not position that he seeks.

He has specialized in the Department of Education and we predict a successful career in leading the race into its inheritance. The State is in need of such men.





JOHN DELORME CARROLL, B.A.,
DARLINGTON, S. C.

*"He comes in one tumultuous tide,
One surge of wild emotion,
As crowding through the Fygh of Clyde
Rolls in the western ocean."*

Secretary Freshman Class '06; Marshal Anniversary '07; Secretary to President '06-9; Corresponding Secretary Y. M. C. A. '07; Assistant Manager Baseball Team '08; Business Manager *Weekly* '08-9.

Height 5 ft. 11 in. Weight 145 lbs.
Age 23 years.

In these days of commercialism, it has been said that romance is dead, that the knightly, courtly, southern gentleman has gone, that the chivalric, romantic lover no longer plays a part in our civilization. This is an error, for in this man we have combined all the love-making virtues of the past. Being a confirmed spoonoid, his lady friends in our Capital City may be numbered by the score, and he is not unknown to the damsels of his native bailiwick, South Carolina.

He is a man of varied accomplishments, ranging from a successful scenic agent to Private Secretary of the President. Being a versatile man and of friendly bearing, he has won a host of friends while in college. But his popularity never interferes with his duty. In all his various activities in college life he has played well his part, and will be a success in the business world.

ELLIOTT B. CLARK, LL.B.,
WELDON, S. C.

*"What care I, when I can lie and rest,
Kill time and take life at its very best?"*

Football Team '08.

Height 6 ft. Weight 214 lbs.
Age 19 years.

About nineteen years ago, in the town of Weldon, Mr. Elliott Clark made his first appearance. He is now a handsome lad of 214 pounds. He has been a faithful member of the "Drug Store Fraternity," and has also gotten off enough work to entitle him to the LL.B. degree.

"Fatty's" size is not wholly useless. It became of great help to the football team of '08, for the fellow who ran over him had a job on his hands.

He has not obtained his license yet, but will likely become a lawyer. We may expect to hear of his becoming Chief Counsel for the Atlantic Coast Line or Seaboard Air Line, or both, since both touch his hometown.





PATT BELVIN COGGIN, B.A.,

PALMERVILLE, N. C.

*"A truer, nobler, truster heart,
More loving, or more loyal, never beat
Within a human breast."*

Winner of Sophomore Medal '07; Assistant Librarian '07-8; Senior Speaker '08.

Height 6 ft. Weight 155 lbs.
Age 27 years.

Mr. Coggin is one of those who are tried and true. He is unpretentious and bears the respect of every student in college. "He is to duty prompt at every call." He has done good work in college, and also in society, having won the Sophomore Medal in '07. He represented his class in the class basketball games of '07 and '08.

As the name Patt signifies, he has some of the qualities of an Irishman, and often becomes witty.

This is an amiable gentleman and will be heard from in the educational world.

CLARENCE DIXON CREASMAN, B.A.,

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

*"In works of labor, or of skill,
I would be busy too."*

Baseball Team '07; Poet Sophomore Class '07; Poet Ministerial Class '09; Editor-in-Chief of the *Student* '08-9.

Height 6 ft. Weight 165.
Age 26 years.

A representative of the "Mountain City." Having grown up near to nature, he is inclined to be poetic. He is always at work, for he believes that by the sweat of his brow shall man win his bread. Not only has he worked hard mentally, but he has done good work on the athletic field. He was a member of the baseball team of '07, and his great regret is that he did not work hard for the football team of '08.

Mr. Creasman is one of those who have "stickability," and will make his mark in the world. His chosen profession is the ministry.





LOUIS ELLSWORTH DAILEY, B.A.,
SOUTH MILLS, S. C.

*"O, that my tongue were in the thunder's
mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the
world."*

Poet of Sophomore Class '06-7; Senior
Speaker '08.

Height 5 ft. 8 in. Weight 155 lbs.
Age 24 years.

This gentleman first opened his eyes upon the world near the village of South Mills, North Carolina. He attended the Graded Schools in Elizabeth City until he learned enough Latin and Mathematics to enter Wake Forest. Since coming to college he has always been faithful to duty both in college and society work. He has not won any great honors, but it has been said that there is as much pleasure in the pursuit as in the winning. Not only has Mr. Dailey done well the work of a student, but the exigencies of the occasion demanding it, he gave quite a number of hours during his college course to conducting a print-shop for the convenience of his fellow-students. He will devote his life to the ministry.

THOMAS MITCHELL DANIEL, LL.B.,
MULLINS, S. C.

*"This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when Jove doth please;
He is wit's peddler; and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets,
fairs."*

Poet Freshman Class '06; Associate Editor
HOWLER '08; Poet Law Class '08; Glee
Club '09.

Height 5 ft. 6½ in. Weight 125 lbs.
Age 22 years.

Artemus Ward, Uncle Remus, Mark Twain, and Bill Nye all rolled into one when it comes to making quips, jests, or merry jokes. He is possessed of a fine sense of humor, and noting the amusement so many people get out of his antics and stunts, he does his best not to disappoint them. He is "hail-fellow, well-met" and may be heard on the campus or at the drug store cracking the mirth-provoking, smile-producing, side-splitting jests.

His ability as a chorister is manifest in the enchanting harmonies of the Glee Club, and the entrancing nocturnal music of the Black Diamond Quartette. "Tom" is popular among the boys and has made many friends while in college. If we were allowed to name his calling, we would suggest the stage, but

"Who can foretell for what high cause
This darling of the gods was born?"





HENRY CLAY DOCKERY, JR., B.A.,
ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

*"He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry, proved valiant or discreet!"*

Associate Editor HOWLER '08; President
Junior Class '08; Manager Glee Club '08-9;
Member College Senate Committee.

Height 5 ft. 6½ in. Weight 125 lbs.
Age 21 years.

"Dock's" general resemblance to Mellin's
food article, tenderly reared and properly
cared for, causes one to suspect that he was
brought up on sterilized, peptonized, con-
densed and modified milk. However, his
diminutive stature does not detract from his
abilities in the classroom, or his popularity
in social circles. He is "our chiefest court-
tier," the very pink of courtesy, and his
ethereal beauty has, year after year, won
him fresh laurels and broken many hearts.

Besides these attributes, he is the possessor
of a bunch of convoluted gray matter
under his brown hair that allows him to
succeed without strenuous effort. The way
he has politized for offices and won them
demonstrates that, should he ever be a
candidate for Congress, he will find faith-
ful and willing supporters. "Dock" is a
genial, good-natured and affable fellow; and
his ambition to become a shining light in
the law will doubtless be realized.

ROBERT MAYNARD DUNN, LL.B.,
WISE, N. C.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy."

Licensed Lawyer '09.

Height 6 ft. ¼ in. Weight 142 lbs.
Age 21 years.

One of the most dignified members of the
Senior class and a great ladies-man. His
favorite pastime is "sporting." He thinks
that every day is Sunday, and dresses him-
self accordingly.

Mr. Dunn was one of the "Christmas
Gifts" of the present class in '06. It was
his intention to become a prominent divine,
but he has since decided to cast his lot
with the lawyers. He is already a favorite
with the ladies, and will take one to be his
own when his season of starving is over,
and he becomes prominent at the bar. He
will begin his practice at Warrenton.





RALPH HARRIS FERRELL, M.A.,
RALEIGH, N. C.

"I am the very pink of courtesy."

Vice-President of Freshman Class '04; Winner of Freshman Medal '04; Business Manager of Glee Club and Orchestra '06-7; Senior Editor of *Howler* '07; Senior Speaker '07; Winner of Senior Medal '07.

Height 5 ft 10½ in. Weight 140 lbs.
Age 22 years.

This is a gentleman of many good qualities. He is a good speaker, a good student, and withal "a finished gentleman from top to toe."

He might be called a "sport" and a ladies-man. He is always on hand when there is any social function in college or on the hill.

Mr. Ferrell took his Bachelor's degree in '07, but he has decided to re-enlist in the class of '09 for his M.A. He has served as Principal of the Oxford Graded School, and also as Superintendent of the Youngsville Graded School. He has many friends in college and in the village who wish him well in his every endeavor.

ALBERT HAYNES FLOWERS, B.A.,
ROBEESON COUNTY, N. C.

*"His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve in us every part,
His pencil our faces—his manners our hearts."*

Art Editor *Howler* '08-9; Member Glee Club.

Height 5 ft. 7 in. Weight 135 lbs.
Age 23 years.

Here we have a shy, retiring soul, possessed of the temperament and skill of an artist. He has borne his faculties so meekly and has been so gentle in his movements that we would not be aware of his existence were it not for some stringent obligation calling him from his room. As a student he is faithful and diligent, and as an artist he is unsurpassed. Vigorous in effort and of honest aim, as Art Editor of the *Howler* he has rendered signal service. It is in this capacity that he will be forever known in the history of the college. Of gentle manners and mild affection, with worth, courage, and honor as his birthright, he has played well the part of a student. Truly, his ways are ways of pleasantness and his paths are peace.





RAY FUNDERBURK, B.A.,
MONROE, N. C.

"The best of men have ever loved repose."

Second Marshal Anniversary '08; Football Team '08; Secretary Senior Class '09; Senior Speaker '08; Chief Marshal Anniversary '09.

Height 6 ft. Weight 200 lbs.
Age 23 years.

The prosperous county of Union each year has one or more men who ask for a diploma from this College. Mr. Funderburk is one of those asking for that honor this year. He is a good student and a good speaker, but Ray is of a "lazy, lolling sort," and according to one of the laws of Physics, moves in the line of least resistance. Mr. Funderburk is well developed both mentally and physically, and his mind will probably run in legal channels. He has the capacity to excel in any vocation which he will pursue.

ARTHUR RAYMOND GALLIMORE, B.A.,
LEXINGTON, N. C.

*There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face;
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.*

Assistant Librarian '07-9; Senior Editor Howler '09; Chief Marshal, Davidson-Wake Forest Debate, '09.

Height 5 ft. 7½ in. Weight 150 lbs.
Age 23.

The personnel of the Senior class would be incomplete without the subject of this sketch. A man truly great in his character; one who in the fond esteem of the student body holds a place peculiarly his own, though there have been no efforts on his part to court favor other than by his gentle bearing.

Arthur has a bright future before him, but can never reach heights of success higher than his associates hope for him. In all his college course he has been non-egotistical, which fact has endeared him to the members of his class. In addition to the honors given to him he has merited and has been the recipient of that which in value far exceeds the former—the loving expression that in the hearts of his classmates he holds a place as a man of highest worth.





LAURIN GARDNER, B.A.,

DARLINGTON, S. C.

*"What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?"*

Captain Track Team '08-9; Football Team '08.

Height 6 ft. Weight 185 lbs.
Age 23 years.

This young Hercules wandered into our midst two years ago, hailing from the sand-hills of South Carolina, and bringing with him a certificate of two years work at Clemson College. Since his advent, he has been head and shoulders above his classmates, in height. In athletics he is a miracle when agility and muscle are the criterion. As captain of the track team, he has rendered valiant service. He should enter the Olympic Contests.

His ambitions are not alone in the realm of athletics for he aspires to be a ladiesman and shine in social circles. He was once heard to express sentiments similar to these,

*"Oh, the love-lit eyes and coal-black curls
Of the fair and charming Wake Forest
girls."*

He will enter the ministry and spend his life on the frontiers of the non-christian nations. To relieve the wretched will be his pride.

PAUL WHITE GAY, B.A.,

SEABOARD, N. C.

*"O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength."*

Basketball Team '05-9; Football Team '08.

Height 6 ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Weight 200 lbs.
Age 21 years.

This is a man of great physical strength, and he has used this strength to the good of athletics while in college. He has been one of the mainstays in basketball and football. But along with the development of the physical side of his nature, he has not neglected the mental. He has also done well in his college work, getting off the work for his LL.B. and B.A. in four years.

He is one of those that attends to his own affairs and has little to say. He is congenial, and commands the respect of the student body and all who know him.

His college days are about to come to a close. He will probably devote his life to training the youth of the Old North State, and woe to the boy who shoots peas or cuts up antics in his presence. We should not be surprised to hear of his becoming a lawyer later.



WADE BRUCE HAMPTON, B.A.,

DOBSON, N. C.

*"O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that, which would appear offense in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness."*

Treasurer Freshman Class '06; Anniversary Marshall '07; Chief Marshall, Commencement '08; Treasurer Senior Class; Senior Editor HOWLER; Member College Senate Committee; Senior Speaker.

Height 6 ft. Weight 160 lbs.
Age 22 years.

With raven hair, clear blue eyes, well-cut features, broad-shouldered, with a stride as graceful as a fawn's, six feet in his stockings stands Wade Hampton, the genius from the headwaters of the Yadkin. Here is a man who excels in his every undertaking. A man through whose veins flows noble blood and whose every deed is noble. In short, "Hamp" is an all-round man. He will be especially remembered as a student of exceptional ability, and his name should be placed upon the College records as "the man who could coin 100's as fast as a guinea can lay speckled eggs." On account of his keen sense of honor, loving spirit, knightly deportment, unusual mind and his wonderful personality, he has made a host of abiding friends who hope and believe that he will ascend to the topmost round of the ladder of legal fame.



LESLIE CYRUS HARDY, LL.B.,

TUCSON, ARIZONA.

"I have touched the highest point of all my greatness."

Glee Club and Orchestra '07-9; Manager of Football Team '08.

Height 5 ft. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. Weight 132 lbs.
Age 23 years.

Mr. Hardy comes all the way from the plains of Arizona to graduate with the class of '09. He was prepared for college at Warrenton High School. Since coming to Wake Forest, and all through his college course, he has stood in with the ladies of the hill. His policy has been to spend all of his spare time at the drug store, and to meet all of the trains. He has therefore boarded at the hotel. He has been an ardent supporter of all athletic teams, and managed the football team of '08.

Mr. Hardy will take the "windy side of the law" for his province.





JOHNSON JAY HAYES, LL.B.,
WILKES COUNTY, N. C.

*"Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul
sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear."*

Freshman Medal '08; Solicitor Moot Court; Football Team '08; Member College Senate Committee; Senior Speaker; Licensed Attorney.

Height 5 ft. 11½ in. Weight 188 lbs.
Age 23 years.

A typical mountaineer, with long stride, piercing eye, determined, invincible countenance, decided answer and sensible decision. He is a man of judgment, a friend without treachery, and an agreeable companion. With reason as his guide he detests mere external show or anything which borders on the conduct of a mollycoddle.

He has gained considerable notoriety as a speaker, having won a medal in society and been prosecuting attorney of the Moot Court. By his oratory he has overthrown opposition and aroused audiences. When, in the future, he stands in the United States Congress to plead for the great common masses of the people, it may be said of him,

*"With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state."*

OSCAR WARREN HENDERSON, B.A.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

*"He speaks, the action holds its breath to
hear.
He nods, and shakes the sunset hemi-
sphere."*

Associate Editor THE HOWLER '06; First Debater Anniversary '09; Alternate Davidson Debate '09.

Height 5 ft. 9 in. Weight 180 lbs.
Age 21 years.

A man of modest demeanor, determined countenance and wise judgment.

A man on whom "deliberation sits and public care." He has made himself famous while in college as a debater par excellence. So forcible are his speeches and so acute his logic that his forensic genius might characterize him as a Demosthenes, Lord Mansfield, or Webster. His style of delivery is eloquent, magnificent and forceful, his argument man-swearable, making him an opponent to be feared on the platform. Especially did he distinguish himself at Anniversary for strong argument and withering repartee.

As a student, he is studious, industrious, and determined; as a parliamentarian, unsurpassed, and as a society worker, staunch and faithful. He will enter the ministry and reflect credit on his Alma Mater by upholding her ideals.





ERNEST SHERWOOD HENDREN, B.A.,
WILKES COUNTY, N. C.

*"My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers."*

Height 5 ft. 10 in. Weight 155 lbs.
Age 27 years.

A man with knitted brow, of studious habits, and with determination printed on his countenance. He has set his life upon a cast, and will permit no obstacles to deter him in the pursuit of his imaged future. Many smaller minds would have been subdued by his misfortunes, but he realized that, "One constant element of luck is genuine, solid old Teutonic pluck," and that, "impossible is a word to be found only in the dictionary of fools."

A man of retiring disposition, with books as his companions, he has dwelt and labored under his own vine and fig tree. He has made excellent marks in his classes, and the fact that he graduates in three years demonstrates his superior mental ability. He will enter the teaching profession, and help to educate the great common masses of the people.

HUGH BENJAMIN HINES, B.A.,
HERTFORD COUNTY, N. C.

*"A jovial, quiet-tempered fellow, with a
shock of red hair."*

Height 5 ft. 9 in. Weight 158 lbs.
Age 30 years.

A man whose college life has been very quiet and unostentatious. He has not aspired to any college honors, and is therefore free from the evil of college politics. He enjoys the good will of the student body. This gentleman has been here longer than most of the present Senior class, but he has made good. The day of his graduation is finally in sight, and we all wish him well in life. No one has been more faithful and no one more deserving than he.

Mr. Hines will dedicate his life to the work of teaching man the error of his way.





WILLIAM HANDY HIPPS, B.A.,
SPRING CREEK, N. C.

"O, he sits high in all the people's hearts."

Basketball Team '07 and '08; Football Team '08; Vice-President of Athletic Association '08-9; Historian Law Class '08-9; Alternate Randolph-Macon Debate '08; Anniversary Orator '09; Speaker, Davidson-Wake Forest Debate '09.

Height 6 ft. Weight 160 lbs.
Age 23 years.

Beyond the Blue Ridge lies Madison County, the home of the subject of this sketch. In his face is seen the characteristics of the sturdy mountaineer. He was the leader of the new men from Mars Hill in the year '06.

Handy is a good speaker as well as a good student. He has a speech on hand nearly all the time, but turns aside occasionally to study Logic or to read French.

Mr. Higgs has been quite a politician while in college. So attractive has his experience been that he will probably take up politics as a profession. A statesman, if you please.

AURENUS TILDEN HOWARD, M.A.,
SAMPSON COUNTY, N. C.

*"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
His sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
He kept the watchful tenor of his way."*

Treasurer Y. M. C. A. '05-7; Anniversary Orator '08; Y. M. C. A. Editor, *Wake Forest Weekly* '08.

Height 5 ft. 11 in. Weight 135 lbs.
Age 24 years.

Commencement last year ended his eventful and inimitable race for a B.A. degree. Realizing that to be a finished, rounded man, a man who would carve his name "beyond the biting fusts of time," he must be a member of the unprecedented class of '09, he has come back to claim that distinction. He returned with the dignity peculiar to those "higher up," with his unbounded devotion to tennis, and with the self-same mania for fountain pens.

"A moral, sensible and well-bred man," Howard is always conservative, of amiable disposition, modest demeanor and faultless in morals. "Noble by birth, yet nobler by great deeds," he will reflect credit on the College and be eminent in the brotherhood of Wake Forest men.





WILLIAM THOMAS HURST, B.A.,
CHAHAM COUNTY, N. C.

*"Grave authors say, and witty poets sing
That honest worklock is a glorious thing."*

Height 5 ft. 8 in. Weight 175 lbs.
Age 40 years.

A man somewhat declined into the vale of years, though vigorous in stature and determined in purpose. In taking the B.A. degree in three years he has, no doubt, found that, "there is no royal road to learning," and that short-cuts through a college course are difficult. But he is neither tamed nor subdued by misfortune. Realizing that "the Gods approve the depth and not the tumult of the soul, and that "to be good is to be lone-ome," he has like a star dwelt somewhat apart from the student body. He is a serious-minded man who talks in solemn whispering tones. With a countenance more in sorrow than in anger, he never gets animated or enthusiastic, but "only speaks right on." He has overcome obstacles to take a college course; and upon graduation will take up again his work as a minister.

HENRY B. IVEY, B.S.,
SEVEN SPRINGS, N. C.

*"One of the few who have a mission
To cure incurable diseases."*

Poet Medical Class '06-7; Coroner of Medical Class '07-8; Assistant in Anatomy and Physiology '08-9; Marshal, Davidson-Wake Forest Debate '09.

Height 5 ft. 8½ in. Weight 175 lbs.
Age 20 years.

In this man we find the very physique of a doctor. He is strong and sturdy, and has carved "stiffs" so much that he has the required nerve. He has been Assistant in the Dissecting Room during his Senior year.

He is a happy, go-lucky-fellow, and is liked by all the boys. But like most of the medical students, he has plenty of work to keep him busy, and his spare time is spent with his fellow "Meds."

Mr. Ivey has been one of the leaders of the Medical class and will go to a regular Medical College to finish his course.





CHARLES JETER JACKSON, B.A.,
PITT COUNTY, N. C.

*"Describe him who can,
As an abridgment of all that was pleasant in
man."*

President of Freshman Class '06; Sophomore Medal '07; President Y. M. C. A. '08.

Height 6 ft. Weight 175 lbs.
Age 24 years.

Genial, good-natured, and affable, "Jack" has the respect and best wishes of all the boys. He is "laughter, holding both his sides," always wearing a benignant smile, while "eternal sunshine settles on his head." Being an honest man, and of wise judgment, he hates the slime that sticks on filthy deeds, at the same time, the possessor of a keen sense of humor. With him the beacon light of loyalty and patriotism from the "State of Pitt" passes from the stage of college scenes. He has represented his native hailiwick well, and has left none of her virtues unheralded.

As an agent he is "as smooth as a monumental alabaster," for he has a monopoly on clothing houses. Earnestly, vigorously, constantly does he "puff his wares," and the law term, *Caveat Emptor*, let the purchaser beware, surely applies to the wares of this young Wanamaker. He will succeed in business.

HUBERT ALPHEUS JONES, LL.B., M.A.,
RALEIGH, N. C.

"My mind to me an empire is."

Member of Honor Committee '06-7; President of Junior Class '06-7; Secretary Y. M. C. A. '06-7; Associate Editor *Wake Forest Weekly* '07; Winner of the Junior Medal '07; Licensed Lawyer '07; First Debater Anniversary '08; Commencement Speaker '08; Instructor in Mathematics '07-9.

Height 5 ft. 7 in. Weight 140 lbs.
Age 23 years.

There is no secret in the Science of Mathematics which Professor has not sounded. When a boy he must have wanted prisms and paraboloids to play with. Holding the position that he does, he is greatly admired by the Freshmen. Not a few of them have been heard to remark that "Professor Jones is the nicest man in the faculty." He is generally the recipient of all the cigars he can smoke during the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Jones is a licensed lawyer, but it is difficult to tell which he had rather do, practice law or teach "Math."





JOHN RUFUS JONES, LL.B.,
STOKES COUNTY, N. C.

"I'll answer him by law; I'll not budge an inch."

Licensed Lawyer '09; Second Debater '09.

Height 6 ft. Weight 155 lbs.
Age 25 years.

In Mr. Jones is found the likeness of a typical mountaineer. He shows what the county of Stokes can bring forth. He is a good whole-souled fellow whom we can not help but like, and a politician from the word "go."

"John R." when a Sophomore, did not know why a certain alumnus of the College knew so much, thinking that he was a Freshman. He remarked that he was the smartest Freshman he had ever seen. But Mr. Jones is now endeavoring to become one of that gentleman's colleagues as a lawyer.

GROVER HUNTER JOYNER, B.A.,
WOODLAND, N. C.

"Solitude delighteth well to feed on many thoughts."

Height 5 ft. 9½ in. Weight 135 lbs.
Age 22 years.

Before you is the likeness of a man of many thoughts. He is always in deep study, and his delight is in science. He spent his Junior year in cutting cray-fishes, earth-worms, et cetera, but now has turned his thoughts to the structure and mineral constitution of the globe.

This man is just what he is. He thinks and does as he pleases, regardless of what others say. He began his college course with the ambition of being a speaker, but has now turned his attention to other things. He will begin his career by imparting his knowledge to others. Later on he may take up the work of pleading the cause of the unfortunate in the court-room, and of upholding the strong arm of the law and win fame as a speaker after all.





JAMES EDWARD KNOTT, B.A.,
GRANVILLE COUNTY, N. C.

*"Indigenous to toil,
His figure shows how well it has nourished
him."*

Assistant in Chemistry '08-9.

Height 6 ft. Weight 180 lbs.
Age 25 years.

Our friend Knott is a well-meaning individual, genial, good-hearted and always ready to play a hand when fun is the game. In due season, however, he will probably assume that air of seriousness and dignity which usually characterizes a pedagogue. He is a great linguist, and from a few moments' sojourn with him, one derives the same benefit as from reading a Sunday Comic Newspaper, or ten columns of personals, or a whole volume of the *Oxford Public Ledger*. His favorite pastime is firing such perplexing and impossible questions at the professors as to produce a stunning effect on their mental faculties. They have long since learned to shun his Missourian thirst for knowledge. He is a firm advocate and fine specimen of physical culture habits. He will enter business or teach.

HERCULES LEE KOONTZ, B.A.,
LIXWOOD, N. C.

*"All, that life can rate,
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate."*

Height 5 ft. 10 in. Weight 185 lbs.
Age 23 years.

Like Hercules of classical literature, Mr. Koontz is a man of great physical strength. He comes from the banks of the Yadkin where once lived the pioneer, Daniel Boone. Not only has this man great physical strength, but along with it, he has a herculean voice. His voice was first heard in the halls of Churchland High School, but since leaving there it has been heard in the Euzelian Society Hall. He has taken advantage of his opportunities, and has developed into a good debater. He is a good student also.

Mr. Koontz entered college, aspiring to be a lawyer, but he has since decided that he can not twist words sufficiently, so he will begin by "teaching the young idea how to shoot."





FRANK WARREN KURFEES, B.S.,
STATESVILLE, N. C.

*"I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends."*

Second Marshal Anniversary '08; President Baraca Class '08.

Height 6 ft. 2 in. Weight 185 lbs.
Age 24 years.

This tall man will be a doctor, and has done faithful work in order to prepare himself for this profession. He is a man of high aspirations, so high in fact, that he intends to go to a foreign country for a larger field of service.

"Dr. Kurfees" is a great admirer of the fair sex, and is not wholly an unknown visitor at B. U. W. Frequently he makes calls on the "hill" also.

He will probably sail for some foreign field as a Medical Missionary when he completes his education and wins some one to share his joys and sorrows.

JOHN ERIC LANIER, B.A.,
HARNETT COUNTY, N. C.

*"His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth or change his constant mind."*

Vice-President Ministerial Class '07;
Secretary Anniversary Debate '09; Orator Senior Class '09.

Height 6 ft. Weight 155 lbs.
Age 28 years.

Here we have a genial, whole-souled Baptist parson. He is a hard worker, a man of principle and integrity, and has shown his ability as a leader in various lines. While in college he has led an innocent, irreproachable life, always a friend unpretentious in his every action. Ambitions to serve the world in the capacity of minister, he has overcome many obstacles to secure the proper training. Working his way through school, his success is assured, for "our self-made men are the glory of the institution." He is well-versed in Holy Writ, and will wear the ecclesiastical togs with dignity and influence, becoming one of the noted divines of the times.





LAVIRA W. LEGGETT, B.S.,
HALIFAX COUNTY, N. C.

*"Unknit that threatening unkind brow,
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the
meads."*

Secretary Law Class '08; Football Team
'09.

Height 5 ft. 7 in. Weight 145 lbs.
Age 20 years.

Here is a man of many moods, quiet and composed when occasion demands, yet always in the thick of the contest when danger, or daring, or hardihood is the game. He has always taken active interest in football, and his name will ever be associated with that popular game in its recent beginning at the college. Being quiet and rather independent, but genial and good-natured, he has gone in and out among us these many months, never meddling, always attending to his own affairs, with his eyes constantly fixed on terra firma. He is strongly attached to the Medical Department, and we may expect to hear of him as an espouser of the Emmanuel Movement and other scientific ventures.

OSCAR WILLIE McMANUS, B.A.,
CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C.

*"Give me, indulgent Gods, with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan
scene,
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate or servile grandeur
there."*

Height 5 ft. 10 in. Weight 158 lbs.
Age 26 years.

"Mac" is the type of college man essential to the life of the institution. Not so brilliant, but more faithful; not so prominent, but more steady; not so spectacular, but more earnest and unpretentious. A man of vigorous effort and honest aim, he has been diligent in all things. Truth, research, and scholarship have marked his college course. Of a retiring disposition and biological turn, he spends much time with nature. His best companions are "now the driving winds, and now the trotting brooks and whispering trees." He will enter the ministry.



ROBERT LEROY McMILLAN, B.A.,
SCOTLAND COUNTY, N. C.

*"He has done the work of a true man,
Crown him, honor him, love him."*

Historian Sophomore Class '07; Librarian '07-8; Poet Junior Class '08; President Baraca Class '08; Associate Editor *Weekly* '08; Secretary Y. M. C. A. '07-8; Basketball Team '08; Poet Law Class '09; Secretary Athletic Association '08-9; Editor-in-Chief *Student* '09; Assistant in English '09; Senior Speaker '09.

Height 6 ft. 1 in. Weight 175 lbs.
Age 20 years.

"Buck" is distinctly identified with all the various interests of the College. His accomplishments range from athlete to orator. As for enthusiasm, he is the very embodiment of college spirit. College spirit may be indefinable, but we can always locate it in this man. His stentorian voice and invigorating presence will be missed from the athletic field. An unswerving devotion to duty has marked his studentship. He is proficient in every department of the College, especially in English and Moral Philosophy. His writing "is like homespun cloth of gold." Besides these virtues he has gained exceptional distinction as a ladies-man.

His devotion to the Class of '09 is unlimited. In a burst of enthusiasm he was once heard to exclaim, "It is the most brilliant class whose shadow has ever darkened the pavements of our learned corridors." He leaves College with the best wishes of all the class, a broad-shouldered, broad-minded, big-hearted gentleman.



BURGESS P. MARSHBANKS, M.A., LL.B.,
MARS HILL, N. C.

"Besides, he was a shrewd Philosopher."

Instructor in Physics '08-9.

Height 6 ft. 2 in. Weight 160 lbs.
Age 27 years.

Mr. Marshbanks is another representative of the "Land of the Sky." He is one of those whose accomplishments you never know without intimate acquaintance. He is an excellent student, and a man of noble qualities.

He is a native of the village of Mars Hill. He was graduated with the B.A. degree last Commencement, and asks for M.A. and LL.B. this year. As Assistant in Physics and also as Manager of the Hodnett Club, he has acquitted himself well.

Mr. Marshbanks will be well prepared for anything he undertakes, and we predict for him a bright future. He will make a good Professor, Lawyer, or Preacher.





JOHN SANTFORD MARTIN, B.A.,
HAMPTONVILLE, N. C.

*"When he speaks,
The air, a chartered libertine, is still,"*

Winner of Freshman Medal '07; Historian of Junior Class '07-8; Associate Editor of HOWLER '08; Editor-in-Chief of *Wake Forest Weekly* '08 and '09; Speaker in Randolph-Macon Debate '08; First Debater Anniversary '09; Instructor in Chemistry '08-9.

Height 5 ft. 11½ in. Weight 160 lbs.
Age 22 years.

An orator from the hills of Yadkin, and a newspaper man before coming to College. He entered the Sophomore class of 1906 to equip himself more thoroughly for the battle of life.

He has entered heartily into college life and has been one of our strongest men. Not only has he won high honors in the forum of debate, but in the classroom he has stood along with those at the top, being elected as one of the Instructors in 1908.

A strong leader in society, he has sounded the praises of William Jennings Bryan and "busted the trusts." Mr. Martin is one of our best speakers, having represented his society as first debater and helped to bring victory to the College in the Randolph-Macon debate in Raleigh, Thanksgiving 1908. He will be a strong addition to the political world, and in his chosen profession, the Law, we are confident that the greatest success awaits him.

NOAH ABRAHAM MELTON, B.A.,
SURRY COUNTY, N. C.

*"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are."*

Business Manager of the HOWLER '08; Winner of the Junior Medal '08; Member of College Senate '08-9; Vice-President Y. M. C. A. '07-8; President Baraca Class '09; Senior Speaker '08.

Height 5 ft. 6½ in. Weight 132 lbs.
Age 27 years.

Here is an excellent student, a forceful speaker, and a straightforward gentleman. He is one of the few who will receive the distinction of "Magna Cum Laude" upon graduation. He has been a leader in College affairs, and is held in high esteem by all who know him. His career speaks most eloquently of what character and true worth mean in a democratic community like Wake Forest.

This gentleman is a valuable member of the present class, and will make a strong addition to his chosen profession, the ministry.





ALLIE DEXTER MORGAN, B.S.,
WAKE COUNTY, N. C.

"I will find a way or make one."

Poet Medical Class '06; Historian Senior Class; Chief Marshal Wake Forest-Randolph-Macon Debate; Laboratory Assistant in Chemistry; Member College Senate Committee.

Height 6 ft. Weight 165 lbs.
Age 23 years.

Here is a man who has stood by the stuff and made the most out of it. A self-made man, he has done the best his circumstances allowed, has acted nobly,—“angels could do no more.”

“Nihil sine labore” has been his motto, and his success demonstrates what results such a determination brings. His amiable disposition, friendly bearing, and efficiency in the departments of Medicine and Chemistry assure him the respect of the faculty and popularity among the boys. He is a believer in sacrificing some of the lower animals for the good of the higher. Many neighboring dogs and cats have been ushered into “the happy hunting ground” under his skillful surgery. He will attain eminence in his profession by reason of his accurate knowledge, marvelous patience, and industry.

CARL ALLANMORE MURCHISON, B.A.,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

*“Lofty and distant to those that loved him
not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet
as summer.”*

Student Essay Medal '08.

Height 5 ft. 11 in. Weight 145 lbs.
Age 21 years.

“Homo multarum literarum” might characterize this man’s student-ship. He studies with a vengeance, and under no consideration would he be induced to flunk. In English he is a prodigy. His literary genius is marked, for he possesses that indescribable thing called style. He gives vent to his literary bent in the *Student*, one of which productions won for him the Essay Medal. In society he is an analyst of skill, completely tearing to pieces the query. He is aware of these talents and strives to improve them.

He is a sprinter of no little reputation. The speediest man on the track team, he is a reminder of the mythological character, Mercury, the winged messenger of the gods. He has a peculiarity in his walk which is a combination of amble, glide, hop, and canter. He will continue his education at Harvard, and, no doubt, will make an impression on this “mundane sphere.”





THOMAS HOMER OLIVE, B.A.,
WAKE COUNTY, N. C.

"He has good abilities, a genial temper, and no vices."

Height 5 ft. 5 in. Weight 135 lbs.
Age 22 years.

Here's a man who has put his hands to the plow and never looked backward. A man never up with his work, still striving, pursuing, persevering toward the coveted goal, Commencement. It is a distinction of the Senior Class of this good year 1909, to produce a man who has never aspired to those coveted places called class distinction. Free from contriving, he knows not the arts of the politician, and has never dabbled in the turmoil of political campaigns. Some heap upon him the ignominy of absent-mindedness toward the fairer sex, for the thought of woman was never known to molest his tranquil spirit. But we vouch that bachelordom will never claim him. Prediction as to his vocation is difficult, for "it doth not yet appear what he shall be."

RUFUS BRACKIN PEARSON, M.A.,
REDSVILLE, N. C.

*"He had then the grace too rare in every
clime,
Of being without alloy of fop or bean,
A finished gentleman from top to toe."*

Treasurer Senior Class '05; Dixon Essay Medal '06.

One of the generation of '05, seeing under what auspicious circumstances the '09-ers took charge of the College, and looking into the future imagining a scene in which the greatest and largest Senior class in the history of the College took part, decided then and there to demand admission into that notable body. He has made the demand and been accepted, provided he shows himself wise and assumes proper dignity.

Rufus is quiet and unassuming, ever attending to his own affairs. In English he is a prodigy, excelling in the art of forceful expression. In this department he won the Student Essay Medal. He has high aspirations, and the distinction of graduating with the Class of '09 will complete his preparation. He has already won recognition as a proficient pedagogue.





CHARLES MCKNIGHT PHIFER, B.S.,
STATESVILLE, N. C.

*"By medicine life may be prolonged, yet
death
Will seize the doctor, too."*

Treasurer of the Medical Class of '06-7;
Secretary of the Medical Class '07-8; President
of the Medical Class '09.

Height 5 ft. 9 in. Weight 145 lbs.
Age 24 years.

Although Mr. Phifer has been in College only four years, yet by close application he has done the work for two degrees, B.S. and M.A. He is one of the best students in the Medical class. In an examination on the nervous system, he was the only one out of sixteen who passed.

He has been "one of the boys" during his four years stay here. He is generally at work, but if he has any spare time, it is spent with "the aggregation of Medical students."

Mr. Phifer has made a fine record in the Medical Department and should have a bright future as a "pill-roller." He aspires to the superintendency of a hospital.

ELLAS DODSON POE, B.A.,
CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C.

*"A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you, gods, will
give us
Some faults to make us men."*

Anniversary Orator '09.

Height 5 ft. 10 in. Weight 150 lbs.
Age 26 years.

There is much that is commendable and imitable in this man. If ever a man worked his way through college, he has. A self-made man, he has been the architect of his own fortune, and the effort will bring a fitting reward. As an interpreter of the Scriptures and expounder of the doctrines of the church, he is a recognized authority. As an evangelist he has already done telling work. He has won a reputation while in College, as an orator, especially notable at Anniversary, when he poured forth cataracts of eloquence in portraying "The Nation's Uplift." His past has been successful, and his future is bright.





RICHARD HUNTER POPE, B.A.,
CORY, PENNSYLVANIA.

*"The modest, on his unembarrass'd brow
Nature had written—gentleman."*

Member of the Glee Club and Orchestra '06-9; Tennis Team '08-9; Chief Marshal Commencement '08; President Tennis Club '08-9; Member of Dixie Quartette '09.

Height 5 ft. 8½ in. Weight 154 lbs.
Age 21 years.

Our only representative from the great old State of Pennsylvania. He comes from near the shores of Lake Erie. Although a native of the Tar Heel State, he has been North long enough to acquire the Northern twang in his speech.

"Dutch" is a performer of skill on the clarinet, and has represented the College admirably as a member of the Glee Club and Orchestra, the good reputation of which he has helped to uphold. He has also represented the College as an athlete, being a fine tennis player and a basketball player as well.

Mr. Pope is a man to be admired, and we hope that he will decide to practice his chosen profession (medicine) in his native State.

JOSEPH MILTON PREVETTE, B.A.,
WILKES COUNTY, N. C.

*"An honest man whose buttoned to the chin;
Broadcloth without and a warm heart
within."*

Librarian '06-8; Chief Marshal Anniversary '08; Business Manager Howler '09.

Height 6 ft. Weight 164 lbs.
Age 21 years.

A man of wise judgment mingled with a keen sense of humor. He has very decided opinions and asserts them in the face of overwhelming opposition. When once committed, he is as immovable as Gibraltar. He is possessed of a basso profundo voice, and when he speaks it demands audience, and his look "attention still as night." He is a good student and successful politician, displaying his ability as a leader.

As a business man, he is a decided success. His connection with the Howler is sufficient proof of his ability in that sphere. During the last year he has shown surprising social development. His ambitions are in legal circles.





WALTER C. SAUNDERS, B.A.,

MONROE, N. C.

*"Vigilant, embarrassed, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still."*

Height 6 ft. 2 in. Weight 165 lbs.
Age 20 years.

Here we have another representative from Union. He is a product of the Wingate School. He is one of those who take life easy, and has spent his four years in college, eating, sleeping and studying when he felt like it. College honors have not affected him in the least. He has therefore avoided a great deal of worry.

He has taken part in some of the class games in basketball and baseball, but has never aspired to any position on a regular athletic team.

It is difficult to tell the trend of this man's mind, but he will probably follow the course of several of his uncles, and practice law.

THEOPHILUS YATES SEYMOUR, B.A.,

WAKE COUNTY, N. C.

*"The same soft sound of unimpassioned words
Can only make the gleaning hours dear."*

Height 5 ft. 9 in. Weight 153 lbs.
Age 31 years.

Here is a theologian of the first order, a veritable encyclopedia of information on theology. He spouts his opinions on this and other topics fluently, seemingly without fear of contradiction. His theories are striking and show originality, if nothing else. In this line he is hardly in the "roll of common men," but, "the world knows little of its greatest thinkers."

After years of diligent, persistent work, he asks for a degree and deserves it. He has worked his way through by preaching for neighboring churches, at the same time taking full college work, striving for greater "parson power." He will illuminate some village pulpit where he will assume ministerial togs with dignity, and where all the parishioners will declare how much he knew.





THOS. CHRISTOPHER SINGLETON, B.A.,
HENDERSON, N. C.

*"There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he rears to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year."*

Secretary Freshman Class '04-5.

Height 5 ft. 8 in. Weight 156 lbs.
Age 29 years.

Mr. Singleton deserves great credit for what he has done. He has worked his way through college by selling clothing etc. Being a minister, he has had charge of several churches in the vicinity of the College. He has been too busy with his regular work to covet any of the honors of college life.

He is a clever fellow who is well known not only in College, but in the surrounding country where he has worked. He will wear the robe of the ministry, in which profession his fellow-students wish him well.

LADDIN L. THILEY, B.A.,
DURHAM, N. C.

*"He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower."*

Freshman Medal '06; Prophet Sophomore Class '07; Judge Moot Court; President Law Class '09; Senior Speaker; Licensed Attorney.

Height 6 ft. 1 in. Weight 205 lbs.
Age 27 years.

A man almost indispensable to the College. For four years he has been assistant to Dr. Gorrell, in deed if not in name, as a Supervisor of Buildings and Grounds, and during the last year, Assistant in the Gymnasium. He is a man of wise judgment and safe conduct. A speaker of some ability, for he won a medal over twenty-nine contestants. Though strong and of herculean stature, "with atlantian shoulders fit to bear the weight of mightiest monarchies," he has some symptoms of that dangerous disease known in love-making parlance as my-heart-is-not-my-own, and his first case may be at Cupid's bar. He semi-frequently takes leave of us on Sunday, "sine die." A licensed attorney, he is legal adviser of the class. His career as a practitioner will be successful.





RICHARD EARL WALKER, B.A.,
SALISBURY, N. C.

"It belongs to genius to be erratic."

Glee Club and Orchestra '06-9; Poet Senior Class '09; Senior Speaker '09.

Height 5 ft. 11½ in. Weight 162 lbs.
Age 24 years.

Salisbury's only representative in the Senior class entered College in '06 as a Freshman, but so great was his admiration for the present class that he has worked hard in order to graduate with the class of '09.

This gentleman is always at work. If he is not studying, he is "sawing his fiddle" or "tooting his cornet." He has been an important member of the Orchestra from the time he entered College.

Not only has he a musical ear, but he has a poetical mind.

Mr. Walker being of the nature of a genius, is one of those undecided fellows who does not know what he will do, but in what ever direction he turns his talents, we predict that success will crown his efforts.

NORMAN REID WEBB, B.A.,
MOREHEAD CITY, N. C.

*"His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart,
His heart is far from fraud as heaven from earth."*

Mar-hal Commencement '06; Associate Editor Student '09.

Height 5 ft. 9 in. Weight 153 lbs.
Age 22 years.

Webb bails from the city by the sea, but unlike its noisy, turbulent, tempestuous tide, he is quiet, composed, dignified and firm. His words are chosen, he shutteth his lips and is esteemed a man of understanding. He is a student of persistence and patience, for "night after night he sat and bleared his eyes with books." A man who holds his duty as he holds his soul, his efficiency is based mostly on his marvelous industry. These characteristics coupled with strength of character have given him the sincere respect of faculty and students. He is the personification of all that is gentlemanly in man, neat in appearance, discreet in conduct, the very pineapple of politeness. At times he is a versatile conversationalist, excelling principally in argument and dispute. His future will be in business circles.





EDGAR EUGENE WHITE, B.A.,
TAYLORSVILLE, N. C.

*"How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties,
In form and moving, how express and admirable,"*

Glee Club and Orchestra '05-9; President Sophomore Class '06-7; Baseball Team '06-7; Associate Editor *Wake Forest Weekly* '08; Second Debater Anniversary '08; Chief Marshal Randolph-Macon Debate '08; President Anniversary Debate '09; Member College Senate '08-9; Prophet Senior Class '08-9; Senior Speaker '09.

Height 6 ft. 1½ in. Weight 203 lbs.
Age 24 years.

The Senior class is proud to claim one of the handsomest and most popular students in College in the person of Mr. White. Had the artists known him when a youth, they would have claimed him for a model. When he dons his Prince Albert coat and silk hat he looks like a Senator or a Bishop.

Mr. White has been a member of the Glee Club all through his college course. He also played baseball one season. He has always represented the College well.

Not only has his voice been heard on the Glee Club, but also as a speaker. It is his ambition to become a great pulpit orator.

THOMAS CLARENCE WHITE, B.A.,
TAYLORSVILLE, N. C.

*"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men."*

Glee Club '06-9; Basket Ball Team '06-8;

Height 5 ft. 10 in. Weight 190 lbs.
Age 22 years.

Here is another White. These are the only brothers in the Senior class. But "Dumpy" is just the opposite of his brother. Neither the voice of the orator, nor the face of the dandy charms him. Yet his voice has charmed the inmates of the dormitory full many a time as he has given us a "ditty."

This man is a great lover of wit. He has distinguished himself as a member of the Black Diamond Quartette. Along with his college work he has also got off a number of hours of "campus." In fact he has added a great deal to college life. He has been one of the star players of our invincible basketball team.

The schoolroom will probably claim the first services of this gentleman, and like a great many pedagogues, he may hang out his shingle later.





BUFORD F. WILLIAMS, LL.B.,
COLUMBUS, N. C.

*"I can not tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me."*

Historian of Sophomore Class '05-6.

Height 5 ft. 7 in. Weight 142 lbs.
Age 24 years.

Mr. Williams has been out of college for a year or two to see how it feels to rub up against the world. While in college before, he was an excellent writer. Since then he has been putting this talent in practice, having been connected with the *Charlotte News*. He returns this year for his degree.

Buford belongs to that class of persons who can smile when everything goes wrong. The darkest cloud always has a silver lining for him.

He secured his license in February to practice law, and from now on he will aspire to be one of the State's prominent lawyers.

GEO. LAWRENCE WILLIAMSON, B.A.,
FLORENCE, S. C.

*"Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in it."*

Treasurer of Sophomore Class '07-8; Associate Editor of *Howler* '09.

Height 5 ft. 9½ in. Weight 145 lbs.
Age 19 years.

This youth is one of the many sons of the Palmetto State who come to Wake Forest. He represents the fair city of Florence. After receiving his preparation for college at the South Carolina Military Academy, his face was turned toward this College. He entered the Sophomore class of '06.

He happens to be the youngest member of the Senior class. He is of a quiet disposition, and sound to his true worth, he has many admirable qualities. Though coming from Ben Tillman's State, George has imbibed nothing of the pitchfork spirit or disposition.

This "sandlapper" is a lover of nature, and will go back to the old farm, and become one of South Carolina's prominent planters.





JAMES BENNETT WILLIS, B.A.,
MARLBORO COUNTY, S. C.

*"By his life alone,
Gracious and sweet, the better way was
shown."*

Secretary Junior Class '08; Senior
Speaker.

Height 5 ft. 6½ in. Weight 127 lbs.
Age 26 years.

A man of lilliputian stature, but of broad mind and big heart. He comes to us via Buie's Creek, from the patriotic State of South Carolina, and he never loses an opportunity to portray the glory and greatness, the history and legends of "down home." While in college he has led an estimable, irreproachable life, modest in behavior and earnest of purpose. Realizing that success belongs to the most persevering, he has led a strenuous life. Studious and diligent ever during the week, and on Sunday he dons ministerial robes when,

*"At church with meek and unaffected grace,
His look adorned the venerable place."*

As a politician he is not so successful for he is far from contriving and is relentlessly opposed to scheming. He has many friends and no enemies. He will continue his preparation for service at the seminary where his influence, as here, will be for the best.

EDGAR HOUSTON WRENN, LL.B.,
MOUNT AIRY, N. C.

"And this man would be a lawyer."

Height 6 ft. Weight 174 lbs.
Age 24 years.

The gentleman whose picture is on the right wishes to join the long list of lawyers who have gone out from this College. The Supreme Court has granted him this commission.

Mr. Wrenn was one of the leaders of the famous Freshman Class of '07-8, but being smarter than the others, he has become a senior all at once, and asks the faculty to grant him the degree of LL.B. He has spent his time in going to Raleigh, and quizzing on law. He would be a lawyer of the first magnitude.



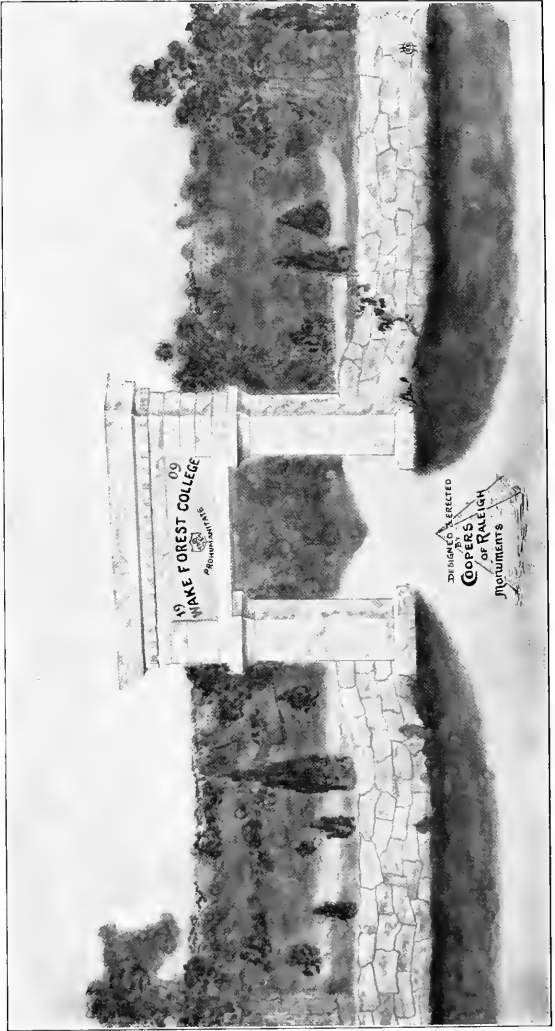


THE present Senior Class, seventy-five in number, and larger by twenty-one than any preceding senior class of the college, decided last fall to erect an arch of some kind to be placed at the campus gate next the depot. A committee was appointed to attend to this work, backed by the class. Cooper Brothers, of Raleigh, were given the work, and before the old college bell tolls for commencement days, a large and stately arch of gray granite will stand at the entrance to the campus to welcome on the college grounds men and women who will come from various climes to participate in the farewell exercises of the largest and most able class that ever strolled these classic shades. On the front of the arch, which will cost between five and six hundred dollars, will be carved the college seal. On the side facing the college will be engraved the name of each senior, so that the following generations may look upward and say: "There are the names of those whose noble deeds have been perpetuated in stone 'more lasting than brass,' and more sublime than the regal elevation of pyramids, which neither the wasting rain, the unavailing north wind, nor an innumerable succession of years, and the flight of seasons, shall be able to demolish, and may we take heart at the thought of their great work and strive toward higher things."

This is indeed the beginning of a new era at Wake Forest. During this year was celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the college; in this year football, the game of the modern knight, was reinstated into its former place in college athletics; we have decided this year to participate in two intercollegiate debates annually; in this year the senior class will erect, as a memorial to its work and as a token of love for the college, a magnificent arch, to stand as an epoch stone in the history of the institution. This marks the beginning of gifts by the classes to the college, and the present class should be an incentive to those leaving later to bestow upon their Alma Mater some token of their love.

So long as the world looks with reverence upon the works of noble men; so long as humanity admires the doers of great deeds; so long as the intellectual rays of Wake Forest College shine forth as a beacon light to lead men to a world of reason, wisdom, and morality—just so long as these things be will this arch stand as a memorial to the immortal class of nineteen hundred and nine.

Men of the Senior Class, before long you will pass out from these old halls, where, by your knightly deportment and noble deeds, you have made a host of abiding friends, into the stern but glorious battle of life. But ever keep in mind that the hand of a loving and grateful Alma Mater ever waves you God-speed.—*Wake Forest Weekly*.



Senior Class History



IN giving the history of a nation or a race of people there are related simply the facts of what they have accomplished. When the Historian attempts to write a history of such a unique and eventful class as the class of 1909, and if he is not allowed to write two or three volumes, he will have to call attention to only a few major operations, and when permission is allowed him to write it more extensively in later years he will be pleased to get out the second edition.

The old reconstruction days, when Dr. Poteat entered upon his new life as President, mark the beginning of our upward and unrelenting climb toward our present position and what it may mean for us in the future.

There is something which characterizes every Freshman, and we were not exempt from the rule, still there was something about this class which compelled attention. It was the largest class of 'newish' that ever stormed the 'hill.' We were nearly one hundred and fifty strong, but the most remarkable thing about that fall was that the campus stayed green until nearly the middle of November.

In the same year the Alumni Building was completed, somewhat faster than Noah built the Ark, and after having completed that job so successfully, and also being very much inspired over the class of that year, the College deemed it profitable to build an Infirmary. So that too was begun and completed before the next term.

The Faculty decided that it would be of greater profit to them to get as many as possible of us back for the coming year. They succeeded, but before the year was ended they had changed their minds and had begun to think that we were all coming back a third time, so they decided that it would be best for all concerned to start some one out to raise enough money to give the college a better endowment. This lot fell to Professor Carlyle, so he divided the work, like all Gaul, into three parts. First the students who gave liberally but grudgingly; second, the Alumni, and third, the public in general. During that year he won the admiration and love of the whole State, and decided to spend the next year at Wake Forest so that he might become more intimately acquainted with the present senior class.

After spending our Junior year in sobriety, which is characteristic of our class, we met on the college hill for the fourth and last time. It took the college seventy-five years to prepare for this one year, and they lost

no time in the preparation, and as a token of our appreciation, we aided in the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the College.

During our stay here we decided that it would be best for us to instruct some students in all channels of learning, so we visited every planet in the solar system, studied every animal, named all the flowers of the field, analyzed all matter, adapted our tongues to every language, prepared to cure all diseases and to give justice to every unlawful act.

The size of this class has not been surpassed in all the history of the College, and it has not been without effect, for Roosevelt leaves the White House to Taft, and Governor Glenn the throne of the State to a Wake Forest man which was a prerequisite to our starting out into life.

In every history there is something which tends to cast a shadow in the sunshine of its brilliancy. It seems as if we have been charging some height as destructive as the one at Gettysburg. Now we have gained its summit, and when we call the roll we find only seventy-five that answer to their names. At first we feel sad, for we think of those of our class who have fallen by the wayside; but when we look up our records they show that a goodly number, who were very swift of foot, recruited the class of '08 and aided them, while some few through pity for the class of '10 are waiting for them who will be out by and by, followed by '11 and '12. We find that nearly all of our members have been successful, so we cease to moan, and all with one accord smile a smile of pride and distinction.

Through the permission of the Senior class, the Faculty may put in the College records that this is the largest of all the classes in the past, and also for two generations in the future, and that it is the largest class turned out from any college in North Carolina for the year 1909.

All great people leave something which forever keeps them in the remembrance and esteem of their friends and future generations. Shakespeare left literature to immortalize his name; Washington left character and political fame to his credit; Lee left generalship for his honor, while this Senior Class leaves to the future generations an arch, which will forever keep watch in the East for the morning sun.

HISTORIAN.

Senior Class Poem



O Alma Mater, lone and grand!
O sacred cenataph!
With solemn hearts, subdued we stand;
And knowing not the half
Adore the lives built in thy walls.
Heroic souls were they,
And from thy halls their spirit calls
Young manhood to the fray.

The world has rolled off four long years
Since first we heard thy voice;
And now those years of hopes and fears,
Of doubtings and of choice
Are gone; and gathered on the shore
Of life's eventful sea
We all but dread the nearing roar:
We know not what may be.

O cherished mother, praise to thee!
A crest thy beacon hill;
We love thy every ancient tree,
Gigantic, stern and still;
Thy sweet magnolias' fragrant bloom;
Thy roses' virgin glow,—
They cheered us through the days of gloom
When hearts were beating low.

We love thy walls of waving green
Whence float the warbler's songs;
Thy halls with learning's grown mein,
Unknown to vulgar throngs;
The noble souls whose patient care
Has led us to our goal;
Our mates, whose good and bad we'll share
While unborn aeons roll.

But Alma Mater, now farewell!
We may no longer stay;
The tide of life begins to swell,
And we are borne away.
But comrades, ere we sadly part,
Yet smiling through our tears,
Say "Here's my hand and here's my heart,"
All thine through all the years."

—POET.

Senior Class Prophecy



WHEN I was elected to the high position of Prophet to the Class of 1909, I had some sort of a hazy notion that I had stumbled on a cinch, and for several months I wasted much valuable time in dealing out condolences to those who got the hard jobs—the Historian, the Class Orator, and others. When I woke up to the fact that the end was near at hand and that the Class of 1909 was still unprophected, I felt the first qualms of misgiving and doubt in my ability as a soothsayer. I didn't give up easily. In fact, I tried hard time and again to get into a prophetic mood. I frequented lonely spots in the daytime. I frequented familiar spots in the lonely hours of midnight, seeking with avidity the companionship of that ghostly crew that is supposed to walk the earth at that dread hour, but never did I feel for one small moment the slightest touch of prophetic fire. I exhausted all the known and orthodox methods of attaining the high frenzy essential to unraveling the future. I consulted the Wake Forest prototype of the Delphic oracle, whose shrine built of crystal silicate rises in lonely splendor in the pines near Holding's mill-pond. I lay like the Roman soothsayer of old, flat on my back, in the broomedge of the local cemetery and watched the vultures sailing around far overhead. Modern vultures are surely not up on forecasting events as were their forerunners in the days of Caesar, when the destinies of nations hung upon their every movement and soothsayers prayerfully watched them. Wake County vultures seem only to know the location of the Medical Laboratories and no longer take any interest in forecasting events.

Time dragged on and it began to look like the old Class of 1909 was to go down in history with the glory of its future unwritten and unsung. One fleeting vagrant bit of prophetic vision touched me once while under the magic spell of one of dear old Doctor Taylor's rhapsodies on the beauties of Ethics; but when I had wallowed through the mire of an hour with Ives' Zoölogy it had gone glimmering and was numbered with the things that were, and in the darkness of despair in which I found myself, I could be sure of but one thing in the future—my eye was barely prophetic enough to see a handsome granite arch spanning the campus entrance for generations to come, the beautiful stone bearing the everlasting letters the names of the valiant band who gave it. And, too, I could see our beloved Professor Carlyle standing before it, rapt in voluble admiration, his beautiful brown eyes fixed on the dim and shadowy regions that lie somewhere beyond the "celestial spheres" which Professor Lanneau talks so much about, spießing it to a Robeson County newish about the good old Class of 1909—the class of all classes—the class that knew a good thing when they saw it and knew how to appreciate and act upon good advice. For he it known that from the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, Professor Carlyle has been urging upon each succeeding class of graduates that the crying need of each succeeding year was an arch of noble granite at the campus entrance, a symbol of the staunchness and firmness of their Alma Mater for the instruction of those who passed it by and a beckoning hand to the verdant newish who yearly tumble off the Seaboard trains with canvas telescopes and book-straps, "looking for the schoolhouse!!"

But that was all I was able to see in the future for my class. Not as bad a prospect as other classes have faced, but yet unworthy of the greatest class the College has yet produced.

And it was when I had reached the lowest depth of despair and was about to walk into the council of the faithful and relinquish my high office, that an inspiration came. I looked about me in wonder and was astonished to think that I had

spent so many weary months trying to lift the veil of the future in a place where the stage-setting was not right. What chance is there for ye old-timer of prophecy in a city such as ours? Behold, we have a new city charter! Behold, we will have electric lights! Innovation, change, transformation is in the very air here.

I pondered over the situation and to myself I said: "How foolish I have been, I must get out of this seething maelstrom of progress. I must lie away to some quaint sequestered village where, 'far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,' I can invoke wise Minerva's aid."

And it came to me with a suddenness that almost took my breath away that the place for my great work, the one place in all the great State of North Carolina best fitted for the scene of my labors, was Raleigh—the quiet, quaint old city where decade after decade rolls by in uninterrupted somnolence. And I lost no time. I grabbed a roll of paper, purchased a ticket of June Allen, and went to Raleigh on the Shoofly.

I had no sooner gazed upon the great bed of wild onions called Nash Square, which lies in front of the Union Station, than I felt the dreaminess and quiet of the ancient city stealing over me, and in my soul there was rest. I knew that I had found the place—a spot where old traditions reign and where that which is new is a discordant element, never to be tolerated. And I wandered over the cobblestones of the ancient city, ineffable contentment in my heart and satisfaction oozing from every pore.

A little past midday I rambled by the mediæval market-house, and at its door I paused in consternation. There at the foot of the stairway stood an electric piano and over the doorway a sign which read, "Moving Pictures." Caesar would not have been more astonished to have found an automobile stranded beyond the Rubicon than was I to see that modern institution in so ancient a city. I asked the man at the door if he would object to my going in, and he said it would be perfectly all right but the show wouldn't begin for two hours. He looked at me as if he thought there was a screw loose somewhere when I tossed him a dime and ran up the steps. I slipped into a seat in the rear of the long, darkened hall and settled down.

I had been sitting there but a few minutes when the queerest experience of my whole life happened to me. The electric lights that had been burning dimly at the sides of the long hall went out. The rattle of the reel was heard in the little box overhead, and a light flashed out on the canvas curtain.

"Why, the show begins earlier than the man thought," said I to myself.

Just then I felt something lightly brush the back of my neck and I knew that something was neither flesh nor fowl nor anything earthly. For a few brief seconds I realized that the full terror that lies in that ghastly bit of Hamlet where the ghost speaks of the tale that it could "unfold" if it so desired. My "young blood" reached the freezing point and my hair was doing "fretful peacupine" stunts in quick succession, when one of the sweetest voices I ever heard murmured at my ear:

"Fear not, young prophet; I am the guardian angel of thy class, and I come to aid thee in thy labors. Behold, I will use the enginery of modern civilization to bring before thine eyes the lives and fortunes of thy classmates."

My fear left me and I lay back, watching intently the working of the wonder. The gracious presence never left me, but lingered close to my ear, explaining when it thought necessary the meaning of the pictures on the canvas.

First appeared the Class of 1909, brave in its display of Commencement paraphernalia. In solemn splendor it spread itself about a beautiful arch of granite at the campus entrance on which was carved "*Pro Christo et Humanitate*" and the names of the "grave and reverend Seniors" who composed the class. The scene shifted and the same arch of granite was depicted twenty years later. The beautiful stone was covered with ivy. Beneath it went an endless stream of careless youth who cared not to look beneath the ivy for the inscription that stood out so proudly and glaringly in 1909. And my classmates, the good old boys of the Class of 1909, what pranks Dame Fortune and her unlovely daughter, Miss Fortune, had played on

them! There were so many of them and so quickly the scenes changed that it was a hard task to follow. Many I missed, but some of them I caught. And this is what I remember of what I saw:

* * * * *

The screen lit up with a sudden glow of color. Dominating all was a beautiful pinkish hue. I waited for the appearance of some figure to explain the phenomenon: but none came. Anticipating my question, the Presence at my ear said:

"That was Gallimore. He is still blushing. A maiden of sweet sixteen hath smiled at him.

* * * * *

Then there passed across the screen seven of the most melancholy figures ever seen on the face of the earth. The shortest face in the crowd was a yard long. Their solemnity was preternatural, unreal in its ghastliness. They looked like Mormon elders, and also made me think of a sight I saw one fine rainy morning in November as I looked out of my window into the back-yard of the Eu. Club when I was a newish, and saw seven big black creatures of the "winged tribe" perched upon the fence, praying for sunshine. Looking close, I distinguished my classmates, Hurst, Hines, Willis, Seymour, Bancroft, Allen and Singleton.

"Ah, there they are! In college they went about wrapped in a mantle of ministerial aloofness. Behold, what a joke I have played upon them," and the Presence laughed mockingly.

* * * * *

And there came another group—one quite a contrast to its predecessor. On each face was a stereotyped smile of the Quaker Oats variety. I instinctively put my hand on my pocket-book when I saw them. The first of the group I saw was Archie Bynum, as insinuating and cheerful as ever, still on the outlook for stray quarters. He was manager of the Potocasi baseball team. Having contracted managerial fever at college, he never got over it. Dockery, Hardy, Prevetie and Carroll, all inoculated with the genus of the same dread disease, were still trying to manage something and were making poor headway. Prevetie and Dockery had found it impossible to manage their own households. As I watched, a tiny little woman caught big Joe Prevetie by the ear and led him whimpering to the wash-tub, and a full-grown Amazon snatched up little Dockery, flicked a cigarette from between his teeth and spanked him soundly thrice.

* * * * *

"Chas." Bell came cantering across the stage, a little the worse for wear but smoking his stogie with old-time nonchalance. "Say, Beau," he said—and the words came to me with startling clearness—"what do you think of getting up a debate between Theodore Roosevelt and Josiah William Bailey? Wouldn't that wake up the natives? Say, let's figger on running a special train. How many of the boys you reckon would go?"

"Poor fellow," sighed the Presence. "Crazy as a loon. Managing debating teams and notices in the Raleigh papers turned his head."

* * * * *

Ah, the Lawyers! Across the screen they came, five handsome figures. There was Wrenn, tall, dignified, pedantic. He had specialized on embracery, the doctrine of ancient lights and feudal tenures, and consequently had an *exclusive* practice. Joyner, after years of patient industry, attained sufficient legal knowledge to justify him in running for the office of justice of the peace for Rhankatte Township. He went into politics, got into the "ring," and was elected.

The fate that had befallen Tilley and Blackmore was heartrending. They came upon the scene, Tilley worn to a shadow of his former corpulent self, and Blackmore a wasted dwarf. Each was red of eye and fierce of visage.

"I have recommendations from Hon. Marion Purefoy, Chief Justice of Wake Forest," shouted Tilley.

"And I am strongly recommended by that ancient and venerable statesman, Lord High Mayor, Solomon J. Allen," cried Blackmore.

"Behold," retorted Tilley, "I am recommended by Dr. George Washington Paschal and Oliver Bracy."

Whereupon Blackmore fainted. The sorrowful Presence at my side whispered: "Poor fellows! Judge Pritchard is dead and gone where all good Republicans go and they are fighting for a Federal judgeship."

J. J. Hayes, the Wilkes County phenomenon, was seen keeping "the even tenor of his way" in the wake of a small black mule, the intricacies, trials and tribulations of the law long since forgotten.

* * * * *

I heard a sound as of the babbling of many waters, but saw nothing. The Presence explained that it was Creasman and Dunn, still talking—and further volunteered the information that neither had said anything worth bearing through all the lapse of years.

* * * * *

An uncouth figure was dragged across the stage by a female of some spirit and muscle. I recognized in the unhappy victim my old friend Williamson. My curiosity would not stand the strain and I asked:

"How did you capture him, lady? I never heard of him talking."

She glared at me and snapped back:

"I asked for him and took him because his silence gave consent."

* * * * *

All at once the scene changed and I was in the midst of a medical convention. Kurfess with a slightly redder face than of yore (a redness attained by the unstinted use of that beverage which made Milwaukee famous), and with the same old glad-to-see-you grin, was presiding. Phifer was lecturing on the Origin of the Species and using Bazemore as a living illustration of the missing link to prove the correctness of Darwin's theory of the descent of man. Leggett, Morgan and Ivey were in the audience, their scanty locks plentifully besprinkled with hayseed.

* * * * *

Then something got wrong with the films. The unearthly being handling the apparatus either got in a hurry or wished to spare my feelings by not laying bare the futures of some of the less fortunate of the Class of 1909, for he shot them through in a hurry. There was Henderson, Beach, McManus, Coble, Knott, Munchison, Koontz, Webb, Olive, Baldwin, Jackson, Coggin, Hendren, Lanier, and a succession of "Posts" that swept by like a blur on the landscape. There was Professor Jones, Ferrell, Marshblanks, Anders, Wood, Pearson, Tyler, Brown, Howard, and Hendrix. I didn't feel bad about missing the "Post" for they are only left-overs, hangers-on at their Alma Mater, faint-hearted weaklings who haven't the nerve to buck up against the world with an A.B. degree.

* * * * *

The reel slowed down and a cheap vaudeville scene was flashed upon the screen. Dump White and Daniel, their glee-club trained voices rendering valiant service, were doing cheap stunts for the delectation of a cheapskate crowd.

* * * * *

"Ah, there they come," fairly hissed the Presence. "The trouble makers! Ah, how I have worried over those long, lean and hungry boys. They have given me more trouble than all the rest of the class."

I looked and saw Saunders come into view, followed closely by Williams. The Presence quoted at my ear the grim words of Caesar:

"Your Cassius has a lean and hungry look:

He thinks too much: such men are dangerous."

* * * * *

As they disappeared a pleased chuckle broke from the Presence. I looked and saw waddling across the stage two pleasing objects. They were Funderburk and

Patty Clark, both happy and contented and pleased with life. Continuing to quote the words of Cæsar, the Presence said:

“Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o’ nights.”

And they went on out of sight radiating happiness and good cheer.

* * * * *

Then the machine manipulator got in a hurry again and in the maze of shifting scenes I saw Higgs, a backwoods politician; Poe, an orator of Robeson-wide reputation; Walker, the best cornetist in Possum Holler, Gum Swamp Township, Cherokee County; Wade Hampton, the proud Principal of the City Schools of Pine Level, Yadkin County; Gardner, the pastor of Pine Swamp and Valley View Baptist churches at a salary of \$120 a year; Sanford Martin, a political spellbinder and a hanger-on at Democratic State headquarters; Melton, an under-study to Dr. Paschal, still consistently legging the Faculty; Jones, J. R., a two-by-four lawyer in the City of Pilot Mountain, eking out a miserable existence at the practice of law, living one day with the gods on Olympus—the next the prey of the blue devils; Gay, pulling a bell-cord over a mule in a little cotton patch in *Northampton* County, one eye directed anxiously at a little cabin under the pines and both ears wide open to hear the first toot of the dinner horn from the lips of the “old ‘oman”; Pope, an itinerant musician, proud possessor of a monkey and a hand-organ; Flowers, the artist, painting boot and shoe signs for Henry Mayo, cobbler; McMillan, the rank Robeson Scotchman, still harping on the Solid South; Bennett, a heart-broken wreck at the State Hospital for the Insane, his ruin caused by his failure to make an intercollegiate debate; Carroll, a stereoscope salesman carrying enlarged portraits as a side line; Dailey, the deluded,—born with an opinion of his oratorical ability unwarranted by facts, as every member of the En. Society from 1905 to 1909 could testify, was found preaching to the Mountain Grove Baptist Church on Sunday and following the lowly ox during the week days.

* * * * *

The reel again slowed down and Frisky Jim, the Raleigh ex-candidate for pulpit honors, stood out against a background of sylvan beauty and bucolic solitude. Adams started out to be a preacher, fell a prey to the wiles of an old-maid teacher at the B. U. W., who so changed his outlook on life and so soured his erstwhile sweet disposition that he for-ook his high calling and gravitated into that profession which is ofttimes the grave of genius, the last resting place of lawyers, preachers, poets and statesmen,—teaching. For many years he had taught the destrict school at Frog Level, in his native county, giving entire satisfaction to all the patrons of the school.

* * * * *

A quick shift of scene and I was looking on a crowded grandstand, packed bleachers and two teams in the field. Toeing the plate was Captain Benton—a little larger, more matured and seasoned, but the same old Benton that set the bleachers wild in his college days. Benton was the pride of the New York Giants, a hero in baseballdom, known from Maine to California as one of the mightiest of the sons of swat.

A murmured good-bye in my ear took my attention a moment from the screen, and when I looked again the screen was absolutely blank.

Senior Class Will



WE, the Senior Class of Wake Forest College of the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and nine, having passed through the fiery furnace of Freshmanhood, the beloved long-eared pets of Dr. Sledd, the pride of Dr. Paschal, having endured his painfully funny jokes and his bewitching smiles as he admired the tact and skill with which we rode through Latin, having passed into Sophomoredom, bearing all the torts and blame which Sophomores are heir to, as Juniors suffering the scorn of our elder brothers, the class of '08, whom we vied to surpass in wisdom and learning, and in our old age having survived the ordeal of Psychology, and the Waterloo of Logic, conquering with courage our last foe, Ethics, all of us of sound body, and comparatively speaking, of sane mind, realizing that the end is near, do hereby make our last will and testament.

First. We declare it to be our Class desire that our Class Historian make a lasting record of our great achievements during the past four years, and that a copy of the same be donated to the College Library for the benefit of posterity.

Second. We give and bequeath to the Junior Class the superfluous amount of dignity which our class possesses, the privilege of nonattendance on gymnasium, the right to appear wise on all occasions, and whereas the Faculty were so favorable (?) to our petition asking that no examinations be required of any Senior who makes a daily grade of 90 per cent, we desire that this right shall not be denied the class of 1910.

Third. We bequeath to the Sophomore Class all the good counsel and advice we have been able to gather from various sources during the past four years, and refer them in our absence, for future advice on all subjects to Doctor Tom.

Fourth. Whereas the Freshman Class have become so prominent in all the affairs pertaining to the College, and whereas they have obtained a position more elevated than the upper classes in rights and privileges, we declare it to be our desire that henceforth it be a precedent at Wake Forest College that the Freshman Class cooperate with and be a chief advisory council to the Faculty in the management of all their affairs.

Fifth. To the "Preps" we extend our heartfelt sympathy for what they must go through with, and we bequeath to them all of our implements of warfare, also all "live stock" which will be of great service to them in obtaining the good will of the Faculty.

Sixth. We make to the Faculty our last formal acknowledgment of the many favors they have seen fit to bestow upon us, our appreciation of the boundless confidence they have placed in us, and express our desire that they may live on and on—even until they can produce another class like ours.

Seventh. We bestow our congratulations upon the Alumni that this year they are receiving into their midst the greatest class, in numero, in the history of the college.

Eighth. We give and bequeath to Wake Forest College as an everlasting monument of our love and loyalty to our Alma Mater, an elaborate arch, erected near the gate at the main entrance to the College, to be dedicated on the day of our graduation.

Ninth. Whereas upon consulting our Treasurer we find that all of our goods and chattels are not disposed of, we empower our executors to dispose of the remaining property in the following way: To Dr. Poteat, a box of "Frog in the Throat tablets." To Professor Ives, our interest in all of the "beautiful specimens" of fishing worms in Wake County. To Dr. Paschal, a sum of money adequate to purchase a sufficient number of "Lesson Helps" for his Junior Latin Class. To Professor Page, the right to commune with all the birds and flowers in the entire community. To Professor Gulley, an automatic grading machine whose minimum grade is 75 per cent. To Professor Lanneau, a round trip ticket to Jupiter and a piece of "nice apparatus" for observing its moons. To Dr. Brewer, for analyzing purposes, the overplus of gas some of our number have to spare. To Professor Lake, a magnet by which he will be able to attract and hold the attention of his class. To Dr. Gorrell, a pack of "Old Virginia Cheroots." To Professor Highsmith, a hat made to order with elastic band. If there be any property or specie not yet disposed of, we will that it be distributed, per capita, among the other members of the Faculty, the "kid members" not to be excepted.

We do hereby appoint as executors of this will such members of our class who for the love they have for the "grand old college," and for other not inferior reasons, have decided to spend the rest of their lives here—in quest of the B.A. degree.

In witness whereof we do hereby set our hand, this 5th day of May, 1900.

Signed, sealed and declared to be the last will and testament, sworn to in the presence of the Hon. Henry Mayo; in testimony of which we as disreputable witnesses do subscribe our names hereto.

(Signed) UNCLE NATHAN.
 PETE.
 HENRY BRIDGES.



THE JUNIOR

Junior Class Officers



J. M. BROUGHTON, JR.	President.
R. O. CRITCHER	Vice-President.
DEE CARRICK	Secretary.
W. B. DANIELS, JR.	Treasurer.
E. I. OLIVE	Historian.
WILL E. MARSHALL	Poet.
W. R. HILL	Prophet.

JUNIOR CLASS



Junior Class History

TALK about histories! A history is just what the class of nineteen-ten has been making. If things keep on happening in the same ratio as they have happened for the past three years, it will take untold volumes to hold the records that these sturdy men of genius shall have made by the time they reach the heights of college glory at the end of one road and at the beginning of another on Commencement Day of nineteen hundred and ten. But it is not mine to foretell the weal or woe to which this class will attain, and if it were, my chiefest reckoning would depend upon the achievements of the past; but it is to me, diligent reader, to set forth just a few things that have already made this class, peculiar to all other, immortal.

My! our days of Newishdom were many and terribly long. So trying were they that a goodly number of our class decided that they could not brave the tide for four long years; also, consequently, despairing and dropping out for all time, and yet a few unsatisfied ones jumping over one year to the class of nineteen nine. Now this is what I call a lack of "gumption" on the one hand, and of patriotism on the other. The first needs no explanation. For a person to give up simply because there are some Sophomores in College shows a lack of perseverance. I believe that the courage of such a person could actually be covered by a postage stamp. And for one to become unpatriotic and go to the next class, leaving his classmates to battle without him, is a crime which ought to cause the Faculty to "flunk" him, and cause him to go back to his class. Nevertheless, such disloyalties have not deprived us of a history—an unparalleled history. We still have anything in our class from the long-eared tribe to the towering statesman and the glowing pulpit orator, to say nothing of our invincible athletes.

We finally reached the end of our "Newish" year, and had not lost a very great number in the struggle, although some were scarred and bruised. When we became Sophomores, we were larger in numbers than ever, or the increase in the size of the individuals was more than sufficient to fill up all vacancies. And I'll tell you that those days were glorious while they lasted; days in which we felt we could with none compare. So important were we that some few of our number were used as employees of the Faculty to see that the Freshman confined themselves closely to their rooms at night. Some, unfortunately, betrayed their business, and had to leave school for failing to come up to the requirements of the office which had been so generously given them. But all those days are past; and please do not ask us much about them. They were days, happy within themselves, but, when recalled, we see how foolish we were to think that we were so important, and were not wise enough to see our mistake.

But alas! I am telling the wrong side of the story. Who is there of us but has his faults? Should every one be judged by his failings none

would be considered great. So I would not have you, by any means, to be entirely forgetful of the past; but I would have you listen diligently to what I am going to tell you now.

In athletics we are never wanting. It was pathetic to see us win so easily the championship in basketball, both while we were Sophomores and now that we are Juniors. The other classes did not stand any showing at all, and are indeed to be sympathized with. Nor did we stop at winning over the other classes, but played several "prep" schools, and thrashed them even more shamefully than we did the class teams. Now four of the five on the college team are members of the Junior Class! The only reason that they are not all Juniors is that "Big" Gay was on the team last year, and we had to let him stay on this year on account of his past history. We still have enough Juniors left who can play well enough to thrash out the other classes. The unbroken record of the basketball team is told in another place, but it deserves mention here on account of those who compose the team.

In tennis, Dec Carrick is always there with the goods. Those fellows from the University of North Carolina knew how to use the racquet, but they were not in it with Dec. Nor are we lacking for men in football, baseball and track. I could give names of stars in these, but no more need to be said to show that our record in athletics is unequalled.

And, alike, in the other phases of college life we are equally well represented. In other words, our class is one which is developed along all lines. Our record shows no half-cracked skulls or heads filled with sawdust. And so, I can truly say, that taking it all in all, I have never yet belonged to a class quite so brilliant as that of nineteen hundred and ten.

HISTORIAN.

Junior Class Poem



'Twas but a couple of days ago,
Or at the most a week or so,
That we were verdant "newish," too,
And like all Freshmen thought we knew
'Most everything there was to know.

And then 'twas but on yesterday
That we were Sophs both wise and gay :
Not caring what the morrow brought,
Nor for the things the teachers taught,
But idling all the hours away.

To-day, as Juniors bold we stand
With divers powers at our command,
To-morrow we'll all Seniors be ;
And when with sheep-skin we're set free,
We'll make our marks in every land.

POET.

Junior Class Prophecy



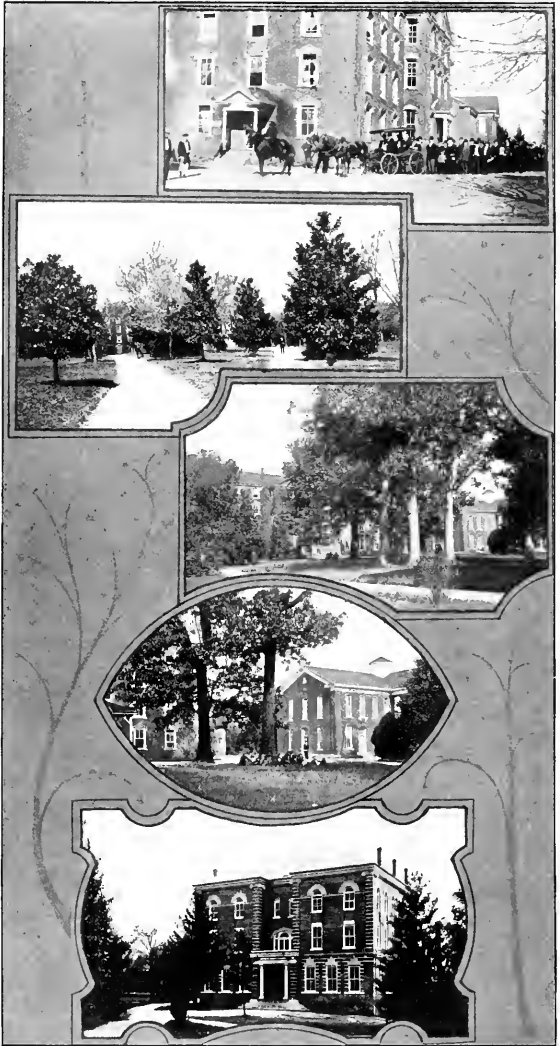
AND I dipt into the future far as human eye could see. Saw the visions of the class and all the wonders that would be. I saw the Yale and Harvard football teams lined up on Thanksgiving Day for the final contest of the season. It had been advertised that Captain Duffy would be at his old post at right end. Harvard's manager was glad to announce that "Fatty" Powell and Forepaw would be in on the first freight. The game was an exceptionally snappy one. Duffy shed great glory on his Alma Mater by getting the ball and running toward the wrong goal with it. He would have made a touchback if he had not stumped his toe and fallen when the referee called him down. In falling he got a briar in his finger. Drs. Roberson, Leggett and McCullers did their best to extract it, but in spite of their heroic efforts he had to go out of the game. "Fatty" got the ball once and was actually walking swiftly towards the right goal with it when one of Yale's tackles called to him in a ferocious voice to stop or he would tackle him. "Fatty," of course, rather than run the risk of being tackled, stopped. Forepaw made a sensational play by threatening to tackle a man.

As I came back from the game I recognized my old friend Pink Lovelace on the street car and asked him what he was following now. "I am assistant motorman," he replied. "I don't have much to do but sit around the car sheds and talk to the motormen and conductors who are not on duty," he added with a self-important air.

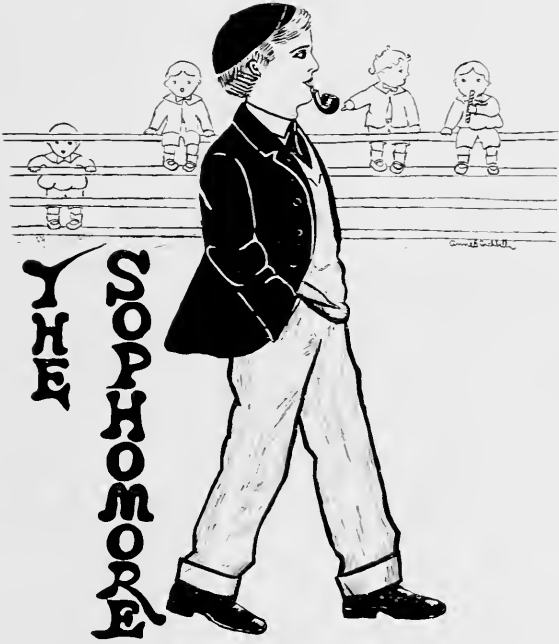
"Greensboro!" the conductor cried just then, and I got off to attend the North Carolina Baptist State Convention. After an address by Brother Ragland, Rev. Hoyle, D.D., Th.D., Ph.D., who had recently succeeded O. V. Hamrick LL.D., as pastor at Forestville, moved that a collection be taken to defray the expenses of Brother George Tunstall and family from Pekin, China, to San Francisco, from which place he declared he could walk home. The following day was given up to the discussion of the question whether Latin should remain prescribed in Wake Forest College or be made elective. Rev. J. P. Harris made an eloquent address favoring elective Latin in which he was warmly supported by Dr. Blanchard. They spoke so eloquently for an hour each that the convention voted unanimously against their proposition.

From here I landed in Chicago where the International Bar Association was in session. I arrived just in time to hear the first speaker of the morning announced, J. R. Jones of Stokes County. Dee Carrick, Senator Simmons, Dutch Broughton, Governor Hughes and Ector Harrill who had been leaning in whispered conversation straightened up and smiled approval at the speaker. After this cries were heard for Walter Clark, John Best, Ben Tillmann, Waite Brewer, but quiet was at length restored when Bill Marshall introduced Bland Mitchell. After Judge G. C. Brown, who had just returned from "Oxford," had finished a few remarks, Hon. Thomas Beckett introduced "Bear" Massey, but when "Bear" drew that mug on me I closed my eyes and saw no more.

PROPHET.



COLLEGE SCENES



Sophomore Class Officers



HUBERT WHITE	President.
W. M. WILLIS.....	Vice-President.
T. C. BRITT.....	Secretary-Treasurer.
C. A. MURCHISON.....	Historian.
R. L. WALL.....	Prophet.
B. F. BUTLER.....	Poet.

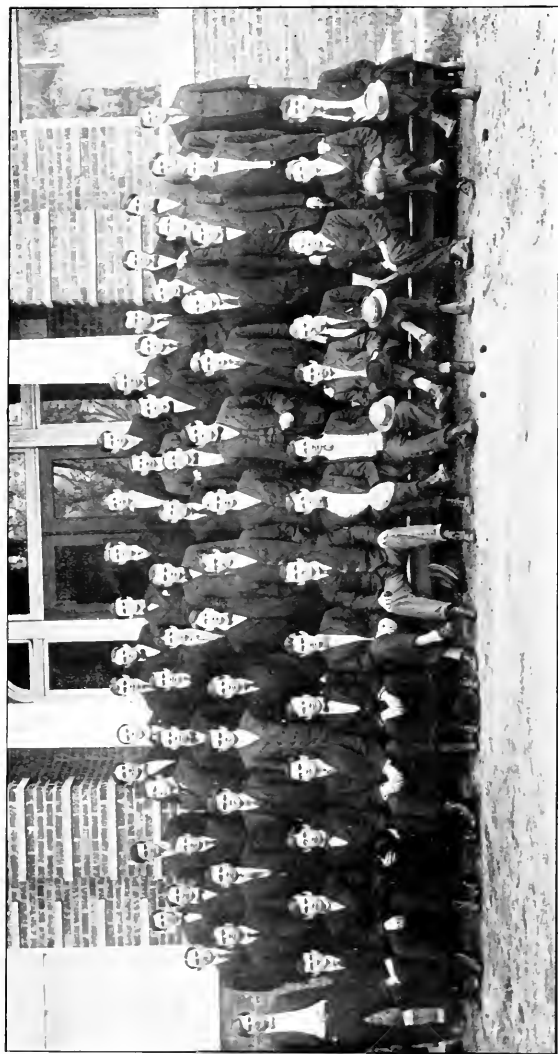


Sophomore Class Poem



Proud of our new estate, hither we came,
Planning in all things great honors to claim,
Plumed for the unattained, confident of winning
Heights by few ever gained—great our beginning,
For in our estimation, the worst was behind
“Fresh” and all consternation therewith combined,
But we have learned that earth still has its troubles—
Juniors to war with, seniors to burst our bubbles,
The faculty to help them out, staid, stern, and exacting;
And—honestly, the year throughout we’ve felt ourselves contracting,
And from all indications I draw the surmise
That with moderate elation we’ll find our true size,
And round out Sophomority with sober judgment gained—
A passport to Juniority too rarely obtained.

—POET.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

History of the Class of 1911

MAN has achieved nothing in this world until he has reached that point in his career, whereon he may take his stand, and, looking backward, exclaim, "Behold, Sir, the works of my hand, the products of my labor."

Then he may not only sweep his eyes toward the horizon of the great beyond, crying out, "O Future, what hopes, what promises, what golden prospects, do I see dimly outlined in thy distant and misty clouds of fancy," but may, with the calm smile of the philosopher and conqueror, also say, "O Past, thee I honor, thou, Alma Mater of my knowledge, thou donator of my wisdom, thou begetter and preserver of my fame."

On this commanding point from which may be thus reviewed the panorama of the Past, as well as the visions of the Future, stands the class of 1911, to-day. With eyes eager to revision the familiar images contained in the dark, backward abyss of time, we now behold on a hill in the dim background a large weather-beaten building. In our fancy we are again seated within its old walls. The flickering lights gleam fitfully through the dull, lazy strata of cigar smoke that envelops us. The sound of merry voices and gleeful laughter, flavored by the clinking of glasses and the clattering of china, falls pleasingly upon the ear. Now the toasts are being given. Listen to the applause and more clinking. Ah now, the smoke is floating out; do you see those faces? The one with the judge-like expression belongs to Huntley. That sign-board of innocence over there in the corner belongs to Buchanan. He fears that it will be mutilated to-night for he is armed to the teeth. At the head of the table? Why that's old Highsmith. He is a bull, he is. Look how he holds that cigar; you can tell that he is used to it. That's Rodwell sitting on the washstand serving juice and telling yarns. Watch him, how he pours out the grape. He does not measure it with three fingers turned sideways. That's Big Wheeler rapping on the table for order. Guess he has thought of a joke he wants to tell before he forgets it. No, I'll be darned if he has. There is something up. The house is surrounded by a raging multitude. They are yelling something about Newish tricks, and growing more excited every minute.

But in the ranks of the men of 1911 perfect calmness reigns. Twelve more cigars, and four quarts of nectar must be consumed before they care even to deliberate on what course to pursue. Finally the time comes to disband for the night. With perfect calmness we gather our belongings about us, and marching boldly forward in solid column, exeunt into the darkness. The air is alive with the buzz of many voices, and the antics of numerous excited figures meet our gaze.

This is new to our men, and taking seats on the campus benches, we look on interestedly for a while to see what will happen, but it soon grows monotonous, and we retire to our rooms to talk over the grand success of our first banquet. A typical picture, this, of our colonial days.

Ah, we were merry lads then. We constantly and unhesitatingly appropriated unto ourselves the grapes of the vine, the fruit of the orchard, the melon of the patch, the peanut of the field, the fowl of the chicken-house, the berry of the brier and the milk of the cow. A bumble bee on a maiden's cheek was not more happy than we. Ah! a maiden's cheek.

I would fain ramble off into the realms of society, but I should not, for such is not true history.

It is a sad fact, that all good things have an end. That is why these old colonial days passed away. Three months come and go, and we are treading the classic walks about old W. F. C. Everybody treats us with the profoundest respect and admiration. Being, as it were, forced to realize our superiority, we assume a dignity and bearing properly befitting our station.

At first we were greatly worried by the presence of a great number of peculiar looking individuals. Owing to the ineffable expression on their countenances, and the inconsistency of their attire, we finally decided that they belonged to the *genus viride*. They called themselves the Class of 1912. For a long time we hardly knew how to take action concerning them.

But finally Wall with his motherly face all wreathed in smiles suggested that we buy candy and rattles for them. Immediately we did so, and found it very efficacious. Indeed they have so grown in stature that we no longer find any great trouble in our efforts to avoid stepping on them.

In thinking on this phase of our external social relations, another picture has been suggested to my mind.

A football field. On one side are drawn up the men of 1911. On the other the *genus viride*. I don't know why the viridians are here, but I suppose it is because we have always been so gentle with them. Now they clash; the viridians are down. They roll over in the sand, pulling up handfuls of grass with which to wipe away their tears. The men of 1911 now administer to them a thorough massage, patting them on the back, pulling their legs, tweaking their ears, stretching their necks. In a feeling of playfulness they butt their heads together, tickle their solar plexus, dissect their munda rotunda, rub sand into their hair, file their corns with brickbats, sling ditch-mud under their toe nails, jab in their short ribs, put rings in their noses, plant grass seed here and there, and demoralize their courage in general, after which Hardy calls the signals and the men of 1911 carry the pig-skin *gayly* and triumphantly across the line for a touchdown and goal. The *genus viride* are unable to put the ball in play again, so the game ends.

The laurel wreath of victory still sits on our brow. No class has the courage or power to dispute its possession. All is at peace. Alas! for new worlds to conquer.

HISTORIAN.

Sophomore Class Prophecy

IS there anything beneficial, tangible or scientific in the powers of the fakirs or wise men of the Eastern or Oriental lands? Judge for yourself by the unfolding of the future and its comparison with the statements I shall presently give you. Last summer, traveling in the land of dreams and fancies, of traditions and superstitions, of charms and unearthly phantoms, of awful revelations and unaccountable mysteries—that land of the nomad races which we call the "Far East," I experienced something which I deem a privilege rare.

One night, when all nature revelled in extravagant display, seemingly to atone for the pitiless heat and stifling aridness of the day just vanished, I visited the hut of an aged and revered "holder of the future truths"—in that country called a fakir. "Father," I said, "I have traveled far to listen to your words, tell me of my future." But he sadly shook his majestic, proud, old head, and replied, "No, to the selfish desires of mortal, the immortals answer not, but of others I will ask their will."

Thinking of the happy days back in the "States," and of my college cronies, I asked for knowledge of their yet un-lived days. He spoke not, but led the way into a small tent, and as I seated myself, a weird, unearthly, colorless, indescribable light seemed to drift us into another realm. From an invisible choir, enchanting music floated across the sea of space to my spellbound soul. I became as a pigmy in the cloud of mist. Before me stood the fakir clothed in flowing robes of light, his hoary beard waving in the weird radiance. With a wand he made several peculiar moves, giving forth a metallic sound from the empty space. Then he uttered something in an unknown tongue—and suddenly before me was a scroll containing the following, written in fifty different languages. And as my eyes fell upon the familiar English letters, I read:

HUBERT WHITE.—By natural gifts fitted for the baseball diamond, only after two years of professional ball playing did he attempt the more serious problems of life. From an enthusiastic player, he developed into a fighter, and won many legal battles. His knowledge of men and their ways served him well in forming a strong combine of supporters and clients before the bar. Always evinced great interest in athletics. Never quite overcame his bashfulness before the fair sex.

WHITEHURST.—With unabated vim he fought for recognition before the bar, in the circle of men of letters, and in political worlds. His career, though marked by changes, spelled "success." Yet throughout life, a weakness for the damsel fair, a love of the merry glass, and an unfeigned delight in all sports, interwove the serious and less serious elements.

CHARLES E. HARDY.—In man, two things generally have brought success—knowledge and energy. Combining these happy qualities with a pleasing personality, Hardy became noted as a corporation lawyer. Wrote a series of treatises concerning certain economic questions which took rank in the best current literature.

WILLIE MOORE WILLIS.—Graduated from W. F. C.; later from a Northern Medical College. His eagerness for understanding, quickness of perception and perseverance, achieved, deserved results. His skill as a surgeon kept him in constant demand, but he gave up his practice to serve his Alma Mater, and taught for a number of years in W. F. C., attaining prominence as an authority in certain specialties of medicine.

"JULIUS CAESAR" SMITH.—Of a gentle flavor, mathematical mind and sentimental bent—he was a favorite among the fair sex, having at each post on his route as a traveling salesman, one or more of the fair sex. As a member of a Boston commercial firm his signature rambled over the deep and lofty distances. Ah! a good fellow he was, but he could not keep the girls from quarreling over his fair locks.

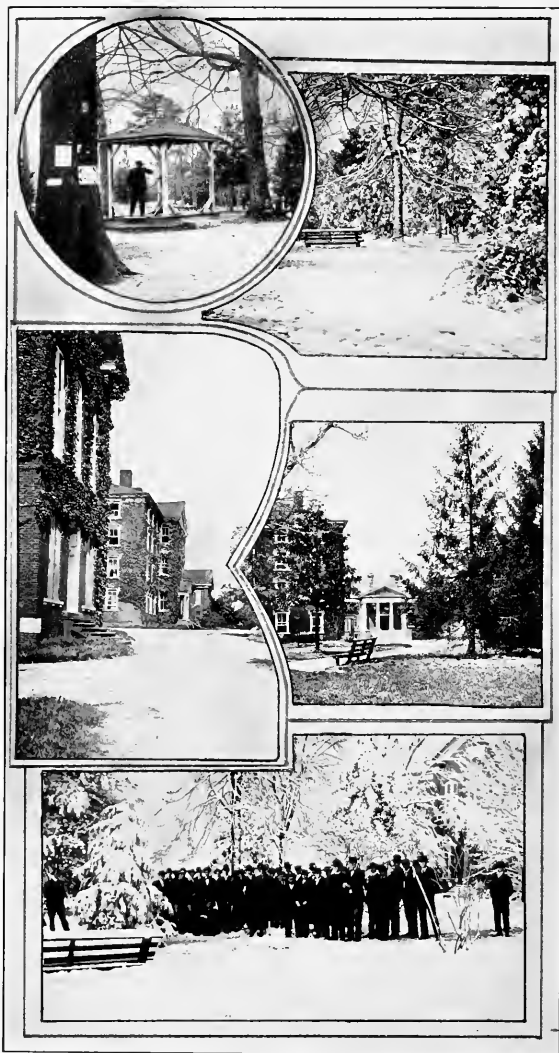
JOHN GASKILL BELL.—For a long time he traveled, sometimes on top, sometimes at the end, seldom underneath, but always with but distant recognition of the "conductor." But after all he got there, and that is what counts. His solemn voice and betraying eyes won the smiles of many maids. He soliloquized, solemnized, philosophied, and finally died. But the world was richer, for in his passing he touched many hearts by his exquisite music, and the memory of him as "wizard of the clustered organ pipes," is rivaled only by the matchless compositions he left to the musical world.

BRUCE BUTLER.—Reared in a huckleberry swamp of Sampson County, after a few years of practical education plowing behind an ox, entered college to demonstrate the quintessence of the singularities of extreme country life, and to prepare for the efficient use of herbs in that desolate section. Became a famous horse doctor in his community—his practice being confined to his one-horse farm. Withal he was a man well liked.

Awed and yet amused by this mixture of history and destiny, I looked to one side, when all became a black mist, and the lights disappeared.

Rubbing my eyes, I saw before me the fakir seated on a mat, and with a calmness inscrutable smoking an ancient and queerly-shaped pipe.

PROPHET.



COLLEGE SCENES

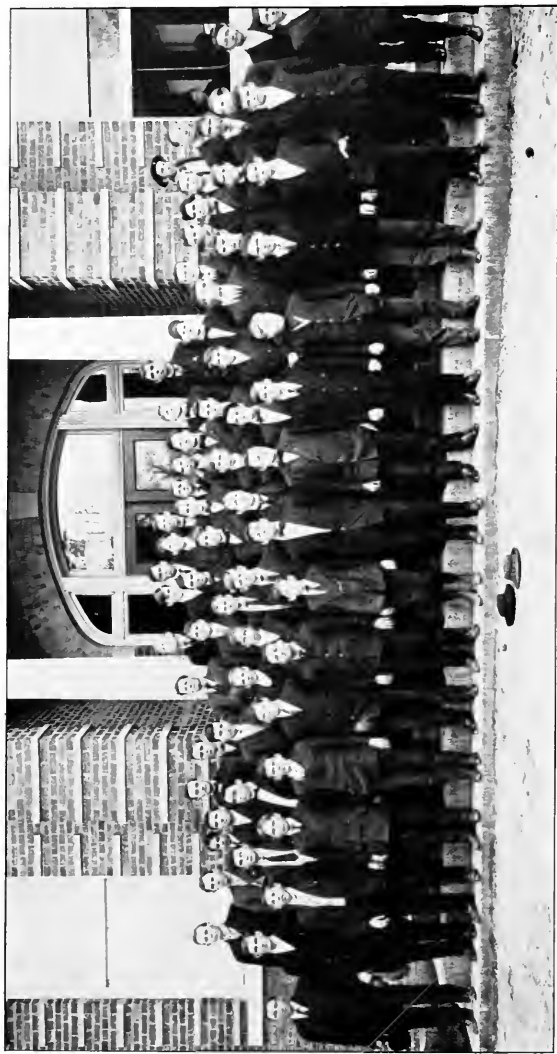


THE FRESHMAN

Freshman Class Officers



HUBERT B. TAYLOR.....	President.
HENRY B. CONRAD.....	Vice-President.
R. P. BLEVINS.....	Treasurer.
H. A. WALLIN.....	Historian.
S. T. OLIVER.....	Prophet.
W. P. PAGE.....	Poet.
H. M. BEAM.....	Secretary.



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class History



"Now's the hour, now's the day,
See the front of battle hur—
Victory is in every heart
Let us organize or die."

With such stirring words as these, a band of about one hundred young men met and organized the Freshman Class of nineteen hundred and twelve. Triumphant indeed were we, for never in the history of the College were the "Newish" so successful as to organize at their first meeting. For many years the war-whoop of the Sophomores had been the terror of the "Freshman," but this was one time when,

"They forgot to whoop or command,
The gallant youngsters to join the nymphal dance."

On the morning of the twelfth day of September, the President of the College announced a meeting of the Sophomores, and as luck would have it we had planned our meeting for the same time. Since there was some misunderstanding about the place of meeting, the boys were divided into two sections. But our crowd was much the larger, and happened to be the successful one. The other crowd, numbering about thirty, was thrown into confusion by the "war-cry" of the Sophomores, and the dance, of course, followed. Our crowd, however, was not interrupted, and only a few minutes were required until the story of a successful organization was completed. Then began our famous march of one and one-half miles to the College. It was attended by the vociferous bark of the "American bulldogs" and the clear ring of "specials."

When we had reached the College well, and quenched our thirst with a cool drink, we gathered together to enjoy a wrestle between Newish Wilkins and Sophomore Butler. After a few minutes tussling they "quit off even" at the ringing of the supper bell, and we marched off, making our joy full by telling the story to others.

Woodall and Eller happened to be out of their room one night, when they heard the sound of some one approaching. Being under a woodshed, they armed themselves with cudgels, and awaited the issue. Every minute brought the suspected Sophomores nearer, until Woodall decided that it was time for action. He made a desperate charge, hurling the piece of wood, only to hear in return the bawl of Mr. Mills's frightened calf as it bounded away into the darkness.

Ferguson, one of our number, is a very charming fellow, but all his charms were turned into scorn on hearing the "newish whistle." He and Powell walked across the campus one day, followed by some old boys who whistled them the entire way, thus causing Ferguson's anger to rise to the brim. He turned to Powell and said, "If there was just one of them I would fix him."

Gray is one of the most gallant in school. His physique is one of grace and beauty. At the Randolph-Macon-Wake Forest debate in Raleigh Thanksgiving Day, Gray went to the banquet and sat opposite Professor Jones at the table. Some one asked Mr. Jones if 'that gentleman was not a member of the Faculty of Wake Forest,' whereupon, Jones replied, "No, I think he is a student, taking some work, I don't know how much." Another asked if he was not that young Doctor from New York. From this you can readily see that there are some brilliant sons in this noble Freshman Class.

In the athletic field we are represented by Whitaker on the basketball team and by Simmons on the football team, besides many others.

The Orchestra claims from our ranks Bailes, Campbell and Gray.

The Freshman class of 1908 is one of the largest in the history of the college. They bid fair of proving themselves worthy of their Alma Mater. The class is composed of men who will represent every noble profession, and upon whom we hope the college may depend in the future.

Of such is the class of 1912. The reader is now referred to the Freshman class of 1913, upon whose good record we hope to depend as worthy successors. For them we have these parting words:

Thou gallant youngster, for thee
A better day has dawned;
Come, while 'tis early dawn,
For thee Wake Forest longs.

HISTORIAN.

Freshman Class Poem



When fates decreed that we compose
A Freshman class 'mid hostile foes,
We left our friends and homes behind,
With chums and sweethearts, all combined.

But little then had we in mind
That we would hostile fellows find.
This rhyme is true, but just in part,
For here we found the trusted (?) heart.

And, reader, bear this well in mind,
Kind sophomores were hard to find;
But when we did, one frank and true,
He stood his ground and helped (?) us through.

Impressions have been deeply made,
Whose memories will never fade;
For time itself can not erase
The features of a friendly (?) face.

For many things we have to weep,
While all the teachers soundly sleep,
For in this time the night hawks prowl,
And loudly make the Freshman howl.

As to our class you must concede,
In intellect it takes the lead,
Our speakers, with their lotty "spiel,"
A kindly hearing always wield.

Our brilliant talents, with our voice,
Make all who hear them to rejoice;
Wherever music must be had,
Right there you'll find the "newish lad."

But now we leave you, so adieu,
We are seeking homes, and sweethearts too,
And when our "Newish" year is o'er
We'll come again "a Sophomore."

Then kindnesses never known,
To you we promise shall be shown;
A Freshman we'll not treat unkind,
But in our class a friend you'll find.

FOUR.

Freshman Class Prophecy



TALKING about the dark and uncertain future, there is not a class at college that has such a fine prospect as the "Newish Class." The Sophomores were mightily surprised when they saw us. Such a fine-looking and intelligent class of boys never struck the Hill before. There is A. J. Harris, Newish Highsmith with his lovely locks, and the sweet, girlish face of Privette. Many others just as handsome.

As I pass down Life's road, and wander among green pastures, and cross still waters and hear their rippling sounds, see the flowers in bloom and the birds flying from tree to tree, I behold in every rank of life Wake Forest men of 1912.

In the court room I hear a great sound, and on looking around I see our dear little newish Moss presiding, and Sorrell pleading before the bar in all of his eloquence, and Berry walking around waiting for his time to get off some hot air.

Now another scene is before me. In the Lower House of Congress all is in great excitement over a bill as to whether the government should prohibit the flying of air-ships because they tear down so many church steeples, when silently from his seat arises Hon. C. H. Roberson, who begins with his clarion voice—"The man who stepped on my corn has got me to fight."

I can see our little town grown to be the leading city of the South. We will have Raleigh annexed as a suburb. Trolley cars connect us with New York to accommodate the number of our friends who go North during Christmas holidays. All is in a mad rush, when a hoarse voice is heard. What can this be? Why, it is my old friend, McBrayer, hollering, "Get off that track, or I will run this street car over you." We also have automobiles running from the city in all directions.

The scene changes; sounds of clamoring voices are heard, and somebody cries out, "Behold the two-legged sky-scraper, one Buie, famed far and wide as a moon-kisser," and way up above the housetop, surrounded by long, hoary whiskers, I recognize the indifferent countenance of my old classmate, grown wrinkled through the years. But what is that man holding on to? But wait, he speaks: "Besides the tall man, we have the thinnest man in the world, only skin and bones. He has been drying up for the last twenty years, and we have to tie weights to his coat-tail to keep him from blowing away. Everybody pay five cents and come in and see Singleton, the poor man!"

But now the carnival man is speaking again. Is it possible that he has another of my classmates as a curiosity? "We have in this tent a man who, in his own opinion, is the handsomest man in the world. He has had on the same white vest for the last forty years, and it is not soiled in the least. He wears a perpetual smile. Pay five cents, step in and see 'Sydney A.' Edgerton, the only man in existence who is truly satisfied with his appearance."

In the industrial world I behold Couch and Royall at the head of some great corporation. Eller is at the head of the Standard Oil Company.

In the literary world I see many of my classmates. Page is a new Poe of the South. The most distinguished, though, are R. E. Powell and H. M. Bean, known everywhere for their ability to write love novels.

In various other professions I find that my classmates are taking the lead.

It is said that President Taft has his eye on us to decide his great questions—

"Wake up, sleepy-head," said my room-mate, and I saw that the hour pointed to 11:30.

Have I been dreaming? No. I have simply caught a vision of the future, and in the different callings of life I have been permitted to see my classmates playing their part in this world struggle.

PROPHET.



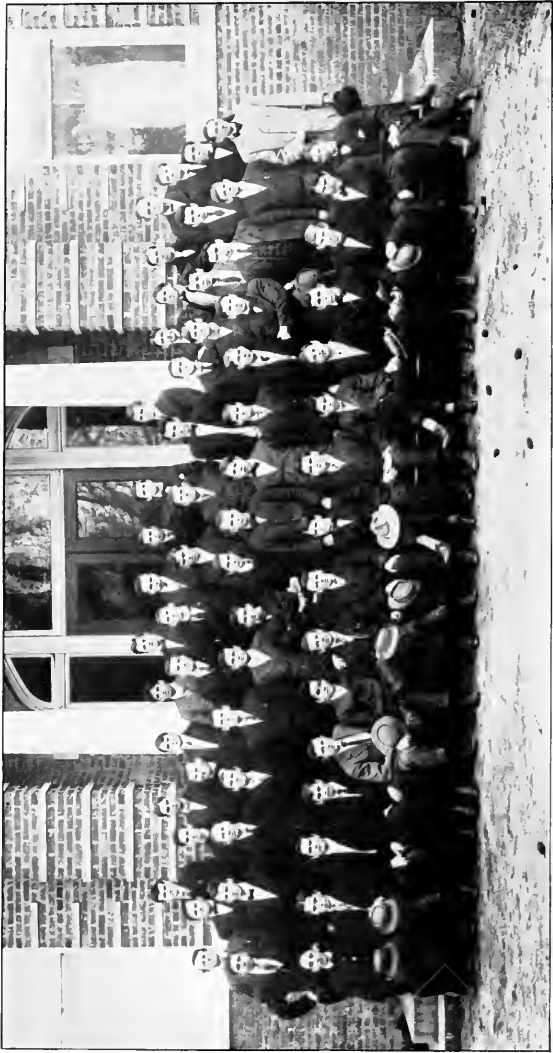
COLLEGE SCENES.



Officers of Law Class



L. L. TILLEY.....	President.
P. W. GAY.....	Vice-President.
H. P. WILDEHURST.....	Secretary and Treasurer.
W. H. HUPP.....	Historian.
R. L. McMILLAN.....	Poet.




LAW CLASS



SUPREME COURT CLASS

History of Law Class



 FULLY realizing the fact that in all the glorious history of the Law Department of Wake Forest College, there has never been such another class as that of 1909, and knowing that in future years when our individual members shall have risen to those heights predestined for them "so near the sun that men's eyes shall be dazzled in looking upon them," worshipful posterity will eagerly seek some description of our personnel, the Historian has endeavored to set down some facts of general interest concerning this to-be world-famous class.

First, as to our personal appearance. Though the class of '09 claims supremacy on every point, we feel that the claim is peculiarly justified in the matter of good looks. In the proof of this, selecting at random, we would call to the reader's mind the Apollo-like profile of Wood, the sparkling eyes and golden locks of Evans, and the airy grace of McDiarmid.

In oratory and debate, the class of 1909 fulfill the promise that their noble countenances offer to the world. It needs only the mention of the fervid oratory of "Skillet" Lewis to justify the historian's claim. We might add also the thundering eloquence of Braswell and Gasque, and other lights of the Moot Court Bar. But to attempt any description of their awe-inspiring flights of oratory would crowd out everything else.

On the learned deliberations and instructive discussions of the Moot Court we have not space to dwell. Shall we attempt in this short paper to describe the lordly dignity of Judge Blackmore, or the fiery forensic contests of able attorneys too numerous to mention? Shall we try to show the reader the vast learning embodied in each weighty decision? No, indeed. Such an attempt would occupy a volume. Suffice it to say that the Moot Court is on a par with the activities of the class.

It might be thought from the foregoing that the Law Class is an august body, mighty in battle, indeed, but also terrible and harsh toward the defenseless public. But the bland and beatific countenance of President Tiley would instantly dissipate any such idea, without adding any account of the gentle tenderness with which he deals with refractory Newish on "Gym."

But in spite of all its greatness, the class of 1909 is a meek and lowly class. Even our youngest members would scorn any tendency to what, in college life, is technically known as "freshness." Notice the shrinking modesty and self-effacement of Edgerton and Moss.

As to the instructors of this mighty class, we feel bound to say that we think Messrs. Guley and Timberlake hardly realized the august majesty of the legal lights they were privileged to lead, or they would have dealt more reverently with them on quiz papers. However, let by-gones be by-gones. We hold no grudge against them for it, and we are glad to put the stamp of our approval upon them, and recommend them to the rising Newish Class as excellent teachers.

As to the consideration in which we are held at Wake Forest, we would refer the reader to any member of the student body. If he is honest, and not a member of our only rival in college, the Ministerial Class, he will be forced to admit that we have dominated the school. We leave it in the hands of the students to tell how we have ruled everything around us, with what vast respect, not unmindful with fear, we are regarded by the New-
ish, with what cool and steady wisdom we have guided the literary societies, with what great condescension we have advised the Trustees,—with what we have dictated to the Faculty. All the long year we have ruled with malice toward none and charity for all, and great will be the sorrow and vast will be the void when we are gone.

However, all things must come to an end, and before this meets the eye of the reader the class of 1900, as such, will have passed into the ages. Big and little, old and young, boys in their teens and men in their fifties, we shall have gone out to enlighten the world, and to carry out the words of the first great American: "Let law become the political religion of the nation."
HISTORIAN

Law Poem

Dedicated to the Law Lecture Room

Oh little room! so worn and old,
To which I've gone for many days,
There to hear discussed and told
All legal means and legal ways.

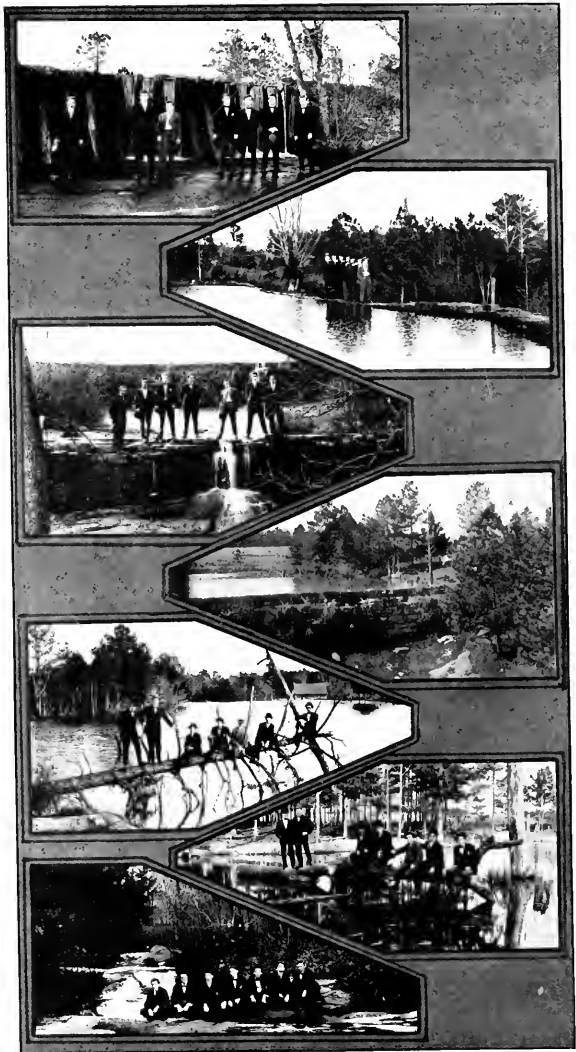
Oh little room! it grieves me great
To leave the hill and you behind,
To enter life, led on by fate,
And there to use my legal mind.

But stern ambition drives me on
Into a world of war and strife,
Where I must, with the soldiers, don
The armor of a soldier's life.

Ah! little room, we'll ne'er forget
The many hours of fruitful joys,
Where we, such happy classmates, met
We, just a crowd of college boys.

I leave you now with heavy heart,
With happy thoughts of hours in you,
With earnest sighs I now depart,
Law lecture room, I bid adieu.

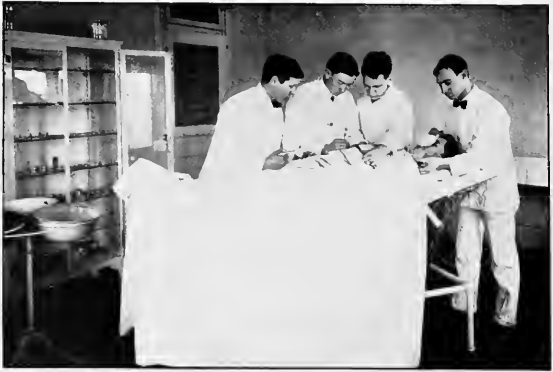
POET.



COLLEGE SCENES



MEDS.



Medical Class Officers

C. M. PHILFER.....	President.
R. F. ELVINGTON.....	Vice-President.
B. S. BAZEMORE.....	Prophet.
C. L. McCULLERS.....	Poet.
CARL BELL.....	Treasurer.
B. F. BUTLER.....	Secretary.
H. S. GEIGER.....	Chief Surgeon.

Medical Class Poem

The Med. Students we do be,
 And in time hope to see,
 Some glad Commencement morn,
 Another title our name adorn,
 Our daily fare are stiffs and bones,
 Served to the music (?) of Lectures tones,
 Pills we'll roll and plasters make,
 Now and then a bottle shake
 To cure you we will honestly try—
 And hope the bill to get, "by and by."



MEDICAL CLASS.



"BAZE."

Baze came into being in the year 1886 in the free State of Bertie, and was soon after christened Bryan Spivey Baze-more, Esq. His existence has been one continual dream, vision, and finally a material realization of the possi-bilities of success and honor in being a first-class Phy-sician, and to this end he has struggled until he now quivers on the brink of such a ruin. Yet as he is bent upon acquiring such notability, we pray that ere old age and great-grandchildren overtake him, he may be present to obtain his fee for pulling props from under many earthly mortals.



**DR. GEIGER—
"Sandlapper."**

As a baby he was a sweet child, wandering about among the flowers of his native Florida, kiss-ing away the dew drops from the lily's golden well—but he has changed since then—yes, immensely. Now the sands have blown back to sea and from their old resting place orange groves mark his birthplace, but nothing he has ever done in life causes the breeze of re-nown to waft in his direction. Per-haps the same sands that tickled his little feet in babyhood will cover his body when he tires of rolling pills. Hugh St. Clair Geiger, of Florida; Doc-tor for life—sandlapper forever.



LEGGETT.

An athlete, a scholar, a doctor. Is it possi-ble that this gentleman is finally to leave our midst and forever a blank spot which he has for four years so competently filled, to run loose with-out a guide, a lubber, or a coach? Football was his profession, medicine a side line, but pill-rolling has won his affection and ball-rolling is now his side line. May old Halifax quake with his renown and many live to do him honor.

"PHIFER."

When man realizes that Chas. is on the list of M.D.'s they will vibrate with a quaking tremble and quivering shudder. But, though he is a last-year Med., the weakness of man's intuition will not forewarn them of the approaching affliction until too late; then his hopes will be substantiated, as will be their execration. His full name is Chas. McKnight Phifer. His earthly start was made in Fredell.



"DOC" IVEY.

Marvelous events have transpired within the past four years, but none greater or more portentous than the advent of the subject of this sketch. In times past or present, Wayne County claims no worthier son than Ivey. "Doc" has in him all that goes to make a man of strong character, combined with an inherent understanding of and love for the profession which he has chosen for his life's career. He is a man whom all men delight to honor and the cup of his success will no doubt be running over.

"BUTLER."

This mighty man of valor whose being has only dealt to us, for two short years, the wine of life, has, as others, fallen by the way-side, to be rescued by the Special Dept. and converted into an M.D. (Meager Dude). He has other names, as a handle or crank, of Bruce Fowler, His first peeping place was noble Sampson, and his reputation for rescuing from starvation stray dogs and cats is not questioned and unsurpassed.

MORGAN.

This man has made his choice as to his life's work. No doubt sleepless hours of the night were spent in reaching the conclusion—but we have regrets. Why should his boundless genius be limited to a profession dealing only with the human body? Surely this is a tremendous mistake, for we had our eyes upon him becoming a veterinary surgeon. Surely, as he has prosecuted others with the labor of his own jawbone, why should he not demand an equal sacrifice from a mule's? Just Allie Dexter Morgan; only from Wake.

"REV. DR." KIRFEES.

Tredell spoke again, and from her midst rolled fire and brimstone, with lightning and quaking thunder, accompanied by a downpour of reptiles; but when the hallucination was overcome by goodness and sunshine, Frank W. stepped forth to let it be known that the tumult was only a proclamation of his earthly appearance. Which of the two acts of providence was the greater catastrophe is unsettled, but as the past is past, let us say, "It is well."



Medical Class Prophecy

I KNOW it is a fact that the writings of the Prophet do not often appear upon these pages. But I think when you take into consideration the unusual ability of this class, you will pardon my unpretending precocity. Prophets like poets are born and not made. To be sure I was born but not a prophet; so I hope you will be kind enough to overlook any errors made by me while wearing my prophetic robe.

While thinking of my arduous task—that of portraying to kind readers the future achievements of the broadminded heroes—I fell into a fit of nervous prostration, for which malady the doctor very unwittingly gave me an unusually large dose of *cannabis indica*; and as a result I underwent a terrible hallucination. I do not know how long I was so affected by this drug, but it was sufficient for me, "to dip into the future farther than human eyes could see," and notice the various misfortunes that overtook us.

The first to pass before my gaze was Phifer, out in Wyoming, carrying his brother's medicine case, for he had obtained the honored position of waiting-boy. In his own mind he was an eminent surgeon, for he went "to the grand old place—University of Maryland—where *all* the boys go," but in the minds of others he was far from it.

Next was Morgan with his case of sample books, still at the same old trade of selling books. He made an utter failure trying to practice medicine, and did not succeed much better as book agent. At last I decided he belonged to the class in which "some folks are good at nothing."

Leggett on account of his commanding physique seemed to take well with the masses; but being so proficient in the art and science of football he accepted a position as coach for Shaw University. And being a doctor of such rare skill succeeded admirably.

Kurpees was so tall I had to resort to the aid of Professor Lanneau's telescope. Finally after persistent searching I found him on top of the Alumni Building with a meter stick, trying to verify the stated size of a *Tetanus bacillus*. He being endowed with lengthy pedal extremities accomplished the wonderful feat of walking across the ocean, and settled in China, there to work wonders among the superstitious heathens. Afterwards he was lost from view.

Ivey, still carrying a preponderance of flesh, was using a small pine box for a laboratory, and for the good of himself and other obese persons, was experimenting on cats to find some preparation that would prove beneficial in reducing flesh. At times he would do a minor operation on a dog or splint a cat's hind leg. He, like others, had many noble aspirations; finally he heard "there is room at the top," but while striving with all his might to ascend the ladder of fame, he came to a broken round, and great was the fall.

For quite a while it seemed that all the others had sunk into oblivion, but at last the scene changed again and I saw Geiger, with his slow gait,

creeping by, proclaiming, "my father is a Baptist preacher, a D.D., and owns an orange grove." He had many misfortunes but his persistent nature caused him to be fairly successful in treating malarial fever, and some diseases for which he could never find a name.

Butler had such an imposing carriage that he impressed every one who saw him as being a typical country doctor and was fit to treat out-of-date cases in back-woods places. He was the most successful in the class and was the only one that did not have to go to the poorhouse and be kept up by the State—still he made failure after failure but succeeded in the end by going into partnership with both an undertaker and a coffin manufacturer, sharing half profits with each.

Finally the hallucination reached such a point that I saw the Prophet himself pass; he was down in Bertie County driving a blind ox on his way to pull a fishbone out of a dog's throat. He like the others made an utter failure and an unknown grave is his resting place.

Thus ended the career of the great second year medical class. Then I fell on my knees and wept long over the fate of such a learned (?) looking aggregation. It brought to my mind the truthfulness of the old quotation, "There is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may."

The first year men have not yet reached the stage of development where they will make any impression, and to attempt to tell of their future career would be wasting paper and tempting the gods. But during my recovery Dr. Poteat's museum happened to pass before my eyes, and in one secluded corner, I noticed Professor (?) Ives sitting as if he were jealously guarding some precious trophy. Upon investigation I found the object that held his attention to be a glass jar tightly sealed, labeled "first year meds., please don't handle, for they are as yet undeveloped."

PROPHET.



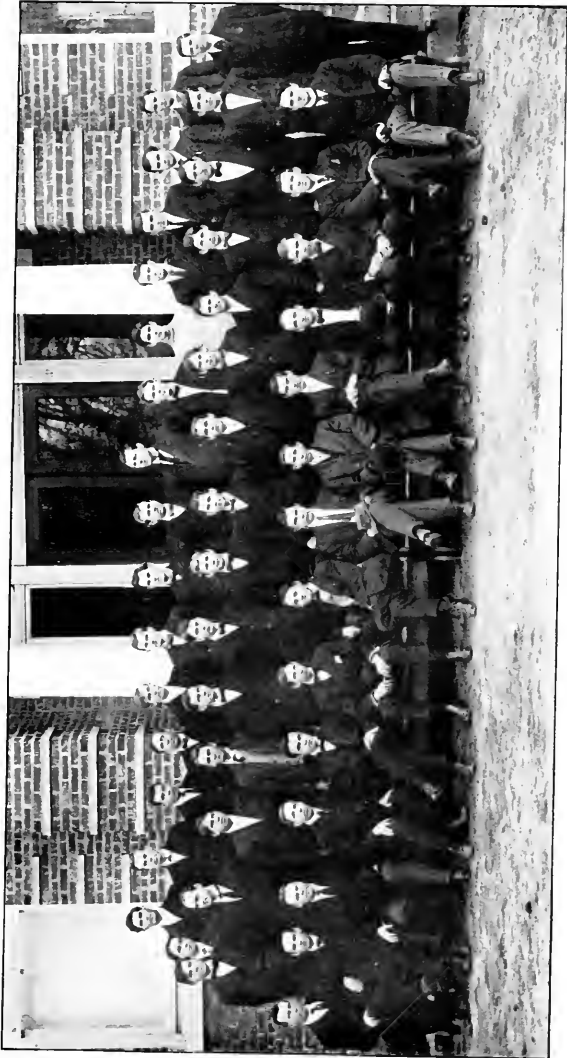
COLLEGE SCENES



Officers of Ministerial Class




H. W. BAUCOM.....	President.
N. A. MELTON.....	Vice-President.
E. N. JOHNSON.....	Secretary.
T. D. COLLINS.....	Historian.
C. D. CREASMAN.....	Poet.



MINISTERIAL CLASS

History of the Ministerial Class 1909

 WING to the fact that this is the first year that the ministerial class has been organized, and that its members are to be found in all other classes, it renders the writing of a history somewhat difficult.

Because of the fact that the ministerial students have not had a class organization as the various other classes have had, it must not be understood that the class has not figured as a class. There has been a feeling of oneness, and a mutual appreciation of the interests of the class. I will say that the ministerial class is well represented in all phases of college life.

First, I will mention those who do actual church work. There are quite a number of men who have churches of their own, and others who supply almost all of the time. They go off every Saturday and Sunday to give to their congregations what has accidentally fallen into their minds. As one of the brethren expressed it—"going off to persecute the saints."

Some of the men who room with this class believe heartily in the doctrine that those who stay by the stuff shall share equally with those who go down and do battle, therefore you hear occasionally these words: "Old lady, go your route to-day, and get a big collection for I am out of pocket change."

On Saturday, when the medical students are dissecting their cadavers for practice, these ministers are out practicing on their congregations.

Then there are those who do a great work here at college, leading Bible bands, looking after missions and such work. They have a great influence, and are ever on the lookout to do good work.

This class has always been well represented on the College Glee Club and Orchestra. The Glee Club is one of the best and most enjoyable of the organizations of the college. Out of the twenty composing the Glee Club this year, seven of them were of the Ministerial Class.

In the speaking circle the ministers are always in the front row. Some of the strongest orators and debaters are always to be found in the Ministerial Class.

In athletics of all kinds, it is not hard to find members of this class occupying prominent places.

On the football team there were honors won by the members of the Ministerial Class.

In basketball the class is not waiting for a man to hold the record, and to do it well.

Also on the diamond the class has not been without its representatives. But at present it has none, notwithstanding the fact that Dick Creasman, the fly knocker, has for four succeeding years been an ardent aspirant. And it is all but universally conceded that had he not sustained a slight bruise—on his knee—he might have been a star of the first magnitude, whereas he is only a satellite of the bat case.

The ministerial class, unlike the other classes which evolute to graduation as a whole, is like the poor, we always have them with us; and each year it is enhanced by the addition of new and newer members. Among the newer members of the present year standing out preeminently great are such notable personages as:

Brother Roberson, whose

Words of learned length and thundering sound,
Amaze the gazing students ranged around;
And still they gaze, and still the wonder grows,
That one small head can carry all he knows.

And then there is Asa P. Gray—

As some tall cliff he lifts his slender form
From out our midst, and smiling leaves the storm;
Though round his breast the clouds may roll, he will but shed
Eternal sunshine from his hairless head.

Among those whom we lose this year is the incomparable Elisha Dodvistus Poe. There is always an unexpected climax at every college commencement, and the "pathos" of this session is that the smiling countenance of this dear brother will be seen in our midst never more.

Since he springeth up like the sparrow grass,
He hoppeth around like the hopper grass,
And lieth down and dieth like the jack-ass. Selah.

And the constancy with which our dear brother Singleton has tenaciously clung to these college halls—in comparison being like the undaunted sailor in the face of defeat cries out boldly, "Don't give up the ship, boys." This constancy requires that at least a word should be given in Memoriam. The only thing that we know of Tom is that he was here when we came. No man knoweth when he made his appearance in these regions, nor at what time he will relinquish this part of the mundane sphere. But it is to be sincerely hoped that the faculty will have the interest of the public so much at heart that they will allow the presumption in favor of the said Singletonius, as having at least procured the sheep's wool if not the skin

Though there still is left a doubt
As to whether he flunked or petered out.

However this may be, through ages past, he has ever been known on the campus as a good and a kindly man. Peace to his ashes.

The historian must be pardoned for having assumed an eulogistic mood, and be indulged a few words in closing.

The field of my discussion is broad, and the landmarks of our continued progress are all about us. We have made history, and what is more have accomplished some results that have been productive of the greatest good. And yet, with all the material at the hands of the historian, there is yet no field so fruitful and worthy of mention as the loyalty of our men to their Alma Mater. Long will we cherish the memories of the times which have transpired during our stay, and the loyalty to the college which has ever characterized our class will continue to be ours.

Often will we turn back to these dear old college walls as—

"When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung 'round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still returned to weep."

HISTORIAN.

Ministerial Class Poem



There is a fame which comes unsought to men,
There is a glory often sought in vain;
But whether found unsought or sought unfound,
'Tis like a fleeting shadow in the train.

Of ghosts and phantoms which the way beset
To lure the passing pilgrim from the goal
Of ever living, ever loving truth,
To death eternal to the living soul.

We seek not glory from the thrones of power
Which offer all of earth to devotees
Who worship at their shrine. But we would point
The seekers of this pelf to Him Who sees

The garnish of the false, and offers truth,
And love and life and glory evermore,
To all who through Him seek abiding peace
On earth and on eternity's bright shore.

Poet.



INTERIOR OF CHAPEL.



VIEW OF CAMPUS

Organizations







The Societies



History of the Societies

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THE first work of the second session was the organization of the Literary Societies in February, 1835. Professor Armstrong delivered an address on "The Importance of Polemic Societies." After this address it was voted to organize two societies. Hiram K. Person and James C. Dockery, two of the more mature students, were appointed to divide the student body. They did so. Those chosen by Person became the Euzelian Society, and those by Dockery the Philomathesian. Person became the first President of the Euzelian Society, and C. R. Merriam of the Philomathesian, while George Washington was only Vice-President. When the new building was completed in 1838, these societies were given homes in it. The most striking feature in the history of the life in Wake Forest College has been the influence and power of these societies. The affection for them and the adoration of them is the finest specimen of college spirit. This feeling began at once. These boys of the Institute were very fond of display and celebration. Professor Wait himself was in full sympathy with them. On each Fourth of July some kind of celebration was held. The representative of one society would deliver an address and one from the other would read the Declaration of Independence. After one of these celebrations the following record is found in the Euzelian Society:

Half box of raisins.....	\$2.50
Prunes.....	1.50
6 lbs. almonds.....	1.50
Half jug lemon syrup.....	2.30
Half bottle rose oil.....	.30

The records of these societies, which have been kept in good order since the first session, show that the standard of parliamentary procedure was placed unusually high. Every committee reported and the report was recorded. A vote of thanks was recorded for every person who showed them any favors. Between the two societies there existed the most dignified, formal and courteous relations. The records show that they continually thanked and counter-thanked each other. It was, therefore, surprising to find in the record of the Philomathesian Society a rather testy resolution resolving "that the Euzelian Society be allowed to select the Commencement speaker provided they choose Judge Gaston."

How different were the queries of those days! There was no wrestling with Trusts, Railways, Injunctions, and Ship Subsidies. Here are some of their queries. The first query ever discussed in the Euzelian Society was, "Resolved, that there is more pleasure in the pursuit than in the possession of an object." The decision was in favor of the negative. "Is it judicious in the government to force the Indians to move contrary to their wishes?" "Would it be policy in North Carolina to establish a penitentiary?" "Was Brutus actuated by love of country in murdering Caesar?" "Is slavery as practiced in the United States incompatible with the spirit of free institutions?"

These societies have continued their work throughout the seventy-four years of their existence—save the years of the Civil War. In 1862 the Euzelian Society resolved that their records be placed with Mrs. ——— for safe-keeping till we meet again. In the Philomathesian record is the following pathetic entry, dated January 27, 1866, and probably written by the late Dr. W. R. Gwaltney:

"On that day after an interval of three years and a half the Philomathesian Society was reestablished under most favorable auspices. What a blessing it is that we are permitted to meet in this magnificent hall and become members of this time-honored society. Only two old members were again assembled, and it is heartrending to think that many of the noble founders and perpetuators of this association are, some, of them, filling honorable graves on Virginia's soil, while we are proud to know that many of them are filling those honorable stations in life which the Almighty has so wisely ordained. We but lament the untimely fate of the honored Wives who have fallen for their country's sake."

—DR. E. W. SIKES in *Wake Forest Bulletin*.

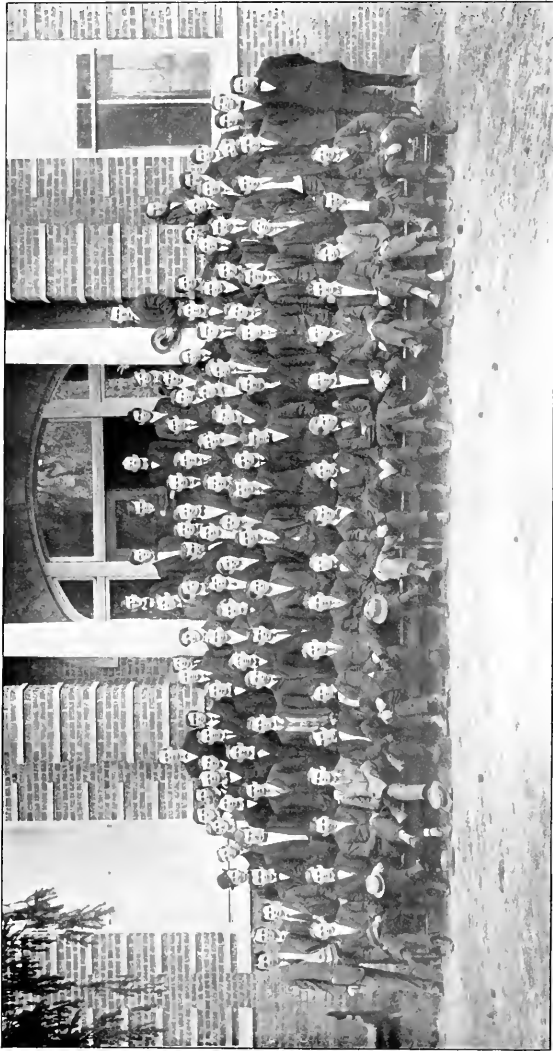


PHILOMATHESIAN HALL

To Philomathesia



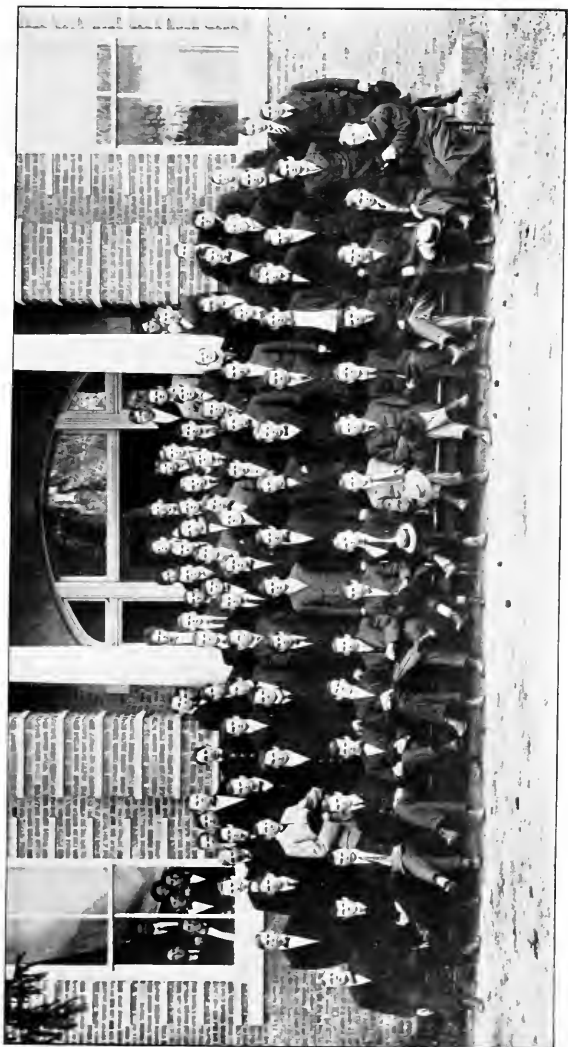
Winged bearer of the laurel wreathed crown,
Whose native realm is that truth-centered sphere,
Where high resolve doth move untouched by fear
Or aught that fetters faith, or drags hope down
To depths abysmal; whose unminded renown
With changeful ages shall unchanged appear
Till all be finished; fain would we revere
For aye thy hallowed shrine. And wilt thou frown
To own the gift we bring? For unskilled hands
Essay to pluck from bold Parnassus' brow
This wreath for thee. If so, thy frown still stands
As sacred as thy smile. And e'er, as now,
Yielding obedience to thy just demands,
These hearts, with thee, shall keep each pledged bow.



PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY

To Euzelia

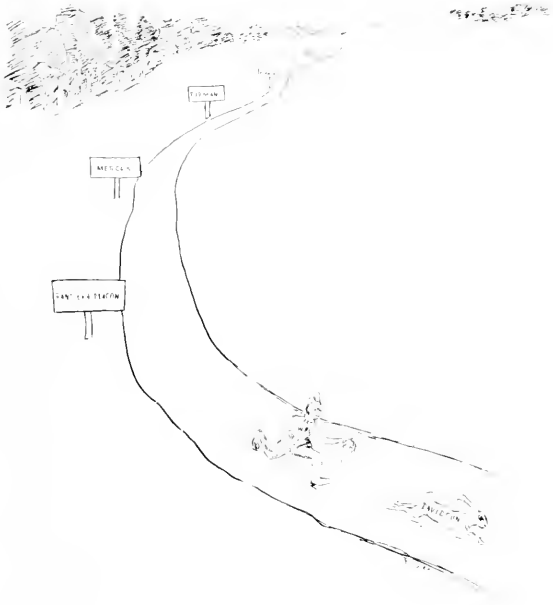
The stately mien, the calm, imperious brow,
The regal glance of eye, whose holy fire
Would kindle in the soul a strong desire
For all that lovely is, and would endow
The mind with strength, with purpose to aspire
To all that truth can teach, or God require—
These charms are thine, Euzelia. Ere now
Thy sons have loved thy name. Nor has the vow
Which bound them to thy long-revered shrine
Been lightly held. Nor shall it ever be,
So long as aught remains men call divine,
And truth shall teach man's spirit to be free,
The torch that thou dost bear shall shine
Forever in the hearts that reverence thee.

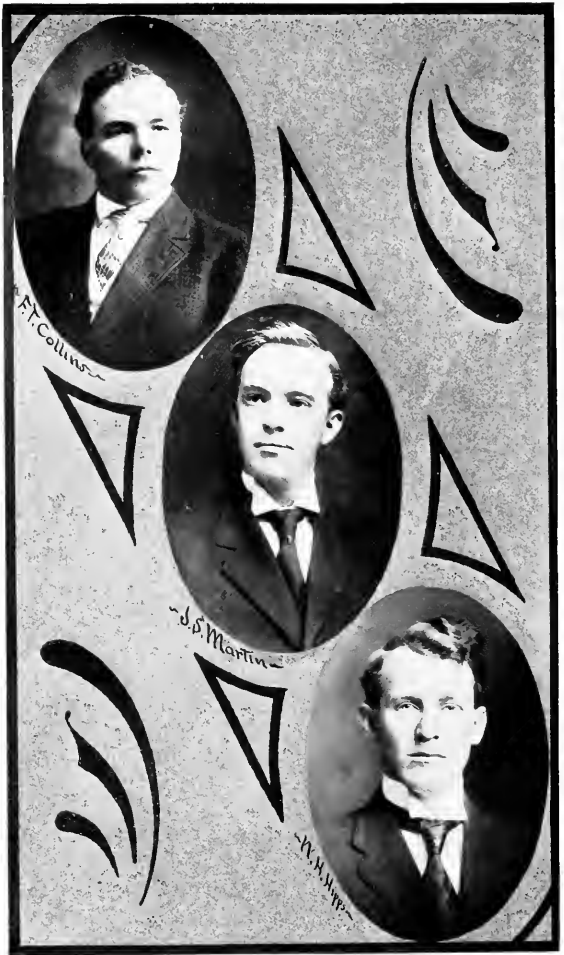


EUZELIAN SOCIETY

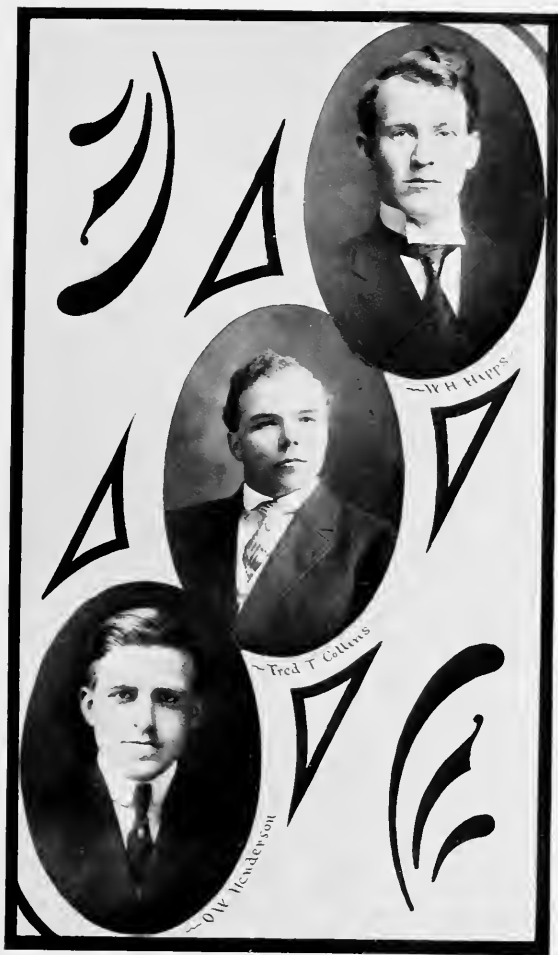


ETZELIAN HALL.





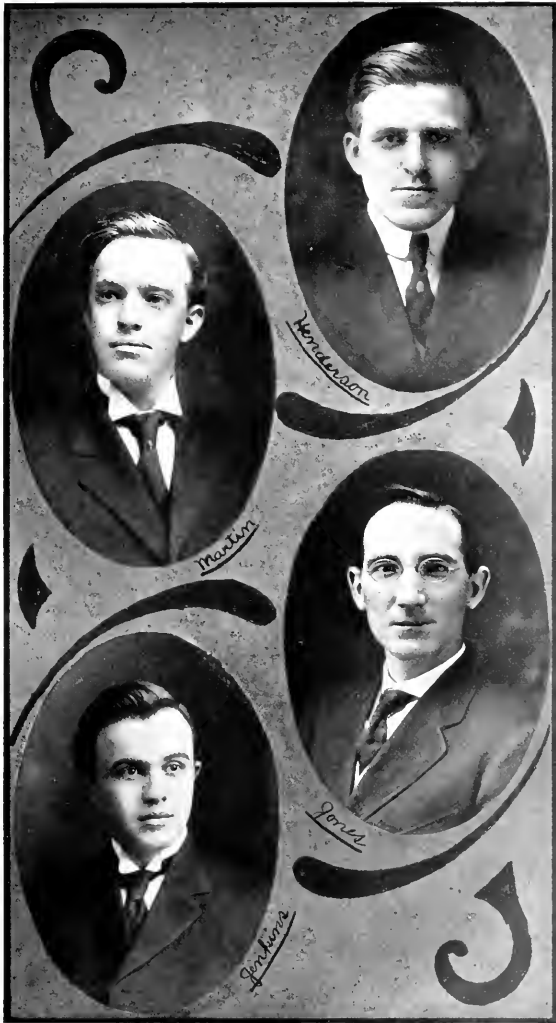
WINNERS OF WAKE FOREST—RANDOLPH-MACON DEBATE.



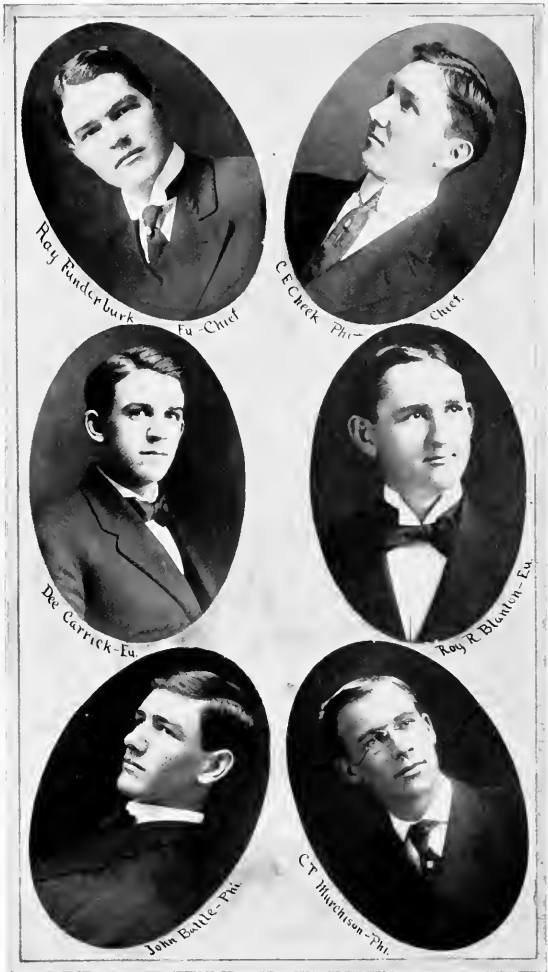
WINNERS OF WAKE FOREST—DAVIDSON DEBATE.



ANNIVERSARY OFFICERS AND ORATORS.



ANNIVERSARY DEBATORS.



Ray Funderburk
Fu-Chief

C.E. Creek
Phi-Chief

Dee Carriek
Fu

Roy R. Blanton
Fu

John Battle
Phi

C.T. Murchison
Phi

ANNIVERSARY MARSHALS



Ray Funderburk



W. A. Nelson



P. B. Coggins



L. E. Darley



R. E. Walker



C. D. Creasman

EUZELIAN SENIOR SPEAKERS



W. B. Hamblett



L. L. Tilley



John Hayes



J. B. Willis



R. L. Hamilton



C. Ball

PHILOMATHESIAN SENIOR SPEAKERS



D. M. C. A.



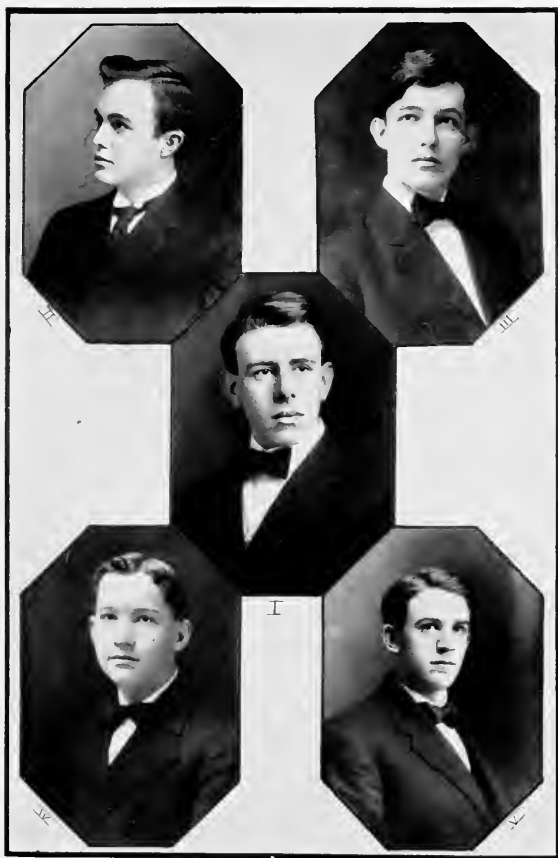
Organization

J. M. BROUGHTON, JR.	President.
J. L. JENKINS.	Vice-president.
J. M. ADAMS.	Treasurer.
E. I. OLIVE.	Recording Secretary.
DLE CARRICK	Corresponding Secretary.



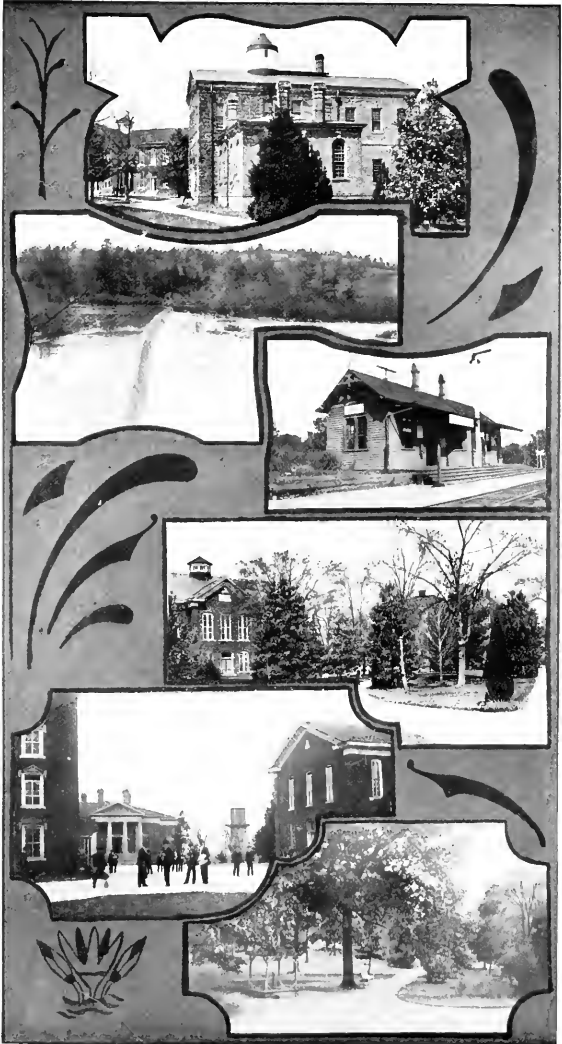
Chairmen of Committees

J. A. ELLIS.	Bible Study.
J. R. CARROLL.	Mission Study.
R. E. WALKER.	Devotional.
PROF. J. H. HIGGSWORTH.	Social.
T. D. COLLINS	Music.
H. B. JONES.	Nominating.
WILL E. MARSHALL.	Handbook.

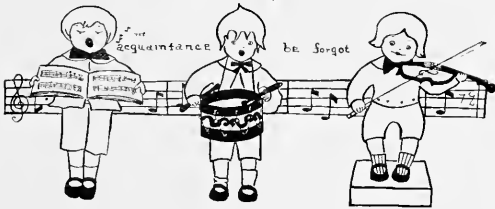
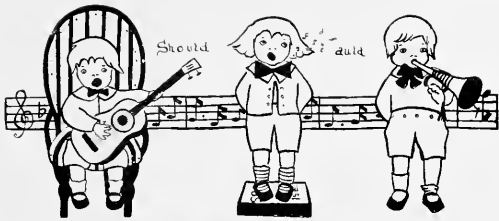


Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| I. J. M. BROUGHTON, JR. | III. J. M. ADAMS. |
| II. J. L. JENKINS. | IV. E. I. OLIVE. |
| V. DEE CARRICK. | |



COLLEGE SCENES.



Glee Club and Orchestra



Organization

- J. HENRY HIGHSMITH.....Director.
J. M. ADAMS.....Leader Glee Club.
R. R. CARLYLE.....Leader Orchestra.
H. C. DOCKERY, JR.....Business Manager.

Glee Club

First Tenor—

T. D. Collins.
E. B. Earnshaw.
E. I. Olive.
E. E. White.

Second Tenor—

T. M. Daniel.
J. H. Highsmith.
L. R. O'Brian.
T. C. White.

First Bass—

J. M. Adams.
A. J. Fletcher.
C. L. Hardy.
A. B. Ray.

Second Bass—

J. M. Check.
R. R. Carlyle.
L. L. Highsmith.
J. L. Jenkins.

Orchestra

- R. R. CARLYLE.....First Violin.
A. P. GRAY.....First Violin.
R. H. POPE.....Clarinet.
R. E. WALKER.....First Cornet.
G. L. BAILES.....Second Cornet.
C. L. HARDY.....French Horn.
A. C. CAMPBELL.....Trombone.
A. H. FLOWERS.....Bass Violin.
L. T. BUCHANAN, JR.....Piano.
T. M. DANIEL.....Drum.



Glee Club and Orchestra

The College Glee Club and Orchestra were organized in 1904 by Prof. Darius Eatman, who served as Director of the organizations for three years, until his resignation in 1907. The first Leader of the Glee Club was Mr. Hubert M. Poteat, who also served as Leader of the Orchestra. The first Business Manager was Mr. T. W. Brewer, who managed the affairs of the Club very successfully during the first year of its existence.

The first year was one of pleasing success, due very largely to the untiring efforts of Professor Eatman, who gave time, energy, skill, and money to bring the Glee Club and Orchestra to a stage of high proficiency. Professor Eatman was ably assisted by Mr. Poteat, who was a large factor in all the undertakings of the organization until he left in 1908 for Columbia University.

Professor Eatman's successor in the work of the College was Professor Highsmith, who also succeeded him as Director of the Glee Club and Orchestra, and has served from 1907 until the present time. To succeed Mr. Poteat as Leader of the Glee Club, Mr. J. M. Adams was elected and has served with grace and efficiency. Mr. R. R. Carlyle was chosen Leader of the Orchestra for the session 1908-1909. The Business Managers of the Glee Club and Orchestra have been as follows:

1903-1904, T. W. Brewer.	1906-1907, R. H. Ferrell.
1904-1905, J. D. Proctor.	1907-1908, P. Q. Bryan.
1905-1906, J. I. Smith.	1908-1909, H. C. Dockery, Jr.

The success of the Glee Club and Orchestra has been due in a very large degree to the work done and the standard set up by Prof. Darius Eatman, and his able assistant, Mr. H. M. Poteat. And whatever future success the Club may enjoy, those men will be remembered as those who made possible these achievements.



The Band

Leader and Instructor: R. E. WALKER.

Manager: R. HUNTER POPE.

Secretary and Treasurer: T. BOYCE HENRY.

Solo Cornet.....	R. E. WALKER.
First Cornet.....	G. L. BAILES.
Second Cornet.....	LESLIE C. CAMPBELL.
First Clarionet.....	R. HUNTER POPE.
Second Clarionet.....	THOMAS KALLEM.
French Horn.....	WATT C. HUNTLEY.
Alto.....	J. M. DAVIS.
Trombone.....	CARLYLE CAMPBELL.
Bass.....	ROSCOE L. WALL.
Snare Drum.....	T. BOYCE HENRY.
Bass Drum.....	J. G. HINSON.



Athletics

Athletic Association Officers



F. T. COLLINS.....	President.
W. H. HIPPS.....	Vice-president.
R. L. McMILLAN.....	Secretary and Treasurer.
L. C. HARDY.....	Manager Football Team.
A. M. BYNUM.....	Manager Baseball Team.
T. D. COLLINS.....	Manager Basketball Team.



- F. T. Collins -



M. H. Hays



A. M. Synn



- R. L. McMillan -

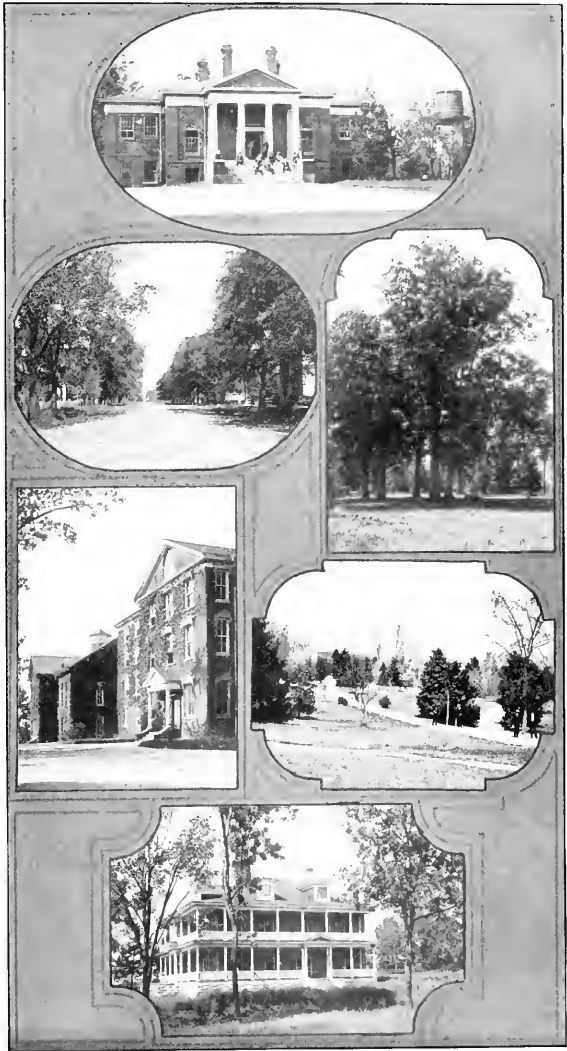


- L. C. Ardy -



- T. D. Collins -

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OFFICERS



COLLEGE SCENES



COACH A. P. HALL, JR.

Football



THE FIRST football team to wear the Old Gold and Black for fifteen years made its appearance on our athletic field last fall. This single but significant statement heralds to the outside world the fact that the students have won a long, hard fight against opposition from many sources; that Wake Forest has taken another step forward, and that football is here to stay. Has it made good? To this general and very probable question we unhesitatingly make an affirmative answer, not because our team made any glorious record—though its record was even better than expected—but because of the fact that Wake Forest men everywhere are exhibiting toward football the finest spirit, that spirit which by its eternal perseverance and unextinguishable enthusiasm has in the last two years lifted this college from a position in athletics insignificant and inglorious, until now she stands proudly on the accumulative heights of victory and achievement. Football has made good, and it is here to stay.

The progress of the football team here has had, and still has, many serious difficulties thrown in its path. Lack of encouragement, due to prejudice on the part of some in authority, has been one great impediment, but that is gradually being overcome. Another and a greater obstacle that has come up is of a financial nature. The coming of football has made it apparent to every one concerned that a new system for financing our athletics is an absolute necessity. Though the best probable plan has not been settled upon, there is a proposition on foot to be presented to the Board of Trustees at their next meeting. The favorable action of the board will go far toward relieving a situation that grows worse each year.

As to the future: Wake Forest once held the football championship of the South, and we can not help believing that the old college is destined to come once more into her own, and that Old Gold and Black will once again float above all others in the balmy breezes of "Dixie."

Personnel Football Team



A. P. HALL, JR. Coach.
L. C. HARDY Manager.
W. C. DUFFY Assistant Manager.

B. E. POWELL Center.
R. E. CLARK Right Guard.
RAY FENDERBURK Left Guard.
P. W. GAY Right Tackle.
FULTON ELVINGTON Left Tackle.
V. LEGGETT Left End.
W. C. DUFFY Right End.
L. W. LEGGETT Quarter Back.
W. H. HIPPS Right Half Back.
L. B. SIMMONS Left Half Back.
R. E. FOREHAND Full Back.

Subs

Hayes, Harrison, Norton, Covington.



FOOTBALL TEAM, 1908.



FOOTBALL SQUAD



COACH J. R. CROZIER.

Baseball



WAKE FOREST loves baseball. Not in a decade have we put out a better team than that of 1908. From the start an enthusiastic spirit was behind the team, and this more than anything else helped to make the enviable record of which we boasted last spring.

Among our antagonists were some of the strongest teams in the South, with minor lights from the North. With all these we held our own, and old gold and black suffered but few defeats. While we were not able to compel North Carolina and Trinity to meet us on the diamond, still we are confident that if they had given us a chance it would have meant two more scalps added to the long list which, at the close of the season, placed Wake Forest second in the standing of college teams in North Carolina.

That Wake Forest had the fastest team in the State was the opinion of all who saw our team play, while no North Carolina college could boast supremacy over our battery. As evidence of the superiority of our players it might be said that six of our boys signed with various leagues of this State and of South Carolina for summer ball, and all of them made enviable records.

The prospects for baseball this year are bright. Many of the old men are back, and the team bids fair to be equal if not superior to that of last year. As yet we have had no games and can only judge from the practice work, but if the signs do not deceive Wake Forest will make an excellent record in 1909.

As usual we will have no games with Carolina and Trinity, owing to certain qualifications with which, for reasons of their own, these colleges choose to hem themselves in. But an excellent schedule has been arranged with the remaining colleges of this State and others in Virginia, Delaware, South Carolina and Georgia. Among these are some of the strongest college teams in the South.

Enthusiasm is already high. Baseball is the cleanest, most scientific game among the sports. For this reason it appeals to the Wake Forest spirit, and challenges the best effort of our athletes. Whether we win the State championship or not this much is sure, when the season closes in 1909 Wake Forest will be standing along with the topnotchers in this clean and manly game.

Baseball Team, 1908



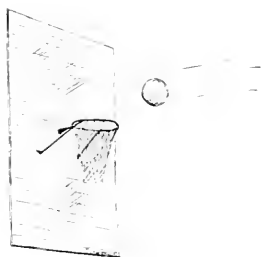
J. R. CROZIER.....	Coach.
V. F. COUCH.....	Manager.
J. D. CARROLL.....	Assistant Manager.
W. C. HAMRICK.....	Captain.
W. T. TEMPLE, } V. F. COUCH, }	Pitchers.
HAMRICK.....	Catch.
JOSEY.....	First Base.
COUCH.....	Second Base.
HAMMOND.....	Third Base.
BENTON.....	Short-stop.
FREEMAN.....	Left Field.
DAWSON.....	Center Field.
BLANTON.....	Right Field.
WHITE, H., } NELSON, } DUFFY, }	Substitutes.



BASEBALL TEAM, 1909.



COLLEGE SCENES.



Basketball



WHAT a record! What giants does Wake Forest boast in this sport! In reviewing the past two years on every hand there are landmarks of victory and scalps of opponents. With none superior and very few seconds Wake Forest proudly holds the palm of triumph aloft! Marvelous have been the results achieved in this game, and right well have we worn the crown of success.

Under the efficient and capable training of the incomparable coach, Crozier, the team has been made a bulwark of strength, and has come to the point where defeat is a rare experience. Never has the team been defeated on the home floor. Each succeeding game only serves to impress the fact that at home Wake Forest is invincible. We are champions of North Carolina, and virtually so of Virginia. The reason that we are not champions of the South is because we can find no one else who claims the distinction. Gladly would we meet the invincibles of the Southland were they to put forth their claims to the honors. Since none dare do so why may we not claim the honor?

There are no clouds of uncertainty in the perspective of the coming season. Proficiency is our motto, and by that all games are ours. With happy anticipation we await the arrival of the coming days, when in the same characteristic manner Wake Forest will clearly and overwhelmingly demonstrate her superiority over all the competing teams. May her continued success be sufficient proof that in this realm of sport she has no equal!



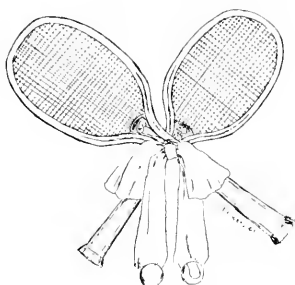
BASKETBALL TEAM—STATE CHAMPIONS.



Inter-Class Basketball Champions



The present Junior Class has an enviable record in the realm of basketball. For two successive years it has held the championship in the inter-class series, and bids fair to maintain its line of victories during its senior stage. Full justice would not be done to the class of 1910 were mention not made of the number of men on the Varsity five taken from its ranks. Coach Crozier recognized the unusual ability of the Junior team and as a result almost all the men have been put on the first team. Carrick, Allen, Duffy and Collins are those who compose half of the Varsity aggregation. The Juniors have good reason to be proud of their record in this sport, and gladly do we attribute to them the praise they so justly deserve.



Tennis, 1908-1909



Enthusiasm in this popular game has ever been characteristic of Wake Forest, and this is inspired not only because we occupy the top notch in excellency but also because the sport is loved. The enviable record behind us is wholly the product of this.

During the present session our banner has been held aloft, nor has there been any danger of its being furled. No one is ever pessimistic about the outcome of the tennis season, since the confidence in the team always produces the highest hopes and expectations. And what is more, we have experienced no disappointments in this game. Our men are masters of the racquet. The future is bright with promise. The standard of perfection established by former players must be maintained, and there is no fear of such not being the case, so long as the tennis courts are frequented with as much joy and determined efforts as during the past season.

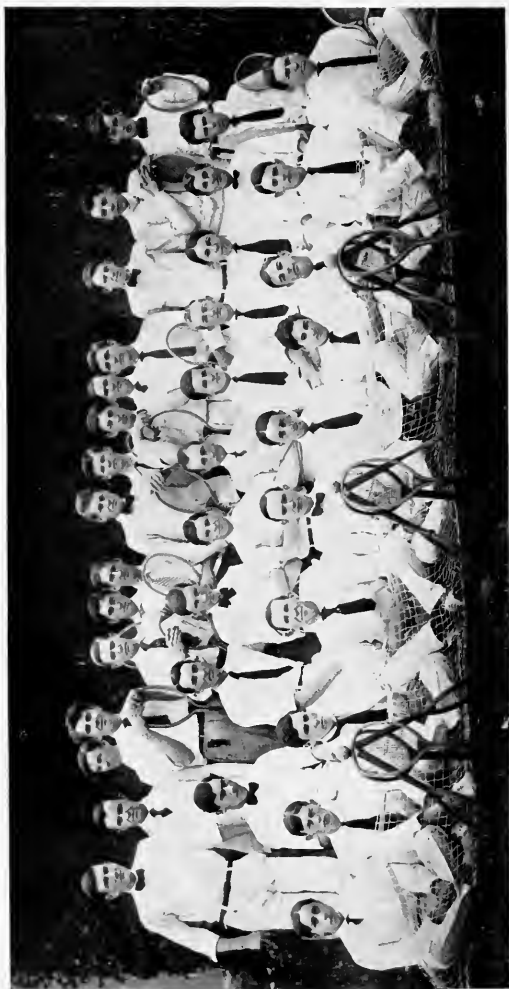
Opponents worthy of our steel have endeavored to put an end to the long series of triumphs which Wake Forest has enjoyed for many years, but with no success. Carolina and Trinity have tasted of defeat at the hands of Earnshaw and Carrick; while Guilford, because the game was necessarily called off on account of darkness, narrowly escaped a drubbing from the racquets of Carrick and Pope. Other victories have been won and the results of the session are highly gratifying and encouraging. May Wake Forest continue to be the leader in North Carolina in this branch of athletics.



Tennis Champions



In the Tennis Tournament the above gentlemen won the laurels and were gladly proclaimed champions. Carrick and Pope have fully met all the conditions of players of superior order. Aside from their own accomplishments in tennis circles they stand out as men of highest character. Wake Forest is proud to claim two such noble sons—sons who yield to her their highest allegiance, and who at all times stand prepared to champion her cause in their respective spheres of activity. It is our happiness to place upon their heads the laurel wreath which they so richly deserve, and to express the hope that in future years they may be as efficient in their callings in life as they are in the refined game of which they are champions in this College.



TENNIS CLUB.

Track Team



The forward movement which characterizes all branches of athletics in this college has, perhaps, assumed a greater degree of advancement in the work of the track team. Men here this session can recall the time when in this sphere of activity we were insignificant and singularly slow to make any effort toward an improved condition. Recently a spirit of keen interest has been aroused, and as a result there stands now, as representatives of Wake Forest, a team that will successfully cope with any college in the State.

Last season revealed to us wonderful possibilities in our men, and the vim which the faithful few have put into their untiring efforts has been conducive to an intensifying of that disclosure. All credit is due and is heartily given to those who have been so zealous in this realm of athletics as to persevere in the face of numerous difficulties.

It is naturally a source of no little pleasure to them to know that their toil has not been expended on the air, for standing as a fitting monument to their unceasing interest and energy is a track team worthy of the highest praise.

Important meets have been arranged with most of the colleges of the State, and in active preparation for these meets the team is practicing every day.

The confidence that we have in the personnel of the team impels us to say that this season has in store many wreaths of victory, but, withal, none but that will be exceedingly merited. May their success be as great and as inspiring to them as it will be to the entire student body which stands by them to a man.

Members, 1907-1908

L. B. WEATHERS Business Manager.
L. GARDNER Captain.

100-yard Dash.	120-yard Hurdle.
220-yard Dash.	220-yard Hurdle.
Running Broad Jump.	Hammer.

D. O. BOWMAN: Running Broad Jump.
Shot Put. 100-yard Dash.

DEE CARRICK: Half-mile Run.

G. F. HIGHSMITH: 100-yard Dash.
High Jump. Low and High Hurdles.

C. A. MURCHISON: 220-yard Dash.
One-fourth Mile Run.

H. McMILLAN: Mile Run.

L. R. O'BRIAN: Hammer. Pole Vault.

C. M. OLIVER: High Jump.

E. R. SETTLE: Pole Vault.

H. B. JONES: Mile Run.

H. N. BLANCHARD: Mile Run.





TRACK TEAM 1907-08.



Davidson County Club

Toast

Here's to the county of Daniel Boone,
 Here's to the land of possum and emon;
 Here's to her swamps, her hills, and her river,
 Here's to old Davidson's praise forever!



Officers

- A. R. GALLIMORE, President.
- R. L. WALL, Vice-President.
- F. P. GREEN, Secretary.
- G. W. JOHNSON, Chronicler.

Members

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------|
| H. L. KOONTZ. | C. R. SHARPE. |
| A. R. WILLIAMS. | G. G. WALL. |
| W. L. EDDINGER. | R. H. NOELL. |



Guilford County Club



Officers

DEE CARRICK, President.....	High Point, N. C.
H. N. BLANCHARD, Vice-President.....	Greensboro, N. C.
ROYAL WHITE, Secretary and Treasurer.....	Greensboro, N. C.

Members

FRANK HARRISON.....	Greensboro, N. C.
JULIUS C. SMITH.....	High Point, N. C.
T. M. STANTON.....	High Point, N. C.
HUBERT WHITE.....	Greensboro, N. C.

MOTTO: "Blow! Blow! Blow!"

OBJECT: "To puff Guilford."

COLOR: "Over-all Blue."

FLOWER: "Lilac" (everything).

FAVORITE DRINK: "Eu-re-ka."

TOAST.

"Here's to dear old Guilford, may it ever be in the right,
Its citizens a patriotic band, the victors in every fight."



I. S. J. Club



MOTTO: Nihil mortalibus ardui est.

COLORS: Old Gold and Light Blue.

Officers

A. B. RAY.....	Occupant of the Royal Chair.
R. A. SULLIVAN.....	Aspirant to Throne.
T. E. SWEANEY.....	Preserver of Records.
G. G. IVIE.....	Holder of the Bag.
S. T. OLIVER.....	Foreteller of the Future.
H. M. BEAM.....	Chronicler of Achievements.

Other Members

- "LORD" BYRUM—Ladiesman.
- "RED-FACED" BEAM—Gasbag.
- "NEWISH" FERGUSON—Spieler.
- "PROF." ROBERTSON—Nervie.
- "FRESH" POWELL—High-stepper.

CAPITAL



Officers

J. M. BROUGHTON, JR.	President.
J. M. ADAMS	Vice-President.
W. E. MARSHALL	Secretary.
N. B. BROUGHTON, JR.	Treasurer.

Members

J. M. Adams.	B. L. Jones.
G. W. Bagwell.	H. A. Jones.
J. M. Broughton, Jr.	W. E. Marshall.
N. B. Broughton, Jr.	A. B. Ray.
I. Harris.	E. M. Myatt.



South Carolina Club



Officers

J. D. CARROLL.....	President.
R. F. ELVINGTON.....	Vice-President.
L. GARDNER.....	Secretary.
E. C. CLYBURN.....	Treasurer.
G. L. WILLIAMSON.....	Historian.
D. A. BROWN.....	Poet.
T. M. DANIEL.....	Toastmaster.
C. E. POWE.....	Dispenser.
J. P. KIRVEN, Jr.....	Tillmanite.
J. F. KENDRICK.....	Ladiesman.

Members

A. J. Allen.	C. D. Crosby.	J. F. Kendrick.
A. T. Allen.	T. M. Daniel.	J. P. Kirven, Jr.
D. A. Brown.	W. C. Duffy.	C. E. Powe.
J. D. Carroll.	R. F. Elvington.	W. D. Rogers, Jr.
E. C. Clyburn.	L. Gardner.	T. W. Wallace.
W. Cone.	C. E. Gasque.	G. L. Williamson.
W. D. Cook.	M. A. Huggins.	J. B. Willis.



Post Club

◆◆◆

R. G. Anders.

F. F. Brown.

R. H. Ferrell.

T. Hendrix.

A. T. Howard.

H. A. Jones.

B. P. Marshbanks.

R. B. Pearson.

B. F. Williams.

G. T. Wood.

W. H. Tyler.



Sons of the Immortal Dance



COLORS: Pumpkin yellow and cucumber green.

FAVORITE SONG: "Way down yonder in the cornfield."

FAVORITE FLOWER: Sun-flower.

SUNDAY EVENING AMUSEMENT: Blowing soap bubbles.

CHIEF AIM AND AMBITION: To get a pair of "gallowses" for every pair of "britches" we have.

MOTTO: *Esse similis nostri patri.*

MOST PROMINENT SONS.

SINGLETON—"There goes the parson. Oh! illustrious sport!"

HARRIS—The twelve-mile hurricane walker.

TUNSTALL—"Behold the child as he plays and smiles, and never thinks of the morrow."

"SHINNIE"—"What's in a name?"

DANIEL—"Young in limbs; in judgment, old."

ELDER BROTHER—Dr. J. D. Hulham.



Warrenton High School Club



COLORS: Garnet and Light Blue.

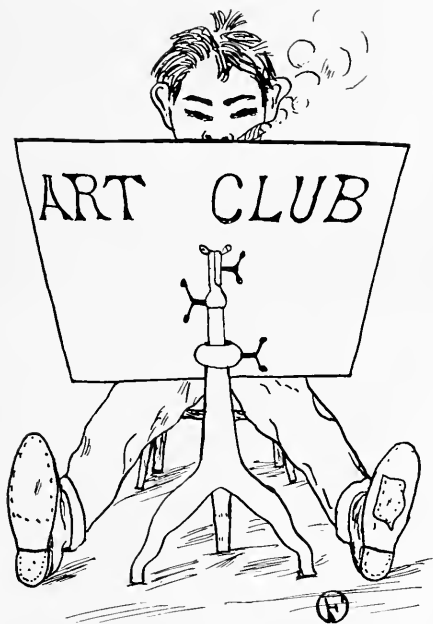
WATCHWORD: Hank! Hank! Boys!!

Officers

ROY O. RODWELL.....President.
 W.M. D. RODGERS.....Vice-President.
 LESLIE C. HARDY.....Secretary and Treasurer.

Members

Jas. C. Braswell.	Graham M. Rodwell.
H. Percy Dawson.	L. Mills Kitchin.
Roy O. Rodwell.	Chas. L. Hardy.
Leslie C. Hardy.	Wm. D. Rodgers.
Vance Henry.	Wheeler Martin, Jr.



A. H. FLOWERS.
W. E. MARSHALL.
T. J. OSBORNE.

I. O. O. B. or B. P. O. B.

(Independent Order of Bores)

(Brotherhood of Protective Order
of Bores)

SONG.

Ye crags and peaks! Ye lofty heights!
Beyond these regions our wings do soar!
Through myriad stars; through mystic lights,
In aerial melody our voices roar!
But never a thing we say!

MOTTO: Let none keep silent! The noise of empty words was never
yet too sweet for mortal man!

PURPOSE IN LIFE: Changing the moody gloom of Society life into the
blissful state of happiness!

NORMAL CONDITION.

Filled with thoughts (?) so rumbling
They surge like ocean billows.

HABITAT: Society halls.

Members

Bullard.	Foreman.	Kendrick.
Thomas, J. T.	Moss.	Best.
Sullivan.	Battle.	Blanchard.
Edgerton.	Clayton.	Gardner.
Koontz.	Singletary.	Singleton.
Williams.	Bailes.	Hayes.
Bell, C. T.	Gray, Asa P.	Stringfield.
Bennett, F. T.	Rskridge.	Check, C. E.
Robertson.	Green.	Woodall.
Wheeler.	Huggins.	Beam, G. M.

The Mountain Boomer's Bereavement



PRELUDE.

Here's to the land of the good old booze,
Old "corn licker" and the mountain dews,
Where the strong grow drunk, and the drunk grow limber,
Here's to up home in the long tall timber,

The burial of Mr. Good Old Booze: departed this life January 1, 1909.
He met the pure in heart, and was theirs.

MOTTO OF MOURNERS:—"Little larnin, less taxes, and more licker."

SONG:—Goodly, Old Booze.

LITERATURE:—Paradise Lost.

HOPE:—O, when shall we meet again?

Mourners

SANTFORD MARTIN—Wearer of crape and much black toggeery.

JOHN HAYES—"With what sad misgivings do I give up my boon companion for years."

JOE PREVETTE—"O, the sad, untimely fate of my dear jester, enusser, and gullet tickler!"

WADE HAMPTON—"O, the awfulness of it—O! the dryness of it all."

FRED BROWN—"What's the use of booze living, if you can't live all the time?"

"DUMP" WHITE—took all he could get and axed for more.

J. R. JONES—"I see my finish drawing nigh."

EDD WRENN, Chief Grand Counselor—"Let your hearts be comforted, for he shall surely rise again."

ALL OF THE MOURNERS OF ONE ACCORD:

"How can we be comforted, since our booze is not?"

DR. KREFFEN—"I pronounce him dead. He has fit his last fight."

DR. PHIFER—"Never put off till to-morrow anything that you can drink to-day."

FAREWELL SONG:

Here's to the last drop of good old booze,
While down my gentle gullet you have been allowed to ooze;
I shall hold your memory sacred, and for you I shall pine,
Since you died in N. C. first of nineteen and nine.

Other Bereaved Ones

John Prevette.	Noah Melton.	J. W. Dimmette.
"Plato" Jenkins.	Doc Phifer.	"Big" Clayton.
B. P. Marshbanks.	Lester Couch.	E. S. Hendren.
G. C. Brown.	Dick Creasman.	J. M. Davis.
Newish Tucker.	Ed. White.	I. C. Woodward.
"Wilkes" Blevins.	Henry Conrad.	Jim Jenkins.
"Bill" Royall.	Newish McTrayer.	Pat Coggins.
Handy Hipps.		

The Great and the Near Great

"SYDNEY A." EDGERTON—His advantages over his fellows are not because he is brainy, but because he is well read and has traveled extensively.

NEWISH MOSS—The life of the Law Department. He is a born jurist.

JOHN D. CARROLL AND NEWISH WILKINS—Gallants of the Harrigan or Harrigan.

BUCK McMILLAN—Famous as a geologist. Verily he has discovered a brick.

GARRIS—Eminent physician—Adviser to Drs. Rankin and Stewart. "Things are not always what they seem."

"INCOMPARABLE" EVANS—The peerless orator. Nature has favored him far above his fellows.

"SUNNY JIM" EVANS—He wears the smile that won't come off.

WHEELER MARTIN—Fresh and can't help it.

N. B. BROUGHTON, JR.—He can not wake up another man unless that one is asleep.

FOREMAN—A continual question mark—a "bone-head" in general.

NEWISH CLASS—Addicted to unsurpassed virility.

COACH CHEEK—Who is in doubt as to whether it will be necessary to have his picture taken or not in order to get his "mug" in the HOWLER.

FRESHMAN PAGE—The man what registers at the B. U. W.

O'BRIAN—Old maids cry for him, and young girls sigh for him.

TRUEBLOOD—"Akiyama graduated at Tokio University somewhere up North."

HINDS AND NOBLE—Supplies of college conveyances.

FOOTBALL TEAM—Knows not defeat!

HUNTLEY, W. C.—Afraid for Randolph-Macon to come, since *he* can not speak in public.

BAUCOM—"Central, give me the Baptist Female University for Women."

COWINGTON—Knows not the difference between a lamp-post and a mail crane.

'Tis True, 'Tis Pity!



Prof. Carlyle (on Sunday School class): "Who can name one relic from the ark?"

Buck McMillan: "Finstus's (Dr. Gorrell) blue suit."



Dr. Taylor (on Moral Philosophy): "Mr. Brown, give me a sentence containing logical reasoning."

Fred Brown: "If the political platform was a see-saw, and Taft was on one end and Sam Singleton on the other, it would be logical to suppose that Taft would hit the ground."



John R. Jones: "Creasman, if you were called upon to write West's epitaph what words would you use?"

Dick Creasman: "The only place that he ever filled that he did not run for."



Prof. Lake (on Physics): "When are the telegraph wires the hottest?"

Eddinger: "When Newish Sorrell's essay on the Bible was being reported to Northern papers."



Dr. Poteat (on Biology): "How did Mr. Collins prove his belief in evolution?"

Freshman: "By his actions at the Wake Forest-Randolph-Macon debate."



Dr. Stewart: "When did Mr. Wheeler show the first signs of insanity?"

Morris (Wheeler's roommate): "In his preparation for the fifth Friday night debate."



Dr. Sikes (on History): "What three students remained in college during the Civil War?"

Tom Daniel: "Ben Hines, Elvington and Tom Singleton."



Broughton, N. B., Jr.: "Please tell me how long may a man live without brains?"

Broughton, J. M., Jr.: "Why, Buck! are you feeling unwell?"

Special Session of the Moot Court

Superior Court, May Term

COMPLAINT.

North Carolina—Wake County.

Professors N. Y. Gulley and E. W. Timberlake, Jr., v. L. L. Tilley and F. T. Bennett.

The plaintiffs complain and allege:

I. That said defendants, L. L. Tilley and F. T. Bennett, because of their imbecility have caused untold annoyance to the said plaintiffs, N. Y. Gulley and E. W. Timberlake, Jr., in the progress of their teaching in the Law Department of Wake Forest College by their egotistical presumption that within the confines of their crania there is deposited the knowledge of all law, whether of past or present time, and have repeatedly demonstrated the all-consuming desire to be instructors of their teachers, and have manifested certain signs of mental weakness.

II. Remonstrations, either from the faculty, their teachers or the student body, have no effect in changing their exalted opinion of themselves.

For which the plaintiffs pray relief:

1. To have them transferred to some wild region where their mad expostulations will harmoniously correspond to the cries of the hyena and the jackal.

2. That if this may not be done we insist that they be sent to some higher institution of learning to take a four years course in preparing for a life of ease and comfort, at either Morganton or Raleigh, the place to be optional to the defendants, provided that they can concentrate their minds on one question long enough to reach an agreement.

JUDGE GEIGER, Presiding.

Attorneys for plaintiffs—

MR. JONES, from Stokes.

SOL. J. J. HAYES.

HON. H. G. WHITAKER.

Attorneys for the defense—

After continuing the case until the eighteenth term of the court, because of the impossibility of the defendants to obtain counsel, the Court finally appointed, had arrested, and made to serve, the following: Evans, Moss, Suskin.

Verdict rendered in favor of the plaintiffs, for which the defense appealed.

SYNOPSIS.

I. Marked cases of insanity—presuming on their knowledge of the law, and insisting that others be content to sit at their feet. This attitude has

not only been continually presented toward teachers, but also to such an extent that great disturbance has resulted.

2. Hopeless Dementedness.—Their cases are hopeless because to the gentle pleadings of their contemporaries they turn the deaf ear and persist in discarding all advice. This is to be regretted exceedingly.

OPINION OF CHIEF JUSTICE WRENN, PER CURIAM.

The terms "lunatic," "insane," "persons of unsound mind" and "non compos mentis" are convertible and generic and include all of the specific forms of mental disease recognized by the text-writers and medical authorities according to the *Guardian v. "Parson" Stringfield*, 150 N. C., 472.

Persons of diseased minds are, in law, divided into three classes: Lunatics, insane persons and idiots.

A lunatic is he who is afflicted with lunic periods of insanity and lunic periods of sanity; that is, insane most of the time and the other, the other.

An insane person is one blessed with no mind, or rather with no control over that which he has; but this must not necessarily have been so "from the time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

An idiot is a person born without a mind, or a natural-born fool, and to this class alone need we center our attention.

From the evidence sent up from the court below we have "ipso facto" as well as "ipso jure" cases of idiocracy. It seems that the defendants have always been afflicted as well as afflicted others. Their conduct has been the same or worse from infancy, until a final verdict must be rendered to relieve the world of their presence.

Making a thorough examination of their teeth (and the Court has had some dealings with stock) I would say that their age is such that their kindred and friends, as well as the plaintiffs in this case, deserve a vacation; but the question is, should they be sent to an asylum or to a zoo?

As this was a question for the jury, and since their verdict has been rendered in favor of the former, the Court, feeling that they are unable to pass entrance examinations in such an institution, because they are such fine specimens of the "natural-born fool," commends them to a four year's term at some kindergarten which will prepare them for Morganton.

Too True for a Joke



He has been told that he is clever, and he fully accepts the dictum. The fact is, he is only "sassy."—*Murchison, C. A.*

He reveals a beautiful capacity for avoiding all useful effort.—*Clark, E.*

When shall we four meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?—*Black Diamond Quartette.*

Live you? or are you aught
That man may question?—*Lyles.*

But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.—*Gallimore.*

O, there has been much throwing about of brains.—*Senior Class.*

We'll have a speech straight; come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech!—*Daley.*

This spirit which I have seen
May be the Devil; and the Devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape.—*Tilley.*

What should such fellows as I do, crawling between earth and heaven?—*Hutton.*

I am such a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your disorder.—*Bayard.*

I have lived long enough; my May of life
Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf.—*Bynum.*

Mas! that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof.—*Webb.*

Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.—*Professor Ives.*

He is not a flower of courtesy, but I'll warrant him as gentle as a lamb.—*Redwell.*

The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness.—*Edwards, F.*

Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament.—*McCatchcon, R. H.*

Art thou a man? Thy form cries out, thou art!—*Professor Page.*

Musicians, O Musicians, Heart's ease, Heart's ease!
Oh, if you would have me live, play Heart's ease.—*Professor Jones.*

O, wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—*Saunders.*

Mad as the wind and sea when both contend
Which is the mightier.—*Butler.*

What is a man,
If the chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed?—"Damp" White.

The time has been
That when the brains were out, the man would die.—*Broughton, V. B., Jr.*

In youth when I did love, did I love,
Methought it was very sweet.—*Hurst.*

Aye, in the catalogue you go for a man!—*Singleton, T. C.*

Shame yourself! Why do you make such faces?—*Jones, H. B.*

You have displeased the mirth, broke the meeting
With most admired disorder.—*Foreman.*

That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—*Collins, F. T.*

Are you a man? Aye, and a bold one, that dare look on that which might appall
the Devil.—*Royall, Bill.*

Avant! and quit my sight: let the earth hide thee.—*Norris.*

I pray you, speak not, he grows worse and worse.—*Hilliard.*

Come, let's make haste: she'll soon be back again.—*Bacon.*

Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed!—*Eller.*

I conjure you by that which you profess,
However you come to know it, answer me—
What art thou?—*Wheeler.*

We know what we are, but not what we may be.—*Lorelace.*

This lapwing runs away with the shell in his head.—*Olive, L. B.*

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.—*Peterson.*

I could play the woman with mine eyes
And the braggart with my tongue.—*O'Brian.*

Coming events cast their shadow before.—*Mercer.*

Nay, he's a flower: in faith, a very flower!—"Vewish" Highsmith.

I am looked for, called for, asked for, sought for, sent for, and sighed for.
Hardy, L. C.

The debts that men make live after them,
The cash is oft interred with their bones.—*Thomas, Phil.*

He bolls, loafs, pouts, weeps, talks back, lies in wait, dreams, eats, drinks, sleeps,
and yawns.—*Coughenour.*

At times he drops hints of knowledge concerning little nothings which are
none of his just to mystify folks.—*Bennett, F. T.*

And so he walks through life in love with love, sensitive, saintly, sweetly sad
and divinely happy in his melancholy.—*Williamson.*

He is the brooch indeed,
And gem of all the nations.—*Evans.*

I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.—"Dr." Taylor.

Those who would write their names high on society's honor roll, need not be
either useful or intelligent—they need only seem.—*Bell, C. T.*

What of These



DEAR HELEN :

In the dead stillness of the night I am sitting alone, thinking of you as I have never thought of any other girl before. You are fairer than the goddess of love. No one can measure the depth of the love that I have treasured up for you alone in the deepest recesses of my being. You are the sweetest girl that treads the soil of this terrestrial globe, and because of that have won my devotion as no other fair maiden could.

I can truly say that my heart yields to you the attachment that has naught of the ephemeral about it; which love is yours so long as you desire it. You are as sweet to me as the purple grapes that hang in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun. Roses may blossom in the spring and wither away by the blasts of winter; gigantic oaks may be cut down by the furious onslaughts of the storms, but my love for you will last until I receive a summons from the black shades of Orcus, which will carry me to the land from which all travelers are denied the privilege of returning. And even in that land it will be developed into a purer and grander love.

Sweet girl, it has been said that absence makes the heart grow fonder. The longer I stay away from you the more thoroughly I am convinced that such is true. Cupid has indeed fully bound me with cords of love, and it will be impossible for me to ever break them—even if I should desire to do so. And now I am rejoicing in this one fact, only a few more revolving days will have passed before I shall have another chance of sitting in your matchless presence, there to devour the charming words as they fall from your majestic lips. Vale.

Yours devoted,

EDGAR E. WHITE.

MY DARLING :

You have an influence over me which is beyond the description of mortal man. Just as the silent tread of the morning sun drives imperial night from its throne, and hastens the splendor and glory of the glowing day, the thought of your imperishable name scatters from my life the dark clouds of despair and brings the sunshine in their stead. Just as the riven snow melts away when it is struck by the hot, piercing rays of the noon-day sun, all grief is driven from my troubled breast when my mind turns to thee. To me you are a jewel far more valuable than the golden apples that adorned the garden of Hesperides. My joy is made complete when I think that some day I will have such a jewel to be the queen of my home; then you will sit upon the throne of love and have my heart for your realm. Everlastingly yours,

FRED. F. BROWN.

MY PRECIOUS ONE :

The crucial moment of my life has come. My happiness or despair depends altogether upon your future attitude toward me. I have not relied wholly upon words to prove my love toward you, but by my deeds and

actions I have tried to write indelibly upon your heart my devotion. It has been my heart's desire to make the weary and rough path of life smooth and pleasant for you to tread. I would gladly lift from your young shoulders and magnanimous heart all the burdens and bear them upon my own manly form, if such should be your desire. The world is filled with many fair and lovely maidens, but to me there is none so fair as you. I have always admired you since our first meeting. To my mind your life is purer than the little stream which comes trickling down the mountain side. You are as superior to your companions as the great monarch of day is to the faintest star that shines in the remotest part of heaven! Had you lived in the days of long ago Juno's wrath would not have been kindled against the worshipers of Venus, for you would have been crowned the queen of beauty above them all.

Eternally yours,

NORMAN R. WEBB.

The Evergreens

COLORS:—All shades of green.

OBJECT:—To publicly correct all errors of the faculty.

PLACES OF MEETING:—On recitations.

MOTTO:—Let no newish surpass us in being Fresh!

PASSWORD:—"Exaggerated Ego."

Officers

President—PHIL SAWYER: Exalted of tongue but abased of brain.

Vice-president—NEWISH MOSS: Not a donkey, but a long-eared mocking-bird.

Secretary—GARRIS: With white matter in his cranium and an indefinite period of prep. work perhaps he could learn to dissect a dog.

Treasurer—Eliminated.

Directors

GEIGER.

KURVEN.

BROUGHTON, N.

Armored Guards

L. C. HARDY.

S. L. ESKRIDGE.

Members

BRUCE JONES.—Four years work, if applied, will scarcely show him how little he knows.

"SYDNEY A." EDGERTON.—Pray the gods that some day he may see his true self.

HENRY H.—Barn-lot hurdle chaser; time, ten seconds.

WHEELER MARTIN.—An ideal subject for Morganton Institute.

BOB DUNN.—With seven cents he owns the world.

SUSKIN.—"I am a Demosthenes."

EVANS.—O that everybody knew what a brain is mine.

STRINGFIELD.—Does only what the Legislature can undo.

CARROLL, J.—Advises the faculty as to what steps to take.

PRIVETTE.—"No it's not the itch; it's only a boil."

HIGHSMITH, L.—He might learn to sing if music could penetrate a plug of tobacco.

MYATT.—His brain would go through the eye of a fly and then have oceans of space.

GARDNER.—He will become Harvard's track team coach next year.

NEWBOLT.—He can put a dictionary to flight, for words.

MEMBERSHIP RESTRICTED.

Who's Who and Why

"Curious" Tyler—Because he wants to know if the football coach is especially for the football team to ride in.

"Lying" Horton—Being prospective successor to Newish McBrayer as president of the Anania Club.

"Renowned" Woodall—Because *most likely more honors* will be thrust upon him.

"Virtuous" Hunter—Since he asks the faculty every time he goes off "the hill."

"Limped" Bobbitt—Because in chemistry he desires to know what kind of water is faucet water.

"Poltroon" Suskin—On the ground that he appeals to all for a fourfold forgiveness for freshness.

"Coach" Cheek—For not knowing Dr. Paschal's countenance from a Latin "jack."

"Lawyer" Geiger and "Parson" Stringfield—Being two of a kind.

"Ex-judge" Blackmore—For carrying the big stick on election day.

"Cogitative" Couch—For staying in Wake Forest three weeks before finding the college.

"Gawkey" "Prof." McCutcheon—Plain newish: when otherwise notify the HOWLER staff.

"Tolbriuous" Sawyer—Because his bed perambulates at night.

"Flying" Whitaker, P. H.—Say "dance" and he is there—nowhere to be found.

"Newish" Homer Olive—No one could guess he was a senior unless he knew.

"Limber" McCutcheon—Did he throw the bag of water at White and Massey?

"The Adorned" Bailes—Because dignity is the downfall of all newish.

"Depraved" Martin Wheeler—For failing eyes will never earn a degree.

"Pursy" Beech—For aiter puncturing you find nothing but wind.

"Legging" Sullivan—Studying the whims of the faculty more than his books.

"Rigid" Harrison—Too clumsy in football to make a freshman sub.

Archibald Johnson, the newish—A degenerated chip off the old block.

"Somnolent" J. M. Broughton—Arguis in herba—animal disputans—animal implume bipes.

Resolutions



WHEREAS, Messrs. Dailey, Koontz and Williams, Chas. T. Bell, O'Brian and Battle have seen fit to bore their respective societies at each session, therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of these societies provide special sessions so that these hores may rid themselves of superfluous oratory and debate.

RULES AND REGULATIONS GOVERNING THESE SESSIONS.

1. That these meetings shall be optional to the members of the societies.
2. That there shall be two meetings a month—the first and last Tuesday night of each month.
3. That these meetings shall be held in the rear end of the Chemical Laboratory.
4. That the speakers shall be allowed to select their own questions for debate.
5. That the president of the newish class shall preside over these meetings.
6. That each speaker may occupy the floor as long as he wants to on his first speech, but must speak three hours or be fined five dollars.
7. That each speaker shall be allowed two hours on miscellaneous.
8. That a fine of ten dollars shall be imposed upon any one of the speakers for nonperformance of duty.
9. That the president shall receive in payment for his services all fines imposed.
10. That for failing to pay any of these fines the ower shall receive the censure of his society and not be allowed to run for office in the society.
11. That the president shall appoint a committee of three to solicit funds throughout this and other States to pay for the GAS used at these meetings.
12. That a medal, costing not more than twenty-five cents and not less than fifteen cents, be given to the one who speaks the greatest number of hours during the college year. This medal shall have engraved on one side the name of the wimmer and on the other side the following motto:

Sic semper tyrranis. By dingibus.
Ego summus taurus mee Societatis sum!

The Green Hats Club

MOTTO:—Do others before they do you.

FAVORITE SONGS:

“Mid the Green Fields of Virginia.”

“Who Put Moth Balls in Papa’s Tea?”

That commotion over there is Tom Daniels making signs at thirty-eight.

Phil Sawyer has the habit of imitating the dogwood tree by bursting into bloom to fool the robins into the belief that spring has come.

Dump White’s favorite pastime is making a noise like an empty glass. Did you ever hear him? I’ll match you.

Little Dockery says beauty sleep is effective if taken regularly. Too bad that Doc sits up so late.

Did you ever see Dad Benton break a bat? He is just as bad about hearts.

Leslie Hardy is going to give one of his Turkish bath parties. Get in the swim, boys. It won’t hurt any one to jiu jitsu with the soap once in a while.

Big Clark is giving lessons in How to Handle Blind Baggage. Let’s go to Raleigh.

MEMBERSHIP LIMITED.

General Meeting of the Agents' Clubs

J. M. BROUGHTON, JR., *Ex-Stereoscopic, Presiding.*
GENERAL MANAGER BYNUM, *Secretary pro tem.*

After the usual order of business, the following minutes of the meeting were read for adoption:

Home Art School Canvassing Club

Representatives:—J. M. Adams, *Chairman*, J. S. Martin, E. E. White.

CHAIRMAN ADAMS'S REPORT.

Messrs. Martin, White and myself have been aiding in a great work. Much has been accomplished that will reflect honor and glory to our noble cause. With an eye singular to the advancement of each individual, we now boast of the foundations of one hundred and ninety-six studios in our district, for which we have sapped the neat sum of \$1,127 from ignorant mortals at a profit of \$5.00 each, or a total of \$1,078.

Ah! gentlemen, it's a glorious calling! To see humble women come to us in tears, and hear them declare their pleasure in having an opportunity to give their children the advantages of the city—advantages of drawing trains, calves, pigs, and June-bugs, when in truth the money should have been spent for bread and clothes, was a sight most gratifying. Many were the homes into which we introduced our ray of sunlight, when the parents or children could not count out the small price to be expended for our outfit; and Hines and Brickhouse report a substantial gain in over-counting these simple people. Indeed, Hines made four dollars clear money, plus the sting of conscience, by insisting that a five-dollar bill was only a one, after he had crammed it into his miserable jeans. Yes, Mr. President, we have done much in establishing the motto of our banner:

"Bore Until They Buy."

United Supporters of Patent Churns and Dish Washers

Committee:—Dr. Massey, *Chairman*, Ed. Wrenn, H. P. Whitehurst.

Mr. President:—The very nature of our business is such that it takes time to make sales, but when they are made, there is a beautiful harvest. Ten sales a week is an excellent average, and as Mr. Whitehurst was the only one who made that, Wrenn and I set off a day to observe his methods. Our opportunity came one day when we ran in upon him while visiting a home near would-be-Salesville. He was running the churn with one hand, and the dish-washer with the other; rocking the cradle with his foot, and talking at a 3:60 gait with the madam of the house—a colored lady. Herein was the secret of his success, so we followed his example to a tick. However, one exception occurred when Wrenn got the madam, the baby, dishes and milk mixed slightly by placing the baby in the churn, the dishes in the cradle, the lady in the dish-washer, and was talking to the milk. When I came in the old lady was foaming, the milk curdled, and the baby buttered. As a rule, our efforts have been fairly successful.

Chicago Portrait Company's Report

By Gasque, *Chairman*, Horton, Jenkins, E.

Mr. Chairman:—In primo, I would like to say we were out six days; that the crew of seven men got orders for twenty-three pictures; that the crew's expenses were one dollar and thirteen cents for the week, this amount being expended for matches, tobacco and one meal for "Sydney A." Edgerton, since he was new in the business and could not canvass his customer out of a dinner. Mr. Jenkins failed to put in three days on account of blisters on his feet, and I also lost a day, being compelled to pay a return visit to a young lady whom I met on my first day's

canvass. All of the other boys made full time. Our week's work amounts to \$112.50, of which \$105.00 is spot profit.

Mr. President, I am in hopes that the crew will be able to make a more favorable report at the next meeting, since all of the fellows will then have learned how to gather up the leavings. Horton is an excellent trainer along this line. On one memorable occasion he "hooked" a piece of tobacco, a handkerchief, and an Ingersoll watch which belonged to a companion who was escorting him to a neighbor's. After bidding him good-bye, the old farmer yelled after Horton: "Say, old sport, don't you want this old hat? You have stolen everything else that was loose!"

Mr. Chairman, we are still laboring in the interest of the public weal, for we believe that every man should be subjected to the photographic evils, as well as to anything else. The only objection to our business is that the country roads are somewhat rough in some sections.

Report on Hitting Tubes for Babies

By Dr. Bazemore, *Chairman*, Dr. Lewis Highsmith, Dr. Geiger.

The delicacy of our profession demands a delicate approach upon its pleasures and mis-haps, and especially in that part which deals immediately with the appreciation of this the noblest of inventions. It seems that the district which we chose for our canvass was situated in close proximity to those people who fell victims to Roosevelt's "muck rake" on the "Race Suicide Question."

Mr. Chairman, it grieves me to say this, but in all of our solitary journey no youthful countenance greeted our arrival in any home, save three. Being far from home, and missing the shouts and cries of delight coming from the infant throats—which exclamations are always inspired by the anticipation of the pleasure so sure to result from our article,—we naturally felt sad that our mission in the world should lack of fruition. However, some success was ours, for when we, by mutual agreement, met at Boonsville, and compared notes, it was ascertained to our joyful surprise that twenty-six tubes had been disposed of. And though it seem that only three of them were sold for infants, yet the material consequences are all the same, since the tubes are designed for all species of animalia, and may be used to advantage.

There is, nevertheless, some dissatisfaction in the ranks, caused by this inappreciation of this most timely article, and before I should ever live to be in that condition, I would drop the drapery of my couch about me and lie down to pleasant dreams.

Report of the Scopic Club

Carrick, Chairman, Lyles, Duffy.

Mr. Chairman:—I will say that we have only canvassed three days, and that our report is of a rather discouraging nature. Our views do not attract the eye, or something on that order, and in addition no one seems to have any money. We just can not induce them nor force them to sign the receipt.

Mr. President, I am inclined to believe that some agents have preceded us. The Home Art Club must have covered our territory, for whenever the children see us pursuing the noiseless tenor of our way, they cry out in fear, "Mama, there is an agent coming!" Furthermore, the ladies do not desire to let us in, and often, to our inconvenience, we are compelled to resort to the back yard and storm the rear of the house—when there are no dogs lurking near.

I will add that the Club went in the hole twenty-seven dollars, and only made seventy-three cents in the canvass. We beg the Association to let us dis-band while at home, as three of the number were in such financial straits as to necessitate generous negotiations on the part of friends, and several kept time to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia" via cross-ties.

Mr. President, you can not imagine what it is to be sixty-eight miles from home without a red. Not knowing anybody, I was unmolested while passing my weary hours of rest in a farmer's barn over night.

Now, in concluding, I will say that we want to dis-band honorably, but in the hole. There is nothing quite so comforting as having the "kale seed," and my general experience, at least in this line, teaches me that an agent will never have it.

The minutes were adopted. Association adjourned *sine die*.

Disciples of Despair

Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves;
Moonlight walks, where all the fowls
Are safely housed, save bats and owls;
A midnight bell, a passing groan,—
These are the sounds we feed upon.

MEETING PLACES:

"Regions of sorrow, doleful shades,
Where peace and rest can never dwell."

MOTTO:—Hence, vain, deluding joys!

DIET:—Eating the bread of sadness and drinking the tears of mourning.

CONSTANT THOUGHT:

Happiness is too bright and good
For human nature's daily food.

PASSWORDS:—Lamentations.

COLORS:—"Blues"—all shades.

ALL-IMPORTANT THEMES FOR DISCUSSION:

Calamities come not singly.

Is there balm in Gilead—is there any joy superior to that
derived from solitude?

SONG:—How can we ever live at this poor dying rate?

PERPETUAL OCCUPATION:—Rehearsing our troubles.

CRIMINAL CRAVING:—To be alone. REGULAR CHARACTERISTIC:—Sighing.

Members

BAUCOM—I know not why I am so sad.
BLANCHARD—Trust not the man who can smile.
SINGLETON—Would it not be far better if every one was always pleasant?
SEYMOUR—In agony there is found the sweetest peace.
ROBERTSON—Whisper to me lest you disturb my deeper musings.
NORRIS—Pray speak not in happy words.
POE—Seclusion yields the most blissful moments.
GARDNER—Contented most in anguish.
KYLES—Life is too short to be merry.
TUNSTALL—Dejected, but still in the ring.
HILLARD—I fain would smile, but—what's the use?
HURST—In faith, I know not what it is to be cheerful.
FERGUSON—Burden me not with light remarks.
LASSITER—Daily disposed to despair of delights.
JOHNSON, E.—Life were an empty dream but for despondency.
POWELL, R.—Forlorn and forever fretting.
WHEELER—Exceedingly innocent of the joy of living.

A Freshman's First Week at College as Told to His Parents



DEER PAW AND MAW—as yomens already no i cant rite an spel much so i has got on ov mi sophomore frends to rite for me, as he is got one of them type-printing machines an all he has to do is to play like Sue does on the organ while i tell him what fer to say. Mi sophomore frend lives next door to me an is mighty good to me. All the boys calls him “Fatty,” as i is got everything strate concerning mi studlies, eatin and livin place i is going to rite yomens a long leter, so the rest of the chillin will no what to expect an do when they come off frum home.

When i first climbed down frum the locomobile several uv the gentlemen gathered round me and went to talking about the “Fire” and “You” society, at first i thought the man wuz talkin about a fire company and that ther wuz a big fire and wanted me to help hold one uv them squirtin guns. But they were talkin about -peakin societies, like yomens told me i enquired fer fessor Highsmith, the man you shipped the taters to. i wuz shore sprised at him, he wont much older than i is an he didnt have specks on or no hair on his face. i got him to hole my verlice while i went to git some chawin backer, but i couldn't find no Brown's mule backer here. after gettin a cart to carry my trunk to my room, fessor Highsmith toted my verlice, while I pushed the wheel cart. i shore is got a nice rum, it is in a house called Paradise on kemilworth avnue. The room is pretty cept it aint got no pretty colored quilt on the bed like weuns has got at home, but it is got a white clothe. The transum is broke and the floor is mighty black where sun sut wuz throwed in at a fellow who roomed here last year. The sophomores have shore treated me good, they aint nothin like you read in the county papers, but i wuz told secretly by another new man that there is a terrible disease among them which keeps them frum botherin ov us, it is called “Senatus delecti” and works like the fever ticks among the cattle in the pasture.

Would like to know if grandpa or grandma were preachers, cause the man what tuk me name an money said if either of them were, i could get my schoolin free and if i studied for a preacher i could get some books an readin paper an would be helped by the board.

after i give my name to the man i went to see a little man who teaches latin, after i told him I wanted to study latin, he wanted to see the paper whut say how much latin i had studdied on, an then he said I could inter subcollegiate latin so you se i am enterin high. Maw shore ought to been with me at the next place i went, i never seen the like of medicine in my life, if maw had all that medicine none of the chillins would ever die. i signed up to take sun of this medicine, but the man whut keeps the place said it were a kemical course.

The next place i went to the man did not respect me as much as the rest. he had a red beard, wor specks an wuz barefooted on the top of his head. When i opened the door he hollowed out come in here you flop-eared jack ass. when i told him i wanted to study english he axed me what books i had read. i told him i had read nigh a hundred of the Wild West books and that uncle john has seen Buffalo Bill. When you have read as much as i it shore helps you in interin the recitations, and hein i no whut it takes i would vise you to scribe fer the Yellow Jacket, and to buy Bill John two or 3 books as the Show train Through Arkansaw an Rip van Winkle. when i come to the room where you learn figurin there wuz a little young man in there and i thought he was a new man waitin fer the fessor, but when i axed where the fessor wuz he said this is fessor Jones.

Paw, i am going to work zamples by letters this year and wont have to measure and measure corn in the erib to see what the answer is. Then i went across the hall to a place where there wuz a hole bot of machinery where they make the stuff whut

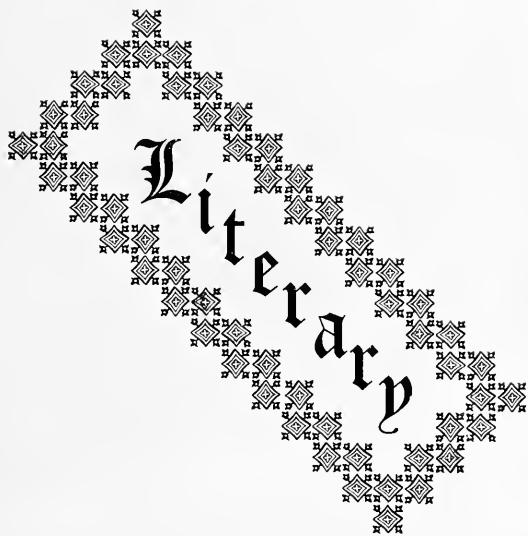
they light the big cities with and make the street trains run. but I couldn't take that course cause it come at the same time wiv my latin. They shore do curious up here, they have recess all after dinner, but sun of the boys go on Nassium and limikel library. they call it boreology. shore wish i had some of maws tonic. last night i wuz mighty sick with the colic, and when the college doctor comed he had me taken to the college horspital. i dont like that ladies' medicine cause it dont taste like maws. But i got al right by mornin.

Next mornin when i went in the administration building i met the big man whut teaches history. he axed me where I wuz from an when i told him he said he knowed Uncle John and could see my favor. he then axed me about my course an if i wuz going to take medicine, i told him i tooked sun last night but wont going to take none more cept i got worse. shore hope cotton will bring a good price this fall cause it shore do takes a lot ov money up here. some of the boys spend much as fifty dollars a month, but bein economical like i is i'l not spend more en five dollars this month.

Wednesday night when i went after some oil i saw a great light shinin out uv the builidin they call the little chapel and i thought it would be a good chane to jine society. i had not more en got inside fore they axed those who wanted to jine to take the front seat. so i set down my oil and walked up. Dr. Lynch axed me if i wanted to jine by letter, restoration or experiece. i told him it didn't make no difference with me just any way that suited the boys. everybody laughed, but i didnt see nothin to laugh at. Afterwards i found that they were holding a prayer-meeting and had opened the doors of the church. say paw how is my dogs and hogs gittin along? Well paw i must close.

Yours Very Truly AS Ever,

JOHNSON RASTUS REEFUS BROWN.



Friendship's Dream



(By LEE M. WHITE.)

'Tis friendship's claim, once more to greet
The old hand clasp, after the pain
Of parting is forgot;
A boon long cherished to meet
And with each live o'er again
The scenes that perish not.

Such deep-drawn lines: hair streaked with gray!
A precious legacy each line—
In the marks, what story!
These the cords to rebind the day
Of childhood loves—these the true sign
Of youth's time-stolen glory.

At the going all are constrained
To speak not—hard to break the tie
As love's sad parting nears—
But when the old hand-clasp rejoined
Calls back the days gone by—
Old joy—forgotten tears!



The Wake Forest Debater



(By DR. J. W. LYNCH.)

"His tongue is made of whitleather,
His words are shotted lead,
He lifts you like a downy feather,
And stands you on your head.

"He speaks the ear off a frog,
The hair from the 'possum's tail,
Routs the fleas off a mangey dog,
Electrifies the pokey snail,

"He moves the cloud to weep in rain,
Or breaks an elephant's back,
He stops a Seaboard Air Line train,
And speaks it off the track.

"He speaks the bark from forest trees,
The feathers off a goose,
Breaks the spell of the Pleiades,
And turns Orion loose."

A Fish Fry

By Ron Roy.

THE mere words "fish fry" are likely to make one think of a jolly crowd of girls and boys on the bank of a stream, under the soft and mellow light of a full August moon, enjoying a supper of trout and corn bread. But this is not the kind of fish fry that I am thinking of.

It was a warm day in the first part of April; one of those days in early spring when one is joyously surprised to see the lazy Lawrence trembling and quivering above the shingled roofs. John and George, my two brothers, Walter, a negro boy, and I had made up our minds to go catfishing. During the afternoon we were all busy getting things ready. Walter went down to the ditch to get earthworms for bait, George hammered out the lead, while John and I twisted the lines. By sundown we had fifteen lines with lead and hooks on them and Walter had a little tin bucket nearly full of big fat worms. Besides these hooks, each had a separate tackle for fishing. We all had on boots or leggings, and in this shape we started in a half-trot, for Lumbee River. For who can walk when he is going cat-fishing for the first time in the spring?

"Walter," said John, as soon as we got to the river, "you can be getting some good, fat splinters while the boys and I put the other things in the boat."

As soon as Walter came back with a big armful of splinters, we all piled into the boat. Walter took the rear seat, John the middle one, while George and I squatted on our knees in the bottom of the boat. The swift, steady strokes from the two paddles sent the light juniper skiff gliding rapidly up the black stream.

"Where are we going to fish to-night, John?" asked George, while he changed his position to rest his knees.

"At the eel hole. I have always had good luck with cats there, and as for eels, I'll bet you I'll land a dozen to-night."

The boat skimmed on silently while the swamp about us resounded, far and near, with the music of the mud choir. The paddles dipped regularly into the water, keeping time with the deep bass, "more rum, more rum" of the bull frog and the loud shrill tenor "fish up, fish up" of the spring frog. Now and then from far down the stream came the distinct "who-who-ha-who-ha-who-a" of an owl. The moon had just begun to glimmer faintly through the lower limbs of the cypress and black gums.

"Here's de place," said Walter, as the front end of the boat bumped against the bank. In a few minutes the boat was hitched and we were all on land. Our next task, which was soon completed, was making a fire and untangling the lines. "Walter, step to the boat and get the spider and frying pan," said John. "George, you bring on the meal and salt." Walter and George then went in the boat up the stream to set the hooks, while John and I looked after the four poles there at the fire.

"One's nibbling at my hook, already," said John, and in another instant he was pulling out a little cat. Then I felt the pole in my hand begin to tremble, then—jerk!—and I landed a two-foot eel. The scuffle began in earnest. The eel soon wriggled loose from the hook and started for the

water. I grabbed him but he was too slick for me; he went through my fingers like water through a sieve. Just before he got to the water John caught him and by some means or other (I've never found out) held the thing until I could cut his head off.

When Walter and George got back from setting the hooks John and I had caught three cats and two eels, enough to begin frying. Walter, who was a good cook, soon had the fish and three big hoe-cakes of corn bread cooked good and brown. After standing around with mouths watering until our supper was ready we were prepared to do justice by our ravenous appetites; and soon only the bones of the fish could be seen. John and George then went to look at the hooks, while Walter and I started to a fat lightwood log for splinters. We got back to the fire together; Walter and I with two big loads of splinters, and George and John with ten cats and one eel. Then the feast began in earnest, and that was the best supper I ever ate. John, George, and I lay around the fire telling yarns and ghost stories while the catfish sputtered and steamed in the spider, and Walter continually persisted that they "want done." But after some time when the fish were brown and the bread well-crustured we indulged daintily in the second course of our swamp banquet. The first course, you know, was catfish, eel, and corn bread, but the second course was far better. It was catfish and corn bread.

After we stretched our limbs and wiped our mouths on pine bark Walter and I looked the hooks again. This time we got eleven cats. They bit fine that night. While we were sitting around the fire listening to one of Walter's mad-dog tales, a loud, regular "boo-boo-boo," was heard above the noise of the frogs.

"That's Tip," said John, springing to his feet, "and he has got a coon treed. Boys' bring on a light." And John bounded across the dark, snaky swamp in the direction of the dog. By the time Walter got his splinters lighted we heard John, about a hundred yards off, let out an awful scream:

"Oh Lord! Snake-bit! Come on boys, quick. Bring a light. Hurry!"

Walter, George and I almost broke our necks trying to get to John. The latter was making a terrible noise kicking and falling about. Just as we stumbled in sight of John he gave a fearful kick, sent his right boot twenty feet away, and a long, half-grown bull frog fell down his trousers leg and leaped wildly toward the run, the most frightened thing in the crowd. John had on papa's big boots that night, the tops of which stood far out from his legs. In his race toward the stream the frog had leaped into one of these crevices and with aspirations natural to a frog he determined to climb higher. Well, of all the laughing. Walter laughed and rolled in the mud until he fairly ruined a new pair of overalls. As soon as John pulled on his boot and we all panted a while we started for Tip. We found, however, that he was treed up a tall maple leaning partly across the run up which the coon had climbed and from the top leaped to the other side of the stream.

It was half-past eleven when we got back to the fire so we decided to look the hooks once more and start home. This time we got five cats, three of them the largest I have ever seen. We had eaten two eels, three cats and had a string of twenty-five, enough for Walter and his folks to grease their lips with the next two days. We would have taken some home with us but the women folks—and it's all foolishness—just wont cook them.

A Migrant Bird Heard on an Autumn Night



By H. F. PAGE.

No airy beat of wings, so far away
Art thou. Only thin-fluted notes that seem
To come from the calm heights of gloam and gleam
Fast neighbor to the stars. Fainter fall they
Upon this lower world of shadows gray,
And then more faint—like music in a dream—
Till one last note, off there where soft lights beam
Far down the South fades to a memory.

Lonely as thou, lone voyager of the night,
My soul fares forth upon a dread, dark vast;
But something in that last, sweet note tells me
That thou, ere long shalt end thy weary flight
In summer glades beyond the reach of wintry blast,
And that my goal can not less happy be.



The Spent Breeze



By H. F. PAGE.

In weary mood one sultry summer day
Toiling mid-waist in corn, I marked a breeze
That moved among the tufted hedge-row trees,
And blest the rustling blades that told the way
It came. Pausing, upon my hoe, all gray
With dust and faint with heat, I leaned to ease
My throbbing brow and let the cool wind tease
Toil-pain away. But ere the restful sway
Of green blades near me came, I saw it die
Into a still dead swoon; nor was there aught
That moved save where the quivering heat along
The fence tops ran. Once more I turned—a sigh
Suppressed—unto my task and bravely wrought,
Nor dreamed of else than far-off harvest song.

Where Billy Made His Mistake

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON.



UNDOUBTEDLY Newish Drake needed toning down, and undoubtedly Professor Belasco needed toning up, and they both got it, but Billy McCrea was expelled, nevertheless.

You see Billy never realized the resemblance between Drake and the Professor, or he would never have done it. But that excuse gave him no help before the Faculty. It was when the fleet came home—you remember the time—that Drake spread it over the College that he intended to kill two birds with one stone—he was going to Norfolk to see the fleet come in and, he always added with a disgusting leer that he fondly imagined was wondrous sly and knowing, to see one of his "lady friends." Now Drake really is insufferable. He is that particular variety of fool whose whole soul swells with a great yearning to be known as a "lady-killer." You know the breed. They sit in your room for hours telling the most tame and tawdry tales with a variety of winks and grins and nudges that might well serve to illustrate the adventures of Don Juan, which is indeed about what they are in their own estimation. Even in a college dormitory where boring is reduced to a fine art, they are recognized as past-masters.

Belasco is a very different sort. Though still under thirty, he is recognized by the students as a master of his science—Biology—and they respect him accordingly. At heart he is really a fine fellow, but just at this juncture he was head over heels in love. And they had quarreled. And—O, you can fill in the rest!

But it was a serious quarrel. O, yes, a very, very serious quarrel, and everything was over now, though Belasco couldn't remember to save him what it had all started about. But he had stormed and Mattie had wept and he had left in a rage, and had sent her back her letters, and she had returned his ring, and he had vowed never, never to look upon her face again and was so upset over it that he couldn't even enjoy a cigar. O, it was a terrible quarrel!

Now it chanced that Professor Belasco had a friend, an officer in the navy, who knowing the Professor's taste for slimy, creepy things and peculiar mosses and unusual weeds and extraordinary beasts, had promised to collect and bring to him certain biological specimens from the tropical waters through which the fleet had passed. So the day before the battleships were expected to enter Hampton Roads the lovesick Professor wended his way solemnly down to Norfolk.

Now it also chanced that some devil of mischief, observing the dullness of life around the old College, arranged it that as Newish Drake, arrayed in festive attire, hied him to the railway station to catch 38, of all the men in college, he should meet none other than Billy McCrea.

"Whither away, Newish?" asked that individual languidly, ejecting a mouthful of tobacco juice on the grass.

"O, just going out among the ladies a little," answered Drake, setting down his snuff case, glad to spread the news a little further. "To tell you the truth, McCrea, there's a girl visiting in Norfolk just now that I, er—ah—won't mind seeing again. She lives in Sumter, South Carolina, where I met her last summer. We saw more or less of each other and—er—well, between you and me I believe I made an extraordinary impression on her."

"I don't doubt it in the least," said the disgusted Billy. "You are calculated to do that, I should think."

"O, no, no," protested Drake complacently, entirely missing the satire. "But I really do believe in this one case that she'll—well, she'll remember me. And pretty. Well I'd just back Mattie Lorimer against any girl in South Carolina for

good looks, and you know South Carolina is famous for its pretty girls. You see it is this way. I was selling maps down at Sumter last summer and being a ministerial student and expecting to come here the following September, I decided to call on the pastor of one of the Baptist churches for an introduction to some of the nice people of the town. As it happened, however, I got the number of the preacher's house wrong and called a hundred numbers farther up the street at the house of a physician instead of Dr. Blank, D.D. However, I didn't discover my mistake until too late, for when the maid answered my ring I simply asked, 'Is the Doctor in?' 'No,' she said, 'there's nobody here but Miss Mattie—his daughter.' 'O, she'll do,' said I, and walked in. And so I met Mattie Lorimer. She soon set me right as to the house I was in, but when I saw what a good thing I had struck you may imagine I wasn't at all anxious to go, so we sat and chatted for half an hour. I didn't see any more of her, for she left town the next day, but I noticed in the *Landmark* that Miss Mattie Lorimer, of Sumter, S. C., was visiting friends at 114 Blank St., so I'm going to drop in—but there's 38 blowing and I haven't bought my ticket," and the newish grabbed up his suit case and started for the depot at a run, leaving the astonished Billy gazing after him. "Well, of *all* the nerve," gasped that worthy as Drake disappeared around the corner of the station. Then Billy spat in the grass once more and went on up toward the dormitory, meditating deeply.

It was one of Professor Belasco's axioms that whatever happens, a gentleman, and particularly a Professor, should always be scrupulously dressed, and it was with considerable secret satisfaction that he donned that same eventful morning a brand-new black suit he had never worn before. This with his patent leather shoes and derby hat suited his tall figure very well, and when he had carefully combed his hair over a spot on the top of his head that was rapidly becoming—ah—deforested, to put it politely, it could not be denied that the Professor of Biology, if not a handsome, was at least a striking and dignified figure. As he boarded 38, however, his satisfaction was considerably jarred by hearing an irreverent Sophomore remark: "I'll swear, look at Newish Drake. Don't he look like a frater in faultate? From here you can hardly tell which is him and which Professor Belasco."

Belasco turned. Sure enough Drake was climbing up the steps behind him. "Hello, Professor," he said breezily. "Going down to see the Jackies come in? Think I'll travel that way myself. Say, let's see if we can't find a seat together." To the Professor's sorrow they did. Drake slung his suit case up on the rack, tilted his derby on the back of his head, and loosed a torrent of words that poured without cessation into the weary Belasco's ears for two hundred miles.

Billy McCrea wandered aimlessly across the campus in the direction of the dormitory. It was evident that Billy was pondering deeply, for two newish passed him without so much as being whistled. Billy's brow was puckered and his gaze was bent on the ground as, with his hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets, he lounged up the walk. He had almost reached the dormitory when suddenly he raised his head with a jerk and the light of a new idea snapped into his eyes. Billy paused and almost gasped at the audacity of his own conception. Then, "By Jove, I've got it!" he shouted, giving his knee a resounding thwack. He turned and started back the way he had come almost at a run. Down through the campus he rushed to the station where the last lingering groups of boys were dispersing after "38 train service," and plunged into the telegraph station.

The police system of the City of Norfolk is very efficient. It works promptly and swiftly, so when the burly guardian of the peace who holds sway at the Portsmouth ferry-landing saw two rotund fellow-officers stroll in just before the boat that brought passengers from Seaboard Air Line train No. 38, slipped into her dock, he guessed at once that the head of the Force had received notice of some suspicious character coming in and meant to seize him the instant he set foot on Norfolk soil. So indeed it was. Only a little after noon an Afro-American wearing the livery—consisting of one disreputable cap alleged to have been originally blue, and one enameled plate stuck precariously on the front of the aforesaid cap and bearing the single word "Messenger" in bold type—of the Western Union Telegraph Co. had

presented himself at the desk of the august head of that august Force with a telegram which read as follows:

Chief of Police, Norfolk:

Seize escaped lunatic train 38 tall thin black suit derby pale slightly bald. Thinks from Wake Forest College. Remove to home of friends 114 Blank St.

(Signed) CHIEF OF POLICE, WAKE FOREST.

It was with heartfelt joy that Professor Belasco watched the lanky form of Drake disappear when the train reached Portsmouth. He had explained to the weary biologist that he had to "do about" in Portsmouth awhile before going over to Norfolk, but that he would meet Belasco later. That gentleman said nothing, but in his mind's eye he could see a large and emphatic interrogation point. But he was free from the nuisance at last and it was with a light heart that he stepped aboard the ferry-boat.

As the *cr-r-r-rush, cr-r-r-rush* of the water under the bow came to his ears, Professor Belasco in spite of his troubles began to take an interest in life again. The myriad twinkling lights of the city called him to freedom after the exhausting experience of the last few hours. "See me again, indeed!" he muttered fiercely. "If the bald-headed idiot sets eyes on me again before we are both back at Wake Forest, it will surprise me."

His mind was still running on Drake when the boat landed, so when, just as he stepped on the wharf, a heavy hand descended on his shoulder he spun round with a suddenness which made the rotund individual who stood behind him involuntarily step backward.

"Hey, what do you want of me?" he demanded of the policeman.

"Your name and address, sir."

"John Belasco, of Wake Forest College. What under the sun—"

"Aha, Jake, he's our man," broke in another voice from behind; and the dumb-founded Professor turned to find another officer on his other side. "Now, sir, just come along quietly with us. We ain't going to hurt you nor lock you up. Take his other arm, Jake," continued the speaker.

"Hold on there. What does this mean? What am I charged with? Who do you think I am?" demanded the excited scientist, angrily, with a disregard of grammar positively shameful in a college professor.

"John Belasco, of Wake Forest College, of course," said the second officer, soothingly. "Take his other arm, Jake."

"If you lay a hand on me, I'll knock you down," thundered the now thoroughly aroused Professor, suddenly snatching himself loose from Jake's companion.

"Grab him, Jake," said that gentleman coolly.

But in his college days the Professor had been a great athlete, and he had not even yet forgotten entirely the art of self-defense. So when Jake grabbed he was as good as his word, and, as the officers hesitated to club an insane man, it required their combined efforts, assisted by the regular ferry policeman, before the Professor was subdued and dragged out, expressing his opinion of guardians of the law in general and Norfolk's policemen in particular in terms that would have made the College President's few remaining hairs stand on end, and have entirely delighted the Professor's wicked Biology class.

Altogether it was a disreputable-looking trio that emerged into the street. Jake carried a black eye marking the landing-place of the Professor's first blow; his companion's nose was bleeding profusely; and the Professor combined the two. Moreover, he had lost a cuff in the meleé besides having one sleeve of his new coat ripped from shoulder to wrist. At the police-station the amazed Belasco heard the order given, "Take him to 114 Blank St. and hand him over to his friends." The Professor knew no one at 114 Blank St. and he said so with emphasis, but no attention was paid to his lurid language and he was hustled into a cab which forthwith set out for Blank St.

Now, Mrs. Henry Morrison, of 114 Blank St., Norfolk, Va., took vast pride in the possession of what is best described as a genealogical orchard, for it is innum-

ceivable that a single tree should bear such a tremendous crop of great men as was proudly claimed as ancestors by the House of Morrison. It was beyond her power to even conceive of an insane relative, so she was correspondingly amazed and indignant when two burly policemen insisted on forcing a very much battered specimen of humanity, whom she had never seen before, on her reluctant hospitality, saying that he was an insane man whom they had been instructed to bring there. That the poor fellow was crazy was quite clear, not only from his disheveled appearance, but also from his wild imprecations when his captors commanded silence and his very apparent animosity toward the officers who were evidently trying to do him a service. But Mrs. Morrison knew him not, and she was saying so in very decided terms, when in the mid-st of the discussion she heard a step behind her and turned to face her South Carolina cousin, Mattie Lorimer, who had been visiting her for the past few days. "For goodness sake, Margaret, what's—" but just then the young lady's eyes traveled past her cousin to the unhappy Professor, who stood gazing sullenly at the floor, "John Belasco! What on *earth* have you been doing *now*?"

Startled, the Professor looked up and gazed into the thunder-struck face of his sometime sweetheart.

Well, the rest is soon told. Mrs. Morrison had heard the tale of Professor John and the quarrel, and having rescued Belasco from his embarrassing position she soon retired like the discreet lady she was, ostensibly to 'phone for John's suit case, which the officers had forgotten to bring, for it was manifestly impossible for him to appear on the street in his present condition.

In a few short minutes the conversation in the room she had left languished. The Professor looked at Mattie and Mattie looked at the floor. She had never looked half so pretty to him before. Slowly but surely there began to dawn upon him the ridiculous aspect of—many things. "Mattie," he suddenly burst forth, "what did we quarrel about in the first place, anyhow?"

"Well, John," she answered slowly, and he saw the dimple at the corner of her mouth deepen ever so slightly, "since you ask me, I really believe I—don't remember!"

"Miss Lorimer is engaged," said Annette, the maid, an hour later at the street door.

"Engaged!" gasped Newish Drake, almost staggering. "To whom, for Heaven's sake?"

But Annette only smiled enigmatically as she closed the door.

Professor Henry had a habit of always giving a little symposium of the day's news to his class before beginning his lecture. That morning he dwelt on the dreadful practical joke played on Professor Belasco a few days before in Norfolk and the unsuccessful efforts to apprehend the offender.

"It was a dangerous trick, gentlemen, a dangerous trick. Just think. It might as well have been our honored President, gentlemen. He was on the same train, and as no one knew him he would certainly have been incarcerated."

"Why didn't I think of that?" exclaimed a regretful voice from the back of the class, before its owner had time to think.

And that's where Billy made his mistake.

In Memoriam



Darius Catman
Professor of Education
Wake Forest College
1903-1907

In Memoriam



James Russell Broughton

Born July 3, 1890

Died December 25, 1908



Charles Archie Boyette

Born January 9, 1891

Died April 18, 1908



JAMES WILLIAM LYNCH, D.D.,

COLLEGE CHAPLAIN,

January 1, 1899—April 1, 1900.

Resigned February 7, 1900, to accept pastorate of First Baptist Church,
Durham, N. C.

Profound thinker, eminent preacher, Christian gentleman.

EDITORS



R.L. Milligan
Phi. Ed.-in-Chief



C.D. Crum
En. Editor-in-Chief

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JANUARY, 1917

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The College Senate



Since hazing first began at Wake Forest various methods have been resorted to in order that it might be abolished. Expulsions by the Faculty proved fruitless. The Honor system was adopted but conditions were improved very little.

In the early part of last Fall the Senior Class met for the purpose of deciding upon some means by which hazing might be stamped out. At this meeting the President appointed a nominating committee composed of Messrs. Sanford Martin, F. T. Collins, W. H. Higgs, O. W. Henderson, and R. L. McMillan, to name ten men, taken from the Senior, Junior and Sophomore classes, who should constitute a College Senate.

After chapel exercises the following morning, a mass meeting of the student body was called and the following names submitted by Mr. Martin for the committee: Messrs. F. F. Brown, Chairman; W. B. Hampton, E. E. White, H. C. Dockery, Jr., J. M. Adams, A. D. Morgan, J. M. Broughton, Jr., J. J. Hayes, N. A. Melton and J. J. Best.

The report of the Nominating Committee was accepted without a dissenting vote. The duty of the Senate is to decide all matters relative to college discipline among the students. The accused may appeal to the Faculty but as a rule the findings of the Senate will be considered as final, except, of course, when contradictory evidence is brought to light.

No man in college doubts the integrity and judgment of the members of the Senate, and after the successful and satisfactory work of that body this year, we may all reasonably believe that this method will be the cause of the final expulsion of hazing from this College.



Y. M. C. A. Delegates to Columbus, Ohio



The International Young Men's Christian Association held its Student Bible Conference in the city of Columbus, Ohio, October 22-25, 1908. To this great gathering of college and university students from every State and also from other countries, the Wake Forest Association sent five delegates—one of the largest of the three delegations present. The students representing Wake Forest were: R. L. McMillan, J. M. Adams, J. L. Jenkins, J. A. Ellis and J. M. Broughton, Jr.

The trip up was a delightful one, the route being through the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and along the Ohio River.

The conference was the greatest of its kind ever held in America, over one thousand delegates, representing every standard college on the continent, were in attendance. The meetings were presided over by Jno. R. Mott, the great world-figure. Among the speakers were men of national fame, such as Robt. E. Speer, President King, of Oberlin University; Bishop McDonald, Editor McFarland, of the *Toronto Globe*; Dr. O. E. Brown, of Vanderbilt, and Prof. Jenks, of Cornell. In addition to these there were professors from Yale, Harvard, Princeton, University of Chicago, and all the big institutions of America. The meetings lasted four days and were at all times exceedingly interesting and highly instructive.

The delegates were delightfully entertained in the best homes of the great city. The entire city united in extending to the assembly a hearty welcome.

The Wake Forest representatives spent some time on the return trip in the cities of Pittsburg, Harrisburg, Baltimore and Washington.



FACULTY QUARTETTE.



BARACA QUARTETTE.

The Editor's Uneasy Chair



With mingled feelings of satisfaction and regret, we now perform this the last duty in connection with the HOWLER—satisfaction in knowing that our best efforts have been exerted toward producing an Annual in which our fellow-students would take pride, and regret that we have not attained to heights of success so fondly anticipated.

In contemplation of the unusual possibilities presented to us at the beginning of the session; of the experiences of our predecessors, and the advice of those who profited by mistakes, it was expected that we would steer clear of some of the embarrassments to which they were subjected; but, human-like, we have discarded their admonition, rashly rushing on the same rocks of difficulty, and there stranded. Now that our eyes are opened to the true *status quo*, we have nothing but expressions of sorrow, refusing to be comforted because the present defects can not be remedied.

The Editors have had but one purpose in view in the preparation of this year's HOWLER, and that purpose has been predominant in all of our deliberations and labors—to produce an Annual that would favorably compare with other such publications in the State, and one which would be not only interesting, but also valuable in that it truthfully portrays the experiences of our college careers for the term. This has been our object, but if it seems to the reader that we have digressed from our fixed intentions, do not attribute such to our negligence, but rather that we have not possessed the qualifications for the performance of such-a work.

The Editor-in-Chief has received the unstinted assistance and cooperation of each member of the staff, and whatever approval the HOWLER meets with, he desires that credit be given to those who have labored so unselfishly for its success. In addition to the staff there are several to whom we are indebted for valuable contributions, especially to Miss Anna M. Archbell, and we take this means of expressing our sincere appreciation for their kindly interest and assistance.

The HOWLER is now complete. The Faculty Editor has made his last correction, and the Editor-in-Chief penned his last line. That for which we have so diligently labored has now become a matter of history. Naturally our responsibility has been great, at times really burdensome, but even in the latter case not without its pleasures and joyful remuneration. Our thoughts have been wholly in the future, when some one of our fellow-students may derive a little joy in looking over this Annual; when a college chum, buffeted by the business cares of the world, may possibly pass a few happy moments in company with the result of our efforts, and have a smile to settle on his countenance at the recollection of these sacred days; when, perhaps, discouraged, he may recall some incident which will remind him of numerous classmates of whose good wishes he is the proud possessor.

If our endeavors shall be conducive to results such as these, then we may confidently say that our reward is great, and that though we have not drunk of the fountain of success as deeply as we might, yet the pure drops of which we have tasted contain inestimable value, if it be that some will be induced to wander once more among these classic shades of fond memory and sacred charm—shades which we have long loved, and from which we depart with a sorrow that can not be expressed to live over again these days fraught with so much real happiness, and containing that for which our hearts will often yearn—the bliss of college life.



THE END

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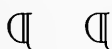


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BUSINESS IN NORTH CAROLINA, 1907

Figures for 1908 not yet available

	Policies in Force		Losses Incurred During 1907	Prem's Rec'd
	Number	Amount		
Etna.....	3646	\$5,369,910	\$122,712	\$161,457
Equitable.....	4892	9,028,141	144,176	298,637
Mutual Benefit.....	7146	11,282,773	144,179	394,243
Mutual Life.....	6814	14,048,741	162,390	373,836
National Life.....	818	1,043,077	16,000	33,382
New York Life.....	5919	10,657,777	151,667	341,260
Northwestern Mutual.....	2261	4,465,370	44,761	140,252
Penn Mutual.....	4868	8,982,816	121,034	299,498
Prudential.....	2944	5,092,397	35,088	176,310
Union Central.....	4072	5,614,351	36,444	189,867
Security Life and Annuity Company.....	4369	7,176,051	51,626	248,219

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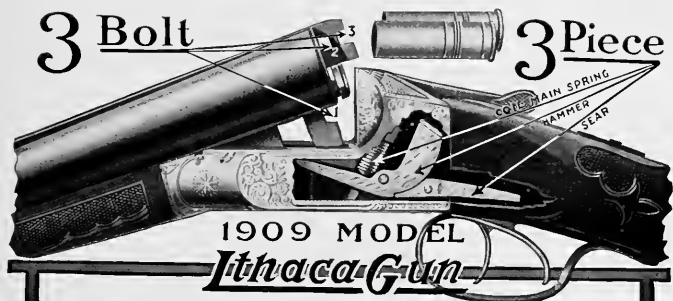
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