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VOLUME X

*The*  
**HOWLER**

1912



PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE  
PHILOMATHESIAN *and* EUZELIAN LITERARY  
SOCIETIES *of* WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

## To Honorable Claude Kitchin

ONE OF WAKE FOREST'S EMINENT SONS IN  
PUBLIC LIFE TO-DAY; THE THIRD MEM-  
BER OF A DISTINGUISHED FAMILY TO  
REPRESENT HIS STATE IN THE NATIONAL  
CONGRESS; GRADUATED IN 1888; ADMITTED  
TO THE BAR IN 1890; ELECTED TO REPRESENT  
THE SECOND DISTRICT IN THE 57TH, 58TH,  
59TH, 60TH, 61ST, AND 62ND CONGRESSES. A  
STATESMAN OF NATIONAL REPUTATION; AN  
ORATOR THE PEER OF ANY IN THE HOUSE.  
SELECTED BY HIS ASSOCIATES TO CHAMPION  
THE FAMOUS FREE LIST BILL IN THE HOUSE.  
MEMBER OF THE WAYS AND MEANS COMMIT-  
TEE; A LAWYER OF ABILITY, AN ELOQUENT  
ORATOR, A BRILLIANT STATESMAN, AND A  
DEVOTED SON OF WAKE FOREST \* \* WITH  
ADMIRATION AND ESTEEM THE EDITORS  
DEDICATE THIS THE TENTH EDITION OF THE  
HOWLER





HONORABLE CLAUDE KITCHIN



OUR PRESIDENT

# Faculty

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WILLIAM L. POTEAT, M.A., LL.D. . . . . *Professor of Biology*  
President

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

CHARLES E. TAYLOR, B.Lit., D.D., LL.D., . . . . . *Professor of Philosophy*

B. Lit., 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 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., Judson 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 Emeritus of Pure Mathematics*

M. A., Wake Forest College, 1861; Assistant Professor of Mathematics, *ibid.*, 1867-1869; Professor of Mathematics, *ibid.*, 1870; Bursar, *ibid.*, 1870-1906.

BENJAMIN SLEDD, M.A., Lit.D. . . . *Professor of English Language and Literature*

M. A., Washington and Lee University, 1886; Lit. 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, 1880; Graduate Student of Chemistry, Johns Hopkins University, 1887-88; 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.

- NEEHDAM V. GULLY, M.A.** . . . . . *Professor of Law*  
 M. A., Wake Forest College, 1879, Member State Legislature, 1885; Member of N. C. Code Commission, 1903-1906; Professor of Law, Wake Forest College, 1894
- J. HENDREN GORRELL, M.A., Ph.D.** . . . . . *Professor of Modern Languages*  
 M. A., Washington and Lee University, 1890; Assistant Professor, *ibid.*, 1890-1891; Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University, 1894, Professor Modern Languages, Wake Forest College, 1894
- WILLIS R. CULLOM, M.A., Th.D.** . . . . . *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, 1897; Member of the North Carolina Senate, 1911; Professor of Political Science, Wake Forest College, 1898
- JAMES L. LAKE, M.A.** . . . . . *Professor of Physics*  
 M. A., Richmond College, 1882; Graduate Student in Mathematics, Johns Hopkins University, 1890-1893, Professor of Natural Science, Bethel College, 1893-1896, Fellow in Physics, University of Chicago, 1896-1898, Professor of Mathematics and Physics, Ursinus College, 1898-1899; Professor of Physics, Wake Forest College, 1899
- J. HENRY HUGHSMITH, 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, 1904-1906, Professor of Philosophy and Bible, Baptist University for Women, Raleigh, N. C., 1906-1907, Professor of Education, Wake Forest College, 1907
- EDGAR E. STEWART, M.D.** . . . . . *Professor of Anatomy*  
 Student of the College of the City of New York, 1896-1900, M. D., Columbia University, 1900, Assistant Physician and Surgeon, New York House of Relief Hospital, 1907-1908; Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, Wake Forest College, 1908
- EDGAR W. TIMBERLAKE, B.A., LL.B.** . . . . . *Professor of Law*  
 B. A., Wake Forest College, 1901, Professor of English and Greek, Oak Ridge Institute, 1901-1903, LL. B., University of Virginia, 1905, Associate Professor of Law, Wake Forest College, 1906, Professor of Law, Wake Forest College, 1909
- JOHN BREWER POWERS, M.A., M.D.** . . . . . *Professor of Bacteriology and Pathology*  
 B. A., Wake Forest College, 1901, M. A. *ibid.*, 1903, M. D., Columbia University, 1907; Practising Physician, Wake Forest, N. C., 1907, Resident Physician, Bellevue Hos-



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

B. A., Wake Forest College, 1905; M. A. *ibid.*, 1906; Assistant in Biology, *ibid.*, 1904;  
Instructor in Biology, *ibid.*, 1906; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1908;  
Graduate Student, Marine Biological Laboratory, Woods Hole, 1909; Investigator  
Beaufort Laboratory, 1910-1911.

HOWARD W. HUNTLEY, B.A. . . . . *Instructor in Chemistry*

B. A., Wake Forest College, 1911; Instructor in Chemistry, *ibid.*, 1911.

DILLON F. SMITH, B.A. . . . . *Instructor in Chemistry*

B. A., Wake Forest College; Instructor in Chemistry, *ibid.*, 1911







H. A. JONES—Faculty Editor





## G R E E T I N G

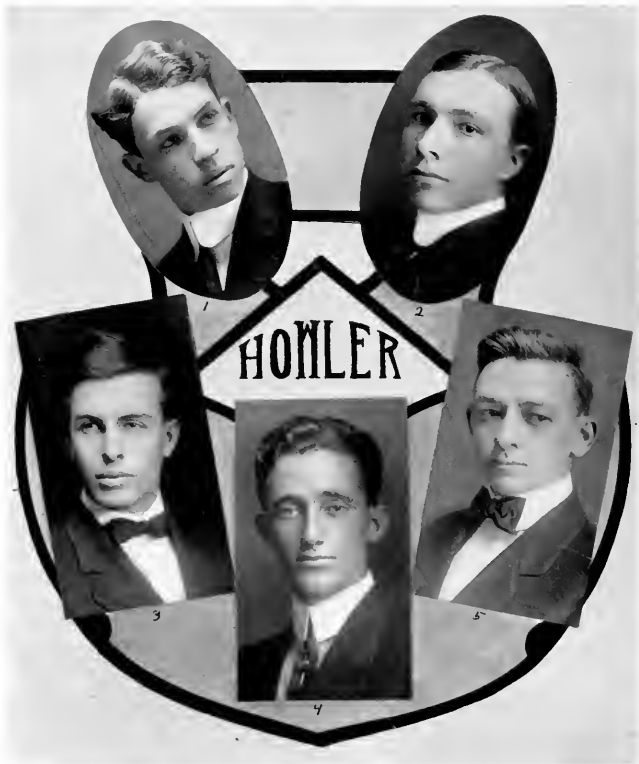
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**F**OR the days that wait unnumbered for  
us, all

We have spent these efforts, every one  
To preserve our College record and recall  
Every blunder, joke or bit of fun ;  
And when days are dark and dreary on  
your way

Take this book and con it o'er and o'er,  
Read what every witty fellow has to say,  
Then you'll love Wake Forest evermore.



(1) HUGGINS, Editor-in-Chief  
2) JONES, Business Manager

(3) HERRING, Art Editor

(4) BENTON, Assistant Manager  
(5) SMETHURST, Art Editor







# The Classes









WARD SCOBLE  
WARD



HUGGINS-PRESIDENT



BOBBITT-TREASURER



SULLIVAN-PROPHET



BETTS-VICE-PRESIDENT



EDWARDS-HYSTORIAN

SENIOR CLASS

OFFICERS-1912



NESTER-ORATOR



GREEN-TESTATOR



EDWARDS-STATISTICIAN



KENNEDY-POET





MISS PETRONA POWELL  
Senior Sponsor



ARTHUR T. ALLEN..... B. A., Phi.  
Marlboro County, South Carolina.

*I will a round unvarnished tale deliver.*

Age 22; weight 145; height 5 feet 8 inches.

The object of this sketch is one of the hard-working class known as "grinds." His fetish is work, endless work. During his Freshman year he made more speeches in his society than any other three men combined. Just missing the Freshman Improvement Medal he came back the next year with a do-or-die expression. Not satisfied with a speech at every meeting he fell in the habit of going to the hall between times and making the curtains tremble with his oratory. Consequently, when the Sophomore contest came on he had the medal tucked away in his vest pocket and was half way to Raleigh before his astonished opponents recovered their breath. In his Senior year he officiated as First Anniversary Debater.

After packing his diploma down in the lower southwest corner of his trunk he will depart for his native sandhills and expound the scriptures to the wondering populace.

Sophomore Improvement Medal, '09-10; Vice President Ministerial Class, '11-12; Honor Committee, '11-12; First Anniversary Debater, '12.

JOHN T. ANDERSON..... B. S., En.  
Spartanburg, South Carolina

*Titles and honor add not to his worth, who is himself an honor to his title*

Age 24; weight 158; height 5 feet 10 inches.

John has displayed such qualities as treasurer of the Athletic Association and as leader in Y. M. C. A. work that he has won the admiration of us all. He came to us from "Furman" last year, and has spent his time here studying medicine, so that he may administer to the sick on foreign fields. He is both a scholar and a gentleman. As a student, he is diligent and persistent. Such men as Anderson hold up the standards of any college, and if honesty and industry count for anything, he will no doubt reflect honor upon his profession and credit upon himself.

Treasurer Athletic Association, '12; Secretary Alumni Athletic Association, '12; Manager Senior Football, '12.





GEORGE WATSON BAGWELL..... LL. B., En.  
Wake County, North Carolina.

*When he be sad he counts money.*

Age 21; height 5 feet 9 inches; weight 161.

George is a live wire. He looks hurly and well fed, and has an oratund voice. He has a thousand and one tales, and then some. He can fit a story into an occurrence or an occurrence into a story, working either way with equal facility. During his career in college he has made a record as a football player, a newspaper reporter, and a lemon-ice orator. He is quite popular among the boys, especially those who believe in "rooting." By his enthusiasms on the side lines he, as perhaps none other in college could have done, has secured for the college athletic teams much support. He has a most accurate legal mind, and some day when you are in the Supreme Court you may see the solemn judges sitting somnolently while a lawyer drones through his argument.

Football, '10; Class Football, '08; President Athletic Association, '11-12; Manager Class Baseball, '11; President Raleigh Club, '12; Senior Speaker, '12; Speaker Public Moot Court, '12.

MARTIN LUTHER BARNES.....B. A., En.  
Davidson County, North Carolina.

*Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.*

Age 25; weight 150; height 5 feet 9 inches.

Luther possesses that psychological element which enables him to rank among the highest in his class. Kindly, genial, popular sort of fellow who doesn't talk unless he has something to say. He is always regular, and will stand for any length of time without hitching. He is a grand commander of the "Sacred Sense of Duty," is an adroit debater, and custodian of the pass word, "By Jukey." It is a favorite observation of his that class work regularity is the secret of success. In society he has been a faithful worker, and in making grades few have surpassed him. After graduating he will go back to Lenwood, and enter upon the duties of his profession, and it is evident that in the near future he will make a reputation as a teacher.

Senior Speaker, '12; President Teachers' Class, '12; Honor Committee, '11.





GAITHER MCINTYRE BEAM,.....B. A., Eu.  
Prestonsburg, Kentucky.

*Ambition has no rest.*

Age 20; height 5 feet 9 inches; weight 170.

Gaither has survived the weather and the table for four glad years. He is a broad-shouldered, round-headed chap, who has been a hard worker. He has made good in the classroom, and as an athlete he has become distinguished. As a notorious captain of finance he has, during his Senior year, been engaged in the nefarious business of Corner on Agencies. As "cap and gown" agent he has displayed considerable commercial ability. We see success for him of course, since he expects to fight the illiteracy of his country in the guise of a pedagogue.

President Junior Class, '11; Sub. Basket-ball, '11-12; Manager Class Basket-ball, '12; Senior Speaker, '12.

HUGH MARTIN BEAM .. . . . . B. A., Eu.  
Prestonsburg, Kentucky.

*Time seemed to pause a little space  
I heard a dream go by.*

Age 21; height 5 feet 9 inches; weight 165.

Turn an enquiring eye to the right and you will see the resemblance of a chap who hails from "Old Kentucky." You never meet Hugh without seeing that placid smile on his face. When it comes to playing basket-ball he is a "peach." He is a forward who "cats 'em up and drops 'em in." During the four years of his stay here he has done all kinds of athletic stunts, and has many friends here, and at "Meredith" also. Lately he has decided to carve out a medical career. Some day he expects to become sole owner of a pill shop, great wads of "kai," and a large family. Luck to this young medicine man.

Secretary Freshman Class, '09; Baseball, '09-10; Class Basket-ball, '09-10-11; Basket-ball, '11-12; Captain Basket-ball, '12; Commencement Chief Marshal, '11; Manager Basket-ball, '11; Senate Committee, '12.





JOSEPH F. BELTON.....B. S., Phi.  
Surry County, North Carolina.

*How peculiar, how wonderful is man.*

Age 22; weight 160; height 5 feet 8 inches.

This is one of those broad-bodied men from the mountains who grind over textbooks as if that were the sole end of existence, and then go out and sneak up the ladder of fame, two rounds at a time, past men who behaved more sensibly when at college.

He put in his appearance among us in '07 and signaled his advent by shooting one of his fellow New-ish in the m $\acute{e}$ l $\acute{e}$  of a blacking crowd. That done, he retired to his mountain fastness for two years and reappeared in '10. Since then he has changed from a gun-man to a pugilist, bating the professors for 97s and 98s with a regularity that is monotonous. Dr. Carstarphen made an effort to buy him off by making him his assistant, but he continued as ruthless as before.

He threatens to get even with the human race for its frivolity and general worthlessness and to that end has engaged himself in the study of medicine. One of his minor ambitions is to get even with "Pud" Thaxton in some way.

We predict for him a great success in his chosen career and a host of friends among the undertaking profession.

President of Medical Class, '11-12; Assistant in Physiology and Physiological Chemistry, '11-12.

ARTHUR CALHOUN BERNARD...LL. B., Eu.  
Wake County, North Carolina.

*To the victor belong the spoils.*

Age 20; height 6 feet; weight 218.

Underlying his every word and action is easily discernible the characteristics of a judicial temperament. He has as large vocabulary as any man in the class, which he has the habit of using when the occasion demands. "Grannie" also has a serious way which will mean much to him in after life. His ancestors for generations before him have been lawyers, and he will follow in their footsteps. Where he will practice law he has not decided, but it is safe to predict that after a few years as a practitioner he will wear the judicial ermine.

Manager Class Baseball, '09; President Law Class, '12; Scrub Football, '09; Senior Football, '11; Speaker Public Moot Court, '12; Assistant in Law, '11-12.





CARL I. BETTS. . . . . B. A., Eu.  
Rome, Georgia.

*Genius and beauty in harmony blend.*

Age 20; height 6 feet; weight 165.

A gentleman, a student, and an athlete is Betts. From his entrance into the class three years ago, "Nuts," as he is better known, has at all times divided his time between the classroom and the athletic field. The one has never interfered with the other. In the classroom he is at the top. On the athletic field he is among the best. For three years he played end on the football team and this year he was the able captain and pilot of the best football team we have had since football was reinstated in the college. Probably more than any man in college he is at all times master of himself. He hails from Georgia, and after graduation he will enter into business in his home town, Rome.

Football, '09-10-11; Baseball, '11; Vice President Senior Class, '12; Captain Football, '11.

ROY RUSSELL BLANTON. . . . . B. A., Eu.  
Rutherford County, North Carolina

*And fearless minds climb soonest unto crosus*

Age 28; height 5 feet 10 inches; weight 165.

"Roy," strong in character, modest in behavior, and faithful to his friends, shows himself to be a good, hard-working student. He entered college as a Freshman, and from the first his mind leaned toward literary work. His brain is clear and capable and he has great ability as a debater. During his stay here he has succeeded in winning a host of friends. Always a strong supporter of athletics, he has aided his college considerably in baseball. As far as he knows now, he will employ his time in smoking black cigars, and siding to the jury. Possessing qualities of true worth and dignity, he is competent to achieve whatever he undertakes.

Baseball, '08-09; Anniversary Marshal, '09; Junior Medal, '11; First Debater Anniversary, '12; Debater Council, '12.





R. PRESLEY BLEVINS.....B. A., Phi.  
Wilkes County, North Carolina.

*It sings; I wish it did not sing.*

Age 22; weight 185; height 5 feet 9 inches.  
Seldom does a tide in the affairs of men roll up into view a man like "Wilkes" Blevins. As his name among the students indicates, he is a native of the State of Wilkes, and as a loyal son, he is striving ever to make Wilkes as proud of him as he is of Wilkes. He is a ministerial student and withal a man. No man enjoys a joke more than Blevins and his laugh is as well known as his swinging gait. Whether plunging through a football line or leading the Wilkes fraternity he is a figure of prominence. We feel quite safe in assuring him that there is a future before him.

Treasurer Freshman Class, '08-09; Class Football, '08-09-10; Manager Junior Football Team, '10; Commencement Marshal, '09; Junior Track Team, '11; Varsity Football, '11; Senior Speaker, '11-12.

THOMAS EDWIN BOBBITT.....B. A., Eu.  
Warren County, North Carolina.

*Silence in this Honorable Court;  
To a neat little cadenza.*

Age 20; height 5 feet 8 inches; weight 133.  
In 1908 "Chief" came to us from the wilds of Warren. This county did well to produce such a lad for he has always been known to be a shark in his books. He is swarthy, black haired and one of the neatest little packages we have in our midst. As a speaker he has won fame by his dry wit and fine common sense. Along with his college work he has gotten off a number of hours of "campus," and as a member of the "runt quartet" he has become distinguished. He has served his sentence of four years with profit, and now holds out his hand for a degree. The proper conception of "Chief" is that he is of rather business-like turn of mind, and we have an idea that he will make rapid strides toward the goal of financial fame.

Associate Editor of HOWLER, '11; Treasurer Senior Class, '12; Poet Law Class, '12.





W. D. BOONE..... LL. B., Eu.  
Winton, North Carolina.

*and still the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all he knew.*

Age 19; weight 130; height 5 feet 5 inches.

This handsome youth took his B. A. degree with the class of '11, but in order to add another string to his bow, and to better prepare himself for life's work, he decided to demand admission into the notable class of '12. He has made the demand and has been gladly accepted. Boone is quiet and unassuming. He seems to walk about wrapped in the solitude of his own originality. While in college has played well the role of a student. Sounded to his true worth he has many admirable qualities. In Law he is a prodigy, excelling his competitors in the art of making high grades. This sawed-off youth has muscles like a pugilist, and as he faces the future well learned in the legal lore he will be a lawyer of the first type, for when brain work fails to win a case he can use his muscles for a scotch. He is too young to hang out his shingle at present, but you will hear from him when he does.

JAMES CLAXTON BRETT..... M. A., Eu.  
Hertford County, North Carolina.

*To thee the world its present homage pays;  
The harvest is early but mature the praise.*

Age 21; height 5 feet 9 inches; weight 140.

With the notable band of 1911 this precocious youth captured his B. A. degree. He has spent this year outside of college. All he had to do to get his M. A. this year was to come back commencement and hold out his hand. His ability as a student and an all-round college man is shown in the way he has demanded his two degrees in four years. His progress has been rapid and all reports show him to be a fellow of no mean ability. While in college "Jack" took a leading part in athletics and was very popular with the student body. His place as infielder in baseball could have been filled by no other. We feel sure that the same spirit which dominated his activities on the athletic field and in the classroom will lead him to victory in his chosen vocation, whatever it may be.

Captain Class Baseball, '08-09; Secretary Sophomore Class, '08-09; Varsity Baseball, '10.





RODERICK M. BUIE, B. S., Phi.  
Chatham County, North Carolina.

*After death the doctor takes the fee.*

Age 26; height 6 feet 3 inches; weight 185

This is one of those big phlegmatic, peaceful sort of fellows in whom you instinctively trust and for whose physique it is well to preserve a wholesome respect. Being built on large generous lines it requires some considerable outlay of energy for him to get in motion and Buie abhors any useless expenditure of either energy or language. However, if a situation arises requiring immediate and effective action he has a habit of delivering the goods on time, as is evidenced by his record on the varsity basket-ball team. On the gridiron he has upheld the honor of his class on his broad shoulders as if to the manner born. With a dissecting knife and a pair of forceps and a defunct citizen he delights to prove himself a skilled artisan. His business in college has been to study medicine and he has attended strictly to his business.

That he has the confidence of his fellow students is shown by his election to the Senate Committee. He will continue his studies in a northern university.

Class Baseball, '10-11; Class Basket-ball, '10-11-12; Varsity Basket-ball, '11; Captain Junior Basket-ball, '11; Senate Committee, '11-12; Historian Medical Class, '11-12.



P. Q. BRYAN, LL. B., Eu.  
Halifax County, North Carolina.

*Yea, a Daniel come to judgment.*

Age 24; weight 135; height 6 feet 1 inch

Oh, don't let his initials fool you,

"P. Q." is not at all peculiar;

He's quick of wit and sound of knowledge.

A loyal champion of his college.

He'll be a lawyer bold and fearless,

In politics a leader peerless.

And when, at length, the White House calls him

"P. Q." obeys, for naught appalls him.

And hears, mid shouts of throngs uproarious:

"A Bryan is at last victorious!"

Licensed Attorney, '11.





LESLIE G. BULLARD.....B. A., Phi  
Cumberland County, North Carolina.

*A modest man never talks of himself.*

Age 26; weight 140; height 5 feet 11 inches.

This man comes from Fayetteville, a town that has the habit of producing many good things. Of a quiet, modest demeanor, he is one of the most popular men of his class. Before coming to college he got the smell of printers' ink in his nostrils while in the pressroom of the North Carolina Baptist and has never been able to quite get clear of it. He has faithfully supported all the college publications with his contributions. Having proven his right to a box office seat on Pegasus's broad back he is forced to devote a considerable portion of his time to dragging class poets and prophets out of the dilemma into which their vaunting ambition has carried them. As editor of the *Student* he has worked early and late to keep it up to the high standard of previous years.

In his class work he always stood out prominent in the 95 and over class. The Faculty recognized his learning in his Senior year by putting him in charge of a gang of Newish engaged in grubbing up Latin roots, and chasing conjugations. He will enter the newspaper profession.

Junior Class Poet, '10-11; Associate Editor HOWLER, 10-11; Prophet Senior Class, '11-12; Poet Teachers' Class, '11-12; Reporter Baraca Class, '11-12; Instructor in Latin, '11-12; Editor-in-Chief *Student*, '11-12

A. A. BUNN.....LL. B., Phi  
Vance County, North Carolina.

*The best of men have ever loved repose.*

Age 20; weight 146; height 5 feet 10 inches

This is another of those socially-inclined sons of Vance County. He is a small, quiet, soft-voiced fellow, very popular among his friends, both male and female. Though he has evinced a disinclination to "arcing" on the hill, he is accustomed to board the Shoofly every Friday night for the lights and flowers, and fair women of his native Henderson.

He has made a break out of the undifferentiated mob by taking a degree in three years. In doing so he has shown his well-developed good taste. He never could bear the idea of graduating with that crude class of '13.

He is one of the class that snatched a license from the Supreme Court in February. Wherefore he will practice law.

Vice President Supreme Court Class, '11-12; Licensed Attorney, '12; Associate Judge Moot Court, '12





J. T. CABINISS.....M. A., Eu.  
Cleveland County, North Carolina.

*It well befits a man to be at ease.*

Age 23; weight 180; height 6 feet

Joe took his B. A. degree last commencement and bore his diploma away under the impression that he was an educated man. Three months served to show him the uselessness of a B. A. course and he returned to take up the study of medicine.

He is a quiet, well-poised person who thinks for himself and mostly to himself, though he has a well-developed sense of humor which is often in evidence. Everybody who knows him is his friend. The confidence of the student body in his ability and integrity was shown in his election to the difficult post of chairman of the Student Senate. It is his present intention to return next year to continue his medical course. His class work indicates that he will make good in his profession.

Chairman Student Senate, '11-12.

COLA CASTELLO.....M. A., Eu.  
Bertie County, North Carolina.

*Before you proceed any further hear me speak.*

Age 24; weight 150; height 5 feet 11 inches.

A student of ability and a man settled for one of his age is Castello. Entering with this class four years ago he hurried through four years' work in three years' time, and thereby received his B. A. degree last year. Heeding the call of his first love, the class of 1912, he returned this year into her fold after having deserted her the year previous. Throughout his college career he has taken active interest in athletics, though his love for work in his society has been in a negative quantity. For two years he was a member of the baseball team and on all occasions did valuable work. He has an acute mind capable of blending itself to advantage in any occupation that he may follow.

Varsity Baseball, '10-11; Assistant in Math., '11-12.





J. M. CHAMBERLAIN, . . . . . B. A., Eu.  
West Raleigh, North Carolina.

*Woman's looks have been my books, and folly's all they've taught me.*

Age 19; height 5 feet 10½ inches; weight 142.

From one so young you would scarcely expect so much brain. Mental stumbling blocks to the average student serve as stepping stones to him. A three months' illness with pneumonia and a spell of sickness during examination week have not altered his determination to graduate in three years. He came to Wake Forest for a stay of one year. He liked the place so well that he decided to graduate with his class. During his stay here, he has been at all times an ardent admirer of the fair sex, and much of his time has been spent in the social activities of the college community.

The next few years Mark will spend at Cornell University specializing in Agricultural Chemistry after which he will enter into the manufacturing of fertilizer with his father.

All Class Football, '10-11-12; Captain Senior Football Team, '11-12; Assistant Football Team, '10-11; Associate Editor of HOWLER.

JAMES SYLVESTER CLINE, . . . . . LL. B., Eu.  
Cleveland County, North Carolina.

*Come I pray and bring no book  
For this one day we'll give to idleness*

Age 20; height 5 feet 5 inches; weight 140.

This youngster has for many reasons earned the reputation of being the champion prize fighter of the college. Altogether, there is a certain obscurity about his career which is very baffling. We have it on good authority, however, that "Jim" made so much noise down in Cleveland, that he was bonded to keep the peace, and then sent to Wake Forest to acquire the art of being peaceful. Despite the fact that he is noisy, his ambition is to be the grand possessor of a law degree, and then out he goes to expound the law to the world as he alone knows it.





HENRY B. CONRAD, ..... B. A., Phi  
Forsyth County, North Carolina.

*I am the very pink of courtesy.*

Age 20; weight 151; height 6 feet.  
This gentleman from the Twin City is one of the most polished diplomats of the class. Always suave, pleasant, and polite, he is one of the best known of the "arcs." As a chivalric courtly lover he stands preeminent and his competitors look on in wonder, admiration, and awe. He holds the marked distinction of having wrested a round 100 from Dr. Paschal on a Latin I examination while a Freshman, which honor he holds in solitary grandeur.

He is a good writer and an accomplished linguist, having held an instructorship in the English department and assistant in the department of modern languages. Also he has faithfully supported the college publications with his contributions.

We speak for him a nice tat job in the diplomatic service.

Vice President Freshman Class, '08-'09; Historian Sophomore Class, '09-'10; Secretary Y. M. C. A., '09-'10; Instructor in English, '10-'11; Senate Committee, '10-'11; Manager Tennis Team, '10-'11; Assistant in Modern Languages, '11-'12

WILLIAM J. CRAMIN, ..... B. A., Phi  
Chatham County, North Carolina.

*Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading.*

Age 28; weight 165; height 5 feet 9 inches.

The subject of this sketch is a mature man with no detracting frivolity in his nature. He has been up against the world for several years, and has met it successfully. As a distributor of student Bibles and other articles of value among the good people of this and neighboring states he has made other mere agents turn bright green with envy. Always suave, cordial, and quiet, he knows how to approach and handle men, and his spiel is always clear, cogent, and convincing. He is popular among the students in a quiet way and has the confidence of all.

That he is a good speaker, no one need be told who heard his speech of welcome at the Society Anniversary of 1912.

He is a ministerial student, and will use his knowledge of human nature to good purpose in his chosen calling.

President Anniversary Debate, '12; Marshal Wake Forest-Davidson Debate, '10; Honor Committee, '11-'12.





W. A. DARDEN. . . . . LL. B., Esq.  
Halifax County, North Carolina.

*The time I've lost in wooing has been my heart's undoing.*

Age 21; height 6 feet; weight 160.

A genial lawyer is "Al." For more than a year he has been able to hang out his "shingle" but his smiling countenance has reigned supreme on the campus during the current session. He has never sought honors from the college as a whole, but was satisfied with the highest office that the law class could bestow upon him. In his chosen profession he will undoubtedly meet with marked success as he has the happy faculty of making friends and keeping them. And with his knowledge of the law he will be well equipped.

Licensed Attorney, '11; Associate Moot Court Judge, '12; Class Baseball, '09; Class Football, '11.

SIDNEY A. EDGERTON. . . . . B. A., Phi.  
Wilson County, North Carolina.

*One who would circumvent the devil.*

Age 24; weight 123; height 5 feet 8 inches.

The great Osler, speaking from a medical point of view, says a man is as old as his arteries. Speaking with reference to a man's mental development he is as old as his experiences make him. If the age of the subject of this sketch were estimated in this way he is easily the oldest man of the class, having progressed well on towards the elderly stage. Since early boyhood he has been dashing around this ball of a world collecting a vast fund of cosmopolitan experiences and his college course has been only a brief episode in his life. Slight in build and alert in mind, he has entered heartily into his course as a ministerial student and in the various religious activities of the students.

Bethinking himself in his Senior year that it is not good for man to live alone he rushed home during the Christmas recess and married a wife, and returned with the vast satisfaction coming from "un fait accompli."

After graduating he will enter upon a pastorate and quote from the original Greek to the unlettered rustics. It goes without saying that he will make a profound impression and will receive unnumbered calls to other fields which he will in all probability accept as he is of a restless disposition.

Vice President Y. M. C. A., '11; Student Senate, '11-12; Senior Speaker, '11-12; Married December 26, 1911.





WILLIAM LEE EDDINGER.....B. A., Eu.  
Davidson County, North Carolina.

*A radiant picture of health and of gorgeous and glittering success.*

Age unknown? height 5 feet 6 inches; weight 170. "Fatty" is an active, alert, business fellow who looks as if he harbors a prejudice in having his own way. He is a student worker and an impressive speaker. A gentleman, the architect of his own fortunes. Many intricate tasks have fallen to him while in college, but he has handled them skillfully and expeditiously. Due to his vindictive temperament, he has made a great hit by remorselessly pursuing and capturing "ads" for the *Student*. He has shown his talents as a business man in the way he has managed the *Student* this year. Law is his chosen realm, but judging from his business ability the business world will find him dealing with the "bulls and bears" of Wall street.

Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '10; Elected Business Manager HOWLER, '09; Vice President Teachers' Club, '12; Vice President Scrub Faculty, '12; Assistant to Bursar, '12; Assistant Librarian, '12; Class Football, '11-12; Manager *Student*, '11-12.

JAMES SPURGEON EDWARDS.....B. A., Eu.  
Madison County, North Carolina.

*When duty whispers low "Thou must" the youth replies "I can."*

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

Before you is the likeness of one of our best looking mountaineers. Though he is too diligent in his work perhaps to be termed a sport, yet "Those who are wise in love, love most, say least." From such an extensive practice in corresponding with fair ones, in many parts, Edwards has materialized into such an elegant writer, that he was made Senior Editor of this volume. In three years he has reached the goal. He has his share of college honors, and has supported admirably all college activities. You would think of a young pugilist or an athlete of first type if you would see his manly physique and brawny muscles. His very movement shows skill and alertness. In the classroom he is of the first calibre; in his society he has done excellent work as a speaker. So far from egotism is "John," that he has many friends in the student body, who anticipate some great scientific discovery in the world of physics, as he enters the arena well developed both mentally and physically to impart his knowledge to others.

Class Baseball, '08; Class Track, '11; Law Basket-ball, '11; Chief Marshal Anniversary, '12; Secretary Teachers' Class, '12; Treasurer Mountaineers' Club, '12; Senior Editor of HOWLER, '12; Class Statistician, '12; Assistant in Physics, '12.





WARD B. EDWARDS, *et al.*, B. A., Eu  
Eaton, Colorado.

*Smooth runs the brook where the H<sub>2</sub>O is deep.*

Age 26; height 5 feet 10 inches; weight 155.  
From Colorado to W. F. C. was quite a step for "W. B.," but he stepped it. He says he is a New Yorker, but you would think to watch him he was an "altitudinous" poet. He is a typical product of the institution of learning from which he goes, for his mind revels in the abstruse and complicated. He is a young man of rare ability for he has taken his degree in three years with "Magna Cum Laude" written on it. He writes brilliantly, studies all the time, radiates incessantly, and circulates constantly. When he leaves us, he will go level headed and big hearted into his western state to serve as a "pedagogue." May his success be as grand as his prospects prophesy.

Historian Senior Class, '12.

JOHN A. ELLIS, *et al.*, M. A., Ph  
Lee County, North Carolina.

*My crown is called content.*

Age 27; weight 146; height 5 feet 9 inches.

"Jack" is one of those strong middle class fellows about whom the college turns. There isn't much spectacular to be said of such men. They are always on the job, absolutely reliable, and as steady as a clock. They furnish the ballast that keeps the college on an even keel. "Jack" took his B. A. degree last year but in his long residence on the hill he had become attached to the place and came back for his master's degree. Besides the work for his degree he has been holding down the pastorate of five churches and served as chairman of the student Honor Committee where he has made evident his undying hatred for everything crooked.

He will go to a theological seminary next year.

Chairman Honor Committee, '11-12







P. L. FEEZER..... LL. B., Eu.  
Davidson County, North Carolina.

*A justice with grave justice shall sit  
He praises their wisdom; they admire his wit.*

Age 23; height 5 feet 11 inches; weight 164

A fair-haired child, good looking, suave and companionable, with eyes of brown and such a sweet disposition. Most all the hair on the front part of his head escaped long ago, leaving exposed to the gaze of all men a few additional inches of his dome of thought. He is an earnest student, and a prodigious worker, set in his ways. Most of his time while in college, he has spent in browsing around the law room "seeking whatever he might devour" of the legal lore. His ardent desire is to help shape the destiny of his State in various official capacities, rough-hew them how she may. Indeed, when it comes to that, he is prepared to do either rough or fancy hewing on said destinies. He will no doubt be a long sprout in the legal profession.

B. VAUGHAN FERGUSON..... B. A., Eu.  
Rockingham County, North Carolina.

*There is no such sculpture as character*

Age 28; weight 125; height 5 feet 11 inches

We hardly know whether to characterize this forensic genius as a Demosthenes or a Lord Mansfield, so forceful are his speeches, so acute his logic. He is a classmate in whom the Class of '12 may take pride. He has not only taken his degree in four years with honor, but has at the same time done extensive church work. He never believes except with his whole soul, and when he believes he does not hesitate to speak. He has the profound respect of the student body, the venerable aspect that is so desirable in a college community. He will no doubt fill one of the large pastorates in his country, and as he goes forth to teach men the error of their ways, success seems sure. What is Wake Forest's loss will be the State's gain.

Second Debater, '11; President Ministerial Class, '11; Alternate Debater Wake Forest-Baylor Debate, '12





PHILIP P. GREEN..... B. S., Phi  
Davidson County, North Carolina.

*His home is in the sinews of a man.*

Age 20; height 6 feet; weight 163.

On first acquaintance Philip impresses you as a bold, bad man whose pranks are calculated to overawe the Faculty and terrify the nocturnal pedestrian, but a more intimate acquaintance reveals a man with a heart full of "good will to all and malice towards none." Medicine is his chosen profession, but the call of journalism is strong upon him and doubtless his spare moments will find expression through the press. His ability as a writer won him a place on the staffs of the *Student* and the *Howler*, where he has more than made good. His broad vocabulary and flow of wit make him easily one of the most entertaining men of his class.

In the classroom he has an enviable record; besides being assistant in Physics and Anatomy, and a hearty supporter of every phase of college life, he holds the unique distinction of being the first man to graduate from the medical class with "Magna Cum Laude." His popularity among the boys is attested by the long list of honors that follows.

Historian Medical Class, '09-10; Vice President Junior Class, '10-11; Captain Junior Football Team, '10; Junior Track Team, '11; Member Debate Council, '11-12; Testator Senior Class, '11-12; Senior Football Team, '11; All Class Football Team, '11; Assistant in Physics, '09-10-11; Assistant in Anatomy, '11-12; Senior Editor *Howler*, '11-12; Associate Editor *Student*, '11-12; Track Team, '12; Chief Marshal Commencement, '11.

S. C. GETTYS..... B. A., En.  
Rutherford County, North Carolina.

*When I beheld this I sighed, and said within myself,  
"Surely mortal man is a broom stick."*

Age 27; height 6 feet 2 inches; weight 145.

The object of this sketch is tall, raw-boned, has long legs, a long head, and may be termed a stem winder. He is stern and forbidding in his aspect and ideas. He is serious in mind, serious in manner, serious in all and everything else. In appearance and reality he is a student. Everybody recognizes his strong character and respects his mental attainments. He has not spent his time in college in idleness, but in hard work for his chosen profession, that of pedagogues. He will prove an excellent guide for the little ones into the field of intellectuality.

Senior Speaker, '12; Assistant in Economics, '12.





HUGH CLEVELAND GRIFFIN... B. A., Eu.  
Northampton County, North Carolina.

*His heart is as far from fraud as heaven from earth.*

Age 27; height 5 feet 6 inches; weight 130.  
Records prove that this sawed-off "Northamptoner" struck college four years ago, and has been hanging on ever since. While in college, work has been his pet occupation, and work his recreation. Difficulties have been no bar to his success, for he has overcome many. He would be a teacher of the first type, and shows that he is endeavoring to fulfill his true vocation. Never meddling, he always attends to his own affairs. If making high marks in the classroom, industry, and character count for anything, his ambition to become a shining light in the educational world will doubtless be realized.

Secretary Anniversary Debate, '12

T. SLOAN GUY..... B. A., Phi.  
Harnett County, North Carolina.

*Whose height was six cubits and a span.*

Age 26; weight 160; height 6 feet 1 inch.

This is a tall, stately personage from the county of Harnett. For reserve of manner and calm unbending dignity he is without a peer in the class. He is a tall man among tall men and the impression of height that he gives is accentuated by the long, hard lines of his figure, and his lean ascetic features.

As a vender of Bibles to an innocent and virtuous public, he has made a marvelous success during his vacations, so he must have the gift of silver-tongued eloquence when he desires, which he never does in the presence of his fellow students.

Being an august personage he has kept aloof from the muck of college politics. Only when a Freshman did he ever fill an office. After graduation he will go to a theological seminary.

Poet Freshman Class, '08-09.





ANDREW JACKSON HARRIS, JR. . . . B. A., Phi  
Vance County, North Carolina

*Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy.*

Age 19; weight 185; height 6 feet

"A. J." is one of the handsome men of his class. With the placid, slightly enmied expression of a man of the world and with fine erect carriage he is eminently fitted for prominence among the upper ten thousand of society. His intellectual development and vast fund of selected experience make it evident that he must have been running on the high gear to have crowded so much in the few years since he made his debut in this vale of tears. He is a born marshal and his society has availed itself of his services in that capacity both at commencement and at an intercollegiate debate.

For two years he has brought terror into the ranks of the opposing teams in class football.

In time we prophesy for him more success in the polite battles of Newport than his illustrious namesake had with the treacherous red men and the arrogant British.

Commencement Marshal, '10; Marshal Wake Forest-Davidson Debate, '11; Class Football, '11-12.

SHDNEY CECIL HILLIARD. . . . B. A., Phi  
Wake County, North Carolina.

*I speak with the tongues of men and of angels*

Age 20; weight 220; height 6 feet 1 inch.

This is the biggest man of the class. Of a wide-spread and towering physique and weighty intellect he towers far above his fellows. In short he is a mighty man. A keen student in affairs of state, possessed of a tongue that could convince Prof. Lannan that the moon was made of green cheese, he is a debater of parts. It is told that those Davidson debaters listened with fear and trembling to the mighty roaring of his voice at the Greensboro debate, and it is a matter of history that the judges stumbled over each other to hand him their decision, and that a half hour later a fair damsel in the audience delivered him her decision, also favorable. Wherefore he has waited on his diploma with ill-concealed impatience.

On the gridiron he has used his mighty brawn in the interest of his class while the multitude looked on in wonder and amaze.

He is a ministerial student and since his Sophomore year has held down with great effect the pastorate of divers churches. His success is so clearly assured that it is useless to waste words in prophecy.

Second Debater Anniversary, '10; Chief Marshal Commencement, '10; Class Football, '10; Wake Forest-Davidson Debater, '11; Chairman Debate Council, '11-12; Anniversary Orator, '12; Speaker Carlyle Memorial Service, '11; Delegate to North Carolina Historical Society, '11; Wake Forest-Baylor Debater, '12.





WILLIAM ROYAL HOLDING, B. A. Eu.  
Wake County, North Carolina.

*'Tis grievous parting zeit' such good company.*

Age 19; height 5 feet 9 inches; weight 165

Since the days of his "childhood fancies" "Sook" has listened to the ringing of the bell and for five years has been heeding its call. He has taken no active part in society work, but he has made himself famous as an athlete, and all the boys and "girls" like him. He is quiet but always pleasant, a boy of out door sports and muscle. On account of an irresistible desire to linger before the mirror he is frequently late for breakfast. Nevertheless we expect great things from him, unless the love of some woman changes the course of his life.

Basket-ball, '10-11-12; Football, '11.

MALOY ALTON HUGGINS, Marion, S. C.

*In all thy humors, whether grace or meilow,  
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant jeilow.*

Age 21; weight 145; height 6 feet.

Here is a man who has made good. Entering college a week after the others of his class, he was a quiet, homesick, insignificant-looking Newish who took his education like most people take medicine, that is, with a serious purpose in view, and now four years later we see he was right. Not in vain did he burn much midnight oil, memorizing Latin syntax, for during his Senior year the Faculty has seen fit to make him instructor in that classic tongue, which school boys have reviled for centuries past. Not to be outdone the Baraca Class elected him president, and in like manner the Senior Class requested him to preside over their meetings, while his society bestirred itself and made him Editor-in-Chief of the *HOWLER*. Lastly he slipped out on the cinder track and did yeoman service for his class in the '11 Inter-class Meet, a deed that he thinks little of, but it is of much importance, freeing him from any taint of the bookworm which the "Magna Cum Laude" in his diploma might suggest.

Junior Track Team, '11; President of Baraca Class, '11; Instructor in Latin, '11-12; Editor-in-Chief of *HOWLER*, '11-12; President of Senior Class, '11-12.





HIRAM TYRAM HUNTER... B. A., Eu  
Madison County, North Carolina.

*What a noble piece of work is man.*

Neatly arranged on his "What-not" Tyrum has an imposing number of curls. He is one of the handsomest you ever saw, and has full personal knowledge of the same, but considered pulchritudinally he is pretty good looking. He is a proud possessor of that commodity called brains, and is taking his degree in a year and a half. By his dubious poetry and various literary productions he has made quite a hit in the field of literature. After graduating he expects to be principal of some high school in his native State. Many more of his type are needed in our schools. It will do his pupils good to have this six foot, proud, linguistic "Prof" come towering in to stir them up. Read his articles in the magazines of to-morrow.

Editor-in-Chief of *Student*, '12; Secretary Missionary Society, '12; President Mountaineers' Club, '12; President Hookworm Club, '12; Historian Teachers' Class, '12; Orator State Interscholastic Peace Contest, '12.

ARTHUR J. MANNING HUTCHINS... B. A., Eu  
Yancey County, North Carolina

*Whence come ye so wild and so fleet.*

Age 26; height 5 feet 11 inches; weight 165.

Here is the noisiest man in college. When he gets to progressing he progresses like a furniture van running wild down a hill. Since the day of his entrance he has taken a very active part in athletics, and his name will go down in the history of the college as a classy high jumper. He has done excellent work in both society and classroom, and has received his share of honors. He is strong in character and shows himself to be a hard-working student. During his last year in college he has become chairman of the "Disturbance Committee." He will at no distant day become an able addition to the pedagogical ranks.

Track Team, '10-11 '12; Crozier Athletic Medal, '10; President Sophomore Class, '11; President Sophomore-Junior Debate, '11; President Y. M. C. A., '10-11; Chief Rooter, '12; Honor Committee, '11; Class Basket-ball, '10-12; Captain Track Team, '11-12; State Record High Jump, '12





HARRY P. JOHNSON, ..... B. A., Phi  
Robeson County, North Carolina

*Indigenous to toil.*

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

Here is another of that long list of Johnsons who have infested the college since the morning stars sang together. At no time since the lamented Carlyle entered has Robeson County been without one and usually several representatives here. He is the only Robesonian to receive his degree this year. All Robesonians and all Johnsons, with one exception, have been hard-working men toiling early and late to master the intricacies of a college education and this man has been doubly so. The bare mention of the fact of his entering full Freshman and taking a degree in three years and holding an assistantship in his Senior year bespeaks unending and successful labor.

He is halting between the Law and Medicine.

Assistant in Government, '11-12.

JAMES TALBOT JOHNSON, ..... B. L.  
Moore County, North Carolina.

*Loyal hearted, strong of mind*

*A nobler fellow you'll nowhere find.*

Age 23; height 5 feet 10 inches; weight 155.

Johnson has only been with us one session, the University of North Carolina having previously claimed him as her son. He has nevertheless in this short time by his courtly demeanor and manly bearing won a place in our midst second to none. Of a genial and poetic temperament his thoughts naturally soar among the clouds; and yet in his graver moments we see him lurking the air of a statesman.

But oh, as Robert Burns so aptly expressed it, "To step aside is human," and so like most of us poor men, "Toby" fell in love. This we think however has only added to his native strength as has been evidenced by his enviable record in the department of Law. His work here has been splendidly done, and it is through his tireless application, energy, and recognized ability that we get glimpses of the future greatness which awaits him in his chosen profession.

Clerk of Moot Court, '11-12





DAVID SHELTON KENNEDY.....B. A., Phi.  
Duplin County, North Carolina.

*He was a scholar and a ripe and good one.*

Age 19; weight 148; height 6 feet.

This man fulfills every requirement in the popular conception of a scholar. Quiet, serious, and unostentatious by nature, he is a hard-working, and, as the "Magna Cum Laude" on his diploma attests, a successful student. Not content with a more than ordinary familiarity with what other men have written, he has a habit of frequently unlimbering his Waterman's Ideal and making additions to American Literature himself. His fellow students early got wise to this habit of his, and elected him one of the HOWLER Editors in his Sophomore year, much to the HOWLER's good, and in his Senior year he has been handling his department in the *Student* with a facility that makes us proud of him. Also he tutors a large class in Latin. In addition to this, in '09-10 he sauntered out on the cinders and made the track team. He will make teaching his profession.

Track Team, '09-10-12; Sophomore Editor HOWLER, '10-11; Treasurer Teachers' Class, '11-12; Class Basket-ball, '10-11-12; Teachers' Basket-ball, '12; Tutor in Latin, '11-12; Senior Class Foot, '11-12; Exchange Editor of *Student*, '11-12.

JOHN MARCUS KESTER.....B. A., Phi.  
Cleveland County, North Carolina

*As the grace of man is in the mind,  
So the beauty of the mind is cloquence*

Age 24; height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 168

This young man was reared near the old historic battleground of King's Mountain. A look at his visage will show that he is a good-natured fellow. He is wise too, for he is taking his A. B. degree in two years with a "Magna Cum Laude" written on it. He is all the time at work, and has won the distinction of being a full-fledged member of the "Book-worm Club." He is polished, precise, and an excellent debater. He is numbered in the category of the divines, and expects to get his training in a higher institution for his most sacred calling. He has already begun to preach and it seems easy to say that he will some day be numbered among the most progressive of the divines.

Senior Class Orator, '12







GROVER CLEVELAND KIRKSEY . . . B. A., Eu.  
Burke County, North Carolina.

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

Age 24; height 5 feet 11 inches; weight 138.

This modest Simian blew in with a loud noise three years ago announcing to the world that he was a "skypilot." His voice is soft and pleasant, his eyes twinkle genially, his lips are constantly breaking into a smile. He has had quite a busy career while in college, but with all his duties he has not neglected the fairer sex. In fact he has a most enviable reputation as a "lady killer." His cheery face and eternal good nature have won for him a high place in our opinion. He talks well, has independent opinions, and takes his tasks as seriously as he takes himself. As he goes from us with a clean record, let us all hope that he will have a future crowned with glorious success.

Vice President Class, '10; Prophet Junior Class, '11; Senior Speaker, '12.

JOSEPH MACK MOSS . . . . . LL. B., Phi.  
Nash County, North Carolina.

*A countryman between two lawyers is like a fish  
between two cats.*

Age 21; weight 138; height 5 feet 7 inches.

The subject of this sketch entered in good standing with the others of his class in '08, and with the frequent and freely proffered aid of the solicitous Sophomores made a good start in pursuit of a legal education. The pressure of outside duties forced him to leave us from Christmas '09 till the following Christmas but he is getting his law degree along with his class.

But for the fact that he was not quite of age at the time he would have been one of the February Supreme Court Class, and without a doubt would have received his license as his knowledge of the law is a thing to be afraid of.

Solicitor of Moot Court, '11; Law Librarian, '11-12.





ROYAL H. McCUTCHEM.....M. A., Eu.  
Franklin, Virginia.

*He is a good fellow and 't will all be well.*

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

Little Mac is another one of last year's B. A. men who realized his helplessness in a cold, unsympathetic world with a literary degree. Wherefore he returned and began the study of medicine. While, like the leisure-loving Rip Van Winkle, he has an unconquerable aversion to any kind of useful labor, he has more than his share of brain, and is able to make good without being forced to do any grinding. He is a fine English student and has a facile pen. While taking his literary course he starred as Editor of the *Student*, and this year has been Assistant in English. He also played basket-ball on one of the best teams the college has had for years. He has a strong mind in a strong body, and will make good in the profession. He intends going to Johns Hopkins next year.

Assistant in English, '11-12; Basket-ball Team, '11-12; Medical Prophet, '11-12

HARVEY ALBERT NANNEY.....B. A., Eu.  
Rutherford County, North Carolina.

*Happy am I, from care I am free;  
Why aren't they all contented like me?*

Age 21; height 5 feet 8 inches; weight 165

On an eye when he was more impressionistically strabismic than usual, Nanney decided to come to college. During his stay here he has sought no honors, but he has packed back in his warehouse quite a lot of knowledge. He believes that his voice is of grand opera calibre and as such must be constantly exercised; you can hear him most any hour of the night out on the campus impersonating the owls, hawks, hounds, and goats.

To the class of '12 he is devoted and is always ready to hold its banners high. We feel sure that the future holds in store for him success as a teacher.

All Class Basket-ball, '12





LELAND R. O'BRIAN..... B. A., Phi.  
Granville County, North Carolina.

*And another said, "I have married a wife."*

Age 26; weight 175; height 5 feet 11 inches.

The subject of this sketch has done many things while in college to keep himself poked in the public eye. There has never been a time since he entered that he was not known by the veriest Newish on the campus. When he himself was a Newish he became famous by the unprecedented length of his bedside petitions while a blacking crowd waited impatiently outside the door. During his Senior year he astonished his friends by taking a hop, skip and a jump over to Durham and acquiring a better half. Not to be outdone the entire student body assembled at the station and gave him a vociferous welcome on his return with the spoils of his conquest. For the first time in the history of the institution Dr. Paschal and Dr. Gorrell turned out their classes.

Withal he is a steady, serious man preparing himself for the ministry, and if the Mission sees fit he will go to the foreign field.

Varsity Track Team, '08-09-10; Glee Club, '08-09; Treasurer Junior Class, '11; Married October 15, '11

OWEN ODUM..... B. A., Phi.  
Robeson County, North Carolina.

*His beauty haunted him in his sleep.*

Age 25; height 6 feet 2 inches; weight 155.

The subject of this sketch is another one of those long, lanky, phlegmatic Robesonians who have been pouring into and away from the college in a steady stream since it was founded.

Odum is a serious, hard-working man, laboring steadily day by day to overcome difficulties that beset him in his pursuit of a degree. There have been breaks in his course when it looked as if he could not return, but he has kept on the job and at last comes with his burden of conditions gone, demanding a B. A. degree. He has taught the young idea how to shoot for some years, but it is his intention to enter the ministry.





L. BUNN OLIVE, B. A., Phi.  
Wake County, North Carolina.

*A minute, vibrant person; watch him.*

Age 22; height 5 feet 6 inches; weight 130.  
"Bunn" is little and lean and lithe and brown. But the adjective that best describes this man is "active." No matter what breaks loose that concerns his class, his society, the Baracas, or the college, it is only necessary to get on the outskirts of the mêlée and observe for a few moments and you will see "Bunn." If it is a track meet that you are watching it is best to wait on the finish line, as there is where he will show up first. In basket-ball he has done notable work for his class for three seasons; in the Baraca Class he is popular and respected. He avows his intention of teaching the young idea how to shoot.

Class Basket-ball, '10-11-12; Varsity Track Team, '10-11; Vice President Baraca Class, '12; Senior Speaker, '11-12.

W. COVER PETERSON, B. S., Eu  
Brunswick County, North Carolina.

*A lion among ladies is a dangerous thing.*

Age 21; weight 145; height 5 feet 10 inches.

This young student hails from the good old town of Wilmington. He is the only man in our class who is taking a B. S. without medicine. "Pete" is some Biologist, and has shown much ability as assistant in that department. When it comes to psychology "Pete" is there to deliver the goods. If you should happen to want him for something urgent you can find him either in bed or at "Johns." We are proud of our Biologist and expect to hail him as one from our class who has made himself eminent along this line. If he should happen to change his course of work in the future we feel sure that you will find him leading some great Reform Movement. "Pete" is the best gymnast in college, having entered off three years "gym" work.

Class Football, '08; Assistant in Biology, '10-11-12





R. E. POWELL, B. A., Eu.  
Caswell County, North Carolina.

*Work is honorable, perseverance wins.*

Age 28; weight 170; height 6 feet.

Here we find a man who has been busy since he entered college. Along with his regular work he has done quite a lot of work in the local churches around the college. As a student he is diligent and persistent. On every occasion, he is firm for manhood and character. Powell is one that attends to his own affairs, and when need be, he speaks. In the many coming years the pulpit will resound with his softly flowing speech. We hope for him remarkable success in his endeavor to better the world by preaching as well as by living the gospel.

W. G. PRIVETTE, B. A., Eu.  
Iredell County, North Carolina.

*Inspiration and genius one and the same.*

Age 23; weight 175; height 6 feet 1 inch.

This cotton-headed rustic hails from the sticks of Iredell County. He has had only three sojourns at his "Alma Mater," with an interim of one year. By way of summary, we have observed that he is a corking good student, and has, while in college, occupied a place in the center of the stage of student affairs. In everything that he is connected with there is evidence of his ability. In fact, he is a valuable member of the conservative element that manages the breaks on a steep grade. He has a strange longing to be a pedagogue in the Philippines. Uncle Sam has already tested his physique and pronounced him sound in body, and as soon as the verdict is passed on his teaching proclivities he will be forthgoing to those distant islands.

Sophomore Medal, '10; Member Honor Committee, '12.





THOMAS L. REVELLE. . . . . B. A., Phi.  
Northampton County, North Carolina.

*Great men should think of opportunity and not of time*

Age 29; weight 150; height 6 feet.

It is evident that this man is determined to have a college education. No man in the class has been laboring longer or harder. He made his debut on the campus in January '06, and remained until commencement of '08. Then he found it necessary to withdraw for three years, but he never gave up the idea of a degree, and this year he has come back after it. He is a tall, serious man, partly dented on top, and an especially good student. During the session of '11-12 he has been Assistant in English.

After running down his degree he will return to his classroom and continue his work of educating the youth of the State.

Assistant in English, '11-12.

J. C. RIDDICK. . . . . LL. B., En.  
Halifax County, North Carolina.

*The glass of fashion, and the mould of form.*

Age 21; height 5 feet 10 inches; weight 160.

Jack has that rare gift of always doing the right thing at the right time. A smile and pleasant word for all, he never hesitates to speak his convictions for what he deems just, regardless of the consequences. His athletic abilities have aided Wake Forest in both football and baseball, as he is a member of both teams. He is one of the neatest and best-dressed men in college. In the classroom he ranks high. Though educated for the law he will become a commercial tourist and there is no doubt of his success.

Scrub Football, '09; Varsity Baseball, '10-11; Varsity Football, '11; President Halifax County Club, '10-11; Secretary "W" Club, '12; Vice President Law Class, '12.





O. L. RIGGS..... B. A., Phi  
Durham County, North Carolina.

*An open countenance but close thoughts.*

Age 26; weight 150; height 5 feet 10 inches.  
Riggs is a native of Bull Durham, and being of an innocent and trustful disposition naturally entered Trinity College where he remained two years. By that time he became wise and transferred his allegiance to Wake Forest. He has been with us only two years, but in that time we have learned to like him, and respect his judgment. He is a man of few words and of quiet, serious purpose. He is a good student and a hard, steady worker. In his society, he has become a moving force by his concise presentation of the question and keen argument. He is a ministerial student and will go on to the Theological Seminary after graduating here.

Senior Speaker, '11-12.

R. R. SAVAGE..... B. A., Fu.  
Churchland, Virginia.

*Wit and humor belong to genius alone.*

Age 19; height 5 feet 10 inches; weight 155.  
On the football field "Railroad" always looked like a young locomotive to the man who attempted to overtake him, when a touchdown was in view, and like a locomotive he felt to the man who tackled him. Though much of his time has been spent on the athletic field, at the drug store, and in visiting his friends, the Virginia lad has managed to graduate in less time than his more precocious classmates. Always jolly, forever creating a laugh, and eternally up to some prank, "Railroad" at the proper time is never other than serious, and it is safe to predict for him success in whatever line he chooses to follow.

Football, '10-11; Class Baseball, '11; Class Track, '11.





WILLIAM MARVIN SCRUGGS, ..... B. S., Eu  
Rutherford County, North Carolina.

*A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays, and confident to-morrows.*

Age 22; weight 151; height 6 feet.

This would-be "Dr." has been making speeches ever since he was three years old. If you had heard him deliver that famous oration last Anniversary you would say, as the rest of us have said, that he has the card of eloquence up his oratorical sleeve. He ended up his first year in college by capturing the Freshman Medal for oratory. In the classroom he is invincible, and has showed himself to be one of the best students in the medical class. He is polished, precise, and enjoys a wide reputation in social circles. With all the pressing duties of his career as a "stiff" carver, he has not neglected the fairer sex. With only three years to his credit he emerges from the medical class with his surgical talent in his hand. He will finish his training in a northern university, after which he expects to accumulate considerable wads of money in his bon-ton jeans by manufacturing patent medicines.

Winner of Freshman Medal, '10; Manager of Club, '12; Historian Med. Class, '11; Secretary of Debate Council, '12; Anniversary Orator, '12.

CHARLES RAY SHARPE, ..... R. S., Ph.  
Davidson County, North Carolina.

*He delights in bones and bugs and microscopes; he has peculiar tastes.*

Age 24; weight 157; height 5 feet 11 inches.

Down on the banks of the Yadkin, something like a quarter of a century ago, this youngster mingled his protests against the degenerated judiciary with the rasping croak of the bullfrogs, and the soothing purr of the catfish. At a little later period of his existence he rambled into a telegraph office, and after listening to the clatter of the sounders for a time, called up the despatcher and asked for a job. He got the job and held it down for three years. Then a new idea occurred to him, and he dropped his telegraph key and dashed out hickety-split in pursuit of an education. And he has nearly run it down at last. He is known as a remarkable student and indefatigable worker, also when he can spare the time he delights to go up to a meeting of his society and win a medal. In his medical work he is noted for the infinite care with which he searches out the nucleoli in his precious sections and for his impatience with any one ignorant of the proper technique to use in staining sections. He will get the remainder of his medical course in some northern university.

Prophet Medical Class, '10-11; Freshman Improvement Medal, '08-09; Debate Council, '11-12; Senior Speaker, '11-12; Junior Orator Medal, '10-11; Anniversary Debater, '10-11; Assistant in Histology and Pathology, '11-12; Commencement Speaker, '12.







COITE L. SHERRILL. . . . . B. S. Phi.  
Catawba County, North Carolina.

*Although we sneer in health, when ill we call them to attend us.*

Age 24; weight 147; height 5 feet 11 inches.

Sherrill is preëminently one of the boys. He could hardly be a Med. and not be. He is, too, one of the most loyal of the Meds. Whenever a need is felt for a person with a four-square vigorous personality, it is customary to call him in, and the matter is invariably attended to with force and facility. With the physique and the nervous energy of an athlete, he belongs out on the arena in sight of the applauding multitude, but his college days have been a mad turmoil of one class right after another, and he refused to leave his microscope and dissecting knives to demonstrate his physical superiority. However, when class teams met he made it a point to participate. Also being a business man he successfully managed the '11 football team. He will finish his medical course at some northern university.

Class Baseball, '09-10-11; Class Basket-ball, '10-11; Class Football, '10-11; Med. Basket-ball, '10-11; Med. Baseball, '10-11; Manager Med. Baseball Team, '11; Captain Junior Baseball, '11; Captain Med. Basket-ball, '11; Manager Varsity Football Team, '11; Corner Med. Class, '10-11; Secretary Med. Class, '11-12.

R. S. SMITH, . . . . . B. A., Eu.  
Mecklenburg County, North Carolina.

*There is a people mighty in it's youth.*

Age 19; height 5 feet 7 inches; weight 125

"Infant" is one of the youngest men in the class of '12. He is distinguished in appearance; little, but not too little; thin, but not too thin. We believe that he has a future before him. Every time he gets a chance he jumps into the higher mathematics and jumps out. He can figure out the peri-helion of Halley's Comet for you on the back of an envelope, and will expound the fourth dimension with confounding breadth of information. There is a humorous side to his character, which is, however, mostly unconscious. He is a popular fellow on the campus, and has many friends in college. Strange as it may seem, when we consider his vocation in life, we come to the place where the line is drawn and we can follow him no farther.

Assistant in Mathematics, '12





MATHIAS T. TANNER..... B. A., Eu.  
Northampton County, North Carolina

*He is low and somewhat fat, but a man's a man for a' that.*

Age 30; height 5 feet 9 inches; weight 200.  
Behold an object that covers both latitude and longitude. His most striking characteristic is his indistributed middle. The exact definition of him is that he is a globe giving the impression of a cube. He is a smiling, pleasant, studious fellow who is always companionable, always calm, and always knows what he is talking about. His career as a student has been quiet, never condescending to indulge in politics. He is as definite as a sunset, and a bright future lies before him as a minister.

BENNIE ADAM THAXTON..... B. S., Phi.  
Person County, North Carolina.

*Tempus fugit; let her fuge.*

Age 21; weight 160; height 5 feet 11 inches.  
Thaxton is *sui generis*. He is as distinct from the common herd as a peanut in a basket of beans. With the utmost irreverence for conventionalities and the established order, and no respecter of persons, he goes in a straight line towards whatever he desires, and he usually gets what he goes after. Hardly any man is so well known around college as "Thax." Of a restless, nervous temperament he is incessantly engaged in some daring enterprise, and his peculiar experiences are in number as the sands of the sea, and in variety as the color of his neckties. One particular exploit of which his friends delight in reminding him is the time he made signs with his hands to the irate mill owner who fired bird shot into a swimming party in his mill pond. Thaxton has also rendered valuable service to his class on the basket-ball floor. Firstly he is a Med., secondly he is a Med., thirdly he is a Med.—and finally, to be explicit, it must be admitted that he is a Med. He will go to some large university and complete his education.

Treasurer Med. Class, '10-11; Surgeon Med. Class, '11-12; Med. Basket-ball, '10-11-12; Class Basket-ball '10-11; Manager Med. Basket-ball Team, '12





FRANK P. TOLLEEN. . . . . St Paul, Minn.

*The truest wisdom is a resolute determination—  
have only one counsel—be master.*

Age 32; height 5 feet 7 inches; weight 140.

Although Tolleen has been with us only one year he has grown rapidly in favor with the boys of the college. He is a native of Rossmate, Sweden, but for eight years has been in this country preparing himself for service among his people as a minister. Before coming to Wake Forest he was a student in the Swedish Theological Seminary of Chicago University, and last year took a Th. B. degree from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. It was on the completion of that course that he came here, and next year he is planning to do further work in Theology. We are assured of his success.

CHARLES HERMAN TRUEBLOOD. . B. A., Eu  
Pasquotank County, North Carolina.

*Report me and my cause aright.*

Age 27; height 5 feet 9 inches; weight 126.

Trueblood is a clever little fellow who is well known, not only in college, but in the surrounding country where he has preached. He has been here longer than most of the present Senior Class, but he has made good. Having many obstacles to overcome to take a college course he deserves a lot of credit for what he has done. Since coming to college he has always been faithful to duties, both in the classroom and in society work. In a speech he made during his Freshman year, he hailed Tom Dixon and handed out this encouragement: "Write on Tom, old boy, write on, I hail thee!" Trueblood will wear the robe of a minister with dignity and influence, and will be a worthy leader of the sheep.

Secretary Ministers' Class, '09; Historian Ministers' Class, '11; Member Y. M. C. A. Quartet, '12; Associate Editor of the *Student*, '12.





PURDIE ANDERSON UNDERWOOD, B. A., Phi.  
Sampson County, North Carolina.

*And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic, was beat with fist instead of stick.*

Age 24; weight 145; height 5 feet 8 inches.

Here is one of the quietest men of the class. He consumes his time attending to his own affairs and never bothers with any worries of any kind, either of his own or of other people. He is a gentle, serious fellow, who knows how to be a good friend, and he has many of them. He has sat at the feet of Dr. Cullon so long that he rivals even that astute gentleman in his knowledge of the Scriptures. He is as intimately acquainted with St. Paul as he is with his roommate, and if he ever runs across Peter he will recognize him on sight. He has never raked in the muck of politics, but has faithfully served his college by a judicious distribution of "Waterman's Ideals" among the deserving. After capturing his degree he will follow the injunction to "Feed My Sheep."

GRIFFIN G. WALL, B. A., Phi.  
Davidson County, North Carolina.

*Oh that my tongue were in the thunders' mouth!*

Age 22; weight 122; height 5 feet 1 inch.

This little fellow is a favorite among his fellows. Ordinarily quiet and dignified he will on occasion fling aside his coat and wade into his society debates, slaying arguments as recklessly as Samson, the Danite, slew those wicked men of Gath; and in the gymnasium his prowess rivals that of the said Samson. His famous exploit of blacking a certain obstreperous Senior is one of the cardinal points in the history of the college, and serves to show that he is a man to be reckoned with when provoked. He is one of the solid, well-poised men of his class and well upholds the honor of his native Davidson. Whatever arises in the college community it is always safe to count on his being on the side of right and justice. Since entering college and taking serious thought as to his career he has decided to preach, and we predict him a notable success in his calling.

Senior Speaker, '11-12; Ministerial Class Historian, '11-12.





HENRY ABRAM WALLIN.....M. A., Eu.  
Madison County, North Carolina.

*A man condemned to wear the public burden of a nation's care.*

Age 21; height 5 feet 10 inches; weight 150.  
Before you is the likeness of a curly-headed mountaineer, who got off enough work in three years to entitle him to two degrees. A B. A. degree was handed out to him last year, and he will take his M. A. with the class of 1912. As a student his record has been one steady rise. In society he was a pillar of strength, always having its welfare at heart. He has been teaching this year in the schools at Pinnacle, N. C. His purpose is to know and expound the law, and with this in view he will go to Columbia University to receive higher training. The voices from the higher sunlit hills in the legal world call Wallin on, and we wish him well. Prosperity sits in his pathway.

Historian Freshman Class, '08-09; Senior Speaker, '10.

HUGH D. WARD.....B. S., Phi.  
Brunswick County, North Carolina.

*Solitude delighteth well to feed on many thoughts.*

Age 25; weight 153; height 5 feet 7 inches.  
This gentleman comes from the historic old county of Brunswick, and taking that as a sufficient guarantee of his standing, has the least possible to say either of himself or of other less important subjects. Always suave, silent as a deaf-mute, save on Pathology, polite to all and sundry, and uncommunicative, he holds the even tenor of his way, absolutely unaffected even when we scored a touchdown on A and M.

Being exceedingly good to look upon, he has allotted a certain part of his time to the pursuit of pleasures among the illusive feminines. As to his success it is impossible to state as he isn't inclined to conversation along that line.

He is a medical student, and takes a huge delight in making works of art out of the most unpromising of cadavers. He will probably finish his medical course at the Charlotte Medical School, or at Richmond.

Secretary of Senior Class, '11-12; President of the "Perpetual Broke" Club, 1-1900 A. D.





GEORGE T. WATKINS, JR. . . . . B. A., Phi.  
Wayne County, North Carolina.

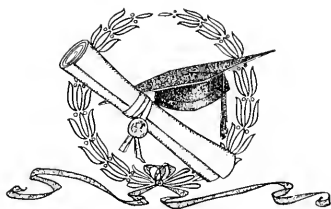
*When Casey struck out.*

Age 20; weight 150; height 5 feet 7 inches.

George is a happy-go-lucky, hail-fellow-well-met sort of chap, always to be seen in the midst of a bunch of friends he has gathered around him, and giving vent to his peculiar jovial chuckling laugh. With a genius for practical jokes that some of his victims have described as fiendish, he has a sense of humor sufficient to enjoy one on himself, if any one can scrape up enough ingenuity to put one over him.

His ability to remember baseball scores is the thing that lifts him out of the unthinking mass. He can recite batting averages by the hour, and give you the number of hits and errors in every game he ever witnessed. Not only, however, does he witness games, he plays them. He has stood behind the bat in many hard-played games since entering college, and always makes good. In his Senior year he began the study of medicine, and will be back next year to continue his course.

Baseball Team, '10-11; Class Football, '09-10-11.



## Senior Class Poem

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Four years are gone in swiftest flight  
Each pressing close upon the last,  
And looking back with wistful eyes  
Upon the changeless course, now passed.

Four years, each bound with friendship's steel,  
And each aroused with varied strife;  
Each torn with struggles, joys, pains;  
Each vibrant with abounding life.

In silence deep they fade away,  
At length they seem forever flown;  
The afterglow of past events  
Behind their vanished form is thrown.

Four years of Alma Mater's care,  
And now Life's trumpet calls to place  
With tingling nerves and muscles tense  
Each man leaps forward to his race.

Will Life, with doubtful purpose, throw  
Its golden frauds before our eyes?  
Shall we, like Atalanta, pause,  
And let a rival win the prize?

## Senior Class History

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*Seated one night by the preside,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my mind was wandering idly  
Over various class histories.*

**A**WAKING from this lethargy, I remembered that a heterogeneous mass of protoplasm was unloaded at Wake Forest in the fall of 1908. And soon this human incongruity was organized at Holding's Mill Pond as the Freshman Class. We considered ourselves exceedingly fortunate that we were unmolested on this occasion by the all-wise and omnipresent Sophomores. But these monarchs mourned bitterly that they had been outwitted by their new subjects, for they had expected to force us to an early and disorderly adjournment.

Having emerged from "Newishdom," we were permitted to enter the Sophomorical realms. In this new field of opportunities we attempted, as we then thought, some much-needed reforms. In order to bring about this reformation various organizations were necessary; we adopted the traditional Newish whistle, the masquerade drama, followed by the introduction of other clubs. Among the scenes presented by these clubs was one in which a masked actor was rendered unconscious, or rather brought to his senses by a severe chair lambasting, an effect contrary to that imposed by the magic wand of Comus. As a result of this unsuccessful attempt at blacking a different remedy for the malady, freshness, was deemed expedient; and consequently, itinerant barber shops, like those in Don Quixote, were established; and as an advertisement for the new establishment, hair cuts were free at night; but the patrons from disgust, probably due to the fact that the work was hurriedly done, declared that they would never again take advantage of barber work for which no charge was made.

This being the year of idleness and insomnia, we loafed by day and worried the campus by night. Practical jokers and kleptomaniacs prominent in all second-year classes were not wanting in this Class. One night when the darkness was deep and the community was buried in sleep, the pilfering propensities innate in some members of this Class were gratified when they stealthily entered the President's barnyard, procured, and a little later "chapel-elled," his cow for religious instruction.



With the advent of our Junior year we, looking forward to the termination of our college career, began to assume dignity; yet the Faculty kept us continuously to the grindstone, lest we should think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think. They have unceremoniously refused every petition with which we have honored them. Alarmed at our social tendencies, they united with Dame Tradition to keep us from feasting. However, repealing this unwritten law, the Faculty granted us the privilege of having a banquet and perpetrated toasts and other things on that occasion. The Chair of Bible favored us with a genuine joke. This was the first event of its kind in the history of the college.

In some respects this was our best year of college life; for as Freshmen we suffered at the hands of the Sophomores; during our second year we lost much time in educating the Freshmen; and as Seniors we were too busy for anything except wondering "if our names would be written there."

In our Senior year we began the study of moral philosophy; but because of the loss of sleep, religion, and temper, we decided to dub it "immoral" philosophy. Because of our ability, keen sense of perception, misrepresentation, and imagination, both constructive and very simple, the venerable Professor pronounced us the best class in psychology that he had ever had. With the spring term was ushered in logic, with its undistributed middle and epicheirema. Suffice it to apply the old proverb, "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

College students usually fall into three groups: first, the good-timers; second, the get-through-by-the-skin-of-their-teethers; and third, the get-all-they-canners. The Faculty ranked us in the first two classes, while we claimed the honor and distinction of being in the third—a great shock of difference.

In the history of this Class there have been three famous marches, probably less famous than Sherman's or Xenophon's March to the sea. These marches were; namely, first, the political march, when Dr. Sikes, the Senator elect, was drawn and followed by a yelling mob of students to different parts of the town and finally to the bonfire, where he favored us with his speech, "Victoria"; second, the athletic march, when Phil Utley was carried from the field after a star play on the football team; and third, last, and best, the matrimonial march. On the fifteenth of October it was reported that one of our number had successfully captivated one from among the fairer sex of Durham, and that the bride and groom would arrive on train No. 38 the next day. In order to give them a royal reception the classes of that hour were suspended, recitation rooms were left vacant, and the entire student body assembled at the station to await their arrival. After the train had left, the President of the College introduced to us Mr. and Mrs. O'Brian, who bowed as though they

were in the presence of an Egyptian queen. Although the sun was not shining, O'Brian's face lighted up the darkened earth and so dazzled the entire student body that the electric light plant, which had before been adequate, seemed dim by comparison. They were hauled to their future home in a bridal coach decked with old gold and black. This matrimonial disease became contagious, and consequently another of our number, Sidney A. Edgerton, succumbed to the cunning darts of Cupid. This contagion, moreover, was not confined to the Senior Class.

The Senior Class of 1912 has not as yet turned out a Thomas Dixon or a John Charles McNeill, but it has taken part in all college activities from placing a chair on the water tank, furnishing men in intercollegiate debates, in baseball, in football, and in basket-ball, in which we won the interclass championship of 1911, and received from the athletic association a loving cup as a prize. We also had the distinction of bringing back to Wake Forest the greatest of all college sports, football. Since then we have witnessed many battles, hard fought by the pigskin chasers on the gridiron; and we are glad to say that the efficiency of the team has increased in geometrical progression during these few years.

From the foregoing facts it may be seen how we have been molded in the crucible of college life.

We were blacked together, we blacked together, worked, flunked, and married together, and these bonds that have gently retained us for four years are now broken, and the largest class in the history of the institution must, in sorrow mingled with joy, leave the dear old college walls.

*There's a high-arched gate  
In the paths of our lives,  
We have journeyed to meet it as one;  
Just beyond is the future,  
Our pathways divide,  
And the school days are over and gone.*

HISTORIAN.



## Senior Class Prophecy

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**H**LAS, how often we stand unconsciously on the brink of a dangerous precipice, when in a moment more, one person, or even a hundred, would be hurled to destruction! The Senior Class was in just such a predicament when it was saved by the merest accident. Could one imagine anything worse than for seventy-five men to go out from their Alma Mater to drift aimlessly on the stream of time without their future ever having been foretold? Yet this fate was staring my beloved classmates in the face; for having spent days reading after the prophets of old, I gained no inspiration, nor did any of the mysteries surrounding their future life clear away. But happily for all this calamity was averted.

One afternoon, when the days had lengthened and the warm sunshine had enticed me from my books out into the balmy air, a hunter came hurrying along through the woods with his countenance beaming like that of Columbus when he first beheld a new continent stretched out before his eyes. I saw that he was eager to relate something, so I accosted him and was soon engaged in conversation with him. After answering a few questions I put to him concerning his game, he told me of a remarkable place he had found in the forest where it seemed to be raining all the time although not a sign of a cloud appeared in the sky. I asked him to guide me to the place, but he utterly refused, pretending to be in too big a hurry; but he pointed out the way so clearly that I had very little difficulty in finding the place. Turning aside from the road I was following, I had gone about a mile when I came upon a dense thicket of bushes grown to the height of eight or ten feet, and strangely enough, these bushes were as wet as if a shower of rain had just fallen upon them, yet I knew it had not rained for three days. Amazed at this phenomenon, I determined to investigate further and solve, if possible, this puzzling mystery. Parting the undergrowth right and left I squirmed my way into the middle of the clump of bushes, where I found an open space and in the ground at my feet two rocks which came nearly together so that there was left a very small opening. Out of the opening there issued a kind of vapor and entered my nostrils as a sweet savor. I was wondering at this and was about to turn and flee when suddenly the earth gave away beneath my feet and I fell heavily for nearly twelve feet into a heap of sand. I was not hurt, but greatly terrified. Quickly I arose to my feet and looked about me. The

rocky chamber seemed to be about fifteen feet square, as best I could discern by the dim light which came in through the crevices in the rocks, for I could not discover where I had fallen from. I struck a match and looked about me more carefully. The sides of the chamber were of solid rock and water was dripping from crevices and flowing in a small stream to one side of the floor at the foot of the heap of sand into which I had fallen. In one corner there was an opening about the size of a small door, beyond this was utter darkness. I was wondering whether to explore this or not when my eye caught this inscription which was almost level with my face, and written on the rough stone in odd characters:

"This is the home, and one eternal gate  
Through which must pass the seeking race of man,  
When he would learn the blind, mysterious fate  
Ordained for him since myriad worlds began,  
Let him place here his worthy gift and wait."

O happy thought! Could it be possible that I was in the presence of an oracle! But alas, what gift had I, and what was a worthy gift? I had only a quarter in my pocket, and an Ingersoll dollar watch, and that was all—no not all, for I had on my Senior ring, my most valued (?) possession. Must this go? If so, let it be, the opportunity must not slip. I reluctantly placed the ring upon a shelf of rock and withdrew to the top of the sand bank and sat down with my back against a dry ledge of the rocky wall. The penetrating fumes continued to surround me and fill the whole place. I felt a strange sensation coming over me which was not altogether disagreeable. Suddenly there was a shower of rain which seemed to fall from the top of the cave. This was followed by the sound of great rocks grinding together back in the darkness into which the door led; then all the cave seemed to be in motion. The walls began to vibrate, while a pale, supernatural light illumined the cave, and before my eyes an immense circular rock began to revolve. What was more astonishing than all, it seemed to have the shape of the ring I had placed on the ledge, and there in gilded letters I read:

#### "THE CLASS OF 1912."

After this I lost sight of the revolutions of the rock, or ring, or whatever it was, and all my surroundings besides, and became absorbed in my classmates, for indeed, I saw them projected several years into the future.

My blood chilled at the first sight of one of my classmates. The central part of the dark continent of Africa was the scene of action. Dr. John T. Anderson had been summoned to a tall, brawny native who had broken his

arm, and because the doctor had hurt him while setting it, the native fled away and called his tribe together, and now they were preparing to barbecue the doctor. The little mission, composed of L. R. O'Brian, Sidney A. Edger-ton and their families, and C. H. Trueblood, turned out to protect Dr. Ander-son. After many pleading remarks by all concerned, it was decided that the Rev. C. H. should sing a solo to appease the wrath of the revengeful Africans. When the natives saw him singing out of the side of his head, working his jaws like a cow choked on a corncob, they became frightened at his grotesque features and fled into the jungle. Just at this juncture, Horse Power Johnson, who was captain of the Speedwell, steamed up the river and came ashore. He was accompanied by First Mate J. C. Brett and Ship Surgeon Buie. The gen-tlemen in charge of the mission were in the act of abandoning their labors and embarking for America, when they were prevented from doing so by the good judgment of the ladies.

In another part of the world, in South Carolina, Church Conference was in session, and Pastor A. T. Allen had just made a thundering speech for a col-lection in behalf of the African mission. The hat was about to be passed when S. C. Gettys rushed in, breathless from chasing Farmer Huggins' old cow out of his pea patch, and with animation exclaimed, "Brethren, I'm op-posed to any such a collection. It's about time for Brother Allen to take an-other treatment for hookworm and he'll be needing money for medicine. How do we know the money will ever reach our friends in Africa?" He finished and C. H. Robinson, after a while, arose and with a solemn voice broke the oppressive silence with these thrilling words, "Men and brethren, this ought not to be so; I'll circulate the *Ladies' Home Journal* from Cherokee to Curri-tuck, from Maine to California, from Dan to Beersheba, from the rivers to the ends of the earth, rather than see my friends suffer in a foreign land."

Robinson sat down and Kester popped up like a cork from a champagne bottle, and exclaimed that if Brother Robinson in his travels should find his Homeric pony which had escaped his well-guarded stable, he would thank him for putting him on the right road home. The Conference then adjourned, to meet the next year under the Old Oaks.

It seems that many prophets agree in some respects, for whereas it was once prophesied that B. A. Thaxton would one day become an eminent phy-sician, so happened. He is still attending old Peter Cornitssel, who seems to be given to the habit of fracturing his wooden leg. It is rumored that Dr. Thaxton has invented a contrivance whereby he can cause a man's wooden extremity to break apparently on stumping his toe. It is also said that the old man is wealthy and pays his bills promptly. On the occasion of one of his greatest accidents, W. B. Edwards, the celebrated Dross Neck blacksmith, and Dr. C. L. Sherrill were called in, and while the knot hole in the old

farmer's leg was being successfully sawed out by Edwards, Dr. Sherrill was injecting a new discovery of his whereby even the amputation of a false limb may be rendered absolutely painless. During these operations, Mr. Corn-tassel often becomes quite despondent and has his attorneys near at hand. These are the far famed Feezor and Moss, but it is with difficulty that he gets them to his business, for they seem to have taken a great fancy to his red-headed daughter, Jane, who smiles approvingly on both of them, although the father has not given his consent to her marriage with either.

I was next permitted to see some of the teachers from our Class as they faced their difficulties. Harvey Nanney had settled in the neighborhood of Sandy Branch, as a farmer and hog raiser (the latter business he succeeded with better at night). Not far from his farm M. L. Barnes and H. C. Griffin were teaching the county school. They had great difficulty in keeping Farmer Nanney's razor backs from running their rooters through the cracks in the logs and going into the row of tin buckets placed against the wall, which were odoriferous with hot collards.

W. J. Crain has for a number of years been engaged in the Y. M. C. A. work. After ten years' faithful work as apprentice, he was promoted to head waiter in the Blue Ridge Hotel, of the Southern Student Conference. A. J. Hutchins has for a number of years been the faithful guide for parties of Mount Mitchell climbers. He always gets them back in time to attend the negro class conducted by Dr. B. V. Ferguson, of Berea College, Kentucky.

My attention was next drawn to a scene on the streets of Chicago. W. D. Boone was rapidly making his way down Dearborn Street, closely followed by a beautiful young woman whose charms our hero was trying to withstand by taking flight. As he turned a block he ran into a detachment of the police force which had turned out to disperse the gathering crowd. This detachment had for their chief none other than our well-known "Cop" Bobbitt. The chief recognized Boone and knowing what difficulties he had always had with the fair sex, he permitted him to retire to his law office unmolested. The cop turned the young lady over to T. Sloan Guy, who had just come up. He told the policeman he had come all the way from his church in Brooklyn, New York, in search of a wife, and, in fact, that had been his one purpose since he was in college at Wake Forest. Mr. and Mrs. Guy both seemed to be very happy at this turn in affairs.

It is a source of gratification to state that it may be said of W. C. Peterson, as of William Trembletoe, "he's a good fisherman." After many years of training under Judson Dunbar, "Pete" has become an expert. My glimpse of him showed him on his hands and knees in a ditch, where he had captured his nine hundred and sixty-third "spethimen" of crayfish. W. G. Privette has also become an eminent biologist. He first started as a farmer, but swarms

of grasshoppers left his cornfield destitute even of stalks, and now he is shipping annually to the great laboratories hundreds of barrels of pickled grasshoppers.

Shortly after graduation, R. E. Powell made his way to Utah as a missionary to the Mormons. Failing to subdue them by Charlemagne's principles, he remembered R. R. Blanton's great anniversary speech, and sent for him as a co-laborer. Blanton arrived in Utah in due time and was making his way to Powell's mission when he was held up by a band of female robbers. On searching Blanton's pockets they found his great speech against woman suffrage and straightway would have hanged him to a limb if Jack Riddick and six of his nine wives had not dashed upon the scene. Jack recognized his old schoolmate and, after palavering for a long time with his better halves, finally succeeded in getting them to appease the robbers. After burning the obnoxious manuscript, Blanton was allowed to return to North Carolina.

Another revolution of the magic wheel brought me to dear old Wake Forest. What was my surprise when S. C. Hilliard met me at the campus gate! He informed me confidentially that he would remain at Wake Forest till Niagara Falls or get his degree. Space will not permit the pleasant conversation I had with him. Just below the depot near the railroad I saw a large fertilizer plant. The firm was composed of Mark Chamberlain, President; Carl Betts, Vice President; W. R. Holding, Secretary and Treasurer. Mr. Holding informed me that the compound made from the beef bones from the clubs and from the "bones" gathered up among the Freshmen made the richest fertilizer put on the market. He told me further, that in making their product they had to be very careful to see that all the flesh was removed from the beef bones, for the least particle passing into the grinders would invariably break the machinery, it was so tough. Just below this plant I saw another of equal magnitude. It was a great tannery, of which Mr. M. T. Tanner, strange to say, was the sole proprietor. He told me that during the months from September to May he did a tremendous business, as cattle were slain in Wake Forest in unnumbered multitudes, but unfortunately for him, Owen Odum, the greatest cattle raiser at Wake Forest, had moved to another part of the State about a year before. At Tanner's instigation a marble slab had been erected by the butchers and club managers to this wealthy cattle raiser. On the slab I read this inscription:

"TO OWEN ODUM, the man who drove the steak."

As I entered the campus, an imposing monument rose before me near the fountain. On coming up I read the first inscription:

"IN MEMORY OF THE WAKE FOREST DEAD."

On the right side I read the names of R. P. Blevins, R. R. Savage, A. C.

Bernard, George Watkins, James Cline; on the left side were the names of J. S. Edwards, G. M. Beam, W. A. Darden, O. L. Riggs, and G. G. Wall. On the fourth side of the marble shaft was the epitaph:

"Here lies beneath this sacred hill  
Some former bones, that are bones still."

As the scene shifted again, I was permitted to look in upon L. B. Olive and T. L. Revelle, who were teaching quite successfully in the Harrican. Their chief difficulty lay in keeping order during the visits of County Superintendent "Purty" Underwood, whose handsome face drew forth audible comment from the buxom Harrican lassies.

J. F. Belton has become the leading physician of Toledo. He is also a convincing orator. The most celebrated of his recent speeches is the one delivered to "Infant" Smith. Smith had, while at Wake Forest, lost his right arm in making his escape from the reading room with his arms full of stale magazines. But Belton has about convinced him that it will grow out again because he is so young.

Passing through Raleigh, I found several of my classmates located about Meredith College. J. Y. Hamrick holds a position on the Scrub Faculty of Meredith Academy. H. M. Beam has been for a number of years the successful coach of the Meredith Basket-ball Team. But he can't understand why the Faculty won't allow him to play his team against A. and M. George Bagwell has been given the position of chief rooter at the same institution, but he finds great difficulty in tuning his voice to the delicate strains of the Meredith song.

Again the scene shifted and I found myself in Kansas City. Near the heart of the city I saw the establishment of Arthur A. Bunn Bakery Company. I dropped in to call upon him and to my surprise I found another one of my classmates; W. L. Eddinger had been employed by Mr. Bunn to bite the centers out of the doughnuts. I asked him if he didn't get mighty tired of eating doughnut holes all the time. He said that he had got used to it, for any one who had eaten Wake Forest beefsteak for four years could get used to anything. In course of conversation he asked me to be sure to visit the courthouse, for court was in session and there would be a surprise there for me. I did so, and found Andrew J. Harris upon the judge's bench. D. S. Kennedy, having followed his poetic bent, had written another lyric upon his pet cow, and Mrs. Kennedy, becoming jealous, had sued for divorce. Dr. W. M. Scruggs was called in to determine whether there was any derangement of Mr. Kennedy's mental balance, when he fell into a desperate flirtation with Mrs. Kennedy and was removed by the Court. There was then a hold-up in the trial till Sheriff P. Q. Bryan telegraphed Dr. P. P. Green, a celebrated



physician of Baltimore, to come at once to make an analysis of the poet's cerebrum. Dr. Green at once telegraphed the C. R. Sharpe Glass Works, of Richmond, Virginia, for a supply of slides and cover glasses. Having secured these, Dr. Green made a microscopic examination of the root of a hair plucked from the poet's head, and discovered that the unfortunate man was given to sudden attacks of poetasia. The divorce was granted.

In Philadelphia it was my good pleasure to drop into the office of Messrs. Conrad and Hunter, the great playwrights. They were then writing up what they were expecting to be their masterpiece, entitled, "When Finstus Goes Abroad." To complete their data for this drama they were planning to visit a great part of the Old World, and E. P. Tolleen, a native of Sweden, was to be their guide.

Transported once more to the campus at Wake Forest, in the Hall of Fame I saw a metal plate bearing an inscription like this:

"H. D. WARD, Celebrated Discoverer of Dehydrogenated Aqua Fortis, the only acid in which the biscuits of the Wake Forest Clubs are soluble."

Over the campus gate near the post office there was a magnificent arch with an inscription also:

"Erected by G. C. Kirksey to the memory of the Class of 1912,  
a Class that was never known to hang together."

The revolutions of the great ring ceased. A rough hand was placed upon my shoulder and a gruff voice called, "You will go with me, sir, and tell the Court what you know about this Blind Tiger."

The hunter I met proved to be a United States revenue officer, and he was using me without my knowledge to aid him in detecting the Blind Tiger gang, that had so successfully carried on their unlawful business, concealing their den by shrouding it in mysteries from all except those "who knew the ropes." Intoxicated by the fumes of the distilling liquors, I had seen this preposterous vision of my classmates. And I was glad of such a prophecy.

PROPHET.









MISS HALLIE POWERS  
Junior Class Sponsor



JUNIOR CLASS

## Junior Class Officers

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J. G. STANLEY	<i>President</i>
B. HOLDING	<i>Vice President</i>
G. N. HARWARD	<i>Secretary</i>
H. L. WYATT	<i>Treasurer</i>
J. J. WAFF	<i>Historian</i>
W. T. BAUCOM	<i>Poet</i>
R. A. MARSH	<i>Prophet</i>

## Junior Class Poem

---

Last year were our doings all nightly,  
Our feasts were obstreperous and wild;  
When we passed, the good mother slept lightly,  
And fear hushed the sob of the child.

Oh! we blacked and we bucked the poor Newish,  
Took "Boss" from her faculty shed  
Upstairs (some three flights) to our chapel,  
And placed Senior wreathes on her head.

Rubbed soap on the S. A. L. railings,  
Put tar-oil soap in various wells,  
Hung "Ribbons" on trees and on pailings,  
Subtracted the clappers from bells.

But now we are busily marking  
The opposite side of our slate,  
Putting to shame the pale Seniors,  
By digging both early and late.

Says "Finxtus," "Ach! donner und Blitzen  
Have the Juniors wie der Teufel gedug,  
Without them, mein Gott in dem Himmel,  
Dieser College could nimmer cummg."

## Junior Prophecy

---

IT was about eight o'clock on the last Friday evening before Anniversary. All my efforts to turn prophet thus far had failed, and things were beginning to look exceedingly gloomy for me. In my desperation I had left my room on this particular night, and going to a neighboring hill had stretched myself upon its summit, in the hope that in the silence of the night I might pierce the dark veil of the future and learn the destiny of my classmates.

The moon was shining brightly, and I had been looking up into the calm, smiling face of the "Man in the Moon" for perhaps fifteen minutes, when a soothing calm seemed to steal over me. Suddenly the smile on the face of the moon-man began to broaden. I realized that he was actually moving and coming toward me. As he drew nearer I could see that he was in a very strange and wonderful flying machine, which moved very rapidly and without the slightest bit of noise. Almost before I could catch my breath, he landed on the ground near me and addressed me thus:

"Young man, I see you are in trouble. Step into my moon-o-plane and I will show you where some of the members of the Junior Class of '10-11 will be and what they will be doing twenty years from to-day."

I lost no time in complying with his request and we were soon on our way—I knew not whither. We traveled upward through the air with the speed of lightning. Old Mother Earth rapidly dwindled into a star and the moon loomed up before us. My strange companion remarked that our first stop would be at his own home. He had scarcely finished speaking when we lighted on the highest peak in one of the mountain ranges on the moon. I was told to watch there for just a second.

Something whirled over our heads, and looking closely I saw that it was my friend and classmate, Langston. To my questioning look my companion explained:

"Monsieur Langston is making a new record for the high jump, it being fifteen thousand feet. After several years of faithful effort, he failed to improve on his five feet four in the World, and as a last resort he has come here, where his feet are not so cumbersome to him." He continued, "Look in the valley below. Do you see the fast runner with the sandy mustache? That man is your immortal June Smith, and he is still practicing his 'hundred yards

duck-wobble.' He is now able to measure off eighteen yards at each 'wobble,' but has not improved any in speed."

When my companion ceased speaking, I found that he had started his machine again, and we were once more on our way.

Our next stop was at Mars. There we found Benton, the manager of the baseball team of '12, and with him his faithful nine. They were in the midst of a great game with the Martians, in which Utley and Smith, as pitchers, and Faucette, as center fielder, were the particular stars. The moon-man explained that, having won all the games on their schedule in the spring of '12, this team had become professional and since that time had been playing continually. He said that Benton had arranged for games on all the planets except Neptune, which was too cold. On another part of Mars we found Pool, who was speaking to a great throng of husky, war-like Martians on the subject of "Interplanetary and Celestial Peace," and he used no word of less than twenty-six syllables. In this crowd I recognized also our medical missionary, Stanley. He was skillfully giving his attention to those wounded by Pool's jaw-breaking words.

From Mars we went to Venus, the most beautiful of all the planets. The first thing that greeted my eyes there was a multitude of the most beautiful and attractive girls imaginable. And in their midst stood J. C. Jones. Having tried for nineteen years to persuade some girl to love him in the World, he had given it up as a hopeless task and had gone to Venus to see what was on the market there. He found that there were six hundred girls for every man, and though they themselves were the most beautiful beings in the universe, still they did not consider the looks of a man. So Jones got his "six hundred" and was now enjoying life.

Something in my heart told me that I wanted to stop here, and I am afraid I would have followed this inclination had not my watchful aeronaut started his machine toward Jupiter before I could accomplish my purpose.

At Jupiter I was permitted to see only Aydlett and "Big Williams," who were employed at Wampushmaddock College as football coaches. Aydlett was still playing under an assumed name to keep his father from cutting off his money supply. I was informed that Joe Curin was employed at this college also, as Professor of "General Faceology and the Science of Good Looks."

We went directly from Jupiter to Neptune. I asked the moon-man why he was carrying me so far away, for I could see no living creatures of any kind—all was ice and snow. He replied:

"Behold that solitary rock in the distance. Behind it is something that will be of interest to you."

We went to the rock and to my joy found our literary man, Smethurst, sitting peacefully and quietly behind it. He was engaged in writing a short



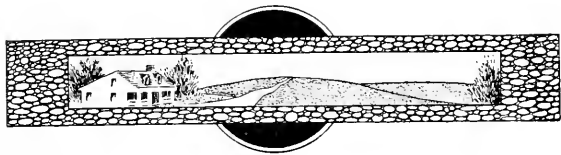
story of one million seven hundred thousand words, to be published in Dr. Sledd's new book, "A Collection of Short Stories—The Best in English Literature." He had gone to this distant land in the hope of getting away from the troublesome and boring reporters of the World below.

My kind guide now told me that our journey was completed and that it was time to return to the Earth. No sooner said than done; and almost immediately we were floating over the beloved United States of America once more.

As we passed over the country my companion pointed out many other members of the Junior Class and explained their several occupations. "Doc" McLendon was the leading physician in New York City, and he answered his numerous calls in an aeroplane; Baucom was pastor of the First Baptist Church of Boston, and he prepared his sermons each week on an improved gesticulating graphophone, so that he could sit in the audience with his family on Sunday and enjoy the service; Romulus Scaggs was teaching a collection of his own poems in twenty volumes in Tuskegee Institute; Ferrall had succeeded Tyree as photographer in Raleigh, and the sign on his door read thus: "Pictures Taken of the Fair Sex Only"; J. C. Brown was a very successful lawyer in Cary, having plead one case since he graduated at W. F. C., and for his labors his client had paid him the enormous sum of \$1.48, on which he had been living for fourteen years; Tom Arrington had obtained a position at W. F. C. as teacher of "How to Make the Girls Love You," and his most faithful students were Groves, McLeod, Long, and O. F. Herring.

As I was looking around for some one else I knew, suddenly I felt myself falling. I woke with a start and found that I was rolling down the hillside on which I had been lying, and the "Man in the Moon" was still calmly smiling in the heavens above.

R. A. MARSH, *Prophet.*



## Junior Class History

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IT is with some degree of reluctance that I hit the trail worn deep by a motley herd of mediocre historians recording the histories of still more mediocre classes. Were it not for the fact that some of the cardinal points of the world's history would be sunk in the slough of oblivion, and the deep disappointment of an eagerly expectant public, I would never consent to unlimber my Waterman's Ideal. But now, since I have brought it into action, I fear that I cannot do justice to the magnificent Class of 1913.

The present Junior Class began to make history on the sixth of September, 1909. We must admit that they were a rather green-looking bunch of New-fish at that time, but three long years of trials and tribulations have wrought a great change.

Phil Utley arrived at the Hill that fall and has been leading in athletics since that time, in football, baseball, and basket-ball. He is a good track man, too, taking part in the shot put and dashes.

This year, in a series of more or less thrilling games of football, the Juniors tied the Sophomores for the interclass championship. On the big team we had Captain Utley, Spickett, A. H. Martin, and Big Williams.

Although the Class of '13 lost out somewhat in class basket-ball, it must be remembered that we had two of the best men on the Varsity team—Bruce Holding and Phil Utley.

Last year we had a number of fellows on the baseball team, and we believe that the Juniors will not lose their claim to glory when Long Smith gets in the box again this spring and sizes up his frieny from A. and M. or Carolina.

On the track squad the Juniors have O. F. Herring, A. R. Phillips, Farrell, Langston, J. C. Brown, J. C. Jones, and the famous June Smith, who still holds the Southern championship on the two-mile buzzard lope. Last year it was sad to see how easily we took the class championship, and we hope to do even better this spring.

The '13 Class has not only good athletes, but also orators and debaters of great renown. We were represented this year in the Anniversary Debate by Mr. Sam Long and Mr. J. C. Brown, one on the winning side and the other on the less fortunate side.

Rev. J. L. Carriek, N. C. Coggin, T. C. Holland, and other members of the Junior Class are holding up the reputation of Wake Forest College as sky pilots.

A number of the 1909 Newish, on account of a lack of patriotism or a mental defect of some kind, have decided to graduate in three years, and so left our Class, but their places have been filled with such notable men as Professor Marsh, Dr. E. W. Lane, and Willie Young.

To recount the great and noble deeds done by Hubert Wyatt, Frank Smethurst, Tom Arrington, and Eugene Daniels would require innumerable volumes, so we omit them here.

Next year this Class will eat at the first table, cast patronizing glances on all the other classes, and wear Senior pins. Thus ends the chapter.

HISTORIAN ET ALIAS.

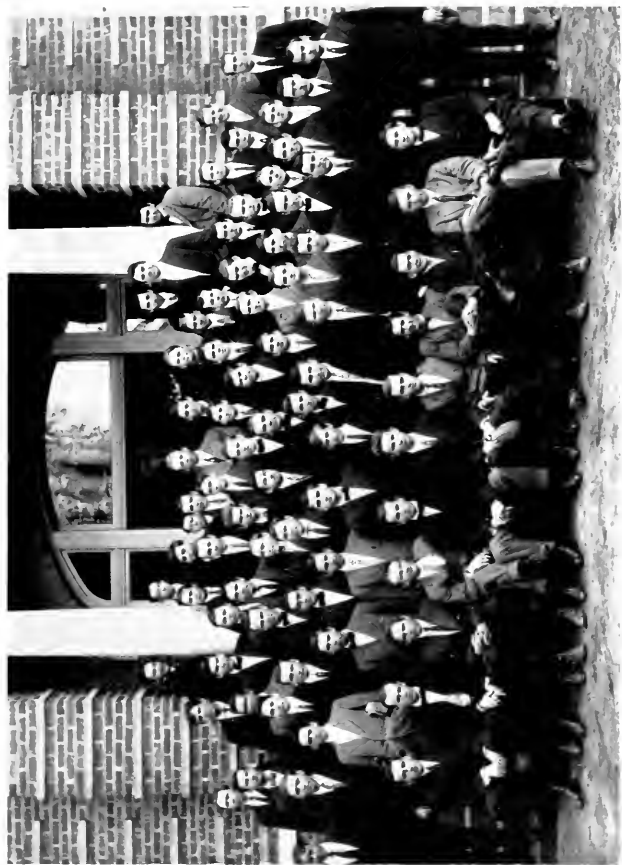








MISS HELEN POTEAT  
Sophomore Sponsor



SOPHOMORE CLASS

## Sophomore Class Officers

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O. L. STRINGFIELD, JR.

*President*

T. L. BRAY...

*Vice President*

P. C. CARTER

*Secretary*

T. H. HIPPS

*Treasurer*

R. B. GREEN

*Poet*

F. G. WHITAKER

*Historian*

C. V. TYNER

*Prophet*



## Sophomore Poem

---

Long months ago, when Hewish, though  
Not half as green as most,  
We made green paint look like it aint,  
As pale as a swathed ghost.

Of course 'twas seen that we were green,  
And proud we were of our rep,  
But this Hewish class, does so far surpass,  
That out of the race we've crept.

And such have we gained that we have obtained,  
An esteemed place in college,  
Till now at length, our mental strength  
Is the Faculty's source of knowledge.

And oft have we pondered, often wondered,  
If the Senate's mere existence,  
Is not solely due to our Rightbawk Crew,  
And their ready, timely assistance.

'Twould be a pity if the Honor Committee,  
From idleness have to disband,  
So we agree to always see,  
That they have business on hand.

The shops and stores would close their doors  
And silent would be the town;  
The Campus and walks would grow up in stalks,  
If we were not around.

So come among our valiant throng,  
Mighty as you've foreseen,  
And drink with zest, to the truest, the best  
The class of nineteen fourteen.

## Sophomore Class History

---

Looking over our ignoble past I find that lack of space compels me to leave out important achievements. In reaching our present high standing we have struggled hard on the athletic field, bored in the society halls, and searched amid the confusion of books.

We came upon the scene September 4th, 1910. We told Dr. Paschal of the bundles of wisdom we had received in high school, and so he decided we were indeed a wise band of Newish. The Sophomores, however, persisted in giving us lessons after supper in speaking, singing, dancing, and various other subjects—particularly that it was not a mark of wisdom to haunt the campus. We soon went into profound work. In athletics we were well represented. We were a terror in class games and had our full share of Varsity men. In all the gloomy wilderness, our greatest obstacle was one of our fellow classmen, Dr. Morton, who caused many Newish to fall by the wayside.

Our path was not strewn with flowers, yet we poured forth from the treacherous regions of "Newish-hood" a band of handsome and heroic souls, ambitious to mount the next step of the four-round ladder.

Three short months brought us into our noble heritage, and with us a wild yell struck the campus. Lo, not many were so wise as we. Behold, the green Newish, as numberless as the pebbles on the mighty beach, and as ignorant as the Hottentots, were in our midst trembling with fear. We have dealt kindly with them, even as Pharaoh did with the Israelites of old, and did not oppress them, as we remembered the former days when we received kindness and mercy from upper classmen. However, we have tried to instruct them in the ways of wisdom and hope to have taught them to act decently on the campus by Commencement.

We have again responded to the calls of our Alma Mater. Carter, Parker, and Dunn stand out as stars on the football Varsity. In class basket-ball we easily won the championship; and on the Varsity we are ably represented by Turner, Tyner, and Dowd. Without Moss, Mayberry, Hart, and Tyner there would be no track team. On the Varsity nine we are represented by Turner, Stringfield, Underwood, and Correll.

We have not only sought to develop ourselves on the athletic field; but in the classroom we have aptly persuaded the professors to let us pass; and in the society halls we have brought forth melodious strains of oratory. We are

confident that we have some material that will again bring honors and silver loving cups for Old Gold and Black.

Our Class is made up of real gentlemen whose bearing withstands as close inspection as any other class in College. Not one of our number has yet had to leave College on account of bad conduct.

Now, as we are almost ready to emerge from our illustrious year, and as we again glance at the past, with inspiration we will shoulder the greater duties of our Alma Mater, and—

HISTORIAN.



## Sophomore Class Prophecy

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**A**RISING quietly, I slid into my coat and, leaving my roommate to his dreams, stole quietly downstairs. Going down Faculty Avenue and by the post office, I entered the campus and sat down on one of the rustics under a large magnolia tree. Winter had not yet fled, but it was warm and the air was filled with the chirpings of insects. Bright rays from the moon, stealing through the branches of the trees, illuminated the campus with a silvery light, and I could see the massive college buildings, with their covering of ivy, looming up massive in the dark.

On the morrow, they said, the future of the Sophomore Class, the illustrious Class of '14, must be handed in. Confound it! why did they make me prophet anyway? New ideas have never been in the habit of coming my way, and even if they did I couldn't write them, for haven't I flunked on every English quiz and examination since I've been here? But I guess it is up to me to do something, for the future of the Class of '14 must not go unheralded.

Meditating thusly and groaning in spirit, I sat gazing up at the old college building whence many men have gone out to make futures for themselves, and I wondered if help might not come to me from out of those walls. Presently I heard a clock strike, one! two!

" 'Tis now the very witching time of night,  
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out  
Contagion to this world."

I drowsily muttered. The moon dipped behind a cloud and all was dark. Suddenly I saw a weird looking old woman coming out the door of the chapel with a roll of manuscript in her hand. She said not a word, but handing me the manuscript, turned and reentered the building. I took it and upon opening it found it to be the biography of every man of the Class of '14. It was dated 1948, and I began to read. Here is what I found:

Congressman Brown, after leaving the House, devoted all his time to try-

ing to form plans for the Newish to have meetings unmolested by the Sophomores.

"Polly" Green did well for a while, preaching in Shanghai Hollow Baptist Church. But during one of his revivals, when he had a good crowd of repentants up, he lost his job. Forgetting that he was preaching and not making a "patriotic" to the student body the morning before a football game, he cried to the people, "If we expect to do anything you must get around these fellows and snort like the devil."

Mayberry was a noted marathon runner, and won quite a reputation in the Fourth of July meet at Youngsville. He was also a brilliant lawyer and did a great service to college men in general when he got a bill passed prohibiting the sale of beef to college clubs when the steer had been worked for over twenty years.

On leaving college, Moss, Dowl, White, Turner, and Whitaker became "limbs of the law." Resolutions of sympathy and regret were passed for the State. After some years of practice given to fools and idiots, they all retired, being full of debts and trouble.

Stringfield got his M. D. degree in 1921 and had a good country practice. He won fame when he wrote a book on "The Art of Legging Professors." He retired after the publication of the book and lived off the proceeds of it, being old and full of days.

"Hospital Vann" is still in the asylum. He went loony trying to find out why a mosquito doesn't use his horny legs—he saw them under the microscope in "Dunbarology"—to make man cuss, instead of digging a well with his beak in man's flesh.

I found Davis's name, but he hadn't been awake long enough to have anything chronicled against him except a long list of absences from chapel.

O. R. Yates got married and went to China as a missionary. He became very influential and, as in college, won for himself a place among the people. He lived sixty and four years and forty-three days, and he wept because his children were not, and he died.

Bray became very wealthy when he put on the market a canned product known as Bray's Ergoapial Bovine Viburnum, consisting of frog's legs and pickled mosquito feet, flavored with spice and onions.

Dixon was sent to the penitentiary for a habit acquired while in college; that of using sneezing powders in all public gatherings, such as chapel exercises, thereby disturbing the peace. It is said that even now he is very annoying to his fellow convicts, for he keeps them sneezing whenever he can get hold of the stuff.

E. P. Yates became a nerve specialist of great renown. People flocked to his office from every quarter to seek relief from their ailments.

"Strawberry" Ram-scur went to Turkey to help fight the Italian dagoes, but he fell in love with the Sultan's granddaughter and eloped with her. They were pursued, and as they were crossing the river they saw the soldiers of the Sultan coming, and—

"Why, God bless my soul, boss, what's you doing out here asleep this time of morning?" It was "Dr. Tom" coming to make the morning fires. The manuscripts disappeared with his coming. PROPHET.







MISS IRMA HOLDING  
Freshman Sponsor





FRESHMAN CLASS

## Freshman Class Officers

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W. R. CHAMBERS.....	President
J. M. PRITCHARD.....	Vice President
H. C. BENTON.....	Secretary
E. M. JOHNSON.....	Treasurer
M. S. HORRELL.....	Historian
V. R. JOHNSON.....	Poet
C. HENSLEY.....	Prophet

## Freshman Class Poem

---

The Freshman comes to college his studies to pursue,  
And ah, the bonthead questions he's always asking you.

"What is the college curriculum?" a Freshman asked one day—  
"The highest thing I've seen is the tank across the way."

Said another, who with Solomon in his wisdom might compete,  
"What makes the Sophomore yell, 'Newish, shake your feet'?"

In going to society, ah, what a long, dark walk!  
Why should we have to go there when none of us may talk?

Why are we Newish whistled wherever we are seen?  
And the Soph, he quickly answers, "Because you are so green."

We Newish had a meeting all on a sunshiny day,  
It was an awesome sound to hear what we did say.

"In words of *immortal Hannibal*," cried one Newish all out of breath,  
"From Sophomores, 'O give me my liberty or death'!"

But the first year now is over and a change is taking place,  
For, lo, you see the greenness is falling from Freshie's face.

Sophomores next year we'll be and every train we'll meet,  
To sing the old, old hymn, "Shake, Newish, shake your feet."

POET.

## History of Freshman Class

---

THE recording angel turned to me as I passed, and pointing to a voluminous book asked me to read. In letters of gold were written these words: "The History of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen, at Wake Forest College."

Simultaneously he began to write, while I, looking over his shoulder, read: "The enrollment at the beginning of the fall term was one hundred and sixty. This was the largest class in the history of the College. They were unnecessarily molested by the Sophomores during the first few weeks, but now the Freshmen have become a part of the College.

"The first attempt to organize was in the dining hall of one of the clubs known as 'The Ellington Club.' The second year men were there, as expected, but, be it said to their credit, they treated the Freshmen with due respect. They even advised that the Newish wait until the following morning and organize in the chapel.

"Monday came, but the Freshmen failed to organize until two weeks later, when, by the aid of some of the better Sophs., the said organization was effected in the Fort Building.

"Since then the Class has been progressing nicely. In athletics they have furnished their part of the Varsity football team, and bid fair to do as much on the baseball nine.

"In society work, too, they have done well. Most of their men take a marked interest in that branch of the college work. It is to their credit that they have a greater representation in that department than any other class. Surely, when the time comes they will be able to put forth just as good speakers as any class of their age.

"Some things which give distinction to this Class are: (1) Unlike most of their predecessors, they have not a 'green' man in the Class; (2) The strongest man physically in College is a Freshman; (3) They have been subjected to fewer Sophomoric pranks than any class in recent years; (4) They are going to take a decided stand against hazing.

"This is the true history of said Freshman Class, written by me on this, the fifteenth day of February, nineteen hundred and twelve. Signed: GABRIEL."

I turned off down the avenue admiring the gold beneath my feet,—my alarm clock rang. I must finish those three problems in Math.

HISTORIAN.

## Freshman Class Prophecy

IT was a venerable sight, this august band of freshmen gathered in the *spacious auditorium* at Forestville to elect their officers for the year of 1911-12, and the entire business of the town was suspended to welcome the representatives.

After the noise and clamor of the meeting was over and the echoes of the fiery speeches had died in the distance, it slowly dawned upon me that I had been chosen out of all that number, that I, the most unprophetic of all, must tell the future of such a class, so widely versed in its achievements, so varied in its accomplishments.

At first the greatness of the honor stunned me. I realized my inefficiency to creditably fill such a high position, and though I tried again and again, my mind refused to fall into a prophetic mood.

At last ominous placards began to appear, stating that all prophecies must be in by the end of the week. I was in despair. Happily, though, and fortunate for those who wish to know their future, an idea struck me.

This city with its noise and rattle of commerce, its multitude of screaming whistles, and ceaseless clang of bells, was very unsuitable for prophetic inspirations. So, boarding the train one day, I started to the ancient capital of the State.

Reaching there, I allowed myself to wander down its deserted streets, gazing idly at the old houses half in ruins, and overrun with twisting vines. The deathlike stillness of the village became oppressive, and I quickened my steps, to get out in the open country where at least a cowbell would break the dreadful stillness.

Suddenly I came before a little hovel bearing the delapidated sign, "Drinks, Come In"; and being thirsty and tired, I entered. A little wrinkled and stooped old lady soon appeared with a glass of some curious liquid, which she placed before me, and not caring much what it was but anxious to quench such a burning thirst, I drank it with a swallow.

Soon I began to grow dizzy and before long fell into a delightful unconsciousness.

Imagine my surprise when I heard an umpire distinctly cry out, "Ladies and gentlemen, the batteries for to-day's game are Ayera and Woodall for New York and Cuttrell and Schmidt for Philadelphia; play ball!"

The scene shifted to the ninth inning and the score stood 103 to 99 in favor of New York. Parker was at the bat for Philadelphia with three men on bases. A smash was heard and the ball was seen to fly directly upwards, and as this was the only ball left, the game was called fifteen minutes until the ball fell again. Here I left them, but remember distinctly reading in the papers that Parker with a home run had scored the runners but as the ball had lodged on the Flat Iron Building the game had to be called.

I again heard the name of an old classmate called. It was "Sampson" Chambless, who was now sole owner of the *Youngsville Disturber*, also likely candidate for the presidency on the Optimistic ticket.

A fleeting signboard passed before my eyes which bore—"Cates' and Billings' Ten Amalgamated Minstrels, the best on the road; will make Lew Dockstadder's look like thirty cents." I was not surprised at this, for even at Wake Forest they were conceded to be about the best the "Wilkie Building" afforded—quite an enviable reputation.

In the distance, as the scenes swiftly changed, I saw Gattis coming out of a large building which some one whispered was a club. I wondered if "Jky" had really turned out a club man. And as I approached the building, scanned the massive sign over the door. It was so, the building was the extension of the Athletic Pressing Club Parlors.

The scene now shifted to the crowded courtroom in one of our large cities. Looking towards the place where I heard a great indistinct jumble of words, I recognized at once my old schoolmate, Pennell, as he yelled to the soundly sleeping Judge Pritchard that on the grounds her husband would not talk enough to her, the request of Mrs. Sustare was only right and just. Here in sonorous tones he demanded the sought-for divorce. My spirit was greatly grieved to see my old friend in such a plight, but before I could attempt to console him the vision shifted to the United States Senate. Here ex-President Chambers was greatly agitated over a bill he wished to pass, entitled "Resolved that it be compulsory hereafter for all Presidents, before taking the oath of office, to read my 'Adventures of a President.'"

In a newspaper that flashed before my eyes I saw where some of my old friends were gaining reputations as great writers. Joyner had written a book entitled "Dissertation on Heart-breaking," which was making a hit, and Brassfield had just completed "Personal Experiences as a Newish," seven editions of which had already been sold.

Here the scenes began to follow so rapidly that I could only catch glimpses of the other occupations my classmates were engaged in.

Duncan was becoming rich selling his patented "Fly Traps," which were taking the world by storm and acknowledged the only sure way of ridding the world of the pest.

Camp was still searching old, dusty shelves and in moldered, worn books to try to find why he flunked on Gym.

Goode, having become so attached to the place, and loathing so to leave its sacred walls, was still applying for his A. B. at his old Alma Mater.

At this point in my vision I heard a mighty uproar, such as the combined voices of many surging waters. The noise increased and became almost deafening. Some one whispered in my ear that it was "Pinky" Privette delivering an address before the Woman's Temperance Union.

However, it awakened me from my dream. I paid the little old lady and staggered out into the now dark street, wondering at what I had seen.







## Medical Class Officers

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J. F. BELTON

*President*

T. B. HENRY

*Vice President*

C. L. SHERRILL

*Secretary*

P. A. McLENDON

*Treasurer*

F. C. SHUGART

*Coroner*

T. M. ARRINGTON

*Poet*

B. A. THAXTON

*Surgeon*

R. H. McCUTCHEON

*Prophet*

R. M. BUE

*Historian*





MEDICAL CLASS

## Medical Class History

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**S**INCE emerging from a state of savagery, man has made a practice of recording his achievements for the enlightenment of the succeeding generation. With this purpose in view we record some of the important things that distinguish the Medical Class of 1912 from all previous classes. Now, at the end of our history making, reviewing rapidly our accomplishments, we find that both students and Faculty are the proud possessors of a more profound wisdom than they were a few short months ago. Wherein the professors were deficient their brilliant disciples supplied the deficiency; wherein the disciples were deficient their deficiency would have been supplied by the professors had not the cranial vault of each individual been so thick that the raps of Dr. Stewart's "Big Stick" failed to make crevices sufficient to admit the necessary instruction. However, it is of "prime import" to state that, in spite of our many fallacies, a passable "technique" was hammered into our craniums.

Besides taking an occasional climb to the third floor of the Alumni Building in order to beat in some of the odoriferous atmosphere of the dissecting room, or to see if an absence had been marked against us, or to attend one of "Pud" Thaxton's "Pink Tea Parties," we have also taken a leading part in the various phases of college life. The oldest dispute with the Lawyers over athletics was the game brought up. After much "chewing of the rag" until it was too worn for further mastication, a basket-ball game was arranged for Saturday night during the Bible Study Conference. The game was fiercely contested from start to finish; things looked bad at the end of the second half with the Lawyers two points ahead. The Meds. entered the second half with blood in their eyes and victory was ours. The remainder of the night was only a blurred memory to most of us, for the celebration was of the kind that produces a "cold gray dawn of the morning afterwards."

With McLendon to do the twirling stunt, backed up with such veterans as Sherrill, Henry, Deans, Ellington, and Carter, we are confident of wiming championship in baseball if Professors Gully and Timberlake ever decide whether it was lawful for us to win by a score of 25 to 5 in last year's game.

The record for scholarship is remarkable; Green has made the first "Magna Cum Lauda" in the history of the Medical Department. Scruggs was the first Anniversary representative ever elected from the Medical Department. Those who heard him will never forget his masterful eloquence. He made Bryan look

like small beans. Belton, from "Up Home," literally wore out the cog wheels of the Faculty's high grading machine, but his contrariness would make Juno an angel in comparison. The Class have unanimously agreed that if he should get drowned they would search up stream for his dead body.

High Heaven only knows how many slides and cover glasses Sharp has collected. He has also contested in various debates and at odd moments he takes inventory of the numerous medals he has won. It is rumored that he has a medal on which a slide and cover glass is engraved and in secret he gloats over this as a miser over his gold. Brother Anderson and Dr. Ward have upheld the social honors of the Class. They are responsible for many cases of heart disease among the fairer sex. Dr. Sherrill held the distinction of being manager of the only football team that upheld the honors of the State Thanksgiving Day. Yet he takes great pride in following the misfortunes of Aeneas so vividly and interestingly portrayed in Vergil. So animated did he become with this diversion that he elected Newish Latin in his Senior year.

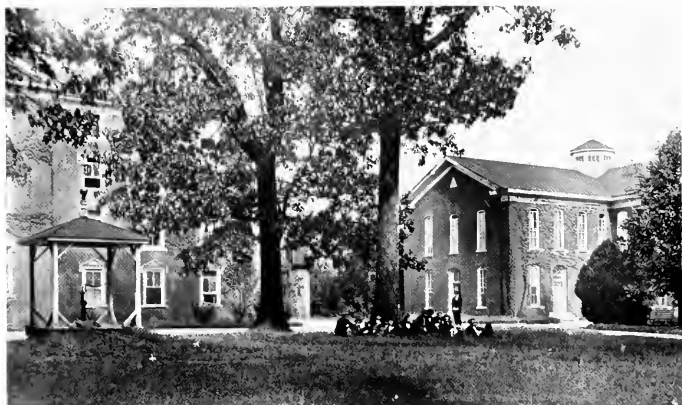
Drs. Powers, Stewart, and Carstarphen have spent much of their leisure time at the feet of Thaxton, who has dealt out to them advice liberally. And in absence he found much pleasure in coaching his fellow classmates in love making, reading selected love passages, and citing his own experiences as examples. The remainder of his time he cheerfully devoted to instructing the Newish in good behavior.

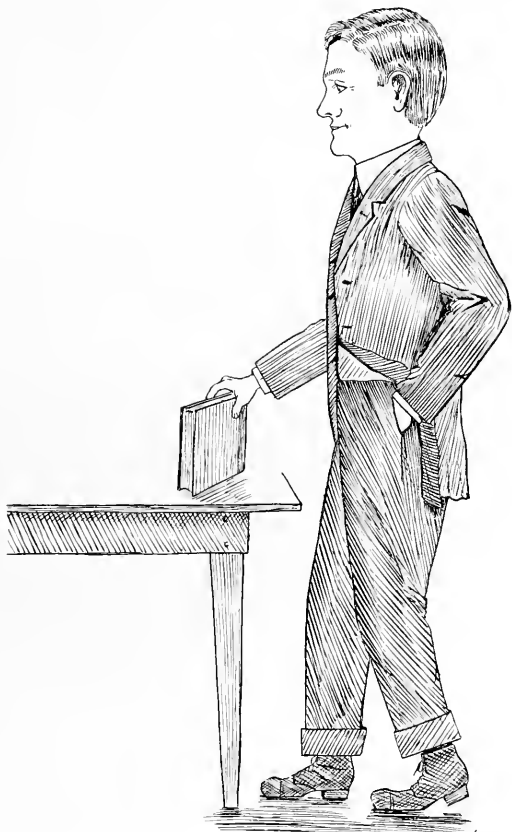
The Class owe not a little of their knowledge to association with the gentlemen of the First Year Med. Class. For this instruction the Class is duly thankful.

There are many more things that might be recorded, but no Med. has time to record all that he accomplishes.

HISTORIAN.







G. HERRING



MISS ADA LEE TIMBERLAKE

Law Class Sponsor



LAW CLASS

## Law Class Officers

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A. C. BERNARD..	.....	<i>President</i>
J. C. RIDDICK	.....	<i>Vice President</i>
R. BENTON	.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
D. E. JOSEY.	.....	<i>Prophet</i>
J. C. BROWN.	.....	<i>Historian</i>
T. E. BOBBITT..	.....	<i>Poet</i>

## Law Class Poem

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

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

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



## History of the Law Class

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**W**HEN the doors of the Law Department were thrown open in September last, and the rolls called, we found that Wake Forest had many aspirants to the legal profession. A greater assortment of prospective "legalities" could not have been gathered throughout the State. Big, fat, thin, short, and tall; young and old, gallant and awkward, fresh and green; married and single, and some for whom no description can be found—all came and mingled together. The only thing that could be found in common was the desire for legal knowledge, to be acquired through books or by absorption.

About the last of September the members of the Class began to notice a certain degree of familiarity displayed by a few of their number. These fellows seemed personally interested in the welfare of all, wore a broad smile at all times, had a good word and a hearty handshake for every one, and best of all, they had cigars in abundance for all the Class. They insisted on paying for drinks, and were most conspicuously clever in every way. It soon became evident that these heart-to-heart friends were candidates for offices, and, from that time till the election, a more shrewd campaign of "politicking" has never been conducted. A more systematic form of "legging" has never been introduced. When the final contest came off, the smoke cleared away, and ballots and proxies were counted, it was found that A. C. Bernard had landed the presidency; Jack Riddick, that of Vice President; R. Benton was the successful candidate for Secretary and Treasurer; and the writer was elected Historian. Each man responded to his election with a speech of thanks, the most notable being that of President Bernard, showing much time and skill in preparation and practice in delivery. In beautiful, flowing language, melodious tones, and a wonderful form of oratory, he told the Class that his highest ambition had been realized, that the Class had done itself honor in choosing a leader of such executive ability.

The election of Moot Court officers was almost as interesting as that of Class officers. It is said, indeed, that there were more Freshmen in the field than in the previous election; that an unlimited supply of cigars and political plums were in evidence, and that the skill of tried and true politicians was

displayed from all sides. Big Al Darden secured the judgeship. J. M. Moss (familarly known as "Baby" Moss, or "Runt" Moss), by a very close majority and the timely withdrawal of Hon. W. L. Spencer, was elected Solicitor. R. R. Mosse was the successful candidate for Clerk of Court, and W. D. Boone was unanmously elected Sheriff.

After the elections were all over, and the successful candidates had taken their respective offices, things began to run smoothly, and have continued so throughout the year. The officers have proved themselves remarkably efficient at all times and the record of the Moot Court has been one of the best in the history of the College.

The Law Class has been well represented in every phase of college life. In athletics it has been the backbone of the College. In football, basket-ball, baseball, track, and tennis, the Law students have played their parts with distinguished skill and ability. And the Law Class is justly proud of having furnished such men as Phil Utley, "Big" Williams, "Ecky" Gattis, Surry Dunn, Martin, Joyner, and others, as heroes of the gridiron. These men are in a great measure responsible for one of the most successful football records the College has ever won.

When it comes to social life, the Law Class can hold its own, and shine, if not outshine all the other classes. Social Bids, Arc Lights, and Sporting Stars are Class specialties. O. B. "Joyful" Moss, known by the ladies as "Cutie," is a winner. A. J. Harris, Jr. is a heart smasher of the old school, while Grindstaff and "Giftie" Rowland are Class seconds and deserve honorable mention. The good looks and winning ways of "Clubby" Broughton and Sutare were irresistible, and when Christmas vacation came and, foreseeing the trouble their beaming countenances and handsome physiques would cause them throughout the approaching Leap Year, they gave it up as a hopeless proposition and took unto themselves each a better half.

In many ways our Class has shown progress over previous classes, one of the most notable being that of electing a Class Sponsor. Never before has a Law Class at Wake Forest seen fit to have a Sponsor, but this year, seeing that the other classes in College were electing fair damsels to help uphold their standard, the Law Class was quick to follow suit. Miss Ada Lee Timberlake was unanimously elected to this office, and the Class as a whole have a peculiar pride in having chosen one so attractive to fill this newly established office. Miss Timberlake is a sister of our much respected Law Professor, Edgar W. Timberlake, Jr.

The Supreme Court Class of 1911-12 has a most enviable record. Every one of our boys who applied for license at the February term of the Supreme Court was given his sheepskin, while out of the number who applied last August only two failed, so that the history of '11-12 shows forty-three suc-

cessful applicants out of a total of forty-five. It has always been the record of the Law Class of Wake Forest College, that a greater percentage of its applicants succeeded in getting their license, than of any other law school in the State, and we feel safe in saying that the record established by the preceding classes will be upheld by the present Class.

HISTORIAN.







## Teachers' Class Officers

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M. L. BARNES  
L. B. OLIVE  
J. S. EDWARDS  
D. S. KENNEDY  
L. G. BULLARD  
H. T. HUNTER  
T. L. REYLLI

*President*  
*Vice President*  
*Secretary*  
*Treasurer*  
*Poet*  
*Historian*  
*Prophet*

## Teachers' Class Poem

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Hail, O faithful, toiling teacher, Enviied, hated, tortured creature! To your hand	Your resources are unbounded! Children's lives must be well rounded By their guide,
Least and greatest own dominion; And you rule (in your opinion) Every land.	Stuff your pupils full of knowledge; Send them off to some good college To abide.

Every child develops faster  
If the teacher is a master  
    In his realm,  
Children soon must stand among us,  
When decrepitude has flung us  
    From the helm.

There can be no greater blessing Than to hear a man confessing When you're blue,	While some other man is shirking, And you find yourself not working Like a cog,
How the teachings once imparted, Which had got him rightly started Came from you,	Fit yourself to this one calling, Be a conscientious, toiling Pedagogue.



TEACHERS' CLASS

## History of Teachers' Class

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AS brevity is the soul of wit, so shall this historical sketch be brief. The truth is, the Teachers' Class has had only the beginning of a history. The organization of the Class took place in the History Lecture Room at two o'clock p. m., on Tuesday, November 4th, 1911. That meeting was significant, because it was the expression of class consciousness on the part of the young men who are devoted to the teaching profession. For years Wake Forest has sent out quite a number of men to enter the teaching work. But they have gone out as individuals, not as representatives of an organized body.

Teaching is a profession, just as much as Law and Medicine are professions; and it is well for us to get this professional consciousness, this feeling of oneness with that great body of half a million individuals who are spending and being spent in carrying on the educative process, that process which is to train the boys and girls of to-day into the American citizens of to-morrow.

The organization of the Teachers' Class has brought about a feeling of brotherhood on the part of the members. Each member knows who his collaborators are; he knows the men whose aims are similar to his; likewise he knows the men whose trials and difficulties are likely to be much the same as his. We are all treading the "paths of glory which lead but to the grave," and each feels bound to the others by the ties of a common purpose, a common aspiration, a common ideal. A herculean task is ours. The making of men and women out of those despised by others is no little task. In this stupendous enterprise, it is well for each to realize that "United, we stand; divided, we fall." Each teacher is working with every other teacher for the development of character, for the training of boys and girls who shall be, in the largest sense, efficient.

The Teachers' Class stands for physical education, believing in the motto: "Mens sana in sano corpore." Therefore, a basket-ball team was selected from the membership, and challenges were issued to the other class teams of the College. The Preachers accepted the challenge, and in a long-to-be-remembered game the Birch Bearers defeated the Sky Pilots by the overwhelming score of 31 to 9. The other class teams dared not play against the "Professors."

Thus, the Teachers' Class of the year 1912, having become conscious of itself, having entered upon a triumphant career, will send out its members with a consciousness of a high mission and a lofty undertaking.



## Prophecy of Teachers' Class

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ONE night while I was sitting quietly before the fire in my room, I fell asleep and dreamed that I was carried twenty-five years into the future. In my dream, I heard a gentle tapping at my door. Immediately I said, "Come in."

The door opened slowly and in walked a little man about twelve inches high, dressed in green. He bowed very politely, came up to the chair which was near the table, climbed into it, and then upon the table.

"You seem to be puzzling over some great problem; can I help you?" said the little man in green.

By this time I had somewhat recovered from the fright which he had given me, and the thought came to me that maybe he could tell me the future of the illustrious and dignified Teachers' Class of W. F. C.

"Well, my little man, I am very much in need of help. This problem which I have to solve is the most difficult that I have ever undertaken before. Oh, that I had the gift of prophecy!"

The little man in green bowed his head for a minute, and suddenly there came over his face an expression of joy, and he said:

"My friend, I am probably the very man you are looking for. I was present when your Teachers' Class was organized. I sat over in one corner of the room. Probably I was so little that you did not see me, but while you all were making great plans for that year, I was saying to myself, 'Where will you all be twenty-five years hence?' I have traveled very extensively and have often seen your fellow teachers in my travels."

"My little man, pray tell me about them, where they are and what they are doing," I said.

"Well," said he, as he took a little book from his pocket and opened it, "this is just \* \* \* and I recorded only the most important things I observed. The first that I shall mention is your President, Mr. M. L. Barnes. He has made an enviable record. No man has done more for humanity than he has. Whenever there is a fight on for a reform of some corrupt practice he throws himself into it with all his might. Woe to those who oppose him! It was by and through his plan of reforming the financial system of the schools of California that he was elected to his present position as Superintendent of Public Instruction of that State. Well, there were Kennedy, Marsh, and Huggins, they made a fine record at Harvard, but not content with their record there, they went to Oxford, England, to pursue their favorite

subject, Latin. Having completed their course there, they returned to America. Their college days had been spent together and as they did not wish to be separated in life, they secured positions as Associate Professors of Latin in Sioux University, Iowa.

"There were some of the Class who, it seemed, could not locate permanently anywhere. They went from place to place for several years, but now they are happy at last. In my travels I saw Hutchins. Nothing appealed to him more forcibly than plenty of good, vigorous exercise, therefore, he is Professor of Physical Culture in the University of Moscow. The Chair of Philosophy in the University of Paris having become vacant, the Trustees looked for some time in vain for a man whom they deemed capable of filling the position. Finally, in a secluded cave in the mountains of Utah, they found Edwards, W. B. Immediately he came forth from his cave, caught the first airship that passed, and was soon in Paris.

"Several members of the Class caught the idea that they could achieve greater honor by going to Africa, and so they organized a band for that purpose. It was fifteen years before I heard from any of them. One day, while on my way to Australia, I stopped at Cape Town for a few hours, and to my surprise there was Hunter, the remnant of the band who had conceived the idea of civilizing the continent of Africa. He told me that Lassiter, Holmes, Bullard, Gettys, Hart, and Wright had died heroically in their untiring efforts to serve their fellow man.

"Two years after leaving college, many of the Class saw a notice that there would be a special examination for applicants who wished to teach in the Philippine Islands. My! what a busy time with them. Just like it used to be in College before examination. The day came, and twelve of them marched up to the examiner to receive their fate. It is sufficient to say, they did. Only three of them decided to go to the Philippines—Young, Olive, and Griffin. They had made great plans for the work, how they would teach and entertain the Filipinos. The Filipinos had heard that they were coming and came out in full force to welcome them. There was a look of disappointment, however, on the faces of the Filipinos when the three little pedagogues came on shore. They were expecting men of sufficiently large stature to serve them for a long time. These men performed their work well, although amid unfavorable surroundings. Much honor is due them for the noble effort they made to enlighten the Filipinos.

"Well, you are wondering what became of those who did not go to the Philippines. They got discouraged and quit the business. There was Edlinger, he said teaching required too much physical exertion for him, therefore he was going to be a lawyer. Prevette and Beam said they preferred some other vocation, so that they could go and come when they wanted to, there-

fore they would be farmers. Now, Mull, Herring, Jones, Warlick, Sorrell, and Lanier all decided that it was better to do almost anything other than to teach school, therefore they fell out of rank.

"Now, my friend, what I have told you is only a sketch of what this memorable class of teachers has done. I have given you what assistance I can, so I must be going."

"My little man," I said, "I am under many obligations to you and feel that I can never repay you for this kindness."

"It has been a pleasure, indeed, I assure you, to tell you these simple observations that I have made. Now, my friend, good-bye."

And he jumped down from the table into the chair and out he went.

Then I awoke and found that it was a dream.

PROPHET.







## Ministerial Class Officers

---

B. V. FERGUSON.  
A. T. ALLEN .  
V. A. MCGUIRE  
S. A. EDGERTON  
G. G. WALL .  
SAM LONG.  
W. T. BACCOM

*President*  
*Vice President*  
*Secretary*  
*Treasurer*  
*Historian*  
*Prophet*  
*Poet*

## The Minister's Mission

---

To love is the minister's mission;  
'T is love that has given to childhood its laughter;  
'T is love that has sweetened the warble of birds;  
'T is love that invokes of the mystic Hereafter  
A song more thrilling than rythmical words;  
And love from the depths of the soul  
Makes life worth living in every condition.  
To love is the minister's mission,  
For love is the gift of the soul.

To serve is the minister's mission;  
'T is pleasant to dream amid roses and pansies,  
Of halcyon pleasures in store for the just;  
'T is pleasant to roam in the garden of fancies,  
But flowers and fancies are not even crust  
For hunger that pinches the soul.  
'T is service that's needed—divinest commission;  
To serve is the minister's mission,  
And lighten the weight of the soul.

To endure is the minister's mission:  
To endure the rebuffs and the cynical blindness  
Of spirits all calloused and cankered within,  
Nor falter nor fail 'mid the scoffer's din,  
But smile at their scorn, and return human kindness,  
Nor watch in doubtful decision  
When evil grapples the soul,  
To endure is the minister's mission,  
To endure for the sake of the soul.



MINISTERIAL CLASS

## Ministerial Class Prophecy

---

**F**OR purposes of prognostication, an old Virginia Cherokee beats all the oracular funk-holes that ever Grecian Seeress or East Indian Magi sat upon.

I unanimously accepted this fact and made a rush for Holding's drug store immediately after I was elected prophet of the Ministerial Class of Wake Forest College. I purchased three of those Old Dominion smokes fresh from the "holy of holies" and retired to my lair, lighted the fattest one, placed myself before the glass and smoked until I could not see my nose. A dizzy, dreamy upliftedness, mystic and sublime, passed over me; the past and present were hidden in clouds of smoke. My eyes closed, my jaw dropped, and, lulled by the harmony of my own snoring, I fell into a trance and lo, I saw the world with fifty years of added history.

And behold, the sea was unriden, our canal was deserted, our railroad system was defunct, traffic and sky pilots went through the air.

Our Ministerial Class was scattered. Some were dead and gone somewhere; some were in the madhouse; one was in the White House; many were scintillating stars in a benighted world.

Far away in St. Petersburg, B. V. Ferguson was President of the Baptist University established there by special permission of the Czar Nicholas in 1916. S. C. Hilliard stood in the grand mosque of Calcutta and debated with the great Calyph the "cult of the occult," to the evident humiliation of his Islamic reverence, Abdul Mohammed. W. T. Baucom was missionary to the heathen of the District of Columbia, and had already enrolled many converts and trained four native workers. June Smith sat at home in his easy chair, suffering, as he said, from a terrible pain, and boasting to his visitors that his very dogs were howling with the gout. J. W. Freeman was delivering his favorite lecture, entitled "Feed my Lambs," to a delegation of suffragettes in the auditorium at Raleigh, North Carolina. V. A. McGuire was court chaplain and chief kitchen cook to the Emir of Afghanistan. L. R. O'Brian was the chief ingredient of a pot-pie on Coney Island, just off the jungles of New York. Traveling Edgerton was selling "Big Deal" soap and other cosmetics to the Duchess of Boston; and O. W. Yates was standing in Powers-Jackson store, scratching his head and endeavoring to give Scaggs change for forty cents. "Polly" Green was relating to the First Baptist Church at Zanzibar the persecutions endured on his third missionary journey to the dark



continent of North America. He was saying, "Three times was I compelled by the natives of Wake Forest to eat a dime cake of Ivory soap; five times was I snowballed; thrice was I bucked with forty jolts save one; twice was I whistled and blacked for not keeping step; seven times—!" Here my old lady burst into my room and announced "shoo-fly," which severed communication between me and the spirit world and left this prophecy to be continued.

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## Ministerial Class History

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OUR Baptist State Convention surely never dreamed of the splendid outcome of their wise foresight manifested in the establishing of Wake Forest College. As the statesmen laud the wisdom of our mighty political fabric, we, with equal zeal, cherish the names of the founders of our goodly institution. *Nihil mortalibus ardui est.*

Though their primary purpose in founding our College was to supply an educated Baptist ministry, influences have been evolved, outside of the Ministerial Class, that have accomplished much. A potent secondary purpose of the institution has become manifest, so that the idea of Wake Forest's being nothing more than a "Preachers' College" is erroneous. Each year witnesses the going out of a graduating class, among whom are preachers, medical students, lawyers, teachers, and others; and these professions are more and more heaping honors upon the College.

But it is not my purpose to mention any class other than the Ministerial Class. As a Class, we have much in which we take pride. That Dr. A. C. Dixon and Dr. Len G. Broughton were students here gratifies us with a peculiar sense of pride in the great work and honor they are achieving. As for our Class, we claim honors in numbers. We have the unprecedented number of seventy-five in our Class. Of course, we are members of every class from Prep. to Senior, and are consequently verily representative. Accordingly, we have done much and, likewise, on the other hand, left much undone.

Our college activities have been varied. We are acknowledged to be the hard-working class, though it seems very few of us ever hurt ourselves. We have our purpose before us, and our course is already decided, and we are not, therefore, handicapped by tragic periods of indecision. Our ideals are fixed; our aspirations already thrill us; our purposes have imprinted them-

selves into our very beings; our love for our work has increased by experience; and our zeal has been fired by the righteous power of humble penitence. We have sacrificed much and are obedient, in motive at least, to the call of duty—"stern daughter of the voice of God."

Among us are some of the best students in College. We are studious, for we realize that

"The man who wins is the man who works—  
The man who toils while the next man shirks;  
The man who stands in his deep distress  
With his head held high in the deadly press."

We realize, also, that it is our business to know, and that we shall be expected to show wide knowledge, and that the very nature of our calling is more demanding than any other profession.

In athletics some of our members have won places. This phase of college life we most neglect. But we do not mean to discourage athletics, and much of the censure heaped upon our heads is unjust. We are persuaded that we are misunderstood. In this connection we hold an embarrassing situation. We are called bookworms, and are distinguished as "Sky Pilots." On one side the student body accuse us of having cold feet, and on the other the Faculty class us as "boneheads." We voted for a football team, a track squad, a basket-ball quintet, a baseball nine, and a tennis squad. If they *are* not, they *just* are not. Therefore they could not appear. Our lack of necessary time is the trouble. Dr. Cullom expects to turn us out with everything memorized in his courses from *Alpha* to *Omega*.

We have conducted ourselves with a regard for others' feelings. We have stood for improvements, whether it be in Faculty personnel, or the curriculum, or athletics, or in society affairs. We have unhesitatingly opposed the instituting of anything that is contributory to the retrogression of student honor or the deterioration of the name of the College. We have not hesitated to make suggestions. In fact, we have been so free with our advice that *curious* onlookers have declared that we are actually running the College. Still Dr. Poteat has not resigned, nor has "Bursar Earnshaw" fled in terror. Dr. Paschal still reigns supreme in the departments of Latin and Greek, and declares he is going to "flunk" those who use "jacks" in Latin, and all those in Greek who do not memorize everything in the grammar and learn by heart the vocabulary in the back of the book. And our heads do not appear to resemble the sun just peeping over the eastern horizon.

But our influence has not been limited to the internal affairs of the College. We have made gains outside in our chosen work and in the eyes of *Venus*. Even *Cupid* has come to our aid, making himself very useful in matters per-

taining to his great mission. The results are well known. It seems, therefore, to be a popular thing among Seniors, especially, to take unto themselves a gentle protectress. Others are favorably impressed, for they are employing Uncle Sam very busily.

Some of our members occupy pulpits, while others visit fellow pastors, coming back with the declaration, "I made a hit." These, however, have accomplished much, both as pastors and as supplies.

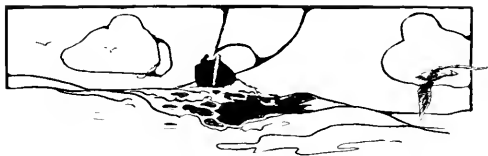
Lest we should be called unjust, allow us to thank our teachers and instructors for what they have done for us. We agree that they have had very hard stock with which to deal. But we believe that with their polish and refinement they have pretty well succeeded in making us see what awful ignorance we groped in, and how little we now know. We owe them much, especially Dr. Cullom, who has been unjustly said to constitute the whole course in Theology. There is Dr. Royal,

"Keeping the even tenor of his way,  
Silently toiling while it yet is day."

Others could be mentioned, but these will suffice. We thank them all for so patiently dealing with us.

"Ah, how skillful grows the hand  
That obeyeth Love's command!  
It is the heart and not the brain  
That to the highest doth attain,  
And he who followeth Love's behest  
Far excelleth all the rest."

HISTORIAN.



WHERE LOVE IS, THERE IS PATIENCE ALSO

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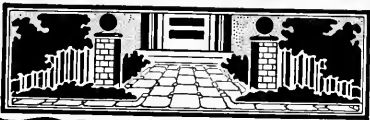
Talk, talk, talk!  
No matter where I go  
It's just the same old thing,  
It's "Watch Miss So-and-so  
With that big diamond ring!"  
She sets my head a-whirl  
About somebody's brat—  
Somebody's baby girl  
That's oh! so sweet and fat—  
No matter where I go  
It's just the same old thing,  
Talk, talk, talk! !

Fuss, fuss, fuss!  
I never get to sleep  
Until it's nearly day,  
She reads some novel cheap  
That drives her sense away,  
And 'bout the time I doze  
And think I'll sleep a while,  
Then here she comes with nose  
And lips stuck out a mile!  
No matter where I go  
It's just the same old thing,  
Fuss, fuss, fuss! !

Bore, bore, bore!  
Forever and ever more—  
I never saw her still,  
She meets me at the door  
Come home when'er I will—  
(No matter where I go  
It's just the same old thing).  
But I just love her so  
That I don't give a ding!  
Then fuss, and talk, and bore,  
I'll love you all the more.  
Fuss, talk, bore! ! !

ARTHUR D. GORE.

# ORGANIZATIONS







Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS

1 HERRING, President

2 FREEMAN, Vice President

3 STRINGFIELD, Treasurer

4 NEAL, Corresponding Secretary



## Montreat Conference Delegation

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### DELEGATES

ANDERSON, J. T.	HUGGINS, M. A.
BAUCOM, W. T.	HUTCHINS, A. J.
BULLARD, L. G.	HOOD, M. H.
CONRAD, H. B.	LANGSTON, H. J.
FERGUSON, B. V.	O'BRIAN, L. R.
FRAZIER, I. P.	POWELL, H. A.
GUY, T. S.	UNDERWOOD, P. A.





“IBID.”

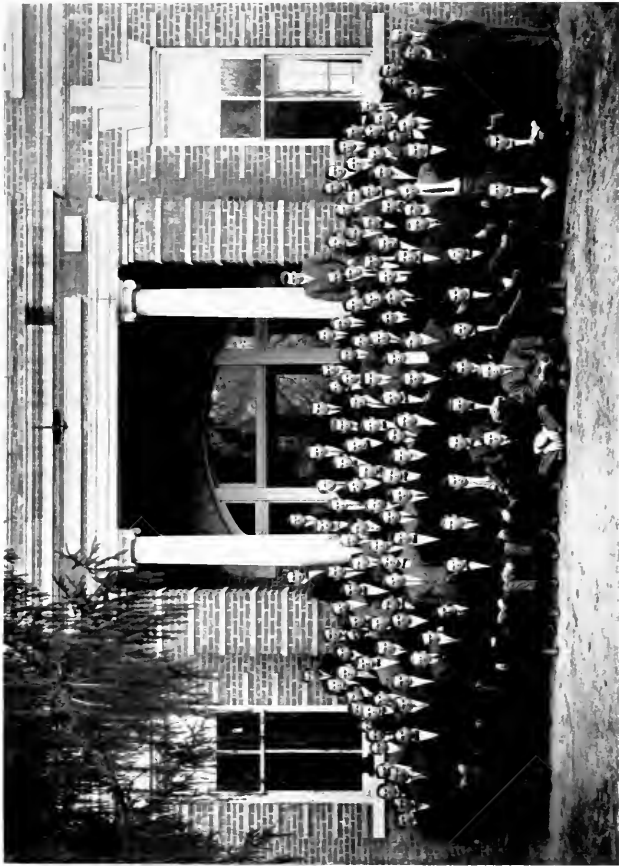
## Philomathesia

---

Ære from this presence long revered  
Departing footfalls, sadly beard,  
Shall die away, some time=proof word  
    With you, my sons, I fain would leave.

Bear hence this blessing I bestow,  
Stop by my counsels as you go,  
Be strong for right, scorn measures low,  
    In God put trust, in man believe.

Strive all brave deeds to emulate,  
Serve well in mart, in church, in state,  
Bear ye my name inviolate,  
    And then, my sons, the crown receive.



PHILOMATHESIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

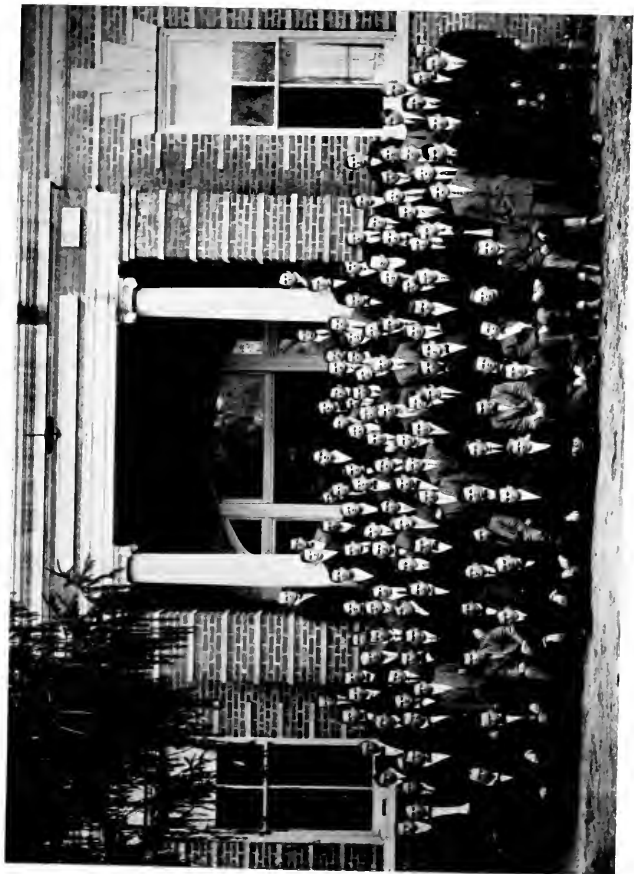
## Euzelia

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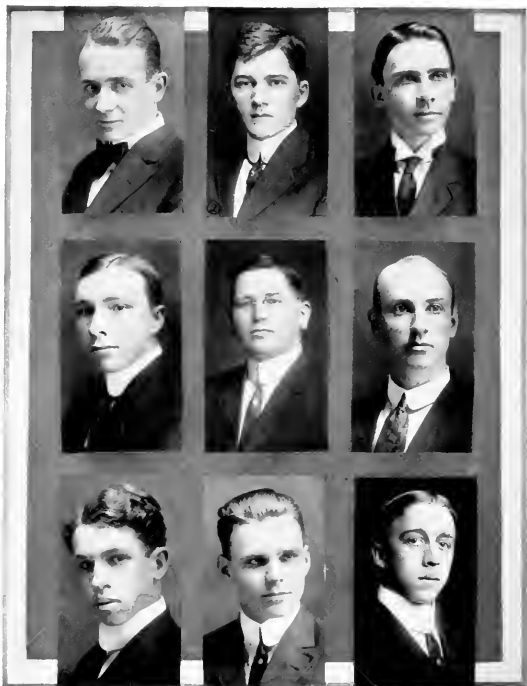
Hither once more, ye sons of mine,  
Gather about this hallowed shrine,  
Whose altar fires, heaven-lit, divine,  
And vestal-kept forever gleam.

Touch reverent now, this sacred urn,  
And ere far hence your footsteps turn,  
Let holy purpose inly burn  
Toward some noble far-glimpsed theme.

What years may bring fret not to ask,  
Hope-nerved, pass to each arduous task,  
The true defend, the false unmask,  
And thus, my sons, make real your dream.



EUZELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



SCRUB FACULTY OFFICERS AND MEMBERS

GREEN, P. P.

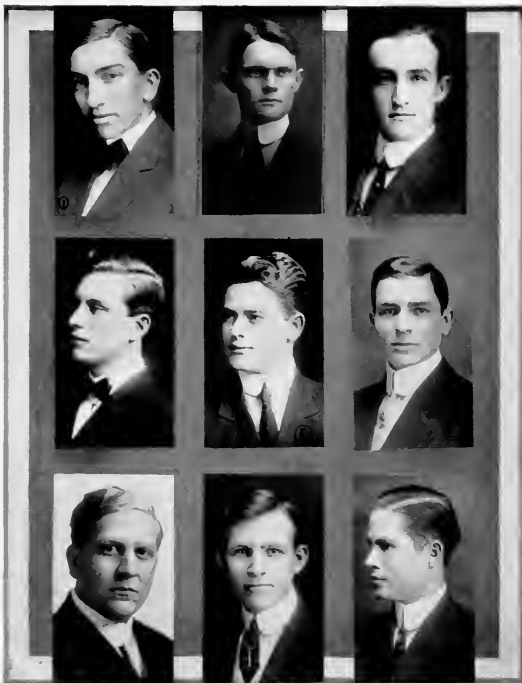
- 1) CONRAD, German
- 2) JOHNSON, Government
- 3) GETTYS, Political Economy

President EDDINGER, W. L.

- 4) JONES, History
- 5) EDDINGER, Library
- 6) REVELLE, English

Vice President

- 7) HUGGINS, Latin
- 8) MARSH, Latin
- 9) KIRKSEY, English



SCRUB FACULTY OFFICERS AND MEMBERS

EDWARDS, J. S.

Secretary

CASTELLO, COLA

Bursar

- 1) SMITH, Applied Mathematics
- 2) CASTELLO, Applied Mathematics
- 3) PETERSON, Biology

- 4) SHARPE, Histology
- 5) BELTON, Physiology
- 6) GREEN, Anatomy

- 7) BERNARD, Law
- 8) BULLARD, Latin
- 9) EDWARDS, Physics

## SUMMER

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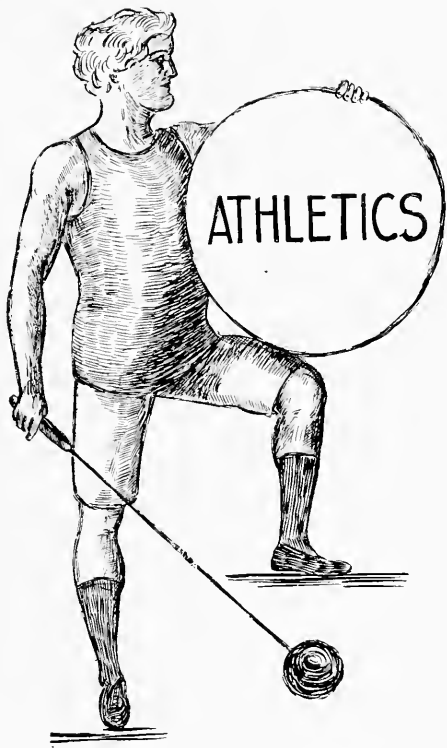
I have heard the voice of Summer calling through the misty air;  
I have seen her dewy footprints on the flowerets fresh and fair;  
Even the dreary trodden pavement rings an echo to my tread;  
Buried living things beneath it struggle toward the light o'erhead.

And the magic voice of Summer calls from out the mighty sea,  
Rings in every western breeze that tells of prairies wide and free;  
Song birds chant it flying northward from the sunny southern sea,  
Till my days are filled with longings and my nights are filled with dreams.

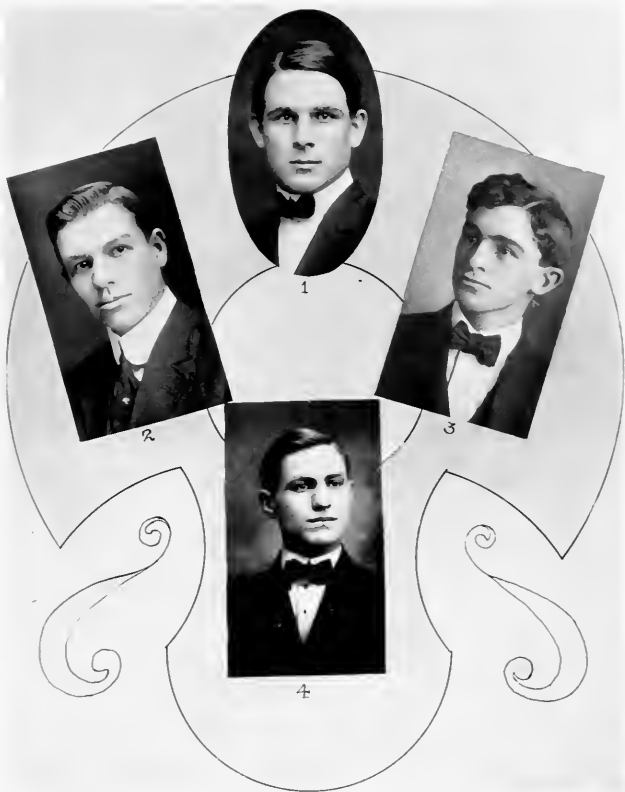
Every drop of Southern blood that springs from sires who tilled the earth  
Calls me back to hill and woodland and the old ancestral hearth;  
But my hands are fettered fast to tasks the weary toilers know  
Till the summer days are ended, and till then I cannot go.

JAY B. HUBBELL









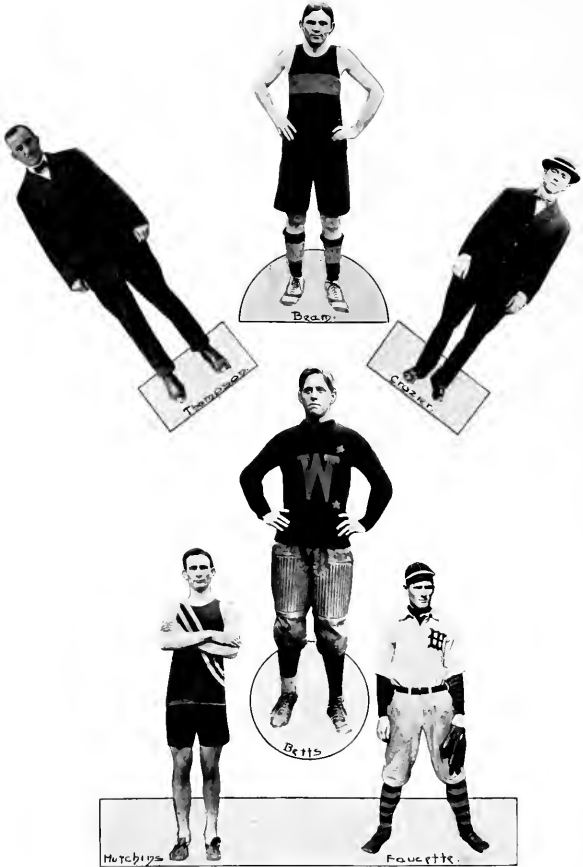
**ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OFFICERS**

1) BAGWELL, President

2) HERRING, Vice President

3) ANDERSON, General Secretary

4) BROUGHTON, Secretary



COACHES AND CAPTAINS





MISS LINA GOUGH  
Sponsor Football Team



VARSITY FOOTBALL 1911

## Football

THE football season of 1911 marked a new era in football at Wake Forest. The team made a record which is unsurpassed by any previous one. This record is largely due to the securing of Frank M. Thompson as coach. Mr. Thompson is an old A. and M. man who has coached the athletic teams at that school in all the different departments. In fact, Wake Forest secured the "rabbit's foot" from A. and M. Coach Thompson soon gained the confidence of the entire student body, especially that of the football squad.

Manager A. H. Martin arranged one of the heaviest schedules which Wake Forest has ever had and as heavy as that of any other college in the State. The results of the games are as follows:

Warrenton High School.....	0	Wake Forest.....	52
University of N. C.....	12	Wake Forest.....	3
Roanoke College.....	0	Wake Forest.....	62
Washington and Lee.....	18	Wake Forest.....	5
University of Virginia.....	29	Wake Forest.....	5
Davidson College.....	9	Wake Forest.....	0
A. and M.....	13	Wake Forest.....	5
U. S. Training Ship "Franklin".....	0	Wake Forest.....	20

(Thanksgiving)

The two most exciting games of the season were the A. and M. and Thanksgiving games. The A. and M. game was hotly fought, the result being in doubt the first half. A. and M. did not put in their scrub team as in former years. In the Thanksgiving game the close of the season was celebrated in great style, the Old Gold and Black completely outplaying the Franklin eleven.

Three of the team were on the All State team. These were: Utley, quarter back; Dunn, right guard; and Bruce Holding, right tackle. The work of "Phil" Utley at quarter was nothing less than phenomenal. He starred in every game and in three of them made over sixty-yard runs, these being the Washington and Lee game, the University of Virginia game, and the Franklin game. By the best of authorities he was said to be the best broken-field runner



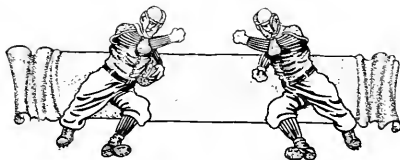
in the South Atlantic States, with the possible exception of Todd, of Virginia.

The line-up was as follows:

Henry Faucette and Royal Holding, right end; Bruce Holding, right tackle; Surry Dunn, right guard; P. C. Carter, center; "Ecce" Gattis, left tackle; L. C. Williams, left guard; C. L. Betts (Captain) and Joyner, left end; "Phil" Utley, quarter back; A. H. Martin, right half back; H. W. Huntley, left half back; R. R. Savage, full back.

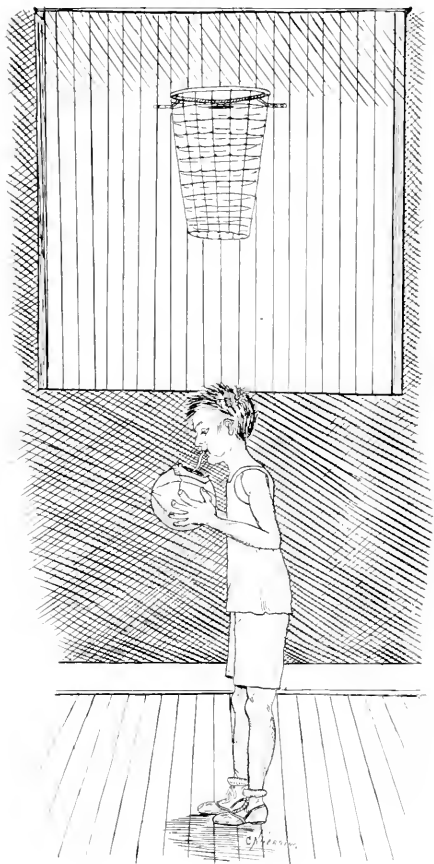
The substitutes who received their monograms are as follows:

Billings and William Faucette, half backs; Britton, tackle; Blevins, guard.





THANKSGIVING GAME DURHAM  
Wake Forest vs. Sadors





MISS LOUISE PEYTON HEIMS  
Basket-Ball Sponsor



VARSIY BASKET-BALL TEAM

# Basket-Ball

---

THE basket-ball season of 1912 has been one of the best ever experienced by the College. With every man on last year's squad back the prospects have continued bright from the first. Besides the material of last year's team, several Freshmen presented themselves and for a while it looked as if some of the old men would be beaten out of their places, but when the wear and tear of the ante-season practice was over the personnel of the team was left exactly as it was last year.

This year the team has already met and defeated some of the strongest teams in North Carolina and Virginia and were defeated only two points after a hard and game struggle by the strong V. P. I. quintet. Among the teams defeated are A. and M., Randolph-Macon, Emory and Henry, Virginia Christian College, and William and Mary, while a game is yet to be played with Carolina in Raleigh.

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## OFFICERS

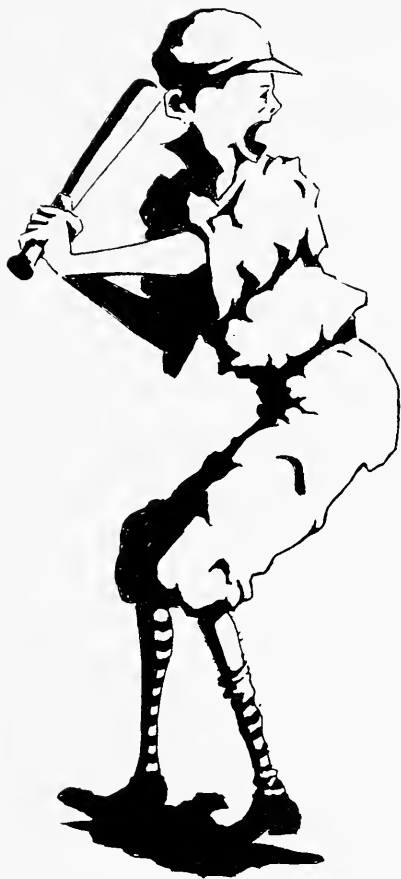
H. M. BEAM, . . . . . *Captain*  
W. C. Dowd, Jr. . . . . *Manager*  
J. R. CROZIER . . . . . *Coach*

## MEMBERS OF THE TEAM

H. M. BEAM, Right Forward, P. M. UTLEY, Right Guard  
B. F. HOLDING, Center  
W. R. HOLDING, Left Forward W. C. DOWD, Left Guard

## SUBSTITUTES

G. M. BEAM W. W. HOLDING  
S. W. TURNER C. V. TYNER R. H. McCUTCHEON





MISS VIRGINIA WILKINSON  
Baseball Sponsor





VARSIY BASEBALL TEAM



## Track



THE Wake Forest Track Team represents the work of a small body of men rather than the combined efforts of the student body and the Athletic Association. With no encouragement save the chance of making the team and the oft repeated promise of a track, which we hope to get by the time Bryan becomes President, the students who have been interested in this branch of college sports have maintained a strong team.

With only five members of the team of 1910, Captain Murchison succeeded, last year, in getting out one of the strongest teams in the history of track athletics at Wake Forest. During the season of 1911 the team won its first dual meet, defeating Guilford College.

The individual stars of the team were: Murchison, 41 points; Hutchins, 41 points; Tyner, 17 points. Other strong members of the team were Langston, Davis, Herring, O. F., Mayberry, Hart, and Farrell.

### TEAM OF 1911

100-yard dash	MURCHISON, TYNER.
220-yard dash	MURCHISON, TYNER.
440-yard run	MURCHISON, MAYBERRY, MOSS.
$\frac{1}{2}$ -mile run	MURCHISON, DAVIS, LANGSTON; JONES, J. C.
1-mile run	HART, OLIVE, JONES, J. C.
2-mile run	SMETHURST, OLIVE.
100-yard hurdle	HUTCHINS, UTLEY, HERRING, O. F.
220-yard hurdle	HUTCHINS, FARRELL, HERRING, O. F.
High jump	HUTCHINS, LANGSTON, HERRING, O. F.
Broad jump	HUTCHINS, TYNER, STRINGFIELD.
Shot put	HUTCHINS, UTLEY, PHILLIPS, A. R.
Hammer throw	MAYBERRY, WILLIAMS, L. C.
Relay team	MURCHISON, FARRELL, MAYBERRY, MOSS, LANGSTON.
Vault	GORE, VERNON, OLIVE.



MISS ETHEL MOORE  
Track Team Sponsor



VARSITY TRACK TEAM, 1910-11

CLSHERRILL



DAVD



1 FOOT-BALL

2 BASKETBALL

# ATHLETIC MANAGERS

3 BASE BALL

4 TRACK TEAM

R. BENTON

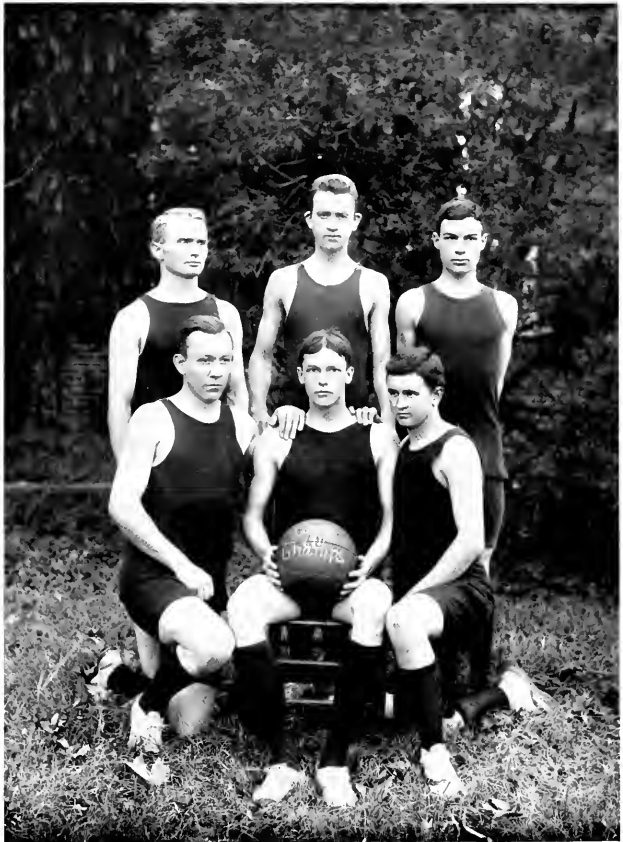


LINGSTON





## Class Athletics



CLASS CHAMPIONS, 1912





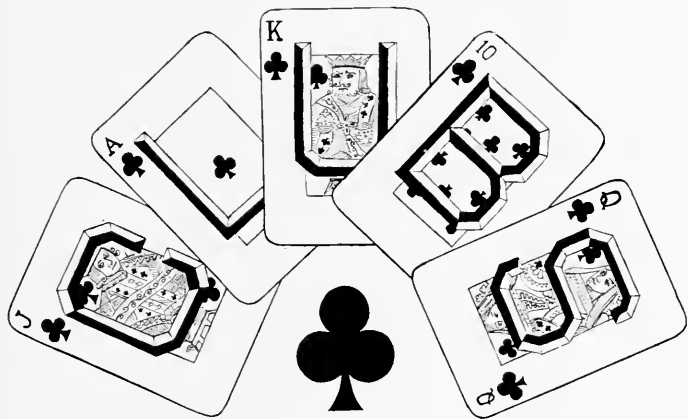
ALL-CLASS BASKET-BALL TEAM, 1912



MEDICAL CLASS TEAM, 1912



TEACHERS' BASKET-BALL TEAM, 1912





## The Bookworms

### MOTTO

"Nosing Around Among the Dust-Covered Tomes of Forgotten Lore."

### FLOWER

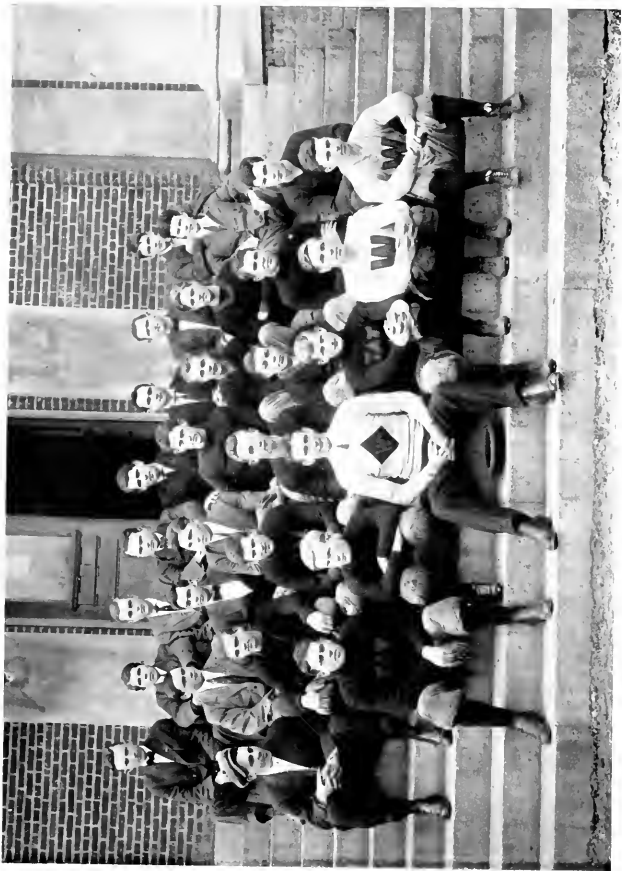
The Dried Stem of a Hollyhock

L. G. BULLARD.  
 H. B. CONRAD  
 W. B. EDWARDS.  
 M. A. HUGGINS  
 H. T. HUNTER  
 D. S. KENNEDY  
 J. M. KESTER  
 B. O. MYERS  
 W. G. PRIVETTE  
 O. L. RIGGS.  
 C. R. SORRELL

### MEETING PLACE

In the Garret

Vergilian Hook Worm  
 Miltonian Glow Worm  
 Aristotelian Earth Worm  
 Shakespearean Silk Worm  
 Byronian Wire Worm  
 Tennysonian Measuring Worm  
 Platonian Stinging Worm  
 Demosthenean Frost Worm  
 Wordsworthian Cotton Worm  
 Pestalozzian Cut Worm  
 Emersonian Grub Worm



WEARERS OF THE "W"



MOUNTAINEERS' CLUB



## The High Flyers

(Successors to *The Arc Lights*)

---

### MEMBERS

J. C. RIDDICK

W. C. PETERSON

H. W. HUNTLY

J. M. CHAMBERLAIN

CLYDE RODWELL

ALLISON McDOWELL

HUBERT B. COOLEY

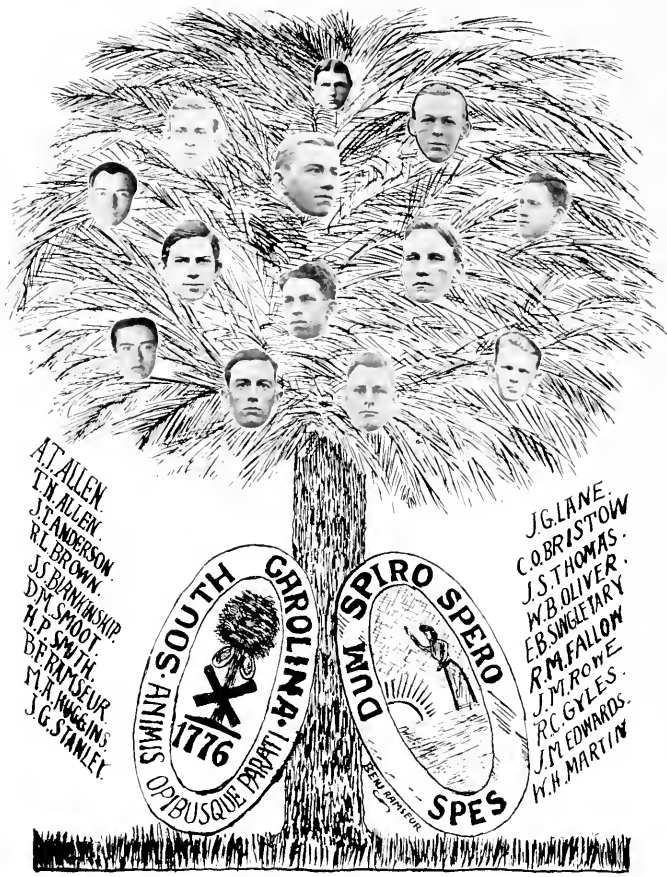
S. GOOD

E. F. AYDLITT, JR.

P. A. McLLINDON

T. M. ARRINGTON

ROWLAND SHAW PRUETT



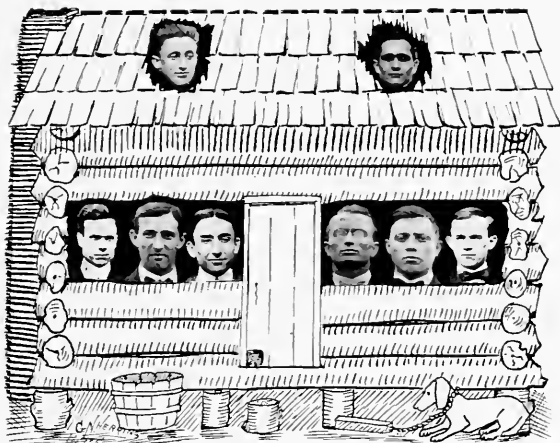
A.T. ALLEN  
 T.N. ALLEN  
 J. ANDERSON  
 R.L. BROWN  
 J.S. BURROWS  
 D.M. SMOOT  
 H.P. SMITH  
 B. RAMSEUR  
 M.A. HUGGINS  
 J.G. STANLEY

J.G. LANE  
 C.O. BRISTOW  
 J.S. THOMAS  
 W.B. OLIVER  
 E.B. SINGLETARY  
 R.M. FALLOW  
 J.M. ROWE  
 R.C. GYLES  
 J.M. EDWARDS  
 W.H. MARTIN

SOUTH CAROLINA  
 1776  
 OPUSQUE PARATI

SPIRO SPERO  
 SPES





## The Country Club

"COLT-RIDING" SORRELL .....	Chief Overseer
"OTIE WATIE" YATES .....	Pays de Niggers
"HAY-MAKING" RIGGS .....	Hog Feeder
"LILLIE-LOVING" CARPENTER .....	Holds calf for Milk Maid
"GOURD-'NAWING" HARWARD .....	Water Boy
"ONION-ROOTING" YATES .....	Horticultural Manipulator
"JUICY CANE" BROWN .....	Looking out for Lassies
"RATTLESAKE" BENTON .....	Odd Jobs

### MOTTO

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep

### FAVORITE COLOR

Punkin Yaller

### SONG

Round the Corn Pile, Sally

### DRINK

Champagne

### MEETING PLACE

Water Million Patch

### CHOICE DISH

Possum Sop and Taters

### PASTIME

Calling Doodle Bugs

### PURPOSE

To toot our own horn lest it be untooted



## Dormitory Disturbers (D. D.)

### OBJECT

To get up to see the sun rise

### FAVORITE PASTIME

Funking Newish and stacking sky-pilot rooms

### PASSWORD

Hang the beef and ring the ivory

### SONGS

It makes no difference who your father is you're still your mother's son  
On the road somewhere

### MEMBERS

BILL BRAY	.....	President
STRAWBERRY RAMSEUR	.....	Secretary
POLLY GREEN	.....	Mechanic
HENRY GROVES	.....	Attorney
JOE WAFF	.....	Physician

### MOTTO

Res ipsa loquitur

### LOADING PLACE

The pastor's office



## Scholarship Club

### OFFICERS

J. C. JONES.  
 D. S. KENNEDY  
 H. H. GROVES.  
 H. A. NANNEY.  
 L. L. CARPENTER.

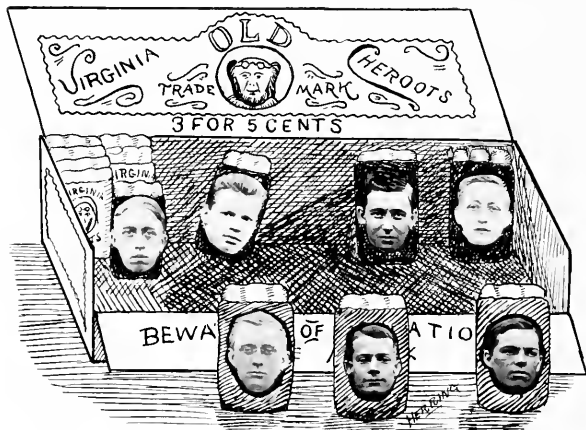
President  
 Vice President  
 Secretary  
 Treasurer  
 Historian

### MEMBERS

L. G. BULLARD  
 C. J. CARPENTER  
 L. L. CARPENTER  
 A. O. DICKENS  
 G. FERGUSON  
 C. A. FARRELL  
 H. H. GROVES

O. P. HAMRICK  
 R. J. HART  
 P. C. HARWARD  
 O. F. HERRING  
 H. T. HUNTER  
 A. J. HUTCHINS  
 M. H. JONES  
 D. S. KENNEDY

B. F. McLEOD  
 H. A. NANNEY  
 O. H. RAGLAND  
 K. T. RAYNOR  
 C. F. SMITH  
 R. H. TAYLOR  
 A. C. WARLICK



## Old Virginia Cheroots

### TOAST

Here's to Old Virginia  
 Where the apple brandy flows:  
 Where Cheroots are made from cabbage leaves,  
 And what else no one knows.

### OFFICERS

R. H. McCUTCHEON  
 J. J. WAFF...  
 JOHN NEAL  
 ROMULUS SKAGGS  
 "PARSON" ROBINSON.  
 BILL JENKINS.

High Muck-a-Muck  
 . . . Muckarine  
 Chief Grand Scribe  
 Holder of the Bag  
 . . . Spiritual Adviser  
 . . . Poet-Aster

### "ONERY" MEMBERS

"BOBBY" SAVAGE  
 "BELL-BOY" CAMP  
 "SKIRTS" SHORT..  
 JOHN WATSON  
 BIG VANN }  
 LITTLE VANN }

Side-door Pullman Artist  
 . . . Assistant in Gym.  
 . . . Don't Reverse  
 Oracle of Wilkie Building  
 . . . . . Virginia Creepers



## President's Cabinet

### MOTTO

To do the President

### MEETING PLACE

Either Annex

### HOBBY

Fair Dame

### MEMBERS

D. E. JOSEY (Hitchcock) . . . . .	Secretary of Bags
S. GOODE (Longworth) . . . . .	Secretary of Domestic Affairs
E. A. DANIEL (Knox) . . . . .	Secretary of Dress Parade
J. A. McDOWELL (Tillman) . . . . .	Secretary of Boush Woir
N. J. SHEPHERD (Hilles) . . . . .	Secretary to White House
W. A. DARDEN (Straus) . . . . .	Ambassador to Jerusalem



SOUNDING BRASS



WOULD-BE SONGSTERS



CHANTICLEER QUARTETTE



TUNELESS QUARTETTE



## From the Styx

### AMBITION

Work just enough to live

### CHIEF SPORT

Goin' to corn shuckin's, gittin' drunk

### TOAST

Here's to the rabbit that runs the main line  
 And the possum that minds the switch  
 The raccoon says he's no railroad man  
 But \* \* \* \* \*

"BIG DICK" HERRING	Chief Boss
"TOM" WILLIAMS	Cap Minder
"DREADNAUGHT" WEATHERS.	Water Toter
"RACE HORSE" TYNER.	Wood Chopper
"LENGTHY" BUE	Mule Breaker
"FREDIE PAS" PASCHAL	Plow Boy and Rail Rider
"ROARING SAM" LONG	Hog Caller
"IKIE" PREVETTE	Calf Holder
"TRIPLET" JOHNSON	Gardener
"STOVE PIPE" JONES	Clod Buster
"MOONSHINER" HART	Cider Maker
"PATH-FINDER" POOLE	Time Killer





## The Wilkes Clan

---

### OBJECT

To impress the community

### PATRIOTIC SONG

Play that Moonshine Rag

### TOAST

Gug, gug, gug, gurgle

### OFFICERS

None, because of natural dislike to officers—revenues particularly

### MEMBERS

"WILKES" BLEVINS

"DOC" PREVETTE

"KITTY" STAFFORD

"DUNC" DUNCAN

A. HORTON

"PINKY" PREVETTE

"NEWISH" JARVIS

"DEARIE" MAYBERRY

## Daffodils

---

- If a mule laughs will Bill Bray?  
If he sits close to her will Ralph Crowder?  
If a maid is alone will LeRoy Joyner? No, but Underwood.  
If a man is going up Faculty Avenue will he cross Chamberlain?  
If a man is, is he Knott?  
When the light was turned on who was Bruce Holding?  
If gypsies would come to town where would they pitch Camp?  
If Dr. Potcat's cow ran down the Lane would Sam Turner?  
If Carl Betts will Goodwin?  
If the Beams in the Bridges should break would there be any work for the  
Carpenters?  
If "Shaggy" Bagwell leads a yell Woodall join in?  
When Pruette is out spooning who does Witherspoon?  
If the Weather(s) gets cold do the Faucettes freeze?  
If a man can't Hunt can he Bagwell?  
If a large Pool is placed in front of a pair of mules will it Baucorn?  
If Smoot prays will Johnnie Neal?  
If Grigg's baby girl would become unruly would he Tanner?  
If the Faculty had Hart to give us a Holliday wouldn't it be treating us  
White?  
Can a Hunter use a Gatling gun to shoot Robins?  
If the ball comes over the plate will "Kinky" Parker?  
If a man is not sick is he Stillwell?  
If a man is Young and a Freeman what more could he ask?  
If a mule wallows in the mud will he need Currin?





1



2



3



4

JUNIOR-SOPHOMORE DEBATERS

(1) MCGUIRE

(2) ELLIS

(3) YATES

(4) FREEMAN



HILLIARD  $\Phi$



SCRUGGS  $\Upsilon$

ANNIVERSARY ORATORS

AND  
OFFICERS  
1912



CRANE - PRES.



GRIFFIN - SEC.



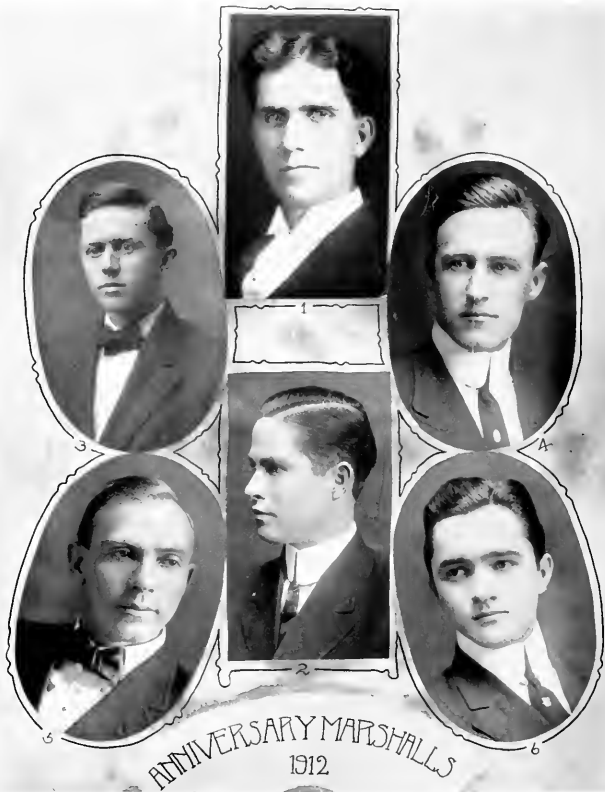
Allen

Loya

Blayton  
ANNIVERSARY  
DEBATERS



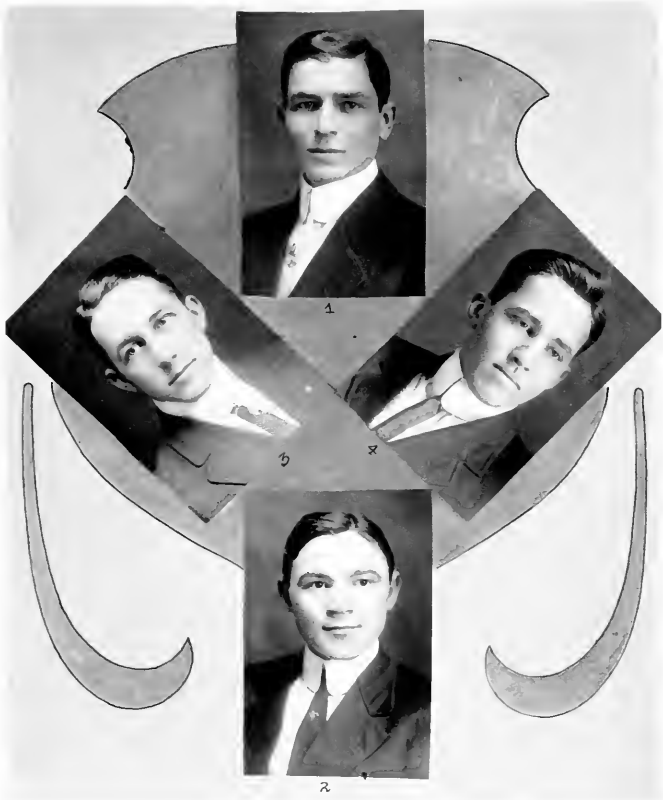
Bromp



(1) BAUCOM, Chief Marshal, Phi.  
(2) EDWARDS, Chief Marshal, Eu.

(3) SAWYER, Eu.  
(4) DICKENS, Phi.

(5) GREEN, Eu.  
(6) HARWARD, Phi.



COMMENCEMENT MARSHALS

1 GREEN, Chief Marshal, Phi.

2 BEAM, Chief Marshal, Eu.

3 DANIELS

4 HARRIS



WAKE FOREST-BAYLOR DEBATERS

- (1) FERGUSON, B. V., Alternate, Eu.                      (2) PRUETTE, R. S., First Debater, Eu.  
(3) HILLIARD, S. C., First Debater, Phi.





Geese



Hilliard



Jones



Scruggs



Sharp

DEBATE  
COUNCIL



Dayton



Blythe



Riggs



Bryce



Bagwell



Darys



Beary

FALL  
SENIOR  
SPEAKERS  
1911



Sparpe ♂



Kesjen I



Edgerly ♂

SPRING SENIOR  
SPEAKERS



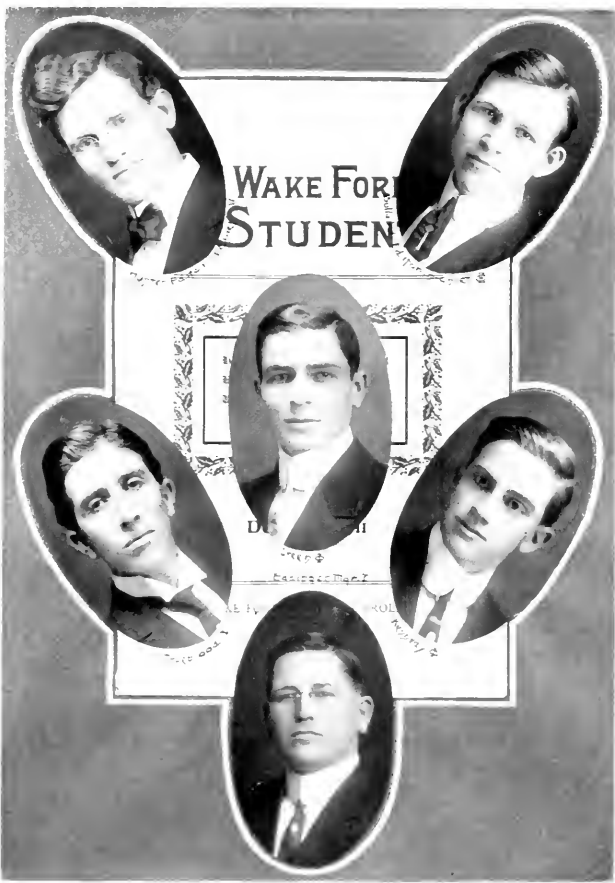
Kinsley X



Olive ♂



Gelley I



WAKE FOREST  
STUDENTS



## Did It Ever Occur to You?

---

A fool he was and he ate her fudge,

Loyal as you and I

To his fair young maid who was learning to cook,

(We mentioned a quiz and the fudge we forsook),

But the fool he ate it and bore us no grudge,

And laid him down to die.



Oh, the pain we feel where the fudge has stopped,

That was made by her own fair hand.

All for the woman who did not know

(And now we know that she never could know)

And never could understand.

## Bones and Bonelets

---

In English: "Lives of great men all remind us, 'Lord, what fools these mortals be.'"

Dr. Sikes: "Yes, they use everything of a pig these days except his squeal."

Rankin: "They use that now, Doctor."

Dr. Sikes: "Perhaps you can tell us what they do with it."

Rankin: "Make graphophone records."

"Shorty" Carriek (at the moving picture show, listening intently): "I declare, I can't hear a word that man is saying."

Professor Lake (after long-winded proof): "And now, gentlemen, we get  $x=0$ ."

Lineberry (sleepily): "Gee, all that work for nothing!"

Harrill (feeling a football): "Fellows, I believe this thing is hollow."

Correll: "Twenty pounds of flesh wouldn't look bad on me."

Underwood: "It would if it was like the rest of you."

"And may there be no groaning at the bar  
When I set out to plea."—LAWYER.

Riggs: "Don't you want to join our pressing club?"

Stafford: "Sure, how often does it meet?"

Chambers: "Come to see me some time."

Gragg: "Where do you room?"

Chambers: "First floor, laboratory."

Newish (in post office): "I declare I don't see what I am going to do if my check don't come."

Omnipotent Soph.: "Why not draw a draft on your father?"

Newish (reflectively): "'Cause it would be a hurricane when it got back here."

Correll (in Physics lab.): "Phillips, what interference do you obtain from this experiment?"

Newish Bowen (in café): "I want some mountain oysters, please."

Dr. Sledd: "Mr. Sorrell, give a well-known quotation from Shakespeare."  
Sorrell: "He who laughs last is worth two in the bush."

Moss (getting witty): "Every report I get from the bank is written in *short hand*."

Springer: "Mine are not written but they are *over drawn*."

Newish Jarvis: "Thomas, where did you say the campus was?"

Professor Gulley: "Mr. Joyner, can a man be indicted for slander?"

Joyner: "No, sir."

Professor Gulley: "Libel?"

Joyner: "O, yes sir, he is liable to."

Freshie Allen (in gym.): "What are in those wooden bottles over there?"

Newish Parker: "I don't know, but I heard you could get exercise out of them."

Soph.: "You can tell that fellow is a Newish."

Fair Visitor: "Why?"

Soph.: "Don't you see him setting his watch with Hutchins's?"

"Gifty" Hart (on English): "One of Carlyle's most famous books is "Heroes and Hero Warships."

Dr. Sikes: "What is a buttress?"

Savage: "A nanny goat."

Riggs: "Must I put President of Pressing Club in my Senior statistics?"

Soph. (arguing about studying on Sunday): "Doesn't the Bible say a man may pull an ox out of a hole on Sunday?"

"Sky": "Yes, but it doesn't mention a jackass."

Visitor: "Say, how high is the curriculum here?"

Sutton: "Well, I don't exactly know, but I think the water tank is the highest thing round here."

Miss Paschal: "Sir, is there some one I can get for you?"

Newish Carlton: "I—I don't know, just bring down anybody, it doesn't make much difference."

Dr. Sledd: "I wonder what sort of stone they will give me when I am dead."

McCutcheon (softly): "Brimstone."

Professor Jones: "Mr. Carter, what is a circle?"

Carter: "Something round with a hole in it."

Preacher Baucom: "And on the great day of Pentecost they baptized more than three thousand convicts."

Broughton (in full dress, Anniversary): "I can understand now how the prophets in the Bible felt when they rent their clothes, 'cause I rent mine, too."

Gattis says this little town is awfully monopolous to him.

Moose: "Well, I suppose if they have lost my license they will send me another pair."

Professor Gulley: "Mr. Cates, if a man is up a tree and saws the limb off between the tree and himself, will he fall?"

Cates (waking): "I don't know, sir."



A New "Howler!"



## Tom An' Me

---

Now, Tom wuz black all over,  
Ez black ez any ink,  
Except two spots that sparkled  
When Tom would set an' blink

'E loved the chimney corner—  
'Twuz Tom's most favored place!  
'E'd meh up close the ashes  
An' wash his feet an' face.

I hate to tell on Thomas,  
Since 'e ain't told on me,  
But Tom, w'en I went courtin',  
Went, too, an' clum a tree.

One night Mariah o—her!  
Fer she's the parson's cat  
Saw Tom, and mewed, "Oh Thomas,  
Come let us have a chat."

So 'e come down quite hasty,  
An' they tuned up their noise,  
That woke the snorin' parson,  
'Is wife, an' all the boys.

Now parsons should be Christians,  
But, somehow, I've my doubts;  
'E cussed an' looked ez sour  
Ez twenty brands of krauts.

The boys took a'ter Thomas,  
An' Thomas went skiddoo;  
An' ez fer me?—The parson  
Has bought another shoe!

The girl wuz frightened awful,  
An' went into a trance;  
But ez fer me?—Oh, Zackey,  
Jest ast my hard-kicked pants.

ARTHUR D. GORE.

## Wanted

---

- A governess—CAMP.  
An audience—BERNARD.  
A jack to North Carolina history—"BIBLE" SMITH.  
Another heart to break—"SNAKE" JOYNER.  
Seventy-five on Logic—SAVAGE.  
A Cigarette—WITHERSPOON.  
A sensible law class—PROF. GULLEY.  
Some material—ARCS.  
Another agency—BEAM AND KENNEDY.  
Some place to use a large word—DR. POTEAT.  
Anything, Lord—ROBINSON.  
To see ourselves as others see us—BORES.  
More trains to stop—INSPECTOR MCGOOGAN.  
A place to lay my weary bones—CROWDER.  
A dough face—"PUD" THAXTON.  
A substitute for recitations—CATES.  
North Carolina history suffering with insomnia—DR. SIKES.  
Some one else to be blamed for contents of this book—HOWLER STAFF.  
A good, stout umbrella—PROF. GULLEY.  
A serious thought—BRUCE HOLDING.  
A new joke—HOWLER STAFF.  
To get an ad. from the post office and jail—BENTON AND JONES.  
Another special train for the Athletic Association—BAGWELL.  
Another freight to pass—"HOBO QUARTET."  
A hat for Parson Carrick—STUDENT BODY.  
A remedy for excessive laughing—GATTIS.  
A good, strong bleaching agent—NEWISH.

## Sense and Nonsense

---

Dr. Sikes: "Mr. Middleton, what are the duties of the President's Cabinet?"  
Middleton: "To hold the President's papers."

"Red" Prevetie (in laboratory): "Say, 'Kink,' what is the formula for hydriotic acid?"

Parker: "He(1)<sub>2</sub> of course."

Professor Hubbell: "What is the most striking feature of a calf?"

Dixon: "Its *coicardice*."

Senior Bobbit wants to know how often they have graduation exercises at the State Hospital.

Newish Gay (at Commencement): "What are all the Seniors in mourning for?"

Dr. Sikes: "Mr. Savage, when is it most economical to work a cow?"

Savage: "When she has gone dry."

Harris: "Huntley, can you give me something to smooth my face?"

Huntley: "Sure, here is some sandpaper."

"Granny" Bernard—A full pot with the lid off.

Newish Smith (seeing a nun on train): "Oh, look, fellows, yonder is a mummy."

Professor Gulley (on first recitation after Thanksgiving game): "Mr. Shepherd, what is a contract?"

Shepherd (waking): "Twenty-seven to nothing."

Puzzled Freshie: "Fessor, what kind of an animal is a hypotenuse?"

O'Brian (to cornet tuner): "I am sure I didn't send for you."

Cornet Tuner: "No, I know you didn't, but Mrs. Turner did."

Carter, J. F.: "Mr. Crozier, I worked on the farm all the summer. I would like to enter off Gym. I and take Gym. II after Christmas."

Professor Hubbell: "Mr. Martin, give me some passages from English authors."

Martin: "'My mind to me a kingdom is,' 'My kingdom for a horse.'"

Huntley (in post office): "Wish my girl would send me a 'jack' to her letters."

Newish Sutton (on being told the President wished to see him): "What is he doing way down here? I thought he stayed in the White House."

"Biblical Recorder" Robinson (seeing his first parade): "Good Lord! are we going to have another flood?"

It has been requested by the student body that "Bible" Smith and "Cloud" Pool give an exhibition of fine walking, with a duet on the program.

Visitor: "How many students have you here?"

Newish: "Four hundred and two and Newland."

For Sale—Bottles, brushes, pots, scissors, and mask, at great reduction,—Night Hawks.

Langston (after baseball practice): "Duncan, seems like you were making some grandstand plays this evening."

Duncan: "It is not so; it was Phillips hitting that grandstand."



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## Freshmen Protest Against Indignities

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### Upper Class Lawlessness Severely Censured. Resolutions Adopted. Several Stirring Addresses.

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WAKE FOREST, Jan. 14. Yesterday afternoon the Freshman Class of Wake Forest College met in the Memorial Hall to enter protest against the action of the upper classmen in interrupting the taking of the Freshman picture for the college annual. A resolution was entered by Duncan and unanimously adopted empowering President Chambers to take charge of the meeting.

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In a brief but stirring address Mr. Chambers called upon the class to protect him from the lawless upper classmen who conspired to lay violent hands on his person and for a concerted boycott against said upper classmen and the annual. Several of the class leaders replied assuring him of protection and the hearty support of the class in his program of reform and reprisal and a strong body guard was appointed to preserve the person of the President, and to act as a vigilance committee, to patrol the campus and suppress any incipient lawlessness. Resolutions were passed to collect all magnolia burs about the campus and deposit them in the Loan and Savings Bank of Raleigh. Also that action be entered in the courts to recover damages for the impairment of the person of Freshman Robert Jones by the throwing of burs.

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The following is a brief report of the speeches:

Introductory remarks by President Chambers.

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"Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who for six long months has stood at your head and suffered untold indignities for

your sake \* \* \* I have been foully mistreated and have been unable to defend myself. I ask of you protection for your President \* \* \* We are justified in asserting ourselves and boycotting the upper classmen and the annual, from whose pages our picture has been excluded."

Secretary Sutton's speech.

"Brethren, I call upon you to arise, come forth, and avenge yourselves of the wrong which you have suffered \* \* \* At High School I looked forward to college with longing and a nameless awe. I now view with repulsion its barbarism and total lack of refinement. I assure you of my support in your reforms."

There was a breathless pause. Then Mr. Sexton leaped to his feet and spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen, we have been wronged. We cannot endure it longer. My blood boiled with rage while I stood by and watched those cruel burs flying against your defenseless bosoms. I will lead you in the revolt \* \* \* They may dance me, they may cut my hair, they may black me, they may kill me, but by the gods above me they can't eat me." Amid vociferous and prolonged applause he took his seat.

Mr. E. M. Johnson.

"The conflict is inevitable, it is at hand. The Lord forbid that we should take a HOWLER \* \* \* 'Esse quam videri' In the words of the ill-fated Hannibal, 'Give me liberty or give me death.' \* \* \* 'E pluribus unum' \* \* \* 'Sic semper tyrannis'." Mr. Gragg here arose and presented the following resolutions:

Mr. Gragg's resolutions.

"Whereas, it is an insult to our intelligence to permit the present conditions to continue lie it resolved:

First, that all magnolia burs be collected from the campus and deposited in the Loan and Savings Bank of Raleigh at compound interest.

Second, that a body guard be appointed to protect the person of our beloved President.

Third, that action be entered in the civil courts to recover damages to the extent of \$500,000 for damages to our fellow classman, Robert Jones.

Fourth, that it is the sentiment of this Class that upper class lawlessness be suppressed and to that end we do boycott said upper classmen and repudiate the college annual."

Just at this juncture a band of riotous Sophomores, formed a flying wedge and rushed the door. The meeting promptly adjourned to attend to the matter.

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## The Covenant

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THE little post office was crowded, for outside the rain fell steadily. Before the delivery window was a struggling mass of students, young fellows, full of life and spirit. A perfect babel of sounds came from them as each pushed and elbowed his way to front. Along the wall the lucky owners of boxes were ranged, half leaning, waiting expectantly. Occasionally one locked his box with a grunt of satisfaction, another closed the box door with a vicious snap. "Magic box!" he grumbled, "always empty."

There was a sudden rush of light through the delivery window as it was thrown open with a bang. "Mail up!" The noise ceased. Only the names could be heard as each called for his mail.

In the corner one tall, clean-cut fellow, in a long rubber coat, stared blankly into an empty box.

"Hell!" he muttered, with a shrug of the shoulders. Then he went to the door, pulled his hat more closely over his head, turned up his coat collar, thrust his hands deep down into the pockets, and stalked out into the rain, wading across the muddy streets to the campus gates without hesitation.

There was no light in his room. He could see only the flickering, uncertain reflection of the blazing log on the hearth. He pushed open the door. The fire threw out a cheerful light. Some one was in the big armchair before the fire. The figure leaned forward disconsolately with chin resting in the palms.

"Dick!" called the newcomer. "I say, Dick!"

"What, Tom?" answered the figure, dully.

"Sick, old man?"

"No."

"What's the matter, then?"

"Nothing."

Tom threw off his coat and hat, then dragged a chair across to the fire. He looked closely at his roommate. The latter was gazing abstractedly into the fire.

"Dick?"

"Yes, Tom."

"I didn't hear from Lucile again. I know she won't write now. Dick, girls are unreasonable creatures. It was such a little thing. No one but a silly girl would have noticed it. Somehow, I am glad she didn't write, 'cause I am through with her now."

Dick continued to gaze into the fire. He pulled himself up with sudden resolution.

"Tom, guess what? Polly is engaged to that Guthrie fellow. I heard from mother to-day. She says the town's full of it. Of course, it hasn't been announced yet, but it's understood to be a sure thing. Everybody is talking about how she's running on with him. Tom, he's nothing but a common—"

"Oh, come off, Dick! You are just blue. It will all clear up. Polly is too sensible a girl to throw herself away on that cheap sport. You don't know that her engagement is certain. It's just rumor, and that doesn't mean anything. She hasn't told you, has she?"

"No, but— Oh, well, anyway I'm through, like you, Tom."

Both were silent for a time. Tom walked to the window and looked out— nothing but darkness there. The rain continued to fall steadily. He turned and walked back to the fire.

"Dick," he said, "let's swear off with girls for one year. We can make a covenant in writing between ourselves, and—"

"Good!" the other interrupted. "You draw up the resolution and I will sign it."

Tom seated himself at the desk. Sheet after sheet of paper was torn up and thrown aside, but at last he arose with a sigh of satisfaction. The table was heaped with a litter of crumpled paper.

"How's this?" he asked, clearing his throat. "We, the undersigned, do hereby solemnly swear to hold ourselves, for the space of one year from date, rigidly apart from communication, in any form whatsoever, with members of the other sex, not bound to us by direct family ties."

Dick signed at the bottom and tacked the paper on the desk in plain view. Then he stood up sleepily. "Tom, that's a good night's work. Let's go to bed and forget our troubles."

The light was switched out. The room was dark; the fire burned low, but the reflection played against the walls. The roommates were in bed, the regular breathing of one indicated sleep.

"Tom!" There was no answer.

"Tom!"

"What?"

"Did that paper say any communication whatsoever?"

"Sure. Trying to crawl fish?"

There was silence for a while; then—

"Tom! Tom!"

"What do you want now?" drawled Tom from under the cover.

"Suppose—"

"Oh, thunder!" cried the other impatiently. "Forget it and go to sleep."

## CHAPTER II

The room was quiet. The fire blazed and crackled cheerfully. The two roommates were bent on the study table. Two pens were scratching noisily over the paper. Occasionally one paused for a second.

"Writing home, Tom?"

"Sure."

"Same here," said Dick.

Tom began to count the pages he had written. Dick looked suspicious.

"Mighty long letter to write home," he commented.

"That's nothing. Nearly check time; besides, a little taffy doesn't hurt sometimes," he laughed, blotting the last page. "Let's cut it here and get a drink. The drug store is open and we can finish these letters when we come back."

It was cold and the two hurried across the campus. Both were peculiarly silent.

"Dick—er—er—you haven't been thinking of breaking our agreement, have you?"

"No, never!" cried the other dramatically.

No other words were passed. Each seemed to be absorbed in his own thoughts. They returned to their room the same way. At the corner of the house they met the "Imp." He was slouching along, his hands plunged deep into his pockets, his head plunged down between the shoulders. Tom looked at him suspiciously.

"Wonder what that little devil's been up to now?" he growled. "See if the room is still here. Liable to be gone, if he's been around. Look out for a bucket of water over the door."

Dick switched on the light.

"Everything looks good, but I'd better see," he said, examining carefully every article in the room. "None of the chair legs sawed off—no ink in the water pitcher—no pepper on the toothbrush—no powder in the tobacco—no ruffles on my trousers—we're lucky."



Tom seated himself at the desk and took up his letter. Dick followed his example. There was a puzzled expression on their faces as each suddenly turned and looked at the other, then down again at the letter.

"Dick, you're a—"

"Tom, you're another."

The latter reached up, loosened the contract from the desk where it was tacked the night before. He tore it slowly in shreds. Then he laughed and extended his hand.

"Shake, old man!"



## The Graduate Returns

---

Tired of the weary world, this shrine I seek  
To hide my sorrows and renew my youth  
Beside these walls whose lips, tho' dumb, still speak  
Their words to me of hope and light and truth.

With burning, boundless faith I went away,  
A youth to lead the untaught hosts of men;  
Unblazed, uncharted was the bitter way  
I sought to lead. I come to thee again.

Give me thy youth, thy courage, and thy vision,  
O mother of my soul; beneath thy walls  
Returning hope shall heed not earth's derision,  
My heart shall fear no danger that befalls.

How sweet to hear the College bell again  
Ring out its call upon the morning's prime!  
How sweet to stroll the walks with college men,  
A Freshman yet as in the olden time!

Evening and morning let me hear the bells  
Ring clearly through the crystal autumn air;  
Morning and evening let me list the song that swells  
The chapel dome when God has called to prayer.

And I would see those white-haired, learned men,  
Whose mellow voices echo wisdom's own,  
And hark as to some antique prophet, when  
He speaks of judgment and the Great White Throne.

And I would meet some youth whose soul is light,  
Yearning for battle in the world's great wars,  
That arm-in-arm we two may walk by night,  
Communing thus beneath the eternal stars.

And then I care not what the days may bring  
When I shall turn me to my task again,  
Content to fight the battles of my King,  
A soldier in the struggling hosts of men.

## A Victim of Anniversary

---

BILL came tipping into my room. I looked up from my study table, a bit vexed at the interruption. A smile from Bill, however, and his speaking in a low, confidential tone, caught my attention at once.

"Say, Tom, Garfield wrote a letter to Mary Tilden this afternoon. He forgot to mail it on '41'; and after he had gone to the gymnasium I saw it on the table, and knowing that he had forgotten it, I mailed it. I thought I would have some fun, so I wouldn't tell him where it was. He thinks some of us have hidden it. Let's keep him thinking so."

"All right, Bill; we'll keep him fooled," I said.

"He doesn't think I got it," continued Bill, "for I told him I hadn't seen it since '41.'"

Just then Garfield, opening the door quickly, walked into the room.

"Tom, you are the very rascal that hid my letter. It is just like you. And you have got to come across or I'll maul your head."

We laughed it off; but I talked as if I were guilty. Several boys gathered to enjoy the fun.

"I'll tell you what you do, Garfield," suggested one of the boys; "you write her another letter. It won't take long to write it."

"Never!" emphatically answered Garfield. "One letter is enough. I have done my part. I don't care whether she gets it or not."

But we knew he did care. Mary Tilden was "the only girl." He was trying to bluff us. He hinted to Bill, later, that there was something important in the letter, and it must be mailed by the next day.

The boys were gathered again the next night to discuss the letter.

Garfield had become worried by this time. I told the boys it was time to deliver the letter, provided Garfield would promise not to say anything more about it. Walking over to some books, I pretended to be looking for it.

"But he hasn't promised," I said, and pretended to be hiding the letter. And just then Garfield made a flying tackle for the books. The room resounded with excited cheering and hearty laughter, mingled with falling books.

The thing had gone far enough.

"I'll tell the old boy where the epistle is," spoke up Bill. "I mailed it on the train yesterday. You see, I did you a favor, and you thought somebody had hidden it."

Garfield heard the words with a dry grin. We thought we knew what he was thinking of, but we didn't. We believed he was simply embarrassed because he had been too anxious in trying to recover the letter. But, later, Bill understood.

Garfield had just come from the post office.

"Well, I'll swear!" he roared.

"What is it?" asked Bill.

"That's what a blockhead gets for fooling," continued Garfield, even more excited, "and you, a bonehead, caused it all!"

"Well, what in the thunder is the matter with you, anyhow?" demanded Bill in a surprised tone, as he faced his roommate.

"I'll tell you," spoke Garfield in a lower voice. "You know that letter I thought you hid the other day. I invited Rachel Irving to the Anniversary, thinking I wouldn't send that one to Mary when you gave it back to me. And now they have both accepted my invitation. I really didn't want Rachel to come anyhow. But you know I wanted Mary to come. I have acted the fool because I couldn't understand a joke. But you were the cause of the whole business!"

"I reckon you are in it," commented Bill with a laugh.

"Yes, I'm in it," Garfield blurted out, "but you are going to help me out of it. You have got to go with Rachel, and pay all of her expenses, not letting her know about it. And then you have got to explain this affair to Mary, so I shall be justified before her. Swear to it!"

Bill was surprised at Garfield's unnecessary anger, but he saw he was determined.

"It suits me to be with Rachel," spoke Bill with a chuckle.

The day before Anniversary Garfield rushed into the room with a letter in his hand.

"Listen to the latest! Mary can't come. Sickness in the family. I reckon now I won't be embarrassed with two girls; but I wish Mary could come instead of Rachel."

The next afternoon just before time for the orations in the chapel, Garfield walked across the campus toward the place where Rachel was stopping. Bill had finished dressing and was carelessly glancing over the evening paper. Suddenly there was a vigorous clanging below.

"Somebody wants to speak to Mr. Garfield at the 'phone."

"He's gone out," quietly spoke Bill, "but I'll answer for him."

"Hello!" as he firmly grasped the receiver.

"Say, Mr. Garfield," came the sweet female voice, "this is Mary. I found that I could come at the last minute. I'm now at Raleigh. Will be on the special train. Good-bye."

Bill hung up the receiver and turned off with a broad smile.  
"Yes, I'll meet the train with pleasure. Here's to a glorious Anniversary to-night."

Later the society halls were brilliantly lighted; the band was playing; a gay, rollicking crowd was pushing and crowding, laughing and talking. All eyes, strange to say, turned toward the door as Garfield entered with Rachel Irving nestling close to his side. He nimbly helped her take off her overshoes, wraps, and elegant robe, uncovering the gorgeous red and the sweet-scented American beauties. Stepping up close, in a low tone he said:

"O, how I'm honored with such a lovely—"

Somebody touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Mr. Garfield, I'm so glad I could come, if it was at the last moment. How are you?"

Garfield turned at the sound of the familiar voice. It was Mary, hanging on Bill's arm!

Garfield is now in the College Hospital, but is slowly recovering. Bill says he will be out in a week or so, but adds:

"I reckon he'll carry a fluttering heart to his dying day."

LEVY L. CARPENTER.



## A Student's Soliloquy

To marry or not to marry, that is the question,  
Whether 't is nobler in this age to suffer  
The stings and pangs of single loneliness  
Or take precaution against a sea of woes  
And marrying end them; to marry, to love;  
No more, and by a union to say we end  
All miseries and the thousand natural shocks  
That bachelors are heir to. 'T is a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished; to marry, to live;  
To live, perchance to realize—ay, there's the rub,  
For in that union of souls, what troubles may come  
When we have shuffled off this dreary singleness  
Must give us pause; there's the respect  
That makes bachelorhood of so long life,  
For who can bear the looks of Sidney A.,  
The Newish's frown, the scornful glance of Chibby,  
The insolence of O'Brian, and the spurns  
Of those on the verge of matrimony,  
When he himself might become as one of them  
With a mere woman? Who would unhappy be  
To suffer and groan under a single life,  
But that the dread of something after marriage,  
That foreboding state, whose uncertain outcome  
No bachelor can foretell, puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others we know not of,  
Thus women do make cowards of us all,  
And thus the foul, ay, raving passion of this term  
Is sicklied o'er with a mighty cast of thought.

## Jarvis

---

Now Jarvis was a citizen  
Of credit and renown,  
A deacon in the church was he  
Of a godly college town.

But I shall tell and you shall see,  
Before this tale is through,  
That all the deacons never know  
What the other deacons do.

He also occupied the Chair  
Of French and German there,  
To doubt his faith or taint his name  
No one in town would dare.

He went abroad, so he declared,  
His studies to pursue;  
But many shady acts took place,  
If all his tales be true.



It was in France, where he declares,  
They have the finest wine,  
On every side, a certain drink  
He heard pronounced divine.

Into a neat café he walked,  
And sat down with a smile,  
For with the waitress, as he sipped,  
He flirted all the while.

So down the street did Jarvis go  
To find that drink divine;  
And hardly had a block been passed  
Before he saw the sign.

Sip by sip, till it became  
A nectar wondrous fine,  
He mounted to the chair and cried:  
"I've found the drink divine!"

He started back to find his room,  
From which he had set out.  
But as he looked the streets and trees  
Were twisting all about.

A dancing post appeared in front  
And laughed at his condition,  
Till Jarvis cried in frenzied rage,  
"The world for prohibition!"

His cane, his hands, his legs partook  
And soon were twisting, too,  
To hold himself upon his feet  
Was all that he could do.

'T was hard to catch the twisting post,  
But Jarvis had persistence,  
And 'circled by his hands and legs  
It offered less resistance.



He steadied the post until, perchance,  
A cabby happened by,  
Then leaving the post to twist at will,  
He hailed it with a cry.

As the rushing taxi whirled,  
Approaching Jarvis's door,  
A sou rolled from his nerveless hand  
And right on through the floor.

At last, with some instructive aid,  
He managed to enter the cabby,  
But by this time his *new blue coat*  
Was looking somewhat shabby.

With a yell the luckless Jarvis  
Dropped from the taxi, too,  
And on all fours he hunted long  
To find his precious sou.



The cabby looked and when he saw  
That Jarvis was not there,  
He knew for sure, without a doubt,  
He meant to skip his fare.

At last, with many pathetic words,  
And eloquence ne'er heard before,  
The kind policeman's heart was touched  
The cabby softly swore.

So turning back he came post haste  
To where poor Jarvis stood,  
And brought a cop, that by all means  
To pay him Jarvis should.

And now, yea, these many years,  
Like a Christian Temperance  
daughter,  
Jarvis has tasted nothing stronger  
Than pure Wake Forest water.





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PROF. JOHN BETHUNE CARLYLE

## John Bethune Carlyle

1858-1911

---

Professor Carlyle was born at St. Paul's, Robeson County, North Carolina, in 1858; he passed into the eternal world from the College Hospital at 2:20 a. m., July 10th, 1911.

Prepared for college in the Academy at Fairmont, North Carolina, and entered Wake Forest College the fall of 1883, graduating Master of Arts in 1887.

Teacher at Lumber Bridge, 1887-1888.

Superintendent of Public Instruction for Robeson County, 1888, but resigned before entering upon the duties of that office to accept a position in Wake Forest College.

Assistant Professor of Languages, Wake Forest College, 1888-1891.

Professor of Latin Language and Literature, Wake Forest College, 1891-1911.

Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Education of the Baptist State Convention, 1890-1891.

Treasurer, Students' Aid Fund, 1898-1908.

Financial Agent, Wake Forest College, securing funds for the erection of the Alumni Building, 1903-1905; for the College Hospital, 1905-1906; for the General Endowment of the College, \$117,798.56, 1907-1911.

President, North Carolina Teachers' Assembly, 1904.

President, North Carolina Baptist State Convention, 1907 and 1908.

Sunday School Teacher and Deacon, Wake Forest Baptist Church.

## Editorial

---

**W**E present for your approval this tenth edition of the HOWLER. We present it as the product of our time, our means, and our energy. Though perhaps not apparently, we have, nevertheless, exerted our best efforts. The predominant idea has been the true representation of college life in all its phases at Wake Forest. If we have failed, attribute it to our inability, not to our negligence.

We should be unwilling for the HOWLER to go to press without expressing our heartiest appreciation of the efforts of our Faculty Editor. He has not confined himself solely to the function of making corrections, but has aided individual members of the Staff whenever the opportunity has presented itself. Too, the Editor-in-Chief has received the hearty support and cooperation of the Staff. No one man stands preëminent in the preparation of this Annual. And hence, if it should win a word of praise, no one of the Staff deserves a disproportionate part of such praise.

In addition, we desire to tender our thanks for all contributions; especially do we wish to thank Mr. A. D. Gore and Professor J. B. Hubbell for some valuable contributions and suggestions; also Mr. Tom Avera and Mr. D. F. Smith, who have aided us with drawings and suggestions in arrangements. Furthermore, we take this opportunity to thank those firms who have advertised with us. It is nothing but right, now, since they have advertised with us, that we patronize them.

And so this tenth edition of the HOWLER goes to press. Our labors are over. If we have inserted a joke which to you may seem harsh, remember that it was done with all good feelings and in the spirit of good fellowship. We trust that this Annual may serve as a link between you and the old College which we have learned to love; that although you can no longer linger beneath its classic shades, you can, nevertheless, through this book, get a partial view of college life as it is. Moreover, we trust that it may serve as a connecting link between you and your friend or rival; that perchance, if, after the grind of a busy day, you should find the likeness of some old chum or read some witty saying and thereby gain the joy which reflection only can bring, we shall be assured that our labors together have not only been interesting, but profitable as well.





THE END



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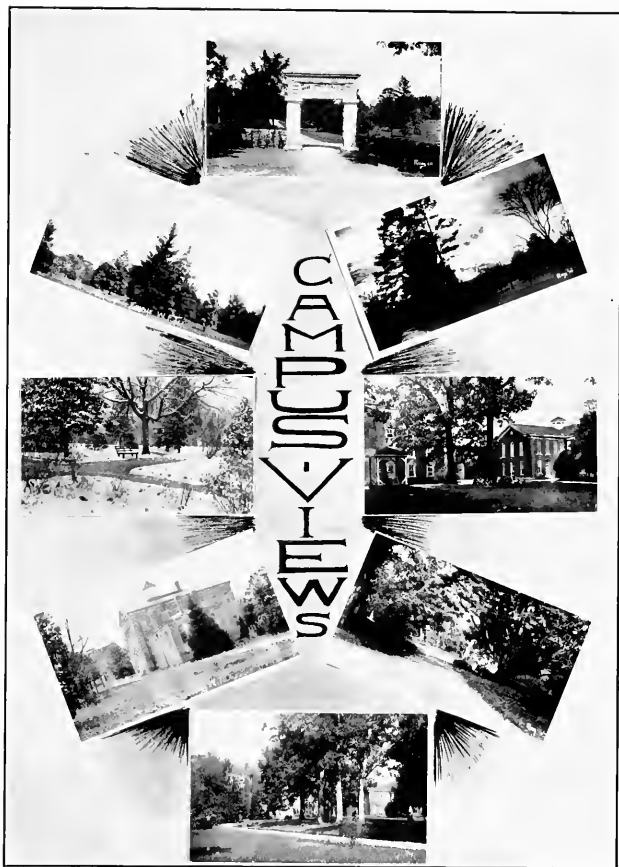
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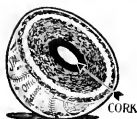
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