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THE HOWLER

VOLUME TWELVE

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN









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FOURTEEN  
HOWLER  
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by  
H. C. DIXON  
A. C. WARLICK



1914

## FOREWORD

**F**IND READER:—If, as you glance through this, the twelfth volume of THE HOWLER, you find that our jokes and drags do not vie with Mark Twain's, that our stories are not so thrilling as Kipling's nor so clever as O. Henry's, or that our poetry has neither Miltonic majesty nor Tennysonian charm, we trust that you will find what is better, that we have been typical Wake Forest men, true always to the best traditions of our College. For the shortcomings of this publication we have no excuses to offer; for we have done our best to make it a faithful mirror of our many-sided life in college, "which was an image of the mighty world." In these pages, we hope everybody will find something of especial interest in our manifold and multifarious activities. If you are an "old grad," searching to learn whether we have been loyal to the old ideals, may you find that Elijah's mantle has fallen on no unworthy shoulders! If you be perchance a fair damsel, looking eagerly for some familiar face, may you find both it and the owner's record free from blemish! And if you be a stranger to us and our ways, may you find at least that we are worthy members of that highest aristocracy of scholars and gentlemen, whom Emerson thought "the favorites of Heaven!"





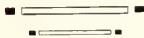


JAMES M. PARROTT, M. D.



**D**EDICATION

To  
James M. Parrott, M. D.  
of Kinston, N. C.  
the editors of  
**The Howler**  
dedicate this volume  
as a slight tribute to an  
eminent and loyal son  
of our beloved  
Alma Mater





## James Marion Parrott

**T**HE HOWLER of 1914 is fortunate in associating with itself the name of a gentleman whose distinguished ability has called him into the chief places of service in North Carolina medicine, whose life illustrates the best standards of Christian culture and exhibits a fine devotion to the common good, a Wake Forest man in training, ideals, and unbroken loyalty—Dr. James M. Parrott, of Kinston, N. C.

Dr. Parrott, the fifth son of James M. and Elizabeth Warton Parrott, was born January 7, 1874, near Kinston, N. C.

After preliminary training in public and private schools, including Kinston College, he entered Wake Forest College in 1888. He left in 1891 without taking a degree. The position which he now holds as trustee is sufficient proof of his loyalty to his alma mater, who is proud to number him among her sons.

He continued his professional education at the University of Maryland and at Tulane University, where he graduated in 1895. After this, he completed his medical education by taking post-graduate work in New York and abroad.

Little more than an enumeration of his honors is possible here. He was assistant surgeon in the United States Army in Cuba immediately after the Spanish-American War. For six years he has been a director of the State Hospital for the Insane at Raleigh, N. C. He has been for more than seven years medical director of the North State Life Insurance Company. He was at one time president of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Surgeons' Association, and is now surgeon to the Atlantic Coast Line and Norfolk Southern Railroads. He is surgeon-in-chief of the Memorial Hospital of Kinston. In the North Carolina Medical Society, he has held positions as annual orator, leader of debate, chairman of the committee on surgery and anatomy, fourth vice-president, third vice-president; and he now holds the enviable position of president of that organization.







Nor have his activities been merely professional, for beside writing and speaking on medical subjects, he has delivered addresses on social, political, and religious subjects. He was instrumental in securing the Statewide prohibition law. He has been for two or three terms moderator of the Neuse-Atlantic Association, and was at one time vice-president of the Baptist State Convention. He is now chairman of the Board of Education of Lenoir County.

Lack of space forbids further enumeration of his honors and public services. Enough, we trust, has been said to show even the casual reader that Dr. Parrott is a man whom the College delights to honor. It is an unfeigned pleasure to us to be able to dedicate THE HOWLER for 1914 to this distinguished alumnus, as a token of our appreciation and admiration of one who deserves greater honors than are in our power to bestow.





OUR PRESIDENT



OUR DEAN



THE FACULTY



## Faculty

**WILLIAM L. POTEAT, M.A., LL.D.**

*President*

PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION

B. A. Wake Forest College, 1877; M. A. 1880. Graduate Student University of Berlin, 1888. Graduate Student Woods Hall Biological Laboratory, 1893; Professor of Biology Wake Forest College, 1883; LL. D. Baylor University, 1903; LL. D. University of North Carolina, 1906; President of Wake Forest College, 1915.

**CHARLES E. BREWER, M.A., PH.D.** *Dean*

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY

M. A. Wake Forest College, 1886; Graduate Student of Chemistry Johns Hopkins University, 1888; Ph. D. Cornell University, 1900; Professor of Chemistry Wake Forest College, 1889.

**CHARLES E. TAYLOR, D.D., B. LITT., LL.D.**

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY

B. Litt. University of Virginia, 1870; D. D. Richmond College, 1883; LL. D. Mercer University, 1904; Professor of Latin Wake Forest College, 1870-1883; President Ibid, 1883-1905; Professor of Moral Philosophy Ibid, 1884.

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

PROFESSOR OF GREEK LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

B. A. Wake Forest College, 1861; M. A., 1866; D. D. 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, 1876-1906.

**BENJAMIN SLEDD, M.A., LITT.D.**

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

M. A. Washington and Lee University, 1886; Litt. D. Ibid, 1906; Graduate Student Teutonic Languages Johns Hopkins University, 1886-1887; Headmaster of Languages Charlotte Hall School, Maryland, 1887-1888; Professor of Modern Languages Wake Forest College, 1888-1894; Professor of English Ibid, 1894.

**JOHN F. LANNEAU, M.A.**

PROFESSOR OF APPLIED MATHEMATICS AND ASTRONOMY

Graduate South Carolina Military Academy, 1846; 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, 1889.

**NEEDHAM Y. GULLEY, M.A.**

PROFESSOR OF LAW

M. A. Wake Forest College, 1870; Member of State Legislature, 1882; Member of North Carolina 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; Professor Ibid, 1890-1891; Ph. D. Johns Hopkins University, 1894; Professor of Modern Languages Wake Forest College, 1894.

**WILLIS R. CULLOM, M.A., TH. D.**

PROFESSOR OF THE BIBLE

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

**E. WALTER SIKES, M.A., PH. D.**

PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE

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

**JAMES L. LAKE, M.A.**

PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS

M. A. Richmond College, 1892; Graduate Student in Mathematics Johns Hopkins University, 1890-1893; Professor of Political 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 HIGSMITH, M.A.**

PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION

B. A. Trinity College, 1900; M. A. Ibid, 1902; Principal of Grammar School, Durham, N. C., 1901-1904; Graduate Student Teachers' College, Columbia University, 1904; Graduate Student Teachers' College, Columbia University, 1904-1906; Professor of Philosophy and Bible Meredith College, 1906-1907; Professor of Education Wake Forest College, 1907.

**WILBUR C. SMITH, M.D.**

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

**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 Ibid, 1909.

**JOHN B. POWERS, M.A., M.D.**

PROFESSOR OF BACTERIOLOGY AND HISTOLOGY

B. A. Wake Forest College, 1901; M. A. Ibid, 1903; M. D. Columbia University, 1907; Practicing Physician Wake Forest, N. C., 1907; Resident Physician Bellevue Hospital, N. Y., 1908-1909; Professor of Histology, Bacteriology, and Pathology, Wake Forest College, 1909.





WILLIAM TURNER CARSTARPHEN, B. A., M. D.

PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY

B. A. Wake Forest College, 1892; M. D. Jefferson Medical College, 1904; Graduate Student Ibid, 1910; Professor of Physiology Wake Forest College, 1910

GEORGE W. PASCHAL, B. A., PH. D.

PROFESSOR OF LATIN AND GREEK

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

HUBERT McNEILL POTEAT, M. A.

PROFESSOR OF LATIN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

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

HUBERT A. JONES, M. A., LL. B.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS

B. A. Wake Forest College, 1908; M. A. Ibid, 1909; Graduate Student University of Chicago, 1910-1911; Instructor in Mathematics Wake Forest College, 1908-1911; Associate Professor of Mathematics Ibid, 1911.

JAY BROADUS HUBBELL, M. A.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE

B. A. Richmond College, 1905; M. A. Harvard University, 1908; Graduate Student Columbia University, 1910-1911; Instructor of Latin and Greek Bethel College, 1905-1906; Instructor in English University of North Carolina, 1908-1909; Teacher New York City High Schools, 1910; Teacher of English and Public Speaking, High School, Columbus, Ga.; Associate Professor of English Language Wake Forest College, 1911.

J. RICHARD CROZIER

DIRECTOR OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

Director of Physical Culture Wake Forest College, 1904; Student Physical Culture, Summer Term, Harvard University, 1911-1912.

ELLIOT B. EARNSHAW, M. A.

*Bursar and Secretary*

SUPERINTENDENT OF COLLEGE HOSPITAL

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

LOUISE P. HEIMS

*Librarian*

Graduate of Chelton Hills School, 1906; Assistant Drexel Institute Library, 1906-1910; Special Student University of Pennsylvania, 1910; Graduate Drexel Institute, Library Department, 1911; Assistant in University of Pennsylvania, 1910-1911; Librarian Wake Forest College, 1911.

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 Hall, 1909; Investigator Beaufort Laboratory, 1910-1911.





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# SENIOR OFFICERS





MISS ANNIE RUTH CALDWELL  
SENIOR SPONSOR





ARTHUR STAMEY BALLARD, B. A., ED.  
LINCOLN COUNTY, N. C.

Age, 29; height, 5 feet 11½ inches;  
weight, 164

*A man who never turned his back,  
but marched breast forward*

The subject of this sketch is a man with a purpose, and with energy and pluck enough to accomplish it. Difficulties have no terrors for him, unless it be the case of his relations with the fair sex. In this connection, however, we think he has already met and overcome the chief one. Stamey is no hollow-eyed, emaciated consumer of midnight oil, nor is he an athlete, but an average student, who values experience along with book-knowledge. He is the happy possessor of a receptive mind, and finds no trouble to absorb knowledge enough to pass a quiz when it is announced. His quality, persuasive voice, and attractive personality have won for him a large circle of friends since he has been here, all of whom are hoping for him great success in his profession, which will be law.

Secretary Teachers' Class '13-'14.



T. C. BRITTON, B. A., ED.  
SOOCHOW, CHINA

Age, 21; height, 5 feet 11 inches;  
weight, 169

*A big, burly, blushing boy*

Tom comes to us from the far-away fields of China. He has completed his work in three years. Judging from his appearance, one can readily see that he is an athlete. For two years he has played a great game of football at tackle. He is a hard worker, and a hard tackler. He is also a very valuable man on the track team; in several meets he has received rounds of applause as he cleared the bar for nine feet and more. He is a hard-working student in the classroom. He has made many friends in college, owing to his ability to mix with the boys, and, whatever profession he may pursue, his success is a necessity.

Varsity Football '11-'12; Varsity Track '12-'13; Manager Track Team '13.



OSCAR P. CAMPBELL, B.A., Phi  
STATESVILLE, N. C.

Age, 25; height, 6 feet; weight, 165  
*"A Christian is the highest type of  
man"*

This young man belongs to that noble type of gentlemen who serve their fellow-men and God, in a quiet, unostentatious way. And while in college he has won the goodwill of all.

His misfortune has caused good fortune to come to us, for if sickness had not prevented him from graduating last year, we should not have him with us this year.

During vacation, Oscar was assistant pastor of one of the strongest churches in Raleigh. Upon the completion of his work there, many of his friends gave him valuable presents as tokens of their appreciation of his service in the Capital City. He has early learned to lose his life in service, and thus have it abundantly.

Secretary Sophomore Junior Debate '11,  
Fall Senior Speaker '12.



C. J. CARPENTER, B.A., Phi.  
MORRISVILLE, N. C.

Age, 23; height, 5 feet 11 inches;  
weight, 135

*Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit*

Here is a boy who is a gentleman through and through. He has qualities which make a man, and which are sure to make him succeed in whatever he undertakes. His appreciation for different phases of life makes him a very congenial companion and ever ready to enjoy a joke, on one hand, or to extend his sympathy to a homesick student, on the other. He is not a star athlete; yet he has been on the track team, and has shown a patriotic spirit. As a student, he has been conscientious, always making good grades. Though not a politician, the boys have seen fit to give him several honors.

Treasurer Junior Class '13; Varsity  
Track Team '13-'14; Senior Speaker '14,  
Senior Editor The Howler '14.







J. E. CARTER, B.A., Ed.  
DAVIE COUNTY, N. C.

Age, 28; height, 5 feet 7 inches;  
weight, 154

*A better priest, I trow, that notches,  
none is*

Here is a fellow who suffers all the discomforts of red hair. He is quiet and unassuming. He has not sought after college honors, but has chosen rather to devote his time to his studies. If it were not for a slight impediment in his speech, he would be famous for his oratory. The improvement he has made in overcoming this difficulty while he has been among us has been wonderful. Besides performing his college duties, he has been actively engaged in church work. He takes an active part in all phases of religious work. He is altogether worthy of his high calling, and will no doubt prove to be a man of great power and influence as he goes forth to preach the gospel.

Class Basket-ball '13; Ministerial Class Basket-ball '12-'13; Senior Speaker '13; Secretary Ministerial Class '13-'14.



PAUL C. CARTER, B.S., Phi  
HOLLY SPRINGS, N. C.

Age, 23; height, 5 feet 10 inches;  
weight, 180

*'Tis fine to have a giant's size*

"Duke" has not only pretty brown eyes, but great strength also, and he has used them well while in college. He is a good athlete, being one of the strongest men on the football team for four successive years.

He is popular among the students; and he enjoys a good joke as well as any man in college. As a physician, he will alleviate the suffering of humanity.

Varsity Football Team '10-'11-'12-'13; Captain Varsity Football Team '13; Captain Freshman Baseball Team '11; Class Baseball Team '11-'12-'13-'14; Medical Baseball Team '12-'13-'14; Manager Varsity Baseball Team '13; Secretary Sophomore Class '12-'13; Senate Committee '13-'14; Surgeon Medical Class '13-'14.





WALTER ROY CHAMBERS, B. A., PH.D.  
STACKSVILLE, N. C.

Age, 23; height, 6 feet; weight, 160

*He has a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute*

"Judge" hails from "The Land of the Sky," near the highest peak east of the Rockies; and the position that he has won among his fellow-students is similar to the position held by Mount Mitchell among mountain peaks.

Having the ability to articulate well, argue in a logical manner, and be composed and dignified before an audience, he was soon recognized as a demarator of unusual power. He is also a good student, and a jovial fellow. He will doubtless have abundant success in his chosen profession, the law, and become "Judge" in fact.

President Freshman Class '11-'12; Secretary Athletic Association '12-'13; President Mountaineers' Club '12-'13; President Mars Hill Club '13-'14; Senior Speaker '13-'14; President Anniversary Debate '14; Wake Forest-Davidson Intercollegiate Debater '13; Class Football Team '11; Debate Council '13-'14; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '13; Vice-President Scholarship Club '13-'14.



GEORGE HAMILTON DAVIS, B. A., ED.  
WAKE FOREST, N. C.

Age, 18; height, 5 feet 9 inches;  
weight, 150

*Size is not everything*

Hamilton is his name, but he is universally called "Ham," and the abbreviated form of his cognomen agrees perfectly with his stature. But what Ham lacks in stature is fully overbalanced by his other characteristics. His vivacity is manifest on all occasions, and especially on the basket-ball floor, where his never-failing store of "pep" is the mainstay of the team. We can always trust Ham to take care of any forward that shows up, no matter how big, so fast he may be. As a business man, Ham has already won renown as a salesman for Parrot and Monkey baking powder. He has recently tried the study of medicine, but as his height was insufficient to permit his working over a dissecting table with facility, he abandoned it in despair. But, confidentially, we predict that Ham will some day be a giant in both physical dimensions and in worldly success.

Class Basketball '10-'11-'12; Scrub Baseball '10-'13; All-Class Basketball '11; All-Class Baseball '11; Medical Class Basketball '12; Varsity Basketball '13-'14.





A. O. DICKENS, B. A., Phi.  
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

Age, 22; height, 5 feet 11 inches;  
weight, 175

*I see bright honor sparkling through  
his eyes*

Rarely, indeed, do we find a young man who has such a wonderful personality as this gentleman has. Merely to say that he is handsome would not give him justice, for he is a "goodly, portly man, of cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage." When we meet him, we feel that today is the best day that we have ever seen, and tomorrow will be better; we lift our heads high, and live better for having known him.

"Dick" is a good student, a good speaker, and a natural leader of men. He is a lawyer; but we predict that his talent for leadership will bring him into public service in a short time.

All-Class Football '10; Varsity Football Squad '10-'11; Marshal Anniversary '12; Officer Moot Court '12; Winner of Sophomore Medal '12; President Junior-Sophomore Debate '13; Chief Marshal Anniversary '13; Member Debate Council '13-'14; Chairman Honor Committee '13-'14; Licensed Attorney '13; First Debater Anniversary '14; President Senior Class '13-'14.



J. W. DICKIE, B. S., Phi.  
VANCE COUNTY, N. C.

Age, 20; height, 5 feet 9 inches;  
weight, 136

*A fair exterior is a silent recom-  
mendation*

Dickie is a good-natured fellow, who makes us feel good when we meet him. If you know him once, you will know him always, for he does not change with every wind that blows.

Much sense and great size is a compliment that nature uses sparingly. He won her sympathy, and got the extra sense, but afterwards lost favor in her sight and she denied him the great stature and sinewy arm. But he has a charming personality.

This makes him a favorite among the fairer sex; and, when he is missed, he may be found at one of our female colleges talking to her.

Away down deep in his heart, Dickie has heard the call of suffering and afflicted humanity. Hence he has decided to enter the field of medicine, and he will, doubtless, make a good physician.





H. C. DIXON, B. S., Phi.  
CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C.

Age, 22; height, 5 feet 11 inches;  
weight, 160

*Nature arms each man with some  
faculty which enables him to do  
easily some feat impossi-  
ble to any other.*

And Nature has given to Dixon that peculiar gift of administering to human ills. His very hands, his breast, his eyes, and his affections are those of a doctor, and his resourcefulness will enable him to diagnose a case with the utmost ease, with the surest precision.

Dixon has made a splendid record here while his medical inclinations are paramount, yet he has given time and labor to various college activities, and performed them honorably and creditably.

His personal characteristics are modesty, tact, friendliness—and his laugh, one of the few that means anything.

He is a friend of yours, even to the bitter end, and he will be a power in his profession.

Class Baseball '11-'12-'13-'14; Medical Class Baseball Team '11-'12-'13-'14; Captain Sophomore Football Team '11; All-Class Football Team '11; Editor-in-Chief The Howler '13-'14.



REX B. DUCKETT, B. A., Ed.  
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Age, 22; height, 5 feet 5 inches;  
weight, 145

*The road of indecision leads to no  
where in particular.*

Duckett is a ministerial student from "The Land of the Sky." He is one of our quiet, unassuming fellows. He makes no compromise with unclean living, but is earnest, spiritual, and possesses a character which is above reproach. He is a volunteer for the foreign field, and has been deeply interested in his chosen vocation since he entered college. He has neither sought honors, nor done much Society work, but has preached and spoken in many of our pulpits in the surrounding country, and is pastor of several churches. After taking his B. A. degree with "cum laude" in three years, he expects to go to some higher institution, and then plant his life in China. He has our best wishes.

Leader of Mission Study Band '11-'12;  
President of Mission Study Band '12-'13;  
Vice President of Volunteer Band '13-'14.





WILLIAM E. FLEMING, B.A., Esq.  
DAVIE COUNTY, N. C.

Age, 24; height, 5 feet 8 inches;  
weight, 143

*In simple and pure soul I come to you*

Modest in behavior, and faithful to his friends, Fleming shows up in the classrooms as a good student. His favorite pastime is searching for all kinds of specimens to dissect in the biology laboratory. Not satisfied with ordinary accomplishments, he has differentiated himself by taking the four years' course in three years. He never meddles with the other fellows' affairs, but spends much of his time quietly in his room. He is not a brilliant speaker, but he is an ardent and consistent Society worker. If hard work and character count for anything, he is sure to realize his ideal as a teacher of the first rank.

Teachers' Basketball '12; Treasurer Sophomore Class '12-'13; Class Basketball '13; President Teachers' Class '13-'14.



B. F. GILES, JR., B.A., Phi  
TUSCALOOSA, ALA.

Age, 19; height, 6 feet 1 inch;  
weight, 150

*And there was not a coward among them*

This youth, with sparkling eyes and tall stature come to us during our Sophomore year, from the University of Alabama.

The greatest quality of "Dutch" is his ability to do a great amount of mental labor in a short time, with apparently no fatigue. Consequently, he can spend much of his time in recreation and social affairs, and yet win honors in scholarship. His abundant energy and adventurous nature have caused him to travel much and have various experiences, which go far toward the making of the man. When he leaves us, he will be "Alabama-bound," to help develop her great natural resources.

Class Football '11-'12-'13; Class Baseball '11-'12-'13; Law Baseball Team '13; Manager Law Baseball Team '13; Assistant in Sociology '13-'14; Assistant Manager Football Team '13; Manager Baseball Team '13-'14; Scrub Football '12; Judge in Junior-Sophomore Debate '13.





ROBERT BYARD GREEN, LL. B., ESQ.  
Age, 28; height, 5 feet 11 inches;  
weight, 180

*A merry heart goes all day long;  
A sad tires in a mile*

"Polly," having strayed over from the hills of Polk into Rutherford County, came to Wake Forest as a Freshman four years ago. He is known by all the boys. During his first year at college, he made a reputation as chairman of the dormitory disturbers. Polly has always desired to be a hero. During his second year, he made himself heroic among the boys by bringing back scars and bruises which showed his paternal care and pugnacious spirit in protecting the Scrub Football Team from the Horner eleven. Not being satisfied with this heroism, during his Junior year, he sacrificed himself at the hymeneal altar to the "Cross." He has always taken an active part in college athletics, and has always been good in getting up the "pep." Law is his chosen profession, and success is sure to follow.

Varsity Football '10-'12; Sophomore Poet '11-'12; Anniversary Marshal '12; President Junior Class '12-'13; Vice-President Athletic Association '12-'13; President Athletic Association '13-'14; Secretary Anniversary Debate '14; Honor Committee '12-'13-'14; Married Man '13; Clerk Moot Court '13-'14.



LYLLOID E. GRIFFIN, B.A., ESQ.  
CHOWAN COUNTY, N. C.

Age, 21; height, 5 feet 9 inches;  
weight, 160

*He who seldom speaks, and with  
one calm, well-timed word can strike  
dumb the loquacious, is a genius and  
a hero.*

This quiet and unassuming youth hails from the historic town of Edenton. He never tries to make himself conspicuous, but has an innocent countenance and an affableness of manner which have won for him a host of friends. He is an enthusiastic Society worker. As a token of his untiring efforts, he was awarded the Sophomore Improvement Medal in 1912. Griffin can master in a little time what the ordinary student would be required to burn midnight oil over. His position as Assistant in History and Economics vouches for the fact that he has a shrewd intellect. He will teach for a year or two, but his activities will be eventually directed to the practice of law.

Sophomore Medal '12; Senior Speaker '14; Assistant in Political Science '13-'14; Class Basket-ball '13-'14.



G. H. GRINDSTAFF, LL. B., Es.  
JACKSON COUNTY, N. C.

Age, 20; height, 6 feet 1 inch;  
weight, 175

*Give me that man that is not passion's slave; And I will wear him in my heart's core*

Grindstaff, also known to us as "Grindie," has developed into quite a sport during his Senior year. He lived at Forestville his Sophomore year, but has now moved to Wake Forest. He still makes occasional visits in that direction. He is an adept when it comes to announcing things, and makes all the important announcements at the Club. He is one of the best "mixers" in College; and since it is a well-known fact that boys are harder to get along with than girls, we need not comment on his ability in the other direction. He will go out into the world as a lawyer, and we predict great success for him. He may be a judge some day, as he is able to look pretty wise.



J. W. HAMILTON, B. A., Phi.  
ATLANTIC, N. C.

Age, 24; height, 5 feet 9 inches.  
weight, 145

*A good heart's worth gold*

After spending one year at the University of North Carolina, this young man came to Wake Forest, and joined our Class. At once he began to work in his Literary Society, and he has developed into a splendid speaker. This will, of course, be a great help to him in his chosen profession, the ministry.

Joe is a man of noble, splendid, pure character, in whom we all have great confidence. He is modest and sincere, and shows a noble spirit in everything that he undertakes. After he leaves us, we expect him to do a great work, in his native county by the ocean, where balmy breezes blow and mighty billows break on the shore.





O. PAUL HAMRICK, B. A., Ed.  
SHELBY, N. C., R. NO. 3

Age, 22; height, 5 feet 7 inches;  
weight, 140

*A just man, and one tenacious of his purpose*

Hamrick is a man who has won his friends by the absolute sincerity and unaffected frankness of his address; and his friendship will always be one of our pleasant memories. His capacity for the old type of work has impressed us, for few of us have either energy or ability to graduate in three years, much less aid to those labors others, even though attended with honors, as he has done. His geniality has helped many of us to brush a frown from our faces, and take up our work again with a smile. As the Arabs say, "May thy shadow never be less!"

Associate Editor *The Howler* '13-'14;  
Prophet Teachers' Class '13-'14; Vice-President Cleveland County Club '13-'14;  
President Scholarship Club '13-'14.



ROY JACK HART, B. A., Phi.  
HENDERSON COUNTY, N. C.

Age, 23; height, 5 feet 8 inches;  
weight, 135

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

This bright-eyed, big-hearted youth hail from the "Land of the Sky," and his energy and persistence remind us of the eternal mountains from whence he came. Indeed, when we consider what he has done in college, we must say that his achievements have been stupendous. Moreover, Roy is a good-hearted boy, who does the right thing for conscience' sake; and when once a friend he is always a friend. He wants to drink deep in the Piegan Spring; so he intends to take the Ph. D. degree at Johns Hopkins University, and be a college professor.

Varsity Track Team '11-'12-'13-'14; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '13; Associate Editor *The Student* '13-'14; Poet Senior Class '14.







OWEN F. HERRING, M. A., Phi.  
DELWAY, N. C.

Age, 21; height, 6 feet 1 inch;  
weight, 165

*To truth's house there is a single  
door*

This young man believes, with Pope, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." So, after teaching one year, he demands an M. A. degree, and the Faculty is glad to give it to him—because he deserves it.

While in college, Owen did good work as a student and athlete. Being strong, straight, and optimistic, he has a strong personality, which makes us feel better when we meet him. Indeed, he is "a hail-fellow-well-met," whose kind greetings and sunny smiles inspire us to undertake greater things. He has chosen teaching as his profession—the work and the man both noble.

Assistant Principal Liddell School '13-'14.



THURMAN HIPPS, B. S., Ed.  
SPRING CREEK, N. C.

Age, 23; height, 6 feet; weight, 170

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

This gentleman has been with us for four years, and has always been loyal to his Class. He has never been a seeker of honors, yet he has received a large number of them. He is a good student, and also a fine speaker. For two years he has been a most valuable member of the Glee Club. He is known throughout college for his peculiar wit, which is perfectly original, and of the finest type. He is an Assistant in the Department of Medicine, which position, be it to his honor, he has very ably filled. Thurman has decided to sling pills for a living, and will continue his study of medicine in some Northern University next year. He is a capital good fellow, and his classmates have no doubt of his success.

Treasurer Sophomore Class '11-'12; Historian Junior Class '12-'13; Class Basketball '12; Medical Class Basketball '12-'13; Marshal '13; Glee Club '12-'13-'14; Assistant in Histology '13-'14.



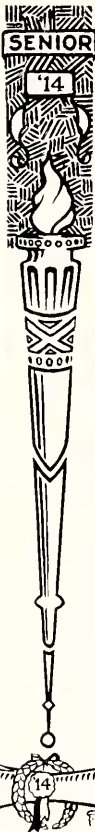


GEORGE M. HOLCOMBE, B. S., Ed.  
YANCEY COUNTY, N. C.

Age, 28; height, 5 feet 7 inches;  
weight, 135

*Silence is more eloquent than words*

Quiet, calm, and deliberate, George has completed the four years of medicine in three years and a summer. He has made many friends since he has been here; he has made lots of friends all over the State, as he goes from place to place selling pianos. He is strong in character, modest in behavior, faithful to his friends, and shows himself to be a good, hard-working student, never meddling, and attending to his own affairs. In his medical work, he is noted for infinite care; and with a dissecting knife and a pair of forceps over a defunct citizen he delights to prove himself a skilled artisan. He will continue his studies in some Northern University; and we predict for him a great success in the world as a pill-slinger.



G. W. HOLLIDAY, B. A., Phi  
WAKE FOREST, N. C.

Age, 29; height, 5 feet 8 inches;  
weight, 145

*Good nature and good sense must  
ever join*

His full chest and ruddy cheeks proclaim his admirable physique, and his not too prominent eyes bespeak his love of action. His countenance has never been known to frown you, for he and melancholy have never met. It is as natural for sunny smiles to congregate over his face as it is for golden rays of sunlight to fill the eastern sky on the morning of a fair day; and his low, gurgling laughter is as sweet as the swallow's song in the South. Hence, if we could always live with Holliday, every day would seem like a holiday to us.

Following the natural bent of his disposition, he has chosen teaching as a vocation. With his good nature, integrity, and training, he will win success and honor in this field of endeavor.

Vice-President Freshman Class '10-'11.





CLARENCE CARLYLE HOLMES, B.A., Ed.  
IREDELL COUNTY, N. C.

Age, 30; height, 5 feet 10 inches;  
weight, 150

*A man that fortune's buffets and  
rewards hast to'en with equal thanks*

Holmes is an optimist. He sees the rays of light bursting through the clouds of adversity, rather than the dim shadows which they cast about him. Of a hopeful temperament, he is always pushing forward, even in the face of adversity. He is completing his college course after four years of faithful study, under difficulties that have overwhelmed many a less dauntless spirit than his. "He can, who thinks he can;" and "C. C." has never let a doubt of the correctness of that axiom creep into his mind, except, possibly, when boring over Latin and Modern Languages, or trying to "leg" Dr. Siedd. Modest, reserved, and with a vein of original wit, he has made a host of friends here, who all join in hoping for him great success in the pursuit of his chosen profession, which is teaching.

Prophet Freshman Class '10-'11; Senior  
Speaker '13-'14



A. W. HORTON, B. A., Phi.  
NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C.

Age, 20; height, 5 feet, 8 inches;  
weight, 150

*But he whose inborn worth his acts  
commend, Of gentle soul, to human  
race a friend*

Archie hails from near the Blue Ridge, and has a big heart, characteristic of the mountain youth. Courtesy marks his every movement. It is perfectly natural for him to be polite on all occasions, and hence his friends are numbered by his acquaintances, which are many.

As one would expect, Archie is a ladies' man, and his friends among them extend far beyond the corporate limits of Wake Forest. He is well known at our sister institutions in Raleigh; and, being of a peaceful disposition, he is often heard to speak of Peace in the Capital City. He will probably sail into business later.

Chief Marshal Commencement '13; Class  
Baseball '12; Class Football '11-'12.





D. R. JACKSON, L.L.B., Phi.  
PITT COUNTY, N. C.

Age, 26; height, 5 feet 8 inches;  
weight, 150

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

The subject of this sketch is one of those fellows whom we all like to meet, because he is a real gentleman. He came to us from Pitt County, and he has well represented his county since he has been here. While other boys have been winning laurels on the athletic field, he has been in his room at work. It is not in him to be conspicuous.

He has made law his chief subject for study, and, no doubt, at some future day we shall hear from him in that field.

President Pitt County Club '13-'14, Licensed Attorney '14.



GEORGE LEE JARVIS, L.L.B., Phi.  
SHELBY, N. C.

Age, 19; height, 5 feet 10 inches;  
weight, 135

*There is always room for a man of  
power*

This alert youth has been called our most typical college man. Having a congenial, free-hearted nature, he delights in giving his friends a good time. He is awake to everything in and about college, and he does good work as a student, without missing anything of importance that happens about college.

George has distinguished himself in college as a powerful and eloquent speaker. He has a strong, clear voice, which will probably resound through the halls of a lawmaking body at a future day. His chosen work is in the legal field.

Senior Speaker '13; Vice-President Law Class '13-'14; Chairman Moot Court Case Committee '13-'14; Member Student Senate '13-'14.





CHARLES HADDON JOHNSON, B.A., Eu.  
TRENTON, N. C.

Age, 30; height, 5 feet 9 inches;  
weight, 155

*Deeds, not words*

Jones County may well be proud to claim the home of the subject of this sketch. Through high school and college he has overcome obstacles that would have defeated most of us. Anybody can go to college (provided someone pays the damage). And it is easy to attend classes, make a scrap-book of delinquencies, and finally graduate at the request of the Faculty; but to have a head like a condensed encyclopedia and a Webster Dictionary combined, is not the fortune of many men. Johnson has come as near this as anyone can. He has made good; and, along with that, he has made friends. Although he goes from us, he lives in our lives. Law is his specialty; he would make a fine corporation lawyer if he were not so honest. We predict for him a useful career.

Junior Prophet '13-'13; Assistant in Economics '13-'14; Editor-in-Chief of Student '13-'14.



D. MAC JOHNSON, B. A., Phi.  
ROBESON COUNTY, N. C.

Age, 22; height, 6 feet; weight, 150  
*You were always the one to befriend  
a man;  
You were always the first to defend  
a man*

"Doctor Mac" is first of all naturally a good fellow, and then a student. His interest is manifested in anything that means the betterment of his fellow-student or the college. "Doctor's" heart is a tender one, and he would not do anyone an evil. He is full of sentiment, full of the milk of human kindness, and full of eloquence. Full of eloquence! That is Mac's peculiar trait, and it's a good one. His voice has been heard from the Sophomore yell to Anniversary orator. And Mac is popular. The long line of honors that follow speak for themselves. Here's to Mac, wielder of the birch rod, or politician, or jolly good fellow!

Anniversary Oration '14; Vice-President Y. M. C. A. '13; Vice-President Teachers' Class '13-'14; Prophet Senior Class '13-'14; Commencement Marshal '12; President Johnson Club '14.





J. G. LANE, B. S., Phi.  
WAKE COUNTY, N. C.

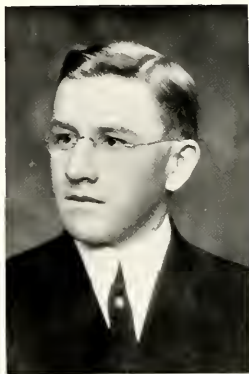
Age, 20; height, 5 feet 7 inches;  
weight, 147

*Go where you will, you'll find him  
still a man among men*

Lane is one of the youngest men of his Class, and one of the best. He is rather modest, and shy; a man of few words, but an accomplisher of deeds. "Far from the madding crowd" he has stuck to his work. He has not striven for college honors, but has devoted his time unreservedly to his own business, and the College has stamped on him the highest honor—a man.

Lane has personal qualities that attract, and his friends are numberless.

We cannot predict his future. His interests are in the natural sciences; but, whatever he may decide to do, with his winning ways, he will meet that same success that attended him here.



W. H. MARTIN, B. S., Phi.  
ANDERSON, S. C.

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

*To be most useful is the greatest  
virtue*

Here is a man who is no tardy loiterer along the flowery paths of knowledge. Deeming four years too long a time to spend in college, he has applied his heart unto wisdom, and as a result graduates a year ahead of the Class in which he entered. He is a quiet, unprepossessing kind of fellow, and rarely waves eloquent unless demonstrating a problem in calculus.

He is loyal to his Society, faithful in his studies, and interested in all he believes for the welfare of the College. At present, he is undecided as to the field of his future activities, though he is prejudiced in favor of the medical profession. He is a good fellow, who has the good wishes of all.

Varsity Track Team '13.





CLIN-MAN WEBSTER MITCHELL, JR.,  
B. A., Eu.  
AULANDER, N. C.

Age, 19; height, 5 feet 11 inches;  
weight, 170

*Loyal-hearted, strong of mind,  
A nobler fellow you'd nowhere find*

This pure type of a gentleman is recognized as being one of the most popular men in the graduating Class, having received a large number of honors, all of which are well merited. Though not an athlete of note, he has always been a loyal supporter of athletics; though not a boisterous speaker, he is convincing and winning in his argument. He is a skillful performer on the violin, having been the leader of the Orchestra for two years. In the class-room, he is a student of the first rank, as the "magna cum laude" on his diploma attests. This year he has been an Assistant in Political Science, again reflecting honor upon himself. "Mitch" prefers to enter the business world rather than take up a profession; and here his genial disposition and charming manners, sustained by the principles of solid manhood, will crown him with many an olive wreath of honor.

Class Track '12; Class Basketball '13; Secretary Junior Class '12; Glee Club and Orchestra '13-'14; Leader of Orchestra '13-'14; Historian Senior Class '13-'14; General Secretary of Athletic Association '14; Assistant in Government and History '11-'12; "Magna Cum Laude."



WILLIAM P. MULL, B. S., Eu.  
CASAR, N. C.

Age, 25; height, 5 feet 9 inches;  
weight, 140

*A man's a fool if not reared in  
a woman's school*

Those of you who do not know "Jack," can readily see from this representation that he is a handsome fellow. While not possessing to be among the "arc-lights," he catches the eye of some bella-donna wherever he goes. His pleasing appearance and affableness of manner have won for him the friendship of the entire student body. The high esteem in which he is held is shown by his position as Chairman of the Student Senate. Although he has not taken an active part in Society work, he is recognized as a polished speaker, and a profound thinker. He has held down with dignity a position on the Scrub Faculty, as an Assistant in Medicine. After leaving here, he is to continue his medical course in a higher institution. We predict for him a big place in the medical profession.

Hodnett Club's Manager '12-'13; Member Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '12; Vice-President Y. M. C. A. '11; Chief Marshal Commencement '13; Treasurer Medical Class '13-'14; Chairman Student Senate '13-'14; Assistant Anatomy '13-'14; President Cleveland County Club '13-'14; President Hodnett Club '13-'14.





JOHN J. NEAL, B.A., ESQ.  
SOUTH BOSTON, VA.

Age, 21; height, 5 feet 10½ inches;  
weight, 164

*Thou art a fellow of good report*

Johnnie, as he is familiarly known, hails from the Old Dominion. He bears the distinction of being one of the handsomest men in his Class, and justly prides himself on his "flowing locks." He has chosen medicine as the best medium of serving his fellow-men, and his abundant energy and enthusiasm will serve him in good stead in the pursuit of his vocation. Although not an orator, he is a speaker of no mean ability, having represented his Society in the capacity of Senior Speaker.

He is a hard worker, and has to his credit the exceptional distinction of having made his college expenses for the past two years by working during vacation. This has been done by reviewing upon the fair ones to read *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Saturday Evening Post*. We predict for him a great success in rolling pills.

Corresponding Secretary of Y. M. C. A. '12; Senior Speaker '13; Chief Marshal '14; Assistant in Physics '12-'13.



ROY H. NORRIS, B.A., PHI.  
HOLLY SPRINGS, N. C.

Age, 21; height, 5 feet 8 inches;  
weight, 165

*If there is a fruit that can be eaten  
rare, it is beauty*

We have been told that beauty is a fatal gift, but this cannot be true in his case, for apparently he is unconscious of the fact that he possesses it. He is strong, handsome, and kind—a valuable combination. Not only is he wonderfully endowed by nature, but he has made good use of his talents, completing the college course in three years.

Roy is one of our many strong men who have chosen teaching as a profession. His thoroughness in college will reward him with unusual success. Every student in college will tell you that he is all right.

Secretary Y. M. C. A. '12-'13; Band '11-'12-'13-'14; Senior Basket-ball Team '13-'14; President Student Baraca Class '13; Poet Teachers' Class '13-'14.







WILL B. OLIVER, JR., B. A., EM.  
MOUNT OLIVE, N. C.

Age, 21; height, 6 feet 2 inches;  
weight, 173

*Without the smile from partial beauty  
won,*

*O what were man? A world without  
a sun.*

This jovial young man was dubbed "Smily" shortly after his arrival to Wake Forest, on account of the unceasing smile on his cherubic countenance. Although "Smily" always looks on the sunny side of things, he can assume a serious attitude at times. Smily is a versatile man. As an athlete, he has won the esteem of the students because of his hard fighting qualities, which won him a place on the football team. His musical talents placed him on the Glee Club, and he never fails to receive rounds of applause. Smily leaves a record to be proud of. During his four years' stay at College, everyone was his friend, and none his enemy.

Historian Freshman Class '10; Captain Fresh Football Team '10; Commencement Marshal '13; Class Football '11-'12; Chief Marshal Soph-Junior Debate '12; Varsity Football '13; Glee Club and Orchestra Football '13; Glee Club and Orchestra 12-'13-'14; Band '12-'13-'14; Manager Allen Club '13-'14.



R. F. PASCHAL, B. A., Phi.  
CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C.

Age, 23; height, 5 feet 10 inches;  
weight, 160

*A loving heart is the beginning of  
all knowledge*

Paschal is a good student. Perhaps his biggest hobby is work. Whether as a librarian, or editor of *The Student*, he maintains that same high excellence of work that counts.

Paschal's interests in College have been numerous. He is a good speaker, a good writer, a college man à la mode.

We shall not attempt to predict his future. In the hands of such an honest fellow, any community will do well to get his services as teacher. Luck to you, Paschal!

Class Football '11; Associate Editor *The Howler* '12-'13; Phi Editor-in-Chief *The Student* '13-'14; Assistant Librarian '12-'13 and '13-'14; Senior Speaker '14; Secretary Senior Class '14.





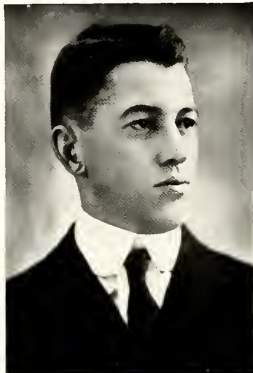
Geo. C. INGMAN PENNELL, LL.B., Esq.  
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

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

*There is no gambling like politics*

Pennell is one of the strongest men in the Law Class. Hailing from the mountains, George has exemplified a firmness in character, and the genial spirit towards his college-mates which have won for him the respect of all who knew him. During the three years he has been in College, probably no man has done as much to keep alive the athletic spirit in College; whether it was his duty to lead the rooting on the athletic field or to arouse the "pep" in a mass meeting, he has always responded nobly to the call. We are assured that as long as the Literary Societies place before the public men of George's type, there will be several more chapters to be written on the subject of oratory. Judging from his fine qualities and his popularity with men everywhere, we predict for him a brilliant career as a lawyer and a statesman.

Class Football '11-'12; Scrub Football '11-'12; Junior Sophomore Debate '12; Assistant Cheer Leader '12-'13; Clerk of Moot Court '12; Sheriff of Moot Court '13; Student Senate '12-'13, '13-'14; Compiler of Y. M. C. A. Handbook '13-'14; President of Law Class '13-'14; Honor Committee '13-'14; Cheer Leader '13-'14; Anniversary Orator '14



M. D. PHILLIPS, B.S., Esq.  
STOKES COUNTY, N. C.

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

*I hate to see things done by halves*

The subject of this sketch has never striven for college honors, but has pushed straightward with one purpose in view — the symmetrical development of his physical and mental powers. His splendid physique and general knowledge, acquired by careful attention to physical culture, and the completion of a wisely-planned course of literary work, speak well of his success. He is no orator, nor is he loquacious in conversation, but when he does speak his words are well weighed, and his sentences are models of theoretical synthesis. Phillips is a proficient in the department of engineering. The fact that he has set four years at the feet of Professor Lanneau is a tribute to his patience. He will enter the Government engineering service in the near future. Here's hoping for his success!

Vice President Scientific Society '12; Treasurer Y. M. C. A. '12; Assistant in Applied Math. 1 '12; Assistant in Applied Math. 1 and 2 '13-'14; Scrub Baseball '12-'13.





ISAAC C. PREVETTE, B. S., Ph.D.  
WILKES COUNTY, N. C.

Age, 21; height, 5 feet 10 inches.  
weight, 155

*And thus he bore without abuse  
The grand old name of gentleman*

In recounting the deeds of this man during his sojourn in College, we find ourselves at a loss. To be sure, "Ike" performed many deeds gracious and kind, but the man overtops the figure in the classroom and in the laboratory. His gracious hospitality, his kindly manner, honesty of heart and disposition, have placed him in the front rank of college men who can be depended upon to do the right thing.

"Ike" is specially fitted to be a doctor. His kindness, generosity, and patience will brighten the sick-room, and the patient, aided by his medicine, will be speedily restored to health under the guidance of Dr. Prevette.

President Medical Class '13-'14; Honor Committee '13-'14; Medical Baseball Team '13-'14.



KENNETH TYSON RAYNOR, B. A., Ed  
COLERAINE, N. C.

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

*In soul sincere, in action faithful, in  
honor clear*

We have here before us a real scholar, who comes from old Bertie, which has always furnished her share of representatives. Kenneth is a capital fellow, modest in both customs and manner, and a student of the first rank. He is no orator, although his argument is clear and forceful. Quiet, serious, and unostentatious by nature, he is a diligent, and, as the "magna cum laude" on his diploma attests, a most successful student. Although never enchanted by the dazzle of honors, he has received his share, which are well merited. As an Assistant in Modern Languages, he has proven himself most worthy. For two years he has skillfully served as pianist in the Glee Club and Orchestra. "K. T.," being of the nature of a genius, is undecided as to what he will do, but in whatever direction he turns his talents we predict that success will crown his efforts.

Glee Club and Orchestra '12-'13, '13-'14. Assistant in French '13-'14. "Magna Cum Laude."





CLYDE E. RODWELL, B. A., Ed.  
MACON, N. C.

Age, 22; height, 5 feet 8 inches;  
weight, 125

*Thy modesty's a wonder to thy merit*

We now turn our gaze on a fellow who has starred both in the class-room and in the social circles. He is known to most of us as "Dean," but others still cling to his first title "Cutey." Possessed of a genial disposition, he makes a boon companion, except when there is work to do; and then he allows no foolishness. He was very ambitious to learn to dance at one time, and went to a dancing-school in Raleigh several times; but the intricacies of the tango and the fish walk were too much for him, and he finally gave it up. "Cutey" has been Assistant in Chemistry 2 for two years, and is considered an authority—by the Newish on the subject. He has not decided what he will do, but we can count on hearing from him in time to come.

Instructor in Chemistry 2 '12-'13, '13-'14; Vice-President Scientific Society '12-'13.



GORDON B. ROWLAND, LL. B., Phi.  
WENDELL, N. C.

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

*To live in hearts we leave behind is  
not to die*

The subject of this sketch is a young man who always has a good supply of jokes, and is willing to tell them. Hence he is well known in and about college. Few of us will be remembered as long as he; for he believed that friendship is not having friends, but being a friend. When the students gather in the evenings next year, it will be difficult to find a man who can take his place as a companion and friend.

He has not spent his time in working for petty college honors, but he has worked faithfully, preparing to win success in the legal profession.

Treasurer Supreme Court Class '13-'14; Prophet Law Class '13-'14; Class Football Team '12; Law Baseball Team '13; Licensed Attorney '14





NEWTON J. SHEPHERD, B. A., Eu.  
WELDON, N. C.

Age, 20; height, 5 feet 11 inches;  
weight, 170

*Patience is a virtue; find it if you can*

If we were forced to set forth "Shep's" career at Wake Forest by a single word, our unanimous verdict would be "persistence." During four years of his sojourn "with" us, his zeal has been fired by two ambitions, and his steps have been directed towards two goals. In his Senior year, he has accomplished both purposes. He is now the proud possessor of the coveted "W" and— Taken all in all, he is one of the best of fellows, a man among men, whose cheery smile and hearty laugh will always be memories to his scores of friends.

Class Football '10-'11-'12; Scrub Football '10-'11-'12; Manager Sophomore Football Team '11; Class Basket-ball '11-'12-'13; Captain Senior Basket-ball Team '13; Law Basket-ball '13; Class Baseball '11-'12-'13; Varsity Football '13; Prophet Law Class '12-'13; Treasurer Senior Class '13-'14; Senior Editor The Howler '14.



HUGH P. SMITH, B. A., Eu.  
TIMMONSVILLE, S. C.

Age, 19; height, 6 feet; weight, 160  
*The mind's the measure of the man*

Smith is a son of South Carolina, who deemed it best to cast his lot with the Tarheels. Even during his Freshman year, he did not remain in oblivion; and his personality is such that made him popular always. He is popular with the students as a "good fellow," and with the ladies as a "good-looker." Although Smith is always out for a good time, he is also a serious student. The fact that he has completed four years' work in three, sets him apart from the average student, and makes for our Class a very desirable addition. Smith is inclined to the medical profession, although he confined himself strictly to the literary course while here, and graduates with the B. A. degree. Next year, he goes to some higher institution of medicine, and we may safely predict for him success in the profession he has chosen.





C. R. SORRELL, M. A., Phi  
MORRISVILLE, N. C.

Age, 26; height, 5 feet 6 inches;  
weight, 140

*So daring in love, and so dauntless in  
war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like the  
young Lochinvar?*

Some people cannot be classified. Sorrell belongs to that number. There is even some doubt as to the correct pronunciation of his name, but we predict that the best usage, at least by the time of the next generation, will follow Dr. Sledid in placing the accent on the last syllable!

The velvety contour of his beaming countenance indicates a ladies' man, but the predominant absence of hair on his cranium contradicts this natural tendency. Nevertheless, if he could be classified, we should even dare place him with Goethe in this worthy field of human endeavor. And he is neither afraid nor bashful.

Sorrell then—songster, preacher, orator, friend—working now in the S. B. T. S. with the Doctor's degree in view, is worthy to come back for his M. A., and he will do a man's work for the gracious uplift of the multitude.

Student in Southern Baptist Theological Seminary '13-'14



ADLAI STEVENSON, B. A., Phi.  
THOMASVILLE, N. C.

Age, 19; height, 6 feet; weight, 155

*A man that Fortune's buffets and  
rewards  
Hath taken with equal thanks*

Whether or not Adlai is our guide, he is our philosopher and friend. He is original, possessing an abundant endowment of "mother wit." For every occasion he has an appropriate joke.

When we first learned to know him, he was a Freshman in knee-trousers. He had just come from the Thomasville Orphanage, and his going through College has depended upon his own efforts. However, he has shown himself to be a man of resources, capable of taking care of himself. Whoever is fortunate enough to associate with him in life, will find him cheerful and full of life. He is a good student, a clever fellow, and a noble gentleman.





E. P. STILLWELL, B. A., Esq.  
WEBSTER, N. C.

Age, 26; height, 5 feet 11 inches;  
weight, 155

*Example is a motive of very pre-  
vailing influence on the actions of  
men*

Ephraim hails from the mountains, and partakes of their characteristics. He stands at the front of his Class as to scholarship, and few rival him in diligence. His presence, his voice, his looks—they are all persuasive. He stands for the right in everything. If you admire the gentleness and dignity of learning, and the quiet reserve, then you should make an acquaintance with Stillwell. Everybody recognizes him as a debater. He held the crowd in breathless awe while he delivered his Anniversary speech, and he has barely escaped being an intercollegiate debater twice during his college career. There is not a man in College who is more learned in the law, and he goes from us well qualified for the legal profession. We predict for him great success in the practice of the law.

Treasurer Freshman Class '09-'10; Honor Committee '13; Student Senate '12-'13; President Y. M. C. A. '13; Anniversary Debater '13; Manager Hodnett Club '13-'14; Statistician Senior Class '13-'14; Associate Judge Moot Court '13-'14; Licensed Lawyer '13.



OLIVER L. STRINGFIELD, B. S., Phi.  
MADISON, N. C.

Age, 22; height, 5 feet 8¾ inches;  
weight, 145

*A ministering angel thou*

"String," that little bundle of enthusiasm and good cheer, is, strictly speaking, "one of the boys." His very presence means "pep," whether in classroom, on the football field, baseball field, or track. For four years the college has enjoyed the services of a good athlete, a good student, and a good speaker. Take him all in all, and we have an ideal college man, seemingly to the manor born. His honors speak volumes for his popularity, but the man—Stringfield—towers above his deeds.

President Sophomore Class '11-'12; Treasurer Y. M. C. A. '11; President Athletic Association '12-'13; Senate Committee '12-'13; Honor Committee '12-'13; Fall Senior Speaker '13; Band '12-'13-'14; Glee Club and Orchestra '12-'13-'14; Varsity Baseball Team '10-'13-'14; Varsity Football Team '10-'13; Track Team '13; Medical Class Basketball Team '12.





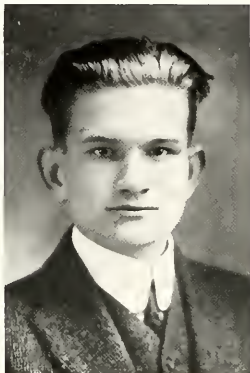
BEVERLY T. SUSTARE, B. A., Ed.  
MATTHEWS, N. C.

Age, 24; height, 5 feet 6½ inches;  
weight, 165

*A loyal, just, and upright gentleman*

Sustare came to us after two years at Lenoir College, adding one to the list of good men of 1914. He is a difficult fellow, and few know him, but he is very popular with those who do know him well. Get acquainted with him, and you will like him when you know him. He has never held himself above reproach, is quiet, and attends to his own affairs, leaving others to do the same. During his stay here, he has sought no honors, but has packed back in his warehouse quite a lot of knowledge. While at home the Christmas of his first year, he astonished his friends by acquiring a better half. Sustare will be with us again next year, to study law.

Married Man '12



J. S. THOMAS, LL. B., Phi.  
MANNING, S. C.

Age, 19; height, 5 feet 10½ inches;  
weight, 130

*To those who know thee not, no  
words can paint;  
And to those who know thee, all  
words are faint*

This youth came to us from the "Palmetto State," the land of John Calhoun and Ben Tillman. He has been with the Class since we first landed here. On account of his distinct personality, he is much better known about "The Hill" than many other members of our Class. He was once the proud owner of a large bulldog, and hence he was often the center of attraction among a large group of students.

His jovial, carefree disposition makes him popular among his friends. He will probably help Governor Blease settle some of his most perplexing questions.







CARL VANN TYNER, B. S., Phi.  
ROBESON, N. C.

Age, 23; height, 6 feet; weight, 160

*Be honored! Thou didst love W.F.;  
so W. F., and we who love her, all  
love thee!*

If popularity is a true test of greatness, Tyner has it on all of us. His name has been shouted in basket-ball, football, and track, and his presence has often meant victory.

And Tyner is a good student, for he's taking medicine. He's a good speaker, too.

Tyner's personal qualities are superb. He is tall, graceful, and commanding, with a heart that throbs with kindness.

In his medical career, we wish for him speed, and much money. Here's to Tyner, the swiftest of the swift!

Track Team '11-'12-'13-'14; Manager Class Track Team '12; Captain Track Team '13; Class Basket-ball '11-'12; Manager Medical Basket-ball Team '12; All-Class Basket-ball Team '12; Varsity Basket-ball Team '12-'13-'14; Assistant Manager Basket-ball Team '13; Varsity Football Team '14; Prophet Sophomore Class '12; Senior Speaker '14; Vice-President Robeson County Club '14; Medical Class Baseball '13-'14.



J. R. VANN, JR., B. S., Phi.  
CUMBERLAND, N. C.

Age, 24; height, 5 feet 11 inches;  
weight, 152

*Like the bee, we would make our in-  
dustry our amusement*

Vann has surmounted the little difficulties that beset him upon entering College. He has worked hard, diligently, wisely. His time he has never wasted, but used to good advantage. He has become possessed of a great ambition—to minister to human ills; and he will make good as a "pill-roller."

Vann has many friends in College, who will wish for him the success that comes to the hard, persistent student.

His personal characteristics are admirable, and will win for him a host of valuable friends.

Next year, Vann will pursue his course in medicine at some Northern University

Vice-President Medical Class '13-'14





WITCHER W. WALKER, B. A., Esq.  
RUTHERFORD COUNTY, N. C.

Age, 23; height, 6 feet; weight, 160  
*The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness*

Walker, having won laurels as a debater in the high school, has kept up his record while in College. He is an earnest worker, and a potent force in his Society. That he is a debater of ability is shown by being elected to the position of first Anniversary Debater. A more perfect gentleman is hard to find. One of those broad, level-headed fellows, who believe in the physical, the intellectual, and the moral development of the individual. He is a member of the Debate Council, and is also secretary of the Student Senate. He is preparing himself for the law, but judging from his qualifications for a politician it would not be surprising to his friends to see him occupying an important place in the legislative halls of the nation.

Class Football '12; Vice-President Woodrow Wilson Club '12; Sophomore-Junior Debater '12; Student Senate '13-'14; Historian Law Class '13-'14; Secretary Debate Council '13-'14; Secretary Athletic Association '13-'14; President Student Baraca '13-'14; Anniversary Debater '14.



JETER N. WALLIN, B. A., Esq.  
MADISON COUNTY, N. C.

Age, 26; height, 5 feet 8 inches;  
weight, 145

*A heavy summons lies like lead upon me*

Here is a typical mountaineer. To see him, you would think he was the most civil among us; but, during his Freshman year, he demonstrated the fact that he could fight, if the occasion demanded it. He walks about wrapped in the solitude of his own thoughts. In the class-room, he is a conscientious, hard-working student. While ordinarily quiet, and willing to listen to the conversation of others, he likes to tell in his characteristic way, while in the company of a few intimate friends, some of his experiences in the mountains, and also his early college experiences. His speeches in Society are very enthusiastic. Jeter is a serious man, preparing himself for the ministry. He is sure to make a profound impression everywhere he goes as he expounds the Scriptures to the wondering populace.

Fall Senior Speaker '13.





A. C. WARLICK, B. A., Eu.  
CLEVELAND COUNTY, N. C.

Age, 25; height, 5 feet 9 inches;  
weight, 155

*A faithful friend is better than gold  
—a medicine for misery, on only possession*

Warlick has a clear, logical mind, which is capable of grasping a subject in its every detail. Full of industry, and possessed of a great deal of common sense, he has won a high place in the esteem of his fellow-students. He has the distinction of taking two degrees in four years. As a member of the Scrub Faculty, he has filled with credit a position as Instructor of Mathematics for two years. During his first two years in College, there was not a hidden nook on the campus which he had not explored. Though serious at the proper time, he is always ready to engage in the innocent amusements of the students. When scanning the pages of this Annual, bear in mind that the success of this book in a financial way is due largely to his untiring efforts as its business manager. Success to him in the pedagogical world!

Assistant Business Manager of The Howler '12-'13; Business Manager '13-'14; Assistant in Mathematics '13, '13-'14.



J. F. WATSON, B. A., Phi.  
ALEXANDRIA, VA.

Age, 22; height, 5 feet 10½ inches;  
weight, 150

*And silence, like a poultice, comes  
To heal the blows of sound*

If you admire the gentleness and dignity of learning and quiet reserve, which thrill you more than forced eloquence, then form an acquaintance with this gentleman. He is tall, grave, handsome, and kind; and it is a good morning tonic to meet one with his bearing.

As to his future vocation, we cannot speak, but he will enter some valuable work. Since his home is in Virginia, he stands a good chance of becoming president at some future date. If good wishes are worth anything, he has a good start on life's highway.

Vice-President Athletic Association '13-'14; Testator Senior Class '14.





SIDNEY W. WHITE, B.A., Eu  
ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

Age, 22; height, 5 feet 7 inches;  
weight, 130

*Death with his lance would lay me  
low,*

*Before I'd yield me to a foe*

Sidney is popular with all the boys, and every man is glad to have him as a friend. He is not as large as many members of his class, but what is lacking in size is present in the making of the man. He has always been an interested member of the student body, and can always be depended on to help any man. A ready speech and a jovial smile will make friends for him wherever he goes. Sidney is always ready for a good time, and when there is any fun to be pulled off he can usually be found among those present. His aspirations lie in the practice of law, and he will make a success in that, as he has in everything else he has undertaken. He builds his hopes in the law, and if he goes after that in the manner that he plays football his success is a necessity.

Law Basket-ball '10-'11-'12; Manager of Law Basket-ball Team '13; Class Basket-ball '12-'13-'14; Law Baseball '11; Captain Law Baseball '12; Class Football '10-'11; Scrub Football '12; Varsity Football '13; Vice-President of Senior Class '14.



C. JEROME WHITNEY, B.A., Eu  
FERDS MILLS, N. C.

Age, 25; height, 6 feet; weight, 185

*Thou knowest how fearless is my  
trust in thee*

C. J., progressive, like the county from which he came, has shown marked improvement while in College. This has been brought about largely through the interest he has taken in all phases of college life. While not a star on the athletic field, he has always stood behind the teams, and has worked hard in several class contests. He has strong lungs, and he always puts them into operation when any kind of an athletic contest is going on. As business manager of *The Student*, he has demonstrated to us that he has the qualifications of a successful business man. He has performed with credit all the duties placed upon him in the class-room and in his Society. We predict for him a bright and promising future, in whatever profession he chooses to follow.

Business Manager of *The Student* '13-'14; Class Orator '14; Class Football '10-'12; Secretary Sophomore Junior Debate '12; Assistant Cheer Leader '13-'14.





E. P. YATES, B. A., Phi.  
CARY, N. C.

Age, 24; height, 6 feet; weight, 170

*Work like a man, and don't watch the clock*

Theodore Roosevelt said: "The law of worthy life is fundamentally the law of strife; and evidently this youth has put that law into practice. The great things in this world are given to the men who are in earnest, and are willing to pay the price of success. He has won that highest form of success, which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, strife, and bitter toil."

He is often seen with the ladies, and he is popular with them, which goes far in the making of the man. Success awaits him in the legal profession.

Member Senate Committee '11-'12; Sophomore-Junior Debate '11-'12; Manager Glee Club '12-'13-'14; Class Basketball Team '12-'13; Anniversary Debate '13; Wake Forest-Davidson Debate '13; Junior Orator's Medal '13; Chairman Debate Council '13-'14; Wake Forest-Davidson Debate '14.



O. W. YATES, B. A., Phi.  
CARY, N. C.

Age, 25; height, 5 feet 8 inches,  
weight, 155

*This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peck*

It would be hard to find another man in the student body who has engaged in as many varied duties as has this young man. He has held many responsible positions tendered him by the student body, all of which he has honorably discharged. He is a minister, nay more than that, an all-around Christian gentleman. While he does not advertise his piety, his good works speak for themselves.

He is optimistic, and his hearty laugh can be heard wherever he goes. To him there is no such word as failure.

Class Basketball Team '10-'11; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '13; Senior Speaker '13; Vice-President Junior Class '12-'13; Secretary Ministerial Class '12-'13; Vice-President Ministerial Class '13-'14; Manager Senior Class Basketball Team '14; Member Student Senate Committee '13-'14; Delegate Student Volunteer Convention, Kansas City, Mo., '14.





## Senior Poem

I ONCE went out into the world,  
Seeking after knowledge.  
I wandered 'round, and came by chance  
To old Wake Forest College.

I heard that when I finished here  
A scholar great I'd be;  
Much wisdom I would have, and would  
From ignorance be free.

And so at once I set to work  
Learning great things, it seemed,  
Of Science and Latin, and English too,  
Much more than I had dreamed.

Four years I've spent at this dear place;  
And as I near the end,  
I value less and less the book,  
But more and more the friend.

Let's view the battlefield of life:  
Instead of the victory won,  
I hear the approach of the enemy—  
The fight has just begun.

—POET





## Senior Class History

IN THE beginning, at the time of the creation of our present Senior Class, was the Newish; *those Newish were with us, and those Newish are us.* After creation, it was deemed absolutely necessary that some organization be effected. But ever since the year 1834, there has been considerable opposition to this organization on the part of a certain tribe, called Sophomores. Accordingly, as has been the custom "from the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," Holding's Mill Pond was chosen as the secret meeting-place. The appointed time was during the wee sma' hours of one bright "September Morn." But, owing to the fact that it was a little dangerous, notice was served to less than half the members of the Class. Consequently, their efforts during these wasted nocturnal hours were quite futile. A quorum not being present, we were forced to begin operations again. This time it was in the Little Chapel, one Saturday morning, while the unsuspecting Sophomores were being most delightfully entertained by "Mother Eu," and "Father Phi." It was a brave stroke, and none but an unterrified band of warriors could have effected this piece of strategy so successfully. Thus we gained the cherished honor of being the first Freshman Class with nerve enough to organize in the chapel building. Of course, the all-wise and omnipotent band of Sophomores were deeply sore over the fact that their young subjects had so completely outwitted them. They made no violent protest, however, because they were forced to admit that they liked our "brass."

As Freshmen, we were like most of those that have gone before us. As usual, there was enough raw material among us to keep the campus green until the Spring. In number, we exceeded any former Freshman Class, there being something like one hundred and seventy-five of us. About three-fourths finally succeeded in "swallowing" Morton's dates, most of whom decided to return.

Emerging from "Newishdom," we entered the proud ranks of the Sophomores. Being eminently fitted for our position, we had no trouble whatever in adopting the traditional "Newish whistle," and accustoming ourselves to all the duties of the Sophomore. We slept most of the day, but never failed to report for duty at nightfall. As a result of our many pilferings during the midnight blackness, the value of the barber trade in Wake Forest was considerably enhanced. The secrecy of these movements, though, prevented the loss of any of our number; so we decided to assume the dignity of Juniors.

Our Junior year was one of sobriety, which is usually one of the chief characteristics of this scholastic year. This is the year of conceit. Some one says we are "green" fools in our Sophomore year; "conceded" fools in our Junior year; and "darn" fools when we get to be Seniors.

After working many anxious hours, which seemed interminable, about sixty of us were allowed the privilege of bearing the most coveted title of Senior. Before our position was made secure, though, we were still to undergo the crucial test. Our hopes almost





expired when we faced the heavy guns of Psychology. But our charge was straight and swift, and consequently sure. We were soon confronted by another o'd enemy, Logic, with its distributed middle and the epicheirema. However, summoning all of our remaining strength, we were victorious in the end. We believe that our success has been due to the fact that we have learned "to express ourselves to infinity."

Have we been represented in the intercollegiate debates, did you ask? We are proud to present to you the names of Yates and Chambers. On the athletic field, we have contributed the following "W" men: Carter, Stringfield, Shepherd, Oliver, Tyner, Britton, Davis, Green, White. What previous class has shown a more extended list than this?

Since our entry into Wake Forest, some of us have endeavored to secure some knowledge of every subject in College. As a result, you will find among our ranks men of every calling imaginable—doctors, lawyers, preachers, teachers, business men, farmers, musicians, and poets: in fact, almost anything you happen to be seeking. All of us claim to know everything about something, and something about everything. For further information along this line, I refer you to our statistician.

In the history of our Class, many events of marked importance have made unerasable impressions upon our memories. However, they are so numerous that lack of space prevents any detailed account of them. It was in our Freshman year that we rode Dr. Sikes around town, and then to the gymnasium, where he made us a speech. This immediately followed the news of his election to the State Senate. It was in the same year that we welcomed our victorious Davidson debaters home, after they had conclusively convinced the Davidson men that they could not debate. It was in our Sophomore year that we celebrated a basket-ball victory twice a week with a bonfire. It was on Easter Monday, 1913, when, not contented with defeating A & M, in the annual Easter baseball game, we proved ourselves Baylor's superior in the use of "brass and gas."

As has been the custom now for several years, one or two of our Class have succumbed to the darts of Cupid, and married themselves wives since entering the Class. However, we will let it pass, for it is only a misdemeanor, and not a capital crime.

As a mark of appreciation for the amount of training and development we have received, we leave to our Alma Mater and to the future generations two proud monuments, which will forever guard the southwestern entrance to the campus. May it act as a binding tie to us who have studied together, lived and fought together, for four years, and who now, in sadness mingled with joy, are demanding our degrees!

"Long be our hearts with such memories filled,  
Like the vase in which roses once were distilled;  
You may break, you may shatter, the vase, if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

—HISTORIAN







## Senior Class Prophecy

**W**HEN it was known whom fate had designated as prophet of the Class of 1914, a deep despair seemed to settle over them. Upon the faces of some was depicted a mild submission; some of the more careless looked upon it as a joke, and laughed; while others, whose countenances bespoke grim defiance, threatened to disregard the choice of fate, and do their own prophesying. To me the situation seemed similar to that when Marc Antony said:

"Oh, judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason!"

Then came the words of Joel of old, as a bright light in a dark hour: "And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy; your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions." Immediately I began to search the Scriptures, thinking to find in them some clue as to what our future should be. Yea, I sought diligently; but all in vain. I went to the very beginning of the prophecies, and studied them carefully, but I failed to receive that inspiration which enabled the prophets to reveal the future. The power of prophesy did not come upon me, neither after ten days nor twenty.

Failing to find light in the prophets, I turned to mythology. I made an exhaustive study of both Greek and Roman classics, but they "propheted" me not. Verily, I sought out the Professor of Astronomy, and made bare to him my troubles, hoping to extract the secret from the stars. But though I had labored and was heavy-laden, I found that it would be thirty years before I could learn the happenings of 1934. I gave up in despair, thinking that either we had fooled ourselves, or that fate had made a mistake.

But all things come to him who waits, and the future of our Class came, as do so many of the great events of history, unexpected and unsought for. Bacchus, the god of wine, will ever be my friend—he who makes the poor man rich and the sad man gay. Verily, a very present help in the time of trouble!

It was Thanksgiving night. In room 15, the glasses had been drained, refilled, and drained again. The chairs, trunks, table, and bed were all occupied,





and in a few minutes the room was filled with roaring laughter—and cigar smoke.

The problem was solved. Aided by Bacchus, we could see, through the wreaths of smoke which floated around us, dim outlines of writings and pictures. The curtains seemed to lift, and behold! the whole panorama of the future loomed before us. I saw what shall be; and not only I, but all those who sat with me.

What follows I had to take down as best I could. Some of it is what I saw; some what the others said they saw. And, strange as it may seem, if there was a date on any of the scenes none of us recognized it.

Just as I was writing: "And one Joe Hamilton became the father of two sons, and his gray hairs went down in sorrow to the grave, at the age of forty, trying to teach them to play marbles instead of 'Rook.'" "Horsepower," a visitor, stammered out: "And June Vann lived as chief surgeon at 'Dick's Hill' to a ripe old age, and he died and was buried in the land of his fathers. He was still unmarried."

Then came the stentorian voice of another member of the group, whose name I would better not record: "I see that Stringfield is having great success as coach of the baseball team, and professor of Anatomy, in the 'Robeson Normal.' He says he accepted the position to be near the home of his old room-mate, C. V. Tyner, who, by the way, has given up his scanty medical practice, and is now in the Legislature, trying to persuade that body to take a positive stand in favor of 'International Peace.'"

At that point, another voice sang out: "A. E. Stevenson, who is still trying to figure out why Dr. Poteat would not take a drink on him, has written a paraphrase on 'The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam', which has become the passion of the hour, and has won for him a prominent place among the American poets. And Jeter Wallin is offering a scholarship to Buie's Creek Academy or Mars Hill College to the person who will write the best one-thousand-word biography of 'Old Folks'. Wallin wants the paper to put in the collection of 'Short Biographies of English and American Poets' which he is compiling. It is thought that Peter Mull, Jr., whose father is a hookworm specialist in Bladen County, will win the scholarship."

"W. R. Chambers and H. C. Dixon have startled the inhabitants of Hoke County with a new firm. It is a combination of law and medicine. The





former spends most of his time trying to figure out why he has not been appointed to the Supreme Court bench; the latter the most of his in calculating the reforms he will recommend when he is made a member of the State Board of Health."

"T. Hipps has had a nervous breakdown, trying to prepare a solution which will replenish bald heads. He is traveling now in South America, and has taken J. W. Dickie and I. C. Prevette with him as his medical advisers. J. F. Carter says he would have gone along as chaplain of the crowd had he not already accepted that position in the State Institution of Reform. So the place was given to Johnnie Neal."

"You must think you see it all," shouted a voice. Without heeding the interruption, the speaker continued:

"The firm of E. P. Yates and E. P. Stillwell, insurance agents, is doing a great business in Havana, Cuba. A. O. Dickens is their chief stenographer, which place he holds down because of his excellent handwriting."

The scenes began to come faster now. Everyone in the room was trying to talk louder than everyone else. It was impossible for me to get all that I saw, and what the others said they saw. I wrote it as it came, and I am not responsible for it.

"O. W. Yates, pastor of a church in Fayetteville."

"George Jarvis, a notary public in the city of Asheville."

"A. C. Warlick, a teacher of voice in the home of—"

"A. S. Ballard, an usher in the church of Rome at—"

"B. Oliver, a professor of great prominence in—"

"R. Green in his constable campaign will win—"

"S. White, a fisherman on the shore of the sea—"

"B. Giles, the surveyor of the county of Lee—"

"Griffin, who is still a railway clerk—"

"P. Carter went east to doctor the Turk—"

I saw that I was getting only a sentence here and there. The voices were all going together, and the roar became distracting.

"Stop, you fools," I shouted. "Write what you see, and let me do the same."

Immediately everyone began to write; some on the walls, some on the floor, some on the bedspread, and one on the back of my collar. From what I could make out that one had seen, George Pennell, who had become an





enthusiastic worker against the privileged classes, was prosecuting the Seaboard Air Line Railway for taking the privilege to run train No. 3 by Wake Forest College without stopping.

What was written on the floor, I could not make out. The bedspread was "riddled" before I got to it. On the walls was written a lot of French and German that I could not translate, and I doubt if anyone else could. There were pictures and cartoons of various and sundry assortments. Whether prophecies or riddles, I could not solve them. I did find one which was as follows: "R. F. Paschal was seated in my easy chair, rocking a cradle. His countenance was serene and sanctimonious. Across the room was a woman, I suppose his wife, seated at a desk, reading a law-book, and smoking a cigar. The name of the picture was: 'The Product of Woman Suffrage.'" I saw also a sign: "C. J. Whitley and W. W. Walker, trained nurses. All calls answered immediately." "The rest is silence."

From the scenes that passed before me, I learned that K. T. Raynor and H. P. Smith had organized a glee club, which gave performances at high school commencements, consisting of solos, fiddling, and dancing. C. W. Mitchell was financial director and stage manager of the club.

C. H. Johnson, who had gone to Cuba to teach, soon married a Spanish lass, and is now acting as page in the court of King Alfonso. C. J. Carpenter went into exile because he could not happen to such good luck.

J. G. Lane, after spending the most glorious forty years of his life in trying to make Wake County land produce ten bushels of corn per acre, has given up in despair, and is now spending his energy on an invention whereby a man with one arm broken may shuffle Rook cards. R. J. Hart and R. H. Norris have already given up their positions as teachers in the Philippines, and have returned to canvass Mr. Lane's new invention.

Following this was a statement that M. D. Phillips, a prominent engineer of the South, has been appointed as keeper of one of the locks of the Panama Canal. But the saddest article of the whole performance came last: "R. B. Duckett and Archie Horton, chief cooks at the Yarbrough, sustained a great loss when that building was burned, in that they are left with nothing to do."

The last flash revealed:

"The moving picture shows, and having shown  
Moves on. And if it shows a hut or throne,  
We bow. If right or not, accept your fate,  
For nothing e'er returns to make the verdict known"

--PROPHET





## Senior Vote

**A**FTER the din and smoke of a bitter campaign, the clouds of election have cleared away, and exposed to the public the results of the Senior vote.

Electioneering? Well, if legging, displaying cheap cigars, and, according to "Polly" Green, "snorting" is any indication—yes. Notwithstanding the many talents, accomplishments, and eccentricities of Wake Forest's greatest class, the distinguishing characteristics have made possible a selection satisfactory to all candidates.

In the first place, the most popular member of the Class is, of course, Mitchell. That "Smiley" is the greatest ladies' man no one questions, although closely pursued by Shepherd, Stringfield, and Neal. In a single voice, the Class united in placing the well-deserved wreath of laurels on the brow of our best athlete, Tyner, though again "Duke" and "Stringy" follow very closely. And as to where the tailor's art reaches its highest perfection, the Class is not able to decide between Grindstaff, Mitchell, Sustare, and Raynor.

The most ladylike—a scrap, wrangle, and many ballots resulted in a "tie." The Class's charming friend, Miss Heims, the librarian, was asked to cast the deciding vote. For her kindness, Miss Heims will never be forgotten by the Class of '14. The name—oh, excuse me; of course she said Roy J. Hart. When a vote was taken for the best orator, Mac Johnson was first, with Dickens and Chambers tying for second place. For the best all-round man, E. P. Stillwell stood at the head of the list of the many aspirants for this coveted distinction.

When it came to the most dignified, "Judge" Chambers won first place—there was no second. There were few who cared to be slandered by being called hard workers, but the votes had to be counted, and—would you believe it? O. W. Yates, Ballard, and Warlick each received the same number; one vote was cast for "Crook" Thomas. To the Ananias Club, four new members were elected—Dixon, Horton, Green, and White. The tightest wad? Yes, there were two contestants—Griffin won first place, but Phillips lacked only one vote of coming up with him, and so has contested the election on the ground that "Grii" promised Whitley a cigarette coupon for his vote. Pshaw! When it comes to a





politician, Pennell was the only man to get a vote, though he had several competitors.

The best writer went to C. H. Johnson, without another contestant in the field. After a two-minute speech on woman suffrage, even the pessimist, "Smiley," voted for Yates, E. P., as best debater. The hottest sport went to Hipps by an overwhelming majority, while the biggest rounder, after two solid hours' balloting, went to "Dutch." The one most likely to marry first—three are already married, and even not allowed to vote—was our handsome Dean, Rodwell. "Mutt," Rowland unanimous! "Jeff," Duckett, hard pushed by Hamrick and Lane.

Optimists? Sure, there are two in our Class: Prevet and Dickie Meredith. Parasites: There were several, oh, how near; but so far as was brought to light only Shepherd, Paschal, Tyner, and "Smiley" had taken the required number of hours. "Old Folks" was the wittiest thing we had—speaks short things without saying a word. Our best "egg" was "Ham," and the cynic, gee! 'twas Yates, E. P.

"Nominations in order for the best dancer," announced the chairman. Wallin sprang to his feet, fearing that he would be nominated first, and put before the house the name of June Vann, the boneologist; but before he resumed his seat Carpenter interrupted by saying that he had a man in mind. "Gee! what a close place that man is in," interrupted Smith, H. P. There was such confusion that the president had to call the election off.

There was no one who dared to run against Jarvis as B. S., though several had been legging for the distinction. The philosopher went to "Witchee," who of some is said now to surpass Aristotle. The giant is our protector Whitley, with foundations unshaken.

After a ten-minutes' speech on Y. M. C. A. work, our popular and congenial friend, Norris, nominated John Watson as the handsomest man of the Class. He was elected by acclamation. Prominent among the Bull Moose and suffragette leaders you will find Dixon and "Jack" Mull, with the help of Peter Dickie, who declares that "Women shall be free"—to wear pants or slit skirts as they please.

Woman-haters—Britton and Martin were nominated by the red-headed "sky." J. F. Carter. The most reserved and modest, of course, is Campbell.





## Last Will and Testament

**W**E, THE Class Fourteen, having plumed our wings for flight relative to our departure from this sphere, in full possession of a sound mind, memory, and understanding, do make and publish this our last Will and Testament, hereby revoking and making void all former Wills by us at any time heretofore made.

And, first, we do direct that our funeral services be conducted by our friends and well-wishers, the Faculty, only enjoining that the funeral be carried on with all the dignity and pomp our situation in the college scale has merited.

As to such estate as it has pleased the fates and our own strong arms to give us, we do dispose of the same as follows, viz.:

Item: We give and bequeath to the Faculty a respite from our numerous petitions, in which they have so faithfully and diligently acquiesced. No more will we be called upon to bend our haughty knees to supplicate; no more will they be pained to refuse. It has been hard to have our fondest hopes thwarted; it must have been hard for them to refuse so worthy a pleader.

Item: We give and bequeath to the College as a whole, from that boundless storehouse, whatever of our startling information and knowledge, gained by our untiring zeal, perseverance, and ingenuity, that said College may at any time bring into question, in the enlightenment and uplifting of those who may follow.

Item: We give to the Freshman Class the following advice, accepting which will lead them to glory. Carefully scrutinize the first-year gentlemen of your Sophomoric year, and you will see yourselves as we saw you. Do not become discouraged, however, for development comes sooner through bearing failures than successes.





Item: The subjoined list will be recognized as entailed estate, to which we do declare the Class of Fifteen the real and rightful successors.

1st. Senior privileges. And just here we want to recommend highly, to those gentlemen who have an innate desire and tendency to exercise freely their natural instincts, Dr. Sledd's green pastures, where there may be flopping of ears and genuine enjoyment on the part of all who may attend, without the slightest disturbance or molestation to the common peace of mankind.

2d. Senior dignity is always handed over to the new-made lords of the college world. We are afraid that this will be a strain upon the nerves and muscles of the gay and debonaïr Juniors, but all hope they will rise to the occasion, as they sometimes can.

Besides these enforced gifts, we leave, not of necessity, but of our own free will, our blessing and a pledge of friendship from henceforth.

All the rest and residue of our property, whatsoever and wheresoever, of what nature, kind, and quality soever it may be, and not hereinbefore disposed of, we give and bequeath to our Dean, for his use and benefit solely, under this one provision, that he, at all times, keep himself sufficiently and adequately supplied with suitable stationery, to keep all delinquents regularly informed as to their religious and gymnastic shortcomings.

And we do hereby constitute and appoint said Dean sole executor of this, our last Will and Testament.

In Witness Whereof, We, the Class of Fourteen, the testators, have to this our Will, written on one sheet of parchment, set our hand and seal, this twenty-third day of May, Anno Domini one thousand nine hundred fourteen.









MISS LUCY ARMELIA OLIVER  
JUNIOR CLASS SPONSOR





JUNIOR CLASS



## Junior Class Officers

H. H. CUTHRELL  
S. GOODE  
LEO HORN  
A. R. GAY  
R. H. TAYLOR  
H. M. SWEANEY  
C. W. CARRICK

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

✦ ✦

## Junior Class Poem

**A**S FRESH, we toiled as best we could,  
Our humble, meager role to play;  
As Sophs, we kept the Freshies good—  
And good they've been unto this day.

But now as Juniors erudite,  
We care no more for paint or shears;  
We try to be the guiding light  
For those who've tarried not our years.

To prayers and church we always go;  
No letters from the Dean we get;  
The coins and dice we never throw—  
But over books we toil and sweat.

We meet no trains, we cut no class,  
We break no rules of any kind;  
On quizzes and exams, we pass;  
A better class you cannot find.

—POET





## History of the Junior Class

IN THE Fall of 1911, there landed at this institution one hundred and seventy-three new men. Among this number were undoubtedly some of the freshest Newish that ever landed here, but it did not take long for the Sophs to salt us. Before we were here one week, representatives from our Class, who had never before had the nerve to ask for bread when they were hungry, were addressing groups of Sophs and upper classmen on subjects they had never heard of before. We were also trained in the arts of dancing and singing. The trouble with this was that we had too many instructors, too few of whom were capable of giving instruction. We closed that eventful week with a parade of the streets, half-dressed.

The Winter of 1911-12 was one in which nature chose too often to cover Mother Earth with a blanket of snow. This the Sophs made use of, for while the snow was on the ground all Freshmen were induced, by means of snowballs, to be very polite to upper classmen. No one was allowed to pass by without taking off his hat (not merely raising it). When Spring at last came to our rescue, we knew how to appreciate "Excelsior" for Professor Hubbell, who happened to be a Newish "Prof." that year.

September 3, 1912, found us again gathered here, numbering one hundred and nineteen; this time not as Freshmen to be chased by Sophs, but as Sophs who, with but few exceptions, chose not to follow past customs, but to set a new precedent. That was to treat Freshmen as men, our equals in every respect except in the matter of class standing. We dealt with them in a square and above-board way. We aided the student body to put its final stamp on hazing. For the first time in the history of the institution, the Freshman Class was allowed to meet and organize in the chapel, unmolested by Sophomores and upper classmen. We sought to cultivate a spirit of friendliness, instead of one of hatred, as heretofore.





The Class of 1916 are following in our footsteps. This year so far has been one of fellowship and good feeling in the student body as a whole. Hazing—having fun at someone's else expense, and to their chagrin—is fast becoming a thing of the past. The present Junior Class stands, as its past well shows, for higher morals and a better college spirit. We have striven to promote unity and co-operation with, rather than abuse of, our fellow students, regardless of class.

The Class of 1915 has been active in all phases of college life. It was one of our Class that laid the foundation for our Glee Club, which has made such a superb record for the past two years. In almost every edition of *The Student*, there is something by a Junior. In Society work we have not been idle. At every meeting of the Societies, members of our Class are heard from. Last year, in both of the intercollegiate debates, the Sophomore Class was represented.

The present Junior Class is doing its part in upholding the record of Wake Forest College in athletics. Members of our Class have played on every team since we have been here. In the Spring of 1913 we put out the strongest baseball team in the history of the College, and at that time the strongest college team in the South. On this team, Cuthrell, Billings, and Parker were among the stars.

On the gridiron we held an important place, furnishing more than our part of the team. Camp is among the best guards in the State, and Billings has no superior as a quarterback. Cuthrell held his place on the end against whatever came, while Horn in the backfield rushed forward with the "pigskin" regardless of what was in front of him. When it came to basket-ball, Davis was there to guard and Cuthrell to play forward against all comers; while on the track Horn, Incoe, and Britton were there with the goods. The only tennis team sent out by the College for some time consisted of two Juniors, Arthur Sledd and Robert Middleton.





## The Junior Class Prophecy

**A**FTER being officially notified that I was the duly elected prophet of the Junior Class of 1913-14, I sought for two months to locate the habitation of the "familiar" spirit that has so long inspired Junior prophets at "W. F. C." On December 20, I gave up the futile attempt in order to take advantage of the holidays. On arriving at College after the holidays, I was very much dejected at the prospect of writing the prophecy of the most promising Junior Class in the history of the Institution without superhuman aid.

In this state of mind, I left my room at eight o'clock in the evening, and walked aimlessly to and fro in the campus. Not feeling any consolation in this exercise, I seated myself on the rustic to the rear of the Alumni Building, in order secretly to give vent to my ill feelings.

Suddenly there issued from the door which opens upon the abode of the dead a ghostly-looking figure, clothed in a loosely-hanging white robe, carrying an open parchment in his scrawny hand. He fixed his prophetic eyes on me, and in the same instant bade me hearken unto the reading of the parchment, and to write accordingly. In a muffled voice, which was scarcely audible, he read thus concerning the activities of the Junior Class between the years 1920-25:

"Thaddeus Ivey is 'leading the young minds along the flowery paths of knowledge,' without complaining that the way of the pedagogue is like that of the transgressor."

"Whitehurst is making some valuable experiments with that rare metal, radium, as a possible cure for cancer."





"Dotson has expounded a new theory which purports to account for the apparent movements of the magnetic pole."

"'Sampson' Chambliss has grown a long beard, which he strokes constantly as he presides with dignity over a political convention."

"Tom Avera is speaking vehemently in behalf of a measure to protest the so-called 'setting terrapins' in our eastern waters."

"Pegg is making a personal application of the popular song, 'Peg o' My Heart,' to a winsome lady whom he desires as a helpmeet. His position as a 'legal light' now entitles him to 'enter into a more perfect union.'"

"'Brother' Page, our most efficient ministerial student, has arisen through many trials and tribulations to a very enviable position. He is now holding forth in an aristocratic Virginia city."

"'Sir Pinkey' Prevette, at one time member of the Legislature from the county of Wilkes, is now engaged in writing his autobiography."

"Mr. George Washington Lassiter, famous as a composer of Sunday School songs, 'is chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon.'"

I fain would have heard more pertaining to the achievements of the worthy sons of this same Junior Class, but much to my chagrin someone intruded on our privacy at this point. The apparition lifted a warning finger, and straightway vanished from sight in that dreary room.

With fear and trembling I left that haunted spot; yet not without feeling thankful that I had accomplished in part the mission whereunto I had been sent.

"If this be error, and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved."

—PROPHET





# SOPHS.



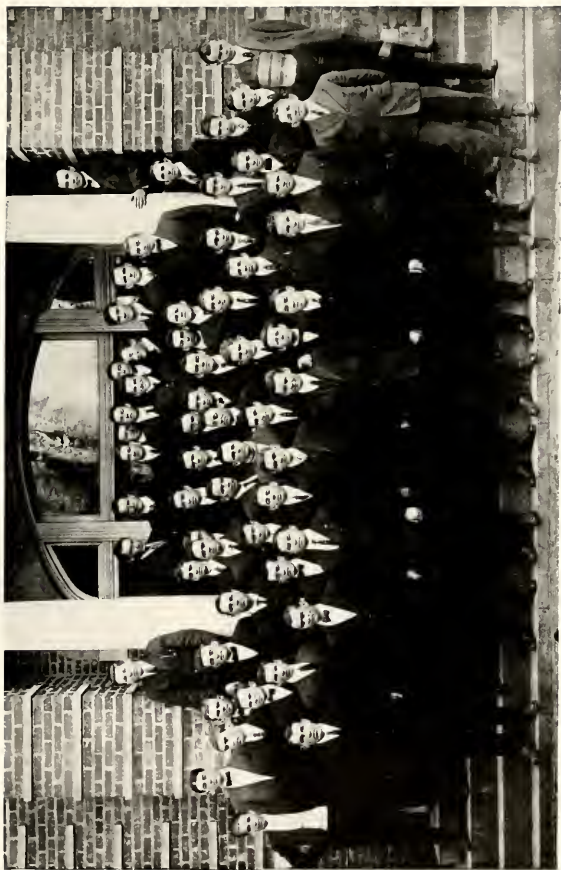
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MISS LORNA HELEN BELL  
SOPHOMORE CLASS SPONSOR





SOPHOMORE CLASS



## Sophomore Class Officers

A. I. FERREE  
N. J. SIGMON  
D. K. PERRY ...  
C. J. HUNTER, JR  
L. A. BIRD, JR  
ROY TATUM ..

*President*  
*Vice-President*  
*Secretary*  
*Historian*  
*Prophet*  
*... Poet*

+ +

## Sophomore Poem

**O**NCE we were "wild" and "wooly"  
(That was long, long ago);  
Now we are "timid" and "cold-footed"  
(At least that's what they think they know).

The Junior brags of what he's done,  
While the Senior listens awhile;  
They both hurl at us "cold-footed,"  
But we just lie low and smile.

Just give us a chance, and we'll show you,  
Some night about half-past one;  
Though we're "slow" and "timid" and "cold-footed,"  
We'll guarantee enough will be done.

Some day in our wrath and fury,  
We'll break loose with a shout and a yell,  
And woe to that tardy Newish,  
For we'll surely give him h—.

We'll catch him and black him,  
And we'll cut his old hair,  
And if that's not enough, we'll beat him,  
And make him dance in the air.

Then the Junior will not brag of what he's done,  
When past us scalped "Newish" file;  
And they'll no longer hurl at us "cold-footed,"  
But we'll just lie low and smile.

—POET





## History of the Sophomore Class

**L**ET us begin by correcting a false impression. It is generally believed that Wake Forest College was founded in the year of our Lord eighteen and thirty-four. The fact is, that our beloved institution dates from nineteen and thirteen, the year in which the present Sophomore Class entered upon the scene of action.

This humble chronicle of the achievements of that Class must be brief. The Annual is supposed to be devoted to the glory of Seniors; and if the history of the Sophomores were given in full it would detract attention entirely from the real purpose of this volume. Even a list of our celebrities must be omitted, space forbidding the printing of a Class roll.

Let it suffice, then, that our Class is a broad class, its activities extending from Norlina on the north to Johnson Street on the south, and covering all intervening territory. Our members have been on the football team, the track team, and the baseball team; in the highest councils of the college, and in jail.

Let one fact serve for a climax. When we were Newishes (we really were once, although it is difficult to conceive of such honoraries ever having been in such an ignominious condition), less hazing was practiced on us than on any subsequent class. In the majesty of our presence, the long-drawn howl of the hunting Sophomore was hushed, and the sable compound of the hacking-pot was spilled upon the ground. Here let this record close.

One word more. Our secretary has been flooded with so many applications for group pictures of the Sophomore Class that we take this opportunity of announcing that the supply has been exhausted.

—HISTORIAN





## Sophomore Class Prophecy

**D**REAMS never appear to be taken seriously by the majority of those of us who happen to find ourselves lost in the land of dreams. But while returning back to dear old Wake Forest, after a day of emotion mingled with pleasure, I found that weariness had suddenly overtaken me.

When the old train was just out of Raleigh, I dreamed a marvelous dream.

I was traveling because my physician had advised that, after years of untiring activity in the business world, I needed a rest; and then it was that the dear old college days were brought back to my distant memory.

As I stepped off the train in Salt Lake City, I was rushed to the hotel, where I had made the necessary arrangements to stop. After the usual preliminaries, I found myself, quite content, indulging in those things which bring rest to those who wander in quest of health.

Sitting one day in a comfortable Morris chair, listening to the music which the band was so skillfully rendering, I noticed a very tall, dignified man approach, and, as I scanned his toilworn face, certain familiar expressions revealed themselves. After close questioning, I found that I was talking to no one else than Rupert F. Carter, M. D., who had won great fame as a specialist in external diseases. And then, as though springs had been incidentally put under me, I found that I had arisen, and was firmly embraced in the arms of "Legs" Carter, my old classmate.

In the course of our conversation, he reminded me that a lawsuit was on that had created great excitement. We walked down to the courthouse, and the case was explained to me when we got in the room. I found out that "Heiresses' Idyl" Ferree was being sued by "Sister" Wright for marrying his only wife, after already having seven to look after. And who should I see on the bench as judge but "Ikey" Daniels, with a wife on each side of him? Then there came out, as attorney for the plaintiff, Calvin Monroe Adams. I talked to all the boys, and found that "Sister" Wright had a good position as civil engineer for the R. and S. Railroad. After a hearty handshake, I departed for New York, where I was to meet my wife, and sail abroad. Arriving in New York I immediately had our baggage safely put aboard the liner, that was about to sail. After our noonday meal, we found ourselves slowly but surely leaving old New York for a breezy sail across the broad Atlantic.

While strolling over the decks on the next day, I learned that the champion basketball team of America was on board, going to play the champions of Europe, and that they were to give an exhibition for the passengers that afternoon. So at the appointed time we strolled down to the gymnasium and got a list of the players, and comfortably seated ourselves to witness the game. In reading over the list, my eyes suddenly fell upon the name of "Alex. Hall, Coach." Three times I started to read on, but each time my eyes came back to the name above mentioned. Right then and there I knew that some time,





somewhere, I had heard that name before, and once more I found myself taking a trip on the sweet old ship of memory.

Just as I was about to give up searching, the boys entered, and I at once recognized old Alex, the star forward on the W. F. C. basket-ball team. Disregarding formalities, I left my seat, leaped into the court, clasped his hand, and reminded him that we had been Sophomores at college together. We walked to the sideline, entered into a conversation about former college days, and after a hearty handshake I assured him that we would meet on deck in the morning.

The next morning, when Alex came out to meet me, who should he bring with him but A. C. Lovelace, who was on his way to Oxford University, to deliver a lecture on "The Continental Origins of Shakespeare." While we were there talking about Wake Forest, a man came up and interrupted our conversation by wanting to know if there were freight trains in Europe. To my surprise, who should I be confronted with but "Bill" Hardaway? We all had a jolly time together the balance of the voyage. I told them all good-bye when we reached Liverpool.

After visiting the parts of interest in Europe, we then journeyed to China; to see how marvelously she had adopted our western methods of education and religion. Well, one day as I was observantly walking down the street in Canton, a rather stout fellow, having recognized me to be an American, came up and tapped me on the shoulder. Upon scrutinizing him closely, I recognized "Sky" Powell, who informed me that he and Frank Ashcraft were over there as missionaries and educators. Upon invitation, I walked with him to his office. As we entered, I noticed three balls above the door, and lo and behold! I found that he was running an up-to-date pawnshop, with Ashcraft as head clerk. Of course I was surprised, but I managed to keep it to myself, and we had a real nifty time, seeing the different classes of Chinamen at their daily vocations. During the latter part of my stay in the place, "Sky" told me that Ashcraft had married a "real sweet Mongolian spouse," and was living high in China society.

On leaving Canton, there were not many incidents that happened to make my journey homeward interesting. But upon arriving at San Francisco, I was met at the gateway by a grip-snatcher, who told me his name was "Slick." Well, I handed him my two suitcases, and told him where to take them. I never once thought that anything would happen to remind me again of my former college days; but, on arriving at the hotel, "Slick" was there, and to my surprise asked me if I had ever studied engineering at Wake Forest College. Upon examination, I found that I had been confronted by my old friend, "Slick" Sledd. Notwithstanding his high position in life, I was glad to see him, and invited him to take tea with my wife and myself. After tea, I excused myself long enough to talk to my secretary, and, as I was telling him of our next move, I felt as if the wings of a beautiful morn had suddenly grasped me in its outstretched arms, and was bearing me away. While in the midst of this skyward flight, I felt something pulling and shaking me violently by the shoulder, and I awoke just in time to hear the porter call, "Next stop, Wake Forest!"

—PROPHET





LEWIS & CLARK

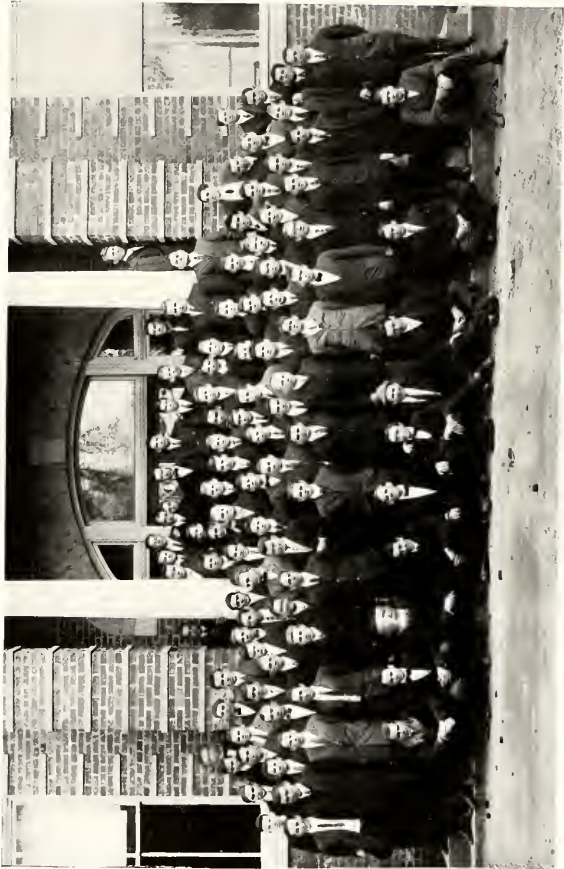
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MISS NELL COVINGTON  
FRESHMAN CLASS SPONSOR





FIRSTMAN CLASS



## Freshman Class Officers

T. P. WILLIAMS  
B. M. BOYD  
C. L. WHARTON  
V. MITCHELL  
W. C. HARWARD  
O. G. TILLMAN

*President*  
*Vice-President*  
*Secretary*  
*Historian*  
*Prophet*  
*Poet*

+ +

## Freshman Class Poem

**M**AKE way for the Class of 'Seventeen!  
The finest fellows that ever were seen—  
From the East, from the West, from the hills and the plain,  
From Mitchell's Mount to the roaring main.

We come from the uttermost neck of the woods,  
But we are the fellows that have got the goods.  
Though we don't want to brag, we do want a chance;  
So give us the road, and we'll show we can dance.

We have danced to the tune of "Newish, lie low!"  
We got to our holes when the Sophs said so;  
Gawky and green we may most of us be,  
But the stars of the future here do you see.

And many a day when the game is won  
Shall a 'Seventeen man lay out the home run  
And say, don't you think, now you've looked us all o'er,  
We'll do pretty well in a year or two more?

For the Freshman Class is the coming class;  
So I hope, Mr. Senior, you'll please let us pass.  
And may there be no moaning on the "Hill,"  
When we are through, and "father" has paid the bill





## History of Freshman Class

**T**O WRITE a history of the Freshman Class of 1913-14 is a task for one more able than the present writer. There are deeds to relate which none but a master hand can justly portray. I shall attempt to tell, in a very brief way, the most notable events of our Freshman year.

Early in September, about one hundred and thirty new men, who had completed the high-school course, and desired to continue their studies, entered our glorious institution of learning. We were given a cordial welcome by the upper classmen, who informed us that hazing had been ruthlessly destroyed; yet we knew the traditions. Accordingly, we kept ourselves well concealed during the first few days. We did not appear in public without a legitimate excuse. We were unassuming, reserved, respectful to our elders, and delightfully obedient to our superiors. Our modest bearing and retiring dispositions even eclipsed the monks of the Middle Ages.

We soon learned that the upper classmen meant to do us no harm; that they were really our friends. Therefore, we decided to meet in the Chapel, to elect officers. No former Freshman Class had ever dared to do such a thing. During our third week in college, we boldly met immediately after chapel exercises to elect officers. The Seniors met with us, to help us organize. Many long political speeches were made in favor of each candidate for president. Then the balloting began. After the third ballot, it was found that one candidate had received a majority of the votes cast. He immediately delivered his inaugural address, which was followed by great applause. The other officers were elected in somewhat the same manner. The Seniors then read the rules of the Senate Committee, and gave us a lecture to help us to understand our surroundings, and to develop seriousness of purpose; in short, to make us good college citizens. There is plenty of testimony that their counsel was received with pleasure and profit. That lecture helped us to get into the purpose and spirit of college life.

We soon got the true college spirit, and found our way into every place where duty called us to defend the honorable record of our College. Many of our number have been seen on the athletic field, trying for places on the various teams. With few exceptions, they won the coveted positions. Several Freshmen won the "W" on the football, baseball, or track teams. Our Class has shown its mental caliber to be in proportion to its physical ability, for we have shown decidedly higher and broader training than has been observed in other years. We have been true and loyal to the Literary Societies, and have made good use of the opportunities that they offer.

No class has ever been more loyal to its Alma Mater; and we bid fair to give to Wake Forest in 1917 the best "all-round" Senior Class yet, notwithstanding the fact that some will grow weary and fall by the wayside, while others climb the steep, rugged slopes of the mountains of difficulty that intervene.

—HISTORIAN





## Freshman Class Prophecy

**A**ND it came to pass, in the one hundred and thirty-eighth year of the American Independence; in the first year of the reign of Woodrow Wilson the Great; that the spirit of prophecy came upon the servant of William Louis, the son of Poteat. And lo! as I had laid me down to sleep, early in the morning a voice said unto me: "Arise, and behold thy classmates, for they are many, and their callings are as the sand of the sea, and their labors mightier than all things that can be compared to them. Prophecy, for the destiny of thy classmates is before thee."

And immediately I got me up, and looked toward the rising of the sun; and as I looked there was a noise in the treetops of a mighty wind, as of the sound of many waters, and it came and smote upon mine eyes, and I beheld an apparent stranger, who said, "Come with me, old boy, and take a peep at my new machine." It was no other than my old classmate, Cook, the sign painter. Being a natural mechanic, he had turned his attention to a mighty and fancy flying machine, painted in many colors. He asked me to get in and take a flight with him.

On our trip, I saw many members of the Freshman Class of 1913-14. The first I remember to have recognized was Mumford. He was dressed in the very latest style, and was going down street with two girls. It seems that he still held on to his habit of "sporting," notwithstanding the fact that he had been run into his hole several times during his Newish year by the Sophomores, and at one time was compelled to take the back way through the garden and over several fences to reach his room in safety.

As we passed over Raleigh, I saw one of the most magnificent buildings of our State, the clothing establishment of Tally & Bullard. And glancing down the street, on the opposite side, my eyes were arrested by a dazzling sign: "The Wilson Printing Company." This was hung out before a building owned and controlled by Percy H. Wilson, containing the unique and most up-to-date





printing establishment of the South. These had all stopped school and gone into business at Raleigh, so that they would be nearer their friends at Merideth.

When we neared the outskirts of Atlanta, we heard the most grating and awe-inspiring sound I have ever listened to. Cook said to me, "For the love of Mike! what is that sound I hear?" Upon closer inspection, we found it to be a band of would-be singers led by——Well, I'll be hanged if it wasn't Wharton. He, not being satisfied with the Orchestra and Glee Club here, gave up the hope of getting a degree because he was defeated in the race for president of the Freshman Class, went South, and organized a tuneless quartet, so that he could take part.

We had now left the earth so far that it looked like a tremendous ball, and I could not recognize anything I saw on it until we had come to San Francisco. Here the Exposition was going on, and I saw many members of our Class, most of which were there to spend a pleasant vacation, and see the world. In this crowd I noticed "Sky" Hester. He was on an elevated place of ground with a crowd of roughnecks, telling yarns, and just as we were nearest him he said in a loud voice, "Well, tell me this, when has a goose got the most feathers on her?"

There I saw the greatest football game I have ever seen. It was Wake Forest against the sailors. Strange to say, Blanchard has grown to be a heavy man, and together with Dixon, Harris, Lee, and others, mostly of our Class, gave them a hard fight, and won the game by the close score of 7 to 6.

There was Barnes still making his patriotic speeches for the team and for the College in general.

After spending two years with our Alma Mater, most of which was spent grubbing up Latin roots and derivatives, Prevatt left us, and there I saw him running a cold drink joint, in the vain hope of learning pharmacy.

We passed on, and I did not see anybody I knew until we came to the heart of Brazil. There, out in the open air, preaching to a crowd of Brazilians, I saw——Confound it! I might have known Cook could not have made a machine that would last.

—PROPHET



CLASS



PRES.

DEPT.



LETING PED



JOE WITTEBERG

PRES.





# PREACHERS





MISS RUBY PENNY  
MINISTERIAL CLASS SPONSOR





MINISTERIAL CLASS



## Ministerial Class Officers

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O. W. YATES		<i>Vice-President</i>
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R. K. REDWINE		<i>Prophet</i>
DWIGHT IVES		<i>Poet</i>

+ +

## Ministerial Poem

+

### The Call

**T**HE word comes to you, my dear brother,  
From Him Who rules over all;  
Go forth to the task set before you,  
And hasten to answer the call.

Thy work is to help mortals upward  
And lead them nearer His throne,  
To tell them of Christ the Messiah,  
Whose death for all sin did atone.

Thus living and serving thy Maker—  
In thought, in word, and in deed—  
Thy life will show forth His likeness,  
And bring home to others their need.

So earth shall have been for thy living  
More with His plan in accord;  
And when we appear in His glory  
"Thou shalt receive thy reward."

—POET





## Prophecy of Ministerial Class

**T**HOUGH I have all other things, and have not the gift of prophecy, it profiteth me nothing.

But what is the need to worry? I am a prophet by the doctrine of election—elected by my fellow-classmates.

You say I'm one of the new prophets? Well, I suppose you are right; so it makes little difference what I say, since its veracity will certainly be questioned.

Yet, since I have been given this honor, which of course specially endows me with the vision of a seer, I must take a dip into the future. Right now, while Jack is gone, is a good time for me to try to dream a while.

I fancy a dozen years have passed. In my study, in a western Carolina village, I've been boring for two hours, trying to decide on a suitable sermon for my congregation.

Touring through a stack of books, I run across a copy of *THE HOWLER*. On opening, the first thing I see is that homely but good-natured group—the Ministerial Class of 1914.

That looks natural. Makes me think of old times. But what has become of all the boys? Here are three who left college before they had been there one session. One of these is still preaching in his poor but honest way, accomplishing good in the humble walks of life. The other two soon found out that the world was in no hurry about paying them what it owed them; so they began to change occupations about as often as the moon changed. When last heard from, one had just found the correct interpretation of his G. P. C. vision of years ago, and had gone to plowing corn for a farmer; and the other was still running loose, trying to sell a fifteen-cent pair of spectacles for a dollar.

Seventeen of these never finished their college course. Three of this number have attained prominence. They have worked exceedingly hard, and are now holding good pastorates.

Eight of these are holding country fields, composed of four churches each. Three are farming for a living, and preaching as a sideline. One has given up the ministry entirely, and is now located at a country crossroads, in a little, dirty, dingy building, supplying the people of his countryside with sugar





and coffee, snuff and tobacco, and acting as general political philosopher for the neighborhood. The other two I haven't heard of since they left college. I notice that most of these persevered until they completed their college course, but even then a few fell by the way, and have never preached a single sermon. I notice in this group, among those who graduated, a lawyer, a doctor, a teacher, a business man, and two farmers; and here are two that I've never heard accused of doing anything.

It is said that some did so badly. I wish they had all done well; but then the saints won't be willingly persecuted always. When congregations come to demand pay for listening to the fellows preach who wanted money to pay the debts they had made in college, they sighed and wondered where on earth they could borrow the money; but when the amount demanded was increased, and credit was gone, some were compelled to turn to other things.

Of those now actively engaged in ministerial work, nearly all of them took some theological training. This Class has been represented in all the leading theological seminaries in this country. I notice that ten of these men took degrees from higher institutions of learning. Two of our number are now professors in theological seminaries.

The first churches in Charlotte, Asheville, Greensboro, and Durham are supplied with pastors from this Class. Four of the best men of the Class are pastors in cities of other States; Norfolk, Atlanta, Memphis, and Baltimore are the fortunate cities. Six representatives of the 1914 Class are laboring among the heathen of foreign lands.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack! why do you come in here in such a bluster? You knocked all the prophet out of me.

"Dick, I'll tell you; I'm going to get married, and take my wife to the Seminary with me."

My! My! With such a vivid imagination as that, I'm sure you should have been elected Prophet of the Class.

\* \* \* \* \*

My prophetic inspirations have lacked detail. While the eternal destinies are fixed, as set forth in the foregoing prophecy, yet the placing of the names has been withheld from me. But time will solve the problem, and each man will supply his name in its proper place.

—PROPHET



TRACED BY HAND





MISS LOUISE HOLDING  
TEACHERS' CLASS SPONSOR







TEACHERS' CLASS



## Teachers' Class Officers

W. E. FLEMING  
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O. P. HAMRICK  
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*President*  
*Vice-President*  
*Secretary*  
*Treasurer*  
*Historian*  
*Prophet*  
*Poet*

## The Pedagog

**W**HO starts the child in learning,  
And sets his heart to yearning?  
The teacher, with his training  
Gives the child that would be waning,  
Incentives that he needs to make a man,  
And gives him nobler visions,  
Which prompt him to decisions,  
That will figure in this great and helpful plan

Who gives him great ambitions,  
To conform to all conditions?  
'Tis he who tells them Lincoln,  
And other men to think-on,  
Whene'er he gets "A boy upon a log"  
"You can reach the top, by working  
And no honest duty shirking,  
Or, be President!" will say the pedagog!

Who quickens aspirations,  
That will make men heads of nations?  
The one who teaches history  
And solves the "Solar" mystery,  
Helps the poor kid the answer right to reach;  
Then gives him rules in spelling,  
And grammar—There's no telling,  
What this pesky Old-School teacher doesn't teach!

Who gives him higher knowledge,  
And sends him on to college?  
That one who teaches "Cicero,"  
And algebraic "Ratio,"  
Tells speeches, stunts, and things which he "got off"—  
So the teacher's first creations  
Form the men that make the nations—  
Get to teaching, noble clan, and be a "Prof!"

—POET





## Teachers' Class History

**G**EORGE WASHINGTON could not have been a historian, because he loved the truth too much. Josephus shouldn't have been, for he was much inclined the other way. Of the two, however, the latter had the better turn for the business, for a historian can't be partial to truth. Walpole once exclaimed, 'Anything but history, for history must be false.'

The Teachers' Class has been recognized as an organized body of students for only three years. Nevertheless, we would not forget those who, prior to this time, received their diplomas of graduation, and paved the way for our present organization; those who are now actively engaged in the teaching profession. The present Class has only a brief history, but many interesting and important facts of a historical character may be revealed.

On the athletic field, it has always been our highest ambition to beat the "Skys." Year before last, while the Varsity baseball team was away, we played the "Skys" a pretty good game. In the ninth inning, our captain, Nanny, also star pitcher, succeeded in landing a ball far beyond reach of the centerfielder, making a home run. This brought the score to a tie, 10 to 10. In the tenth inning, the "Skys" were successful in adding another run to their score. Their captain had the nerve to think he could pitch, though no one else was so optimistic; but when he walked in and struck out the first three pedagogs at the bat, no one ever dared to question his ability to pitch. As we could not help ourselves, we walked away defeated, with the hope of beating them the next season.

Be it known that we never attempt to play football, for we deem it utter uselessness to take active part in the knocks, bruises, and broken collarbones which we see looming up before us when we become pedagogs in reality.

In basket-ball we have never lost the "pep." Since we beat the "Skys" year before last, we have not been able to arrange another game with them. Here's hoping that they will come across and give us a game next year, and we will promise our defeat for their encouragement!

We have no representatives on the Varsity baseball team; but when it comes to horseshoe pitching, we are there with the goods, and still claim the championship.





This brings us down to the more active phases of college life. In the Young Men's Christian Association we are well represented. Last year two members of the Y. M. C. A. cabinet were pedagogs. This year we are equally well represented, and may it be said to the credit of the Teachers' Class that we have the spirit of the organization, and that we have been, and are, ever willing and eager to carry out the things for which the Association stands.

The president of the Baraca Class, last Fall, was a pedagog, who was one of the strongest men in our Class, and an influential leader in the student body. The teachers are enthusiastic workers in the Baraca Class, and perform their part with zeal.

Our class furnishes more men for the "Scrub" Faculty than any other class in college. Year before last we had nine representatives in that august body. Last year we had six; while this year we are claiming as many as seven.

Some of our members are not so dogmatically opposed to hazing. A few of us think that whistling and dancing the "Newish" is a fairly good method for securing social control. And, according to the law of association, we think it prudent to use, occasionally, a little lamplblack and a pair of scissors as a sure remedy for those who think they are wise in their own conceit. However, we have submitted to the appointment of several of our members on the Senate Committee.

The teachers believe that "The pen is mightier than the sword," and contribute their proportionate amount of material to the college periodicals. Four-fifths of *The Student* staff are members of the Teachers' Class—Paschal, Johnson, Hart, and Whitley. On *THE HOWLER* staff, we have four members.

Some of the teachers who have left our Class, as was said of old, "were born, not made" teachers, and in whom the instinct for knowledge, and for imparting it to others, was sufficiently strong to overcome all obstacles, and carry them to the highest eminence in their profession.

The Teachers' Class at Wake Forest College have the manhood, courage, and "Spizzerrinctum." In short, we agree in one accord with the writer who said, "The teacher is the high priest of the future."

—HISTORIAN





## Teachers' Prophecy

**F**ROM the day I was selected to foretell the fates of my classmates, I began to think of their possible destinies. When I considered how illustrious the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen was, the undertaking baffled me. I tried in vain for four or five months to project myself into the future. I had almost given up all hopes of writing a Prophecy. The editors of THE HOWLER announced to me that I only had two more days to get my work in. I was forced to think fast. Just at this time I was reminded of the old tradition that certain old women, by examining the coffee grounds which had been left in a cup, could predict the future destinies of men. I was informed that such a woman lived within four or five miles of the College.

Up to this time I had never put much confidence in fortune-tellers of any kind. However, it was evident to me that something must be done, or there would be no Prophecy for the Teachers' Class. As I considered how old this tradition was, and how universally it was believed in, I determined to take my troubles to her. The next question which arose was when to go. I finally decided that night might possibly be more propitious than any other time. Not caring to take this trip alone, I began to look around for someone to accompany me to her hut. I went to my friends, and with a great deal of difficulty persuaded a couple of them to go with me.

We started out one night about nine o'clock. At first we began to tell all kinds of jokes, and amuse ourselves in various ways. However, as we got nearer to the place, we began to realize the object for which we had come. Suddenly the whole crowd became serious. The latter half of the journey we walked along in silence. We reached the cottage about eleven o'clock. It was one of those cold, dreary nights in January. The moon was shining brightly, and the wind was whistling through the trees. It was at that bewitching time of night which is calculated to make a slight shudder run over any of us when on a mission like this. We approached the log cabin, which was situated on the edge of the forest. I went quietly to the door, and gently rapped on it. After a slight pause, we heard the old lady say, in an indifferent manner, "Come in!" This old lady was sitting before the fire, lost in her own thoughts. Her husband was sitting in the corner, quietly reading a newspaper. After we had explained to her our errand, she proceeded to get ready for the task. She made some fresh coffee, and after drinking a cupful of it, she poured the grounds out into a saucer. I handed her the names of my classmates, and asked her to tell me their fortunes twenty-five years hence. She read over the names carefully, and began to examine the coffee grounds. After this examination, she read out the following prophecies:

Fleming, after leaving Wake Forest, had pursued his studies in a Northern University. He is now teaching Pedagogy in the University of Indiana.





Ballard, thinking it too slow a process of making money, has abandoned the teaching profession twenty years ago. He has shrewd intellect, and decides that money can be coined in the West if he will only exert his activities out there. He is now engaged in the real estate business in a Western city.

Noted while in college for his wit and originality, Holmes has become a Lyceum lecturer. He has been in every important city in the United States, and is soon to make a tour of the world. His favorite subject at this time is: "Can Saturn persuade Venus and Mars to unite in a new-fangled dance known as the electric whirl?"

The high school claimed the ardent devotion of Warlick for five years. Not satisfied with this position, he had specialized in mathematics. He was elected to the chair of Mathematics in Wake Forest College.

Griffin, upon leaving college, had secured an appointment to teach in the Philippine Islands. At first the Filipinos were greatly disappointed in him, owing to his size; but they gradually became acquainted with him, and discovered that he was a thoroughly prepared teacher. He was quickly promoted. He married one of the Filipino lassies and is now superintendent of a number of schools there.

Paschal traveled abroad for several years. He came back to this country to accept the Professorship of Philosophy in Harvard University. He had made himself famous by writing several books. The title of his latest is "The Relation Between the Heart and the Brain."

Stevenson, finding the work of the school-room entirely too laborious and monotonous, has decided to devote himself entirely to literature. His greatest achievements have been in the field of poetry, though he had written two or three interesting novels. He found that the instruction which he had received while in College was a great asset to him in this work.

C. H. Johnson had from the time he left College been interested in government and political economy. He took a special course in Economics in Columbia University. Besides performing his duties as Professor of Political Economy in the University of Chicago, he has written a book on Practical Economics, which has gone a long way toward solving the meat and bread problems of the poorer classes of people.

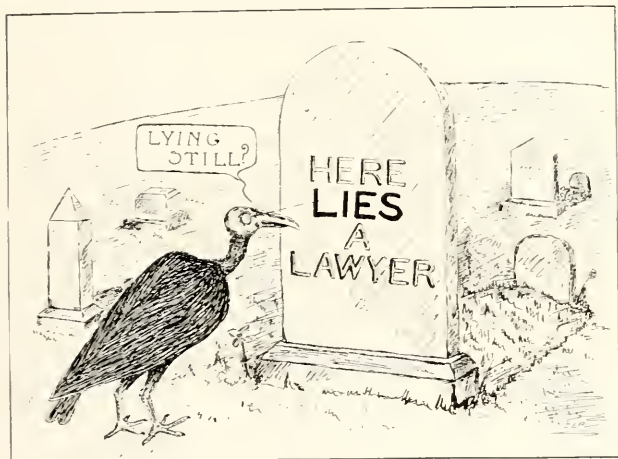
Norris had been appointed county superintendent in his native county. He has never married, but prefers to live in comfortable bachelor quarters. He has been a great force in pushing forward the educational reforms, and is seeking in every way possible to raise the standard of intelligence.

I looked at my watch, and saw that we only had two hours to get back to the College, and report to the editors. I gathered up all the notes I had taken while this old lady had read out these prophecies. We rushed back to the College, and got there just in time to avoid a black cloud which was rising in the west.

I here present to you the prophecies of these men, as I remembered them when told by this old fortune teller.

—PROPHET



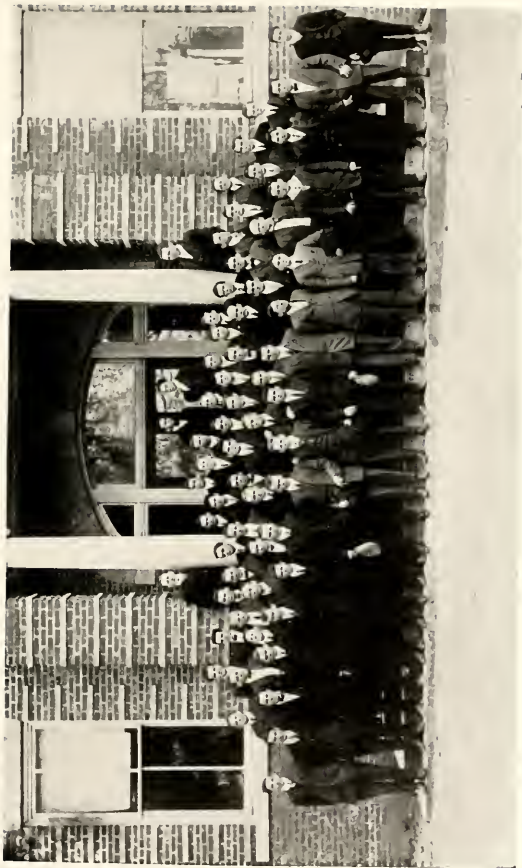




MISS LOUISE P. HEIMS  
LAW CLASS SPONSOR







LAW CLASS



## Law Class Officers

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G. L. JARVIS  
L. L. BRASSFIELD  
W. W. WALKER  
E. PREVETTE

*President*  
*Vice-President*  
*Secretary*  
*Historian*  
*Poet*

+ +

## Law Class Poem

**L**IST! I hear the lawyer pleading  
Standing at the courthouse bar,  
And his client sadly weeping—  
Into crime he's sunken far.

On his brow stands perspiration,  
Sternier grows his piercing eye,  
Deeper, louder roars his pleading—  
He will win his case or die

But the court is strong against him,  
For his client's wicked crime  
Shines before them like the sunbeams  
On a sheet of winter's rime

Look! The judge is sobbing, weeping,  
Tremble all the jurors' knees;  
And the client's proudly smiling,  
While the lawyer seeks his fees.

Oh! What honor for a lawyer  
(While he's in this cooler clime)  
To thus relieve his clients' burdens,  
Both of money and of crime.

Now to those who have the pleasure,  
Yet to stand the old State Board,  
Since I feel they're so deserving,  
I must grant them some reward.

So to those who try and pass it,  
Here's a broken, rusty nail:  
"Pep" to those who hope to try it,  
But h— to those who fail —Poet





## History of the Law Class

**L**AWYERS have been accused of almost everything except writing history. They usually make history, but leave the recording to someone else. It is repulsive to every fiber of a lawyer's nature to confine himself to facts long enough to write a history which would be at all authentic, as this one is expected to be.

The present Class is the most renowned that Dean Gulley has had the honor of associating with, "from the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." Aside from being "learned in the law," as it is found in books, they are very original. On certain quizzes, they have been known to create law, not even found elsewhere in the realms of legal lore. When these aforesaid embryonic lawyers are asked oral questions, they "look wise," and lest their knowledge should be made manifest they keep in mind the proverb, "A still tongue maketh a wise head."

This may be called a bonnoriously-developed Class, because we have men who represent every phase of college life. In athletics we have always stood at the very top. We always furnish men for the different Varsity teams. The batting of Edwards was largely responsible for our famous victory over A. & M. on Easter Monday of last year. Hensley also plays baseball like a big leaguer; and can be depended upon to take care of one man upon the basket-ball floor. Trust made an enviable record in football the last season. Last Fall, we triumphed over our ancient foes, the Doctors, in basket-ball, by a score that even a lawyer would hesitate to publish, for fear of being suspected of exaggeration. In every athletic contest, last year, with the above-named "pill rollers," we were the winners. I record this evidence just to support the old saying, "history repeats itself."

In Society work, our Class is always "there with the goods." Pennell, Johnson, and Dickens, the Anniversary representatives, this year, from the Law Class, acquitted themselves with credit. Jarvis is an orator of no mean ability, and Stillwell's unswerving logic is telling in debate.

While the majority of the members of the Class are fine examples of the all-round college man, Green, Pennell, and Stillwell have perhaps figured most prominently in college history. Green, better known as "Polly," is our salesman, and one of the most popular men in the Class. Stillwell is a hearty supporter of the Y. M. C. A., Judge of the Moot Court, and an all-round good





fellow. Pemell is an orator and politician. He usually walks off with the polls, because if a fellow ever had politics down to a science he is the one.

Dickens is a ladies' man of the first water. The fact is, he is likely to be captured by a pair of "brown eyes" at any time. A pair of "lily white hands" appeals to him more than the stern voice of the law. This is perfectly natural, since he is a handsome fellow; but Rowland has already warned him that "a man can't be pretty and learn the law at the same time." In spite of this, "Dick" goes on repeating:

"But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me."

The Moot Court is "the best ever." It is conducted in a business-like and practical way, for which we owe thanks to Professor Timberlake, who acts as Chief Justice. The courtroom is crowded every time a case is tried. All classes frequently come out to hear these young legal lights, who have already eclipsed Webster and Marshall in eloquence and argument. If Blackstone could see the fruits of his labor, he would be surprised at his success as a propagator of legal knowledge.

Now brothers, my task is almost done. Of course it is impossible to note all you have done; to relate all the victories you have won; to mention the difficulties you have surmounted. You have passed with honors through the intricate mazes of Real Property and Evidence. You passed through the fiery furnace of Code Pleading and Contracts. What you cannot do remains to be seen. We pass out from these halls, not as the finished product, but as students ready to study and grapple with the intricate problems of the legal world. We do not intend to rest content with past achievements but, encouraged by these things, we expect to undertake greater things in the real battle of life. Now, as a parting word, let us be what lawyers should be, interpreters and not evaders of the law; let us have in view justice as a final end. Then we may be worthy students and followers of Blackstone, Jay, and Lincoln, an honor to our profession.

—HISTORIAN







MISS JOSEPHINE KELLY  
MEDICAL CLASS - PONSOR





MEDICAL CLASS



## Medical Class Officers

I. C. PREVETTE	<i>President</i>
H. M. VANN	<i>Vice-President</i>
J. R. VANN	<i>Secretary</i>
W. P. MULL	<i>Treasurer</i>
EUGENE DANIEL	<i>Historian</i>
J. W. VANN	<i>Poet</i>
"Dick" RANKIN	<i>Surgeon</i>
C. V. TYNER	<i>Chaplain</i>
H. J. LANGSTON	<i>Prophet</i>



## Medical Class Poem

**A**ND here's a toast to the Medical Class,  
Some twenty-odd "birds of a feather!"  
Through thick and thin, and to the end,  
We always stick together.

Of 'scopes and slides we have our share  
And plenty of cadavers too;  
With "stiffs" to cut, and cultures to prepare,  
We always have enough to do.

But we shouldn't worry about our work,  
For our life will be filled with such;  
And the tasks that come we must not shrink,  
If we ever amount to much.

So have respect for the noble profession,  
And when we are under the grass,  
May only a word be enough for us,  
"They belonged to the Medical Class!"







## History of the Medical Class

**P**HYSICIANS, of all men, are most happy. whatever good success soever they have, the world proclaimeth: and what faults they commit, the earth covereth."

The Medical Class of 1914 is a record-breaker: certainly it has studied more than any preceding Class. The days have been crowned with study hours, "stiffs," and tests: but through it all we have worked with a will, and rejoiced when we passed.

Some days have been especially blue, and we have envied Langston with his happy laugh when he would come in with his daily letter: and we wondered what fair damsel had so much time to spare.

All of our number are not with us now. "Splint" Noell and Bill Bray left us in the Fall, and are at the University of Maryland, from which place they send glowing reports of their marks and escapades—mostly escapades.

The Medical Class has enjoyed many celebrities, some of them in the "Newish" Med. Class—Robertson the famous ball player who starred with Mobile last summer, "Hypo," the Histology king, and Gyles the authenticity on—Physiology.

The "Newish" Meds. will always remember the bogus quiz Hipps gave them.

Prevette and "Absent" Vann are at their old stand, dealing out amusement to the other members of the Class by "ragging" and "dragging" each other.

The Medical Class is active in other phases of College life also: The "Jailbirds" beat us last Fall in basket-ball; but we have to encourage them occasionally. On the Varsity baseball team, we are proud of Stringfield; and he is always there with the goods. And when it comes to playing center on the football team, well, no one is in "Duke's" class.

The Lawyers beat us last year in baseball; but we are just waiting for the game this Spring—we will show them something. It is a treat to watch Tyner get over the ground on the track team; the other fellow is just not with him. We hope Dixon will not try fencing any more with red hot pahas; he might lose an eye in truth the next time.

Mull is the intellectual spark of the Class; he is Assistant in Anatomy, and also somewhat of an orator. We also lay claim to a "Beau Brummel," in the guise of Dickie. The fair one lives at Henderson, and Dickie makes frequent excursions in that direction.

We hear Herbie Vann, Prevette, and Gyles are going to take an extended trip to Europe this Summer—they sold textbooks to the "Newish" Meds.!

These are not all the records of the Class of 1914, by any means; but merely a fleeting glimpse into the everyday lives of some of the number, and we hope the small beginnings of great endings.

—HISTORIAN





## Prophecy of the Medical Class

**I**T WAS in the year 1914, that a company of prospective physicians ordered me to foretell their future. When I conceived fully the order, I heard myself saying, "I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, nor were any of my people before me prophets." But the order came back in tones of thunder, "You must prophesy." The order this time was evidence of two things only; namely, a prophecy or death. I chose the former. Hardly had I done this, before I was transported to a region wholly new to me, and very strange indeed. It seemed to have never known light, and so far as I could see no cheerful life had gone through this region. I was in an awful condition, and to say I was in a dilemma but mildly expresses my experience. But too soon there appeared a beautiful being, as lovely as loveliness itself. She heard my story, and became kind, tender-hearted, and sympathetic. Then it was Diana led me from this dark region into the palace of her father—Apollo; and there he let me see the future of the Medical Class of 1914.

It was in 1935. The Class of '14 was scattered to the three corners—West, North, and South (not one was brave enough to face the great East)—of the earth, each member making himself great, or otherwise, in his field of work. The first to appear before me was P'vette. He had long before been disgusted with the changeableness of women, and had given himself wholly to the study of physiology, and was at this time trying to work out the class of enzymes that aided in breaking up love, and in this way discover a remedy for this disease of woman-changeableness.

My old friend Hips, I was glad to see in a great university, located in the North. He was lucky in more ways than one, for, besides having failed as a physician, and then selling slides and cover glasses for a living, he had a number of Hips about him.





I recognized "Duke" Carter in one of the great Western cities, and with him was "Heart-breaking" Stringfield. These fellows held positions in a university as teachers of Anatomy. Also they were leading surgeons of this part of the world; however, Stringfield was still strong on looking sweet, and causing some woman to say, "He is s-o cute; I wish he were mine."

"Peter" Dickie had at last put into practice the three essentials that make a man a good husband, namely: be a Christian, have a good job, and a bank account. But to my sorrow, he got balled up in love, and was still living as when we were in college—without a wife. However, he had a good practice, in Henderson, N. C.; and in the same town Holcombe had settled, and was doing fine work—not as a physician, but a business man.

In one of the Southern universities I discovered "Jack" Mull. He had made himself great in the world of research work, and was just finishing a book on Bio-Chemistry. Vann was also in this same university, and had made himself famous by his new book on "How to Clean Bones."

H. C. Dixon had not only reached the place of success as a physician in one of the North Carolina towns, but had written a great book on "The Sick Mind," and was at this time being in great demand all over the country to speak to the masses on the subject of his book. He had, also, after much deliberation, taken to himself his "rib," and he counted it a joy to talk of "H. C., Jr."

Lo! I thought my story was told, but in looking over the field I met my old friend Tyner. He had settled in a country village, and had a practice well worth any man's life. Yes, and he had written a book on "The Importance of Increasing the Population," and believe me, he had practiced his gospel, as there were many Tyners in his home.

At this point Diana came and led me back through the region from whence I came, and gave it to me strictly in charge to record the future of the Class of 1914 as I had seen it in the palace of Apollo.

—PROPHET





## To Departing Youth

**S**WEET youth, I sigh from thee to part,  
From thee, as from no other;  
Nor hope have I on earth to clasp  
The hand of such another.

Full many a day we've roamed the hills,  
The vales, and by the river;  
Full many a peaceful night we've slept,  
And dreamed of parting, never.

But since new years have brought new cares  
And rough and wintry weather,  
And thou'rt too young the storms to brave,  
No more we'll rove together.

No more we'll greet the dawn of morn  
With heart so wild and tender,  
Nor see the evening sunset glow  
With half its gorgeous splendor.

And oh, how sweeter, dearer,  
I hold thee close, close to my heart,  
As gray time who shall bear thee off  
Approaches near and nearer!

Then kiss me once again while yet  
Thy dying eyes do glimmer  
With gems of love and pearls of joy  
That still grow fainter, dimmer.

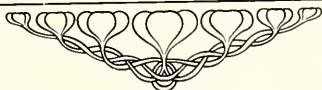
Yea, kiss me while the hand of Time  
Our silver cord doth sever;  
A kiss, and then farewell, dear youth,  
Farewell, farewell forever!

—A. L. DENTON





# Organizations







M



Y



A



ARLIDGE, SEC.

C



GATCHEL, PRES.

Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS



KANSAS CITY DELEGATION





**Our Societies and  
Representatives**





## To Euzelia

**E**UZELIA, Mother dear,  
Our loyalty and love, with every passing year,  
We pledge anew to thee, and to thy altar bring  
Our faith, our hopes, our prayers, our efforts, everything.

In years beyond recall,  
We've rendered thee our tribute in thy sacred hall;  
And far and near, thy true and honored sons still raise  
Their voices, stronger grown, but yet to speak thy praise.

And thus it e'er shall be;  
The glorious past, in laurels wreathed, we bring to thee;  
As thou hast been our guide throughout the years of yore,  
The future, brighter still, be thine, we thine e'er more!





EUZELIAN SOCIETY



## Philomethesia

IN FORMER days, Philomethesia,  
Thy banners were held high by noble men  
Who, hence departed, herald still thy name  
In their wide spheres with potent tongue and pen.

And now shall politicians, honey-mouthed,  
Alone lisp secrets to the hear'ning hall?  
Does now no more the clear-toned orator  
Let his long-wished-for silver accent fall?

We are the sons of those who went before,  
And, with high inspiration then, we must  
Raise to the stars th' eternal standard lest  
It trailing lose its luster in the dust.





PHILOMETHESIAN SOCIETY



## Baylor - Wake Forest Debate



J. C. McCourey, Esq.

### Query

Resolved: That the Federal Government should retain its present forest and mineral lands, located within the several States.



C. J. Hunter, Jr., Phi

Affirmative: Baylor.

Negative: Wake Forest.



## Davidson-Wake Forest Debate, 1914



J. M. PRITCHARD, Ed.



E. P. YARES, Phi



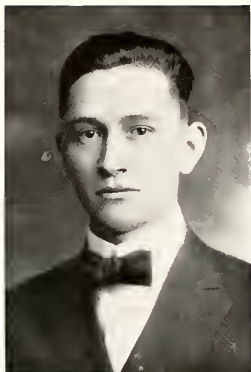
J. P. MULL, Eu. Alt.

### Query

Resolved. That all candidates for elective offices, in North Carolina, should be nominated by a direct primary, modeled after the Wisconsin plan, instead of the convention system.

Affirmative: Davidson.

Negative: Wake Forest.



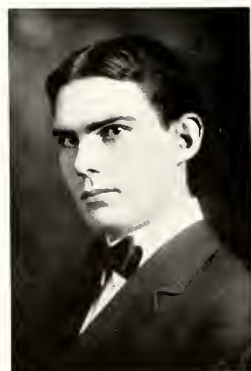
D. M. JOHNSON, Phi.

**Orators**



GEO. PENNELL, Eu.

**Anniversary**



W. R. CHAMBERS, *President*

**Officers**



R. B. GREEN, *Secretary*





W. W. WALKER, Ed.



A. O. DICKENS, Phi

**Anniversary Debaters**



R. H. TAYLOR, Phi.



J. C. MCCURRY, Ed.



MIDDLETON CHIEF



NEAL CHIEF



CANNADY



HENDLEY



DANIELS



PUGH

ANNIVERSARY MARSHALS



J. M. GATLING, Esq.



A. LEE CARLTON, Phi.

### Junior-Sophomore Debaters



C. J. HUNTER, JR., Phi.



J. B. EDWARDS, Esq.



CUTTRELL, PHIL.



ARLEDGE, PRES. T.



BRASSFIELD, E. U.



POWELL, PHIL.



FERREE, SEC. S.



WARD, E. U.



CARLYLE, PHIL.



TILLMAN, E. U.

JUNIOR-SOPHOMORE MARSHALS AND OFFICERS



SENIOR SPEAKERS



DEBATE  
COUNCIL



DEBATE COUNCIL



PASCAL P.  
EDITOR IN  
CHIEF



JOHN S.  
EDITOR IN  
CHIEF

XXXIII  
Number  
**THE WAKE FOREST  
STUDENT**



WHITLEY  
BUSINESS  
MANAGER  
May, 1914



HART  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



WILLIAMS  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

FOREST, NORTH CAROLINA

"THE STUDENT" STAFF



FACULTY EDITOR



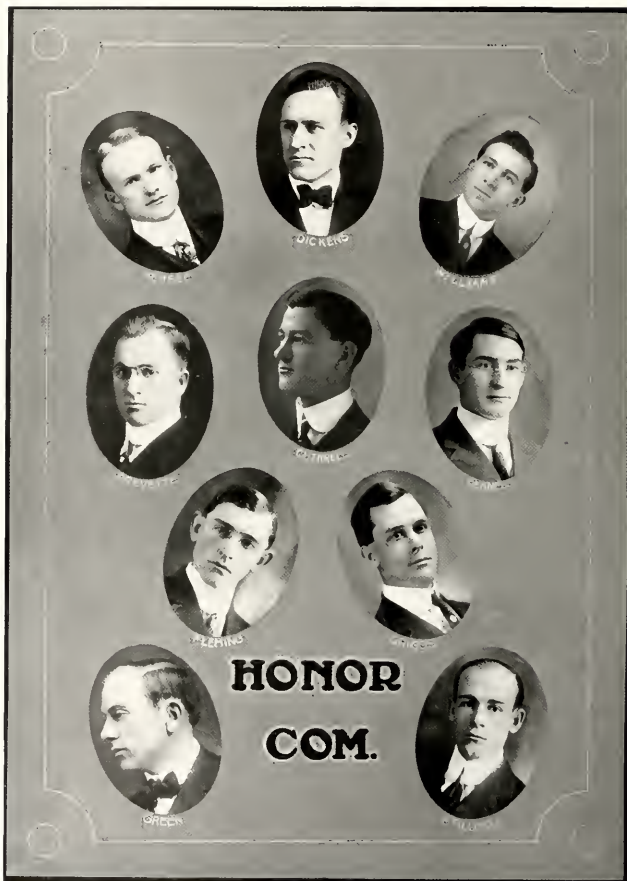


HOWLER

STAFF



"THE HOWLER" STAFF



WELLS



DICKENS



WELLS



WELLS



WELLS



WELLS



WELLS



WELLS



GREEN

**HONOR  
COM.**



WELLS

SENATE



WATSON



WATSON



WATSON



WATSON



WATSON



WATSON



WATSON

COMMITTEE



MENNELL



WATSON



JARVIS

# SCRUB FACULTY



W. J. ...



C. ...



L. ...



M. ...



R. ...



C. ...



L. ...



F. ...



H. ...



G. ...



D. ...



FRENCH



HOWELL  
CHEM. II

# SCRUB FACULTY



SCRUB FACULTY



MULL CHIEF

HORTON CHIEF

CARRICK

HORN

ABERNETHY

WARD

COMMENCEMENT MARSHALS



## The Professor's Poultry

IRA T. JOHNSTON

**R**OM Fourteen in Glenn Dormitory was strangely silent that night. Rupert Winn, elbow was on the table, his chin in his hand, while his brow was contracted with deep thought—a very unusual attitude for the gay Sophomore; but, to his mind events justified the change. James Reynolds, his roommate and best friend, had departed from College on the noon train, and under a cloud; in fact, the Student Senate Committee had notified him that a ten days' leave of absence would improve his health. Proud and impulsive, he had refused to appear before the Committee, and answer the charges brought against him by Professor James. Hence the verdict.

Now Professor James, who occupied the chair of Latin Literature, besides a profound knowledge of the old Roman masters and irregular Latin verbs, possessed—or rather, had possessed—a pretty daughter, and some chickens. They were the professor's pride, his daughter and these chickens—Plymouth Rock of pure blood. And thereby hangs a tale! And this explains why James Reynolds had departed from College, why Professor James had missed his Latin classes for one whole half-day, and why Rupert Winn was sitting in his room that night, silent and dejected, while his erstwhile companions yelled Freshman fright on the campus.

Winn had been to the movies that night. He was not a frequenter of that place of entertainment. But his roommate was gone; and his books failed to relieve the melancholy which held him in thrall. He had been a rather uninterested spectator at the movies; but his interest had been aroused by one incident. The play was "The Victory"; and while everybody applauded the triumph of the American flag over an imaginary South American foe, Winn had felt no patriotism bubbling in his soul.

But when the incident of the American Consul proving the innocence of the young American officer who was charged with the murder of the president of this imaginary country was thrown on the screen, Winn sat up and took notice. The Consul examined the room which was the scene of the murder, and discovered that the bullet which had passed through the President's body, had struck a clock, and stopped it; and the silent witness, having remained stopped, proved that the murder had taken place two hours after the young officer had left the President's apartments.

This gave Winn an idea. The conviction of the conspirators, the daring deed which saved the American fleet from destruction, and the closing scene, in which the young officer clasped in his arms the girl he loved, made no impression on Winn's mind. He hurried to his room, and sat—thinking.

"By George!" he mused: "why can't I turn detective, and prove that Reynolds didn't kill those darned chickens? I know he didn't kill 'em, but he was too proud to go up there before the august Senate and say so. But why can't I do something?"

He reviewed in his mind the events which had led up to the present state of affairs.

As before mentioned, Professor James had a daughter. And Bess James was the acknowledged belle of the college town. Half the students would have flunked on Latin for the privilege of one smile. And many pored over Vergil and Tacitus until the wee sma' hours that they might find favor in the eyes of Bess James's father. But Bess was stingy with her smiles; her father, with his favors. And when the smiles were given to James Reynolds, plucky little shortstop on the baseball team, and general good fellow, parental favor did not accompany them.





But Jimmy was not deterred. When Professor James sent Bess away to Waite College, Jimmy purchased an additional box of college seal stationery and an extra book of stamps each week, and made a week-end trip to Gilbert. When the authoritative matron at Waite, by parental orders, refused Bess's "cousin" further admittance, he arranged clandestine meetings, and wore his usual smile.

One day, however, he received a peremptory summons to meet Professor James in his office. Hastily purchasing a package of chewing gum, to kill the odor of nicotine on his breath, he adjusted his necktie, pushed back his hair, and entered.

The professor continued to read the Latin I quiz pads, seemingly as absorbed as a Freshman reading *The Cosmopolitan*. Jimmy cleared his throat.

Professor James looked up. "What is it?" he demanded.

"You sent me word you wished to see me, sir," said Jimmy.

"Oh! You are the young fellow that's been tagging around after Bess, are you? Well, I just wanted to tell you that it's got to be stopped, here and now. You've got to promise to quit attempting to call on her, quit corresponding with her. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," meekly.

"Will you promise?"

"No, sir," quietly.

The professor flew into a passion. "I'll keep Bess at home—I'll send her to Europe, if necessary. You are not fit to touch the hem of her riding-coat, you presumptuous whelp!"

It was Jimmy's turn to get angry. He wanted to say something mean to the irate professor. He happened to think of the chickens, the Plymouth Rocks, the professor's pride and his hobby. Of all unlucky thoughts, it was the most unlucky. But he was angry, and he wanted to say the worst thing possible. It seemed foolish to him afterwards.

"I'll kill your d—d chickens," he blurted out.

If he desired to increase the professor's ire, he succeeded well. Choking with rage, the professor pushed him through the door, and closed it with a bang.

And next morning, three of Professor James's Plymouth Rocks were sleeping the last sleep! He immediately called the Senate Committee together, made his charges, and insisted on expulsion. Reynolds refused to appear. The committee decided on ten days' suspension. They thought of the baseball season, and Jimmy at short-stop.

And there you are! Or rather, there was Rupert Winn. The chickens had been poisoned, of course. There was no mark of violence. But poison was a slight clue. Winn was not a Med.; but he put on his hat and overcoat, and went down the dormitory steps, across the campus, and over toward the woodland back of Professor James's residence.

"Though they have not been dead four days yet, I fear they stinketh," he mused; "but if they do, I'll do something. I'm not strong on Chemistry, but I made o6 on Chemistry II before Christmas. And I know H<sub>2</sub>O from CO<sub>2</sub> at any rate. And I'll cut 'em open, and have what's in their craws analyzed. Then I'll have a claw to work from. Of course they are thrown down here in the woods somewhere."

At the edge of the woodland, he paused to get his bearings. Then, with the dignity of a Sherlock Holmes or a Craig Kennedy, he made his way between the trees. The moonlight was filtering through the barren branches above, so he had no difficulty in making observations of his surroundings. And soon he made a discovery. In a rather open place were evidences of a fire—and feathers scattered over the ground!







"By George!" Rupert ejaculated; "what in the thunder does this mean?"

He examined the feathers.

"Plymouth plumage without doubt," he continued. "Well, it doesn't look like anybody would eat poisoned chickens. In the words of Mr. Micawber, 'something may turn up yet.'"

After a careful search, which revealed nothing further, Rupert returned to his room. Before retiring, instead of saying his prayers, he made a prophecy:

"I'll go see Professor James in the morning, and I'll make 95 on Latin, and Jimmy will come back to College, and he will—"

Rupert was asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

Early next morning, Rupert boldly approached Professor James's residence, and rang the bell. The professor came to the door, a scowl on his face

"What is it, Mr. Winn?" he inquired, in an irritated tone.

"I wanted to see you about the chickens. I found—"

"I found three more dead this morning," exclaimed the professor, angrily.

"Well," said Rupert; "I don't reckon Jimmy could have killed them, could he?"

"He could have got somebody else to, the whelp!" Professor James replied.

"Say, Professor," said Rupert: "I know something about chickens. If you don't mind, I would like to see those chickens."

The professor, after a moment's hesitation, led the way to his poultry-yard. "Here they are," he said; "three of the finest in the lot."

"Professor, let me carry them off for you," said Rupert.

Professor James looked at him sharply. "Very well," he said; "it will save me the trouble."

Rupert picked up the chickens by their necks, and went down toward the woodland. At the edge of the woodland, he paused, and throwing two of the chickens down, examined the other carefully.

"Seems to me like I feel something on this chicken's neck," he said.

Parting the feathers, he ran his fingers up and down carefully. Suddenly, he gave an exclamation of surprise. There, under the feathers, was a small, strong rubber band! Excitedly snatching it off, he threw the chicken to the ground, and hastily examined the two others. Each had on the same deadly necklace.

"Wonder if Henry Eller is in his store," he mused. "Believe I'll see."

He hastened back across the campus, and down to Henry Eller's store. Henry was in—and alone.

"Henry," he shouted; "has anybody got any rubber hands of you?"

Henry hesitated.

"Why?" he queried.

"Tell me quick," said Rupert impatiently; "it may help Jimmy."

"May help Jimmy?" exclaimed Henry, pondering a moment; "and how?"

"Ah, go on and tell me!"





"Well," said Henry: "Bill McMillan was in here a few nights ago, just after I got that Wu-Waw chewing gum. And you know it has unusually strong rubbers around it. Bill asked me how much I would take for all the rubbers, and I told him he could have them, as I didn't think they would add much to the sale of the gum."

"Was anybody with him?"

"Yes; Joe Waters, and several of that crowd."

"Did they say anything that you heard?"

"Well," Henry replied, after thinking a few moments: "I did hear some of them say something about a d—d good joke, and something about a stew; but I didn't think any more about it."

"Was that the night Professor James's first chickens died?"

"Darned if it wasn't!" exclaimed Henry. "I remember now, Bill told me about the chickens the very next morning. Say, I believe I see what you are driving at—"

But Rupert was out of hearing, going in the direction of Professor James's residence.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was Easter Monday afternoon. The big baseball game of the season was going on. The locals were against the Techs, their ancient foes. The grandstand was crowded with cheering sympathizers of the home team. The band, the rooters, the players on the diamond, were doing their best to win a victory, coveted above all other victories. Dignified professors were yelling like children.

It was the ninth inning. The score was 1 to 1. The home team was at the bat, and two men, heretofore usually safe hitters, had struck out in quick succession. It was a tense moment. The cheering had ceased, the band had forgotten their instruments. A deep silence hung over the grandstand. Jimmy Reynolds stepped forward, and seized a bat. The crowd remained silent for a moment; a deep silence, which spoke more eloquently to Jimmy of what was expected of him than much noise could have spoken.

"Let's give Jimmy a yell!" shouted the cheer leader.

The crowd responded with a will:

"Ray! Ray! Rah, Rah! Jimmy."

Jimmy turned, and smilingly waved his hand toward the grandstand. Then calmly facing the pitcher, he waited. There was a swaying of his lithe form, a crack of the bat, and the ball went over centerfield, over the top of the little ridge, and—Jimmy made a home run!

The crowd went wild. Jones popped up to second, and the game was over. Jimmy was borne on the shoulders of his fellows, while the band played, and the crowd cheered.

After a little, a small hand touched Jimmy's arm. He turned. It was Bess.

"Jimmy!" she said.

The hero had no words. He looked behind her. Professor James was smiling at him.

"Jimmy," said Bess: "father wants to speak to you."

"Jimmy," said Professor James, stepping forward and grasping the boy's hand, "you saved the day for us. And say! I want to apologize to you for accusing you of killing my chickens—my pretty chickens; and I can scarcely forgive those who did. And Jimmy, I want to talk with you. Can't you come over Sunday afternoon?"







FRANK THOMPSON

Frank Thompson, known to Wake Forest men as "Coach," has been with us for three years.

He hails from Raleigh, N. C., where for four years he was A. & M.'s greatest athlete, being captain of both football and baseball teams, and winning All-State and All-South Atlantic honors. After graduating from A. & M. in Textile Engineering, he was made Assistant Coach in football, and head Coach in baseball at the A. & M. College, his skill being shown when A. & M. turned out the best baseball team in years.

At this time, athletics were at low ebb at Wake Forest, and it was plainly evident that a live man of ability and perseverance was greatly needed.

Thus it was that Wake Forest, in searching for a man to meet the situation, found him at her own doorstep, and Frank Thompson became Coach, later becoming Wake Forest's athletic redeemer.

Since Coach Thompson took charge of the situation here, Wake Forest has taken on new life, and has rapidly forged to the front in football and baseball, until she has become a force to be reckoned with by every college in the South Atlantic States.

To whom does the glory go? To whom should the reward be given?

The Wake Forest men will tell you—Frank Thompson.

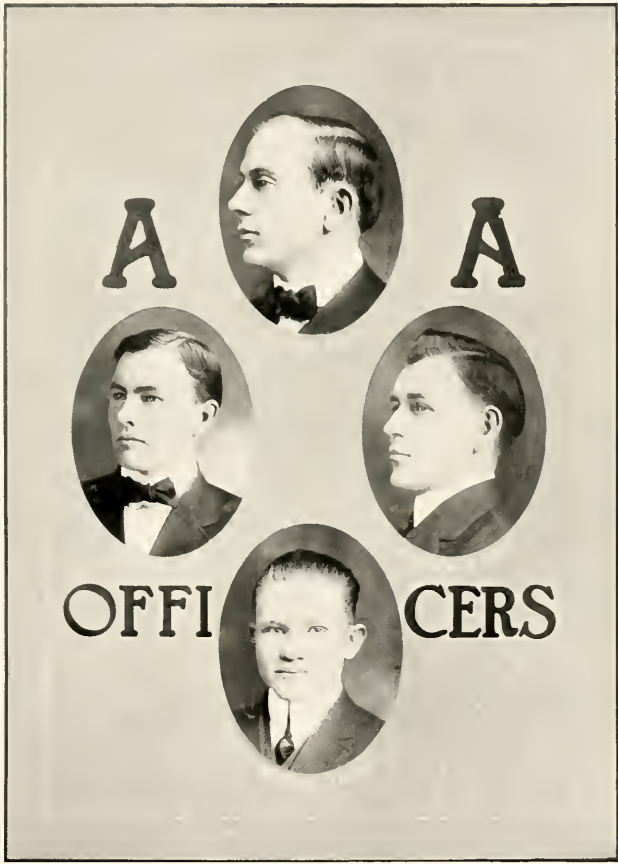
J. Richard Crozier Born, Evansville, Ind., 1876; Captain of basket-ball team, Evansville V. M. C. A., 1893-98; Professional baseball player, left and centerfield, Evansville, 1897; Little Rock, 1901-2; Atlanta, 1903-1-5-6; Augusta, 1907; Detroit, 1908; Manager Raleigh team, 1909; Waterbury, 1910.

Coach Crozier has been a persistent worker for all forms of athletics at Wake Forest since his first connection with the College in 1904. He was Coach of the baseball team 1904-6; Director of Physical Culture from 1905 to date. Crozier organized the first basket-ball team in North Carolina, at Wake Forest College, 1906. Coach Basket-ball Team since 1906. Special student in Physical Culture at Harvard University, 1911-12. At present, finishing his second-year medicine at Wake Forest College.



J. RICHARD CROZIER





ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

# OUR CAPTAINS



CARTER



LANGSTON



SMITH



BILLINGS



FOOTBALL





MISS HELEN PUREFOY POTRAT  
FOOTBALL SPONSOR







FOOTBALL GROUP



VARSITY FOOTBALL GROUP



## Varsity Football Team

S. GOODE		<i>Manager</i>
F. M. THOMPSON		<i>Coach</i>
P. C. CARTER		<i>Captain</i>
CUTHRELL, HARRIS		<i>Left End</i>
RANKIN, WHITE		<i>Right End</i>
POWELL, BLACKMAN		<i>Left Tackle</i>
MOORE		<i>Right Tackle</i>
OLIVER		<i>Left Guard</i>
CAMP		<i>Right Guard</i>
CARTER, SHEPHERD		<i>Center</i>
BILLINGS, DANIELS		<i>Quarterback</i>
LEE, STRINGFIELD		<i>Left Halfback</i>
TRUST, HORN		<i>Right Halfback</i>
SAVAGE		<i>Fullback</i>
DUFFY, DIXON		<i>Substitutes</i>

+ +

### Schedule

September 27	University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill
October 4	Horner, at Wake Forest
October 11	University of South Carolina, at Columbia
October 18	Richmond College, at Wake Forest
October 25	Washington and Lee, at Lexington, Va.
November 1	A. & M., at Raleigh
November 8	Gallaudet, at Raleigh
November 15	Medical College of Virginia, at Richmond
November 27	Davidson, at Charlotte





BASKETBALL



MISS MARY THOMPSON  
BASKET-BALL SPONSOR





BASKET-BALL TEAM





## Varsity Basket-Ball Team, 1914

STATE CHAMPIONS

H. H. CUTHRELL	-----	<i>Manager</i>
J. R. CROZIER	-----	<i>Couch</i>
G. M. BILLINGS	-----	<i>Captain</i>
HOLDING	-----	<i>Left Forward</i>
HALL	-----	<i>Right Forward</i>
TYNER	-----	<i>Center</i>
DAVIS	-----	<i>Left Guard</i>
BILLINGS	-----	<i>Right Guard</i>
HENSLEY, CUTHRELL, WILLIAMS, BLANKENSHIP	-----	<i>Substitutes</i>

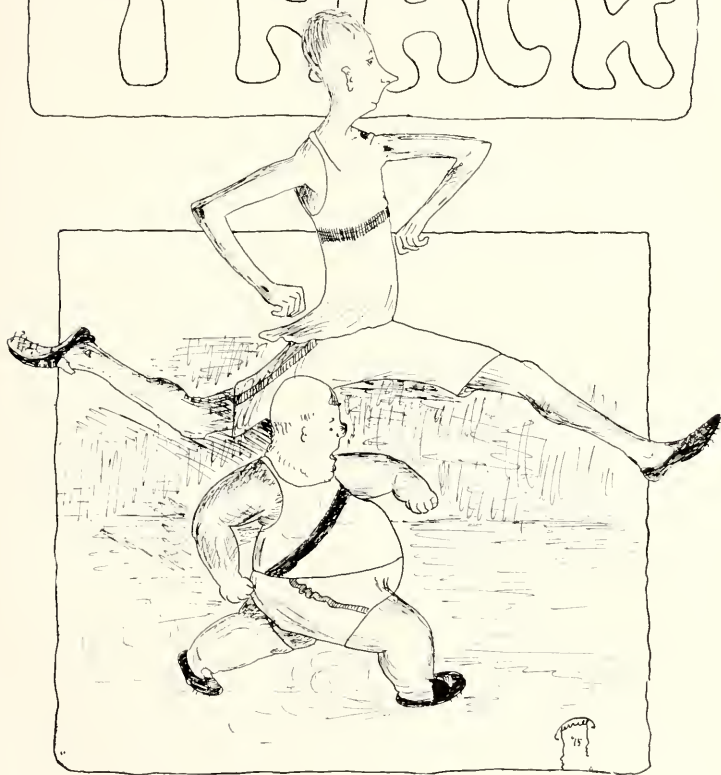
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### Record, 1914

Wake Forest College	54	University of South Carolina	8
Wake Forest College	16	Elon	15
Wake Forest College	48	Charlotte Y. M. C. A.	8
Wake Forest College	40	Roanoke	9
Wake Forest College	13	Guilford	30
Wake Forest College	24	University of North Carolina	28
Wake Forest College	24	A. & M.	14
Wake Forest College	31	Trinity	23
Wake Forest College	39	University of North Carolina	30
Wake Forest College	21	Elon	26
Wake Forest College	16	University of Virginia	80
Wake Forest College	25	Virginia Military Institute	26
Wake Forest College	24	Virginia Polytechnic Institute	29
Wake Forest College	32	University of North Carolina	29
Wake Forest College	14	Trinity	28
Wake Forest College	28	A. & M.	20
Wake Forest College	41	Guilford	15



# TRACK

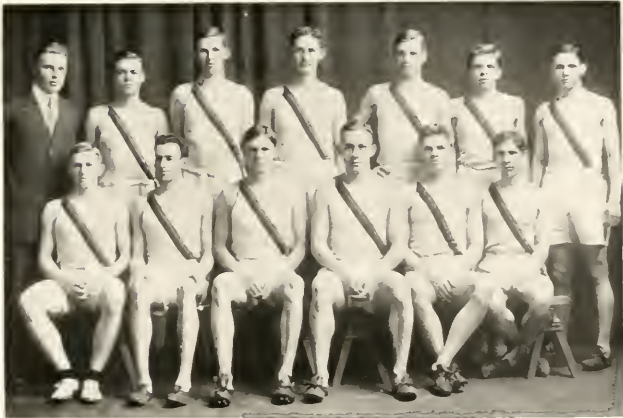




MISS EDNA T. TYNER  
TRACK TEAM SPONSOR







TRACK TEAM





## Track Team, 1913

**A**LTHOUGH we were without a Coach, and had lost several good men from last year's team, Captain Tyner was able to put out the strongest team in the history of the College. The individual stars of the season were: Tyner, 75 points; Langston, 33 points; Horn, 21 points. Other strong members of the team were: Herring, Mayberry, Byrd, Williams, Martin, and Hart.

✦ ✦ ✦

EVENT	MEMBERS	TIME
100 yard Dash	TYNER, MAYBERRY	..... 40 seconds
220 yard Dash	TYNER, LANGSTON	..... 23 seconds
440-yard Dash	LANGSTON, MAYBERRY	..... 54 seconds
Half-mile	BYRD, CARPENTER, MARTIN	2 minutes, 12 seconds
Mile	HART, BRUNER	4 minutes, 44 seconds
2 Miles	INSOR, HUBBELL	..... 11 minutes
120-yards Hurdles	HORN, HERRING	..... 18 seconds
220-yards Hurdles	TYNER, HERRING	..... 28 seconds
Pole Vault	TYNER, BRITTON	..... 10 feet, 3 inches
Shot Put	TYNER, STRINGFIELD, PHILLIPS	20 feet, 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches
High Jump	LANGSTON, HERRING	..... 5 feet, 8 inches
Broad Jump	HORN, RIDDICK	..... 34 feet
Hammer Throw	WILLIAMS, MAYBERRY	..... 104 feet

✦ ✦ ✦

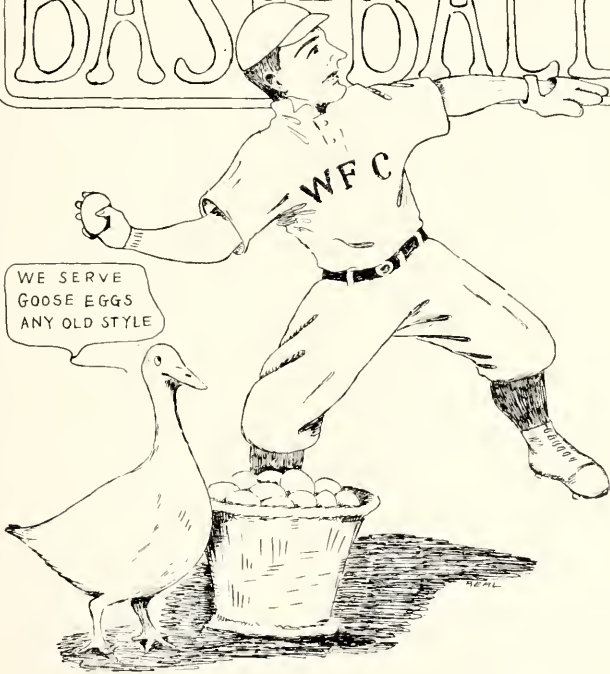
## Record of Team for 1913

A & M	61	W. F. C.	56
Trinity	54	W. F. C.	77
A & M.	54	W. F. C.	93

Won third place in State meet.



# BASE-BALL



WE SERVE  
GOOSE EGGS  
ANY OLD STYLE



MISS RUTH GENTRY  
BASEBALL, SPONSOR





BASEBALL TEAM



## Baseball Team, 1913

### STATE CHAMPIONS

P. C. CARTER			<i>Manager</i>
F. M. THOMPSON			<i>Coach</i>
G. M. BILLINGS			<i>Captain</i>
L. W. SMITH	<i>Pitcher</i>	P. M. UTLEY	<i>First Base</i>
H. H. CUTHRELL	<i>Pitcher</i>	M. L. PARKER	<i>Second Base</i>
J. R. LOWE	<i>Catcher</i>	O. L. STRINGFIELD	<i>Third Base</i>
G. M. BILLINGS	<i>Shortstop</i>	G. W. EDWARDS	<i>Leftfield</i>
H. F. FAUCETTE	<i>Centerfield</i>	LEE C. GOOCH	<i>Rightfield</i>

### SUBSTITUTES

G. G. MOORE	<i>Pitcher</i>	C. L. WOODALL	<i>Catcher</i>
G. W. HUNTLEY	<i>Pitcher</i>	B. S. HENSLEY	<i>Utility</i>

Wake Forest College	.....23	Trinity Park	..... 2
Wake Forest College	..... 5	Elon College	..... 1
Wake Forest College	..... 6	Horner School	..... 4
Wake Forest College	..... 4	A. & M. College	..... 2
Wake Forest College	.....17	Liberty Piedmont Institute	..... 2
Wake Forest College	..... 5	Trinity of Connecticut	..... 1
Wake Forest College	..... 8	Trinity of Connecticut	..... 0
Wake Forest College	.....13	Trinity College	..... 7
Wake Forest College	.....11	Eastern College	..... 4
Wake Forest College	..... 3	Trinity College	..... 2
Wake Forest College	..... 2	A. & M. College	..... 6
Wake Forest College	..... 3	Davidson College	..... 2
Wake Forest College	.....17	Atlantic Christian College	..... 1
Wake Forest College	..... 0	Raleigh League	..... 0
Wake Forest College	..... 3	A. & M. College	..... 0
Wake Forest College	..... 7	Durham League	..... 6
Wake Forest College	..... 4	Trinity College	..... 0
Wake Forest College	..... 5	Davidson College	..... 6
Wake Forest College	.....11	Furman College	..... 1
Wake Forest College	.....13	Furman College	..... 7
Wake Forest College	..... 6	Clemson College	..... 1
Wake Forest College	..... 6	Riverside School	..... 6
Wake Forest College	..... 7	Georgia Technique	..... 2
Wake Forest College	..... 3	University of South Carolina	..... 9
Wake Forest College	..... 8	University of North Carolina	..... 2
Wake Forest College	..... 8	University of North Carolina	..... 2





# CLASS ATHLETICS





LAWYERS' BASKET-BALL TEAM



SOPHOMORE BASKET-BALL TEAM





SOPHOMORE FOOTBALL TEAM



WEARERS OF THE "W"

OUR



GOODE FOOT BALL



CUTWELL BASE BALL



HORN TRACK



GILES BASE BALL

MANAGERS

ATHLETIC MANAGERS





GLEE CLUB—Top Row (left to right): Sledd, Wharton, Carrick, Dotson, Higgs. Second Row: Whitley, Raynor, Jenkins, Ayers, Rodwell, Abernethy. Third Row: Yates, Hall, Mitchell, Poterat, Strode, Oliver, Keesler. Fourth Row: Edgerton, Harrell, Stringfield



## Wake Forest Glee Club and Orchestra

SEASON OF 1913-'14

H. M. POTEAT, '06  
E. P. YATES, '14

*Director*  
*Business Manager*

✦ ✦

### Glee Club

T. A. AVERA, '14

*Leader*

FIRST TENOR

SECOND TENOR

FIRST BASS

N. W. JENKINS, '17  
A. P. SLEDD, '15  
C. L. WHARTON, '17  
J. B. WHITLEY, '17

T. A. AVERA, '14  
J. R. HALL, JR., '14  
J. R. RODWELL, JR., '17  
O. L. STRINGFIELD, JR., '14

M. W. EDGERTON, '17  
E. H. HARRELL, '16  
H. M. POTEAT, '06  
C. W. CARUCK, '15

SECOND BASS

J. B. ALDERMAN, '15  
W. G. DOTSON, '15

T. HIPPS, '14  
W. B. OLIVER, JR., '14

✦ ✦

### Orchestra

C. W. MITCHELL, JR., Leader

First Violin—{ C. W. MITCHELL, JR.  
H. M. POTEAT

Second Violin—G. F. STROLE

First Cornet—J. R. HALL, JR.

Second Cornet—W. B. OLIVER, JR.

French Horn—J. M. KESLER, '16

Trombone—{ O. L. STRINGFIELD, JR.  
M. W. EDGERTON

Drum—E. H. HARRELL

Piano—K. T. RAYNOR, '14





## Engineering Corps

M. D. PHILLIPS	<i>Resident Engineer</i>	E. N. PHILLIPS	<i>Rear Target Rod</i>
W. G. DOTSON	<i>Chief-of-Party</i>	E. L. WARD	<i>Compass</i>
W. M. ALLEN	<i>Transit</i>	S. W. WHITE	<i>Assistant Compass</i>
M. ELLIOT	<i>Front Rod</i>	B. F. GILES	<i>Front Rod</i>
J. G. LANE	<i>Rear Rod</i>	J. M. KESLER	<i>Rear Rod</i>
L. D. KNOTT	<i>Level</i>	L. A. BIRD	<i>Front Chain</i>
W. B. WRIGHT	<i>Front Target Rod</i>	F. R. WHEELER	<i>Rear Chain</i>
	C. O. RIDDICK		
	W. R. FERRELL		
	A. P. SLEDD		
	<i>Axmen</i>		





### The Scientific Club

DOTSON, W. G.  
 TATUM, R. C.  
 LANE, J. G.  
 CARRICK, C. W.  
 MARTIN, W. M.  
 KESLER, J. M.

PHILLIPS, M. D.  
 JOHNSON, C. T.

ALLEN, W. M.  
 FERRELL, W. R.

*President*  
*Secretary*  
*Vice-President*  
*Treasurer*  
*Corresponding Secretary*  
*Librarian*

WARD, E. L.





## Scholarship Club

✦ ✦  
OFFICERS

HAMRICK, O. P.  
CHAMBERS, W. R.  
WHITLEY, E. P.  
LOVELACE, A. C.

*President*  
*Vice-President*  
*Secretary*  
*Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

HEAFNER, H. H.  
NEWTON, J. C.  
FOREMAN, T.  
HUFF, R. F.  
SINCLAIR, W. B.  
PUGH, W. M.  
RODWELL, J. R.  
DETRICK, W. H.

LOVELACE, A. C.  
HAMRICK, O. P.  
CHAMBERS, W. R.  
BIVENS, J. A.  
TALLY, J. O.  
BULLARD, M. P.  
TYSINGER, D. S.  
WRIGHT, W. B.  
WHITE, C. H.

WHITLEY, J. B.  
BUCKNER, D. E.  
BOGE, J. G.  
OLIVE, B. K.  
RUCKER, J. B.  
WHITLEY, E. P.  
HUMBER, J. D.  
CANADY, J. D.





## Johnson Club

JOHNSON, D. M.  
JOHNSON, V. R.  
JOHNSON, C. T.

JOHNSON, J. S.  
JOHNSON, L. L.  
JOHNSON, F. T.  
JOHNSTON, I. T.

JOHNSON, N. A.  
JOHNSON, C. F.  
JOHNSTON, J. A.





## Buie's Creek Club

MOTTO: *Ad astra per aspera*

### OFFICERS

B. R. PAGE  
 F. A. BOBBITT  
 C. THOMAS  
 W. D. HARRINGTON.

*President*  
*Vice-President*  
*Secretary*  
*Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

BROWN, R. L.  
 BOBBITT, F. A.  
 BOOE, J. G.  
 CAMPBELL, O. P.  
 BULLARD, M. P.  
 EAKES, O. T.  
 DIXON, L. P.  
 CREECH

DUNCAN, V. E.  
 HARRINGTON, W. D.  
 HOLIDAY, G. W.  
 IVES, PROF. J. D.  
 IVES, D. H.  
 PERRY, D. R.  
 PAGE, B. R.  
 NORRIS, R. H.

TAYLOR, R. H.  
 WHITE, R. K.  
 WILLIAMS, T. P.  
 THOMAS, C.  
 POPE, E. F.  
 TALLY, J. O.  
 WHITE, C. M.  
 MITCHELL, V.



## Dell High School

BLANCHARD, E. P.  
BLANTON, A. J.  
CARLTON, A. L.  
CASTEEN, K.  
EARLY, H. G.  
HALL, R.

JOHNSON, F. T.  
JOHNSON, L. L.  
JONES, L. L.  
JONES, T. E.  
PITTMAN, K.  
POWELL, J. C.

FRYAR, C. H.  
SANDERSON, N. R.  
SASSER, L.  
THOMPSON, E. S.  
WILLIAMS, T. P.  
WILSON, E.





## Mars Hill Club

### OFFICERS

W. R. CHAMBERS

*President*

R. C. TATUM

*Vice-President*

J. B. EDWARDS

*Secretary*

O. L. STRINGFIELD, JR

*Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

ASHCRAFT, F. B.

GRENN, R. B.

JOHNSON, C. H.

BALLARD, A. S.

GRIGGS, W. L.

RUCKER, J. B.

BOYD, B. M.

HARRIS, T. F.

SIGMON, N. J.

CHAMBERS, W. R.

HENRY, O. L.

STRINGFIELD, O. L.

COX, E. B.

HOLMES, C. C.

SPRINKLE, J. H.

DUCKETT, R. B.

HORN, L. B.

TATUM, R. C.

EDWARDS, G. W.

JARRETT, C. H.

VANN, J. W.

EDWARDS, J. B.

JONES, C. E.

WALL, J. N.

WHEELER, F. R.

WHARTON, C. F.



## Cleveland County Club

MASCOT:  
 JAMES CALVIN McBRAYER, JR.

LOAFING PLACE:  
 "Sky" Floor in the Dormitory

Toast: Here's to the have-beens, the are-nows, and the maybes;  
 Here's to the boneheads and the geniuses of the three C's.

+ +

### OFFICERS

D. C. HUGHES, *Chaplain*

J. P. MULL, *Doorkeeper*

### EX-OFFICIO OFFICERS

W. P. MULL

*Poet*

G. L. JARVIS

*Orator*

### MEMBERS

C. E. CARPENTER

A. V. HAMRICK

J. B. JONES

J. P. MULL

W. A. ELAM

D. C. HUGHES

W. P. MULL

D. C. McSWAIN

O. P. HAMRICK

G. L. JARVIS

G. G. MOORE

J. C. NEWTON

A. C. WARLICK



## Duplin and Sampson Counties Club

BLANTON, A. J.

BEST, C. G.

CARLTON, A. L.

EARLY, H. G.

GOODE, S.

JOHNSON, F. T.

JOHNSON

JONES, T. E.

SANDERSON, N. R.

WILSON, E.

WILLIAMS, T. P.





## Franklin County Club

### OFFICERS

HUGH W. PERRY	<i>President</i>	WILLIAM A. WINSTON	<i>Treasurer</i>
ROBT. E. UNDERWOOD	<i>Vice-President</i>	LINWOOD S. INSCOE	<i>Poet</i>
A. ROYALL GAY	<i>Secretary</i>	KENNETH A. PITTMAN	<i>Prophet</i>

+ +

COLORS: *Nile Green and Yellow*

MOTTO: Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

FAVORITE SAYING: Who wants to know?

FAVORITE DRINK: Black Cow

FLOWER: "Two Lips" (Tulip)

SONG: A Bumble-bee backed up against me, and pushed

### POEM:

William plows the "yaller" mule,  
 Kenneth's mule is gray,  
 Linwood pulls up wiregrass,  
 And everybody's Gay.  
 Earl, he trims around the stumps,  
 Hugh, he weeds the row,  
 One begins, and all join in,  
 "Old Franklin County, Ho!"



### Robeson County Club

R. L. BROWN  
 C. V. TYNER  
 C. C. CASHWELL  
 E. S. THOMPSON  
 P. H. WILSON  
 F. M. BARNES  
 MAC JOHNSON  
 J. M. HESTER

*President*  
*Vice-President*  
*Secretary*  
*Treasurer*  
*Reporter*  
*Chaplain*  
*Doorkeeper*  
*Janitor*

#### MEMBERS

J. S. JOHNSON

N. A. JOHNSON

J. L. POWERS

L. G. PREVETTE







## Rutherford County Club

OBJECT: To attract attention  
 MEETING PLACE: Dr. Tom's office  
 SONG: "O, Carry Me Back"

MEMBERS	OFFICE	LONG SUIT	NICKNAME	FAILING
GREEN	Housekeeper	Tradin'	"POLLY"	Suffragette
WALKER	Spokesman	Shootin' the bull	"JUDGE"	Arc-ing
LOVELACE	"Notice of public"	Legging	"FATTY"	Flunking Newish
TATE	Baby-minder	Looking wise	"WILLIE"	Warning Sinners
HARRILL	Spiritual Coach	Shannonizin'	"BLACK JOE"	Boreing
HARRIS	Doorkeeper	Sleepin'	"Zc Zc"	Being Fresh
RUCKER	Chaplain	Lackin'	"ROOK"	Buttin' In





### South Carolina Club

BLACKMAN, S. J.  
BLANKENSHIP, J. S.  
EDWARDS, J. M.  
FISHBURNE, E. C.  
GYLES, R. C.

HARRIS, W. A.  
JONES, C. W.  
MARTIN, W. H.  
PURVIS  
SANDERS, S. H., JR.

SMITH, H. P.





## Stanly County Club

MOTTO: "Look wise, and do our darnedest"

AIM IN LIFE: To heal broken hearts

FAVORITE DRINK: "Mountain Dew"

SONG: "Darling, I Am Growing Old"

MEETING PLACE: No. 10

+ +

### OFFICERS

C. J. WHITLEY ..... *President*

W. T. FOREMAN..... *Chaplain*

R. R. INGRAHAM ..... *Vice-President*

G. E. EDDINS..... *Booster*

W. D. HARRINGTON..... *Secretary*

P. G. HARTSELL..... *Loidsman*

R. F. HOUGH ..... *Treasurer*

BRANTLY REID ..... *"Prophet"*





IVEY  
LANE

*President*  
*Secretary*  
YATES, O. W.

KNOTT  
BRASSFIELD  
*Sponsor*

*Vice-President*  
*Treasurer*

+ +

BELL  
BILLINGS  
BOBBITT, J. D.  
BOBBITT, W. C.  
CARTER  
DAVIS  
FERRELL  
HOLLIDAY

RO **W** LAND  
WE **A** THERS  
JAC **K** SON  
SL **E** DO  
MIT **C** HELL  
PO **O** L  
H **U** NTER  
JO **N** NES  
YA **T** ES  
PERR **Y**

HOLDING  
MIDDLETON  
NORRIS  
OLIVE  
STRICKLAND  
WHITLEY, E. P.  
WHITLEY, J. B.  
WHITLEY, H. W.  
WILLIAMS





## The P. O. M. E. Confers the Third Degree

By J. B. H.

(Note—To the Editors of *The Howler*: The P. O. M. E. was not a fraternity, nor indeed a secret order of any known species. A full revelation of its purposes and membership may be found in *The Student*, for April, 1912. Since the Order has adjourned sine die, I now feel free to give to the world the rest of its valuable secrets.)

IT WAS the last night of Commencement, 1914. The usual public exercises were over; the Commencement Orator's voice was no longer heard; but still the band continued to play in the summer-house by the Fountain. The brilliant moonlight revealed many a Senior walking through the leafy avenues of the campus with his girl, bound for the drug store. Perchance yonder couple, seated on the bench under the magnolia, have whispered words of—but that is not our story, which is only a gloomy tale of misogyny.

The members of the Philosophic Order of Misogynistic Epicureans had gathered in session for the last time. Tomorrow they would go forth into that great world-life which lies beyond the College gates. For four years they had felt the lure, the awe, and the challenge of that life; but tonight, while the gates, as it were, stood already ajar, they thought only of the imminent dissolution of the Order, and of the painful parting with friends.

But you, gentle reader, perhaps have never gazed upon the Hall of the P. O. M. E. in all its gorgeous magnificence. Tonight I invite you, the only profane to whom I would extend such a courtesy, to attend this last session, which, if I mistake not, will surpass all others in brilliance and splendor—even that memorable occasion on which the Chancellor of the Exchequer was on trial for high treason. Tonight the Chancellor is late. Ah, here he comes. Let us accept his invitation, and enter with him. Now we are on the inside. You are the first and only non-Misogynist who has ever beheld this Hall in all its glory. At the end nearest us sits the Prime Minister, arrayed, like all the rest, in oriental robes of red and black. At the other end of the Hall, upon the "throne," sits the Royal Arch-Chancellor, who alone is entitled to smoke before the Lodge is duly opened. On his right, sits the Senator Emeritus, genial, corpulent, smiling paternally. The Chancellor of the Exchequer sits at the Arch-Chancellor's left. The Knight-at-Arms sits by the entrance, and the Chief Counselor and the Custodian of Smokables sit on opposite sides of the altar, which stands in the middle of the Hall. Upon the altar we see that famous volume of immortal verses, "Pipe and Pouch." Two stout and shapely cigars lie in the form of a cross upon the open book. A glance reveals Kipling's "Betrothed," and reminds us that the Lodge is at work on the Degree of Misogamy. Over the "throne" we behold a red and black banner, bearing the seal of the Order, and the following inscription from the above poem:

"For a woman is only a woman; but a good cigar's a smoke."

A rap from the Arch-Chancellor's gavel breaks the dead silence. He issues an order, in a tone that Webster would have envied had he been there:

"The Custodian will provide the brethren with Smokables. Let him see to it that the Nuricas are fresh and well-flavored Colorado Maduros, and that matches and ash-trays are convenient to all. Long and thoughtfully it behooves us to smoke over the





weighty matters that this evening demand our consideration. Remember the words of the immortal poet when, contrasting the pleasures of Matrimony and Smoking, he said of his box of Nuricas:

Thought in the early morning, solace in the time of woes,  
Peace in the hush of the twilight, balm ere my eyelids close,  
Counselors cunning and silent—comforters true and tried,  
And never a one of the fifty to sneer at a rival bride!"

For ten full minutes all sit and smoke in silence, as thoughtfully as a group of Pawnee chiefs debating the choice of War or Peace. Ring after ring of deep-blue smoke is sent rippling and curling into the stillness, till the Hall is enveloped in a haze like that which rests on the mountains of Tennessee in an Indian Summer. Ah, gentle reader, if you have never before felt the incomparable delight of watching the floating perfect rings, nor seen your friends through a cloud of smoke loom large and dim like the heroes of old time, I am sorry for you. Get a cigar now, and learn to smoke it. Do not forget the brand—the Nurica! No other can compare with it for beauty, for flavor, for rings—and, it lasts. The gods of Epicurus who, according to Lucretius, dwell in "tranquil abodes which neither winds do shake, nor clouds drench with rains, nor snow congealed by sharp frost harms with hoary fall: an ever cloudless ether o'creanopies them, and they laugh with light shed largely round . . . . and nothing ever impairs their peace of mind"—they surely it was who gave the Nurica to Pythagoras, when he cried out in his joy "Eureka!" meaning in the Grecian language, "I have found it!" Nurica is doubtless only a corruption of the original term.

But look! the Chief Counselor has arisen, with a storm of indignation gathering on his face (perhaps his cigar has gone out!), and is thus addressing his astonished brethren:

"Most honorable Arch-Chancellor, I rise not to deliver a lengthy harangue, for that would be contrary to the spirit of the Order, which teaches us that weighty thoughts concisely expressed best befit him who prefers the odoriferous Nurica to the charms of voluble womankind. I rise to call your attention to the gross and continuous violation of Article Seven of our sacred Constitution, which reads as follows: 'The purpose of this organization is to preserve and protect worthy young men from the fate that befalls the fickle femininity.' I quote also from the obligations of the Degree of Misogyny and Misogamy: 'I solemnly swear that, so long as I remain a Misogynist, I will shun on all occasions, public and private, the face, form, and presence of woman, maid or widow, of whatsoever age, race, nation, or color; nor will I fall a victim to any of her snares or enticements, nor permit a Brother Misogynist to do so when I can prevent it.'

"Brothers, I blush with shame for your disloyalty! Behold in my hands the fatal evidence! This is an announcement of the marriage of the Senator Emeritus, who smiles his shameless admission of the fact! This, brethren, is an invitation to attend the marriage of our Royal Arch-Chancellor—I had almost said Arch-Traitor! This is today's *Nuisance and Disturber*, which announces the engagement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whom you pardoned once with such unmerciful lenity! And this is a diamond ring from the hand of the Prime Minister's FIANCEE! He, too! How are the mighty fallen! I impeach them all and severally, as guilty of Disloyalty, Dishonor, and High Treason! *Res ipsa loquitur!*"

The Custodian silently offers the wrathful Counselor a fresh cigar, while the Senator rises in majestic dignity to reply:





"Brethren, ill would it become a veteran Monogamist like myself to deny the facts of the Chief Counselor's eloquent indictment. So far am I from denying them that I glory in them. Let me remind him that it is on record that, before his invitation into our mystic circle, the Constitution, then somewhat antiquated, was amended, to give it latitude and flexibility. If you will turn in the archives to the chapter entitled 'Emendatio Constitutionis,' he will find that we four who are charged with high treason are entitled to certain extraordinary privileges, as charter members, which perhaps he has himself unlawfully used, if reports are true. But this is the hour for conferring the Third Degree, which will dissipate all doubts of our integrity and fidelity."

The Junior members look upon one another in such astonishment that they let their cigars go out, so great is their amazement, for none have ever heard of the Third Degree. The Arch-Chancellor explains:

"Brethren, at the founding of this most excellent Order, it was determined by us four, the original charter members, that the Third Degree should not be conferred upon younger brethren until such time as they had proved their inflexible fidelity to the principles enunciated in the Elementary Degrees. We dared not entrust you with too great liberty. But now that the responsibilities of a larger life shall soon rest upon your shoulders, it becomes our duty to invest you with the secrets of this most sublime Degree of Monogamy. Brother Prime Minister, place the candidates in their proper places and proceed to test their fitness."

At once the Prime Minister seats the junior members, the Counselor, the Custodian, and the Knight-at-Arms, on a cushioned seat in front of himself. He hands to each a beautiful French briar pipe, and passes around a jar of the Arcadia Mixture. The candidates smoke with all the growing delight which Barrie pictures on the face of the immortal Shakespeare when Ned Alleyn gave him a jar of the Arcadia Mixture three hundred years ago. And this, by the way, gentle reader, is the secret of "Hamlet," which has baffled all the critics. Hamlet was mad, solely because some ignorant servant—perhaps by the King's order—had destroyed the only jar of the Arcadia in the kingdom. Whereupon Hamlet arose and exclaimed, in justifiable wrath, "There is something rotten in the State of Denmark," referring doubtless to the worthless Duke Trinity Mixture. Perhaps you are one of the elect who know that all great artists, poets, soldiers, and statesmen have smoked. Behold the secret of their success! A marvelous mixture, compounded with power to inspire the mind to the highest achievements, the panacea for the world's weight of care, the herald of universal peace!

"Where did you get it?" ask the candidates in one voice. But the answer, gentle reader, is our secret alone, unless you have spied or guessed the name of the makers, for no Arcadian ever reveals the mystery except to the elect.

The candidates are placed before the altar, on which they now behold "My Lady Nicotine," that immortal volume, the inspiration of all refined and intellectual smokers. On the left lies a pipe, on the right a tin of the Arcadia Mixture. Amid the breathless stillness of standing smokers, the Senator Emeritus advances through the mist, looming larger than human, and administers in a voice low and deep this strange and solemn obligation:

"I, A. B. C., in the presence of these most honorable Monogamists, do hereon solemnly swear that henceforth I will smoke no cigarette or cigar of any brand, make, or price, of my own or another's purchasing, save only the Xurica; and that I will buy





tomorrow morning a pipe of French briar and a pound tin of the Arcadia Mixture, which same I will religiously cherish, smoking none other brand, to my dying day. I hereby renounce all traces of Misogyny and Misogamy that may be on my conscience, as unworthy of the strictest principles of Monogamy, which I hereby pledge myself ever to practice and inculcate. I pledge myself, moreover, to marry as soon as practicable and convenient; but I will marry no woman—no matter how many John Juniors her daily income be able to purchase—if she lay her ban upon the Nurica or the Arcadia Mixture, which last I shall cherish as the surest pledge of matrimonial felicity and domestic peace."

Immediately the Arch-Chancellor proceeds to deliver the following charge, while the candidates recover their composure, and refill and relight their pipes:

"Brothers, it gives me the most ineffable pleasure to extend to you the hand of fellowship, and give you the grip of an unswerving Monogamist. Doubtless you now comprehend many things heretofore inexplicable to your unenlightened minds. Misogyny and Misogamy both have their places in the development of the young man, for they only are sure preventives of that fatal calamity, too early marriage. When we four Senior members entered this institution of learning, an epidemic of matrimony was sweeping over the campus; it was the P. O. M. E. alone that saved us, and saved you. But you have now reached the age and status of responsible Monogamists. Go forth and marry the ladies of your choice. I count them fortunate whom you have chosen, for to no others is given the secret of domestic joy. But, my brothers, in your exalted happiness, do not forget to bear in lasting and dutiful remembrance your many obligations to the Order; and never fail to cherish ever and faithfully those truly Monogamistic virtues: Relaxation, Geniality, Cheerfulness, Smoking, and Matrimony."

For a time all smoke in silence, pondering the words yet ringing in their ears. Suddenly the brazen-tongued clock strikes twelve. Every one starts, for all had forgotten how near was the hour of parting. With regret and sorrow plainly pictured on his face, the Prime Minister arises and speaks.

"Brothers, I do not rise to give expression to the emotions I feel as this long-dreamed-of hour draws near. My feelings are too deep for light words of sorrow. What the Order has meant to me—to us all—we all know, and knowing find no words worthy to tell the awful feeling that pervades our hearts. I rise to raise the query, which at last must be answered: what shall we do with the insignia and regalia of the Order? As we pass into other fields, we leave none behind us whom we have deemed worthy to perpetuate our ideals. Were it not fitting we should burn them, that none less worthy should ever behold them, and decipher our mysteries?"

The Chancellor of the Exchequer rises to offer a new resolution as substitute, which he defends as follows.

"Brothers, I rise to oppose in all brotherly friendship the despairing proposal of our honored Prime Minister. What! Shall we who founded an Order on the bedrock of perennial truth give up the defense of our immortal doctrines, and leave the world of College Men without a guide to the realms of Scholarship and Success? Alas! brothers, it was this I foresaw, when I pled with you to amend the Constitution that the Order might be made perpetual. And yet neither do I know any worthy to wear these magnificent robes of state, and expound the doctrines of our Brotherhood. I propose therefore that we shall place our regalia in yonder cedar chest, which has lasted three hundred years, and will last three hundred more. Let us inscribe it with a warning to all profanes, then double-lock







it, and place it in the darkest and most inaccessible cavern in Wolf's Den, where it shall remain undisturbed until a quorum of the descendants of us, the Loyal and Genuine Monogamists, shall gather in this Hall a generation hence!"

The Chancellor's proposal met with instant and unanimous approval, the Prime Minister seconding the resolution. After speeches of farewell from all members, which cannot be repeated here because no record was kept, the Lodge was duly closed. The chest was brought forth—and a magnificent chest it was, of finest cedar of Lebanon, elaborately carved and protected by a beautiful lacing of bronze. One by one the Knight-at-Arms deposits the robes of state, while the Custodian of Smokables places the remnants of his charge among them. The Counselor draws up a last will and testament, bequeathing the regalia to such descendants of present members as may gather in the 'Forties and 'Fifties. Finally, all is in, and the chest is closed and locked. The Royal Arch-Chancellor tucks a placard upon it, which he had stamped with the seal of the P. O. M. E., and sits down to write the inscription.

Meanwhile, every pipe and cigar had gone out, and no one thought to relight them. The Senator, who, being a medical student, feared unduly the effect of narcotic exhalations, quietly raised all the windows.

Now that the smoke is out, gentle reader, you behold a scene far different from that which you have just seemed to witness. Somehow all is changed. The spacious and magnificent Hall has contracted to a small room fifteen by fifteen. You have seen forty just like it, in the dormitory or elsewhere. There is the dismantled tin heater, with the usual tin bucket on it. There is the bed, looking reminiscent of wrestling matches, where, shorn of dignity, lie two of the greatest officials of the late P. O. M. E. There is the table, on which you see a typewriter, a pile of books, magazines, themes, ash trays, and the remnants of a feast—sardines, crackers, fig-newtons, apples, and the like. The Arch-Chancellor sits writing on a lap-board, with the stub of a dead cigar between his teeth. The others watch him expectantly.

But what has become of the Philosophic Order of Monogamistic Epicureans? You begin to suspect that it never existed. Perchance not, in the sense you have hitherto supposed. You see only a group of Seniors, who have met for a last feast and good-bye. Yes, in one sense, the P. O. M. E. was a myth. The Club had no regalia, no initiation, no grip, no real secrets whatever. And yet this unorganized Club was a reality, a band of friends bound together solely by common tastes and long association, ending in unending friendship.

The ex-Arch-Chancellor has finished his writing, and is reading a story. He begins: "It was the last night of Commencement, 1914." What? *You* have heard it before? None of the Club have heard it; and they listen eagerly to the story of how the P. O. M. E. conferred the Third Degree. When the story had been read to the end, all burst out with expressions which sounded something like the following: "Bully for you!" "You've immortalized the Club!" "Here's hoping!" "My room, too!" "Boys, if the Trustees see that story, they'll swear we are a frat!" When the enthusiasm had a little subsided, someone said:

"I like that story, and yet I tell you this separation business is a solemn thing. Old man, why didn't you write a more serious story?"

"Boys, I couldn't do it. I thought of it, but I didn't dare try: I knew I'd break down, for I hate like—like everything to leave you fellows. Goodness only knows when we'll meet again."





"It's the truth," said the others, in one breath.

The last farewell had been said, and the boys were about to separate, when the ex Arch-Chancellor said:

"Fellows, wait a minute. Here's a pseudo-poetical effusion I wrote for this occasion, and had almost forgot to read. Here's a copy for each member of the Club."

The poem was read, and met with general approbation. Someone asked the poet to sign his copy. It was soon agreed that each member should sign his name to all seven copies. This was done; and the Club adjourned. *Requiescat in pace!*

I give the poem, with the names of the signers, for the information of the general public and the "Committee on Fraternities and Social Clubs."

#### THE OFFICIAL TOAST

Pour me a glass of the genial wine  
Of the juice of the far-famed scuppernon vine,  
For a toast must be drunk to the P. O. M. E. ;  
Long may they prosper wherever they be!

Merry was life in the good old days  
When we sat in the depths of Arcadian haze,  
And blew wide rings of Nurica smoke,  
And laughed by the hour at the self-same joke.

But ah! life in earnest now is begun.  
Yet whatever come, boys, we've had our fun;  
So pluck up your courage and drink the toast down  
To the finest old Club that ever struck town!

Here's a health to each and a toast to all!  
Wherever our lot in the future may fall,  
Long may we prosper wherever we be,  
And a health—drink it deep!—to the P. O. M. E.!

JAYBIRD HOBBLE, *Royal Arch-Chancellor*  
R. M. SQUEERS, *Senator Emeritus*  
N. R. WEBBFOOT, *Prime Minister*  
H. P. WHITEHORSE, *Chancellor of the Exchequer*  
P. E. HOBBLE, *Custodian of Smokables*  
G. F. WRIGHTMAN, *Chief Counselor*  
"NEWISH" WEBBFOOT, *Knight-at-Arms*

Selah!





## Tragédie Humourisque

By JOHN FUMFUDGE

Edited, With Introduction and Notes, by Prof. Archibald McClelland Crabtree, Ph. D.  
(Heiselberg)<sup>1</sup>

### INTRODUCTION

**J**OHAN FUMFUDGE'S play of *Tragédie Humourisque* was first published in 1493. There is nothing definite to show exactly in what year *Tragédie Humourisque* was written; but scholars are agreed that it was probably written before 1488, the year that marks the declination in dramatic power of this great dramatist. *Tragédie Humourisque* is Fumfudge's masterpiece. Until Shakespeare's *Othello* appeared, in 1622, it stood for the highest development of English dramatic poetry. In this play, Fumfudge displays a knowledge of the human heart, and an insight into the intricate workings of our minds, that is almost uncanny. Shakespeare alone has rivaled him in intensity of dramatic power, and it has been proved that the great master borrowed from his predecessor.

The theme of *Tragédie Humourisque* is benevolence. This feeling runs through the whole play. We are shown the conflict of two benevolent forces, each struggling to redress the suffering of an individual. These forces become entangled, and hinder each other; but the great dramatist uses this entanglement to teach the lesson of human life, its endless conflicts and struggles, its hopes and disappointments. What could be finer than the picture of *Solidus Knott*, immediately after his victory, hastening with an ax to the rendezvous of the disabled *Prevattibus*? And though *Sir Pluribus* gives up the ghost when the ax falls on his head, we lose sight of grim Death in the presence of a great and benevolent spirit.

A pleasing cadence runs through the lines of *Tragédie Humourisque*. Fumfudge has been called the sweetest of the dramatic writers: his great spirit touched everything with a divine poetic fire. His poetry intoxicates us with its musical cadence, its sweetness, its appeal to the human heart. What, for instance, could be finer than the apology of the author:

"For I intend to beat upon mine own  
Tin pan, and launch my boat upon  
The foreign stream of possie?"

Or the lament of *Ikey Ikstein*:

"O cruel, cruel, cruel, cruel blow?"

Or the noble exhortation of *Solidus*:

"Come, fellow-classmates, we will take an ax,  
And like the noble knights of chivalry  
Redress all wrongs, and succor old and young  
From dire distress?"

I could quote endlessly, but these passages are sufficient to show the striking beauty of his poetry.

A. C. CRABTREE

+ + +

### Dramatis Personae

SOLIDUS KNOTT, a conqueror  
DM-MAK JONSON, a tyrant  
IKEY IKSTEIN, a wag  
FLYTRAP DUNCAN }  
FEET WILLIAMS } Students  
SKY POWELL }  
SKY HESTER }

JACKO, an artist  
HENRI LANGGESTON, a peacemaker  
CARROLUS THE RED } Captains of *Solidus*  
NOGGUM TROTTLUM }  
E. PLURIBUS PREVATTIBUS, a victim of  
asphasia  
Students, Newish, Skys, Fools

Note 1—Heiselberge, X. C.





## INVOCATION

Come, all ye crowned Olympian gods  
That feast and revel on Parnassus' height,  
And Aristophanes, sweet comic poet,  
And Molière, with kind, mild face,  
And mighty Shakespeare, and the facultas,  
Who strive to beat some learning into  
Youth's head,  
And all ye verdant Newish and Skys,

With lachrymose face, and Farce with  
smiling  
Humor, give heed, give heed unto my  
song,  
For I intend to beat upon mine own  
Tin pau, and launch my boat upon  
The foreign stream of possie. Come!  
We're off. Biff, bam, bim! Blow, bugles,  
blow!

## ACT I

SCENE 1—*Johann Royalus' delicatessen.* *Assembly of Students in front of delicatessen.*  
*Enter Solidius Knott.*

SOL. KNOTT—I am a-weary, fain would I  
sit me down.<sup>2</sup>

This no 'se, this uproar, this continuous<sup>3</sup>  
Buzzing affects me strangely: I am tired  
With fighting life's battles, I would hide  
My light under a bushel; but, alas:  
The howling winds of popularity  
Blow round my feeble light, and fan it  
Into a blazing pyramid of flame. (*Looks  
through door*)

Hah! do I see that Du-Mak Jonson, with  
His throng of minions gathered round  
him?

SCENE 2—*Johann Royalus' store.* *Assembly of students.* *Enter Ikey Ikestein.*

IKE IKESTEIN—Hey, fellows, cease these  
idle disquisitions

On baseball, prizefights, shows, and merry  
widows.  
I have a matter of great moment to im-  
part.

A weighty matter of my name ain't Ikey.  
(*Shouts of "An Ikey, an Ikey!"*)

FLYTRAP DUNCAN—O Ikey, sit you down,  
and shoot the bull.

IKE IKESTEIN—You here, Flytrap; I pray  
thee close thy mouth;

The draft's too strong; I fear I'll catch a  
cold.

Foul heavens! may all the evil spirits  
Combine to blast him. Alas, that Fresh-  
men,  
Juniors, Seniors, Sophomores should  
grovel

At his feet. Oh, impotent that I am  
To end his hated rule. But am I  
Impotent? No. Solidius Knott will break  
His tyrannous power, and 'mancipate  
The student body. Oh, you sweet heavens,  
This vow, witness! Caleb, bring me an  
egg.<sup>4</sup>

LEGS CARTER—Flytrap, he's broke it on  
you.

IKE IKESTEIN— Jacko,  
Draw me a caricature o' that mug,  
And your fortune's made.

JACKO— I will  
FEET WILLIAMS—Enough civilities and  
pleasantries.

Come, my Ikey, Ikey, and tell us  
About this matter that disturbs you. Come.  
(*Offers him cigar*)

IKE IKESTEIN (*lighting cigar*)—I will be  
brief, my fellow-classmates,  
To make plain the matter: a celebrity  
Has come among us.

FIRST STUDENT—A celebrity!

(1) In answering advertisements, please mention **The Howler**.

(2) Several prominent critics have criticised Funtudge severely for making Solidius sit down.

(3) In this line we catch a glimpse of the character of Solidius.

(4) An anachronism. Eggs were not found in Wake Forest at that time. The inhabitants subsisted chiefly on bull and vegetables. See Professor Learned's article on "Diet at Wake Forest."





SECOND STUDENT—A celebrity!

SHOCKY RAY—A celebrity!

IKE IKFSTEIN— Yes, a famous man  
Apparently, by name, E. Pluribus  
Prevattibus.

SKY POWELL—Nothing definite is known  
about him.

He's lost his memory, identity.

In short, he is a victim of asphasia:  
A cruel weight descended on him once  
(O cruel, cruel, cruel, cruel blow!)  
And now he sits within his room, a child's  
Experience within his noodle, talks  
Of legislators, senatorial togs,

And gleaming pillars of the presidential  
Mansion, and laughs uproariously; e'en  
The asses in the stable snicker when  
He brays.

CUTIE-COLA-VACUOLA—So sad, so sad, and  
melancholy.

(Enter *Dm-Mak Jonson*, with crowd of  
*Newish* and his fool, *Jeery Jewbol*  
*Enter Sol. Knott* with crowd of *Newish*  
and fool, *Toots Harril*. They  
glare at each other with hostile eyes.)

JEERY JEWBOL (*rattling bells*)—Hear, hear,  
the worthy Jonson will now speak.

TOOTS HARRIL (*rattling bells*)—Hear, hear,  
Solidus Knott before you stands.

DM-MAK JONSON—Ho, Ikey, ho, a sweet  
convivial

Spirit are you: I would be privy to  
Your conversation; prithee let me know it.  
(*He is told*)

So that's the thing engrossing your atten-  
tion.

The rumor's true: I've seen this gentleman,  
Messieurs Ferree and Giles have caged him  
in a room: They charge admission to in-  
spect

Him. A red-headed man is he;  
A jovial, a merry one: his mental  
Aberration sits lightly on him, and he talks  
And laughs. He has outlaughed Laughter.  
Undoubtedly he is a famous man:  
And certain it is, if anyone can cure him.

Restore him to his lost estate, his fortune's  
Made. And furthermore, my fellow-class-  
mates,

I have a plan in mind whereby this purpose  
Attained may shortly be. Each shares alike  
In all advantages derived.

JEERY JEWBOL—Magnanimous man.

DM-MAK JONSON (*Takes paper out of  
pocket, and reads*)—Science has  
again demonstrated its value to so-  
ciety. A cure for asphasia has been  
discovered by investigators of that  
disease.

A learned surgeon has pointed out  
that the shock to the senses resulting  
from a severe blow on the head may  
be counterbalanced by another severe  
blow, and the equilibrium of all the  
faculties thus restored. The modus  
operandi is very simple: A heavy  
poker is applied to victim's head; if  
he does not recover his senses, hit  
him again. A second blow usually  
has the desired effect.

Now gentlemen apply this remedy

To our celebrity: your fortune's made.

SOL. KNOTT—Cease that impious harangue,  
foul impostor.

Your words are false, your heart is black  
as night.

Long have I listened and attentively  
To you, discoursing. A more devilish  
Scheme I've never heard concocted to dupe  
Poor college men. A Mississippi bubble!  
My fellow-classmates, will you be duped  
By this foul tyrant with hideous face,  
Satanical mien? Awake! let common sense  
And prudence have a hearing; cast aside  
His power; I have a better plan by far.  
To propose. Let me explain it. Everyone  
Is placed upon an equal footing.

TOOTS HARRIL—Magnanimous man!"

SOL. KNOTT (*Pulls paper out of pocket, and  
reads*)—Who can estimate the value  
of science to mankind? Asphasia is  
now a thing of the past. A distin-

(1) We can only account for the similarity of utterance between Jewbol and Harril by quoting the old saw: the minds of great men run in the same channel.





guished medical authority has discovered by observation and experimentation that in the case of mental aberration the equipoise of all the faculties may be restored by hitting victim on the head with an ax? What could be simpler? All parties interested please address Professor Knockemintthead, 215 South Slaughter Street, New York.

Come, fellow- classmates, we will take an ax,  
And like the noble knights of chivalry  
Redress all wrongs, and succor old and young  
From dire distress, A tear within mine eye  
Doth come whenever I think on what exquisite

Pleasure we will occasion Pluribus  
Prevatibus when he is struck upon the head.

His joy will be intense, his gratitude  
Will know no bounds, his face will smile  
In dollars, cents, like Nature's smiles in lands

And flowers. Come, join my standard, and  
Your fortune's made.

TOOTS HARRIL—Magnanimous man!

(At this point, English Literature suffers one of its greatest losses. A fragment of the play is missing. From what follows, we are led to suppose that a violent altercation ensued between Solidus and Jonson, in which the students participated. We do not know how serious the riot was; but when the play recommences Sky Langgeston has succeeded in pouring oil on the waters.)

SKY LANGGESTON—O, my brethren, cease these idle wranglings.

Let peace no less than WORLD-WIDE in its scope

O'erride the passion of this multitude.  
Put fistieuffs in pockets; let these angry  
Feelings like poisonous vapors pass away.

This concerns YOU, each and every ONE,  
(Both parties go out. *Necash Barnes*  
leads *Necash* out on stage. They dance.)

## ACT II

SCENE 1—A Street. Enter Sky Powell, and Hester.

SKY POWELL—Well met, my Hester; put it  
there, old man. (*They shake hands.*)  
Right glad I am to see your shining face,  
So infantine and fresh. But what think you?

The times are dreadful, and the town's gone mad

SKY HESTER—'Tis true the town's gone mad, and rioting

Permitted is within the College domain.  
The students are divided; some in accents  
Terrible are cheering for Solidus; while others,

No less insistent, cry to very heaven  
For justice, and proclaim Alak Jonson and  
His poker the on'y pebbles on the beach,  
The on'y tin cans in the valley<sup>1</sup>

The strife will soon express itself in open  
Hostility, unless heroic Langgeston  
Can set on foot negotiations and  
Effect a truce. Adew, mon amy. But  
Hark! What trampling of feet do I hear?  
Tumultuous outcries, clangor of arms,  
Trumphant note of bugles, joyous, clear,<sup>2</sup>

(*Shades eyes with hand.*)  
Look, Powell, look. Solidus Knott, a victor,

Ivy-crowned, exulting, from the field  
Of battle comes. He has vanquished quite  
The foul impostor, Jonson, overthrown  
The odious tyrant; his men are clamorous  
With joy. Before him rides a student, carrying

A banner fluttering in the breeze,

(1) The most beautiful simile in the English language

(2) See I. C. Newbery's book on "The Newish, their Function and Peculiarities."

(3) Coleridge says, in his *Biographia Literaria*, "I never tire of reading these two lines. Their cadence haunts the memory like the sound of distant harmonies. I read Fumfudge on going to bed and on rising, for my style."

(4) Cf. Shelley's "Ode to Skylark." Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.





An ax upon a velvet cushion.  
Beside him rideth Carrolus the Red;  
His head stands up and takes the morning,<sup>1</sup>  
On the other side, the pious Noggumtrot-  
tum,  
With a hymn-book in his hand, sings songs  
of  
Glory, his notes belligerent as his face.  
(*Exeunt*) (*Enter Sol. Knott with  
army.*)  
SOL. KNOTT—Ye citizens and students of  
Wake Forest,

I do proclaim myself political  
Dictator of this realm. See to it that  
You obey me. Tonight we will feast  
And celebrate our triumph, drink to our  
Victorious arms. Tomorrow we will test  
The efficacy of the ax in treatment of  
Asphasia. This, my proclamation is.  
Haste thee, Sam,<sup>2</sup> and cry it through the  
streets.  
I'll cure E. Pluribus Prevatte or die  
(*Exeunt*)

SCENE 2—A room. E. Pluribus conversing with students.

E. PLURIBUS (*Rating*)—Please gather  
round my friends, and I  
Will demonstrate to you the working o'  
this  
Machine. Come, step up closely, gentlemen.  
A few churns only have I left; we guar-  
antee  
You satisfaction; if the churn don't work,  
We give your money back. An idea. Hah!  
FIRST STUDENT—So sad.  
SECOND STUDENT—And he so young.  
SHOCKY RAY—And a red-headed man, too.  
E. PLURIBUS—I will recount to you my fu-  
ture career.

One year from now I'll graduate. What  
then?  
I'll straightway dupe the citizens of Wilkes.  
Then to the legislature go; a bill  
I'll pass, hobnobbing with the big dogs.  
The common people will acclaim my act;  
I'll to the gov'nor's chair elected go.  
The senatorial, congressional halls  
Will know my voice. Vast multitudes will  
thrill  
At mere mention of my name; and finally,  
In sequence orderly, I'll grace the mansion  
Presidential, rear my family  
In luxury and ease. My friends, I've done.

### ACT III

SCENE 1—Before room of E. Pluribus. Enter Sol. Knott, with concourse of students  
and townspeople.

SOL. KNOTT—Sound, trumpets, sound; and  
let the bagpipes blow.  
My fellow-classmates, we are met together  
Before this house to quickly consummate  
A philanthropic deed. Before us lies  
Sir Pluribus,<sup>3</sup> red headed ignotus in  
A sea of dark vacuity O you  
Sweet heavens! witness the fulfillment of  
My vow: to wit, that I would cure Sir Pink  
Or die. (*Cheers.*)  
You Carrolus, take an ax, and strike  
E. Pluribus Prevatibus upon

The head; when he recovers, clasp him to  
Your bosom, say that King Solidius  
Requires his presence.  
CARROLUS—Your command I will  
Obey, and haste me on this joyous mission.  
(*Exit*)  
SOL. KNOTT—We will await the coming of  
Pluribus  
Prevatibus. Meanwhile, let trumpets  
sound. (*Enter Carrolus the Red,  
after a long absence, weeping as he  
comes.*)

(1) Cf. Tennyson's *Aenone*: Behold the valley topmost gorgeous Stands up and takes the  
morning.  
(2) Cf. Milton's *L'Allegro*: Haste thee, nymph and bring with thee, Jest and youthful jollity:  
(3) Cf. speech of Napoleon: "Before us lies the Alps."





CARROLUS—My lord, I have dire news to  
 tell. I've killed  
 The flower of manhood. Unhappy me,  
 Who dealt the dastardly blow with kindest  
 of  
 Intentions! Can I ever forget the look  
 Of mute appeal within his orbs when I  
 Did strike him? No. Solidius Knott  
 Must pay the penalty. (*Stabs him.*)

SOLIDIUS— O unkind blow!  
 (*Dies. Groans from the multitude.*)  
 FIRST STUDENT—I die.  
 SECOND STUDENT—I die.  
 SHOCKY RAY—I die. (*They all stab them-  
 selves.*)  
 Maidens come out on the stage, dressed in  
 white, and lament the death of E.  
 Phuribus.

#### SONG

And as he on his haunches sat O  
 The great red-headed Earl Prevatt O  
 A cruel weight upon his head  
 Descended; and now he's dead.  
 O Pinky, Pinky, Pinky dead<sup>2</sup>

(1) The turning point from comedy to tragedy. Up to this point we cannot tell whether the play is a tragedy or a comedy; but Fumfudge, with consummate art, indicates here that the play is a tragedy.

(2) Climax.







## The Howler

**I**F YOU would wish a thing well known  
Not mumbled by a growler,  
Yelled out, that everything may hear,  
Just put it in **THE HOWLER!**

**THE HOWLER** howls the College,  
**THE HOWLER** howls the town,  
**THE HOWLER** howls 'most everything  
In this whole country 'round!

It howls the early Freshman,  
Who's doing "Newish" tricks,  
And always "Fresh," despite the fact  
He's one the Sophs will fix.

It howls the brilliant Sophy,  
Who like the midnight owl,  
Parades the town with "awful arms,"  
And makes the biggest howl.

It howls the Simple Junior,  
And gives a year of grace,  
To shove the third year through with hopes,  
To take the Senior's place.

Wise Seniors make **THE HOWLER**,  
And thus, it howls each one  
Through College out into the world,  
Where howling's just begun!

It howls the advertiser,  
And howls the pretty maid,  
As Sponsor—who by giving "Feasts,"  
Well for the honor paid!

**THE HOWLER** howls athletics,  
Base-, basket-ba'l, and track,  
And there is some real howling done  
When victors they come back.

It howls about "Miss Annie,"  
And that Baraca feast,  
It howls about Commencement  
When other howls have ceased.

**THE HOWLER** howls Society,  
She howls out those who speak,  
And what this **HOWLER** doesn't howl,  
You need not try to seek!

It howls the different classes,  
And all the different clubs,  
The Lawyers, Preachers, Doctors,  
And e'en the Faculty "Scrubs."

It takes in all the 'fessors—  
Hugh, Henry, Jay, and Will;  
It howls our gentle Librarian-ette,  
And wondrous Doctor "Bill!"

And our beloved "Finxtus,"  
And "Pass"—'twould be too long,  
Except to name good "Charlie,"  
And Chieftain "Doctor" Tom.

It howls our worthy Alumni,  
Who with our flag unfurled,  
Have made their fame and honor,  
In lands throughout the world.

It howls the gist of daily life,  
That College students do,  
And if you'd learn some things we know,  
Just read **THE HOWLER** through!

If he who's howled is he who's hit,  
And he who's out's a fowler,  
Then you'll be **OUT** if you don't "**Git**"  
Your name into **THE HOWLER**.

—POET



## In Lighter Vein

**D**R. SIKES, on history: When was the war of 1812 fought?  
"TWITCHET" LANE: I think it was fought in 1814; but am not sure

NEWISH LOWERY, in Gym: Why have they got all those wires over the windows?

NEWISH PREVATTE: Boy; that is the college jail.

DR. SIKES, in Caleb's barber shop: Can you shave me, and cut my hair with my collar on?

CALEB: Yes; with your hat on, too.

NEWISH "LONG" HAIR: Have you bought your bath ticket?

NEWISH "SHORT" HAIR: Yes; and a song-book, too.

NEWISH MUMFORD, at the movies: "Looks like we would have seen some of these actors out on the campus today."

DR. POTEAT, on Latin Class: Mr. Early, why are you wearing gym shoes today?

NEWISH EARLY: I have a sore foot; but wear them on both feet, in order to walk symmetrically.

GOODRICH: Mr. Critic, Mr. Eakes begged the question in his speech tonight.

NEWISH EAKES: I have said nothing about asking for a question.

DR. POTEAT, on Latin I: Mr. Best, who was Aesop?

NEWISH BEST: I don't know exactly; but I remember reading Aesop's tales, in the Bible.

NEWISH DOWELL, on seeing a typewriter for the first time, said, "Oh Gee, this is a young piano!"

NEWISH DANIEL wants to know why the verbs in Virgil are numbered.

NEWISH JACK JOHNSON: Why are they putting that tank on top of the church?

NEWISH RITTENHOUSE: Oh, that is the baptistry.

NEWISH PUGH wanted to know if there was any mail at the drug store for him.

NEWISH PREVATT wants an *Everyone's Magazine*.

DR. SIKES, on history: Why was Solomon wise?

CORBETT: He had so many wives that he could hold a large council.

NEWISH BELI: There are two professors that I haven't met, Professor Dunbar and Professor Ives.

"LEGS CARTER": Well, I know them; but do not know Dr. Gorrell and Professor Finntus.

Name some of the leaders of the French Revolution, Mr. Savage.

NEWISH SAVAGE: Danton was some of them.

DR. SIKES: How did the Girondists fight?

NEWISH SHIELDS: They fought face to face.

PINKY, in physics: May I be excused?

PROFESSOR L.: Yes, if you may afford it.

PINKY: I can't afford it, but I will take this on credit.

"STUBB" WHITLEY, sitting on the baldhead row at the Grand, said to Newish Johnson, "I believe those girls are fast."

PROFESSOR TIMBERLAKE: You have to prove a man's intention by his acts.

NEWISH BRADY: Suppose you can't find his ax?

NEWISH HAMPTON wants to know if they have a "skrimmage in every basket-ball game.

SLEDD: If Gabriel would blow his horn, Jack Kesler would dispute it.

WRIGHT: No; he would swear that it was out of tune.

NEWISH HARRILL, seeing a girl going to church with ribbon around her head said: "Why is that girl going to church with that bad headache?"

JACKSON, seeing a weathercock on top of a church, tried to figure out the denomination. He said he could make out the "M. E." "N. E.," but could not finish it.

GOODRICH, making an announcement at one of his churches, said, "We will have a baptizing here next Sunday, if the Lord is willing. If not, we will have it Sunday after next, anyhow. There are eleven candidates: three adults, eight adulteresses."

GAY: Hall, I believe that you are not called to preach.

NEWISH HALL: I will be damned if I don't.

DR. SIKES: Mr. Hall, what is an income tax?

HALL, A.: Anything that comes into this country.

DR. SIKES: Are there any natural resources in Mexico?

FERKEE: Yes, the Pacific Ocean on the West.

DR. POTEAT: What was meant by the golden age of literature?

NEWISH FOSTER: There was plenty of gold in circulation.

"SKY" POWELL, at the Grand, seeing the chorus come out, stood up and said, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

WHEDBEE: Ballard, I have a great life before me.

BALLARD: Yes, you have eternity.

BEAL, seeing a girl dressed for a dance: Only the grace of God is holding that girl's dress on."

"PAT" ALDERMAN: Yes; and he is not on his job.

NEWISH WARD, finding a notebook in his room: "I had just as well register;" so he signed his name for bath and room.

NEWISH HOWARD, to Whitted: Where is the College?

WHITTED: It is up there on the campus.

DR. PASCHAL: Mr. Williams, do you belong to a social club?

"FLEET" WILLIAMS: No, sir; I belong to the night-hawks.

DR. PASCHAL: Mr. Trust, were you at a feast given at the Alumni building, Thursday night?

TRUST: No, sir; what is the Alumni building?

PROFESSOR HIGHSMITH: Mr. Olive, do you know anything about the frats here?

NEWISH OLIVE: Yes, sir; the first night I was here I saw something go across the campus with a long tail.

DR. SIKES: What position did Napoleon hold in Italy?

NEWISH WHARTON: Corporal.

IKEY PREVETTE, at the State library, was asked if he wanted to register. "No," he said; "I can't spend the night."

NEWISH LEE wants to know if there is a vocabulary to Trig. Not satisfied with Jenkins' answer, he said, "Who teaches constricted Math?"

LANGSTON wants to know what part of a stiff is a cadaver.

NEWISH DEITRICK wants to know what case the dative takes.

IVEY, to Newish Johnson: Are you related to Reverend Johnson?

NEWISH JOHNSON: Yes, distantly. He is my father's first son, and I am his fifth.

LEE (night after Anniversary): I have been studying anatomy tonight.  
"HIPPO" HIPPS: Yes, I have too; but a different kind from you.

TAYLOR: Say, Dixon; how is it that Norris is graduating one year before Ivey?

DIXON: He is getting off some Y. M. C. A. work.

NEWISH PUGH, receiving an invitation to Meredith "R. S. V. P. by March 21," took it to mean "wire or 'phone immediately," and did both.

NEWISH HUTCHINS: Whose birthday is Anniversary?

NEWISH HUGHES: Annie V. Ersary's, of course.

NEWISH HUTCHINS: No, you fool; it's Dr. Poteat's.

If these jokes are too dry, read the "ads."

NORRIS, in John Royal's store: Mr. Royal, do you keep stationery?

MR. ROYAL: No; I keep moving about.

WILLIAMS: Give me a check book; I want to pay for this typewriter.

CARPENTER: What bank do you want it on, "Ditch Bank?"

PROFESSOR: I'll declare, some people can ask more questions than wise men can answer.

STUDENT: Is that the reason so many of us flunk on exams?

NEWISH BILL JONES, writing quotation from Paradise Lost, in English.  
"Hail, horrors, hail; and thou profoundest hell, receive thy new professor!"

PROFESSOR HUBBELL: What kind of a poet was Coleridge?

"SKINNY APPERSON": Coleridge was like Napoleon, the poet of nature.

DR. SLEDD: Mr. Hardaway, have you ever read Shakespeare?

"No, sir."

"Have you ever read Tennyson?"

"No, sir."

"Have you read anything?"

"Yes, sir; I have red hair."

DR. CULLOM: The object of the Crusaders in journeying into Palestine was to get away from the yolk.

REV. GRIGGS: Were they in a bad egg?

DR. SYKES: Mr. McFadyen, if you were a Congressman, and wished to shut off a time-killing debate, what would you do?

McFADYEN: Move to adjourn.

"Doc" HART ought to take the Astronomy Class to New York, to study the Broadway "stars."

DR. CULLOM: Who was Eve?

SKY GOODRICH: The first cousin to night.

DR. SYKES: To whom does the United States belong?

HERBERT VANN: Rockefeller and the Steel "Trust."

NEWISH WHITE, on observing a football, exclaimed, "What a tough pumpkin!"

Y. M. C. A. MANAGER, at the station seeing after Freshmen baggage: How much baggage have you?

NEWISH WOOD: Fifty-six pieces; a deck of playing cards, and two pair of socks.

NEWISH BEST is so funny. His father must have been a joker in a steam-boat deck of cards.

CLASS '10—Just green; that's all.

THE SOPHOMORE: Have the best food of all, Veal.

MITCHELL: Say, Mack, get me some H. S.

PRITCHARD: What kind, strong or dilute?

DR. SLEDD: Have you read Victor Hugo's "93"?

SOPHOMORE WHITE: No; I have not read but seventy-five or eighty.

FRESHMAN, writing home: Dear Dad:—I have just been put in a room with a "six-footed" giant from the mountains.

DR. SYKES: What do you mean by gerrymandering?

NEWISH BELL: A man went to the legislature, was impeached, and after that they called him gerrymander.

PROFESSOR LAKE: What is density?

NEWISH NORWOOD: It is the greatest stuff that can be put in the smallest place.

A PROBLEM: How many acres do Fleet Williams's feet cover? Every time I see him, I am reminded of that old song, "How Firm a Foundation."



## Wanted to Know

**W**HO Sidney White sends a special delivery letter to every Sunday.  
Why Jack Johnson is so deeply in love with uncle "Willie."

When George Trust will get his gold football at A. & M.

Why the boys are always talking to "Tat" Bobbitt so confidentially.

When the "frats" will have their next meeting.

Who sings so much in Leo Horn's room after 2 a. m.

How "Duke" came to be such an "arc" light.

What is the matter with "Gifty Stalling's" feet.

Who got up the jokes in this book.

Why "Sky" Powell lost his job on the football team.

How "Ike" Daniel spends so much money.

How long they have had a "Smiley" at Meredith.

Where Professor Lanneau has his shirts laundered.

If "Sampson" Chambliss belongs to the Boxing Club.

To which pressing club "Finxtus" belongs.

Who got the wood from Alumni building.

How Duncan worked his bean so cleverly, and was the only correctly dressed man at the Senior reception.

How many clothing establishments "Polly" represents.

Why do they call "Mig" Billings Brown-Eyes.

Why you can hear Charles Riddick before you can see him.

All about "Frats" for the interest of our community.

\* \* \*

NEWISH JONES, to Dr. Smith: Is a vessel a boat?

DR. SMITH: Sure.

NEWISH JONES: What kind of a boat is a blood-vessel?

DR. SMITH: A lifeboat, of course.





## Lest We Forget

- T**HAT Dr. Gorrell has a new suit of clothes.  
That Shepherd made the football team.  
Stringfield knocked a home run against Furman.  
Edwards' home run saved the Trinity game.  
That George Trust made 98 in Law One.  
That our football team has an unbroken record of defeats.  
Tyner holds the State record on the 220-yard dash.  
That "Slim" Smith has attained the goal of every pitcher; he pitched a no-hit game.  
Our basket-ball team of 1914.  
That Mills Kitchen absolutely is not conceited.  
Barnes (Newish) walked to Raleigh?  
Bill Holding won the Carolina basket-ball game by his excellent goal throwing.  
That John Royall is doing a "strictly cash business."  
The Senior reception at Meredith.  
That a "Newish" is still a "Newish," regardless of the Senate Committee.  
That Newish Bell had his hair cut.  
That "Cutie" knocked a home run.  
That "Willie" Goode is still running for any and all political offices.  
That Bill Hardaway has a new line of cold storage jokes.  
That "Texas" Wood has perfected a new "buck" dance.  
That "Sky" Powell will gladly give advice free as to how to win and lose football games.  
That Cary J. Hunter, Jr., is a perfectly genuine literary genius.  
That Basil Watkins is again with us.  
That "Crook" Thomas, after diligent application, will receive his degree as a Bachelor of Law.







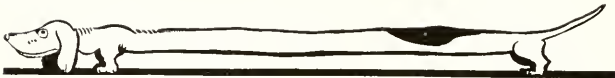
- That Henry is still wearing that wonderful purple and white shirt.
- That Sam Turner has embarked upon the seas of matrimony, and we all wish him *bon voyage*.
- That we shall soon be in Dr. Johnson's new church.
- That six new shower-baths are at the disposal of the students. A word to the wise is always sufficient.
- That "Dutch" Giles has opened up his Bureau of Information as to how to get to the Panama Exposition without means of transportation. Literature on the subject may be secured from Secretary Hardaway. Consultation Free.
- That the very dignified and elastic office left vacant by the Hon. Rowland S. Pruette is still for rent. Here's a chance for some enterprising chap to become famous in many lines.
- That "Giftie" Stallings has had his feet quilted, and all alarming friends feel much relieved.
- That Brown-eyed Billings is still faithfully nursing a pompadour.
- That we should choose a new football coach with the same degree of caution that an old maid uses when she looks under her bed.
- That Pittman delivered a famous oration at Wendell.
- That Mac Johnson got a black eye.
- That Newish Hair bought a season ticket to the bathroom.
- That Newish Hunter gave T. Ivey an order for a dozen quiz pads.
- That Tom Arrington got married; that Warlick is going to; that Hamrick is anxious; and that Bird is on the wing.
- Eight inches of snow on February 20. THE HOWLER going to press, and Newish very scarce and polite.
- That fraternities have been investigated.
- That A. & M. has no basket-ball team, and that W. F. C. holds the State championship.
- That "Sal" Powers is working for the Southern Express Company.
- That this HOWLER is the best yet. Don't you think so?

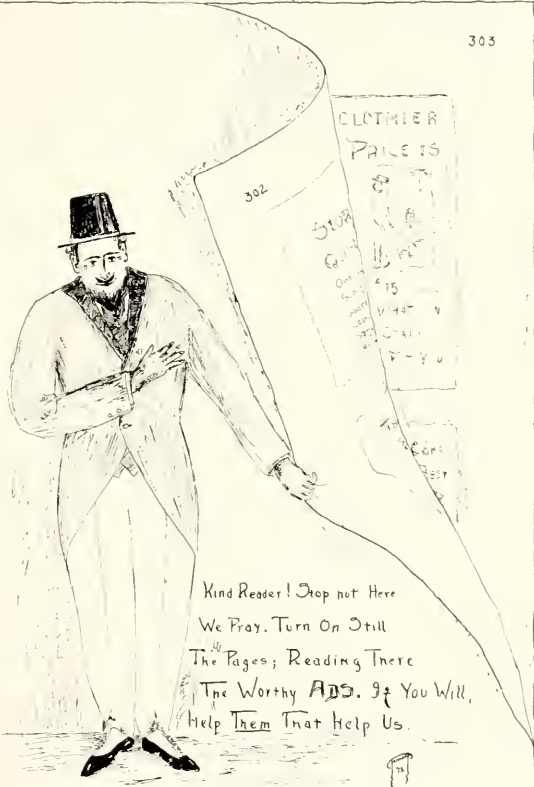




## The Last Word

IF, AFTER following our doings and misdoings thus far, kind reader, you are disappointed, we are sorry; for we have tried to please you. But, as we said in the beginning, we have done our best, and make no excuses. If, however, you have enjoyed THE HOWLER, perhaps you would like to know in part to whom the credit is due. We of the Editorial Staff wish to thank one another, individually and collectively, for all of us have worked hard. We feel that our special thanks, however, are due to Mr. H. C. Dixon, our Editor-in-chief, Mr. A. C. Warlick, our Business Manager, Professor J. B. Hubbell, our Faculty Editor, and Mr. Jack Beal, Art Editor—and all the rest! We wish also to thank Messrs. John E. White and Earl Prevette for jokes and drags, Messrs. C. A. Mosley and I. T. Johnson for stories, and Messrs. J. M. Kesler and E. L. Ward for drawings. And we wish to thank also—not from politeness, but from genuine appreciation, the Observer Printing House of Charlotte, N. C., for their continual courtesy, promptness, and efficiency. We thank also Mr. J. J. Sher, of the Bureau of Engraving, Minneapolis, Minn., who has personally supervised this volume, and also furnished the engravings. They speak for themselves. We wish to thank all of our College-mates who have bought HOWLERS, or aided us by their sympathy and interest. And, last of all, we thank you, kind reader, whoever you may be, for your interest in us and our varied activities, of which this volume is, we hope, a readable, if not an immortal record.





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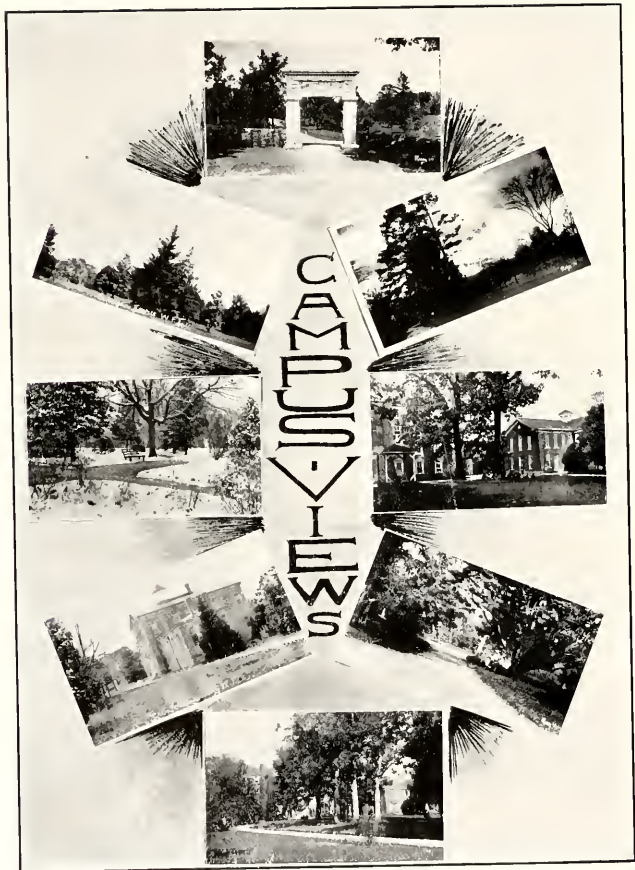
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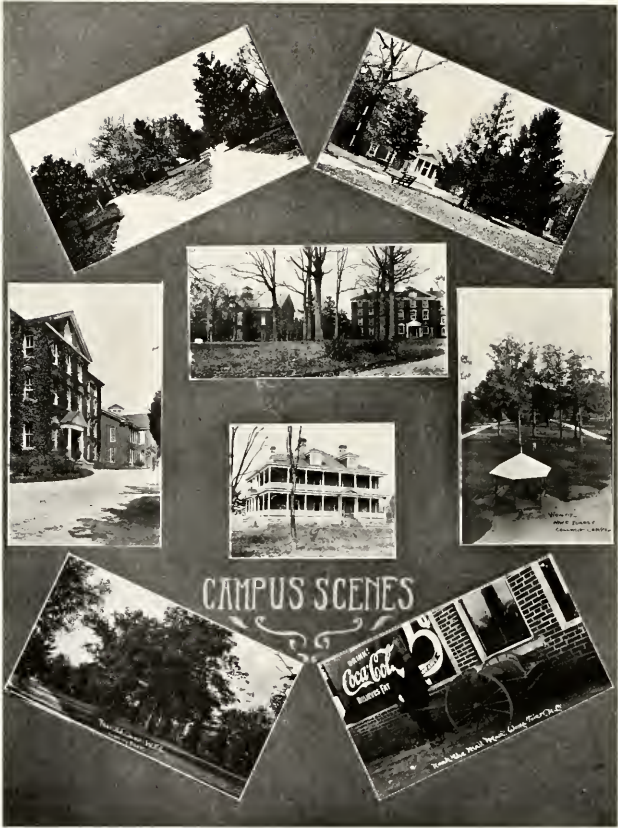


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