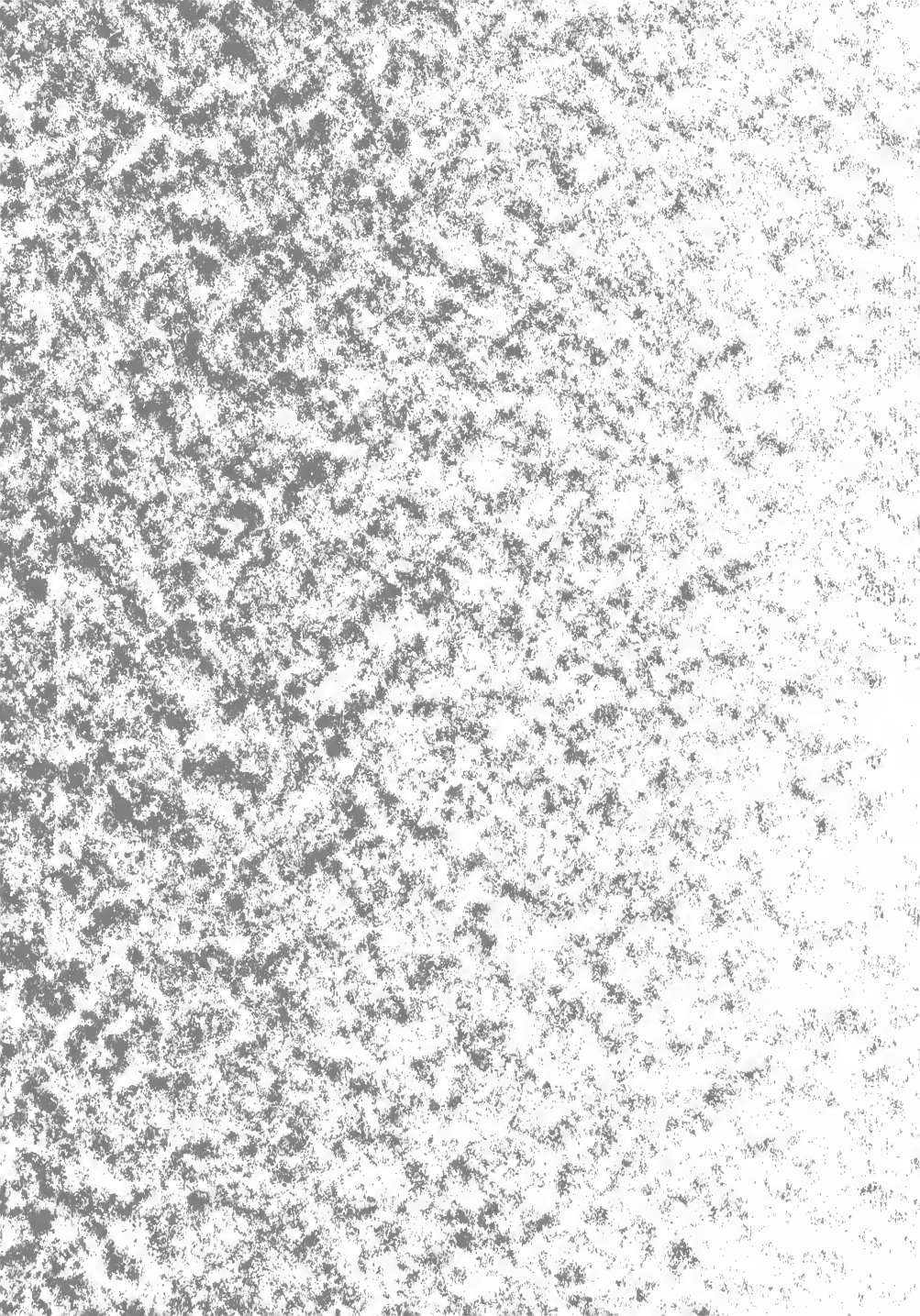
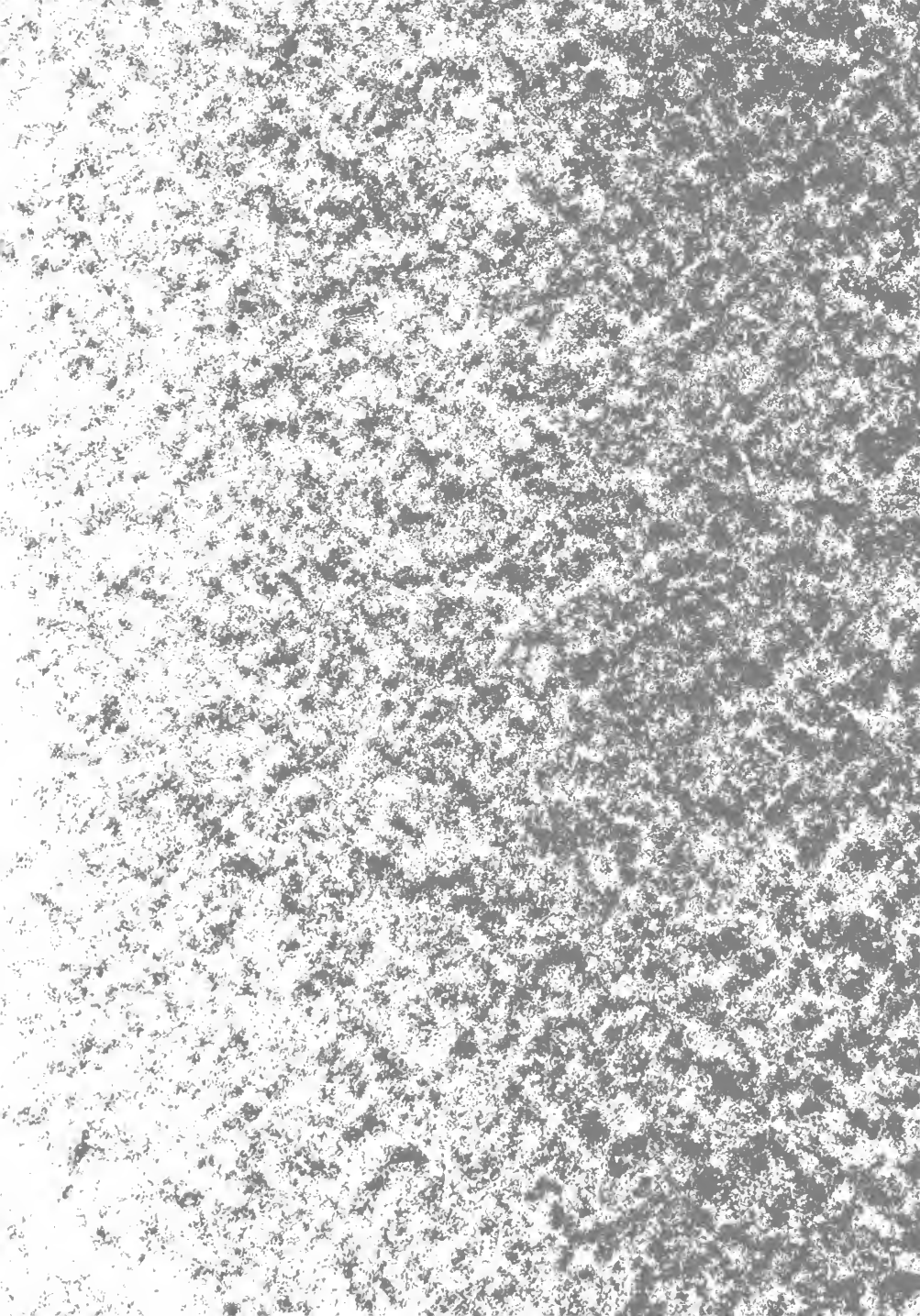


Визитка

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• The Graduate's Love Dream. •





# Phippsicli

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1917

Volume V



EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY  

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The Senior Class of Elon College  

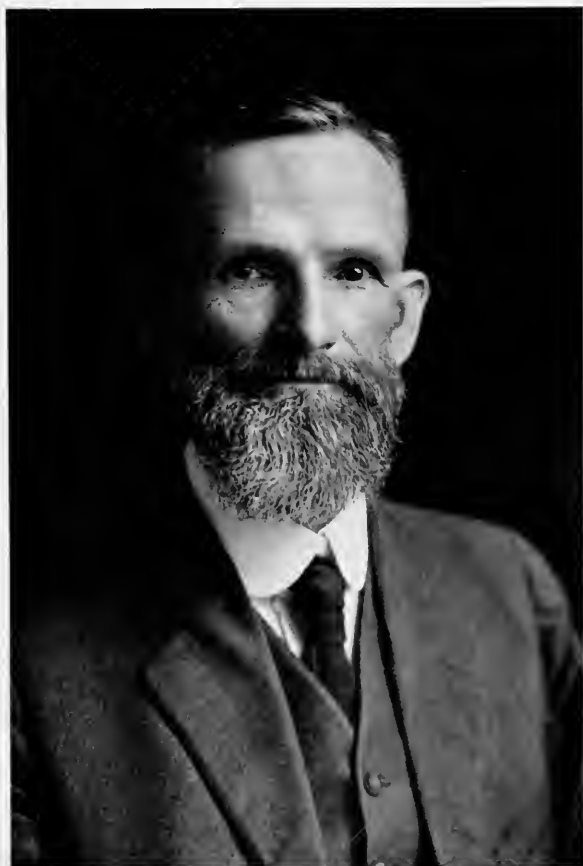
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Elon College, North Carolina

A decorative archway with two floral urns on either side, set within a rectangular border. The arch is supported by two ornate urns filled with flowers. The arch itself is a simple, elegant curve with a decorative finial at the top center. The entire scene is enclosed in a double-line rectangular border with small decorative motifs at the corners and midpoints.

To  
Rev. John Arqubart Newman, Ph. D.,  
D. D.

a Princely Christian of a Modest Mien and  
Noble Scholar in Bible and Greek,  
Whose Name is Indissolubly  
Linked in Loving Affection  
With That of Our Be-  
loved Alma Mater  
We Dedicate  
This Volume of the  
Phipsicki



JOHN URQUHART NEWMAN, PH.D., D.D.

## Rev. John Urquhart Newman

IT IS impossible to think of Elon without at the same time thinking of that genial gentleman to whom the 1917 Phipside is affectionately dedicated. How fitting the honor this, bestowed on a man whose chief characteristic is modesty! The class of 1917 has chosen well and all the Alumni will rejoice in their decision.

Dr. Newman was born January twenty-nine, eighteen hundred sixty, in the city of Portsmouth, Virginia. His parents were John B. Newman and his second wife, Miss Hannah G. Urquhart. Three brothers and three sisters followed him into the home. Two brothers and two sisters by a former marriage had preceded him. A sister, Mrs. Charles Joyner, Nansemond County, Va., his two half-brothers and his father have passed to their reward. His aged mother, now in her 82nd year, and the other children are still active in life's busy undertakings. One brother, Rev. N. G. Newman, D.D., is College Pastor at Defiance College, Defiance, Ohio. Another brother, Rev. C. E. Newman, is pastor at Virgilina, Va. One sister, Mrs. W. C. Wicker, is the wife of a minister. All members of the family are active in Christian work. What a record this and what an inspiration!

Dr. Newman's connection with Elon began in her prenatal days. When he was twenty-eight years of age and teaching in The Graham Normal College, the conviction kept growing upon him that the Christian Church in the South must have a College of its own, not to teach sectarianism, but to exemplify in education the beautiful principles of liberty and love taught by that Church as embodiments of the program of the Master for His Kingdom among men. So zealous an advocate was he of this need that, when the Southern Christian Convention met in extraordinary session in Graham in September, eighteen eighty-eight, Dr. Newman was by special request made a member of the Board of Education, and this Board brought in the report that made Elon possible.

Two years later when Elon opened its doors first for students, Dr. Newman was here as a member of the Faculty and here he has remained till this good day, nine years of the time serving as Chairman of the Faculty, or Dean, investing his life, his heart's devotion, his all in giving form and loveliness to the institution that has meant newness of life and quickening of aspiration to so many noble men and women. It has been a deliberate choice—for many times he has been

sought for other places—a choice of tender love and affectionate sacrifice. But who shall say that he has not been led of the Lord and wisely therefore in this choice?

No man is gladder today of the prosperity and growth of Elon than Dr. Newman. He will delight you for hours with thrilling accounts of the inconveniences, the hardships, the bitter struggles of the pioneer days, with ladders for stairways, with poor lamps for electric lights, with open fireplaces for steam-heat, with felled trees and the debris of the builder's art everywhere in profusion. "But," he will add, "we in those days saw in our heart's desire this better day and rejoiced in it and do rejoice." Like one of old he can look around this place and truthfully declare: "I am a part of all I survey."

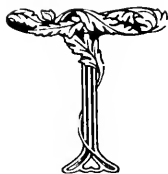
Dr. Newman is head of the Department of Greek and Biblical Literature in Elon. He has had a rare preparation for this responsible position. Prepared for College in the Suffolk Collegiate Institute, he graduated in 1885 from the University of North Carolina. He later studied in the Divinity School of Yale University. But his chief preparation has been his studious disposition, which during thirty-two years of constant application has rendered him the most finished Bible scholar in the Christian Church. He dreams in Greek, it is said, and his pupils can hardly see how it could be otherwise, if he dreams at all. Dr. Newman's library of Greek and Biblical works is a collection remarkable not only for its size, but more so for its discrimination and insight—a double insight at that, since unlike many a scholar who buys books Dr. Newman has really seen their insides. They are his dear and intimate friends.

Dr. Newman was licensed to preach in his eighteenth year and ordained in his twenty-third. He has given his life to the ministry of teaching, however, rather than to the pastorate. In this way his scholarship has counted throughout many a state and nation, and he preaches from hundreds of pulpits weekly rather than from one. The man who trains other men to be messengers of the Good News has a stewardship of the Gospel tremendous in its consequences and pregnant with power. Dr. Newman has been splendidly successful in the type of minister he has trained. The preachers who have gone out from Elon have been gospel preachers, consecrated, devoted, earnest. The vindication, rather the crown, of Elon's Greek and Bible teacher, therefore, is his handiwork in the pulpits of the churches, and equally so in the pews—for the laymen too, many of them, have studied Greek and Bible under his leadership.

Dr. Newman's life has been given almost entirely to teaching. He was first instructor in English and Philosophy at the University of North Carolina. His next appointment was associate principal of the Suffolk Collegiate Institute. From that post he became Adjunct Professor of Latin in Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio. This was a most fortunate position, for here he met with Mrs. Newman, who was then Miss Pattie B. Long, Odessa, Mo., but a student in Antioch. In all, Dr. Newman's career this Christian woman has been all that the Scriptures imply in that suggestive word, help-meet. She is active in Christian effort and in the good deeds which she does. Her children, three sons and two daughters, praise her and call her blessed. So also do her friends—and they are everybody.

From Antioch Dr. Newman came to The Graham Normal College and accepted the chair of Latin and Greek. There he remained till the College whose name, *Elon*, means strength and beauty, was founded in 1890, as we have said. Here the honored scholar and beloved man has become "rooted and grounded in love," to quote from Paul, and here he has grown in usefulness and power until like Liberty and Union, Newman and *Elon*, have become one and inseparable, now and forever.

W. A. H.



# Foreword

THESE passing days are continually rolling themselves into years, and the fond events that cling to our memory will, one by one, be lost to view. If at some distant day the events recorded here shall brighten the memory made mellow by the hand of time, and our returning youth is tenderly linked with that of our College days, then our purpose shall be accomplished and we shall be content.





# The College







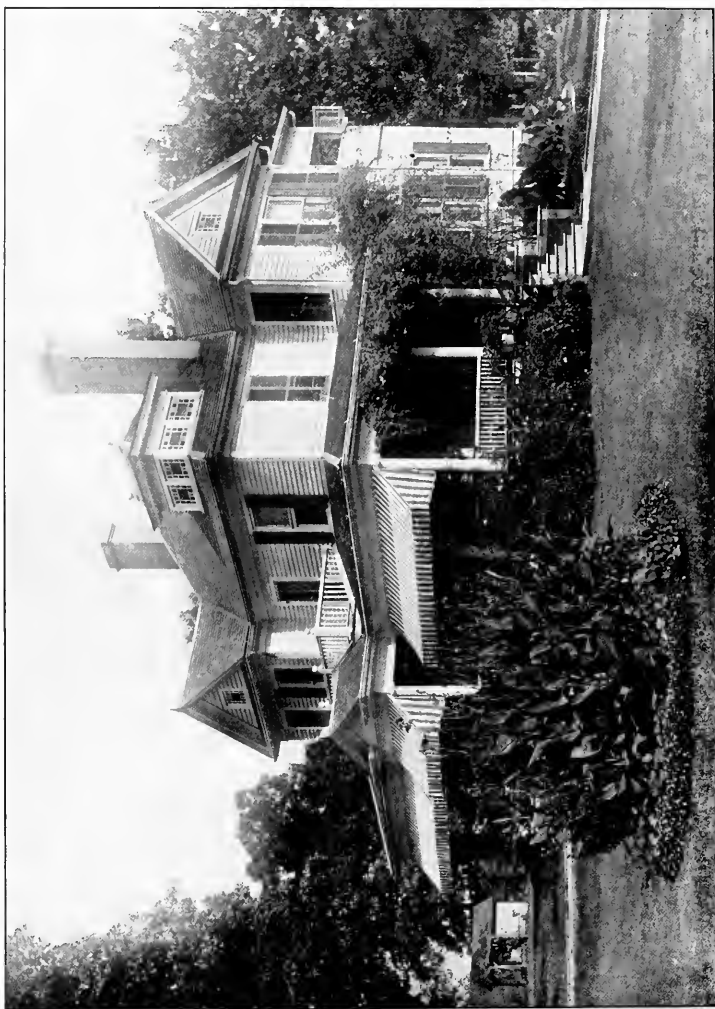
OUR PRESIDENT



OUR DEAN OF MEN



OUR PASTOR



PRESIDENT HARPER'S RESIDENCE



West Dormitory



Ladies Hall



Administration Building

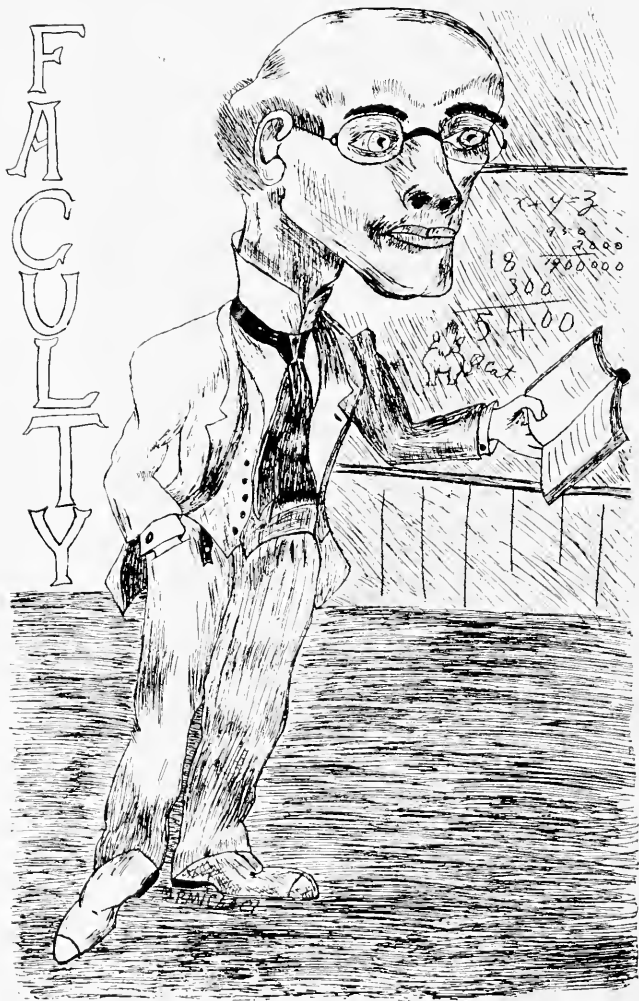


East Dormitory



Alumni Bldg

'Mid Thy Hilltops, Alma Mater Stands Enthroned Forevermore.



## The Faculty

WILLIAM ALLEN HARPER, M.A., Lit.D., LL.D.  
PRESIDENT  
*Professor of Latin Language and Literature*

WALTER PHALTE LAWRENCE, Ph.B., Lit.D.  
DEAN OF MEN  
*Professor of English Language and Literature*

MISS BESSIE UROUHART  
DEAN OF WOMEN  
(Graduate Toronto Conservatory; Toronto University)  
*Expression and Physical Culture*

REV. JOHN UROUHART NEWMAN, Ph.D., Lit.D., D.D.  
*Professor of Greek and Biblical Literature*

REV. WALTON CRUMP WICKER, M.A., Lit.D., D.D.  
*Professor of Education*

REV. JAMES OSCAR ATKINSON, M.A., D.D.  
COLLEGE PASTOR  
*Professor of Political and Social Science*

NED FAUCETTE BRANNOCK A.B., M.A.  
*Professor of Chemistry*

THOMAS CICERO AMICK, M.A., Ph.D.  
*Professor of Mathematics*

EDGAR EUGENE RANDOLPH, M.A., Ph.D.  
*Professor of German and French*

ELDRED OSCAR RANDOLPH, M.A.  
*Professor of Geology and Biology*

ALONZO LOHR HOOK, A.B., M.A.  
*Assistant Professor of Physics*

FRED FLETCHER MYRICK, A.B., M.A.  
*Instructor in English and Mathematics*

CLYDE CARNEY JOHNSON, A.B., M.A.  
*Director of Athletics*

WILLIAM JEFFERSON COTTEN, A.B., M.A.  
*Instructor in Latin*

WILLIAM LEE KINNEY A.B.  
*Instructor in Mathematics*

HOLLIS E. ATKINSON  
*Assistant Director of Athletics*

REV. MARTYN SUMERBELL, Ph.D., D.D., LL.D.  
*Lecturer on Church History and Biblical Literature*

REV. FRANK SAMUEL CHILD, D.D., LL.D.  
*Lecturer on Literature and History*

MISS AVA L. B. DODGE  
(New England Conservatory)  
*Voice and Theoretical Work*

EDWIN MORRIS BETTS  
Co-DIRECTOR  
(Southern Conservatory)  
*Piano*

MISS MABEL B. HARRIS, A.B.  
(Western Maryland College; Boston; Pupil of Frank E. Morse and H. S. Wilder;  
Pupil of Martini)  
*Assistant in Piano, Voice, and Organ*

MISS LOIS BAIRD DAVIDSON, Ph.B.  
(Elon College; New England Conservatory)  
*Assistant in Piano*

FLOYD ALEXANDER  
(Southern Conservatory)  
*Assistant in Piano and Voice*

MISS JOSEPHINE B. ATKINS  
(Queens College, New York)  
*Violin*

MRS. ALEXANDER A. RIDDLE  
(Cooper Union, New York City)  
*Art*

MISS GRACE ALDRIDGE  
(Elon College)  
*Assistant in Art*

MRS. THYRA SWINT  
(Alabama Normal College)  
*Domestic Science and Household Economics*

HILVARD ELIOR JORGENSEN, A.B.  
*Bookkeeping, Stenography, and Typewriting*

MRS. C. C. JOHNSON, Ph.B.  
(Columbia University)  
*Librarian*



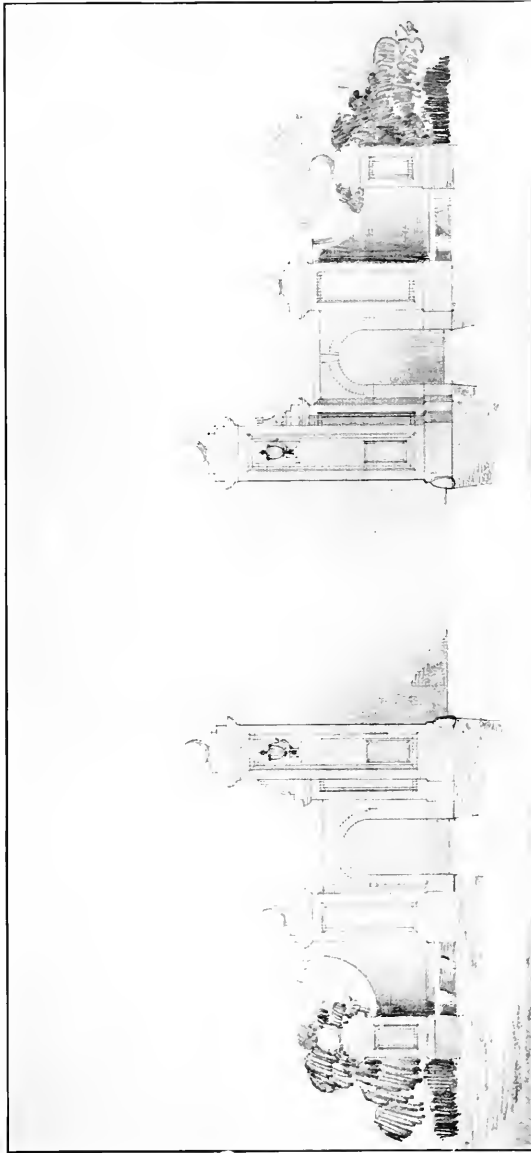
- MISS GERTRUDE MINNIEAR  
*Assistant Librarian*
- VICTOR PAINTER HEATWOLE  
*Director College Band*
- MRS. FLORINE PEACE  
*Matron West Dormitory*
- MRS. ROSE J. MACHEN  
*Housekeeper College Boarding Department*
- MRS. SADIE V. JONES  
*Matron Young Ladies' Hall*
- MRS. THYRA SWINT  
*Stewardess Young Men's Club*
- J. CLYDE CUMAN  
*Manager Ladies' Hall*
- F. M. DUNAPHANT  
*Manager Young Men's Club*

OFFICERS OF THE FACULTY

- W. A. HARPER  
PRESIDENT
- W. P. LAWRENCE  
DEAN OF MEN
- MISS BESSIE UROUHAUT  
DEAN OF WOMEN
- A. L. HOOK  
SECRETARY
- E. E. RANDOLPH  
CURATOR OF LIBRARY
- H. E. JORGENSON  
BURSAR
- E. O. RANDOLPH  
CURATOR OF MUSEUM
- DANIEL HUMBLE  
SUPERINTENDENT OF GROUNDS
- L. W. FOGLEMAN  
CURATOR OF BUILDINGS



"All the World's a Stage,  
And All the Men and Women Merely Players."



THE CAMPUS ENTRANCE

As Planned by the Class of 1916, as Their Donation to Alma Mater. To be Dedicated on Founders' Day, Dec. 30, 1917  
To be Erected During the 1917 Vacation Season.

## Maroon and Old Gold

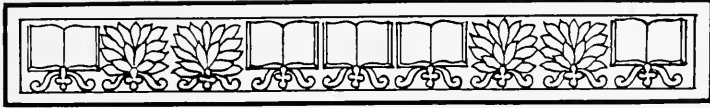
Old Elon is calling  
 In accents quite bold;  
 Flock 'round her true colors,—  
 "Maroon and old gold."  
 Friends always she maketh,  
 And never a foe;  
 Forever on Elon  
 Our love we'll bestow.

All glory to Elon,  
 And founders so true,  
 O, men with great vision,  
 We're hats off to you;  
 Alone in a forest  
 Amid the oak trees  
 Old Elon was founded  
 By men on their knees,

Hail, hail to old Elon,—  
 Your sweet college ties  
 Make the days go faster,  
 But love never dies;  
 Around you we linger,  
 And list to your call,  
 Believing that Elon's  
 The dearest of all.

Old Elon is calling,  
 Classical and kind;  
 Four hundred are answering  
 With heart and with mind;  
 Each evening at twilight  
 Let the old bell toll;  
 We'll sing for old Elon,—  
 "Maroon and old gold."

J. G. TRUITT.



# The Classes



1917

ALMA MATER



## Senior Class

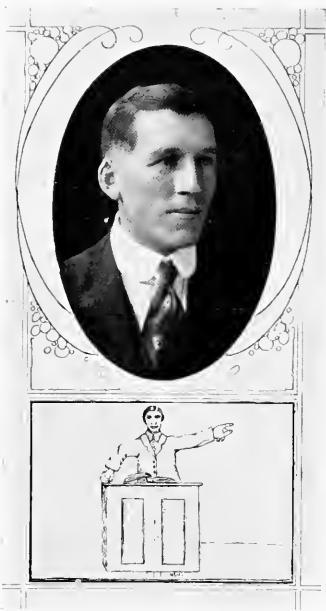
MOTTO: Nulla Palma Sine Pulvere

FLOWER: Pansy

COLORS: Purple and Gold

### OFFICERS

B. M. WILLIAMS.....	President
JENNIE WILLIS ATKINSON.....	Vice-President
JULIA FARMER.....	Secretary
A. C. BERGERON.....	Treasurer
SUSIE RIDDICK.....	Historian
W. J. B. TRUITT.....	Poet
J. HOLT FLEMING.....	Prophet
MARY ISABELLA RANDOLPH.....	Draughtsman of Will
J. FRANKLIN APPLE.....	Chaplain



JAMES FRANKLIN APPLE, A.B.  
Brown Summit, N. C.

Frank, as he is known by all, is one of our most studious members. As a minister his rank is very high; he is doing splendid work wherever he goes, and derives genuine pleasure from it, but his greatest pleasure is to arise early in the morning and listen to the "Myrtle Dove" as she peals forth her notes of music.

*College Honors*

Philologist; Ministerial Association, Christian Endeavor; Marshal for Thanksgiving Entertainment, '15; Chorister Ministerial Association, '16-'17; Chaplain of Senior Class, '16-'17; Assistant Chapel Monitor, '16-'17.



HOLLIS ELDRED ATKINSON, Ph.B.  
Durham, N. C.

*"Jest do your best, and praise er blame  
That follers that, counts jest the same."*

Hollis has the highest intellect on the campus and certainly belongs to the upper ten. As a lover his record is doubtful, but as an athlete he is a grand success. He has helped Elon in her victories and has a very creditable record in the Carolina league. He is a fine fellow and well liked by all who know him. He still has the ninth inning to play in love and with so many loyal rooters he may win yet.

*College Honors*

Philologist; Y. M. C. A.; Phi program, '14-'15-'17; Varsity baseball, '14-'15; Varsity basketball, '13-'14-'15; Assistant coach in athletics, '16-'17.





JENNIE WILLIS ATKINSON, PH.B.  
Elon College, N. C.

*"A heart unspotted is not easily daunted."*

"To know Jennie Willis is but to love her," says Shine Bradford, and we all agree with him.

Her motto, "Make use of time, let not advantage slip," will continue to bring her the best of rewards.

*College Honors*

Psiphelian; Y. W. C. A.; C. E.; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '14-'15-'16-'17, Marshal at Freshman-Sophomore Debate, '14; Psiphelian Debater, '15; Basketball Sponsor, '14-'15; Class Treasurer, '15-'16; Y. W. C. A. Delegate to Blue Ridge Conference, '15; Certificate in Piano, '15; Pianist for C. E., '15-'16; Psiphelian Entertainment, '16; Vice-President Class, '16-'17; Psiphelian Entertainment, '17.



ARTHUR CLARENCE BERGERON, PH.B.  
Zebulon, N. C.

*"The careful shadow of some unseen power."*

The quietest, yet liveliest member of the class. A man of few words, hence a deep thinker. His chief virtue is his ability to do his own work and his ability to let others do theirs. Truly the class is fortunate in having such a true friend and congenial companion for "his armor is his honest thought, and simple truth his utmost skill."

*College Honors*

Philologian; Y. M. C. A.; Delegate to Y. M. C. A. Convention, '14; Delegate to Y. M. C. A. Convention, '15; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '15-'16; Treasurer Class, '16-'17; General Secretary, Y. M. C. A., '16-'17.



J. LAYMOND CRUMPTON, PH.B.  
Roxboro, N. C.

*"His life is gentle, and the elements so mixed in him, that nature may stand up and say to all the world, 'This is a Man.'"*

"Crump," known as "Jack" by only a select few, is one of the most popular boys in the class. One look into his soft brown eyes reveals the fact of his manly character. In the class room and in the realms of oratory, he has shown his true worth and his ability to do the kind of work that always produces enviable results.

*College Honors*

Philologist; Y. M. C. A.; Class Historian, '13-'14; Phi Debater, '14; Sophomore Debater, '15; Phi Orator's Medal, '15; Class President, '15-'16; Usher, '15-'16-'17; Phi Representative Medal, '16; Winner Peace Medal, '17; Editor-in-Chief of Pipsicli, '17.



GLADSTONE C. DONOVAN, PH. B.  
Lexington, N. C.

*"Frivolity is not considered in his curriculum."*

His genial disposition, his frank smile and his capacity for liking everyone make him a mighty fine fellow.

Give him a sheet of foolscap and a brush and you get results very speedily. His friends say there is only one thing wrong with him—his feet don't track.

*College Honors*

Clio; Y. M. C. A.; East Dormitory Self-Government Board, '16-'17; Clio Entertainment, '17; Associate Editor of Pipsicli, '17.



JULIA BLANCHE FARMER, Ph.B.  
News Ferry, Va.

*"To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue."*

Here you look upon the face of one who possesses such qualities as go to make up a real woman. She is endowed with a moderate appreciation for the men, yet her bearing is marked with extreme indifference toward those creatures.

*College Honors*

Ψιφελιαν; Y. W. C. A.; C. E.; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '14-'15-'16-'17; Marshal at Ψιφελιαν entertainment, '15; Vice-President of Class, '15-'16; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., '15-'16; President of Ψιφελιαν entertainment, '16; Y. W. C. A. Delegate to Blue Ridge Conference, '16; Secretary of Class, '16-'17; Baseball Sponsor, '16-'17; President Y. W. C. A., '16-'17.



HAMILTON JENNINGS FLEMING, A.B.  
Greensboro, N. C.

*"Who'er hopes a faultless piece to see,  
Hopes what n'er was, nor is, nor e'er  
shall be."*

In his third year of his punishment, he decided to follow in the footsteps of his father. He is the greatest literary fiend on the campus. Byron and Shelly are his favorites. He has worked less and learned more than any other member of the class during his course. It will take scores of years to steal the fire from his wits. "The man is a man for a' that."

*College Honors*

Philologian; Y. M. C. A.; Philologist Debater, '15-'16; Historian Ministerial Association, '15-'16; Senior Class Debater, '17.



JOSEPH HOLT FLEMING, A.B.  
*"Small in stature, but often wise in judgment."*

Here's a fellow well met and one you may always depend upon. A student from the ground up, but is never so wrapped up in his studies that he will not take a day off for a good time. He is a good athlete and a track man of the highest order. Most of all, he is admired for his brilliancy in Latin.

*College Honors*

Class Poet, '13-'14; Representative-elect, Class Debate, '13-'14; Track Team, '14-'15, '15-'16; Captain Track Team, '16-'17; Manager Basketball, '15-'16; Phi Entertainment Marshal, '15-'16; Chief Marshal Phi Entertainment, '16-'17; Marshal Commencement, '14-'15; Class Prophet, '16-'17



W. C. FRANKS, PH.B.  
 Raleigh, N. C.

*"It might have been otherwise."*

"Francis" is one of the most handsome and dignified members of the class. He claims that at some time he will become a great man, and those fellows who went to class while he spent his time in valuable slumber will come to him for advice on subjects requiring deep thought.

*College Honors*

Philologist; Phi Debater, '12; Self-Government Board, Alumni Bldg., '14; Assistant Baseball Manager, '15; Phi Program, '15; Manager Track, '16; Mantle Acceptance, '16; President Self-Government Board, East Dormitory, '16; Athletic Editor Pipsicli, '17; Varsity Basketball, '17.



CARR ELIJAH GERRINGER, PH.D.  
Elon College, N. C.

*"No serious things dwell within this mystic temple of human design."*

He is better known as "Carr" among the student body. He is a jolly good fellow. No one can be lonesome in his company. He is a lover of song. A "preacher" is he, and one whom the world is destined to hear from.

*College Honors*

Chio; C. E.; Member of Ministerial Band; Organist of Ministerial Band, '15-'16, '16-'17; Member of Chorus Society, '15-'16; Marshal for Chio Entertainment, '11.



IRA RAPER GUNN, PH.D.  
Wentworth, N. C.

*"He lives to build, not boast, a generous race."*

On being asked why his name was Gunn, he replied: "My great-grandfather was a mus-git Gunn, my grandfather a breech-loading Gunn, my father a marine Gunn, and I ARE GUNN (modern)." What will the future be?

*College Honors*

Chio; Y. M. C. A.; Secretary and Treasurer College Band, '15-'16; Chio Debater, '15; President Rockingham County Club, '16; Varsity Track, '15-'16; Class Basketball, '16-'17; Gymnasium Team, '16-'17; Secretary Young Men's Club, '17; Treasurer Rockingham County Club, '17; Chapel Monitor, '17; Assistant Business Manager Phipsicli, '17.



VICTOR PAINTER HEATWOLE, Ph.B.  
Hagerstown, Md.

*"Like a bird without a song  
Is Heatwole without his horn."*

The above likeness of this man plainly represents him as a genius, a musician of note. The extent of his popularity is not measured by the campus, or by North Carolina even, but it extends into Virginia as well, for there his "cousin" dwells.

*College Honors*

Clio; Y. M. C. A.; Band Director, '13-'14-'15-'16-'17; Cornet Soloist Clio Entertainment, '13-'14; Clio Debater, '15; Clio Orator's Medal, '15; College Chorister, '16; Director Glee Club, '16; Christian Endeavor Delegate, '16; President Junior-Senior Debate, '17; Business Manager Phipsicli, '17.



MAMIE JOHNSTON, Ph.B.  
Haw River, N. C.

*"A lady walked about with diamonds."*

Mamie is diligent in study, charming in conversation, scintillating in humor, and modest in all things; at this fair vestal many a suitor loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow. The only successful archer so far may be found in the service of Uncle Sam.

*College Honors*

Psiphelian; Y. W. C. A.; Debater Psiphelian Entertainment, '14; Collector of C. E., '14-'15; Marshal at Freshman-Sophomore Debate, '15; Class Poet, '15; Class Secretary, '16; President Ladies' Hall, '16-'17; Elected Marshal at Junior-Senior Debate, '15; Secretary S. S. Class, '16-'17; Marshal at Junior-Senior Debate, '16; Humorous Editor of Phipsicli.



MARY RUTH JOHNSTON, Ph.B.  
Graham, N. C.  
"Small, but mighty."

Mary Ruth, as she is known by all the girls of Elon, or "Baby," as she is called by the more sentimental of the students, is the smallest member of our class. Small in stature, but large in mental capacity. At times she is impatient, being a person of an exceedingly nervous temperament. It depends entirely on what mood you find her in as to how she will take a little kidding. Sometimes she flies off the handle and sparks follow in her wake.

*College Honors*

Psiphelian; Y. W. C. A.; C. E.; Secretary Class, '14-'15; Marshal Psiphelian Entertainment, '16; Secretary C. E., '16-'17; Psiphelian Chorus, '15.



WARREN McCULLOCH, Ph.B.  
Greensboro, N. C.  
"Why should I worry?"

Mack is one who always looks on the sunny side of life—and succeeds without any apparent effort. He believes in taking the campus course, although he is a good student along all lines. He delights in making hot chocolate when the milk is convenient at the milk house. His friends are all who know him.

*College Honors*

Clio; College Glee Club; Y. M. C. A.; Clio Debater, '14; Clio Humorist, '15; President Clio Entertainment, '17; Chief Rooter, '15-'16; Junior Class Historian, '16; Junior Debater, '15; Senior Debater, '16; Elon College Sunday School Secretary, '16-'17.



GRACE ELLERTON McCULLERS, Ph.B.  
Cadenas, N. C.

"Oh, Math, thou art a galling task, a weary load!"

Here's to one of our best students! Quiet and unassuming unless crossed by others. She possesses one of those rare, selective minds; but there is also enough fire and determination in her make-up to assure her success.

*College Honors*

Ψιphielian; Y. W. C. A.; C. E.; Col-  
lector C. P.; 17- Marshal Ψιphi lian  
Entertainment, 15; Monte Class Bas-  
ketball, 16; Ψιphielian Commencement  
Representative, 16.



PEARL MICHAEL, Ph.B.  
Elon College, N. C.

Pearl is a good student, a friend to any person who is in need. She is low in stature, but high in the esteem of her classmates.

*College Honors*

Ψιphielian; Y. W. C. A.; Art Editor of Phipsich, '17; Certificate in Art; Candidate for Diploma in Art.





WILLIAM CHERVIS POE, A.B.  
Ramscur, N. C.

*"A perfect man's picture, but 'as' who can converse with a dumb sh."*

Bill is the promoter amongst us; he entertains and carries through many rare ideas. A man with whom few are intimate, but whom many imitate. One whom any would hate to have as an enemy, but all appreciate as a friend.

*College Honors*

Philologist; Y. M. C. A.; Phi Marshal Commencement, '13; Vice-President Class, '14; President Freshman-Sophomore Debate, '14; Assistant Baseball Manager, '15; Phi Debater, '15; Certificate in Science, '15; President Phi Entertainment, '16; President Randolph Club, '17; Advertising Manager Psychic, '17



MARY ISABELLA RANDOLPH, Ph.D.  
Charlotte, N. C.

*"To know her is to love her."*

It would be impossible in such a small space to state all of her qualities—to say that she is efficient as a student, loyal as a friend, noble as a Christian, and true to the ideals of womanhood, is a mere beginning for the one who has won a place in the heart of every Elon student.

*College Honors*

Psiphelian; Y. W. C. A.; C. E.; Psiphelian Essayist, '17; Certificate in Expression, '16; Summerbell Scholarship, '16; Psiphelian Essayist Medal, '16; Draughtsman of Last Will and Testament, '17; Candidate for Diploma in Expression, '17.



ESMOND R. REIDEL, Ph.B.  
Holland, Va.

*"Oh, ham-bone am sweet, chicken am good,  
Fat 'possum and 'taters shore am great;  
But gib me, oh gib me, oh how I wish you would,  
Dem Boston 'beans a-smilin' on de plate."*

Pause a moment, gentle reader, ere my song shall convey to you a false impression. Perhaps you are led to believe that "Lack" lives that he may eat. Nay, verily, he eats that he may live, and he lives that he may talk; and great is the loquaciousness thereof.

*College Honors*

Clio; C. E.; Member of Track Squad, '15-'16; Candidate for Certificate in Art, '17; Candidate for Certificate in Science, '17; Member of Tennis Team, '17; Society Representative, '17.



SUSIE BELLE RIDDICK, Ph.B.  
Elon College, N. C.

*"Laughing cheerfulness throws sunbeams on all the paths of life."*

Susie is always ready to help her friends over those rough places with which every college student must come in contact. She is called a reflector of sunshine, and is happiest when making others happy. Her future seems one of the brightest and our best wishes go with her.

*College Honors*

Psiphelian; Y. W. C. A.; C. E.; Corresponding Secretary C. E., '16; Class Historian, '17; President Psiphelian Entertainment, '17; Superintendent Home Department of Sunday School, '17.



ANNIE SIMPSON, Ph.B.  
Atlanta, Ga.

*"Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon."*

Just take a look into the laughing brown eyes of Annie and you will fall a victim to the charm of one of the prettiest girls of the class of '17. A truer friend can nowhere be found and she dispenses music which "hath charms to soothe the savage breast, to soften rocks or bend a knotted oak."

*College Honors*

Psiphelian; Y. W. C. A.; C. E.; Class Secretary, '13; Certificate in Piano, '16; Scholarship Medal, '15; Assistant Pianist C. E., '15; Elected Secretary Junior-Senior Debate, '15; President C. E., '17; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '16; Assistant Pianist Y. W. C. A., '16; Marshal Junior-Senior Debate, '16.



HURLIE SHELTON SMITH, A.B.  
McLeansville, N. C.

*"What is life without a purpose?"*

"Smithy," our scholar and evangelist, has by his perseverance, strength of character, and loyalty to the cause of truth won a high place in the hearts of the student body, Faculty (and Alma).

*College Honors*

Philogian; Ministerial Association; Y. M. C. A.; Vice-President Freshman Class, '13; Phi Debater, '13; Sophomore Debater, Freshman-Sophomore Debater, '14; Representative in Intercollegiate Peace Contest, '15; President Self-Government Board, '14-'15; President Student Volunteer Band, '15-'16; Phi Program, '15; Chief Marshal Commencement, '16; Teacher Student Volunteer Band, '16-'17; President Self-Government Board, '16-'17; Religious Editor Phipsich, '17.



HENDERSON LEE THOMAS, A.B.  
Broadway, N. C.

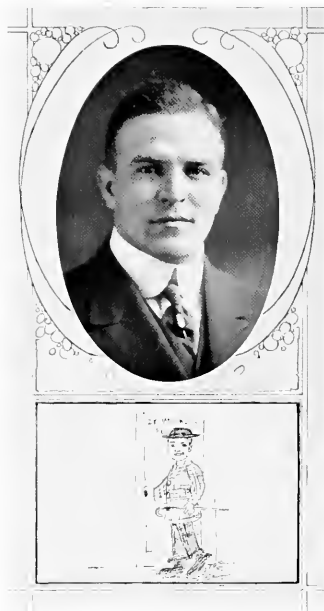
*"Thought is the measure of life."*

A practical thinker, a good student, and a worthy friend will in a measure sum up our opinion of this man of dignity.

'Tis said that a man begins to live when he begins to love. If this be true, "Bettie's" "H. Lee" has been living two years.

*College Honors*

Clio; Y. M. C. A.; Treasurer of Class, '15; Clio Orator, '15; Gymnasium Team, '15-'17; Secretary and Treasurer Athletic Association, '16; Assistant Athletic Director, '16; Class Basketball, '16; Clio Representative Commencement, '16; Clio Orator's Medal Commencement, '16; Usher, '16-'17; Varsity Basketball, '17.



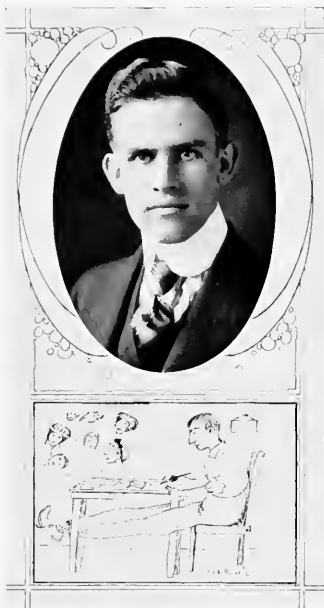
JOHN GALLOWAY TRUITT, Ph.B., M.A.  
Summerfield, N. C.

*"Beyond the Alps lies Italy."*

Always patriotic, but no longer in love—a good man has gone to rest.

*College Honors*

Philologist; C. E.; Y. M. C. A.; Student Volunteer Band; Phi Debater; College Representative in Intercollegiate Peace Contest, '12; Sophomore Debater, Freshman-Sophomore Debate, '14; Junior Debater, Junior-Senior Debate, '15; Secretary and Treasurer Ministerial Association, '15; President Student Volunteer Band, '14; Chief Critic Ministerial Association, '15; President Christian Endeavor, '15; President Philologist Entertainment, '15; President Self-Government Board, Alumni Building, '16; Class Poet, '16; Associate Editor Phippsicli, '16.



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN TRUITT, A.B.  
Summerfield, N. C.

*"All the world loves a lover."*

Special talents he has none, but he would like to appear talented in public speaking. You don't have to be with him long to hear that he won for Elon and himself the state championship in college oratory—and that in his seventeenth year. He has ambitions as a lawyer and politician. His favorite diversion is writing to "Trixie." May he be enlightened before it is too late.

*College Honors*

Philologist; Y. M. C. A.; Winner of Peace Medal, '14; Prize in Intercollegiate Peace Contest, '14; Freshman Debater, '14; President Class Debate, '15; Philologist Debater, '15; Philologist Orator's Medal, '16; Society Representative, '15; Class Poet, '17.



LEMUEL WILMER VAUGHAN, A.B.  
Franklin, Va.

*"So shines a good deed in a naughty world."*

"Big Vaughan" is loved by the whole student body for his genuine and upright qualities. His smile and unflinching good have made him a host of friends. He believes that what is worth doing is worth doing well, and perhaps it is for this reason that he has been such a good student and that he has conquered rather than been conquered.

*College Honors*

Clio; Marshal Clio Entertainment, '15; Secretary Clio Entertainment, '15; Vice-President Self-Government Board, '15-'16; Society Representative Commencement, '16; Secretary Y. M. C. A., '15-'16; Chief Marshal Junior-Senior Debate, '16; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., '16-'17; President Virginia Club, '16.



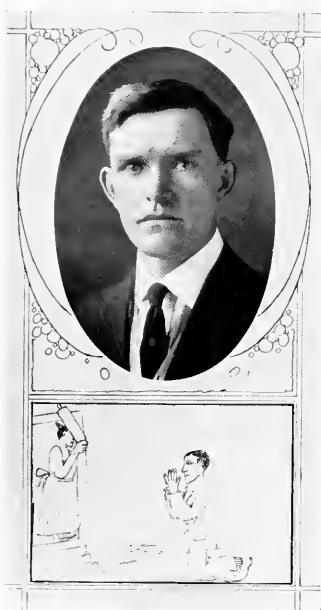
EUNICE KERA WELONS, Ph.D.  
Smithfield, N. C.

*"By nature honest, by experience wise, Healthy by temperament and by exercise."*

There is not a more whole-hearted girl in the world—there is nothing she would not do for a friend. When occasion demands, Eunice is somewhat stage-struck. We don't think that she will go on the stage, but if she does she will be a success, and if she doesn't she will still succeed.

*College Honors*

Psiphelian; Y. W. C. A.; C. E.; Class Treasurer, '14-'15; Psiphelian Humorist and Member of Chorus, '15-'16; Candidate for Certificate in Expression, '17; Psiphelian Debater, '17; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '15-'16.



BENJAMIN MCINNIS WILLIAMS, A.B.  
Elon College, N. C.

*"Few things are impossible to diligence and study."*

You now behold a distinguished member of our class, the only one among our members who has taken a partner for life. That he is a good fellow and popular is known by the high honor given him by the class in making him Senior Class President.

*College Honors*

Philologist; Y. M. C. A.; C. E.; Phi Debater, '14; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '16-'17; Vice-President Ministerial Association, '15-'16; Elected Junior Debater, Junior-Senior Debate, '15; Chapel Monitor, President Ministerial Association, President Class, '17.



REV. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BLACK, Ph.D.  
Holland, Va.

*Carthago delenda est*

Phi; landed at Elon (a preparatory student), Sept. 11, 1891; started a gymnasium in present business room Jan. 7, 1895; founded Elon's Museum, May 27, 1895; ordained to Gospel ministry Nov. 19, 1899, having given up his College course because he needed to get out of debt. Has during the past 17 years served as pastor of important churches and as Y. M. C. A. secretary in Memphis, Tenn., Suffolk, Va., and Clifton Forge, Va. Is now pastor at Holland—Holy Neck, with 1,400 members under his care. He never gave up his diploma, and like his favorite Latin quotation, the diploma has come to him as destruction did to Carthage.

*College Honors:* Washington's Birth-day Orator, 1895; Inter-Society Debater, 1896; Society Representative, 1897; Chief Marshal Commencement 1898; Delegate to College Y. M. C. A. Convention from Elon 1896-'97-'98; Delegate to American Christian Convention, New Market, Ont., 1898.

Born Keezleton, Va., Jan. 24, 1871.

## Senior Class Poem

Ride on most noble class, till all  
Mankind is blest because you are;  
Cease not, but answer life's great call  
That comes from timeless shores and far.

Fight on, though in the silent ways  
Of untempestuous peace. The years  
Are yours if you but fill the days  
With work that does not cease, nor fears.

Live on, for Alma Mater lives,  
As sons and daughters to use her strength  
To make your own lives pure, and give  
As learning loves to give at length.

Love on for love the law makes full  
And lifts the life above the low,  
It gives the will unmeasured full  
And sets the face of all aglow.

Ride on, fight on, live on, love on,  
For this is but the first brief rest:  
The day is only at its dawn,  
And you have yet to give our best.

—"POET."



## Senior Class History

ELON COLLEGE was discovered by one member of the class as far back as Sept. 11, 1891. A second wayfarer landed here March 6, 1910. One of two other noted explorers reached the college in 1911, and others came in 1912. The mass of the class arrived, however, early in September, 1913. The date of the official organization runs back to September 25, 1913, at which time it was organized with 39 members.

Its personnel has been gleaned all the way from the Great Lakes to Georgia, and is composed mostly of farmer girls and boys, also the industrial and commercial world has contributed its share. It becomes the statistician's opportunity to announce—for the class has never felt or taken knowledge of the fact itself, that 80 per cent of its members are Christians, 10 per cent Methodist, 5 per cent Presbyterians, 5 per cent Baptists; 6 will enter the ministry, *some* medicine, *some* music; and others will fill their respective spheres in the busy world.

In this short space generalities more than particularities must be made prominent, but as no history can live without the men and women that make it, the historian is forced to deal with a part of the personalities.

Ever since that memorable day when Mary West was elected first president of the class and a committee was appointed to frame its constitution, the class has been moving forward. It has won its share of victories and has occasionally felt the force of defeat. W. J. B. Truitt won for our class the College Peace Medal and for the College in the State Contest the first prize, while a few months later we surrendered a debate to the class '16.

In 1914 Grover Harris became second president and Mary Ruth Johnston secretary. Crumpton and Smith regained a place for the class on the debating map, leading it to victory in its second forensic conflict. The names of Frank Morrett and Hollis Atkinson became names to conjure with in athletic circles and helped win the championship in the state contest.

The year 1915 made Crumpton third president and Mamie Johnston succeeded Mary Ruth as secretary. The class of '16 failed last year to face the class of '17 in forensic battle and thereby forfeited to the class of '17 the annual debate. Our class also found a way to the front as a class team in basketball. This year registered the class as having received in its three years in college 10 gold medals through its members.

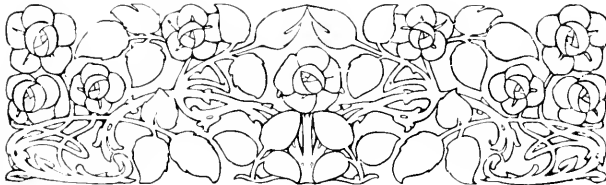
The closing year is far from finished—Ben Williams is the fourth president and Julia Farmer is secretary. Already we have lost the annual debate but have

## '17 PRAISES '17

won the class championship in basketball. It cannot be foretold how the class will succeed in the peace contest, but it is significant perhaps that the college has been represented in the state contest but four times and each time by men who are members of '17 (Truitt, J. G.; W. J. B.; White, R. M., and Smith, H. S.).

While '17 is the largest class in the history of the College, it does not claim to be superior in any other way. Our original loyalty has *lived* into love, the first hand grasps have held it together until now in the happiest bonds of fraternal friendship, they cannot lose their grip—all together we have gone—all together we go—the class of nineteen-seventeen!

"HISTORIAN."



ELON COLLEGE

## Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1917

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,  
County of Alamance.

Realizing that the time for our departure from this world is rapidly approaching, and that the time is at hand when we must bid adieu to this dear old campus and to the place of interest and distinction "College Town," and that we shall soon look for the last time into many faces which shall long be held in memory, and that all the things and courses of study have been mastered, we, the graduating class of Elon College, being of a sound mind, hereby revoke all wills, codicils, and other testamentary dispositions heretofore made by us, and declare this to be our Last Will and Testament.

### SECTION I.

Article 1. We leave to Dr. Harper full permission to christen all new walks laid out on the campus, since he was so successful in naming "Parsum Avenue."

Article 2. To the deans, who have had so many consultations concerning the class of '17, considering only it was so different from all other classes with which they had to deal, we wish first to tell them that we are different, and it was impossible to change our-elves for four brief years—even to please them. However, we lay at their feet a bundle of requests, begging that they forgive us.

Article 3. That august assembly called the faculty we wish to thank for the many times they have called us into their meetings, for in so doing they have given us experience in solving problems on the spur of the moment, which otherwise we might not have had the opportunity of doing.

### SECTION II.

Article 1. To the Freshman class we leave in book form a collection of all our experiences during the last four years, vividly illustrated by Grace McMillen and B. M. Williams. Obtain the same from Dr. Know-a-lot's office.

Article 2. To the Sophomores we leave all our self-importance with the hope that before long they, too, may find some defects in Sophomorehood.

Article 3. To the loyal Juniors we will all that they can find bearing the coat-of-arms of '17." Among the things easily found will be an extension of the campus; a certain degree of authority never before felt—but, however, this may get you into serious trouble, away in some obscure corner you may find something like this, "twas all so different from what we expected."

Article 4. To the special students whose time hangs heavily on their hands we recommend that they spend two hours each day for the next four years, trying to codify and systematize the rules passed by the faculty during the last twenty years, which may now be found in a stack of minute books 18x24 inches six feet high. These can be obtained from the College vault.

ELON COLLEGE

## SECTION III.

The personal property of the class of '17 is hereby distributed as agreed upon by each member separately:—

John Laymond Crumpton wills the sidewalk from North Dormitory to the Graded School building to Merritt Foushee with directions concerning the best methods for keeping it well packed.

Mamie Johnston leaves her primping glasses and curling irons to Gertrude Minniear.

Jennie Willis Atkinson leaves her violin and all her music to Captain Jorgenson as a panacea for his fancied slight.

Warren McCulloch wills his wigs, paint, powder, chewing gum, cigars, and feminine apparel to Edwin M. Betts.

Susie Belle Kiddick wills her giggling apparatus to E. B. Page.

J. Frank L. App'e, peculiarly fortunate in regard to his name, wills himself to a Northern Seminary as a very unusual and choice fruit—a product of Elon.

Eunice Reba Wellons bequeaths to Dean Urquhart a monograph, "My White Record at Elon." This treatise must be memorized and delivered by the dean of women to the entire student body semi-annually.

Hamilton Jennings Fleming leaves his method of spouting out encyclopedic knowledge to M. W. Hook upon condition that he never let it rest.

William Carson Franks wills his ability to sleep on every occasion to Hardy Hardeastle.

Carr Elijah Gerringe wills his propensity for keeping cool under all trying circumstances to Ethel Starnes.

Joseph Holt Fleming leaves his latest "styleplus" outfits to L. L. Wyrick, and his enigmatical expression to Grady Reid.

Victor Painter Heatwole leaves all his old discarded Jews harps to Charles Whitelock. His beaming smile he leaves to Prof. Cotten.

Mary Ruth Johnson leaves her Math. text, notebook, with all keys to W. B. Fuller, with all good wishes for his speedy graduation.

Pearl Michael leaves her hustling nature to Alma Bowden, feeling sure she will develop it.

William Chervis Poe wills his conceit to Terrie Floyd, being assured that he will add to what he has already acquired.

Esmond Robert Reidel leaves his failing appetite to Joe Raper, and his prissy ways he leaves to Pearl Teter.

Annie Simpson leaves her flirting ability, her coquettish ways, together with other small oddities, to Maggie Taylor.

Hilrie Shelton Smith wills to Dr. Newman a sealed box containing the written account, with apologies, of all his misdemeanors at Elon College.

Henderson Lee Thomas leaves his Tayloring establishment to "Palm Beach" Martin.





## Senior Class Phrophecy

THE honors having been given and appreciated, the task imposed by the class and accepted by me, was one that my faculties, I must admit, were not able to handle. After consulting dreams, witches, fortune-tellers, and spirits of all kinds I was able to understand the future of but one of our number.

I was near a wood in my thought and an object, whether of bone and blood I know not, attracted my attention; this figure, it seemed to me, was rapidly counting its fingers and toes. When drawing nearer I realized she was working out the future of time, through the medium of mathematics. I asked if she could tell me of the future of our class. Her answer was an emphatic "No, I can not." I then began naming some of my friends in hope of learning the future of some one at least, and I happened to mention John Truitt, but caught myself and exclaimed, "Oh! but you said you did not know any of my '17 friends." "But he is not a '17 man," she made answer, "for he surely graduated last year." "But he is back this year," I said. "I know, but that is because he had rather play than work." "But you came to hear about his future; know then that your friend will be elected a fellow of Oxford and will publish a work called 'Infinite,' which will contain formulæ for public speaking, love-making, and composition, all worked out on a pure mathematical basis." At this I was conscious of not having much faith in math, and less in charms.

I wanted some means to really get some insight into the future; in the days of Alchemy I might have been fooled and you also, but not today. I was so blue I decided to make a pleasure trip, leaving my immediate trouble behind. I arrived in Norfolk twelve hours after this decision was made. I hastened to the aviation

field and one of my friends proposed that we take a flight. So we did. We went, and kept going until 10,000 feet of space, ether, and air was between us and a solid footing.

I must have been meeting the earth at about 50 miles an hour when I said to myself, "Here is where I get out of a math. examination." You have heard that a person dying, or thinking he is dying, sees his past and future. I verify that hearsay, for I not only saw my past and future but the past and future of my friends. I saw all this and more but thought, what I know now will not do anybody any good, but let us see how it turned out.

I saw Miss Atkinson, at Elon, away past the meridian of life. She met every train and every mail; she was no doubt waiting for and expecting something. I asked her if I might be of any assistance. She replied, "Yes, go tell the University of Virginia to hurry and graduate that lawyer for I want and need him." Again I saw her when with nose abridged, step infirm and tears aflow, she was longing, waiting, and still expecting.

I next saw our much believed-in Smith. He was not a persuader to the mourners' bench, but this is what I truthfully saw him to be: a divorce lawyer, a man who extracts Cupid's darts and severs his arrows when they hit the wrong persons, and many he separated whose torch was still lighted from Hymen, but which was utterly extinguished by him.

Mr. Heatwole I saw the pilot of a ship, but he kept leaving his post to ask the captain some silly questions which he should have known. On account of this his ship was wrecked and he marooned. This I saw clearly, because Mr. Heatwole started this habit of depending on others to judge for him while at Elon. He used to run to the head of that institution to find out if it were against the rules to drink what was served as coffee from a saucer.

Mr. Bergeron, I saw a recognized scientist, when I perceived him to be in the act of grafting a tune to his family graphophone, while some of the children cried, "Daddy, daddy, hurry and fix this before the babies wake!" Times being hard, he had recently perfected a machine by which milk was extracted from the milk-weed.

In 1936 I saw a woman selling dyestuff. She was one of those old ladies who want to look about twenty-five years younger than they are. I would not have known her had she not, taking pride in her coal black hair, said it was fiery once. Then I knew she with the curls on either side was my classmate and Bill's admirer, Miss McCullers.

I saw Mr. Gunn, who in the past had been such a boisterous, commanding kind of person, meekly beseeching some Jews to get their umbrellas so that he might fix them. Mr. W. J. B. Truitt had been associated with him in this work, but had been caught borrowing some old clothes and sentenced to the road where

he was engaged—putting clods of dirt on grasshoppers' feet, thereby making them clohoppers.

Mr. McCulloch, the would-be orator of older days, was filling Booker T.'s place only moderately well.

A picture of Salt Lake City vividly startled me. I saw our modest Crumpton married, married indeed. He had turned Mormon, his hair white, what little he had at the age of thirty. Domestic trouble I knew to be at the root of it all.

But speaking of domestic relations, I remember seeing Mr. Poe vainly hunting stock in a stockless market. He was a successful speculator known on Wall Street as Phonio. Only once had his judgment failed. He figured that he was going to manage a Farmer for better or worse, but results easily warped through the fickleness of chance are thus, Julia in theory was a dependent, but in fact a monarch of Bill's universe.

The Right Reverend Williams, that antiquated near-farmer when he entered Elon, I saw to be a carnival shark, selling "Immortal Bitters." Some said he was very rich.

Mr. Apple was a canine dentist in Gibsonville. His business was very rushing, so much so that he was forced to employ Mr. Gerringer as keeper of the animals. The city of Gibsonville also brings to my mind Mr. Donovan. He lived in the country not far from there raising horses, cotton, cows, pigs, and children.

Miss Annie Simpson had plighted her troth with a street car conductor by the name of L. W. Vaughan. She was successful, I saw, in ruling her home and husband. She also manipulated the pay-envelope.

Miss Mamie Johnston, as missionary to Australia, was practically worshipped by those people, while she worshipped another being, a simple ex-postmaster, if the truth need be told.

Miss Michael I saw making illustrations for the daily called "Elonish Bulletin."

Miss Riddick, I saw a governess in a prep. school up East. She had been married but got her name back with alimony, or all the money, I have forgotten which.

Mr. Atkinson, who had been so long in getting through school, had forgotten all he knew. He was trying to preach his favorite sermon, "The sun do move and the earth an square."

Miss Randolph in Chicago occupied the chair of abnormal psychology, where she taught table walking, spiritualism, and hypnotism.

Miss Wellons, married to a baseball player named Sorrells, was doing settlement work in New York. Her favorite quotation about men is, "Time unfolds what plighted cunning hides."



Mr. Frank, a member of Keito Vaudeville, was making quite a hit singing such songs as "Mamma's got the rolling-pin; no bread tonight."

Mr. Reidel seemed to me to be enjoying life to its fullest extent as viewed by him. He was cook in a Greek cafe in Baltimore. He seemed satisfied getting board and room for what little he did.

Thomas, the comic acrobat, I saw with a tent show; one of these ten-cent affairs, as a clown; he surely made those mill people Ha! Ha!

Mr. Jennings Fleming, the teacher of our class, is successfully handling a kindergarten class in Yonkers, a very small town.

Miss Mary R. Johnston, I saw a lecturer in one of the largest Chautauquas. Her biggest lecture was on "The Decline and Fall of Man," using the term man in its narrow sense.

All at once my descent became much slower and again I regained consciousness, if I may term the state so, and found that in my excitement I had not noticed my parachute was up-side-down. By some means it had righted itself and my landing was safe and I must state, filled with hope, expectation, and thankfulness.

"PROPHET."





WARREN McCULLOCH



H. J. FLEMING

### Junior-Senior Debate

QUERY: *Resolved*, That the United States should subjugate and assume control over Mexico, as she has done with regard to the Philippines, until Mexico proves herself capable of self-government.

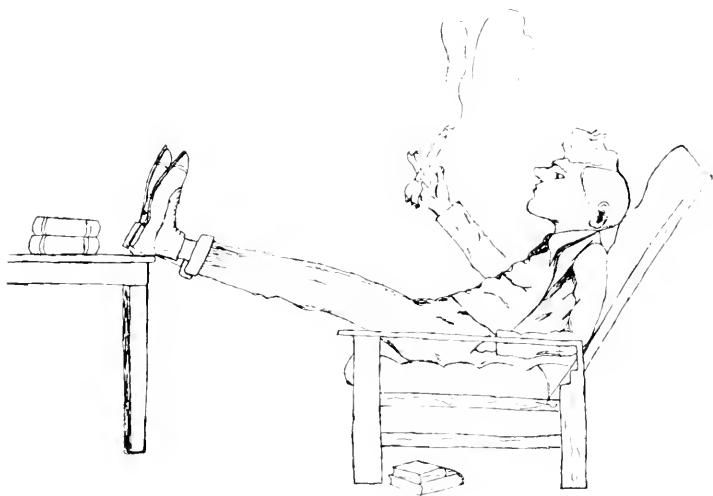


J. F. RAPER



E. H. RAINEY

# JUNIORS



## Junior Class

MOTTO: Putare Est Posse

COLORS: Garnet and Gray

### FLOWERS

Red and White Carnation

### OFFICERS

H. M. REDDING.....	President
G. M. REID .....	Vice-President
CURTIS BEAM.....	Secretary
MATTIE KEYSER .....	Treasurer
F. M. DUNAPLANT.....	Poet
GERTRUDE MINNIEAR .....	Historian
LUCILE JOHNSTON .....	Corresponding Secretary



O. P. Fitzgerald  
Curtis Beam  
L. L. Wyrick



J. F. RAPER  
Mamie Pickard  
E. A. Tuck



H. M. Redding  
Gertrude Brown  
J. C. Auman



M. K. Horner  
Thelma Stone  
C. C. Lindley

19 PAIRSYCLIN 17



Fannie Pearl Dawson  
G. F. Pridgen  
Gertrude Michael



E. B. Page  
Mattie Dawson  
E. H. Rainey



W. E. Beale  
Ernestine Fulgham  
C. N. Whitlock



H. H. Barber  
Lucille Johnson  
M. W. Hook





W. F. Odom  
Lela Hayworth  
F. M. Dunaphant



Gertrude Minnicar  
J. M. Watson



Mattie Keyser  
G. M. Reid  
Pretto Brown



W. V. Simpson  
Alberta Boone  
R. J. Morton



B. W. Sorrells  
Ruth Wicker  
J. E. Massey



F. C. Lester  
Olivia Snipes  
T. F. Murphy



M. O. Stone  
Blanche Thomas  
W. C. Hook

## Junior Class Poem

O calm, majestic height! when shall we see  
 Thy crest which Socrates and Plato trod?  
 Assiduously we hold our gaze on thee,  
 And, all entranced in prayer to God,  
 We spurn the voices that do ever seek  
 To wrest us from the way which few e'er know.  
 Though missiles pelt us and a gloomy reek  
 Bedim our course, we yet will ever go  
 In quest of thee, for thy rich splendor thrills us so!

And we will never halt and look behind  
 To measure our success, for those who stop  
 Their laurels to recount, do surely find,  
 Too late, that the sole chance to reach the top  
 Is only given those who do forget.  
 Cessation therefore we'll not know, till high  
 On thee we stand, O height! nor will we let  
 The fair, deceptive ways of passions try,  
 Lest we allow our highest aim to fade and die.

O dread and wondrous goal! thou hast a charm  
 To stay the fury of earth's ignorant mass:  
 Thy rare and matchless beauty is the balm  
 To mitigate all longings that e'er pass  
 Through mind's capacious halls. All bow to thee  
 In reverential awe, for reason's light,  
 All arts, our knowledge of eternity,  
 All these, and more, take their fixed flight  
 From thy fair crystal stream so bountiful and bright.

The chain of being is complete in thee:  
 Thy might created all, and doth create  
 For God owns thee; hence thou shalt ever be  
 Almighty, life-sustaining potentate!  
 The far, mysterious hosts of shining lights—  
 Lamps of celestial ether infinite,  
 Which glide so lofty in their mystic flights,  
 And brighten earth with rays which they emit,  
 Pursue thy faultless plan, thy mighty benefit.

Two years and more have past since first we came  
 Within the sound of thy sweet murmuring stream:  
 And, though our struggle has been hard, no blame  
 We place on thee; as glory soon will beam  
 Profusely on our way from thy fair cliffs  
 Which stud the margin of thy golden crest,  
 To pay us for our fight. Thy value lifts  
 Us over crag; so we will do our best  
 Till safe from strife on thee we halt to take our rest.

—"POET."

## History of the Junior Class

WHAT a great day was September 1, 1914! Young Americans from various places in the Eastern half of the United States matriculated at Elon College. Sixty-five of whom were called Freshmen, particularly by those uppish Sophomores. A few weeks later, however, when our names were read out in Chapel, we became conscious of the fact ourselves. The class was duly and formally organized. The selection of the motto, "Putare est posse," and choosing the owl as the emblem, shows the high ideal of the class.

The history of our Freshman year is much the same as the history of every other Freshman class: the getting acquainted, the organizing, the contraction of that dreaded disease "Tremoritis" (which, strange to say, attacks its victims only in class rooms and on examinations); and the usual participation in athletics, debates, and other College duties and pleasures.

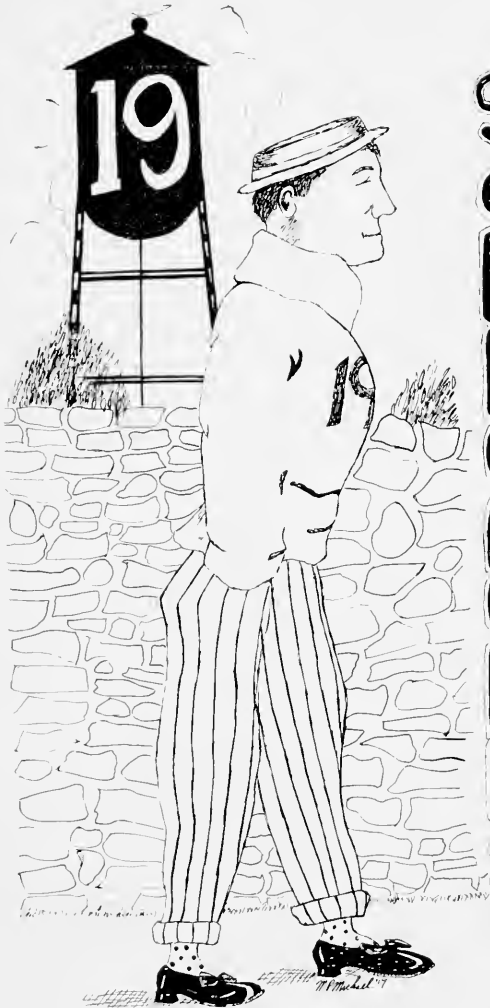
At the first meeting of this class as Sophomores in September, 1915, only thirty-one answered to the roll-call. We were greatly disappointed to have lost so many but "To meet, to know, and then to part, is the sad experience of the student's heart." We determined to make up in energy what we had lost in numbers, therefore our Sophomore year was an industrious one. This year we fully realized what was expected of us if our class emblem and motto were to hold their significance. Consequently we worked zealously for the accomplishment of these high ideals.

The history of our Junior Class began during the graduating exercises of the class of '16; with that auspicious event came the falling of the mantle on the class of seventeen. Those few remaining days we trod these classical halls of learning as though we were in the etherial realm of intellect. It took the few summer months of pleasure and work to bring us to a normal condition, Juniority. So much so, in fact, that when a Sophomore meeting was scheduled we had to think twice to know that we were ranked Juniors.

After looking in vain for two weeks for our president-elect and actually hearing that the call of the cave-man had possessed him, we held a class meeting and elected in his stead Mr. H. M. Redding. At this meeting, too, new members were added to our list until we now number forty-five. We are steadily recovering from all the affectations of lower classmen and have a fair start in those "enviable dignities" of the upper classmen, for instance, an A-1 recitation without any preparation.

Already our class has the distinction of possessing a member who is recognized in the literary world as a poet and short-story writer, bringing not only renown to himself, but to his class and his Alma Mater. This is none other than our own class poet.

At the end of this year we hope to have made our motto, "Putare est posse," so much the guiding principle of our lives that when the mantle shall have fallen upon us at the close of our Junior year the class of '17 will think of us as worthy successors.



ANTHROPOLOGY

## Sophomore Class

MOTTO:

*"Ascendite etsi rupes asperae."  
"Climb though the rocks be rugged."*

FLOWER: Daisy

COLORS: Blue and Gold

OFFICERS

E. M. BETTS.....*President*  
 ETHEL BIRKHEAD.....*Vice-President*  
 EMA WARREN.....*Secretary*  
 JENNIE SMITH.....*Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Bowden, Alma	Jones, Esther	Pearee, E. N.
Birkhead, Ethel	King, W. C.	Purcell, E. G.
Bingham, E. A.	Ken-Drick, E. B.	Parks, T. B.
Byrd, Louise	Klutz, L. E.	Powell, T. E., Jr.
Caddell, Elsie	Kenyon, Annie	Raper, Annie
Cheek, T. S.	Loy, D. L.	Rothgeb, R. M.
Cheek, J. F.	McCollum, Ollie	Rush, Ruth
Carter, H. W.	McCauley, Pauline	Starnes, Ethel
Everett, B. W.	McArtan, A. B.	Smith, Jennie Dunn
Fogleman, L. H.	Miller, J. C.	Starnes, Earnest
Fou-see, L. M., Jr.	Martin, L. D.	Sechrist, E. E.
Hicks, Mary	Minnis, J. F.	Teter, Pearl
Hardeastle, H. S.	Mann, G. C.	Taylor, Maggie
Hardy, J. D.	Maxwell, T. M.	Wright, Haley
Harris, P. V.	Powell, Myrtle	Warren, Ema





SOFTBALL TEAM

## Sophomore Class Poem

Many were they that went to sea,  
To cruise on the grand old boat,  
But scores their anchor have loosed  
And without an anchor gone aloft.

Our toils with contemporaries  
Were a perfect fright,  
The Seniors claimed everything  
That was in their sight.

In Math, one, the waves dashed high,  
The ship was almost sunk,  
And half our noble crew  
Were honored with a flunk.

We're pressing onward and upward  
Since we first set sail,  
Though the rocks be rugged  
We'll weather the gale.

In a very short while  
Our exams, will be o'er  
And we shall walk peacefully  
On the Juniors' grand shore.

## History of the Sophomore Class

Despite the storms and calms the grand old ship of the class of 1919 is well upon her voyage. All that reminds us of our Freshman journey is sinking rapidly in the wake, while the beginning of the Junior lap is slowly appearing upon the distant horizon.

Almost two years ago we met for the first time. At that memorable meeting there were one hundred and thirty-nine young men and young women who had launched their frail barks upon the apparently seething billows of "College Life;" for they had heard the summons to a loftier and nobler service. Each one had been living for two weeks as if in a dream; each new move being a startling revelation of life's panorama. The strangeness of the surroundings had not driven from his mind the last angelic vision as she stood there in all her beauty and splendor. The words of her eternal loyalty were ringing in his ears, and that last handclasp, as the train bore him away to the Realms of Knowledge, was still warm.

Our coming last fall was practically the same as that of all other Sophomores down through the ages. Of course we felt our importance as Sophomorical tradition would have it. It is but natural that we should since we saw so many Freshmen navigating the halls and class rooms like a swain venturing upon a ballroom floor for the first time. We were all, no doubt, glad to get back, but there were some of our number who looked forward to the day of our returning with a great deal of anxiety. These, not having been rendered invulnerable by continued doses of Dr. Amick's "Math," had felt the sharp pangs of Cupid's darts. Another thing that was very apparent was the fact that we went through that matriculating business, the horror of all "new" students, without a hitch. Well it may be that "Sophs" are not "quite" as big "ignoramuses" as they are given the credit of being. No doubt we felt green last year, but oh, how different things this year.

It gives us a pang of regret when we look around and see our ranks so sadly depleted. We rejoice that we had them with us for a year, but a feeling of melancholy steals over us when we recall their features and their familiar voices seem again to ring through our halls. Wherever they may be our prayers go out to them and they may rest assured that we long to have them back with us.

Now that we have a firm foothold upon the great ladder let us ever keep our motto, "Ascendite etsi rupes asperae," before us, and when two fleeting years have passed we shall stand upon the rock of achievement and unfurl our victorious banner to the breezes.

"HISTORIAN."

## Sophomore Class Song

(Sung to the tune of Soldiers' Farewell.)

Classmates, the task before us,  
 And years ahead implore us  
 To fill our time with labor  
 And love our fellow neighbor.  
     Then Soph'mores climb the height sublime,  
     Then Soph'mores climb the height sublime.

And as our goal inspires us,  
 And earnest effort tires us,  
 Our motto ne'er forgetting  
 We'll climb despite all threatening.  
     We'll e'er climb through sun and storm,  
     We'll conquer foes that might alarm.

So we'll be loyal ever,  
 And classmates shall, no, never  
 Forget the years together  
 Through bright and stormy weather  
     We'll work, we'll win, we'll ever be true,  
     To class, to mates, to Elon too.



W. C. KING



H. S. HARDCASTLE

### Freshman-Sophomore Debate

QUERY: Resolved, That Congress was justified in passing the bill which further restricted immigration by the literacy test.

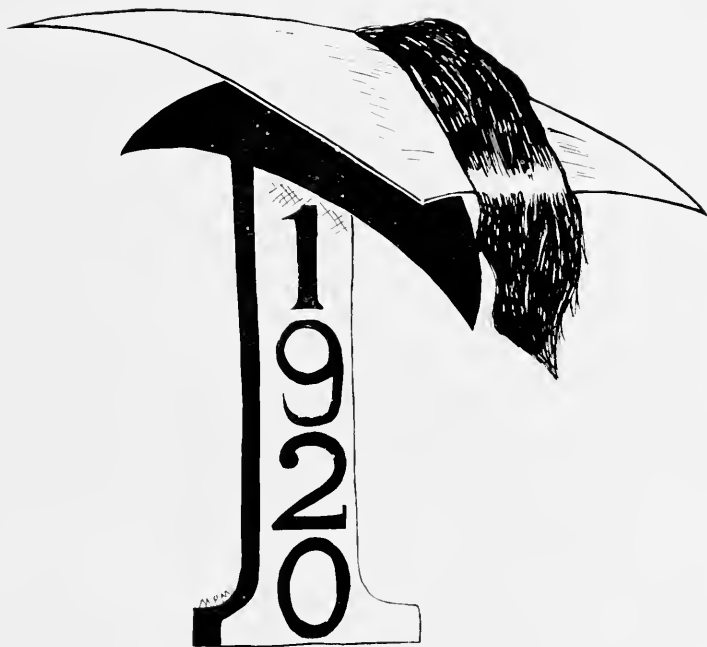


P. E. LINDLEY



M. L. GRAY





## Freshman Class

MOTTO: Laborat Qui Vincit

COLORS: Black and Maroon

FLOWER: Velvet Red Rose

### OFFICERS

J. A. WINSTON.....	<i>President</i>
H. B. MARLEY.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
ALICE UTLEY.....	<i>Secretary</i>
B. B. SNIPES.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
CLARA McCAULEY.....	<i>Historian</i>
VIRGINIA GIVINS.....	<i>Poet</i>



## Freshman Class

### ROLL

Atkinson, J. F.	Edwards, Eula	Marley, H. B.
Amick, H. C.	Farmer, G. G.	Moffit, R. B.
Argeubright, E. J.	Fink, L. Bradley	Mundy, Frankie
Angel, Jannie	Floyd, J. L.	McNally, Carl
Atkin-son, Mary D.	Farmer, Josephine	McCauley, J. E.
Atkinson, Minnie	Fulgham, Lucile	McCauley, Clara
Alcorn, Louise	Gray, M. L.	McLean, W. K.
Panks, P. K.	Grimes, S. H.	Nicholson, Pauline
Panks, E. C.	Givins, Virginia	Preston, L. W.
Banks, K. M.	Gunter, Elva	Paschal, A. B.
Bowling, E. H.	Holland, Clarence	Peace, Gladys
Broughton, J. T.	Holliday, H. M.	Penny, Ruth
Beale, Claude	Harris, C. B.	Pope, Norma
Ballard, Floyd	Henderson, H. O.	Parrish, Flossie
Batts, Bertha	Hughes, J. G.	Pritchard, Vera
Biggs, Margaret	I-ley, Swanna	Robinson, Thelma
Brown, Allie	Jorgenson, A. M.	Riddick, Marie
Brinkley, W. A.	Johnston, Ben	Schriest, C. A.
Carter, Ben	Jones, Hattie	Simpson, J. W.
Champion, T. S.	Kimball, Daisy	Snipes, B. B.
Coble, R. C.	Kimball, Lillie	Sides, L. R.
Cook, J. F.	Lindley, P. E.	Sharp, Jessie
Cozart, J. F.	Lynch, H. M.	Stevenson, Rillie
Cozart, Sam	Luther, Clarence	Scarboro, Monte
Cagle, Hattie	Lashly, Hurley	Swicegood, Alma
Colclough, Ina	Lawrence, Fay	U'ey, Alice
Cox, Elcta	Lawrence, Pauline	Vaughan, V. W.
Darden, W. H.	Myrick, J. R.	Vale, Winnie
Dofflemeyer, D. H.	Motley, W. O.	Wrenn, L. E.
Edge, W. C.	March, J. E.	Winston, J. A.
		Wall, T. R.



FRESHMAN CLASS

## Freshman Class Poem

From over the hills and far away  
We came as Freshman green and gay,  
Came to College on the hill to stay  
To while four weary years away.

Four years may teach us lessons rare,  
May then demand our thoughts and care,  
Perhaps 'twill make our smiles more fair  
But yet we'll learn to do and dare.

The sigh may come but cannot stay,  
The smile at times must win the day,  
We'll do our work and then we'll play,  
We'll use our time and make it pay.

He conquers all, who dares be true  
And labors with a will to do,  
He learns from each day something new  
And helps his fellow students too.

We'll conquer as we onward go  
Altho our progress may be slow,  
Yet we will to Old Elon show  
What problems we can o'erthrow.

"POET."

## Freshman Class History

Since history is a record of past events our class can hardly be said to have a history. Indeed we cannot speak of the history of the class as a whole. On account of our young and tender age nothing more has been accomplished than the formation of plans for the future.

However, we can speak of John and Mary if not of the entire class as a group. On the fifth of September there was a great and awful stir in the Old North State and the adjoining commonwealths. Trunks of all sizes were being packed and labeled "Elon College." Shoes seldom worn were squeezed upon feet that were hard and brown and very much accustomed to the sun. Apparel that had known nothing else except sport and pleasure was subjected to daily service. Woolly sun-burned necks were bound in high white collars, and flashy red ties were fastidiously arranged in their usual place.

We arrived at the Hill from the east and west in due time, and spent our first night in wild amazement at unexpected sights. The days rolled by and our real birthday as a class took place Oct. 14th. Since then we have been dreaming dreams that only Freshmen are capable of dreaming. As the months go by we hope to grow in knowledge of text-books, and love for the honored Faculty whom we expect to make of us men and women of honor and fame where, otherwise, we might have been in ignorance and oblivion. So, my classmates, here's to the three years yet to follow, let us make each succeeding one the best yet.

"HISTORIAN."



CERTIFICATE AND DIPLOMA PUPILS IN SPECIAL DEPARTMENT



COMMERCIAL CLASS



"Fond pride of every student's heart,  
Worthy of our love sincere."

**ELON COLLEGE**



"A school for all who strong would be,  
A school to set ambition free."

**ELON COLLEGE**

# MUSIC

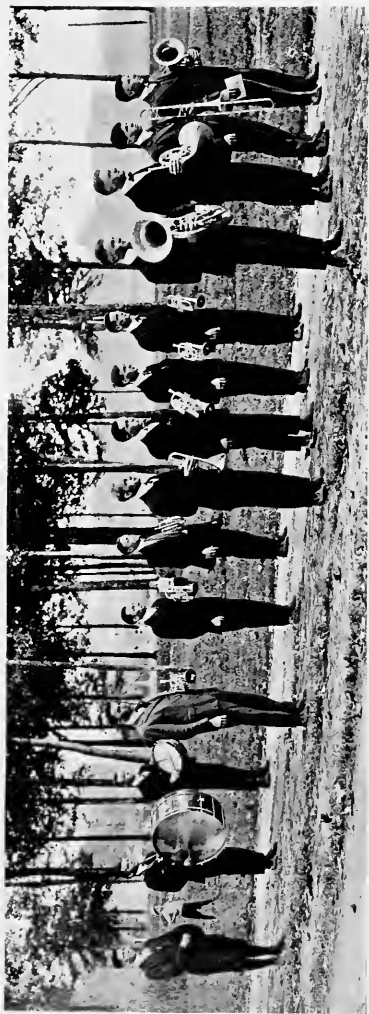




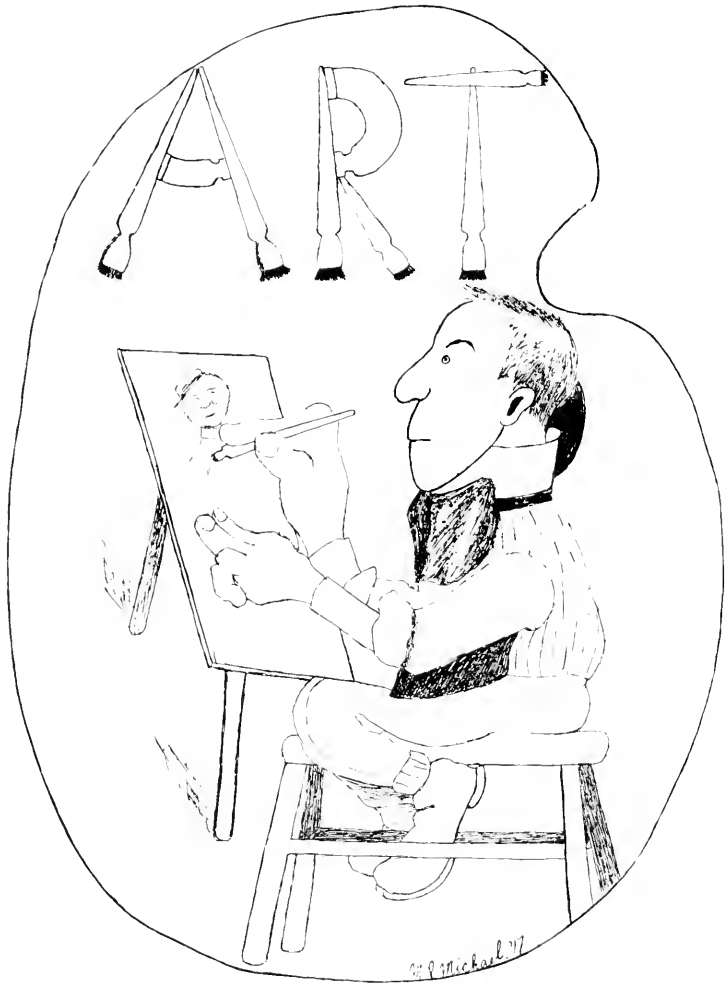


Music Class





COLLEGE BAND





ART CLASS

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EXPRESSION CLASS

# DOMESTIC SCI.







DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS

## After the Storm

Once more in silver sunlight  
The world is free and fair;  
The ebon clouds have wasted  
To naught in azure air.

The brooklets laugh and babble,  
And bubble into bays  
Along the viny valleys,  
Where wind the stony ways.

Beyond the budding forest  
The misty mountains rise,  
Like domes of some great city  
Against the smiling skies.

Along my lawn, vire-scent,  
Where balmy breezes run,  
A row of dancing daisies  
Are blowing in the sun.

The gay birds chide and chatter  
As 'mong the trees they mate;  
The frogs in every meadow,  
A symphony create.

And in my soul's dull chambers,  
Where sorrow would abide,  
The joy of Spring is stealing  
My sorrow to deride.

F. M. DUNAPHANT.

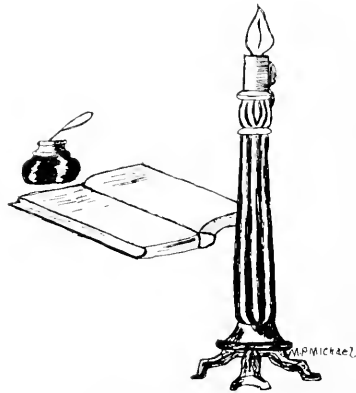


# Societies



LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Ph.  
CL.  
PS.



194 PATRIOT 17



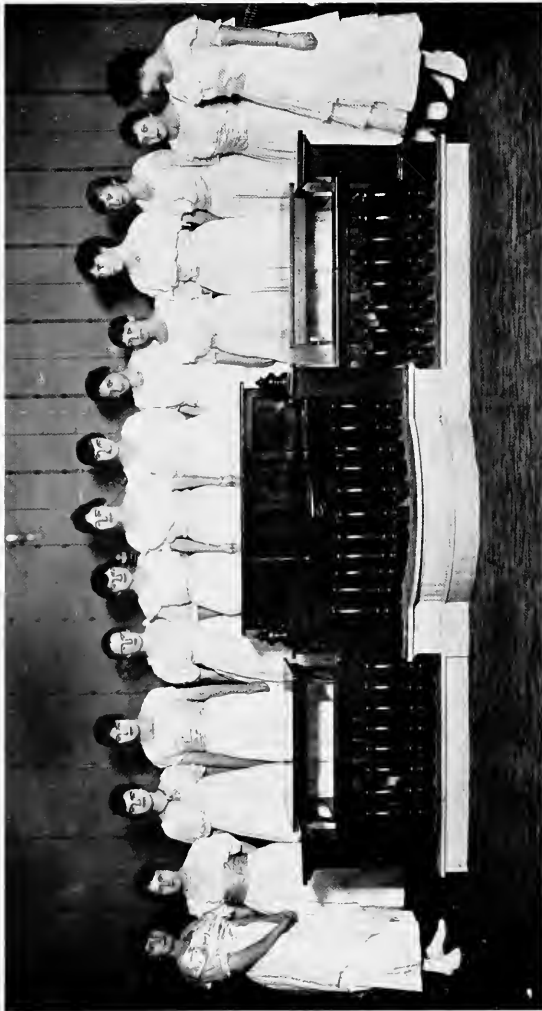
ELON COLLEGE



PSI CHI PSI SOCIETY HALL



PSI PHI HELIAN SOCIETY



ANNUAL ISOPHELIAN ENTERTAINMENT



# Annual Entertainment Psiphelian Literary Society

COLLEGE AUDITORIUM  
Saturday Evening, April 7, 1917

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## PROGRAMME

---

Piano Solo.....Jennie Willys Atkinson  
Essay.....Mary Randolph  
Humorous.....Curtis Beam and Co.  
Reading.....Celestia Gulley  
Vocal Solo.....Alberta Boone

## DEBATE

RESOLVED, That our school system should be so revised as to necessitate curricula accrediting and requiring more of the useful arts.

### AFFIRMATIVE

Bettie Taylor  
Pearle Teter

### NEGATIVE

Mamie Pickard  
Anna Bowden

Susie Riddick—President  
Lucile Johnston—Secretary

### MARSHALS

Annie Raper (Chief)  
Elise Caddell  
Eva Aldrige

Mary Hicks  
Hattie Bazemore



MATTIE E. KEYSER  
Rileyville, Virginia

ESSAY  
"DRIFTING"

Psiphelian Commencement Essayists

LELA HAYWORTH  
Asheboro, N. C.

ESSAY  
"KNOW THY SELF"



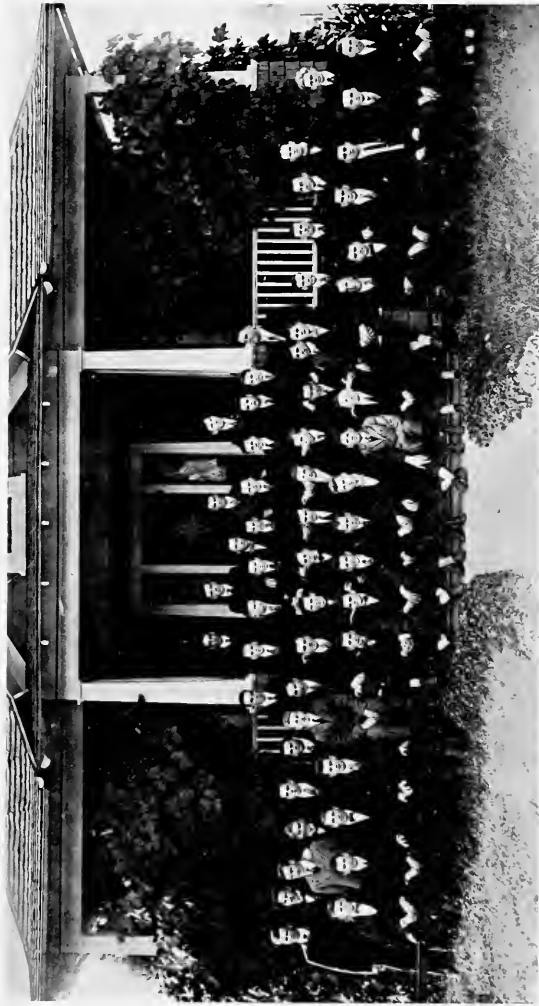
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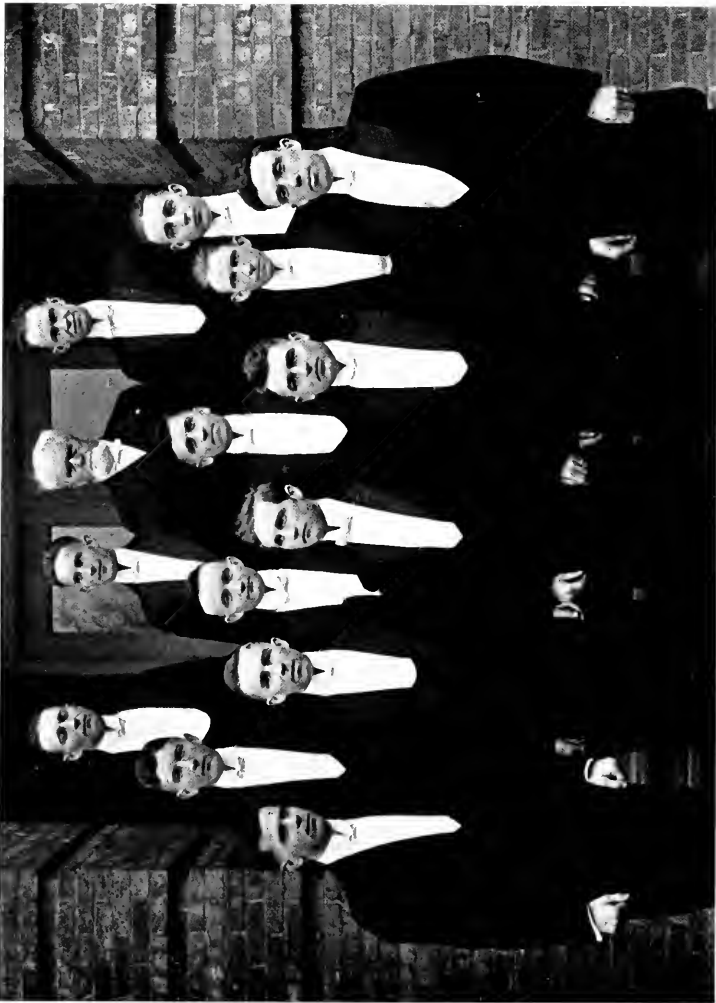
ELON COLLEGE



CLIO SOCIETY HALL.



CLUJ SOCIETY



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ANNUAL CLIO ENTERTAINMENT

# Annual Entertainment Clio Literary Society

February 22, 1916

## PROGRAM

- Oration ..... Irwin C. Wilkins  
 Humorous..... William F. Odum  
 Oration..... Elwood N. Pearce  
 Piano Solo..... Edwin M. Betts

## DEBATE

QUERY: Resolved, That the United State Government should make immediate provision for an extensive increase in armament.

### AFFIRMATIVE

- C. N. Whitlock  
 Z. V. Young

### NEGATIVE

- W. E. Marley  
 E. H. Rainey

- H. E. JORGENSEN.....*President*  
 H. M. REDDING.....*Secretary*  
 (Won by Negative) (Best Oratorically, W. E. Marley)

## MARSHALS

- W. E. Beale, Chief  
 W. G. Allen  
 E. A. Tuck



C. N. WHITELOCK,

Huntington, Ind.

ORATION

*"Our Responsibility to Our Democracy"*

### Clio Commencement Orators

E. H. RAINEY,

Yasburg, Va.

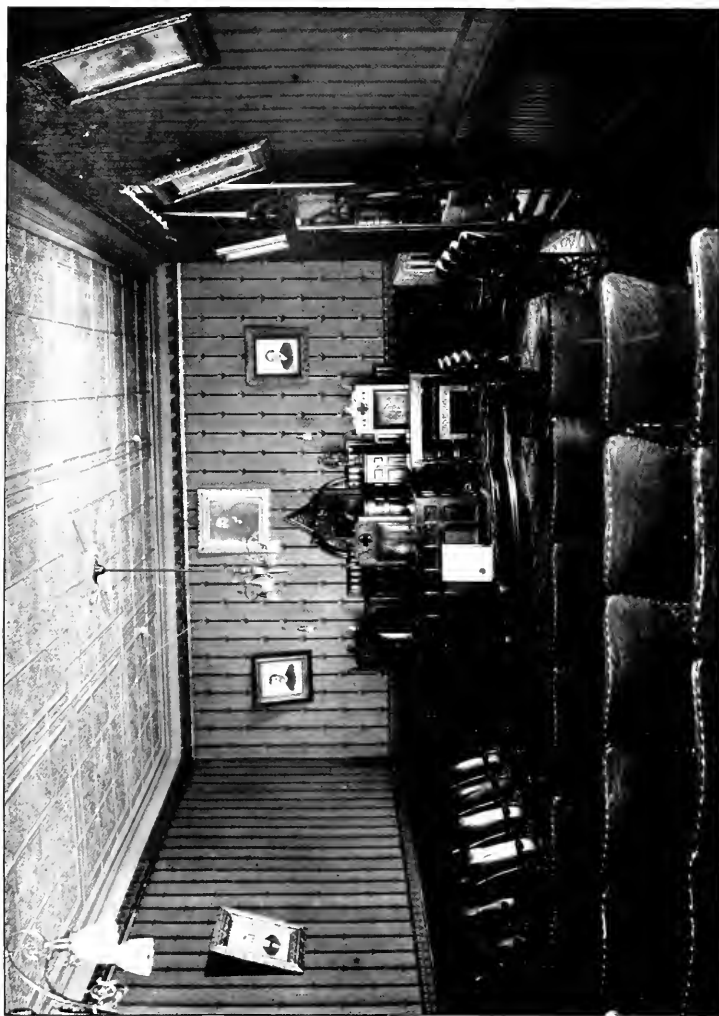
ORATION

*"Victim of Circumstance"*

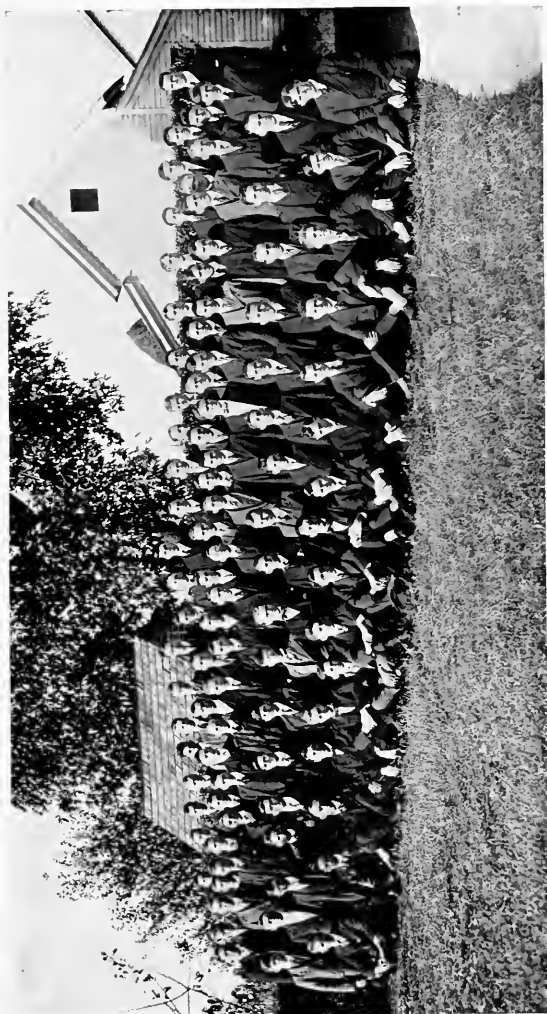




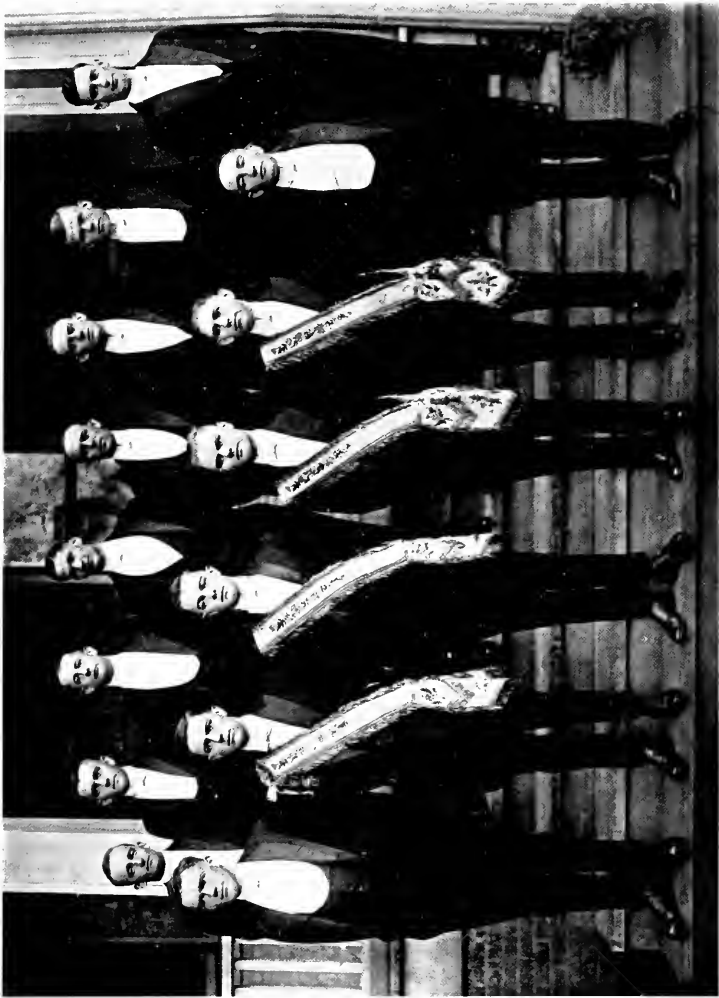




PHILOLOGIAN SOCIETY HALL



PHILOLOGIAN SOCIETY



ANNUAL PHILOLOGIAN ENTERTAINMENT

Annual Entertainment  
PHILOLOGIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

November 30, 1916

PROGRAM

Devotional Exercises.....Hilrie S. Smith  
College Cuts.....John C. Miller  
"Nil Desperandum".....Thomas B. Parks  
Humor .....Earl E. Sechrist

Vocal Duet

DEBATE

QUERY: Resolved, That the Monroe Doctrine as developed and applied by the  
United States should be abandoned as a part of our foreign policy.

AFFIRMATIVE

Gaither C. Mann  
Charles C. Lindley

NEGATIVE

Grady M. Reid  
H. Terrie Floyd

Won by Affirmative

WILLIAM C. POE.....*President*  
MARSHALL W. HOOK.....*Secretary*

MARSHALS

J. Holt Fleming, Chief

Henry B. Marley

Luther E. Klutz

Leonidas M. Foushee

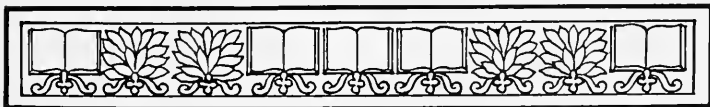
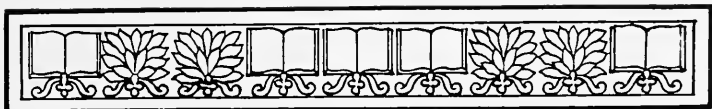
J. H. RAPER  
Linwood, N. C.

ORATION  
"A STAR OF HOPE FOR MEXICO"



F. C. LESTER  
Summerfield, N. C.

ORATION  
"A MESSIAH FOR THE NATIONS."



## Ministerial Association

This organization was formed many years ago in direct response to a long-felt need for co-operation and fellowship between the members of the student body who were preparing for the ministry. There are at present thirty active members on its roll, and many honorary members who have finished their college course, and are engaged in active work either as pastors or as leaders in other lines of religious activity.

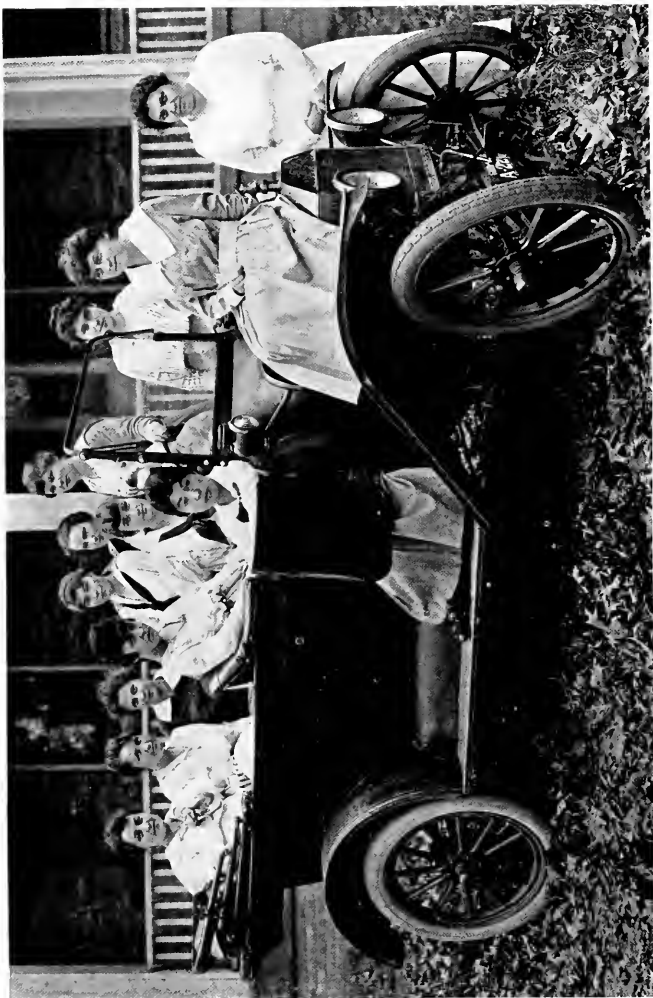
Although the association has no motto, it has a two-fold purpose, Spiritual development and Practical training. It seeks to attain the first through the means of its weekly prayer meetings. The men gather every Wednesday night in the Y. M. C. A. hall, and under the leadership of one of their own number, or some outside speaker, they take up and discuss some topic of vital importance, and the meetings are, as a rule, inspirational in nature. The association also seeks to make its influence felt in the college life.

Equally important is the work done by the association in giving the members practical experience, and under the direction of a Lookout Committee, members are sent out into the rural districts and nearby towns to conduct religious services. It must not be inferred that the men who go out do so in the spirit of mere practicing at the expense of the people whom they serve. Each man realizes the sacredness of his mission, and while he does realize that it is an opportunity for self development, he does not lose sight of the fact that he has a responsibility to discharge, and although conscious of his own lack he goes in the strength of Christ, and seeks to carry a message that will lead some soul to a higher life. Thus it will be seen that these embryo ministers exercise an influence for good not only in the college, but in the community at large, and in thus testifying at Jerusalem they will be fitting themselves to testify also at Rome.

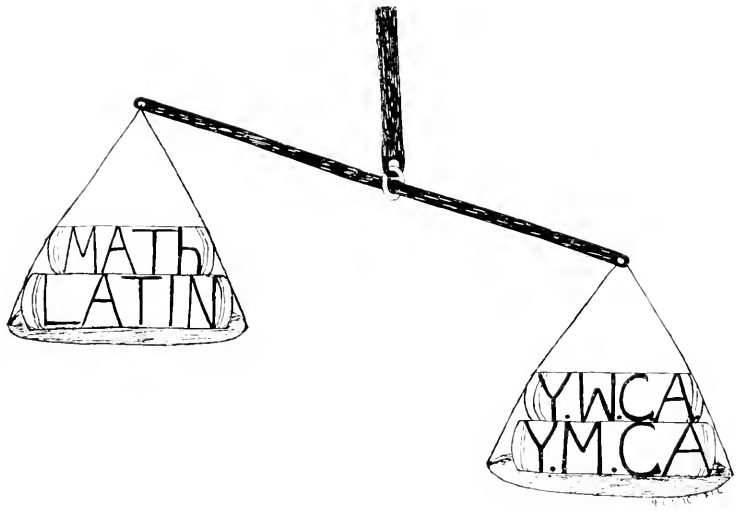




MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION



Y. W. C. A. CABINET





Y. M. C. A. CABINET



## Volunteer Band

### OFFICERS

F. C. LESTER.....	<i>President</i>
P. V. HARRIS.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
ALMA BOWDEN.....	<i>Secretary</i>
J. D. HARDY.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
H. S. SMITH.....	<i>Teacher</i>

### MEMBERS

J. G. Truitt	E. H. Rainey
A. C. Bergeron	

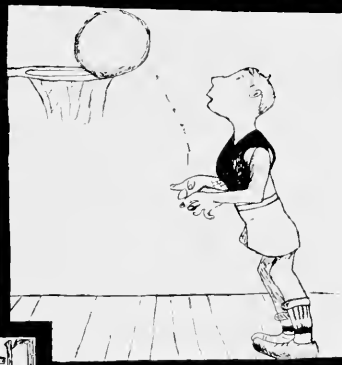
### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Certrude Minniear	Hettie Jones
Pauline Lawrence	Toshio Sato

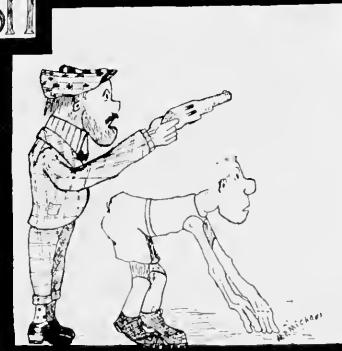


ELON COLLEGE

# ATHLETICS



161





MISS JULIA FARMER  
News Ferry, Va.—Baseball Sponsor





BASEBALL TEAM

## “Baseball”

In reviewing our 1916 season of baseball, we find a record which we must admit was not very brilliant, although it was not so dark as it might seem. At times our team played brilliant ball, however, the season's record might not indicate it. When we remember having lost seven of our games by the close margin of one run, then we are reminded how pleasant it was for us to have hopes of winning until the final inning.

In the beginning we were handicapped by having only three lettered men, and our weakest place was with the young pitchers, but by Coach Johnson's skilled training new men seemed to develop and fill the vacancies of the man who formerly won fame for Elon.

This year we have not so far had sufficient evidence to say “who is who,” but the first call for practice brought forth a number of brilliant men from which the vacancies are to be filled.

It now appears as though Sorrells, our last year's southpaw, Stiteler, a promising young pitcher, with the assistance of Reid and Winston, will do the twirling in a creditable manner.

First of all, Maxwell, our captain, did excellent playing for us at the second bag. We have great confidence in his playing, and by his clever fielding and constant hitting of the pill, we could ask no more of an amateur.

Parcell is to do our receiving this year. No one has more “pep” and a harder worker never donned an Elon suit. Last year he filled this position in a very pleasing manner. We predict a great future for him in the field of baseball.

With Holliday or Banks at first, we know this position will be well cared for.

When it comes to covering ground and cutting them off at first, we are reminded of our veteran Seawell, better known as “Red.” We not only count on the above qualities but when he steps to the plate our hearts leap with joy on account of his “bingle,” for on few occasions has he ever disappointed us.

Nance, at third place, a handsome lad, a hard hitter, no doubt will do the stunts around this position. This being his first year with us we are unable to say definitely, but from all appearances he is going to make somebody lay down his glove.

Our outer garden will be composed of Ragsdale, Fogleman, Simpson, and possibly a few others, all of whom have made an excellent showing in using the timber.

We have by far the best all round team Elon has had in recent years, and by the direction of our amiable coach, together with Atkinson to train the twirlers, we see no reason why Elon should not be reckoned with in the state championship.



MISS RUTH WICKER  
Elon College, N. C.  
Basketball Sponsor



BASKETBALL SQUAD

## “Basket Ball”

When Coach Johnson made his first call for practice a large number of fighting youngsters responded. The team of new men, and though a loser for the greater part, made a splendid showing, playing excellent ball, holding all opponents to a close score, playing such a combination of players as Trinity on their court to a three point margin, being in the lead until the last minute of play. The team, though it was rather light, averaging 150 pounds, was always in the fight.

The men who compose our team have labored zealously, and I deserve special mention.

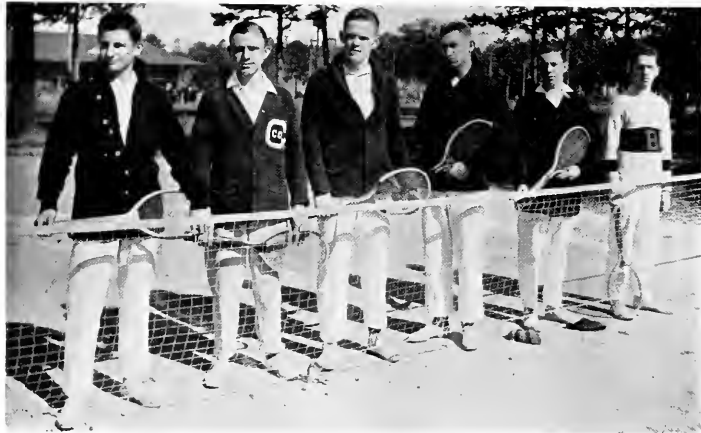
Captain Sorrells, by all means has come up to our expectations. “Sorry” always had the “pep” and if the occasion demanded it he was always there in the fight. However he did not always hold his man scoreless, as he was too busy securing points himself. At foul shooting no one at Elon has ever surpassed him; and his cool and clever disposition is admired by everyone.

Scawell, known as “Red,” was classed by many who witnessed his playing, as one of the best guards in the state. He was not only fast in passing but was able to add points to the score in the meantime. This being his first regular year, we predict a “wonder” in him for Elon next year.

No one on the team has worked harder than Cox, at center, this year; his pleasing disposition and personality are admired by his opponents as well as his team-mates. In several games he not only scored more points than any member of the quintet but also held his opponent scoreless. Next year we see no cause why he will not easily fill the position that was so well played by McCauley.

Next, we are distinguished from other quints by having a “preacher” on our team. Harris played the game at forward; although he was not so fast, he was considered by many to be the best first year man in a basketball suit. He was especially good at passing and very skillful in handling the ball.

Franks, the speedy forward, showed wonderful form, and more improvement than his team-mates. In the beginning he lacked skill and fight, but before the mid-season those deficiencies were overcome. “Francis” was considered by many to be one of the best forwards in the state; he also secured more goals for Elon than any other man. On many occasions he was complimented by his opponents for his clean and clever playing. We regret to lose the old boy from our number, but we are sure that he will in the future send to his Alma Mater more players of his type.

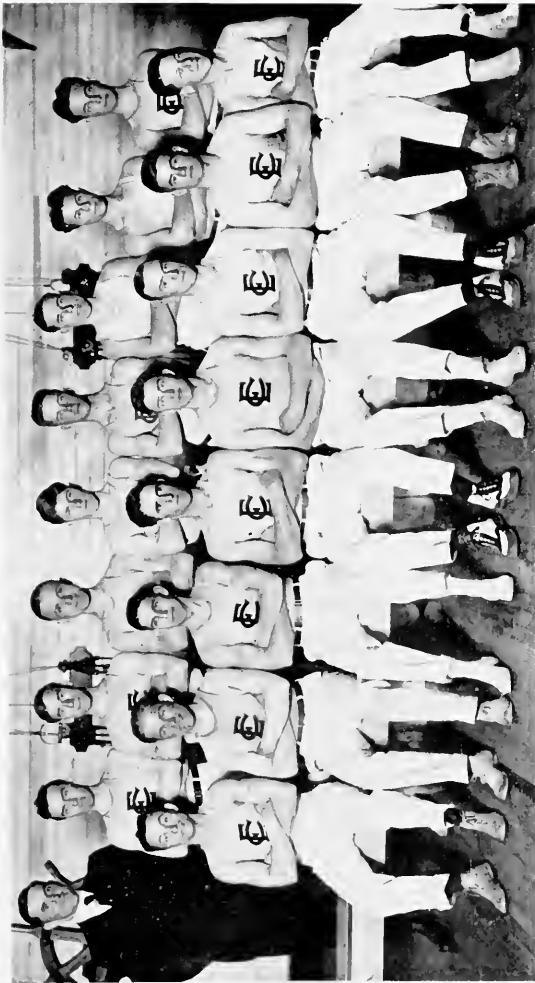


TENNIS SQUAD



YOUNG WOMEN'S BASKETBALL TEAM

ELON COLLEGE



GYMNASIUM TEAM



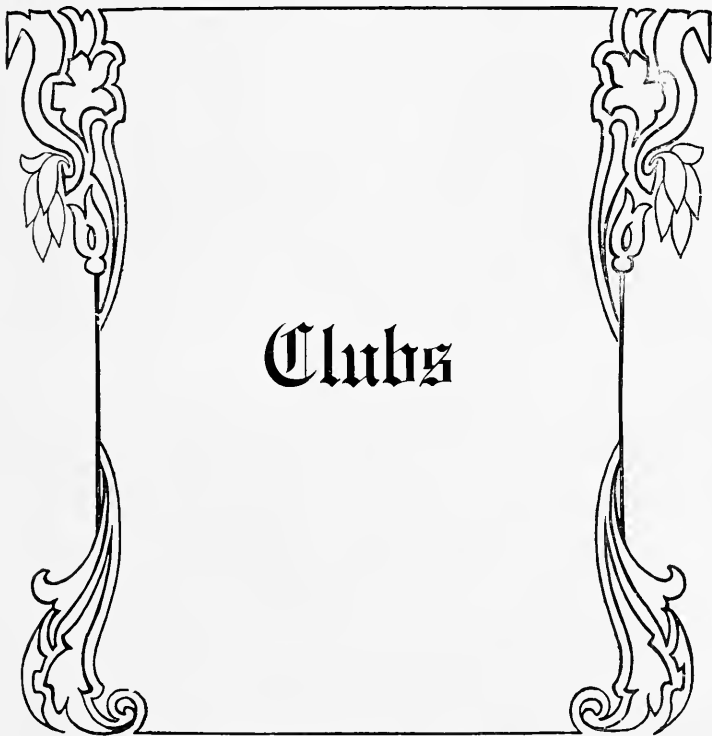
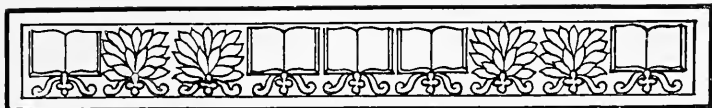
"E" MEN



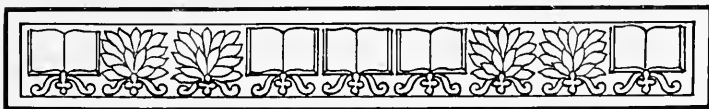
STUDENT SELF GOVERNMENT BOARD

ELON COLLEGE





# Clubs







## Goodfellowship Club

First: We exist to promote good fellowship by way of the Golden Rule policy.

Second: We exist for the benefit of all pessimists and our aim is to convince them that this is about the best world they ever lived in and if they expect the next to be better they must help chase the frown out of this one.

Third: We exist for a good time in the "good old-fashioned way."



## Hikers' Club

ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS: "Good understandings."

FAVORITE TIME FOR HIKING: Any time a chaperon can be inveigled to follow us.

FAVORITE EXPRESSION: "We isn't lost, 'cause here we is, but where can the college be?"

MOTTO: Get on a straight road, keep going, and you'll never get lost.

SONG: "On the Road Somewhere."



## Feasters' Club

### OFFICERS

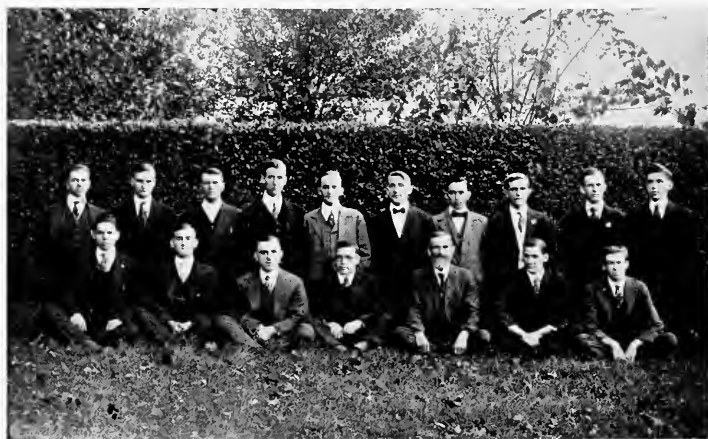
GRACE McCULLERS.....*President*  
 VERA PRITCHARD.....*Secretary*  
 DAISY KIMBALL.....*Treasurer*

### MINOR OFFICERS

Lily Kimball.....*Cook*  
 Phoebe Woodson, Virginia Givens.....*Waitresses*  
 Louise Byrd, Annie Raper.....*Dish Washers*  
 Lucile Fulgham, Mary Emily Galting.....*Guests*



AUBURN HAIR STANDS FOR WISDOM



GREEK LETTER CLUB



RACKET RAISERS



YANKEE CLUB



SMOKERS AND GLOBE TROTTERS





## Opossum Club

That college life does not consist entirely in text books is shown by a glance at the group pictured above.

These young people met at Dr. Newman's home one night last November and set out on a 'possum hunt. There were nineteen in the original party, but some of the members played "possum" when the time came to have the picture taken. Mrs. Machen kindly acted as chaperon and Saunders was "master of ceremonies." He was assisted by his "houn' dawg." It was a beautiful moonlight night, and just frosty enough to set the blood to tingling in the veins.

After an extended tramp the party came to a cozy nook in a pine woods and it was decided to "pitch camp." Accordingly the young men built a fire, and the young ladies provided supper which they had thoughtfully prepared and packed in boxes. What a jolly feast of "eats" it was!

The party decided that it would never do to go back to Elon without a 'possum, and Saunders was commanded to find a 'possum, or lose his head. A glance at the picture will show how well he "kept his head." The members of the party had their mouths set on 'possum pie, but alas! some of the college boys stole Mr. 'Possum, and set at nought their well-laid plans.



BOTANISTS



VIRGINIAN

19 PAISICLI 17



ALAMANCE COUNTY



NANSEMOND COUNTY

ELON COLLEGE

19 PAIPSI LI 17



RANDOLPH COUNTY



ROCKINGHAM COUNTY

ELON COLLEGE



GUILFORD COUNTY

19 PAIPSI LI 17

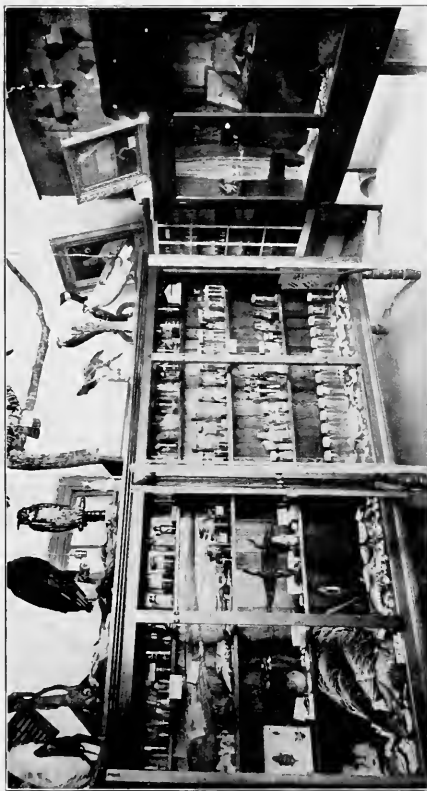


ELON COLLEGE



BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY





CORNER OF MUSEUM



ELON COLLEGE



## Laughs and Funnies

Jokes on the others do amuse us,  
 In a way we like to smile  
 While they're on the other fellow  
 We can take them all the while.

So if these jokes hit right at you,  
 Just suppose you're someone else  
 And you'll be laughing e'en tho'  
 It's about your own dear self.

Success means much to most of us, but it isn't very much to Bill Poe to know that he is coming out on top.

Mary Ruth to Eunice: "Eunice, you will have to take two years' philosophy to get through this year."

Eunice: "I beg to differ with you, madam, I can get through without any philosophy by taking one year psychology instead."

Prep: "You may have your chair back now."

Soph: "I had far rather have the seat than the back, sir."

"I have not seen so much of you of late."

Prep: "I guess not; I have fallen off 10 lbs."

Our classes as Shakespeare would see us:

Freshman—A comedy of errors.

Sophomore—Much ado about nothing.

Junior—Midsummer Night's Dream.

Senior—All's well that ends well.

Red-Headed Freshman to Bill Poe: "Say, they wuz out of hair when they made you, won't they?"

Bill: "Well, not exactly, but they didn't have any left except red and I wouldn't have that."

### SATURDAY NIGHT'S "ROSARY."

The hours I spent in darning thee  
 Are as a dollar saved to me,  
 I darn each hole for Sunday's wear,  
 My Hosiery! My Hosiery!

Dr. Lawrence to Miss Wilkins on English: "Can you imagine yourself in Heaven with an angel as a servant unlacing your shoes?"

Miss Wilkins: "Dr. Lawrence, if the price of shoes keeps going up I will not be able to afford any by that time."

## 19. PARSLING

A freshman seated beside Grace McCullers espied black hair pins in her red hair and remarked, "Say, Grace, you must be mourning for the devil by wearing black and red."

Grace: "I see no cause to mourn for him when I am sitting beside him."

Dr. Randolph to Mamie Johnston on Bible: "Miss Johnston, what do you understand by the first and second coming of Christ?"

"Why—why—I understand He had already come the first time."

Julia Farmer to Mrs. Johnston: "Why, Oma, haven't you got anything to lead around except that little dog?"

Mrs. Johnston: "Oh! I am just practicing."

Immediately following her prayer Mattie Keyser is heard by her roommate to slowly, but sincerely say, "A(n)men."

Julia to Kirk: "Don't you know, Kirk, Mamie Pickard has the best-looking brother-in-law!"

Kirk: "Oh! Julia, is he married?"

Mary Ruth to Mamie: "I wish you would look at that beautiful sunset."

Mamie: "Oh! where is it?"

Mrs. Peace (at the table): "What are you choking for?"

Esmond: "Because this soup is too weak to run down—"

Handed in by Bryan Truitt:

"Amo, amas, I loved a lass,  
And she was tall and slender—  
Amo, amat, she kicked me flat,  
I hate the feminine gender."

"Happy" (speaking of the team): "Lela, I think Bill Simpson will be our best man soon."

Lela: "Oh, Happy, what a cute way to propose to me."

Fresh to Soph: "My friend, your shoes look too small for your feet."

Soph: "Yes, they are. I had to wear them two weeks before I could get them on."

It is said that J. Clyde Anman is actually so absent-minded that one night he put his clothes to bed and hung himself up on the rack.

Mary had a little waist,  
Where nature made it grow,  
But everywhere the fashions went  
That waist was sure to go.

SOME OF THE WANT ADS WHICH WERE OVERLOOKED ON THE BULLETIN BOARD.

Wanted: A hat that will fit my head after the debate—Pearle Teter.

Information concerning my birth; records destroyed during Civil War—Chief Fuller.

Wanted: Hair-raising ghost stories—Bill Poe.

Wanted: At the beginning and conclusion of every class, a chance to kiss the professor for a grade—L. W. Vaughan.

Wanted: A course which requires more of the classics and less science—H. S. Smith.

Lost—A set of brains never used—Blanche Thomas.

Lost—A quantity of conceit—no reward—I have plenty left—Annie Simpson.  
A holiday—Election day—Everybody.

Their dignity—The Seniors.

Dr. Amick on Bible class: "Mr. Winston, can you name the books of the Bible in order?"

Winston: "Yes, sir—Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, etc."

"They say you matriculated yesterday."

Fresh: "It's a lie, I don't care who said it!"

"Glass Eye Martin": "Well, Professor, I believe I will go up and put something into nothing."

Prof. Kinney: "I am not sure that I understand your statement."

Martin: "It is very simple; I mean that I am going to study geometry."

Since "Skinny" Loy has gone into the hand-book business everybody is giving him the glad hand.

Prof. Bramock's keen sense of humor was manifested yesterday when he playfully purified a glass of milk in the laboratory by washing it with  $H_2O$ .

How dear to my heart are the gowns of my trousseau,

As trips to the garret reveal them to view;

In them I recapture that first careless rapture

Of waist eighteen inches and bust thirty-two.

It is not that they thrill me and tenderly fill me,

With memory of honeymoon kisses from Jim;

But sweetly and sadly, gladly and madly

They speak of the days when I used to be slim.

We are sorry that our classmate Julia Farmer has so low an ambition. She has decided after her graduation to enter the poor (Poe) house.

## 19. PUNDSIGLI 17

She: "Do you remember that time you proposed to me and I refused?"

He: "Yes; that is one of the sweetest moments of my life."

Chief Fuller to Mrs. Jones (at the hall): "May I speak to Miss Mary Ruth Johnston?"

Mrs. Jones: "Is it absolutely necessary?"

Chief: "No, it's Mary Ruth Johnston."

Dr. Wicker on Philosophy: "Everything is like everything else to a certain extent. A man, a rock, and a tree are alike in time, space and form. Now, Mr. Hardcastle, can you prove that you are related to a tree?"

Mr. Hardcastle (who never fails to answer), replied: "Yes, sir, I know I am like wood for the other morning when I was combing my hair I got a splinter in my finger." (Hence a blockhead.)

Dr. Harper to Shelton Smith: "What is the longest space of time?"

Shelton: "From one social hour to the next one."

Professor Kinney: "I want my students to stop using slang—do you get me?"

Professor Myrick: "What is the population of your town?"

Hughes: "Two miles, sir."

Bill Simpson with the "I know it all" expression met Tom Parks who was coming from down town with a sack of peanuts—

"Say, Parks, you know where I came from we use peanuts to fatten hogs,"

Mr. Parks: "Well, is that so—have some."

Prof. Myrick, tired of Bill McLean's numerous questions, said: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Bill: "Well, no wonder so many of us fail on examinations."

Well—have you heard the latest? Mary Randolph is preparing her graduating essay on "The Model Husband," with Mr. Vaughan posing for the picture.

Dr. Lawrence: "Have you ever been up before me?"

Student: "Don't know. What time do you get up?"

Mr. Heatwole to Mr. Thomas as the supper bell was ringing: "Well, Thomas, where are you headed for?"

Thomas: "I had started down town."

Heatwole: "Are you not going to supper?"

Thomas: "Oh, yes, I thought I would stop off there on my way down."

The following sign appears on Mamie Johnston's door:

"Any girls wanting stamps, money orders cashed, or letters mailed, I shall be highly delighted to make the trip for you." (Wonder why?)





## Bird's-Eye View of the Campus

In the center of our beautiful campus, covered mostly by stalwart native oak and hickory, stands the Administration building. Here we find the famous old tower that appears in many photographs. This contains the college bell that has rung many a poor student to his doom. By climbing to the sixth floor one may go out upon the tower and see the beauties of the campus below if the day is clear. To behold it is wonderful! Those blasts that you hear, dear reader, come from the class rooms of the same building. The puffing of the students trying to pull up bad grades is similar to that which we hear coming from the Southern locomotives pulling the stiff grade toward Gibsonville. Also on the first floor of this building is the dean's office, where all the young men's college careers begin. Many end in the same place.

Now we will turn to the dormitories for a brief discussion. That line of streamers composed of night shirts, blankets, and other paraphernalia, join what is known as the East Dormitory and the Alumni building. The third and fourth floors of the Alumni building are used by the boys for slumbering apartments. The second floor is the gym proper. This vertical geography helps us to see the good old Varsity quint defeat its opponents during the basketball season. The first floor entrance is down a flight of steps; where many rooms are found for numerous purposes.

Moving further on we find the West dormitory, where the college beanery is located. Here the students acquire wisdom and experience in carving cattle. We predict that Elon will turn out many trained butchers.


At the Young Ladies' hall the girls on the first and second floors learn to live. In the laboratory underneath their common sense and experience is appreciated and depreciated.




In all the dormitories the highest standards of behavior are exacted. If a student enters the front of one of these buildings without looking upward to show his respect, a loyal Elonite will dampen the dust on his brain.

To a  
Wonderful  
Man--







2

we are wondering if  
the  is dead yet?  
Remember  
long after it is gone  
our love lives on.


Do you have to  
burn your  to  
study for exams?  
Hope your  will  
keep your  so  
sharp that it will  
write every word.

3


You couldn't tell us  
a  story could you?  
We are awfully    
sick. and just  Home  
think it will be  
before the  
 go back to the  
mountain.

Really we do envy you


4

and the lucky  
every Sun. after-  
noon you can  
sit by the cozy  
little  and  
listen to the  
One afternoon  
we visited the  
little "Brown"



and saw a   
of you wish  
we had one two

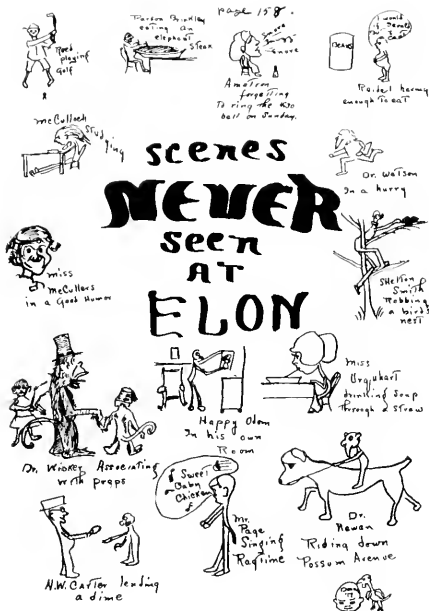
5

These goes the   
and don't suppose  
you have  
to read more  
from the



## Personal Revelation Chart

PERSONAL	AMBITION	WASTE TIME	NEEDIEST ACCESSORY
Amick, Dr.	Mathematics	Brushing his hair	Moustache
Frank, W. C.	Sleep twelve hours daily	Studying his lessons	Help
Reidel, E.	Run a cheese foundry	Imagining he's second Charlie Chaplin	Food (all kinds)
Brammock, Prof.	Tell a joke	Polarizing local action by removal of acid	A new laugh
Parks, T. B.	Grow up	Learning how to be polite	2 feet of stature
Reid, G. M.	Be a sheriff	Manipulating flashlights	Another new prank
Raper, J. F.	Own a stove plant	Studying Latin	Portable cuspidor
Truitt, W. J. B.	Wear loud ties	Writing Trixie	Common sense
Miller, J. C.	Water specialist	Supporting Reitzel's soda fountain	A new vocabulary
Crumpton, J. L.	Change Brown into something else	Flirting with the girls	A readable hand-writing
Urquhart, Miss	"Be in authority"	Teaching elocution	A wrist watch
Poe, W. C.	Win a farmer's daughter	Applying danderine	A railway pass
Stone, M. O.	Look nice	Imitating that Arrow model	A check from dad
Simpson, Annie	Be popular	Taking piano	Vanity case and shell glasses
Carter, H. W.	Arguing Socialism with Uncle Jake	Admiring his red hair	An alarm clock on recitation



## Ye Calendar of Deeds and Misdeeds

### SEPTEMBER

- 6—Prospective Freshmen go through the awful process of matriculation.
- 7—Work begins—President Harper fortifies his office with a Cannon.
- 9—Faculty Reception. "Chief" Fuller finds laundry Sponsor.
- 10—President's Annual Address. Multitude fed at the College boarding department on "five loaves" and one small chicken.
- 14—First Faculty Lecture, by Dr. Amick.
- 15—First shipment of Hinds-Noble Blue Ribbon literature arrives.
- 25—Mason-Powell line established, marking shortest distance from "Uncle Jerry's" pear orchard to East dormitory.
- 30—"Preacher" Fitzgerald fined \$1.00 for breaking speed limit around the running track at 1:25 A. M.

### OCTOBER

- 1—W. C. Franks' fondness of visiting Professor Brammoch on Sunday afternoon is proclaimed to be growing.
- 6—"Goat" Rajer absent from "roll call" at 7:35 A. M., the second time in three years.
- 11—Klutz saw the sun rise for the first time in eleven years.
- 25—Seniors celebrate 13th victory; Sophomores 9, Seniors 19.
- 27—Two members of the faculty get a partial hair cut.
- 31—Annual bonfire and "Spook" escapade.

### NOVEMBER

- 1—"Rat" Bowling and McArtan show fine prospects for track team. Ask night watchman.
- 3—Season for midnight fruit gathering closes.
- 10—Senior boys appear in new headgear. (Much sport.)
- 29—If you care to know what happened on this evening, ask the Seniors.
- 30—Annual entertainment of the Phi Society. Carolina 7, Virginia 0.

DECEMBER

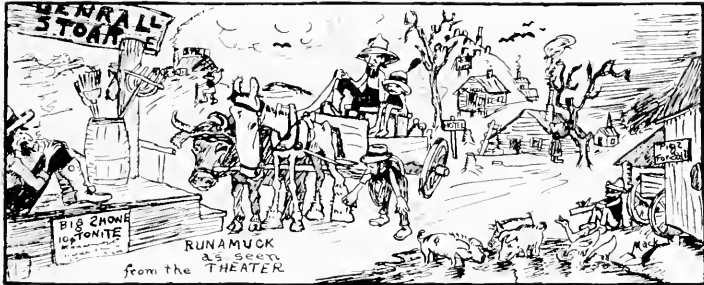
- 1—Fall term mu-sickal. Elon, 34; Winston-Salem Y. M. C. A., 21.
- 13—Philipp of France arrives on the Hill and expounds "The Genius of Protestantism."
- 16—A cold day. Rats build a fire in East Dormitory.
- 21—Hook goes after his girl.

JANUARY

- 3—We were back again. Self-Government Board sentenced to death by Honorable Faculty.
- 4—The above sentence imposed at 11:55 A. M.
- 6—Faculty mid-year reception. "Every laddie had a lassie."
- 12-30—Much measles in East Dormitory.
- 23—Columbian Laundry returns a shirt with a button still attached.

FEBRUARY

- 1—The three *sisters* met in room 530-22 to gossip on the current college views. The following were present: "Buy-me-a-dope" Horner, "Moving-picture" Stone, and "Baked-beans Reidell."
- 3—Surveying class accused before the Faculty of responsibility for the extreme cold—they caused too great variation in the North Pole.
- 21—Certain gentleman spoke for peace, but there was no peace.
- 22—Birthington's Washday. Annual Clio entertainment. McCulloch had a haircut and "Red" Carter fell asleep in the middle of his speech.
- 26—"Rat" Bowling asks at 6:50 A. M.: "What time is breakfast?" for the 99th time this year.
- 27—P'hipsicli goes to press. Thank God! "He that is unjust let him be unjust still."



## The Merchant of Venice

Complete in this issue of the Buy Try Die.  
 (Copyright in all foreign languages including the English.)

Illustrated with free-hand photographs.

This story can be seen in motion pictures as it has been dramatized by The  
 Opaque Film Co., Incorporated.

BY BRED FUNNYBRAT

The Runamuck dramatic fraternity on last Thursday evening presented the culmination of their seven rehearsals in the field of the drama. They presented *The Merchant of Venice* in five acts and nine intermissions. We, in order to understand the gigantic propensities of this tragic movement, must review the situation for a moment of time and a paragraph of print.

Who first thought of mobilizing this compendium of dramatic talent is not known. But the idea became rampant and soon the forces were in the field of poesy. Runamuck backed the talent of her cherished children and helped the dramatic club overcome all the difficulties that befogged their way. A temporary stage was erected in Beauty Podwin's tobacco barn. Scenery was furnished by local conscription. This theatre enjoys the distinction of being the only theatre in America in which all the spectators have boxes. (Soap boxes.) A gallery was erected, but this fell while being inspected by Boot Peale and lowered him in his own estimation.

I entered the theatrical barn at 7:15 P. M. and noticed a few details while waiting for the curtain to rise. The Dobbin Jews Harp Orchestra (consisting of three Jews with harps and an Ethiopian lad with an accordion with genuine German silver trappings) furnished excellent music. Among other selections were "Turkey in the Straw" and "Liza Jane." The cast of characters and Dramatis Personae had been written on the barn wall with chalk. The cast was:

### THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Duke of Venice.....	Boot Peale	Shylock.....	Marren Wulloch
Antonio.....	Prance Brawn	Young Gobbo.....	Dappy O'Hoom
Bassanio.....	R. M. Hedding	Portia.....	Miss Fernestim Ogloom
Gratiano.....	Rene Gainey	Nerissa.....	Miss Senny Jith
Lorenzo.....	H. Babby	Jessica.....	Miss Boe Doone



ELON COLLEGE



Squire Jill Bones, city constable, now smoked out the mosquitoes and bull bats and lit the lanterns which served as footlights. The heroine fainted from stage fright before the curtain went up but recovered while the audience was assembling. The audience wore such variegated evening attire, I thought, at first, that it was a masquerade affair, until an urchin told me that they were all in their Sunday best. At last the curtain went up amid the cheers and France Brawn, as Antonio, after swallowing his heart for the fourth time, assumed a blue Monday air of unmitigated melancholy and spoke the famous lines beginning, "In sooth I know not why I am so sad—" and the show was on.

Nothing of general interest happened until in the scene between Portia and Nerissa; they both forgot their lines and extemporized in the following manner:

Nerissa: Do you not remember, Portia, the gentleman and scholar named Blackberry that went by here last summer on his mule?

Portia: Yes, the sweet, lank lad who broke father's typewriter.

Nerissa: The very same. I hear that he has a new pink striped shirt and is coming to visit you at Christmas.

Portia (with a sigh): Let us hope so.

Scene III. Act one was given with vim and vigor. Marren Wulloch makes an unusually good Shylock. He appeared in a blue damask Gaberdine, with a long beard and unkempt hair. His eyes were very fierce while dealing with the Christians. When Bassanio went after Antonio he stumbled and tore down six yards of scenery which gave us a good view of Boot Peale arranging his wig for the Trail scene. When Antonio returned he and Shylock made the fire fly—Jew against Christian. The choosing of the orchestra was unfortunate for one of the Jews jumped up and yelled, "Go it, Shy'lock." The constable interceded and kept the audience from lynching the unfortunate expounder of Orpheus. The bargain for three thousand ducats against a pound of flesh was made, both parties declaring that they "were content 't' faith to seal unto the bond."

Dappy O'Hoom as young Gobbo gave an excellent interpretation of Shakespeare's vociferous clown. This gentleman will become an actor of great repute if he will only work. His monologue alone was uncomparable.

At Belmont, Hedding came to choose the casket for his bride. The dramatic fraternity were unable to get caskets from the local undertaker as the epidemic of swamp jaundice six years before had used up his supply. So cigar boxes served as caskets and after trying for the third time Bassanio hit the right one and the bride was his. Miss Fernestine Ogloom plays an excellent Portia, but her scholarly ways do not quite coincide with our ideal of an Italian gentlelady. She was so interested in Bassanio's getting the right casket that she cried seventeen beautiful stage tears which were well received by Nerissa's handkerchief. This scene contained so much quiet beauty that we hated to see it draw to the early close it did, by a bound dog from over in Isle of Wight county attacking and assaulting a young Irish collie which was sleeping in the orchestra circle. The dogs were parted after a twenty-minute fight, but the beautiful scene was irremediably ruined, because Bassanio was so hoarse from ho'lering for the collie pup that he couldn't talk.

Meanwhile the poor merchant Antonio was being dogged in Venice by the unrelenting Shylock. His ships were plying on the ocean and had not come into

port. Shylock had an oath that he would carve Antonio's carcass, so we see our friend in dire straits. Now a letter to Bassanio informed him that if he wished to see his dear friend while he was still all together he must rush to Venice. This he did after a loving farewell to Miss Portia. Portia and Nerissa followed later dressed as doctors of the civil law. Portia wished to save the life of the best friend of her husband because she had heard that he could sing beautifully and she wished him to sing at Nerissa's wedding. For she was to wed the intrepid Gratiano.

While the characters are on the road to Venice we will watch Lorenzo and Jessica elope from the home of Shylock. Now romantic Lorenzo came at night to steal the gentle Jessica. The constable forgot to blow out the footlights and this midnight elopement had the brilliancy of a noon-day picnic. This was against all rules of art and leaves a blot on the dramatic fraternity's 'scutcheon. Otherwise the loving pair did wonderfully well, although Miss Doone was a little tall for Babby to enfold with his encircling arm and cape when she left her father's house. We heard from a gentleman sitting back of us that the couple were lovers in real life. This accounted for the excellence of their acting. They were on familiar ground.

And now we are ready for the trial scene which took place after the constable had quieted an unruly spectator named Geeter Penn who had come down from Norfolk to see the play. He was trying to flirt with some of the young ladies and Jill Bones chastised him severely with a yellow switch. One of the ushers now placed a tar bucket firmly over the head of a gentleman who could not enjoy the opera without snoring. Then all was well.

The scenery for the famous trial scene presented to the public eye a very good view of a court room of the twelfth century. Boot Peale made an excellent Duke, so graceful and dignified in all his movements. The Duke entered the court followed by a large herd of Magnificoes. After assuming different ungraceful attitudes, the court was in session. The dramatic club under the supervision of Sydney Hazellhurst von Steubendale had altered the text slightly, and I give it as presented in Runamuck.

Trial Scene.

Duke: What, is Antonio here?

Antonio: At your service, upright Judge.

Duke: I am sorry for thee. Thou art before a court of injustice and a bribed judge. Besides Shylock once loaned me thirty cents to procure snuff.

(Enter Shylock)

Make room that I may see the face of my friend Shylock, the usurer, who wishes to take the life of the noble Antonio by procedure of law. Have mercy on this poor vender of commodities that's lost all ships and hopes at sea. We expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shylock: Never shall he live if I have my justice. I have hated him since I was knee high to a lizard.

(Enter Gobbo)

Gobbo: Sine qua non, your Honor, sine qua non.

Duke: Somebody take that palpable wretch and choke him until he can't holler, if he wants to hear this trial; case proceed.

Bassanio: Here, gentle Jew. Take double your pay and let the merchant go.

Shylock: Never, the cringing cur shall pay for all his good deeds by feeling the edge of my good knife. As Ikey Leibnitz says: "If they buy on credit, make them pay more." I will have me bond.

Gobbo: Sine qua non, sine qua non, that's right, Shylock, I know Ikey Leibnitz.

Duke: Kill that dummy. I order his execution.

Gratiano: Let me kill him, your Honor.

Duke: Go ahead, and the court awards you 50 cents for maintaining the court's dignity.

(Exeunt Gratiano with Gobbo by the neck.)

Bassanio: Unfeeling Jew. Take thrice thy money which fair Portia has sent.

Shylock: Never; what care I for dough. I would like to take your offer. But I will have my bond because of my hatred.

Antonio: Gentle Bassanio, reason not with this vile fiend. You may as well offer cough drops to an elephant. He is unintelligent and terribly rude. I have heard that his ancestors never fought in the civil war. Have no more to do with him, my dear boy, and let me pay the penalty for my bond. You know I've never married, and fate may be doing me a good turn now.

Bassanio: All right, old top.

Duke: We are getting nowhere with this trial. I am going to dissolve the court unless a young lawyer named Baldrazor comes to plead the case. He comes from that old aristocrat Bellario, the corporation lawyer.

(Gratiano here enters with Portia as Baldrazor and Nerissa as the clerk.)

Baldrazor: Glad to see you, Duke. Allow me to kiss your pudgy hand.

(Gobbo enters again hollering sine qua non, sine qua non, which frightens the ladies exceedingly.)

Duke (in a very stern voice): Gratiano, I told you to kill that fool. You are fined 90 cents for contempt of orders. Take him out again and electrocute him with a dry battery. Case can proceed.

Gratiano: Your Honor, if you ever want to see Gobbo again come by the morgue. (Exeunt with Gobbo.)

Duke: Mister Baldrazor, are you acquainted with the case in question?

Baldrazor: Yes, your Honor, all men are rascals.

Duke: Antonio, you and Shylock come forward and get your dessert. Baldrazor, try them both.

Baldrazor: Shylock, you are witty enough to see that a pound of weiners is worth more than a pound of this poor merchant's flesh. Why not take the money that Bassanio offered you?

Shylock: I cannot, O upright judge. As Spooky Rosenbaum says—

Duke (sharply): No more Jewish quotations in this court. Proceed.

Baldrazor: Antonio, do you wish to die?

Antonio: Yes, but of old age.

Baldrazor: You've the right spirit. Listen, Shylock: The quality of mercy is not strained. It comes as a Sunday shower at a wedding. It is twice blessed. It blesseth him that gives and him that takes. 'Tis greatest in the largest. It becomes the throned monarch better than his wig. Two moons can rise over the—

(Miss Ogloom here forgot her speech and there was perfect quiet until the ever resourceful Shylock took up the thread of the argument.)

Shylock: My deeds upon my head, I crave the law.

Baldrazor: All right, you cruel hiped. You shall have a taste of the law in the next few minutes. I'm going to stop your clock. Antonio, stand forth and prepare to have your heart extracted.

Antonio: Good bye, Bassanio. I am armed and well prepared. Give me your hat lifter. It comforts me so much to hold your hand. Fare you well. Grieve not that I must die for you. Tell your wife that I cannot come to Belmont to visit you all. Never quarrel with her even though she become a suffragette. Never charge too much for the produce of your truck farm and pay your taxes. Now I go on that long journey from which no traveler ever returns.

(Antonio goes out and kneels before old Shylock.)

At this point the whole audience broke down and wept. And lo! the Ethiopian in the orchestra led all the rest. He declared with the tears streaming down his cheeks that if he had only brought his brass knucks along he would have helped that Jew a considerable piece on his way to Utopia. The weeping was so fierce that all the dogs woke up and thinking that some one in their family had died while they were asleep they helped to swell the chorus of grief. Pande-



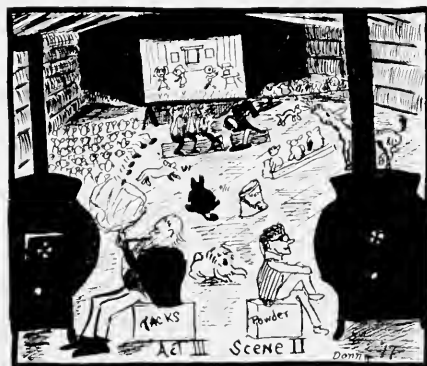
monium reigned with a lavish hand until the emotional quality had subsided, and then the tragedy proceeded.

Shylock: At last I have thee on the knee. Now I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear thee. (Takes out a Bowie knife and sharpens it on one of the Magnificoes' bald head.)

Baldrazor: Wait a moment, my friend Jew. Look over there at Bassanio crying an ocean of tears. Can you not have mercy?

Shylock (to Antonio): Take off your collar, you painted muskrat.

Baldrazor (grabbing Shylock by the shoulder): Stop, wretch! If you shed one drop of blood you shall be quarreling with Antonio in another world before the week is out. If you cut one shred of flesh too much you will never see tomorrow's sun mount into the sky from down on Chesapeake Bay. Now take your vengeance.



Duke: Good boy, Baldrazor, I was just about to say the same speech.

Shylock, rising and trembling: Sweet gentlemen, give me thrice the bond and I will be content.

Duke: No. You shall not have one red cent. You are sentenced to be Mayor of this town for ninety-nine years.

Constable Jill Bones, who has gone behind the scenes, now marches out and after yelling, "Sic Semper Tyrannis," drags out the crushed Shylock by the beard.

Antonio and Bassanio cry on each other's coat lapels.

Duke: Court's adjourned. Can't you all come over to my house to dinner? Got a 6 ounce 'possum and taters. (All the Magnificoes accept.)

Bassanio and Gratiano now give two brass rings which their wives have given them to the young lawyer and his clerk. And having thus eased his conscience, Bassanio walks to front of the stage and says:

Now that the merchant is free,  
Portia, I'm coming to thee.

Curtain.

Act V. While the court scenery was being removed and Portia's garden at Belmont set up, an interesting political argument took place over at the cold stove. One old man hit an older man on the head with the poker for saying that Runamuck was governed by a trust. The older man after he became conscious forgave the younger man on the grounds that as he was his son, he had beaten him enough as a child to make up for this.

Jessica and Lorenzo had been at Belmont during the Trial Scene. Although they were married they were still in love, and th's opening scene was very beautiful, due to the extinction of all the footlights except four which had their chimneys stained with poke berries. These shed a profusion of delicately tinted shadows on the lovers.

Lorenzo said: "The sole-encircling satellite of this terrarum orbis, with its ineffably beautiful retinue of twinkling companions, diffused its ethereal waves with the very abandon of munificence, permeating the entire firmament with its pervasive luminosity. In such an ambrosial night as this, the matchless breezes did press their osculatory offerings on the 'zenith-pointing' oaks of the centuries, Big Slumber folded her tremulous fingers about all, and unbroken quietude held dominion. A most Olympic night was this, such as the legendary Troilus surmounted the forbidding walls of Troy, and sighed his soul toward the Grecian domicles where Cressid lay in the darkness."

Th's scene was so beautiful and contained so many heart-entrapping epithets that a chronic and confirmed bachelor on the front row was forced to leave the tobacco barn, his whole being shaking with sobs.

Now Portia and Ner'issa came home, no worse for their adventures. Gobbo, who had been locked up in the morgue, now comes in as a messenger. So Gobbo comes in yelling:

# 19 PAISIOLI 17

Sine qua non, sine qua non, here comes my lord Bassanio and the noble merchant prince Antonio whose ships have come into port richly laden, sine qua non, sine qua non. (Exeunt.) Enter Bassanio and Antonio and their servants.

Portia: Welcome home, my lord. Give me the ring I gave you.

Bassanio: I'm sorry, sweet one, but I sold it for a load of cabbages and blackberries.

Portia: All right, you're forgiven. I always liked blackberries.

Everybody embraces everybody else except Antonio who turns his back politely and gazes at the moon.

Gratiano: Say, Nerissa, I threw that brass ring away that you gave me.

Nerissa: Here it is on my finger, you naughty boy, did you not know that I was the clerk and Portia the expounder of the law? Now you shan't go to the inauguration in Washington unless you take me along.

Gratiano: If the potato crop is good you shall go.

Portia walks to the front of the platform and says the following:

Gentle audience:

Although this is our first play,  
Its fame will last for many a day,  
We know we've acted very well,  
As any blockhead could tell,  
We hope you will come to our next show,  
But let me tell you before you go,  
That we've enjoyed your attention,  
More than we are able to mention.

The curtain falls amid slight applause which increased as the audience began to wake up and collect their senses. The applause increased until the rafters rang and any critic within ten miles could say that the first production of the Runamuck dramatic fraternity was a grand and unparalleled success.

By  
(Donny and Mack)



## ELON COLLEGE





## Homesick

Demons are filling the air  
 With shrieks of chagrin and despair,  
 The clouds are depressing,  
 Their hatred expressing,  
 The birds will not sing,  
 They sit with folded wing  
 On a dead tree in gloom,  
 Awaiting the cracking of doom.  
 I'm Homesick.

My comrades have departed,  
 My friends are broken hearted,  
 My hopes are dead,  
 Lying in coffins of lead,  
 One sweetheart is married;  
 Another is buried.  
 I'm Homesick.

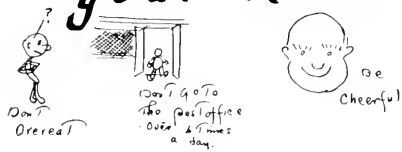
The yellow leaves falling,  
 Seem to be calling  
 To the dark stygian night,  
 Where ghostly armies fight,  
 Will-o'-the-wisps are crawling  
 Where damp snakes are sprawling,  
 I'm Homesick.

O! What's that noise?  
 'Tis a ghost of lost joys,  
 That's gleefully muttering,  
 As the candle is sputtering,  
 Was that a death knell?  
 No, it's the dinner bell.  
 Then I'm well.

—Lonesome Freshman.



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## Imitations of Bedlam

"Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris."—Virgil.

Gimminy! How I pine for the circling arms of Doris!

"This is the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks."—Longfellow.

Kiss her! Grammercy! I'd rather go in stocks!

"The shadow falls on castle walls."—Tennyson.

Donner Blitzen, but the Argus-eyed Dean knows her halls!

"O for the touch of a vanished hand, for the sound of a voice that's still."—Tennyson.

Commiseration! To Orcus! To Hades! When it's taking a pill.

"Hamden to hell, his obsequies knell."—Browning.

Himmel! But she fell pell-mell.

"Men may come and men may go."—Tennyson.

But facts is facts, she's got the dough.

"Yo, Ho, Ho, and a bottle o' rum."—Stevenson.

It's a parable, I'm feeling bum!—Hiram Highbrow.

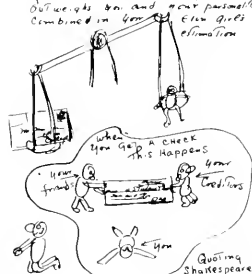


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 On Wilm Com "my kingdom for a pony!"



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## Vision Beatific

O! Heavenly one, with the large gray eyes,  
From your lips I hear so many sighs,  
You are as graceful as a blooming flower;  
You are eternity packed into an hour.  
Your hair in auburn ringlet falls,  
About your ears and temple walls,  
Your laughter is the music of the spheres,  
Like Niagara in the moonlight are your tears,  
Your eyes sparkle like the gems  
Of a thousand priceless diadems,  
Your mouth flows into curves so rare!  
My poor heart quivers—Ah! there,  
You dear little sweet angel of bliss!  
How did you know I wanted a kiss.

PROGNOSTICUS PRED. POET.



## Things We Have Heard

Dr. Harper: "It is such a lovely day and knowing that you students are tired I shall give a holiday in order that you may get out and enjoy nature."

Examinations were so easy: I feel sure I passed.

"Wonder why dad keeps on sending me money—we don't need it here."

Social hour is so long.

The rules are broken by Miss Urquhart's wearing a hat to chapel, and by Dr. Amick's being in the hall on the girls' bell.

Soph.: "Have you a minute to spare?"

Fresh.: "Sure!"

Soph.: "Tell me all you know."

Prof.: "Have you read Smith?"

"Red" Sewell: "No."

Prof.: "What have you read?"

"Red": "I have red hair."

Prof.: "What zone does Europe lie in?"

Prep.: "In the war zone."

## Anti-Warriors

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But all our movements are in the dark and all our deeds are draped with robes of the mysterious. The numbers of the room in which we abide are familiar to us, but difficult for you to find. We meet for recreation on irregular occasions under the canopy of heaven. The man in the moon is the only spectator of our genius.

When an "Overt act" is committed we will be gone to the Temple of Mystery. Secrecy forbids more. All is silent.

### MEMBERS.

6.4 Arrep	0136.8 Pucoc
09 Mrleil	34-1 Dddd
5.0 Skinar	00.0 Svefo





The Dove of Peace

## THE GAME OF LIFE



The fool may chatter, the prattler prate  
 Of the joys of the social hour,  
 But who is there who would ask for a date  
 If he knew of its subtle power—  
 If he knew that the lights in a woman's eyes  
 Were beacons that beckon to doom,  
 And the lips that smile and the charms that beguile  
 Were the snares of death and the tomb?

The youth builds his castles of ether and cloud,  
 He labors that life may be sweet—  
 He spies then the siren, stately and proud,  
 And offers up all at her feet.  
 Dan Cupid's a barterer, cruel and cold—  
 You thought him a cherub with wings—  
 Did you know you must pay him with blood and with gold  
 For his baubles—for kisses and things?

You've purchased his goods, now pay him his due!  
 You cannot treat Love as a joke!  
 You entered the game, now you must see it through,  
 And stick by the stakes till you're broke.  
 You ought to have halted and pondered the cost  
 Ere you played at the game of love;  
 You knew 'twas a gamble where all men have lost,  
 But you've played—now it's up to you—MOVE!

By Mack.

The height of Shelton Smith's  
Ideal



SEE PAGES 197-200





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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

---

WE close our work and submit the results of our efforts to your approval. That we might compile this chapter in *Elon's History*, we have sacrificed time and pleasure. The imperfections of our endeavor we realize, but behind our mistakes we trust you will see our purpose.

We wish to thank our photographer for his earnest efforts to give satisfaction, the publishers for their endurance of our inexperience, and our advertisers for their liberality. To everyone who has rendered any service, great or small, the Phippsiel Staff expresses its sincere appreciation.



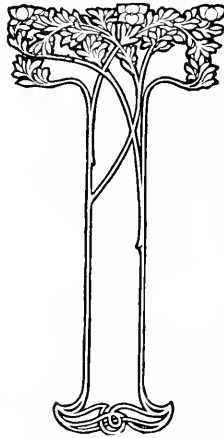




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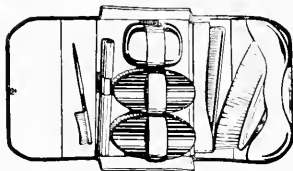
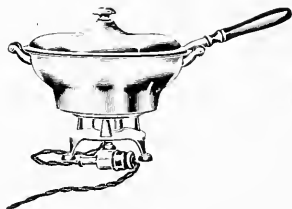
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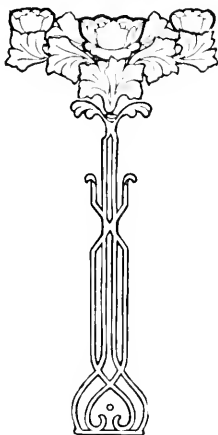
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All the delicacies of the Season.  
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Having recently severed my connection with the imperial Embassy in Peking, I will take a position on the Southern Railway as Jim Crow Entertainer. No more scraps on through trains. Traffic Manager can see me in Clegg Hotel Lobby.

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Looping the Loop, Date Making and Breaking, Ford Tinkering, Hash Dating, Logging, Prize Fighting, Mechanical Speaking, Operatic Squealing, Dough Nutting, etc., etc.

After August 1st we can do private detective work, love making, sardine canning, muskrat trapping, and song writing.

In December we will be in position to handle major surgical operations, fire fighting, safe cracking, charity work, tennis playing, surf bathing, Groundhog raising, oyster shelling, and private theatricals.

In January we will not be in the public market, as we wish to memorize the complete works of Swift, Shakespeare, C. B. Riddle, Homer, Addison, Macaulay, Gibbon, O'Henry, Dante, Fred Dunaphant, Bunyan and Walt Mason, with perhaps the last ten minutes devoted to Happy Odom and Goat Raper.

In the spring we will bend our activities toward sleeping, golf, motoring, vulcanizing, pigeon shooting, trout fishing, turtle chasing, fox-trotting, mountain climbing, submarine warfare, trench fighting, Villa chasing, riding in refrigerator cars and electioneering. In the meantime we will be able to take and execute orders for steel bridges, corn-cribs, rock crushers, sky scrapers, canal boats, concrete viaducts, tunneling, garages, bungalows, elope-ments and landscape gardening.

Address us Care President of the U. S. A. or the Rajah of Tug-wug. No checks accepted unless accompanied with cash. "If It's Been Done, Pay Us Enough And We Will Do It Again."

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