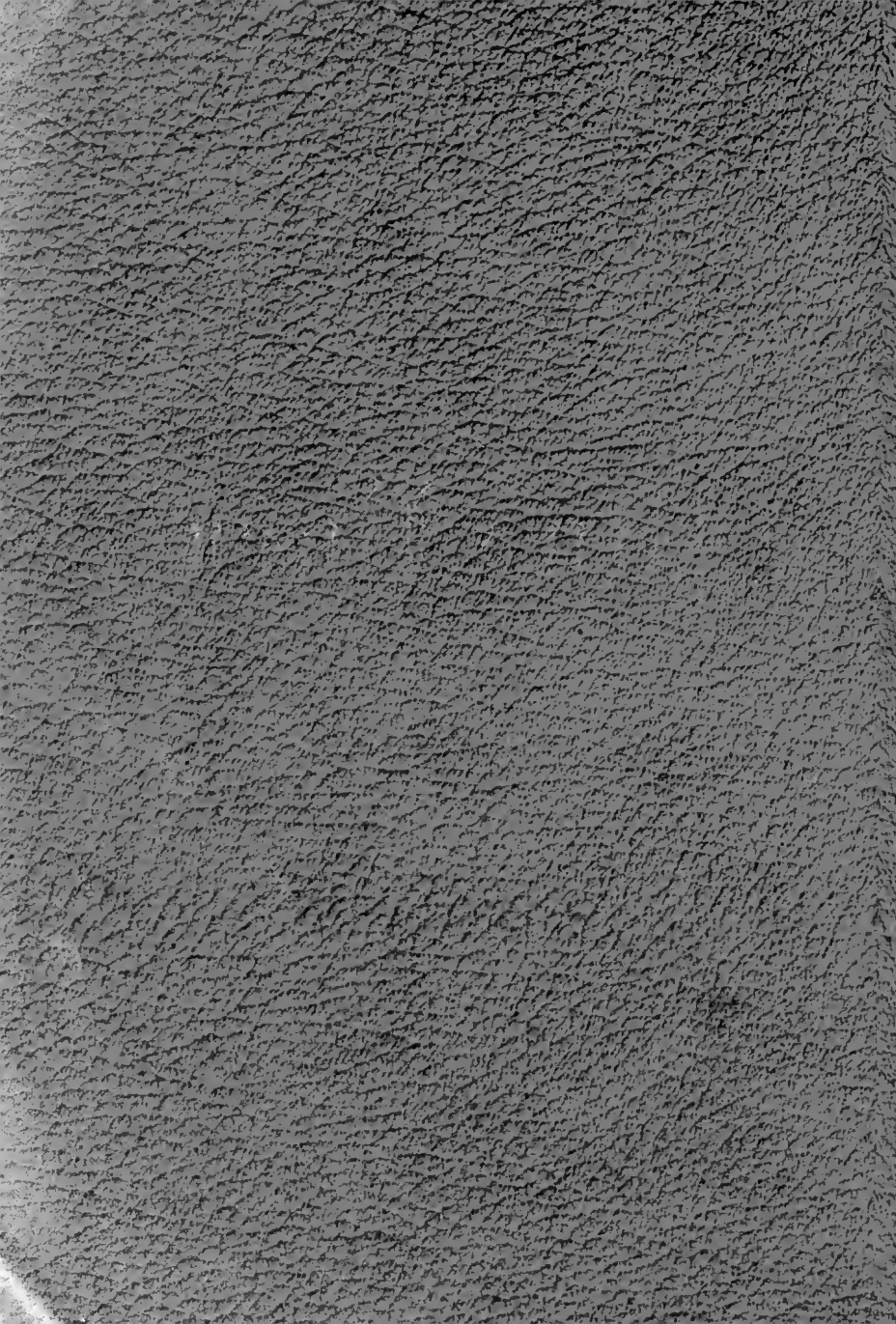


The

Time Burr

1915



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RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA



Here's to the Land of the Long Leaf Pine  
The Summer Land where the sun doth shine  
Where the weak grow strong and the  
strong grow great  
Here's to down Home the Old North State!

# The Pine Burr

1915

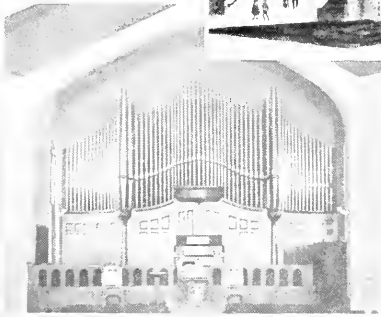
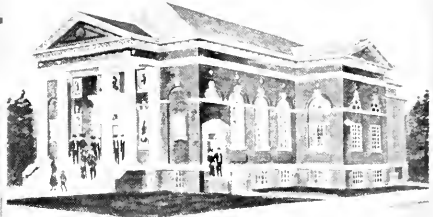
FOURTH ISSUE



PUBLISHERS

Senior Class, Buie's Creek Academy

Buie's Creek, North Carolina



WESLEY  
ACADEMY

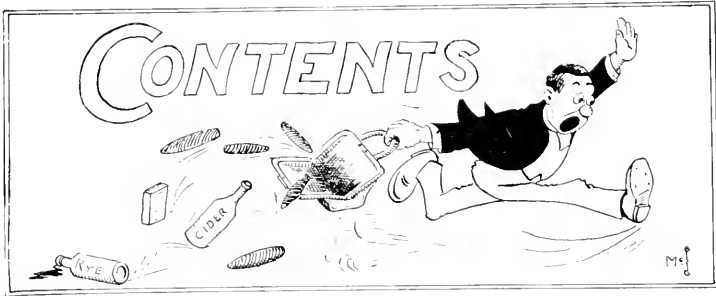


THIS ISSUE OF THE PINE BURR IS DEDICATED TO A CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST  
OUR FRIEND, MR. M. C. TREAT  
WHOSE LOVE AND HELP HAVE BROUGHT LIGHT AND CHEER  
IN MANY DARK DAYS.



A. C. CAMPBELL  
*Faculty Editor*





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## Editorial

Being conscious that time, though gentle, yet firm, will soon sever the ties of association and co-operation of both teachers and students, we present this the fourth edition of the PINE BURR, a culmination of the various phases of our school work, as a memento of the Class of '15.

We have endeavored to make this book a true mirror of our many-sided activities in High School. An insight into the humorous as well as the serious life of our school family may be seen. Truly, one can read from the following pages the various ideals of our ambitious youths and what we really are.

I take this opportunity of thanking those who have given me their assistance in collecting the material for this book. Especial credit is due our Faculty Editor, Prof. A. C. Campbell, who, together with his father, our beloved principal, have guided our feet from many a pitfall. Our thanks extend further, to Mr. H. B. Eason, our efficient Business Manager, who by his untiring efforts has successfully directed the financial side of our undertaking. To Miss Eaton, our Art Teacher, we vote our sincere gratitude. Her class has enhanced our book greatly by splendid contributions. Our editors, though far from perfect journalists, have produced material of which we are proud. We admire the Class of '15, and justly may we esteem it. First, because the class is ours; second, because events have happened during our session which will never occur again in the history of the school; third, because it is the only Senior Class in which we have ever experienced the pleasure of being enrolled.

We leave in your care the PINE BURR in remembrance of your High School friends and acquaintances and what they are striving to attain. If, as you glance through this volume, you receive some abiding pleasure and profit from the perusal of the pages, then our labor has been worth while.



## Senior Organization

### MOTTO

*Fides non timet*

### COLORS

*White and blue*

### FLOWER

*Wild rose*

### Class Officers

W. H. HOLLOWELL.....	President
O. T. GLENN.....	Vice-President
CELIA HERRING.....	Secretary
LILLIE HAMILTON.....	Treasurer

### Class Representatives

S. E. TEAGUE.....	Orator
FRANCES HARRELL.....	Poet
R. L. STALLINGS.....	Historian
LILLIE HARPER.....	Testator
D. M. HOLT.....	Prophet



R.L. STALLINGS



CELIA HERRING



W.H. HOLLOWELL



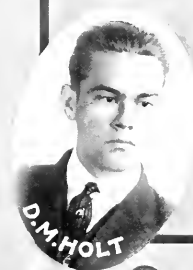
LILLIE HAMILTON



O.T. GLENN



LILLIE HARPER



D.M. HOLT



FRANCES HARRELL



S.E. TEAGUE

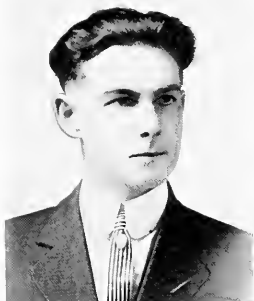
SENIOR ORGANIZATION

JOHN A. BATTS (Ed.)

Elm City, N. C.

MOTTO: "*The best of all governments is that which teaches us to govern ourselves.*"

Batts is not made up of the material that characterizes many boys. His success in his business course is due to his constant effort and untiring labor. He is always trying to accomplish the things that are worth while. He does not believe in squandering time; however, if you want a joke told or a little fun stirred up, you can count on him. It is his endeavor to play his part well in the world of business, for which he has carefully prepared himself. He carries the good wishes of both teachers and students.



ROSCOE BUTLER (Phil.)

Clinton, N. C.

MOTTO: "*Be what you are cut out to be.*"

"No power on earth, nor under the earth,  
Can make a man do wrong without his own  
consent."

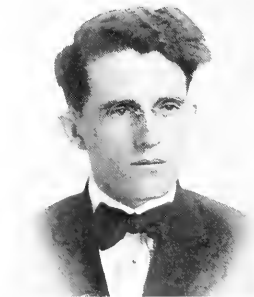
Roscoe, often called "Booker T.," is not understood by everyone. But those who do understand him can readily see the noble characteristics which he possesses. He has proven himself to be a worthy student as well as an orator, since coming here last fall. He is lively, friendly, and faithful to perform his duties. It is said that his ancestry can be traced back to Demosthenes, from whom he inherited his oratorical ability. We wish him very much success as a doctor.

EVERETT H. CANNADY (Phil.)

Dunn, N. C.

MOTTO: *To know what, how, why, when.*

During his stay at Buie's Creek, he has proven himself faithful and obedient to all the rules of the school and ever at his post of duty. He is friendly, energetic, and always the same today as yesterday. He is an active society worker, a good speaker, and one who can always be relied upon to do his part in anything that comes to hand. We feel confident of his success, for he possesses the manly qualities that are sure to win. He expects to study law, and when he has finished his course he will prove his ability at the North Carolina bar.





MARY K. CARVER (ATH.)

Rougemont, N. C.

MOTTO: "Strike high even if you fall low."

"There was never a night so weary and dark  
That the stars were not somewhere shining;  
There is never a cloud so heavy and black  
That it has not a silvery lining."

"Polly" has been with us less than a year, but in that time she has proven worthy of the esteem and love of all. She has been loyal and faithful to the school and her work. Mary looks ever on the bright side of life. Come what may, this girl does not bend or frown beneath the load, but instead, carries a smile and is cheerful all the way. She finds a place in all religious organizations, "doing all the good she can without making a fuss about it." In China or the jungles of Africa is a field awaiting her story of our Christ.



AGNES LEE COX (ATH.)

Buie's Creek, N. C.

MOTTO: "*Beauty is truth; truth and beauty—that is all  
ye have in this world and all ye need to have.*"

Agnes, as she is known among her schoolmates, is a resident student. She possesses a quiet, friendly and amiable disposition. She is modest and intelligent as is shown by her actions. We feel quite sure that Agnes will succeed in whatever sphere of activity she may enter in the future days.

WILLIE M. COX (EV.)

Buie's Creek, N. C.

MOTTO: "*He can who thinks he can.*"

Bill is one of our home boys, who has inherited a special gift in writing and arithmetic from his father. His ready solution of almost any difficult problem and a specimen of his handwriting will at once affirm this truth. Bill, with his quiet, manly character, has won a place for himself among both teachers and students.





WILLIE JOSEPH CROWLEY, (Eu.)

Latta, S. C.

MOTTO: "*Learn to do by doing.*"

"Youth is no crime, and inexperience is no disgrace; but youth that does not aspire, and age that has not learned from experience, are both a disgrace and a crime."

Not a new face by any means; he has been here beyond the recollection of some of the oldest students. He is quiet, prompt, obedient, and ever ready to do his best. His peculiar, happy laugh can be frequently heard. He is always "on his job." Now that his school life here is ended we hope he will attempt great things, expect great things, and accomplish great things.

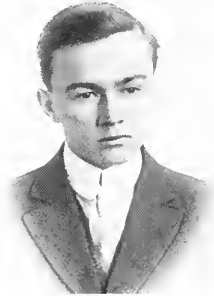
LELLAN BARNES DAWES (Phil.)

Elm City, N. C.

MOTTO: "*Truth conquers all things.*"

"Sow an act, reap a habit;  
Sow a habit, reap a character;  
Sow a character, reap a destiny."

"Dawes," as he is generally called, is a young lad just entering manhood. He accomplishes things, but not in a haphazard or unsystematic way. He is a bright, studious young man who always seems to think before acting. We predict a bright future for Dawes and extend to him hearty wishes for success.



HENRY BROWN DAY (Eu.)

Winston-Salem, N. C.

MOTTO: "*Who does not advance, falls behind.*"

"Here's a sigh to those who love me,  
And a smile to those who hate,  
And, whatever sky's above me,  
Here's a heart for ev'ry fate."

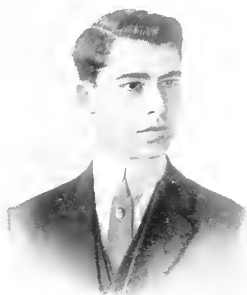
Henry has been here for quite a while, and is well known around Buie's Creek. He carries a smile wherever he goes, takes life easy and never thinks of hard times until they arrive. He is a fine cornetist and is well known among the band boys. In his chosen vocation in life, as an optician, he has the best wishes of the class for his success.

CARLOS BENJAMIN DOMINGUEZ (EC.)  
Sta. Lucia, Oriente, Cuba

MOTTO: "Step by step we gain the heights."

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

In '13 this young man first saw the necessity of a genuine education; and after some consideration realized that he would have to cross the mighty deep in order to thoroughly prepare himself to face the battles of life. He boarded a vessel on Cuban shores, which soon gave him entrance to American doors. During his short stay of two years with us his noble ambition to do things has convinced every teacher and student that a brilliant future lies before him.



H. BERNARD EASON (EC.)  
Smithfield, N. C.

MOTTO: *Amicus Omnibus.*

This gentleman bears the distinction of being the handsomest man in his class. To every duty he proves loyal and earnest, trying to make the most of his opportunities. As a singer he has great ability, being endowed with a splendid baritone voice. He possesses a magnanimous heart, warmed with kindness and friendship toward his fellow man. He carries with him that self-sustaining, business-like air that the world is calling for day after day. There is a place in this world for such a gentleman as he, and we know when he takes a part things will happen.

JOSEPH A. FLEETWOOD (EC.)  
Jackson, N. C.

MOTTO: "I dare do all that may become a man,  
Who dars do more is none."

Although he has been with us only a short while, we have found that he is not afraid of work. He possesses a quiet, unassuming disposition and attends strictly to his own affairs. Although he has not decided upon his life's work, he is capable of accomplishing anything he may attempt. With this in view, we hope to hear of him "doing things" in the coming years.





CAUSEY GLENWOOD FREEMAN (PHIL.) Colerain, N. C.

MOTTO: "By faith and endurance we overcome."

"While our faith is steadfast and our hopes are strong,  
Victory awaits us, all the way along."

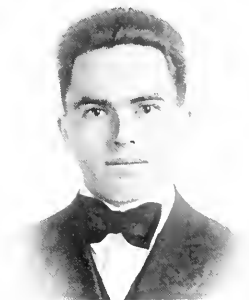
Here is a student who is not satisfied until the thing is done right. He is full of ambition, and triumphs over his failures. You can always find him at his job during study hours. He is very jolly and enjoys life as it comes. His words are full of cheer, and his expression speaks words of kindness to all. From here he goes to college where he expects to complete his literary course. Although he has not yet decided upon his life work we feel sure that he will be successful in whatever he undertakes.

ONNSLOW TALMAGE GLENN (PHIL.) Rougemont, N. C.

MOTTO: "Optimism is the faith that leads to achievement."

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast;  
Man never is, but always to be blest.  
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,  
Rests and expatiates in a life to come."

In his stay of two years with us we have found him faithful and earnest in his work. Though not endowed with unusual brilliancy he possesses a perseverance that will win out in the end. He is one of the most studious members in our class. His mild nature has won many friends who wish and expect to hear good things from him.



JOHNIE MAUDE GREGORY (ATHL.) Buie's Creek, N. C.

MOTTO: "Keep your face toward the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind."

"The inner side of every cloud is bright and shining;  
Therefore turn your clouds about and always  
Wear them inside out --to show the lining."

Maude has a kind word and pleasant smile for everyone; yet, there is a seriousness about her that is manifested in the character of her work. Her presence stimulates her associates and commands profound respect and confidence. Her loyalty to the school, her scholarship, and her ideals make us believe in her future. Our best wishes attend her.



LILLIE MAE HAMILTON (ATH.)

Dunn, N. C.

MOTTO: "*Be not simply good—be good for something.*"

"Upon every life some shadows will fall,  
But heaven sends the sunshine of love  
Thro' the rifts in the clouds we may, if  
We will, see the beautiful blue above."

Lillie, or "Hamp," as she is sometimes called, is a girl faithful to her work and to her friends. One never sees her idle. She is thoroughly devoted to her society work, winning the Athenian Improvement Medal in the spring of 1912, and serving her society in several important offices. She has represented it on several occasions and is a Representative at this Commencement. Lillie is a conscientious, unassuming girl, trusting and hoping through every trial. We hope she will have as much success in her future life as she has had in her school activities.



LILLIE CORNELIA HARPER (ATH.)

Louisburg, N. C.

MOTTO: "*Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.*"

"My life is a brief, brief thing,  
I am here for a little space;  
And while I stay, I would like if I may,  
To brighten and better the place."

"Jack" is a very attractive girl and greatly beloved by all her fellow associates. Wherever this girl is found there's sunshine also. She is modest and very quiet, speaking only when she has something to say.

Lillie takes an active part in all religious organizations. On Monday morning before breakfast she is found in the midst of the little "Sunrise Prayer Meeting" band. She has proved faithful to her tasks here, and whether she lands in a little "backwoods" schoolhouse or in the far away heathen lands, success will be hers, for she carries the cross of Jesus ever before her.



LOTTIE FRANCES HARRIELL (ATH.)

Marshville, N. C.

MOTTO: "*Dum vivimus, vivamus.*"

"Frank," as everybody calls her, is a jolly old girl. If there is any pleasure or fun to be had, you find this girl going after it. She studies when the spirit moves her. In Expression she has made a strong "hit." Nature endowed her with this accomplishment and she has developed it wonderfully. Though undecided as to her life work, we predict for her a successful future at whatever she strives to do, for Frances has that talent which never fails to apply itself. Truly, "her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."





IRENE MABEL HATCHER

Buie's Creek, N. C.

MOTTO: "*Help me to feel another's woe.*"

This is the silent girl of the graduating class. She is seldom heard but goes her way doing her duty faithfully. She has a sweet, simple and modest dignity; always smiling beneath her load. Irene is greatly talented in art. She is the only girl of the Class of '15 completing her course in that department. She has won the admiration of her schoolmates by the beautiful paintings which have come from the tips of her brushes. She expects to continue this course through college and then to teach it to others. Before taking our parting steps we each bestow upon her our hearty wishes of success in the future.

CELIA HERRING (ATHL.) Cheng Chow, Honan, China

MOTTO: "*Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father in heaven.*"

"Smile a while, and if you smile another smiles,  
And soon there's miles and miles of precious smiles,  
And life's worth while because you smile."

Celia, or "Ted," is our Australian-American girl from China. She has been with us only one year, but during that time she has won a host of friends, the confidence and esteem of faculty and students. No one can stay around her long and be "blue," for her optimistic attitude or nature seems to be contagious. Celia makes high grades on her work, and holds positions of honor both in her class and in her society. But the most attractive thing about her is her lovely, consecrated character. We wish and feel confident that she will succeed in her chosen work in following the example of her father and mother by carrying the Gospel to those in darkness beyond the sea.



GORDON R. HERRING (EU.)

Cheng Chow, Honan, China

MOTTO: *Nil sine numine.*

From faraway China comes this bright eyed, dark haired lad. He has a high ideal, as can readily be seen by his motto. During his short stay with us he has shown his true character in being one of the most loyal students in school. While he is not one of our greatest orators, he has the distinction of being a natural born artist. One touch from his enchanted brush and you have a likeness, two and you have a form, three and you have a living person. He now goes forth with his art diploma in his hands. In the future we expect to see some of the world's masterpieces bearing the inscription, "Painted by Gordon R. Herring."



WILLIAM HENRY HOLLOWELL (Eu.)      Edenton, N. C.

MOTTO: *Potiar ut potiar.*

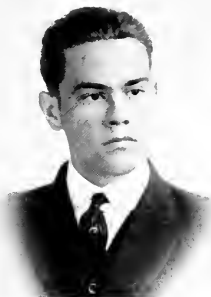
Hollowell is our utility man. If you want a leader for a yell, a comedian, a basso, an orator, a religious leader, see him. He is a consecrated young man interested in all the activities of school life. Gifted with the power of winning friends, he retains them by the sincerity of his life. We wish for him the same appreciation and recognition among his future comrades that he has deserved.



DREXEL MORGAN HOLT (Eu.)      Princeton, N. C.

MOTTO: *Tandem fit surculus arbor.*

Holt is a handsome young man, who renders himself very attractive by his quiet, mannerly ways. He is one who does good without trying to make a show of it. He applies himself diligently to his work, yet when play time comes he is ready to play and takes an interest in many kinds of athletic games, especially basketball. Holt is a man of deep character and cannot be judged at the first glance. His favorite subjects are Latin and English. In these he stands at the head of his class. He delights in studying Languages and Literature and we expect his name soon to be placed with those of the leading literary men of North Carolina.



EDWARD HAWKINS JONES (Phil.)      Oxford, N. C.

MOTTO: "*Where duty and honor calls thee.*"

"Men whom purest honor fires,  
Men who trample self beneath them,  
Men for country, home and God,  
Men who for duty and honor's sake  
Stand fast and suffer long  
They build a nation's pillars deep  
And lift them to the sky."

Hawkins may not appeal to every one, but intimate acquaintance develops a genuine appreciation of his worth and ability. He is a loyal and faithful member of his society as well as of the school. He stands for the upright and honest things of life. Hawkins has come to the conclusion that it is his duty to till the soil. He has the cordial wishes of the class for unlimited success.





PAUL D. McLEOD (PHIL.)

Angier, N. C.

MOTTO: *Labor omnia vincit.*

"If you will not grub for your neighbor's weeds,  
In your own green garden you will find their seeds."

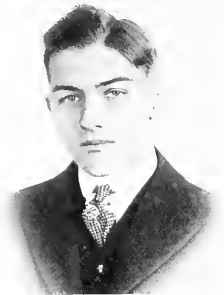
Paul has been with us only a short time. He is a young lad who has almost innumerable possibilities of success. He is the "baby" of the Senior Class physically, graduating in knee pants, but from a mental standpoint he is on an equilibrium with the other members of the class. We are very confident that Paul will be successful at the bar, which profession he has chosen to follow.

ERROL OTIS MARSHBURN (PHIL.)

Raleigh, N. C.

MOTTO: *"Find a way or make one."*

Errol is a clever boy, and is liked by all. His stay here of two years has proven that he lives for something. He has shown himself to be ever loyal to the best and noblest things. His development has been symmetrical. In athletics, society work, classroom, and religious meetings, his interest has been gratifying. His plans for a professional life are influenced by an unselfish character, and we are expecting some things of him in the coming years as a physician.



C. C. MASSEY (E.C.)

Princeton, N. C.

MOTTO: *"Be governed by your own convictions."*

"Knowledge is gold to  
Him, who can discern;  
That he who loves to know,  
Must love to learn."

The face of this young man reveals some of the characteristics of his life. These are pluck and perseverance, which together with his loyalty and faithfulness to his work and the ideals of school, have won for him the love and esteem of many during his short stay with us. We feel that with his deep conception of what life means, "Chas.," as he is called by his friends, will be heard from in his chosen vocation, a physician; not only a physician healing the physical maladies, but a physician healing the souls of men as well.



J. R. MASSEY (EU.)

Princeton, N. C.

MOTTO: "The carcasses of my failures are stepping stones to success."

"Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,  
And beware of saying, 'I can't,'  
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead  
To illence, folly, and want."

"Massey" has not been with us long enough for us to find out the real qualities of manhood which he possesses, yet he has proven his ability to do things by the record he has made. His high ambition could not be at ease until he had won the confidence of both teachers and students, and taken his stand in the foremost ranks of his fellow schoolmates. As a young man his equal is not to be found everywhere; his daily walk of life is only the medium through which a noble character is revealed. Already he has distinguished himself as a speaker, and we do not believe our anticipations will return void when we predict for him a successful future at the bar. Our best wishes are for his success.



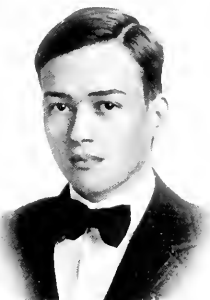
GILMER B. MASTEN (EU.)

Roxboro, N. C.

MOTTO: "Excelsior."

"Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us,  
Footprints on the sand of time."

This lad comes from the kind of "Rox." He has been with us only a short time, during which he has won many friends. He is a diligent student. It has been his ambition to do his work in the way that would please his teachers and he has apparently done this. Loyal to all duties, ever ready to perform a good deed, his school life at Buie's Creek has proven a success.



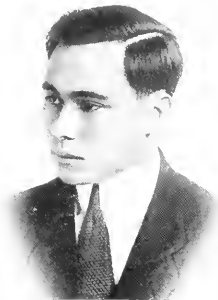
CARRIE LILLY PAGE (ATHL.)

Buie's Creek, N. C.

"To have no aim but to make earth a fairer, holier place,  
and to rise each day into a higher sense of Life and Love."

Lilly has made a record worthy of emulation. Her name associated with the Class of '15 lends dignity and esteem to the organization. Seldom do we find a character who can do the work which she has so successfully and easily carried this year. Reaching the zenith of her literary career here in '13, she was not satisfied, and has since been climbing toward the goal in Expression. We believe she has pursued the proper vocation in life, association with her will verify this fact. Singularly modest is she, too, with regard to her achievements—and they are many. "And when she speaks, the angels stop to listen." Her adaptability added to her sincerity has won her a host of friends.





ALBERT R. QUIÑONES (Eu.)

Banes, Oriente, Cuba

MOTTO: "It is sweet and honorable to die for one's country."

In the summer of '14 Albert R. Quiñones, a young man of noble thought and high ideals, beheld the great need of the business life in Cuba. Desiring to become a star by which his fellow-men might be guided, he boarded the ship Belita, on the 24th of July, bound for America. After his arrival at Buie's Creek he introduced himself with all the dignity of the Spanish tongue. He made his purpose known and was thereupon directed to the business department, where he has made an accurate solution of all the problems in this department. Now, with a business diploma in his hand, plus the esteem of both teachers and students, Quiñones goes forth to Cuba with a determination to make his former vision a reality.

PAULINE ESTHER SHEARON (Ath) Wake Forest, N. C.

MOTTO: Let mother be my guiding star.

"Be still sad heart, and cease repining;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days be dark and dreary."

Esther is the baby of our class, but only in age for she stands high in her work and leaves an excellent record. In Expression and Music she is especially gifted and has many times given pleasure to B. C. A. gatherings with recitations and piano solos. We predict for her great success as a musician. She is a charming companion, has an amiable disposition, and we dare say, she will make friends wherever she goes. Esther is a sweet tempered Christian girl and will be missed by her Sunday school, society, and all of her school work, for her influence is felt in many activities of student life.



MAMIE BELLE SMITH (ATH.)

Buie's Creek, N. C.

MOTTO: "Aim high, but do not shoot into the air."

"Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life, for which the first was made;  
Our times are in his hand  
Who saith 'A whole I planned.'  
Youth shows but half;  
Trust God; see all nor be afraid."

This girl is to be honored. Mamie is sweet in disposition, true in friendship, and ever loyal to her tasks. She indicates not by talking but by her daily actions that she is to be used by others. Whenever a problem is to be stated or a Sunday school teacher supplied, Mamie is the one always on hand, and she never fails. She has won many friends and is always doing good turns for them. We are expecting great things of her when she begins her life work in the school room. We are confident she will not disappoint us.

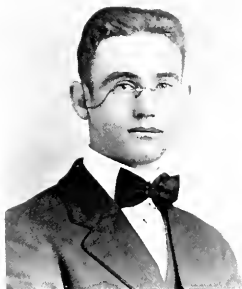


ROSCOE LEROY STALLINGS (EC.)      Jamesville, N. C.

MOTTO: *Man, know thyself; all wisdom centers there!*

"That man must daily wiser grow,  
Whose search is bent himself to know."

Roscoe is a name that sounds very familiar around B. C. A. For two years he has been a loyal student here. He has been faithful in the performance of his daily tasks, loyal to the government of the school, and a very enthusiastic society worker. He is a clever young man, yet very precise. His appearance seems to ask, "How does my pompadour look?" He has shown his ability to do things, and we predict for him a successful future in whatever he undertakes for his life work.



VERDA GARNETT STEWART (ATH.)      Buie's Creek, N. C.

MOTTO: *To be rather than to seem to be.*

"I ask not wealth, but power to take  
And use the things I have aright;  
Not years, but wisdom that shall make  
My life a profit and delight."

This is one of our home girls. She has been reared here and has been found faithful to her duties and to her school. When quite small she distinguished herself as a reciter and won a reciter's medal. One of her conspicuous characteristics is frankness. Her wit and cheerfulness have won for her many companions. There is not a more generous, kind-hearted girl in our school. Whatever Verda undertakes she puts her whole self into and goes at it with a will.



EDWARD GILMER SUTTON (EC.)      Jefferson, S. C.

MOTTO: *"We are known by our character."*

"Good, better, best, never let it rest,  
Till the good is better, and the better best."

Sutton found his way to Buie's Creek a few years ago. He was here only a short while then. He went to Mars Hill last year, but returned to this institution at the beginning of this spring term. During his sojourn here, he has won the affection and confidence of the faculty and the students. He is brilliant and utilizes his time to the best advantage.





BAILEY T. TALLY (EU.)

Angier, N. C.

MOTTO: *Esto quod esse videris.*

"Make every moment count for the most for God and humanity."

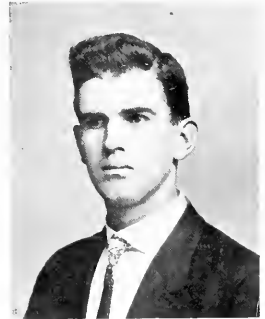
This young man has been with us two years and during this time he has been found faithful in his work and true to the school. His recitations are well prepared as a rule even though his work is very strenuous. He is a person of marked ability and Math. and Latin do not trouble him, for difficulties to him have an attraction. He is also a very helpful member in his society. Tally is an earnest religious worker and is ever faithful in the performance of his duty. Whatever vocation he shall decide to choose we are confident that he will do his best.

ROBERT LEO TATUM (PHIL.)

Cedar Creek, N. C.

MOTTO: *"Love thy neighbor as thyself."*

Though this young man was with us only a part of this year, yet by assiduously applying himself to his task, he has finished a business course which many others have labored at for a year, even more. We feel sure that Leo, as he is known to his friends, with his life imbued deeply in this energetic spirit, will make a success in whatever field of activity he chooses in the business world.



SAMUEL EDWARD TEAGUE (PHIL.)

Hoffman, N. C.

MOTTO: *Carpe diem.*

"Quit yourselves like men, be strong, and the exercise of your strength today will give you more strength for tomorrow."

Sam impresses one with his earnestness. On the ball-field, in the school room, in the society hall, whatever his efforts, he puts his whole soul into it. This explains his development during his sojourn with us. He is considered one of our leaders in scholarship and debate. We admire his sincerity and unaffected manners and wish for him the same recognition and respect in his subsequent career that he has received here.

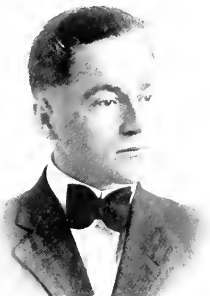
RALPH MOORE WARREN (PHIL.)

DUBU, N. C.

MOTTO: *Si vous voulez pour paix preparez pour guerre.*

"Ambition sleeps, lad, in your brain,  
Bright hopes may soon awake it,  
You see the good but ne'er a path,  
Then find a way or make it."

Ralph has been a student here for two years. Since he first came he has proven himself loyal and studious in his school work. He has won the confidence of not only the boys, but the ladies as well. Not only has he proven his ability in Latin and Mathematics, but also in music. Although he is one of the youngest members of the class, with his exceptional ability we expect great things from him.



FLEETWOOD A. WHITE (EU.)

Hertford, N. C.

MOTTO: *"Give justice to all, though the heavens fall."*

"There is one rule in the world and it applies to all; that is, that you are expected to make good."

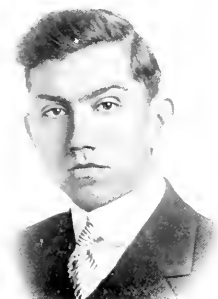
"Red," as he is sometimes called, is a young man who has great possibilities of making a prominent business man. When duty calls he is always found at his post. When business goes bad he never becomes discouraged, but renews his courage and says, "I'll fight through." The sincere wishes of the class go with him.

WALLACE W. WHITEHURST (EU.)

Washington, N. C.

MOTTO: *"I dare do all that may become a man."*

From Washington to B. C. A. this young man came, for the purpose of better preparing himself for business. He is made up of zeal and vim, and never lets anything discourage him. His pleasant features and energetic movement have won for him many friends. He has made good with his work here, and we feel sure that with his business ability he will be a great instrument in holding aloft the illustrious banner in the business world.



## Class Poem

Although by chance we met  
    'Tis not by chance we part,  
Four fleeting years of pleasant toil  
    This hour in view from the start.

Happy years they have been,  
    Knitting lives and hearts as one;  
Happy years they have been,  
    Building ladders to the sun.

And now in memory's casket old  
    We drop a jewel bright,  
To beam again when years have passed  
    And make our pathway light.

This path we leave for others to tread,  
    This path we now call ours,  
And trust our deeds are fruitful seed  
    To spring and light the path with flowers.

Here we've had an insight into the future,  
    Just a glimpse of a higher life,  
And our purpose here is to better prepare  
    To enter this field of strife.

To be alive in every part of our being,  
    To realize the possibilities of strife,  
To become all we're capable of becoming,  
    This is the real aim of life.

When before our firesides long in the future,  
    We shall sit, aged and gray,  
Pondering the days of long ago,  
    We shall think oft of B. C. A.

Recalling stories of our younger years,  
    Our gray heads will lift and our dim eyes will beam  
When we tell to our eager young listeners,  
    Of the glorious year of nineteen and fifteen.

## Call to Service

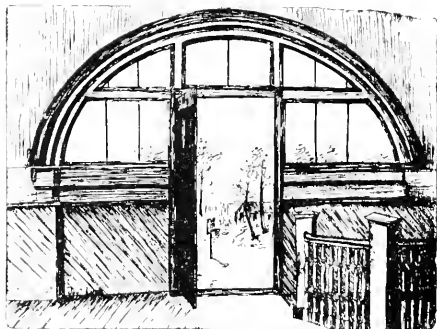
The time has come when every man must push forward if he hopes to equip his mind with the substance which the world demands. The world today is calling for men who can do things and do them intelligently. It is pleading for leaders in every line of human activity. It is looking for men with trained minds and ready hands. The very atmosphere in which we live is charged with inspiration for greater accomplishment and larger fields of endeavor. This inspiration hardly comes to men who are idle and self-contented, but it comes to those who are on the alert for opportunities, however small, men with strong bodies and minds trained to take hold of problems and solve them. The world today needs trained men. The great feats of the twentieth century in engineering, business and statesmanship have been accomplished by men trained in their lines. The idea of the Hudson tunnel did not spring full grown from the mind of William G. McAdoo, but by reason of his training it evolved into a practical reality. The Panama Canal has been a phantom since the time of Philip II of Spain, but it took the training of Colonel Goethals to mingle the waters of the placid Pacific with the billowy waves of the eastern seas. In the heart of our greater city the highest building in the world pierces the sky as a monument to the trained mind and business ability of Woolworth.

It is true that the training of this class is not equal to that of McAdoo, Goethals and Woolworth; it is true that we may not be called upon to dig a canal or bore a tunnel, but it is equally true that every member of this class can return home and put what training he has received here into terms of actual service. For four years Buie's Creek has given us her best training, expecting us to go home and try to make it a better place in which to live. If the training received here means what it should, we ought to be better able to serve our State than when we entered these walls. We may not be called upon to settle problems of national import, but questions of community welfare and progress will be ever present. In the South today we have a great problem in economies. The request is that we try to remedy the overproduction of many crops. We should be able to get in sympathy with those trying to change unsound conditions and instill a clearer perspective. Abroad in our State stalks the great giant of ignorance. With the armor of added strength obtained here we should enter the fight against ignorance and try to raise North Carolina many rounds up the educational ladder. In every phase of the State's life we should enter with more intelligence and added strength because of our training here. Back home there is a call for leadership in some line of community activity. The community has a right to expect those who have had advantages to respond to that call. Shall the Class

of 1915 go home and be content with the little each one can do in the community, or will each one wait for the call to a position of honor before he responds? Shall we get behind our communities and push and try to get on top? With the training we have received here will we aspire to a position of leadership or will we be content to drift?

Tonight we stand at the first mile post on our educational development, wondering, many of us, whether next year we shall enter the walls of some college or matriculate in the grim, unrelenting University of Life. But, members of the Faculty, wherever another year shall find us we pledge you that your teaching shall not go for naught, that the ideals you have instilled shall live on and that the training you have so patiently given us shall be so used that you will be proud to call us your own. The Class of 1915 leaves you tonight and in leaving

“There is a word of grief the sounding token,  
There is a word bejeweled with bright tears,  
The saddest word fond lips have ever spoken,  
A little word that breaks the chain of years.  
Its utterance must ever bring emotion,  
The memories it crystals cannot die,  
’Tis known in every land, on every ocean,  
’Tis called ‘Good-bye.’ ”





## Senior Class History

The record of the Class of 1915 is that of a natural, harmonious development from uncomely Freshmanhood to dignified Seniority. The following record, though brief and incomplete, furnishes a few facts showing our class one of high standing and unrivaled strength.

Since Freshmanhood we have lost some from our number. Some upon their return to the old home found the attractions there greater than here; some have wandered the Pilgrim's way; and some in their roving have been caught in the net of matrimony. But these lost links have been filled in with twenty-four carat metal. Perhaps the most illustrious of these is "Booker T." Sometimes this question arises in our minds, Could we have maintained our normal Seniority and dignity had he not chanced to join us? His initiative work has led the class into many new ideas; he was leader of all explorations into fields of experiment in arranging and getting up groups for the Annual. And not only has he been an indispensable factor in our class, but the Faculty is greatly indebted to him. His well taken remarks and suggestions in the classroom have been quite a resource to the teacher when his storehouse of knowledge was about to be exhausted. "It's great to be great though sometimes it may grate on others."

We are indebted, also, to several previous Senior classes for handing down to us Mr. H. B. Day. He has been accused of aiming at nothing, and some say he always hits the mark. We can safely say he ever keeps his motto, "Cut every class possible and keep the teacher in the dark." Though every member of our class is not noted for high marks, yet taking in consideration all phases of school life, we are not surpassed by any class that has passed this way. Why should we not be great, when several states and Cuba have been sifted to get the seed for this plating?

Ours was not an ordinary Senior Class. We were quite different from all our predecessors. For why be like other classes? After three years of difficulties, disappointments, and struggles, we entered the Golden Age, the *summum bonum* of high school life, when

"Just to exist,  
Is untold bliss."

We have become Seniors. As we stand on the proud eminence surveying the lower regions of mediocre life the thrilling words of Tennyson often come to mind:

"And I would that my tongue could utter,  
The thoughts that arise in me."

There must be individuality and genius always marked by its eccentricities. We have some members in our class who have worked out a device for bringing the

European War to a speedy close. We have some members who have worked out a propaganda to offer to the world by which all international disputes will be ever afterwards settled automatically. The day of great things for this planet is not far in the future. America and the world will stand hereafter a hopeless debtor to Baile's Creek for the notable deeds which will be done by the Class of '15.

In the various organizations for the promotion of religion we have been active. The Y. M. C. A. and Mission Study work has never been attended with quite so much interest as it has this year. The society work has taken on new life and interest not known heretofore. Some of our rough, coarse, country fellows have developed into real polished speakers. Our oratorical contestants are examples of our prospective North Carolina orators. In athletics we have figured prominently. The basketball and baseball teams have been strengthened greatly by men from our class; and tennis has become an afternoon pastime for both girls and boys of our class, whose records would do credit to any high school.

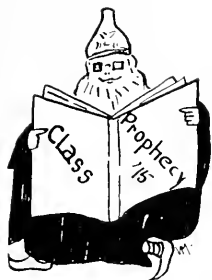
Though we have had ideas of our own and allowed individuality to play a great part in the history of our class, we have stood firmly together in co-operating with Faculty and student body, in standing by the government of the school and conforming to every regulation for the promotion of high morals and for raising high the standard of our beloved school. We have not had frequent meetings of our class, but when a meeting was called practically every member was present ready to stand by any movement for the interest of the class and betterment of the school. As a class, we have planned our work and worked our plans.

Our history has been made, and though this, the 12th day of May, brings to a close the history of our class, we trust it's only the beginning of a life for each one of us that will do credit to our Alma Mater, to our country, and to our God. We now pass out from these halls, where by our knightly deportment and noble deeds we have made a host of abiding friends, into the stern but glorious battles of life. We enter this larger arena neither with joy nor with sorrow, but in that wholesome, optimistic spirit to which Browning gives utterance in his triumphant:

“Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be—  
The best of life, for which the first was made;  
Our times are in His hand  
Who saith a whole is planned,  
Youth shows but half;  
Trust God; see all, nor be afraid.”

HISTORIAN.

## Class Prophecy



ONLY a few words are necessary to explain why I am able to give some true facts concerning the life of each member of the Senior Class. You have known, no doubt, that our government has had men doing excavating work in various parts of the world. A recent discovery of Professor Mardin has brought to light a very unique collection of dictionaries. Each dictionary has its respective nation to deal with, giving the life of each person. As to when and by whom these prophecies were

written we have no way of saying. On account of the fact that the time at my disposal for using these dictionaries was limited, I was forced to jot down only those things that are of interest to my fellow members of the Senior Class of '15.

I take the names alphabetically, as I have copied them, thus hoping to avoid that unnecessary suspense in which you may be held trying to find your name.

Butler, R. C. This young pettifogger will curiosify his associates. For further information see Sears-Roebuck's Catalogue.

Camady, E. H. "You can take a fellow out of the country, but you can't take the country out of him." 'Nuf sed.

Carver, Mary. She will be head waitress in the Inside Out Cafe on Broadway. When last seen she was chasing up Long Island Sound a "fice" dog who had chanced to pick up a beef bone to which a few fragments of meat clung.

Cox, Agnes. She will wax fat and be a perfect specimen of womanhood. (It is very difficult to explain this: fat and a perfect specimen of womanhood.) Anyway, her years will be fifty and five and then she will die.

Crowley, W. J. This gentleman will be known far and wide for his long line of noble ancestry and high calling. He will have a great struggle in deciding what his life's vocation shall be. For his wise judgment he gets the admiration of the entire world. He will be a chiropodist.

Day, Henry Brown. A professional baseball player until the age of thirty. At this time he will begin evangelistic work. He will be known as the "Famous

Baseball Evangelist." There is no one who can be compared with him, not even Billy Sunday.

Dawes, L. B. He will give his life for the uplift of the Dawges family, socially, morally and numerically.

Eason, H. B. He will hold the chair of Hot-Air at Harvard, winning this over hundreds of contestants. He will, at length, be compelled to resign because his hot-air will become too hot for them. At this point he will discover his talent as a baritonist, and enter grand opera, where he will accumulate many dollars.

Fleetwood, J. A. This bright Southern youth will eventually locate in the land where the whangdoodlers cease to moan. The feature of his vocation will be watching the woodchucks chuck wood.

Freeman, C. G. Mr. Freeman will be a great help to this world. When automobile tires shall be so cheap that a pauper can purchase a set, then you will see that he is dead. His neck will be made into fine rubber.

Glenn, O. T. He will have exceedingly bright prospects for a glorious future, but will be unexpectedly called to the other world to assist Charon in enlarging his barge for the transportation of the bones of R. C. Butler across the Stygian whirlpool.

Gregory, Maude. Her dear life will be spent in keeping those who fall in Buie's Creek from drowning.

Hamilton, Lillie. After leaving high school she will increase in weight until she tips the beam at four hundred. She will appear before many audiences before her death. This death will be caused by a lobster, whose looks Miss Hamilton will not like, by which she will be frightened and roll into the sea.

Harper, Lillie. She will spend the first five years out of college in Africa, as a representative of the Woman's Rights Movement of America. Returning to the homeland, the remainder of her life will be spent in placing rings in noses of opponents to the cause.

Harrell, Frances. After graduating at several colleges of expression, she will accept the position of teacher of expression at Meredith College. She will remain here several years.

Hatcher, Irene. She will be an agent dwelling at the North Pole, selling fireless cookers. A distinguishing characteristic of her will be her power to soothe and tame. It is well to note that she will teach many members of bear and seal families respectively, to make use of the fireless cooker.

Herring, Celia. In her appearance before the National Woman Suffragette Convention she will make an excellent plea for the association of the two sexes. The Buie's Creek students will order fifteen thousand copies for the benefit of the Faculty.

Herring, Gordon. You will find him on Robinson Crusoe's Island gathering anecdotes on Friday for *Everyone's Magazine*. He will resign on account of heavy work and spend the remainder of his life trying to discover with what powers a sandfiddler is endowed which enables him to *se promoter* in the opposite direction.

Hollowell, W. H. President of the Red Men's Club and a famous promoter of matrimony.

Jones, E. H. Pastor of a church at Prospect, N. C. He will in later years enter the medical profession. After making failure repeatedly he will succeed in the end by going into partnership with both an undertaker and a coffin manufacturer, sharing half profits with each.

Marshburn, E. O. A specialist on a bull frog farm. Especially noted as a diagnostist of cases of the "blues."

Massey, C. C. "Chas." will follow a medical course. He will be especially noted for his knowledge of tuberculosis in red bugs, gnats and seed ticks.

Massey, J. R. "John" will make good as an agent. He will make a trip to Africa in an effort to introduce the PINE BERR and the *Little River Record* in the home of his ancestors.

Masten, G. B. At the age of twenty he will be a millionaire. He will be very well known as a benevolent man. His last gift will be fifty thousand dollars to a company for the establishment of an institution for the care of sick cats.

McLeod, Paul. He will soliloquize, solemnize, philosophize, and finally die. (When ???)

Page, Lilly. An intellectual stream that will never run dry. Look out for the muddy water.

Shearon, Esther. This inscription will be found on a monument near the entrance of the Buie's Creek Dormitory: "Sacred to the memory of Esther Wake Shearon, the author of 'Fat and Anti-Fat.'"

Smith, Mamie. She will be widely known in the musical world. She will do her best work tuning steam pianos in the Sahara Desert.

Stallings, R. L. A decided change will come into his life at the age of twenty. This change will occur when he visits Salt Lake City. He will change from a monogamist to a Mormon. At the close of his life we shall find him making good progress under the care of thirteen mothers-in-law.

Stewart, Verda. After starting in the humble position of stenographer, she will rise to the presidency of the "Association for the Prevention of the High Cost of Loving," the Little River Branch.

Sutton, E. G. He will be an agent for Barker's Almanacs at Barkelaysville, N. C.

Tally, B. T. A veterinarian, dealing primarily with donkeys until he is seventy years of age, then he will abandon the poor donkeys to their fate. The monstrous braying in Crowley's room late at night tells the result of this rash move.

Tatum, R. L. Tatum will be a good farmer, raising peas, corn bread, potatoes, cabbage heads, hogs, goats, cotton, rice, buzzards, onions, bull bats, chickens, and children.

Teague, S. E. Many men are studied because of their greatness. Mr. Teague will be studied by men, women and children not because he is great, but because his life sets an example for those who try to store up too much knowledge. He will make the mistake of putting everything into his stomach instead of in his head. During his life the price of wheat will be beyond all reason.

Warren, R. M. He will have the brass to ride a Jack; therefore it follows that he will make good in the livery stable business.

White, Fleetwood Frederick Anderson. As an insight into this man's life this quotation from one of his famous lectures is given: "Ay, sir, the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world! Sanchoniathon, Manethoj Berosus and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. But I———."

Whitehurst, W. W. He will be famous for moving his family. Only a few people will know that this is due wholly to the monthly rent agent's appearance.

Would that I were permitted to change the fate of some of my fellow-members!

PROPHET.



# Will and Testament

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA }  
STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA } COUNTY OF HARNETT  
TOWN OF BUIE'S CREEK }

We, the undersigned, members of the Senior Class in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and fifteen, at Buie's Creek Academy, all still living after having undergone the many hardships incident to every Junior, being of sound mind and body, realizing that the end is near, do hereby make our last will and testament in the interest of those named below.

## Item I.

Our desire is that this, our last will and testament be carried out by the parties herein named.

## Item II.

We wish that the class historian shall perform his duty to the fullest extent by recording all our haps and mishaps, and the great heights attained by the Class of '15.

## Item III.

To Buie's Creek Academy we bestow:

- (1) The honor of perpetual existence.
- (2) Electric lights that will not go out during services.
- (3) An autobiography of each member of the class recounting all the excellent achievements of said members of the said class, said autobiography to be enclosed in a crystal case and placed where all future generations may gaze at it enraptured.
- (4) Our gratitude to the school for the wisdom received while here.

## Item IV.

To the students:

- (1) Any one failing to join society the privilege of paying \$2.50 into the library fund.
- (2) Any one missing as many as four recitations, the delightful pleasure of going before the faculty.

To the Juniors, (1) we grant another year of hard work before being called Seniors, said year to be filled with the joys of Caesar, Jr. English and other things.

- (2) All the ponies on Cicero and Caesar used by the Class of '15, and our Well's College Algebras revised by us with all the examples worked out in the margin.

To the Sophomores, we give, if they will notice it, all of our advice, received in large amount in our youth, which we need no longer.

To the Freshman Class is extended our deepest sympathies for the hardships endured, with the assurance that it has been required of them for their benefit.

## Item V.

To the faculty: We make our last acknowledgment of the many favors shown us, and our gratitude for their kind protection over us. We desire that you may live long—even until you can develop a class the equal of the Class of '15.

Furthermore, to Prof. Campbell, our beloved principal, we leave the memory of our "sweet" voices as we sing "do, re, mi, fa, sol."

- (2) The privilege of reading all notes found in the school room during the chapel exercises.
- (3) One Schnapps spanking machine to be used by the faculty on young culprits.

We donate to Prof. Marshbanks

- (1) A pocket spittoon.
- (2) A glass eye for his "pup."
- (3) A copy of Dr. Butler's great book, "How to Reduce Flesh."

To Prof. Leslie Campbell we would provide,

- (1) A hat rack near his desk in room No. 3, so that he will not be forever losing his hat.

- (2) A good pig-pen and cow-lot so that he will not have to chase his refractory pets over the town every day.
- (3) An automatic shaving machine that can shave "on the run."

To Prof. Carlyle Campbell, the "Baby Fessor" of Buie's Creek Academy.

- (1) A rattler to console him upon the desertion of his brother for a more congenial companion.
- (2) A member of the Junior Class to assist him in his Cicero next year in the absence of "Booker T."
- (3) An unabridged dictionary for each member of his classes to crack some of his big words which he uses to conceal the beauty of his thoughts.

We would leave to Prof. Snoddy, Buie's Creek's great Band Master and Musician,

- (1) The privilege of conducting a normal class in the Summer School for the benefit of such brilliant singers and whistlers as Prof. Marshbanks and Prof. Cox.
- (2) The privilege of flirting with all the girls under fifteen.
- (3) A Coaster-brake bicycle to enable him to attend the World's Fair at San Francisco.

To Prof. McLeod we bequeath,

- (1) The right to run home from the Academy every time his baby cries.
- (2) A gong to be hung over his head in room No. 4 to enable him to know when the period changes.
- (3) A water pistol, so that he may protect himself against two or three of his dangerous former pupils who might come back to get revenge.

We would show our appreciation of Miss Whitty for her faithful training (1) By presenting to her, postage prepaid, one hundred fine "rag" time selections for her amusement during the summer.

- (2) The privilege of accepting company at the Dormitory from any member of the present Junior Class, not more than twice a week.

For the benefit of Miss Sweeney, to whom we are very grateful for looking after our young folks, we donate to the Primary Department of this institution a step-ladder on which she may stand and, as on a tower, look down upon all her pupils at once.

- (2) We accord to her the privilege of painting the legs of any of her pupils red, if occasion demands.

We leave to Mrs. Rosamon the dignity now possessed by the Senior Class.

To Miss Lillie Page we would offer as a token of our appreciation, all the switches not cut already by her young scholars, said switches to be used at will upon any of her "unmanageables."

Our desire is that Miss Eaton be employed for twenty more years as teacher of Art in this institution, after which time she is to be retired on pension. (2) For her benefit we add one extra hour to the regular day, which hour she is to have as a period of rest from her many duties.

We will and bequeath to Mrs. Lynk, our Matron and Lady Principal, a pleasant vacation, with plenty of rest. (2) We concede the right to call bed-time at ten o'clock on those who stay at the Dormitory in the Summer School.

To Aunt Rachel, the cook at the Dormitory, we give an additional supply of loaf-bread to toast for breakfast to satisfy the appetites of the Juniors.

If any one at any time should happen to find any of our valuables which we have failed to dispose of in this testament, we desire that they give it to needy students of this institution.

We do hereby appoint as executors of this our last will and testament the members of our class, who for the love they have for the institution have decided to wait until the close of the Summer School to receive their diplomas.

In witness whereof we do hereby set our hand and seal, this 13th of May, 1915.

Signed, sealed, and declared to be our last will and testament in the presence of Hon. Bernard Franklin McLeod, Jr., the year and date aforesaid.

(Signed) SENIOR CLASS OF '15.



## To Alma Mater

H. B. EASOM

At another relay station in life we stand,  
    Musing o'er our records, but to no avail;  
The deeds of yesterday are as an explored land,  
    For there we have searched for the "Holy Grail."

No more our past opportunities can be revised,  
    And the only resort is to profit by same,  
For we cannot hope for our records to be revised,  
    Yet we are proud to have preserved our honor's name.

Pensively, yet intermingled with gladness,  
    We survey the future in all walks and phases,  
And to think of leaving encourages sadness,  
    The place where love for mankind blazes.

To rend our friendship we reluctantly decline;  
    Such strong ties, no, can never abate;  
Of thy watchful duties, we cannot repine,  
    But instead will cherish thee in moments sedate.

Our deepest trust does not, could not, waver,  
    When our eyes to a retrospective view we unmask,  
For no fault of thine has caused us to lose favor  
    In thee, who didst guide us through every task.

We would not change thy present channel,  
    Could it lie in our power to form  
The pages of thy future history's annal,  
    Thou a refuge from illiteracy's storm.

Though clouds did oftentimes upon us affuse,  
    Towering o'er us along the path of learning,  
Yet a silvery lining was always profuse,  
    When we turn to thee for aid, yearning.

But oh, what retribution will ever repay thee,  
    For the principles into our lives thou didst grind?  
Can any compensation symphonize the true key,  
    Except, "Better service to all mankind"?

So with this motto we pass the harbor bar,  
    With sails aloft on the sea of life;  
And to our Alma Mater we say "an revoir,"  
    Promising to be "heroes in the strife."

# Junior Class

MOTTO: *Under this banner you shall conquer*

FLOWER: *Arbutus*

## Officers

I. L. YEARBY.....	President
MAY SHEARON.....	Secretary
C. L. O'BRIAN.....	Treasurer
IRENE MONEY.....	Poet
C. H. EDWARDS.....	Historian
M. F. BOOE, ROSA MOODY.....	Editors "Tattoo"

## Members

JULIA BARRETT	G. R. HERRING	H. M. O'QUINN
LEAFY BENNETT	DONNA HONEYCUTT	G. M. PARKER
M. F. BOOE	EDNA JONES	W. F. POWERS
J. C. BUTLER	NORMA JONES	MARY PRATT
J. W. CLAYTON	C. L. KNOTT	S. S. RICHARDSON
C. H. EDWARDS	A. J. LOGAN	MAY SHEARON
J. S. EDWARDS	IRENE MONEY	J. L. SUTTON
J. F. HARR	ROSA MOODY	ELSIE SWEANEY
D. A. HARRIS	C. L. O'BRIAN	E. L. TWINE
N. B. HEDGEWORTH	W. H. ODUM	W. T. WARD
	I. L. YEARBY	





## Junior Class Poem

We are tramping onward, upward  
To the past, never turning,  
But with anxious, watchful eye  
For the goal ever yearning.

This our motto ever kept  
"Though the crown we never wear,  
When the faithful are rewarded  
We'll be there to claim a share."

In the shadows of the Seniors,  
We are treading quietly on;  
Through the light that beams upon us  
Steals a whisper, "See the dawn."

On their brow we see the laurels  
And the harvest in their hand  
Which for us is yonder waiting  
If, when tried, we swerveless stand.

Though our ranks uncrowded are,  
Great tasks unto us fall;  
'Tis not the number makes the strength,  
But true comradeship of all.

So upward, onward, we are pressing,  
Upward, onward to renown;  
Upward, onward, we are striving  
One year hence to wear the crown.

POET

## Junior Class History

On the 27th day of August, 1914, our predecessors, the present Seniors, evacuated and left to us the position which they had by indomitable courage and persistent effort transcended. It was then that we, with the dauntless ambition of Napoleon and the exalted ideals of Pericles, sedately placed our emulating feet on the Junior round of the Buie's Creek ladder of fame.

In spite of the calamitous conditions brought upon us as a resultant of the great struggle in the East our class has not been at all diminutive, as might be supposed, although not our numerical strength, but the dominating spirit is the thing by which our merits are measurable.

The generosity and courtesy of our class must be mentioned. We believe every member to be acquainted with old time "Southern chivalry." The zealously and congeniality which are prevalent in our midst are sure to win for those who will DO, honor and renown; and when they shall depart they will "leave behind them foot-prints on the sands of time."

In athletics our boys and girls are conceded to be leaders. On the basketball court Shelton Harrell and W. H. Odum are vindicators. In speaking of tennis playing we are always reminded of the dexterity commonly exhibited by Millard Booe, Joe Edwards, Norman Hedgepeth, Gordon Herring, D. A. Harris and others, including numbers of the girls. It is needless to mention other games, for in all athletic sports, as well as those named, among the most nimble athletes are the Juniors.

Patience, we believe, is one of the essentials in doing things. D. A. Harris has already manifested this characteristic of greatness by his Job-like perseverance in holding the bag for snipe in a ditch the larger part of a frigid December night. The icy air bit his ruddy cheeks, but in case he shall ever chance to encounter another such emergency, he will save his admirable visage from the frost, for he is now developing a very luxuriant set of mustaches.

In the societies this class plays a very conspicuous part. In all public functions rendered in the auditorium our class is always represented in such a manner as to bring to it celebrity and honor. This fact was obviously manifested on the evening of the 6th of March, when I. L. Yearby and J. S. Edwards represented the Junior Class in a public debate. The influential oratory displayed to the edification of their hearers was cogent enough to cause the cadaver of Demosthenes to turn over in its tomb and marvel and wish to participate.

Limited space necessitates brevity, but the moral vigor and aspirations of the Juniors should not be pretermitted. The wholesome atmosphere which pervades our constituency is one of the chief rudiments that characterizes the Junior vitality.

We must now leave this domicile to our successors. So with higher ideals and greater determination we will take a final step, and next try the top round of the B.C.A. curriculum.





TWENTY-SIX OF THE FORTY-SEVEN BUIE'S CREEK STUDENTS AT WAKE FOREST

# Organizations

## Entrophian Society

F. I. D. E. S.

FLEETWOOD A. WHITE (Ed.)

“Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,  
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.”

The Entrophian Literary Society was founded in 1891, by Rev. W. G. Hall, of Wilmington, N. C. It was organized with sixteen charter members. These young men caught the vision; they surveyed the future and saw that society work was a necessity in the literary realm; they realized that impression was not beneficial without expression; they realized that the brain faculties of young men must be developed in order to lend to the world the best there is in them.

At the foundation of the society the Latin word *Fides* was selected as a true expression of its cardinal principle—Faith. That word has ever been the support of each member and has served as a guiding star to its members.

Our society work needs no comment; it has stood, and we believe it will continue to stand, pre-eminent. This year we have ninety-four members enrolled, each of whom realizes that the strength and influence received from this source is playing an important part in shaping his destiny. At the close of each year we send out men on life's stage of action who, with the dominant power of speech, are doing effective work; men who are ever guided by ambition's star; men who are standing in the front ranks and are taking a lead in the progress of our nation.

Several years ago our Society Hall was destroyed by fire, but the Entrophian spirit still existed; a new and more commodious structure was immediately erected. Each member with courage and persistent effort paid his part, both in loyalty and means. In proof of this fact, though the expense was exceedingly great, our beautiful hall stands today second to none in the State. It is now encumbered by no debt. We shall strive to keep our society the pride of its loyal members and to fulfill the important mission for which it was intended.





## Athenian Literary Society

A. R. S.

The Athenian Literary Society was organized in 1900 under the leadership of Miss Leah Matthews, with only ten charter members. For some years they had no hall, so they held their meetings in the old church building. When the new Academy was completed they were given a home in it.

One of the most striking features in the life of the girls of Buie's Creek Academy has been the influence and power of this society. The affection for it and the adoration of it, as shown by the members, is the finest specimen of school spirit. This feeling began at once. The girls had no fear of hard work and they determined that their society should mean much to the school life as well as to the members individually. Its influence has been so recognized that it is now a requirement that all the girls become active members of the society. The girls quickly realize their opportunities for becoming more efficient in freedom of thought, reading and composing, and they are glad to enter into the work and make the most of their privileges. From among our best society workers come our best leaders in church and school life. Many churches, schools and communities have already felt her influence and power, and we hope that greater blessings are yet before her.

The records of this society, which have been kept in good order, show that from the first the programs have been of a high and helpful standard. Professor Campbell has always been in full sympathy with us, and with the inspiration of his advice, love and help, together with the untiring and earnest efforts and struggles of the girls and the noble assistance of other members of the Faculty, we are grateful for being permitted to meet in our splendid, well furnished hall and becoming members of this time honored society.



## Philologist Society

V. I. C. I.

COLORS: *Old gold and Pea Green*

C. C. FREEMAN (PHIL.)

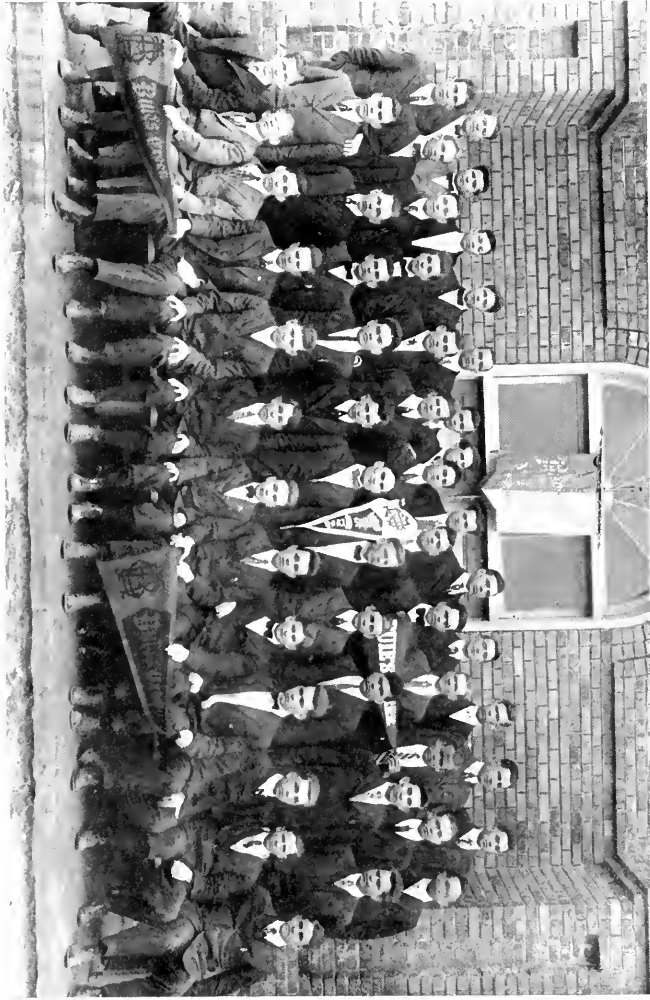
Not gold, but only man can make  
A people great and strong,  
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,  
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep,  
Who dare while others fly,  
They build a nation's pillars deep  
And lift them to the sky.

The Philologist Society was organized in 1895 by Professor H. F. Page. Under his inspiring leadership, together with the hearty cooperation of its loyal members, it has steadily advanced in its power to train young men to better prepare themselves for life's duties.

Man's highest culture is found in the symmetrical development of his threefold nature—the physical, intellectual and spiritual. Here the society work is essential in giving the young man an insight into the constructive side of expression. In learning to express thought, we learn to command thought, and thought itself is power. There is no greater training for the mind, no motive more lofty than the training of the human tongue. The soul is stirred, character is formed only by the power and eloquence of the developed voice—and today each member of the society realizes that the power and influence received from this source is doing much in shaping his destiny. No greater agency has borne a helping hand to the mind hungering for development than the gift of speech. Many of North Carolina's foremost sons and some of various other states, who have gone out from this society, are filling prominent places and by their eloquent appeals are accomplishing great results.

Today we stand upon the threshold of eminence. As we make our way through the lofty halls, the degree of attainment which we reach, the service we may render, and the lives we may conquer, is due to the nobility of our first inspiration. Concerned with its grip on the best things of the past and its outlook toward the best things of the future, may our society continue to prosper and herald the dawn of useful manhood throughout the coming years.





## Washingtonian Society

BEATRICE HORD (ATH.)

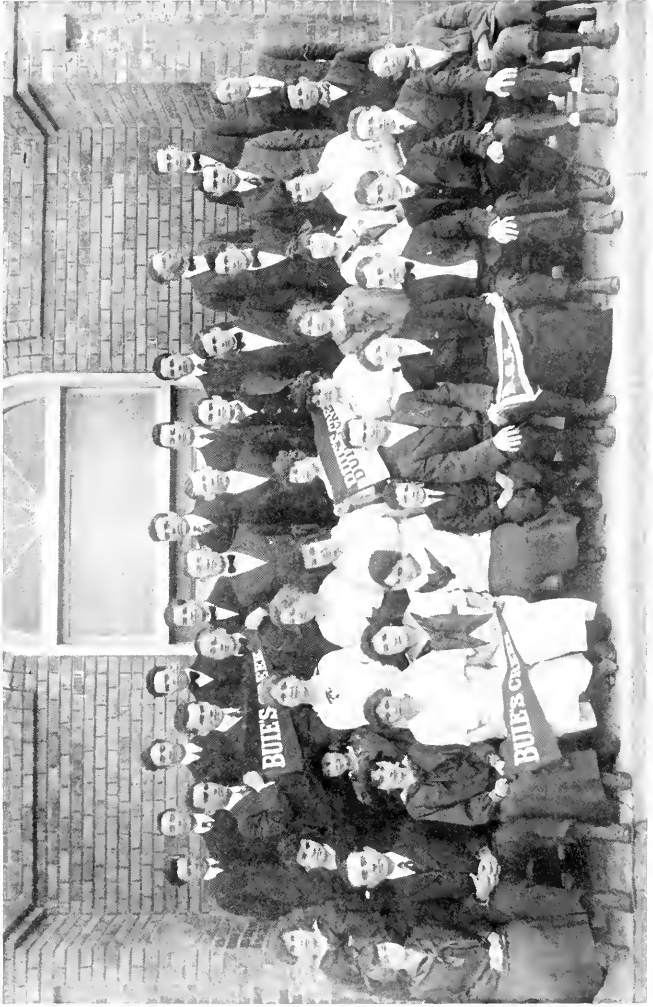
Recognizing the importance of beginning early and feeling out of place in company with grown-up people, our little boys and girls, some ten years ago, organized a society of their own; more patriotic than some of us, they named their society in honor of the father of our country—the man who never told a lie.

From the first the wisdom of their policy was clearly manifest. They have won recognition as platform orators and reciters, and are now given the first place on the program at all public entertainments in which the societies participate. Very often they put the larger ones to shame by their superior training both in articulation and expression.

This society is now under the management of Misses Page and Sweaney, two talented and cultured young ladies, under whom the children study in school. By their efficient management the society is really in better shape than ever before. Every public entertainment brings forward the excellent work done by this society. Surely if we recognize the efficacy of training children in the art of expression while they are yet young, we cannot give too much weight to the splendid character of work done by this society.



Misses' Class



EXPRESSION CLASS





DRAMATIC CLUB



ART CLASS



THE BAND

# Y. M. C. A.

By M. F. BOOE

## Officers

E. H. CANNADY, . . . . .	President
J. S. EDWARDS, . . . . .	Vice-President
J. W. CLAYTON, . . . . .	Secretary and Treasurer



The Y. M. C. A. of Buie's Creek Academy stands for the highest ideal of Christian manhood, and the development of the body, mind and spirit.

There is no greater training for the mind, no motive more lofty than that which finds expression in the weekly Wednesday night devotions and the Sunday morning study class. Here in these devotions the young men are drawn closer together, the human soul is stirred, the mind turns to purer thoughts and nobler ideals, which mold a man into a mighty deed-doer.

The young men who have devoted their time and talents to the development of the Y. M. C. A. have acquired a valuable asset which will make itself felt on the world's stage of action, where humanity is calling for men who have trampled self beneath them,

“Men who never fail their brothers,  
Men whom purest honor fires,  
Men for country—Home and God.”

The immense deepening of the whole moral tone of Buie's Creek in recent years has been due quite largely to the steady influence of the young men who have stood faithfully by the Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. puts young men to doing definite Christian work, which makes them feel that it is their first duty to stand for the best there is in life. The student who yields himself to the influence of the Y. M. C. A. experiences a real growth in his religious life. It is the great aim of the Y. M. C. A. to have itself felt as an indispensable part of the religious life of Buie's Creek and to perpetuate the high standard of our beloved principal in the development of grander and nobler aspirations in the lives of young men upon whose shoulders the responsibility of conducting a great nation into the channels of love and patriotism shall soon fall.





B. Y. P. C.

# Athletics

# Athletics

By J. E. PATTERSON

A great interest has been manifested in athletics this year. The Faculty and student body have been working together to develop more fully this important phase of school life.

At the beginning of the fall term, the following officers were elected for the Athletic Association:

PROF. B. F. McLEOD, President  
J. E. PATTERSON, Treasurer

The association at once purchased a new equipment, consisting of several tennis nets, basketball, football, hammer, and other material needed for outdoor sports. New tennis courts have been arranged, and a large number are taking part in the game.

Since the opening up of the spring weather, the baseball fellows are growing wild for a chance to display their skill on the diamond. They are getting some good, hard practice, and promise to have a strong team this year. Owing to the fact that the team has not yet been organized, we are unable to give the line-up here.

Last but not least is basketball. With A. S. Harrell as manager, the team has proven itself a success. All through the winter, the interest has held up remarkably well. In the games played with other High Schools we were defeated only once. Without a doubt we had one of the best High School teams in the State.

## LINE-UP

A. S. HARRELL, Right forward    D. M. HOLT, Center    J. E. PATTERSON, Right Guard  
A. C. CAMPBELL, Left forward    H. B. CHAPIN, Left Guard  
J. B. ODUM, W. H. ODUM, Substitutes



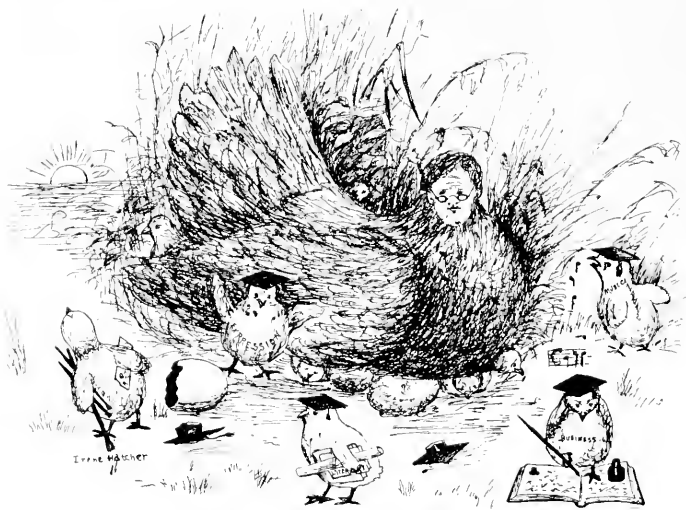




BASEBALL TEAM



TENNIS CLUB





## Prospective Medical Class

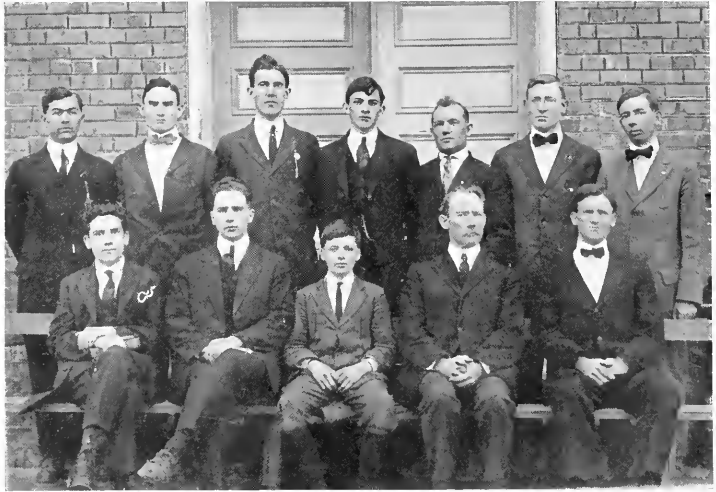
MOTTO: *Striving with all our energy and with a high ambition to preserve and prolong life.*

### Officers

R. C. BUTLER, President  
J. E. HAIR, Vice-President  
N. B. HEDGEPEETH, Secretary  
C. B. DOMINGUEZ, Treasurer  
J. E. PATTERSON, Reporter

### Members

J. E. PATTERSON	D. H. ROBERTS
R. C. BUTLER	N. B. HEDGEPEETH
J. L. SUTTON	W. F. POWERS
J. A. FLEETWOOD	J. S. EDWARDS
J. L. CAMP	J. E. HAIR
C. L. KNOTT	G. M. PARKER
C. B. DOMINGUEZ	B. T. TALLY
A. B. DICKERSON	D. T. JESSUP
W. C. WARD	A. R. QUINONEZ
J. C. WILLIFORD	J. D. ROGERSON
E. C. JOHNSON	O. E. SPIVEY



## Ministerial Class

*MOTTO: Study to show thyself approved, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.*

We are all young men, just in our preparatory work, only one in the Senior Class, but we have felt the hand of God upon us and the call "To go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Ministers! some may call us with a tone of derision and reproach in their voices, but that does not make us lose sight of our mission in life.

As a class we know and realize that a minister must be a man, and be able to fill a man's place in the world. And in this we have learned first of all that we are students, filling students' places in the school world. To make this possible there can be no visible lines that separate or segregate the ministerial class from any other class of students that are trying to do the manly thing in the various phases of school life.

In the societies our class holds an enviable place, capturing many of the honors conferred by these two potent factors in our school. Hollowell won the Declaimer's Medal last Commencement, Kimmett won the Debater's Medal in his society last fall, Nixon won the Improvement Medal in his society in fall term, and Yearby represented his society in the midterm debate this spring.

It can be truthfully said that these young men are men who will take their places in the world to stand four square—men of conviction, who go out to minister and not to be ministered unto.



## The Counsel

### Officers

W. P. HOLT, Judge

H. B. EASOM, Solicitor

R. L. STALLINGS, Clerk of Superior Court

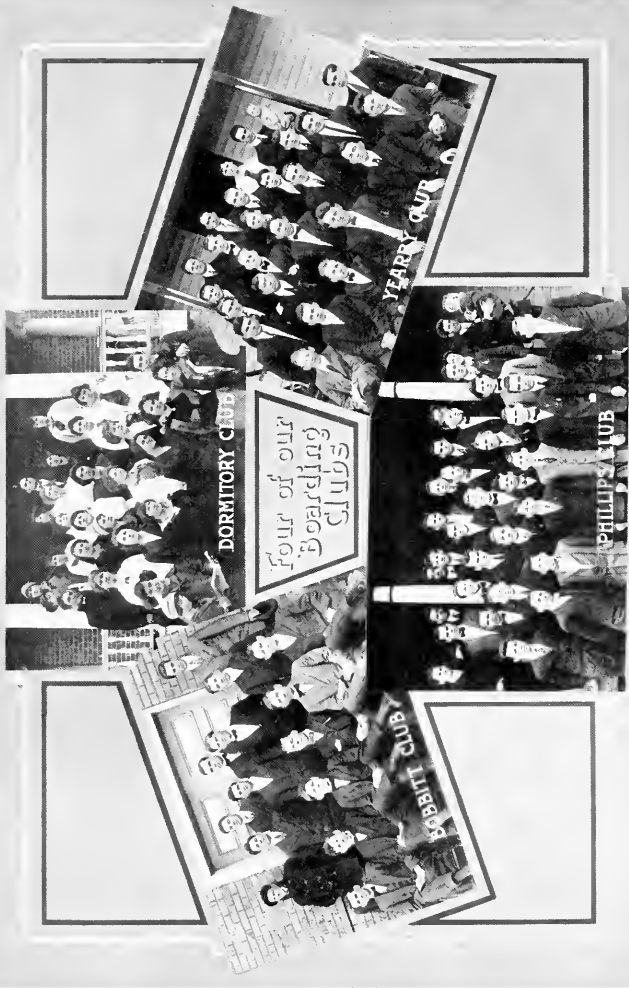
C. W. BURT, Court Stenographer

### Attorneys

J. C. BUTLER  
 R. M. BROUGHTON  
 J. A. BATTS  
 HENRY BENNETT  
 G. G. BAILEY  
 J. E. COLE

E. H. CANNADY  
 C. H. EDWARDS  
 O. T. GLENN  
 J. R. MASSEY  
 M. T. MANNING  
 PAUL McLEOD  
 W. H. ODUM

F. A. WHITE  
 J. W. WOOD  
 R. J. WHITE  
 W. R. OLIVE  
 W. W. WHITEHURST  
 W. A. ROBERSON



Four of our Boarding Clubs

YEARLY CLUB

DORMITORY CLUB

PHILLIPS CLUB

LIBERTY CLUB



## Johnston County Club

Colors	Motto	Flowers
Tall Yellow	Root hog or die	Potato Blossoms

Object—To eat all the chicken we can and as quick as we can  
 Meeting place—Boon Hill  
 Song—"Love's not what it us'ter be"  
 Favorite drink—Circus Limonade  
 Favorite dish—Wm. Goat Stew  
 Favorite pastime—"Bawling the Jack"  
 Characteristics—Broke all the time

### Members

J. S. EDWARDS, President	J. R. MASSEY, Privileged character
D. M. HOLT, Secretary	J. F. BLACKMAN, Gas works
C. H. EDWARDS, Treasurer (when necessary)	C. D. DEES, Jugman
H. B. EASON, Inspector	J. R. BLACKMAN, Hague Representative
W. P. HOLT, Undertaker	P. U. HUDSON, Bass Horn

LEON GODWIN, Mascot



## Cumberland County Club

### Officers

J. E. HAIR, President  
LIZZIE GILBERT, Secretary  
D. A. HARRIS, Treasurer

### Members

D. T. JESSUP  
HERMAN PAGE  
W. W. PUGH  
B. C. FAIRCLOTH  
W. W. PEARSALL  
E. C. JOHNSON

LILLIE PAGE  
JIM GILBERT  
CHAUNCEY WEST  
J. E. HAIR  
LIZZIE GILBERT  
D. A. HARRIS



# Influence

By H. B. EASOM

My youthfulness has caused me no little dissatisfaction, and has proven a great handicap in the perusal of this subject, and my attempt to bring to the surface some fundamental substances. Whether the impulse that prompted this undertaking is a mere superstition of mine or an overestimate of confidence or ability; or whether the paragraphs which are to follow are the fruit of only a frenzied notion, remains to be judged by a larger mental capacity than is possessed by the writer.

These lines are not written to win popularity or favor, or even distinction as a journalist, as can be read on every page; but that I may impress upon someone more forcibly the importance of living an upright life, a more conservative life. My purpose is to try to present "influence" in a broader sense than that held by the average person; to try to drive this point home, realizing that a single truth shot to the mark is better than several thrown out at random.

To enter into discussion without positive proof for assertions pertaining to the subject, would have the same weight or effect as the foam which plays on the surface of the rolling breakers, in producing the latent power that lies in the mighty oceans. "Influence" means power. This is admitted by everyone. And just here is the limit to the meaning of this word to the average person. This is proven by actions or habitual deeds. Never has it occurred to the masses of people, how wide a scope "influence" covers, or what it means in the truest sense.

The subject originally sprang from two Latin words; *in*, which means "into," and *fluo*, meaning "flow." Thus does the word influence perform its function of "flowing into." It flows in the veins of humanity and wields its power in every walk of life. In all forces of the world it is felt. Smothered, or held down by any force, it cannot be, no more than the mighty wind, which is essential to life and which fills every crevice and open in the universe.

In the fields of naturalism we cannot help but notice the wonderful influence that nature exerts upon the world. She feeds and clothes mankind, and then keeps him in harmony with his fellow beings. She speaks to him in his musings through instinctive powers, saying, that a strict adherence to her law would mean a harvest through life of health, and other things which tend to increase happiness, gives him a broader vision and greater love for beauty, and prompts an incentive which causes him to know, that behind this unembellished beauty is a hand, no other than supernatural.

Through nature's influence, all living things are caused to vacillate so that all perform their function, and that life be sustained. The mighty seas, in their orbicular rollings, lend their influence to the world to a perfect advantage. So it is with nature's laws; that everything was created to work together perfectly.

In the political world, the leaders who are principled, are the men to whom we look, to preserve the best interests of our nation. What a responsibility being borne upon the shoulders of this class! Their influence is the leaven, and the perfections of these noble men must overbalance the imperfections of the mass. Has not their power preserved our nation as a whole through decades? Think of the various channels through which their influence flows. Watch the dazzling beams reflecting from their deeds, as they shine forth with radiance, causing the streams of light, produced by adversaries, to vanish as the candles of night disappear at the appearance of the morning sun. No geometrical process could be produced to measure or sum up the influence of these just men, the conscience of the political world.

Society is here, and has existed through the ages. The question before us, is to fight for

clean morals; clean to the core. All reformations of any note began with the individual. Convincing proof is seen in the annals of history as to the fact of influence in individualism. No person is in the world by chance. Every one has his influence.

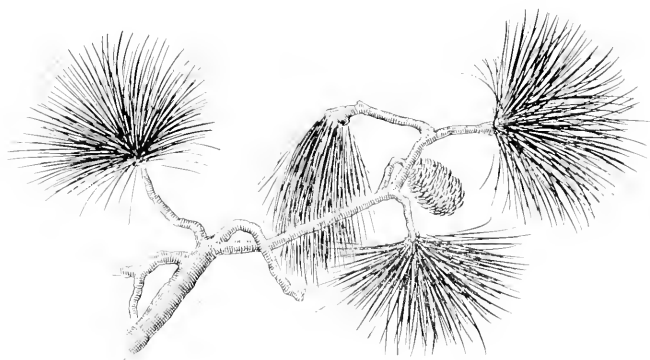
Shakespeare said:

“How far that little candle throws its beams,  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.”

Of the individual: each deed, whether good or bad, has its bearing. There is no neutral ground; each action either tends to uplift, or drag someone a step lower. As a pebble dropped into the sea starts an agitation in the waters, that moves on and on; so it is by a word spoken; it can never be recalled, and when once spoken is set at liberty to pass through the minds of an unlimited number. Each deed has its effect upon the actor and the thing receiving the action plus just as many more things as occasions present.

So we have seen by a few hints concerning the far-reaching power of influence, that the meaning of this word is not confined to any one set or even to society; not in nature only, nor to the material or political world, but to the universe as a whole. Knowing this, what should our endeavors be?

Stop and think for a moment, and we will all agree with one accord, that each thought should be wholesome; each word should be born of clean thought; and above all, each deed preceded by profound thinking as to the advisability of same, so that nothing be done to contaminate anyone. No, we cannot live a perfect life, but we can at least show our respect to the foregoing suggestions, by placing our guidance in the Unerring Hand, knowing that by this wise act, all will be well.



## Whither Thou Goest

By J. W. CLAYTON

Final examinations were over. Commencement exercises would end with a reception given by the President to the graduates at nine o'clock. Already most of the boys had left and the college had a deserted look.

Ralph Walton stood at the window of his room looking down the long avenue of maple trees that led from the dormitory through the campus, by the main college building and on to the little station beyond. As he stood thus thinking, thinking that it was with almost a feeling of sadness that he would leave the old college, his thoughts went back to the time when he had entered college, back to his high school days and to his boyhood and home. Once again he saw himself a poor farm boy among the mountains of Kentucky. He saw a cabin home, a mother bent and gray, not with years, but toil and care. He saw a community laboring under a burden of ignorance and superstition, a people with an abiding hate for law and order, a hate that was born of ignorance. The needs of his people came to him. He knew that to reach these people the children must be taught that life held a higher ideal than a log cabin home or days spent in hunting, fighting and making moonshine whiskey while the women toiled in the fields.

To his mind a text of Scripture flashed. He seemed to hear the Master say, "The harvest is ready." While thus musing the postman rang the bell and handed him two letters. One was addressed in a rough scrawling hand, the other bore the return address of a prominent church in a neighboring city. Opening the one that bore the church address he read:

Rev. Ralph Walton,

Dear Brother: The church, after hearing your sermon last Sunday, has decided to offer you the pastorate. Your salary will be \$1,500 a year and, of course, you will be furnished a parsonage. Please let us know your decision as soon as possible.

Fraternally,

COMMITTEE.

Again his thoughts went back to the past years. He saw himself a lad with a longing for an education, the struggles he had made sweeping, cutting wood, doing anything that he might stay at the academy. College life had been no easier. Nothing but his indomitable will and ambition had kept him from giving up and going back to the old life among the mountains.

Now the dreams of his youth were within his grasp. His struggles for an education were over and here was a good position, a good salary and a place among congenial surroundings. Another dream, too, was about to come true, the secret dream of his heart. A picture stood before him—a slim, blue-eyed girl with wavy hair and a sweet, melodious voice. He remembered when fresh from the mountains he had arrived at school, bashful and clumsy, with a feeling of friendlessness, that she had spoken a kind word to him, the friend that she had been through days of struggling. Once more he was at the academy and they had stood together to receive their diplomas. A withered rose still held a sacred place among his few trinkets, a rose she had taken from her hair and given to him, a walk home through the soft moonlight, a last goodnight and a promise.

She had graduated from college the previous year and was now singing in a choir in the city to which Ralph had just been called. Already success and fame was coming to her as a singer. Her teacher said, before her lay a great future.

Ralph, finally turning, picked up the other letter. Opening it he read:

Dear Son:

I am glad that you are doing so well. Now that you know that which we people here in the mountains need so much, can't you come and teach us the life and way of which you write me so often? May God bless you and lead you where He would have you go.

Your loving

MOTHER.

For hours he battled with his desires and impulses. Finally he murmured "Thy will be done." Going to his desk he wrote the church committee:

Dear Brethren:

I thank you very much for your offer in behalf of your church. I feel deeply the honor and responsibility of the position and would appreciate being with you, but feel that God has called me to another field of labor. May He bless you and send you a man better fitted for the work than I am.

Sincerely,

RALPH WALTON.

The next great trial would be to give up Clara. Was she not the one dream of his life aside from his work? He felt that he could not ask her to leave her position among culture and refinement to go with him to the backwoods of the mountains. He would not be so selfish as to ask her to make the sacrifice. He decided he would go and tell her of his decision as to his duty and then go back to teach his own people.

The next day Ralph packed his few possessions, bade farewell to the Faculty and left for the city where Clara lived. The early June day was just drawing to a close when he arrived.

He walked from the station to her home, picking his way through quiet streets and parks. How happy all nature seemed, the birds were singing in the trees and children were playing along the streets. How strange, he thought, are our lives—just when we think we have reached the goal of our ambition we find that we have been building air castles.

Arriving at Clara's home Ralph was about to ring the bell when he heard her voice. Glancing through an open window he saw her seated at the piano. He gently pushed open the door and entered the room unnoticed. Softly she began to play and sing "The Rosary." How well the words expressed his thoughts!

"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,  
Are as a string of pearls to me,  
I count them over, every one apart,  
My rosary, my rosary.  
Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,  
To still a heart in absence wrung,  
I tell each bead unto the end  
And there a cross is hung,  
O memories that bless and burn,  
O barren gain and bitter loss,  
I kiss each bead and strive at last  
To kiss the cross,  
Sweetheart, to kiss the cross."

Clara turned her head and, seeing him, came and offered him her hand. Looking into her eyes he felt that he must tell her now why he had come. He told her of his call to the city church, of his mother's appeal and the needs of the people of the mountains. He must tell her of his struggles between desires and duty and begged her to forget him and the past.

As he told his story a light came into her eyes, "I was thinking of you," she said, "when you came, of whether you would yield to your ambitions or whether you would hear the command of the Master, 'Feed the sick and hungry and the weary, seek the lost ones of my flock.' I, too, she said, have often felt that the Lord would have me give my life to His needy ones."

Then she quoted, "Whither thou goest I will go, thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

*C'est Rire*



## The Old Maids

Twelve jolly Old Maids are we  
 The cream of the Class of 'Fifteen;  
 You can see we're waiting for—"he,"  
 And hoping he'll come before e'en.

Aim:	To get married.
Motto:	"Never give up."
Age Limit:	"Forty-love."
Favorite flower:	Marigold.
Favorite Song:	"Love's Old Sweet Song."
Favorite Expression:	"Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress you'self!"
Pastime:	Flirting.
Colors:	Black and White.
Meetingplace:	In the Chimney Corner.

## Members

LILLIE HAMILTON, The Old Milk Maid	ESTHER SHEARON, The Old Maid of Music
VERDA STEWART, The Old Maid Clerk	CELA HERRING, The Old Maid Aunt
MARY CARVER, The Old Maid Seamstress	LILY PAGE, The Old Maid of Expression
MAMIE SMITH, The Old Maid School Ma'am	AGNES COX, The Old Maid of Gossip
LILLIE HARPER, The Sweet Old Maid	FRANCES HARBELL, The Old Maid of Honor
MAUDE GREGORY, The Old House Maid	
IRENE HATCHER, The Old Maid of Art	



## Matrimonial Club

FLOWER: Honeysuckle.

COLORS: Green.

MOTTO: "Absence makes the heart grow flounder."

FAVORITE DISH: Couldweloover (better known as Cauliflower)

### Members

"All of us boys from 16 to 25."

## Wanted to Know

What is it that Prof. Campbell has had three times, Prof. McLeod has had it once, and Prof. Marshbanks never has had it?

If the crickets of Harnett County were to chirp would the Buie's Creak?

Who et cetera? Benn —etl.

Would Algebra if Cicero Caesar?

If a person has lots of nerve is he nervous?

Why did Crowley write on the back of the proof of his picture "Please give me a hair cut"?

Why does Massey practicing his speech stop occasionally to applaud?

Who else but Camels (?) can pull two long hills twice a day?

Who knows but what Prof. Marshbanks will some day be a tall man?

Who does not know that our Senior Class President called at Wagstaff's store and asked for hair dye?

Why is it that every time a Junior wades through Buie's Creek all the fish jump out?

What's the difference between the deaths of a barber (?) and a sculptor? One curls up and dies (dyes); the other makes faces and busts.

(*Sounds of someone outside calling a puppy.*) Prof. Leslie (to the girls in Room No. 3): If any of you are wanted you may go.

Mr. Hollowell (in class meeting): It is about time we were getting some one to preach the funeral sermon—I mean haerakaureate.

Teacher: If the United States were to engage in war, I wonder, this morning, if we could find any recruits at B. C. A?

B. D. Ennis: I think not. I bought the last box Mr. Wagstaff had yesterday afternoon.

Prof. Snoddy (to new recruit for the orchestra): Do you reckon you can play the rebee? Prospect: If I had her here, I would show how she can pull a plow.

Mr. R. C. Butler (on Sr. Eng.): Professor are we going to have all next summer and part of the fall term in which to prepare this?

Mr. O. T. Glenn: This is the best stenographer we can get to take our pictures.

Mr. D. M. Holt, the class prophet, wanted the ages of the Senior girls, but it seems that most of them were past "the age," for they refused to tell!

Prof. Carlyle: What does contiguous mean?

Mr. Warren: To touch each other.

Prof. Snoddy: Does any one know why (K)not is not here?

Prof. Leslie (to the Physiology class): What would you do without your skin? (*No answer.*)

Professor: Well you couldn't paint and powder much.



Mrs. Rosamon: What were the names of the twelve disciples?

Mary Carver: Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and the Aet boys.

Mr. Cannady: Have you got Sir Roger's discovery papers here?

Mr. Tally: Mr. Butler, are you familiar with the works of Bobby Burns?

"Booker T.": Certainly, also the works of Billy Shakespeare and Jack Milton.

Prof. Marshbanks (to Bible Class studying St. Mark): What book in the Bible are we studying today?

Mr. Reed: It's the Testament, isn't it?

Prof. McLeod: What is a monk?

Freshman: Some kind of an animal.

Prof. Leslie (to French Class): Where is Mr. Marshburn?

Mr. Massey (absentmindedly): On the 22d line on page 66.

Prof. Marshbanks: How do you know that line is perpendicular to this?

Glenn: Because I drew it so.

Prof. Carlyle (to Physiology Class): What is recreation?

Bright Boy (very sarcastically): If you are speaking of women I should say the tongue.

Kinnett: Hey, boy, your coat is too short.

"Long" Jones: Well, it will be long enough before I get another.

Mr. Stallings (on examination): Geometry is the science which treats of angels.

Lillie Harper: May, why do you stand in front of the mirror when you are dressing?

May Shearon: Because I want to see what is going on.

Esther Shearon: I work twenty-five hours a day here in B. C. A.

Mamie Smith: How's that? There are only twenty-four hours in the day.

Esther: Yes, I know, but I begin work an hour before day.

C. L. Shuler: Say Parker, come on in to supper.

G. M. Parker: Naw, thanks, I guess I'll go on. I'm sorter hungry tonight.

Prof. Campbell: Girls, you must not have dates.

Lizzie Gilbert: Can't we have them even when they send us a boxful from home?

R. M. Warren: If you could choose, what nationality would you be?

O. T. Glenn: Half Nigger and half Jew.

Warren: Why?

Glenn: Because a Nigger is always happy when he's got a dollar and a Jew always has one.

Miss Whitty: What was the cause of Abraham's death?

Speckled beauty: He lost his breath.

"Red" White: I can eat biscuits as fast as they cook them at the Yearby Club.

Tally: How long can you do it?

White: Not long, for I should soon perish.

Prof. Leslie: Do you raise much poultry?  
Dawes: We planted some once but the chickens scratched it up.

Miss Whitty: When was the war of 1812 fought?  
Reed: About 1776, I reckon.

Prof. Carlyle: Miss Hamilton, what happened when Harold was killed?  
Miss Hamilton: He died.

Miss Herring: The most awkward fellow is Mr. Knot.  
Miss Shearon: Yes, he is big up and high around.

Henry Day (looking around the room): Dees, is Knot in here?  
Dees: I don't see him. You might look under the stove or on the dresser.

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Wanted: A plan for removing freckles—Some girls.

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Lost: A whole hour's sleep over my Algebra—Irene Money.

Found: Knot.

Wanted: A position as professor of Sr. English by a well qualified young man—Apply to R. C. Butler.

Wanted: A sleeping draught for the Bible Class—Prof. Marsibanks.

Wanted: Plenty of blackboard, plenty of chalk, and I shall be happy—Prof. Carlyle.



Jam Curu



THE WOODLANDERS



?

## Education a la Mode

(Uncle Walt's Way)

When William Henry Woodrow Jinks had finished up his schooling, he went back home and told the ginks there was no use of fooling. He had the knowledge 'neath his lid to set the world in motion, and turn it upside down, he did, and analyze the ocean.

Why C. J. Cesar went to war, and Plato was a speaker, how many languages there are, and why some verbs are weaker. He beat the world a whole cart load, on Science, Math., Surveying. He beat the beast which Balaam rode—that is, he beat him braying. He knew so much that work he couldn't, for talking of his knowledge; or was so lazy that he wouldn't since he had been to college.

If it was knowing, William knew, for he was educated. But as for doing, Bill wouldn't do, that has before been stated. With Bill's desire for work, I know (his father did inform me) if I should die and go below, and Bill was fireman, he wouldn't warm me.

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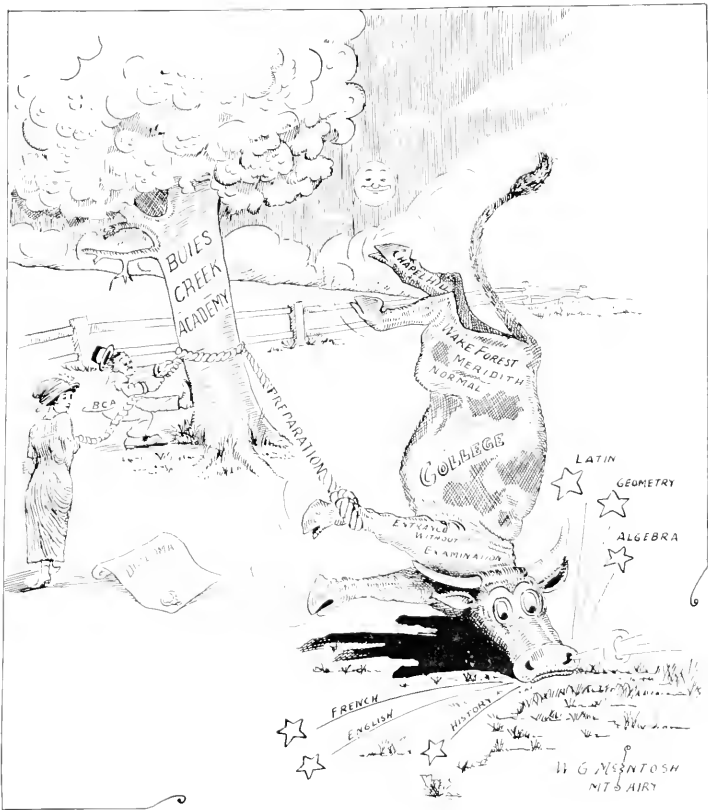
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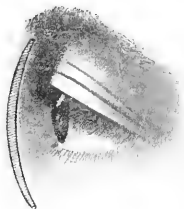
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# JUNIOR TATTOO



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Vol. 40      BUIE'S CREEK, N. C., MARCH THIRTY-TOOTH, 1915      No. 4

"Here shall the Press, the People's Wrongs Maintain, Influenced by Prejudice and Bribe by Gain."

## HORRIBLE MURDER OF STRANGERS

It is with the profoundest regret that we announce the unfortunate death of a distinguished foreigner, Mr. Mack A. Roni, and his secretary and traveling companion, Mr. Light Bread, while visiting our city a few days ago. The gentlemen came to town last week, ostensibly on business, and were directed to the Treat Dormitory as the best hotel in the city. Accordingly, they proceeded to that place, arriving just in time for lunch. Being quite a favorite with the ladies, Mr. Mack A. Roni had no apprehensions of danger, but expected to be received in a manner befitting his rank. Sad to say, he was deceived, for no sooner had the young ladies spied him than they raised a horrible yell and pounced upon him, hardly waiting for the preliminary introductions, and (O horror!) began devouring him without compunction. In a short time both he and his companion were entirely consumed by the heartless cannibals. Not a trace remained to show their fate. In fact, if the affair had not been witnessed by the cook and others, the terrible crime might never have been discovered and the guilty parties brought to justice. At present the girls are closely guarded by

the authorities, and all opportunities of committing another such atrocious deed are prohibited.

We are requested to warn all persons desiring to visit the dormitory for any purpose to beware, especially if he be at all desirable for food, and not be around at the lunch hour, as the police will not be responsible for the safety of persons entering without taking proper precautions.

**WARNING!**—Keep away from the Dormitory, especially at meal hours, as the ferocity of the enclosed animals endangers life. Any student violating this regulation, meeting the same fate as Mack A. Roni, will be promptly expelled from school. J. a. Camel, principal.

## HISTORICAL PAPERS

We have on hand a few copies of the Tattoo of the year 1887, which we will dispose of while they last at the exceedingly low price of fifty cents each.

The regular price of the Tattoo is 25 cents per copy, but as these are so old, and valuable for their historical information, we must get 50 cents a copy. Secure a copy before they are gone and find out what was going on in the Creek nearly a quarter of a century ago.

## MISSES BARRETT AND MONEY TO UNDERGO OPERATION

Their friends and fellow-students will be gratified to learn that Misses Barrett and Money, noted chiefly for their dullness, are planning to visit Fayetteville in the summer, where by some mysterious process they expect to acquire a wonderful amount of brains. It is not definitely known whether they intend to be members of the faculty at Buie's Creek Academy next year or teach in some high university. If the new wisdom gained is as great as they hope, they may honor President Wilson with their valuable counsel, or even go to Europe and discover the cause of the present struggle over there.

Prof. Carlyle (on Education): "What is meant by political economy?"

Harris: "Getting the most votes for the least money."

W. P. Holt: "I've lost all the sense I ever had."

J. B. Odum: "Don't worry. It wasn't such a great loss after all."

C. L. O'Brian (reciting): "O'er the hills and far away I thought I heard a donkey bray."

A. S. Harrell: "I hear one now."

## THE JUNIOR TATTOO

M. F. BOOE, ROSA MOODY,  
Editors.

Published by Junior Class whenever convenient. Entered as eighth class matter years ago. Originally edited by Caesar at the Tabernacle.

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### EDITORIAL

With this issue we launch the craft of the Junior Class on the tempestuous sea of journalism. We are cognizant of the dangers that threaten our bon voyage, but we have been so thoroughly aroused by the necessity for its existence that the dangers and difficulties have been disregarded.

This journal is the official organ of the Junior Class. As its name signifies its purpose is to acquaint the reading public with the geniuses harbored at this institution. It is regrettable that the world has been in comparative ignorance of our existence, but we have been so busily engaged in making history that no opportunity has been afforded to record it. It will endeavor to chronicle as many of our various exploits and achievements as space and frequency of publication will permit.

And so with this modest statement we invite you into our successes, with the earnest desire that our achievements may stimulate you to higher endeavor and that you may eventually by prodigious effort reach the eminence we have already attained.

### EPIGRAMS

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Even if you do nothing, say nothing, you can not escape criticism.

The people who are always harping on one string are generally out of tune with the rest of the world.

Cheerfulness lubricates the axles of the world. Some people go through life with a continuous squeak.

It's awfully funny to see a chronic grouch look disappointingly at a disagreeable spell of weather as if he intended doing something about it.

## DORMITORY GIRLS THREATEN- ED WITH GREAT DANGER

The girls at the dormitory were greatly frightened the other night by the presence of a very strange animal or some other thing in the dormitory yard. It was after the study hour had come, and all the girls were in their own rooms and studying diligently, as everyone knows is their custom, when some one desiring to study astronomy awhile, went to the window and looked out. She couldn't see any stars for it was cloudy, but she saw something a great deal more interesting. Now directly in front of her and only a few feet from the building was a dark, shapeless object which she decided must be a very ferocious animal. In much alarm she hurried to the matron's room, and together they went to a window to examine the strange visitor. The matron also became frightened and did not care to examine it at too close range. So after carefully locking the outer doors, she went to each room and warned the inmates of the danger.

Soon the building was alive with excitement. Lights were put out, windows fastened securely, and all evidently believing in the safety of numbers crowded in the hall, weeping and waiting together in sympathy. The Seniors, whose eyes were enlarged by fright and whose teeth were chattering so that they could hardly speak, earnestly advised the poor scared Juniors and Presbies to observe their own coolness and control themselves accordingly. The Juniors, needless to say, obediently did their best to follow the example of their elders.

Finally, when it became evident that there would be no rest for anyone that night unless something was done, Mr. Kinnett bravely volunteered to go out and investigate. Whereupon Lillie Hamilton, overcome by fear for his safety, fainted. The others set up a wall that might have driven any kind of animal away in fright, and entreated him not to go out to be killed or spirited away and leave them alone. But with the courage that distinguished the knights of old, he grabbed up a broom and, with a lamp in one hand, dauntlessly set forth to slay the dragon, or whatever it might be, or else perish in the fray.

From behind the glass entrance doors they watched with great anxiety for the fate of their brave defender. With straining eyes and alert ears they waited to hear his cry when the dread monster should pounce upon him. Indeed, they seemed to see the thing move as if about to spring. As Mr. Kinnett reached a point where the light of

his lamp fell faintly on the mysterious object, they saw him lean slightly forward and then on the air there fell—a laugh that awoke the echoes. He then stepped forward and the bright glow from his lamp revealed to the puzzled gaze an old umbrella apparently placed there as a joke by some mischievous boys.

## CORRECTION FROM DR. RICH- ARDSON

All students who are studying or expecting to study Myers' General History are hereby notified that there is a serious error in the edition in use in this school, either a misprint or, what is more likely, gross ignorance on the part of the author. Such an apparent mistake is an inexcusable crime in one presuming to write a text-book for use in high schools. It sounds unbelievable, but Mr. Myers has actually written "Papal Bull" all through the book, when anyone possessing the slightest degree of erudition must perceive that it should be "Papal Bill."

(Signed) S. S. Richardson, Ph.D.

## SENIORS PANIC-STRICKEN

We, the undersigned, hereby give notice that, owing to the effect of the war conditions on our business, our parting bequests will not be so princely as we had hoped. We make this announcement as a warning to our prospective heirs not to resign whatever humble positions they may have and prepare to live in luxury until the gifts are made known. We also wish to extend our gratitude to Esau for disposing of his birthright, as it leaves us one less to provide for.

(Signed) Senior Class.

## TATTOO CONTEST ON! OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME!

The Junior Tattoo offers a grand prize of thirteen and a half cents for correct answers to the following questions. Set your heads to work; answer one or all of the questions, and make your fortune.

1. When anyone pays Julia Barrett a compliment, why does she always think it's "he"?
2. Why are W. J. Crowley and G. R. Herring such warm friends?
3. Why does May Shearon find art so interesting?
4. What makes Leafy Bennett think the Junior Class will be no good if C. A. Whittington isn't a member?
5. Will Prof. Snoddy ever marry?
6. Why are some of the Seniors so sensitive on the age question?
7. Why are so many students fond of red just before Easter?

## WAR CONTINUES WITH UNABATING FIERCENESS

### Conclusion Probable About May 12 —Described by an Eye-Witness

Just now the interest of every one is centered in Europe and on the terrible war now raging on that continent. So completely has it drawn the attention of our people from affairs at home, that it will doubtless surprise many of our readers to learn of the war going on in our own country, in comparison with which the European disturbance dwindles into insignificance. For this one involves matters of great moment, and though the Kaiser and his opponents may not agree, to us, at least, it is of far more importance than any war heretofore waged by any people.

The nations involved in this war are the great and powerful teachers against the brave, hardy students of Buie's Creek Academy. With respect to form, though not in any other respect, they are somewhat similar to the belligerent nations of Europe. In this, the Faculty might be compared to the Germans, with certain ones of the students and residents of our city who are in sympathy with them as Austrians. The students grouped in classes would correspond with the allied nations of Europe.

The cause as we see it is thus: The Faculty have for ages past had charge of the Gates of Hercules, the entrance to the wonderful Sea of Knowledge. It has been their custom to admit into this sea only the boats of those who have proven themselves worthy by a certain test; namely, that they shall pass unaided through a long underground channel called Final Exams, guarded by dragons and terrible monsters, before they may enter the Gates at the extreme end of the channel. The students, though noted for their bravery, have no love for the beasts and no particular desire to meet them, and so have demanded that the Faculty make an exception in their case and chain or destroy the monsters, claiming that their reputation for courage entitles them to such a privilege. The Faculty, however, insist that the test is a sacred and necessary one, that the Sea of Knowledge would no longer be desirable if those who had not proven their merit were allowed to enter. However, the students, believing the motive of the Faculty to be ill-will and not a desire to continue a necessary custom, have declared war.

The struggle started over seven months ago, a short time later than the one across the Atlantic. From

the first it has been an unequal contest. The Faculty forces, though few in number, in strength and power are far superior to those of the student body. On the other hand, the tireless perseverance of the students is commendable. The methods of warfare deserve mention. Each month brings a succession of naval battles called "quizzes," with intervening skirmishes every few days, commonly classified as "written recitations." The weapons are also unique; paper and pencils on the students' side, and whole gallons of red ink and quill pens used by the Faculty. The effectiveness of such methods has been demonstrated by the enormous losses of both fleets. The bloody struggles during the month of December were exceedingly destructive to both Faculty and Students. Among those lost was a famous general in the Faculty Army who is much mourned by his fellow-commanders. The number of killed and wounded in the Student forces was much greater than the Faculty losses. Many of the wounded limp painfully even yet, so that they are of little service to their people. Nevertheless, in spite of misfortunes, the struggle continues with unabated fury.

The present situation is not clear. Sometimes the Students seem to be winning, sometimes the Faculty. Until recently, neither appeared to have a distinct advantage. However, a most unfortunate division in the allied forces may result in their defeat. The trouble is between the Juniors and Seniors especially, the "lesser lights" taking sides with their respective favorites. The cause of this contention seems to be jealousy on the part of the Seniors. For the Juniors, though a younger and smaller tribe, are winning laurels for their many and glorious exploits in battle, and are even gaining the respect and admiration of the opposing nation. The Seniors, formerly accustomed to lead in all things, martial, commercial and political, are becoming solicitous about the loss of their reputation among the other tribes, and are beginning to see that should they even gain entrance to the Sea of Knowledge, the Juniors will eventually be the leaders in everything. Therefore, if it should be at all conducive to their interests, it is thought they may go over to the enemy. In fact, rumor says they have already begun negotiations with the Faculty, evidently hoping by such means to get into the Sea first and exclude the Juniors. However, we believe that by such a course the Seniors would entirely forfeit all possibility of

ever entering the Sea, for loyalty is among the requirements for entrance.

Any prophecy as to the length of this war must, of course, be mere conjecture. Signs would indicate that the final combat must come some time in May, for the Faculty have cut off the Students from all supplies and are slowly but surely forcing them towards that channel they are fighting so desperately to avoid. The motive of the Faculty in doing this is obvious and needs no explanation. In spite of the Students' enmity towards them, they have only friendliness for the Students, and would gladly bring the war to a close, if it were possible to do so without sacrificing actual principles. Therefore, if they succeed in forcing the Students' fleet through the channel, the Gates of Hercules will probably be opened to them without question for they have certainly exhibited many desirable qualities in this war. And surely, after the Students have passed the required ordeal, unwillingly though it may be, they will be ready to agree to a treaty. On the other hand, if the Faculty fail in this attempt the war may go on indefinitely. Let us hope, for the sake of international peace, that they may be successful.

(The Junior Tattoo will keep its readers informed as to the progress of the war.)

### MR. YEARBY IN TROUBLE

Mr. L. L. Yearby is having considerable trouble with his old clock. Mr. Yearby says that this clock kept accurate time until last week, when it began to lose three or four hours instead of one each day. Mr. Yearby is quite a mechanical genius. One day last week he decided to investigate the cause of its inaccuracy. He worked two days before he had the parts reassembled, and then he had seven wheels left over, making it run more inaccurately than ever. The other morning when it struck six times Mr. Yearby arose and dressed, but to his dismay the clock registered 1:30 a. m. Mr. Yearby is disgusted and says when it runs down he expects to throw it away, as it makes him nervous to be disturbed at 1:30 a. m.

### KNOTT'S FLESH REDUCER

For the reduction of weight. I know what it has done for me and thousands of others. If you have tried all other means without effect, then try this. No drugs, no exercise of the brain or body, no reduction of eating. Safe, easy and pleasant. Write for booklet giving facts.  
C. L. Knott.

## AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT

Two boys, Messrs. J. C. Butler and A. S. Harrell, in direct opposition to the wishes of the faculty as set forth in the rules and regulations of Buie's Creek Academy, started last Sunday to call on a mutual friend living some distance from the city. Whether they were invited or even in the habit of calling is uncertain, but at any rate they started. Unfortunately while they were passing through an open field, a cow, evidently mistaking them for green cabbage heads, made an unceremonious attack. The boys hastily climbed the only tree in the field and seated themselves on a limb; whereupon the cow took a position just underneath, possibly with the intention of catching them when the limb should break. How long they remained in the tree is not definitely known, but rumor says they spent the night, only discovering at daylight that the cow had gone home. We suppose they then followed her example, for no suspicious characters were absent at roll call Monday morning. What excuse they made to the friend we can not say, but we imagine they pleaded a more important engagement.

Their misfortune is a good example of the troubles that befall all "greenhorns" who expose themselves to danger. There are only two ways to avoid the same fate: either use whitewash, as the Seniors do, or keep away from cows.

We are the Juniors of B. C. A.,  
We always lead in work or play;  
In schoolroom, games, or society  
hall  
The Seniors have no show at all.  
They pout and fret and wrathfully  
say,  
"I wish those Juniors were out of  
the way!"  
But observe their wishing is all in  
vain.  
For we are the faculty pets just the  
same.

Jr. Class.

The loss of gold is great,  
The loss of health is more;  
But the loss of a Latin pony is such,  
alas!  
That no man can restore.  
C. L. O'Brien.

Prof. Marshbanks: "Name the Ten Commandments."

H. M. O'Quinn: "I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generations of them that love me and keep my commandments."

New Student (in the office): "Professor, do you have translations to Cicero for sale here?"

## JOKES

Whisper to me, lest you disturb my deeper musing.—W. H. Odum.

Burden me Knott with light remarks.—C. L. Knott.

O that everybody knew what a brain is mine!—J. L. Sutton.

Wonder what the faculty will do for advice when I leave.—S. S. Richardson.

Let all keep silent, while Demosthenes pours his eloquence into your souls.—C. H. Edwards.

Rev. I. L. Yearby to his audience: "I have seen men who were unmoved by the most stirring and sympathetic scenes, but from the simple words I am going to say now I have seen them drop their heads in deep contrition and shed floods of tears, apparently disregarding the world around them. 'Deacons, take up collection.'"

J. S. Edwards (to Ward): "Today you shall look upon my face for the last time."

Ward: "You are not going away?"  
Edwards: "No; I am going to raise a moustache."

N. B. Hedgepeth: "Verily, I say unto you, 'tis easier for a Campbell to go through a needle's eye than for me to talk coarse."

## NOTICE!

Ever since last fall times have been hard with me and money very scarce. I am very handy tinkering with tools and once I invented a rat trap which would have made my fortune, if I could have set the thing without catching my fingers in it. I caught two fingers in it and smashed them both; so you see, if it had been a rat it would have crushed him as flat as a pancake. Well, owing to the hard times, I have decided that I will go into the business of fixing umbrellas. If your umbrella is in a dilapidated condition, bring it to me and I will fix it up for you while you wait and only charge you what the job is worth, no more and no less.

Yours for business in this line,

D. A. Harris,  
Umbrella Fixer.

## NOTICE TO ORATORS!

I have a limited number of my old speeches (written and composed by myself!) which I am willing to dispose of at 50 cents per word. If you desire to become familiar with the world's best orations, see me at once, as I have only a limited supply on hand.

Price to be doubled March 1, 1916.

J. S. Edwards.

## BARGAIN SALE IN MEDICINE

Last summer I made some medicine suitable for every ailment to which human flesh is liable. If you have any kind of disease, buy a bottle of this medicine and take it until you are cured. If there is not anything the matter with you, you ought to buy a bottle of this medicine anyway, because you are liable to be taken critically ill any minute. It is always well to be prepared and have medicine on hand in case of emergency.

C. H. Edwards,  
Horse Specialist and Humanity  
Doctor, Buie's Creek, N. C.

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Yours for Winter Goods,  
W. F. Powers,  
Prop. Buie's Creek Apothecary.

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WANTED!—Some way to keep girls from talking. Anyone inventing such a machine will please notify the undersigned and receive his blessing and lifelong gratitude. Prof. L. H. Campbell.

WANTED!—Position of any kind. Must have good pay. Want to begin work at twelve o'clock, stop at one, and have one hour for dinner. Prefer responsible cashier's position. E. L. Twine.

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