

The
FOWLER
1910



WAKE FOREST
UNIVERSITY



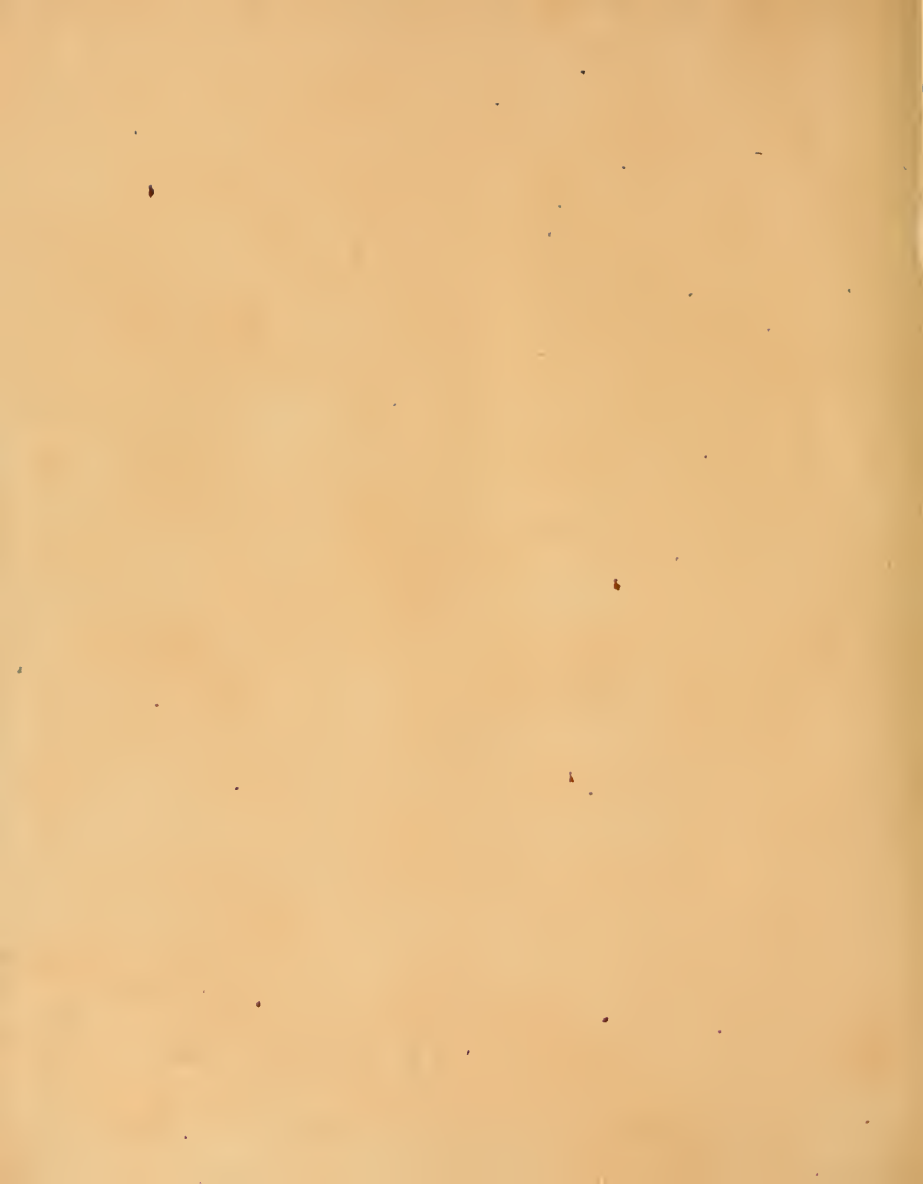
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THE HOWLER

1910



VOLUME EIGHT

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



RICHMOND, VA.
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TO

WALTER EUGENE DANIEL

VALEDICTORIAN OF THE CLASS OF 1878

MASTER OF ARTS AT NINETEEN

SOLICITOR OF THE SECOND JUDICIAL DISTRICT, TWELVE YEARS

STATE SENATOR

LEADING ATTORNEY AT LAW, THIRTY YEARS

EFFICIENT MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES
OF HIS ALMA MATER SINCE 1880

IN PUBLIC SERVICE AND IN PRIVATE LIFE
AN EMBODIMENT OF OUR MOTTO
Pro Humanitate

THIS SEVENTH ISSUE OF "THE HOWLER" IS DEDICATED



OUR PRESIDENT

Faculty

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

- B. A., Wake Forest College, 1877; M. A., 1880, Graduate Student, University of Berlin, 1898; Graduate Student, Woods Holl Biological Laboratory, 1893; Professor of Biology, Wake Forest College, 1883; LL. D., Baylor University, 1905; LL. D., University of North Carolina, 1900; President Wake Forest College, 1905.

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

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

WILLIAM B. ROYALL, M. A., D. D., LL. D.,
Professor of Greek Language and Literature

- B. A., Wake Forest College, 1881; M. A., 1890; D. D., Judson College, 1887; LL. D., Furman University, 1907; Assistant Professor, Wake Forest College, 1866-1870; Professor of Greek, *ibid.*, 1870.

LUTHER R. MILLS, M. A.,
Professor Emeritus of Pure Mathematics

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

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

- M. A., Washington and Lee University, 1889; Litt. D., *ibid.*, 1906; Graduate Student, Teutonic Languages, Johns Hopkins University, 1886-1887; Headmaster of Languages, Charlotte Hall School, Md., 1887-1888; Professor of Modern Languages, Wake Forest College, 1888-1894; Professor of English, *ibid.*, 1894.

CHARLES E. BREWER, M. A., Ph. D.,
Professor of Chemistry

- M. A., Wake Forest College, 1880; Graduate Student of Chemistry, Johns Hopkins University, 1887-1888; Ph. D., Cornell University, 1900; Professor of Chemistry, Wake Forest College, 1880.

JOHN F. LANNEAU, M. A.,
Professor of Applied Mathematics and Astronomy

- Graduate, South Carolina Military Academy, 1856; M. A., Baylor University, 1869; Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, Furman University, 1866-1868; Professor of Mathematics, William Jewell College, 1868; Professor of Physics and Applied Mathematics, Wake Forest College, 1890; Professor of Applied Mathematics and Astronomy, *ibid.*, 1899.

JOHN B. CARLILE, M. A.,
Professor of Latin Language and Literature

- M. A., Wake Forest College, 1887; Supt. of Public Schools, Robeson County, 1887; Assistant Professor of Latin and Greek, Wake Forest College, 1887-1890; Professor of Latin, *ibid.*, 1890.

NEEDHAM Y. GULLEY, M. A.,
Professor of Law

- M. A., Wake Forest College, 1870; Member State Legislature, 1885; Member of N. C. Code Commission, 1903-1906; Professor of Law, Wake Forest College, 1894.

J. HENDREN GORRELL, M. A., Ph. D.,
Professor of Modern Languages

- M. A., Washington and Lee University, 1890, and Assistant Professor, 1890-1891; Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University, 1894; Professor of Modern Languages, Wake Forest College, 1894.

WILLIS R. CULLOM, M. A., Th. D.,
Professor of the Bible.

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

E. WALTER SIKES, M. A., Ph. D.,
Professor of Political Science

M. A., Wake Forest College, 1891; Director of Gymnasium, 1891-1893; Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University, 1897; Professor of Political Science, Wake Forest College, 1898

JAMES L. LAKE, M. A.,
Professor of Physics

M. A., Richmond College, 1882; Graduate Student in Mathematics, Johns Hopkins University, 1890-1893; Professor of Natural Science, Bethel College, 1893-1896; Fellow in Physics, University of Chicago, 1896-1898; Professor of Mathematics and Physics, Ursinus College, 1898-1899; Professor of Physics, Wake Forest College, 1899.

J. HENRY HIGGINSMITH, M. A.,
Professor of Education

A. B., Trinity College, Durham, N. C., 1900; A. M., 1902; Principal Grammar School, Durham, N. C., 1901-1904; Graduate Scholar, Teachers College, Columbia University, 1904-1909; Professor of Philosophy and Bible, Baptist University for Women, Raleigh, N. C., 1909-1907; Professor of Education, Wake Forest College, 1907.

EDGAR E. STEWART, M. D.,
Professor of Anatomy and Physiology

Student of the College of the City of New York, 1897-1900; M. D., Columbia University, 1900; Assistant Physician and Surgeon, New York House of Relief Hospital, 1907-1908; Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, Wake Forest College, 1908.

EDGAR W. TIMBERLAKE, B. A., LL. B.,
Professor of Law

B. A., Wake Forest College, 1901; Professor of English and Greek, Oak Ridge Institute, 1901-1903; LL. B., University of Virginia, 1905; Associate Professor of Law, Wake Forest College, 1906; Professor of Law, Wake Forest College, 1909.

JOHN BREWER POWERS, M. A., M. D.,
Professor of Bacteriology and Pathology

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

J. RICHARD CROZIER,
Professor of Physical Culture

Director of Physical Culture, Wake Forest College, 1904; Professor of Physical Culture, Wake Forest College, 1909.

GEORGE W. PASCHAL, B. A., Ph. D.,
Associate Professor of Latin and Greek.

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

ELLIOTT B. EARNSHAW, M. A.,
Bursar and Secretary

B. A., Wake Forest College, 1909; M. A., *ibid.*, 1908; Instructor in Mathematics, *ibid.*, 1909-1907; Bursar, *ibid.*, 1906.

ELI PURYEAR ELLINGTON, B. L.,
Librarian

B. L. Wake Forest College, 1886; Superintendent of Public Instruction, Rockingham Co., N. C., 18—; Librarian, Wake Forest College, 1908.

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

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

JOHN W. NOWELL, M. A.,
Instructor in Chemistry

B. A., Wake Forest College, 1903; M. A., *ibid.*, 1907; Graduate Student, Johns Hopkins University, 1908-9; Instructor in Chemistry, Wake Forest College, 1909.

HUBERT A. JONES, M. A., LL. B.,
Instructor in Mathematics

B. A., Wake Forest College, 1908; M. A., *ibid.*, 1900; LL. B., *ibid.*, 1900; Instructor in Mathematics, *ibid.*, 1908.

FLOYD T. HOLDEN,

ROBERT L. McMILLAN, B. A.,
Instructors in English.

ROGER P. McCUTCHEON,
Assistant in English Composition.

ARTHUR B. RAY,
Instructor in Latin.

FRANK H. GARRIS,

WILLIAM D. RODGERS,
Laboratory Assistants in Medicine.

WADE B. HAMPTON, B. A.,
Assistant in History.

PHILIP P. GREEN,
Laboratory Assistant in Physics.

BLAND G. MITCHELL,
Laboratory Assistant in Biology.

ARTHUR R. GALLIMORE, B. A.,
Assistant in Library.

JAMES E. KINLAW,
Assistant in Physical Culture.

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ELLIOTT B. EARNSHAW, Bursar and Secretary.

GEORGE W. PASCHAL, Curator of Library.

REV. WALTER N. JOHNSON, Chaplain.

MISS MINNIE GWALTNEY, Head Nurse of College Hospital.

Committees

Publication—Professors SLEDD, TIMBERLAKE, and LAKE.

Examinations—Professors HIGHSMITH, GULLEY, and LANNEAU.

Library—Professors PASCHAL, ROYALL, and SIKES.

Lectures—Professors CULLOM, HIGHSMITH, and CARLYLE.

Athletics—Professors CROZIER, BREWER, and TIMBERLAKE.

Buildings and Grounds—Professors GORRELL, LAKE, and BREWER,
and Mr. W. W. HOLDING.

Executive—Professors GULLEY, SIKES, and BREWER.

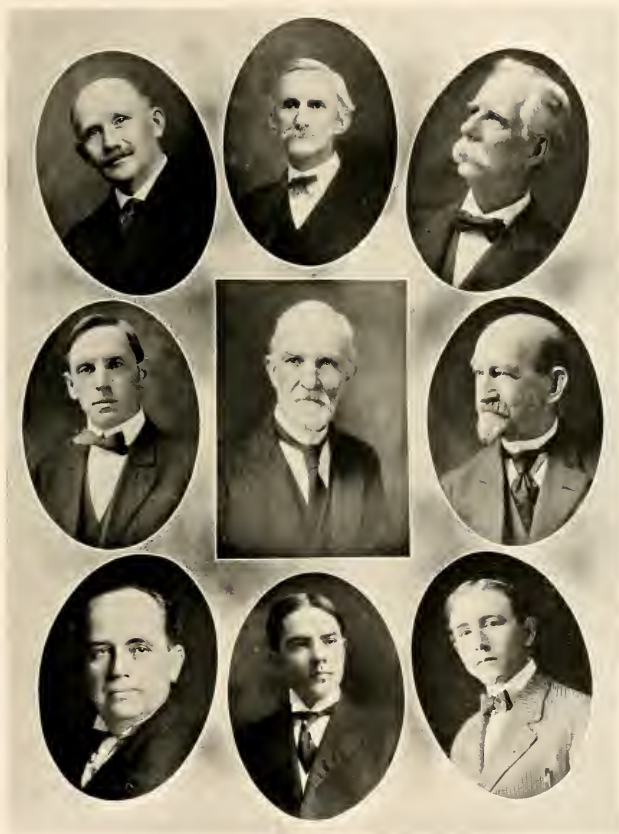
Entrance Requirements—Professors PASCHAL, SLEDD, HIGHSMITH,
and LANNEAU.

Appointments—Professors SIKES, CARLYLE, and HIGHSMITH.

Budget—Professors BREWER, GORRELL, and LANNEAU.



FACULTY



FACULTY



PROF. J. HENRY HIGHSMITH
Faculty Editor

Greeting

TIS not with any vain intent
That all our efforts have we spent
Perchance to win a word of praise;
But just to brighten gloomy days,
To make the homely look aright
And fill your hearts with pure delight.



R. O. Roswell - Business Mgr.



Tom Osborne - Art Editor.



R. H. Skunkis - Ed-in-Chief.



Joe Smith - Asso. Editor.



C. I. Allen - Asso. Editor.

HOWLER STAFF

SENIOR —
— EDITORS



G.C. Brown.



R.B. Daniel.



O.V. Hamrick.

Associate —
— Editors —



E.J. Rogers

HOWLER STAFF



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College Calendar

For Session 1909 - 1910

- September 7—Beginning of the Session.
- September 15—Applications for degrees submitted.
- October 1—Last day for settlement of College fees for Fall Term.
- October 6—Subjects of Senior and Junior Theses submitted.
- October 15—Senior Speaking and Reception by the Senior Class.
- October 30—Removal of entrance conditions.
- December 13-22—Fall Term Examinations.
- December 23—January 3—Christmas Holidays.
- January 4—Beginning of Spring Term.
- February 1—Last day for settlement of College fees for Spring Term.
- February 11—Anniversary Celebration of Literary Societies.
- March 11—Senior Speaking.
- March 26—Removal of entrance conditions.
- April 8—Last day for removal of conditions by applicants for degrees.
- Easter Monday—Holiday.
- May 2—Senior and Junior Theses submitted.
- May 9-18—Spring Term Examinations.
- May 18—Wednesday, 10 a. m., Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees.
8:30 p. m., Baccalaureate Sermon.
- May 19—Thursday, 11 a. m., Annual Literary Address. 8:30 p. m., Address before the Alumni.
- May 20—Friday, 11 a. m., Commencement Day. Addresses by representatives of the Graduating Class and Closing Exercises of the Session.

Classes



THE SENIOR.



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS



K. Akiyama, B. A.

TOCHIGI, JAPAN

"Tis for the good of my country that I should be abroad."

Height, 5 ft. 6 in.; Weight, 140 lbs.; age 23 years.

Akiyama bears the unique distinction of being the first man from Japan to come to Wake Forest. After spending three years in a northern college, he directed his course southward and by chance landed at Wake Forest, in the fall of 1908.

He is a man well developed, both in mind and body, and delights to do "stunts" in the gymnasium.

He has been with us only two years but, nevertheless, has made friends of us all, and we hope to hear of him as a bright and shining star in the political arena of his country, and also to hasten "Sunrise" in the Sunrise Kingdom.

W. C. Allen, Jr., B. A.

WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

"My tongue within my lips remain,
For who talks much must talk in vain."

Football Team, '08-'09; Basket Ball Team, '08-'09, '09-'10; Vice-President of Senior Class, '09-'10; Assistant Manager of Baseball Team, '09-'10.

This youth is one whom all the girls admire—an athlete. In boyhood, his first sport was chasing rabbits through the fields of Haywood county. Took his first drinks from the Pierian Springs at the public schools of his home town. During W. C.'s stay in college he has been identified with all college athletics. Cheerful in disposition, pleasant in manner; in fact, "a hail fellow well met." W. C. has made friends by the score. He says he is no orator "as Brutus was," and for this reason is seldom heard in society; but at the same time he is a hard-working student and always shows familiarity with his lessons. Often he has been seen following a surveyor's chain across the campus, and after graduation will, no doubt, be at the head of an engineer's corps, laying new railroads.





John James Best, B. A.

DUPLIN COUNTY, N. C.

"Titles of honour add not to his worth,
Who is himself an honour to his titles."

Sophomore Medal, '08; Associate Editor Weekly, '09; Member Student Senate, '08-'09; Member Debate Council, '09-'10; Anniversary Orator, '10.

Height, 5 ft. 10 ins.; weight, 170 lbs.; age, 25 years.

A man of wise judgment, a faithful friend, an agreeable companion. He has the very appearance of an orator, and especially did he distinguish himself in that capacity at Anniversary. John is very popular in college and holds the confidence of the whole student body. As a student, he is steady, not the kind whose ambition is to coin the 100's, but he takes his work with ease and little excitement.

A strong speaker, determined, and invincible in his undertakings, he will surely make the greatest success as a lawyer.

R. E. Brickhouse, B. A.

TERRELL COUNTY, N. C.

"True as a dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon."

President of Ministerial Class '09. Senior Speaker '10.

Height, 5 ft. 9 ins.; weight 145 lbs.; age 26 years.

A brick house in name, but like Jackson, a "stone-wall" in character, quiet, unassuming, the subject of this sketch, on slight acquaintance, is seldom taken for his full worth. An earnest student, a hard worker, and an uncompromising Christian gentleman when the right is at stake. This man has made a lasting impression upon those who know him intimately. Though he seldom courts popularity, he never forgets a favor, and leaves college with a host of strong friends. Those who know him believe in him.

In his four years of college life Brickhouse has never been a star, yet he is by no means dull. On class he is prompt and faithful, while in society his clarion voice may often be heard in debate or council. His silent, manly bearing has had its effect on his fellow students, and he goes forth, a worthy herald of "the old, old story."





Joseph Melville Broughton, B. A.

RALEIGH, N. C.

"The heights of great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Anniversary Marshal, '08; President of Junior Class, '08-'09; Member of College Senate, '08-'09; Associate Editor of Weekly, '08-'09; Athletic Editor, '08-'09; President of Y. M. C. A., '08-'09; Member of Football Team, '08-'09; Editor-in-Chief of Student, '08-'09; Debate Council, '09-'10.

Height 6 ft. 1 inch; weight 170 lbs; age 24 years. What Longfellow expresses in the above lines as to the achievements of great men, the student body and friends of Broughton can truly say of him. In his work he has been untiring, and in the still hours of the night toiled upward and onward, until he ranks high as a student, and is highly respected by all.

While "Dutch" has never sought college honors, he has had many handed him, and in every one he has won distinction for himself and honor for the Old College. In council he was ever present, and his advice and sound judgment was sought by the fellows. Not only has he been connected with the political phase of college life, but has lent a helping hand to the Christian side as well.

Therefore, we may characterize him as a young man who stands for friendship, honor and a Christian character, and in later years, he will, having these principles, stand high in his profession.

Donald Austin Brown, B. A.

KERSHAW, S. C.

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill"

Basket Ball Team, '08, '09, '10; Manager Basket Ball Team, '10.

Here is a man of good strong character with independence and force, a man who holds the confidence of everyone. He is every inch a South Carolinian, and we wish for more of her sons like him. He is ever steady and stable, unshaken by the shouts or plaudits of the throng; the kind that nourishes the tap-root of the institution. Brown has taken much interest in, and has given much of his time to athletics, especially basket ball, and as manager of that team the past season, he did his work well. The best wishes of the class go with him as he begins his ministerial duties.





George Carlie Brown, B. A.

MARS HILL, N. C.

"But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament."

Senior Speaker, '09; Senior Editor of the *Howler*, '09-'10.

Height, 6 ft.; weight, 175 lbs.; age, 23 years.

"Pard" hails from the land beyond the Blue Ridge, and the mountains seem to have imparted some of their loftiness to his ambition and purposes. He is a splendid student, having completed his course creditably in three years. As a speaker, he has shown marked ability; and above all he is a true friend to all who know him. He talks little, but his good-natured smile and warm hand shake will long be remembered. Perhaps no other man of his class has been so diligent a worker and when he leaves the college halls this same enthusiasm will mark his career.

He has selected teaching as his profession, and after graduating will attempt to train some of North Carolina's sons and daughters in hard and trying ways of learning.

Dee Carrick, B. A.

HIGH POINT N C

"If honor calls, where'er she points the way,
The sons of honor follow and obey."

Secretary of Junior Class, '08-'09; Tennis Champion, '08-'09-'10; President of Guilford County Club; Member of Basket Ball Team, '08-'09-'10; Track Team, '08-'09-'10; Manager of Track Team, '09; Manager of Tennis Team, '09-'10; Alternate Randolph-Macon Debate, '09; Corresponding Secretary of Y. M. C. A., '08-'09; Anniversary Marshal, '09; Secretary of Anniversary Debate, '10; President of Athletic Association, '09-'10; Class Orator, '10.

Height, 6 ft.; weight, 165 lbs.; age, 21 years.

"Dee" is in many respects an ideal college student. He has entered heartily into college life, and is one of our strongest and most popular men. As an athlete, he has doubtless helped to win more victories for Old Gold and Black than any other member of his class. For three successive years, he figured prominently in winning the Intercollegiate State championship in Tennis; for two years he has starred on the basket ball team; he has been indispensable on the track team; and his name is not inconspicuous in baseball and football.

Not only is he prominent in athletics, but he is distinctly identified with all the various interests of the college. He is tall, handsome, an excellent student, a forceful speaker, and above all a real gentleman.





Richard Elijah Clark, B. A.

CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C.

"The embodiment of him whom logic and sermons can not convince."

Height, 5 ft. 6 ins.; weight, 135 lbs.; age, 28 years.

Here is an ardent believer that "there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will." A promising minister of the Gospel, whose mild manners, graceful and eloquent delivery, will sway audiences gathered together from the "highways and hedges," hamlets and cities. Self-confident, enterprising, with the hermit's love for seclusion and the devotion of a great man to his duties, he promises us that old age shall not find him like the belated virgins, nor over eager to accomplish the impossible. Content with the present only when it gives promise of a better future, he seems to the stranger, eccentric and cranky; but to those who know him best, he proves himself an unassuming gentleman.

Joseph Buren Clayton

TRANSYLVANIA COUNTY, N. C.

"Honor lies in honest toil."

Senior Speaker, '00.

Height, 6 ft.; weight, 230 lbs.; age 28 years.

A typical mountaineer, with a singular stride, a pedagogic look, a determined, invincible countenance, studious and industrious habits. He has his own opinions and expresses them freely. He has made excellent marks in his classes, and the fact that he graduates in three years, demonstrates his superior mental ability.

He was a prominent member of his psychology class, and often while at the table his voice could easily be heard above the rest mingling his own opinions with those of Mr. Davis on "Pure truth." Clayton is well liked by all the boys. He goes forth a well prepared pedagogue to train the minds of the youths in "The land of the sky."





F. T. Collins, B. A.
ROBESON COUNTY, N. C.

"Verily, O man, with truth for thy theme, eloquence shall throne thee with archangels."

Member of Honor Committee, '06-'07; Historian of Law Class, '07-'08; Winner of Junior Medal; Intercollegiate Debater against Mercer College, Mercer Ga.; Anniversary Second Debater; President of Athletic Association, '08-'09; Intercollegiate Debater against Randolph-Macon in the fall; Intercollegiate Debater against Davidson in the spring; Assistant to Dr. Sikes; Senior Speaker, '09-'10; Member of Debate Council, '09-'10; Testator of the Senior Class.

Height, 5 ft. 7 ins.; weight, 165 lbs.; age 20 years.

Fred, better known among the boys as "Bull," hales from the county of Robeson. "Bull's" Irish blood is manifest. In stature, he is rather low; in brawn, mighty; in intellect, brilliant; in personality, commanding; in popularity, revered by all, in debate, invincible.

At every mass meeting or rally of any kind, Collins is called for, and no student commands more respect and better attention from a student body. His peculiar tone of voice, personality, flow of language, and wit give us a man not easily found.

In appearance Fred is stern and philosophical. Like Andrew Jackson, he has the highest regard and admiration for the fair sex, especially for one.

Upon entering college, "Bull's" inclination pointed toward the legal profession, and had he followed that inclination only his fondness for "Somnus" would have kept him out of the U S Senate. However, he was seized with a call to the ministry, and without doubt he will some day be a mighty power in the pulpit.

T. D. Collins, B. A.
RANDOLPH COUNTY, N. C.

"Unlike my subject, now shall he my song,
It shall be witty and it shan't be long."

Glee Club, '06, '09; Track Team, '07-'08; Basket Ball Team, '08-'09; Business Manager of Basket Ball Team, '08-'09; Historian of Ministerial Class, '08-'09; Prophet of Law Class, '08-'09; Dixie Quartette, '08-'09.

Height, 5 ft. 10 ins.; weight, 140 lbs.; age, 24 years.

Here is a man that can make you smile. "Treater" is an apostle of love, laughter and song. From the days of "Newishdom" his voice was often heard on the campus and in public places. He always carries a smile and has a good word for the fellows. This same spirit of mirth is manifested in all his relations to college life. He has been faithful in his work, loyal to his society, and devoted to the college. His heart is big and his sympathies broad.

In athletics he always plays a part and on the Glee Club, he was a star, and sings like a mocking bird. A ladies' man, did you say: well here he is, "par excellence."





Allie Bryan Combs,
LOUISVILLE, KY

"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

Height, 5 ft. 10 ins.; weight, 137 lbs.; age, 20 years.

Combs, a youth of some twenty summers, hails from the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, and possesses many of the qualities of his time-honored statesman, Henry Clay. Since being with us, he has made rapid strides in his college work, completing his course in two years. While with us, he has justly won the name of "Socrates," for one of his greatest ambitions is to make a research in the realms of Greek Literature. In the Latin language he is a wonder, and some day, no doubt, will equal Caesar in versatility.

He is quiet and rarely speaks, and when he does, it is often in Greek or Latin, and if in English, it is concerning the little damselfs out in "old Kentucky." In fact, in scholarship, he stands in the foremost ranks, and some day, will carve for himself a name of honor out of the problems of life.

Percy Vann Critcher, B. A.

MARTIN COUNTY, N. C.

"That man is great, and he alone
Who serves a greatness not his own,
For neither praise nor self;
Content to know and be unknown:
Whole in himself."

Secretary Junior Class, '00.
Height, 5 ft. 10 ins.; weight, 155 lbs.; age, 22 years.

Here we have a man whose very face speaks his character. Honesty, love of fun, and good naturedness shine from his eyes. "Critch" is a jolly, genial fellow and has won many friends while here. He has a big heart and when once a friend is a friend forever. He possesses a quick and alert mind, is a good speaker and an ingenuous fellow. Graceful and handsome, he uses his wiles to catch the fair sex, and yet he is not conceited. He believes in the geometrical proposition that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line, and he puts it into practice whenever the opportunity presents itself. "Critch" goes forth to employ his valuable time in "spieling" to the jury and we predict for him a successful career.





William Brodie Daniel, Jr., B. A.

VANCE COUNTY, N. C.

Class Basket Ball Team, '07 '08, '09; Class Baseball, '07, '08, '09; Baseball Team, '10; Senior Speaker, Senate Committee; Senior Editor Howler.

Height, 5 ft. 10 1-2 ins.; weight, 160 lbs.; age, 18 years.

Willie is truly one of the boys. He is genial, good-natured and amiable with a strong personality and sterling qualities. He is one of the strongest, most popular and handsomest members of his class. His winning ways, fine common sense, charming and gracious manner, modesty, liberality and rich culture make him a friend to all.

Though apparently indifferent and careless about some things we present him as one upon whom all men may rely in full confidence, that under any circumstances, he will do the man's part. He goes forth with the best wishes of his class, and whatever profession he may follow we predict for him a successful career.

Charles Webb Davis, B. A.

CARTERET COUNTY, N. C.

"The man who wins is the man who works,
The man who toils while the next man shirks."

Class Baseball, '08-'09; Class Basket Ball, '00-'10; Secretary Senior Class.

Height, 6 ft.; weight, 140 lbs.; age, 21 years.

Here is a man who has been faithful to every duty, vigorous in every effort, and honest in every aim. He hails from Beaufort, the town beside the sea, and takes peculiar pleasure in telling of the oysters, codfish, clams, etc., or the delightfulness of the surf.

A man of unusual ability and excellent in his studies, he not only takes his B. A. in three years, but also a "Magna cum laude" with it.

"Chas" has ever been a strong supporter of athletics and has aided his class considerably in baseball and basket ball games. Possessing qualities of true worth and dignity, it is impossible for him to do other than make a success as a teacher.



William Core Duffy, B. A.

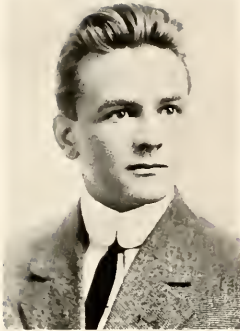
WILSON, N. C.

"Whoever excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes."

President Sophomore Class, '07-'08; Substitute on Basket Ball Team, '06-'07; Basket Ball Team, '07-'08; '08-'09, '09-'10; Captain Basket Ball Team, '08-'09; Football Team, '08-'09, '09-'10; Class Baseball.

Height, 5 ft. 9 1-2 ins.; weight, 150 lbs.; age, 21 years.

This is a gentleman of many qualities and deserves much credit for the work that he has done. He is a diligent and an industrious student, neat and handsome in appearance; has always taken an active interest in basket ball and football, and his name will ever be associated with these games at Wake Forest. Although a large part of his time has been occupied on the athletic field, he has, nevertheless, proved himself faithful to his college duties. He truly carries out the high aim of Christian education, "A sound mind in a sound body." During his stay here, he has made many friends, both in college and on "the hill," who wish him well in his every endeavor.



O. V. Hamrick, B. A.

SHELBY, N. C.

"He was a man, take him for all and all;
I shall not look upon his like again."

Associate Editor of Howler, '09-'10.

Height, 5 ft. 11 ins.; weight, 175 lbs.; age, 22 years.

In the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, where the mocking birds sing, and where the gentle breezes from the East unite with the zephyrs from the peaks, the young man you face, first saw the beauties of this world. Having caught a view of greater things in life he decided to go to college, and to Wake Forest he came to sip from her intellectual cup of knowledge. He has ever been ready to join the ranks for the advancement and glory of Old Gold and Black.

The familiar old proverb, "A friend in need is a friend indeed," may be well applied to him. Hamrick has made friends and has the respect of both the students and the Faculty. In his chosen profession, he will make a bright record for himself, and add glory to Wake Forest College.





William Ross Hill, B. A.

RUTHERFORD COUNTY

"Whenever he speaks, Heaven, hnw the listening throng
Dwell on the melting music of his tongue."

Member of College Senate, '00-'10; Fifth Friday Night Debater; Football Team, '09; Prophet of Junior Class, '08-'09; Member of Debate Council, '00-'10; Anniversary Orator, '10.

Height, 5 ft. 11 ins.; weight, 176 lbs.; age, 26 years.

Beneath the amaranthine bowers of a mountain district, where the eglantine, wild rose, and moss-covered violets pour out their fragrance to sanctify the air, the subject of this sketch first felt that ecstatic joy which music only can give, while listening to the melodies of the birds.

Ross has gained the respect of the boys, and has had many honors thrust upon him. Rutherford County should feel proud of her worthy son. He delights in telling of the brave sons of his native county, and never grows weary of singing their praises, and especially is he fond of telling folklore jokes of the hill country.

He expects to become a teacher, but possibly only as a stepping stone to greater achievements; but already he sees himself, in the future, walking in the aisles of fame.

Floyd Triplett Holden

"The noblest Roman of them all."

Instructor in English.

Height, 5 ft. 10 1-2 ins.; weight, 150 lbs.; age, 40 years.

A man of worth, courage, honor, determined countenance and wise judgment. Truly, he has led an estimable, irrepochable life, amiable in disposition, modest in demeanor, earnest of purpose. The possessor of great faculties, he has a contempt for mere external display. Work has been his passion, and work his recreation while in college. As a student he is diligent, painstaking and persistent. His intellectual activities have indeed, a wide range. He is proficient in every department of the college, excelling especially in the English Department as Instructor where, he has demonstrated the possession of unusual ability, mature judgment, and thorough scholarship.

He has specialized in the departments of English and Education, and will attain eminence in his profession and reflect credit upon the college by reason of his accurate knowledge, marvelous patience and untiring energy. We predict for him a successful career in leading the race into its inheritance. The State is in need of such men





James Edwin Hoyle, B. A.

WAKE COUNTY, N. C.

"Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
'Tis a place where honor may be crowned."

Winner of Freshman Medal, '07; Delegate to Montreat Conference, '08; Associate Editor Pro Tem., Student, fall, '00; Vice-President Ministerial Class, '09-'10; Senior Speaker.

Height, 5 ft. 10 ins.; weight, 160 lbs.; age, 25 years.

Here is a good student, a hard worker, a forceful speaker. He is a man of high ideals, noble ambition, untiring perseverance. These qualities, backed by his ability, place him among the foremost of his class.

Hoyle's character is unquestioned. In dealing with problems of college life, the question uppermost in his mind was "What is right?" With such a question answered, he has had a zeal to stand by his convictions. His personality glows with enthusiasm. With these and other praiseworthy qualities, he enters his chosen life work. We predict for him remarkable success in his endeavor to better the world by preaching as well as by living the Gospel.

James L. Jenkins, B. A.

STANLEY COUNTY, N. C.

"Nobleness is the jewel of manhood."

Glee Club, '07-'08 and '09; 2nd Debater Anniversary, '09; Junior Orator's Medal Phi Society; Senate Committee, '08-'09; Prophet Senior Class; Senior Speaker.

Height, 5 ft. 9 in.; weight, 165 lbs.; age, 26 years.

If it's a man you want, we have him here. "all wool and a yard wide." He has been here five years, but has sustained his integrity throughout his whole course, and a more popular, congenial fellow has never left this institution.

"Jenks" has won quite an enviable reputation as a speaker, having won an orator's medal in the face of great opposition. He has won renown as a singer, often singing himself into the hearts of the fair sex from the mountain to the sea.

He will continue the study of theology at Crozer Seminary, from which place, he will take a Th. D. degree; and we predict for him a successful career in and around Albemarle, where his family reside.





Elbert N. Johnson, B. A.

DELWAY, N. C.

"Nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

Secretary of Ministerial Class, '08-'09; Poet of Senior Class, '09-'10; First Debater Anniversary, '10; Winner in Randolph-Macon-Wake Forest Debate, Thanksgiving, '09.

Height, 5 ft. 11 ins.; weight, 150 lbs.; age, 24 years.

This amiable, humorous, affable youth comes from Delway, N. C. The more one is with him, the better one likes him. His beauty lies in a big, warm heart, and a thoroughly conscientious nature. Rich in oratory and logical in debate, he takes a seat among the best speakers of his class. Although thrice defeated in contesting for a medal, he was later honored as intercollegiate debater, and with his colleague, brought victory to his *Alma Mater*. His great love for children bespeaks for him a successful career in the ministry; and, although he is as logical in his love making as in debating, we hope he may gain the consent of his mind to marry.

George Henry Johnson, B. A.

ROBESON COUNTY, N. C.

"Hear how he clears the points o' faith
Wi' ratlin' and thumpin,
Now meekly calm, now wild and wrath,
He's stamping and he's jumping."

President Anniversary Debate, '10.

Height, 5 ft. 8 ins.; weight, 132 lbs.; age, 24 years.

This genial, good-natured fellow is "Pluto" Johnson. He is a hard worker, ever faithful to duty, conscientious in his every act. He possesses every characteristic of a whole-souled Baptist parson, being a shrewd philosopher, and an unexcelled pulpit orator. It has always been his delight to point out to the "Newish" the errors of their way.

He is a great lover of the country, and it is his ambition to become a pastor in some rural district of his native county. "He of their wicked ways shall them admonish, and before them set the paths of righteousness."





Henry Broadus Jones, B. A.

WINGATE, N. C.

"With temper calm and mild,
And words of softened tone,
He overthrows his neighbor's cause
And justifies his own."

Member of Track Team, '07, '10; Associate Editor of Weekly; Member of College Senate, '09-'10; First Debater, '10; Speaker in Wake Forest-Randolph-Macon Debate, '09; Speaker in Wake Forest-Davidson Debate, '10.

Height, 5 ft. 8 ins.; weight, 145 lbs.; age, 23 years.

It has been said since Clay, Webster and Grady passed from the stage, that the day of oratory and debate is passed. Not so. It has been said since Calhoun crossed the "Bar" that the star of logic has never since shown so brightly. Not true. For Wake Forest College has a young logician, who promises to be a power in the field of logic and debate. His manner of arriving at conclusions is unsurpassed, and his arguments remain unbroken.

He is a diligent student, and in whatever pertains to the glory and honor of his college, he is always enthusiastic. He has been in two intercollegiate debates, and has won laurel wreaths of honor for himself and his Alma Mater. In almost every phase of college life, he lends a helping hand; and when he faces life's battles, we predict for him a successful career.

William Edgar Marshall, B. A.

RALEIGH, N. C.

"Gather roses while they bloom,
Tomorrow is yet far away,
Moments lost have no room
In tomorrow or to-day."

Poet Junior Class, '08-'09; Member of Howler Art Club, '08-'09; Associate Editor Weekly, '08-'09; Editor of Y. M. C. A. Hand Book; *Class Orator*, '10. Height, 5 ft. 6 ins.; weight, 130 lbs.; age, 21 years.

Although small in stature, he is not small in mind and heart. He is a clever little fellow, and has made lasting friends by his little acts of kindness and manly bearing. Marshall has been enthusiastic in every student movement and has played his part well by helping carry out these movements.

While in the college halls, "Bill" has aspired to no great honors, but his record as a student has gained for him more fame than all the honors. What the poet says about "gathering roses while they bloom," Marshall has applied to the grasping of opportunities. He grasps the rose of opportunity while it is present, for he feels that when once lost, it will never smile at him again.

In journalism, he will display his talent and no doubt the sharpness of his intellect will make his pen vivid in discussing great national problems.





Leroy L. Massey, B. A.

WAKEFIELD, N. C.

"How wisely fate ordain'd for human kind
Calamity, which is the perfect glass,
Wherein we truly see and know ourselves."

Associate Editor of *Howler*, '08-'09.

Height, 5 ft. 9 ins.; weight, 180 lbs.; age, 24 years.

Here is the most jovial, congenial, open-hearted fellow of the class, '10. His laughter may be heard on the campus, at the station and in the dormitory at any hour. Perhaps there is no other man who is in as close touch with all the boys as "Leroy." His physique is commanding, and had not misfortune happened to him he would have been a tower of strength for Wake Forest on the gridiron. Leroy is famous for telling yarns, cracking jokes, and smoking his tobacco. In all matters pertaining to college life he has lent his influence and efforts to the advancement of sociology.

To the class of '10, he is truly devoted. He is ever ready to hold it's banner high, and we feel that he will make a strong addition to any profession.

Roger P. McCutcheon, B. A.

FRANKLIN, VA.

"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading."

Assistant in English, '08-'09-'10; Associate Editor of *Student*, '09-'10; Track Team, '09-'10.

Height, 5 ft. 9 ins.; weight, 135 lbs.; age, 20 years.

"Mack" comes from the Old Dominion, and since being on the campus, has proved a worthy representative of his State. At all times he has conducted himself as a true Virginian.

Like Bacon, "All knowledge is his province," but his chief ambition lies in the realm of English. In this department he has been assistant and has determined the fate of many a Freshman.

Besides graduating in two years he has led his class. He has attained success not only as a student, but as an athlete, having been a member of the track team for two years, and helping to win trophies for "Old Gold and Black." After graduation, he intends to become a teacher of his preferred study—English—in which we wish for him great achievements.





Blandus Grady Mitchell, B. A.

YOUNGSVILLE, N. C.

"Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong."

Chief Marshal Commencement, '09; Assistant in Biology, '09-'10; Senior Speaker, '10.
Height, 5 ft. 6 ins.; weight, 145 lbs.; age, 20 years.

Here is a scholar and an orator, a man of ambition and determination. In the trend of college events, "Senator" has played his role well. Many a long weary day has he heard the voice of Dr. Paschal calling for "Non dubium est quin." Having emerged from this tempestuous sea of trouble, Mitchell was foremost in every college movement. Even in "Bug Hunting" he led the vanguard for Prof. Ives. Many afternoons he has been known to chase grasshoppers over the campus, trying to select some "beautiful specimens." Not only has he done well the work of a student, but when the occasion demanded it, he was ever ready to crack jokes with the boys, and often his peals of laughter could be heard in the still hours of the night.

In whatever profession he may choose, we are confident that the future is bright for him.

Eugene I. Olive, B. A.

CUMBERLAND CO., N. C.

"A youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven."

Member of Glee Club, '07-'10; Poet Ministerial Class, '07-'08; Class Historian, '08-'09; Secretary Y. M. C. A., '09; Member of Track Team, '09-'10; Senior Basketball Team, '09-'10; President Senior Class, '09-'10; Baraca Quartet, Senior Speaker.
Height, 5 ft. 9 in.; weight, 170 lbs.; age, 19 years.

One of the youngest men in the class, he is also one of the most worthy. Possessing a deep sense of honor and right, he has lived squarely before his fellow students, and carries with him the confidence of all who know him. He is a good student, ever faithful and punctual to duty. He enters into every undertaking with the determination to do his best, and success is always his. He is talented as a singer, and often entertains his neighbors in the dormitory with his melodious voice. He has already begun to preach and a bright future lies before him in that most sacred calling.





John Greenleaf Prevette, B. A.

WILKES CO. N. C.

"The man worth while is the man who can smile, when everything goes dead wrong."

Commencement Marshal, '09; Class Baseball, '00.

Height, 5 ft. 10 in.; weight, 160 lbs.; age, 20 years.

John possesses those rare qualities which make him a desirable companion. He is a good athlete and is fond of the field, representing his class in all championship games. His business ability is good, and he has ever been a faithful expounder and firm co-partner of Z. V. Peed and Whiting Bros.; along several lines he has developed himself wonderfully this year. He is a good speaker and the law claims him. After securing his license, he will go back to Western North Carolina and enter upon the duties of the legal profession. We predict that some day he will redeem the 5th district.

Carl Ragland, B. A.

GRANVILLE CO. N. C.

"He was the mildest mannered man."

Class Poet, '07-'08; Associate Editor, Howler, 08-'09; Associate Editor, Student, '09-'10.

Height, 5 ft. 9 ins.; weight, 142 lbs.; age, 21 years.

Behold a quiet, reserved, modest, unassuming youth, who is ever attending to his own affairs. He may seem distant and secluded to those who know him not, but to those men who seek him, sweet as summer. He has good abilities, a genial temperament and no vices.

"Nihil sine labore," has been his motto, and his success demonstrates what results such determination brings. Truth, research and scholarship have marked his college course.

Of a retiring disposition and a biological turn, he has spent much of his time with Prof. Ives and nature. We predict for Carl a lofty place in whatever profession he may follow.





Arthur B. Ray, B. A.

LEAKSVILLE, N. C.

"A man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous efforts and honest aims."

Glee Club, '07, '09; Treasurer of Freshman Class, '06-'07; Class Historian, '09-'10; Assistant in Latin, '09-'10.

Height, 6 ft.; weight, 145 lbs.; age, 20 years.

Leaksville's only representative in the Senior Class passed for the first time through the campus gate four years ago. During these years, he has been toiling in the still hours of the night, and now he parts from these old walls, a thorough student.

"Ray" is reserved, dignified, composed and firm. He is independent, believes in attending to his own affairs, and never courts popularity. However, he has gained much notoriety among the freshmen, for he is assistant in Latin.

Ray's favorite word is "amo," and around this his fondest hopes are based. Often that little love angel—Cupid, shoots his arrows into his bosom, but that cold nature resists them. Oh, how it must burn to be stung by these little darts.

As a pedagogue the future holds much in store for him.

Roy Oscar Rodwell, B. A.

MACON, N. C.

"How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair."

Prophet of Freshman Class, '07-'08; Business Manager of Howler, '09-'10.

Height, 5 ft. 10 ins.; weight, 150 lbs.; age, 20 years.

Friends, when you glance at the picture on the right, you see a youth of intellect. One who is cold as an iceberg, and distant as the stars to those who do not know him, but to his friends he is always genial and kind. To understand and admire him, you must know him. His motto is "Talk little and think much," and this he follows closely. Arriving on the campus in '07, he has made the race for his degree in three years and has done it well. Many a dark day has he seen the knitted and stern brow of Dr. Paschal grow weary on Latin. But Roy feels that since he passed through the trying ordeal of this department, any youth can face the world as a student of Latin. In after life this student of exceptional qualities will climb fast for that goal success.





Philip Grady Sawyer, B. A.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

"While we live, let us sport."

Licensed Attorney, '09.
Height, 6 ft.; weight, 140 lbs.; age, 21 years.

From the denuded landscape of Pasquotank County a youth came to us hale, hearty and sporty. For five long years "Phil" has heard the muffled tones of the old college bell; for five long winters, he has enjoyed the turmoils and troubles of the Freshmen, and heard the shrill yell of the Sophomores. Now he faces the Faculty, demanding two degrees.

Phil has been generous in advice to both students and faculty, and also regarding affairs of the town. When it comes to knowledge concerning athletics, he easily "hats out one hundred." But he has acted his greatest role in "setting new styles" and "sporting"—a dead game sport, if ever one came this way. His ambition is in the realm of law, and some day the bar of the Old North State will be greatly augmented.

Edgar Ring Settle, B. A.

RANDA, N. C.

"Thine to work as well as to pray,
Clearing thorny wrongs away,
Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in."

Sophomore Medal, '08; Track Team, '07, '10;
Senior Speaker, '10.

Height, 5 ft. 8 ins.; weight, 135 lbs.; age, 34 years.

To this man there are no Alps. "Tom" has been ever ready these four years. Like the mountains of Old Wilkes from whence he came, there is no compromise in him. Faithful, patient and true, he has won his way into the hearts of his classmates. To him college life has been stern realities, but he has not failed to get that which is best. His ways have been ways of quietness and his manners are reserved. In society he has been one of the solid rocks and has championed her rights with untiring interests. "Tom" is frank, kind and generous and this has won for him friends that never desert him.

He has overcome obstacles to take his college course, and down life's pathway he will conquer greater difficulties, and humanity will profit by his teaching.





Robert Herbert Shanks, B. A.

VANCE COUNTY, N. C.

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

Class Basket Ball, '07-'08, '09-'10; Class Baseball, '08-'09; President Baraca Class; Editor-in-Chief of Howler.

Height, 5 ft. 10 1-2 ins.; weight, 155 lbs.; age, 20 years.

Shanks, modest, reserved, lovable, masterful in intellect, and strong in character, claims his diploma with the distinction of "Magna cum laude."

A mere lad, he came to us four years ago, and his stay at college has been marked by steady growth and development 'till no stronger nor more popular man graces the college. Step by step, he has become to be first among us without ever seeking a place which propriety did not demand and without one time transgressing the bound of modesty.

He has especially made himself conspicuous in the department of mathematics, having made the maximum grade of one hundred on all the required work together with applied math. and ninety-nine on calculus. We predict for him a bright career.

Claude R. Singletary, B. A.

ROBESON COUNTY, N. C.

"No shutter'd room can commune with me,
But roughs and little children better than they."

Height, 5 ft. 10 ins.; weight, 155 lbs.; age, 24 years.

He reserves his sweetness for his friends and dearer ones, and contents himself in knowing that in him this characteristic is generally recognized and accepted by his acquaintances. Where things do not exist to suit him, he moulds them by sweet persuasions and shaping hand so they will.

Conscientious, generous and industrious, he faces the future hopefully, well equipped to fulfill his mission. In the many coming years, the pulpit will resound with his softly flowing speech. His suavity and unassuming good manners are destined to make his career worthy of highest praise. His close scrutiny of others, his high regard for duty, and willingness to do his Master's bidding, are redeeming qualities, which foretell a life of unbroken happiness.





W. E. West, B. A.

NORFOLK, VA

"Formed on the good old plan,
A true and brave and downright honest man."

President of "Old Virginia Cherooot Club;" Senior Speaker, '09.

Height, 6 ft. 1 in; weight, 145 lbs.; age, 26 years.

Here is a rival of Abraham Lincoln in length and lankness. Another son of the Old Dominion who wandered into our midst some few summers ago to receive a "Tar-heel" education. He has played well the role of a student, and in every call, either on recitation or in society he would respond in that positive manner, "I can." His relation with the boys has been pleasant, and personally he stands high in the estimation of the students and the professors.

West, like many others, has not escaped the poisonous arrows of that little love god—Cupid. Unfortunately, like the messages of the Delphic Oracle, he is uncertain where to turn for sympathy for "he has many on his string."

Arthur Robison Williams, B. A.

LINWOOD, N. C.

"When he speaks, what tender words he used
So softly, that like flakes of feather'd snow
They melted as they fell."

Junior Medal, '09; Senior Speaker, '09.
Height, 6 ft. 2 ins.; weight, 175 lbs.; age, 22 years.

Beecher says, "Happiness is not the end of life; character is." This young man stands for both. On every occasion, he is firm for manhood and character. He is always happy and presents a pleasant smile to those who come in contact with him. Williams is one that attends to his own affairs, and when needs be he speaks—yes speaks in that style that holds his hearers in silence. Oratory has become a part of him and in some distant day, we feel that this stalwart youth will be a statesman of the John Sharpe Williams type.

He will be remembered as a student of exceptional qualities and on account of his singular personality and keen intellect, he will make long strides in the great race of life.





Emery J. Woodall, B. A.

CLYDE, N. C.

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

Height, 5 ft. 8 ins.; weight, 150 lbs; age, 18 years.

It is said that some men are born great, some achieve greatness, while others have greatness thrust upon them. Woodall is the middle man—the man who has the ability to climb and achieve greatness by incessant toil. He is capable of doing good work, and when he buckles down to business he gets things. Being young, he has to conquer many temptations that befall a young student.

Having very heavy work and having been here only two years, he has gained no great honors. But what are honors in comparison to a scholar? Honors are "skin deep," and like the dew, fade with the morning sun, but scholarship is deep and lasting.





James McKee Adams, M. A.

RALEIGH, N. C.

"Give me some music, music, moody food
Of us that trade in love."

Member of Glee Club, '05, '09; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '07 to '09; Leader of Glee Club, '08-'09; Member of College Senate, '08-'09; Dixie Quartette, '08-'09; Chief Rooter; '08-'09; Editor-in-Chief of Howler '08-'09; President of Senior Class, '08-'09.

Height, 5 ft. 8 ins.; weight, 140 lbs.; age, 23 years.

Kind friends, an honored son of the capital city smiles at you. Perhaps, while passing through the schools of his native town he received inspiration that thrilled him to do nobler things, and ever since he has been climbing.

"Jimmie" has been with us five years, and this time will demand his M. A. degree. In all athletic sports he was ever present with enthusiasm, in society, a hard worker, in Christian work, foremost, and always held high the banner of Old Gold and Black. He greets all with a hearty welcome, and no member of the class is respected more, and we feel honored to have the president of '00 class to grace the class of giants. Our best wishes are his for a long and prosperous life.

Charles Thomas Bell, M. A., LL. B.

MOREHEAD CITY, N. C.

"Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road."

Business Manager, Student, '08; Secretary Law Class, '09; Senior Speaker, '09; Chairman Debate Council and Manager of Intercollegiate Debates, '07-'10; Historian Law Class, '10; Licensed Attorney, '10.

Height, 5 ft. 9 1-4 ins.; weight, 157 lbs.; age, 22 years.

With all the politician needs to win his office; with all the speaker has to make his audience sleep, with sense that changes high to higher, he salutes the coming tide of joy or pain, and gazes wistfully towards the unconquered realms of earth and air.

Before the bar, will be heard his fiery invective and convincing arguments. Before the incensed enemy, his determined stand will be a warning.

Industrious, independent, ambitious and progressive, he confronts time and decay with open eye and steady purpose.

Prosperity sits in his pathway.





Arthur Raymond Gallimore, M. A.

LEXINGTON N. C.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man.""

Assistant Librarian, '07 to '10; Senior Editor of
Howler, '06-'10; Chief Marshal Davidson-Wake
Forest Debate, '09.

Height, 5 ft. 8 ins.; weight, 150 lbs.; age, 24 years.

This handsome youth took his B. A. degree with the class of '00, but not being satisfied to leave his Alma Mater, came back to complete his education and to have the honor of graduating with the class of '10. He has not tried to win honors on the athletic field, but is always on hand at every athletic contest to cheer the boys on to glory. He is a man that never does things by halves, but throws himself both mind and body into whatever he undertakes to do. He is a good student and has won much honor both in society and in the class room.

Gallimore is troubled often with "blushes," but no doubt, when he meets a Southern maiden of his choice, she will take this crimson color from his face by her gentle kisses.

In every sphere, he stands for the right, and with this character, doubtless will make life worth while.

Wade Bruce Hampton, M. A., LL. B.

DOBSON, N. C.

"The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation."

Treasurer Freshman Class, '06; Anniversary Marshal, '07; Chief Marshal, Commencement, '08; Treasurer Senior Class, '09; Senior Editor, Howler, '09; Member Senate Committee, '00; Senior Speaker, '09; Assistant in History, '00-'10.

Height, 6 ft.; weight, 160 lbs.; age, 23 years.

Thorough student, able speaker and upright gentleman characterize "Hamp." He will leave us Commencement, after five years in college, the possessor of three degrees. This man has made a remarkable record while in college; he has performed his various duties diligently and well. He has always stood for the noble things; he has ever kept the interests of his college on his heart. And this broad-shouldered, high-born, Anglo-Saxon will enter the battle of life free from the selfish motives which prompt so many men to low deeds, and come out with a clean record. The voices from the higher sunlit hills in the legal world call "Hamp" on, and though we, a host of abiding friends, are sad to see him leave us, still, his profession needs such men and we know that throughout his illustrious career he will "ever wear, at his buttonhole the white lily of a spotless life."





Elias Dodson Poe, M. A.

CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C.

"Doubt my sincerity?"

Anniversary Orator, '09.

Height, 5 ft. 10 1-2 in.; weight, 155 lbs.; age 27 yrs.

Poe justly holds the distinction of being the best preacher in the ministerial class. Being a man of strong mind, great heart, true faith, ready hand, of wisdom and firmness; full of humor, loyal to the college and his fellows; well liked by all, he has broken the record in several respects, viz.: Has preached more than twice a week for his five years in college; has taken both B. A. and M. A. Degrees; has made money enough, to our knowledge, to pay his own way through college, help several of his fellows, and pay his first years' expenses at the Seminary all at the same time. He studies Greek, Latin, French or prepares sermons while others play. He has already received some flattering calls, and we predict for him, when he is through the Seminary, a large place in his calling.

Robert Leroy McMillan, M. A.

SCOTLAND COUNTY, N. C.

"A noble man with a still more noble aim"

Historian Sophomore Class, '07; Librarian, '07-'08; Poet Junior Class, '08; President Baraca Class, '08; Associate Editor "Weekly," '08; Secretary Y. M. C. A., '07-'08; Basket Ball Team, '08; Poet Law Class, '09; Secretary Athletic Association, '08-'09; Editor-in-Chief "Student," '09; Assistant in English, '09; Senior Speaker, '09; Football Team, '09; Chairman Senate Committee, '09-'10; Poet Law Class, '09-'10; Chief "Rooter," '08-'10; Teacher Junior Baraca Class, '09-'10; Instructor in English, '09-'10.

Height, 6 ft., 1 in.; weight, 175 lbs.; age, 21 years.

"Buck's" college honors are sufficient to remind you of the prominent place that he occupies among the students. He is distinctly identified with all the various interests of the college. He is proficient in every department of the college, and especially in English. As a man, he leads the pure and simple life; as a friend, he is self-sacrificing and liberal; as for enthusiasm, he is the very embodiment of college spirit; as a companion, he has the ready wit of the native born humorist; as a writer of fiction, he is unquestionably the best in college; and as a student in general, he is profound, diligent and faithful.





History of the Class of 1910

THE Class of 1910 realizes with regret that its era of history-making is over. The historian regrets that lack of space compels him to give only a bare outline of the history made. He, however, may feel that he has done his duty if, at some future day, a glance at these pages by a classmate recalls some forgotten incident which causes the love for the old college to well up and express itself in a stronger devotion to his Alma Mater.

It was on the twenty-ninth day of August, nineteen hundred and six, that there met on the campus here such an assortment of prodigies as had never been seen before. It was some days later, however, that they organized as the Class of 1910. The upper classmen very kindly assisted us in the organization.

In those days of "newish-dom" we suffered a great deal, or thought we did, at the hands of the upper classmen, and gradually learned that the way of the seeker-after-knowledge is hard. But these trials and tribulations only made stronger the tie that binds classmates together. Many of us tried to win fame upon the athletic field, but only a few succeeded. In the classroom and especially in English I, and Latin we "starred." "Sixty-nine" was our favorite number, or seemed to be. The holder of this number was allowed the privilege and pleasure of taking the above named courses over.

But quickly passed the days, and soon we returned as "Freshmen never, but Sophomores forever." Our number was small, but we were courageous. The inter-class championship in basket-ball was won and several of our number secured places on the 'varsity teams. Withal, the class, though small in number, was large in individual achievements in that second year of its history.

As Juniors our ranks were still more depleted, for some of our faithful ones became so learned that, at the request of the Faculty, they kindly consented to help out the Class of 1909. However, we were joined by recruits from other classes, and so, increased in numbers, knowledge and good looks.

Probably the most important event of the year was the election of Wake Forest's first Governor, of whom we are all proud. Would it be saying too much to add that the Class of 1910 aided in thus honoring our distinguished friend? We got a holiday at least, and helped inaugurate him.

In athletics the class made a record by winning both basket-ball and baseball inter-class championships, besides furnishing the 'varsity teams valuable men.

Even more quickly than the preceding years did this third year pass, and all too soon it seemed did we gather for the last. As Seniors our class took the initiative in all movements for bettering the conditions of our college life. Hazing was practically abolished, not by the Senior Class alone, but by the whole student body, acting with the Faculty. Our representatives on basket-ball, football and debating teams reflected much honor upon the class and upon the college.

We look back with joy to Thanksgiving night, and we can still hear the old college bell ringing out, "Another victory won," and the music of the pans



as the howling mob woke up the town. Some of the speeches which certain members of the Faculty, clad in scanty apparel, made when called from their slumbers, still linger. Particularly do we remember Professor Carlyle's speech in rhyme, as is his wont, which closed with this inspired couplet:

"While the moon is shining bright,
Now I bid you all good night."

Who of us will forget the celebration given to our classmates, Jones and Johnson? In the words of Dr. Lynch:

"Their tongues were of whit-leather,
Their throats were of steel;
But with argument and oratory,
They made their opponents squeal."

Football and "Fatty" Powell! The record of the team was a good one. It is to be remembered that it was the Class of 1910 which saw football and athletics in general placed upon a firm financial basis by the organization of the Alumni Athletic Association.

The event of the year, which attracted world-wide attention, was Peary's announcement from the frozen north: "Old Gold and Black nailed to the pole at last."

Possibly the greatest achievement of the year was the passing of the Psychology examination without the loss of a man, a feat which has been performed only once before in the history of the college, and then by a class of four. Can we but feel a little proud of it?

Spring came, and with it Logic. Suffice it to say that pride comes before a fall. The days passed, filled with work and dreams—dreams of the future that may or may not become real. Then at last we were awarded our diplomas, bits of parchment worth nothing in themselves, but inestimable in what they stand for.

In these last days a growing love for the old college and its associations asserts itself, and it is with a certain sadness that we leave our Alma Mater, perhaps some of us never to return. We trust that her name and her noble traditions may be lived up to by those who follow us. May they zealously preserve them as we have tried to do. Now, as we part, the good times we have had together are not forgotten. We rest content if we have done aught to raise the standard of integrity and honorable manhood by which those are measured who are numbered among the graduates of Wake Forest College.

HISTORIAN, '10.



Senior Class Prophecy

ON boarding the train in Columbus, Ohio, for Baltimore, Maryland, I saw sitting in the smoker, a strange-looking human being, who apparently was endeavoring to conceal himself behind a stack of suit cases. Before taking a seat in front of his, I saw that he was a Hindoo. In a few moments he was muttering out a long string of inarticulate sounds, endeavoring to tell me something, but his "spiel" was meaningless to me. So he produced a card, on which was written his name and his profession. He was an alchemist, selling what is known in America as "the wonder glass." I had no faith in the mirror, but for the sake of curiosity, I purchased one and placed it in my suit case until I reached my destination.

One warm spring evening in April, I took the mirror and stole away into the forest and found a high mountain, which is, no man knows, how far away and how secluded. I carefully unfolded the mirror and found attached to the frame a small pamphlet, which contained a short history of its workings and a few brief directions as to how to use it successfully in producing results. The secret to the whole situation was as follows: *Stand before the mirror and by means of incantation (Deaptis de manure las dirumpti) call the spirit from the body. After the spirit is separated, every object about which the mind thinks will instantly span before it.* And to my surprise I found that neither mountain nor sea was barrier between the mind and its object, and that the moment I thought of a person, I was in his presence and was able to commune with him.

Now, I would not accept certain prevalent doctrines, and maintain that the consciousness of my own existence is at the same time an immediate consciousness of the existence of other things without me, and thereby argue transcendental idealism, but, as a matter of practical experience, I shall relate, how, by some mysterious phenomena, I was lifted into the future and was able to take part in human affairs and to live in the midst of a remarkable age.

A great revolution had shaken Japan from centre to circumference. She had shuffled off the mortal coils of Buddhism and was pluming her wings for a true religious flight. At the suggestion of this my mind was instantly in the exalted presence of the great champion, under whose leadership that renaissance of Christian brotherhood was brought about. The streets of Tokio were thronged with multitudes. The Memorial Hall was full to overflowing with eager listeners. As I entered the hall, I saw on the rostrum someone emerging from beneath an evergreen arch. As he advanced and faced that mighty host, Rev. J. E. Hoyle, in a few brief sentences, introduced the Commoner of Japan, the minister to America. The subject of this statesman's speech was, "A Plea for the Neutralization of the Manchurian Railway." As he concluded his discourse, he turned to three distinguished American citizens, who were seated in the box, and said: "Yours indeed is a noble heritage. America can truly boast of being the first to set the example as a world-wide peacemaker. The Hague Conference of twenty years ago, was only the means of uniting Japan and America into closer relationship, and may this brotherly love continue to grow until every other nation shall be constrained to follow our example in the neutralization of opposing forces—'When the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, when righteousness and peace shall kiss each other.'" So saying, His Excellency, K. Akiyama, took his seat.

After the dispersion of the crowd, I went into the Minister's office. I read an account of the great moral reform which was in progress in the City of

New York. At that suggestion I found myself in the midst of the busy throngs of Broadway. I heard thundering peals of music as I passed by the Broadway Tabernacle. On entering that magnificent church, I saw sitting beneath a choir of five hundred voices the minister, under whose marvelous leadership this great reform was being wrought. He arose and for an hour held that vast audience in breathless silence with the magic wand of his true logic and soul-stirring eloquence. His theme was, "The Relative Value of Earth and Heaven." Stretching out his hand over the audience, he concluded his discourse by saying, "How poor is the present compared with the future! Upon these mortal shores is written *Fading* and *Transitory*. That which we seek either eludes our grasp or sadly disappoints us in the possession. So that we cry, 'is there no world where the worm never gnaws at the root of the rose? Where the lacerating thorn is not concealed in everything that is fair?' And at the conclusion of the service he advanced to the door, when the janitor relieved him of parcels and was in the act of aiding him in his landau, when I said, "Hello, Bull Collins." He immediately turned and said, "Hey there, old pal." And after a very interesting conversation, he asked me if I had heard from E. N. Johnson since he had taken charge of the Second Church in Chicago. In a moment I found myself in the midst of that great city. And looking up the street, I saw Johnson standing on a goods box in front of a saloon, clawing the air in a supreme effort to strike a death blow to the liquor traffic. At the conclusion of his speech, I approached him, and after passing a few words of greeting, he said to me in a sad tone: "I am having a terrible struggle in this city with the liquor forces. My greatest enemies are the Chicago pulpit, press and political rings. And the thing that grieves me most is this: One of my old classmates, the editor-in-chief of the Chicago Herald, is my strongest opponent in the fight. After learning the name of the distinguished journalist, I called at the Herald office, and who was it that greeted me but Broadus Jones! He had just completed an article in which he had given a summary of the result of the Marathon Race which occurred in London the day before. I asked him why he was taking so much interest in athletics. He quickly replied: "Why, it is natural that I should be interested in the wonderful success of one of my old classmates and friends who won the world's championship in the Marathon Race." And pointing his finger to a name in large type, he said, "Look here!" And upon a moment's reflection I found myself looking up Main Street in the city of London. I saw coming in the distance, the American float, pulled by patriotic Americans, who were celebrating the great victory. As it rumbled by I saw McCutcheon, the victor, seated high up by the Prince of Wales, wrapped in the stars and stripes. But instantly my attention was called to a different scene. As the float flew by I saw huge Clayton swinging to the rear and crying out, "Hold on, there; that thing is going to kill somebody!" And behold, I looked and saw Clayton, Clark, Brickhouse, Johnson, G. H., Brewer, Charlie Brown and Woodall, who had gone to London on a cattle ship to take recreation during the summer months.

In the afternoon of the same day I read an article in the London Times entitled: "A New Epoch in the South," and in the course of his comments the editor said: "No movement has done more toward hastening this epoch than the agricultural awakening, which has revolutionized the entire South." This suggested to me the great champion of that movement who, while in college, delivered an oration on "Agriculture: The New Birth." And at that instant I found myself seated in the legislative halls of North Carolina listening to the Governor's message, the keynote of which was an eloquent plea for the main-

tenance of the farming industry throughout the State. The distinguished Governor was J. J. Best. At the conclusion of his message, he and I went into Lieutenant-Governor Carrick's office. Then the Governor suggested that I go with him in the evening to attend a meeting of his cabinet. Among the members of his cabinet were W. B. Hampton, Attorney-General; J. M. Broughton, Secretary of State, and R. H. Shanks, Superintendent of Public Instruction. For an hour we had an old-time chat. Among the interesting topics we discussed was the second Logic examination, which, by the way, every one of us had to stand. But feeling that I had sufficiently honored myself by having been the visitor of such dignitaries, I decided to go down into the busy streets, where moved the common man.

Pony Bill's Show was in Raleigh at that time, and the streets were crowded. Before going very far down the street, I heard a shrill voice ring out amid the noisy din of the street-walkers, saying, "Hot-parched peanuts, five a bag," and I looked and saw West. A few blocks further on I saw a great throng of people surging toward the Academy of Music, where it had been whispered one of E. I. Olive's famous plays, "The Westerner," was to be played by a New York company, managed by Jake Hardy. But instantly, the multitude halted. A great commotion had taken place. The Mayor of the city had issued orders to the Chief of Police, demanding that he guard the doors and allow no one to enter. The leaders of the mob, however, insisted on entering the door, anyway; but in a few brief moments, Mayor Forehand and Chief Fatty Powell had succeeded in preventing the play. About this time the fire alarm was heard. I looked up the street and saw the fire engine coming at a terrific speed, with Jim Adams and Chas. Bell swinging to the rear; Bell had lost his cigar stump and Adams' pompadour was knocked flat. After the crowd had dispersed, I looked up Main Street and saw standing in front of the courthouse a tall, sun-burned street doctor, wearing a weather-beaten beaver and a claw-hammer coat, yelling out, "Right this way for a free sample of Dr. Vernon's New Discovery." His wonderful life-saver had created such a sentiment that Judge Geiger had to adjourn court in the afternoon. On a near approach I recognized the almost exhausted street doctor to be Dr. Coach Check, who was selling "Dr. Vernon's Permanent Cure for Hook-Worms."

At the suggestion of this last scene, my mind reflected on the body of clay which lay on the lonely mountain peak, overlooking the gray clouds of mist below. And, opening my eyes of flesh, I beheld the mirror which I had brought there only twelve hours before. And after hiding the wonder glass in a mountain cave, I took the old trail which led down the streaked tail of time and into the present I leaped, with these words ringing in my ears, "A day of the present is as a decade of the future."

PROMIET.

Senior Poem

WE face the rolling, raging sea,
Whose waves now bathe the shore
On which we stand, but soon shall bear
Us hence forevermore.

From mountains rough and forests wild
We came to learn of thee,
And fit our craft for voyage o'er
The ceaseless, surging sea.

We pass from thee, whose kindly light
Will guide us safely, far
Past rugged rocks, as beacon fires,
Or as the lone north star

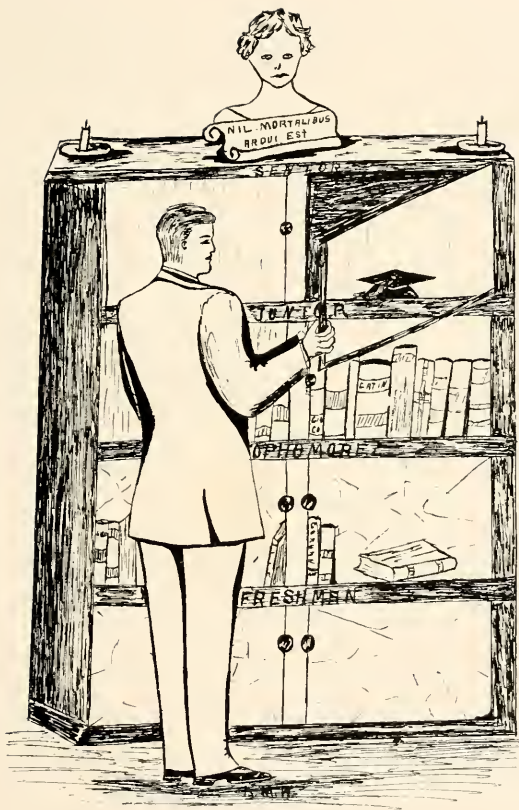
We pass, but pausing, linger 'round
The scene that gives each life
A new impulse, an inspiration
To brave the coming strife.

We pass into the wild unknown;
We sail; we know not where
Our bark will find its resting place—
Thy light will guide us there.

We pass, yet back to thee will turn
Our hearts to worship thee,
And shout thy name in adoration
While sailing o'er the sea.

We pass through shades, not through twilight
That comes when day is gone,
But such as brightens more and more
And crowns the night with dawn.

We pass to where are waiting crowns,
Where glory sheds its beams
Upon our worthy actions done,
Where light immortal gleams.





Junior Class Officers

F. F. COX
D. F. SMITH
JOHN BELL
J. M. DAVIS
E. N. WRIGHT
E. B. JENKINS
G. W. JOHNSON

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Historian
Poet
Prophet

Junior Class Poem

JUNIORS, Juniors, rah, rah, rah,
Juniors, Juniors, yes we are,
For three long years a fight we made
To hold our own for which we've paid.

Now our toils have just begun,
For our course is not nigh run,
One more step we must gain
If the goal we would attain.

We have played our part in college life,
But not in ease, rather in strife.
The way has been long and the course hard,
And oftentimes we failed and marred.

Of all classes on the college roll,
We know we are the most bold;
For fight has been our motto,
The reason was it ought to.

Juniors, Juniors, rah, rah, rah,
Bulliest Juniors that by far
Have e'er graced the dear old college halls,
Or carved names upon college walls.

Junior Class History

JUNIORS! Doesn't the name itself sound distinguished? But to write a complete history of the Junior Class is a task far in advance of the present writer's ability. The history of this Junior Class would fill many volumes, penned by some skilled historian who had been inspired by the most divine of muses. Would that I could call back from his everlasting sleep the world's most famous historian, that he might fittingly proclaim the glorious records of our Junior Class. But to me is left the task of reciting a few of our adventures.

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

Joyful, yet sad, were we at the beginning of the autumn of 1907, when we left our distant homes to begin our college career. Sad were we at the thought of leaving many friends and our old firesides which we had learned to love so dearly. Joyful were we at the fount thought of the glorious opportunities which lay before us, the seizing of which would make us men of note, renowned and adored.

As Freshmen we began to climb the mountain of college life. On this climb we have encountered many forests, thickets and entanglements; yet, at the end of the year, we found we had finished one-fourth of our journey. With much curiosity and many smiles we look back to the exciting occurrence in the Alumni Building, when the Sophomores did not have very much reverence for our class meeting. An exciting time and great happening this! We must confess that for a while, during our first college year, we were somewhat dazed at the new order of affairs, the strange boys we met, and the scornful way they seemed to look down on us, Newish. That was a most eventful year.

We were soon beginning the second stage of our mountain climb, and the manner of our journey had by this time become quite familiar to us. We had passed through the trials and tribulations of Freshmen, and were entering into the duties of Sophomores. As Sophomores we were said to live up to that name in its supreme and original sense—in other words, we were ideal Sophomores, and only a Freshman or a Sophomore can explain what is an *ideal* Sophomore. There was not a Newish on the hill who did not adore and admire the lordly Sophomores, the Class of 1911. The Freshmen thought we were death on Newish; and shall we say we were? It is enough that they so thought of us. Yet, if they had only known us well, they would have found they had nothing to fear from the wise-looking elder brothers. Many are the tales we could relate just at this period of our history, but we must desist and pass to the Golden Age of our history.

With the autumn of 1909, the third year of our college climb was begun, and we were now known by the name of Juniors. Only a Junior knows how to appreciate that title. Not until this year did we fully realize and appreciate our position in college life. With us rests largely the task of promoting the general welfare of the college. As Juniors we first realized that in future years we would be known largely by the records we made during our Junior year and the year following; therefore our "hard work" is the result of all this reflection. The history of a nation is the history of individuals. Therefore, taking our class as a specimen of American citizenship, and supposing that our future will be as glorious as our past, great will be the future achievements of our nation. The Junior Class is well represented in all branches of college life. On the athletic field the Juniors are right there with the goods every time. In the various college organizations our class supplies many efficient officers and active members.

As we glance back over our past three years, we recall several of our band who started with us in the climb; but they have fallen by the wayside and are with us no longer. Yet we remember a small number of aspirants who started with us, but as they could not be held back, they will beat us to the goal of college life. They sped by us as if they rode the fleeting winds; and indeed, something seems to tell me they were riding—is it necessary for me to say—"ponies"? It is a pity those noble fellows could not be persuaded to remain with us, yet, if some of the rest of us could have possessed such fast traveling beasts of burden, perhaps we would have been with that advance guard.

We are three-fourths of the way up the mountain, and in the dim distance we faintly see the outlines of our goal—the mountain peak. We are reminded that one more year of climbing will bring us to our much-coveted destination. When on that summit, we promise there to plant our most loyal college banner—long may it wave. Always in our paths of life, though we may be separated far, our thoughts and kind remembrances will drift back to a resting place in the friendly associates of our Junior Class.

HISTORIAN.





Junior Class Prophecy

THE group of students under the great oaks parted and respectfully touched their caps as a stately, gray-haired gentleman passed along the walk. He seemed to be wrapped in thought, to the exclusion of all earthly impressions as he approached, but he acknowledged the salutations of the young men with a courteous bow, as, with his hands clasped behind him, he walked slowly by. I could not choose but admire the corrugated brow and rugged profile of this remarkable and venerable old man, and I was not surprised when the guide, who was piloting me about the Howard campus, said: "That is Dr. Bell, Professor of Psychology in the University, successor to William James. He is a Southerner, and unless I am mistaken, from your own State."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Do you know his christened name? Not John, surely?"

"Yes, John is his name. Have you ever considered the remarkable tastes great men sometimes develop outside their own particular line? Now, Dr. Bell, for instance, is justly considered the foremost psychologist of the day, but you could never guess what his favorite recreation is. Nothing less than sitting down and extorting the most fearful and wonderful combinations of pipe-sounds mortal man ever listened to, but which he considers music, from a pipe-organ!"

"Yes, that's John all over," I interrupted. "I went to school with him and with a couple of other Howard men—C. T. Murchison and E. B. Jenkins. Perhaps you have heard of them."

"Let me see—Murchison, Murchison—O, yes. Remember. A most brilliant man. Did you ever hear how he came to his end? No? Well, his long suits here were writing and running. He started out one day to write a theme on 'The Metrical Arrangement of Words in the Ancient Roman Ballad, Entitled *Erit Tempus Calidum in Urbe Antiqua Hac Nocte*, while running the Marathon, but he unfortunately stumbled in the last lap, and falling, stabbed himself to the heart with his fountain pen. It was very sad.

"As for Jenkins, I suppose you refer to the poor fellow who, apparently, had such a brilliant career before him in journalism? In my opinion, the Atlantic Monthly has never been the same magazine since Jenkins left the editor's chair. Queer thing for an editor to grow crazy over physical culture—'*nicht wahr?*' A friend of mine saw him over at the asylum a few days ago. He said, when he entered the room, Jenkins was standing in the middle of the floor, stiff as a ramrod, with his hands over his head, saying, 'next exercise is wind mill SHINGING OUT! All ready; Begin! One—two—three—fo—then, catching sight of my friend, he stopped suddenly and shouted, 'hey there, P'alto, keep with the count.'"

"Well, well," I murmured sadly to myself, "this is terrible, but do tell me what has become of one other of my former schoolmates. I would know the fate of our laureate, one Arthur Derwood Brisbane Tambourine Gore, the 'sweet singer'—but here I stopped short, for at mention of the name my companion had suddenly leaped into the air, turned two back somersaults, burst into a puff of smoke which changed into a snake, then into a lizard with the head of a goat, then into an iron-gray horse with a green mane and tail, and finally, in the shape of a blue elephant with pink wings, had mounted upon the breeze and flown away. And a voice came ringing from the celestial blue: 'Now, oh rash one, what hast thou done? Thou hast been conversing with the leader of those genii who rebelled against Solomon. For four thousand years he has been imprisoned in the dungeons under Mount Caucasus, for the prophet had no punishment severe enough for him. But in the year 1911 he found it, and now that rebellious spirit is condemned for five hundred years to read once a day the collected poems of that author!'"

I was so much surprised by these events that I murmured to myself, "Upon my word I can hardly believe it. It seems almost like a dream." Then the voice spake again: "Not a dream—a nightmare."

Then I awoke, and sure enough it was a dream.





Sophomore Poem

HJOLLY set of Sophomores,
That hope to be great men,
Are enrolled at old Wake Forest,
And rove the college glen.

We are studying and struggling
Toward the coveted goal
That is reached and recorded
By all solons of old.

We are told that a little learning
Is a very dangerous thing,
So we are going to drink deep
Of the great Pierian spring

We have quaffed enough already
To very thirsty be
For more of the streams of learning
That flow from "W. F. C."

Sometimes we get so homesick,
These long and lonesome days,
But we are getting accustomed
To tough, old bachelor ways.

We'll be loyal to our colors,
"Black, and old "Gold,"
And try to learn the lessons
They to us unfold.

The Black may be our faces
Our first college year,
Diamond like we should make them
At the close of our career.

As gold is pure and valuable,
Likewise, we should be
"Legal tender" in every country,
Heaven and eternity.

How tall seems the ladder
Of marvelous fame!
And low seems the round
Where we now write our name.

Yet hope walks beside us,
And brightens the way,
And faith bids us labor
With patience each day.

Till our names on our sheep-skins
With honor appear,
And we leave old Wake Forest
With the gladdest of cheer

Then Rah, Rah, Hurrah!
A jolly set are we,
The Sophomore Class,
Of old "W. F. C."





Sophomore Class Officers

J. F. KENDRICK
R. M. SAWYER
ROY COX
TOM OSBORNE
H. B. CONRAD
T. B. HENRY
ABE SUSKIN

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Historian
Poet
Prophet



Sophomore History

NO oratorical honors, literary achievements, or football relics hang in the Trophy Hall of the Sophomore Class. It is decked with trophies of another sort. Ours have been the arduous tasks of training up the Freshmen, coaching the Faculty and presiding at bonfires and sundry other celebrations.

Ah, the Freshman Class! There's the feather in our cap. For, where is a more modest, soph-respecting set of Freshmen than the Class of '13! And we did it on Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, too!

But the Faculty! They led us a chase. We had a time drumming into Dr. Sledd that a man was entitled to three trials at an examination, just as at the pole vault, high jump or any other stunt. And we gave up as a hopeless task getting Dr. Gorrell to dismiss his class when the lesson had been finished. But all of our efforts were not in vain. At one time the Faculty showed a marked improvement, due to our coaching. They left a barrel of tar for our bonfire, gave us the college orchestra for the German following, and one of the Faculty lent us his cow to play blind man's bluff with in the chapel after dark. But that was only a dream; the very next day one of them actually refused a Sophomore five special exams!

Now to the past, to the trembling valley of Newishdom. How well do we remember when the keel of our wandering bark was laid down by Holding's Pond, when every rustling leaf made us start and we trembled as the bullfrogs croaked with all their might the secret of our hiding place. How proudly did we march back with our first officers! That ship has sailed many a stormy sea, and many of our companions have been devoured by Scylla in the Alumni Building or swamped in Charybdis at the head of the steps in the Administration Building.

But now we have sailed into calmer seas, and despite our nocturnal duties on the campus, we have won our "W" in athletics. Look what a place Highsmith holds on the track team, Horton on the football squad, Castello on the baseball nine, and what would basket-ball be at Wake Forest without Whitaker as center? And as for our own basket-ball team, with Cox, Beam, Buie, McCutcheon and Olive, it will climb the heights of honor and tie the Gold and Purple right close to Old Gold and Black. Above all our achievements stands one fact: We brought football. With us came Student Rule. Of that alone might any class boast.

But our work is done; and as we mount to higher realms we bequeath to our obedient pupils, the Sophomores-elect, the tasks of training up next year's crop of Freshmen in the way they should go and keeping the Faculty straight. If they need help, we shall be glad to aid, and freely offer a receipt for the panacea of all Freshman ills.

HISTORIAN.



Sophomore Class Prophecy

HAVING been elected Prophet of the Sophomore Class of 1910, I immediately began to feel my importance and to congratulate the class on having made such a wise choice. The session wore on and the end was rapidly approaching, when I realized that the destiny of the individuals of the class was still a mystery. In vain I tried to clothe myself in prophetic robes and train my eyes to pierce beyond and catch a glimpse of the hidden fates. Realizing that I was neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, I knew my only hope lay in finding some mystic oracle. It being out of the question to visit the famous shrine of Delphi, I turned my attention to the nearest object of its resemblance. This, I decided, was that place dear to the heart of every boy in Wake Forest, known as the Wolf's Den.

Accordingly, on a lovely afternoon in March, when the sun was sloping slowly towards the west, in company with my chum, Tom, I set out for the lupine cave, the traditional abode of that ravenous beast. When we had reached the place, I sprawled out full length on the warm, dry leaves and turned my face so that I might peer directly into the blackness within the den. Tom left me when I gave him this instruction:

Comrade, leave me here a little
While as yet the sun is high—
Leave me here, and when I want you
I will raise a rousing cry.

Presently all was perfectly quiet. I began going through all manner of incantations—that is, all that I had ever heard of the ancients using—hoping against hope that there would be a manifestation. I had not lain there long before a strange feeling came over me. Gradually I felt myself being transformed by some strange, mysterious power into another person, but one whom I instantly recognized. Perceiving through the senses of this second person, here is what occurred:

There was a sudden subterranean howl, followed by a cloud of lurid smoke, which parted the two great bowlders forming the mouth of the den as it issued from the den, bearing in its mantle a gigantic wolf. The horrible creature stood upright on its hind legs and snapped its grizzly jaws menacingly at me, while I lay riveted to the spot in amazement and horror. Presently there was a guttural growl, which ended in something like this:

"Behold me."

Hereupon I found my voice and answered, "What are you?"

"I am Lupus Horrendus, the keeper of the destinies of men. Behold your classmates."

As he spoke he struck the nearest rock with his tail, and instantly there was an opening through it about the size of a silver dollar, and through it he bade me look.

On peering through the opening, the first thing I saw was New York City. It was night and the glaring electric lights revealed a sea of surging humanity, through which M. A. Huggins, with a huge basket on his arm, was squirming his way towards an establishment bearing the sign, "Snatch, Eatem & Co., City Bakers." He accepted the position of deliveryman for this firm in order to get enough biscuits and cake to eat.

I was making my way towards him, when there was a rush and roar above me, and, looking skyward, I saw the immense airship, Zeppelin, flying at great speed. I was just straining my eyes to see the occupants, just as someone at my elbow said, "It is Sydney A. Edgerton, the Handsome, still travelling. He is second assistant sand dumper."

From New York the scene shifted to Wake Forest. A number of students were gathered on the campus, discussing elective Latin, when I heard a voice call out, "Hey, Doctor, what are you going to do this summer?" I looked and saw my old friend, Crane, trying to interest Dr. Poteat in a book agency proposition.

At this moment another cloud of smoke nearly obscured my vision, but in the gloom I recognized Dr. Thaxton with a ten-cent satchel in his hand, hastening to the relief of old Peter Cornrossel, who had knocked the bark off his wooden leg. When he arrived, he found Lawyer McGlahon sitting by, nervously writing up the old man's will, and at the same time smiling his approval upon a red-haired girl who was making "goo-goo" eyes at him from an opposite corner.

Another scene, accompanied by a sound similar to that of the Niagara Falls, presented itself. A great convention was in progress. Senator Osborne had just nominated Gaiher Beam for president of the Haygrowers Association, when Doorkeeper Allen, arguing to Doorkeeper Sorrel that his dog had run down forty rabbits in ten minutes, became so animated that Town Constable Harris had to pour four buckets of ice water on them to cool them off. In his excitement Allen twisted off from his watch-chain a rusty medal, which he had made in imitation of the one he had worked so hard for while at Wake Forest.

Again at Wake Forest, I saw a great procession heading up Faculty Avenue with Highsmith as band master. Professor McBrayer was just behind the band, bearing aloft a beautiful blue serge coat with this inscription in large letters:

"No arch are we building,
No structures we raise,
Yet this are we leaving
Our memories to praise,
More lasting than marble,
More treasured than gold,
This token we're leaving
For Finstus to hold."

Doubtless I would have seen the fate of every one of my classmates, but unfortunately I was rudely disturbed just at this moment. A heavy blow on my side brought me to my senses. I looked and saw Tom rubbing several bad bruises on his shins and knees, received in his fall from the tall poplar above me, where he had climbed to inscribe his name just a little higher than anyone else.

PROPHET.



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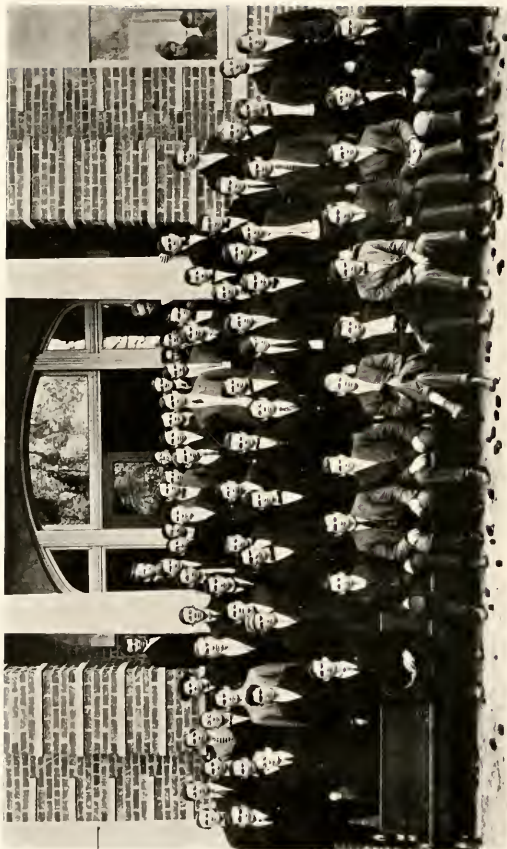





Freshman Class Officers

W. C. ELLIS	President
G. C. KIRKSEY	Vice-President
P. M. FARRIS	Secretary
E. P. STILLWELL	Treasurer
E. H. MORGAN	Historian
T. S. GUY	Poet
W. T. BAUCOM	Prophet





The History of the Freshman Class

EPTEMBER 7th, 1909, was an auspicious day in the annals of Wake Forest College. On that date more than one hundred and fifty Freshmen made their pilgrimage to the Bursar's office, paid their matriculation fee, received instead a certificate of admission to college, and, what was of vastly more moment, a certificate entitling them to the honorary title of "newish."

According to the report of the Chairman of the Entrance Committee, this class was better prepared for college than any of its predecessors. President Poteat says that less than a dozen of our class would have fallen short of admission to any of our leading Northern universities.

So much for our entrance merits.

After some two weeks' rambling amid the scenes of this renowned institution of culture and classical learning, we decided to marshal our forces and elect our class officers, *5 a. m.* On this occasion we had been promised, and were expecting as guests, a number of our esteemed and admired friends—the Sophomores. However, much to our disappointment and chagrin, those honored and deferential gentlemen failed to appear on the scene, perhaps on account of the early hour of convening.

In athletics, as well as in other departments, our class has made good. On the scrub football team we were represented by Futrell, Ashcraft and Riddick, with Aydlett as Captain, while Utley, Faucett and Betts, as members of the varsity, are wearers of the much-coveted "W." Hutchins, A. J., wears the Crozier Athletic Medal, which he won over the other representatives of the class.

Of course, as the reader is aware, to set forth in detail all the merits of this class would be impossible. However, plaudits here are not necessary. One's work speaks for itself.

We have advocated all people attending their own business, have lived our part of the motto, and have taught some of our friends in the next higher class the wisdom of this policy.

In conclusion, the one act that has given light and color to all the rest of our achievements, the one act that stands as land-mark in the history of all Freshman classes of this place, the one move that stands as a monument to the advancement of culture and refinement, shed abroad by our Alma Mater, was our resolve not to engage in hazing in any fashion or form, and to lend our influence to put down any tendency towards same.

Of this resolution we are justly proud.

HISTORIAN.



Freshman Class Prophecy

WHEN my class called my name and declared that I was its prophet, I could not conceive the idea of looking beyond the dark curtain that hangs before our eyes, and of getting a glimpse of the untrodden paths lying before the Freshman Class of 1909-10. Week after week passed by; soon the weeks lengthened into months; Christmas holidays came and went, still the unfriendly Fates refused to grant me the prophetic spirit. I lingered on until January 21st; then, when the heavens were overspread with lowering clouds, the atmosphere close and damp, the winds held in their rocky abode by their king, Aeolus, I with mingled anxiety and delight, began to feel that the "Muses" were cautiously drawing the opaque curtains aside. In silence I stood eagerly gazing upon the misty spectacle. When I was completely overcome by this dilemma, wise Minerva whispered in my ear and gave me the necessary wisdom to unfold the mysteries of life lying just in front of my classmates with true and precise accuracy. While under this magic spell all the classes of bygone years passed before me.

I stood gazing on the odd and unlucky number "1913," and saw a string of degrees, M. A., B. A., etc.

Hey! This was not all, for a "very multitudinous number," whose names were followed by the familiar title, "flunked out," walked under the arch in majestic style.

After 1913, wherever I wandered, North, East, South or West, I found one of my old classmates to be the leading spirit in his town or community. Dropping into the legislature I found quite a number of my dear old classmates, among whom were Jones and Hutchins. They passed no unjust laws. As I listened to them, Jones arose, and with oratory sufficient to disturb the peaceful slumber of Demosthenes, introduced a bill to impose a fifty-dollar fine on every man who married without a *chance*. Then Hutchins, whose face is always covered with smiles, stepped to the front and said, "Brethren, I think all sisters (except old maids) ought to be included in that law, too, for a woman doesn't have any more right to marry than a man does." Wandering on, I passed through the

mountains and saw Wallin and Tilson standing on Pike's Peak waving a broken chair and a gory knife in the flashing sunlight; on their hat bands were these words: "Sophomore visits are short but sweet."

Here my wandering vision dropped from the glorious mountain air to the valley of despair. In dark bewilderment I wondered what was to become of the rest of my classmates. Soon good Minerva again whispered in my ear and said: "Shake off your lazy stupor and behold what is before you." I looked and saw my classmates following various professions. Skaggs was at the head of the Southern Power Company; Kennedy had quit the race track and was chasing the sun for exercise; Utley was manager of the Baltimore football team; Bennett was a prominent politician, and by the use of much oratory, had twice secured the office of constable in his own township; Smith had charge of a moving picture show, but he wore such a pleasant smile that his customers looked at him rather than at his pictures—consequently he became a bankrupt. Poole, by an act of Congress, 1920, held the exclusive right to coin words for the post-graduate classes of Harvard and Yale; the shortest word he coined contained ninety-nine letters. Arrington held a monopoly on courtship and taffy; Clue, in 1920, defeated Bryan for the presidency of the United States. His cabinet was composed of Kearn, Broughton, Long, Langston, Guy and Johnson. Ellis was such a good salesman that he often sold spectacles to blind men; Harwood was elected to the chair of Latin to succeed Dr. Paschal, 1969. No one flunked out after he took the chair.

Just here my wise guide informed me that my class was much concerned about future classes of Wake Forest, "and because of that fact," said she, "Carpenter, Carrick, Greer, Stillwell and Wyatt are to remain at the college for the purpose of 'legging' the Faculty for the new men." After assuring me that all the rest of my classmates were to be successful in their various undertakings, my guide led me into a great auditorium. This auditorium, filled to overflowing, was beautiful. The balcony groaned under human weight. Above the silken curtains which hid the stage from view, quaint pictures could be seen. Thus surrounded, the vast audience sat in breathless silence, waiting for the curtain to be drawn aside. Presently it was cautiously drawn aside, and lo, before my eyes stood my old classmate, Wilkins, in all his splendor, ready to sing a solo. His sweet and melodious voice bore me away to the Elysian fields of slumber. When I awoke the curtain had been redrawn and darkness brooded over me—I had been dreaming.

PROPHET.

The Melancholy Freshman

THE Melancholy Freshman, so lonely and sad,
Surrounded by evil forebodings of bad,
With pleasure eclipsed and friendship cold,
He spends his days as a tale that is told.

The pleasures he seeks are swift in their flight,
He seldom possesses them by day or by night;
He turns from dreams to a world that is cold—
He spends his days as a tale that is told.

Each day brings its load of toil and of care,
And no one desires his burdens to share;
The story of sorrow has early grown old—
He spends his days as a tale that is told.

False friends deceive and trials annoy,
They intend no harm, but rob him of joy;
They seek to entrap, his mind to cajole—
He spend his days as a tale that is told.

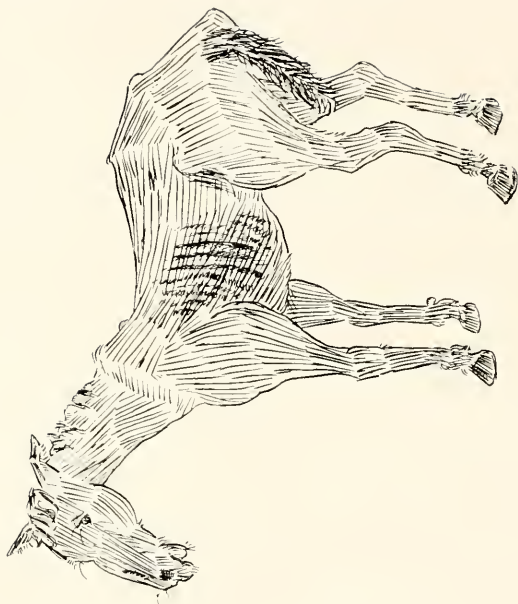
No wonder, then, he is lonely and sad,
A miserable, friendless, melancholy lad,
While Sophomores yell "Newish, get in your hole!"
He spends his days as a tale that is told.

But yet withal hope bids him be strong,
The battle, though fierce, will ne'r last long,
While the victor is he who dares be bold,
And spends his days as a tale that is told.

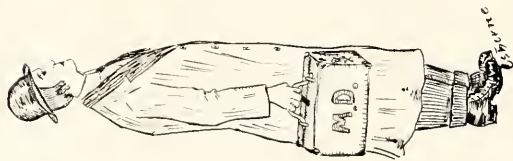
CLASS POET



CAMPUS VIEWS



HIS FIRST PATIENT





Charles Eugene Cheek, B. S.

ALAMANCE COUNTY, N. C.

"Learn'd he was in medic'nal lore."

Class Baseball, '07-'10; Chief Marshal Anniversary, '09.

Height, 5 ft. 10 ins.; weight, 165 lbs.; age, 25 years.

"Coach" is one of those characters who holds a place peculiarly his own in the student body. He is a happy go-lucky fellow, well known among all classes. Without him the college directory would not be complete. As a student he is serious and diligent, and has done good work in his study of medicine. He is a great lover of all athletic sports, especially of baseball, and was always known to "use his own judgment" during the three years that he played for the team.

He goes from us to some higher school of medicine, and we expect to hear of him some day as a prominent practicing physician.

Robert Fulton Elvington, B. S.

MARION COUNTY, S. C.

"A man to all the country dear"

"Non est dubium quin;" the world will ever produce just such a man as Elvington. He has been here since the mind of mind runneth not to the contrary.

"Doc" is a popular fellow among his classmates; loyal to all the undertakings of his class, and ever ready to promote its welfare. His motto is: "Never do anything unless you have to." In the dissecting room and laboratory, he is satisfied merely with seeing a structure and never investigating. A son of the "Old Palmetto State," a typical down-homer, but at the same time, she has never produced one of a more loyal, big-hearted type. His chief ambition is to get his license to practice medicine in his native State, and we feel sure that he will make a successful doctor in some rural district of Marion County, S. C.





Charles T. Vernon, B. S.

PERSON COUNTY, N C

"He is great who is what he is from nature,
And who never reminds us of others."

This man possesses all the characteristics of a Solomon. A man of wise judgment, sensible in decision, he does his thinking and has his own opinion about everything and everybody. To know him you must study him as you would a Logie text book. Of a retiring disposition he has not aspired to public fame, but content to dwell and labor in the eye of nature and Dr. Stewart. His determined, invincible brow assures him a successful career. In his study of medicine he has been a diligent student and ever faithful to duty.

He will continue his course in a northern medical school and prepare himself to demonstrate to the world that the eradication of the hookworm is near at hand.

Roscoe Legrande Wall, B. S.

DAVIDSON COUNTY, N C

"But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great."

Wall, tall, stately, handsome, a born marshal, has shown his ability on every occasion since entering college. "Dr." Wall came to us from the city of Wallburg in the fall of '07. Being well prepared, he demands his B. S. degree in three years.

This gentleman has given Meredith College his hearty support for the last three years. He never gets too busy to take Saturday P. M. off to go to see the "sisters" at Meredith. He says, "Boys, I've got sporting blood in me; let's go to Raleigh Saturday."

Owing to his accuracy in the dissecting room, we predict for him a prominent place in the realm of surgery. He expects to continue the study of his profession at Jefferson Medical College next year. After the completion of his course there, he will settle down at his home town, where he will make a "rep" as a "pill driver" of much renown.



SENIOR MEDS



Wallis Cone, "Sandlapper"

"An open countenance, but close thoughts."

When a freshman, he was called "The little white-head newish," but this year he won the distinction of "Doc."

He put in his appearance in '09, but to this day has many resemblances of the nursery. But judge not his nerve by his appearance, for he has already obtained that necessary for a physician. His distinction on the "hill" is a "red cloak."

He will complete his course at Tulane University and carry back to the Palmetto State an M. D.



Frank Henry Garriss

BERTIE COUNTY, N. C.

"A lady's hand, a surgeon's eye and a lion's heart."

Assistant in Anatomy and Physiology, '09-'10.

"Doc" is a man of sober thought, cool learning and a dignified air. He thinks and acts as he pleases, regardless of what others say. Although he has a childish appearance, the twenty years of experience that are behind him cause his actions to betray his looks.

"He can always recite better after a pleasant evening spent on the Faculty avenue."

He will finish his course in some Northern University, and work his miracles of healing in his native State.



Louis L. Highsmith

DURHAM, N. C.

"A smile, a song, the noble day long."

Durham spoke and "Schmidt" stepped forth, a scholar, a singer, but most of all, everyone's friend. He might better be called the "Rev. Dr Highsmith," for he is quite an exception to the other medical students. Dr Stewart thinks he has a peculiar style of dissecting, kinder of the "ovarian" style. He leaves this year to pursue further his studies in medicine, either to kill or cure, or to be interested in the welfare of other's grinding apparatus and wind up in one of the dental colleges of Atlanta.



Mike Roberson,

DURHAM, N. C.

*"Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue."*

Someone has said that Caesar was unsurpassed for magnetic personality, Napoleon for military tactics, Shakespeare as a poet of common events, but "Bully" Roberson like great men of antiquity, stands without peer with an individual personality. He is original, independent, witty and sporty. His appearance is commanding, his movements graceful and his countenance cheerful.

He appears like a warrior, but a doctor he is and will be a good one, for he has a heart big and strong enough to cut any "stiff," and operate on any subject. For more than two years he has been seen in the medical department, and now he braves the Faculty, demanding of them a certificate that will entitle him to entrance into some university of medicine.

The friends of "Bully" regret to see him leave, and as we part we bid him Godspeed.

Medical Class Officers

R. F. ELVINGTON	President
MIKE ROBERSON	Vice-President
W. M. WILLIS	Secretary
B. L. JONES	Treasurer
F. F. COX	Surgeon
P. P. GREEN	Historian
C. I. ALLEN	Prophet
LUTHER BUCHANAN	Poet

The Med's Philosophy

PATIENT

"Oh, Mister Doctor, you're always in a dash
To make a new mortal of mangled up hash,
Or heal the wounds of a terrifying clash;
To cure the sick with your pills and bitter stuff,
Or keep giving it just to act the bluff;
Then smiling, tell us, 'you've only half enough.'
We'd rather die in excruciating pain,
And know exactly the one to blame,
Than breathe our last in your secret shame."

DOCTOR

"There's no risk in trusting us,
Yet you keep a cussing us.
Those we kill are out of the way—
Those we cure are those who pay."

POET.



MEDICAL CLASS

Medical Class History

IN the beginning of all things, which was September, we met, as is the way of medicine men, in our annual pow-wow, ostensibly to elect officers, and really in the exuberance of our guileless young souls, to chew the inevitable rag. We succeeded admirably. That is to say, we made all rag mastication look stale and ineffective by comparison. Eventually we elected some waiting patriots to the places of honor at our disposal and adjourned.

While making no fetish of class work, still, out of respect for the professors, we have attended lectures on favorable occasions, and even stood quizzes with flattering results. But it is in the things of the spirit that we fairly surpass ourselves, "Newish" Bennett alleges we are possessed of a devil, probably of seven devils individually and collectively. But Bennett was provoked when Fido of antecedents unknown, and for reasons probably good, but known only to himself, saw fit to shuffle off this mortal coil behind the dormitory one evening. Bennett exhibited a merely casual interest. Dogs die with great, though not alarming frequency. But he returned at 9:00 p. m., from a lecture on the up-lift of China and observed Fido reposing in segments among his Lares and Penates, and smelling to high heaven in a disconnected, fragmentary fashion. This impious desecration of the last sad remains led him to explain to the assembled students how, by the dispensations of an all-wise and inscrutable Providence all meds were desperately wicked and condemned already. I prefer to call this episode the "Ultimate Fate of Inoffensive Fido." Bennett took a more personal view of the matter and named it quite differently. For obvious, not to say prudential reasons, his remarks are omitted.

A much graver incident, in which Allen and Garris took leading roles, was the suicide of an individual, whom, for lack of a better name, we will call *Smith*. All suicides are sad, but this one was positively mournful. When Garris and Allen heard a pistol shot, followed by the dull thud of romance in Smith's room, they recognized trouble instinctively, and rushed in by way of first aid to the injured. They found him lying in a pool of gore, clutching a revolver in his tightening fingers, and seemingly unconscious. Garris essayed to remove one of the unfortunate's shoes to get at his pulse. "Fool," hissed Allen, "you've got the wrong foot." The proper shoe being removed, he clasped his thumb on a tendon and gasped that poor Tom was almost gone. His pulse was barely perceptible; Smith was heartbroken at such display of ignorance, and, sitting up, remarked that the red paint was beginning to dry in his hair. *Exeunt* Allen and Garris.

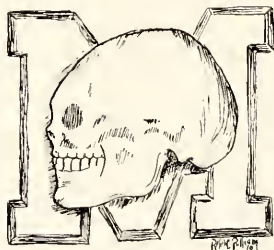
In January, Dr. Powers, out of the kindness of his heart entertained the Meds at his home. By all rights there should be an account of this reception. But there seems to be a widespread and unaccountable confusion in the minds

of those present as to the events of that night. There was the punch bowl, of course. After it was empty and all over, I remember taking Davis to his room. Davis said he was sick. He exhibited symptoms of motor ataxia, as some difficulty was experienced in co-ordinating the oscillations of his feet, but he was very philosophical over the affliction, and kept humming something like "We won't go home 'till morning." In one of his lucid moments he begged me to call him early next morning, since, as he modestly explained, he was to be "Queen of the May."

All this goes to show the altruistic spirit of the "Meds" desiring as they do to anchorate the anamia resultant on B. A. banalities. The class as a whole is remarkable, of course, but, confidentially, keep your weather-eye on "Coach Check." He has hats in his garret. There is also caution to be observed with regard to "Long" Wall. Whenever he swings into your line of vision, gazing steadfastly southward, and moving in that self-same direction, his mouth set in determined lines, corresponding to the slit under a "drop-letters-here" sign, and his nerve held resolutely in place, be not of that wicked and perverse generation, seeking after a further sign, but reason carefully. The lode star of his existence is located in Raleigh, and he is merely acting in accordance with a law as old as the world. It gives me a pain not to be able to tell how Jones drew brachial plexus for Dr. Stewart, and of the social propensities of Buchanan. But in the accepted scheme of things it cannot be.

Vale et valet—as the Romans would make remark.

HISTORIAN.



Prophecy of the Medical Class

THE anatomy was hard and especially was the lesson for the next day, which was femur. But I refilled my pipe, settled back in my chair, thinking I would tackle the lesson with renewed courage.

But, lo! I must have fallen asleep and begun to dream, for in a few minutes I was reading about the great discoveries in the medical world in a magazine dated 1925.

It said in part: "It is very singular to note in regard to the twenty greatest discoveries in medicine, which have revolutionized the practice of medicine, were made by physicians who were in school together at Wake Forest College during the session of 1909-1910.

"The discoveries are: Arthaticum, by R. F. Elvington. Before the discovery of arthaticum, consumption had the highest death rate of any other two diseases. But, thanks to the undying efforts of Dr. Elvington, it has been completely eradicated.

"Rubidia, cure of Pellagra, by F. F. Cox. This disease threatened at one time to depopulate the South, but is now of rare occurrence.

"Histicira, cure of dropsy, by F. H. Garris. This disease, which numbered its victims by the thousands, is no more to be feared.

"Asthmatonic, cure of asthma, by Dr. Lewis Highsmith. Though in the past it has caused many to spend restless nights, it has now given up before the onslaught of Asthmatonic.

"Pneumatin, cure of Pneumonia, by Dr. Cone. Pneumonia no longer carries its victim to the grave.

"Rezentum, cure of Bright's disease, by Dr. Vernon. Bright's disease, when treated with Rezentum, is as a snail in a barrel of salt.

"Rheumatonem, cure of Rheumatism, by Dr. Cheek. No more pain does it cause the human race.

"Laticny, cure of Cancer, by Dr. Wall. Since the discovery of Laticny, cancers have eaten their last human flesh."

And then the print began to get dim, and I could only make out the discovery and by whom. But I could not make out the words of comment under each.

"Wentswa, cure of typhoid fever, by Dr. Willis.

"Cindrua, cure of meningitis, by Dr. Green.

"Regnena, cure of neurasthenia, by Dr. Leggett.

"Regnena, cure of naurasthenia, by Dr. Leggett.

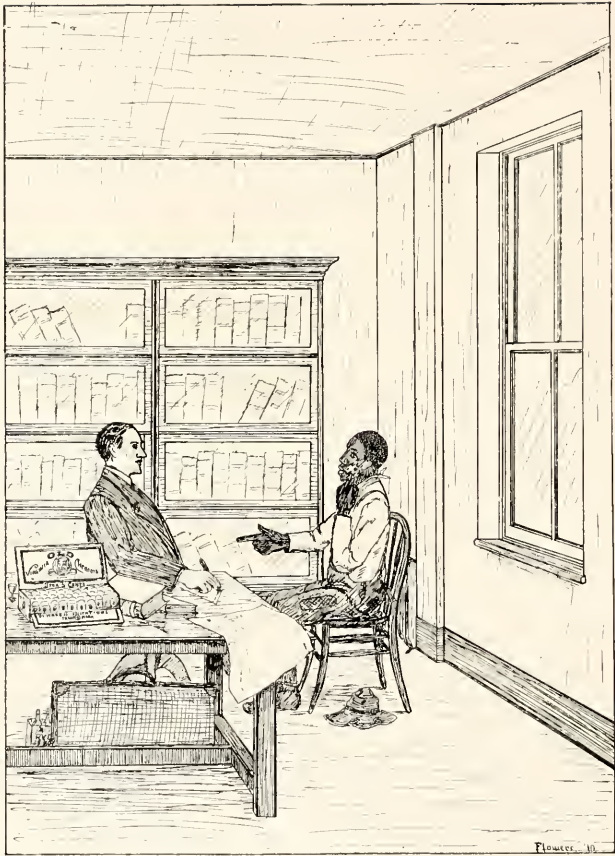
"Brania, cure of insanity, by Dr. Jones.

"Alchunia, cure of narcotic habit, by Dr. Ray."

Then the letters began to fly before my eyes, and I could only make out that there were also discoveries by Dr. Davis, Dr. Rogers, Dr. Gower, Dr. Buchanan, Dr. Hamrick and Dr. Allen.

I awoke to find that my anatomy had fallen from my chair. That my pipe had long since gone out. And that the lesson for the next day was unlearned; but that I had had a true prophecy of the Medical Class's future revealed to me.

PROPHET.



SOME IMPORTANT CASES FOR THE YOUNG LAWYER



Samuel Wait Brewer, LL. B.

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

"He that attends to his interior self;
That has a heart and keeps it; has a mind
That hungers and supplies it; and who seeks
A social, not a dissipated life,
Has business."

Business Manager of Wake Forest Student, '09-'10.
Height, 6 ft. 2 ins.; weight, 165 lbs.; age, 23 years.

It is said that in the class of '10, there is a handsome youth. Is it true? We all admit that it is, and that young man is Wait Brewer. With raven hair, sparkling eyes, a pleasing smile, broad shoulders, and graceful movements, this darling of the gods appears. On all occasions his wonderful personality has made for him a host of friends. His manly bearing bespeaks for him a gentleman in the truest sense, and this has gained for him the respect of the boys.

Wait is the only member of the class from Wake Forest, and with some students this has a tendency to separate them from the student movements but not true with Brewer, for he has associated himself with college life.

In the field of business, no young man seems to have a brighter future, and as we part we extend the last wish—that of success.

Franklin Edwards, LL. B.

FRANKLIN, VA.

"So sweet and voluble in his discourse."

Assistant Manager of Track Team, '08-'09.
Height, 5 ft. 11 ins.; weight, 150 lbs.; age 22 years.

Four years ago, Edwards, a typical Virginia gentleman, having heard of our beautiful walks and cooling shades, came to study law under the lovely bowers. Through these years, he has devoted his time to the study of his choice, and now, he demands his degree in this department. He has been a faithful advocate of all college progress; though taking no active part in athletics, he has lent his influence by his presence and enthusiasm. Edwards is a devout worshipper at the "Shrine of Love," and when the opportunity comes he bows to woman and smiles. When the woman sees this bow she blushes, and there is a mutual smile.





R. Elton Forehand, LL. B.

EDENTON, N. C.

"He walks with nature and his paths are peace."

Class Baseball Team, '08-'09; Football Team, '08-'09; Anniversary Marshal, '08; Member of College Senate, '09-'10.

Height, 5 ft. 11 ins.; weight, 180 lbs.; age, 22 years.

Here we find a man, light hearted and whole-souled, with a reserved and dignified air, who never meddles with other's affairs and never worries with the troubles of life. He is quiet, but always pleasant and jolly to those who know him; a friend in time of need. His portentous countenance and physique bespeak for him a sound mind and a sound body.

He has done enough work to entitle him to the LL. B. degree and we see a promising attorney in him.

On the athletic field, "Forepaw" bravely charged the enemy's flank and was foremost in every charge with muscle and brawn. We feel that he will be missed from the ranks of athletic teams.

H. D. Geiger, LL. B.

APOPKA, FLA

"For he who is honest is noble
Whatever his fortunes or birth."

Licensed Attorney, '09.

Height, 5 ft. 10 ins.; weight, 165 lbs.; age, 23 years.

Amid the citron bowers and orange groves of Florida, where the fragrance is sweet and flowers perpetual, the young man whose countenance greets you, first saw the light. Though admiring perpetual flowers, he decided that he loved North Carolina better, so he came to her shores to be trained in the profession of law. He was admitted to the Bar in 10, in February, and since that time has been a prominent figure in Moot Court work. Geiger possesses at least one commendable characteristic, that of letting his conscience, to a great extent, rule his life, and is a firm believer in right and justice as was evidenced by the part he took in a Wake Forest-A & M football game.

Geiger is somewhat reserved, and in the affairs of college, he has been lenient with his advice. To the State of Florida he will return as an herald of the law.





Charles Little Hardy, LL. B.

TUCSON, ARIZONA

"The strongest passion which I have is honor."

Glee Club, '07 to '09; Assistant Manager of Baseball Team; '08-'09; Licensed Attorney, '09; Clerk of Moot Court; President of Law Class, '10.

Height, 5 ft. 10 ins.; weight, 145 lbs.; age, 21 years.

In glancing over the roll of our class, we find the home of one of its members is on a Western plain. After hearing the roaring cyclone and seeing the stampede of the cattle and buffaloes cross the prairie, this youth, after some years saw greater things in store for him, so he came East to be versed in "Tar-Heel" law. To Wake Forest he came, and has been a faithful member of the law class. In the Moot Court he was ever present to defend his cause. His voice is loud, his language biting, and his argument convincing. Though a member of the "Drug Store Brigade" he has not let it interfere with his college work. As a member of the Glee Club, he was indispensable, and as a ladies' man, he is unequalled.

Robert C. Josey, LL. B.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

"When time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay
And half our joys renew."

Baseball Team, '08-'09; Marshal Wake Forest-Randolph-Macon Debate.

Height, 5 ft. 11 ins.; weight, 155 lbs.; age, 22 years.

Josey hails from the city of Scotland Neck, and unlike it's noisy din, he is quiet and unassuming. While in college, he has led an irreproachable life of innocence, yet he is ambitious and a man of character.

For the ladies, he seems to be a magnet. Often he has been seen strolling under the campus shades, or sitting on a rustic with a "Southern Beauty."

As a member of the baseball team, he played his part gracefully and well. Though, like all mankind, nervousness came to him in the hottest athletic battle, we have the confidence to believe that he will keep a cool head in fighting life's battles.





James Elmer Kinlaw, LL. B.

LUMBERTON, N. C.

Vice-President Law Class, '00-'10; Assistant in Gymnasium, '00-'10.

Height, 5 ft. 9 ins.; weight, 135 lbs.; age 22 years.

Elmer is a right good, old boy, never was caught drunk, never "cusses," never chases sunbeams, nor growls at life. He is one of those quiet, unassuming fellows, who never shouts his large professions in the world's ears, but always does things and has the knack of doing them well.

He is a loyal son of the great old state of Robeson. And he is ever anxious to return to her tall timbers and woo again the maiden of his choice. He is now a licensed lawyer, and it he practices that great science with the same vigor and earnestness, and aptitude which has marked his study of it here, the future is rosy red with promise for him.

Paul Edwards Powell, LL. B.

DELAND, FLA.

"A justice with grave justices sit;
He praises their wisdom, they admire his wit."

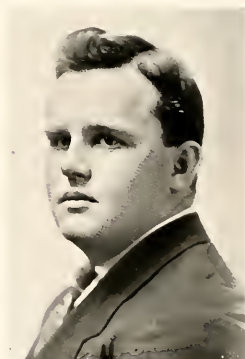
Football Team, '08-'09; Debate Council, '09-'10; Licensed Lawyer, '10; Chief Marshal Anniversary, '10; Chief Marshal Davidson-Wake Forest Debate, '10.

Height, 5 ft. 8 ins.; weight, 210 lbs.; age, 22 years.

The man whose picture you face is genial, good-natured, liberal. He is large in form with an openness and generosity to match. "Fatty" has had a meteoric rise from freshman to senior and justly deserves all the honors that have been heaped upon him.

In the Moot Court his voice is heard far in excess of his opponents, and as sheriff of this body, his record has no equal. He passed the Supreme Court in February and in some future day will augment the bar.

On the football gridiron this "rounded youth" bravely faced the enemy and helped to carry the "pig skin" to victory. Often when defeat faced our "Gritty Eleven," the stentorian voice of this Florida youth rang out calling his comrades on to victory.





Joseph Milton Prevette, LL. B.

WILKES COUNTY, N. C.

"An open countenance, but close thoughts"

Librarian, '06-'08; Chief Marshal Anniversary, '08; Business Manager of Howler, '09.
Height, 6 ft.; weight, 165 lbs.; age, 22 years.

Not satisfied with past achievements, having secured a year ago his Bachelor of Arts degree, Joe presents himself this time for a Bachelor of Laws degree, thus manifesting a desire to be a scholarly barrister. Apparently, Joe has lived much to himself, but he has thoughts and convictions of his own, and expresses them when the occasion warrants it. He believes that success consists not in never falling, but in rising every time one falls, and that not failure, but low aim, is crime. He has lofty ideals to be realized in the law, and it is devoutly to be hoped that his actual achievements may be no less than his lofty aspirations.

John Ranson Stewart, LL. B.

MOCKSVILLE, N. C.

"Of their own merits modest men are dumb"

Stewart took his B. A. degree with the class of '08, and after a year's absence from college, he returned and now demands his LL. B. degree. Able, modest, prudent, vigorous, affable always, straightforward and sincere, he moves quietly around among us, always attending to his own business. His fine common sense, charming, gracious manners, rich culture, learning and plain simple honesty, make him a genial companion and a friend to all. He goes forth with the best wishes of his class, and we predict for him a successful career.





T. C. White, LL. B.

TAYLORSVILLE, N. C.

"So pleasant is the welcome kiss
When days dull round is over,
And sweet the music of the step
That meets us at the door."

Member Basket Ball Team, '07-'08; Glee Club, '06 to '09; Football, '09.
Height, 5 ft. 10 ins.; Weight, 190 lbs.; age, 23 years.

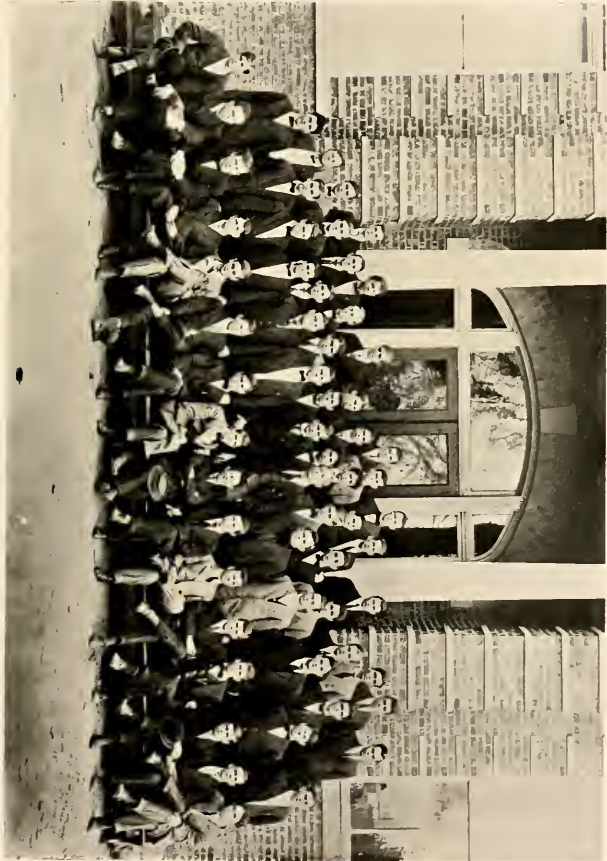
Here is another of the class of '09. He received his B. A. degree last year, and this year demands that he be allowed to become a member of '10 class, and with one accord we welcome him.

"Dump" was a star member of the football team, and always charged the enemy's line with grit and determination.

In truth, he is a tower of strength for any team. He is a great lover of wit and music, and often charms us with his jokes and "Ditties." He is reserved and has made many friends by this attitude. He has entered the legal profession and has the ability to make good as a lawyer. He is a fellow that always succeeds in whatever he undertakes, and, no doubt, the future has honor and renown in store for him.

Law Class Officers

C. L. HARDY	President
J. E. KINLAW	Vice-President
F. T. COLLINS	Secretary
J. M. BROUGHTON	Treasurer
CHAS. T. BELL	Historian
R. L. McMILLAN	Poet



LAW CLASS

History of Law Class

IN writing the history of the great class of nineteen hundred and ten, one would, at first glance at our personnel, think that our career had been one of ease and luxury. But be not deceived by the magnificent picture of this class, for, while we have climbed the Hill Difficulty, we have struck some obstacles which would have caused even *Christian in Pilgrim's Progress* to have turned back; but we have kept up when everything looked black, and as we pass out of that magnificent structure, sometime referred to as the Law Room, all who have known us will cry with one accord in the words of the Apostle, that "we have fought a good fight."

Now, a great many may think that some of us had tough luck while doing some writing for the Supreme Court at Raleigh, but we gave this matter serious consideration before we left, and decided to allow a few to go back next time, for fear that the class of next year would be so small that someone, not knowing the reason, would think the Law Department was going down. For who shall doubt our ability? It is a well-known fact that "Skillet" Lewis has almost completed his second revision of *Blackstone*, and is about ready to put it on the market, while Bennett often makes suggestions to Professor Timberlake on how to make Hopkins on "Real Property" more thorough. Professor Gulley, upon learning the ability of some members of our class as students, has often stood amazed, while the expression on the faces of Wheeler Martin and Coughenhour so often betrays their eagerness to tell the law that he has been known to ask them questions, and then, in order to save time, deny them the privilege by answering them himself.

Our Moot Court has grown to have such influence, and its decisions so much weight that the Ex-High Lord Chief Justice Solomon J. Allen, upon having a case come up before him upheld by this notable body at one time, sided with us without further investigation.

But they have all heard about us. For who shall question the profound knowledge of our first learned associate justice, Sawyer, the oratory of Suskins, the literary productions of the young Arthur Brisbane D. Gore, who has startled the press with his poetry and thereby causing his spouse to leave him, and the generosity of Carter towards his friends in February.

We know of no reason why the members of the Supreme Court of the United States should all seem to take a notion to die at one time, unless they have heard about our class as a whole, and do not wish to be embarrassed by their meagre knowledge of the law when we appear before them.

And we have been very generous toward our rival, too—the Ministerial Class—in permitting Parson Stringfield to make a couple happy when they were so negligent in not having a representative on the scene. And, knowing the needs of our brethren, we have finally decided to allow "Bill" Collins to stay with them for a season.

But there have been misfortunes to befall our men, notably the shooting episode which occurred at Holding's pond, and in which two of our representatives figured conspicuously. Two of our distinguished members, Whitaker and Lewis, being ardent admirers of the goddess, Hygieia, and feeling the effects of the spring fever, joined a party of several others to go bathing in this mill-pond, and while there were fired on by the owner of the mill. Falling back upon the strong arm of the law for revenge, they sought refuge in the Moot Court. Upon examination it was proved that they, though in this great crisis, never swerved, but stuck to the teachings of our most noble dean—to be brave in all things. And be it said to their credit, that not one of them threw up his hands and called for the "calf rope," nor did any complain of where he was hit.

But with all our imperfections, we boast of never having had a serious candidate for the presidency of the Bone-Head Club, while so soon as the promoters of this Club announced their intentions to perfect an organization last year, the Medical Class at once cinched the highest office without any opposition except among themselves. While everyone admits that McBrayer, of the Ministerial Class, on account of his relations to the opposite sex has thrown himself into the limelight, and won a two-year term (Presidency of the Bone-Head Club respectively, being the office referred to) it is to our sorrow that one of our own number, out of the goodness of his heart, with malice toward none and good will toward all, made a mad dive for this responsible position through our last Supreme Court examination. However, "Clubby-foot" has survived this shock and is now coaching the baseball team.

Many changes have been brought about since we have been here. One full-pledged Professor has been added to our department, while the course has been lengthened from two to three years. Many schools have abandoned the text-book system of teaching, but we are still running under the double entry system, being a combination of both the cases and the text-books. But we are looking for a radical change soon, for Morgan and Feezor have almost converted the Faculty to use the *Socratic* method. This will be a great day for the law students, for then all can look wise, and there will be no way of proving otherwise. The same old dusty law room still stands, but we propose to present to the college a law building on one condition—that it shall not be used by our rivals, the Ministerial Class.

HISTORIAN.



SUPREME COURT CLASS

The Lawyer

THE farmer feeds the hungry race,
And clothes the shivering masses,
He goes to town with solemn face
And sees the upper classes.

The doctor deals his bread pills out,
And ev'ry aid does offer;
He cures the mumps, the grippe, the gout,
And grinning, fills his coffer.

The preacher tells us, long and loud,
Of nations lost and dying;
The tears come from the sinful crowd,
Who ring their hands while crying.

The dentist pulls and probes and beats
And beautifies our grinders,
So we can eat all kinds of meats
Without those quick reminders.

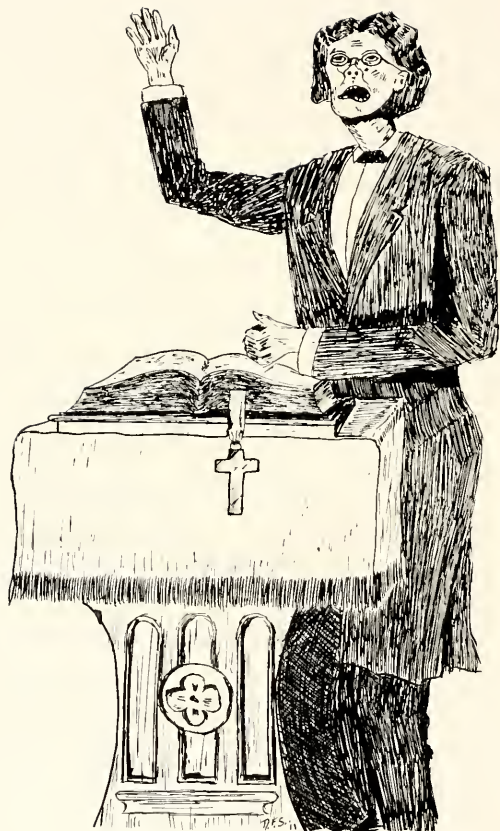
The teacher tells us all about
The past and what is coming,
And when at last the class goes out
Our brains are fairly humming.

And there are others on this earth,
Some rising and some falling;
Some sore and sad; some filled with mirth;
Well, some in ev'ry calling.

But far above this motley push,
With lordly eye one glances,
And sees below, in angry rush
The world, with all its chances.

And when he comes from out the crowd,
From teamster, slave and sawyer,
Cheers come forth both long and loud;
"Look! see our friend the lawyer."

POET



"WORKING TO BEAT THE DEVIL"

Ministerial Class Officers

MOTTO: "*Non ministrari sed ministrare.*"

R. E. BRICKHOUSE	President
J. E. HOYLE	Vice-President
C. H. TRUEBLOOD	Secretary and Treasurer
E. J. ROGERS	Historian
MOORE	Poet

Ministerial Class Poem

DAY is fading and darkness gathers
With the lull of eveningtide;
After the burnished gloom of sunset
Comes the star of hope to guide.

Upon the manger soft and gentle
Falls a stream of crystal light;
Expectant hearts of anxious shepherds
Greet with joy the holy sight.

Evangels from the realms celestial
Whisper peace to human kind,
All the sacred hopes of ages
Cluster 'round this scene divine.

The star of hopes continues shining
To guide the wise as long ago;
To the king of Love and Mercy
Who of all we love to know.

POET.



MINISTERIAL CLASS

Ministerial Class History

THE question has been recently asked, "Does the organization of the Ministerial Class in your college accentuate the line of cleavage between the ministers and the other students?" Judging from the results of the short time in which we have been organized we feel free in saying that, instead of creating any chasm, it tends to draw us closer together. An increased respect for organized work is being recognized everywhere, and this feeling among the student body gives them a respect for us that they could not have if we showed no signs of common brotherhood. Besides this, it gives us, as ministers, a personal knowledge of each other, thereby drawing us closer together and making more sincere and helpful our association.

Even though ministers have constituted a reasonable percentage of the student body since the founding of the college, it was not until two years ago that we attempted our present form of organization. It seems fitting, then, that we are thus far advanced, for, as Professor W. Stanley Jevons puts it, "The second term is called the *predicate*, which simply means that which is affirmed or asserted. This name is derived from the Latin *prodicare*, to assert, whence comes the French name *predicatur*, corrupted into our *preacher*."

It is right difficult, in one respect, to try to write a history of an organization whose career has been so short, but when we look at the magnitude of its scope—its relation to almost every phase of college life, as well as the influences it sheds abroad—we are sure that we have a wonderful history if it could only be told.

The ministers are not like some other organizations of the college—a group of men by themselves—but you find them everywhere and doing almost everything—that's tolerated.

In the Y. M. C. A. meetings the ministers do not, or even try to, assume control of affairs, but they do figure conspicuously in every movement of that sphere. In all the moral and religious movements of the college the ministers play no small part.

Above all this, these young "persecutors of the Saints," as they are sometimes called, are frequently away on ministerial duty. Some are supplying for distant pastors, while others are filling their own regular appointments.

Viewing our organization as a whole, it seems to divide itself into four parts.

The first group, which is composed of members of practically every college class, have regular appointments for pastoral work each Sunday during the entire year.

The second class is not quite so fortunate. They have from one to two regular places a month.

The members of the third group seem still less fortunate; for they have no regular place, but fit in only as "wedgewood" when opportunity presents itself.

The fourth class, however, are separate and distinct from the others, inasmuch that they never leave the "Hill" except when home or Meredith draws them away; but in the society halls it may be said of them that,

"The wind they strike, and the stars they pierce
With their high school style of debating fierce."

For this latter class we believe "There's a great day coming by and by." From all these divisions we have ready material for both *intra* and *inter*-collegiate debating, as shown by our past records.

But these are not the only places you may find our representatives. It is true that we justly pride ourselves in speaking, but we also have other interests at heart. Even though we are termed *preachers*, we don't go around with long, dyspeptic countenances and frown in the face of a smiling world. We "weep with them that weep and rejoice with them that rejoice"—if we find it to be absolutely necessary.

In every phase of athletics you may find our men.

There's Brown, Collins, Olive, Wheeler, Langston, Sawyer and Blevins in basket-ball.

On the diamond you see Martin.

In field athletics, there's Olive E., famous as a high-jumper; Langston ranks high as a long-distance runner, while O'Brien does the vaulting stunt.

In tennis there are Olive, Carrick, Collins, Hoyle, Ellis, Rogers, Guy, Langston, Harwood, Pool, Carroll, Sorrell, Crain, Liles, Trueblood, Long, Woodward, Powell, Ferguson, Sawyer, Gray, Philipps, and others.

We would do ourselves an injustice if we failed to mention the name of Dr. Cullom. What little history we have made is due largely to having him as our leader. It was through his suggestions that we first organized, and he is always planning for our interests.

Apart from his regular college work he meets us once a week for special instruction. We have hard problems to face, and at times we might become—

"Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
And sink beside the road,"

if it were not for the earnest words of Dr. Cullom in these special meetings.

He also arranges, from time to time, for several other prominent speakers to address us on different topics of vital importance. So, despite our difficulties, we rejoice in the fact that we have such glorious opportunities for development.

I do not mean to get into the realm of prophecy, but we look forward to the time when our present enrollment of seventy-two shall be greatly increased, and it shall be said of us as was said of Abou Ben Adhem—

"And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

HISTORIAN.

Organizations

Euzelia

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

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

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



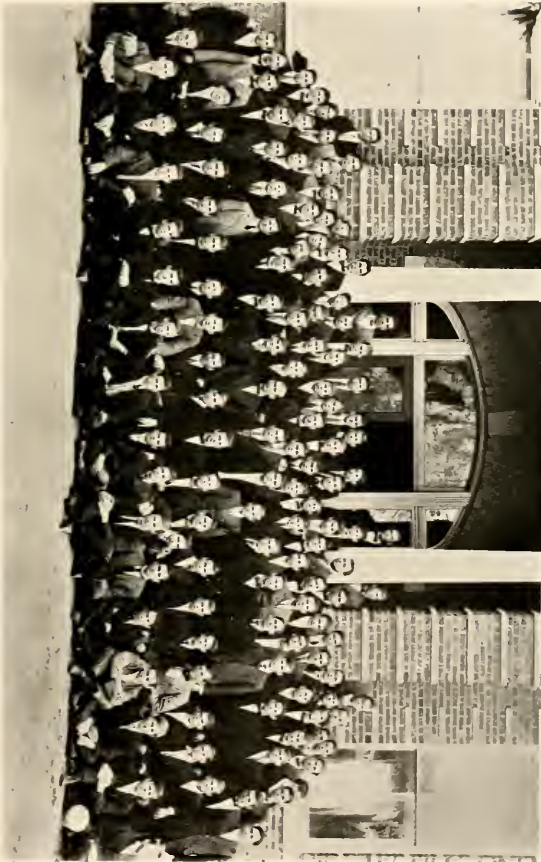
EUZELIAR SOCIETY

Philomathesia

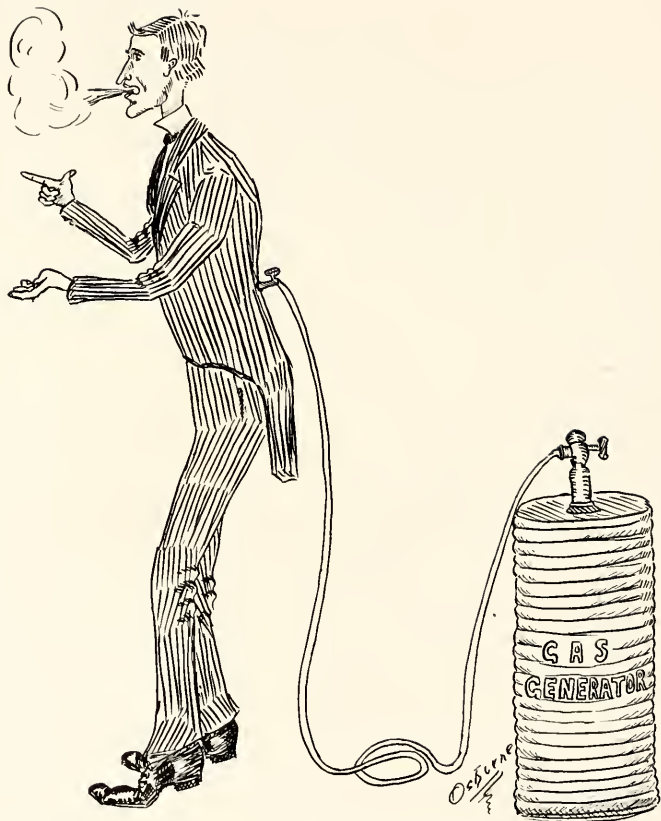
CARE from this presence long revered,
Departing footfalls, sadly heard,
Shall die away, some time-proof word
With you, my sons, I fain would leave.

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

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



PHI OMICRON PSI SOCIETY

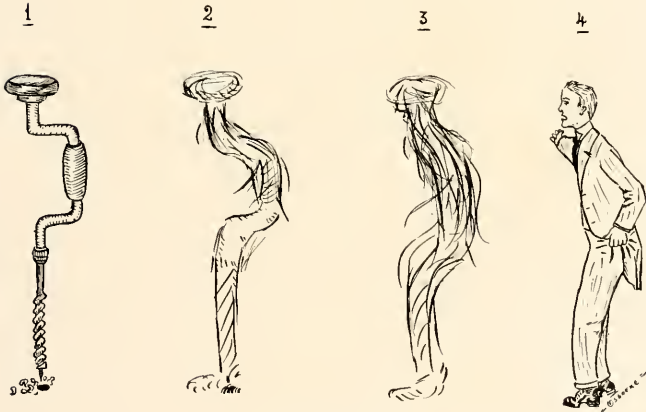


THE WAKE FOREST DEBATER

The Literary Societies

THE Philomathesian and Euzelian Literary Societies rank first in college life at Wake Forest. They inspire a vigorous and manly spirit in college life, while they exert a wholesome influence for morals and discipline. In them men are trained to think upon their feet and to feel at home before an audience. Not a few of Wake Forest's distinguished Alumni attribute their success to the training received in her societies.

The Societies hold two intercollegiate debates annually—one on Thanksgiving Day and the other on Easter Monday. And their many victories not only rank us first among the colleges of North Carolina, but give us a prominent place among the leading colleges of the South.



EVOLUTION OF A BORE



E. N. JOHNSON - PH. I.



H. B. JONES - EU.



D. E. CARRICK - EU.

WAKE FOREST-RANDOLPH-MACON DEBATERS



H. D. JONES - EU.



C. C. WHEELER - PHI.



J. B. ELLER - EU.

WAKE FOREST-DAVIDSON DEBATERS

ARWILLIAMS



G.C. BREWER



E. U. SENIORS

R. B. RICHMOND



B. G. MITCHELL



E. R. SETTLE



W. E. WEST



E. O'Neal



J. E. Hoyle



PHIL
SENIOR
SPEAKERS

J. L. Jenkins



P. T. Collins



D. B. Daniel



J. B. Clayton





W. R. HILL, EU.



J. J. BEST, PRI.



G. H. JOHNSON - PRES.



DEE CARRICK SECY

ANNIVERSARY ORATORS AND OFFICERS



ANNIVERSARY DEBATERS



ANNIVERSARY MARSHALS



Y. M. C. A. Officers

M. E. WINSTON	President
J. B. ELLER	Vice-President
I. C. WOODWARD	Recording Secretary
JOHN M. CHEEK	Treasurer
H. B. CONRAD	Corresponding Secretary

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES

J. A. ELLIS	Devotional Committee
J. P. TUCKER	Bible Study
J. M. DAVIS	Mission Study
R. A. SULLIVAN	Membership Committee
F. F. COX	Social Committee
GEORGE BAGWELL	Hand Book



Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS

An Outdoor Bath in March

WHEN March sunshine had warmed the air,
Nine boys from College Hill
Went walking, as their custom was,
This time, to Holding's mill

The warmth reacting on their mind
Brought out a curious whim;
Said one at last, "I really think
I'd like to take a swim."

A swim in March they all agreed
Would surely fill their cup
Of happiness—a thing unknown,
Since Hector was a pup.

They came at length to Holding's pond,
Which lay right in their path;
Without delay each man prepared
To take his annual bath.

Neckties and shoes and socks came off,
And what'er else they wore;
They heaped their clothes upon the ground,
And boldly struck from shore.

Then like a flash of lightning keen
From sky swept clean of cloud,
There came a shower of stinging shot;
The swimmers shrieked aloud,

For they were hit, some here, some there;
They rushed toward the bank,
The shot had taken most effect,
Where mother used to spank.

Now as they went from Holding's pond,
They traveled in a trot.
They longed to find the doctor quick
To get rid of the shot.

They found the doctor at his post
Who, with his usual grace,
Collected ammunition while
Each boy lay on his face.

FLOYD T. HOLDEN.

ATHLETICS



Athletics, 1909-'10

DURING the past year great strides have been made in athletics at Wake Forest. 1909-'10 has been a most successful season for several reasons. A new spirit has taken possession of the institution, and Wake Forest is to be recognized as one of the leaders in athletics in the South.

There is a democratic feeling now which was never so strong before, causing everyone to take a vital interest in athletics. All the teams are composed entirely of amateurs, who play for the love of the game. This interest is manifested by the excellent attendance at the games and the loyal support given the teams.

The founding of the Alumni Athletic Association has placed athletics on a sound financial basis. The financial problem, which has been a great handicap heretofore, is being settled by this Association, while it co-operates with the students.

Viewing the year as a whole, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves and to expect greater things in the future.

Athletic Association Officers

DEE CARRICK	President
G. W. JOHNSON	Vice-President
H. W. HUNTLEY	Secretary and Treasurer
H. T. WHITE	Football Manager
D. A. BROWN	Basket Ball Manager
J. M. CHEEK	Baseball Manager
C. T. MURCHISON	Track Team Manager



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OFFICERS



Football

TWO victories, two very close scores and a most creditable showing in the other games, sums up the record of the Wake Forest football team in the fall of 1909. To those familiar with the conditions of the game here, the record as stated above is indeed satisfactory evidence of marked improvement over last year. To those not informed of our situation, it is only necessary to say that this was just the second season of the game, which was long under the ban at this institution, and which has as yet to gain the genuine support that it deserves. Financial difficulties and other seemingly insurmountable obstacles had to be overcome, and yet the team struggled on and made a record of which the college and its Alumni should be proud. It seems to be characteristic of infants in general to experience a hard second year. Our infant (football) has passed that stage and is very much alive. Next season will see us with a winning team.

Under the very capable direction of Coach Meyers, a former Harvard man, the team last fall was developed into an aggressive bunch of players. The line-up of the team was as follows: L. Leggett, q. b., (captain); Forehand, f. b.; Duffy, r. h. b.; Allen, l. h. b.; Utley, r. end; Harrison, r. t.; Broughton, J. M., r. g.; Powell, P. E., center; Horton, l. g.; White, T. S., l. t.; Leggett, V., l. end. Substitutes—Elvington, Betts, Faucett and Futrell.

The results of the games played were:

Carolina	18	Wake Forest.....	0
Maryville	0	Wake Forest.....	3
Washington and Lee	17	Wake Forest.....	0
University of South Carolina ...	0	Wake Forest.....	8
Charlotte Meds	5	Wake Forest.....	0
Richmond College	5	Wake Forest.....	0



TEAM IN POSITION



FOOTBALL SQUAD



Baseball Team '09

OFFICERS

H. C. BENTON	Captain
A. W. BYNUM	Manager
C. L. HARDY	Assistant Manager
J. R. CROZIER	Coach

MEMBERS

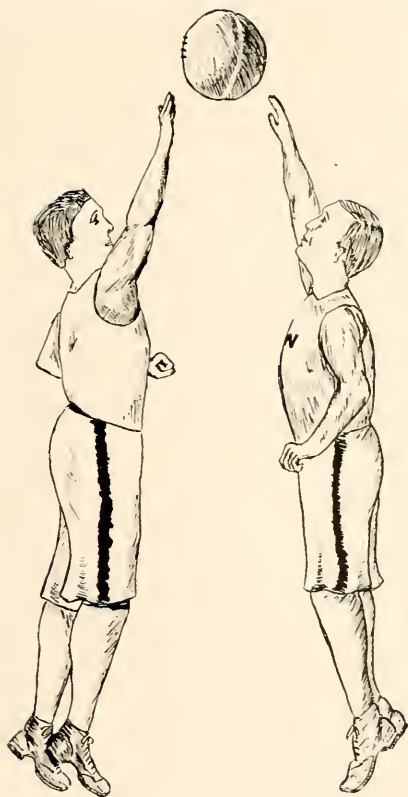
I. W. HARRIS, Catcher	A. F. POPE, Pitcher
H. S. EDWARDS, First Base	
H. C. BENTON, Second Base	L. HAMMOND, Third Base
H. T. WHITE, Shortstop	
L. W. LEGGETT, Left Field	II. P. DAWSON, Center Field
	H. M. BEAM, Right Field

SUBSTITUTES

BLANTON	ATRINSON	JOSEY
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'00 BASEBALL TEAM



Pratt

Basket Ball



CAPTAIN ALLEN

NO department of college athletics receives more hearty support at Wake Forest than basket ball. The gymnasium is crowded at every game, with plenty of enthusiasm on the side line and a winning team on the floor. And we feel that it justly deserves the recognition that is given to it here. It is a clean, pretty game, when well played, requiring speed and skill, and is even more than self-supporting from a financial standpoint.

Daily exercise is essential to a man's growth, especially to a college student, who is liable to sacrifice his body for the development of his mind. Taking this as true, every college should have a series of games that extend throughout the entire year. Basket ball comes during the cold and snowy months of winter, when there are no outdoor games to be played, and, therefore, deserves an important place in college athletics.

Our team this year was an exceptionally good one. Allen and Carrick played their usual good game as forwards; Brown and Duffy were always on their men as guards, and Whitaker did remarkably well as center. It is true that we lost more games this year than is our custom, but it should be remembered that most of them were with Y. M. C. A. teams, composed entirely of professional players. We still hold the unbroken record of never having been defeated on the home floor by any college team.

Our efficiency in this game was shown in the class contests, which, this year, were more interesting and exciting and aroused more class spirit than was ever before expressed by the student body. In a series of six games, the Sophomore, Junior and Senior Classes tied for the championship, having won two games each, which tie was played off some months later and was won by the Juniors. These class games develop a strong team for each coming year, and thus we retain our envied record.

Basket Ball Team '09-'10

OFFICERS

W. C. ALLEN	Captain
D. A. BROWN	Manager
J. R. CROZIER	Coach

MEMBERS

DEE CARRICK, Right Forward
W. C. ALLEN, Left Forward
L. L. WHITAKER, Center
W. C. DUFFY, Right Guard
D. A. BROWN, Left Guard

SUBSTITUTES

HOLDING	EDWARDS
COX	COLLINS



Senior Basketball Team

OFFICERS

W. B. DANIEL
D. A. BROWN

Captain
Manager

MEMBERS

R. H. SHANKS, Right Forward
A. B. COMBS, Left Forward
WAITE BREWER, Center

C. W. DAVIS, Right Guard
W. B. DANIEL, Left Guard

SUBSTITUTES

OLIVE

WOODALL

PREVETTE



Junior Basket Ball Team

Inter-Class Champions

MEMBERS

ROYAL HOLDING, Right Forward

H. S. EDWARDS, Left Forward

W. M. WILLIS, Center

JOHN BELL, Right Guard

J. P. TUCKER, Left Guard

SUBSTITUTES

COX CHEEK



Sophomore Basket Ball Team

MEMBERS

R. P. McCUTCHEON, Right Forward

H. M. BEAM, Left Forward

R. M. BUIE, Center

R. T. COX, Right Guard

TOM OSBORNE, Left Guard

L. B. OLIVE, Left Guard



Baraca Basket Ball Team

MEMBERS

R. H. SHANKS, Right Forward

J. P. TUCKER, Left Forward

W. M. WILLIS, Center

H. W. BEAM, Right Guard

ROY COX, Left Guard

SUBSTITUTES

JOHN BELL

C. W. DAVIS



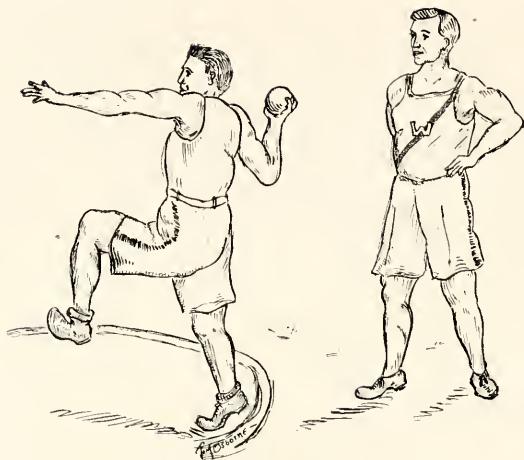
The Ideal Sport

THE men of Wake Forest College indulge in all sorts of athletics. Some forms, however, are very severe, and often tax the nerves and constitutions of the participants beyond reason. These are, football and some phases of field athletics. But there are other exercises which are very easy and require only the slightest energy to perform them as some few fellows do. These are those perfunctory calisthenics, so often reluctantly performed by many of the boys in gymnasium. A happy medium between these two extremes comes a most satisfactory game—Tennis.

It is being realized more and more that it is not the severest exercises that build up and fit us for college duties or for services in life; but the kind that keeps us in good physical trim and symmetrically develops our bodies, should, and does take a more prominent place in our thoughts of physical and mental development. Without depreciating any of the other forms of college athletics, it is not too much to say, that, the all-round game for anyone, whether Freshman or Senior, Lawyer or Doctor, Preacher or Y. M. C. A. Secretary, Student or Faculty, Weakling or Athlete, is Tennis; a sport in which all may take part and find recreation and development for both mind and body, not to be found anywhere else, and have fun equally to that of a mid-summer hay ride.

TENNIS CLUB





The State Track Meet

THE first North Carolina Inter-Collegiate Track Meet was very successfully held in Greensboro, N. C., on the 10th of April, 1909. The University, A. and M., Guilford, Davidson and Wake Forest were all ably represented, and the contest was exceedingly interesting from the first crack of the pistol until the last man crossed the tape. Enthusiasm and college spirit bubbled over. Time and again deafening yells rent the great auditorium as their favorite emerged victorious. Wake Forest had few supporters, but these were of that undying faith and grit that characterizes Wake Forest men, and the only logical result was for her to win the loving cup, put up by the Chamber of Commerce. This she did in great style with a margin of eight points. There were not particular stars, but each man did hard persistent work. Besides the handsome loving cup, individuals won medals also kindly presented by the Chamber of Commerce. First place men, or those establishing the State Collegiate record, were awarded gold medals, second place silver, and third bronze. Wake Forest won two first places, five seconds and five thirds, making an agree-

gate of thirty-five points. The other teams made: Guilford, twenty-seven; University, twenty-five; Davidson, sixteen, and A. and M., eleven.

The Meet at Greensboro was the greatest athletic event that has ever been pulled off in North Carolina. It was viewed by more than four thousand people, and a more enthusiastic crowd has never been gathered together. Wake Forest had no coach as some of the other teams had, yet they won the cup. They had fewer men in the meet, and yet they won. This is a fair illustration of her indomitable determination.

SUMMARY

First Places—

100-Yard hurdle—HIGHSMITH, F. Time, 15 seconds.
Pole vault—CARRICK Distance 9 ft. 1 in.

Second Places—

440-Yard run—MURCHISON, C. T.
Shot put—GAY, P. W.
1-Mile run—MURCHISON, C. A.
Pole vault—SETTLE.

Third Places—

COUGHENOUR (two).
GARDNER (one).
HIGHSMITH, F., (one).
GAY (one).
One mile relay—Wake Forest in a class alone.





'09 TRACK TEAM





Inter-Class Champions -- Baseball '09

P. E. POWELL
W. B. DANIEL

OFFICERS

Manager
Captain

MEMBERS

DEE CARRICK, Catcher
W. C. DUFFY, First Base
W. B. DANIEL, Third Base
FRANKLIN EDWARDS, Left Field

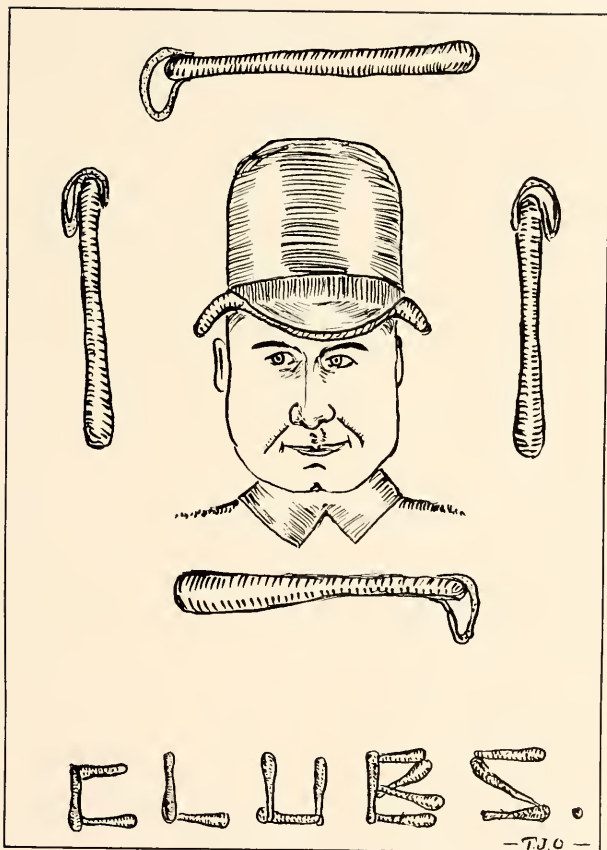
C. W. DAVIS, Pitcher
C. E. CHEEK, Second Base
S. W. BREWER, Shortstop
Dutch Broughton, Center Field

R. H. SHANKS, Right Field

SUBSTITUTES

PREVETTE

WOODALL





Alien Club

FLOYD T. HOLDEN, West Virginia
 A. P. GRAY, Florida
 C. T. MURCHISON, Georgia
 A. B. COMBS, Kentucky
 W. A. COHEN, Maryland
 H. D. GEIGER, Florida
 A. L. SUSKIN, Maryland
 C. L. HARDY, Arizona
 C. L. BETTS, Georgia
 K. AKIYAMA, Japan
 P. A. POWELL, Florida
 W. B. EDWARDS, Colorado

President
 Vice-President
 Secretary
 Treasurer
 Historian
 Poet
 Prophet
 Territorial Commissioner
 Keeper of the Great Seal
 Minister of Foreign Affairs
 Ambassador
 Grand Counsellor

A WREATH OF MOTTOES

*Scito bonae voluntatis
 Tuac coronasti nos,
 Wisdom, justice, moderation,
 Dilat deus nos et vos,
 United we stand, divided we fall,
 Nil sine nomine, that is all,
 In God we trust, we fear no foe,
 Forth into life we steadfast go
 Montani semper liberi,
 Banzai, banzai, banzai.*

From Orient to Occident,
 With home-lands scattered wide,
 A brotherhood of various climes,
 Of state and tongue beside.
 We call ourselves the Alien Club—
 Alien only in name:
 We love our *Alma Mater* dear
 Her glory and her fame.
 To form a club is all the rage,
 Our motto and our plan:
 Each member in official place,
 A place for every man.

The Macaroni Club

OBJECT: *To bring all literary geni together.*

PLACE OF MEETING: *In Senator Zulpick Mitchell's room.*

TIME OF MEETING: *Friday nights, 11.50 o'clock.*

PASS WORD: *Bulweiser.*

MOTTO: *Never put off until to-morrow what you can drink to-day.*

PASTIME: *Smoking cigars, playing set-back, and swapping lies.*

MASCOT: *Newish Cline.*

SONG

"The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous Made New York Drunk."

TOAST

"Here's to a good time and life merry,
Cigars, booze and sparkling cherry,
Plenty of sleep, and plenty of grub,
Here's to our sweethearts and the Macaroni Club."

OFFICERS

GROUCHY McCUTCHEON	Grand Master
SOLOMON WILLIAMS	Keeper of Goat
BULLY ROBERSON	Sergeant at Arms
SOCRATES COMBS	Secretary
COCA COLA CASTELLO	Treasurer

MEMBERS

SOLOMON WILLIAMS	SLINT NOELL	FATHER SETTLE
BIG HORTON	GAWKY WOODARD	SHORTY LONG
BEAR MASSIE	XMAS GIFT JONES	GROUCHY McCUTCHEON
JUDGE VINSON	CASINO PRIVETTE	COCA COLA CASTELLO
ZULPICK MITCHELL	SOCRATES COMBS	SENATOR MITCHELL
JIMMY DAVIS	PEE-WEE PICOT	LITTLE McCUTCHEON
BALLY OLIVER	SURGEON HAMRICK	J. HENRY WALLIN
DOCTOR GARRISS	JACK SCREW HAYWOOD	HALF-SHOD HOBBS

MEMBERS IN FACULTY

DR. E. W. SYKES

BENJAMIN F. SLEDD

J. HENRY HIGHSMITH



The Drawing Club

TOM OSBORNE

D. F. SMITH

WILL E. MARSHALL

K. AKIYAMA

FRANK SMITHURST



Asheville Club

MOTTO: *Montani semper liberi.*

COLORS: *Blue and White.*

DRINK: *Mountain Dew.*

FAVORITE FLOWER: *Rhododendron.*

FAVORITE SONG: *"I wonder Who's Kissing Her Now"*

HIGHEST AIM: *The top of the Blue Ridge.*

TOAST

Here's to the queen city of the mountains,
 With beautiful scenery and bubbling fountains
 Weather fine, and mountains high,
 Here's up to home—"the land of the sky."

OFFICERS

EDWARD B. JENKINS	President
POWELL TUCKER	Vice-President
REUBEN McBRAYER	Secretary and Treasurer
ED WHITE	Chaperon

MEMBERS

BRASSY McBRAYER
 PALTO JENKINS

TUCK TUCKER
 SISTER WRIGHT



“Sons of Rest”

OBJECT: *To kill time.*

COLORS: *Brindle brown.*

PLACE OF MEETING: *Mill seat.*

AIM: *To set new styles.*

FLOWER: *Morning Glory*

TOAST

Here's some Shrink for "Bully" Roberson's enormous size;
 Here's some Squint for "Bally" Oliver's full lunar eyes;
 Here's some life for "Doctor" Davis, when we are all dead;
 Here's some Hair for "Palto" Jenkins's half naked head;
 Here's some Brass for "Zulpick" Mitchell's immatured pate.
 There's something for all if each of us will only wait.

MEMBERS

MITCHELL
 ROBBERSON
 OLIVER
 DAVIS
 JENKINS

"Zulpick"
 "Bully"
 "Bally"
 "Doctor"
 "Palto"

CONDITION OF CLUB: *Not lazy but born tired.*



The "Christmas Gifts"

G. C. DAVIS

S. A. DAVIS

A. J. ELLINGTON

L. B. FARREL

M. H. HOBBS

C. HUTCHINS

GEORGE McMILLAN

W. A. COHEN

"Wild Eyed"

"Hookworm"

"Giftie"

"Searchlight"

"Apple Jack"

"Grouchy"

"Sandlapper"

"Spex"

The Lilliputians

MOTTO: *Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean and this wondrous land.*

FAVORITE FLOWER: *Mignonette.* PLACE OF MEETING: *Little Chapel.*

OFFICERS

LITTLE CAMPBELL	President
INFANT SMITH	Vice-President
ABE PICOT	Secretary
MONK ROGERS	Treasurer

MOST PROMINENT MEMBERS

WILL MARSHAL—Small but cute.
NEWISH CLINE—What is lacking in size is supplied in freshness.
ABE PICOT—I'm little but loud.
LITTLE CAMPBELL—Precious things come in small packages.
BUNNY OLIVE—So much in so little space.
DANIEL BOONE—Life is short and so am I.
BABY NEWBY—I pray thee, little one, where is thy nurse?
LITTLE WALL—The rival of Tom Thumb.

OTHER MEMBERS

KID WILKINS	RUNTY DANIEL
CHAS. VERNON	CHIEF BOBBIT
SKINNIE LILES	

FRATER IN FACULTATE

PROF JONES

The Pretty Club

MOTTO: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

They primp not, neither do they powder, and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

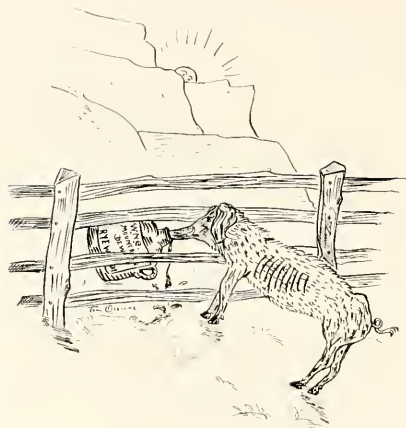
FAVORITE FLOWER: *Cat-tails.*

OFFICERS

F. M. HUGGINS	President
S. C. GETTYS	Vice-President
UNDERWOOD	Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

- J. E. SMITH—When? I comb my hair, I look pretty good.
E. D. POE—The handsomest man in College.
S. C. GETTYS—Got Abraham Lincoln skint a city block.
COACH CHEEK—Accuse not nature, she hath done her part.
VINSON—Mind him who can, the ladies call him sweet.
BRASS McBRAYER—All that glitters is not gold.
F. M. HUGGINS—The prettiest man in his whole county.
CECIL BROUGHTON—Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked upon.
PERTY UNDERWOOD—The greatest lady's man of his class.
NEWISH WALLIN—God's love seemed lost on him.
PRIVETTE—Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time.



Mountain Hoosiers

COLORS: *Evergreen.*

SONG: "*The Bear Went Over the Mountain.*"

FLOWER: *Dogwood blossom.*

FAVORITE DRINK: "*Mountain Dew.*"

FAVORITE SMOKE: "*Rabbit tobacco.*"

PASTIME: "*Possum*" hunting.

MOTTO: *Dig.*

OFFICERS

W. C. ALLEN

J. B. CLAYTON

J. B. ELLER

E. J. WOODALL

President

Vice-President

Secretary

Treasurer

OTHER MEMBERS

PARD BROWN

COTTON TOP BERRY

XMAS GIFT DAVIS

LENGTHY HUTCHINS

PARSON HAYNES

MOON-FIXER HUGGINS

XMAS GIFT HUTCHINS

NOVELIST JENKINS

WOOLY MCBEE

VIRTUOUS MCGUIRE

BRASSY MCBRAYER

FAKER OSBORNE

GRANDFATHER STILLWELL

WINDY TILSON

JETHRO PETRO TUCKER

EASY WRIGHT

HENRY ABRAHAM WALLIN

CHAIR SLINGER WALLIN



Caught on the Rounds

"My dearest little Daniel Boone, won't you please send me a flag of your school house?"—Susie.

When was it that Jim Adams didn't go to sleep on Astronomy? O Tempora! O, Astronomy.

Have they a theological laboratory at Wake Forest College?—Newish Cline.

Dr. Paschal's laugh, as interpreted by the newish: "I am a jolly old Latin teacher, that's zactly what I am. I have flunked many er newish, and I don't giver er dam—berlam a blam—blam—blam—ah newish."

He spreadeth out at the feet but not at the head—Ashcraft.

How blessed are we, that are not simple men—Mitchell Bros.

Lost a Latin Jack Dr. Paschal.

In and About College

ROGERS, E.: "Did they exonerate the man who did the shooting?"

BUCK: "No; he was tried and set free."

LIBRARIAN (*to John Best while in the State library*): "Will you please register?"

JOHN: "No; I do not care to spend the night."

PROF. GULLEY: "What is a base or qualified fee?"

"SKILLET" LEWIS: "When a fee is unjustly taken."

JIMMIE LAKE: "Mr. Winston, what is Paschal's law."

WINSTON: "Thou shalt not use a 'jack'!"

The Meredith girls are very much in doubt as to whether "Bull" Collins is in school at Meredith or Wake Forest.

PROF. JONES: "What is analytic Geometry?"

BRETT: "That branch of mathematics calculated to keep insane asylums full."

ROY COX (*remarks while dressing*): "Folks will think I am a practising position."

"STIFFY" GUY: "Mr. Crozier, I should like to enter off Gym. 1. I worked on the farm this summer."

DR. POTEAT: "What is the relation between animal and plant life, Mr. Murchison?"

MURCHISON: "The animals eat the plants."

NEWISH TILSON wants to know who won the Track Preliminary.

PROF. GULLEY: "What is a several note?"

O'BRIEN: "A note signed by several people."

PROF. BREWER: "What do we mean by the term monobasic?"

T. D. COLLINS: "A thing that has one base."

DR. POTEAT: "Upon what does the size of an egg depend?"

SHANKS: "Upon the bird that lays the egg."

PROF. LAKE (*on Physics*): "Mr. Farris, describe a vacuum."

FARRIS (*somewhat puzzled, scratches his head*): "Don't think I can exactly describe it, Professor, but I have it in my head all right."

DR. BREWER (*on Chemistry*): "Mr. Hoyle, what are the properties of alcohol?"

HOYLE: "It has a very pleasing odor and tastes all right."

MURCHISON (*on astronomy*): "Professor, why is it that a comet has a long tail and a planet hasn't any at all?"

PROF. LANNEAU: "W—e—e—el, I th—i—n—k, Mr. Murchison, that I can best explain that by asking you a question. Why is it that a rabbit has a short tail while a horse has a long tail?"

BELL (*during the same recitation*): "Professor, what is the size of Halley's Comet as compared with the earth?"

PROF. LANNEAU: "Why, it's so much bigger that it won't do to mention in the same century."

Mr. Wheeler, four weeks before the preliminary debate, while walking across the campus, was overtaken by Mr. Edgerton.

WHEELER: "I was just walking along here saying over my speech."

EDGERTON: "I didn't hear you."

WHEELER: "I was just saying it to myself. It begins something like this "We call our government a democracy, but it is not a democracy. It is a republican form of government."

We have been told that J. E. Smith's favorite menu is "toasty-roasties, scribbled eggs and boiled oysters."

PROF. IVES: "Mr. Picot, can you find the frog's tail?"

PICOT (*thinking Ives to be a student*): "Hell, no! Can you?"

His favorite saying:

WINSTON: "Well, I'll be gosh-derned."

ROGERS, E. J.: "Guten abend, mein Freund, wie befinden Sie sich."

DAVIS, C.: "Ding it, he's a black nigger."





The First Chronicle of the Fourth Year of the Reign of William Louis, the Son of Poteat

AND it came to pass during the fourth year of the reign of William Louis, the son of Poteat, that he sent out runners to tell the men of the land to come unto him, that they might learn and teach others of him.

So the men of the land harkened unto his messengers, and on September the eighth of this year, nineteen-nine, which was the day for all to come unto him, they numbered three hundred and sixty strong of the men of the land. And on this day each man went unto Earnshaw, a disciple of William Louis, and gave him gifts according to his possessions.

On the next day which was the ninth of the month, they were all gathered in one house, and there William Louis looked upon them and was pleased. He commanded that everyone come to this house (chapel) every day thereafter, that he might praise them according to their works. And while they were together in this house, he divided them into four classes, according to the number of years each had been with him. The first he called Seniors, for their stay was four years; the second Juniors, for their stay was three years; the third Sophomores, for their stay was two years; and the fourth Freshmen, for their stay was one year.

And then he called his helpmates, who numbered eighteen strong. They were: Charles E., the son of Taylor; William B., the son of Royall; Luther R., the son of Mills; Benjamin F., the son of Sledd; Charles E., the son of Brewer; John F., the son of Lanneau; John B., the son of Carlyle; Needham Y., the son of Gulley; J. Hendren, the son of Gorrell; Willis R., the son of Cullom; E. Walter, the son of Sykes; James L., the son of Lake; John B., the son of Powers; Edgar E., the son of Stewart; J. Henry, the son of Highsmith; George W., the son of Paschal; Edgar W., the son of Timberlake and J. Richard, the son of Crozier. And they were divided among these to be taught according to their teaching.

But to J. Richard, the son of Crozier, he commanded them all to go, that he might select a baseball, football, basket ball and track team, to battle with other teams. And J. Richard's selection was good, for his teams conquered other teams.

And then Jones of the land of Union and Johnson of the land of Sampson were selected to battle with other nations with their tongues; so on the twenty-fifth of November of this year, they went into the land of Virginia, and did conquer it with their tongues. And William Louis was greatly pleased thereby.

As the days passed, William Louis had wise men from all the regions round about to come and talk to them. And this was good for they did learn much thereby.

On the fifth of November of this year, 1909, six of the Seniors did speak before William Louis and his helpmates concerning what they had been taught. And William Louis and his helpmates were pleased thereby.

During the early part of William Louis's reign, all was chaos, and darkness reigned in Wake Forest; but on the eleventh of October, William Louis said: "Let there be light," and there was light, and the boys saw the light that it was good. And so they gathered themselves together, all with one accord at Peed's corner, and from thence they marched to the home of William Louis and his helpmates and received from them speeches on the advent of light.

On November twentieth, one Tom Osborne, a student of William Louis, desiring to have some fun, deliberately put red paint on his forehead, took his pistol, fired it, and fell heavily to the floor like one dead. Accordingly the boys rushed in and there was wailing and gnashing of teeth. And the report spread immediately throughout all the college that Tom had committed suicide, and the doctors came to administer unto him, but behold, he rose up, and they all rejoiced because he whom they thought dead was alive.

And so they grew day by day in favor with William Louis and his helpmates, and waxed strong according to their teachings.

It was agreed that, from the thirteenth to the twenty-second of December of this year, each man should be questioned concerning his past work. So it was done, that which had been agreed upon, and each man was praised according to his work.

After this, they were allowed to return to their people, and tell them concerning William Louis' teachings. But he commanded that each one return unto him by the fourth of January, in the new year of his reign, 1910.

And some went to their people joyful, because they could tell much concerning the teaching of William Louis; but others were sorrowful, for they lacked in his teachings.

And this is the first chronicle of the fourth year of the reign of William Louis, the son of Poteat. Being from the eighth of September, 1909, to the fourth of January, 1910, in the year of our Lord.



Resolutions

WHEREAS, we the Faculty of Wake Forest College, having found among the students of this year fountains of learning of inestimable value: Therefore, be it

RESOLVED—First—That we submit and own up our ignorance before such arc lights as these.

Second—Feeling it to be the best for the College, that we petition the Trustees to start a summer school here for the benefit of the Faculty.

Third—That the following gentlemen whose knowledge astounds all with whom they come in contact, be elected Professors. The first year gentlemen, Farris, Professor of Physics; Honorable Philip Green, Professor of Medicine; His Honor, Judge Moss, Professor of Law; Reverend C. C. Wheeler, Professor of Bible; Junior Trueblood, Professor of Latin, Sophomore T. B. Henry, Jr., Professor of Chemistry, T. S. Ashcraft, Professor of Mathematics; P. A. McClendon, Professor of Modern Languages; S. C. Picot, Professor of Biology, and H. A. Wallin, Professor of History.

Fourth—That the Professors of Harvard, Yale and Cornell be extended invitations to share the great blessings that are about to fall upon us.

Fifth—That each of these gentlemen be allowed to select his assistant from the Faculty. But that no one of the Faculty be allowed to hold his position but one summer, so all can receive the benefit derived from personal contact.

Sixth—That each of these gentlemen be given his room rent in remuneration for his services.

(Signed)

The Faculty of Wake Forest College,
per



The College Roll

- What direction has the course of civilization always taken?—WEST.
A convenient man in the pantry—BUTLER.
What is the style of Utley's pitching?—KIRVIN.
Upon what part of the body is the worst place for a bruise?—SHANKS.
How are you going to get the favor of your teacher?—LEGGETT.
What disturbs our morning rest?—BELL.
Who is the hardest man in College to overcome?—GARRISON.
Who is the bravest man in College?—COX.
A truly honest man.—SMITH.
An extortionate man.—HIGHSMITH.
Who never gets blue?—BROWN.
Who best represents the flower of purity?—WHITE
A delicious fruit.—BERRY.
A most excellent man.—BEST.
How are most diseases contracted?—BROUGHT—ON.
Who reminds you of a society lady?—AVERS.
What will a swarm of bees do when you throw water on them?—SETTLE.
What is the most common foul in basket ball?—HOLDING.
Who reminds you of Africa?—SAVAGE.
What freezes in cold weather?—FAUCET.
What is the best kind of pickle?—OLIVE.
Whom do all the Catholics respect?—POPE.
What is the best kind of house?—BRICKHOUSE.
Who best represents the civil war?—BATTLE.
What is a house incomplete without?—KITCHIN.
Whom do the booze artists like to see?—BREWER.
Who best represents the Freshman Class?—GREEN.
What does a boy do when he first gets up?—COMBS.
What did you see on the wall of the building?—IVIE.
Who makes you think of Western North Carolina?—HILL.
What does a road overseer do when he comes to a stream?—BRIDGER.
When it's cold and the wood isn't cut whom do you want to see?—SAWYER.
Who is the heaviest fellow in college and what is his weight?—SINGLE—TON.
Who best represents the grand jury?—FOREMAN.

We Ask You Are They True?

"An empty vessel makes the greatest sound."—CREECY WHEELER.

"Is his head worth a hat?"—BAGWELL.

"His tongue is a sample of perpetual motion."—SORRELL.

"I am just a business proposition."—CHAS. BELL.

"From children expect childish things."—FRESHMAN CLASS.

"Working to beat the devil."—MINISTERIAL CLASS.

"To see how long you can be bored with the expectancy of an office."—SOCIETY.

"The weeds and grass are growing all around while the new dormitory is being erected."—PROMISES.

"The very hairs of your head are numbered."—ASA P. GRAY.

"A man after his own heart."—O'BRIEN.

"Gas and brass well mixed."—WHEELER.

Principal occupation: Looking wise, but being otherwise.—WOODALL.

Who studies little and knows less.—THAXTON.

I am become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.—WHEELER MARTIN.

Blow your own horn.—JENKINS.

Too fresh to keep, to green to eat, throw it away. BROUGHTON, C. C.

And departing leave behind him big footprints on the sands of time.—"NEWISH" WILLIS.

He groweth up so fast, that he has not time to expand outward.—SAM SINGLETON.

Babies who tear down Sophomores' building blocks.—Faculty.

Dr. Paschal's contribution to the newish playthings.—LATIN I.

A side track for those who can't pull the B. A. and B. S. Degree grade.—LL. B. DEGREE.

An automatic counting machine that counts the number of boneheads in the seniors.—MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

And as he sat and ate and ate and ate, we wondered that one small anatomy could carry all he ate.—(INFANT) SMITH.

N. B.: The following was taken from a quiz given to the members of the Senior class without warning:

Final Quiz

1 *Why did you come to W. F. C.?*

Want of better judgment—WEST.

"Lord knows!"—WHITE.

To calm a cerebral storm—JENKINS.

To get broke—POE.

'Cause Pa said so—MITCHELL.

To keep from going to Mars Hill.—RODWELL.

Search me!—GEIGER.

I did not come, I came.—BROWN.

To show the Faculty up.—MASSEY.

To see if there was anything east of the Blue Ridge worthy of the consideration of a country pedagogue from the "land of the sky".—CLAYTON.

I'd hate to say.—MCCUTCHEON.

To get out from between the plow handles.—JOHNSON.

To take a course on Doctor Tom's Public Sanitation.—AKIYAMA.

I give it up.—CARRICK.

Just to take a rest.—MARSHALL.

Just hard luck.—BROUGHTON.

Just as a matter of course.—WILLIAMS.

One who loves sleep seeks a quiet place.—

A microbe of the mental species was accidentally lost in my neck of the woods and surreptitiously and unbeknownst to me got into my block top. Here he gnawed an interrogatory cavity, and this aching void set my pedestrian extremities in search of a cranial sanitarium. My intellectual workings having slipped a cog I endeavored to blend the peculiarities of my green color with the perennial shrubs of the historic campus of W. F. C.—COLLINS.

2 *What has been the most important event of your college career?*

Dissecting an earth worm—Biology Lab.—COLLINS.

When I lost twenty-five pounds of flesh.—POWELL.

Eating breakfast.—HOLDEN.

It is yet to come.—SAWYER.

Tracing Joe Cabannis from Faculty woodhouse.—BROWN, G.

Dodging the peanut detective on the famous peanut Monday.—HILL.

Passing Psychology.—WILLIAMS.

Getting off conditions.—BROUGHTON.

Not having to stand Logic Exam.—Mirabile dictu.—MARSHALL.

- Trip to Raleigh on freight train. —AKIYAMA.
 Seeing Dr. Taylor expectorate.—COMBS.
 There were three of equal importance—the three times I left for summer vacations.—DUFFY.
 Learning to chew tobacco.—MCCUTCHEON.
 Getting off more trainology than any previous.—MASSEY.
 No important event ever happened, the monotony is appalling.—GEIGER.
 The night of Anniversary reception when I met my affinity.—RODWELL.
 Crossing the *pons asinorum*.—POE.
 Calling for eggs according to order at Wrights' Cafe.—JENKINS.
 Entering off Latin I.—WHITE.
 They say it was when I learned to smoke rabbit-tobacco.—CARRICK.
- 3 *What has been your greatest misfortune?*
 Butting up against Dr. Gorrell.—POE.
 Rooming on the same floor with Newish Cline.—MITCHELL.
 Failure to couple-up with Davis' argument on pure truth.—RODWELL.
 Raleigh.—GEIGER.
 Entering college too young.—BROWN, D.
 Joining the beer-drinkers' club.—MASSEY.
 Flunking on gymnasium.—CLAYTON.
 Brother Vaughan, of blessed memory, was probably the greatest. Sixty in the fall and forty in the spring on English I. "Pass" was a close second.—DUFFY.
 Biology Lab.—COMBS.
 When I lost myself in the campus on my first night in Wake Forest.—AKIYAMA.
 Hearing the Glee Club sing. BROUGHTON.
 Failure to get blacked.—WILLIAMS.
 Signing a contract with Berry, Kelly and Chadwick to sell views.—HILL.
 Rooming in Paradise.—BROWN, G.
 The attempt to hand out English to the Newish.—HOLDEN.
 Popularity with the fair sex. POWELL.
 Meeting Dr. Paschal.—RODWELL.
 Being unable to pursue further the studies of Spanish and Latin under Dr. Gorrell and Dr. Paschal.—COLLINS.
 When I fell from my pony.—JOHNSON.
- 4 *How have you spent the greater part of your time?*
 Sleeping, going to chapel, and when I couldn't, explaining why.—COLLINS.
 Learning the Seaboard Freight Schedule.—EDWARDS.
 Standing on Dixon's rock speaking to the trees and birds.—HILL.
 Trying to discover a solvent for club steak.—WILLIAMS.
 Reading the Pastoral Visitor. BROUGHTON.

- Studying Dr. Gorrell's Dago languages.—MARSHALL.
 Playing whist.—MCCUTCHEON.
 Building air castles, doing stunts in the gymnasium and devouring beef—
 a-la-tough.—CLAYTON.
 Trying to hide my age.—BROWN, D.
 Answering the President's summons for chapel absences. GEIGER.
 Looking wise and keeping "mum."—RODWELL.
 Pulling off boneheads.—WHITE.
 Waiting for Halley's comet to appear in the West.—JENKINS.
 Riding my pony.—JOHNSON.
- 5 *What is your chief aim and ambition in life?*
 To find her who will say "yes" instead of "oh, you."—JENKINS.
 Merely to exist.—WHITE.
 To have a pair of suspenders for every pair of pants I have.—RAGLAND.
 To be the best of my tribe.—POE.
 To work like—Dr. Gorrell.—MITCHELL.
 To see the chief librarian earn his salary.—MCCUTCHEON.
 To disprove the statement of the one who said "there is a destiny that
 shapes our end."—RODWELL.
 To rival Sir John Falstaff.—CLAYTON.
 To go to a college where they don't make seniors attend chapel.—DUFFY.
 To give the world an example of happiness.—JOHNSON.
 "To be or not to be."—COMBS.
 To pay a visit to Uncle Sam by airship every Saturday afternoon.—
 AKIYAMA.
 To cross the ocean in a cattle boat.—MARSHALL.
 "Oh, what's the use of dreaming."—BROUGHTON.
 To get even, in some way, with Dr. Sledd for flunking me on English I.—
 HILL.
 To keep the jail and penitentiary filled with competent workmen.—KINLAW
 To live until I die.—HOLDEN.
 Aim, to live as long as I can; ambition, to die as I have lived—easy.—
 COLLINS.
 To live alone near a lake where the liver may be good, but where physic's
 laws cease to operate and dissected grasshoppers sing not after night-
 fall.—CARRICK.
 To win a wife.—POWELL and BROWN.
 To be the lucky amoeba who meets his affinity in his own drop of
 water.—COLLINS.
 To be able to look "Johnny B." straight in the face when talking to him.—
 To learn to ride like some of my classmates.—JOHNSON.

Their Heart's Desire

DR. POTEAT: "If I but knew what Sidney A. Edgerton thinks he knows."

PROF. LAKE: "The earth and the fullness thereof would be mine, if I only knew the physics that 'Newish' Farris has forgotten."

PROF. GULLEY: "My heart's desire is to be a junior member in a law business with the right honorable W. S. Moss."

DR. STEWART: "The boneheadedness of B. L. Jones on class is a disease, that I would give my life to conquer."

DR. BREWER: "The emptiness of T. P. Henry, Jr's., head and the thickness of his skull is a vessel that I would fain give my last cent for, to keep highly explosive material in."

DR. GORRELL: "If Phil Sawyer would stay in my classes, I'd throw my talking machines away."

DR. ROYALL: "If I could read Greek as well as F. A. Liles, I should feel that my life had not been spent in vain."

PROF. JONES: "If I could calculate the number of boneheads to the square inch in 'Newish' Ashcraft's head, I would write a text book on higher mathematics."

DR. PASCHAL: "May the day speedily come when I shall be able to read Virgil without a Jack."



Yells

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Wake Forest! Wake Forest! Wake Forest!

W-A-K-E, W-A-K-E!

Wake Forest, Wake Forest, Wake Forest!

WAKE!

Skinnimaree! Skinnimara!

Julah! Tiger!

Flipity-flop, we're on top,

Sis! Boom! Wake Forest!

BASEBALL SONG

Wake Forest, Wake Forest, all along the line,

We'll give three cheers for the Wake Forest nine,

For we're out to win the game to-day,

We'll give a locomotive cheer for Wake Forest

Ray! Ray! Ray! Tiger! Tiger! Tiger!

Sis-sis-sis-s-s! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Wake! Wake! Wake!

Wake 'em up, wake 'em up,

Wake! Wake! Wake!

Shake 'em up, Shake 'em up,

Shake! Shake! Shake!

Wide awake, wide awake,

Wake! Wake!! Wake!!!



To the True and False

THE beautiful bloom of the mildest breeze,
Conveying the sweetness of angels' tears,
The rhythmical music of distant seas,
Rehearsing the song of the faded years;
The singing of birds in the woodlands near,
Enshrined in the depths of the blue above
Are nothing, oh nothing! to me my dear,
Compared to thy presence and depthless love.
But merciless age and the woes of youth,
Defying the progress of man's true worth;
Nor hell that awaits to consume the truth
And strangle the life of the noblest birth;
Nor pleadings of souls in the world below
Can ever, I say with a vow, undo
The fetters that bind in an endless woe
The maid that is false and the lass untrue.

A. D. GORE

The "Sub's" Chance

STANLEY, come 'round and get a suit to-night; we may have to use you in Monday's game," coach called to me as I was leaving the field. If I had received a communication from Mars, I couldn't have been more surprised.

"Me, Stanley Wilson, better known as 'Stumpy,' to play in the big game! Four years on the squad and a suit at last! By George, I'll show 'em that I haven't practised all this time for nothing!" said I to myself, as I made a dash for the bath-house, nearly running over "Snippy" in my haste.

"Hey, there, mind where you plant those number tens of yours," he growled. But I didn't care what he or anybody else said; I was thinking of that suit with the 'Varsity letters on it and of the "big" game—the game which we had rather win than all the others. I didn't care if I was just a "sub," I was happy.

* * * * *

The grandstand was aglow with waving pennants and colors as we ran out to take infield practice. I felt mighty proud of my suit, and, yes, I did catch a glimpse of "her" and tipped my cap to her, too. Oh, she was a peach, but Jim Crowell was with her and that took all the pleasure out of the glimpse for me. Jim was a football hero and I was just a "sub." She had been going with Jim a whole lot of late, and—well, I just figured it was down and out for me. I never was much of a ladies' man, anyhow. Somehow or other, I never had really liked any girl but "her," and now another fellow had stepped in and my little dream had all gone to smash.

"What are you standing there for, like a dummy? Didn't you see that ball was yours? Get this one," yelled the coach, and I immediately forgot all else but baseball.

The game was called and the "Farmers" took the field. The mighty Harmon was on the mound. Three men fanned the air in quick succession before him, and something like a sigh went up from our part of the grandstand, while the bleachers rejoiced in unmistakable glee.

I wanted to get into the game terribly bad, but I was only a "sub," so I sat on the bench and waited—waited; for hadn't the coach said he might have to use me?

"A hit! And Sandy's missed it. Won't he ever pick it up? Oh, Lord, the man's coming in home. Throw it, throw it! Too late, he's in." The score stood one to nothing. Two men fanned and we were at the bat again.

Bob, the first man up, got a single, 'Cloddy' sacrificed and Bob went to second; "Red" was safe on first, hit by pitched ball; Henry came up amid a perfect roar of yells, but fouled ball to catcher and was out; Phil failed to connect and the side was retired. We missed the chance.

There was nothing doing in the scoring line until the seventh inning, when we got a run on an error and tied, one to one. We saw visions of victory then, but only for a little while, for the "Farmers" ran in two runs in the last half, making the score read, three to one. Nothing doing in the eighth. The ninth, and our last chance to win the game. Could we do it?

"Red" is the first man up. Lucky stars, he's got a hit and is safe on first; Oliver out to shortstop but "Red" has stolen second; Henry safe on a bunt; Phil out to right field; two men on bases and two down. If we could just get a hit."

"Here, Stanley, bat for Waddell and hit the ball. Do you hear? Swat it."

Hear? I reckon I did hear, and I determined right then and there to hit that ball or die in the attempt. My chance had come at last, and I felt as confident of making it good as I did of eating supper. I glanced up at the grandstand and saw just one particular pennant waving frantically and above all the din of yells. I seemed to hear just one voice. Hit it? Why, I couldn't do anything else. I toed the plate and let the first ball go by.

"St—r—ike one," bawled the umpire. "Guess I'll hit the next one," thought I to myself, so I braced for a good hefty swing and—

"St—r—ike two," called the umpire in a tone that grated on my nerves. The bleachers went wild.

"Well, I *will* hit the next one," said I, and gripped the bat a little tighter. I watched Harmon nod his head to the catcher and wondered what kind of ball he was going to throw. I watched him as he "wound up" and then - * * * I was running like mad to first. The bleachers were silent.

"Keep on 'round, you hit it to the fence," yelled the coach from the side line.

"To the fence!" Oh, didn't those words sound good to me. First was passed, and I was tearing toward second. Biff! Second basemen tried to block me, but got knocked up a bit.

"Run 'Stumpy,' Come on to third," I heard some one yell.

"The two men on bases mus' have scored," thought I, "and we are even. If I could only make it home." Third is passed.

"Run 'Stumpy,' run. You're almost in." My feet weighed tons and my chest was bound with steel, but I ran.

"Quick, slide, that's the boy," and then all was confusion. The game was ours—the "big" game, and I had won it. Yes—that yell was for me, "Stumpy," the "sub," and it made me feel good. But when I saw "her" clapping her hands and waving at me, I was transported to the seventh heaven of delight.

"Jim is not the only 'hero' now," said I to myself.

"Stanley, you're a brick; that hit was great," said the coach as he grasped my hand. The boys almost knocked the breath out of me with their hearty slaps of congratulation, but I felt all the joy of victory in my heart. What did it matter now if I "flunked" on all my Exams? I was a "hero" and "she" was proud of me. Oh, I was happy as I ran to the bath-house with the fellows

* * * * *

The nice, warm water felt so good. I just wanted to stay under it but the boys kept calling to me to hurry up. Somehow, I didn't want to hurry.

"Ough," somebody turned on the cold water. I reached out to turn it off—

"Hello, what's this on my arm—what's the matter—this room—my head—where—"

"Don't talk now. Your head is hurt, and you are in the hospital," I heard someone say.

"But where are the fellows? Where—what—?" A pain darted through my temple and I lay back down wondering.

* * * * *

"Good morning, Mr. Wilson, how are you feeling?"

I opened my eyes and was astonished to see Dr. Rogers standing by—yes, by my cot. I felt of my head and found it all bandaged up. I looked around the room. There was no mistaking, I was in the hospital! Still I couldn't understand it all. Then I noticed the morning paper in the hand of Dr. Rogers and asked him for it. He handed it to me and propped me up so I could read. I turned with feverish haste to the "Sporting Page." This is what I saw in big black letters:

FARMERS WIN ANNUAL EASTER GAME.

Score was three to one, although the teams were very evenly matched. The pitching of Harmon and the field work of Waddell were features of the game. The visitors, with two men on bases in the ninth and one man out, failed to score a run.

I was still mystified but a little farther down, I read the following:

Stanley Wilson, who took Waddell's place in the ninth, was hit by pitched ball and badly hurt. He was carried unconscious from the field, but it is hoped that his injury is not serious. Westlake took his place on first, but Coshy struck out, retiring the side.

The paper dropped from my hands, and at last, I realized what had happened. "So I didn't knock that home-run after all, but got hit myself. I reckon I'm just a "bonehead" that's all there is to it. Lost the game!" A big lump came up in my throat and—I couldn't help it, but my eyes got just a little moist too. I turned over and buried my face in the pillow.

"Mr. Wilson here is something for you." I looked up and saw the nurse holding a huge bunch of violets. I took them, hardly knowing what I did. I had lost the game, so what need did I have for flowers?

"You might see whom they are from," said the nurse.

I pulled out the little card which had just one corner showing and read:

"To Mr. Stanley Wilson,

From Margaret T

With love and best wishes."

"With love and best wishes," I murmured softly to myself.

The morning sunlight stole softly into my room and kissed the violets in my hand. A mocking bird in the elm by my window caroled sweetly to his mate, and I was happy.

ARTHUR B. RAY.





Some Other Day

HS now—some other day,
The springtide will return
With marsh frogs piping gay
In the meadow by the fern.
The wild March wind will tease
The red buds into bloom,
And April with her golden bees
Will wanton in perfume.
Clear, on the May-sweet morn
The Robin's shout will ring;
The catbird in the thorn
Will sing, and sing and sing.
By this same hillward path
Will lean the wilding rose,
To bless with it's nightly bath
Of dew, what nearest grows.
And maidens with bantering jests
Will pause, where the hedge vine weaves
A tangle with the clover crests,
And pry among the leaves.
Ah, yes; I ween 'twill be
As now, love—some other day,
Some that, for you and me,
Time will not—will not stay!

H. F. PAGE



“*Veering Winds*”

IT was Commencement Day—one of those blue, drizzly, raw days late in May, when the grass and flowers look dull and sad, the birds perch songless on the dripping boughs, and the boys shiver and kindle fires with waste paper and the remnants of the winter's wood.

“What’s the matter with you to-day, Billie? you seem sad,” said I, entering Billie’s room after graduating exercises were over, and finding him standing in the middle of the floor with his cap and gown still on, holding his flowers in his hand and looking as vacant as if he were walking in his sleep.

“I am,” replied Billie, dropping into an old chair, leaning his elbows upon his knees and burying his face in his hands.

“Very sad, old fellow?” mirthfully queried I.

“No, I’m not exactly sad, but blue. I can’t help it. This ends my college days, and what a fool I am! I have been the biggest fool, Stee—”

“Hold on, Billie,” I interrupted, “you may feel like a fool, but—”

“But nothing!” broke in Billie; “you don’t know. My mother has thought all the time for the last five years that I was trying to live as I was reared, and I haven’t. For the whole year I have been trying to get on my feet again. That was the main thing I came back here for this year—to take M. A.”

“Well, Billie, I sympathize with you, but I thought it was some trouble about May that was making you blue, but you seem to be thinking more about yourself than you are of May,” I interrupted, hoping to turn his thoughts in a happier direction.

“O, my soul, I wish I had never seen May. I started to say awhile ago I was a fool for two things, and I am: for going to the bad like I have, and for going on with May as I have. It used to seem pretty hard to be called an ass by old Dr. Stanton when I was a ‘newish,’ but I am realizing more and more the appropriateness of the old Doc’s designation. I’m worse than an ass. I am such a fool that I can’t see *anything*. Speaking of May, she’s not the girl for me. It’s a fact. There never was a sweeter, purer, nobler, better girl in the world. But you know—”

"Go slow now, Billie; look out, or—"

"O-o-h! keep your big mouth shut, Stee, till I get through. There never was a better girl in the world than May, but—she's not the girl for me, and we, we've just got to play quits, and how it's to be done, I don't know. She's here on me now. I've been trying to tell her how I feel, but I can't. I'm a fool—I was born a fool."

"What makes you say that, Billie?" I asked, for want of something else to say.

"Just because I am—I've gone on, and if I had had a thimbleful of sense I would have known four years ago this would have to be done, and it would have been so much easier then than now. But, Stee, it's the tyranny of fate!"

"What's the tyranny of fate?"

"That May and I have gone on as we have and have now got to say good-bye and go our separate ways. I have been making resolutions all day. But it's a strange thing how you meet folks and love them and feel that by some mystic chord your hearts are bound together, but at the same time, feel that there is a nameless something lacking that torments you and causes you to feel that all the time you are making an eternal mistake. Well, that is just how I have come to feel about May, and I am making some resolutions to-day. I am going to change my way of doing or I'll shuffle off this mortal coil trying."

"Billie," said I, "you seem desperate!"

"I am desperate, or rather desperately in earnest. I don't think I'm quite ready to quit this stage yet, Stee, but listen: From this day on, God being my helper, I'll be a man. I shift my sails, for I feel that even now the veering winds shift. May and I are no more from this day."

We walked then from the dusky room to stroll about the campus, which, owing to the weather, was quiet. As we walked on toward the main entrance, the fresh air seemed to invigorate Billie, and with a more cheerful mien than he had been able to command before, and with an expression of relief which is apparent only after a long and severe anxiety, he asked:

"What are you going to do this summer?"

"Why, I have decided, Billie, to spend a part of the summer at Northfield. I want to get the benefit of the Bible Lecture Course there," I replied.

"You may think I am not only a fool, Stee, but crazy as well, but why can't I go with you? Do they let everybody come there that wants to?"

I assured him that he could go, that it was a fine place for anybody to spend a few weeks, and urged him to go with me, and I confess, very much to my surprise, Billie put his arm around my shoulder and said:

"Stee, I'm no preacher, and don't know what I'll do up there among so many of you, but I'm going!"

We arrived at Northfield June 28th. The leading preachers and ministerial students of the country were there. Billie was much impressed with the moral

atmosphere of the place. He did not register for work, but attended the lectures, and often spoke of the great value of such a course. However, Billie did not go there for work and never attempted to appear anything but just what he was—a rich young man of the best type. He loved to wear “smart” clothes and take life easy. This he did at Northfield. He had a big, lovable and loving heart, and he had to have a lady to love. He was lonesome and lonely. There was at Northfield a charming young lady, who rode horseback every afternoon, whom Billie had seen and whose name he had learned, but whom he had not met.

I was sitting in one of the summer houses on Summit Drive one day as Billie came down toward me in his white walking slippers, duck pants and cap—dressed for the evening stroll. Just then the young lady, beautiful and graceful, in one of the “smartest” yet neatest riding suits seen that season, right by herself, rode by—and, whether by chance, accident, providence or momentary palpitation of the heart and consequent nervousness, she dropped her riding whip. Billie returned it. I saw it all. I shall never forget it. Billie, with a smile all over his face, came on and fell down by my side on the seat, and said:

“Stee, I’m gone! I’m crazy over that girl! She is to be my wife! I’m going to get Dr. B—— to introduce me to her to-night!”

She was the daughter of Dr. M——, one of the greatest preachers of his day—a powerful man of international fame. Billie talked much about her. He philosophized about her greatness and her excellence. Yes, he dreamed, he said, of a day when his own weak, wandering life should twine about hers and he should be the man he so much desired to be.

On the other hand, from what appeared later, Miss M—— was dreaming of a different day—a day when she should be married to Billie, the young millionaire, and should be free from the superabundance of religion with which she was gorged all her life, and should have her natural course gadding in the gayest circles, autoing, yachting and everything her heart could desire and wealth could give.

By and by they were wed—and before they knew each other’s heart. For a month they spent their time in the far South. But we must drop the curtain. Life to neither was what either expected. How could they be happy!

But in all this Billie was sane and felt that it was yet to be all right. But, to put the whole tragedy in a word: One day when Billie was away, his wife invited some of her new society lady friends to ride with her in her auto, and the half-amateur chauffeur, while driving at a terrific speed along the popular drive-way in the city, wrecked the car and everyone was seriously injured, and Mrs. W—— was taken up almost lifeless. When Billie arrived on a special train she was dead.

Two years later I was spending a few days at a modest little summer watering place in Billie’s native State. It had become known that Billie had decided to give up business and enter the ministry. I picked up the morning

paper the second day I was there and noticed that he had been called to the pastorate of Central Church of ———, and would enter upon his work about ten days later. I handed the paper to May, who chanced to be there at the Spring. She had grown a trifle stouter than she was three years before, when I saw her at the Commencement, when Billie took his M. A. degree, and, somehow, she had grown in charm, till, to put it strongly, she seemed surrounded with a veritable halo of heavenly beauty. I knew she had become quite active in church circles since I first saw her. At any rate, I thought she would be interested in the item, and I wanted to see her when she read it.

Now, more singular than anything connected with the whole story, next morning, when I went in to breakfast, whom should I see but Billie! I fairly leaped toward him! I couldn't wait. I told him May was there and was as pretty as could be! Billie was speechless!

I waited to see what would happen. On the following Sunday afternoon I was seated on a rustic down toward the spring, behind a big cluster of honeysuckles and rose bushes, reading a book, when I heard somebody walking



up toward a rustic just on the other side of the cluster of shrubbery by which I was seated. I recognized Billie's and May's voices. They were talking about the flowers and the premises in general when they first sat down, but soon the conversation changed. Amid a rustle of paper, as of the opening of a letter, Billie said:

"I have something here you will be more than surprised to see, I know."

"Dear me!" exclaimed May.

"Do you know what it is?" asked Billie.

"I—think—I—do! What—have you kept that letter? My heart was nearer to breaking when that letter was written than ever in my life. I wouldn't go through with such an experience again for a world!"

Then I suspected it was a letter May had written about three years before; and, sure enough, Billie confirmed my suspicion when he tenderly and with a world of affection, said:

"May, God only know how f have felt a thousand times as I have thought of this letter! f told you in the one to which this is the reply that my plans and purposes were such that we could never be anything more than friends, and you see what you wrote:

"'We plan—and plan: 'This shall be so and so,'
'This shall I do' and 'thither shall I go.'
Yet as the hours shape themselves to days,
We tread not in those same self-chosen ways;
Our feet are led 'long paths we had not guessed,
And lo! we find those newer paths are best.'

"I thought then you were writing for yourself—to express what you felt in your own case, but, May, f have felt a thousand times, I reckon, that I had chosen my own ways and that I made the mistake of my life in choosing the way f did!"

"Oh, Billie, it was hard for me to write that. f copied it because I felt that all my plans and ambitions were crushed, and I was trying to bring myself to believe in a kind Providence that would take care of poor me!"

"Well, May, ever since I parted from you, it seems that my paths have been ill-starred. You know how it has been. May, think not strange, f have kept this letter written by you through it all; yes, through it all. Do you recall these words:

"'Be happy. Be useful. Above all, be good. We're God's. Some day we'll be happy. And now, my dear, dear love, farewell; my dear, true friend, good-bye?'"

After a considerable little pause, May spoke with a broken voice, revealing her emotion, and said:

"Yes, those words came up from the depths of my soul, and every letter was written with a drop of my heart's blood, for it was bleeding!"

"And do you recall these in regard to the ring:

"'I must remove it. I'm going to keep it a little while for this reason, though: You know, the folks all know how f received it, and as it has never been off my finger since you placed it on, someone would be sure to notice its absence, and I could not bear probing questions and pitying glances now. Oh, it's hard, hard, so hard! Later f shall kiss the little thing good-bye and send it to you, for I think I should?'"

"Yes, Billie, indeed I recall very, very distinctly how it seemed my heart would break sure enough when I thought of taking that precious, sweet, darling little thing from my finger. I felt then life would never, never be any more pleasure to me. I recall now how thoughts, even of death, were sweet to me, though now I blush at the very remembrance. But I felt I never would get over it. Oh, it was so hard!"

Billie did not speak immediately. There was a total silence for a minute. After awhile I heard a rustle; then Billie cleared his voice to speak, and I knew

he had taken his handkerchief from his pocket and was doubtless wiping many tears, for when he spoke, each word was with effort to suppress his emotion.

"Well, May—I have no words to express my regret that I chose the course I did. I have always felt that it was my worst mistake. I was too determined to have my way. But, May, I have found that His ways are best. I have for these three years, tried to 'be happy, be useful, and above all, be good,' May, but I have made a failure—without you! God in heaven knows I have made a failure without you! Can you forgive me now, May, my own dear May; and will you take back this ring again with all my heart and all I am and can ever hope to be, and help me as only you can to be happy, useful and good?"

I have scarcely anything to add. It is now fifteen years since I heard the foregoing words behind the rose bush and honeysuckle. Soon afterward Billie and May were married. Billie has always done a good work, and has recently been justly honored with the degree of D. D. by his Alma Mater; four fine children are growing up like olive plants around his table, and if ever any mortals were happy, useful and good, Doctor W——— and his devoted wife are, and their fame has gone throughout the land.

E. D. POE.



The Maiden's Art

WITH a founce and a frill
And a conquering will
And a wooing smile,
With a frolicsome look
Like a rollicking brook
In a mountain wild,
Was a maiden with eyes
Like the blue of the skies
Coaxing me.

With her promise to wed
Through her blushes of red,
Like a spring-blown flower,
In a business-like way
On a fair Sabbath day,
Was a fateful hour,
For the maiden with eyes
Like the blue of the skies
Jilted me.

A D GORE

Pauline

THE thoughts I have of thee,
Pauline
Alleviate my care;
No matter where I be,
Pauline,
I see thy semblance fair,

Thy cheeks are rosy hued,
Pauline,
Thine eyes are like the stars;
Thy tears have oft bedewed,
Pauline,
The face no blemish mars,

To use some flower-seat,
Pauline,
And there declare my love,
Would make my life replete,
Pauline,
Should you return it, love,

But why do I thus write,
Pauline?
Thy lips have lost their flame,
Thy bones lie cold tonight,
Pauline,
It's cause my love's the same,

A. D. GORE.



The Man in the Strawberry Patch

Nightly feasts of strawberries, sugar and cream were the delight of four college boys and the vexation of Mr. Forepaw, the horticulturist. He knew strawberries were being taken from his garden without recompense, and his vines were being trampled in a very careless manner. So he set a negro to watch the patch on the hillside, near the woods, just after twilight. The boys saw this as it was being done, and consequently avoided being caught that night.

The next night they resolved to try their heretofore good luck. Mott took a big shoe-box, Rod a large paper bag, Remington was to pick, while Lowe carried the toy magic lantern, which they used for a light, for only a small, round ray of light was let out, so that it could be seen by no one except the boys.

Tripping down the hill and jumping the little stream, they went up the hill in the edge of the woods. Then, part of the boys climbing over the plank gate and the rest crawling under the barbed wire, they stopped in the edge of the patch to take observance. No one was seen or heard. Lowe lighted the lantern; they stepped into the patch and threw the ray of light on the large, red strawberries around their feet.

"Look at that man," said Remington.

Mott and Rod raised from their stooped positions, looked and stood. Lowe, seeing the man crouched on the ground about five yards above them, turned the light from that direction. Simultaneously the four boys began to slowly back off towards the edge of the patch. Then, turning round, they dashed forward into the bushes and barbed wire, Lowe blowing out the light as he jumped.

One of the boys crawled, or rather rolled, under the wire, leaving a piece of his coat-tail on a barb; one clambered over the high gate, and the others forgot how they got through the fence. Lowe ran about twenty yards into the woods and stopped behind a pine tree, still hugging the little lantern. Mott lay as still as dew on the cold ground just through the fence, and swore that he was lying at the head of an unknown fellow, whom he could even hear breathing. Rod got tangled in some grapevines, and like a bird in a net, gave up and listened for the gun to fire. Remington stumbled over someone just over the fence, fell,

regained his feet, and hastened to get behind a tree opposite the man in the patch. Not one knew where was a single companion. They trembled and held their breaths, expecting to be grabbed or to be filled with birdshot at any second.

Ten minutes passed and not a sound was heard. All at once Mott broke out down the hill, among the trees, towards the stream. Rod, recognizing Mott's voice as he said, "Come on, boys," disentangled himself and hastened over to Mott. Remington and Lowe followed, tripping through the bushes.

"Boys, let's go to our rooms in a hurry. There are two fellows lying in the bushes where I lay," said Mott.

"And I stumbled over another!" said Remington.

Next morning at the breakfast table, Mott heard Big Paul, Henry Watts and two other boys relate their experience in Forepaw's strawberry patch and in the edge of the woods. Big Paul told how someone flashed a light in his eyes after the other boys had hidden in the bushes, and how he had sworn to stay there even if there were an army approaching. Watts, how someone had almost broken his ribs as he ran over him; and the others, how someone had laid near them, daring them to move.

These two companies formed a monopoly, and resolved hereafter to go together.

LOWELL HAYNES.



The Fisherman's Luck

ONE lovely eve in May
I sat alone, concealed in willows,
And bobbed my hook this way
And that among the nibbling minnows
Sometimes a fairy boat
Composed of bloom and broken branches,
Would by me swiftly float
And toss like tiny avalanches.

The dull and distant roar
Of rapids, thundered through the stillness,
Whence mellow sweetness bore
Its sounds from hollows dark and gildless
To cloudless, lucent skies.
And near me grew in modest patches
A bloom like Flora's eyes,
Whence came a warbler's song in catches.

Far down the placid stream
I heard, above the waters dashing,
A voice ring out between
A measured stroke of gentle splashing,
And looked and saw two forms
Conversing there with faces beaming
Like clouds before it storms
Or fires at night on mountains gleaming.

Methinks I'll watch them now,
I'll peep from out my secret hiding
And hear a lover's vow,
While slowly by me they are gliding
"My love, how shady here!"
He said, and ceased his forceful rowing
"O, simply lovely, dear!"
Said she, and stroked her tresses flowing.

Not high above them swung
A tangled braid of Spanish masses,
To which a jasmine clung
In half a hundred lovely crosses
Of richest bloom and green,
They both looked up, their boat carvening,
And soon this king his queen
Had crowned, while she on him stood leaning.

And then she made a trace
Across the Lumbee's waters by her,
Which mirrored fair a face
That smiled a smile which drew him nigher.
In soft and whispered tone
They poured their love in ardent volumes
To his he placed her own
Fair cheek, and long they stood like columns.

The sun was dipping fast,
And crickets trilled their lonely chirping;
The shades were longer cast,
And weary farmers quit their working
On neighboring hills the sound
Of bells came sweet with cattle lowing,
And far off bayed a hound,
And closer, early cocks were crowing.

But none of these they heard,
Oblivious they of all around them,
For nought but stillness stirred
And I alone of earth had found them.
For now he gently pressed
Her graceful form, caresses giving,
And she just then confessed
That single life was not worth living.

The maiden softly spoke.
"Is anybody near I wonder?"
Then something snatched and broke
My rod, and jerked the cork clear under!
"Good evening friends," I said
From out my clump of willow-rushes.
But—ha! they rowed ahead
Suffused beneath a flood of blushes!

ARTHUR D. GORE.

In Memoriam



Major John M. Crenshaw

Born, July 25, 1822

Died, Jan. 28, 1910

John Martin Crenshaw

THE death of Major John M. Crenshaw at his home near Wake Forest on January 28, 1910, removes from us a pillar of our social fabric, a gentleman of noble type, a gentle man, venerable and beloved. He was born July 25, 1822, and was, therefore, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. His father, William Crenshaw, was one of the charter members of the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College and the Board's first Treasurer. In the early days of its history, when the brand of poverty was on its brow and existence meant struggle, the College in its need had in this Trustee and first Treasurer a friend indeed. It is thus with more than ordinary interest that we contemplate the fact that seventy-six years ago John M. Crenshaw, the son of this true and loyal trustee, wrote his name as the first matriculate of the College. He was also the first student of the College to join, of his own volition, either of the literary societies. The affection he maintained through life for his society, the Philomathesian, was beautifully evinced in the request made months before his death that the society should bury him. The spirit in which this request was received was shown in the impressive and sympathetic way in which it was carried out on January 29th, when he was laid at rest in the old family cemetery.

After several years of student life Major Crenshaw began a business career, the principal sphere of which was the farm, though for a considerable time he was also a prosperous merchant. In 1860 he was married to Mrs. Louisa J. Norman, who was of an old and honorable family, and who survives him.

In his manner of life Major Crenshaw furnished a fine illustration of that type of living which in recent years has been winning more and more the admiration of thoughtful people. It was the typical simple life that he lived. I once heard him say that it was very hard for him to have patience with, or respect for, one who abused God-given powers. Extravagant indulgence of the appetite, unwise eating and drinking, and recourse to physic to heal the outraged functions of the body he regarded as simply criminal. Loyalty to these convictions, no doubt, had much to do with his reaching the remarkable age to which he attained.

Major Crenshaw was deeply interested in things intellectual and moral. He was a reader of books, a friend and patron of education. In a conversation with a friend about a year ago he said that the Bible, Shakespeare, Addison and Burns, furnished the pabulum that most pleased and satisfied him.

He was in sympathy with every movement that had for its aim the betterment of civil and social conditions. He was Vice-President from its organization of the North Carolina Agricultural Society and for one year its President. He considered it his duty to attend all of its meetings and took a prominent part in every State Fair.

He was a firm believer in the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and in many ways demonstrated this. While we lament the fact that he never joined the church, we rejoice to believe that in the depths of his soul there was a saving sense of the love of God in Christ Jesus. Some months ago a young ministerial student was serving for a season the old church that Major Crenshaw loved and to whose maintenance he as regularly contributed as if he had been a member of it. A godly kinswoman was speaking to him of the young preacher one Saturday morning just before leaving his home for the monthly Saturday service. He placed in her hand a little parcel to be delivered to the preacher with the request that he would use it in any way that would help him to preach the Gospel to the sinners of the community. On opening the parcel the young man found a twenty-dollar gold piece. Acts of this kind were not exceptional with him, but he shrank from ostentation and suffered not his left hand to know what his right hand did.

He honored integrity of character and genuine worth whether their possessor was rich or poor, young or old. Of one of the most unpretentious and simple-hearted men I ever knew Major Crenshaw used to say: "He is a perfect Chesterfield; one of God's noblemen."

In the closing months of his life he was often found with the Book of Books in his hands and his tributes to its majestic worth rang very clear. A few days before the end came, on being asked about a matter upon which it was desired that he should express himself, he said: "I will try to let you know about it; I am prayerfully considering it." The last words I ever heard from the lips of my venerated friend were: "God bless you!"

Wake Forest, N. C.

W. B. ROYALL



STUDENT EDITORS



The College Senate

This is the second year of the Senate at Wake Forest. The results have been even better this year than last. And within a few more years, we believe that this method will be the cause of the final expulsion of hazing from this college. The duty of the Senate is to decide all matters relative to college discipline among the students. The accused may appeal to the Faculty, but as a rule the findings of the Senate will be considered as final.

The following gentlemen are members:

R. L. McMILLAN, Chairman

H. B. JONES

J. L. JENKINS

R. E. FOREHAND

W. B. DANIEL

S. C. WOODARD

C. T. MURCHISON

CHAS. VERNON

G. G. IVIE



Editorial

OUR work is ended. Over it we have spent many long but interesting hours. With little experience and our very limited funds we have done our best, and we therefore present without apology the results of our labors. We have striven to make the book a faithful and impartial presentation of college life, not as it should be but as it is, in all its phases and activities. If we have failed in this respect the fault lies not wholly with us; with a few exceptions we have received no contributions whatever from the student body. If the *HOWLER* is to be representative of every phase of college life it must be supported by the students. It could not be expected for a small handful of editors to represent the whole student body.

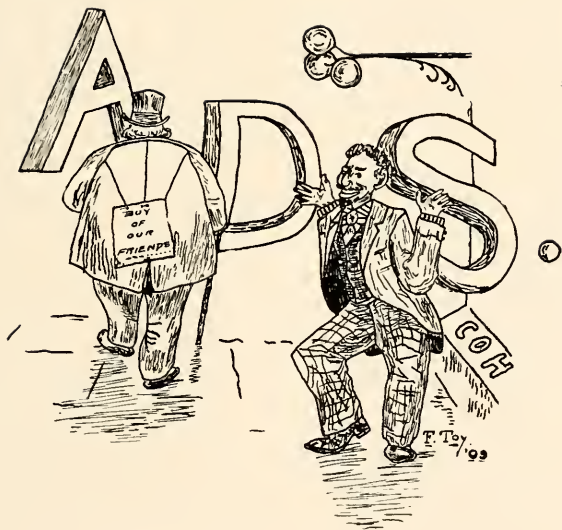
Two explanations are due here. It is not the fault of the editors that the Varsity basket ball team does not appear in the annual, for they did all they could to get a picture, but one was never taken; neither is it their fault that there were not more clubs used, as some of the largest and best clubs were taken, but through some mistake of the photographer the plates were doubly exposed, and therefore had to be thrown out.

To those students and friends who have aided us with contributions we extend our thanks, especially to A. D. Gore, to whom we are indebted for most of the poems, and to D. F. Smith, who aided much in the art work. All other contributions were duly appreciated. We wish also to extend our thanks to those firms who have advertised with us; and now we call upon the boys to patronize these firms. We insist that the preference be given always to them.

Finally, if we have said anything that you may think harsh or untrue, remember that the motive was entirely for good. In this work we have labored for your future gratitude rather than present popularity. The work has been hard, the responsibility great, and at times even burdensome, but if, in some future day, some of our fellow students may derive a little joy in looking over this annual, or if a college chum, tired with the business cares of the world should pass a few happy moments in company with the results of our efforts, or if some discouraged classmate should be reminded of the numerous students whose good wishes and love he possesses, then we shall feel that our labors have not been in vain, nor our efforts uselessly spent.



THE END —



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The advertisement features two fountain pens crossed over a globe. The pens are labeled 'CLIP-CAP' and 'WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN'. The globe is positioned behind the text 'Ideal'. The entire advertisement is enclosed in a decorative border.



