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THE HOWLER

Nineteen-Thirteen

Volume Eleven



ONE MORE HOWLER

Published Annually
by the
Philomathesian and Euzelian Literary Societies
of
WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

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To

EDWIN FEREBEE AYDLETT

*Devoted Son of Wake Forest College; Salutatorian of the Class
of 1879; Superintendent of Education, Camden County,
1881; Brilliant Lawyer; True Friend of the Poor; Benefactor
of the Orphan; Unselfish Servant of His Fellowmen,
Counting Political Advancement as Naught Beside the
Pursuit of His Chosen Profession; Earnest Worker in the
Cause of Truth, Justice, and Patriotism; and a Faithful
Steward of the Kingdom of God—this Eleventh issue of
“The Howler” is respectfully and affectionately Dedicated*



19575



OUR PRESIDENT



OUR DEAN

Faculty

WILLIAM L. POTEAT, M.A., LL.D., — — — PROFESSOR OF BIOLOGY

President

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

CHARLES E. BREWER, M.A., Ph.D., — — — PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY

Dean

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

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 of Moral Philosophy, *ibid.*, 1884.

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

PROFESSOR OF GREEK LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1861; M.A., 1866; D.D., Judson College, 1887; LL.D., Furman University, 1907; Assistant Professor, Wake Forest College, 1866-1870; Professor of Greek, *ibid.*, 1870

LUTHER R. MILLS, M.A., — — — PROFESSOR EMERITUS OF PURE MATHEMATICS

M.A., Wake Forest College, 1861; Assistant Professor of Mathematics, *ibid.*, 1867-1869; Professor of Mathematics, *ibid.*, 1870; Bursar, *ibid.*, 1876-1906.

BENJAMIN SLEDD, M.A., Lit.D., — PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

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

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.

NEEDEHAM Y. GULLEY, M.A., — — — — — PROFESSOR OF LAW

M.A., Wake Forest College, 1879; Member of 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; Professor, *ibid.*, 1890-1891; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, 1894; Professor of Modern Languages, Wake Forest College, 1894.

- WILLIS R. CULLOM, M.A., Th.D., - - - - - PROFESSOR OF THE BIBLE
M.A., Wake Forest College, 1892; Assistant Professor, Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, 1893-1896; Th.D., *ibid.*, 1903; Professor of the Bible, Wake Forest College, 1896.
- E. WALTER SIKES, M.A., Ph.D., - - - - - PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE
M.A., Wake Forest College, 1891; Director of the Gymnasium, 1891-1893; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, 1897; Member of the North Carolina Senate, 1911; Professor of Political Science, Wake Forest College, 1897.
- JAMES L. LAKE, M.A., - - - - - PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS
M.A., Richmond College, 1892; Graduate Student in Mathematics, Johns Hopkins University, 1890-1893; Professor of Political Science, Bethel College, 1893-1896; Fellow in Physics, University of Chicago, 1896-1898; Professor of Mathematics and Physics, Crsinus College, 1898-1899; Professor of Physics, Wake Forest College, 1899.
- J. HENRY HIGHSMITH, M.A., - - - - - PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION
B.A., Trinity College, 1900; M.A., *ibid.*, 1902; Principal of Grammar School, Durham, N. C., 1901-1904; Graduate Student, Teachers College, Columbia University, 1904-1906; Professor of Philosophy and Bible, Meredith College, 1906-1907; Professor of Education, Wake Forest College, 1907.
- EDWARD S. RUTH, M.D., - - - - - PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY AND PHARMACOLOGY
M.D., Kansas University, 1910; Fellow in Rockefeller Institute, 1911; Professor of Anatomy and Pharmacology, Wake Forest College, 1912.
- EDGAR W. TIMBERLAKE, B.A., LL.B., - - - - - PROFESSOR OF LAW
B.A., Wake Forest College, 1901; Professor of English and Greek, Oak Ridge Institute, 1901-1903; LL.B., University of Virginia, 1905; Associate Professor of Law, Wake Forest College, 1906; Professor of Law, *ibid.*, 1909.
- JOHN B. POWERS, M.A., M.D., - - - - - PROFESSOR OF BACTERIOLOGY AND HISTOLOGY
B.A., Wake Forest College, 1901; M.A., *ibid.*, 1903; M.D., Columbia University, 1907; Practicing Physician, Wake Forest, N. C., 1907; Resident Physician, Bellevue Hospital, 1908-1909; Professor Histology, Bacteriology and Pathology, Wake Forest College, 1909.
- WILLIAM TURNER CARSTARPEN, B.A., M.D., - - - - - PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY
B.A., Wake Forest College, 1892; M.D., Jefferson Medical College, 1904; Graduate Student, *ibid.*, 1910; Professor of Physiology, Wake Forest College, 1910.
- GEORGE W. PASCHAL, B.A., Ph.D., - - - - - PROFESSOR OF LATIN AND GREEK
B.A., Wake Forest College, 1892; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1893-1896; Fellow in Greek, *ibid.*, 1899-1900; Ph.D., *ibid.*, 1900; Associate Professor of Latin and Greek, Wake Forest College, 1906-1911; Professor of Latin and Greek, *ibid.*, 1911.
- HUBERT McNEILL POTEAT, M.A., - - - - - PROFESSOR OF LATIN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
B.A., Wake Forest College, 1906; M.A., *ibid.*, 1908; Instructor in Latin, *ibid.*, 1905-1908; Drisler Fellow in Classical Philology, Columbia University, 1908-1910; Master of Latin, The Hotchkiss School, 1910-1912; Professor of Latin, Wake Forest College, 1911.
- HUBERT A. JONES, M.A., LL.B., - - - - - ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS
B.A., Wake Forest College, 1908; M.A., *ibid.*, 1909; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1910-1911; Instructor in Mathematics, Wake Forest College, 1908-1911; Associate Professor of Mathematics, *ibid.*, 1911.

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

J RICHARD CROZIER, — — — — — DIRECTOR OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
Director of Physical Culture, Wake Forest College, 1904; Student Physical Culture, Summer
Term, Harvard University, 1911-1912.

ELLIOT B. EARNSHAW, M.A.,
BURSAR AND SECRETARY; SUPERINTENDENT COLLEGE HOSPITAL
B.A., Wake Forest College, 1906; M.A., *ibid.*, 1908; Instructor in Mathematics and Acting
Bursar, Wake Forest College, 1906-1907; Bursar, *ibid.*, 1907; Superintendent of College
Hospital, *ibid.*, 1911.

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

JUDSON D. IVES, M.A., — — — — — INSTRUCTOR IN BIOLOGY
B.A., Wake Forest College, 1905; M.A., *ibid.*, 1906; Assistant in Biology, *ibid.*, 1904;
Instructor in Biology, *ibid.*, 1906; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1908; Gradu-
ate Student, Marine Biological Laboratory, Woods Holl, 1909; Investigator, Beaufort Lab-
oratory, 1910-1911.



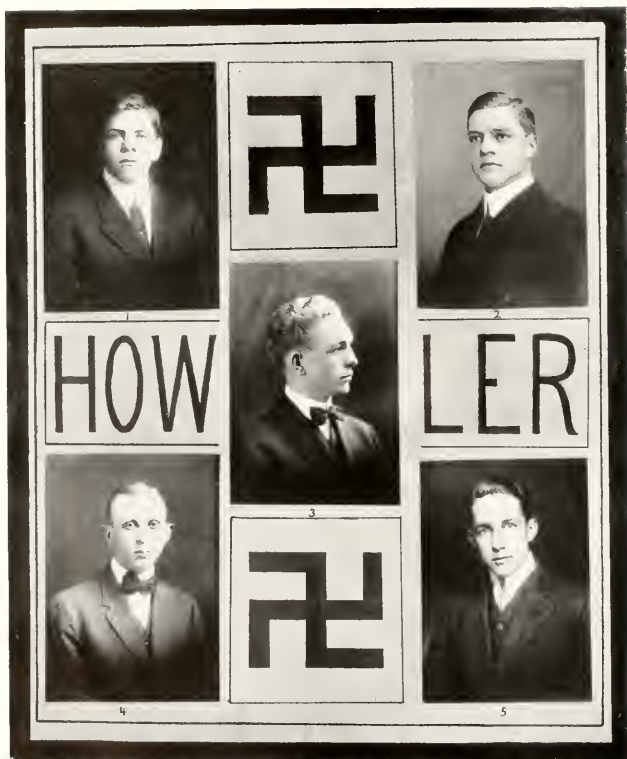




H. M. POTEAT
Faculty Editor

Greeting

With profound genuflections to the gentle reader, the easy suffering public, the stern critic, and all other patrons of the noble art of bookmaking, we beg to present this, the eleventh volume of The Howler. There will be found, herein contained, information of more or less veracity and trustworthiness, fun perpetrated without bitterness or unkindness, pictorial representations of various features of our college life, and, in fact, many things which we earnestly hope may prove interesting and edifying to alumnus and undergraduate alike. If this book succeeds in eliciting a smile of approval from its readers and in deepening the love of Wake Forest's sons for their Alma Mater, we shall receive an abundant reward for our labors.



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2. C. A. FARRELL, PHIL., *Art Editor*

3. P. A. McLENDON, EU., *Editor in Chief*

4. T. L. BRAY, EU., *Associate Editor*

5. E. A. DANIEL, EU., *Senior Editor*



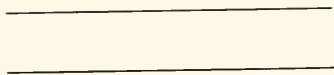
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2. A. C. WARLICK, EV., *Assistant Manager*

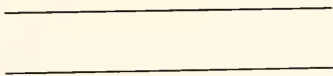
3. J. G. STANLEY, PHIL., *Business Manager*

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5. E. PREVETTE, *Associate Editor*



The
Classes







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SENIOR

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- 2. L. W. SMITH, *Vice-President*
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- 10. W. A. YOUNG, *Testator*



MISS GERTRUDE HORN
SENIOR SPONSOR



GAITHER M. BEAM, M.A., ED.

Prestonburg, Kentucky

"A blithe heart makes a blooming visage."

Gaither having taught a year, comes back and smilingly holds out his hand for his M.A. While here he distinguished himself more in the classroom than on the athletic field. He possesses a happy disposition and is always drawing a laugh from some one. He taught the past year at Mapleville, N. C., and we may feel assured that his classroom was a sunny spot. There is a serious side to him too, and we predict he will be a successful teacher. We miss "Rosie" and his agencies, but with our loss Mapleville has gained.

Age 21, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 170.

Principal, Mapleville High School, '12-'13.

HUGH M. BEAM, M.A., ED.

Prestonburg, Kentucky

"How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell."

Hugh, after teaching a year, demands an M.A. He was both a scholar and an athlete during his college career, and distinguished himself both in baseball and basketball. He has not given up the latter and his team showed up well when they played here in January. It is hard to think of Hugh as a stern Prof., but he is, and a good one. He studied medicine a year here, though he is contemplating going to Johns Hopkins. Hugh is a studious fellow and will make a success as a doctor. May his years in after life be as successful as were his years in college.

Age 22, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 165

Assistant Principal, Liberty Piedmont Institute, '12-'13.





HENRY B. CONRAD, M.A., PHIL.

Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

"Yet ah, that spring should vanish with the rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!"

This genial spirit of the Twin-City is one of last year's B.A. men who decided to become a member of the medical profession. He is also receiving a second literary degree this year. By '14 he will be a third degree man and then he is going to Johns Hopkins University to complete his medical course.

Conrad has been an excellent contributor to the *Student*, as shown by the Essay Medal that he wears. He is one of the most brilliant of our social "arclights" and holds his own in this domain. He is always pleasing, polite, and winning when with his college mates and a true squire among the dames. His diplomacy, ability, and faithful work here should insure him a worthy place as a physician in the days to come.

Age 21, height 6 feet, weight 156.

Chairman of the Student Senate, '12-'13;
Winner of the *Student Essay Medal*, '12.

SIDNEY C. GARRISON, M.A., PHIL.

Lincoln County North Carolina.

"Perfect idealism is the highest rule of unworldly and virtuous life."

While in college Garrison meant business and finished enough work in three years to get the B.A. degree before his departure, as well as the work required for the M.A., which second honor he now requests. He has begun work in education and we hope he will rise high on the list of our State's noble teachers.

We envy his record in Lincoln County, his splendid talent for instruction, and the varied experience each pedagogue has outside college walls. We welcome him to our number, for we have no doubt that his high ideal has materially assisted him in climbing the ladder of success. May prosperity bless him in his chosen field of usefulness and may he reflect honor and credit upon the name of his Alma Mater.

Age 25, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 155

B.A., '11, *Magna Cum Laude*; Principal, Crouse High School, '11-'12, '12-'13.





LOWELL QUINTON HAYNES, M.A., Ec.

Clyde, North Carolina

"I would make reason my thought."

Haynes, after being out of college for a year, comes back for his M.A. He goes about it in his usual quiet and easy manner, and forsooth, is so unassuming that some Sophomores think he is a model Newish. Haynes has never sought many honors while in college but this is due to his reluctance to be conspicuous rather than to his inability. He possesses strength of character and will be a commanding figure in his locality. He believes a pastor should be a teacher as well as a preacher and is gaining experience in showing fellows in Newish Biology how to cut up frogs and grasshoppers, assisted, of course, by Dunbar. This training will come in handy as he will be thrown in contact with many specimens of humanity among his pastoral flock. We extend to him our heartiest wishes as he launches forth.

Age 21, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 140.

Freshman Improvement Medal, '09; Senior Speaker, '11; B.A., '11; Assistant in Biology, '12-'13.

"Much learning hath made thee mad."

The paths of rectitude are his natural drift and so his lamblike goodness is of no special credit to him. Paul has never persecuted anybody—he would not have the nerve to addle an egg, and yet he is as vigorous around the pie counters or the gridiron as a savage Sioux. He is a member of the mysterious Misogynistic organization, but whether from choice or necessity is unknown. We think he is not really a zealous woman hater but that he just hasn't the "brass" to face the fair sex. As a writer, he has already become voluminous, and as a student—well, two colleges have failed to satisfy his appetite for the highest marks and tinfoil medals. He aspires to a Rhodes Scholarship, and we predict that he will get it, and, consequently, a liberal share of Oxford University's paraphernalia of honor, for Paul can deliver the goods.

Age 21, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 175

At Richmond College: Treasurer Philologist Literary Society, '10; Second Football Squad, '10; Winner of Tanner Greek Medal, '10; B.A. '11.

At Wake Forest College: Winner Thomas Dixon Essay Medal, '12; Football Squad, '12; Knight at Arms, P. O. M. E. (?); Senior Editor of THE HOWLER, '12-'13.



PAUL E. HUBBELL, M.A., Phil.

Surry County, North Carolina



LELAND R. O'BRIAN, M.A., PHIL.

Wake County, North Carolina

"For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends."

O'Brian took his B.A. degree last year, but his long residence on the Hill caused him to remain for his Master's degree. He has kept himself before the public eye in many ways, always expressing himself squarely on the side of right. His family is his chief pride this year and he boasts that no member of the Faculty has as fine a boy as Leland, Jr. Dr. Sledd confides to his English classes that none of his students swear as proficiently on paper as this member of the "Sky Pilot" band. Besides his college work and the cares of a family, Leland has been persecuting the saints of the State and is preparing himself for efficient work in the ministry. He has been up against the world and has learned in the school of experience. Our wishes go with him for a full realization of the opportunities and joys to be found in his work.

Age 27, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 200.

Band, '12-'13; Glee Club, '12-'13.

GRAHAM M. RODWELL, M.A., PHIL.

Lake City, Florida

"It is well icy Reason should thaw
In the warm blood of mirth now and then."

As you may learn below Rodwell was one of the youngest and most brilliant Seniors two years ago. As Instructor in Latin he made such a reputation that he secured a very desirable position teaching the two ancient languages in a co-educational school in Florida. He originally hailed from Warrenton, N. C., but has gone to a sunnier clime to educate the boys and girls of the Southland. He is not only a scholar but a gallant, and his height and his handsome appearance seem to make him the beau ideal of the fair students under him. No doubt they find their professor as interesting as the subject he teaches. We hope that he will not be entangled by any matrimonial schemer until he has completed his studies at some Northern university, where we understand he will do special work in the ancient languages.

Age 23, height 6 feet 2 inches, weight 160.

B.A., '11; Instructor in Latin, '10-'11; Professor of Latin and Greek, Columbia College, Lake City, Florida, '11-'12; '12-'13.





W. TROY BAUCOM. B.A., PHI.
Union County, North Carolina

"For modes of life let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

Sturdy, sound, determined, yet always pleasant and agreeable, expresses briefly the disposition of this son of the grand old county of Union. Baucom is old enough to be somewhat "sot" in his ways, but generally he is "sot" on the right side of every question and it takes a Socrates and Demosthenes combined to move him. He has a clear conviction on what his life's work shall be, and is one of the few members of the Ministerial Class who make allround college students. For three Saturdays and Sundays in the month during his last three years at college, Baucom has used his melodious voice to expound the truth to the "brethren" of three of the country churches, and in this way he has succeeded in paying his way through college. Still, when the athletic games come on, he is always there, and stretches his lungs to their fullest capacity in rooting for his Alma Mater. Baucom will go to the Louisville Seminary next year to continue his course of preparation for the ministry, and we predict for him success.

Age 30, height 5 feet 11 inches; weight 140.

Prophet Freshman Class, '09-'10; Poet Junior Class, '11-'12; Poet Ministerial Class, '11-'12; Chairman Y. M. C. A. Mission Study Committee, '11-'12; Senior Speaker, '12; Class Orator, '12-'13; Chief Marshal Anniversary, '12

RANDOLPH BENTON. B.A., PHI.

Wake County, North Carolina

"The woman yonder, there's no use of life
But just to obtain her!"

Benton has many friends in college. He always stands firm on every question. As a leader of men he has shown marked ability. Many times the students have put him forward to execute their wishes. He has taken an active part in all phases of college life. He shows preparation on recitations, takes an interest in athletics, and is heard in debate. As a pastime he plays the part of an "arclight," but his chief ambition is to become a lawyer. In the pursuit of the latter he carefully preserves all of Professor Guley's jokes. He hopes to finish the work here and go up to the court, after which he expects to complete his course at some University.

Age 26, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 160.

Assistant Manager Baseball Team, '11; Manager Baseball Team, '12; Assistant Business Manager of THE HOWLER, '12; Senior Speaker, '13; Member Student Senate, '12; Secretary and Treasurer Law Class, '11-'12; Class Football Team, '10-'11.





JUNIUS C. BROWN, B.A., LL.B., PH.D.
Wake County, North Carolina

"The pilgrim of eternity, whose fame over his living head like Heaven is bent."

"June" has had many honors from his fellow students, for he is respected by them for his clear thinking and congenial spirit. He is fortunate enough to receive two degrees from the Law and Academic departments this year. He represented with credit the negative of the Woman Suffrage question of Anniversary 1912. He further hopes to gain greater honors for Wake Forest in the field of debating. He was a track man of no mean ability in his Sophomore year.

Brown's greatest weakness is for the fair maidens who invade the campus each Anniversary. He recovers very quickly from these periodical attacks, and goes ahead again with his work after recreation is over. Our hearts and hopes are with him for he hopes to pass the Supreme Court next summer. We wish that he may become a great lawyer, may live longer than any of his creditors, and may have rich clients as numerous as the sands of the sea.

Age 25, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 145

Historian, Sophomore Class, '10-'11; Varsity Track, '11; Sophomore Medal, '11; Historian, Law Class, '11-'12; Second Debater, Anniversary, '12; Secretary, Y. M. C. A. Bureau '12-'13; Member, Debate Council, '12-'13; Wake Forest-Baylor Debater, '13; Commencement Speaker, '13.

LEVY L. CARPENTER, B.A., PH.D.
Wake County, North Carolina

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

Carpenter was once an agent for Students' Bibles and made a success in that arduous enterprise. This experience has stood him in good stead during his college career. He has always been a regular contributor to college publications, an excellent student, a wide reader; he expects to add the thorough preparation at the Seminary for a large field of usefulness. He has shown himself worthy of his honors by the faithful discharge of those duties conferred upon him. His quiet bearing and dignified demeanor will make him a fit minister to the needy. His democratic spirit, too, will assist him in his work. Levy does not cling entirely to the old idea, for he is open minded to see what is good and true; best of all, he is kind and sympathetic. May fortune ever assist this worthy pilgrim along the pathway of life.

Age 21, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 137.

Associate Editor of *THE HOWLER*, '12; Editor in Chief of *The Student*, '12-'13; Senior Speaker '13; Historian of Senior Class, '13; Commencement Speaker, '13.





J. L. CARRICK, B.A., Ec.

Davidson County, North Carolina

"When I ope my lips let no dog bark."

Here is a fellow who is ready to discourse on any subject and if he doesn't know anything about it, he is willing to talk anyway. He possesses two voices, one he uses when in familiar gossip with his cronies, the other when inspired by the Euzelian Banner. His oratorical attainments can never be appreciated until he has been heard gassing in Society. Carrick is a good student and has passed his work off creditably. He is the intellectual ray in the Eu. End and is an authority on all important topics. When asked why he goes bareheaded he points to his luxuriant locks and says, "There's a reason." He is studying for the Ministry and will sway many by his oratory. Best wishes are extended to him.

— Age 26, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 150.

— Manager, Ministerial Baseball Team, '11; Chief Marshal, Commencement, '12; Fall Senior Speaker, '12; Vice-President, Ministerial Class, '12-'13.

N. C. COGGIN, B.A., Et.

Stanley County, North Carolina

"Patience is a plant that grows not in all gardens."

For four years Coggin has been with us and is demanding that the Faculty give him his degree. After leaving us he expects to take up studies in Theology. He is educating himself not for the sake of becoming a scholar, but that he may serve his fellowmen. The studies that trouble him most are the Ancient Languages, on the importance of which he and his professors differ widely. If one doubts that Coggin has the spirit of a hero he needs only to see him put to the test. This gentleman possesses the quality of firmness, and when he has taken his stand he is not easily moved. He will not be blown by every little wind that labels itself a new doctrine.

— Age 28, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 130.

Treasurer, Ministerial Class, '12-'13.





HENRY H. GROVES, B.A., ED.
Gastonia, North Carolina

"Coolness and absence of heat and haste indicate fine qualities."

Henry first saw light in Gaston County. It was a memorable day to him when he came to Wake Forest to become versed in the ways of the Faculty. He is a reserved youth, and if you do not look for him you will not know he is around. He has never sought many honors except those from the classes. Groves has developed amazing social qualities in his Senior year and has shown a marked fondness for "Divinity Fudge." When he was Assistant Manager of the Football Team he was dubbed "Lazy" by the other Assistant, but we would attribute this to his deliberate manner. In his Soph year he took Math II under Professor Lanneau and probably absorbed some of that gentleman's dignified poise. Indications point to his returning next fall for his M. A.

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

Treasurer Freshman Class, '09; Class Football, '11; Secretary Scholarship Club, '11; Assistant Manager Football Team, '12; Manager Teachers' Basketball Team, '12; Manager Senior Baseball Team, '13.

GEORGE M. HARRIS, B.A., PH.D.
Vance County, North Carolina

"If thou wouldst please the ladies thou must endeavor to make them pleased with themselves."

George is the youngest and one of the handsomest fellows in the class. What he lacks in years is made up in dignity, but he dismounts from his icy throne in the presence of his warmest friends and is the general favorite with those who know him best. George is a bright fellow and has studied just enough to miss getting a *Cum Laude*. At one time during his course he went home very often. As he doesn't go quite so often now, the inference is that the attraction is elsewhere. George is undecided as to the vocation to which he will devote his talents. We wish him luck in whatever he does.

Age 18, height 6 feet, weight 160.

Sophomore Marshal, Commencement, '11; Secretary of Anniversary Debate, '13.





JOSEPH P. HARRIS, B.A., ESQ.

Anson County, North Carolina

"Seest thou a man diligent in business?
He shall stand before kings."

Joe P. is always busy, or he certainly has that appearance. He was never busier than when he was picking himself and grip up Thanksgiving morning when the "Special" failed to stop at his station and he took a flying leap into a big snowbank. We were anxious as to the outcome, but he showed up in good form the next week. Harris is specializing in German, and if he ever leaves the Ministry he will be a professor of German. Joe P. is a strong character and will make a success wherever he locates. He is a good orator and many are the times the walls of the Euzelian Hall have resounded with his eloquence. We wish him success as he leaves us to conquer unknown wilds.

Age 30, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 150.

Poet, Freshman Class, '07; Commencement Marshal, '07; Anniversary Marshal '08; Class Football, '10; Historian, Ministerial Class, '12-'13; Member Debate Council, '12-'13.

"The fountains of my hidden life,
Are through thy friendship fair."

They all know George, from the least to the greatest, from the Freshman to the Senior. All men are aware of the fact that he and Brer' Rabbit both hail from the "state" of Chatham. All these years college authors have been theorizing about the "Allround College Man." But this year's class alone has presented the manly physiognomy of the real article. He had the nerve for trying Latin I during his Freshman year, and he made good, too. Being a well built, broad shouldered black haired animal, he made the Varsity football team his Sophomore year. Harward once contemplated bachelorhood, but association with Wake Forest femininity convinces him of his mistake. He is more than an athlete—a scholar, and a ladies' man, all combined. He is your friend whether you are a black or a white sheep. What else would you expect? for in future years he will be known as "The Parson."

Age 27, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 165.

Varsity Football, '10; Secretary Junior Class, '11-'12; Member Senate Committee, '11-'12; Manager Football Team, '11-'12; Associate Editor *The Student*, '12-'13.



G. N. HARWARD, B.A., PH.D.

Chatham County, North Carolina



OWEN F. HERRING, B.A., PH.
Sampson County, North Carolina

"Manhood, when verging into age, grows thoughtful."

Owen is one of those rare middle class men who stand between the "Skys" at one extreme and the "Philistines" at the other, and who represent the axle about which the wheel of college life turns. "O. F." is ever ready to laugh at the other fellow's jokes, though he never indulges in such frivolity himself. In athletics he has never starred, but he always goes out to help win honors for his class, and he has been a member of the college track team for two years.

Herring has never been a college politician but the list below will indicate that he has had his share of honors, and that he has the implicit trust of the student body in every phase of college life. He expects to enter the teaching profession next year, and here's hoping that the success which has been his in college will follow him in his work as a "Birch Bearer"!!

Age 20, height 6 feet 1 inch, weight 165.

Vice-President Sophomore Class, '10-'11; Class Track Team, '10-'11; President Y. M. C. A., '12; Varsity Track Team, '11-'12; Class Football Team, '10-'11-'12; Teachers' Basketball Team, '11-'12; Class Basketball Team, '11-'12; Member of Honor Committee, '12-'13; First Debater Anniversary, '13; Commencement Speaker, '13.

T. C. HOLLAND, B.A., EC.
Cleveland County, North Carolina

"Wisdom is the repose of the mind."

Here is a gentleman who, though he allows others to have their opinions, nevertheless stands by his own. Conservative and reserved are adjectives that can be well applied to him. He rapidly impresses one as being a man who believes in taking life, not as a joke, but in all seriousness. In his Senior speech he set before us "The Call of Democracy." We give Holland our best wishes as he goes out from us to proclaim "glad tidings" to the world.

Age 24, height 6 feet, weight 165.

Fall Senior Speaker, '12; Prophet Senior Class, '12-'13.





B. HOWARD JOHNSON, B.A., PH.D.
Robeson County, North Carolina

"Shepherd of tender youth
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways."

Here is a man with reserve power, for he has been saving up energy all his life. This tall, lanky fellow who hails from the woods and meadows, delights in long walks and conversations about concrete conditions of sociology. His large fund of jokes and negro stories interests his acquaintances hugely. His reminiscences of college life in ancient times are valuable additions to his Alma Mater's history. As an associate of John Charles McNeill, he recalls delightful hours spent on the campus and in woodland rambles.

Johnson intends resuming his teaching after securing his sheepskin in May. He has an enviable record as pedagogue at Jackson, N. C. We wish him much success in his work, and feel sure that his solid worth will stand him in better stead than would the golden touch of Midas, for which he longs in moments of reverie by his cozy fireside.

Age 32, height 6 feet, weight 143.

Prophet, Teachers' Class, '12-'13, *Magna Cum Laude*, '13.

ELIAS D. JOHNSON, B.A., PH.D.
Robeson County, North Carolina

"Beyond the poet's sweet dream lies
The eternal epic of the man."

Johnson is a worthy son of the great county of Robeson. During his course in college he has deeply demonstrated both his willingness and ability to do things. He has made a reputation for himself in the realm of science and expects to follow some phase of scientific work as a vocation. Johnson's record in college has been above reproach. He is usually found on the right side of most questions both morally and otherwise. His immediate friends and companions know him to be "true blue" and they respect him for his candor and honesty. Possessing the traits of ability, honesty and willingness to work we predict for him success in any vocation he may choose.

Age 23, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 150

Honor Committee, '11-'12; Scrub Faculty, '12-'13; President Students' Scientific Society, '12-'13.





C. C. JOSEY, B.A., E.U.

Halifax County, North Carolina

"Nothing is denied to well directed labor."

Diogenes may now throw away his lantern, for the man he was searching has been found in Charlie. Tall, strong and coldly dignified, except in the presence of the fair sex, he has the appearance of a very wise man. In fact, he is a stern logician and can prove anything, even that a "red has nine tails." Note his high, classic brow and auburn locks, keeping guard over his clear cut features! Industry is his watchword, thrift is in his elastic tread, and he is always searching for something to do. He will even argue with you if nothing else presents itself. We wish Charlie much success in all he undertakes.

Age 20, height 6 feet, weight 165.

DANFORD E. JOSEY, B.A.

Halifax County, North Carolina

"True as the needle to the pole
Or as the dial to the sun."

Danford is the only fellow in college that boasts a horse and buggy, and he is frequently seen out riding with his "Lady." The students and belles of the town look after them with envious eyes. Danford must have a sweetheart in Scotland Neck as he goes home so often. Surely there must be some attraction. He is an exceptionally bright fellow and has the honor of having "buled" Professor Jones for 100 on Trig. for the term. "D. E." has performed his college duties faithfully and can always be depended upon to do the right thing.

He has never sought any honors but prefers to remain out of the limelight, but his marks will not permit this as he graduates with a *Magna Cum Laude*.

Age 21, height 5 feet 9½ inches, weight 139

Senate Committee, '12-'13.





HENRY J. LANGSTON, B.A., PHIL.
Pitt County, North Carolina

"Don't foul! Don't flinch! Hit the line hard."

Some men are naturally more handsome than others, just as some girls are more "cute" than others. Oh, we did not mean to say Henry J. Langston was handsome—not that—but we did mean to say that he would be a good model for a sculptor, and he always dresses as *a la mode* as any English country gentleman. There is a reason for the strong physique; good ancestors, and physical culture; but why he dresses so well we do not know. Henry has taken active interest in all college activities, overloyal to the track, played basketball, and engaged in class football. The Y. M. C. A. has never known a more faithful and energetic worker, and a short while ago he became president of the North Carolina Volunteer Union. In order to be sure not to leave anything out, we must inform you that Henry acted as captain of a Wake Forest band of cubs, the Boy Scouts, during his Senior year. Of course, all the boys in college have not agreed with his methods, but they have realized that he was candid and fearless, and friend to all true men.

Age 25, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 165.

Sophomore Marshal, Davidson-Wake Forest Debate, '11; Manager Track Team, '11-'12; Class Basketball Team, '09-'10-'11-'12; Scrub Football Team, '10-'11-'12; Varsity Track Team, '10-'11-'12.

RAYMOND R. LANIER, B.A., PHIL.
Harnett County, North Carolina

"A dotard I had rather seem, and dull,
Than be wise and heat my vexed skull."

The good old ministers are dying out, but here is one of the Ancient School. Lanier believes what the Antique School of Theology did and believes with sincerity. He has become prematurely aged with study and his thin locks betoken care. In contrast to his brother he is dignified and serious. Men do not go by rules. Those who work, labor and toil will never fail to reach the goal they keep in view. Raymond will be true to his conscience and his ideal. We ask him to remember his college and broaden his personality and purpose in the service of his fellowmen. His talent needs only to be employed to make him useful to those whom he passes daily in his round of neighborly duties. There is need for many such as he and we wish him God-speed in all of his undertakings.

Age 26, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 135.





THOMAS T. LANIER, B.A., PHI.

Hargett County, North Carolina

"Never dreamed, tho right were worsted,
wrong would triumph. Held we fall to
rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to
wake."

Thomas is both a humorous and a generous man, a rare and good combination. By the study of phrenology, the Faculty have been able to distinguish these two brothers, and the barber never has any difficulty in telling them apart on account of a certain baldness on the younger brother's head. Lanier is versatile and plies several trades. He has not yet chosen his profession, but from his excellent record as a student we can but concede that his future has boundless possibilities, which he has only to grasp with his energetic hand. As teacher or business man we wish him the same joy in life that he wishes each of us in the kindness of his heart. We also believe that he will be popular with many of the fair damsels in Hargett County when he goes home adorned with his diploma.

Age 28, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 150.

S. LONG, B.A., E.U.

Union County, North Carolina

"In vain we strive against love's great sway,
Who e'er hath loved, will love some day."

"Sam" is a diligent and persistent student. His readiness to delve into the depths of Logic and other sciences augurs well for his success in his chosen profession, "A fisher of men." Though he is quiet, unassuming and unostentatious, there can be detected something in the man that characterizes him as one of ability. If he is not captured by one of our "Sisters" at Oxford or Meredith before he finishes his Seminary course, he bids fair to make one of those stable and mature pastors that his native State needs and one that his Alma Mater will be proud of in his later days.

Age 27, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 140.

Anniversary Debater, '12; Winner of Junior Orator's Medal, '12; Debate Council, '12-'13; President Senior Class, '12-'13; Chairman Honor Committee, '12-'13; Wake Forest-Davidson Debater, '13; Commencement Speaker, '13.





ROY A. MARSH, B.A., PHI.
Union County, North Carolina

"And still they looked, and still the wooder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Here is a jolly, good natured, well met fellow, liked by all who know him. He never worries over his work, apparently regarding it as a joke, yet he is a man of power and intellect, for he has not only taken his degree in three years, with *Magna Cum Laude* to his credit, but he has been Instructor in Latin for two of those years. He is not a man of dogmatic bearing, yet his views generally prevail. He has clear convictions, thinks through a question and takes his stand on the right side.

Marsh is an ideal college student and enters heartily into every phase of college life. He is always present with his deep bass voice when an athletic game is to be played. As a story writer he has no superior in college, and he has won highest honors as an orator. He expects to teach next year, but he has his eye on journalism as a profession.

Age 21, height 6 feet, weight 180.

Prophet Junior Class, '11-'12; Class Football Team, '11-'12; Teachers' Class Team, Baseball, '11-'12; Senior Speaker, '12; President Teachers' Class, '12-'13; President Baraca Class, '12; Manager Senior Basketball Team, '12-'13; Debate Council, '12-'13; Instructor in Latin, '11-'12-'13; Honor Committee, '12-'13; Orator State Intercollegiate Peace Contest, '13.

VICTOR A. MCGUIRE, B.A., EU.
Cherokee County, North Carolina

"Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome."

We look now upon one whose every gesture bespeaks determination and earnestness.

McGuire hails from the western part of the State and will return to teach after the completion of his education. He has reserved and quiet attributes which are an addition to any character. He is a forcible speaker and covered himself and Mother Eu. with glory Anniversary.

McGuire has not sought many honors, for rather the honors have sought him, for he possesses that great quality—capability. He attends strictly to his own affairs and expects no one to dabble in his. A brilliant career as teacher is promised him.

Age 24, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 155.

Sophomore Medal, '11; Treasurer Baraca Class, '12; Secretary Ministerial Class, '11-'12; Anniversary Orator, '13; Commencement Speaker, '13.





MINSON McLAMB, B.A., PHIL.

Sampson County, North Carolina

"If I laugh at any mortal thing
'Tis that I may not weep."

Here is a humble student in the School of Knowledge. He patiently puzzles over the "Gay Parisian Tongue" under "Finxtus," but has had to struggle with an untaught genius in his roommate this year. However, that trial will be forgotten when he marches up to get his "Dip" in May. He looks with pleasure to the future, for he desires to teach the young idea how to blossom, and to give his future pupils the benefit of his Wake Forest training. Wherever he goes, to his native Sampson County or other pastures, he will labor for the good of those around him. Who shall blame him if he forgets some of his college care and begins to learn deeper lessons in the school of life? Perhaps some shy maid will cross his path while teaching the village school. *Bon voyage, notre ami.*

Age 23, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 125

BERNARD F. McLEOD, B.A., PHIL.

Harnett County, North Carolina

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above."

McLeod is an ambitious man, a good student, a congenial associate, and a Christian gentleman. He is numbered among those who can successfully demand that the Faculty give him his degree after only three years stay with us. He brought with him the reputation of being an orator. But why shouldn't anyone be an orator with the brain, eloquence and personality that are his? We have no doubt that this gentleman will meet with success as a teacher, and if the profession does not honor him, he will honor it.

Age 26, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 145

Freshman Poet, '10-'11; Freshman Class Baseball Team, '10-'11; Law Class Baseball Team, '12; Junior Class Baseball Team, '12; Junior Orator's Medal, '12, Assistant in History, '12-'13.





A. R. PHILLIPS, B.A., Ev.

Rockingham County, North Carolina

"He showed discretion, the best part of valor."

"A. R." comes from the steeps and shadows of the Blue Ridge. He has shown decided natural ability in athletics, though he says he was hampered a great deal in this "Work," by the necessity of studying for classes and examinations. We greatly feared he had been lost from our ranks in his Junior year; at that time he frequented Miss Day's recitation room at Meredith, but as he has continued to register at W. F. C., we presume that he has remembered his Alma Mater all the while.

By his predominating good humor he has won the hearts of many of his fellows, and this, as well as his disposition to stand for the things that are right, will tend to make him useful and popular in the ministry, which is his chosen profession.

Age 22, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 162.

Track Team, '11-'12-'13; Class Football, '11-'12; All Class Football Team, '11; Y. M. C. A. Quartette, '11; Sophomore-Junior Marshal, '11; Member Senate Committee, '11-'12.

"Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away."

Even a conservative, such as Pool is, may do much to inspire the world with enthusiasm for a worthy ideal. He is also an orator of some ability, as well as a fond admirer of a certain friend at Meredith. In his Freshman year he distinguished himself by winning the Newish medal for oratory. A disciple of Mother Nature, the youth loves the running brook by which the purple muscadines ripen. As a student his record is excellent, and he takes great interest in the famous orators of the South, such as Henry Grady. Though the jesters laugh at some of his morphean delinquencies in the classroom, Frank is wide awake mentally. Insomnia is not one of his troubles.

He longs to return to his native dells, and to enlighten his neighbors with his kindly manners, and his fountain of learning. Our hopes are with him in the future, and we wish to express our confidence in him, for we know he possesses a "genial current of the soul." He will do well to keep guard over this particular possession, and to prevent lassitude from overcoming it. Like Spurgeon may he succeed in reaching the masses, and in raising them to higher levels of thought and life.

Age 22, height 6 feet 1 inch, weight 190.
Winner Freshman Medal, '10.



FRANK K. POOL, B.A., PHI.

Wake County, North Carolina



ROLAND SHAW PRUETTE, B.A., ESQ.

Charlotte, North Carolina

"To the scale of destinies brawn will never weigh as much as brain."

There is no need for an introduction here, for Pruette is probably the most generally known and one of the most popular fellows in college. Well might the old saying be applied "His friends are only numbered by his acquaintances." In love he has no rival, in debate where is his equal? His appearance, characteristic personality, enthusiasm, college spirit, and sound judgment are so intermingled in him, that from the formula, we simply get—Pruette. It would be hard indeed should anyone attempt to analyze a personality so composed, but to sum it all up in one phrase he is "the man of eloquence, the polished gentleman."

Age 24, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 153.

Licensed Attorney, '12; Wake Forest-Baylor Debate '13; Manager Baseball Team, '13; Chairman Debate Council, '13; Vice-President Supreme Court Class, '12; Manager Allen Club, '12; Secretary to President, '12-'13; Alternate Wake Forest-Davidson Debate, '11; Speaker Carlyle Memorial Service, '11; Sheriff Moot Court, '11; Chief Rooter, '10.

C. H. ROBERTSON, B.A., ESQ.

Stanly County, North Carolina

"He who says patience, says courage, endurance, strength."

Robertson is a man of high aspirations. His endeavors for an education have afforded him an opportunity to spend five years with the Wake Forest Faculty and to see some of the community while selling *The Ladies' Home Journal*. He never knows when he is defeated. If by chance he gets on the wrong side of a question, he speaks just the same. And so great is his influence that even though he opposes a measure, it will sometimes pass. He is very sincere and takes life most seriously. On account of his dignity, he will always be taken for an extraordinary man.

Age 25, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 180.

Fall Senior Speaker, '13





L. OLIVER ROGERS, B.A., PH.D.

Marion County, South Carolina

"There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school."

This man, familiarly known as "Sorrell Top," hails from the Palmetto State. An apt student and faithful to every duty, he has been content to perform well the tasks before him without resorting to college politics for preferment. A man of his conservative, stable character is always a valuable asset to a community. His persistence is shown by his coming back after a year's absence to resume his work, and now with every obstacle overcome, he asserts his right to claim a degree. If you have followed him to Neuse Falls or Wolf's Den on Sunday afternoon you doubtless know his "long suit." "Sorrell" is a member of the Teachers' Class and we predict that his smiles will give him success where sterner methods would fail. The worthy task of dispelling ignorance has its appeal for him, and we predict a useful career.

Age 27, height 6 feet 2 inches, weight 165.

Law Basketball Team, '09-'10; Junior Baseball and Basketball Teams, '10-'11.

"With a smile that was childlike and bland."

Sawyer has been with us for five years. It seems that the Faculty have grown tired of him and have therefore decided to give him his B.A. as an inducement to stay away. He is Assistant in "Gym" and takes great pleasure in bossing the Newish and helping them in other ways to get off Gym. 1, a course that is a terror to many. Sawyer has been able to get his "form" down pat in Gym. The Newish gaze at him with loose jaws when he begins to show his ability as an acrobat. Sawyer is seldom riled and always looks pleasant; he has determination and will complete creditably what he undertakes. He may not be quite as pious as some others in the Ministerial Class, but his happy disposition has helped rather than hindered him. Sawyer always looks neat and his shining morning face will be missed.

Age 22, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 157.

Chief Marshal, Wake-Davidson Debate, '11; Marshal Anniversary, '12; Physical Instructor, '11-'12 and '12-'13; Ministerial Basketball Team, '12; Junior Basketball Team, '12; Senate Committee, '12-'13; President of the Scrub Faculty, '12-'13.



OSCAR W. SAWYER, B.A., EU.

Camden County, North Carolina



R. M. SAWYER, B.A., Esq.

Elizabeth City, North Carolina

"Until I truly loved I was alone."

Roland has shown his fondness for Wake Forest by coming back to get his degree. He longed for a taste of University life, so went to Carolina two years, after being here two.

He is a difficult fellow and few know him, but he is very popular with those who do know him well. He possesses a deep bass voice and is quite an addition to the Glee Club. Roland is one of the best dressed men in college and always looks like he is going to Raleigh on the next train. As he goes back to the swamps of Pasquotank to begin his contest in life our best wishes go with him.

Age 21, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 135.

President Sophomore Class, '09; Vice-President Carolina Club, '09; Sans Souci Club, '09; Class Baseball, '10; Glee Club, '12-'13.

ROMULUS SKAGGS, B.A., Esq.

Pennington Gap, Virginia

"Learning makes a man fit company for himself."

Romulus is "the noblest Roman of them all." His specialty, as the name implies, is Latin I and like all who take that subject, he has little time for anything else, or at least that's what they all say. Nothing seems to please him better than to write a Latin sentence and string "Romulus" under it across the board. He has developed a tenor voice with the advent of spring and has made a coveted place on the Glee Club. Skaggs is a genial fellow and has many friends among those who know him. He is a good student and graduates in three years. He has volunteered to go to the foreign field where our heartiest wishes will be with him.

Age 27, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 160.

Editor in Chief of *Student*, '12-'13; Secretary, Y. M. C. A., '11-'12; Poet Ministerial Class, '12-'13; Glee Club, '13.





CHARLES G. SMITH, B.A.
Chatham County, North Carolina

"Too busy with the crowded hour
To fear to live or die."

Who shall learn but a stricken man? This quick, ambitious gentleman left his native county of Chatham and came to Wake Forest college in order to cultivate his intellect. He has never aspired to college honors. He is no athlete; he is a student. He has passed off much more than the required amount of work, not simply with passing grades, but with marks of honor. He has never held himself above reproach, is quiet and attends to his own affairs, leaving others to do the same. We seldom see him engaged in a conversation on the campus, but rather hurrying about as if ever on some important errand.

It is his intention to teach for awhile, in which occupation he will get some valuable experience in the art of dealing with men, to add to that which he has already gained in his vacation work. After he has taken a course in a Theological Seminary, we hope to see him become one of our most useful ministers.

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

JUNICE E. SMITH, B.A., PH.D.
Chatham County, North Carolina

"Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought.

But genius must be born, and never can be taught."

Devoutness, sincerity, and unflinching integrity are undoubtedly June's chief characteristic traits and these have won for him not only the admiration but also the respect of the entire student body. Probably there is no one in school who feels more keenly his sense of duty and obligation toward his fellow man.

His personality is indeed unique. As an athlete, he has picked out "track" as his favorite sport, and is a persistent, hard working aspirant for the team. He is a man also of poetical inclination, having contributed one piece of verse to *The Student* and several to his home paper, dedicating them to the glorification of his beloved county—Chatham. Smith is another minister, and the editors hope for him a most successful and happy future in the work he has chosen.

Age 24, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight, 170.
Poet, Chatham County Club, '10-'11.





LELLON WRAY SMITH, B.A., PHIL.
Harnett County, North Carolina

"In many trials I found him faithfully constant, valorous, gracious of thought, discreet and good."

Here is one of those quiet, modest men who has sought no honors and yet has won the admiration and respect of all who know him. His almost excessive modesty, instead of detracting, adds charm. He has a sunny disposition, and a pleasing expression that stays with him even when the score is tied and the bases are full. A strong supporter of athletics, he has made himself prominent by his pitching, being feared by every batter who has faced him. He has been on the 'Varsity Baseball Team for three successive years and it will be impossible for "Coach" to find another "Long" Smith. He also distinguished himself in Class Basketball and Baseball.

The fact that he has not decided what his calling in life will be gives us no uneasiness. He possesses the earnestness and determination that bespeaks success for him in any field he may choose.

Age 22, height 6 feet 2 inches, weight 165.

Class Basketball Team, '10; Class Basketball Team, '11; Captain Senior Basketball Team, '12; 'Varsity Baseball Team, '11-'12-'13; Vice-President Senior Class, '13.

"Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet."

Sorrell is one of the Wake County boys who has been working faithfully at his calling during his college course. As a speaker he has made quite a reputation and is eloquent for the right and true. He is a good, sociable fellow on the campus and a pleasant companion for his friends outside the college. We hope that he will have continued good luck, and that no harm will come to him for assisting runaway couples, and that the groom will never forget to pay his fee for his valuable services.

As he leaves us to go away to green fields and pastures new, we extend our best wishes and the hand of fellowship, with the hope that he will always reflect credit on his institution and some day be the pastor of one the most prominent and influential churches of our Southland.

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

Winner, John E. White Medal, '12; President Ministerial Class, '12-'13; President Volunteer Band, '12-'13; Anniversary Orator, '13; Honor Committee, '12-'13.



C. R. SORRELL, B.A., PHIL.
Wake County, North Carolina



J. ARTHUR STRAWN, B.A. EC.

Union County, North Carolina

"I profess not talking! only this,
Let each man do his best."

Here is another of those quiet, easy going gentlemen. Strawn is seldom seen idling about. When he appears on the campus he seems to be on an errand of some importance. He is a hard worker and will finish his work in three years. He makes no place in his life for frivolity and jesting. This gentleman has a business turn, as might be inferred from the fact that he is an assistant in one of the banks in town, where he is learning, and finding pleasure in handling money, even though it be not his own.

Age 25, height 6 feet 3 inches, weight 165

E. F. SULLIVAN, B.A. EC.

Anson County, North Carolina

"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

Sullivan at last comes forward and asks for a B.A. He has toiled diligently and deserves one. He is the head of a happy family and is frequently seen at the Athletic Field lugging a rosy cheeked tot around. He has little time to idle away and for this reason is not as well known as a few others of our class, but those who know him can testify to his sterling qualities. He is a member of the Ministerial Class and reflects credit on that body. He has already begun his work as a pastor and is popular with the members of the churches where he preaches.

Age 25, height 6 feet, weight 147.

Senior Speaker, Spring, '13.





LUTHER C. WILLIAMS, A.B., PH.D.
Orange County, North Carolina

"We will not stand to prates,
Talkers are not good doers."

"Big" Williams is indeed a man among men. The one-sided genius no doubt has his place, but what would the world be without the all-round man? In the fall of 1909 he left Alamance County to cast his lot with us. He has since that time commanded the highest respect of the student body. He is a good student, good athlete, a member of the Glee Club, and although he has represented the college in no public debate, he is no mean speaker. He will continue his pursuit of knowledge and ere long we expect to see him become a prominent and useful lawyer.

Age 25, height 6 feet 1 inch, weight 185

Football Team, '11-'12-'13; Track Team, '10-'11-'12; Glee Club, '12-'13; Senior Speaker, '13; Sophomore Class Track Team, '10; Sophomore Class Football Team, '10; Junior Class Baseball Team, '12; Law Class Baseball Team, '12; Law Class Basketball Team, '12; Student Senate, '12-'13.

IRA E. WISHART, B.A., PH.D.
Robeson County, North Carolina

"Till we are built like angels, with hammer,
chisel and pen
We will work for ourselves and a woman, for
ever and ever. Amen!"

This gentleman entered college in 1905 and remained for three years. During these three years he showed himself to be a hard worker, willing to pay the price for those things which only hard work and perseverance can give. During these three years, too, he won the respect and good will of his fellow students. In the year 1908 he entered the Louisville Theological Seminary, where he remained for two years, taking his degree, Th.G., in the spring of 1910. The following fall he went to Chicago University for six months—leaving Chicago he came South and preached for a half year. In the spring of 1912 he returned to Wake Forest to resume his work for his degree. This time he brought with him his wife. In his present happy state no one doubts that he will plume his wings in May and fly away into the regions of success, preaching glad tidings, serving his day and generation.

Age 35, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 150





C. L. WOODALL, B.A. PHIL.
Raleigh, North Carolina

"I have immortal longings in me."

At the last minute Woodall decided to join our noble class. He is a quiet fellow and one of the most faithful frequenters of Powers' Drug Store.

He is enthusiastic over only one thing—namely, baseball, and has won renown as a catcher, also as a class cutter. But he is always prepared when he does go on class. He is consistent in making his week-end trips to Raleigh in order to recuperate after a strenuous six days in the class rooms and on the diamond. "Woody" has the honor of completing the work for a B.A. in two years. We expect to hear from him later as being on some Major League ball team.

Age 21, height 5 feet 7 inches weight 153.

Varsity Base-ball '12-'13.

NCMA E. WRIGHT, B.A., PHIL.
Montgomery County, North Carolina

"I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine."

Whether his name is "Admiral Nelson" or "Miss Elsie" we do not know, but whatever else it may be we are sure it is right, although it is copyrighted. He is lean in body, but exceedingly supple, especially if anyone happens to be so rude as to tickle him. When he is gone the college will miss his winsome smiles, and next fall there will be something painfully lacking when the boys assemble around the dormitory rustics after supper to chat and sing together. Wright has always been a familiar landmark at these restful twilight gatherings.

He has always been a quiet student, who would never cut classes or chapel. He has always been interested in all humanitarian enterprises, which makes him especially fitted to be a pedagogue. He may not become an Arnold of Rugby, but he will be worthy of the great work which he aspires to do. We are grateful to Montgomery County for giving this man to an appreciative and needy world.

Age 25, height 6 feet, weight 140.

Treasurer Senior Class, '12-'13.





WILLIAM A. YOUNG, B.A., ESQ.

Davidson County, North Carolina

"I have labored,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong arm of my authority
Might go one way."

Young, having received his B.A., has decided to go back whence he came. The only thing that marred his Senior year has been Latin I, he has had to bore over it like a Newish. He showed determination, though, and stuck to it like a leech—he had to get his degree.

Young has had many honors; they were not thrust upon him but were achieved. He has worked hard and knows not the meaning of the verb "to loaf," maybe he can give the principal parts of it in Latin. He will teach after leaving us and success always attends grit and perseverance. May a useful life be his.

Age 22, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 141.

Class Basketball, '12; Teachers' Class Basketball, '12-'13; Senior Class Basketball, '12-'13; Assistant in Political Economy, '12-'13; Testator of Senior Class, '13; Associate Editor THE HOWLER, '12-'13; Monitor, '13.

WILLIAM A. BRIDGES, B.S., PH.D.

Robeson County, North Carolina

"The star of the unconquered will,
Serene, and resolute and still."

Bridges is another worthy son of the grand old county of Robeson. Though he has been here five years it was not an account of inertia, tardiness or his natural talent as a ladies' man, but because he was unprepared for real college work on entrance. He has contented himself with quiet study and attention to his work, and has not sought college honors. His superior courage is seen when we consider his choice of the most difficult course in college, that of Medicine. As best man he aided a friend in securing a partner for life but he says he will avoid the snare of matrimony until his medical training is complete. He is entertaining and always has a good word for everyone. We mention also with pride his excellent Sunday School Class of mill pupils at Glen Roy—all which he has faithfully taught. We predict for him a busy and successful life in the practice of medicine.

Age 32, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 150





J. T. CABINESS, B.S., Et.

Cleveland County, North Carolina

"The man of meditation is happy, not for an hour or day, but quite 'round the circle of his years."

Joe possesses more degrees than any other fellow in college; he simply digs them out of the Faculty and is pleading with them to add new ones to his already crowded name. He has shown brilliance in almost every department. Joe will be a doctor and, possessing the attributes that go to make up a good character, will be able to do much good. He already has the air of an experienced doctor and a brilliant career lies open before him. Joe has been with us five years and will be missed when he goes to battle the ills of man. Much success is wished him.

Age 24, height 6 feet, weight 180.

AMZI J. ELLINGTON, B.S., Et

Wake County, North Carolina

"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are."

Amzi came to us as a Christmas gift three and a half years ago, and with faithful effort has completed the work for a B.S. degree. He is a quiet dignified fellow and has studied hard while here.

After leaving us, he will pursue his medical studies in some Northern University, where with his consistent efforts, he will top the foundations of a successful career as a doctor. We expect to hear from Amzi in after years for he is of the kind that say little but do much.

Age 22, height 6 feet, weight 145.

Manager Sophomore Baseball Team '11; Manager Junior Baseball Team, '12; Sub. Varsity Baseball Team, '12; Junior Football Team, '12





T. BOYCE HENRY, B.S., Esq.
Wadesboro, North Carolina

"Could I love less, I should be happier now."

"Beech" is well known both in the social and student life of Wake Forest. He has many friends and will be greatly missed when he leaves the Hill. He made the track team a few nights after his arrival in his Newish year, though only a few of his friends know of that memorable dash.

Many honors have come to him during his stay and he has filled each office with credit to himself and to his Alma Mater. Beech will be a doctor and by his convincing manner he will make a man believe he is either sick or not, according to his plans. While Beech may never set the world on fire, he will be heard from in the years to come.

Age 22, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 150

Class Baseball, '10-'11; Class Football, '10-'11; Manager Medical Class Basketball, '10-'11-'12; Anniversary Marshal, '11; Historian Medical Class, '12-'13; Poet Medical Class, '10-'11; Vice-President Medical Class, '11-'12; Assistant Manager Baseball Team, '11-'12; Manager Basketball Team, '12-'13; Chief Marshal Anniversary, '13; Manager Medical Class Baseball Team, '13.

GEORGE N. HERRING, B.S., PH.D.
Sampson County, North Carolina

"Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
He kept the noiseless tenor of his way."

George comes from the county famed for huckleberries and pretty girls. He entered Wake Forest one year before the present class, remaining out of college during the session of '09 and '10. He has, however, proved himself to be a worthy student and the class of '13 gratefully acknowledges him as a member. In his work George is known as a plodder; and while he has not made himself a name for extraordinary brilliancy, his accomplishments in medicine have been of consistent, enduring variety. His conduct while in college has been clean and wholesome and his companions esteem him highly for his worth. He intends to practice medicine in his native county, and we feel sure that disease will vanish under the spell of his magic touch.

Age 23, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 150





E. W. LANE, B.S., ED.

Perquimans County, North Carolina

"One can see him think through his skin."

This wonderfully interesting and serious specimen of humanity hails from the sandbanks of the Chowan River. He is more familiarly known to the students as "Ed." He has been with us for only three years, but he now bobs up and asks for his "dip"! He has chosen for his life's work the art of "pill slinging," and judging from the excellent record he has already made, we predict great success for him. Ed. has never won renown either on the athletic field or in the Society hall, but he has always been an ardent and active supporter of both.

Age 21, height 5 feet 6 inches, weight 135.

Member of Honor Committee, '11-'12; Assistant in Physiology, '12-'13.

WILLIAM T. LINEBERRY, B.S., PH.D.

Chatham County, North Carolina

"Home keeping youths have ever lonely wits."

Lineberry hails from Chatham, the county where rabbit hunting is the favorite sport. Not being satisfied with the occupation as a Nimrod, he turned to the science of medicine for more congenial employment. By some freak of fortune he found himself at Wake Forest in the fall of 1909 and matriculated as an applicant for the B.S. degree.

Lineberry is known as the wittiest man in the Medical Class. His dry wit and perpetual good humor render him a most agreeable sort of companion. He has never been known to fuss, fume, and lie awake o' nights worrying over high grades. In his estimation they are of secondary importance. On the whole, however, he has been a faithful student and a loyal member of the Class of '13. His fellow classmates hold him in high esteem and wish him *bon voyage* in his chosen profession.

Age 21, height 6 feet, weight 140

Poet Medical Class, '12-'13; Medical Class Basketball, '10-'11.





P. A. McLENDON, B.S., M.D.
Wadesboro, North Carolina

"Shakes his ambrosial curls and gives the nod,
the stamp of fate and sanction of the gods."

"Doc" doesn't look like the blonde boy that came to make us happy four years ago. He is more mature, and the only thing that reminds us of what he was then is his blondness.

"Doc" has had many honors during his stay, and has deserved them all. He is one of the brightest men in the Medical Class. He is studying to be a doctor now but rumors are afloat that he is contemplating going into the furniture business. He is silent, though, on this point, when questioned. "Doc" was quite an athlete on the class teams and would have been a help to the Varsity if he had had more leisure. We wish Doctor McLendon much success in love and business after he leaves us.

Age 20, height 6 feet, weight 154.

Medical Class Basketball Team, '10-'11-'12;
Class Football, '11-'12; All Class Football
Team, '12; Marshal, Anniversary, '11; Presi-
dent Medical Class, '12-'13; Secretary Honor
Committee, '12-'13; Secretary Scrub Faculty,
'12-'13; President Anniversary Debate, '13;
Editor in Chief of THE HOWLER, '12-'13.

"How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!"

The subject of this sketch, better known as "Red," comes from the county of Catawba. He, like many others, is a hardy product of the farm. The practice of medicine, however, made the stronger appeal to him as a vocation and he entered Wake Forest as a "Verdant Freshie" in the fall of 1909. His powers of physique and courage were soon demonstrated by his prowess in the class football contest, in which he won the distinction of having more "grit" than any man in college. "Red" has been a faithful student and has loyally supported the various and sundry phases of college life. He has not led his class in medicine but we venture the prediction that as an alround practitioner he will take his place in the front rank. College politics never appealed to him and he made no efforts to place his name in the halls of fame, preferring rather to be remembered for his own worth's sake. We extend to him our best wishes as he goes elsewhere to finish his training.

Age 23, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 145.

Manager Senior Football Team, '12; All Class
Football Team, '10-'11; Sophomore Football
Team, '10; Junior Football Team, '11; Vice-
President Medical Class, '12-'13.



WADE H. SHERRILL, B.S., PH.D.
Catawba County, North Carolina



F. C. SHUGART, B.S., ESQ.

Caldwell County, North Carolina

"Clearness is the ornament of profound thought."

"Speck" is one of our three-year men. He is also one of the few men in the Medical Class who stand out as good speakers. He bore a reputation to this effect when he entered here. This gentleman is a good student and a good mixer. If one doubts his wit, let him challenge him in a dragging contest. It is said that one's early influences have a great bearing on one's after life, and, as Shugart came from a honey farm, we predict that he will seek Honey when his college career is past.

Age 22, height 5 feet 5 inches, weight 140.

Secretary Medical Class, '12-'13; Assistant in Histology, '12-'13; First Anniversary Debater, '13.

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's pure gowd for a' that."

John is a native of the Palmetto State; he is just what he is, and everybody knows it. No, he has never been a fence rider. During four years in college, he has ever fought in the center of the field. Like Thomas Carlyle, he sincerely hates all show and hypocrisy. He has not been an active athlete but every man knows he has the true athletic spirit. While not ranking high in abstract scholarship, we venture to say that no one in his class is better versed in medical lore.

Stanley has not sought college honors,—he did not consider them durable and satisfactory, but he resembles General Lee, in his loyalty to duty. Therefore the boys found a job for him as Business Manager of the Annual. Stanley hopes some day to be numbered among South Carolina's ablest and most helpful physicians, and we believe he will.

Age 33, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 155.

President Junior Class, '11-'12; Corresponding Secretary Y. M. C. A., '11-'12; Member Senate Committee, '12-'13; Prophet Medical Class '12-'13; Business Manager THE HOWLER, '12-'13.



JOHN G. STANLEY, B.S., PH.D.

Loris, South Carolina



J. J. WAFF, B.S., EU. Holland, Virginia
"Not pretty, but good clear through."

Joe is one of the most genial fellows in college. He always has a cherry word for everyone and has won a host of friends during his sojourn here. While not the handsomest man in his class, he has been endowed by nature with many gifts far more useful. He is one of the stars of the Medical Class and has passed his work off with honors. Joe loves fun and won fame as a member of the Dormitory Disturber's Club, and steps were taken to have him ejected from the Eu end by some of the pious brethren. But the trouble blew over and he was allowed to remain. Going with his sunny disposition into the sickroom Joe is sure to make his mark as a doctor. If any of the Seniors are missed, Joe will be among them.

Age 20, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 156

Historian Junior Class, '12-'13; Vice-President Virginia Club, '12-'13; Medical Class Baseball, '12; Surgeon Medical Class, '12-'13; Secretary Senior Class, '12-'13

GEORGE T. WATKINS, JR., B.S., PH.D.
Wayne County, North Carolina
"Books cannot always please, however good;
Minds are not ever craving for their food."

Judging by his actions one would think George was rather anxious to acquire knowledge. Not being satisfied with four years at Wake Forest and a B.A. degree in 1912, he returned to college last fall and registered as an applicant for a B.S. degree. The Class of '13 rather reluctantly forgave him all the indignities which he heaped upon them when they were "Newish" and he a Sophomore and allowed him to enroll himself as a member of their class.

George has acquired very little more dignity by reason of increasing age and additional knowledge. He is the same happy-go-lucky sort of chap that he was when last reported. We sincerely hope, however, that this year's work will have the desired effect; and once he is an M.D. that he will, at least, simulate the dignity necessary to a successful career as a practitioner.

Age 21, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 150.

B.A., '12; Varsity Baseball Team '10-'11;
Class Football, '09-'10.





RICHARD LEE HERRING, LL.B., PHIL.
Sampson County, North Carolina

"Back of all reform, lies the means of getting it."

When Woodrow Wilson became a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination, he found a manager in the person of an energetic, wise, and resourceful young man, William G. McCombs. If one of the Wake Forest Faculty should decide—well, that will never do, for there might not be any Presidential timber among our venerable professors. We have failed, anyhow, in what we started out to do—we wanted to compare McCombs to Richard Lee Herring. "Big Dick" has been with us only three years, but during that time he has impressed us as being a man among men; broad shouldered, almost as tall as one of our martyred presidents, and with it all a convincing personality. Richard has the business sense; the Faculty could trust him in any college affair and he is of the kind a big corporation delights to capture.

Herring did not go in for college honors, neither did he win renown on the athletic field, but in Williams Hall he prepared for the greatest event in his college career—February, 1913.

Age 25, height 6 feet 4 inches, weight 210.

Law Basketball Team, '11-'12; Assistant in Law, '12-'13; Debate Council, '12-'13; Associate Judge Moot Court, '13; Licensed Attorney, '13.

E. M. JOHNSON, LL.B., EV.
Buncombe County, North Carolina

"Power rests in tranquillity."

Here is a fellow who demands a degree, though he has been here only two years. He is a licensed attorney, having passed the examination in February. Not one of the candidates was prouder of success in this strenuous test than was Johnson. "He knows the old law," so says a Sophomore, and is destined to be a successful lawyer. He is a serious minded fellow and puts his whole heart and mind into whatever he undertakes. He has been too busy while here to become well known, but he is popular with the members of the Law Class. He will be heard of in the time to come.

Age 23, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 165

Solicitor of the Moot Court, '12; Licensed Attorney, '13.





LUTHER D. KNOTT, LL.B., PH.D.

Oxford, North Carolina

"Great thoughts, like great deeds, need no trumpet."

"Knott," as he familiarly known, belongs to that class of young men who do the right for conscience sake and on whose broad shoulders rest the future safety of society and honest government. His record while in college has been clean and wholesome—no shady acts or suspicious conduct having at any time marred its symmetry. As a student his work has been satisfactory, as was manifested when he recently secured his license to practice law. He goes forth from us possessing the merited esteem and confidence of his fellows, as is evidenced by the places of honor that have been bestowed upon him; and in his chosen profession we bespeak for him the full measure of success.

Age 24, height 5 feet 10½ inches, weight 170.

Freshman Football, '11; Chief Marshal Commencement, '12; President Law Class, '12-'13; Law Librarian, '12-'13; Honor Committee, '12-'13; Licensed Attorney, '13.

"True, his is the powerful breast and the mighty hand of the Titans."

Mayberry's record is eloquent in his behalf. Like a woman it speaks for itself. He is a conscientious and able student. Perhaps he has the best record as a scholar of any athlete on the Hill. The one failing "May" has is campus music. He may often be heard on a fair evening with a crowd of comrades about him, working the echoes with attempts at melody. The Dean has heard that riotous midnight feasts were held under Mayberry's supervision, but such suspicions were dismissed because he belonged to the "Scrub Faculty." Mayberry is a diplomatic fellow, with plenty of energy. He is eminently fitted for his profession and we believe that some day he will be an excellent lawyer. We hope that he will find a large field for the practice of his art, whether in his native city, Charlotte, or elsewhere.

Age 22, height 5 feet 11½ inches, weight 178.

Manager Class Track Team, '11; Manager Law Baseball Team, '11; Freshman Basketball Team, '11; Freshman Medal, '11; Freshman Football Team, '10; Varsity Track Team, '11-'12; All-class Football Team, '11; Law Basketball Team, '11-'12-'13; Manager Law Class Athletics, '13; Assistant in Government, '12-'13; Chief Marshal Wake Forest-Baylor Debate, '13; Licensed Attorney, '13.



D. FRANKLIN MAYBERRY, LL.B., PH.D.
Mecklenburg County, N. C.



BENJAMIN F. RAMSEUR, LL.B., ESQ.

Blacksburg, South Carolina

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

As "Strawberry" he is known among the fellows. Among the fair sex he is called "Jack." He is very popular among his friends, both belles and students. He has won fame by his ready wit and his ability as an athlete. In the classroom he stands at the top. Law is his chosen profession, and in February he received his license.

Ramseur has only been with us three years and he has attained the goal. He has made many lifelong friends who are loath to see him leave, and who wish him the greatest success attainable in the legal world.

Age 20, height 6 feet 2 inches, weight 185.

Varsity Football, '10; Licensed Attorney, '13.

MARTIN B. SIMPSON, LL.B., ESQ.

Elizabeth City, North Carolina

"A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck."

Three years ago "Simp" came to us and asked to be permitted to unite with the society known as the Wake Forest Student Body. Simpson is a good student. If one doubts his knowledge of the law he needs only to see him put to the test. He is also good in other studies and has won renown as a German tutor, as shown by the brilliant grades of those whom he has coached. He is slow to make friends and never makes enemies, but he is greatly loved by those who know him best. He will remain here during the summer and take law in order to secure his license in August. It has been said that he cannot fail to pass. We predict for this gentleman a successful career in the practice of law.

Age 20, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 145.

Clerk of Moot Court, '11; Member of Case Committee, '13





HENRY P. WHITEHURST, LL.B., PHI.

Craven County, North Carolina

"I love thee freely, as men strive Right,
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise."

Whitehurst was here when the glory of Wake Forest was at its height, when the hills rang with the oratory of Brown, Collins, and Eller. He frequently alludes to the good old days when a Newish was respectful and afraid to roam over the town and campus after nightfall. He won the Sophomore Medal in his Society over a number of able competitors and thus established his claim as a speaker. He remained out of college two years and returned this session to study law. Whitehurst is a genial companion and has many friends among all classes except the Newish. He can't get over the way times have changed! He is a leading spirit in the Misogynistic Club and a confirmed woman hater. But his fellow members fear that he will fall by the wayside.

Age 25, height 6 feet, weight 135.

Lord High Chancellor of the Exchequer, P. O. M. E.; Historian Freshman Class, '07-'08; Winner Sophomore Medal, '09; Associate Editor of THE HOWLER, '08-'09.



Senior Poem

Brief, it seems, have been these years
That we have spent together,
That we have toiled and worked and played
In bright or gloomy weather.

Brief indeed have been the days;
But now that they have flown,
Each one yet has its memories
Of friends that we have known.

Yes, each has passed with its happenings,
And each with its dirges and lays,
Until they have formed within our lives
The chief of our yesterdays.

So now with a heart o'erflowing with love,
With joy, though yet with sorrow,
We bid farewell to our college days
And look toward the vast Tomorrow.

Senior Class History

"Blessed is that nation whose annals are brief," is the quaint, concise way in which an old Roman proverb states a great truth. We would infer from this that it is in times of peace that a nation's annals are brief. If this last statement can be applied to college class histories, this scribe has an account to give, which, by comparison, would make one of Richardson's novels look like "Poor Richard's Almanac." For the Class of 1913 has seen anything but "piping times of peace." The past four years have been filled with mighty conflicts, boundless conquests; still there are worlds to conquer, and heroic achievements ahead. While we have a class with an eventful history, yet we lack perspective, for we are still too much in the exciting presence of those far reaching events to observe accurately their effects on the world's history. A man cannot be trusted to give the final word in regard to his own contemporaries. Often, moreover, it is true even here that "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." However, without fear of being laughed at by future generations, we can give an account of some events, at least, which we are sure neither time nor distance will make dim.

The "time" was the fall of 1909, the "place" was the far distant suburbs of Wake Forest across the creek, the "when" was the cool, calm, morning hour of five; but what was the "how"? Well, it was quietly, secretly, whispered to none but *bona fide* members of a reserved disposition that the Freshman Class was to be duly organized at the aforesaid time and place, without fail, subject to no molestations whatever—"whoever cannot get a gun bring a club." But "how" unobtrusive Freshmen crept out of bed unknown, leaving bombastic Sophs still lingering in slumberland, has never been understood—not even the men who were left in bed can explain the mystery. The officers were elected without opposition, and four abreast, the brave company marched into town brandishing rifles, spears, and pruning hooks. Let that suffice for our prowess and acumen as Freshmen.

We might mention, however, that we succeeded in getting our group picture made for THE HOWLER; but the magnolia blossoms were so numerous that some of our men were completely hidden beneath a canopy of flowers, others escaped the suffocating sweetness of the perfume by rushing behind the glass doors of the Alumni Building, while those who had the nerve to remain in open view, as the bouquets were being presented, were unmercifully mangled by the burrs. George Harward expressed the sentiment of the class after the triumph when he said, "I would rather have brickbats thrown at me than such bouquets,—I could at least get out of the way of brickbats without being humiliated."

Plainly it was a keen disappointment to be Sophomores. We had dreamed of innumerable opportunities for adventure and unselfish service. We were to be "the cynosure of neighboring eyes," and the faithful assistants of Dr. Gorrell in

particular and the whole Faculty in general in college management and development. But the actual realization of all this was far short of our expectations. We won in the Interclass track meet, however, which placed our name upon the beautiful banner; and we played the Seniors of that year to a tie in football.

Freshmen are fresh, Sophs are wise, Seniors are dignified, but Juniors—they are nothing in particular. Our Junior year was an exception to the rule, however. We continued to play the leading role in college activities. And we actually did study some that year—alas, what's a college for? The class was so crowded with brilliant men that we gave to the Class of 1912 its best men. And some kindly consented not to return for the Senior year. There is always some method by which to eliminate prodigies when a class is uncomfortably crowded.

After three years of difficulties, disappointments and struggles we entered the Golden Age, the *sumum bonum* of college life, when

Just to exist
Is untold bliss,

and to be dignified is the sum of all woes. We had become Seniors. As we stood on this proud eminence surveying the lower regions of mediocre life, the thrilling words of Tennyson often came into mind:

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

But ours was not the ordinary Senior Class. We were quite different from all our predecessors. For why be like other classes? We would not if we could. There must be individuality, and genius is always marked by its eccentricities. We had some men who would have looked upon tearing the everlasting upholstery off the nebular hypothesis and working out a device for slowing down the revolutions of the earth as very small affairs. While the Old World furnished a battlefield for the defeat of the detestable Turk, the New World presented the arena on which was won the last glorious victories of the Class of 1913. The day of great things on this planet is not far in the future. America and the world will stand hereafter a hopeless debtor to Wake Forest College for the notable deeds which will be done by this year's class.

We did not have our meetings every day, but only when there was important business to come before the class, and said meetings were always held in Dr. Sikes' lecture room, so there would be no misunderstandings.

One day the class had assembled for the purpose of electing a Sponsor. Smiling, good natured Arnette, who is also a "poor married man," rose majestically, towering above his fellows in experience and wisdom; his eyes flashed fire, and even his hair, surrounded by a halo, glittered fearfully; "Boys, if we are going to elect a Sponsor, I move we first send a committee to investigate. Don't enter into a bargain with a woman without a contract. A contract! Do you hear? A contract!" Unable to say more, he fell gasping into his seat. The boys were shocked, speechless. Finally Henry Langston recovered sufficiently to place in nomination Miss Gertrude Horn for Class Sponsor. She was elected immediately

without opposition, save for a feeble groan about "investigation" from poor Arnette. Allow us to add that neither investigation nor contract were ever needed—another case of luck, perhaps.

Suffice it to say that during our Senior year we took the regular course in Philosophy, but we rarely ever spoke of a "Psy" quiz except in the presence of qualified Seniors, and then we were careful to speak in a whisper. To be frank, all were surprised at the course. It has been handed down as a tradition that Psychology was the Gibraltar before which numberless Seniors showed the white flag, but, on account of our extraordinary cognitive powers, the fortress surrendered without the firing of a single son of a gun. We prove the tradition false—"Psy" is a cinch, Logic and Ethics no worse.

A meeting was called late in November to consider a design for our class pin. Sam Long suggested a design which last year's Senior Class at Meredith adopted. Wishart was on his feet instantly: "I object. I'm in favor of a plain Wake Forest pin and nothing more." Charles Farrell, with the greatest care and deliberation, explained that it was not to be a Meredith pin but only the same design as the Meredith pin. "Oh, you've all seen one," Farrell began to stammer. All eyes turned toward Henry Langston. And the men were so irreverent as to demand that he allow the whole band of ruffians to take a peep at his sacred pin. To see is to believe. The Meredith design was adopted!

In class athletics we have not starred especially, but we have furnished many men for the various Varsity teams, and this, of course, materially weakened our class teams. But when it comes to the enthusiastic support of athletics we are always in the front ranks. We have heartily used our influence in an effort to put athletics on a solid financial basis by adopting an athletic fee.

On January 21st the class met to consider the question of wearing caps and gowns Commencement. After a learned discussion it was voted that we should don the aforesaid elegant dress at our graduation. While we were disposing of other matters just before adjournment, O. W. Sawyer ambled into the room. A motion to adjourn; and the above mentioned Senior, nobly innocent, and deeply in earnest, rose to his feet: "Mr. President, we must do something about caps and gowns." Amid a sudden vociferous outburst of laughter, Sawyer, blushing dead away, swooned into his seat. It was some minutes before he could understand—unfortunately he had been too late.

We believe there ought to be "A rose for every thorn," and so we have witnessed with joy the growth of Wake Forest in the direction of a co-educational institution. A troupe of sparkling eyed maidens have been attending certain special classes in the college lecture rooms. It is needless to say that our class has had a large part in introducing this much needed reform.

During our four years at college we have seen what is practically the death of the cowardly and cruel practice of hazing, and this result has come about in large measure because of our unqualified stand against all forms of hazing.

Our history has been made. We now pass out from these ancient halls, where, by our knightly deportment and noble deeds, we have made a host of

abiding friends, into the stern but glorious battle of life. We enter this larger arena neither with joy nor with sorrow, but in that wholesome, optimistic spirit to which Browning gives utterance in his triumphant

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



Prophecy of the Senior Class

Immediate danger does not look so horrible until we have passed through in safety. In looking back, we often affirm that we were spared only by the kindness of Providence, or fate, as some have been wont to call it. Just so, with our class. At one time it looked as if this class must drift out into life's sea without having its future history portrayed. The inspiration for doing this momentous task was sought in vain from books of all former prophets. The Ancient Sybil, so thoughtful of revealing all future events, seemed to have no facts concerning this noted class. As my last resort, I went to our Professor of German, who, after much persuasion, consented to aid me in this great undertaking by giving me a right of way to the source of German inspiration.

Before making this concession I had to conform to his opinion that Modern Languages should be placed on the prescribed list in the catalogue, although it might be at the expense of the classics. Thinking of this from a utilitarian point of view, I granted the conclusion. Then he, with all the needed information, gave me his "Robe of Invisibility." You recall that the original duplicate of this robe played a conspicuous part in the *Nibelungen Lied*, being worn by King Gunther when he sought the beautiful Princess Brunhilde. The wearer of this robe had not only the advantage of being invisible, and having his physical strength increased many times its normal state, but at the wearer's command he could look into the distant future. So here is the history of our class twenty years hence, as I saw it while wearing this magic robe.

Following the instructions, just after coming off a Logic quiz, I entered a great hall in the city of Richmond, where O. W. Sawyer was delivering a lecture on the nineteen valid rules of the syllogism. As a lecturer he has won the reputation of having a strong voice. Leaving this room, I came to the courthouse, where my friend R. A. Marsh was presiding as judge, while H. H. Groves was being tried for whipping a boy in his school. The evidence was not sufficient to convict him, since the main offense was committed the year before and was not reported at that time. A verdict of not guilty was rendered by the jury, and a recommendation was made that, as a means of purging his school of all faults, whipping should be the last resort.

Drifting away from my logical turn of mind, I learned that O. F. Herring had just finished his campaign in Wake county, in which he was seeking to secure the nomination for the House of Representatives. He pledged himself to advocate direct primaries if the people would only elect him.

Waff and Shugart, both practicing physicians of Raleigh, have recently made a discovery of a harmless acid that will dissolve the toughest of steak. Realizing this as a mission by which they are to aid humanity, they have agents for the various colleges in the State: E. N. Wright has the eastern territory, G. M. Harris the central, and J. A. Strawn the western; and at present J. P. Harris has charge of all alien colleges, which he works in connection with his other local

field. This seems to promise a revolution in our educational centers. Let us hope so, at least.

Breadth as well as depth was the characteristic of our class. Various doors were opened to us, on leaving college. In the field of poetry, L. L. Carpenter has given us a modern version of the Columbiad. C. A. Farrell provokes an occasional smile from the Muses and thinks it inspiration. Here is the climax of a class poem which he read before the Alumni Banquet of 1933:

"Men of wit, intelligence, sense, thirteen,
Separated from the most frequented haunts
Of all who had no praise for a place between,
But decades two have shown all success and equal faults."

V. A. McGuire has been doing some good work in China for a few years. This work was started by translating his Anniversary oration into the vernacular, which was distributed over the Republic for the enlightenment of the people, along the line of their commercial advantage. The far reaching effects of this might have been feared, since there is a common root of evil, but for the fact that A. R. Phillips is there with a message from his tongue and pen, showing the danger to any people who forget the necessary discipline, which often fails to follow prosperity and education.

C. G. Smith is teaching in Baylor, and trying to reconcile these star crossed rivals since that memorable defeat in Atlanta, Easter Monday, 1914. He is about to give up his work in despair.

R. L. Herring is conductor on the Shoofly, and he says his only trouble is in getting through Wake Forest, since the students demand the right of way, exercising license instead of liberty.

Soon after leaving college E. A. Daniel went to Texas to farm. Being unacquainted with his work, and knowing still less about the West, having gained most of his knowledge of that part from Wild West scenes in the moving picture shows, he made some fatal mistakes. His selection of seed corn happened to be one of his blunders. There was no notice of difference between his and his neighbor's corn till late in the summer. His was small and the stalks had only small shoots on them. Remembering that people in his native State took care of forage, he decided to gather and put it in shelter. By the last of August he had accomplished this task, when an uncommonly warm spell came, which caused his popcorn to pop, burst out, and for some distance around it seemed as if some terrible snow storm had come, which rarely happens in that country. His domestic animals, assured of this being one of those Northern blizzards, succumbed to their feelings and froze to death. "Well," said Daniel, "I am going back to Wake Forest, and get my degree. It's foolishness to start out in life without the privileges and advantages of a college diploma." He came back, took a number of exams on the one subject he failed on, till finally the professor of Moral Philosophy gave him his pass in sheer sympathy. From that happy day he has decided to settle down in his own State and be a loyal son of his Alma Mater.

In Medicine, Stanley, Sherrill, Bridges, Lane, and McLendon, after taking the advice given to the student in Goethe's *Faust*, are learning to love their work,

curing people of all physical ills. They are all located in North Carolina. In the way of literary work, W. A. Young and B. F. McLeod have published a college manual, in which all important exams are given, with a corresponding answer to each question, in full. Also in it may be found the outlines to all the parallel books in English I and II. For one dollar this book may be had, all postage prepaid, from Ginn and Company.

In the teaching profession, one would hardly care for a more successful record than B. H. Johnson has had in the Philippine Islands. In that strange land and among half civilized people, he has taught in such a way as to become the first principal, which is usually hard for a Wake Forest man to do.

P. E. Hubbell, after teaching in the rural districts of Virginia for a few years, decided it was too strenuous a life for him and is now practicing law in Franklinton.

It is a source of gratification to know that L. Q. Haynes reached his ideal in becoming a good fisherman, but instead of catching men, his prey turned out to be crayfish, for with one year's study and one year as Dunbar's partner, he has thoroughly imbibed the Biological spirit, and today his one delight is to hunt various specimens of this fish and send them to his old friend and fellow worker. And yet he still does some preaching to the local church in his home town in Western North Carolina.

R. S. Pruette was recently heard to say: "What a pity Thomas Carlyle is not living today! 'Heroes and Hero Worship' is incomplete. There is no chapter on 'Intercollegiate Debaters.' Such a shame that people are cheated out of their rights on account of a man living ahead of his time!" Pool consoled him by saying: "It's equally hard for a man who makes an average of ninety-five or more not to be mentioned in that wonderful book."

Wake Forest has always been a splendid place to make missionaries: On the plains of India N. C. Coggin is preaching and having great success; J. L. Carrick is meeting with like success in Africa; and W. T. Baucum is striking a death blow to Catholicism in South America.

Turning again to Wake Forest, I arrived just in time for the centennial which was held in 1934. The first thing to attract my attention, on entering the east gate of the campus, was a monument on which I saw, "In Memory of the Dead of the Class of 1913." Coming nearer, I noticed my Hebrew friend's name—H. G. Dunean. He died from overstudy, Joe Currin from sheer grief. He always preferred never to have been loved at all, than to have loved thus and lost. Sam Long died from the burden of the honors thrust upon him, E. M. Johnson from his suspense while waiting for readers for his first novel, "Evening Mornings." He hoped the title would be all that was needed and forgot there is nothing in a name. Beneath these sad lines I read further: "All were men of much promise and we who are still surviving erect this on this spot, so the Newish, as they come, may read and profit by this warning and shun all the causes that produced these dire effects."

Looking around I saw an imposing building near the center of the campus. On its corner stone I saw "Library Building, Erected in 1925." To the left a magnificent church building stood. But lo! there's the old college bell tolling for

chapel. By intuition or force of habit I made haste to get in before the monitors marked me absent. On entering, I saw the Faculty all seated on the stage. So far as one could tell, they have not changed any more in these twenty years than the Pyramids of Egypt. After the melody of "All Hail the Power," from Dunbar's performance, our beloved President arose and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, this rounds out one hundred years for Wake Forest College and we are now celebrating this, our first centennial as a college community. Let me remind you of our motto, *Pro Humanitate*, which, let us hope, will never lose its significance, but in the coming years may the old college continue to demonstrate her claim to this lofty ideal! But I am not the speaker of the day. I call upon one of our own number, a member of the Class of 1913. Allow me to introduce to you Mr. J. C. Brown, who will give us a brief sketch of our college's history." I quote his opening and closing words: "Conservatism is the soul of any institution; such saved China intact four thousand years; such makes England the greatest nation on earth; such has made the United States exist down to today; and such has been the one redeeming feature of Wake Forest College." Rather optimistic, but in his close a note of despair was heard, "The United States is doomed to destruction unless the power of electing Senators is taken away from the people." C. H. Robertson arose immediately and said: "Let us invoke God's blessing upon this institution."

Adjournment of one hour for dinner gave me a chance to speak to Skaggs. He is still a bachelor, is as fond as ever of children, and his study is always full of them, tearing up his sermon outlines and editorials for the Backwoods Magazine, turning over his ink and setting fire to his wastebasket. With all these troubles he wears the same smile he used to wear during his college days. I was informed that T. B. Henry is managing a basketball team in a South Carolina mill town. He is still as popular as ever at the soda fountain just before a game.

C. R. Sorrell was at the centennial, still searching for "America's Master Passion." L. R. O'Brien told me that he had retired from the pulpit to care for his own family, either comforting one who has suffered an accident or punishing another for mischief he has done. This is due to his relation to the Irish people, and a literal reading of T. R. Roosevelt.

Mayberry is Solicitor in his district, and M. B. Simpson is a partner of his in his practice.

The last I heard of R. M. Sawyer he was staying around the hotel of his well to do father in law in Little Washington, "waiting for something to turn up."

But the last came, and the last did go—Benton, my old friend who told me experience enough for a modern novel of how he was married in California, got a divorce and escaped and returned to the land of his nativity. And he is here to rejoice with us today.

This is all that can be known. All at once the magic robe fell to the floor, when my roommate growled out, "Do you intend to stay up all night?" I looked up and noticed that it was midnight. But before sleeping I had to return this robe to my teacher, who is by this act of kindness responsible for such a prophecy as you have now heard.

PROPHET.





MISS ROSA HOLDING
JUNIOR SPONSOR



Junior Class Officers

R. B. GREEN.....	President
O. W. YATES.....	Vice-President
C. W. MITCHELL, JR.....	Secretary
C. J. CARPENTER.....	Treasurer
T. HIPPS.....	Historian
C. H. JOHNSON.....	Prophet
W. J. CONRAD.....	Poet

The Junior Poem

Oh, the Newish may be green,
And the Soph'more may be mean,
And the Senior on the grouch all the time,
They may make the Faculty fret,
Or cause the Senate band to threaten,
(Which is useless 'cept to make a silly rhyme).
But the Junior having passed
Through every stage except the last,
And who now is on the verge of even that,
Will show by his sophistication
That in things which have relation,
To keeping in good graces he's a diplomat.
For he's the one that doth obey
The laws and rules in every way,
And who never hath a notice sent to him.
So let us hope in this conclusion,
There may be no vain delusion;
And his praises just recorded, never dim.

History of the Junior Class

In the fall of 1910 the good mothers of North Carolina sent to Wake Forest the most remarkable class of Freshmen that ever made tracks on the campus. We call the present Junior Class to testify to this statement. For numbers, for bonheadedness, for voracity, that class easily took the biscuit over all previous similar aggregations. Its history is written in the records of the Senate and Honor Committees of the college and in the records of the local J. P.'s court.

The Sophomores took immediate charge of us. We were haled from our rooms, halted on the campus, and huddled in trembling groups, while

Seniors to right of us,
Sophomores to left of us,
Juniors in front of us,
Bellowed and thundered.

To the seducing smile and the timely advice of the Oldish, some of us who had never sung before warbled most tunefully, and some made speeches who had never before had the nerve to face our grandfather's clock. It takes a Sophomore to discover a Freshman's potentiality. Tom Holland and Charlie Farrell stood nose to nose and simultaneously whistled "Hot Times" and "Home, Sweet Home," respectively, while Dick Herring rocked "Speek" Slugart to sleep. But these are minor things. You may find a detailed account of our first year in the annals of our Soph contemporaries.

The class returned last year like Collins' ram—"with a head of its own." We had a mission to perform. We had the whole college to raise, and we raised it often, but we took particular charge of the Freshman Class. In the noble words of our favorite author,

"We sought it with thimbles,
We sought it with care;
We pursued it with forks and hopes;
We threatened its life like a railway share
We charmed it with smiles and soap."

But we will not go into details lest we embarrass the present Sophomore Class, who have proved themselves true to their raisin'. That was the best raised Fresh Class that served snipe on the half shell.

We are Juniors now (and as I say it I seem to hear the present Senior Class groan, "God forbid").

History is essentially biography, and that leads us to the personnel of the Junior Class. In athletics our class shines forth most brilliantly in the basketball playing of Ham Davis, for when he performs it takes two to watch him, and a young monkey would despair of dodging him.

If there is an original one among us it is Clarence Holmes, for

“ ‘Pish’ is a favorite word of his,
And he often says ‘Ho—Ho!’ ”

If there is one in the class that is noted for his eating propensities it is Johnny Neal. He was known on one occasion to have eaten voraciously for one hour on an olive, and to have refused a second with lascivious reluctance. Johnny is as voracious as a duck.

Doctor Mack Johnson is our shark in Political Economy. He is positively known to have presented to the Faculty a plea that they annex Chapel Hill to our own institution. O. W. Yates has enjoyed a reputation for somnambulism since that cold night in December, when, strolling in his pajamas, he was treed on the gatepost by Dr. Sledd's dog, Tuck. Ervin Lucius Tabius Africanus Ward, our mathematician! At Math I draw the line.

You may see, gentle reader, from these brief notes, that the Class of 1914 has, in truth, had a remarkable history. If all the wondrous deeds perpetrated by its members were to be chronicled, even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.

HISTORIAN.

Prophecy of the Junior Class

One afternoon during the Christmas vacation I took a stroll into a creek swamp near my home, to enjoy its characteristic scenery—sluggish streams, stagnant sloughs, great cypresses, gums, and oaks, all festooned with grey Spanish moss.

I had gone two or three miles down the banks of the stream when I came to a beech covered knoll about fifteen feet high and three hundred feet in circumference, rising abruptly from the swamp. On its summit was a large hole dug by some one in search of money supposed to have been buried during the Civil War by an old woman who was the neighborhood conjurer and seer.

Of course this hill, as is traditionally the case with a place where treasure is buried, is said to be haunted by the shade of its owner; but nothing daunted, I decided to take a short rest there, despite such reports. So I lay down on a carpet of dry leaves under a large beech. Being tired, I soon became drowsy, and while meditating on my task as prophet of my class, I fell asleep and dreamed; and this was my dream:

I thought I was sitting where I was then lying, longing for some supernatural aid to reveal the future of my class fellows. As I meditated thus, I was horrified to see the apparition of the old conjurer approaching at a short distance. In appearance she was as she had been described to me a hundred times—angular, bent, toothless, with piercing eyes and a nose and chin that all but met, carrying a long hickory stick in one hand and a black, greasy looking leather wallet in the other.

As the weird spirit approached, my blood ran cold, my hair grew restive of confinement beneath my hat, and I was powerless to move. But when she stopped in front of me and spoke, my fears subsided somewhat.

"I know what you are trying to do," she said in a sharp, crackling voice.

Encouraged by this little prospect of the display of prophetic powers, I replied:

"Guess, then, you could make me wise to the history of my class twenty years hence, could you not? That is information I must have. If you will give me a tip, it will be highly appreciated."

Without a word she sat down in front of me, opened that greasy old wallet, and took therefrom a deck of dingy, wellworn cards. After manipulating them for a few minutes she dug out of the wallet a pair of dark green goggles and handed them over to me with the instruction to put them on and await developments.

I adjusted the quaint old glasses while my weird prophetess continued to manipulate her cards. After gazing out across the swamp for some moments the dark landscape was replaced with a real lifelike scene. It showed a survey-

ing party at work in a swamp. By way of explanation my oracle told me the scene was in Robeson County, and that the tall, important looking gentleman behind the transit was D. M. Johnson, County Surveyor and attorney at law in Lumberton.

The next scene presented was that of a ten story office building—in Elizabeth City—I was told. On a window of the fifth floor was painted the following sign: "S. W. White, Attorney at law—General Collecting a Specialty."

Following this scene came one of a large store front with a beautiful window display of gentlemen's furnishings. Good taste, experience, and push were in evidence in every detail. I learned that the proprietor of the store was N. J. Shepherd, Rocky Mount.

The next scene was that of a dull, somnolent little village, the most conspicuous building of which was its church. I was told that the village was Sleepy Hollow, New York, and that my old friend Myers, pastor of the church, was still getting off his long soporific sermons.

The scene shifted and I beheld a beautiful stock farm. I was told that it was Shelton Laurel, Madison County, and the property of Wallin and Holliday. Their specialty was work steers—Wallin breaking the steers and Holliday giving the advice and collecting information on the subject.

Next I beheld the interior of what I was told was a school for incorrigibles, in the city of Baltimore, conducted by Prof. L. E. Griffin. He was sitting behind his desk surveying his troop of waywards. In terror of his austerity not a boy dared to bat an eyelash, for fear of being turned to stone.

Then came a view of several large buildings surrounded by well kept grounds set with stately oaks and maples. This was, as I was informed, a select New England school for girls, conducted by Dr. R. F. Paschal, as Headmaster, with Drs. Dickens and C. J. Carpenter as associates.

I was next shown a building which, from its general appearance, I took to be a courthouse. Seated on the steps were several men of rustic air, listening to a severe persuasive looking gentleman in their midst. I was told that this was my old friend W. W. Walker, Sheriff and "easy boss" of Rutherford County.

The next scene presented a street in New York City. The chief building on this street was a large, imposing one, which I was told was the New Era Surgical Hospital, owned by Drs. Stringfield, Hipps, and Prevette. Their developments upon Dr. Carrel's discoveries had made them world famous.

I next saw what was apparently one of those towns of ephemeral growth which are so numerous in the West, and which spring up as the result of the efforts of some land agent or promoter. Over the door of one of several small, new buildings, I read this legend: "Ramseur and Oliver, Attorneys, Land Agents, and Promoters." "Nuf Sed."

I next beheld a ranch. At a distance several hundred cattle were grazing, a mud hut or two were in sight. I was told that this was the property of Holmes and Bullard, who had gone to Arkansas soon after graduating—Holmes to win

a broncho bustress, and Bullard to find an environment favorable to the development of the small spark of literary genius which Dr. Sledd accidentally discovered he possessed.

Next I beheld a scene in a large union station. I learned that it was at Chicago, and that the tall, bearded gentleman hurrying through the crowd, carrying a grip, a copy of *Judge* protruding from his pocket, and a smile smeared all over his face, was my old friend, J. J. Neal, who was representing the house of Hart, Allen, and Conrad, publishers of sundry translations, outlines, and keys, and other things of interest to students.

This scene was followed by a view of the interior of a department store in which was offered for sale everything from the latest mousetrap to an aeroplane. I was told that this store was the property of Green, Warlick, and Yates, of Denver, Colorado. As I looked over the scene I saw a rotund, well dressed gentleman hurry in, shake hands with every customer he passed, and disappear into the office at the rear. I was told that this was Rev. R. B. Green, senior member of the firm and pastor of the First Baptist Church of Denver. I began to recall—

But just here I awoke. A grey squirrel had discovered me and, balancing himself gracefully on a limb high up over me, with his tail curled over his back into an emphatic question mark, was barking and chattering excitedly. He had awakened me and thus abruptly ended my dream.

PROPHET.





MISS KATHERINE KITCHIN
SOPHOMORE SPONSOR



Sophomore Class Officers

J. A. McCURRY.....	President
T. M. AVERA.....	Vice-President
W. H. JENKINS.....	Secretary
L. B. HORN.....	Treasurer
C. E. CHAMBLISS.....	Historian
J. L. CAMP.....	Prophet
W. G. APPERSON.....	Poet

Sophomore Poem

Sing, O Muse, some gladsome strain
Of (k)nightly deed by Sophomore.
Alas! the poet smites in vain—
His lyre responds, "O nevermore."
"Nevermore!" O doleful thought
To come from erstwhile hardy hearts
Brave Sophs reply—"Tis gloom inwrought
By fate (the beast!) with darksome arts."
Our hopes are vain, our hearts grow chill,
Our sacred duties rest undone—
The Newish roams the place at will
Our name means naught but Freshman fun.
"Throw off your bonds," the past cries out;
"Revive traditions noble, good."
Alas! the Senate's arm is stout;
We dare not listen if we would.
But no! we turn our hearts in hope
To days when we shall reign supreme
And Faculty with brush and soap
Shall have to scrub the Newish clean.

History of the Sophomore Class

Standing at the meridian of college life, the Sophomore Class looks back with a sense of mingled regret and happiness, and forward encouraged by the hopes and possibilities of the future. The class has enjoyed every pleasure and taken advantage of many of the benefits of the past session. For these they express their deepest gratitude to those who have made these pleasures and benefits possible.

But the question which concerns the minds of the members of the Sophomore Class most of all is whether they have been of service to their college. Although they possibly have not performed this duty as well as some may have desired, with one voice every Sophomore will declare that the services rendered have been freely and willingly given.

During the session of 1913, wherever Wake Forest College has been represented, a Sophomore has been there. In both the literary and athletic departments of college life the Sophomore Class has furnished representatives worthy of the honor bestowed upon them.

In both of the Intercollegiate Debates, a Sophomore took part. In the Baylor-Wake Forest Debate J. M. Pritchard, the alternate, was a Sophomore. Another Sophomore, W. R. Chambers, was first debater in the Wake Forest-Davidson Debate. At the regular sessions of the literary societies the eloquent voices of various Sophomores were ever heard.

When it comes to athletics the Sophomore Class has been well represented in quality as well as in numbers. On the football team were Britton, Camp, Cuthrell, and Billings, while on the baseball team were two of its number, Captain Billings and Parker. On the basketball squad the Sophomores were Cuthrell, Billings and the leading goals-hooter of the team, Bill Holding. The Sophomore Class won the championship in both basketball and football, after hard contests.

The present Sophomore Class has seen the almost total abolition of hazing. Less of this practice has been seen here this year than during any previous session. Whether or not the Sophomores have seen the breaking up of this practice with a spirit of gladness and whether or not the abolition of the practice will be proven to be best for the Sophomores of the next session is not the purpose of this article to discuss.

But last, and not least, so prominent are the Sophomores in college life that whenever any number of students are called before the Faculty, a Sophomore is generally in that number. So be it. The Sophomores are glad that they have seen this year, and believe that they have played a not unworthy part in the whole of college life.

HISTORIAN.

Prophecy of the Sophomore Class

So the prophecy of this class must be told again, the filmy veil that hides the future must be drawn aside and the vague, fantastic figures solved! When this honor was first cast upon me I smiled within myself, had someone to pat me on the back, and congratulated myself that some greater honor was not bestowed upon my fragile shoulders—the presidency or the treasurer's responsible position.

Little thought I of my work, saying that even at the last moment I could turn to the writings of some old prophet who had "gone before" and scribble some of his visions, but as time passed and I turned to the works of the former prophets I found that every one of them had wondered why "such a great and glorious class should turn to him as the unfold of their future," and then had wandered off somewhere to behold a foolish vision of their classmates ten years thereafter. At first I laughed at their silly predictions and prophetic sayings, but as the gravity of the situation dawned upon me I myself wondered why a class of this calibre should expect me to look into the shadowy, uncertain future and trace the unmitigating finger of Destiny as it pointed out their future positions and achievements.

Often I was on the verge of despair, because any mood which in any way resembled the prophetic refused to inspire me. Happily for me, though, and extremely luckily for those who desired the knowledge, I remembered the fables of the oracle of Delphi, where the vague, penetrating fumes enabled the prophetess to read the book of Destiny. So I pulled my old chair up before the radiator to the hot air furnace, hoping the peculiar odor of kerosene gas might do the same. Hardly had I become seated when, smiling at my own foolishness, I was on the verge of moving away. But suddenly from the depths of the furnace there came a mighty rumbling which swelled and burst upon the ears in a gigantic crash, yea, it seemed that all the noises in the universe were concentrated in that one long peal. The house shook. I started up, for well do I know that sound. It was "Pinky" Prevette somewhere, but the greatness of the noise defied all attempts to locate him.

This puzzled me greatly. Was I dreaming? If I wasn't what was Sir Pinky yelling up the furnace for. These and a thousand other questions passed through my mind, but hoping that the mysterious mood had finally come, and fearing lest any exertion might banish it, I abandoned myself to whatever might occur, lay back and closed my eyes.

Sure enough, my hopes had been realized; my fears of leaving the class without its future prophesied banished, for far and wide my thoughts traveled over strange lands, seeing strange sights, with here and there a familiar spot or face not forgotten.

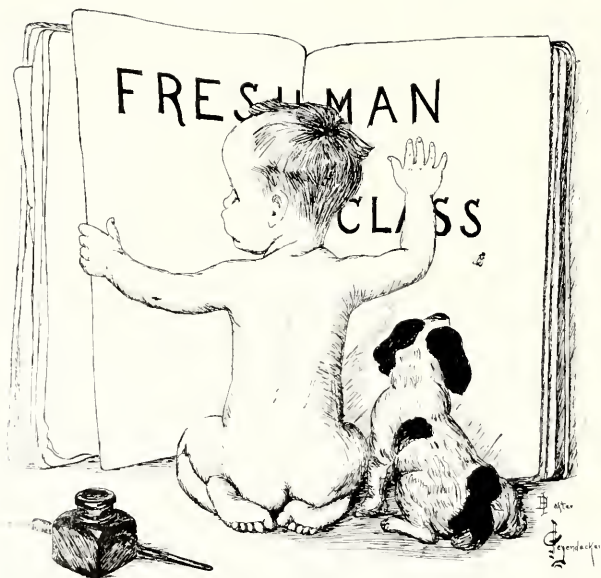
Soon there issued from the dark hold the smell of onions, and other seemingly necessary odors for a cheap cafe and I found myself sitting at a table in a

half filled restaurant. I had begun to wonder why I was there when in rushed a tall, lanky man, with a conspicuous badge on and wearing a beaver. He approached the cashier's desk, hesitated, then, "Why, hello Smith, I swear you are the last person on earth I should expect here."

No longer did I wonder, for immediately I recognized Willie Goode, an old classmate, who told Smith—the proprietor of what I afterward learned was the "Smithsonian Cafe"—that he was aiding his wife in compiling a suffragette cook book. Greatly and exceedingly long did I marvel at what I had seen, but before I could speak to them my spirit seemed to have been caught up and borne away. When at last I landed, I found myself in Nashville. Nashville! The roar of commerce, the rumbling of cars, the persistent clanging of bells and the shriek of whistles so startled me that I stood dumbfounded. I wondered and finally asked a bystander why the town was in such holiday attire, why the people lined the streets so expectantly. "Have you not heard of the Hon. 'Lord' Cooley?" he asked disdainfully. "Why, after a fight and a struggle unparalleled in the history of the South, he has finally received his B.S. degree at Wake Forest and we, his townsmen, have thus arranged to welcome him—the pride of Nashville." Soon I heard the cry of welcome and beheld sitting in a carriage of state on a textbook of Histology, with a Gray's Anatomy in his hand, the "Lord," bald and fat but beaming and bowing courteously to the proud inhabitants of his home town.

This was almost too much for a dream but there was a moment of darkness, then I found myself in a crowded courtroom over which the All-American Judge Billings was presiding. And it grieved me immensely to see my old friend "Pecker" McDowell standing in the prisoner's box, charged with crime. In fact, he was doubly indicted. First, for divorce on the ground that he never went home at night and was veritably a stranger to his wife; secondly, he was charged with failing to pay his rent at the house at which he did stay. Another case which was creating much excitement was Cuthrell and Giles Pennant Co. vs. Wake Forest Bursar for the recovery of pennants lost in a notable banquet. This was indeed a long and bitterly fought case, for even I remembered the night they disappeared. Both cases were warmly conducted by my old classmates, but before the Judge rendered his decision in either my spirit took another wandering spell. Indeed it wandered over strange seas, and over strange lands it sped. On one or two occasions I fancied I saw a familiar face, but I passed too hurriedly to be sure. I even fancied I soared over the darkest jungles of Africa, and in one place saw cannibals dancing around the feast pot, in which the chief ingredient was my old friend Pritchard. This was indeed too much for even a dream. I endeavored to awake from such a vision when a familiar voice yelled out, "Wake up, old lady you're snoring like a horse."

PROPHET.





MISS MARY SPENCER
FRESHMAN SPONSOR

Freshman Class Officers

B. C. INGRAM	President
E. C. JONES	Vice-President
J. M. KESLER	Secretary and Treasurer
R. K. REDWINE	Historian
W. F. WARD	Prophet
V. H. HARRELL	Poet

Freshman Poem

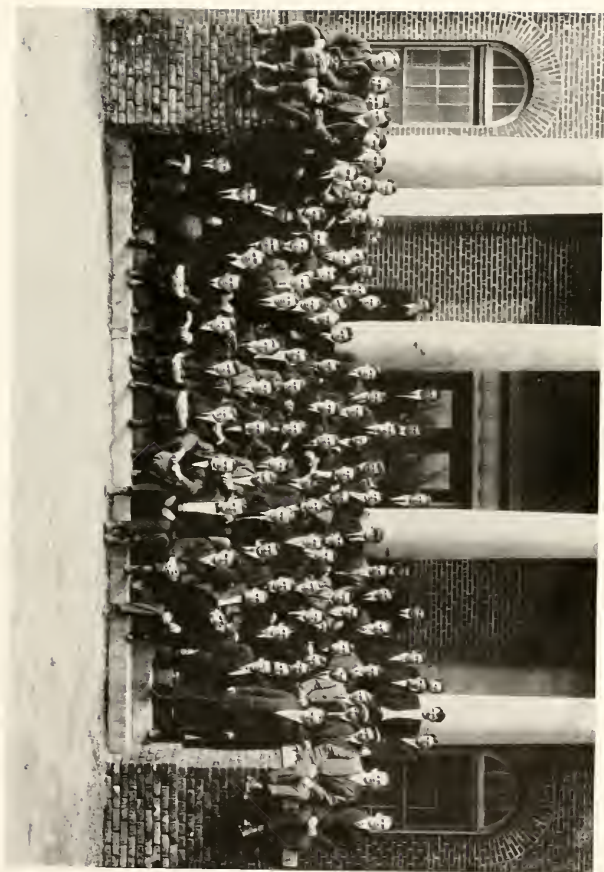
We come away where oft in fancy's flights
We've walked and talked with hero, king, and sage;
But from our castle, lo! a ghastly rage
Sends shrieking shrill that stirs the silent night.

We come and view the heights we fain would climb,
The heights from whence a thousand voices call
And bid each rouse, lest shadows dark enthrall,
While light and love would fain each life enshrine.

But now we pass—a year hath sealed each deed;
We pass ere long to hold another's name,
And in that worthy title fix our fame
Unflinchingly, nor to the false concede.

We pass—and may we mark this mystic scroll,
Where friendship's fairest friendships first are found
And heart to heart with fetters fast are bound,
That memory linger long as days unfold.

We pass, but passing, pause, we know not why,
Perhaps some friendships lost—some task undone;
And should ought mar that dream each heart hath won
Let this alone record a passing sigh.





HIS MASTER'S VOICE !





MISS JULIET LOVING
SPONSOR
MINISTERIAL CLASS



Ministerial Class Officers

C. R. SORRELL	President
J. L. CARRICK	Vice-President
O. W. YATES	Secretary
N. C. COGGIN	Treasurer
J. P. HARRIS	Historian
C. G. SMITH	Prophet
R. SKAGGS	Poet

Poem of the Ministerial Class

It were not meet to dwell upon our deeds,
Nor blow the trump of what we hope to be;
Our history and prophecy are writ
In granite o'er the head
Of the (so called) dead,
(Righteous and triumphant),
And there you may see.

POET.

History of the Ministerial Class

Upon the organization of the class it adopted the motto, "To minister rather than be ministered unto." Never before in the four years' history of the organized class have the men so vividly recognized the true meaning of these words. In order to promote the classwork and carry out the motto the President, C. R. Sorrell, immediately appointed a committee to outline a plan of work for the class. As a result of the efficient work of this committee, many pastorless churches have been supplied. By the work of this same committee many pastors have been able to take their needed vacation by using members of the class to supply for them. Ministers! Some may call us "skys" and "sky pilots," with a tone of derision and reproach in their voices, but that does not make us lose sight of our mission in life. As a class we know and realize that a minister must first be a man and be able to fill a man's place in the world. And in this we have learned first of all that we are students, filling students' places in the college world. To make this possible there can be no invisible lines that separate or segregate the Ministerial Class from any other class of students that are trying to do the manly thing in the various phases of college life. Owing to the misconception of some, there has been some such condition existing here, but we can congratulate ourselves that we have in a large measure removed this idea from the minds of most men and still hold the esteem and respect of the student body.

In the societies our class holds an enviable place, capturing many of the honors conferred by these two potent factors in the college life. Sorrell and McGuire, the Anniversary Orators, acquitted themselves with credit. A large percentage of the men in the preliminary debate came from the Ministerial Class, proving themselves worthy of the place they aspired to.

In athletics Harward, Phillips, Green, and Powell have made good in the truest sense of the word. Seeing the advantage of this phase of college life, the class went on record as favoring it in all its forms.

Sorrell, Carpenter, Griggs, McGuire, Frazier, Carrick, Lanier, Sullivan, Yates and others have done regular pastoral work from college during the year.

Though it be with fear and trembling that we now write, yet we must be true to the future and record the facts of our class. We deeply deplore the fact that some of our members have erred by the way. Harris and Powell have won for themselves the name of "hobo" by riding and attempting to ride trains without tickets. Harward has won for himself the name "sport," by going with the ladies, hanging around the drug store and "matching" for drinks. Last but not least, Green was lost from us in the matrimonial world, yet he bears his "Cross" faithfully with a smile.

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

HISTORIAN.

Prophecy of the Ministerial Class

In the recitation room, when the Ministerial Class was organizing, I was studying Social Pathology, for I was not concerned about the election of officers, as I had received no college honors and, as for that, was not seeking any. When the nomination for Prophet was made, the name "C. G." was put in. I did not notice it until Arnette pulled my coat sleeve and said, "Thou hast an honor."

It was on the night of January 24th. Scattered about on my table were HOWLERS *ad infinitum*, which I had been reading that I might turn prophet; but all my efforts had been in vain. Outside the wind howled and the rain beat mercilessly against the window panes.

I had decided that I was not a prophet nor the son of a prophet. I leaned back in my rocker and was thinking what the editors of THE HOWLER were going to say to me next day, as that was the time set for the submitting of all prophecies. I was startled in my reveries by a sharp knock at the door.

"Come in here," I cried.

In walked an old man bent with the weight of years. He made his way slowly toward me and said, "Have you any razors that need honing or do you need any medicine of any kind?"

"I haven't any dull razor," I began, "but if you've any medicine that will make me see into the future, I'd like to buy some of it."

"Yes, I have that very medicine," he said. "I find a good sale for it, too, at the various colleges where I go."

I bought some of the medicine from the old man and he was soon off.

I immediately took some of the medicine and, to my surprise, I could see into the future just fifty years.

Far away in Pekin was Sam Long, President of the Baptist Theological Seminary established there to train native workers. He had just finished a campaign for woman's suffrage, the movement having received just one vote.

In the jungles of Africa I found H. J. Langston doing wonders as a medical missionary. He had discovered a medicine that would turn a black man white. On account of this marvelous discovery, Langston had become one of the "wonders of the world." The negroes were worshiping him almost as a god.

From Africa I went to Berlin. There F. K. Pool was discussing with some of the most noted German scholars what physical changes took place in a man's brain when he became converted. He was making a "hit" among those German thinkers, too.

The scene changed to Oxford, England. Here I found Levy Carpenter. He had decided to give up preaching for awhile that he might agitate his "New Moral Short Story Theory."

I went from England to South America. There Hannibal Duncan and I. P. Frazier were lecturing on "Our Visit to North America in an Airship."

At the Canal Zone V. A. McGuire was preaching to the ships which passed through the "World's Greatest Gateway." I also found there Romulus Skaggs, who had established a magazine, which he called the *Baptist Transit*. A. L. Denton was his poet philosopher. Skaggs, through an editorial, had offended the Czar of Russia, who had scouts out for him. R. B. Green had come from Mexico to help protect Skaggs. The women intervened and Skaggs was saved.

In another part of the world, in Washington, D. C., I saw, to my pleasant surprise, my "Old Lady," Joe Currin. He had written a "Handbook on Practical Theology" and had come to Washington to get a copyright. In the Capital City I saw O'Brain also. He had written an article on "How to Rear Children" and was distributing copies of it, as he said, "for the good of the perpetuity of the race."

The scene changed to Wake Forest. At the campus gate I met June Smith, who told me he would stay at Wake Forest until Cicero quit speaking Latin or until he got off Latin One. At the depot I saw G. N. Harward and J. P. Harris still smiling at the Wake Forest lassies.

Just as I learned of the hit C. R. Sorrell was making as Chaplain at Wake Forest, one of the editors of THE HOWLER rushed into my room and said: "Be sure to have that prophecy in by chapel time tomorrow, Smith." I waked up to realize that it was all a dream, but I believe it will be found to be prophecy.

PROPHET.





Teachers' Class Officers

R. A. MARSH.....	President
W. A. YOUNG.....	Vice-President
T. T. LANIER.....	Secretary
W. E. FLEMING.....	Treasurer
S. GOODE, JR.....	Historian
B. H. JOHNSON.....	Prophet
G. W. LASSITER.....	Poet

The Teacher

You have a noble calling,
O Teacher! Low or grand,
You give the training to the youths
Of all this wondrous land;
You train the farmers, merchants,
The "ladies and the gents,"
The doctors and the preachers too,
And even the Presidents.

Then glory in your labor,
And strive to do your best;
If that "red schoolhouse on the hill"
Should prove your lone bequest,
Think that, it is the little things
That count, as all can see,
And try to make great men of boys,—
A simple teacher be!

If you are not "Professor,"
You need not care; for though
You are those "Hopefuls Green"
Won't know to call you so!
Or, if your humble high school
Don't make a catalogue,
Just be content with "thrashing kids,"
And be a pedagogue!

When you have left Wake Forest
And joined the noble clan,
Just pass your hoard of knowledge on,
To every maid and man:
Send "Rats" right on to college,—
Don't at your calling scoff,
But hold the name deservedly,
When you are dubbed a "Prof!"

History of the Teachers' Class

Teachers are supposed to know history, and not to make it. They must be thoroughly acquainted with the main facts of history, such as George Washington's cutting down his father's cherry tree, Abe Lincoln's splitting rails and working arithmetic on his shovel, and Demosthenes' putting pebbles in his mouth to make of himself the greatest of orators. However, the poor pedagogues are not supposed to do these things themselves. Therefore the time of the members of the Teachers' Class has been spent in learning history, not in making it. As an inevitable consequence they now have very little history of their own to relate. But if information is desired concerning any of the great happenings since the foundation of the world the teacher must invariably be consulted, and the names of the members of the present Pedagogical Class of Wake Forest College will undoubtedly go down in history alongside their predecessors, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle.

This is only the second year that the teachers have been recognized as an organized body at Wake Forest, and the class is a baby when compared in size with the other professional classes of the college. When compared in strength and intellectual ability, however, it stands on the topmost rung of the ladder. More than half the men who, within the last two years, have had the coveted honor of *magna cum laude* on their diplomas, have been members of the Teachers' Class.

To the Y. M. C. A. and Sunday School work, the Teachers contribute their proportionate part. The Presidents of both the Y. M. C. A. and Baraca classes for 1912 were Pedagogues.

In athletics the Bireh Bearers are "there with the goods." Our basketball team made such a showing last year that all the other classes became frightened, and none of them could be persuaded to give us a game this year. In baseball we were not quite so successful, but we've got it in for the "Skys" this spring.

Our class furnishes more men for the "Serub Faculty" than any two classes in college. Last year we had nine representatives in that august body and this year we can claim as many as six.

In short the Teachers are a thoroughly organized body of men at Wake Forest, and the class is here to stay. The majority of the members of the class are fine examples of the allround college man, and they stand four square for all the interests that go to make up a legitimate college life.

HISTORIAN.

closely akin to walking fever, only the walking features of the former are more extensive than those of the latter. Later he won the distinguished honor of being elected president of the National League of Hobos.

"McLamb's idea of winning success as a teacher was to begin at the bottom of the profession and work his way up to the very top, by thoroughly familiarizing himself with every phase of the work from the kindergarten to the great university—to

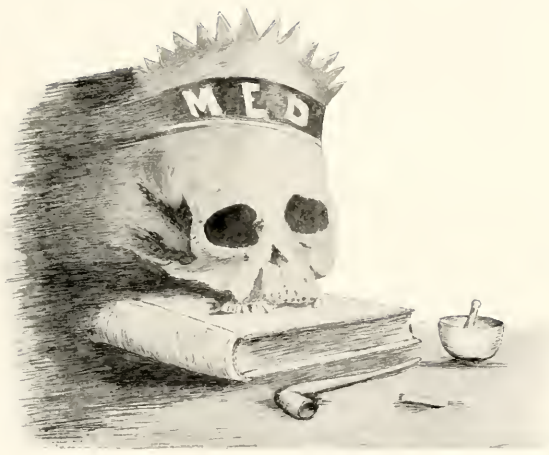
'Build the ladder by which he would rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies.'

After waiting for two years for an opportunity to make a start at putting his theory into practice, he secured the position of teacher of the first grade in one of the graded schools of the State. According to the system in this school each teacher who made good in his or her work was promoted at the end of each session. After teaching for two years and failing to be promoted at the end of either session he became disgusted with his efforts and threw up his job. He is now plowing a 'pestle tail' in Cumberland County.

"Little 'Jeff' Young became discouraged because of the futility of his efforts to 'teach the young idiots how to shoot', as he expressed it, and decided to try something else. Because of the tendency of his anatomy to resist the law of gravitation on account of its having insufficient avoirdupois to obey it perfectly, he decided to seek his fortune in the field of aviation."

"Professor" Marsh started to tell me how he came to his untimely death, but my attention was arrested by the conductor's placing his hand upon my shoulder and giving me a lively shake. "All off for Wake Forest," he said, as I awoke. I gathered my belongings and hurried off the train, ashamed of myself that I had dreamed such horrid things about some of my classmates.

PROPHET.





MISS BLANCHE BARRUS

SPONSOR

MEDICAL CLASS



Medical Class Officers

P. A. McLENDON	President
W. H. SHERRILL	Vice-President
F. C. SHUGART	Secretary
A. W. DEANS	Treasurer
T. B. HENRY	Historian
J. G. STANLEY	Prophet
W. T. LINEBERRY	Poet
J. J. WAFF	Surgeon
B. F. HOLDING	Coroner

Poem of the Medical Class

Though the skull be lost and the bones uncrossed
Or the skeleton assume new life,
Though the stiffs might smile at the manner and style
We handle the surgeon's knife,
Though they say it's appalling how we missed our calling,
That we'd make better peddlers or Popes,
Though the teachers protest and do their best
To dampen our youthful hopes—
We've set our heads on being Meds,
And Meds we'll surely be.
We'll cut and slash, then sew up the gash
And charge a handsome fee;
And the plane we'll tread, as Webster said,
Will not be crowded with men.
We'll climb or drop, but in the plane we stop
There'll be few in it then.

History of the Medical Class

The moving finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on: nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

Nor do we wish to "wash out a word of it." The Medical Class of 1913 has made history, and history not to be ashamed of. Life has not been all formaldehyde and cadavers, neither has all our time been spent in being diverted by edifying displays of brotherly love by "Ikey" Prevette and "Minus" Vann. The Meds have been active in every phase of college life, and have generally come out ahead. All of the Class of '13 were not Newish together; some, like "Spee" Shugart, have been with us only three years, while others, like Joe Cabiness, have been here "from the time whereof the memory of man," etc., etc., but all of us have left some "footprints on the sands of time."

On the diamond we have made our hereditary foes, the Lawyers, look infinitely smaller than the proverbial three cent piece. In the game last spring, the invincible "Doc," with his strong left arm, shot curves and drops across the plate that they couldn't locate. The score piled up until the official scorekeeper himself lost count in the sixth inning, so we have no absolute proof of the final results—except that we won. In basketball last fall the "Jailbirds" won, but we needs must give them some encouragement. On the Varsity baseball team the catching of George Watkins was fearful and wonderful, while George Herring has put it all over Mercury on the track. We also lay claim to the only original "White Hope." Amzi J. Ellington.

In oratory we have "Speek"—Floyd Colwell Shugart, if you please. He was the second Anniversary Representative ever selected from the Medical Class, and on February 14th he towered head and shoulders (figuratively) above his fellow torturers, and his side of the question won. "Speek" has also made a name for himself as Instructor in Histology. Never before in the history of the college have so many sections been stained, for "Speek" sells slides and cover glasses, and next to being a doctor he is a business man. He has been giving lessons to "Red" Sherrill, the official book agent of the class.

"Doc" McLendon is the handsomest man in the class, but he also has other things to his credit. He was President of the Anniversary Debate, '13, and

Editor in Chief of *THE HOWLER*, '13, besides being Instructor in Anatomy, '12-'13. His knowledge of Anatomy in particular and Medicine in general is something to be afraid of. His rival for the position of handsomest man is Joe Waff. Joe got into the Med Class by mistake and remained because he liked the odor of carbolic acid, but it cannot be denied that he has brains.

"Ed" Lane and "Sky" Bridges have erected monuments, even if they were temporary ones, in their artistic haircuts. "Ed" wielded the shears only one year, but during that time his name was placed among the immortals. Stanley and Lineberry have covered themselves with glory through the gentle art of accurate expectoration. Each claims that he can kill a fly at ten paces, and it is not to be doubted, for Deans acted as referee in the contest.

Volumes could not record all the doings of the class, for our deeds have been numberless. Neither will our history end here, for this chapter is only a preface to more useful activities. But it is a worthy preface, and we hope, a forecast of what is to come.

HISTORIAN.

Prophecy of the Medical Class

I scanned the prophecies of the classes that were gone and marveled greatly at the methods by which the prophets had looked into the future. Alas! I had no Sibyl to consult, no magic to drink, or even "an opening in the rocks from which pleasing vapors arose." But while I pondered, the mantle of Elijah seemed to fall on me, and I found myself able to evolve out of my inner consciousness the future of the Medical Class of 1913.

It was in 1930. The Class of '13 was scattered to the four corners of the earth, each member making himself famous or infamous in his particular field. The first of the old bunch to come to my attention was Joe Waff. His treatise on "How to Become and Remain Beautiful" had astonished the world, and was used as a textbook in the female and coed. colleges; also his practical demonstrations in the Elasticity of the Stomach had at last solved the problem of how "Speck" could eat so many beans.

Our old friend "Beech" Henry was almost unrecognizable. He had settled down as a country practitioner and married two hundred pounds of loveliness. He divided his time between various little "Beeches" and the problem of the reduction of adipose tissue. But he was not the only married man. "Will" Lineberry had at last taken unto himself a better half, a suffragette, who refused to listen to his jokes, with the result that he was on the verge of melancholia.

Amzi Ellington had won the Nobel Prize for his discovery of the cure for cold feet—a small piece of radium concealed in the shoe soles. "Doc" McLendon was a close second, for he had proven conclusively that moving pictures were a sure cure for astigmatism. Joe Cabiness was experimenting with a machine which was to replace physical labor, but his energy gave out before he completed it.

"Speck" Shugart couldn't get away from his Microscopic Anatomy. He held the chair of Histology in Washington University, and sold slides and cover glasses on the side. Two glass factories working overtime could hardly keep him supplied, so fast did his students stain sections—which proves that he hadn't changed much.

Surely these were great deeds, but there were some even greater. "Sky" Bridges and "Ed" Lane had done a thing which the world would remember when the Pyramids were forgotten. Working together, they had perfected a remedy

known as "'76 Hair Tonic," which was guaranteed to grow hair on eggs, door knobs, college professors' heads, or any other hard surface. Their shampoo creams and shaving lotions were also in great demand. George Herring had succeeded Dr. Stiles as Hookworm Specialist, and spent his time distributing magnesium sulphate and thymol among the Southern colleges.

The class was well represented in the foreign fields. Deans had turned "sky-pilot" and was instructing the untutored barbarians of the South Sea Islands in Physiology and the Golden Rule. "Red" Sherrill was a medical missionary and not being able to give up "Cunningham's Dissectors," he had established a school of Medicine and Theology in the Philippines. "Monk" Watkins held the chair of Pharmacology and spent most of his time demonstrating his pet theory that "Apple Sun Cured" was far superior, as a dentifrice, to "Colgate's Dental Cream."

In accordance with the established formula and precedent set by the prophets of old, it would have been the grossest irreverence for me to see more, so I took pen and paper and recorded faithfully the future of the Class of 1913 as I had seen it.

PROPHET.

A LEGAL CRAM





MISS MARGARET GULLEY
SPONSOR
LAW CLASS



Law Class Officers

L. D. KNOTT.....	President
S. W. WHITE.....	Vice-President
R. L. HERRING.....	Secretary and Treasurer
V. R. JOHNSON.....	Prophet
S. GOODE, JR.....	Poet

Poem of the Law Class

When the 'fessor's last lectures are ended
And we've put our books aside,
When the Court has besieged us with questions
And all have passed that trial,
We shall rest—but faith! we can't help it—
Sit around for a year or more
Till some blooming fool of a client
Takes a notion to knock at our door.

Then those who studied their Blackstone
And Hopkins on Property Real,
Can write a last will and testament
And straightway present a big bill.
We'll take a few cases at leisure
And put up an eloquent plea
For a "nigger" who stole a chicken
And is indicted for larceny.

Then perhaps a few will praise us—
But likely many will blame,
Because of our frantic efforts
To win for ourselves a name.
So some day we may sit in judgment
And speak of ourselves as "the Court,"
Or embody our learned opinions
In a North Carolina report.

Prophecy of the Law Class

The light of the sun had faded away behind the western horizon, and darkness was beginning to veil the earth, only to be dispelled by the rays of the moon, which was just showing itself over the eastern hills, and the stars which were shedding soft light over the earth. I was strolling, by chance, through Fairyland. There I chanced to see a book lying on the ground. Upon picking it up I found that it was the sealed book containing the horoscope of the members of the Wake Forest Law Class. The following is what was written in the book:

L. D. Knott, having fallen out with the Socialist party because it would not nominate him for its Presidential candidate, has organized a new party, "The Pessimistic Progressive Socialist Party," and is running as Presidential nominee of the new party. His slogan is, "Screw your courage up to the sticking point and we will not fail." J. C. Brown is his campaign manager, and is editor of *The Pessimistic Outlook*, a paper with the largest circulation of any in the United States.

Through the instrumentality of B. F. Ramseur, the popular Speaker of the House of Representatives of North Carolina, the Torrens Land System was introduced into North Carolina.

E. M. Johnson finished at Wake Forest College with the intention of practicing law, but, while acting as reporter for the *Asheville Citizen*, discovered the fact that he was a literary genius. He went to New York and is now recognized as one of the best story writers of America.

R. L. Herring is setting the economic world in an uproar by his declarations that the United States needs a new standard of money. He admits that gold has the six requisites which economists claim are required to make a good standard, namely, portability, homogeneity, durability, divisibility, cognizability, and stability of value; but he declares that there is a seventh requisite, and that our present standard is entirely destitute of that requisite, which is *possessibility*.

After finishing at Wake Forest College D. F. Mayberry went West and located in the State of Texas. He is now the best known and most highly respected lawyer in that State.

M. B. Simpson, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, has become well known because of the noted decision which he wrote in the case where Stark sued Wright as a trespasser for continually flying over his land after he had forbidden it. In this case Chief Justice Simpson sets forth fully all the rights, privileges, and duties of the aviator.

Before I had time to read the fate of another member of the Law Class, a fairy appeared. She told me that I must give her the book, for the prophecy of the remaining members of the Class was not for me but for a later prophet to reveal. Then she disappeared with the book, leaving me only the prophecy above recorded.

PROPHET.

Summer Nights

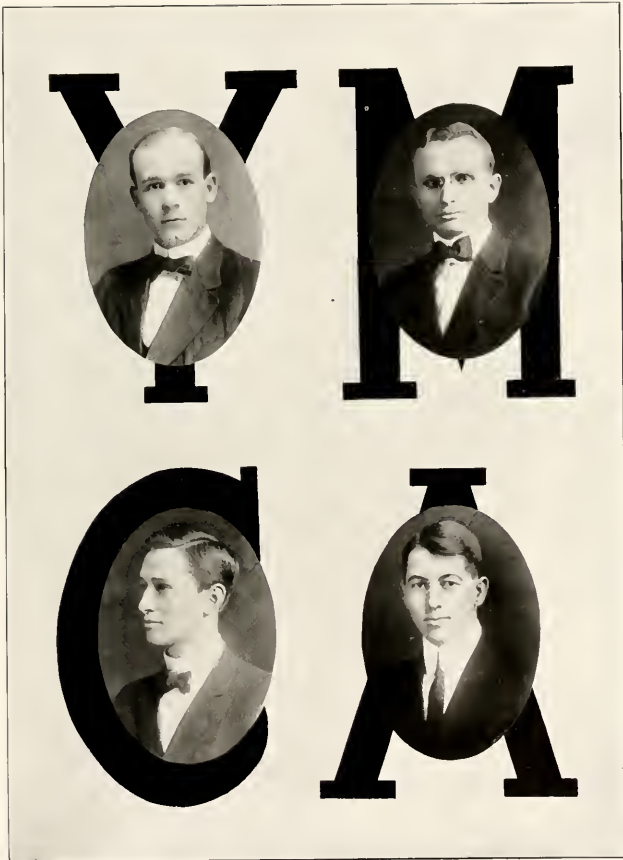
*When I behold the beauties of the earth
At eve—the moon and stars with tints so rare,
And hear the insects singing everywhere,
Then I adore the God that gave us birth.
He gives the songs of joy and songs of mirth
That fill the fragrant Southern summer air,
And thrilling melodies untouched with care
That sound from mountains to the eastern firth.
The little eyes of heaven with mystic light
Do boldly shine upon us here below,
The whispering night winds softly heave a sigh,
The moon with silvery rays makes white the night.
Far up, the firefly dimly sheds its glow,
And summer's rarest beauties now are nigh.*





Organizations





E. P. STILWELL, *President*
D. M. JOHNSON, *Vice-President*

O. W. YATES, *Corresponding Secretary*
M. D. PHILLIPS, *Treasurer*



Student Volunteers

LANGSTON O'BRIAN INGLE DUCKETT FRAZIER PHILLIPS
BROWN CARTER MCGUIRE SORRELL INGRAM
SKAGGS BOGE DENTON

WE

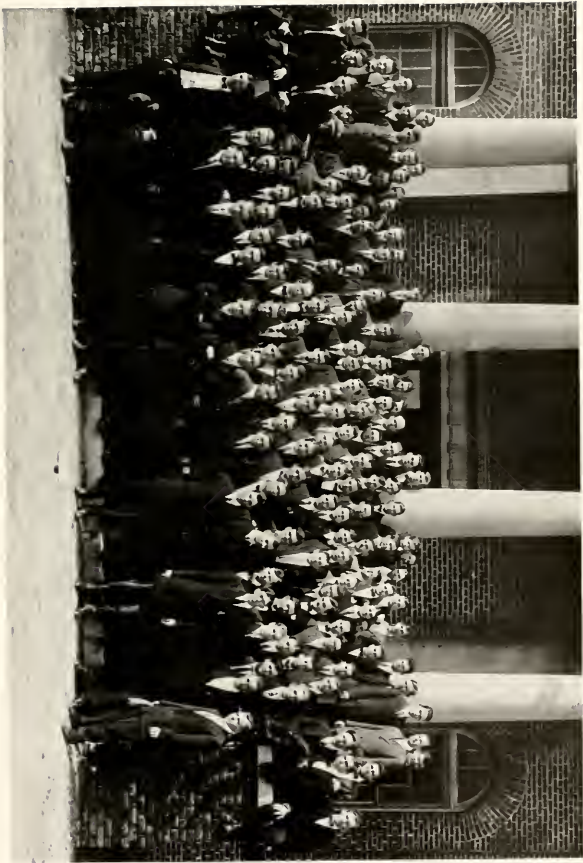
INTRODUCE



MOTHER EU. AND FATHER PHI.

To Euzelia

Euzelia, Mother cherishing, today we hail
Thy name, and crown thy snowy brow with laurel green!
Thy sons, unworthy thy maternal care, yet lift
Their voices high in adoration at the shrine
Whence issues forth thine inspiration's holy flame.
O be our guide and counselor through all the years,
E'en as through happy days gone by thou e'er hast been!
That so thy precepts may, through all the vistas dim
Our feet have yet to travel, keep us good and true;
And with a holy passion, deep and lasting, we
Shall sing thy praise, O Mother dear, fore'er and aye.



To Philomathesia

Mother dear, thy health we drink,
To thy fame, our glasses clink;
Traitor he who'd dare to think
Of thy name disloyally!

We have answered, each and all,
And our voices at thy call
Echo loud through fane and hall,
Pleading truth and liberty.

And when thou shalt call again
We will come from hill and plain,
Guard thy trophies free from stain,
Pledge our lives, as now, to thee.





Scrub Faculty

1—C. A. FANHELL, English II
 4—J. W. VASS, German
 7—E. D. WARD, Economics

2—D. F. MAYBERRY, Government
 5—W. A. YOUNG, Sociology
 8—J. A. HART, German

3—W. J. CONRAD, English I
 6—B. F. McLEON, History
 9—R. A. MARSH, Latin



Scrub Faculty

- 1-P. A. McClesper, Anatomy
- 2-F. G. Stuvauer, Histology
- 3-O. W. Sawyer, Gynecium
- 4-E. D. Johnson, Chemistry I
- 5-J. J. Neal, Physics
- 6-G. E. Howeyka, Chemistry II
- 7-M. D. Pittlarpe, Applied Mathematics
- 8-H. W. Lavis, Physiology

A Summer Evening in the Quarters

When de winter snows am meltin' an' de buds am puttin' out,
An' de grass blade come a-peepin' from the thaw'd groun' all about;
When the air smell sweet an' ba'my an' de robins 'gin ter sing,
An' yo sees ol' Tom look happy—dat's a sho good sign o' Spring.

When de woods an' fiel's am ringin' wid de insects' chirpy song,
An' de whip-po'-will be holler in de treetop all night long;
When de cotton patch am bloomin' an' de hay's raked up wid keer
An' ol' Tom sets fo' his cabin—dat's a sign dat Summer's heah.

When de day's wuk now am ober an de' da'k am almos' come,
An' de boys done eat dere corneake an' de banjers 'gin to strum;
Den ol' Tom sets in de do'way an' he heahs 'em dance and sing,
An' dere voices an' dere shufflin' to his checks de teardrops bring.

Kase ol' Tom am mighty feeble an' his haid hab long been gray,
An' de younguns dere remin's him dat his Springtime's pass'd away
An' he 'members dat his Summer, too, am lef', sad years behin',
An' his Winter days am almos' gone—ol' Mandy soon he'll jine.

C. A. FARRELL.





A. A. OFFICERS



2.

1 O. L. Strinsfield Pres.

2 R. P. Green V. Pres.



3.

3. W. R. Chambers Sec.

4. W. R. Eddinger Al. Sec.



4.

FOOT BALL





MISS FLORENCE WYATT
FOOTBALL SPONSOR



Football

The success attained by the 1912 football team cannot be judged by the number of victories. Although we won only two games, when we take into consideration the fact that the team was far ahead of any that has represented the college since the game was reestablished here we must term the season a success.

In the game with Carolina we had the hardest luck of the season. Six times the ball was carried to within ten yards of our opponent's goal, only to be lost on downs. The score was three to two until the last half minute of play, when, by a spectacular play, Carolina scored the only touchdown of the game.

We went to Charlotte with high hopes of winning, but on a slippery field that retarded the speed of the backfield we were defeated in the prettiest and hardest fought game that was seen in the State during the season.

Coach Thompson began the season with only five veterans but developed a team that showed unquestionably our good fortune in having his services. Captain Holding will be succeeded by another bulwark in the line, "Duke" Carter, who has played center in fine form for three seasons. While only two men, Utley and Williams, will be lost next year, they will be greatly missed.

The complete results of the season were as follows:

September 28, at Wake Forest, University College of Medicine	0	Wake Forest 33
October 5, at Columbia, S. C., South Carolina	10	Wake Forest 3
October 12, at Chapel Hill, N. C., Carolina	9	Wake Forest 2
October 26, at Lexington, Va., Washington and Lee	20	Wake Forest 0
November 2, at Wake Forest, A & M	12	Wake Forest 0
November 9, at Wake Forest, Horner	0	Wake Forest 49
November 16, at Wake Forest, Medical College of Virginia	23	Wake Forest 14
November 28, at Charlotte, N. C., Davidson	13	Wake Forest 7
Thanksgiving		

BASKET

BALL





MISS NELL ALLEN
BASKETBALL SPONSOR



Basketball

Last fall "The North Carolina Intercollegiate Basketball League" was formed for the dual purpose of increasing the interest in the game among the colleges of the State and of bringing all of them together so that the State Championship might be definitely determined. The League originally consisted of Carolina, A & M, Trinity, Guilford, Elon, and Wake Forest, but Trinity and Guilford withdrew before the opening of the season, leaving the League with only four members.

The games which we have played with other members of the league to date with the results, are as follows:

January	17, at Wake Forest, Elon	10	Wake Forest 49
February	8, at Raleigh, N. C., A & M	43	Wake Forest 26
February	13, at Wake Forest, A & M	20	Wake Forest 34
February	15, at Wake Forest, Carolina	21	Wake Forest 22
February	18, at Elon College, N. C., Elon	9	Wake Forest 17

Only one championship game remains, which will be played with Carolina at Chapel Hill March 4th. Wake Forest now leads the league and from the present outlook should retain the lead.

In addition to these games the team has won three and lost three games with colleges not in the league and has three remaining games with outside teams.

While Captain Holding and Utley were the only old men to return, Coach Crozier has accomplished splendid results with the material on hand. W. Holding has developed into one of the best forwards ever seen here, while Cuthrell at the other forward can always be depended upon to do his part of the work. Davis at guard is a fast and heady man. B. Holding at center and Utley at guard have both played in the same brilliant manner as in former years. Billings, Hall and Tyner, although they have not played regularly, have all shown ability at the respective positions of guard, forward and center.





MISS MATTIE GADDY
TRACK TEAM SPONSOR

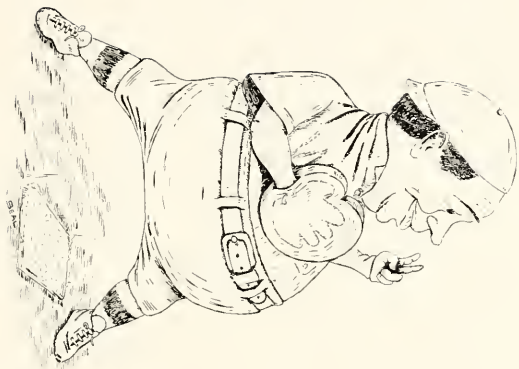








MISS SWANNANOA HESTER
BASEBALL SPONSOR



OUR BATTERY



Baseball Team

The baseball team of the spring of 1912 had a very successful season, under the first year's supervision of Coach Frank Thompson. He showed himself an efficient coach, and has continued to merit the trust and admiration of the whole college. The team was composed of the following players: Cates, Smith, Cuthrell, and Underwood, pitchers; Turner, catcher; Utley, first base; Parker, second base; Billings, shortstop; Stringfield, third base; Correll, left field; Captain Faucette, center field; Beam, right field; Woodall, substitute.

The illness of Pitcher Smith, who was suddenly stricken after the Easter Monday game with A & M, proved a great misfortune to the team. He had done some excellent work up to that time. The season opened with games with Trinity Park, Horner, and Catawba College. All three of these games were won by decisive scores. Only one game was played with the University of North Carolina, and that one was lost, in Fayetteville, by a score of six to one. Wake Forest split even in a two game series with Davidson, Guilford, and A & M. The games with A & M were beyond any doubt the most spectacular of the season. The first one, played in Raleigh on Easter Monday, was won by the Farmers by a score of three to one. Several weeks afterwards Wake Forest won, four and two. This victory was the first Wake Forest has had over A & M in baseball in six years. The victory made the occasion one of great rejoicing, and bonfires, with speeches by different members of the Faculty, during the jubilation meeting which followed. The series was won from Trinity College and also from the University of South Carolina, Wake Forest taking two of three games in each case.

Wake Forest, from the standpoint of the "won and lost column" made a record in baseball of which all of her supporters are proud.

Catcher Sam Turner led the team in hitting, his average being .374. In fact Sam's hit at the critical stage won several of the games for Wake Forest. Outfielder Beam came next in the batting list, his average being a trifle more than .300.

The team elected Turner captain for 1913, but his failure to return to college made another election necessary and "Mig" Billings was the choice. Under his leadership we may confidently expect success.

Class Athletics



"JES' A MINUTE MO', BOYS"



FOOTBALL — HARWARD
 M
G
 BASEBALL — PRUETTE

ATHLETIC

TRACK — BRITTON
 R
S
 BASKETBALL — HENRY



Handwritten signature or mark at the bottom center of the design.

Old '76 B.S.'s

Motto: Shoot the Bull.

Favorite Saying: Have you heard the latest joke?

Favorite Conundrum: What makes the grass grow long and green?

Favorite Ballad: "Mama, get the Hatchet, There's a Fly on Baby's Head."

Favorite Toast: "If I had a girl that I called mine."

Favorite Tobacco: "Bull Durham."

Flower: Cowslip.

Colors: Brindle brown and old rose.

Place of Meeting: John Fort's pasture.

Object: To "Shower."

Members

"MONK" WATKINS	Grand High Pow-Wow
"CHIEF" PRUETTE	Deluge
"BEECH" HENRY	Showers
"CONFY" PRITCHARD	Political Manager
"SKY" HARWARD	Ethereal Joy
"SKINNY" APPERSON	Carrier of the Parasol
"NEIGHBOR" FORT	Wielder of the Shovel
"EX-SHOWERS" BERNARD	<i>Frater Emeritus</i>
"PEG" HIGBSMITH	<i>Frater in Facultate</i>
"SPRINKLE" HERNDON	Not Eligible

The Cerebral Stimulators

Meeting Place: The "Brain Factory."

Motto: "In God we trust"—others pay cash.

Song: "Any rags, any bones, any bottles today?"

Drink: Gasoline.

Office Hours: From sun to sun—either way.

Object: To stimulate grey matter.

Color: Red as ——

Flower: Forget me not.

The August Assembly

Sampson, High Pop r' Mop.

Phil, Demosthenes.

Brown Eyes, Superintendent.

Spickette, The Artist.

Dr. Lowe,

Interpreter of the Law.

Fleet-foot, Grand Philosopher.

Coach Thompson, Consul.

Shep,

Ambassador Plenipotentiary.

Willie Spickette,

Specialist on Nothing.

Sambo, Man of all work





The Mutt and Jeff Club

Constant Condition: Broke but happy.

Favorite Saying: "Lend me a jit."

Cartoon: Changes daily—

Song: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game."

Pairs

- { "BIG" WILLIAMS
- / "SPECK" SHUGART
- { "LITTLE" MOORE
- / "SAMPSON" CHAMBLISS
- { "LONG" SMITH
- / "BIGBOY" FARRELL
- { "SHORTY" CARRICK
- / "WILLIE" YOUNG

P. S. Expression changes when bill for this cut shows up.



Scientific Club

ALLEN		PHILLIPS		CARRICK
DOTSON	HART	JOHNSON, <i>President</i>	MARTIN	RODWELL
	INGRAM	LANE	WARD	FERRELL

"Alexander's Rag Time Band"

Object: "I Want to Be."

Time of Meeting: "When the Flowers Bloom in Springtime"

Place of Meeting: "Down by the Old Mill Stream"

Toast: "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes"

Motto: "Everybody's Doing It (Somebody else is getting it)"

Nasal Squeak: "Bagpipe Serenade"

Revielle: "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here"

Taps: "She Sleeps, My Lady Sleeps"

Desire: "Rest, Rest for the Weary"

"Mocking Birds"

"FRAU" POTEAT
BELLBOY CAMP
GROUCH SAWYER.
BIG WILLIAMS
TOM AVERA
CHARLIE FARRELL
DOC McLENDON .
PAT ALDERMAN .
J. HENRY JENKINS
"DUNBAR" . . .
"POTTY" CULLOM
KNOCKUMTROTUM

"Casey Jones"
"Lucky Jim"
"The Pope"
"Uncle Ned"
"Old Black Joe"
"My Bonnie"
"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup"
"Annie Laurie"
"Steamboat Bill"
"Fiddle Up, Fiddle Up"
"I Won't Be Home Till Morning"
"My Loving Honey Man"



“Magna Cum Laude”



Motto: “*Sic Volvere Pareas*”

Toast: “*Varium et mutabile semper femina est*”

Favorite Song: “*Arma virumque cano*—”

Fratres in Gaudio

Back Row : 1. PATER JOHNSON—Great Grand Pedagogue.
2. CAROLUS FARRELL—All Round “Jack.”

Front Row 1. LEVI CARPENTER—Mesum.
2. LERUS MARSH—Cicero.
3. BONI JOSEY—Specialist on Philos.

TULIUS POOL—*picture omitted for reasons best kept private*—A member by the skin of his embonpoint.

“Kaliko Klub”

Song: “My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose.”

Lament: “The time I’ve spent in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies in woman’s eyes
Has been my heart’s undoing.”

Toast: “A book of Verses underneath the Bough
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread, and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
O Wilderness were Paradise enow!”

Sigh: Stung again!

Meeting Place: Under the moon’s soft glow.

Time of Meeting: When the “fountains” ’gin to play.

Colors: Rouge and peroxide.

Ambition: A long, long love.

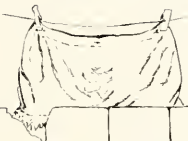
The Soft Ones

SPICKETTE	Grand Slush
PRETTY CURRIN	.. Soft Soap
’GENE	Sweet Child
CHARLIE	.. Auburn Locks
CUTIE CUTHRELL	.. “The Light that Failed”
NEWISH HENRY	.. Love-sick Swain

’FESSOR JONES—Faculty Are.

(POLLY GREEN—Ostracized; WILLIE GOODE—Played out.)

THE



ART



TRRELL

IVES

small

BEAL

TRRELL

GLEE CLUB

AND

ORCHESTRA





Wake Forest Glee Club and Orchestra

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

Glee Club

T. A. AVERA, '14, Leader

First Tenor

C. A. FARRELL, '13
R. SKAGGS, '13
A. P. SLEDD, '15
J. E. WHITE, JR., '15

Second Tenor

T. A. AVERA, '14
C. W. CARRICK, '15
H. B. HERNDON, '15
O. L. STRINGFIELD, JR., '14

First Bass

J. R. HALL, '14
E. H. HARRELL, '16
H. M. POTEAT, '06
B. T. STALLINGS, '15

Second Bass

J. B. ALDERMAN, '15
T. HIPPS, '14
W. B. OLIVER, JR., '14
R. M. SAWYER, '13
L. C. WILLIAMS, '13

Orchestra

C. W. MITCHELL, JR., '14, Leader

First Violin—C. W. MITCHELL, JR.	French Horn—J. L. KESLER, '16.
H. M. POTEAT	Trombone—O. L. STRINGFIELD, JR.
First Cornet—J. R. HALL	Bass Viol—J. B. ALDERMAN
Second Cornet—W. B. OLIVER, JR.	Drums—H. W. BRYAN, '16
	Piano—C. W. CARRICK, '15



	O'BRIAN	NORRIS	OLIVER	FOUNTAIN	HALL, J.	
LASSITER	IVEY		ALDERMAN	KESTLER		CARRICK
	STRINGFIELD		POTEAT, <i>Director</i>	INGRAM		







Junior-Sophomore Debaters

1. M. H. JONES, PHIL.
2. G. C. PENNELL, EV.

3. W. W. WALKER, EV.
4. F. G. WHITAKER, PHIL.



SORRELL Φ



McGUIRE Ψ



McLENDON - PRES. .



HARRIS - SEC.

ANNIVERSARY
ORATORS AND OFFICERS.



YATES
Φ



STILWELL
Ψ



SHUGART
Ψ



HERRING
Φ

ANNIVERSARY DEBATERS



HIGGS



HENRY - CHIEF



JONES



BLACKMON



DICKENS - CHIEF



VANN

Φ
ANNIVERSARY MARSHALS



BROWN



PRUETTE



PRITCHARD ALT.

WAKE - BAYLOR
DEBATERS



LONG



CHAMBERS



YATES
ALT.

WAKE - DAVIDSON
DEBATERS



HARRISS



PRUETTE - CHR.



MARSH-SEC.

DEBATE
COUNCIL



HERRING



LONG



BROWN



1



2



3



4

FALL
BOONS

— SPEAKERS —

1. W. T. BACON, Phi.
2. R. A. MARSH, Phi.

3. J. L. CARRICK, Eu.
4. T. C. HOLLAND, Eu.



HARRISS



YOUNG



CARPENTER

SPRING
SENIOR
SPEAKERS



SULLIVAN



BENTON



WILLIAMS



1—L. L. CARPENTER, PHIL., *Senior Editor*
4—G. N. HARWARD, PHIL., *Associate Editor*

2—R. SKAGGS, EU., *Senior Editor*
5—W. H. JENKINS, EU., *Associate Editor*

3—W. L. EDDINGER, EU., *Business Manager*



Commencement Marshals

1. CARRICK, ED., *Chief*
3. HENSLEY, ED.

2. KNOTT, PHIL., *Chief*
4. JOHNSON, PHIL

5. BENTON, PHIL.

The Late German Examination

(With apologies to E. A. Poe.)

Once upon a midnight dreary
Sat old Finxtus, weak and weary,
German Grammar looking o'er
To flunk his class forevermore.

Ah! distinctly I remember,
It was in the bleak December
And each separate, single member
Of the class began to snore.
Safe within their beds reclining,
Weary, weary of repining,
Sad and sickened of combining
Words they never knew before.
Hearing weak and strong declensions,
Fearing flunking and suspensions;
Nouns and adjectives forgetting,
Fuming, frowning, fussing, fretting—
For they'll pass, oh, nevermore!

Dreadfully came on the morrow,
Vainly they had sought to borrow
Ponies, books, to ease their sorrow,
Exercises used before.
Filled with anguish, sad and broken,
Longing for a happy token,
Pressed they all within the door,
All to flunk, oh, evermore!

There within his precincts standing
Was old Finxtus, face expanding,
Stood and gazed upon the floor;
And his eyes had all the seeming
Of a demon's. They were gleaming
With the joy of victory, streaming
Rays infernal by the score.
And the class they soon were seated,
Hearts a-beating, foreheads heated,
Full of fever, sick and sore.

The exam—would it were o'er!
Prepositions—*zwischen, vor*;
Past of verbs—*verbiess, verlör*;
Orders, normal and dependent;
Prose and verse, rough and resplendent;
Vowels many, short and long,
Conjugations, weak and strong,
Himmel, hilf mir! What a bore!

All is over, night is hovering,
Mist and darkness now are covering
Faces drear that smiles once wore;
And wild maledictions muttering,
Stamping, staring, storming, stuttering,
One sole thought they all were uttering—
"We'll take German—nevermore."



Fair Cleopatra and Young Lochinvar

The spring session of college had just opened. Young Lochinvar, a "gifted" of course, reclined in an easy chair one night "pulling" a fragrant Havana. He was reading a copy of Maupassant, as all Wake Forest gifties are wont to do. Suddenly the door opened and Lochinvar's roommate staggered in. He was deathly pale, and his whole person seemed to indicate that he was suffering from extreme nausea.

"What the devil's gone wrong, Hen., old man!" young Lochinvar exclaimed as he looked up from his book.

Henry dropped limply into a chair and it was some minutes before he spoke:

"Loch, it's come at last—Cleopatra's kicked me. What a fool I've been! I began to wake up before Christmas, but I just found out the truth tonight. Just like she's done a great bunch of other fools, she's twisted those slender fingers of hers into my—never mind; there's no use denying it, I was crazy about her. She's kicked me—and it makes me sick all over."

"Cheer up, old pal, the worst is yet to come," young Lochinvar soothingly replied.

"Loch, I'm sick, I know, but I ain't dead. Every ass wakes up sometime. I oughter known it—Cleopatra's found out that she can juggle hearts and the use of her power has become a mania with her; she's mean, downright mean."

"I told you you'd better watch her, when you were writing me so much about her virtue last fall," Lochinvar cheerfully replied. "What are you going to do about it? Ain't going to mope around like a baby, are you?" he continued.

"Now you are coming to the point, Loch. I've got a plan; les' teach Cleopatra a lesson." Henry was taking on a little more life.

"Talk business, then," Lochinvar replied, as he tossed aside his book, "I'm with you."

"Loch, you always were a soft thing with the ladies; that innocent, baby look o' yours and those big, dreamy blue eyes, they just can't resist. I believe you've broke more hearts than Cleopatra has; anyhow she'll fall for you like a dog on a bone. Go for her, old man, and see what you can do for her ladyship." Henry was actually becoming enthusiastic.

Young Lochinvar deliberated a moment, yawned, and replied, "I'm looking for a little excitement; Wake Forest is awfully dull; don't you know—the idea suits me. When shall I meet her ladyship?"

"I'm going to drop around tomorrow to get some of my belongings. You walk around with me and I'll knock you down to her," Henry replied hopefully.

"Good!"

"Put your paw there, old man, and now les' smoke."

II.

It was the afternoon before Anniversary. Miss Cleopatra, a maiden divinely tall, buried in a mass of grey furs, tripped daintily across the campus, a bunch of her auburn locks floating on the February breeze. On either arm hung a "wearer of trousers," locally known as arelights. In her wake, several others, like so many poodles, trotted along, stepping on each other's burnished boots in their eagerness to be near her ladyship. On reaching her doorstep, Miss Cleopatra, with a wearied, disgusted look upon her pretty face, turned her lustrous brown eyes for a moment on her train of satellites, and then, with a queenly toss of her head, left them bowing and scraping at the door. With hungry eyes the retinue of followers watched the beloved form disappear and then sadly wended their respective ways to the several "dope stands."

At the moment Henry and young Lochinvar were coming down the street, arms locked.

"Just look at that now, won't you!" Henry exclaimed disgustedly. "Loch, old pal, I've been giving you your time; how's tricks coming along with Patie, now?"

Young Lochinvar squared himself triumphantly before answering.

"Just pat your unele on the back, will you; it was just like taking candy from a baby—Patie's going my way as fast as I can lead her. Come on by the drug store with me, I want to 'phone and make a date with her for tomorrow night. I'm going to do things to a turn at the reception and then we can celebrate the victory." Having delivered himself of this sentiment, young Lochinvar and his chum proceeded toward the drug store.

After dismissing her love smitten followers, Miss Cleopatra walked into her room and picking up a bunch of photographs, dropped luxuriously to her sofa. She began talking to the photographs.

"Here's 'Gene; a darling little boy you were, but such an innocent little 'sis.' Too bad you had to go and break your precious little heart," Miss Cleopatra laughed softly as she tossed the picture aside and took up another.

"And June—you wouldn't have been so bad if you hadn't worn glasses and walked pigeontoed. Poor precious, you can be excused for breaking your heart—you came from the country."

"And poor Jeter next—you had beautiful grey eyes, but you just wouldn't comb your hair and wear clean collars, and you were from the country too, so you had to go, like June."

"And here's Charlie—dear old Charlie, how I did love those golden locks!"

but you were so miserably slow; wouldn't even take me to a moving picture show."

"And Henry dear—Oh! Henry, you were just impossible. Such a wee little midget to have so much melancholy love talk. You sang beautifully though, and it almost broke my heart to tell you that you were *impossible*." Miss Cleopatra smiled wickedly as she laid the bunch of photographs aside. In her hand she retained one over which she pored earnestly for some moments before she pressed it to her bosom.

"My own darling Lochinvar. You're not like the rest. I just can't help loving those baby blue eyes—and I do love you, even if you are shy and timid; and I love you because you don't fall down and worship like all the rest of those foolish, tiresome boys. But, Loch, dear, I must wake you up; I think you're jealous—so lucky Parson Robby's visitin' in town! Loch, I know you will want an engagement for the reception, but you just mustn't have it."

At this moment the telephone bell rang and Miss Cleopatra tripped into the hall and picked up the receiver.

"Hello! O, it's Loch, is it? How are you getting on? Good! Reception to-morrow night? I'm sorry, Lochy, but I've got a date with Parson Robby; say—all right then, goodbye!" But Miss Cleopatra didn't hang up the receiver immediately; she exclaimed, "Goodness, who would have thought the dear child could use such violent language!"

III.

Anniversary had come to gladden the hearts of the impatient waiters. The "Shoofly" and "38" had deposited their happy, giggling burdens of femininity at the little hencoop known as Wake Forest Station. The campus had teemed all morning with promenading couples. In the afternoon the debaters, to their pride and relief, had got off their "flapdoodle." And now a bright moon smiled down on the little college community.

It was eight o'clock and Miss Cleopatra, bedecked in all her evening finery, sat in her room awaiting her escort. The clock sounded half past. Miss Cleopatra jumped up, stamped her daintily slippered foot in anger, and ran to the mirror to ply her chamouis skin and replace any ringlet which might have got out of place in her excitement.

"Wonder why that slow coach don't come on?" she mused.

Already the dreamy strains of Professor Knockumtrotum's Italian orchestra, imported for the occasion, were floating on the evening breeze. As the numbers wore away Miss Cleopatra became more and more restless and impatient. She kept plying her chamouis and rearranging her ringlets. Nine o'clock sounded. Miss Cleopatra started up angrily:

"I won't wait a minute longer; I'll 'phone and tell Loch I've broken my engagement in his favor. Hello! is this Mrs. Jones' residence? Is Mr. Lochinvar in? Gone to the reception? Thank you."

Miss Cleopatra banged the receiver in place, vexed and angry; and then dropped into a convenient chair and sobbed softly.

"Why, Sis, aren't you going to the reception? What are you crying for?" asked Miss Cleopatra's little sister, who had just come into the hall. "Not going, you say; you know you can't miss tonight, the best time in all the year. Billy and I are going a little late; go with us. That's a good girl; I thought you would change your mind," little sis continued.

The society halls had been thrown open and were now filled to overflowing with giggling humanity. In the library the orchestra were making inspired music. The great line of "stags" were doing their annual snake dance from Phi Hall to Eu Hall and back again. On every side the happy couples chattered, and twisted about, and promenaded. A continual procession of fair women and bad men, wishing to display their attire and to show their superior bouquets, occupied the raised seats ordinarily used by the mighty.

Henry and Young Lochinvar were there, seated in a retired corner.

"Cheer up, old man," Henry was saying. "I haven't lost faith in you; it's Patie's infernal way."

"Aw, dry up about Patie; I'll break her proud heart yet," Loch replied sulkily.

"Look, Loch, there she is now, but I don't see Parson Robby; she's with her sis and Billy," Henry suddenly exclaimed.

"Glory!" from young Loch.

Miss Cleopatra half expected that young Lochinvar would not be at the reception; and she sincerely hoped that he would not. Therefore, when she suddenly came upon him in his corner, her cheeks reddened and she showed shame-faced embarrassment. However, Miss Cleopatra always knew how to make the best of a bad situation.

"Hello, Loch," she purred softly.

No answer; Loch was looking elsewhere.

"Hello, Loch," she called again.

Young Lochinvar looked towards her, surprise written on his face. "Hello, Patie; where's the Parson?"

Miss Cleopatra had dreaded this question.

"Never mind Parson Robby, he's all right; come on, I've got something to tell you," she managed to answer with apparent cheerfulness.

In a moment Cleopatra and young Lochinvar were lost in the rank and file of the brave and the fair.

"Gone!" exclaimed Henry from a place of observation. "I'll just keep my eyes on 'em and see Loch put the rollers under her."

Swiftly the evening passed. About eleven thirty, in time to avoid the rush, Cleopatra and young Loch were bidding the fair one's admirers goodnight. Henry saw the preparations and a few minutes later was hidden behind the big magnolia

on the main campus walk. A few minutes more and Cleopatra and Young Loch were coming down the moonlit path. They were close together and talking low, but very earnestly.

In the protecting shadows of the magnolia the couple hesitated. Now, Henry didn't mean to be an eavesdropper, but he couldn't move. Miss Cleopatra was talking between her sobs:

"Loch, dear, I treated you mean; and that hateful beast, Parson, left town tonight on the 'Shoofly!' I know you won't ever forgive me."

"Won't I though, Patie! I thought I was just a-fooling with you; but, Patie,—do you know, Patie—oh, pshaw!"

What happened the next moment I can't ever tell you, for just then a cloud got in the moon's eyes and Henry turned his back.

As Patie and Loch moved away the figure behind the bush rose and looked after them; he followed them with his eyes to Miss Cleopatra's doorstep; he saw a pair of dainty arms gravitate around young Loch's neck; he saw their lips meet—then he turned away in disgust, muttering the single word, "Damn!"

Anonymous.





A Page from the Chronicle of the Reign of Bill, the Son of Poteat

And it came to pass that in the land of Carolina that lieth to the North, at the Forest called Wake, there arose a mighty commotion. For lo, the sons of Anak did despoil the righteous and did separate them from their wads in the game that is called dice, which is an abomination to the righteous, and is for a byword and hissing to them that walk in the way of truth. And behold, the righteous took counsel together, saying, What now shall we do that we may save ourselves and those within our gates from the devices of the wicked, whereby we are shamed before them that sit in the high places? And there arose in the midst, Jo, the son of Harris, of the tribe of Judah. Now Jo was a mighty man of valor and he had teeth like unto an horse, and they gave heed unto his sayings. And beginning from the prophets, he expounded unto them that sat with him the curse of the game that is called dice. And his words were mighty, even as the thunder that shaketh the heavens. And after that there arose the strong son of Robert, him that is called Boanhedd, likewise Parson. And the son of Robert did smite upon the earth with his staff and did paw the ground and did wave his ears in the breeze, for he was exceeding wroth, and he spake with authority and said, "Brethren, verily the wicked flourisheth as the green bay tree and is not cut down. Behold, that is not in accordance with the Constitution and By-Laws. Let us, therefore, go forth and give them battle, that our land may live and that righteousness may prevail within our gates." And then arose one June, son of Smith. Now June was of them that dwell in the land of Chatham, and verily what he wot not of rabbits was not worth wotting. But he wot of naught else. And he spake and said, "Lo, what is this game called dice? That I may know what it is." And Jo, the son of Harris, arose and dug a pair out of his jeans and said, "Behold, I will explain it unto thee." But roaring like the mighty East wind that shaketh Fort's pear trees, the strong son of Robert arose and said unto the son of Harris, yea, unto him of the horse teeth, "Verily I will beat thee a game of dice." And Jo, the son of Harris, spat mightily and said, "I'll bechanged if thou wilt." And lo, they that gathered to take counsel against the wicked sat in on the game. And the noise of the battle did spread from Dan to Beersheba, and the sons of Anak heard and were astounded. And they said one to another, "Go to, let us go and see whence this clamor cometh and who raiseth the roughhouse." And they came and stood afar off and saw the righteous, and Joe and Parson in their midst. And verily the dice shone like the sun. And the sons of Anak did laugh like to an horse and they went and called Bill, the son of Poteat, and Willis, the son of Cullom, and they came and marvelled greatly. And lo, Bill, the son of Poteat, called his counsellors together and they, too, marvelled greatly at the things that were done. And behold, they cast lots, and the lots said, "Twenty days." And Jo, the son of Harris, and Parson, the son of Robert, did depart from the Forest which is called Wake. And there was weeping and gnashing of teeth. *Selah.*

The "Gifties" from Applejack Crossing

Characters: GIFTIE HERNDON
GIFTIE STALLINGS
SODA CLERK
DR. POTEAT
CHIEF BOBBITT

Scene: Drug Store.

(Enter the gifties looking around and approaching the soda clerk.)

STALLINGS: "Howdy, Mister; Stallings is my name."

SODA CLERK: "Glad to know you, Mr. Stallings; how may I serve you?"

STALLINGS: "How's that! What you say yourn is?"

HERNDON: "Aw, shut up, Bill! Howdy, Mister, Rube Herndon's mine from Applejack Crossing."

SODA CLERK: "What can I do for you, gentlemen?"

GIFTIES *(together)*: "Do fer us? haw! haw! Guess we kin do fer oursel', can't we?"

STALLINGS: "Say, Mister, do you keep col' sody here?"

CLERK *(winking)*: "O yes!"

HERNDON: "How do you sell 'em?"

CLERK: "A jit around."

HERNDON: *(nudging Stallings and speaking in a stage whisper)*: "Now, Bill keep your blame mouth shut. Don' you go to acting green. I got a nickel left; guess that'll settle the bill."

STALLINGS: "A'right, Mister, give us two sodys."

CLERK: "What flavor, gentlemen?"

(The gifties look at each other in amazement.)

HERNDON: "Two sodys, man."

CLERK: "But what flavor do you wish, gentlemen?"

STALLINGS: *(looking wise and winking at Herndon)*: "Jest give us two plain sodys."

(The clerk seizes two very large glasses and soon has them foaming oer with brilliant red soda water; the gifties look all around, then at the foaming glasses and smack their lips in contemplation.)

STALLINGS *(as they drink and smack their mouths)*: "Say, Rube, this is the longes' time I ever been to the country; how do ye like Wake Fores' anyhow?"

HERNDON: "Aw! purty good. She ain't like Applejack Crossing though, is she?"
(Spying the drinking straws behind the counter in a holder.) "Say, Mister, hand me one o' them reeds."

STALLINGS (*loud, so as to be heard by all bystanders*): "Say Rube, 'member that time I wuz in the gran' opery! I got a free ticket fer helpin' move the curtains an' boxes in the Jesse James dramy."

HERNDON (*scornfully*): "Shucks! Thet ain't nothing; I he'ped tote Caruso's cheriot onto the platform one time; an' 'sides thet I've done traveled a whole heap; man, I've been to Charlotte an' I kin play some baseball—an' I wuz on Cornell's basketball team."

STALLINGS (*interrupting*): "Mebbe so! Mebbe so! but I bet you ain't never been to Atlanty; I seen the street kyars down there—wonder why they ain't got 'em at Wake Fores'?"

HERNDON (*low*): "Bill, you'd better hush; yer goin' to show yo ignorance torectly."

(*Enter Dr. H. M. Potcat.*)

DR. POTEAT: "Ah, ha! Good morning, gentlemen."

HERNDON: "Howdy, Rube Herndon's my name; what's yourn?"

STALLINGS: "Bill Stallings 's mine."

DR. POTEAT: "Dr. Hubert McNeill Potcat is my name; at your service, gentlemen."

(*The gifties stand awestruck, then Herndon whispers to Stallings.*)

HERNDON: "Wipe your mouth, Bill, that's a Latin 'Fessor; an' you 'member yo' manners too." (*To Dr. Potcat, aloud*) "Mighty glad to know ye, 'Fessor; I've ben hearin' 'bout yo' Glee Club. I used to sing in the Applejack Crossin' Baptis' Choir."

STALLINGS: "Yes, sir, 'Fessor, an' I've hearn you wuz a mouty good checker player; I ain't ever been beat up to home an' I'm comin' 'round an' have a game or two with you."

(*At this juncture Dr. Potcat is called to the rear of the drug store. the gifties while drinking walk around looking at things. Herndon sees the cigar lighter.*)

HERNDON: "Say, Mister, 's this where you gamble fer sody and cheroots?"

CLERK (*approaching and taking the cigar lighter by the handle*): "Yes."

(*The gifties bend over the cigar lighter making a close examination of it. The clerk suddenly pulls back the handle. The lighter splutters and bursts into flame.*)

GIFTIES (*jumping back with amazement written on their faces*): "Great Gawd!"

STALLINGS: "Rube, we'd better be going. You know we gotta go up an' see 'bout them Shakespeare books."

HERNDON (*handing the clerk a nickel*): "Them wuz sho' fine sodys, Mister."

CLERK: "Here, man, this is only five cents."

STALLINGS: "Didn't you say they wuz two fer five?"

CLERK: "Five cents each, please."

HERNDON (*searching his pants in vain*): "Mister, you're too high; can't you make 'em two fer five? I ain' got another copper."

CLERK (*looking angry*): "Here, pay me, I can't waste all day."

STALLINGS: "'Hones' Injun, Mister, we ain't got another cent."

CLERK: "Pay up, I say, or I'll call Chief Bobbitt."

GIFTIES: "Please don't, Mister; we didn't know they wuz so high; back to home Bill Jenkins sells 'em two fer five."

CLERK (*calling*): "Chief! Chief!" (*The chief, who is leaning against the corner of the house, rouses himself from his slumbers and pokes his head in the door.*)
"Here, Chief, haul in these guys; they refuse to pay for their drinks."

CHIEF BOBBITT (*sleepily*): "Come along, young fellows, I'll give you a bunk where nobody'll bother your dreams."

GIFTIES: "Please, Sir, Mr. 'Lieeman; don't take us; we ain't done a thing 'cep-tin'——"

DR. POTEAT (*coming up again*): "Here, here, what's all this row about? Five cents? Oh, here you are."

(*Dr. Poteat puts a protecting arm around each Giftie and they start for the door.*)

CLERK: "Call again, gentlemen."

HERNDON: "Sure Mike, we will."

STALLINGS: "Say, Rube, wan't them sodys fine?"

CHIEF (*grumbling*): "Gimme a dope!"



The Final Senior Examination

- I. *Why did you come to Wake Forest?*

To let Reuben, my plow mule, graze, while I took a vacation—BAUCOM.
To be changed—COGGIN.
To keep from having to get up and feed in the morning—J. SMITH.
Because I didn't know any better—J. HARRIS.
That's what I want to know—DANIEL.
I knew nothing better to do—CURRIN.
To learn how to live without work—STANLEY.
Fools can ask questions that wise men can't answer—T. LANIER.
Dampno.—FARRELL.
To see the "Sky"—BENTON.
How do you reckon I know?—D. JOSEY.
It was the ticket agent's mistake—A. PHILLIPS.
To get a ride on a train—E. D. JOHNSON.
To learn to smoke a Nurica—HUBBELL.
Some people thought they knew more about my business than I did—DUNCAN.
If you are really anxious to know, ask pa—R. LANIER.
Because there is no other place in the world like it—HAYNES.
The Lord only knows—MCLEOD.
I've forgotten—B. H. JOHNSON.
Because the ticket that my daddy bought for me gave out and the conductor
put me off—MARSH.
To learn how to be a "Sky"—HARWARD.
- II. *What has been the most important event in your college career?*

Baseball, W. F. C. 4, A & M, 2—D. JOSEY.
Learning to chew and spit as far as Geo. Harward—BENTON.
Leading a blacking crowd—C. SMITH.
Making Knockumtrotum's Ragtime Band—FARRELL.
Trip to Tom Dixon's monument—J. BROWN.
My first visit to Meredith—T. LANIER.
When I attained the dignity of Seniority—STANLEY.
One morning when there was no cow for breakfast—LANE.
Hoboing a freight train—J. HARRIS.
Driving away indigestion by showing it club steak—DANIEL.
My trip with Dunbar hunting Geological Spethimens—J. SMITH.
O'Brian's wedding—MCLAMB.
The reform of the Medical Class after Robertson's prayer—LINEBERRY.
Hasn't come. Am looking for it every day—MCLEOD.

Seventy-five on English I—STRAWN.
Seeing A & M licked—R. LANIER.
When I got off "Slick's" English I—DUNCAN.
Admiring Cleopatra and the change of partuers—HUBBELL.
A visit to Wolf's Den in my Newish year.—B. H. JOHNSON.
The day I learned to leg Dr. Paschal successfully—HARWARD.
Polly's marriage—YOUNG.
Dr. Tom's speech at the Marshal set up—LONG.
Holding an earthworm for Dunbar to dissect—BAUCOM.
Successful organization of our Newish Class—G. HERRING.
Taking Professor Timberlake's Real Property—A. PHILLIPS.

III. *What has been your greatest misfortune?*

Five visitors at one Anniversary—A. PHILLIPS.
Biology IV and V under Dunbar—YOUNG.
Having to go to Chapel at "38" time—DANIEL.
Being tormented by politicians and agents—B. H. JOHNSON.
The Gem—E. D. JOHNSON.
Associating with the Newish—HUBBELL.
When I came near choking to death on club steak—DUNCAN.
"Bug" laboratory—R. LANIER.
The extensive study of Latin—J. HARRIS.
The mere fact that Jimmie's Physics is prescribed—MCLEOD.
When I bet against A & M—LINEBERRY.
Breaking a tooth on a club biscuit—STANLEY.
The whole blame thing—CURRIN.
Not having an agency—LONG
Sitting beside June Smith when pie is served—G. HERRING.
Failing to take singing under Nogum Trot—HARWARD.
Wandering into an Education class—FARRELL.
Failing to be called before the Faculty—BENTON.
Not having an "old lady"—D. JOSEY.
Having an ingrowing toenail my Newish year—MARSH.
Being compelled to make 75—WRIGHT.
Having to be a Newish one year—E. M. JOHNSON.

IV. *How have you spent the greater part of your time?*

Legging the Faculty—STANLEY.
Boring—MCLAMB.
Pipe dreaming—LINEBERRY.
Studying, of course—PRUETTE.
Answering for Chapel absences—MCLEOD.
Silent communication with "Prince Albert"—STRAWN.
Trying to find out what the professors wanted in their courses—HAYNES.
Easily—LONG.
In not spending—CURRIN.

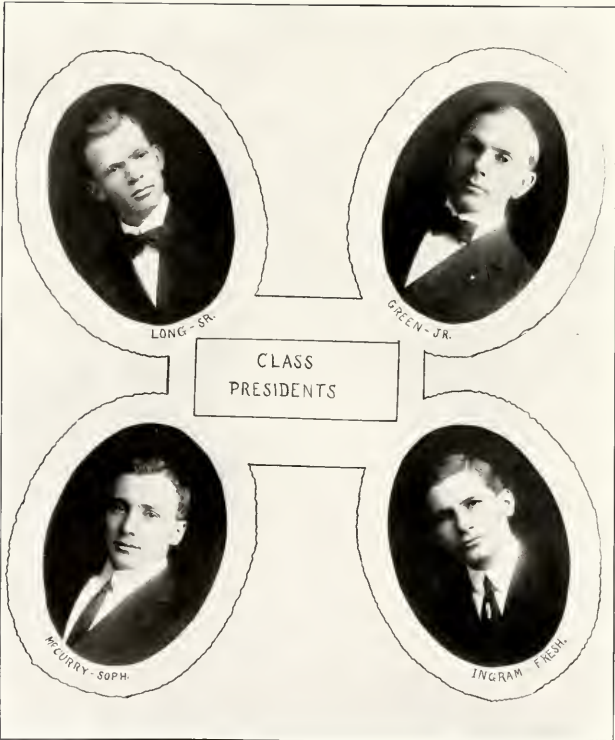
- Boring over my books—J. SMITH.
 Going from one end of town to the other—D. JOSEY.
 Trying to get a leg on the Faculty—J. BROWN.
 Removing conditions on Trainology and Drugstore—J. HARRIS.
 Entertaining the bores of "Tammany Hall"—T. LANIER.
 Studying the evolution of a Newish—E. M. JOHNSON.
 Legging and loafing—HARWARD.
 Watching Mutt and Jeff—R. HERRING.
 Trying to keep count of Fimxtus' new suits—BENTON.
 Chasing the Faculty—C. SMITH.
 In the arms of Morpheus—FARRELL.
 Looking for a check from pa—WRIGHT.
 Talking to "Pas" about conditions—MARSH.
 Building air castles—B. H. JOHNSON.
 Having a Newish to look after every year—DANIEL.
 Trying to understand Dr. Paschal's system of grading—A. PHILLIPS.
- V. *What is your chief aim and ambition in life?*
 To see that W. F. C. gets an athletic fee—A. PHILLIPS.
 To see Dr. H. M. Poteat stop hanging the corners of his mouth over his ears when scorching Newish—YOUNG.
 To learn to catch a freight train on the wing—G. HERRING.
 To be what I am not—COGGIN.
 To become an efficient "B.S."—BENTON.
 To find a substitute for W. F. C. beefsteak—WRIGHT.
 To get Pas and Slick at my mercy for just three minutes—FARRELL.
 To pass Latin—R. LANIER.
 To get a suit of clothes that will last as long as Fimxtus's—MARSH.
 Not to have to get up at 7:30 A. M.—DANIEL.
 To endow a faculty clothing department—HUBBELL.
 Search me!—B. H. JOHNSON.
 To get married—E. M. JOHNSON.
 To keep on the sunny side of life—T. LANIER.
 To be able to dress well like some members of the faculty—J. HARRIS.
 To get through college—D. JOSEY.
 To be a bachelor—J. SMITH.
 This is for the world to discover, if possible—CURRIN.
 To finish school and get married before my girl falls in love with another fellow—BAUCOM.
 To remedy the harm the college did me—HAYNES.
 To be John D.'s treasurer—STRAWN.
 To be able to tell as big a lie as Geo. Watkins—LINEBERRY.
 To find an easy job—MCLEOD.
 To persecute the saints—O'BRIAN.
 To make all my troubles "little ones"—STANLEY.

NOTE: The above is an extract of an exam given to the Seniors without warning.



Wanted to Know?

- If they allow you to smoke in the Library—Newish BEAL.
If the 'Varsity football team is going to play this spring—Newish HUNTER.
How long Dr. Robertson is going to take English II—Dr. SLEDD.
If June Smith is going to run the one hundred-yards dash—Newish JONES.
When he will get his name in the catalogue—Newish TAYLOR.
If they change "golds" in basketball between halves—"SKY" POWELL.
Where they get bull to cook three times a day—Newish CLARK.
Why Wake Forset does not have street cars—"Giftie" STALLINGS.
Where I can buy a Homer's Eyelids—JUNE SMITH.
Where the night hawk's printing press is—Newish HARVEY.
If I can get a "sweat" of rooms in the new dormitory—"Giftie" HERNDON.
How often you have to go on infirmary—BEAR.
Why the verbs in Cicero are numbered—Newish GOODRICH.
Where he can buy a ticket to Meredith—Newish FERREL.
Where Dr. Sledd got his hair—Newish ALLEN.
Why "Fleet" Williams has to pay rent to walk—PAT TAYLOR.
If he can get off Gym. II by plowing this summer—Newish COLLINS.
If they make jacks to English I—Newish RIDDICK.
How many weeks the Supreme Court Class stands examinations—Newish HUNTER.
If he can play right guard instead of left, being righthanded—Newish ABERNATHY.
Why the Dean writes to me once a week—T. B. HENRY.
When there is going to be another quiz—"LORD" COOLEY.
If he can get credit for gym by preaching—"SKY" POWELL.



LONG - SR.



GREEN - JR.

CLASS
PRESIDENTS



MCCURRY - SOPH.



INGRAM FRESH.



DEPARTMENT
PRESIDENTS.





Honor Committee

- | | | | | |
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| 6 R. A. MARSH | 7 C. R. NORRELL | 8 O. F. HERRING | | |
| 9 O. L. STRINGFIELD | 10 J. A. McCURRY | | | |



Student Senate

- | | | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|-------------------|----------------------|
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| 5. E. A. DANIEL | 6. E. P. STILWELL | 7. D. E. JOSEY | 8. O. L. SPRINGFIELD |
| 9. GEORGE PENNELL | 10. J. H. JONES (Out of college) | | |

Some Brayings from the Long Eared Tribe

DR. TAYLOR: "What is an optimist?"

PENNELL: "An optimist is a crosseyed man, who is thankful he is not bowlegged."

NEWISH JOHNSON (*looking over the Mercerian*): "What is the reason they put that quotation from Temyson in the jokes?"

SOPH: "Oh! they got a joke off on him."

DR. TAYLOR: "When are your ideals formed?"

CURRIN (*ecry thoughtfully*): "While we are living."

NEWISH HUNTER: "Doctor, I stuck a nail in my foot yesterday. What must I do for it?"

DR. POWERS: "Put some ink on the hurt foot, so you won't make a mistake in limping."

PROF. HUBBELL: "Boys hardly ever marry in Russia, especially without a dowery."

PAT TAYLOR: (*taking notice*): "How glad I am that I don't live in Russia!"

ROBERTSON (*in Psychology*): "Doctor, I don't exactly understand the word accident—say, for instance, now, if I possessed the quality of brilliancy——"

DR. TAYLOR: "Yes, sir, that would be an accident."

JOHNNY GATLING: "Gee! I would like to be the census."

PARKER: "Why?"

GATLING: "Because it embraces eighteen million women."

SIMPSON: "Do you know what Pruette is specializing in?"

DR. RUTH: "Judging from his appearance, it is gastronomy."

PROF. LANNEAU: "Thus by virtue of this identity we get x equals zero and y equals infinity."

WARD: "Well, I swear."

PROF. LAKE: "Mr. Gooch, why do you come to college?"

NEWISH GOOCH: "To play football and look at the good looking girls."

The night of the reception Romulus Skaggs was heard to say,—

“The sun rolls down in the golden west
While the birds fly away to rest;
But of all the girls I ever met
You are the very best.”

(We wonder to whom he was talking.)

DANIEL (*looking through dining room window*): “Mack, we are going to have oysterettes for supper.”

McDOWELL: “What are they, those little pink crabs in oysters?”

Prof. Highsmith was lecturing on Education IV about Francis Bacon’s influence on Education.

ROBERTSON (*interrupting*): “Say, Professor, was he the same one who led Bacon’s Rebellion in Virginia?”

DR. H. M. POTEAT (*rushing in one morning after a quiz*): “Great balls o’ fire, I didn’t flunk but seventeen out of fifteen this time.”

JOHN WHITE (*rushing up to Dr. MacArthur*): “I am the son of Dr. J. E. White, of Atlanta.”

DR. MACARTHUR: “You are a slam on your father.”

MISS HEIMS: “Why didn’t you take the ink off your fingers by rubbing them with a match head?”

PRUETTE: “I was afraid I would catch fire. You know gas burns.”

MISS HEIMS: “There’s no danger as long as you keep your mouth shut.”

NEWISH BLACKMAN (*to Tyner*): “Where is the college museum?”

TYNER: “In the Alumni Building.”

BLACKMAN: “Well, Mr. Crozier told me to go down there and take some exercise.”

ROBERTSON (*during the course of a debate on war and liquor*): “Well, I am a preacher, but I had rather have my stomach full of liquor than bullets.”

E. DANIEL excited over thoughts of appendicitis, rushed to Dr. Powers, exclaiming, “I believe to my soul, I have got appendicitis.”

DR. POWERS: “Where is your misery?”

DANIEL (*placing his hand over his heart*): “Why, Doctor, I feel it beating.”

DR. POTEAT: "Mr. Warhorse, how much money did you win the first night you played poker?"

WARHORSE: "I won thirty-nine dollars, Doctor."

DR. GORRELL (*springing from his seat*): "Mr. Warhorse, please explain the game to me!"

CROWN HIM WITH A BAR

Sunrise and chapel bell,
And one short note for me,
And though, in sooth, I found myself unwell,
I rose, the Faculty to see.

Twilight and evening star,
And a freight train blowing shrill,
But I'd like to know what they shipped me for,
Before I leave the hill.

But though from out this sacred, hallowed place,
The Faculty may send me far,
I hope to see that "Sky-Pilot" face to face,
And crown him with a bar.

Follies of the Foolish

NEWISH KNOTT: "Say, Herring, how did Flytrap Duncan manage not to get blacked last year?"

HERRING: "The Sophs were afraid he'd smile and there'd be nothing to black."

SPEC SHUGART: "Well, I have dissected a whole human body."

HORRELL: "How large was its soul?"

IKEY DANIEL: "By Golly, fellows, I wish I was on the chain gang."

JOSEY: "Why?"

DANIEL: "Because I wouldn't be bothered with the high cost of living!"

GIFTIE HERNDON: "Riddick, you have awfully big feet."

W. RIDDICK: "Yes, but I bet a dollar I can put them in your mouth."

PROF. LANNEAU: "What is rotation?"

HART: "It is getting around without moving."

DR. SIKES: "Who fills the President's chair in case of his absence?"

WEATHERS: "The fellow who can get there the quickest."

PROF. TIMBERLAKE: "If you were holding on to a limb and it were to break, would you fall?"

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

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

JOHNSON: "An engagement."

DR. SIKES (*day after the inauguration*): "Who was the best Governor of the State?"

NEWISH SIGMON: "Locke Craig."

DR. SLEDD: "Why did Shakespeare dedicate his sonnets to a woman?"

SAWYER: "Because he was married."

DR. POTEAT (*on Latin*): "Mr. Bryan, you are a candidate for flunking."

BRYAN (*sleepily*): "I hope I will be defeated."

NEWISH RAWLINS: "Do you know anything which will change the color of one's fingers when they have become stained from cigarette smoking?"

COOLEY: "You might try using one of the inferior makes of fountain pens."

DR. POTEAT: "Well, what kind of a fellow is Mr. Hemdon, Mr. Pruette?"

PRUETTE: "Well, he encores at the moving pictures."

BILLINGS: "Who was the most consistent supporter of the 'Red Sox' in the world's series?"

UTLEY: "The Boston Garter, of course."

DR. TAYLOR: "Why do you stand in front of the glass when dressing?"

GEO. HARRIS: "Because I want to see what is going on."

DR. SIKES: "What was Beecher's Bible?"

HORTON: "It was a book written by Beecher."

"SKY" POWELL, having been left at Neuse on his way to Raleigh to attend a concert at Meredith, and being forced to walk in, arrived rather late. Miss Meredith, observing him black with coal dust, with one shoe on his foot, the other one under his arm, exclaimed, "Where have you been for the last four hours?"

POWELL: "I has been a-coming."

NEWISH HARDAWAY: "Were you cool in battle?"

PROF. MILLS: "Cool! why I fairly shivered."

PROF. HUBBELL: "Was Ralph Roister Doister a comedy or a tragedy?"

NEWISH FERRELL (*waking*): "I don't know, sir, but I think he was a good playwright."

DR. POTEAT: "What is a colloid?"

VANN: "It is a certain grade of greens, such as turnip salad."

DR. SIKES: "Who was the first king of England?"

WHITE: "Shakespeare."

DR. SLEDD: "When Shakespeare wrote about 'patience' on a monument, did he mean doctor's patients?"

FLEET WILLIAMS: "No, you find them under monuments, not on them."

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I O. JONES, Vice-President and Treasurer

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Yo Dad

P. S.—C thim an rite soon.

NEWISH JONES, pulling up his sleeve and seeing a wart, exclaimed, "Gracious, I believe I am taking the mumps."

DR. SIKES: "What history did Macaulay write?"

NEWISH BRYAN: "I think it was Ridpath's History of the World."

DR. PASCHAL: "What English do you study, Mr. Duncan?"

DUNCAN: "Cicero."

OLIVER: "That fellow, Fleet Williams, is the funniest looking fellow I ever saw. He reminds me of a duck trying to look into a jug."

SOPHOMORE: "What position on the scrubs do you play?"

NEWISH MOORE: "Right angle."

NEWISH BEAL (*in a letter home*): "Say, dad, please send me a pair of soxes, the boys wear them every day down here."

MAYBERRY (*at concert at Meredith*): "You know I would like to be that fiddle. Look how that girl is holding it."

JENKINS: "Holland, why do you and Robinson wear those sideboard collars?"

HOLLAND: "Why, to help our looks, of course."

JENKINS: "Well, for goodness sake, let 'em cover your whole face."

DR. CULLOM (*in Bible class*): "What is the third Commandment?"

O'BRIAN: "Thou shalt not bow down."

RANKIN: "Doctor, how long can a man live without brains?"

DR. POWERS: "How old are you, Mr. Rankin?"

NEWISH HUNTER, being called on to say grace at the Martin Club one morning, after long meditation, blurted out, "God help us!"



IN MEMORIAM
Robert Savage Camp

Died February
Nineteen Hundred Thirteen
at Franklin, Virginia

Founder and First Editor in Chief
of
THE HOWLER

Friend True and Tried
Tireless Worker, Prince of Good Fellows
Loyal Son of Wake Forest

Non Omnis Moriar



Editorial

Our labors are ended. We have done our best. If *THE HOWLER* is not as it should be, do not blame us. We have tried to represent every phase of our college life as it is, not as it should be. If some phase be not represented, it is not our fault but the fault of the student body. You must not expect too much of a few who represent so many. To a certain extent the students have helped us, but the contributions have been few and meager.

The Editor desires to express his appreciation for the hearty cooperation which he has received from the Staff. They have worked faithfully. The Faculty Editor deserves special credit; besides correcting manuscripts, he has given us many useful and needed suggestions. W. J. Conrad also deserves credit for the very substantial aid which he gave in the form of class manuscripts. He did much toward the success of *THE HOWLER*, as did W. H. Jenkins. To these we extend our sincere thanks. We wish also to thank those who have advertised with us, and we now ask you to give them the preference as far as you can.

For us, this work has been pleasant for the most part. Do not blame us for any joke or bit of fun that some one may have at your expense; it was all done in the best of spirit. If at some future date you may derive some pleasure from this book, we shall feel fully repaid for our work. Perhaps, after some hard day, you may scan these pages and find some incident that will bring joy to you, perhaps you will be reminded of some old friend whom you love and respect. Toward this end we have labored. Here's wishing you joy through the pages of *THE HOWLER* and so—we go to press.



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Powers Drug Company, Druggists, Wake Forest
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H. Mahler's Sons, Jewelers, Raleigh
Wake Forest Supply Company, Notions and groceries, Wake Forest
C. Y. Holden & Company, Gentlemen's furnishings, Wake Forest
Wake Forest College
People's Laundry Company, Raleigh
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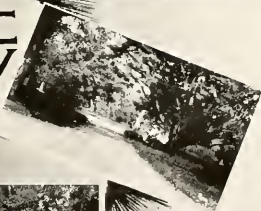
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