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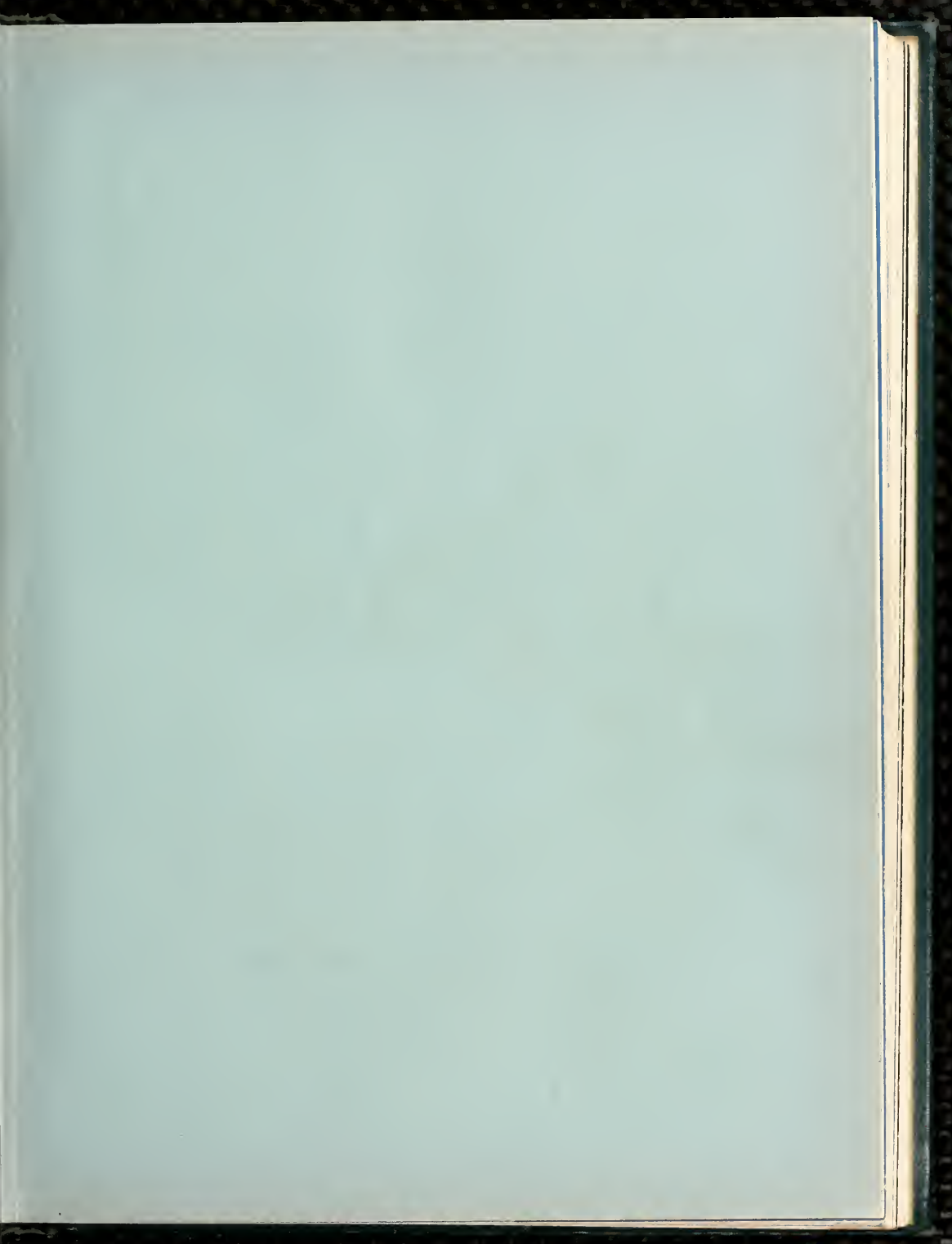
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1940

VOL. XXI

Editor, WILLIAM D. POE

Business Manager, FRANK D. CASTLEBURY

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HOWLER



WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

74337

DEDICATION

TO CHARLES S. BLACK, a man of the campus, classroom, and family, whose ability as a teacher commands the respect of every student, and whose qualities as a gentleman draw our highest admiration. His service to Wake Forest College cannot be recounted on paper, for his intangible spirit of friendliness typifies the atmosphere of the college; his traits as a scholar represent the formidable tradition which has come to be known as the soul of Wake Forest.

Dr. Black has been affiliated with the Wake Forest faculty for over fifteen years. During that time he has transformed characteristics of the student into aspirations of the scholar. His loyalty to Wake Forest is exceeded only by his devotion to a wife, daughter, and son.





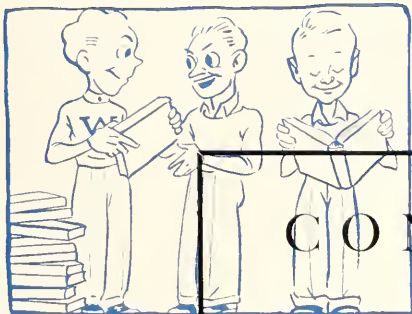
CHARLES S. BLACK, M.A., Ph.D.

“ON THE CAMPUS”



OUR AIM in the 1940 yearbook of Wake Forest College is to bring to you a one-year story of your college life, step by step, or od by mood. In a brief word, we have made an attempt to offer you a picture of this one year, when you were a freshman, sophomore, junior, senior, or a student of one of the professional schools.

In pre-senting what we have planned as a series of transitions from one scene of the year to another, we have combined the use of words and pictures. Use of language alone would be clumsy at best. Our use of words is an attempt—without unreal elaborations and stilted formalities—to bind together the diverse parts of one year and present it in the form of two-hundred-and-fifty-day story of your life. In future years if you, perhaps, turn back through the yellowing pages of the 1940 HOWLER, we hope you may still see yourself as whatever you were to Wake Forest in 1940.



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ADMINISTRATION



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A T H L E T I C S



O R G A N I Z A T I O S



DR. THURMAN D. KITCHIN, *President*



DR. DANIEL B. BRYAN, *Dean*

ADMINISTRATION

WHEN we say that Wake Forest men are fortunate in having the benefits of leadership under a group of men who are so eminently suited for their positions, we in no measure have resorted to the use of a trite phrase. Instead we are pointing to them in recognition of what they mean to an institution backed with 106 years of rich tradition.

We use this statement to advance the belief that our school today is still deriving the invaluable benefits of the wise, capable and far-reaching leadership that held so firmly through a number of crises in the past.

In demonstrating our point, we turn to the president, Dr. Thurman D. Kitchen. During ten years of progress under his administration, Wake Forest has experienced a well-planned and balanced rise in broadening the span of

its geographical recognition. But Dr. Kitchen is a man who wouldn't be satisfied with a stagnated institution. He comes in the category of men about whom he recently wrote in his book *Doctors in Other Fields*. To his list of doctors who were also scientists, artists, poets, and sculpturers, we add another name: Thurman D. Kitchen, progressive leader, builder and scholar.

Just across the rotunda from the president's office, we open a door which bears the inscription "Dean's Office." Behind the portals of this institution within itself you will find a man who, with unfeigned modesty, can trace the life of Wake Forest in an inimitable manner. Here is a man who has been Dean of Men for seventeen years. Ever unassuming and always ready to extend the reality of



DR. C. C. CARPENTER
Dean of Medical School

a helping hand, Dr. D. B. Bryan has come to be known as "the Student's friend." His knowledge of a real life is seldom rivaled in true judgment. The Dean represents a vital part of the tradition which Wake Forest has found to be its most formidable corner-stone.

In his position as Dean of the Wake Forest School of Medical Sciences, Dr. C. C. Carpenter commands a movement secondary to none in the future development of greater Wake Forest. He came to Wake Forest in 1926, and since that time has been a professor of pathology, assistant to the Dean of Medicine, and now Dean of that widely-recognized department of the institution. With the rise of a four-year school looming on the horizon of our anticipations of an expansive future, we feel that Wake Forest will realize its good fortune in claiming Dr. Carpenter's genuine scholar-ship and administrative efficiency.

Having been founded and conducted by the

most able teachers of law in the Southland, the School of Law stands in a class of its own among Southern law schools. According to records, a higher percentage of lawyers who received their training in the school directed by Dean Dale F. Stansbury have gone on to take places of vital importance in North Carolina law offices than from any other institution in the state. His task, which is done in such a quiet and effective manner, is facilitated through the coöperative and demonstrated ability of a faculty whose record speaks for itself.

For thirty-four years Elliott B. Eamshaw has exchanged glances pertaining to deep-reaching matters with every student in the college. His invaluable services to the school as Bursar have been exceeded only by the students' appreciation of his quality as a friend and Christian gentleman. With few words and a bewildering amount of hard work he

DR. DALE F. STANSBURY
Dean of the Law School





MR. E. B. EARNSHAW, *Bursar*



MR. GRADY PATTERSON, *Registrar*

has won a huge spot of admiration in the hearts of all who know him.

There's another man on the campus who has a job second to none in the way of complicated tasks. Grady S. Patterson, Registrar, is the man who stands between what is generally referred to as "the College" and "the Student." One thought of the schedules he arranges, the reports he records, checking of credits, varied and sundry other tasks, not to mention answering every possible question at least a thousand times during the course of a single year, leaves us wondering that such a man as Mr. Patterson ever lived past his first year in his position. Yet he has handled his position with accuracy, courtesy, and incredible efficiency.

These six men occupy the key positions of the college. Their duties are many and varied. There are tasks to perform, tasks that range all the way from the minute technicalities of the registrar to the hair-line accuracy of the

bursar on to the confusing generalities and specialities of the president.

These men are like the large cogs of some machine; each is indispensable to the institution he serves; and together they function with amazing smoothness. The professors are the smaller parts of the machine. They, too, play their part, although their tasks seem less important in comparison with those of, for instance, the president.

Each key man bears a tremendous burden upon his back. Each of the three deans has an entire school to supervise, and this is merely a part of his work. And the other three men are no less important. Perhaps, one of the most obvious attributes of these men is their uncanny ability of understanding human character. But such an attribute was acquired only after many years of intimate association with students, and was just another of the many capabilities amassed by such men.

THE FACULTY OF WAKE FOREST COLLEGE represents a combined total of over 1,100 years of teaching experience. That is, if the years of teaching service of every faculty member were added together, a period extending in time back to the empire of Emperor Charlemagne would be represented. This would be the equivalent of one year of service from some one member of the faculty for each man included in the present student body.

Generally, we think of faculty members as being transfusion bases of study and concentration upon a science, literature, philosophy, education, music—or some form of learning which has been made available to the student. Yet in a more meditative mood, we must think of them in other ways. Here is a group which personifies the tradition of a college, and tradition is what our institution is thought of as having been for over 106 years now, as well as representing a strong element of what we are to be in the future.

Theirs is the task of taking the uncut stone and applying a polish where there is a receptive surface. It is in this connection that

Dr. Hubert and Dr. Ted Johnson of State College get confidential at an O.D.K. banquet.

Doctors Spear, Vann and Professor Seibert forget Physics, Anatomy, and French, respectively, and boost Southern Dairy stock.



Monogram Reception: Dean Bryan laughs, while Jett and Dowdy prepare for a quiz, more or less, in the background.

we might compare them to the industrialist: they take the raw material, run it through the preliminary courses of treatment to rid it of impurities and render it usable, or, unfit. And then, four years later, the industrialist-professor gets a final glimpse of his own handiwork. . . .

While we could point to the many unusual phases of their positions, we must not disassociate ourselves with their tasks. They are men whose lives have come to be filled with our problems, primarily, and their victories come largely through our successes. They live the same life—with the same problems—of each college generation entering the institution. They breathe the same academic air which gives vent to strength and color for the embryonic forms of the led. In short, theirs is not a task designed to obstruct the freedom of a

growing soul, nor the blocks to encircle the intellectual tendencies of a future scholar of the classics, some science, or music. Instead they serve the purpose of an auditor, who checks against the student's chances of cheating himself.

Some one of them watches day by day the intellectual lights burn in the hearts and lives of over a thousand students. Classroom activities do not harbor over a relatively small fraction of their services, for where



Seconds for Seibert. "A" for Edwards.



Third stage of Epicurianism.

there is collegiate revelry and top-heavy pandemonium over athletic victories, you will find them there, too. No more ardent supporters of a school spirit will be found anywhere, for they have transmuted the very life of the intangible term "school spirit" from one college generation to another.

The music of concert fills the air, and a college faculty admires the talents of the student; somewhere a Wake Forest student exhibits superior adeptness in a form of



"Fessie" Carroll and "Dynamite" Holton consider sports under favorable conditions. It was the Monogram Reception; cigars followed the ice cream.

extra-curricular activity and a professor urges him on. A common problem of daily life has taken a student deeper than his present mental resources can allow him to follow; some faculty adviser helps him to lighten his burden.

Where the Neo-Classic godfathers of imprisoned students were regimentative in their guidances, it can hardly be said of a Wake Forest faculty member that he is "discouraging to thought." First of all the student must think, and then the professor's task has begun; to conduct and advise the thought of a man whose influence may some day be far-reaching in one of two different



Founders' Day: Dr. and Mrs. Stansbury and Dr. Carpenter turn from cornerstones to chicken.

directions—the constructive or the destructive.

Day in and day out, year after year, generation after generation, a group of leaders whose names have come to be referred to collectively as a "faculty" have knowingly smiled at the ambitious



Encore to College: Professor Memory imparts enthusiasm to a student pep meeting gathering in the gym.

Monogram clubroom again; Dr. Folk wins by an ear.



freshman, and knowingly frowned at proverbial "wrong footed beginners." Each year brings in a sea of new faces, and every decade ushers in revolutions in styles, but the professor sees the same relative mixtures of clay and life behind the thin veils of earthly attributes. There are the lean years and there are the years of plenty, but the record books manufacturers find steady demands from college faculties.

And we have learned to watch them as closely as

they watch us. The formative influences of our more youthful college years come from the sum total of our impressions of them, or from men whose characteristics have been shaped by their hands.

They laugh with us, and at us. We laugh with them and at them. The things that are funny to us are sometimes funny to them. And some of the things that are serious to us are funny (or pathetic) to them. There lies the line of demarcation:



After the formal opening, Doctors Stansbury, Paschal and Professor Griffin turn to duties of another year.



The founder of the Law School, Dr. N. Y. Gulley, leaves the church after witnessing the inauguration of another year's work.

they have a license to tell us we are wrong, and we turn the wrong to right or cease to be members of their usually-large families. It is indeed hard to comprehend. For instance, the same tone calls our name at the opening of the first class period as a freshman as the voice that calls out our name across the quiet of a commencement platform. Next year there will be others to begin their parade in what has come to be a perpetual trek across an academic stage.

The faculty members—and there are



Dr. Calloun retired in 1938; he returned to see new faces and work on a new year begun.

some eighty of them in all—are with us, and it is we who are fortunate. Our group of teachers and leaders is peculiarly fitted to Wake Forest because they are Wake Forest to a large degree. It's not the library that we think of; it is the librarian and her assistants. Likewise, it isn't the English Department that finds its way into our thoughts, but Dr. Jones and his group of associates. What they—and the formative influences and personalities who preceded them of the present—have thought and done in the past has come to be a synonym for Wake Forest, a synonym with a thousand sub-divisions. What they have accomplished has drawn tens of thousands of students



Dr. and Mrs. Kitchin witness an array of decorations and a display of oratory at the Society Day Banquet.

in the past and over a thousand at the present. The same power and influence of the past and present bids fair to continue its progressive pace into the indefinite realms of an often-referred-to future.

Professor Donald Pfold, musician, chats with Monogramer Boyd Owen, technician, or rather Medical student.



The faculty is comprised of men who are engaged in work in the three chief schools: The School of Law, of Medicine, and the School of Liberal Arts. But these educators are divided up into even more specific departments. Some call their specialty English, others History, others French. Yet, beside being an authority almost to perfection in his department, each has his own versatile traits. And each is one to whom we look with pride as being a part of our institution.





Professor Carroll goes over a report; the freshman goes over his past.

Even Charles Atlas' course didn't keep Jim Bonds away from the infirmary; Mackie presides. Founders' Day brought celebrities. Gubernatorial Candidate J. M. Broughton was among them.

OUR FRIENDS THE FACULTY

GRADE BOOKS are usually blue, but sometimes black or brown. All of them are filled with line-divided pages and open spaces for names, dates, and confidential remarks.

What a professor thinks of you, the student, as a student is recorded by adding the string

of self-confided remarks and setting down a figure on the extreme right-hand margin. What he thinks of you otherwise doesn't matter so much back home.

Short-story: Girls came to a banquet. Moorehead was there. They lived happily ever afterwards.



It was a beautiful day in Raleigh. There was a banquet at the Sir Walter.

Nevertheless it must be said that students and professors do think of each other. Wake Forest is no exception to the rule, and here the freshman, sophomore, junior, and even the senior, learns sooner or later that his best friends will include the faculty members. In the majority of cases his interest in you is deeper and more constructive than many of your more intimate allies in other forms of activity.



WAIT HALL



Frank Kinchelow, *President*; Frank Todd, *Secretary*; Henry Douger, *Treasurer*; and D. E. Ward, *Vice President*.

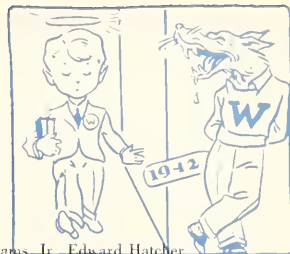
FRESHMAN OFFICERS

LAST FALL the class of '43 elected officers for the current scholastic year; these men took over their official positions to serve until the same time in 1940, when there will be a similar balloting to elect the officials of the class of '44.

Their rise to power represents the first steps of potential campus leaders to greater things in the future. Though their positions offer little chance of upheavals in student government and revolutions in styles and fashions, they are the executives of what is generally the largest single class in the college. Fired with the enthusiasm of becoming the outstanding representatives of their some 300 classmates, they have filled their positions without howls of protest from fellow students. That, in a large measure, is a successful term of office, for after all, those who attempt too much—like those who try to do nothing—are often the subjects of pointed criticism.

Yet their experiences as freshmen is invaluable. Next year they will be second year men, and when their positions in succeeding classes allows them substantial leeway, no doubt they will contribute greatly to the maintenance of high standards in the higher positions.

THE CLASS OF 1943



First row: Geo. Robert Abernethy, Jr., Jack Genese Acree; Norman DeWitt Adams, Wm. P. Adams, Jr., Edward Hatcher Alderman, Ralph Henry Andrews, Albert Fred Arledge, James Louis Austin.

Second row: Thos. Wm. Ayers, Paul Truitt Baker, Jack Rankin Baldwin, Wm. Edward Ballard, Brant Hodnett Barbee, Robert Moore Barbee, Major Russell Barnes, Thos. Jeffreys Bass.

Third row: Franklin Durant Bell, Chas. Everett Berger, Wm. Trotman Billbro, Paul Barber Blalock, Jr., Warren Leslie Bobbitt, James Henry Bohannon, Michael J. Bolint, Jr., Hazen Booth.

Fourth row: Geo. Norman Boyer, Wm. Robt. Bracey, Westray Beckwith Brantley, Donald E. Britt, Robt. Eugene Brooks, Frank R. Brown, Rupert Mill Brown, Wm. Darcy Brown.

Fifth row: Jas. Herbert Burkhalter, Geo. Spottswood Butts, Hubert Morris Caddell, Eston R. Caldwell, Carlus Augusta Canady, Ralph Clarence Canady, Jr., Shelton Canter, Walter Tressell Carpenter, Jr.



THE



Robt. Theodore Carterette
Edward Lee Cheek
Royce Warner Chesser
Thos. Mario Ciavarelli
Bryon Franklin Clark

Wm. A. Cloninger
Emmett Rudge Coble, Jr.
John Joseph Conley
Ben Lee Connelly
Dewey Holson Couper, Jr.

L. C. Copeland, Jr.
Fred Wiley Cornell
Carlyle Lanneau Cox
E. M. Cranford
Harry Viridin Cress

Clifford Leon Crowder
John Alden Crowley
Levin Butler Culpepper
Hugh M. Currin
S. A. Curtis

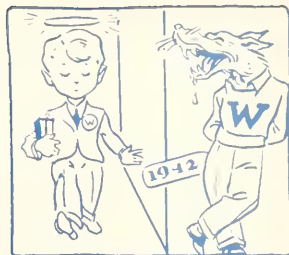
Frederick Payne Dale
John Coleman Daniel, Jr.
John Neal Davis, Jr.
Marion Vance Dawkins, Jr.
James A. Dean

Paul Milton Dickens
Pervis Clifton Dillard
S. B. Dillard
Arvel Lindsay Disher, Jr.
Robt. Hunter Dixon

Lenwood Bennett Dize
A. W. Dunn
Ralph Barksdale Dysart
John Allen Easley, Jr.
George E. Eddins, Jr.

Arthur George Edwards
Opie Gray Edwards, Jr.
James B. Elliott
Thos. Wm. Elliott
T. S. Enzor

CLASS OF 1943



First row: Alton Russell Fales, John L. Falkinburg, Wm. Taylor Flynn, Walter Haywood Ford, Jno. A. Fowler, Gilbert Woodrow Francis, David L. Friday, Jr., Chas. A. Fronberger.

Second row: Robt. F. Frye, James E. Furr, Jno. Bostian Garrett, Robt. S. Gallimore, Wm. R. Gaylord, Harold C. Gibson, Wm. R. Gibson, Rowley Ems Gillingham.

Third row: James Cary Graham, Joseph Phillip Greer, Henry Stephen Grill, III, Argus Leroy Grimsley, Jr., Jerome S. Gross, Linsey P. Gunter, Jr., James Earl Hall, Ralph Emmett Hampton.

Fourth row: Roy Allen Hare, George Elwood Harper, G. Phillip Harris, Charles Arnel Hart, John William Hatcher, Fred G. Haywood, Jesse Alexander Helms, Jr., Paul Branson Henley.

Fifth row: E. G. Herndon, Jr., Frank Marimon Hester, William Douglas Hightower, Charles Thomas Hildreth, Jr., Gladstone Middleton Hill, Harry Winborne Hill, Horace Harvey Hilton, Jr., J. Edward Holgood.



THE



James Patrick Hoggard
Harold Harman Holliday
Fred Bullard Holmes
Thomas Graham Honaker, Jr.
Robert Vincent Horan

Thomas Francis Horan
William Amos Hough, Jr.
Henry Lawson Huggins
Richard Wm. Hughes, Jr.
Jas. Edward Humphrey

John J. Hunt
Bryce Baxter Iley
Jas. H. Ives
Bernice Wm. Jackson
Gerald B. James

Jesse James, Jr.
Leroy Jarvis
Alson Johnson
Bayard C. Johnson, Jr.
Wm. C. Johnson

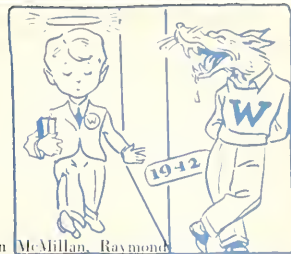
Albert Edward Johnston, Jr.
Clement Bernard Johnston
Charles Irving Jones
Thomas Lee Jones
James Graham Jordan, III

David Clarence Keller, Jr.
Franklin Stith Kinchebe
Russell Wingate Kornegay
Charles Watson Lawhorn
Christopher Billy Lambert

Jas. Robt. Leatherwood
Jackson Meridan Lee
Horace Warren Lemon
Samuel Judson Lemon
Wm. Herman Lewis

Robt. Wilson Lide
Wm. Andrew Lindley
Thurston Little
Mrs. Joseph M. Long
Henry Seeman Lougee

CLASS OF 1943



First row: James Harry Lovelace, Jr., Geo. Eugene McGary, Ford McGowan, John Johnson
Edward Manieri, Jack Ernest Maxwell, Jose Mendin, Edward Micone.

Second row: John Patterson Mitchell, David Marion Moody, Robt. L. Moore, Neil Bowen Morgan, Ray Augustus Morris,
Francis Scarr Morrison, Charles Emory Myers, Jr., Charles Truett Myers.

Third row: James Melvin Newsom, Jr., John C. Newsome, Morris Lee Newton, James Lee Northington, Robt. E. Nowell,
Chester H. Overby, Douglas Parker, Baird Paschal.

Fourth row: Earl C. Pate, Marion Butler Pate, Jr., Orns Fuquay Patterson, Jr., Wm. Joseph Patton, Walter Edwin Peace,
Robt. Reese Pegram, Charles Duffie Penuel, Estill Pennington.

Fifth row: Matthew Robinson Peterson, Jr., David Jenkins Phillips, D. Carl Pittman, Hal Watson Pittman, Leonard
Lewis Plott, Robt. Clyde Pope, Paddison Preston, Wm. Berry Primm.



THE



Rowland Shaw Pruette, Jr.
Stanley Henry Rabb
Wm. Franklin Reece, Jr.
Hasty Wilson Riddle
Abner Forbes Riggs

Wm. Andrew Roach, Jr.
Edward Joseph Rogan
James Lee Rose
Anthony Eugene Rubino
Aubrey Boddie Sally

Carey Roberts Sapp
Connie P. Savas
Philip G. Sawyer, Jr.
Sidney B. Schrum
Joseph Brewer Schwartz

Wm. Thomas Seago
Bennie Raymond Sealey, Jr.
Claude Frederick Seila
David Grayson Senter
Richard Merrill Shaw

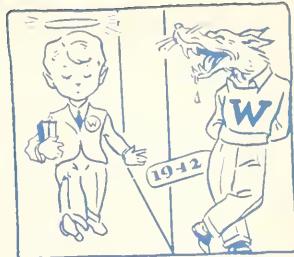
Frank Howard Sherrill, Jr.
Thos. Jackson Shreve
Haywood R. Shuford, Jr.
James Johnson Simpson
David Edward Sink

Romulus Skaggs, Jr.
Robert Hall Slaughter
Glenn Blaine Smith
Richard Angell Smith
Wm. Gray Smith

Philip Sheldon Sparrow
Bernard Spilman
Ralph Clifton Stainback
David H. Stallings, Jr.
Leighton Stanley

Bruce Able Steadman
Forrest Leon Stevens
Amos Henry Stone
Wm. LeRoy Stone
Albert Andrew Sunshine

CLASS OF 1943



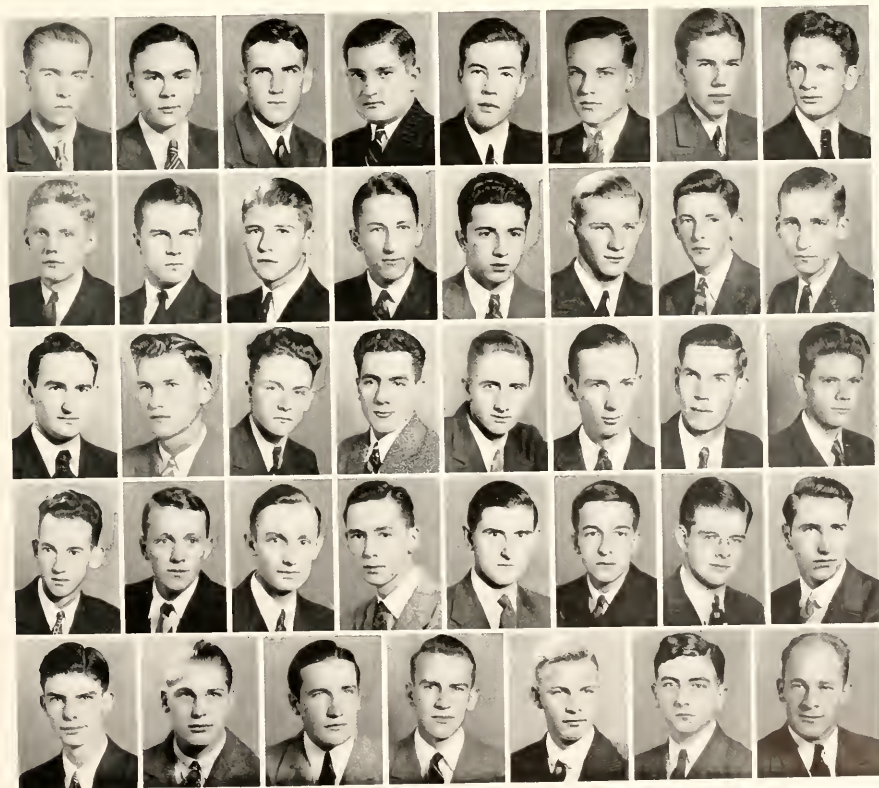
First row: James Monroe Surles, Jr., M. Jean Sylvester, Jr., Louis Laverne Taylor, Wiley H. Taylor, Jr., Herbert Leighton Thompson, John Louis Thompson, Frank S. Todd, Arthur Samuel Triebwasser.

Second row: Parks DeWitt Trivette, Raoul Stark Trudell, II, Hugh Edward Tyner, Robt. Thomas Veasey, Anthony Villanella, Douglas Clyde Walker, Jr., John Samuel Walker, Doctor Ernest Ward, Jr.

Third row: Maylon DeVan Watkins, William Thomas Watkins, Troy Dodson Webster, Samuel Michael Webbie, Frank Miller Wellons, Harold W. Wells, James Sunday Wells, Joseph Raleigh West.

Fourth row: Adolphus Gill White, Fred C. Whitehead, Jr., George Marshall Willets, Jr., Royce Meredith Williams, John Kenneth Williford, Edwin Graves Wilson, Robert Bruce Wilson, III, Thomas Woodrow Wilson.

Fifth row: Wm. Sidney Windes, Kenneth Wm. Wodenschek, Harold Wohlford, Floyd Monroe Woody, Wm. Franklin Worrell, Jr., N. P. Xanthos, Frank Zakim.





Freshman Elections: chummers, drummers; voters, gloaters.

FRESHMEN ACTIVITIES

IT'S NOT A HARD matter to spot a freshman, say many of the older students. Now just what category they put the freshmen in is another thing. Perhaps they are thinking of the lad who comes to the campus with a couple of axe-handles in one hand and a supply of hay-seed in his suitcase. That day of the freshman is apparently over.

The freshman today comes to college with a three-inch-checked sport coat, sometimes a Ford V-8, and now and then with a vocabulary of over seventy-five words. Definitely his status in college life is a stage, and there is little chance of evading it entirely.

Ninety-five per cent of the frosh decide to turn politico and run for some office. This vast number turns on the other five per cent of the class enrollment, who are usually classed as non-belligerent, and practically smother them with political pressure. The result is that the five per cent who aren't running for office collect so many cigars from candidates that they, in turn, decide to become office-seekers during their sophomore year.



In this case grade "A" applies to milk only.

Few first-year men are without an extensive knowledge of the leading swing bands of the nation. Sometimes they like to discuss the movie stars: and some of them are still trying to get screen tests to play Don Amechie's role in "The Life of Mickey Rooney" (Hollywood owes us for this suggestion for a picture).

About half of classmen have been five letter-men in high school, but study too much to play football, baseball, basketball, or tennis in college. They like to get on the same snapshots with the president of the college or the football coach.

By the time the mid-term reports come out, the student has been looking around to see if anyone sees him when he opens his books to study. And by the time he gets back his first theme, he is looking for a novelist who has a good rate on freshman themes.

All in all, though, the freshman isn't quite so bad as some say he is. Wake Forest has been blessed with a number of good freshman students, and a number of them have quietly worked their ways into the favor of their fellow-students.



Freshman Brown does a bit of browsing among books.



In this case grade "A" applies to grade "A". Below—"It don't work."

Right top—Clothes make the man—and the woman, too!



Crosby influence; pep rallies and an improvised music hall.



Orator Morgan expounds.

IT DOESN'T TAKE the average freshman long to claim his share of life around the college. First of all he must prove his versatility, and he usually sings on his way across the campus, plays his radio at full blast, goes out for at least one sport—or else talks about the six letters he made in high school.

When the campus newspaper editors begin a drive to get new men, they generally wind up with fifty former high school editors and not a single reporter. A freshman can write a five-hundred-word theme on any topic at a moment's notice; he can speak authentically on any sport or swing band; and he often wears his best suit to class for the first week.

In spite of the pointed accusations at the traditional "newish" hopefuls, we find that there are talents of outstanding qualities to be found among each entering class. While few of them dream of being beaten as orators, debaters, athletes, or whatever fields of endeavor they decide to cast their extra-curricular talents, the older leaders

recognize the raw material in most cases. Then it is but a matter of time until the displays of possibilities in varied fields of campus activity are put through a period of important training. Whether he be inclined toward fraternity leadership, forensic activity, or working on one of the school's publications, he may be groomed for an important position in the future.

The point is that the new men of today will be upperclassmen and leaders for succeeding college classes. Upon their shoulders will rest the responsibilities of maintaining and improving upon the standards of preceding officers. Their inevitable traits as freshmen need never be a reflection, for, after all, the first year college men comprise an age. Any student who misses it has evaded a part of life, and may be none the wiser for it.

Before the dance and after the game a group of frosh talk it over. An argument; then silence, for "it's the Durham Armory tonight."



Closeups of Bob Scott, first-year law student who was mistaken for a freshman. "Phone number?"

Below: After a pep rally: the grand march, headed by Kanthas, scholar and short-story character.



Ten days before Christmas and five minutes after a quiz. The sun was still shining in December. After all, Rome wasn't built in a day. But perhaps Professor Clonts didn't boss that job.





LEROY GITHENS
Manager

FRESHMEN ATHLETICS

AMONG OTHER THINGS Wake Forest was justly proud of the freshman football team last fall. The Baby Deacons played five games, winning four, losing one, and tying one. Under the direction of Coach Jim Weaver, the yearlings presented a squad of fighters, with a dearth of individual stars.



Down under a punt in the State Game

Crashing thrusts at the line netted the Deacontown men a 25-0 victory. After successes on the North Carolina fronts, the lads journeyed to William and Mary. For the only time during the season they were outclassed, losing by a large score, 26-6. Wednesday night before Thanksgiving, the Wearvermen paid a visit to Memorial Stadium in Charlotte, where they were to play the

Getting off to a good start, they took the Duke Imps for a ride in their own back yard, 6-0. This game proved to be one of the hardest fought of the season, and while the Imps pounded bitterly against the Deaconlet line, the powerful forwards gave little ground. State College came next in line, and after sixty minutes of relentless raging, both teams had failed to tally.

Then came Carolina, and the Tar Heels fell before the onslaught of a powerful Wake Forest backfield.



By the skin of his jersey he missed



*First row: Ciavarelli, Rabb, Currin, Rogan, Horan, Flynn, Walker.
Second row: McCrary, Rubino, Johnston, Berger, Hildreth, Harris, Sink, Zakim.
Back row: Phillips, Hart, Herndon, Mitchell, Pate, Bolint, Preston, Wilson, Smith, George.*

Furman University Frosh in a benefit game for the Queen City Fresh Air and Milk Fund. After the smoke of battle had cleared away, the powerful line and deceptive backs had crushed the Purple Paladians by the score of 36-0.

And so they came to the end of a season with an impressive record behind them. The work of Smith, Meyer, Preston, and Hart had stood out as linesmen, while Manieri, Rabb, and others had displayed their athletic prowess as backfield men. The frosh athletes hung up the moleskins, and turned to basketball, and with the coming of spring a number of them looked to the baseball diamond and tennis courts.

To Coach Jim Weaver, director of athletics and coach of the freshman team, we give a bit of special recognition for what he has done. Not only has he directed one of Wake Forest's most successful years in athletics, but he has put out consistent winners and perpetual fighters in the Deaconlet squad for the last two or three seasons. Notably, he has put on the field a hard-charging freshman line and a group of fast, deceptive backfield men.



Deaconlets and Imps pile up after close play

After gridiron wars were over, the frosh athletes hung up the moleskins and looked to a season of basketball, with tennis and basketball to follow in the spring.



Front row: Halliday, Savas, Lougee, Berger, James, Hart, Woody.

Second row: Davis, Copley, Villanella, Falkinburg, Cress, Gross, Brooks, Henley.

THE WINTER AND SPRING OF FRESHMAN ATHLETICS

WITH the coming of Christmas, football was forgotten—temporarily, at least—and the surplus energy of frosh athletes found an outlet on the basketball court.

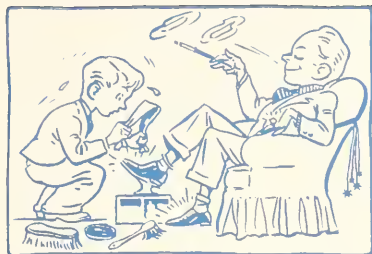
In Basketball, the dervishes did well, taking six out of their ten scheduled games. From all indications there will be several upper-classmen worried over their varsity positions for another season.

Spring—and baseball. An average turnout for the team, with an above-the-average spirit. Most notable of all occasions was the manner in which they plastered the Duke lumps to the tune of 14-1, behind the pitching of Conley. Several seiges of perfect baseball weather, and the youthful wearers of black and gold found potential power for American national pastime in the veins of true lovers of the sport.

Back row: Currin, Staffor, Coble, Conley, Dy-sart, Woody, Edwards, Falkinburg, Sparrow, Paschal.

Front row: Primm, Hampton, Brooks, Taylor, McGowan, James, Lougee, Walker, Berger, Johnston.





SOPH-FROSH RELATIONSHIP

THERE ARE a Specified number of hours and quality points between the freshman and the sophomore in class ranks and about twenty years in experience, so the sophomore will tell you. Perhaps the second year man is thankful for the frosh, else he would be at the foot of the academic ladder; and maybe the freshman is glad that there are sophomores for it makes him appreciate the juniors and seniors all the more.

Nevertheless, by the time a student has become a recognized sophomore, he is generally well-acquainted with the school's class routines, he knows a number of the professors by their nicknames, and generally gets mail from at least three girl institutions. The latter he tells to the freshman. In short, the transition between the two classes is the crucial moment for the college student. More men drop class work between freshman and sophomore years than any other; in the rise from one group to another the newish is no longer unacquainted with the better dance bands, and he is usually able to speak with a vocabulary of slightly better than seventy-five words. On top of that, the sophomore is able to ap-

preciate his own compassion for those afflicted with first homesickness, and he is normally in love with three different girls or else a woman hater. The freshman always has a girl back home.

Because he himself is so near the problems of last year as a freshman, the sophomore is usually the first man to help the new men. Of course, he always does this when no one else is looking, else he might be accused of being a humanitarian.

Yet at Wake Forest there is a striking lack of the proverbial incompatibility between the two groups. Their common interests take them to the same side of the field on football days; social events of the year bring them into identical classifications; and their closely-related curriculums erase any bold line of demarcation between the first and second year men.

Going back into the history of college and university life among the student relation-



Cole tags Peterson: Soph-Frosh Hop: first down



"Get out of the way, I'm a jitterbug."

ship, we find that college life today is relatively "less dangerous" than it has been in the past. Generally speaking, the position of early professors was about as dangerous as that of the freshmen. For instance many of the rules and by-laws of the older French universities contain provisions that "the students shall not use knives on professors" regardless of what their grades might be. Other rules caution the students about bringing guns to class with them.

But today the class relationships have changed somewhat. No longer is it bodily dangerous for the freshman to make his appearance on a normal college campus. Instead, the school usually provides rules for his protection, as well as guiding counselors for his betterment. The upperclassmen and freshmen at Wake Forest are rather exceptional in this relation. They do have relationships, but it is rather of a new style. Naturally, we still make the freshmen the goat on occasions, but it often turns out that he is no more a goat than the sophomore, junior, or senior.

Perhaps the attitude of the sophomore for the freshman could best be expressed by the picture of a tolerant guffaw at his blunders and naïve doings. This attitude is not permanent and lasts only through the fall. Then the freshman has established himself as a part of the greater group, the student body.

Soon he will become a sophomore and be tolerant of his uninitiated school-mates who will make the same mistakes he made, such as registering for a class under the wrong instructor or joining the wrong literary society. It might be said that the freshman makes mistakes but he is not a pioneer in this respect. If he didn't he could be classed as a rugged individualist. The number of mistakes he corrects determines his success in his college career and the life that follows.



"Nonchalance"—Lovelace

"Charming"—Brunet

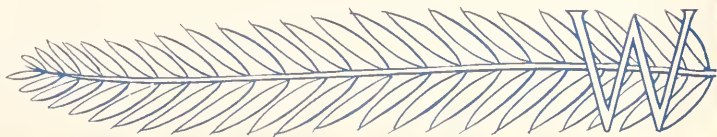


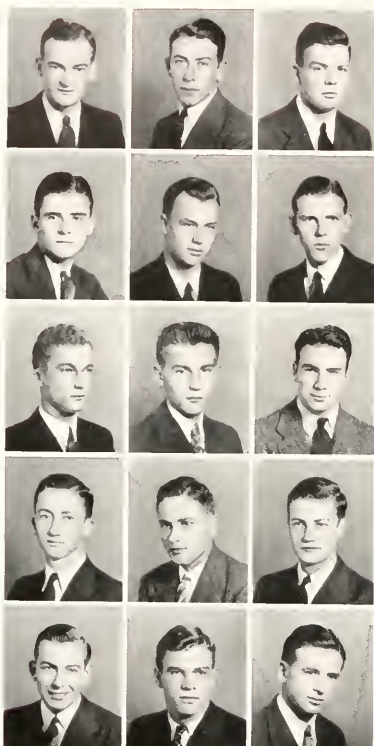
Woodrow Batten, *vice president*; Charles Check, *secretary*; James Bonds, *president*.

SOPHOMORE OFFICERS

SINCE an advisory council has relieved them of their most pleasant task—looking after the incoming freshmen, officers of the sophomore class have little to look forward to. With several joint dances to manage for and execute the business matters pertaining thereto, they find their chief task in making their own class members remember who their president, vice president and secretary are.

Business meetings among the sophomores usually bring out a number of men who have already promulgated within their own minds a long political career during their junior and senior years. We must confess, nevertheless, that the sophomore officers for this year have succeeded in carrying out the business deals of their class in an admirable fashion. They have led a group of students who have ranked relatively high in all phases of college work, including a large number of honor roll men.





Jas. Donald Bradsher
Paul Branch
Clarence Edgerton Bridger

Thos. Marshall Bray
Woodrow N. Brookshire
Ralph Harold Brunet

W. R. Bryant
Alton Lane Bullard
Wm. Cobb Bullock, Jr.

Donald Floyd Bunn
Joseph Millard Butterworth, Jr.
J. B. Canady

David Spurgeon Canady
Warren Coleman Casey
Wm. Thomas Charles

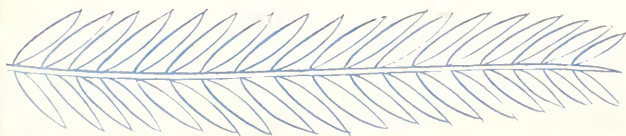
Arthur D. Adams
Dennis Wm. Alexander, Jr.
Cecil Cary Allen

Geo. M. Anderson
Curtis Howard Andrews
Edwin Ferbee Aydlett

Beverly White Ball
Thaddeus Milton Banks
John A. Bartley

Woodrow Batten
Wm. Meredith Belch
Furman Kenneth Biggs, Jr.

Hugh Thomas Blalock
Roscoe L. Bolton
James Oliver Bonds



SOPHOMORE CLASS IN 1940

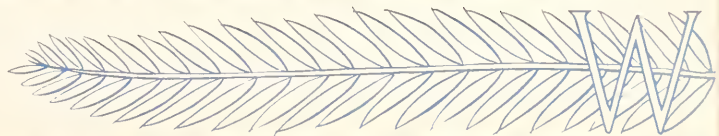
First row: Chas. Wall Cheek, Marshall Reid Cheek, Daniel Russell Clemmons, Herbert Cline, Jr., Ben N. Cole, Fred Tillman Collins, Jr.

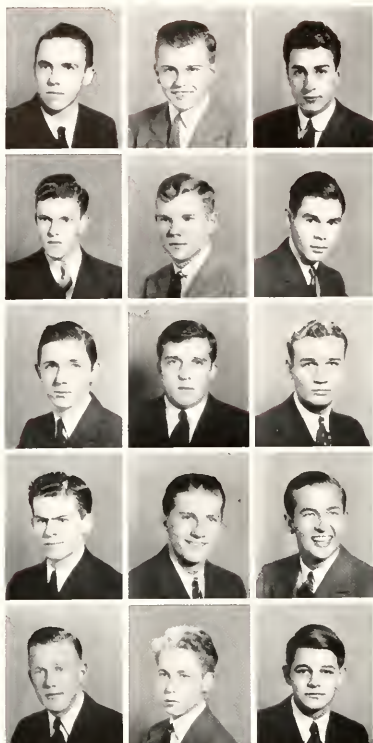
Second row: Harold Raymond Conley, Chas. Scarboro Cooke, Philip Lyon Corbin, Judson Yates Creech, James Estes Cross, Frederick Thos. Wagner Crowley.

Third row: Robt. G. Currin, James Middleton DeVane, Joseph Anthony Duncavage, Wm. A. Dunn, Ira Winecoff Earnhardt, Wilroy Wilson Eason.

Fourth row: W. C. Edwards, Jack Manning Euliss, Henry Frank Faucette, Jr., Henry Lee Ferguson, Jr., Jno. M. Ferrell, Wayne Benton Ferrell.

Fifth row: Chas. Fineberg, Jno. C. Fletcher, Horace G. Floyd, Walter H. Floyd, Elbert Forde, Chas. Maddy Freeman.





Miles R. Hardenburg
Robt. Sloan Hardwick
George G. Harper

Frank Lawrence Harrell, Jr.
Edgar T. Harris, Jr.
Hubert Bruce Harris

Miron Gray Harris
Woodrow Wilson Hasty
Robert Lansing Hicks

William Henry Hill
William Benjamin Holden
Pete Horchak

Frank Hughes, Jr.
Frances Lee Hunt
Harry Stuart Hutchins

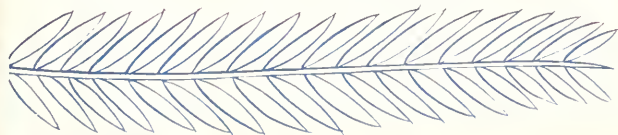
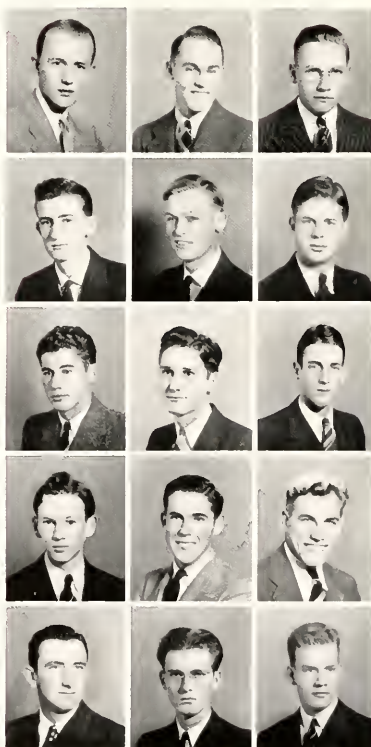
Wm. Harrison Freeman
John Elliott Galloway
Chas. Garian

W. Edwin Gavin
Russell Patten Geer, Jr.
Bagley Thompson Gillingham

Leroy Fretz Githens
Carl Wm. Givler
Chas. P. Godwin

Richard Edward Gordon
Walter Page Gray, Jr.
John Gaston Grimes

Edgar Jarvis Gurganus
James Clingan Hamrick
LeRoy Corbett Hand, Jr.



SOPHOMORE CLASS IN 1940

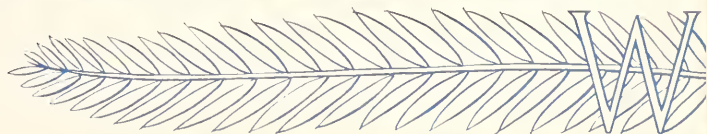
First row: Chas. E. Inman, Jr., Chas. E. Jackson, Keith Warren James, Joseph Randolph Jeffreys, Wm. Harvard Jenkins, Royal Green Jennings.

Second row: Edward Lewis Johnson, Linwood Ray Jordan, Roy Hinton Keith, Byon Walter Kinlaw, Robt. W. Knep-ton, Jr., Raymond DeWitt Kornegay.

Third row: Jas. Earl Krahenbüll, Alden R. Kuhlthau, Irvin Theodore Kunkel, Hassel Lamm, Allen Henry Lee, Jr., John Truett Lennon.

Fourth row: Jasper Lee Lewis, Virgil Bondurant Lindsey, Filas Jerome Little, Jr., Jas. Eugene Little, Julian Hooks Mc-Call, John Creswell McClelland.

Fifth row: John Bruce McDonald, Jr., Franz Andrew Maroshek, Willard Warren Marshall, Jesse Clarence Marshburn, Joe Hugh Mathis, John R. B. Mathis.





W. M. Pearce
Vernon C. Peebles
Wallace Carl Perry

Joseph Clyde Phillips
Anthony Stephen Placa
John B. Polanski

Wm. Allen Powell
Wm. Carter Prevette
James Otis Pruden

Earle Rupert Purser
Philip Page Ragan
Wm. R. Bailey

David L. Reavis
Robt. Ernest Reid
Thos. Linwood Rich, Jr.

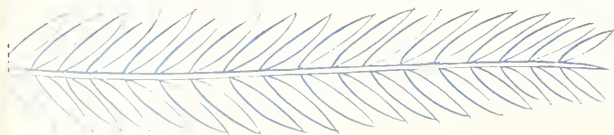
Glenn H. Miller
Roy Augustus Miller, II
Alexander Pierce Minshew, Jr.

Autrey B. Mitchell
Howard Elton Mitchiner, Jr.
Craddock Chas. Monroe

George McDonald Moorefield
Wm. Dexter Moser, Jr.
Charles Warren Nanney

Howard Keith Olive
D. D. Overby, Jr.
Thos. Graham Owens

Malvin Jones Parham
Harry Edward Paschal
Oscar Riddick Pearce



SOPHOMORE CLASS IN 1940

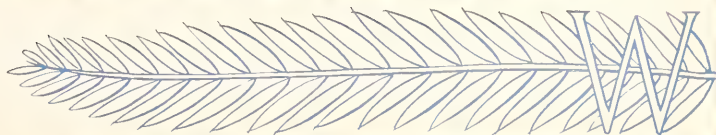
First row: Herbert Perry Riggs, Jr., Henry Thos. Roberts, Max Douglas Sawyer, Mack Fred Scott, Jr., Charles R. Seagroves, Spurgeon E. Smathers.

Second row: Kenneth A. Smith, Kermit Evestus Sneed, Richard Harrison Speight, James Thomas Spencer, Jr., Laie Starnes, Paul Andrew Stinchcomb.

Third row: Chas. Henry Sugg, Wingate Elwood Swain, Bruce Edward Tarkington, Laddie W. Taylor, Jesse F. Tharnish, Wendell Howard Tiller, Jr.

Fourth row: Wayne Seeley Townsend, Roy E. Truslow, James Baxter Turner, Jr., Robert Lee Vann, Arthur Chester Vivian, Jr., Walter Arnold Wadsworth.

Fifth row: Frank Hicks Walker, William Jarvis Ward, Clarence Lee Warren, Geo. Thomas Watkins, III, John Robert Webster, Henry James White, Jr.





Watson Earl White
Timothy Graham Williams, Jr.
J. A. Williamson



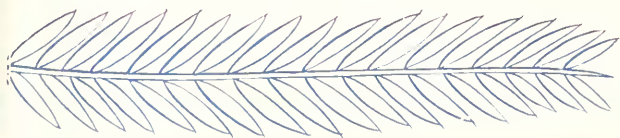
Owen Newbill Williamson
John Harold Wilson
Mrs. Gilbert Lester Winders, Jr.



Gilbert Lester Winders, Jr.
Wm. Frazier Wood, Jr.
Allen Curtis Wooden



John Wooten, Jr.
P. B. Wyche
Frank Kapriva



SOPH-JUNIOR RELATIONSHIP

THE SOPHOMORE is the type of student who leans against a telephone post and flicks his cigarette ashes with the middle finger of his right hand. He has passed the stage of freshmen activities, though he does continue to slip into the show on double feature night—hoping that no juniors and seniors (who will invariably be there, too) will see him. He makes it well-known that he was "here last year," despite the fact that the catalogue might list him under the freshman classification.

In a sense we might say that the sophomore is the last stage of the first-half of college life; the juniors and seniors come in the second general classification. Oftentimes the sophomore is more unsettled in his plans for directing his college course in the future, but the junior is generally set on his direction. It must be said, however, that many of the second-year men begin their classwork with definite intentions of going into a specific profession, and therefore plot their courses accordingly. This type of student is more of an exception, rather than the rule. But it does happen now and then.



Soph Mathis gives Junior Overton his report.

Socially, the sophomore and junior find many occasions at which they make inter-class relationships. Perhaps they are in the same fraternity, the same honor club, or some other form of organization wherein one becomes attached to the other. It is here that some sophomores come to look up to the junior and consider his advice, for the junior is a mature man after two years of college; he'll tell you so.

If the political side of the relationship must be brought in, the sophomore could learn many lessons from the junior politician. He could profit most of all, perhaps, by the "don'ts" rather than the right things to do. However, the junior has reached his hey-day of politics, and everything is either rosy or black.

All men must serve their stages in a college life. Somehow they seem to be classed in a certain category, whether they typify it or not. In saying that the sophomore represents the lad leaning against the telephone post, we were resorting to a statement which fits the average vision of the sophomore classmen. Others say that his stage might be better called the "hitch-



Soph Jennings gives pointers on the use of the camera.



To the left:

The pilots attempt to build up their confidence before the take-off. Left to right: McDonald, Cole, Hatfield, Enlis, Wilson.

Below:

These boys believe comfort is the nearest road to concentration.

Two studying boys and a girl's picture—the latter which serves as the incentive for such labor.

Every dog has at least one friend in every crowd. But every dog is a friend to Jack Starnes.

hiking" age. All in all, nevertheless, he is compelled to go into a certain classification because of tradition. And the junior, as a man who represents the voice of experience, is one who typifies the general term applied to him. Either of the men may be real college students in the true sense of the word, and therefore be entirely free of any general class.

The sophs and juniors have played together, danced together, and worked together. Those men of both groups who are willing to find their places in campus activity and class work are hard to be relegated to any rigid classification.





Bill Phillips, *treasurer*; Ed Lane, *secretary*; Harry Mumford, *vice president*; Bob Goldberg, *president*.

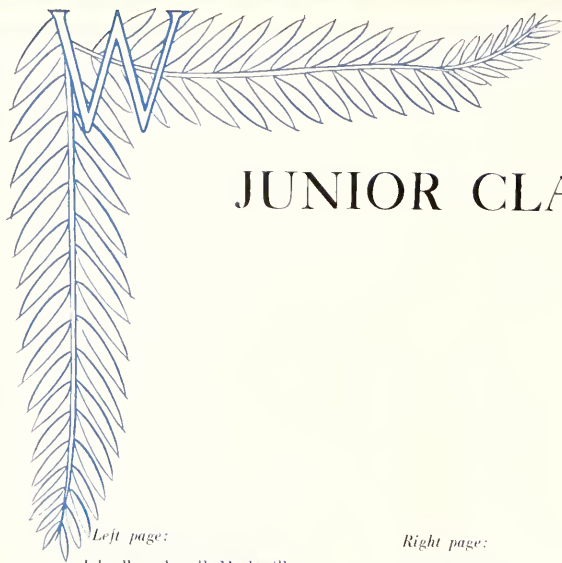
JUNIOR OFFICERS

WITHOUT RESORTING to the conventional method of saying that "the junior class of Wake Forest College had a wonderful year in 1940," we should like to pay the juniors a tribute for their work. In turning to athletics, we find the names of several juniors who have made places in North Carolina and Southern sporting circles; the same is true among fraternities; and practically every other phase of campus endeavor.

In the departments of extra-curricular activity, the juniors seem to take the prime places. There is a note of lack of development among the ranks of the sophomores; the seniors look to matters of graduation; but the juniors in many ways pace the tempo of the quality exhibited in campus activities.

A glance into the past and we see accounts of many juniors who have been leaders on the campus. While they look to the seniors for guidance in some cases, there is an air of independence.

We commend the officers and the class of 1941. They have been a source of good account for the college on and off the campus. Their leaders have been capable and durable, and they have shown signs of action when occasion required it. For the group who will take over the senior positions of next year, we wish continued success.



JUNIOR CLASS IN 1940

Left page:

John Wm. Angell, Mocksville
Thomas Norvell Ashburn, Atlanta, Ga.

Jack Raymond Bagwell, Asheville
Harold Kelly Bailey, Bald Creek

Anthony Ballionis, Homestead, Pa.
James Russell Barber, Morrisville

Fred Graham Bartlett, Greensboro
J. L. Bates, Winston-Salem

Wm. Bruce Bancom, Spruce Pine
Franklin C. Beavers, Apex

Right page:

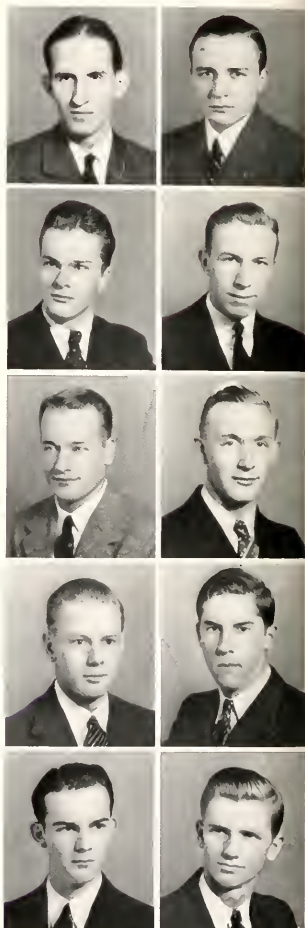
Chas. Roger Bell, Gastonia
Wm. B. Bellois, Wilmington
Geo. Willis Bennett, Candler
Felix Clarke Bishop, Rocky Mount
Bedford W. Black, Kannapolis

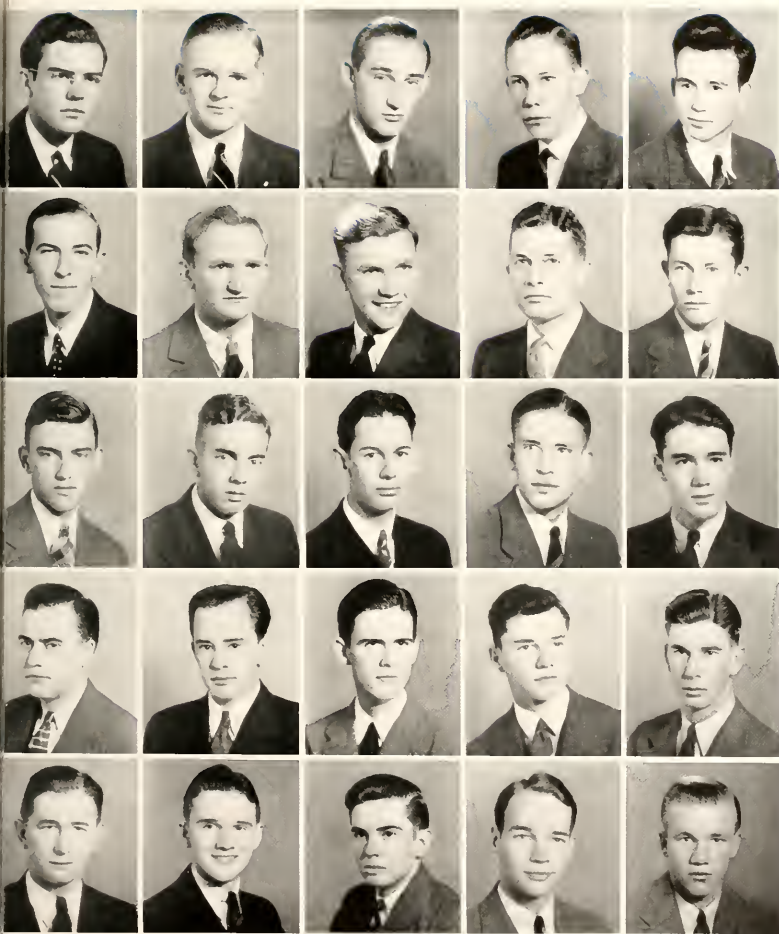
Willard J. Blanchard, Whaleyville, Va.
Hilliard Henry Blankenship, Asheville
James Francis Blankenship, Asheville
Chas. Roddy Brower, Wingate
J. S. Brower, Wingate

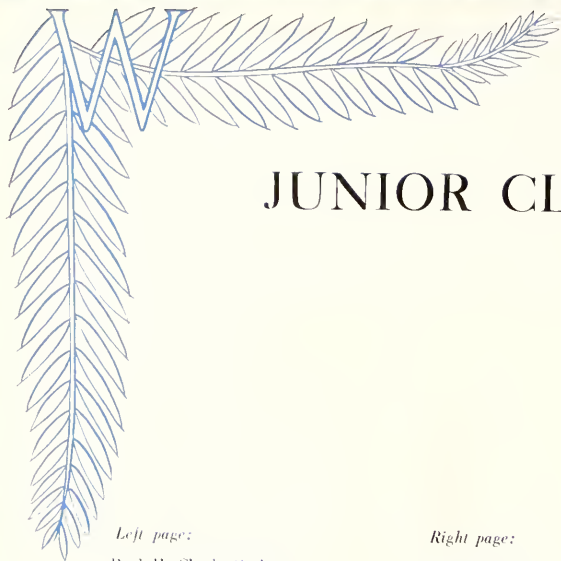
B. W. Brown, Bailey
Harvey Earl Brown, Southport
Geo. McLeod Bryan, Garner
Roderick Mark Buie, Jr., Greensboro
Willbur Yates Bullock, Lumberton

Wm. H. S. Burgwyn, Jr., Woodland
Wesley Merritt Burns, Jr., Dunn
Robt. H. Butler, St. Pauls
Chas. Walter Byrd, Lillington
Thos. Joseph Byrne, Baltimore, Md.

Ralph Lee Cannon, Stanley
Leslie E. Cansler, Jr., Henderson
Clarence Bennett Carowan, Jr., Pantego
Wm. Horace Chamblee, Asheville
Kenneth Cheek, Greensboro







JUNIOR CLASS IN 1940

Left page:

Paul H. Check, Graham
Wm. Paul Childers, Smithfield

Roderick Redman Chitty, Murfreesboro
John Leach Cochran, Jr., Star

Lewis Wm. Coleman, Wilmington
J. L. Collier, Whiteville

Vincent John Convery, Trenton, N. J.
Harrell Derring Copeland, Athens

Wm. Biggs Cox, Winterville
Victor Crescenzo, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Right page:

Ray Wilbard Crook, Lexington
Warren Harding Crumpler, Roseboro
Wm. Bennett Dalton, Jr., Madison
Richard C. C. Darling, Trenton, N. J.
John Ashby Donald, Durham

Benjamin E. Donehoo, Jr., Douglas, Ga.
Robert Vance Doyle, Kinston
J. Z. Eakes, Jr., Wake Forest
James G. Early, Aulander
Paul D. Early, Winston-Salem

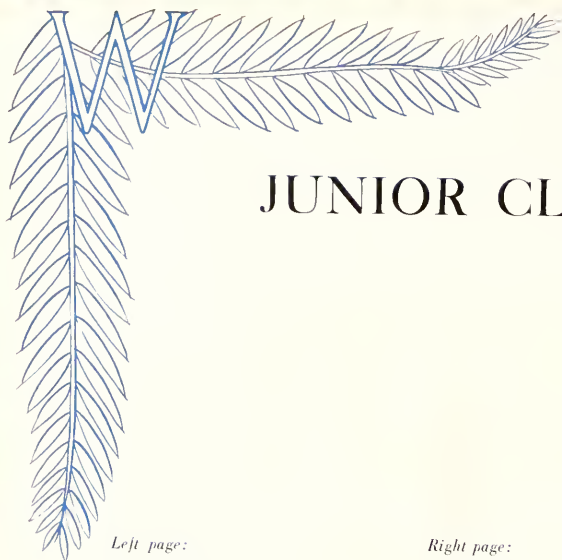
Fred Eason, Princeton
George Buckner Edwards, Goldsboro
Marshall Thomas Edwards, Spray
Wm. Hunter Ellington, Raleigh
H. E. Ernst, Washington, D. C.

James Earl Etheridge, Kenly
Raymond H. Exerly, Bloomsbury, N. J.
Wm. Lindsay Feezor, Denton
Wm. H. Flowe, Concord
A. J. Floyd, Jr., Fairmont

E. M. Floyd, Jr., Fairmont
Thomas Parker Freeman, Raleigh
Hollis Thomas Fuller, Louisburg
Richard A. Gallovich, Vandergrift, Pa.
James M. Gillespie, Mooresboro







JUNIOR CLASS IN 1940

Left page:

H. Wm. Glover, Dabney
Jasper L. Godwin, Jr., Clayton

Murray L. Goodwin, Tyner
Gilliam Gordon, Castalia

Edward Greason, Wake Forest
Herbert Jackson Green, Rocky Mount

James Frederick Greene, Shelly
Boyce Powell Griggs, Charlotte

Peter W. Hamlett, Jr., Wusih, China
Joseph Banks Hankins, Kissimmee, Fla.

Right page:

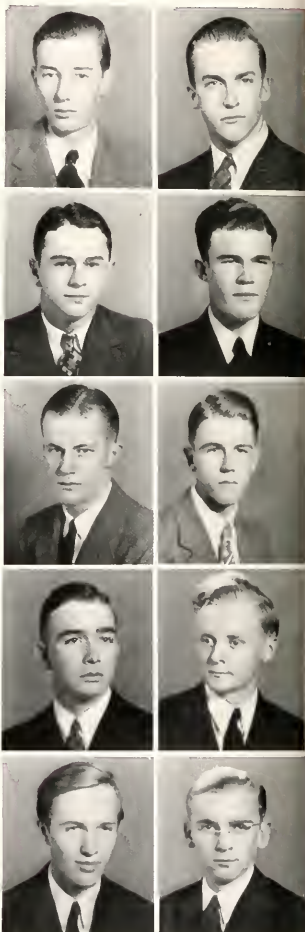
Carl Burton Hardy, La Grange
Victor Hugo Harrell, Jr., Winston-Salem
Ray Wm. Harrington, Kannapolis
Franklin G. Harris, Bethel
Francis Read Harris, Aberdeen

Wm. Henry Harris, Jr., Norwood
Roby Selby Harrison, Bailey
Weston P. Hatfield, Hickory
Billy Moore Hearn, Weaverville
William Johnson Helsabeck, King

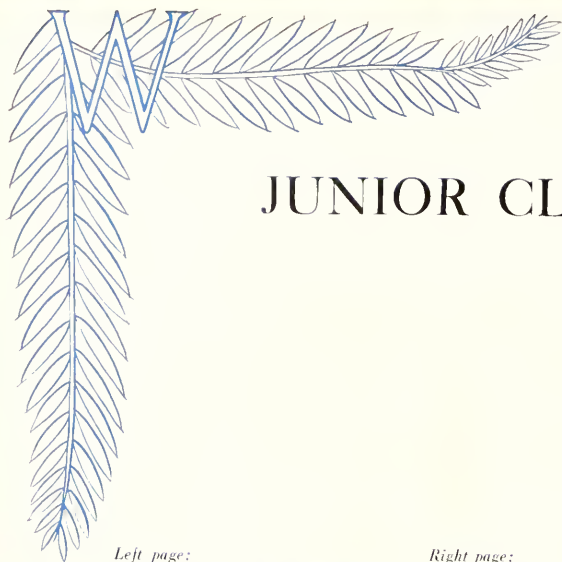
Ralph Randolph Hensley, Asheville
Grady Thomas Hicks, Mount Airy
Henry Thomas Hicks, III, Raleigh
John Grayson Hicks, Kings Mountain
Ronald Dewitt Hicks, Winston-Salem

Harry Lee Hinson, Charlotte
William Willis Holding, Jr., Wake Forest
Richard K. Holloman, Jr., Belcross
Julius Holloway, Buie's Creek
Richard J. Hoyle, Zebulon

Miles H. Hudson, Morganton
Thos. Ralph Jarvis, Jr., Asheville
Henry Edward Jenkins, Raleigh
John Jett, West Union, W. Va.
Harold Wilkes Johnston, Chadbourne







JUNIOR CLASS IN 1940

Left page:

Broadus England Jones, Jr., Norfolk, Va.
Raymond L. Joyce, Mount Airy

Charles Abraham Kalaf, Jr., Lumberton
Luther Felix Kelley, Roanoke, Va.

W. E. Kennedy, Warsaw
Louis T. Kermion, Raleigh

Wm. Carl Kellner, Roanoke, Va.
Jas. P. Kirk, Clemmons

Wm. Harold Kyles, Buhl, Idaho
Willbur Clayton Lamm, Louisburg

Right page:

H. B. Land, Jr., Martinsville, Va.
Edgar W. Lane, Jr., Bloomsbury, N. J.
Melvin Quinton, Layton, Edenton
Wm. Henry Lewis, Jr., Meredithville, Va.
Edmond H. Liles, Jr., Middlesex

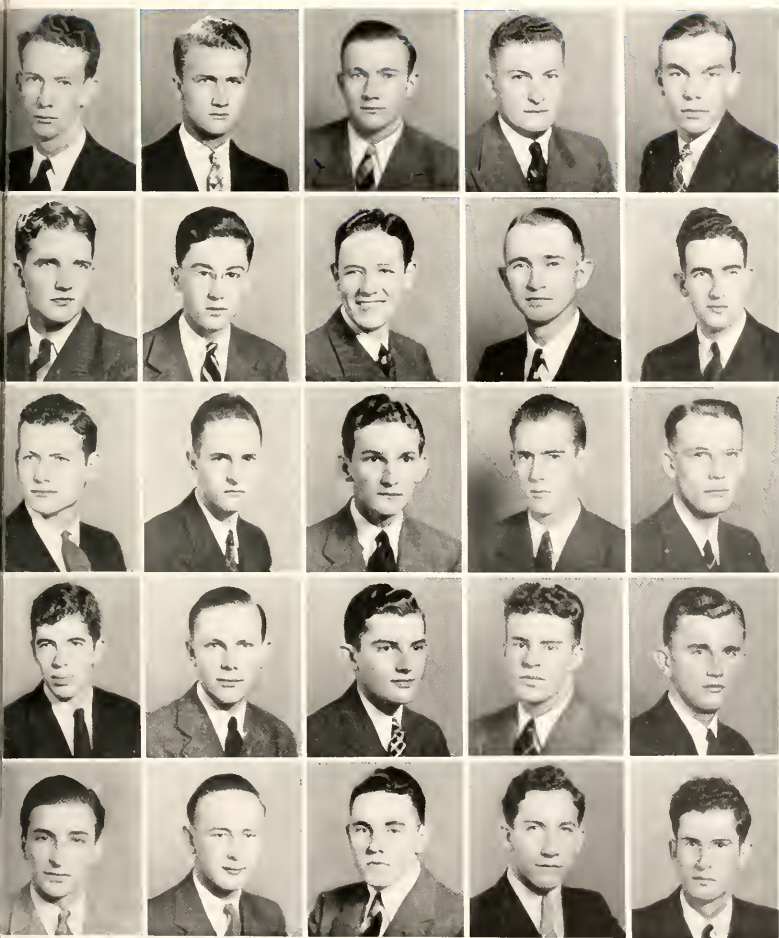
John Thos. Linton, Dunn
Walter Samuel Lockhart, Jr., Durham
Charles Roscoe Lomax, Jr., East Spencer
Joseph M. Long, Severn
Austin Lovin, Greensboro

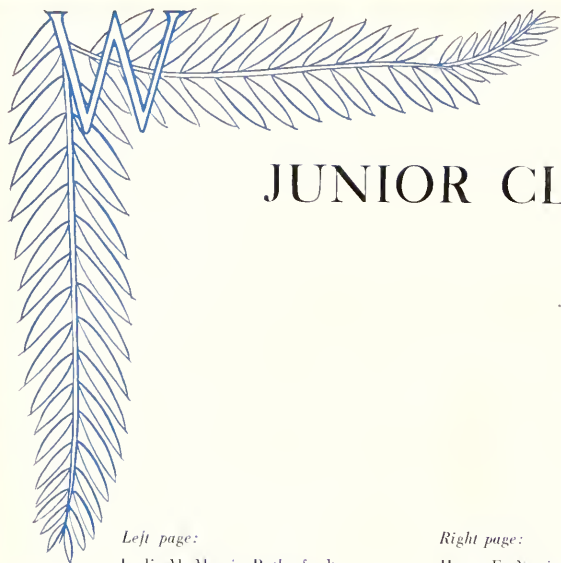
Edgar Witherby Lyda, Asheville
John Holmes McCrimmon, Carthage
Eli Regan McIntyre, Jr., Lumberton
James Carl McLean, Rockingham
Harold Lynn McManus, Sanford

Archibald Alexander McMillan, Raleigh
Francis Myers Mackie, Yadkinville
James N. Martin, Stoneville
Charles Mayberry, Mount Airy
Wm. Joseph Miller, Ahoskie

John Armand Mirabito, Carthage
James V. Mitchell, Fairmont
Raymond Tillett Moore, Mount Holly
Wm. Donald Moore, Cary
Grover G. Morgan, Jr., West Asheville







JUNIOR CLASS IN 1940

Left page:

Leslie M. Morris, Rutherfordton
Richard N. Moss, Wilson

Isaac Clyde Mazingo, Kenly
Harry Gardner Mumford, Ayden

Everette Green Murray, Raleigh
John Wesley Nance, Graham

Irving Robert Nelson, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Wells R. Norris, Dillon, S. C.

Clarence V. Northrup, Delmar, Del.
Harry Lee Nunn, Jr., Winston-Salem

Right page:

Harry E. Nutting, Winston-Salem
Wooten Marion Odom, Ahoskie
Wm. Hayes Oliver, Smithfield
Floyd Durham Overton, Ahoskie
Geo. Franklin Owen, Jr., Dunn

W. J. Parks, Jr., Asheville
Bruce Carver Patchen, New York, N. Y.
Dwight Edwin Pearce, Hamlet
Jno. Francis Pendergast, Readville, Mass.
William B. Phillips

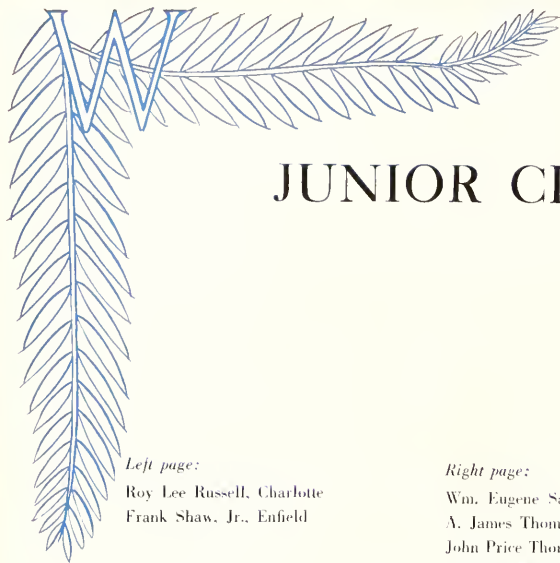
Wm. Clayton Phillips, Warsaw
Lawrance J. Pivec, Baltimore, Md.
William Augustus Poole, Dunn
James S. Potter, Jr., Wilmington
Rufus F. Potts, Dudley

Warren Harding Pritchard, Spruce Pine
Emory S. Quin, Chinquapin
Howard Lee Radford, Caroleen
Carl G. Ray, Jr., Walnut Cove
John Frank Ray, Walnut Cove

M. Edward Rice, Aulander
Clarence Poe Rideout, Warrenton
James D. Ringgold, Howard Park, Md.
James B. Rivers, Chesterfield, S. C.
Percy Creighton Rodwell, Jr., Charlotte







JUNIOR CLASS IN 1940

Left page:

Roy Lee Russell, Charlotte
Frank Shaw, Jr., Enfield

Wm. Ernest Shields, Summerfield
Robert Carlisle Sieg, Frederickshall, Va.

Stuart Broadus Simms, Raleigh
Paul Williams Sowers, Linwood

James Edwin Spangler, Shelby
Rodney M. Squines, Wake Forest

Charles Odas Talley, Jr., Greensboro
Leroy James Teachey, Jr., Rose Hill

Right page:

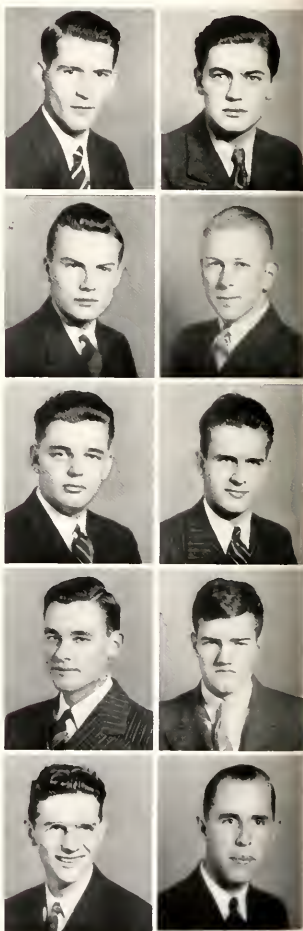
Wm. Eugene Saunders, Charlotte
A. James Thomas, Stanfield
John Price Thomas, Loris, S. C.
Thos. Judson Tingle, Decatur, Ala.
Louis Trunzo, Apollo, Pa.

Fred D. Turnage, Ayden
O. C. Turner, Jr., Gatesville
Wm. Robert Turner, Jr., Henderson
Claude Baxter Tyson, Jr., Roseboro
Wm. P. Vanden Dries, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.
James C. Varner, Gibsonville

W. R. Wagner, Jr., Clemmons
Paul Fred Waivers, Key Port, N. J.
James Harold Ward, Plymouth
Seth Lopez Washburn, Shelby
James Gibson Watson, Norristown, Pa.
Frank Taylor Webster, Madison

Lewis Weede, Jr., Plymouth
Fred Donald Welch, Greensboro
Wm. Henry West, Moyock
Joseph Louis Wilkerson, Greenville
Everett Cleveland Wilkie, Raleigh
Charles Stewart Wilkins, Greensboro

R. A. Woldhouse, Jr., N. Brunswick, N. J.
Carol Thomas Wood, Enfield
Andrew Graham Wright, Norfolk, Va.
Robert Wade Yates, Apex
Charles Yirinec, East Islip, N. Y.





JUNIOR-SENIOR RELATIONSHIP

AFTER a man passes the sophomore stage of college life, it's rather hard to distinguish between his third and fourth years of academic training. Not that this is any reflection upon the first- and second-year men, but there is usually a difference in interests.

In some manner the sophomores and freshmen have come to be included in the same general classification, generally speaking, and the juniors and seniors have many of their activities at the same times and places. This is, of course, due to the same primary interests of the two groups. Men who are working toward B.A. degrees are often in the same classes; likewise men who are primarily interested in science are sometimes lab partners—irrespective of their junior and senior classifications.

By the time a student is a junior, he is either a politician, non-politician, a six-key man, well-known among girls schools and other universities, or else he had decided to get something well worth his remaining in school another two years. He looks to his senior year, when he will take his flight among the ranks of those who have already gone out into

the "world." There is a chance that he might enter a professional school, and if that be the case, you will likely find that he definitely isn't a politician, but rather a man who already understands the finer points of law and medicine. He can talk for hours without leaving the subject of "what I'm going to be doing ten years from now." But we don't condemn him for his enthusiasm; instead, it seems good to have a few men here and there who are determined to make great places in the ranks of lawyers, doctors, dentists, or what-have-you.

The senior represents the last stand of the academic stage. By the first of October, he has his plans made for the summer, following autumn, his wedding date set, his final exam dispensed with, and is laughing at the freshman politicians.

By May of the following spring, he doesn't have plans for the summer, he doesn't have a job for the autumn, he has found that he must take his final exams, he can't see when he will ever be able to get married, and he is wishing that he were a freshman politician all over again. Back when he was a freshman, sophomore, and junior he devoted most of his time to "joining" festivities, becoming a mem-



Bill Sweet and Tony Balionis pretend to be perusing the book, but they are really admiring the picture behind it.



What's the matter? There it is. Or can't you see? . . . At least they don't seem to care to debate the matter.



Pate and Ringgold exchange quips. Perhaps they are thinking of what is going to happen next year on the gridiron.

The end of it seems too dangerously near to be a matter of wasted thoughts and merely "slipping by" of courses. Of course, there are exceptions to the rule, as is true in all phases of any life, but generally speaking the junior and senior have turned their thoughts to matters of more importance.

The junior represents the beginning of the last half of college life; the senior represents the last leg of the same flight. Now and then they meet together and laugh and forget that one year forward will set one class adrift and the other will replace it. The second bell of the last period of the final day of classes has tolled. The senior perks up; the professor's voice begins: "Acree, Allen, G. B., Allen, H. E., Avera, Banister —" and so on. . . .

her of every club on the campus, a staff man of every publication, and he joined sundry organizations in an effort to fill the space between his name (in the yearbook) and the succeeding student's name. And now that graduation has come so dangerously near, he is afraid that extra-curricular honors will be all he will have.

Nevertheless it must be said that the juniors and seniors are closely related in this business of college life. Somehow they come nearer to the partnership theory than any of the other classes succeed in doing. Both have come to definite realizations concerning a future, usually, and they realize that careers, after all, are pretty good things to look to after graduation. The men reflect upon their first two years of school and laugh to think that they once believed that college life was everlasting.

Layton plays a card much slower than he plays football, and Tarzan is quite as violent with a hand as he is with a rope.

Sweet attempts to blow rings of smoke, is laughed at by Jett, and "bimbover" by Boredface Davis.

Three "W's" here stand for, left to right: Barnes, basketball; Balonis, football; Hoyle baseball.



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

OFFICERS Jack Parker, president; Albert Glod, vice president; Elton Mitchiner, secretary; and Ben Ussery, treasurer; were elected last spring to lead the senior class for the year 1939-40. During the year these men have given a good account of themselves, and have filled their oppositions with efficient strokes of leadership. It is commonly conceded that class officers have little to do, but merely stick around and preside when their successors are elected for the following year.

As is true of any senior class, the Class of Forty looks back with mixed emotions as it considers bidding farewell to Wake Forest. For four years they have found their ways about the campus, a part of which still had muddy walks when they entered. It is hard to realize that four of their most profitable, and certainly their most enjoyable years have come to an end. The end has come suddenly, although they have expected it for some time, for a complete realization that they will not be an undergraduate never comes until the following autumn.

Yet as the Class of Forty leaves, it goes out to become a part of what might be the years of our most crucial history.



Ben Ussery, treasurer; Elton Mitchiner, secretary; Jack Parker, president; Albert Glod, vice president.

SENIOR CLASS IN 1940



PAGE WADDILL ACREE
B.S. Kappa Sigma
Mullins, S. C.
O.D.K.; Student Legislature 3; Statesman's Club
3. 1; Gamma Nu Iota 2. 3. 4; Glee Club 1. 2. 3.
Business Manager 2. President 3; Methodist Club.
President 2; B.S.U. Council 2. 3; Phi Society 1. 2.
3. 4. Supervisor 2. Vice President 3. President 4;
Founders Day Speaker 2. 4; Biology Assistant 3. 4.



GERALD BAKER ALLEN
B.S. Delta Sigma Phi
Marion, S. C.
Glee Club 2. 3. 4; Statesman's Club 4; History As-
sistant 1; Campbell College 1; Furman University
2; Intramural Football 2.
H. E. ALLEN
B.S. Delta Sigma Phi
Marion, S. C.
Statesman's Club.

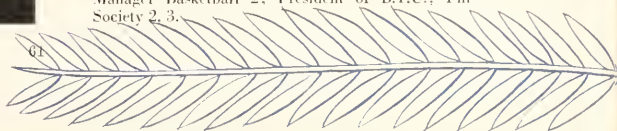


JOHN WM. AVERA
B.A. Kappa Sigma
Winston-Salem, N. C.
Golden Bough 4; Sigma Pi Alpha 2. 3. 4; Gamma
Nu Iota 3. 4. President 1; HOWLER Staff 3; Glee
Club 1. 2; Statesmen's Club 3. 4; Vice President
Sunday School Class 2; Philomathesian 1. 2; As-
sistant to Registrar 3.



JAMES MILTON BAMISTER
B.S. A. K. Pi
Oxford, N. C.
Kappa Phi Kappa 3; Intramural Athletics 1. 3. 4;
Future Teachers of America 4; Sunday School Officer
3; Eu Society 3. 4; Mars Hill Junior College 2.

HARLEY ORVILLE BARNES, JR.
B.A. Greensboro, N. C.
Basketball 1. 2. 3. 4; Baseball 1. 2; Monogram
Club 2. 3. 4.
HENLEE HULIV BARNETTE
B.A. Kannapolis, N. C.
Delta Kappa Alpha, Treasurer 3. President 1; Golden
Bough 4; Student Legislature 4; Ministerial Con-
ferences, Vice President 3. President 4; Eu Society
2. 3. 4. Chaplain 3. President 4.
WILLIAM O. BEAVERS
B.S. Apex, N. C.
Track 2; Intramural Basketball 1. 2. 3. 4; Assistant
Manager Basketball 2; President of B.T.U.; Phi
Society 2. 3.

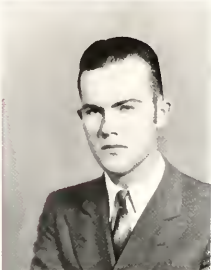


SENIOR CLASS IN 1940



CARY WHITEHEAD BECTON
B.S.
Wake Forest, N. C.
Methodist Club 2, 3.

JAMES W. BERRY
B.S.
Bakersville, N. C.



JAMES ERNEST BEST
B.A.
Franklinton, N. C.

NORMAN ELLIS BEST
B.S.
Mount Olive, N. C.



JOHN ROUNTREE BLANCHARD
A.B.
Gatesville, N. C.

Delta Kappa Alpha 3, 1; Chaplain 1; B.S.U. Council
3, 4; Ministerial Conference 1, 2, 3, 4; Baptist Training
Union 1, 2, 3, 4; President 3, 4; Mission Study
Group 1, 2, 3, 4; Vice President 3; President 4.

W. POWELL BLAND
B.A.
Kappa Alpha
Goldsboro, N. C.
Student Council 3; President Sophomore Class 2;
Phi Society 1, 2; Registrar's Assistant 1, 2, 3.



FRANK SHARPE BLAYLOCK
B.S.
Raleigh, N. C.
Track 1, 2; B.T.U. Officer 1; Sunday School Officer 2.

NORMAN LOXNIE BLYTHE
B.A.
Hartrellsville, N. C.
Delta Kappa Alpha; Ministerial Conference 3, 4;
B.S.U. Council 3, 4.



SENIOR CLASS IN 1940



THOMAS EGERTON BOWERS
Littleton, N. C.

DAN P. BOYETTE, JR.
B.S. Lambda Chi Alpha
Ahoskie, N. C.
Phi Chi; Golden Bough 4; Gamma Nu Iota 2, 3;
Philomathesian Literary Society 1, 2, 3; Library
Assistant 3.



TAYLOR O'KELLY BRASWELL
B.S. Greensboro, N. C.

Phi Chi 3, 4; Gamma Nu Iota 3, 4; Track Team
1, 2, 3, 4, Co-captain 1; Intramural Basketball 3, 4;
Monogram Club 2, 3, 4; Band 2, 3, 4; Phi Society
1, 2, 3, 4; Latin Assistant 3, 4.

BERNARD THOS. BRIDGERS
Lasker, N. C.



EUGENE FIELD BRISSIE
B.A. Hodges, S. C.

O.D.K.: *Old Gold and Black* 3, 4, Associate Editor
1; *Student Staff* 3, 4, Associate Editor 3, Editor 4;
President of Publications Board 1; *HOWLER Staff* 4;
Editor of *College Handbook*; Mars Hill College 1, 2;
Second Vice President of Young Democrats Club;
Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities.

ROBT. CLIFFORD BROWN
B.S. Asheville, N. C.

Future Teachers of America; Library Assistant 3, 4;
Mars Hill College 1, 2.

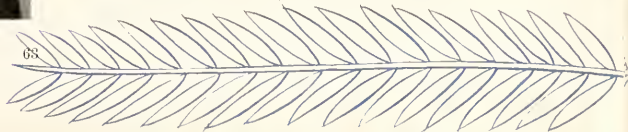


CHAS. P. BURCHETTE, JR.
A.B. Winston-Salem, N. C.

Delta Kappa Alpha; Glee Club 1; Ministerial Con-
ference 1, 2, 3, Vice President 3, President 3; B.S.U.
Council Summer 1, 2; Phi Society 2.

CLAUDE H. BYERLY
B.S. Sanford, N. C.

Phi Chi Pledge; Gamma Nu Iota 2; Track 1, 2, 3, 4,
Captain 1; Glee Club 1; Gym Assistant 1, 2, 3, 4.



SENIOR CLASS IN 1940



PALMER DEWEY CAIN, JR.

B.S.

Harmony, N. C.

Officer Statesman's Club 4; Eu Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 1. Officer of Eu Society 4.

SEAVY ALEXANDER WESLEY CARROLL

B.A.

Fayetteville, N. C.

Pi Kappa Delta: Debate 1, 2; Intramural Basketball 2; Statesman's Club 2, 3; Future Teachers of America 3; Methodist Club 1, 2; Eu Society 1, 2, 3, President 3, Censor 2, Sectional President 3; Society Day Speaker 1, 2, 3; Founders' Day Speaker 3; Freshman Improvement Medal 1; German Assistant 2, 3.

FLETCHER HALL CARVER, JR.

B.S.

Roxboro, N. C.

Phi Rho Sigma Pledge; Phi Society 1, 2.

FRANK DAVID CASTLEBURY

B.S.

Lambda Chi Alpha, Gamma Eta Gamma
Raleigh, N. C.

Howler Staff 1, 2, 3, Business Manager 4; *Old Gold and Black* Staff 4; Phi Society 1, 2; Who's Who Among American Universities and Colleges; Pan-Hellenic Council 3, President 4; Publications Board 1, 2, 3, Vice President 4.

CHAS. EUGENE CHEEK, JR.

Fuquay Springs, N. C.

JOHN MERRITT CHEEK, JR.

B.S.

Durham, N. C.

Kappa Alpha

Phi Society 4; Duke University 1, 2, 3.

LOUIS ASHWORTH CHERRY

B.A.

Scotland Neck, N. C.

Statesman's Club 4; Band 1, 2; Library Assistant 2, 3, 4.

JAMES DANIEL COCHRAN, JR.

B.S.

Newton

Chi Tau

Catawba College 1, 2.



SENIOR CLASS IN 1940



CLARENCE WAYNE COLLIER

B.S.

Linden, N. C.

Future Teachers of America; Bluebeard Society; *Old Gold and Black* 4; *The Student* 4; Senior Class Poet; Intramural Basketball 3, 4; Young Democrats Club 4; Eu Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Debating 3.

ROBT. ELLIOTT CONVERSE

B.S.

Kenmore, N. Y.

JAMES BOYD COPPLE, JR.

B.S.

Albemarle, N. C.

O.D.K.; Golden Bough; Sigma Pi Alpha; *Old Gold and Black* 1, 2, 3, News Editor 3; Statesman's Club 3, 4; Secretary-Treasurer 4; Eu Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary 3; President 4; News Bureau 1, 2, 3, 4; Society Day Speaker 3; Founders' Day Speaker 1.

LANDON LYON CORBIN

B.S.

Durham, N. C.

Golden Bough; Math Assistant 4.

CLEM GURLEY CRABTREE

B.S.

Sigma Phi Epsilon

Durham, N. C.

Sigma Phi Epsilon.

LEROY S. CROXTON, JR.

B.S.

Kershaw, N. C.

BYRON LEE DAVIS

B.S.

Opelika, Ala.

Sigma Pi

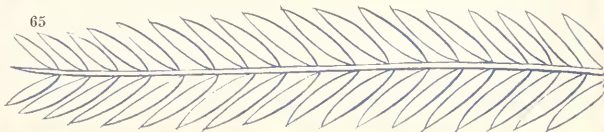
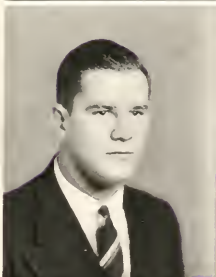
O.D.K.; Student Council 3; President Student Body 4; Publications Board 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Tennis 1, 2, 3, 4; Statesman's Club 3; Vice President 4; Monogram Club 3, 4; Math Assistant 3, 4; President Sigma Pi 2; Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities 4; Blue Book American University Men 1; Freshman Advisory Council 4.

FERD LEARY DAVIS

B.S.

Zebulon, N. C.

Managing Editor *Old Gold and Black* 2, 3, 4; *The Student* 3, 4; Business Manager *Wake Forest News* 3, 4; Publications Board 1; HOWLER 4; Publications Board Representative 4; Football 1; Track 1; Director Intramural Football 4; Journalism; Physics Assistant 3, 4.



SENIOR CLASS IN 1940



THOMAS IVEY DAVIS
B.A.
Beaufort, N. C.

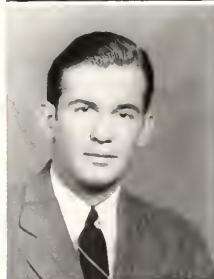
Pi Kappa Delta; Summer School Secretary 3; Managing Editor *Wake Forest News* 3; *The Student* 1; *Old Gold and Black* 1; THE HOWLER 1; Intramural Basketball 3, 4; Intramural Football 4; Intramural Softball 3; Statesman's Club 1; B.T.U. 3, 4; Eu Society 1, 2; Debating 1, 2, 3, 4.

WOODROW WILSON DAVIS
B.A.
Louisburg, N. C.



JOHN S. DILDAY
B.S.
Ahoskie, N. C.
Intramural Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; B.T.U.; Math Assistant 4.

ARTHUR CASPER DIXON
Greensboro, N. C.



HAROLD MCNEILL EARLY
B.S.
Lambda Chi Alpha
Anlander, N. C.

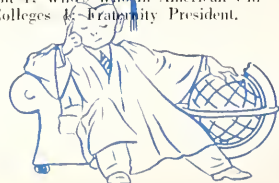
JAMES HAROLD EARLY
B.S.
Winston-Salem, N. C.
Track 3, 4.



THOS. BENJAMIN ELLIOTT, JR.
B.A.
Delta Sigma Phi
Ahoskie, N. C.
Student Council 1; Pan-Hellenic Council 4; Intramural Football 3, 4; Statesman's Club 1; Methodist Club; Eu Society 1, 2; Glee Club 1.

WM. E. EUTSLER
B.A.
Pi Kappa Alpha
Brunswick, N. C.

Student Legislature, Vice President 3; Student Council 1; Publications Board 2; President Junior Class; Football 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Monogram Club 2, 3, 4; President 1; Who's Who in American Universities and Colleges 4; Fraternity President.



SENIOR CLASS IN 1940



GEORGE WALTON FISHER, JR.
B.S.
Elizabethtown, N. C.
Phi Rho Sigma: Band 1; B.S.U. 1, 2, 3.

THOS. L. FITZGERALD
B.A.
Linwood, N. C.



HAYWOOD FOSTER FORBES, JR.
B.S.
Shawboro, N. C.

PERCY PAUL FREEMAN, JR.
B.A.
Fall River, Mass.



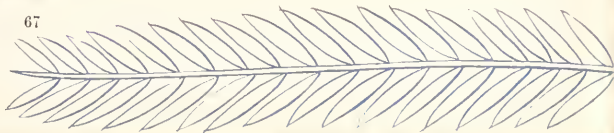
DAVID D. FULLER
B.S.
Wake Forest, N. C.

IVEY C. GENTRY
B.S.
Roxboro, N. C.
Golden Bough; Intramural Basketball 1, 2; B.T.U.
1, 2, 3, 4; President 2, 4; Phi Society 2; Math
Assistant 3, 4; Physics Assistant 4.

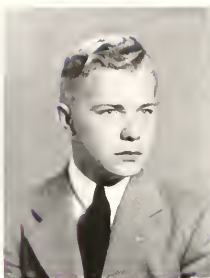


THOS. HERBERT GILLIS
B.S.
Lawrenceville, Va.

HOWARD R. GLENN
B.S.
Atlantic City, N. J.
Old Gold and Black Staff 1, 2; *Howler* Staff 3;
Class Historian 3; Intramural Basketball 3.



SENIOR CLASS IN 1940



ALBERT PAUL GLOD

B.S.

Castle Hayne, N. C.

Golden Bough 1; Gamma Nu Iota 2, 3, 4; Gamma Sigma Epsilon 2, 3, 4; *Old Gold and Black* 1; Vice President Senior Class; Band 1, 2, 3, 4, Assistant 1; Eu Society 1, 2; Biochemistry Assistant 2; Physiology Assistant 3; Chemistry Assistant 4.

CLARENCE E. GODWIN

B.A.

Ahoskie, N. C.

Delta Kappa Alpha; Intramural Basketball 2; Ministerial Conference 1, 2, 3, 4; B.T.U. 1, 2, 3, 4, President 3; Sunday School President 3; Mission Study Group 1, 2, 3; Superintendent of College Sunday Schools 4; B.S.U. Council 2, 3, 1; Phi Society 1, 2, 3.



ROBERT BRENT HARRELL

B.A.

Kappa Alpha

Scotland Neck, N. C.

Baseball 1; Golf 2, 3, 1; Manager 3, 4; Intramural Basketball; Monogram Club 2, 3, 4; Phi Society 1, 2; Library Assistant 1; Orchestra 2, 3, 4.

MRS. AILEEN PADGETT HARRILL

B.A.

Lattimore, N. C.



RUSSELL PEYTON HARRIS, JR.

B.S.

Newell, N. C.

Phi Rho Sigma 4; Gamma Nu Iota 3; Golden Bough 4; Anatomy Assistant 4; Mars Hill College 4, 2.

ROY CLIFTON HEGG

B.S.

Lexington, N. C.

Assistant Manager Football Team 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Orchestra 3; Phi Society 4.



FRANKLIN J. HESTER, JR.

B.S.

Pi Kappa Alpha

Roxboro, N. C.

Business Manager *Old Gold and Black* 4.

ELBERT C. HILL, JR.

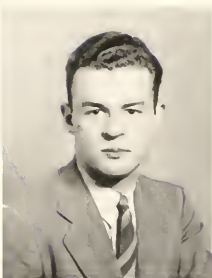
B.S.

Ahoskie, N. C.

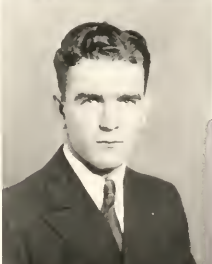
Band 4, 2, 3, 4; B.S.U. 1; *Alpha* Assistant 3, 4.



SENIOR CLASS IN 1940



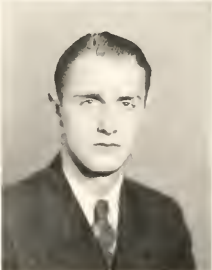
PAUL PRESTON HINKLE
B.S.
Salisbury, N. C.
Golden Bough 4; French Assistant 4; Mars Hill 1, 2.



WILLIAM ALDEN HOGGARD, JR.
B.S.
Hertford, N. C.

LESTER VERNON HONEYCUTT
B.S.
Wake Forest, N. C.
B.S.U. 1, 2; Math Assistant 3, 4.

THOMAS ALLEN HOOD
B.A.
Turkey, N. C.
Delta Kappa Alpha 3, 4; Intramural Basketball 2, 3, 4; Ministerial Conference 2, 3, 4; B.T.U. 1, 2, 3, 4; Officer 2, 3.



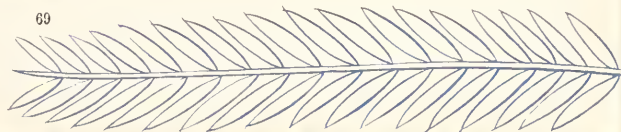
DAVID HUDSON HORNE
A.B.
Polkton, N. C.
Ministerial Conference 1, 2, 3, 4; B.Y.P.U. 3, 4;
Greek Assistant 4; Brevard College 1, 2.

ROBERT MILLER HOWARD
B.A.
Gastonia, N. C. Sigma Pi
Student Legislature 4; Statesman's Club 4; Vice President 4; Mars Hill 1, 2.



JULIUS AMMONS HOWELL
B.S.
Thomasville, N. C.

TONNIE ADLAI HOYLE
B.S.
Chase City, Va.
Pi Kappa Delta 3, 4; Mars Hill 1, 2; Intercollegiate Debater 3, 4; South Atlantic Debate Champion 3; National Speaker's Award 4.



SENIOR CLASS IN 1940



JOHN THOS. HUGHES, JR.
B.S.

Selma, N. C.
Secretary and Treasurer 1; Basketball Manager 3, 4;
Monogram 3, 4; B.T.U. 1, 2, 3; Phi Society 1, 2, 3, 4.

HARRY LOCKE HUTCHESON

B.A.
Worthville, N. C.
Statesman's Club 4; Phi Society 4.



MARTIN LUTHER HUX
B.A.

Greensboro, N. C.

JAY LINEBERRY JENKINS, JR.

Boiling Springs, N. C.
Old Gold and Black 3, 4; *Student* 3, 4; *Howler* 4;
News Bureau 4; Boiling Springs Junior College 1, 2.



JOSEPH E. JOHNSON, JR.
B.S.

Asheville, N. C.

WALLACE RIDDICK JOHNSON

B.S.
Delta Sigma Phi
Chalybeate Springs, N. C.
Intramural Football 3, 4; Intramural Basketball 3, 4;
Band 1, 2; Glee Club 2.



GEORGE M. KELLEY, JR.

B.A.
Wake Forest, N. C.
Editor *Old Gold and Black* 4.

JAMES WYATT KELLY

B.S.
Coats, N. C.
Old Gold and Black 2; Track Manager 3; Intramural
Basketball 2; Eu Society 4.



SENIOR CLASS IN 1940



A.B.
Lumberton, N. C.
Delta Kappa Alpha 3, 4; Ministerial Conference
2, 3, 4.



B.S.
LaGrange, N. C.
Gamma Nu Iota; Intramural Athletics 1, 2; Methodist
Club 1; Surveying and Astronomy Assistants 4.

B.S.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

B.S.
Lucama, N. C.



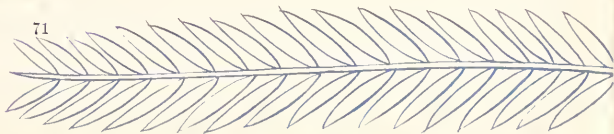
B.S.
Boston, Mass.
Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Monogram Club 2, 3, 4.

B.S.
Gamma Eta Gamma
Barristers Club 4; Phi Society 1.



B.S.
Waynesville, N. C.
Track 2, 3; Mars Hill 1, 2.

B.A.
Willow Springs, N. C.
Intramural Basketball 1; Glee Club 2; Debating
Club 1.



SENIOR CLASS IN 1940



JOSEPH HAYWORTH LEONARD

B.A. Kappa Sigma
Lexington, N. C.
Pi Kappa Delta; Statesman's Club 3, 4, President
1; Philomathesian 1, 2, 3, President 1; Debating
2, 3, 4; Band 1, 2; Glee Club 1; Pan-Hellenic Council 1.

GEO. THOMAS LUMPKIN

B.S. Alpha Kappa Pi
Winston-Salem, N. C.
Golden Bough 1; Glee Club 1, 2; Eu Society 1, 2,
3, 4; Founders' Day Speaker 3, 4; Physics Assistant
3, 4; Debate 1.



JOHN DOUGLAS MCNAIR

B.S. Kappa Sigma
Latta, S. C.
Golden Bough 4; Gamma Nu Iota.

CLAUDE A. MCNEILL, JR.

B.S. Kappa Alpha, Phi Chi
Elkin, N. C.
Secretary and Treasurer Junior Class; Basketball 1;
Phi Society 1, 2.



HERMAN GEO. MATHENY

B.A. Wake Forest, N. C.
Baseball 1; Basketball 1; Track 1; Ministerial Conference
1, 2, 3, 4; B.S.U. 1, 2, 3, 4.

GEORGE P. MATTHEWS

B.S. Rose Hill, N. C.
Phi Chi; Gamma Nu Iota; B.T.U. 1, 2, 3.



HUBERT K. MIDDLETON

B.A. Wake Forest, N. C.
Golden Bough; Ministerial Conference 1, 2, 3, 4,
Secretary-Treasurer 1; B.T.U. 1; Math Assistant 3;
Band 1, 2.

JOSEPH LEONARD MIDDLETON

B.A. Wake Forest, N. C.
Track 1; B.T.U.; Math Assistant 3.



SENIOR CLASS IN 1940



MANINE MIDDLETON
B.A.
Wake Forest, N. C.
Science Club 2; B.T.U. President 2; Campbell College 2.
WM. ALEXANDER MILLSAPS
B.S.
Statesville, N. C.



JOSEPH E. MITCHINER
B.A.
Clayton, N. C.
Gamma Eta Gamma: *Old Gold and Black* Staff 2, 3; HOWLER Staff 3, 1; Secretary Senior Class 4; Statesman's Club; N. Y. Guley Law Society; B.Y. P.U.; Eu Society 2.

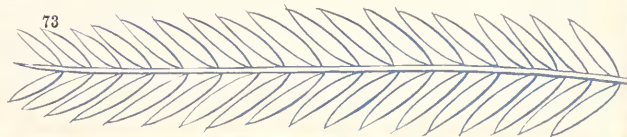
RAYMOND MODLIN, JR.
B.S.
Clayton, N. C.
Sigma Pi Alpha 3, 4; Glee Club 2; Phi Society 1, 2; French Assistant 3, 4.



ROBT. L. MOHN
B.S.
New Bern, N. C.
B.T.U. Officer 1, 2; Eu Society 1, 2.
REGINALD B. MOORE
B.S.
B.Y.P.U.
Marshallburg, N. C.



ERNEST WINSTON MORROW
B.S.
Campobello, S. C.
Mars Hill College 2; B.T.U.: Phi Society 2.
LESTER ELLIS MURCHISON
B.S.
Rocky Mount, N. C.



SENIOR CLASS IN 1940



B.S.
Rutherfordton, N. C.
Intramural Basketball 2, 3, 1; Band 2, 3; B.T.U.
1, 2, 3; Eu Society 2.

B.S.
Roanoke Rapids, N. C.
President Gamma Xi Iota.



B.S.
Colerain, N. C.
Biology Assistant 3, 1.

B.S.
Wake Forest, N. C.
Kappa Alpha
Gamma Sigma Epsilon; Golden Bough; Library As-
sistant 1, 2; Chemistry Assistant 3, 1.



B.A.
Kannapolis, N. C.
Delta Kappa Alpha 3, 4, Vice President 4; O.D.K.
1; Golden Bough 1; Student Council; B.S.U. Council
3, 4; Philosophy Assistant 1; Religion Department
Assistant 1; English Department Assistant 3; Dra-
matics 1, 2; Eu Society 3, 1; North Carolina B.S.U.
3, 1.

B.S.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



B.A.
Emporia, Va.
O.D.K.; Golden Bough; President Senior Class;
B.S.U. Council 1; Sigma Pi Alpha; Kappa Phi
Kappa; Who's Who in American Universities and
Colleges.

B.S.
Berryville, Va.
Basketball 1; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 1, Business Manager
2, 3, President 1; Dramatic 1; Eu Society 3, 1.

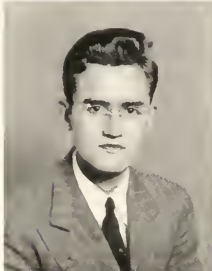
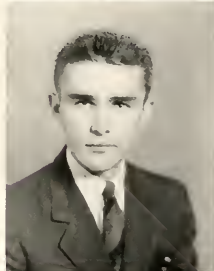


SENIOR CLASS IN 1940



HENRY BAKER PERRY
B.S.
Boone, N. C.
Phi Chi: Gamma Nu Iota.

NORMAN FREEMAN PERRY
B.S.
Lambda Chi Alpha
Colerain, N. C.



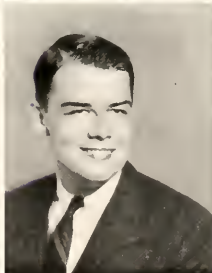
FRANK EDWARD PHILLIPS, JR.
B.A.
Worcester, Mass.
Old Gold and Black 1, 2; *Student* 2.

JACKSON COUNCIL PINNELL
B.S.
Henderson, N. C.
Mars Hill 1, 2; Statesman's Club 1, President 4;
Eu Society 3, 1, Officer 1.



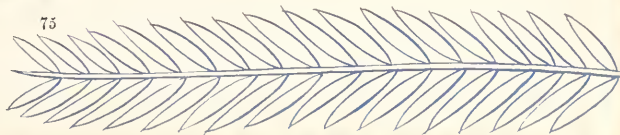
ELIAS DODSON POE, JR.
B.A.
Roanoke, Va.
Kappa Sigma
Richmond University 1, 2.

WILLIAM DUNLAP POE
B.S.
Roanoke, Va.
Kappa Sigma
Howler Staff 2, 3, 4, Editor 4; Publications Board
4; Intramural Athletics 1, 2, 3, 4.



WM. MORGAN POTEAT
B.A.
Wake Forest, N. C.
Kappa Alpha
O.D.K.; Golden Bough; Sigma Phi Alpha; Student Body Secretary-Treasurer 1; Golf Team 3, 4; Statesman's Club 3; Social Science Assistant 1; Who's Who in American Universities and Colleges; Pan-Hellenic Council 2, 3.

CHAS. COLLETTE POWELL, JR.
B.S.
Wilson, N. C.
Statesman's Club 3, 4; Economics Assistant 4;
Atlantic Christian College 1.



SENIOR CLASS IN 1940



B.S.

LANE ROLLINS PRESLEY

Arden, N. C.

B.S.

Wm. F. PRITCHARD

Elizabeth City, N. C.



B.S.

JNO. CANTON PURVIS

Ruby, S. C.

B.T.U. Officer; Eta Society 1; Chemistry Assistant 4.

B.S.

LEON THOMAS RAYNOR

Maple Hill, N. C.

Intramural Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.



A.B.

OLIN REED

Newton, N. C.

Chi Tau

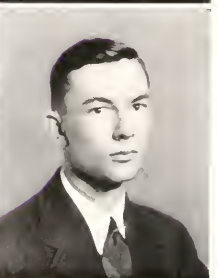
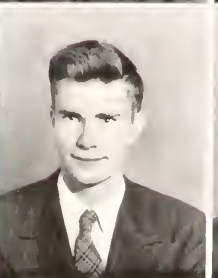
Mars Hill 1, 2.

B.A.

ALBERT MURRAY REEVES

Parkersburg, N. C.

Intramural Basketball 3, 4; B.Y.P.U. 3, 4; Orchestra 3; Glee Club 3; Edwards Military Institute 1, 2.



B.S.

ROBERT BURCHILL ROACH

Lowell, N. C.

B.A.

CLAUDE V. ROEBUCK

Oak City, N. C.

Golden Bough; Delta Kappa Alpha 3, 4, Vice President 3; Secretary 4; Track 1, 2; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 2; B.S.U. Council 3; Ministerial Conference 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary 3; Phi Society 2, 3; ~~Phi~~ Assistant 3, 4.



SENIOR CLASS IN 1940



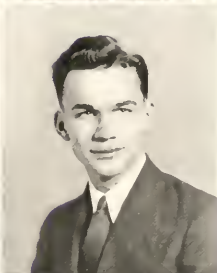
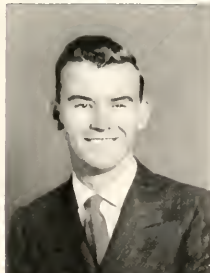
B.S.
KENNETH ALLEN ROGERS
Lake View, S. C.

B.S.
EDWARD RUDOLPH SAUNDERS
Lambda Chi Alpha
Aulander, N. C.



B.S.
DAVID IRVING SCHRUM
Newton, N. C.
Gamma Nu Iota; Golden Bough; Band 1, 2, 3; Glee
Club 3; Orchestra 2, 3; Eu Society 1, 2.

B.S.
ALAN FULTON SCOTT
Goldsboro, N. C.
Phi Chi; Gamma Sigma Epsilon; Golden Bough;
Chemistry Assistant.



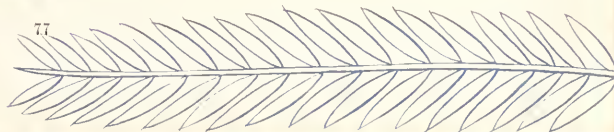
B.A.
WM. WALTER SESSOMS
Leland, N. C.
Intramural Basketball 2, 3, 4; Statesman's Club
2, 3, 4; Phi Society 3, 4.

B.A.
LEE WARREN SETTLE
North Wilkesboro, N. C.
Statesman's Club 3, 4, Vice President 3; Phi So-
ciety 1, 2, 3; Library Assistant 3, 4; Society Day
Debater 3; Sophomore Debater Medal.



B.A.
THOMAS JENNINGS SHARPE
Harmony, N. C.

B.S.
CEDRIC T. SMITH
Benson, N. C.
Gamma Sigma Epsilon, Vice President 4; B.T.U. 1;
Education Assistant 4; Vice President Future Teach-
ers of America 4.



SENIOR CLASS IN 1940



DAVID CLARK SMITH
B.S.
Lexington, N. C.
Kappa Sigma
Gamma Nu Iota; Intramural Athletics 2, 3, 4; Band 1, 2.



STEPHEN MARION STENGER, JR.
B.S.
Wilmington, N. C.
Golden Bough; English Assistant 3, 4.

MARY JULIA SQUIRES
B.S.
Wake Forest, N. C.
Mars Hill.

DONALD STALLINGS
B.S.
New Bethl. N. C.
Alpha Kappa Pi
Football 1, 2; En Society 1, 3; President Alpha Kappa Pi 3.



BENJAMIN SHERWOOD STATON
B.A.
Reidsville, N. C.
Pi Kappa Alpha
Student Council 2; HOWLER 1, 2, 3; *Old Gold and Black* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; *Student* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Business Manager 1, Associate Manager 3, 5; Basketball 1; Track 2, 3; Barristers Club 5; Pan-Hellenic Council 3, 4, Vice President 4; President North Carolina Collegiate Press Association 5.



ALBERT ISAAC STROUD
B.A.
Seven Springs, N. C.
Intramural Basketball 3, 4; Ministerial Conference; En Society 1, 2, 3.

THOS. WALKER STROUD, JR.
B.S.
Kinston, N. C.
Intramural Basketball 2.

WILLIAM JOHN SWEEL
B.S.
Red Bank, N. J.
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Captain 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4.



SENIOR CLASS IN 1940



JARVIS WILSON TEAGUE
A.B.
Cove Creek, N. C.
Intramural Basketball; B.T.U. 1, 2, 3, 4; Ministerial
Conference 1, 2.

WILLIS SIDNEY TURNER
B.A.
Raleigh, N. C. Sigma Pi



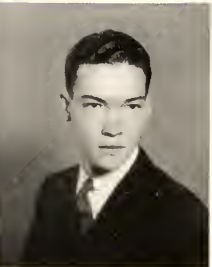
JAMES LEE TURNER
B.S.
Charlotte, N. C.
Delta Kappa Alpha, Vice President 1, President 2;
Baseball 1, 2; Ministerial Conference, Secretary-
Treasurer 4; B.T.U. Officer 3, 1; B.S.U. 1, 2, President
2; Eu Society; Wingate College 1, 2.

MARVIN M. TURNER
B.S.
Wake Forest, N. C.



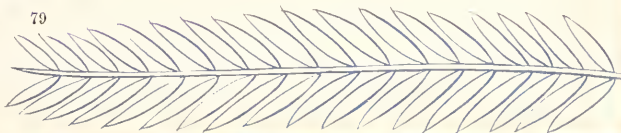
BENJAMIN BASCOM USSERY
B.A.
Rockingham, N. C.

ADA LEE UTLEY
B.A.
Wake Forest, N. C.



GARRETT H. VALENTINE
B.S.
Washington, D. C. Sigma Pi
Track 3, 4; Surveying Assistant; Mars Hill 1, 2.

JOSEPH HAYNES VAN LANDINGHAM
B.A.
Raleigh, N. C.



SENIOR CLASS IN 1940



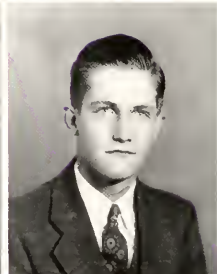
CECIL BRADLEY VUNCANNON
B.A.
Ellerbe, N. C.
Glee Club 1, 2; Eu Society 1, 2, 3.

WM. McDONALD WALKER
B.S.
Wilmington, N. C.
Kappa Sigma
Gamma Nu Iota; Howler Staff 1; Track 2; Intramural Athletics 1, 2, 3, 4.



FRANK P. WARD
B.S.
Lumberton, N. C.
Golden Bough 1; Gamma Sigma Epsilon 2, 3, 4;
Gamma Nu Iota 2, 3, President 3; Phi Society 2, 3;
Chemistry Assistant 2, 3; Infirmary Assistant 4.

JOSEPH VARDEHL WATERSON
B.A.
Bladenboro, N. C.
Track 3; Ministerial Conference 2; B.S.U.



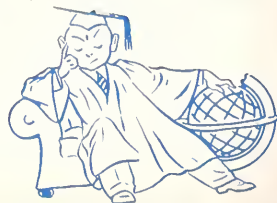
JOHN S. WATKINS, JR.
B.A.
Oxford, N. C.
Statesman's Club 3, 4; B.T.U. 1, 2, 3, 4.

CHARLES WARD WHITE
B.S.
Wake Forest, N. C.
Kappa Alpha
Student Council 3; Basketball 1; Pan-Hellenic Council 2, 3, 4; Registrar's Assistant 2, 3.

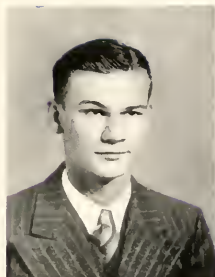


RAEFORD BRYANT WHITLEY, II
B.S.
Wendell, N. C.

JACK PRYER WILLIAMS
B.A.
Franklin, Pa.
Sigma Pi
Varsity Baseball 3, 4; Student Council 4; O.D.K. 4.



SENIOR CLASS IN 1940



JAMES VERNON WOOD

B.A.

Sigma Pi

Graham, N. C.

Western Reserve University 1; Student Council 4;
Baseball 2, 3, 4; Monogram Club 3, 4; English As-
sistant 3.

EDWIN SMITH WOOLBERT

B.S.

Pi Kappa Alpha

Pleasantville, N. J.

Golden Bough 4; O.D.K. 4; Gamma Sigma Epsilon
3, 4; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Monogram Club 2, 3, 4.

T. E. WORRELL

B.S., LL.B.

Kappa Sigma

Bristol, Va.

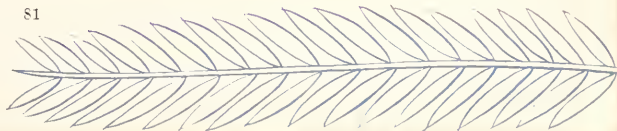
O.D.K., President 1; Golden Bough; Sigma Pi Alpha
2, 3; Pi Kappa Delta 1, 2, 3, 4; President 3; Student
Council 2, 3; Chairman Freshman Advisory Council
3; *The Student* 1; Statesman's Club 2, 3; Barvister's
Club 4; Who's Who in American Colleges and Uni-
versities 3, 4; Debate Team 1, 2, 3; Student Manager
2, 3; Band 1; Glee Club 1, 2.

WILLARD CANNON WRIGHT

B.A.

Tabor City, N. C.

Football 1.



ACADEMIC-PROFESSIONAL RELATIONSHIP

THERE is a direct relation between the college senior and the professional school students. As a matter of fact, sometimes the two overlap each other. A student may be still in academic school, as far as class rating is concerned, and yet be working on a law or medical degree.

Then there are the seniors of Wake Forest who, upon graduation, look to complete courses in medicine and law. Some have worked toward a base in the A.B. or B.S. degrees, and look to a "polishing" of their possibilities in careers with professional training.

To say that Wake Forest provides a beginning and finish for men of academic and professional endeavors would be put it as it now stands. As we have already hinted, law school graduates have made a record in state offices, and the men who began their training in the Wake Forest School of Medical Science have stood well in their classes at other institutions. With the four-year medical school in the process of being built, they stand for an undoubted bid to be a leading school of medicine in the entire nation.

There is no rigid line of distinction between the professional school students and the college senior. One noticeable difference might be the fact that the law and medical students have less time for extra-curricular activities, though we must bear in mind that some of our better football, basketball, baseball and tennis players have been and are law and medical students. The senior has settled down, generally speaking, and spends his time in laying plans for another year. He wears a frown of worry now and then, and nine out of ten fourth-year men have at least one course that he isn't quite sure of. On the other hand the senior's work isn't play by any means; if he is to be a teacher he must keep on the alert for placement possibilities, and here he has access to the invaluable teacher-placement plan which the college fosters. Students with other plans for the future must investigate every source of profitable employment.

We have given, in a brief survey, a few of the characteristics of the changes in going



Academic Senior Mitchiner and Law Senior Smith cram for exams.



Junior Class President Goldberg is taking a course in head-scratching.



Freeman: "This thing is a doojigger used for making a wopityloof."

from the senior class of college to a professional school. This movement is measured largely through the change in set-ups, for there is no essential difference in working conditions. After leaving his work as a senior or junior in college, the student is subjected to a series of years in concentrated study of technicalities and practicalities in his chosen field. He depends upon his former training as a base, and he looks to his future as a life. What he makes of it will largely depend upon the individual, for the professional schools "make available" rather than "force down" the principles and particulars of their study.

Tyner believes a drop will matter. Boyette doesn't.

Rodwell and Jones show the pre-meds what they are up against. Rodwell is happy about the whole thing.

The first year students give both views to the camera, back and front.

There is no doubt that the professional student does take his work more seriously than does the jitterbug academic student. The rea-on is that he is there because he wants to be, he has to like it or he would not last. It is true, though, that his stay often gets to be like an overdose of ice cream, he likes it but wishes he could possibly get it in smaller proportions over a longer period of time.

The law students believe that the only difference in the routine of the Law School and the Medical School is that the medicos work all day and that they themselves work all night. The people in med school will contend that they work all day and all night too. Settlement of the question will have to be relegated to the Pi Kappa Delta Forensic Fraternity.

In departing from the undergraduates and graduates, we give you the law and medical students. . . .



LAW SCHOOL OFFICERS

WHEN Cliff Everett, president, and Archie Smith, vice president, were chosen to lead the Law School for the year 1939-40, they took on a job which carries as much honor as hard work. The group of students who have found their way into the Wake Forest Law School is generally recognized to be choice among students of any American institution. These men have carried out their sundry duties in creditable style, however, and in more than one way their work resembles the leadership of a large "legal family."

The work carried on by the faculty of the Law School commands the attention of the better legal educators throughout the nation. Led by Dean Stansbury, and supported by a host of professors whose service in the past has won for them a wide recognition, the Law School has adapted itself to fit the changes in the profession—as a part of a changing world and civilization.

When Dr. Gulley founded the Wake Forest Law School in 1891, he taught twelve students. And when he retired in 1938, at the age of eighty-three and after forty-four years of his life had been poured into the school's foundation and upkeep, it was estimated that he had taught over two thousand students.



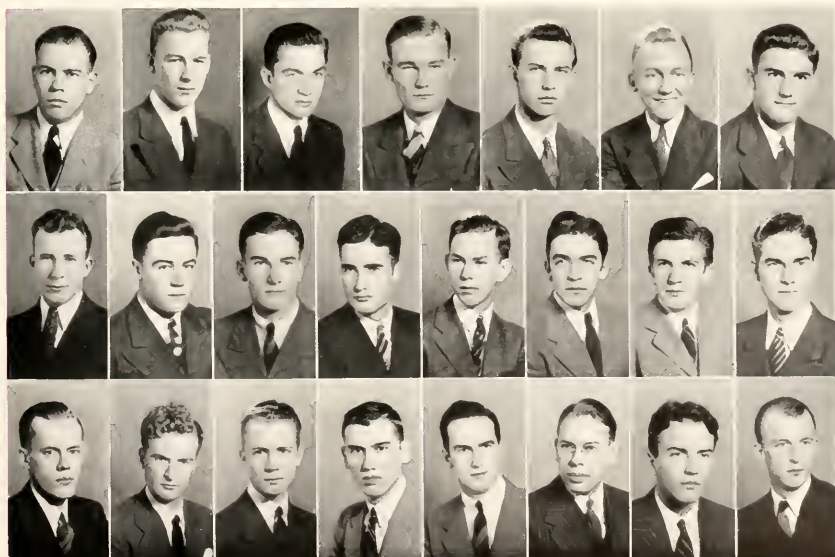
Cliff Everett, president; Archie Smith, vice president

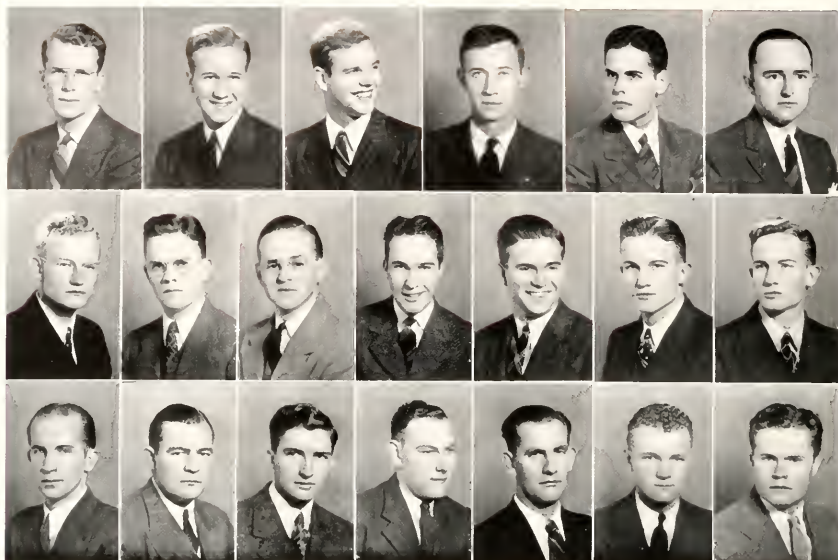
FIRST YEAR LAW

First row: Grant Wm. Bolmer, Jr., Franklin, Pa.; Porter Brown Byrum, Tyner, N. C.; James Myers-Cole, Charlotte, N. C.; Everette Lassiter Doffernyre, Potocasi, N. C.; Marshall Pershing Durham, Burlington, N. C.; David Ralph Earnhardt, Jr., Kannapolis, N. C.; Robert Aaron Goldberg, Wilmington, N. C.

Second row: W. W. Hollowell, Tyner, N. C.; Joseph B. Huff, Jr., Mars Hill, N. C.; Chas. R. Jarrell, High Point, N. C.; Wilbur Morton Jolly, Ayden, N. C.; Wiley Leon Lane, Jr., Pine Tops, N. C.; Wm. H. McGrath, Phenicia, N. Y.; Joseph Elton Mitchiner, Clayton, N. C.; Robert Lynch Scott, Rocky Mount, N. C.

Third row: Earl Franklin Shuford, Hickory, N. C.; Benjamin Sherwood Staton, Reidsville, N. C.; John Everett Tate, Jr., Winston-Salem, N. C.; Jacob Calvin Taylor, Bethel, N. C.; Frank Thompson, Jr., Trenton, N. J.; Willis Sidney Turner, Raleigh, N. C.; Thomas Eugene Worrell, Bristol, Va.; Cicero Preston Yow, Wilmington, N. C.





SECOND YEAR LAW

First row: J. Paul Bullock, Fairmont, N. C.; C. G. Butts, South Hill, Va.; James Wm. Clontz, Salisbury, N. C.; Robert Henry Cowen, Williamston, N. C.; Samuel Jones Gantt, Jr., Lynchburg, Va.; Wiley Lloyd Gilbert, Dunn, N. C.

Second row: Earl Thomas Hart, Youngsville, N. C.; Francis G. Holliday, Jr., Conway, S. C.; Lawson Beasley Knott, Jr., Wendell, N. C.; Marion Leonard Lowe, Caroleen, N. C.; Rom B. Parker, Enfield, N. C.; James Hicks Pittman, Rockingham, N. C.; John B. Pittman, Rockingham, N. C.

Third row: James Randleman, Mount Airy, N. C.; Robt. Jerry Randolph, Mount Airy N. C.; Ripley U. Taylor, Whitakers, N. C.; James Irwin Waller, Nashville, Tenn.; J. Livingston Williams, Boone, N. C.; Thomas H. Williams, Wade, N. C.; Melvin Jackson Yancey, Oxford, N. C.

THIRD YEAR LAW



BEAMER HENRY BARNES

LL.B.

Gamma Eta Gamma

Linwood, N. C.

Secretary-Treasurer Student Body 1; Member Student Council 4; Freshman Class President; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2; Statesman's Club 2, 3, 4; Monogram Club 3, 4, 5; B.T.U. Officer 3; Eu Society 1, 2, 3, 4; N. Y. Gully Law Society 4, 5, 6, President 6; Bursar Assistant 6.

S. FOSTER CALDWELL, JR.

LL.B.

Pi Kappa Alpha

Lumberton, N. C.

B.A. Degree 4; Student Legislature 5, 6; Intramural Basketball 1, 2, 3; Barrister's Club 4, 5, 6, President 6; Phi Society 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Pan-Hellenic Council 3, Secretary 4.



BENJAMIN CARLIN

LL.B.

Gamma Eta Gamma

Grove Hall, Mass.

Student Council 3; Law Representative to Student Council 3; N. Y. Gully Law Society 1, 2, 3, Secretary-Treasurer 1, Vice President 3.

EARL CLIFTON COLLINS

LL.B.

Sylva, N. C.

Intramural Basketball and Football; N. Y. Gully Law Society; Statesman's Club; Phi Society.



GRAHAM STUART DEVANE

LL.B.

Delta Sigma Phi

Tomahawk, N. C.

Statesman's Club 2, 3, 4; Barrister's Club 4, 5, 6; B.S. Degree 1.

CHARLES HOWARD DORSETT

Mt. Gilead, N. C.

CLIFTON W. EVERETT

LL.B.

Gamma Eta Gamma

Robersonville, N. C.

O.D.K.; President Law School 6; Varsity Baseball Manager 4; Monogram Club 4, 5, 6; Statesman's Club 3; N. Y. Gully Law Society 4, 5, 6; Social Science Assistant 4, 5, 6; Pan-Hellenic Council 5, 6; Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities 6; A.B. Degree 1; Chairman Current Law Forum 6.



CARL E. GADDY, JR.

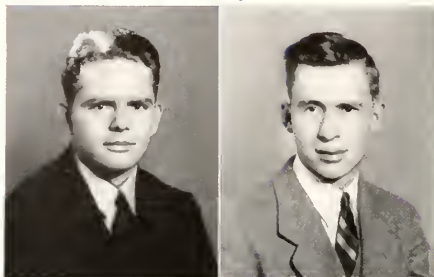
LL.B.

Gamma Eta Gamma

Micro, N. C.

Intramural Basketball and Football; Eu Society 2; N. Y. Gully Law Society 3, 4, 5; Elon College 1.

THIRD YEAR LAW



JAMES M. HAYES, JR.

LL.B.

Winston-Salem, N. C.

Golden Bough, Secretary-Treasurer 3, President 4; O.D.K.; Pi Kappa Delta; Student Legislature 3; Barrister's Club 3, 4; Debate 1, 2; Phi Society 1, President 2; Society Day Debate 1, 2; Founders' Day Debate 1, 2.



DAVIS C. HERRING

LL.B.

Delta Sigma Phi

Fayetteville, N. C.

Student Legislature 2; Student Council 3, 4; Pan-Hellenic Council 3, 4; *The Student* 3, 4, Business Manager 5; Tennis 1, 2; Statesman's Club 2, 3; Barrister's Club 3, 4, 5; Phi Society 1, 2; Pan-Hellenic Council, Vice President 5; Member Publications Board 5.



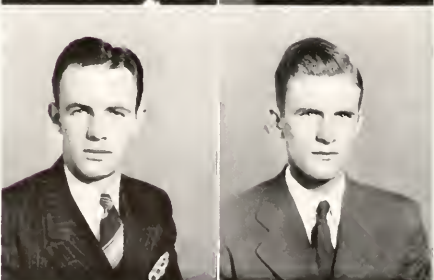
S. CRAIG HOPKINS

LL.B.

Gamma Eta Gamma

Albemarle, N. C.

N. Y. Gulley Law Society 3, 4, 5, Secretary-Treasurer 3, Vice President 4, President 5; Eu Society 1, 2.



EUGENE HAROLD PHILLIPS

LL.B.

Gamma Eta Gamma

East Flat Rock, N. C.

Vice President of Student Body 5; Baseball 1, 2; Basketball 1; Statesman's Club 3; Phi Society 2, 3; Law Library Assistant 3, 4, 5; N. Y. Gulley Law Society 3, 4, 5, Vice President 4; Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities 5; President of Gamma Eta Gamma 5.



ARCHIE L. SMITH

LL.B.

Kappa Alpha

Maxton, N. C.

Vice President Law School 5; Barrister's Club 3, 4, 5, President 5; Phi Society 1, 2.



ROBERT F. SNIPES

LL.B.

Ahoskie, N. C.

JOHN J. SNOW

LL.B.

McAdenville, N. C.

Barrister's Club.

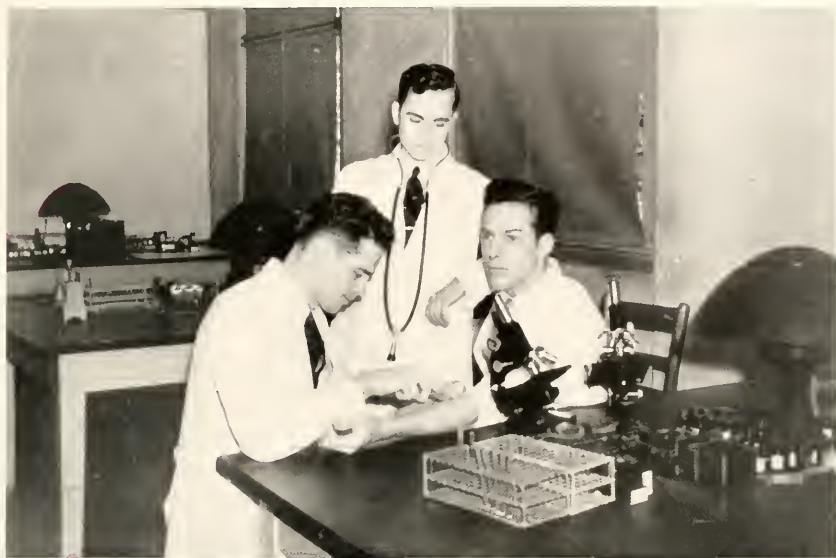
WM. WAYNE STATON

LL.B.

Pi Kappa Alpha

Reidsville, N. C.

Old Gold and Black 1, 2, 3, 4, Business Manager 4; Howler Staff 3; Vice President N. C. Collegiate Press Association 4; Publications Board 4; Track 1, 2, 3, 4, Captain 1; Manager Varsity Football Team 3; Monogram Club 4, 5; Statesman's Club 3, 4, Vice President 4; Barrister's Club 4, 5, Vice President 4; Glee Club 3; Eu Society 3, 4.



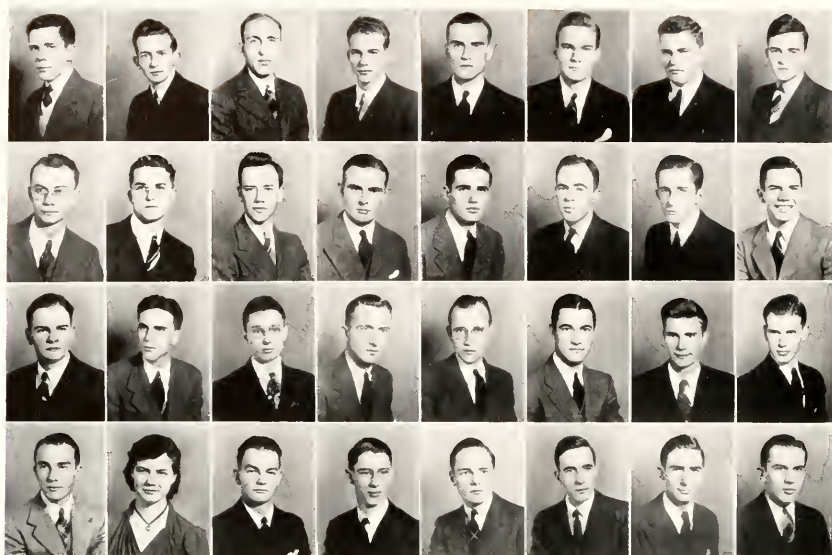
Fred Johnson, *president*; Oscar Carter, *vice president*; Phil Dixon, *secretary-treasurer*

MEDICAL CLASS OFFICERS

WITH the most prosperous year of its history in view, the Wake Forest School of Medical Sciences went through the year 1939-40 in progressive style. The budget had been increased the year before, and two fellowships had been awarded, as well as several other items of notable growth to the school. But with the dawn of the new year, they looked to a four-year school of Medicine, moving to Winston-Salem, and a general all-round expansion. Bowman Gray endowed the school both graciously and heavily, and words from the twin-city indicate the setting of a glorious stage for Wake Forest medical men of the future.

The school has a number of outstanding men of their particular fields of medical authority: Dr. Camillo Artom is recognized the world over for his knowledge and inventive genius in the realm of biochemistry, carbohydrates, and fats; Dr. C. C. Carpenter, Dean of the Medical School, has rapidly become recognized for his ability as a teacher and executive, to say nothing of his reputation in the field of pathology. Then there are Doctors Moorehead, King, Chastain, Mackie, Vann, Kitchin, Miller, and a large clinical staff, all of whom afford students the best training in medical sciences to be found.

To say that the school is headed for another great year would be putting it tritely mild; they are in the midst of progress itself.



FIRST YEAR MED

First row:

JAS. WOOTEN BIZZELL, Goldsboro
 DAN P. BOYETTE, JR., Ahoskie
 CLAUDE H. BYERLY, Sanford
 CLIFFORD CONWELL BYRUM, Tyndet
 ROBT. ELLIOTT CONVERSE, Kenmore, N. Y.
 GEORGE W. CORBIN, JR., Durham
 ANLEY McRAE CROUCH, JR., Wilmington
 GEORGE PENN DILLARD, JR., Draper

Second row:

GUERRANT H. FERGUSON, Raleigh
 HERBERT W. HADLEY, Greenville
 RUSSELL PEYTON HARRIS, JR., Newell
 JULIUS AMMONS HOWELL, Thomasville
 WM. JACK HUNT, High Point
 JAS. BRADY KINLA, Elizabethtown
 EDWARD T. McKEE, Selma, Ala.
 JOHN DOUGLAS McNAIR, Latta, S. C.

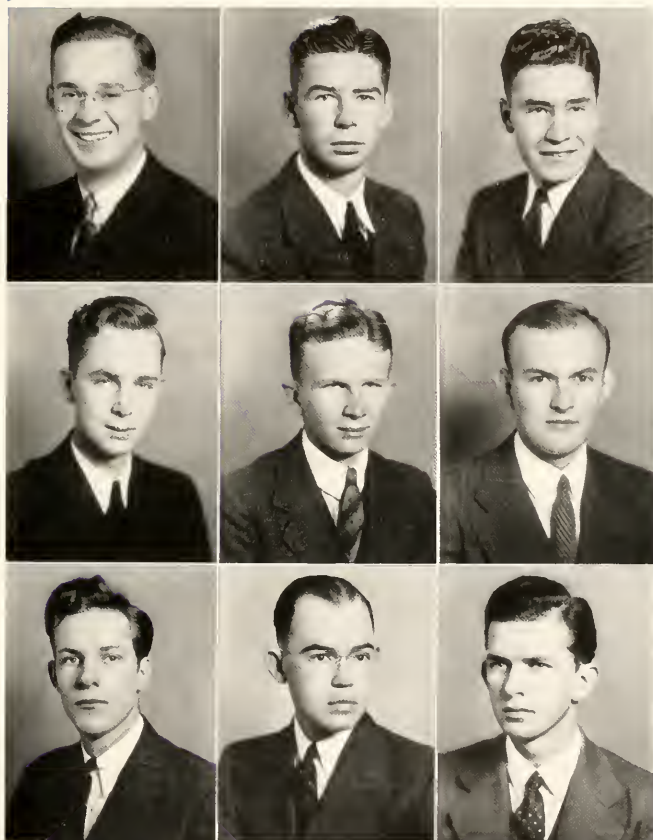
Third row:

GEO. POWERS MATTHEWS, Rose Hill
 EDWARD KYLE OWNBEY, Winston-Salem
 JAMES SPIRILL NOWELL, Franklinton
 FRANK STRONG PARROTT, Goldsboro
 HENRY BAKER PERRY, JR., Boone
 CAROL LEVAN PLOTT, Greencastle, Pa.
 ROBT. BURCHELL ROACH, Lowell
 JERMAN WALTER ROSE, JR., Henderson

Fourth row:

ALAN FULTON SCOTT, Goldsboro
 MARY JULIA SQUIRES, Wake Forest
 EARLE W. STRICKLAND, Whitakers
 WM. NELSON THOMAS, JR., Oxford
 KENNETH VANN TYNER, Leaksville
 FRANK P. WARD, Lumberton
 WYAN WASHBURN, Shelby
 JAMES THURMAN WRIGHT, South Mills

SECOND YEAR MED



First row:

ROBT. DONKIN ALLEN
Seattle, Wash.
PHI CHI

B.S. 1939.

EARL RUDOLPH BALDWIN, JR.
Greensboro, N. C.
KAPPA SIGMA, PHI CHI
B.S. 1939; Gamma Sigma Epsilon.

HEATH DENTON BUMGARDNER
Stanley, N. C.
SIGMA PI, PHI CHI
B.S. 1939; O.D.K. 4, 5; Gamma Nu Iota
3; Vice President Student Body 4; Baseball
1; Basketball 1; Football 1; Intramural
Athletics 2, 3, 4, 5; Medical School Library
Assistant 4, 5; News Bureau Assistant 2, 3;
Golden Bough 4, 5; Who's Who Among
Colleges and Universities; Orchestra 2, 3,
4; Vice President O.D.K. 5.

Second row:

OSCAR WILLIS CARTER
Mars Hill, N. C.
PHI RHO SIGMA

B.S. 1936; Vice President Medical School
4; Pathology Assistant 4.

J. D. CHRISTIAN
Rocky Mount, N. C.
PHI CHI
B.S. 1939; Sigma Pi Alpha; Boxing 2;
Cheer Leader 1, 3.

A. J. CRUTCHFIELD, JR.
Woodsdale, N. C.
B.S. 1938.

Third row:

PHILIP LAFAYETTE DIXON, JR.
Walstonburg, N. C.
PHI RHO SIGMA

B.S. 1939; Secretary-Treasurer Medical
School 5; Mars Hill 1, 2.

JOSEPH CULLEN HALL
Roseboro, N. C.
B.S. 1938.

CHARLES HIGHSMITH, JR.
Dunn, N. C.
LAMBDA CHI ALPHA, PHI CHI
B.S. 1938; Gamma Nu Iota; Student Coun-
cil 4; Student Legislator 6.

SECOND YEAR MED.



First row:

JOSEPH COOPER HOWARD, JR.
Roseboro, N. C.
PHI RHO SIGMA

B.S. 1939.

HANSFORD FRED JOHNSON
Macon, Ga.

LAMBDA CHI ALPHA, PHI CHI
B.S. 1933; O.D.K.; Student Council; *The Student* 2, 3, 4, Editor 3; HOWLER 3, 4, Senior Class Editor 1; Publications Board 3; President Medical Class 6; Football 1; Basketball 1, 2; German Assistant 2, 3, 1; Who's Who in Colleges and Universities 3, 6.

DONNIE HUE JONES, JR.
Minto, N. C.

B.S. 1939.



Second row:

ROBERT WILSON KING
Bessemer City, N. C.
B.S. 1933.

JOSEPH RICE LITTLE
Salisbury, N. C.
PHI RHO SIGMA
B.S. 1933; Sigma Pi Alpha; Gamma Sigma Epsilon; Football 1; Biology Assistant 3, 1; Pan-Hellenic Council 6.

MALCOLM J. McDONALD
Little Rock, S. C.
B.S., Presbyterian College 1935.

Third row:

W. DAN MARTIN
Raleigh, N. C.
B.S. 1936.

MARGARET FROST O'BRIEN
Asheboro, N. C.
A.B. Meredith College 1933.

WM. ALEXANDER O'BRIEN, JR.
Leaksville, N. C.
B.S. 1939.

SECOND YEAR MED.



First row:

WM. BOYD OWEN

PHI CHI

B.S. 1933; Sigma Pi Alpha 2, 3; Gamma Nu Iota 3; O.D.K. 4, 5; Football 1; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 3; Wake Forest All-Stars Basketball 5; Monogram Club 3, 4, 5; Band 3, 4; Comparative Anatomy and Parasitology Assistant; Golden Bough 4, 5, Secretary 5; Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities 5; Pan-Hellenic Council 3, 4, 5; Band 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; All Eastern Basketball Center 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4.



ELEANOR RODWELL

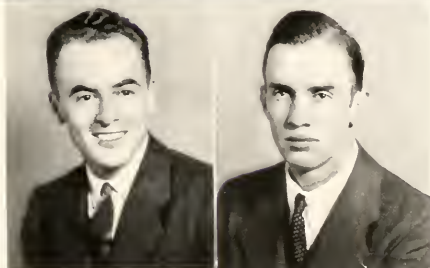
Norlina, Va.

A.B. Meredith College 1933.

WM. JEFFRESS SENTER

Chalybeate Springs, N. C.

B.S. 1933.



Second row:

JAY LELAND SMITH, JR.

Spencer, N. C.

B.A. 1933.

JOHN FRANCIS WEEKS, JR.

Elizabeth City, N. C.

PHI CHI

B.S. 1933; Gamma Sigma Epsilon, President 4; Chemistry Club 1, 2; Chemistry Assistant 4.

THOMAS O. WHELESS

Louisburg, N. C.

B.S. 1939.

Third row:

EDWIN CORNELIUS WOMBLE

Wagram, N. C.

PHI CHI

B.S. Davidson College 1935; Gamma Sigma Epsilon; Physics Lab Assistant.

SAMUEL H. WILLIAMS, JR.

Washington, N. C.

B.S. 1933.

WHAT WE'VE DONE

...and had done to us



Via all modes of transportation known to mankind, save the possible exceptions of submarines and rocket-ships, students swarmed on the campus steadily from the eleventh on through the fifteenth of September.



"Since we're here," we just as well register, and a sultry task it was back in September. Registrar Patterson directs a dozen assistants, while a thousand students seek to get places in some half-dozen classes each.



Now that the student has figured out just what he wants for another year, "ticket men" go to work and relegate their passes to the proper pigeonholes. A slip of the hand might send a Biology student to the music department, where, at best, he might dissect a saxophone.



Phillips tries to lower the universal charge on Coca-Cola, served up by Myers Cole. . . .

Ever the Scientist, John Cheek dons a stratosphere outfit, in part, to do a bit of complicated deciphering, or vice versa. . . .



Or a stroll down the athletic way, to hear "Peahead" break the news: "Tomorrow, we're going to win!" . . .



Adams, Lee, Croxton, and Forbes go to a picture and get photographed. . . . Could it have been dime day or Lamarr? . . .

WE CRAMMED . . .



Wilson takes it the hard way, but Baldwin knows how.

IT SEEMS that only yesterday was September, and we dined and laughed. Then was October, and we dined again. But to all good

things there must come the proverbial end. And we quake to think how near correct that last statement was for some of us.

Quite ambitious, some of us prepared for the best, as that was about all we could hope for. Tragically enough, however, some of us prepared for the worst. The results were: we got the works.

Somehow there was an atmosphere of intensity about autumn atmosphere. First it was football, then came basketball, and then we looked to Christmas. Along with intensity comes cramming—in one manner or another. Football weather gave us a good appetite, and quiz weather gave us indigestion. Both were inevitable in their respective places, and we prepared to stomach them both.

Across the dining hall we could hear the clatter of silverware and the noise of spirited voices. Across the classroom came the gripping effects of silence, except when broken by the staccato voice of a professor.

Though we made quite a bit of noise about it all, the future was unaffected. Every college



The quietest sleep on the campus.

... AND WE CRAMMED

generation must undergo the tests along the way, we reasoned, just as they must cram at the local boarding house.

This cramming cannot be over-emphasized in the normal course of college life. We crammed in one way in order to cram in another. In the course of cramming our minds we all called time out to order something with which to cram our stomachs. The two forms of filling excessively could not be entirely dissociated. We spent as much in time and money keeping full physically as getting full mentally.

The different kinds of crammers have not been classified before but the pictures on these pages will help to give an idea of the various types. Some of the crammers might even have changed their style depending on the situation. Some stuffers interrupted the cramming processes with useless conversation. This is a sensible thing to do in that over a length of time it prevents one from becoming too full.

The consequences of getting too full, mentally or physically, often resulted in sickness or mental anguish which neither Miss Eva or the kind professor could understand.



No time for talk.



Headscratcher Hill.

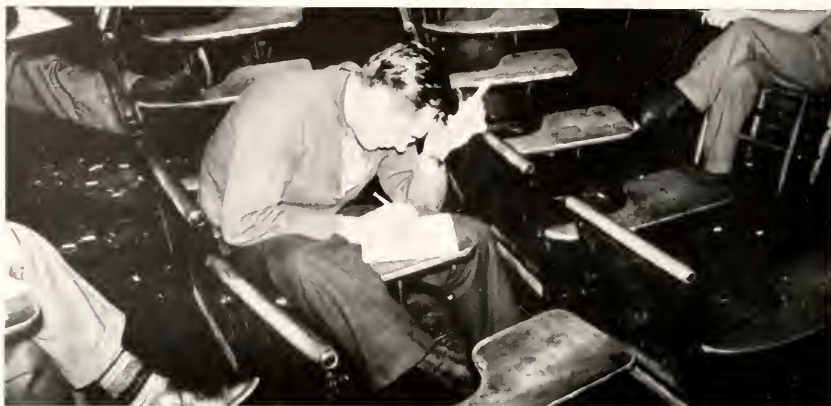


Plott: "Too tired to eat."

Bizzell crams with relish. Others look on.

Nunn: "No time for eating."





Plato had a word for it; Frank Blalock didn't.

WE WERE EXAMINED, AND—

IN OCTOBER, April seemed so far away. In January, May seemed dangerously near, for exam time in full force brought grim reminders of what might follow in four and a half months more.

To say we were examined would be putting it entirely too mild. We actually received a renovation, in some cases, and a fumigation in other instances. It was a common sight to see students forego a double feature, leave a basketball game before the final gun, and even burn the oil until the Lone Ranger came on the following afternoon.

Whatever the case turned out to be, we couldn't help thinking what it might have been. And in weak moments, some few thought that influenza wouldn't be so bad after all. The infirmary did a large business as a result of their thinking.

Some, as a result of having planted books in hand and feet on desks had developed sprained wrists and crammed brains.



European influence: "Over the top; repulsed with loss," Bill Hoggard.



"Something new in garters," or "Why I like exams," by Charles White.

EXAMINED

Regardless of what happened, we decided that we needed a bit of informal recreation.

First we had crammed and crammed, and then we were examined and examined. And above all, we wanted to maintain a well-balanced life in college.

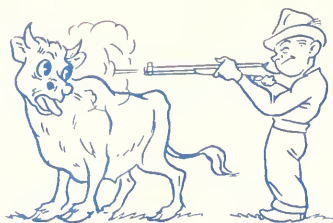
"Even if the referee was wrong what can I do about it now?"—Jim Bonds.



"Even the infirmary likes the squeeze play"—Miss Eva Vause and Dr. Mackie demonstrate.



"No eight-ball for me," Miles Hudson reminds us, as he rounds into shape for a one-man billiard team.



artists. Those of us who can't give time to an organized squad can always find a game to suit our mood. The golf course provides space for many competitive foursomes. Others prefer to devote their attention to an organized sport under the intramural arrangements.

A tussup for the dummy's place; Underwood took the role, while Snyder, Shuford, and Kelly exchange verbal lashes.

IN OUR OWN WAYS WE WERE ATHLETES...

THE URGE to play—and no sooner said than begun. While many of us aren't stellar brokenfield runners, colorful hurdlers, or handlers of the horsehide, few of us are without recourse when we need a bit of recreation.

Wake Forest has its share of informal sports. Bridge authorities to ping-pong phantoms; cue-ball hawks to pin-ball





Pegram drives; ping-pong at Wake Forest rivals the National pastime.

The alleys are popular, too; strike, spare, . . . three!

Tendency toward professionalism—that is, if it is above 20,000.





GORE GYMNASIUM

PRELUDE TO VARSITY...

A WORD of praise is in order for intramural sports participants. Here are a group of college men, under the organization of their own initiative who have sought an outlet for stored-up athletic enthusiasm.

Had it not been for the erection of the gymnasium in 1935 such a sports program would be impossible. However, there is something lacking—a pool. It is the hope of the student body that a swimming pool will be a part of

the new building project which is being undertaken by the college, for without it there can be no first rate physical education program.

How intramural sports were introduced to the campus and when they made their appearance is quite a mystery. Perhaps a freshman challenged a sophomore to a tennis match. The soph probably knew that he couldn't lick the freshman by himself, and so he flung a challenge from the entire sophomore class to the frosh tennis players. Unusual theory?



Society Day football, and a day at the game. The Phis won, 19-0, but the fight was good while it lasted. Such intramural stars as Bill Prime, "Ace" Lindsay, Galloway, and Bob Goldberg saw plenty of action.

Yes, but a fictitious example of what might have been the beginning.

But these teamed-up athletes sought more organization. Rooming houses formed teams, some with such frightful names as "Bone Crushers," "Ramblers," and numerous other tags. Shortly, the dormitories, fraternities, and all stragglers were drawn into the field of play. There were football, basketball, tennis, ping-pong, and other minor forms of participation.

The Pan-Hellenic Council deserves a word of praise for fostering a basketball ladder for their enterprising basketballers. They offered a cup to the winning team, and it was a coveted prize, for which there were heated struggles.

It has often been said that every student in college should go out for some form of athletics. In this connection, intramural sports at Wake Forest have served a good purpose. The fact that the winners were recognized made it interesting; stiff competition made the games exciting. All couldn't be winners, but the other half were learning to be good losers.



Into the air goes the ball, while the cameraman catches Galloway, Primm and Northrup in action.



Upper right, Kappa Sigma stalwarts, winners in fraternity division of intramural basketball. Upper left, the Braves, winners in the non-fraternity competition. Lower right, the Sigma Phi Epsilon team, runners-up in fraternity group, and lower left, the Caddlemen, runners-up in non-fraternity play-off.

THEY WERE WINNERS

AFTER "Boreface" Davis' intramural classic, the Soup Bowl game, had been played, students turned their sporting talents toward a basketball season. As a trophy, the Pan-Hellenic Council offered a bronze figure for the fraternity winners, while the non-fraternity men organized leagues of their own.

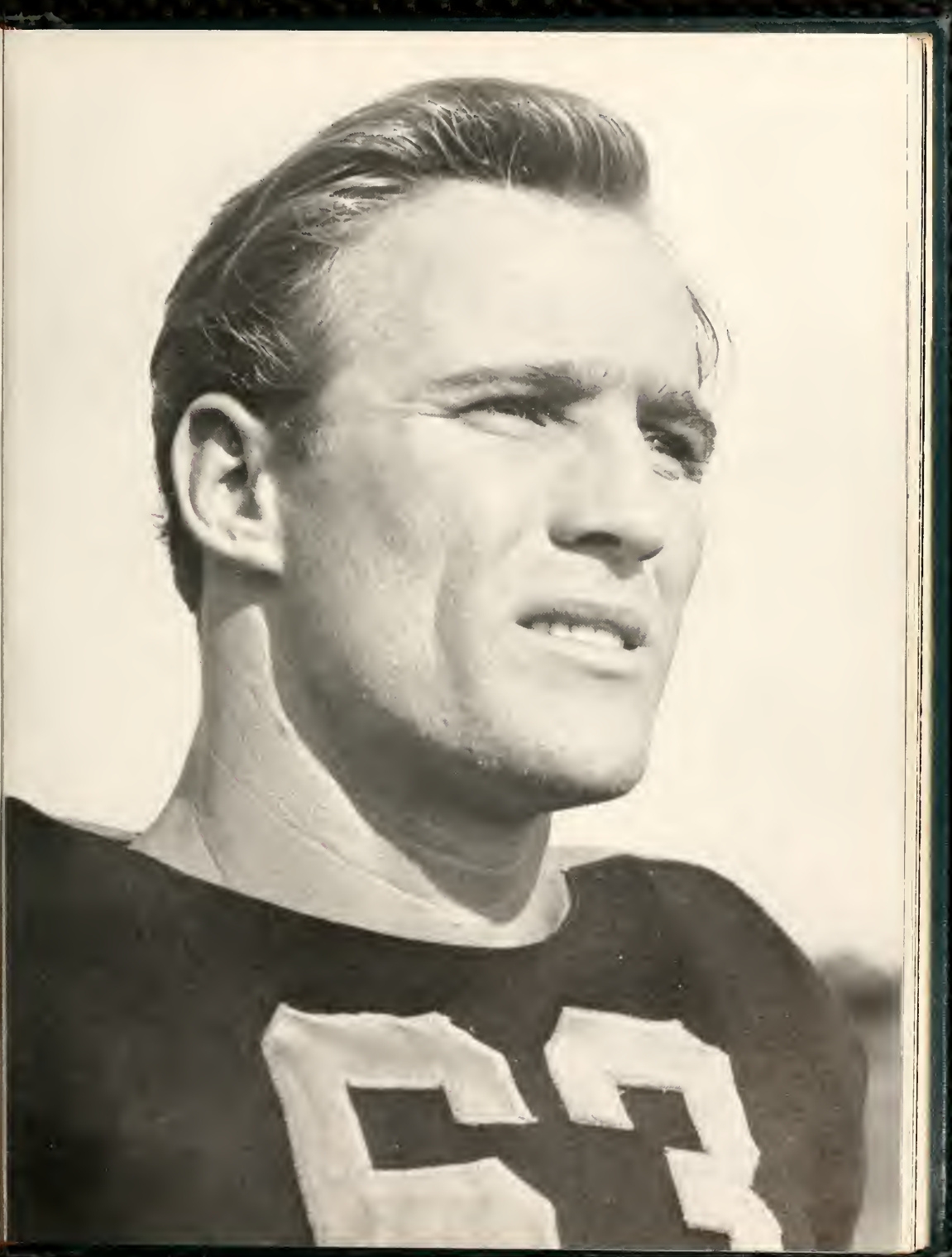
When the evening cries of tournament were over, the stalwarts of Kappa Sigma had been declared winners of the trophy in the fraternity division. Led by Bill Helsabeck, star forward, the South Side boys swept to a victory in the finals over the S.P.E. aggregation, to the tune of 31-23. Other members of the winning team were Wodenschick, Jack Acree, Lindsay, Galloway, Poe, Welch, Ashburn, and Trivette. The Phi Chi team, and the Lambda Chi Alpha quintet made notable showings in the finals.

Out of a clear sky, the non-fraternal Braves came smashing through to take the crown in

their class. Broadus Jones, Buck Jones, Billy Primm, and Harry Lovelace paced the victory march, assisted by other inmates of Bostwick's "Little Poland" section. The Caddelman ran them a close second; they offered such stars as Marshall Edwards, Jim Pruitt, and Frank Zakim. Novelty games noted on their schedule was the battle with the Home Ec boys, who gave them a fight to the finish for second place honors.

Coach Phil Utley deserves a word of praise for his work in the ranks of the intramural. It has been through his guidance that the leagues have been formed, the gymnasium made available, and the rules have been followed.

As we began to put away our togs, on varied occasions, after taking part in sports ourselves, we looked to a Saturday afternoon or night, when the Demon Deacons would take over the attention, to offer us varsity exhibitions.





Athletic Director Jim Weaver and Head Coach D. C. "Peahead" Walker.

WHILE SEPTEMBER'S warm afternoons took students for long hikes and on missions to nearby swimming pools, a determined squad of thirty-two huskies filled daily schedules in turning out to the football field. Head Coach D. C. Walker drilled them long and carefully, rounding into shape what critics looked upon as "Wake Forest's best season in many years."

Elon offered the first resistance of the season, but after a series of long runs and terrific blasts at the Christian line, the Greensboro night game ended with the Demon Deacons on the long end of a 34-0 count. The autumn heat hampered the men no little, and Coach Walker played most of his squad.

The proud Gamecocks from the University of South Carolina made a trip to Deacontown. The atmosphere was tense and still, and one of the largest night crowds in the history of Groves



Polanski leaves the Tigers on a non-stop flight in the Clemson game.



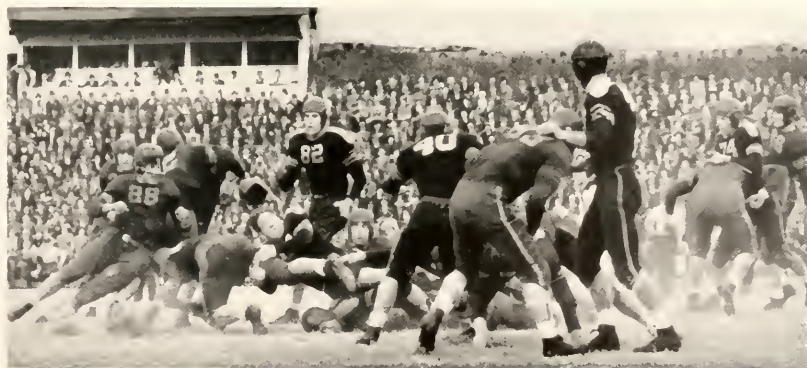
"Red" Mayberry swings out, reverses; Duke linesmen close in.

Stadium packed the concrete stands. When the final gun signalled the end, the Deacons had taken the lead again, winning handily by a score of 19-7. Then came the season's heartbreak. All of Wake Forest turned their attention toward Chapel Hill one Saturday afternoon, where a group of hopeful wearers of the Black and Gold were to test the



Manager Joe Butterworth.
Captain and All-State Tackle Rupert Pate.

Tingle stops his man; Clemson game.

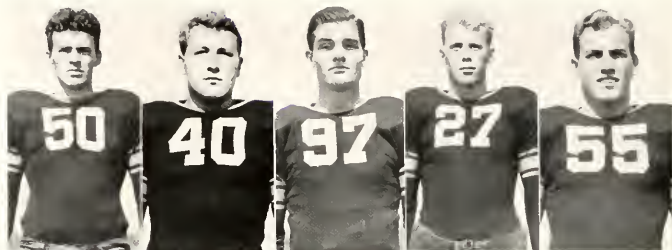


strength of the Tar Heels. One slip brought on another, until finally the scoreboard registered a 36-6 defeat for the Wake Forest team.

A week later the ghost of Red Grange appeared in the Orange Bowl at Miami, Fla., and Tony Gallovich, Mayberry, and Company raged like a tropical hurricane to lash



Coach Tom Rogers supervises linemen; Duke tomorrow.

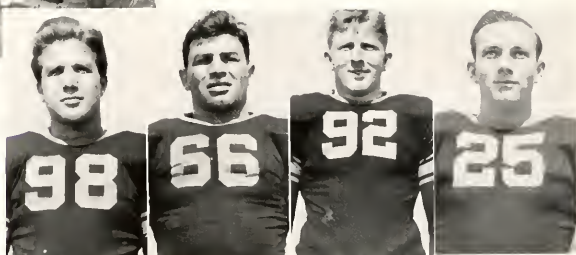


Dangerous quintet: Red Mayberry, Frank Kapriva, Beverly Moser, Flash Dowdy, Pete Hrbach.



Quarterback Red shakes off a State tackler.

Powers behind a victory: Jim Ringgold, best blocker in N. C. and Southern Conference, Louis Trunzo, Butch Clark, and Melvin Layton.



Left to right: Joe Duncavage, Bill Entler, Paul Walters, and Tony Balonis.



the Miami University lads about over a stormy gridiron for a 33-0 victory. N. C. State was next in line, and the Wolfpack was no match for an array of backs who crashed through the Red wall with spectacular thrusts. Again Mayberry, Gallovich, Polanski, Kapriva, Ringgold, and all teammates stood out, to thrill the largest attendance at a night game in the history of Southern football.

Homecoming brought old grads to the campus—and the Western Maryland football team. The day was all Wake Forest, as the high-fevered backs ran through the lighter opponents at will. The officials said the final score was 66-0, although no other spectator bothered to keep account.

It was splendid football weather when a group of injured, yet high-spirited gridsters made their way to Durham to face a highly touted Duke eleven. In a pep meeting on Friday before the game, Coach Walker made a speech: "We're crippled," his voice carried through the stilled mob of cheerers, "but we're going to Duke anyway. We're not going to put up a good fight; we're going to win the game." And a wild cheer swept his final words over a twenty-four hour period, on into the Duke stadium the following afternoon. Three times did the Deacons threaten, and with each threat the power plays of the Demon line looked good for scores. But the breaks were different, so we heard. But after the most hotly-contested game on the 1939 Wake Forest slate, the newspapers stated that Duke won, 6-0. It was a tough sail for the Deacons, but they had won a spot of admiration in the hearts of the men of sports.

Next came Marshall College, and a 14-13 Wake Forest victory, though it was a tough assignment. Deacon supporters entrained for Tigertown, and their disappointments were less than their thrills. Clemson won, 20-7, but they didn't breathe



Touchdown: Davidson is taken for a ride.

The Lineup: principals—Davidson College, a Wake Forest squad, at Memorial Stadium in Charlotte.





First row: Polanski, Pendergast, Pruitt.
 Second row: Woolbert, Geer, Crabtree.
 Third row: Cline, Kunkel, Welch.
 Pictures of Jett, Tingle, Vanden Dries, Kuchinski, and Gallovich, unavailable and unobtainable.

easy at any one moment of the game. John Polanski frightened the entire camp when he galloped 93 mad yards to the seven-yard line.

Though the President of the United States said that Wake Forest wouldn't play Davidson on Thanksgiving, the two schools were determined to meet regardless of the day. But it was Thanksgiving in North Carolina. It was Thanksgiving and pride for Wake Forest, for the lair of the Wildeats had been invaded and driven into a 17-7 state of submission. Not once was the Deacon lead threatened.

With the final game over, Captain Rupert Pate, Clem Crabtree, iron men tackles, Bill Eutsler, Joe Kuchinski, and several others looked to graduation. But behind them was a blaze of promise

for 1940 in the ability of Jett, Kapriva, Givler, Clark, Pendergast, Waivers, all linesmen, and the Mayberry, Polanski, Edwards, Gallovich, and Ringgold backfield stars to return and carry on.

We should not pass over the football season without a word of praise for the boys who won't make headlines, the typical players. These are the boys who do the work behind the scenes, and to whom is due more credit than they usually receive.

Neither should we overlook the efforts and accomplishments of the men who have made possible the great progress made in the development of football and other sports at Wake Forest. We shall soon have a new stadium and though the institution should come first, we hope that our teams will make records of which we should never be ashamed, just as the 1939 football team has done.

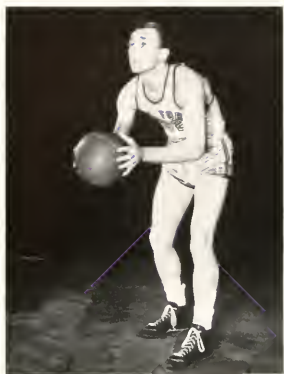
Football was a memory now, for it was basketball weather.

It was a habit against Davidson.





A GOOD YEAR IN BASKETBALL



Captain Bob Sweet, "One of the most colorful players in Southern Basketball."

THE BLEAK evenings of January, February, and March brought basketball fever to the brows of 1,082 Wake Forest students. With the graduation of Waller, Owen, Apple and several good substitutes, sporting authorities viewed the Deacon's chances for 1910 with a note of skepticism. "If they extend all their talents," said one, "they have a chance to make the tournament. To rank as high as last year is a faint hope—only faint."

In short the students and followers of the Demon quintet couldn't afford to expect too much for the approaching season. But the "if's" were cleared away, and Coach Murray Greason stripped the gymnasium deck for what we later learned was real action.

Off with a good start, the dervishes swept aside such formidable foes as Davidson, V.M.I., and several other teams taken in on a Virginia trip. The old Blue Devil jinx held good for another year, and the boys were taken for set-backs by Duke by the scores of 50-41 and 44-35. The Duke luminaries were slightly too much, although the locals had anticipated breaking the old records, in which the Durham lads had a comfortable lead.

The game of the season was near. Wake Forest had set a stage of action designed to upset the highly-touted Tars, who were paced by what authorities had come to call "All-American" George Glamack. Big George was on hand, and so was Wake Forest's Pete Davis. Literally taking over the affairs of the court for a night, the Deacon center, backed by the murrering support of



Practice time: Attention is focused on Coach Murray Greason, who has put Wake Forest basketball on the sporting map of the East. "Match your man" point for point.

Barnes, Sweet, Convery, and Cline, romped up and down the court to lead the entire personnel in scoring.

Other games came and went; Clemson was taken into camp by a score of 53-39, and the All-American Bonnie Banks McFadden was held in check. Although he displayed his abilities, the Wake Forest boys were in rare form and took all that was coming their way.

Of course there were losses, too, for basketball is noted for its wins—and strange losses. A prime example might be the defeat inflicted upon the Greasonmen by the under-rated Furman team. The Purple Hurricane basketeers clicked that night, and Wake Forest fell, 46-43, in the last game of the regular season.

Officials announced that the annual Southern Conference basketball tournament at Raleigh was about ready to open. The Citadel won the toss over Washington and Lee, and entered the conference parings. As an opponent for the first day of festivities, Wake Forest paired off with Richmond. From the first jump at the opening tip-off, the game was nip and tuck, apparently. At one time the Deacons appeared to be destined for a licking. A few moments later Herb Cline and Sweet, Vincent Convery and the rugged Barnes, and Pete Davis flashed into a series of smoothly-manipulated plays. Wake Forest took the lead. They held their point advantage until the final gun sounded, and thus passed into the second day of tournament.

As fortune would have it—one way or another—the Carolina Tar Heels were pitted against the Deac's for



Action around the home basket; Bonnie Banks McFadden, Clemson All-American, tries to ward off a Wake Forest goal, with Cline and Davis going up.



The starting lineup: Coach Murray Gresson imparts a bit of last-minute advice, while first-stringers Convery, Barnes, Davis, Cline and Captain Sweed nod approval.

RESULTS

W.F.	Opponent	
18	Davidson	26
16	V.M.I.	34
14	Duke	50
12	North Carolina	36
15	Hanes Hosiers	17
16	Miami	17
16	Baltimore	48
57	Davidson	37
61	N. C. State	23
35	Duke	44
53	Clemson	39
18	South Carolina	35
13	Furman	16

"Deception and scoring punch"
- Cline, Davis, Barnes.

"Rugged strength"
- Bonds, Polanski, Yirinec.

"Surprising height"
- Hutchins, Baile, Blankenship.



their second game. The battle raged in Memorial Auditorium, and several thousand spectators gazed in awe at the contested position of mastery. However, the final score revealed that Carolina had



Polanski and Bonds scramble for the ball against Richmond in the Southern Conference Basketball Tournament.

been superior that night; Wake Forest had been sent home with a defeat chalked up to their credit.

Somehow the conference spirit was different, however. They didn't gun for a conference crown at the outset. Yet their play was heralded as something of a typical Wake Forest spirit—go down fighting, win or lose. As a result, the colorful captain of the local quintet, Bub Sweel, was awarded a birth on the all-conference team.

But the year 1910 was a good year. There wasn't an array of individual stars, but there were

five good men who kept the game fired with action, accuracy, and determination. A word of praise and credit is due to every man who took part in the season's play. There was Captain Bill Sweel, rated among the better basketball players of the South; Herb Cline, a youngster who became feared as a deadly shot; H. O. Barnes, perhaps the coolest, most dependable, and consistent ball player on the court; Byron "Pete" Davis, whose aptitude at sparking surprises was a regular comment in the newspaper columns; Vincent Convery, a ball-hawk who was in a class of his own at long shots; John Polanski who could play three games in succession—endurance, ruggedness; Charlie Yirinec, hampered slightly by injury, but was in there at a moment's signal; Harry Hutchins, Jim Bonds, H. H. Blanken-ship, Rod Buie, George Watkins—all ready to strengthen a five-man array of fighters, and men who will bear watching in next year's openers.

The 1940 basketball season was a good season in more



Davis loops in one of his many for the night against Carolina.



Clemson Game: McFadden misses, Sweel waits for ball. Convery does it underhanded.

than one way. A tough schedule was dispensed with in a creditable fashion, and the team came down the home stretch flying colors

true to the Demon spirit. Coach Greason took his boys on several long trips, as far north as Philadelphia and New York, and to several deep points on Southern jaunts. But the boys would fight in their back yards just as they would away from home; they have the pluck which it takes to represent a school in such a manner that eastern sports scribes characterized them "as a bunch of fighting Deacons."

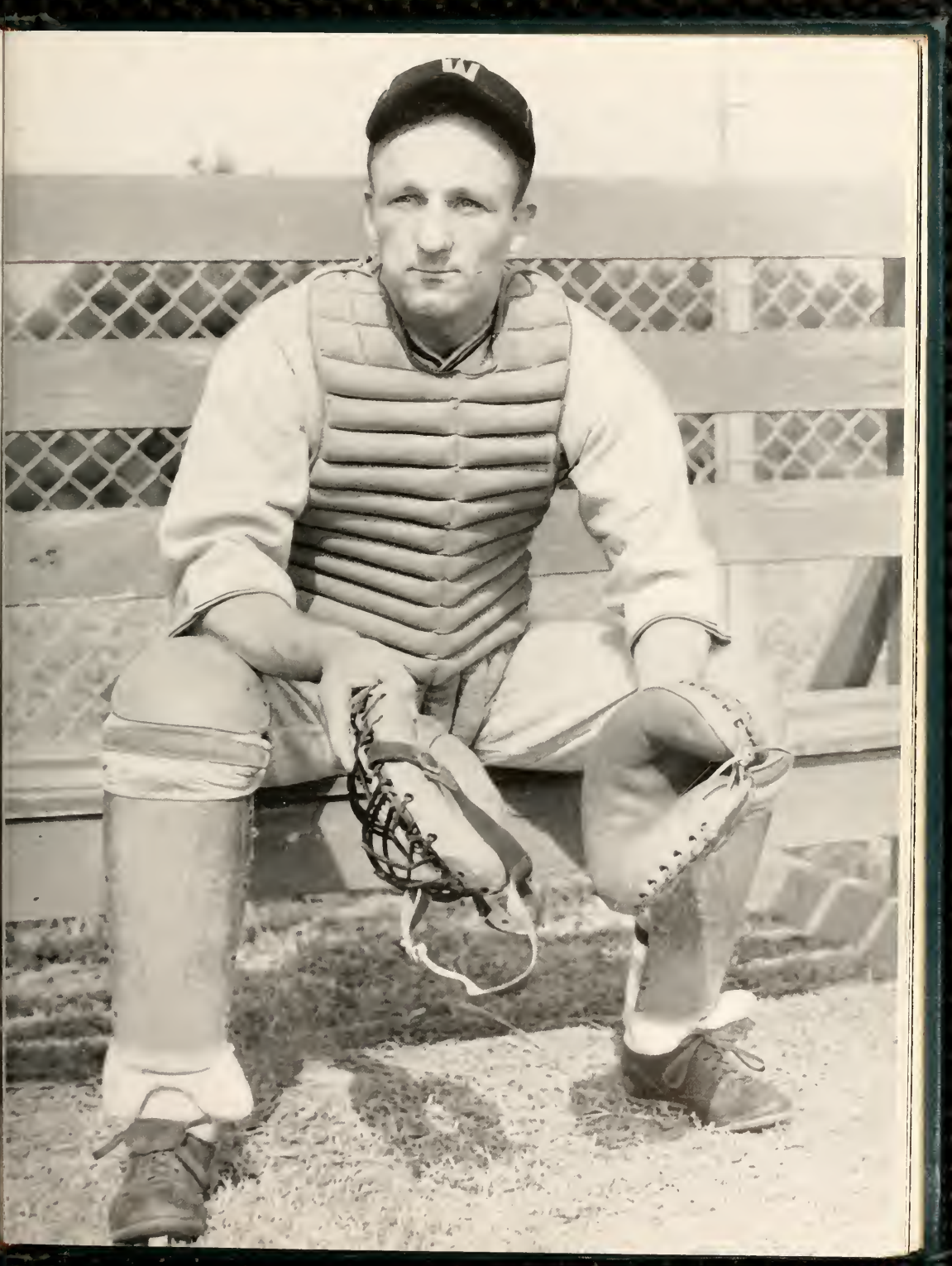
Up to the last minute of the final game, they exhibited pluck and fight. It comes back as a drama to watch Captain Sweel gather the starting five around him just before the opening tip-off. The audience becomes silent, and the mumble of human voices settles like an aroma over the gymnasium. Barnes, Cline, Davis, Sweel, and Convery go out to take their places. Suddenly the crowd comes to its feet, for one of the wearers of Gold and Black has sniped a ball and is dashing to the opponent's basket. The word "thrills" characterizes the typical game with the Deacons, for they have offered the students and visiting fans alike many moments of pleasant, yea, even exciting relaxation.

It was a good year in basketball. It was the type of year we like to witness, be a part of, and reflect upon. No golden crowns were won, but the boys were willing to take any legitimate advantage laid open by faults of the opposition.

Even the weather had been with us. But as soon as the wintry winds ceased to howl so furiously, and the afternoons took on more of a springy complex (despite the days of deception) our thoughts turned to an outside form of sports. As soon as the March winds dried out the icy grounds of Gore Field, the horseshoe enthusiasts began to swing bats and lubricate gloves. There was a rumor that baseball weather would soon be making its appearance.



Cline gets two points and a hug against Duke.



BASEBALL at Wake Forest has become one of the school's most widely-recognized masteries. For nearly a score of years, the "Grand Old Man" of baseball to Wake Forest has been Coach John Caddell, but this year condition of his health forced him to the bench. At his resignation, athletic officials looked in the direction of Murray Greason, backfield coach of the football team and head basketball instructor, for Coach Murray was the logical man to give the Deacons another winning team.



Manager Smith and Coach Greason.

the plate has been the dean of college baseball players in this section. Bub Sweel, clown, friend of the umpires, and excellent catcher.

Coach Greason has put a group of good fielders on the diamond, and a trio of long-range fielders in the outer gardens. With the graduation of Scarborough and several other victory-assistants, the going has been made easier by the rise of several new men. Reid has come up into the ranks to hold down a first base position in old-timer style, while the consistent Hoyle, Eutsler, Polanski, Williams, Eason, Fuller Fletcher, Sweel, and company have carried on in admirable fashion. The hitting of Williams, Eason, and Hoyle has stood out, perhaps, above the others, while Tommy Byrne has left the pitcher's box to break up his own game at the bat on several occasions.

Because the end of the season was still two weeks off when the baseball section came due on

And the team did come through. For the first time in two years they crashed through to lick the Duke nine—not once, but twice in a row. Tommy Byrne, Baltimore junior who has become known all over the Southland as a college pitcher in a class of his own, handled the Blue Devils on both occasions.

Here again we find the case of a good team, clicking together, with an absence of the individual stars. The pitching staff, namely Byrne, Tharnish, Denning, and Dave Fuller, have fallen in line to render impressive victories. Behind



A tough score against the Indians of William and Mary.



The Demon Deacon storm troopers of the Diamond: *Left to right, front row:* John Fletcher, Fred Tharnish, Jack Williams, Pete Horschak, Dick Hoyle. *Second row:* Bill Eutler, Dave Fuller, Tom Byrne, John Polanski, Bob Reid, Bill Sweet. *Back row:* Jim Cross, H. F. Forbes, A. Vivian, Jim Denning, Fred Eason.



A hit against Cornell.

McCall safe at first against William and Mary.



the HOWLER, we are dispensing with the already-collected results, and are referring to you a complete schedule. It was a good season, however, for springtime means so much to the sport—just as it means tennis and track.

THE SCHEDULE

MARCH

Thurs. 21. Pennsylvania at Wake Forest.
Sat. 23. West Chester at Wake Forest.
Mon. 25. N. C. State at Raleigh.

APRIL

Wed. 3. Pittsburgh at Wake Forest.
Thurs. 4. Cornell (Doubleheader) at Wake Forest.

Tues. 9. N. C. State at Wake Forest.
Sat. 13. Duke at Roanoke Rapids.
Mon. 15. South Carolina at Bennettsville, S. C.
Tues. 16. Elon at Greensboro.
Fri. 19. Wm. and Mary at Wake Forest.
Sat. 20. North Carolina at Wake Forest.
Thurs. 25. Wm. and Mary at Williamsburg, Va.
Sat. 27. Duke at Wake Forest.
Tues. 30. North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

MAY

Wed. 1. Davidson at Wake Forest.
Fri. 3. Randolph Macon at Wake Forest.
Sat. 4. N. C. State at Raleigh.
Mon. 6. Davidson at Davidson.
Sat. 11. Duke at Durham.

*Top row: Tommy Byrns, Jack Williams, Fred Eason, Jim Denning, Lefty Vivian.
Second row: Jess Tharnish, Jimmy Cross, Bill Eutsler, Dick Hoyle, John Fletcher.
Bottom row, left to right: John Polanski, Dave Fuller, Pete Horchak, Bob Reed.*



SPRINGTIME BROUGHT . . . TRACK

THE importance of track athletics has not been recognized at Wake Forest. The members of the track team have worked hard and have met with more than their share of success against second-rate competition. Nevertheless, in Rupert Pate and Jim Dowdy, Wake Forest has two outstanding track men.



Front row: Casey, Adams, Leatherwood, Tiller, Hardwick, Bell, Byerly, Braswell, Smith, Hart, Preston, Boie, Phillips, Sylvester.
Second row: Maneri, Gillingham, Byrd, Galloway, Early, Lyda, Halliday, Lockhart, Linton, Harris, Rubino, Valentine, Phillips, Kelly.
Third row: Skaggs, Critcher, Sawyer, Yirinec, Pennington, Dowdy, Zakim, Duncavage, Hicks, Rideout, Sink, Hoggard, Hughes, Barnes, Slagle.

. . . AND TENNIS



THE tennis team has surprised everyone with the showing it has made in competition. Like track the sport is definitely minor at Wake Forest. Nothing can be done until the powers that be can arrange full time coaching and adequate equipment.

First row: Brower, McMillan, Earnhardt, Moser.
Second row: Parker, Johnson, Davis, Alexander, Jones, Check.

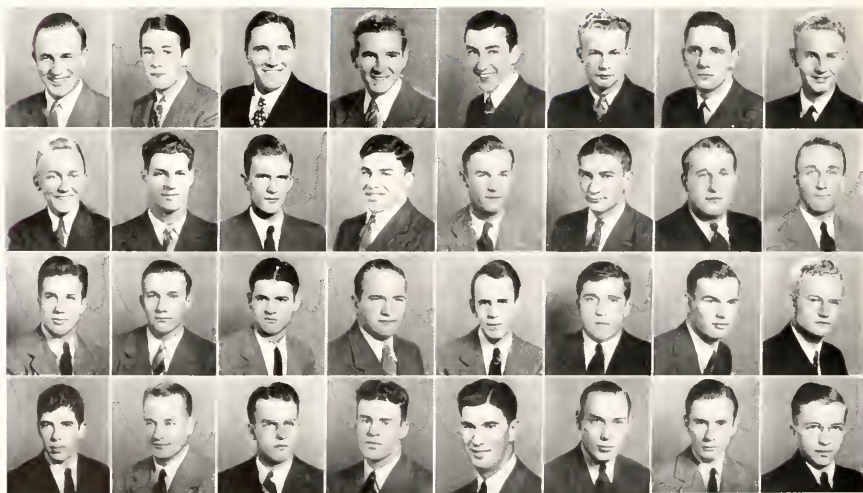
EVERY SPORT exists in its own individual rights, but to bind the athletes together, and present them as a part of an institution, they are collected—as individuals—and admitted to the Monogram Club by invitation. In other words a man must be a letterman in some form of athletics before eligible to become one of the Monogram order.

Here the men organize and hold regular meetings, sponsor campus drives, and even stage banquets and dances. They become a vital organ of Wake Forest College in that they represent that part of an institution toward which all athletic interest is focused. It is here that the football player forms a comradeship with the slugger on the baseball field, or that the tennis and track men team up to invade a girl's institution.

The club started out under the leadership of Billy Eutsler, president, and issued invitations for new members. Their show of the year comes during initiation week, for it does strike a humorous vein to see Louis Trunzo masqueraded as a flapper, Marshall Edwards, a retiring bookworm in a dress, and Joe Kuchinski looking for the most recent thing in cosmetics.

In their own way they work and play—off the courts and gridirons and diamonds. Perhaps it's just a pause between fraternity meetings, or a moment of relaxation after a hard scrimmage.

MONOGRAM CLUB



Top row, left to right: Bill Eutsler, Dave Fuller, Joe Kuchinski, H. O. Barnes, Fred Eason, Ed Woolbert, Pete Davis, Boyd Owen.

Second row: Ralph Earnhardt, Rupert Pate, Bill Staton, Louis Trunzo, Paul Walters, Larry Pixie, Frank Kapriva, Bill Sweet.

Third row: Jimmy Ringgold, Melvin Layton, T. O. Braswell, Dick Doyle, Bob Harrell, Carl Givler, John Polanski, Earl Hart.

Bottom row: Archie McMillan, Tony Balonis, Jack Williams, Charles Mayberry, Tommy Byrne, Bill Vanden Dries, Charlie Butterworth, J. T. Hughes.



Words and music; inspiration; choir effect.



A cheer goes up; the governor comes in; the band takes off; Wallace Wade and assistants scout Wake Forest.

"GAME SIDELIGHTS"

SOcial ACTIVITY in both the informal and the formal veins is often associated with sports. In an institution where the social stamina and sporting enthusiasm of over 1,000 men must have regular exercise, something in the way of "events" must happen. At Wake Forest, the pledge dances and organization banquets of autumn balance the sheet with football activities. Christmas parties and society day festivities provide an outlet for the stored up energies of holiday anticipations.

Basketball season brings on Mid-winter dances, sponsored by the Pan-Hellenic Council and open to the student body. Spring—synonymous with baseball, track, and tennis, also means fraternity dances, final banquets of the season, band concerts, and a variety of informal gatherings here and there.

The athlete sets off the spark, and the spectators stand off at a given distance and the spirit extending from one to the other runs rampant. After the game the two types meet at given places, such as a banquet, dance, and general session meeting places. Sometimes the topic of conversa-

tion might turn to a common quiz, and another time there might have been an appealing movie seen by the two. Yet, sooner or later, the conversation will divert to sports, and then anything can happen. The football player knew a number of things happened in last Saturday's game, but he never dreamed that he had missed so many. The Monday morning quarterback had seen them all.

At other times the athletes decide to play tamer games. The Monogram Club plans a faculty reception, and demand that the athletes wear civilian clothes. That's where the game comes in: the football players guess how many of each other they can identify without the use of numbers, while the basketball players have a big time laughing at how they look with long trousers covering their shapely limbs. They all get different slants at each other, and in so doing the process might be termed a "means of arriving at co-mopolitan opinion"—that is, the sum total of what they say and think when they are off the field.

The athlete's idea is one; the Monday morning quarterback's is another. Neither of the two makes so much difference to fans off the campus. And here is where the press box comes in. What the sports writers see will determine what outsiders think of you who play the game. While it has been good to think that at least three potential All-Americans are present on any Demon Deacon squad, what the man with the pencil over one ear and a typewriter over the other has thought will bring about the final results.



From the press-box: third down, thirty seconds remaining, and a column of copy to go.



Top: Retiring captain Pate and New Chieftain Ringgold shake; Coach "Peahead" and Manager Butterworth look on.

Below: Headliners glance at the headlines. Vanden Dries, Waivers and Woodbert out in front of the "State Champions."

In still another phase we see the diversity in appeal for the sidelights of the game. Down one aisle of the stadium His Excellency the Governor of North Carolina might walk and take his seat to cheer or frown. Directly in front of him is a freshman who might be spend-



Homecoming; conversation; mastication; preparation.

ing his thirty-fifth day away from home. Both of them are fired with the spirit of the game, despite the relative difference of their respective positions.

In the actual game we get only a chance to see the relative athletic prowess of the participants; but on the sideline and among the sidelights we get a pretty good idea of the man from all angles. Of course, there are the clowns, the hecklers, the over-indulgents, and the verbal lashers, but, too, there are the spirited cheer leaders and powerfully-spirited backers. The same idea applies to the social sidelights as well as the athletic sidelines.

And so we see that social and sporting interests not only transcend each other, but run hand in hand. Where one is slightly "off" the other is likely to counterbalance it by being definitely "on." There are the colorful personalities on the gridirons and courts, and there are the technicolor providers on the dance floors, around the banquet tables, and over mutual coffee cups. They combine to throw new light on each other, offer varied interpretations, and cast shafts of romantic light or shadows of deepest gloom. Both characteristics hold true in sports and social functions as well as classroom exercises. There are joys and heart breaks, but the medium between which the two moods meet might be

AKPi goes the limit to win the fraternity "Decoration Day" festivities of Homecoming Celebrations.





The Allen brothers and friends call time out between dances.

called sidelights. It is through the events on the sideline that we come nearest to touching in actuality the intangible college spirit.

College is in a large sense a game. What we do in any phase of academic endeavor will be measured by actual progress down the field of a required measurement. Contributing factors include the

degree of our familiarity with the equipment, how well we remain in training, and, most important of all, the spirit enshrouding a given endeavor. But there are the social games, consequently one season never has the time to render us stale. However, where one phase is exercised excessively and another sadly neglected, then we are "out of shape."

Herein lies the strength of our collective college spirit. It is sharpened by sporting enthusiasm, deepened by social fellowship, and made remunerative by class attendance. Each element exists in its own right, but all are brought together through the chemical process of a

Knepton turns to romance; Castlebury turns to Miss Edwards; Mid-winters,





Hadley and a friend: the cameraman had a birdie.

semester system and fittingly named our Alma Mater from the time we enter the freshmen line of registration until—.

It is through these "game sidelights" that we form our first impressions of those whom we shall know and associate with for the next one, two, three, or four years. We gain our first impressions by the manner of his actions at a game, dance, or just a movie. It seems odd that some men should be distant to us, and others should be our best friends; undoubtedly, we select as our closer friends those whom we come to recognize as most like ourselves.

Sometimes it's hard to remember which fraternity a fellow belongs to, or which literary society he

won a medal from. Yet it isn't so difficult to remember his enthusiasm at a football game, his impressions at dances, or his favorite form of recreation. All in all, game sidelights are a part of college life. While no one student should not leave himself open for accusations that he hasn't done anything but "sidelight" work, he shouldn't miss the opportunity of cultivating the choicest friends. They don't mean everything on all occasions, but they are of some value to mix with the A's and B's along the way.

On these pages are pictures of a sidelight of the Duke game, the pledge dance, which brings up the thought of fraternities.

Profiles à la mode: Joe Greer and the girlfriend at Mid-winters in Durham.





SIMMONS DORMITORY

SIMMONS DORMITORY is the largest single stronghold of fraternity life. From one end to the other, every man whom you might chance to meet will be a fraternity man. If he doesn't try to borrow a dollar from you, it'll probably be ten.

Yet there is definitely an advantage offered by the fraternity life, despite all the attempts at humor in putting the fraternity man in a category of a borrower, lender, or sleeper. Beside him are a group of brothers who stand willing and ready to assist him in any difficulty. When there is entertainment and amusement, collaboration among the groups always lends massiveness to the occasion.

In fighting for their rights, and holding to definite policies of campus progress and leadership, the men of the fraternities have a system of near-perfection. Acting as a body, they seek to choose the capable candidate for leadership, and in so far as they are able they pull for him. While there is no marked discrimination between those who are fraternity men and those who are not, the advantages offered in being identified with either faction are essentially equal.

However, to keep this equality one must be recognized as a member of, and active in one group or the other. In politics this equality is shown more than in any other way. The best man usually wins regardless of which side he is on, as long as he stands definitely on one side.

Dr. L. Owens Rea
James Early
Joe Leonard
Bob Knepton
Marshall Durham



Dick Wodehouse
Bob Earnhardt
James Mitchell
Charles White
Charles Cheek



Willis Turner
Edwin Spangler
Ben Elliott
Davis Herring
Leslie Morris



Ray Whitley
Paul Bullock
Cliff Everett
Boyd Owen
Joe Little



PAN-HELLENIC COUNCIL

WHILE SOME students will tell you that the Pan-Hellenic Council is the executive arrangement for an air-line between Panama and Macedonia, we must hasten to inform you differently. As a matter of fact, the Council is not essentially interested in airlines at all, though they will sell you tickets—to dances.

The Council at Wake Forest has had, in spite of all banter which might be cast in their direction, a successful year of planning for inter-fraternity activities. President Frank Castlebury and his assistants put on one of the best Mid-winter programs ever seen under local sponsorship. Other festivities for the year went off with equal success.

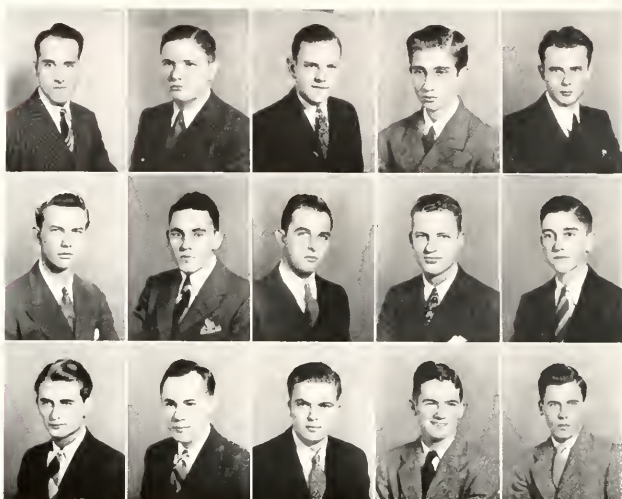
Brought together for the betterment of inter-fraternity activity, the Council stands as zenith representation from each of the social organizations. Looking into their separate groups, we see the personnel of the various fraternities.



FRANK CASTLEBURY
President

IF EVERYBODY had the luck of Dick Darling and the looks of Gawky Durham, we'd be a race of supermen. But, unfortunately, we are not all AKPi's, for the AKPi's seem to have everything: Miller and his paddle, Kuhlthau and his girls, Benson and his island, Ward and his trumpet.

AKPi was as busy as Churchill this year, what with winning the Home-



Stuart Benson
Jack Euliss
Tom Lumpkin
Clarence Bridger
Dick Wodchouse

Marshall Durham
Ray Moore
Donald Stallings
Glenn Miller
Jimmy Ward

Henry White
Victor Harrell
Alden Kuhlthau
Jimmy Cross
Jack McClelland

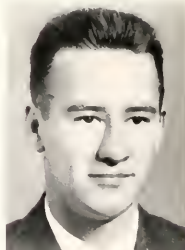
DICK DARLING
VIRGINIA LECHNER

ALPHA KAPPA PI

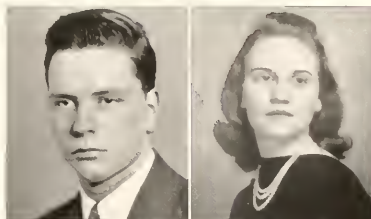
*Established at Newark College
of Engineering, January
1, 1921*

coming Day decoration contest, listening to Lumpkin practice his Founder's Day address, and explaining why Jimmy Cross is only hitting .113. But they can handle the explanations. They always can. That's one of the qualifications for membership.

Not since the halcyon days of Buck Stephenson and Izzy Peel has Alpha Kappa Pi flourished with such happy triumph and the treasury held so much unfettered mazuma. At least, that's what the AKPi's (with the exception of Jack Euliss) say. And from the looks of that chapter room we're inclined to agree.



ELDRIDGE ALLEN
ANNE BRATTON



DELTA SIGMA PHI made its appearance on the Wake Forest campus in the spring of 1924, under the leadership of John C. Martin, an academic student who wished to assemble a group of boys of like ideals. It was in September 1926, that the Delta Sigma Phi boys had a house completed for their fraternity, and they became the first on the campus to fall into possession of a house of their own.



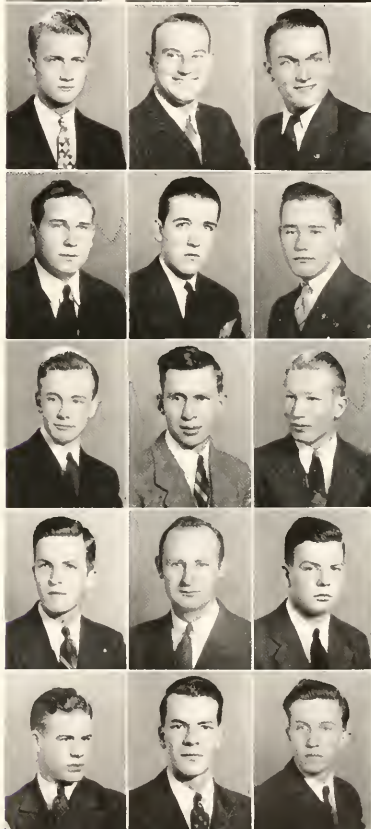
A petition for membership in the international organization was submitted in 1928, but it remained for Davis C. Herring, business manager of the *Student* and Wake Forest representative at Meredith, to push the request in 1933. After much effort by the Wake Forest, Duke and State College chapters, installation of the Beta Lambda Chapter of Delta Sigma Phi took place on May 14, 1933. Dr. C. S. Black of the Chemistry Department was chosen as faculty adviser.

DELTA SIGMA PHI

*Founded at the College of the City of New York,
December 10, 1889*

At the time of the local installation of the national organization, the order was composed of forty-three active chapters in the various colleges and universities of the United States and Canada. Alumni organization of the fraternity number twenty-three.

The local chapter has a number of men who are sharks in the field of mathematics; these aces get their practice by assisting Davis Herring in figuring out where he's going to keep all his money invested.



Ed Lane, J. L. Collier, Jack Johnson,
Tom Roberts, Laddie Taylor, Price Thomas,
W. F. Wood, Davis Herring, Ben Elliot,
Graham De Vane, Ray Everly, Cecil Allen,
Jarvis Ward, Gerald Allen, James De Vane.

KAPPA ALPHA Order, better known as KA, founded under the auspices of General Lee and made famous by Bill (Judge) Burgwyn, holds forth at Wake Forest as Tau Chapter. If we know our Greek (and Dr. Paschal doubts it), Tau is the nineteenth letter of the Hellenic alphabet, which seems to prove that Wake Forest's chapter of KA was the nineteenth installed, if that proves anything.

Anyway, Kappa Alpha has been wielding considerable political and social influence around here since 1831. The KA's have gained renown from their student body presidents, house-parties, and Pottie Poteat. The glamour boys of Pan-Hel, they number legislators, class presidents, athletes, jitter-bugs, and the inimitable Rod Buie in their fraternal circle. They are the best-dressed by virtue of the sartorial magnificence of such fashion-plates as Bob Harrell, and the most-traveled by virtue of the globe-trotting of Joe Greer.

If you're a freshman with a personality, and haven't yet had that well known KA pump-handle shake, drop around to the fraternity dorm some night, walk on down to the center section until you get opposite all the noise (that's Doug Walker), and a long arm will reach out automatically and clap you heartily on the back. (And that's Archie McMillan.)

The KA's are a sociable and scholarly group. No other fraternity has been able to win the fraternity scholarship cup from them. They must be able to combine their pleasure and work.

KAPPA ALPHA

*Founded at Washington and Lee University,
December 21, 1865*



CLAUDE MCNEILL

NANCY BREWER



Charles Cheek, Charles White, Jack Nowell, Francis Mackie, Archie McMillan, Bill Poteat, Roderick Buie, Bill Burgwyn, Charles Cook, Robert Vann, Powell Bland, Archie Smith, James Waller, Ed Greason, Jay Smith, Bob Harrell.





PAGE ACREE
ELIZABETH SMITH



John Avera
Charles Wilkins
Norvell Ashburn
Ralph Brunet
Joe Leonard

Elliot Galloway
Gaston Grimes
Bill Helsabeck
Bob Knepton
Walter Byrd

Virgil Lindsey
Bill Poe
Dud Poe
David Smith
Jack Starnes

Herbert Hadley
Bill Walker
Fred Welch
Billy West
Gene Worrell

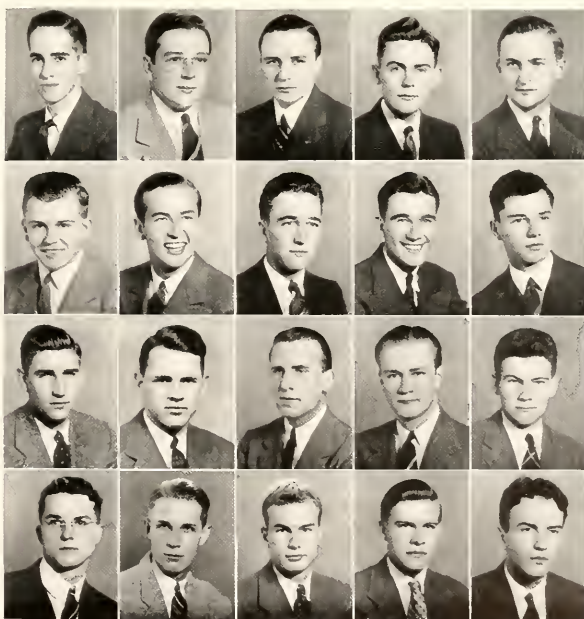
KAPPA SIGMA

Founded at the University of Virginia in 1869

IT IS an established fact that the Kappa Sigma fraternity is one of the "big five" fraternities of the United States. But we wager that no single chapter of the total of over a hundred in this nation have the wealth that is possessed by the inhabitants of the "Bolus Abode," located less than a stone's throw from the local grammar school. The presence of several HOWLER staffmen, and Norvell Ashburn, Student Directory Magnate, account for their vast financial resources.

At the time of its installation, Delta Omega was the "baby chapter" of the organization. But no longer are the Kappa Sigs the babies of any organization. Their fraternity presents a house of versatility: within its white portals are orators, debaters, football players, flute players, piano players, radio players, democrats, republicans, plutocrats, autocrats, literary society members, B.S.U. presidents, national guards-men, blacksmiths, mechanics, and editors. And the year 1910 was a success for them.

Special recognition is given to Dr. L. Owens Rea for his work as faculty adviser, and to Beaufort H. Jester, Worthy Grand Procurator of the national organization.



THE PAST year was a banner year for Lambda Chi Alpha in that it marked the first year of the union with Theta Kappa Nu, another national fraternity. This made it the fourth largest national fraternity, having 107 chapters and approximately 30,000. The merger, however, was not the absorption of one national fraternity by another but rather a combination of the two national groups on equal footing. The name Lambda Chi Alpha was chosen since it was the older of the two organizations.

Organized as Theta Pi—and against faculty opposition, the fraternity existed “sub rosa” until it was recognized by the faculty in 1924. As soon as it was legalized by the faculty, the members lost no time in opening negotiations with Theta Kappa Nu for a charter of the national organization, and in December 1921, North Carolina Beta Chapter of the Theta Kappa Nu was established on the Wake Forest campus.

The 1940 edition of the fraternity was noted for its contribution to the football team and Frank Castlebury. The Pledges are: William Charles, Jim Furr, Billy Gibson, Elwood Harper, Tom Jones, Doug Parker, Ray Sealey, Billy Windes, Frank Todd, William Jenkins, Frank Brown.



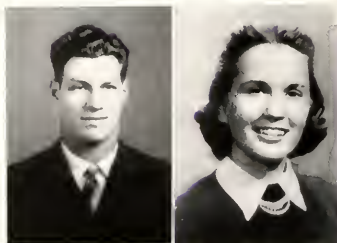
First row: Bob Goldberg, Bear Perry, Bill Holding, Frank Castlebury.
Second row: James Early, Ed Rice, Rudolph Saunders, Jim Turner.
Third row: D. C. Turner, Frank Owens, Frank Webster, Bill Dalton.
Fourth row: Harold Early, Judson Creech, Frank Faucette, Arthur Vivian.

LAMBDA CHI ALPHA

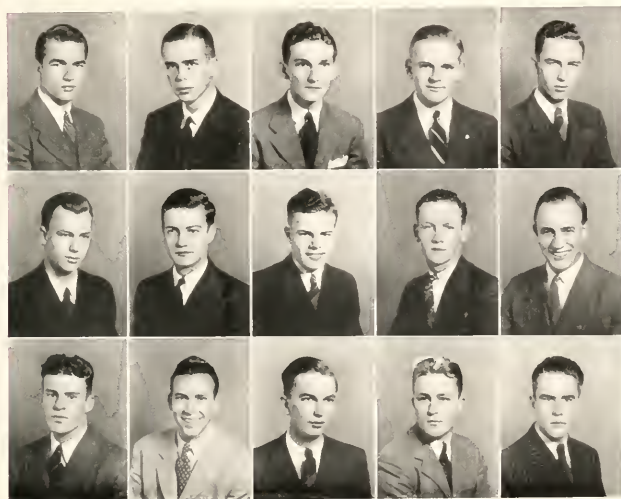
*Founded at Boston University,
November 2, 1909*



RUPERT PATE JOSEPHINE HOLDING



THERE ARE no pikers in the PiKA's. They buy half the annual production of cigars in North Carolina, and use them all on one day: Election Eve. And not only do they use them, but to good advantage. With Acey Hester and Slick Britt in his corner, George Watkins could lick Joe Louis in two minutes, twenty-nine seconds of the first round. Because that pair could talk the Nazis out of Norway.



Ray Whitley
Sim Caldwell
Regan McIntyre
Bill Belhois
Frank Hester

Howard Andrews
Furman Biggs
Donald Bradsher
W. C. Bullock
Bill Eutsler

Charles Mayberry
Cradlock Monroe
Leslie Morris
Dick Speight
George Watkins

SHERWOOD STATON
MILDRED HOBGOOD



PI KAPPA ALPHA

Founded at the University of Virginia in 1868

However, it is not on the political front alone that the PiKA's excel, oh, no! They can put up a good fight in everything from deuces wild to ping pong. It's a sporting crew, albeit that they are scholarly too . . . especially the pledges. But scholarly pledges seem to be in fashion in these days of the Patterson Reformation and the Upper Division.

We must confess, though, that with all the astuteness of the Gamma Phi Chapter, they put us in a bad hole. We had a life-time bet of four million dollars that Staton would never lose an election wager. Where are we going to get the four million unless we join Pi Kappa Alpha?



Olin Reed, Jim Cochran, Joe Duncavage,
Bedford Black, Jim Bonds, Leslie Cansler,
Charlie Check, Ralph Earnhardt, Jim Floyd,
Tony Galovich, James Mitchell, Fred Turnage,
Clem Crabtree, Bob Earnhardt, Roy Truslow



HARRY MUMFORD BETTY SUMMERSILL

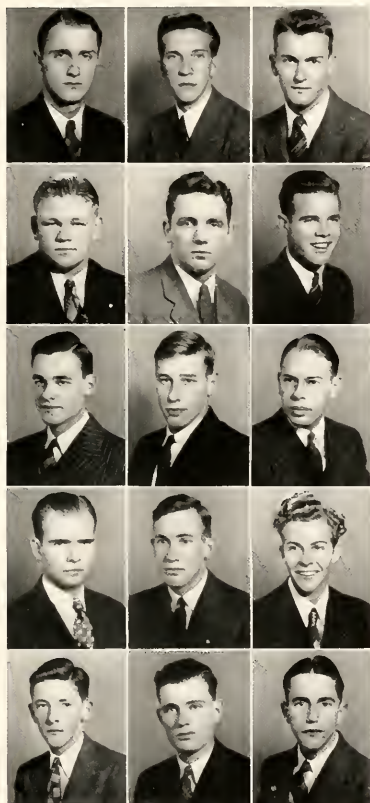
SIGMA PHI EPSILON

Founded at the University of Richmond in 1901

THE North Carolina Zeta chapter—formerly Chi Tau—of Sigma Phi Epsilon was installed on the Wake Forest campus April 19, 1940, the youngest national representative on the local set. Negotiations with Sigma Phi Epsilon were opened by Chi Tau early in 1939 and, after a considerable amount of work, a charter was granted by the national organization. To date, the fraternity has seventy undergraduate chapters, being represented in all but eleven states of the United States.

While some students think of the local chapter in terms of sports writers, this matter can't be held against them too strongly. They have taken an active part in the extra-curricular activities on the campus and have contributed to the general betterment of collegiate programs. Though it is the "baby chapter" of the national organization, it bids fair to wax more powerful, expanding their present membership of nineteen to the number they desire.

Chi Tau (the name taken from the Greek alphabet for no good reason whatsoever) was founded by a group of men at Trinity College in 1913 for the purpose of fostering good fellowship and understanding among the students on that campus. It was at one time a small national with the Delta chapter on the Wake Forest campus in 1923 when fraternities were first permitted. However, the national organization disbanded late in 1924 and until April of this year Chi Tau Delta has been a local.



Bob Howard, Ray Conley, Garrett Valentine
Redmon Chitty, Pete Davis, Ellis Murchison
Ed Spangler, Jess Tharnish, Willis Turner
Paul Wyche, Bill Kellner, Jimmy Northington
John Crowley, Hasty Riddle, Forest Stevens



SIGMA PI

*Founded at the Vincennes University,
February 26, 1867*

YOU WON'T FIND, anywhere in the universe, in one small, congested area like the Pi house, such a collection of giant intellects and diverse personalities, as in the manor occupied by the Sigmas. Counting in their brotherly ranks such widely differing paragons of umph as C. J. (Clancy) McInnis of Raleigh and Mississippi, who flies a Cub with the same aplomb that he takes a German cut, and Pete Davis, who takes tennis and the presidency of the student body in stride.

They are an amazing group, those Sigma Pi's. For years, everybody thought that was a mortuary in the yellow house on the corner, and suddenly, overnight, the crafty S.P.'s copped the presidency



JACK WILLIAMS
VIRGINIA BRYANT

of the student body and a group of promising freshmen.

The Sigma Pi's, for the most part, are nocturnal in nature. It's this way: The school children across the street wake up Murchison in the middle of the night, and he wakes Gilliland. That wakes the whole neighborhood, and keeps everybody up. So all the SP's go to morning classes, and sleep all day. Result: Insomnia. And they all play bridge and the phonograph until two, when Ben Elliott gets in and puts them to bed—or vice versa.



First row: Gene Phillips, Bob Randolph, Sam Gantt, Livingston Williams, Ben Carlin, Wilbur Jolly.
Second row: Jim Clontz, Lawson Knott, Cliff Everett, Beamer Barnes, Lloyd Gilbert, Rom Parker.
Third row: Paul Bullock, Grant Bolmer, Charles Jarrell, Charles Dorsett, Jim Pittman, Carl Gaddy.

JOHN PITTMAN
 BETTY SMITH

GAMMA ETA GAMMA

Founded at the University of Maine, February 25, 1901



IF THE SHADES of Clay and Webster ever came back through this part of the country and got mixed up with Beamer Barnes and his cohorts, nobody in Hunter would *ever* get anymore sleep—not that they ever have. . . . As it is, the government is thinking about setting up a ballroom station between alumni and Hunter, just in case the supply of nitrogen and helium should give suddenly out. It's not a bad idea, because we here and now nominate the twenty-two members and the five pledges (especially Castlebury), as the most metaphorical bunch of guys between here and Washington, D. C.

The ubiquitous purveyors of legal advice have so much to do this year, considering the revival of the Young Democrats, the establishment of the Young Republicans, the promulgation of the Young Socialists, the senatorial, gubernatorial, and presidential elections, that they hardly have time to bother about classes at all. But we'll make you a wager: if any of them ever flunk anything in law school, we'll positively guarantee to tell you which is Jim and which is John Pittman.

Sic prohibit.



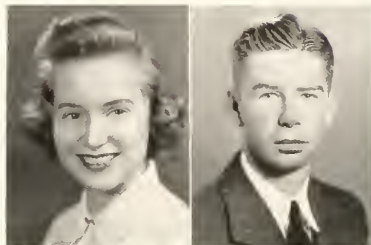
PHI CHI

Founded at the University of Vermont in 1839

TAU KAPPA division of Phi Chi was installed at Wake Forest in 1935, and was named in honor of an outstanding Phi Chi professor, Dr. Thurman D. Kitchin. The present national organization is a result of the union of two medical fraternities of the same name. The Eastern division was organized at the University of Vermont, and the Southern division was founded by a similar group of medical students at the Louisville Medical College in 1894.

To say that the local chapter houses a number of outstanding students on the Wake Forest campus would be putting it rather mildly. There is McDonald, the horn-blower (of the orchestra type); O'Brien, the local representative in foreign ports of romance—New York for example; Heath Bumgardner, who speaks for himself; and Boyd Owen and numerous others who have taken places of outstanding rank on the campus.

Distributed throughout the Western Hemisphere and South Carolina, there are a total of sixty-six Phi Chi



HELEN DONEVANT

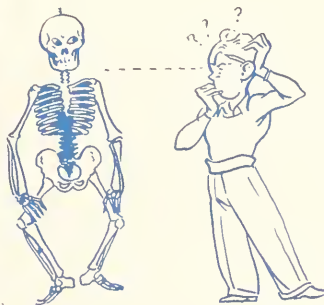
EARL BALDWIN



*First row: J. D. Christian, Bob Allen, Bill O'Brien, Jack Weeks, Sam Williams.
Second row: J. L. Smith, Fred Johnson, Boyd Owen, Heath Bumgardner, Charles Highsmith.
Third row: Malcolm McDonald, Bob King, Edwin Womble, Jeff Senter, Carrol Platt.*

chapters now. Their social life provides a source of professional relationship.

If it weren't for the thought that there will be others just like them, it would be sad to see the retiring Medical students of 1940 take their flight from the local chapter of Phi Chi.





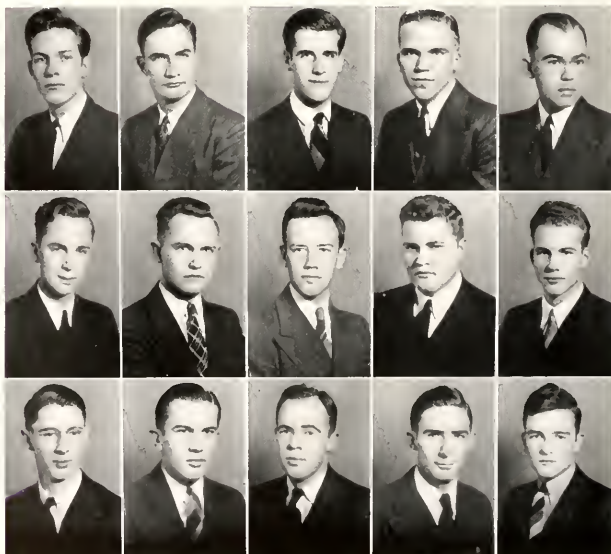
T. O. WILELESS
MARTHA KEARNEY



Phil Dixon
Dan Martin
Joe Little
Cooper Howard
Cullen Hall

Oscar Carter
D. H. Jones
Russell Harris
A. M. Cronch
C. C. Byrum

Nelson Thomas
J. R. Wright
Brady Kenlaw
Wyan Washburn
George Dillard



PHI RHO SIGMA

Founded at Northwestern University in 1873

DUE TO the rapid advancement of the Wake Forest Medical School, the men of medicine on the local campus banded together and organized the Alpha Delta Chapter of Chi Zeta Chi. Steady growth was in their favor, and in 1923 the members felt the necessity of affiliating themselves with a national fraternity. Then came Phi Rho Sigma. On April 16, 1929, a charter from Phi Rho Sigma was granted and the old Alpha Delta chapter was organized as the Chi Theta chapter.

The national organization has quite a history behind it. It has existed as a society for nearly three-quarters of a century. Many of the medical men who have been members of this fraternity have become famous for their professional work. And now the organization has a total of forty-eight chapters, located in practically every medical school of any note throughout the United States. The organization is eager to improve the art and science of medicine by assisting the undergraduate in his studies and the graduate in the practice of medicine.

Whether the group meets now and then, in the local chapter, and discusses the ways and means of raising the price of curing stomach-ache or not has never been ascertained by outside critics. They have, however, taken an active part in campus activity, and hold down one of the quietest sections of Bostwick Dormitory.



Deliberation; salutation; contemplation.



Welcoming committee of two, headed by Monroe; before the Pika house.

FRATERNITY LIFE

LIKE ANY other organizations the fraternity men are not entirely free from insinuating maxims. Some students have done a little paraphrasing, to say: "Rich man, poor man; fraternity man, fraternity man."

But the fraternities have come to be an integral part of Wake Forest's social life. Fortunately, there is no definite line of discrimination between the students who are Greek letter men and those who are not, for both groups work side by side and often play side by side.

From the time the student officially hangs his hat on a peg in the house until he is first approached for his initial dues, he is the happiest man alive. The house belongs to him, and he revels in its resources. However, he soon learns that fraternity life is not play alone, but certain scholastic requirements are attached to his pledge, in order to retain a desirable standing. In this way the fraternities have come to serve an excellent purpose aside from the social advantages offered.

The social side of the house is quite inviting to say the least, however. A man with a huge,



'Gators grope for the band-stand, as Donahue's drummer does a ferocious version of "Pagan Love Song."



crushing handshake greets you at the door, and you are ushered into the "best house on the campus." By the time you have investigated it from the chapter room to the guest and old-grad cots in the attic, you are convinced. Even at that, you don't know the half of it. The personnel of the group and the common characteristics of the brothers impress you most of all. In this manner the boys are able to extend bids to men who are most like themselves, and you in turn are able to decide for yourself as to the correctness of their calculations.

Then there are the dances, parties, informal

*Top: Bellois and Company: Conversation.
Below: "Gawky" Durham and partner: captivation.*

gatherings. Generally music beats against the banner-tapestried walls. Shouts of glee and cries of enthusiastic spirit greet the ear. Somehow there is a spirit of definite brotherhood prevailing. The fraternity man has decided to play for a while.

Another week-end he has decided to dance, while plans for an autumn hop or a spring formal have been worked out to the nth degree. Beautiful girls descend on the campus from each of the four universal directions, and varied and sundry accents give account of the brothers' versatility. There is always a friendly atmosphere in the chapter room, and before several hours of the officially-opened festivities have passed, you know all visitors. A current complaint among some of the men is that you know one of the visitors too well; perhaps it's his girl friend.

But all pretty animosities are forgotten by 9:30 in the evening. You have dined and dancing has begun. A seething mass of color blights the unromantic vision of any gloomy gus, and you sway to the strains of some plaintive melody. The festive mood lingers until the wee hours of morning, and takes a tapering-off channel at breakfast the next day. The scene has changed on Monday, and you find stark reality, in the form of books, classes and leering professors, staring you directly in the eye.

What you have had is inspiration.



President Castlebury leads Pan-Hellenic Council figure at Mid-winters formal; down from the check room—2:00 a.m.; Willis Turner implores: "It's getting late."



Perhaps he left her for the vocalist of a swing-band, namely, Paula Kelly, Al Donahue's, songstress who made such a hit with Deacontown dancers.



K.A.'s hold open house on the eve of Mid-winters.



in a sense—the social mode of inspiration, preparatory to the academic or professional tasks, in which you need mental inspiration. For a week-end friends have forgotten their enemies and enemies have forgotten their enemies. The fraternity has turned out for a portion of the social calendar for the year.

On the calendar are dances at which every fraternity man has the best time at his own dance and goes to the others pastime. No one but a fraternity man can feel the satisfaction of having the ribbon denoting that he is a host.

Outside of the spirit of brotherhood and perennial friendliness existing between the men of similar Greek letters, you will find that they are not unlike your other comrades. In them you will find men who never bathe without singing, and you will find some of these same men who never sing. A beautiful girl to a Greek man is a beautiful girl, re-

Sherwood Stetson, Pika, and "Boots" Holmgren forget studies at tri-frat dance.

Nan Davis entertains at intermission gathering.

ardless of who has assumed a license of appreciation for her beauty. There is always a good quartet in every fraternity, and there is always one brother at least to whom you or no one else will lend money. Few of them are wallflowers for there is the omnipresence of brotherhood.

It might be said that the fraternity life of today, 1940, is in a large measure the same relative life which inaugurated their presence on the Wake Forest campus a number of years ago. There is always the perpetual stream of family relations, and fraternity brothers generally accept and live up to the "like father, like son; like brother." axioms of collegiate life.

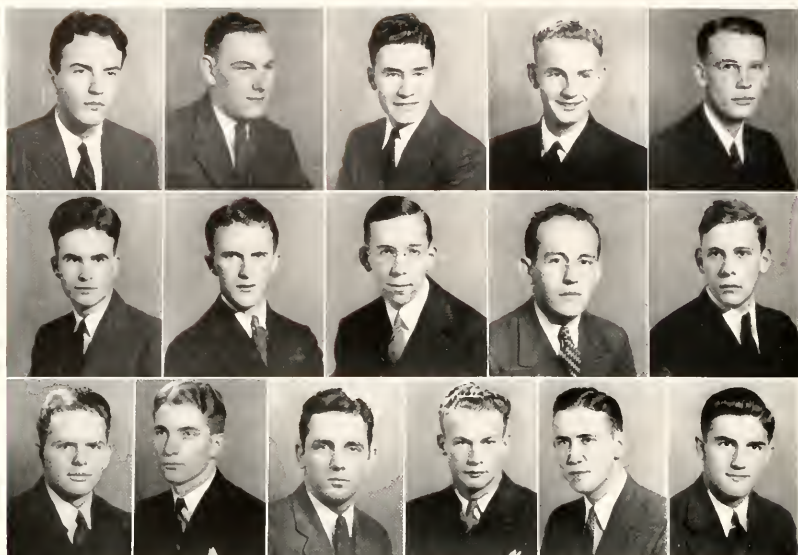
That is, in a fleeting fashion, the social side of the part of a college called "fraternities." But there are honor fraternities, too, composed of men who excel in like tendencies of academic endeavor.

There's not a great deal of fundamental difference between the social and honor fraternities. Their orders are set up for different purposes, of course, but the men of both groups have many things in common. Where the social fraternity man might be primarily interested in the group of men who are affiliated with a certain fraternity, his interest is created through the social associations. On the other hand, men of leadership, scholarship, higher chemical study, or excellence in language are drawn together by their mutual adeptness in specific fields.

The social fraternities have their fun and their rules. Requirements as to scholarship afford many of the members the necessary "push" to keep up better-than-average grade standards. And work of the honor groups stimulates the interest to delve deeper into the problems.

Top: Serenade from a window-site; Opilika's (Ala.) gift to girdle; Byron "Pete" Davis smiles; girls, girls, girls, and a punchbowl. Bad tonsils run in the Kappa Sig family. Welch, Baldwin, and Acree demonstrate.





*Top row, left to right: Gene Worrell, Jim Waller, Heath Bumgardner, Boyd Owen, Harold McManus.
Second row: Page Acree, Gene Brissie, Jim Capple, Wayne Oates, Bill Poteat.
Bottom row: Jimmy Hayes, Jack Parker, Pete Davis, Eddie Woolbert, Cliff Everett, Bob Goldberg.*

OMICRON DELTA KAPPA

OMICRON DELTA KAPPA, the national leadership fraternity, has a special place on the campus of any better college or university. Wake Forest is definitely in this classification, for its tradition, growth, and bids into the future have been built on leadership—of men.

The Beta Alpha circle of Omicron Delta Kappa, the forty-eighth chapter of the National leadership group founded in 1914 at Washington and Lee University, was installed at Wake Forest May 15, 1939. Charter members of the local organization included fourteen students and nine faculty members. Ten of the charter members were lost by graduation

last spring. Thirteen students and two faculty members were added to membership at the first semi-annual initiation on December 4, 1939.

The organization offers three purposes: First, to recognize men who have attained a high standard of efficiency in college activity; second, to bring together the most representative men in all phases of collegiate life, thereby moulding the sentiment of the institution on questions of local and inter-collegiate interest; third, to bring together members of the faculty and student body of the institution on a basis of mutual interest and understanding.

GOLDEN BOUGH

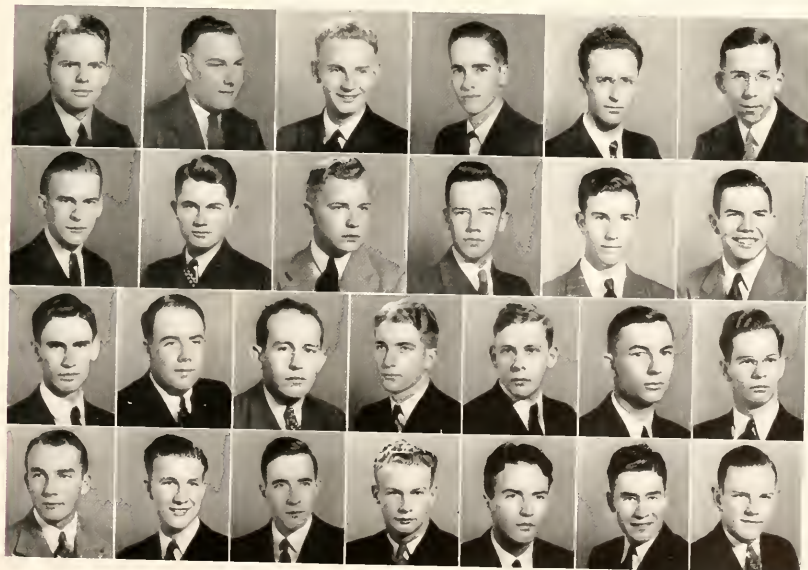
"SCHOLARSHIP furthers the effectiveness of any cause." Thus, Golden Bough, the historic honorary fraternity of the Wake Forest campus, has often been referred to as a formidable cornerstone of other organizations. It represents that two per cent of a student body whose scholarship merits their being in a class of their own, but whose fraternal spirit brings them together in an organization time-honored by Wake Forest College.

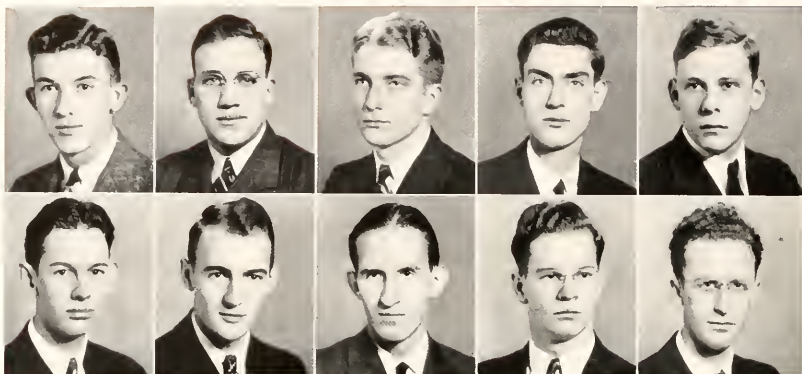
It was back in 1925 that the Golden Bough was organized here. Someone described it as being "the work of distinction for outstand-

ing members of the student body." But Golden Bough also represents a group of students whose excellence in study carries them into diversified fields. One is the scientist, another the mathematician, and another a man of literature and language. As men who come from different fields of study, they have a brotherhood in their common interests.

In recent years the fraternity has required a scholastic average of 92.5 for five consecutive semesters of new members. Officers for the current year included Jimmy Hayes, president; Jim Waller, vice president; and Boyd Owen, secretary-treasurer.

Top row, left to right: Jimmy Hayes, Jim Waller, Boyd Owen, John Aver, Henlee Barnett, Jim Copple.
Second row: Lynn Corbin, I. C. Gentry, Albert Glod, Russell Harris, Paul Hinkle, J. D. McNair.
Third row: H. K. Middleton, J. W. Nowell, Wayne Oates, Jack Parker, Bill Potrat, Claude Roebuck, David Schrum.
Bottom row: A. F. Scott, S. M. Spencer, Frank Ward, Eddie Woolbert, Eugene Worrell, Heath Bumgardner, Tom Lumpkin.





*Top row: Emmett Davis, N. P. Howington, Jack Parker, Bill Poole, W. M. Potrat.
Bottom row: G. M. Bryan, William Pritchard, Bill Angell, David Schrumm, Henlee Barnette.*

CHI ETA TAU

CHI ETA TAU, honorary philosophical fraternity, was organized fifteen years ago as the Charles E. Taylor Philosophical Club.

It has as its purpose the encouragement of intelligent discussion of philosophic problems by students who have distinguished themselves in this field.

Membership requires the most rigid of qualifications. The organization is limited to those who are doing advanced work in the Department of Philosophy, and those who propose to do graduate work upon receiving an academic degree. Furthermore, in order to be eligible for membership, one must maintain a scholastic standing in the upper ten per cent of the student body, plus the high ideals of character accepted of one in such a group.

The fraternity is under the direction of Dr. A. C. Reid, professor of philosophy and psychology, recognized as one of the leading men in this particular field. Dr. Reid is one of the few men who use their own works as a text.

During the past several years guest speakers have been brought in to express their views on different subjects. Regular meetings were a feature of the activities, although this year the group has not met as consistently as it has done in the past.

Distinguished psychologists were often asked to lead the discussions at the seminar programs, or to give original lectures, formal and informal, to the members of the fraternity. Such a practice proved helpful indeed to the student of philosophy.

DELTA KAPPA ALPHA

DELTA KAPPA ALPHA, honorary ministerial fraternity, was founded October 1932, for the purpose of promoting fellowship and spiritual life among the ministerial students on the campus and of elevating the ideals and increasing interest in and understanding of the problems which confront the ministry of today.

The group was ably assisted by Dr. Binkley and Dr. Easley, both of whom are of the Department of Religion.

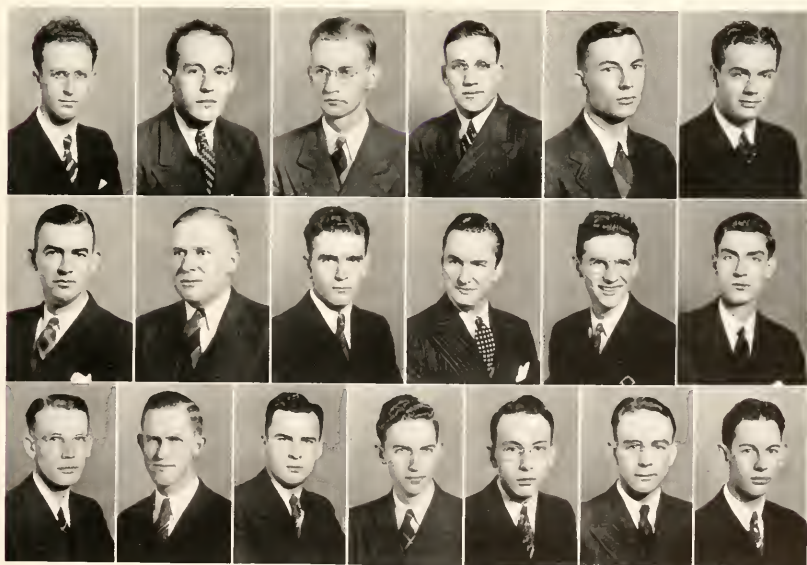
Among the numerous speakers at the fraternity meetings were such well-known personalities as Dr. A. C. Reid and Professor Al Martin of the Department of Philosophy, Dr. Binkley, Dr. Hubert Poteat, professor of

Latin language and literature, and Professor A. L. Aycock, of the English department.

Membership in Delta Kappa Alpha is limited to twenty-five students of junior and senior standing.

Henlee Barnette served during the year as president of the group. His assisting officers were Wayne Oates, vice president; James Potter, secretary; Clarence Godwin, treasurer; Charles Talley, chaplain; Claude Roebuck, reporter; and G. C. Kinlaw, sergeant-at-arms.

Other members include: Fon Scofield, Bill Poole, Harold McManus, Norman Blythe, Roundtree Blanchard, Charles Burchette, Nolan P. Howington, Thomas Hood, McLeod Bryan, W. R. Wagoner, James Turner, and R. T. Stancil.



Top row: Henlee Barnette, Wayne Oates, Fon Scofield, N. P. Howington, Claude Roebuck, Clarence Godwin.
Second row: Norman Blythe, Roundtree Blanchard, Thomas Hood, James Potter, Charles Talley, Bill Poole.
Bottom row: Harold McManus, R. T. Stancil, James Turner, W. R. Wagoner, Charles Burchette, G. C. Kinlaw, McLeod Bryan.



Top: John Avera, Bob Nelson, Victor Crescenzo, Albert Glod, Page Acree, Donald Bradsher, T. O. Braswell.
Second: Roderick Buie, Kenneth Cherk, Spurgeon Canady, J. K. Collier, Jasper Godwin, Boyce Griggs, J. B. Hankins.
Third: Bob Hardwick, Miles Hudson, Charles Inman, Tom Jarvis, Jack Johnson, Harold Johnston, Charles Kalaf.
Fourth: Louis Kernon, Walter Lockhart, Franz Maroshek, Leslie Morris, John Nance, Howard Olive, Spurgeon Smathers.
Bottom: David Smith, Wingate Swain, Wayne Townsend, Roy Truslow, James Watson, Allen Wooden, Clarence Bridger.

GAMMA NU IOTA

GAMMA NU IOTA, honorary Pre-Medical fraternity, was founded in 1937 at Wake Forest College by Frank Neal, under the guidance and help of Dr. C. C. Carpenter, Dean of the Wake Forest School of Medical Sciences. Although still a young organization, Gamma Nu Iota has acquired a large measure of prestige and is growing steadily.

Eligibility for membership is based on scholarship, aptitude for pre-medical sciences, and character, and is limited to men of sophomore standing or better.

The purpose of the fraternity is to bring closer together students who are planning to follow a medical career, and provide them



with a greater opportunity for close fellowship, for discussion of problems, and for wider acquaintance with recent developments in the various medical fields.

Bi-monthly meetings are held at which time there are student programs, or programs during which a doctor or other authority in the field makes a talk and leads a discussion on some phase of medicine.

Programs were arranged in the fall to help those members who planned to take the Medical Aptitude Test. The results were gratifying.

John Avera is president of the group. He is assisted by I. R. Nelson, vice president; Vic Crescenzo, secretary; and Al Glod, treasurer.

GAMMA SIGMA EPSILON

GAMMA SIGMA EPSILON, honorary chemical fraternity, was founded at Davidson College in 1919. The Alpha Gamma Chapter was installed at Wake Forest College in 1926, replacing the Lavoisier Chemical Society, a local organization.



A unique feature of making distinguishable new members who are soon to be inducted into the fraternity is the test tube dangling from a string circling the young Chemist's neck. This tube is worn during the early part of the student's invitation.

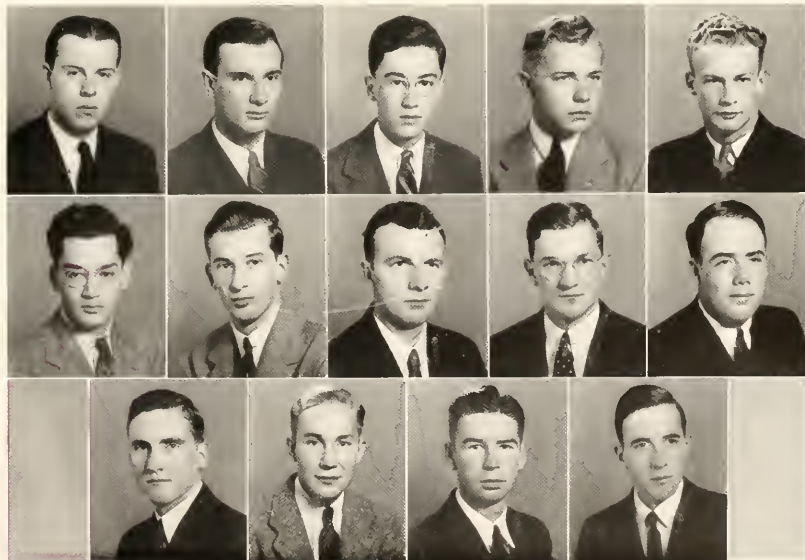
The object of the fraternity is to increase interest and scholarship in Chemistry and to promote friendship and the general welfare of the chemists. Membership is based on scholarship, character, and the amount of interest manifested in the field.

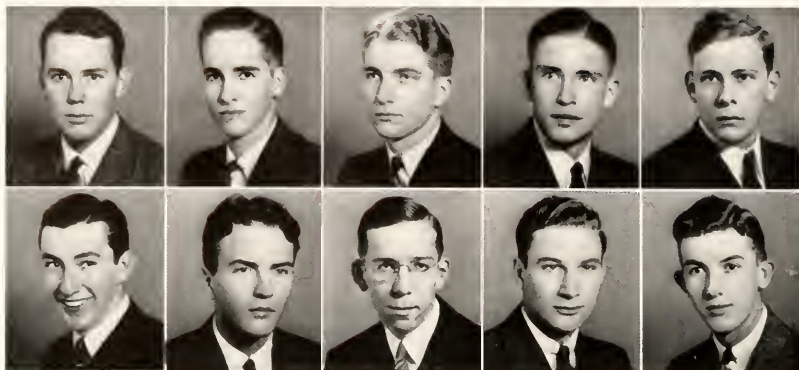
Meetings have been held at various times during the year that were primarily of a chemical nature, but such programs were open to the public.

The officers of the organization are A. P. Glod, Keeper of the Kult; Jack Nowell, Grand Alchemist; John A. Freeman, Recorder; and T. R. Jarvis, Visor.

Other members of Gamma Sigma Epsilon are: Henry E. Ernst, Eddie Woolbert, I. R. Nelson, Paul Cheek, Walter Lockhardt, Miles Hudson, Tom P. Freeman, Jack Webb, J. T. Spencer, Vic Crescenzo, and Cedric Smith.

*First row: Henry Ernst, Tom Jarvis, Walter Lockhart, Albert Glod, Eddie Woolbert.
Second row: Victor Crescenzo, Bob Nelson, John A. Freeman, Tom Freeman, Jack Nowell.
Bottom row: Cedric Smith, Miles Hudson, Earl Baldwin, Frank Ward.*





Top row: Charles Allen, John Avera, Jack Parker, Rod Buie, Bill Poteat.
Bottom: Fred Eason, Eugene Worrell, James Copple, Ray Modlin, Emmett Davis.

SIGMA PI ALPHA

SIGMA PI ALPHA, honorary modern language fraternity, was founded at N. C. State College in 1927. The Epsilon Chapter was installed on the local campus in 1931.

The fraternity has as its purpose the stimulation of interest in and the acquisition of a more intimate knowledge of, the language, customs, and culture of foreign countries, and in this way the cultivation of a better understanding between these countries and our own.

Seminar programs and informal discussions are regular parts of the activities enjoyed by the fraternity. Meetings are held during which the conversation is carried out in some foreign language. Lectures are given in order that the members might understand more clearly the mode of life as practiced by another country.

Membership in Sigma Pi Alpha is limited to two per cent of the student body. Selection

is on the basis of character, scholarship, and aptitude in foreign languages.

Under the capable direction of Professor C. A. Seibert, Dr. H. D. Parcell, and Dr. N. C. Giddings, faculty advisers of the fraternity, many interesting programs have been given this year. Several social functions were carried out with success.

One of the advisers, Dr. Parcell, was elected president of the national honorary language fraternity this year at a banquet program of the 12th Annual Congress held in Greenville.

According to Dr. Parcell, the 13th Congress will be held here in the spring of next year, with Wake Forest College acting as host.

The members of Sigma Pi Alpha are: Emmett Davis and Charles M. Allen, graduate students; Jay Smith, medical student; Eugene Worrell, law student; John Avera, Jack Parker, Bill Poteat, Jim Copple, Raymond Modlin, seniors; Roderick Buie and Fred Eason, juniors.

PI KAPPA DELTA



DURING THE PAST year, Pi Kappa Delta, national forensic fraternity, completed its most successful year of activity since being installed at Wake Forest in 1926. The group, working in coöperation with the debate squad, is composed of those men whose special interest and activity in forensic work entitles them to recognition by the national organization. Its purpose is to foster the spread of interest and activity in speech work and to represent the college in various events during the year.

Leaders for the fraternity this year were Bob Goldberg, president; Jimmy Gilliland, vice president; Tom Davis, secretary.

Outstanding events of the year might include the journey to several tournaments

throughout the South; or the time of the Student Legislature in Raleigh, when college men took over the law-making offices for a day, and Bedford Black was elected speaker of the house for the second consecutive year. Another highlight was the High School Debate Tournament, held on the Wake Forest campus, and sponsored by this organization in particular. Representatives journeyed to Knoxville, Tenn., where the national tournament of Pi Kappa Delta was in progress. For the first time that any national title has come below the Mason and Dixon Line, Gene Worrell took over top honors in the oratory division.

Many of these same men saw service in other campus activities of speech. Several were foremost in literary society programs.



Top row: Bob Goldberg, Adlai Hoyle, Joe Leonard, Ralph Brunet.
Bottom row: Tom Davis, Bedford Black, Spottswood Butts, Billy Windes.

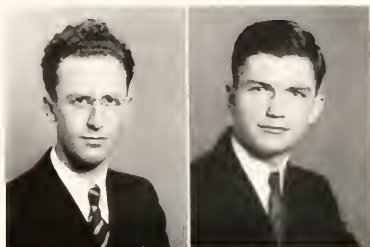
Euzelian Literary Society

FROM THE DATE of their first meetings, back in 1835, the literary Societies have remained a constant source of forensic competition. Earlier competition exceeded forensic activities, for the societies had races for first place in membership.

Dr. O. T. Binkley addressed the Euzelians in this first meeting of the year. Other speakers during the year included Dr. Hubert Poteat and J. M. Broughton, an old Euzelian who announced his candidacy for governor of North Carolina this year.

The heated rivalry between the two societies took its first form at the Society Day contests this year. Robert Goldberg and Bedford Black represented the Eus in the annual debate, while Seavy Carroll and Stewart Simms delivered orations.

Perhaps the outstanding highlight of the year came when the Euzelian presented Dr. John G. Neihardt, American poet, with an honorary membership certificate.



HENLEE BARNETTE

SEAVY CARROLL

Presidents



First row, left to right: Bedford Black, James Copple, Seavy Carroll, Henlee Barnette, Bill Flowe, Tom Freeman.

Second row: Stewart Simms, David Moody, Robert Doyle, Ralph Andrews, Lansing Hicks, Hazen Booth, Earl Purser, Bill Phillips, Spotswood Butts, Bill Poole, Earl White, Henry Hicks, J. T. Spenser, Les Cansler, Council Pinnell, Linwood Dize, Charles Freeman, Hollis Fuller, Bill Smith, P. D. Cain.

Third row: Sidney Schrumm, Joe Mathis, Fred Crowley, Nathan Xanthos, Bill Hearn, Meredith Barnes, George Eddins, Seth Washburn, Bill Millsaps, Leslie Bobbitt, Harold McManus.

Philomathesian Literary Society



Front row: Potts, Beavers, Bradsher, Yates, Leonard, Cheek, Wilson, Morgan, Britt.

Back row: Northrup, Wilkins, Pruden, Krahenbill, Rich, Dean, Lyles, Hensley, Buie, Hasty, Bailey, Galloway, Hutchinson, Ayers.

THE FIRST semester programs of the Philomathesian Literary Society were designed to cover historical points of American History. Second Semester activities were concentrated on current events and were focused—on the literary side—toward giving students a deeper appreciation of literature.

At the annual smoker last fall, Professor Al Martin, a former Phi, was the guest speaker. Then came Society Day, when the Phi debaters, Ralph Brumet and Joe Leonard, won a victory over the Eu speakers. Carroll and Simms, however, were successful in defeating Phi orators Roderick Buie and Neil Morgan. In the Founder's Day speech fest, Brumet and Leonard were again successful in defending their debating crown, while no decision was offered in the oratory division.

The greatest contribution to Wake Forest student activities has been made by the literary societies.



PAGE ACREE JOE LEONARD
Presidents



Euzelian representatives: Robert Goldberg, Bedford Black, Seavy Carroll, Simms.
Philomathesian: Neil Morgan, Roderick Buie, Joe Leonard, Ralph Brumet.



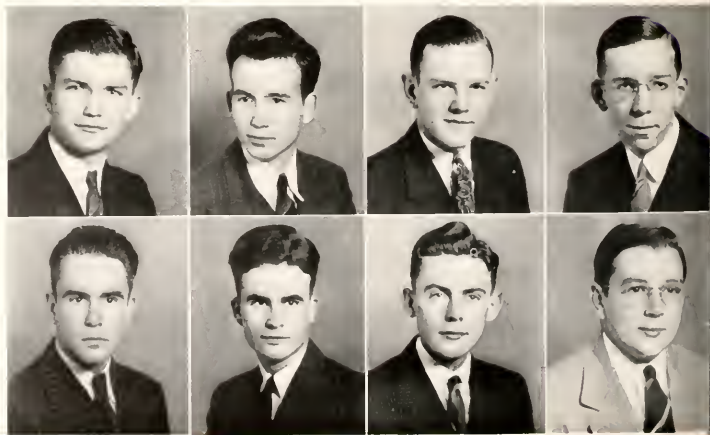
Society Day Speakers

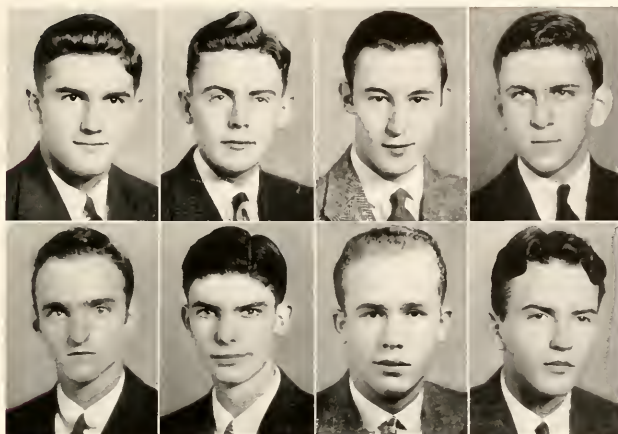
SOCIETY DAY and homecoming are usually associated with each other. Last fall, when the flare of forensic festivities could be sensed from the most distant corner of the campus, the Philomathesian debaters, including Brumet and Leonard, defeated the Eu contenders. Euzelian orators Stewart Simms and Seavy Carroll took the honors in this division.

Founders' Day Speakers

AS an important part of the annual Founder's Day activities, representatives from the Philomathesian and Euzelian Literary Societies clashed in the second inter-society meet of the year. When the forensic smoke of battle had cleared away, the Phi debaters, Brumet and Leonard, were declared winners of the debate. No decision was offered in the oratory circle. The tradition behind the Founder's Day society events carries with it a note of anxiety from one year to another. According to past records, the groups have remained pretty well divided in victories and defeats.

Euzelian representatives: Seavy Carroll, Bedford Black, Thomas Lumpkin, James Copple.
Philomathesian speakers: George Watkins, Page Acree, Ralph Brumet, Charles Wilkins.





Robert Goldberg, Ralph Brumet, Adlai Hoyle, Tom Davis,
Spoiswood Butts, Billy Windes, James Gilliland, Eugene Worrell.

Debate Squad

Goldberg, the debater ranked highest in the annual Strawberry Leaf Festival. Tom I. Davis, the Southern after dinner speaking contest, and Eugene Worrell was judged champion orator of the nation. Brumet, Hoyle, Butts, Lyles, Gilliland, and others added to the Deacon victory march in the competition of the better speaking circles.

Statesman's Club

During the year just passed, the Statesman's Club has had plenty of topics for discussion. They discuss matters of international importance. While passing the Law building on a meeting night, you might hear a flow of oratory that would rival Mr. Monroe of Doctrine fame. Incidentally, the primary object of the club is to establish an interest in world peace. Since the Swedish Academy didn't offer a Nobel Peace Prize in 1939, the Statesman's Club didn't get directly rewarded for their work.



Front row: Carroll, Howard, Leonard, Cain, Pinnell, Copple, Settle, Pritchard, Bailey, West,
Back row: Welch, Flowe, Early, Brumet, Lyles, Hasty, Loving, Morgan, Watson, Angell, Hutchinson,
Tate.

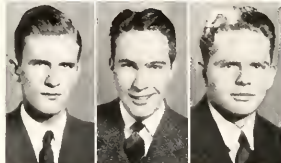
Barrister's Club

Designed for the purpose of giving organization to a group of men entering the same field, the Barrister's Club offers training to the youthful pursuers of a legal profession. Officers for the club this year were Archie L. Smith, president; Sim Caldwell, vice president; M. L. Lowe, secretary-treasurer; and James Gilliland, critic.

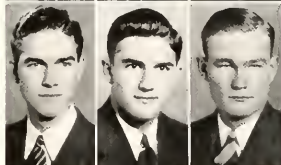
Archie Smith
Sim Caldwell
J. L. Williams



Bill Staton
Leonard Lowe
Jimmy Hayes



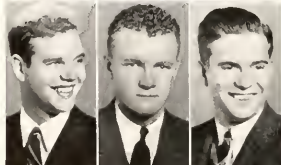
Robert Scott
Robert Goldberg
E. Doffenmyre



W. H. S. Burgwyn
Sherwood Staton
Francis Holliday



Jim Clonts
Tom Williams
Rom Parker



Jake Taylor
Davis Herring
Graham DeVane



N. Y. Gulley Law Society

Students of law, realizing that the ability to speak effectively is such an indispensable part of their profession, organized the N. Y. Gulley Law Society in 1937. Their methods of encouraging and popularizing speech practice have been especially successful. Foremost among their programs have been the mock trials, where law conditions prevail.

Beamer Barnes
Ben Carlin
Lloyd Gilbert



Craig Hopkins
Jim Randleman
Jim Clonts



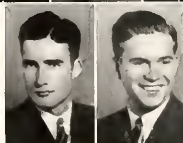
Jim Pittman
John Pittman
Earl Collins



Charles Dorset
Elton Mitekiner
Cliff Everett

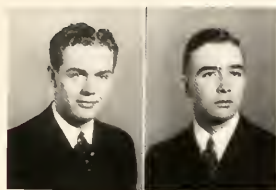


Gene Phillips
Lawson Knott
Charles Jarrell



Willbur Jolly Rom Parker





Presidents

CLARENCE GODWIN
JAMES GREENE

RUFUS POTTS
CHARLES GODWIN

JOHN FLETCHER
BEN USSERY

ROBERT GOLDBERG
MERRITT BURNS

LIVINGSTON WILLIAMS

Sunday School Officers

Sunday school activity at Wake Forest is divided between a series of units, each operating under its own organization. There are groups which meet in the various classrooms of Wait Hall, and there is a Law School group.

Under the guidance of a teacher, who is usually drawn from the faculty, each of these classes plans its own activity for the year. Needless to say, their work is an integral part of campus life.

Ministerial Conference

How the name "Prophets" was ever acquired by the ministerial students on the Wake Forest campus is quite a mystery.

However, it is no mystery that the ministerial conference has become a place of valuable training for students entering the ministry. Backed with the power of unsurpassed religious leaders, who are to be found on the Wake Forest campus, these men have banded together for an honorable purpose. Their meetings provide opportunities for the youthful minister to bring up his problems and seek a collective solution.



First row: Bryan Matheny, Hasty, Krahenbill, Rich, Poole, Phillips, Johnson, Godwin, Middleton, Pruden, McCrimmon, Long, Brookshire.
Second row: Varner, Seig, Potter, Hearn, Hensley, Scott, Minshew, Humphries, Blythe, Turner, Horne, Burchette, Barnette, Stroud, Loving, Middleton, Angell.
Back row: Patterson, Galloway, McManus, Shuford, Moore, Jackson, Blanchard, Talley, Early, Andrews, Blanchard, Hicks, Howington, Lamm, Lewis, Land, Wagner.

Baptist Student Union Officers

The work of the Wake Forest College Baptist Student Union for the past year was recognized throughout the denominational schools of this section. Capable leaders have rendered their objectives as "definite accomplishments." Among other things, they have brought notable speakers to the local campus. Chapel programs under their direction have been carefully planned, and this phase of campus activity, while not the most popular, has certainly been among the most profitable.

Harold McManus, *president*; Bill Poole, *secretary*; Edwin Pearce, *treasurer*; John Elliott Galloway, *vice president*; John Fletcher, *social director*.

Donald Moore, *literary chairman*; James Greene, *reporter*; Clarence Godwin, *Sunday school superintendent*; Jack Parker, *Baptist Training Union director*; Rountree Blanchard, *mission study representative*.

Norman Blythe, *ministerial conference representative*; Bedford Black, *Methodist representative*; Emmett Davis, *music director*; Wayne Oates, *extension director*; Vernon Northrup, *poster chairman*.



Group presidents are:

Rountree Blanchard
William Flowe
Walter Sessions

Keith James
John A. Freeman
James Vainer



Baptist Training Union

Organized similarly to the Sunday school groups—with programs of a different nature—the Baptist Training Union comprises six separate units. Members of the various units meet on Sunday evenings and present programs of a study nature. The presence of these groups on the campus has been time-honored, and many organizations have found their most capable leaders have come from the Training Union workers.

A CHANGE of mood, and the scene shifts to speaking sprees. It was oratory season. Society day had inspired many, while others fell into the festive mood and looked to the banqueting part of the day's activities. The very crispness of the atmosphere told us, however, that if autumn had passed, could Christmas be so far away?

In connection with the holiday moods, there were banquets, receptions, and honor society inductions,



Modes of convincing:
Bromet—"Gestures." Car-
roll—"Plead for sympathy."
Leonard—"It takes looks,
too."



Jim Greene and girl friend,
"Eating comes first—some-
times."

"Tamany was a bunch of weavings"—politicos How-
ington, B. Black, Thad
Eure, and Barnette. Eure
wanted the Secretary of
State position for another
term; Barnette wanted
the banquet to get over--
in a hurry.



Lynn Corbin and Eddie
Woolbert banquet, Maybe
it's a question of "Which
knife?"

Jimmy Hayes and Judge
Judson J., of the same
family name devote a bit
of time to something out-
side of a law office. There
was a speech later; Golden
Bough banquet.



"Santa Claused" Rountree
Blanchard thrilled a score
of Meredith Angels. "I've
missed my calling"—
Blanchard, at one of the
Prophet Frolics.

Still on the job, St. Nick
comes across with at least
one of the gifts entrusted
into his care.

HOW WE LOOKED and where we were at different times during the year offers a bit of study in retrospect.

Some of us were more interested in the menu of a banquet than we were the principal speakers. In one specific case of the year, however, we point back to the Founders' Day Birthday Party when Senator Josiah Bailey delivered a memorable address. The text was a masterpiece from the mind of one of Wake Forest's outstanding graduates.



ODK members Woolbert, Parker, Poteat, Owen, Waller and Bumgardner desert the chicken. Bring on a speaker.



"A bird in the hand isn't bad table manners,"—Davis and Brissie.

All-in-one for this time rather than the customary hole-in-one. Poteat and Owen wonder if he's up to par.



Even working boys must listen to speakers—if they're banquet waiters.

Hon. Josiah Bailey speaks. Dr. Kitchen and a Founder's Day luncheon group hear. "Our language means progress."



Miss Jo Williams passes out a bit of Wake Forest's birthday cake; it had a candlepower of 106. Carroll, Carpenter, and Dowtin partake.

It was a great birthday party; old grads, visitors, guests and college seniors took part.





First row: Roy Russell, Henry Huggins, John Daniel, David Schum, John Davis, Lenwood Dize, E. T. Harris, Leroy Jarvis, Sidney Schum, James Gillespie, Frank S. Harrell, Jr.
Second row: J. L. Austin, E. M. Yow, Walter Carpenter, Leslie Bobbitt, James Burkhalter, Guy Little, Frank Faucette, James Elliott, Billy Pearce, Creighton Rodwell.
Third row: Edwin Pearce, James Grower, E. F. Ayldett, T. M. Banks, J. A. Easley, Jr., George M. Willets, Jr., Ben Cole, Jack Hunt, Stewart Curtis.
Fourth row: Marshall Durham, Raoul Trudell, Edgar Gurganus, Frank Todd, Kenneth Smith.

BAND

IN EVERY institution there is an omnipresence of the term "school spirit." At Wake Forest no one part of the college deserves more credit for stimulating a desirable school spirit than the band. Clad in new uniforms, the sixty-odd members of the Gold and Black battalion is indispensable to the Wake Forest traditional interpretation of pep, spirit.

In Professor Donald F. Pfohl, the college has a man whose work deserves a bit of special mention here. First of all he is a musician, and one of the first order, and, secondly, the amiable manner of his direction has won for him the friendship of those whom he leads. Professor Pfohl is a versatile musician, and his experiences in the musical world of study have brought him in contact with out-standing men of his profession.



DONALD PFOHL

Football games, basketball games, outdoor concerts, and special trips to festivals over the entire state have been included on the band schedule of events. A pair of strutting drum-majors, Marshall Durham and Kenneth Smith, led the parades, and Deacon-town spirit ran high. With a band which we have been proud to point to as our own, students have left all reluctance behind when the necessary "punch" for a score seemed to depend upon a spirited cheer.

The band has given us a spirit of gaiety and cries of victory. The very march seemed to fit right in with October crispness of a football afternoon.

First row, left to right:
Fuller, Davis, Baucum,
Bobbitt, Harriss, Brow-
er, McMillan, Teachey,
Allen, Godwin, J.
Hicks, Winders, Mill-
shaps, Butler, J. Davis,
Hough, H. Hicks,
Parker, Little, Bunn,
Bell, Ellington, Cham-
blee, Hare, Rodhuck,
Tobey, Greer, Spencer,
Tiller, Gavin, Pearce,
Miller, Stinchcomb,
Talley.

Second row: Canter,
Moore, Gillespie, Mor-
ris, Barbee, Hughes,
Faucette, Greene, Rus-
sell, Hege, Allen, Hens-
ley, Pruette, Check,
Olive, Fronberger,
Rodwell.



GLEE CLUB

PROFESSOR PFOHL began the year with over seventy members in the glee club—a surprisingly large turnout for any college. As the season got under way, increasing interest was manifest by those who first became affiliated with the club. And so, in time, we found a group of students working together for they were looking to one of the most active seasons of recent years.

Autumn and winter took them to various sections of the state, where they took outstanding parts in musical performances.

And so throughout the year Professor Pfohl and his men have carried the vocal talents of Wake Forest before audiences of varied and sundry types. To them it has been a year of experience—good experience, for they found nods of approval and calls for encores at practically every set.

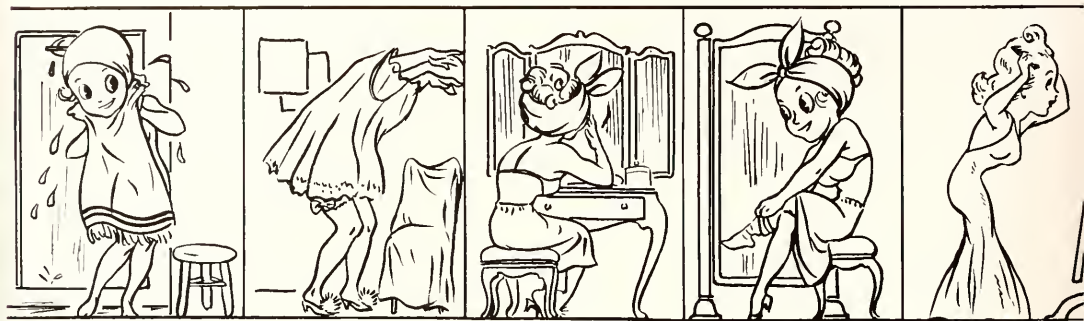
OCTET

AMONG many other features offered in glee club performances during the year, Professor Pfohl organized a splendid octet. Strangely enough the Wake Forest Octet is the only one of its kind known in the history of civilization, for, as is shown by the photograph, it is a nine-man octet. Whether the manager sneaked in on the picture, or whether the extra man is a "spare" or not, we can't say.



Octet, left to right: Bell, Talley, Winders, Stinchcomb, Davis, Parker, Tobey, Ellington, Baucum.

But we can say that they have meant much to Wake Forest. Their renditions have been met with favorable reports on all occasions, and their encores have been too numerous to enumerate. Among other selections they have found the special arrangements of Donald Pfohl most popular.



METAMORPHOSIS

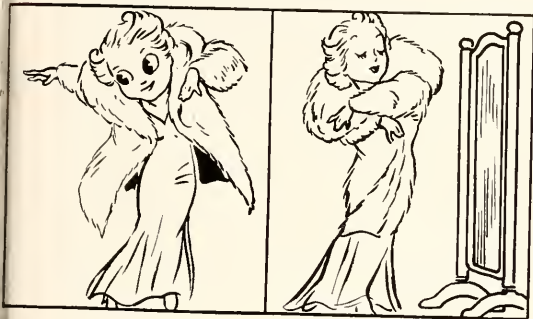
BEAUTY, whether vain or unassuming, cannot be restricted to either of the sexes. And beauty is not a "natural right" from birth alone, else a million cosmetic-manufacturers, hair curlers, nail polishers, beauty salonists, and Nightfall-in-Paris employees would be carrying on futile tasks.

Likewise beauty, attractiveness, charm, and allurements are terms which have been applied to horses, dogs, Persian cats, and even human beings. We prefer the latter.

When Dorso the caveman emerged from a Norwegian night's rest one morning, no doubt his half-opened eyes were temporarily blinded by a passing "oomph" girl of his day. We believe that even Dorso was inspired, and perhaps he chipped out an extra dozen stone hatchets for the family arsenal.

The same element of intrigue has followed in the wake of caveman until now, since Hollywood and presidents' wives combined have given us such a confused conception of beauty, we hardly





know what to call inspiration. It is interesting, nevertheless, to trace the development of one's own conception, and then view the final results.

Necessary implements might include a good hair brush, a not-too-authentic mirror, sundry jars of *Good Housekeeping*-recommended toilet articles, and a flattering comrade. Proof of your success might be adjudged according to the number of year-books in which you have been sponsored after a reasonable length of time—say twenty years.





Miss Eloise Seltz

Busy man on the campus that he is, Pete Davis, president of the student body, basketball and tennis luminary, and a host of other things, managed to get as far as Raleigh. Result: Miss Eloise Seltz, sponsor for Pete Davis.



Miss Marjorie Whitehurst

Miss Marjorie Whitehurst is sponsor for the law school in general, and Cliff Everett, the president, in particular. She is a senior this year at East Carolina Teachers College in Greenville, N. C.



Miss Ruth Daughtery

Among medical experts in judging beauty, and one expert in particular—Fred Johnson, president of the Medical Classes, it's Miss Ruth Daughtery of Goldsboro, two to one. For latest details read the engagement notices in any one of several May 5 newspapers.



Miss Edwina Lawrence

In spring, Jack Parker, president of the senior class, finds his thoughts turn not too lightly to thoughts of a sponsor. His meditation netted an addition to our sponsor section in the person of Miss Edwina Lawrence, Meredith sophomore.



Miss Marie Murphy

A difficult problem of any beauty expert, Gene Brissie had to choose just one sponsor. The editorial department of *The Student* presents Miss Marie Murphy, Southern Pines senior at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina.



Miss Eleanor Edwards

Miss Eleanor Edwards of Cary is the sponsor for both the Business Manager of the HOWLER and President of the Pan-Hellenic Council—both the same man, Frank Castlebury. What a man!



Miss Margaret Bunn

Davis Herring went the limit in his Business Manager of *The Student* capacity. But how he managed to get a picture of Miss Margaret Bunn, Meredith senior of Zebulon, is more than the HOWLER staff can account for.



Miss Sara Cole

Men with money can get most anything they desire. Frank Hester is no exception, hence we have Miss Sara Cole, Meredith senior from Canton, as sponsor for Business Manager of *The Old Gold and Black*.

NOW THAT you've had a glimpse into what you have done at Wake Forest during the past year, you may take a look at those who did it. The Student Council upholds more responsibility than any other group on the campus. If your picture failed to get in here because you were sent away from school before the first semester expired, then the Council is responsible. They have charge of trying all cases of rule violators. In addition, they suggest and further such principles that might cause you to never get around to breaking a campus rule.

STUDENT COUNCIL



Byron Davis, who between Council duties and the basketball court did manage to get in a season of tennis, presided over the meetings. One of the main features of their year's program was the plan of freshman orientation. In an effort to get away from the conventional forms of "breaking new men into the campus picture," the council devised a plan which came under the management of a Freshman Advisory Council.

Much hard work has been involved in their program for the year. Their progress has been in harmony with the changes necessary to fit a new generation of college students. Through much work is done by each preceding group of councilmen, the task of governing a changing world of collegians confronts each succeeding group.



PETE DAVIS
President

IF YOU will get a copy of the student body constitution and look until you find Article Five, Section Nine, Rule One Hundred and Fifty, you will be doing a lot better than we could. But if you chanced to get so far, then the Student Legislature was responsible for that "You shall not walk on the grass," or whatever it was. It is the law-making body of the Student Government.

Jack Parker, president of the senior class, was the presiding officer at meetings during the year. To assist him have been legislators selected from each class of the academic school and from the law and medical schools.



JACK PARKER
President



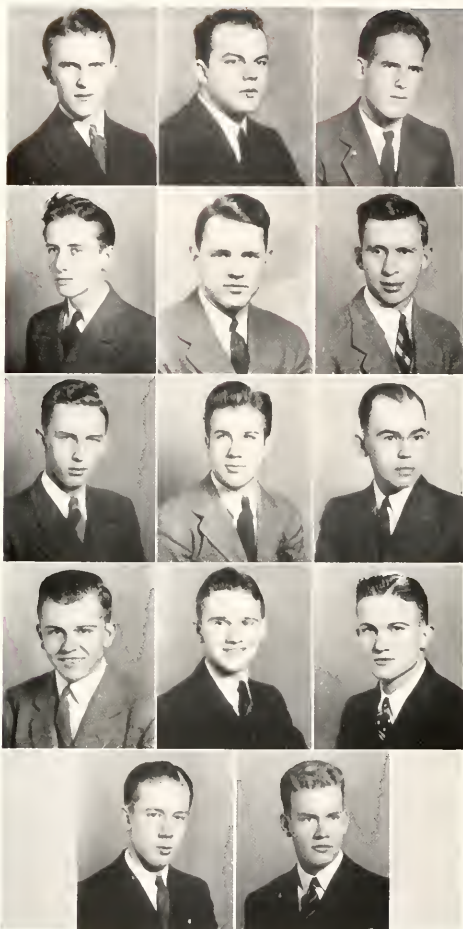
Front row: Charles Highsmith, Sim Caldwell, Jack Parker, Jim Bonds.
Back row: Bob Howard, Dick Hoyle, Arthur Vivian, Bob Goldberg, and Frank Kinchloe.

It is this organ of student governing that engineers the process of adjusting a student body to a college. Their laws must be passed upon by the Student Council, following a pattern of the Federal Government.

What these governing bodies enact is made known to the students. Interpretations are furthered by the publications, which serve as organs of information.

STUDENT LEGISLATURE

PUBLICATIONS BOARD



Eugene Brissie, president; Frank Castlebury, vice president; Fred Davis, Secretary.
George Kelly, Bill Poe, Davis Herring,
Frank Hester, Jimmy Ringgold, Cullen Hall,
John E. Galloway, Lee Canler, Jim Pittman,
Phil Sawyer, Harry Hutchins.

IN THE HANDS of this group the fate of three college publications has hung for the year 1939-40. Cautious of any slip of the pen, they have sought to give you, the students, three different forms of publicity which might be pleasing without appearing flattering or discrediting.

While each of these organs, *The Old Gold and Black*, *The Student*, and *THE HOWLER*, has operated under its own management, the editors and business managers, collectively, along with representatives from each of the four academic classes, the law and medical schools, devised general policies in an effort to steer the printed word down a desirable, truthful, and beneficial channel. It has long been recognized that the complete satisfaction of any student body is an impossibility. With this in mind, they have striven to appeal to those who belong in the category set apart from the seekers of sensationalism alone.

The publications board has the task of selecting the leaders for another year, a task which has proved both difficult and almost impossible for next year. There were an unusually large surplus of capable leaders coming up from the sophomore and junior ranks.

Laboring under the thesis that any college is adjudged on the outside by its publications, they have sought to convey favorable impressions to those who might hear the name Wake Forest College.





GEORGE KELLEY
Editor

OLD GOLD AND BLACK



FRANK HESTER
Business Manager

RELATIVELY few students realize the vast amount of work and coöperation required in meeting a deadline once each week. And perhaps a campus newspaper bears more influence than any other single instrument of the college in giving the outside world impressions of an institution. With this in mind staff members of *Old Gold and Black* have striven to stress the importance of their weekly deadline.

It may be safely said that the paper has had one of the most successful years in the history of its existence. In no way is this a romantic assumption, but one which has been arrived at through



Collier, Ayers, and Gallimore meet the deadline.



Hightfill, F. Davis and Bored Davis hold a conference.



Cansler, Miller and Primm give a bit of sports dope.

careful observation of what other people—both on and off the campus—have said concerning the 1939-10 volume. An unusually large amount of mail bringing favorable comments has come to the office during the year.

Edited by George Kelley, and later by Ferd Davis, the officials have sought to break down all pre-conceived ideas of what fills the columns of a college newspaper. For the first time in recent years an editorial board has mapped the policies of the paper from one issue to another, studying carefully the strongest points of good printed matter to be distributed over a considerably large circulation.

Greatest of all service rendered by the paper this year is the interest which it has kindled in those whose talents lean toward journalistic experiences. To help them develop well-rounded ideas, they saw service on a reportorial staff, around a copy desk, and writing headlines. Frank Hester, with his assistants, deserves credit for the employment of valuable as well as profitable business principles.

In connection with the paper, we must mention the name of Dr. E. E. Folk, adviser and professor of journalism. His time spent with the men on the staff has served an invaluable purpose in moulding better conceptions of news-handling. The part he has played will not soon be forgotten by those who worked with and for him.

Horace Floyd, Ferd Davis, Gene Brissie,
Wells Norris, Wayne Collier, T. I. Davis,
Paul Early, Bill Ayers, Phil Sawyer,
E. M. Floyd, Wyan Washburn, Harry Lovelace,
Glenn Miller, Les Cansler, Rod Buie,
Howard Andrews, Scoop Ward, Bill Primm.





GENE BRISSIE
Editor

THE STUDENT



DAVIS HERRING
Business Manager

THE STUDENT, Wake Forest's magazine, opened the year by declaring a war on the collegiate jazz age in periodical publications. In an effort to give the college student something worth the time spent in reading it, staff officials opened the office to contributions from all phases of campus interest. They tried to picture Wake Forest from the standpoint of human interest, featuring both men and things.

In the case of the magazine, a number of letters were found in the mail throughout the year, commenting favorably on the shift in policy. Their change has been in no way an effort to



Ayers, Davis, Brissie.



The Editor and Staff get together.



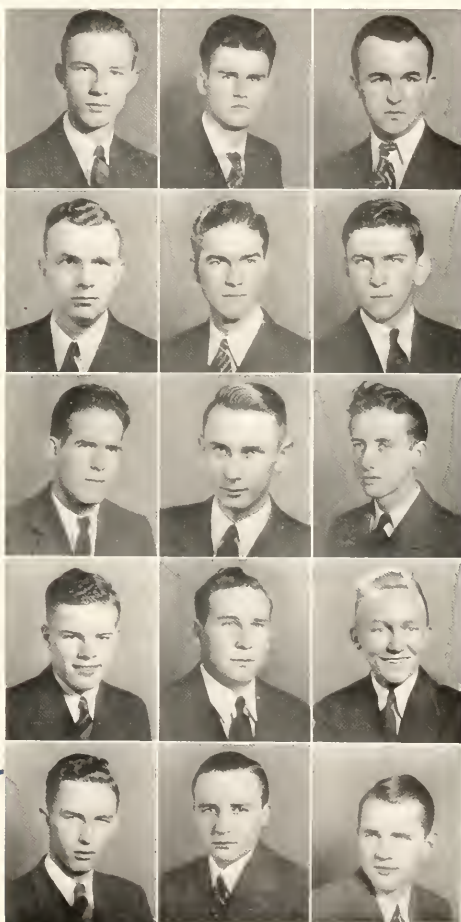
Staffmen patronize an advertiser.

belittle the policies of the past, but rather a move to utilize the Wake Forest students' talents in the realm of creative writing.

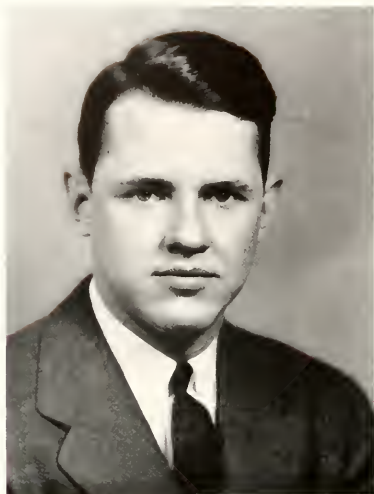
Working side by side with Brissie, as editor, and Herring, business manager, Dr. E. E. Folk and Dr. H. B. Jones have rendered invaluable service to the magazine in several ways. In capacities of faculty advisers and critics for the book, they have worked constructively to establish the principles set forth in the magazine.

It is no wonder that the magazine has received the favor of numbers of prominent alumni and members of the present student body. In a large measure the history and color of Wake Forest for over fifty years has been captured and recorded in the yellowing pages of past volumes of the magazine. While it has in no way attempted to revert to the standards of a good magazine in the nineteenth century, its tendencies have been toward the circles of the better twentieth century products.

Each of the six issues has been dedicated to Wake Forest, its personalities, history, and the things that go to make up the intangible term tradition. A definite stress was placed on accuracy and worthiness, for what the future generations will be forced to think of our current college civilization will depend largely upon the conceptions they derive from publications of today, 1940.



Billy Ellington, Wells Norris, Jay Jenkins,
John A. Freeman, Bob Scott, T. I. Davis,
Ferd Davis, Ray Pittman, George Kelley,
Donald Bradsher, Tom Roberts, Ralph
Earnhardt,
Frank Hester, Norvell Ashburn, Bill Poe.



WILLIAM POE
Editor

THE *H*OWLER



FRANK CASTLEBURY
Business Manager

THE HOWLER is out!" With these words the staff turns over the responsibility of judging to the typical student who has been asking "when's THE HOWLER coming out?" since the middle of last September.

In judging, however, an understanding of the aim of THE 1940 HOWLER will have to be considered. The aim was to take our melting pot of students and bind their activities into what may be termed "A Year at Wake Forest." This could be done only by putting emphasis on the typical rather than the unusual, extraordinary, or abnormal.



Dream girl: she sells them in her sleep.



Picture-taking time: two "assistants" were on hand for once.



The flash.

Since recognition has been given to those activities which occupy the different kinds of students, the staff believes it fitting to present that group which was interested in the production of a yearbook. Special recognition should be given to Royal Jennings, by whom nearly all of the informal pictures were taken; to Eugene Brissie who took time from editing *The Student* to write most of the continuity for THE 1940 HOWLER; to Gordon Brightman of the Jahn and Ollier Engraving Company; and to Joe Hardison of the Edwards & Broughton Company.

While the responsibility of collecting and assembling materials rests in the hands of the editorial staff of a yearbook, the printers and engravers deserve credit for their part of the task. In this connection Mr. Brightman and Mr. Hardison left no stone unturned in availing themselves to our wants.

A staff, at best, is a clumsy organization to work toward a definite beginning and conclusion for a yearbook. In view of this fact, THE HOWLER has had the good fortune of being affiliated with excellent engravers and printers.



First row: Norvell Ashburn, James Early, Billy West.

Second row: Gaston Crimes, William Charles, Rufus Marshborne.

Third row: Elton Mitchiner, Ed Rice Earl Purser.

Fourth row: Ben Ussery, Ed Wilson, Donald Britt.

Fifth row: Jay Jenkins, Royal Jennings, Tom Davis.

Sixth row: Arthur Vivian, Judson Creech, Jim Turner.

All-American 1939 HOWLER

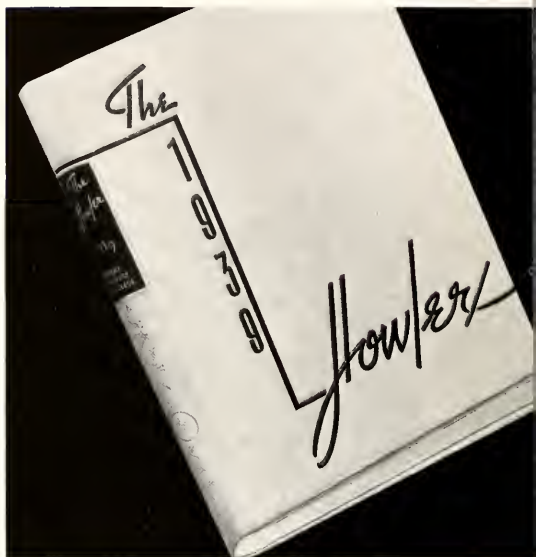
THE first publication on the Wake Forest campus to bear the name THE HOWLER was an old tree, pseudo-bulletin board and "gripe stump" used by the students to post all complaints. That was back in the late gay nineties and during the early years of the twentieth century.

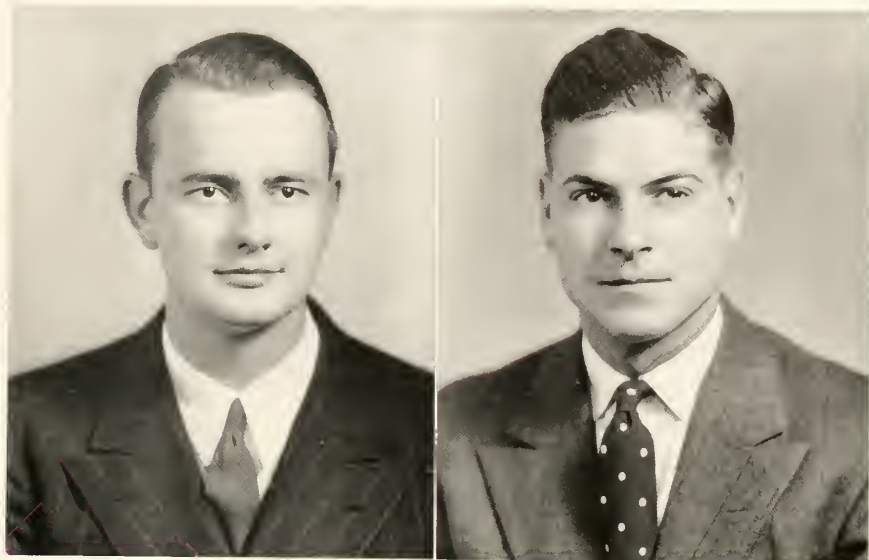
But in 1903 THE HOWLER, official college yearbook, made its initial appearance. Last year, thirty-seven years later, the book was accorded the honor of All-American rating—for the first time in its history. Carl Dull, Winston-Salem man, and Jess Reid, Wake Forest son, were editor and business manager, respectively.

Thirty-seven years ago the yearbook might have been mistaken for most anything. Most of the space of the pages was filled with written material, ranging from short stories to obituaries. There was no particular shape or form into which its content was restricted, but more of a collection of material thrown into a form and printed. And no doubt, even then, the students would twist their moustaches, milk their chin whiskers and wink at each other when the editor passed inquiring in a none-too-sincere manner "When's the HOWLER coming out?"—just as they asked Dull every day last year from September to May 21.

There was a particular dearth of pictures used in the early yearbooks. Pictures were relatively new things, that is, pictures in yearbooks. The class pictures were taken in individual groups, and we assume that a survival of the fittest determined who was to occupy the front rows.

Though we might point with bits of humor at the early attempts in the yearbook's history,





we still hold in reverence their tasks—just as anyone who has tried to edit a yearbook will doubtless do. They were laying a foundation for greater things, and the pioneers are often criticised for doing what it has taken us thirty-seven years of others' experiences to learn not to do. Their undertakings were not in vain.

And so it was last year that the Wake Forest yearbook industry reached a new high. With men whose business it is to know annuals, Wake Forest took a place among the All-American presentations. The efforts of Dull, Reid, and their staff brought to the student body a pictorial review of one year, divided into months and seasons, with activities grouped according to the particular months they came in. In the opinion of critics they had given Wake Forest a unique and truly-representative picture of itself—a goal for every yearbook.

Then we look back to 1903—the first yearbook, and a year before that when a tree stood as a sentinel of student-expression. Perhaps in 1975 your son will bring home from college a super-streamlined HOWLER. Maybe he will turn to your yearbook of 1940 and laugh at our conception of an annual.

Regardless of all speculations of the future, we commend the staff of 1939 for an All-American HOWLER, a high-water mark for Wake Forest annuals.



DOROTHY CREEKMORE



MILDRED PARKER

STAFF FAVORITES



JANE WALKER



GERTRUDE ASHBURN



LOUISE COPELAND



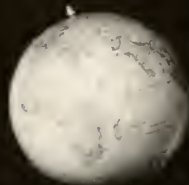
EARLYN PHARR



VIRGINIA COMBS



ELVA CREECH



Old Gold and Black

The News and Observer

WPTF To Broadcast Final
Debates At Nine Tonight
Speech League Organized

BRITAIN RAISES SOLDIERS
DIA NOT MAJOR BATTLE
WITH PATU IN AFRICA



IN 1940 . . .

AT EXACTLY 2:30 a.m. on the first day of September 1939, the bedroom telephone of President Franklin D. Roosevelt rang; it was Ambassador Bullitt calling from Paris, notifying the American nation that the Second World War had begun. Fifteen days later, thousands of storm troopers were pouring into Poland, while thousands of Berlin citizens stood and gazed in awe at the mighty handiwork of their fuhrer.

And on this same day 1,031 Wake Forest College students made their ways to various classrooms, answering the summons of a bell whose signal indicated the beginning of the 106th scholastic year for the Baptist institution. According to official records from the registrar's office, this was the largest enrollment in the history of the college, being closely approached only by the 1,024 student enrollment of 1931. Included in this number were 315 freshmen and 100 transfer men, all of whom stood ready for the test of a scholastic barrage.

Here were two theatres in different lands with an ocean intervening.

On September 16, huge Nazi bombers dropped tons of explosives on Warsaw and its neighboring cities, and Demon Deacon hopefuls of grid wars departed for Greensboro where they were to meet their first test of the season, the Elon Christians. Hordes of students followed the ball down the field, witnessing the onslaughts of what was in some circles mentioned as the mightiest team in the history of the Deacon institution. They were not disappointed, and the wearers of Black and Gold rode back into camp with a 34-0 decision over the inferior opponents.

Throughout the harrowed sections of war-ridden Poland, musicians played the immortal

strains of Frederic Francois Chopin's "Polonaise" in a desperate effort to rally the staggering freedom-lovers. The same day Wake Forest spirit ran rampant over the rapidly changing color of a magnoliamazed campus, and speculators talked of a grid victory over the University of North Carolina. On the local set, Vanden Dries and his orchestra furnished music after the game, as students and monogramers danced in an effort to stay-off the wounds of a lancing defeat; Chopin's music had been in vain, as leaders talked of an imminent peace, and Wake Forest had tasted her first defeat of the football season—at the hands of the Tar Heels.

The word "Blitzkrieg" flashed around the globe, and General Brauchitsch predicted the submission of Poland in a matter of a few days. War talk was preëminent on the tongues of every orator, son, father, and student—that is, with the exception of one father. That was Louis Trunzo, all-southern guard of the Wake Forest squad, who passed out cigars and boasted proudly of the birth of a daughter. Father Louie had to put away football helmets and shoulder pads, purchased in anticipation of a son, and instead he began to investigate the requisites of the better debutant circles as predicted for 1960.

Governor Hocy journeyed to Winston-Salem on September 23, where he spoke to a group of officials who had gathered with the purpose of talking over plans for the addition to the State Baptist Hospital, to be used in conjunction with the recently planned Wake Forest Medical School in the twin city. College officials, including President Thurman D. Kitchin, cited the merits and intentions of enlarging the school of medical sciences, pledging that "every dollar will be spent for con-

struction and up-keep. . . . It would provide better medical attention for a larger number of patients, and at the same time provide training for young doctors, medical students, and nurses."

State Baptists converged on Winston-Salem to take up the perennial question of Wake Forest-Meredith merger. Across the sea German and Russian forces battered down the tottering gates of the Polish capital and rushed in to claim shares of war booty. Plans for a new chapel at Wake Forest fell into the hands of college officials, and the Free City of Danzig fell into the hands of the Deutsch dictator. It was a sunny day for Wake Forest, and typically "Hitler Weather" in Danzig—the same sort of climate that was called "Kaiser Weather" back in 1914. The 1938-39 yearbook was given an All-American rank, and Ribbentrop was given the rank of a globe-trotting entertainer of destiny.

England, France and Germany counter-attacked with barrages of tongue explosions, each blaming another for the war, and each explained to an awe-stricken world that "we are fighting a war we didn't want." Very appropriate to the Wake Forest student's international conclusions, one Charles A. Wells, noted lecturer and cartoonist, paid a visit to the campus. In a series of a week's lectures he enlightened fascinated audiences on the modes and styles of propaganda; for illustrated effects he presented posters and cartoons, all leading to the one plea that "The World Needs Most Of All a Savior—Jesus Christ."

Martial airs and patriotic songs pervaded European fronts of a dozen different languages, but at Wake Forest the first of October found sixty-nine glee clusters and seventy-five handmen singing and strutting to the tune of a new day in Musical Deacowntown. Donald Pfohl, young musician originally of Winston-Salem, led and the audience heard something

highly commendable and invaluable to any institution. In the course of recent years there has never been so much enthusiasm exhibited in music, and in turn a troupe of appropriately-dressed band members paced a school spirit rivalled by few and equalled by none.

By mid-season of autumn and during the latter days of October there were only two theatres of human interest for the collegian: one was the ever-puzzling theatre of war and blood, and another was the requirements and interests of a college. Mapping a new plan of attack, the Principal of No. 10 Downing Street sent a legion of war planes soaring over German cities, bombed the civilians with propaganda leaflets and in so many words pleaded for someone to assassinate the leader, Hitler. Not to be outdone in the use of the pen instead of the sword, Wake Forest professors bombed students with monthly quizzes, leaving many of them to wonder—as the British were still wondering about the tight-lipped Germans. For the first time numbers of freshmen saw their professors as Hitlers, Stalins, Mussolinis, while others were convinced that they are Roosevelts, Chamberlains, or Daladiers.

Football fans awaited in an air of ten-sity the coming event of the annual game with State College. A glance backwards gave them the assurance found in a 33-0 lacing handed to a squad of Miamians in the Orange Bowl. For one day they forgot that wars and rumors of wars were at the boiling point in Europe; they ceased to remember that a noble band of Chinese were holding with all their might against the Yellow battalions of Nippons. There was a calm before the storm, and a record crowd of over 15,000 watched the Deacons run pell-mell over a fighting State eleven. The ghost of Red Grange recurred, and fans saw the number "77" flash over the field, covering the person of one Tony Gallovich. An invincible Quarterback Mayberry

and the backfield bulwark John Polanski took turns at smashing the opposition, to the applause of a jubilant host of followers who viewed what they had hopefully anticipated for a number of years.

From all diplomatic appearances, rumor had it that Great Britain would have to fight after all. Forthwith their final resolve to take Hitlerism for its final ride, a detachment of French troopers swooped over a section of no-man's-land under fire to capture several Nazi outpost pillboxes. And scarcely had their smoke cleared away, than the cheap cigar smoke of Wake Forest freshmen politicians enveloped the student center poll-stations. One voter claims to have acquired twenty-five "smokable pieces of hemp," and declares that he has put them on ice in order to run for an office next year.

Once more the House of Commons and the omnipresent nobility of England converged for another session; Churchill reviewed a war of progress and victory for the British, and dared the U-boats to venture into the open sea. At least two hundred craft had been relegated to a sea-basin. In short, the battle of words continued via the parliament sessions. But they had nothing on Wake Forest. Ten student orators and debaters invaded the North Carolina portals of Student Legislature, and turned in a creditable showing. Prospects pointed to another championship among Southern speakers for the Deacon forensicians, directed by Professor George Copple in the absence of Coach Zon Robinson.

Wake Forest students looked to the coming of a gala day in the annual history of the school, as literary societies, headed by Barnette and Acree, football teams, including the forces of Western Maryland and Wake Forest, music—including the followers of Pfohl, and banquet—including in one big day of Homecoming festivities. Fraternities put on a day of deco-

rations, ranging from the miniature battlefield to the Mickey Mouse playhouse, and leaders awaited the return of old grads. The Dean declared a special holiday; and O.D.K. announced that they were seeking fifteen new men and campus leaders. There was a spirit of homecoming prevailing, and festivities lingered far into the night of October 21.

Hitler had already declared homecoming, calling into his protectorate what had been a large part of Poland, all of Czecho-lovakia, Austria of old, the Free City of Danzig, and—much sooner—the Saar Basin. And while there were the brewing whiffs of third-term talk in America, logical opposition was mentioned in every section of the greater republic. Long since had the war on the Western Front been labelled the "flukiest" in the history of the world. No longer was it a clash of manpower, but it was a war of censors. Echoing wrangles from Britain's House of Lordships aimed at the Hitleristic menace to civilization resounded around the globe; and Russia did not lose any time in sending a clearly-stated demand to harmless Finland. Another theatre opened on the Mediterranean, and the spires of the Roman Vatican gleamed across the sea in a plea for universal peace. Everyone wanted peace, according to his own statements, but none wanted to pay the price of peace. In sheer suspicion and utter lack of confidence in censorship systems, American newspaper warned millions of readers that "war news is propaganda—largely; it is the duty of every citizen to do his own thinking."

At any rate someone had been doing some thinking. Wake Forest delegates, including the president of the organization, Sherwood Staton, took a holiday from press and publications duties to stampede the lobby of the Sir Walter Hotel in Raleigh, where two hundred of their own likenesses, professionally speaking, gathered to further the intentions of a

North Carolina Collegiate Press Association. Dictators of the world were fighting to reduce the size of the international "Who's Who," while fifteen students from Wake Forest found their way into the chronicles of "Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities." And then a noted Wake Forest lady passed; Mrs. W. L. Poteat, wife of the late president emeritus, died shortly after celebrating her eightieth birthday.

American politicians looked to a home war for several days, meaning, of course, that the Neutrality Debate was raging in the congressional halls. This did not deter us in the least, however great neutrality might be, for we journeyed to the Durham Armory, where a flock of pledges danced and Bill Vanden Dries played. And the next morning we arose from our beds of post-dance slumber to read that "The Wake Forest Demon Deacons Lead the Nation in Top Scoring Honors"—with John Polanski third in the ranks of individual point snatchers.

Pope Pius XII said in a word of comfort to the homeless Poles that "A Nation Never Dies"; within the same flash of an eye Registrar Patterson pinned a notice on the local bulletin board that nine week reports would be coming out soon. Then we begin to wonder if the Pope knew what he was talking about or not.

Even the rodents showed signs of indignation at the registrar's notice, for the very next day his private office was invaded by a mouse. Having no freshman politicians available, the defender had to use real cheese and a mouse trap.

Talk of Wake Forest having a radio studio grew here and there, and Germany lost no time in employing the facilities of her already-existing stations. Der Führer increased his demands upon his people, and the tension grew higher. To guard against the formation

of more Hitlers, Golden Bough, Wake Forest's scholarship fraternity, and O.D.K., leadership group, invited new members to their respective circles.

We were shocked by the appearance of a new country's name in the newspapers one bright November morning: Japan, some nation over in the Orient, had hung out her policy on a shingle, to be viewed by the rest of the world (as if the rest of the world knew or even cared what she meant). But Japan wasn't alone in her brilliance of policy; eighty-five members of the student body, eight per cent of the total, saw their names engraved on a list which was headed: "Honor Roll for First Nine Weeks." Five of this number were accredited with all "A" averages, something which, prior to this time, had been used only to describe the grade of milk given by Nazi cows. Deacon bone-crushers applied the squeeze play in football, subsequently Marshall College fell by the annoying margin of 14-13.

Activity across the seas brought internal troubles to America. It was getting late in October when the one and only Fritz Kuhn was apprehended by the celebrated Dies committee. It soon proved that a woman meant the downfall of the American Bund leader, and so Wake Forest decided against a previously-circulated rumor that women would be admitted to the local campus in the fall of 1940. About the same time we followed with intense interest the route of the *City of Flint*, American merchant ship, which was taken into the temporary custody by first the Nazis and then Russian officials.

In cooperation with the prevalent sentiment that United States lawmen were tolerating too much of the so-called "un-American activities," chief of the FBI J. Edgar Hoover, Chairman Dies, and Attorney-General Frank Murphy joined hands in an effort to stem further questionable associations. Becoming

fully "pro-Wake Forest," trustees heard a petition signed by 1,000 members of the Deacon student body, requesting a new chapel building. The same day this august body heard a stadium proposal, and temporarily it was decided that Wake Forest should have both. (Stadium plans were altered later, however, when Groves, as outstanding contributor, facilitated the building of a new stadium.)

Crisp November atmosphere pervaded the Deacontown campus, and in the chill of autumn's evening, a group of staunch Republicans met one night to attempt formation of a party. Two days later, Count Von Ribbentrop boarded a verbal airplane and made a speech in Berlin, setting clearly to German peoples where they stood with Russia and Italy, or, at least, where they were supposed to be standing. The speaker's voice was gruff, deep, staccato as that of a Prussian drillmaster, and rabid Gestapo leaders prodded the crowds into wild cheers of victory and acquisition. But the Count didn't have a great deal on the sport pages of the *Old Gold and Black*; within the same week the editor received a five hundred word letter from Gordon "Scoop" Phillips of Trenton, N. J. "... Some 500 Trentonian fans are going to Philly next week to see the Deac's meet St. Joe's ..." he said—and that was enough; it was the same "Scoop" we had known for years before this one.

The Allies weren't winning the full support of American sentiment, after all, we discovered late in November. Several South American countries drafted a warning of protest to the Allied blockaders. On the night of November 28, a record crowd of cheering deacons gathered in front of the Gymnasium for the last pep meeting of the season. Shouts echoed and re-echoed throughout the surrounding valleys, and gallant grids-men stood at the

crowd's edges, several of them listening to their pep swan song. Rupert Pate, versatile tackle and captain, postponed his swan song, however, and signed to play in the All-Southern-Yankee game scheduled for Birmingham, Ala., on Christmas Day.

The highways of England and the streets of old London were crowded with school children one morning, as military officials decided that all remaining school children should be removed to country locations. The juvenile cries of excited minors pierced the otherwise stillness of the late autumn air, so we read. Military officials sought to block every chance of their destruction. And Wake Forest's own Jimmy Ringgold blocked his way to an enviable trophy—the Millis award, for being voted the best blocker in North Carolina, and, later, in the Southern Conference. Jim smiled retiringly, and left admirers to guess the secret of his success. His teammates had lost to Duke by the heart-breaking luck of 6-0, to Clemson by 20-7, but they had smashed Davidson, ending the last game of the season and finishing the long-celebrated series of gridiron relations between the two institutions.

McManus, Wake Forest leader among Baptist Student Unions, became president of the state organization. The same day we looked at a picture of His Excellency President Raczkiewicz, formerly of Poland, and now a president without a country. Captions for the picture caught our attention, and we read further down the column. "... Here stood a man (in Warsaw several weeks before)," it said, "who knew defeat was preëminent, yet he wanted his life to be a part of it. ... Today, he stands in some foreign city, and mocks the smile of Nazi persecutors, praying to God that some day the immortal bars of Chopin's 'Polonaise' will be sung by a million happy voices, and will resound throughout the squares of every national capital on the face

of what men have come to call Earth. . . ." The theatre of War and Blood loomed largely on the minds of men, but right plus might, an editorialist predicted, can crush the most formidable of totalitarian precepts.

Trustees gathered at Winston-Salem to hear a stadium proposal for Wake Forest. They read the names of 1,000 students who had signed a petition for a new chapel building. Everywhere there were songs of industry, and the ten years of progress during the 1930-40 decade bid fair to be outdone only by its successor. Members of the Philomathesian and Euzelian literary societies gathered in a day of momentous events.

Gathering up the slack news of actual fighting on the two fronts, since Russia seemed determined to carry out her threat against the Finns, radio newscasters resorted to the debris of past episodes for color and paralyzing stories of hardships. "Somewhere in Poland, Czechoslovakia, or Austria, Jewish pedestrians walked in the gutters, wore yellow triangles on their backs, and were forever on the receiving end of ceaseless intimidations. Semitic organizations of America have offered a hand across the sea, but the fear of death—and still worse in some cases, life—pervades the soul of every Hebrew who speaks the German language. . . ." But America was going to be different: Wake Forest organized a Young Democrats Club, and, to make the game interesting, a handful of Republicans reciprocated with a similar form of organization. While they argued, the more arrogant sophomores and freshmen decided to dance. Forthwith there came a session of swing, set in Raleigh at the Woman's Club.

Someone mentioned Christmas, but the words were short-lived. Our thoughts of the Yuletide were obliterated the next instant, when every professor on the Wake Forest campus decided that gifts, after all, were

rather appropriate, and so why not give students something to remember them by? They did. And we haven't forgotten it yet. In an effort to forget, a score of truly-Southern powder-addicts sunk at least a young fortune in fireworks (pre-season heralds), and for several days the campus personnel wondered if the Maginot and Siegfried could be any worse. We heard our ears long enough, however, to learn that John Polanski paced the entire nation in yards gained from scrimmage during the regular football season.

The last days of November brought talk of the clemency of a man whose name wasn't forgotten after nearly ten years of exile. Immediately the news research men of the day dug back into the headlines of 1919 and succeeding years, when a man who gave his name (on all occasions) as Al Capone began first to be mentioned in the more prominent circles of Chicago's underworld. But it didn't take him long to make the name prominent: first the death of Diamond Jim Colosimo; a cordon of attorneys to free him of petty murders; the publicity which Hollywood gave him in glorifying the "Scarface," "Manhattan Melodrama," "On Wings of Song"; and then we read that the man Capone was to be released as a mentally deranged man. About this time Wake Foresters heard Young Democratic leaders talk of ways to prevent political crimes and a host of debaters converged at Rock Hill, S. C., where Wake Forest was to take top honors in the men's division of speaking. The hand and glee club gave a Christmas concert, and the Pikas proved "no pikers" and gave a poor, distressed movie-actress a sight-seeing tour over the campus while her wrecked automobile underwent minor repairs.

The first creditable snow of the season blanketed German trenches on the Western Front, and whining shells pounded against the apparently invulnerable Maginot.

Somehow there was an appearance there closely resembling Christmas, as it approached on the Wake Forest campus. A flurry of toy bombs and three-inch flashes greeted the ears from dormitory hideouts. But this was no problem for the prophets who were planning a joint Christmas party with the Meredith angels; their chief difficulty was the construction of a chimney large enough for their Santa, who, in this case, was the amiable Roundtree Blanchard. Weighing 220 in stocking feet, the healthy Saint Nick found refuge, however, and tumbled down an improvised smoke stack (probably made from an over-grown barrel) in time to thrill the record attendance.

The English Department of Wake Forest wanted to forget European crisis and its puzzling tales of war lore; to replace the war talk, they imported a gallery of Japanese art and staged an exhibition in the departmental workshop. For two days throngs of students and visitors circulated through the temporary galleries, admiring the handwork of the more peaceful minded Nippon artists.

Winston Churchill yelled so loudly that tiny Finland heard him without a telephone, and what's more (and tragically so) they believed what he said: "We'll help you," he raged. "The fall of Poland caught us unprepared, but Russia isn't going to take a chance now." Newspapers carried cuts of his fighting face, and white-mantled Finnish soldiers moved up to form what became later known as the Mannerheim Line. Nearly a score of varsity basketball candidates marched up the gym floor to take a corner seat for the opener of the season. "It's a dark horse season," sports critics mused regarding the Deacon luminaries. Bill Sweel, veteran of two seasons, had been named captain of the team, and this clowning wheelhorse paced the quintet through the successful preliminary games of a new season. The football boys met: when the smoke of

post-season festivities drew to a thin blanket, Jimmy Ringgold had been selected captain for the coming year.

A candidate for the gubernatorial nomination for the state of North Carolina visited the campus. J. M. Broughton, alumnus of the college, returned to take his vows as a member of Gamma Eta Gamma, national law fraternity. Broughton walked out the same door he came in, but the sole figure of Germany's latest volume of "Who's Who" almost ran into difficulty after he had finished one of his hour discourses. It was Herr Hitler again. Surrounded by an array of his larger "big shots," the Nazi chief strode into a beer parlor, referred to by Germans as the Bürgerbräu Keller just off Rosenheimerstrasse in Munich, made a speech, left the hall (and noticeably without even pausing to have so much as one glass of his special 1.0 beer), and eleven minutes later policemen were digging bleeding remains from a mass of mixed plastering and beer. "It was the Jews," shouted the emotionally-keyed dictator. He later changed his mind and said it was English secret servicemen. If he were right, then we might add that the English bomb-setters are a bit faster than the British sense of humor, for they missed their man by eleven minutes exactly.

College officials announced that the new chapel would be set just off the east side of Waite Hall; the annual question of "What shall I give her?" arises, for Christmas was but a matter of days away. Finland and Russia exchanged a few "wonts" and the Soviet God, Josef Stalin, tells Otto Tolischus, *New York Times* reporter that "communism doesn't work so well here, either." Professor Memory journeyed to Bladenboro to dedicate a new school building, and word reached the campus that Dr. Benjamin Sledt, recalled as "Old Slick," has been confined to his room with minor illness.

Enthusiastic members of the Wake Forest Wing Club paused for a few moments, keeping their feet on the ground for a change, and heard Pen Edgar, flying specialist, give them a few pointers on the air career. Martial airs could be heard in a chorus comprising at least ten different languages, but American songsters turned to the yuletide music shelves to tell their listeners of "Peace on Earth," "Stille Nacht," and "O, Little Town of Bethlehem." Wafting through an undercurrent of pre-presidential nomination talk, the brassy blares of foreign marches, and interspersed with ephemeral talks of peace here and there, Wake Forest students concentrated attention toward the rapidly approaching holiday season.

December 15, and the world still waited. Russia had just reported her formal rejection to what was termed a "last peace offer." The following morning an official communique from Paris read: "On the Western Front: French infantrymen and outposts repulsed the advances of a German patrol. It was snowing on the front last night. Nothing else to report. All is quiet this morning." But Wake Forest wasn't so quiet. Street corners and highway conjunctions in this section were choked with collegiate men, bearing suitcases plastered with "Demon Deacon" stickers. It was that night, however, that all was quiet on the Wake Forest front also. Professors had slipped on house shoes and robes for a two-week's rest; even the janitors had relaxed; and the finger-like forms of lifeless buildings stood gaunt against blackened skies. Christmas had come, so far as we were concerned.

Hidden somewhere in the columns of Associated Press di-patches during the last days of December, there came the story that "Nine Finnish soldiers trap and kill 700 Russians!" Several days later the fleeting days of another football post-season was at hand, and sports

fans turned their thoughts toward the annual Tournament of Roses in Pasadena, California. But there was no prolonged festivities for Wake Forest. The 1,040 students and eighty faculty members were in harness the same day, the bell tolled, and another year, decade, and month had begun.

Only three days elapsed, when, on Thursday, January 1, word reached the campus that Dr. Benjamin F. Sledd had died during the early morning hours. Professors bowed their heads in their lectures that day, many of them saying something about "... it was ten, fifteen, or twenty years ago that I first entered the classroom of Sledd." The lover of literature and man who played games with the fairies and nymphs was laid to rest the following day. Scores of his "boys" returned to pay final tributes. Faculty members followed the coffin down the aisle of the church, and Dr. Easley and Dr. Cullom talked and Dr. Lynch prayed. For fifty years he had been tradition on the campus.

Legions of Russian Reds were slaughtered in Northern Finland on January 6-7, as the gallant white phantoms threw their dynamic ski-fighters in full pursuit of the clumsier foe. Across the frozen lake-lands of the Arctic, thousands of men lay sprawled against the crimson-bespattered snow. For a time the war of the Northern front was stealing the lime-light from the more-cautious westerners. Wake Forest students weren't so cautious, in general, for the infirmary announced that their capacity was being reached, while others were being treated in dormitory and private home rooms. Undeterred by threats of illness, and thinking not of far-away troubles, members of the Pan-Hellenic Council announced plans for the on-coming swing session commonly referred to as "Mid-winters." Al Donahue, Manhattaner of prominent note, had been secured, Castlebury announced, and to accompany him was one

Paula Kelly, Irish vocalist with plenty of the currently popular "oomph." Raleigh's Radio Station WRAL came out with a "Do you Want To Be An Announcer" series, in which nine Wake Forest men were to compete. Dr. Coy C. Carpenter revealed that research expansion for the medical school was foreseen, and editors of the *Old Gold and Black* paused to review a year and decade of progress.

Hysterical propagandists flooded the library with waves of their products. Some of them appealed to the American "audience" to have compassion on the refugees of the European atrocities, while others belittled the ideas that "England and France want democracy." Paralyzing stories from Prague, Warsaw, Lodz, and Vienna told of the Jew baiting, the ultra-concentrations taking place, and the general mal-treatment inflicted upon the wanderers of the lost tribe of Judah. Feature writers began to exhaust all sources of material which was so fortunate to escape the censor's knife. There was a temporary let-up on the Western Front, until, suddenly, on January 10, headlines told of a daring raid of Nazi airplanes attacking eleven British ships and sending three to the bottom of the sea.

The *City of Flint*, whose odyssey to Europe last fall led to serious international complications, at last turned its bow toward America, sailing from Narvik, Norway. Wake Forest interests were turned in a southerly direction, momentarily, as Harold Schaley, student from Brazil, returned from the Christmas holiday four days late, bringing a bride with him. Local debaters planned a new year, after hanging up several impressive victories during the fall season, and the faculty announced that changes had been made in requirements for a B.A. degree. A course in music was added to the new catalog, and a major in dentistry was added to the offerings. About the same time school officials told of a proposed "Birthday

party" to commemorate the 106th year of the school's founding. Festivities were to begin at high noon, February 1, with a portion of the program to be broadcast over Station WPTF in Raleigh.

"The Republicans can't get by with trying to buy the Negro's vote," yelled Representative Mitchell, Illinois Negro Democrat, in a meeting of the House. "Therefore I'm going to join the hotly contested fight with the Democrats—against the Anti-Lynching Bill." It was a democratic day, by all means, when a Negro took such a stand. Local YDC members thought so, too, and three of them took in the Raleigh Jackson Day dinner festivities, pumping the right hand of Paul V. McNutt, and figuring in the evening of democratic pomp.

The March of Dimes hit the campus in full force, but students were still saving their ten cents and quarters for a session of Mid-wintering.

Propaganda became "a la mode" once more, and there were all sorts of it to be found during the early days of February. Herr Goebbels, German man behind the spoken word, exchanged words with Britain's powerful Churchill; Russia's Josef Stalin pounded Red homes with "all's well on the Finnish front" ideas, and American third termers went to the bat to do a bit of wind-jamming for Franklin D. Roosevelt. Cordell Hull, who for the first 2,490 days of Roosevelt's two administrations had remained a quiet, busy man, occupied the international spotlight on the behalf of America, and came out the better man. His wasn't propaganda, undoubtedly, for he didn't even express his desires to become president of these United States. It must be said, nevertheless, that "bull" had its place. An illustrious *Old Gold and Black* reporter (more or less) took it upon himself to do a bit of "rubbing it in." Accordingly, he estimated

the weight of all the exam pads turned in on the semester exams, which had just passed (and which we didn't mention, for fear of headaches). Allowing twenty-five cents as a lenient sum for each pound of the alleged "bull," he found that \$33 was the best price which could have been received for every line written on the final exams.

February 14 rolled around, and soda shops, drug stores, and local "general designs" emporiums were jammed with students seeking a fitting heart to send home from "daddy." Emperor Claudius is accredited with having begun the Valentine fad, which has lasted from 270 A.D. to the present at least. But hearts and flowers didn't seem to worry the rest of the world: High powered Soviet bombers piled tons of explosives upon Finland's fleeing population, and a general quibble prevailed across the English Channel. A Japanese cabinet fell because it failed to fulfill its slogan: "End the China Incident." While hasty and permanent defenses were being thrown up in Greater Europe, Turkey's national defenses were smashed by a natural menace. Chill winds and biting blizzards swept the already-ruined cities and dwellings, and mankind paused once more to watch a whole civilization totter out from under the wrecks of distorted landmarks.

Bill O'Brien, noted for his love scenes boosted by members of his Medical class, went off on a romantic tangent to cop an honor unheard of on the Wake Forest campus hitherto. True confessions and short shorts may be combined here, to say: he fell in love with a model, photographed in *Life* magazine; his roommates pulled a trick which would make warfare sabotage look sick; they write Bill letters, and he thinks it's the girl. He didn't live happily ever afterwards.

A little man walked into the government seat of Helsinki one February day. His face

was beginning to appear emaciated, from a lack of sleep, and his mouth sunken with an outlook of oblivion. That was Marshal Carl Gustaf Emil Mannerheim, reporting that his army was "condemned to die." Rumania got the economic hot seat spotlight for a few days, and Nazi officials tightened their belts, backed up to Berlin, and viewed three directions with eyes of greed. For a change, Wake Forest could look in more than one direction, for the Carolina Coach Company announced that they had completed all plans to open a new bus route through Deacontown, to points east and west. And momentarily, our attention was focused westward, when we read an announcement in the campus newspaper that John G. Neihardt, American poet from Missouri, and son, Sigurd, were to visit the campus on March 4-5 for a series of lectures. Friday of the same week, Dr. Allen Knight Chalmers, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church of New York City, came to the campus to figure in a special convocation service.

Bill Burgwyn took the oath as president of the local YDC chapter, and later in the evening Prime Minister Chamberlain announced that "troops, planes, and supplies are on the pier, being loaded for Finland." This was a hard luck brigade: they never reached Finland. Perhaps they were the same men who were all set when Germany swamped Austria; or the soldiers who thought they were to see service later in Czechoslovakia; and maybe they were the men who were already on the water when Poland fell before the Nazi savage force. Finland, too, was just a bit too weak to hold on for their arrival. The Demon Deacs, however, were just a bit more punctual, landing in Raleigh in plenty of time to enter the Southern Conference Basketball Tourney. Keyed to a high pitch, Captain Bub Sweet, Herb Cline, Pete Davis, H. O. Barnes, Vincent Convery and others turned on the heat, and

turned back a fighting Richmond University outfit. The following day they met disaster at the hands of a University of North Carolina aggregation. The tourney was over—for them—and ended officially with the Tar Heels holding to a wide margin.

Wake Forest publication men, obscure group that they were, decided to take a holiday. Sometime between 2 and 3 o'clock one Thursday morning a motion was introduced and carried that they would dine, dance, and divulge. They planned—and later proved—that there should be women on hand. Near the end of the evening's festivities (at the culmination of plans) editors, business managers, reporters, and stragglers rolled up trouser legs, took off ties, brandished coats, and unbuttoned collars, giving vent to one of the most hilarious evenings "off the printed record."

Stanley Winborne, North Carolina Utilities Commissioner, told a huge gathering of Young Democrats that they "should know their government." Thomas E. Dewey awakened one morning and decided that "it is good Republican weather"—a speaking tour ensued. And somewhere in an almost arctic circle of warfare, the blood-soaked snow and frozen muck of the plains south of Viipuri, "Finland's Verdun," a band of sleep-starved warriors lashed back at the pounding of Russia—in five different directions. The last two months of their lives had been drawn in seeming decades. . . . Dr. D. B. Bryan praised the students, in an address before a faculty club, commemorating the seventeenth anniversary of his ascension to the Dean's office. With unfeigned modesty he gave credit to everyone, except the Dean, where—in many ways—it really belonged. Honor students met once more, and John Avera was named head of the Golden Bough, succeeding Jimmy Hayes. Scott and Woolbert, med student and academic senior, were

chosen to the vice president's and secretary's positions, respectively.

Hitler took off to an Austrian mountain pass, where he met the undecided Benito Mussolini for a conference. Mussolini still didn't know apparently, for he was in the center of the road, unmoved, yet constantly moving. But one of his citizens of fourteen months ago did know. He was "the little man with a big brain"—Dr. Camillo Artom, who joined the Wake Forest School of Medical Sciences slightly over a year ago, and who came from sunny Italy to this country, obtained the use of a rabbit and some olive oil and established a theory of fat transportation through the body's processes. His discovery, or establishment, was deemed "valuable to science and medicine," and he drew praise from higher medical circles of this nation.

Rock Springs was chosen for the site of the new stadium, and for several days the booming of heavy dynamite explosions drowned European reports of war and blood. The winds of March prevailed and blew across over 2,000 miles of water the news that there had been a cessation of warfare between the Finns and the Russians. We stopped to wonder what Finland had gained by the peace: Viipuri had fallen, and along with it went a few claims of territorial booty, taken by Soviet forces. Word comes from Rex Hospital that Coach John Caddell, held out of spring baseball for the first time in eighteen years as a member of the Wake Forest coaching staff, was improving. Baseball men looked to the approaching season, as Murray Greason, new coach, took the diamonders out for the first outdoor practices.

The affairs on the European theatre of war reached a temporary lull and pessimists eyed it with suspicion. Chamberlain told a parliament of sea victories, and Herr Hitler held a Berlin audience in the palm of his hand for

an hour. Robert Goldberg, Deacon first year law man, was named chairman for the oncoming state high school debate tournament. Professor George Copple, director of speech and debate coach, planned big things for the second annual convention of high school speakers. As a matter of fact, speeches seemed to be the fashion, and North Carolina's own "Bob" Reynolds, often referred to as a senator, climbed to the front pages of his hometown newspapers. Wells was returning from his trip abroad, where "an American discovered Europe"—so they thought. Coming back to Washington armed with new theories of a perplexing political, religious, racial, and military broth-pot, the under-secretary declined to divulge his findings in public. He and Roosevelt (and perhaps Cordell Hull) were to digest them thoroughly—first.

Baptist Student Union members planned another carnival. Meredith "angels" were invited, and another Saturday evening went down in social documents of remembrances. Leg men of dictators went on wild missions, running "thither and yon," trying to gather particles of what newsmen were about to call a "spooky jig-saw puzzle." Wake Forest was interested in other missions. A college delegation consisting of Professor Donald Pfohl, Dr. O. T. Binkley, Professor J. L. Memory, Jr., and the college octet made pilgrimages to Eastern Carolina cities, speaking, singing, and figuring in special church programs. Jeanette McDonald came to Raleigh; she was met with a howling mob, some fifteen or twenty newspaper reporters, and a poem from Mrs. Edith Earnshaw. She expressed her appreciation for the latter.

A man left New York one Sunday morning, mounted an airplane and demanded of the stewardess that she "tell me where in the hell I'm going." It was later found that he had told a friend to purchase him an airline ticket

—"to anywhere, just so I get away from it all." The ticket proved to be made out to Tucson, Ariz.

Two German patrols advanced out from the Seigfried line one windy morning during the middle of March. They were surprised by a French outpost and a morning communique announced: "German patrol repulsed after two hours of light skirmishes." While the scouts were reporting a preparatory plan, or like beliefs, for a "big putsch" come springtime, the early morning stillness of March 12 was broken by cracking noises. A handful of students were on hand shortly, but nothing could be done; the local collegiate theatre had burned completely to the ground, leaving students and townspeople alike "flickerless"—as the old Castle had changed hands and was undergoing a process of renovation.

Winston Churchill, whose voice prior to this time had been a booming cymbal in the background of a nobility turmoil, wakened one morning to find that he had been given more power, taking over a commanding position in the admiralty's ranks. "Now there'll be a war," said admirers of Churchill. And now "there will be a race," said student body politicians of Wake Forest when they read from the newspaper columns that Weston Hatfield and Bob Goldberg, of Hickory and Wilmington, N. C., respectively, had been left alone in the run for presidency of the student body. Postoffice officials refused to comment on Farley's possibilities of becoming president of these United States, but they did smile and say that ground had been broken for a new Postoffice at Wake Forest.

Hurlers Byrne, Fuller, Denning, and a host of batsmen set an opening pace for the Deacon baseball fans, turning back teams as notable as Pittsburgh and Cornell. The annual Easter festive with State College was rained out, and students frowningly turned to Monday after-

noon classes which they "thought had been recessed for the big game." Snow was on the ground; and it was the day after Easter.

Public speaker leaders were harnessed into service on April 4, 5, 6, and 158 delegates from over twenty-five North Carolina high schools invaded the campus for a state tournament. Demons of the davenport were not idle, either, and many of them temporarily altered the philosophy, saying "youth must be the feminine choice after all." Rabid cinema fans found a place to release all stored up desires, too, for two theatres opened again: one was the new Forest Theatre, while the other was the Collegiate Tent showhouse.

European armies were out in full regalia; Uncle Sam wasn't to be outdone, and he suddenly remembered that this was 1940. Subsequently, he sent an army of census takers into an unlimited field of action. Battling Senator Toby resented the questions asked in spots by census takers: he had to make a radio address, and the National Broadcasting Company turned hosts to an hour's bawling and gnashing of teeth. But Gene Worrell did a different sort of bawling; he bawled in the oratory circles of the National Forensic Meet at Knoxville, Tenn., and came out as the undisputed champion orator of the United States. Additional honors came his way when the political movement chose to make him president of the association. Other Wake Forest men attended the forensic sessions, theoretically, but we still wonder if they ever emerged from their respective hotel rooms.

Late during the evening of April 9, newscasters were summoned to the air lanes to follow a Nazi offensive into the neutral countries of Denmark and Norway. By daybreak a vast section of the two countries were under Hitler's control. Making record time, British planes and naval forces lost no time in scurrying to the spot. Battles raged for nearly 100

hours, and both Berlin and London claimed victories. That night a Greyhound bus embarked from the terminal in Raleigh, bearing several Wake Forest students. One of them, Bob Kelly, fell asleep. Upon reaching Wake Forest, the skipper inquired if the sleeping beauty were a student here. "He's from Brooklyn," a companion said, leaving the dormant student to sleep his way to Franklinton.

Hand to hand fighting prevailed over a small sector between the Maginot and Siegfried Lines. Tommy Byrne took a Blue Devil aggregation well in hand and let them down with four measley hits, taking a 17-3 victory over a Duke team which hadn't been beaten by Wake Forest since 1938. And so they continued their pace throughout a successful season. Attention was focussed on them, in the field of sports, and lazy weather sent fans to the tennis courts where Dr. E. E. Folk's team turned in a 7-2 decision over State College. Other victories followed the Wake netmen, and the track team looked to meets where the wind wasn't icy and the runway soggy.

The history of one year for Wake Forest turned toward its final makings when students watched the clock for final exams and semester grades. Graduation wasn't far away, they sensed, and for a time European wars became a background and local wars took the spotlight.

A moment of retrospect would send chills of despair over the average spinal column, while commentator-raconteurs told rehashed tales of helliguerent activity. Thrills come in also, for sportsmen aren't prone to forget a world series like the one of last October, or a Tournament of Roses so spectacular as was New Year's. Fields of education eyed new developments and with skepticism viewed from the pages of *Life* the "hundred best books" and a system employed by St. John's College of Annapolis, Md. Economic leaders heard

the shouts of prosperity and yet found that the question of unemployment is paramount in their facts and figures. Tourists drove the highways of 1939-40 and passed the latest inventions in automobiles, trains, airships, and steamers; yet can we forget the wrath aroused when John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" was banned from Birmingham, Ala., library book-shelves. There was yet a dust bowl; and there were the unavoidable deaths from the elements, including tornados, hurricanes, and western cyclones.

While busy America fought their problems, uneasy Europe wished that domestic problems could replace realities of war and blood. Daily newspapers flashed accounts of weird tales, and gullible publics ate from the hands of London, Berlin, Moscow and Paris. One editorialist was bold enough to say that Barnum was wrong: "more than one fool is born every minute." And tonight there comes the anti-war hysteria, and the pro-war aversions. Over 300,000 world journalists have followed the fast changing maps of a world; 50,000 news sources have worked overtime in an effort to beat the censors to the draw. A handful of dictators have made canaries out of hundreds of millions. We were content to sing our little song yesterday, and today we wonder if the words are meaningless.

The latest news of the war fronts tell us varied tales from either side. Norway and Denmark were easy prey before the mighty

Nazi attacks; Holland gave way after losing nearly one-fourth of its fighting population and Hitler predicts the conquest of France and Britain, along with "insignificant Belgium," in a matter of days and hours. President Roosevelt went before the microphone several days ago and demanded the largest fighting force for the skies the world has ever known. Wake Forest men, like the rest of the world, grew grave and concerned over the outlook for the world at large.

According to theoretical developments of the future, Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy plan to join hands and seduce the rest of the world—until Germany is through with Italy's aid, and then it will be the Germans alone, they say. America awaits her hour in grave solitude, with a tremble of the hand and a prayer on the lips. Already the rumble of the yellow man's guns have voiced their sentiments: everyone else has ruled the world, they shout, our turn is next.

But the gate has closed behind the doors of another year of academic life for Wake Forest. Days have been drawn into weeks, weeks into months, and now a year has passed. Tomorrow her grounds have been pronounced as "most favorable and progressive."

Tomorrow we are a part of another world—some of us; yesterday we were in a world of our own. Now we are playing our role with destiny. We are definitely a part of any realm.

GENE BRISSIE.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Much credit is due Eugene Brissie for this article, and it is the hope of the editor that it will be of interest now and in the years to come.

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