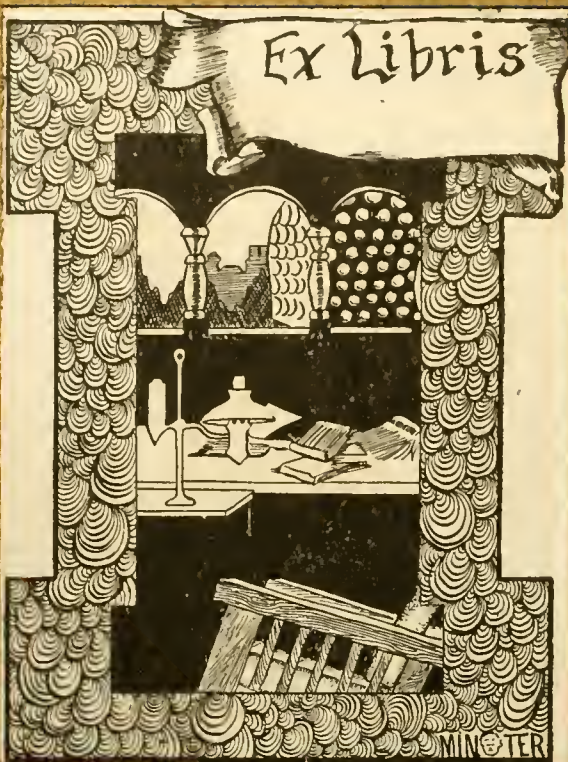
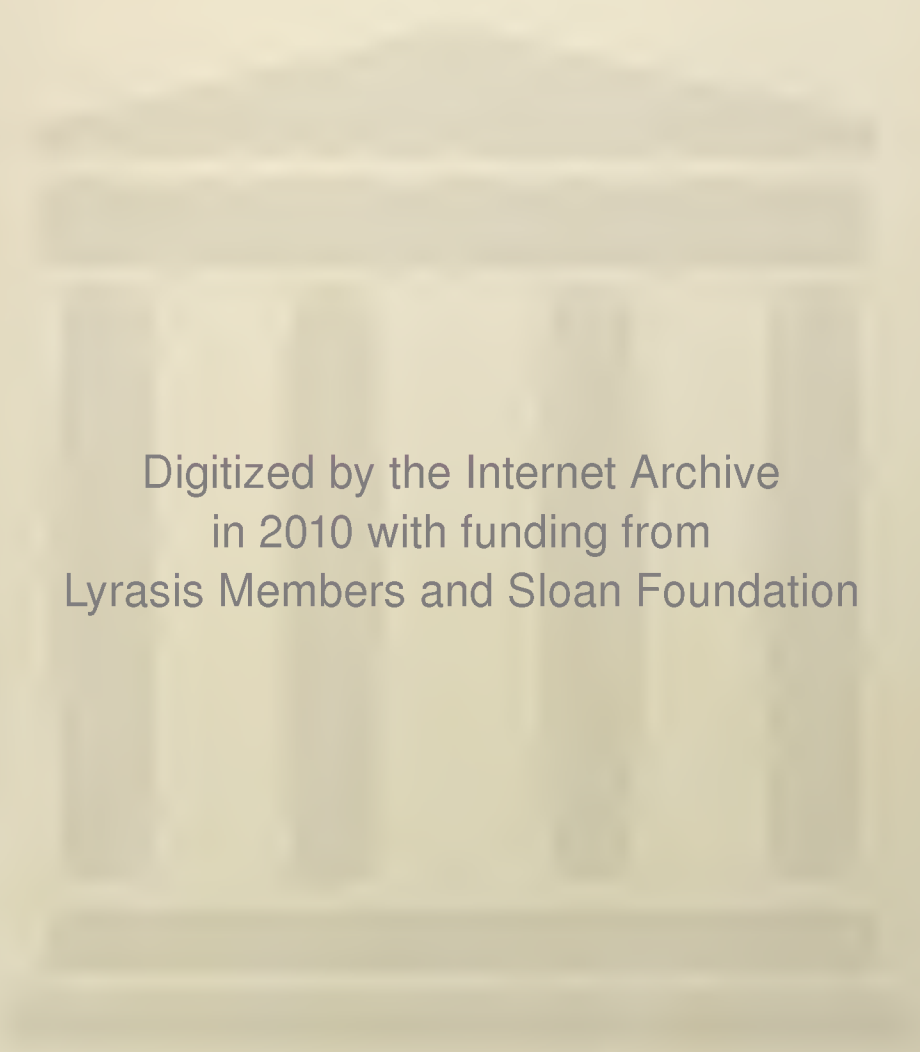




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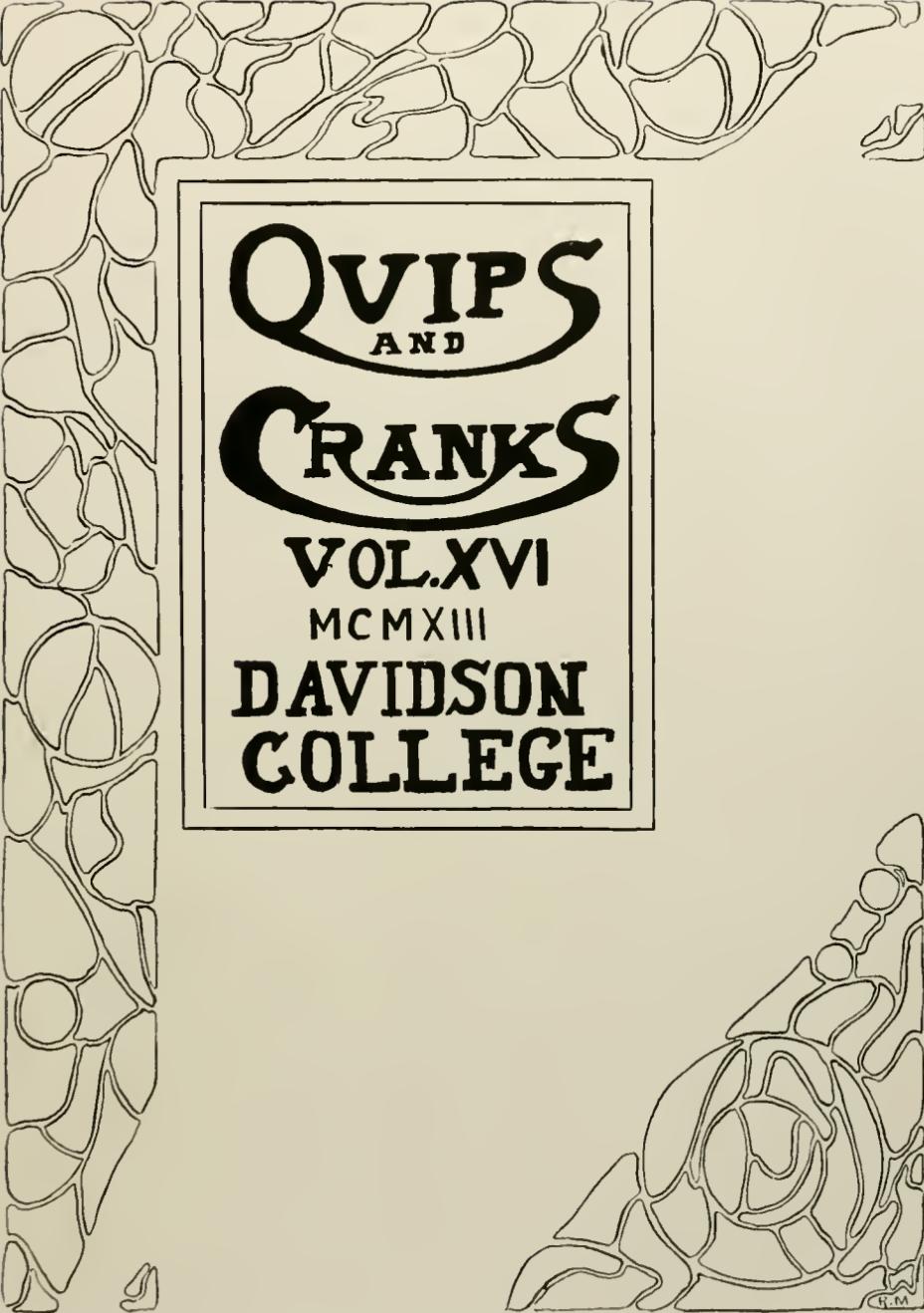




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QVIPS
AND
CRANKS
VOL. XVI
MCMXIII
DAVIDSON
COLLEGE

H.M.

This Volume of Quips and Cranks
is dedicated to
Henry Louis Smith, Ph. D., LL. D.
in appreciation of
his untiring zeal and devoted service to
Davidson College

A man of exceptional intellectual
endowment

A capable and efficient administrator





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H. WILSON BACHMAN, A.B. JOHN HOWARD ELDER, B.S. W. S. GOLDEN, A.B.
Assistants in Chemistry

I. C. CRAWFORD, A.B., M.A. J. M. ROGERS, B.S. H. L. ELLIOT
Assistants in Physics

LOCKE WHITE, A.B. S. M. WOLFE, A.B.
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R. C. WHITE, A.B.
Assistant in English

O. S. CRAWFORD, B.S.
Assistant in Economics

J. C. BOYD, A.B.
Assistant in Mathematics

H. S. TURNER, A.B.
Assistant in Biology



Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles.

SENIOR 1913



J. Russell Wilcox Jr. '13



JOE McCONNELL, Mascot



Senior Class Poem

Four years

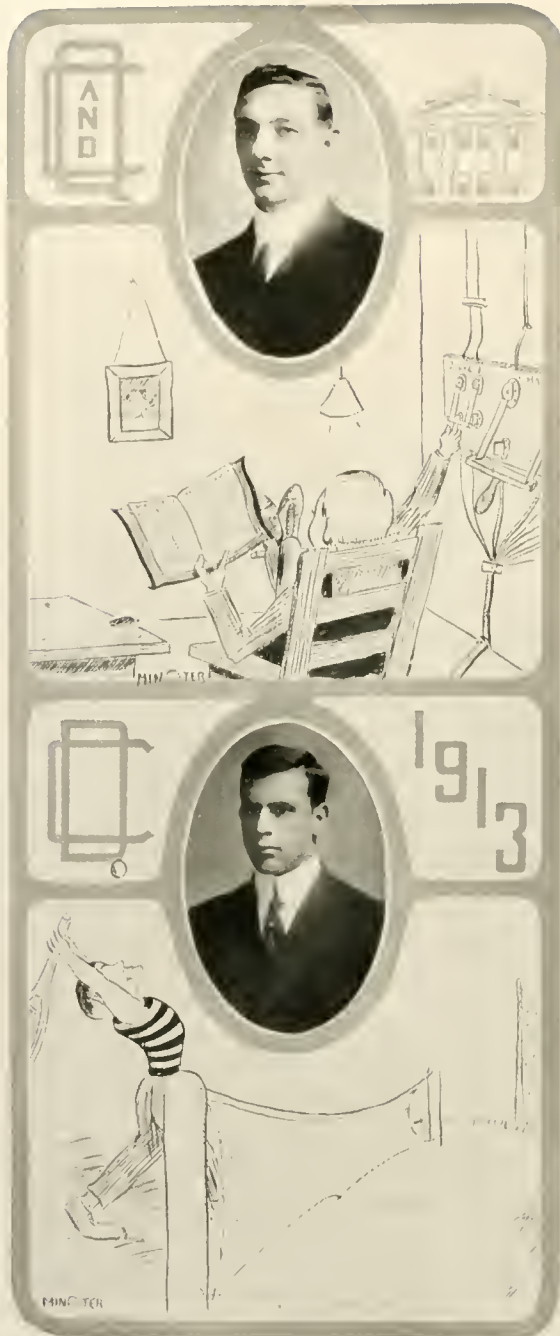
*We've stood beside the glowing forge,
Welding our armor piece by piece—
At times with feverish haste and care;
At times with measured stroke and slow;
Oft gazing long into the forge
To read our future in its glow.*

Four years,

*And now our armor seems complete
And we go forth to join the strife
Bearing the metal's glow within
Our hearts, the forge light on our cheeks,
And "LABOR VINCIT OMNIA"
Deep graven on our modest shields.*

Four years?

*How short they seem now they are gone!
And as we watch with saddened face
The forge light die, with clasped hands
We vow the glow shall warm our hearts
Till we shall clasp the form of death
Gladly, as now we're clasping life.*



ALDEN SCOTT ANDERSON
Charlottesville, Va.

A.B., Ed.
Age, 24

Class Baseball; Chairman Finance Committee; Ed. Society; Vice President Senior Class; Magazine Staff; Secretary Virginia Club.

*"For even in error sure no danger is
When joined with so much piety as his"*

ANDY—the man who never was a Sophomore. This big, jovial, easy going Virginian came to Davidson in January, 1910, as a Freshman, and by the following September he was a full fledged Junior. Wonderful, you say? Not at all—it's just ANDY. Determined, persevering, and patient, he usually sees to the end whatever he undertakes. He never gets angry, and always has a smile and a pleasant word for everyone. If you would see him give his broadest grin, just say "Gastonia," and watch him. Though ANDY is not an original '13 man, we all like him, and are proud to name him as one of our number.

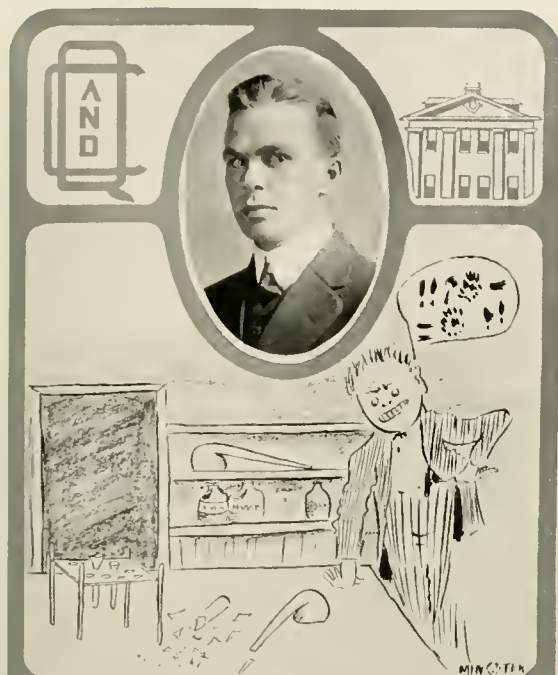
ROBERT SOUTH ARROWOOD
Hemp, N. C.

A.B., Phi.
Age, 21

Class Football; President Elise High School Club; Secretary Damage Committee.

"His Christianity is muscular"

ARRY is burdened down with his responsibilities; and why should he not be? Does he not have to pose as the model of dignity for the Alley? Is he not called upon to represent before the eyes of an ignorant student body that worthy educational institution, the Elise High School? Is he not a great tennis player, and the owner of Hemp's handsomest sweater? So all told, Arry has an important part to play on the campus, and he is playing it well. But he can descend from his dignity enough to play good football, and has caused many a lower classman a pang of fear for their laurels during the class series. He does not neglect his books, either; and if Hemp does not watch out she will have to entertain a "sweet boy-graduate" in May, whose head will be larger than the town itself.



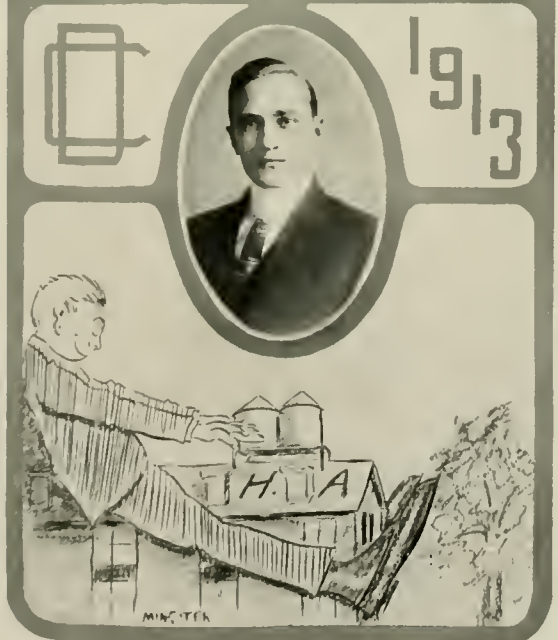
HARRY WILSON BACHMAN
Bristol, Tenn.

A.B., Eu., K.A.
Age, 20

Assistant in Chemistry; Staff QUIPS
AND CRANKS; Magazine Staff; Punctu-
ality Roll, four terms.

*"Full of strange ouths, and bearded like
the pard"*

BACHMAN may best be described as
being sulfuric in temperament. Whether
thus naturally, or by long association in
the Chemical Lab., is purely a matter
for conjecture. However, to say that
this detracts from his general make-up
would be base calumny—it is merely the
effervescing overflow of his super-
abundant energy and vitality. Self-
possessed, capable, magnetic—he is
wonderfully attractive, and thoroughly
likeable.

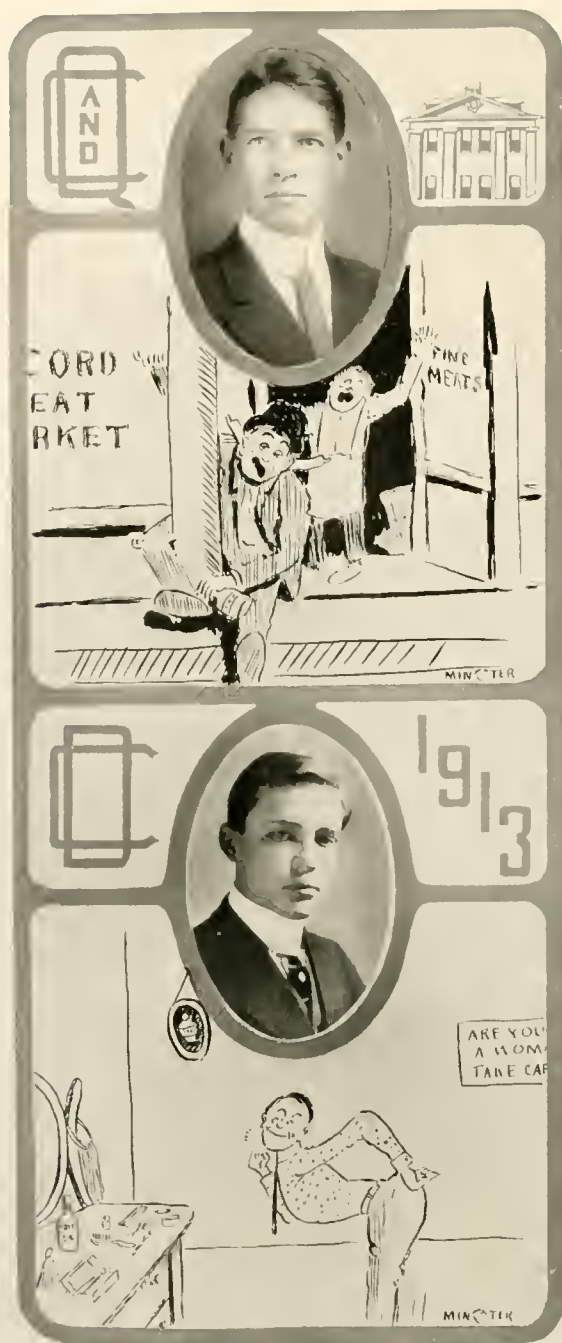


FRANK FISHER BAKER
Salisbury, N. C.

A.B., Phi.
Age, 22

*"Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many
a time
The harmony of their tongues has into
bondage
Brought my too diligent ear"*

"Hen Tom, Dog Boot, Consound"—
more talk in a minute than you can lis-
ten to in a week, and nothing said. How-
ever, FRANK is good-looking, and we
have to make allowances. He is a fixed
and regular feature of the choir up in
that famous institution known as the
"Alley." When FRANK goes to preach-
ing, the other young preachers from the
"Alley" won't have a chance among the
ladies until he has made his selection.
The Greek class will lose one of its best
performers when FRANK has made his
departure.



J. LESLIE BELL
Concord, N. C.

B.S., Phi
Age, 22

Scrub Baseball; Class Baseball; Cass
Football; Scrub Football.

*"I built my soul a lord'y pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell"*

This quiet-looking individual bears out the reputation that looks are but skin deep. DING is one of Davidson's star pitchers, and has figured in many close games. In his Soph. year he was a terror to the Fresh., but since has been a very law-abiding citizen. Good natured, and always ready for a joke, he has friends everywhere; and will have them wherever he may be.



GRADY BOWMAN
Manning, S. C.

B.S.
Age, 19

Historian of Class; Assistant Editor-in-chief QUIPS AND CRANKS; Assistant in Astronomy.

"I did weed myself to things of light from infancy"

Delicate and refined in his tastes, by disposition shy, BOWMAN is a student by nature. With a touch of genius, he seems evanescent—almost ethereal. Sympathetic, self-forgetful, there is nothing cynical nor malignant about him, nothing rough nor unpolished. Versed in the best literature, he writes well, and converses fluently when one has succeeded in penetrating his natural reserve. From the first he disdained the turbulent life of college dormitories, and sought the more sequestered ways of a village home as being more conducive to his scholarly meditation and scientific research—for he is nothing if not an astro-physicist. For three years in the Physics Department his star has shone with unrivaled splendor, while the terror of his astronomical dissections is campus-wide.

JOHN CREELMAN BOYD
Charlotte, N. C.

A.B., Phi.

Age, 22

Honor Roll, Supervisor Society, Class Historian, Class and Varsity Track Team.

"I let fall the windows of mine eyes"

JOHN suffers all the discomforts of red hair. Although he insists that his locks are Titian, we pledge you that they are as unhappy a cross between brickdust and carrots as you ever saw. His besetting sin is inertia. Sleep with him has become an obsession. It is his proudest boast that he has never stayed awake during an entire class. Despite this, he has always roused himself sufficiently to make the Honor Roll. If he could disengage himself long enough from Morpheus, there is no telling what intellectual heights he might attain.



RICHARD AUSTIN BULLOCK
Bullock, N. C.

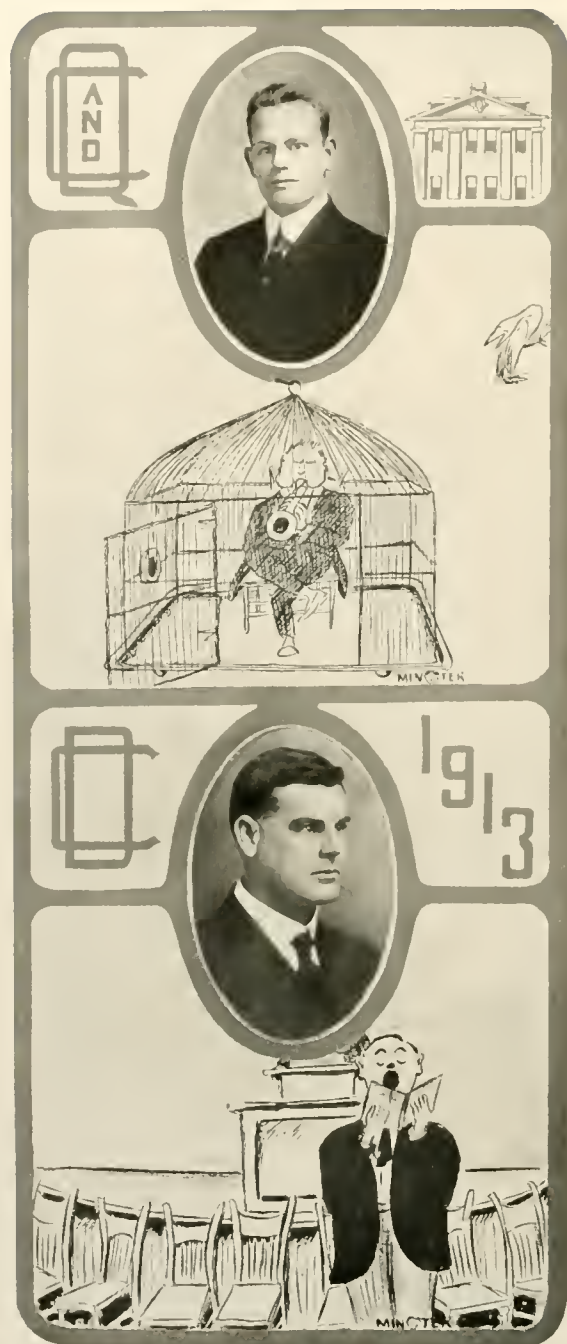
A.B., Phi.

Age, 20

"He approaches nearest the gods who knows how to be silent"

This bovine specimen of animality hails from the thriving city of Bullock, N. C., a place famous as the birthplace of its founder and most distinguished citizen—the said specimen. RICHARD claims that Bullock will in the near future be the metropolis of North Carolina (the exact date we think is June, 1913), which signifies that RICHARD has a most fertile imagination. He doesn't talk much, however; and this in turn being interpreted means that he possesses a good store of common-sense. His chief characteristic is his aversion for all femininity—be it maid, matron, or aged dame. If he ever rakes up courage enough to pop the question to the future Mrs. Richard A., we warrant that that lady's surprise will be so great that she'll accept him on the spot. Cheer up, Dick!





CHESTER McDONALD CAMPBELL
Paw Creek, N. C.

A.B., Phi.
Age, 23

Class Football; Captain Class Football; Scrub Baseball; Class Baseball; Orchestra and Glee Club; *Magazine* Staff; Class Poet; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet. *"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast"*

Mocking bird? Yes! You may not have guessed it, but nevertheless it's true. We have him—the real, genuine mocking-bird, celebrated in song and story. Four years ago he left off singing by the grave of poor, dear, lamented "Hattie," to come and give us the benefit of his golden voice, and ever since has been in the front ranks of the Glee Club, the orchestra, the chapel and church choirs. From the tips of his turned-up toes, past his turned-up smile and his turned-up nose, to the ends of his turned-up hair, he is chocked full of music, good humor, energy, and diligence. If you would have him your friend, just tell him of some Sunday School in the country without a teacher—this is his hobby, and he rides it faithfully. Mock is a good one, and 1913 could not do without him.



LLOYD COOK CAMPBELL
Paw Creek, N. C.

Age, 30

"Soprano, Basso, even the Contra-alto. Wishes him five fathoms under the Realto"

COOK is a steady, reliable fellow, who can laugh as heartily and sing as loudly as any mother's son of us. For one long year he reigned supreme in the Chapel Choir, no one daring to pluck one gem from his lustrous crown of choir-master. Every morning, with a religious fervor that would put a Christian martyr to blush, he raises his voice in song. We cannot but admire his zeal, however much we may condemn the instrument that displays it. Some men "live to eat," still others "eat to live." Not so with Cook—he lives to sing, and where there's life, there's song.



McALISTER CARSON
Charlotte, N. C.

B.S., Phi., K.A., Gryphon
Age, 20

President student body; President Junior Class; Student Council, two years; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Marshal; Varsity Basket-ball, three years; Captain Scrub Basket-ball; Captain Junior Basket-ball Team; Class Baseball, two years; Pan-Hellenic Council.

"But he whose inborn worth his acts commend,

Of gentle soul, to human race a friend"

Cac is the impartial, reliable, lasting friend of every man on the campus. As president of the student body, he has made an enviable record, and has guided us through many perplexing places safely and honorably. Talk to him, and you will think him a D.D.; but in reality this subdued appearance is the result of three years' care of a nursery. As might be expected, Cac has the usual weakness for the fair sex, and is one of our most dependable fussers. Being from Charlotte, Blowing Rock was quite satisfactory, and now His is in Nashville—so he says. We are expecting great things from Cac, and wish him God-speed in his career.

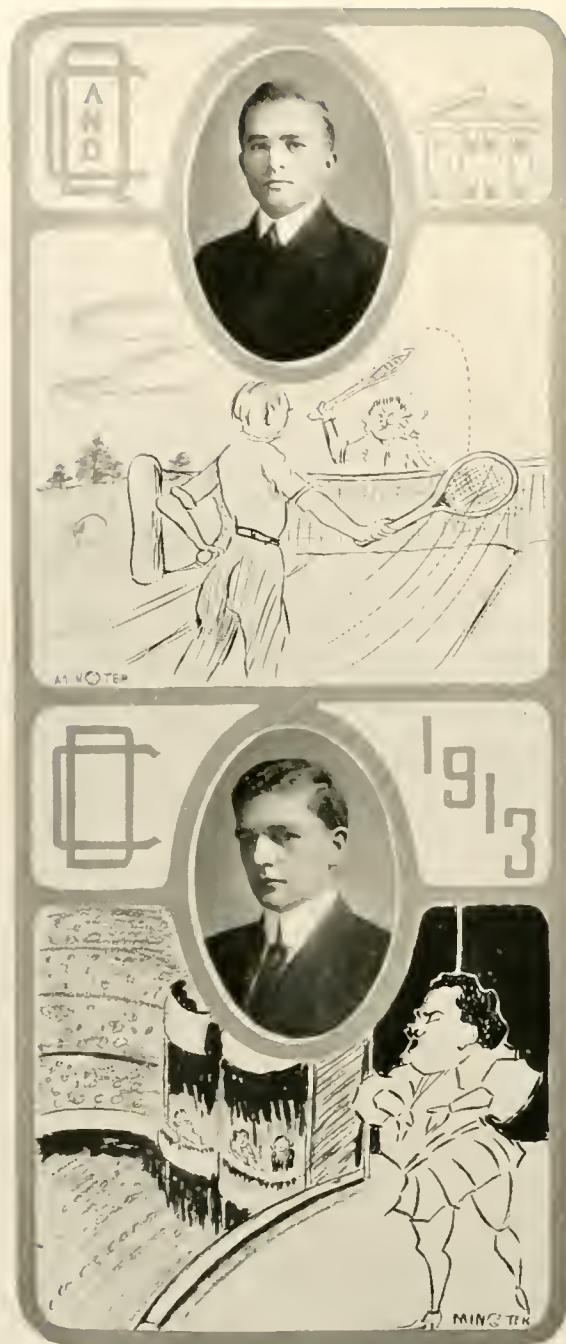
HENRY DICKSON CORBETT
Maysville, S. C.

A.B., Eu.
Age, 21

Class Football; Class Baseball; Vice-President Sumter Club

"Energy and persistence conquer all things"

HENRY DICKSON CORBETT—Dickie for short—was born to be great. No man can eat "zip" three times every day in the week without containing unlimited possibilities. But it is not only to his digestion that Dickie's future success will be due, for he possesses in large quantity that quality much lectured on and lauded by our late Henry Louis, the essence of "stickability," which is the foundation of all success. He is one of the hardest workers on the campus; his only recreation being tri-weekly visits to Cornelius. "They say"—but why speculate? "All the world loves a lover"—and so there we'll let it rest.



ORAN STEADMAN CRAWFORD Rock Hill, S. C.

B.S., Edu., K.S., Age, 23

President Society; President Tennis Association; Champion in Tennis, Singles and Doubles; Class Football and Baseball; Student Council.

"Charm strikes the sight, but merit wins the soul"

"TUT" is a regular little Quaker. It has been said that he is the most serious man in college. He certainly is, in his studies. No matter if he hasn't the slightest idea what the answer is, he has the happy faculty of making the professors think that he has. He was such a faithful worker in Literary Society that we made him President. TUT is the best tennis player that we have. He plays with an accuracy that has won him the championship. He has upheld Davidson valiantly in inter-collegiate contests. Judging from his past, we are expecting much of TUT, and wish him success.

ZENAS JOHNSTON CRAWFORD Lincolnton, N. C.

A.B., Phi.; Age, 19

Editor QUIPS AND CRANKS; Honor Roll; State Secretary-Treasurer Student Volunteer Union of North Carolina; Chemical Society; Tennis Club.

"Generous converse; a soul exempt from pride"

Of all 1913's men, ZED CRAWFORD probably deserves more credit than any, owing to the circumstances attending his college life. In his Fresh year he roomed with Jim Bridges, and kept his sense of the aesthetic; as a Sophomore he roomed with Squire Bales and Cupid, but unlike Squire he escaped the darts of their little room-mate and kept his heart; last year and this he has roomed with Madame Murphy, and has kept his sanity. Quiet, reserved, and dignified, it takes some time to get acquainted with him, but when you do know him you find that he is pure gold to the core. From Davidson he goes "where Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden sands," for the purpose of "delivering their land from error's chain" and probably to furnish the *pièce de resistance* for some cannibal king's Christmas dinner. We hope, however, that before leaving he will make several records for the Victor, for we would hate to have his beautiful voice perish. Success to you, Caruso!



WILLIAM CLEVELAND DAVIS
Charlotte, N. C.

B.S., Phi.
Age, 28

President, Treasurer, and Critic of Society; Debater's Rep; Debating Council; Secretary and Treasurer Class.

*"Now does my project gather to a head,
My charms crack not; my spirits obey;
and Time*

Goes upright with his carriage"

DAVIS has about the keenest analytical mind in college. He is the inventor of that famous device used in debating known as "trapping," and when he asks you a question, you had better not answer either "yes" or "no." A good-natured, hard-working fellow, genial and likeable. If you haven't gotten acquainted with him, you ought to have. He is the best man to manage a debate that we have ever had. We expect to hear of him before many years in the *Congressional Record*.

PIERRE WILDS DuBOSE
Soochow, China

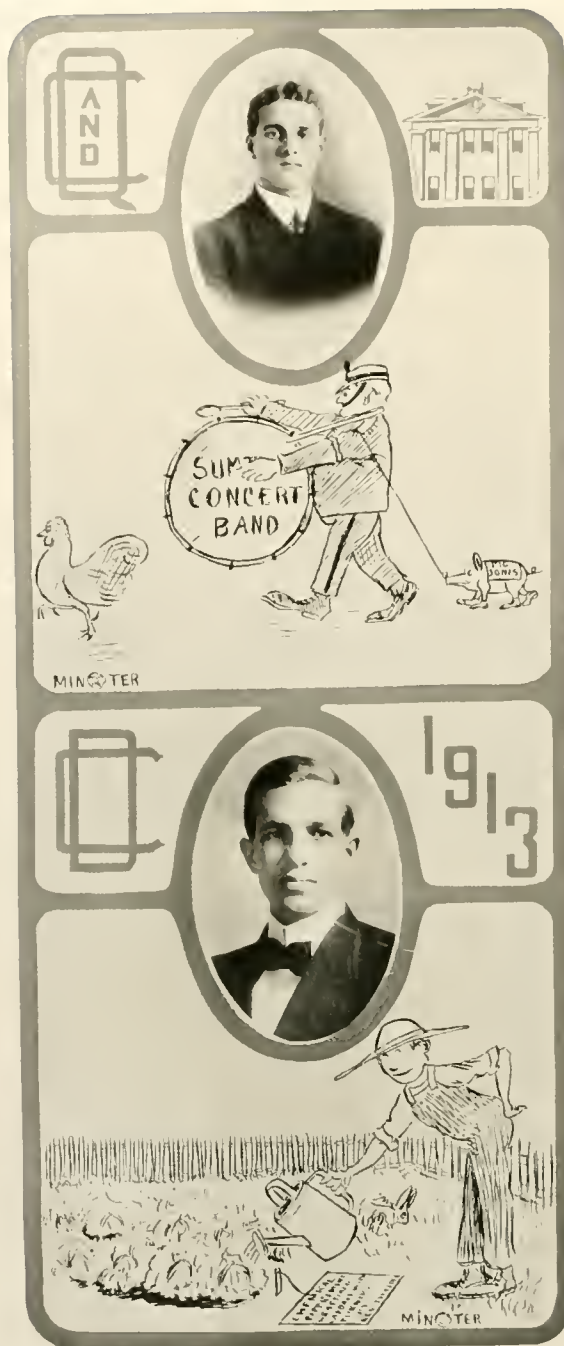
A.B., Eu, B.O.H.; Age, 21

Marshal; Reviewer; Captain and Manager Track Team; Manager Football Team; Class Football Team; Vice-President Tennis Association; Secretary-Treasurer Student Body; Wearer of the "D"; Executive Committee Athletic Association; Disclaimer's Rep; Junior Orator's Medal.

*"But if it be a sin to covet honors
I am the most offending soul alive"*

DuBOSE is the man who has never been able to decide whether he is going to be an African missionary or run for Governor of South Carolina. He talks at random on any subject yet known, shakes his head in a convincing manner, makes pathetic appeals against the relentless and insane acts of the students, but has never yet been able to convince anyone that he is other than sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. His friends are as numerous as the student body, and he has the slickest line of dope yet, which never fails to win him a vote at the proper time. Bo is always in hard luck, yet there never was a man with more college spirit; spirit of that contagious kind, too. Always working for the other fellow, DuBose will make a success anywhere, under any circumstances.





JOHN BRAWNER DUFFIE
Sumter, S. C.

B.S., Eu
Age, 20

Class Football; Class Baseball; Scrub
Baseball two years; Orchestra and Glee
Club; President Sumter Club.

"Words, words, words"

Ever since JOHN entered Davidson, it
it has been a problem whether he is
going to evolve into a billiard ball, a
Math. professor, or a professional base-
ball player. At present, his talents seem
to lie in the direction of a drummer in
a minstrel show, though his success in
making hits with ladies away from
Davidson would indicate a future
society leader. He has an almost
unlimited supply of miraculous tales,
suitable for every occasion, and he never
fails to work these off—good naturedly,
we hope—at every opportunity. John
is inclined to be a pessimist, but could
he see his promising qualities as do his
classmates, indeed a rosy future his
would be.



JOHN HOWARD ELDER
Concord Depot, Va.

B.S., Eu.
Age, 20

Chemical Society; Class Football,
three years; Class Track Team.

*"And I would that my tongue could
utter*

The thoughts that arise in me"

You would never think that this quiet,
unobtrusive fellow was one of the
biggest sports on the campus—but such
is the case. No gathering of feminines
in Davidson would be complete without
"JACK" and his ever-ready gallantry.
But, in spite of this, he takes time to
improve his mental abilities, and has
succeeded in becoming quite a stud in
chemistry. We prophesy for him a quiet
future of studious bachelorhood.



SILAS ARDRICE EWART
Huntersville, N. C.

A.B., Phi
Age, 23

Class Baseball, two years.

*"I was not born for Courts or great
affairs; pay
My debts, believe, and say my prayers"*

"BABE" is one of those persons that you always associate with perambulators. Of course he has long since discarded his walker and other juvenile accessories, but there still lingers about him the childish precocity of his younger days. He has dabbled a little in baseball, a little in football, and still less in his books. Boasting no erudition, he is a faithful worker, and never fails to carry off comfortable grades.



CARL LLEWELLYN FERRAN
Eustis, Fla.

A.B., Eu., B Ø II.
Age, 21

Orchestra; Glee Club; Manager of Orchestra; Leader of Glee Club; Eu. Marshal; President Eu. Society; Secretary Y. M. C. A.; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Student Council; Class Basket-ball; Class Football; Library Committee.

"He was a verray parfit gentil knight"

A mixture of good looks, cordiality, neatness, and grace—truly a happy combination. CARL joined us when we were Sophomores, and for three years, in his quiet, dignified way, has lived among us, completely gaining our admiration and affection. The old adage, "Courtesy winneth many friends," could not be more applicable than in his case, for of all things he is preeminently a gentleman. But CARL's good qualities do not end with his being a well-bred and likeable fellow, for he is the mainstay of the music department of the college, and a student of no mean ability. On the whole, he is one of '13's best.



WILLIAM SYDNEY GOLDEN Talladega, Ala.

AB., Eu., Gryphon; Age, 24
Student Council; Pres. Soph. Class,
Declaimer's "Rep"; Jr. Orator; ANNUAL
Staff; Ed. in chief *Magazine*; Sec'y.,
Vice-Pres., Pres., Respondent, and Vale-
dictorian Eu. Society; Treas. and Pres.
Y. M. C. A.; Ass't. in Chemistry; Chmn.
Debating Council; Debater's Medal;
Debating Team; Class Historian

*"A heart to resolve, a head to contrive,
and a hand to execute"*

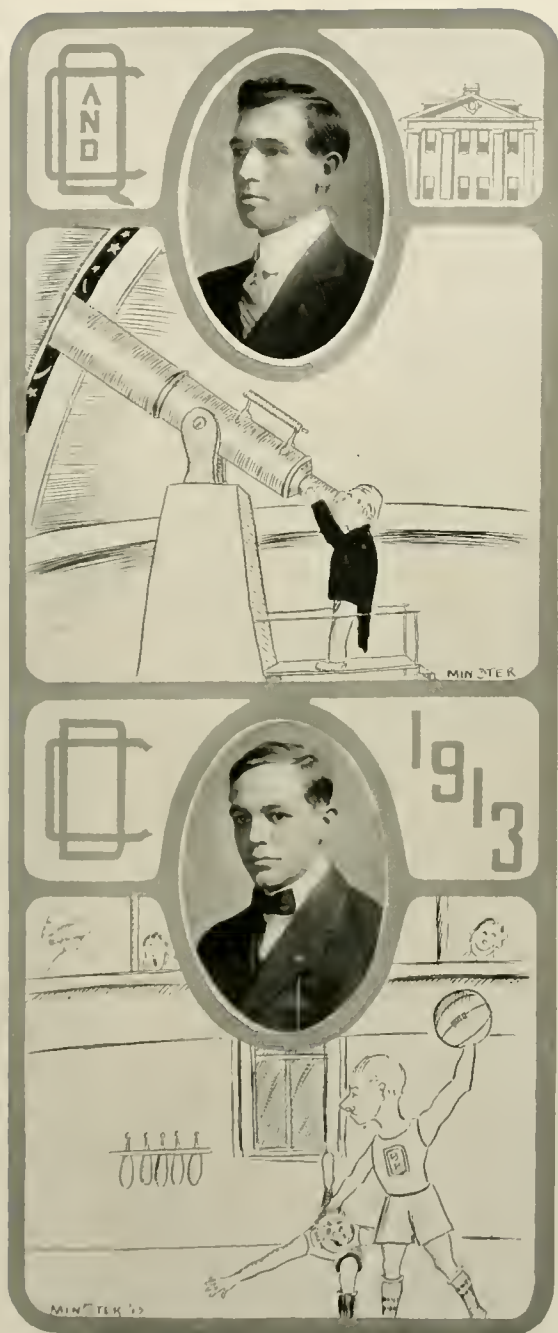
"My name's WILLIAM; the girls call me WILLIE; but the fellers call me BILL." Not only has this distinguished-looking individual three names, but also a personality to suit each. When winning debates, leading Y. M. C. A., and writing editorials and the like he is WILLIAM; at Junior Speaking, on Senior English and Senior Bible he is WILLIE; but most of the time he's just BILL. Congenial, adaptable, interesting, it is safe to say that he is the most universally liked, admired, and respected man on the campus. He is the living proof that popularity is not the fruit of time idly spent and opportunities wasted, for truly his every moment since he entered college has been filled with painstaking and profitable work. The result is that at the close of his Senior year he is a credit to himself, to his class, and to his Alma Mater.

ERNEST HEAP GRAHAM Greenville, S. C.

B.S., BOB; Age, 21
Varsity Baseball, Football, and Track;
Capt. Baseball and Football Teams;
Pres. and Vice-Pres. W. of "D" Club;
Pres. and Vice-Pres. of Athl. Asso.;
Ex. Com. of Athl. Asso.; Pan-Hellenic
Council; German Club.

*"I would applaud thee to the very echo
That should applaud again"*

"TINY" is, primarily and distinctively, an athlete—"all wool and a yard wide." To see him intercept a forward pass or run bases, are treats that no Davidson man cares to miss. As Captain of both Varsity teams, he imbues the fellows with his spirit of fight and determination. He is popular off the athletic field as well as on it—in fact, one of the most popular athletes that has ever starred at Davidson. In his classroom work, he does well for one who plays both baseball and football. He is a neat dresser, a good companion, and a solid friend. Bright, quick, determined, and persistent, we predict a future of success for him.



JONATHAN HORTON GENTRY
Cherry Lane, N. C.

A.B., Phi
Age, 29

"Not much talk—a great, sweet silence"

Gentle, easy-going, and settled, GENTRY is one of the keepers of the sacred peace of Davidson. You can find him most any old time, nervously smoking a two-inch pipe, and swapping yarns with any who will. He is one of the hardest workers that we have, save when he takes one of his sudden and mysterious departures, coming back with a tell-tale rose in his lapel and a picture in his pocket. Everybody likes him, and we will miss him when he is gone.



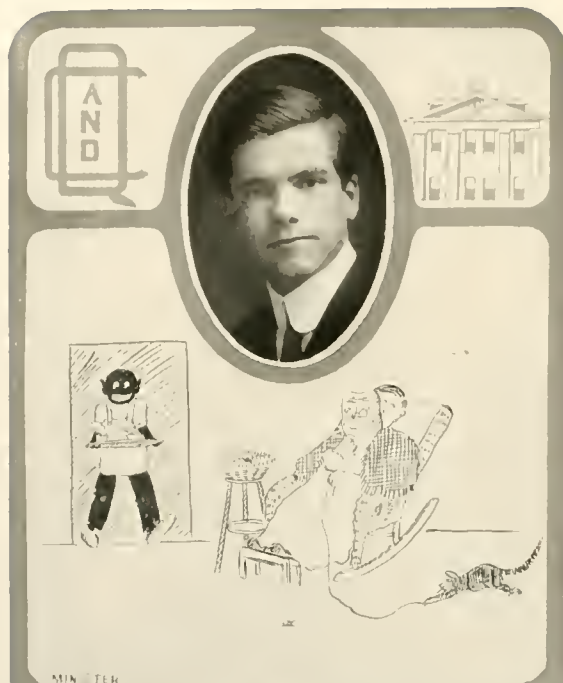
GEORGE AUGUSTUS HOWELL, JR.
Charlotte, N. C.

B.S., B.O.B.
Age, 20

German Club; Class Football, Baseball, and Basket-ball; Varsity Basket-ball, three years; Captain Scrub Base-ball; Manager Basket-ball Team; Pan-Hellenic Council; Executive Committee Athletic Association.

"Let wreaths of triumph note my temples twine"

GEORGE is liberally endowed with good looks, and has managed his endowments extremely well. An all-round athlete of no mean ability, he stars especially at basket-ball, being one of the mainstays of the Varsity team. He once worried Harper Brady into a case of sickness, thereby incurring Harper's undying condemnation (Ask GEORGE about it). When not otherwise engaged, he studies his tickets, and though he doesn't lead the class, he stands remarkably well. Popular among his classmates, a good mixer, and a man of ability, GEORGE can make much of himself if he will.



SAMUEL BROWNE HOYT

Atlanta, Ga.

A.B., Eu.

Age, 21

Student Council; Debating Council; Y. M. C. A. Council; Honor Roll; Punctuality Roll; Reviewer Eu. Society; President Georgia Club; Class Basketball.

*"For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant"*

Hoyt will never be satisfied until he attains the goal of his ambition—to see his name written Rev. S. B. Hoyt, D.D.; and certainly he will not be disappointed, judging from his record as an efficient Y. M. C. A. worker and Bible-Class leader. This, however, is not his only talent, for he is a pronounced genius at making good grades; and in the art of "calico" he cannot be surpassed. He is not much of a mixer, but if you once get acquainted with him, in spite of his "aunt-like" proclivities, you will like him.



WILLIAM CHALMERS JAMISON

Charlotte, N. C.

A.B., Phi.

Age, 21

Secretary and Treasurer Class; Marshal; Assistant Manager and Manager of Magazine; Class Football, Baseball, and Basketball; Manager Class Track Team; Commencement Orator; President Phi. Society; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet.

*"Fair tresses man's imperial race
ensnare"*

A man whose most serious fault is to take little things too seriously—which may sound paradoxical, but is true, nevertheless. "Chal" is often worried over some little love affair, but his imaginary worries never materialize. As a student, he has done faithful work; as a Society man, he has devoted every effort to the upbuilding of the Phi.; as Manager of the Magazine, he has worked unceasingly for its best interests; as a friend, he has steadily increased in the estimation of those about him. He practices the Golden Rule, in a sensible way; and his character is well summed up in these words: "true gentleman at all times."



SIDNEY JOHNSTON LANIER
Savannah, Ga.

B.S., Eu., Gryphon, II K A; Age, 21
Marshal; Orchestra and Glee Club;
Associate Manager Football Team;
Chemical Society; Georgia Club; Ger-
man Club; Woodrow Wilson Club.

"But learn to wear a sober phiz;

Be stupid if you can.

*It's such a very serious thing
To be a funny man"*

Gay, hilarious, boisterous, mirthful, fun-loving is SIDNEY; a joyous combination of the dryest wit, the most delightful nonsense, and the most wildly erratic made-to-order laugh on the market. Beside him, Falstaff and Touchstone pale into insignificance, and Barnum and Bailey's choicest comedians look like a pocket dictionary beside a thirty-volume encyclopedia. His accomplishments do not end here, however, for besides being able to bring a smile to the sourest visage, he can also draw tears as big as hen-eggs from the eyes of the Junior Speaking audiences—in other words, SIDNEY is a musician of no mean merit. His soul-melting melodies on that and similar occasions are calculated to make a hyena take on a countenance like that of the last rose of summer, and to inspire the Flossies to rhapsodically exclaim, "Who is the perfectly adorably darling boy who plays the violin?" O you Sidney!

ROSWELL CURTIS LONG
Matthews, N. C.

A.B., Phi.

Age, 20

Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Punctuality Roll, two years; Class Football, two years; Intersociety Debating Team; Critic of Phi. Society.

"Good nature and good sense must ever join"

Gentlemen, you are wrong about that. It doesn't make any difference what it is, but NAP says you are wrong about it. Here is a debater who debates well on the platform, and practises constantly between times. He's clear-headed, too, and he knows what he is talking about, as a general thing; although if he didn't you couldn't tell the difference, because he would talk just the same. He ought to make an impression on the ladies with his Napoleonic countenance; and he usually does. We predict and wish all success to this clever, hard-headed, and sensible fellow.

J. FRANK LOWRANCE
Mooreville, N. C.

A B., Phi.

Age, 24

Class Baseball Team; Captain Class
Football Team.

*"To those who know thee not, no words
can faint!*

*And to those who know thee, all words
are faint"*

This wild and woolly specimen, with a voice like a foghorn, has been a terror in class football in many a bloody game. Never aspiring to a D.C., or a varsity D, his plucky service has been our saving grace in many close games, and will be joyfully missed by our under-classmen next year. LOWRANCE is one of the steady, hard-hitting fellows that make up the backbone of the class.



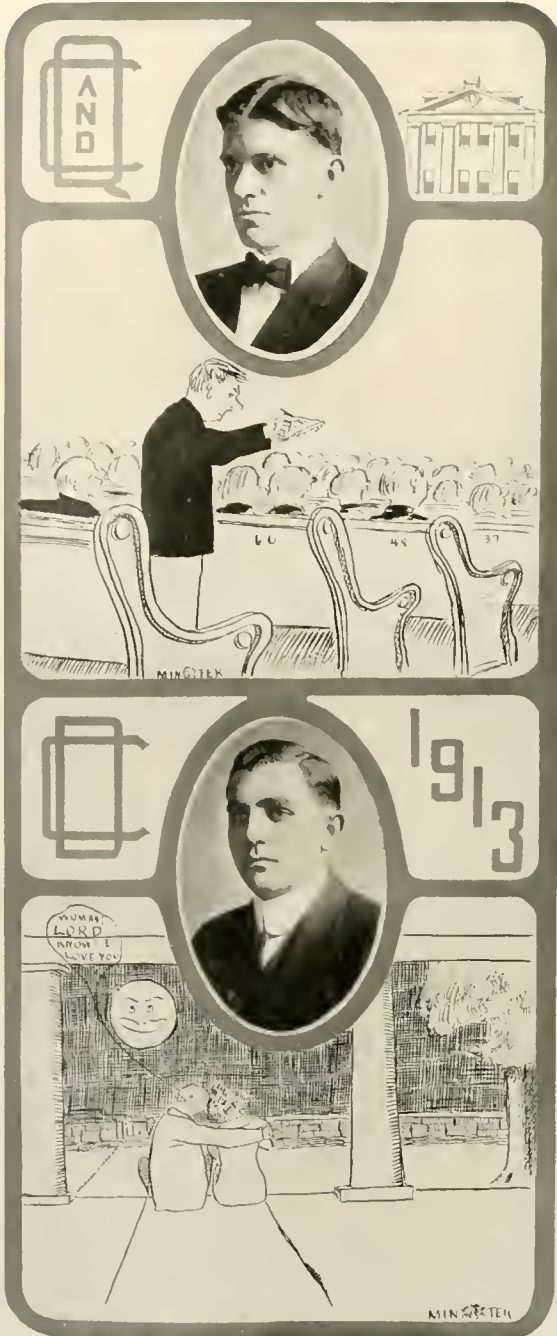
WILLIAM EDWARD LYNCH
Edgefield, S. C.

B.S., Eu., Σ A E; Gryphon

Age, 21

*"War, he sang, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble"*

Ed, the champion of Peace, the champion of Woodrow, and the champion of leisure. Just as we had come to the conclusion that he was about to end his college career after accomplishing nothing more strenuous than a campus course, he convinced us in a most surprising way that he is "some orator." He is a firm believer in the flowery-bed theory of life, but if you want to see him sit up and take notice just say politics to him. He has the making of a stump speaker in him, and some day we hope to see him in charge of the job Woody is now holding down.





ALLEN LACY McDUFFIE
Biscoe, N. C.

A.B., Phi.
Age, 27

First Supervisor, First and Second Critic, Vice-President Society; Declaimer's Medal; Inter-Society Debater; Junior Commencement Orator; Junior Respondent; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Class Football Team.

"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation"

This monthy individual is the standby of all our college gatherings. What subject is there that he has not something to say about? Verily, none; he practices on them all. But this man is useful, for doth he not second every motion possible made in his presence? Certainly; but why not be useful, if not ornamental? McDUFFIE's propensity for speaking won him a rep. one time, and ever since then he has been regarded as good in the art. As a business adventurer, he is one of those preachers who possess the knack of gathering the worldly lucre where'er they may be, yet still maintaining their spiritual exaltation. Truly a happy combination, and one that will prosper him.



MARTIN CLIFTON McLEOD
Red Springs, N. C.

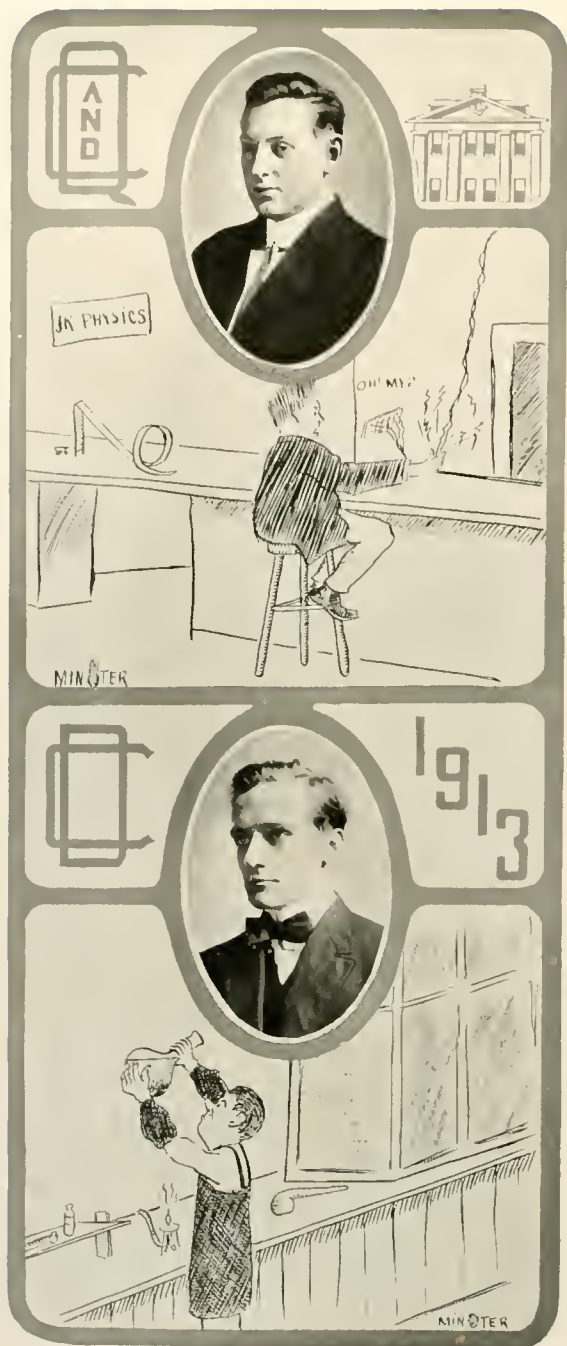
A.B., Phi.
Age, 22

Class Football; Captain Senior Football Team.

"Direct him not, whose way himself will choose"

For the last two years, CLIFF has led the great awakening. He has insisted on pulling the bellrope right in the midst of our most beautiful dreams. He has a most amiable temper, so that when he gets mad it would be better for one to leave him and go and stop a circular saw with his hand. Free samples of sulphurous eloquence may be had at any time by starting a conversation with him on the subject of "Greek," although he learned one hundred and ten irregular verbs in one night.





MARION EUGENE MATTISON
Anderson, S. C.

B.S., H.K.A.

Age, 19

Class Football, Scrub Football.

"Silent in seven languages"

"Box" is a strange combination of dry wit and disgusted grunts. Although he gives one the impression of unparalleled taciturnity, when you get him started he has a nice little line in his assortment, which he hands out in his own peculiar, abrupt, and jerky fashion. There seems to have been some slight difference between him and Soph. Physics, but matters were so well adjusted that he signed up for Junior and has been a wiser and sadder man ever since.



CLARKE COTTHRAN MINTER
Davidson, N. C.

B.S., Eu.

Age, 20

Vice-President Chemical Society;
Class Football.

"There is no great genius without a tincture of madness"

When the potter shaped this lump of clay in mortal form, a strange mixture did he make. It takes a long time to know CLARKE, but one must know him to admire him. Once you have attained this exclusive circle, you find him something of an embryo philosopher, wondering about the unsolved problem of the predestined preponderance of Life over Death, or some such subject. Quite a pessimist is he also, for he is an absolute atheist when it comes to the other insoluble problem—Woman. But aside from these, CLARKE is a popular fellow on the campus, a good student, and loyal to his class.



JOHN RUSSELL MINTER, JR.

Davidson, N. C.

A.B., Eu.; Age, 19

Class Football; Class Basketball; Gym. Team; Ass't Mgr. Tennis Association; Art Editor QUIPS AND CRANKS, two years; Manager Gym. Team.

"Thank God, I, too, am a painter"

RUSSELL has two ambitions in life—to draw and to sport. To say that he succeeds in doing both exceptionally well is only to repeat what has already been proved—the former by observing the pages of this ANNUAL, the latter by observing Russell at Junior Speaking and Commencement. Good-looking, agreeable, and attractive, he is liked by everyone, young and old. He is one of the brightest members of our Class, and if he makes his talent his trade we feel sure that he will rank high among the artists of a future day. Loyalty is his chief characteristic, for he is loyal to '13, loyal to D. C., and loyal to his "King."

CLIFTON MURPHY

Georgetown, S. C.

A.B., Eu.; Age, 19

Honor Roll, four years; Class Historian; Sec'y, Vice-Pres., Reviewer Eu. Society; Magazine Staff, two years; Exchange Ed. Magazine; Ed-in-chief QUIPS AND CRANKS; Commencement Marshal; Junior Commencement Orator; Valedictorian of Class; ANNUAL Staff.

"The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease"

The gods were good to MADAME at his birth: Jupiter gave him capacity for leadership; Mercury, eloquence; and Minerva crowned him with the gift of wisdom. Though so richly endowed, this favored individual has not buried his talents, but like him of Biblical fame has gained many more. Versatile, he does whatever his hand finds to do; enthusiastic, he always succeeds; tactful and cordial, he wins many friends; magnetic in personality, he keeps them. To argue is his special pleasure, and woe to him who is his opponent!—for he takes a great delight in leading on his victim, and tantalizing him, and then in the end vanquishing him by a single shaft of sarcasm. His sense of humor is of the keenest, and nothing ridiculous escapes his eye. But why write further? Only the half has yet been told, and our delineative powers are almost exhausted. MADAME—a brilliant compendium of attractive virtues and equally attractive faults—to be fully appreciated only when fully known.



DOUGLAS HEATH NISBET

Charlotte, N. C.

B.S., Phi.

Age, 19

Chemical Society; Class Football.

*"His heart as far from fraud, as heaven
from earth"*

A slender lad, with a lofty pompadour, a happy smile, and a nose that laughs all the time—that's Zip. He came to college at a tender age, but his head has always been as level as a judge's, and he proposes to show the medical students at Harvard next year what it takes to learn medicine. Zip is bound to succeed. He doesn't make a display of himself, so you may not notice him till you look for him, but when you find him you'll find him there with the goods. He has worn out half of the apparatus in the Chemical Lab., reduced the game of Forty-two to a science in the meantime, and made good all the way.

RUFUS MARTIN PHILLIPS

Sanford, N. C.

B.S., Phi.

Age, 28

Junior Orator; Student Council; President Ministerial Band; Class Football; Valedictorian of Phi. Society.

"The silver livery of advised age"

O ye gods, behold! O mortal man, give ear; for lo!—the conquering hero comes, the mighty one draws nigh—the prince, the peer of orators; he beside whom Cicero, Demosthenes, W. J. Bryan, and the whole galaxy of speakers look dwarfed and stunted—mere pigmies beside a giant. From his lips pour words fraught with liquid eloquence—words now resounding like the rushing of a mighty torrent, now refreshing as a summer breeze. From his eyes dart rays of fire—now flashing like the thunderbolts from the hand of Jove, now gentle as the mellow moonbeams upon a southern stream. In a word, GRANDPA is a cutter. An irresistible combination of baldhead, ice-cream trousers, and almost superhuman dignity; the pride of the Alley, a remorseless flirt, a noted singer, and a candidate. Can his record be equaled? We think not. There has been, is, and will be only one GRANDPA; but we wish there were more like him—a staunch, upright man.





JOHN ROBERT PHIPPS
Greensboro, N. C.

A.B., Phi.
Age, 24

Vice-President Phi. Society; Varsity Football; Class Football; Wearer of the "D."

*"An honest man, close buttoned to the chin;
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within"*

If you are looking for a good, conservative, fighting parson, here's your man. He won't say anything about it, but he will stay with you. The Alley will seem like the ocean without any water in it next year when Phipps is gone. He can chew about as much tobacco, play about as much football, and stay in a good humor about as long as anybody you can locate. He never gets in a hurry, and says that the reason why is because he got in a hurry once and forgot something and had to go back after it. Luck to you, big boy!



WILLIAM HUDSON ROGERS
Amelia, Va.

A.B., Eu.
Age, 19

"For he, so young and tender, rears of age"

Perhaps the most youthful member on Thirteen's roll, Hudson has not yet quite overcome that hesitancy which is peculiar to youth, and on that account does not always display the natural brightness which is his. His most striking characteristics are good looks and neatness—which go mighty well together. Of course, he is an ardent ladies' man—who ever saw a handsome youth of nineteen who wasn't? He is a man who must be known to be fully appreciated, and when once known is always appreciated, as is testified by the large number of those who count him as a friend.



JAMES MCLEAN ROGERS
Amelia, Va.

B.S., Eu.
Age, 21

Punctuality Roll; Honor Roll; Treasurer Eu. Society; Chemical Society; Assistant in Physics.

"I value science—none can prize it more"

You don't have to be in ROGERS' presence more than two and a half minutes before you discover that the name of J. M. ROGERS, M.D., will be the most famous in all the medical world (ROGERS talks extremely fast). We don't dispute the fact, however; for we believe that he "has the goods." He can tell you anything you want to know in the realm of science—how many micromillimeters in diameter a micrococcus is, what part of a microcrith the thousandth part of an atom of hydrogen weighs, how to eat everything visible on a table at Shoemaker's without incurring gastrocephalitis, and many other interesting things which we can't remember just now. A B.S. fanatic, an indefatigable worker, a fruit-tree artist, and a "weather" prophet—success is sure to follow in his train.



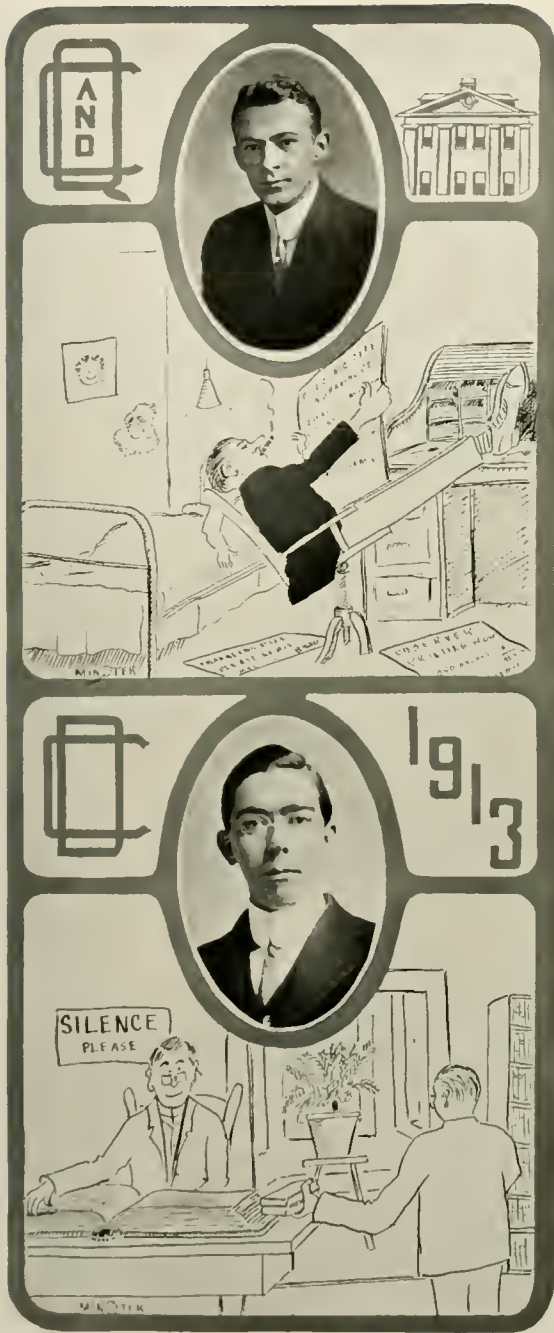
RALPH BAXTER SIMMONS
Charleston, S. C.

B.S., K Σ.
Age, 21

Class Basket-ball; Class Football; Secretary Chemical Society; German Club.

"I'll cavil over the ninth part of a hair"

"Just watch me when I get back to Charleston. Pshaw! you guys don't know what you're talking about." Who is there in Davidson that would not recognize this Charlestonian voice a block away? SIMMONS is an odd one, any way you take him. It takes you a month to catch on to his "dialect." He claims to be the White Hope of Davidson, and ends it all up with being a ladies' man. His favorite stunt is to break the stillness of a studious night by his characteristic call for "Kooote," only to bring down the blessings of two dormitories on himself. SIM figured in a wedding once, and ever since says he is going to settle down and be an honor to old Davidson. We expect it of him.



JAMES MONROE SMITH Easley, S. C.

B.S., Eu., U K Φ; Gryphon; Age, 21

Toastmaster Soph. Banquet; Manager Class Baseball Team; Vice-President Society; Vice-President Student Body; Vice-President Junior Class; Assistant Manager QUIPS AND CRANKS; Business Manager QUIPS AND CRANKS.

"Smile, d—n you, smile"

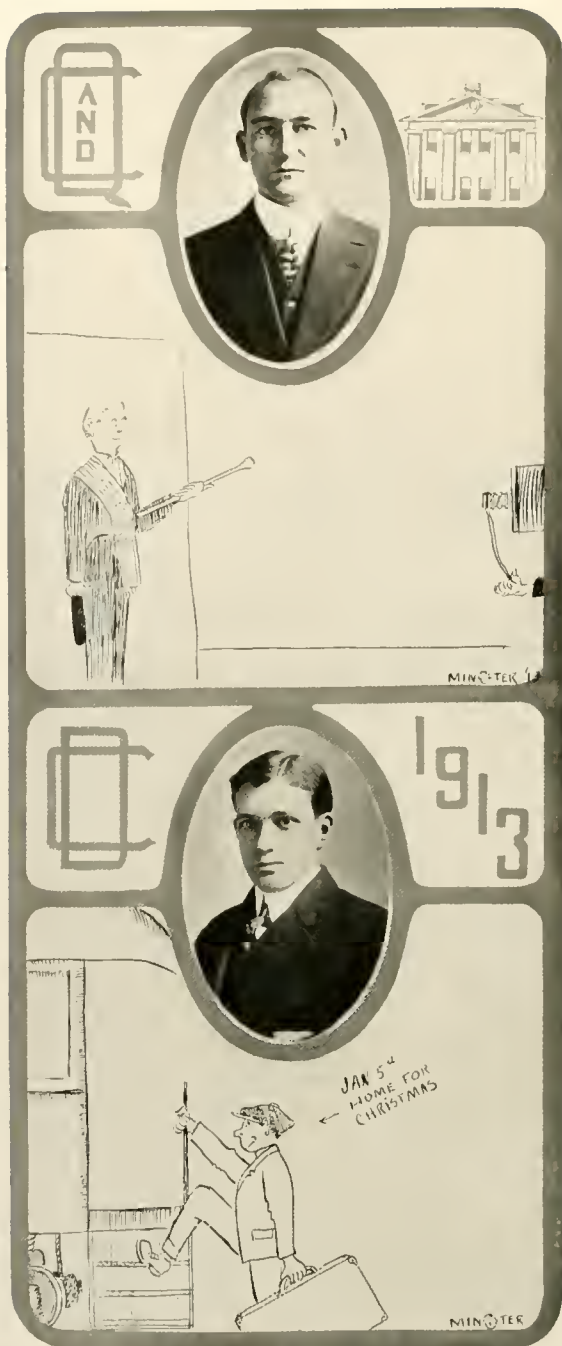
Somebody caught JIM one time when he was not smiling, and JIM apologized by saying that he had just lost an ad for the Annual. The doctrine "Let moderation be your guide" has here its greatest apostle and most consistent disciple. As you turn through the pages of this book, remember that JIM is the man who has manipulated the financial end of the enterprise, and give him the thanks that he deserves. No one has ever been found who did not like him. We venture to say that if such a one should be found, he could be instantly recognized as a mummy, straight from the tombs, to whom "a joke would be assault and battery and the provocation of a smile like passing an electric current through the facial muscles of a corpse."

JOHN CREW SULLIVAN Covington, Ga.

A.B., Eu., Age, 22

*"The noblest service comes from nameless hands
And the best servant does his work unseen"*

In every class there is a small number of men who day by day, without ostentation, without noise, faithfully and fully perform their tasks. They make very likely no brilliant marks, they ride no skyrocket to popularity, they toot no horn of self-praise, yet after all they are the men that win in life's battle. If in future years we turn to the page in Life's "Success Book" reserved for '13 men, we will be sure to find written there the name of J. C. SULLIVAN, for he is of the above number. Quiet and unassuming, yet beneath his cloak of retiring modesty lies a kind heart and a genial spirit. He has chosen the law as his life-work, and we feel sure that some day the Bar will rejoice in the possession of another of those unique articles so few and far between—"an Honest Lawyer."



PAUL FRANCIS THOMPSON
Anderson, S. C.

A.B., Eu.
Age, 22

Class Baseball; Captain Class Baseball Team; Class Track Team; Class Football; Varsity Track Team; Scrub Football; Chief Marshal.

*"How well it resembles the prime of youth,
Trimmed like a youngster, prancing to his love"*

A smile that won't come off, and a nerve that can't be jarred, help to give '13 two baseball championships. But has a complete set of opinions of his own about every conceivable subject, and is a splendid hand at disagreeing with people in general. He is ambidextrous writer of love letters; so much so that he got the letters in the wrong envelope once, and now he writes the letters one at a time, and mails them on different days. As our Chief Marshal he is on the job, and ought to make quite an impression on the ladies at Commencement.

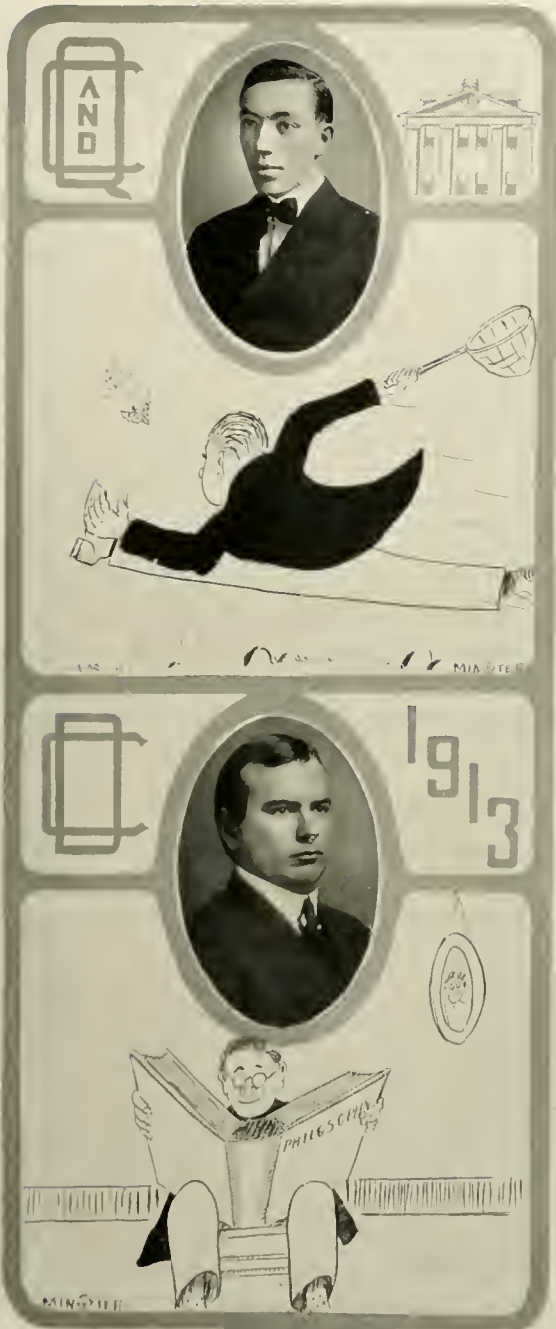


THOMAS KIRKLAND TROTTER
Camden, S. C.

B.S. Eu.
Age, 19

*"My own thoughts
Are my companions"*

"T.K." was once ninth Corporal of the Boys' Light Brigade, and as a result he has a carriage which would rival that of any general in the United States Army. Following his natural military bent, he organized and commanded the famous Possum Army. He is Nimrod's own true son, and is never more content than when wandering through the woods with his gun and emaciated dog. "T.K." is well read, and converses interestingly on almost any topic. He is a clever, sensible, and companionable fellow.



HERBERT SNIPES TURNER
Mebane, N. C.

A.B., Phi.
Age, 21

Honor Roll.

*"Night after night
He sat and bleared his eyes with books"*

TURNER is the only man in existence that can tell you how many swimmerets a crawfish has, how a grasshopper breathes, where the haemotoxylin is, and read a book at the same time. He's been so busy studying that none of us have had time to get acquainted with him very well, but we know that he would be a good egg if he had time. He seems to have been thinking that he had to study enough for himself and Bangs, too; and maybe some time he will loosen up.



JOSEPH POWELL WATKINS
Henderson, N. C.

A.B., Phi.
Age, 25

Punctuality Roll.

"A goodly portly man, i faith, and a corpulent; of cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage"

ZIP was not originally ours. He parted company with 1912 because of some ocular affection, but returned after a year's meditation to join us, in nowise loath to receive such a weighty legacy (200, if a pound). ZIP is preeminently religious, and spends the greater part of his time in profound contemplations of philosophic import. Had he been more of an orator and less of a lady's man, he would now be draping the presidential chair of the Y. M. C. A., but as it is, disdaining the vapid ebullitions of a worldian, scorning the petty frivolities of the masses, he stands among us a pillar of virtue and righteousness.



JOSEPH TRELOAR WEARN
Charlotte, N. C.

B.S., Phi., K.A.; Age, 20

Class Baseball, Football, and Basketball; Chemical Society; Captain Scrub Basketball; Marshal; Declaimer's Medal; Student Council; President and Vice-President Senior Class.

*"Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gathered every vice on Christian ground"*

When any of us are looking for something that is going to stay with us a while, we always wish for quality and not for quantity. So with Bobby; he is going to stay with us a while, and while he is not much as to size, he makes it all up when it comes to quality. As our class president, he has represented us with honor. In basketball he is of the old guard. Bobby still clings to some of his infantile amusements, but says that next year he is going to be dignified, and study medicine. We can only judge the future by the past, and this points to success for Bobby.

LOCKE WHITE
Charlotte, N. C.

A.B., Phi.; Age, 22

Vice-President Class; Honor Roll, three years; Student Council; President, Vice-President, Secretary of Phi. Society; Magazine Staff; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Varsity Basketball Team; Captain and Manager Basketball Team; Scrub Baseball Team; Class Football Team; Track Team.

"I see bright honor sparkling through his eyes"

To see what he has been, look at his list of honors; to know what he is, see him and talk with him. A ladies' man from start to finish, there's no stopping him when he gets with the fair sex—and he usually manages to make that pretty often. Someone once told him that he could sing, and he believed it. Since that time he has been trying to impress that belief upon those about him. Perhaps the worst thing that he ever did was to help scare Parse McCombs; which doesn't imply that he is a narrow-minded Puritan. Possessed of a level head, the ability to think clearly, speak forcefully, and work earnestly, there is a bright prospect before him.



ROBERT CURRIE WHITE
Mebane, N. C.

A.B., Phi.
Age, 22

Track Team; Scrub Team; Class Football, Baseball, and Track; Honor Roll; Magazine Staff; President Volunteer Band.

*" 'Tis age that nourishes,
But youth, in ladies' eyes, that flourishes"*

BANGS can make high marks with about as much ease and as little study as anybody in the class. He has never been caught hard at work, even though he has been rooming with Snipes Turner so long. Football, a game of Forty-two, and a good wad of the weed are all that he is especially anxious about, although he doesn't object to have his name placed on the honor roll. He is about as much man to the pound as you can easily find, and a gridiron warrior of no mean ability. We have but one wish for him; that some Delilah may be able to remove his curly locks.



LAWRENCE HAMLET WILKINSON
Charlotte, N. C.

B.S., Gryphon
Age, 21

Manager of Varsity Baseball Team; Assistant Manager Baseball Team; Honor Roll; Secretary and Treasurer Athletic Association; Executive Committee of the Athletic Association; Assistant in History; Manager Class Football Team.

*"Of manners, gentle, of affections, mild;
Of wit, a man, simplicity, a child"*

Here is a firm believer in the old saying that "still water runs deep." LAWRENCE is a quiet fellow, indeed; but when it comes to the need of a really dependable man, he is one of the first we go to. He is conspicuous as a member of the Runt Club, and is most often seen smoking a huge cigar, almost as large as himself. Takes everything easy, and never hurries to anything except to his meals. An optimist all the way through, LAWRENCE is liked by everyone.

JOHN WILSON WILLIAMSON
Graham, N. C.

B.S., K.A.
Age, 21

Secretary and Treasurer Class; Manager Class Baseball; Assistant Manager Lyceum Course; Member Chemical Society; Secretary and Treasurer German Club; Manager Annual Dance; Manager Lyceum Course; Manager Tennis Club; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Corresponding Secretary Chemical Society.

*"And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place"*

SOCRATES, the systematic, poised, graceful, good-looking, lady-killer from Graham, N. C. CUTIE always has the glad smile for everybody, and was never known to be out of humor; in fact, his worst fault is that he has no enemies. He is the most natural business man on the hill, and there is scarcely any kind of business venture or agency that he has not had at some time or other. He is a chemist of some ability, and intends to study textile chemistry, doubtless specializing on calico. Always ready to give way to the other fellow, CUTIE has a warm place in the hearts of us all.

SAMUEL McKEIVER WOLFE
Spencer, N. C.

Phi.
Age, 26

Scrub Football; Varsity Football;
Scrub Baseball; Punctuality Roll;
Debater's Rep.

*"Cowards die many times before their
death;*

The valiant never die but once"

Don't butt in on him and ask him a question, because he might look like he does not like you; but he does. Draw up a chair, and when he opens up you will want to stay awhile and listen to him. LUPE took a notion that he would play football, and smeared things up in the line till they just had to give him a "D." As a public speaker he has a style of his own. You have to listen close or you won't catch all that he says. He is a pretty good student of philosophy, and has a pretty complete philosophy of his own, sharing with his older brother some definite opinions about the prevalence of lying and the brotherhood of man.



Der Powers

*We haf chust lots of prainy men,
Und men mit liddle knowledge;
But ob der poy at Davidson,
Dere's four tot rules der college.*

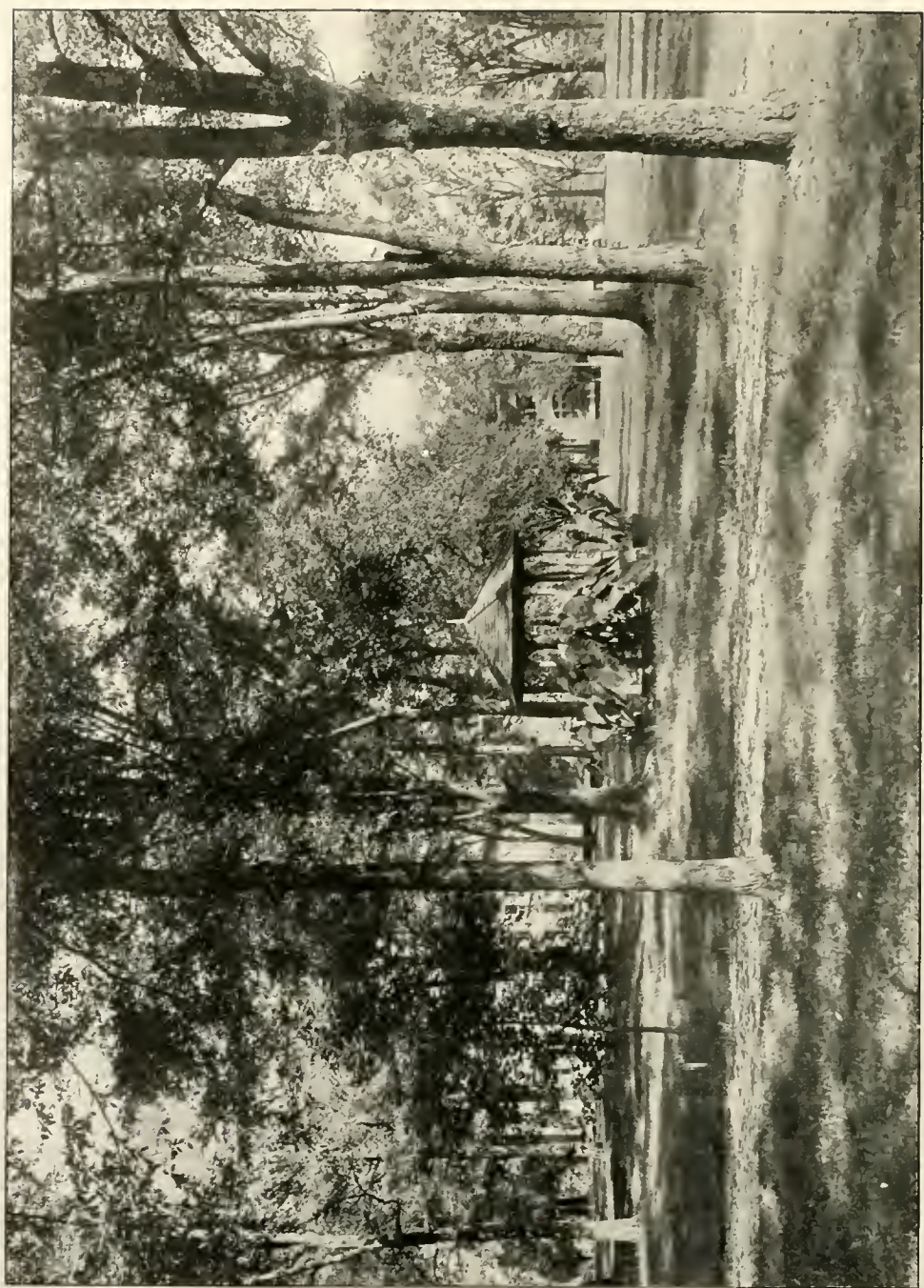
*Cuc Carson vas der piggest cheese
Mit powers as a leader,
But when he plays at basket-ball
He shotes he vas a speeder.*

*Und dere's der chief ob QUIPS AND CRANKS,
He vas a poy ob learning,
I'ot talks, und talks, und talks, und talks,
Till he for breath vas yearning.*

*Es Graham vas der outdoor poss,
I'ot plays football mit ease,
While Golden in religion strives
Our souls mit balm to grease.*

*Der Mac, he also seeks to run
Mit hot-air, bull, and wit.
He vas a smart von, dat poy vas,
Und mit all makes a hit.*







Senior Class History



Thirteen

A Legend and a History

THE LEGEND:

In the Palm grove that lies first to the right
On the road going east from Damascus,
Lived Ibrahim, sheik of the desert.

In the year fifty-seven B.C., believe me,
He was cock of the walk and some pumpkins.
In the happiest peace and contentment lived he
With his wives, who were ten, and controlled well just then
By the Mother-in-law of them all.
They were twelve, and were tranquil in peace.

A sewing machine agent dropped in for a week,
The ten began asking what all housewives seek,
A special machine of their own.
"But just one for me will be O. K. for them"
Said the mother-in-law of them all.
The thirteen were all in confusion.

Sheik Ibrahim drove from his troubled abode
The insistent disturber who roughly had rode
O'er the peace of domestic relations.
They were twelve, and were happy in peace.

But almost before the disturber had gone
A dear little bouncing boy-baby was born,
And the thirteen were scrapping again.



The ten wives were scrapping, grandmother was snarling,
And none would make clothes for the dear little darling.
The disturbance grew daily among the thirteen
Till such a hair pulling had never been seen,
So Ibrahim bought a machine.

But the peace that he longed for was only a dream,
Like the clear dancing ripples that are not, but seem
So cool and delightful, as false'y they gleam
In the mocking mirage of the desert.

"I must use the machine" said each one of the ten;
"That must be when I'm through, and I'll let you know when,"
Said the mother-in-law of them all.

The prospects of peace were exceedingly slim
Till, losing his temper, the good Ibrahim
Put the whole apparatus in a very bad fix
On the top of the cranium of wife number six;
Then the twelve got along very well.

And thus was originated the idea that has spread over the wor'd that
thirteen is an unlucky number. We look for its refutation in

THE HISTORY:

In the Fall of 1909 there came to Davidson a band of a hundred and twenty freshmen, who fixed on their watch fobs and pennants the mystic and significant symbol of "Thirteen."

From time immemorial it had been customary for Davidson Freshmen to spend the first few Saturday nights under the starry heavens, or under the bed. But we had come just at the dawning hour of a new era. Change was in the air, the endowment was needing the breath of a better moral atmosphere, and the class of 1912 was in a magnanimous mood. So we were allowed the unprecedented privilege of using our own rooms even on Saturday nights. Hazing took its place in the realm of the things that have been and are not. All went merrily, except when once some Freshmen obeyed the wrong Sophomore and bought some class pennants and watch-fobs from him. The Soph. president called us together, and told us that the Sophs. were about to elevate the regions described in Dante's Inferno, and the pennants came down.

This brings the matter over into the Sophomore stage, where we see looming up the Sophomore Banquet. Here the Thirteen horseshoe was working

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again. "No," said the Faculty (that is, or rather that was, Dr. H. L. S.); "there will be no more Sophomore Banquets." Thirteen begged for a chance to prove that the thing could be done right. The Faculty decided to make the experiment. Everything worked well, the plan succeeded, and an institution was saved.

During the same term we were tied with the Fresh. for the honor of last place in class football. As neither of us had a chance to win the championship, we proposed that the tie remain unbroken, we offering to share with our friends, the Fresh, the honor of being last. However, they refused our offer, and Captain "Mockingbird" made his famous speech on "Remember the Fresh." We tendered them the sole occupancy of last place by the score of 17 to 0. And then again, our class baseball team had been shot to pieces, defeated by the Fresh., and began the season with only three men from the year before. "Bum" Thompson was elected Captain, and had the nerve to think he could pitch, although no one else was so optimistic. But when he walked in and struck out six Seniors in succession, nobody had the nerve to think that he could not pitch. As was to be expected, we walked away with the championship.

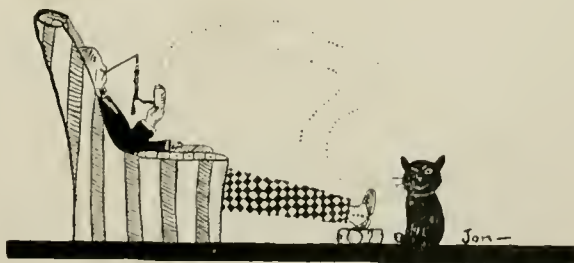
This brings the matter down to Field Day, when the "Thirteen" horse-shoes were everywhere. Our representatives were greedy enough to score as many points as all the other classes put together.

In the Junior year, the Class captured the baseball championship again, and at the time of this writing it is hoped that we may be able to get permanent possession of the cup.

Junior Speaking was distinguished by Zip Watkins' speech on Junior Speaking, which did some good. Senior Speaking offered the unusual attraction of a speech on Sidney Lanier by Sidney Lanier.

The Senior Year has not yet come to its close, and indeed it would be impossible to compress it within the narrow compass of this History. The things that we are doing now reach far on into the future, and as we shall soon take our leave of one another we take courage in the happy lot that has been ours.

"Thirteen," the number of luck. Let no one henceforth dare to call you a hoodoo. The venerable legend of the Desert is refuted at last. The "Jinx" is busted.





A Toast

Heigh Ho!

And its birds of a feather,
When Davidson men get together—
We're jolly good sports—
We're ne'er out of sorts—
No matter how wintry the weather.

Heigh Ho!

Then this life is most jolly—
Sans sorrow and *sans* melancholy—
Then here's a deep health—
For a long life and weath—
For wisdom, and the absence of folly.

Heigh Ho!

For a song and a pipe,
A fireplace with coals burning bright—
With hearts light and free,
We'll sing "Hail to thee"—
To D. C., we're toasting tonight!

(THE SENIOR'S POSTSCRIPT)

Heigh Ho!

Whi'e this life is most merry,
It hardly behooves us to tarry—
For a voice in the world
('Tis the voice of a Girl)
Bids us leave thee, D. C., and to "Marry."
Heigh Ho!

JUNIORS



MINOTER



ARCHER, V. W. Montreat, N. C.
B.S.



BAILEY, C. B. Greenwood, S. C.
B.S., Eu., K Σ ; Gryphon
Class Football; Class Baseball; Honor Roll



BIGGER, I. A. Rock Hill, S. C.
B.S., K Σ ; Gryphon
Class Football



BITZER, W. T. Valdosta, Ga.
A.B., Phi.
Honor Roll; Class Historian; Supervisor
Society; *Magazine* Staff.



BOSWELL, W. K., JR. Waterbury, Md.
B.S.



BROWNLEE, R. F.Anderson, S. C.
B.S., Eu., H K Φ.

Class Basket-ball; Scrub Basket-ball; Manager Class Basket-ball; Class Football; Scrub Football.

✦ ✦ ✦

BRUCE, SYDNEY.....Pickens, S. C.
B.S., Eu., Σ Δ Ε.

✦ ✦ ✦

CALDWELL, D. T.....Mount Ulla, N. C.
A.B., Phi.

Class Football.

✦ ✦ ✦

CAMPBELL, E. R.Davidson, N. C.
B.S., Phi.

Honor Roll; Critic Society.

✦ ✦ ✦

CASHION, J. C.Huntersville, N. C.
B.S., H K Φ, Gryphon

'Varsity Football; 'Varsity Baseball; 'Varsity Basket-ball.



CLARY, R. S. Greensboro, N. C.

B.S., Phi, II K Φ.

Class Track Team; Class Football; Scrub Football; Greensboro Club; Kodak Club; Tennis Club; Gym. Team; Secretary-Treasurer Class; Coach Class Football Team; Scrap Iron Club.

✦ ✦ ✦

COUSAR, J. E., JR. Bishopville, S. C.

A B., Eu.

Honor Roll; Class Football.

✦ ✦ ✦

CRAWFORD, R. T. Greensboro, N. C.

A.B.

✦ ✦ ✦

CRAWTON, L. B. Charlotte, N. C.

B.S., B Θ II.

Class Football; Varsity Baseball

✦ ✦ ✦

DULIN, N. B. Bowling Green, S. C.

A B., En.

Class Baseball.



ELLIOTT, A. H. Thornwell, N. C.
A.B., Phi.

Secretary Society; Punctuality Roll; Treasurer Society; Debating Council; Class Football.

✦ ✦ ✦



ELLIOTT, H. L. Winnsboro, S. C.
A.B., Eu., KΣ; Gryphon

Honor Roll; Class Baseball; Scrub Baseball; Class Football; Captain Class Football; Soph. Banquet Speaker; Junior Representative at Soph. Banquet, '15; Student Council; Executive Committee Athletic Association; Vice-President Student Body; Vice-President Athletic Association; Vice-President Class.

✦ ✦ ✦



FULLER, F. L., JR. St. Louis, Mo.
B.S., ΣAE; Gryphon

Class Football; Varsity Track; Manager Track Team; Captain Track Team; Manager Class Football; Executive Committee Athletic Association; Staff QUIPS AND CRANKS; Sub on Football Team.

✦ ✦ ✦



GUTHRIE, R. W. Springfield, W. Va.
A.B., Eu.

✦ ✦ ✦



HALTIWANGER, R. S. Ninety-Six S. C.
B.S., Eu.

Class Football; Class Baseball; Class Basketball; Punctuality Roll.



HART, C. A. Mooresville, N. C.
A.B., Phi

✦ ✦ ✦

HAY, F. J., JR. Farm School, N. C.
A.B., Eu.

Class Historian; Secretary Y. M. C. A.;
Magazine Staff; Captain Class Basketball;
Honor Roll; Secretary-Treasurer Class; Man-
ager Class Basketball.

✦ ✦ ✦

JAMES, W. S. Laurinburg, N. C.
B.S., ΣΔΕ.

Class Baseball; Captain Class Baseball; Class
Basket ball; Class Football.

✦ ✦ ✦

JOHNSTON, J. E. Davidson, N. C.
A.B., Eu., II K.A.

✦ ✦ ✦

JOHNSTON, T. P., JR. Salisbury, N. C.
B.S., Phi.

Orchestra and Glee Club; Class Football;
Magazine Staff; Art Staff QUIPS AND CRANKS;
Cheer Leader; Class Basketball.



KING, C. L. Porterdale, Ga.
A.B., Eu.

Vice-President Society; Student Council;
Inter-Society Debater; First Alternate Debat-
ing Team; Fresh-Soph. Debater's Medal;
Junior Respondent.



MARSH, J. P. Marshville, N. C.
B.S., K Σ.

Class Baseball.



MARVIN, H. M. Jacksonville, Fla.
A.B., Eu., Gryphon

President of Class; Student Council; Sec-
retary Society; Corresponding Secretary Ath-
letic Association; Staff QUIPS AND CRANKS;
Assistant Business Manager *Magazine*; Honor
Roll; Commencement Marshal.



MAYFIELD, W. A. Anderson, S. C.
B.S.



McCOMBS, W. W. Hickory, N. C.
A.B., Phi.



McCORMICK, D. S. Manchester, N. C.
A.B., Phi.
Punctuality Roll; Supervisor Society.

+ + +

McEWEN, J. H. Matthews, N. C.
A.B., Phi

+ + +

McGREGOR, J. R. Dillon, S. C.
A.B., Eu., H K A.
Treasurer Society; Library Committee; Class
Track; Class Football; Class Baseball; Man-
ager Class Track Team.

+ + +

McINNIS, NEILL. Dillon, S. C.
A.B., Eu.
Punctuality Roll; Treasurer Society (Res.)

+ + +

McKINNON, R. L. Laurinburg, N. C.
A.B., Phi.



MOORE, J. S. Birmingham, Ala.
B.S., Eu, S. A. E.
Class Basket-ball; Class Football.

✦ ✦ ✦

MURRAY, E. C. Graham, N. C.
A.B., Phi.
Supervisor Society; Vice-President Minis-
terial Band; Vice-President Society; Gym.
Team.

✦ ✦ ✦

NORRIS, W. R. Chester, S. C.
B.S., Eu.

✦ ✦ ✦

PHARR, E. Q. Charlotte, N. C.
B.S., Phi., Gryphon
Y. M. C. A. Handbook Staff; Class Football;
Assistant Manager Baseball; Commencement
Marshal.

✦ ✦ ✦

PIM, B. F., JR. Atlanta, Ga.
A.B., Eu.
Disclaimer's Medal; Vice-President Society;
Debating Council; Class Monitor; Tennis
Team.



RATCHEFORD, C. B. Sharon, S. C.
A.B., Eu.
Punctuality Roll.

+ + +

ROBERSON, Z. V. Durham, N. C.
A.B., Phi.

Secretary Society; Toastmaster Soph. Ban-
quet; Class Football; Scrub Football; Coach
Class Football Team; Assistant Manager Base-
ball; Vice-President Society; President Junior
Class.

+ + +

SISK, J. B. C. Troy, N. C.
A.B., Phi.

+ + +

SPRUNT, W. H., Jr. Wilmington, N. C.
B.S., Phi., K.A.

President Class; Student Council; Com-
mencement Marshal; Secretary Society; Class
Basket-ball; Varsity Basket-ball.

+ + +

STRAIT, W. F. Rock Hill, S. C.
B.S., Eu., K.S.



STUKES, T. H. Manning, S. C.

B.S., Eu., Gryphon, Σ A E

Secretary Society; Vice-President Society;
Manager Class Baseball; *Magazine* Staff;
Assistant Business Manager QUIPS AND
CRANKS; Pan-Hellenic Council.



THACKER, J. G. Greensboro, N. C.

B S., Phi., H K Φ.

Class Football; Class Track; Gym. Team;
Assistant Manager Gym. Team; Captain Gym.
Team; Greensboro Club; Scrap-Iron Club.



WHITELEY, C. D. Greensboro, N. C.

A.B., Phi.

Fresh.-Soph. Debater's Medal; Greensboro
Club.



WHITENER, H. C. Cornelius, N. C.

B S.

Varsity Baseball.



WILLIAMS, J. M. Godwin, N. C.

B.S., Phi

Vice-President Society; Junior Respondent;
Debating Team.



Woods, S. B. Charlottesville, Va.
B.S., K.A.
Class Football; Class Basket-ball.





Junior Class History

GEORGE WASHINGTON could not have been a historian, because he loved the truth too much. Josephus shouldn't have been, for he was too much inclined the other way. Of the two, however, the latter had the better turn for the business, for a historian can't be partial to truth. Walpole once exclaimed, "Anything but history, for history must be false."

Our birth-dates range pretty generally in the young '90's, with perhaps a liking for '92, but for all practical purposes we were all, the entire one hundred of us, born in September, 1910. We were green (we won't deny that, for you wouldn't believe us if we did), and, as we hinted above, history abhorreth fiction. How could Freshmen be Freshmen, though, if they weren't green and fresh? And what would the Soph. do without the moping Fresh's sickly grin, and the fresh Fresh's impertinent gibe, and the green Fresh's verdant query? Historians generally seek out causes for conditions, so take from me now this explanation of our unaccountableness in our first days in college. Perhaps it holds equally for all Fresh. We were coming to the Alma Mater of our fathers and our uncles and our brothers—the college where they all studied and flunked and passed. We had heard the glories of Davidson sung beside our rocking cradle; we had heard the halls of Chambers hallowed with tales; we had read verses to the elms of the campus. Davidson had been the goal held up before us to keep us in prep. school. We were wrought up to a high pitch—all the sentimentality of our beings tuned themselves up for the entry into our parents' studying ground. The shock of the actual thing was enough to jar a screw or so loose in us. The campus elms were as worm-berridden as the poorest elms at home; the town appeared very ordinary; there was no halo around the cupola; and Chambers building looming up there in the background, if she recognized us for fathers' sons, kept the knowledge to herself; coldly, calmly, without emotion, without demonstration of any kind, unfeelingly and unsentimentally, she received our homesick class.

Even this, however, affected us differently, according to disposition, somewhat; for we had our greenest and our least green. We recall one whose first



delicate shades of greenness were never sullied by contact with other men, in fact he was "Evergreen." Our class still mourns the money that escaped into the capacious maw of the world of swindlers by way of this gullible member. On the first night of our arrival he bought a season ticket to the First Presbyterian Church; next day he joined the student body—a heavy fee consequent; next night he purchased a permit to the campus, which he thought was some reserved dance hall or poolroom, and searched for it some time in Morrison Memorial Hall. Mention of him recalls another of our lamented classmates. This gentleman came to us from New York. Davidson he found too slow; much more to his liking was a place where one might flock with the African brethren and still retain his social prestige. He fought a good fight, however, before leaving.

We said we were Freshmen once—we were Sophomores once, also. You must be both before you can be a Junior, and the end always justifies the path. What need the cow to always say, "I was once a calf?" Don't understand us to be anything but proud of that Soph. year, though. In the fall, we put up a man that led the college in marks by a good margin; the next spring, that same product of 1914 led a victorious football team all over Sprunt Athletic Field. Then followed the Banquet, which we believe about the best ever pulled off by a Soph. class. We could see potato and chicken and turkey under their big names, and, in fact, these long titles were splendid sauce. Dr. Sentelle, Professor Douglas, and Professor Currie were all there—nuff sed, eh? But the football cup was there, too.

When a mother gets her little bow-legged son successfully through his second summer, she gives a great sigh of relief, and says, "Now he is a man." If you can keep the Fresh. alive while all the stars in their courses are warring against him, and the Soph's head from exploding—why, then you have the college man started well on his way. Dr. Smith was our great foster-mother, tiding us over those two years of upheaval and unrest. He nursed us successfully over, and then believing he had done the greatest thing he could do for Davidson he bade the college farewell. Hear him in chapel just before leaving: "It has been till now a great ball upon an inclined plane. We, the faculty and I, have been behind, pushing it up, ever up. Now it is on the level with the eye; blue sky above, blue sea beneath, and fair wind behind. The goal is on the level with the eye."

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Perhaps you recall the fifteenth day of October, 1910. All Davidson men do, easily; and we have a hunch that Carolina hasn't got it in her head to forget it, either. We raised this town that night, and burned up all the torches within the radius of a mile with Chambers building as a center. Well, the whole point of the reference is to remind you that a 1914 man made that touchdown, and "Lump" has been the darling of our gridiron ever since. In his class (though decidedly not as to height) is another of our men of whom we like to boast—the tallest man on the campus by head and shoulders, and the highest jumper by several inches. Too, we had a Soph. on the first team that met at Winthrop with Carolina in a combat of words, and that same man was a good half of the team, as Junior this time, that so proudly walked away with another of South Carolina's this spring before a good many hundreds of South Carolina girls.

Reader, think not that because this history ends here, our class has halted, too. History could not be history if it conjectured of that which will be. To the threshold of the future can it go, and no further; it dare not enter, however brilliant the prospect be. A cloud is swinging towards us now that even history must take note of. And we will not be over-reaching limits much, indeed we will be but proceeding on that timeworn principle that history repeats itself, if we make bold to say that when you read this, that cloud will be gone, and "reps" will have been made and "reps" will have been lost.

(By the way, forget old Walpole's cry.)



My Junior Speaking Girl

*On bended knee I sought her love—
 Wildly, fondly, madly!
 And swore to things by stars above,
 Joyously and sadly.
 I praised her hands, her dainty feet,
 Adorable dear creature!
 I called her every name that's sweet,
 And loved each little feature.
 Her eyes, I said, were sweet to see
 In this life's dismal land;
 Her mouth an oasis to me
 Upon a desert sand!
 Her hair I called a golden chain
 That linked our hearts as one,
 Safe as Alhambra's bolts in Spain—
 'Twould never be undone!
 Life without her, I swore, would be
 A blank! Like death 'twould seem;
 For she was life alone to me—
 Sweet Lady of my dream!*

* * * * *

*But when she turned me down next day,
 I found I didn't die,
 Although my castles all fell down—
 My castles in the sky.
 For though she was "gone from my life,"
 It didn't matter much.
 Of course I missed her letters "some,"
 And rather missed the gush.
 My pipe was just as sweet as yore;
 My dreams were just as sound;
 I ate and drank just as before,
 Before she came around.
 I have a warm place in my heart—
 A warm place for her yet;
 And yet her voice can't make me start;
 I do not feel regret.
 'Twas very nice to be in love;
 'Twas sweet to feel love's pain;
 Yet being in cannot compare
 With being out again!*

YES



GOODBYE

G.W.CARR.



SOPHOMORE CLASS



Sophomore Class Officers

President.....	L. H. ANDERSON
Vice-President	F. W. PRICE
Secretary and Treasurer.....	C. M. GIBBS
Historian	W. C. D. KERR



Sophomore Class Roll

A. B.

U. S. ALEXANDER	Charlotte, N. C.
J. B. BELK.....	Wilson, N. C.
M. A. BOGGS.....	Liberty, S. C.
W. L. BOGGS.....	Greenville, S. C.
D. D. BULLOCK.....	Rowland, N. C.
J. A. CARRICKER.....	Harrisburg, N. C.
J. E. CARTER.....	Mount Airy, N. C.
J. W. CASHION.....	North Wilkesboro, N. C.
J. S. COOK.....	Pilot Mountain, N. C.
J. C. COOPER.....	Fayetteville, N. C.
J. E. FAW.....	Marietta, Ga.
C. M. GIBBS.....	Cornelia, Ga.
G. W. GIGNILLIAT.....	Seneca, S. C.
J. W. S. GILCHRIST.....	Charlotte, N. C.
A. V. HAMILTON.....	Seneca, S. C.
F. G. HARKEY.....	
A. R. ROWLAND.....	Charlotte, N. C.
E. E. JONES.....	Sumter, S. C.
L. W. KLUTTZ.....	Chester, S. C.
M. M. KNOX.....	Pineville, N. C.
W. A. McILWAIN.....	
R. F. MORRISSEY.....	Goldsboro, N. C.
R. W. MORRISON.....	Kershaw, S. C.
S. K. NASH.....	Charlotte, N. C.
W. H. PAYNE.....	Asheville, N. C.
J. L. PAYNE.....	Elberton, Ga.
P. D. PATRICK.....	Greenville, S. C.
F. W. PRICE.....	Nanking, China
D. H. REINHARDT.....	Davidson, N. C.
W. ROBERTS, JR.....	Buena Vista, Ga.
R. K. ROBINSON.....	Charlotte, N. C.
C. H. ROWAN.....	Cameron, N. C.
EARL ROWLAND.....	Sumter, S. C.
A. SCARBOROUGH.....	Sumter, S. C.
W. M. SHAW.....	Sumter, S. C.
R. M. TORRENCE.....	Charlotte, N. C.
K. L. WHITTINGTON.....	McCleansville, N. C.
J. E. WILDS.....	Columbia, S. C.
W. E. WILLIAMS.....	Godwin, N. C.

✦ ✦ ✦

B. S.

L. H. ANDERSON.....	Anderson, S. C.
A. H. BLANTON.....	Farmville, Va.
M. G. BOSWELL.....	Penfield, Ga.
R. A. BROWN.....	Red Springs, N. C.
J. K. BURNS.....	Clarksville, Ga.

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M. H. CALDWELL.....	Concord, N. C.
W. M. COSBY.....	Danville, Va.
W. S. CUNNINGHAM.....	Charlotte, N. C.
G. P. DICK.....	Sumter, S. C.
J. R. DUNN.....	Camden, S. C.
G. R. EDWARDS.....	Rocky Mount, N. C.
J. M. GRIFFIN.....	Rocky Mount, N. C.
W. W. GRIFFIN.....	Ninety-Six, S. C.
J. C. HARPER.....	Lenoir, N. C.
F. A. HILL.....	Statesville, N. C.
W. HOLLISTER.....	Newbern, N. C.
J. E. HOWELL.....	Rockingham, N. C.
W. C. D. KERR.....	Greensboro, N. C.
H. L. McCASKILL.....	Bainbridge, Ga.
S. H. McCUBBINS.....	Salisbury, N. C.
J. C. McDONALD.....	Charlotte, N. C.
J. H. W. McKAY.....	Columbia, S. C.
S. R. McMASTER.....	Winnboro, S. C.
A. H. MACKEY.....	Greenville, S. C.
H. W. MALLOY.....	Laurinburg, N. C.
H. F. MARTIN.....	Bluefields, Nicaragua
B. L. MORROW.....	Albemarle, N. C.
C. C. MOORE.....	McConnellsville, S. C.
J. W. O'CONNELL.....	Charlotte, N. C.
B. R. O'NEAL.....	Greenville, S. C.
H. B. OVERCASH.....	Statesville, N. C.
J. W. PHILLIPS.....	Sanford, N. C.
D. M. REA.....	Matthews, N. C.
G. G. REID.....	Rutherfordton, N. C.
W. W. ROBINSON.....	Easley, S. C.
J. H. ROUSE.....	Valdosta, Ga.
M. G. SANDIEFF.....	Lowryville, S. C.
L. W. SHARP.....	Waycross, Ga.
E. D. SHAW.....	Sumter, S. C.
M. J. SHIRLEY.....	Honca Path, S. C.
I. G. STUART.....	Newton, N. C.
J. C. TODD.....	Laurens, S. C.
C. R. WILSON.....	Arlington, Tenn.
LEONHARDT WYATT.....	Easley, S. C.
H. B. YATES.....	Greensboro, N. C.
G. W. CARR.....	Durham, N. C.





Dover at Davidson

OF COURSE every narrative must have a time, a place, and (would we be considered trite in saying?) a *girl*. This article, since it deals with Dover, a true Davidsonian, proves no exception to that universal rule.

The time of Dover's debut into Davidsonian delights was five o'clock on a warm afternoon of early September, 1911. The place—a block or so behind *Skit's*, and that is definite enough. And here pardon a digression, which indeed is unavoidable—an apostrophe to the dinky. But no pen with flowing facility could fully do it justice; so, essential element as it is of our college life, that vehicle must be left unwept, *unhonored*, and, save for a few mournful complaints, unsung.

The moral atmosphere was at its best. So much had it increased during the summer months of non-use that it had spread from the campus, enveloped the village, and even succeeded in getting past *Skit's* to the station. To Dover, a new man, or to be perfectly frank, a *Fresh*, the change from an easy, languid locomotion of five miles or so an hour to the bustling business, the hearty handshakes, the warm welcome characteristic of D. C., marked an epoch in his life—an uplift from the valley of verdancy to the first foothills of intellectual experience, while ahead of him loomed the loftiest heights of learning.

He felt the atmosphere from the first, that is safe to say; everywhere it seemed to be taking effect. The campus was astir, and the Colonel's trash barrel was being constantly raided for excelsior, for pet expressions of outer world usage were being tenderly 'aid away.

If there is any test of true loyalty it must be the cherishing of the catalog, the upholding of the burning truths contained therein. And page 37—did it not say that endless quiet strolls might be taken all among the sedate student body with never an oath to break the catalogical calm of peaceful predestinationalism?

When various officials had been seen, and supper was over, *then* the fellows began to call. There the beauty of the *Bulletin* was observed in its best



outworkings. Music was a feature of the evening; informal introductions to certain of the professors added their quota to give Dover a feeling of *warm personal relation* with his fellow-Davidsonians.

This was only a sample of many an immediate night to come—warm moonlit evenings when the soft lights twinkled from the great windows of Chambers, when the plaintive note of the mocking-bird was heard along the *alley*, when ever and anon soft showers fell with Aprilic unexpectedness.

Awake or asleep, Dover always felt acutely the bustle, toil, and turmoil of college life about him. Difficult as might be the first ascents of Grecian heights, however painful the contact with angles and functions, none of these academic curriculomical crosses proved half so hard as a rousing from deep azure-lidded slumber on a downy dormitory bed (dreams of the girl—a co-ed., maybe) to the startling and painful realization of having been dumped. First an aerial flight, a breathless suspension in mid-air, then a precipitous descent, and then—a landing. Well, it's over; but no—curses on the laws of Newton!—just then the bed arrives, topping the mound of the fallen mighty and giving rise to opposite and equal actions and reactions, not to speak of bruises on every square inch of his anatomy.

Dover had an individuality. He had been a Senior the year before at a prep. school; he had a class pin, and a host of Fresh. fancies as to the possibilities of power and pleasure in college life. He soon, however, learned the existence of other individualities, the sorrow of Senior dignity transplanted, the careful concealment of class pin, and the fight that one has toward the fulfillment of fancies. The gracelessness of gibing and the folly of freshness were early impressed upon his mental and physical consciousness.

So Dover lived through the fall term; so he went home for the holidays, and returned feeling himself a full-fledged college man; and so he fell into new and unlooked-for experience when Nature one night covered the green acres of campus with a downy, white mantle—in short, when it snowed.

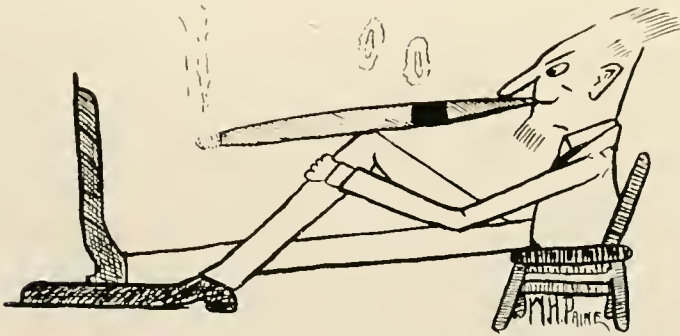
Snowballing—the very term haunts him still. Just as the Fresh-Soph. baseball game in the fall had opened Dover's eyes to certain possibilities, athletic

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ever-trite track practice, and gave the gauntlet of the early American Indian a startling and painful realism.

But all college life is an admixture of pains and pleasures. Dover's was no exception; though the end of his Freshmandom came at the time of D. C.'s seventy-fifth anniversary celebration, and then many pains seemed concentrated into a short space of time. It all led to one bright goal, however. That attained, Dover spent his summer in anticipation and his following fall in realization of the powers and privileges of an ardent *Sophomore*.

The history of Dover is a composite one, that of an individuality which represents the personal experiences and idiosyncrasies of many of the class of 1915—and such classes it is which, striving ever *not for self*, make fitting and true the *ne plus ultra* of Davidson College.





The Three Disgraces—and the Sophomore

*It is an ardent Sophomore,
And he stoppeth one of three.
With a haughty air of proprietorship
He bosses the wee Freshie.*

*'Tis an avenging Sophomore,
And he'll get it back or die;
On the Junior Class that Sophomore was
When he was a wee Freshy.*

*Yet it's a patronizing Soph.
When he meets with the Senior Class,
For he places them next in dignity's rank
As a Sophomore that was.*

* * * * *

*Who's been one year initiated
But now become sophisticated?
By higher classes, who's berated?
By all the Fresh, sincerely hated?
The Sophomore.*





FRESHMAN CLASS

OH!



FRESH

G.W. CARR.



Freshman Class Officers

President. R. S. WITHERINGTON
Vice-President. F. L. NASH
Secretary and Treasurer. R. W. GRAVES
Historian. D. SHAW



Freshman Class Roll

ADAMS, MINOR REVERE, A.B. Statesville, N. C.	FETNER, STEPHEN RALPH, B.S. Hamlet, N. C.
ALFORD, ERNEST LESLIE, B.S. Chipley, Fla.	FINLEY, RICHARD GWYN, B.S. North Wilkesboro, N. C.
ARROWOOD, JOHN BARTLEY, A.B. Hemp, N. C.	FOSTER, GURDON ROBERT, A.B. Davidson, N. C.
BACHMAN, PHILLIP MORLOCK, B.S. Bristol, Tenn.	GIBBS, ARCHIE BAIRD, A.B. Statesville, N. C.
BAIN, FRANKLIN MUNNS, A.B. Wade, N. C.	GILLESPIE, JAMES T., B.S. Florence, S. C.
BAIN, LATTIE ALFRED, A.B. Wade, N. C.	GLOER, JOSEPH ALEXANDER, B.S. Bowman, Ga.
BAKER, ARCHIE EVE, B.S. Charleston, S. C.	GOLDEN, CURRY FRANKLIN, B.S. Talladega, Ala.
BENNETT, ROBERT HAYS, B.S. Trenton, Tenn.	GOOD, JAMES FRED, B.S. Greenville, S. C.
BERNHARDT, GEORGE HARPER, B.S. Lenoir, N. C.	GRAVES, ROBERT WYATT, B.S. Toccoa, Ga.
BERRY, ROBERT LOWRY, A.B. Emmett, Tenn.	HAY, SAM BURNIEY, A.B. Cornelius, N. C.
BLAKE, ROBERT SIMS, B.S. Ninety-Six, S. C.	HENDERSON, ARTHUR IRWIN, B.S. Charlotte, N. C.
BLAKE, WILLIAM KENNEDY, A.B. Greenwood, S. C.	HENDERSON, EDWARD PALMER, B.S. Aiken, S. C.
BROWN, BENJAMIN McCURE, B.S. Cornelius, N. C.	HICKS, LEWIS GLASGOW, B.S. Wilmington, N. C.
BYRD, ELDRED HOLLOMAY, A.B. Hazelhurst, Miss.	HILL, THOMAS MORLEY, B.S. Statesville, N. C.
CARSON, JAMES H., B.S. Charlotte, N. C.	HOOVER, OLIN STEWART, A.B. Porterville, Ga.
CARSON, WILLIAM CLIFTON, B.S. Atlanta, Ga.	HOWARD, JOHN WITHERSPOON, A.B. Morganton, N. C.
CASHION, AVERY TED, B.S. Davidson, N. C.	HOWLAND, ALBERT RAY, A.B. Charlotte, N. C.
CHOAT, JOE LEIGHTON, B.S. Huntersville, N. C.	HUDSON, GEORGE ALEXANDER, A.B. Davidson, N. C.
CLARY, ERNEST GILMER, A.B. China Grove, N. C.	HUGHES, EDWARD LEON, B.S. Greenville, S. C.
CLOUD, JOEL MABLE, B.S. Hamlet, N. C.	HUGHES, ROBERT DAWSON, A.B. Cedar Grove, N. C.
COCHRAN, CARLISLE GRAHAM, A.B. Parkton, N. C.	HUGHES, ROBERT EARL, A.B. Cedar Grove, N. C.
COOK, JOHN HENRY, B.S. Fayetteville, N. C.	JOHNSON, WALTER ALEXANDER, A.B. Mount Berry, Ga.
COPELAND, WILLIAM C., A.B. Rocky Mount, N. C.	JONES, ROBERT HAYNE, A.B. Greenwood, S. C.
COWLES, MILES ANDREW, B.S. Statesville, N. C.	KING, ROBERT VAUGHAN, B.S. Okolona, Miss.
CRAIG, HUGH BURNETTE, A.B. Matthews, N. C.	KNOX, PAUL HAMILTON, B.S. Pineville, N. C.
CRANFORD, SPENCER ROUSS, B.S. Davidson, N. C.	LAW, WILLIAM LATT, Jr., B.S. Rock Hill, S. C.
CRAWFORD, LAWRENCE AYLETTE, A.B. Rowland, N. C.	LOVEN, ROVENLESS EUGENE, B.S. Cold Springs, N. C.
CRISP, SELLERS MARK, B.S. Falkland, N. C.	McBRIDE, JOHN MALCOLM, A.B. Red Springs, N. C.
CURRIE, ERNEST McARTHUR, A.B. Fayetteville, N. C.	McCORMICK, HUGH, A.B. Manchester, N. C.
DANIEL, ROBERT LEWIS, B.S. Decatur, Ga.	McCOWAN, JAMES LEON, A.B. Florence, S. C.
DUMAS, WALTER ALEXANDER, B.S. Atlanta, Ga.	McDONALD, KENNETH ANGUS, B.S. Cotton, N. C.
EDGERTON, LACY GRAVES, A.B. Suffolk, Va.	McINTIRE, EDWIN JAMES, B.S. Wilmington, N. C.
EIKEL, LEONARD HUGH, A.B. Fort White, Fla.	McINTYRE, WALLACE LANEAU, B.S. Lumberton, N. C.
FAIRLEY, ALEXANDER McIVER, Jr., B.S. Laurinburg, N. C.	McKEITHEN, ARCHIE MURDOCK, B.S. Cameron, N. C.
FAISON, JAMES ELIAS, B.S. Faison, N. C.	McKENZIE, WILLIAM, B.S. Bannockburn, S. C.

1913 QUIPS & CRANKS 1913

McKINNON, LAUCH DIXON, B.S.
Laurinburg, N. C.
McKINNON, WILLIAM BOSTON, B.S.
Brunswick, Ga.
McLEAN, ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS, B.S.
Lumberton, N. C.
McLEAN, ARCHIE FRANKLIN, B.S.
Rowland, N. C.
McLEOD, JOHN DANIEL, A.B.
Carthage, N. C.
McNEILL, ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, A.B.
Laurinburg, N. C.
McNEILL, JAMES PURDIE, A.B.
Florence, S. C.
McNEILL, THOMAS RUFFIN, A.B.
Fayetteville, N. C.
MACK, JOSEPH BINGHAM, B.S.
Decatur, Ga.
MINTER, HUGH RODERICK, B.S.
Davidson, N. C.
MONROE, DOUGALD McDOUGALD, A.B.
Manchester, N. C.
MOORE, WILLIAM HARRIS, B.S.
Union Springs, Ala.
MORRISON, HARLEE, A.B.
Loray, N. C.
MORRISON, JULIAN KNOX, B.S.
Statesville, N. C.
MORRISON, WILLIAM GILBERT, A.B.
Okolona, Miss.
MULLEN, LEROY ARTHUR, A.B.
Shawnee, Okla.
MURRAY, ROBERT LEBBY, A.B.
Graham, N. C.
NAIR, CHARLES PERRY, Jr., B.S.
Clifton Forge, Va.
NASH, FRANK LEWIS, B.S.
Lumberton, N. C.
NEISLER, CHARLES EUGENE, B.S.
King's Mountain, N. C.
NICHOLSON, NEILL GRAHAM, A.B.
Powellton, N. C.
NUTTALL, DAN MORRISON, A.B.
Rockingham, N. C.
ORMAND, HARRY WHITE, B.S.
Bessemer City, N. C.
OSTEEN, RICHARD THACKER, B.S.
Greenville, S. C.
OSTEEN, WILLIAM THACKER, B.S.
Greenville, S. C.
PATTON, JAMES GODFREY, Jr., B.S.
Decatur, Ga.
PAYNE, JOHN LEWIS, B.S.
Washington, N. C.
PERRY, ROY, B.S.
Easley, S. C.
PETERS, ROBERT LYNN, B.S.
Ebenezer, Tenn.
POWELL, BEN, B.S.
Charlotte, N. C.
RHYNE, SIDNEY WHITE, B.S.
Charlotte, N. C.
SCOTT, HENRY ALLAN, A.B.
Fort Smith, Ark.
SHARP, JAMES TURNER, B.S.
Waycross, Ga.
SHARP, LOTT WALKER, B.S.
Waycross, Ga.
SHAW, DUNCAN, B.S.
Fayetteville, N. C.
SHAW, JOHN ALEXANDER, B.S.
Fayetteville, N. C.

SMITH, CLIFTON E., B.S.
Cornelius, N. C.
SMITH, FRANK HOLLINGSWORTH, A.B.
Easley, S. C.
SMITH, THOMAS A., A.B.
Indian Trail, N. C.
SPARROW, THOMAS DeLAMAR, A.B.
Washington, N. C.
STOUGH, MICHAEL ALFRED, B.S.
Cornelius, N. C.
THOMPSON, WARDLAW PERRIN, B.S.
Rock Hill, S. C.
TURRENTINE, WILBUR C., B.S.
Shelby, N. C.
VEAL, JAMES DIXON, B.S.
Royston, Ga.
WAITE, ALVIS A., A.B.
Savannah, Ga.
WAKEFIELD, R. F., B.S.
Charlotte, N. C.
WALTON, FRANCIS C., B.S.
Norfolk, Va.
WELLS, JOHN MILLER, Jr., A.B.
Wilmington, N. C.
WERTZ, JOHN CHAPPELLE MAXWELL, B.S.
Greenwood, S. C.
WILLIAMS, JOHN PAYNE, B.S.
Chattanooga, Tenn.
WILLIAMSON, ORIN CONWAY, A.B.
Charlotte, N. C.
WILSON, JAMES FRANK, B.S.
Douglas, Ga.
WILSON, THOMAS IRA, A.B.
Mount Villa, N. C.
WITHERINGTON, R. S., B.S.
Faison, N. C.
WITT, WILLIAM TAZEWELL, A.B.
Mount Airy, N. C.
WOOTEN, WALTER LEROY, B.S.
Maxton, N. C.





Fresh Class History

"Oh, thou monster, Ignorance!"

IN the fall of 1912, one hundred and thirty-eight Freshmen gathered at Old Davidson, coming to reinforce that large army in its struggle to obtain knowledge. Upon our arrival, we paid a visit to Dr. W. J. Martin, who after classifying us sent us to Dr. J. L. Douglas, the Bursar, who greatly lowered our financial standing, and left us to begin our contest with the professors.

Our first few nights were enlivened by Sophomoric visits. To our intense amazement, Sophomores seemed not what they once were—aggressive, pugnacious individuals, and their visits did not assume the antagonistic form, but were mere friendly advances—efforts to welcome our men into their midst.

One time, though, they seemed rather inclined to have some fun. It was a beautiful, sunshiny day. Just after dinner, we gathered on the campus to have our picture taken for the Annual. Suddenly rain began to fall, and it was by no means an April shower. It came in bucketfuls and bagfuls. In a short time the entire Freshman Class was wet, and seeking refuge in the dormitories.

The seventh of October we gathered in the Y. M. C. A., and elected our officers: R. S. Witherington, President; F. L. Nash, Vice-President; and R. W.

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Graves, Secretary and Treasurer. At a later meeting, we selected as our Class colors, Purple and White.

Our Class has done exceptionally well in every branch of athletics. The Monday after our arrival we defeated the Sophomores in the annual baseball game, for the second time in seventeen years. We also defeated them in basketball, and were second to the Juniors in the championship series. One of our number made his "D" in football, and one his "D. C." Several others made the Scrubs. We also tied the Juniors in the Class football series, and are looking forward with much enthusiasm to the coming game which will decide the contest. (Note: The game played—poor Freshie sadly mired—21 to 7.)

Although our share in college athletics has been great, we have by no means been neglectful of our studies, and our attempts to steer clear of the "Supervision Committee" have been in great measure successful. One of our number performed the Herculean feat of making the honor roll, while others are striving, futilely perhaps, to follow in his wake.

The Freshman Class is this year larger than it has been for several years, and since the growth of the college must be through the Freshman Class, this is most encouraging to those who look forward to the time when its numbers will compare favorably with its thoroughness of instruction.





Danny Freshman

(With apologies to Kipling)

"What makes the Freshman run so fast?" said Sammy-in-the-shade.

"The Sophomore, the Sophomore!" the second student said.

"What makes him look so white and scared?" said Sammy-in-the-shade.

"They're after him! They're after him!" the second student said.

For he beat the Sophs, in baseball, and they swore he'd rue the day.

It really was a cinch you know, because they couldn't play;

But the Sophs, will not stop running them till every Fresh, they slay—

They'll be killing poor old Freshie in the mornin'.

"Where has that Freshman gone to now?" said Sammy-in-the-shade.

"He's hunting snipes, he's hunting snipes," the second student said.

"What makes him hunt the snipes, pray tell?" said Sammy-in-the-shade.

"A streak of green, a streak of green," the second student said.

For he asked if he might go with them, and begged to hold the bag,

And swore that he could fill the post, and that the game he'd flag,

And he's out in the swamp somewhere, a-sittin' on a snag—

They'll be raggin' poor old Freshie in the mornin'.

"What are those red things that I see?" said Sammy-in-the-shade.

"They're Freshmen's socks, they're Freshmen's socks," the second student said.

"Why does he wear such awful things?" said Sammy-in-the-shade.

"He thinks they're grand, he thinks they're grand," the second student said.

At home there were restraining hands, but now they've let him go,

And having so much liberty he was not long to show

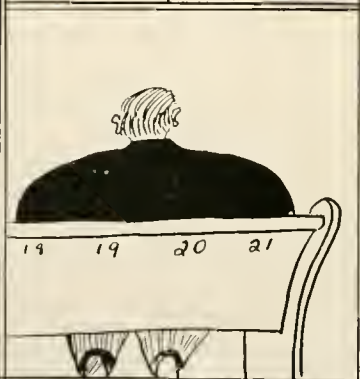
That he had "tastes advanced" in dress; *advanced*, yes! don't you know?

We'll all beat up old Freshie in the mornin'.

Kalendar



SEPT. 6



SEPT. 8



SEPT. 12

September 5—Misery begins. Verdancy prevalent.

September 6—"Baby" O'Neal loses his—lullaby.

September 8—Size of Fresh Class greatly swelled by the arrival of "Slim" Gloer.

September 9—Fresh. Reception. The motto seems to be "I'd rather be on the outside looking in."

September 12—College in mourning on account of Bishop's departure.

September 15—Open-air service conducted by Dr. Richards. Music furnished by Locke White and Cook Campbell.

September 21—Train schedule changed. Great rejoicing among the theater-goers, as there's no need to miss Sunday Chapel after the Saturday show.

September 29—His Majesty Bitzer dumped four times in one night. How are the mighty fallen!

October 2—Tennis tournament won by Crawford and White.

October 3—Doctor John Wilson MacComell, M.D., Professor of Biology, tells his dynamite joke. Dirges practiced for Carolina game, which were destined never to be sung.

October 5—Carolina game; likewise the Davidson parade, with the goat and Slim much in evidence.

October 12—Pip Young discovers a freckle, and presents an amazing spectacle to the student body.

October 19—Football team defeats Mount Pleasant—125 to 0. Victory number one.

October 22—Chapel choir goes out on a strike. Dr. Martin summons them for an explanation.

October 24—New regime of songsters take possession of the chapel choir seats.

October 28—Pictures taken for Annual. It rained, as usual—but the Fresh. alone got the benefit of it. Most of the Fresh. pictures are moving-pictures.

November 6—"Kid" Herrick married. Student body attended, of course.

November 13—Madame Kerr, the poetess-laureate, begins a series of beauty lectures, self-illustrated.

November 20—"Dr." Tate very kindly led Chapel in the absence of other Faculty members.

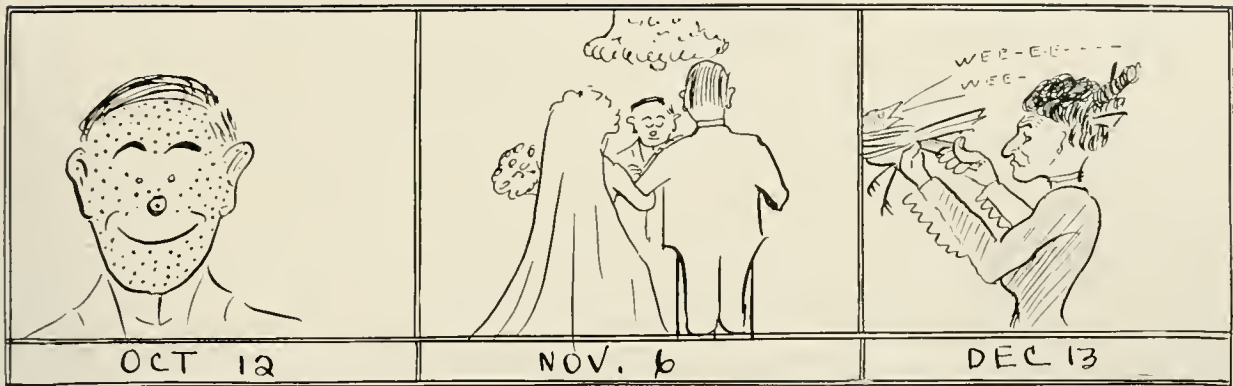
November 22—Morrison has his household goods moved to the small room at the extreme end of second floor North Wing Chambers—east side.

November 28—Thanksgiving Day. Light fall of snow, for which the Fresh are duly thankful.

November 29—Schedule for exams. posted. Economic students cussing.

December 2—Madame Murphy caught in concealment behind the season's latest aeroplane bow tie.

December 7—No one present to lead Chapel. (Mirabile dictu!) Last day of recitations.



December 13—Daughter Scarborough washes her cat's mouth and pulls her parrot's tail for saying "Darn."

December 20—Man goeth to his long-looked-forward-to home.

December 31—At Home. "The mourners go about the streets"; reports have come.

January 2—Backward, come backward, O Flower of the South!
 Seniors with mortarboards; pipes in their mouth;
 Juniors with speeches looming up on the scene;
 Sophomores more haughty; Freshmen less green.

January 8—Sorrow among the Seniors shorn—carnations for the Shorn-er.

January 10—Sprunt answers a question on Astronomy.

January 13—Debate won. Hearts lost. McInnis and McGregor invest in a derby.

January 15—Miss Roberson (Zeb) starts a correspondence course in "How to Improve the Figure" (Treatment guaranteed—no drugs used).

January 17—Moral atmosphere sadly polluted! Zip Watkins heard to say "Doggone!"

January 20—Luck Brownlee accepts a flattering position as photographer's model.

January 23—Blossom's barometer predicts snow.

January 26—Doxology omitted at morning prayers.

January 27—Mocking-bird Campbell resurrects his cornet and aids in the morning music.

January 31—Dr. Shearer returns, to the great joy of the Senior Bible Class.

February 3—Guthrie announces that he will make his Junior Speech on "Pessimistic Prognostications of a Paramoccium."

February 8—Runt Club expands itself to the extent of a banquet.

February 12—Cane fad raging on the campus.

February 15—Curry Golden searches the chemistry lab in vain for H_2O .

February 17—Annual Sophomore Banquet. Much display of wit.

February 20—Junior Speaking commences. The air becomes too hot for the calendar committee

February 27—The air—also affections—somewhat cooler

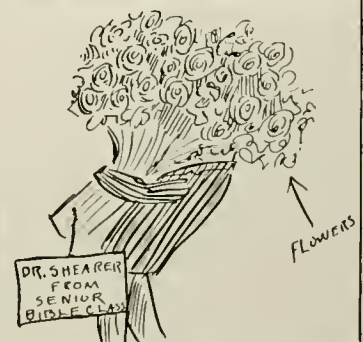
February 28—Reps announced in chapel.

February 28 (Five minutes later)—Bitzer tells the name of the Georgia Peach to whom he has promised the Junior Orator's Medal.

March 1—The calendar committee peacefully "fell on sleep" last night, after long and hard work.



DEC. 31



JAN. 8



JAN. 15

MINSTER 1903



A Toast

*Here's to the college,
Here's to the knowledge,
And here's to the atmosphere!
A toast to the village,
To Hallo'we'en's pillage,
To Christmas' fire-cracker cheer!*

*Here's to the body
Of students so rosy,
The South's manhood's flower so fit;
And last, never least
In honor—or waist—
Drink deep to the CHIEF Colonel Skit!*

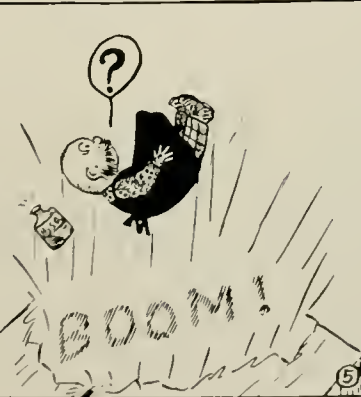
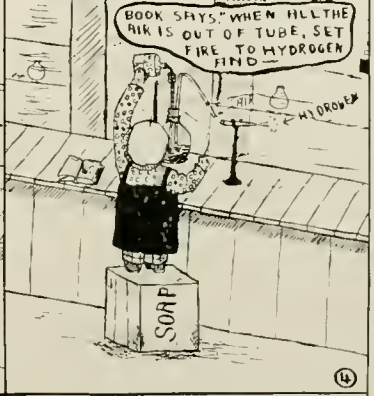
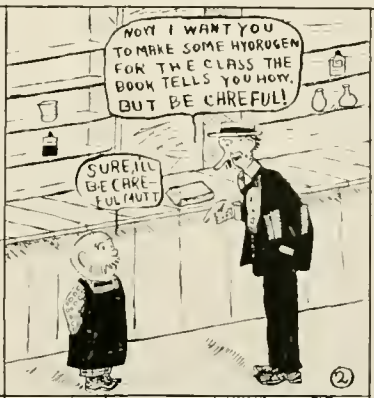
✦ ✦ ✦

Flower Folly

*She sent me an apple blossom,
She gave me a world of bliss,
A token of love undying,
I waited for—a kiss.*

*She sent me a dandelion,
And my song was never sung;
For I read in that golden flower
The simple message—stung!*

MUTT AND JEFF ACCEPT THE CHAIR OF CHEMISTRY.



JOHN
WITH SPOLDS
IN 1914



Sophomore Banquet

ON the morning of February 17, fifty gay *Young* Sophomores left the *Hill*, and boarded the *Carr* of the southbound train. An hour's run over *Sandy* fields, and *Boggs* put us in Charlotte, where the Soph Banquet is annually held.

At 8.30 p. m. *Sharp*, we gathered in the *Selwyn*, and while the colored *Harper* and fiddlers played "*Alexander's Ragtime Band*," sat down to supper.

Creamed oysters led the *Way*. The "*Bill*"s-of-fare were as long as the bills after the fare, and all did justice. Coach said he never had tasted such well-Cooked "*Pudding*." The chipped "*Bull*" was much enjoyed, though some of it was a little too "*Fuzzy*" on the outside. *Share!* *Wyatt* was the best Soph Banquet ever held!

We were interrupted once. A sudden flash as from a "*Gun*" *Burns* and *Paynes* our eyes. What *Fare?* See above.

19 QUIPS & CRANKS 13

While we were thus overflowing with good spirits, but still keeping steady, the "Ku-Klutz-Klan" of every nationality, "*Dutch*," "*Chink*," "*Red*" and "*White*," banded out peppery toasts. We were told of our many *Jim*-exploits, of the college bell(e)s; we drank to the health of our family, "*Grandma*," "*Daughter*," "*Baby*," and the "old ladies." "*Patrick*" Henry II. was then called on for a speech. He rose and in a *Golden* voice expressed our sentiments, "I repeat it, sir, we must flirt. Give me a bunch of them, or give me death."

Indeed, many a fellow who had a Junior "*Bo*" at the P. C. Reception had the cheek to go there first, and just did get to the Banquet in the "*Nick*" of time.

A few of our mates failed to answer the *Roxland* attend the Banquet. Some, like *Doub*, *Missed* the *Kerr*. Others would not answer to the *Know* of the Banquet Manager when he came around, because they could not pay the *Price* or hand *Overcash*. Many of our "*Bloody*" Sophs had fallen last year in the *Wilds* of Exams. We wish *Moore* had been there, but with our fifty loyal lads we had a *Gorge-ous* time.

Earle the next morning, not long before the first *Ray* of light dawned, we returned. We found our rooms in a "*Nasty*" fix, and were glad that we could sleep late into the "*Morrozo*."





Facultas Ebeni

IT was three o'clock in the morning, and not even the roosters of worst digestion had begun to herald the day. In the chapel basement, about the roaring furnace, was gathered a band of very dark-countenanced men—the college servants were met in secret conclave. They seemed to be awaiting someone, for eyes were frequently turned towards the stairway, and Holtzelaw moved impatiently on his elevated dry-goods box. Finally Lawrence exclaimed, "Dere he comes," and sure enough in wobbled Enoch, hobbling on a cane, and sporting a two-foot beaver. "Gemmens of de faculty," he greeted them, and sat down on a lump of coal.

"I opens de meeting with prayer maself," said Holtzelaw from his perch. "Take off dat hat, and bow yo' lousy head, Mr. Enoch—not sayin', though, hit ain't a hansum headgear."

After this preliminary prayer, Holtzelaw deemed it wise to restate the business of the meeting. "All of youse knows," he said, "the primondary prospect of this dispersion, but for the common benefic I hereby tells it again. Old Davidson Collidge is bad on the recline. U's, de loyous men ob dis campise, we can't stan' fer that. Whereinforth us will make weselves de facultry, de execrative committee, en de trustees all. De white facultry we will mostly disbanish, an' de others will haf to do whut we is doin' now."

"Amen," cried Enoch, with great gusto, and all the assembled blacks took up the term of approbation.

"Now," continued the speaker, much pleased with the audience's assent, "beins it's gittin awful early, us mus begin to 'pint the varus facultry. I knows youse all wants me to be your pres'dent; nebberless I'll put it to de ballock. Take dese papers, en if youse wants me, jes make er black mark with coal. If youse don't want me youse needn't vote at all. Mr. Hiram and me will count the gatherins—one fer me, two fer me, three fer me—looks powful like I'se gwine be 'lected—en dis vote doan' count, kase Enoch voted fer hisself."

Holtzelaw's presentiments were realized. "Gimmens," he said, after finishing the count, "de vote is ver' nice. One gimman voted fer Mr. Hiram



here, but, lake I sez, dem whut ain't fer me doan' count. I now votes fer maself en makes de vote ananimous. P'lease chair fer yo' new pres'dent."

"Now," he continued, when the hearty cheers had subsided, "us mus selee de faculty. Mr. Enoch, you is de mos' stately 'pearing, so tell us whut you wants ter be fuss."

"Mr. Presiden' Holtzelaw," quoth Enoch, "en feller gimmans uf de faculty, I wants ter be de boss uf de pheesics classes. I feels down in my deep black soul dat I wuz born jis' fer dat. Dem 'lectro battles in de lavontory is fine things, en I knows em lak er buk—'pears lak dey jis' takes ter me."

"Gimmens," said Holtzelaw, when Enoch was again seated, "youse is heared de gimman's inquest. Now whut does youse think uf makin' him dis . . . I sees de house is obgreeable. Mr. Enoch Donaldson is whereby confestor of pheesacs, with full powers ober de labontary. Now, Mister Hiram, how bout you?"

"Well," answered Uncle Hiram, "I'll take de Latin. Dat's whut I laks, en I'se tired uf carryin' dirty water. I knows powerfu' heaps uf Latin, too, so I does."

"It is obgreeable ter de house," declared the chair, "Mr. Hiram Potts is confestor of Latin. En de president bleives him will be an incapable constructor."

"Andie, you greasy nigger ober dere on dat tin can, whut does you want ter teach ter de studuns ob dis splendid deecabolie instibution?"

"I wants ter learn de boys dere figgers," said the gentleman addressed. "Rifmatics en drawins is de mos' bootful things whut is."

"It is obgreeable ter de house," declared Holtzelaw. "Mr. Andie Falls is confestor uf ancient meethetics wif all whut dae replies . . . Yessah, Mr. Baxter, you may state your expressin'."

"Mr. Holtzelaw, presudent," said the rising Baxter, "I wants ter teach de Bible, de blessed Scriptures. Amen! I laks ter read erbout Samsing en Noih whut went in de blessed ark, Amen! En let me tell youse gimmans, dat ark wuz er curous thing, whut I'm talkin' 'bout. Some uf you don' know it, en only de wise does, but, dat holy ark hit rested on dat high cupolow up yander, so hit did. Amen! En dat's where de dove went out fer ter hunt dat holly lim'."

19 QUIPS & CRANKS 13

"Dat's er 'telling genman," cried Holtzclaw, much impressed, "en larned in de Holy Bible writins. It is mos' obscurtiatin' obgreeable to de entire house dat de gimman, Mr. Baxteer Willuson, be confestor uf Bible, wif all de powers to give lectours whenall it strikes his learned hed. Now, you young niggahs over dere in de corner, ain't got no word nor sayin' in dis meetin' uf de mighty facultry. Lawrence Potts, you is de insistent learner uf chemister. Tom Hilliard, you can learn de Freshmuns dere Ingluss. Now I makes my speech uf redress en inceptance. We is er fine facultry, I'd lak fer ter say. Fust, us is scoluhs. Fudderadmore we lubs de institutions, en den we knows de buildins thorough. Mr. Donaldson dere now, he is er splendid confestor, if he is as ugly as de debble. Mr. Confestor Hiram Potts, don't anybody know how ole he is, en we is glad uf dat. Andie Falls, him is——."

But the words of the speaker froze on his lips, and all the assembled blacks leaped from their bituminous seats shuddering with fear, their teeth chattering in mortal dread. On the cold morning air there rang out the clarion voice of a waking chanticleer, and day was faintly showing in the east.



*Dear Heart, if you would but bestow
 One little word, a look, a sigh
 Upon this man that loves you so,
 His happiness would mount so high
 That eagles, soaring in the air,
 To him would seem mere specks below;
 To reach the very stars he'd dare,
 This happy man who loves you so.*





J. M. SMITH, Π Κ Φ
 T. H. STUKES, Σ Α Ε
 W. RAMPLEY, Κ Σ
 J. N. VANDEVANTER, Π Κ Α
 H. W. BACHMAN, Κ Α
 G. A. HOWELL, Β Θ Π







Pi Kappa Phi

Established 1904

North Carolina Epsilon

COLORS: GOLD AND WHITE

FLOWER: RED ROSE



CLASS 1913

J. M. SMITH

E. L. BOOE

H. L. BARR

CLASS 1914

J. C. CASHION

R. S. CLARY

J. G. THACKER

R. F. BROWNLEE

J. A. McWHIRTER

CLASS 1915

J. B. BELK

A. H. BLANTON

J. E. FAW

CLASS 1916

R. L. PETERS

J. H. COOK

A. M. FAIRLEY

C. GOLDEN







Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Founded 1856 at University of Alabama

North Carolina Theta

Established at Davidson in 1883

COLORS: OLD GOLD AND ROYAL PURPLE

FLOWER: VIOLET



Fratres in Facultate

DR. J. M. DOUGLAS

PROF. A. CURRIE

DR. J. W. MACCONNEL

PROF. J. L. DOUGLAS

Fratres in Urbe

DR. J. P. MUNROE

CLASS 1913

W. E. LYNCH

T. E. SALLEY

CLASS 1914

S. BRUCE

W. S. JAMES

T. H. STUKES

J. S. MOORE

F. L. FULLER, JR.

CLASS 1915

H. W. MALLOY, JR.

W. H. PAINE

W. W. ROBINSON

G. W. CARR

J. W. ROBERTS, JR.

G. P. DICK

CLASS 1916

A. D. MCLEAN

J. B. MACK

W. G. MORRISON

J. K. MORRISON

A. S. TOMPKINS







Kappa Sigma

Founded at the University of Bologna in 1400

Established at the University of Virginia in 1867

Delta Chapter

Established in 1890

COLORS: SCARLET, WHITE, AND EMERALD GREEN FLOWER: LILY OF THE VALLEY



Frater in Urbe

CHAS. L. GRAY

CLASS 1913

W. RAMPLEY

O. S. CRAWFORD

R. B. SIMMONS

CLASS 1914

H. L. ELLIOT

J. P. MARSH

L. A. BIGGER

W. F. STRAIT

C. B. BAILEY

L. RICHARDSON

CLASS 1915

E. ROWLAND

L. KLUTTZ

J. C. McDONALD

H. B. YATES

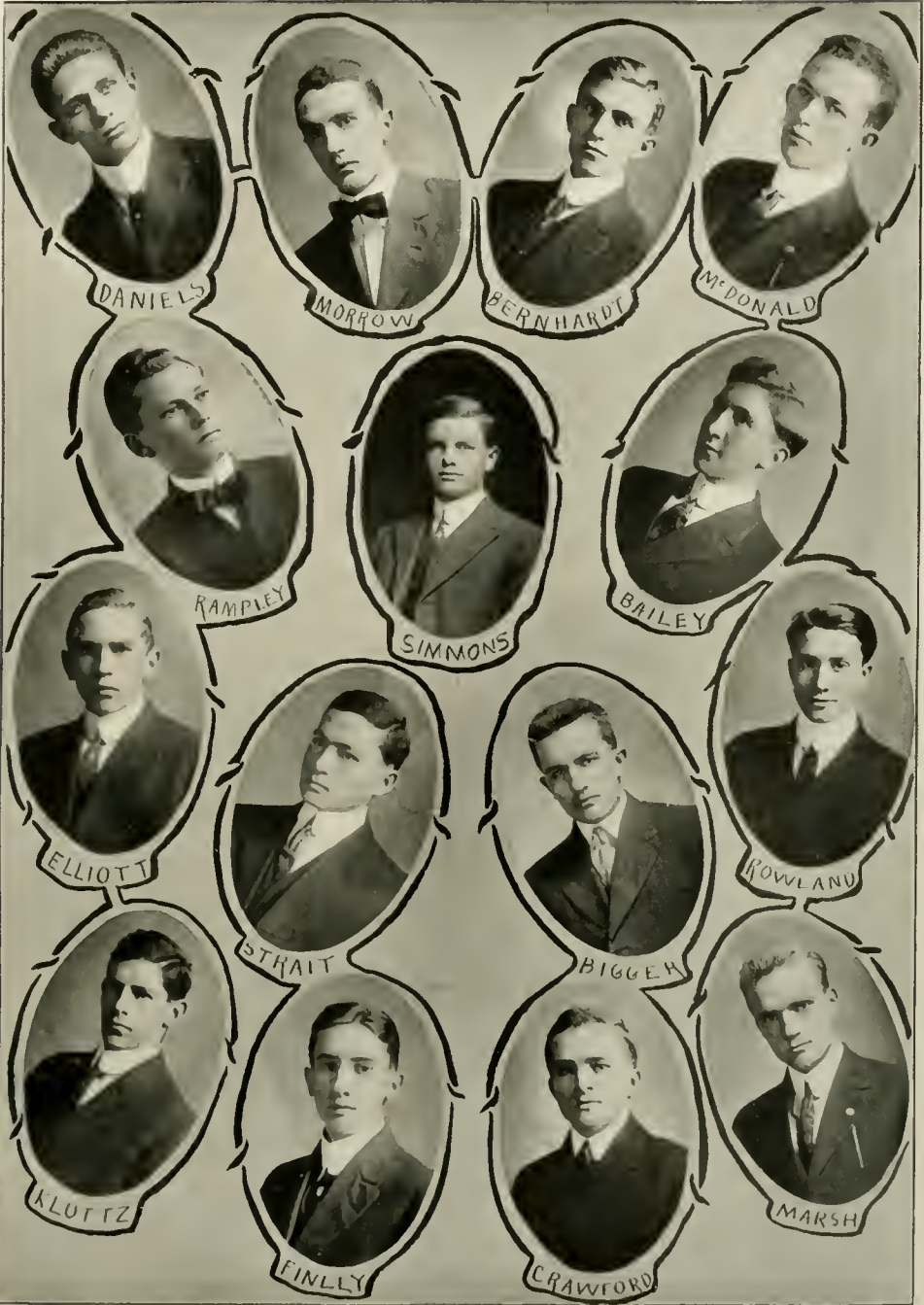
R. L. MORROW

CLASS 1916

R. G. FINLEY

G. H. BERNHARDT

R. L. DANIELS







Pi Kappa Alpha

Beta Chapter

Established 1869 Re-established 1894

COLORS: GARNET AND OLD GOLD

FLOWERS: LILY OF THE VALLEY AND GOLD STANDARD TULIP



CLASS 1913

M. E. MATTISON

S. J. LANIER

J. N. VANDEVANTER

CLASS 1914

J. E. JOHNSTON

J. R. MCGREGOR

CLASS 1915

F. A. HILL

W. HOLLISTER

H. L. MCCASKILL,
J. C. TODD

CLASS 1916

J. P. MCNIELL

J. T. GILLESPIE

T. M. HILL

W. M. MCKENZIE



GILLESPIE



HILL, T.M.



M'GREGOR



HILL, F.A.



MCNEILL



JOHNSTON



VANDEVANTER



MATTISON



HOLLISTER



McKENZIE



LANIER



McCASKILL





Kappa Alpha

Sigma Chapter

Established 1865

COLORS: CRIMSON AND GOLD

FLOWER: MAGNOLIA



Frater in Urbe

DR. C. M. RICHARDS

CLASS 1913

McA. CARSON

J. T. WEARN

H. W. BACHMAN

J. W. WILLIAMSON

CLASS 1914

J. M. RUMPLE

S. B. WOODS

J. W. GIBBON

W. H. SPRUNT

CLASS 1915

S. K. NASH

W. M. COSBY

JAMES L. PAYNE

CLASS 1916

P. H. BACHMAN

H. H. WILCOX

M. A. COWLES

JOHN L. PAINE

J. H. CARSON T. B. SPARROW

L. G. HICKS







Beta Theta Pi

Founded 1839

Phi Alpha Chapter

Established at Davidson in 1858, as Phi of Beta Theta Pi; Re-established, 1884,

as Sword and Shield Chapter of Mystic Seven; United 1889

with Beta Theta Pi, becoming Phi Alpha

COLORS: PINK AND BLUE

FLOWER: ROSE



Frater in Facultate

DR. W. J. MARTIN

CLASS 1913

E. H. GRAHAM

C. L. FERRAN

P. W. DuBOSE

D. A. McQUEEN

G. A. HOWELL

CLASS 1914

L. B. CRAYTON

CLASS 1915

J. H. ANDERSON

J. M. GRIFFIN

A. SCARBOROUGH

G. R. EDWARDS

J. W. S. GILCHRIST J. K. BURNS

CLASS 1916

J. M. CLOUD

E. P. HENDERSON

W. P. THOMPSON

L. A. MULLEN

A. E. BAKER

R. S. WITHERINGTON

R. W. GRAVES

B. R. O'NEALL





The Order of the Gryphon

E. L. BOOE

McA. CARSON

L. H. WILKINSON

S. J. LANIER

W. E. LYNCH

W. S. GOLDEN

J. M. SMITH

J. N. VANDEVANTER

W. RAMPLEY







Pointed Parodies

(With Inevitable Apologies)

I

*When erring students stoop to folly,
And find that absences betray
By adding up, O melancholy!
The Dinky bears them far away.*

*The only art their guilt to cover,
To keep it from the home-folks' eye,
Is round about Charlotte to hover
Till ten sad shipping days go by.*

II

*My limbs grow active when I hear
The pealing chapel bell;
So 'twas when college life began,
So is it here with ev'ry man,
So will it always be, I fear;
And it is——unpleasant.
I cannot say I rose and ran,
But something, power unknown to me,
Got safely there for the Doxology.*

III

To———

*Music, when some people play,
Drives all sense of ease away;
Hymns, when wrought with ragtime grace,
Strike the ear as out of place.*

*It'ries, when 'neath certain fingers,
Sound a resonance which lingers;
So thy playing ev'ry morn
Of all melody is shorn.*

II'

*I hate it, I hate it; and who shall try
To feign to lack hatred or stifle a sigh?
I hate it, I hate it; and I do well
To feel a deep loathing for that Chapel Bell.*

V

*The chapel bell peals forth at opening day;
The student throng move quickly on before
And worshipward they wend their weary way,
And leave their worldliness outside the door.*

*Now sounds aloud a great hymn's swelling chord,
A doubtful music all the air enfolds;
Then prayers are ended—students glad applaud,
And haste to fortify manhood's strongholds.*





During Exams.





Looking Forward

LO! One recent morning as I lay upon my couch, and didst with dismay contemplate my six straights, a baneful sound of distant bell didst rouse me, which each morn doth ring that we of the tribe of Davidson may assemble ourselves together in that hall, the same which is called "Shearer," which hall was builded in the year of our ignorance by a perfect and upright man and one who escheweth evil.

And it came to pass that in my disgust I didst draw the covers over my head, and so great was the banishment of sound thereof that I didst again sleep.

And behold a vision appeared unto me, and spake, saying, "I am he who men call Somnus, and inasmuch as thou hast denied thyself the pleasures of chapel for my sake, I will reveal unto thee the stores of the future; yea the stores of the future will I reveal unto thee."

My guide was more subtle than any beast of the field, and divining my thoughts he didst lead me to the pleasant valley of Davidson, where the tree of knowledge doth flourish, and where the young men are goodly and righteous altogether.

I didst at once recall the place of my abode, but wast struck by the changes that hadst been wrought.

There arose before me an exceeding fair building, one that was new and of goodly proportions, whose marble was brought from the quarry of Cornelius, and whose beams and rafters were of the cedars of Mount Mourne.

And I spake unto my guide, saying, "Tell me, I pray you, the meaning of this goodly house?"

And he answered, saying, "You see the gymnasium, whose fame is scattered abroad throughout the land."

We didst enter, and beheld its magnificence to be unsurpassed; and as we were going through its labyrinths, behold a pool, even a pool of glistening tile, stretched before me. I would fain have descended into its cool waters, but lo; there came a voice, saying, "Neither thou, nor thy children, nor thy children's children, aye even unto the fourth generation shall it not be."

As we didst turn from the great building, a car, even a trolley car, didst stop before us and youths, vain seekers after pleasures, didst get thereon to go to see "The Merry Widow" and other wordly things whereof it is not fitting that I speak.

Woe unto thee, Charlotte; it hadst been better for thee that thou hadst never been builded than that thou shouldest pervert our youths.

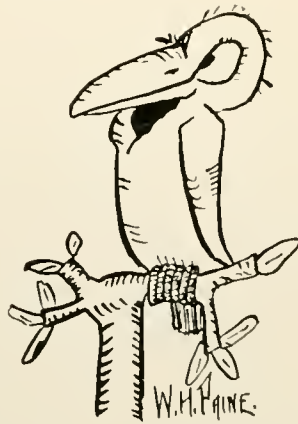
And it came to pass that my guide didst lead me through the streets of the village, and as we advanced, behold strange music didst assail my ears, not the joyful sound of the harp and cymbals, but of the graphophone and electric piano.

And I spake unto my guide, saying "Wherefore these diabolical instruments?"

And he opened his mouth and answered, saying, "Moving pictures for a wicked and perverse generation."

My hands I didst clap to my ears lest perchance the evil sound reach me, and as I looked about me three balls, the sign of money changers and gamblers, didst smite my eyes.

Then did I hasten to gird up my loins and to flee as from a pestilence, and in my flight I didst fall, and when I didst smite the earth, lo! a voice that was of the earth earthy spake unto me, saying, "Arise, room-mate mine. Get thee hence. Breakfast is far spent."



*Ah, lips that had never been kissed, dear,
And curls that were never caressed;
Ah, ear to which love was ne'er lisped, dear,
When you to my bosom I pressed.*

*I deep drank from red cups the wine, dear;
Touched fondly the wreath of the curls;
And close clasped you—knowing you mine, dear—
Forever my PRINCESS of girls.*

“QUIPS AND CRANKS” INTIMATE INTERVIEWS

UNKNOWN FACTS DISCOVERED

HIDDEN CONCEITS LAID BARE

CHERISHED AMBITIONS REVEALED

THE WONDERFUL DICTAGRAPH, SO OFTEN USED WITH
STARTLING SUCCESS, HAS AGAIN DISCLOSED
SECRET MACHINATIONS



LOCKE WHITE and Locke White sat with the statistic blank between them, and gazed at each other—a long and affectionate gaze. There could be no doubt as to the love and admiration existing between the two men. They seemed to understand each other perfectly.

The blank was all filled out except "The Most Popular Man." After several moments of meditation, Locke said to Locke,

"Well, old fellow, whom are we going to vote for?"

"I'll be hanged if I know," answered Locke: "I've thought of several. There's Bill Golden, also Cac Carson and DuBose—all good fellows, and fairly popular, but somehow they don't exactly fill the bill."

At this point Locke got up softly, and going to the door closed it carefully. Returning, he leaned confidentially over his companion.

"My dear boy," he said, in gently lowered tones, "have you ever thought of yourself as the man?"

"By Jove, I have," answered Locke.

"Well then, let's put your name down"—which they did; and the two men renowned in Y. M. C. A. and athletic circles laughed heartily, and heaved a sigh of relief.



MISS KERR, elocutionist and beauty specialist, stood in the center of the room, French book in hand. With all the feeling and pathos of a Bernhardt, he was going over his translation, stressing this word, rounding that, squaring another.

In a kneeling posture not far away was W. D. Kerr, gazing in rapt and worshipful admiration at the girlish young reader. Finally the last words rang out, clear and beautifully modulated. W. D. Kerr leaped from his knees, and fondly embraced the other.

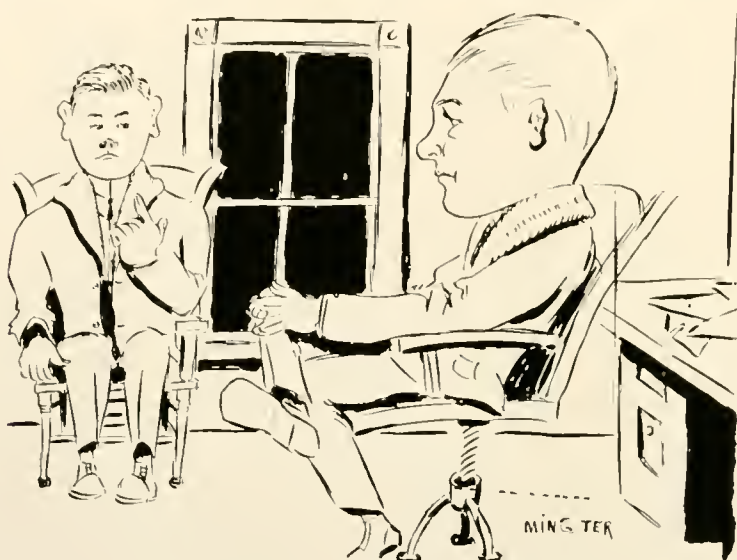
"Oh, you dear!" he gushed; "the French class will surely succumb."

"Do you really think so, Doub? I'm afraid I'm not up to my usual standard."

"Usual standard, indeed!" came the indignant response. "Why, you surpassed all your previous efforts. I think, perhaps, however, that if at the third paragraph you would press your handkerchief dramatically to your eyes, the effect would be even more heightened."

"All right, love; I will take your suggestion."

Then the piquant Miss Kerr trailed over to a bandbox, and produced a box of creams, which the two minced daintily.



TRELOAR WEARN and his chum and ardent admirer, Bobby Wearn, had been sitting silent for the past half-hour, gazing pensively into the fire. Suddenly Treloar roused himself, and said,

"A penny for your thoughts, old fellow. Of what are you thinking?"

Bobby gazed earnestly and affectionately for a time at his companion, and then in gentle tones made answer:

"Of ourself, my dear Treloar."

"Ha! Ha! Strange thing!" laughed Treloar; "for, would you believe it? I was thinking of the same thing myself? But do you know, Bobby, my boy," he continued, becoming serious, "we couldn't think of a better thing?"

"Of course not, dear Treloar," acquiesced Bobby, adoringly. "It's a mighty fine subject."

"Yes, and a many-sided one. We are a fine orator, Bobby."

"We certainly are," agreed Bobby.

"And a very handsome man."

"Yes, dear Treloar; we are."

"And a sure hit with the ladies."

"Yes, Treloar; you're right, as usual."

Here Treloar got up and strutted magnificently across the floor, followed by the worshipful gaze of Bobby. Returning to his seat, he leaned forward, and in a profound whisper added:

"And Bobby—we are the intellectual wonder of the age!"

"Yes, dear Treloar; we are," said Bobby.



THE last strains of that grand old hymn, "How Firm a Foundation," died into silence. The Campbell Brothers, hymnbook in hand, stood lost in mutual admiration. It was Mocking-Bird who spoke first.

"Cook," he asked, and his voice was tender, almost reverent, "did we really make that music?"

"Yes, Mock; we really did," replied Cook, his ample frontal swelling to more ample dimensions. "And wasn't it great?"

"Hen Tom, but it was," answered Mock. "Just suppose Paw Creek could have heard us!"

"Wouldn't it have been fine?" said Cook, slowly, a cherubic smile lighting his countenance; "but Mock," he went on, a note of pathos creeping into his voice, "why don't the fellows like it?"

"What do you hope, Cook? How do you expect a lot of roughnecks to appreciate real music? We know that we can sing, so what's the odds?"

"Dog Boot, but you're right, Mock," said Cook, a light dawning upon him. "Let's sing Hymn 22."

And the room rang with melody.



HERE was a knock at the door. Clifton Murphy, Editor-in-chief, without turning from his desk, yelled "Come in." The door opened, and in walked Madame Murphy, authority on dress. They shook hands heartily.

"Well, old chap," said Clifton Murphy, "you're looking well. How's the world been treating you?"

"Oh, first rate," the other answered; "and what's the good word with you?"

"The same old tune—busy as the dickens; writing a biography at present."

"A biography? Of whom?"

"Oh!—Clifton Murphy."

"How are you coming?"

"Fairly well." There was a short pause. Then turning in his chair, and looking his visitor squarely in the eye, Clifton Murphy continued, "but there's one point on which I am undecided—a matter of great import, and perhaps you can help me out. This is it—*has he been English enough this season?*"

Madame Murphy raised his monocle, and gazed long and steadily at the speaker, and then burst into ringing laughter.

"Foolish question, my dear fellow; foolish question," he commented; "most emphatically he has. To prove it, take a few items of his dress. Were not his clothes of the latest cut?"

"They were."

"Did he not wear a cane?"

"He did."

"Were not his shoes, collars and ties the very essence of style?"

"They were."

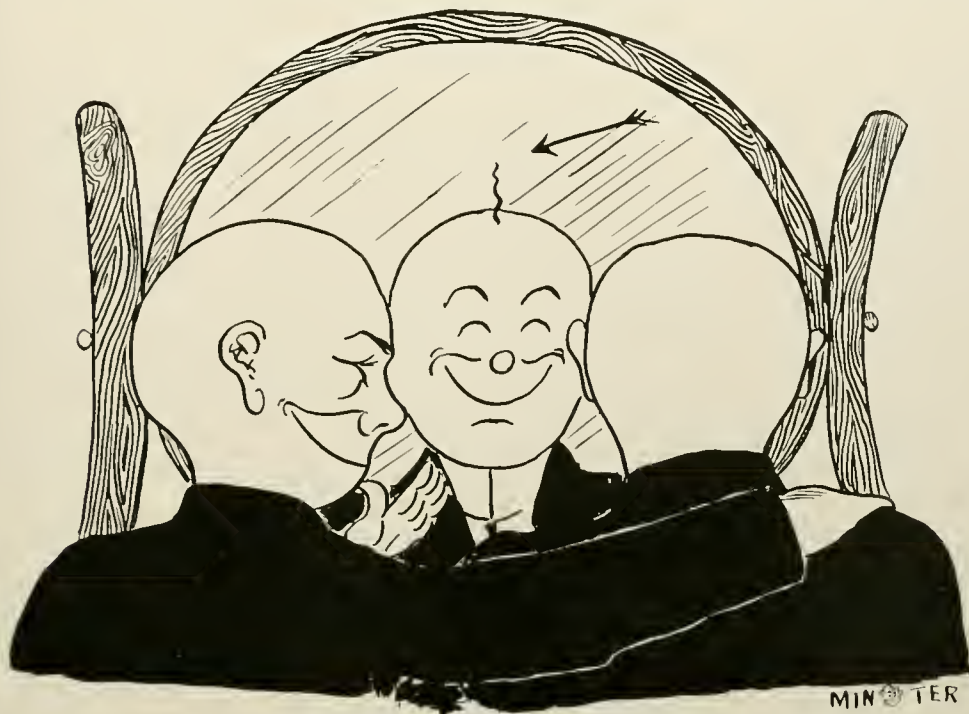
"And his derby—did it not fairly shriek 'I am English'?"

"It did."

"Well, is not that proof positive?"

"It is."

Whereupon Clifton Murphy fell to writing again.



CALLIE McDONALD and Callie McDonald were discussing the subject that lay next to their heart—their hair. Long had they labored over the matter, but to no avail. Still it loomed up darkly—The Unsolved Problem. How could so stupendous a task be performed? The proposition lay before them. Given one head slick as a marble, to raise thereon by Junior Speaking one growth of hair. Callie looked at Callie in mute sorrow.

"Old Pal," he said at last; "Junior Speaking is only two weeks off, and Calico and bald heads do not mix well. To grow or not to grow—that's the question."

"It is," agreed Callie, solemnly; "but how?"

"Ay, there's the rub!"

And the two Callies groaned in unison.

Suddenly an inspiration shone round about them, and with one accord the Callies arose, and arm in arm walked to the mirror and peered searchingly into its glassy depths. Then a shout of joy rent the air, for they both saw it at once—one lone, long, and lanky hair rising from the expanse of pate—a veritable oasis in a desert of baldness.

"Time is money," quoted Callie at length; "which liniment did we use last?"

"The sixth bottle of the third row," answered Callie, pointing to the dresser.

"Nuff said," observed Callie, and grabbing his hat he made for the door. "The drug store for mine."



Limerick Levity

*To all who peruse these, this greeting;
'Tis for unrestrained fun we are meeting.
Do the efforts seem strained?
If 'tis true, we are pained,
But consider OF WHOM we are treating.*

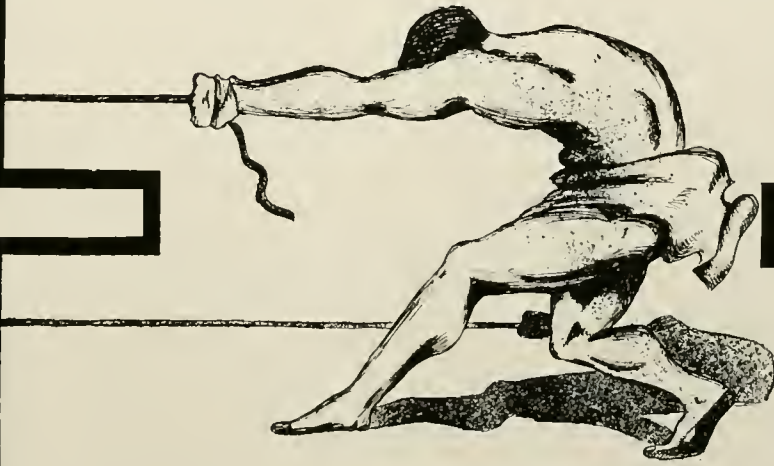
*Take a bounty of good college spirit,
And a consciousness clearly that we're it:
Melody lyric,
Morals atmospheric,
That's Davidson—come now, and cheer it.*

*O see now our amiable Zip;
He's got a new trip to the dip.
His grace is so airy,
This dainty, wee fairy,
He must feel the ATMOSPHERE'S nip.*

*And here is our scientist, Sloppy,
With tastes most decidedly foppy.
The wise won't delay
POUR PRENDRE CONGE;
All journals of fashion, please copy.*

*We've Chambers, well stored; for a meal
Our menu we feel should appeal;
YOUNG BIRDS while you WAITE
(Our PRICES are STRAIT),
And savory cuts of FRESH VEAL.*

ATHLETIC



S. Russell Winter

DEPARTMENT



Executive Committee of Davidson College Athletic Association

DR. J. W. MACCONNELL.....	Chairman
D. A. McQUEEN.....	President
L. RICHARDSON.....	Vice-President
W. RAMPLEY.....	Secretary-Treasurer
P. W. DuBOSE.....	Manager Football
E. H. GRAHAM.....	Captain Football
L. H. WILKERSON.....	Manager Baseball
E. H. GRAHAM.....	Captain Baseball
J. W. S. GILCHRIST.....	Manager Track
F. L. FULLER.....	Captain Track
G. A. HOWELL.....	Manager Basket-ball
L. WHITE.....	Captain Basket-ball
H. L. ELLIOTT.....	Student Body Rep.
F. L. FULLER.....	Student Body Rep.
DR. J. M. McCONNELL.....	Faculty Advisor
PROF. A. CURRIE.....	Faculty Advisor

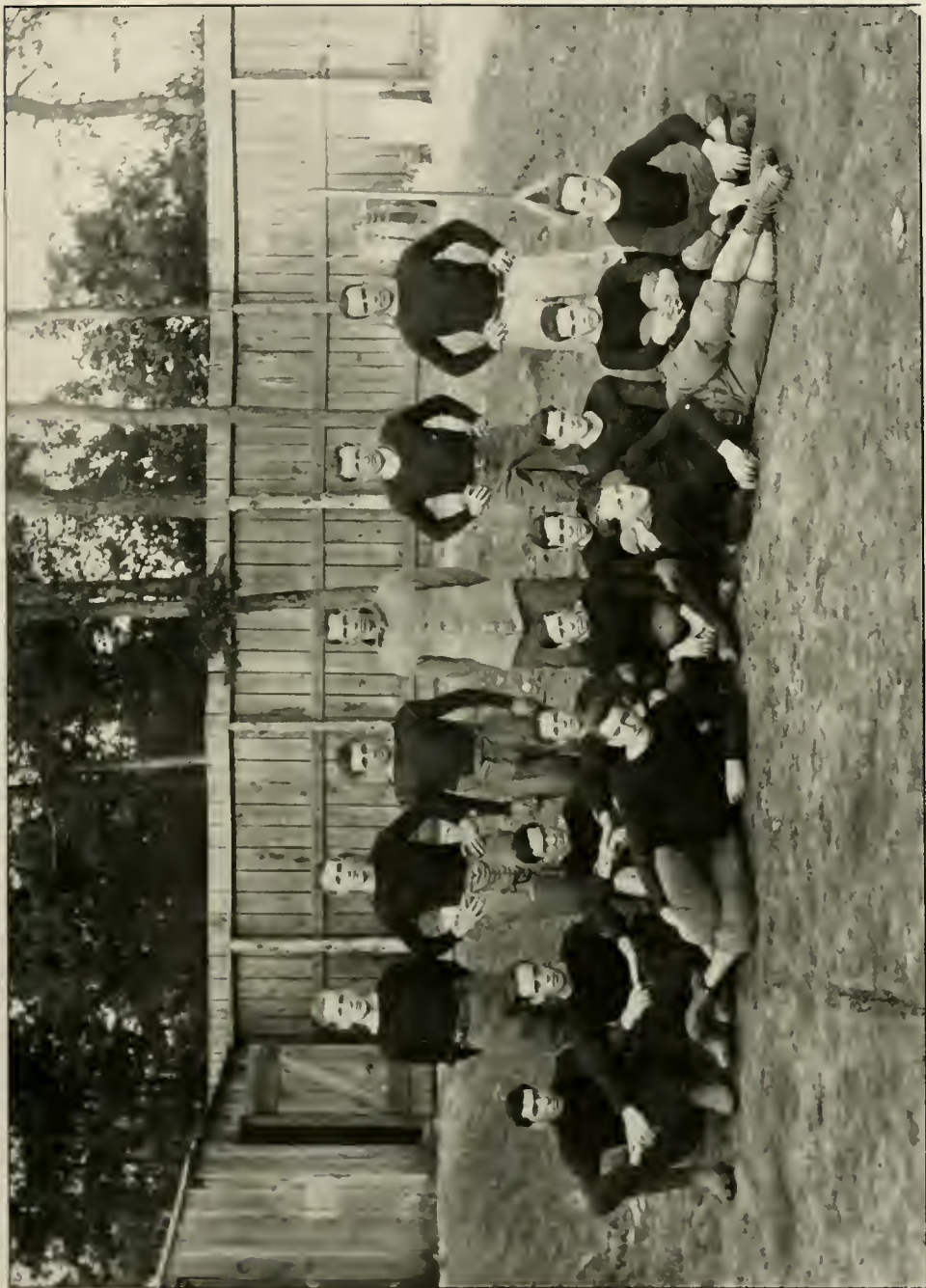
FOOT



MINOTER

BALL

GW CARR



VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM



Scrub Football Team

SEASON 1912

S. J. LANIER..... Manager

J. N. VANDEVANTER..... Captain

Average age, 19; average height, 5 feet 10 inches; average weight, 145 pounds.

BROWNLEE Right End

VAN DEVANTER Right Tackle

WAKEFIELD Right Guard

ROBERSON Center

McLAIN Left Guard

ANDERSON Left Tackle

O'CONNELL Left End

WHITE Quarterback

CLARY Right Halfback

CAMPBELL Left Halfback

THOMPSON Fullback





FOOTBALL SQUAD

The Scrubs

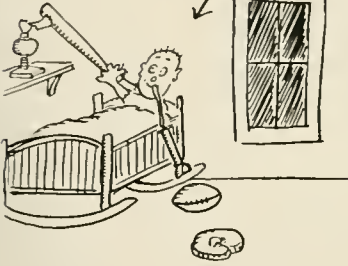
IT is probably the ambition of every college athlete that some time in his college career he may attain a position on the Varsity football team. With this goal in sight, every autumn aspirants for this position labor hard and patiently for the coveted honor, and to those who win and fight for the team, thereby winning their "D," we give all honor. But there is a bunch of fellows who, with scrappy grit and determination, fight throughout the grueling season—and strive in vain. These are the SCRUBS—the cussin', gritty, scrap-pin' goats of the gridiron.

In many cases, fighting in the mud and slush of rainy weather, they fail to hold the Varsity, and are laughed at for their pains. But this rough-necked, mud-covered team is the backbone of future football possibilities, and although "unhonored and unsung" they are the men who make our Varsity one of the most perfect fighting machines on the Southern gridiron today.

So here's to the Scrubs. Sometimes their efforts are ridiculous; sometimes they get "cussed" for their zeal. They are always sorry and imposed upon, but the second teams are inevitable. For every Varsity there must be the Scrubs. There are fools to bemoan their crude fight; but there are always poets to immortalize their fighting spirit. So, all hail the unconquerable, invincible, never-dying spirit of the SCRUBS; the devoted, earnest zeal of the Second String.

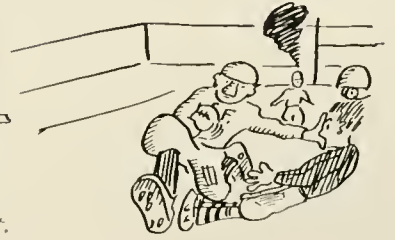


START HERE | ALL ROUND COACH W.T. COOK | HISTORY



BORN IN PERU ILLINOIS
MANIFESTS ATHLETIC INCLINATIONS

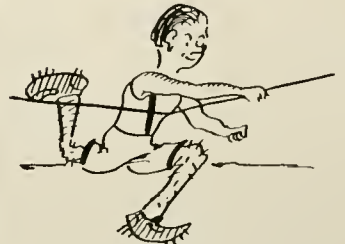
EARLY FOR HE STARTS
AT ONE O'CAT, AND KID B.O.



AT CEDAR FALLS IOWA HE
IS CAPT. OF BASE BALL AND
FOOT BALL TEAMS, THEN



PHYSICAL DIRECTOR AT
ALLAN'S SCHOOL IV
MASS



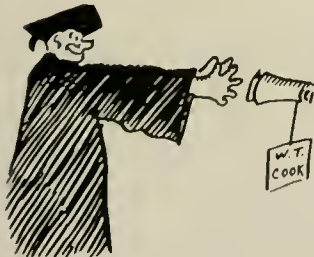
AT IOWA STATE TEACHERS
COLLEGE IS IN ALL
ATHLETICS, AFTER WHICH



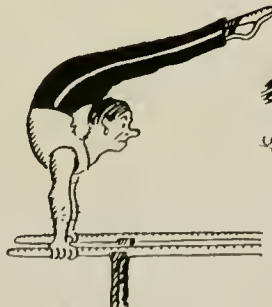
COACHED FOOT BALL IN
FITSCHBORG MASS DURING
FALL OF 1910



HE'S CAPTAIN OF SPRINGFIELD'S
BASE-BALL TEAM.
SEE TOP OF OTHER SIDE



GRADUATED SPRINGFIELD
TRAINING SCHOOL IN 1911



GYM INSTRUCTOR AT
HILL'S SCHOOL PA. 1911-12



SUMMERS OF 1910-11-12
IN CHARGE OF BOYS' CHARITY CHURCH CAMP

FOR A TRUE
AND UNFLATTERING
STATEMENT
OF WHAT COACH
WT COOK HAS
DONE SINCE ARRIVED AT D.C. ON
SEPT 5th 1912,
READ TOOT'S
RAMBLEY'S ATHLETIC LITERATURE IN THIS

VOLUME OF
QUIPS & CRANKS
MINOTER



Review of the Football Season

1912-13

*"I still small voice spake unto me,
Thou art so full of misery"*

A't best 'tis a difficult task to review a losing season, and as the custom is to make excuses for the benefit of the uninitiated. The world 'likes' a silent loser; but noisy scores live after us, and the answer is that which makes us so "full of misery." The last laugh, and hopes of the future, is balm enough for any season.

The season opened with few veterans and a host of vermilion freshmen, highly tooted and hopeful. Manager DuBose had made a schedule difficult in the extreme, and Coach Cook was absolutely unfamiliar with his material. However, it could be seen at once that he had an inquisitive mind, and began from the first to get into personal contact. Exit Madame Nicotine, etc. Exeunt epicures, connoisseurs, and cold temperatures. Work! Well, as a galley slave to a policeman.

On September the twenty-first, Coach "Tim" Pharr brought his mountaineers from Westminster, and though we did not cut loose, and notwithstanding "Tim's" stalling policy, we ran up a nice little score. (Be it understood we are not tabulating scores.) Now began a cuticle-eradicating grind (to coin a word) in preparation for the North Carolina game.

On the eventful morning, the Faithful followed the team to Charlotte. Temperature of the Faithful, ninety-nine degrees; of the weather, sixty degrees. The game was played, and nobody was hurt. Temperature, thirty below—though some had the idea that if "Horseshoe" Richardson had been there the temperature would have been higher.

When a Davidson team gets defeated, they work all the harder, and Coach Cook and Captain Graham put forth supreme efforts to instill some football knowledge into their men. The next game—with Mount Pleasant—showed the results, for we ran up a score well above the century mark. Elated by this fine showing, the boys entertained the idea of defeating A. & M., on the twenty-sixth of October—a thing never before dreamed of.

The scene shifts. We are on Wearn Field. The Farmers are stalwart and brawny; Davidson small and scrappy. Outclassed at every angle of the game,

1913 QUIPS & CRANKS 13

A. & M. lucked out a victory. Not one time during the game were the Farmers in twenty yards of our goal, save on the intercepted pass. A badly bruised but joyful team, a smiling Coach, and a jubilant student body boarded Captain Rowland's train for Davidson.

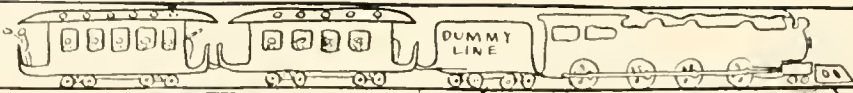
Next came the trip to Lexington. For Napoleon's feelings on his return from Moscow, ask Coach.

The chill, wind-swept hills of Virginia having well-nigh frozen our youthful warriors, it was decided to try Florida's balmy clime. Acting Manager Rampley's personally-conducted tour to the land of Ponce De Leon's paradise was one replete with many adventures. Far be it from us to depart from the prosaic facts of our theme, and as only a vivid imagination could justly describe this trip, we would advise the hibernators to seek a personal interview with those who attended. Suffice it to say, Davidson being many leagues from the coast, and Lake Wiley being decreed dry, we were not accustomed to Water Polo, and that seemed to be what the field was intended for. Some of the outstanding events that might be fitly mentioned here are: Morrow's terrible devastation of oysters; Todd's noble attempt to rechristen the dining-car porter; Rampley's prodigal scattering of currency; and Peter's thrilling dash in Gastonia.

Immediately on their return, the team having recovered, preparations were begun for the Wake Forest game; an account of which will be found on an ensuing page. We might remark in passing that "All's well that ends well."

We feel it to be voicing the sentiments of the student body to express our appreciation of Coach Cook in whipping into shape a green squad that was able to defeat such a team as Wake Forest had on Thanksgiving Day. To express it tritely, he is on the job; and we are looking to him next fall. With our squad in his hands, and under the able leadership of Capt. "Lump" Richardson, we are sure of a successful season.





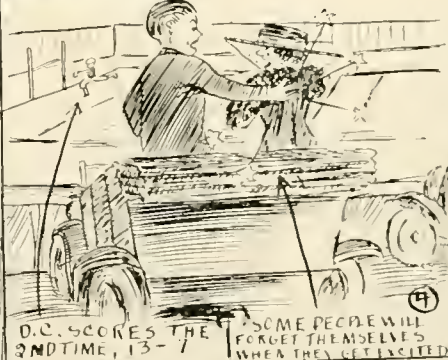
ARRIVE CHARLOTTE AT 1:00 PM.



Thanksgiving Game with W.F.C.

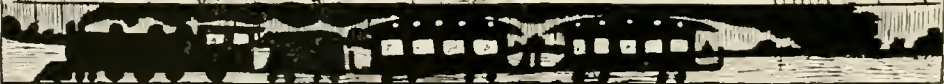
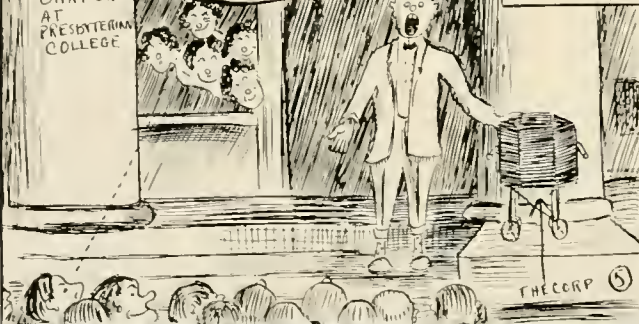


THAT FUNERAL ORATION AT PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE



D.C. SCORES THE 2ND TIME, 13-7

SOME PEOPLE WILL FORGET THEMSELVES WHEN THEY GET EXCITED





Davidson—Wake Forest

THE morning of the twenty-ninth of November dawned cold and cloudy, with a thin layer of snow over everything. This was not very cheering, as doubts began to be expressed as to whether we could meet Wake Forest. But these were soon dispelled by the appearance of the sun and the disappearance of the snow. Then came the awful anxiety and speculation as to the possible outcome of it all.

Immediately after breakfast, the team, accompanied by a small crowd of loyal ones, boarded the first train for Charlotte, while the rest of the student body took the special at noon.

It was a grim, silent, and determined team that took dinner at the Central, and then started on the nerve-racking march to the Y. M. C. A., and began the seemingly interminable wait until time should come to dress and get out to the field. It was plainly up to us. The previous record was not very encouraging, and most of the dope was against us. But it was Wake Forest, the whole student body was down there, and these things often upset the official dope.

Finally, the student body began to roll in, and started inspecting Charlotte, Presbyterian College; and it is said that some of the hardier went as far as Elizabeth, while some amused themselves in other ways more or less innocent in preparation for the afternoon's excitement.

When the usual ante-game stunts were over, various means of transportation were pressed into service, and soon the fellows were assembled in the bleachers, while everywhere was evidence of spirits set forth in one of our popular football songs—

"Win or lose, it's all the same,
We were there to back our team."

But we didn't mean to lose, unless, as someone expressed it in his excitement, a very popular resort somewhere south of Suez should freeze over.

The team arrived in a few minutes, and trotted over to their side of the field. Then Coach called out that day's line-up, and gave a little talk. Then the student body cheered, and the Varsity trotted out on the field and began to run signals, while Wake Forest was being photographed. Somehow the "pep" began to get into both team and students, and was never lacking any more, even after Wake Forest marched for sixty yards and the first touchdown, and kicked goal. If anything, this just increased it a little.

After the Captains and Coaches had arranged the preliminaries, the whistle blew, and both teams took their positions, while their backers cheered lustily. Then followed the game.

At three-thirty the teams came upon the field, cheered by their supporters. Captain Graham won the toss, and chose to defend the south goal. With the yelling hushed and a thousand spectators chilled by the snow and the nervous expectancy, Referee Sampson blew his whistle. Riddick kicked to Davidson's twenty-yard line. The Red and Black began with a rush. Vicious line bucking by Todd and Yates, and off tackle runs by Captain Graham, carried the ball to Wake Forest's forty-yard line. Here the Baptist forwards held, and the ball went over. Amid heartrending cries from the bleachers, Utley and Riddick, with



alternating plunges and quick openings, swept the Presbyterians off their feet, and marched sixty yards for a touchdown, Billings going over left tackle for the score. Riddick punted the ball squarely between the posts for an additional point.

Wake Forest kicked off. Graham returned fifteen yards. End runs by Graham and a successful forward pass carried the ball to Wake Forest's thirty-five yard line. The Baptists braced, and again took the ball on downs. This time Davidson had come into their own, and forced them to kick. Witherington brought the ball back to the center of the field. With the student body pleading for a score, the Red and Black began their victorious march. Time after time the line opened up holes for the hard hitting Todd and the elusive Graham, until the ball was carried to the Wake Forest fifteen-yard line. Here the whistle blew. Score: Wake Forest, seven; Davidson, nothing.

SECOND QUARTER

The teams shifted goals, and it was Davidson's ball on the fifteen-yard line at the South Goal. With renewed energy, and spurred on by the nearness of the goal, the Red and Black began the attack with powerful plunges by Todd and Yates. Short, steady gains were made by Coach Cook's snappy criss-cross, until at one minute of play Todd carried the ball over with a low, powerful plunge in the corner of the field. On the kick out, Yates punted wild, and there was no goal. Despite the loss of this one point, the Presbyterian supporters went wild.

Davidson kicked off, and their speedy ends downed Billings in his tracks. Wake made an attempt around left end, and were thrown for a four-yard loss. On the next play, Phipps broke through and downed Utley before he started. Forced to kick, Riddick got off a beautiful punt. Graham returned five yards. Davidson immediately punted, and Utley returned the ball to the middle of the field. On the first play, Wake Forest fumbled, but recovered. Utley went over left tackle for fifteen yards. Billings made a beautiful pass to Carter, and the Wake Forest contingent did a war dance. In trying to repeat the pass, Captain Graham intercepted the ball, and made a forty-yard run, which will long be remembered in Davidson College athletic annals. Off like a flash of lightning, he gained speed until the secondary defense of Wake Forest had no chance whatever in tackling him—a fitting climax to his dashing football career. The ball was brought out, and Richardson kicked a beautiful goal at a difficult angle.

The Baptists kicked off towards the North Goal. Then occurred a rare incident in football. The pigskin sailed ten yards straight into the hands of Peters, who recovered from the shock, and carried the ball beyond the center of the field on a fifteen-yard run. Davidson was penalized for holding, and Yates kicked twenty-five yards. Billings fumbled, and Davidson recovered. Now began another terrific, smashing game, and a third march for the Baptists' goal. The whistle ended this memorable quarter. Score: Davidson, 13; Wake Forest, 7.

THIRD QUARTER

During the intermission, the Davidson student body, two hundred strong, began a combination funeral dirge and lockstep around the gridiron, until the referee blew the whistle.

Davidson defended the South Goal. McQueen kicked off, and Riddick brought the ball back ten yards. Short end runs by Utley and Billings brought the ball to Davidson's thirty-five yard line, where Richardson recovered a fumble. Graham tried an end run, and

19 QUIPS & CRANKS 13

punted. Billings fumbled, and Cosby recovered. After several exchanges of punts, in which Yates had the better of Riddick, Booe was sent into the game. Here was the Wake Forest Jonah, and the Baptist bleacherites set up a groan. A forward pass, Booe to Graham, netted fifteen yards, and the ball was on Wake Forest's twenty-five yard line. Booe essayed a drop, but the ball went wild, and was given to Wake Forest on their twenty-yard line. Wake Forest, driven to desperation, began a brilliant advance, and the ball was carried to the middle of the field. Here the Red and Black line held like a wall, and the ball went over. Booe made a brilliant, elusive run for eighteen yards, and the ball was on Wake Forest's thirty-yard line when the whistle blew. Score: Davidson College, 13; Wake Forest, 7.

FOURTH QUARTER

At the beginning of the last period, the Wake Forest warriors seemed to have taken a brace. Booe attempted another pass, while Billings came near repeating Graham's stunt, only to be cut down by a beautiful flying tackle by Booe. Riddick and Utley began another dash until the ball was carried to Davidson's thirty-yard line. Here Wake Forest attempted a triple pass, which was ruined by Graham's splendid headwork. Davidson took the ball when the pass went out of bounds, and Yates punted out of danger. Wake Forest could not gain consistently, and the ball went over on downs. A fast end run by Booe, with a gain by Graham, carried the ball well into Wake Forest's territory. It seemed that the Presbyterians would score again, but time was fast slipping by, and after a short buck by Todd the final whistle blew. Score: thirteen to seven in favor of Davidson.

There was not a dull moment in the game, and every spectator left Wearn Field satisfied that they had seen a death struggle between two evenly-matched teams.

Well, it was over; and everybody happy except Wake Forest—rather a cross between a Bull Moose rally and an English Suffragette demonstration. After cheering for everybody and everything, a yelling, jubilant, hilarious procession was formed, headed by four solemn pallbearers, with a coffin in which was tenderly laid Wake Forest's hope of defeating Davidson in football. This parade headed up South Tryon Street, and disbanded at Presbyterian College, while the young men betook themselves, some back to Davidson and others elsewhere. So here's to you, Wake Forest! You played a good game, and beating you was work. May we meet you at Thanksgiving for many years to come. And here's hoping also that the right end of the score stays at Davidson.



The Care

DC 13
WF 7



The Senior Football Team

LOWRANCE	Captain	WILKINSON	Manager
	PHIPPS and WOLFE	Coaches	
WEARN and ELDER	Ends	CORBETT and MATTISON	Tackles
ARROWOOD and PHILLIPS	Guards	MCLEOD	Center
	DUBOSE	Quarterback	
MINTER and JAMISON	Halfbacks	LOWRANCE	Fullback
SIMMONS, LONG, FERRAN, McDUFFIE	Substitutes		

T
 HE Seniors were considerably handicapped this year by a lack of material. In fact, it looked at one time as if they would not be able to put out a team at all. But they finally got their old-time snap and ginger, and put out a team that did them credit, and made the Juniors hustle for the cup. Credit should be given to Coaches Wolfe, Phipps, and Van-Devanter, while the playing of Corbett and Captain Lowrance also deserves special mention.



Junior Football Team

(Champions 1913)

ELLIOTT, H. L.....	Captain	ROBERSON	Manager and Coach
THACKER, WOODS, AND JAMES.....			Ends
ELLIOTT, A. H., and COUSAR	Tackles	MCGREGOR and JOHNSTON.....	Guards
BAILEY and CALDWELL.....	Centers	ELLIOTT, H. L.....	Quarterback
MOORE, HALTIWANGER, and RUMPLE.....			Halfbacks
PHARR			Fullback

HIDE, you cup! once more bloody '14 has trampled everything in the red mud of Sprunt Field. What interference! Enough to win any class game. Starting like a small ripple, they developed into a wave which swept the Fresh off their feet in the last game. The back field, led by Captain Elliott, and ably supported by Pharr, together with the commendable coaching of Zeb Roberson, were the chief factors in the score making.



Soph Football Team

S. K. NASH.....	Captain
G. W. CARR.....	Manager
BOOE, HOWELL	Coaches
BOGGS, ROBINSON	Ends
CARR, NASH	Tackles
HARKEY, PATRICK	Guards
SANDIFER	Center
MCDONALD	Quarterback
KLUTTZ, CARRIKER	Halfbacks
BELK	Full-back
GILCHRIST, PAYNE	Substitutes

WITH all the stars of the year before wearing Varsity or scrub letters, the Sophs had only a squad of light, green material. Despite this handicap, they were defeated by only one touchdown in each game. Nash, Carr, Carter, and McDonald deserve special mention.



Fresh Football Team

RHYNE	Captain	HICKS	Manager
GRAHAM			Coach
CRANFORD, MOORE, AND RHYNE.....			Ends
MULLEN, McLEAN, and McKENZIE.....			Tackles
EDGERTON, CRAIG, AND DANIELS.....			Guards
WAKEFIELD			Center
CRAWFORD			Quarterback
MINTER AND McKINNON.....			Halfbacks
WILSON			Fullback

CONTRARY to all expectations, the well-coached Fresh team defeated the Sophs, Seniors, and then tied the Juniors—only to be defeated by the champions in the last game. The credit of this marvelous showing must be given to Coach Graham, who instilled into them a great fighting spirit. McKinnon, Rhyne, Wilson, and McLean deserve special mention.



All-Class Football Team

RHYNE, '16	End
THACKER, '14.....	End
CORBETT, '13.....	Tackle
CARR, '15.....	Tackle
JOHNSTON, '14.....	Guard
WAKEFIELD, '16.....	Guard
MCLEOD, '13.....	Center
ELLIOTT, '14	Quarterback
PHARR, '14.....	Halfback
LOWRANCE, '13.....	Halfback
McKINNON, '16.....	Fullback
MATTISON, CRANFORD, MINTER.....	Substitutes

CLASS SCORES

Seniors	0	Freshmen	9
Juniors	7	Sophs	0
Seniors	7	Sophs	0
Juniors	0	Fresh	0
Sophs	0	Fresh	7
Seniors	6	Juniors	13

CHAMPIONSHIP GAME

Juniors	18	Freshmen	8
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Captains, Managers, and Coaches

(For the last sixteen years)

Football

YEAR	CAPTAIN	MANAGER	COACH
1894-95	McDOWELL, J. D.	MATTHEWS, C. S.	
1896-97	HARRISON, E. H.	HENDERSON, P. F.	
1899-00	HEURTE, C. W.	SMITH, REED	
1900-01	FITZPATRICK, R. M.	SHERARD, S. B.	BREWIN, J. A.
1901-02	CALDWELL, M. M.	McCONNELL, J. W.	BREWIN, J. A.
1902-03	CALDWELL, M. M.	SPRATT, F. K.	BREWIN, J. A.
1903-04	HUTCHISON	PENICK, G. A.	BREWIN, J. A.
1904-05	McKAY, W., FETZER	BEALLE, S. G.	WILLIAMS, C. R.
1906-07	McCoy, H. W.	BOGGS, W. H.	GRAHAM, R. S.
1907-08	EDGERTON, N. B.	PHARR, W. W.	{ GRAHAM, R. S.
1908-09	ELLIOTT, W. A.	McRAE, J. A.	{ POLLARD, J. V.
1909-10	KLUTTZ, D., DUNN, L.	LYNCH, D. A.	{ LEVINE, J. H.
1910-11	KLUTTZ, D.	BARRON, J. R.	{ SIMMONS, F. M.
1911-12	BOOE, E. L.	BOSWELL, H. R.	{ ELLIOTT, W. A.
1912-13	GRAHAM, E. H.	DuBOSE, P. W.	{ SIMMONS, F. M.
			HOLLADAY
			COOK, W. T.

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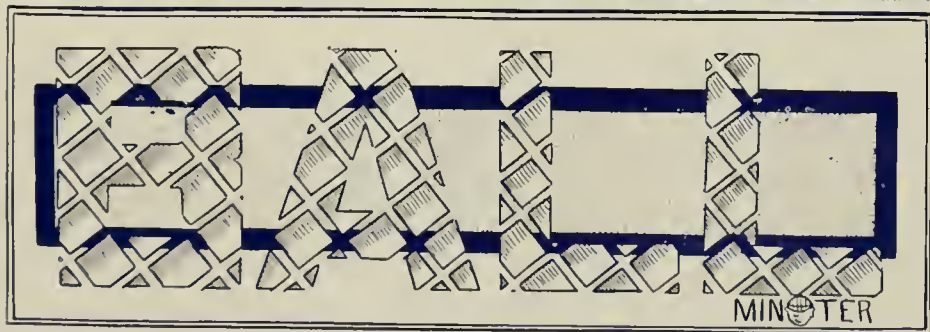
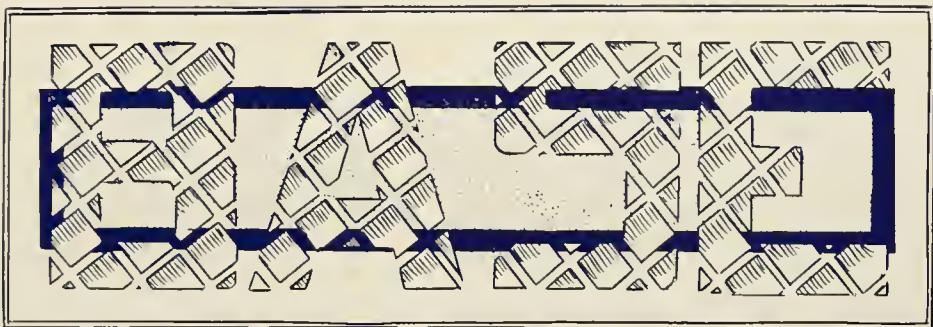
Baseball

YEAR	CAPTAIN	MANAGER	COACH
1894-95	BOWMANN, A. P.	DODGE, F. W.	
1896-97	SMITH, H. C.	WOODSIDE, J. D.	
1899-00	WHARTON	CELY, S. L.	
1900-01	BROWN, J. D.	WATT, W.	
1901-02	BAILEY, J. S.	SPRATT, F. K.	BREWIN, J. A.
1902-03	KIRKPATRICK, W. H.	MILLS, A. L.	
1903-04	YOUNT, E.	BOWMAN, H. E.	
1904-05	BAILEY, W. T.	BEALLE, S. G.	WILLIAMS, C. R.
1906-07	GUERRANT, W. U.	FETZER, R. A.	GRAHAM
1907-08	SHERRILL, E. A.	McDOWELL, R.	POLLARD, J. V.
1908-09	CLARK, C. S.	EDGERTON, N. B.	BARR, H.
1909-10	CLARK, C. S.	SHARPE, F. A.	BARR, H.
1910-11	KLUTTZ, DEWITT	MOORE, J. P.	GARMAN
1911-12	GRAHAM, E. H.	McCANTS, C. S.	GUERRANT, W. U.
1912-13	GRAHAM, E. H.	WILKINSON, L. H.	COOK, W. T.



Athletic Managers

P. W. DuBOISE.....	Football
G. A. HOWELL.....	Basket-Ball
J. W. S. GILCHRIST.....	Track
L. H. WILKINSON.....	Baseball

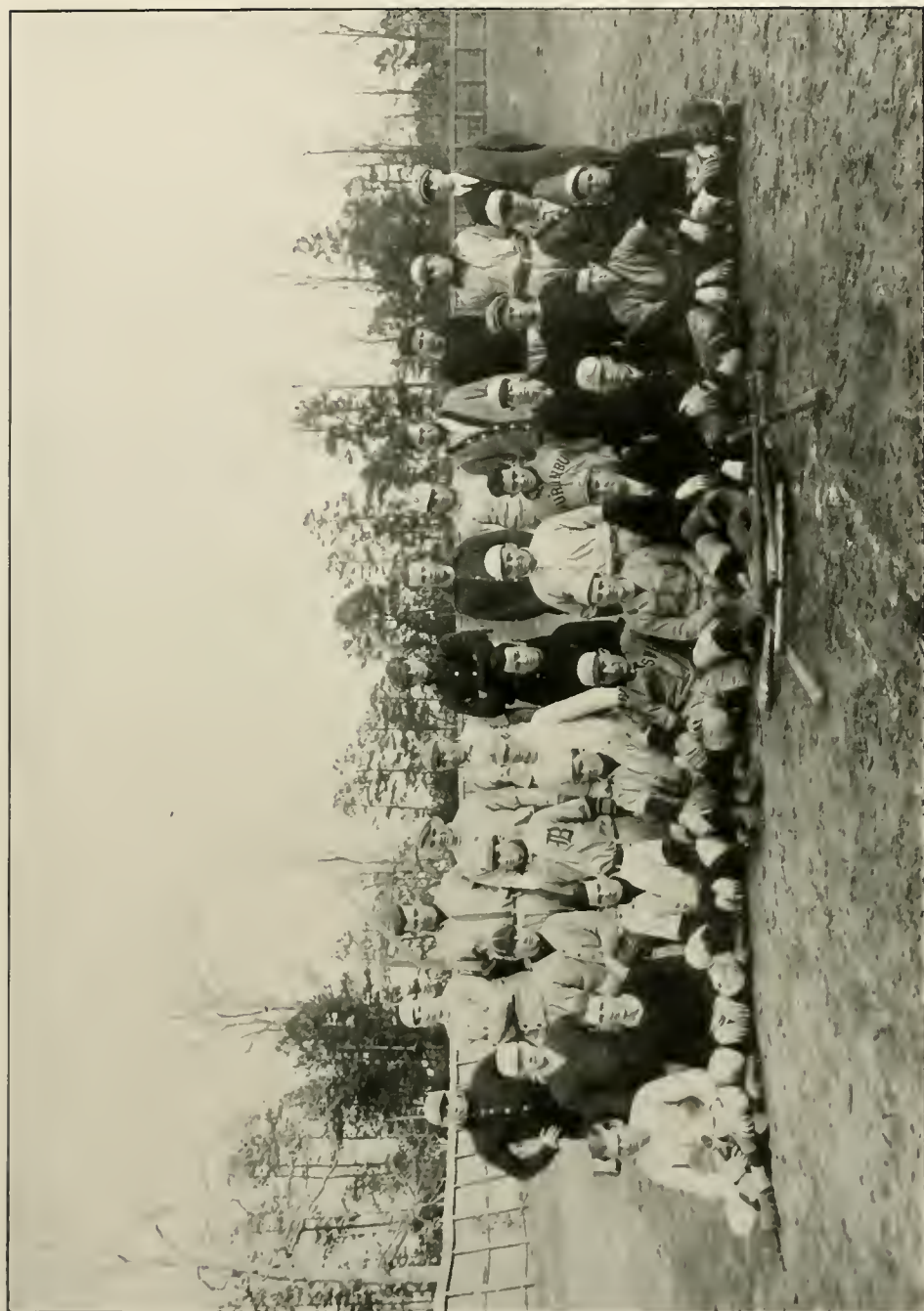




Varsity Baseball Team, 1912

W. U. GUERRANT	Coach
C. S. McCANTS	Manager
E. H. GRAHAM	Captain
PILARR	First Base
WHITENER	Second Base
BOSWELL	Shortstop
McCANTS	Third Base
KLUTTZ	Left Field
GRAHAM	Center Field
RICHARDSON	Right Field
SILER	Pitchers
BELL	
OSTEEN	
WOLFE	
ELLIOTT	Catchers
MORRIS	
YATES, CRAYTON	Utility





BASEBALL SQUAD



A Word in Advance

Season of 1913

WHEN Coach Cook issued the first call for baseball candidates this Spring, forty embryo-leaguers responded promptly, together with a few veterans. When these husky youngsters began to limber up and get their eye on the ball, the word was passed around the Campus that things were looking good this year. The scribes have interviewed the Coach, but he is as silent as Woodrow Wilson; so we have to prophesy a little on our own account. And as a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, we are planning to move. With the inspiration furnished by the big leaguers, Cashion and Booe, together with their material age and coaching, we hope to instill a spirit into this team like that of yore. If fighting spirit and tenacity will aid us, we are sure that Captain Graham is the man to lead us through a victorious season.

Of last year's squad, we have Graham, Whitener, Klutz, Bell, Osteen, Elliott, Crayton, Wolfe, and Howell. Among the most promising youngsters are Witherington, Brown, Morrow and Alford. Manager Wilkinson's confidence in the team is well proved by the long and rather difficult schedule that he has arranged. Here's hoping that it may be a successful one.

+ + +

Baseball Schedule

SEASON OF 1913



March 21—Catawba College, at Davidson.
 March 22—Buffalo League Team, at Davidson.
 March 24—Winston League Team, at Winston.
 March 25—University of South Carolina, at Columbia.
 March 26—University of South Carolina, at Columbia.
 March 27—Wofford College, at Spartanburg.
 March 28—Oak Ridge, at Davidson.
 March 31—Elon College, at High Point.
 April 1—A. and M., at Raleigh.
 April 5—University of North Carolina, at Charlotte.
 April 7—Guilford College, at Greensboro.
 April 8—Wake Forest College, at Wake Forest.
 April 9—University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill.
 April 12—A. and M., at Charlotte.
 April 14—Trinity College, at Durham.
 April 15—Washington and Lee University, at Lexington.
 April 16—Washington and Lee University, at Lexington.
 April 17—University of Virginia, at Charlottesville.
 April 22—Wake Forest College, at Davidson.
 April 29—Trinity College, at Concord.
 April 30—Virginia Polytechnic Institute, at Davidson.
 May 7—Wofford College, at Davidson.



Lest We Forget

- 1910—Richardson's touchdown against North Carolina.
- 1910—Davidson College, 53; South Carolina, 0.
- 1910—Booe's fifty-yard punting against Wake Forest in Charlotte.
- 1911—Tabor's home run with three bases full at Durham.
- 1911—Boswell's home run against South Carolina at Greenwood.
- 1911—Cashion struck out fourteen men, and gave up three hits, against A. and M.—and lost.
- 1911—Richardson makes sixty-yard run against North Carolina, repeating in some respects his feat of the year previous.
- 1911—Booe's sixty-five yard run through the whole South Carolina team at Columbia.
- 1911—Williford's forty yard run on an attempted pass against Alabama at Birmingham.
- 1912—Graham's base-running against Wake Forest on the Hill.
- 1912—Peter's catch on kick-off in Charlotte.
- 1912—Graham intercepts Wake Forest's pass, and runs sixty-five yards for touchdown.
- 1913—!!!!???



ATHLETIC FIELD



F. L. FULLER	Captain
J. W. S. GILCHRIST	Manager
W. T. COOK	Coach

Track

THE track season for the Spring of 1912 could hardly be called a failure. We were represented at one meet, the State Meet at Raleigh, where we were against such competitors as Carolina under the coaching of "Bloody Nat" Cartmell, Wake Forest, and A. and M. Well, we went to Raleigh, looked 'em over, and—well, we didn't "tail-end"; but don't press us for further information.

But most of us are back at it again this year, and with the addition of several promising new men, things look brighter in this department than they have for quite a while. We are fortunate in having Mr. W. T. Cook as coach this year, and with his valuable assistance and hearty co-operation on the part of the squad we should be able to give a good account of ourselves in the meets this year. The schedule has not been quite completed, but so far we have meets with the Charlotte Y. M. C. A. at Davidson; S. C. P. C. at Clinton; South Carolina at Columbia; and probably Wake Forest in Charlotte.

† † †

State Track Meet

100 Yards.....	FULLER, GILCHRIST, and WILLIFORD
220 Yards.....	FULLER and WILLIFORD
440 Yards.....	NIGELS and WHITE
880 Yards.....	WHITE and DuBOSE
Mile	BOYD and RANSOM
Two Miles.....	BOYD
High Jump	JOHNSON
Pole Vault.....	DuBOSE
120-Yard Hurdles	THOMPSON
220-Yard Hurdles	GILCHRIST and WILLIFORD





TRACK TEAM



BASKETBALL



Varsity Basket-Ball Team

W. T. COOK.....	Coach	G. A. HOWELL.....	Manager
L. WHITE.....	Captain		
WHITE.....	Left Forward	BOOE.....	Right Forward
CARSON, CASHION	Center		
HOWELL	Left Guard	SPRUNT	Right Guard

Varsity Basket-Ball Schedule—1912-13

Davidson vs. Asheville Y. M. C. A.	
Davidson vs. Asheville School	Davidson vs. Wake Forest
Davidson vs. University of North Carolina	
Davidson vs. A. and M.	



Varsity Basketball Team



Class Basket-Ball Teams

† † †

Senior Basket-Ball Team

J. T. WEARN.	... Captain
W. C. JAMISON..	...Manager
MINTER AND JAMISON	Forwards
BOOE	Center
WEARN AND SIMMONS	Guards
FERRAN	Utility

Junior Basket-Ball Team

F. J. HAY.	...Captain
R. F. BROWNLEE.Manager
HAY AND GIBBON.	Forwards
HALTIWANGER	Center
RUMPLE AND WOODS.	Guards
BROWNLEE Utility

† † †

Soph Basket-Ball Team

J. C. McDONALDCaptain
J. S. GILCHRIST.....	...Manager
McDONALD AND ROBERTS.....	Forwards
ROBINSON	Center
GILCHRIST AND O'CONNELL.....	Guards
BELK	Utility

Fresh Basket-Ball Team

CARSONManager
CURRYCaptain
CARSON AND MACK.	Forwards
CURRY	Center
EDGERTON AND RHYNE.. ...	Guards

† † †

All-Class Basket-Ball Team

HAY AND McDONALD.....	Forwards
BOOE	Center
RUMPLE	Utility
WEARN AND RHYNE.....	Guards



SENIOR BASKET-BALL TEAM



JUNIOR BASKET-BALL TEAM



SOPHOMORE BASKET-BALL TEAM



FRESHMAN BASKET-BALL TEAM



Wrestlers' Club

W. T. COOK, *Coach*

HILL, F. A.

HILL, T. M.

McCASKILL

BOSWELL

BOGGS

RHYNE

WHITE, R. C.

COPELAND



Boxers' Club

W. T. COOK, *Couch*

SIMMONS

OSTEEN

DANIELS

CORBETT

TROTTER

KLUTTZ

HILL, T. M.

HILL, F. A.

CARSON



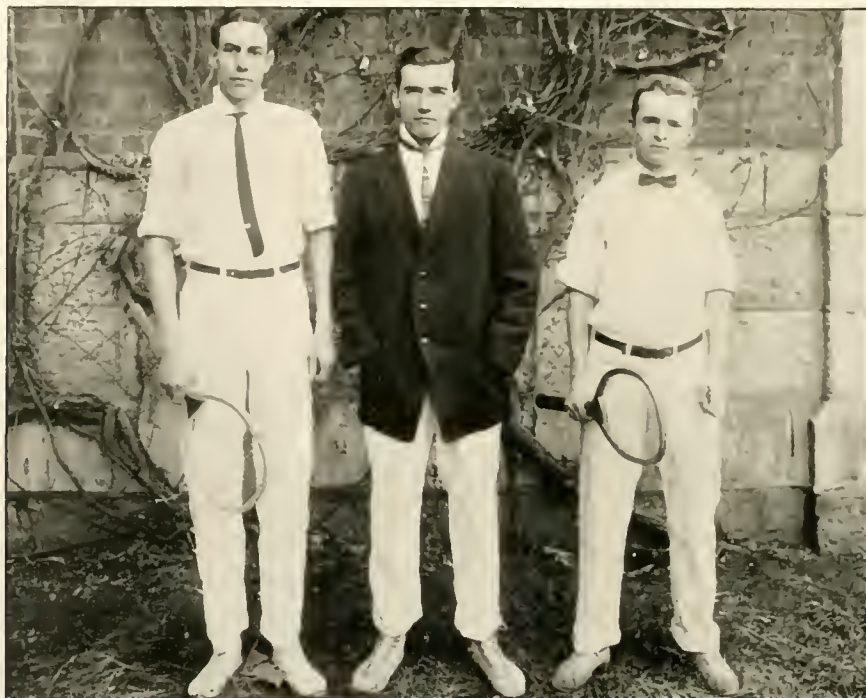
Tennis Club

O. S. CRAWFORD. *President*
 J. W. WILLIAMSON..... *Manager*
 J. R. MINTER, JR..... *Assistant Manager*



MEMBERS

JOHNSON
 DuBOSE
 PIM
 RATCHFORD
 BAILEY
 CRAWFORD, O. S.
 BELL
 CALDWELL, M. H.
 JAMES
 MINTER, H. R.
 WILLIAMSON, J. W.
 RAMPLEY
 MINTER, J. R.
 ARCHER
 SPRUNT
 THOMPSON, P. F.
 TURRENTINE
 TROTTER
 CRAWFORD, Z. J.
 SANDIFER
 BOWMAN
 CARSON, W. C.
 KERR, W. C. D.
 WOODS

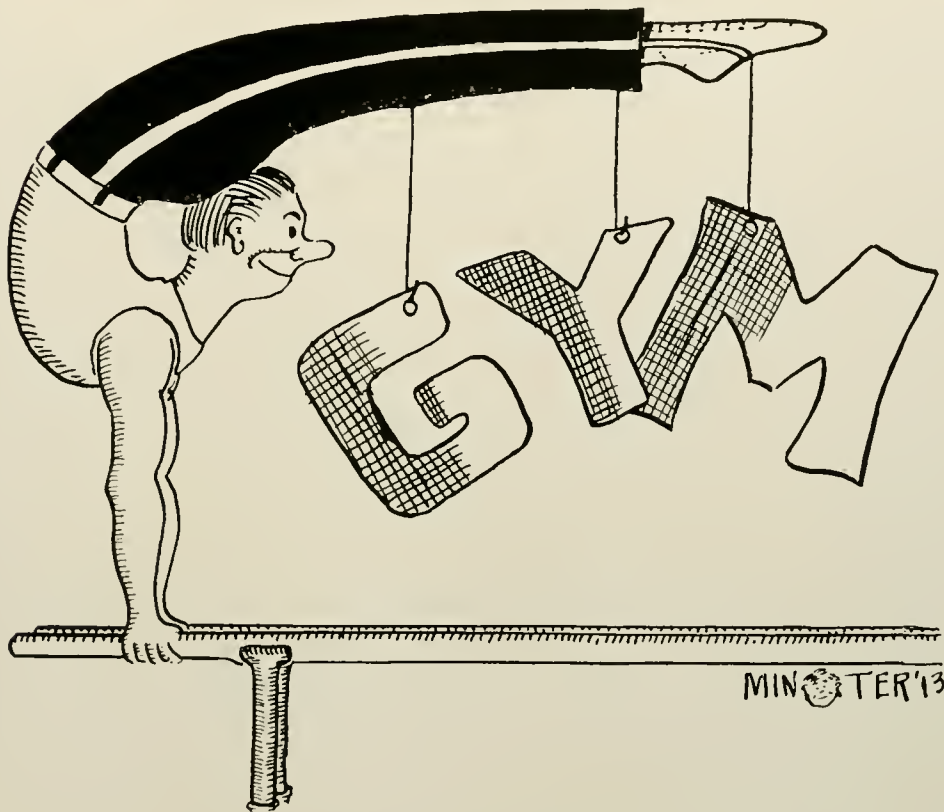


Tennis

AS is the custom each year, the tennis tournament is held in October, allowing everyone to get in some practice during the month of September. The tournament this year was very interesting and hotly contested. White and Crawford finally winning out in doubles. In the single tournament, which immediately followed, some very spirited playing was indulged in, until Crawford, who has held the championship for the two years previous, succeeded in winning again.

In November, an intercollegiate meet was held with Erskine on the home courts which proved disastrous for Davidson, Erskine winning by a decisive score, capturing both the doubles and singles. In the Spring, games with two South Carolina colleges are contemplated, and also with two or three colleges in North Carolina.

Pim, who was runner-up in the tournament, has taken the place of White. This combination of the long and the short should be able to overcome former weaknesses. There has been a marked increase in interest in regard to tennis in the several past seasons, and with our improved equipment we hope to win some honors for old Davidson in this line of sport.



Varsity Gymnasium Team

OFFICERS

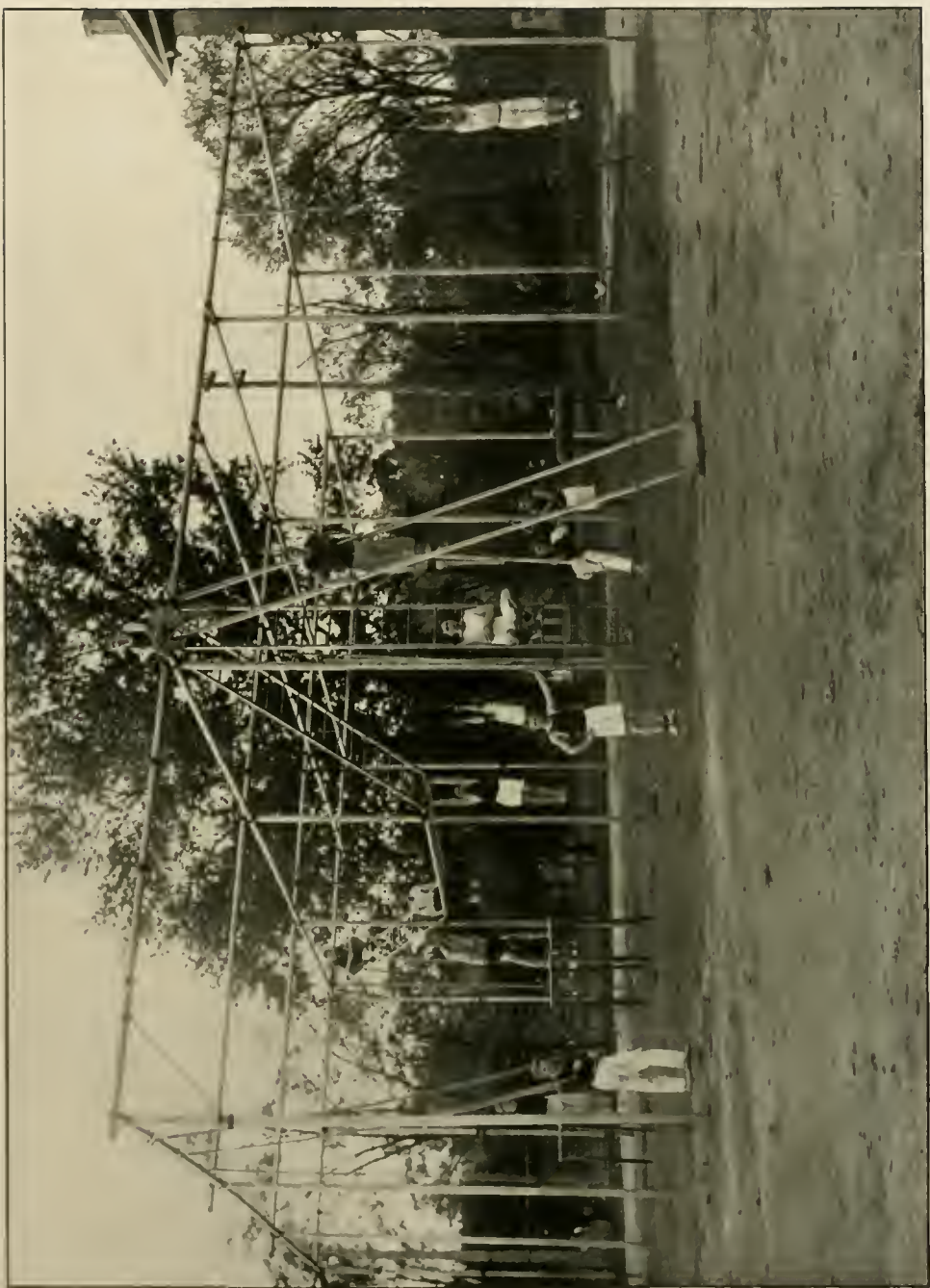
J. G. THACKER, '14 ——— Captain J. R. MINTER, '13..... ——— Manager
W. T. COOK.....Coach

TEAM

J. B. BELK, '15 J. E. CARTER, '15
E. C. MURRAY, '14 T. R. McNEILL, '16
W. L. BOGGS, '15 J. W. S. GILCHRIST, '15
J. R. MINTER, '13 J. G. THACKER, '14



GYMNASIUM TEAM





Wearers of the "D"

Football

CASHION COSBY GRAHAM
HOWELL McQUEEN PETERS
RICHARDSON TODD PHIPPS
WOLFE PHARR YATES BOOE

Baseball

CASHION GRAHAM WHITENER
KLUTTZ RICHARDSON McCANTS
SILER PHARR BOSWELL
BOOE

Track

GILCHRIST CASHION
DUBOSE FULLER

+ + +

"D. C." Men

Football

ANDERSON BROWNLEE CAMPBELL
CLARY FULLER HOWELL
McWHIRTER MORROW O'CONNELL
ROBERSON SALLY THOMPSON
VAN DEVANTER WHITE WITHERINGTON
CUNNINGHAM

Baseball

CRAYTON ELLIOTT DUNN
HOWELL WHITE YATES
OSTEEN BELL BARRY WOLFE



My Heart Doth

Break, break, break

At thy great barred doors, P. C.!

And I would that my eyes might witness

My college divinity.

O, well for the messenger boy,

For telegrams carry he may!

O well for the old fruit man

Who peddles there ev'ry day!

The faculty stern look on

As under thy gray walls I sigh;

But oh, for the wave of a daring hand,

And the wink of a womanly eye!

Break, break, break,

Thy restricting rules, P. C.!

But minus permission it's useless to try.

So it's back to D. C. for me.



THE COLLEGE LEXICON FOR HOME USE

A FOOLISH AND FRANTIC COMPILATION
OF
DAVIDSON SLANG
FOR
THE APPRECIATIVE DISGUST OF
IGNORANT FRIENDS AND RELATIVES

DISTRIBUTED FREE

PERPETRATED
BY SOME LAZY BONEHEAD WHO HAD
NOTHING ELSE TO DO, AND
PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF
THE ENGLISH COURSE
AT D. C.

HIGHLY
COMMEDED AND RECOMMENDED

REVISED EDITION



A

ALLEY *n*—Commonly called "The Alley" or "H. Alley." A floor in Main Building where congenial spirits congregate, pray, sing, and plot.

B

BIT *n*—12½ cents, as, "lend me two *bits*."

BITE *v*—To seize gullibly. Sometimes used in the passive sense, as, "*to get bit*."

BLOW *v*—(1) To exude gas of a high temperature, as, "Listen to him *blow*."

(2) To squander, to waste, as, "Gee, but he *blows* it in."

BONE *v*—To crack hard and 'aboriously.

BONER *n*—One who bones.

BONEHEAD *n*—One who has to bone; a knight of the solid ivory.

BOOTLICK *v*—To assiduously bow down to.

BOOTLICKER *n*—One who bootlicks.

BOP *v*—To be thrown, as, "He *hopped* me on that re-exam."

BULL *v*—(This word originated with our former President, who put the *bull* in the Bulletin.) To hand out dope, as, "*to bull the prof*."

BULL *n*—The line of dope handed out.

BULL ARTIST *n*—An adept in the art of bull-slinging.

BUST *v*—To fail, to flunk, as, "I *busted* on Polit."

BURN *v*—To get scorched; usually in the sense "I got *burnt*."

C

CALICO *n*—(Genus, homo; gender, feminine.) A marvelous and bewitching creature. (See *Flossie*.)

CANDIDATE *n*—A traveler of the straight and narrow path. Antonym, *mora' leper*.

CINCH *n*—A snap; something easily grasped. Commonly used with the adjective, *leadpipe*, as, "Prep. Greek is a *leadpipe* cinch."

CRACK *v*—To open for the purpose of seeing the interior. Much used by studs in the expression, "haven't *cracked* a lid."

COLD FEET *n*—A disease marked by the lack of courage, and especially prevalent before football games. The adjective, *cold-footed*, is frequently used.

CRAM *v*—To stuff hurriedly, as, "I'm *cramming* Greek."

CRIP *n*—Superlative degree of *cinch*. See *cinch*.

CUT *v*—To slight, to skip, hence to miss, as, "Let's *cut* Chapel."

CUTTER *n*—One who cuts a figure. (For emphasis a *p* is sometimes placed before, as *p-cutter* or *p.-c.*)



D

DIG *v*—To delve, to crack with a vim, hence to *bone*.

DOPE *n*—(1) Coco-cola.

(2) Bombastic garrulity, inflated loquacity, bull.

DOPE *v*—To bull.

DUMMY *n*—(1) Something to be tackled.

(2) A less emphatic form of *bouthead*.

DUMP *v*—To fiendishly disturb one's horizontal position between the sheets—
a pastime peculiar to Sophomores.

E

EASE *v*—To slip one over. Very effectively used thus: "I kinder *cased* one over on you, kid."

ET *v*—A term used in Senior Bible, synonymous with *ate*.

EAT *v*—To grate, to annoy, to bore, as, "He *eats* on me."

F

FIRE *n*—An interjection used to denote the presence of *calico*.

FLUNK *v*—To throw, to pitch, to make below the pass mark, as, "He *flunked* me."

FLOSSIE *n*—A much-prized and rare specimen of femininity which appears in great droves Commencement and Junior Speaking.

FALL *v*—(See *flunk*.)

G

GAS *n*—Highly generated matter of remarkable emptiness.

GIBE *v*—To break off in, as, "Cut your *gibing*."

GIBE *n*—An incisive remark.

GIBER *n*—One who indulges in *gibing*. (See second door to the left as you enter Chambers.)

GOAT *n*—Indefinable, but commonly used in the expression—"She gets my *goat*."
Angora is synonymous.

GREASE *v*—To anoint. Generally used with "slide under."

GRIND *v*—To bone.

H

HOT AIR *n*—(See *gas* and *dope* 2.)



J

JACK *n*—That which one rides. Synonyms: pony, handy literal, interlinear (See Hinds & Noble).

JACK *v*—To ride a *jack*.

JIT *n*—Five cents.

K

KNOCK DOWN *v*—To introduce to, as, "*knock me down* to that *Flossie*."

L

LADY-KILLER *n*—Heart-smasher, dead-game sport. (For further information, see Cute Williamson.)

LID *n*—(1) A book, as, "I haven't cracked a *lid*."

(2) A hat, a skypiece, as, "That's some *lid* you are pulling off on us."

LOOSEN UP *v*—To be liberal, as, "*Loosen up*, and let's go to Skit's."

M

MASH *n*—An impression made on the feelings of the opposite sex; as "He's made some *mash* on her."

MORAL LEPER *n*—One who defiles the moral atmosphere with immoral intonations. (Specimen exceedingly rare, and fast becoming extinct.)

N

NIFTY *adj*—Nobby, natty.

O

OPEN UP *v*—(See *loosen up*).

P

PASS *v*—To get through, not to *flunk*; as "He *passed* Soph. Math."

PEACH *n*—(1) A variety of fruit generally seen at Junior Speaking.

(2) A term applied to anyone or anything especially good in its line.

PEP *n*—Spirit, enthusiasm; something lacking in most College undertakings.

PIMP *n*—A term applied to pusillanimous masculinity; as "He's a *pimp*."

PIPPIN *n*—(See *peach*).

PITCH *v*—To throw, to cause to flunk.

PLUNK *n*—A wheel, a bone, a *simolcon*; eight bits; as "Lend me three *plunks*."

PREP *n*—Title applied to certain instructors; as *Prep*, Davis.

adj—A department of College for the mentally feeble.

PUNK *adj*—Bum, unworthy its price of admission.

R

RIDE *v*—To use a *jock* or *pony* (For particulars, see F. W. Price).

RIPSNORT *v*—To excel, to go South.

RUSH *v*—To pay special attention to someone. Sometimes used as substantive; as "He gave her a grand *rush*."



S

SHOOT *v*—To answer correctly on class; as "He *shot* the wadding out of Dr. —." Sometime used in opposite sense as "He got *shot*." This use is rare, however.

SKIN *v*—To get through by a narrow margin.

SOAK *v*—To borrow or collect from, as "He *soaked* me for two bits." Sometimes used in card games, as "He's *soaking* his chips."

SNIPE *n*—(1) A bird of wily inclinations.

(2) A term applied to those who give chase to this coy fowl.

(3) Snipe Turner.

SPIEL *v*—To expel *hot air*; to indulge in *bull*.

SPOT *n*—A section or question loved of yore by professors for reviews or exams; as "That's a sure *spot* in Chemistry."

STING *v*—(Used in sense of to *get stung*, meaning to *get b't*, to *get left*).

STUD *n*—One especially good in anything; as "Powman sure is a *stud* in Astronomy."

STUGER *n*—Slang for *stud*.

STUNT *n*—A characteristic act.

T

THROW *v*—To pitch, to cause to fail; as "He *threw* me on Bible."

TIGHTWAD *n*—One who never *loosens up*; one of miserly inclinations.

Z

ZIP *n*—(1) A thick, black, viscous fluid. Highly indigestible, and the mainstay of P. C.

(2) Zip Watkins.









The Houseboat on the Styx

IT was the fourth of July, 2050, and the Houseboat, sailing smoothly on the Styx, with a fair breeze behind her, was gaily bedecked with Stars and Stripes. My shade was chattering and shimmering on the bank, but it was some time before the captain of the Houseboat caught my signal.

Imagine my delight on finding that the antedated Charon had been supplanted by Holtzelaw, who stood prominently upon the deck sending out his smile to greet me across the waters, a smile still fiendish, and uncanny now, especially as being on the pale face of the shade. Nevertheless, the face was familiar, and my shade rejoiced at the meeting. They embraced as only shades may, though I turned my eyes ever to avoid this new Charon's grin.

A door opened somewhere on the boat, and a series of ear-splitting yells and whoops rent the air.

"What on earth?" cried I.

"That H. Alley bunch again," said Holtzelaw; "they smile so very loud."

"Indeed, those were rather healthy grins," I replied.

"You may hear them day and night," said Holtzelaw.

After I had paid my fare—and indeed I paid liberally, for that bank where I'd been waiting was so grimy, and dark, and chilly, and oozy—the proud captain led me to the reception-rooms.

"Those are two authorities on the constitution of the United States," my kind guide told me.

Looking into the room I saw two shades in high wrangle. One was Benjamin Franklin; the other a classmate of mine, Socrates Williams.

"Ben, old boy," I overheard Soc say; "you played thunder with that constitution you made, you and those other guys. It's the most tarnacious mess of junk I ever saw."

"Soc," said Benjamin; "I did my best. I confess we might have beat it if you had been there to give us a little constitutional bull, but bygones are bygones, my lad, and you and I did the best we could by our nation."

Passing on, we came to a very classical-looking room, wherein sat two Greek students. One I recognized as Homer; the other as Robert Guthrie.

"*Kai ôs*," I heard Homer venture forth on a sentence of conversation.

"Wait, wait," said Guthrie; "what does that first word mean?"

"I thought you knew Greek," said Homer, much displeased at an interruption so early in his speech.

"Indeed, I do," replied Guthrie; "but one can fail to know one word occasionally, can't he?"

"Well," said Homer; "that first word means 'and'; now to continue, *kai ôs*—"

"Wait, wait," cried Guthrie; "I hate to interrupt again, but what does that second word mean?"



"Now, now, now—" sighed Homer, "this is ridiculous: *es* means—"

But here we were interrupted by a couple of ladies who came slipping down the hall like a whirlwind, in a word combat.

"Miss Kerr and Cleopatra," whispered Holtzclaw: "quarreling over the attentions of poor old Bill Taft."

"Indeed, I'm more fascinating," Cleopatra was saying

"But what a lovely smile I have!" said Miss Kerr.

Passing on, we ran across another acquaintance of mine, and really the wit here exhibited, contrasted to that which had occurred to the shame of my college mate, was uplifting. Cicero sat in a mission-furniture settle, holding the hand of Madame Murphy.

"My dear," said he: "how did you like my last oration at Wilson's inauguration?"

"Why it was perfectly absurd and preposterous," said he. "You don't know the rudiments of Latin. Why, in the first sentence you missed two cases; in the fifteenth sentence you left out one letter on your verb; and in the last sentence of the conclusion you had a plural verb following a singular noun."

And Cicero hung his head. I gloried in my schoolmate, the product of my Alma Mater. Holtzclaw and I then gave fifteen "Rahs" for Davidson, at which Dr. Johnson was much bored, but Roosevelt was much pleased, and grinned profusely, as did also Josephus and Philip of Macedon.

Someone whose face was invitingly familiar passed by yelling out the advertisement of a hammer throw for the afternoon between Cashion and Hercules. The herald came nearer, and I recognized "Donkey," and in his hand was a cuspidor into which he requested that all bacilli be deposited. Alfred the Great rolled a quid of "Kind Pa chews" to his left jaw, and spat long and loud, begging pardon of Sister Bowman, whose modesty was much shocked. I noticed Xantippe rise and leave the room in disgust, whispering very loudly to her seatmate, Madame de Stael, that such things were not done in public when she was a girl.

Socrates looked much frightened. "Oh— tonight—" he groaned; "my dear friend, Miss Carrie Nation, do appease her."

We sat down then to a meal of ambrosia *à la* Ganymede, and Georgia yams, at devouring which Mr. Joe Watkins and Fletcher ran a close race.

I could hear Enoch Faw and Harriman conversing near me.

"Enoch," said the railroad magnate: "there is nothing quite so indicative of business genius as railroad managing."

"Huh," replied Enoch, "you never ran a Soph. Banquet, I presume?"

At the hammer throw that afternoon, the boat party were out in fullest costume. Mr. Joe Watkins escorted Lucretia Borgia. Shakespeare danced attendance to Miss Veal. Mr. Cooper, with hat in hand—that his flowing locks might be seen by all—sat with Mary Queen of Scots. Several persons near him held up fans before their eyes, evidently to avoid the sheen of his hair. Baron Munchausen seemed, however, to enjoy very much the glare.

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The grandstand was so arranged around the playground as to form an amphitheater. At the north and south sides each was a prominent seat, designated, I learn, for the two most killing sports. In one sat Cute Williamson, who doddered ever back into his state room to change his suit; in the other sat Beau Brummel. Ever and anon they cast vicious glares of jealousy across the peopled stand. The hammer meet was a disappointment. Hercules had splendid arms, and not a poor chest, but Cashion pitifully outstripped him, and the cries of the Egyptians led by the Pharaohs, of the Persians, of the Romans, and of the Americans were always for the Washington star. There was, however, spirited betting between Wall Street and Croesus.

Holtzelaw led me off to my couch, and promised that I should see a better day tomorrow.

"You'll see," said he, "Cosby stake his looks with Diomedes, and hear Dr. Cook sing with Orpheus."

I was lulled to sleep by a choir of Olympian singers, led by Voltaire in tenor and Coach Johnson in bass, who sang:

"We are dandies, we are
We're daisies, aha."

—But I was now asleep.





Purple and Gold

Where early August's argent mist
Shows palest tints of amethyst,
And emerald wreathes wistaria,
There breathed my heart its love to her.

The dying moon of month ago
Full on her golden tresses shone,
And wrought a richer aura there
As knelt I down beside my fair.

Then, as I told to her anew
The story old yet ever true
A snowy-petaled daisy showed,
As on my bended head it snowed.

My fate and fortune being tried:
"What are they, sweet? Come now, confess!"
She tossed her curls, and then replied:
"The daisy—and I, too—say Yes."



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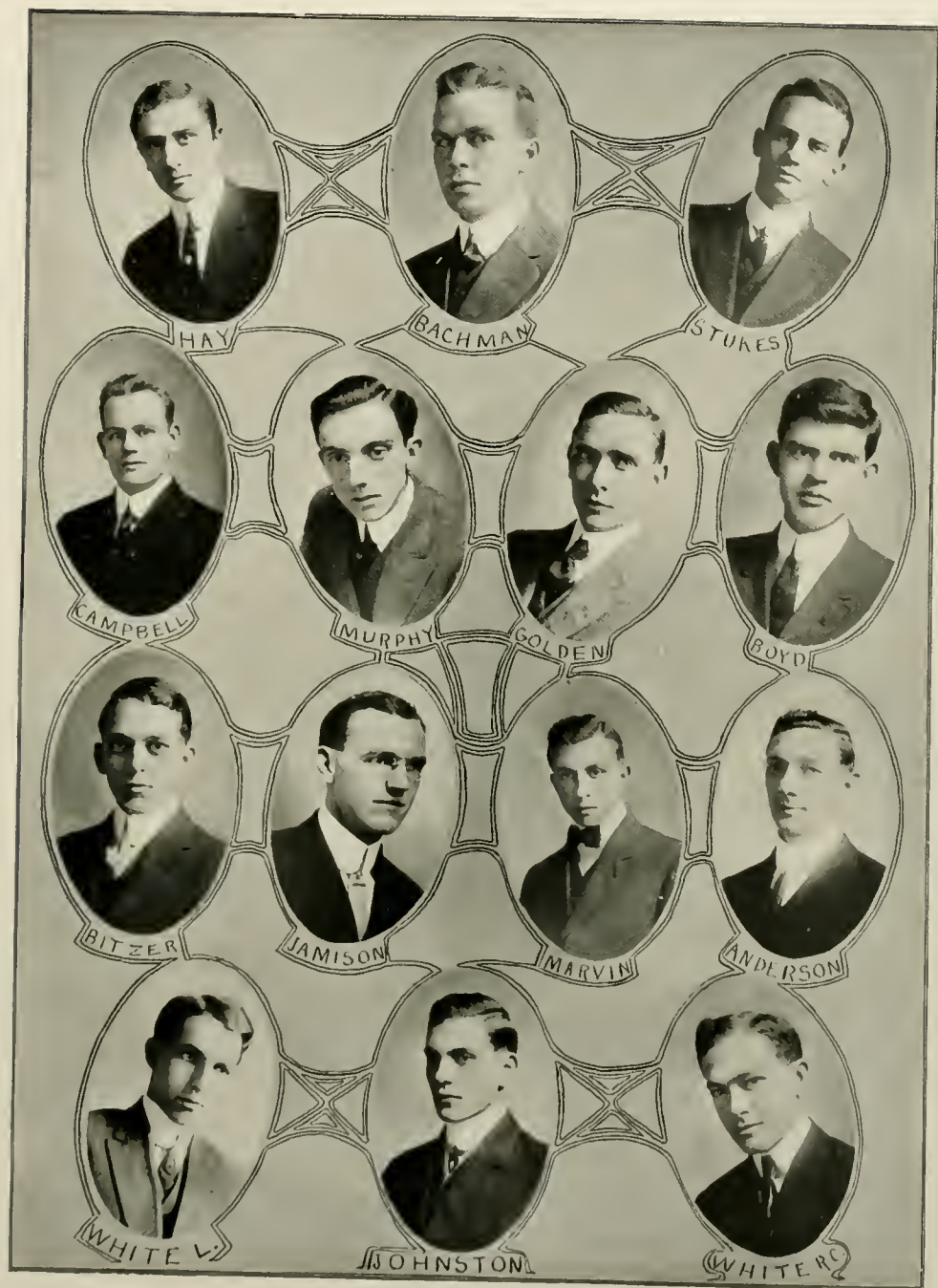
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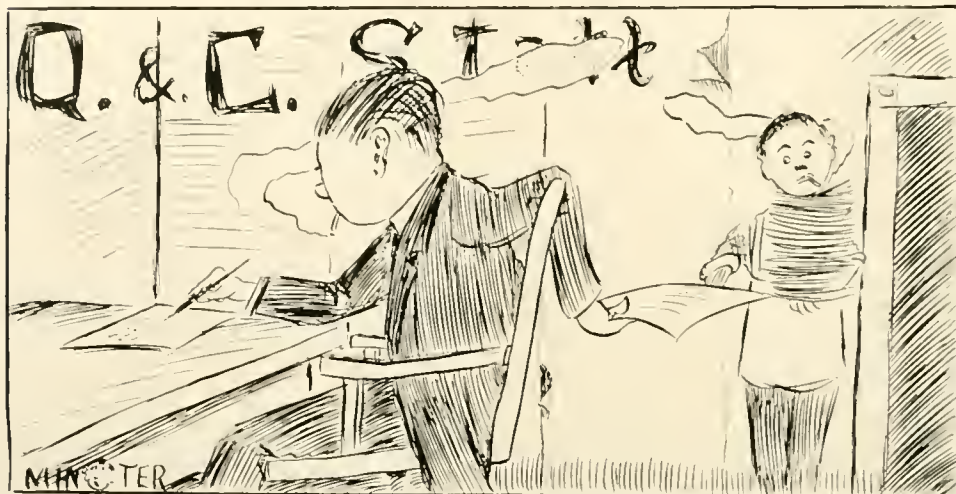
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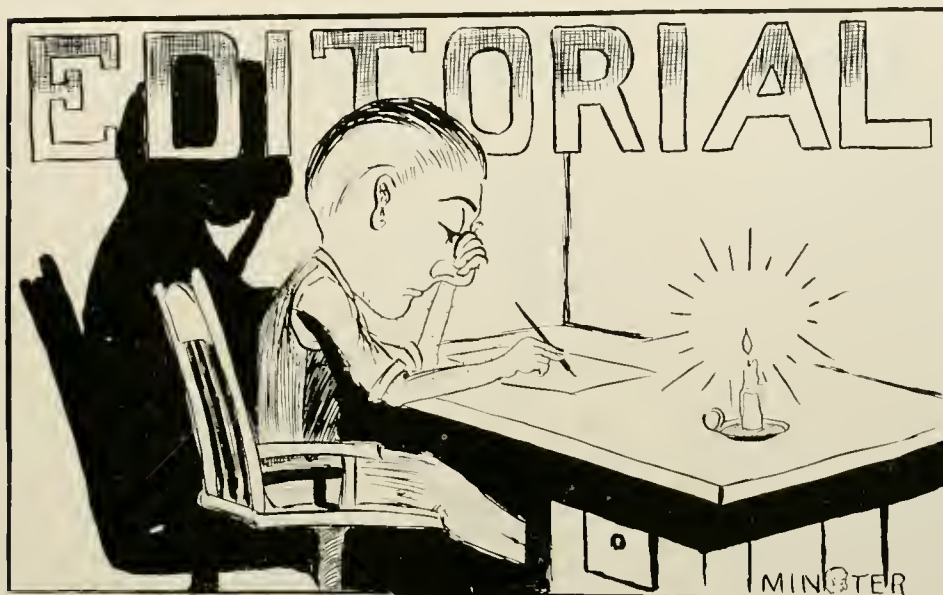
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T. P. JOHNSTON, JR., '14

G. W. CARR, '15

F. A. HILL, '15

W. H. PAYNE, '15



WE apologize. Naturally we apologize, for what Editor does not? Only too well do we realize the necessity of ameliorating the captious critic. Captious, we say, for despite the fact that Annual perpetrators from pre-Adamite ages have sought to impress upon the reader the virtue, nay, the necessity of blindness to imperfections, the hyper-critical persists in bobbling up and showing themselves callous and unsympathetic. At best our Annual is but a mirror, reflecting imperfectly College Life, and if you find the silvering too defective, if you find the reflections too lilliputian or else too brobdingnagian—in short, if we have overdone the thing or failed to do it sufficiently, remember that College Life has certain indefinable and transient elements to defy accurate portrayal—we either fall short or exceed. Understand, we have not gone in for the soberer pleasures of study, nor the more profound delights of scholarly meditation, but have restricted ourselves to the lighter side of college existence, believing it more interesting to our fellow-partakers of Davidsonian atmosphere as well as to those not initiated into the joys of these classic scenes.



This year has been one of transition in our history. We have come under a new administration. Dr. Smith has left us after twelve years of service, years which served to form stronger ties than we fully realized till the time of severance. In his executive capacity, he commanded our admiration and respect. As a man and friend, he won our esteem and honor. Without a tinge of "other-worldliness," he was of us and for us, and it is our sincerest good wish that his work with us may be but the small part of that which he is yet to do. We have lost Dr. Smith, but we have gained Dr. Martin; and the enrollment of the largest Freshman Class in the history of the college already furnishes ample testimony as to the prospects of the new régime. In Dr. Martin, we have a high-toned Christian gentleman, a tireless worker, and a believer in Davidson and its possibilities.

Little did the Class of '77 dream that that pale and callow youth who roomed in No. — Chambers would ever sit in a gubernatorial or presidential chair. Woodrow was by no means a precocious youth—but that lack of precocity was no bar to his success, and he has risen to present power through sheer determination and splendid courage. Davidson is proud of her small share in making him. Though his sojourn lasted but a year, he so successfully imbibed our moral atmosphere, so thoroughly masticated our ideals and traditions, as to weave into the very warp and woof of his character those traits that go to make a man, a thinker, and a President.



It has been our policy in the sixteenth volume of QUIPS AND CRANKS to enliven the stereotyped and hackneyed happenings of college life with a touch of satire and humor. As you can see, wherever possible we have employed suggestive drawings, as they communicate ideas much better than the prolonged article. Our satirizing has been but slight, and we hope that none will cherish the thought that he has been irreverently treated or unduly disparaged. If, however,

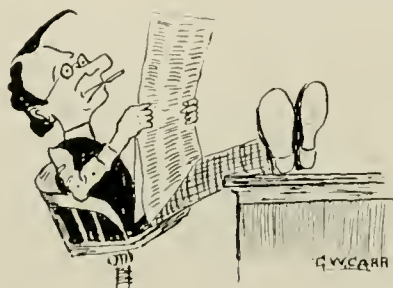
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indignation rises into the minds of any, our shot cannot have gone amiss, and his plaint must go unbosomed.

+ + +

A CERTAIN of our contributors are due especial mention for their considerate efforts and efficiency. In the literary department, one contributor stands out as invaluable—Mr. Grady Bowman. Thanks are due in hardly less measure to Messrs. Woodfin Rampley and Doub Kerr.

In the art department, we are especially indebted to Messrs. J. Russell Minter and G. W. Carr. Miss M. Harper kindly contributed some cartoons.





PAUL LEO SCHENK

In Memoriam

A HUNDRED and more years ago, a ploughshare tore from its place in the field a mountain daisy. Myriads since then have perished, unnoticed in the Winter's chill, but this one is remembered because it perished still in its flower and beauty. The kings and statesmen of that age will doubtless become mere names, shadowy figures in the background of history, but the memory of the little daisy may linger till the human heart has ceased to mourn for the death of youth and beauty. It lives because it fell by cruel circumstances before its time.

A sparkling wit, a brilliant mind, a generous heart, a delight to his friends, and an honor to his Alma Mater—this was Paul Schenk. Frail of body, he suffered, yet smiled and made others happier. He put to shame many of us who bore a lighter burden with a heavier heart. He blessed us with the heroic cheerfulness that the daisy had:

*"Cold blew the bitter, biting North
Upon thy early humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm.*

Deprived of the opportunity to grow to the full development of his powers, he was taken from us in the flower of young manhood. Our friendship for him will not be tried in the stress of a selfish world. We may not drift imperceptibly away from him on the diverging currents of life which take far asunder friends of youth. The love that we bear to him may not be torn by the conflicts of life, nor killed by the slow advance of years. His image, as we knew him in the joyous days of youth, is fixed in our memories by the sudden pain of unexpected parting. In his untimely death, we love him better still.



Warm Heart—but Cold Feet

*Can the fleeting sunbeams bring me
Aught but mem'ries sad and sweet;
Longing—and a will to wing me
To my heart shrine at thy feet?*

*Happy birds all homeward flying,
At the close of dewy eve,
Do but set your true love sighing.
Will you hear, dear; and believe?*

*Will you hear, dear—hearing, heeding?
Give the sign to seal my bliss?
Bind to you the broken, bleeding
Heart that loves you, with a—a—a smile?*

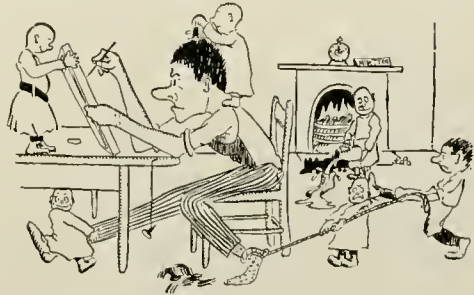
Asked and Answered

(EDITORS' NOTE—We have opened this department for the use of perplexed students. Questions of every nature and on all subjects are conscientiously and carefully answered, according to our best ability. The following are a few of the thousands of letters that have already come to our table.)

Art Versus Matrimony

Do you think it is possible for me to get married immediately after my graduation, and support a wife on \$7 per week? I am an artist, and often my salary is very uncertain.—J. R. MINTER, JR.

This is a difficult problem to solve; but it has been done. We, personally, are great believers in early marriage, and whenever the question arises we urge the young couple to marry and lady of your choice is willing to enter into the conjugal ties, certainly we see no hindrance. Love conquers all together build the home. Of course, your salary is small; but if the young things, and the laughing brown eyes of a happy and contented wife often spur a man to heights which the bachelor could never reach.



The Embarrassment of a Devout Brother

I am a gentleman of ministerial inclinations and deep religious convictions, but at times I fear that my religiosity is questioned. In view of these facts, can you suggest some means by which I might identify myself from the worldly herd?—ZIP WATKINS.



We appreciate your position, and have given your case our earnest consideration. Doubtless you have striven at all times to lead a continent life. If so, continue your efforts in this direction; strive at all times to maintain a sober countenance and a dignified mien. Avoid as much as possible all contact with the opposite sex, for nothing gives more than this the appearance of frivolity. Taboo all that is worldly, such as the smoking of cigarettes, the chewing of tobacco, moving pictures, and the use of slang. Countenance no card playing, neither Old Maid, Forty-Two, nor Rook. Affect to some extent philosophic garb. Plato and Aristotle having been carried with great

success, they may be worn in small pockets just above the knees. An umbrella and horn glasses will add to your general make-up.

Slimuel Sylph Seeks Stoutness

From my youth I have been slim, emaciated, and undersized. My condition has been a constant source of worry to me, and I should like very much to know in what way I may take on flesh.—SLIMUEL GLOER.

Oftentimes one's bodily condition is due to his mental state. *Are you in love?* Be frank with us, for we can do no one good when he conceals anything. Your confidence in us means everything to you. If love be the cause, we can offer you no aid; if not, however, we can give a few suggestions which may be of value to you. Above all things, we would advise athletics; high jumping and hurdling offer untold advantages, while pole-vaulting has worked wonders in such cases as yours. Go daily to the Gym., and practice assiduously such stunts as the "giant swing" and the "back flip." Tumbling adds startling quantities of adipose tissues. As to your diet—eat omnivorously of any and everything. Just before retiring, drink a gallon of milk, and at two o'clock a. m. consume a pound of cheese with onion pickles. Further nourishment in the form of ambrosia and sauerkraut may be taken every hour until morning. If after carefully following out these directions, results are not quick enough, and you are really sensitive concerning your slimness, pads may be worn to stimulate obesity. We, however, do not advocate this except in extreme cases.



Dainty Damsel Fears Spinsterhood

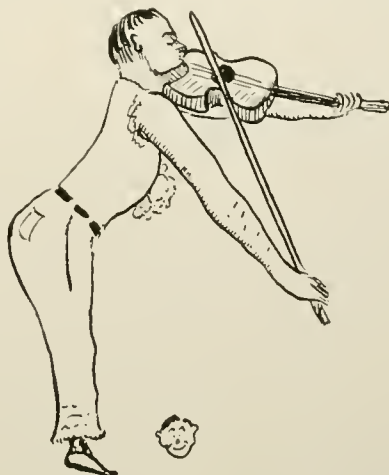
I am a young lady of nineteen summers; well bred, and highly educated. My accomplishments are many. I play the piano and violin exceedingly well, but the organ is probably my strongest forte, unless perhaps it be my voice, which is a rich soprano. I speak French fluently, embroider nicely, and wear a number three shoe. All of these accomplishments merit suitors, yet—I have none. Kindly advise me.—LITTLE MISS BROWN.

Dear lady, don't worry; your case is a common one. Time will bring lovers—you are young yet. However, if you are anxious for immediate matrimony, publish your picture, name, age, and address in the leading paper of your section; put your embroidery on exhibition, give occasional concerts, and if possible try to wear a number two shoe.

A Nasal Rose

I am but a humble Freshman, although I know a great deal. For several years I have been obsessed by a great affliction. My nasal adornment has assumed a roseate hue, thereby securing for me the unpleasant nickname of "Barometer." All tried methods have failed to cure it. Could you suggest some remedy for this truly annoying affliction?—BLOSSOM CARSON.

As you say that you have tried all known cures, you have probably tried paint, powder, and dyes of different sorts, as we'll as medical treatment. The only sure method is in the surgical domain. It is as follows: Cleanse thoroughly by washing your right pedal extremity; then, with a razor sharpened to keenness, rapidly sever your nose and right large toe; exchange places, and stick them back—the toe on your face, the nose on your foot. Science has proved that they will immediately grow there. This will remedy the difficulty and in no way injure your physiognomy. The only inconvenience that you might experience would be a tendency to blow off your right shoe whenever you would sneeze, but this can easily be remedied by wearing a horseshoe. We wish you success in your experiment.



Titian Locks Foresworn

Since my birth I have suffered with red hair. I say "suffer," for my friends seem to consider it a malady. Can you aid me?—RED COOPER.

Usually we ignore questions of this type; but this time we are going to break our rule, and grant you a special favor. There are two courses which you might follow—both have proven effective. First you may wear your hair closely shaven. This may make you appear old at first, but you and your friends will soon become used to it. It is really very attractive, if you have some conventional design tattooed on the head. The second method will probably appeal to you more strongly. It is to change the color of the hair—not by using dye, for that is injurious; but by using an

electric comb, which with a month's use produces the desired change. You can procure the comb from the Boyd-Edgerton Company.

Heartless Flirt Repudiates Inconstancy

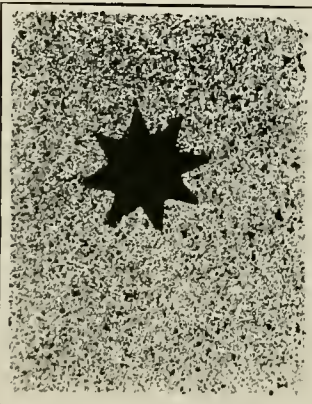
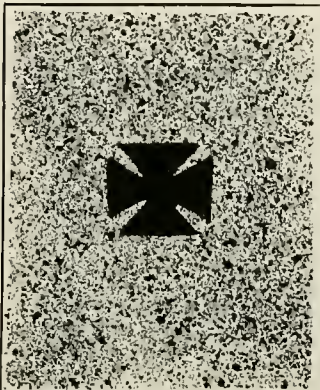
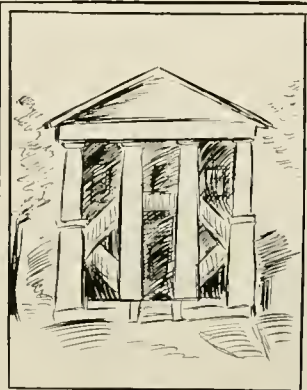
A Senior of great social attractions has through his gallant bearing and charming personality become a great favorite with the fair sex, collectively. Individually, however, they consider him a confirmed flirt. How may he change this opinion that each of his lovely admirers hold regarding him, and thereby win her heart?—S. W. ROGERS.



This is a delicate situation, and one which must be carefully dealt with. The ladies in question have undoubtedly wronged you; but you must suffer the consequences until their false impressions of you have been rectified. We think that we can help you. First of all, you must never show partiality under any circumstances. Call faithfully on your admirers in regular sequence, but never let your right hand be cognizant of the doings of your left, lest jealous complications arise. Change the picture in your watch every night before calling—the likeness of your hostess always occupying the honored position. Swear eternal devotion and undying love to each. If in any case your suit is looked on with disfavor and unbelief, a vial of laudanum raised to the lips, or a dagger pressed to the heart, might dispel the disallusion. We could recommend other methods, but space forbids. First try these, and if still unsuccessful write us again.



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ON the afternoon of January thirteenth, about one hundred of us swooped down on the little Piedmont town of South Carolina where about one-third the girls of the smaller Carolina are so beautifully quartered, with a train of ruthless heart-smashers, and a couple of the keenest orators that have stirred the rostrum atmosphere down there since Calhoun skipped. A one-sided scrap is not immensely attractive, ordinarily; but we did enjoy the wit combat with the University that night. The mighty bellows of our throats spread upon the auditorium breezes such sounds that, tempered with the daintier peeps of seven hundred girlish lips, wafted Golden and Williams on to howling victory. It was the most spectacular onslaught ever made by one peaceful State upon another. We met the lions in their dens, and left them not a tooth. Ben Tillman trembled in his Senatorial rocker, and Cole Blease has been pardoning ever since. The voices of our orators are still floating over the State, and the bar is almost paralyzed on its bench with sheer amazement.

We left a part of the State, indeed, in tears; but we have an insured pathway back to the parents' hearts—we have their daughters' hearts with us. The victory was followed close by a grand interchange of general understandings, and our Campus air has been laden ever since with suppressed groans as our fancies turn gently Winthropward. And from across the imaginary State line, we hear their silent voices calling us to victory again next year.



Debating Team

January 13, 1913

DAVIDSON VS. UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Resolved: That Free Tolls Should be Granted to All American Vessels at the Panama Canal. Won by Davidson.

J. M. WILLIAMS

W. S. GOLDEN

✦ ✦ ✦

March 24, 1913

DAVIDSON VS. WAKE FOREST

Resolved: That a More Easy and Expeditious Method of Amending the Federal Constitution Should be Adopted. Won by Davidson.

J. M. WILLIAMS

W. S. GOLDEN



EUMENEAN SOCIETY MARSHALS



PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY MARSHALS

Dream of Fair Women

*Little Miss Brozen is the talk of the town,
Miss Veal and Daughter and Sis,
Mabel, Grandma, and winsome Miss Kerr
And all on account of this:*

*There was offered a prize for the prettiest eyes,
Forgetting their raison d'être;
They fought and contended, but finally ended
Agreeing Miss Veal, Cleopatra.*

*Helen of Troy, that feminine toy
Was next most desirable far,
By common consent, the honor then went
To womanly, winsome Miss Kerr.*

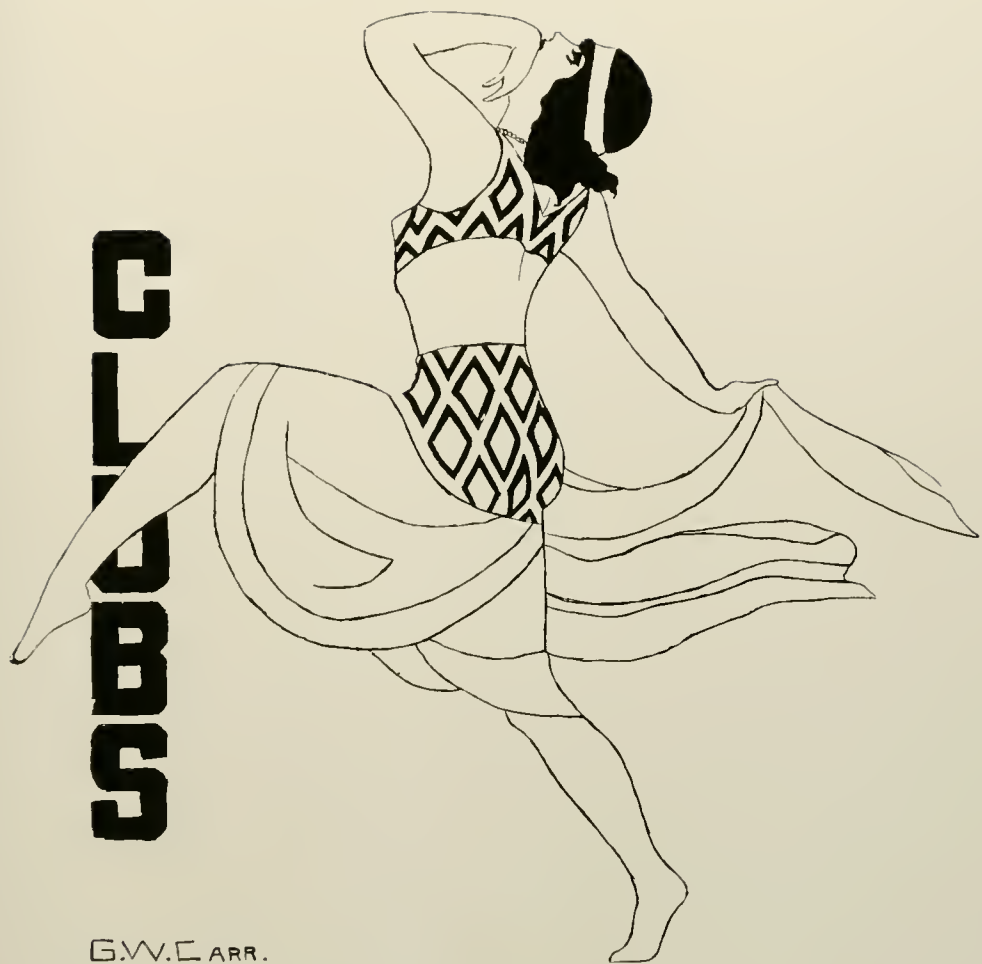
*De Medici Catrine is next on the scene—
In honor, we never had missed her,
Grandma and Daughter, assumed quite a hauteur
When she was assigned to Sister.*

*Joan of Arc, with tresses so dark,
From woman to warrior grown;
Fitting donation, by her expectation
Was given to little Miss Brozen.*

*Mabel, Grandma, and Daughter so far
The others have left in their places;
To heights elevated, a trio related,
Sorority that of the Graces.*



C L O B S



G.W.C. ARR.



FLOWER: Peach Blossom

COLORS: Red and Black

MOTTO: Wisdom, Justice, and Moderation

SYMBOL: Yellow Jackets

YELL

Georgia, Georgia, Rah, Rah!

Georgia, Georgia, Rah, Rah!

Hoorah! Hoorah!

Georgia, Georgia, Rah, Rah!

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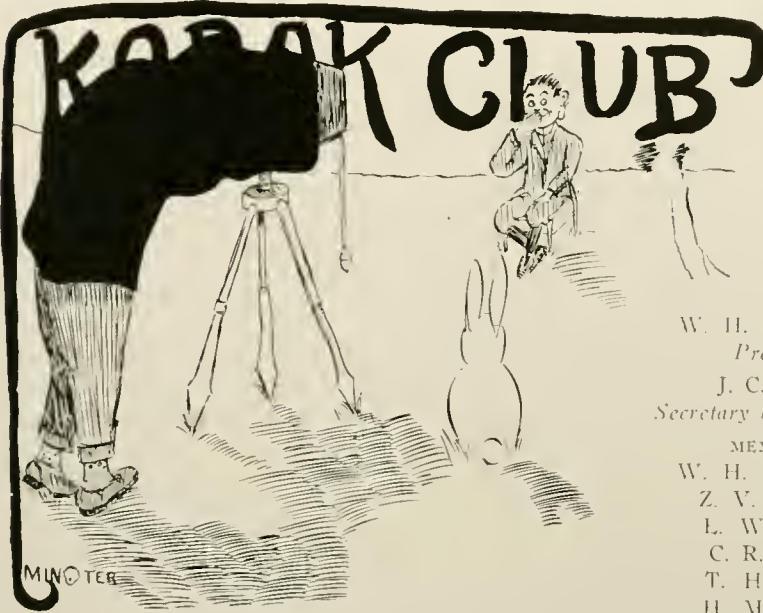
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R. A. BROWN, *Leader*
First Violins—BROWN, LANIER, HARPER
Second Violin—McILWAINE
Clarinet—OSTEEN
Flute—FAW
Drums—DUFFIE
Cornets—CAMPBELL, GRAVES
Trombone—HAMILTON
Horn—FERRAN
Bass Violin—BARR
Piano—JOHNSTON

Glee Club

C. L. FERRAN, *Leader*
First Tenors
 FERRAN BELK CAMPBELL
Second Tenors
 BROWN McILWAINE DUFFIE
First Basses
 JOHNSTON HAMILTON GRAVES
Second Basses
 FAW LANIER OSTEEN



Close Harmony at Davidson

DAVIDSON COLLEGE, for young men, has a truly enviable reputation all over the South. And if the Glee Club is typical of the college its reputation is deserved."

This item, quoted from the *Toronto Globe*, reiterates what a prominent minister of the Presbyterian Church said about the same organization—that it was the best advertisement that Davidson College had. For although the concerts have been given within a radius of a few hundred miles, the name of Davidson has been sent forth by these Sons of Orpheus till it reaches from the bleak icefields of the North to the fragrant gardens of the South, and from the restless waves of the Atlantic to the placid waters of the Pacific.

The most extensive tour of the season was taken in the Fall, and included concerts at Winthrop College, Greenville Female College, Easley, S. C., Toccoa, Ga., and Brenau College. Each date was filled on schedule time, though accidents and mishaps were not lacking. One member, going on ahead of the party, found himself, just one hour before the curtain was to rise at Winthrop, without a dress suit. Words are lacking to describe the state of his mind; for he felt that he *must* make a hit, and without the proper togs it would be impossible. However, with the help of a number of friends, a coat was found which was only a few sizes too small; dark purple trousers were pressed into service—and they looked almost black at night—and a tie being manufactured from a white four in hand, the make up was complete.

Such, then, are the discords of Davidson's Close Harmony. But there is not a single member of the Club who would give up his position, envied by all on the campus.



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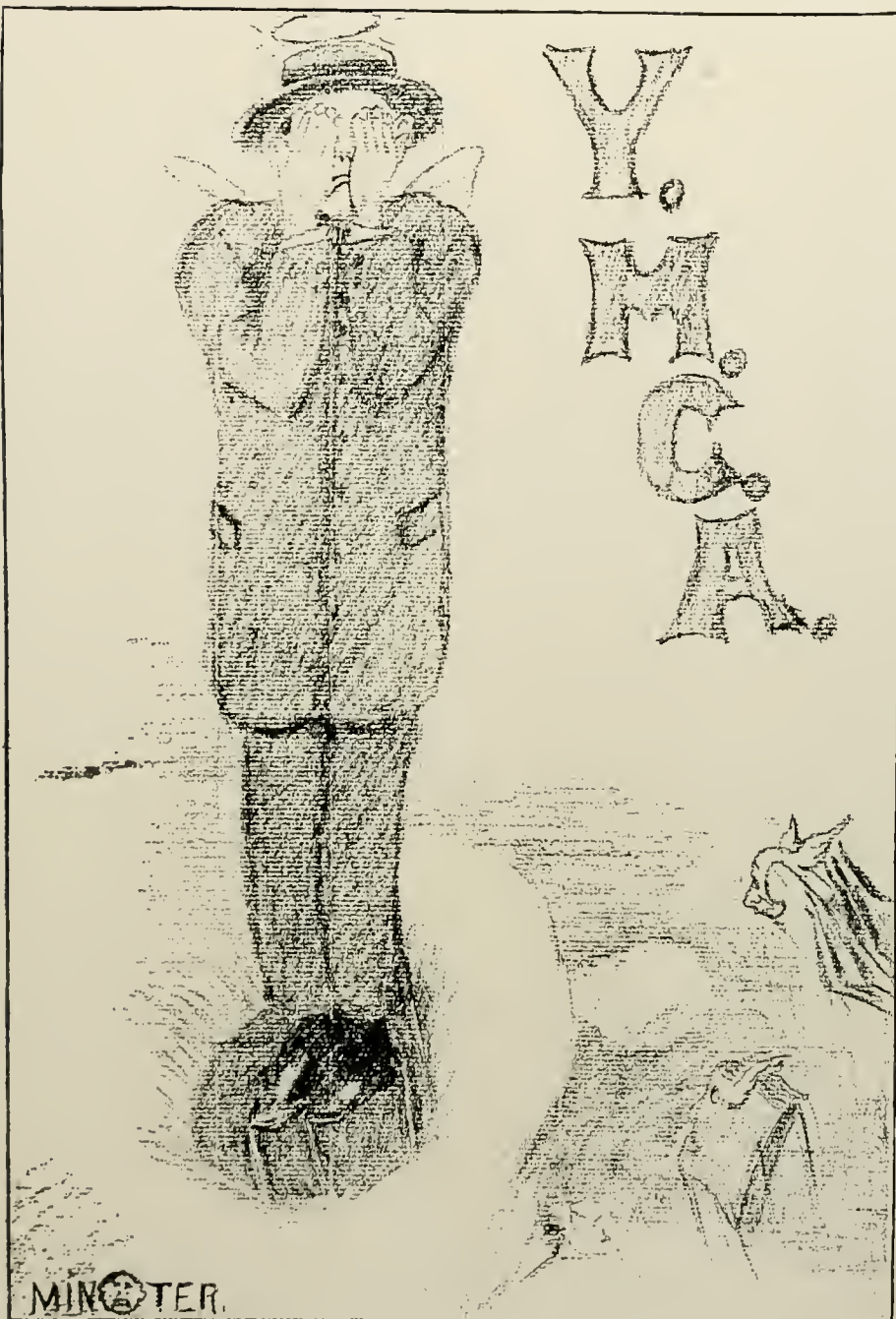
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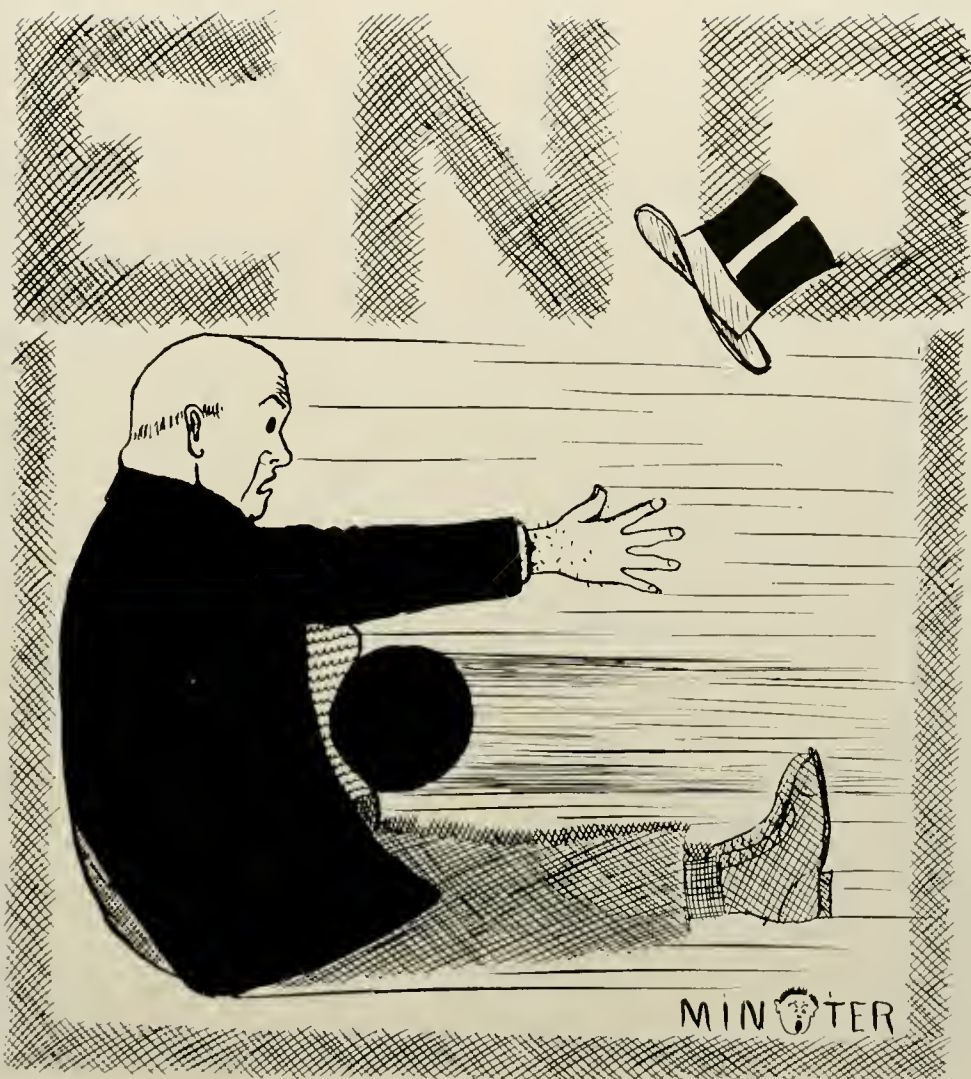
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READ the following pages carefully, fellows. Remember the names of the men who advertise with us, and when possible do all your trading with them. Tell them why you came to them in preference to the guy across the street; and when you get the chance tell the guy across the street why you didn't go to his place. These men are our friends! Without their support, an Annual at Davidson would be an impossible thing. Stand by those who stand by us, and in so doing you will not only help the best friends you ever had, but you will make QUIPS AND CRANKS a better Annual every year.







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Daisy Dew

One morn I plucked a daisy
All diamond with dew;
'Thereon the time-old tale I told—
It spoke your love as true.

Again, a silver-misted night,
By moonlight's spell I tried.
"You love me not," the petals white
Unto my heart replied.

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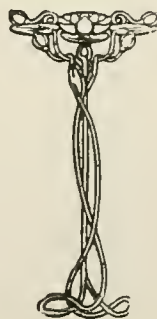
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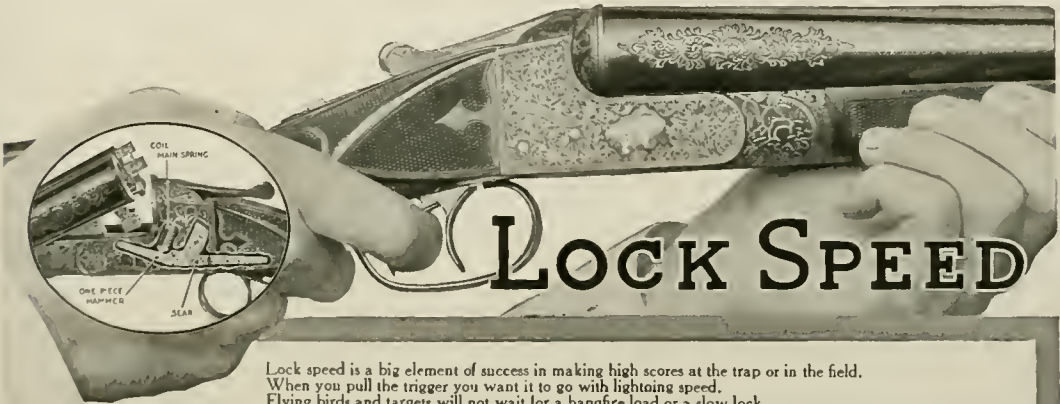
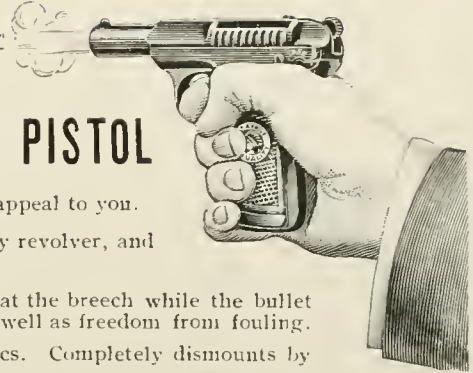
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1. The character of the student-body, which represents the cream of Southern Presbyterian home-training from Maryland to the Gulf. All visitors and matriculates from other colleges comment on the cordiality, harmony, and manliness of its campus atmosphere, its traditional and deep-rooted "Honor System," and its freedom from vice and dissipation.

2. The rigid elimination by the Faculty of unworthy or incorrigibly idle students, without regard to their own or their parents' wealth or social position.

3. The close and personal supervision exercised over each individual student by the President and Faculty. The professors at Davidson regard the work of class-room and laboratory as only one part of their duty and responsibility. The Faculty meets every week, and its chief topic of discussion is the character, habits, and progress of each student.

4. The completeness of the records kept of each student. Since the adoption of its new system of student records, every visitor from another institution asserts that he has never seen anything so detailed and complete. Without this intimate knowledge of the individual student, such personal supervision on the part of the Faculty would be impossible.

5. The fullness and detail of the reports sent to parents. No institution known to the writer keeps such students' records, and no one even approximates the fullness of the reports now sent by Davidson to the parents of its students, covering not only a young man's class standing, but his associates, habits, attentiveness in class, diligence, punctuality, earnestness of purpose, improvement or retrogression, etc.

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In addition to the formal catalog, the College publishes a Special Bulletin, written for the information of prospective students and their parents. Either or both will be sent on request. Address the President.

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