





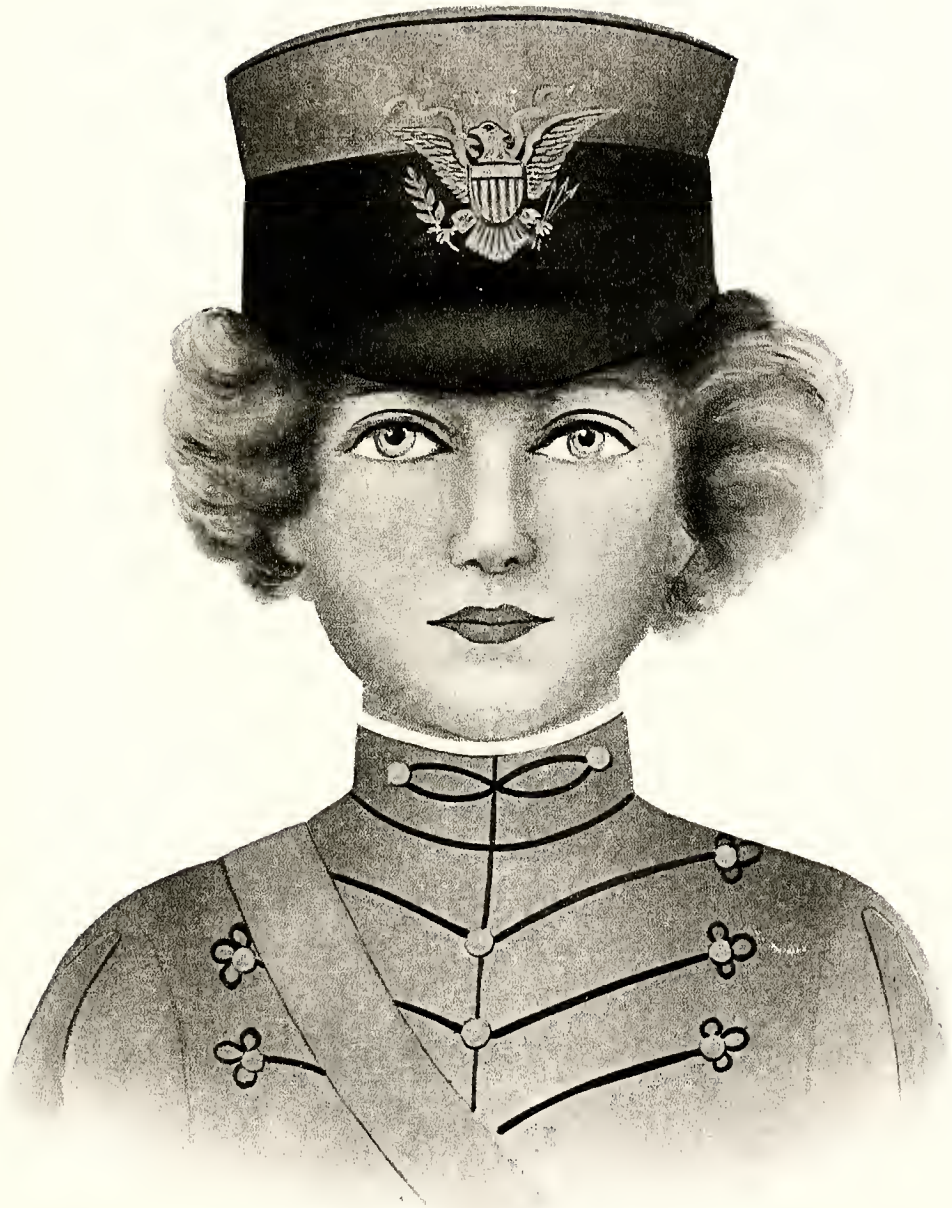
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THE
1912

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MRS. FLORA W. CATES
OXFORD, N. C. YEAR 2010



ZIP

1912



Volume I



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

OF THE

Horner Military School

OXFORD, N. C.



Yours truly,

J. C. Horner.

To
Jerome Channing Horner, A. B.
for thirty-five years our
Principal

We dedicate this first volume of Zip
as a mark of the respect and esteem of
the students of this school.



ZIP BOARD

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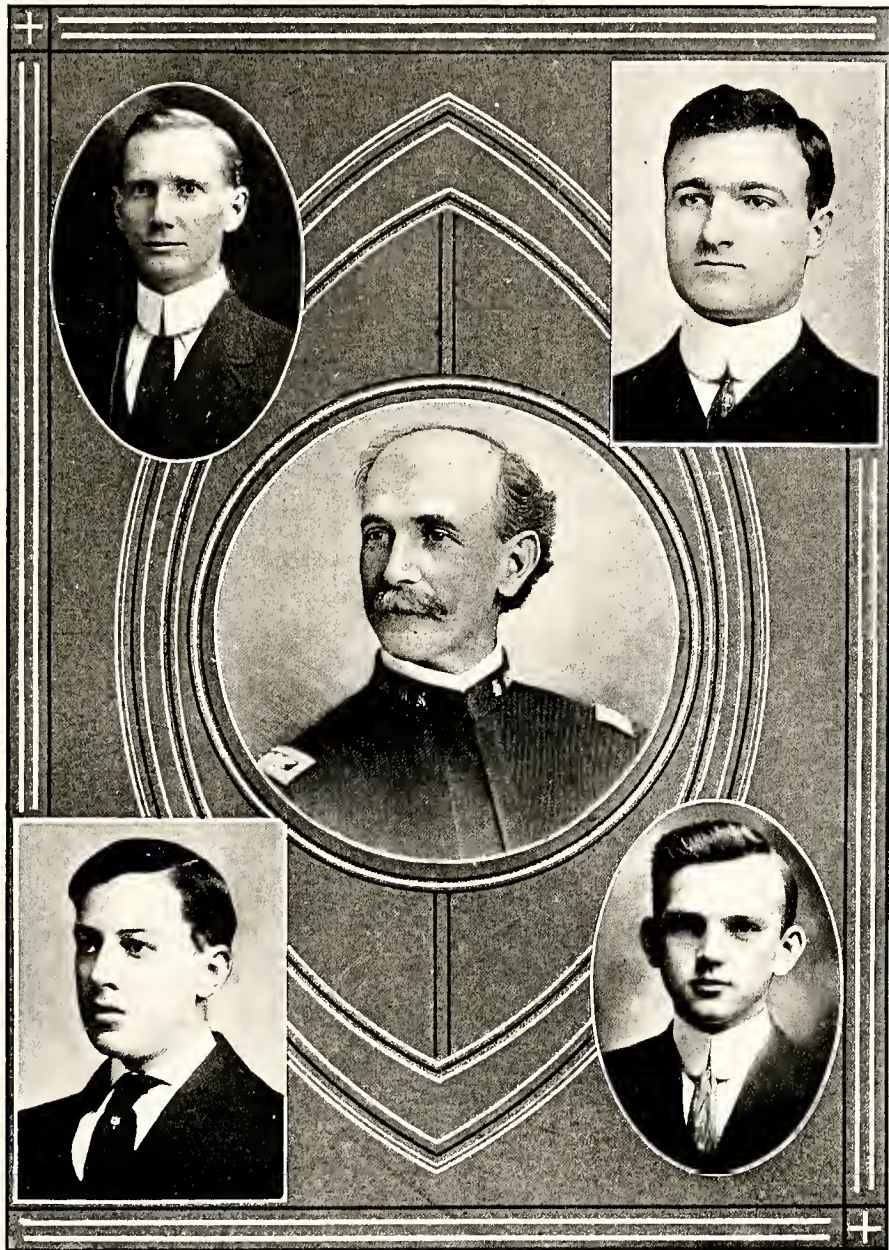
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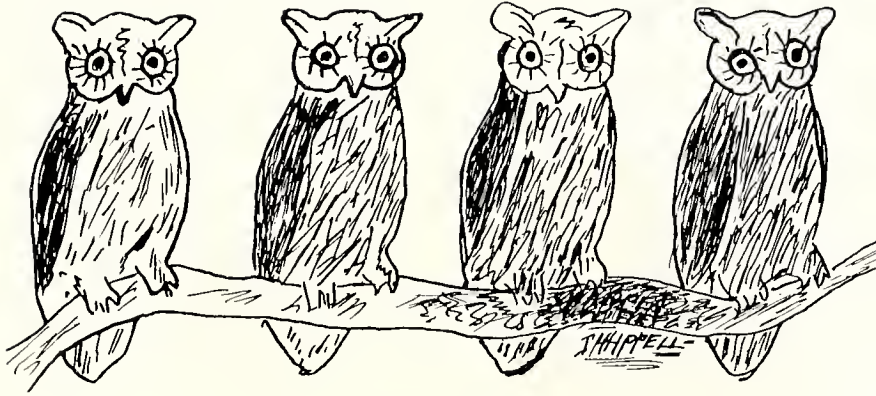
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Senior's Farewell

*Greeting to thee H. M. S.
Loyal sons here extend,
With the hope that highest honors
Will forever thy name attend.*

*Horner Military School
Of our glorious "Old North State"
Thou hast ever stood for those things
Which are counted truly great.*

*And we love thee H. M. S.
Tho' a parent, stern thou art,
While thou teaches us life's lessons
Training every hand and heart.*

*Thou dost ever instil within us
Love of truth and honor bright,
Self reliance, patience, and courage
Which will ever lead us right.*

*Service is thy watchword glorious
Like a star that shines by night,
It will help us to lift the darkness
That obscures the perfect light.*

*With this guiding star before us
And with love in every heart,
We shall serve H. M. S., our God and Country
With no failing in our heart.*

HERMAN E. WINSTON,
Class Poet, '12.



DOUGLAS SETTLE SHARPE, Co. "A."

"Much might be said on both sides."

"DAISY" "DOUG"

Age, 18; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 142 pounds; (1) Corporal; (2) Second Sergeant; Company Football Team '10; Captain Scrub Football Team '11; Glee Club '11, '12; Cotillion Club; Editor-in-Chief of "ZIP"; Commencement Marshal; President Senior Class; Athletic Association.

Here is the one on whom the responsibility of editing this, the first "Annual" published by H. M. S., has rested largely. It was by his untiring efforts that this "Annual" was made possible. Is never happier than when loafing with "Betty" or the "Big Five." Wants to grow taller.

ROBERT SOUTHERLAND
WITHERINGTON, Co. "A."

*"Formed on the good old plan,
A true, and brave, and down right honest man."*

"DUTCH" "RUNT"

Age, 18; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 165 pounds; (1) Private; (2) Sergeant Major; Company and Varsity Baseball Team '11, '12; Company Track Team '11, '12; Varsity Football Team '11; Orchestra '11, '12; Commencement Marshal; Secretary Cotillion Club; Vice-President Senior Class; Athletic Association.

"Dutch" hails from Faison, N. C., and we regret to say is as small as the town. In fact, he is so small that he has to sit in a high chair at meals. He never studies and always cries over the bad marks his brother gives him. Then he writes home and tell tales on his big bud, and we enjoy the south end of a family quarrell. Everybody likes "Dutch" and he likes everybody.





GUY HUMPHREY DREWRY, Co. "A."

*"No-where so little a man as he ther y'as,
And yet he semed letter than he was."*

"CHINCK" "GUY" "FICE"

Age, 17; height, 5 feet 5 inches; weight, 130 pounds; (1) Corporal; (2) Sergeant Major; (3) Quartermaster Lieutenant; Company Football '10; Orchestra; Essayist Medal '11-'12; Secretary and Treasurer Senior Class; Athletic Association.

About three years ago little Guy sailed into this port from Lacrosse, Va., wearing a black suit with a six inch cuff on the pants, low cut, patent leather pumps, pink sox, a white felt hat, turned up in front, and a big bow tie. You bet he received a warm reception. He is a star in the class room, and is expected to win the scholarship medal. He spends most of his time reading Tip-Tops and massaging his face.

ROBERT BALL ALLEIN, Co. "B."

"A gentleman who loves to hear himself talk."

"PROFESSOR" "RUBE" "CHESTER"

Age, 19; height, 6 feet 1-2 inch; weight, 168 pounds; (1) Corporal and Chief Bugler; (2) First Lieutenant; Company and Varsity Football '10, '11; Company and Varsity Baseball '11, '12; Company Track Team '11, '12; Glee Club; Company Tennis Team '11, '12; Essayist Medal '12; Assistant Editor-in-Chief "ZIP"; Cotillion Club; Athletic Association.

"Professor" came to us right out of the swamps of South Carolina, from the town called Yorkville. He has been here quite awhile now, and has always enjoyed the distinction of being the only "wise-guy" in school. He considers us all ignorant worms, and on several occasions has refused to spend a quiet evening with Col. Horner, dreading the monotony of the thing. We hope, "Professor," that you will some day reach the land called "All-Wise," where you will surely reign supreme.





BRYCE PARKER BEARD, Co. "A."

*"A bull I'd be throughout the land,
A scholar, athlete, and ladies man."*

"LIZZIE" "PECKER"

Age, 18; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 155 pounds; (1) Corporal; (2) Second Sergeant; (3) Captain; Company and Varsity Football '10, '11; Company and Varsity Baseball '11, '12; Company Track Team '10, '11, '12; Company Tennis Team '12; Commencement Marshal '10, '11; Chief Marshal '12; President W. L. S.; President Cotillion Club; Athletic Association.

When he reached Oxford there was no one to meet him, so he wandered over to the Barracks, sat down in the front door, and cried for mamma. After he stopped, he boldly announced that he was Bryce Parker Beard, from Salisbury, was good looking, and was here for business. He is interested in only two things, athletics and girls. Look out girls, he is fickle. Ask L. L., she can tell you all about him.

POWELL BURWELL CATLETT, Co. "B."

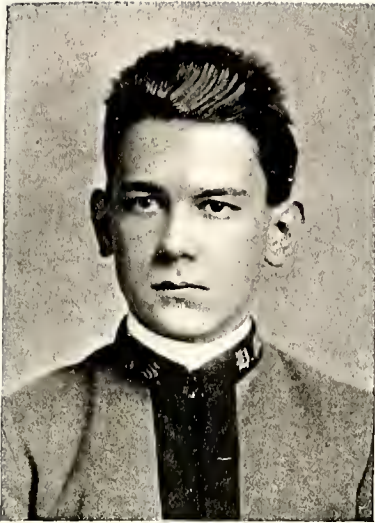
"As proper a young man as you'd see on a summer day."

"WINDY" "SWAMP FOX"

Age, 17; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 140 pounds; (1) Private; (2) Corporal; Company Track Team '11, '12; Scrub Football '11; Cotillion Club; Athletic Association.

"Windy" hails from Bridges, Va., the place where, according to him, Welch Rabbits are raised and grow to an enormous size. He can tell you the pedigree of every baseball player that ever was, is, or is to be. He is somewhat of a pugilist, being recommended by Oates; studies hard, and will no doubt make his mark at V. P. I. next year.





CHARLES EDWIN CHAPPELL, Co. "B."

*"Sentimentally, I am disposed to harmony,
But organically, I am incapable of tune."*

"BETTY" "CHAP-PULL"

Age, 18; height, 5 feet 8 1-2 inches; weight, 130 pounds; (1) Corporal and Assistant Bugler; (2) Military Secretary; Art Edition "ZIP"; Cotillion Club; Orchestra; Athletic Association.

Here's an extra good fellow, and he comes from an extra good place in Virginia, where they have extra good looking "squabs," and * * * extra good beer; it's Farmville. When not making music is loafing with "Daisy." He can get a tune out of any musical instrument going, if not, there is something wrong with the instrument. Gets along fine with everybody.

HARRY PHILIP DRIGGERS, Co. "B."

"For a lion among ladies is a very dangerous thing."

"JIGGERS" "JEW"

Age, 17; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 165 pounds; (1) and (2) Private; Company and Varsity Football '10, '11; Company and Varsity Baseball '11, '12; Company Track Team, '11, '12; Cotillion Club; Athletic Association.

Columbia, S. C., is the home of this young man, whenever he is at home, which is seldom. He is a heart breaker in every sense of the word, and according to records, kept by himself, has spurned the love of exactly 99 1-2 admiring young ladies. Nothing but love and automobiles appeal to him. We hope that he will some day find a "calic" worthy of his love, and an auto which he can at least crank.





JAMES ELIAS FAISON, Co. "B."

"I woront thou ort o merry fellow."
"JIM"

Age, 17; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 145 pounds; Private; Scrub Football Team; Cotillion Club; Athletic Association.

That he is "some guy," is proven by the fact that he has a town named for him, and hails from that place. If he had half as much ambition as he has deviltry in him, he would push somebody harder for the head of the class than he does for the foot. We wish him all success, and express our sympathy for his town.

OSBORNE LEROY GOFORTH, Co. "B."

"Do everybody before they do you."

"REVEREND" "GO-GET-EM" "CUCUMBER"

Age, 20; height, 6 feet 2 1-2 inches; weight, 165 pounds; (1) Private; (2) Corporal; (3) Color Sergeant; Company Track Team; '10, '11, '12; Debater '11, '12; Commencement Marshal; Cotillion Club; Athletic Association.

Let us pray! Our long-legged, loose jointed, knock-kneed, crooked divine, from Mooresville, N. C., is here, and wants to dun us again. He is going to keep on dunning until he gets done. His highest ambition is to become a chaplain in the army. You must stop using Rosaline and pink powder, then "Fetchum," because soldiers don't like pretty men.





LEE CURRIN GOOCH, Co. "B."
"He was lord, full fat, and in good point."
 "BIG YELLOW" "LEE"

Age, 20; height, 6 feet; weight, 190 pounds;
 (1) Private; (2) Second Sergeant; (3) Second
 Lieutenant; Company and Varsity Baseball and
 Football '09, '10, '11, '12; Company Track
 Team '11, '12; Company Tennis Team '11;
 Athletic Association.

Oxford, N. C., unfortunately for the town,
 happens to be the hunting ground of Chief
 No-worka-wawa. He manages somehow be-
 tween naps and meals to spare us a
 little of his time. If he has ever hurt himself
 studying, the record books don't show it, but he
 can always pull a pass mark, so what's the dif.
 Here's to your health and happiness friend.

HARRY HERSHEL HARQUETTE
 HARKINS, Co. "B."

"I know him, a notorious liar."
 "DICK" "JOY" "HOOLIGAN"

Age, 19; height, 6 feet; weight, 185 pounds;
 (1) Private; (2) Corporal; (3) Captain;
 (4) Adjutant; Company and Varsity Football
 and Baseball '08, '09, '10, '11, '12; Captain
 Football Team '11; Captain Baseball Team '11;
 Company Track Team '09, '10, '11, '12; Com-
 pany Tennis Team '09, '10, '11, '12; Chief
 Marshal '11; Commencement Marshal; Essayist
 Medal '11; Cotillion Club; Athletic Association.

Dick Happens from Asheville, N. C. He
 spends half his time worrying the life out of
 Ec Welch and dragging Allein, and the other
 half enumerating his wonderful experiences.
 The only thing that bothers him is not to be
 believed. We hope that he will some day
 possess as many million dollars as he has spent
 years studying Soph. Algebra.





EDWARD GREY JOYNER, Co. "A."

"Who con clog the hungry edge of his appetite."

"J. Y."

"JINER"

Age, 18; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 150 pounds; (1) Private; (2) Second Sergeant; (3) First Lieutenant; Company Track Team '10, '11, '12; Company Baseball Team '11; Declaimer '12; Cotillion Club; Secretary and Treasurer W. L. S.; Class Historian; Athletic Association.

Littleton, N. C., has this gents name in her directory; so has a certain little girl on Main Street, Oxford. It's very evident that they both can't claim him, and it's interesting to watch the contest for ownership. He holds the record here for eating four times as much as any other cadet, and that's going some. We hope he will some day get enough to eat and advise him to think twice before he jumps.

WILL HOOVER KINNEY, Co. "A."

"Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither."

"SISTER"

"BILL"

"SLEEPY"

Age, 18; height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 170 pounds; (1, 2, 3) Private; Cotillion Club; Athletic Association.

Here's our "Bill" from Thomasville. Whether he is currency, dun, or goat, I do not say; perhaps he is a queer combination of the three. "Sister" is a great character; is averse to work in any form, and has slept most of the time since he has been here. The most exciting thing he ever did was eat. Wake up sport and stir around.





CHARLES WILLIAM MURRAY, Co. "B."

"A peaceful man is he."

"RED"

Age, 18; height, 5 feet 10 1-2 inches; weight, 140 pounds; Private; Athletic Association.

Here's Reddie, formerly from Ohio, but now from Oxford, N. C. He is optimistic by principle and sentimental by nature. Says he is a howling success with the fair sex. We are glad that he is a success at something and hope he will continue so.

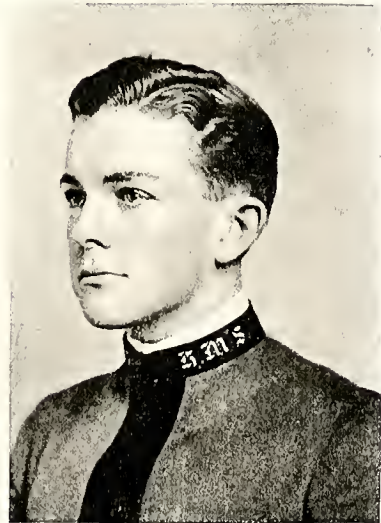
HARVEY McKAY PLEASANTS, Co. "A."

"Silence hath its virtue."

"MAC" "HARVEY"

Age, 18; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 150 pounds; Private; Athletic Association.

When asked where he came from he meekly answered Rowland, N. C. Then we asked him if there were any more at home like him, and he said he didn't know—we Lope not. Military life was a big puzzle to him at first, and he still doesn't understand why he couldn't drill just as well with his cartridge box in front instead of behind. Here's a job for Time.





AARON ANDERSON ROBERTS, Co. "A."

"This fellow is wise enough to play the fool."

"JUGHEAD" "COR-PORAL"

Age, 18, height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 130 pounds; (1) Private; (2) Corporal; Company Track Team '11, '12; Glee Club '11, '12; Cotillion Club; Athletic Association.

Whether Waco, Shelby, or Charlotte, is the home of "Cor-poral Jughead," we do not know. Most of his mail comes from Waco, so it must be there although he stoutly denies it. His happiest moments are when he is playing the fool or can get some one to listen to him discourse on the charms of "Elizabeth" or "Katherine." You are all right "Cor-poral."

FRANCIS JUSTICE TIMBERLAKE,

Co. "A."

"A merrier man I never spent an hour's talk withal."

"TIM"

Age, 17; height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 145 pounds; (1) Private; (2) Corporal; Athletic Association.

Tim comes to us from Youngsville, N. C., a wonderful specimen of fun. He does a good many things in a good many ways, such as studying by imagination and drilling without cussing; but his noblest accomplishment is clog dancing, wherein he doth excel. If he could work his head like he does his feet he would be a genius instead of a ———.





ECCLES CRAWFORD WELCH, Co. "B."

"Eternal smiles his emptiness betray."

"SIMPLE" "Ec"

Age, 19; height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 145 pounds; (1) Private; (2) Corporal; (3) First Lieutenant; (4) Captain; Company Track Team '10, '11; Vice-President Cotillion Club; President F. L. S.; Marshal.

If you are ever fortunate enough to meet "Ec," he will tell you, first, that he is from Salisbury, N. C., then about the moving picture show there, the number of girls he loves, and last, about the money his old man has. He is still a little doubtful as to his calling not knowing whether he is meant for a School Teacher, Banker, or Mail Carrier. Here's to your success.

FRANK CAMP WILLIAMS, Co. "A."

"Thus let me live, unseen, unknown."

"Sis" "SPECK"

Age, 16; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 135 pounds; Private; Athletic Association.

Franklin, Va., is "Specks" home. He is blessed with sense, cents, and scents—mostly scents. His hobby is explaining geometry to Col. Horner, and his favorite past time is coming to Revelee. He is a fine fellow and has many friends.





VIRGINIUS FAISON WILLIAMS,

Co. "A."

"He thinks too much; such men are dangerous."

"BABE"

Age, 17; height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 140 pounds; Private; Cotillion Club; Athletic Association; Orchestra.

"Babe" is "mother's little boy." The youngest of four brothers, the other three of whom preceded him to this happy hunting ground. They say he can spout out more Greek in a minute than Xenophon could in a week; is also somewhat of a Latin shark; and the way he loves Rome's Geometry is a caution.

HERMAN E. WINSTON, Co. "B."

*"Of fertile mind, of massive heart,
He always acted well his part."*

"BIG UN"

Age, 19; height, 6 feet 1-2 inch; weight, 187 pounds; Corporal; Varsity Football '11; Varsity Baseball '12; Cotillion Club; Class Poet; Athletic Association.

Hails from Youngsville, N. C. Is noted for his heavy hitting in baseball and is beyond a doubt the best amateur catcher in the State. An all-round athletic man; attends strictly to his own business and has numerous friends.



EDWARD OUTLAW HUNT, Co. "A."

"There can be no kernel in this light nut."

"SORE FACE"

Age, 18; height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 145 pounds; (1, 2, 3, 4.) Private.

Mr. Outlaw Hunt, of Oxford, has requested that we let him down easy, so we will try to do so. "Soreface" holds four enviable records; (1) for chewing the same piece of gum longer than any other mortal; (2) wearing the same collar two months without changing; (3) asking more fool questions than the "*Tell Me Why*" column in the Ladies' Home Journal; (4) using Hoyt's Cologne to an excess. His highest ambition was "Higher Math."—which we regret to say he never reached here. We hope he will achieve success and honor in the "happy" hereafter."

Senior History



IN undertaking to present to our reader an impartial history of the class of 1912, a great difficulty confronts the historian. The space allotted us is far too small to permit of our going into minute details, even if we wished to be burdensome to our readers.

Could you have seen us in the fall of 1908, when first we reached Horner's, roaming aimlessly from one end of the field to the other, you would at once have been reminded of "The Ship at Sea Without a Rudder." However, it was not long before we were being broken in by a cadet corporal from the yearlings, whom we thought very cruel and inhuman. Later we were divided into companies and initiated into military life with a vengeance, gradually we settled down to work, living in constant dread of the yearlings. Thus was our "rat" year passed.

In the fall of 1909 many of us again assembled on the campus, but this time not as an insignificant "rat," but as very important yearlings, full of the anticipated pleasure of avenging ourselves on those who filled our last year's "shoes." Then we began to realize our importance and to impress it upon others. This year we furnished the football team with five men, the baseball squad with three, and the track team with seven.

'Tis with genuine sorrow we see this year drawing to a close, though a part of us are to be promoted to the Junior class.

September, 1910, sees still fewer of the original class, but the places of those who have left us have been filled by others from the recruits.

Now we come in closer contact with the all-important Seniors; still we feel that we are of some importance, too, as we supplied the different athletic teams with more men than any of the other classes. May the 21st, 1911! All examinations are over, though a few not passed, yet we feel fully capable of performing a Senior's duties.

The scholastic year of 1911 and 1912 brings with it "The Parting of the Ways," where many of us part to meet no more. At last we have come to the sad realization of the fact that being a successful Senior is by no means the snap we had dreamed of. However, we passed most of our fall examinations, also the mid-year ones, and so we feel confident of our "sheep-skins" in the end, the reward of the faithful.

CLASS HISTORIAN.

Senior Superlatives

(Voted by Senior Class, February 8, 1912.)

<i>Most Popular</i>	WITHERINGTON
<i>Best Athlete</i>	HARKINS
<i>Best Looking</i>	SHARPE
<i>Best All-round Man</i>	WINSTON
<i>Best Speaker</i>	GOFORTH
<i>Best Student</i>	DREWRY
<i>Biggest Crook</i>	GOFORTH
<i>Most Ladylike</i>	CHAPPELL
<i>Biggest Tightwad</i>	KINNEY
<i>Biggest Liar</i>	HARKINS
<i>Greatest Ladiesman</i>	BEARD





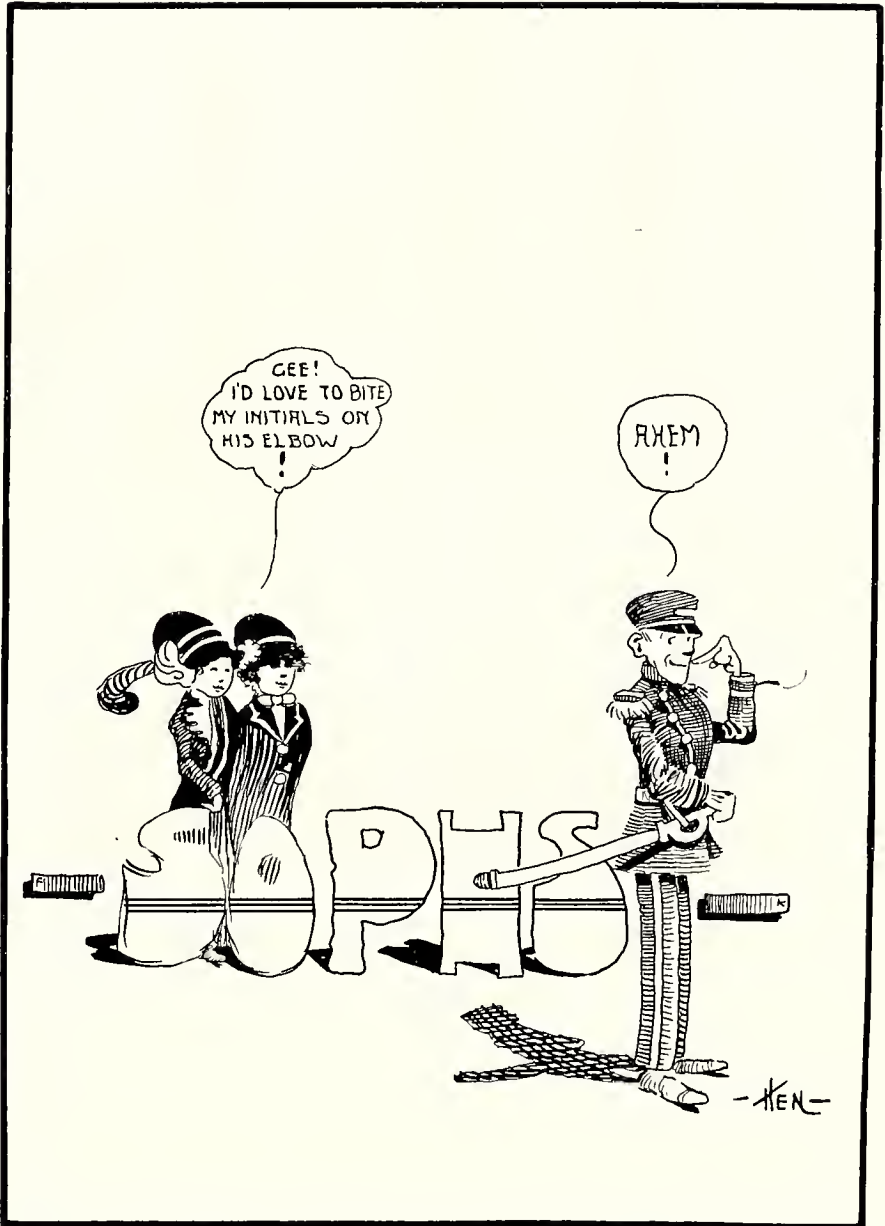
JUNIOR



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class Roll

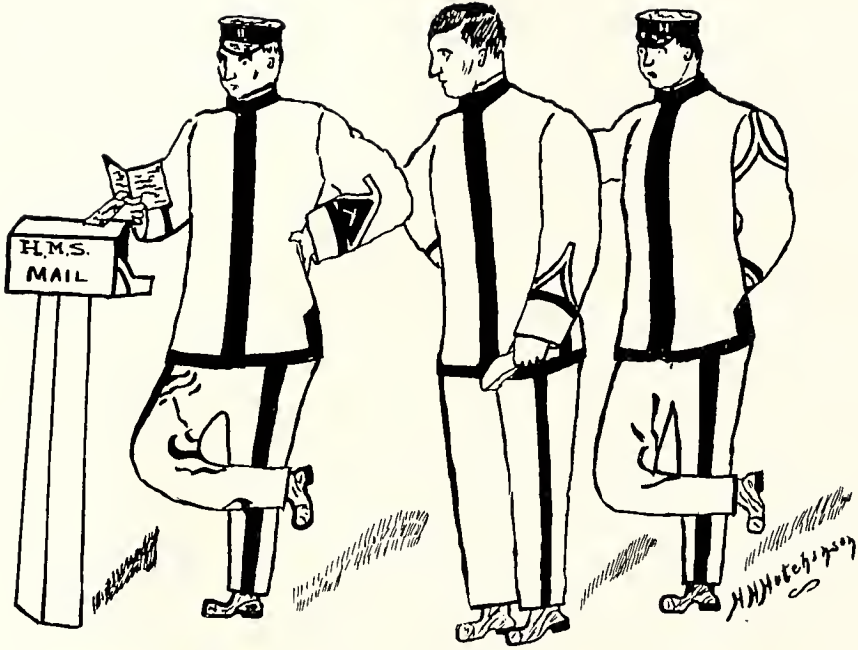
Anderson, James Ellis.....	Richmond, Va.
Anderson, William Alexander.....	Ocalo, Fla.
Baker, Winifred William.....	Morristown, Tenn.
Blalock, Balfour Cowan.....	Norwood, N. C.
Bonner, John Bryan.....	Bonnerton, N. C.
Choate, Joe Leighton.....	Huntersville, N. C.
Cottingham, Archie Edward.....	Charlotte, N. C.
Glenn, William Owen.....	South Boston, Va.
Gorham, William C.....	Oxford, N. C.
Gorman, William Carson.....	Salisbury, N. C.
Grady, Edmund Lilly.....	Fayetteville, N. C.
Harris, Graham Waverly.....	Oxford, N. C.
Hill, Dudley Brown.....	Warsaw, N. C.
Julian, William Alexander.....	Thomasville, N. C.
Kepley, John Whitehead.....	Salisbury, N. C.
Klingman, Edwin Carlyle.....	Greensboro, N. C.
Lee, John Chester.....	Leesburg, Fla.
Merriman, Branch Hugh, Jr.....	Greensboro, N. C.
Morphew, Frank Bryan.....	Marion, N. C.
Parker, John Leonard.....	Coldrairie, N. C.
Perkerson, Grover Cleveland.....	Youngsville, N. C.
Pierce, John Miller.....	Warsaw, N. C.
Ramsay, James Graham.....	Salisbury, N. C.
Stearn, Harold Marsh.....	Belhaven, N. C.
Taylor, Robert Bellamy.....	Townsville, N. C.
Winston, Genadus Eustice.....	Youngsville, N. C.



GEE!
I'D LOVE TO BITE
MY INITIALS ON
HIS ELBOW
!

RXEM
!

-KEN-



SOPHOMORE



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class Roll

Akers, William Sherman.....	Morristown, Tenn.
Arnold, Clarence Claiborne.....	Waverly, Va.
Barringer, William Van.....	Duncannon, Pa.
Garrison, Paul Carmichael.....	Goldsboro, N. C.
Gooch, Frank.....	Oxford, N. C.
Hagan, Kenneth Frye.....	Greensboro, N. C.
Harper, John Sugg.....	Snowhill, N. C.
Hubbard, Bruce Constance.....	Spartanburg, S. C.
Hutchinson, Henry Hamilton.....	Wilson, N. C.
Meadows, Lee.....	Oxford, N. C.
Mitchell, Samuel Phillips.....	Petersburg, Va.
McHarney, Charles Levernion.....	Bellhaven, N. C.
Oates, Norwood Keith.....	Faison, N. C.
Smith, Troy Charles.....	Liberty, N. C.
Spruill, Frank Shepard.....	Rocky Mount, N. C.
Williford, Robert Lewis.....	Oxford, N. C.
Williams, John D.....	Durham, N. C.
Quevedo, Manuel Gonzalez.....	Union de Reyes, Cuba



FRESHMEN



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class Roll

Arnold, Bennett.....	Waynesville, N. C.
Ballou, Edward.....	Oxford, N. C.
Bridges, Erwin.....	Birmingham, Ala.
Cottingham, Luther.....	Charlotte, N. C.
Faulkner, William Henery.....	South Boston, Va.
Gresham, Junius Luna ford.....	Oxford, N. C.
Ham, Wilbur Lee.....	Greensboro, N. C.
Hill, John Bert.....	Louisburg, N. C.
Hubbard, Geffreys Wills.....	Spartanburg, S. C.
Joyner, Ellis Harding.....	Littleton, N. C.
Lanier, John Dickey.....	Warrenton, N. C.
Lanier, Richard Nunn.....	Warrenton, N. C.
May, William Nathan.....	Youngsville, N. C.
Pate, Jim Harper.....	Snowhill, N. C.
Rodriquez, Edmundo Cristobal.....	Bolondron, Cuba
Simmons, Morton Warring.....	Young's Island, S. C.
Simmons, Thomas Richie.....	Young's Island, S. C.

Report of Delinquencies

October 13, 1912

- ALLEIN—
Looking at bread on training table and turning it yellow, thereby endangering other members of foot-ball team.
- ANDERSON, J.—
Never speaking loud enough to be heard.
- ANDERSON, W.—
Repeated trying to blow out electric light.
- BAKER—
Talking about food.
- BEARD—
Refusing to buy dinner for fair calic at Norlina, thereby exhibiting usual cheapness.
- BLACKWELL—
Trying to introduce new way of marking time.
- BLALOCK—
Having brass enough to send young lady his photo and then losing temper when she returned it.
- CHAPPELL—
Embroidering ladies' handkerchiefs during study hour.
- COTTINGHAM, A.—
Asking foolish question No. 1001.
- DREWRY—
Caught reading "Etiquette at Home and Abroad," night before Thanksgiving dance.
- DRIGGERS—
False official statement about his race.
- GOOCH, F.—
Going through dumb-bells properly, thereby causing perplexity in Co. B.
- GOFORTH—
Neglecting school duty to deal in cotton factory prospects.
- GARRISON—
Insulting a parrot while on foot-ball trip, thereby causing disturbance in hotel.
- HAM—
Arguing with Gresham about "Horticultural Research."
- HARKINS—
False official statement about number of Welch rabbits killed on his last hunting trip to Africa.

HILL, D. B.—

Eating more than his share at meals and then biting
finger nails.

HUBBARD, G.—

Disturbing the peace by barking like a dog at mid-
night.

JOYNER—

Bringing mysterious looking bags in Barracks every
Sunday afternoon just before Retreat.

KLINGMAN—

Repeated loafing around training table.

KLINGMAN

Eating so much chocolate cake whenever he calls on
S. W. that it gives him nightmares.

KINNEY—

Exerting himself unnecessarily by eating three times
a day.

LANIER, R.—

Borrowing all the magazines and newspapers in school.

LANDIS—

Trying to rub the "black" off of Prof. Vinson's black-
board.

MERRIMAN, B.—

Repeated giving knocks where they are needed least.

MORPHEW—

Talking too much at Seminary reception.

OATES—

Imposing on Catlett.

PLEASANTS—

Sleeping with mouth open, thereby endangering lives
of our pet mosquitoes and mice.

ROBERTS—

Having more than number of Seminary girls allowed a
corporal.

ROBERTS—

Not being able to distinguish the difference between
mine and *thine*.

SHARPE—

Trying to flirt with the lady who sits on the little res-
taurant porch—and failing.

SIMMONS, R.—

Forever grinning like "a 'possum."

TIMBERLAKE—

Causing disturbance in Barracks by trying to sing.

WELCH—

Making himself conspicuous by drinking out of punch bowl at Seminary reception.

WELCH—

Not laughing at proper time whenever a joke is told, thereby discouraging our jokers.

WILLIAMS, *F.*—

Wanting to ride hobby horse on drill.

WILLIAMS, *J.*

Biting enamel off forks.

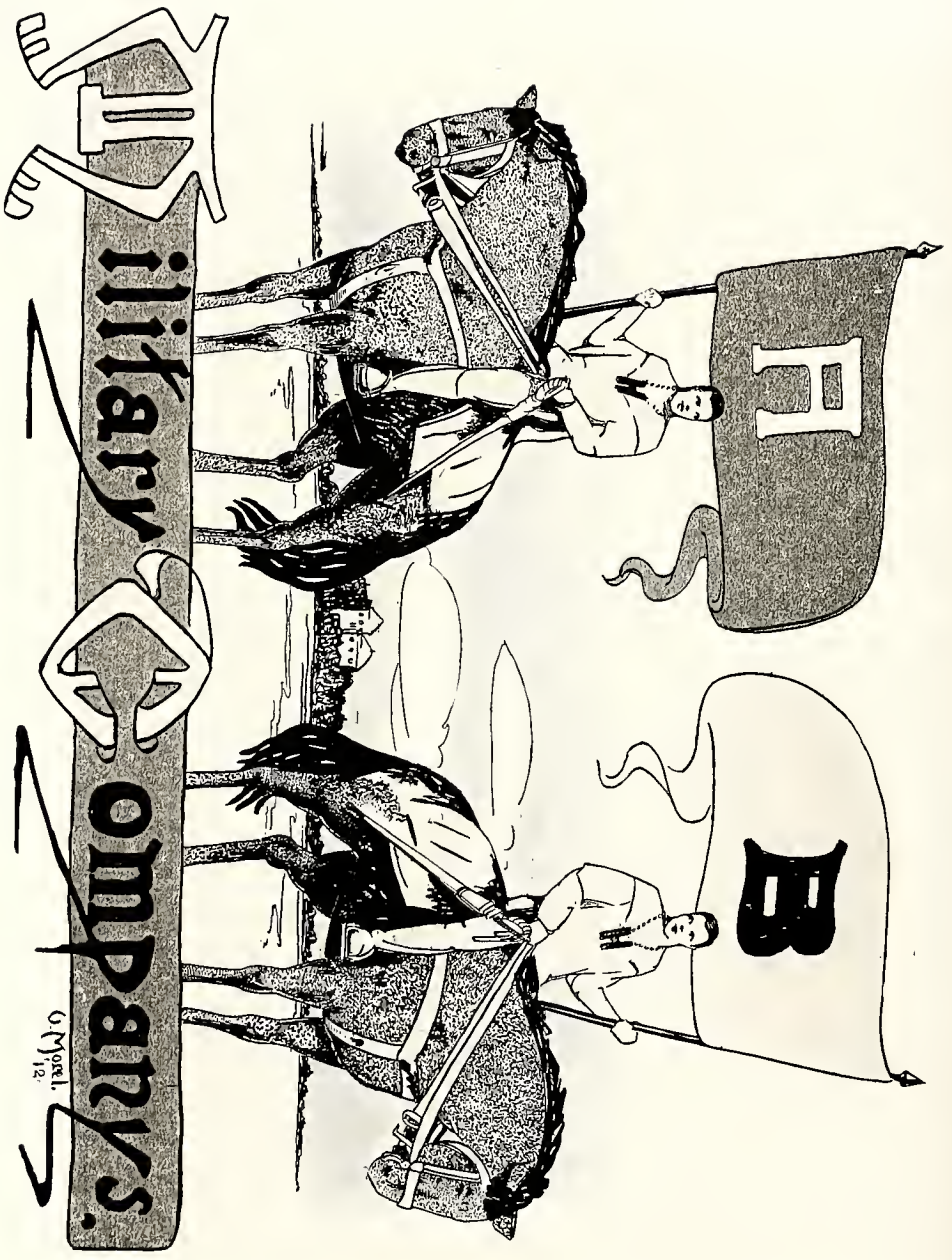
WITHERINGTON—

Trying to massage spots off face of picture of himself.

WHISTNANT—

Trying to learn how to swim in shower bath.





Military Companies.

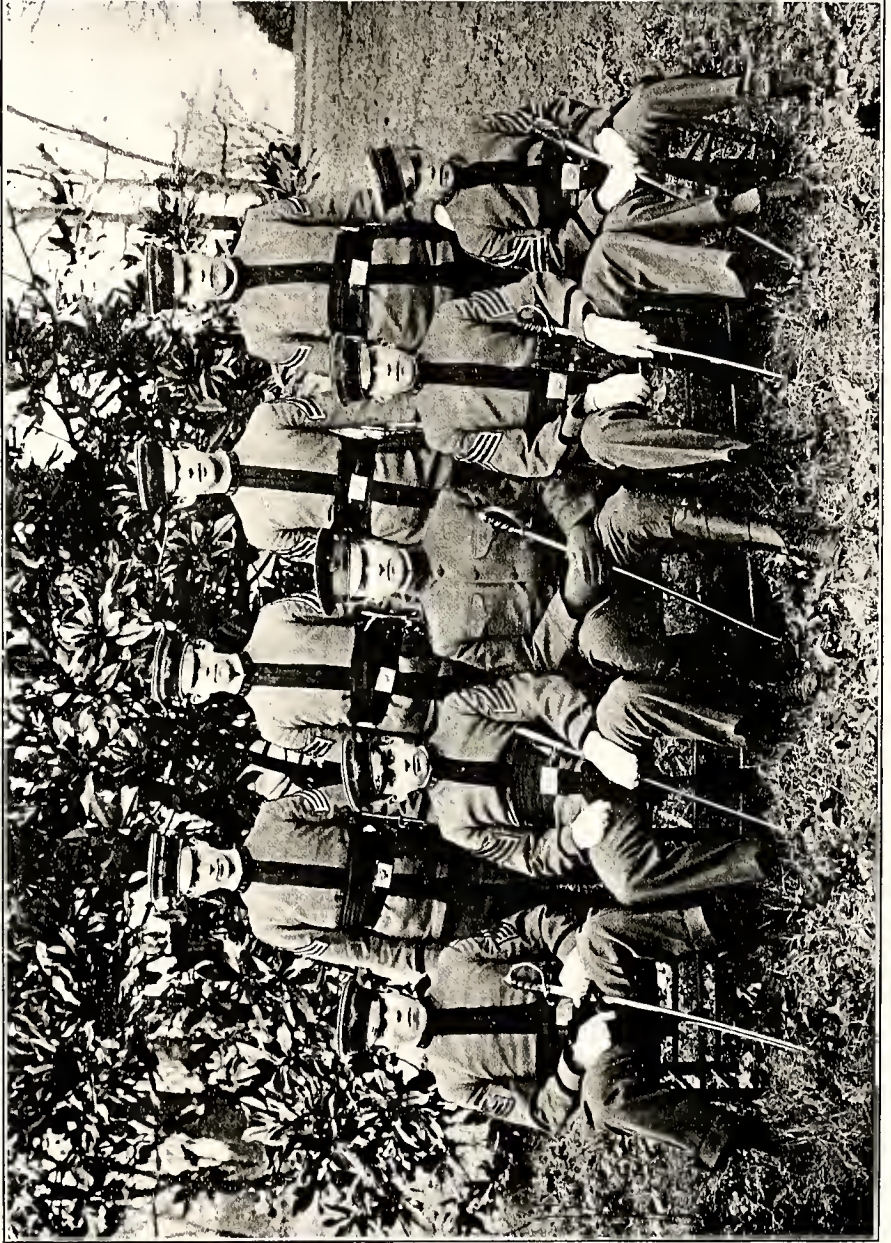
U. Morel.
12.



CADET STAFF.

Staff

H. H. HARKINS.....*Adjutant*
G. H. DREWRY.....*Quartermaster Lieutenant.*
P. X. ENGLISH.....*Cammandant*
C. E. CHAPPELL.....*Military Secretary*
R. S. WITHERINGTON.....*Sergeant Major*
O. L. GOFORTH.....*Calar Sergeant*



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

Commissioned Officers

P. X. ENGLISH.....*Commandant*

COMPANY "A"

B. P. BEARD.....*Captain*

E. G. JOYNER.....*First Lieutenant*

W. T. LANDIS.....*Second Lieutenant*

COMPANY "B"

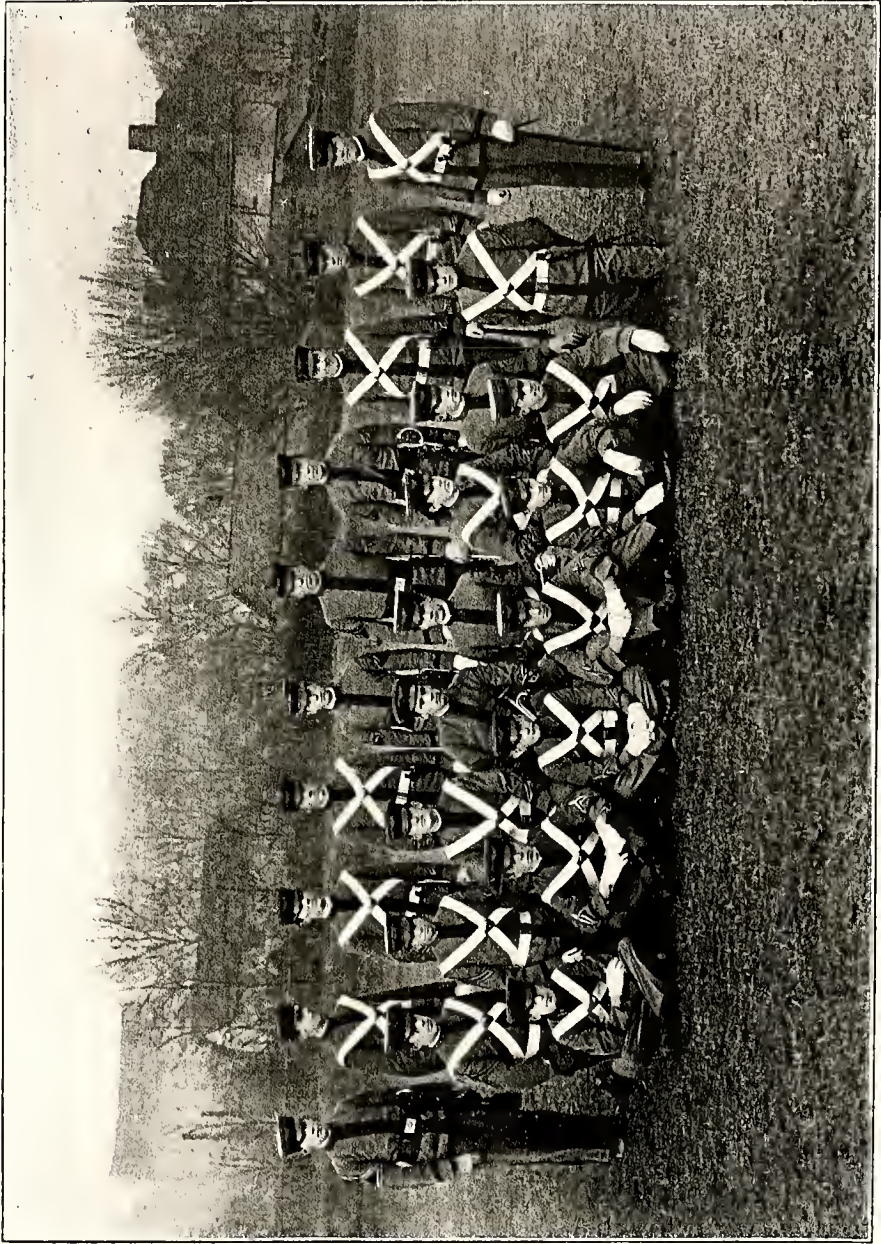
E. C. WELCH.....*Captain*

R. B. ALLEIN.....*First Lieutenant*

L. C. GOOCH.....*Second Lieutenant*

G. H. DREWRY...*Quartermaster Lieut.*

H. H. HARKINS.....*Adjutant*



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

Non-Commissioned Officers

COMPANY "A"

R. S. WITHERINGTON..... *Sergeant Major*
C. L. GOFORTH..... *Color Sergeant*

SERGEANTS

P. C. GARRISON..... *First*
D. S. SHARPE..... *Second*
W. HARRIS..... *Third*

CORPORALS

J. D. LANIER..... *First*
H. M. STEARN..... *Second*
F. J. TIMBERLAKE..... *Third*
A. A. ROBERTS..... *Fourth*
W. W. BAKER..... *Fifth*
J. S. HARPER..... *Sixth*

COMPANY "B"

C. E. CHAPPELL..... *Military Secretary*

SERGEANTS

J. G. RAMSAY..... *First*
W. A. JULIAN..... *Second*
J. C. LEE..... *Third*

CORPORALS

R. B. TAYLOR..... *First*
P. B. CALLETT..... *Second*
J. B. BONNER..... *Third*
J. E. ANDERSON..... *Fourth*
H. WINSTON..... *Fifth*
A. E. COTTINGHAM..... *Sixth*

Buglers.

QUEVEDO

AKERS

BRIDGES

Drummer

HUTCHINSON



BATTALION

Was It Wrong?

*Underneath a shady tree,
Chanced a cadet a maid to see.
Ta this caol and sheltered naak
She had wandered with a book;
But the heat her senses dulled,
And the baak ta slumber lulled,
Far the author was so deep,
She had fallen fast asleep.*

*Spying her thus, slumbering there,
Sweetly innocent, and yet so fair,
The cadet stole softly up behind,
And gently a'er the girl inclined;
Half fearing a breath ta take,
Lest she should suddenly awake,
As the bee the haneys sips,
The cadet baldly kissed her lips.*

*Wakened thus, in shy surprise,
The maid cast dawn her lovely eyes,
And the cadet began ta try
His rash act ta justify;
"I knaw," said he, "that I did wrang,
But the temptation was tao strang;
Such a melting mauth as this,
Was surely, surely made ta kiss."*

*Deeper still the maiden blushed,
Rasier yet her sweet face flushed,
Lawer dawn she dropped her head,
And with a madest air she said:
"It was wrang, mast certainly,
Thus ta steal a kiss from me,
But I was sound asleep—and yau—
Might just as well have taken twa."*

W. S. A., '14.

COMPANY

“A”

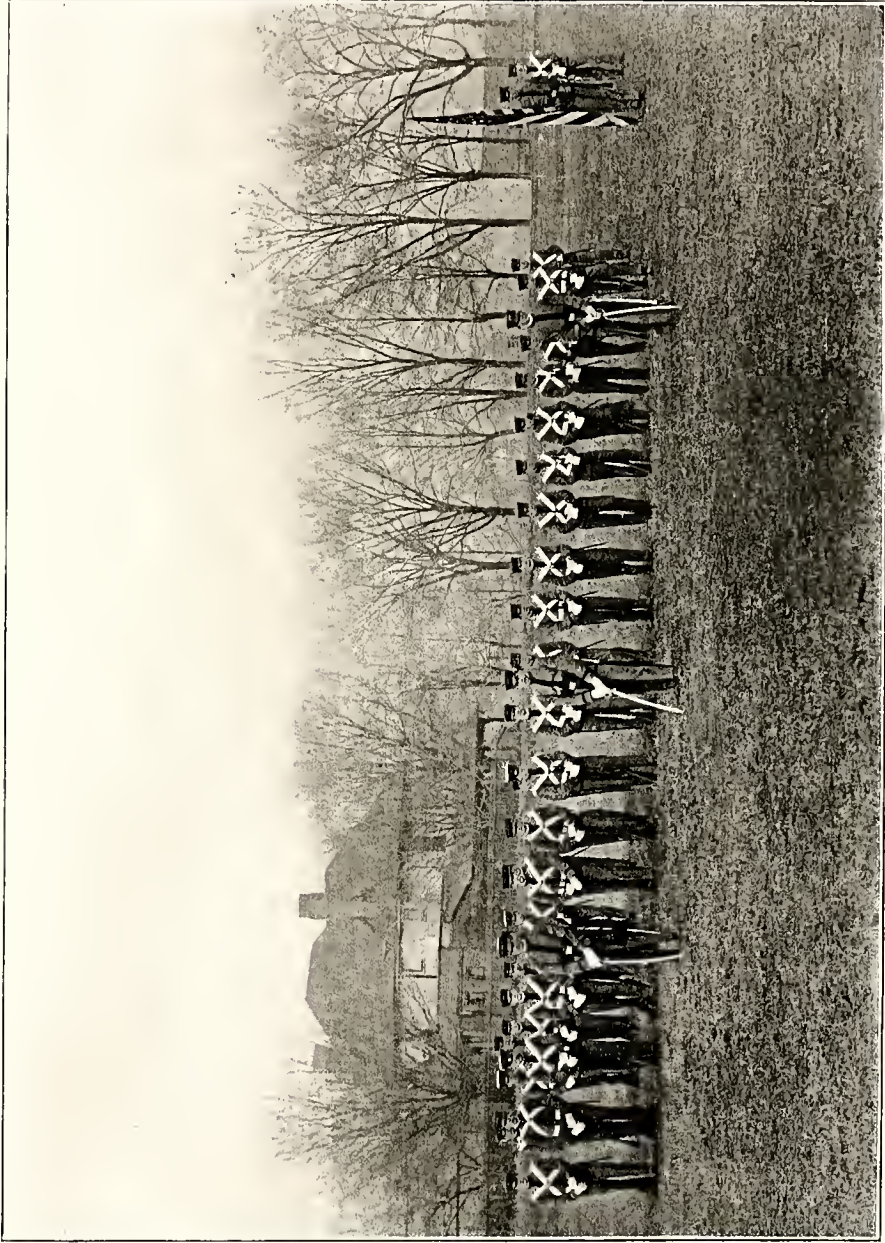




CAPT. B. P. BEARD



Miss Lucy Landis
Sponsor Co. "A"



COMPANY "A"

Company "A" Roll

BEARD..... *Captain*
JOYNER..... *First Lieutenant*
LANDIS..... *Second Lieutenant*
GARRISON..... *First Sergeant*

SERGEANTS

SHARPE

HARRIS

CORPORALS

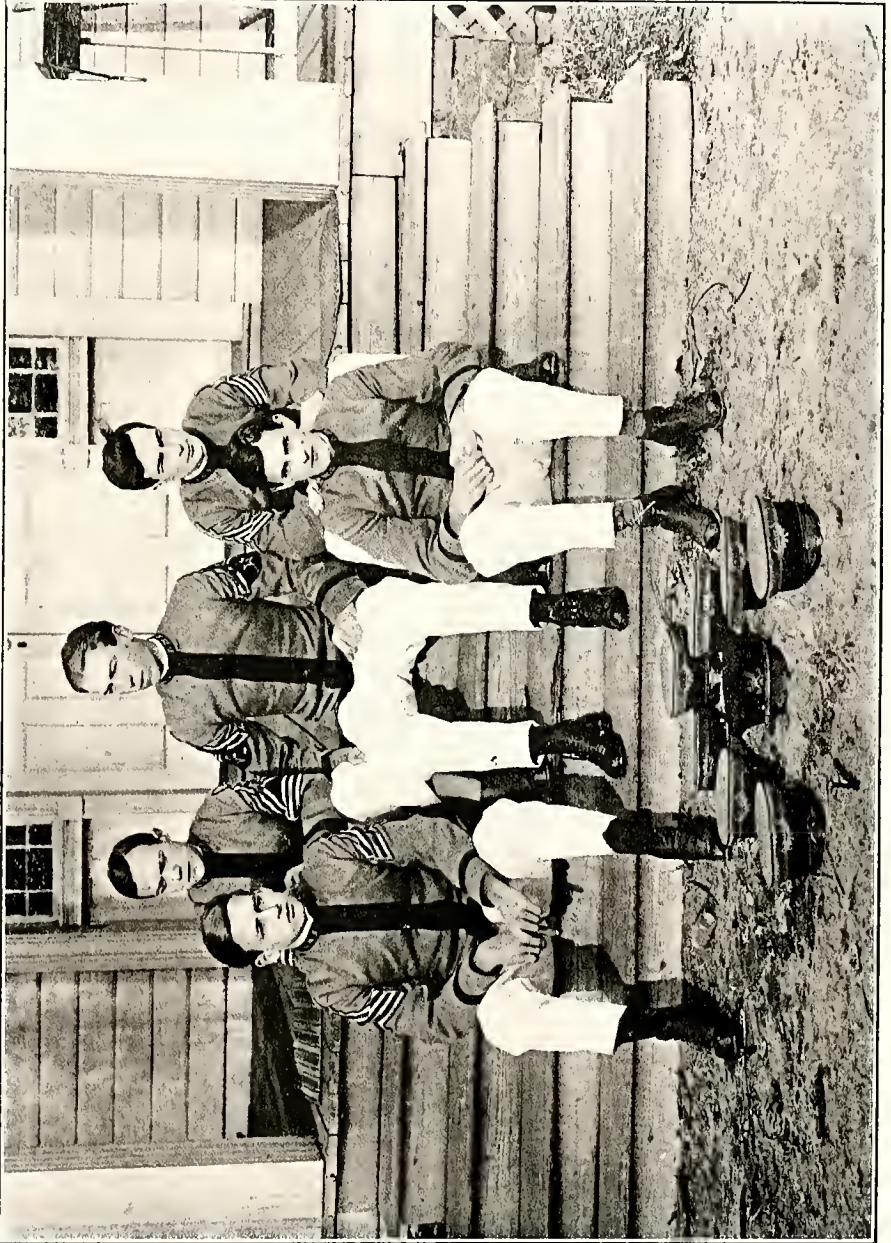
LANIER
STEARNS
TIMBERLAKE

ROBERTS
BAKER
HARPER

PRIVATEES

Akers
Anderson
Barranger
Ballou
Daniels
Faulkner
Glenn
Gorman
Gorham
Ham
Hill
Hunt
Kepley
Kinney
May

Merrimon, B.
Morphew
McHarney
Pate
Perkerson
Pleasant
Rodriguez
Simmons, F.
Simmons, W.
Williams, D.
Williams, F.
Williams, V.
Williford
Winston



COMPANY "A," COMMENCEMENT OFFICERS

Company "A" Commencement Officers

Washington Literary Society

B. P. BEARD.....	<i>President</i>
E. G. JOYNER.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
E. G. JOYNER.....	<i>Declaimer</i>
G. H. DREWRY.....	<i>Essayist</i>
F. B. MORPHEW.....	<i>Orator</i>
O. L. GOFORTH.....	<i>Debater</i>

COMPANY

“B”



HEN-
CHARLOTTE



CAPT. E. C. WELCH



Miss Ruth Mitchell

Sponsor Co. "B"



COMPANY "B"

Company "B" Roll

WELCH..... *Captain*
ALLEIN..... *First Lieutenant*
GOOCH..... *Second Lieutenant*
RAMSAY..... *First Sergeant*

SERGEANTS

JULIAN

LEE

CORPORALS

ANDERSON
WINSTON
COTTINGHAM

TAYLOR
CATLETT
BONNER

PRIVATEES

Arnold, B.
Arnold, C.
Blackwell
Blalock
Bridges
Choate
Cottingham, L.
Driggers
Faison
Gooch, F.
Grady
Gresham
Hagan

Hill, D. B.
Hutchinson
Hubbard, B.
Hubbard, G.
Klingman
Lanier, R.
Meadows
Merrimon, W.
Murray
Oates
Parker
Smith
Spruill



COMPANY "B" COMMENCEMENT OFFICERS

Company "B" Commencement Officers

Franklin Literary Society

E. C. WELCH.....	<i>President</i>
J. G. RAMSAY.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
J. G. RAMSAY.....	<i>Disclaimer</i>
R. B. ALLEIN.....	<i>Essayist</i>
R. LANIER.....	<i>Orator</i>
D. B. HILL	<i>Debater</i>

Home

HOW sweet is that word "home" to every school boy and girl. How many cherished memories does it recall? Home where we shall again press in fond affection the pure, sweet lips of our dear old mothers. Home where we shall once more grasp the wrinkled hand of our father who has safely piloted us thus far in life, and who has made possible this opportunity for the development of our mental faculties. Home, where our sisters and brothers, both old and young, will greet in tears of joy, him who returns home from school.

Why is it the heart of every school boy thrills with joy when Christmas nears? It is because he knows he will soon be with those whom he first knew and learned to love.

He quivers with joy of a new life when he thinks of the time nearby when such visions of big dinners, days in the fields and woods, with dog and gun, parties on cold and sleety nights, will come true. He thinks of how he will be allowed to spend a short time at home, standing in the presence of the past and composing one of the group of loved ones encircling the hearthstone of his childhood days. He thinks of how his faithful dog will run out in fierceness to meet the stranger, and how he will wobble himself up sideways when he recognizes his master, how he will cover him with canine caresses and hurry back to the house to inform his family of his arrival.

We, as young people, who are just entering the solemn struggles of life, let us always keep in the innermost recesses of our hearts a deep, reverential love for those who so tenderly and lovingly nurtured us through our helpless infancy, and may we always strive to conform to their wishes for our mental, physical and moral welfare. May our souls ever be stirred at the thoughts of home, and may we unflinchingly do

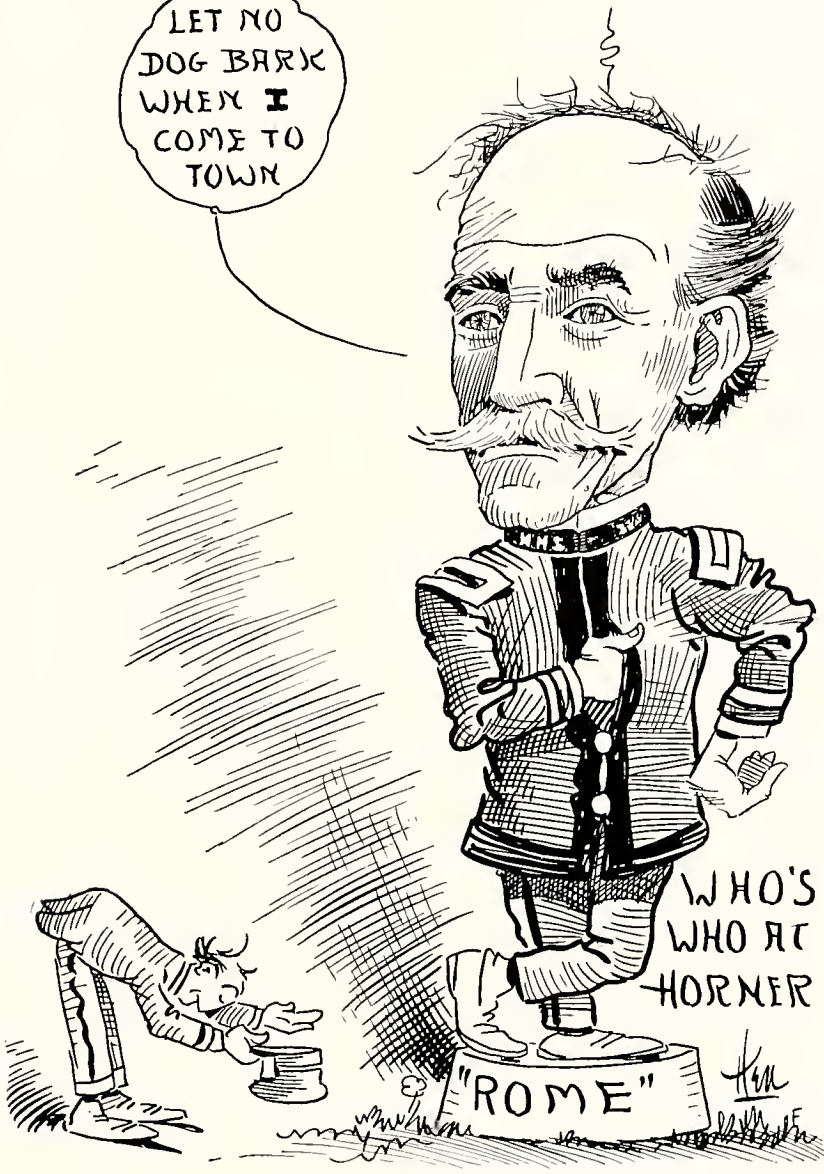
homage at the sacred remembrance of the place where we were lifted from our cradles to look out upon a world full of sunshine and shadow, full of wealth and poverty, full of turmoil and trouble, full of joy and sorrow.

May God strengthen that one who goes home only to find a vacant chair by the loss of a loved one.

H. E. W., '12.



LET NO
DOG BARK
WHEN **I**
COME TO
TOWN



WHO'S
WHO AT
HORNER

"ROME"

Tom

Horner Military School

H—stands for Harkins, the bull of Horner School,
But on Algebra he certainly is a fool.

O—stands for Oates, little but strong,
Who always protests that he isn't in the wrong.

R—stands for Roberts, better known as Jughead,
Who likes to ride the sick list and always stay in bed.

N—stands for Norman, the guy with a two-inch nose,
Who went to Colonel with all of his woes.

E—stands for Ervin, who was so cross-eyed,
The tears ran down his back whenever he cried.

R—stands for Ramsay, who takes Latin under "Rome,"
And if he don't study better he'll soon go home.

M—stands for Major, so big and tall, and yet so meek,
But he makes us drill five times a week.

I—stands for inspection; O! Major, please don't come so soon,
Someone has been smoking, wait 'till I throw talcum in my room.

L—stands for Lizzie Beard, who cooked after taps one night,
But Major and Vinson caught him all right.

I—stands for Inattention, and Garrison never hears what you have
to say, for he is now President of the famous P. P. A.

T—stands for Timberlake, to Horner School one day he came,
He wore no socks but he got here just the same

A—stands for Allien, who always (?) buys the drinks,
But his mouth is out of proportion to the organ with which he thinks.

R—stands for Rodriguez who started back to Cuba one day,
But Colonel placed a switch upon his tumi-ti-tum-tum-te.

Y—stands for Yeast, that swells like the deuce,
And the same with Julian, O well!—what's the use.

- S**—stands for Sharpe, O! you Dang—
For he is the guy with the bull dog mug.
- C**—stands for Chappell, his eyes ore block and his mouth is big,
He has folse teeth and I think he wears a wig.
- H**—stands for Harris, his feet are like a rose,
But when he—O well! just hold your nose.
- O**—stands for Oblong, Hams head is shoped just thot woy,
He moy learn English, but it will be some other day.
- O**—stonds for Outlaw Hunt, coming to “port arms” he is fast,
But his love for Lotin ond Drill doesn’t lost.
- L**—stands for Lotin, the study thot tokes o fellow’s breath,
But give me a Piedmont or give me death.

W. S. A., '14.





ATHLETICS.



FOOT BALL



VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM

Varsity Foot Ball Team

LINE-UP

GRADY.....	<i>Left End</i>
RAMSAY.....	<i>Left Tackle</i>
JULIAN.....	<i>Left Guard</i>
BLALOCK.....	<i>Center</i>
ALLEIN.....	<i>Right End</i>
DRIGGERS.....	<i>Right Tackle</i>
GARRISON.....	<i>Right Guard</i>
BEARD.....	<i>Quarter Back</i>
WITHERINGTON.....	<i>Left Half Back</i>
HARKINS (Captain).....	<i>Full Back</i>
GOOCH.....	<i>Right Half Back</i>

SUBS

KLINGMAN	McNAIR	WINSTON
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SCORES

Horner.....	35	W. H. S.....	0
Horner.....	30	W. F. Scrubs.....	0
Horner.....	41	W. H. S.....	0
Horner.....	11	Bingham.....	0

Football



THE 1911 season opened with a very poor prospect for us. When the call for candidates was made lots of our best material was found absent. We were all thinking, who could fill the vacant places?

There seemed none here who would be competent to fill them, but after a few days of hard practice it was evident that some very promising material had been found. Each day they improved. It was not long until no one was sure of a position, and not until the first game did anyone know who would play. Even some of the old men were not sure they could make good against some of the new men. Some were, however, inexperienced, and it was no easy task to prophecy what they would do when up against the "real thing." The scrub team was of indispensable aid to the 'varsity, although outweighed and outclassed, they were seen on the gridiron every afternoon, giving the 'varsity all that was in them. Our prospects for a great season was no longer in doubt. Instead of looking blue and dreading to see the day when we would meet our foes, everyone was jubilant over the teams good work and development, and longed for the day when our rivals from Warrenton should meet us.

Several days prior to the contest, Coach Thompson came over from Wake Forest, and after coaching us a few days said we had as good, if not the best, Prep. School team in the State. When Warrenton came over, no one was in doubt who the victor would be, but how much we would beat them? It was really a joke. When the game was over we had beat them by a score larger than any one had expected. The other game with them was even worse. After having defeated several of the best Prep. School teams in the State, we challenged any Prep. School for the championship. None excepted, however, except Bingham, Asheville, and we are sorry we could not come to terms with them on account of several professionals on their team, who they refused to bar

from the game. We were then declared the champions of the State for Prep. Schools. Harkins at Fullback, has been a tower of strength to the team. His line plunging and all-round playing has featured every game. Next comes Witherington at half, who is one of the most consistent ground gainers on the team. Gooch, at the other half, is also another good man. He is a good line plunger, and often tears off long runs around the ends. Beard at quarterback must not be overlooked, this heady little quarterback always has his head overflowing with a variety of plays that keep his opponents guessing. The success of the team in part can be credited to his generalship. The line was heavy, and always there with the "goods." Grady and Allein on the ends, played brilliantly throughout the season, both on the offensive and the defensive. With Ramsay and Driggers as tackles, we could hardly hope for two better men, both of them always in the game, this fact the "other fellows" can tell you about. As guards, we have two men, Garrison and Julian, two men who have spoiled many a good play for our opponents, both are fast and through the line like a shot. Last, but by no means least, comes our center, Blalock. He has been playing this position for two years, and we could hope for no better man. He is a perfect passer, and if not watched closely, will spoil many good plays and tear large holes for some of the backs to tear off long runs.

Winston, McNair, and Klingman, substitutes, are all good men, and could fill the position of some of the men as good as they. With these men, we developed the fast and aggressive eleven that won for us this season the highest honors.

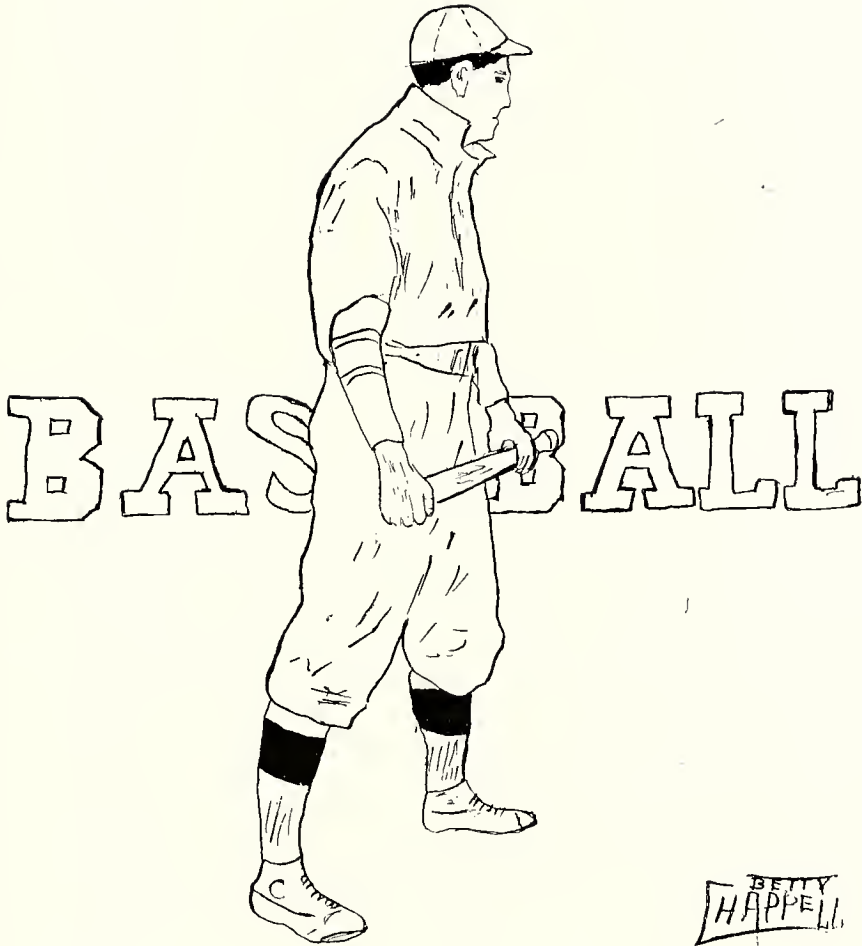
DREWRY, '12.





SCRUB FOOTBALL TEAM

HAGAN.....	<i>Left End</i>
CATLETT AND GLENN.....	<i>Left Tackle</i>
CHOATE AND ANDERSON, W.....	<i>Left Guard</i>
MORPHEW AND WILLIAMS, J. D.....	<i>Center</i>
OATES.....	<i>Right Guard</i>
BARRANGER.....	<i>Right Tackle</i>
BAKER AND WINSTON, G.....	<i>Right End</i>
SHARPE (Captain).....	<i>Quarterback</i>
QUEVEDO.....	<i>Left Halfback</i>
DREWRY AND ARNOLD.....	<i>Fullback</i>



Learning the Game

"Now why," said Miss Gilliam, "tell me why
That man's in such a rage?
And say's he'll punch the ather's eye—
The one that wears the cage?"

"Oh, he," said I is feeling sore,
"He's putting up a shout,
And wants to drink the umpire's gore,
Because he called him out."

"But why," said Miss Gilliam, "Tell me why,
He's acting so absurd?
He looks as though he's going to cry,
But he doesn't say a word."

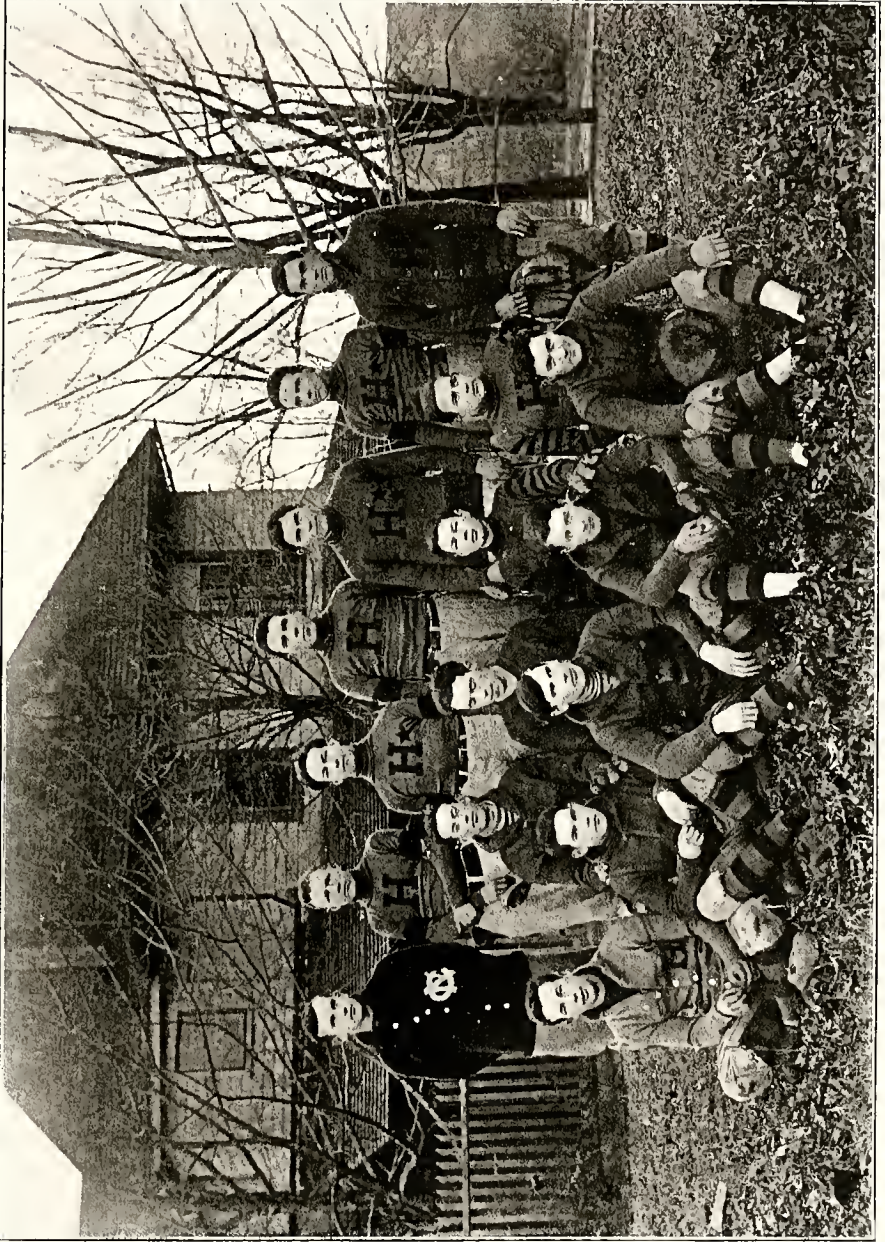
"They settle cases mighty quick,
When a player looses his head,
The umpire let's him make his kick,
Then calls him down," I said.

"He called him out—then called him down,"
Said Miss Gilliam with a pout.
"But why? Oh, yes! I see!
He's down and out."

W. S. A., '14.



WAVERLY HARRIS, CAPTAIN



VARSITY BASEBALL TEAM

Varsity Base Ball Team

LINE-UP

WINSTON, H.	Catcher
MEADOWS	Pitcher
PERKERSON	Pitcher
HARKINS	First Base
ALLEIN	Second Base
WITHERINGTON, R.	Short Stop
HARRIS (Captain)	Third Base
WINSTON, G.	Center Field
GOOCH	Left Field
BEARD	Right Field
GARRISON	Substitute
GORHAM	Substitute
GRADY	Substitute
DRIGGERS	Substitute

Company "A" Base Ball Team

PERKERSON (Captain).....	<i>Pitcher</i>
WITHERINGTON, R. (Manager).....	<i>Catcher</i>
WINSTON, G.....	<i>Short Stop</i>
GARRISON.....	<i>First Base</i>
AKERS.....	<i>Second Base</i>
HARRIS.....	<i>Third Base</i>
STEARNS.....	<i>Left Field</i>
BEARD.....	<i>Center Field</i>
GORHAM.....	<i>Right Field</i>

SUBS

BAKER

WILLIAMS, F. C.

JOYNER

Company "B" Base Ball Team

HARKINS (Captain).....	<i>First Base</i>
WINSTON, H. (Manager).....	<i>Catcher</i>
MEADOWS.....	<i>Pitcher</i>
GOOCH, L.....	<i>Short Stop</i>
ALLEIN.....	<i>Second Base</i>
JULIAN.....	<i>Third Base</i>
DRIGGERS.....	<i>Left Field</i>
GRADY.....	<i>Center Field</i>
LEE.....	<i>Right Field</i>

SUBS

SPRUILL

CHOATE

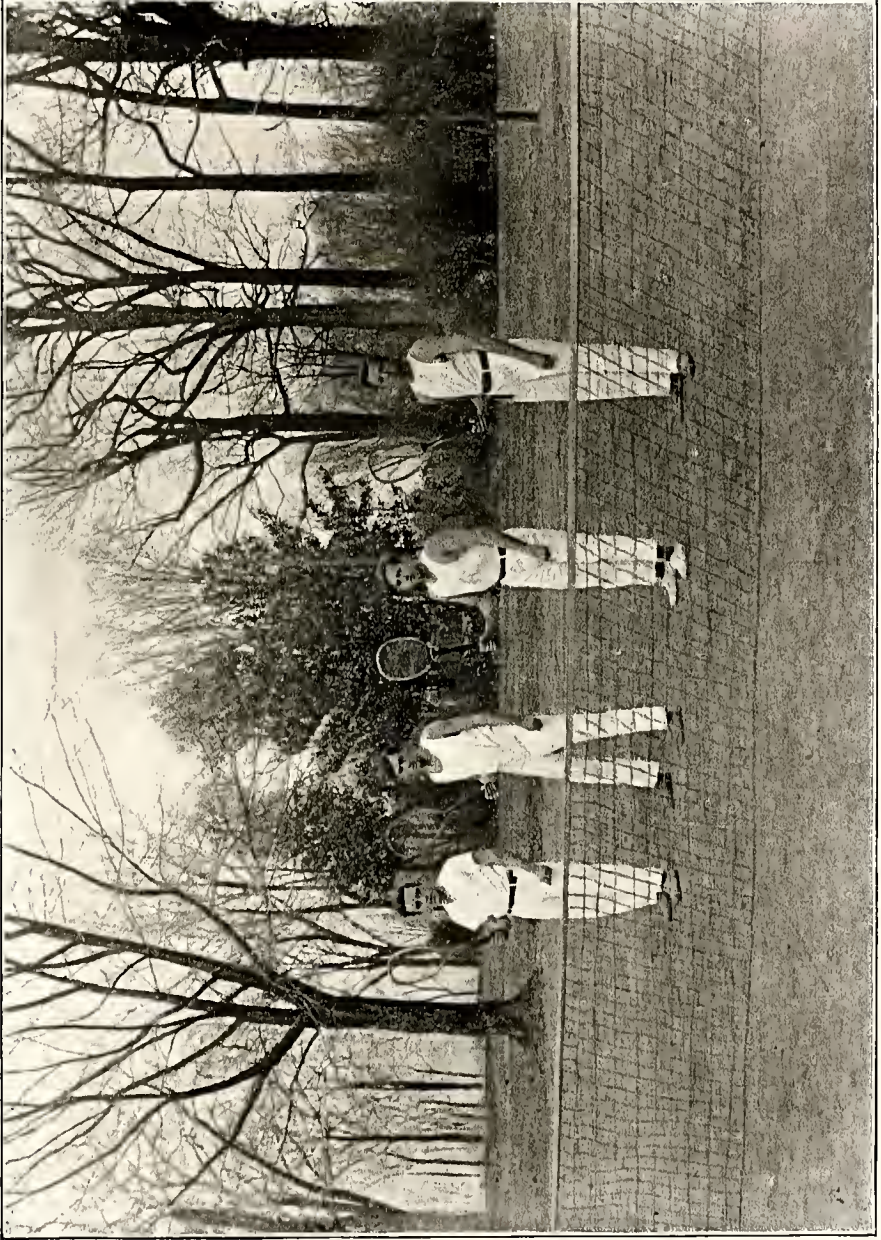
Company "A" Track Team

LANDIS (Captain) KEPLEY (Coach)
BEARD
GOFORTH
HARRIS
ROBERTS
WILLIAMS, J. D.
WILLIAMS, F. C.
MORPHEW
JOYNER, E. G.
WITHERINGTON
GARRISON
BARRINGER
GLENN
QUEVEDO
WINSTON, G.
GORMAN



Company "B" Track Team

HARKINS (Captain) RAMSAY (Coach)
ALLEIN
DRIGGERS
CHOATE
CATLETT
GRADY
SPRUILL
JULIAN
WINSTON, H.
LEE
ARNOLD



STEARN HARRIS BEARD KEPLEY



RAMSAY

SPRUILL

HARKINS

ALLEIN

Love is Only a Dream

*Love is only a dream
That fades with dawn of day;
Love is too sweet to last
When night has passed away.*

*Love's magic
Will haunt me to my end,
Because she is false
Who was once more than friend.*

*I cannot forget
With all its summer's shine
Those golden hours
That linked her life with mine.*

*I cannot forget
When every pulse is astir,
That path of roses
I did tread with her.*

*Through the world
I have wandered far and wide,
With her dainty hand
Always as my heavenly guide.*

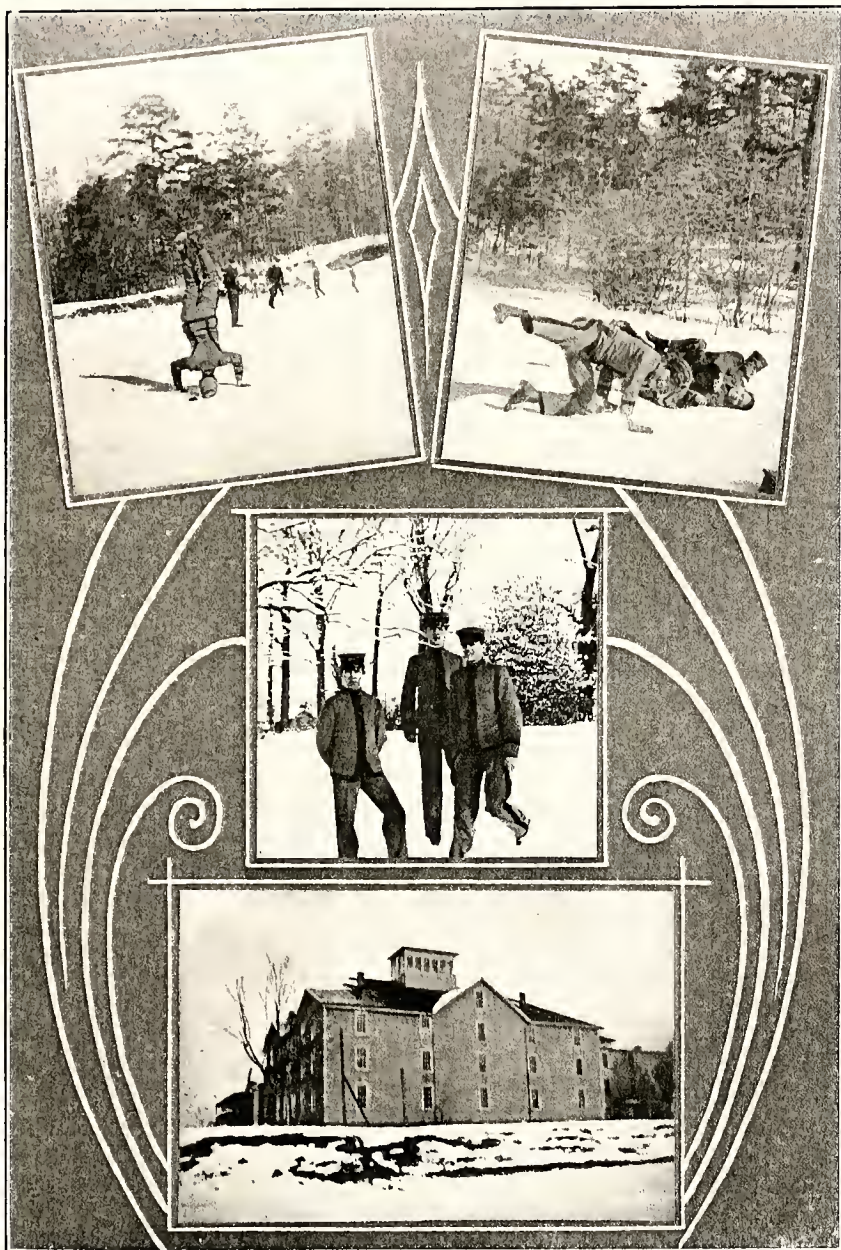
*No other face to me
Ever seemed so fair;
No other voice with music
Could even fill the air.*

*Her heart was wholly mine,
Her love was all my own;
But in that sweet time, alas!
It has forever flown.*

*Those happy hours
By dearest memories I trace,
And their tender legends
Are upon my heart with grace.*

*Many lovely nights have we sat together
With our hearts full of gleam;
But in this night of sadness
I find "love is only a dream."*

H. E. W.—'12.



7 AROUND THE SCHOOL

“If”

(With apologies to Kipling)

*If you can drill when all about you
Are having fun and poking it at you;
If you can turn just when the Coptoin shouts “do,”
But make allowance for his weak voice too;
If you can wait and not be tired of waiting,
For “Recoll” which was due half hour ago,
And being halted, don’t give way to cussing,
And never walk too fast, nor yet too slow;*

*If you can count—and avoid mistakes in dumb-bells,
If you can remember—just when each little movement
comes,
If you can put up on exercise which you know tells
Being careful always to guard your thumbs;
If you can bear to hear the leaders call you,
And cuss about your fool mistake,
If you can come straight up in “hommers” on the count two,
But keep going, even though your back’s about to break:*

*If you make one heap of all your biscuits,
And risk them on one turn of Colonel’s head,
If you never take too much milk on your “Crispets,”
And never use sugar till you sweeten things dead;
If you can force your bread, and water, and cold grits too,
And drink stale coffee till you are deathly sick,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except old “ZIP” which says to you “I’LL STICK!”*

*If you can talk on closs and keep your office too,
Or throw cholera and not be sent to Rome,
If neither “tours” nor “restrictions” can ever hurt you,
And still don’t get enough demerits to send you home;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds’ worth of studying done,
Yours is this School and everything that’s in it,
But nothing more—for you’re a darn fool, my son!*

D. S. S.



The Leap Year Hop



ALL the dances or other social functions which we have had at the "Barracks" this year, the "Leap Year Hop," given by the Oxford girls, was by far the most enjoyable. To use stage terms, it was a "howling success," but to go even deeper and use our pet expression, it was "some class." This wonderful event was pulled off on the night of February the second, nineteen hundred and twelve.

Never before was such preparation made for a dance. But every young lady in the Barracks wanted to look her best, and rosaline, pink powder, and crayon, were being used everywhere except in Lizzie Beard's room. She never uses anything, not even the shower bath. Exactly at nine o'clock the guests began to assemble;

*"In came the Webb brothers 2x2,
Followed by the Murray and the Burwell two."*

By nine-thirty all had arrived except Miss Barnyard Beetle Vinson, who was being detained on account of the pressing club man pressing her harem-skirt-breeches on the wrong side. Her absence was of course excused.

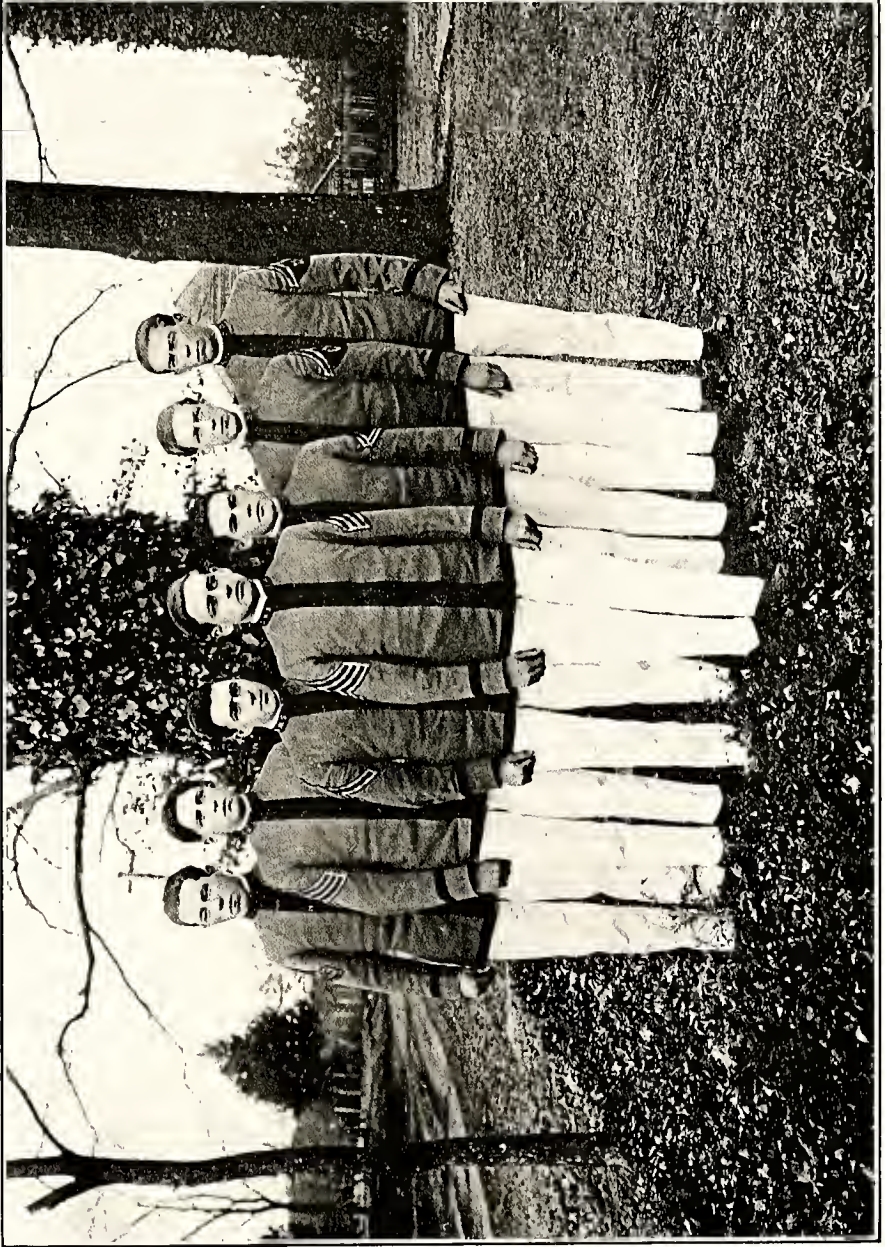
The first number was the "Get-a-card-if-you-can" figure, led by Mr. Sophia Taylor, and Miss Pull Xeroderma English. This was very pretty indeed, and everybody succeeded in getting a card except Miss I-shame Face-um Witherington. She lost her head in the tangle and hasn't yet found it (but it's noticeable that she gets along quite as well without it as she did with it.) The next thing of unusual moment was the "Leap Year Figure," led by Mr. Taylor and Miss "Molly" Blalock. Miss Blalock made a very charming and impressive picture as she glided around the floor, always smiling. Her costume was black stripes over grey silk. This figure

marked the climax of the evening. It was then that all the Horner girls received, each one a proposal and a big gold ring, both of which were accepted.

The evening passed away all too quickly, for everyone was having a "high time," and the hours sped by rapidly. The only thing to mar the dance in any way, if such a thing were possible, was Miss Douglas Sharpe's exceptionally high collar, and Miss Alphabet Pain refusing to dance with Mr. Mary Webb; both incidents were overlooked, however, on account of the dense ignorance of the two ladies in regard to ball room etiquette. At twelve o'clock the "Leap Year Hop" became a thing of the past and a subject for dreams, until 1916.

D. S. S., '12.





MARSHALS HARKINS WELCH SHARPE BEARD WITHERINGTON RAMSAY COFORTH



CLUBS



COTILLION CLUB

Cotillion Club

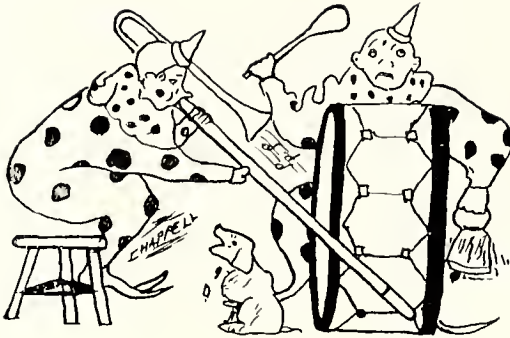
B. P. BEARD.....*President*
E. C. WELCH*Vice-President*
R. S. WITHERINGTON..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Morphew	Baker
Lanier, R.	Ramsay
Roberts	Goforth
Anderson, J.	Winston, H.
Chapell	Hill, D. B.
Barranger	Cottingham, A.
Oates	Williams, V.
Callett	Julian
Smith	Pierce
Witherington, R.	Gorman
Hagan	Blalock
Spruill	Lanier, J.
Quevedo	Driggers
Joyner, E. G.	Allein
Lee	Klingman
Parker	Garrison
Welch	Harkins
Sharpe	Grady
Kinney	Anderson, W.
Beard	Cottingham, L.



ORCHESTRA AND GLEE CLUB



ORCHESTRA

Orchestra and Glee Club

C. E. CHAPPELL, Manager

ORCHESTRA

C. E. CHAPPELL.....	<i>First Cornet</i>
McHARNEY.....	<i>Second Cornet</i>
PERKERSON.....	<i>First Violin</i>
WITHERINGTON, R.....	<i>Second Violin</i>
ENGLISH.....	<i>Mandolin</i>
DREWRY.....	<i>Mandolin</i>
VINSON.....	<i>Guitar</i>
BONNER.....	<i>Guitar</i>
WILLIAMS, V.....	<i>Piano</i>
HUTCHINSON.....	<i>Drum</i>

GLEE CLUB

SHARPE	JULIAN
WILLIAMS, J. D.	KLINGMAN
ROBERTS	LANIER, R.
ALLEIN	WITHERINGTON, I. F.



"ROOTIN" CLUB

"Rootin" Club

O. L. GOFORTH *Chief Rooter*
J. G. RAMSAY *Assistant Chief*
R. B. TAYLOR *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Akers	McHarney
Anderson, J.	Merrimon
Anderson, W.	Morphew
Arnold, C.	Oates
Barringer	Pleasants
Choate	Quevedo
Gorman	Rodriquez
Hagan	Stearn
Hill, D.	Spruill
Hutchison	Smith
Lee	Williams, V.
	Williams, F.

Songs and Dells

SCHOOL COLORS: *Purple and Old Gold*
Strawberry short cake,
Huckleberry pie,
V-I-C-T-O-R-Y,
Are we in it, well I guess,
Horner, Horner, Yes, Yes, Yes!

* * * *

One strike, two strikes, three strikes, you're out
Get off the base, and hide your face, for our pitcher has
struck you out.

* * * *

Agriculture, horticulture, hay seed haw!
Warrenton, Warrenton,
Saw cow, saw!

* * * *

Ho-rn-er, Ho-rn-er, Ho-rn-er,
Horner, Horner, Horner!

* * * *

Boom-al-a-ka, Boom-a-la-ka,
Sis Boom Ba,
Horner, Horner, Rah! Rah! Rah!

* * * *

H-H-H-O-O-O-R-R-R-N-N-N-E-E-E-R-R-R,
Horner! Horner! Horner!

* * * *

Horner had a "Tiger" with long and grizzly hair,
Warrenton had a "Bull Dog,"
Now wouldn't that make a pair?
And when they come together, there's bound to be a scrap,
Now watch that Horner "Tiger" wipe that "Bull Dog" off
the map.

CHORUS

She rambled, she rambled,
She rambled all around,
She scrambled on the ground,
She rambled till the "Tiger" cut her down.

Rah! Rah! Old Horner! Horner!
Rah! Rah! Old Horner! Horner!
Rah! Rah! Old Horner! Horner!
RAH! RAH! RAH!

* * * *

We are the boys of H. M. S. that fear no harm,
We are the boys of H. M. S. that fear no harm,
Give us a show and we will win,
We are the boys of H. M. S. that fear no harm.

Rah! Rah! Old Horner! Horner
Rah! Rah! Old Horner! Horner
Rah! Rah! Old Horner! Horner
RAH! RAH! RAH!

* * * *

Warrenton had a football team,
She loved it mighty well,
Horner gave her dynamite,
And blew it all to H——

REPEAT CHORUS

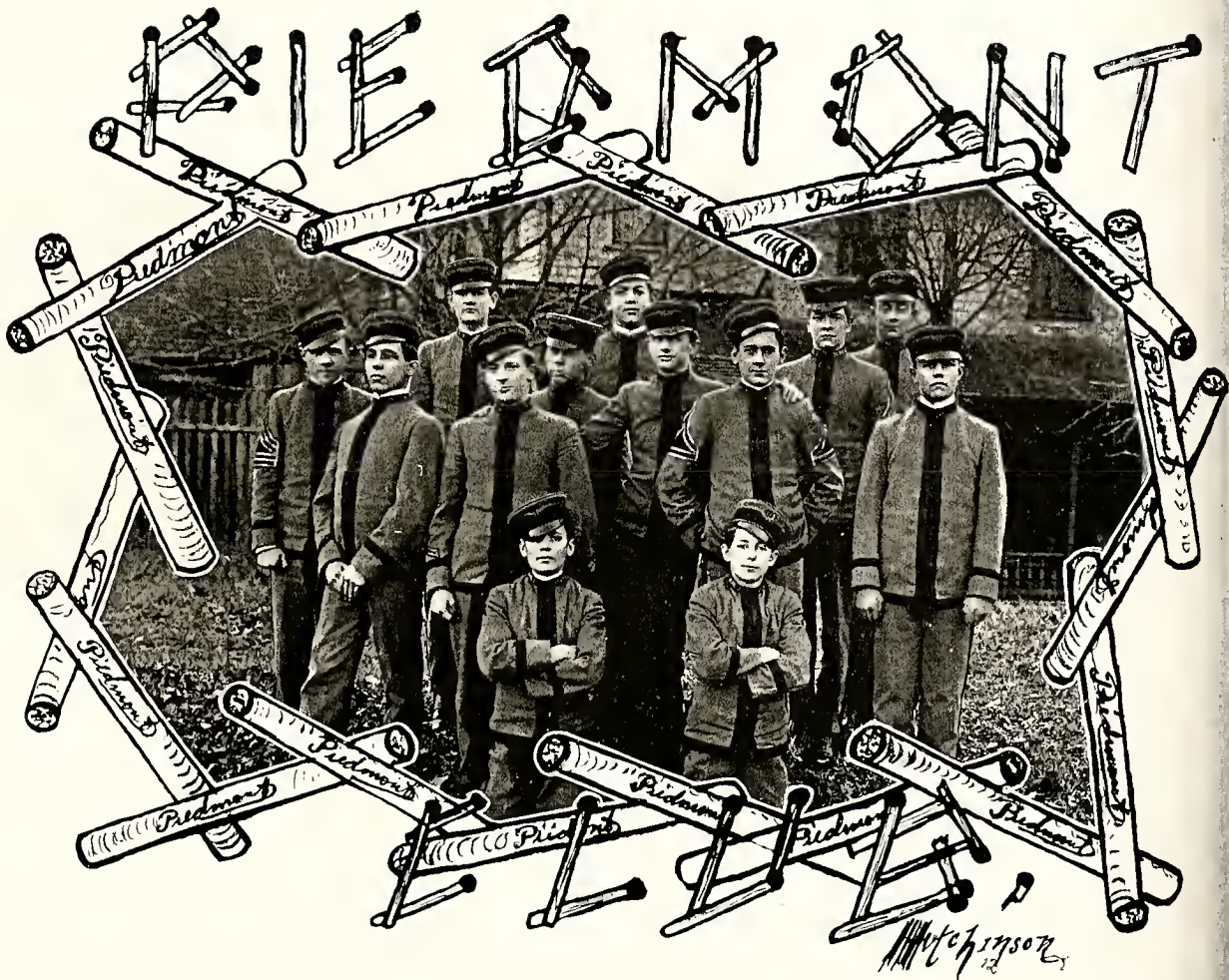
* * * *

Bingham had a baseball team,
We threw it in a pool,
Horner fished her out with a telegraph pole,
And sent her back to school.

She rambled, she rambled,
She rambled all around,
She scrambled on the ground,
She rambled till the "Tiger" cut her down.

Chief Rooter: O. L. GOFORTH.



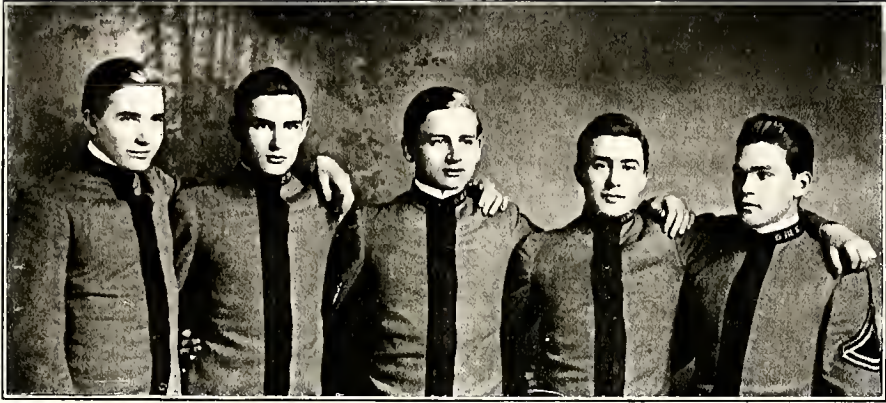


Piedmont Club

President G. H. DREWRY
 Lords of the Match Box MERRIMON W., FAISON
 Attendants of "Ducks"
 HAGAN, HAM, BRIGES, HUBBARD, G., GORMAN,
 BAKER, BLALOCK.

FIENDS.

Blalock	Faulkner	Pate
McHarney	Harkins	Driggers
Chappell	Garrison	Grady
Timberlake	Hutchinson	Barranger



Just Anywhere Club

MEMBERS.

"Sallie" Klingman

"Fannie" Juilan

"Lizzie" Beard

"Daisy" Sharpe

"Carrie" Witherington

MOTTO:

"Any old place I hang my hat is home sweet home to me."

COLORS:

Red and Black.

MEETING PLACE:

"Just anywhere."



Dublin County Club

Garrison

Witherington, I. F.

Hill, D. B.

Witherington, R.

Pierce

Williams, V.

Faison

Oates



Virginia Club

Mitchell
Glenn
Hubbard

Catlett

Drewry
Faulkner
Williams, F.

Anderson, J.

Chappell
English
Arnold



Farmers Club

MOTTO:

"Always hoe your own row, and be sure to make it wide."

COLORS:

Green and Yellow.

PET EXPRESSION:

"Common as dirt."

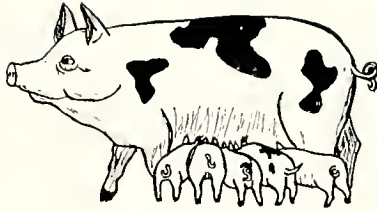
MEMBERS.

Robert Ball Allein	Balfour Cowan Blalock
Powell Burwell Catlett	William Nathan May
Joe Leighton Choate	Jim Harper Pate

Thomas Richie Simmons

HONORARY MEMBER

J. J. M. Payne



P. I. G. Club

MEMBERS

Dudley B. Hill	John B. Hill
Edward G. Joyner	Balfour C. Blalock
John D. Lanier	Richard Lanier
James E. Anderson	Branch H. Merrimon, Jr.

RECORD

- D. B. HILL—475 biscuits in 10 minutes.
- E. G. JOYNER—24 biscuits, 2 jars "Zip," 4 dishes grits in 15 minutes.
- J. D. LANIER—Two quarts peas, 1 pound dried apples, 4 cups tea in 15 minutes.
- J. E. ANDERSON—Six pies, 2 custards, 2 plugs tobacco in 5 1-2 minutes.
- J. B. HILL—Four pones cornbread, 2 quarts gravy, 1 pound rice in 10 minutes.
- B. C. BLALOCK—Thirty-six battercakes in 4 minutes.
- R. LANIER—One pound roast, 4 loaves bread, 6 desserts in 8 minutes.
- B. H. MERRIMON—Two pounds candy, 4 bags peanuts, 12 bananas in 10 minutes.

MOTTO:

"Board is high, but we must eat or die."



Order of Damp-Phools

S upreme Damp-phool.....	O. L. GOFORTH
U nlucky Damp-phool.....	P. C. GARRISON
C oncedited Damp-phool.....	W. A. JULIAN
H appy Damp-phool.....	H. H. HARKINS
L azy Damp-phool.....	W. H. KINNEY
I ndependent Damp-phool.....	G. C. PERKERSON
A ll 'round Damp-phool.....	A. A. ROBERTS
R eligious Damp-phool.....	E. G. JOYNER
S issy Damp-phool.....	V. F. WILLIAMS

SICK LIST RIDERS.



MEMBERS

Baker

Faulkner

Bonner

Choate

Driggers

Grady

Pate

Pierce

(This list of MEMBERS was approved by both Dr.
Cannady and Miss Gilliam.)



ST. ANDREW'S BROTHERHOOD

St. Andrew's Brotherhood

CHAPTER NO. 1085.

Horner Military School, Oxford, N. C.

OFFICERS

Director.....OSBORNE L. GOFORTH
Vice-Director.....EDWIN C. KLINGMAN
Secretary and Treasurer.....EDWARD G. JOYNER

MEMBERS

William A. Anderson Samuel P. Mitchell
H. Hamilton Hutchinson Frank S. Spruill, Jr.
Richard N. Lanier Robert B. Taylor
John D. Williams

The boys of Horner Military School, feeling the need of some organization to bring them nearer together in a moral way, organized in October, 1911, a chapter of St. Andrew's Brotherhood, with the sanction and assistance of Rev. Mr. Horsfield, rector of St. Stephen's Parish, Oxford, N. C.

Since that time we feel that we have done some good work, and trust that good will spring from the seed sown. We have tried to suppress some of the evils which prevail more or less in every boys' school; we have also made a careful study of the history of the Early Church in England.

THE DIRECTOR.

"In the Course of a Day"

The morning sun we long to see.
But lo! the bugle is sounding reveille.
Another day has come;
And the boys are coming to rev on the run.
Hurry! The bugle is sounding, "FALL IN."
One poor "rat" was late, sure as sin,
The roll is called, the companies dismissed,
And those who "skip" are always missed.
The bugler is sounding another call.
But wait! That is not all,
He is sounding still another one.
Poor "rat;" he thinks it's all for fun.
What are those calls? He quickly asks the O. D.
He gets the answer "Get away; don't talk to me."
Beat it, and get in your room;
Make up your bed and get your broom;
'Tis time for the major's daily round,
And sweep your dirt where it cannot be found.
'Tis eight o'clock, the bugle sounds "MESS CALL,"
And it sounds good to us all.
Breakfast is over in a hurry,
And back to the barracks we scurry.
"Guard mount" is sounding fast and clear,
And the "O. D." reports "on" without a fear.
Hark! The bugler is sounding "school" call,
And poor "Latin" students begin to "bawl."
Now you wouldn't laugh,
For we recite three hours and a half.
'Tis one o'clock, and time for "MESS CALL,"
And we are longing to get into that hall;
But dinner is over quick and fast,
And Harkins eats until the last.
Then we rest until two thirty;
Now don't you think its just dirty,
That "Colonel" won't give us another hour of release
So that we may smoke our "Piedmonts" in peace?
But my! That time goes fast,
And our recreation is past,
For "school" call is sounding throughout the hall;
'Tis time for another roll call.
Just two hours more of work,

But in them "arrest" always lurks.
At four thirty school is o'er.
Do not hasten away, for there is yet more,
For the bugler is sounding "drill,"
And we have to do it against our will.
"Hey there, 'rat,'" get on the run,
Put on your accoutrements and grab your gun,
For the "tactics" you have to learn,
So you needn't twist and squirm,
We have forty long minutes of toil
Upon that campus soil.
"Right oblique" and "Squads left,"
"Company right" and "Full step,"
"Company halt" and "Right dress."
Oh, well! You know the rest.
But now a "call" comes floating to the ear.
It makes us so happy that we forget "To the rear,"
And that "call," best of all,
Is dear old "recall."
Nothing more to do until "mess."
Who "breaks bounds," it's hard to guess.
Ha! The bugle is sounding "mess" again.
So hurry, it's just five minutes until "fall in."
'Tis supper roll call, the seventh of the day;
So you see there is no chance to run away.
"Parade rest," the captain gives the command.
Honoring the "Stars and Stripes" is every man.
Hands clasped, and one foot to the rear,
Yet he sheds not a tear,
For the bugle is sounding "retreat."
One "call" that can't be beat,
"Old Glory" is floating high in the air;
There seems to be a murmur everywhere.
But "she" will drop to the ground
When the last note of "retreat" will sound.
Oh! 'Tis one beautiful sight
To witness "retreat" at twilight.
Supper is o'er in the hall,
And the bugle sounds "chapel call."
After chapel, twenty minutes of play we get,
And we make good use of that, you bet.
"To quarters" the bugle sounds, and away we go
To prepare lessons for tomorrow.
Two long hours of study period,
At the close of which we are wearied;

Study hours we do detest,
But we observe them or go under "arrest."
Listen! The buglers are gathering in the hall,
'Tis "Tattoo," that joyful "call."
It's only half past nine,
But the "Rats" say it's "bedtime."
Twenty minutes release is all we get,
But we are ready to sleep, so don't fret.
Hark! "To quarters" the bugle is sounding,
And up the steps the "cadets" are bounding;
They go with steps so swift and fleet,
And in ten minutes will be sound asleep,
To dream of home, sweet home,
And of the girls with whom they used to roam.
Hark! The bugle so loud and shrill,
'Tis the mighty buglers, Quevedo and "Steamboat Bill."
The notes sound like those of a "nightingale,"
With voice so sweet and yet so frail.
Oh, listen! to that beautiful "call,"
Sounding throughout the Barrack Hall.
'Tis that beautiful call of "taps,"
And the "cadets" are taking their peaceful naps
May they sleep and rest their weary bones,
And dream of their distant homes
Until the morning sun they again shall see,
Mixed with the awakening notes of "Reveille."

W. S. AKERS.





Humor

KEPLEY—"How long can a person live without brains?"

COLONEL—"I don't know exactly. How old are you?"

* * *

PROF. WITHERINGTON TO BARRANGER:

"Barranger, have you ever read Shakespeare?"

"No, sir."

"Have you ever read Tennyson?"

"No, sir."

"What have you read, then?"

"I have red hair, sir."

* * *

PROF. VINSON ON GEOMETRY—"I want everybody to have the rules tomorrow."

W. A. ANDERSON—"Why can't we get yard sticks instead?"

* * *

G. R.—"Oh, Edward, your kisses are so intoxicating."

JOYNER—"Well, let's get soused."

* * *

BEARD ON GEOMETRY—"Well, Colonel, I don't pretend to have any book sense."

COLONEL—"And I am not arguing that you have."

* * *

SALLIE W.—"Is my hat on straight?"

JULIAN—"No. One eye shows."

* * *

MAJOR—"Iv'e just heard of a case where a man married a girl on his death bed so she could have his millions when he was gone. Could you love a girl like that?"

VINSON—"That's just the kind of a girl I could love. What's her address?"

* * *

MARY S. (blushing)—"I have just heard again from Sharpe."

MARGARET C.—"He writes a splendid love letter, doesn't he?"

* * *

HELEN R.—"My father made his fortune when he was a young man. Would you like to know how he did it?"

BILL MERRIMON—"Not particularly, but I would like to know if he still has it?"

They were sitting close together on the sofa. Harkins said:
"You are the light of my life." Just then a voice from
upstairs said: "Come on up to bed, darling, and put
out the light."

* * *

*Lives of flunkers all remind us,
We can throw a bluff as far;
And, departing leave behind us
Goose eggs on the registrar.*

* * *

HARKINS (first year)—"Ugly Rats don't get hazed much."
WELCH (standing before mirror)—"Gee, I wish I was
ugly."

* * *

PROF. WITHERINGTON—"Why don't you learn to play
the violin, Anderson?"
ANDERSON, J. E.—"Why?"
PROF. WITHERINGTON—"Then less chin music."

* * *

COL. HORNER—"Jeffries, have you got any sense?"
JEFFRIES—"Yes, sir, Colonel."
COL. HORNER—"O. D., stick Jeffries for false official
statement."

* * *

*He writeth best who stealeth best,
Ideas both great and small;
For the great soul that wrote them first,
From Nature stole them all.*

* * *

WELCH—"We are going to have a german up here next
Friday night."
HARKINS—"Man or woman?"

* * *

*He put his arm around her,
And the color left her cheek,
But upon the shoulder of his coat
It showed up for a week.*

* * *

MAJOR ENGLISH—"I had an awfully close shave this
morning."
LUCY—"Mercy, Major! What was the matter?"
MAJOR ENGLISH—"Why, I just needed it."

RAMSAY—"This school has made me what I am."
BILL MERRIMON—"What are you going to do to Rome?"

* * *

MAJOR (disgusted with his *bug class*)—"I declare, you
all are rotten."

BLACKWELL—"Does we stink?"

* * *

ALLEIN—Sharpe, why didn't you go to the seminary re-
ception?"

SHARPE—"Booe!!"



Jughead and His Corporalship

*Jughead had a corporalship
Of which he was quite proud;
And when on duty he was put,
He talked both big and loud.*

*Reports he passed in by the score,
Although he wasn't pledged to;
And all the fellows felt quite sore,
And had a perfect right to.*

*Somehow he never stopped to think,
His subjects would retaliate;
But ere many moons had waxed and waned,
The corporal had just fifty-eight.*

*T'was on spelling class at last he went,
To meet his dreaded Waterloo,
And the period was not far spent,
When he heard things he ought not to.*

*He put them down, oh, what a shame,
That poor Jughead would stoop so low;
For the Prof. had heard the same,
And knew our hero did not know.*

*In the Prof.'s eye he read his fate,
And when he spoke he heard his doom;
For he was asked to keep his seat,
After all the rest had left the room.*

*"My corporalship," he moaned aloud,
"Can it be true that we must part;
Of you my mother feels quite proud,
And this will surely break her heart."*

*"Oh, Professor," he said between sobs,
"Since my corporalship you must take;
Please keep the news away from the bobs,
So it can't reach my home town 'Waco'."*

*Whether Jughead was reduced or not,
I have no right to say;
But he changed his tactics on the spot,
And now walks the righteous way.*

Bulletin Board

- FOR SALE
My latest book, "How to Get Rich."—*O. L. Goforth.*
- FOR SALE
My little pamphlet on fancy needlework.—*C. E. Chappell.*
- FOR SALE
A pocket edition of my book, "How to Break a Girl's Heart." On sale at all leading book stores.—*Bryce Parker Beard.*
- FOR SALE
My chamois skin and almond cream.—*D. S. Sharpe.*
- FOR SALE
My little book, "Why Women Should Vote."—"Senator"
D. B. Hill.
- FOR SALE
My tooth brush, which has been used only a few times.
A bargain.—*J. Choate.*
- FOR SALE
A few of my latest poems on love.—*Prof. J. J. M. Payne.*
- FOR SALE
Have just received a supply of beauty powders and mas-
sage cream.—*Soreface Hunt.*
- FOR SALE
A large line of preferred hot air.—*Windy Catlett.*
- WANTED
Dancing pupils to whom I guarantee to teach the art of
dancing in one night.—*W. A. Anderson.*
- WANTED
A hair brush.—*B. H. Merrimon.*
- WANTED
A pair of shoes big enough to fit.—*V. Williams.*
- WANTED
Something for a long, lanky, lean look.—*O. L. Goforth.*
- WANTED
A pass over Vinson's Math.—*Ed Klingman.*
- WANTED
A chance to smell like a man.—*C. E. Chappell.*
- WANTED
By Horner School, a device to keep Anderson, J. E., from
talking.
- WANTED
A grain or two of plain common sense.—*R. B. Allein.*

WANTED
Some Mellin's baby food.—*Troy Smith.*

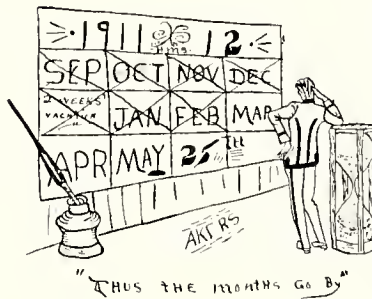
WANTED
Students with strong digestive powers.—*J. C. Horner.*

WANTED
A corporal.—*H. H. Hutchinson.*

WANTED
Plausible excuses to keep from going to church.—*"Shad"
Baker.*

WANTED
A way to keep the boys off the sick list.—*Miss Gilliam.*

WANTED
To impart some of my knowledge of geometry at reason-
able rates.—*E. O. Hunt.*



Daffydills

If Prof. Vinson loved another girl, would Miss Kate
Horn(h)er?

* * *

If Bessie Robards *praised*, would Ethel A—*dam*?

* * *

If Edna Griffith kicked him, would Josephus Dan(y)ell?

* * *

If Bryce Beard loved Florence, could Lu—cy?

* * *

If Helen Paris could kick, could Frances Ab—butt?

* * *

If Estelle White loved Whitfield, would Mary (P) shaw?

* * *

If Gladys Rawlins is *all wool*, is Sallie *Webb*?

* * *

If Guy Drewry was lost, would Jane Hunt?

* * *

If only Christians are called to the ministry, should O. L.
Goforth?

* * *

If Margaret Murray should go down town, would Edward
Joyn(h)er?

* * *

If J. D. Williams cooked all day, would John Keplay?

* * *

If you threw a ball over the plate, would John Park (h) er?

* * *

The Base Ball Idol

I.

*We had heard great things of Allein, the kid from the South,
But his letters showed that he had too much mouth;
He told in graphic detail of the things that he had done,
And said his deeds were twice as great as all the fame he'd won.
He said he was great at running bases and swell at making hits,
And received the "peg" at second that put others out of their wits.
That's what his letters said—and he is boasting still;
So they sent for Allein—old "Duck Mouth" from Yorkville.*

II.

*We talked of him all the time—that was the craze;
We would have a team this year that the school would praise.
So we bet all our hard-earned money without a fear,
That he would play a swell game at "second" this year.
So we all turned out to meet him on the morning he came this way.
He had no shoes on his feet, and in his hair were tiny bits of hay.
One of the cadets asked, "Who is that fellow, Bill?"
O, don't you know? Why, that's Allein from Yorkville.*

III.

*Who was it that caused a look of distort to come upon each face
When he was caught a-napping three feet from second base?
Who was it that stood right under a little pop fly
And let it slip right through his hands and never breathed a sigh?
Now who was it, I am asking, that so meekly fanned the air
And did his best to kill a ball that wasn't even there?
The question gains no answer—and never will,
For it was old "Duck Mouth" Allein from Yorkville.*

W. S. A.—'14.

Our Alphabet

(Dedicated to the memory of our well-beloved deceased "Alphabet" Pain.)

- A—Stands for *Allein*, though by no means a fool;
I am sorry to say he has ears like a mule.
- B—Stands for *Beard*, no natty and neat;
Who as the girls say "is just to sweet."
- C—Stands for *Cow-an(d) Blalock*, a wonder so great,
Who with one mouthful eats all on his plate.
- D—Stands for *Drewry*, our chipmunk so small,
Who stands high in his class, though is not very tall.
- E's for *Edward Joyner*, our O. D., the best;
Who soaks it to 'em right and left, and does it with zest.
- F—Is for *Faulkner*, the idlest one of all;
Besides smoking he does nothing at all.
- G—Is for *Garrison*, who stands six feet four;
Sleeps with his head on pillow and feet on floor.
- H—Stands for *Harkins*, an athletic bull,
And of "Lapane" he is certainly full.
- I—Is for *Indifference*, the tribute we pay,
To our lessons and duties day after day.
- J—Stands for *Julian*, a hopeful cadet,
Whom the office of captain may satisfy yet.
- K—Stands for *Kinney*, the guy with a nose,
Who when he gets loose to bread shop he goes.
- L—Stands for *Lanier*, a preacher's son;
And he is very proud of his chevrons won.
- M—Stands for *Meadows*, who's blind at the bat,
But pitching curved balls he's got it down pat.
- N—Stands for *New Boy*, whose real name is "Rat,"
Who often receives the broad end of a slat.
- O—Stands for *Old Boy*, who thinks he knows all;
And poor little Rattile knows nothing at all.

P—Stands for Pain, our professor so grand,
At teaching school he's best in the land.

Q—Stands for Quevedo, from the Cuban isle,
Who meets all the ladies with a silly smile.

R—Stands for "Rome," our friendly old foe,
Who makes you learn Latin whether or no.

S—Stands for Smith, who talks all day;
It's marvelous to tell how little he'll say.

T—Is for Timberlake, the man from the farm;
Old-time clog dancing is his only charm.

U—Is for useless as these verses may be,
If those who are hit their faults cannot see.

V—Stands for Variety, unknown to sports,
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