Greetings!
To

David Hill Henry

of the Class of 1898

beloved professor and loyal alumnus, who has

embodied in his life the highest ideals of

our alma mater, this volume of

Taps

is

affectionately dedicated
David Hill Henry

DAVID HILL, HENRY, Associate Professor of Chemistry, entered Clemson College in the raw days of February, 1894, and joined a band of over one hundred young men, from among whom he and twenty-four others were to graduate in February, 1898—the second class to receive diplomas from Clemson Agricultural College. He hailed from “Abbeville, the home of the judges, the Athens of South Carolina,” as he so proudly and so frequently proclaimed to us all in those good old days when the Clemson world was young. He had spent his childhood and boyhood in that town, and he has never known any other place to love as home but that and Clemson College, to both of which his devotion is unmistakable and undoubted.

From his first days in College, he took a first place in every kind of work and every phase of college life; and, best of all, he took a first place in the hearts of those who knew him—students and teachers. Everybody always liked “Little Dave,” in spite of his insistence upon reporting persistently every breach of regulations he saw while on any sort of responsible duty. And that, in a military school, is a supreme test. Most of us respect a man for doing his duty, even at our expense; but it is not very easy to be fond of him in such circumstances. In the classroom, in the Literary Societies, in military matters, in the various forms and phases of college pleasures, such as they were in those early days, he easily stood first, a man to be noticed of teachers and students. At a time when “Senior Captain” was the highest cadet office, he filled that trying position in such a way as to win from all commendation and admiration.
Graduating from the agricultural course in February, 1898, Mr. Henry remained at Clemson several months taking special work in Chemistry. Then he was away, in Athens, Ga., for a while, doing chemical work; but he returned to his alma mater, in 1899, to accept a position in the Chemistry Department, where he has been in continuous service ever since, having been in turn instructor, assistant professor, and now for a number of years associate professor.

During all these years he has been a faithful and efficient worker, a strict but lovable teacher, and a man whom to know is surely to admire. Clemson College and Clemson students have never had a friend more loyal to their interests, more eager to serve them, and more able to do a man's share in the multiple duties and opportunities of such a college as ours. An enthusiast in college athletics, and interested always in the various other pleasures and activities of student life outside of the routine, he has always encouraged and fostered all that is wholesome and beneficial for the development of young men. In fact, were it necessary to sum up his official and unofficial attitude and efforts during the nearly two decades of his life here since graduation, it could best be done in the three significant words, "the students' friend."

Next to his friendship for students, his appreciation of student life, and his consequent desire and effort to serve them in any capacity, the dominant note in Professor Henry's connection with the institution may be found in the term hard work. He believes in hard work. He believes that when a student is at work he should work hard; and he insists that those who work under him shall work hard, and persistently, and with honest effort to really do something and get something. He has no patience with anything else. But he believes that the instructor should work hard, too. Has anybody ever heard of his shirking a duty, or of his shutting his eyes to an opportunity to help a student who is trying to help himself, or of his lack of patience with those who need his help or guidance?

One of the noticeable things about Professor Henry is that he insists on keeping himself young. He entered college young; he began his official connection with the institution young; and he is no older now than he was when he received his diploma, eighteen years ago. And certainly this must be the secret of much of what he is and does among us today. He is young enough to know and appreciate young men and their affairs, and yet old enough in experience and judgment and understanding to be what he now is, and what it is hoped he may be for many years to come—a guiding light for young men towards unselfishness and friendliness and manliness.

—A. B. Bryan, '98
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I  Administration
II  Classes
III  Military
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VIII  Clubs
IX  Satire
X  Advertisements
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The Spirit of Clemson

A College may bear the name of a man whose achievements are the precious heritage of his people, and whose reputation is known the world around. Such a man may establish a College with his money, and give to it the prestige of his name; but the reputation of a College is not made in a day, and never can be had as a part of its endowment. Through the course of years, and chiefly by the character and success of those who bear its "image and superscription," must this reputation be achieved; and, when achieved, it is the common heritage of every man who has been or may be a student there.

Mr. Clemson did not give to Clemson College the favorable reputation it enjoys. That reputation is the result of the patient work during a quarter-century of many teachers and officers, of trustees, of over twelve hundred graduates who dot this continent, and of over six thousand others who, stopping short of the goal of graduation, have yet gone back better prepared to help develop the resources of their native State, and to lift higher and higher still the name of "Clemson College."

I wish for Clemson College always a loyal and consecrated Board of Trustees; an administration characterized by wisdom, rectitude, energy, and systematic efficiency; a Faculty of teachers who will bring to their labors the solicitude of a parent as well as the zeal of the scientist.

But all these will fail of their purpose, and prove but a mockery of vain expenditure, if they do not eventuate in honorable, manly students, eager to learn, willing to work, and ready to obey. Upon these students rests the responsibility of giving to the public its conception of the spirit, genius, and efficiency of the institution.

—W. M. Riggs
In Memoriam

DR. P. H. E. SLOAN
R. B. EZELL
S. W. HUTTO
"ALL HAPPY PEACE AND GOODLY GOVERNMENT IS SETTLED HERE IN SURE ESTABLISHMENT."
"OUR HOME IN YOUTH—NO MATTER TO WHAT END—STUDY—OR STRIFE—OR PLEASURE, OR WHAT NOT"
WHERE HUMBLER JOYS OF HOME FELT PLEASE,
SUCCESSIVE STUDY, EXERCISE, AND EASE.
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Anderson, S. C.

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

AGRONOMY.

Corporal; First Sergeant; Major.

Class Football '15; Humdinger Club; Palmetto Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer Anderson County Club '15; President Anderson County Club '16; Y. M. C. A.; R. W. Simpson Medal.

"JUDGE" is a sturdy, genteel, hard-working, straightforward fellow, of a kindly disposition, and one whose friends are numbered by his acquaintances. His pleasing, independent, thoroughly efficient, methodical way has justly made him popular, and brought him many honors. He possesses an unusually high moral character, lofty ideals, a broad vision of life, model habits, and, with these, a most attractive personality. His implicit trustworthiness, business ability, and general make-up, force us to predict for him a truly serviceable and successful career.

HUGH MIDDLETON ADAMS
Meriwether, S. C.

"He reads much; he is a great observer, and he looks quite through the deeds of men"

TEXTILE ENGINEERING.

Corporal; Sergeant; Second Lieutenant, and Principal Musician.

Secretary and Treasurer Carolina Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer '13, Vice President '14, President '16 Edgefield County Club; Y. M. C. A.; Secretary and Treasurer Band '16; Sophomore Dancing Club; Textile Society; Track Team '13, '14, '15, '16; Monogram Club '14, '15, '16.

"HUGH" is one of those rare personalities who have strong convictions, and are willing to stand by them. When he thinks he is right, Beware! "HUGH" is a man of many accomplishments. Besides standing well in his textile work, he is a musician, a track man, an authority on "Movies," and an excellent business man. We can see that "HUGH" will make a successful and well-rounded man, if some girl doesn't get him too soon. His intentions are to get into the Government service, in textile work.
EDWIN HUGH AGNEW
Cannon, Ga.

“For ’tis a question left us yet to prove, Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love”

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY AND DAIRYING.
Corporal; First Sergeant; Private; Major.

Editor and Business Manager The Tiger ’15-’16; Chief of Literary Staff TAPS ’16; Class Historian ’12-’14; Senior Co-operative Committee ’15-’16; Reporting Critic, Secretary, Literary Critic, President Palmetto Literary Society; Debater in Annual Celebration ’16; Humdinger Club; Secretary, Treasurer, President Cosmopolitan Club; Agricultural Society; Vice-President, President Baptist Young People’s Union; Y. M. C. A.

HUGH has shown himself a student, editor, soldier, and business man. He is endowed with a brilliant intellect, broad vision of life, and sound judgment. His optimistic way and straightforwardness have won for him hosts of friends. In every phase of college life he has been an active worker, and the many high honors he has attained voice the high esteem in which he is held by the Faculty and his fellow-classmen. We predict for him a most brilliant future.

CARL HENRY ALBRECHT
Orangeburg, S. C.

“As musical as Apollo’s lute”

TEXTILE ENGINEERING.

Senior Private.

Y. M. C. A.; Glee Club ’13-’14, ’15-’16; Director Glee Club ’15-’16; Pianist C. C. C. R. ’13; Vice-President Non-Grabbers; Block “P” Club; Orangeburg County Club; Sophomore Dancing Club; Junior Dancing Club; Junior Textile Club; Textile Society; Manager of Orchestra ’16; Thalian Club.

This “square” specimen of humanity originated in the “City by the Edisto.” In the Fall of 1912, he found his way to Clemson, where he joined the happy Band of Sixteen. CARL, “CHOPPY,” or “CHOPS,” by his kindness and generosity has gained many friends while in college. When he is not teaching “Swine” the latest stunts in dyeing, he may be found “pounding the ivory” in the “movies.” “CHOPS” and his orchestra have brought cheer to many weary and homesick hearts.
DIEDRICH AUGUST AMME
Charleston, S. C.

“To err is HUMAN”

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERING.

Corporal; Senior Private; Picked Company.

Palmetto Literary Society; Y. M. C. A. '12, '13; Junior Electrical Science Club '14, '15; A. I. E. E. '15, '16; Block "P" Club '16; Sophomore Dancing Club '15, '14; Senior Private Club '16.

"DIEDRICH VON KNICKERBOCKER AUGUSTUS AMME, JR.," better known as the "DAM DUTCHMAN," left the "Bottry" in the fall of 1912, and migrated to Clemson. DIEDRICH has since made himself famous by his speeches on the art of "shrimp eating." He is a good student, and has succeeded in making the professors think him a genius. DIEDRICH is very popular with both sexes, and spends his Sunday afternoons flirting with the girls. If he continues to work as diligently in the future as during his college life, his success is certain.

CARROLL SIMMS ANDERSON
Donora, S. C.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God"

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

Corporal; Sergeant; Captain.

Varsity Baseball '13, '14, '15, '16; Member Block "C" Club '13, '14, '15, '16; Captain Baseball Team '16; Class Football '14; Palmetto Literary Society '15, '16; Censor Palmetto Literary Society '15; Member Executive Committee A. I. E. E. (resigned); Baptist Young People's Union '14, '15; Y. M. C. A.; Dr. Riggs' Bible Class '14; Rev. Mr. McCaul’s Bible Class '15; Thalian Club.

"ANDY" claims that he is from Donora ("Don’t know her"); but this is a mistake, for he knows them all. "GOAT" has a reputation of helping his friends out of love troubles—because he has a line long enough for them all. In this capacity he has failed only once, and his room-mate hasn’t heard from her since. "ANDY" is a great athletic fan, having won his fame in baseball; and, being an all-round sport and student, he is bound to succeed.
FRANK CLINKSCALES ANDERSON
Antreville, S. C.

"I have never known anything that justifies making one mad"

AGRONOMY.

Sergeant; Second Lieutenant; First Lieutenant; Picked Company '13.

Second Censor, Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, Vice-President Calhoun Literary Society; Agronomy Editor Agricultural Journal; Secretary, Treasurer, Superintendent Chapel Sunday School; Y. M. C. A.; Agricultural Society; Bible Class Leader; Prohibition League; Abbeville County Club.

This worthy one came to Clemson while wearing knickerbockers; but immediately doffed the garb of boyhood, and now possesses dignity surpassed by none. His agreeable disposition and good-will toward all has captured friends and honors. Even the ladies vote him bouquets on account of his being "such a pleasant little chap." FRANK is not only a "pleasant little chap"; he is a constant and excellent student—a man who is second to none in his devotion to duty and in his faithfulness to his friends. Our alma mater is justly proud of her light-haired son.

FRED EUGENE ARMSTRONG
Owings, S. C.

"Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice"

AGRONOMY.

Corporal; Sergeant; Lieutenant; Picked Company.

Laurens County Club; Class Football '13; Y. M. C. A.; Agricultural Society; Secretary, Reporting Critic, Literary Critic Hayne Literary Society; Literary Staff TAPS; Humbinger Club.

"FREDDIE," better known as "ARMY" in military circles, is a product of the fleecy cotton fields of old Laurens County. In the fall of 1912, he dragged his plough under the shed, and made his way to Clemson to learn more of the art of tilling the soil. His favorite pastime is making One's on his report; and his excellent class record is surpassed only by his many military achievements. With his sturdy character and genial disposition, his future can be nothing but a brilliant success.
DAVID Houser BANKS
St. Mattheus, S. C.

"All perfection is melancholy,"

MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

Corporal; Sergeant-Major; Captain.

Co-operative Committee of Junior and Senior Classes; President A. I. E. E.; Secretary, Literary Critic of Palmetto Literary Society; Chairman of Tiger Committee; Vice-President Calhoun County Club; Instructor in Mathematics; Debater's Medal Palmetto Celebration; Exchange Editor The Chronicle; Senior Ring Committee; Y. M. C. A.; President Junior Science Club; Literary Staff TAPS '16.

"DINGLE," or "CUTENESS" as he is sometimes called, is a fair representative of Calhoun County. DINGLE is a second "Dr. Steinmetz," and has proved to his professors that they have much to learn. This lad is first in war, first in merit, and first in the hearts of his fellow-students. DINGLE is strictly a ladies' man, having lost his heart to the fair sex in the early part of his college career. His kind, gentle nature has won for him a host of friends, who wish for him great success in the electrical world.

MARTIN LUTHER BARRE
Lexington, S. C.

"Duty commands us to look neither to the right nor to the left, but straight forward".

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

Corporal: Picked Company '14 and '15.

Calhoun Literary Society; A. I. E. E.; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '14-'15; '15-'16; President Lexington County Club.

"M. L." is a diligent student, and ever seeks after the things in life that are worth while. His kindness, gentility, open-heartedness, and faithfulness have made for him many lasting friends. In every phase of college life, he has shown a great interest, most especially the religions, he having been closely connected with the Y. M. C. A. during his college career. He is an ardent student of electricity, and, in view of this fact, we predict a brilliant success for him in the electrical world.
FRED OTIS BERRY
Clarkesville, Ga.

"Purpose is but the slave to memory"

MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

Private; Corporal; Sergeant; Private.

Member Wade Hampton Literary Society 15, '16; Junior Electrical Club; Baptist Young People's Union 15, '16; Baptist Sunday School; Senior Privates Club.

+ 

It has never been known where "WOODEN" came from, but this unknown country gave a good classmate to us. He had some ambition once in the ancient days for a high military career, but the latest reports from the front show that he is still a tramp of Cummins Square. There is one redeeming feature about him, and that is, he never has time to chew the rag.

He will some day own a large tobacco plantation in Virginia.

JOHN FREDERICK BLACKMON
Lancaster, S. C.

"Let me have music and girls,
And I will seek no more delight"

TEXTILE ENGINEERING.

Lieutenant; Picked Company 14, '15.

V. M. C. A.; Textile Society; Secretary and Treasurer Junior Textile Club; Manager Lancaster County Club; Sophomore Dancing Club; Junior Dancing Club; Thalian Dancing Club; Glee Club '15, '16; Manager Glee Club '16.

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FRED, or "FRITZ," hails from Lancaster, "The Red Rose City," and is always boosting "Lancaster Leads." He is a favorite with the ladies, which would be expected, for he confessed to "Jojo" that he was a good "squeezer." Knowing a good thing when he sees it, he chose to be a Factory man. FRED was never accused of studying, but strange to say, he "shoots" them all. "FRITZ" is a man forever on the job; therefore, we predict nothing short of success for him.
WALTER PAUL BOGARD  
St. Louis, Mo.

"Mind your own business, and you will have business to mind."

AGRICULTURE AND DAIRYING.

"Rat" Senior Private.

Agricultural Society '16; Calhoun Society '16; Clemson Theatrical Club; Cosmopolitan Club; Senior Privates Club.

"FESSOR" hails from Missouri, and consequently you have "got to show him" ("Dickie failed, however"). He is a representative of the First District Agricultural School, of Arkansas; but please don't mention it. "FESSOR" is a deep thinker, a good scholar, and a man of great versatility. He ranks first when it comes to music. The earnest, thorough, consistent manner with which he attends to his duties assures him success in his attempts to attain unto the height of his ambition—milking cows on the plains of Missouri.

LEWERS ADDISON BOGGS  
Liberty, S. C.

"If so be it is willed we must, we must."

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERING.

Corporal; Sergeant.

Chaplain Hayne Literary Society; Vice-President Pickens County Club; Y. M. C. A.; A. I. E. E.; Senior Privates Club.

LOUIE entered upon his career here a year ahead of us, but fell out with his Class early in its history, and showed his courage to live up to his convictions by leaving it. Their loss, however, was our gain. If Liberty can produce a bigger-hearted person, she has yet to do it, for LOUIE'S ever-ready help in the time of trouble characterizes him as a superlative product. He is somewhat given to meditation; and when he meditates, he whistles.
PARKS OLIVER BOYD
Fort Mill, S. C.

"Heap sees, and Few knows"

MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

Sergeant; Senior Private; Picked Company.

Y. M. C. A.; York County Club; Member of Sorrel-Top Club; Class Football '14-'15; Junior Science Club.

"RED" came to us in 1912, from Fort Mill. He came with the determination to make good, and he has succeeded. He is liked by everyone, on account of his pleasing disposition. "RED" takes a deep interest in the mail from Chicora, and he must get news from there at least twice a week. He never lets studying interfere with pleasure. However, he is a hard worker, and we wish for him much success and happiness in the future.

NEWTON CRAIG BRACKETT
Clemson College, S. C.

"Kisses are full of microbes; but I dearly love the little devils"

AGRONOMY.

Senior Private.

Sophomore Dancing Club '14; Junior Dancing Club '15; Senior Dancing Club; Thalian Dancing Club '16; Y. M. C. A.; Wade Hampton Literary Society; Non-Grubbers Club; Block "P" Club.

"DICKIE" was born at Clemson twenty years ago; but this wasn't his fault. He began his college career as a D. D. C. His life is dedicated to dancing and agronomy—mostly dancing. "DICKIE'S" line does better in the ballroom than in Hutch's classroom. A Charleston girl thinks his popularity with the ladies lies in his "sinking oyses." He often talks in his sleep of the sweetness of "Georgia Peaches." His future happiness depends on buckwheat cakes and syrup.
HARRY FRANKLIN BROWN
Gaffney, S. C.

"I've taken my fun where I've found it!"

AGRICULTURE AND CHEMISTRY.

Private; Private; Private; Senior Private.

Y. M. C. A.; Cherokee County Club; President Chemistry Science Club; Wade Hampton Literary Society; Humdinger Club.

Soon after his arrival at college, this young lad acquired the name of "SIS," which is perfectly applicable to his appearance. He is characterized by his likeness to the "Fairer Sex." He shows unexcelled ability in marksmanship, especially in shooting Feely and "ducks." He has never shown military aspirations, and, after being en-Camp-ed for two years, he is still a private in the ranks. His genial disposition has won him a host of friends. Here's wishing him success in his test-tube career.

WILLIAM EPRIAM BURCH
Dublin, Ga.

"Since this business so fair is done, Let us not leave till all our own be won!"

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY AND VETERINARY SCIENCE.

Private; Private; Senior Private.

Scrub Football '14, '15; Class Football '14, '15; Cosmopolitan Club; Agricultural Society.

This sober-looking youth hails from Dublin, Ga. He received his preparatory schooling at the Georgia Military Academy, and, in the fall of 1913, came to Clemson, entering as a Sophomore. "STUD" spent most of his holidays while at college chasing prairie dogs at Seneca. He said he would finish college this year if he could convince Daniel that he needed a pass. We expect to hear of WILLIAM as being one of our leading animal-breeders in the near future.
WALTON VAUGHAN BYERS
Orangeburg, S. C.

"Perfection is attained by slow progress; it requires the hand of time.

TEXTILE ENGINEERING.
Senior Private.

Scrub Baseball '14-'15; Junior Dancing Club; Senior Dancing Club; Thalian Club; Junior Textile Club; Textile Society; Non-Grabbers Club; Block "J" Club; Y. M. C. A.

WALT, or "BIRMIE," to which he responds equally as well, is a native of Orangeburg, but spends a good deal of his time in Birmingham, from which he gets one of his titles. WALT is dignified in appearance, as you can judge for yourself from his picture; but he is quite the opposite among his friends, who are very numerous. He has a strong pull with the ladies, and is sure to land one before many years roll by.

DANIEL EDGAR BYRD
Society Hill, S. C.

"He is wise that is wise to himself"

TEXTILE ENGINEERING.
Senior Private.

Hayne Literary Society; Prosecuting Critic Hayne Literary Society; Textile Science Club; Clean-Sleeve Club; Y. M. C. A.

"SPESS," or "TY COBE," as he is commonly called, is a product of Society Hill, S. C. He entered college in 1912, and soon fell in line with Textile Engineering; but during his last two years he specialized in English. A friendlier fellow can't be found, and he always greets one with a "Hey!" He is going to make "Swine" proud of him some day, and we hope to write him up, in "Who's Who Among Alumni," as a successful cotton-mill president.
WOFFORD BENJAMIN CAMP
Gaffney, S. C.

"Since brevity is the soul of wit, I will be short"

AGRONOMY

Corporal; Sergeant; Senior Private.

Agricultural Society; Calhoun Society; Bible Class Leader; Superintendent Chapel Sunday School; Vice-President, Carlisle Sunday School Class; Champion Class Football Team ’14; President Cherokee County Club; Agronomical Comedians; Humdingers Club.

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An earnest desire to learn came to "BILL" in the fall of 1912; so he moved his "Camp" from Gaffney to Clemson. He went diligently to work to accomplish his desire, and, by his studious habits, he won the esteem of his classmates and the good marks of his professors. He can't withstand the smiles of the fairer sex; and, if he's not "caught" during 1916, we predict a life of usefulness for him.

LOUIS OSWALD CAMPBELL
Summerville, S. C.

"Aut vincere, aut mori"

MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

Corporal; Sergeant; Senior Private.

Declaimers’ Medal, Calhoun Society ’13; Monogram Club; Member A. I. E. E.; Senior Private Club; Inter-Society Declamation Contest.

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ALFONSIO, as he is known by those intimately associated with him, is exceedingly polite and entertaining in his habits. His ready resource of wit, especially in "Daddy’s" classroom, has prompted many a hearty laugh for the electrical boys. Since his arrival here, LOUIS has always nobly kept his head above water. As a last resort, he always relies on argument, and generally succeeds. He is especially talented as an orator, and it would not surprise us to see him some day venting his oratory on the stump in South Carolina.
GEORGE EARLE CAMPSEN
Charleston, S. C.

"I may not be handsome, but I swear I have a distinguished look."

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

Senior Private; Trumpeter; Chief Trumpeter '15, '16.

Sophomore Dancing Club '13; Junior Dancing Club '14; Track Squad '14; Seagull Club '16; Junior Civil Club '15; Senior Civil Club '16; Palmetto Literary Society '14, '15; Clemson College Orchestra '16.

"GEORGE" strayed to Clemson from the "City-by-the-Sea" in the fall of '11. Since coming here, "GEORGE" has made many friends. His chief occupation is waking the Corps for "Reveille" by the musical toots of his trumpet. He has the reputation of being the only man from Charleston who uses perfect English. GEORGE is a typical ladies' man, and is an all-round good fellow. We wish him all success in the "Civil" world.

LOUIS BABB CANNON
Honea Path, S. C.

"Love? His affections do not that way tend."

ANIMAL, HUSBANDRY AND DAIRYING.

Sergeant; Lieutenant.

Class Football '13; Scrub Football '13; Sophomore Class Champions '14; Varsity Football '14, '15; Track '14; Varsity Basketball '16; Block "C" Club; Vice-President Palmetto Literary Society; President Agricultural Society; Literary Staff of TAPS '16; Humminger Club; V. M. C. A.; Cadet Steward Methodist Church; Superintendent Chapel Sunday School.

"MUTT" is practical, thorough, clear-thinking; a sturdy, dependable athlete; an active participant in the affairs of college life; and a conscientious, Christian gentleman. He has no bad habits, is never idle, is held in highest esteem by all who know him, and is of the type admired most ardenty when known most intimately. His personal traits have made for him a host of friends, a most successful college career, and the promise of a brilliant future.
ADDISON BROOKS CARWILE
Abbeville, S. C.

"I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-
men"

SOUTH.

Corporal; Regimental Quartermaster-
Sergeant; Major; "Picked Company
'14: '15.

Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '16; Representative State Sunday School Convention; Representative Blue Ridge Conference; President of Humdingers; Prohibition League '15; Vice-President Prohibition League '16; Lecture Reporter for "Tiger" '16; Secretary and Treasurer and Superintendent Chapel Sunday School; President of Professor Bradley's Sunday-School Class; Treasurer Agricultural Society; Rec. Sec'y, Chap-
lain, Vice-press, Pres. Calhoun Literary Society; Orator for Society '16; Bible Class Leader '15; 't16; Junior "Tiger"
Committeeman '15.

This young Demosthenes came three whoops and a holloa from Abbeville. In this case, the time element in Darwin's theory of evolution has been clipped to a minimum; for, in four years, he has changed from a green country lad to a student of some repute. "AD" is a boy who prizes the friendship of his college-mates, and uses his power to make his fellow-men happy. He will go out from College doing much good unto the world.

FRANCIS WAYLAND CHATHAM
Arcadia, Fla.

"For words, like nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within"

HORTICULTURE.

Senior Private.

Corresponding Secretary, Prosecut-
ing and Literary Critic, Columbian Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Agri-
cultural Society; James H. Carlisle Sunday-School Class; Rat Bowery Bunch '13; Cosmopolitan Club '16; Senior Privates Club; Non-Grabbers' Club; Society of Horticultural Science; President Greenwood County Club.

"CHAT" came to us in '96, S. C., but soon migrated to Florida. "F. W." has the spirit, the determination, and the perseverance to accomplish things worth while. In his military career, he has always been a strong advocate of private life. He is fond of friendly fussing, but still is quiet and retiring. Judging from "CHAT'S" disposition, he will suc-
cceed early in finding the ideal of his dreams. We predict a successful career for this youth in the horticul-
tural world.
ROBERT JOSEPH CHEATHAM
Eastover, S. C.

"Nothing is impossible with a willing heart"

TEXTILE.

Sergeant; Senior Private.

Textile Society; Y. M. C. A.; Calhoun Literary Society; Bible Class
Leader; Prohibition League.

JOE started out lucky by winning a scholarship from Abbeville County.
He later moved to Eastover, where he soon won the love of all the pretty
girls. His hobbies are "cutting" reveille, and writing business letters to
female colleges. JOE'S friendly disposition has won for him many friends
while at Clemson, and we predict a great future for him. He will either
build a factory in Eastover, or marry a superintendent's daughter and get the
presidency of a mill.

JOSEPH DeBOSE CLARK, Jr.
Lynchburg, S. C.

"Too much, too much much too much"

CHEMISTRY.

Corporal; Senior Private; Picked
Company.

Track '13; Palmetto Literary
Society; Block "P" Club; Senior
Dancing Club; Hearts Club; Secretary-Treasurer Organization; President
Chemistry Science Club; Y. M. C. A.

"KRIP," sometimes known as
"HYDROGEN" is the ideal picture
of delight when engaged in an argu-
ment. His kind, optimistic, and
characteristically witty manner has
won for him many friends among the
students. KRIP is especially fond of
the fairer sex, and, on account of his
extensive mailing list, we predict for
him a married life in the early future.
Having a natural inclination for the
science of Chemistry, and being
talented along this line, his success is
assured.
MOSES EUGENE COX  
Gray Court, S. C.

"Mighty in deed, love, and thought!"

ELECTRICAL.

Senior Private; Lieutenant.

Calhoun Literary Society; Thalian Dancing Club; Block "C" Club; Class Football '14; Varsity Football '14, '15; Track Team '14, '15, '16.

"BIG" Cox hails from the progressive city of Gray Court, S. C. He entered Clemson in the fall of 1912, and cast his lot with the "Lightning Chasers." This auburn-haired boy has won great fame on the grid-iron, and is now a wearer of a "C." By his good nature and genial disposition he has won a host of friends. He is a loyal subscriber to the "Lanthford Station Intelligence," which is "First-Class" Mail, requiring four-cent stamps. Here's wishing him much success!

ANDREW COMSTOCK DIBBLE, JR.  
Orangeburg, S. C.

"A good heart is worth gold!"

HORTICULTURE.

Senior Private.

Agricultural Society; Hayne Literary Society; Vice-President Orangeburg County Club; Department Editor of Agricultural Journal; Y. M. C. A.; Secretary and Treasurer of Society of Horticultural Science; Senior Privates Club; Non Grabbers' Club.

"SARGE," "LITTLE SOLDIER," or "SQUIRREL," as he is known, is the product of the city on the Edisto. Well may she be proud of her son! His good nature, pure heart, sincerity, and perseverance are admired by all who know him. He has real taste for art, and is an ardent admirer of beautiful flowers. As a horticulturist, he will in the future produce wonders of which Burbank never dreamed.
WILLIAM HORACE DICKS
Dunbarton, S. C.

“Quiet and study, flavored with a smile,
Were his ideals all the while”

ELECTRICAL.
Sergeant; Lieutenant.

President and Vice-President Carolina Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer Junior Science Club; Member Intercollegiate Debating Council.

“SKINNY” hails from the city of Dunbarton. He left the swamps in the fall of 1912, for Clemson, where he decided to cast his lot with the engineers in working out some of the mysteries of Electricity. He is well known as the “skinny” boy of the Class but what he lacks in size he has in brains. The word failure is not in his vocabulary. We predict boundless success for him as an Electrical Engineer.

ALBERT MAXCY DICKSON
Darlington, S. C.

“A beautiful face is a silent commendation”

VETERINARY SCIENCE.

Corporal; Sergeant; Senior Private; Picked Company ’13.

Member and Corresponding Secretary Calhoun Literary Society; Junior Dancing Club; Agricultural Society; Department Editor of the Agricultural Journal; Literary Staff T.A.P.S ’16; President of the Darlington County Club ’16; Y. M. C. A.; Senior Privates Club.

“MACK,” or “HANDBSOME,” came to Clemson as an honest, straightforward worker. His egotistical belief in what he thinks, regardless of other people’s persuasion to change his mind, soon gave him a place at the front. By the use of the shovel, which he handles well, he is destined to a successful career in the American Blue Cross Society. His good nature and winning ways have won for him a warm place in many a heart.
DANIEL TOMPKINS DUNCAN
Ninety-Six, S. C.

"What do I care for ladies fair?
Well, you just dare to ask me!"

CIVIL ENGINEER.

Corporal; First Sergeant; Lieutenant.

Wade Hampton Literary Society; Thalian Club; Class Football '16; Scrub Baseball.

"DAN," or "DUXC," hails from the historic village of "96," S. C. After four years of militari,
smanship, he expects to become a "Hobo," for he says that he has not found his ideal around here.
"DUXC" always carries a bashful, innocent smile; but he is a heart-smasher. He delights in reading for "Co-
lonial," and looking at pretty girls through a transit. "DAN" will surely succeed in all his undertakings,
for he has proven himself to be a studious, persistent youth.

JAMES MALCOLM ELEAZER
Chapin, S. C.

"Worry and I have never met"

AGRONOMY.

Corporal; Sergeant; Senior Private; Picked Company '12-'13, '13-'14.

Reporting Critic Hayne Literary Society; Vice-President Hayne Literary Society; Agricultural Society; Block "P" Club; Vice-President Richland County Club; Humdinger Club; Agronomy Club.

This brawny and brainy youth, known as "DOOTS" or "DOODLE," entered Clemson desiring to obtain knowledge, and to acquire the art of pulling the bellcord according to scienti-
fic methods. He either has a ready answer for any question his professors may ask, or he can outguess them, every time. "DOODLE" takes life easy, and is always in a good humor. He never worries about anything. His kind heart, good character, and friendly disposition have won many friends — especially among the ladies.
JOSEPH EVERETT FLOURNOY
Macon, Ga.

"Unless you climb, the top round will never be reached"

AGRONOMY.
Senior Private.

Y. M. C. A.; Sophomore Dancing Club; Junior Dancing Club; Senior Dancing Club; Thalian Dancing Club '16; Vice-President Wade Hampton Literary Society; Block "P" Club; Non-Grabbers' Club.

"FLOURNEY" was born nineteen years ago, in Macon, Ga. He enjoys the distinction of being one of the youngest men in the Class. "FLOURNEYS" rosy cheeks and healthy laugh make him popular everywhere. He is a strong admirer of the fairer sex, and "piddles a stout line of gab" to the ladies. His dignified manner only serves to fool the Profs., and not his friends. As long as there is a slick floor and a woman around, "FLOURNEY" will be happy.

DAGNALL FRANK FOLGER
Central, S. C.

"God be thanked! Whate'er comes after,
I have lived and toiled with a Senior Class".

ELECTRICAL.
First Sergeant; Captain.
Bus. Mgr. TAPS '16; Advisory Board, Sec'y, Pres. Y. M. C. A.; Pres. Junior Class; Vice-Pres. Junior Electrical; Treas. A. E. F.; Sec'y, Chaplain, First Critic, Pres. Calhoun Literary Society; Debate Council '15; Athletic Council '15; Monogram Club; Mgr. Gymnasium Team '14; Vice-Pres. Ath. Asso. '16; Literary Staff Chronicle '15; Clemson-Davidson Debate '15; Charleston-Clemson Debate '16; Sept. College Sunday School; Mgr. Junior-Senior Banquet '15; Chief Marshal Commencement '15; Chairman Senior Ring Committee.

"This is the noblest Roman of them all. To know DAG, is to love him; hence his host of friends, both boys and girls. To quench his intense thirst for knowledge, he came here, in January, 1913, and cast his lot with the "Lightning Chasers." DAG'S hobby is inventions; and some day he may startle the electrical world—by lighting Central. His chief virtue lies in his love for "Viv"acious people; and may Clemson be honored with more like him!"
JOHN MELVIN GARRIS
Round, S. C.

"The more you have known about others,
The less you will settle to one"

AGRONOMY.
Corporal; Sergeant; Senior Private.

Literary Critic Wade Hampton Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer Colleton County Club 1914-'15; President Colleton County Club 1915-'16; Humblinger Club; Block. "P" Club; Agronomy Club; Y. M. C. A.

This accomplished son of the Low Country claims that he originated near Round, S. C. He impressed us from the beginning as being "around here," when it comes to ladies. He has made no decision yet. His motto is to give them all a "try-out."

JOHN'S jovial disposition, amusing supply of wit, and winning personality, have supplied him with many friends. He is an exceptionally good companion, a most sincere friend, and a very thorough man. His destiny is success.

MARION CARLISLE GREEN
Greenville, S. C.

"Life is too short to worry—
So smile, d—a you, smile"

ENTOMOLOGY.
Corporal; Senior Private.

Member Calhoun Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Chaplain Junior Class; Toastmaster Junior; Senior Banquet 15; Cheer Leader 15-'16; Secretary and Treasurer: Entomology Club; Member Agricultural Society; Alumnae Editor Chronicle; President Greenville City Club; Secretary and Vice-President Red Cross Club.

In the fall of '12, Clemson was blessed with the coming of this worthy son of Greenville. Looking at him, no other opinion can be formed except that he is a man in every detail, with the highest sense of honor prevailing. "BILL" is an exceptionally good student, and a friend to everyone who knows him. "BILL" is a jolly boy, and this with his friendly disposition makes every boy esteem him. For a man like this, we see nothing else but great success.
FRANK MADISON HADDON  
Hodges, S. C.

“If you want enemies, excel others;  
If you want friends, let others excel you.”

HORTICULTURE.

Corporal; Senior Private.

Vice-President Horticultural Science  
Society; Member Y. M. C. A.; Scrub  
Baseball ’14; Member Block “P” Club.

This youngster deserted Hodges,  
four years ago, to venture out upon  
his college career at Clemson.

“FOOTS” is very clever, especially  
with the gentler sex. His pen-sketching  
work gives him the name of “young  
artist.” He is an honest, truthful, big-  
hearted fellow, and he usually abides  
by the saying: “Not how much we do,  
but how well we do it.” “FOOTS”  
is also known as the “Expert Pomolo-  
gist.” We predict for him unlimited  
success in the world.

STANWOOD WISE HAIGLER  
Cameron, S. C.

“The motto of wisdom is:  
To serve all, but love only one”

VETERINARY SCIENCE.

Corporal; Sergeant; Lieutenant;  
Corporal Picked Company ’15.

Member Rifle Club ’13-’14; Track  
Team ’13; Scrub Football ’13-’14;  
Class Football ’13, ’14, Captain ’15;  
Monogram Club; Member; Prosecut-  
ing Critic, Palmetto Literary Society;  
Agricultural Society; Business Man-  
ager Clemson Agricultural Journal ’16;  
Junior Dancing Club; President Cal-  
houn County Club ’16; Member Pro-  
hibition League; Y. M. C. A.

Sincerity, honesty, and ability char-  
acterize this young entrepreneur.  
JACK’S lofty ambitions and untiring  
efforts have won for him honors both  
as a manager and as an athlete. He  
says he is no ladies’ man, but if we  
see him down in the mouth, we know  
that there is something wrong with the  
mail. Of late, he has become satu-  
rated with the toxins of love. Some-  
day, Cameron will boast of the serv-  
ices of her distinguished veterinary  
surgeon.
JOHN CALHOUN HAMLIN
Anderson, S. C.

"If women only knew the extent of their power!"

ENTOMOLOGY.
Senior Private.

Historian Junior Class; Secretary, Vice-President, President Wade Hampton Literary Society; President Electric City Club; President Non-Grabbers' Club; Secretary, Vice-President Clemson Entomological Club; Anderson County Club; Agricultural Society; Chapel Sunday School; Senior Privates Club.

In the fall of 1912, there journeyed to Clemson one of Anderson's most brilliant sons. Owing to his minuteness, he has been given the name of "MOUSE"; but his brains would make one think him a giant. "MOUSE" is an exceptionally good student, and is a friend to everyone. Follow "MOUSE" as an ideal, and the world will be full of men. South Carolina should be proud of this worthy son; and we all look with keen expectation for his great success in life.

JAMES PRESSLY HARRALL
Cheraw, S. C.

"Blessed is the man who does not monkey with his destiny"

MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.
Private; Corporal; Sergeant-Major; Senior Private.

Secretary and Treasurer Sophomore Class; Co-operative Committee; Secretary Wade Hampton Literary Society; Treasurer Chesterfield County Club; Assistant Manager Varsity Football Team '13; Manager Varsity Football Team '15; Class Football '13, '14, '15; Sophomore Dancing Club; Junior Dancing Club; Thalian Club; Senior Privates Club; Y. M. C. A.; Literary Staff TAPS.

JIMMIE, who is from "Charming Cheraw, the Prettiest Town in Dixie," inherited all the alleged good qualities of that town. "PIERPONT" is extremely popular with the ladies; and he loves them all impartially.

JIM'S military ambitions soon interfered with his morning sleep so, like Falstaff, he cast aside his honors. Since then, he has refused to accept any military office. JIM'S managerial ability is marked; for he manages to have extras every Saturday. We, who know him, are pulling for JIMMIE.
GEORGE GARY HARRIS
Belton, S. C.

"Your friend is the one that knows all about you, and still likes you"

ENTOMOLOGY.

Sergeant; Senior Private.

Y. M. C. A.; Hayne Literary Society, Prosecuting Critic; Anderson County Club; Entomological Society; Senior Privates Club.

"PREP," as this illustrious son of Belton is known, has done nothing while at College, aside from getting a Sergeant, that he regrets. Before this, he was a loyal Non-Grabber. PREP possesses a quiet, congenial disposition, which has made him many loyal friends in College. He has the art of trapping bugs down to a science. His next move is to apply his science to some fair damsel. He will add her to his collection of rare specimens. Success shall soon be his.

GERSON KIRKLAND HEISS
Clio, S. C.

"Dearer by far to me is the garland which adorns the brow of the civilian, than the laurel which encircles the head of the warrior"

AGRICULTURE AND CHEMISTRY.

Senior Private; Picked Company '13-'14.

Chemistry Science Club; Agricultural Society; Columbian Literary Society '13, '14; Senior Privates; Marlboro County Club; Non-Grabbers' Club.

"EGYPT" entered Clemson in 1912. He had formed his opinion of military life at Porter's; and his clean-sleeve record illustrates it. "EGYPT" came to Clemson with the idea of being a chemist, and has worked for four years to accomplish this. He delights in spending his time in Chemical Lab., and in "shooting Dickey." We predict for this youngster a long, prosperous life; and we feel sure that he will soon make Clio famous.
JAMES McDANIEL HELDMAN
Spartanburg, S. C.

"Watch your own work, not the clock"

TEXTILE ENGINEERING.

Corporal; Sergeant; Senior Private; Second Lieutenant.

Y. M. C. A.; Secretary and Treasurer Spartanburg County Club '15; President Spartanburg County Club '16; Vice-President Textile Society '16; Class Football '15.

"Jim" hails from "The City of Success." He came to Clemson in '12, with the full intention of astonishing the world, and with that end in view took the Textile course. His possessions have won for him many things—among them, a host of true friends, the esteem of the Captains, and a Senior Private's misfortune—Extras. Jim's ability and knowledge are sure to make his life a success. We predict that he will spend the rest of his life in breaking ladies' hearts, and doffing spinning frames.

JAMES ROBERTSON HENDERSON
Charleston, S. C.

"Give me a nice country home, a wife, and a piano; and the world is mine"

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY AND DAIRYING.

Bugler; Sergeant and Chief Bugler; Lieutenant.

Vice-President Sophomore Dancing Club; Thalian Dancing Club; Agricultural Society: President Seagull Club; Commencement Marshal '15; Manager Baseball Team '16; Y. M. C. A.

"Jim" claims Charleston and "88" as his homes; but if you walk down on the Boulevard, almost any quiet evening, you will probably find him on a certain corner singing, "O Promise Me." During his five years here, his attractive ways have won for him many friends on the campus as well as in barracks. We predict for him a great future in the business world.
VIRGIL MARO HOWELL
St. George, S. C.

"Flirt, and the girl flirts with you; Love, and you love alone"

AGRONOMY.

Corporal; Sergeant; Senior Private.

Agronomy Club; Wade Hampton Literary Society; Agricultural Society; Y. M. C. A.

In the fall of 1912, a little "JOY" came to Clemson to join the ranks of the Agronomists and the Extra Walkers. We wonder why Virgil is called "JOY," as his apparently solemn disposition would suggest the opposite; but we find in this shy little lad an abundance of sunshine and wit. "JOYS" congenial disposition, honesty, and earnestness of purpose have won a host of worthy friends, who predict a bright and successful future for him.

JOHN MURCHISON JACKSON, Jr.
Bennettsville, S. C.

"Blessed is he who does not bully-che"

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

Corporal; Color Sergeant; Captain and Quartermaster.

Treasurer Wade Hampton Literary Society '15-'16; Censor Wade Hampton Literary Society '14-'15; President Junior Dancing Club; President Thalian Club '15; Class Football '14, '15; Track Team '13, '14, '16; Marlboro County Club '13, '14; President House of Marlboro '16; Treasurer Junior Civils; Assistant Business Manager "TAPS '16"; Y. M. C. A.

Some call him JOHN. That may be his name; but he always comes when you whistle, say "STONEHEAD," "STONETAIL," or "JACK." "JACK" never plays cards; but he says he would rather hold hands with a "King" than a queen any day. "JACK's" progress up the ladder of renown and fame has been thus far steady, as can be seen from the bars on his shoulder. But we make no predictions for him. Who would have thought it of Columbus?
WILLIAM HAMILTON JENKINS

North Charleston, S. C.

"Be noble, and the nobleness that lies in others, sleeping, but never dead, shall rise in majesty to meet thine own"

AGRONOMY.

Sergeant; First Lieutenant.

Agricultural Society; Literary Critic, President Hayne Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Superintendent Chapel Sunday School; Bible Class Leader; Seagull Club.

"JENKS," as he is familiarly known, hails from Wadmalaw Island. He entered the Sophomore Class in the fall of 1913, and went diligently to work. He first took up the Mechanical Course, but soon changed to the Agricultural Course. He is one of the most studious, hard-working, clear-thinking boys in his section. "JENKS" is desirous of exploring the great wheatfields of the West; but, wherever he goes, we wish and predict a great future for him.

JAMES PARHAM JETER, JR.

Santuc, S. C.

"Why worry? It will happen anyway; And sunshine drives the rain away!"

TEXTILE ENGINEERING.

Corporal; Sergeant; First Lieutenant.

Y. M. C. A.; President Hayne Literary Society; Class Football '13-'14, '14-'15; Scrub Football '13-'15, '15-'16; Sophomore Dancing Club; President Union County Club; Junior Textile Club; Textile Society; Monogram Club; Thalian Club.

From the small-sized suburb, Santuc, S. C., hails "CATFOOT." He has served his sentence well, and of all his studies English has been his favorite. In this branch (or should I say ditch?), he has specialized for two years, and he expects to take the chair at University next Fall. A "Weaver of Cloth" is he; and we might say of "Dreams," also—for "Great Goodness!" he does love the ladies.
MASON THORNE JOHNSON
Mount Tabor, S. C.

"Give me music and girls, and I will seek no other pleasures"

TEXTILE ENGINEERING.

Corporal; Sergeant; Lieutenant.

Y. M. C. A.; Class Football '15; Vice-President Union County Club; Palmetto Literary Society; Textile Society; Secretary Union County Club.

"JOHNNIE," better known as "MOLLY," "RASTUS," or "M. T.", hails from the city of Mount Tabor. "MOLLIE" came to Clemson in 1912, and threw in his lot with the factory-men. "RASTUS" has won, by his genial disposition, many friends among the boys and Faculty. "M. T.", although not military, has had many military honors thrust upon him. We have hopes that "MOLLIE" will be boss sweep in the Lockhart Mills, if not captured too soon by one of the fair sex of that town.

JAMES BLAIR KENDRICK
Clover, S. C.

"Isch ka Bibbe; give me the life I love"

BOTANY.

Corporal; First Sergeant; Lieutenant and Adjutant.

Agricultural Society; Editor-in-Chief of Agricultural Journal '15-'16; Columbian Literary Society; Vice-President Columbian Literary Society; Vice-President York County Club '14; Monogram Club '15; Scrub Football '13, '14; Class Football '13, '15.

"JAKE" is a tall, honest, faithful, and optimistic worker. He has proved himself to be an excellent student and a brilliant editor. Though not an ardent supporter of militarism, he has attained high honors. He has taken an active part in every phase of college life, especially Athletics. Though never a member of the Varsity squad, he is to be admired for his untiring efforts for the football team. For a man of such sterling characteristics, we predict a brilliant future.
EDWARD DEANE KYZER
Lexington, S. C.

"Good things are generally put up in small packages"

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY.

Corporal: Sergeant; Sergeant of Picked Company: Captain.

Corresponding Secretary: Vice-President: President:
Columbian Literary Society: Vice-President: Agricultural Society:
Department Editor: Agricultural Journal: Y. M. C. A.

"ED," though vivacious and witty, is yet sober-minded and sincere. He is a diligent student, and his cleverness, gentility, and personal magnetism have made him a favorite. His moral character, clean life, recognized ability, hard work, and friendly deeds, have made for him an enviable place in the hearts of students and Faculty alike. He enjoys a spotless record, the full confidence of his associates, and glistening prospects for a future career of successful service. "He's a good egg!"

ROBERT ELMER LAIDLAW
Marion, S. C.

"Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice"

SOILS.

Senior Private.

Y. M. C. A.; Vice-President, President Carolina Literary Society; Agricultural Society; Vice-President Senior Preps; James H. Carlisle Bible Class.

From Horry County, this worthy lad entered college, as a loyal subject of the "Prep Kingdom." Though five long years were between him and his "sheepskin," this did not worry him, because BROM BONES is made of the "do-or-die" material. BROM BONES, as many friends call him, never lost any time with military aspirations, but spent it writing love poetry for his friends. We predict that he will establish a Rothamsted Experiment Station in South Carolina.
JAMES ROBERT LATIMER  
Honea Path, S. C.

"In all God's creation, there is no place appointed for the idle man"

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

Sergeant; Senior Private.

Palmetto Literary Society; Anderson County Club; Senior Privates Club; Y. M. C. A.

Although "JUDGE" did not join us until '13, he has fought and won along with the best of us. His genial smiles and his near-jokes have won for him a warm spot in the hearts of all who know him. By virtue of his vocation as a Civil Engineer, he should be a prominent member of the Bachelors' Society; yet his greatest delight comes from drawing house plans, and creating new mail routes. We predict a successful future for him, along any lines he may undertake.

WILLIAM EDWIN LESLIE, Jr.  
Abbeville, S. C.

"To spend too much time in study is sloth"

AGRONOMY.

Senior Private.

Censor Calhoun Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Agricultural Society; Vice-President Abbeville County Club; Bible Class Leader.

"BILL." has been accused of advocating the principle that all percentage made over sixty is wasted energy. Anyway, he never worries about anything; but just takes life as it comes, without any grumble. This easy-going and genial disposition has won him many friends, and his auburn pompadour has won the hearts of the girls. "BILL'S" practical mind and his horse-sense are sure to win him a high place in the world. His highest aspiration is to go back to Abbeville, and put a model farm into operation.
CHARLES EDWARD LITTLEJOHN  
Jonesville, S. C.

"Not so good-looking, but cute—Oh Lord!"

ENTOMOLOGY.

Private; Corporal; Sergeant; Senior Private.

Y. M. C. A.; Bible Class Leader; Freshman Football Team; Varsity Football '13, '14, '15; Block "C" Club; Coach Sophomore Championship Team; Sergeant-at-Arms, Recording Secretary, Literary Critic, President Columbia Literary Society; President Entomology Club; Thalian Dancing Club; Senior Privates Club.

"MULE," whose favorite song is "Peg o' My Heart," hails from Jonesville. He has proved himself to be a star in football, having played Varsity ball for three years. Besides being a good football man, he is an excellent student. "MULE," by his fun-loving disposition, has won for himself many friends at Clemson. He always looks on the optimistic side of life; and we can see for him nothing but a brilliant future. Watch him prosper.

NICHOLAS PEAY LYLES  
Steedman, S. C.

"Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie"

AGRONOMY.

Private.

Hayne Literary Society; Students' Bible Study Class; Lexington County Club; Agronomy Club; Block "P" Club; Clean-Sleeve Club.

"NICK" is a product of the "Edisto Section" of Lexington County. He is a blonde, and is a giant in stature. This lad is particularly characterized by his erectness, true-heartedness, and good-naturedness. He declared that he is no ladies' man, but, from various reports, we learn that he is an ardent admirer of the fair sex. If he puts his theories into practice, he will undoubtedly become a famous agriculturist. May he achieve unbounded success in his chosen profession!
PETER LEROY McCALL
Society Hill, S. C.

"O love! let thy weary heart
Lean upon mine, and it shall faint no more"

TEXTILE ENGINEERING.

Corporal; First Sergeant; Lieutenant; Captain.

Secretary, President, Treasurer, Y. M. C. A.; Secretary, Vice-President, President Columbian Literary Society; Secretary, President Clemson Prohibition League; Chaplin Senior Class.

LEROY, better known as "PETER" or "MACK," came from Society Hill, S. C. "MACKS" good-natured qualities make it a pleasure for anyone to be with him. He believes in doing what one ought to do, and always puts duty before pleasure. "MACK" is an earnest, hard-working boy. His honesty and conscientiousness have won him many a friend, both among the Faculty and among the student body. We predict that some day "MACK" will be a very prosperous mill president.

HAROLD SLOAN McCONNELL
Anderson, S. C.

"Where hearts are true,
Few words will do"

ENTOMOLOGY.

Sergeant; Second Lieutenant.

Y. M. C. A.; President Entomology Club; Vice-President Electric City Club; Anderson County Club; Hayne Literary Society; Scrub Football '13; Captain Sophomore Class Champions '14; Varsity Football '14, '15; Member Block "C" Club.

"MAC," or HAL-OOT, hails from the Electric City. All Andersonians know him by his brilliant football playing; but those who know him intimately appreciate fully his level-headedness in all respects. As a result of conscientious effort, he never fails to accomplish his purpose. Over the sunshine of his collegiate career there has passed only one cloud—that of an unrequited love. We all look forward to his return in the fall as one of the steadiest and most efficient players among the "Tigers."
ROBERT MORDAUNT McCONNELL
Kingstree, S. C.

"One cannot know everything"

AGRICULTURE.

Private; Private; Sergeant; Lieutenant.

Y. M. C. A.; Palmetto Literary Society; Thalian Club; TAPS Literary Staff.

"MACK" comes from "Frog Level,” that is, he is a Kingstree product. Some of us call him "MACK," while others know him by the name of "DUCK." Nobody has ever accused "DUCK" of overwork; but he has the happy faculty of concentration. We are positive that, while he is studying "Hutch," even should the house fall down he would never be the wiser. "DUCK" has many friends among the Faculty and the boys. We all prophesy for him many successes.

HUGH SAM McKEOWN
Cornwell, S. C.

"Life is real; life is earnest;
But a bluff is all right when it works"

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY AND DAIRYING.

Corporal; Regimental Sergeant-Major; Captain.

Y. M. C. A.; Calhoun Literary Society; Agricultural Society; Sophomore Dancing Club; Junior Dancing Club; President Chester County Club; Assistant Baseball Manager '14-'15; Assistant Business Manager Chronicle '14-'15; Vice-President South Carolina Intercollegiate Oratorical Association '14-'15; Business Manager Chronicle '15-'16; Social Reporter Tiger '15-'16; Thalian Club; President S. C. I. O. A. 15-'16.

"REGGIE;" "BUSSIE;" "HUGH, THE JEW;" or more commonly known as "BUSS," hails from Cornwell. He joined our ranks in '14, and with his famous line of "bull" he has made many friends. Besides shining in military affairs, he shines all around the campus, climbing Hotel Hill and the like. His chief objects in early life are matrimony and the running of a "Jew shop." With such ability and character, we predict for him unqualified success in whatever he undertakes.
WILLIAM LESLIE McMILLAN
Abbeville, S. C.

"Smile, for you know not whence you came, nor why.
Smile, for you know not why you go, nor where"

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY.

Private; Corporal; Sergeant; Sergeant-Major; Captain and Adjutant.

Scrub Football '13; Varsity Football '14, '15; "C" Club '14; Secretary and Treasurer "C" Club '15; Secretary and Treasurer Abbeville County Club '15; President Abbeville County Club '16; Chronicle Staff '16; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '16; Banquet Committee '15; Recording Secretary, Vice-President, President Carolina Literary Society; Winner Society's Oratorical Medal '15.

Who? "RED"—the adjutant, the boxer, and the football star. His domicile? Abbeville, the town he pulls for. "RED" also pulls for the interest of Clemson College. He is a typical controverter, and unless carefully guarded will EASLEY get the best of you. Don't take my word, ask any member of the senior bulls about "RED." His efforts, ability, disposition, and character have won honors and friends. He is admired by students and officials, and loved by the fair sex.

CHARLES SMITH MAJOR
Anderson, S. C.

"The man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man, if with his tongue he cannot win a woman"

AGRONOMY.

Corporal; Senior Private.

Scrub Football '12; Scrub Baseball '13, '14; Class Football '13; Varsity Football '13, '14, '15; Varsity Baseball '15, '16; Thalian Dancing Club '15, '16; Member Anderson County Club; Member Electric City Club; Coach Freshman Team '15; Coach Junior Team '16; President "C" Club '15,'16; Captain Football Team for '16; Member Agricultural Society; V. M. C. A.

"DObie," "BLONDIE," or "URSA," hails from the Electric City. Characterization: White hair, merry laugh, and a striking resemblance to a real man. His one failure here is lack of militarism. Three years mainstay of the football team, and two years as one of the best players on the diamond, have secured for him the enviable position he now holds in each Clemson man's heart. However brilliant on the athletic field heretofore, we all look forward with keen anticipation to the achievements of the football team that follows him next year as Captain.
WALDO WEAVER MALLORY
Savannah, Ga.

"His own character is the arbiter of everyone's fortune" AGRONOMY.
Senior Private.

Member of Sophomore and Junior Dancing Clubs; Thalian Club; Wade Hampton Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Athletic Editor Tiger; Literary Staff TAPS '16.

†

WALDO, better known as "WALDY," is everything his name implies. Although he is a native of Georgia, the majority of his letters are addressed to Virginia—why, I do not know. WALDY is very fond of sleep; but probably some of his professors can tell you more about that than I can. Some day in the future I hope to see WALDO realize his greatest ambition—that is, to have plenty of time to dress in the morning, and no First Sergeant to worry him.

†

EDWARD WHITING MATHER
Columbia, S. C.

"Life seems too short for animosities, or registering wrongs" AGRONOMY.
Senior Private; Picked Company.

Wade Hampton Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Senior Privates; Agronomical Comedians; Seagulls; Secretary and Treasurer Richland County Club; Tennis Club; Monogram Club; Class Football '14, '15; Scrubs '14, '15.

‡

"COTTON," as he is known among his friends, came to us from the "City by the Sea"; but now claims the "Capital City" as his home. New Jersey previously claimed him (and it seems is still unforgotten). "COTTON'S" chief characteristics are his good nature, and his ability to do his studying between classes, and to "shoot." He has made many friends here; and we all feel sure he will make a success in life.
LOUIS ALBERT MAY
Columbia, S. C.

"Beauty is only skin deep; but who in the blazes is going to skin you?"

CIVIL ENGINEERING.
Corporal; Sergeant; Second Lieutenant.

President Wade Hampton Literary Society; Prosecuting Critic and Reporting Critic Wade Hampton Literary Society; Class Football '13, '14, ’15, '16; Scrub Football '14; Chief Junior Civils; Secretary and Treasurer Columbia City Club; Secretary and Treasurer, President Richland County Club; Junior Co-operative Committee; Member Big Four; Y. M. C. A.

"RABBIT" did not come from the proverbial "briar-patch," but next door Columbia; and that burg let loose some man when "RABBIT" puth forth—he weighed 210 pounds. "VON HINDENBURG"—from his military figure—is certain that he will some day be a real Civil Engineer. We can't convince him otherwise; but you can get all the odds you want that he will be a Mormon, "ecce sigesman." Here's hoping, cause all of us want to be the best man!

RUSSELL RAMSEY MELLETT
Sumter, S. C.

"To look forword without misgivings,
And backward without regret" 

AGRONOMY.
Senior Private.

Prosecuting Critic, Literary Critic, Vice-President Hayne Literary Society; Member Agricultural Society; Y. M. C. A.; Senior Privates; Agro-nomical Comedians.

"MULLETT," or "RUSSELL," hailed from Sumter, appearing on the scene of action in our "rat" year; and he has passed through the acid test with flying colors. His quiet, good-natured disposition has made us all his friends. His taste for private life—four years of it—as well as his taste for good eats—Y. M. C. A. store—is familiar to us all. He has shot mercilessly each professor who blocked his path on his way through college; and we are sure of an equal success for him in life.
EUGENE CLARK MORRISON
Salley's, S. C.

“What’s mine, is yours; and what is yours, is mine”

MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

Senior Private.

Member of American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

JOJO—if we may claim that title for another bearer of the invulnerable name—came to us from Wofford. After finishing a literary course, he decided that he wanted a technical education. He is a quiet and contented fellow, and no one of us has ever seen him in a bad humor. He is an earnest worker, having an unusual degree of patience. We do not know, but it must be that “JOJO” has a plan in mind for electrifying Salley's.

WILLIAM AUSTIN MORRISON
Clemson College, S. C.

“But they whom truth and wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed”

ENTOMOLOGY.

Senior Private.

Recording Secretary, Censor, Vice-President Calhoun Literary Society; Winner of Declaimers' Medal '15; Entomology Society; Editor Entomology Department Agricultural Journal; Assistant Literary Editor TAPS; Senior Privates Club; Clean-Sleeve Club; Society Marshal '16.

"JOE" is a consistent, conscientious, hard-working lad; known as a man who sticks to his job. His chief line is "Bugs"; and we expect to see him shine chasing bugs with a Ford in the future; or in case he does not like that he can fall back on Chemistry as a last resort. Also, he has great poetic ability. We expect our grandchildren to study of the great American poet, MORRISON. Anyway, he will be heard from later.
FRITZ OTTO MYERS
Orangeburg, S. C.

"The man who makes the deepest notches on the stick of time is not usually preceded by a brass band"

ENTOMOLOGY.

Senior Private.

Orangeburg County Club; Agricultural Society; Vice-President Entomology Club; Reporting Critic Palmetto Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer; Senior Privates Club; Non-Grabbers' Club.


WILLIAM HAY NEIL
Chisolm, S. C.

"Some men are born military, others acquire militarism, and still others it is thrust upon"

MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

Lieutenant.

Member Junior Science Club; Secretary American Institute of Electrical Engineers; President Beaufort County Club; Lyceum Usher; Member Hayne Literary Society.

"LITTLE WILLIE" breezed in from the seacoast. His jolly and mischievous disposition has won for him the friendship of all those who have really known him. One of his greatest attributes is that he does not mind saying what he thinks; though in the drawing-room once he spoke a little too loud. The "LITTLE MAN" is exceedingly bright in all lines, but especially so in Math., he having said one day, while returning from a holiday excursion, that the height of his ambition was to be a mathematician.
DURWARD GORDON O'DELL
Liberty, S. C.

"The highest triumph of Art is the truest presentation of Nature"

AGRICULTURE AND CHEMISTRY.

Corporal; Sergeant; First Lieutenant; Captain.

TAPS Staff '16; Chronicle Staff '16; Agricultural Journal Staff '16; Pickens County Club; V. M. C. A.; President Chemistry Science Club; Censor Palmetto Literary Society; President Palmetto Literary Society; Agricultural Society.

In the fall of 1912, this lad, known as George, blew into our midst with unusual exuberance of spirit, accompanied with a smiling face and a tender heart. By all these friend-making qualities, and his manly disposition, George has made many lifelong friends here. We can all look at George, saying nothing but that he is an ideal son to a father's mind. He is an exceptionally good student, and is bound to succeed.

RAILFORD JAMES ODOM
McColl, S. C.

"God made him small in order to do a more choice bit of workmanship"

ELECTRICAL.

Corporal; Sergeant; First Lieutenant; First Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant.

Varsity Track Team '13, '14, '15, '16; Assistant Manager Track '14; Manager Track '15, '16; Monogram Club '14, '15, '16; Censor, Literary Critic Wade Hampton Literary Society; Vice-President Marlboro County Club; Junior Electrical Science Club '15; Literary Staff TAPS '16; Member American Institute Electrical Engineers; V. M. C. A.

Here he comes, and there he goes—a little "Ray" of sunshine to brighten the hearts of many a fair one. But don't think that he is fast; although he is speedy on the track, and we expect to see him in the next Olympic Games. In his Electrical work, "Ray" has spent much pleasant study in "Central Station" theory. His "gains" have been very attractive along this line. Ray's numerous friends wish him success in his career as a "Lightning Chaser."
ROWLAND SHEPARD OLIVER
Dillon, S. C.

"Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you"

MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

Private; Corporal; Private; Senior Private.

Y. M. C. A.; Junior Electrical Science Club; Literary Critic Wade Hampton Literary Society first term '15-'16; President Wade Hampton Literary Society third term '15-'16; President Dillon County Club '14-'15, '15-'16; President Red Cross Club; Senior Private.


RALPH MICHAEL O'NEAL
Pendleton, S. C.

"A strong character—not too serious, not too gay, but altogether a jolly good fellow"

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY.

Corporal; Sergeant; Senior Private.

Hayne Literary Society; Critic Hayne Literary Society; President Hayne Literary Society; Agricultural Society; Y. M. C. A.; Vice President Red Cross Club; Class Football '15, '16.

"MIKE" is Irish and, like all true Irishmen, he is proud of the fact. While at Clemson, "MIKE" spent a very eventful period of four years on Hall Number Twelve. "MIKE" will doubtless make a success in life, because he has the ability to stick to a thing through thick and thin. This characteristic was shown in his trip to the wheatfields, and his hard work on the class football team. Like a true sportsman, "MIKE" stands by his friends, who are many.
TILLMAN DIXON PADGETT
Edgefield, S. C.

"I hate the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame"

SOILS.
Corporal; First Sergeant; First Lieutenant.

Critic Hayne Literary Society; President Hayne Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer of Greenville City Club; Agricultural Journal Staff '16.

This product of Edgefield claims for his home—Greenville Woman's College during the sessions, and the Blue Ridge during vacations. Though never military, "T. D." has always been honored, and through his honor and affability, he has won many friends. His spare time—unlimited, since he "shoots" 'em all by bombastic processes rather than by exertion—is spent at "Judge's," or the game rooms of the Y. M. C. A. He is satisfied only by pulling sagacious jokes, or controversy with the professors. We predict pre-eminence for him through life.

WILLIE THOMAS PATRICK
Bowman, S. C.

"But I am never stupid, seldom blue;
My riches are an honest heart and true"

SOILS.
Private; Corporal; Sergeant; First Sergeant; Private; Captain; Senior Private.

Class Historian; Vice-President Palmetto Literary Society; Orator Annual Celebration '16; President Agricultural Society; Assistant Business Manager Agricultural Journal; Vice-President Senior Privates; Commencement Marshal '15; Lyceum Usher '16; President Orangeburg County Club; Y. M. C. A.

Handsome, smiling "PAT," though having a monopoly on natural ability, nevertheless mixes it so well with common-sense and geniality that his popularity actually surpasses his ability to "shoot." There is one line, however, wherein he cannot consistently shine; this necessary exception being the military. But, since not even the Kaiser can keep such an able American down, we cheerfully commit this boy to the future, knowing that he will never forsake his place at the front.
WESLEY ANDREW PICKENS
Easley, S. C.

"How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I see fu' o' care?"

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY AND DAIRYING.

Private; Private; Sergeant; Lieutenant; Senior Private.

Agricultural Society; Reporting Critic; Palmetto Literary Society; Bible Class Leader; Secretary and Treasurer; Chapel Sunday School; Y. M. C. A. 12, '13, '14, '15, '16.

"W. A.", or "GENERAL," comes to us from Anderson County, via Easley, S. C. This lad is a strikingly handsome blonde, with a winning way, who never fails to "make a hit" with the "Fair Ones." "PICK" came into the limelight in the summer of '19 as Chief Bookkeeper for the Clemson College Co-operative Creamery. His open cheerfulness, warm enthusiasm, absolute unselfishness, and true loyalty to his friends, have won for him the lasting esteem of many of his fellow-students.

ROBERT FRANKLIN POOLE
Gray Court, S. C.

"I may be a 'long-fellow,' but I am not a poet"

BOTANY.

Corporal; Sergeant; Second Lieutenant; First Lieutenant.

Vice-President; American Literary Society '16; Secretary and Treasurer Laurens County Club '15; Class Football '14-'15; Scrub Football '14; Varsity Football '15; Vice-President Laurens County Club; '16; Monogram Club '15; Block "C" Club '16.

"SARGE," who is a big husky fellow, hails from Gray Court. He came to Clemson in the fall of 1912, "through Greenville." Since then, he says Heaven and Greenville are one and the same place. After existing for two uneventful years, "SARGE" decided to show them that he could play football as well as he could anything else. By his amiable disposition, "SARGE" has won many friends. In the near future we would hear of him as the "eminent" botanist, "DR. POOLE."
GEORGE EDWIN PRINCE
Easley, S. C.

"Eat, drink, and be merry,
For tomorrow we may die"

HORTICULTURE.

Private; Private; Private; Senior Private.

President Pickens County Club; Vice-President Greenville City Club '14-'15; Secretary-Treasurer Non-Grabbers' Club; Block "P" Club; Senior Dancing Club; Hearts Club; Color Guard; Co-operative Committee '14-'15; Society of Horticultural Science; V. M. C. A.

GEORGE is an excellent student, and has made an enviable record while at college. He is optimistic, generous, noble, and true; and is endowed with a broad vision of life, and sound judgment. By his quiet, unobtrusive ways, and loyal spirit, he has won the admiration of many friends. This true-blooded gentleman is especially popular with the ladies, and has already found "the ideal of his dreams." We see a brilliant future for a man of his sterling qualities.

HARROLD HAMPTON QUATTLEBAUM
Aiken, S. C.

"I would rather be first in an Iberian village than to be second in Rome"

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

Corporal; Sergeant; First Lieutenant and Chief Musician; Picked Company '14.

Y. M. C. A.; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '15; Calhoun Literary Society; Declaimer Annual Celebration '13; Secretary Carolina Literary Society; Vice-President Carolina Literary Society; President Carolina Literary Society; Medal for Declamation Annual Celebration '15; Junior Civils '15; Business Manager and Assistant Director Cadet Band.

"P R E A C H E R," "D O C," or "C H I E F," came to Clemson with the intention of making good along civil engineering lines. He has done this so well that we would not be surprised to find him with Professor "Hobo"'s job in a few years. Although he has made flourishing marks, he has not had time to study, on account of extensive correspondence. "C H I E F" started life at Clemson in a Company; but he was too musical to stay there, so he joined the Band.
JULIUS ST. CLAIR RHOAD
Branchville, S. C.

"And now abides Militarism, Colonelism, and Extras; but the greatest of these is Colonelism"

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

Lieutenant.

Secretary, Treasurer Hoboes '15.

"SLIM" entered college in the fall of 1912, and ever since has been a diligent student of English. He is one of Colonel's many admirers; but the latter does not know it. Though not a consistent member of the reveille squad, he was for three years a faithful extra walker. The only bad habit that he has, is breaking hearts, which he really does not mean to do. "SLIM" has won many friends, who wish him much success in the future.

CLAUDE ROTHELL
Lexington, Ga.

"Shake hands with him;
He likes it"

AGRONOMY.

Sergeant; Senior Private.

Class: President 1916; Editor-in-Chief TAPS '16; Vice-President South Carolina Intercollegiate Prohibition Association; President Palmetto Literary Society; President Agricultural Society; Intercollegiate Debater 1915 and 1916; Historian Athletic Association; Cosmopolitan Club; Y. M. C. A.

"BRUTUS" was born in South Carolina, and reared in Georgia, and that accounts for the fact that "the elements are so mixed in him." The elements referred to are: laziness, assumed alertness, and hot-air preparedness. Then, too, he can smile. This takes little effort on the part of "BRUTUS," therefore, "BRUTUS" should live at Oyster Bay, or he should go "back to the soil." Anyway, ROTHELL's experience as a servant of his Class fits him well for the responsibilities of citizenship, and we wish for him a career full of fruitful service.
EDWARD HAROLD SEGARS
Hartsville, S. C.

"If you are not drunk; you are a fool, sober"

MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

Senior Private; Picked Company. Darlington County Club; A. I. E. E.; Corresponding Secretary, Prosecuting Critic, Literary Critic of the Columbian Literary Society.

"YOUNG FELLOW" hails from the Jungletown district of Darlington County. His jovial disposition, cheerful smile, and amiable qualities, cause him to be liked, and his company to be sought by everyone. He has almost produced perpetual motion. His ambition will no doubt be attained when he gets back into the jungles, where he will be free to let out the sounds which come from his inces sant tongue. We predict for him a great future as chief designer in a lightning-bug factory.

GEORGE JAMES SHEPPARD
McCormick, S. C.

"Live to learn; and let the world turn around"

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

Private; Senior Private. Recording Secretary, President Columbian Literary Society; President Edgefield County Club '15; Secretary and Treasurer '16; Plain Blunt Men '15; Section XXI. '14, '15, '16; Hoboes '14; Prohibition Club '15, '16; Senior Privates.

"SHEP" hails from Edgefield County. When he entered Clemson, a jolly, good-natured, and friendly boy was added to its toilers. "SHEP," always greets you with a smile and a kind word, except at extra walking. After entering college, he decided to become a "Hobo," and now is a very promising "Hobote." One thing certain, if he is as efficient as an engineer as at extra-walking, then his success is a foregone conclusion. We all wish him much success in his chosen profession.
HENRY EDWIN SHIVER
Clemson College, S. C.

"The census embraces sixty million women.
And I wish I was the census"

CHEMISTRY.

Y. M. C. A.; Cotillion Club; Sophomore Dancing Club; Vice-President Junior Dancing Club; Senior Dancing Club; Thalian Dancing Club ’15, ’16; Block "F" Club; Secretary, Wade Hampton Literary Society; President Chemistry Science Club; Non-Grabbers' Club; President of The Organization.

"ED," or "SHIVER," hails from the Campus. He is specializing in Chemistry, and can tell where "Dickie" hides his cigar stumps. His line of bull makes him popular among the "fair ones." He is fond of dancing and sleeping—but, enough; like all members of "The Organization," the less said about him the better. The Faculty delights in teaching him German, having encouraged him several times on the "subjunctive mood." His heart's desire is to discover something new in Chemistry, and "get rich quick."

THOMAS HENRY SIDDALL, Jr.
Sumter, S. C.

"It doesn't pay to worry; things are bound to happen, anyhow"

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

Corporal; Sergeant; Senior Private.

Calhoun Literary Society; American Institute Electrical Engineers; Thalian Club.

He claims to have had ten years' experience in "military." Good thing he told us; for we'd never have suspected it. We won't hold it against him that he comes from Sumter; he couldn't help it.

An actively sympathetic friend; a courteous gentleman; a hard worker; a MAN these are the things he has shown himself to be; and they have won for him scores of friends, both of the student-body and of the Faculty.

"T. SIDDALL," here's a health to you!
DWIGHT McBRYDE SIMPSON
Oxford, N. C.

"Thou art e'en as just a man as e'er my conversation coped with!"

AGRONOMY.

Corporal; Sergeant; First Lieutenant; Captain.

Agricultural Society; Treasurer '14-'15, '15-'16; Vice-President Hayne Literary Society; Cosmopolitan Club; Literary Staff TAPS '16; Y. M. C. A.; Agronomical Comedians; Humdingers Club.

In September, 1912, a shy, bashful, little chap entered Clemson from Honea Path. He went quietly and earnestly to work acquiring an education. His modest, unassuming, but systematic efforts won the confidence of his classmates and professors. Although he became a "Tarheelian," "SIMP," stills claims the friendship of a Winthrop maiden; and he being urged on by the inspiration thus derived, we predict a successful future for him.

JESSE WARD SIMPSON
Anderson, S. C.

"Whatever is, is best"

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERING.

Sophomore Rat; Sergeant; Lieutenant.

Palmetto Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; American Institute Electrical Engineers.

"DET" joined our ranks in Soph, and has made good. While believing that silence is golden, he does not hesitate to say "Anderson is My Town."

There is music in his soul; but he needs his Victrola to get it out. "DET" is one of that favored few who have the ability to exert their mental powers to meet any crisis. He is destined to become a great automobile engineer, and will produce a car that will astound the world.
JOSEPH JEPThA SITTON
Pendleton, S. C.

"If he be not in love with some woman,
There is no believing in old signs"

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

Corporal; First Sergeant; Captain.

Junior Dancing Club; Thalian Club;
Secretary Palmetto Literary Society;
Manager Junior Football; Class Football '16; Senior Preps; Advertising Manager TAPS '16.

"JOE" came to Clemson in '11, and entered Prep. He cast his lot with the "Hoboes," and says that Columbia won't be in it when he gets Pendleton laid off on a scientific basis. He is exceedingly good-looking, and is as good as he looks. His fair complexion and silvery hair cause the girls to fall in love with him at first sight. His favorite pastime is dancing; and he seems happiest when guiding his ideal through a great formal.

GEORGE WATSON SMITH
Townville, S. C.

"Love is the fulfilling of the law"

AGRONOMY.

Corporal; Senior Private.

Scrub Baseball '10, '11; Sophomore Dancing Club; Agricultural Society;
Palmetto Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Bible Study Leader.

This good-looking ladies' man is a product of Townville. "G. W." thought that he had enough of Clemson at the end of his Junior year; but, after teaching school one season, he decided to come back and get his dip. GEORGE'S never-failing supply of jokes insures for him an eager audience at all times. His favorite diversion from joke-telling is teaching school, which he intends to do again soon. We expect to see "G. W." president of Smith's College for Girls, at Townville, S. C.
PAUL NEWMAN SMITH
Pendleton, S. C.

"The wide, wide world is my field"

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERING.

Sergeant; Senior Private.

Chairman of the Invitation Committee '16 of the Palmetto Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer of the Anderson County Club; Smith Club '12 and '15.

"P. N." hails from the "Suburbs of Sandy Springs," and has developed into a firm believer in the "Laissez-faire" policy; but we still have hopes for him. His greatest ambition at present seems to be to pass on Electricity, and to shoot "Sam"—either of which is a full-grown man's job.

If he follows his chosen profession with the zeal he has shown in the pursuit of the line of least resistance, he is destined to become a famous engineer.

HENRY ELMER SOWELL
Lancaster, S. C.

"Nor iron bars a cage"

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY.

Senior Private.

Senior Privates Club: Assistant Bible Class Leader; Lancaster County Club.

"SUEJIE," or "SUEL," is a representative of the Red Rose County. He made his first appearance at Clemson in the fall of 1912, with the object of enlightening the world along agricultural lines. He is a persistent worker in the dairy department, and has developed a good taste for cream. We wish for "SUEJIE" the best of success, and hope that his ambition will not be checked.
J. W. STRIBLING
Seneca, S. C.

"Ye call me chief —"

TEXTILE ENGINEERING.

Corporal; Lieutenant; Senior Private.

Y. M. C. A.; Varsity Football '12, '13, '14; Varsity Track '13, '14, '16; Varsity Basketball '15, '16; Captain Basketball '16; All-State Basketball '16; Block "C" Club; Junior Dancing Club; Junior Textile Club; President Textile Society '16; Vice-President Oconee County Club; Manager Sophomore Football Champions; Assistant Business Manager TAPS '16; Assistant Manager Track '14; Senior Privates Club; Vice-Pres. Blacklist Society.

"STRIB," or "CHIEF," is a man of whom Seneca should be proud. He came into the limelight in Athletics in the fall of 1912, when he played Varsity football, and since that time has taken up basket-ball and track. He is an exceptionally good student, and a gentleman in every respect. With these qualities, and an amiable disposition, he has won a host of friends among the students and the Faculty of Clemson. We are sure of his success in the textile world.

STILES CONGER STRIBLING
Richland, S. C.

"True as the needle to the pole"

AGRONOMY.

Corporal; First Sergeant; Captain.

Exchange Editor '14-'15; Editor-in-Chief The Chronicle '15-'16; Literary Society Reporter The Tiger; Reporting Critic, Prosecuting Critic, Literary Critic; Secretary, Vice-President, President Palmetto Literary Society; Declaimer Annual Celebration '14; Winner Debaters' Medal '15; Orators' Medal '16; Winner Chronicle Short-Story Medal '14; Secretary Agricultural Society; Secretary Prohibition Society; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Bible Class Leader; Chairman Intercollegiate Debating Council; Commencement Marshal '15; Secretary '14-'15; Pres. Oconee County Club; Agronomical Comedians; Humdingers Club; Rep. to State Oratorical Contest '16.

This carefree hill-billy of Oconee blew into Clemson in '12, and has been blowing ever since. "STRIB," is without an equal in the art of "stump-speaking" and "lawyering." His cheery smile and genuine good-fellowship have won for him a cherished place in the hearts of all. The highest ambition of this talented youth is to affiliate the interests of Winthrop and Clemson alumni in his home town. We wish for him much success in his every undertaking.
HENRY LEE SUGGS  
York, S. C.

"This thing's to do; I'll do it!"

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERING.

Corporal; Sergeant; Senior Private.

Class Football '13; Varsity Football '14, '15, '16; Columbian Literary Society '13; Junior and Thalian Dancing Clubs; Bluff "C" Club '15, Vice-Pres. '16; Wade Hampton Literary Society '15-'16; Prosecuting Critic, Vice-Pres., Pres. Junior Science Club '15; Junior-Senior Banquet Committee '15; Com. Electing Tiger Staff; Pres. York County Club '16; Y. M. C. A.; Freshman Class Coach '16.

"SUGGIE," or "HAWK," either of which he readily answers to, comes from the prosperous city of York, S. C. He entered Clemson in the fall of 1912, with the determination of finding out some of the mysteries of "Electricity." By his kind and unobtrusive disposition, "HAWK" has won many friends during his college career. He has distinguished himself on the Varsity football team, and is now a wearer of a "C." Since he is a man of such great ability, we can but predict for him boundless success as an electrical engineer.

THOMAS HOLT TATE  
Union Mills, N. C.

"Let me have girls and music, and I will seek no more delight"

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

Corporal; Sergeant; First Sergeant; Captain.

Palmetto Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; American Institute Electrical Engineers; Vice-President Cosmopolitan Club '16; Sophomore Dancing Club; President Carlisle Sunday School Class; Representative State Sunday School Convention '15; Bible Class Leader.

"TATUS" strayed to Clemson in the Fall of '12, and decided to try his fate with the "Lightning Chasers." Although he has received some hard blows from both "Sam" and the head "CHASER," he has withstood them, and come out victorious. He will probably be president of the General Electric Company in a few years. "TATUS" favorite diversion is playing his banjo for the "rats" to dance by.
WILLIAM ANDREW TAYLOR  
Greenwood, S. C.  

"Architecture is frozen music; therefore, I'm a Composer"

ARCHITECTURE.  
Sergeant; Second Lieutenant; Senior Private.  
Cosmopolitan Club; Junior Dancing Club '14; T-Square Club; Greenwood County Club.

This lusty fellow hails from Greenwood. His desire for a knowledge of Architecture brought him to Clemson, and, by perseverance and hard work, he has obtained his desire. He is known as "BILL" among his friends—all but one, and she calls him ("—?"). "BILL" is certainly a ladies' man. Through his honesty, friendliness, and straightforwardness, "BILL" has won hosts of friends, all of whom join in wishing him great success, knowing that he fully deserves it.

SAMUEL FARRAR THORNTON  
Lockhart, S. C.  

"Man delights not me: no, nor woman neither"  
AGRICULTURE AND CHEMISTRY.  
Associate Editor Agricultural Journal; Secretary Chemistry Science Club; Agricultural Society; Calhoun Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.

"GRANDMA" joined our band in the fall of 1912, from the romantic city of Meantville. Rumor states that the Moonshiners exceeded the speed limit out of town when they saw "SAMMY" in his uniform. We have often wondered why the "Fair Sex" did not discover "GRANDMA" before leap year. It is said that all his time is utilized in writing "Inlettins" to Chilona. "SAMMY" "shoots" them all. We predict for him a brilliant success as chief test-tube washer for "Dickie."
JAMES ROBERT THROWER, JR.
Cheraw, S. C.

"Art for Art's sake"

ARCHITECTURE.

Senior Private.

Member "T" Square Club; Clean-Sleeve Club; Vice-President Chesterfield County Club.

The Northwest wind blew, and out of the clouds of Cheraw came "MAJOR." "MAJOR'S" sterling qualities and architectural ambition will no doubt launch him upon the top of an air-castle far above the clouds. His jovial disposition and big heart have won for him many friends, who predict for him happiness and success.

WILLIAM BARBER TOWNSEND
Bennettsville, S. C.

"The world rests lightly on his shoulders"

MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

Senior Private.

Epicurean Club; Sophomore Dancing Club; Thalian Club; Marlboro County Club; Secretary-Treasurer Junior Class; Assistant Manager Varsity Football Team; Class Football '15; Manager Tennis Team '16; Non-Grabbers' Club; Senior Privates Club; Y. M. C. A.

"RUNT" hails from Marlboro; but his native heath seems to have gone back on its reputation for producing the best physically. However, "RUNT" has the reputation of being one of the smartest boys in the Class. This young man is fitted for almost any responsible position, having managed the Tennis Team through an extremely difficult season. To pass the time away while at college, he walks extras, howls, swims, eats, sleeps, and reads "Snappy Stories." It is thought that "RUNT" will open a BARBER Shop in Darlington after graduation.
HENRY RIVERS TROTT
Charleston, S. C.

“Laughing when glad; affectionate, though shy”

ARCHITECTURAL ENGINEERING.

Senior Private.

Cheer Leader ’15, ’16; Chief of TAPS Art Staff; Senior Privates Club.

HENRY is a happy-go-lucky fellow. His winning ways, jolly laugh, and pleasant manner have won for him a host of friends in barracks, and a home on the campus. He is an architect of marked ability, and says that the works of Philias will lose their hold on the world’s admiration when he puts forth his masterpiece, “New Charleston.” His chief object in early life is matrimony.

LEWIS WINSTON VERNER
Seneca, S. C.

“Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?”

AGRONOMY.

Senior Private.

Y. M. C. A.; Vice-President, Literary Critic, Hayne Literary Society; Block “C” Club; Secretary-Treasurer Oconee County Club; Varsity Track ’15, ’16; Captain Track ’16; Class Football ’15; Secretary-Treasurer Black-Ball Society; Senior Privates Club.

“LUKE,” or “BROWN,” enlisted in the fall of 1912; and since that time his generosity, warm-heartedness, and all-round good nature have won for him the admiration of many friends. He “flew” into athletic fame in his Sophomore year, when he won his Block “C” in Track. If LUKE doesn’t specialize in raising carnations, he will probably be a governmental expert in the Philippines.
CLARENCE AUBREY VINCENT
Mars Bluff, S. C.

"May the angels around me cling,
To help me make my fiddle ring."

HORTICULTURE.

Corporal; Sergeant; Second Lieutenant; Picked Company.

Hearts Club; Palmetto Literary Society; Chief Marshal Annual Celebration; President Society of Horticultural Science; Agricultural Society; Manager Basket-Ball Team '15-'16; Glee Club '14-'15; Y. M. C. A.; Simpson Medal.

"SPARROW," better known as "C. AUBREY de la VINCENT," came to us fresh from Porter Military Academy. Having thus obtained considerable military training, he was put on an easy road for success here. His cheerful nature and bright smiles have won the friendship of all who are lucky enough to know him.

As a student, he has pursued Horticulture; but his great commercial idea for specialty is "Peaches." Success will surely crown him with glory.

D. RANDELL WALLACE
Belfast, S. C.

"There's no art
To show the mind's construction in the face.
Wisdom he has, and to his wisdom courage:
Temper to that, and unto all success"

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

Private; Regimental Color-Sergeant; Regimental Captain-Commissary.

President Calhoun Literary Society '16; Treasurer Clemson College Prohibition League '16; President Newberry County Club '16; Secretary and Treasurer '15, Chairman Social Committee Y. M. C. A. '16; Supervisor Barracks Y. M. C. A. '16.

"D" is the village cut-up, as can be seen from his rosy complexion and his neat appearance. He promises to become a great Civil Engineer, and hopes to some day make Belfast the railroad center of the world. "PRETTY'S" chief occupation is running the Young Men's Cracker Association, when not writing to the girls. His good disposition and happy-go-lucky manner have won him many friends at Clemson, and we prophesy a big success for him in the future.
HARRY CLIFTON WANNAMAKER, JR.
Orangeburg, S. C.

"It is better to be born lucky
Than with great riches!"

MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

Corporal; Sergeant; Lieutenant; Senior Private.

Scrub Baseball '13-'14; Assistant Manager Baseball '14-'15; Junior Dancing Club; Thalian Dancing Club '15-'16; Sophomore Dancing Club; Orangeburg County Club; Y. M. C. A.; Monogram Club; Junior Electrical Science Club.

"JOHN" hails from Orangeburg, but he is not averse to Union. He has received several notices from the Postoffice Department that he is overburdening the mails between Clemson and the above-mentioned metropolis. However, he heeds them not. "JOHN'S" rooms (186 and 162) have been singularly popular during all his stay at Clemson. Of course this is somewhat due to his charming personality, but we gravely suspect other reasons. No doubt JOHN will some day realize his high ambitions—to get "Hawkshaw" all sewed up, and to succeed on something else besides electricity.

CECIL WILLIAM WARD
Timmonsville, S. C.

"There is a loftier ambition than merely to stand high in the world; it is to stoop down and lift mankind a little higher!"

AGRONOMY.

Sergeant; Senior Private.

Chaplain Riggs Bible Class; Superintendent Chapel Sunday School; President Sunday School Class; Censor, Chaplain, Treasurer, Palmetto Literary Society; Chaplain, Vice-President Agricultural Society; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '14; '15; '16; Chairman Mission Study Committee; Chairman Community Service Committee; Vice-President Y. M. C. A.; Bible Class Leader; Secretary and Treasurer, President Florence County Club; Head Waiter.

Florence may justly feel proud of her worthy son. "MUTT" stands high in the estimation of the Faculty and of his fellow-students. He is even larger in heart and soul and in good will to others than he is in stature. "MUTT" is a hard worker, and his shots hit the mark. We are all sure that if he faries as well in the business world as he has fed us here, the future holds nothing but success for him.
ROBERT BRICE WATERS
Rock Hill, S. C.

"There is nothing at all in life except what we put there"

AGRONOMY.

Sergeant; Captain.

Vice-President Class of Sixteen; President, Literary, Celtic Colhoun Literary Society; Vice-President Thalian Dancing Club; Secretary Agricultural Society; Y. M. C. A.; Bible Class Leader.

Fresh from the business world, after a three years' leave of absence, BRICE entered Junior with an apparent determination to do something. His advent into the Class of Sixteen was our good fortune, for he has won the confidence, respect, and admiration of everyone here. "BOBBY" seems almost a human oracle, for all of his friends come to him for advice, and he never fails to give them the very best. His success is assured in whatever he undertakes.

CLARENCE TAYLOR WEST
Columbia, S. C.

"Well is it known, that ambition can creep as well as soar"

CHEMISTRY.

Corporal; Sergeant; Senior Private.

Chemistry Science Club '16; Y. M. C. A.; Prohibition Club '15; Richland County Club; Tennis Club; Senior Privates.

"C. T.," as he is commonly called, hails from the "Capital." A surviving "Prep," having begun his career under "King" and "Queen," During his Sophomore year, he became a friend of "Dicky's," and at once decided to take Chemistry. He is a boy of good spirits, earnestness, ability, and promising future. His hobby is to write letters, and never mail them. His class record is one to be envied; and we predict that he will soon be one of South Carolina's leading chemists.
KARL AVERY WILLIAMS  
York, S. C.

"Consider the lilies of the field:  
They toil not, neither do they spin"

CHEMISTRY.

Sergeant; First Lieutenant and  
Battalion Adjutant; Picked Company  
't4, '15.

Y. M. C. A.; Senior Dancing Club;  
Junior Dancing Club; Thalian Club  
't5, '16; Secretary York County  
Club '15, President '16; Chemistry  
Science Club; Vice-President "The  
Organization."

"KATIE" was born in "von-Yorks-  
burg," twenty summers ago. After  
leaving all they had there, he came  
to Clemson, where he decided to be a  
"test-tube washer" of no mean  
ability. He "kids" the "young  
holies" like a "regular fellow." He's  
a veritable "Charlie Chaplin" in the  
bathroom. "KATIE" has a ready  
smile for every passing "slame." He  
can "grab" "I.p." very well; but a  
good-looking fellow like "KATIE" is  
sure to be a success anywhere, even  
in Chemistry.

STANLEY WILLIAMSON  
Lancaster, S. C.

"For my own part, I am well content"

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

Lieutenant.

President Lancaster County Club.

STANLEY, better known as "RED,"  
came to Clemson in the fall of 1912.  
from the red hills of Lancaster, S. C.  
The day never grows too dark for  
"RED" to have a bright and sunny  
smile for everyone. As a Civil Engineer,  
there are few who can surpass him.  
His accuracy and neatness of work  
have won for him a high standing in  
his Class. RED'S noble qualities and  
gentle disposition have won for him  
many friends; and we predict for him  
a bright future.
EVERETT SOMPAYRAC WINTERS
Society Hill, S. C.

"Oh, the jolly dancer's life is the best of any; 'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife, and beloved by many"

VETERINARY SCIENCE.

picked company; senior private.

Wade Hampton Literary Society; Thalian Dancing Club; Junior Dancing Club; Senior Private Club; President Darlington County Club; President Brotherhood Bible Class.

"PREP'S" good nature and gentlemanly manners have caused him to be liked by those who know him. He is a member of the young set of the Hill, and has at least one heart at Winthrop, as is seen by his frequent visits to the post office. He is happiest when holding his own at the Thalian Formal. PREP is specializing in that branch of science which deals with the nervous, mental, and physical disturbances effecting frail kittens and spring chickens.

JACOB RAMAGE WISE
Saluda, S. C.

"All H—H Broke Loose"

AGRONOMY.

Senior Private.

Y. M. C. A.; Secretary, Vice-President Columbian Literary Society; "resident Senior Private; President Blacklist Society.

In response to the query "What are your entitlements?" this fun-loving youth would respond with great alacrity, "Jacob R. Wise, of Saluda—not Brown; Wise. But behind his humor lurks a subtle mind, and a hoard of common sense; though he'd try the patience of a military saint in arguments concerning military systems, JAKE has a "mysterious" tenderness for Winthrop, which tenderness permeates his whole being. On each Tuesday the mail brings a fresh inspiration to him. His favorite argument is that Red is Titian; and his familiar greeting is, "Gimme' a match."
SAMUEL McBRIDE WITHERSPOON, JR.
Mayesville, S. C.

"To study, to work, to serve my fellow-men,
To heal our dumb servants, shall be
my aim and end"

VETERINARY SCIENCE.

Rifle Team '12, '13; Scrub Football '14, '15; Class Football '15; Secretary and Treasurer Clarendon County Club '15; President Senior Preps; Member, Prosecuting Critic Hayne Literary Society; Monogram Club; Superintendent Chapel Sunday School; Bible Class Leader '16; Member Agricultural Society; Prohibition League; Y. M. C. A.

"SPOON" is the handsome young man who entered Clemson College and the Prep kingdom from Clarendon County in the fall of '11. Entering Prep meant five long years of continued effort to overcome the obstacles which barred the road to success; but SAM easily overcame these, by steady, reliable class work, and manly, straightforward conduct. He is a man who places friends before military honors; and as a result we find that he is not without either. We foresee in him a distinguished veterinarian.

EVERETT THOMAS WOODS
Lexington, S. C.

"Be careful for nothing"

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERING.

Corporal; First Sergeant; First Lieutenant.

American Institute Electrical Engineers; Y. M. C. A.; Lexington County Club; Monogram Club; Much-Loved Twelve Club; Class Football '14; Scrub Football '14; Varsity Baseball '15.

"BOBBY" says he's from Columbia, but we know he is from Lexington. He is a "lightning arrester" of rare ability. This handsome lad came here with vague ideas of a meteor-like career in baseball. He spends most of his time adding "billets doux" to Uncle Sam's mail sack. The latest issues of "Snappy Stories" and "Parisienne" may always be found in his room. "BOBBY'S" line of "bull" will surely carry him successfully through life—especially with the females.
ROBERT FRANKLIN WRIGHT  
Newberry, S. C.

“To thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man”

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERING.

Corporal; Sergeant; Second Lieutenant and Battalion Quartermaster;  
First Lieutenant; Picked Company ’14

Vice-President Newberry County Club; Junior Electrical Science Club; Junior Dancing Club; Literary Staff TAPS ’16; Censor Calhoun Literary Society; Thalian Dancing Club ’15, ’16; Y. M. C. A.; A. I. E. E.

This cute, black-haired fellow is a hard worker; but he has one failing—girls. He loves them one and all. The “Lightning Chasers,” who some day expect him to fill Dr. Steinmetz’s chair, are proud of him. FRANK is a gentleman in every respect—honest and sincere in all his dealings with his fellow-students and professors. These enviable characteristics have attracted a host of friends during his four years’ sojourn at Clemson. Here’s luck to him, and may Clemson be honored by more like him!

WILLIAM FRITZ WRIGHT  
Tylersville, S. C.

“Love? ‘Tis strange; ’tis passing strange”

MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

Corporal; Sergeant; Lieutenant and Quartermaster.

Business Manager TAPS ’16; Secretary and Treasurer Senior Class; Vice-President Thalian Club ’15; Sophomore Dancing Club; Junior Dancing Club; Critic Calhoun Literary Society; Junior Cooperative Committee Y. M. C. A.; American Institute Electrical Engineers.

The height of “FATHER DIGNITY’S” ambition is to carry the light of the electrical world to Tylersville. BILL’S humor and dry wit, along with his good nature, have won him many friends among the boys; while his grace as an accomplished dancer makes him popular with the ladies. Despite his laziness, the “DIGNIFIED BOOB” is designing something new in the line of a collar button. At present “FRISKY” is trying to land an apprentice-ship in the “Coke” industry.
"How weak the heart of a woman is!"

BOTANY.

Sergeant; Senior Private.

President Laurens County Club '16; Member, Literary Critic Columbia Literary Society; Department Editor Agricultural Journal; Member Agricultural Society; Y. M. C. A.; Member Rifle Club '13; Member Monogram Club '16; "P" Club; Scrub Basket Ball '14, '15; Varsity Basketball '16.

"CLAYTE," the "BLONDE," was stricken with Hades fever in the fall of '12; hence, came to Clemson, where he could give vent to his feelings. He's a diligent student, and by his characteristic wit, open-heartedness, and pretended ignorance, he has won legions of friends. He's an ardent admirer of the ladies, and is strikingly popular with them all. He spends many of his idle moments in singing their praise, in his characteristically liquid tenor solos. His future is bound to be a brilliant success.
"Lives of darn fools all remind us,
We can make our lives absurd,
And delirious, leave behind us,
Soapsuds on life's foaming curd."

(With apologies to Longfellow.)

HOW can I write a Class history, when we have not made a history? 'Tis true that we have existed at this place, and left our imprint on the history of the College; and probably this will suffice for our record.

Our college career may be likened unto a stream. From the seashore, from the plains, from the hills, and from the valleys we flowed together, and formed the emerald green stream known as the Class of Sixteen. During our first year, we ran merrily along, whirling 'round and 'round in the eddies known as "Sophs," occasionally dodging coyly around a "Junior" snag, while we covered our heads under the banks of Ignorance. We lost a little volume here and there; but the main current only lost its color, and flowed on to Soph.

Here we leap joyfully over the rapids, falls, and cataracts of a conglomeration of Senior, Junior, and Soph. Some of our foaming cups were shattered
to pieces on the rocks of Dave and Speas, but as a whole, or by pieces, we sailed on, with the loss of some of our proud contumely, into the quiet vale of Junior-ship.

At this juncture our boisterous waves settled to a quiet, rippling flow, and with an occasional crook and swerve in the passage of our ever-growing-quieter body we flowed majestically into the rolling plain of Senior.

Now with a serious mien and a steady action we tread our quiet channel, looking with expectation and hope for the time when we can flow out into the broad, unlimitable sea of life, and look back upon our passage through college as a tale that is told.

I have made no mention of the few trips and traffics with which we were intimately connected or otherwise contaminated; but I will say that our fathers are in some respects sorry that we ever encamped at Anderson; this respect being their pocket-books—as regards the female attractions which cause so many of the boys to return to Anderson on holidays. Of course we are stout adherents of the theory that absence makes the heart grow fonder; but we also subscribe for the doctrine that one bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

While exposed to the curriculum of the college, we have absorbed many incidentals on the sidelines. For instance: "In other words," "I will say for the benefit for those who came in late," "As a matter of fact," "As will come out later," "Now gentlemen you must get this," "Unless we go without a hair-cut, and wear a long-tailed coat in combination with a Charlie Chaplin cane, and "Get the fundamental principle involved and the method of procedure," and listen to a tirade of chemical terms a foot and a half long "spieded" forth at the rate of one thousand words per second from a volcano of aldehydeic knowledge, "we will not see the history making all around us," and will probably be obliged to "call around at the office after chapel," where er-er-er-uh a most gracious and smiling gentleman will be pleased to discuss at length our most minute trials and tribulations—provided he is out of the office.

The prolog has been spoken; the main play is about to begin. How shall we act? What shall be our destinies? With a stout heart and a steady faith we set sail upon the sea of life, hoping, ever hoping, and trusting that when we wrap the drapery of death about us, and lie down to an eternal sleep, we may know that we have come to "the end of a perfect day."

W. T. Patrick, Class Historian
Juniors
1917

Class Officers

S. Littlejohn .................................................. President
J. E. Hunter .............................................. Vice-President
H. M. Harmon ............................................ Secretary and Treasurer
M. M. Brice ................................................ Historian
W. Schirmer ................................................ Chaplain
| Adams, J. P. | Culp, W. C. | Hutchings, J. M. | Price, L. F. |
| Alford, J. L. | Davis, G. H. | Hutchins, W. D. | Pruitt, V. O. |
| Allison, H. | Derham, J. P. | Hutson, W. M. | Reaves, F. M. |
| Arthur, H. T. | Dick, J. B. | Jeffries, W. N. | Reaves, G. H. |
| Atkinson, F. W. | Dugas, F. W. | Jeffords, J. E. | Reed, H. C. |
| Barron, A. A. | Derham, G. H. | Jenkins, J. H. | Richards, A. J. |
| Baxter, C. L. | Ellis, L. C. | Jervey, T. M. | Rivers, E. L. |
| Berry, J. F. | Fletcher, C. | Johnson, W. B. | Robertson, T. B. |
| Black, E. W. | Floyd, F. E. | Kenny, F. M. | Rowell, S. T. |
| Blair, J. D. | Freeman, W. T. | Leland, A. M. | Sanders, H. L. |
| Bowen, R. A. | Garrett, C. S. | Lightsey, O. P. | Shearer, W. A. |
| Brandon, J. D. | Garrison, E. B. | Long, E. W. | Singley, L. K. |
| Brandon, T. B. | Garrison, E. H. | McCord, A. S. | Sloan, E. D. |
| Britt, J. A. | Gee, J. G. | McHugh, F. | Spratt, T. |
| Brown, J. M. | Graham, S. W. | Matthews, W. A. | Steadman, B. K. |
| Bruce, E. C. | Grant, F. | Meares, W. A. | Suggs, G. W. |
| Beir, T. S. | Groham, C. E. | Monroe, D. E. | Walker, H. |
| Bull, N. M. | Harden, L. G. | Moore, E. K. | Warminer, L. R. |
| Cain, D. J. | Harris, C. G. | Moore, J. H. | West, W. R. |
| Campbell, A. | Harris, H. | Murray, J. J. | White, W. T. |
| Cathcart, J. L. | Henderson, E. P. | Norman, A. J. | Williams, W. C. |
| Chapman, H. R. | Herron, W. C. | Padgett, A. E. | Willis, H. H. |
| Craig, J. M. | Hobbs, K. O. | Parker, J. E. | Witsell, F. L. |
| Crumpler, D. | Hunter, W. E. | Patjens, A. A. | Wood, J. B. |
History of the Junior Class

In ancient days, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred thirteen, two hundred and eighty-three “Rats,” happy and ambitious, entered the main building and cowered under the Colonel’s eye. The next morning, in chapel, they were told that they were the most intelligent Cadets who had ever entered barracks, and that they each would undoubtedly be Presidents of the United States in the near future! When we “Rats” came out, some of us, feeling our importance, became “horsey;” but we were soon quelled by the Sophs.

During the summer, the larva was slowly developing into a pupa; in the fall of 1914, these pupae burst from their cocoons, and new species burst into barracks. The characteristics of this species, which is commonly known as the Sophomoices Hazerens, are that, although it possesses an extremely wise look, its actions are very foolish. It is parasitic in nature, preying on larvae of the lower stage; aerial in habits—that is, making “Rats” aerial. “The Sophomore knows not, but knows not he knows not” (Quoted by Jo-Jo). For weeks after their arrival, the “Rats” continued to “kick the broom,” “go snipe-hunting,” “play train,” and “buy Reveille and Y. M. C. A.” One “Rat” found, to his
astonishment, that Y. M. C. A. came in blocks, costing two bits apiece. It was this Sophomore Class that boldly plucked the trophy cup for the Champion Class Football Team.

In the fall of 1915, the dignified Juniors, about a hundred strong, slowly and deliberately ascended the steps of the Main Building. The Junior occasionally condescends to associate with Sophs and “Rats.” They are beginning to assume the lordly and dignified look of the Seniors. They look back over the irrevocable past, and gloat over the “wise guys” and “Rats.” The highest aspiration of the class is to have those class rings for their “sisters (?)” to wear. The golden cap-cord, as well as the diploma, is the apple of the eye for many.

Old Bill Harris, our great football hero, is still as vainglorious as ever. None can forget the time, when he kicked goal in the Clemson-Carolina football game, how the bashful boy was assailed by bouquets and kisses. “Tub” Alford has quit making his nightly raids; he still regrets the time when he tried to persuade “Cap’n” that “he was asleep.” “Sam” Littlejohn continues to administer light to our room. “Ribs” Catheart was actually seen one day without his characteristic “chaw o’ tobacco” in his mouth. At the time, he was holding a lively conversation with a young lady.

But we must not forget our beloved Faculty. Professor “Dicky,” in one of his intricate chemical observations, discovered a new antidote for the poison, “ignorance.” This compound, “knowledge,” is very complicated, and is administered under the influence of an anesthetic. Professor B. has recently bought a vacuum cure for bald-headedness. He will probably grow hair like a poet next year. Professor “Tommy” is now actually growing a moustache, and is now nearly “sweet sixteen.” Professor “Gus” follows the line of least resistance; he puts into practice the axiom that “a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.” A good many Juniors, who “are fair representatives of their home counties,” are still “seeing History making all around them.”

We are at the happy moments of college life. The bright and rosy pathway lies before us, and many are the hearts that are looking ahead, waiting for the Senior year.

M. M. BRICE, Historian
SOPHOMORES
1918

Class Officers

T. M. Jordon .................................................................President
B. C. Banks ...............................................................Vice-President
R. W. Webb ..............................................................Secretary and Treasurer
F. R. Kuykendal .........................................................Historian
J. A. Eleazer ..............................................................Chaplain
Sophomore Class Roll

Adams, J. R. Baskin, J. L. Bryan, G.
Aldrich, R. Bass, R. E. Bryant, W. H.
Allen, O. B. Beasley, H. W. Burch, H. L.
Allen, R. G. Biss, R. E. Burdette, L. W.
Allsebrook, J. G. Black, W. L. Burgess, J. A.
Alverson, R. O. Blake, R. S. Burgess, J. W.
Anderson, S. A. Boggs, J. L. Burgess, T. H.
Ayers, T. L. Boliver, T. E. Burnett, D. E.
Baily, M. B. Bostick, E. M. Burns, G. M.
Bancroft, J. Boynton, J. R. Burns, P. M.
Bangs, P. C. Brodie, M. L. Bush, J. G.
Banks, B. C. Brown, H. W. Caldwell, A. J.
Barker, C. E. Brown, S. R. Cannon, W. M.
Chappell, P. C. Clark, T. A.
Clark, T. A. Cornwell, M. M.
Covin, M. S. Crawford, G. W.
Croft, G. M. Douglass, J. R.
Dueckett, J. G. Eleazer, J. A.
Ellis, C. H. Ellis, R. J.
Etheredge, M. P. Faust, J. B.
Felder, H. H.
Fellers, L. H.
Ferguson, J. R.
Flinger, B. L.
Finley, R. M.
Finley, S. R.
Folger, T. A.
Folk, J. C.
Freed, C. B.
Freeman, G. E.
Friday, T. A.
Furman, J. C.
Gaines, H. E.
Gambrell, S. C.
Gilmore, L. H.
Givens, S.
Glover, C. B.
Goodwin, E.
Gordon, W. W.
Graham, W. C.
Griek, R. L.
Hagood, T. R.
Hall, R. A.
Hall, S. W.
Hammond, G. B.
Hardie, F. W.
Hardin, A.
Harley, J. B.
Harman, C. C.
Harrall, H. C.
Harrision, P. B.
Haskell, A. W.
Hayden, O. L.
Haynesworth, J. D.
Heiss, M. W.
Henegan, J. C.
Herbert, J. E.
Herbert, W. C.
Hester, T. J.
Hoefler, F. S.
Hoke, G. M.
Howell, W. F.
Hubster, E. G.
Jamfs, L. C.
Jeter, R. R.
Johnson, A. H.
Jordan, T. M.
Kauffman, J. E.
Kennedy, P. B.
King, J. L.
Kittles, T. J.
Klenke, J. H. F.
Kuykendal, C. M.
Kuykendal, F. R.
Lay, J. F.
Lemoir, J. W.
Lever, P. M.
Lewis, R.
Lide, F. P.
Lieberman, E. S.
Link, J. C.
Lunden, A. F.
Lyles, J. D.
McCarn, T. A.
McCord, M. M.
McCue, C. M.
McCudden, E. A.
McGougan, J. M.
McGregor, R.
McKuenke, D. W.
McKeehan, A. H.
McMillan, N. A.
Mackin, F. E.
Madden, A. A.
Marsch, J. F.
Martin, A. F.
Martin, J. R.
Mathis, D. T.
Mays, R. A.
Middleton, J. A.
Mikell, P. H.
Montgomery, I. P.
Moore, L. F.
Nicholls, W. B.
Outz, W. D.
Owen, A. C.
Padgett, G. D.
Padgett, J. L.
Parks, F. L.
Parks, W. H.
Perry, J.
Peters, S. G.
Philpot, L. A.
Pitts, R. C.
Planico, L. R.
Poole, E. C.
Pressley, J. H.
Pride, W. L.
Purdy, W. H.
Quattlebaum, H. L.
Reever, R. E.
Reynolds, H. L.
Rhett, W. P.
Richardson, L. P.
Roberts, E. R.
Robinson, A. J.
Robinson, J. H.
Rogers, F. N.
Rogers, J. P.
Rogers, L. F.
Sams, R. H.
Sanders, C. W.
Sanders, E. P.
Sanders, W. H.
Scaife, W. M.
Schuler, J. H.
Sessions, C. J.
Shedd, R. R.
Sheppard, J. P.
Sitton, B. G.
Smith, L. W.
Snellgrove, W. K.
Steadman, M. S.
Stender, C. H.
Stevens, J. G.
Still, K. M.
Stone, W. L.
Strickling, B. H.
Sullivan, D. H.
Tallivast, W. D.
Tarbox, H. G.
Tarbox, J. G.
Taylor, R.
Tennett, J. X.
Thompson, J. W.
Thomson, W. E.
Trueluck, W. E.
Varn, W. C.
Vernon, J. E.
Ward, W. C.
Way, J. W.
Webb, R. W.
Weinberg, H. J.
West, H. B.
Whitlock, W. A.
Whitten, W. C.
Wieters, A. W.
Wilkins, R. T.
Williams, B. O.
Williams, C. L.
Williams, F. B.
Williams, J. L.
Williamson, D. R.
Wilson, J. C.
Wingo, R. A.
Wofford, J. W.
Wood, H. E.
Worley, S.
Wright, W. E.
Young, G. F.
Zemp, J. D.
Ziegler, O. J.
Zimmerman, M. L.
We came back this September with our number somewhat diminished; but we were enough to take care of that lower order of animal, the “Rats.”

Last year we went through divers trials and tribulations at the hands of those (as we then thought) incarnations of Mephistopheles, the Sophs. We would be sleeping peacefully, and dreaming sweet dreams, when suddenly we would find ourselves on the floor, with our beds on top of us. Our lives were truly burdens. Forever and aye making up beds, cleaning out rooms, bringing water, and so forth—all for those heartless and conscienceless wretches. All the skin was rubbed off our noses from pushing matches across the floor. We bought reveille tickets and bath tickets and radiators; and one poor devil bought a corporal.

But it was a different tale this year. We were the vendors of the aforesaid reveille and bath tickets and radiators; and we gathered a harvest.

Our Class has won some laurels in Athletics. Last year, four of our men were members of the Varsity Baseball Team. Two made good in Basket-Ball; and one of them was the star of the team. This year, both members of the Tennis Team were Sophs. We were not so prominent in Football, though two of our members were Varsity subs. However, we won the Class Football championship from the Juniors.

Our military honors were not high, as our minds do not trend that way.

We now enter into the dawning of a new day, with the hope of being superior and blasé Juniors next September.

—F. R. Kuykendal, Historian
Class Officers

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>U. X. Cullum</td>
<td>President</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. Cogswell</td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O. B. Boogs</td>
<td>Secretary and Treasurer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. A. Allison</td>
<td>Historian</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. M. Wallace</td>
<td>Chaplain</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

![Images of class officers](images)
FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class Roll

Allison, W. A.  Bingham, I. W.  Bruce, J. M.  Cash, C. B.
Altman, D. M.  Blackwell, W. M.  Buice, J. I.  Chambliss, P. B.
Askew, W. F.  Bomar, W. E.  Burgess, R. L.  Clark, T. H.
Austin, W. L.  Brailsford, J. P.  Campbell, E. V.  Clemmons, S. P.
Bankhead, J. D.  Breeden, E. G.  Cannon, P. B.  Clinkscales, S. M.
Bannister, S. A.  Boggs, O. B.  Canty, J. S.  Cogswell, V.
Bentz, J. L. R.  Brown, E. T.  Carter, M. O.  Cooper, J. L.
Berley, R. H.  Brown, W. E.  Carter, W. A.  Corcoran, A. C.
Cordes, H. D.
Coward, C. C.
Cox, G.
Craig, J. W.
Cullum, U. X.
Dantzler, L. M.
Davis, W. M.
Dixon, W. W.
Dominick, E. L.
Duggan, I. W.
Dunlap, W. M.
Durban, J. H.
Dwight, F. M.
Edans, A. H.
Edans, T. A.
Edwards, V. M.
Elliot, H. M.
Eskey, W. T.
Farey, J. K.
Fitts, F. M.
Folk, M. H.
Frampton, L.
Gaines, R. G.
Gallagher, J. M.
Gamble, J. P.
Garrison, L. C.
Glenn, B. F.
Glenn, H. Y.
Glenn, W. T.
Graves, C. C.
Graves, H. E.
Gray, J. L.
Grayham, N. T.
Hall, J. D.
Haltiwanger, D.
Hamlet, L. A.
Hankinson, J. C.
Harper, J. K.
Harris, E. B.
Harrison, G.
Hazelton, J. D.
Heath, J. G.
Heath, S. W.
Herbon, L. C.
Hicks, R. C.
Hill, G. O.
Hillhouse, E. L.
Hoffmeier, H. F. L.
Hoffmeier, H. G.
Hough, J. T.
Hudson, J. C.
Hudson, R. A.
Hunter, J.
Hutchison, G. I.
Jackson, T. S.
Jessen, H. H.
Johnson, D. W.
Johnson, H. W.
Jones, D. R.
Jones, J. E.
Jones, S. C.
Kay, L. R.
Kelley, S. C.
Kennenly, J. H.
Kilgore, J. H.
Kinsley, J. W.
Kinsley, H. M.
Kirkpatrick, M. H.
Leppard, B. T.
Leppard, J. E.
Leslie, F. H.
Lowman, J. M.
Lupio, G. M.
Lynch, G. B.
McArne, D. A.
McDermid, J. A.
McDonald, E. C.
McClellan, G. J.
McFall, R. A.
McHugh, M. L.
McInnis, J. A.
McIntyre, J. M.
McKee, M. T.
McLeod, W. T.
McMahan, D. J.
McManus, G. D.
McSweeney, F. T.
Manuel, J. L.
Marion, E.
Martin, G. D.
Martin, V. T.
Marvin, B.
Marvin, R.
Masters, W. R.
Matheny, N. W.
Matthews, G. R.
Matthews, J. D.
Mauldin, J.
Mays, W. H.
Metz, J. C.
Miller, J. C.
Mixon, A.
Montgomery, H. D.
Morris, C.
Neil, J. M.
Norris, R. H.
Nowell, J. M.
Parlor, J. W.
Parrott, E. L.
Pate, J. G.
Pepper, E. E.
Petigrew, E. E.
Planico, R. L.
Poag, L. M.
Poole, W. R.
Porcher, T. R.
Poston, E. B.
Price, D. W.
Pridmore, R. M.
Priester, J. W.
Procher, F. C.
Pyatt, E. N.
Quattlebaum, W. M.
Rawl, J. H.
Reel, S. T.
Reeves, E. E.
Rice, W. A.
Robinson, J. E.
Robinson, J. H.
Rogers, W. S.
Rogers, W. B.
Rosa, W. E. S.
Roll, D.
Saltair, H. D.
Sandy, L. S.
Sawyer, W. S.
Scurry, R. L.
Seal, J. H.
Sherrill, C. I.
Short, W. J.
Simmons, M.
Simpson, W. G.
Singleton, G. H.
Singleton, J. R.
Smith, D. P.
Smith, E. R.
Smith, F. L.
Smith, R. E.
Snow, J. J.
Stackhouse, M. S.
Stender, B.
Stevens, D. F.
Strong, H. H.
Strouther, E. G.
Suber, F. L.
Tatum, W. F.
Thornley, S. E.
Thrower, G. G.
Tollison, P. L.
Tripp, H. B.
Truitt, L. T.
Varn, W. C.
Walker, J. M.
Wallace, F. M.
Wallace, W. H.
Walter, E. R.
Walters, R. L.
Washington, W. H.
Watkins, C. S.
Watkins, J. S.
Watson, R. G.
Webber, C. P.
Welch, E. A.
West, T.
Whatley, V.
Whisenhunt, L.
Wilbanks, W. B.
Wilcox, C. A.
Wilcox, M. E., Jr.
Williamson, A. W.
Wilson, M. C.
Wingard, H. H.
Wingo, J. W.
Wofford, J. M.
Wright, T. W.
Wyatt, J. L.
Young, E. V.
Ziegler, L. M.
Zobell, J. H.

177147
SWEET pickles! How pathetic to think that in September there were two hundred and fifty of us Rats on the campus for the first time. We matriculated: we had dreaded that from the first. Then we bought our radiators and bath tickets—they were selling like hot cakes. We went to our rooms, being escorted in haste, and receiving there a warm reception from the Sophomores. Everybody was glad to see us then. We shall never forget those superior beings—the Sophomores.

One condescended to ask me my name; and then I brought him a bucket of water, cleaned up his room, and made down his bed. He impressed his name on my mind in a manner which all of us Rats will agree was very indirect, though effectual.

But as the months passed, things changed; and in regard to this you must not gather a wrong impression of Clemson. These changes must inevitably occur, though the process may not endear one to the College. After a short stay at Clemson, when the Sophs had become tired of entertaining us, we found that no one cared particularly whether we lived or died; and few were sufficiently interested in us to remember our names.

One night as I lay thinking of all these things, I must have dozed off to sleep, when suddenly there appeared before me a little old wrinkled woman, with a paddle in her hand. She then led me into the future, and showed me my classmates, now lordly Sophs. I then saw them as Juniors; and last of all, Seniors. But sad to relate, only about half of them reached the privileged Class. As they marched up the aisle to get their sheepskins, I could not help but contrast them with the scared, sheepish Rats they once had been.

After showing me all these things, the little old woman disappeared. Then, strange to say, I heard a great noise; and realized that I had hit the ceiling. After waking the remainder of myself, I found part of the bed on my body, and the other part scattered over the room. I had evidently put too much weight on the wrong side of the bed, and it had taken a crazy notion to capsize.

—W. A. Allison, Historian
ONE YEAR CLASS

Colors: Purple and White

Motto: "To Do It Right"

OFFICERS

E. C. Truett .................................................. President
A. F. Hollis .................................................. Vice-President
A. H. Bostick ................................................ Secretary and Treasurer
J. F. Hawkins ................................................ Historian

ROLL

Adams, J. P.  Critt, E.  Jones, P. G.  Reid, D. C.
Bowers, J. T.  Dillon, R. K.  Lever, A. L.  Reid, M. M.
Broxdon, J. A.  Gaskins, H. B.  McLeod, D. R.  Shaw, W. H.
Brown, C. F.  Horton, F. B.  Magill, A. R.  Strange, D. M.
Castles, L. I.  Hughes, C.  Oliver, S. W.  Whitesides, W. D.
Courtney, R. C.  Hunter, G. W.  Pfen, H. B.  Williams, R.
Wilson, B. F.  Wilson, J. J.  Ziegler, E. A.
THE SPECIAL TWO YEAR TEXTILE CLASS

The Special Two Year Textile Class

S. T. Anderson ....................................................... Lando, S. C.
A. C. Jones .......................................................... Sumter, S. C.
Farewell to Barracks Life

It seems almost as if it were yesterday that we first came to this College to begin the task of quenching our thirst for knowledge. And yet we have worked together for four long years, and we are now about to graduate. As we stand at the summit of our educational endeavors, we can look down in two directions: The view in front of us is hidden by a cloud of providential wisdom, and we can obtain only an imaginary vision of what lies beyond. But we can look back, down the slope over which we have just risen, and view the beautiful scenery of a four years’ life.

Well do we remember when we first came in sight of barracks. We were fresh from our homes; and our minds were drifting back to the loved ones left behind. The barracks appeared to us a most forbidding wall of rock, brick, and mortar. There was nothing inviting in the external appearance. We went on into barracks, and the very walls of the rooms, in their barrenness, almost made us shiver. We could but wonder why we had come to these lonely, uninviting surroundings. All faces were strange to us, and we longed for something familiar. We could then see nothing before us but four long, tedious, unpleasant years of barracks life. No wonder we were melancholy and “blue,” and longed for messages from home. But now, after four years of life here, we have become endeared to barracks life, and it is with a deep touch of sadness that we realize that soon we will bid this life farewell. After four years of life here together, we no longer look upon this row of barracks as a mere composite of rock, brick, and mortar; but we think of it as almost a second home. Surrounded as it is with the traditions made dear to us because of our having lived here together in good fellowship almost as a family; associated with spots lovingly cherished in our hearts because of the remembrances of the obstacles surmounted in our upward climb, because of the lingering thoughts of the friendly companionship connected with them, and because of the thoughts they bring to us of the friends who began the climb with us, but who dropped out along the way; its halls and doorways holding the familiar faces of those who have greeted us from day to
day in our rooms, who have sympathized with us in our daily ups and downs, and
who have, in fact, made life more pleasant to us—I say, surrounded as it is with
all these things, we find it hard to think of saying farewell to barracks life.

Already we begin to count the cost of saying farewell to these pleasures. Let
us for a moment look around us, and see what we shall miss. We shall miss the
old familiar pleasure of crowding out behind barracks when we hear the yell,
"Fight!" "Fight!" to form "the big ring," and see two of our barracks family
settle their disputes. No longer can we lend our aid to help initiate the "Rats"
into the ways of barracks life. The task of making them carry large pails of
water, clean up guns, sweep rooms, sing the laundry lists, dance, etc., will have
to fall into other hands. Somebody else will have to take the pillow and do the
blinding; and our slumbers will no longer be disturbed by the noise of the Soph-
o mores as they give the newcomers their first lessons in the art of midnight
aviation. And somehow, even now, we wish that we were Sophomores, and
could again join in the fun. No longer will we meet together in the familiar old
mess hall, to scramble for our share of the "tender mercies" and "tough bull." We
will miss the old familiar paper-littered table above which the light used to
hang, and the locker where we piled all our belongings, from the letter from "her"
on down to the hosiery which covered our feet. We'll even miss the friendly
visits of the wearers of the khaki, and the wielders of the big stick, who came
tapping, tapping on our chamber doors. We won't be here to cheer the rising
"Tigers" on to victory. We will even miss the old familiar face of "De" Wall-
ace, as he lounges around the Y. M. C. A. store; of "Brutus" Rothell, as he
bustles around trying to get the Taps staff to work; of our beloved Major,
"Corp" Carwile, as he struts around with his military figure; of "Bus" McKeown,
as he smiles at the ladies; of "Jake" Wise, as he jokes with Capt. Brice Waters;
of "Dag" Folger and "Bill" Wright, as they endeavor to get the dear boys to pay
up for Taps; of Hugh Agnew, as he endeavors to pull The Tiger along; "Mule"
Littlejohn, as he "cuts" his plantation steps in middle barracks; or of "Goat"
Anderson, as he laughs at his own "English jokes." And all up and down the
line we will miss faces, and familiar objects and surroundings which seem almost
a part of us.
What a change has come in our attitude toward barracks life, since now we know by sweet experience just the stuff of which the inside is made!

As we go out into the night, and turn again for one farewell glance at these barracks, and see the beautiful rays of cheering, warming light radiating outward into the dismal world from the hundreds of windows, a thought comes to mind that we should be like these rays, coming from barracks to radiate out over the world, and shed the warming, cheering rays of useful lives over a dreary, dismal world.

So, good bye, barracks life; and many, many thanks for the great lessons taught us, and for the many friends brought us. Go on thy way shaping other lives; bear the many abuses; and remember that often our thoughts and sympathies turn once again to thee. Farewell!

—S. C. S., '16
Our Commencement Girl

She comes, a radiant vision, when the flowers
Are making of the world a garden fair,
She comes, and turns this man-ridden place of ours
Into a paradise of beauty rare.

She smiles, and when we see her smiling,
Unused to such as that although we be,
The smile we flash to her in answer
Springs from a blessing to such girls as she.

She laughs, and when her sweet-toned laughter,
Is swallowed by the thirsty air,
We listen, and to bring another
We humbly bow our heads in prayer.

She strolls about the campus, making
A picture which no hand can paint,
But in our minds it long shall linger
Before one detail shall grow faint.

For this is she who has, throughout the year,
So oft appeared before us in our dreams;
But when at last she comes and stands before us,
Far fairer than our sweetest dreams she seems.

—W. A. M., ’16
To Our Mother

"MOST of all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and by hundreds! Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows; brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins; but only one Mother in all the wide world!"

—Kate Douglas Wiggins
IN YE GOOD OLDE CLEMSON DAVES—INITIATING YE RECRUIT
FIELD AND STAFF

Maj. Second Battalion.......CARWILE, A. B. Captain and Quartermaster....JACKSON, J. M.
Maj. Third Battalion ........ACKER, E. G. Captain and Commissary ....WALLACE, D. R.
First Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant, First Battalion ..................ODOM, R. I.
First Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant, Second Battalion ..............KENDRICK, J. B.
First Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant, Third Battalion ..................WILLIAMS, K. A.
Second Lieutenant and Battalion Quartermaster, First Battalion .........CANNON, L. B.
Second Lieutenant and Battalion Quartermaster, Second Battalion ..........McCONNELL, H. S.
Second Lieutenant and Battalion Quartermaster, Third Battalion ..........WRIGHT, W. F.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF AND BAND

Regimental Sergeant Major ........JONES, A. C. Bat. Ser.-Maj., First Bat.......BROWN, J. M.
Reg. Quartermaster-Sergeant ......SANDERS, H. L. Bat. Ser.-Major, Second Bat....ALLISON, H.
Color Sergeants ............................PATJENS, A. A., CHAPMAN, H. R.
W.L. McMillan
Captain and
Adjutant
R.C. Jones
Sergeant-Major

Miss Morse
J. M. Jackson
Captain and
Quartermaster

H. K. Chapman
Color Sergeant

Miss Breeden
Miss Hook
Sponsor First Battalion
"A" Company

OFFICERS

Captain
Banks, D. H.

Lieutenants
Woods, E. T.
Heldman, J. M.

First Sergeant
Dick, J. B.

 Sergeants
Warriner, L. R.
Fletcher, C.
Blair, J. D.
Wood, J. B.

Corporals
Nicholls, W. B.
McMeekin, A. H.
Burgess, J. W.
Poole, E. C.
Ayers, T. L.
"A" Company

+ +

"A" Company—Privates

Alford, J. L. Coward, C. C. Hawkins, J. F. Moore, E. K.
Amie, D. A. Dantzler, L. M. Johnson, D. W. Neil, J. M.
Banks, B. C. Davis, W. M. King, J. L. Oliver, S. N.
Black, W. L. Dominick, E. L. McDonald, C. T. Rawl, J. H.
Brackett, N. C. Duncan, J. B. McGregor, R. Robinson, A. J.
Breeden, E. G. Fitts, F. M. McNair, A. M. Shiver, H. E.
Burgess, R. L. Hamlin, J. C. Matheny, N. W. West, W. D.
Camp, W. B. Harley, J. B. Matthews, J. D. Wilcox, C. A.
Clement, D. T. Harris, E. B. Mixson, A. Wingo, J. W.

Wyatt, J. L. Zegler, L. M. Zimmerman, M. L.
"B" Company

+ OFFICERS +

Captain
Stribling, S. C.

Lieutenants
Simpson, J. W.
Dicks, W. H.

First Sergeant
Floyd, F. E.

Sergeants
Williams, W. C.
West, W. R.
Rivers, E. L.
Johnson, W. B.

Corporals
Duckett, J. G.
Stribling, B. H.
McMillan, N. A.
Montgomery, I. P.
Roberts, E. R.
"B" Company

+++ "B" Company—Privates

Allen, O. B.
Boyd, P. O.
Britt, J. A.
Brockinton, B. O.
Brown, E. T.
Bruce, J. M.
Campbell, E. U.
Clarke, P. H.
Cullum, U. X.
Davis, G. H.
Dixon, W. W.
Douglas, J. R.
Duggan, L. W.
Fairey, J. K.
 Ginner, S.
Glover, C. B.
Hall, J. B.
Haltiwanger, D.
 Hoffmeyer, H. F. L.
 Hoffmeyer, H. G. G.
 Zeigler, E. A.
Jessen, H. H.
McLeod, D. R.
Mather, E. W.
Moore, J. H.
Moorhead, H. A.
Reid, D. C.
Rice, C. A.
Robertson, W. D.
 Rogers, L. F.
Sanders, E. P.
Sands, W. H.
Shedd, R. R.
Smith, D. P.
Smith, P. N.
Snow, J. J.
Steadman, B. K.
Steadman, M. S.
Strong, H. H.
Suggs, H. L.
Tatum, W. F.
“C” Company

OFFICERS
Captain
Folger, D. F.

Lieutenants
Jeter, J. P.
Rhoad, J. S. C.

First Sergeant
Garrison, W. H.

Sergeants
Harris, C. G.
Crumpler, D.
Jeffries, W. N.
Shearer, W. A.

Corporals
Covin, M. S.
Folger, T. A.
Stender, C. H.
Bailey, M. B.
Hall, R. A.

Miss Rowland
Sponsor
“C” Company—Privates

“D” Company

+ 

OFFICERS

Captain
SIMPSON, D. M.

Lieutenants
POOLE, R. F.
MCCONNELL, R. M.

First Sergeant
MONROE, D. E.

Sergeants
WILLIS, H. H.
SINGLEY, L. K.
BONNER, W. C.
PARKER, J. E.

Corporals
HARMAN, C. C.
KAUFMAN, J. E.
CROFT, G. M.
GAINE, H. E.
GRAHAM, W. C.
"D" Company

* * *

"D" Company—Privates

ALLSBOOK, J. G.
BENTZ, J. L. R.
BERLEY, H. H.
BLAKE, R. S.
BRANDON, J. D.
BRANDON, T. B.
CAIN, D. J.
CHATHAM, F. W.
CLAYTON, W. H.

COOK, W. S.
CRAIG, J. W.
DIAE, J. C.
DILLON, R. K.
ESKREW, W. T.
GAINES, R. G.
GARRISON, L. C.
GLENN, B. F.
HAMRICK, L. A.

HARDIN, A.
HASELDEN, J. D.
HEISS, G. K.
HEISS, M. W.
HENDERSON, J. E.
HIGI, G. O.
HORTON, F. B.
HOUGH, J. T.
JAMES, L. C.

KILGORO, J. H.
KUYDENDAL, C. M.
KUYKENDAL, F. R.
LINK, J. C.
McHUGH, M. L.
MORRISON, W. A.
OLIVER, R. S.
PERRY, J.
REYNOLDS, H. L.

SHERRILL, C. I.
SIDOEI, T. H.
SIMONS, M.
STACKHOUSE, M. S.
STEVEINO, J. G.
TROT, H. R.
WARD, C. W.
WRIGHT, T. W.
WRIGHT, W. E.
SECOND BATTLATION OFFICERS

Kendrick

Carwile
H. Allison
Sergeant-Major

H. H. Sanders
Quartermaster-Sergeant

McConnell
Miss Callahan
Sponsor Second Battalion
“E” Company

OFFICERS

Captain
McCall, P. L.

Lieutenants
Haigler, S. W.
Williamson, S.

First Sergeant
Derham, J. P.

Sergeants
Hunter, J. E.
Price, L. F.
Hutchings, J. M.
Patjens, H. K.

Corporals
McCue, C. M.
Bancroft, J.
Richardson, L. P.
Williams, B. O.
Haskell, A. W.

Miss Wolfe
Sponsor
"E" Company

"E" Company—Privates

Askew, W. F.
Aull, G. H.
Bates, W. O.
Beisley, H. W.
Bellotte, T. R.
Bobe, D. D.
Brown, S. R.
Brown, W. E.
Bruce, E. C.
Bull, D. J.
Cornwell, M. M.
Derham, J. H.
Dibble, A. C.
Dickson, A. M.
Feemster, R. S.
Fellers, L. H.
Fridy, T. A.
Hacker, F. H.
Harrison, D.
Hillhouse, E. L.
Hutchens, W. D.
Jones, S. C.
Lupo, G. M.
McLeod, W. T.
Martin, G. H.
Martin, J. R.
Masters, W. R.
Priester, J. W.
Pruitt, V. O.
Segars, E. H.
Sheppard, G. J.
Singleton, G. H.
Singleton, J. M.
Taylor, R.
Watkins, C. S.
Watkins, J. S.
Welsh, E. A.
West, C. T.
Whitlock, W. A.
Wilson, B. F.
Young, E. C.
"F" Company

OFFICERS

Captain
Anderson, C. S.

Lieutenants
Padgett, T. D.
Blackmon, J. F.

First Sergeant
Jervey, T. M.

Sergeants
Caskey, A. J.
Ellis, L. C.
Culp, W. C.
Berry, J. F.

Corporals
Ellis, C. H.
Hayden, O. L.
Hall, S. W.
Burch, H. L.
Williams, C. L.

Miss Gilbert
Sponsor
“F” Company—Privates

Altman, D. M.
Anderson, J. R.
Arthur, H. T.
Berry, F. O.
Bingham, J. W.
Bomar, W. E.
Bowers, J. T.
Burgess, J. A.
Bush, J. G.
Castles, L. J.
Chapman, C. F.
Furman, J. C.
Gray, J. L.
Grier, R. L.
Harris, G. G.
Harrison, P. B.
Heath, S. W.
Hunter, J.
Jackson, T. S.
Kelley, S. C.
Lemmon, W. T.
Lever, A. L.
Lever, F. M.
Littlejohn, C. E.
Lundon, A. F.
McEachern, D. M.
McEachern, J. J.
McMahan, D. J.
Young, E. B.
Magill, A. R.
Moore, L. F.
Poole, W. R.
Robertson, T. B.
Rogers, W. B.
Rush, J. D.
Thomson, W. E.
Varn, W. C.
Walter, E. R.
Washington, W. H.
Whately, V.
Whitesides, N. D.
Wieters, A. W.
Williams, M. L.
"G" Company

*OFFICERS*

**Captain**
SITTON, J. J.

**Lieutenants**
JENKINS, W. H.
MAY, L. A.

**First Sergeant**
JEFFORDS, J. E.

**Sergeants**
BUIE, T. S.
NIMITZ, H. J.
LELAND, A. M.
WHITE, W. T.

**Corporals**
ANDERSON, S. A.
SITTON, B. G.
HOEFER, F. S.
GILMORE, L. H.
WOFFORD, J. W.

Miss Evans
Sponsor
“G” Company—Privates

Barnes, W. M. COLE, W. P. Haynesworth, J. D. McGougan, J. M. Parler, J. W. Sams, R. H.
Brown, C. C. DeGar, F. W. Howell, W. F. Mauldin, J. Sloan, E. D.
Cantey, J. S. Gamble, J. P. Hunter, W. E. Miller, W. C. Stack, D. A.
Winters, E. S.

Varn, R. L. Whisenhunt, L.
"H" Company

**OFFICERS**

**Captain**
McKeeown, H. S.

**Lieutenants**
Johnson, M. T.
Witherspoon, S. M.

**First Sergeant**
Grant, F.

**Sergeants**
Matthews, W. A.
Murray, J. J.
Long, E. W.
Breland, B.

**Corporals**
Burdette, L. W.
Herbert, J. E.
Scaife, W. M.
Young, G. F.
Eleazer, J. A.
"H" Company

"H" Company — Privates

Albrecht, C. H.  Douglass, F. K.  Laidlaw, R. E.  Peden, H. B.
Bankhead, J. B.  Dubrowsky, J. L.  Lee, W. D.  Robinson, J. H.
Bannister, S. A.  Finger, B. L.  Lewis, R.  Sansbury, L. S.
Bledsoe, I. I.  Frampton, L.  Lieberman, E. S.  Short, W. J.
Boliver, T. E.  Gaskin, H. B.  Lowman, J. M.  Smith, F. L.
Brown, C. J.  Green, M. C.  McFall, R. E.  Stevens, D. F.
Burns, G. M.  Harrall, J. P.  Manuel, J. L.  Townsend, W. B.
Burns, P. M.  Jones, J. E.  Meares, W. A.  Wallace, F. M.
Carrington, G. C.  Jones, P. G.  Mikell, P. H.  Watson, R. G.
Carson, J. A.  Kay, L. R.  Miller, J. C.  West, H. B.
Convers, J. W.  Kenney, F. M.  Morrison, E. C.  Wingard, H. H.

Worthy, H. C.
Third Battalion Officers

William

Acker

AI. Norman

Sergeant-Major

Wright
Miss Sullivan
Sponsor Third Battalion
"I" Company

Officers
Captain
Waters, R. B.

Lieutenants
Wright, R. F.
Neil, W. H.

First Sergeant
Graham, S. W.

Sergeants
Reaves, G. H.
Henderson, E. P.
Atkinson, F. W.
Craig, J. M.

Corporals
Aldrich, R.
Jeter, R. R.
Kittles, T. J.
Martin, A. F.
Zeigler, O. J.

Miss Byrd
Sponsor
“I” Company

“J” Company—Privates

Barker, C. E. Hardee, F. W. Owen, A. C.
Campbell, A. Howell, V. M. Parrott, E. L.
Campbell, C. D. Hunter, G. W. Patrick, W. T.
Campbell, T. A. Kennerly, W. J. Pyatt, E. N.
Cannon, P. B. Kinsey, J. W. Reed, M. M.
Carter, M. O. Koon, J. W. Reeves, E. E.
Faust, J. B. McCown, M. T. Reeves, F. M.
Garrett, C. S. McInnes, J. A. Rivera, R. E.
Haddon, F. M. Marvin, B. Salter, H. D.
Hankinson, J. C. Marvin, R. Sanders, C. W.

Wise, J. R.

Smith, E. R.
Smith, R. E.
Snellgrove, W. K.
Stribling, J. W.
Taylor, W. A.
Truett, E. C.
Truett, L. T.
Truluck, W. E.
Verner, L. W.
Walker, J. M.
Wilbanks, W. C.
"K" Company

OFFICERS
Captain
Kyzer, E. D.

Lieutenants
Armstrong, F. E.
Vincent, C. A.

First Sergeant
Fulmer, J. W.

Sergeants
Durham, G. H.
Hardin, L. G.
Littlejohn, S.
Nowell, A. E.

Corporals
Bass, R. E.
Stone, W. L.
Bryant, W. H.
Freeman, G. E.
Johnson, A. H.

Miss Baere
Sponsor

Armstrong
Kyzer
Vincent
"K" Company—Privates

Adams, J. P.        Cooper, J. L.        Graves, H. E.        Hudson, R. A.        Leppard, B. T.        Pettigrew, J. E.
Adams, J. R.        Courtney, B. O.        Harrall, H. C.        Hughes, H. C.        Leppard, J. E.        Pleticko, R. S.
Austin, W. L.        Dunlap, W. M.        Harris, H.          Johnson, H. W.        Lyles, N. P.        Porcher, F. C.
Barre, M. L.        Edwards, V. M.        Herring, L. C.        Kennedy, P. B.        McDermid, J. A.        Prince, G. E.
Clark, J. D.         Graves, C. C.         Hicks, R. C.          Lattimer, J. R.        Nowell, J. L.        Sullivan, D. H.

Vandell, W. G.        Wilkins, R. T.

Wilson, J. J.
"L" Company

OFFICERS
Captain
Tate, T. H.

Lieutenants
Anderson, F. C.
Henderson, J. R.

First Sergeant
Friedman, W. T.

Sergeants
Hobbs, K. O.
Walker, H.
McCord, A. S.
Paige, A. E.

Corporals
Vernon, J. E.
Jordan, T. M.
Bangs, P. C.
Goodwin, E.
Planco, L. R.
Lykes, J. D.
"L" Company—Privates

Alverson, R. O.  Burgess, T. H.  Corcoran, A. C.  Kirkpatrick, M. H.  McCorp, M. M.  Poston, S. B.
Bradford, Z. B.  Chambliss, P. B.  Jenkins, J. H.  McArn, D. H.  Pate, J. G.  Rothell, C.
Bryan, G.  Cheatham, R. J.  Jones, D. R.  McArn, T. A.  Pepper, E. F.  Scurry, R. L.
Spratt, T.  Thrower, G. G.  Thrower, J. R.  Ward, W. C.  Williamson, A. W.
"M" Company

OFFICERS

Captain
O'Dell, D. G.

Lieutenants
Duncan, D. T.
Cox, M. E.

First Sergeant
Lightsey, O. P.

Sergeants
Barron, A. A.
Baxter, C. L.
Fain, P.
McHugh, F.

Corporals
Finley, S. R.
Way, J. W.
Herbert, W. C.
Mathis, D. T.
Thompson, J. W.
"M" Company—Privates

Allison, W. A.  Ferguson, J. R.  Hollis, A. F.  Purdy, W. H.
Blackwell, W. M.  Folk, M. H.  McIntyre, J. M.  Quattlebaum, W. M.
Bogard, W. P.  Free, C. B.  Marion, E.  Simpson, W. G.
Bowie, R. A.  Garrison, E. B.  Myers, F. O.  Stender, B.
Bull, N. M.  Glenn, H. Y.  Padgett, G. D.  Still, K. M.
Burch, W. E.  Glenn, W. T.  Peters, S. G.  Strange, D. M.
Campbell, A. J.  Hagoood, T. R.  Pickens, W. A.  Tenhet, J. N.
Cogswell, V.  Harmon, H. M.  Pitts, R. C.  Thornton, S. F.
Cribb, E.  Henagan, J. C.  Poag, L. M.  West, T.
Ethereedge, M. P.  Herring, J. W.  Pridmore, R. M.  Williamson, D. R.
Zobel, J. H.
Miss Quattlebaum
Sponsor

Band

Officers
First Lieutenant
Quattlebaum, H. H.
Second Lieutenant
Adams, H. M.
Drum Major
Hutson, W. M.

Sergeants
Sellers, A. R.    McDermid, G. C.

Corporals
Gambrell, S. C.    Webb, R. W.    Parks, F. L.
At Camp Riggs, 1915

It so happened that the good mayor of Anderson found his city deeply in debt to Sam Lee for laundry done on the silk handkerchief of the city's favorite chimpanzee; so he called his city council together, and bade them devise some way to relieve the financial strain. From the beginning of the meeting, the choice lay between placing a poll tax on cats and inviting the Clemson Cadets to come to town for an encampment. Some of the more experienced members objected to poll(ed) cats in any form; so President Riggs was cordially urged to send his students over for military instruction in the treating of blistered feet and in the swatting of cotton stalks.

Colonel Cummins ordered a book on maneuvers by special-delivery letter from Signor Roebuck & Co.; from which he learned that cadets on practice marches carry their equipment, two pair of white gloves, a dress coat, and themselves. He accordingly gave orders to that effect; and the long column swung down the road, a sight to behold. Due credit must here be given to the men who composed the head of that column. They were the most considerate fellows that ever swore, for they tried to trample all the dust out of the road so that it would not bother their comrades behind. Halt were few and far between; but it was found absolutely necessary to give the commanding officer's horse a rest every hour. At last Sandy Springs, with its great railroad yards and false name, was reached. There the larger part of the Corps boarded a special train, and went merrily on to "My Town." An advance guard of about thirty men was sent ahead on foot. These poor boys had a very irksome task, for they had to wait every few minutes to allow the main body to come into sight.

Finally, the great city was reached. The usual crowd of small boys that hang around the station on circus days, met the train. In fact, anyone not familiar with the circumstances would have been disappointed to see such a small variety of animals unloaded, and not a lion in the crowd. The march to camp was indeed a pleasure trip, for on arriving there, the tents were found already pitched. An abundant supply of straw was lying around, ready for immediate consumption. After a few hours, the camp settled down to its usual quiet life; and most of the boys went up town, to see if the postoffice was on the job, and incidentally to find out when it would be convenient to reduce the price of movie tickets from twenty to ten cents.
But real life did not begin until the following morning, when the chief bugler, becoming provoked because the fair goddess of sleep persisted in wearing her hair in curl papers, proceeded to chase her out of camp. It was only then that the Corps learned how very near an encampment may resemble War a la Sherman. For four long days the command "rest" was as rare as old maids' wedding gowns. Military affairs were absorbed by the yard, even by the lowest private in the rear rank. From the earliest crack of day until the tired boy crept between his three oat straws at night, he fought, swore at his luck, flirted, and did various other stunts. The people of Anderson are certainly enterprising. One man secured the services of eight hundred men in harvesting a very luxuriant growth of cotton stalks; and the city barbers also secured a rich harvest by shearing "Red." On the third day, practice was given in tent pitching; then all took advantage of the many newspapers in camp, and the fairy stories they contained regarding the joys of camp life. But the crowning feat was pulled off on a later day when fifty men were martyred in cold blood, without being given the least warning, while taking practical lessons in butchery, and, worse luck, were forced to sit on a bank for an hour and thirteen minutes.

Life in camp was not all sorrows, however. The last note of recall would usually go chasing out of camp, trying to keep up with the uniforms flocking up town; and dinner became peevish because of being so often slighted. "Taps" ceased to be a call of the day, having been pushed across the line into tomorrow. All of this surplus time not actually crowded with entertainment was very profitably employed in dreaming of what was to follow. Why, those boys were petted so much that they actually began to consider themselves of some importance in the world. It was great fun to see some of them go strut-ting down the street with a "you-just-watch-me" air, walk into a cafe, and demand, "Gimme a sandwich and some tooth-picks." And thus was the Colonel's opinion borne out, that "All boys are jackasses more or less, and must be ruled accordingly."

The Corps attempted to repay all social obligations with a parade, but only succeeded in postponing the demise of a good old "Auntie." The stock of white gloves began to run low after a few days' constant use; hence, the local undertakers did a flourishing business until their stock ran out. "Auntie" positively refused to depart unless she could do so in style, thus causing the disappointment of several expectant mourners. But, to return to the parade—it was pronounced a great success, probably due to the fact that the best-looking fellows were placed on the side next the ladies; but, to be perfectly frank, the poor boys had great difficulty in keeping their eyes to themselves.

As all things must, the encampment finally came to an end. The tents vanished in bundles, and the Cadets over the Blte Ridge. After a whole week of "perfect bliss," the heartless wretches marched gaily off singing, "We rode old Furman on the rail," and "It's a long way to Clemson College; but my bed's right there."
The Extra-Walker's Lament

EXTRA! Wherefore comes again thy phantom face to me?
Thou art like death, for from thy face no man can ever flee.
And thou art swift in retribution to each and every man.
O, Extra! Would that I had pow'r to thrust away thy hand.

'Twas Monday last, I never dreamed I soon would see thy face;
'Twas early morn, at reveille: of time I had to waste.
The bell was ringing second call, the bugler did his best;
But sleep seemed better than reveille, so I took the morning rest.

But, Oh! that I had stopped at this, for now I could not stop.
A cap that was not military adorned my hoary top.
A soldier clad in khaki clothes (Yabbo was his name)
Helped put me out on Extra Square, that ofttimes wins much fame.

Reports were read out every night of something I had done.
At two o'clock on Saturday, I carried out my gun.
I felt my burden growing great as every minute passed;
Until at four o'clock there comes the extra that is last.

'Tis the last one I will walk today; but surely not the least.
My gun now weighs a hundred pounds, O! troubles never cease!
The drag is the thing that makes it hard for us to tread the Square.
We watch the clock with eager eyes, as five o'clock draws near.

But the privilege we once enjoyed of watching time go by,
By looking at the tower clock, to us they now deny.
But now around the Square we go until we get half-way—
They turn us there, and we can't look to see the time of day.

Hereafter, boys, I'll do my best to optimistic be;
I'll wear a regulation cap, and go to reveille.
But, with all these extras ahead of me, my optimistic phrase
Is, "Well, there's one thing I can say, I won't walk for two more days."

—M. M. B. '17
TRICKS OF THE TRADE

HE WHO LOSES REVEILLE GAINS TWO HOURS ON THE SQUARE

APLOGIES TO LIFE

"NO SURLY VALET STANDS IN GUILTY STATE."

"A PROFESSIONAL BOOTBLACK IS A NUISANCE."

"THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MORNING AFTER"

"DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOR"

YEI ARM NO

DOCTOR IS IN ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF FEVER

LEIBERMAN
JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE,
WHILE WE CHANGE THE REEL

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE NOW PRESENT THE
SENIOR PRIVATES, IN THEIR FAMOUS
SKIT, "MUTINY IN CAMP"
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AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL
Clemson College Chronicle

The literary publication, published monthly by the Calhoun, Carolina, Columbian, Hayne, Palmetto, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies of Clemson Agricultural College.

Founded by the Class of 1898

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THE TIGER

Founded by the Class of '07

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE CORPS OF CADETS

Official Organ of the Clemson Intercollegiate Athletic Association
and the Clemson Alumni Association

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"The grateful person, being still the most severe enemy of himself, not only professes, but proclaims his debts." — South.

It is with infinite pleasure that we entrust this volume of Taps into your keeping.

In fact, this is the first real pleasure we have had in some time, and is therefore, the more genuine.

Even this pleasure is made less enjoyable by our reflection upon the incompleteness of this Annual. In the first place, it will be noted that there are blank sheets between the covers of this book. Such shortcomings are due to the fact that this is a war edition. Of course our readers are expected to bear in mind that the posters and other illustrations of this book were made by men attending classes more or less regularly at Clemson.

As to the contents of this book, we of the Class of 1916 have attempted to give an entirely new order to the records of the things that those most intimately concerned have done this year—we trust that the reader will be pleased with the fruits of our labor.
It has been the peculiar function of Taps, throughout its history, to be a chronicle of a year's relationships established among Clemson students. So it has been our aim to characterize, as fairly and as justly as possible, the life at Clemson as it really is at the present time; to portray the men who are now helping to further Clemson's manifold activities. It seems fair, then, that this Annual be taken for what it was intended to be—not an analysis of student minds, nor a study of student actions; but rather a reproduction of the environment in which Clemson students live—a story of good old Clemson.

The years that have passed have been filled with the successful achievements of men who have gone out from Clemson; and during the present year men yet in cadet life have striven and fought for what they have won. All of the men now on the cadet roster will, after four full years of student life, go out, in their turn, into the world—some to be forgotten; some to live forever in the life of their alma mater.

Rather than continue a reminiscence of what has made Taps a book of memories, we would sound a note of gratitude to those who have helped make this book what it is. To those who have lent us their interest and co-operation should go a large share of the honor for whatever success this Annual may achieve.

We of the Class of 1916 are heavily indebted to Prof. D. H. Henry for his financial counsel. He, in a large measure, has made this book possible. We are grateful to another member of the Faculty, Prof. M. E. Bradley, for his invaluable advice, and for his kindness shown in the criticism and correction of our manuscript. We appreciate the interest of Prof. S. T. Howard, our photographer, in the making of this book.

To the members of the Alumni Association are words of appreciation due. Especially do we thank O. H. Beymer, for his contribution, Dear Old Clemson as the Public Sees Her. We are grateful to the Library Department of the College for its many courtesies.

We ask especial attention to the departmental posters, which are the contributions of Henry Trott, of the Architectural Department, and which, to our mind, are of distinct merit. To Mr. Trott's assistants, Messrs. Taylor, Kuykendal, and Lieberman we tender our thanks. We are grateful to Prof. A. Simons, for his counsel given Mr. Trott.

To the Electric City Engraving Company, and Mr. Cates, of the Observer Printing House, we acknowledge our indebtedness for their painstaking efforts in creating this volume.

To the entire Corps of Cadets are words of appreciation due. To W. T. Freeman, '17, J. D. Haynesworth, '18, M. M. Brice, '17, R. C. Rowell, '17, H. R. Chapman, '17, and Buck Pressley, '18, the Class of 1916 is grateful. Their many valuable contributions have aided us greatly in the compilation of this book of memories.

—Editors
Clemson’s student-body was plunged into a sea of tears. Barracks trembled, barracks rocked, barracks poured forth a multitude of long-repressed sobs. In the mess-hall, at early dawn, Red shouted the unwelcomed notice: “Mary is lost! Disappeared strangely!”

All implements of engorgement were dropped, and silence prevailed. Then the stillness was rent by a shriek. Jake Wise had fainted.

Throughout the Corps of eight hundred speechless soldiers a realization of the terrible truth found its way. Mary was lost. The lovely Mary—Mary, the goddess of pleasure—Mary, the queen of queens—Mary was gone. She had disappeared very mysteriously and suddenly. Perhaps Mary had fled through the darkness of the night with some foppish revenue reducer. Perhaps she had been stolen by a band of roving kidnappers. Or it might have been that she had been drowned in some profound campus mud-puddle.

“But to the winds with idle speculations!” shouted Kyzer, the “Jew.”

Indeed, this was a time for mental action. And there was action. Calculations were made by thirty-two very civil engineers. Hugh Adams reckoned by numbers with a speed which made one-year men wonder why he had not graduated ten years ago. Yet, after all the keydets had reasoned and com-
puter till they were well-nigh exhausted, they voiced the same perplexing question:

"Wherein the hell is Mary, anyway?"

It is no wonder, then, that barracks sobbed audibly and shook convulsively. No wonder throngs of frenzied kaydets rushed to and fro, here and there, over the two-thousand-acre campus. No wonder students conjured up morbid pictures of accident and of death. No wonder Bill Wright broke down and wept, when he realized that he had no one upon whom to lavish his maltese affections.

The evening of this unquiet day approached, and yet no Mary had been found. Hope fled, grief sick, before the sad music of Henderson's bugle, which sounded the assembly on the small parade square. Kaydets turned out of quarters en masse. Sorrow-stricken privates dragged their ill-kept bodies into the famous plot of concrete. Bold men came with fear-ridden faces. Strong men staggered into the Square. Weak men crawled in. The great gathering of gray-clad men was surcharged with sorrow. All will agree that the sight was very touching.

Pandemonium was about to break loose. Someone had to soothe those eight hundred aching souls. The student leader was equal to the task. With the dignity of a statesman, he mounted the shoulders of two stalwart recruits. His face bore heavy lines of care. His voice trembled as he spoke to the anxious mob:

"Fellow-students, I—we—e—mu—must preserve the—er dignity of this great and beloved institution of politics and hazing. I—er do not advise lynching the—"

Then there sailed into the midst of this surging sea of humanity the dynamic form of the College Faculty's cheer leader. Without introduction, he began to speak fluidly:

"Gentlemen, on no other occasion have I experienced just such a sense of pride in my ability to solve your most intricate problems. The first thing we must do, I suppose, is to consult the Harvard curve, and thus get the case on a firm working basis." He wrinkled his brow and unrolled a parchment over which he bent. A tremor passed over the multitude. He raised his head, mopped his brow, and readjusted his spectacles. The crowd craved action.

One minute elapsed; then the Doctor again raised his head. Success beamed through his gold-rimmed spectacles.
“Quite easy, gentlemen, a simple matter of local deduction. This curve has solved the problem. The high segment indicates the advisability of taking desperate measures; which is to say that we must use the power of the press. Where is Agnew? The Tiger covers the campus like the dewdrops. The Tiger must carry a four-page article, this being highly sufficient to produce the desired results. The adverse con—”

Here he was interrupted by the lean and hungry editor of the Clemson Weekly, “I cannot publish that article to which you refer, for two reasons, Doctor. The losing of Mary has no direct bearing on local military affairs; neither does it seriously affect the religious endeavor of the Y. M. C. A. If the war division and the Y. M. C. A. department advises it, I will publish the article; otherwise, I would not stoop to do the deed.”

“By the Royal Thalian, Agnew, I shall thrash you.” came the angry roar of Henderson, the great commoner.

Capt. H. Sloan separated the two combatants.

Prexy saved the day by smiling reprovingly at the two bleeding kaydets, and saying to the mob proper, “In case it is not possible to use the voice of the Tiger—and such is the case—we must consult the extremities of this Harvard curve. Ah, gentlemen; I have it! Must I tell you now? Well, well, so I shall.” Here the speaker paused. All eyes were upon him. One could have heard a feather drop.

“Gentlemen, Mary Fairtrip is locked up in an attic just beyond the head of the stairway which is to be found in the Trustees’ Building.”

At this tense moment St. Clair Rhodes became rabid and was removed.

“Gentlemen, this whole affair is awful,” continued Prexy, in unruffled tones. “For the sake of your parents, for the sake of your aged acquaintances at home, for the sake of Southern womanhood, and for the sake of yourselves, you must find that fair dame.”

Then with one voice the concourse roared, “On to the Trustee Building!” and, accepting a few exhausted Freshmen, they sped to the small red shack.

The Doctor led the mad rabble up the very steps of the historic pile of brick and mortar. It was he who forced the half-rotten door; he who dashed up the shaky stairway. Bolder spirits followed. The Varsity halfback, upon reaching the attic door, battered it down, and twenty men tumbled into the opening.
The room was as dark as pitch. The breathless gang of husky Carolinians stood motionless in the lightless chaos of air. Something had to be done at once. Indeed, something was done. A sickly looking Chesterfield killer scratched a match on the cold attic floor and—there was light. It is needless to say that the awestruck spectators stood aghast. The room was empty.

Really the room did appear to be empty, till the keen-sighted entomologist, Mule Littlejohn, discovered in one corner of the spacious apartment, a small carpet-bag, which he recognized at once. Mule gave vent to a victorious cry as he raised from the floor a letter bearing the seal of Miss Mary Fairtrip. The letter was opened by Mule, but was read by Shakespeare Sitton, the master of the colonial art of expression. He lifted his voice and read to a silent audience:

"My Dear, Stricken Corps:"

"Ere you read this note, I shall be far away. The heartless trustees of your benign institution will have carried me away from you, maybe forever. I am as sad as I can be. I probably shall never see you again; and you may never see me again. But do not forget me. I shall leave you a few tokens. You will find them in my traveling bag. For Dear Mouset Hamlin, I leave a pair of 'bones'; for Brice, I leave five dozen bottles labeled ginger ale; for old Topsy Heldman, I leave four bottles of 'Old Walker'; to Larry Wannamaker, I bequeath nine pints (approximately) of poker chips; and I leave seven decks of cards for Harold McConnell and Fritz Otto Myers. Keep these, and by the use of them you will remember me.

"Do not be angry with the poor, thoughtless trustees for what they have done to me. Forgive them. Do not, in a fit of anger, suspend them. And remember me always as a good, light-hearted girl."

"Mary F."

Poor Mary. "Thoughtless trustees." Ah, they had done the foul deed. They had given their ruthless instincts full sway. Yes, the trustees had done the horrible deed. The mob loosed its tongue. Then, with a harsh, menacing roar it rushed out upon the Square.
Athletic Association

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Prof. W. A. Barnette ......................................... Secretary and Treasurer
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Review of the Athletic Year

CLEMSON'S athletic year has been an eventful one, if for no other reason than that the Tigers have christened and occupied the most commodious athletic field in the Southern States—a field that is not surpassed in this whole country. But this is not all, for the smoldering spirit of the Tiger has begun to be aroused, and to permeate the hills of South Carolina as in days of old. We have not won an S. I. A. A. championship in any branch of sport during the past year; but every team that has won from Clemson has had to go to the limit of their skill and endurance, and were well aware that they met an adversary worthy of their steel.

+

TRACK

The track team was unable to find an opponent willing to compete, so therefore was forced to disband without losing or winning a meet. What kind of team we had is impossible to estimate; but the material looked especially good, and there were many regrets that the Tiger could find no prey on which to sharpen his claws.

+

BASEBALL

The beginning of the baseball season found us with an inexperienced team, and the hopes of all Clemson supporters sank when the Tigers lost their series early in the season to Erskine; but this team was not to be denied many a victory that was to be won by fighting to the last inning. The team was characterized by its splendid spirit and good team work. Both Coach Sitton and the team deserve credit for winning the State Championship with a team that at the first of the season looked rather inferior.

+

FOOTBALL

Clemson's football season was indeed unique, in that they began the season with probably the best prospective material since 1907, and played the hardest schedule that a Clemson team has ever undertaken. They fought an uphill battle, from October 2 when they met Davidson at the christening of Riggs' Field, until they met the Red and Black in Athens on Thanksgiving Day. A team that can play seven grueling contests, with old Dame Fortune always making overtures to the other team, and under such conditions never lose heart or falter, surely needs no other eulogy. For years to come we will point backward to the football team of 1915 as being the gamest that has represented Clemson in many a year. It is interesting to note that, of our big games, two were tied, one was won, and four were lost; while two touchdowns is the best that any of our
opponents could make against us. The team had many opportunities to score, but through fumbling these chances were lost. The defense, however, was good at all times. The team was followed throughout the year by injuries, and it was through the most superb effort on the part of the team and "King Bob" that his Tigers made it possible to reflect glory on the standard of the Gold and Purple.

BASKET-BALL

Our basket-ball team showed much gameness, but was outclassed by several of the strongest teams. The pep shown in the Newberry game made us all feel proud that we were members of the Tiger clan. The comeback which was shown in the game with the Presbyterians, in catching up with a fifteen-point lead, was indeed inspiring, for it took a desperate spirit to catch up with the fleet Presbyterians. This is the first year that Clemson has ever had adequate space for basket-ball, and we all feel confident that next year we will overcome our handicap, and will win the State honors in this sport.
W. K. Magill
Captain Football
OFFICERS OF FOOTBALL, 1915

W. K. Magill .................. Captain  C. S. Garrett .................. Assistant Manager
J. P. Harrall .......... Manager  C. R. Williams ............... Head Coach
J. E. Hunter .............. Assistant Manager  J. L. Carson .......... Assistant Coach
W. A. Schilleter .......... Assistant Coach

RECORD OF THE GAMES

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
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<th>Score</th>
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<tr>
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<td>Furman</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>October 2</td>
<td>Davidson</td>
<td>6</td>
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<td>Auburn</td>
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<td>9</td>
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<tr>
<td>November 13</td>
<td>Virginia Military Institute</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 25</td>
<td>University of Georgia</td>
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Miss McLane  
Sponsor

J. P. Harrall  
Manager
“RUMMY” MacIill, the Tigers’ capable captain, showed the proper “Tiger” spirit in coming back for his fourth year; and the team owes him much for the way he handled his 170 pounds at left tackle. He has the fighting spirit, and the knack of giving it to the team. If he handles horses and pigs as he does the pigskin, he will be some “Vet.”

“Dopie” Major, one of the team’s weapons of offense, holds down fullback like the football player he is. “Dopie” has been growing into big game style for the past twenty-one years; and he bids fair to get some real stuff out of his 147 pounds, just as he has done for the past three years. He is bashful among the ladies, but he insists that he feels perfectly safe when hitting the line. In the Clemson-Carolina game ’14, “Dopie’s” wonderful field-goal kicking won him the name of “Ursa”; and, as Captain-elect, there is no doubt that he will live up to his name next year.

“Bill” Harris is the laziest man in school off the field; but the fastest ever when he gets loose in a game. We feel safe in saying that “Lonzo” just simply forgets himself when the pigskin comes his way. “Frusky” came ambling along from Union three years ago; and, although he maintains that he loves the world in general, Union-suits him. “Bill” weighs 160 pounds, and is only tender twenty in age. He is coming back next year to show the young “Tigers” some real football; and, take it from one who knows, he can do just that thing. We won’t worry about right half next September.

“Red” McMillan broke into fast company in his Sophomore year; and during the past three years he has been making that same company “go some.” “Red” holds down quarter in veteran style, and has a wonderful record for staying in the game. He is in his third year, and gets more than is usually the case out of his 133 pounds. We are pulling for “Red” to come back next year; and we are counting on him to help the “Tigers” get back at the “Gamecocks.”
Twenty-two years ago, on a rainy and cold morning, "Hawkshaw" "Suggie" Suggs was born in York, somewhere; and since that time he has been growing for the "Tigers" exclusively. No disappointment is "Suggie," for most of the teams we play will testify as to the difficulty of getting over him at guard. "Hung Lck" was one of "King Bob's" cornerstones in our strong line of the past season. He won his "C" in his Junior year; and long may he wear it!

"Big" Cox is another lad that came into his own during the past year; and he was a great gain in the line. Cox played guard like a big leaguer last fall. He weighs 175 pounds. He also brought some of the old-time Laurens spirit with him when he came this way. He is the kind that makes the ball go over on downs; and what the "Tigers" need is more like him.

"Sarge" Poole, toward the end of his course, began to play end in a manner that attracted the expert attention of "King Bob"; and during the past season he was a good man in that difficult position. "Sarge" comes from Laurens; and that speaks well for the town, too. His 167 pounds of good, hard bone and muscle won him recognition in class football; and his circumnavigating proclivities billed him for "Varsity" early in the past season. "Sarge" is twenty-one years old.

"Mutt" Cannon has been holding down his job at Guard in great style this year. He has been a hard worker for three years, and came into his own this past season, thereby putting in some valuable work for the "Tigers" when they were in most need of it. "Mutt" is twenty-two years old, and comes from the country of—Oh, well; doesn't matter where he is from; he is a "Tiger" now.
“Mule” Littlejohn won his “C” in his Sophomore year, and for three years he has been playing a wonderful game at tackle. “Mule” is twenty years old, and weighs 190 pounds. Football, ladies, and entomology are his specialties; but some Georgia men might think differently, since he lived up to his name in the Thanksgiving game at Athens. Ask them when you see them. You never would believe it from his graceful carriage and youthful appearance; but you can’t tell.

“Duck” Harmon hails from down State, and he “do play some” end. He is twenty-one years old, and weighs 157 pounds. “Duck” is the fastest end that the “Tigers” have been fortunate enough to put out recently, and promises to do great work next year. He won his “C” this year, and will tack another deserving star below it before the 1916 season is over. He’ll be a good bed-rock for the new coach to build on when things open up in the “Tiger” jungle in September.

“Bill” Matthews—well, when you say “Bill,” you mean fight—fight to the finish. “Bill’s” way of expressing his conviction gives a light opera effect to the game, that is great in putting the fight into the line; and when he is in the game, it makes the whole team work like a well-balanced flywheel. You can always count on “Bill” to be on the job; and no need to worry about who is going over that tackle. If he doesn’t make some young “Tigers” envious next year we are mightily mistaken. “Bill” is twenty-two years old, and weighs 182 pounds.

“Mac” McConnell did great work in winning the class championship in ’13, by his fast running; and the next fall he was just as fast with the Varsity crowd; but it was the past season that he did his best work, winning his “C.” “Mac” is hard to beat at left half, and the “Electric City,” the town that produces “sho’-nuf” football players, should be proud of this “Tiger.” A back field like “Mac” is a winner. “Mac” is only twenty-one years old; but weighs the heaviest (186 pounds) yet.
"Bone" Jones has been a good steady man for three years; and we were glad to see him get away with his letter this year. "Bone" plays end like he eats—because he loves it; and he has a habit of getting down under punts that makes him a good man for the job. He is twenty-four years old, and weighs 150 pounds. It hurts the "Tigers" to lose men like "Bonesy."

"Fish" Witsel is from the "Bottry," and he has the energy that usually characterizes that bunch. "Fish" played quarter and half the last season, and he is "some fast" in either of those positions. He won his "C" last season; and we predict that he gets another one as a token of appreciation next year. "Fish" will be one of the "Tigers" bed-rocks in September. Anyway, we are going to put our money on "Fish," and take a trip.

"Mutt" Gee is one of the hardest line hitters that we have had in some time. "Mutt" isn't so heavy, weighing about 160—but he will grow yet; and when it comes to playing the game, he doesn't know when to stop. He comes from the capital city, and it is his ambition to beat the "Gamecocks" a million; and that is just what we expect to see him, with a few more "Tigers," do next year. The o-o score of last season will put the proper spirit into the winning dope for our bunch in 1916. "Mutt" plays fullback.
The Tennessee Trip

Who had forgotten that hard, hard game which the Tigers had fought with
the Tennessee Warriors in 1914? Not a soul! Ask "Mule" Littlejohn or
"Duck" Harmon if that 1914 game wasn't something to be remembered!
"King Bob" hadn't forgotten that game, either. So the inn commenced in
getting the Tigers' machine in readiness for the fray of 1915. Beautiful(!!!)
weather conditions prevailed the week before the day of the game in Knoxville. Oh! it was
ideal(??) For football? No; for one to
get drowned. It rained and rained, and
then some more. But this didn't stop
things; it seemed to make the best kind
of practice weather. "King Bob" gathered
together his band of warriors every after-
noon in the drizzling rain; and, oh, what
practice they did get! Bang, smash, bang!
But, by the time that the last practice came,
those Tigers were ready to eat wire nails
and brickbats. The team was in beautiful
trim for the game over the Mountains; all
except "Dopie" Major— "Dope," who was
suffering from a very bad leg and who had
to be left behind.

Early in the morning, the Tigers went
down to a last delightful (?) breakfast of
"bull" and toast, before going out into
civilization again. Embarking at the Main
Building, they went to Calhoun via Chink-
scales' fast mail. There they took the
Southern to Spartanburg, where they
changed for the best part of the trip—
over the mountains to Knoxville. After a
delightful trip to Asheville, and from there, by
the French Broad River, to Knoxville, they
reached the end of their journey. The Tigers
had filled themselves with the quick, snappy
air of the mountains, so that, when they got
to Knoxville, they were "rearing." After a
good supper, and a good night's rest, the
team was in tiptop condition for the game.
Soon the time arrived for the referee's
shril l whistle to sound. My, but didn't
those little Tigers look insignificant be-
side that huge team of Tennessee moun-
taineers! But what does looks amount to,
anyhow? Smash! the big Tennessee
backs would hit that stone-wall of ours!
And—Bang! They would be thrown for
losses! The big yellow jerseyed Ten-
nessee team just couldn't gain; those little
purple-coated Tiger boys would bang into
them; and how "Bill" Harris did punt! "Bill"
averaged over sixty yards in that
game. And when the big Tennessee
punter stuck his foot into the oval for
sixty or sixty-five yards, how "Red" Mc-
Millan would bring it back into the Tennessee territory! Right through the crowd he would come, with his team-mates running beautiful interference. And didn't those ends, "Duck" Harmon and "Sarge" Poole, race down under those punts! "Mule" Littlejohn and "Rummy" Magill tested their speed in getting down with "Duck" and "Sarge." And, toward the last—that beautiful drop-kick of "Bill" Harris—right between the bars it soared, giving the Tigers three big points. And so the game ended—three for the Tigers, and zero for Tennessee. That was the happiest lunch of humanity, after the last whistle blew, that ever trod a gridiron. Such whooping and shouting one never heard before! Then back to the hotel, to get the kicks and bruises rubbed out. That night, the loyal Clemson alumni of Knoxville showed their devotion to the team by a royal spread given in honor of the Tigers. After a delightful evening, the boys were free to see a little of civilization. They were early in bed, however, for that game was a whopper! Early the next morning, the Tigers were rooted out to catch the train for home. The first thing to be done on the train was to print the score with shoe polish on a towel, and swing it across the rear of the observation.

But let us take a look at what was happening at school. The glad news reached Clemson while the Companies were marching down to supper. Somebody rushed down from the telegraph office yelling the score like a madman. The news was soon in the mess-hall. Dr. Riggs kindly gave permission for the joyous crowd to give vent to their feelings by a bonfire. And such a bonfire the campus had never before seen. Shorty's wood, scaffolds from the new Y. M. C. A. building, boxes, barrels; and anything that would burn went on the pile to brighten up all of Oconee County. And the next morning Tom Roberson's store glared forth with the bright red sign of "C. A. C., 3; Tenn. 0." And high on the standpipe, in yellow, shone "3–0." On the pavements, in the barracks, in classrooms, everywhere glared the Tigers' success. Well might Clemson rejoice, for the Tigers had defeated the S. I. A. A. Champions of 1914.

The team arrived at Calhoun to find the whole Corps waiting to show their thanks and appreciation for their victory just won. Mr. "Clink's" livery bill should have been less, for no horses were used; the Cadets would not allow the team to be pulled back by horsepower. They hitched themselves to the hack, and the joyful crowd proceeded to the College.

So ended one of the most joyful trips of the whole year.
FOOTBALL opened bright and promising in the Fall of 1915. A major portion of the Varsity squad returned, well reinforced by a good following of Scrubs. Being the third season of the Williams reign, much was expected of the well-experienced material on hand. However, a bad streak of misfortune, blown along by an ill wind, took the Tigers' trail, and dogged his trail throughout the season.

To begin with, the backfield lacked weight for our concentrated attack. The line was fairly big and strong, but could not always co-ordinate with our backs when placed against a heavier and more powerful team. Nevertheless the past season was most successful. Although we did not win the Southern championship, we put out as scrappy a team as any in the country. "Bob" Williams, the old master of defense, had the 1915 team trained to a science. Much credit is reflected on the veteran Coach for the masterly skill with which he conducted the training of the Tigers. The season was quite a success from a financial standpoint.

The opening game, with Furman, in Greenville, late in September, found the Tigers showing excellent form for early season, running through the Furmanites at will. The one-sided game resulted in a score of 94 to 0 for Clemson. To "Dopie" goes the honor of scoring the first touchdown.

Davidson was next met, at Clemson. This game marked the dedication of Riggs Field. A hard-fought battle ensued, resulting in a score of 6 to 6. Davidson showed the marked effect of mountain training, and we did well to hold them to a tie.

The Tigers next journeyed over the mountains to Knoxville, where they won undying fame by defeating the University of Tennessee 3 to 0. "Bill" Harris gets credit for the valuable three points. The Tigers could well afford to growl over defeating the 1914 Champions of the S. I. A. A.

An immense throng, swelled by the Corps, gathered at Anderson on October 15, to watch the Tigers and the Auburn Plainsmen battle for supremacy. Clemson put up a beautiful game, playing the ball in the enemy's territory the greater part of the time; but the wary Auburn backs got away with two long runs. As a consequence, the game ended in a score of 14 to 0. Spectators say that Auburn was "glad" when the final whistle blew. They were only lucky enough to batter their way to three "first downs."
The heavy University of North Carolina team was met in Greenville. A hard-fought and evenly contested game resulted in a score of 9 to 7 for the "Tarheels."

University of South Carolina, o; Clemson, o. And thereby hangs a tale. Can Carolina be proud of that score? We are not. The Gamecocks were prepared to take us into camp; but their heavier team was met, and the game ended as a Clemson-Carolina game has never ended before.

A long jump was then made to Richmond, where the Virginia Military Academy was attacked. Although the Tigers played rings around the Virginians, the latter were lucky enough to get away with a forward pass which netted them a touchdown. "Bill" Harris placed a field goal; and when the final whistle blew the score was V. M. I., 7; Clemson, 3.

The University of Georgia, at Athens, on Thanksgiving Day: Score—Georgia, 13; Clemson, 0. Picking up a fumbled ball in midfield, Paddock scored for Georgia in the first half. Georgia scored again in the fourth period, after most of our regulars had been withdrawn from the game. Thus fiercely contested, Georgia got her revenge for her disastrous defeat under the Tiger's paw in 1914.

At a dinner held for the team in the Georgian Hotel, at Athens, on Thanksgiving night, everyone expressed satisfaction over the season's success. The squad realized how a heavy schedule had placed a handicap on the success of a comparatively light team. There was left, however, a secret morsel of contentment in the bitter cup of defeat. The team had fought all the way through every game; fought with the doggedness and tenacity of the traditional Tigers at bay; fighting for the sacredness of their goal as the beast fights for its very existence.
C. S. Anderson
Captain Baseball
BASEBALL
THE TEAM

OFFICERS OF BASEBALL, 1916

C. S. Anderson ...........................................Captain
Vedder Sitton ................................................Coach
J. R. Henderson .............................................Manager
S. Littlejohn .............................................Assistant Manager
J. L. Cathcart .............................................Assistant Manager

LINE-UP FOR 1915

Gee, Catcher
Harris, Catcher
Ler, Center Field
James, First Base

Jorden, Left Field
Tarrant, Left Field
Anderson, Right Field
Major, Second Base

Woods, Second Base
Cureton, Shortstop
McMillan, Third Base
Duncan, Pitcher

Rhett, Pitcher
Richards, Pitcher
Schachte, Pitcher
Thornton, Pitcher

Miss Patterson
Sponsor

J. R. Henderson
Manager
LAST year, the Athletic Association had the privilege and honor of securing as coach an old Clemson and University of North Carolina star, “Vedder” Sitton, one of the most brilliant and successful pitchers the Southern League and the New York State League have ever seen; “Vedder” now belongs to the Binghamton Club of the latter League. With this efficient coach, who developed one of the most promising teams that ever performed before a Clemson audience, the season was opened at Anderson, with Furman. The old Tigers knew that this was easy prey. The game ended with a score of 2 to 1 in favor of the Tigers.

As usual, the Tigers captured the State Championship very easily, and made the competitors for the S. I. A. A. sit up and take notice. Out of the twenty-two games played in the State against the State Colleges, the Tigers lost only two.

The pitching staff was composed chiefly of Schachte, Thornton, and Richards. With any one of this trio in the box, the Tigers were confident of victory. “Frisky” Bill Harris was assigned the task of receiving, and we only hope that he will catch in as good style in 1916 as he did last year. His beautiful “pegs” to second will long be remembered. The trio composed of James at first, Cureton at short, and McMillan at third, had no rivals. Especially McMillan, who stood head and shoulders above any third baseman in the State, and was mentioned as third “sacker” on the All-Southern Team.

Cureton, McMillan, Anderson, Harris, Iler, and Schachte made places on the All-State Team. The Tigers had one of the best batting aggregations that has been bunched together in many a day. The average for the whole team was over .250. Captain Cureton led, with a handsome average of .472; Iler next, with .370; McMillan, with .369; and Anderson, with .359. “Pip” Iler was the most timely hitter of the bunch, his hits scoring more runs than those of any other man on the team.

With Parker back, the fastest third baseman in the South, and McMillan shifted to short; “Jesse” James at first, “Dopie” Major at second, and Bill Harris behind the bat, the teams who oppose the Tigers this year will have to do some playing.
J. W. Strebling
Captain Basket-Ball
Basketball
The Team

Officers of Basket-ball, 1916

J. W. Stribling .................................................. Captain
C. A. Vincent ................................................... Manager
G. C. McDermid ............................................... Assistant Manager
A. H. Ward ........................................................ Coach

* Line-up, for 1916

Stribling, Center  Bryan, Forward  McDermid, Guard
Vincent, Forward  Rogers, Forward  Perry, Guard
Young, Forward  Harris, Forward  Robertson, Guard

Bull, Guard
The Season
BASKETBALL

RECORD OF THE GAMES, 1916

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Score 1</th>
<th>Score 2</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Newberry</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>Clemson</td>
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<tr>
<td>U. S. C</td>
<td>41</td>
<td>Clemson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Erskine</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>Clemson</td>
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<tr>
<td>P. C.</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>Clemson</td>
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<tr>
<td>P. C.</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>Clemson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wofford</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>Clemson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Erskine</td>
<td>43</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wofford</td>
<td>46</td>
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<tr>
<td>Newberry</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>Clemson</td>
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</table>

Basketball does not get the support that football and baseball do at Clemson. The student-body has not shown that interest and enthusiasm in this particular line of Athletics that would cause a large number of new men to come out and try for a place on the team; consequently, we have been hampered for want of experienced material.

However, the past season has marked a great increase in attendance at the games, and in the enthusiasm and support given the team by the Corps. Viewed from the number of games that we won, the past year was far from a success. But, owing to the fact that for two years previous the team had had no experienced coach, our new coach, Mr. Ward, had to start anew, and build up a team largely from inexperienced material. Despite this handicap, he managed to put out a scrappy team, that played a creditable game against all the better and more-experienced college teams of the State.

Miss McCarey
Sponsor

C. A. Vincent
Manager
L. W. Verner
Captain Track
OFFICERS OF TRACK, 1916

VERNBER, L. W. ......................................... Captain
ODOM, R. J. .................................................. Manager
HARMON, H. M. .......................................... Assistant Manager
DR. CALHOUN and PROFESSOR WARD........... Coaches

Last year, owing to unavoidable circumstances, we did not have a regular Track team.

Last fall, however, a team was put out for the four-mile cross-country run that was held at Clinton, on Thanksgiving, between Newberry, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, and Clemson. The team, composed of Dick, Hughes, Sullivan, Salter, and Herbert, was unsuccessful in winning the cup; but this effort seemed to awaken some interest in track, which is being felt now.

As this annual goes to press, the Spring track practice has just begun. We have an unusual number of men out for the team this year; and some of them look good. Under the able coaching of our two coaches, we should put out a splendid team. We have Odum and Dick on the long distances; Jackson, Adams, and Jones for dashes and middle distances; and Stirling, Cox, Captain Verner, and Hutchins for weights, jumps, and hurdles. With these men for a nucleus, a good team can and ought to be built up this season.

Clemson's record on the track is an enviable one, and we predict a speedy return to her place among Southern Colleges.

SCHEDULE, 1916

University of North Carolina—April 8—Campus
Newberry College—April 14—Newberry
Davidson College—May 13—Davidson, N. C.
Several other meets being arranged for, but not secured yet.
Track Team

Verner .................................................. Captain
Odom ...................................................... Manager
Professor Ward, Dr. Barnett, Dr. Calhoun ........................................ Coaches

Adams, H. M.  Clark  Dick  Haigler  Hughes
Adams, J. R.  Cox  Graham  Herbert  Hutchins
Jackson  Jones  Salter  Sullivan
Tennis

Miss Bristow
Sponsor

W. B. Townsend
Manager

Bangs and Haskell
WEAPERS
OF THE
C

Football
McMillan
Suggs
Littlejohn
Poole
Cannon
Harris
Harmon
McConnell
Gee
Stribling
Witsell
Cox
Mathews
Major

Base Ball
Jones
Anderson
Harris
Major
McMillan, NA
Parker
Track
Verner
Jones
Stribling
1. "Well! Well! Young Tiger, you have made a very poor kick, and I don’t wonder.

2. To begin with your posture is entirely erroneous. Even before the snapping of the pigskin, you should face the nucleus of your team squarely; chest expanded—feet apart and arms extended.

3. Next, upon receipt of the ellipsoid, turn the facing skyward—stand with body erect—shoulders back—chin drawn in.

4. Thirdly; without moving the right foot—draw the left foot slightly in; and while keeping an eye on the defense of the opposition suddenly relinquish the ball, letting it drop vertically.

5. Fourthly. Using the left leg for support—carry the right foot backward with vigor, thereby giving momentum. Then describe a half circle, projecting the right foot in the desired direction simultaneously.

6. Cadets (yelling from side lines) "Drag him out, Coach Hart is good enough for us!"
Once, upon Carolina's campus—
It was during last Fair week—
Came a tiger walking boldly:
Found a Gamecock, fat and sleek.

Then the tiger, feeling hungry,
Feign would eat the Gamecock whole;
But the rooster turned upon him—
Prithee, Gamecock, why so bold?

Have you not your diet altered,
Eating food entirely new?
Could some foreign herb, I wonder,
Give this confidence to you?

Have you never heard the adage
That home food is always best?
Try it, rooster; it will fatten—
Tigers like fat Gamecocks best.
We may drift on but our heart
Will be at Clemson when we look at this Chart
The Byways of Dear Old Clemson

PREFACE

The history of a college campus is often horribly perverted by original commentators, and it is our purpose to reveal this fraud, and, with the charity of a loving mother-in-law, tell you what is plausible and much that is true.

THE MAIN BUILDING

"The main building, an old, imposing, barnlike structure, is modeled after a small snapshot of Westminster Abbey. But I digress: This building is the most useful old shed on the campus. No Taps is complete without ten half-tones and fifty zins of its well-placed brick. In ancient days, the ample steps afforded an ideal spot for the 'public exhibition of the national game of chance'; and disappointed candidates for diplomas rode their steeds up those same steps, puncturing the door-faces with bullet-holes.

"Within the building are the offices. There is the Commandant’s office, where youths go to relate their family affairs, i.e., the psychologic reasons why they should not be punished for so and so, or such and such. They all receive a 'square' amount of sympathy, coupled with a goodly measure of invaluable advice. Then there is Prexy’s office, where the curriculum is manufactured and issued along three lines: EDUCATION, ATHLETICS, and SOCIETY. Other portions of this building are infested with lecture-rooms, buzzard-roosts, and Mexican Athletic Association rooms (in polite terms, Literary Society halls). There is also a library in this building, which, though it has been in existence for a number of years, still offers a good field for exploration and research."

MEMORIAL HALL

"Memorial Hall was once used as a chapel. It was used also as a place of detention for unwary students, who were so unfortunate as to be caught mutilating the college regulations. But all students of the present day are exceedingly wary, and the old hall has fallen into disuse. It has therefore been closed, to both public and student-body, and it is now impossible to secure a description of the interior. In the spring kadets and femmes use the steps of the hall. Kadets and femmes, bathed in the moonlight, sit and sit and sit and sit and sit."

BARRACKS

"The barracks are long, red, and four stories high—except the belfry, which is five. That is another story. No building on the campus can boast more famous occupants than these barracks, especially the Bowery, where Poole and Oliver reside, and near where H. R. Trott makes his abode.

"In recent years, the rooms of recruits have held their popularity; all these rooms have been invaded by Sophomores, who have disturbed the sleeping citizens and have borne themselves like bulls in a china-closet. Besides this, an aggregation of Mexican athletes
still invades barracks, though the athletes are being gradually disseminated by the chastening influence of the recent Y. M. C. A. Building Athletic Association, where Dag Folger is the best-known matador of contemporary politics.

"The Calhoun mansion and the Trustees' Building are near-by."

MECHANICAL HALL

"The mechanical hall is a piece of architecture containing machines, drawing-rooms, and parlors. There are bellows in the latter. This building is noted for its forging atmosphere.

"Steam and electric lectures also occur in this structure."

CHEMISTRY BUILDINGS

"These buildings are unique in iniquity, and it is sufficient to say that a bill is now in the legislature to change the name of the Chemistry Building to Scandal Building; and, indeed, it is widely known by the latter appellation.

"Strange to say, a large percentage of the Chemistry students are applicants for the ministry.

"The postoffice is a small hole in the small fertilizer hall, and as the public knows this has been the scene of many disasters. Indeed, at least five hundred Clemson citizens have dropped dead of gout at this postoffice."

DAIRY BUILDING

"This modern building contains one small churn, two cream separators, Professor Shields, and office-boy McMillan.

"This building is known for its co-activities and its lectures."
AGGIE HALL

"Aggie Hall was the first college hall of its kind to be founded north of the equator. It contains the headquarters of the most powerful political organizations at Clemson, notably the 5-W Association, similar to Tammany Hall. This building is also the lodge of rabbits, stuffer birds, dead bugs, and stories approximately ten thousand years old.

This building also holds the old Dance Hall, where dancing and other forms of acrobatics are indulged in. This is the old poultry yard of Clemson, and visitors were absolutely essential to the popularity of the place. 'For, just as the soiree is sad with no suds, so is the old gym without domineckers, clad in calico or silk: for society makes no distinctions today between the janitor's employer's son and the millionaire's brother's cook's daughter.'

TEXTILE BUILDING

"This building is nothing more than a cotton factory, pure and simple. It is a sad building, on account of the numerous dyeing-rooms. This building is the home of the Woman's Suffrage League, and of the Old Ladies' Sewing Circle.

'Lectures sometimes happen in this building.'

Y. M. C. A.

"The Y. M. C. A. building is comparatively new, and was erected for missionary endeavor purposes with the aid of 'John D., old boy.' This structure is the office of the Clemson loafers, bums, Roy John, gummers, grape-juice, jokes, Professor Birch, sandwiches, stories, and D. F. Folger. 'It is the heart of the college, as well as the lungs, liver, and esophagus.' It is the headquarters of the Mexican Athletic Association, also. Here are discussed the price of egg sandwiches, Jim Henderson and the Bath Trust, Commencement Girls, immortality of the soul, Wilson's policy, Chinese poetry, 'JoJo', ham, calico, chickens, goats, The Tiger, and politics.

'The Y. M. C. A. building has started more men on the road to ruin than have any other two institutions at Clemson: 'gum-chewing, cigarette smoking, and matching for dopes' are inevitable results of close affiliation with this organization.'

—D.
Bully for you, old boy! You've got the proper college spirit. What's the big song?

Mutt, we need a new football song. I have composed one that appeals to the ear most keenly.

Hi! Hi!! Hi!!!

Cuckoo! I'm a buzzard.
Heard in the Gym on February 11

KATIE: My word, but can't she dance? Say, Jack, who is the lady with all the pink stuff on?

JACK: You mean with all the pink stuff off, with the Indian effect on her head? That's Mablina Gooch, from New York. You might say she was dressed to a certain extent, eh?

Music begins with a crash.

"Here goes me," says Katie. "Columbus took a chance, so I guess I can, too." Breaks the pink wonder. "Hello," says he.

"Where have you been?" gushed the wonder in pink. "I've just been waiting for you. You're such a swell dancer, don't you know? Do you Clemson boys have to take dancing lessons? Isn't the music grand, though. Who is the cute little boy at the piano? I could just love him. Do you know, I had no idea Clemson was so grand? And I'm crazy about the boys, they are so cute in their uniforms. What are those things on your shoulders, Katie?"

"They are Carnegie medals."

"Honestly? What did you get them for?"

"For subduing the girls when they were 'in arms'."

A whole minute passes, while the pink wonder pouted sweetly. Someone breaks.

THE PINK WONDER: That Williams boy is the biggest "nut" I've ever seen. Who is that little man in all that cute uniform? Is he a cadet?

HARRY: That's "Casey." He's a chaperone.

SHE: Isn't he cute; but how is he a chaperone?

HARRY: Well, he puts us to bed every night.

SHE: What makes "Runt" and "Dopie" hug the post all the time? Can't they dance?

HARRY: Well you see, it's like this, those posts are slightly unstable; so we feel safer when someone is guarding them.

THE PINK WONDER: I just love the way you dance; you look so much like an Indian I once saw.

"Have a heart, Lady; you will take all the pep out of me."

"Well, now, you know I think Indians are awful—" Someone breaks.

"Excuse me, mum; I didn't mean to step on your toes," apologized "Mule," as the music ceased.

"Ha, ha. Like I minded! I think you are the nicest dancer on the floor, unless it's Mr. Suggs. He is such a rugged type."

"Certainly you may have this dance, Mr. Er-er-Question Mark."

Waldo frowned severely, and said, "Mallory is—"

"Of course. How stupid of me to forget. I didn't mean—"

The rest was lost in the music.
In every man’s life there are certain events that he will ever regard with a pleased smile, and we, as students, are no exception to the rule. If there has ever been a time when the Class of Sixteen was literally running over with joy, it was during their celebrated banquets.

On Friday evening, June 3, 1915, there occurred what everybody recalls as the famous Junior-Senior banquet. This little feast attracted so much attention that the committee having it in charge found it necessary to muzzle all information concerning the affair; but only succeeded in advertising it the more. This, together with the fact that it was being given by Sixteen to Fifteen, drew a record-breaking crowd from the two Classes.

"Shorty" was certainly on the job at both ends of the "dough" line, succeeding in cleaning us out, and then supplying a most excellent feast.

"Willie" Green, of the Class of Sixteen, acted as toastmaster, and made it very evident that he had dug up an antiquated edition of some joke-book. Brice Waters made the welcome address, which was answered in a masterly oration by D. E. Swinehart, president of the Class of Fifteen. Dr. Rigs gave from his store of experience some good advice to the Seniors concerning the "Future Man," whom he met while driving steers to market. Prof. "Dave" Henry consumed some time by discoursing on the "Alumni"; and Prof. "Johnnie" Gantt closed with a stirring talk on "Athletics."

Everyone agreed that the banquet was a great success. However, some of the Seniors were forced to cut lengthy orations short, they being "too full for words"—due no doubt to the nearness of Commencement (?). We of Sixteen are now patiently waiting our turn at the Class of Seventeen; and no doubt we are prepared.

On the evening of February 16, 1916, Colonel Cummins, having completed his detail as Commandant, found it necessary to console his majors and captains by treating them to a great feast. From the noise leaking through the chinked windows, the affair was a roaring success; and from the looks of those present it was a swell affair.

The Senior officers, desiring to bid Colonel Cummins godspeed in his journey, and Colonel Jones welcome, on the following evening tendered to these gentlemen a royal reception. This, too, is confidently believed to have been most heartily enjoyed, judging from the distended "latitudes" and the crop of "goose-eggs" made in the classroom on the following day.

All of our banquets have been characterized by the good fellowship and general joy prevailing. They have resulted in binding the Class closer together, and in making us better acquainted with each other and with those of our fatherly instructors and superiors present, for whom we now feel a much closer personal relationship than we could have otherwise. Truly, all these social feasts have been marked successes.
PRESIDENTS AND SPONSOR OF THE CALHOUN
Calhoun
Literary Society

MEMBERS

Anderson, F. C.
Austin, W. L.
Barre, M. L.
Bates, J. M.
Black, E. W.
Blackwell, W. M.
Bogard, W. P.
Bowmer, W. C.
Camp, W. B.
Campbell, L. O.
Carwile, A. B.
Cheatlaim, R. J.
Cox, G.
Cox, M. C.
Craig, J. M.
Davis, W. M.
Dickson, A. M.
Faust, J. B.
Folger, D. F.
Folger, T. A.
Folk, M. H.
Freeman, G. E.
Graham, S. W.
Green, M. C.
Hardin, L. G.
Haselden, J. D.
Herbert, J. E.
Johnson, H. W.
Kenneley, W. J.
Lemmon, W. T.
Leslie, F. H.
Leslie, W. E.
McCown, M. I.
McInnes, J. A.
McKown, H. S.
Martin, A. F.
Monroe, D. E.
Montgomery, H. D.
Morrison, W. A.
Parks, F. L.
Philpot, L. A.
Pridmore, R. M.
Purdy, W. H.
Salter, H. D.
Seal, J. H.
Sibbald, T. H.
Sullivan, D. H.
Thornton, S. F.
Varn, R. L.
Walker, H.
Wallace, D. R.
Washington, W. H.
Watters, R. B.
Wiehl, E. A.
Wofford, J. W.
Wright, R. F.
Wright, W. F.

To John Caldwell Calhoun
with Sincere Appreciation and Respect
PRESIDENTS AND SPONSOR OF THE CAROLINA
Carolina Literary Society

**MEMBERS**

| Ayers, T. L. | Fletcher, L. C. | Laidlaw, R. E. | Mathews, J. D. |
| Barker, C. E. | Gilmore, L. H. | Lupo, G. M. | Miller, J. C. |
| Clement, D. T. | Givener, S. | McDonald, C. T. | Outz, W. D. |
| Cocoran, A. C. | Harris, E. B. | McGougan, J. M. | Pruitt, V. O. |
| Derham, J. P. | Heiss, M. W. | McKenzie, D. W. | Quattlebaum, H. H. |
| Dicks, W. H. | Herrin, L. C. | McMillan, W. L. | Richards, A. J. |
| Tenhet, J. N. | Thompson, J. W. | Williamson, D. L. |
PRESIDENTS AND SPONSOR OF THE COLUMBIAN
Columbian Literary Society

+ 

**PRESIDENTS**

*First Term*...............Sheppard, G. J.  *Second Term*...............Atkinson, R. L.

*Third Term*...............Bancroft, J.  *Fourth Term*...............Chambers, W. C.

**MEMBERS**

Adams, J. P.  Burns, P. M.  Hicks, R. C.  Robertson, J. H.

Atkinson, R. L.  Chatham, F. W.  Hendrick, J. B.  Robinson, J. H.

Aull, G. H.  Conyers, J. W.  Jenkins, J. H.  Sams, R. H.

Bancroft, J.  Cook, J. L.  Lyles, J. D.  Sawyer, W. S.

Bangs, P. C.  Cooper, J. L.  Lynch, G. B.  Scaife, W. M.


Bonner, W. C.  Ellison, R. J.  Macken, F. E.  Sellers, A. R.

Bostick, E. M.  Freeman, W. T.  Marscher, J. F.  Singleton, G. H.

Price, M. M.  Hadden, F. M.  Martin, G. H.  Ward, W. C.

Bryant, W. H.  Hall, R. A.  Poole, R. F.  Whitlock, W. A.

Bull, N. M.  Hardie, F. W.  Price, G. W.  Williams, B. O.

Burdette, L. W.  Harris, C. G.  Priest, J. W.  Willis, H. H.

Burns, G. M.  Hay, W. S.  Reaves, G. H.  Wise, J. R.

Young, E. C.
PRESIDENTS AND SPONSOR OF THE HAYNE
The Hayne Literary Society

MEMBERS

Anderson, S. A.  Dibble, A. C.  Jenkins, W. H.
Armstrong, F. E.  Eleazer, J. M.  Jeter, J. P.
Blair, J. D.  Finger, B. L.  Leyer, F. M.
Boggs, L. A.  Friday, T. A.  McConnell, H. S.
Brannon, J. D.  Grant, F.  McFadden, E. A.
Brannon, T. B.  Harris, G. G.  McMeeken, A. H.
Bruce, E. C.  Hayden, O. L.  Maize, W. H.
Byrd, D. E.  Herron, W. C.  Mays, R. A.
Covin, M. S.  Hill, G. O.  Mellett, R. R.
Jeffries, W. N.  Neil, W. H.  O'Neal, R. M.
Padgett, T. D.  Refo, H. C.
Rowel, S. T.  Simpson, D. M.
Thrower, G. G.  Verner, L. W.
Witherspoon, S. M.  Zeigler, O. J.
PRESIDENTS AND SPONSOR OF THE WADE HAMPTON
Wade Hampton Literary Society

PRESIDENTS

May, L. A. Hamlin, J. C. Oliver, R. S. Suggs, H. L.

MEMBERS

PRESIDENTS OF THE PALMETTO
Palmetto Literary Society

Acker, E. G.
Adams, J. R.
Agnew, E. H.
Altman, D. M.
Anderson, C. S.
Atkinson, F. W.
Aunne, D. A.
Bankhead, J. B.
Banks, D. H.
Bass, R. E.
Berry, J. F.
Breland, B.
Bruce, J. M.
Bryan, G.
Buie, T. S.
Burgess, J. A.
Burgess, J. W.
Burgess, T. H.
Campbell, T. A.
Cannon, L. B.
Cannon, W. M.
Clark, J. D.
Dick, J. B.
Douglas, F. K.
Duckett, J. G.
Dugar, F. H.
Fairy, J. K.
Felder, H. H.
Floyd, F. E.
Gaines, H. E.
Goodwin, E.
Haigler, S. W.
Harley, J. B.
Howell, W. E.
Hutchings, J. M.
Hutchins, W. D.
Johnson, M. T.
Kinsey, H. M.
Latimer, J. R.
McConnell, R. M.
McEachon, D. M.
McEachon, J. J.
McFall, R. E.
McLeod, W. T.
Mears, W. A.
Mickell, P. H.
Morace, C.
Murray, J. J.
Myers, F. O.
Ninety, H. J.
O'Dell, D. G.
Patrick, W. T.
Pickens, W. A.
Robinson, A. J.
Rogers, L. F.
Rogers, W. B.
Rothel, C.
Simpson, J. W.
Sutton, B. G.
Sutton, J. J.
Smith, G. W.
Smith, P. N.
Steadman, B. K.
Stribling, B. H.
Stribling, S. C.
Tallivast, W. D.
Tate, T. H.
Truluck, W. E.
Vincent, C. A.
Ward, E. W.
Williams, W. C.
Wilson, J. C.

Wingo, R. A.
PRESIDENTS AND SPONSOR OF THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY
The Agricultural Society

MEMBERS

Agnew, E. H.  Haigler, S. W.  O'Dell, D. G.
Anderson, F. C.  Heiss, G. K.  O'Neal, R. M.
Armstrong, F. E.  Jenkins, W. H.  Patrick, W. T.
Bogard, W. P.  Kendrick, J. B.  Pickens, W. A.
Burch, W. E.  Kyzer, E. D.  Rothell, C.
Camp, W. B.  Laidlaw, R. E.  Simpson, D. A.
Cannon, L. B.  Leslie, W. E.  Smith, G. W.
Carwile, A. B.  Lyles, N. P.  Stirling, S. C.
Chatham, F. W.  McKeown, H. S.  Thornton, S. F.
Dibble, A. C.  McMillan, W. L.  Vincent, C. A.
Dickson, A. M.  Mellett, R. R.  Ward, C. W.
Eleazer, J. M.  Myers, F. O.  Waters, R. B.
Witherspoon, S. M.  Young, E. V.
Intercollegiate Debating Season

"T"

HE man who can express his thoughts clearly, concisely, and forcefully, has, in any walk of life, a great advantage over the man who cannot. Ability to debate is almost absolutely essential for leadership. In a democracy, great questions are continually being brought before the people for solution. The lawmakers bodies of the State and of the Nation are great forums, where ability to debate counts for much. Newspapers and magazines give a great deal of space to discussion of vital questions.

"Every young man who looks forward to being a leader in thought and action should take advantage of every opportunity to habituate himself to the use of clear, forceful speech, oral and written. The Literary Societies afford the best opportunity for such training. It is even more important that a student at a technical school should avail himself of the training in the Literary Societies than it is that one at a purely classical or literary one should do so."

The truthfulness of this statement was realized by the Clemson students, and early last session steps were taken to arrange for intercollegiate debates. Each Literary Society selected two representatives, to be members, with a committee from the Faculty, of an intercollegiate debating council. J. C. Cannon, of the Class of Fifteen, was elected chairman. This committee arranged for a debate against Davidson, and a triangular debate with Wofford and the College of Charleston.

The Clemson-Davidson debate was held at Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S. C., on the second Friday night in April.
The query for debate was, "Resolved, that Immigration into the United States Should be Further Restricted by the Imposition of a Literacy Test." Messrs. D. F. Folger and D. E. Swinchart, of the Calhoun and Columbian Societies respectively, were selected at a preliminary contest to represent Clemson, and they spoke on the negative side. While they both had good debates, Davidson won.

The Clemson-Wofford-Charleston debate came off early in April. The subject debated was, "Resolved, that the Central Government of England is more truly democratic than the Federal Government of the United States. Clemson sent Messrs. E. W. Garris and M. A. Smith, of the Columbian and Palmetto Societies respectively, to Charleston, to take the negative side against the College of Charleston; while Messrs. C. Rothell and E. H. Pate, of the Palmetto and Calhoun Societies respectively, upheld the affirmative side against Wofford, at Clemson. Clemson was defeated in both instances.

Considerable interest was shown in the work last year, and our debaters are looking forward with interest to the triangular debate with Wofford and Charleston, in April.
Have You PUCK Enough to JUDGE This LIFE?
The Young Men’s Christian Association Building

This very attractive and well-equipped building was opened the first of January, 1916. It is fast becoming the social center of the entire community; and its influence for the betterment of the moral and religious as well as the social life is being strongly felt. It is becoming the meeting-place of cadets and faculty, where all may relax, and forget the official relations existing between students and faculty.

The building contains an excellent swimming pool, a cafe with private dining-room, a soda fountain and confectionery stand, billiard tables, bowling alleys, game-room, reading-room, lounging-rooms for men and ladies, an auditorium with a picture show and where the Sunday evening programs of the Association and other public meetings are held; and there are rooms for the Cabinet and Bible Study leaders, and a number of living-rooms for men. The building was made possible by the generous donation of fifty thousand dollars by Mr. Rockefeller, and the subscriptions of trustees, faculty, alumni, ex-cadets, cadets, and friends, amounting to twenty-five thousand dollars.
Clemson College Young Men’s Christian Association

OFFICERS

D. F. Folger ..................................................President
C. W. Ward ..................................................Vice-President
P. L. McCall ...............................................Treasurer
A. R. Sellers ...............................................Secretary
Mr. Roy John ................................................General Secretary
Mr. J. R. Lester ...........................................Assistant Secretary

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

M. L. Barre .................................................Religious Meetings
S. C. Stribling .............................................Conferences
A. B. Carwile ..............................................Mission Study
W. L. McMillan ...........................................Advertising
J. B. Dick ..................................................Bible Study
D. R. Wallace ..............................................Social
P. L. McCall ..................................................Membership
C. W. Ward ..................................................Community Service
A. R. Sellers ................................................Prayer Meetings
The Clemson College Sunday School

The College Sunday School, sometimes known as the Chapel Sunday School, is the oldest student organization at Clemson. The average enrollment is about one hundred cadets, with several members of the Faculty as teachers. The school is managed entirely by the students, from the music to the superintendency, with the exception of the instruction. It is peculiar in its nature, since all Protestant denominations meet together in the study each Sunday.
Bradley Sunday-School Class

Prof. M. E. Bradley

Leader

MEMBERS

Anderson, F. C.
Bankhead, J. B.
Brown, C. J.
Campbell, A. J.
Campbell, E. U.
Carwile, A. B.

Clayton, W. H.
Dillon, R. K.
Eskew, W. T.
Folger, T. A.
Gaines, R. G.
Garrison, L. C.

Link, J. C.
Magill, A. R.
Rowland, H. R.
Sitton, B. G.
Stribling, S. C.
Ward, C. W.
Glee Club

OFFICERS
J. F. Blackmon .................................................................Manager
C. H. Albrecht .................................................................Director and Pianist

MEMBERS
W. A. Allison O. B. Boggs J. W. Herring W. L. Pride
J. F. Blackmon J. W. Burgess F. R. Kuykendal W. D. Tallevast
R. S. Blake R. L. Burgess C. E. Littlejohn C. A. Vincent

QUARTET—J. W. Herring, First Tenor; R. S. Blake, Second Tenor; W. A. Allison, Baritone; R. L. Burgess, Bass.
Club Schedule, 1916

Central .......... January 28  Columbia College .......... February 22
Clinton .......... February 18  College Chapel .......... March 25
Orangeburg .......... February 21  Anderson College .......... April 27
College Chapel .......... June 3
THALIAN CLUB

OFFICERS

W. F. WRIGHT
President

R. B. WATERS
Vice-President

T. SPRATT
Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

ALBRECHT, C. H.  FLOURNOY, J. E.  JERVEY, T. M.
ANDERSON, C. S.  FURMAN, J. C.  JETER, J. P.
BARRON, A. A.  GARETT, C. S.  KUYKENDAL, F. R.
BLACKMON, J. F.  HARDIN, L. G.  LEWIS, R.
BLAKE, R. S.  HARMON, H. M.  LITTLEJOHN, C. E.
BOLIVER, T. E.  HARRALL, J. P.  McCONNELL, R. M.
BRACKETT, N. C.  HASKELL, A. W.  McKEOWN, H. S.
BYERS, W. V.  HAYNESWORTH, J. D.  MAJOR, C. S.
CHAPMAN, H. R.  HENDERSON, E. P.  MALLORY, W. W.
CODY, E. D.  HUNTER, J. E.  PERRY, J.
COX, M. E.  HUTSON, W. M.  PETERS, S. J.
DUNCAN, D. T.  JACKSON, J. M.  PRIDE, W. L.
FINLEY, S. R.  JEFFORDS, J. E.  SHIVER, H. E.

MISS PRINTISS
Sponsor

SIDDALL, T. H.
SITTON, J. J.
SLOAN, E. D.
STIRLING, J. W.
SUGGS, H. L.
TOWNSEND, W. B.
WANNAMAKER, H. C.
WEBB, R. W.
WIEHL, E. A.
WILLIAMS, K. A.
WINTERS, E. S.
WOOD, H. E.
WRIGHT, R. E.
Junior Dancing Club

OFFICERS

G. C. McDermid .......................................................... President
F. McHugh ................................................................. Vice-President
H. Allison ................................................................. Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

Berry, J. F. ............................................................... Garrett, C. S.
Black, E. W. ............................................................... Gee, J. G.
Bowen, R. A. ............................................................... Graham, S. W.
Breeland, B. ............................................................... Grant, F.
Britt, J. A. ................................................................. Hutson, W. M.
Bruce, E. C. ............................................................... Jefferies, W. N.
Campbell, A. .............................................................. Jeffords, J. E.
Davis, G. H. ............................................................... Jenkins, J. H.
Derham, J. P. ............................................................. Jervey, T. M.
Dugar, F. W. ............................................................... Johnson, W. B.

Wiehl, E. A. ............................................................... Leland, A. M.

Lemmon, W. T. .......................................................... Patjens, A. A.
Price, L. F. ............................................................... Reaves, G. H.
Refo, H. C. ............................................................... Rice, C. A.
Rowell, S. T. ............................................................. Sanders, H. L.
Spratt, T. ................................................................. Warriner, L. R.
West, W. R. ............................................................... Witsell, F. L.
Clemson Prohibition League

OFFICERS

P. L. McCaul
A. B. Carwile
D. R. Wallace
S. C. Stribling
S. W. Haigler

President
Vice-President
Treasurer
Secretary
Publicist

MEMBERS

F. C. Anderson
P. C. Bangs
M. L. Bare
J. D. Clark
E. Cribb
D. Crumpler
J. M. Eleazer

F. E. Floyd
T. A. Folger
W. T. Freeman
W. H. Garrison
S. W. Graham
F. Grant
R. C. Hicks
G. O. Hill

W. F. Howell
J. M. Hutchins
W. H. Jenkins
S. C. Kelley
E. D. Kyser
J. J. Murray
A. I. Norman
L. F. Rogers

C. Rothell
A. R. Sellers
G. J. Sheppard
B. H. Stribling
C. W. Ward
H. H. Willis
S. M. Witherspoon
SENIOR OFFICERS

Field and Staff

AGNEW, E. H. ......... Major, First Battalion
CARWILE, A. B. ....... Major, Second Battalion
ACKER, E. G. .......... Major, Third Battalion
McMILLAN, W. L. ...... Captain and Adjutant
JACKSON, J. M. ......... Captain and Quartermaster
WALLACE, D. R. ......... Captain and Commissary
ODOM, R. J. ........... 1st Lt. and B. Ad. (1 B.)

KENDRICK, J. B. ....... 1st Lt. and B. Ad. (2 B.)
WILLIAMS, K. A. ....... 1st Lt. and B. Ad. (3 B.)
CANNON, L. B. ....... 2d Lt. and B. Q. M. (1 B.)
McCONNELL, H. S. ....... 2d Lt. & B. Q. M. (2 B.)
WRIGHT, W. F. ....... 2d Lt. & B. Q. M. (3 B.)
QUATTLEBAUM, H. H. .... 1st Lt. & Ch. Mus.
ADAMS, H. M. ....... 2d Lt. and Prim. Mus.

LINE

Co. Captains First Lieutenants Second Lieutenants
A. BANKS, D. H. ........ WOODS, E. T. ............. HELDMAN, J. M.
C. FOLGER, D. F. ........ JETER, J. P. ............. RHoad, J. S. C.
D. SIMPSON, D. M. ......... POOLE, R. F. .......... McCOLL, R. M.
E. McCALL, P. L. ........ HAGLER, S. W. ............. WILLIAMSON, S.
F. ANDERSON, C. S. ........ PADGETT, T. D. ........ BLACKMONT, J. F.
H. McKEOWN, H. S. ....... JOHNSON, H. T. ........ WITHERSPOON, S. M
I. WATERS, R. B. ........ WRIGHT, R. F. ............. NEIL, W. H.
K. KYZER, E. D. ........ ARMSTRONG, F. E. .......... VINCENT, C. A.
L. TATE, T. H. ........... ANDERSON, F. C. .......... HENDERSON, J. R.
M. O'DELL, D. G. .......... DUNCAN, D. T. .......... COX, M. E.
First Sergeants' Club

Hutson, W. M. .................................................. Drum Major

Grant, F. .................................. "H" Company
Floyd, F. E. .............................. "B" Company
Derham, J. P. .......................... "E" Company
Monroe, D. E. ......................... "D" Company
Jervey, T. M. .......................... "F" Company
Dick, J. B. ............................. "A" Company

Jeffords, J. E. ......................... "G" Company
Fulmer, J. W. ......................... "K" Company
Lightsey, O. P. ......................... "M" Company
Freeman, W. T. ...................... "L" Company
Garrison, W. H. ....................... "C" Company
Graham, S. W. ....................... "I" Company
Clemson Entomology Club

Prof. A. F. Conradi

MEMBERS

Anderson, G. W. Hamlin, J. C. McConnell, H. S.
Berley, J. E. Harris, G. G. Morrison, W. A.
Green, M. C. Littlejohn, C. E. Myers, F. O.

Smith, M. R. Professor Thomas
Senior Preps

S. M. Witherspoon .......... President
R. E. Laidlaw ............... Vice-President
J. J. Sitton ................ Secretary and Treasurer

G. W. Smith  C. W. Ward  C. T. West
Professors Sease and Wells .......... Honorary Members

* * *
Lucky Devil Club

Motto: "It is better to have had, and lost, than never to have had at all"

MEMBERS

Henagan, J. C. ........................................... Captain

Allen, R. G.  
Banks, B. C.  
Brown, H. W.  
Hagood, T. R.  
James, L. C.  
Kuykendal, C. M.  
Purdy, W. H.  
Sanders, C. W.  
Varn, W. C.  
West, H. B.
Humdingers

(SECTION ONE JUNIOR IN 1915)

Motto: "We want something—"Dip"

Song: "Why Don't You Men Work?"

Poem: "Through the Keyhole"

MEMBERS

"Judge" Acker .......... "Stop-watch" "Corp" Carwile .......... Preacher
"Miss Agnes" Agnew ...... Old maid "Doots" Eleazer .......... Ladies' Man
"Frank" Anderson ...... First "P. D." "Hen" Garris ............... Poet
"Fred" Armstrong ....... Bookworm "Bill" Leslie ............... Headlight
"Sis" Brown ........... Test-tube Cleaner "Jojo" Morrison ............ Feeder
"Bill" Camp .............. Forager "Dick" Simpson ............... Tarheelian
"Mutt" Cannon ........... Finis "Major" Stribling ............. Orator
"Brown" Verner .......... Cheese-cutter
The Seagulls

HENDERSON, J. R. .............. President
BROWN, E. T.
CAMPBELL, A.
CAMPBELL, L. O.
CAMPSEN, G. E.
COGSWELL, V.
DUGAR, F. W.
FERGUSON, J. R.
JENKINS, J. H.
JERVEY, T. M.
JESSEY, H. H.
JOHNSON, A. H.
KLENSKE, J. H. F.
LELAND, A. M.
LONDON, A. F.
WEITERS, A. W.

TROTTE, H. R. ............... Vice-President
McDERMID, G. C.
McDERMID, J. A.
MATHER, E. W.
MIKELL, F. H.
MURRAY, J. J.
NIMTZ, H. J.
PATJENS, A. A.
WITSELL, F. L.

PATJENS, H. K.
PORCHER, F. C.
RHIETT, W. P.
RIVERS, E. L.
SCHIRMER, W.
SELLERS, A. R.
STENDER, B. B.
OFFICERS

W. L. McMillan .......................................................... President
W. E. Leslie ......................................................... Vice-President
A. W. Haskell ....................................................... Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

Allen, R. G. ...................................................... Bradley, W. W.
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Baskin, J. L. ......................................................... Carwile, A. B.
Kennedy, P. B. .................................................... Link, J. C.

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Mr. Carroll and Family

Prof. Henry and Family
W. K. Magill,
OFFICERS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>E. G. Acker</td>
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<tr>
<td>P. N. Smith</td>
<td>Secretary and Treasurer</td>
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<tr>
<td>L. P. Richardson</td>
<td>Manager</td>
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MEMBERS

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<tr>
<th>A. Bannister</th>
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<th>E. R. Smith</th>
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<td>W. K. Snellgrove</td>
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<td>F. L. Parks</td>
<td>H. B. Tripp</td>
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<td>E. L. Hillhouse</td>
<td>E. F. Pepper</td>
<td>C. S. Watkins</td>
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Scaife, W. M.  
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Fletcher, C. M. McIntire, J. M. Sherrill, C. I.

Tatum, W. F. Thomas
Newberry County Club

On account of the present and past political conditions in South Carolina, the cartoon drawn for this space was deemed unsuitable for this Club, by the Clemson Board of Censors. The Board decided to take this action after it was too late to get another plate for this space, and we wish to express our regrets and apologies to our readers for this omission.

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Brown, C. C. Hagood, S. R. West, H. B.
Campbell, C. D. Hall, R. A. Wingo, J. W.
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F. M. Wallace               W. H. Wallace

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BRANDON, T. B.   GARRISON, E. H.     MATTHEWS, G. R.           WATERS, R. B.
BUDGE, J. L.     GRAHAM, N. T.       MATTHEWS, W. A.          WHITESIDES, N. D
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SIMPSON, D. M. ................
TARBOX, J. G. ..................Rio de Janeiro, Brazil
SATIRE
Foreword

THIS BOOK IS GUARANTEED TO BE

Uncensored

Remember, "gentle readers," that the editors of the following book will be intensely disappointed if they have not libeled you most grossly and maliciously. As for the Faculty—Oh, well, we're going to Charleston next summer, anyway. But, let the future be as it will, we are in the "Safety First" class, and if you have been treated with any degree of consideration, we want to apologize for being polite. If you have been muckraked, it is because you are a popular fellow. Then all we ask of a prominent man is this: Pat yourself on the dome, and remark, "Lo, I am a goat." The chief of the literary staff is a boot-licker; therefore, we offer the

Dedication

of the Satire Book to those who have never failed to interfere with all student activities; to those who have made the lecture hours long and dreary. We dedicate this Satire Book in utter satisfaction to the

Clemson Faculty
Celebrities of Class '16

SAY, do you know DOPIE MAJOR? Well, if you don't, you do not know the only man worthy of note in these parts. Popular? I should say so. His intimate friends say that he will be captain of next year's football team. DOPIE hasn't told the public so, because he never likes to talk about himself, without a great deal of coaxing. Yes, he is a very modest fellow, and a real nice boy, too, because (this is confidential) they say he parts his hair every morning, and eats with a knife and fork.

They say FOLGER is a nice boy, too. He may be, or he may not be. But one thing is certain, he is the most successful man that ever operated financial affairs. It is a blooming shame, though, that a man's career should be spoiled by the invention of cash registers, and by irresponsible men who are continually investigating a business manager's ledgers.

Sure, GEORGE O'DELL is the janitor of the Chemistry Building. He is a helluvaguy, too; because he's engaged to be married, and on a ten-dollar-per job. He's real popular, nevertheless, and holds high political offices in the Janitors' League, in the Red Undershirt Club, and in the Chemistry Society.

MULE is a well-known character also, though his character has not, as yet, been investigated, because he is an influential member of the Brown's Mule Club. Oh, yes, he's the actor for you. He can shame a professional clown, and can make an old plantation clog-dancer look—oh, just awful.

"HAROLD." Yes, isn't that a perfectly glorious name? And Mr. McConnell's such a delightful man. Sh-sh-h, he's a scientist! What if he does keep insects in his bed? That's nothing; he has to experiment with them, as do all other entomologists. HAROLD has roomed with MULE so long that he doesn't mind small bugs. Say, don't you tell this: HAROLD is polite to the ladies, even if he is a very deep-thinking man.
In accordance with the law of "supply and demand," the Management of Taps '16 makes the following statement of gains and losses, for the benefit of those who were not listening, and those who came in late.

### RECEIPTS

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<td>Hush Money</td>
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We, the undersigned, certify to the best of our ability that the above report is on your honor correct, as far as we have been able to ascertain.

**The Management**
A Drama

SCENE—Lecture Room in Chemistry Building.

The sole occupant of the room was the Doctor, who wore an excited expression. Outside there were rushing feet, disorder, confusion, shouting, shooting, swearing, and general uproar. Enter the deafening, stamping feet of the Junior sections. They scramble to their places, creaking desks, crumpling paper, and slamming down books.

DOCTOR: Gentlemen of Clemson, you have done a great deed. My regrets are that you did not lynch the villain before he even thought of saying that men skinned on my Chemistry examination. Now, gentlemen, with this gossiper disposed of, we can get down to the regular work! Please take these notes: At the present time, at this college there are eighty-seven professors. I am the best of the lot. (Great applause from students.) Very well. Now there are in this country fifty-one Agricultural Colleges, including Clemson. Am I correct? (Chorus of Yes! yes!) Very well. Since Clemson is the greatest of all these Agricultural Colleges, and since I am the best professor at Clemson, I am, therefore, the best professor in the United States. Am I correct? (Another chorus of Yes! yes!) You are very kind, gentlemen. I accept with modesty this undeserved tribute of praise you have so frankly given me. But, that we may continue—since this is true, men do not find it necessary to skin on my examinations. Is this correct? (Loudest chorus of Yes! yes! Student raises a pistol, takes careful aim, and throws it out of the open window.) Very well; let us continue further. According to Newton's theory, loaded craps fall in the roller's favor; and therefore my bones shall be after the Newton type.

Now then, there are three elements to be considered in connection with the properties of these cubes: I, the ivory; O, the obvious; and the U. The I and the O when combined make a rather unstable compound, and upon the addition of the U the I. O. U. compound results. In regard to the latter chemical, I should like to call your attention to the fact that there are quite a number of you who have not settled up so promptly as one might desire. We will now get down to the fundamentals. All those of you having twenty dollars or more please stand up. Very good! All the rest of you will go over to the boards and shoot craps until you get twenty dollars, when you will join my twenty-bean group, where there is more action for the money. I. O. U.'s will be written as in the text, though checks are preferred. You will find bones in the crayon troughs at the boards.

VOICES FROM THE BOARDS: Five dollars! Five dollars! Two dollars! Two dollars! Come seven! Come eleven! Come you little Joe! Oh little Joe-e! Oh, you dear little, nice little Joe-e-e!

DOCTOR (after forty minutes of uproar): That is all for today, gentlemen of South Carolina; you may go to your rooms now. You will find your guns and knives in the can to the right of the door. Please go out quietly, and do not let your firearms off in the building. Remember my dignity and your honor, and the old honor system.

POLKA-DOT CURTAIN

(Adapted from "Corks and Curls, '15)

-W. T. F., '17
A Dream

As I lay in my bed watching George O'Dell smear black lead paint on a high wall to the tune of Diedrick Amme's voice on the street corner crying—

"Shrimp, Fresh Charleston Shrimp," I fell asleep and dreamed:

In my morning mail was a Tiger. The first item that attracted my attention was this: "Serious Defect of Memory—Major Agnew actually failed to visit the Commandant's office one day during his college career." Closely following this was an equally important "Notice—This is to officially announce that Sergeant-Major A. B. Carwile has indefinitely dispensed with the use of hair-curlers."

The Religious Column next greeted my eyes, to this effect: "John Garris, a Y. M. C. A. leader at college, is now president of Professor Daniels' Sunday-School Class." "At a recent meeting of the Prohibition League, Ed Kyzer was unanimously elected President. Mr. Kyzer, being a sober, industrious gentleman, is exceptionally well qualified for the position."

Then I glanced at the Socials, and this was the result: "Egypt Heiss is now posing as the 'after using' effect of Nyl's face cream. The same company is using C. S. Anderson as an illustration of the 'before using' condition." Also, "Great triumph of modern genius—livestock man succeeds in growing an ox whose hide is large enough without piecing to make one shoe for Foos Haddon."

With a sigh of relief I turned to the Obituaries, written by the great impersonator Buss McKeown. "Louie Boggs, while paying strict attention in classroom, with both eyes shut, noted the astounding fact that Jake Kendricks had ceased to pack the pavement to the postoffice looking for that letter from the girl who has already married the other guy."

Then this Direful Prediction—"Martin Luther Barre will, in all probability, be a bachelor at the age of thirty—as he never was in love." "Mr. Jack Haigler has fallen in love with a girl at Anderson (upon investigation it proved to be her poodle dog, and not the girl)." "Cadet George Campsen, a charming society man from Clemson, is to be married to a girl
from the outskirts of Asheville. It is understood that he will pay the minister twenty-three dollars for tying the knot."

The only Alumni Note of any importance was: "Major J. G. Sheppard, Clemson's military man, is visiting friends in the suburbs of Greenville."

The Political Column contained only this: "On last holiday, S. Burch positively refused to spend the day at Seneca in conversation with the Prairie Dogs."

Under the head of Great Foundations, I discovered the following: "Dag Folger, erstwhile President of the Y. M. C. A., is a heavy owner of whiskey stills in the coves of Virginia."

In the Clippings Department, I read an extract from the Cops' Gazette, a northern magazine which the Tiger staff has almost adopted. The clipping set forth the fact that JoJo, Jr., had been appointed poet laureate of Mexico, and that complications had arisen, since Mr. John Kipling Garris charged that "Jo" had plagiarized from him, and published, "the poem which had won the high position." The title of the famous poem is "A Sonnet":

We boys had a pool in the Y. M. C. A.,
In which we could go in swimmin';
But they changed the building to a Y. W. C. A.,
And turned it over to the winmin'.

With a start I awoke, to find that Willie Green, a walking advertisement for a circus, was handing me a poster of this description—"Great Show: Complete Evolution of Man—Monkey First, Then Prep Oliver, Then Man."

—W. T. P., '16
Pictorial History of All Great Tigers

Innocence  Mamma's Darling  Little Devil

Prep Hero  Cadet  Wild Oats

Almost a Man  The Girl  At 40
SKETCHES BY A

-SOLDIER-

IN ACTIVE SERVICE
AT FORT HILL

"WAR IS HELL"-- SHERMAN.
CADET LIFE, DITTO-- PRIVATES
After Action

The saddest
sight is the
man who
sh

The Soldiers Rush
to Sunday School
MEMORIAL HALL

After a warm
engagement, Jim
Henderson's Ring
is Returned.

Local Secretary
of War, Dingle
Bank's demonstra-
tes that Beer
should not be
issued
to troops.

Joe Sitton Gets Ads
For "Tops '76"

"ANDERSON
IS
MY TOWN"

"We Laid a Long Siege"
Majors Agnew and Carlyle fight duel over who should lick Casey's boots the first.

Captain McMillan welcomes Casey.

Two daring aviators fall 1000 ft. at Cox & Byars' fall 1000 ft. at

THALIAN MANOEUVRING GROUNDS

HORRORS OF WAR

"Prexy" declares: Coughing a contraband war:

A REG SMOKE
A NON-REG SMOKE

(Comment, T.)

The arm of the force was abutted.

By H. R. Trott
WAR BULLETINS

CAUTION—Because of the strict censorship of Ed. Hunter, all news is probably slightly colored.

COLUMBIA, October 12.—The city is in mourning over the fact that the strained financial conditions at the front make it impossible for the army corps to take their usual furlough in this city. However, the corps is well represented by the invincible Tigers and all enlisted men too seriously wounded to be of service against the heavy onslaughters of the German troops. They have orders to enlist as many red-cross nurses as possible from the female colleges, and to make a raid on the Gamecocks to make broth for the disabled valiants.

BRICK HOUSE, January 11.—We recently learned that the enemy had withdrawn his veteran troops from the reveille front. Accordingly we planned and executed a surprise attack on Hall 14 which resulted very favorably to us. When we arrived, only recruits and aspiring military geniuses were in line, even most of the officers being absent. A close inspection revealed the fact that the absentee were in their sleeping quarters. For this indiscretion, great punishment was inflicted by us, the total extent of damage being revealed by the sick report from this post and at the weekly parade around the small parade ground.

CLEMSON COLLEGE, January 27 (Special, via guard room).—On account of the heartfelt sympathy expressed by President Tyler, of Windsor, for certain bomb throwers in the small domain known as the mess hall, he has been deposed, and banished into exile for the period of one year. For close association with President Tyler, the valiant Pickens (Lieutenant of twenty hours) is reduced to the servile grade of the easy life.

CLEMSON COLLEGE, March 1.—Ambassadors from the principalities of Westinghouse and General Electric were so shocked by the heavy currents that flowed from the high-tension "lightning arresters," that it was necessary for them to reconsider their ultimatum.

ANDERSON, April 25.—For the entertainment of the valiant Coeur de Lion's troops after an extended engagement with the theories of the Clemson Hindenburg, an additional troop is detailed for the Palmetto regiment.

CLEMSON COLLEGE, February 17.—By order of the War Department, the Kaiser, Colonel Josiah, has deserted his troops for a more exciting command on the border. The Tiger speaks of his touching departure, and the sadness with which he leaves the corps. It also wishes much success to Colonel Casey, who has been detailed to command His Majesty's regiment.

CLEMSON COLLEGE, March 19.—Bombs dropped from German aeroplanes ignited the vast forests surrounding the army post, and it was only after hours of heroic fighting that the fire brigade succeeded in bringing it under control.
A CLEMSON POLITICAL SCANDAL

(Reprinted from The Cops’ Gazette)

PETER M’CALL THE HERO OF PROHIBITION ELECTION

Stribling and Wallace, the Bosses, are Trapped, and Will be Held on Charge of Perfume Scandal.

(By Keyhole Association)

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., November 28.—The wildest political scramble and bitterest fight in the history of Clemson, resulted tonight in the overwhelming election of Peter L. McCall, textile student, as president of the Clemson Prohibition Club. Never since the famous Ulysses Xerxes Cullum was railroaded into the presidency of the present Freshman Class has such a scandalous exhibition of submerged political subterfuge and “boss-instigated” chicanery been witnessed at this institution.

The boldest imaginable grafting schemes played havoc with the honest vote, and the “gang” was on a rampage. As a result, Stribling and Wallace, the bosses (and believed to be the henchmen of McCall), are being held in the Annex without bail. They will be given a speedy trial before the new student Discipline Committee, behind closed doors. The Bottrymen and the Bowery Bunch, two factions of total abstainers, have combined, despite their religious beliefs, and made up a raving mob which will probably attempt to lynch Stribling and Wallace tonight. The ultimate aim of this furious body is the downfall of McCall and his party, and the elevation of their leader, Carwile, to a position of domineering superiority and unlimited power in “dry” politics.

Violent accusations have been made by both sides, and the situation is hourly becoming more entangled. Carwile charges McCall with using his (McCall’s) presence and influence in the vicinity of Old Stone Church to help swing the election. McCall, in turn, charges G. J. Sheppard with carrying the Freshmen to Old Stone Church, and Carwile with furnishing the money.
Carwile further charges McCall with going to Old Stone Church on Sunday afternoon, ostensibly to conduct a Sunday School, when in reality he went for the vile purpose of arranging for his later night trips in the interests of his election, which he meant to accomplish mainly in the "moonshine."

Again McCall comes back at Carwile with the statement that Carwile used underhand methods and pernicious practices in trapping and falsely accusing Stribling and Wallace.

Both contingents are red hot, and circulating numerous reports concerning the diabolical situation and proceedings. The citizens of the community are expecting the destruction of property and serious loss of life. Nothing definite can be conjectured, as to the outcome, till morning.

THE COUNTRY IS SAVED
(Later insert, June, 1916)

A long pending issue is settled, bringing relief to the public mind. H. R. Trott graduates.

A PROPHESIED EVENT

That JoJo Morrison will retain his position as poet-laureate of the Republic of Mexico is an undisputed fact. Clemson will retain her high place among the men of letters, although some have thought that the literature of the Clemsonians was on the decline. Morrison will always be a star in the Mexican poetical sky, and he cannot but retain the favor of Carranza so long as he produces poetry that appeals to a Mexican as do the following verses:

TURNIPS A LA JAWBONE
W. A. M., Toreador, Mexico

'Twas only a half-rotten jawbone.
The remains of a long buried beast,
Which found in the turnips at dinner
Took away all the joy of the feast;
For those who had eaten were sickened,
While those who had not were afraid,
Lest they pluck from the dishes around them
A remnant of something long dead.

We wondered just what was the reason
They put this ingredient in,
Since it did not add to the flavor

Nor yet was it fit food for men;
It could not be called ornamental,
But some fellow, after awhile,
Said it must be the latest from Paris—
So of course it was put in for style.

Then a general order was issued
('Twas number ten billion and two),
Saying, "See the jawbone in the turnips,
'Twas with it the great Samson slew
All the foes which dared to beset him;
We're trying it out upon you
In hopes that it still may be fatal—
You must gnaw on the bone when you're through."

SUDDEN FLUCTUATION OF PRICES
IN ORANGEBURG EGG MARKET—
ECONOMISTS PUZZLED.

On February 21, 1916, much speculation sprang up in the Orangeburg egg market. All buyers specified rotten eggs, if possible. Housewives in the near vicinity robbed their setting hens, and rushed to the market with eggs that were in the prime of hatching. Experts accounted for the unusual demand for over-ripe eggs by calling attention to the hooked performance of the Clemson Glee Club.
THE EXTREME REQUIREMENTS OF THE PROHIBITION LEAGUE

At a recent meeting of the league, at Clemson, it was found that the enrollment was too small. On discussing the question, it was pointed out by some that the requirements for membership were too rigid. One man stated that he would join but for the fact that he could not meet the requirement of drinking two quarts without stopping. In consequence of these remarks, the capacity test was reduced from two quarts to one quart.

THE TIGER USED FOR PERSONAL VANTAGE

It has been noted of late that certain rivals have been abusing the columns of The Tiger, by using them against the interests of each other. C. S. Anderson has been seriously accused of using this paper to pursue his love cases. Anderson does not deny this charge, but states that some of his rivals have, in the same paper, been trying to undermine some of his love affairs. When The Tiger becomes an organ of love, it is indeed time for —— some of our prospective bachelors to take a hand.
A VISITOR'S VIEWINGS

W. A. M.

With Apologies to you, Rudyard, old boy

"What are the bugles blowing for?" once asked a visiting maid.
"For reveille, for reveille," her sleepy hostess said.
"What's that that looks so white, so white?" then said this lovely maid.
"It's ankles shown without the socks," her sleepy hostess said.
"For they wake the boys so early they don't have much time to dress,
And they do their exercises before they think of rest,
Not because they really want to, but the Colonel thinks it best—
So they do their exercises every morning."

"I'd like to see the boys at drill," then said this lovely maid.
"We'll go at once and take it in," her buoyant hostess said.
"Why do they grunt so loud at times?" next asked this lovely maid.
"Those are the things the boys must do," her buoyant hostess said.
"These are swinging on a pivot, 'Company Right' was the command,
Those are in extended order, learning how to make a stand,
That our nation still may triumph though an enemy's at hand—
So they do a little drilling every morning."

"What do they give them all to eat?" then asked the lovely maid.
"Just bread and 'bull'—that's steak or pork," her knowing hostess said.
"How do they ever chew such stuff?" then asked the lovely maid.
"They swallow it in lumps, my dear," her knowing hostess said.
"For their teeth would soon be useless if they tried to chew this stuff,
All they do is fill their stomachs; yes, of course, it's just a bluff,
But they buy eggs, ham, or oysters till their systems cry 'Enough'
If they just have got their money in the morning."
“Where are those boys all walking to?” next asked this visiting maid.
“‘They aren’t walking anywhere,’” her lovely hostess said.
“Then why do they creep around that Square?” next asked this visiting maid.
“Oh, that’s a form of punishment,” her lovely hostess said.
“For when they get reported, which the best of them must be,
The privates take their guns and walk, as you can plainly see,
And Duckett, when he’s angry, runs them ‘round and ‘round one tree—
That’s when he gets up with a headache in the morning.”

“What is that bugle blowing for?” then asked this lovely maid.
“It’s ‘Taps,’ that sends the boys to bed,” her weary hostess said.
“Then let us also go to sleep,” half yawned the lovely maid.
“I haven’t very far to go,” her weary hostess said.
“And unless I am mistaken in the meaning of that yawn,
You will not again awaken at the breaking of the dawn,
But you’ll lie in bed a-sleeping, with the covers tightly drawn,
When they have that old formation in the morning.”

Pomes

By Pote-Lawrate “Kipling” Garris

INDEED!

“I am a model man,” Carwile said;
As he reached up to the shelf there
And got some hair-curlers red,
With which to curl his hair.

A NEW JACK HORNER

S. C. Stribling Horner,
The great reformer,
Ate a political pie,
He stuck in his thumbs
For political plums,
And said, “Lives there a greater man than

THIS IS THE QUESTION

To flunk or not to flunk: that is the question;
Whether it is nobler in the mind to fail
On unjust and outrageous examinations,
Or to get help when you’re in trouble,
And, by riding a pony, pass them?

AT LAST

(First Verse)
Sheppard’s got the whooping cough
And Cox has got the mumps;
West’s got the chicken pox
And Sitton has got the dumps.
(Second Verse, Ditto)
Children's Page
ADDRESS LETTERS TO UNCLE DINGLE
EXTENSION DIVISION
Clemson College, S. C.

Dear Uncle Dingle:—I am a cute little girl; and my mamma says I am as old as my tongue and a little older than my teeth. I am the only girl in this whole school, so everybody calls me "Sis." The boys don't buy me cheese sandwiches and take me to the picture show as much as they do most girls; and I just can't understand it. Please tell me what I can do to make myself more attractive.

Your friend
"SIS" BROWN

Dear Uncle Dingle:—My name iss Diedrick, but it iss not Diedrick von Knickerbocker. I vass a German, and I 'ope the Germans vill vin; but I vill leat that be, and let 'em fight it out for 'emselves. I don't peliefe in fighting nohow, 'cause a fellow iss liable to get 'urt. I am specializing in "chasing lightning"; and ven I grow up to be a man, I vill 'lectrofy mine fatter's blace off pizzareness.

Your little Dutchman
DIEDRICK AMIE
In Bob Sweeney's Biscuit Store


“Runt” Townsend dashes into “D” Wallace’s room with a lean and hungry look. “Say, ‘D,’ how about opening up the Y. M.?” he asks, as he jingles two “jits” together in his bathrobe pocket.

“All right, just as soon as I get through writing this letter to ‘G. W. C.’”, “D” responded in his beautiful (?) drawing voice.


Their wants are multitudinous, and one can hear nothing above the cries of, “Shoot a couple of Chero’s, ‘D’”—; “Two dime mixtures”—; “One jit peanut butter, and a jit’s worth of cheese crackers”—; “One of ‘square’.” Mullet shouts, “Keep your hand out of that cracker-box, Jake Wise.”

And now let us take a look around us. The first thing that we see is “Mule” Littlejohn, who has just come in, slipping a few extra crackers into his overcoat pocket. The floor is covered with empty bottles and paper bags. Behind the counter, “Mullet” and “D” are struggling to deal out the crackers and Chero’s. Over in one corner, by the radiator, “Runt” and Willie Green are trying, just for fun(?), to see how many bottles of Chero-Cola will fit into their bathrobe pockets.

The crowd gets ready to leave, as Taps draws near, as they have eaten everything eatable and drunk everything drinkable in the Y. M. “Jake” Wise departs to discuss the subject of antique furniture. “Strib” goes along with him—not to discuss antique furniture, but to write to Newberry. Luke Verner goes along, too, as he has to order some material from a certain establishment in Richmond. “John” Wannamaker, “Hawkshaw,” and Waldo depart for the green fields.” “Mule” Littlejohn leaves to eat his pies, which his confederate in the kitchen has given him. “Zu-Zu” Oliver departs for the Bowery, to design a few electric motors, generators, and a few other little things before Taps sounds. Finally, they all drift out, leaving “D” and “Mullet” to straighten up for the next night.

“My Luck”

There are fishes in the brook—
Others catch them; I cannot.
But when there’re zeroes in Fessor’s book
To get them always is my lot.

—J. M. C., ’16
THE SON-OF-A-GUN HAD A SON WHO WAS HAZED

Those boys at Clemson certainly do haze.

YES They certainly do.

Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness—

Don't forget my number.

Remember 128.

Dear Pop: These horrid boys have nearly killed me. Although the administration has treated me exactly as a son.

Percy.
Dear Aunt Jane:—Last September I became acquainted with a most attractive belle of a town of about fifteen inhabitants. Since that time, I have lost about forty pounds of flesh, had many nightmares, have been heavily censured by the Commandant for asking for a great many furiously, have been afflicted with sore feet, my sole has been worn at all times, and I have been threatened with a frenzied derangement of my cranium. Please give me your advice, for it will be much appreciated by “Sis.”

Patiently waiting

WILLIAM B. CAMPAIN

Your case comes near being irremediable. Don’t go beyond the end of the boardwalk, lest you be seized by a beautiful spotted being, which will lure you to the city where a pane will quell your heart. Go slowly by all means, for beautiful creatures are often treacherous.

Dear Aunt Jane:—I am the best-looking man in Pindelton. I am quiet, kind in nature, and have just lots of loving arts. The girls call me wallflower—I suppose, on account of my winning ways. I am positively sure that they all admire me; but I can’t get one of them to get serious with me. I am desirous of matrimony—blonde preferred. Please advise.

JO SITTINGS

To me your egotism is inconceivable. I refer you to the “Modern Art of Love-Making,” by Frisko Miers; and trust that you will profit thereby. I wish I could give you more advice, but your case is somewhat out of the ordinary. I advise you to hunt a strawberry blonde, hoping that she may loosen your tongue and enlighten your siren.

Dear Aunt Jane:—I am in love with a girl who is twenty years older than I am, and threatens to marry another guy if I don’t hurry up and go to work. My nights are sleepless, and my abstraction far beyond reparation. What am I to do?

JACK HAIGLER

You evidently have an attack of delirious monomania. By all means let her marry the other fellow; and go jump into the river.

Dear Aunt Jane:—My girl has gone back on me. What have I done?

CLATING YOUNG

Nothing.

Dear Aunt Jane:—Why is it that a girl always shuts her eyes when I kiss her?

COTTON MATHER

Tell me of your face. Otherwise, I cannot advise you.

Near-Benedicts

“He whose firm faith no reason could remove Will melt before that soft seducer, love”

BARRE, M. L.  LITTLEJOHN, C. E.

O’DELL, D. G.  MCKEOWN, H. S.

VINCENT, C. A.  YOUNG, E. C.

HENDERSON, J. R.  FOLGER, D. F.

WISE, J. R.  BYERS, W. B.

*Ring returned.
†Engagement not advertised yet.
A Bachelor's Psalm of Life

(Apolologies to Longfellow)

Tell me not about the fair sex,
For I now know far too much;
I used to think it wasn't pretext,
But I now know it is such.

Woman is pretty! Woman is lovely!
But these things amount to naught;
Her true form is not so curvyl,
And her beauty is often bought.

If you buy them some confections,
You can kiss them every day;
They will claim they have objections—
Don't believe a word they say.

Life is short, and time is flying,
We must sport them while we can;
They will hint—but keep on trying
To remain a single man.

In this world of toil and trouble,
In this time of death and life;
Your mishaps will certainly double
If you tie on to a wife.

Trust no woman, how'ev'r truthful—
They are like the books you've read.
Love them not, though they be youthful;
Always try to keep your head.

Lives of henpecked men remind us,
Who have not as yet been caught—
Oh! we might leave sons behind us,
But we rather guess we'll not.

By so doing, may some brother
Who is tempted by the wiles
Of a Cleopatra or some other,
See the danger in her smiles.

Let us then go billing, cooing;
Let us call them sweet and fair.
It is lovely to be wooing—
But you'd better step right there.

—J. M. G., '16

Leap-Year Corporation

Wary-mannered House-fly-hating Jenkins.
Roving Marriage-hating O'Neal.
Confederate Heart-throbber Albreicht.
Goodness-gracious How-the-old-maids-harass Harris
Right-respectable but Extraordinary-bashful Laidlaw.
Anti-femmes Cat-loving Dibble.
Dark Horse Banks.

Just-a-Sweet-Canteloupe Rhod.
Eminently Cautious Morrison.
Much Too-good-a-cook-himself Johnson.
*H. R. Trott.

*Admitted to the club for not applying for membership.
Us Privates

W. A. M., '16

We don't shine much
at dress parade.
We ain't no bears
at drill,
Inspection makes us get
"lit up,"
Dress guard-mount makes
us ill.
But what of that? for these
are things
We'll never need in life;
We'll have no need for
"Order Arms"
When we shall seek a
wife.
And when we're safely
married,
And rolling-pins start to
fly,
You'll never find us mark-
ing time—
We won't take time to
try.
Our special orders we will
hear
More often than we need,
So what's the use of saying
them
When one's mouth is full
of "weed."
But wait—I'd better take
that back,
For I have heard men
tell
How they with squalling
kids have walked,
Just like a sentinel.
Still let that come when it
will come,
We do not need it here,
We'd sooner take that fatal
step
If we didn't feel this fear.
Chickens

The name “Chicken” is of rather obscure origin, thought by some to have originated among the habitues of the vaudeville houses of the East Side, New York; while others believe it began its career upon the lips of an unknown race-track gambler of Louisville, Ky. Be that as it may, the name clings persistently to a certain very beautiful animal, found principally in the torrid, temperate, and frigid zones.

The chicken was first discovered by Adam, in the garden of Eden, about the year one, as near as we can place the date. Of course the garden of Eden has long since disappeared, and it is impossible to say exactly where it was. Most Americans claim that it was about twenty minutes from the present site of Hoboken Ferry. Adam called the newly discovered animal Eve, which name has been corrupted countless numbers of times until we finally have “Chicken.” Certain it is that Solomon’s “Apple of mine eye” was no other than the chicken of today. And Bobby Burns’ “Ponny Lassies?” Truly, they were chickens, too. A red chicken, of decided fighting proclivities, was discovered in America by Columbus, in 1492. Prior to that time only the black, brown, yellow, and white were known. Among other animals brought over by our illustrious forefathers to the shores of America were a few white chickens, and these formed the nucleus for the dominating type of America. However, owing to modern facilities for transportation, all five types are now known and seen the world over.

The chicken belongs to the mammalian family, the most highly developed family of animals, and to the genus homo. So it may be seen that, though they belong to the same family as the goat, sheep, cow, and horse, they also belong to the same genus as man. This of course places them rather well along in the scale of evolution.

The modern chicken should be between five feet five inches and five feet nine inches in height, and should weigh between one hundred and five and one hundred and thirty-five pounds at the age of eighteen years; may be either blond or brunette (even the various intermediate shades are not barred, provided they meet certain other requirements). The cheeks and ears should be slightly pink and, some of the leading authorities claim, so should the toes. However, owing to the innovation of shoes during
the last few centuries, this latter point is extremely difficult to determine. As chickens are always selected for their appearance, as a chief point, the color of plumage is of extreme importance. They must not carry more than thirteen and seven-tenths colors at once, as a greater number tends to give an inharmonious effect. Furthermore, these colors are limited strictly to the seven colors of the spectrum, with their intermediate shades and mixtures. We may say in parentheses that the tendency of the past few years has been toward somewhat lighter feathering than was formerly the accepted standard, due largely to the fact that chickens in private life instinctively try to conform to the very "fetching" appearance of showbirds. Chickens show remarkable resemblance to a number of other plants and animals. For instance, certain individuals have been likened unto their jewels, and in a few rare instances have been called "My most precious crown-jewel." However, we believe this exclamation to have been uttered under the stress of strong emotion, and therefore subject to certain modifications in saner moments. Numbers of writers have rung in the doe, the fawn, the dove, the lark, and other animals for effective comparisons. To fling on at the psychological moment such a sentence as, "In her eyes was the look of the trembling doe as the huntsman stoops to plunge the cruel knife into her already bleeding heart," is certainly very touching.

The chicken seems to have no particular climate, no soil, no country, but seems to thrive equally well in all parts of the world.

The chief enemies of chickens are, rouge, paint, dyes, mosquitoes, mice, and mothers-in-law. The first three can be easily eradicated by making their manufacture a capital crime. As to the fourth, we refer you to Dr. J. C. Hamlin's "The Skeeter." Mice and mothers-in-law must be dealt with as occasion arises.

So God bless all chickens to our good, and us to their service.

A number of eminent men, among whom may be included Drs. Hamlin, Siddall, and Trott, three of the most prominent research workers of the day, have spent the last four years in the study of the history, characteristics, and habits of these interesting birds, and have accumulated an enormous amount of valuable information, which we feel will be of interest to the readers of this publication. If you wish to pursue the subject further, and in more detail, we refer you to Dr. Siddall's "The Evolution of the Chicken," Dr. Trott's "The Bird of Paradise," and his novel, "Some Bird."
"Red" Boyd is an unlucky guy; He seems to be doomed by fate; At drill it's claimed he doesn't try, And at reveille he's always late.

"Mutt" Ward's legs are awfully long, The longest that can be found; Their length, however, isn't far wrong, For they only reach the ground.

T.H.Tate is the fellow's name Who is captain of company "L" Now he might be winning fame, But his company is catching hell.

O'dell had a macknaw, He bought it very cheap; He's the biggest fool I ever saw For he put it on to sleep.

If music were produced by hot air, It's a fact as sure as you're born; If "Bussy" McKeown was around anywhere You'd hear a huge musical horn.

Myers was a blooming dunce, He's a tight-wad and a miser; He had tobacco only once, And that was Advertising.

The above clippings came from the pen Of J.M. Garris, nicknamed "Hen".

James Henderson's a lad that Charleston made, But everybody calls him "Jim". And teaches the girls to swim, He swings his 2nd lieutenant's blade.

That Ward's lamb was popular, Wills surely is the savior Of Duncan's bellowing cow, He took a sound at the clock.
Advertisements

GET YOUR CHEESE NOW—J. W. Stribling and H. L. Suggs.

BE PROFANE—Everybody learning it. Get the habit. Let me teach you in three clandestine lessons. R. B. Waite, Y. M. C. A. Building.

WANTED—A wife, who has a steady income of four or five thousand dollars or more; not too inquisitive; and too proud to let her husband work. "Crip" Clark.

I WILL TEACH YOU TO SWIM

"HAVE YOU A LITTLE IVORY IN YOUR DOME?"

"With apologies to whom apologies are due"

WANTED—By a respectable old lady, a traveling companion. Preferably named Annie. Apply to Grandma Young. P. S.—The applicant must be able to laugh at a good joke.

BOC DER KYZER! Der German Jew, Old clothes for sale; A suit for you. Come and see Eberstein Woodaleberg Kyzer.

FOR SALE—A pair of shoulder straps. Good as new. Never been used but twenty-five hours. Apply to Gen. W. A. Pickens (Retired).

BUY ONE—"Slouchy" Hamlin has invented a chair that can be adjusted to eight hundred different positions. It is designed especially for the use of the boys at Church. For sale by W. T. Patrick.
FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

AN EX-TANGO ARTIST, being affected with chills trembleitis, wishes to exchange a pair of dancing pumps and a pair of white duck trousers for a suit of overalls and six red masher neckties. The dancing outfit has never been worn but once, and then only in spots. Address R. Jo Cheatham.

A WISE GUY will exchange three volumes of original wit and humor, carefully selected and censored by "Chops" Albright, for enough so-called common-sense to answer questions of the following species: "If the engineer of Halley's comet blew the whistle as he passed Mars, how many head of cabbage could an Angora eat before the sound would be heard in a boiler factory on Fifth Avenue?" Please answer before Lame Duck week. Hi Ella Sowell.

WANTED to know why the lower limbs of the Palmetto are more shapely than others of the same age. Reply to the Backwoodsman, care of P. N. Smith, Sandy Springs, S. C.

AN AMPUTATED GENTLEMAN in reduced circumstances is very desirous of exchanging a perfectly good appendix for enough ready cash to pay for having same removed. He will give in addition sixty-nine drill credits, and enough extras to make the figures in Charlie Chaplin's salary look like the Widow's mite. Horticulturally yours, F. W. Chatham.

BEAUTIFY YOUR DOME. Everybody talking about the Dome beautiful. A testimonial: Dear Sir—I cannot recommend too highly the Egyptian Hair Restorer made by the Heiss Laboratory method. It will grow hair on an ostrich egg over night. A luxuriant stand guaranteed on ivory, as I have tried it on my own. Yours in Grateful Gratitude, George Prince. This famous itemely advertised and sold by F. Wooden Berry, B. F.

PATENT FOR SALE—A device to be attached to a suitcase in such a manner as to kick both itself and the suitcase off a fast-moving train. This handy labor-saving instrument has been used by the inventor with much success for four years in his travels to and from Mountville. Apply to S. F. Thornton.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—There will be an auction sale in front of Chapel, this evening, at five o'clock. The articles to be sold are brand new, having been confiscated from Mike O'Neal as contraband. The itemized list is as follows: Six dozen cross-eyed knitting needles, four packages wheelbarrow seed, one pound hen's teeth, three gallons pink hooch, for garden use, and the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit. Everybody be on time. Judge J. R. Latimer will preside over the sale.

TO OUR CUSTOMERS—A recipe telling how to make a dollar go a long way. "Mail it to China!" Submittted by J. W. Simpson, Financier.

I WILL SELL—A Lullaby—Ifsh little birdie, don't you cry, you'll pass Daniels by and by. Address W. F. Wright, English Room.

Dear Mr. Editor:
"Could you use five or six excellent photos showing me in bizarre or chic poses?"

Yours truly.
J. F. BLACKMON
Inventor’s Explanatory Notes of Automatic Bucket- Shifter

A bucket A is emptied, springs S raise platform R, which pulls cord B. Cord B pulls prop C from under trapboard D, which falls to platform R. Cord C unwinds just fast enough to prevent bucket E from overturning. Weight of full bucket E overcomes resistance of spring S, pressing platform R down, consequently bearing end of lever G down. Fulerum under lever G causes long end to rise. This disturbs balancer H, and breaks previously established equilibrium in weight, causing heavy weight I to tumble off platform J, snatching cord K with it. Cord K violently snatch bucket A up to pulley, where hook L catches bucket handle. Then the improved automatic clock and pulley M starts off on wire U; simultaneously, carrying bucket A on hook L. Trigger O frees bucket A from hook L. Bucket A drops to platform D—former position of bucket E. This is perpetual. Invented by J. M. Eleazer.

RECOMMENDATIONS: G. Shanklin.

(Patent not pending.)

The Charge Our Class Has Made

(With compliments to A. Tennyson, from W. A. M.)

Half a term, half a term,
Half a term onward,
Till we were Sophomores
Nearly three hundred.
Then, "All but your name is wrong,
Rub off your board," this song
Down in the room of "Dave"
Too often thundered.

"Be brief but full," displayed
On an exam., dismayed
All who had ever seen
That chart which was numbered:
Giving some writer's life,
All his domestic strife—
Yet throughout "B--ld—H--d's talk
We Sophomores slumbered.
Then Physics flunked some of us,
"Shep" "judged" a host of us,
While Lowery, in other words,
Said some of us blundered.
But we did very well
Came out of this awful hell,
Losing along the way
Only one hundred.

Then we as Juniors gay,
Tried to make holiday,
Thinking the "lessors" would
Give us a hundred;
But down went we debonair,
Down beyond all repair.
When a whole host of "ives"
To our grades wandered.

Questions which laughed at us
Questions which glared at us,
Questions which conquered us,
Left but one hundred.
We who have fought so well,
Scarce have breath to tell
How our dear comrades fell,
All their hopes sended.

But since a Class we've made,
Never let its glory fade,
But as one hundred
Faithful, successful men,
Let us not think of rest
Till all say our class is best,
And all the world's wondered.
The Air-Float Quartet

"Jake" Kendrick .............................................. "Demelodist"
"Jack" Haigler ............................................... "Deharmonist"
"Clayte" Young .............................................. "Confusionist"
"Ed" Kyzer .................................................... "Annoyist"

Purpose: To disturb the peaceful dreams of the Sunday afternoon sleeper.
Favorite Song: "The Dog Disliked the Baby, So They Gave the Child Away"
Encores: "Mary Wore an Ex-Ray Dress," "Short Sheets Make the Bed Seem Longer"

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Motto: "To Keep a Good Thing Going"

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A Study of Types
Dear Old Clemson as the Public Sees Her

SOUTH CAROLINA is situated on the left side of the State of Klemson Agrikultural Kindergarten. It is located on the Blue Ridge Railroad, on the route from Pendleton, the metropolis of the left end of the State, to Seneca, a mere trifle.

The Kollege owns about eight hundred and ninety thousands of an acre of land, on which is located a large farm, including several hogs and a woodshed.

Every year the kollege receives a large sum of money, the source of which is the pure food tax; all farmers being forced at the point of the bayonet to pay an income tax on every can of soap used by the students. This money is spent in beautifying the beautiful grounds with many beautiful flowers and other beautiful animals.

Klemson Agrikultural Kollege leads the South in the price of shoes, and is therefore considered best school for young boys and others.

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A course for training in Library Methods is given.

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In this Department instruction given in Piano, Organ, Sight Singing, Voice Training, and Chorus Singing.

Scholarships
Each County is given as many Scholarships as it has Members in the House of Representatives. A Scholarship is worth One Hundred Dollars and Free Tuition, and must be won by competitive examination.

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Value of a Technical College Education

A young man can make no better investment than in a technical education. Viewed merely as a matter of business, even if he has to borrow the money at interest, he will find that his increased earning capacity will, perhaps even the year after graduation, be sufficient to repay the loan. It is a poor business policy to wait to earn the money necessary to pay for an education, with an earning capacity only one-half or one-third that of an educated man. Every year of untrained, uneducated labor represents a direct financial loss. Every boy of ability and ambition, whose parents are unable to pay for his education, should get some friend to endorse his note at the bank, and begin preparation that will make for greater earning capacity and a fuller life. There is no time to lose. The world is looking for 1,000 horse-power men, and is willing to pay for them. There is already a surplus of the one-horse-power variety.

A College education is no longer a luxury of the rich, but more a necessity of the poor boy whose parents can give him little or nothing to start on. In earning capacity, a College education represents at the outset a capital of from $15,000 to $30,000, depending upon the energy, character, and personality of the possessor; and the capital increases with every year of its efficient use.

There never was a time in the history of the world when expert knowledge was so much in demand, so indispensable to individual success, and so highly compensated.

Clemson College brings within the reach of every boy in South Carolina the benefits and possibilities of a technical education. He is here offered an opportunity to enjoy some of the good things of life. The way is provided whereby, if he have the ambition and capacity for knowledge, he need not continue in ignorance. Here, at a cost lower than at any similar institution, can a young man obtain an education second to none.

Religious Influences

The College contributes to the salary of four resident ministers, who conduct divine services and do pastoral work among the cadets in barracks. There is a flourishing Sunday School and Y. M. C. A., with two salaried Y. M. C. A. Secretaries. A $75,000 Y. M. C. A. building, completed January, 1916.

Scholarships and Examinations

The College maintains 168 four-year scholarships in the Agricultural and Textile Courses, and 91 in the One-Year Agricultural Course (October 10 to June 8). Each scholarship is worth one hundred dollars and free tuition.

Scholarship and entrance examinations are held at the county courthouse, at 9 a.m., July 14. Write for full information in regard to the scholarships open to your county next session, and the laws governing their award. It is worth your while to try for one of these scholarships.

Those who are not seeking to enter on scholarships, are advised to stand examinations on July 14, rather than wait until they come to College in the fall. Credit will be given for any examinations passed at the county seat.

Cost

The cost of any of the thirteen regular four-year courses, or the Two-Year Textile Course, is $147.90 per session. This amount covers uniforms, board, room, heat, light, water, laundry, and all fees, except tuition. Tuition is $40.00 additional, to those who are able to pay.

The cost of the One-Year Agricultural Course is $177.95. This amount covers the same items as are listed above.

The cost of the Four-Weeks' Course for Farmers, and the Four-Weeks' Course in Cotton Grading, is $19.00. This amount covers board, heat, light, and water. No uniforms are required.

FOR CATALOG, ETC., WRITE AT ONCE TO

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