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S. LITTLEJOHN, JR.
BUSINESS MANAGER
VOLUME TEN
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THE
SENIOR CLASS
OF
CLEMSON
AGRICULTURAL
COLLEGE
CLEMSON COLLEGE, S.C.
Dedication

TO OUR COLLEGE MOTHER

Mrs. Minnie Shands Middleton

WHO HAS WELL ACTED THE PART OF A MOTHER
TO THE STUDENT BODY.
AND WHO, BY HER CHEERFUL SMILES,
TOGETHER WITH HER PRAYERS AND SYMPATHY.
HAS KEPT US UNFAILINGLY IN THE
PATH OF DUTY,
WE, ATTEMPTING TO SHOW HER OUR APPRECIATION.
DEDICATE THIS VOLUME OF
"TAPS"
"TAPS" for Nineteen-Seventeen

A HISTORY OF THE COLLEGE

T WAS on a hot summer day in July, 1893, that 446 "Rats" toilfully plodded the dusty road from Calhoun and Cherrys to our College. After matriculating, these youths immediately penetrated the recesses of barracks. Then there was no hungry Sophomore for them to supply with "contraband;" no vandal's hand to turn their beds; no audacious villain to become knight of the bayonet. Everyone was on a plane free and equal. We sometimes ponder on how these young men were able to prevent homesickness without a superior in barracks. However, four long years passed, and, in December, 1896, thirty-seven dignified Seniors gravely received their "dips," and once more were turned into the hard, cold world.

In this line, we may consider the amount of speculation as to when the practice of hazing was first installed. By the process of Reductio ad Absurdum, we have arrived at the conclusion that it was begun in July, 1894. In the same connection comes the origin of the word "Rat." There have been thousands of explanations offered and theories advanced concerning this problem. However, there has lately become to our eyes an explanation which seems highly probable. This explanation states that the word, "Rat," probably has some connection with the Malayan Rattan, a cane used sometimes by pedestrians and sometimes by flogging-masters. This theory is accepted by some of our most worthy scholars.

Until 1897, the College had been operated between the months of February and December. However, it was not long before the boys took a sudden notion that it was too hot in July to plow, and that they objected to hoeing cotton; so, by a request of the majority, the college was thereafter operated between the months of September and June only. So now the boys can carry on only fall, winter, and spring plowing.

About this time, the annual football game with Carolina was started, and, as tradition tells us, the Tigers have usually come back with feathers in their mouths. The same old spirit is prevailing now as in the dear old days of 1900.

Tradition states that militarism has always been a feature in our curriculum. In the good old days of 1910, the life of a soldier was indeed a great one. The old records say that Reveille occurred at 10 a.m., and Tattoo at 6 p.m.; Taps was entirely optional. The "Rats" were aroused at intervals of thirty minutes by a rotation of their downyouches. In these good old days democracy of military life ruled supreme.

But, ah, a warrior stepped in, and Militarism pitched his tent on college grounds in 1912, and ruled supreme. No longer did the ruddy sun kiss the ranks of Reveille; no longer did the clink of beds arouse the sleeping "Rats." For in the dead of night, as the sonorous snores of the sleeping soldiers softly soared above the barracks, a clanging of bells and blaring of trumpets, followed immediately by a rush from barracks, could oft be heard amidst this chieftain's rule. Not content with this, he endeavored to change the title of our dear "Rats" to that of "Recruits," which attempt met with very little success.

But chronological and climatic order seems to have proceeded hand in hand in the military line at our College. It is rumored that we are soon to have a military contest with West Point, but, of course, our authorities are confident of our success. We hope also to arrange such a contest with one of the higher German Universities in the near future. Lights have been constructed at various points on the campus in order to afford light to the First Sergeants at Reveille in case of the absence of the moon.

It is barely possible that the "Rats" of 1893 would recognize their old Alma Mater. The main building was burnt down and rebuilt in 1894. Barracks and buildings of instruction have risen on every side. New residences are scattered over the hill. A beautiful Y. M. C. A. building has been recently erected. Our campus has been wonderfully improved.

Let us say to these men of '96, and to all others of our graduates, that we are all sons of the same old Alma Mater, and should entertain the same high regard towards the College. So let us all be loyal to her forever, and always keep in view our common interest in doing everything to help old Clemson along.

M. M. BRICE, '17.
IN MEMORIAM

Josiah Owens McCants

FRESHMAN CLASS

DIED

DECEMBER 23, 1916
Order of Books

I. Administration.
II. Classes.
III. Military.
IV. Athletics.
V. Publications.
VI. Platform.
VII. Clubs.
VIII. Organizations.
IX. Satire.
X. Advertisements.
TO OUR ALMA MATER

'Tis to thee that our mem'ries in future days
Will fly back when we think of the past:
The sweet mem'ries of thee will help brighten the haze
Of the life that has rolled by so fast.

Of the days we have spent in thy dear old walls,
Of the friends we have gained there, too,
In the bypaths of duty and college halls
We shall dream when the mem'ries pass thru.

And we'll always be loyal to the home of the past,
To the college we love so well;
And 'twill sadden us all when we leave you at last—
When we bid to our college farewell.

For we thank thee, dear college, for all these things,
And we thank thee for joys that were free;
And when thoughts of the past our sweet memory brings,
We shall always remember thee.

— M. M. B.
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We will get no more out of life than we put into it.

Chemistry
Corporal; Senior Private; Chemistry Science Club, '17; Aiken County Club; Class Football, '14; Agricultural Society; Senior Privates' Club; Senior Dancing Club; Track, '15, '16, '17; Captain Track Team, '17; Varsity Football, '16, '17; Block "C" Club; Hard Boys' Club, '17.

"John Pat" was not cut out to be a military man, even though he has the appearance of one. "Colonel" tried to thrust military honors upon him, but he modestly refused them and said that he would rather walk the narrow and straight way. He is an athlete in every sense of the word. "John Pat" is one of the fastest men in the South—in the true sense of the word! His ability as a football player has been shown in game after game. He not only stars on the gridiron and cinder bed, but in the classroom as well. His knowledge of chemistry has even astonished "Dickey." We believe that he will reach the line of success in life as readily as he can in a track meet.

James Little Alford
Dillon, S. C.

When hearts are true,
Few words will do.

Agronomy
Senior Private; Class Football, '14, '15, '16; Senior Privates' Club; Clean Sleep Club; Secretary, '16, Literary Critic, '17; Wade Hampton Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer, '16, President, '17, Dillon County Club; Varsity Football, '16, '17; Block "C" Club, '17.

"Tubbie," "Captain Schindel" refers to the little fellow from Dillon. "Tub" is very probably the most widely known boy in the corps. Some say that this is due to his many nick names and to the impressive way in which he introduces himself to the "Rats," but we think that the fact is due to his cheerful "Hello" and to his irresistible good humor. "Tubbie" believes in visiting his friends and in having his good time, but this is not all he does. "Tubbie" says that he studies moderately, and we take his word for it. However, when grades are posted, he is among the joyful ones who are above the fateful sixty. He is also a football player of ability, a good Literary Society man, and in general, a very valuable man to his class. Though you would hardly suspect it, "Tubbie" is deeply in lov
Haskell Allison
Brevard, N. C.
"out the light out and all women are alike.

Mechanical-Elec. Engineering
Private; Corporal; Sergeant; Sergeant Major; Captain; Senior Private; President Metropolitan Club; Vice-President Mandolin Club; Secretary and Treasurer Junior Dancing Club; Secretary and Treasurer Cosmopolitan Club; A. I. E. E.; Hard Boys' Club; Senior Private Club; Sophomore Dancing Club; Junior Dancing Club; Senior Dancing Club; Thalian Dancing Club.

Alice, as he is best known, hails from the Tar-Heel State. He at once accepted the name of the roughest rider in school, and at the death of "Buffalo Bill," we see for him a future. "Alice," although inclined to be military, thought more of his friends than of military honors. By means of his slick tongue and winning ways, he has won many friends. "Alice" is very fond of the fairer sex, and his special delight is tipping the light fantastic toe. He is always ready pull a good practical joke, and he knows how to— one just as well as to pull one. His good traits are not be given in so small a place; but he has more than enough to make a wonderful success. We see a great future for "Hack" as superintendent of "Bred Electric Power Association."

Vernon Trippe Anderson
Spartanburg, S. C.

Sic Semper Tyrannis; Nux Vomica and Onion Skins.

Agriculture-Dairying
Drum Major; Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant; Senior Private; Clemson College Dramatic Club; Thalian Club; Sophomore, Junior and Senior Dancing Clubs; Glee Club; Wade Hampton Literary Society; Sanhedrins; Senior Privates; Agricultural Society.

"T. V." entered Clemson as a member of the class of '16, but becoming dissatisfied with military life, decided to try the fate of the cold world. After a year of this life, he joined the ranks of those who are fighting under the banner of '17. During his Junior year, he was the most spectacular man in college, as he held the honored position of drum major. The memories of his antics with the baton will long remain indelibly stamped in the minds of many, especially those of the fair sex. The word "yabbo" stands as a landmark in his college career, he having been a "martyr" to this unknown cause. He has an unusually lively disposition, and never allows his class work to interfere with his social duties. "He says he is majoring in Dairying." Here's wishing him the best of success in whatever capacity it may be the will of fate for him to serve.
Howell Taylor Arthur
Richmond, Va.

The best of men have ever loved repose.

CIVIL ENGINEERING

Senior Private; Thalian Dancing Club; Cosmopolitan Club; Honorary Member Sea Gulls; Clean Sleeve Club; Senior Privates’ Club; Class Football, ’16.

“Dusty,” as many of us know him, joined us when we were Rats, and he hailed from Charleston. For some unknown reason, H. T. moved to Richmond, Va. His class-mates could never figure why he made this move, for he could pass through Columbia on his way to Charleston, as well as to Richmond. From the letters received from the Capital, it looks as if H. T. expects to make Columbia his future home, or else he will move part of Columbia to Richmond. “Dusty” often narrates how he sat up all night on the Pullman from Clemson to Richmond. We predict that this man will finally end with the Southern, for he always defends the slow trains. If H. T. is as true to Civil Engineering as he has been to his many friends, we are sure he will make a home for the girl he left behind, and then he will not have to sit and dream as he has done in the past.

Frank Whatley Atkinson
Beech Island, S. C.

A farm, a pipe, and a wife; these three, dear world, are all I ask of thee.

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY

Private; Sergeant; Senior Private; Palmetto Literary Society; Secretary Agricultural Society; Aiken County Club; Y. M. C. A.; Senior Privates’ Club.

Shortly after Beech Island was put on the map, “Turkey” ventured a trip to Clemson. Though accustomed to the free life of the farm, he was man enough to surrender himself unto Caesar and stick it out. For this, we may characterize him as a brave, determined youth. “Turkey’s” military career was short but sweet. For three whole months we had to call him sergeant, but the Colonel soon found out that he was not an enthusiastic advocate of reveille. Since entering college, “Turkey” has succumbed to the wiles of Dan Cupid. Every day we may find this young lover walking post in front of the “P. O.,” impatiently awaiting the arrival of the mail. Though fond of strolling among the haunts of nature with his boy friends, he spends most of his time writing “billet-doux” to his best girl. We expect great things of “Turkey” as a pioneer breeder of live stock in his county.
Archie Alexander Barron  
York, S. C.

Straightforward and fair
Deals he with all men;
He is, with his noble heart,
Slow to borrow, but quick to lend.

Civil Engineering
Corporal; Sergeant; Senior Private. Secretary and Treasurer York County Club; Senior Dancing Club; Thalian Dancing Club; Senior Privates; Hobo Club.

In the fall of 1913 an erect, sober and determined little man applied at the President's office for four years' board and lodging at what is now his beloved Alma Mater. Of course, he was accepted. Archie soon became "Rick," which no doubt will always stick to him. "Rick" started off strong in militarism, having been made a corporal, and then a Sergeant! But, alas! Senior Private life was his. Rick is an "arc light" at the dances. He's a "regular guy." His jokes are few, but his laughs are numerous. Rick's friends are numerous on account of his unwavering fidelity to them. The finality of every one of his decisions fits him for leaderships. Rick is an ardent Hoboite; at surveying he's a "Shark." He says, though, when he gets into the automobile business and his love affair ans out, that "the world is mine."

Clifford Lawton Baxter  
Garnett, S. C.

It doesn't pay to worry; things are bound to happen, anyway.

Horticulture
Private; Sergeant; First Lieutenant; Captain; Tiger Staff, '16, '17; Class Football, '16; Chaplain Agricultural Society; Hard Boys' Club; Y.M.C.A. Cabinet; Traffic Manager of Arsenic Club; Southern College Press Association; Horticultural Science Club; Track Team, '16; President Hampton County Club.

"Horrey" comes from the Savannah River swamps. When he first came to Clemson he was a wild buck, and had to be tamed by degrees; now he is almost tame. Although a great believer in fun and a good time, of both of which he always has his share, he knows when to put foolish things aside and get down to work. When he makes up his mind to do a thing, he generally accomplishes it in spite of difficulties. Always cheerful, he is one who never lets his troubles worry him, if he ever has any. "Horrey's" past has gone; so we will drop it and let the dead past bury its dead, but his future lies before him bright and shining. During the last two years of his college life, he has revealed his true self to us all.
James Furman Berry
Greenville, S. C.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

Mechanical-Elec. Engineering

Corporal; Sergeant; Lieutenant; Senior Private; President Greenville County Club, '16, '17; Vice-President Greenville City Club, '15, '16; Y. M. C. A.; Bible Class; Junior, Senior, and Thalian Dancing Clubs; Palmetto Literary Society; Picked Company, '14, '15; Clemson Science Club; Junior Member A. I. E. E.

This "Berry," although he has auburn hair, has never acquired the nickname of "Red," but is known as "Pug." He is famous around barracks for his slick tongue, and was never known to lose in an argument. For this reason, "Pug" can always fool the fairer sex, and it so happens that he is in possession of a good-looking girl all the time. One of "Pug's" favorite pastimes is dancing, and if it were not for this, life at Clemson would be "h—l" for "Pug." His innocent, angel-like expression hides a nature that all of us might do well to imitate, but even at that he has one weak spot—the girls. Already he is laying the corner-stone of his career, for wherever he deems it most expedient he ingratiates himself into the good graces of those whose favor is not to be despised.

Edward W. Black
Williston, S. C.

A friend in need is a friend indeed.

Soils

Corporal in charge of Signal Corps; Regimental Commissary Sergeant; Captain "H" Company; Pick Company, '13, '14 and '15; Department Editor, Agricultural Journal; Calhoun, Carolina, and Palmetto Literary Societies; Prohibition League; Winner Trustees’ Medal, 1916.

In Black we find a fair representative of the City of Williston. With his earnest heart, backed by a willingness to help others, he came to Clemson as an honest, straightforward worker. His egotistical belief in what he thinks, regardless of other people's efforts to change his mind, soon gave him a place at the front. His independent, thoroughly efficient way, has justly made him well known, and brought him many honors. Black is a great ladies' man. He has made many conquests among the girls, and some of the girls have made great conquests against Black, and already he has found the ideal of his dreams. A few short years from now will find him as owner of a large potato starch manufacturing plant near Williston. Here's luck to him, and may Clemson be honored by more like him.

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John Davis Blair
Strother, S. C.

Flirt and the girls flirt with you;
Don't, and they consider you slow.

Agronomy

en Literate Society, '16; Best Deater
ne Society, '16; President Hayne Society,
Alumni Editor, "The Chronicle," '17;
le Class Leader, '14, '15, '16; Hard Boys'
Secretary, Vice-President Fairfield
my Club; Junior Dancing Club; Senior
ing Club.

J. D." was not yet "sweet sixteen" when
began his career at college. No, he wasn't
sissy," but, on the contrary, was extremely digni-
for a "Rat." He always took pride in showing
Daniel and the girls how beautifully he could
e. As a consequence, he has made "E" on Eng-
and made many a girl jealous because he could
e a neater hand than she. Perhaps some of
were more jealous of J. D. than of his hand-
ing. No one knows, unless the Colonel does,
J. D. was made captain of "D" Company, for
had never been very popular in military circles. never, it seems that a wise choice was made, for
D. came across with the goods. All who know
feel greatly elated over it; those who do not, e
missed a good friend.

Wofford Cringle Bonner
Chesnee, S. C.

The elevator of man's soul—"LOVE."

Chemistry

Corporal; Sergeant; Lieutenant; Senior
Private; President Chemistry Science Club;
Recording Secretary, Literary Critic, Vice-
President, Columbian Literary Society;
Y. M. C. A.: Agricultural Society; Junior
Dancing Club; Senior Dancing Club; As-
sistant Business Manager "Clemson Agricul-
tural Journal;" Vice-President Spartanburg
County Club; Student Advisor; Member the
"Butler Guards."

Wofford, alias "Dickey," caught his first
vision of manliness while hunting in the northern hills
of Spartanburg County. Inspired by this vision, he
stood the examination for a scholarship, and entered
Clemson in the fall of 1913. Realizing the hidden
worth of the "Limestone" section of South Carolina, he chose
Chemistry as his profession. Not only does he possess the
enviable facility of analyzing rocks and minerals, but he also
possesses that still more enviable power of knowing Man—the
most complex of God's handiworks. During his entire four
years' stay with us, no one has found his limit, and our admira-
tion and expectations soar aloft for "The man who sees
his duty and does it." The chivalrous disposition and gentle
nature of this noble son of "Sparta" bids defiance to anything
but success; and his comrades expect nothing less.
'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.

**Horticulture**

Private; Corporal; Private; Senior Private: President Sanhedrin Club; Vice-President Cosmopolitan Club; Censor, Literary Critic, Wade Hampton Literary Society; Junior, Senior Dancing Clubs; Thalian Dancing Club; Agricultural Society; Y. M. C. A.; Senior Private's Club.

This lad, known to us as "Jessie," fell into our midst in the fall of '13. He played the part of the wayward son and cast his lot with the "Cridesites." He has done some effective firing in winning for himself the respect and admiration of both faculty and student-body. His most destructive projectiles seem to be his numerous "love epistles," which have found targets and scored "hits" at such a distant range as Florida. He has said that, after graduation, he expected to go to the sunny-flower land for special study. "Jessie" is a good-natured, happy-go-lucky fellow. He never worries about anything, but lets things happen as they will.

**Agronomy**

Senior Private; Literary Critic, Prosecuting Critic, Hayne Literary Society; Senior Private's Club; Clean Sleeve Club; "Butler Guards"; York County Club; Agronomy Club; Class Football, '13, '14; Sophomore Champions, '14, '15; Scrubs, '15, '16.

John is from "Turkey Creek Hills," a place renowned for its fair-haired, beautiful girls and handsome young men. He has been designated as "Swifty" ever since he made his debut on the gridiron. During "Swifty's" Junior year here, he went off on an extended journey; and it so happened that Swifty became enamoured by the attractions and came back later than he should. The parental hand of the college missed the wayward son so much that it decided to place him in close proximity to the "House of Corrections," so he has come to the conclusion that "Discretion is the better part of valor." John is a big, quiet fellow, and his moral traits measure up to the man. John is ambitious, and we think that his worthy ambition will bring him wealth, knowledge, religion, and a loving wife.
Tom Burris Brandon
McConnellsville, S. C.

Give unto me the life I love;
This I ask, and nothing more.

AGRONOMY

Corporal; Private; Senior Private; Varsity football, '14, '15, '16, '17; Member Block "C" Club; Secretary Hayne Literary Society; Agricultural Society; Vice-President York County Club; Senior Privates' Club.

In the fall of '12 the people of McConnellville declared a public holiday to see their noble son embark upon the stony road of knowledge. Tom commenced his course of studies as a worthy subject of "King Sease" and "Queen Wells." In his Freshman year, when asked by "Jojo" what he came to college for, he promptly answered, "To get a block 'C,' professor." By great perseverance, he has succeeded in obtaining his aim. Tom commenced a noble military career in his Sophomore year, but it ended abruptly when the colonel made him a present of a private at Christmas. He is known as the prince of dead beats in the Butler Guards. Tom is a most practical man, and filled with determination. His pleasant disposition and congenial manners have won him a host of friends. Here is wishing him much success in the line of work he decides to follow.

Blish Breland
Ruffin, S. C.

In stature small;
But every whit a man withal.

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY

Private; Sergeant; First Lieutenant; Secretary, Critic, President, Palmetto Literary Society; Treasurer, President, Agricultural Society; Business Manager "Clemson Agricultural Journal;" Assistant Business Manager "Taps," '17; Secretary, President, Colleton County Club; Senior Member of firm, Bree land & Brown, Undertakers; Member Sanhedrins; Y. M. C. A.; Senior Dancing Club.

Away back in the days of 1913, all the inhabitants (37) of the town of Ruffin met the semi-weekly train to bid Blish God-speed on his journey in quest of an education. "B" has made many friends while in our midst; in fact the Class of '17 would never have been the same without him. He is a hard worker in every way. Many say that he will die richer than "John D." His marked business ability is shown by the success he has made as an aluminum cooking utensil salesman. Our former Commandant discovered his military ability and started him on a noble career as "P. D." He seems "cut out" for a lawyer, but he says he is going back to the swamps of Colleton and show those people how to raise hogs on pine straw and wire-worms. We expect much of him.
Marshall Moore Brice  
Wedgefield, S. C.

A mind for thoughts to pass into,  
A heart for love to travel through.

Agronomy

Senior Private; Exchange Editor, the  
"Chronicle," '15-'16 and '16-'17; Reporting  
Critic, Prosecuting Critic, Literary Critic,  
Secretary, Vice-President, Columbian Literary  
Society; Secretary Agricultural Society; Bible  
Class Leader; Chief Demon Shakespearean  
Society; Assistant Literary Editor, "Taps,"  
'17; Class Historian, '15-'16; Class Poet,  
'16-'17; Senior Private Club; Clean Sleeve  
Club; Sumter County Club.

In the fall of 1913, "FRIDAY" entered our ranks  
as an aspirant for a '17 "dip." The City of Wedge-  
field may indeed be proud of her son. He is some  
"knight of the pen," letting his trend of thought  
usually run in a poetic direction. He has blest this  
college for four years with his Shakespearean verses.  
FRIDAY, like many other great men, is a desperate  
antagonist of militarism. He takes great pleasure in  
shooting the opposing professors, in the art of which  
he is very efficient. His class record is one to be  
envied. FRIDAY has a lively and cheerful disposition,  
and has a host of friends in barracks. We predict for him a golden future; so here's to his sure  
success!

James Arthur Britt  
McCormick, S. C.

He that commends me to mine own content,  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.

Dairying and Animal Husbandry

Senior Private; Wade Hampton Literary  
Society; Agricultural Society; Department  
Editor, Agricultural Journal; Abbeville  
County Club, '16; President McCormick  
County Club; Junior and Senior Dancing  
Clubs; Senior Privates' Club; Clean Sleeve  
Club; Y. M. C. A., '16.

Jimmie is our only representative from the  
ew county seat. He has kept his classmates  
guessing as to where he is from, for at various  
times during his college career he has claimed three  
different counties as his home. Jimmie has a way of  
making girls go crazy about him before he finishes  
the first conversation with them. They say he is  
"cute," and we will just take their word for it.  
Jimmie has always been untiring in the discharge  
of his class duty. All who know him, know him only  
to desire contact more often with him. He is of  
broad principles and keen observances. His class-  
mates will always remember him as one of the most  
loyal members of the class. We expect his ability  
and friendly disposition to land him on the top round  
of his chosen profession—Dairying.
JASPER MELVIN BROWN
Bookman, S. C.
Bashfulness is the vivacious charm of youth.

TEXTILE
Corporal; Sergeant; Battalion Sergeant-Major; Lieutenant; Private; Textile Society; Richland County Club; Y. M. C. A.; Senior Dancing Club; Junior Partner of Breland & Brown, "Undertakers."

Way back in the fall of '13, the sepulchral quietude of the Clemson atmosphere was disturbed by a tremendous racket proceeding from the halls of the Main Building. Imagine that you hear a busy boiler factory and an active fog horn all rolled into one, and you will have some idea of the disturbance which so startled the community that memorable day. "NOISEY" had arrived. But, sad to relate, he had not been here long until the diligent Sophomores caused a slight abatement of the activity of his vocal organs. However, these soon recovered their normal functions, and have retained them to this day. Various professors can testify that he makes a big noise on class records as well as on the sound recording apparatus of his associates, and we predict that he will some day be the big noise in the Textile field. A kindly heart, a quick wit, and an active brain are important assets, and "NOISEY" possesses them all.

EDWIN CURTIS BRUCE
Bamberg, S. C.
To thine own self be true.

AGRONOMY, ANIMAL HUSBANDRY
First Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant; President, Critic, Secretary, and Charter Member Hayne Literary Society; Taps Committee; Intercollegiate Debating Council; President County Club; Cheer Leader; Nocturnal Observer in Arsenic Eight; Class Football, '16; Agricultural Society; Bible Class; Y. M. C. A.; Junior, Senior Dancing Clubs.

Edwin hails from the metropolitan city of Bamberg. In 1913, he cheerfully entered our class, and for four long years has been "pestering" us with his Negro songs. He entered here with military fame awaiting him, but owing to a footrace with Captain T. P., he was knocked out of his corporal. However, his undaunted spirit lived under this disappointment, and in our Senior year he attained the "Staff of Life." On many a still night "E. C.'s" loud and jolly laugh may be heard resounding through barracks. By his friendly disposition and winning ways he will find both friends and fortune. He has always been an admirer of the silks and satins, and won his mighty fame at the Anderson Street dances. Diversification in Agriculture, to help in the strife against the boll-weevil, is his main topic.
Thomas Stephen Buie  
Patrick, S. C.

He dares do all that may become a man; 
Who dares do more, is none.

SOILS

Sergeant; First Lieutenant; Lecture Reporter for "Tiger;" Intercollegiate Debating Council; Chaplain, President, Palmetto Literary Society; Chaplain, Vice-President, Agricultural Society; President Carlisle Bible Class; Cadet Steward, Methodist Church; Secretary, Superintendent, Chapel Sunday School; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Delegate to Blue Ridge Association. '16: Bible Class Leader, '16, '17.

The metropolis of Patrick has the honor of being the home town of Tom, better known among the fellows as "T. S." Since the days of his first encounters with "Jojo," "Queen," and others, T. S. has been noted for his ability to "shoot." He has had many hard intellectual battles, but has invariably come out victorious. He considers any grade below 99 per cent, a "flunk." In addition to his record as a scholar, T. S. has won an enviable reputation as a speaker and orator. He is an ardent supporter of all student activities, and is beyond a doubt one of the most loyal men of the Class of '17. His keen sense of humor, amiable disposition, good judgment, and efficiency in doing things, have made him a universal favorite. To know him is to like him.

David Jamison Cain  
Sumter, S. C.

A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

DAIRYING

Senior Private; Vice-President Sumter County Club; Member Clean Sleeve Club; Member Senior Privates Club; Member Sanhedrin Club; Member Senior Dancing Club; Member Agricultural Society.

Jamison, otherwise known as "Hrothgar," is from the Gamecock City, and a veritable little gamecock he is. The ladies rave over him, but as yet he has not fallen to any of their wiles, so he is a free man. Nevertheless, he is not averse to associating with the ladies, and it is a safe bet that the right one will get him yet. Jamison's ambition of entering Clemson was to be a member of the Clean Sleeve Club, and he has reached the goal of his ambition. Although he has not impaired his health by hard study, being naturally capable, he has made a good record in school, and now he avows his intention of going back to "God's Country" and having a good time. Jamison is liked by everybody, and will always be remembered as one of the most loyal men of the class of '17.
An honest man is the noblest work of God.

**Archibald Campbell**
Summerville, S. C.

**Arthur Judson Caskey**
Lancaster, S. C.

Call him wise whose actions, words, and steps are all clear because of a clear why.

**Electrical Engineering**

Senior Private; President Dorchester County Club; Sophomore, Junior and Senior Dancing Clubs; A. I. E. E.; Monogram Club; Gymnasium Team; Senior Privates' Club; Assistant Satire Editor "Taps;" Clean Sleeve Club.

"Pinkey," as we all know him, is a true port. He is very susceptible to the wiles of the ladies, but has the misfortune of never being able to decide on any one of them. "Pinkey" is also a dreamer, and a lover of flowers, "Four Roses" being his favorite brand. His easy wit and genial manners have won friends of him everywhere. Though small in stature, yet he great as an athlete. If there is any excitement going on, you will always find him there. It is a common sight to see him calmly strolling on his hands across the backs of the seats in the electrical classroom, while learning about the wonders of electricity. "Pinkey" seems especially fond of the guard room, having occupied the adjoining suite of rooms several times. Whatever he undertakes, he generally succeeds in doing; so, success is sure to come his way.

**Horticulture**

Corporal; Sergeant; Senior Private; Lieutenant; Horticultural Science Club; Agricultural Society; President County Club.

"Judson" comes from the romantic and historical (?) city of Douglas, which, unfortunately, is not on the map, but should be. We all had a very good opinion of "Judson" until he signified his intention of taking "Crider." We were then afraid that he would succumb to the rules of that much beloved Professor, as had all his predecessors. It appears, however, that he is an exception to the rule, and is still every inch a man. His love for "Strawberries" and "Cherries" caused him many a hard race; however, he was lucky enough to get out with only three days behind the bars. His excellent military figure was discovered early in his Soph., year, and since then he has stood well in the Colonel's sight. His intention is to go back to Lancaster and show those people how to graft apple and peach trees on the native scrub oaks. His many friends predict for him a success in whatever he undertakes.
John Lemmon Cathcart  
Winnsboro, S. C.  

He was to every man a friend.

Animal Husbandry

Corporal; Senior Private; Mascot "Round Dozen" Club; "Sorrel Tops"; Manager Class Football Team, '16; Red Cross Club, '16; President Fairfield County Club, '16; President Sophomore Class; Assistant Manager Baseball Team, '16; Thalian Dancing Club, '17; Senior "Bull" Club; Picked Company, '15; Senior Ring Committee; Senior Private Club; Hard Boys' Club; Manager Baseball Team, '17.

In the year of 1913, "Spare-Ribs" left the historic old town of Winnsboro to try his fortune with the class of '17. He joined us with a smile, and has continued to greet each of us with that same friendly and encouraging smile. With this and his friendly disposition, he had a combination that won for him the friendship of every man with whom he came in contact. "Ribs" was one of the most popular of his class. In "Ribs" "rat" year, he displayed some knowledge of military ability, but the Colonel found him too true to his friends, and never allowed him to complete the first degree in "Corporalship." His business ability has served many a good cause in both class and athletic affairs.

Hugh Robinson Chapman  
Liberty, S. C.  

The surest way to be happy is to keep busy.

Architecture

Corporal; Regimental Color Sergeant; Second Lieutenant; Y. M. C. A.; Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer Pickens County Club; Junior, Senior and Thalian Dancing Clubs; Member, Censor, Reporting Critic, Wade Hampton Literary Society; Art Staff, "Taps"; Sanhedrin Club; Member "The Gargoyle."

"Doll" or "Chap" is everything his name implies. He came to Clemson in the fall of '11, but his roving nature led him into the world for a year. He soon found that there was a place like Clemson, so he joined our ranks in the fall of '14. His quiet, good-natured disposition has made us all his friends. One of his most striking characteristics is the knack of paying attention to his own business, letting other people's alone, and speaking at the right time and place. "Doll" has never aspired for military honors, but he has had thrust upon him. If you don't believe it, just ask him about his career in "E" Company. "Doll" is a hard worker in the classroom, and a "master of the drawing board," so his success in the architectural work is a certainty.
JOHN MARCUS CRAIG
PENDLETON, S. C.

A man is not a man unless he is a thinker—
he is a fool, having no idea of his own.

AGRONY

Sergeant; Senior Private; Secretary Senior
Society; Secretary Chapel Sunday-school.
Senior, and Vice-President Calhoun Literary
16; Anderson County Club; Agricultural
Society; Y. M. C. A., '16.

"John Marcus," a handsome young fellow
Sandy Springs, is known to the youthful
members of the gentler sex as "Marcus." He
has studied diligently ever since entering
college, and has mastered the fundamental
principles of agriculture. It is rumored that John Marcus
spent much of his time in reading "Shakespeare's
Tragedies." He says that he enjoys reading "Macbeth,"
and that the great Shakespeare himself would
be surprised to hear him put expression in "killing
wine." John Marcus is a true lover of nature; so,
it is probable that he will return to his home
community and show the neighbors "how to make money" on
his farm. He roomed with "Brushpile" while here
college, and the latter must have secured for him
his lone sergeant. John Marcus is free-hearted, good
natured, noble, honest, and amiable; and we predict
him a long life of ease, luxury and happiness.

DEANS CRUMPLER
LATTA, S. C.

THINKERS are scarce as Gold.
MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL
ENGINEERING

Private; Corporal; Sergeant; First Lieu-
tenant; Secretary and Treasurer Tennis Club,
'15; Y. M. C. A., '14; Bible Class leader,
'15; Junior Member A. I. E. E., '16; Vice-
President B. Y. P. U., '16; President B. Y.
P. U., '17; Associate Superintendent Baptist
Sunday-school, '17; Vice-President Carolina
Literary Society, '17; President Carolina
Literary Society, '17; Vice-President Dillon
County Club, '17.

Crumpler blew into Clemson on a strong east wind
on the evening of September 18, 1913. This was
his method of celebrating his eighteenth birthday.
He was well advanced for his age, and has kept the
advantage. It is seldom that you find such an old head on such
young shoulders. By his studiousness and natural ability
he has won the respect of his professors and fellow students.
Many are the times that his ability to juggle figures and
manufacture formulas kept us from being late with our
"Sam" experiments. We send him out into the world with
our best wishes, and predict for him a brilliant career in the
electrical world. You will recognize him by his erect car-
riage and manly bearing. The ladies will recognize him by
his black hair and blue eyes.
William Crawford Culp
Lancaster, S. C.

Sleep! It is a gentle thing, beloved from pole to pole.

Electrical and Mechanical Engineering

Sergeant; Senior Private, Company "H;"
Secretary and Treasurer County Club;
A. I. E. E.

From the famous "Red Rose County" we have a representative, "Bill," as he is often called. He decided to be a "Cripite," and is famous in the electrical laboratory for his case of working. Bill claims to be the best man in town for burning out ammeters. After cultivating a taste for Drill and Reveille, he showed remarkable military development, capturing a Sergeant and later a Senior Private. Had he gone out for track, we know that he would have been one of the fastest in the Piedmont region, as is proved by his remarkable speed the night he barely escaped capture—ask him from where. Though he claims membership, he is not devoted to the teachings of the "Bachelors' Society." Bill has an unlimited store of ability, and this, coupled with his love for high art, and his fund of common sense, makes the man. We all wish "William" God-speed, and expect to hear of him as Chief Engineer at Great Falls in the near future.

George Hamilton Davis
Laurens, S. C.

He made friends by being one.

Animal Husbandry

Corporal; Senior Private; Vice-President Laurens County Club; Vice-President Senior Dancing Club; Senior "Bulls;" Business Manager "Taps;" Thalian Dancing Club; Senior Privates' Club; Junior Dancing Club; Agricultural Society; President, Wade Hampton Literary Society.

In the fall of 1913 "George" cast his lot with the class of '17. "Wreck's" sense of humor and friendly disposition soon made him one of the most popular boys at Clemson. The only blot in George's career occurred in Sophomore year, when the Colonel hung a Corporal onto him. The mistake was soon realized, as George was set free again to enjoy the blissful peace of Private. Not only is "Wreck" a favorite among the boys but a "star" among the ladies. As a heart-breaker he has few equals. His favorite pastime is dancing and writing letters. George has played a most prominent part in the history of his class and the making of class dances successful. His class loyalty and college spirit is unsurpassed. With his "silvery line," coupled with his rare ability a superfluous energy, he is bound for success in life's problem in general, and especially in Animal Husbandry.
John Pickens Derham, Jr.
Green Sea, S. C.

Take few promises; keep those you make.

DAIRYING

Corporal; First Sergeant; Captain; President Agricultural Society; Charter Member, Secretary, President, Carolina Literary Society; Intercollegiate Debating Council; President Horry County Club; Class Football, '16; Junior, Senior Dancing Club; Pathfinder in Arsenic Eight; Sanhedrins; Dairying Club; Y. M. C. A.; Bible Class.

"J. P." came to our ranks from Green Sea, the "Independent Republic of Horry." For three years he has been in the military line, commanding squads, platoons, and companies. J. P. believes in sticking to his friends, of which he has a number in college. He is now learning the art of Dairying, in which he is speedily becoming an expert. For two years he was a staunch believer in Columbia College and one of its occupants; however, duty called him to the State of New York last summer for Dairying purposes, and now his heart rests in a small city in the old Northern State. He has a clean record, of which he should be proud. His quiet manner and sincere disposition have won a number of friends in barracks. Here's wishing for him a brilliant success as manager of a dairy farm near some small town.

James Blanding Dick
Hartsville, S. C.

It's not the first mile that counts; it's the second.

AGRONOMY

Corporal; First Sergeant; Captain; Major; Winner Southern Railway Essay Contest, '15; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '15, '16, '17; Treasurer Palmetto Society, Declamers' Medal, '16; Class Football, '14, '16; Captain Cross-Country Team, '16; Varsity Track, '16, '17; Block "C" Club; Assistant Editor and Editor "The TIGER;" President Hartsville City Club; Senior Dance Club; Thalian Club; Vice-President S. C. P. A.; Executive Committee S. C. I. O. A.; Big Five; Arsenic Club.

Although "J. B." or "Major," claims Hartsville at present, he has resided in several places, and has numerous friends all over the State. Energy? Well, that's his middle name. When he is not busy, he is unhappy—but he generally manages to keep cheerful. "Blues" and "Grouchies" are unknown to him. In addition to doing his class-room work well, he is greatly interested, and takes part, in many student activities. Besides making a success of "The TIGER" financially and otherwise, he has won honors on the platform, and renown (and his letter) on the track. Headwork, stickability and neatness have placed him on top of several ladders of his ambition. Although generally busy, he always takes time to help a comrade. His generous, sunny, optimistic disposition has gained many friends in the corps and on the "Hill."
Frederick William DuGar
Charleston, S. C.

And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Electrical and Mechanical Engineering

Corporal; First Sergeant; Senior Private; Secretary, Steersman and Vice-President Palmetto Literary Society; Member A. I. E. E.; Junior and Senior Dancing Clubs; Advertising Manager "Taps," '17; Sea Gulls, '16; Charleston County Club, '17; Picked Company, '15; Y. M. C. A.

"Dugie" came to us in the fall of 1913, from the Battery, "The City by the Sea." He came with the determination to make good, and he has succeeded. Fred has taken an active part in all branches while at Clemson, and has done well everything which he undertook. His kind, gentle ways, and his faithfulness have won for him a large number of friends. "Dugie," when he first came to Clemson, had high military aspirations; but, finding out that he could not serve both the military department and the boys, he decided to keep his friends—down with military. This true-blooded gentleman is equally popular among the fair sex, and has already found the "Ideal of his Dreams." With his sturdy character and genial disposition, his future can be nothing but a brilliant success.

Guy Hannon Durham
Honea Path, S. C.

Fraelty, thy name is woman.

Mechanical and Electrical Engineering

Private; Sergeant; First Lieutenant; Anderson County Club; Junior A. I. E. E.

This product of Honea Path, "Bull Durham," wandered up to Clemson in the fall of '13. He immediately cast his lot with the "Cripites," and it is needless to say that he has made a wonderful success at it. "Bull" is a good natured, jovial fellow, and he has won for himself many friends who will vote for his future success. He is one of the best students in college, not only in classes, but as a friend. He is not a natural born military man, but he has military honors thrust upon him. His duties are always performed on time, and his favorite motto is "Never put off until tomorrow what can be done today." "Bull" does not appear to a Steinmetz or an Edison, but he is surely possessed with the engineering qualities of both. He is a little "gun-shy" around the ladies, but we still have hopes for him. He says that he has a lady in New York, but we think he is joking. His college successes will follow him through life, making him a leader in his chosen profession—Electricity.
Louis Carl Ellis
Grover, N. C.

To one alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth—the Good and Wise.

ARCHITECTURE

Corporal; Sergeant; Lieutenant; Captain; member Calhoun Literary Society, '14; Cosmopolitan Club, '15-'16-'17; Member Gar- pyles, '17; Member Art Staff, '17.

Four years ago "Butler" took a sudden notion to become an Architectural Engineer; so he decided to come to Clemson. For four years he has mercilessly shot each professor that has crossed his path. He took the art of drawing in hand, and can draw the construc- tion for anything from a Ford to a German Submarine. "L. C." has constantly had military aspirations in clear view, and has continued to rise, until now he is captain of a noble company. "L. C." is a honest, straightforward and sincere fellow, and nothing can meet him in life but a bright success. He believes in working hard, and he never tackles anything without completing his job. He hails from the State of North Carolina, so he is a "Tar-Heel." however, he can easily keep up the honor of his state, and well may she be proud of him. We predict for "L. C." a brilliant success as an architect.

Porter Fain
Murphy, N. C.

'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

Corporal; Sergeant; Senior Private; Junior Member A. I. E. E.; Y. M. C. A.; Secretary Cosmopolitan Club, '16-'17.

"Peter" breezed in from the Tar-Heel State not so many years ago, but there are few who know exactly when he came. He joined the ranks of the Juice Manufacturers, and promises to be one of our most successful engineers. "Peter" is a diligent student, and has burned much of the midnight oil (for proof see the delinquency report). He is a good natured fellow, and possesses the quality of never worrying. When the outlook is dark and gloomy, he just ignites some of the good old Prince Albert, and digs. Since "Peter" has been in our midst he has won a host of friends who wish to see him succeed in his chosen profession. "Peter" is not exactly a woman hater, for he believes that the course of true love never runs smoothly. Most of his letters are addressed to the good old State of Georgia. "Peter" is not a farmer, but he is not handicapped by any means when it comes to selecting Georgia "PEACHES."
LINDSEY CARL FLETCHER
McColl, S. C.
A word and a smile for every one.
MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

Corporal; Sergeant; Senior Private; Lieutenant, and Battalion Quartermaster and Commissary; Charter Member, Prosecuting Critic. Secretary, President, Carolina Literary Society; President Marlboro County Club; Junior Member A. I. E. E.; Senior Dancing Club.

Marlboro County has produced a number of men who are famous for their work in various lines, but she has produced only one "Lucy" Fletcher. "Lucy" is unique; pre-eminent, as it were. No one else bears such an ardent admiration for "Crip."

"Tis said by those who know that Lucy has adopted a coat-of-arms consisting of a shield bearing rheostate couchant. Lucy has an all-consuming love for electricity and all pertaining to it, but this love is dwarfed by love for something much more alluring than electricity. This something is—

but it would not be fair to tell her name. It is sufficient to say that anyone with good hearing and good imagination can hear the joyful peal of wedding bells. Some day we expect Lucy to electrify the world, both literally and figuratively. Luck to you, Lucy!

WALTER TOWNSEND FREEMAN
Orangeburg, S. C.
A good heart maketh a cheerful countenance.
DAIRYING

Corporal; First Sergeant; Captain; Editor-in-Chief "Taps," '17; Secretary, President, Columbia Literary Society; Commencement Marshal, '16; Junior Dancing Club; President, Senior Dancing Club; Thalian Club; V. President S. C. Prohibition League; Picnic Company, '15; Superintendent Chapel Sunday-school; Bible Class Leader; President, Bradley Sunday-school Class; Agriculture Society; Y. M. C. A.; Sanhedrin Club; Representative State Sunday-school Convention; Arsenic Eight; Athletic Historian, '17; Co-Operative Committee, '17; Treasurer, President, Orangeburg County Club.

Spare thine eyes upon this chap. In 1913, "Cotton Top" entered as one of the smallest in his class, and since that time we have seen him grow, not only in body, but also in those things which tend to make him up the ladder of fame. His room, like that of Longfellow, seems to be a place of enjoyment for his many friends. "Oby," career at Clemson has been marked by his genial disposition, his diligence, and his stability. His classmates may well say of him, "He is a Man." "General" made a visit to New York, and upon seeing the great Milky Way, decided to revolutionize dairying around Orangeburg. We, his classmates, wish a golden chain and a happy old age.
John Wesley Fulmer
Chapin, S. C.

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

CIVIL ENGINEERING
Sergeant; First Sergeant; Captain; Vice-
President, President, Lexington County Club;
Member Holtendorff's Bible Class.

Once upon a time a certain Mr. Fulmer, of
Chapin, S. C., employed a surveyor to do
some work for him. Little Johnnie was then
only a barefoot boy, but he was infatuated
with the sight of the transit, and said, "Pa, I
want to learn to work one of them things."

In September, 1912, John, or J. W., came to
Clemson to study for his desired
profession. On ac-
count of sickness, however, he was forced to drop
part of that year. Nothing daunted, he came
back in 1913, more determined than ever, and cast
his lot with the "Hoboites" of '17. As Captain of
"G" Company he has made a brilliant success. Every man in the Company is devoted to his beloved
Captain. John says that he cannot decide whether
to go to Russia and lay out the Imperial Grounds for
the Czar, or to settle down at Chapin and lead a
quiet and peaceful life. We wish him the best of
success.

Claude Stokes Garrett
Laurens, S. C.

Don't worry about the future.
The present is all thou hast.
The future will soon be present.
And the present will soon be past.

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL
ENGINEERING
Signal Corps; Bugle Corps; Junior Mem-
er A. I. E. E.; Secretary and Treasurer
Class '15; President Sophomore Dancing
Club; Assistant Manager Football, '16;
President Laurens County Club, '17; Mem-
ber Y. M. C. A., '16-'17; Bible Class
Leader, '17; Charter Member and Vice-
President Thalian Club.

"Cush" came to us in the fall of 1913, from Lau-
rens. His life has been given up mostly to dancing
and electricity—mostly dancing. His jovial ways and agreeable dis-
position have won a large number of friends in barracks, as well as
on the campus. Claude had hopes of being a military genius, but
he never obtained an office other than assistant section marcher.
"Cush" certainly holds some hand with the fair sex, as can be seen
by his daily tramps across the campus. He is an exceptionally good
student, and he believes in shooting them hard, especially "Crip."
His strong character and straightforwardness assure him a very
brilliant success in the electrical world.
EZZELL BAMFORD GARRISON
York, S. C.

Blessed be he who invented sleep.

AGRONOMY

Corporal; Private; Senior Private; Agricultural Society; Class Football, '14, '15, '16; Scrub Football, '16; Picked Company, '15; York County Club.

This noble scion of the "House of York" joined our ranks in the fall of 1913. A better representative his native heath could not have sent. Besides keeping house for "Rick" Barron for four long years, "Bam" has succeeded in mastering enough of the elements of Agronomy for "Hutch" to give him a dip. If "Bam" had made an earlier beginning in football, he surely would have made the team, for it was varsity stuff that he displayed while playing in the class series for the Juniors. He became involved in a little classroom scandal during his Sophomore year, and since then he has been called "Bean." For the reason, you will have to ask him. His ability to pack peaches was well demonstrated by his successful nightly raids on the Experiment Station. "Bam" has all the qualities of a gentleman so blended in him that to know him is to love him. His jovial disposition will be an asset to him wherever he may go. His many friends wish him God-speed.

EUGENE HUTCHISON GARRISON
Rock Hill, S. C.

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

AGRONOMY

Senior Private; Lieutenant; Palmetto Literary Society; Censor Palmetto Literary Society; Agricultural Society; York County Club.

This is "Red" Garrison, the ladies' man. If any one ever deserved this title, he does; for all the ladies go crazy over him. "Red" first entered Clemson in 1912. After two years of military life, however, he decided that the time for matrimony was ripe. Alas! The lady went back on him, and married another man. "Red" then decided that he would stand a better chance after receiving his "sheepskin." Accordingly, September, 1915, found him enrolled in the ranks of the Class of '17. He is a quiet, modest, good-natured, hard-working boy. To know him is to be a friend to him, for truly he is every man's friend. "Red" hails from York County, whence have come so many of our best men. It is his desire and intention to go back to the red hills of York and settle down to a peaceful existence, and raise two blades of grass where only one grew before. Here wishing him much success.
William Henry Garrison
Anderson, S. C.

Gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that time basely, were too long.

HORTICULTURE

Corporal; Sergeant Major; First Sergeant; Captain; Secretary, Superintendent, Chapel Sunday-school; Bible Class Leader; Vice-president County Club; Columbian Literary society.

"Bill's" briar patch is Sandy Springs. He came to Clemson when he was but a younger, but since that time he has learned the ways of the world, and is now a very wise man. He is a hard worker, and takes but very little interest in social pleasures and worthless activities. He is a man whose work can be depended on. He has the great power of sticking to his associates in a tight place. Bill has steadily risen in military honors, and has the esteem of all the men who have ever been associated with him in that line. His ambition is to become a successful truck farmer, and we hope that, when he has finished his University course, he will take what knowledge he has gained by being "eddicated" back to the hills of Anderson County.

James Gilliam Gee
Columbia, S. C.

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

SOILS

Chief Trumpeter; Class Football, '13; Scrub Football, '13; Scrub Baseball, '13; Varsity Football, '14, '15, '16; Varsity Baseball, '14, '15, '16; Member of Class Basketball Team; Vice-President Richland County Club; Sophomore, Junior, and Senior Dancing Club; Thalian Dancing Club; Block "C" Club; Y. M. C. A.; Wade Hampton Literary Society; Agricultural Society.

"Mutt" is a "Capital City" lad, and well has he represented his home town at Clemson. He came here presumably to study Soils, but the greater part of his time he cheerfully gave over to athletics, where his records are such that Columbia can well afford to be proud of him. To play baseball, football and basketball, and, in addition, stand high in class work, is an achievement that few have attained at Clemson, yet "Mutt" has done all of these, and done them well. Of a kind and generous nature, this lad has made many friends at Clemson, and if he continues to do as well in the future as he has done here, we feel sure that he will have a most successful career.
Stephen Wayne Graham  
Coward, S. C.

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

Textile Engineering

Corporal; First Sergeant; Major; President, Treasurer, Literary Critic, Calhoun Literary Society; President Florence County Club; President Prohibition League; Vice-President Y. M. C. A.; Vice-President Florence County Club, '15, '16; Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, Junior Literary Critic, Marshal Annual Celebration, Calhoun Literary Society, '15, '16; Junior Dancing Club; Senior Dancing Club; Senior Textile Science Club; Member Steering Committee of the Literary Societies.

Wayne, or "Major," after growing tired of his own home town, awoke, rubbed his eyes, and set out on his wonderful, eye-opening journey, finally wandering into the broad portals of Clemson College. "S. W." has a natural affinity for the ladies, as seen from his batch of letters from a certain little North Carolina town. His military career has been an honored and envied one. "Major" is a great believer in prohibition; that is, "Putting whiskey down, and keeping it down." His orations on special occasions would bring tears to the eyes of an Egyptian mummy. Major's smiling countenance and genial disposition have won for him a host of friends. He will be the last man to be forgotten by his aged classmates.

Furman Grant  
Mt. Carmel, S. C.

A gift of true worth he possesses, a royal of gracious size, the true word and honor of thoroughbred gentleman.

Horticulture

Corporal; First Sergeant; Captain; Horticulture Science Club, '17; Prohibition League; Prosecuting Critical, Literary Critic; Hayne Literary Society; Senior Dancing Club; Y. M. C. A.

Grant came to Clemson for the first time in the good old days of '10. Sickness caused him to join our ranks three years ago. He is big in stature, and bigger in heart. His opinion is his own, and if he thinks he is right there is no use to argue with him. His sincerity and ability are sure to win him a place in the world. Grant is quite a lady's man, and every Friday brings him a letter that we all know bears one of Cupid's darts. His "stickability" has caused every person who he comes in contact with him to respect him. His work is as good as his bond. All these taken together will remove every obstacle in his way to the height of achievement that we predict for him. His nature has made for him a great many true friends who will watch his progress through life with the greatest interest.
LORRAINE GALLOWAY HARDIN
CHESTER, S. C.

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

MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

Private; Sergeant; Senior Private; Y. M. C. A.; Secretary, Critic, and Vice-President, Calhoun Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer Chester County Club; Junior Member A. I. E. E.; Assistant Business Manager "Chronicle," '15-'16; Senior Dancing Club; Business Manager, "Chronicle," '16-'17. Senior Privates' Association; Thalian Chib. Wofford lost a very notorious man when Lorraine "Jack Hooks" "Annie" Hardin blew over here. Being in too big a hurry to negotiate Freshman class, he made Soph. on the break. "Hooks" will always be grateful to Jesse Bowen and Bill Harris for the attentions which they showed him when he was a Sophomore rat. He has been very active in literary work, and has many times shown his ability as a speaker. "Annie"'s business ability was recognized when he was made assistant business manager, and then business manager, of the "Chronicle." His management of this publication has been a credit to him. The height of his ambition is to recline in the shade of a bamboo on the beach at Wakiki and be lulled to sleep by the dreamy music of an Hawaiian girl fingering her ukulele.

HARRY MILTON HARMON
SUMMERTONVILLE, S. C.

I have often regretted my speech, never my silence.

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL

Private; Corporal; First Sergeant; Senior Private; Sergeant-at-Arms and Secretary, Wade Hampton Literary Society; Secretary, Treasurer, Junior Class; Freshman Football Team; Varsity Football, '14, '15, '16; Track Team, '14, '15; Assistant Manager Track Team, '15; Assistant Coach, '14, '17; Sophomore Football Teams; Block "C" Club, '15, '16; Thalian Dancing Club; Senior Dancing Club; Sanhedrin; Hard Boys' Club.

"Duck," sometimes called "Harry," came from Summerville four years ago and cast his lot among the "future electrical engineers." If the qualities he has now remain with him, he will have a successful future as one. Duck's military ambitions were never very high, although he numbers among the offices he once held, Corporal, First Sergeant, and a three months' term of arrest. However, in football he has made good, and for three seasons has been one of Clemson's best linemen. He won his "C" during his Junior year, and added another deserving star this year. Duck's chief occupations, besides football, are studying (?), singing, and dancing. Popular among his fellow-students, liked by his professors, we hate to see him go.
Carlos Golightly Harris  
Spartanburg, S. C.

O consistency, thou art indeed a jewel!

Animal Husbandry

Corporal; Sergeant; Captain; Senior Private; Corresponding Secretary, Literary Critic, President, Declaimer's Medal, '14; Orator's Medal, '16, Columbian Literary Society; Secretary Spartanburg County Club, '16; Thalian; Secretary Senior Dancing Club; Basketball, '15; Varsity, '16, '17; Captain Basketball Team; Assistant Literary Editor "Chronicle," '15, '16; Editor-in-Chief "Chronicle," '17.

By following his own inclination, the "Duke of England" landed in Clemson in the fall of 1913; and, as the poet would phrase it, "Ad astra per aspera," so has it been with Carlos. "C. G." hails from the grand old "City of Success," where the sun shines brightest and where the girls grow sweetest. But this fact does not establish for him a home, when Atlanta holds within its mystic realm one heart that beats for another. Among the courses, "C. G." chose that one best suited for his disposition—dealing with live stock. Carlos's loyalty to his Alma Mater is strongly manifested by his college activities, being a hearty supporter of everything that is elevating to both him and his fellow students. "C. G.'s" congeniality and the fearlessness with which he has discharged his duty, have won for him many staunch and intimate friends.

Hunter Sells Harris  
Union, S. C.

Life's a seesaw; be decent to the fellow who's down, for he may be up tomorrow.

Agronomy

Senior Private; Freshman Co-Operative Committee; Captain Freshman Football Team; Vice-President Sophomore Class; Varsity Baseball, '14, '15, '16, '17; Varsity Football, '14, '15, '16; Assistant Coach Sophomore Football Team, '15; Coach Sophomore Football Team, '17; President Union County Club; President Senior Private; Junior, Senior, Thalian Dancing Clubs; Clean Sleeve Club; Block "C" Club, '14, '15, '16, '17.

"Frisky," the good-humored, passably good-looking, well-built, smooth-dancing, baseball and football "star," is popular with everybody. "Bill's" popularity began in his "Rat" year and has spread widely since. He is the favorite among all loyal athletic FANS. His hobbies are: Thalian and Class dances, Girls—and Photography. He dislike very much going to the postoffice, reading "sporting news," and "plain loafing." May his future be productive of long life, plenty of money, or friends from whom he may borrow same; at least one marriage, and the election as Mayor of Union—for you know Union-suits "Bill." "Alonzo's" studious nature, ability, perseverance, and friendly disposition will place him among the leaders of his profession. "Bill," farewell flows from the hearts of your many friends.
WALTER SMITH HAY
SHELBY, N. C.

Good things are generally put up in small packages.

MECHANICAL AND CIVIL ENGINEERING

Corporal; Senior Private; Member Columbia Literary Society; Cosmopolitan Club; Hobotes; Senior Private's Club.

Surely the engineering world will be honored by having this great "Hoboite" added to its ranks. "Baron" hails from Shelby, as all great men do, and judging from his numerous letters, it seems as if he will surely return to his home town and settle down forever. "Chance's" chief delight is smiling at the ladies and arising early in the morning to attend reveille. His vacation is generally spent in the swamps around Allendale, while his time is spent eating watermelons and "bulldozing" the spades. "Baron" has a cheery smile and a kind word for everybody. Give him an easy chair, stick a good cigar in his mouth, and call the name of some good-looking girl, and you have one of the best companions in existence. Judging from his manly form, military appearance, and his love for drill, we predict that Count Baron von De Hay is soon to become a Brigadier General in the U. S. Army.

Although "Baron" loves the ladies, he is a willing and conscientious worker.

EDWARD PALMER HENDerson
BATH, S. C.

A woman is only a woman,
But a good cigar is a smoke.

 ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

Private; Sergeant; Senior Private; A. I. E. E.; Electrical Science Club; Thalian Dancing Club; Senior Dancing Club; Y. M. C. A.; Athletic Editor, "Tiger." Aiken County Club; Junior Class Football.

Ted, as we all know him, hails from the large city of Bath (accordingly, he thinks it quite unnecessary to take one). His good sense of humor, and his genial disposition, have won him many friends among the cadets and faculty. As a scholar, he is studious and earnest; but as a lover, cold and indifferent. In fact, we may say he is a woman-hater, for so far Ted has refused to surrender to Cupid. Give him his pipe and a good, hearty dinner, and the world is his. His chief delight is to invest all of his money in good eats down at the cafeteria. Ted is a splendid Bull Artist, and he has already talked himself into a good job with the General Electric Company, of which he soon expects to become president. His success is assured, and we only hope that Cupid may some day claim him captive.
WALTER CLYDE HERRON  
STARR, S. C.

*Friends are worth more than riches.*

**BOTANY**

Senior Private; Secretary Agricultural Society, '17; Prosecuting Critic, Vice-President and President Hayne Literary Society, '17; Anderson County Club; Senior Private Club; Clean Sleeve Club.

"Runt," characteristic of the place he represents, is truly a "star." His jolly disposition and winning ways have been the means of his gaining hosts of friends in the student body. If there is a man in the student body who can truthfully say he hasn't an enemy, it is "Runt." Being a true Senior Private, he can be called a "non-grabber." "Runt" is a man who believes in securing his honors through merits, and not through pretense. It is for this reason that he has not shone prominently in the military line. His worth has been overlooked by this department. We believe that many of the problems to arise in the study of plant life will be settled by this promising young "Botanist." It is a certainty that he will be successful in his chosen profession, as his heart is in his work.

KENNETH ORDWAY HOBBS  
BLACKSBURG, S. C.

*A trained ear, a careful tongue, a willing hand—three requisites of happiness and success.*

**ELECTRICAL AND MEchanical ENGINEERING**

Corporal; Sergeant; Senior Private, and Lieutenant; Vice-President of Hayne Literary Society; Prosecuting Critic of Hayne Literary Society; Vice-President of Cherokee County Club, '17; Treasurer Cherokee County Club, '16; Vice-President of Prohibition League; Junior Member A. I. E. E.; Delegate to Blue Ridge Conference; Y. M. C. A. Bible Class Leader; Senior Dancing Club; Class Football, '14 and '15.

"Capunus" came to us in September, 1913, and cast his lot with the "lightning chasers!" The height of his ambition is to work for the G. E. Even though an electrical man, he seems to be more adapted for farming. "Capunus" is a deep thinker, and a hard worker. Because of his suggestive initials, he has won a monopoly on nicknames, of which "O. K." and "Knock-Out" are the most famous. We are inclined to think that "Capunus" is not a great ladies man; but we are sure in saying that the girl who is so fortunate as to get him will have won a great treasure. His many friends wish him the greater success in the broad electrical world.
James Edwin Hunter, Jr.
Columbia, S. C.
The greatest thing in the world is love.

ARCHITECTURAL ENGINEERING

Corporal; Sergeant; Captain and Commandant; Captain and Quartermaster; Assistant Manager, '15, Manager, '16, Varsity Football; Vice-President Junior Class, '16, Senior Class, '17; Chief of Art Staff, "Taps," '17; chairman "Taps," '17, Staff Nomination Committee; Junior and Senior Class Dancing Club; Thalian Dancing Club; Vice-President, '16, President, '17, Richland County Club; Charter Member, Secretary, '16, Wade Hampton Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Junior Class Football, '15; Manager Sophomore Class Football Team, '14; President of "The Gargoyle;" Commencement Marshal, '16.

"Jimmie" came to Clemson with the intentions of being an electrical engineer, but later decided that the world needed an Architect. He, therefore, left his many electrical friends and sought the higher realms of architecture. "Jimmie" made trips to the post office, and when he came back with a broad smile, we always knew that the Mississippi was all in its banks, and the mail was flowing in from Duluth. You need a man that is true to his friends and is always ready to fight for what is right, just look for "Jim." If you want to make "Jim" angry, ask "What is the approximate square root of one?"

Willie Eliot Hunter
Prosperity, S. C.
Do your duty, then stop.

BOTANY

Corporal; Lieutenant; Senior Class Historian; President, Chaplain, Agricultural Society; Class-Book Editor, "Taps," '17; Chaplain, Vice-President, Wade Hampton Literary Society; Superintendent Chapel Sunday-school; Member Debating Council; Secretary-Treasurer, Vice-President, Newberry County Club; Department Editor, Agricultural Journal; Botanical Seminar.

"Little Joe" joined us in the fall of '13. He tore himself from the clutches of Cupid, but continued to dwell in his realms through meditation and correspondence for two and one-half years. In 1913 he cast his lot in the natural sciences of nature, agriculture. For four years he stood in the front ranks of his class. He elected his major work in botany. In this work, he has shown his love for it by his record of "E's." No one ever regrets meeting him, for he is an inspiration to all who meet him. With a smile always on his face, and through his kindness to all, he has won the good will of all the class and of those with whom he comes in contact. We see him as one of the greatest Botanists of the future, and predict for him ultimate success in his future pursuits.
John Marvin Hutchings
Pickens, S. C.

Agree if you can;
If not, dispute it like a man.

MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL
ENGINEERING

Private; Sergeant; Second Lieutenant; First Lieutenant; Palmetto Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Instructor in Freshman Mathematics; President of Pickens County Club.

"Jap," as he is variously called, is an exceedingly diligent, conscientious, and hard-working student. His high moral character and congenial disposition have made all who know him his friends. He began his ambitious career near Greer, S. C., but afterwards changed his place of residence to Pickens, from which town he now registers. "Jap" entered the ranks of the Freshman Class at Clemson in the fall of 1911, but fell by the wayside. After two years' work in a machine shop, he returned in the fall of 1914 to master the intricacies of electricity. His many witty sayings concerning the letters he receives lead us to believe that he and one Winthrop maiden are on the eve of joining hands for life. We predict that he is destined to become by his practical knowledge and hard labor a distinguished electrical engineer, and will astound the world by some great invention.

Wayland Dewey Hutchins
Liberty, S. C.

Speak well of everyone if you speak at all—no one of us is very good.

CHEMISTRY

Senior Private; Y. M. C. A.; Palmetto Literary Society; Varsity Track, '14, '16, '17; Chemistry Science Club; C. S. Sleeve Club; Monogram Club; Bible Club Leader.

"Hutch" began to let people know of his existence twenty summers ago. The town of Liberty has always been his "briar patch" and he expects to live in liberty, if not always in the town of Liberty. Before he entered college, he definitely decided to become a christian, and has exerted every effort to that end. He never lets pleasure interfere with his study, and result, he always "shoots." "Dickie." His high moral and genial disposition make friends for him everywhere. "Hutch" is a strong advocate for military because the ten minutes' "setting-up exercises" fresh him for the delightful breakfast that awaits him in the Mess Hall. He is an ardent admirer of the commandant, but he never lets the Colonel know it. It is true that "Hutch" is no great orator, but he pleads most effectively with a little school teacher.
William Maine Hutson
Aiken, S. C.

Life every man holds dear, but the brave man holds honor far more precious dear than life.

Agronomy and Horticulture

Corporal; Drum Major; First Lieutenant; Adjutant of the Second Battalion; Manager of Tennis; Y. M. C. A.; Chemistry Club; Editor of Clubs, Publications and Organizations of "Taps," ’17; Thalian, Sophomore, Junior and Senior Dancing Clubs.

"Bill" is one of the best products of "The Queen of Winter Resorts." After winning scholarship, "Bill" came up to Clemson with the determination to do or die. He is an earnest worker, and has high moral principles, which he has stuck through thick and thin. He is a quiet, reserved sort of chap, and some folks say that he is not exceedingly de
trous of hard work. "Bill's" military genius has been very well recognized here, but not being satisfied with that, he herishes the desire to strengthen Uncle Sam's army by en
tering. "Bill's" athletic honors are negligible, but he managed the tennis team this year in such a way that they brought (ack the cup. He has won many friends on the campus, as well as among the boys, and we all predict for William great success in the future.

William Newton Jefferyes
Gaffney, S. C.

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard, it seems to me most strange that men should fear.

Agronomy and Horticulture

Sergeant; Second Lieutenant; President Cherokee County Club; Member of Picked Company, '14, '15; Secretary, Treasurer and President, Hayne Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer Cherokee County Club, '16; Agronomy Club; Secretary Bible Class; Junior Dancing Club, '16; Senior Dancing Club, '17; Thalian Club.

"Bill's" sole ambition was to become a farmer, and upon hearing of Clemson, he decided that it was good enough for him. Like a true sportsman, with her he has stuck. "Scout's" aggressiveness and his ability to stick through anything, thick or thin, have always brought him out ahead of everything. No one would think that Bill ever worried, or even runs his line of life. Like some tall cliff that shields the hearts of others, always a diligent student, kind, generous; these are the characteristics of Bill. His cheerful smile and ready wit, combined with his amiable disposition, have always won to him the hearts of others. Although "Scout" believes in pleasure, he is a willing and consistent worker, and his classmates predict that he is destined to become something great in his chosen profession.
A lion among women—'tis a dreadful thing.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

Corporal; Private; Senior Private; Sophomore, Junior and Senior Dancing Clubs; Columbian Literary Society Critic; A. I. E. E.; Y. M. C. A.; President Jasper County Club; Senior Private Club; Tennis Club; Vice-President Brotherhood Bible Class.

"Gunpowder Jinks" drove up in a wagon from the little town of Grahamville to become a soldier. As a soldier, Jinks started on a very promising career, but had his whole military prospects brought abruptly to an end by being implicated in an unsuccessful "Gunpowder Plot" to blow up the dairy barn. Jinks was also not an enthusiastic advocate of early rising. His amiable disposition and jolly manners won for him many friends among the cadets. Jinks is a poet and a dreamer, both poetry and dreams having but one end—"LOVE." "Love the Ladies," is his motto. So far he has attained great success in this line. Each new acquaintance, by a mere smile, can win his heart. Judging from the number of letters he receives daily, he has been smiled upon quite often. We fear Jinks will have to reside in Salt Lake City in order to accommodate his dear girls.

THOMAS MORRIS JERVEY
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Not that I like men less, but that I love the ladies more.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

Corporal; First Sergeant; Lieutenant; Freshman, '09; Sophomore First, '14; Captain, Junior, '17; Class Football; Scrub Football, '14, '15, '16; Charter Member Wade Hampton Literary Society; Charter Member Thalian Dancing Club; Sophomore, Junior, Senior and Junior-Dancing Clubs; Honorary Member of Block "C" Club; Monogram Club; Charleston County Club; Sophomore Class Historian; Toastmaster Junior-Senior Banquet; Satir Editor, "Taps," '17.

"Tom" first came to Clemson in '05, but after braving the hardships of cadet life for one year, he went out into the world, and was not seen again until he joined our ranks in '14 as a wise Sophomore. Since then he has been spending his time partly in solving electrical problems, but mostly in writing to the ladies. In spite of this, he has managed to find time enough to devise a new theory on "gravitation," based on the belief that the interior of the earth is a vacuum. "Tom"'s originality and good humor, together with his never-failing habit of saying exactly what he thinks, have won for him many friends who will always remember him as one who can be relied upon to do what is right, regardless of consequences.
William Bure Johnson
Easley, S. C.

Poverty is the reward of idleness.

Electrical and Mechanical Engineering

Sergeant; Senior Private; Junior Dancing Club; Senior Dancing Club; President Hard Boys' Club.

"Puss," or "Bull Dog," as he is sometimes called, is one of Easley's young electricians. He came to this place a very bashful boy, but in the four years of hard knocks he has blossomed into a regular ladies' man. "Puss" is one of the "hardest" men in his class, as shown by his being president of the "Hard Boys' Club." He hasn't a lazy bone in his body. We remember him chiefly as a "doctor" of Fords and for his love for all mechanical work of any description. He put all spare hours either in talking about, or in prying on them. We believe that some day he will be a great inventor. Everything about him indicates it. He is a practical man in every sense of the word. His ability to "shoot" his instructors is not questioned by those of us who have gone to classes with him. We predict for him a place among the leading mechanics of the future—unless he surprises by becoming a professor (?) of English.

Frank McCleod Kenney
Johnston, S. C.

Who dainties love shall beggars prove.

Electrical and Mechanical Engineering

Senior Private; President Edgefield County Club; Y. M. C. A.; A. I. E. E., '16; Senior Privates' Club; Senior Dancing Club; Clean Sleeve Club.

Frank hails from Johnston, and is a fair representative of the kind of men produced there. He is small in stature, but has a large heart, especially for the ladies. Frank's military aspirations were not very high, he having reached his height in becoming a Senior Private in the "Butler Guards." He is a great singer, and almost equals Caruso. He is fond of attending reveille, when someone wakes him. He is liked by everyone in his class, for he stands for the clean, straight things that are worth while. "Judge Keller" frequently profits by this boy's sharp appetite. We predict a long life of success for him, for he has a long head when it comes to looking into the future. He is eager to pull for others. After finishing his college career he expects to take one of Johnston's beauties under his care and protection. Let us tip our hats to Frank, for he is a real man.
Arthur McNeil Leland
McClellanville, S. C.

Honour and shame from no condition rise:
Act well your part: there all the honour lies.

Agronomy

Private; Sergeant; Senior Private; Senior Private Club; Sea Gull Club; Charleston County Club; Chaplain Agricultural Society; Agronomy Club; Sophomore Dancing Club; Junior Dancing Club.

Five years ago "Joy" journeyed from the seaport town of McClellanville to try his luck with the Clemson "Rats," and to study scientific agriculture. This young man came up here with the earnest desire for learning, but in his second year bad health and a great longing to see his native heath again caused him to leave us for the rest of the session. "Arthur" is a very stylish young man, being the one to start the "mackinaw" craze among the Cadets in the winter of '15, which was carried on to such an extent that the military ranks were decorated with flaring colors. This was the chief cause of the Colonel's installing "Uniform Overcoats" in the corps. "Joy's" winning smile and good nature have caused him to acquire friends everywhere. He is studying Agronomy, but has become interested in live stock raising, and he will very likely pursue this object until his fortune is made.

William Thomas Lemmon
Lynchburg, S. C.

He who loves not music, wine, woman or song,
Remains a fool his whole life long.

Agriculture—Chemistry

Private; Senior Private; Junior, Senior and Thalian Dancing Clubs; President Lee County Club; Vice-President Chemistry Science Club; Corresponding Secretary Calhoun Literary Society; Senior Private and Clear Sleeve Clubs; Sanhedrin Club; Agricultural Society; Y. M. C. A.

"Sonny" was caught somewhere in the wilds of Lynchburg in the fall of 1913 and sent to Clemson to be educated, for the far-seeing eyes of his captors discerned great possibilities in him. Being naturally possessed of an amiable disposition, he made friends rapidly, and soon became a favorite among all the boys. "Sonny" is a natural born sportsman and many are the ladies for whom he has fallen. Like many other fellows, his chief trouble is in deciding whom he really does love, and it is to be seriously doubted if his heart would ever break over any of them. Upon finding himself so apt in Chemistry as to commit a whole chapter to memory without especial effort, "Sonny" decided to take "Dickey," and cast his lot with the chemists. The only thing "Sonny" likes better than his course is dancing.
OLIVER PERRY LIGHTSEY
BRUNSON, S. C.

If at first you don't succeed, just keep on trying till you do succeed.

AGRONOMY

Corporal; Sergeant; First Sergeant; Major; Charter Member of Wade Hampton Literary Society; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Agricultural Society; Class Football, '16; Class Basketball, '17; Chief of "The Arsenic Seven;" Member of Picked Company, '14, '15; President Hampton County Club, '17; Editor of Military Book of "Taps," '17; "Tiger" Staff, '17; Circulation Manager of "The Chronicle," '17; Commencement Usher, '16; Member of First Sergeant Club, '16; Agronomy Club; Southern College Press Association.

This is "Von Litsey," the German at Clemson.

Let him have his name is a secret; so ask no questions. "VON" is a product of Hampton County, so this identifies him. He is known by everybody in college, because he has a property that few possess, the wonderful property of making friends with all kinds and classes of boys. Major is a shrewd article, being able to accomplish that which he pursues, and to proficiently "bull" those who fall for a nifty line. He is a perfect ladies' man, and many a fair maid has spent sleepless hours worrying over the face that adorns the above half of his page. Major has covered himself with military honors, having contracted military ambition and aspiration to such an extent that he was appointed ranking officer of the Corps.

SAMUEL LITTLEJOHN, JR.
JONESVILLE, S. C.

Rare as is true love, true friendship is still rarer.

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

Sergeant; Captain and Adjutant; Vice-President Athletic Association; Assistant Manager Baseball, '16; Vice-President Union County Club; Chairman Senior Ring Committee; Secretary Wade Hampton Literary Society; Sophomore Co-Operative Committee; Class Football, '14, '15, '16; Thalian Dancing Club; Chief Commencement Marshal, '16; Senior Dancing Club; President Junior Class; President Senior Class.

In the fall of 1913 the drowsy city of Jonesville decided to dispose of some of its superfluous humanity, and so "Umm Sammy" was packed off to the secluded spot of Oconee, known as Clemson. He soon became a favorite of the boys who took life as it came. "Pap" displayed his military ability in his Junior year. Since then he has been a shining light in the Colonel's eyes. "Sam" has displayed his ability in several ways: as an athlete, in class football, as a student, in "shooting" the professors consistently, as a business man, in his able management of "Taps," '17, and as an "all round good scout," by his popularity among the boys, even among the "Rats." We predict for Samuel a most successful future.
Elmer Walter Long  
Prospertity, S. C.  
Life is what we make it.  
Animal Husbandry  

Corporal; Sergeant; Lieutenant; President Newberry County Club; Block "C" Club; Monogram Club, '14, '15; Varsity Baseball, '16, '17; Department Editor Clemson Agricultural Journal; Agricultural Society; Wade Hampton Literary Society; Chapel Sunday School.

Behold, here is "Hard Times," as he is popularly known. Judging from the number of names he has had, one might think him popular; for instance, "Tad," "Trocious," "H" and "Purity." Although he doesn't look military, and says he never craved military honors, he has had them thrust upon him. As frivolous and light-minded as it may seem, he never cared for anything more than he does a baseball and a girl. Deceit and conceit are not found in him; and it is only doing him justice to say that he is the same today, tomorrow and forever. He says he has been in love several times, but no one ever believed it, nor even the girls themselves. He is an expert with his right hand, in two capacities, namely, twirling the "pill" and writing to the girls. Don't be afraid to shake hands with him; you will never regret having done so.

Arthur Stephenson McCord  
Hodges, S. C.  
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice  
Agronomy  

Corporal; Sergeant; Lieutenant; Editor Agricultural Department, Agricultural Journal; Agricultural Society; Vice-President Greenwood County Club; Students' Bible Class Secretary-Treasurer Chapel Sunday-school '15; Agronomy Club.

"Mac" hails from the city of Hodges. "Mac" cast his lot with the "Rats" in the session 1912-13. When he became a Sophomore, and we were just plain "Rats," he had such a nice time (at our expense) that he cared for nothing else; therefore, the next fall he joined our ranks, giving up a perfectly good job as First Sergeant. However, "Mac" got down to hard work when he finally reached Junior, became a good friend of the night watchman, and proved to his "Profs" what he could do. Since then he has been one of the stars of our class, and before the "Dickie" exams, his room would be filled with half-frightened classmates trying to receive some enlightenment on the vague subject of organic chemistry. "Mac" is a lad of good character, and he believes in doing things right. He is quiet, studious, kind and gentle. We all predict for him a great success in life.
George Chalmers McDermid
Charleston, S. C.

If music be the food of love, play on.

Horticulture

Corporal; Sergeant; Second Lieutenant; Principal Musician; Scrub Football; Assistant Manager Basketball; Manager Basketball; Bible Class Leader; Social Editor; Tiger; Advertising Manager; "Taps;" Vice-President Agricultural Society; Secretary-Treasurer Sophomore Dancing Club; president Junior Dancing Club; Censor; Vade Hampton Society; Sea Gull Club; Italian Club; Secretary-Treasurer Senior Class.

Many years ago "Mac" came to Clemson and joined the band. Here he loudly displays himself with the rattle of his drum, but when quietly gathered with a crowd of friends his violin speaks in true tones. Chalmers" is strong with the ladies, but his heart at present seems to be set upon one just across the borders of his native State. As you have already guessed, he is a Bottry lad. His well-known cell, "88," is the "hang-out" of the Charleston gang, and it will be many a year before any of them will forget the feasts and musical concerts held in that well-known apartment. "Mac" is very persevering, and has many friends; we therefore predict happiness and success for him through life.

Fred McHugh
Greenville, S. C.

Don't worry about the future,
The present is all thou hast;
The future will soon be present,
And the present will soon be past.

Mechanical-Electrical

Private; Sergeant; Senior Private; Y. M. C. A.; Greenville City Club; Greenville County Club; Vice-President Junior Dancing Club; Senior Dancing Club; Junior Member of A. I. E. E., '13, '16; Clemson Science Club; Senior Private Club; Picked Company, '14.

"Midget" entered Clemson in the fall of 1913 with the intention of so broadening his knowledge of electricity that he could succeed Mr. Edison at this great man's death. "Midget" has made an efficient scholar, and we see no reason why he cannot carry out his intention. In his early life at Clemson, he was deeply interested in Winthrop, but now he has a soft spot in his heart for Anderson College. His small size and pleasant disposition have won hosts of friends, who are sure of his success. We will not be surprised to hear of "Midget's" designing a "white way" for North Main Street, in Anderson, as he claims that this street is badly in need of more light. If he does not get tangled up with a "Live" wire, he will surely succeed.
William Arledge Matthews
Clover, S. C.

An honest man is the noblest work of God.

Electrical and Mechanical Engineering

Corporal; Sergeant; Lieutenant; Senior Private; Freshman Football, '13; Class Football, '14; Scrub Football, '14; Varsity Football, '15, '16; Vice-President Block "C" Club; President York County Club; Y. M. C. A.; A. I. E., '16; Senior Privates' Club.

"BILL" hails from Clover, which he says is the garden spot of the country. Clover has just cause for pride in this one of her worthy sons. A big, generous-hearted fellow; giant in stature; a little slow, but everlastingly there. If you don’t believe he is there, and as firm as a brick wall at that, ask some of his football opponents who have tried him. His two-fold object in coming to Clemson was that of winning a block "C" in football and battling four long and tedious years for a sheepskin. "BILL" used to be an aspiring Lieutenant, but alas! his military aspirations have faded away. Electricity seems to be his hobby. When he gets the presidency of the General Electric Company he will be at the height of his ambition, unless he decides to run for Mayor of Clover.

Walter Avery Meares
Westminster, S. C.

If aught obstruct thy course, yet stand not still But mind about ill thou hast lepp’d the hill.

Mechanical and Electrical Engineering

Corporal; Lieutenant; Literary Critic; Palmetto Literary Society; President Ocon County Club.

"Skinny" Meares came to Clemson with the intention of making an Electrical Engineer. The first term of his college career was spent in college athletics, after which he spent time in the exercise of his brain. There are many things that go to make up success in our life's work. "Skinny" has made a brilliant effort toward obtaining all of them. He goes about his work with an earnest desire to make the work worthy of the task. He pretends that he is not much of a lad, but from a few facts that we have gained from his past life we know that he is a heart-breaker. Although this lad was not a military aspirant, he was given a chance to show his military ability by being a Lieutenant. Meares has never failed to make friends since he entered College, and we predict for him a life full of success, happiness, and prosperity in the electrical world.
David Eugene Monroe
Marion, S. C.
All's well that ends well.

Animal Husbandry

Corporal: First Sergeant; Captain; Y. M. A.; Bible Class Leader; Member Sandlin Club; Assistant Satire Editor, "Taps," 17; Class Football, '14-'15, '15-'16; President, 16; Treasurer, '17. Marion County Club; Commencement Marshal, 16; Recording Secretary. Corresponding Secretary, '16. Chaplain. Censor, Vice-President, President, 17. Calhoun Literary Society; Agricultural Society; Editor-in-Chief Agricultural Journal; Section 5; Orator Annual Celebration Calhoun Literary Society, '17.

"Gene" is a fox from the Swamp Fox town or The City Beautiful," as he calls it. "Gene" claims that Marion is the town of good times and pretty girls, and he has some evidence as to the truth of his statement. "Gene's" ready wit, besides being the delight of his friends, has often been the means of getting him out of many quandaries, and the escapades through which he has safely passed are not a few. He is one who is so naturally capable as to not have to study, and his ability "to shoot" in the classroom is only excelled by his ability to "put over" the professor. Judging from the many honors accorded him, one can see that "Gene" is popular with his assameses and possesses more than ordinary ability.

Edward Knox Moore
Saluda, N. C.
Worry never made men great; why should I worry?

Chemistry

Corporal; Private: Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant; Secretary and President Chemistry Science Club; President Spartanburg City Club; Y. M. C. A.; Assistant Literary Editor, "Taps," 17; Recommending Board. "Taps," 17.

"You don't know this fellow," you say? Why, this is Moore, better known to us as "Ekky," the pride of the "Tar-Heel" State. He joined our ranks in '13, and is one of the few who have faithfully stuck it out to the end. "Ekky" came here with the intention of being a great Steinmetz, but upon finding that it took quite a bit of his favorite subject, calculus, he deserted the army of spark raisers and sought refuge under the "odorous" banner of "Dickie." We were once wont to believe that "Ekky" was destined to become a bachelor, but recent developments seem to show us that we were entirely wrong. But be that as it may, we do know that he is a very promising young chemist, as all of the professors will testify. A cheerful smile, a quick wit, and an ever-pleasant countenance are a few of his possessions which are sure to bring him success. He leaves with our best wishes.
Jerry Hamilton Moore
Florence, S. C.

Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory.

Agronomy
Senior Private; Senior Privates' Club; Florence County Club; Agronomy Club.

"Jerry" became champion corn grower when a lad of fifteen. This made him so popular that the leading agriculturists of the State decided to carry him about with them. They put a nice cord around his neck, and took turns exhibiting the timid little creature in the large cities. The Tomato Club girls delighted in tickling Jerry's cheeks and seeing him cry. Perchance a Clemson expert told Jerry of Clemson College as they sped by Calhoun on their way home. Jerry, thinking that he would like such a place, escaped from his protector at Central, and walked back to Clemson, reaching here just in time to matriculate with the Class of '16. "Brush," his room-mate, persuaded him to join the Class of '17, hence Jerry remained away from College one year, falling in with our class. Jerry, by his noble, honest, upright life, has won the confidence of all who know him, and we wish for him continued success and happiness.

Joseph James Murray
Edisto Island, S. C.

To know him is to like him;
Have I not said enough?

Chemistry
Corporal; Sergeant; Captain; Captain and Commissary; Assistant Bible Class Leader '15, Leader '16-'17; Secretary and Treasurer; Assistant Superintendent; Superintendent; Chapel Sunday-school; Secretary, Vice-President; Carlyle Sunday-school Class Y. M. C. A.; Editor of "Chronicle;" Secretary, Vice-President, President, Palmetto Literary Society; Treasurer Prohibition League; Secretary and President Chemist Science Club; Assistant Business Manager, "Taps;" '17; Senior Co-Operative Committee, and Recommending Board "Taps," '17, Staff.

"Jimmie" is a man who has gone through the mire of college life untainted. He is as fine a fellow now as when he first left the good influences of his home on Edisto Island. He is a true "Bottryman," and stands very high in the esteem of his fellow-students. When there is any work to be done you may depend on "Jimmie" for brain, brawn and honesty. Because he is a quiet fellow, don't take that to be indication of lacking interest—he is a good illustration of "He who talks least, knows most." With such ability and character as is possessed by this man, success of the high degree is inevitable.
HERMAN JOHN NIMITZ
CHARLESTON, S. C.
A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any day.

AGRICULTURE AND CHEMISTRY
Member Palmetto Literary Society; President Chemistry Science Club; Agricultural Society; Editor Chemistry Department, Agricultural Journal; Class Champions Football Team, '15; Scrub Football, '15, '16; Varsity football, '17; Track Team, '16, '17; Manager Track Team, '17; Class Champions Baseball Team, '17; Block "C" Club, '17; Program Club, 15; Sea Gulls, '16; Y. M. A.; Senior Private Club; Charleston County Club, '17; Dirty Dozen.

Herman, later known as "Foots," enlisted in the fall of 1913, and since that time his generosity, warmth of heart, and excellent store of good jokes have been a joy to many close friends among the "Bottry" bunch of the student body. "Foots" has been an active participant in all branches of college life, and through three years of earnest, diligent work on the gridiron, has won his block "C." He has also been a valuable asset to the track team, being manager and as discus twirler. Although "Foots" is given much time to frivolity and athletics, he has also been an ardent worker in the classroom—soaring above the curve in grades—and we predict for him one great success in his chosen profession, Chemistry.

ALBERT IASERTELL NORMAN
CONCORD, N. C.
A plague on grief and worry.

MECHANICAL AND CIVIL ENGINEERING
Corporal; Sergeant; Battalion Sergeant-Major; Lieutenant; Captain; Class Football, '13, '15; Varsity Football Squad, '14, '15; Junior Co-Operative Committee; Ring Committee; Critic, President, Wade Hampton Literary Society; Cheer Leader; Hobo's Engineers; Member of Arsenic Eight; Y. M. C. A.; Bible Class.

"Daddy," as he is known to the boys, has had a varied and checkered career. He has traveled extensively over this fair land of ours, usually in his own private box car. "Daddy" is one of Hobo's most trustworthy henchmen. He is a whole-hearted, good-natured, happy-go-lucky chap, and was never known to worry. As a student he has few equals. He started out in athletics by playing splendid class football in his freshman and sophomore years, and bid fair to make some one hustle for a place on varsity, when unfortunately his athletic career was ended by a broken ankle. His hearty laugh and ready wit are no doubt the causes of his popularity among his fellow students. He is known and loved by all his comrades. These qualities insure for him much success in life. Great things are expected of "Daddy," and we know that we will not be disappointed.
Arthur Edward Nowell, Jr.
Charleston, S. C.
I had rather be right than be president.

MECHANICAL-ELECTRICAL

Sergeant; Second Lieutenant; Senior Private; Junior Member A. I. E. E.; Assistant Superintendent and Superintendent Cadet Sunday-school; Charleston County Club.

Arthur, or “Sarge,” as he is known to some of his friends, comes from the “City by the Sea.” Some day Charleston will be proud to claim him as one of her sons, because he is of the kind who never gives up until he wins. Clemson would be fortunate if it could have more boys like Arthur. Everybody who knows him will tell you this about him: he is square. Don’t think from his nickname that Sarge is a military man. Far be it from that. He is much more likely to show Dr. Steinmetz something about electricity than he is likely to show a great degree of militarism. Arthur will make a success in life, no matter what line of endeavor he may follow, because he has those qualities in his nature which command the respect of all men. Let us hope that some girl doesn’t capture him too soon.

James Estes Parker
Graniteville, S. C.
A false friend is worse than an open enemy.

HORTICULTURE

Senior Private; Sub-Varsity Baseball, ’15, ’17; Varsity Baseball, ’14, ’16, ’17; Captain Baseball Team, ’17; President Block "C" Club, ’17; Thalian Club; Vice-President Harbors Boys’ Club; Senior Dancing Club.

"Jimmie," as he is known by his fellow students, is a jolly fellow well-met. He counts his friends by the hundreds. He always has a pleasant word for the one who discouraged. There are very few students who have been as loyal to the student body as has "Jimmie." Many have been the baseball games snatched from almost certain defeat and stored on the right side of the ledger by a line drive, or a seemingly impossible stop of a hard-hit ball, by this same "Jimmie." It was at one time feared that he had deserted us for good, but after remaining for one year he came back, much to the delight of us all. Since then he has been conspicuously in the limelight of college activities. We predict a successful future for him, and hope that he will be of great help to Nature in beautifying this old earth.
Andreas Adolph Patjens
Mt. Pleasant, S. C.

By God, I cannot flatter; I do defy the agues of soothers.

Civil and Mechanical Engineering

Corporal; Sergeant; Regimental Color Sergeant; Captain and Quartermaster; Senior Private; Picked Company, '14, '15; Scrub Football, '13, '14, '15; Class Football, '16; Class Basketball, 17; Monogram Club; Senior Scrimmage Club; Thalian Club; Charleston County Club; Sea Gulls; Mechanical Science Club; "Hobo" Club; Y. M. C. A.

This young man of Mt. Pleasant journeyed to Clemson with the intention of studying electricity, but soon forsook this course, deciding that the air life of a civil engineer had more attractions for him. "Pat" took up his studies as a civil with high sense of humor, and always willing for what is right. "Pat" has made many friends at Clemson, all of whom regard him as one to be trusted to the end. "Pat" is also very popular with the ladies, and if you want to put him in a good humor, just tell him that there is a letter from Charleston in the mail room for him.

Henry Krueger Patjens
Mt. Pleasant, S. C.

Character is the diamond which scratches every other stone.

Mechanical and Electrical Engineering

Sergeant; Senior Private; Lieutenant; President Charleston County Club; Athletic Editor, "Taps," '17; Class Football, '16; Champion Class Basketball, '17; Sea Gulls; Y. M. C. A.; Dirty Dozen.

"Pat" decided early in life that the height of his ambition was to be an electrical engineer. Therefore, he left the "Little Village by the Sea" and journeyed to Clemson, to pursue his course. He specialized in electricity, and, if reports are true, he will be a second Steinmetz before long. His jovial disposition, cheerful smile and amiable qualities cause him to be admired and his company sought by everyone. Pat has had the pleasure of making sad hearts glad for three years by delivering letters from the boys' sisters (?) and dads. He has been a very active student while at Clemson, and believes in doing everything right. Pat is not only popular with students and faculty, but even more so with the fairer sex, and his popularity has been the cause of his second nickname, "Strongheart." It would not surprise us to hear of a new invention by Henry and of his surrendering to Cupid in the near future.
LeRoy Fair Price
Hartsville, S. C.
It is easy enough to be pleasant,
When the world goes along like a song;
But the man worth while,
Is the man who can smile,
When everything goes dead wrong.

MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

Corporal: Sergeant; Senior Private;
Second Lieutenant; Vice-President, Charter
Member, Wade Hampton Literary Society;
Vice-President Darlington County Club;
Secretary-Treasurer Hartsville City Club;
Picked Company, '14-'15; Sophomore, Junior,
Senior Dancing Clubs; Junior Member A. I. E. E.;
Y. M. C. A.

LeRoy, better known to the boys as "Molly," came to Clemson in the fall of 1913 in order to broaden his knowledge of electricity. He did not receive his nickname because of his likeness to the fairer sex, but because of his ability and incessant practice of conversing. "Molly" is a very jolly, good-natured boy, and for this reason he has made many friends, and is well liked by all who know him. He is not very much of a military man, because of his care-free and easy-going manner. "Molly" is very musical, and many a dull evening has been brightened by the musical strains that issued from his harp. We all predict a successful future for him in the electrical world.

Vernon O'Delle Pruitt
Starr, S. C.

Oh, lovely babe, what lustre shall adorn
Thy noon of beauty, when so bright thy morn?

CHEMISTRY

Senior Private; Secretary Carolina Literary Society; Chemistry Science Club; Treasurer Carolina Literary Society; President Biltmore Class.

This big, bouncing boy is "V. O.," sometimes called "PRUNI." A ready smile and a beautiful blush are two of his characteristics, though the latter may be classed as accomplishment, attained by three years of closest attention to "Dickie’s" flattering remarks about Pruitt’s knowledge of the underlying principles of Chemistry. But, be that as it may, the atoms and the molecules seem glad to obey his slightest wish; precipitates appear as if by magic under his deft manipulations; and his analyses stick to the one one-hundredth of one per cent. limit of error. For Vernon is quite a chemist, as well as an around good fellow, who is bound to make good after he gets that long-coveted "DIP" and departs to join the ranks of the H. S dispensers. An agreeable companion, a true friend, an ardent lover (the latter from reliable sources) is the pride of STARR. Here's to you, Vernon; may your children have a rich fall...
George Henry Reaves  
Mullins, S. C.

Why worry? It will happen anyway,  
And sunshine drives the rain away.

Agronomy

Corporal; Sergeant; Second Lieutenant;  
1st Lieutenant; Corresponding Secretary,  
Vice-President and Prosecuting Critic,  
Alabama Literary Society, '17; Vice-  
President Marion County Club, '17; Bible  
Society Leader, '16; Hard Boys' Club, '17;  
Alpha Club.

It is true that George is nearly bald on  
the exterior portion of his skull, but to say  
he is bald on the interior, we would be  
saying both him and ourselves a great injustice.  
George had practically easy sailing over the "Educational Sea" until he came in contact with a snag  
known as "Genetics." After spending a short while in passing this dangerous snag, he sailed into the "Straits of Com-  
cement." He has now taken on a cargo of "Life-in-  
est," and it is believed that he will have little trouble  
and it will be safely at the "Port of Success." George has  
an honest heart, as will be vouched for by all who came in con-  
nection with him while in college. He has hosts of friends  
who believe he will be a credit to his alma mater. You  
be lucky to meet him, as he is a friend worth having.

Frank Marion Reeves  
Longtown, S. C.

Words are too expensive to be used basely.

Civil and Mechanical Engineering

Senior Private; Fairfield County Club;  
"Hobo" Club; Clean Sleeve Club; Senior Privates' Club, '17.

"Frank" is indeed a man of actions and not  
words. It is a good thing this is true, for  
his girl would never know that he was in love  
with her. He would be afraid words would  
be lost in pouring out the feelings of his heart  
into her ear. Frank's ability to be a credit  
to the engineering profession has been firmly estab-  
lished in the minds of his instructors. He is from  
"Jojo's" brier-patch. All men are truly great in  
"Jojo's" estimation who hail from this grand county.  
We are quite sure that he will uphold the dignity of  
this county and be a credit to its good name. We  
wish him every success in life, and hope he will  
made the best of every opportunity that presents  
itself. Honor is one of the keynotes of his sterling  
characteristics. This, combined with his rare ability,  
will make any man a friend worth having.
Abram Jones Richards  
Liberty Hill, S. C.

Poverty is no sin, but it's terribly inconvenient.

Agronomy
Senior Private; Scrub Baseball, '14; Varsity Baseball, '15, '16, '17; Secretary-Treasurer Block "C" Club; Class Football, '16; Censor, '15, Treasurer, '16, Vice-President, '17, President, '17, Carolina Literary Society; President Kershaw County Club, '16; Secretary-Treasurer Block "C" Club; Class Football, '16; Censor, '15, Treasurer, '16, Vice-President, '17, President, '17.

In the year of 1913 a timid little boy left "Freedom Hill" to try his fortunes as a "tiger" in the "jungles" around Calhoun, S. C. This little boy, better known as "Abe," is noted for his jolly disposition and winning ways. It is as rare to see him angry as it is for a "rat" to "beat out" of reveille. The old adage, "You can't keep a good man down," failed to hold true in his military career. But, after all, it takes a good man to be a private. "Abe" is a pitcher of no mean ability, for he has done yeoman service for his alma mater. We predict for him a place on some team in one of the major baseball leagues. Whatever he does, he does well, so don't be afraid to trust him. You are lucky to know him.

Elias Lynch Rivers  
James Island, S. C.

Let not woman's weapons, water drench my man's cheeks.

Animal Husbandry
Sergeant; Second Lieutenant and Battalion Quartermaster and Commissary; President Wade Hampton Literary Society; Member Sea Gull Club; Agricultural Society Charleston County Club; Y. M. C. A. Picked Company.

"Sixty, by Gosh!" Who remembers this expression? We all do most pleasantly. "Sixty" is the quietest man that the "But ever turned out. He is a hard worker, an all-round good fellow, and by his quiet and assuming manner, he has won a host of friends, in barracks and in the classrooms. He rose to rank of Sergeant in his Junior year, and to Second Lieutenant in his Senior year, and while the Colonel thinks his "Staff" is very military, we can vouch for the fact. "Zeke" is decidedly not. "Sixty" is very fond of chicken and if you look through his kodak album you will agree with us. His chief ambition is to go back to dear Charleston and become a scientific stock-raiser. We expect to hear of him some day in the near future as being on the greatest authorities on live-stock in this country.
Taliaferro Blake Robertson
Spartanburg, S. C.
Still water runs deep.

Dairying

Second Lieutenant; Class Football, '15; Basketball Squad, '15-'16, and again in '16-'17.

"T. B.," after wandering around the world for quite a time, alighted at Clemson, and right glad we are, too, for he is the kind of fellow that helps make a school a good school. He shows his loyalty every time a basketball game is played, for he goes in to win, let it cost him what it may. "Quit" is not in his vocabulary. "T. B." keeps the love and respect of all his boy friends, as well as of the faculty, by his ability to do the task that is given him and not to grumble. We all know that he is bound to make good in the world, because he has made good here, and we would like you all to know that we will watch his progress with much interest. One thing we would like to tell him before he goes: "Stay away from the girls," because they all like the kind of man you are.

Horatio Lenoir Sanders
Hagood, S. C.

Some men are born great, others achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

Textile Engineering

Private; Corporal; Sergeant; Regimental Quartermaster; Sergeant-Major; Lieutenant; Senior Private; President Sumter County Club; Senior Textile Science Club; Wade Hampton Literary Society; Junior Dancing Club, '16; Senior Dancing Club, '17; Thalian Dancing Club; "Chief Locator," Arsenic Eight; Assistant Satire Editor, "Taps," '17; Senior Privates' Club; Textile Society, '16.

Surely Sumter County should be proud of her patriotic little gamecock, for he has the air about him that reminds us of our hero for whom this county was named. "Rip" early decided to become a farmer, but upon hearing of the Textile Engineering course at Clemson, he then decided to become a Textile Engineer and revolutionize the textile industry around Hagood. Arriving at Clemson he at once became the special favorite of the "King" and "Queen." He is a diligent student, and his characteristic wit, open-heartedness and all-round good nature, have won for him a host of friends. "Rash" is an ardent admirer of the fair sex, and is strikingly popular with them all. He loves the girls from A to Z, but a certain little girl in Virginia has evidently won his heart, as is seen by his frequent visits to the postoffice.
William Schirmer, Jr.
Charleston, S. C.

There's naught but good can dwell in such a temple.

Agriculture and Chemistry

Senior Private; Lieutenant; Vice-President and Reporting Critic of the Wade Hampton Literary Society; Vice-President of the Chemistry Science Club; Agricultural Society; Class Chaplain, '16; Y. M. C. A.; Class Football, '16; Class Champion Basketball Team, '17; Dirty Dozen; Vice-President Charleston County Club.

Desirous of chemical enlightenment, this genial product of the "City by the Sea" journeyed to Clemson in '13. To know "Pete" is to like him. Endowed with a good intellect, a broad vision of life, and sound judgment, he is actuated by strong convictions which he is at ease to defend when necessary. When "Pete" enters the lists to do battle for any cause whatever, he dons the armor plate of enthusiasm, takes up the shield of deadly earnestness, draws the saber of energy, and fights to a glorious success. This cute little blue-eyed devil is a mischievous flirt with the ladies. "Pete's" affectionate disposition is measured by his ability to bite. From these sterling qualities, we can only predict a future career tinged with glory and success.

Arthur Raymond Sellers
Charleston, S. C.

My heart doth joy that yet in all my life I found no man but he was true to me.

Electrical and Mechanical Engineering

Corporal; Sergeant; First Lieutenant and Chief Musician; Reporting Critic, Recording Secretary, Chaplain, Vice-President, and President, Columbian Literary Society; Winner Declaimer's Medal, '16; Intercollegiate Debating Council; Chairman Junior-Senior Banquet Committee; Junior Member Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; President Y. M. C. A.; Sunday-school Class President; Chaplain Senior Class; Bible Class Leader, '15, '16 and '17; Superintendent Old Stone Church Sunday-school; Treasurer Charleston County Club.

In September, '13, "Sarge" decided to leave the "City by the Sea" in pursuit of an education. He has always been one of our hardest workers, and a comrade who through his noble character and high sense of honor has gained the esteem and admiration of all of his fellow-students. His career at College has been one without a stain. He never allows anything to fail, once he undertakes it. He is in every respect a straightforward, whole-hearted Christian gentleman; one who loves the right and detests the wrong. For such a man as this, with an unlimited supply of energy and an unblemished character, success is inevitable.
William Alvin Shearer
Anderson, S. C.

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

CIVIL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

Corporal; Sergeant; Second Lieutenant; First Lieutenant; Palmetto Literary Society; President Anderson County Club; President Electric City Club; Hobo Club.

"Abe" entered Clemson with the class of '16, but after having some difficulties with the English and History professors, he decided that the class of '17 was by far the best.

"Abe" first gained distinction as a military officer in the Freshman Class, when Colonel Cummins made him a section marcher, which office he held faithfully and efficiently. "Abe" joined the Hoboes at the beginning of his college course, and he has been a hard worker, but he still has a little trouble with Professor Daniel of the English Department. "Abe" is very quiet, and for this reason he has not made as many friends as some of the fellows, but he is well liked by all those who know him, and especially some of the professors. "Abe" is a firm believer in the Electric City, and he has been quoted as saying, "Anderson is my town." We all predict a great future for "Abe" as an engineer.

Leslie Keeley Singley
Prosperity, S. C.

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

Corporal; Sergeant; Senior Private; Member Palmetto Literary Society, '15; Member Hayne Literary Society, '17; Literary Society Critic; Assistant Bible Class Leader; Member Newberry County Club; Member Senior Private Club.

"Hawk" was cast adrift from Prosperity in the autumn of '13, and lodged on the rugged hills of Clemson. His ambition then began to make him with the great things of life. At the beginning of his Junior year, he fell a victim to the wire stringers and pole climbers. He has shown his love for the work by the success that he made in the classroom. His earnest desire to succeed shows that he is willing to pay the penalty of hard work in order to become a second Steinmetz. "Hawk" has distinguished himself among his fellow students in the art of joking. He is the same anywhere and at all times, and thus he has won the friendship of all who knew him. The prophecy of his friends is that his future is hung from the realms of success.
Edward Dunn Sloan
Winnsboro, S. C.

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

Civil Engineering

Private; Private; Private; Senior Private; Recording Secretary, Censor, and President, Calhoun Literary Society; Scrub Football, '15; Class Football, '15; President Fairfield County Club; Secretary-Treasurer Senior Private's Association; Clean Sleeve Club; Y. M. C. A.; Thalian Club; Senior Dancing Club.

This jovial mixer landed here in September, 1913, and soon had countless friends. In literary society activities, "Eddie" has been a hard worker. He played Class and Scrub football, and could have gone higher had he been built for speed instead of comfort. "Eddie" has had a part in all college activities, playing a most important part on "the square" and in the "Annex." "Ed" can slide his "12's" as gracefully on the waxed floor as he could if they were "9's." "Blossom" is a very efficient "Hobo Engineer," and an excellent worker in anything that he is interested in. "Eddie" is six feet two and one-half inches of genuine good fellow. We predict that he will some day be president of a great structural concern. Just heard, "Colonel, are we going to have any dinner today?" Colonel: "Report under arrest, Mr. Sloan!"

Lewis Clybwell Sowell
Lancaster, S. C.

Who does the best circumstance allows, does well, acts noble; angels could do no more.

Dairying

Senior Private; Vice-President Lancaster County Club; Senior Privates' Club; Clean Sleeve Club.

"Runt" breezed into this place four years ago. During his "rat year" he studied, but shot so well that it has been easy for him ever since. His Sunday evening strolls are usually directed toward the river, the rendezvous of "Hobo's" chickens. Realizing his smallness of stature, "Runt" decided to specialize in Dairying, for such a course would give him ample opportunity to approach the normal stature. "Yabbo," a special friend of "Runt's," could recognize him by his heels as they vanished around the corner into darkness. It has been said that "Cummins Square" had a special liking to him, and that it always evinced loneliness during his absence. It must be admitted that "Runt" was ever loyal to the "Block of Misfortunes," since nothing but serious sickness ever caused him to be absent the Saturday afternoon formation. "Runt" expects to conduct a prosperous dairy in the near future, and it seems that success should ultimately crown this good-natured, industrious lad's life.
Tom Spratt
Chester, S. C.

It is hard to earn a good reputation, and a
lot of work has to go into it. A bad reputa-
tion is easily made, and it keeps itself.

CIVIL ENGINEERING

Private; Private; Private; Senior Private;
M. C. A.; Clean Sleeve Club; Senior
Privates' Association; Sophomore, Junior and
Senior Dancing Clubs; Charter Member of
Thalian Club; Secretary and Treasurer Tha-
lian Club, '15, '15-'16; President Thalian
Club; Sophomore Football Team; Scrub
football, '15.

Tom, the inevitable! Anywhere, any time,
he is plentiful. He is one of “the boys about
own.” His chief occupation, besides shooting all of
his professors, is dancing. He is the terpsichorean
artist of the college, and there are few as good in the State.
He is the most efficient president the Thalian Club has had
a long time. Tom came to Clemson in the fall of 1911,
and “lay out” two years after finishing Fresh, in order to get
experience in the water power development of the South and
engineering. His originality, initiative, versatility, good
humor, wit, good looks, and forcefulness, will no doubt land
in a “high up” station in engineering circles. If Tom
pens not become an engineer, we predict that he will super-
de Nijinske in “The Ballet Russe.”

Bonneau Kennerly Steadman
Clemson College, S. C.

Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wis-
dom with mirth.

AGRICULTURE AND CHEMISTRY

Day Cadet; Senior Private; Vice President
Chemistry Science Club; Reporting Critic
Palmetto Literary Society; Pickens County
Club; Senior Privates' Club; Clean Sleeve
Club; Bible Class Leader; Y. M. C. A.;
Delegate Blue Ridge.

"Pat" didn’t enter until the second term of
his Freshman year, hence he was handicapped
at first. By his characteristic hard, earnest
work, we knew that he expected to do great
things. Steadman specialized in Chemistry, with the
intention of discovering some new element, and thus
have his name written in the pages of the "History
of Chemistry." His winning smile and quiet ways have
made for him numerous friends and won the hearts of many
of the fairer sex. He never fails to meet the mails from
Anderson and Winthrop, and is seldom disappointed. The
only thing that prevented the class of '17 from producing
a "military genius" was that "Pat" didn’t join barracks
life until his last year. Being one of high aspirations, he
was inclined to be military when he first entered barracks,
but he soon decided to be loyal to the Senior Privates and
not desert the good cause.
Gerald Rudolph Tyler
Windsor, S. C.

He can who thinks he can.

Architectural Engineering

Sergeant: Lieutenant; Senior Private; Y. M. C. A.; T-Square Club; Aiken County Club; Art Staff, "Taps," '15-'17; Senior Private's Club; Member Gargoyles; Senior Dancing Club.

"President" migrated to Clemson in 1911. Since that prehistoric time he has had a most interesting and varied career. After finishing Soph, the lure of the West overcame him, and he found himself shocking wheat on the sunny plains of Kansas. Like a true sport, "Pres." spent all his earnings in Kansas City, and then boarded a through freight and hoboed back to the old Palmetto State. He again entered Clemson and completed his Junior year most successfully. He was again seized by the rambling fever, so he betook himself away on a journey which landed him at the Frisco Exposition. After remaining away for nearly two years, "Pres." joined the ranks of the class of '17, and became an indispensable member of the Architectural section. Tyler has shown himself to be a man in the true sense of the word, and has made a host of friends, including both faculty and student body. His natural ability, brilliant intellect, and invaluable experience, fit him admirably well for life's battles. Long may he wave!

Heyward Walker
Beaufort, S. C.

How poor are they that have not patience
What wound did ever heal but by degrees

Dairying and Animal Husbandry

Corporal; Sergeant; First Lieutenant Chaplain, First Critic, President, Calvin Literary Society; Secretary, President, Episcopal Brotherhood Bible Class; Y. M. C. A. Bible Class Leader; Agricultural Society Associate Editor Agricultural Journal; President Beaufort County Club.

Heyward, better known as "Drat," wandered up here in September, 1913, from "The Garden Spot of the Carolinas," to learn more about agriculture. Besides pretty girls, he loves good live stock, and he says his highest ambition is to see the finest herd of pure-bred cattle in the South. However, some day we may hear of him at Pasture Institute studying how to prolong the human life, the use of little microbes and milk. Heyward believes in certified milk, and to secure this particular kind of milk, he advocates the use of the "Ching method." Heyward is versatile; for along with other talents, he is a military man of distinction, is of good disposition. He is studious, kind, gentle, and ambitious. It will be a great surprise to us if he does not make a great success in life.
LADIES R. WARRINER  
SOCIETY HILL, S. C.  
To God, thy country, and thy friends, be true.  
Horticulture  
Corporal; Sergeant; Captain; Picked Company, '14 and '15; Junior, Senior and Thalian Dancing Clubs; Chaplain, Treasurer, and Representative at Inter-Society Declamation Contest for Wade Hampton Literary Society; President Darlington County Club; Vice-President Agricultural Society; Vice-President Sanhedrin Club; Big 5; Class Football, '16; Department Editor of the Agricultural Journal for Horticultural Division.

Ladies, or "Lub-dub," is a native of Society Hill, and if all the other inhabitants of this town are like him, the place is well named, for if you want to strike his weak spot, just mention girls and dancing. "Lub" is one of those happy-go-lucky fellows who always let the other fellow do the worrying. He can go to a class, without having "cracked" a book, with as cheerful a countenance as you ever saw, and what is more, he has the knack of making the professor think that he knows all about the lesson. As a military man he has always taken high rank, due especially to his deep bass voice and military mien. Ladies has a cheerful, pleasing disposition, which makes for him friends wherever he goes. Success for him is assured.

WILLIAM ROBERT WEST  
GREENVILLE, S. C.  
In whose heart there is no song, to him the miles are many and long.  
Mechanical-Electrical Engineering  
Senior Private; Senior Co-Operative Committee; Vice-President Greenville County Club, '16-'17; Junior, Senior, and Thalian Dancing Clubs; Secretary and Treasurer Hard Boys' Club; Wade Hampton Literary Society; Senior Private Club; Junior Member A. I. E. E.

Robert, better known to us all as "Bob," entered Clemson in the fall of '13 with the desire to broaden his knowledge of electricity. "Bob," by means of hard and diligent study, has made an enviable record. It is said that "Bob" always knows less about his lessons than anyone else until he is called on. Judging from "Bob"'s military record you would think that he is a very quiet and bashful boy, but this is not the case; he is always full of fun, and is continually thinking of some practical joke. "Bob"'s winning way and happy-go-lucky manner has won him many friends. He never lets pleasure interfere with duty, but when there is a dance, or girl in sight, it so happens that "Bob" has no duty. We all feel confident that "Bob" will make good, and his future will be crowned with success.
A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

AGRONOMY

Sergeant; First Lieutenant; Literary Editor "Chronicle;" Chief Literary Staff, "TAPS," '17; Charter Member, Secretary, Vice-President, and President, Wade Hampton Literary Society; Senior Agricultural Society; Senior Co-Operative Committee; Senior Dancing Club; Sanhedrin Club; Big Five; Vice-President and President "Swamp Fox" Club; U. D. C. Medal for Best Essay, '16; Inter-Society Declamation Contest, '16; Bible Class Leader; Vice-President Berean Sunday-school Class.

"W. T." is proud of the fact that he is from the "Swamp Fox" County. Since joining the ranks of the "Best Class" in the fall of 1913, Warren has been steadily growing in popularity with his fellow-students, and also with his instructors, both in the classroom and on the campus. He is especially gifted along literary lines, and has rapidly forged to the front in this branch of student activity, and he has handled well the trusts placed upon him. Even though he was not a military aspirant, he has easily risen to the rank of First Lieutenant. A "ladies man" through and through is "W. T.," and some say that he got his start in the literary line by writing books to certain of the fair sex. Hard-working, agreeable, versatile, honest, and unselfish, he is easily one of the most popular members of the class.

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.

MECHANICAL-ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

Senior Private; Vice-President Calhoun Literary Society; President County Club; Class Football, '13-'14-'15; Scrub Football, '14-'15, and Varsity, '16; Assistant Athletic Editor TAPS, '17; Junior Member A. I. E. E.; Member of Block "C" Club; Y. M. C. A.; College Orchestra; Thalian Club; Sophomore, Junior, and Senior Dancing Clubs.

"Dutch" is rightly named Ernest. He is one of the most earnest workers we have. When he sets his mind on a thing, and his hand to do it, it's done! "Dutch" blew in to us from Aiken in '13, and was put in an ordinary company, but due to the fact that the band needed his "clannetical discords" more than the Commandant appreciated his military genius, he was soon transferred, and is now playing solo clarinet. However, on a par with his rapid progress in musical lines is the way in which he "hums" through the football lines. Wherever a man was needed, "Dutch" popped up, and just at the right time, too. The many sterling qualities possessed by this our good friend will make him successful in whatever line of work he pursues.
Frederic Latham Witsell
Charleston, S. C.

High-erected thoughts seated in the heart of
Irteisy.

MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL
ENGINEERING

Corporal; First Sergeant; Captain and Adj-
ant; Senior Private; Picked Company, '14-
; Scrub Football, '14; Scrub Baseball,
; Captain Sophomore Football Team, '15
 hammocs); Class Basketball; Varsity
otball, '15 and '16; Captain Football
an for 1917; Coach Junior Class Football
ams, '15 and '16; Monogram Club; Block
Club; Junior and Senior Dancing
ibs; Thalian Dancing Club; Charleston
ity Club; Sea Gulls; Mechanical Science Club;
sde Hampton Literary Society; Vice-President of
ior Privates; Junior-Senior Banquet Committee;
ior Co-Operative Committee; Y. M. C. A.

If I were given ten pages to write upon, I could tell you
of the many interesting things about this young cavalier.
Unfortunately, the limited space allows me to tell you
very little. This young gallant journeyed to Clem-
to learn the art of farming, but later decided that it
uld be more profitable to extract lighting from the Light-
ing Bug. We now find him a full-fledged electrical en-
er. "Fish," with his jovial, good nature and winning
ners, won for himself a host of friends and not a few
ors.

Wesley Clifford Williams
Eutawville, S. C.

A nice girl can do wonders with me.

HORTICULTURE

Sergeant; Senior Private; Censor, Report-
ing Critic, Chaplain, Palmetto Literary So-
ciety; Representative Inter-Society Declama-
tion Contest, '16; Chaplain, Agricultural So-
ciety; Vice-President Orangeburg County
Club; Bible Class Leader; Y. M. C. A.

Sincerity, noble-mindedness, and faith-
lessness, characterize this brilliant student. To
know "Bill" serves only to appreciate more
his genuine worth, for his noble traits of char-
acter become more evident on close acquaint-
ance. He is an earnest worker in literary society
lines. "Bill" decided to specialize in Horticulture
in order to carry out a project of his in regard to
"peach buds." He hopes to carry his scheme to per-
fecHon, and at last come out the winner of the pret-
tiest "Peach" of them all. When that happy day
comes, he will settle down to a life of contentment
and ease. His specialty for things of a fruity and
flowery nature helped to make him one of the few
possessors of the "mighty grip." Quiet and con-
genial, he has a host of friends who are sure that his
good qualities will open up for him a career of fruit-
ful service in the years yet to come.
Horace Harold Willis
Clifton, S. C.

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

TEXTILE

Corporal; Sergeant; Lieutenant; Recording Secretary; Treasurer; President; Columbian Literary Society; Orator Columbian Celebration; Intercollegiate Debating Council; Vice-President; President; Spartanburg County Club; Bible Class Leader; Y. M. C. A.; Student Advisor Spartanburg County.

Horace, better known as "Bill," originated in the village of Clifton. Early in life he caught a gleam of the value of a trained mind, so in the fall of '13 he entered Clemson. With a determination that knows nothing but success, he began his career, choosing for his profession Textile Industry. His college days were devoted, not solely to pleasure, but to those things that would best prepare him for the hardships of life. Like every one, Bill has his faults, but looming up before his faults is that silent greatness that cannot be hidden. Character is an enviable possession, being the true measure of manhood, and Horace is to be envied, for he possesses this God-given quality. During his four years' stay with us, he has won the esteem and admiration of all those who have been associated with him.

Hood Crawford Worthy
Chester, S. C.

Make the coming hours overflow with joy,
And pleasures drawn the brim.

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

Private; Corporal; Private; Lieutenant A. I. E. E.; Y. M. C. A.; Class Footbal '15-'16; President Chester County Club, 1

Hood joined the class of '17 with the determination to prepare himself to be an electrical engineer. Although his scholarly record is good, Hood has always made it his motto to study as little as possible. He says that his father did not raise him to be a soldier, he has had military honors thrust upon him. He did not let this interfere with his morning slumbers, he says that many things are realized in dreams during calls for reveille. He is never seen unless there is a smile upon his face. Hood always sees the bright side of life and makes his associates do likewise. On account of a good nature and jolly laugh, Hood has won for himself many friends. Since it has been said that seventy-five cent. of a man's success in life is due to his personality, we are sure that Hood will produce footprints on the sand time that will never be trodden out.
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
OF THE
Clemson College Class '17.

We, the cadets of the class of 1917, in convention assembled, grateful to our instructors for our liberties, do hereby render our signatures, and declare ourselves free from the reign of our Alma Mater, and from the United States of America.

[Signatures]
As I undertake to write the history of the class of '17, I feel as if I have assumed a tremendous task, because it may be that we really have no history. But, we have existed as a body of college boys for four years, and it is of this existence that I propose to write. If I should seem to speak in a slightly boastful manner, just remember that, "I pay tribute to whom tribute is due."

So, let us look briefly at some of the things that have occurred—for it would be impossible to note all the little things—during the four years that we have spent in the bounds of the great city (?) of Clemson College. Although it was in September of 1913 when we first gathered here, the campus at once became green, as if it were spring-time. Those were great times for most of us—great in many ways—but greatest in trouble it seems to a great number of us. But we soon became accustomed to the perplexities, the troubles, the trials, and the joys (?) of ratdom. Our number decreased slightly during the session, as it always must, for there are always those who fail to stand the tests of a college life. But, for those of us who stood the test, June of 1914 marked the passage of one milestone on the road to Diplomaville.

We came back in September of 1914 as Sophomores—a much wiser bunch than a year before, at least in appearance and actions. Doubtless we felt, as all Sophomores are inclined to feel, that the college could not exist without us. We were "wise fools" then—such fools that we did not know how big fools we were" (Jojo). We met many new and difficult studies waiting for us along the path of Sophomore. All of us soon became familiar with the extremely masculine voice that we had heard from the Chemistry Building the year before, exclaiming, "Young gentlemen, you must get this." We learned that it was useless to hurry to our English classes, because "for the benefit of those who came in late," all would be repeated. After taking surveying under "Shep,"
MISS GATCHELL, Sponsor

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ZIMMERMAN, M. L.
THE JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

In the fall of 1914 the “greenest,” “scaredest,” and “ugliest” bunch of fellows ever herded in one place assembled at Clemson College to start through the old mill. All were frightened to death,—stage fright, I dare say, is nothing when compared to the fear in the heart of a “Rat.” Soon, we found that our fright was neither supposed nor imaginary, for shortly the “Sophs” showed us that they were the cocks of the walk. The trials and tribulations that we endured at the hands of these cats were various and numerous. We entertained them by buying bath and revelle tickets; by taking sudden flights during our sleep; by making down beds; by cleaning up rooms; by renovating old guns, etc. Probably, our most popular play was “The Leaning Over and Grasping the Lower Chair Round.” This play met with marked success whenever it was given a try out,—at least, we always received an abundance of applause, not by word of mouth, but by the “laying on of hands.”

Finally, after a most miserable year, we returned to our homes, thanking the good Lord that He had given us the endurance to withstand the mighty onslaughts during the year, and earnestly hoping that He would give us the strength to make a “strong come-back.”

The next September we came back strong, both in number and spirit; in fact, we should not have objected if school had opened its doors a month sooner.

The first recognition of the class ’18 was attained when our invincible football eleven snatched the class championship last year. This victory put our men in the limelight, and showed the determined spirit of victory that the class has always displayed.

Not only did we shine in the football world, but also on the baseball diamond. Four of our men secured permanent berths on the varsity squad. On the basketball court, we also had members. Two of our number made varsity, one of them being a star. Tennis, too, found our men ardent supporters, both members coming from our Soph. class. Lastly, we had a goodly number of men on the track, and those who were able to keep pace with them were cutters.

Some few months ago, we entered the main building, seeking our entrance into the old mill for the third time. Though many had fallen by the wayside, our numbers surpassed those of any previous Junior class. Realizing that soon we were to march in the footsteps of SENIORS, we put on bold, serious and dignified faces, and acted well our parts. In the Junior year, various events have happened—some with success, others with calamity.

Lastly, let us direct our attention to the future for a few moments. A careful survey of the class shows that our desires, at present, are of a four-fold nature; that is, to get the ring, the cap cord, the "DIP," and the L-A-D-Y!! Fellows, then, let us be up and doing—time is fleeting—and let every man of the class of ’18 strive to attain honor, glory and success, for himself, for his class, for his College, for his State, and for his Nation.

R. W. WEBB, Historian.
Miss Young, Sponsor

SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

J. S. Watkins, Vice-President

W. H. Wallace, President

H. W. Washington, Historian

D. Haltiwanger, Sec. and Treas.

CO-OPERATIVE COMMITTEE

D. Haltiwanger

W. H. Wallace

U. X. Cullum

J. S. Watkins

J. H. Robertson

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## SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

| Adams, J. R. | Glenn, W. T. | Montgomery, H. D. |
| Allison, W. A. | Graves, C. C. | Morris, C. C. |
| Altman, D. R. | Graves, H. E. | Morecock, E. M. |
| Allen, R. G. | Gray, J. L. | Muckenfuss, A. A. |
| Askel, W. F. | Gunder, S. | Neil, J. M. |
| Atkinson, R. F. | Graham, N. T. | Nowell, J. L. |
| Aul, G. H. | Hall, J. B. | Parlor, J. W. |
| Austin, W. L. | Halfwanger, D. | Parrott, E. L. |
| Bankhead, J. B. | Hamrick, L. A. | Palmer, G. D. |
| Barnes, W. N. | Harral, H. C. | Pepper, E. F. |
| Bates, J. M. | Hart, W. L. | Plaxico, R. S. |
| Berly, J. H. | Herring, L. C. | Poag, L. M. |
| Bingham, J. W. | Hicks, R. C. | Price, B. W. |
| Blackwell, W. M. | Hill, J. O. | Pridmore, R. M. |
| Bodie, D. D. | Hillhouse, E. L. | Pyyatt, E. N. |
| Bradford, Z. B. | Hoffmeyer, H. G. | Quattlebaum, W. M. |
| Boggs, O. B. | Hollifield, J. | Reeves, E. C. |
| Brown, E. T. | Hunter, J. | Raxel, D. |
| Bruce, J. M. | Hutchins, G. J. | Riddle, N. P. |
| Burgess, R. L. | Hubster, E. G. | Roberts, E. R. |
| Campbell, C. D. | Jackson, T. S. | Rogers, J. P. |
| Campbell, T. A. | Jesse, H. H. | Rogers, W. B. |
| Carter, M. O. | Johnson, H. W. | Rogers, W. S. |
| Caryer, W. A. | Jones, D. R. | Rose, W. E. |
| Cash, C. B. | Jones, J. E. | Rush, J. D. |
| Chambliss, P. B. | Jones, S. C. | Sansbury, L. S. |
| Chapman, C. F. | Kay, L. K. | Sawyer, W. S. |
| Chapman, R. C. | Kennerley, W. J. | Shields, H. L. |
| Clement, D. T. | Kinsey, H. M. | Shfrill, C. L. |
| Clemmons, S. P. | Kinsey, J. W. | Short, W. J. |
| Cole, W. P. | Kirkpatrick, M. H. | Sessions, C. J. |
| Conyers, J. W. | King, J. L. | Singleton, G. H. |
| Cook, W. S. | Kittles, T. J. | Singleton, J. M. |
| Corcoran, A. C. | Kuykendal, C. M. | Smith, D. P. |
| Cordes, H. D. | Lawton, B. E. | Smith, E. R. |
| Cornwell, M. M. | Labrce, J. | Smith, R. E. |
| Coward, C. C. | Leppard, B. T. | Stender, B. |
| Cox, G. | Leslie, F. H. | Strong, H. H. |
| Craig, W. | Lee, J. L. | Suher, F. L. |
| Cullom, F. X. | Lee, W. D. | Thrower, G. G. |
| Davis, W. M. | Lupu, J. M. | Timmerman, P. X. |
| Dial, J. C. | McCowan, M. T. | Vaughn, W. C. |
| Dugan, W. M. | McDonald, C. T. | Varn, R. L. |
| Dunlap, W. M. | McDermid, J. A. | Walker, J. M. |
| Dwight, F. M. | Meachen, J. J. | Wallace, F. M. |
| Elliott, H. M. | McIntyre, J. M. | Washington, W. H. |
| Ellis, C. H. | McMillan, D. J. | Watkins, C. S. |
| Eskew, W. T. | Mcmahon, A. | Watkins, J. S. |
| Farmer, L. H. | Martin, G. H. | West, A. |
| Folk, M. H. | Martin, B. | Wilebanks, W. C. |
| Gaines, R. G. | Martin, R. | Wilcox, A. |
| Galleghy, J. M. | Matheny, W. | Wingard, H. H. |
| Gamble, J. P. | Matthews, J. D. | Wingo, J. W. |
| Garrison, L. C. | Mays, W. H. | Wolfe, J. |
| Gentry, F. H. | Metts, J. C. | Young, E. B. |
| Glenn, H. Y. | Miller, J. C. | Zoble, J. H. |
HISTORY OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

When the battle clouds were flying thickest over Europe, when our own country seemed to be nearing a conflict with our southern neighbors, the Mexicans, when all kinds of political schemes were being talked of—even the very day that our dear old Palmetto State voted dry, two hundred and eighty-six trembling, gazing boys found themselves fortunate enough to be on their way to Clemson to prepare themselves to serve their country, both in time of war and in time of peace. Many of us have heard the call to service; not to the front now, but to be prepared. This is the motive of our coming here.

When we arrived, we were assisted in many ways in getting through the line of officers. We were given many cards, and carried through much ceremony. We were made to feel that all those officers were very kind, and that they were going to be very thoughtful of us. But as soon as we were matriculated, we came to our rooms, and there we found the ones who gave us their most careful attention. The Sophomores were at once recognized as our most dreaded adversaries. The many thrilling experiences that we had need not be mentioned; for we took all the fun in the spirit of real sportsmen, and enjoyed it, thinking that our time was soon coming to be masters at these performances.

To us Freshmen the year sped by very quickly. We enjoyed the many phases of our work. We are all proud of the record that our class made the first year. The fact that time changes all things is recognized by all. One short year has wrought many changes in our class. Most of us were soon to be known by the name of those whom we had most despised—Sophomores. Several fell by the wayside, some were standing by Old Glory on the border, in patriotic defense of our country; and when we returned last September, we found our number greatly decreased. But our ranks were greatly strengthened by the Sophomore rats, which is the largest number of new men to enter here as Sophomores in any year. Now we are on a great march to progress. In every division of college life we are very active. On the athletic field we have often been made to justly feel proud of the fact that we are members of the class of '19. Some of as good football material as is in the corps is found in our class. We will be heard from later. Our basketball prospects are very bright, and we expect to put several men on the varsity baseball team this season. In the literary societies and Y. M. C. A., our men are taking leading parts. Our share of military honors has been very small, for we haven't been "pulling" much in that direction yet. In the classrooms and laboratories we have learned much. All the scientific work has given us a deeper insight into life, and we now appreciate more fully the beautiful world in which we live.

W. H. WASHINGTON, Historian.
Miss Wolff, Sponsor

FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

F. E. Armstrong, President
B. T. Huet, Vice-President
J. W. Gelzer, Historian

J. C. Owens, Sec. and Treas.
G. F. R. Davis, Poet

CO-OPERATIVE COMMITTEE

F. E. Armstrong
W. C. Colbert

C. P. Roper
J. C. Owens

R. Holley
FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL

EDWINS, R. C.
ELEAZER, L. H.
ELROD, N. S.
ENGLAND, W. L.
FAPS, J. L.
FAXT, G. N.
FARMER, E. F.
FEMSTER, R. S.
FITZGERALD, I. B.
FITZSIMMONS, R. C.
FORD, C. R.
FRANKS, C. H.
FRAZER, H. E.
FREEMAN, W. W.
FREW, W. L.
GABLE, J. O.
GANDY, J. M.
CARBADE, G. E.
GARNER, R. E.
GARRISON, F. D.
GARRISON, P. B.
GARRISON, J. E.
GARRISON, J. H.
GELZER, J. W.
GILMER, G. G.
GILLIS, J. C.
GILLAM, J. L.
GOING, D. F.
GOWER, A. G.
GRAVES, F. H.
GLENN, B. F.
GREEN, J. B.
HAM, M. A.
HAMILTON, L. A.
HANKLES, E. S.
HARDIN, C.
HARMON, G. E.
HARMON, J. A.
HARPER, T. P.
HARRIS, L. D.
HAVIRD, H. M.
HENDERSON, S. A.
HENDRIX, D.
HENREY, L. A.
HEWIT, W. L.
HEERS, L. H.
HINNANT, E. D.
HODGES, K. B.
HOLLINGSWORTH, D.
HOLLINGSWORTH, W.
HOLLINSWORTH, W.
HOLMAN, R. H.
HOLLEY, R.
HOLLEY, H. M.
HOLLEY, A. F.
HOGG, J. F.
HOGG, S. E.
HOFMEYER, H. F. L.
HUGGINS, C.
HUGGINS, E.
HUGGINS, C. B.
HUXTER, J. T.
HUNTER, J. T.
IBABINEY, S. O.
JANZEN, J. H.
JETER, M. C.
JOHNSON, D. W.
JONES, J. D.
KELLY, H. L.
KELLEY, H. C.
KEMPSON, C. M.
KENDRICK, C. T.
KEYESLING, H. H.
KING, R. F.
KOLB, R. F.
LAFAWAR, W. H.
LANGSTON, L. P.
LAWHON, W. B.
LEACH, P. J.
LELAND, H. G.
LELAND, J. M.
LESLIE, A. E.
LESLIE, A. H.
LIGHTSEY, L. M.
LOMAS, J. S.
LYNCH, G. B.
MANIGAULT, E. L.
MARTIN, G. C.
MARTIN, J. B.
MAYBERRY, W. L.
MILLER, J. X.
MILLS, C. B.
MICHIELE, C. A.
MORE, W. D.
MOSLEY, C. W.
MURPHY, W. G.
MURREY, G. L.
McCANT, C. Y. H.
McCARTER, J. L.
McCANDLE, J. B.
McDANIEL, G. E.
McDORMON, D.
McFEAL, W. T.
McFALL, R. E.
McGEE, S. A.
McGEE, C. P.
McGEE, R. F.
McGEE, G. W.
McHUGH, J. F.
McINTOSH, L. E.
McKINZIE, M. A.
McKINZIE, W. G.
McKINLEY, L.
McLEAN, H. H.
McLEOD, G. T.
McMILLAN, D. G.
MANCE, D. L.
NEILLEY, J. E.
NICHOLSON, S. W.
O'DELL, J. H.
O'SWALD, R. D.
OWENS, J. C.
PAIN, H. D.
PARKINS, D. F.
PARKS, T. W.
PARLOR, S. B.
PATTERSON, C. E.
PATTERSON, G. B.
PERRITT, L. G.
PITTS, L. A.
PITTS, J. H.
POTTS, R. C.
POWELL, R. M.
POOLE, J. C.
PROCTOR, W. G.
PUCKHABER, J. H.
RAMSEY, N. A.
REED, D. C.
RENTZ, N. G.
KEYNOLDS, E. H.
RICE, S. M.
RICHBOURG, E. B.
RICHBOURG, S. C.
RIVERS, J. D.
ROGERS, E. L.
ROGERS, J. W.
ROPER, C. P.
ROPER, T. H.
ROWELL, J. B.
SANDERS, D. A.
SCHWETTMAXX, F.
SHULER, C. L.
SEAL, J. H.
SHANKLIN, J. A.
SHARP, J. C.
SHELTON, F. L.
SHIVER, N. C.
SMITH, A. G.
SMITH, F. L.
SMITH, R. M.
SMITH, D. C.
SMITH, J. L.
SMOKE, L. A.
SMOKE, W. W.
SPEARMAN, J. H.
SPOON, R. P.
STANFORD, HARRY
STANFORD, H.
STANLEY, G. H.
STEVENS, W. B.
STOK, R. C.
SUMMERS, S. J.
SYLVESTER, J. C.
THACKSTON, L. P.
THOMAS, R. H.
THOMASSON, J. E.
THOMPSON, F. M.
THORNTON, R. F.
THROWER, H. W.
TIMMERMAN, M. D.
TOMLINSON, R. I.
TOMPKINS, J. H.
TOWNSEND, A. S.
TRipp, H. B.
TROTT, J. R.
TRULUCK, T. D.
VOIGHT, J. P.
WADE, J. L.
WALKER, H. C.
WALKER, A. R.
WALTERS, R. H.
WATSON, E. P.
WELBORN, R. C.
WELBORN, M.
WEST, L. E.
WHEELER, G. C.
WHESTER, W. L.
WHISENHUXT, L.
WHISENHUXT, W. L.
WHITAKER, W. L.
WILLIAMS, J. B.
WILLIAMS, R. H.
WILKES, E. H.
WINGO, W. P.
WISE, G. S.
WOLF, F. W.
WOLF, C. E.
WOODWORTH, M. D.
WRIGHT, T. W.
YARBOROUGH, J. H.
YOUNG, J. L.
ZIMMERMAN, J. H.
HISTORY OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS

We arrived at Clemson College on September 26, 1916. When we came on the campus, a great shout rent the air. Such comments as, "Happy rats," "Wipe that smile off," and "Here's a pretty rat," could be heard on all sides. We were assigned to rooms, and then barracks life began in earnest. The Sophs were very kind to us from the start; they sold us radiators, bath tickets and reveille tickets at cost; and even condescended to spell their names for us, but, in a manner, that needed no repetition. We began to love the upper classmen, and as a sign of appreciation we made up their beds, swept their rooms, brought their hot water, and kept their water buckets replenished. They returned this love by giving us Christmas presents (?), and even wished a Happy New Year before leaving for the holidays. They have taught, and we have learned. Just watch how kind we will be to the next year "Rats."

J. W. G., Historian.
O. Y. A. Class

THE O. Y. A. CLASS ROLL

CLASS OFFICERS

W. C. Pickens, Pres.  J. M. Robertson, Vice-Pres.  P. S. McClanahan, Sec. and Treas.

CLASS ROLL

JUNIOR - SENIOR BANQUET

There are moments of life we never forget,
Which brighten, and brighten, as time steals away;
And memories of this royal Banquet,
Shall brighten the gloom of the loneliest day.

On Saturday night, June 3, 1916, the class of '16 were the guests of the rising Seniors at a magnificent banquet, given in the Y. M. C. A. building. The hall was decorated very tastefully with the colors of the two classes, and no man showed lack of taste that night.

At half past eight, the Juniors, Seniors, and invited guests, assembled in the lobby, formed in column of twos, and marched into the hall. When all were seated, the toastmaster introduced Mr. S. Littlejohn, who gave a short address of welcome, which was responded to by Mr. C. Rothell, president of the Senior class. Grace was said by Professor Martin, and the banquet proper was done ample justice by every one present. There were none of Franklin's "poor men" there, who had to work to find meat for his stomach; all were like his rich man who had to work to find stomach for his meat.

When cigars were lit, Tom Jervey, as toastmaster, made some fitting remarks, and introduced the president of the college, Dr. Riggs. Dr. Riggs rose and began on his customary line of merriment. In fact, putting a stop to his own "line" seemed a "difficult punctuation" for even so gifted a man as the Doctor.

Dr. Calhoun was called on next, and rose and presented a medal to Jim Henderson for being the best "chicken inspector." As all know, Jim's favorite type of chickens are those which have free use of their wings, and which have featherless pedal extremities. Toastmaster Tom called on the following men, who gave snappy after-dinner talks: Professor Earle, "Mule" Littlejohn, Brice Waters, Bill Green, and Dr. Barnette. Of course, Dr. Barnette pulled some good ones, because he always wears a "blazing star" on his "crown."

Colonel Jones was next called on, and when he arose with about twenty pages of manuscript, some of the faculty members objected to his reading a sermon at that late hour. The guests were breathing silent oaths and wondering where the fight would be. It was a most unique farce, and well played; but soon the joke was discovered, and the hall rang with applause. Colonel Jones then started, and after several fitting remarks, gave an appropriate selection on the "Corps."

Thus ended the Junior-Senior Banquet of '16, and guests, departing Seniors, and rising Seniors, left the hall with the sentiments of Gilford:

"Fondman, though the honors of your life
Bedeck your halls, and round your galleries shine
In proud display, yet take this truth with thee—
Virtue alone is true nobility."
It was just before the Christmas examinations, the period when nature sleeps, and cadets study and slumber not. The Seniors—so dignified and stern to the outer world—were running about from one room to another, their bath robes flapping about their muscular limbs, while bedroom slippers of various hues—not sizes, for all have firm foundations—were playing the "deuce" with under-classmen's thoughts.

All were impatient for the future, yet dreaded the ordeal through which they were to pass before going home for the holidays. Everyone wanted to see his "wife," but no one dared take time to write as much as a post-card! In short, never had there been such hurry-scurry and excitement since the time when Duckett and Cap'n Harry attempted to locate a certain cake which had mysteriously disappeared from a "Rat's" room. And why, you ask, was so much excitement prevailing? Simply because the boys need shine their shoes, shave, press their trousers, and get serious for "Colonel," not to say anything of their preparation for "Sam," "Crip," "Slim," "Hobo," "Bald Head," and a host of other-er-alum!

In the hours between midnight and reveille, all grew peaceful. Toes protruded from the foot of the bed, and the bugs ate their nightly meal. Suddenly someone yelled to the man next door, "Close that darned fog-horn in there!"

A lone black cat perched himself on top of the kitchen smokestack and gave vent to a series of squalls calculated to wake the dead. Growing more and more eloquent at each unsuccessful attempt at assassination from nearby windows, he was finally struck by a "work of art," which sent him hurtling to the ground.

The "Rat" on "Pig," who had been turned at 1.30 A.M., was now in the hall busily engaged with pencil and paper working at the "cord of wood problem." Suddenly with a flourish of his lead stick, he finished the problem and rushed into his room, saying, "I've finished, but it didn't do a darn bit of good."
About this time two Sophs happened to "run together" on a certain hall. Then occurred some whispering and tip-toeing down the hall; a door was suddenly opened, and a fiendish noise resounded through the hall as a bed which had recently turned aeroplane came crashing to the floor. Then was heard the sound of swift-running feet as the Sophs made good their escape and parted for the night. But lo! the noise had scarce ceased when "Buck" appeared on the scene. With the wishes of a Solomon he visited every room on the hall, arousing the sleepers, and feeling of their pulses. But since it takes someone smarter than a man from the Citadel to keep up with the rounders at Clemson, "Buck" failed miserably, and was cheated of his prey. However, he was given many expressions of sympathy by "Ulysses" Grant, "Military" Fulmer, and "Butler" Ellis, who had been awakened by the noise, and had come to investigate. Hiding his chagrin as best he could, "Buck" retired to his den of confiscated "art" and "tomorrow's delinquency."

Until five o'clock nothing more occurred, if we except the heavenly dreams in which a table, set for two, piled high with roasted turkey and other exhibitions displaying the culinary art played a most important part.

At five o'clock the band, always on time at formations—a specialty made in punctual attendance at reveille—began to play the funeral march for a "Rat" track meet. A few renditions of "Home, Sweet Home," with a laundry list accompaniment, and the barracks seemed alive with young manhood. "All with one accord" bounced out of bed, dressed hurriedly, disposing of their valet service for the morning, and made a rush for the reveille formations. Tom Spratt broke his good record of nearly three years' standing by being late at the formation. Everyone knew that Tom felt very badly about this, but little was it thought that he would serve penance by locking himself in his room for a week. Yet that is what he did, and, strange to say, no one blamed him for this. This being so unusual, it may be necessary to explain that "Buck" had got his prey for once.

After reveille, the janitors and maids cleaned the rooms, the cadets were ushered into the spacious and highly-decorated dining hall, "Sarg" Sellers shouted grace, and our seats were placed beneath us by white-robed waitresses, and we wondered if we would ever forget the days of "chewing gum bull" and "watered molasses."
David Hill Henry

To

Professor David Hill Henry

For the devotion and interest he has shown by his financial aid, in the publishing of this book and for the undivided attention he has given to all the College activities, we dedicate this page of "Taps"
PUNISHED ACCORDINGLY

ESCORTED OFF THE
COLLEGE GROUNDS
BY THE OFFICER
OF THE DAY——

TAKE INTERVALS
TO THE——

RAISE HEADS
UP DOWN

GOD BLESS
OUR HOME

YOUR NAME

MEANING NAUGHTY
WORDS——

ANNEX——

—————————
Col. R. A. Jones
THE FIELD AND STAFF—COMMISSIONED

Major, First Battalion.............................................................. 1—LIGHTSEY, O. P.
Major, Second Battalion......................................................... 2—GRAHAM, S. W.
Major, Third Battalion............................................................ 3—DICK, J. B.
Captain and Adjutant............................................................... 13—LITTLEJOHN, S.
Captain and Quartermaster.................................................... 14—HUNTER, J. E.
Captain and Commissary.......................................................... 15—MURRAY, J. J.
First Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant, First Battalion............ 16—MOORE, E. K.
First Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant, Second Battalion........ 14—HUTSON, W. M.
First Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant, Third Battalion......... 15—BRUCE, E. C.
Second Lieut. and Bn. Q. M. and Com., First Battalion .......... 16—FLETCHER, L. C.
Second Lieut. and Bn. Q. M. and Com., Second Battalion...... 15—RIVERS, E. L.
Second Lieut. and Bn. Q. M. and Com., Third Battalion.... 14—McCORD, A. S.
Miss Priester, Sponsor
COMPANY A

Captain, BAXTER, C. L.

Lieutenants

DURHAM, G. H.

SCHIRMER, W.

First Sergeant, DUCKETT, J. G.

Marvin, J. P.

Johnson, A. H.

McCord, M. M.

Beasley, H. W.

Sergeants

Thrower, G. G.

Ellis, C. H.

Hicks, R. C.

McIntyre, J. M.

McDonald, C. T.

Corporals

Garrisons, F. B.

Garrisons, P. B.

Glenn, H. Y.

Ellis, C. I.

Glenn, W. T.

McGuire, J. P.

Herring, L. C.

Hinxant, E. D.

Hodges, K. B.

Klemke, J. H. F.

Inman, N. O.

Lightsey, L. M.

McClure, J. B.

McCreary, W. L.

McFall, W. T.

McFadden, D. J.

Maner, H. K.

Privates

Adams, J. P.

Moore, J. H.

Allen, R. B.

Parkins, D. F.

Anderson, E. T.

Patjens, A. A.

Atkinson, C. N.

Rice, S. M.

Bell, R.

Rogers, E. L.

Bellotte, T. R.

Rowell, J. B.

Bishop, R. T.

Sanders, H. C.

Boylston, C. L.

Sanders, W. H.

Byrnes, T. H.

Sharp, J. C.

Carpenter, L. P.

Shields, H. L. B.

Cash, C. B.

Smith, C. B.

Clement, E. E.

Sowell, L. C.

Coward, C. C.

Still, K. M.

Duxlap, M. T.

Williams, M. H.

Eskeaw, W. T.

Witsell, F. L.

Garbade, G. E.

Woodward, M. B.
Miss Austin
Sponsor

Crumpler
1st Lieut.

Derham
Capt.

Paterson
2nd Lieut.
COMPANY B

Captain, DERHAM, J. P.

Lieutenants

CRUMPLER, D.
PATIENS, H. K.

First Sergeant, WOFFORD, J. W.

Sergeants

HARMON, C. C.
BROWN, H. W.

Corporals

DERHAM, J. H.
POAG, L. M.

Privates

KENNERLY, W. J.

ADAMS, J. R.
BELL, J. C.
BERLY, R. H.
BOLT, M.
BOYNER, W. C.
BRICE, M. M.
BRYAN, G.
CANNON, P. B.
CATO, W. L.
CLINKSCALES, S. M.
COLE, W. P.
FAV, G. W.
FORD, C. R.
GANDY, J. M.
GAERAUX, J. H.

GENTRY, L. M.
GOING, O. F.
GOWER, A. G.
GRAVES, F. H.
GREEN, J. B.
HARDIN, A.
HARRIS, C. C.
HENFGAN, J. C.
HENRY, J. A.
KEMPSON, J. M.
KEYSERLING, H. H.
LAY, J. F.
LYNCH, G. B.
McCLANAHAN, P.
McILHUGH, J. F.

McKENZIE, W. J.
PATRICKS, G. B.
PITTS, R. C.
ROBERTSON, J. H.
SINGLETON, G. H.
SINGLETON, J. M.
SITTON, B. G.
SMITH, R. M.
SMOAK, L. A.
STALVEY, D. L.
STEADMAN, B. K.
STEVENSON, J. G.
SUGGS, G. W.
THORNTON, R. F.
WILLIAMS, W. C.
Miss Ellis
Sponsor

Hutchings
1st Lieut.

Ellis
Capt.

Garrison
2nd Lieut.
COMPANY C

Captain, ELLIS, L. C.

Lieutenants
HUTCHINGS, J. M.  GARRISON, E. H.

First Sergeant, BURCH, H. L.

Sergeants
PARKS, W. H.  KAUFMAN, J. E.
HOWELL, W. F.  FINGER, B. L.

Corporals
SMITH, D. P.  KINSEY, H. M.
BLACKWELL, W. M.  MARVIN, B.
MARVIN, R.  NOWELL, J. L.

Privates
ALLEN, R. G.  NEIL, J. M.
ALLISON, W. A.  PATTERSON, C. E.
ATKINSON, L. A.  POWER, R. M.
ATKINSON, R. L.  RICHBOURG, E. B.
BARNETTE, R. M.  ROBERTS, R. J.
BRADFORD, Z. B.  SALTER, T. P.
BRANDON, J. D.  SEAL, J. H.
BRANDON, T. B.  SMITH, A. G.
CALVERT, L. F.  STANLEY, G. A.
COVINGTON, O. F.  STEVENSON, W. B.
DOUGLASS, F. K.  SUBER, F. L.
DUKES, L. T.  TOMPKINS, J. G.
Dwight, F. M. (2d)  TRULUCK, T. D.
FAIN, P.  TRULUCK, W. E.
FREEMAN, W. W.  WALTERS, R. F.
GILLIS, J. C.  ZIMMERMAN, M. L.
COMPANY D

Captain, BLAIR, J. D.

Lieutenants

REAVES, G. H.  HUNTER, W. E.

First Sergeant, McCUE, C. M.

Sergeants

MONTGOMERY, I. P.  TAYLOR, R. H.
HESTER, T. J.  SULLIVAN, D. H.

Corporals

MARTIN, G. H.  ELLIOTT, R. M.
MATHENY, N. W.  DUNLAP, W. M.
CAMPBELL, T. A.  MONTGOMERY, H. D.

Privates

ANDERSON, S. A.  GRAHAM, N. T.
BANKS, W. D.  HALL, J. B.
BLACKMON, C. A.  HAM, M. A.
BLACKMON, L. A.  HARRIS, L. D.
BOWDEN, J. H.  HAYNSWORTH, J. D.
BOWLAN, T. G.  HEISS, M. W.
CATHCART, R. S.  HERRING, J. W.
CATHCART, J. L.  HERRON, W. C.
CORCORAN, A. C.  JOHNSON, W. B.
CORBITT, J. D.  LAWTON, B. E.
FARMER, E. F.  McGEE, G. W.
FAUST, J. B.  MARTIN, J. R.
FERGUSON, L. B.  MATTHEWS, J. D.
GEIGER, H. W.  NICHOLSON, S. W.
GIXNER, S.  OWENS, J. C.
PARKER, J. E.

PERRITT, L. G.
PICKENS, W. C.
POOLE, J. C.
SMITH, D. C.
SMITH, R. E.
SMOAK, W. W.
SPOON, R. P.
STANFORD, HANVEY
STANFORD, HUGH
THACKSTON, L. P.
THOMAS, H. L.
TRIPP, H. B.
WEST, L. E.
WEST, W. R.
WILKINS, R. T.
Miss Bolt
Sponsor

Shearer
1st Lieut.

Garrison
Capt.

Hobbs
2nd Lieut.
COMPANY E

Captain, GARRISON, W. H.

Lieutenants

SHEARER, W. A. HOBBS, K. O.
First Sergeant, GRAHAM, W. C.

Sergeants

HERBERT, J. E. YOUNG, A. H.
BASKIN, J. L. LAWTON, W. H.

Corporals

HALTWANGER, D. WATKINS, J. S.
RODIE, D. D. GRAVES, C. C.
CLEMONS, S. P. KING, J. L.

Privates

ATKINSON, F. W. CRAIG, J. W.
BAILEY, R. W. DAY, R. E.
BISHOP, W. G. FITZGERALD, J. B.
BLACK, J. M. FRASER, H. E.
BLACK, M. J. FRIDAY, T. A.
BROWN, L. W. GARVIN, J. E.
BROWN, S. R. GILMER, G. G.
BUNCH, E. T. GLENN, B. F.
CAMPBELL, C. D. GRAVES, H. E.
CLARK, J. R. HAMKICK, L. A.
COPELAND, G. E. HARRALL, H. C.
COPELAND, I. B. HASKELL, A. W.
CORK, J. C. HENDERSON, E. P.
CORNWELL, M. M. HERBERT, W. C.
CRAIG, J. M. HOLLIFIELD, J. F.

LOMAS, J. S.
McLEOD, H. H.
MITCHELL, C. A.
PARK, G. R.
PARLER, J. W.
PENGU, V. R.
PHILLIPS, E. L.
PRIDMORE, R. M.
REEVES, F. M.
RIVERS, J. D.
SNELGROVE, W. K.
WAY, J. W.
WARD, W. C.
WHISENHUNT, H. L.
WHISENHUNT, L.
Miss Clinkscales
Sponsor

Buie
1st Lieut.

Grant
Capt.

Jefferies
2nd Lieut.
COMPANY F

Captain, GRANT, F.

Lieutenants

BUIE, T. S.  JEFFRIES, W. N.

First Sergeant, ALDRICH, R.

Sergeants

MATHIS, D. T.  THOMPSON, J. W.
GLOVER, C. H.  ROBINSON, A. J.

Corporals

DUGGAN, I. W.  BANNISTER, S. A.
ZOBEL, J. H.  ROBERTS, E. R.
LESLEI, F. H.  WOLFE, J. J.

Privates

HENDERSON, S. A.  RIVERA, R. E.
JENKINS, J. H.  SAMS, R. H.
MARTIN, G. C.  SANDERS, H. L.
McGEE, R. F.  SHANKLIN, J. A.
McHUGH, M. L.  SHELTON, F. L.
McNEELEY, A. H.  SHIVER, N. C.
PARKS, T. W.  SMITH, F. L.
PAYNE, H. D.  STORK, R. C.
PEPPER, E. F.  TENHET, J. N.
PETERS, S. G.  THOMSON, W. E.
PITT, J. H.  TIMMERMAN, P. N.
PROCTOR, W. G.  WATSON, E. P.
PRUITT, V. O.  WILBANKS, W. C.
RENTZ, N. G.  WOLFE, F. U.
RICHBOURG, S. E.
COMPANY G

Captain, FULMER, J. W.

Lieutenants

JERKNEY, T. M. WILLIS, H. H.

First Sergeant, VARDELL, W. G.

Sergeants

BURDETTE, L. W. HARLEY, J. B.
SCAIFE, W. M. WEST, H. B.

Corporals

RUSH, J. D. LOWMAN, J. M.
HILLHOUSE, E. L. CHAPMAN, C. F.
KITTLE, T. J. HART, W. L.

Privates

ALLISON, H. NEELEY, J. E.
ARTHUR, H. T. O'DELL, J. H.
MULL, G. H. PITTS, L. A.
BEDENBAUGH, D. A. RODE, N. F.
BROWN, C. C. SHORT, W. J.
CAMPBELL, R. C. SKINNER, T. B.
CAREY, J. L. THOMAS, R. H.
CHAPMAN, R. C. THOMPSON, F. M.
COLBERT, W. C. TOMLINSON, E. L.
COLEMAN, J. O. TOWNSEND, A. S.
CROSLAND, T. M. WALKER, A. R.
DELL, A. H. WHEELER, G. C.
DUNBAR, J. Y. WITERS, A. W.
Dwright, F. M. (1st) YARBOROUGH, J. H.
GRAY, J. L. YOUNG, G. F.
Miss Carpenter
Sponsor

Caskey
1st Lieut.

Black
Capt.

Robertson
2nd Lieut.
COMPANY H

Captain: BLACK, E. W.
Lieutenants
CASKEY, A. J. ROBERTSON, T. B.
First Sergeant: GAINES, H. E.

Sergeants
GILMORE, L. H.
MACKIN, F. E.

Corporals
JESSEY, H. H.
GARRISON, L. C.

Privates
ABRAMS, W. H.
ALTMAN, V. H.
ARMSTRONG, F. E.
BIGGERSTAFF, C C.
BLACK, H. M.
BROGDON, S. J.
BROWN, J. O.
BURLEY, M. M.
BUTLER, G. R.
CLARDY, W. C.
CLINKSCALES, RAY
COOK, W. S.
COSKREY, E. C.
CULP, W. C.
DAVIS, W. M.
DIAL, J. C.
DUXIAP, R. T.
FAIREY, F. W.
GAMBLE, J. P.
HARDIN, L. G.
HILL, G. O.
HOLLEY, A. F.
HOLMAN, R. H.
HOUGH, J. T.
HOUGH, S. E.
HUTCH, B. T.
LELAND, A. M.
LISTON, J. W.
McAUR, D. H.
MCKENZIE, D. W.
MCKNIGHT, L.

McMILLAN, N. A.
MAYBRY, W. L.
MOORE, W. D.
NANCE, D. L.
PLAYER, C. B.
ROBBE, T. H.
SANDERS, D. A.
SHERIFF, L. D.
SLOAN, E. D.
SPEARMAN, J. H.
THOWER, W. H.
VARN, R. L.
WELBORN, M.
WILLIAMS, L. J.
WOLFE, C. E.
YOUNG, J. L.
Miss Freeman
Sponsor

Long
1st Lieut.

Freeman
Capt.

Worthy
2nd Lieut.
COMPANY I

Captain. FREEMAN, W. T.

Lieutenants

LONG, E. W.  WORTHY, H. C.

First Sergeant. BURGESS, J. W.

Sergeants

ZEIGLER, O. J.  VERNON, J. E.
MARSCHER, J. F.  HAGOOD, T. R.

First Corporals

BATES, J. M.  WALLACE, W. H.
JACKSON, T. S.  JONES, J. E.
DANTZLER, L. M.  PARROTT, E. L.

Privates

BAKER, W. H.  XIMITZ, H. J.
BARKER, C. E.  NOWELL, A. E.
BLACK, J. C.  PURDY, W. H.
BRUCE, J. M.  ROSA, W. E. S.
BURGESS, R. L.  RICHARDS, A. J.
COBLE, C. M.  SAWYER, W. S.
CURTIS, C. H.  SCHWETTMANN, F. W.
DORN, A. M.  SMITH, E. R.
DuCAR, F. W.  SMITH, M. B.
EDWINS, R. C.  STENDER, B.
ENGLAND, W. L.  THOMASON, J. F.
FEEMSTER, R. S.  TIMMERMAN, F. E.
FREE, C. B.  TROTTE, J. R.
FREW, W. L.  WINGO, J. W.
GARNER, R. E.  YOUNG, E. B.
GRIER, R. L.  ZIMMERMAN, J. H.
Miss McEachern  
Sponsor  

Walker  
1st Lieut.  

Monroe  
Capt.  

Meares  
2nd Lieut.
COMPANY K

Captain, MONROE, D. E.

Lieutenants

WALKER, H.                MEARS, W. A.
First Sergeant, COVIN, M. S.

Sergeants

AYERS, T. L.               CROFT, G. M.
MOORE, L. F.                BLAKE, R. S.

Corporals

WEST, T.                   METTS, J. C.
LUPO, G. M.                KAY, L. R.
SESSIONS, C. J.            QUATTLEBAUM, W. M.

Privates

ALFORD, J. L.                HAMILTON, L. A.
ALLEN, F. M.                HAMMOND, J. A.
BRITT, J. A.                HARPER, J. K.
BROWN, C. W.                HÜGGIN, C.
BURNS, P. M.                HUNTER, J. W.
CALDWELL, A. J.             HOEPER, F. S.
CARVER, W. A.               LAWHON, W. B.
CLINKSCALES, RALPH          LEA, J. L.
COGSWELL, V.                LELAND, H. G.
COTHRAH, E                  LELAND, J. M.
DAVIS, G. II                LESLIE, A. E.
DESHIELDS, R.               LIGON, H. Y.
DOUGLAS, J. R.              MCCANTS, C. V. H.
FERGUSON, J. R.             MCCARTER, J. L.
FINLEY, S. R.               MCNAIR, M. P.

MARTIN, J. B.
MUCKENFUSS, A. A.
POTTS, R. C.
REEVES, E. E.
REID, D. C.
RICHBOURG, L. L.
RISHER, P. W.
ROBINSON, J. H.
ROGERS, J. P.
ROGERS, J. W.
ROGERS, W. B.
SINGLEY, L. K.
SPRATT, T.
WALKER, H. C.
WHITAKER, W. L.
COMPANY L

Captain, NORMAN, A. I.

Lieutenants

WHITE, W. T.

First Sergeant, BASS, R. E.

Sergeants

HALL, R. A.

GOODWIN, E.

CANNON, W. M.

BAILEY, M. B.

Corporals

WALLACE, W. II.

PLEXICO, R. S.

MILLER, J. C.

STONG, H. H.

MAYS, W. II.

CARTER, M. O.

Privates

ASKEW, W. F.

GABLE, J. O.

PARMER, G. D.

BAKER, O. E.

GALLEGLY, J. M.

PALTER, S. B.

BALLINGER, A. R.

GARRISON, E. B.

PRESSLEY, J. H.

BANKS, B. C.

GELZER, J. W.

PYATT, E. N.

BARNES, W. M.

HENDRICKS, D.

ROBERTSON, J. M.

BARRON, A. A.

HEWITT, W. L.

ROWELL, E. M.

BERRY, J. F.

HUNTER, J. T.

SHERILL, C. I.

BROWN, C. B.

KELLER, H. L.

SANSBURY, L. S.

BURGESS, T. H.

KELLY, H. C.

SHULER, C. L.

CAIN, D. J.

KIRKPATRICK, M. H.

SUMMERS, S. J.

CAIN, W. C.

LEMMON, W. T.

TIMMERMAN, N. D.

CARSON, J. A.

LIEBERMAN, E. S.

WADE, J. L.

CHAPMAN, A. B.

MEADEN, G. E.

WILKES, E. H.

CRISP, W. R.

MADDEN, A. A.

WINGO, R. A.

DeRANT, A. L.

MOSELEY, C. W.

WINGO, W. P.

OSWALD, R. D.
Miss Wilson
Sponsor

Breland
1st Lieut.

Warriner
Capt.

Chapman
2nd Lieut.
COMPANY M

Captain, WARRINER, L. R.

Lieutenants

BRELAND, R.

CHAPMAN, H. R.

First Sergeant, JORDAN, T. M.

Sergeants

SANDERS, C. W.

PADGETT, G. D.

STENDER, C. H.

WILLIAMS, C. E.

Corporals

JOHNSON, H. W.

CULLUM, F. X.

FARMER, L. H.

JONES, S. C.

WINGARD, H. H.

KUYKENDAL, C. M.

Privates

ADAMS, F. E.

HUTCHINSON, G. I.

ALLISON, J. W.

JANTZEN, J. H.

AMICK, J. C.

JETER, M. C.

ANDERSON, V. T.

JONES, D. R.

ASHE, J. N.

KING, R. F.

BOWEN, R. A.

KOLB, R. F.

BRATTON, R. B.

KUYKENDAL, F. R.

BROWN, J. M.

LANGSTON, L. P.

BURNETTE, D. E.

LESLE, A. H.

Cordes, H. D.

LEVER, F. M.

DEAN, A. E.

LEWIS, M. J.

ELEAZER, L. H.

LINK, J. C.

FRANKS, C. H.

McHugh, F.

FREEMAN, G. E.

McIntosh, L. E.

GILLIAM, J. L.

MANIGAULT, E. L.

MILLS, C. S.

PRICE, G. W.

BUCKHABER, J. H.

RAMSEY, W. A.

SALLY, J. D.

SMITH, J. L.

TRUETT, L. T.

TYLER, G. R.

VOIGHT, J. P.

WATKINS, C. S.

WELBORNE, R. H.

WHETSTONE, W. L.

WILLIAMS, J. B.

WISE, G. S.

WORLEY, S.
Miss Prince
Sponsor

Sellers
1st Lieut.,
Chief Musician

McDermid
2nd Lieut.,
Principal Musician

Band
THE BAND

First Lieutenant, SELLERS, A. R.
Second Lieutenant, McDERMID, G. C.
Drum Major, QUATTLEBAUM, H. L.
Chief Bugler, GEE, J. C.

Sergeants
WEBB, R. W.
GAMBRELL, S. C.
PARKS, F. L.

TOLLISON, P. L.

Corporals
CONVYERS, J. W.
EDENS, A. H.

Ballard, R. E.
Blanchett, L. M.
Boggs, O. B.
Clement, D. T.
Copeland, T. J.
Davis, G. E. R.
Felder, H. H.
Garrett, C. S.

Holley, H. M.
Holley, R.
Kendrick, C. T.
McArn, T. A.
McDermid, J. A.
Middleton, J. A.
Palmer, W. K.
Philpot, L. A.
Ravenel, D.
Rodgers, W. S.
Roper, C. P.
Sylvestor, J. C.
Tallevast, W. D.
Tarbox, J. G.
Wiehl, E. A.
THE ANDERSON ENCAMPMENT

For weeks prior to April twenty-fourth, the leading question around barracks was, "Where are we going for encampment?" There were about eight hundred boys in barracks, and there were about the same number of reports circulating around. Spartanburg, Greenville, Anderson, Columbia and Charleston were reported to have been selected as camp sites, but it remained for "those who had been told" that Anderson was the favored city, to pull the ancient, "I told you so."

Accordingly on the morning of April twenty-fourth, the corps marched to Cherry's Crossing, two miles by road. Blanket rolls, rifles and accoutrements were carried, but many a weary "rat" could have sworn that he carried a fifty-pound Ostermoor mattress and a German siege gun with a roll supply of ammunition for it. However, everyone managed to get there and crawl wearily aboard the "Limited," which awaited us at the Cherry's station. At length, we pulled out, amid cheers from eight hundred lusty throats. We were off for Anderson, the city of electricity, of hospitality, and last, but not least, of the fair sex. With the speed characteristic of the Blue Ridge trains, the "Special" rolled swiftly on toward Anderson, arriving there about ten o'clock.

The corps was formed immediately after unloading, and marched to camp to the martial strains of the band. An acute observer might have noticed that each cadet held himself a little straighter or marched with a more military air on this occasion than usual. The presence of the greater part of feminine Anderson might, or might not, account for the difference in behavior.

On the arrival at camp, the tents were found up and ready for occupancy, and soon the cadets were busy at the work of stuffing the mattress covers with straw to form the "downy couches" upon which "to woo sweet slumber." This work accomplished, the corps was soon engaged in regaling themselves with one of Shorty's repasts.

With the exception of some poor unfortunates who were on duty, everyone then left camp to meet friends or to take in the scenery at the "Palmetto" or at the "Anderson."

That night the manager of the Anderson Theatre gave an informal dance in honor of the corps, which was largely attended. Everyone tried his hand at the gentle art, though many had never been on a floor before. Despite this fact, each gallant cadet was invariably told by his fair companion that he was a fine dancer. Even though he had
some gentle misgivings in his mind as to whether the compliment was a sincere one or not, he smilingly returned the compliment with interest, and with undoubted sincerity. When the dance was over, the boys voted it a big success and returned to camp, where they wrapped the “draperies of their couches about them and laid down to pleasant dreams.”

Bright and early next morning the dreamers were awakened by the silvery notes of reveille, and, shivering in the cold morning air, answered to their names at roll-call. Breakfast was the next thing on the program, and it was a much better one than is usual on encampments, a thing which was characteristic of all Shorty’s meals during our stay at Anderson. Breakfast over, the unfortunates who were detailed for guard duty attended guard mount, and soon were patrolling their posts “in a military manner.” The remainder of the corps went on a drill and dragged themselves up and down the red hills. It was time for dinner when they returned to camp, and it is safe to say the corps, individually and as a whole, did justice to the dinner. After dinner the camp was again deserted for the company of friends, mostly of the female persuasion, or for the second glimpse of Palmetto scenery. Three o’clock, however, found the whole corps assembled at the baseball field, where Clemson was scheduled to meet Wofford, and, unfortunately, went down in defeat.

After the game, the boys returned to camp for supper, slightly hoarse from rooting, and slightly downcast over the results of the game. The corps had been invited to an open air reception and dance given by the ladies of Anderson in their honor, and, of course, everyone went. To say the reception was a success would be putting it mildly. Few more enjoyable occasions could be imagined, and it was a very reluctant corps that returned to camp about twelve o’clock, and both literally and figuratively “hit the hay.”

The remaining days were but a repetition of the former ones, with enough variety to make them pleasant: in the morning, drill; in the afternoon, a quiet stroll with the lady of your choice; at night, a dance, a party, or simply a date; with, of course, a visit to the Palmetto edged in between times.

On Wednesday the corps was saddened by a telegram from Dr. Riggs, saying that Col. M. B. Hardin had died suddenly. All duties were suspended from eleven to twelve o’clock that day, the hours of the funeral, out of respect to that grand old man, whose life and the life of Clemson College had been so closely associated.

Any account of the encampment would be incomplete without mention of the Furman-Clemson baseball game, or of the dance given by the Anderson ladies on Thursday night.

On Thursday afternoon Clemson and Furman played a game which will long be remembered by those who saw it. For seventeen innings the two teams battled without a score, the game being called on account of darkness.

That night the second dance was given by the Anderson ladies, and, like the first, it was a success. It was with many regrets that the corps left the hospitable town of Anderson on the twenty-ninth, arriving at College about 7:30 P.M. On every hand were evidences of the good time the boys had had. Perhaps the most striking evidence was the general air of regret and sadness with which the corps left Anderson.

As the marching column came into sight of the tower of the main building, one of the boys was heard to say, “We are now at the end of a perfect day; yes, the end of six perfect days,” which remark, I think, voiced the sentiments of the entire corps.
OUR DRESS PARADE

This is about the way it happens,
Or as well as I can tell,
Now imagine you are on Parade Ground,
Hear the bugle and the bell,
"Fall in," is the sharp command,
And each cadet, with gun in hand,
And spotless gloves all snowy white,
Stands attention and dresses right.

The roll is called;
Each answers, "Here."
Then, "Count off," bawls the Sergeant
To the company standing there,
He turns them over to the Captain,
And the Captain, in due course,
Draws his trusty sabre,
And then inspects his force.

He presents them to the Major,
Who takes the force in hand,
And puts them through their paces
With an old and practiced hand,
When on the field of battle,
And dressed up in good style,
The Colonel takes a hand in it,
And drills them for a while.

When he thinks he has had enough,
And the fellows think so too,
He "cuts loose" with his last command,
Which is simply, "Pass in review."
Then the Major bellows loudly,
"Column of squads, first company squads right,"
And the band begins a-thundering
And snorting with all its might.

Then down the field in grand array,
With sabres drawn and banners gay,
They pass the Colonel, "Eyes right."
And still the band thunders with all its might.
And on they go marching,
Go marching in review,
They are a noble set of fellows;
They are all men, through and through.

Now, this is very pretty,
This our dress parade,
When viewed by an onlooker,
Who is standing in the shade.
But if he had to shoulder a gun,
And go marching in review,
You would find he would change his opinion
As sure as one plus one make two.  

By J. H. J.
ARTICLES USED AT CLEMSON

- Born Yard Meerschaum
- Song Book
- Summer Dress Parade Shirt
- Extra-walker's Specialty (Built for Comfort)
- Uniform made by Rowland and Judge Keller
- Refrigerator
- Non Detachable Regulation Socks
- An obsolete article
- A Nuisance
- Midnight Oil
"TAPS" for Nineteen-Seventeen

THE FIRST DRILL

M. M. Brice, '17

(Apologies to Mr. E. A. Poe)

Once upon a noonday dreary, while I wandered weak and weary,
Over to the beckoning gun-rack, just beside the open door,
Over the locker-end a-hanging, suddenly there came a clanging,
As of someone loudly banging, banging at some hidden foe.

"'Tis some fire bell," I muttered, "telling of some fire's roar;
Only this and nothing more."

Presently, my mind grew brighter, and my memory lighter, lighter.
I hesitated then no longer; stepped on through the open door.
But the clanging then had ceased, and I thought I'd have some peace;
But my ears were now assailed by a strange and muffled roar,
And I then resolved within this mystery to now explore,
Precisely now or nevermore.

Presently, there stepped a soldier, with a gun upon his shoulder,
From a dark and dingy cell upon the grimy hallway floor:
And his gloves were pure and spotless, and his shoes were blackened doldless,
As he swiftly to the hallway his gigantic burden bore;
Down the broken-looking hall-steps his gigantic burden bore;
Down the hall-steps—then some more.

"Stranger," quoth I, "thing of evil; evil, still, tho' man or devil;
By the officers of this college—by those officers we adore,
Tell, oh! tell, I do implore you, tell a "Rat" who does not know you,
What means all this roar and clamor that doth constantly outpour;
Tell me this, and nothing more."

"Grasp thy gun, thou ignoramus!" I could hear above the clamors;
"Grasp thy gun and rush so swiftly where you’ll find the Clemson Corps;
Then creep slowly into line at any opening you may find;
Or you will soon be walking round the square before the barracks door—
The square they call the extra square, just before the barracks door,
And there you’d walk forevermore."

Then I took this soldier’s word—flew to ranks just like a bird—
But the Sergeant long had passed the honored name that I then bore;
And 'twas soon that I was walking—ne'er a word or sentence talking—
On the fields and lands before me, that I ne'er had walked before.
To the corporal then quoth I, "Will this walking ne'er be o'er?"
And he answered, "Nevermore."

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ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OFFICERS
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S. Littlejohn, Vice-President
Prof. W. A. Barnette, Sec-Treas.
W. T. Freeman, Historian

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F. E. Armstrong    W. H. Wallace    H. W. Herring    S. Littlejohn

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LOOKING BACK

ONE year after Clemson was established, a baseball team and a football team were organized to play the other colleges of South Carolina. The improvement of the teams was so rapid for the next few years that games were scheduled with the large colleges of the Southeastern States. From that time down to the present day, the history of athletics here has been one continuous struggle. How well these fights have been fought, the preceding "Taps" can tell better than one short paragraph. It is sufficient to say that every man in the corps can look back with the greatest pride on the fight that the Tigers have shown. Defeat seemed to make the teams more determined than ever to do or die.

Athletics, above all other activities, has kept down inter-class feelings and petty clannishness, and makes the whole corps feel that they are united in accomplishing one end. It has taught us that singleness of purpose, backed by deep interest for a good cause, together with determination and perseverance, can accomplish the impossible. By bringing every individual in close contact with every other, athletics is the making of the student body. Through it, more than by any other factor here, we have learned that it is the part of a man to struggle on, though the odds be against him, and hope seems vanished; and that the word that stands for success, whether it be on the athletic field or in the game of life,—is FIGHT.
THE TIGER'S VICTORY

'Twas a haughty Gamecock met us
On the Carolina field,
And his feathers rustled brightly,
As he crows he would not yield.

But he little thought our Tiger
Was strong as he was of old;
He did not of victory resting
On the Purple and the Gold.

Poor old Gamecock, though it happened
Last year that our score was tied,
Could your minds have such a vision—
Gamecocks on the upper side?

When the battle was completed,
And the dust rose to the heaven,
Zero rested with the Gamecocks;
And with the Tiger—Twenty-seven.
FOOTBALL

LINE UP

Right End ........................................ BROWN
Right Tackle ..................................... MATTHEWS
Right Guard ...................................... HARMON
Center .............................................. GEE
Left Guard ........................................ POOLE
Left Tackle ........................................ HART
Left End ............................................ WIEHL
Right Half ......................................... MAJOR (Capt.)
Left Half .......................................... BANKS
Full Back .......................................... ADAMS
Quarter Back .................................... WITSELL (Capt. Elect.)

SUBS

ALFORD .................................. Line    BRANDON .................................. Line
DUCKETT .................................. Line    CANNON .................................. Line
FINLEY ...................................... Back    NIMITZ .................................. Line
HARDIN ...................................... Back    HUNTER ................................ Manager
JERVEY ...................................... Back    HART .................................. Coach

MORRIS, Assistant Coach

SCHEDULE

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<td>September 30</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>6</td>
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<td>October 7</td>
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<td>October 26</td>
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<td>November 11</td>
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<td>DAVIDSON</td>
<td>November 30</td>
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MAJOR, Halfback

In Captain Major we have a genuine display of true college spirit, as well as a splendid exhibition of football. After playing brilliantly for three seasons, "Dopey" came back this year, taking a postgrad course, and worked like a Trojan. Handicapped by frequent injuries, he was often kept from displaying the finest qualities of his unquestioned ability. His career, however, was crowned with glory in the memorable Game Cock fray, when in the pink of condition, he played the best game of his life.

GEE, Center

This is "Mutt's" third and brightest season of varsity ball. He has played in various positions; first an end, then a fullback, and finally, this season, a center. He developed into a wonderfully accurate passer, and was the hardest tackler on the team. His consistent scrappy game paved the way to his unanimous selection as an "All-State" center.

WITSELL, Quarterback

"Fish" slid into the football limelight by his excellent work for the Sophs in the class games. The following year he won a coveted berth on the varsity squad, where the variety of ball displayed by this lad stamped him a fit nucleus about which to build the next season's back field. Besides directing the Tiger's attack in faultless style, "Fish" punts, drop kicks, forward passes, and is a consistent ground gainer. These qualities, plus his "Bottry" scrap, tag him our ideal leader and captain-elect for '17.

MATTHEWS, Tackle

"Bill" is without doubt the best tackle in the State, and has yet his equal to meet in the South. He has been the mainstay of our line, and is always in the game. "Bill" is 23 years old, and weighs 195. He is fast, is a sure tackler, and can also carry the ball when necessary. His indomitable fight, accompanied by his grim determination to accomplish what he undertakes, has won for him a place on All-State team for the past two years.
HARMON, Guard

There is one little, low-set, bow-legged fellow, the best men could not root up, and that is "Duck" Harmon. He played guard, which, under the present offensive system, requires a mighty fast man. "Duck" was a barrier of strength in the line, and many a plunging attack crashed to its doom against his defense. Although he was laid up for awhile with injuries, we consider this guard position mighty well filled.

BANKS, Halfback

Although having played the mere role of a "sub" in many of last year's games, this diminutive "Stumpy" has in one season's leap become the individual star of the back field. His sure, clean-cut tackling, linked with his ability to size up plays, tells the secret of his defensive success. But brighter still glistens his offensive fame. He is a forward passer of no mean ability, and undoubtedly the best broken field runner in the State. His strongest claim to "All-State" honors is that he gained on every team he met.

POOLE, Guard

"Serg" started his football career when a Soph. He played class ball so well that he tried his luck with the varsity squad in '15, and although he did not play very much that year, he showed that he would soon develop into a player. He then starred for the Juniors in the class games, and the following season "King Bob" saw that he had a magnificent end in this lad. He was tried out on the varsity end, and made good on the jump. This year he was shifted to guard and proved to be a tower of strength on our line, and was selected as All-State guard.

WEIHL, End

In class games last year, "Dutch" was the bright and shining star, both defensively and offensively. He has played the role of a scrub for two seasons with a cloud of hard luck hovering him. Injury was the only stumbling block on last year's road to a varsity end. This season he has outstripped the "Hoo Doo," and we find him among choice selections of "All-State" end. Defensively he was a dandy, taking great pleasure in breaking up interference.
HART, Tackle

"Bub" came to us from Washington, and it did not take us long to recognize his gridiron ability. Starting out in the Furman game at a rapid clip, he kept his pace throughout the season. "Bub" is a big, husky boy, with plenty of scrap. His six feet four inches and 195 pounds certainly look good in a line, and we say that he delivered the goods as a tackle. "Bub" claims the unique feat of being the first "Rat" to land a regular varsity berth in many a year.

FINLEY, Quarter

In his "Rat" year, States created quite a sensation by his general ability on the Freshman team. He was substituted in several games last year, and showed up well at quarter. This season found him alternating with Witsell at the helm of the Tiger offense. States ran the team well, and put up a mighty clever game. He is a good open field runner, and possesses the rare quality of never losing his head. States can also shoot a pass to perfection.

BROWN, End

"Crunk" first rolled into football prominence by his defensive ability on the "Rat" team. Last year he played a scrub end, and later starred in class games. It was his trusty toe that won the cup for the "Sophs." The genuine fibre of his football qualities were clearly demonstrated by the fight his 148 pounds put up at guard in the first of the season. He was later shifted to end, where he played admirably well. He did the goal kicking for the team.

ADAMS, Fullback

"Pat" has been a member of the squad for three years, playing two years scrub ball, and one year of varsity. He is the fastest man on the team, and one of the fastest that has ever worn a uniform at Clemson. "Pat" plays fullback and end. He goes down under punts and never fails to get his man. He is great on intercepting forward passes, recovering fumbles and sprinting for touchdowns. He weighs 180, and is always in the game.
NIMITZ, Guard

"Foots," as he is better known, has been holding down his position at guard in great style. This is "Foot's" third year on the squad, and it is by far his best. He returned this year with the determination to win his "C," and whatever he undertakes, he accomplishes. He is only 20 years of age, weighs 182, and is full of fight. We are sorry that he will not be back next fall, as he is one of the hardest workers on the field.

ALFORD, Guard and Tackle

"Tubby" stepped into the gridiron limelight by his stellar work on last year's Junior team. This was his first year on the squad, and there is no telling what he would have done if he had only been a candidate the three previous ones. "Tubby" weighs 190 pounds, is fast as a streak, and always in the game. Built close to the ground, he is the kind that make the ball go over on downs; and what the Tigers need is more like 'him.'

CANNON, Tackle

This was "Bill's" first season as a regular varsity man, being used as a substitute in many of last year's games. Although hampered by injuries, he made every ounce of his 170 pounds count, and played in great style. Bill is fast and a sure tackler. His fight and aggressiveness have proven a wonderful asset to the line's performance. Next season will probably find Bill developed to maturity, when he will be able to give a better display of his finer qualities.

BRANDON, Center and Guard

"Tom," as he is known by some, and "Swifty," by his fellow team-mates, has been a good, steady man the whole year; and we were glad to see him get away with his letter this season. He plays either guard or center, and is the equal of any man on the field at either of these positions. "Swifty" weighs in the neighborhood of 185 pounds, and is always in the game. "Swifty's" loss will be sorely felt by the Tigers next season.
DUCKETT, Guard and End

This lad made his appearance on the field a few days after matriculating three years ago. The first year he starred for the Freshmen, and the following year was a member of the scrubs. Although not a regular, he played in most of this season's games, and held his own. He will in all probability be one of the main stays of next year's line. He is only eighteen years old, and weighs around 178 pounds. He is a good offensive man, and is excellent on defense.

SAMS, Fullback

This is Sams's second year on the squad, having played a scrub tackle last season. This year more weight was needed in the back field, so he was shifted to fullback because of his ability to carry the ball. Sams started out in promising style, and we feel sure that he would have made a fullback that you read about had he not been hampered by injuries. He is an excellent defensive man, and we predict a big, bright season for him next year.

JERVEY, Quarter and Halfback

"It was not so much Tom's brilliant performance that has won for him our heartfelt appreciation. His was a more elevating and lofty honor. It was his magnificent display of true college spirit. Without doubt the hardest worker on the field, Tom was one of the select few who faced the hardships and privations of a strict training. He directed the charges of the scrubs for three seasons, and was a sub in many of this year's games. Tom is fast, and a hard tackler."

HUNTER, Manager

We have already discussed the various players; and now last, but far from least, we come to a totally different type of star; one who has had more trials and contentions than any other man in the athletic world at Clemson. "Jimmy" has borne the burden of keeping track of this year's Tigers and the numerous cubs, which is far from an easy task. "Jimmy's" sterling qualities shone supreme on every occasion, and his martyrdom has won our heartiest appreciation.
The call to togs, to which about eighteen veterans responded, for the '16 campaign, was sounded at Camp Sapphire on September 4. Most of our high hopes and anticipations were centered about Coach Hart, a former Georgetown star and assistant coach; so much so, that the corps in their enthusiastic joy did not fully realize the loss of so many of the previous year's stars. Coach Hart was ably assisted by "Country" Morris, while "Buck" Pressley and "Mutt" Cannon framed the charges of the Rats.

All eyes were focused on the initial game of the season, which was with the strong Furman aggregation on the campus, as it marked the inauguration of the open or new style of play, a style so essential to the success of a light team of our calibre. We regarded the game as a mere practice affair, and, anticipating a repetition of last year's track meet, we entered it perhaps a trifle over-confident. However, our high hopes were shattered in the very first few minutes of play. The fight began with our poor kick-off, which was returned to midfield. From there Furman marched to our ten-yard line by straight rushing tactics, only to lose the ball on downs. A few minutes later they succeeded in carrying it over for a touchdown by a similar march, but failed to kick goal. Our line, which up to this time seemed dazed by the surprising strength of Furman attack, took a decided brace, and from then on our goal was never in danger. With a few minutes left to play, Harris, by a series of end runs, carried the ball to Furman's 15-yard line. Witsell then called signals, which set the men for a pass. "Dingle" shot the ball behind the goal line into the scrambling crowd. Leaping into the air, "Bill" grabbed the sailing oval from above his head, and apparent defeat turned to a 7 to 6 victory when "Crunk," a moment later, kicked an easy goal.

One week later, the team, accompanied by nearly 300 ardent enthusiasts, journeyed over to Anderson for the annual clash with the strong Georgia team. Georgia had a decided advantage in point of weight, as their team was heavier than ours by twenty pounds to the man. It was this preponderance of beef and muscle that gradually wore down our light team and piled up a 26 to 0 score. Despite one-sided appearance of the game, the Tigers played a great game, showing a marvelous improvement over their previous week's exhibition. They fought hard from beginning to end, and Georgia was forced to put forth its best efforts for every foot of ground gained. Fumbles were frequent on both sides. The weather was extremely warm, and robbed the play of much snap and vigor. For the Tigers the outstanding feature of the game was the playing of "Mutt" at center. Harris played his usual great game, being our best ground-gainer.

On October 14 we entertained the husky Tennessee team on the campus. A shakeup had occurred in the line, in an endeavor to strengthen the weak points as evidenced by our previous games. "Crunk" and "Serg" swapped places, and "Dutch" was stationed at right end. The team had improved by leaps and bounds, and although we entered the game still in the early stages of development, we presented a fairly balanced machine. The game was indeed stubbornly fought, and was replete with brilliant play on both sides. Both sides resorted to frequent punting, Tennessee having the advantage.
In the third quarter, the Tiger was plainly the aggressor, and on four successive plays by Witsell and Banks, carried the ball 55 yards down the field. But just at this point an unfortunate 15-yard penalty for holding put a crimp in our immediate touchdown anticipations. Back and forth surged the ball, until the last few minutes of play, when they worked it to our three-yard line. An offside penalty relieved the tension somewhat. Here three successive line plunges melted against our stone wall defense. The corps, in their frenzy of excitement, were shouting encouragement, and pleading for their warriors to withstand the final attack. The crucial point of the game had come, and "Dame Fortune" turned her back upon us. An offside penalty on the next play advanced the ball to our three-yard line, and with it a first down. On the third line back the visitors succeeded in pushing it over by inches, and a moment later kicked goal. Tennessee then kicked off, and Witsell returned ball to 23-yard line. On the next play they intercepted a pass and ran for the second touchdown, again kicking goal. It was indeed a hard game to lose, especially 14 to 0.

Then came the Auburn battle on October 20. The Tigers entered the game without the services of Brown, Gee, or Major; and finished it with almost an entire scrum team. Injuries, and the fear of further injuries, just previous to the "Gamecock Fray," made this move advisable as soon as the apparent outcome of the game had been decided. Fighting against such overwhelming odds as experienced material and over twenty pounds per man surplus weight, the sterling qualities of that old Tiger scrap have never been more pronounced. The powerful Auburn backs found our line a tower of defense, and soon learned that it was more advantageous to skirt our ends. In fact, two of their four touchdowns came as a result of long end runs. The offensive feature for the Tigers was a 60-yard run through the entire Auburn team by "Stumpy."

When Thursday of Fair Week rolled around, the development of the Tiger machine had well-nigh reached maturity. Each man, tuned and primed to his highest pitch, was in the pink of condition, and, above all, bosomed a sincere determination to avenge last year's tie. Carolina won the toss, but that was all. Their efforts proved of no avail, and from the beginning the outcome of the game was never in doubt. The Tiger simply enjoyed a grand chicken feast, as the 27 to 0 score indicates. The Gamecocks simply could not cope with the cunning and the speed of the Tiger attack. Unfurling a series of dazzling fake plays and forward passes, which frequently caught the Gamecock off his guard, the Tiger advance swept forward like a whirlwind for long gains. Playing their best from whistle to whistle, the Tigers' line held like a stone wall and was simply impregnable to the Carolina attack. To pick an individual star from their midst would be doing the others an injustice. "Dopey" was clearly the hero of the backfield, playing the best game of his career. "Fish" and "Stumpy" also played a great game, and formed an excellent pair of running mates for their able leader.

After a lapse of fifteen days, which was far more detrimental than beneficial, we stacked arms against the Virginia soldiers. During this interval the strenuous practice, which was designed to compensate an open date in the schedule, produced many cripples. Accordingly, we faced V. M. I. with a considerably weakened front. Despite this, however, the Tiger, by his trickery and speed, marched straight down to the shadow of their goal posts, only to lose the oval by a fumble. V. M. I. was forced to kick out, and then began a fresh attack which resulted in the loss of Major through injuries, when we were within striking distance of their goal. "Fish's" try for a field goal went wide. One after another, in rapid succession, the Tiger backfield were forced to retire with injuries. Disheartened by this seemingly fatal act of providence, our defense crumbled before their ever increasing onslaught. The aggressiveness of Tiger comeback was not to be denied, however. An air attack, which was started in the last quarter, netted consistent gains, Adams taking a pass from midfield for a touchdown. The final score, which under ideal conditions should have shown a Tiger victory, resulted in a 37 to 7 wallop.
With only two days of practice and two long, tiresome days of travel as our period of recuperation, we met the best the Citadel has ever had to offer in Orangeburg on November 16. "Fish" and "Dopey," our two most effective weapons of offense, were out of commission, and we were accordingly kept on the defensive for the greater part of the first three-quarters. A fifteen-yard penalty and a poor punt twice placed the Bull Dog within striking distance of our goal in the third period. On his second attempt, Weeks lucked a freak boot across the bar by inches. Assuming the offensive in the last quarter, we carried the ball into their territory and kept it there. However close we approached their goal, the necessary punch to span the coveted gap seemed ever wanting, and, when the final whistle blew, the Tiger was forced to bow in obeisance to the tune of 3 to 0 for the first time in the athletic history of the two institutions.

P. C. came next on November 23, as a preliminary to our Turkey Day Game. Advantage was taken of the opportunity for many substitutions. Resorting to the old style of play, the Tigers piled up 40 points. The result was indeed encouraging, as it indicated the evident return of team work.

The following week brought the final test of the season. Old man Dope favored Davidson. However, the Tiger, full of vim and optimism, was determined to fight to the last. But the fierceness of their attack was too much for our light team, and it was not until the third quarter that our grim determination was ushered forth. With a decided brace in the line, our offense, led on by "Dingle," displayed real ability. In the final period Davidson started an air raid which netted two more touch-downs, so that when the taps for the football season was sounded, we stood on the short end of a 33 to 0 score.
It was on a pleasant morning in the month of October that President Riggs slowly rose from his seat on the chapel rostrum, and, amid the smiles of the Seniors and the tears of the underclassmen, announced that only Seniors would be permitted to attend the State Fair. Of course, the Seniors would be allowed to attend only on account of "the—er—educational advantages." It was noted by "Pat" the next day that a number of letters from Seniors to parents and to members of feminine institutions were enclosed in the mail-bag.

On the afternoon of October 23, there might have been discerned by a vigilant eye a number of vehicles, ranging upward from "Jitneys" to wheelbarrows, loafing around barracks number 3. At 23 seconds past 4 P.M., a horde of cadets with golden cap-cords were seen rushing from the buildings; and instantly there was a charge on the city of Cherry’s Crossing; some going in vehicles, others a la infantry. It was indeed a difficult task for the police force of the city to hold the boys in check.

Then, amid the yells of these young gentlemen, the train "lit out" for Columbia at 11.01 ¼ P.M.; as she slacked up at the freight yards, she was immediately emptied of her cargo, and rolled into the city with none on board.

The city of Columbia was then sacked. By twelve o’clock, ten restaurant waiters had fainted from exhaustion, the elevators in the three popular hotels had been destroyed, and two policemen had resigned their positions.

Early the next morning, the gray-clad soldiers were seen proceeding to the fair-grounds. Until twelve o’clock, they inspected the mules, the chickens, the flying-jenny, the hot tamale stand, the information bureau, and other objects of interest.

Then, at twelve o’clock the bomb exploded. As the town-clock boomed out the hour, and the dinner whistle shrieked, a football soared gracefully into the air; thereby starting the greatest struggle that has been pulled off since Jack Johnson attempted to haze Mr. Jesse Willard. Those cadets who forgot to ask about the results at the time will be pleased to know that the Tigers won by the score of 27 to 0.

Now, the ancient chronicles are in dispute as to what this motley crew of wanderers next did. One states that they camped on the Columbia College grounds; another that they scattered over the State; and still another claims that they were seen in the fair grounds the next day. However, we, in our effort to please the common populace, have thrashed the matter thoroly, and have found satisfactory conclusions. Captain Dick was certainly seen on the grounds with a lady from Winthrop; "Scout" Jeffries has acknowledged the fact that he was at Columbia College on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday; and it is undoubtedly a fact that George Reaves was seen calmly pacing the streets of Mullins on Saturday afternoon. Then there is no conclusion to draw but that the crowd must have dispersed immediately after the game.
"TAPS" for Nineteen-Seventeen

Oh! how glad and blithesome were the hearts during these days! But, alas! what entrancing tear drops glistened in the eyes of the suffragettes Sunday morning. But, no, let us not dwell on these memories; we must leave them to their fate.

On Sunday evening, the "Cherry's Limited" came slowly under the depot shed of Cherry's, and unloaded its cheerful load. At 7.57, the boys slowly walked into their respective domiciles. At 8 p.m., the majority of them were dreaming of home.

The professors entered "poor" on their report for the week beginning October 29. But, though it meant more study for the poor boys, they did not mind it; for they had had a trip that now lives and will forever live in their memories as the greatest trip ever undertaken by them while at this institution.

M. M. Brice, '17.
LIFE HISTORY OF A COLLEGE ATHLETE

Bill Strength, the great college athlete, was born during the latter part of the nineteenth century. His father soon determined to prepare him for an athletic career at Clemson. Nothing was withheld from him; every form of training was lavished on him. One cold day Bill's nurse carelessly dropped him from the second story window. The pavement was shattered to pieces, costing the town a considerable sum of money. His doting father, fearing concussion of the brain, wired to Australia for Dr. Quack, the renowned brain specialist, to come at once. Dr. Quack, after a careful examination, pronounced Bill's head to be of solid ivory.

One morning Bill cautiously escaped from the watchful eye of the careless nurse. As the Appalachian Limited Express rounded the curve, the engineer—alas! too late—espied the manly youngster on the track. As his head met the oncoming locomotive, the train telescoped itself, costing the lives of many brave citizens of the State.

Mr. Strength, Bill's father, despaired of keeping any knobs or hinges on his doors. The andirons were often found bitten in half. One morning when Mr. Strength proceeded to his garage, he found that all his Ford except the crank had mysteriously disappeared. Upon investigation he found that his charming son had digested the "Jitney." Bill was indeed a hard guy. Mr. Strength fitted out a $1,647.82 1/4 gymnasion in order to keep his boy in training. In this physical laboratory there were two steam compression engines, one pair of 2,000-pound dumb-bells, and a train with twelve steel coaches. These were soon destroyed, but were again and again supplied by his father. Mr. Strength ran a fifty-horse farm, all the manual work being done by Bill.

At last, after 18 years of this light labor, this young Hercules, with his Kongo ivory dome, left his sweet home for Clemson. Mr. Strength's broken arm was kept in a sling for the remainder of his life because of their sad hand-shaking; and Mrs. Strength carried a scar on her left cheek as long as she lived. When the train rolled into Calhoun, the entire corps was at the station to carry their future champion to barracks. Twenty-nine cadets suffered from broken backs due to this. The President of the College escorted him to barracks after a heart-to-heart conversation with him. The President could not understand the meaning of half of his words on account of Bill's learning.
“TAPS” for Nineteen-Seventeen

Football began in reality the next afternoon. Bill taught the boys how to be a hard guy, and at six o’clock the varsity team was lying in the hospital ward. In order to spare the lives of the members of the team, the Athletic Association furnished him with an 827 horse-power traction to buck against. He was first allowed to practice his tackling processes on various trees on the campus, but, on account of certain timber law, he soon had to discontinue this practice. The season ended with complete success for the Tigers. On the next year’s schedule could be found the following names of opposing teams: Princeton, Yale, Navy, Columbia, Cornell, Army, and Harvard.

After the football season, our young hero went out for the oratorical contest. The judges had to decide to let him represent Clemson, for this ivory-domed cadet threatened to give them a hair-pulling if they did not do so. When Bill arose to address the audience, the spacious auditorium trembled from his mighty treads. Before he began, he drew in a deep breath, and, on account of the vacuum produced in the building, the windows trembled, and the ears and eyes of the audience started from their various sockets. The judges at once decided on him for the winner, and the vast building shook with the cheers of the audience. All of the rooms of barracks were in a trash pile, for every room available had been broken over his head and back, and it did not seem to hurt him in the least.

One night he was caught out of barracks. The discipline committee shipped our brave athlete, for they valued their lives and property too much. He left while the flag was at half mast. The road from barracks to Calhoun was as good as a shell road, for Bill was gritting his teeth all the way to the station. He returned home and told his father that the boys had hazed him unmercifully, and that he now realized that his constitution was too weak for such diggings as Clemson.
BASE BALL

BASE

BALL

Miss Boozer - Sponsor

Parker (Capt.)

Cothcart

Mar. 1918
When the curtain was drawn aside for the opening of the baseball season of 1916, the Tiger prospects for a championship team were the brightest in many a year. Practically an entire veteran team, re-inforced by Parker and Martin, and captained by the pep-inspiring "Andy," took the field. Summing up their individual virtues, it was one of the heaviest-hitting, one of the best fielding, and one of the fastest teams that has ever borne the Tiger cognomen. And yet, in the face of this praiseworthy butfitting tribute, this wealth of material, with its rich possibilities, won comparatively few of their big games. Why? The pitching was not the very best, the hitting really came at opportune times, there was a decided lack of team work, and training was too often sacrificed for revelry and dissipation. "Andy's" untiring efforts to keep the team straight proved fruitless, and conditions arose among some of the players too lamentable and deplorable to be further discussed. Be it said for "Andy," however, he acted well his part. Just lay the blame, fair-minded reader, on whosoever's doorstep your unbiased judgment deems it most advisable.

The Tigers opened the season on March 27 on the new diamond on Riggs's Field in grand style, by defeating West Virginia Wesleyan 4 to 2. The game was featured by the timely hitting of Parker and "Vic." A few days later "Abe" shut out Wofford, holding them to one hit, while his team-mates annexed six tallies. Then came our first defeat, and at the hands of Erskine. Three bungles, a circuit swat and an error, which netted the visitors three runs, forced Chapman to retire in favor of Long. "Hard Times" rose to meet the occasion, and nine men took the count of three; but with the breaks against them, the Tigers could not overcome this early lead, and the game ended 3 to 2. Taking sweet revenge, and showing a complete reversal of form the following week, the Tigers swamped their previous conquerors in a one-sided fray by the tune of 12 to 3. The game was featured by the heavy hitting of the locals, who secured 15 safe swats.

A few days later we entertained the Citadel. And frolic it was—a regular "Comedy of Errors" on the visitors' part. Taking advantage of this, and driving the pill to all corners of the lot, the Tigers won two easy victories, 4 to 2, and 16 to 1. Following in its immediate wake, we broke even with V. P. I. 2 to 1 tells another tale of heavy hitting and costly errors. However, with excellent twirling, and Tiger's slow outfield work, the Techites staged a 4 to 3 comeback the following day. Then came two of our worst bobbles of the season. In neither contest was the entire team physically able to usher forth their sterling qualities. The weak Wofford team put the first of these twists in the Tiger's Tale of victories, while the best we could do with the Furman aggregation was a 0 to 0 game. Two games were then dropped to Georgia in Athens, 4 to 3, and 6 to 4.

The first stop of the Northern trip was for two games with Trinity at Durham, N. C. With Captain "Andy" on the mound, the Tiger sluggers hammered out a 16 to 6 victory. Finding Chapman easy the following day, Trinity turned tables and emerged a 5 to 4 victory. From here the Tigers went to Lexington, and playing the best game of the year, beat V. M. I. 2 to 0. "Hard Times" was invincible, pitching a no-hit game. The fielding of the team was sensational, and only two men reached
first. Two days later, in a loosely played game at Blacksburg, due largely to the results of their continual traveling, the Tigers lost to V. P. I., 10 to 7. Long and Richards were both hit hard and often.

A three-game series with Auburn came next. The Tigers started off in promising style, winning the first game 5 to 4, through the effective pitching of Anderson. However, the Tigers looked like a different team the next day, and, aided by listless playing, the heavy-hitting Auburn nine had little or no trouble in winning a double-header by the score of 9 to 3 and 3 to 1. Trinity was then entertained for a couple of days, and good entertainment did they afford, especially in the second contest, when the heavy-hitting artillery attack, which registered 17 hits and netted 13 runs, displayed its rare form. Trinity was only able to register three tallies. The Tigers won the first contest, which was more exciting, by the score of 3 to 0. The Tigers then went to Anderson to meet the Game Cock for the first time in six years. The first battle was a pitchers’ duel between Adams and “Andy,” the latter having one bad inning, which, aided by a couple of bobbles, netted four runs and the game, the Tigers suffering their first shut-out of the season. A 7 to 5 victory the following day closed a season that, in view of the lost opportunities, can hardly be termed a successful year.

With the thought that every cloud has a silver lining, we turn to a realm of supreme brightness, one that bespeaks of our present year’s prospects. They are undoubtedly tinged with the most encouragement in many a year. Last season’s veteran and enviable infield remains intact, and have most assuredly profited from the past summer’s playing. The outer gardens and the pitching staff, aided by prospective rat and scrub material, will be well cared for. With “Country” Morris to instill pep and consistent team work, and Parker as leader, the Tigers should be strong contenders for the All-Southern Crown.
BASKET BALL

Harris Capt.

Miss Morris Sponsor

McDermid Mgr.
This season we have seen a revival of the basketball at our college. This sport has heretofore been very much neglected, as we had no suitable place to play. This year, however, the new Y. M. C. A. brought us a good court, upon which we have accomplished some very good work.

At the beginning of the year, due largely to Mr. Holtzendorff's efforts, a great deal of interest was aroused by class basketball and scrub faculty games. The Freshman class this year had an unusual supply of basketball material. This is the first year since 1912 that we have had a coach for this branch of athletics. Coach Morris, after showing us a few stunts in football, made clear the fact that there is system in basketball. We felt from the start that we were going to have a team to be proud of, and we have not been disappointed.

The first two games we played were practice games with Charleston and Seneca High Schools. These resulted in our favor with large scores. The Charleston College game was without special interest, due to the one-sided score, 65 to 16.

Our first trip took us to Clinton, where we played one of the fastest games of the season, ending with us on the heavy side of 32 to 22. From there we traveled to Carolina, where the Game Cock pecked on us for 33 to 19. However, we made the feathers fly.

Greenville Y. M. C. A. played us a good game, which we won by the score of 36 to 30. On the next trip we beat Wofford 36 to 31, but struck our "Waterloo" at Newberry, where they played us hard for 30 to 26.

When the Indians came here the following week, we turned the tables on them to the warwhoop of 37 to 29. This was one of the hardest fought games ever seen here.

When the Game Cock came here, we plucked his plumage to the tune of 51 to 27. The season ended very successfully, and left us with great hopes for the future.

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Track

Miss Boylston - Sponsor

Track

Adams (Co. Pt.)

Nimitz (Mgr.)
The track team of 1916 was not what would be termed successful, if the winning of meets were the only thing to be considered. The season was started under many disadvantages, and others were encountered as the team progressed, so that among close followers of the game the season was regarded as reasonably successful.

That the training and spirit of the season was excellent was apparent when the first call for practice was issued. About thirty men answered the call, and under the able leadership of Coach Ward, faithfully and consistently trained for six weeks.

The first meet of the season was scheduled with the University of North Carolina, but, owing to a downpour of rain on the day of the meet, and the three previous ones, it was called off. Next came the meet with Newberry on April 14, which we won by a large score of 94 to 27. Out of the fourteen events, Clemson won eleven firsts, eleven seconds, and six thirds. Stribling, Adams, and Dick starred. Then came the Davidson meet at Davidson, in which we were defeated by the very close score of 55 to 53. Adams was the individual star of the meet, winning first place in the hundred and in the two-twenty yard dashes, and second in the shot put. Dick won first place in the high hurdles and half mile.

Last fall the cross country team, composed of Ellison, Sullivan, Herbert, and Going, won the cup in the annual cross country meet between Newberry, the Presbyterian College, Carolina, and Clemson.

The prospects for a successful track team are indeed bright. The old men who are back are: Captain Adams, Dick, Nimitz, Bryan, Sullivan, Finley, Hutchins, Brown, Baxter, and Herbert. These men, together with a number of new men, give promise to place Clemson at the top of "Success' Ladder," where her fame among Southern Colleges has been so pronounced.
TENNIS

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Robertson — Haskell
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ROSS
COUNTRY
TEAM

Abbott
Harbert
Sullivan
Capp
Ellison
Going

Miss Flem, Sponsor
Basketball Five
Split Even on Trip

Junior-Soph
Game Saturday

Senior Dances
Best of Season

Appointment
of Officers

Lightsey

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THE ANNUAL

MEETING OF ANNUAL STAFF

ALL RIGHT OBY, WE CAN'T GET THOSE ASSISTANTS TO DO ANYTHING.

SAM, WE'VE GOT TO PUT OUT THIS ANNUAL BY OURSELVES.

COME ON, BOY, LET'S SEE THE MOVIES.

YOU GAVE ME THIS A MONTH AGO, WHAT YOU WANT ME TO DO WITH IT?

SLEEPING HOURS

RESULT

PUBLISHER

GOT A DIME LEFT? LET'S GO DOWN AND GET A DOPE.

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<td>PARKER, J. E.</td>
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THE TRIP TO "THE BIRTH OF A NATION"

At half-past three one cloudy, gloomy Saturday afternoon, a bunch of cadets, some clad in "cits," some in "regs," steadily plod the winding road between the main building of Clemson and the union depot of Cherry’s Crossing. Some of these invested their honest pennies in chewing gum, peanuts, and cigarettes, in order to have something to alleviate the weariness and the pain of the long ride ahead of them.

Finally, as the impatience of the corps began to rise, the giant train rolled under the shed and came to a creaking halt. The cadets calmly and gently entered the train, and, after everyone was comfortably seated, urgently pulled the cord for the departure of the train. Suddenly, with a jerk and a roar, the train pulled out, gaining headway every moment until it seemed as if we were going to hit the hand-car which was running about 100 feet ahead of the locomotive.

However, everyone arrived safely in Anderson, and made hasty departures to the restaurants and cafes in the various parts of the city. After the completion of the sumptuous feasts, the group broke up still more, some going to the homes of relations, friends, and sweethearts, some visiting the various department stores, and some gaily pacing the paved streets, viewing the scenery of the city.

At eight o’clock all of the boys were in the Anderson Theatre, impatiently waiting the appearance of the famous picture, THE BIRTH OF A NATION. As would be expected, the boys know a good thing when they see it, and everyone enjoyed and appreciated the spectacle of our fathers and grandfathers building up our new nation.

A few minutes after the show, the return train pulled out of Anderson, leaving eleven or twelve unfortunate cadets, who, upon their return to college, were required to enter the havens of the guard-room and view the outer world through the bars. As the cars rolled gracefully along the street rails, and a soft and wintry rain gently pelted the windows of the train, many heavy hearts were contemplating the future travel along the return road.

It was not long before the train came to a halt, and the melancholy cadets dismounted from the cars. Some were so fortunate as to catch "jitneys," but had to dismount and lift these vehicles from the mud at various points on the road. However, the majority had to plod along the saturated road. The darkness added the gloom of the situation. Rains pelted from the skies; slippery mud slipped under the feet of the weary pedestrians; but the dauntless spirit of the boys was not to be broken. Some of the "Rats" had their military greatcoats firmly clasped under their arms in order not to get them wet. Water and mud flowed over the shoe-tops. Cadets were often found calmly lying in the mud at the side of the road in order to rest their weary limbs. The slippery road threw many an unwary cadet in the mud.

Finally, the drenched, mud-spattered cadets crawled into barracks. Some found their beds floating majestically down the halls. At about three o’clock all were calmly snoring the sleep of the just. Next day various articles of uniform could be found hanging from the barracks windows.

Not one of this crowd regrets this trip, notwithstanding the fact that many uniforms were ruined. All will look back with pleasure to the night of mud when we attended the "Birth of a Nation" in Anderson.
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<tr>
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<td>SHEARER, W. A.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>SNELGROVE, W. K.</td>
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<td>Secretary-Treasurer</td>
<td>McCUE, C. M.</td>
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RICHBERG, E. B.
RICHBERG, L. L.
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<td>BERRY, J. F.</td>
<td>President</td>
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<tr>
<td>WEST, W. R.</td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
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<td>BRYANT, W. H.</td>
<td>Secretary and Treasurer</td>
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"TAPS" for Nineteen-Seventeen

DURING THE INTERMISSION

The music stopped, the shuffling of feet ceased, and each fair damsel caught the arm of her kaydet partner and lined up for refreshments. When the light refreshments were served, one couple was seen to proceed out of the dance hall and take up a position on the southeast corner of the front steps of the Agricultural Hall. At least three minutes passed before a word was uttered, but at last the maiden started, "Don't believe I've ever met you." "You haven't got anything on me; I never have met you either; but here's my card, don't you ever remember hearing of me." The lady looked at the card and shook her head in the negative reply. He looked at her downcast. "Fame, oh! Fame," he muttered. "What a bubble thou art." "I danced with a charming little fellow tonight by the same name; is he any relation to you," she said. "Yes, he's my brother," he said rather unconcerned. "Why that's odd, he's only half your size," she replied. "Yes, but he's only my half brother, you know." "He certainly is cute anyway; I noticed him winking his eye at me several times." "He doesn't mean to wink at you," he replied. "He was trying to keep the eye that was turned next to you shut, lady." "Well, one thing sure, he is a square fellow." "You can call him square if you want to, but I noticed that he was round when the whistle blew." "You don't seem to know what I mean, I wanted to say that he had a strong character." "Yes, I saw him lift a barrel of flour on his shoulder one time, but it was self-rising flour tho." Recovering from this knock out, she gained her former position by his assistance, and trying to explain her position, she said, "Girls are naturally affectionate you know." "Yes, I have noticed that they all like to hug the twenty-year mark," he answered dryly. She breathed a sigh, and trying to start on a new line, she remarked, "These dance programs must have been rather expensive to have them all hand painted." "Perhaps so, but just think how appropriate they are for the ladies," he said. "Oh! my," she exclaimed, "You certainly are witty, you must make your living by writing." "Yes, I do," was his reply. "And what do you write for, would you mind telling me?" she asked. "Not at all; I write for money from home." "Gee! but you do make slurring remarks, you are undoubtedly a gambler; so why don't you hang out your sign by wearing a polka-dot neckie," she remarked, very much put out. "Yes, and I suppose wyandotte ties would be rather appropriate for an old hen, don't you?" "I'm going to leave you right now and go back in the hall," she said, getting up to leave. "Well there goes the music now, and I will go with you, that is, if you want me to," he remarked, trying to show some affection. They went back together, and just before someone broke them, he smiled at her and said, "I don't want you to be offended at anything that I said tonight, and won't you come up on my bid in February." "That certainly is nice of you to ask me up and I will be delighted to come," she whispered as someone broke them.
SONGS WITH ANOTHER TUNE

"TURN BACK THE UNIVERSE."

"DON'T BITE THE HAND THAT'S FEEDING YOU."

"I've Got the Blues for Home Sweet Home."

"DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM."

"DONT BITE THE HAND THAT'S FEEDING YOU."
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"ALLY" ALLISON
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"RIJ" SANDERS

Miss Manning, Sponsor.
Ah! members of a mighty clan,
The Senior Private boys,
Ere long this mighty earth will shake,
At each bold private's nose.

We're enemies of soldier life;
Mild pedants are we;
And the captain and the majors quake
When they a private see.

Each soldier in our mighty clan
Is free from straps and stars;
No member's sleeve is ever disgraced
By any stripes or bars.

Oh! members of the Clemson corps,
Observe this mighty clan,
And may the time soon come to pass
When Privates rule the land.
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Advanced Guard ....................................... NORMAN, A. I.
Utensil Man ............................................ SANDERS, H. L.
Detector ................................................ BAXTER, C. L.

Motto: To avoid trouble, we know when to leave.
ROLL OF SANHEDRIN CLUB

BOWEN, R. A. ... President
WARRINER, L. R. ... Vice-President
BRELAND, B. ... Secretary and Treasurer

ANDERSON, V. T.
CAIN, D. J.
CATHCART, J. L.
CHAPMAN, H. R.
DICK, J. B.

DERHAM, J. P.
FREEMAN, W. T.
HARMON, H. M.
MONROE, D. E.
WHITE, W. T.
CLEAN-SLEEVE CLUB

RICHARDS, A. J.  President
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ARTHUR, H. T.
BRANDON, J. D.
BRICE, M. M.
BRITT, J. A.
CAIN, D. J.

CAMPBELL, A.
HARRIS, H. S.
HUTCHINS, W. D.
KENNY, F. M.
LEMMON, W. T.
MOORE, J. H.
PRUITT, V. O.

REEVES, F. M.
SLOAN, E. D.
SOWELL, L. C.
SPRATT, T.
STEADMAN, B. K.
WIEHL, E. A.

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WEBSTER'S NEW UNABRIDGED ACADEMIC DICTIONARY

Cadet Lingo Defined (all rights reserved)

A

ARMY—Prep. school for commandants.
ARREST—Something received for nothing.
ALCOHOL—A valuable metal (see Booze).
ANNEX—Sleeping quarters for “hard guys.”
AGRICULTURE—The line of least resistance.
ARMORY—A hangout for idle commandants.

B

BARRACKS—Where angels fear to tread.
BASEBALL—A small spherical cube.
BATH—Hydraulic mining.
BED—A long plank and two sheets.
BLANKET—Something taken internally to prevent chills (see Booze).
BLOTTER—Something you look for while the ink dries.
BOOZE—A life saver.
BUGLE—Modified Gabriel’s trumpet.
BULL—A masculine cow; by-product of leather factory (frequently served in mess-hall for cadets).
BRIDGE—Feminine of poker.
BROKE—Financial embarrassment; chronic state of cadets.
BUCK—(See Assistant Commandant.)

C

CADET—(See Convict.)
CAESAR—(See Commandant.)
CASEY—The man at the throttle.
CAMPUS—A prairie (inhabited by a wild and idle class of people).
CLEMSON—(See Prison.)
CHURCH—Where cadets get Pullman service free.
COMMANDANT—An absolute monarch.
CONFINEMENTS—A religious banquet; usually served in chapel on hard benches.

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"TAPS" for Nineteen-Seventeen

Webster’s New Unabridged Academic Dictionary—Continued

D

D——n—A mild form of !?&*!!.
Dance—A call to arms.
Dead-beat—Hospital visitor.
Discipline—(See Committee.)
D. P.—Disappointed prayers.  D——n Private.
Drill—Instrument used for boring cadets.
Duck—Something passed around from one cadet to another (see Cigarette).
Duty—Meaning unknown to cadets.

E

Earl—Corruption of Earle (See Sam).
Economics—A science which cannot be understood unless you see it making all around you.
Electricity—Chemical combination of amperes and calculus.
Exam—A cadet’s Waterloo; a means of revenge used by the faculty.
Exchange—A place where books, et cetera, are sold at twice their cost, to accommodate cadets.
Extras—A means of employment for idle cadets.  The wages of sin.

F

Faculty—A body of men completely surrounded by lack of work.  (See Hobo.)
Farewell—The last thing in speeches.
Flies—Alias raisins.
Flunk—(Lat., Tako + ova) English for 59.
Fessor—English for instructor.
Ford—An expression used behind barred doors; i. e., “Ford dem bones.”  (Shake, rattle and roll.)
Freedom—Meaning unknown to cadets.

G

Gold Leaf—Same as fig leaf—who said gold didn’t grow on trees?
Girl—Opportunity, minus place and time.
Grant—A wild and barbarous chieftain—ask “F” Company.
Grapple—To pull ardently.
Green—Freshman class colors.
Guard-room—Sleeping quarters for O. G., O. D., and Orderlies.
Gun—An instrument to walk extras with.

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H

HALL—A promenade for sentinels.
HALT—An automatic emergency brake.
HEAVEN—The land of no reveille.
HONEYFUNK—One who attains success by unlawful means.
HELL—A spot twenty miles from Anderson, eight miles from Seneca, four miles from Pendleton, and one mile from Calhoun. (Further explanations unnecessary.)
HOOOLA HOOOLA—Hawaiian for “Oh, you kid.”
H₂S—Abbreviation for two horrible smells. Vaporized Limburger cheese.

I

IDEA—A wireless wave, seldom detected by the faculty.
INFANTRY—A colonel commanded by a body of foot soldiers on horseback.
INSPECTION—Practice in housekeeping. Means of employment for commandant.

J

JOB—A rare metal, sometimes excavated by cadets after four years of suffering.
JOKE—A nut seldom cracked. (See Jojo.)
JOJO—A rare specimen. A jester.

K

KISS—Love’s sacred seal. The summit of love’s mountain, wherein friends meet.
K-K-K—A clan for the prevention of hruelity to kids. (Founded by Columbus, ’65.)

L

LAUNDRY—A button remover. A paper factory. (Paper being made from cadets’ shirts, etc.)
LOVE—Lat., Lovi, Lovu.) A term of endearment. The venom on the tip of cupid’s arrows. A strange and abstract chemical compound, which acts upon the mind, causing one to stare violently into space. Its powers are unlimited. That which makes the world go round. A peculiar feeling around the heart—cause of much heart trouble. Worry and anxiety. That which makes a slave out of a perfectly good “freeman.” It is said that, save for love, the mail business would go out of commission, thus making trains and postoffices unnecessary. Like the little mole, Love roots down to the very heart, but doesn’t know it—for Love is blind. Cause of much flunking among cadets.
LYCEUM—An interesting course; taken by the majority of cadets.
MARRIAGE—The end of a perfect day.
MATH—Many a man's Waterloo.
MATRICULATION—A sacrifice of liberty upon the altar of learning.
MILITARY—The word that put the cuss in Clemson customs.
MIND—Something which few have, but which everyone thinks he has.
MONEY—A small graphophone—for money talks.
MESS-HALL—We said it!!!

NEW-MAN—(See Rat.)
NOW—Yankee for "no."
NOVEL—Classy literature. (See Shakespeare's Works.)

OFFICER—A young servant.
O. G.—Abbreviation for "Oh, My."
ON—Slang for "Got, you, Steve."
ORDERLY—A housekeeper; a valet; one who gets "lit up."

PARADE—Short for Paradise.
P. D. Q.—Abbreviation for pretty, dainty, and quick.
PERPENDICULAR—Two lines ninety degrees centigrade to each other.
PHYSICS—A book written by Newton, explaining why apples don't go up—everything else does; that's funny.
PRESIDENT—An artist.
PRIVILEGES—That which everybody surrenders, but which is given back to Seniors provided they do not use them.
PROFESSOR—This we are unable to define, as we have never seen a real one.
PREPAREDNESS—Sherman said, "War is hell."—Ditto for preparedness.

QUESTIONS—A means of acquiring knowledge. (Used exclusively by the faculty.)
QUARREL—A profane argument.
QUARTERS—Small pieces of money. A prison for cadets.
"TA P S" for Nineteen-Seventeen

Webster's New Unabridged Academic Dictionary—Continued

R

R. A. J.—Initials of direct descendant of Sir Julius Cæsar.
Rat—A Sophomore's housekeeper.
Reduce—Act of "ossifying" a Senior private.
Regulations—The Ten (thousand) Commandments.
Rifle—A private's burden.
Room—A cell. Four walls and a door.

S

Sentinel—One who announces the approach of commandant.
Sixty—A pass. Ambition's highest point.
Sleep—Meaning unknown to cadets.
Slim—Tall, lean; an instructor.
Slide-Rule—A condensed form of Doctor Steinmetz.
Shoot-the-Bull—French for, "Will you kindly pass the pork chops? Thanks."
Steam—Water's ghost.
Sophomore—Lat., wiso-foolo.
Sword—A necklace.
Syrup—Breakfast, dinner, and supper.

T

Taps—A bugle call entitled, "The end of a perfect day."
Tattoo—A bugle call entitled, "Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, etc."
Tack—The cause of many a private hop.
Ten—Numerical value of reports expressed in terms of confinements.
Thermometer—Instrument held near fire by cadet, to convince the doctor that he has fever.
Three—A crowd. 1-2 many.
Two—A company.

U

U—The last thing in "I. O. U.
Uncle—Grand Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Urxx—Shorthand for, "you are too cross."

V

Vacuum—Nothing defines this. Cause of much light-headedness. It is so light the faculty have it in their heads and don't even know it.
Why—Hebrew for, "Why."
Vine—Nature's distillery. (See Moonshiner.)
“TA P S” for NINETEEN-SEVENTEEN

Webster’s New Unabridged Academic Dictionary—Continued

W

WINE—Something not to be looked upon while 't is red.
WHISKEY—Forget-me-water; joy-water; a nectar of the gods. (Sometimes used by cadets in camp to keep warm.) (See Blanket.)
WHOMPUS—(Lat., Whompa, whompus.) A dangerous animal. (See Brick.)

X

X—Try again. Also signature of a few professors.
XANTHIC—Color of uniform much feared by cadets.
XPLANATION—A note to satisfy commandant’s curiosity.
X-RAY—Cross rays. (Usually at angle of about 45 degrees.)
XXX—Shorthand, for “Four Roses.”

Y

YAWL—Corruption of you all.
Y. M. C. A.—A stock exchange where innocent little cadets are forced to sign away all claims to their present and future funds. Abbreviation for “Young Men Can’t Attend.” A small restaurant. A hangout for card players, pool-sharks, and movie enthusiasts.

Z

ZERO—A perfect mark, minus the prefix one. A figure much used by the faculty. A point fifty-nine degrees below flunk point, on the centipass scale.
A FACULTY MIX-UP

One September morning very Early, before the Hare had left its downy couch, and the Martin was still in its gourd, Littlejohn, Smith, and Thomas met at the old Birch tree where the Rhodes cross, and began to take the Routten the direction of a Pote ato bank. As soon as they began Feely (ng) for the spuds, and Eaton them, they heard the Barre to the gait slide slowly back, and their work Sease (d) at once. The Berley chaps began to Hunter place to hide. Like Sherlock Holmes, the farmer made his Dogget after the boys and he soon found a Klug as to where they were. Then the race proper started: over the Picket fence, thru the farmer Speas, under a Barre bed wire fence, they ran, at the Raitt of about 30 miles an hour like a pack of hounds Hardin pursuit of a Buck. The farmer uttered an oath about how fast a Boykin run; while the boys felt that Dargan man pushing them close. It was a Slim chance for escape and it was a Crip to catch them now, for Johns strength had Aull gone, and he fell over a Birch log and it knocked Johnstone dead for a while. Tom scrambled up a High Simon tree nearby. The farmer took them to his Homes tead, and locked them Wells secure in his barn with out a Crum to eat. They Crider gallon or two of tears that night, for they were in Misery thinking Howard they ever get home. The farmer came out to the Barnett sunrise and sad to them, "You can go home to Morrison." He kept his word and let each be a Freeman once more. As they were walking away, the farmer saw their Lipscomb together, so he knew that they had agreed to do right Aull the rest of their lives.
DO YOU KNOW THEM

A teacher of English is her who gives an occasional hint, but who sometimes allows a "P" to remain. And if you don't get a "P", well, you won't get a "P".

At first we all knew what he really meant, but after he told us a brand-new element, none of us knew what the relevant.

This gentleman deals in the hero who comes to our door Thermore. He is a man who history records in his big book a zero.

Here's the king of Electrical Lab. He knows the mechanics, and says:

"With you dear friends, alas!"

Just won't set a pace. If you don't get on to his God.

Two we're none of us perfectly crazy, but we can't see a thing. On the other hand, we're sick.

"For we're tired of figures, we're happy."

In the middle of his speech, he made it clear:

"I'm not from this one, that's silly."

UP here in the faculty office, theU says, "I've been a teacher for hundreds of years, and I've taught people to read, and his knowledge of woodwork is crucial.

The highest official we have is the bringer of mail. He is the faculty one that, and his presence, the governor, will be held by him without fail.
"TAPS" for NINETEEN-SEVENTEEN

THE TIGER
FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF '07.
Published weekly by the Students of Clemson College.
June 20, 1927.

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I. M. Goodman ........................................... Y. M. C. A.

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PARTLY SOCIAL.

A large banquet was held last evening by the class of 1917, after an absence of ten years. It was a sight worth seeing to find that the married ones could get away from their loved ones long enough to look at their old friends once more. Below are a few notes taken at the banquet, and if you happen to know a member of the class of '17 look below.

Harris, H. S., commonly known as "Lazy Bill," got as far as Spartanburg and fell asleep and missed his train. This made him late, but he was there in time for drinks. Bill surprised us by telling us that he had worked for two weeks after leaving Clemson. No one believed Bill but "Hawkshaw" Singley. "Hawkshaw" says that Bill got a job counting the airships that passed over Union per day.

Hunter, W. E., came over from the Old Stone Church to see his old friends. "Little Joe" is sexton over there and tells us that things are as well as ever in that section. He offered to get us as much of the "Old Stone Church" brand as we could use.

V. T. Anderson told us a few of his best jokes, but the staff refused to publish them.

J. B. Dick says that he has the brightest boy in the State. Last Christmas Blanding Jr. wrote to Santa Claus and asked him to bring him a major. J. B. says the boy is just like his father.

L. C. Fletcher is being sued for divorce by his wife. "Lucy" always was the kind to jump at conclusions and it looks as if his wife is of the same type.

Garrison, E. B., wanted to make a speech on the advantages of military life, but we would not listen to him as one Lightsey had talked for ten minutes on the subject. Lightsey took most of his time trying to convince us that he deserved a major. Of course, we were sorry not to hear "Bam," for he is quite an authority on militarism. At college he was so military that he said his prayers at parade rest.

Craig, J. M., is a confirmed old bachelor. He told us that a widow sued him for "Breach of Promise" and collected 89 cents from him. This ended his love affairs, as he stated that love is too expensive.

Caskey, A. J., still has the largest nose in the class, and strange to say it is getting very red looking, but as he said, "I'd rather have a red nose than no nose."
Hutchins, J. M., who is known to us all as “Jap,” told us a good one on his former room-mate, Hutchins, W. D. “Jap” says that “W. D.” went to Chicago to see the great packing houses. While in one of the packing houses W. D. fell into a large vat and they made him take a bath. “Hutch” got up early and said that if he had known that a vat would make you take a bath he would have pushed “Jap” in one while at Clemson.

Johnson, W. B., was on the campus taking pictures for his new moving picture company. “Bulldog” is specializing in comics and so he has Kenney, F. M., and Meares, W. A., to pose for him.

The two Reeves, Robertson and Nowell, were with us, but when called on for a few words did not answer. An investigation was made and they were found under the table shooting craps for the drinks.

Walker, Williams, Sowell and Mc Cord wanted to sing a song entitled “We’ll Never Get Drunk Any More.” Mc gave the Cord and they sang one verse. It was so awful that Jim Parker fainted and we had to give him an extra drink to bring him to. Seeing the extra drink that we gave Jim, inspired Richards and Shearer and they fell over in dead faints. Their trick did not work, however, for Gene Monroe had drunk the last drop while we were bringing “Jimmie” to himself.

Graham, S. W., could not come, so he sent his orderly, Ellis, L. C., with his regrets. Both of these men are in the army now. “Butler” says that S. W. is a major now and has improved a great deal. “Major” can now give the command, “Battalion halt—!’’ without standing on his tip-toes. We used to think that he was trying to crow every time he gave a command.

Herron, W. C., is back from the Philippines on a visit, and graced us with his presence. “Run!” says that living is very cheap over there. Wives sell for fifty cents apiece. It’s a good thing that Harem is not allowed, for “Run!” surely would be a Sultan.

Durham, G. H., told us that he has invented a machine that is very widely used by married men. It is a hair detector. If a hair is left on a man’s coat after working late at his office, the instrument begins to hum and the wearer can investigate before he goes home to his wife. G. H. says that his has never failed him yet. Steadman, B. K., ordered one from G. H. From the looks of his eye we would say that it will come in handy.

Tyler, G. R., said that he should have graduated in ’16, but liked the fellows of ’17 so much better that he persuaded Colonel to let him drop out for one year.

Culp, W. C., told us a good one on himself. “Butles said that he went to see his girl after imbibing a few drinks and soon after reaching her home she broached the subject. To change the subject he got up and smelt roses which were on the table and said, “Roses certainly are fragrant.” She said, “Yes, especially Four Roses.”

Gee, J. G., who used to be chief bugler, is instructor of bugle at The Citadel. He had his bugle with him and we had some music in the blowing line, but most of the blowing was with his mouth and not with the bugle. We see that “Mutt” is at his old tricks.

We were all surprised to see the hair of Garrison, E. H., is black. We already remember him as a red-headed Irishman. It seems that he fell in love with a Dutch girl, and just had to change his hair to do any good.

Barron Von Hay could not come as he is a king. While surveying some land in the Southern Hemisphere he discovered an island and called it Tayti.

Porter Fain was kind enough to give us a verse which went:

“Things are not like they used to be
And I must shed a tear.
I fain would speak of other days
When I was porter here.”

Joy Leland also gave us a verse, in which he said:

“My name is joyous Leland and I am proud to say,
I put McClellanville on the map and it is there to stay.”

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Bruce also gave a verse:

"Sir Robert Bruce a spider saw, and I espied her, too,
But Robert was not like E. C., he warred and did not woo."

Just about this time I heard a noise at my feet and saw Midget McHugh standing on tip-toe trying to see what was on the table. Sam Littlejohn put Midget on his lap and we heard no more from him.

Bob West was kind enough to give us a few lines, which ran thusly:

"The North is said to be quite fine,
And some like South the best;
But when you want to find the girls
You better look up West."

C. L. Baxter was quite flush for he had just won $50 for giving the most appropriate name to a theatre. He called it "The Coffee House" because it was built on grounds.

Ladies please skip this part, for it was here that Mollie Price gave his speech.

"Tub" Alford told us that he sure did fool the Assistant-Commandant when he was at college. He said that he turned a Rat and ran and jumped in bed. When the Captain came to his room and said, "Let me in." Tub said, "Captain, I swear that I am fast asleep." Tub said that the Captain believed him and went off without reporting him.

"Sarg" Sellers was with us, but he said that he just did make it, for he stopped in Anderson and lost his way over there. It seems that they have torn the old water tank down and "Sarg" couldn't get his bearings.

"Monk" Jenkins told us of his experience in South America. He says that it is so hot there that they don't have to use fire on the boilers when they run steam engines.

C. G. Harris surprised us all when he took off his hat, for we found him bald-headed. He says that he married soon after leaving Clemson.

Garrison, W. H., came up from his farm and said that he was trying to grow potatoes without eyes. We don't see how he can do this, but he says that there are fish in the Mammoth Cave without eyes, so why not grow potatoes without eyes.

We were all surprised to hear that Mr. George Davis is still single, for he was the worst ladies' man at Clemson, not counting Claude Garrett.

The two Patjens' brothers were with us. Andreas is married and living at Mount Pleasant. Henry is single and he says that it is because Andreas is married. A few of us knew that they had the same girl while at college, but we never would have believed that Andreas would have done Henry that way.

Moore, E. K., is with the Big Four Railroad Company and graced us with his presence. We all remember that he was in the Big Four at Clemson, so with such a good start we are sure that he is making a man.

Mr. "Pug" Berry was with us and stated that he was with the Go-Deep Well Boring Company. We always knew that this would be his calling, for he was the most boring fellow in college and, therefore, should take great pleasure in his work. We all remember "Pug" at Clemson by his faithful body-guard (a bulldog). On his midnight strolls he often found himself "throwing" one.

"Dusky" Arthur managed to get off his beat long enough to go to the banquet. He says that he has been a policeman for five years and has a regular beat in Columbia. We do not doubt that he is a good one, for he was the biggest deadbeat in the Senior Class, not including "Pug" Berry.

Mr. White graced us with his presence and informed us that he was living at Greens Ferry and is married. His wife was Miss Pinkie Black, of Brownsville. This may be called "A Study in Colors."

Claude Garrett was here with bells in his nose, connected with the More Girls' Seminary and teaches the General History of Love.
"TAPS" for Nineteen-Seventeen

THE TIGER—Continued

Bill said that he woke the baby one night and had to walk the floor, so he took lessons in "how to whisper."

Ulysses Grant was here and we hear that he is a reporter for the Drill-ville Try-weekly Paper. He has made quite a record in this line of work and we grant that there is none better.

T. Spratt happened to be passing through Calhoun on his way to Florida, where he is going to teach dancing lessons this winter. He says that he has at last learned the "The Dining-room Waltz" and "The Kitchen Canter," thanks to the History Division.

Ocipulus Hobbs is back from Klondike. He tells some hair-raising experiences, and says that it gets so cold up there that boiling water freezes.

Bonner, W. C., was ready when the eats came, for he is out of a job. W. C. went with a Carnival Company about a year ago and says that he did fine until the snake-eater got ill and the boss tried to make him take the job.

McDermid, G. C., is commander of the Girls' Scouts. He came to the banquet in full dress uniform. Mae says that the Girls' Scout Club has nothing to do with the Scout Jeffries movement that we used to have at Clemson.

Fish Witsell has had a good ending, for he tells us that he is studying for the ministry. It seemed that when Fish asked her the main question she said that she could never leave a minister's family.

Cathcart, J. L., came over from his farm to see his old friends. Spair Ribs is raising hogs and says that he has experimented a great deal with them. He says that he is learning to make one hog grow three hams.

Chapman, H. R., came and brought his wife. Of course, we could not let her come to the banquet, but Murray assured her that he would not let Charlie get too full, therefore Murray could not give us a speech as he was watching Charlie. J. J. has always been noted for fooling the girls.

Tom Brandon managed to be with us, but John could not get there. It seems that they matched to see who stayed at home and mind the babies, and John lost. Poor John!

A. I. Norman says that the boys used to call him Dad, and so he is going to send Dad, Jr., to Clemson next year. Pap married a widow with six sons, and the oldest one will be a Rat at Clemson next fall.

Moore, J. H., who we all remember as the Southern King in the Cornfield, is trying to find a way to make corn grow without an ear. He says that this will save the expense of shelling the corn.

Mr. "Sonny" Lemon came back for the banquet, and as we approached him from the "rear" he jumped in surprise. We still see that "Lemon" is as touchy as ever.

We also had the pleasure of having Dutch Wiehl with us. Every one knows that he played in the Band and that Dutch is the man that invented a sure kill for the boll weevil. His method was to go through the field playing his clarinet. This worked fine and killed all the weevils, but the trouble was that it also killed the cotton.

Mr. Duck Harmon was good enough to greet us with his presence. He says that he is on his ninth tour with "The Autotry and Sing Better Opera Company." We always thought that Duck would land on the stage, for he used to sing a great deal at college, and his favorite song was "He Done Me Wrong," but Frankie was a Good Girl."

The biggest surprise of the evening was to see Sam Littlejohn sober at a banquet. We all remember that Sam quit drinking for two weeks, but we never knew the lady's name.

Dean Crumpler could not be with us, as he is one of the principal workers of the South Carolina Good Roads Association. Poor Deans got two years for ordering more than a gallon in thirty days. He says that he will try and come next time.

Warriner could not come as he is still trying to prove that he took the best course in college. We all remember that L. R. wrote this fact to his professor during his last vacation, and the rest of his section is making him prove it.

John Fulmer said that a certain party used to "kid" him about not getting a Major, so one day he said, "Men are not always masters of their fates. The fault, dear Buck, was not mine, but the Colonel's that I was not a Major.
Dugar and Nimitz recited a duet and it ran something like this: "While here we ran a Jew Shop, which made an awful hit. Our goods were often worn and sometimes fit."

G. H. Derham has become poetical. He said:

"Some name their children for great men,
As most of us agree,
But I must tell you fellows
A Bull was named for me."

Cain, D. J., being so bashful had Foots Nimitz recite his piece, which ran thus: "Did Cain raise Able? the wise men asked. So goes the old fable. No Cain did not his brother raise for he was not quite Able.

Bill Mathews brought Mrs. Mathews with him. We were all surprised to learn that Bill has learned to whisper.

Buie, T. S., was also present and says that he has the largest book house in Cherry. We remember that he used to work in the Exchange here, so we suppose he had a good supply of books and pencils when he left college.

Archie Barron says that he put out a shingle in a dry town as civil engineer. He says that the first morning there was a mob outside trying to get in his office. Archie could not imagine what was the matter, so he looked up at his sign and saw that he had spelled it A. Bar Rom.

"Pete" Schirmer told us that he married last year. It seems that "Pete" saw an ad where a short blue-eyed, dimpled-cheeked, fair-complexioned husband was wanted, and he answered, "I'm your man."

"Oby" Freeman was seen to get his knives, forks and spoons badly out of order, just as he used to do when he was invited out to a formal dinner on the campus.

Warriner wrote that he could not come as he is a "High Flier" in society and cannot come down to our level. We hear that he is a porter on a Newport-to-New York airship. That's flying some.

Sanders, H. L., could not come as his keeper was ill. Poor "Rip" went insane trying to prove that "two pots are blacker than one."

"Pinkie" Campbell had the same misfortune. He tried to find a way to run military colleges without a Commandant or a First Sergeant. This was impossible so "Pinkie" went insane.

Jimmie Hunter insisted on telling about what he has been doing. Jimmie says that he was the architect on the new half a million dollar jail at Columbia, and that a peculiar thing happened to him there. He was the second man to enter the building after it was completed. The jailor was first. Governor Bole Clease has just pardoned him.

Pruitt, V. O., denied to the crowd that when he saw the four wires of the wireless which ran from the clock tower to the textile building he said, "Why do they put the clothes line so high."

Blair, J. D., has been grafting trees. J. D. is also mayor of his town, and it is said that he has also done some grafting there.

J. M. Brown told us that when he left Clemson he took a job in a textile building, but found that he had to work so he quit and went to teaching history.

Black, E. W., has a large plantation and says that he had some negroes working for him that were very lazy and would not work or get up in the morning, so he started having reveille every morning. He said that the plan did not work for the coons liked to be put under arrest.

"Sixty" Rivers and Bill Hutson explained to the crowd why they roomed together. They said that they thought Clemson would be more like New York if it had a Hudson River in Barracks. That's pretty deep, eh!

"Hard Times" Long says that he has been figuring on getting married. He says that he asked the girl how quick she would marry him and she said, "I won't be Long." Yet, still, she waits.

"Blossom" Sloan was too peevd to give us a speech. He says he just went in the barber shop and some one took the chair out of turn and made him mad, and he said, "Look here, Mr. Barber, when can I get a shave?" The barber said, "Well, judging from the looks of your face it will be about four years."
"TAPS" for Nineteen-Seventeen

THE TIGER—Continued

Mr. J. A. Britt was also with us. He is the man who discovered an easy way to kill the lady bugs. His method was to get a crowd of lady bugs together and tell them a loud joke. This shocked the lady bugs and usually caused their deaths.

"Ted" Henderson was with us, and with his usual line. "Ted" made the fatal mistake at college of telling one of his professors that Europe would be a good place to get married after the war. The professor, who was married, said that some of us would have to go that far.

Haskell Allison was with us and says that he is owner of the largest ranch in Western North Carolina. He says that he can ride anything from a Shetland pony to a goat. We all remember he used to brag about his riding ability, and not without cause. P. S.—He would not tell us where the ranch is.

"Scout" Jeffries started to the banquet, but got no farther than Anderson. He telegraphed his regrets and said that she just would not let him come.

Tom Brandon came all the way from Milwaukee, where he has been giving some prohibition lectures to the Brewers' League. He states that his motto is still "Down with Booze." We want to know where it goes when it goes down.

B. Breland managed to be with us. We are glad to know that Blish is himself again, for we heard that he lost his mind soon after leaving Clemson trying to make eyes grow on pine needles.

M. M. Blythe wrote us that he could not come and gave his reason. It was that there were no Christmas rates on and that he could not walk, for his shoes needed half-soles.

Adam, J. P., was good enough to leave his stump speaking and come with the crowd. J. P. is running for mayor of his town and says that he will win if his brother will vote for him, because there are just three against him, and his brother will make a majority.

F. W. Atkinson came for the day and says that he is making a killing raising chickens. "Turkey" discovered a way to make his roosters gobble and he sells his chickens at turkey prices.

Bowen, R. A., is taking a vacation and drove over to see us. Jess married soon after leaving Clemson. He now has three children and says that he likes teaching very much.

Hood Worthy arrived on the scene at an early hour. We remember once the teacher of economics asked Hood what "laissez-faire" meant, and Hood said, "Pretty girl or fair lady." Pretty good for Hood.

Willis, H. H., wrote us that he had a date with a girl and could not come, so we say "To H——" with Willis and hope that he married her.
APPROPRIATE POSITIONS FOR READING REPORTS
"LOVE LETTERS."

(Found in a Cadet’s Diary.)

HIS FIRST YEAR

Dear Mother:

Clemson College, S. C., September 27, 1913.

At last I am here! Oh how I wish I was back on the farm milking old Jane and putting the chickens to bed. Gee, I didn’t know it wuz gonna be so hard to find my way about! I done like you told me, and stayed on the train, but about dinner time a policeman came up to me and asked me where I wuz going. I didn’t think it was any of his business, but I told him anyway. He says, “You’ll have to get off at the next station and take that train on the right track.” I didn’t say anything, but I began to think pretty hard. “Right track!” Well, I said to myself, “I suppose the conductor lost his way, so I’ll do what that policeman says. You know there are just hundreds and hundreds of other towns. I saw them thru the window. I don’t blame the man for losing his way a bit; everybody makes mistakes some times. Sure enough the other train was the right one. Another policeman told me so. After this everything went along fine, and at about six o’clock we drove up to Clemson. Just as I got off the train a soldier slapped me on the back and shook hands with me real nice-like. He said his name was Peachtree. It sure was kind in him, for he told me all what to do. When I got to the center building another soldier (Mr. Appleback) met me and gave me a little card and put me in line to go thru some rooms. (There were just lots of other boys ahead of me in the line.) After the president and the cadetant wrote something on my card, another soldier, Mr. Hayfeeder, came up and took my handbag and offered to show me to my room. When we got to my room he told me he was detailed by the commandments to inspect all packages for perishable goods. He took all my cake, chicken, preserves and biscuits and carried them around to his room. He said he wouldn’t report me this time if I didn’t say anything about it. I don’t believe I like him much. After he left, about ten other soldiers came in to see me. They called me a rat. One fellow was mighty rough, he beat me with a little sword just because I didn’t have anything to eat. Another one of them made me buy a quarter’s worth of bath tickets—said I’d have to have them—and didn’t give me but three. One big fellow gave me fifty cents and told me to go down to the store and buy him a yard of skirmish line and a bottle of extras. The store-keeper said they were just out—and you know that brute beat me again with the same sword! I reckon you better tell father to send me some more money, as I have to buy a whole lot of pennants, pictures, curtains and some more tickets. Thank goodness I was able to buy a season chapel ticket—it was the last he had and didn’t cost but fifty cents. Some of these fellows—(lights go off).

Next Morning.

Oh I had an awful night! My bed was so narrow that it turned over three times and nearly broke my neck. Early in the morning some boys started ringing a big bell and blowing some horns, I didn’t know what it was, so I stayed in bed—an officer told me afterwards that I had been reported absent reveille. That don’t matter tho’, cause I don’t know what that is neither. What do you think! I had to make up six beds, sweep out three rooms and bring water for about seven old boys on the hall; and that didn’t satisfy them. They beat me with basins, straps, paddles and bayonets! (Those little swords I mentioned before are called bayonets). These boys aren’t as nice as Mr. Peachtree; I don’t like the way they treat me. One fellow asked me what my name was, and when I told him, he said, “Why the H— don’t you change it?” Then he spelled his name on me with the bayonet. Oh I wish I was home! I don’t believe I can stay up here four years. Those boys are ringing that bell again. I better go out this time and see why.

Your loving little boy,

James.
"TA P S" for Nineteen-Seventeen

"LOVE LETTERS."—Continued.

A GLORIOUS SOPHOMORE

Clemson College, S. C., September 27, 1914.

Dear Dad:

Arrived safely and all is well. It does feel good to be an old boy, believe me! Say, I broke my meerschaum pipe yesterday—I wish you would get me another one. Why don't mother send me something to eat? I've been here four days and I haven't had a thing but syrup and bread for breakfast, dinner and supper. Why, gee whiz! a tramp could not subsist on such a frugal diet as this. By the way, Dad, I wish you would send me ten or fifteen dollars. I am financially embarrassed already, and have found it necessary to borrow money from my friends. You don't want me to be in debt, do you? Well, then come across with the mun, 'cause I'll just keep on borrowing till I break you.

Yesterday we had a regular show in my room. The actors were the rats, of course, and the audience the old boys. I was general manager of the stage. We made one rat say his prayers backwards, while another stood by his side and read all the ten commandments from the dictionary. One rat got rather horsey, but after our using the self-starter, a bayonet, on his posterior anatomy he was perfectly willing to let his actions conform to our slightest wish. I never saw such a bunch of green guys in all my life! Why, I don't believe they could pour water out of a boot with the instructions written on the heel.

Gee, it was funny! I told one of them he was dead, and the poor simp believed it, except when we get some feeling into his system with a bayonet. After the show was over I made one of them sandpaper my floor with a piece of cornbread. It was a sight, believe me.

As I was saying, Dad, please don't forget to send me that money right away. Don't even stop to read this letter before you send it. Tell Sis hello for me and remind her that I still eat candy. Love to mother and tell her about the box. It takes three pounds of mess-hall food to give the same amount of nourishment as a pound of sawdust, you know.

Your loving son,

JAMES.
"TAPS" for Nineteen-Seventeen

"LOVE LETTERS"—Continued

AND NOW A SENIOR

Clemson College, S. C., September 17, 1916.

"My Own Iona":

"The time of life is short; to spend that shortness basely were too long." There is but one way, little girl, that I can spend my time other than basely, and that is, to write to you. If the gates of Hades were to open up and deluge the earth with fire and brimstone, still would it be Heaven to me if only I could wade thru it all hand-in-hand with you, my dear. Even the discordant chirps of the little sparrow, that flits about from bough to bough, is harmony to these high-strung ears of mine.

The world is so bright and cheerful that I sometimes wonder how some people could be so wicked as to not be happy. Oh! ain't nature grand!

Oh, my little heart, my life, how I wish I could be with you now! Darling, if I should wake up dead some morning, would you worry much? I know you wouldn't even cry! Now would you? Suppose you were to get a letter from Heaven from me some day, would you come up to Heaven, too? Oh! if you were to pass away forever, I'd die and kill myself! My life, you do not let other boys come to see you when I am away, do you? Oh, it cannot be! I don't want you to speak to anyone else. I love you! I love——

(We are sorry this letter was never completed, but reports say the author is recovering from his mental collapse and will be out of the asylum in a few days.)
SMILES

Tom Jervey—Bill, I have a great burden off my mind.
Scout—How's dat, Tom?
Tom—I washed my head this morning.

Bruce (to young lady at dance)—Come to me, my little chick.
Sweet Thing—So that's a new way of calling me an old hen, is it?

Dr. Calhoun—Mr. Breland, where does the Mississippi River rise?
Blish—In Louisiana.
Dr. Calhoun—What makes you so sure of that?
Blish—How could they have those awful floods down there if it didn't.

Prof. Morrison—Can you tell me anything about the monopolies and trusts?
Cadet—Isn't that something about Y. M. C. A.'s?
Professor—Very good, sir; I see you've studied your lesson.

Dickey—What's the formula for borax?
Cadet—\( \text{Na}_2\text{O}_7 \).
Dickey—Have you studied your lesson, sir? and do you mean to tell me such a thing. Remember that it's \( \text{Na}_2\text{B}_4\text{O}_7 \).
Cadet—Professor, didn't I say \( \text{Na}_2 \) "before" \( \text{O}_7 \).
Class—Hee! haw!

A FEW ON THE FACULTY

Here's to Boykin and Jones.
May they never play cards and roll bones.
The Senior Privates predict they'd be something slick
If they'd be detectives, not drones.
"T A P S" for Nineteen-Seventeen

A FEW ON THE FACULTY—Continued

Next we come to little Dave,
At classes he sometimes raves;
But there’s always a grin from his ears to his chin
When he’s counting molecules while he shaves.

Here’s to our Secretary, Roy John,
He’s always tooting his horn,
He talks ‘bout Mt. Zion, and at graft he’s a lion
And pockets old John D.’s coin.

Oh! yes, we’re familiar with Crider,
He likes his toddy and cider,
He thought he was fine in hiding his wine,
He’ll know next time where to hide her.

Roy John—Look here, Means, if you cut a single hair out of my mustache it will cost you at least a million dollars.

Means, the barber—All right, Mr. John; I’ll not touch a one. Say, how did you get such an expensive mustache?

SOMETHING MYSTERIOUS

It is a strange coincidence that the price of the movies always advances on the same afternoon that the cadets give a dance. It must have taken a mathematician to figure the prices on the movies. Five reels for ten cents, seven reels for twenty-five cents. I wonder what they would charge for five additional reels—five dollars, I guess.

CLEMSON DONTs

Don’t hit a man when he’s down; kick him.
Don’t smoke; chew.
Don’t lie; forget it.
Don’t gamble; bet on a certainty.
Don’t use slang; cuss it out.
Don’t loan money; borrow it.
Don’t go broke; stay broke and get used to it.
Don’t swear by your friends; swear at them.
Don’t lose your health; shoot the doctor.
Don’t worry; die.

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"**T A P S** for Nineteen-Seventeen

Speaking about degrees, we wish that some one would bestow a B. V. D. upon "Tub" Alford.

Britt—The Citadel cadets are camping at Mt. Pleasant this week.
Bob West—I'll bet they freeze at reveille every morning upon that mountain.

Professor Doggett tells joke. "Noisy" Brown eases out a loud horse laugh. Prof. Doggett, looking at Noisy: "Mr. Brown, every time I hear a noise like that I look at the length of the animal's ears.

V. T. to Breland: If you don't start to growing some in the next two years, your legs will be so short that your feet won't touch the ground.

Britt (taking his first ride on a Pullman): "Say, Freeman, d — if I can sleep in this little hammock."

---

**HOTEL A LA VILLA MESSA HALLA**

**MENU**

**BREAKFAST**

Bread de Wasp Nest
La Lumpa Homina
Water

Coffee a la Vision
Leather de Tough Bull
Sour Consomme Zip

**DINNER**

Rice a la Whitewash
Macaroni de Wormus
Water
Pepper

Gravy de Dishwater
Bull a la Cowhide
Flizo ze Pudon
Salt

**SUPPER**

Hash de Bull Left Over
Butter a de Methuselah
Water

Rolls von Grape Shot
Staffo de Life
La Vision Coffee

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**SEEING THE CIRCUS**

One day in October, a crowd of seniors dressed in cits, caught "12" at Calhoun for Greenville. The purpose of the trip was to perfectly familiarize ourselves with the habits of the various beasts which compose the menagerie of Ringling Brothers' Circus. The ride from Calhoun to Greenville was an eventful one. An old graduate from Clemson introduced the party to "Miss Lewis," the "66" member of the "Rye" Society, and gradually the kaydets from old Clemson were transformed into a laughing, jolly bunch of tourists. Barron Hay and J. D. Blair were so excited over the happenings
that they got off the train five miles out of Greenville and had to walk thru mill town to the circus grounds. Sam Rowell and B. Johnson were greatly enthused over the fried fish stand and consequently missed the whole performance. Howell Arthur could not decide which he enjoyed most, "Camp 49" or "Jojo," the African dog-faced boy. Claude Garrett escorted some fair damsel to the red lemonade stand, and to have seen him and the red-headed lass winding in and out among the crowd one would have thought that two stray crocodiles had broken their chains and were making tracks for the Everglades. Claude finally bought a glass of the precious drink. He drank half and then she drank the rest. Rip Sanders and Sam Rowell were seen standing by the "Buttered Pop Corn Stand" enjoying the delicious odors while their mouths ran water. "Runt" Sowell came near losing one eye while looking thru a hole in the dressing-room tent behind "Camp 49." "Runt" denies this, but a truthful cadet said that it was either "Runt" or the lion feeder; for they resembled each other in face and uniform. Tom Spratt was admitted to the animal show free of charge, for the keeper said that he was well worth the money as an advertisement. Tom was glad to take this offer, and he made good use of it. When the show was over Hood Worthy was seen hanging back while the crowd passed out. We found out later that he talked with the manager about getting a job as one of the elephant leaders. The manager turned him down, although Hood said that he would take the job for expenses. As he passed out with a downcast look on his face, a man with a circus uniform caught him by the arm, but after careful examination he released his hold. This man was looking for the "Wild Man from Borneo," who had escaped. After a night of a plumb good time the boys came back to college with mouthful of their experiences, half of which was not believed.

A SOPHOMORE'S SOLILOQUIY PRIOR TO THE EVENT OF TURNING A RAT

TIME: 1 A.M.

Is this a dagger I see before me; the handle toward me turned? No, 'tis only the Colonel with his pencil poised as if to write something.

Hast thou not, oh fatal vision, any heart at all? or art thou a common reporter, insensible to feeling and to love?

I see thee yet, in form cold and inquisitive!

Thou asketh me the way which I was going, and in thy note-book writeth down my name. Mine eyes are made the fools of the other senses; or else worth all the rest: I see thee still, and beside my name thou writest something else which was not there before. There's no such thing: It is my guilty conscience which informs thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one-half world Nature seems dead, and wicked Sophomores abuse the curtained sleep; Witchcraft celebrates Pale Hecate's offering, and little Rats, alarmed by their intruders, the Sophomores, whose howls they watch, thus with stealthy pace, with Tarquins ravishing strides towards their design, move like ghosts. Ye loose and squeaking floors hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear the little Rats prate of my whereabouts, and waking rise from their downy couches to hide themselves behind the curtained locker.

While I creep he sleeps: Thoughts to the heart of deeds a cold bed makes. (Signal sounds.) I go, and it is done; the whistle invites me. Hear it not Rat, for it is a knell; that summons thee to Heaven, then to h——l.
TRAGEDY OF CADET X. Y. Z.

(This play was written by X. Y. Z.'s roommate and is authentic in every detail.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAESAR .............................................................. Commandant of the Bastile
KEN ............................................................... A Stenographer
HARRY BUCKLEY ................................................... Assistant Commandant
FIRST ROOMMATE ................................................ Cadet Bill Grouchy
SECOND ROOMMATE ............................................. Cadet Pat Hardluck
X. Y. Z. ................................................................. Same Cadet
Attendants ........................................................ O. D., O. C. and Orderlies

ACT I.
Scene: A room in Barracks No. 2. Time: Saturday at Daybreak.

Enter sounds of reveille (bell ringing without).

First Roommate—"There goes that darn bell for reveille."
Second Roommate—"Well, I reckon we better get up and see if they're gonna have any reveille."
First Roommate—"That's only first call. We'll just sleep a little longer and——"
Second Roommate—"Wellaweright."
First Roommate—"Buzz-z-z-z.″ (Sawing wood).
Second Roommate—Same. They go fast to sleep and accidentally sleep thru reveille. Breakfast bell rings).

First Roommate—"Pat! Pat! git up! It's the last bell for reveille." (Gets up and sees companies marching to the mess-hall). "O h——! they muster had reveille without us. Come on quick! We'll be just in time for breakfast."
Second Roommate—"That's good! I hate to miss my cup of coffee; it gives me a pain in my dome."
"TAPS" for Nineteen-Seventeen

Tragedy of Cadet X. Y. Z.—Continued

First Roommate—"Aw, shut up! You haven't got enough sense to give yourself a headache."
Second Roommate—"Wasser matter, Bill? You're awfully lemonated this morning!"
First Roommate—"It's enough to make a fellow 'lemonated,' as you call it!"
Second Roommate—"What is?"
First Roommate—"Don't you know I've been trying to get a credit! I went two whole days without getting reported, and I had only twenty-eight more to go. Now, you've made me get lit up for absent reveille and ALSO late breakfast!
Second Roommate—"How did I do it!"
First Roommate—"!*?!*?!" (French for "hold thy tongue") (They join rear-end of company marching to breakfast).

Scene 2: Same place. Preparing for inspection.

Second Roommate—"Say, Pat! nice day today, all day, hey?"
First Roommate—"I wish I lacked as many brains as you do!"
Second Roommate—"Welldam!"
First Roommate—"You're orderly today. You'd better start fanning the floor with that broom."
Second Roommate—"Dog if I ain't! I never thought of that."
First Roommate—"You've only got ten minutes."
Second Roommate—"That's a long time to some people I know."
First Roommate—"Who?"
Second Roommate—"Why those people in ———, of course."
First Roommate—"Aren't you ever gonna learn any brains? Doesn't anything worry you?"
Second Roommate—"I really don't know. I have never stopped to see if it did or not. Have a cigarette? No; well I'll just smoke one, then I'll rub off my shoes, dust my gun a little, get a bucket of water, sweep the dirt under this good old rug, tack the curtains over the locker so the colonel can't look inside, go out and borrow a pair of white gloves, straighten up the shelf and then I'll be ready for the colonel and his microscope. That's all I've got to do. Gee! that's a cinch."
(When the last bell rang Roommate No. 2 was almost ready for inspection. After being burnt for shoes not shined, dirty gun, etc., the two roommates strolled back into their cell to await room inspection).

Scene 3: Same place. Room Inspection.

Sentinel—"Here comes the Colonel, you'd better get ready."
Second Roommate—"Come along, Caesar, old boy; all's quiet on the Potomac."
First Roommate (scrutinizing room)—"Nobody'd ever think we had a broom."
Second Roommate—"Things look all right to me—brooms ain't vacuum-cleaners, you know. By golly, I believe I do see a little speck of dirt under my bed. Yes, there's another speck over ———"
First Roommate—"Shh-shh."
(Caesars enters. They stand at attention. Caesar walks around the room looking over the walls for "September Morns," then starts for the door. Roommate No. 2 draws long breath. Caesar trips over rug. They smile. Caesar waxes red, mumbles something in French and pulls out large magnifying glass.)

Caesar—"Ha! Forgot to sweep under bed, eh?"
(Roommate No. 2's lower jaw drops down; face gets long.)
"TAPS" for NINETEEN-SEVENTEEN

Tragedy of Cadet X. Y. Z.—Continued

Caesar—"Ha! Take rug for trash can, eh? Let’s look in your locker." (Tears curtains in twain). "Hum, running a rag factory, are you! Without a permit, too. Well, well."

Second Roommate—"No, sir; those are regular shirts."

Caesar—"Why didn’t you dust off your shelf? Don’t you ever wash out your basin? and look behind the radiator! My, my, this is great!" (Caesar rubs hands together, smiles from one ear clean around to same ear, and walks toward door).

Second Roommate—"Say, Colonel, you forgot to burn me for holes in my socks!"

Caesar—"Thanks, I’ll put that down, too." (Aside.) "Oh, ye gods, this is great, this is great! I wish I could get a hundred more like this."

Second Roommate—"Mark ye how the Tyrant gloats! Oh Liberty, thou hast flown to brutish beasts, and men have lost their Freedom." (At last he raves).

ACT II.

Scene 1: Caesar’s office. Time: Next Day.

Enter Caesar and attendants.

Caesar—"Ah, Ken, yesterday was well spent; I did good business."

Ken—"Ay, ay, m’ Lord."

Caesar—"Where is my chief reporter?"

Ken—"Who, m’ Lord?"

Caesar—"Why, Buckley, of course!"

Ken—"Sir, he has gone to barracks to inspect for cigarettes. He said he wanted a smoke."

Caesar—"Good, good! Tell him to save me some."

Scene 2: Mess-hall. Time: Same Day.

(They read out Delinquency Report, consisting entirely of Roommate No. 2’s name.)

Scene 3: Same Place.

CLEMSON COLLEGE.


General Order No. 97,854:

For criminal neglect of all military duty and for creating gross disorder by smiling during Inspection, Cadet XYZ is hereby awarded the following punishment:

TWENTY-SEVEN DEMERITS, THIRTY-SIX EXTRAS, AND IN ADDITION, ARREST IN GUARD ROOM ANNEX FOR A PERIOD OF SIX MONTHS.

By Order of JULIUS CÆSAR,

Commodore of the Bastile.

Attention is called to the following fact:

After due consideration of the above charge, the punishment was made thus light in order that Cadet XYZ might have sufficient time to walk off his Extras; after which he will no doubt be shot before sunrise.

Scene 4: Same Place.

(Cadet XYZ faints. They carry him to the hospital on a stretcher. After taking a handful of pills—and throwing them out of the window—he revives and is cast straightway into the dungeon. From that time on nothing more was ever heard of Cadet XYZ. It is thought that he was secretly poisoned by the reporter, Harry Buckley, and robbed of three packs of cigarettes).
THE PROHIBITION LEAGUE

President... GRAHAM, S. W.

AULL, G. H.
BLACK, E. W.
BOSTICK, E. M.
DWIGHT, F. M.
FOLGER, T. A.

ROLL

GRANT, F.
HERBERT, J. E.
HOBBS, K. O.
HOWELL, W. F.

MORRIS, C.
MURRAY, J. J.
STIBBLING, B. H.
WINGO, R. A.
WOFFORD, J. W.

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COLLEGE SCENES BY MOONLIGHT.

ATHLETIC FIELD.

EXPERIMENT STATION.

HORTICULTURAL GROUNDS.

GANGWAY.
Our task is finished. To intimate that there may not be criticism would belittle the intelligence of our readers; but may we not upon this same intelligence presuppose such a degree of kindheartedness as will cover a multitude of imperfections due to first efforts of inexperienced men in the midst of many and exacting college duties? We feel so sure that criticism will be kind and commendation sincere that, without further apology or hesitation, we submit this book for the perusal of our friends.

—Editor
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IN COMFORT

SAY
"HOT DOG"
IN THE
CAFETERIA.
AND GET BIT
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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 first 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 horsepower men, and is willing to pay for them. There is already a surplus of the one-horsepower 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 $70,000 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 51 in the One-Year Agricultural Course (October 19 to June 7). Each scholarship is worth one hundred dollars and five tuition.

Scholarship and entrance examinations are held at the County courthouse. 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 at the courthouse, rather than wait until they come to College in the fall. Credit will be given for any examination passed at the County Seat.

Cost

The cost of any of the thirteen regular four-year courses, or the Two-Year Textile Course, is approximately $180.00 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 approximately $120.00. This amount covers uniforms, board, room, heat, light and water. No uniforms are required.

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