WAKE FOREST ANTHOLOGY
A sampling of spirit and tradition

Edited by
Bynum Shaw
Ed Christman
1982
Dear Freshman:

Let me take this opportunity on behalf of the Orientation Committee to welcome you to Wake Forest.

Enclosed you will find an Anthology of literary works about Wake Forest and/or by Wake Forest students and alumni. We would like you to read these articles this summer, not only to acquaint you with Wake Forest and her traditions but also to give you some idea of the scholarship which Wake Forest pursues.

One of the activities you will be invited to attend during your first few days at Wake Forest will be a dinner followed by a discussion of this Anthology, to be led by one of the upperclassmen who has volunteered to help with advising and orientation of the freshmen. The discussion group will be small—from 8 to 12 students—and will cover the wide range of topics found in the Anthology.

In preparing for this discussion, you might ask yourself what the basic point of each article is and what application each article has to your awareness of the nature of Wake Forest and to the pursuit of knowledge. It may be that one article strikes you as particularly pertinent to your own academic goals or is especially interesting for general reasons. On the other hand, you may find some of the articles boring and seemingly pointless. In any case, you should examine your feelings about each article and be prepared to discuss these feelings in a clear and cogent fashion.

I feel you will enjoy reading about Wake Forest and that you will find your days with us happy and profitable.

Sincerely yours,

Larry E. West
Associate Professor of German, and
Chairman of the Orientation Committee
Preface

In the compilation of this anthology the editors combed through many volumes and many years of writing by Wake Forest students, alumni and administrators. Obviously, for space reasons, many exceptional articles had to be omitted, but we hope and believe that the incoming student will find here a generous sampling of the Wake Forest spirit and tradition.

Some of it is intangible and cannot be put into words, but words can speak of history, words can draw pictures, words can arouse enthusiasm and inspiration. We hope that you will find instruction, enlightenment, some wisdom, and perhaps a chuckle in what we have assembled. Inevitably, too, you must share with us a little sadness — over an athlete dying young, over a student realizing too late the riches he had at his command.

In every edition of this anthology we have purposely led with “The Battle of Ideas,” an elegant statement of the meaning of a liberal education by Gerald W. Johnson, who died in March, 1980, in his ninetieth year. He was, by his own admission, primarily a journalist, but he was one of the most eloquent spokesmen for emancipated ideas that Wake Forest has produced.

Following Johnson we have Joe Santi, a product of the seventies, speaking of the value of experimentation in the framing of a college curriculum. Santi experimented with fiction; he experimented with drama. And in his experimentation he found his life’s calling. In Dave Roberts, and nowhere else, you will find an identification of all the names you will encounter on the Wake Forest Campus. Who was DeTamble? Who was Bostwick? Who was Efird? Dave Roberts will tell you.

David Smiley is one of Wake Forest’s most popular professors. His “Honeycomb” will introduce you to vistas you have never before encountered. And Harold Hayes, former editor of Esquire, will tell you in retrospect what he thinks is important in a Wake Forest education. We have updated his backward glance with the “confession” of a present-day “C” student, Patrick Cloninger.

Without attempting to be sequential, we commend to you Linda Carter Brinson’s interview with Wake Forest’s first black student, which should be studied simultaneously with the description of the Black Experience at Wake Forest by Herman Eure, a graduate student in biology who became Wake Forest’s first tenured black professor. His “Corapeake to Advance” is eye-opening, to say the least.

You will find here words of wisdom about the native tongue from President James Ralph Scales, as well as reminiscences of the old campus from the incomparable memory of Provost Edwin G. Wilson. You will learn how the Demon Deacon came into being, and how two great athletes, Brian Piccolo and James McDougald, faced up to their futures. Piccolo died young; McDougald has a career ahead of him.

By design we have included a piece which is not of Wake Forest, an orientation address delivered several years ago by Don M. Randel, chairman of the Department of Music at Cornell University. He deals with the importance of a liberal arts education; we subscribe to his sentiments, and his address is reprinted here simply to show you that Wake Forest’s dedication to the questioning mind is not limited to this campus. His Cornell colleague, A. R. Ammons, a Wake Forest graduate and winner of the National Book Award and the Bollingen Prize, is represented here in some of his poetry, accompanied by the verse of poets not so exalted.

In Lou Crocker Smith’s senior oration, delivered in 1979, you will find a serious student testifying that in higher learning there really is no conflict between science and religion. Her faith, still questing, was fortified by her Wake Forest experience. And there is much, much more.

These writings we have assembled not only with our hands and intellect but also with our hearts, because Wake Forest engages those capacities in all who come within its shadow.

Special thanks go to J. Edwin Hendricks and Percival Perry, professors of history, who gave us invaluable assistance in locating and screening the many pages we looked over. And we should also like to thank the authors, without whom this publication could never have been prepared.

Welcome to this place, this Wake Forest, which is one of a kind.

Edgar D. Christman, University Chaplain
Bynum Shaw, Lecturer in Journalism
The Battle of Ideas

The reminiscences in these pages were written by Gerald W. Johnston, the Baltimore author, journalist, and editor. It is one of a number written by the "Fifty Year Club," men graduated from Wake Forest College fifty or more years ago. We at Wake Forest University think the piece by Mr. Johnson vividly reflects a spirit, perhaps even an ethos, which distinguishes Wake Forest, whether it be college or university. For some who may not be familiar with the institution, we hope the words of Mr. Johnson provide an understanding of Wake Forest that goes beyond knowledge of, say, its curriculum or its budget or the percentage of Ph.D.'s on its faculty. For others already more knowing, we hope these reflections will rouse old insights of what it is Wake Forest seeks to do.

"She is rowdy, but there are those who love her," Mr. Johnson wrote this sentence about Wake Forest in another article. Mr. Johnson referred, of course, to intellectual rowdiness, to an institution's willingness to involve itself in significant issues. It is unlikely that Wake Forest has always deserved this flattering estimate, but it is an attitude we strive for, and we thank Mr. Johnson for reminding Wake Forest of its heritage of courage.

He is, of course, a part of that heritage, and we recommend to you the pages that follow.

James Ralph Scales
President
Wake Forest University

My answer to the question, "Why did you select Wake Forest College?" is, I didn't select it, I was drafted.

Wake Forest is a Baptist college and at the time I entered, my father, Archibald Johnson, was editor of Charity and Children, organ of the Thomasville Baptist Orphanage, and an uncle, Livingston Johnson, was editor of the Biblical Recorder, organ of the Baptist State Convention. In the frame of reference of 1908 for the son of one and the nephew of the other to have chosen any other college would have been little short of high treason.

But that wasn't the half of it. My great-great-grandmother, who died almost exactly a hundred years before these lines were written, left a bequest, tiny but significant, to the College. It testified to the reverence for learning that Catherine Campbell and her missionary husband, Daniel White, had brought from Scotland and that they instilled into their posterity; for to them Wake Forest was the symbol of learning.

So as soon as the ruin of the Civil War had been retrieved far enough to make danger of outright starvation somewhat remote, their descendants began a procession to Wake Forest that has continued without a break for almost a century. Indeed, it is slightly more than a century if one counts Archibald McMillan, who married into the family. He attended Wake Forest, but did not graduate for a reason that appears in a colloquy between him and Uncle Jack, the ancient colored orderly at the college infirmary. It took place in the early years of this century, when Mr. McMillan returned for the graduation of one of his sons. "Why, Jack," he said as they shook hands, "I don't believe I have seen you since I left here in 1861." "Oh yes, sir, you did," returned Uncle Jack. "You come through here in '65. You was in Wheeler's cavalry, following them Yankees."

The steady procession, however, began in the eighties with Livingston Johnson, followed by John Charles McNeill, he by John Arch McMillan, son of Archibald, he by Wingate Memory Johnson, son of Livingston, he by Henry Hudson McMillan and (overlapping by a couple of years) Robert LeRoy McMillan, brothers of John Arch, they by me, and I by Jasper Memory, Johnson Matthews, Marvelle Watson, and a platoon of cousins of later generations, including another Livingston Johnson, son of Wingate— all descendants of the Scottish immigrant who included the College in her will. For a quarter of a century the same room in the old dormitory, Number 14, Phi end, was occupied continuously by some member of the family.

Jasper Memory and John Arch McMillan returned to serve the College for many years as faculty members; and after women were admitted one of my sisters, Lois Johnson, a graduate of Meredith, went to Wake Forest as Dean of Women.

This should make clear, I think, why for me Wake Forest was not a selection, it was an inevitability.

But I am happy that I so chanced, because Wake Forest was then, as it had been before and has remained, conspicuously a fighting college. I don't refer to squabbles among the faculty over academic honors, still less to physical combat when the Eta Bita Pi and Alpha Gamma Omigod fraternities both go after some freshman whose father is reputed to have millions. I mean the never-ending Battle of Ideas, disputes whose outcome really mean something to the College, to the state, to humanity.

Others have known occasional uprisings of the kind, as when Davidson was battered by a heresy-hunt, and when Trinity, now Duke, withstood an assault upon John Spencer Bassett, the historian, for advancing a highly plausible historical opinion. But Wake Forest got into hot water over an
ideological dispute some months before it was founded and has been there, except for brief respitest, ever since. In 1834 so strong was the opposition to allowing any religious sect to maintain a school that the indispensable charter was granted by one vote in the state legislature, and the man who cast the deciding vote wrecked his political career by doing so.

Then in 1861 the whole student body and most of the faculty except the physically disabled, joined the Confederate army, while the endowment went into Confederate war bonds. A quarter of a century later President Charles E. Taylor went into battle against the application of the University of North Carolina for appropriation of tax money, Taylor’s argument being that the public schools should come first. In the first instance Wake Forest was whipped in the state legislature, and the man who cast the first. In the first instance Wake Forest was whipped by the USA, in the second by the UNC, and later events have proved that it deserved to lose. But while its argument may have been wrong in both cases, the College was not wrong, it was everlastingly right in forming an opinion on a great public issue, and in backing that opinion to the limit.

Then in the early years of this century William Louis Poteat made his magnificent stand for truth against dogma; and without doubt it was his influence that enabled Wake Forest to make the amende honorable in 1925. For in that year it was the votes of seventeen of her sons in the legislature that saved the University of North Carolina from the affliction of the Monkey Law that precipitated upon Tennessee the infamy of the Scopes trial. Poteat’s stand for enlightenment was a splendid return to the intelligence of North Carolina for that vote in the legislature of 1834; and the support of the Wake Forest delegation in 1925 was ample compensation to the University for any ill-based criticism in the past.

Some may contend that these recollections of old, unhappy, far-off things, And battles long ago,

having nothing whatever to do with education, but I beg to disagree. They have to do with only one, but that the essential thing about college education.

For if a college doesn’t teach a man to think his own thoughts and speak his own mind, it doesn’t teach him anything of prime importance. Oh, he may accumulate any amount of book-learning; he may be fluent in seventeen languages including the Etruscan; he may be able to square the circle; he may know enough to write a biography of Teglat-Pileser II, whose existence the world has hitherto inferred only from the fact that there was a Teglat-Pileser III. But if he comes out of college without the capacity to form an opinion of the way the world is going, and the nerve to stand to that opinion in the face of stout opposition, he remains an ignoramus, though his degrees may take up half the letters of the alphabet.

It would be fatuous to claim that Wake Forest has been 100 percent effective in providing her sons with this kind of education; but she has been partially effective with thousands, and as regards an illustrious few — w.l., Wake Forest has turned out such men as Claude Kitchin, Woodrow Wilson’s majority leader, who dared defy Woodrow Wilson on the war issue and, as I believe, mistakenly, but boldly, God knows. Also Thomas Walter Bickett, the Governor with the colossal courage to make North Carolinians swear to the truth of their tax returns. Also William Walton Kitchin, brother of Claude, who had the nerve to buck the Simmons machine when it was as powerful in North Carolina as ever the Byrd machine was in Virginia. Kitchin whipped it, too, when he ran for Governor, and lost only when he tried for the Senate against the old boss himself.

All these thought their own thoughts and spoke their own minds. So, in a different way, did Sorrcerer’s Apprentice, Thomas Dixon, Jr., whose novel, The Clansman, released upon us a flood of racism that neither he nor anybody else could conjure back into bounds. On the other side of the ledger is W.J. Cash, whose book, The Mind of the South, is the most formidable assault on superstition and entrenched prejudice that has issued from the South in this century. Cash’s erudition was immense; as one northern critic put it, “he seems to have read everything.” But it was not his learning that made him an educated man; it was his ability to dismiss old shibboleths and do his own thinking. Then there was Laurence Stallings, first American playwright to slap down Nice Nelly by facing the truth that “our armies swore terribly in Flanders.”

These were Wake Foresters before or about my time, but as evidence that the process continues I cite two who came long after my time and whom I do not know personally, but who are indisputably independent characters. One is Frank Thompson, technically representative in Congress of a New Jersey district, but actually the representative of art against the hosts of Philistia. The other is Beverly Lake, whom I regard as a new Dame Partington trying to sweep back the Atlantic with a broom, but who is dauntless, all right. And of course I rejoice in Robert Lee Humber, who can make money but who vastly prefers to make a disturbance.

But independent thinking and bold assertion do not make for tranquility. Thus, with graduation more than half a century behind me, when I hear that someone is denouncing my Alma Mater as a nest of horrible antinomians, secular and religious, I am neither shocked nor alarmed. I am merely satisfied that the old girl remains true to the traditions that she cherished when I was there; and as long as that is
the case, I rest assured that the state of North Carolina will never be wholly dominated by politico-religious fanatics and cultural Yahoos.

What I studied at Wake Forest, heaven only knows, but what I learned there, although it was not mentioned in the College catalogue, I remember with the utmost clarity. To mention a few items. Old Slick, alias Benjamin Sledd, revealed to me the music, if not much of the meaning, of the English language; Gentleman Jimmy Lake, physicist, taught me to admire and covet the exquisite courtesy that is the hallmark of a really cultivated man; Johnny B. Carlyle, classicist, translated for me and caused me somewhat to understand humani nil a ma alienum; F'instance Gorrell, Romance languages, taught me that scholarship is perfectly consistent with a sympathetic understanding of the problems of raw adolescence; Charles E. Brewer — curiously enough, not nicknamed — taught me the value of good-humored tolerance; and Charlie, occasionally referred to as Charles E. Taylor, philosophy professor and president emeritus, gave me my first inkling that chivalry does not consist of languishing under balconies strumming mandolins, but is the quality of a Toledo rapier, the elasticity of fine steel.

These, and others as worthy of mention did space permit, also taught us things out of books but that, even to the names of the books, had almost completely faded from my memory forty years ago. Not so the aphorism of Doctor Tom, officially Tom Jeffries, chief janitor, black, sardonic, and the students' favorite orator at all celebrations. "I," announced Doctor Tom at the opening one September, "this year proposes to cooperate with the inevitable." After many decades I have yet to find a better recipe for success in this world.

But pervading, permeating every phase of college life was the influence of the president who, by his own choice, added to his administrative duties a course supposed to be an introduction to general biology, but which was really an introduction to modern science. Billy-with-the-red-necktie, as he was identified in a ribald campus ditty, or William Louis Poteat as he was formally known, when he was a promising young scientist who had done some remarkable work on the arachnidae, was invited to join the faculty of Yale, but refused in favor of a position in an obscure college in his native state, on the ground that Wake Forest needed him more than Yale did.

Colleagues told him that he was throwing his life away, and they spoke truly if it is waste to sacrifice the assurance of relative ease and the chance of brilliant scientific achievement for the certainty of hard work, a starvation salary, and incessant battle against obscurantism. But whether it be seen as waste or not depends upon one's point of view. Poteat's belief was that to combat ignorance and superstition in North Carolina was a more abundant life than to extend the boundaries of knowledge in Connecticut.

He was to occupy a crucial strategic position. The Baptists were then, as they still are, the largest and most powerful religious denomination in North Carolina. If they had succumbed to the fanatical fundamentalism of the early years of this century, the state would be today an intellectually closed society comparable to Mississippi. That they did not is due to Poteat as much as to any one man and, in my opinion, far more. A wasted life? Not to anyone who loves North Carolina.

Of course most of this was unguessed-at by me when I received my diploma from Dr. Poteat's hand in 1911. But even then I knew that in his classroom I had sat at the feet of a Gamaliel who believed that to speak the truth cannot be heresy, and that scientific truth is revealed by reason. So thinking, what he believed he proclaimed publicly even when proclaiming it brought upon him distress, obloquy, and danger to his livelihood. Contact with such a personality is stimulating even in age, and such a contact made in youth is galvanic.

What I learned at Wake Forest was "little Latin and less Greek;" but I came away with a profound conviction that "ye shall know the turth, and the turth shall make you free." In giving me that, the College discharged its primary duty — it sat me on the road to becoming an educated man.

All this is clear to me, but I often doubt that I can convey any adequate understanding of it to the contemporary generation. In trying to portray accurately the intellectual climate of that far-off time, I wonder if I might not as well be talking Hittite to young Tarheels. I don't even know how the boys and girls get to Wake Forest these days — mostly by automobile, I suppose, but some by prop-driven planes and others from far away by strato-liner.

In 1908 when R. L. (Buck) McMillan and I set out with our trunks in a farm wagon and saw the sun come up as a pair of disdainful mules dragged our equipage along the sandy road to Maxton, we traveled through a different world. Behind us lay Riverton, that curious rural community in Scotland County whence have since come more books than there are houses in the settlement. Ahead was Maxton, whence the old Carolina Central local would take us to Hamlet to catch the faster, but still leisurely, Seaboard main-liner through Sanford and Raleigh to Wake Forest, where we would be delivered toward sundown. I have since made the trip from Baltimore to Los Angeles in less elapsed time.

But I saw less. From 30,000 feet the country isn't a country, it is a map, and not a very detailed
one. But the traveler on a farm wagon can say with Ulysses, "I am a part of all that I have met." That morning, for instance, as we were half-way across a mill-dam where the road, arched over by trees on both sides, was a cool, green tunnel, we encountered a Negro pedestrian who was, said Buck, the best hollerer (yodeler) in all that region; so we pulled up and asked him to holler for us, but he, terribly embarrassed, would only squirm, laugh, and make excuses. We went on, but as we reached one end of the dam and he the other, better than a quarter of a mile away, he suddenly cut loose with the holler locally known as Di'mon' Joe. Borne on the cool, morning air it came ringing down the leafy tunnel magnificently — a wild, passionate lament, far richer musically than any yodel out of Switzerland. Ulysses was right. More than half a century later it is still a part of me — and nobody ever heard anything like that on a stratospheric jet.

Even in riding behind a steam locomotive on the Seaboard there was an intimacy long since departed from public conveyances. When the State Fair was on, and morning Shoo-fly, the three-car local, Norlina to Raleigh, reached Wake Forest it would be stormed. It would pull out with students in the aisles, on the platforms, on the steps, crammed into the baggage car and, unless the conductor and brakeman were very alert, even on the roof. I have seen nothing like it since, except pictures of refugee trains in India and China. No student was killed while I was in college, but why, I cannot imagine.

Passage of the afternoon Shoo-fly, northbound, was one of the regular day's events, far better attended than morning chapel. Most of the day's classes were over, but supper was not due for some time so, especially on warm spring days, everybody would go down to sit on the grassy bank bordering the station yard and watch the train go by. It was long before the days of air-conditioning, so the windows were always open; but woe to the young woman passenger who might glance out of the window, see an acquaintance, and nod or smile at him! Instantly, 200 men would leap to their feet, sweep off their hats, and bow profoundly. The effect was invariably shattering.

All that kind of thing is indeed gone with the wind, for it was part of a small, orderly, peaceful world that is gone to come no more. Thus when I walk across the magnificent campus at Winston-Salem and contemplate with something approaching awe the great buildings, several of which cost more than the whole plant was worth when I w.s at Wake Forest, I am tempted to wonder by what right I call myself a Wake Forest man, seeing that there is no physical resemblance between this and the college that I attended, while a glance at the curriculum shows that the modern college is cultivating intellectual fields that I never heard of in my student days. Where, then, is the evidence of any vital connection between the existing college and us of the Half-Century Club?

But as my thoughts drift down that dismal road they are pulled up with a jerk when I learn that some cornfield theogue who cannot pronounce, much less spell, "ecumenical" has offered the Convention a resolution blasting the College as a menace from which God and General Lee must be protected. How familiar that is! How vital a part of my Wake Forest was this same battle for the open mind and against the blasphemous implication that man's reason is a vile of the devil, not the gift of God!

Again, when the sister referred to above gained the dubious distinction of being the only Dean of Women ever heard of who had to go downtown in the middle of the night to bail a couple of her coeds out of the pokey, into which they had been chucked for participating in a civil rights protest, I realized that the new Wake Forest battles for freedom of speech just as the old one did.

Then when I read on the sports pages that in 1965 Wake Forest triumphed over Carolina on the football field, thanks to a touchdown scored by the only Negro player on the Wake Forest team (what a demonstration that even token integration is worth while!) I realized that the old motto still stands. In my days it was Pro Humanitate, unmodified. The implication was that she regarded nothing human as alien, that the door to the realm of the mind and the spirit she held open to Home sapiens, not exclusively to Home sapiens albus. If that is unchanged, there is no change to which an old graduate need give more than slight attention.

There, then, is the vital connection between us of the Half-Century Club and Wake Forest at Winston-Salem. Buildings and grounds are appurtenances, and even books in themselves are the letter that killeth, not the spirit that giveth life. Change them all, and the spirit remains the same, nothing essential is changed. In Winston-Salem or in Timbuktu, the college that still battles for freedom of the mind and still proclaims the brotherhood of man is still the old Wake Forest; and the older boys who loved her then, and love her still for the enemies she has made, are still Wake Forest men.

Yet for the oldster there is a form of survival more intimate and incapable of being shared with the young. The mortal part of my old preceptors long ago put on immortality, but the part that was always immortal, the righteousness based on reason that they urged upon their students, survives and not silently. Through the College, it speaks to us of the Half-Century Club. In every triumph that the new
Wake Forest achieves over ignorance, prejudice and superstition; in its every victory for reason over blind passion; in its every defense of equal justice for all men, I can still hear the voice of Johnny B., quoting Terence, "nothing human is alien to me," and that of Dr. Billy, urging upon youth cultivation of the mind, and pointing his argument with the lines of Browning, his favorite poet:

The grapes which dye thy mind are richer far
Through culture, than the wild wealth of the rock;
The suave plum than the savage-tasted drupe;
The pastured honeybee drops choicer sweet;
The flowers turn double, and the leaves turn flowers.

There and Beyond

Away
From the harsh, slushy pavement,
To the wooded spot.

Down the short, steep, snowy slope,
Grabbing a quiet bush while you slip.

White silence of a discovered world,
In which you are willingly enveloped.

A few yards beyond is a knoll,
On which stands a miniature forest of tall, dark pines.

Perfectly straight,
With perfect lines of white down the same sides.

And then you may find an open circle of whiteness,
Around which the woods seem to encircle.

Or then spot a scene of curving and jumbled vines,
That are falling over a grounded trunk.
A curious abstraction,
Which you will spot,
And forge far to see up close.

In search for the unseen,
The spirit arousing beauty.
And in search to be in search.
To be that unpatterned line,
Who looks beyond the patterned.

by Jackie Werth
Class of '83
The Spirit of Wake Forest College

In accordance with the request of the Board of Trustees, Dr. Charles E. Taylor and President W. L. Poteat recommended, December 11, 1908, the present seal of the College, and the Board at once adopted it. It was drawn by Miss Ida Poteat of Meredith College and engraved by Wright of Philadelphia. It first appeared on the cover and title page of The College Bulletin for January, 1909. It sets forth in symbol the spirit and aim of Wake Forest College.

The central feature of the seal is the Greek monogram for Christ. From it issue rays of light. Below stand the words, Pro Humanitate. The significance is apparent. Christ is the light of the world, and Wake Forest College is an agency in its dissemination pro humanitate, for the benefit of mankind.

Christian education is Christianity operating in the field of enlightenment through Christian, that is, denominational, institutions. What, specifically, does this Baptist college do in this field? As to the individual student, it frankly seeks to attach him to Christ and His program of world redemption, to help him discover the place of his service, and to train him for it; in short, to enrich and direct the religious life of the student side by side with his intellectual development. More generally, it makes the important and now timely assertion of the compatibility of Christianity and enlightenment. It lays claim in the name of Christ to all the realms of culture - literature, art, history, philosophy, religion, science - and exacts tribute from them all for the extension of His reign of righteousness and good will.

April, 1927

William Louis Poteat
The Dawn of a New Era

Percival Perry ’37
Dean of the Summer Session and Professor of History

Just prior to the beginning of World War II a major $7,000,000 capital expansion campaign for buildings and endowment had been launched by President Kitchin. The war forced the postponement of any construction but out of the campaign came a proposal which offered an opportunity for yet another re-birth. The Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation proposed that up to $350,000 a year of the income from the Foundation be given in perpetuity to Wake Forest College, provided the entire College was relocated in Winston-Salem, and with the stipulation that other friends of the College provide a campus site and buildings. In 1946 the Board of Trustees, the Convention, which had originally founded Wake Forest, and the Baptist constituency of the State accepted this proposal.

To remove a century old College from its essentially rural setting 110 miles to a new campus in an urban environment would require leadership of great vision, determination and youthful vigor. President Kitchin had led the College through twenty eventful years embracing depression, fires, and World War II. Upon reaching his sixty-fifth birthday, he resigned. To succeed him and to organize the removal to Winston-Salem, the Trustees in 1950 elected to the presidency Dr. Harold Wayland Tribble, then President of Andover-Newton Theological Seminary.

President Tribble immediately began to mobilize the alumni, friends of the College, and the Baptist State Convention in support of the great transition. The State Convention adopted a nine-year program of increased annual support to all the Baptist colleges in the state and pledged funds for the building of Wait Chapel on the new campus.

The Reynolds Foundation agreed to set aside for buildings the $350,000 annual support until the removal actually occurred, and from these funds the Z. Smith Reynolds Library was constructed. The Foundation also offered a $3,000,000 challenge gift, from which Reynolda Hall was constructed. The citizens of Winston-Salem and Forsyth County contributed the cost of construction of a science building, and William Neal Reynolds contributed $1,000,000 for a gymnasium.

A three hundred and twenty acre campus site was provided through the generosity of the late Charles H. and Mary Reynolds Babcock. Ground-breaking ceremonies were held on October 15, 1951, and a crowd of more than 20,000 watched President Harry S. Truman lift the first shovel of dirt to begin construction on the new campus. Between 1952 and 1956 fourteen buildings were erected on the campus and the actual removal of the College to its new home was accomplished in time for the opening of the summer session in 1956.

In the next eleven years of President Tribble's administration, the College experienced many changes. It had revised its curriculum as a prelude to the removal of the new campus, offering a more flexible program to students. The number of students increased to 3,022, and the size of the faculty expanded rapidly, reducing the teacher-student ratio to fourteen to one.

The campus was further expanded with the erection of a new life sciences building in 1961, a new women's dormitory in 1962, and a new general classroom building in 1963; and work was begun on a new 31,000 seat stadium, which was completed in 1966.

Additional resources also came to the College in its new home. In 1954, just prior to the move, the will of Colonel George Foster Hankins provided over $1,000,000 to be used for scholarships. In 1956 the Ford Foundation contributed $680,000 to the endowment of the School of Arts and Sciences and $1,600,000 to the Bowman Gray School of Medicine. At the time of the removal of the College, the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation increased its annual support from $350,000 to $500,000. After the completion of a challenge gift of $3,000,000 offered in 1965, the Foundation raised its annual contribution to $620,000.

The holdings of the University’s libraries more than tripled, and the library was awarded the income from an endowment fund of about $4,500,000 contributed by the Mary Reynolds Babcock Foundation and Mrs. Nancy Reynolds.
Graduate work, first offered in 1866 but suspended during the removal program, was resumed in 1961 when the Trustees established the Division of Graduate Studies. In 1967, recognizing the augmented resources of the College and the fact that in all except name it was a university rather than a college, the Trustees officially changed the name to Wake Forest University. The Division of Graduate Studies became the Wake Forest University Graduate School. The name Wake Forest College was retained as the designation for the undergraduate School of Arts and Sciences.

In 1967, after seventeen years of strenuous effort, President Tribble retired, leaving as his lasting memorial the removal of the College from Wake Forest to Winston-Salem and its changed status from College to University, with enhanced resources.

As his successor the Trustees chose Dr. James Ralph Scales, former President of Oklahoma Baptist University and former Dean of Arts and Sciences Oklahoma State University. Since 1967 during the six years of his administration, there have been important new developments. The Guy T. and Clara H. Carswell Scholarship Fund, valued at $1,600,000, was established to undergird the undergraduate School of Arts and Sciences. The School of Business Administration was converted into a Graduate School of Management in 1969 and named in honor of Charles H. Babcock, one of the principal benefactors of the University. Through the generosity of the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation and Mrs. Nancy Susan Reynolds, a new building was constructed to house this School. A subsequent gift of $2,000,000 was received from the Mary Reynolds Babcock Foundation to be used as endowment.

In 1971 the School of Law added a $500,000 wing which allowed for an increase in enrollment and faculty. The Bowman Gray School of Medicine-Baptist Hospital complex also completed a $30,000,000 expansion program. In addition, a new women’s dormitory housing approximately 300 undergraduates was completed on the Reynolda campus.

Complementing the material growth, the University re-examined its program and goals and adopted a number of changes in its curriculum. In 1971 it adopted a new calendar and the 4-1-4 curriculum and a cooperative exchange of courses with Salem College, and established a Wake Forest University Overseas Center in Venice, Italy, and in Dijon, France.

As a mark of its increased stature, the Kenan Foundation in 1970 awarded a grant of $500,000 for the establishment of a Kenan Professorship.

In retrospect, the University has had a long, arduous and fruitful history. With the pains of removal and rebirth behind it, with a modern and well-equipped campus and greatly enhanced resources, and a youthful administration and faculty, it stands on the threshold of a new era. Relocation has brought new facilities and new opportunities but the ideals remain unchanged and the University continues to function as its founders envisioned, *Pro Humanitate*.

*Bulletin of Wake Forest University, January, 1974*
A Wake Forest Senior Looks Over His Shoulder

Bynum Shaw

Mr. Shaw, a novelist, historian and long-time journalist, is now a member of the English faculty.

After eight years a lot of us who entered Wake Forest in 1940, or thereabouts, are going to graduate. We came to school green and full of ambition, stayed just long enough to get acquainted, and then were whisked off to far points of the globe, clad in uniforms of grey and tan and white and blue. Some of those who went away did not come back, but it's remarkable how many of them have returned to get degrees they sought a whole war ago.

During the time that we were gone we had a chance... through long, cold nights, through the blistering heat of the tropics, through the monotony of endless weeks at sea... to view Wake Forest from a distance and to determine what things about the place make it so appealing.

I'm not sure I can speak for all the men who went away or for all the members of my class, because Wake Forest probably means a variety of things to different people; but there are some things which must be common to all the sons and daughters of Wake Forest.

There is, for instance, the atmosphere of friendliness about the place. To the young and timid who have never ventured far from the home range, Wake Forest's warmth and kindness are as welcome and tender as a mother's arms. There is absolutely nothing like it. I have been privileged to represent Wake Forest at other schools on debate trips, discussion panels, and newspaper forums. Nowhere have I seen another institution where each person in the student body seemed to feel that he belonged; and nowhere else does a stranger receive a reception so heart-warming.

The faculty of Wake Forest plays a great part in making the college such a happy place. It would be difficult to single out any one professor who by himself symbolizes the Wake Forest spirit. Every student has his favorite; each faculty man has his delightful idiosyncrasies.

Taken as a whole, these are the traits which set the Wake Forest professor apart from the ordinary scholar: a genuine interest in and understanding of the problems of the student; an all-pervading sense of tolerance which enables him to see through superfluity to meaning; a spirit of willing cooperation, not only with administrative policies but with movements designed to help the student body; a definite approachability; a thorough acquaintance with his field.

But that is not all. One comes to the realization that at Wake Forest the "proper thing" is to act like a gentleman. Under this compunction his character is steadily shaped into that of a dependable citizen. Here he does not emerge with the attitude generally thought of as belonging to "a wild college boy."

Partly responsible for this is an underlying religious sense, a feeling of the closeness of God and the Nature that is nowhere more beautiful than at Wake Forest. Here one's religion is something for which he feels no need of apology. He can hold his beliefs unashamed, and they are not subject to perversion or destruction.

There are other things which I might mention, things which serve to endear the campus to the average Deacon, things which in time to come will return with overwhelming nostalgia as symbols of "the green years." There is the rock wall which seems to girdle the campus with an invisible calm. There are the rambling brick walks, the magnolias and the battered benches beneath them, where peace and quiet reign, and where in the late afternoon clusters of students gather to listen to the music coming from the Wait Hall tower. There is the bustle of the Student Center, the hushed silence of the Library, the
trailing ivy creeping up the sides of old buildings, apace with the years. And there is the tolling of the bell on Sunday mornings, strangely different from its warning notes between classes and the victorious pealing after a football game.

To those of us who are leaving now there is a lingering fear that when the College moves to Winston-Salem all that makes Wake Forest a unique place will disappear. There is a feeling that it will no longer claim us as its sons, that we will not be part of it, that it will become a “rich man’s” school.

Behind all that, however, is the certain knowledge that anything good for the College is good for its alumni. There is a conviction that the things we love are not subject to mutation, and that regardless of place or time or structure, they cannot be destroyed.

It is with these thoughts that the Class of 1948 looks to the ranks of the alumni, of which it will soon be a part. And ever in the heart of each of us will sing the refrain,

"Hail, Mother, here's to thee . . ."


AN EDITOR’S LAMENT

When the editor asked Dr. Hubert Poteat for a little help on Latin syntax one Sunday the doctor said, “It’s all right to pull an ox out of the ditch on the Sabbath, but not an ass!”

From The Student, January, 1917.

* * * * *

HOW TIMES CHANGE

Official College records show the following charges for the full academic year in 1839:

- Annual tuition .............. $45
- Room Rent ................. 2
- Bed and Bedding .......... 4
- Wood ......................... 2
- Servant’s Hire ............ 2
- Deposit for Repairs .... 2

$57

Plus Board and Washing per Month .............. $8
Life With Principle

Paul Sinal
Class of ’67

Every year our law office receives scores of applications for one or sometimes two vacancies. Deciding who to hire is a frustrating task. We are called upon to pass judgment on many splendid people. It is a task we take seriously, ever mindful that those not hired will also be our colleagues. One recent applicant for a lawyer’s position listed his LSAT score and his class rank on his resume. I thought to myself, what is this person trying to tell us about himself? Does he want us to hold out for someone with a higher score or a higher class rank? Certainly not. Some applicants have even listed their grades for each course. What these applicants fail to realize is that scores, class rank, and grades tell absolutely nothing about the true worth of the applicant. The vast majority of applicants to Harvard have straight A’s and are at the top of their class. It follows, then, that an individual cannot be measured by grades and rank. I honestly don’t know what the applicant who listed his standardized score and class rank intended to tell me, but I learned from him that he was still caught up in the numbers game and had failed to extricate himself from the mechanics of his education. What we really look for in a resume or application is some demonstration of attitude or experience that the applicant is able to do the job well.

I know of a county worker who after seven years on the job was fired when they learned she didn’t have a high school diploma. Everyone said she was an excellent worker, but the job required a high school diploma. Obviously, though, the job did not require a diploma, because she had been doing it for seven years.

During the lifetime of Thomas Jefferson, the University of Virginia never awarded an academic degree, because its founder Mr. Jefferson believed that academic titles created artificial class distinctions between people. The badges of an education are not the marks of an educated person.

What are the strengths and pitfalls in today’s liberal arts college education? It has been 13 years since I was graduated from Wake Forest, and it is with a sense of challenge that I try now to separate the grain from the chaff.

I remember distinctly my Greek professor telling us that an educated person gives up the right to act irresponsibly. We must not squander the opportunity which others have not had. Dr. Benjamin Hooks, Executive Director of the NAACP, in a recent address in Winston-Salem, said that we must not forget those who stayed behind so that we could walk ahead. We have a responsibility to everyone who assisted us thus far. This does not mean just our family and friends, but it extends to all of society.

About a year ago my roommate in graduate school died suddenly at age 33. This was the closest death had struck in my peer group. He was a Morehead scholar at UNC, and a Woodrow Wilson fellow at Cornell. He was a brilliant scholar and a marvelous well-loved teacher. He was fluent in every Romance language, as well as German, and was a Professor of Romance Languages at a respected American university. Aside from the personal loss that everyone who knew him felt, it was cruel to rob the world of someone who had yet so much to give to society. He was a better scholar than I ever was. He was a better teacher than I ever dreamed of being, yet he was gone and I was alive. I soon realized that now I had an added responsibility. Now I was the sole custodian of our shared experiences. It was up to me to carry forth our shared experiences and ideals. We have a responsibility to "precious friends hid in death’s dateless night." An educated person must develop a spiritual strength to withstand the accumulation of deaths, the waves of divorces in the years after graduation, and the sudden unpredictable onslaught of personal tragedy.

One of the chief pitfalls of today’s higher education is academic arrogance. It completely pervades the educational system. For some reason, people with the trappings of education think they are superior to non-college educated people. They look down their noses at blue-collar workers. The arts and science majors feel superior to the business majors. Tenured faculty treats instructors and untenured faculty as second-class citizens. College professors tend to think because they are expert in one field that they are expert in others and that their opinions in other areas, particularly politics, economics, and society, are entitled to some special weight. A truly great person does not need to be told of his or her greatness. In fact, he or she will probably be somewhat embarrassed by public honor. I think sometimes of truly great people, such as Mother
Teresa, who is spending a lifetime of service to the "poorest of the poor" in Calcutta, India. She tells a story of a starving woman who died saying "thank you" simply for being picked up from the street and shown some concern. "She gave me much more than I gave her," Mother Teresa said. "She gave her grateful love." "Reversed giving" is the case with the poor. "They give much more than we give them." I think also of St. Francis of Assisi, who gave the clothes off his back to a beggar and made Poverty his lifelong Mistress, "partly because he saw wealth corrupts; partly because he felt it was discourteous to be in the company of anyone poorer than oneself." There is unparalleled humility in the greatness of these two figures. "The only way to escape the personal corruption of praise is to go on working. One is tempted to stop and listen to it. The only thing to do is to turn away and go on working." An educated person is one who will make those around him feel comfortable.

Another flaw in today's educational system is that it teaches one to be afraid to make moral judgments. While I was in school, I was taught, and for a while I believed, that everything was gray, nothing was black and white. There is some goodness in everything and some badness. There is no doubt that making moral judgments was out of vogue when I was an undergraduate. If one tried, he was rebuked "How can you say that, you're making a moral judgment!" To make a moral judgment was bad. (The irony of the preceding sentence was lost at the time.) This was the same generation that for a few years in the late sixties went on a campus rampage against war and racism. I think often about Dante's admonition that there is a place in purgatory reserved against war and racism. I think often about Dante's time. This was the same generation that for a few years in the late sixties went on a campus rampage against war and racism. I think often about Dante's time. 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Perspective on Four Years with the Liberal Arts

Joe Santi
Class of '79

As I write these words I am rapidly approaching the end of my four-year career at Wake Forest University. The last four falls and the last four springs have been filled with successes and failures, people, letters from home, books, answers and questions — a blinding sandstorm of experience when I look back.

Your career at Wake Forest, whether it be four years, shorter or longer, will be made up of many of the same experiences and many that will be unique for you. I hope that your experiences will only include glorious successes, instructive failures, good news from home, fascinating books, enlightening answers and provocative questions.

One of the questions you can be sure that you will be hearing goes something like this — “What does a liberal arts education mean to you?” Everyone asks it — professors posing the question in a humanities class, administrators hurling it at you in a scholarship interview, students mumbling it on their way to Art History class. Over the years, however, no matter how many times I’ve heard the question, I have never heard it answered.

When they asked me, I said that the “Liberal Arts” contained the body of knowledge that a free man needed to live in this society — not just to exist, but to LIVE! I took my definition from the Latin roots of the words. I went on to say that the liberal arts education provided the student with this body of knowledge or at least introduced him to the fact that it existed. Therefore, to me, a liberal arts education meant that I would be able to live; to experience and to appreciate all that I had experienced.

If this definition sounds plausible to you, we are ready for the next step — attaining a liberal arts education. You cannot do it simply by putting in four years here. Wake Forest University provides a liberal arts education. It is up to the student to reach out and take it. That requires effort. If you have not read the bulletin yet (and I confess I still have not made it cover-to-cover), the mechanics of attaining a liberal arts education are as follows:

1) Every student is obliged to take courses in each of four major divisions of the curriculum (check your catalogue). This means that the student is obliged to learn about what he does not know and care about what he does not like. There is no better way (that I know of) to LIVE than to discover that there is meaning and value in something outside of your immediate experience or something worth loving in an idea you detest.

2) Every student is obliged to take two semesters of physical education. The development of mind and body is considered all-important. Pursuing that elusive education is such a challenge that you must stay in shape.

3) The student is obliged to work. This last item is not in the bulletin but the amount of work a student is willing to do for himself separates the real student from those who are serving out four-year sentences.

Unfortunately, rule 3 is never enforced. No one stands over your shoulder and pushes the pencil. It is possible for the science major, taking his Art History requirement or the Business major taking Introduction to the Theatre to treat these courses as so many hurdles. However, in the race for education, inverted rules apply. Jump cleanly over the hurdles and you lose. You lose because you will have missed the value of the course by cramming the answers into your head for the final and forgetting everything including the questions before the week is out.

I will admit that I have flaunted the rules myself at times. Of course, I completed all of the course work that I was obliged to take. Rule 1 and Rule 2 are difficult to skirt. But Rule 3 is difficult to obey. There are so many requirements in your major field, so many distractions outside the curriculum, that it is easy to clear one or two or three courses without touching them.

My advice, after four years, is to do everything in your power to resist the temptation to jump. That is not the purpose of the physical education requirement. I offer one example of how a stumble can work for you — it worked for me. Fresh out of high school, where I lapped the field in the sciences, I dashed for the Chemistry department at Wake Forest.
I was going to be a research chemist and cure something. Then I stumbled.

My first two elective courses at Wake were Introduction to the Theatre and a four-week workshop in short story writing. I tripped over both hurdles. I became fascinated with words and words on the stage. I leave Wake Forest this month, still interested in the sciences, but with a degree in Theatre and English and looking forward to a career in the arts. Such transformations need not occur in the process of a liberal arts education but it is important that it remain possible for them to occur. It is the responsibility of each student (a responsibility he owes himself) to cultivate that possibility.

I do not mean to imply that the liberal arts education is a great beast that can be captured or a race to be run and won. It is not. The liberal arts education is a life-long process of development — a process that develops the LIFE. Wake Forest University offers you a chance to begin this process. Take that chance.
Monuments of Brick and Learning

Dave Roberts
Class of '68

Have you ever strolled about the Wake Forest University campus, admiring the trees and Georgian architecture, paused before a name on a building and stared in ignorance at meaningless metal letters on red brick? Of course these letters sometimes evoke stray images—W-A-I-T . . . chapel . . . founder . . . runaway horse . . . More often they evoke only a nagging desire to know something about the people they represent, to see beyond the impenetrable brick into the background of their lives. Who were these people? Why are these buildings monuments to them?

Twelve buildings are named for people, plus Efird and Huffman Halls, Wingate Hall, Davis Chapel and DeTamble Auditorium. Of these seventeen people, one was the first dean of women, six were presidents of the school, and ten were benefactors. The buildings not named for people are Winston and Salem Halls, of which the origin is obvious, and Reynolda Hall, named for the Reynolds' Reynolda estate.

Samuel Wait, for whom the chapel was named, was born in New York in 1789. He studied at Columbia College (now George Washington University) and became a Baptist minister. After teaching at his alma mater four years, he became its assistant financial agent and came to North Carolina seeking funds. Because stage fare was so high at the time, Wait and the financial agent bought a horse and wagon in Norfolk, Va., to use on their Tar Heel trip. As they were leaving New Bern after a short stay, the horse bolted, demolished the wagon, and ran away. They remained about a month and Wait preached four sermons at the Baptist church there. He was apparently so impressive that he was later invited to become its pastor, and he returned to accept the position.

Wait was a powerful influence in the formation of the Baptist State Convention in 1829, and he was chosen general agent to travel throughout the state and gain support for it. Two years later, plans for a school to train ministers began taking shape. A farm about fifteen miles from Raleigh was chosen as its site, and Wait was named its principal. His title was changed to president in 1838 when the name of the school was changed to Wake Forest College.

Although ill health forced his resignation as President in 1845, Wait remained president of the board of trustees until the end of the Civil War. He died in 1867.

Wingate Hall, adjacent to Wait Chapel, was named for Washington Manly Wingate, who graduated from Wake Forest in 1849 and became acting president only five years later. After graduating, he attended Furman Theological Institute and became pastor of a Darlington, S.C., church. He was later chosen by the Wake Forest trustees as agent to increase the endowment, and after a successful fund-raising campaign he was made acting president. He became president in 1856 and remained in that post until his death in 1879. He tried to resign after the Civil War, but he was induced to remain and led the school in its recovery from the effects of the conflict. Among his accomplishments was a greatly increased endowment.

A men's dormitory was named for Charles E. Taylor, president from 1885-1905. He was educated at the University of Virginia and went to Wake Forest in 1870 as a Latin professor. As president, he worked actively to raise more money for the endowment, in addition to beautifying the campus with trees and shrubs and an unusual system of walks placed where the trails of students' feet indicated they were
needed. The law and medical schools were begun under Taylor's administration, and he also started a drive for a college hospital.

Forced to resign as president in 1905 because of his increasing deafness and its effect on his natural nervousness, Taylor remained head of the school of moral philosophy until his death in 1915.

Another men's dormitory honors William L. Poteat, Taylor's successor, who received the B.A. from Wake Forest in 1877 and M.A. some years later. Joining the faculty in 1878, he taught languages for six years before becoming assistant professor of science. Though he is best known for defending the teaching of evolution, his administration also saw the curriculum enlarged, two dormitories and a central heating plant built, and the library improved.

In 1922 Poteat was taken before the Baptist State Convention for teaching evolution. He spoke in his own defense before the body and eloquently overcame his opposition. But the story does not end there; Poteat also led the fight against adoption of an anti-evolution bill in the General Assembly. Of 22 Wake Forest men in the Legislature, 21 voted against the bill, and it was defeated.

Though he retired from the presidency in 1927, Poteat continued to teach biology until a few months before his death in 1938.

Thurman D. Kitchin, also honored by a men's dormitory, became president in 1930 and served until 1950. He was one of eight brothers, all of whom attended Wake Forest. After graduation in 1905, he studied medicine at the University of North Carolina and at Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, receiving the M.D. degree in 1908. He scored highest on the state medical examinations that year, and he was a family doctor for ten years before joining the faculty of the Wake Forest Medical School. He became president of the medical division two years later.

Among the achievements of Kitchin's administration were eight buildings, a stadium, the admission of women, the acceptance of the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation offer for the move to Winston-Salem, and the sale of the old campus. The medical school moved to Winston-Salem and became a four-year school, and the law school became a member of the Association of American Law Schools. Although he suffered from a weak heart for the last quarter-century of his life, Kitchin accomplished all these things and dealt with serious problems such as those caused by the fire which destroyed two campus buildings in 1934. After his death in 1955, the Raleigh News and Observer said of him, "He was a man who could smile at death and work for his fellow man . . . ."

Harold W. Tribble succeeded Kitchin as president in 1950 and led the school through the period of transition from the Wake Forest campus to the Winston-Salem site. When this task was completed in 1956, he guided the college into another time of transition, toward university status. Graduate work was resumed in 1961 and gradually spread to more departments. Finally, in 1967, the school's name was officially changed to Wake Forest University. Having presided over the achievement of these goals, Tribble retired to his home in Blowing Rock. He was doubly honored for his accomplishments; he was made President Emeritus of the University; and the humanities building was re-named Harold W. Tribble Hall.

Lois Johnson, for whom a women's dormitory was named, was Wake Forest's first dean of women. Her brother, Gerald, attended Wake Forest and later became a famous journalist and author. She received a B.A. degree from Meredith College in 1905. She taught for several years, received an M.A. in English from the University of North Carolina, and became principal of Thomasville High School.

She left that position to teach French at Wake Forest in 1942, and she was chosen dean of women that year when the school decided to admit women for the first time. On the old campus she always lived in a dormitory with the girls. She enjoyed being with them and disliked being separated from them by house mothers after the move to Winston-Salem. Miss Johnson retired in 1962 and now lives in Wagran.

One of the most important benefactors in the history of Wake Forest was Jabez Bostwick, a Standard Oil official from New York, for whom another women's dormitory was named. President Charles Taylor went to New York in 1885 seeking financial aid from rich Baptists there. Bostwick was the only one to answer Taylor's inquiring notes, but he gave $10,000 to establish a loan fund for needy students. In 1886 he gave the school $50,000, and he added another $40,000 in 1891. He died the following year, and his will provided for a donation of Standard Oil stock which has grown in value to $10-12 million in recent years.

Paul Price Davis, for whom Davis Chapel was named, attended Wake Forest from 1905-07 and later became sales manager of the R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company. He was the brother of Egbert L. Davis, for whom Davis Dormitory was named. He supported the move to Winston-Salem, but he died in 1952. His wife and children added gifts to those he had made to finance construction of Davis Chapel.

Egbert L. Davis graduated from Wake Forest in 1904 and rose rapidly in the business world after working 21 years for R.J. Reynolds. He organized the
Atlas Supply Company in Winston-Salem in 1925, and in 1934 he became president of Security Life and Trust. In addition to contributing money to the school, Davis also served on the planning and building committee and on the architect's committee. He served several terms as trustee of Wake Forest, and he was also a trustee of Baptist Hospital. He lives in Winston-Salem and is still interested in University activities.

J.B. Efird of Charlotte, founder of the Efird department store chain, gave $100,000 to Wake Forest at a crucial time. In 1951, two anonymous members of the Reynolds Foundation offered to donate $2 million if the school would raise $3 million by December 31, 1953. As time was running out, the school was $150,000 short of the goal. Efird's gift put it within reach, and the rest of the money was obtained during a ten-day extension of the deadline. The Efird Foundation gift was used for construction of the men's residence hall which bears his name.

Another men's residence hall honors Frank O. Huffman of Morganton, one of the founders of the Drexel Furniture Company, who graduated from Wake Forest in 1901. He attended Gallaudet College for training in teaching the deaf. He later entered business, becoming manager of the Drexel Company in 1906 and holding that position until his death in 1935. He was also a president of the Southern Furniture Manufacturers' Association. His wife and family donated the money for Huffman Hall.

Mrs. Elsie E. DeTamble was the wife of Frederick J. DeTamble, a pioneer automobile dealer in Winston-Salem. Both died in 1961. She willed Wake Forest nearly $58,000. Other portions of her estate went to the First Presbyterian Church in Winston-Salem, Boys Town School in Nebraska, and Davidson College. The auditorium in Tribble Hall bears her name.

The Z. Smith Reynolds Library was named for the son of R.J. Reynolds Sr. He was obsessed with aviation and paid little attention to his father's business. At the age of 20, he lured actress Libby Holman from a promising career in the theater, married her, and took her to Winston-Salem. Soon after, he was found dead of bullet wounds in the bedroom of his mansion. His death remains a mystery. The Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation offered $350,000 annually to Wake Forest in 1946 on the condition that the school be moved to Winston-Salem.

Mary Reynolds was the daughter of R.J. Reynolds, and she married Charles H. Babcock, an investment broker. At the age of 28, she became one of the world's richest women, inheriting $30 million. She helped organize the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation, and she also contributed to the William Neal Reynolds Coliseum in Raleigh, to Wake Forest, and to other civic, educational and artistic projects. She died in 1953, and her will provided for a $525,000 dormitory at Salem College. In addition to cash gifts to the Wake Forest building fund, she and her husband gave the 300-acre segment of Reynolda Estate on which the campus is located. A women's dormitory was named in her honor.

Charles Babcock was also involved in the gifts to the University of Reynolda Village and land for Groves Stadium. His philanthropy was not limited to educational institutions; he also helped start the North Carolina Fund, an organization to fight poverty. After his death in 1968, gifts of $500,000 each from the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation and Mrs. Nancy Susan Reynolds established the school of business administration in his honor.

William Neal Reynolds Gymnasium was named for the brother of R.J. Reynolds. He was a buyer for the tobacco company for many years and took over the presidency when his brother died in 1918. He retired in 1942. His passion was harness racing and he had one of the nation's best stables at Tanglewood. One of his horses, named Mary Reynolds, won the Hambletonian, the Kentucky Derby of trotters, in 1933. At the time of his death in 1953, he owned what some said were the two top pacers in the world. He willed Tanglewood estate to be used as a park and left stock to provide money for its maintenance. His wife was Kate Bitting Reynolds, for whom a Winston-Salem hospital is named, and Reynolds Coliseum in Raleigh was endowed by members of his family in his honor. He also bequeathed $1 million to Wake Forest to be paid when the move to the new campus was completed.

Although actually not a part of the campus, Groves Stadiuim is important to the University. The modern, 31,000-seat facility was inaugurated in 1969 to replace the inadequate 17,000-seat Bowman Gray Stadium which the school had been permitted to use since the move to Winston-Salem.

The stadium is the school's second to be named in honor of the Groves family of Gastonia and Jacksonville, Fla. The first was dedicated on the old campus in 1940 to honor Henry Herman Groves Sr. The new structure honors him, his brothers, Earl E. Groves and L. Craig Groves, both deceased, and their families. A gift from Henry Groves made the new stadium possible.

Educators, businessmen, people who cared about Wake Forest — they are the ones memorialized by the metal letters on red brick. Think of them the next time you stroll about the campus.
In Praise of the Honeycomb
David Smiley

What follows is the text of Professor David Smiley's address for the University's 142nd Founders' Day Convocation, February 10, 1976.

My dearly beloved, I come today to honor the founders of Wake Forest University, and to praise the honeycomb they so carefully designed for our use. The founders of this institution deserve all the honor we can give them. For although the future of the school was uncertain they faced it with a confidence born of deep faith.

Let me remind some, and tell others, the old, old story that every Wake Forester ought to know but probably doesn't. This university began in 1830 with the formation of the North Carolina Baptist State Convention for the purpose of combining the work of the churches and to establish a training school for ministers.

This university began in August 1832, when an educational committee of the Convention recommended the establishment of a school and purchased a farm from Calvin Jones that would become its campus.

But then, this university very nearly died aborning in the State Legislature. A bill to charter a corporation for the Wake Forest Institute passed the lower house but on a roll-call in the Senate the vote was tied at twenty-nine for, twenty-nine against.

The tie was broken in favor of granting the charter by the speaker of the Senate, who was a graduate of the University of North Carolina named William D. Moseley. Incidentally, in the legislative voting not one UNC graduate opposed Wake Forest. I hope that some of you at least will remember, the next time you are loudly inviting students of the state university to take the lower road that leads to eternal perdition, that out of Chapel Hill, as out of Nazareth, a few good things have come. By one vote the legislature approved a charter creating the Wake Forest Institute "for the purpose of educating youth, and for no other purpose whatsoever." That was December 21, 1833.

Six weeks later, on Monday, February 3, 1834, Wake Forest began its operation with one professor, Samuel Wait, and seventeen students. By the end of February others had come, making the total forty students in the first term. They were, as the public notices proclaimed, young gentlemen of good character, seeking the education that young gentlemen should receive. And they were a lot like more recent Wake Forest students. They griped about the food in the dining hall, they lived in crowded conditions in what could have with considerable accuracy been called slave quarters, they tended to keep late hours and oversleep in the mornings, they sometimes forgot their lessons, and at least one of them complained that English grammar was too complicated for him. At times they wore faded blue jeans on campus. But they had a 600-acre farm to tend.

Yet they, and the far-sighted people supporting them, were the founders of Wake Forest — Wait and Jones and Meredith and Purefoy, the forty men who made up the first Board of Trustees, the hundreds who gave of their meager incomes to build a college.

But they were not all of the founders. For this university began again on December 28, 1838, when the charter was revised and the Institute became a college whose trustees received authority to grant degrees. This time the bill to give the charter passed both houses of the State Legislature unanimously, and Wake Forest College was born. There came to the campus such teachers as Royall and Simmons and Armstrong, Brooks and Owen, and there went out from the classrooms men who left their marks upon the state and the region as business men, teachers, preachers, lawyers, and physicians.

In 1862 the crisis of the Civil War forced the closing of the College. It re-opened in January 1866, under another of its founders, Washington Manly Wingate.

All of these people could teach us lessons in scholarship and sacrifice and personal devotion, and we owe honor to them all. We can honor them, as we do, by calling the honor roll of their names on Founders' Day. We can remember them, as we do, by naming campus buildings and streets for them. But the most meaningful tribute we can pay them is by keeping the University true to the spirit and the purpose of its originators. And that means teaching the broad range of human and humane learning; it means the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake; it means constructive criticism of its wider community as well as of itself; it means holding to spiritual rather than to material values.

In the metaphor of my title it means praising the honeycomb. The text is from a letter of Brooks Adams, grandson of a president and great-grandson of a great Revolutionary patriot, to his brother: "What matters it how much honey each separate bee may make, if the power of building the comb to hold the honey fails?" Adams asked. "The structure must give
way, the honey must fuse in a formless mass, and the bees must perish in their own product." In that prophetic parable the author of *The Law of Civilization and Decay* depicted the fundamental problem not only of our time and our century but also of humanity.

People need things to survive, just as bees need honey, and civilization is created to provide them. But there is always the temptation to make things the end rather than the means to the good life, and without the honeycomb we face the constant threat of drowning in our own product. We need the restraints, the framework, the institutions, to keep the good and sweet products of our technology in their place, as servants and not masters, as nourishment and not poison. For we are as a people faced with the threat of perishing in the formless mass of things we have produced. Let us give praise to the honeycomb, to the forms and structures and attitudes that can shore up and fence in the world of material things which, however mellifluous, are a menace to mankind.

One of those honeycombs is the gift of laughter. A sense of humor can keep the world in focus, and the stultifying beast at bay. Wit is the perspective with which we can see ourselves when we are taking ourselves, and the things we possess, too seriously.

One of the danger signs among a people in danger of drowning is that laughter has lost its lilt, satire its sting, parody its punch, and irony its bittersweet bite. When John Kennedy was president he gave his assistants silver beer mugs inscribed with a quotation from an Indian philosopher: "There are three things which are real: God, human folly, and laughter. The first two are beyond our comprehension. So we must do what we can with the third." Laughter is an effective antidote to the malaise of our time.

Another honeycomb is law — common law, which arose from centuries of experience; statute law, which constitutes the agreed upon rules for an orderly society; and the inner law of right and wrong, which makes up our character. The mature person can discipline himself, can control himself, and has some sense of justice. He can also understand that *more* does not always mean *better*, that progress sometimes means less. He can sense that we are drowning in our own garbage, that more electricity or more tin cans or more automobiles come at an alarmingly high price. The character becomes a part of the honeycomb cell that can hold the honey in place. The founders and early teachers of Wake Forest often spoke of their task as teaching the subject and nurturing character.

Religious faith is also helpful as a honeycomb. All the world’s great religions have emphasized the spiritual over the material as ultimate reality. What does it profit the bees to make great quantities of honey if they drown in it? What does it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul? Shall we tear down our barns and our garages to build bigger ones, only to discover that possession has become more important than enjoyment, or that life has become a crazy rat-race just to keep up the payments? Is not life more than food, and the body more than raiment?

Finally, there is the liberal education that the university has offered its customers since the thirteenth century. It is the education that frees the mind and the spirit, that teaches not only how to make a living, but more important, how to make a life worth living. This was the goal of the founders of Wake Forest. In the earliest statement of purpose, stated by John Armstrong even before the Institute opened its doors, appeared this picture of the honeycomb: "In the literary department, the student becomes familiar with books and sciences; he gathers strength to comprehend the thoughts of others and to master his own. The treasures of the mind are spread out before him .... He is led over the broad fields of science .... He is conducted into the garden of literature, in which he may regale himself upon the brilliant and the somber, the gay and the melancholy ...." That kind of education keeps the honey in its place. It affords a broad understanding of life out of which come values and judgment.

Every student needs to broaden his mind before he specializes — to understand humanity in all its greatness and its flaws, to feel human emotion through the experience of people who could draw meaning from them, to know what it means to be human.

Remember the ant-eater who specialized its appetit and its digestive organs early in the evolutionary process, and is now condemned through all its existence to subsist upon ants.

I commend to you the advice of the Wake Forest founders: taste of many things before you settle upon a steady diet. Test every major premise, and question every axiom, before you formulate the ideas you want to live by. And keep things in perspective, else we all drown in the honey.

That kind of liberal education is your heritage from the American Revolution. In the bicentennial year I would be remiss not to quote you John Adams on what the future held: "I must study politics and war, that my sons may have liberty to study mathematics and philosophy, geography, natural history (science), and naval architecture, navigation, commerce, and agriculture, in order to give their children a right to study painting, poetry, music, architecture, statuary, tapestry, and porcelain."
Because the revolutionary generation studied war and politics, it is your right to appreciate the fine arts.

But somewhere in the generations things went a different way; the enormous continent open to Americans, the fabulous resources it offered to imagination and ingenuity, turned the grandsons to amassing things in great number. And John Adams’ great-grandson saw the dangers involved.

We, too, must keep the honey in its place, or we perish in our own production. Laughter and law, character and religious faith, and the broad learning and values proclaimed and offered by this university — these are the honeycombs that can save us.

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In Need of Water

It’s just you and me and the dying poinsettia
the molasses man next door gave you
Last Christmas
You thanked him and told yourself you’d care for it
and see if it just wouldn’t bloom for
next Christmas.
The poinsettia sits here
dying
You read your newspaper.

Robin Byrd
Class of ’80

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Vancouver

Don’t be afraid to dream
of Indians
The old man said.
Squinting down on his eye
He pulled on his tobacco
and began again . . .
Rotgut ain’t the only
way to Navahoe
And sometimes the bareback steed
makes quicker
Than the best iron horse.

Duke Finley
Class of ’80
It is a merciless and cruel twist of fate that brings me before you this morning. Eleven years ago as editor of *The Student*, I assigned a writer to prepare a scathing indictment of those responsible for the decision to make chapel compulsory. He did so. I, in turn, added a strong editorial. With passion and fiery conviction, we published these missiles and waited to see what would happen. Three college generations have filed into chapel since then and it appears now that somebody up there wasn’t reading our stuff. So, as I look with some horror over the sea of accusing faces, I ask myself why on earth I didn’t do something more practical at the time, such as take the matter up directly with the tobacco folks.

To be sure you may argue that I am here of my own free will. And indeed I am, although my first inclination was not to come. I decided your letter of invitation was really not an invitation at all, but a fairly clever scheme concocted by Jim Cook. The idea was to collect some old unpaid bill of mine temporarily misplaced in the great move west. But as I puzzled over the letter I realized this could not be the case. Jim Cook is the most straightforward man alive. Any letter from him would have said, "Pay up. Your friend, Jim Cook."

The truth is, your invitation was something I couldn’t turn down. I spent six years here, off and on, mostly listening. The opportunity to talk back at last was more than I could resist.

*Esquire* — the idea of *Esquire* — is aimed generally at being the best of everything. We like to think that the average *Esquire* reader is cultured, widely-traveled, alert, good humored and well dressed. He is also wealthy enough to afford 60 cents for his monthly copy of *Esquire* to see what he ought to be doing to stay that way.

Actually the *Esquire* reader is what the *Esquire* editor has dreamt that he himself would like to be. To sustain and nourish this dream, he happily has the opportunity of traveling abroad, of working with fine writers, of observing at close hand quite a few aspects of our culture — and of getting paid while he does so.

As jobs on the outside go, it’s not bad.

While the editor is often invited into the palaces of the high and mighty, however, it does not always happen that he is welcome. Once I had the privilege of spending the day at the home of John O’Hara, the novelist. I was there to read three of his new stories to see if one of them might be suitable for *Esquire*. Mr. O’Hara fed me lunch, autographed a copy of one of his novels for my son, and offered me a comfortable seat to do my reading in. At the end of that lovely day, we discovered that the price I had to
offer Mr. O'Hara was one-tenth of what Mr. O'Hara expected us to pay. It was an hour and a half before I could catch my train out. And in the darkening gloom with the high priced Mr. O'Hara, those 90 minutes seemed to stretch into three days.

And there are other occupational hazards to editing, too. I have come close to being sued by the Theatre Guild, by an obscure religious sect in the Ozarks, and by the Broadway columnist, Leonard Lyons. I myself have sued unsuccessfully one used car insurance company.

An Exhortation – Learn!

But if you were to ask me if I really liked it, I would tell you that I really do. And if you were to ask me, a former Wake Forest student, what experience I've had in this land of sugar nuts and emeralds that might be of value to you, I would offer one word. That is – if you will pardon my rudeness – learn.

Before I elaborate, on what must seem to be the most obvious of exhortations, let me first establish my credentials. At Wake Forest, I was, in the finest sense, a sound, solid C-average citizen.

I should like to tell you how complicated it was for me to arrive at the position of making this fairly simple suggestion to you. And at the same time tell you something more about Esquire and how it works.

Eleven years ago, when I was struggling for an honorable discharge from this institution, Esquire was a happy-go-lucky magazine devoted to the good life exclusively. So was I, and I imagine it was a good thing for both of us that we didn't come together at that time.

Several years later, Esquire began to change, largely due to the work of Arnold Gingrich, the magazine's present publisher. Except for the fact that I now owned two suits rather than one, I myself had remained essentially the same. I had found work in New York at Pageant Magazine, where my academic record ideally suited me for the task at hand. But most of our time at Pageant was spent in putting people's minds to rest over diet problems, emotional problems, and so on – the sort of thing any good C-average man could do, when pressed.

I should add here that Mr. Gingrich, at the other end of the street, speaks a handful of languages, has written a novel and, at one time in his life, was putting out seven separate issues of three magazines every month. He is not the sort that one would generally describe as a C-average type.

Eventually, Mr Gingrich hired me to work for Esquire, and at about that time, Esquire moved even more boldly towards a new concern with the world of everyday affairs – not with just the world of literature or the world of sports or the world of art.

But a concern with the whole wide world.

Esquire, which had always been a magazine for men trying to be sophisticated, became a magazine for sophisticated adults. And there is definitely a difference.

It was a necessary change for the magazine to make. The world had become more serious, and so had our magazine. Grave problems and crises were crackling hard one after the other, and, of course, they haven't let up to this day.

Mr Gingrich began to look to his editors for bright serious ideas. Being a strong diet and emotions man but with no serious ideas I could put my hands on, I began to look too – somewhat more frantically.

That was four years ago and we refer to those swift days now as The Big Change at Esquire. To mark the Big Change, a deadly institution was inaugurated, known as the Idea Meeting. It occurred, as it still does, every Thursday afternoon in our offices on Madison Avenue.

Madison Avenue has been blamed for many things in recent years, some of them unjustly. I am here to tell you, however, that the idea meetings at our place on Madison Avenue made Richard Nixon's tour of Venezuela seem like the festival of roses at Pasadena.

All that was involved was an idea for a magazine article but for a time, every idea had to be pinched, squeezed, mashed, and mauled to see if it was fresh. Every statement of fact was challenged; every opinion had to be justified. You simply had to know what you were doing.

And so we argued and disagreed and quarreled among ourselves, with Mr. Gingrich sitting quietly on the sidelines as umpire and chief referee. All the fussing was over what exactly Esquire should be. And from our own internal combustion began to come some good things.

We did an article called, "The Last Days of Joe McCarthy" at a time when McCarthyism was still hanging on for its life. We like to think that article, which later became a book, helped to kill it.

As a result of our article on Ezra Pound, the poet Robert Frost collected letters of petition from outstanding men in order to secure Pound's release from a federal mental institution in Washington.

At our urging, John Steinbeck wrote a strong editorial against the efforts of a House Investigating Committee to cite Arthur Miller, the playwright, with contempt for his refusal to name former associates as possible communists. After the matter had died down, Miller said that Steinbeck's article in Esquire was the only word written by an American author in his defense.

It is almost fading from memory now how tense was our national posture toward the principle of
individual liberties. But these were the times when *Esquire* began to roll, and it became a highly exciting magazine to work for.

To keep our new pace sustained, we editors were forced to dig into new subjects; to find authoritative writers and to use them with some degree of knowledge. The fields of science, government, law, literature, economics — all came rather abruptly to life for us. Previously they had been simply subjects. Now they were bodies of specific information out of which we were required to present sound outlines for knowledgeable articles.

As editors, each of us began to suffer the real pains of a belated education. That is, not the simple aches of studying to pass tests — but that terrible queasy feeling that hits at the pit of your stomach when it is vitally important that you know, and you are aware only that you don’t know. This strangled feeling of inadequacy — how you react to it is in my opinion, the first true test of an education, how effective it has been, how well it has equipped you for the outside.

To be a C-student in college may have very little significance for you now. You are not in direct competition with the A-man, only with an institution’s method of measuring your ability. To keep and hold a C-average means that you are passing your work and maintaining a respectable level of mediocrity.

Outside, things are different. For the first time, the C-man must compete directly with the A-man. And unless the C-man wants to chuck it all at this point, he will find that he will have to run very hard — and that he is terribly out of shape.

Eleven years is long enough to be an era, but it’s still short enough, I hope, for me to keep in touch with you in the school that formed me. If I suggest myself as somewhat typical of the Wake Forest C-man on the outside, I should also like to add that I have been running hard. Eleven years has, of course, changed my outlook simply through the passage of time. But beyond that, this C-student has changed. And here now I should like to offer you the confessions of a C-student long gone from the college campus.

**My Confession**

I would rather now be square than hip. If I had to make the choice, I would rather be unpopular and smart than popular and dumb.

Coming back to Wake Forest now in my dotage, it’s a little difficult for me to gather what all the shouting is about when Wake Forest — or Harvard — or Boone — wins or loses a ball game. College sports are only diversions or recreation. Yet, I remember now that it seemed a natural condition of my college life to take the football season more seriously than the library.

Back here, I was as fraternity minded as any fraternity man, but I’m afraid I see now that I learned almost nothing from fraternity life. Only that friendship is an exclusive affair, and today I regret this in its entirety. What is more important, it seems to me, is that we discover those things that bind us all together rather than those things that separate a few of us from the rest.

As a former student here, I sympathize with all the old campus gripes about no dancing, limited dating restrictions for the girls, and so on. But as an aging, veteran C-man home from the wars, I can’t take my former objections quite so seriously.

Tell me that things are rough here and I will tell you what it is like not to know — at the critical moment — who Freud was; or not to know why you weren’t supposed to read Karl Marx; or not to know Max Weber from Thorstein Veblen; or not to know who wrote “The Magic Mountain” — Thomas Merton or Thomas Mann; or not to know whether “Ulysses” is a good book or a long practical joke. I will add then that I should have learned somewhere, preferably in college, the answers to all these mysteries, and that things are rough all over.

Perhaps it seems prudish and narrow of me now to attribute so little value today to the things I myself enjoyed so much only yesterday. My change of heart comes from a change in emphasis brought on by a serious encounter with demanding experience.

Now, eleven years later, I think of college as a place where lucky young people can go to learn. Anything else about it seems remote and irrelevant.

And I don’t suggest that you close down the pool halls and shut off the coke machines. I suggest only that you learn from my errors in emphasis; that some perspective at Wake Forest College be maintained; that your college life become a place and a time where the main excitement is that terrible head-on confrontation with new ideas.

Someone has said that youth is too valuable to be wasted on the young. This isn’t true. What is true is that when you are young you can do anything. The great confusion comes in knowing what there is to do.

In this time of ours, when we are moving so swiftly from the old world into the new, there is a lot you can do — and you are needed fast.

I submit respectfully and earnestly that what there is first to do is learn. Live it up a little too. But learn. And when you’re outside with all the rest of us, you’ll know what to do.

*Wake Forest Magazine, VII, 6 (December 1960).*
The Confessions of a “C” Student at Wake Forest University in 1980

Average — what does it mean? The worst of the best or the best of the worst. Can people live after being dubbed average? This dubbing usually takes place if a student gets “C” average, satisfactory performance, in his or her courses at Wake Forest. My father has often said, “The business world is controlled by the average student so that “A” students have someone for whom to work.”

In high school my grade point average was 3.6. I graduated from a private school in a class of fourteen, all of whom would have been in the top ten percent of larger high school graduation classes. My interests in drama, art, and music had won for me several awards. The most outstanding was acceptance to the Governor’s School in Winston-Salem, during 1978, in the field of drama.

After applying to the college of my first choice, I learned, to my dismay, they would not accept me. Ego was factor at this point; “The worst of the best or the best of the worst.”

I confess that Wake Forest was not my first choice for college. Upon frustration, I applied to Wake Forest and was accepted overnight. Wake Forest University wanted me and accepted me just as I was.

Willingly, I came in August to the Pre-School Conference in order to set the pattern for my life on campus. A week of college-oriented activities was offered in order that I could well adjust to the staff and upperclassmen before the full schedule began.

A well-balanced individual is controlled by a life of work, worship, recreation and knowledge. At any point that we allow one facet of our lives to become out of balance, we need to renew our perspective.

Average “C” student, yes, but I have been fulfilled at Wake Forest by the activities in which I have been able to participate. The Choral Union has provided an outlet for music; the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship has offered varied opportunities in worship; theatre arts and the College Union, recreation; and the purpose for which I am on this campus, knowledge, has been overwhelmingly filled by the superbly qualified faculty.

I have been sought out to accept responsibilities. I do not have to look for them and have literally fallen into the campus family at Wake Forest, a place I doubted that I could ever call home.

Average — the worst of the best or the best of the worst.

—Pat Cloninger ’83
The alumnus was talking about human relations and integration at the University, and he was smiling broadly:

"Anybody who has been associated with Wake Forest knows that the University has come a long way. It’s a good place to be. You have a good faculty — open-minded people who are really sort of moving with the times. You can really say that on the whole the atmosphere on campus is very healthy . . . Not that Wake Forest has achieved any kind of perfection yet, but Wake Forest is still forging ahead. I think anyone who has graduated from here would probably be proud of what the University has done and is doing."

The speaker was peculiarly well qualified to make the evaluation: he is Edward Reynolds, the man who brought integration to campus, the first black student to graduate from Wake Forest.

In 1962, Ed Reynolds, a young student from Ghana, came to Wake Forest because he “thought it would be very nice to have a part in bringing down the racial barriers in a major American university."

“I had no illusions about being a crusader,” he says. “There is only so much one person can do. The important thing was just being here and being myself.”

In 1970, Ed Reynolds, a doctoral candidate at London University and an ordained Baptist minister, is teaching summer school at Wake Forest. He will go to London in the fall to complete his thesis, and then will return to the United States — he is not yet sure where — to “teach and preach.” And, he adds, again with a broad grin, he intends to be a missionary to the United States; he plans to offer help wherever he sees a spiritual need. One of the major needs he already sees is in the area of human relations.

While emphatic in his praise of developments at Wake Forest, Reynolds is also eloquent in his expression of the problems that linger here and on other campuses. He uses a discussion of the difference between desegregation and integration to explain what he views as the main trouble: the legal, physical act of desegregation has been achieved at Wake Forest, at most other schools, and in most areas of society, he says. But true integration — a term that to him is more a matter of attitudes and spirit — is lacking.

“Now you say that black people can come to Wake Forest,” he says. “But the fact that black people are admitted to an institution doesn’t mean they are accepted as a part of the community. Sure, there are more black students here now, but that doesn’t necessarily mean there has been progress in integration. Most of the black and white students don’t have that much to do with each other. You can only get to know somebody through interaction, interchange of ideas, and personal contacts. There aren’t too many people here who really sort of go out of their way to make friends with people of another race. There probably is going to have to be much more of this if there is going to be any real integration of this campus — or anywhere else.”

Reynolds said that, ironically, he as the first black student may have found more of this genuine integration than do the more numerous black students of today, and part of the reason may have been because he was a foreign student as well as a black student. He was brought here through the efforts of a student group which specifically wanted to integrate Wake Forest. The students asked Baptist missionaries in Africa to recommend worthy students, and it was through a missionary in Ghana that they found Ed Reynolds. When the students first brought Reynolds to the States, Wake Forest was still legally segregated, so he studied at Shaw University while waiting for the barriers to be removed.

“Isn’t it strange,” Reynolds asks, “that Wake Forest students who wanted to integrate had to go across the Atlantic to find a black student?” He quickly adds, however, that for his sake he is glad they did. “I don’t want to sound ungrateful. I am very grateful for the opportunity to come here. And when I came there were quite a few people who were very dedicated to helping me make the adjustment.” He specifically remembers the friendliness of the Baptist Student Union, Alpha Phi Omega service fraternity, the Ministerial Student Alliance, Chaplain Edgar Christman, Dean Robert Dyer, and Dr. David Smiley in the history department.

Reynolds made friends among students and faculty, joined organizations, and did well academically. He recalls only one unpleasant incident — he received a picture of a gorilla in the mail — but shrugs that off as “too trivial to mention.” Yet, despite the ease with which he was assimilated into the University community, Reynolds understands many of the complaints black students voice today — particularly their feelings of loss of identity.

“When I was here, I was very happy at Wake
Forest, and I was very much accepted, but in a way, deep down, I needed to identify with something," he remembers. He could not find that identity he needed within the white community, however friendly and accommodating it might be, but fortunately he was able to establish lasting friendships within the black community in Winston-Salem. The young African, away from home, in a strange environment, spent many refreshing evenings and weekends with black townspeople. During the summer school session this year he lives with the Rev. Jerry Drayton, pastor of New Bethel Baptist Church and a particularly close friend.

Reynolds' recollections of his own identity problems help him understand the plaint of today's black students. "Here are people looking for an identity, and without that identity they are going to be lost as they attempt to integrate into your white society," he says. He sees student Afro-American societies such as the one at Wake Forest, Afro hair and clothing styles, and African history courses such as the one he is teaching, as healthy assertions of the black student's search for identity. He predicts that the emphasis on African heritage will continue for perhaps a decade, until black people feel they have an identity of their own apart from, but compatible with, that of the white society around them.

"It's not the black man's fault that he needs an identity," he says. "You white people have frustrated him. So often integration has just taken the black man and tried to make him a white man - it has robbed him of everything he has, his culture, his identity, everything. But without that identity he's a lost creature."

But Reynolds is quick to explain that he does not want the search for black identity to result in a kind of reverse racism, in some sort of African separatism. He would particularly encourage more desegregation and integration of colleges and universities such as Wake Forest, making sure that the integration is a beneficial kind involving the incorporation of two races with distinct but equally valuable attributes. "It's not right to bring a black student to Wake Forest, a white world, and give him a white man's education without any regard for the society he lives in and will have to go back to - he won't be able to function effectively in his society. But neither can you give him just a black education. You need to take society as a whole. A black man, like a white man, has certain needs and interests and a university education should be broad enough to cope with both the black world and the white world," he says.

"Once the identities are established, then you can really begin to talk about integration in a meaningful way, about an exchange of ideas on an even plane. But meanwhile, while we wait for true integration, the process of desegregation has got to go on."

What can Wake Forest do to facilitate integration? Reynolds believes subtle factors such as the liberal, Christian attitudes of faculty and students are much more valuable than any conscious efforts. But he sees a few planned steps that can be taken:

The University can continue to recruit more non-athlete blacks. Reynolds sympathizes with the black athletes here and elsewhere who have said they often feel they are accepted only as athletes, not as people. "This is part of the American tradition: you always have recognized the Negro's usefulness as being in his muscle," he says.

A good number of these students should be resident women. One of the major and Reynolds feels quite legitimate and serious complaints of the black athletes is that they have such a limited potential social life.

-The University can continue to offer courses such as Afro-American history and to recruit black professors.

Most of the progress, however, he feels will have to come through evolving attitudes, an admittedly slow process. Reynolds has some advice he would like to be able to offer to incoming freshmen:

He would warn the black student that "he may or may not be accepted here, but that by coming here he has a duty to himself first, a duty to get an education. He will be deceiving himself if he thinks people are going to give him something — in terms of favors, or grades — because he is black. Whatever he gets, he is going to have to earn, and he will probably have to work twice as hard as a white student to gain recognition."

He would urge the white student "to recognize that the black people he meets are just people like himself; that they should be treated with the same respect as any other student, and accepted as simply other students on campus.

"I would tell them that the black man on campus is not here to act as a therapy for the guilt of the white man. He's simply here to get an education. He is a human being like the white man; he cannot be otherwise."

But Reynolds is too shy, too unassuming really to preach these ideas. When he finishes in London, whether he comes back to Wake Forest or some other American school, he plans to conduct his missionary efforts primarily through the same strategy he used when he first came to Wake Forest: "Just being there and being myself."

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In August of 1969 I began an educational pilgrimage which was to take me from Princess Anne, Maryland, through the tobacco laden Piedmont of western North Carolina into the radioactive wilderness of the Savannah River Plant in Aiken and New Ellenton, South Carolina and ultimately back to the culturally diverse area that we call the Twin City. However, this journey did not originate in Princess Anne, Maryland. It had its roots in a five-room, two story old shack in the dismal swamp area of Corapeake, a small town in eastern North Carolina. It began in the oak and maple forests of the corn, soybean and peanut belt of the eastern United States. Each Saturday, as my oldest brother and I would cut wood, first with a crosscut hand saw and later with a gas powered chain saw, my father would drill into our heads that the only way for a Black man to get ahead in this world was through education. As a young man who wanted only to play on Saturdays, it is a wonder that this seemingly obsessed notion of my father’s, that education would be my savior, did not forever turn me from the hallowed halls of those educational institutions. But alas, the older I got, the more mature I became, the smarter my father seemed. I began to experience some of the discrimination that he spoke of on those cold Saturdays in the Corapeake woods. My frustrations mounted as I experienced rejection and denial of basic human rights, merely because God had chosen to bake me a little longer in His oven of race than the White American. My rejections turned to fear and later to anger. I simply could not understand how someone could do those things to me when they didn’t even know me.

But wait, there were some Blacks who seemingly were doing well. How were they able to cope with these problems? What made them different? After taking a closer look at these Blacks, I discovered that the one things that they all had in common was a college education. Some of them had come from well-to-do families, some from average families and some from the poorest families in the eastern United States, but they all had that piece of paper from an accredited university or college which had an effect of validation in a sometimes hostile environment. Then and there I decided that my father was not as dumb as I had perceived him to be. The decision to seek out education was made, and the pilgrimage had its beginning. Thus, in August of 1969, the decision to pursue graduate education at Wake Forest University, after having spent four years at predominantly Black Maryland State College in Princess Anne, Maryland, was the final leg of a pilgrimage which had been consummated in rural Corapeake, North Carolina. The last leg, however, turned out to be the most treacherous part of the journey. Up to this time I had been safe because I had attended all predominantly Black schools. Now I had embarked on a journey that was to take me into the heart of the enemy camp — the predominantly White education institution. I had chosen predominantly White schools because I wanted to show White America that I was as good as it was, that I could cope, that I could do anything that they could do. In addition, when a White institution validated a Black person, there could be no question of his or her qualifications.

When I entered Wake Forest University in the fall of 1969, the transition was more dramatic than even I had imagined. There were only 33 Blacks, total; 29 males and 4 coeds. In addition, I was a graduate student and married; therefore, I had nothing in common with these students except that I lived on campus (my wife had one year left at MSC). I found out very quickly that the education that Wake Forest was providing these first Black students was more athletic than academic. Few of the male students who were enrolled at that time were, as we called them in the old days, “students”; most were paid athletes; on scholarships, yes, but paid, nonetheless. As a group, we were totally isolated from the mainstream of the Wake Forest community. Yet, these students did well; not all of them, mind you; some were unable to cope and left. Some, the men usually, violated established southern social policies and were terminated. All of us, however, understood the tremendous advantage we had. If we could survive and come out with a degree from Wake Forest University, we would have it made. We organized the Afro-American Society, and I served as the advisor (student) because I was the only one with leadership experience. When these undergraduates discovered that I had fought toe to toe with Spiro
Agnew, I was held in awe. They all knew how bad he was, and I was regarded as some sort of positive role model. I, having remembered what my father told me in the oak woods of Corapeake, capitalized on this opportunity. I began to tell these students of the importance of a college degree. I was particularly attuned to the athletes since they were the ones most likely to see the dollar signs of a professional contract (short term gratification) rather than the long term benefits of a Wake Forest degree (long term gratification). Some listened, some didn’t. In later years I would see some of those that chose not to listen and be reminded of how great their loss had been.

As for my own professional development, I was lucky. I had chosen a department that would judge me by my intellectual abilities and the content of my character rather than by the color of my skin. Even so, the early years were quite difficult. My preparation was not nearly as good as that of the typical Wake Forest undergraduate. I got angry, annoyed, frustrated, and almost quit. But I couldn’t quit; there was too much at stake. Besides, where could I go if I quit? Everyone was depending on me. The pressure was tremendous. Not only did I have to deal with the academic pressures of being a black graduate student, the only black graduate student, I also had to deal with the feeling of rejection and denial all over again. I was like a hurricane: sometimes I was easy going, calm, serene – like the eye; other times I was a hurling gust of 100 mile an hour winds blowing in all directions, devastating everything and everyone in my path. As I learned to accept myself and develop a good self image, I began channeling this energy to positive, constructive things by using the established system. I learned the system well, and I made the system work for me. I knew that the answer to the black problems in our society would only be solved by education. All of my energies from that point to the present have been directed at destroying the inequities in that system.

I completed all of my course work for my degree in the spring of 1972. My research was conducted in rural South Carolina. Again, I was the first and only black graduate student. I felt like Rosa Parks, Martin Luther King Jr., James Meredith, Frederick Douglass, and Matthew Henson all rolled into one. Why did I have to be the black Daniel Boone or Davy Crockett? But I couldn’t turn back now, the end was in sight, only a few more miles to go and it would be over. In December of 1973 all of the field work for my degree was over, and I began writing my dissertation and applying for jobs. The response to my job inquiries was a real ego trip. Everyone wanted a black Ph.D. I didn’t know what to do. Then I got the shock of my life. Wake Forest University was interested! Why, I thought? My first response was no. I wanted to get as far away from Wake Forest as I could. There were too many unpleasant memories, I thought. After being told to think it over, my wife and I talked incessantly and repeatedly about the school. To our surprise, we found more reason to stay than to leave. I knew the problems that Wake had, I knew the people and I knew how to solve the problems. So, we decided to try it for one year. One year turned into two, and so on. It has now been six years. But deciding to stay was not easy. I knew that I would be the Black Wake Forest professor, rather than a professor who is black. I knew that no matter how good I was or how high I went in this system, that to some people I would still simply be a ‘nigger’. But I had learned how to deal with that. I knew who and what I was. My parents had made sure of that.

Things have not changed radically since the late 60’s and early 70’s. Education is still the salvation for Black America. You can take everything of material value that one has from him, but the knowledge that one possesses can never be denied him. Education is the provider of a gourmet meal of knowledge. This knowledge is the key to a treasure chest of grand opportunities. Remember that opportunity knocks but a few times in one’s lifetime. When it knocks, invite it in, make it a part of your family, your heritage — pass it on!

I know some of you may be wondering why the title from Corapeake to Advance. Well, in April of 1977 we bought a home in the Advance district. I wanted my children to grow up in the country, to experience a variety of different types of people who did different things for a living; I wanted them to be educated! Not just academic education, but educated in the ways of the world, of different peoples and of different places. For education is an awakening of the mind to a plethora of new and different vistas. I want my children to seize upon these new vistas and make them work for them, for the only way for upward mobility in this society for them is through education. Advance is a small rural town west of Winston-Salem, North Carolina. In the midst of this rural area is a large residential development — called Creekwood. Only seven black families live in this development. All of us are educated, have good jobs and are a part of the mainstream of community life. The dream of a father, that his children become an integral part of mainstream America through education, has finally been realized. It is ironic that the name of the community in which we live is the adjective which describes the plight of Black America today — Advance or Advancing — still striving for equality and parity in all aspects of American life.
Sam Ervin’s Mother Tongue:
Language and Politics Revisited

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Standing on the signal bridge of the aircraft carrier which was my home for three years in World War II, I listened carefully to the complaints of my superior. “The officers are beginning to talk like the men.” He meant, of course, enlisted men. To an Annapolis “officer and gentleman by act of Congress” (and Woodrow Wilson’s signature), the banalities and obscenities of shipboard had grown intolerable.

I agreed. (I always agreed.) It is easy to bemoan the sins of language, in wartime or in peace. It is easy to join “the lower orders” in the mindless talk of a boring voyage, and give fresh proof each day of the old aphorism that language is used to conceal thought.

Wake Forest has always resisted the debasement of language. Fifty years after they get their degrees, the men of the Half-Century Club must present two or three artifacts for the alumni office. Each man is supposed to give his reminiscences of the Old Campus, and what he has been doing since. Then we ask for his voice on tape, and if possible, a portrait or a photograph in the prime of life. It is always gratifying to receive, from busy captains of industry and outstanding lawyers, physicians, and educators, an addition to the archives: their voices, their writings, their pictures.

When the Half-Century Clubmen write, they do so with precision, and even eloquence. They recognize and appreciate good style.

I have blamed the decline in the standards of campus discourse on the dissolution of the old literary societies, the Philomathesian and the Euzelian. The times were not right, after World War II, to continue those nineteenth-century institutions. We accept certain changes, in Lincoln’s phrase, “out of the necessities of our condition.” But we did lose a feeling for words, a concern for style, when the old literary societies were absorbed in the professional forensic fraternities, finally to disappear altogether.

The contemporary Wake Forest cannot be isolated from the cultural environment. Witness the document circulated between two of our academic sovereignties: “It is in the best interests of both institutions to maximize freedom of utilization of currently available space . . .” I notice also current budget requests for at least two “word processors.” My routine reading suggested we were about to acquire new typewriters. Then I looked at the price and realized that the office machine salesman has found pomposity, if not dignity, for naming a new product. I am still trying to find out what a “word processor” can do to be worth three years’ salary for a good English major. It is a miracle of technology, but it cannot confer the gift of language.

Scholars are also touched by the relaxed standards of language. “Hopefully,” for example, is an adverb that modifies a verb, and not a utility infielder to be popped into any vacancy in the sentence. (And we have many vacant sentences!) Norman Cousins has said that ‘feeble language is the swiftest road to a feeble mentality. Academic people have been faithless to their heritage when they have tolerated illiteracy.

The day laborer may have a better excuse than the college-educated for the four-letter words that offend sensitive ears, but as the Navy Commander’s remark suggests, the intellectual is not immune from the pervasive influence of the flood of words that engulfs the senses. There is no educational divider in the toleration of foul language. Whatever sensation can make a bad movie profitable, by insuring an “X” rating, is of short duration. It will be rejected as stale and brutalizing, not only by religious guardians, but by utterly secular people as well.

The loss of precision in language must ultimately have political and economic consequences. Our diction becomes ugly and inaccurate because our thoughts are foolish; the slovenliness of our speech makes it easier for us to be foolish.

We wish for the gift of humor in hearing. The coarse talk of men at war has been mentioned. To a good listener, the experience could be an occasion for merriment, lightening the seamen’s work. The same humorous instinct helped us endure the wretched rhetoric of the recent decade. Sam Ervin called
Watergate the greatest tragedy since the Civil War. Bill Buckley said that most of us covertly enjoyed the whole gaudy show. Both may be right. Our vocabulary was altered. The word "deniability" was substituted for "alibi," the phrase "deep six" for "destroying evidence." A "shredding activity" would get rid of the evidence just as effectively. "At that point in time," the counsel for telling half the truth was to take "a modified hang-out route." A wonderful character by the name of Tony Ulasewicz, an ex-New York policeman, gave us "increments in the form of currency," for "hush money," and, of course, everyone knows that "laundering" is cashing checks in such a way that they cannot be traced, usually through Mexican banks.

The interminable hearings brought a plethora of awkward expressions borrowed from the world of the huckster, e.g., "ballpark figure," "running it up the flagpole," "time frame," "strokling session." Some of the phrases from those years were descriptive, not to say memorable: "the Berlin Wall," "stonewall," "the unindicted co-conspirator," and "expletive deleted" were useful legacies. Spiro Agnew enriched the language with "nattering nabobs of negativism," even as he infuriated the "effete snobs" of the campus. "Scenario" was an accurate label for the technique employed by high-level criminals working out their alibis in advance. The shenanigans of some of the chief characters brought accuracy to the public's understanding of Washington affairs: "CREEP," "the enemies' list," "maximum John," "the plumbers." The gestapo mentality that planned "Sedan Chair No. 2," "Gemstone," and "Sandwedge" was plainly revealed in the "dirty tricks" of 1972. "The silent majority" meant a particular coalition of Nixon's "people out there" who were not impressed by the intellectuals who opposed his way of doing things. With his remarkable talent for inventve, the deposed President contrived clever slogans to confuse and confound his critics. Good citizens supported the "peace forces" [the police], or else they gave aid and comfort to the "criminal forces," sometimes the children of respected citizens, demonstrating against the war in Vietnam.

Nixon's tormentors were not bad in returning the missives. Senator Ervin's answer to the claims of executive privilege was succinct and effective: "executive poppycock," "Tricky Dick" could never be lived down. I Am Not a Crook became the derisive title of an Art Buchwald book. "Specificity" was only one contribution of the Rodino Committee to the education of Americans. "Twisting slowly, slowly in the wind" dramatized the danger of dissent from executive arrogance.

I am eager to add H.R. Haldeman's book to my lengthening shelf that records this bizarre era. In no sector of life was Watergate so destructive as to the language. Haldeman's White House was supposed to run by a "zero defects system." That's the way we would like to run Wake Forest: not to perfection, just with "zero defects."

More pompous phrases crowded our ears: "end-use allocation" seemed to refer to rationing. The wiretap became a "telephonic interception device." "Executive privilege" meant total immunity. "Counterproductive" meant it won't work.

Viet Nam was another disaster for language. When a neutron bomb is described as a "radiation enhancement weapon" (it's the one that kills people but saves property); when an assassination team becomes a "health alteration committee;" when "incursion" means making war, and "pacification" means killing — we are well on our way to 1984. We now know that the "protective reaction strikes" of that unpopular war were, in fact, aggressive bombings; to Lieutenant Calley and his defenders, "wasting was careless target-shooting in Oriental villages; "destabilization" concealed the fact that another country's economy or politics had been destroyed.

I am deeply concerned that the euphemisms of Viet Nam and the Madison Avenue argot of Watergate seem to have passed easily into the language, and perhaps debased it forever. Word-watchers will appreciate the historic uses of "Deep Throat," "Saturday Night Massacre," and "Rosemary's Baby." With luck, we may see the return to their original meanings of such words and phrases as "plumbers," "scenario," "tilt," "game-plan" and "smoking gun."

Let us not blame it all on the generals in Viet Nam, or the copywriters on Madison Avenue, or the poor, hapless witnesses trying to make themselves understood by Sam Ervin and a hundred million American televiewers. We in education are also guilty. We use terms like "critical mass" and "shortfall" and "input" and "interface." I notice that the buzz words of the moment are "throughput" and "parameters." They are not intended to communicate anything; they hide our true intent and reveal our laziness in expressing ourselves.

This has been a poor era in which to seek models, whether in public life, in churches, in schools, or in literature. When language becomes an instrument of deceit, the honest relations of life are thwarted. Once I spoke of the poverty of language expressed in the profanity that has ruined many an athletic contest. Of one event I said we were humiliated on the field, and lost in the stands, as well. Who would want to win the contest for violence in speech? It is the verbal equivalent of physical assault, and often far more lasting in its ill effects. The old couplet is surely wrong:
Sticks and stones may break your bones,
But words can never hurt you.

Words can inspire massacres. In a generation whose opinions are largely moulded by the newspapers, the films, the radio and television, powerful forces are competing for the minds of the masses. Tastes, standards, ambitions and responses tend to be stereotyped. Name-calling becomes an effective tool of slander. Great damage is inflicted when human beings are ticketed with inhuman labels: crank, heretic, fool, knave, bigot, racist.

Governmental violence to the language has not ended. At a recent conference in neighboring Virginia, the business leaders of the country heard the new Secretary of Education explain the problems of the schools. "Due to changing demographics and stagflation, the synergistic impact of the education system flowing into the industrial system is breaking apart . . . . The private sector has to intervene with a number of interventions beginning in junior high school . . . . If we are going to have synergism continue, the private sector has to get into the business of developing innovating structures and assist in a variety of joint-venturing." The Secretary may be excused, as the victim of transcontinental jet lag. She has just arrived from California where, it is said, she was once a judge.

Another Senatorial Sam is S. I. Hayakawa of California. He was a fine linguistics scholar before he grew famous in college administration and politics. His unending battle was against pomposity. "I seen him when he done it" has grammatical faults, but its meaning is perfectly clear. The direct speech of the unlettered citizen is much better than the murky pretensions of many of us in the universities. So Hayakawa proclaims.

Memory provides pleasant contrasts from those mid-century leaders who were masters of language. Winston Churchill: "Forbidding a preposition to end the sentence is a form of pedantry up with which I will not put." And his American counterpart was dismayed that a supervisor ordered metal signs for all federal buildings: "Illumination is required to be extinguished before these premises are vacated." FDR changed it to "Turn out the lights when you leave." By such small corrections reason is regained, and the academic community spared the sinister prospects of the Newspeak and Doublespeak of George Orwell's 1984.

My friends, the hour is late, and I am sure this jeremiad grows tiresome, but my message is hopeful. The process is reversible! To think clearly is the necessary first step towards political regeneration. So the fight against bad English is not frivolous, nor is it the exclusive concern of professional writers.

It is a time of relative quiescence, so let us move to restore the traditions and strengthen the English language. We have been spared much of the rhetoric of extremism in recent years. We have recovered some of our energy. We are no longer intimidated by the ugly talk of the Depression years, of the McCarthy years, of the Watergate years. It is a good time for a fresh start.
The following is the text of a speech given by Provost Wilson at the Faculty Newcomers Dinner, September, 1979.

In September, 1952 newcomers to the Wake Forest faculty were welcomed at a party on the lawn of President Tribble's home in the village of old Wake Forest. As I recall, it was a warm Sunday afternoon, and there was a short receiving line. I was not a newcomer myself—I had arrived the year before—and, in fact, there were only a handful of new faculty members.

It is strange what, after twenty-seven years, I remember from that September afternoon. Betty May Tribble, the President's college-age daughter, brought me a glass of punch. Willard Hamrick, one of the newcomers, was especially dapper that day—dressed in an all-white suit, I think. C.H. Richards, Paul Robinson, and Mary Frances McFeeters—all three of them just beginning their careers at Wake Forest—were on the lawn. I talked with C.H. about the Eisenhower-Stevenson election less than two months away and with Paul about his preferences in organ music. I was especially glad to meet Mary Frances. Women faculty members were few—far too few—in those days, and as a bachelor I greeted eagerly each new female recruit. Dean Carroll Weathers of the Law School, with that characteristic grace of his which envelops so warmly friends both old and new, asked about my summer travels. Lucille Aycock, who like her husband was an active participant in many worth-while things on the old campus, told me about some of the freshmen she had met who were enrolled in one of my classes. And Professor Jasper Memory, unsurpassed in this enthusiasm for Wake Forest, heralded the glory of this institution I had already come to love and revere.

My classes that fall, two of freshmen and two of sophomores, met in the Alumni Building, that square, half-century-old three-story building which had once been the Medical School—Dr. Folk swore that skeletons were still buried under the steps leading to the first floor—and which now served Physics and English. Physics, with its mysterious tools and apparatuses and formulas, was assigned the first floor and part of the second, and, except when we had a chance to talk with the infinitely delightful physics chairman, Dr. Bill Speas, we English teachers hurried to our quarters further up—toward heaven, we used to say, and not altogether in jest.

For the upper reaches of the Alumni Building—creaky, cramped, and cluttered—were, to some of us, if not paradise, then at least, to borrow a phrase from a Chapel Hill writer, the "southern part of heaven." How could it have been otherwise in a department that embraced at the same time the intellectual wit of a Broadus Jones, the persuasive style of an Edgar Folk, the searching scholarship of a Henry Snuggs, the generosity and versatility of a Lewis Aycock, the practical wisdom of a Franklin Shirley, the humor and sensitivity of a Justus Drake, the firm gentleness of a Beulah Raynor, the unwavering integrity of a D.A. Brown? I would not exaggerate my affection for these men and women by suggesting that they were "giants in the earth"; I would pay tribute to them simply as human beings whose passions were rooted deeply in a love of learning and a love of students and colleagues.

That fall on the "old" campus, we knew that after only four more years we would be saying goodbye forever to the Alumni Building and the rock wall and Lea Laboratory and the old well and the archway and to the little town where we went for our mail and our movies and hamburgers. In the late 1940's there might have been some doubt that the move to Winston-Salem would ever take place, but on October 15, 1951, ground had been broken at what is now Wait Chapel, and the spade had been held by none other than President Harry Truman himself, a man who always meant what he said and did. Students and faculty had come by bus and car to hear the President, and, though it was hard to believe, we knew that the broad and empty Reynolda fields where we stood would some day be our home.

Twenty-eight years later, this is our home. The Alumni Building is gone, and among the residents of old Wake Forest only a few retired professors and their wives and a dwindling number of townspeople
can remember, when they walk through the campus, what it was like there on a fall Saturday afternoon when the paths were crowded with students and their dates, with alumni, talking and singing on their way to the stadium. *Ubi sunt qui ante nos in mundo fuerunt?*

And we have changed, too. The college girl who brought me punch that day is Betty May Barnett, my neighbor on Royall Drive; she has a daughter Amy who is a junior at Wake Forest. Williard Hamrick, C.H. Richards, and Mary Frances McFeeters, who married fellow newcomer Paul Robinson, have all been department chairmen. Of the teachers in that 1952 English department only Franklin Shirley and I are still here and active; and now that he is in the Speech department, I find to my consternation that, though I still feel young, I am, in years of service, the senior member of the English faculty. Happily, Dean Weathers, Professor Memory, and Mrs. Aycock, though retired, are still familiar and regular visitors to the campus.

Tonight, as we feast in a room that by old campus standards would have seemed palatial, and as we welcome newcomers from places far and near — men and women who find even this campus strange and who, most of them, are too young to remember a 1952 or a President Truman — I would not want recklessly to romanticize the past or to imply that Wake Forest's history is a panorama of unrelieved glory. I admit to having been happy here, and I can say for myself that the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places. Once, in an April Fool's edition of *Old Gold and Black*, there was a story about the tower of Wait Chapel's having fallen into the plaza, crushing much of that end of the campus. The reporter allegedly asked me for my reaction to this campus disaster and quoted me as saying among the rubble "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." This student's satiric insights were sharp, and I accept the implications. I am, I confess, an optimist.

But if the character of Wake Forest has been forged by men and women at peace with their neighbors and their students, it has also been shaped by men and women in conflict with themselves and with one another. Life here has been sweet, but it has also sometimes been troubled. And when we have found harmony, we have done so in the midst of tensions that are beyond our talents fully to resolve.

For example, in our academic programs we quarrel about whether Wake Forest is committed more to teaching or to research. What is the ideal for a Wake Forest faculty newcomer? The traditional "teacher" who prepares his courses carefully, who lectures and conducts seminars with earnestness and vitality, who counsels his students, who serves faithfully on committees, who is devoted to the corporate life of the institution? Or the research scholar who, though attentive to the needs of his students and the University, is most inspired when in the loneliness of library or laboratory he confronts materials and ideas and forces them to a form within his understanding and who is fulfilled only when, through publication, his findings become available to the professional world beyond the campus?

A fortunate few may succeed both as teacher and as research scholar, but most of us are giants no more than our predecessors were, and we find that we must choose, and we wonder what the University would have us choose. And the University, in the midst of alternative ideals, must often seem uncertain.

To those who are bewildered by what Wake Forest stands for, I would suggest that at different times it stands for both ideals, attainable occasionally in the same person but, more often, within the total personnel of a department or within the collective faculty itself. Therein lies a partial explanation of the kind of institution Wake Forest is. We are a small liberal arts college in the traditional mold, and therefore we stress teaching and commitment to students, and we function as a community in which we are curious about one another as persons and about the workings and fabric of the University itself. At the same time, almost alone among American universities of our size, we have given birth to a law school, a medical school, a management school, and limited graduate programs in some of the arts and sciences, and therefore we require for our academic integrity not only the practice of research but the achievements of research. We have thus tried to be both the old-fashioned college and the modern university, and the allegiance of our faculty and staff understandably vary according to their own determination of which description is more valid. There is disagreement within departments, between departments, within the administration, and between faculty and administration, and tensions arise which are relieved only partly by the kinds of compromises between goals that inevitably occur when conflict exists at the very heart of the institution. I would argue, however, that, out of this conflict, and in spite of strains and misunderstandings, Wake Forest, with each year that passes, is stronger in research and in teaching and is not only more fully committed to academic excellence but more widely recognized as being so. We have been, and we must continue to be, both persistent and patient.

Newcomers to Wake Forest are puzzled also by the paradox in our athletic program. How can an institution as relatively small and selective as Wake Forest compete on the football field in a conference composed otherwise of six major public universities
and one private university larger and richer than we? The answer to the question lies ultimately in our nineteenth century history. In 1888 the first football game in North Carolina was played between Wake Forest and Chapel Hill. (Incidentally, Wake Forest won 6-4.) On that day rivalries were established which ninety-one years of frustration and disappointment have not diminished. Generations of Wake Forest students have come to college, graduated, worked, lived, and died in a world where competition within the Big Four was as regular a part of the annual calendar as Halloween and Thanksgiving. Most Wake Forest alumni, even in the aftermath of a crushing defeat, would not have it otherwise. In 1953, when the old Southern Conference was being divided, Wake Forest went with Carolina and Duke into the new Atlantic Coast Conference rather than staying with Davidson and Washington and Lee in a league of smaller schools. By doing so, we guaranteed a continuation of conflict - not just on fields and in arenas but within ourselves: about our purposes and about the proper role of athletics in a university that wants, above all else, academic recognition. On the other hand, we have captured the imagination of the public as a school more ambitious athletically than it has a right to be and more successful, especially if in recent years one thinks of basketball and golf, than could ever have been expected. And, paradoxically, our academic reputation has grown and our admissions standards have become far more selective, even in comparison with most other Southern schools that voted, so to speak, to remain athletically pure.

No less perplexing than academic and athletic problems are our relations with the Baptists. This morning's front page brought you a report on a historic decision made by the Trustees just yesterday. Most of you newcomers are not Baptists, and it must puzzle you that Wake Forest is so preoccupied with a denomination that can seem superficially so hostile and so intrusive. You will hear, in this intellectually sophisticated community, much that is unfriendly or even snide about the Baptist connection.

Because the unattractive aspects of the church relationship may often be emphasized, let me tonight pay tribute to this remarkable denomination. A non-Baptist myself, I marvel at Baptists' commitment to education, their generosity to their schools, their sense of mission. And during the last twelve months I have been impressed again and again, as I think any one of you would have been, by the honesty and the wisdom of thirty-six Trustees, all Baptists, who in spite of conflicts within themselves, have acted as courageously and with as much freedom from denominational bias as any group of able men and women that might have been assembled anywhere regardless of belief. If you are inclined to think that some of the narrow and provincial attitudes of Wake Forest can be attributed to the Baptists, let it also be said that we owe to them much of what is most noble about the school: a belief in the autonomy, the preciousness of the individual human being; a commitment to freedom of thought and speech, even when it brings pain and notoriety; a healthy suspicion of establishments and of secular authority; a sturdy sense of democracy; a belief in high thinking and plain living. Thanks in large part to our Baptist heritage, Wake Forest is still in touch with ordinary people and with ancient religious and moral ideals.

It must seem to you that my speech tonight is a joining together of two unrelated parts: my sentimental recollections of a Wake Forest that is gone, and my pragmatic analysis of a Wake Forest that is here and now. Was the past as joyful as I pretend, and is the present as full of conflict as I have implied?

Thirty years ago, even on the old campus of sacred memories, we lived with the same tensions that trouble Wake Forest now. As a younger English instructor, I asked myself, every time a class of mine increased by five or ten students or I was appointed to a committee or nominated to be adviser to a student organization, where will all this lead to? Will that dissertation of mine ever become a book? And when I made my annual summer pilgrimage to Massachusetts to see my incredibly prolific graduate adviser, he would always say, "How many articles have you written this past year?" And I would tell him what a lovely place Wake Forest was on a crisp October afternoon.

With the paradox of athletics at Wake Forest I had been familiar since my own student years. I can recall coming back from a game in Chapel Hill, standing in the back part of an open truck in the pouring-down rain: defeated, dejected, thoroughly miserable and thoroughly wet, the only new hat my mother ever bought me ruined forever by hours of drenching rains. I never wore that hat again, but my spirits recovered, and next fall we came back with the kind of revenge victory that happens often enough to keep Wake Foresters forever hopeful and - I hope the word is right - a little sly.

And the Baptist Convention? You newcomers should have been at Wake Forest when we couldn't dance on the campus, and the closest glass of beer, if you wanted one, was several miles away, beyond the city limits. Oh, I remember the angry editorials and columns I wrote for Old Gold and Black, and the time when some of the students announced that they were going to have a dance anyway. President Kitchin asked them to please not to, and they capitulated. Our rebellions were always gentle and easily subdued.
And so we walked instead of dancing, and maybe our legs have never been as limber as they might have been, but our minds did dance now and then, and on a day like the one we have had today in Winston-Salem, I didn't much care what anyone else, anywhere else, said or did.

No — not all that much has changed — really. It seems to you newcomers, I am sure, that we administrators and tenured faculty members, whatever tensions still inhabit us, do have it made, that at least we have security. But for every measure of serenity we may appear to have won, we may well have lost that much in flexibility, in exuberance, in passion. If you envy us our comforts, we envy you those long extra years that still await you. To every thing, as the preacher said, there is a season, and having seen three seasons come and two seasons go, I am baffled to say which is best.

You time here will not always be happy. You will be annoyed by your students, irritated by your colleagues, outraged by the administration, battered by confusion and doubt. But there is joy to be found here too. Wake Forest is a good school; at its best, it is a humane and decent community. I, for one, do not know any place I would rather be. May you newcomers have an exciting and a blessed first year, and may you, now and then, be surprised by the joy that Wake Forest is capable of giving to those who love her.

Spondaic Dimeter at the Tangerine Bowl

Lake Dot
Ho-Jo
Bee-Line
Gate Four
Half-Back
Pop Corn
Cold Beer
Rah-Rah

*Evelyn Byrd Tribble*
*Class of '80*

Thoidy-Thoid and Thoid

I still laugh at the time
when her first y'all
Slipped from those yankee lips and
Her eyes widened in surprise,
Crinkling into dark brown smiles
As Scarlet from the Bronx
Belled

*Robin Byrd*
*Class of '80*
The Demon Deacon: A Proud Tradition

Probably no aspect of Wake Forest athletics hold more fascination or lore than the simple nickname of the school’s athletic teams — the Demon Deacons. That’s right. Demon Deacons.

When heard by outsiders for the first time the nickname always draws a double take. And why not? While most of a school’s athletic tradition has to be shared in some way with its competitors (when Auburn and Clemson play each other, it’s the Tigers vs. the Tigers or the Wildcats vs. the Wildcats when Davidson meets Kentucky, or Villanova), the Demon Deacon nickname is something that holds true uniqueness for Wake Forest fans and alumni.

And while there are any number of ways to dress a Tiger, there is only one way to dress a Demon Deacon — with distinction. At least that’s what Jack Baldwin thought in 1941 upon receiving a dare to be the Wake Forest mascot. Until Baldwin took up a fraternity brother’s challenge, Wake Forest had a nickname but no figure to personify the spirit of the Demon Deacon.

The school had gained its nickname in 1922 when a gentleman named Hank Garrity, Sr. took over coaching the college’s athletic teams and revived the Deacon athletic program, which had fallen on hard times. As the Deacons started recording wins on a regular basis, the existing nicknames of “Baptists” and “Old Gold and Black” did not seem to capture the new spirit of Wake Forest athletics. When the Deacons pulled a particularly satisfying win off over rival Duke, sports editor Mayon Parker of Ahoskie searched for a new phrase to describe the “devilish” spirit that marked the athletic teams. He found that description in “Demon Deacon.”

Wake Forest news director Henry Belk picked up Parker’s new name for the Deacons and began using it in the school’s news releases. Soon the name Demon Deacon had become a familiar term with all sports fans.

Nevertheless, that’s all it remained — just a name. Then came Baldwin leading the Deacons on the field against North Carolina. He was dressed in top hat, tails and umbrella, riding the Carolina ram, and while his fraternity brothers roared with laughter at the sight of him, no one realized that the Deacons would never play again without their Demon Deacon. A joke was to become an institution.

Here was a truly unique mascot, one which seemed a step above the Tigers, Gam-cocks, Eagles, and Wildcats of the world. “We tried to make him a little more dignified than other mascots,” Baldwin says, “so we dressed up like you would expect an old Baptist Deacon would dress up.”

When Baldwin left, there were people in line waiting to carry on the tradition of the Deacon, each adding his own personal character and flavor to the tradition. Jimmy DeVos ’55 of Libertyville, Illinois sent shock waves through a Bowman Gray crowd one afternoon when he dropped his pants — only to reveal a pair of Bermuda shorts. Ray Whitley ’57 introduced the art of goal post climbing to the Deacon tradition.

However, probably no Deacon ever contributed more than Bill Shepherd ’60 of Linville, N.C. From answering the Auburn fans’ cry of “War Eagle” with his own of “Turkey Buzzard” to hitting “the shot heard around the state,” Shepherd was a genius at eliciting crowd support for the Wake Forest cause.

*The Student* magazine caught the significance of the Deacon in the mid-sixties as Hap Bulger ’65 of Vienna, Va. amused and delighted crowds while the Decon football teams were struggling on the field. “This Debonair Deacon,” said *The Student*, “represents a spirit of spunk that cannot be contained in one loss or ten.”

And that is the spirit that has prevailed into the Seventies. Once again the Deacon teams have fallen on to difficult times, but the spirit of the Deacon remains. This year Jeff Dobbs of Jamaica, N.Y. is the embodiment of that spirit, constantly encouraging and entertaining the crowd so that people will know that the spirit of Wake Forest athletics prevails even when talent is not as strong as students and alumni would like for it to be. That’s the kind of spirit that has carried Wake Forest athletics through other “down” years as well as making the good years on the field more satisfying and enjoyable — that’s the spirit of the Wake Forest Demon Deacons.

Homecoming Program, October 26, 1976
It's almost impossible to believe Brian Piccolo is dead. "Pie" fought and won so many battles in his short life that we all thought, somehow, he'd manage another miracle and win this battle, too.

I first met Pie in the fall of 1964 when I was a freshman at Wake Forest University. Wake isn't the biggest place in the world, but it's big enough to cause a naive, somewhat frightened freshman suffering through his first college registration to get lost.

There were a lot of upperclassmen milling around the registration area, greeting each other and reviewing the just-past summer. All the footballers were there, hurrying to register before reporting for a hot September afternoon practice.

One well-tanned, dark-haired senior player took time out to help this lost freshman. He wasn't asked to help; he just walked over, noticing with a grin the obviously confused look on my face, and volunteered to show me around.

I didn't know the guy's name at the time, but someone told me that he was Brian Piccolo, Wake's senior fullback, and that I'd be hearing a lot from Pie during the football season.

I did hear a lot from Pie, too, and the more I heard and saw, the more I respected the man that wore the old gold and black jersey with the number 41 across the front of it.

I remember the announcement late in 1969 that Pie would miss the remaining five games because of surgery to remove a growth in his chest. This was a shock to his fans, but we were used to seeing Pie winning battles. We were sure he would win this one, too.

Thus, Tuesday's announcement of his death was even more of a shock of us.

Somehow, though, I like to think that Pie won this battle, too. Death might have taken Brian Piccolo from this life, but Pie was a winner throughout his life.

He must have been a winner in death, too.

### BRIAN PICCOLO

Brian Piccolo, one of the greatest athletes in Wake Forest history, died of cancer June 16 in New York's Memorial Hospital for Cancer and Allied Diseases. He was buried three days later in Saint Mary's Cemetery in Chicago after a requiem Mass at Christ the King Roman Catholic Church.

The 26-year-old football star is survived by his wife, Joy, and three young daughters. He is also survived by lingering admiration for his courageous spirit, which was evidenced even more in his final battle against death than in his life's many contests on the football field. The University athletic department plans to establish some sort of memorial, although the details have not yet been worked out.

Excerpts from a few of the many tributes to Piccolo are reprinted on this page.

To an Athlete Dying Young

From the Winston-Salem Journal

June 17, 1970

The death of young athletes carries an added burden of grief — that one so young, so full of vitality and strength loses in the struggle for life.

Brian Piccolo, who was a football player of All-America stature at Wake Forest, is dead at the age of 26. Piccolo was the tougher-than-nails-back, the gutsy player who faced a line which towered over him, and ground out the yardage time and time again. The greatness of his playing dramatizes the irony of his death: young Piccolo seemed so durable, so sturdy that he was the man invariably called on to get the first down. When Brian was a senior he led the nation in scoring as a back and in rushing. He was voted ACC Player of the Year. In the past decade when football success was at low ebb for Wake Forest, the name and record of Brian Piccolo almost alone added victory and lustre. After graduation he broke into the pro line-up, signing as a free agent with the Chicago Bears.

Fans watched him on and off the football field. On Saturday afternoons he brought crowds to their feet with his runs. But all during the week at Wake Forest he was admired and loved by his classmates, some of whom admitted to outright hero-worship. He was an immensely popular student, an outstanding speaker; his appearance in theatre productions always gave the audiences the special pleasure of seeing a fine athlete become a real artist. A classmate recalls with particular tenderness Piccolo's being moved almost to tears by a reading of Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality From Recollections of Early Childhood."

Piccolo's Bear teammate, Gale Sayers, perhaps voiced the most fitting epitaph last month when he was presented an award as pro football's most courageous player by the New York Football Writers. The trophy should not have gone to him at all, Sayers said, it should have gone to Brian Piccolo. "Compare his courage with that I am supposed to possess," Sayers told the writers, then later gave the trophy to Piccolo.

Brain Piccolo lost the final battle to cancer, but throughout his young life he played the classic role of a winner. His immortality is etched in the memories of those who cheered him, of his wife and young children who survive, in the records he established for the school he loved, and in the strength and character of all young athletes who are brave both in victory and in loss.
James McDougald Goes Out in Style

Pat Gainey
Director of Sports Information

Here is a Wake Forest success story which is already legend.

Take a youngster from rural Robeson County who learned to run on rutted dirt roads and through plowed fields, have him recruited by former NFL great Beattie Feathers, and watch him emerge four years later as the all-time leading Deacon rusher and scorer.

Mix his dreams of success with adversity and his rise to greatness parallels the rise of Deacon football from a cellar-dweller to a bowl participant. Make him active in campus affairs and give him family and home ties which have grown stronger each passing year. And give this youngster a disarming humility to balance his certain knowledge that success is the natural off-spring of hard work.

This is James McDougald — a story of much more than numbers and statistics — a tribute to the belief that dreams can and do come true.

* * *

NOVEMBER 10, 1979

James McDougald is crying, standing in the middle of miserable cold rain at Groves Stadium before the Deacon faithful. He has just played his final home game of a brilliant career. He is tired, muddy, aching. Behind him is a 213 yard performance. The Deacons had just dispatched Duke in the mud 17-14 on the strength of two McDougald touchdowns and key rushing to set up a dramatic winning field goal. He had closed his home stand the way you would have expected with a memorable performance and a win.

The emotional release as the Deacs sing their fight song is a celebration of eight wins and the knowledge that neither the rains of this day nor the passing of future time will erode his place in that precious but elusive arena of success. He has not reached all his goals but a chapter is closing in a style not unlike the way his Deacon career began.

“Oh, here’s to Wake Forest, a glass of the finest...”

The singing continues as the emotion of the moment sweeps with the wind across the John Mackovic team. Tears rim the eyes of most players, the memories of coaches race back to days when the sun shone on their own careers. And this team was searching for their place in the sun as their senior running back and leader looked at the destiny of his career and saw success.

OCTOBER 9, 1977

McDougald had burst onto the Deacon football scene with a couple of big gainers against N.C. State and Vanderbilt earlier in the season and there were murmurings about when he would crack the starting lineup. This was the day that was for the Maxton freshman.

In his first varsity start he streaked and pounded for 249 yards on 45 carries to etch his name in the recordbook for the first time. After that game Deacon coach Chuck Mills fired up his traditional postgame cigar and gladly met the press. Off to one side stood the record breaking McDougald with his first full blown post-game press conference. Writers crowded around him and pinned him against the fence.

“I could not have done it without the blocking,” McDougald was saying. “They should get all the credit, especially Stan Rolark.”

His name rocketed across the Southlands as the top freshman around, the youngster who would lead the Deacs out of the wilderness. He closed that season as ACC Rookie of the Year, all-conference, and, with 1,018 yards rushing. He was only the fourth freshman in NCAA history to scamper for more than 1,000 yards and became the first ACC player to eclipse that mark.

DECEMBER 22, 1979

The four years a freshman thinks will never end have passed for McDougald as he closes his career at the Tangerine Bowl in Orlando, Fla. The fact that the Deacs are playing that prestigious twelfth game of the season is a tribute to the singleminded purposefulness of McDougald and the dedication of Mackovic to the powers of positive thinking.

The game had ended with the Deacs on the short end of a 34-10 verdict. McDougald has rushed for 63 yards on 15 carries. Deacon alumnus Arnold Palmer has visited the quiet dressing room and has spoken to the team, congratulating them on their successful season and their long journey in just a season’s time. McDougald is quiet, reflective, slow to remove
the 40 jersey for the last time. He gathered himself and prepared for the final post-game interviews of his collegiate career. Tim Stevens of the Raleigh Times captured him his way:

"James McDougald sank to the floor, his head leaning against the cinderblocks and sat down. His eyes stared straight ahead, but he did not notice the bustle surrounding him in the Wake Forest dressing room.

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"'This was the big time. LSU could just go out and play football, it has been to bowl games before. But for us the pressure was really on. We didn't know how to react. We were thinking bowl, LSU was thinking football.

"'I think it's important to see where we are now and where we came from,' he said. 'Tonight we didn't win, but eight wins this season and a bowl bid was beyond what most people who aren't on the team expected.

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"Outside in the darkness of early Sunday morning," wrote Stevens, "some of McDougald's teammates were already greeting friends. McDougald would join them later, but first he had four years of recollections to review. All in all, it wasn't an unpleasant task."

It's a long way from Maxton to Orlando via ACC wars but James McDougald had made the trip and along the way had captured the essence of Wake Forest football and returned it to the top.

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While McDougald was rewriting the Deacon rushing marks on the field he was earning another, and perhaps the more important, name for himself in the classroom and across the Wake Forest campus.

The stories abound but the one that is most memorable has to do with a youngster who knew McDougald but had never met him. He sent the Deacon senior an invitation to his birthday party, never expecting the Deacon star would attend. But on a Sunday afternoon McDougald took time from his schedule to be at the party. It's a touch too often missing.

He often said throughout his Deacon career that the education he was receiving at Wake Forest was of paramount importance and that he was not a jock espousing the in-house party line. He was a youngster who had seen the value of an education, who involved himself in the student honor council and relished the opportunity to teach 52 sixth graders at Hall-Woodard Elementary School in Winston-Salem. He joined the Theta Chi fraternity and made sure that he did not rest his future on his ability to play football.

"Most of all, I've always wanted to be noted as me — for what I work for and stand for — and not be put on a pedestal as an athlete," he has said. "I figure the best way to do that is to get out and meet the people as myself, James McDougald. Joining the fraternity and honor council helped me do that. I ran for honor council to show others that athletes are people — we do other things than just go out on the field."

Coach John Mackovic's philosophy hinges on the belief that good things happen to those who work hard and put themselves in a position to make good things happen. Throughout the 1979 football season he left a note on a blackboard where Deacon athletes eat saying, "Success is not a destination, it is a journey."

McDougald puts that and his fundamental work ethic together in such a manner that just a brief time of talking with this talented youngster teaches you he will not be denied if he has anything to do with it. He carries with him from Wake Forest an education, a reputation as an outstanding athlete, and a powerful belief "that positive thinking — just masses of it — can do anything."

And as you watch him walk down the hall with an armful of books you know you were lucky to have known him for here is the kind of man it's all about.

The James McDougald Scholarship was established in 1980. While the fund will be held in trust by the University for the first ten years, it will be awarded by a committee of citizens from Maxton, McDougald's hometown, to be used at any accredited college or university. After ten years the scholarship will be awarded by Wake Forest to one of its students with those from the Maxton area (Robeson and Scotland counties) receiving first preference.
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"Most of all, I've always wanted to be noted as
me — for what I work for and stand for — and not be
put on a pedestal as an athlete," he has said. "I figure
the best way to do that is to get out and meet the
people as myself, James McDougald. Joining the
fraternity and honor council helped me do that. I ran
for honor council to show others that athletes are
people — we do other things than just go out on the
field."

Coach John Mackovic's philosophy hinges on
the belief that good things happen to those who work
hard and put themselves in a position to make good
things happen. Throughout the 1979 football season
he left a note on a blackboard where Deacon athletes
eat saying, "Success is not a destination, it is a
journey."

McDougald puts that and his fundamental work
ethic together in such a manner that just a brief time
of talking with this talented youngster teaches you he
will not be denied if he has anything to do with it. He
carries with him from Wake Forest an education, a
reputation as an outstanding athlete, and a powerful
belief "that positive thinking — just masses of it —
can do anything."

And as you watch him walk down the hall with
an armful of books you know you were lucky to have
known him for here is the kind of man it's all about.

The James McDougald Scholarship was
established in 1980. While the fund will be
held in trust by the University for the first ten
years, it will be awarded by a committee of
citizens from Maxton, McDougald's
hometown, to be used at any accredited
college or university. After ten years the
scholarship will be awarded by Wake Forest
to one of its students with those from the
Maxton area (Robeson and Scotland counties)
receiving first preference.
It is said that many of you are very practical men and women. Many of you are seriously concerned to get an education that will enable you to DO something. (I might add parenthetically that DOing something seems to mean different things to different people. For some people, being able to DO something means being able to serve humanity. For others, it seems to mean primarily being able to live in the high rent district in Scarsdale or some such place. But that is a subject for another time.)

Evidence of this practical concern is the rush we have seen in recent years to the professions: law, medicine, engineering, and the like. At the same time, there are the standard jokes about the useless "Artsies," a term of endearment that may be directed at you by the learned students in the colleges of Human Ecology, Agriculture and Life Sciences, and others. Perhaps, therefore, we should consider for a few minutes just what an Arts College education is good for and what you might reasonably expect to DO with it.

It is of course obvious that the Arts College could give one the training necessary to become a professional mathematician, physicist, historian, literary critic, and a great many other things. But let us pass quickly over the obvious to a much more general point with equally practical applications. Very few of you will choose ways of life in which it will not be at the very least helpful if not essential to use the English language effectively. In fact, most of the kinds of professional training to which you are likely to aspire will amount to relatively little if they are not coupled with an ability to speak and write well. And although there are some rules that can be learned in connection with these skills, the skills themselves cannot be learned simply from recipe books. They are learned thoroughly only by doing some of the things that we shall most often be asking you to do in the next four years: reading good books, thinking about them carefully, and writing about them and related matters frequently. Whether you wish to describe a chemical reaction, win a case in court, instruct your own or someone else's child, or even sell a new and better vacuum cleaner, there will be no substitute for your having absorbed carefully the works of great writers on a wide variety of subjects. Let me hasten to add, however, that my principal hope in this regard is that you will strive for some measure of elegance in the use of words simply for its own sake. But that too is a subject for later.

Of course, it will not be possible to learn to write well in the absence of some ability to think. Thinking is the greatest practical skill of them all, and this is certainly one of the most fundamental things that one can DO with an Arts College education. Naturally, everyone thinks in one way or another, with or without and Arts College education. But there are a great many modes of thinking, and these can be combined with varying amounts of understanding and imagination. The next four years will offer you an unparalleled opportunity to explore some of these modes of thought, to deepen your powers of understanding, and to stimulate your imaginations in unimagined ways. It will be a period in which the principal thing asked of you will be that you experience as profoundly as possible some of the greatest intellectual and artistic monuments that humankind has produced, that you bring to bear on these monuments and on the principles and predicaments from which they sprang the full extent of your own intellectual and artistic powers, and that you strive to imagine the ways in which humankind might carry on. If you will but permit it, this opportunity will develop in you a flexibility and a sensitivity that will enrich every aspect of your lives. For the art of living consists at the outset in seeing just how many parts to life there can be and just how many different ways those parts can be made to fit together.

If there is a single faculty that is most likely to benefit from an Arts College education it is the imagination. Imagination, furthermore, is fundamentally the most useful of your faculties, for there is no career or profession in which imagination does not separate the sheep from the goats. Narrow training in a specialized field will help you solve narrow and specialized problems. A creative imagination, however, stretched and formed by the richness and diversity that the Arts College offers—that is worth more than any amount of professional training. At the very least, no amount of training can make up for a lack of imagination. This is not to say that there is anything wrong with receiving training in one of the professions. After all, society needs trained professionals of many kinds. But society needs...
sensitive and imaginative professionals if it is not to choke on its own technical accomplishments.

Some of you may already know just which biology courses you must take to get into medical school. You have your heads down and your tails in the air like sprinters waiting for the gun. To you, let me say only that hardening of the arteries begins soon enough, and you should try not to rush it. At the very least, try to ensure that when you walk out of medical school or some comparable institution you know something of the best that is in the human spirit as well as the wonders that are in the human plumbing.

Amid all of this talk of professions, there are doubtless many of you who haven't the slightest idea what you will major in, let alone what you will DO. Recent emphasis on the professions may in fact make you uneasy. My advice to you is not to let anyone push you around. Take your time and explore as much of this college as you can. As I just said to my professional friends, hardening of the arteries will begin soon enough. If you are secretly concerned primarily about the practical problem of how to earn a living, let me say that a keen imagination will show you a great many ways to do that. Furthermore, earning a living is only a part of what you will DO in life. In fact, preparing yourself to earn a living may be distinctly less important for most of you than preparing to be an intelligent and sensitive husband or wife, father or mother, or simply member of society.

Let me illustrate some of this with a case history that some of you may find reassuring — or at least amusing. The case happens to be my own. My generation in high school and college was regarded as silent and colorless. We wanted security in life, by which we often meant a split-level house with a station wagon in the driveway. (So as not to torture you with the suspense, I should tell you that I now have the split-level house, though the station wagon continues to elude me.) We and our elders knew that the key to all of this and indeed to the future of America was in engineering. One's intellectual prowess in high school was measured almost solely by one's performance in science and mathematics courses. Thus, even though music had always been a central part of my life, it seemed clear that I should become a chemical engineer. I decided to be rich instead of happy. But before I finished high school I perceived that most engineers were working for somebody else and that if I wanted to be that somebody else law school might be a better bet. I had been advised that philosophy majors as a group did best in law school, and this made everything seem trivially easy. I would major in philosophy so as to go to law school so as to become rich. With that in view, and never having read a philosophy book, I enrolled in a small southern school called Princeton.

In those days people like me at Princeton were known as Harry High School. I didn't have any better sense than to set about right away to fulfill all of my proper distribution requirements by working very hard in a wide variety of courses. (Part of the inspiration to hard work, by the way, was a nagging fear that I had only been lucky all of my life and that I was quite likely to flunk out of college.) Although I had never really thought about it much before, I was surprised to discover that every one of my subjects was exciting in its own way. It wasn't that I thought then or later that every teacher I had was as brilliant and inspiring as every other. It was that each one seemed at least to be in touch with an exciting world of ideas that I had not known anything about and that if I continued to hang around these guys and do some of the things they asked, I might find my own way into these other worlds. Law school faded from view, and I quickly went from being a hard-nosed pre-professional to being the useless Artsie. I had taken courses in Physics, Math, Philosophy, Classics, and Government, and at one time or another I had wanted to major in every one of them. At the end of my sophomore year I was struggling to decide between two subjects that I had not studied at all as a freshman: Spanish literature and music. Of course, I chose music (though not the kind of music I had worked at in high school and before) and ultimately went into academe where you see me now. But I might very well have gone into any one of several other fields, and I continue to believe that I could have made them as personally rewarding as I have managed to make studying and teaching music. I still think seriously about going to law school some day because it is another world of ideas that I find exciting.

The point of all of this is that you may never be summoned in an overpowering vision to one particular calling. Or you may discover as I did that your calling has changed. What is most likely is that, as at every stage in life, you will have to make some choices amongst the available options and the intellectual powers that you can bring to bear on them. There are many interesting and rewarding ways to earn a living, among them careers in law, medicine, engineering, teaching, or business. Making a home and raising a family deserve to be mentioned here, too. But they will be interesting and rewarding only if you yourself are an interesting and informed person who is sensitive to the most profound kinds of rewards. After all, an uninteresting person is not very likely to lead an interesting life.

What, then, is an Arts College education good
for? It is good for the most important business of them all — the business of living. It can help to give your life a richness of texture and significance of form that most people — some of them even with bachelor's degrees — simply never dream of. If we are lucky, you may succeed in turn in imparting some of that richness and significance to the society around you.

Let me conclude with a few more practical remarks that bear on your immediate future. These concern how to get an Arts College education at Cornell, assuming that it is as desirable as I have alleged. For a start, make effective use of the libraries and museums. A great deal of good is stored in them, and the material there concerns every conceivable aspect of your own life, not just the subjects that you happen to be studying for academic credit. Next, there are a great many concerts, plays, and lectures being given that can and ought to be an important part of your education. But most important is that you make effective use of the faculty.

A great deal is said about student-faculty relations and whether they run warm or cold. The essential point to remember is that faculty members, like students, are human beings with various strengths and weaknesses. Some lecture brilliantly to large classes, and others work effectively only with a few students at a time. Some are obviously friendly and outgoing, and others are reserved or even shy. Most of us, however, are in fact glad to talk with you about matters of common concern, whether academic or not. If you have questions about your academic work, you are foolish if you do not seek us out. But if you take the trouble, you might also discover that some of us have had experiences similar to yours, and some of us have worried about the same things that worry you. There is even a good chance of your discovering that some of us have something to offer apart from lectures and assignments. But you will have to take some initiative, and you may have to try more than once. I, for one, look forward to meeting as many of you as possible.
Identity

1) An individual spider web identifies a species:

an order of instinct prevails
through all accidents of circumstance, though possibility is
high among the peripheries of spider
webs:
you can go all
around the fringing attachments
and find
disorder ripe,
entropy rich, high levels of random,
numerous occasions of accident:

2) the possible settings
of a web are infinite:

how does the spider keep
identity while creating the web
in a particular place?
how and to what extent
and by what modes of chemistry
and control?

it is wonderful
how things work: I will tell you
about it because

it is interesting
and because whatever is
moves in weeds
and stars and spider webs
and known
is loved:
in that love,
each of us knowing it,
I love you,

for it moves within and beyond us,
sizzles in
winter grasses, darts and hangs with bumblebees
by summer windowsills:

I will show you
the underlying that takes no image to itself,
cannot be shown or said,
but weaves in and out of moons and bladderweeds,
is all and
beyond destruction
because created fully in no
particular form:

if the web were perfectly pre-set,
the spider could never find
a perfect place to set it in: and

if the web were perfectly adaptable,
if freedom and possibility were without limit,
the web would lose its special identity:

the row-strung garden web keeps order at the center
where space is freest (interesting that the freest
"medium" should accept the firmest order)

and that order diminishes toward the periphery
allowing at the points of contact
entropy equal to entropy.

A. R. Ammons '49
Collected Poems
After the First Death:
Reflections on Poetry and Emergency Room Experience

The following is the winning Senior Oration delivered by Martha Faith McLellan on May 16, 1982. Ms. McLellan, a pre-med student, majored in English.

When life is in perpetual conflict with art, which triumphs? Who wins when the realities of suffering and death seem to make a mockery of intellectual pursuits? I have struggled with these questions and more in my attempt to synthesize the two most influential experiences of my college years: the study of poetry and my part-time job in the Emergency Department of North Carolina Baptist Hospital. The gap between the two activities has sometimes been great; it is difficult to soar on the "viewless wings of Poesy" when one's feet are firmly entrenched in the blood of unfortunate patients. In the beginning of my work, I could see no relation between my academic life and my work experience. I later became convinced that it was absurd to even seek a common ground between them. After long reflection on these two parts of my life, however, I have come to consider the interrelation of my study of poetry and my involvement in emergency room life as crucial for the bestowing of meaning onto each other.

Last year, a young child in Winston-Salem was burned to death in his home when an arsonist attempted to kill his mother. The mother escaped, and her son became a helpless victim of adult anger. I was then studying the poetry of Dylan Thomas; and as I assisted in the futile resuscitation attempt, the words of Thomas's "A Refusal to Mourn the Death, by Fire, of a Child in London" came to mind: "After the first death, there is no other." A day earlier, the line had been only rhythm and words and sound. But that day, it was infused with meaning, giving hope of life in the midst of death. I had an almost overwhelming desire to recite the poem over his still body as a kind of incantation, a ceremony in which both victim and mourner would partake of the comfort in that haunting ending.

I was jolted by the significance of that event, primarily because of an experience which took place some months earlier when I had just begun working. Two teenage girls whose car had been hit head-on by a drunk driver arrived in the emergency room in very critical condition. My shock at the extent of their injuries was due not only to my newness at the job but also to my realization that they were both younger than I and that staying alive often seems a matter of luck and chance. I felt a strong sense of inadequacy and helplessness as we cared for them. That night, after finally drifting into restless sleep, I had terrible dreams about them, convinced that they had both died. When I listened to a lecture on Milton the next morning, I couldn't concentrate on any of the words for wondering about their condition, hearing their screams, and seeing the floor and my shoes covered in their blood. At that moment, there seemed to be an enormous disparity between my academic and working lives, and I felt acutely isolated. My classmates could not participate in my experience; neither could I partake of an academic exercise which seemed so far removed from my experience. Thus I was surprised to later find the two areas of my life seemingly merged in the burned child's death.

Often at work, in trying to catch snatches of time to study, I repeated lines of poetry to myself as I performed routine duties. In some inexplicable way, the poetry echoing in my head helped ease the devastating pain I encountered every day. Other tried and true coping mechanisms, such as off-color jokes, morbid or inappropriate humor, are well-known. But what is there about the sounds and cadences of poetry that sustain us in "the heavy and weary weight of all this unintelligible world"? Is it simply another defense, raised in the face of overwhelming suffering and death, because as T. S. Eliot reminds us, "Humankind cannot bear very much reality"? I believe it is something deeper, perhaps more primitive than this.

The power of poetry lies in its ability to transcend experience, to smooth out rough places, to give meaning to hollowness. Moments of extraordinary clarity emerge when the rhythms of worlds become one with the rhythms of life. Perhaps the crafted poetry of man recalls the primordial rhythms of breathing and circulation, "deep calling unto deep...." There is no answer, of course. The question
about which all such speculation ultimately revolves is what makes people persevere, about what grace allows them to endure. Poetry thus becomes a bearer of grace, an instrument with power to sustain. The peculiar spirit of Wake Forest, with its willingness to speak of transcendence and to look for meaning beyond the confines of the classroom, has encouraged me to seek the broad implications of my experience. An environment unafraid of mystery has fostered questions and my search for answers.

A man in his mid-twenties suffered an inoperable neck injury in an automobile accident.

First Memory

I stand away
as a boy shuffles through the gutter
creating a wave,
chasing it,
moving like the wave, only see-saw, right
left never lifting his feet,
his head.

I step over
the emptied shoes he discarded, overturned
in this area —
green brighter than green,
limed through an after-rain gauze. The street
seems too pocked, too resolute,
and then, suddenly, silently
the street is too close to a burning cheek,
a bent knee.

I lean over
his sagging head and his hidden face.
I stare at a tiny red divot on his knee
a perfect red bead
on the top of a pale knob.

It is so close, but not intrusive
not painful, but quiet
and alone,
and, with the sweep of a hand,
reduced to white.

David Brian Marshall
Class of '81

spent the last hour of his life in our emergency room, conscious and aware of his condition. Having been told of his imminent death, he was left to die, his family grieving with him. There can be no satisfactory explanation of such a loss, only easing of pain and glimmers of meaning. In the gift of words and the arrangement of them that becomes poetry, there is relief and comfort. Poetry speaks not only to something deep within us but also to truth above and beyond us. I hope that young man knew, as I did, that "after the first death, there is no other."

The Tattooed Man

This etched body I own —
a curtain to soul.

The veil rises —
150 faces patched into me . . .
my body reminds them of their normality.

Ooh and Ahh
are my companions.

"Why did you do this to yourself?"

Well, it started with just one in the navy, and grew into a hobby until it seemed ludicrous to leave any spot uncovered.

Commitment demands response.
Their eyes come to terms
with my body and turn away,
but they will never forget
that I gave everything.

THEY see little of me,
but they know I am not what I appear to be.
I sell the patchwork image of myself.
No matter how painted
my flesh still wretched
writhes for their eyes.

Michael Labosky
Class of '80
Historical Sketch of Wake Forest


1835  Wake Forest Baptist Church organized.

1836  Euzelian and Philomathesian literary societies founded, serving as campus-wide social and forensic organizations for 120 years.

1838  Wake Forest Institute rechartered as Wake Forest College.

1862 - 1866  Civil War closed College.

1888  Wake Forest vs. Carolina, first participation in intercollegiate athletics, first intercollegiate football game in North Carolina.

1894  Law School established.

1902  Two-year Medical School opened.

1941  Medical School expanded to four-year Bowman Gray School of Medicine, established in Winston-Salem, and related to North Carolina Baptist Hospital.

1942  Women entered Wake Forest.

1946  Baptist State Convention of North Carolina accepted proposal of the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation to relocate the College in Winston-Salem. The Foundation offered annual budgetary support on condition that the Convention continue its financial contributions to the College.

1948  School of Business Administration established.

1949  Graduate work in arts and sciences discontinued because of the rapid expansion of the undergraduate student body, but graduate work at the Medical School continued.

1951  Campus sold to the Southern Baptist Convention as site for Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary. The Seminary and the College shared the campus until 1956.

In October, President Harry S. Truman spoke at groundbreaking ceremonies on the new campus.

1956  Ten years after the decision to relocate, Wake Forest occupied Reynolda campus (320 acres). The campus was later enlarged to include Reynolda Gardens (140 acres).

1961  Graduate work in arts and sciences resumed. By 1981, 1,309 masters and doctors degrees had been awarded in arts and sciences and basic medical sciences.

1962  Wake Forest desegregated undergraduate student body.

1967  Honors program established.

1967  Wake Forest rechartered as Wake Forest University.

Medical Center expansion program (40.8 million dollars) begun; five of the six buildings completed in 1972.
1969
Babcock Graduate School of Management begun. Undergraduate courses in business assimilated into the undergraduate college curriculum.

1970
Association of Southeastern Research Libraries judged the Wake Forest library to be second in the region in its ability to meet the academic needs of the institution.
Open curriculum established.
First student elected to the Board of Trustees.

1971
Students became members of faculty committees.

1972
Appointment by Wake Forest of Dr. Germaine Bree as first Kenan Professor of Humanities.

1973
Groundbreaking ceremony held for the Fine Arts Complex, later named the James R. Scales Fine Arts Center, which houses Theatre and Art. A music section will eventually be added.
The Z. Smith Reynolds Library acquired its 500,000th volume.

1974
Casa Artom, the University's residential center on the Grand Canal in Venice, dedicated.

1975
Ecumenical Institute established jointly by Belmont Abbey and Wake Forest.

1976
Worrell Newspapers gave the University a house in London for use in overseas programs of study.

1977
The Athletic Center, a building for intercollegiate athletics, opened.

1978
The American Association of University Professors' highest honor, the Alexander Meiklejohn Award for Academic Freedom, given the Wake Forest Trustees for their handling of recent controversies.

1979
In a compromise, the Convention and the Trustees agreed that the latter would nominate their successors and that one-third of those selected need not be North Carolina Baptists. In exchange for greater control over its affairs, Wake Forest surrendered the guarantee of financial support from the Convention but churches would decide individually whether to contribute.
Association of Southeastern Research Libraries judged the Wake Forest library to be first in the number of volumes per student and second in total expenditures per student.

1980

Wake Forest initiated the Sesquicentennial Campaign to raise 17.5 million dollars for the purpose of increasing college and professional endowments, faculty development, student financial aid, and the building of the music wing of the Scales Fine Arts Center.

Wake Forest has had 37 professors who have taught 35 years or more. The average age of the present faculty is 44; 79% have Ph.D. degrees.

Wake Forest, until the move to Winston-Salem, taught predominantly North Carolinians and Baptists. At present the student body is composed of approximately 50% North Carolinians and 50% from 44 other states and 20 foreign countries. Thirty percent are Baptists.

The endowment was $11,700 in 1865; it is now $65,000,000.

About thirty percent of the students received $2,500,870 in scholarships in 1979.

In addition to the Wake Forest Baptist Church which has an open membership policy, there is an interdenominational campus ministry which seeks to serve a pluralistic university community.

Lectures, laboratories, and libraries have been the chief vehicles of teaching, but the learning experience at Wake Forest has included exposure to Marcel Marceau, the Vienna Symphony, Leontyne Price, Artur Rubinstein, Itzhak Perlman, and the Philadelphia Orchestra.

There are three noteworthy scholarship programs for freshmen. Since 1954 over 800 Hankins Scholars have received 2 million dollars. The Carswell Scholarships, with a minimum grant of $1,500, have been awarded to 975 students and the total amount since 1968 has been 1.5 million dollars. Beginning in 1982 four Reynolds Scholarships, full merit awards covering all expenses, will be granted to entering freshmen.

Among the activities which give Wake Forest international recognition is the University Press, which was begun in 1975 and which has worked solely with the publication of Irish poetry. In fact; one Dublin literary figure said the Press meant that “for the first time on the North American continent Irish poetry has found the home it needs at Wake Forest." The University Press recently began a working arrangement with the University of North Carolina Press.

**PRESIDENTS OF WAKE FOREST**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Years</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Samuel Wait</td>
<td>1834 - 1845</td>
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<tr>
<td>William Hooper</td>
<td>1845 - 1849</td>
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<td>John Brown White</td>
<td>1849 - 1854</td>
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<td>Washington Manly Wingate</td>
<td>1854 - 1879</td>
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<td>Thomas Henderson Pritchard</td>
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<td>Charles Elisha Taylor</td>
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<td>William Louis Poteat</td>
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<td>Francis Pendleton Gaines</td>
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<td>Thurman D. Kitchin</td>
<td>1930 - 1950</td>
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<td>Harold Wayland Tribble</td>
<td>1950 - 1967</td>
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<td>James Ralph Scales</td>
<td>1967 -</td>
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