Old Hickory

Volume I

Published by the
Senior Class
of the
East Tennessee State Normal School

Johnson City, Tennessee
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Dedication

TO C. HODGE MATHES
In knowledge sure, in sympathy unfailing,
our inspiration and our friend, we
dedicate this volume.
OLD HICKORY

Tennessee is the proud home of one of the greatest of the Nation’s presidents, Andrew Jackson, or “Old Hickory,” as he was affectionately called.

Taking its name and character from him, the 30th Division, the “Old Hickory,” was the first to break the noted Hindenburg Line in the great struggle for freedom, and halt the Kaiser’s march across the frontier of liberty.

The “Old Hickory” division, made up largely of Tennesseans, won the last decisive battle of the war.

And the teacher:

“Readin’, ‘ritin’, and ‘rithmetic,
Taught to the tune of a hickory stick!”

We consider it appropriate, therefore, that the first Annual published by the students of the East Tennessee State Normal School should be named “Old Hickory.”
LILLIAN SCHOEN
Mascot
Of the Editorial Staff
OLD HICKORY
FACULTY AND OFFICERS

Sidney Gordon Gilbreath .......................................................... President
Charles Hodge Mathes ............................................................. Dean, English Language
William Jacob Sowder ............................................................. Agriculture
David Sinclair Burleson ............................................................ English Literature
Walter Clement Wilson ............................................................. Industrial Arts
Frederick William Alexander ..................................................... Psychology and Education
Delle Dulaney Smith ............................................................... Chemistry
William Lafayette Smith .......................................................... Penmanship and Bookkeeping
Elizabeth Evans Slocumb ........................................................ Drawing
Christian Edly Rogers ............................................................. Mathematics
Ina Yoakley .................................................................................. Foreign Language
Ada Lou Hornsby ......................................................................... Domestic Science
Max Schoen .................................................................................. Public School Music
Murat Roberts .............................................................................. History
Bessie Macbrair ........................................................................... Biology and Horticulture
Mary Harris Cockrill .................................................................... Methods
Annie Laurie Huff ......................................................................... Librarian
William Alfred Buice ................................................................. Mathematics
Carl Wilson Bingman .................................................................. Piano
Olive Taylor ................................................................................ Domestic Arts
Irma Paula Schuh ......................................................................... Physical Education
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Frances Ione Mathes .................................................................. Critic
Nannie L. Anderson ..................................................................... Critic
Lizzie S. Gurley ........................................................................... Critic
William L. Prince ......................................................................... Critic
F. W. Baum .................................................................................. Critic

OBSERVATION AND PRACTICE SCHOOL

Tompie Baxter ............................................................................... Principal
Nellie Cooper ............................................................................... Critic
Katherine McSpadden .................................................................. Critic
Martha Washington Myers ........................................................ Critic

Page Nine
SENIORS

2nd year.

3rd year.

Juniors.

Seniors.

EVOLUTION OF A BOOK WORM

Senior Class Officers

Dawson King
Helen Browder
Laura Reese

President
Vice-President
Secretary

Motto: Strive, conquer, and succeed.
Colors: Yellow and white.
Flower: Yellow Rose.
Edith Baxter
"She's all my fancy painted,
She's lovely, she's divine."

Tom McMurray
"The world is my oyster, which I with
my sword will open."

Helen Browder
"Ah me, 'tis strange that some should
take to sighing and like it well,
For me, I have not thought it worth
the trying, so cannot tell."
Evalina Link
“Good sense is the only gift of Heaven”

Lewis Land
“Men of few words are the best of men.”

Ruth Moon
“With deep laid loyalty to my friends.”
YETTA HECHT
"Alas, alas, I see thou art in love."

BARBARA HAIRE
"So wise, so young, they say."

ESTELLE PAIR
"To know her is to love her."
LORNA WHITESIDE

"A girl of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows."

ANNE HUDDLE

"O grant me an honest fame or grant me none."

JEMIMA McCALLA

"Her mind her kingdom, her will her law."
Helen Lacy

“There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face.”

Dawson King

“The mind to conceive, the understanding to direct, the hand to execute.”

Laura Reece

“Such joy ambition finds.”
Cassie Smith
“A full rich nature, free to trust.”

Georgia Taylor
“My mind to me a kingdom is.”

Lucille Sylvester
“Her ways are ways of pleasantness.”
LEOTA WILLIAMS
"Be thou a rainbow to the storms of life."

Dewey Humphreys
"Founded on the good old plan, a true and brave, and downright honest man."

Annie T. Smith
"And were it to my fancy given To rate her charms, I'd call them heaven."
LUCY L. BURKHART
"Learned, wise, and good she is."

ROBERT H. BURKHART
"The mirror of all courtesy."

ADA H. ROGERS
"And even her failings lean to virtue's side."
ORA WHITE
“The warmth of genial courtesy, The calm of self-reliance.”

TERA HARSHBARGER
“Constant as a Northern star.”

ESSIE KISER
“Life is real, life is earnest.”
JESSIE MACKIE
“A maid of our century but most meek”

NETTIE BUNCH
“The smile she softly uses fills the silence like a speech.”

DELPHA MEREDITH
“A good strong character, with confidence and force.”
ETHEL THOMPSON
"Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers."

HUBERT HUFF
"I have immortal longings in me."

CHLOE BAKER
"A friend whom death alone can sever."
Gertrude McDavid

"There is no better religion than to be happy."

Inda Houtz

"For she is just the quiet kind whose nature never varies."

Ruth Jeffers

"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."
Sarah Maude Grigg
"Her air, her manner, all who see admire."

Willie Fulton
"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation."

Madge Ripley
"Modesty is the grace of the soul."
Class Poem

Great world, fling wide thy doors to us,
   For strong and unafraid we stand,
As we approach thy mighty tasks
   With eager eye and steady hand.

Thy voice has called thru many a year,
   Thy torch has set our hearts aflame,
Thy strength has kindled our desire
   To win from thee an honest fame.

Receive us, World, for long we've sought,
   We bring to thee our visions bright;
Teach us to live, to learn, and show
   Us truth as stars seen in the night.

—Anne Huddle.
Class History

It was a calm, peaceful September day in 1917—a day radiant with the sunshine of hope and joyous promise, when we first got a glimpse of the East Tennessee State Normal.

We had long looked forward to this eventful time when we should go away to school, and even the thoughts of leaving home made us sad for only a short time, as we were filled with excitement and wonder. However, it was with a feeling of awe that we entered the President's office for the first time, after we had been through the strenuous ordeal of matriculating—the one thing we had dreaded.

After a few days we felt very much at home and entered upon our various duties with light hearts, eager to make the most of every day. We were naturally enthusiastic and asked many questions, but we were assured that if we were persevering and diligent we would reach the goal toward which we were striving, at the end of two years.

We were socially inclined, and although it was a critical time in our lives, as our country had entered into the great strife which was taking place, we were sometimes able to drive away sad thoughts for awhile, and have the joyous times which are dear to the heart of every school girl and boy.

Various changes took place during the year—the welcoming of this one, the parting with that one, and before the end of the year some of the boys of our class were in distant training camps. We were justly proud that some of our members could go out and meet the responsibilities of life so calmly, even before finishing the course here.

Our first year, filled with work and pleasure, passed away rapidly, and the whole class was looking forward to the time when "Senior dignity" should be bestowed upon each of us.

September, 1918, came and found us transformed into Seniors, who had put on a dignified air, and taken up the "dearly loved and longed-for responsibilities."

Many of the old class had not come back to share our joys and sorrows, but at this time, a number of older and more experienced persons—some to whom the term, "dignified school-ma'am" could be applied—joined us. We were indeed fortunate to have them in our midst and we feel that we have been greatly helped by their influence. They were of course more settled than most of us, and we did not know just what to expect of them, but we took them to our hearts and rejoiced when we saw how gracefully they
Old Hickory

put away Senior dignity and how thoroughly they enjoyed the "April Fool hike."

Throughout the year we have had many new and trying experiences. Shall we ever forget our first day in the Practice School? Did ever children ask so many questions? We were expected to be at numerous places at the same time and answer a dozen questions in one breath. Would the seemingly endless period ever close? We felt relieved when we got our grades on teaching and realized that they brought up greater privileges and pleasures even if they did open the way for greater responsibilities.

We have enjoyed our "Senior privileges" and have for the most part tried to make ourselves worthy of them; however, occasionally we have been forgetful of our rank and have lost them; but these few times have only helped us remember that we should set examples for the classes who look upon Seniors with awe and admiration.

The graduating class now stands upon the threshold of the undiscovered field of life; we have been endowed with high ideals, and have been presented with noble and upright standards. We go now where the voices call us to take up our duties in the world. We have had hardships and made many mistakes, without which life would mean failure. But while we have had troubles, these have been far outnumbered by the joys and pleasures of our happy school days.

It is with a feeling of pleasure and reluctance that we leave our "Alma Mater," and we take a last lingering look upon scenes around which cluster so many pleasant memories. As we start upon our journey, we turn to pay a parting tribute of love and respect to our dear "Alma Mater" who has untiringly guided our steps in the paths of duty.

Nettie Bunch.
Class Prophecy

My back is slightly bent by the burdens of life and my hair is gray at
the temples, but the romance is not yet dead in my heart. Yesterday brought
the first bleak night of the season in its wake and a cheerful wood-fire glowed
on the hearth, crackling merrily of the Tennessee hills from whence it came.
Its voice awoke familiar echoes in my heart—memories of my girlhood and
of my many gay comrades at the dear old Normal of East Tennessee, and
I longed with all my heart to know how they had fared in the long journey
of twenty years since they had so staunchly set forth from its sheltering
portals. And I fell to dreaming of old times.

Suddenly, the moon was shining brightly and I found myself in the
small back yard of my boarding house, not at all concerned over how I came
to be there, as my whole attention was centered on a gray-clad little woman
before me, whose wisps of gray hair were floating in the wind and who was
preparing to mount a broom stick. I fell naturally into the words of the old
rhyme:

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I,
"Whither, O whither, O whither so high?"

She looked at me pityingly and answered:
"Why to sweep the cobwebs out of the sky," and in a moment would
have been among the treetops, but I clutched her with detaining hands.
"It is All Saints' Night and witches may speak to mortals. I pray you
grant me a favor."
"What would you have?"
"I long to know what fate has dealt to my classmates of '19."
"It is worth almost any," I answered.
What price are you willing to pay for it?" she asked with a hollow laugh.
"Bind yourself to do my bidding for a year and a day."
I assented without a thought of the consequences and in a moment I too
rode upon the broomstick and we were in the heart of a thundercloud fren­
ziedly riding the winds. Lights gleamed below and we alighted upon the
streets of New York. I looked dazedly about. I was in front of Delmoni­
co's and just then a splendid Pierce Arrow drove up and from its luxurious
depths who should stand revealed to my eyes but little Edith Baxter of Nor­
mal days, but now strangely altered. There was something in her manner
that I could not define. And the cut of her willowy gown proclaimed itself
Parisian. I followed her in, and "O Edith," I cried.
"Please don't call me Edith," she said haughtily, "I am Pauline Barathe,
the Columbian Vamp—the most famous in the world at present and only
excelled by Cleopatra and Helen of Troy."
She coolly lighted a cigarette and introduced me to her companion, the
Prince of Baden-Baden.
"What are you doing here?"
"Oh, I? I am looking up the Seniors of '19 and must not linger longer.
Can you tell me where I can find any of them?"
"Oh, several have reached New York but—"
My traveling companion beckoned me from out the gloom and I hurried
away and down a side street into a quieter district and just in front I saw a
group gathered on the curb-stone and heard the ringing of the tambourine and the strumming of a banjo in a sweet old-time hymn. Dominating all was a clear soprano voice that somehow had a familiar ring. I pushed my way through the crowd and there, with the scoop-bonnet of the Salvation Army on her bright hair, was one we all loved—Helen Lacy, ably assisted by Ethel Thompson, who passed the hat. I could not restrain myself and fell on her neck, drew her to one side and—

“What, oh, what,” I cried wildly, “are you doing here?”

She promptly burst out crying.

“Uncle Sid did not do his duty and protect my susceptible young heart and it was crushed by one of those S. A. T. C. boys. So bearing of the Salvation Army donuts, I determined to join the band and dedicate my life to doing good.”

I felt that time pressed.

“Do you know of any others of our class in New York?”

“Have you seen Tom McMurray? He is in that building making a speech.”

I hurried on. As I entered the door I stopped in sheer amazement.

“Down with kings, down with tyranny, and most of all down with presidents. No one knows them any better than I. We had one at the Normal!”

Tears came to my eyes. Was this our trim and debonair Tom? A bushy beard lay upon his chest, his hair stood out in the approved Bolsheviki ringlets, but to my practiced eye they bore the traces of the curling iron. He was coatless and his trousers, some three sizes too large, were supported by large red suspenders. He was accompanying his speech by a weird Bolsheviki dance in which a large butcher knife figured strongly. His speech was telling on the mob and some were in tears. He retired to recuperate from his efforts and I summoned my courage and joined him

“Tom, do tell me, are there any more of our class in town?”

“Why yes—there’s Anne. Go right upstairs, you’ll find her in the attic.”

I was panting by the time I reached the top of the ninth flight and quite discomfited to find myself in a large empty garret with no sign of human habitation. Then I perceived a small door at the far end. I knocked persistently and was turning away when the door swung slowly open and Anne stood in the doorway. But not the buxom lass of ’19. She looked, to be frank, quite cadaverous but had lost none of the old-time pep. In fact, she brandished a nine-pin in my face energetically and proclaimed that I might as well go away as she had no money at all. Then she recognized me and we fell into each other’s arms. She dragged me inside, pushed me into a chair and began to read manuscript to me.

“Oh, Anne, Anne, I can’t stay! Tell me what you are doing here.”

“Why I am a play-wright, but on account of the unreasonableness of the editors I have had nothing published as yet. But I am sure this will be the hit of the season. You must dine with me.”

She went to the cupboard, but alas, it was utterly empty! She dropped into a nearby chair and wept bitterly, explaining between sobs that she had been too busy to think about food all day and now she was hungry and absolutely broke.

I found Estelle Pair in much the same condition, as she was striving to earn her livelihood by writing the wit and humor column for the papers. Hence I started in quest of a baker.

In the next block was a brightly lighted window in which lay a person in a hypnotic trance. Something in the profile and thick black hair made me stop and look again. Could it, oh, could it be Delpha Meredith? Next door...
OLD HICKORY

was a bakery and I asked the proprietor, a small, dark, fat man with a decided aquiline nose, if he knew the sleeping lady next door.

“Oh, that is Delpha Meredith, an old classmate of mine in '19.”

There in the inner doorway stood Yetta, his wife, now a fat and cheerful dame. She took me hospitably into the living apartment. There on the dining-room table sat thirteen blue bowls awaiting the morrow and on the window-seat were thirteen piles of school books, while before the fire were thirteen pairs of little shoes toasting their toes preparatory for a warm welcome to their owners. I entreated her to go to Anne’s and Estelle’s succor, and set out to find Sister Smith as she had directed.

She was starring in the Follies and I found her in her dressing room, having just returned from her act. She wore a much abbreviated dress of gold brocade. Cassie Smith, now a movie actress, was calling on her. They were preparing to go see Georgia Taylor and Ora White, who were with Ringling Brothers, then in winter quarters on the outskirts of the city.

I was amazed to find Ora featured as the fat lady—the only one in captivity weighing five hundred pounds. And Georgia was the snake charmer, and Ora proudly told me that Georgia had the most promising future before her of any in that profession in any American circus, as one look from her quite cowed them for a week.

I had hardly gone two blocks from the circus when I saw someone shaking a door and loudly demanding entrance in the name of the law. There was something familiar in the tall figure.

“Why hello, Essie Kiser,” I cried, “are you a policeman?”

“Oh no,” she whispered confidentially, “that is just a ruse to get inside. That is the only difficulty I have. If I only get in they always buy one before I leave. I am selling the most marvelous book that has ever appeared before the public. It is a treatise on “Hookworm vs. Tennessee” and other equally interesting and timely topics. It is compiled by Lewis Land and Hubert Huff, who have become ardent disciples of Mr. Buice. Mr. Land is making a house-to-house campaign and is selling medicine which will cure any disease. He can safely recommend it because he invented it himself. He is doing it solely for the uplifting of humanity. But you should have a half dozen copies of this wonderful book for your library, so that when you have worn out one you will have another to fall back upon immediately and will not have to wait till you can locate me to procure it.” She grasped me firmly by the shoulder and I should have had to invest heavily, but at this opportune moment my lady of the broomstick jerked me unceremoniously up behind her and we whirled away at a dizzy height toward the South.

We hovered over a beautiful little town nestled among the foothills of my beloved home state, Tennessee, then dropped lightly up on the majestic campus of one of the South’s best Universities. Within the hall of the building before me I could see a blue-overalled figure busily scrubbing the mosaic floor. I stepped to the door.

“Could you tell me whether any of the class of '19—why Dawson King, in overalls?”

“Oh yes, I am head janitor here, quite a responsible position, I assure you. I handed in my application for the presidency six years ago when Uncle Sid was called to Harvard, but someone else had gotten theirs in before me, but they had this vacancy, so I took it.”

“Good-by,” I said, and turned away.

“But wait, don’t you want to go to the theatre tonight? Two militant suffragettes who are running for the senate are to speak.” We hurried off. I stood spellbound, for there upon the platform were Bill Fulton and
Maude Grigg. Willie made a speech on "Why women should have all the responsible positions in the government," accompanied by much cheering. Then Maude rose and declaimed that she intended to go to the senate or blow up Gay street, that the mines were all laid and could be set off at a moment's notice. (She was clearly addicted to Bolshevik methods). Some one beside me clapped vigorously and I was overjoyed to see Tera Harshbarger and Barbara Haire, elegantly gowned, standing beside me.

"What have you achieved in the last twenty years? I should say that you were society leaders."

"Oh, no," they answered in unison, "we taught for the first three years after graduation. By that time the wages of domestic help so far excelled that of teachers that we determined to hire out. So we have cooked for the last seventeen years and are now ready to retire and are going to travel the rest of our lives. But have you seen Madge and Lucille? Come with us and we will take you to see them." As we started around the corner to where their car was parked we saw a man balancing upon a packing box haranguing a crowd of small boys and loafers.

"Why there's Dewey Humphries." He came down from the box to give us the glad hand and explained that he was in partnership with Lewis Land and Hubert Huff for the improvement of the health of the people of Tennessee. He presented each of us with a box of liver pills for old times' sake, and we went on our way rejoicing.

I was delighted to find Lucille Sylvester and Madge Ripley, the matrons of a large and thriving orphan asylum, where they taught the children inductively and deductively and raised them psychologically, according to the precepts laid down by Professor Alexander, so that you could never tell that the finished products had been raised by hand.

"You should go to see Professor and Mrs. Burkhart while you are here," suggested Madge, and I eagerly assented.

Mr. Burkhart was now superintendent of schools for the city and had proved himself a very capable one, while Mrs. Burkhart interested herself mainly in caring for their beautiful home. While we were there the door bell rang and who should it be but Evalena Link, balancing a large basket of clothes on her head.

"Why Evalena," I cried, "what are you doing with yourself now?"

"Ruth Moon and I are taking in washing and like it tremendously. You should try it." But I could not stay at this pleasant gathering as my traveling companion and her broomstick appeared at this juncture.

Our next stop was in Johnson City, directly before the home of Helen Browder. I was glad to see her, though it quite touched my heart. She looked so thin and wan, so much more so than in her girlhood. She tried to be as cheerful as ever but her old-time enthusiasm was completely gone. I found out later that she was slowly pining away from a broken heart and already had to wear a board down her back to keep it from breaking in two. She pointed out Miss McDavid's home up the street where she was happily married at last and made an excellent home for her dumpy little husband and seventeen cats. When I went to see her she regaled me with the amazing story of Mrs. Rogers' "Call." She had suddenly decided that it was her duty to go to Africa as a missionary and forthwith deserted her family and had set out, but upon arriving there had taken up lion hunting.

Far back in the hills of North Carolina I found Chloe Baker presiding over a one-teacher school of 135 pupils. She employed all the latest methods of punishment and even had an excellent ducking stool rigged up in a nearby pond, which with the sticks were her favorite modes of punishment. She
had gotten her ideas from Professor Alexander, who recommended them highly. She told me that Nettie Bunch, Ruth Jeffers, and Jessie Mackie were teaching in the next county and employed the same methods as herself. She took me home with her to see Laura Reece, with whom she boarded. Laura seemed younger now than she had at the Normal 20 years ago. She wore coquettish curls over her ears. But Chloe confided to me that Laura had given up hopes the year before and yielding herself at last to crocheted shawls and fingerless gloves, had settled down as a confirmed old maid.

Our next flight was a long one, and horrors! When we alighted it was near a large pond whose banks were writhing with alligators. I retreated to a fence and sought refuge on the post. But who was the damsel stepping so blithely among them? No! As she approached I saw that she had the ample proportions of middle age. What had deceived me was the brown hair bobbed and frizzled about her ears. But the winning smile and brave eyes proclaimed themselves Leota. In my joy at seeing her again I slipped from the fence and recklessly jumping 'gators ran to meet her. She showed me proudly over her alligator farm, of which she had made a great success. She knew each of her pets by name and they followed her about like dogs. She took me up to the house and introduced me to her husband, who was perfecting the invention of automatic wings which were to be attached to the shoulders.

My guide drew me away and headed our queer quest toward home. But I pleaded, "Oh, surely you have not forgotten Lorna. My whole trip would lose its pleasure did I not see her." Then we left the winds behind in our haste until we could hear the sullen boom of the ocean and saw the Northern Lights gleaming on the horizon. And off the coast upon a rocky island, a lighthouse flashed its warning, and there I found Lorna faithfully tending the light like a vestal virgin of old, leading a rather secluded life but a supremely happy one as she asked nothing more than to dwell beneath the British flag.

My fire had gone completely out and I was numbed with cold and cramped from sitting in one position so long, or was it from the fatigue of my journey? I put my hand to my hair and it was damp, whether from the salt spray of the ocean or the mists of the night which crept in through the window, I know not.

JEMIMA McCalla.
THE
UNDER
GRADUATES.

Page Thirty-three
**Why Libraries Should Be Abolished**

(Written for the burlesque Faculty meeting at the home of President and Mrs. S. G. Gilbreath, March 7, 1919, in honor of Judge and Mrs. S. C. Williams, by Miss Olive Taylor, Librarian, East Tennessee State Normal School.)

This is a subject that has agitated great minds for years; much has been written and more said on the subject. Even learned men in the Legislature of the State of Tennessee have seen the damaging influence of school libraries and sought to curtail them by reducing the educational appropriation, thereby making it impossible for Normal or other school libraries to exist.

Libraries existed in ancient Egypt and Assyria as early as 337 B.C. Why in this progressive age should we want anything so ancient? No remains of them can now be found. Why waste money on anything so perishable? We hear of the great library founded by Attalus I, rival of the Alexandrian library, being removed by Antony and sent as a gift to Cleopatra, thus showing he was aided in his mad career by the use of a library. Always have they been detrimental to mankind!

Julian, the Apostate, so called on account of his renunciation of Christianity, founded libraries on which he inscribed the words, “Some love horses, some birds, others wild beasts, but from boyhood I have been possessed with the desire of acquiring and owning books.” What an example for a Christian nation to follow!

Aside from the early tyrants, we know, beginning from the fourteenth century, came the establishment of libraries in Germany; until now all the universities have famous ones. Think of it! In Germany, and still many would follow the example and establish them here. He who would give money to aid in the establishment of a German institution is pro-German and a traitor to his country and should be treated as such, be he judge or juror.

I hear you say, what of Carnegie? I grant he would die unsung and unread, but think of the good his money might have done. Schools might have been founded for teaching monkeys to talk; several scientists of Chicago, also Anna Fitziv, the prima donna, being now greatly agitated over the possibility of so doing. They owe that much to their ancestors.

It is impossible to use a library without gaining knowledge. The Bible opposes this, saying, “He who increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow,” also “Much learning hath made thee mad.”

People might acquire knowledge and want to take part in the questions of the day, and interfere with our legislators, senators, etc., who prefer to settle our affairs unmolested.

Boys and girls might spend their time in them instead of ornamenting the streets, and some streets need ornamenting badly. Rural libraries might keep boys on the farm instead of increasing the population of the cities, and it is well to have the cities grow and increase.

Libraries encourage extravagance by paying librarians such enormous salaries. Their rules of silence are undemocratic. Freedom of speech should not be curtailed any more than freedom of the press or freedom of the seas.

I will now show why the library of the East Tennessee State Normal School in particular should be abolished.

We have a president who knows everything without the use of books. Dean Mathes can assign his classes more subjects not found in any library.
than any living man. Professors Alexander and Burleson can speak on any subject. Professor Rogers can prove anything by geometry. Professor Sowder can grow anything except hair without books or directions. Professor Roberts teaches every language, using a method of his own, while Miss Slocumb teaches "Appreciation of Art" but does not come to the library to find it. Miss Yonkley and Professor Bingman spend their time looking up other people's ideas when the state pays for their own. Miss Hornsby and Miss Huff would cease to growl because they have not time to go, and Miss Macbrair cease to neglect her sewing classes to look up the latest styles.

Also we have in town a judge who knows everything legal, while his wife knows more about educational matters than any library can show.

Students will use the books and wear them out, and the state is too poor to buy more.

The students could find another open door to dodge into when they see President Gilbreath coming and another place to say they have been in when they have not.

We frequently find a contagious disease in the encyclopedia; and magazines, of which there are many, are likely to explode at any time. Sometimes a "Baum" comes into the room, and we are frequently in danger of being gassed by the fumes from Miss Smith's chemical laboratory. Life in the trenches is more desirable.

We all get the Johnson City Daily Staff at our homes, sometimes as often as three times a week, so we can keep up with the world's events.

The library is always crowded. The librarian cannot get around without tearing her clothes on the chairs and tables and embarrassing the young men by putting her arms around them in reaching for books on the tables. Her sleeves have been torn with much reaching, and there being no weekly holiday for mending, she is always in a condition of raggedness.

My greatest plea for their abolishment is that those in the profession may be saved from their trials and tribulations, greater than those of any known profession. McAdoo's jobs were play in comparison. They must know everything, answer everything, and do everything; and because it is only the librarian with nothing to do, no thanks are necessary. As an example, I give six questions asked and answered in as many minutes this afternoon: "Is Prof. W. C. Wilson the same man as Woodrow Wilson, who writes so much in the papers?" "Which is the greater musician, Miss Mathes or Professor Schoen?" "Does Lieut. Reece, basketball coach, diet with the team and what book tells about dieting?" "Does Prof. Prince keep all the money he collects so carefully?" "What was the reason Prof. Buice gave for Miss Cockrill's having such red hair and Miss Schuh's having such black hair, and where shall I find material on the subject?" "Why do the Practice School teachers get salaries when the students do the teaching?"

Daily we cry with the poet, "Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness."

Verily I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, or for a boy to talk to a girl in the Normal halls, than for a librarian to keep her religion and enter the Kingdom of Heaven.
Two poets have sung of the duty of love
To those who must travel life's way;
Each hears a heart call in the traveler's need,
A voice that love bids him obey.
One would live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by;
And one to the weak fainting under their load,
His strength he would never deny.

The first would e'er dwell in home's comfort and calm,
His rooftree would shelter from strife;
He would rest in his house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
But at ease in his house he would laugh with the glad,
Or weep with the strangers that moan;
He would not turn away from their smiles or their tears,
Like a man who would dwell all alone.

But one would not rest in the house by the road,
Safe sheltered from storm and from sun;
But, no burden his own, he would share in the load,
Of the faint brother toiling along;
With no sorrow or pain he would walk the highway,
And help bear the burdens that crush,
And himself unafraid give brave hope to the weak
Who were falling behind in the rush.

But I think when I read of the poet's desire
To dwell in a house by the road;
Or, no burden his own, to speak words of good cheer
To the faint who must carry life's load,
That a soul without sorrow or loss of its own,
Cannot measure the depths of despair;
That lives unclouded with fear and with sin,
A weak brother's pain cannot bear.
Executive Board

Professor D. S. Burleson, Chairman
Professor Roberts
Elizabeth Carroll
Dawson King

Iva Williams, Secretary
Professor Rogers
Helen Browder

Page Forty-three
Adopted Constitution of Student Body Organization

We, the students of the East Tennessee State Normal School, in order to foster and promote student activities, to co-operate with the faculty in developing a strong school spirit, and raising the student life to the highest standard of efficiency, do hereby ordain and establish this constitution:

ARTICLE I.

Section 1. The name of this organization shall be: The United Student Body of the East Tennessee State Normal School.

Section 2. The members of this organization shall be the students and faculty of the above mentioned institution.

Section 3. The officers of this organization shall be: President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and any committee hereinafter named.

Section 4. The duties of the President shall be to call the organization to order, to be Chairman of the Executive Committee, to preside at all meetings, to preserve the order and decorum and to decide all questions of order.

Section 5. The Vice-President shall act as President when that officer is absent, and act with the Lyceum Committee.

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to collect, hold, and pay out all funds of this organization as the Executive Committee directs, keep an itemized account of all funds collected and expended, and to submit this report to the organization. The Bookkeeper of the school shall serve as Treasurer of the organization.

Section 7. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep the minutes of all meetings, and do such correspondence as the organization directs.

Section 8. The officers of this organization shall be elected at the beginning of each school year, and shall hold the office for a term of one year, or until other officers have been elected.

Section 9. The candidates for the offices of this organization shall be nominated from the student body.

Section 10. The majority vote of all students voting shall constitute an election.

Section 11. All elections shall be by ballot.

Section 12. The student body shall be notified one week in advance of an election.

ARTICLE II.

Section 1. The departments of this organization shall be: Legislative, Judicial, and Executive.

Section 2. The Legislative Department shall consist of the entire student body; the Judicial Department shall consist of the President, Dean, and the Chairman of the Social Committee of the faculty; the Executive Department shall consist of the Chairman of the Student Organization, the Chairman of the Athletics Committee of the faculty, the Chairman of the Music and Lectures Committee of the faculty, the Chairman of the Student Organizations Committee of the faculty, with three members of the student body chosen by them.

Section 3. The duties of the Judicial Department shall be to interpret all laws made by this organization; the duties of the Executive Department shall be to enforce all laws passed by this organization and to expend the
funds of this organization to the best advantage in accordance with the restrictions hereinafter named.

Section 4. The Athletic Council shall consist of the managers, captains, and coaches of all the athletic associations of the school, and the chairman of the Faculty Committee on Athletics, who shall be Chairman of the Athletic Council.

Section 5. The duties of the Athletic Council shall be to have control of the athletics of the school.

Section 6. The Music and Lectures Committee shall consist of the Chairman of the said Faculty Committee, and the Vice-President of the student body organization.

Section 7. The duties of the Music and Lectures Committee shall be to arrange and manage the Lyceum Course.

Section 8. The Student Publication Committee shall consist of the staff of The Blue and Gold, and the faculty Committee on Publication.

Section 9. The duties of the Student Publication Committee shall be to edit and manage the school paper.

ARTICLE III.

Section 1. The fee to this organization shall be one dollar ($1.00) per member for each regular term, and fifty cents (0.50) per member for the summer term. Said fee to be paid on matriculation.

Section 2. For the said fee each member is guaranteed athletic privileges, Lyceum privileges, and subscription to the student publication. (These privileges to begin on payment of said fees.)

Section 3. All funds are to be expended as far as it is expedient during the term in which they are collected.

Section 4. All funds shall be distributed to the student activities approximately in the following ratio: Athletics, 38 per cent, as follows: Baseball, 17 per cent; Basketball, 19 per cent; Incidental, 1 per cent; Lyceum, 30 per cent; Publication, 25 per cent; Tennis, 6 per cent; Track, 2 per cent.

ARTICLE IV.

Section 1. Roberts' Rules of Order shall be considered authority in all questions not covered by the above rules.

Section 2. By-Laws for the Committee shall be made by said Committee and submitted to the student organization for approval.

Section 3. This Constitution can be amended by a two-thirds vote of the members.

Section 4. All amendments to the Constitution must be read and posted one week previous to the voting.
The Smartes class.
Highest in Scholarship.
Easily the best-looking.

Naught ever daunts us.
Ignorant of nothing.
Not at all bashful.
Esteemed by our teachers.
True blue to our classmates.
Ever advancing.
Ever succeeding.
No one but admires us.
Star Class in every way.

A Dream

Last night I dreamed that side by side,
We stood on a stage so high and wide,
And I heard the words that made you mine,
For better or worse, it was joy divine.
For I knew that by struggle, hardship, and strife
I'd won you forever to brighten my life.
And I clasped you close to my throbbing breast.
My diploma! from dear old E. T. N. S.
The Great Revolution

The great student revolution was on! With white, strained faces, the Faculty sat huddled together, waiting the next dread summons.

Occasionally there penetrated from the chapel, where the students were gathered, a stormy clamor demanding that this teacher or that teacher be placed next on trial for high crimes and misdemeanors.

"I don't see why we can't have 'em all in at once and just bunch 'em," penetrated a shrill vicious voice.

"What's the use of wasting so much time? I've got a date to go beaning at 4 o'clock."

"Me too," cried a member of the fourth-year class. "I think we ought to make hay while the sun shines."

"Ain't it the truth?" came a sympathetic murmur.

The listening teachers shuddered. At that moment the door opened.

"Mr. Burleson!" Mr. Clark's voice summoned.

A murmur of compassion vibrated through the awed silence as tottering the literature teacher rose to his feet.

"Yes," he gasped with dry lips. "They want you next," said the messenger.

One member of the faculty whispered to another, "I knew they would have it out with him among the very first; it's some of the literature pupils.

Again the door closes, again the awful silence, the terror-stricken straining to hear, the gloom lightened only by one eight-candle-power electric lamp. Out of the shadows came the voice of Miss Anderson: "They are rude, just plain rude! There's no other word for it."

The door opened, "Next," said Mr. Clark, "Miss Yoakley." There was a heart-rending cry; the little body staggered to the threshold.

"Tell me, Mr. Clark," she gasped, pleadingly, "What about Mr. Burleson? Did they, did they—" she could say no more.

"I can't tell you anything, Miss Yoakley," he said, "for they'll catch up with me."

"Just tell me this," gasped the other, "is he alive?"

Mr. Clark yielded a little before the eager, burning eyes. The rest listened with frightened apprehension.

"He's alive all right," said Mr. Clark, "but," his kind face looked sympathetically at the little sea of white faces. He heaved a deep breath; then almost closing the door, he whispered, "but he's got to read Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, Spencer's Faerie Queen, and Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings, between now and tomorrow morning."

There was silence an instant. The little group with senses stunned was unable to voice its terror at this last intelligence. Then there was a soft thud as Miss Smith fell senseless from her chair. In a moment Miss Anderson had raised her head. "Water," she said to Mr. Clark, "a glass of water."

Mr. Clark shook his head. "I'm sorry, Miss Anderson," he said, "but you know water for drinking purposes is no longer permitted by the council. I can get some coca-cola or some soda pop, but that's all. I believe though that Matt is making a couple of barrels of chocolate nut sundaes and perhaps that—"

"Never mind," said Miss Smith faintly, "I am better now."

"Next," came from the doorway, "Miss Cockrill!" The expression teacher crossed the floor and (low be it spoken girls) she was very much out
of poise. She glanced about her, then elevated her chest and took a deep breath. An instant later she disappeared through the dread portal.

Again the door opened, and again, and again. At last every member of the faculty had been summoned before the dread council. All save one, President Gilbreath, was left alone. In the presence of the faculty he had kept a stiff upper lip, inspiring all by his example of smiling courage. Now, however, he became a prey to all fears. With dread he recalled the permissions he had refused to grant, the reprimands against school wiles.

Shudderingly he listened as footsteps sounded in the hall without. "They are coming for me," he whispered. "For what?" Then an agonized thought pierced his frenzied brain.

"O, no," he whispered, "they could not do that. they could not be so heartlessly cruel!" For suddenly like a thunderbolt out of the blue, the awful thought had come to him that they were going to campus him. "Anything but that." He wrung his hands. "I just could not bear that; I'll agree to anything else—compromise on anything!"

Then as he all but swooned, a hand fell upon his shoulder and shook him vigorously. He knew that his hour had come.

The hand was still shaking, but I knew it was against my own shoulder. "Here, wake up, you silly," I heard my roommate say, "if you want any breakfast you'll have to hurry."

I sat up rubbing my eyes. "You must have been dreaming," said my roommate laughingly. I smiled feebly, for it seemed that I had.

LEDA SMITH.
“Soldier’s Prayer”

Our Commander who art in Washington,
Baker be thy name,
Thy orders come,
Thy will must be done,
In America as in foreign lands.
Give us this day our long delayed pay,
And forgive the bugler, the mess sergeant, and those who wear Eagles,
And direct us from the army of occupation,
But deliver us from another service stripe;
For we make up your army—the Field Artillery, Infantry,
And the Cavalry for ever and ever,

Discharge Us.

LIEUT. CORNELIUS CABAGE.
Recently an attempt was made to secure the names of Normal students who had been in service, whether in training camps at home or in France. We have been unable to secure all the names so far, but they are being added to from time to time. Our list at present is as follows:

Allison, Ralph
Baird, Lewis J.
Baldwin, J. C.
Barton, David
Barton, Lyle
Baum, Charles William
Beaty, S. L.
Bell, Horace
Berry, Creed
Boston, James L.
Brooks, J. Hilton
Brown, Erasmus
Brown, Erastus
Brown, Millard F.
Brown, J. Wells
*Broyles, Cecil
Broyles, Kim

Cabbage, Claudius
Cabbage, Cornelius, Lieut.
Campbell, Roy
Carter, Jas. C., Lieut.
Cates, John
Chase, Dean
Christian, Claude
Clark, Joseph D.
Clark, J. J.
Condry, Eugene
Condry, Macy
Cross, Sterling
Davis, Chas. B. F.
Dawson, Max
Dickey, Jerome
Duncan, Basil E.
Edgemon, W. S., Sgt. Maj.
Emmett, Paul
Fine, Frank
Fine, William Farley
Powder, Walter
Fox, Alger
Gabbard, L. P.
Garland, Jesse

*Gold star.

Gibson, Roy
Gilbreath, F. H.
Goins, Jesse
Gouge, Dexter
Graybeal, Hobart
Greer, E. C.
Gross, Ben H.
Gross, France
Hale, Banness L.
Hanks, Mitchell
Harr, Lee, Major
Harrison, Ben E.
Hawke, E. O.
Hawley, Sam P.
Henley, Robert C.
Hicks, Craton
Hodge, Ernest
Hoss, H. F., Lieut.
Hunt, Homer E.
Hyder, Bryan
Hyder, David
Hyder, Hobart
Hyder, LeRoy
Hyder, Thomas
Jaynes, George
Jeffers, M. Tennyson
Jennings, Joe
Johnson, Earl
Jones, Vance
Justus, Allen
Kilday, John H.
Kile, Clyde
Kincade, Arch N.
King, E. C., Lieut.
King, Kenneth
Kyker, Frank B.

Lavender, Clarence
Lawson, Emel
Laxton, Sherman
Lowe, Elbert H.
Lowery, Clyde T.
Lyle, Wm. Edgar, Sgt.
McLain, Roy
McKenzie, George C.
McMurray, Tom R., Lieut.
Malone, Robert De
Marshall, Howard
Mayes, Oscar C.
Meredith, Claude
Meredith, Oliver B.
Miller, Clyde
Miller, J. Lindsey
Milligan, Vergil D.
Mitchell, Harry
Moody, Colonel
Moody, Roy
Morgan, Walter
Mullins, Roy A.
Nave, Chas.
Oakes, Oscar
Patton, Carl
Pectal, Joseph, Corporal
Pectal, Thomas
Peters, Henry
Price, Roy
Queener, Robert
Reece, Chas. F., Lieut.
Ritter, Boyd E.
Roark, Wm. Harrison
Roberts, Murat
Robeson, Chas. H.
Runyan, O. G.
Sams, Carl
Sharpe, Fred R.
Sherrod, A. E.
Shipley, Leslie
Shipley, Lester
Shults, Arlie
Simmerly, David
Slagle, Dean
Sliger, Ira
Slonaker, F. B.
Smith, Clyde B.
Smith, Fred
Smith, John
Smith, Michael
Smith, Parvin
Smith, Walter G., Lieut.
Smith, Wiley Woodruff
Spangler, John
Spivey, Paul
Stanley, Calvin
Stephens, Anderson
St. John, Frank L., Capt.
Thompson, Sam
Tilley, Chalmers
Trivett, Arlie
Vines, Carl
Wallace, Homer E.
Walker, Erby O.
Ward, Edgar
Watson, Austin
Whaley, Otis
White, John Byrl
Wilhoit, George H.
Wilhoit, Raymond
Williams, Guy
Williams, W. I.
Wilson, Chas. A.
Wilson, Maurice C
York, Silas
York, Walter

Page Fifty-two
To Mr. Rogers

Stop, Look, Listen!
His eyes dey sholy glisten,
Pickaninnies shiverin',
An' shakin' in dere hide;
Dat Math man am a-glowerin',
Pickaninnies cowerin',
Sho Lawd, can't be no snoozin' on de side.

Hesh yo' talkin', niggah!
His eyes dey's gittin' biggah;
Dis pickaninny's prayin',
"Lawd hide me 'neath dy wing!"
Perty soon he'll spot you,
Perty soon he'll cotch you,
Den you'll wish he hadn't for you won't know nary thing.

Stop yo' gigglin', niggah!
His question's gittin' biggah.
Lawd dis po pickaninny's
Jest as good as dead.
He says, "What's a fraction?"
Lawdy, dat's a 'straction!
An' I ain't say nothin', but my teeth shakes in my head.

Lawd, when I crosses Jorden
I don't ask for possum sweet,
Er golden harps er corn pone,
Tho' dem things is hard to beat.
I ain't a-wantin' lastin' grace,
I'se willin' to be sick;
But oh, Lawd, when I reach dat place
Don't have no 'rithmetic!
CLUBS and Organizations
Pi Sigma

Founded 1912

Colors: Green and White
Flower: White Rose

Motto: Quality, not Quantity

OFFICERS

Fall Term—
Pres., Mac Waller
V.-Pres., Mary Snoddy
Sec., Grace Chesnutt
Treas., Leota Williams
Critic, Eleanor Moore
Chaplain, Irene Bennett
Janitor, Helen Lacy

Winter Term—
Pres., Elizabeth Carroll
V.-Pres., Ann Smith
Sec., Laura Reese
Treas., Kat Rockwell
Critic, Helen Lacy
Chaplain, Leota Williams
Janitor, Lucy Edwards

Spring Term—
Pres., Lucy Edwards
V.-Pres., Flo Parker
Sec., Mary Snoddy
Treas., Ada Reece
Critic, Dorothy Kilpatrick
Chaplain, Grace Chesnutt
Janitor, Pearl Parkey

MEMBERS

Lucy Abel
Irene Bennett
Marie Bennett
Elizabeth Carroll
Grace Chesnutt
Mildred Crouch
Blanche Cook
Lucy Edwards
Blanche Ehlen
Gladys Ewing
Norma Gilbreath
Dessie Harrell
Carrie L. Johnson

Dorothy Kilpatrick
Helen Lacy
Evelyn Love
Essie Maltba
Delpha Meredith
Margaret McCorkle
Eleanor Moore
Ruth Moon
Lucille Moulton
Clara Murrell
Martha Myers
Mac Nave
Flo Parker

Nina Parkey
Pearl Parkey
Laura Reece
Ada Reece
Bess Robinson
Katheryn Rockwell
Lela Sims
Eula Kate Smith
Mary Snoddy
Ruby Wallace
Mac Waller
Leota Williams
Ann Smith

SPONSOR

Miss Delle Smith:

HONORARY MEMBERS

Evelyn Gilbreath
Lillian Schoen
Sopphonian Literary Society

Flower: Sweet Pea  Colors: Lavender and White
Motto: Service

SOCIETY SONG

Here's to our Sappho band so true,
Here's to our Normal dear,
Here's to our colors, lavender and white,
Emblems of hearts so light,
Loyal and true we'll ever stand,
Hark to our song of love,
Hailing the queen of all the land—
Our dear old Normal true.

The Sopphonian Literary Society was organized for the purpose of developing individuality of expression and composure in the presence of an audience. The motto, "Service," tells what the society is doing, for every one of the 118 members is a "peptomist." The school life has been made pleasant and profitable by weekly and occasional public programs. The patriotism of the society was shown by its contributions to the war work. Considering the membership and the quantity and quality of good accomplished, this is "The Society," as our goddess, Sappho, was "The Poetess."

Fall Term—

OFFICERS:

Estelle Pair ___________ President ___________ Lucy LaRue
Elizabeth Davis ___________ V.-President ___________ Kate Rodgers
Lucille Sylvester ___________ Secretary ___________ Ethel Thompson
Kate Rodgers ___________ Treasurer ___________ Edith Johnson

Winter Term—

Spring Term—

Tennie Ross ___________ President
Madge Ripley ___________ V.-President
Leda Smith ___________ Secretary
Essie Kiser ___________ Treasurer
The Literature Club

The Literature Club was organized three years ago under the leadership of Professor D. S. Burleson, who has continued with the Club since its first meeting. Other members of the Faculty from time to time have taken an active interest in the Club, the principal ones being Professors Roberts, Schoen, and Coggin.

The first year's program was both literary and pedagogical, last year's was mostly literary, this year's entirely so. The programs this year have been especially interesting. First, there was a study and discussion of leading Southern writers—Lanier, Timrod, and Hayne. Then there was a dip into the leading characteristics of British, French, and Russian literature. Then the dramas of Ibsen were taken up. Two of his plays, "A Doll's House" and "The Ghosts," have been reviewed and discussed. "The Pillars of Society" is to be discussed at the next meeting, while the subject for the last program of the year will be O. Henry and some of his stories.

The meetings have been very well attended and have been exceedingly interesting. Faculty members taking part in these discussions are Professors Burleson, Roberts, and Schoen. The students taking an active part are Misses Helen Lacy, Anne Huddle, Lorna Whiteside, Elizabeth Carroll, Evelyn Love, Blanche Cook, Gertrude McDavid, Julia Parvin, Grace Chesnutt, Mary Snoddy, Leota Williams, Irene Bennett, and Mrs. Hicks.
The Practice Teachers' Club

The Practice Teachers' Club was organized during the Fall Term of 1917 for the purpose of bringing about a closer co-operation between practice teachers.

Problems which relate to teaching and which are common in the experiences of the practice teacher are brought before this club at each bi-monthly meeting. Interesting and instructive programs are rendered by various members of the Society and open discussions are introduced in which every person present is encouraged to take an active part.

This club proves itself very valuable to the prospective teacher, in that it aids her in solving not only many problems which confront her during the practice teaching but problems which she will be called upon to face during her career as a teacher.

Following are a few of the subjects discussed last term:

1. The Value of the Practice School to the Prospective Teacher.
2. The Personality of the Teacher.
3. The Teacher as a Social Worker.

OFFICERS

Winter Term
Pres., Anne Huddle
Sec. and Treas., Annie T. Smith
Program Committee:
Barbara Haire
Lorna Whiteside
Annie Smith
Critic: Prof. Bingman

Spring Term
Pres., Laura Reece
Sec. and Treas., Barbara Haire
Program Committee:
Marie Bennett
Agnes McGinley
Helen Browder
Critic: Prof. Bingman
Page Sixty-four
OLD HICKORY

Y. W. C. A.

The East Tennessee State Normal has a Y. W. C. A. of which it may well be proud. It was organized during the Winter Term of the year 1911-1912. Since September, the association has made wonderful progress. At the beginning of each term a very successful campaign brought many new members into the association. At present the total enrollment is 101.

The aim of the association is to foster the cause of humanity and make it more vital in the life of every student. It affords the means of bringing the girls together on two evenings of every week for religious worship. The Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. have had some very inspiring joint programs. The Saturday meetings of the Spring term were conducted by the different dormitory apartments. The main features of some of our programs have been talks by noted speakers. Among those who have visited the association this year are: Miss Ina Yoakley, Dean C. H. Mathes, Rev. Hugh Kelso, Rev. O. E. Sams, Dr. Hannah Morris, and President Gilbreath.

The Association accomplished much financially this year. It made a monthly contribution of $5.00 to the Armenian and Assyrian Fund, and a voluntary offering of $10.00 to the United War Work Fund. The Y. W. C. A. since its organization has furnished magazines, newspapers, and pictures for a reading room in the dormitory. It has also contributed a number of books and has used its good influence in securing a good library. It kept a medicine cabinet supplied and sent flowers to the sick. The cabinet members, assisted by other members, managed the store in which they sold school supplies, candies, and other articles. Until last Spring two delegates have been sent to the Blue Ridge Conference. Delegates will be sent again this year. As a social feature, it gave a Hallowe’en and a Valentine Party.

This past year has been a most successful one under the able management of Miss Julia Parvin and Miss Gertrude McDavid.

Officers for the Spring Term

Gertrude McDavid .................................................. President
Minnie Newland .................................................... Vice-President
Dorothy Kilpatrick ................................................. Secretary
Grace Chesnutt .................................................... Treasurer
Ethel Thompson .................................................... Librarian
Lucy LaRue .......................................................... Store Manager
The Young Men's Christian Association was organized in the Fall Term of 1918, and was under army supervision with Professor C. E. Rogers, General Secretary.

This organization was carried on in connection with the S. A. T. C. and, as nearly as possible, the boys had the same advantage of the "Y" as did the boys in the camps. The officers were elected by the boys and the Bible study work and athletic activities were in charge of the boys who were elected for those purposes.

Many enjoyable evenings were spent by the boys, listening to the Victrola and observing the movies, playing chess, or some other game furnished free of charge to the boys. The work of the "Y" in the camps was almost duplicated at the Normal and the boys who were discharged had the highest regards for the "Y" work and our enthusiastic Secretary, Professor Rogers.

After Christmas when the Winter Term opened the Y. M. C. A. was continued. The nature of the work of course changed as conditions were changed when the Armistice was signed. The Army "Y" continued to send literature, athletic goods, etc., but our main work has been Bible study and social work. Moving pictures are shown free every week and all students of the school are invited to attend.

Plans are being made to hold joint meetings with the Y. M. C. A. of the school and these meetings are open to the entire student body. Plans are also made to send delegates to the Blue Ridge Y. M. C. A. Student conference at Blue Ridge, N. C., in June.

The Officers of the Y. M. C. A. are:

- Prof. C. E. Rogers, General Secretary
- Dawson King, President
- Mercer Clementson, Religious Director
- Kencade Cooper, Athletic Director
- Herman Eggers, Social Director
This has been a most successful year for the Pestalozzian Literary Society. The social year has been handicapped this year, as a great number of the loyal members have been in the service of their country. Yet those who remained in school have stood united in their effort to uphold the banner of our Society. Many of the former members who have as valiantly fought against a common foe have returned to our Society. All are united in their efforts to make the Pestalozzian Literary Society a greater success in the future.

Officers.

Thomas McMurray .................................................. President
Clyde Kile .............................................................. Vice-President
Alfred Baldwin ....................................................... Secretary
Dawson King .......................................................... Critic
Raymond Miller ..................................................... Janitor
The Dramatic Club
Dramatic Club

During the Fall Term of 1918 The Dramatic Club was organized among the Dormitory Girls. The purpose of this club was to stimulate interest in the drama and to develop expression by the presentation of plays from time to time.

The roll is as follows:

Edith Johnson
Irene Bennett
Laura Reece
Mildred Crouch
Agnes McGinley
Mae Waller
Mary Snoddy
Dorothy Kilpatrick
Elizabeth Carroll
Eleanor Moore

Lucy Edwards
Helen Lacy
Mildred McLane
Mae Nave
Marie Bennett
Carrie Lee Johnson
Leota Williams
Blanche Cook
Grace Chesnutt
The E. T. S. N. Glee Club, which is composed of Misses Mildred Crouch, Norma Gilbreath, Katherine Rockwell, Irene Bennett, Marie Bennett, Lucy Edwards, Delpha Meredith, Eleanor Moore, Ora White, and Helen Lucy, has, under the efficient direction and training of Professor Schoen, been one of the greatest musical achievements at the Normal. These girls have provided entertainment at the chapel each Saturday morning throughout the year, and have sung at every program furnished by the school.

"They can dance, they can sing,
They can do 'most anything."
Basket-ball at the Normal has been on the boom for several years. We have had winning teams all the time. Because of the lack of material this year the Basket-ball season did not open until after Christmas.

Then Lieutenant Reece came to the rescue, and through his ability as a director a strong team was developed. Several teams were played during the season, only two games being lost by the home team. The first game was played with Bristol (Tenn.) High on the home court with losing score of 20 to 28. This game showed the lack of practice. The next game was with Kingsport High School. This game was easily captured by our boys. The team then journeyed to Bristol, where they met defeat the second time with the same team. The team, however, showed great improvement over the previous game.

After several weeks of hard practice the Bristol (Va.) boys, who had just defeated the Bristol (Tenn.) team, were invited to what they thought was a victory. When the Normal boys went on the floor they hit it on the run and completely carried the Bristol boys off their feet with the result that the victory was captured by the home team to the tune of 27 to 30.

Then the teams journeyed to Newport and Greeneville. The first game was played at Newport. The team was small but quick, but our boys out-classed them in skill and pass work. The disputed score was 28 to 30 in our favor. The next and last game of the season was played in Greeneville. The Normal team was handicapped on starting the game, having one of the forwards knocked out at Newport. Our boys did some good playing and ran the score up during the first half and the game proved to be one of the hottest contests of the entire season, with the resulting score of 30 to 31 in our favor. With the second team winning a couple of games, the season closed with only two games lost.

With the prospects of a new gymnasium the Normal School expects to have better basket-ball teams in the future than she has ever had before.
Basket Ball Line-Up

Dawson King ............................................. Right Forward
Colonel Moody ........................................... Left Forward
Jasper Huff ............................................... Center
Dewey Humphreys ....................................... Right Guard
Kersey Odom .............................................. Left Guard

Substitutes

Jess Harwood............................................
Kencade Cooper

Charles F. Reece ....................................... Coach
Dawson King ............................................. Manager
Dewey Humphreys ...................................... Captain

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Girls' Basket Ball Line-Up

Leota Williams .................................................. Right Forward
Helen Lacy ....................................................... Left Forward
Katherine Rockwell ............................................. Jumping Center
Laura Reece ........................................................ Running Center
Blanche Cook ...................................................... Right Guard
Iva Williams ....................................................... Left Guard

Substitutes
Enna Forte ........................................................ Bess Robinson
Irma Schuh ......................................................... Coach
Leota Williams ................................................... Captain

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Girls' Basket Ball Team

The season of 1919 in the girls' basket-ball was a decided success, the team losing only one game out of the seven games played. The fact that the gymnasium was used until Christmas as the S. A. T. C. barracks prevented their having any practice before the New Year. However, early in January, Coach Schuh called the squad together and started them in on a good, strenuous practice for the games to come. By the middle of the month Miss Schuh had the team in wonderful working order and a fit match for any of the girls' teams of Eastern Tennessee.

The first game was played with Bristol (Tenn.) High School on our home court on January 17th. Here our girls showed their ability for basket-ball by winning with a score of 24 to 6.

The second game was a return one with the Bristol team on their court on February 8th. Here again we proved victorious. Score, 13 to 14.

The third game Kingsport played us here on February 11th. The Kingsport girls were no match for our girls, the local aggregation scoring over them with 24 to 6.

The fourth game was with Newport, on our floor, February 15th. They too proved no match for the strong Normal Sextette. Score 56 to 6.

Sullins College team played the fifth game with us on our court on March 1st. This game was a hard and fast one, the Sullins team finally scoring over us by their superior playing. Our girls had every chance to win the return game but because the season closed we were unable to show our uplifting determination to even up things.

Our sixth and seventh games were played on visiting courts. At Maryville College on March 14th the girls played a remarkable game. Here Miss Reece showed her ability as general “utility man” by taking Lacy’s place as forward, while Robinson kept the Maryville forwards on the jump, after being put in Cook’s place as guard, Cook being removed in the second half with two sprained fingers. In the face of this the Normal Team won with a score of 27 to 15.

We played Greeneville on our return trip on the evening of March 15th. Our girls played an easy game here, ending the season with the one-sided score of 57 to 4.

This three-day trip was most eventful and will long be remembered by the girls and their Coach, Miss Schuh. Especially will they remember the “pickle” episode in Knoxville and the “after-the-game” party in Greeneville.

It was with this trip that the 1919 basket-ball season ended, every girl having done excellent and faithful playing which was worthy of our school.
OLD HICKORY

BASEBALL TEAM

Baseball

Players.                  Position.
Jasper Huff            Pitcher
Jess Harwood            Catcher
Clyde Kile            First Base
Kersey Odom            Second Base
Dawson King            Third Base
Doran Shell            Short Stop
Kencade Cooper        Right Field
A. H. Watkins        Center Field
Lawrence Lyle         Left Field

Substitutes

Jeffries              Cole              Eggers
Thos. R. McMurray    Manager
Doran Shell            Captain
Chas. F. Reese            Coach

Page Seventy-six
Baseball

The baseball of the school is one of the many interesting features. The season for this game, although very short, proves one of great interest and training.

Under the direction of our Coach, Lieut. Reece, we have been able to secure good equipment and some of the old players have returned.

The fact that there was no organized team during last season has made it somewhat more difficult to organize this year. But many young and interested players are trying for a position on the team and no doubt before the last of the season we will have developed a well organized and strong fighting team.

The object of baseball in the Normal School is not merely to train teams for inter-scholastic contests but to provide a suitable means for recreation for every student and also to train young men to go out as coaches in high schools.

Following are some of the teams with which we expect to engage in contest during the coming season: Greeneville High School, Knoxville High School, Tusculum College, Washington College, Maryville College, and some of the minor teams of this part of the State. Tom McMurray has been elected Manager of the team and Doran Shell Captain.

Football

During the coming season Coach Reece expects to organize and develop a football team. The school has never been successful in its attempt to initiate this most popular branch of College and High School Athletics and as this game is our coach's "strong point" in athletics, we are predicting a very successful season for our football squad. The season for the playing of this game in the Normal Schools is longer than the season for baseball and its growing popularity causes an entirely new conception of the game and will soon give it a place in all our Normal Schools. Boost football, the best game of them all.
Tennis

With the first signs of Spring, "Uncle Houston" came around to roll and line the courts. In a day or two tennis was in full swing. The courts were crowded with enthusiasts seeing if they had forgotten "how." There were also many novices out to learn the game.

New nets and balls had been purchased and these with the addition of several rackets have equipped those who had none. Professor Burleson's orders to the effect that "anyone who has on anything except tennis shoes will not be allowed to play," has not been in some cases carried out, for we occasionally see people on the court who have other wearing apparel than tennis shoes.

There are many experts who handle "cuts," "twists," and "smashes" so well that it is predicted that there will be a hot contest for the championship in the tournament to be held toward the latter part of this (spring) term.

Among the young men, King (last year's champion) has been picked as a possible winner. As for the girls, there are so many experts, it is really hard to say who will come out ahead.

Spangler suggests that we secure a "mechanical ball-chaser," as he is not so anxious to play as to walk the extra mile to chase the ball that Sanders knocks "over the top" in his vigorous efforts to hit Spangler while he (Spangler) is not at the net.

Some who know not the mysteries of tennis have been heard to say, "Tennis is a girls' game." Well, one might say that, but let him get up close to the net and hear the "pills" whiz by his head and he will change his mind. So come out, ye uninitiated and be taught by some of our gallant young men and women, the game that develops both muscle and alertness.

Track

During the coming Summer Term we shall develop a Track Team for interest of all those who love this branch of athletics. Field Day always has been one of great excitement and many physical contests are listed for the strong athlete who wishes to try his skill and strength for the winning of one of the many prizes.
### Alumni of the Normal Course

#### CLASS OF 1912

Juanita Badgett, Ora Blankenship, Macy Condry, Maud Cox, 
Katherine Gilmer, Mabel Harrison, Jennie Hatcher, 
Lucy Hatcher, Nelson Jones, William Rucker, 
Anson Runyan, Lucy Sitton, Beulah Lee Smith, 
Margaret Smith, W. I. Williams.

#### CLASS OF 1913

Clara Armentrout, Willie Carmichael, Mary Converse, Shelburne Ferguson, 
Lucille Hale, Inda Houtz, Jessie Johnson, John Eva Jones, 
David Livingston, Kate Lundy, Rosa Miller, Clara Million, 
James Ritchie, Loris Simon, Florence Sitton, 
Mattie Strain, Margaret Woodruff.

#### CLASS OF 1914

Elizabeth Armstrong, Crate Arrants, Henrietta Ayre, James Baldwin, 
Fred Broyles, Dean Chase, Sam Duff, Mary Fowler, Lilah Gaut, 
Ethel Hayes, Harry Long, Tennyson Jeffers, Myrtle Leonard, Harvey Loy, James McAmis, Leota Marks, Wilbur C. Morison, William, 
Murrell, Madge Mynatt, Gertrude Needham, Adelia Nenny, 
Myrtle Paine, Alta Pardue, Ethel Price, Elizabeth Reeves, 
Mary Robinson, Adam Sherrod, Elizabeth Skaggs, 

#### CLASS OF 1915

Daisy Beals, Hulda Brown, Sam Brown, Vance Broyles, Irene Card, Lottie Cook, Elberta Cox, Edna Daniel, William Williams, Benjamin Frazier, 
CLASS OF 1916


CLASS OF 1917

Pearl Archer, Adelaide Bailey, Bertie Barnes, Lena Barton, Martha Baxter, Kittie Blevins, James Boston, Elinor Bradig, Bertha Bradshaw, Irma Cooper, Pansy Bradshaw, Margaret Browder, Lida Brown, Christine Burleson, Roy Campbell, Almeda Carmichael, Mollie Claman, Annie Davis, Mary Moore Davis, Retta Davis, Hazel Dinkle, William Edgemon, Lucy Embry, Fay Eskew, Margaret Fain, Nellie Ferguson, Earl Fields, Gladys Fudge, Frank Kyker, Mary Fulton, Jessie Garland, Ira Gillemwater, Jesse Goins, Viola Lyon, Mary Anna Hale, Ben Gross, Mabel Hill, Cora Hornsby, Nettie McClure, Hattie Hunt, Carrie Hunger, Gertrude Isenburg, Velma Larimer, George Jaynes, Anna Jones, Laura King, Lena McClister, Margaret McKenzie, Constance McReynolds, Roy Maddux, Robert Malone, Orville Martin, Nell Neel, Eloise Ware, Henrietta Owen, Evelyn Penland, Adeline Pickering, Annie Laurie Powell, Bernice Powell, Mary Rowe Ruble, Alda Sams, Onslow Runyan, Kathryn Sells, Mae Sheddan, Ira Sliger, Flora Smith, Carrie Lee Sparks, Ernest Speer, Melvia Taylor, Pearl Tindell, Frank Turner, Elizabeth Walton, Una Williamson.

CLASS OF 1918


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Class Will

Know All Men by These Presents:

That we, the Senior Class of the East Tennessee State Normal, in the county of Washington, and the State of Tennessee, considering the uncertainty of life and desiring to leave behind us some substantial proof of our affluent circumstances and also being fully aware that we are leaving behind forever the pleasant (?) tete-a-tetes in the President’s office, the watchful care of the matron, and the stale announcements made at assembly, which we, with the characteristic patience befitting our station, have long endured, do hereby, out of consideration of those who are yet to traverse the rough and rocky way, make, declare, and publish this, our last will and testament:

Item I.
To the Juniors or Soon-to-be Seniors, we bequeath: First, the right to promenade the halls when so inclined; second, to have midnight feasts whenever a box comes from home; third, to the Junior boys the privilege of having a date every six weeks, and fourth, the awed respect and half-fearful esteem which we during our reign as Seniors have commanded from pupils and Faculty alike.

Item II.
To the Fourth Class we do will two more years of strenuous labor. Also we do leave to said class the privilege of leading the Seniors of 1920 into trouble by instigating a boycott on April 1st, of next year, well knowing that said Fourth Years must have some fitting way in which to celebrate on their own particular day.

Item III.
To the Third and Second Year Classes we do graciously leave the privilege of heeding not when Professor Schoen makes his daily plea, “Now let us ‘journ’in singing.” Furthermore, we do grant permission for said Second and Third Years to continue their unique custom of applauding when some distinguished guest prays in Chapel.

Item IV.
To President Gilbreath we do bequeath our thanks for keeping us in the straight and narrow path. We also will to our beloved Uncle Sid the leadership of the Ukelele Club, hoping by such procedure to encourage the Hula-Hula spirit which we know is there. Furthermore we do leave to Uncle Sid the privilege of adding a sleeping porch to the presidential mansion, believing that in so doing, he will, in time, become immune to the glare of certain Dormitory lights and sounds as of great rejoicing after 12 p. m.

Item V.
To the dearest old scout in the world, namely “See” Hodge Mathes, we leave our very best regards and our thanks for his willingness to listen to our love affairs, our disappointments, and our ideas as to how this Normal School should be conducted, the while he was doling out blue cards to show us how much we didn’t know.

Item VI.
To Professor Burleson we do will the right to substitute a new phrase
for the old and time-worn one, "Clear the halls;" also a copy of Poe's "Raven" to be read to his future classes until the Raven itself shall have passed into that land of "Nevermore."

Item VII.
To Professor Schoen we do leave a brand-new broomstick, the said broomstick to be used in beating time to "Jimmie Randall, My Son," also a copy of the Lord's prayer, to be given to said Professor Schoen, that it may be memorized by said gentleman, so that he may cease to be speechless and embarrassed when said prayer is repeated in assembly.

Item VIII.
To Professor Alexander, we do will and bequeath a book of psychological anecdotes, same to be used to impress the uninitiated with the width and breadth of the said Professor's humor. We do also will to the aforementioned gentleman the privilege of napping during assembly, provided he snoreth not.

Item IX.
To Professor Ina Yoakley we do leave a fund, a part of said fund to be used for paying students' debts, thus relieving said Professor Yoakley of the embarrassment of suggesting that—ab—er—y'know—that said debts be paid at the earliest possible convenience, and the remainder of the fund to be expended for maps by means of which said Professor Yoakley may make divers imaginary journeys around the globe.

Item X.
To the Queen of the Mess, namely, Mrs. "Girlie," we do hereby will enough onions for every meal, instead of for special occasions only. In addition, we do leave to the aforementioned lady the privilege of blessin' 'em out when they are late to onions.

Item XI.
To our Private Botanical Specimen, namely Professor Buice, we do, after due consideration, bequeath the munificent sum of one dollar ($1.00) for faithful services rendered behind the bars—in the school post-office. Furthermore, we do grant our gracious permission for said Professor to continue his playful custom of making all bugs turn pale when he appears on the campus.

Item XII.
To Professor X. Y. Rogers, we do grant permission to entertain classes by supplying answers to puzzles which cannot be answered. We also do will the said Professor the right to cast mathematical sarcasm broadcast throughout the Normal.

Item XIII.
To Professor Murat Ichabod Roberts, we do hereby give the right to continue his interesting discussion of "My Views Concerning the League of Nations" to his lady admirers in the cafeteria during lunch hour. In addition, we do leave said Professor a small fund to be spent for the purpose of enlightening the ignorant public concerning "My Views."

Item XIV.
To Miss Artistic Slocumb, we do bequeath an art room, artistically ar-

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ranged as to hamony, correct lines, hamony, good spacing, hamony, sim-
plicity, and hamony.

Item XV.
To Heart-Breaker-Lady-Killer-Reece—That's-Him-All-Over, we do grant
permission to look Pretty or Bust, so help him Buffalo Bill.

Item XVI.
To our efficient Librarian, Miss Taylor, we do bequeath the right to be-
come librarian in a School for the Deaf and Dumb, hoping that by so doing
the said Miss Taylor may have absolute quiet at all times.

Item XVII.
To our Fargo Acquisition, namely, Professor Q. B. Absolutely Bingman,
we do bequeath permission to shoot 'em with an idea which “works like a
charm.”

Item XIX.
To our Side Show, namely, Dorth Kil, we do give permission to leave the
campus when she so desires. Furthermore, we do give permission to the
aforesaid Dorth Kil to take upon herself the responsibility of being Faculty
Critic, trusting that said damsel will endeavor to fill this position to the best
of her ability.

Item XX.
To Conductor P. Kipping we do will a rustic bench, located in some ob-
scure place beyond the watchful eyes of the Faculty, where said P. Kipping
may “spark” to his heart’s content.

Item XXI.
Now that our death knell has been sounded, we take our departure with
good feeling toward all, and with hopes that the school will soon receive a
blessing from the labors of the class of 1919.

Item XXII.
We do hereby will and direct that this our last will and testament be
executed by:
(1) Clark---------Vice-President and Critic.
(2) Mat----------Campus Cop.

In witness whereof we, the Senior Class of Nineteen Hundred and Nine-
teen do set our hand and seal on this, the fourth day of June, nineteen hun-
dred and nineteen.

Lawyer: HELEN BROWDER.
Witnesses: DAWSON KING.
GERTRUDE McDAVID.

Codicil of last will and testament of the Senior Class of E. T. S. N., nine-
teen hundred and nineteen.
Whereas we, the Senior Class of the E. T. S. N. of nineteen hundred and
nineteen have made our last will and testament, we do, by this writing,
which we do declare to be a codicil of said will and taken as a part thereof,
give and bequeath the following:
1. I, Leota Williams, do will to the Hale twins the right of flirting with
   Prof. Roberts.
2. I, Tom McMurray, do leave my brass and ability to talk on any sub-
ject without touching the point to the whole student body, trusting that all will appreciate said gift.

3. We, the Heavenly Twins—namely, Anne Huddle and Lorna Whitside, do grant permission for any serious-minded student, who desires inspiration, to stroll around "Rotten Row" during lunch period on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

4. We, Babs Haire and Yetta Hecht, do bequeath to others so inclined, our privilege of "peev ing" Paul Kipping by having a daily heated debate as to whether we shall "get off" at the corner or ride our nicker's worth.

In witness hereof we do set our hand and seal on this the fourth day of June, nineteen hundred and nineteen.

HELEN BROWDER
DAWSON KING
GERTRUDE McDAVID.
Editors of Old Hickory

Anne Huddle—Editor-in-Chief

Jemima McCalla
Associate Editor

Barbara Haire
Literary Editor

Annie T. Smith
Society Editor

Helen Browder
Art Editor

Dewey Humphreys
Athletic Editor

Helen Lacy
Joke Editor

Edith Baxter
Alumni Editor

Lorna Whiteside
Business Manager

Yetta Hecht
Assistant Business Manager

Lieut. Tom McMurray
Advertising Manager

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OLD HICKORY

JOKES.

Whistling Through the Grave Yard

Staff:
A. Block Head—Editor-in-Chief.
M. T. Pocquet—Business Manager.

Published by The Ghoul Publishing Co. at the Cemetery.
Entered at the Post Office at 12 o'clock as "Worthless" Matter.
Aim: To work like Helen B. Happy.
Motto: Fianna Funganna Escumira Caral Bumsera.
Mr. Schoen: “For some time I have been trying to get a record of Mr. Alexander’s voice raised in song.”
Pupil: “Why is that so difficult?”
Mr. Schoen: “It is due to his originality. He never sings a song the same way twice.”

Prof. Bingman, blushing furiously, seemed to think it necessary, the other morning, to make the following explanation to his Methods class as he drew from his coat collar a very long blond hair: “The wind is responsible for this; I am not.”

Mitchell: “There’s a big mystery abroad!”
Moody: “What is it?”
Mitchell: “Chemistry.”

Miss Huff: “Have you read the Knickerbocker History of New York?”
Paul Kipping: “No, I am not interested in these reports of the clothing trade.”

Miss Yoakley: “Blanche, define a vacuum.”
Blanche Range: “I can’t exactly express it, but I have it in my head.”

Mr. Burleson: “Miss Love, what is the broadest subject in the 8th chapter of Genesis?”
Evelyn: “The flood; it covered the whole world.”

Prof. Alexander was visiting a Music Class. Mr. Schoen played on the Victrola, “Darling, I Am Growing Old.”
Mr. Schoen: “Class, is that a man’s voice or a woman’s?”
Mr. Alexander: “A man’s voice.”
Mr. Schoen: “How do you know?”
Mr. Alexander: “Because no woman would ever admit that she is growing old.”

Leota: “All extremely bright people are conceited.”
Prof. Roberts: “Oh, I don’t know; I’m not.”

He had just proposed to Anne. “No,” she said, “I cannot marry you. The man I marry must be a grand man, upright and square.”
“My dear girl,” he said, “you don’t want a man; what you want is a piano.”
Little Sid: "Norma, I can trade last with you."
Norma: "Oh, Sid, what is it?"
Sid: "Some one said the other day that you were the flower of the family."
Norma (delighted): "Oh, how sweet of them!"
Sid: "Yes, wasn't it? They said that you were the flower of the family, the blooming idiot."

Mrs. Gurley was absent from the dining hall and Mr. Burkhart asked the following blessing:
"Oh Lord, we thank Thee for our many sins. Sanctify them to the comfort of our bodies and forgive this food, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Tom McMurray's Petition to President Gilbreath: "It is requested that the young men shall have the privilege to call on the young ladies at the dormitory, whose conduct shall be that of gentlemen, and if not they shall be deprived of such."

Mr. Bennett: "Tell me, Irene—that young man that wants to marry you this Christmas; has he any money?"
Irene: "Money, father? Why he has given me a cluster diamond ring set in platinum."
Mr. Bennett: "Yes, I know. Has he any left?"

Little Edly Rogers was boasting: "My father and I know everything in the world," said he to his companion.
"All right," said the latter, "where is Asia?"
It was a stiff question; but Edly answered coolly: "That is one of the questions my father knows."

Prof. Burleson: "I maintain that newspaper English is entirely too slangy."
Dawson King: "Now you're tootin', Purfesh. We've been trying to tie a can to this slangy stuff, but the news ginks don't give a hoot about the high-toned lingo."

Dean Mathes: "What things have we gotten out of the war, Dorothy?"
Kil.: "Cooties, the Flu, and Prohibition."

Miss Baxter: "It seems funny, Mr. Bingman, that you are still single. I fear that you are something of a woman hater."
Mr. Bingman: "No, indeed, it is to avoid becoming one that I remain single."

Tom had tried on the helmet. "And what is that strap under the chin for?" asked Mac.
"To rest my lower jaw on after answering silly questions," replied Tom.
OLD HICKORY

Teacher (to Sunday-school class): "Now boys, in placing your offering on the plate, I want each of you to recite some appropriate verse."
Stephen (placing a penny on the plate): "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."
John: "God loveth a cheerful giver."
George Mathes (reluctantly): "A fool and his money are soon parted."

Mrs. Gurley (rather timidly): "Isn't fourteen cents rather high for turkey? I am sure the price across the way is only thirteen."
Butcher: "With the feet on?"
Mrs. Gurley: "No, I think the feet are cut off."
Butcher: "I thought so, Madam; when we sell a turkey we sell it feet and all."

Marie's head was pillowed on his breast, and looking up in a shy way she said: "Do you know, dear George, that—"
"You mean dear James, I think," he interrupted, smiling fondly at her mistake.
"Why, yes, to be sure. How stupid I am. I was thinking this was Wednesday evening."

Laura Reece (going up in elevator in Miller's Store in Knoxville)—"Conductor, what if the rope breaks that holds us?"
Conductor: "Oh, there are a number more that are attached as safety ropes."
Laura: "But if they all break where shall we go."
Conductor: "Oh, well, m'm, that all depends upon what kind of a life you have been living before."
(And Laura faints at the thought.)

It is related that a chronic office-seeker died a few years ago and his friends asked a well-known journalist for an epitaph for his tombstone. The journalist suggested the following, which was not, however, adopted:
"Here lies John Jones in the only place for which he never applied."

Unfortunately for Mr. Alexander, Mr. Schoen was having his Music Class in the room just opposite. The song, which was, "Scotland's Burning, Scotland's Burning," had been sung lustily for the past hour. Prof. Alexander was exasperated. In a few minutes Prof. Schoen was surprised by the following: "For God's sake, Schoen, send for the fire department and shut up that noise."

Barbara Haire (at the Model School): "And just think, this happened four hundred years ago."
Model Pupil (his eyes open wide with wonder): "Gee, what a memory you've got."
OLD HICKORY

POPULAR SONGS AT THE DORMITORY

1. Feed the baby onions so you can find him in the dark.
2. While peeping through the knot-hole in father's wooden leg.
3. Will Spearmint hold its flavor on the bedpost over night?
4. Now that the war is over where will the cootie go?
5. Johnnie get the hammer, there's a fly on the Baby's nose.

Mr. Prince, on taking a check from Anne Huddle, said: "What denomination, please?"
"Methodist," she replied, "what are you?"

Graham: "If the Mississippi is the Father of Waters, why don't they call it Mistersippi?"

"Here," said Dean Mathes, "is a penny three hundred years old. It was given to me when I was a boy."
"Hully Gee," said little Ralph, "just think of any one keeping a penny that long."

Helen Lacy: "Why do words have roots?"
Dean Mathes: "To make the language grow, my child."

Editor: "Er, Smith, I want you to order a ton or so of new type—z's, y's, and x's. They are starting a new war in Russia."

"McMurray," said his room-mate; "what is psychology?"
"Psychology, my friend is a word of four syllables that you ring in to distract attention when the explaining gets too difficult."

WANTED:

By Eleanor Moore: Some Cabbage.
By Lieut. Cabage: A little Moore.
By Prof. Rogers: To know if potatoes are worth $1.50 per bushel, how much turnips are worth?
By Miss Anderson: To know the rest of the song Helen Lacy was singing in the study hall of apartment E.
By Prof. Roberts: To know if a 25c Kress ring could really look like a sure-enough diamond
By Senior Class: What "nut" originated the plan for running off April Fool?
By Appartment F: To know what "scatterment" means.
By the Basket-ball Team: How many times Helen and Leota went up and down on the elevator in Miller's Store in Knoxville for 5c.
HELPFUL HINTS

The style of wearing the hair over the ears is considered very injurious. We know of a young lady, who, after wearing her hair that way for a month became so deaf that she couldn't hear her mother calling her to come into the kitchen to wash the dishes.

Never cut your corns with the lawn-mower. We have known many a good lawn-mower to be ruined that way.

To cure an ingrowing toenail carefully place the toe under a trip hammer and pull the lever. A permanent cure will be effected in one trip.

Carbolic acid will remove freckles if not too deeply seated.

Rainwater is good for warts. Hold the finger or thumb containing the wart in a bucket of rainwater all night and the wart will be three times as big in the morning.

It is said that a good Jazz Band will cure the most stubborn case of sleeping sickness in Jig Time.

To hone a razor, wrap it in a piece of brown paper and then hand the razor to some reliable barber, with these words:

"Eeny, Meeny, Miney, Mo,
Hone my razor, will you Bo?
Make it sharp as it can be,
Then return the same to me."

How to remove grease spots: Load your grease spot on a moving van and have it hauled to the reduction plant.

SAYINGS HEARD ON THE CAMPUS

Oh Hel—en! (Laura Reece).
Fine doins! (Soph. Cook).
That's mighty fine. (Luce Edwards).
I'll whup you. (Dorothy Kil).
Let's lop some of the gravy. (Mac).
Good Honk! (Agnes McGinley).
Sister always said——. (Bob Taylor Johnson).
Ye ain't got no sense. (Eleanor Moore).
Ye Gods! (Helen).
Now ain't this a meell of a hess!

KINDS OF KISSES

(As defined by the Faculty)

Geometrical—Two circles coincide. Reece.
Mathematical—0-2. Rogers.
Psychological—A soul kiss. Alexander.
Physical—Impact of 2 objects. Yoakley.
Chemical—One of the Carbohydrates. Smith.
Botanical—Germination of love. Buie.
Pessimistic—Two fools co-operating in folly. Gilbreath.
Biblical—The way of a man with a maid. Burleson.
Poetical—A moment of extreme bliss, an ecstasy of happiness.
Locals

Dean Mathes, after writing his Grammar which treats so learnedly of words and their functions in the sentence, presented a copy to Miss Nellie Cooper. On the fly-leaf of the book may be found this inscription: "To Miss Nellie Cooper, with the compliments of the author."

President Gilbreath received in a letter from a prospective student the other day a two-cent postage stamp which was, the writer said, "to use on his reply to her." Always strictly business-like, President Gilbreath wrote, we have learned, to that student asking her to please forward a one-cent stamp at once.

We have learned, through a confidential friend, that Miss Yoakley does not always kneel by her bedside when she says her prayers. It is a fact to be regretted that we are in need of evangelistic work among the faculty.

The trip of the Girls’ Basket-ball Team to Maryville proved a very exciting experience for all those who went. Miss Macbrair had a wild time in general and the successful chaperoning of the aforesaid body completely occupied the time of the nine conscientious girls who accompanied her. Miss Schuh and Lieut. Reece proved somewhat unruly on the trip, but with the exception of a few breaks managed not to disgrace the crowd. Lieut. Reece would eat gravy at the restaurant at Greeneville with a spoon and insisted that his order should include one-half dozen onions. Although it was raining in Knoxville, we questioned Miss Schuh’s judgment in accepting from a strange man on the street an umbrella, which she never expected to return. Also, we question the propriety of both Miss Schuh and Miss Macbrair in conversing, in the parlors of the Hotel Atkin, with two strangers, who, in the course of their conversation, proved to be circus managers and undertook to explain to the aforesaid ladies how much more fascinating it would be to stand on one toe in fluffy, spangled skirts, and jump through hoops than to teach school.
Experiences of a Teacher

SOME MESSAGES RECEIVED BY TEACHERS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS:

Objecting to Clay-modeling.
Miss —: John kem home yesterday wid his clothes covered wid mud. He said you put him to work mixing clay when he ought to be learning to read and write. My man carries the hod, and God knows that I have enuf trouble wid his clothes in the wash widout scraping John's coat. If he comes home again like this I'll send him back to you to wash his clothes.
Mrs. O'R——.

Objecting to Physical Culture.
Miss —: You must stop teachin my Lizzie fisical torture; she yet needs reading and figors mit sums more as that, if I want her to do jumping I can make her jump.
Mrs. Caravomsky.

Objecting to Lessons on Temperance.
Miss —: My boy tells me that when I drink der overcoat to my stom-mick gets too thick. Please be so kind and don't interfere with my family affairs.
Chris.——.

Dear Miss: Please excuse Fritz for staying home. He had the measles to oblige his father.
J. B.

Please, Miss Teacher, excuse Fannie for not bathing. I have sewed her clothes on for the winter.
Mrs. ———.

Miss —: Please let Willie come home at 2 o'clock. I take him out for a little pleasure to see his grandfather's grave.
Mrs. R——.

Announcements in Chapel

"No person will be allowed on the tennis court with anything on except tennis shoes.”
Burleson.

"Lost—An umbrella by a girl with a long black handle.”
Mathes.

"If any person at any time sees on the tennis courts a girl with a long black handle with nothing on except tennis shoes, please report the same to me.”
Gilbreath.
Celebrities

Uncle Sid.
Private Buice.
Macabus.
Snotty Mary.
Oats.
Luce.
Kil.

Uncle Dean.
Ich.
The Heavenly Twins.
Hellabus.
Soph.
Miss Capinolium.
"Tom."
Afterword

We would not have you believe that "Old Hickory" is the embodiment of all our hopes. We have cherished ambitions and have seen our aspirations and ideals fade into a misty haze of disappointment. The shortcomings of the book are much more poignant to us than to you, for it is we, who, unable to improve, realize the mediocrity of some of its contents.

We wish to express our thanks to those who have helped to make this book a reality. To President Gilbreath and Dean Mathes, whose kindly criticism has enabled us to see our faults, and to those who have made our task less difficult by their contributions, we are deeply grateful.

May this, our first volume of Old Hickory, serve as an incentive to the classes that shall follow.

THE EDITORS.
The Senior's Future
Helene Browder
THE MODEL MILL OF THE SOUTH
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OF THIS ANNUAL DO PRINTING WITH A PERSONALITY ABOUT IT THAT BRING RESULTS

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