To Library
To My Mother

By GLENN A. DUNCAN, B. S. MED. '21

I look into a depth of blue.
   The few clouds there are trimmed in gold.
The day holds beauties in the view
   That in a life could ne'er grow old.

The pretty brooklets run along.
   Reflecting Heavenward the light.
And mingle ripples with the song
   Of joy that thrills me at the sight.

Yet He who stays the Universe
   And lends to Nature all her grace
And charms untold in art or verse
   Gave greater beauty to your face:

For brightness of the fairest day.
   The Heaven, every land and isle
Be blended in a halo gay.
   Is not so sunny as your smile:

And if the beds of crystal brooks
   Were deeper than reflected skies.
They could not match the depths of looks
   Nor purity within your eyes.
Dedication

O those great souls who dreamed and toiled for us, who labored that we might have life. who watched and prayed for us: to those faces that were the first to smile upon us in our helpless infancy: to those hands that so tenderly cared for us through our thoughtless, youthful years: to those hearts that have ached in our sorrow and rejoiced in our gladness: to those spirits inspired by the purest and greatest love:

To the Mothers of Emory Men this volume is reverently and affectionately dedicated.
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First Entrance Bridge
Bridge "B"

Second Entrance Bridge Looking Toward Quadrangle
J. J. Gray Clinic

Used for Clinical Instruction in Medicine. Attendance Over 30,000 Cases a Year.
Capacity 50,000
Theology Building

Containing Theological Chapel and Libraries of Schools of Theology and Liberal Arts

Physics Building on Right
Bridge "C"

Connecting Dormitory Group With Quadrangle
OLD MAIN MEDICAL BUILDING

Now Being Remodeled Into Hospital for Negroes
Physics Building

Used for Laboratory and Class-Room Instruction for School of Liberal Arts
T. T. FISHBURN LABORATORY OF PHYSIOLOGY

Contains Most Modern Equipment for Laboratory and Class-Room Instruction in Medicine
Theological Chapel
A CAMPUS WALK

This One is the Well-Beaten Path to the "Log Cabin," the Car Station
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Foreword

In submitting this, the second annual publication gotten out by the student body of Emory since she became the University that she is, we have made an earnest effort to portray the life and spirit of the Campus along with the varied activities that make up that life. We trust, and feel reasonably confident, that it will engender in every loyal Son and friend of the University a feeling of pride and be a source of delight to those who by their efforts in all the phases of student life have made the publication possible.

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Important Dates In the History of the University

1836—Emory College incorporated by the Georgia Conference at Columbus, Ga.

1837—The College opened to students.

1841—The First Class graduated.

1854—The Atlanta Medical College founded.

1864-'65—The College buildings used as war hospitals.

1878—The Southern Medical College founded.

1898—The Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons founded as a merger of the above-named medical schools.

1905—The Atlanta School of Medicine established.

1913—Merger of the Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons and Atlanta School of Medicine as the Atlanta Medical College.

1914—Emory University authorized.

1914—Candler School of Theology organized.

1916—Lamar School of Law established.

1919—The Graduate School, School of Business Administration, and Summer School established.

1921—The new Wesley Memorial Hospital built.
BOOK I

GRADUATE
History of Graduate School

THE Graduate School, although the youngest of all departments, having been organized in October, nineteen hundred and nineteen, has already proved itself indispensable to Emory University.

During its first collegiate year with Dr. Theodore H. Jack, as Dean, it passed through all the trials and tribulations of a department so newly organized, and ended its first year with accomplishments satisfactory to all.

Besides having as members several people of distinction, this school is characterized by another important fact: It is the only department of the University which is co-educational. In fact, during its first year there were five women in a class of fifteen. This year saw the first degree ever presented to a woman by Emory University.

However, this was only the beginning. We entered upon our second year in October, nineteen hundred and twenty, with an enrollment of sixteen, including five women. We are indeed fortunate to have Dr. Jack with us again as Dean.

Our accomplishments are only our beginning, for we are looking forward with great interest to all the glory the future holds for us. We feel sure our Graduate School will soon be known far and wide and have a reputation second to none.

Our history is necessarily brief, since our department has had such a short existence; may we, as a true Graduate School, prove an inspiration to those who come after us, and we wish for them a glorious career in filling the places we are leaving.

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Ethel Pike .................. Historian
Daniel L. Metts ........ Representative Emory Campus
EDGAR P. BILLUPS
St. Albans, W. Va.
Master of Arts
"O grant me an honest fame or grant me none!"
Re-entered Emory University Fall Term, 1920; A.B. Degree Emory University, 1918; Professor of Latin and Greek, Morris Harvey College, 1918-'19; Member of Western North Carolina Conference; Sigma Upsilon Literary Fraternity; Student Activities Council; Glee Club; Masonic Club.

RUTH CALHOUN
Cordele, Georgia
Master of Arts
"The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart."
Entered Emory University Fall Term, 1920; A.B. Degree Wesleyan College, 1912; French Club; Vice-Chairman Graduate School.

GEORGE H. BOYD
Atlanta, Georgia
Master of Science
"Oh call it by some other name, For friendship sounds too cold."
Re-entered Emory University Fall Term, 1920; A.B. Degree Emory University, 1917; Instructor in Biology.
GEORGE WILLARD COBB  
Memphis, Tenn.  
Master of Arts.  
"Whose little body log'd a mighty mind."

Re-entered Emory University Fall Term, 1920; George Peabody College; A.B. Degree Emory University, 1918; Delta Tau Delta Fraternity; Alpha Epsilon Upsilon Honorary Society; Member of Memphis Conference; Student Activities Council; Spanish Club; President Die Plaudertasche; Student Pastor.

ELIZABETH ROSE GIBSON  
Thompson, Georgia  
Master of Arts

"Two springs that with unbroken flow
Forever pour their lucent streams."

Entered Emory University Fall Term, 1920; A.B. Degree Wesleyan College, 1918; Secretary and Treasurer of Graduate School; Phi Gamma Literary Society; Impromptu Debate; French Club; Sponsor for Company “C,” R. O. T. C.

MARGARET EAKES  
Decatur, Georgia  
Master of Arts  
"Or if Virtue jeeble were
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

Entered Emory University Fall Term, 1920; A.B. Degree LaGrange College, 1910; Diploma State Normal School, 1913; Student Columbia University, 1919-'20.
RICHARD P. HALL
ARKANSAS
Master of Science
"The wisest man could not ask more of Fate
Than to be simple, modest, manly, true."
Entered Emory University Fall Term, 1920; A.B. Degree Henderson-Brown College, 1919; Instructor in Biology; Student Activities Council; Athletic Council.

HENRY LeROY JOHNS
BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA
Master of Arts
"A reading-machine, always wound up and going."
Entered Emory University Fall Term, 1920; A.B. degree Louisiana State University, 1917.

MAUDE HARRIS
CARTERSVILLE, GEORGIA
Master of Arts
"The sweetest thing that ever grew Beside a human door."
Entered Emory University Fall Term, 1920; A.B. Degree LaGrange College, 1918; Diploma in Piano, 1917; Sponsor for American Legion; French Club.
DANIEL L. METTS  
Dublin, Georgia  
Master of Arts  
"Magnificent spectacle of human happiness."

B.Ph. Degree Emory University, 1920; Chairman Graduate School; Staff of Emory Campus; Fellowship in English; Adjutant American Legion Over-Seas Club; Masonic Club; Sekretär Die Plaudertasche.

ETHEL PIKE  
LaGrange, Georgia  
Master of Arts  
"Of all the days that's in the week I dearily love but one."

Entered Emory University Fall Term, 1919; Graduate G. N. & L. C., 1916; Student LaGrange College, 1916-'17; Phi Gamma Literary Society; French Club; Historian Graduate School, 1920-'21.

NAM SUK PAIK  
Seoul, Korea  
Master of Arts  
"Toil is the true knight's pastime."

Re-entered Emory University, Fall Term, 1920; B.S. Degree Emory University, 1920; Student at Chasen Christian College, Seoul, Korea, 1917-'18; Y. M. C. A.; Student Volunteer Band; Vice-President Cosmopolitan Club.
L. WELB0RNE SUMMERS
Orangeburg, S. C.
Master of Arts
"Write me as one who loves his fellow men."

THOMAS L. TYLER
Atlanta, Georgia
Master of Arts
"There is no good in arguing with the inevitable."
Entered Emory University Fall Term, 1920; A.B. Degree and Graduate in Expression, Meridian College, 1920; Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

ROBERT Z. TYLER
Atlanta, Georgia
Master of Arts and Bachelor of Divinity
"The man of wisdom is the man of years."
Student Oklahoma University; A.B. Degree and Graduate in Expression, Meridian College, 1917; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet ond President; Secretary Student Council, 1917-18; President, 1918-19.
BOOK II

LIBERAL ARTS
History of The Liberal Arts Student Government

UNTIL two years ago there was in effect at Emory a rather antiquated and somewhat clumsy system of student government. The President and Central Board were the main parts of a government that was not at all capable of being expanded to meet the requirements of a University connection. But the greatest cause for dissatisfaction with the existing system lay in the web of politics that spread over and enmeshed the whole organization. The walls of Tammany Hall and the cloakrooms of the Capitol know nothing of secret and strange diplomacy when compared with the walks and halls of Oxford. And, too, it was highly evident that a change must come to fit the student body for the move to the seat of the University.

Accordingly, a commission, composed of W. B. Sanders, C. K. Bivings, S. M. Mathews, B. F. K. Mullins and W. B. Stuhbs, Jr., all of the Class of ’19, and Robert Flowers, M. L. Greene, and W. E. Rogers, of the class of ’20, was appointed to draw up the constitution for the new form of government. When this arduous task was completed the student body voted for ratification unanimously, and the new order went into effect.

A Council for each class, and a Student Council for the whole school, with their officers, form the ruling bodies. An Honor System provides for the maintenance of a code of honesty in the school that makes every man responsible for fairness in the student body. The new system does away with a great deal of the politics that infested the old organization. On the new campus the task of unifying all the schools has proceeded slowly but surely, and the system in force in the academic schools has had a wonderful influence in the shaping of the University Government, which is now vested in the officers and members of the Student Activities Council, in which are three representatives from every school in the University. Many of the student activities that formerly were only Liberal Arts activities have been taken over by the University system, and the scope of the Liberal Arts government has been decreased. But there is still a great need for the excellent organization of the collegiate school, that this, the heart of the University, may contribute her full measure of support to the making of the Emory Student Government a government that stands for efficient organization and sturdy honor in the student body.
The Poet

By Roland P. Mackay, '20

You may sing of your king and your potentate,
   You may boast of your monarch on high,
You may talk of your lord and your leader of state,
   Or the power to command of his eye:
But the scepter is only an emblem of might,
   Though brilliant its glittering gleams,
And the poet is monarch, though pauper he be,
   For he lives in the land of his dreams.

There are kings who have glory, and princes with power,
   And emperors mighty and bold,
But their pomp and their splendor are but for an hour,
   And are measured with glittering gold:
While the poet can sit in his cabin at night
   And build him a palace of dreams,
And walk with the angels, or dine with the stars,
   And muse on celestial themes.

And tonight if a light from the throne of God
   Should fall on the couch where I sleep,
And I should be given to ask as a gift
   A blessing to have and to keep,
I'd take me no scepter—I'd have me no crown—
   Nor ask for the power of kings,
But simply the heart of a singer of songs,
   That I might be dreaming of things!
Seniors
History of The Senior Class

The Class of '21, as it sails quietly into port, looks back over a voyage beset by many hardships and disappointments, having been born in the uncertain days of '17, and feeling the effect of the war while the class was yet young. The S. A. T. C. days of '18 caused considerable confusion, and several men dropped out. Again in the fall of '19 we lost the Pre-Meds, but the faithful few by their loyalty and persistence held the class together until we found ourselves on the new campus, with a bunch of new members. Some were old Emory men who had been out of school for a time, and some were from other schools. The renewed “pep” and strength was first demonstrated by the football team, which didn’t lose a game during the season of '19. We have been going strong ever since.

Every class history is more or less like an inscription, but we are frank to admit that we have not won all the honors, accomplished all the worth-while feats, nor lived out our four years here without making some errors. All of us have not been “A” students, but we have tried. We have not always won on the athletic field, but we put up a hard fight. We have not always reached the goal that we have set for ourselves, but we have really “put out” and we are sure that it was energy well spent.

Not only have we played an important part as a class, but the members of the Class of '21 have had a lot to do with the University activities as a whole. With due credit to the class of last year, we claim the honor of being the class from the School of Liberal Arts, which has worked continually for Emory. And in parting, we wish to leave our record and work as a foundation stone for a Greater Emory, with the hope that other classes will build a more noble structure thereon.

Claude M. Haynes, Secretary.
The EMORY CAMPUS

SENIOR CLASS COUNCIL

Jones
Vice Chairman

McFadden
Chairman

Haynes
Secretary and Treasurer

Blackard

Mepps
"Now my soul hath elbow room."

R. E. Arnau, B.Ph.
Dublin, Ga.

Phi Delta Theta Fraternity; D. V. S.; Chairman Liberal Arts Student Council, '21; Vice-President Pan-Hellenic Council, '21; President Glee Club, '20; Student Activities Council, '21; Chairman Music Council, '21; Vice-Chairman Junior Class Council, '20; Manager Baseball, '20; "E" in Basketball, '19; "E" in Baseball, '21; Athletic Committee, '19, '20; Assistant Business Manager Phoenix, '19, '20; Music Council, '20, '21; Basketball team, '18, '19, '20; Baseball team, '18, '19; Owl's Social Club; Phi Gamma Literary Society; Corporal Naval Unit S. A. T. C., '18; Y. M. C. A.

If we were "broke" and had to borrow ten dollars we'd go to Earl, not because he would have it, but because he would let us have it if he did have it. Which reminds us that Earl is one of the best fellows we know anything about. We have seen him in action and know that when he goes after anything he gets it. His executive ability is going to make him a bank president some day—or something corresponding to that. His ability to make and keep friends will make him governor or something like that if he wants to be that. We know he will succeed, and we are glad of it.

"He was the mildest mannered man
That ever scotched ship or cut a throat."

Arch Avary, Jr., B.S.
Atlanta, Ga.

Entered school Fall of 1919; University of Georgia, '18, '19; 29th Company, C. O. T. S., Camp Gordon; American Legion; University of Georgia Club; Assistant Art Editor Campus, '20.

Arch came to us full of ideas imbued at the University of Georgia. He made many friends here. He didn't stay here until June, because he had used up all the History and English in the curriculum, and not being especially interested in the other subjects taught, he left at the end of the Fall term, having received his diploma, of course. And herein is a good argument for the establishing of an Agricultural school in connection with the University, because we feel sure that if there had been one here Arch would have stayed longer with us. We feel sure that his propensities for hard work will be rewarded in some way.
"A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society.

Hunter Seaborn Bell, Ph.B.
Dawson, Ga.

Phi Delta Theta Fraternity; The Pyramid; Susie Dahm's Social Club; Phi Gamma Literary Society; Pan-Hellenic Council, ’20, ’21; Secretary and Treasurer, ’21; Publicity Manager Glee Club, ’21; Athletic Committee, ’20, ’21; Vice-Chairman, ’20, ’21; Secretary and Treasurer Freshman Class; Honor Roll, ’19, ’20; Athletic Editor Emory Wheel, ’20, ’21; Vigilance Committee, ’21; “E” Club; University Tennis Manager, ’20, ’21; Basketball Team, ’20; All-Emory Baseball, ’20; Baseball, ’19, ’20; Basketball, ’19; Entered College Fall, ’18.

Hunter is one of our three-year men, and it was only this year that he entered our ranks. He is one of the best examples in our class of that rare genius known as the all-around man. Hunter is at once the scholar, the journalist, the athlete, and the friend. More than this can scarce be said.

"Alas, the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing."

Richard Heber Bennett, B.S.
Atlanta, Ga.

Sigma Chi Fraternity: Sigma Phi Club; A.B. Trinity College, ’17; Entered Emory Fall, ’19; Sigma Upsilon: Baseball, ’20; Captain Liberal Arts Basketball Team, ’21; Tennis Team.

Young girls, beware! Gaze not too long upon the picture of this blue-eyed paragon, lest you, like many others, come under his sinister spell. If I were you I'd just turn this page without further risking the loss of the heart that I know you wish to keep whole. This is just a bit of fatherly advice and I know you won't heed it, but remember that you were warned.

Dick is one of those reliable men that you like to know. He has a Niagara Falls of reserve force and moral stamina. It takes a long time to know Dick, because there is so much to him to know. We are going to watch him, and we expect to see the world moved forward about two notches because he happened along.
"A youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven."

EMBREE HESS BLACKARD, B.A.
Jackson, Tenn.

Few Literary Society; Eagles Social Club; Class Council, '21; Y. M. C. A.; Freshman Commencement Speaker, '18; Sophomore Commencement Speaker, '19; Impromptu Debate, '20; Few Anniversary Orator, '20; Washington's Birthday Orator, '21; Champion Debate, '21; Board of Directors of Few, '20; Corresponding Secretary Few, '19; Chaplain of Few, '19; Censor Morum of Few, '19; Critic of Few, '19; Member of Archaeological Debating Society; Corresponding Secretary Ministerial Association, '20; Secretary of Ministerial Association, '21; Exchange Editor Campus, '19; R. O. T. C., '19; Football, '19, 20, 21, Basketball, '19, '21; Baseball, '10, '20; Class Track, '20, '21; Captain Senior Relay team, '21; Varsity Track team, '20, '21; Ministers' Son's Club; Recording Secretary of Tennessee Club, '18, '19; Non-Frat Council, '19, '20.

Blackard is a minister's son and is going to follow in the steps of his father. For one of his years he already has achieved no mean prominence in that calling. He has been a valuable asset to those things that make Emory what she is. In the Literary Society to which he belongs he has been equally influential. The honors that he has received at Emory show something of how he is esteemed by his fellows, but even these fall far short of expressing the sentiment of those who know him best.

"He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side."

ULRIC BANNISTER BRAY, B.S.
Warrenton, Ga.

Delta Tau Delta Fraternity; Phi Gamma Chapter of Alpha Phi Epsilon Literary Society; Freshman-Sophomore Debate, '18; Alternate Freshman Commencement Speaker, '19; Corporal Naval Unit, S. A. T. C.; Navy Club, '19; Circere Francisci, '20, '21; Student Instructor Chemical Laboratory, '20; Local Editor Emory Wheel, '20, '21; Senior Relay Team, '21; President, Phi Gamma, '21; Champion Debate, '21; Pan-Hellenic Council; Selected as Emory Candidate for Cecil Rhodes Scholarship; Honor Roll, '19, '20.

"Bray" came to Emory as a Freshman in the Fall of '18 and he'll get his dip in '21, a mere three years, and as you can see from the above list of accomplishments, he's had his share of the honors. Chemistry is his passion, and most any day you can get the stink of some overflow of his in the lab. He rescued a fellow student on Stone Mountain from a sure death, and we have heard that he is adept in the distinctly parlor art of heart-smashing. But there is no need to write about him.
"I shall be as secret as the grave."

**David Foster Bruton**

Entered school Fall term, '10; Y. M. C. A.; Sparks Club; Elected Business Manager of Emory Wheel, '17; with the Colors from Nov., '17, to Nov., '19; Re-entered school during Summer term, '20. "Prof." is a man who knows, and knows he knows. A man of determination, who sees the goal toward which he is driving, and a man who will reach that goal. By his impressive dignity of bearing and strict attention to his own business, he reminds us of a man who dwells in a super-world and communes with the departed great and feels at home with them. Perhaps he has this com- placency because he has already solved what is considered by some the most difficult problem, in that he has found and taken unto himself a mate.

"Our business in the field to fight Is not to question, but to prove our might."

**Alfred Brackett Clarke**

Suffolk, Va.

Freshman Richmond College, Virginia, '17; Sophomore Henry Kendall College, '18; U. S. Marine Corps; Emory University, '19, '21; Few Literary Society; Ministerial Association; American Legion; Cercle Francais; Virginia Club; Y. M. C. A.; Critic Few Literary Society, Winter term, '20, Treasurer, '21, Board Directors, '21; "E" Club, '21; Treasurer American Legion, '21; Champion Debate, '21; Football, '20; All-Emory Football, '21.

"Old Virginia says, 'This is my son.'" A. B. has a warm place in the hearts of us all. He is just the steady kind of fellow we all delight to know. He came to Emory as a Junior. These two years have been sufficient to prove his excellence. He has taken his part of the honors. In the football line he is an immovable object. Now that the preliminaries of Horace and "Analyt" are over he is going to study theology. We feel sure wherever he goes he will be an irresistible force.
And wisely tell what time o' day
The clock does strike, by algebra.

CLYDE LEMUEL COLSON, B.A.
Waynesboro, Ga.

Entered School Fall, '19; Delta Tau Delta Fraternity; Few Literary Society; Class Football, '19, '20; Varsity Football Squad, '19.

"Colson" is a remarkable fellow in several ways and as ambitious as Old Harry himself. To begin with, he is only eighteen years old, entirely too young to be getting a diploma from Emory—but he will get it despite his youth. "Colson" has made his name famous on the Emory campus in two fields of activities. First, on the football field, where he attained the Varsity one year, and for two years has made many a right tackle wish he had taken to African golf instead of football. And then in scholastic regions, and especially in math., where he has kept "Doug," and "Madam" busy thinking up new courses for him. They haven't floored him yet, either. They say when he gets his dip here he's going North and won't come back until he has a Ph.D. or two in mathematics. Then he's coming to Emory. But whatever he does and wherever he goes, we can safely predict a big future for him, because of his pleasant personality and dogged persistence.

"Short is my date, but deathless my renown."

MILES SAMUEL CROWDER, B.S. MED.
Griffin, Ga.

Kappa Psi Medical Fraternity; Non-Fraternity; School of Liberal Arts; Few Literary Society; Football, '18, '19; Baseball, '18, '19; Track, '18, '19; Medical Corps Fall of '18.

Miles comes to us from Griffin, Ga. He tells us that himself. He's been with us now for four years and will continue his work in the Medical School. We like Miles. He's one of the best friends a fellow ever had. He has worked hard for Emory, too, and when he leaves here we feel sure that the old Alma Mater will hold this son dear to her heart, even as do all her sons at present.
"The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong."

WARREN SPEER DOROUGH, B.S. MED.
Quitman, Ga.

Chi Phi Fraternity; Chi Zeta Chi Medical Fraternity; Phi Gamma Literary Society; Beta Omrion Phi Social Club; Chi Sigma Chi Social Club; Pyramid; Secretary and Treasurer of Pre-Medical Class, '18, '19; Secretary and Treasurer of German Club, '19; Assistant in Biology, '19; Baseball, '18; Manager of Freshman Basketball team; Basketball, '19; Captain of Sophomore Basketball team; All-Emory Basketball team, '19; Emory Cadet Corps, '18; S. A. T. C.; Band: Orchestra; President Freshman Medical Class, '20; "E" Club; Representative to Student Activities Council from Medical School; Vice-Chairman Student Activities Council; Representative to Student Activities Association from Medical School; Treasurer Student Activities Association; Member Emory University Athletic Association; Captain Medical Basketball team, '21.

"A man without a doubt" is "Gus." He doesn't look old, but you'd be surprised at the things he knows. In him are combined all the qualities that make a likeable fellow and a successful man. He began the practice of his profession at an early date—unofficial of course—but ask one of our "co-eds" about his healing powers. "Gus" has neglected no form of activities while at Emory. He has developed along every line, and with it all he has been a splendid student. Everybody likes him and will be glad to see him achieve the success that we know is coming to him.

"Of every noble work the silent part is best,
Of all expression that which cannot be expressed."

GLENN ARCHIBALD DUNCAN, B.S., MED.
Trion, Ga.

Senior B.S., student in Liberal Arts; Soph. Med.; Entered Emory College in Fall, '16; Member of Few Literary Society; Member of Y. M. C. A.; Freshman Track team, '16; Member Sigma Upsilon Literary Fraternity; Entered Army April, '18; Sergeant in Medical Corps; stationed in Base Hospital Laboratory, Camp Gordon; Honorable Discharge May, '19; Entered Medical School, '19; Member Kappa Psi Medical Fraternity; Contributor to Emory Phoenix.

"Dune" will be known forever for his realistic Love lyrics. He has been the solace of many a forlorn lover, and a mystery to the unsophisticated. "Dune" is also a good student, always striving for the source of knowledge; but never too busy to enjoy the human things of life. Everybody likes him and he seems to have quiet but winning ways. If you want a true friend that will stick with you through it all, you could find none truer than this friend.
Thomas David Ellis, Jr., B.Ph.
Macon, Ga.

I know what’s what, and have always taken care of the main chance.

Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity; Phi Gamma Literary Society; Alpha Phi Epsilon Literary Fraternity; Susie Lahm Social Club; Williams-Arntt Law Club; American Legion; Y. M. C. A.; Sergeant Company "A," E. O. T. C.; S. A. T. C.; Glee Club, 18, ’19, ’20, ’21; Vice-President Glee Club, 19; Business Manager, ’20; President, ’21; Double Quartet, ’18, ’19, ’20, University Quartet, ’20, ’21; Soloist, ’19, ’20; Class Council, ’19; Literary Editor Campus, ’19; French Club, ’18, ’19; Intercollegiate Debate Council, ’20; Assistant Secretary Phi Gamma, ’20; Secretary, ’21; Censor Morum, ’21; Spring Term Debate, ’19; National Committeeman Alpha Phi Epsilon, ’20; General Secretary-Treasurer Alpha Phi Epsilon, ’21; Chairman University Music Council, ’20; Social Editor Wheel, ’21; Law Basket-ball, ’21.

"Dave" is certainly there when it comes to the Glee Club. His bass voice and his leading personality have done wonders for it. Alpha Phi Epsilon honored Emory as well as Dave when it elected him general Secretary-Treasurer. The ladies of Macon and Atlanta tremble at the very sound of his name, and rightly so, for is he not the chiefest of the male vamps? But he does not break hearts intentionally, he just can't help it. Dave is a hard worker, and a mighty good all-around man.

Nonie Worth Gable, B.S. Med.
Brooks, Ga.

Chi Phi Fraternity; Phi Gamma Literary Society; Beta Omicron Phi Social Club; Chi Sigma Chi Social Club; President Pre-Medical Class, ’18, ’19; French Club, ’18, ’19; Doctors’ Sons’ Club, ’19; Y. M. C. A.; Drill Instructor, Cadet Corps, ’18; Drum Major Cadet Corps, ’18; Cadet Major R. O. T. C., ’19; Football, ’18; Plattsburg Training Camp, ’18; Commissioned Second Lieutenant U. S. Infantry Sept. 16, 1918; Stationed at the College of the Holy Cross, Mass.; Honorable Discharge Dec. 24, ’18; Emory Medical College, ’20; Intern Emory University Infirmary, ’20; Masonic Club; American Legion; Intern Atlanta Hospital, ’21.

"Gabe" arrived at Emory after an extended visit to the Mexican border, where he went in 1916, when the clouds of war hovered over that part of our country. He could tell us some wonderful stories about that country. Since he came to Emory he has gone on in his deliberate way securing his share of honors bestowed by the student body, interspersing some more army life in the meantime. He is not a man to trouble about minor things, and will some day be a successful physician.
"Ye little shirs! hide your diminished raps."

HAROLD WALKER GRIFFIN, B.S. MED.
Carrolton, Ga.

Delta Tau Delta Fraternity; Phi Chi Medical Fraternity; Phi Gamma Literary Society; Pan-Hellenic Council, '20.

A quiet and dignified man is Harold. He is another one of the young doctors of whom the Class of '21 is justly proud. If we might judge the future by the past, we would say that Harold is going to make his country glad that he is a citizen of it some day. We wish you all the success that is coming to you, Harold.

"I am Sir Oracle, and when I open my lips let no dog bark."

EDWIN JESSOP GRIMES, B.S.
Columbus, Ga.

Non-Fraternity; Sigma Upsilon Literary Fraternity; Ffew Literary Society; Special Censor, Ffew, '19; Recording Secretary, Ffew, '20; Board of Directors, Ffew, '21; Chancellor, Ffew, '21; Cercle Francais, '19, '20, '21; Secretary, Cercle Francais, '20, '21; French Medal, '19; Honor Roll, '19, '20; Sergeant, R. O. T. C., '20, 2nd Lieut., '21; Band, '20; Emory University Orchestra, '20, '21; Pi Psi Music Club; Student Volunteer; Y. M. C. A.; Associate Editor Emory Phoenix, '20, '21; Contributor Emory Phoenix, '19, '20, '21; Prize Essay, '20; Reporter Emory Wheel, '20, '21; Football, '21.

In such a limited space we cannot tell all about E. J. Any school day he can be found in the Chemistry laboratory analyzing some molecules with all accuracy. Those who room near him are certain that he can get more noise out of four violin strings than any other person. It does not end here. He is an A-plus man in all his work as well as a writer of note. With all these qualities combined in one we feel sure he will prove himself useful to his generation.
Edward Malcom Harris, B.S. Med.
Russelville, Ala.

If Kappa Phi Fraternity; Kappa Psi Medical Fraternity; Y. M. C. A.; S. A. T. C.; Band, '18, '19; Student Assistant Chemistry, '19; Entered Medical College Fall of '19.

From what we can learn of Malcolm, he was a great man in his day. He could probably draw a gun quicker than any man in Newton County; he always had a wide berth when he walked down the street, if any. As a physician we are pretty sure he will be in great demand. We are glad of it, for we like him, and want to see him go to the top.

Claude M. Haynes, B.S.
Clarkesville, Ga.

Entered College Fall term, '19: Few Literary Society; Board of Directors, Few, '20; Winter Term Debate, '20; Impromptu Debate, '20; Corresponding Secretary, '20; Champion Debate, '21; Y. M. C. A.; Cabinet Member, '21; Over-Sea Club; Vice-President Over-Sea Club, '21; American Legion Historian, '19, '21; Armistice Day Speaker, '20; Commander, '21; Govt. Vocational Student; French Club; Masonic Club; Eagles Social Club; President Non-Fraternity Council, '21; Class Track, '19; Baseball, '20; Assistant Manager Basket-ball, '21; Manager Baseball, '21; Assistant Business Manager Emory Campus, '20; Secretary and Treasurer Senior Class; Ministerial Association.

"Red" comes to us from the hills of Habersham and brings with him a glimpse of sun-kissed crests and echoes of storms reverberating in the valleys. If you can conceive of those two together you can visualize his disposition. He is a son of whom Emory is justly proud, and who will be an honor to his Alma Mater as long as he lives. A regular "He" man, moved by the tenderest passions at times, "Red" has been known to fall almost in love and still survive. He carries a load of honors that have been thrust upon him (for Red is not a man to seek honors unearned) and shows no sign of breaking. "Red" is going into the School of Theology next year. We congratulate that circuit or station to which he is sent when he enters actively into the work of his calling.
"Whom neither shape of danger can dismay
Nor thought of tender happiness betray."

Alva Roy Hutchinson, B.Ph.
Haralson, Ga.

Entered College Spring term, '19; D. V. S.; Pyramid; Few Literary Society; Chaplain Few; Spring Term Debate, '19; Fall Term Debate, '20; Impromptu Debate, '20; Chairman Junior Class Council, '20; Vice-Chairman Student Council; School of Liberal Arts, '20; Member University Executive Council, '20; University Debate Council, '20; Commander of American Legion, '20; Board of Directors, Few, '20; Ministerial Association; Y. M. C. A.; Manager of Red Cross Drive, '20; Second Lieutenant, U. S. Army, 17-'19; Over-Sea Club; Eagles Social Club; Secretary Non-Fraternity Council, '21.

In the Spring of '19 "Hut" laid aside the khaki for blue serge and entered immediately into the pursuit of knowledge at Emory. It was only a short time before the fellows began to recognize his worth, and since that time he has been a leader in every thing that goes to make a bigger and better Emory. You know what it means when you can depend upon a fellow. Well, "Hut" is one of that kind of fellows. Never has he been known to refuse to lend a hand to a worthy cause. He had rather be right with a minority in defeat than wrong with the majority in triumph. We don’t know of a higher tribute that can be paid to a man than that. If we did, we’d pay it to "Hut."

"A sound so fine, there’s nothing lives
Twist it and silence."

Robert Tyler Jones, B.S.
Fort Valley, Ga.

Sigma Nu Fraternity; Entered Emory Fall term, '19, from Asbury College, Wilmore, Ky.; Owl’s Social Club; Glee Club, '21; Phi Gamma Literary Society; Pan-Hellenic Council, '21; S. A. T. C. at Winchester, Ky.; Spanish Club.

His parents christened him Robert, but he’s "Bobby" to us. He’s a shade more than chubby, and yet less than fat—niumm would probably be the best term, and he has all the good nature that a generous Fate gives to men who’re too lazy to fight and too fat to run. We like you, "Bobby," honest, we do.
"It is the mind that makes the man."

WILLIAM POWELL JONES, A.B.

Cairo, Ga.

Phi Delta Theta Fraternity; D. V. S. Senior Society; Sigma Upsilon Literary Fraternity; Few Literary Society; President Few, '20; Secretary Few, '20; Vice-President Few, '20; Board of Directors Few, '20; Assistant Treasurer Few, '19; Spring Term Debate, '20; Sophomore Commencement Speaker, '19; Honor Roll, '19, '20; Latin Medal, '19; Exchange Editor Phoenix, '20, '21; Associate Editor CAMPUS, '20, '21; "Who's Who" Editor Wheel, '20-'21; Assistant Business Manager Wheel, '19, '20; Basketball, '19; Baseball, '19; Varsity track team, '20; Cross-Country team, '20; Class Relay, '19, '20; Secretary Student Council of School of Liberal Arts, '20, '21; Vice-Chairman Senior Class Council, '20, '21; Band, '19, '20; Orchestra, '20, '21; Emory Candidate for Rhodes Scholarship, '20; Poem, "At Dawning," in Schnittkind's "Anthology of American College Poetry," '18,'20.

Peter ought to be called the "All-American Shoot 'Em Up." He has the honor of being the youngest member, and of having the highest grades in the Senior Class. And just look at the honors this young genius has copped! Take it from me, Peter is going to make the world sit up and take notice some day.

Unlike some geniuses, Peter is a straight-forward, likeable man, with no further eccentricity than a slight bashfulness around the fair ones, and he is a man we are all proud to have as a classmate.

"For man is man and master of his fate."

SAMUEL KAHN, B.S. MED.

Atlanta, Ga.

Scholarship from Boys' High to University of Pennsylvania, '16, '17; Summer School, University of Georgia, '17; Summer School, Mercer University, '18; Summer term, Emory University, '19, '20; Special Student, '20, '21; Mile Race, Southern Intercollegiate Track, '18; S. A. T. C. Band, '19, '20; "Who's Who" in Intercollegiate Track, '18; Senior Class Relay, '19, '20; Captain, '19, '20; "Who's Who" Student Council, '19, '20; "Who's Who" Intercollegiate Track, '18; Emory Candidate for Rhodes Scholarship, '20; Poem, "At Dawning," in Schnittkind's "Anthology of American College Poetry," '18,'20.

Kahn is a man with a purpose and determination. He has tried quite a number of the educational institutions of the country, and has finally decided to take his Degree from Emory, which shows that he knows a good thing when he sees it. But while he has been working for this Degree he has earned another, which shows that he is a man of ability. You will find more about him in this volume. (See Medical School, Seniors.)
"Ah! tell them they were men."

JOHN HOLMAN McFADDEN, A.B.

Jacksonville, Fla.

Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity: D. V. S.; Pyramid; Phi Gamma Literary Society; Ministerial Association; Owl's Social Club; "E" Club; Honor Roll; '18, '19, Class Basketball, '18, '19; Class Football, '20, '21; Class Track, '20, '21; Varsity Track Team, '20, '21; Manager of Varsity Track, '20, '21; Central Athletic Council, '21; Secretary-Treasurer Junior Class, '20; President Senior Class, '21; Student Council School of Liberal Arts, '20, '21; Secretary, Student Activities Council, '21; Assistant Business Manager the Campus, '20; Secretary Phi Gamma, '20, President, '21; Freshman Debate, '19, Mid-Term Debate, '19; Impromptu Debate, '19, '20, '21; Champion Debate, '20, '21; Delegate to Alpha Phi Epsilon National Convention, '19; Junior Respondent to Senior Dismissal, '20; S. A. T. C.; R. O. T. C.; First Sergeant Company "A." '19; Captain Company "D." '20; Pan-Hellenic Council, '21; Secretary Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '19; Vice-President "F" Club, '21.

We could write a book about "Mac," but we haven't the space. We will say this much, however, he is a man, and that is about as much as you could say about anybody. We have known him for some time, in fact he has been with us during four years, and we have seldom seen him idle. He has worked hard while with us, and his toil has always been unselfish. Of him Emory proudly says to the world, "Behold My Son," and the world will look on and marvel that in one man could be found so many qualities that are so intricately woven into his nature as to make him the athlete, the student, the "good fellow," the man of unquestioned honor, and the man who stands on his own merit, let the merry world think what it will.

"As e'er my conversation cop'd withal."

DANIEL LAMAR METTS, B.P.H.

Dublin, Ga.

Entered College Fall, '16; Ensign U. S. Navy, '17, '18; Re-entered School Fall, '19; Sometime Board Directors and Chaplain Few Literary Society; Senior Class Council; Adjutant American Legion; Vice-President International Relations Club; Over-Sea's Club; Masonic Club.

"Tan" has been hanging around Emory, off and on, for quite a while, and his pleasing disposition is distinctly an asset to the campus. He is a conscientious and earnest worker, a good student, a lover of history, and a "dipny" on Shakespeare. His charming, but manly personality, makes him a valuable friend.
"The Star of the unconquered will."

JOHN DEAN MILTON, B.S. MED.
Clarkston, Ga.

Kappa Psi Medical Fraternity; Non-Fraternity Liberal Arts; Few Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; S. A. T. C.; Football, '18, '19; Basketball, '18, '19; Baseball, '18, '19; All Emory Basketball, '18; Member Judicial Committee, '19; Manager Junior Basketball, '19; Track Team, '18; Glee Club, '18; Corporal Cadet Corps, '18; French Club, '18, '19; Football, '21; Basketball, Medical School, '21.

John is as splendid a type of all-around manhood as you care to see anywhere. You ought to see him on the football field. He's a cyclone there. The same holds true in basketball and baseball. John is, in addition to that, a good student and a fellow that you like to know. We often wish there were more fellows in the world like him. He is taking his degree in medicine, and in a few years we expect to see him climbing rapidly in that profession.

"He's a sure card."

HOMER LEE MITCHELL, B.S. MED.
Buena Vista, Ga.

Pi Kappa Phi Fraternity; Corporal, Emory Cadet Corps; Corporal, S. A. T. C.; First Lieutenant, R. O. T. C.; Appointed to Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y.

This one-time Corporal of the S. A. T. C. is one of the most promising members of the class of '21. Few men in the classes have as many friends as has "Minnie." He has been a faithful student, a hard worker, and moreover he is actuated by the big motives that make big men. The day is not far distant when he will be very much in demand as the family physician, and we congratulate the town in which he chooses to practice his profession.
"Cursed be he who moves my bones."

Lucius Terrell Moore, B.S.
Culverton, Ga.

Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity; Owl's Social Club; Pan-Hellenic Council; Alpha Phi Epilson; Freshman-Sophomore Debate, '18; Spring term Debate, '19; Winter term Debate, '20; Censor Morum Phi Gamma, '20; R. O. T. C., '18, '19; Class Football, '18, '19, '20; Class Baseball, '18, '19, '20.

Terrell is a philosopher as well as a mathematician. Temporal affairs never seem to worry him in the least. The gods keep him company daily. Mathematics has no terror for him. Calculus, Astronomy, etc., are to him as "Snappy Stories" are to most of us. We don't know how he does it, but his marks are around the top in scholarship. We would say he "bones," but we know better than that. He is a likeable fellow. One of those kind that grows on you—if you know what I mean. We predict and wish him success in whatever work he takes up when he leaves Emory.

"He hath a tear for pity and a hand Open as day for melting charity."

Bennett Graham Owens, B.S.
Hurtsboro, Ala.

Entered school from University of Alabama, Fall, '19; Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity; Class Football, '20, '21; Class Baseball, '20, '21; Senior Relay Team, '21; Band, '20, '21.

Bennett came to us in our Junior year and proceeded quietly to win the highest place in our esteem. If you sometimes feel that the type of a real Southern gentleman that was once the boasted pride of the Southland is becoming extinct, you should know Bennett, for he is a Gentleman if we have any conception of what that term means. We trust that it means as much to you as it does to us, and if it does there is no more that can be said about any man.
"The man who smokes, thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan."

LOUIE L. PADGETT, PH.B.
Oakman, Ga.

Delta Tau Delta Fraternity; Phi Gamma Literary Society and Alpha Phi Epsilon Literary Fraternity; Mid-Term Debate, '18; Class Prophet, '19; Class Track team, '20; Captain Class Relay team, '20; Class Football Team, '19, '20; All-Emory Football team, '19, '20; Baseball, '18, '19, '20; Tennis, '19, '20; '17 Athletic Club, '20, '21; Glee Club, '19, '20, '21; Mandolin Club, '21; Intercollegiate Debate Council, '20, '21; Pan-Hellenic Council, '20, '21; Washington's Birthday Orator, '21.

Partin is a man of many likeable qualities. On the football team he is an irresistible force; on the baseball team he is a sure hitter and a fast runner. On the Glee Club his voice is heard in sweet harmony; he yodels and whistles like a bird, and his disposition is only partly revealed by these musical propensities of his. A man of good judgment, able to give wise counsel, willing to lend a hand to a worthy cause—we are glad to have been associated with such a man in such agreeable ways and we wish him the same success in the life before him that he has had in College.
"It is always morning somewhere in the world."

RAYMOND ROSS PATY, B.A.
Bell Buckle, Tenn.

University of Tennessee, '15, '16, and '19; Sigma Chi Fraternity; Impromptu Debate '20; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Senior Football team; Few Literary Society; Chaplain Few; Board of Directors Few; Volunteer Band; Ministerial Association; Masonic Club.

"Bill" is one of those fellows that you are always glad to see. He seems to lug around with him a load of good cheer and fellowship. We don't know how they ever got "Bill" out of Raymond or Ross, but we somehow never think of anything but "Bill" when we want to address him. We are sorry he didn't find us before his senior year. But of course, U. T. profited by our loss, and since he is with us now we won't grieve over "spilt milk," as the poet says, which is a bum figure of speech to express what we want to say. But then you know how that is. Emory is a better place because you have been here, "Bill," and we like you.

"If music be the food of love, play on!"

JOHN MATTHEWS PEARCE, A.B.
Gainesville, Ga.

Phi Beta Theta Fraternity; Susie Dahm's Social Club; Beta Omicron Phi Social Club; Freshman Commencement Speaker, '16; Track Team, '16, '17; Class Football, '16, '17; Class Baseball, '16, '17; Manager Junior Baseball Team, '20; Second Lieutenant U. S. Army, '17, '19; American Expeditionary Forces, '18, '19; Re-entered College Fall, '20; Secretary Overseas Club, '20; French Play, '20; Glee Club, '20, '21; American Legion; University Quartet, '21.

"Johnny" came to us way back in the Fall of '15, and would have been through here three years ago had not the big war come along and called him away from the quiet haunts of Old Oxford to the battlefields of France. He went to the First Training Camp, where he won his commission, and then on to France, where he won still more honors. We like Johnny and that voice of his—well, you ought to hear him in a quartet. They say that he is in love and we have no reason to doubt this, because we have seen that dreamy expression on his face and that usually means something. Go to it, "Johnny," we wish you luck.
"He speaketh not, and yet there lies,
A conversation in his eyes."

JAMES HINTON PENNINGTON, B.S., MED.
Greensboro, Ga.

Kappa Psi Medical Fraternity; Phi Gamma Literary Society; Charter Member Alpha Phi Epsilon Literary Fraternity; Freshman Debate, '18; Freshman-Sophomore Debate, '19; Basketball, '18; Basketball, '19; R. O. T. C.; S. A. T. C.; Y. M. C. A.; Greater Emory Committee, '19; Member Sophomore Class Medical School, '21.

Old James used to be the pride of Phi Gamma. Those of us who remember the time when Society Spirit ran high recall the silver-tongued orator. When James left the Liberal Arts he was greatly missed, both on the athletic field and in the Forum. With that quiet, easy manner and winning way, we predict for him not only a successful career, but a happy home.

"Ah, why, should life all labor be?"

PAUL REVIERE, B.S.
McRae, Ga.

Entered College Fall of '17; Delta Tau Delta Fraternity; Football, '17, '19, '20; Freshman Baseball, '18; Cadet Corps, '18; Non-Comm. R. O. T. C., '19; French Club, '19.

Paul has been with us four years, and during that time he has made many friends who wish him all the success that he wishes for himself. His good-natured attitude toward everything in general makes him a likeable fellow. So far as we know nothing ever disturbs his equanimity—whatever that means—and we hope he will retain this easy air, because it is refreshing.
"Though winds blew great guns, still he'd whistle and sing."

Jack Rogers, B.S. Med.
Lisbon, Fla.

Pi Kappa Phi Fraternity; Freshman Football Team, '18; Corporal S. A. T. C.; Sergeant R. O. T. C., '19; Vice-President Sophomore Class, '19; French Club, '18, '19.

Jack is another one of the promising physicians-to-be and will render a service to the world when he begins the practice of his chosen profession. A great many friends that he has made while with us will watch with pride his career and are wishing him the best o' luck.

"Ajax the great..."
"Himself a host."

John Wallace Rustin, B.Ph.
Wrens, Ga.

Entered Emory University as Junior, Fall term, '19; Delta Tau Delta Fraternity; Few Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Chairman Social Committee, Y. M. C. A., '20, '21; Censor Morum, Few, '19; Board of Directors, Few, '20; Pan-Hellenic Council, '19, '20, '21; Chairman Membership Committee, American Legion, '20, '21; Football, '19; Captain Junior Football team; All-Emory Football, '19; Captain All-Emory Football, '19; Manager of Football, '19; All-Emory Baseball, '20; University Athletic Council, '20; Captain Senior Football, '20; Relay team, '20; Spring term Debate, '20; Taking Major Work in Law School, Fall, '20; President First Year Law Class, '20; Williams-Arant Law Club; President "E" Athletic Club, '21; Captain Law Basket-ball team, '21; Glee Club, '21.

In the two years that "Johnny" Rustin has been with us he has amassed more honors than many of us four-year men. It's just his merit—he can't help it. By being the mainspring of our football team, and never losing one of the games he played in, he endeared himself to the whole Senior Class. John is earnest and hard working, but he's never too busy to be human. That's why we like him, I s'pect.
"I am as sober as a judge."

HAROLD SEWELL SHARP, PH.B.

Rome, Ga.

Entered College, '16; Re-entered, '18; Re-entered, '21; Baseball, '18, '19; Football, '18; Junior Commencement Speaker's Medal, '19; French Club, '21.

"Senator" comes from Reinhardt College, where he seems to have imbibed some of the eloquence inspired by the mountains surrounding that institution. He speaks as one having a vision of lofty things. It is the man that counts with him; all else is chaff. He has been an intermittent student since 1916, when in the good old days an evening in Covington was considered quit a dissipation. In fact, "Senator" still has memories of a certain night when as he returned from that village to the classic campus at Oxford, certain incidents impressed themselves upon him. We have every reason to believe that the impressions made by him were more permanent than those received. He is a loyal friend and a man's man.

"I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad."

EDMUND CARLYLE SMITH, B.S.

Dublin, Ga.

Phi Delta Theta Fraternity; Phi Gamma Chapter of Alpha Phi Epsilon Literary Fraternity; Owl's Social Club; Beta Omicron Phi Social Club; Sophomore Commencement Speaker; Football team, '19; Class Football, '20; Class Track, '20; S. A. T. C. Naval Unit; American Legion; Y. M. C. A.; R. O. T. C., '19; Uranography, '21.

It's hard to say where he got his nick-name of "Pete," but "Pete" he is to everyone on the campus. He has had a hard time; for a while the malicious giant Analyt troubled him, even though he tried to grow side burns to help him, then his friends have continually shown him small favors like scattering feathers in his room, and stopping up with putty the key-hole of his door, but he has emerged triumphant—and can look back on his college days with more enjoyment than most. And by the way, he is probably the best Uranographist in school.
"Secret and self-contained and solitary as an oyster."

THOMAS ALPHONSO SPEARS, B.S. MED.
Rutledge, Ga.

Few Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; French Club; German Club, '19; Assistant in Chemistry School of Liberal Arts, '19; Student Emory Medical School, '20, '21.

"Tommy" is a student and a Christian gentleman before everything else. He takes his work seriously and is going to make a success of the whole thing. We have often wished that he would give the world the benefit of his thoughts. We have an idea that he will, later on, and that the world is going to be wiser and better because of that.

"I am saddest when I sing."

MYRON SCOTT STRINGER, B.S., MED.
Buford, Ga.

Kappa Alpha Fraternity; Phi Chi Medical Fraternity; Phi Gamma Literary Society; Class Post, '17, '18, '19; R. O. T. C. Band, '17, '18; Member Y. M. C. A.; Mid Term Debate, '18, '19; Honor Roll '17, '19; Member French Club; Member German Club; Art Editor Annual, '18, '19; Officer Universal Smoother's Association.

"Kid" has been around with us since a few years ago, when he was quite young. He came to Emory with the intention of making the most of his college career. How well he has carried out his intentions you may judge from the things he has done while here. We wish to call your attention especially to the fact that he consistently and chronically made the Honor Roll. We like you, "Kid," and we want to see you "carry on" as you have started.
"He was a man, take him for all in all."

**WILLIAM TAYLOR TURNER, B.S.**

Meridian, Miss.

Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity; Freshman and Sophomore years at Meridian College; Class Football Team, '19, '20; Glee Club, '20; 2nd Lieutenant, R. O. T. C., '20; Varsity Track squad, '20; Pan-Hellenic Council; First Violinist, University Orchestra, '21; Double Quartette, '20; Class Relay, '20; Chairman Vigilance Committee; All Emory Football, '19, '20; Captain Senior Football, '20; '17 Club; American Legion.

Bill Turner is the epitome of that class of "good sports" so aptly described by the archaic writers of bygone days as "hail-fellow-well-met." Where his deep bass voice is heard he is known, and where he is known he is liked. He lives the life of a Torcador and I love him the more for it. I can say of him as old Aretine's Antonia remarked, "Let me not live if I had not rather hear thy discourse than see a play." In the parlor he is a demon; on the quartette he is harmony itself; on the football field he is "hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve": but in his room he is plain Bill, the athlete; Bill, the B. & O. fireman; Bill, the friend. The first shall be last and the last first.

**JAMES THOMPSON VANN, B.S.**

Birmingham, Ala.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity; Phi Gamma Chapter of Alpha Phi Epsilon Literary Fraternity; Beta Omicron Phi Social Club; Chi Sigma Chi Social Club; Owl's Social Club; Susie Dahn's Social Club; Pan-Hellenic Council, '20, '21; President Pan-Hellenic Council, '21; Class Football, '20, '21; Secretary-Treasurer Pan-Hellenic Council, '20; Student Assistant in Chemistry, '20, '21; Technician Chemistry Department, '21; French Club, '18, '19, '20; German Club, '18, '19, '20; Y. M. C. A.

At first blush, it might seem from Vann's write-up that he is a social lion, a very "tea dog," as it were. He's a member of about every social club on the campus, and yet he has that quality which makes him as human and approachable as the humblest of us. He is the type of man whom we would want for a friend—it's hard to give any higher praise than that.
"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident tomorrows."

Wallace Haynes Walker, B.S.
Atlanta, Ga.

Entered from University of Georgia, Fall, '19; Vice-President French Club, '19, '20; Secretary Spanish Club, '20, '21; Second Lieutenant, Company "A," R.O.T.C., '19, '20; Winner Individual Competitive Drill, '20; First Lieutenant, Company "A," '20, '21; R.O.T.C. Council, '20, '21; Entered Lamar School of Law, '20; Class Secretary, '20, '21; Williams Arant Law Club; Mutt and Jeff Club; American Legion.

Although "Speed" is only a two-year man, having done his first two years at "Georgia," he is one of the most popular and best-liked men in the class. All the other members of the class feel a kind of personal responsibility for him and try to look after his safety, because he measures only about six and a half or seven feet in height, and is constantly in danger of being run over by some of the absent-minded "Profs."

"Wise to resolve and patient to perform."

Sim Douglas Walters, B.A.
Americus, Ga.

D. V. S.: Few Literary Society; Eagles Social Club; Y. M. C. A.; Ministerial Association; Freshman Debate, '18; S. A. T. C.; Basketball, '18; Censor Morum, Fwy, '19; French Club, '19, '20; Chaplain, Fwy, '18; Corresponding Secretary, Fwy, '19; R.O.T.C.; Vice-President, Fwy, '20; Fall Term Debate, '20; Vice-Chairman Non-Fraternity Council, '20; Junior Class Council; Manager Junior Football team; Class Relay team, '20, '21; American Legion; Assistant Business Manager, Emory Wheel, '20; Board of Directors, Fwy, '20, '21; Delegate to Student Volunteer Convention, Des Moines, Iowa; University Executive Council, '21; President Ministerial Association, '21; Inter-collegiate Debate Council, '21; Business Manager, Emory Phoenix, '21; Publication Committee, '21; Football, '19, '20, '21; Varsity Football Team, '21; "E" Club, '21; Advertising Manager Emory Campus, '21.

For four years "Dougy" has put the best he had into every worthy activity about the campus. We could not find one in the class who has more determination. This characterizes him from football to Greek and Latin. Although he possesses the qualities of a politician, all the honors bestowed on him were won by his genuine worth and not by politics. Politeness and consideration for the other fellow is the very essence of his make up.
"O, for a forty parson power."

Vernon E. Powell, B.S., Med.
Atlanta, Ga.

Kappa Alpha Fraternity; Phi Chi Medical Fraternity; Skull and Keys Social Club; Chi Sigma Chi Social Club; Honor Roll, '18-'20; French Club; German Club; Class Prophet, '17, '18; Class Secretary and Treasurer, '18, '19; Class Historian, '19, '20; Sergeant S. A. T. C.; All-Emory Basketball team, '17, '19; Track team, '19; Officer Universal Snoochar's Association.

"Vep" is one of those fellows that has a way of making everybody like him. He is an all around "Good Fellow" and a "Shoot 'em up." This is his fourth year with us and during that time he has made a host of friends who will always wish him the best of luck. But we are not losing him for a while yet, because he is planning to complete his medical training here. We expect to see him as one of the leading physicians of our country before a great many years.
History of The Junior Class

Far be it from us who started our pilgrimage together in the fall of '18 in the old Oxfordian days—yea, far be it from us to reflect discredit upon our predecessors or our successors, but we will say that we are the hopefuls for the Class of '22. Many have joined in with us, many stragglers have fallen by the wayside, and now at this glorious hour our numbers have been so reduced that we now stand in fighting trim, even as the army of Gideon. Fain would we break our pitchers and let the dazzling light of all our glory spread consternation into the hearts of other classes! But not so, we have been bribed to keep silent.

Through trials and tribulations we have labored side by side; we suffered without a murmur the agony of the S. A. T. C., and for our efforts we received naught but the title “Police de la Cuisine.” We emerged from this army kitchen greaseless, but still slick, as we have infinitely proven in many an athletic encounter. Yes, we have had our hands in all the life of the campus: we have flunked, we have shot 'em up, we have shipped, we have been reinstated, we have spread midnight feasts, we have slaughtered subs, we have preached, we have gone to Sunday School, and we have cut Church with the best of 'em, all this and more, too, and we consider ourselves all-around good sports. If there be a whole sub army to dispute us, let 'em come on!

We pride ourselves on the love that we hold in our hearts for Emory. She has been foremost in our thoughts for these three years, and what we have done in the arena and in the forum has not been a jest and tittle of the deeper feelings and intentions that the spirit has given birth to.

Emory has developed marvelously during our brief sojourn, and we have watched it with pride. Out of the chaos of the moving from Oxford to the new home in Druid Hills, there has arisen in an unimaginably brief time a spirit that will never die, a University spirit; and to the ever increasing demands of such we wish to pledge ourselves anew. We are glad that we have one more year on the campus—and then a lifetime in which to prove our love for Emory!

C. B. Millican, Chairman,

L. W. Blitch, Secretary and Treasurer.
G. H. Alexander
Sigma Nu
Forsyth, Ga.

H. H. Allen
Sigma Alpha Epsilon
Columbus, Ga.

A. B. Austin
Pi Kappa Alpha
Wingo, Ky.

M. F. Beals
Delta Tau Delta
Guyton, Ga.

L. W. Blitch
Alpha Tau Omega
Vadalia, Ga.

W. P. Brandon
Phi Delta Theta
Dublin, Ga.
B. W. Brock
Richlands, N. C.

M. L. Clarke
Atlanta, Ga.

L. L. Clegg
Alpha Tau Omega
Social Circle, Ga.

J. P. Corry
Kappa Alpha
Barnesville, Ga.

R. C. Cross
Winder, Ga.

C. H. Daniel
Senoia, Ga.
W. D. Davidson
Phi Delta Theta
Groves Station, Ga.

G. F. Eubanks
Sigma Nu
Atlanta, Ga.

E. F. Fincher
Phi Delta Theta
Atlanta, Ga.

E. F. Fleming
Phi Delta Theta
Jessup, Ga.

J. F. Foster
Pi Kappa Alpha
Shreveport, La.

R. H. Foy
Sylvester, Ga.
P. T. Gary
Fayetteville, Ga.

O. D. Gilliam
Copper Hill, Tenn.

J. P. Grimes
*Phi Delta Theta, Chi Zeta Chi*
Dawson, Ga.

B. K. Harned
*Sigma Nu*
Hopkinsville, Ky.

J. W. Harned
*Sigma Nu, Phi Chi*
Hopkinsville, Ky.

C. B. Harrel
*Alpha Tau Omega*
Moultrie, Ga.
S. C. Harvard
*Sigma Alpha Epsilon*
Arabi, Ga.

C. D. Hoffman
Atlanta, Ga.

W. E. Hughlett
*Kappa Psi*
Savannah, Ga.

A. B. Jones
*Sigma Alpha Epsilon*
Quitman, Ga.

E. S. Kilcore
Winder, Ga.

Harold Kirby
Atlanta, Ga.
R. E. Lyle
Sumner, Ga.

R. L. Marchman
Sigma Nu
Perry, Ga.

E. N. McKenzie
Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Alpha Kappa Kappa
Cordele, Ga.

J. F. Meacham
Pi Kappa Phi, Kappa Psi
Grantville, Ga.

C. B. Millican
Chi Phi
Springville, Ala.

G. N. MacDonell
Chi Phi
Waycross, Ga.
J. M. Ney  
*Tau Epsilon Phi*  
Atlanta, Ga.

R. Overstreet  
*Pi Kappa Phi*  
Orlando, Fla.

R. C. Pendergrast  
*Pi Delta Theta*  
Monroe, Ga.

J. L. Pittman  
*Pi Kappa Phi*  
Fitzgerald, Ga.

W. W. Quillian  
*Alpha Tau Omega, Alpha Kappa Kappa*  
Augusta, Ga.

A. W. Rehberg  
Cairo, Ga.
J. L. Richardson
*Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Alpha Kappa Kappa*
Atlanta, Ga.

J. R. Richardson
*Delta Tau Delta, Kappa Psi*
Quitman, Ga.

W. L. Rochelle
*Pi Kappa Alpha*
Westmoreland, Tenn.

W. S. Sawyer
*Kappa Alpha*
Emory University, Ga.

S. H. Sherman
*Chi Phi*
Forrest City, Ark.

J. M. Shingler
Holly Hill, S. C.
E. C. Smith
Pi Kappa Phi
Cordele, Ga.

S. E. Stevens
Pi Kappa Phi
Comer, Ga.

W. L. Stokes

B. H. Warner
Pi Kappa Alpha
Shreveport, La.

W. C. Waters
Kappa Psi
Dyersburg, Tenn.

W. P. Watkins
Kappa Alpha
Memphis, Tenn.
L. R. Whitaker
Dunmellon, Fla.

W. S. Wight
Cairo, Ga.

G. A. Williams
Chi Phi, Chi Zeta Chi
Mobile, Ala.

G. I. Willingham
Pi Kappa Alpha
Atlanta, Ga.

T. N. Willis
Sigma Nu, Phi Chi
Midland, Ga.

J. H. Wilson
Delta Tau Delta, Phi Chi
Lyons, Ga.
The Spell of The Early Morn

BY W. POWELL JONES, '21

The forest stands in somber stillness, sleeping,
White throbbing dewdrops are slowly born to fall
And patter on the chilled mat of leaves
That make for dancing sprites a sylvan carpet.
E'en as the thick'ning mists draw close, Apollo and his steeds
Advance from the east,
Then the dull half glow of th' early morning light
Sees pines, by passing breezes shaken, murmur solemnly,
In chorus chanting.

Now comes a streak of warning 'cross the sky;
A card'nal sounds his eager note of triumph;
And woodland echoes roll to the music gay.
A thousand sporting feathers lend their color
To leaping sunbeams now half drunk with splendor,
As crimson rays strike leaves of emerald velvet,
And glancing burst on the glittering watery drops,
Into a thousand sparkling jewels bursting . . .

But no; the spell is gone; Apollo's chariot
Too quick is on its way; and fairy nymphs
Have hied away to cave and secret dell.
Alone the feathered ministrels reign supreme.
The Sophomore Class History

The timorous "fish" who entered Emory in the year of her debutancy have long since shed their fins and budded forth into well-developed Sophomores, just as a caterpillar sheds her repulsive form and comes forth in beautiful array to meet the sunshine of spring. However, the proverbial greenness of the Freshman soon wore off this class, even in its first year of college experience. Emory had met new surroundings with an increased demand for better and greater activities, and her Freshmen, rallying to her call, put forth every effort to make the new Emory a truly Greater Emory.

College activities have been our pride since first we made verdant the needle-clad knolls of the old campus in '20. In athletics we have made an enviable record during these two years. In '20 we raised the well-pompadoured bristles on the Junior's heads when we came in a hair's breadth of capturing the football banner for that season. In baseball we were no mean rivals for the other class teams, losing the championship in a post series game with the Sophs. But '21 has proven even a more successful year for our class. The first inter-class competition of the year was staged in the annual ten-mile relay race held in the fall. Preliminaries were held in every class, ample time given for practice, and a day set. A dizzy whirl of flying feet and dilating nostrils was witnessed about the circle around the Theological and Law Buildings until a Sophomore (a last year's Freshman) took the lead and, breasting the tape first, cinched the cup for the '23's. Then football came with all its characteristic sensations. Games were run off in quick succession with close competition between Sophs and Juniors, but when the whistle blew another pennant had been won for the Sophomores. In basket-ball, though we are not having inter-class games this year, we are being well represented. Baseball is yet to come, but if the gods still favor us we feel confident that we will be able to give all other teams concerned a hot time.

The literary line has not been entirely neglected in the field of our endeavors. The Phoenix has seen a frequent composition with '23 after the author's name, the Wheel has surrendered its share of editorial honors to the Sophomores, and even the classroom has been shocked by an "A" on the paper of some studious Soph. Last year's class debates showed good material; however, we hope to prove still better this year by capturing an honor or two.

"To make class spirit and Emory spirit go hand in hand" is our aim. "To make and keep Emory a still Greater Emory" is our motto.

J. Harris Purks, Secretary.
Lester
Vice Chairman

White
Chairman

Dombrowsky

Punky
Secretary and Treasurer

Mitchell

SOPHOMORE CLASS COUNCIL

The EMORY CAMPUS
King, R.
Lassiter, W. C.
Lawson, W. H.
Lester, R. P.
Liebman, C. R.
Lyle, R. E.
Lytle, F. S.
McNatt, J. H.
McCulloh, H.
McDonald, P. H.
Martin, W. O.
Matthews, W. B.
Means, L. D.
Mitchell, G. R.
Mitchell, J. B.
Mullinax, P. F.
Ney, S.
Noyes, E. A.
Owen, S. F.
Palmer, J. P.
Partridge, F. C.
Paulk, C. M.
Peabody, E. P.
Pearson, H. C.
Penick, E. C.
Phillips, F. M.
Pierce, L. W.
Pound, J. A.
Poer, O. S.
Preas, F. P.
Purks, J. H.
Quillian, F. N.
Ramsey, R. L.
Ray, N. A.
Rose, M. H.
Sanders, W. A.

Scott, I. J.
Sheppard, J. H.
Sherman, S. H.
Simpson, J. J.
Smith, C. W.
Smith, E. E.
Smith, G. E.
Smotherman, J. D.
Spragins, J. S.
Stubbs, A. C.
Talley, C. L.
Tarver, T. H.
Tatum, L. S.
Taylor, B. E.
Thrasher, P. E.
Tinley, D. P.
Treusch, H. L.
Trimble, W. H.
Turner, L. E.
Tye, J. P.
Velasco, P.
Walker, G. L.
Walkup, W. C.
Watson, B. G.
Watts, G. R.
Wendel, W. B.
West, L. F.
White, J. S.
Wight, G. A.
Wight, T. B.
Williams, T. C.
Willis, T. V.
Wright, W. W.
Wooten, J. D.
Van Buren, E.
ST. YEAR.
Roll of The Sophomore Class

Adams, A. L.
Aiken, W. W.
Allred, O.
Anthony, E. M.
Arant, C. G.
Artega, J.
Atkinson, H. C.
Bate, W. C.
Beals, M. F.
Beeson, D. M.
Best, R. F.
Bond, E. M.
Bowers, J. W.
Bowden, A. L.
Brock, B. W.
Bush, J.
Byrd, M. M.
Callahan, W. E.
Cash, J. B.
Carlisle, R. C.
Cate, W. A.
Chambless, J. L.
Chapin, L. W.
Cheatham, E. L.
Chalker, J. F.
Chalker, T. P.
Clegg, T. B.
Cochran, A. H.
Coleman, J. H.
Collier, T. W.
Colwell, E. C.
Cooper, G. W.
Crum, W. J.
Culpepper, C. A.
Dannenbrink, O. L.
Deen, B. D.
Deterly, C. H.
Dilworth, H. C.
Dombrowsky, J. A.

Ensloe, G.
Evans, M. G.
Ferguson, F. C.
Fincher, E. F.
Flowers, B.
Furlow, L. T.
Gfeen, J.
Gardner, R. E.
Gilbert, F. J.
Golsan, W. R.
Graham, J. B.
Green, W. L.
Hadas, M.
Hammack, F. R.
Hancock, H. D.
Hankinson, F. E.
Hanner, J. P.
Hansell, G.
Harper, M. H.
Harrell, L. B.
Hartsfield, E. E.
Harvard, J. C.
Hattaway, J. C.
Heiman, S. J.
Henley, J. W.
Holden, F. C.
Hollis, A. B.
Hudgens, R. S.
Hutcheson, G. L.
Hutchins, J. T.
Jackson, C. A.
Johnson, E. M.
Johnson, J. T.
Jones, B. H.
Jordan, J. S.
Kahn, S.
Kelley, S. M.
Kelley, W. A.
King, O. D.
The EMORY CAMPUS

FRESHMAN CLASS COUNCIL

Johnson
Vice Chairman

Beasley
Chairman

Williams
Secretary and Treasurer

Jones

Almond
Freshman Class History

Dr. McLean defines history as "A record of changes, and the causes and effects of these changes." The changes which every man of the Class of '24 felt himself undergoing during the first few weeks of last October have undoubtedly marked the beginning of a history, the glories of which future Seniors will be glad to sing. Seniors yesterday—today mere Freshmen. Yet each of us realized that it was better to be the little frog in the big puddle than to be the big frog in the little puddle. We have climbed one more round of the ladder, and in a few short years will be doctors, lawyers, and business men.

Our first few weeks in college were miserably happy, and we seriously doubt that there is even one Freshman who has not shuddered as the cry of "Boy-e-e" arose from Dobbs Hall and moved toward Alabama. And well any poor Freshman might shudder—a cast iron belt, swung by the arm of heartless Sophomores is no thing to be laughed at. But we lived through it, and whether we have derived the good from it that we were told we would or not, we know how it's done, so woe be unto ye Class of '25.

Few Freshmen Classes have entered as enthusiastically, or come out as successfully, in the athletic line as we have. Although we missed the football championship by a small margin, it is to be emphasized that the margin was extremely small, and Prof. Peebles and his squad deserve a world of credit. We regret that we were not permitted to show our skill in basket-ball, due to the fact that class games gave place to Inter-Department games, but energy cannot be destroyed, and as baseball time draws near, we are preparing to enter into the contest with all the pep and enthusiasm we had laid away for basket-ball. In track, our only inter-collegiate sport, the Freshman Class has had worthy representation, and there is little doubt but that on Coach Smather's Varsity Squad will be found several members of our Class.

Not alone in athletics, but in literary activities as well, have we successfully taken our stand. Both Phi Gamma and Few have found valuable debaters and declaimers among our number, and it is like betting on a certainty to say that the present Freshman Class will figure strongly in the inter-collegiate debates next year. Nor have we been found lacking in "shoot-em-ups," in fact we haven't been found lacking anywhere. We have entered into every phase of college life, and the imprint that we have left will be hard for succeeding Freshman classes to fill.

Ralph M. Williams, Secretary.
roll of the freshman class

adams, g
addy, h n
allen, r f
alman, w e
almand, e l
anderson, j f
ansley, h g
arkwright, p s jr
avary r l
ball, h c
beach, a
bear, t l
beasley, a w
belcher, j c
berry, r r
bickeridge, j b
bickerstaff, w
blalock, a f
bookout, j j jr
bowden, r s
boyd, j b
brooks, e b
browder, r e
browder, m h
brown, a
brown, s r
burke, b r
burns, a l
burns, v c
carey, g r
christian, w h
clark, e m
clonts, a r
cobb, j t
covington, d d
cole, g m
converse, g k
cox, h m
crawford, e
crawley, w g
curry, w m
cumbee, f l
daniel, j l
davidson, g n
davis, f c
deese, r f
dickey, j e
dornbusch, a j
elliott, w g
ellis, j m
edmundson, f s
erwin, j p
ethridge, o r
feagin, j w
fickling, w a
fender, j t
field, e b
fitts, j b
fitzgibbons, m
flanders, r b
floyd, a c
freeman, w p
galle, h r
gailmard, p l
geffen, louis
gipson, u r
grant, m b
green, sloan
haley, w a
hardeman, w c
hatcher, t a
hill, f h
hopkins, j t
holman, e h
hooks, j t
howell, j h
huey, j w jr
ison, c e
jackson, w t
ietter, m l
johnston, j h jr
johnson, j m
jones, e b jr
jones, j d
jones, j m
jones, r a
jones, w h
jordan, j a
joyce, m g
kaufman, j j jr
TO

JAMES ROBERT McCORD, M.D.

Devoted Friend and Instructor, this Book is Grate-
fully Dedicated by the Senior

Class of 1921
MD

SENIOR
History of The Senior Class '21

THAT in passing years when our memories have been dimmed and our recollections somewhat indistinct, we might look back with pleasure over a few instances connected with our four years spent in the Medical College, these facts are recorded in the hopes that they will keep burning in our minds those sparks of cherished memories that time might tend to extinguish. This history presents no marvelous achievements nor stupendous triumphs. It is only a human record, dealing with humble attainments, successes and disappointments, accomplishments and failures, laughter and tears.

The history opened in September, 1917, when forty-eight young men, fresh from various institutions of learning and possessed with a thirst for medical knowledge, bore the honor of being the first class admitted to the new Emory campus, with its splendidly constructed and thoroughly equipped buildings and most modern methods of medical education. Two years were spent in that Oasis of Knowledge, where we burned our midnight oil to the music of the wailing pines and the howling winds. Freshmen we learned to dissect at first with neither disregard for Brachial Plexus and Omo-hviod, later with proper respect to every Cutaneous nerve. We felt ourselves pre-eminently fitted for the practice of medicine and even as Sophomores our confidence reigned supreme until finals, when doubts began to enter our illustrious craniums as to whether medicine didn’t contain a few things that we hadn’t mastered yet. In this year we enjoyed the sports of the S. A. T. C. for three months and became domesticated in the art of peeling potatoes and washing dishes while on K. P. duty. We became excellent matrimonial material, but our dispositions were ruined. We recall those days of dwelling in rain and mud as the most pleasant of our lives, with the possible exception of the Saturday mornings spent in the Physiology laboratory.

In our Junior year we were introduced to the clinical side of medicine and spent a year in the Gray clinic with its varied and abundant clinical material. We made mistakes, but we learned medicine from them and at the end of the year we were not afraid to go home and discuss medical matters with our friend, the country doctor, and the inquisitive questions of laymen for the first time no longer terrified us.

The concluding chapter opens with us as Seniors on the threshold of graduation. For fear that some of the stellar lights of our class will not gain recognition, it is not amiss here to note a few cases in which the medical world has been enriched by members of our class. To Barrier is due his immortal treatise on “The Anatomy of the Portal Vein” and “Auscultation in the Diagnosis of Meningitis.” Garlington placed himself in the House of Fame when he delivered his scholarly discourse on “Hydrocele of the Meninges.” Critchlow lays claim to be the first medical man who described in such a masterly fashion “Amoeba Eggs in Dysentery.” Baldwin advanced the science of Gynecology materially when he told of “The Finger as an Infecting Agent in Vaginitis.”

The Senior Class of 1921 makes no claim to have Established a brilliant record while in school, but we are proud that by steady plodding and close attention to duty we have reached our present pinnacle and are about to receive the greatest reward we can wish for, our diplomas. We have evolved from frivolous boys into deeper thinking men, conscious of the responsibility and cares of the noble profession which will so soon be placed in our hands. We have seen the suffering of humanity, yes, we have even encountered the grim spectre, Death, and we are imbued with the spirit to alleviate all the ailments and misery of the world that be within our power. We have made everlasting friendships among ourselves, the chains of which can never be severed. The days spent in Emory University will ever be cherished by us as some of the happiest of our lives, moments of jokes and pranks with all the fun-loving disposition of care-free boys and moments spent in the earnestness of serious men. We trust that our efforts will always cast reflection upon our Alma Mater, and when at last we are ready to lay down the burden of our life’s work, the Great Physician may say to each of us, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant.”

CHAS. J. COLLINS, Historian.
The EMORY CAMPUS

Weathory
Vice President

Vinton
President

Muckensius
Secretary and Treasurer

Collins
Historian

Burn
Chaplain

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS
James Fred Adams, Jr., B.S.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Alpha Kappa Kappa
Montezuma, Ga.

This distinguished-looking young gentleman first saw the light of day in Montezuma, Ga., 1897. He entered Emory College and received his B.S. in 1917, was secretary and treasurer of the class of 1917-'18 and received the nickname of "Sunk." His natural good looks have made him extremely popular among the members of the opposite sex and his pleasing personality and vivacious nature have caused him to be one of the best liked members of the class. "Sunk" is conscientiously opposed to the idea of overwork and at every indignation meeting held by the class his voice can be heard among the general confusion crying "Let's cut." Our prediction is that Fred will be a distinct honor to the medical world.

Donald Tisdale Babcock

Alpha Tau Omega, Chi Zeta Chi
Miami, Fla.

Bob is one of our nobility and bears the title of "Count." There have been very romantic rumors of the Countess who is waiting upon him. Bob comes to us from the land of oranges, flowers and pretty women. He counts it a pleasure to find an audience who will listen to him land Miami by the hour. He graduated at Georgia Military Academy, took his pre-medical work at the University of Florida, then turned his face northward for his medical education. He is a Junior intern at Grady Hospital. Bob counts his friends by his acquaintances, and his likable characteristics and ready wit have won for him the good will and high regard of all his associates. He plans to return to Miami and follow in the footsteps of his father.
Roderick Henry Baldwin
Delta Tau Delta, Phi Chi
Atlanta, Ga.

It may well be said of this diminutive bit of humanity that he is little but oh, my! how loud. Doc was born in Talbotton, Ga., in 1896, emigrated to Atlanta and graduated from Tech High School. He took his pre-medical work at Emory College, where we understand he shone in Chemistry. He has done considerable research work in Physiology and who knows but what he may publish a treatise and make himself famous. He resides on Moreland Avenue, where he has an unlimited field to work havoc among the hearts of the fair sex of that community. Henry is extremely popular among his classmates, possesses an abundance of kinetic energy and a self-confidence that is not the least among his good traits. He plans to take an internship in New York, and we see nothing but the brightest future ahead of him.

Wallace Lee Bazemore, Ph.B.
Pi Kappa Phi, Alpha Kappa Kappa
Macon, Ga.

In accordance with the rotundity of bis figure Wallace was appropriately dubbed 'Chubby' as soon as we laid eyes upon him. We laughed and he has kept us laughing since. Wallace hails from the Central City of the State. He graduated from Emory College in 1917, securing his Ph.B. and is a member of the Skull and Keys fraternity. He is a Junior Intern at Wesley Memorial Hospital. We would hate to think what the class would have been without 'Chubby,' as he is the rarest cure for the blues we know of. His cheerfulness radiates sunshine into the gloomiest crowd and his ready wit would bring a smile to the lips of the most arroved pessimist. He is a good student, one who knows how to work as well as play, and his character is of the highest. Wallace will make the world a doctor in whom may be placed all trust and confidence.
“Mae” was born and raised in Brooklyn, N. Y., but believing that excellence would have more possibilities in the South he came to Atlanta and entered Medical College in 1917. He found it a little difficult at first to adapt himself to Southern habits and customs, but now he admits they are the best in the world. He speaks of the little city of New York with all the familiarity and ease of an old timer. “Mac” obtained his pre-medical work at New York University. Earnestness is one of his chief assets, and as a good, steady student and amiable fellow he stands high in the estimation of his fellow students.

Meyer Weinstock Bergman
Tau Epsilon Phi
Atlanta, Ga.

Contrary to the ferocity of his name, Corbett possesses none of those fierce and pugilistic characteristics. He tells us though he lives where the moon shines on the moonshine. Leaving his native haunts he entered Emory College and thus began a most remarkable career. He is Junior Intern at the Georgia Baptist Hospital and the central figure about which the wheels of that institution revolve. Corbett spent one year at Augusta in the Medical Department there and upon entering our class became one of the leading lights in Anatomy. He soon made himself very popular by his infallible good spirits and his thoroughly congenial and likable nature. He is exceedingly impulsive and possesses a heart that is as big as he is. We trust that Dame Fortune will always smile upon him.

John Corbett Blalock
Tiger, Ga.
Fore Ernest Blue, B.S.
Kappa Psi
Elba, Ala.

He first cried for satisfaction at Elba, Ala., in the year 1893, A. D. He speaks most affectionately of Elba, where they have only one train a day and call it 45 going up and 44 going down. He took his pre-medical course at the University of Alabama and spent three years at the Medical Department at Mobile. Knowing a good thing when he saw it he entered the Senior Class at Emory and is making Grady a most efficient intern during the year. While his stay with us has been short we soon learned that his steady, forceful way indicated a student of unusual ability and we are glad to own him as a classmate during our last year.

Emmett Treadwell Brunson, B.S.
Kappa Psi
Elba, Ala.

Elba was not on the map when we studied geography, but just the same we predict it will be shortly after "Proc" enters into the practice of medicine. He is a graduate of the University of Alabama and spent three years in the Medical Department at Mobile, where he was Vice-President of the Junior Class. He came to us in the beginning of our Senior year and while his length of time in the class has been short, he has readily become one of us in every respect by virtue of his all around good fellowship. He has taken a splendid stand in the class and shown himself to be a man of whom the school may well be proud.
McIntosh Marcus Burns
Alpha Tau Omega, Chi Zeta Chi
Atlanta, Ga.

"Dad" is a native of Atlanta and is intimately acquainted with most of the influential citizens of the city, standing in especially well with the police force. He is a graduate of the Boys' High School, entered the Atlanta Medical College in 1914 and at the end of his Sophomore year entered the army as a first lieutenant to help Uncle Sam chastise the Huns. He re-entered school in 1919, determined to secure the coveted M.D. He was historian of the class of 1915. In 1917 he fell before the wiles of that little god, Cupid, and is now the proud father of a fine son. He has a most lovable disposition, is big hearted to a fault and comes with his numerous good qualities a line that is most convincing. He is a Junior Intern at Grady Hospital and bids well to be one of the leading physicians of Atlanta in a few years.

Thomas Johnson Cater
Kappa Alpha, Alpha Kappa Kappa
Perry, Ga.

Words almost fail us when we think of giving a brief resume of Tom's short but eventful career upon this earth. So much might be said, but our space is limited. He breathed into this world in 1898 at Perry, Ga. Thus was born a great doctor. He attended Locust Grove Institute, leaving there for Emory College, where he spent the years 1914 to 1916 preparing to enter the School of Medicine. He was treasurer of the Freshman Class in his first year with us. Tom believes we have but one life to live and we should enjoy it while we are able. He has most winning ways, is the most liberal and generous individual we have ever known, and if he is your friend he will go to any limit to do you a favor. Tom is universally liked by all who know him.
Whenever we see Rocher dragging into class about an hour late with eyes that are heavy with polebrial tissues reduced to about half their normal size, we know that he has either been a martyr to social duty the night before or else his strenuous duties at the Piedmont Sanatorium have caused him to lose his much-needed rest. He has been called "Father Time," and it is also claimed that if he is given a cot and a blanket he will ask nothing else. Rocher claims Douglas, Ga., as his home, where he has considerable interest in "Chero-Cola." His pre-medical work was taken at Emory College. Otherwise than having the symptoms of Encephalitis Lethargica, we know of nothing that will hold him back from making his mark in the profession he has elected.

CHARLES JOSEPH COLLINS
Sigma Chi, Chi Zeta Chi
Cartersville, Ga.

Charlie was born in 1900 and spent the first ten years of his life in that ancient and historic city of St. Augustine, Fla. He then moved to Cartersville, Ga., and has been a Georgia Cracker ever since. His pre-medical work was taken at the University of Georgia. He is the youngest member of the class, but his ability in the classroom is phenomenal and his extraordinary proficiency in this line has won him membership in the Asklepios Honorary Fraternity. His work in school has been characterized by the strictest honesty and his popularity is shown by his being elected historian of the Senior Class. From the lilac-scented epistle that Charlie receives every day we wonder how he has stuck to the blessed state of singleness, but we understand he doesn't contemplate it very long and we wish for him the greatest happiness and success.
ROBERT BATTY CRICHTON  
Phi Chi  
Atlanta, Ca.  
Bob. better known as "Sweet Robert." was born in Rome, Ga., in 1893. He attended Marist College for eight years and eventually decided that he would study medicine, hence his presence among us. The girls all think that Bob is perfectly adorable, if you ask why, we invite your attention to that well-vegetated upper lip. He has served around Grady Hospital for so long that now he is a necessary part of that institution and we really wonder how it would even exist without him. He also made a capable Physiology assistant during his Sophomore year. Bob has a very attractive nature and possesses all the sterling qualities of a gentleman. He has quite a bright future ahead of him.

JOHN LOFTON DENNY  
Kappa Psi  
Milltown, Ala.  
"Jazz" first felt the need of respiration in the little town of Milltown, Ala. Deciding that the world needed a renowned doctor, he entered the University of Alabama for two years and then spent a couple of years at Mobile in the Medical Department. He entered our class in the Junior year, just a year too late to enjoy the delightful little problems of Physiology. He is an Intern at Grady Hospital during his Senior year. "Mike" possesses a stern and somewhat pugnacious countenance, but back of it there exists a heart that is warm and true to his friends, of which he has made any number during his two years in the class. We expect great achievements of him.
Were we to pick out the one man in our class who will make the best all around good doctor it would be Herbert Edge. He was born at Salt Lake, Fla., in 1892, and secured his pre-medical work at Emory College. He is very deliberate and never speaks before he thinks, but what philosophy can pour forth when he gives vent to words. He is full of quaint and comical expressions that are calculated to produce much merriment. As a politician he has no peer, as a consumer of Apple Sun Cured he has no equal. He has an enormous amount of good common sense and the ability to utilize it. For his rugged honesty, his earnestness, his close attention to duty and his utter lack of selfishness and conceit, we have all learned to honor and admire Doctor Edge.

James Leonidas Estes
Alpha Kappa Kappa
Gay, Ga.

No one ever heard of Gay, Ga., until Jimmy reached Atlanta. Now it is the "Talk of the Town." Jimmy's talents range from those of a vaudeville star to a student of extraordinary ability. We have often wondered where he gets his wonderful amount of pep and energy since July 1st made a name for itself in the world. He received his pre-medical work at Emory College and has been Junior Intern at Davis-Fischer Sanitarium for the year of 1920-'21. Vice-President of the class of 1917-'18. Jimmy has a wonderful facility for making friends and a personality that is sure to boost him in the medical profession. In addition to his numerous accomplishments he has been one of the leaders of the class in scholarship.
We have never ascertained why he is called "Tube," but so he is known to all of the class. Macon did herself proud when she sent him to us. He was a student at Dahlonega and received his pre-medical training at Mercer University. "Tube" also formed an efficient unit of Uncle Sam's army before he entered our class. He is known far and wide for his oratorical ability and when we see him open his mouth and say "Oh," we know what a volume there is behind it. He is always put on any protest committee, because the faculty stand no show before his convincing arguments. He has always been an active figure in the class, ever willing to enter into any movement and give it the firm support of which he is capable. We count it an honor to call him a friend and a classmate.

Robert Bernard Garlington, B.S.
Camp Hill, Ala.

"Papa" proudly claims the State of Alabama as the State of his birth and Camp Hill as the town, although our geography fails to register its location. Determined to feast upon the fruits of civilization he entered Valparaiso University and secured his B.S. in 1913. He spent one year at the University of Alabama and entered the Medical Department of Emory University in the Sophomore Class. He has been one of the central figures in our class and never fails to provide amusement during the quizzy hours. He is an earnest advocate of heat therapy in the cure of the leukemios. "Papa" is an individual who will make friends wherever he goes just as he has in our class by his big heart and generous disposition. We wish him all of the good luck in the world and believe he will wear out many a Ford over the hills of old Alabama.
Oliver Edwin Hampton
Chi Zeta Chi
Colbert, Ga.

"Hamp" was born in Colbert, Ga., in 1800. After a thorough training on the farm he was graduated from Georgia Military College in 1915 and attended the University of Georgia for two years. He is a Junior Intern at Grady Hospital, Poet of the Freshman Class, President of the Junior Class, member of the Student Council 1918-'19, member of the Bachelor's Club, Chief Petty Officer of the Naval Unit, S. A. T. C. He is extremely pleasing to the eye and is known as "The boy with the permanent wave," which refers to the serious formation of his pompadour. "Hamp" is an all around good fellow, possesses a magnetism and charm of person that have a fetching way when it comes to making friends. Our best wish for him is that he will be as well thought of by the world at large as he is by his classmates.

Bryce Wilson Harris
Kappa Psi
Russellville, Ala.

We wish to introduce Bryce as the most handsome man in the Senior Class. Good looks amount to little without a firm foundation to back them up and Bryce happily possesses both of these. He is another member of our Alabama Colony and lives up to the high reputation of that congregation. He received his preliminary training at the University of Alabama and has gained great prominence while in Medical School by his work in the Grady Hospital, especially his marked success as an ambulance surgeon. It is said that he always brings in his patient, if he has to search among the highways. Bryce is a most conscientious worker and if constancy, stickability and hard work will win success, we are certain that his is assured.
Robert Miller Harris, A.B.

Chi Phi

Marietta, Ga.

Bob was graduated from Emory College in 1910 and decided upon a business career. After working in Atlanta for a year he found he had missed his calling, so decided to follow his father's footsteps. With this end in view he entered Medical College in the fall of 1917 and has been a follower of Aesculapius ever since. He is especially noted for his adeptness with that bovine article and his ability as a song leader to keep up the spirits of the class before each examination. He is a social lion, being a member of all the exclusive clubs and is a golf player of recognized ability. Bob is very popular with the class and should make a most successful and distinguished member of the medical profession.

Miller Thurman Harrison, A.B.

Phi Chi

Zebulon, Ga.

Why Thurman was called "Skeeter" we do not know, unless it is because he darts here and there and always leaves behind him a germ of good cheer and excellent fellowship, which may be either of the falciparum or vivax variety. He was born in Zebulon, Ga., and deciding upon a medical career he entered the University of Georgia and was graduated in 1915. He forms a conspicuous member of the group of Grady Interns. "Skeeter" has a remarkable ability to adapt himself. As a Freshman he was all that could be asked of one and now as a Senior he is unexcelled. We all like him immensely and are expecting great things of him as time rolls by.
Charlie William Harwell, A.B.,
Phi Chi, Asklepios
Atlanta, Ga.

Charlie was born and reared in the whirl and turmoil of city life, making his debut into Atlanta in 1896. However that fact has no influence upon him, for he is of a quiet and retiring disposition. He absorbed all the learning and culture from Mercer University and graduated from that institution in 1917 with the highest honors. Charlie has made a record in Medical College that is attempted by many and attained by few. When any information is desired by anyone they always ask Charlie. His character is above reproach and his ideals of the highest standard. We predict that after years will find him occupying a chair in some branch of one of the leading medical schools of the country.

Walter Colquitt Jones, Jr., A.B.
Phi Delta Theta, Chi Zeta Chi, Asklepios
Cairo, Ga.

Mention sugar cane and syrup and Walter is all attention, because they bring back sweet memories of Cairo. This intellectual phenomenon was born in Waverly Hall, Ga., in 1896. He graduated from Meridian College in 1917, leaving very few honors behind for those who succeeded him. He is Junior Intern in Grady Hospital. During his four years in Medical College Walter has assumed a leadership in every activity of college life and has made a most enviable record, one that has been attained only by fair play and honest work. He ever keeps in mind the biggest ideals of life, has an accuracy of speech and thought that serve him well and possesses an intellectuality that is unsurpassed. No better fellow ever lived than Walter Jones and we expect nothing else of him than a place in the hall of Fame.
Samuel Kahn, B.S.
Alpha Epsilon Pi
Atlanta, Ga.

Sam claims Russia as his birthplace, in the town of Novaradok, which must be sneezed to be pronounced correctly. The Bolsheviki became too hot for him, so he came to America and landed in Atlanta. He graduated from Boys' High School in 1910 and took his pre-medical work at the University of Pennsylvania. Upon graduation he plans to go to Mount Sinai Hospital and become the leading gastro-enterologist in Decatur or some other big city. Sam seems to have a special affinity for telephones, but lately he refuses to even talk over one for some reason. Wonder why? He is probably the hardest working boy in the class and spends his odd moments in delving into the books of the ancients. We all like Sam very much, for he is sincere in all that he does and his character might well be a model for anyone.

Edgar Marvin Lancaster, A.B.
Phi Chi
Shady Dale, Ga.

In “Lank” we have one of the steadiest members of our class. Possessed of an even disposition and refusing to get ruffled or excited he takes life as it comes and makes the best of his advantages. He was born at Shady Dale, Ga., in 1890, and after four hard years he won his A.B. at Mercer University, and we understand that as a mathematician he is hard to beat. He has been an intern at St. Joseph's throughout his Senior year. He is prominent in fraternal orders, being a Mason and a Shriner. “Lank” has made an excellent record while in school, always calm, always deliberate, he uses his head and seldom does he err. He is a happy medium of theoretical and practical training and should make a most competent physician.
Bill cried for satisfaction the first time in Cordele, Ga., in 1907. He soon felt the need of expansion, so he entered Emory College and secured his B.S. in 1919. He is a member of the Skull and Keys Fraternity, Historian of the class of 1918-'19, Vice-President of the Emory Y. M. C. A., Secretary of the Student Council, 1918-'19, and is a Junior Intern at the Wesley Memorial Hospital. The above-named honors are only a slight index to Bill's popularity. He has a sense of humor that would make Ring Lardner turn green with envy, an exceedingly good nature and a bright and sunny disposition. Bill has made a good record while in school and we are proud to own him as a friend and a classmate.

Ernest Martinez
San Juan, Porto Rico

We cannot help but admire a man who comes to strange surroundings and makes a success of it as Ernest has. He came from Porto Rico and entered Emory College in 1916, scarcely able to talk the English language, but now it is with difficulty that we restrain him from rising to the heights of oratory. He was President of the Latin-American Club. Ernest is a man, every inch of him, one we have learned to respect and regard as a comrade in the four years' struggle. He intends to carry the knowledge he has gained in the U. S. back to Porto Rico and we predict for him nothing but the most brilliant success in the land of his boyhood.
Herman Edgar Mason
Kappa Psi
Isney, Ala.

Alabama played a big part in the making of our class as will be judged by this new entry. Herman obtained his preliminary education from Howard College High School and his pre-medical work at the University of Mississippi. He took his first two years of medicine in that institution and was then with the army up to the time he became a member of our class during the Junior year. Determined that that year should be the banner one of his life, he braved the H. C. L. and took a partner for better or worse. The two years that he has been in our class have proven him to be an earnest student and one who has enough determination to push aside all obstacles to success. May passing years bring him nothing but the best of luck and good fortune.

Ralph Stewart Muckenfuss, B.S.
Chi Phi, Chi Zeta Chi
Woodbridge, N. J.

Ralph entered our class as the son of our beloved Professor of Chemistry, Dr. A. M. Muckenfuss, and accordingly had to work unusually hard to prove his mettle, which he did to our entire satisfaction. He was born in Jackson, Miss., in 1899, and entered Emory College, securing his B.S. from that institution in 1919. Ralph can learn more with the least effort of any member of the class and we have often wondered how he absorbs medicine from his favorite magazine, the Saturday Evening Post. He has a power of intensive concentration that indicates a cerebral cortex of unusual quality. Honesty in the strictest sense of the word, unselfishness of spirit and loyalty to his friends stamp Ralph out as a man and a gentleman. He is Secretary and Treasurer of the Senior Class. He carries with him our admiration and good wishes for the future.
Victor Hugh McMichael, M.D.
Alpha Tau Omega, Alpha Kappa Kappa
Putnam, Ga.

"Mac" is one of the best-liked men in the class. In spite of his characteristic fondness for the opposite sex, he has made a good record in his work, and along with that he has taken his share of honors. We don't know where he is going to begin the practice of his profession, but we congratulate that town, and furthermore we wish "Mac" the best of luck.

Richard Emmett Newberry
Kappa Psi
Jakin, Ga.

Nature was a little short of material when she made Dick, but she proved that it does not require a large body to be the habitat of a great brain. He was born at Jakin, Ga., in 1896, and his preliminary education was taken at Mercer University. During his Senior year he has been associated with the Atlanta and Grady Hospitals as a Junior Intern. As above mentioned, Dick would not be classified as a giant, but he has more indefatigable vigor and energy than most large people we know of. If his disposition contains a weak point, we are unable to recall it, and we have never seen him when he couldn't smile and make his characteristic laugh, so familiar to all of us. Such a nature can be conducive to nothing but prosperity and happiness.
ROBERT G. NOBLES
Sigma Phi Epsilon, Alpha Kappa Kappa
Pensacola, Fla.

"Pinky" gains his name from his flaming locks, with which nature has endowed him. He was born and raised in Pensacola, Fla., and hearing the call of Aesculapius he entered the Alabama Polytechnic Institute at Auburn, Ala., where his pre-medical education was obtained. On entering Medical College his rapid rise to popularity was shown by his election as President of the Sophomore Class. He was a member of the Student Council and Vice-President of that organization in 1918-'19. For the year 1919-'20 he served as an Intern at Battle Hill Sanitarium and at present is in Grady Hospital. "Pinky" is one of the most sociable individuals we have ever known. In his quiet, easy way he goes around making friends innumerable. He has always been a prominent figure in the class and from his excellent class work and multitude of good qualities we feel sure the future is very bright and rosy for him.

BOMAR A. OLDS, B.S.
Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Alpha Kappa Kappa
College Park, Ga.

Bomar was born in Douglasville, Ga., in 1896, attended Georgia Military College 1911-'15, and Mercer University 1915-'17, obtaining a B.S. degree. At present he is an ardent believer in College Park, especially the fair sex of that village. We can well appreciate that fact when we recollect the personnel of Cox College. Bomar possesses a serenity of disposition and a stateliness of figure and carriage that well adapt him for his role at College Park. He is a Junior Intern at the Georgia Baptist Hospital. He is always immaculate in person, occupies a very high position in the regard of the class, and we feel sure he will rock along to success both professionally and socially and be a credit to the profession.
Homer startled the little town of Waresboro, Ga., by his entrance into the world in the year 1808. He became very early possessed with the ambition to be a great physician, so he journeyed to Oxford, Ga., for his pre-medical work in Emory College. He was Historian of the class of 1919-20, and at present is administering comfort and cheer to the last days of the inhabitants of the Home of the Incurables. Homer is of an unassuming and quiet nature and his work in school has been above reproach. He is conscientious and industrious and his pleasant approach have won for him any number of friends. He has a firm foundation to make a splendid physician, and as such we see for him a long and honorable career in the medical world.

Henry William Ridley
Kappa Psi
Watcheer, Iowa

Harry must have thought the Northern and Western colleges were not good enough for him, as he came to us from the far-off State of Iowa, but we are glad he came to that decision, for he has won a warm place for himself in the hearts of every member of the class. He attended Iowa State University 1915-'17, and is a Junior Intern at Grady Hospital. We have never seen him in a bad humor, but his face always wreathed in the smile that won't wear off. He is blessed with an abundance of good common sense, a high sense of humor, and possesses all of those traits that are necessary to make a successful follower of Aesculapius.
The battle of Bull Run wasn't fought at Manassas, Ga., but just the same we think it a very strange coincidence that "J. V." should possess such stonewall characteristics. He entered Emory University and obtained his B.S. in 1919. His chief claim to distinction is that he is one of our married men, having taken unto himself a better half in the summer after his Freshman year. That he has literary talents is evidenced by his being elected Poet of the Senior Class. While far from being prudish, he is one of the most scrupulous men in our class. His good nature and conscientious attention to duty have made him take a high rank among the best-liked men in school.

James Virgil Rogers, B.S.
Manassas, Ga.

Atticus Sam Sanders
Chi Zeta Chi
Sparta, Ga.

We can't help but think what a wonderful combination the name Atticus would have made with his portly figure, but unfortunately Fate intervened and he is called "Sim." "Som" was born in Orchard Hill, Ga., 1899, and he is one of the best products that the orchard ever put on the market. He was in Emory College 1916-17, and at present is a Junior Intern at the Georgia Baptist Hospital, where he is securing some valuable experience, and reaps the money. Although one of the youngest members of the class, "Som" has always taken a lead in class work and woe be unto the professor who ever calls upon him. His natural good humor and sunny disposition have made him one of the most popular members of the class.
Bill was introduced to us as the "Gentleman from Brooklet," and we soon found out that here was a case of a big fish living in a small stream. We understand that at Brooklet he owns several railroads, which probably accounts for the long cigars and fancy suits that characterize Bill's daily existence among us. He spent two years at Emory College and forms one of the trio of interns at St. Joseph's Infirmary. We can't name any one particular trait that gives his individuality, for he has a number of excellent ones which have placed him among the most popular men of the class.

"Country" is a great institution, in fact he is almost a corporation by himself. After spending two years at Emory College the call of medicine became strong enough for him to heed it, so the fall of 1917 found him in a dissecting gown with a knife in one hand and a probe in the other, prepared to make hash of any cadaver. Though coming from Temple, Ga., he has not allowed this to interfere with his career. He was Secretary and Treasurer of the Junior Class, and has culminated his triumphs by being an intern at Grady Hospital. Although the class has many wits, we rank him as the peer of them all. He is a roar, every word of him. "Country" counts as his friends every member of the class.
Luther Mansfield Vinton, Ph.G.
Kappa Psi
Atlanta, Ga.

"Doc," as he is known to all the boys, is one of the older members of the class. His years are backed by a world of common sense and good judgment. Born in Rockmart, Ga., in 1888, he graduated from the Southern School of Pharmacy in 1916 and took his pre-medical work at Oglethorpe University. His four years in Medical College have been characterized by his extraordinary ability to coin money, in which act he could make Carnegie or Morgan sit up and take notice. At present he is the proud possessor of a Ford and bids soon to rise to higher levels. His stand in the class can be well judged by his election as President of the Senior Class, the highest reward he could receive from his classmates.

Eugene Weatherly, A.B.
Chi Zeta Chi
Athens, Ga.

Gene was raised in an atmosphere of learning within the sound of the old chapel bell. He graduated from the University of Georgia in 1915, decided he had pedagogic talents and assumed the responsibility of upbuilding youthful minds for a couple of years. Vice-President of the Senior Class, since being in Emory he has been allied with the master minds of the University and in that capacity has received the name of "Proc." He is an earnest student, a hard and faithful worker and possesses a genial disposition that has won for him a host of friends who wish him all the luck in the world and are willing to bet their last dollar that Gene will make a G. U. specialist of renowned ability.
HOWARD VINCENT WEEMS, A.B.
 Chi Phi, Chi Zeta Chi
Rome, Ga.

Howard comes from the thriving little city of Rome, Ga. He obtained his prep education at the Darlington School, where he distinguished himself in athletics and then entered Emory College, securing an A.B. and winning honors such as few men obtain from one college. He came to us with an enviable reputation and has most certainly lived up to it in every respect. He was President of the Freshman Class and is a Junior Intern at the Grady Hospital. Howard possesses a combination of characteristics rare to find in one individual, a great strength of character, a strong determination and dominating will-power, a brilliancy of mind and a sense of duty second to none. He makes sure he is right and then goes ahead. We feel that Howard is bound to make good in his chosen profession.
The Okeefinokee

By George N. MacDonell, '22

Okeefinokee,
Princeliest of wildwoods,
Region of cypress, palmetto, and pine,
Great in thy majesty,
Great in thy mystery,
Locked in the heart of thy deep tangled vine.

Okeefinokee,
Lord of the swamp lands,
Crowned with soft ferns and the gray Spanish moss,
Who shall unravel
The thread of thy mystery?
They that would ponder are ever at loss.

Okeefinokee,
In thy dark shadows,
Once roamed the tribes of the days that are gone,
Now thou art tenantless,
Thou art a wilderness,
Save for the crows that fly o'er thee at morn.

Okeefinokee,
Untrammeled, unmeasured,
Wild and unharnessed, unhhampered and free,
Thy boundless tree-tops,
Waving and bending,
Are like to the stretch of the billowing sea.
SHALL WE AMPUTATE?

JUNIOR
To The Mock-Bird

BY CHARLES BOWIE MILLCAN, '22

Pray list to me, you miscreant motley child,
    Bohemian sport of Nature's gay elite!
You lover, teaser, giber, jester wild!
In day there floats your lilting exquisite;
In night—why I'm afraid you're e'er awake,
    Or is your trill the echo of your dreams
Of distant lands, of all your loves at stake?
    I've heard you serenade, and so it seems
That you could steal the hearts and lives away
    From many feath'ry dames, because you know
And mock their wooers' every roundelay.
    You'd mock my notes if I'd e'en whistle now!
But say—and this I've wondered all life long—
    You mock all other birds, but what's your song?
Junior Medical Officers

J. M. Whitworth .................................................. President
D. H. Poer .......................................................... Vice-President
W. F. Holt .......................................................... Secretary
J. T. Cowart ......................................................... Treasurer
H. E. Wood .......................................................... Historian
C. O. Ritch .......................................................... Chaplain
Junior Medical Class Roll

C. G. BOLAND
Kappa Psi Medical Fraternity
Atlanta, Ga.

O. C. BRANNAN
Pi Kappa Phi, Kappa Psi
Brantly, Ala.

H. B. BRAY
Kappa Psi
Wrightsville, Ga.

C. J. COLQUIT
Kappa Psi
Brantly, Ala.

J. T. COWART
Alpha Kappa Kappa
Walden, Ga.

J. F. CRANE
Phi Chi
Newnan, Ga.
E. D. Davis  
Kappa Psi  
Five Mile, Ala.

R. W. Dickson  
Alpha Tau Omega, Chi Zeta Chi  
Fitzgerald, Ga.

G. J. Dillard  
Alpha Kappa Kappa  
Colbert, Ga.

J. K. Fancher  
Alpha Kappa Kappa  
Atlanta, Ga.

R. W. Fowler  
Kappa Psi  
Marietta, Ga.

N. A. Funderburk  
Monroe, N. C.
H. F. Gaines
Alpha Kappa Kappa
Atlanta, Ga.

J. R. Graves
Delta Tau Delta, Phi Chi
Zebulon, Ga.

W. F. Holt
Fairmont, Ga.

Z. W. Jackson
Alpha Kappa Kappa
Winder, Ga.

H. Q. Jones
Chi Phi, Chi Zeta Chi
Cartersville, Ga.

H. T. Jones
Kappa Psi
Jones Mills, Ala.
F. A. Kay
Kappa Psi
Birmingham, Ala.

W. J. Knauer
Chi Zeta Chi
Jacksonville, Fla.

J. D. Pitchford
Birmingham, Ala.

D. H. Poer
Phi Delta Theta, Chi Zeta Chi
Jessup, Ga.

P. E. Purks
Kappa Psi
White Plains, Ga.

W. B. Rawls
Phi Chi, Delta Tau Delta
Williamson, Ga.
J. G. Riley
Alpha Kappa Kappa
Orangeburg, S. C.

C. O. Ritch
Phi Chi
Odum, Ga.

R. R. Roberts
Kappa Psi
Lawrenceville, Ga.

E. Y. Walker
Alpha Tau Omega, Alpha Kappa Kappa
Willard, Ga.

W. C. Warren
Chi Phi, Alpha Kappa Kappa
Atlanta, Ga.

J. M. Whitworth
Kappa Psi
Camilla, Ga.
The Helmsman

By Lloyd Chapin, '23

The sullen waves froth high about the rocks,
And sea-weed drapes the desolate drear crags
Like tattered strands of mourning crepe.
The screaming sea-gulls sulk along the shore,
And like unto a sombre veil of woe
The grey sky hangs its shadow over all.
The wind, so cruel last night, has spent
Its force and wails about the rugged cliffs,
Low-sighing to the naked rocks a tale
Of shrieks upon the midnight gale, and boats
O'erturned by boiling wave and howling blast.
Upon the little stretch of sandy beach
A man lies, huddled, drenched, and dead,—
But gripped within his frozen calloused hands
He holds a shattered pilot wheel. Grim Death
Had never moved his body from its post.
A Tribute To The Doctor

Who, when on life's scene appear,
Escorts us o'er the threshold here,
And oils and puts our frames in gear?
The Doctor.

Who guards our infant life with care,
And keeps our "tummies" in repair,
Lest we should climb the golden stair?
The Doctor.

When we are sick and down in bed,
Who comes with soft and stealthy tread,
And says, "Buck up; you're not half dead?"
The Doctor.

Who lights the exits of old age,
Politely bows us off life's stage,
And writes the finis to life's page?
The Doctor.
History of The Sophomore Class of 1920-1921

BACK in the fall of 1919 sixty men collected at Emory from all parts of the world, even including Florida, China and Carlton, Ga., for the purpose of studying medicine. It was just this time, as you remember, that farmers began to cry shortage of labor, the reason being obvious. Some of our boys came from the farm, others from the city, and judging from Dr. Schmeisser's recent fire brigade, some were trained firemen. Nevertheless, they settled down to duty, beginning with proper determination the upward climb which knows no termination. And they have stuck. October, 1920, saw the reunion of fifty-six of our men who were joined by six of the fellows from Mobile. If possible, these boys added vigor and pep to our class. The addition was very welcome.

Our class is remarkable for its earnestness of purpose and unity of spirit. Indeed, its members, through constant association, possessed with the definite object ahead, have come to love one another as brothers. Our time thus far has been spent pleasantly, but has not been without its trials. The years spent in preparation for a life of science are difficult and attended with many sacrifices. We feel, however, that we have weathered the storm like good seamen and that we emerge better prepared morally and mentally for the work we have chosen. Thanks to our Faculty.

Those of our number who were originally fostered by Emory have conferred upon them this year the degree of Bachelor of Science in Medicine, which degree only stands as a mile post along the rocky trail serving to remind them that their journey is not yet over. the goal has not been reached. At the same time it brings reassurance; progress is being made, confidence and recognition has been won. And after all that is all our M.D. degree will mean to us.

But, here, lest we prolong your agony, you will learn more about the history of the present Sophomore Class "in the course of time."

H. E. WHITE, Historian.
### Class Roll of The Sophomore Class, Year 1920-'21

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Adams, B. C.</th>
<th>Milton, J. D.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Aldridge, F. C.</td>
<td>Mitchell, H. L.</td>
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<td>Anderson, S. A.</td>
<td>Murphy, G. W.</td>
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<td>Bayliss, W. C.</td>
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<td>Boswell, J. R.</td>
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<td>Brown, F. M.</td>
<td>O'Quinn, L. H.</td>
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<td>Campbell, E. B.</td>
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<td>Chan, P. C.</td>
<td>Park, C. L.</td>
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<td>Copcock, O. O.</td>
<td>Patterson, V. P.</td>
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<td>Crowder, M. S.</td>
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<td>Davis, W. J.</td>
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<td>Daniel, W. W.</td>
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<td>Dillard, T. H.</td>
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<td>Dorrough, W. S.</td>
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<td>Duncan, G. A.</td>
<td>Rogers, Jack</td>
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<td>Elliott, J. L.</td>
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<td>Evans, E. L.</td>
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<td>Ferguson, I. A.</td>
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<td>Cable, N. W.</td>
<td>Short, R. W.</td>
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<td>Caston, J. H.</td>
<td>Shippey, S. H.</td>
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<td>Griffin, H. W.</td>
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<td>Harris, E. M.</td>
<td>Smith, O. A.</td>
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<td>Hodge, P. H.</td>
<td>Spears, T. A.</td>
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<td>Holland, H. G.</td>
<td>Stephens, S. H.</td>
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<td>Hooker, J. S.</td>
<td>Stringer, M. S.</td>
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<td>Hubert, M. A.</td>
<td>Spangler, G. E.</td>
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<td>Huey, B. M., Jr.</td>
<td>Tarwater, J. S.</td>
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<td>Johnson, A. M.</td>
<td>West, Hugh</td>
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<td>Kaplan, S. B.</td>
<td>White, H. E.</td>
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<td>Kemper, C. G.</td>
<td>York, W. H.</td>
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<td>Long, W. V.</td>
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Hahd Times

BY T. E. PARTRIDGE, '23

Hahd times? Quit foolin', cullud boy,
Caws mah hah't's jes filled plum' full uv joy,
Ah lubs de Lawd and de Lawd lubs me;
Ah's happy, nigger, why shouldn't Ah be?

Ah's got a shack wid a crick in front;
Mah sow's got pigs—and nary a runt;
Theah'll be many a pone from that ol' cawn patch,
An' possums is runnin' lak the vehy ol' Scratch,
An' cotton-tails is ez thick as fleas
On ol' Buck's back. Lawd help me, please!
Ah feels so rich Ah jes could shout!
Quit grumblin', nigger, dis way out.

Hahd times? Quit foolin', cullud boy,
Caws mah hah't's jes filled plum full uv joy,
Ah lubs de Lawd and de Lawd lubs me;
Ah's happy, nigger, why shouldn't Ah be?
FRESHMEN

—Its simplest name being "Bismethylaminotetraminoarsenobenzol.
We will have occasion to refer to this compound very often, gentlemen.
A Crowd

By A. C. Stubbs, '23

When Conscience, the tyrant, scourges
And humbles the heart of the proud,
Till self to itself is repulsive—
One's a crowd.

When thoughts of the one best beloved
Enfold and surround like a cloud
That melts when thought is distracted—
Two's a crowd.

When, the time and the place both propitious,
A tryst that love is allowed,
To intrude is not short of malicious—
Three's a crowd.
FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

Duncan President
Hughlett Chaplain
Bryant Vice President
Williams Secretary and Treasurer
Freshman Medical Class

J. M. Akin
G. H. Alexander
G. C. Allison
J. O. Barfield
C. H. Bryant
A. R. Bush
M. L. Clarke
J. E. Clay
C. H. Cochran
E. D. Colvin
G. D. Conger
H. J. Copeland
H. J. Crawford
R. C. Cross
J. P. Crowe
W. P. Duncan
W. D. Dyer
J. A. Fussell
J. G. Gary
O. D. Gilliam
M. M. Gonziter
J. P. Grimes
J. L. Hargrove
J. W. Harned
G. E. Haslam
C. D. Hoffman
W. S. Hughlett
A. B. Jones
T. D. Lee

J. F. Meacham
E. K. Munn
E. L. McCurdy
E. N. McKenzie
R. C. Newton
J. M. Ney
L. M. Orr
E. J. Overstreet
W. S. Owsley
W. W. Quillian
A. E. Rehberg
J. L. Richardson
J. R. Richardson
A. L. Rowe
H. Rudisill
Lee Satloff
F. B. Schley
W. G. Shelton
W. J. Swann
E. C. Swift
T. B. Threatt
W. C. Waters
W. White
I. Weinkle
G. A. Williams
J. H. Willis
J. H. Wilson
F. W. Woodall
O. E. Wright
The Service Star

By L. W. Chapin, '23

The last rough clod is gently packed in place,
And, moving slowly from the grassy slope,
His comrades turn and cast a farewell glance
Upon the little cross and upturned sod.
No tears seen there! And yet the silence speaks
Of manly sorrow. Oh, how eloquent
The bitter grief upon their faces stern.
The grayhaired priest in accents low and sweet:
"In pacem requiescat," thus he sighs.
And turns and leaves the solitary grave.
The last rays of the westward sinking sun
Fall dully on the tiny cross of white,
And as the shadows lengthen into night
A star serene shines in the purple west,
An angel watching o'er the holy dead.

Far leagues away a white-haired mother mourns,
And in the window of a cottage home
A star that once was blue is deathless gold,
The symbol of another star that gleams
Above a wooden cross upon a hill.
BOOK IV

THEOLOGY
History of The Theological Department

FIRST on the campus, first in the campus mud, and first in the heart of the country(men), is our history, briefly stated. When the University was established in 1914, the Theological Department was organized and Wesley Memorial Church was selected as the temporary base of operation. Many young adherents of Mr. Wesley from various Southern states presented themselves as patients, also gratuitously giving the school the benefit of their pastoral experience. After looking their patients over, certain learned Doctors of the Faculty decided that an immediate operation was necessary in order that all impediments which had resulted from traditional complications might be removed. The critical knives were sharpened, deep incisions were made, and bare facts were exposed to the light. The operation was not a painless one, because the method adopted was that which involves OT and NT Introduction without the use of an anaesthetic. Some were not able to stand the operation and escaped in a swoon, never again to be decoyed by a doctor of the theological genus; others “fit, bled, and died,” but experiencing a resurrection, they came out “more than conquerors in the end.”

In the fall of 1916, because of the fact that many of the students were placed in a foreign atmosphere and were not accustomed to the noise and sights of the city, it was deemed wise to move the school to its present location, where said students would feel more at home, surrounded by rocks, trees, birds, and animals of the long-auris species. Here they have labored without ceasing, many learning early in their seminary career the exegesis of the passage, “If a man desire the office of bishop, he desireth a good work.”

Several of the students have cast themselves upon the matrimonial waters and the others are, according to Methodist phraseology, “groaning so to be.” We have watched with interest the rapid development of the University and have welcomed the other departments to the campus. It was with reluctance that we gave our Dean to become Chancellor of the University, but since it was for the good of the school, our objections were withdrawn. If we were not modest and refrained from the appearance of conceit, we would say that our student body represents the highest type of Southern young manhood. The Theological Department readily co-operates with the other schools in any movement which is for the best interest of the University.
OFFICERS STUDENT BODY

Barnett
President

Rumble
Secretary

Douglas
Vice President
The First Snowfall

By CHARLES BOWIE MILLICAN, ’22

The hungry snow-clouds slowly gnaw away
The blue, and spread their spectral hands above
The bosom of the sere and palsied earth.
The sky turns pale: the sun-ball flees in fear
Far down beyond the dim horizon-line;
While troops of jabbering jays flit from the oaks
As if bewildered at the nakedness
Of once their shady homes that robber-frost
Has wrecked and robber-wind has blustered through,
And stolen all their many-colored bits
Of furniture. But few the clinging leaves
Remain, so feebly holding on it seems
A very thought would make them scurry down.
The clouds, a pack of timber wolves, close 'round
The last blue speck—and then one gulp—'tis gone—
And now they swoop upon the world below;
And as the first flakes fall the jays increase
Their jargoning, scream past the chilly oaks
And drop the last acorns from out their beaks
To seek the verdant blankets of the pines.
So tightly plays the wind upon his harp,
Methinks he keeps soft fingers on the strings
To still the sound; the melody is lost
In one droll murmur of the pines. The jays
Have ceased their cry; the single caw of one
Lone crow sounds dully as his ebon flight
Is flecked with streams of fleecy tinselling.
Then silence comes—the earth falls fast asleep.
SENIOR

A student stands on a globe labeled "World Need" and reads a book next to a university building with a cross. The background includes trees and a landscape.
Seniors

THE history of the Class of 1921 dates back to the days before our recent unpleasantness with Germany, et al. Some several of the men now graduating left their Theological studies when the call to war sounded and served in the army for periods of variant length. Upon being discharged they returned to Emory to complete their courses; and never have there been finer incipient theologians than these erstwhile wearers of the khaki. Along with the men already in school they composed a new class, the Class of 1921. Together we have fought a good fight, finished our course, and, mirabile dictu, kept our faith.

Especially in the last of the above-enumerated achievements do we take pride. Nothing hath befallen us save that which is common to all students of Theology; but oftentimes under the strain of readjustment we forgot the universality and questioned the necessity of our ordeal. Our traditional beliefs, most of them, have been translated into more modern terminology, though with a whit more of difficulty than we used to put the story of Caesar's Gallic Wars into English, and possibly with more difficulty than Caesar experienced in fighting those wars.

It has been said that "common souls pay with what they do, noble souls with what they are." The men who compose our class have rendered high service to Emory in every field of student activity, and they have also made high scholastic records. Yet as a class and as individuals we would be known for what we are today rather than for what we may have done. We do not glory in honors won or in deeds done, but we are sincerely thankful for what we are as a result of our student days in the Candler School of Theology of Emory University.
Senior Class Officers

Douglas
President

Bryant
Vice President

Wise
Secretary and Treasurer

Blake
Historian
The biographer does not feel in danger of exaggeration when he speaks of Barnett. Barnett is a friend, a leader, a gentleman. He is a man of ability, as his list of honors shows. A man of his calibre creates an invigorating atmosphere in any environment that makes it easy to do right when with him.

**ALBERT EDMUND BARNETT, B.D.**  
Opelika, Ala.

A.B., Southern University; Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity; American Legion; Theological Representative University Student Council, '19, '20, and '21; Secretary-Treasurer Middle Year Class, '19, '20; President Theological Student Body, '20, '21; Theological Editor Emory Campus, '20, '21; Charter Member Boggess Archaeological Debating Society; Student Pastor.

Withers, quiet, unassuming, diligent, not readily known but when known loved, is a man of genuine worth. He has endeared himself to the Decatur League and its "environs" to such an extent as to become indispensable thereto.
William Currie Bryant, Certificate
Macon, Ga.

Vice-President Senior Class.

Two heads are better than one, so reasons Bryant. To make assurance doubly sure that he carry a modicum of theologic lore, he has Mrs. Bryant attend all his classes with him. What he doesn't get she does, and then some. Bryant is a quiet, conscientiously consistent student, who, when his course at Emory is finished, will make the church an efficient minister.

Mrs. William Currie Bryant
Macon, Ga.

Student in Expression, Wesleyan College; Honorary Member Senior Class.

Mrs. Bryant enjoys a rather unique relationship to the Theological Student Body and Senior Class. She has taken the full course of study along with her husband, and her ability has won her a place of high esteem among the students and faculty. The University does not officially recognize the work of women in this school, but Mrs. Bryant has given herself a training that will make her an effective assistant pastor to any flock which William is called to shepherd.
William Fletcher Calhoun, Certificate
Notasulga, Ala.

Southern University; Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity; Secretary Andrew Sledd Literary Society; Student Pastor.
A good man from a good State, that's what Calhoun is. During his residence here at the University our student body has felt the helpful influence of his personality and missed it since he has left. Calhoun is serving a charge in Alabama until the Summer Quarter, when he will return and complete his course.

Lester Belton Davis, Certificate
Fayette, Ala.

Andrew Sledd Literary Society; Masonic Club; U. S. Army, '17-'19; American Legion; Overseas Club.
Here's another Alabamian, and a good one. True to himself, true to his fellows, conscientious in his work, a course of usefulness lies out before Lester when he leaves Emory.
James Baxter Douglas, B.D.
Lynch Station, Va.

A Virginian; A.B., Randolph-Macon; A.E.F., July, 1917, to March, 1919—Back Private; Vice-Commander American Legion, '19, '20; Commander, '20, '21; President Middle Year Class, '19, '20; President Senior Class; Over-Seas Club; Treasurer Maconic Club; Andrew Sledd Literary Society; Student Volunteer; Delegate State Convention American Legion, '20; Student Pastor; Room-mate of Lester Rumble, '20, '21.

Mirabile dictu! A Virginian who admits he's one! For three quarters during the calendar year "Doug," devotes himself assiduously to the study of Theology; during the Summer quarter, however, he divides his attention with extra-Theological ruminations. Douglas has made an enviable record at Emory. The faculty hold him in high esteem because of his scholarly work and the students of all schools like him for his genuine worth. Deeply consecrated and naturally endowed for leadership, Douglas will do worth-while work in Korea, where he intends to minister.

Bachman Gladstone Hodge, B.D.
Renfroe, Ala.

A.B., Birmingham College; Sigma Phi Fraternity (local); President Masonic Club, '19, '20; President Theological Student Body, '19, '20; President Alabama Club, '19, '20; Theological Representative University Student Council, '19, '20, and '20, '21; Glee Club, '20; Over-Seas Club; Chaplain American Legion; First Lieutenant, Chaplain, U.S.A., '18, '19; Chairman University Student Council, '20, '21; Treasurer Andrew Sledd Literary Society, '21; University Debate Council, '21; Charter Member Boggess Archaeological Debating Society; Pyramids.

You don't know, and we confess our inability to foretell the future, but K. K. Rushing says the pedigree you have just read is that of a bishop-to-be. Suffice it to say that we know Hodge here and now, know him to be a true friend, an able student, and a strong leader among his fellows. The entire University student body has felt the impact of Bachman's personality, as he has gone among us with his warm handshakes and hearty and never-to-be forgotten salutations.
CLYDE E. LUNDY, Certificate
Independence, Va.

Here is a man whose quiet and unassuming manner has won for him many staunch friends among the students of the Theological student body. He is a hard worker and an able disputant when his opinions are challenged. (This last statement we take on Rushing's authority, who disagreed with him on certain principles of religious education.)

WILLIAM OLIVER LINDSEY, Certificate
Henderson, Tenn.

Graduate McFerrin School, Martin, Tenn.; Member Memphis Conference; Andrew Sledd Literary Society; Student Pastor.

Like King Saul, Oliver stands head and shoulders above confreres. Besides being tall, Lindsey is an avowed philogynist, and it is a safe prediction that the charge he first serves upon leaving Emory will have the advantage of an assistant pastor.
J. W. C. McKibben, B.D.
Locust Grove, Ga.

A.B., Emory College; Member North Georgia Conference; Student Pastor.

J. W. O. is a man of almost as many attainments as of initials. He has been around Emory for several generations and the University hardly knows what it will do without him. "Mac" is somewhat of a specialist in Pastoral Theology and knows the solution for any problem that pertains thereto. He is now the busy and popular pastor of the East End charge.

Lester Rumble, B.D.
Forsyth, Ga.

A.B., Emory, '15; D. V. S.; Alpha Epilon Epsilon Honorary Society; First Lieutenant, U. S. A., '17-'19; Adjutant American Legion, '19, '20; Vice-Commander American Legion, '20, '21; Adjutant Over-Seas Club, '20, '21; Theological Representative University Student Council, '20, '21; University Athletic Council, '20, '21; Chairman Publication Committee; Manager Theological Baseball Team, '20; Charter Member Boggess Archaeological Debating Society.

A man of whom the University may well be proud. Lester, or "Doug," or "J. A.," as you prefer to call him, has made an enviable career at Emory. He has accumulated quite a string of scholarship honors and has also won his share of honors at the hands of the student body. Rumble is a man of unusual ability and possesses all those innate qualities of leadership that make a personality outstanding.
Samuel Abercrombie Swindell, Certificate
Langdale, Ala.

Piedmont College and Vanderbilt University; University Postmaster. Swindell is a wonder. He enjoys the distinction of being a postmaster, "Dad," and student all at one and the same time. The many messages which he has transmitted to and from our student body members have endeared him to all the boys. He is a hard worker and a successful preacher. His Alma Mater will watch his career with interest.

Edward Monroe Wise, Certificate
Gallatin, Tenn.

Vanderbilt University; Masonic Club; Over-Seas Club; Secretary and Treasurer Senior Class; Vocational Student.

Wise with his black pompadour and deep bass voice is quite a politician. Besides the honors above enumerated, he managed to get himself elected roll call sergeant of the Theological warblers under the Roberts regime. E. Monroe is an all around good fellow and always demeans himself in a way befitting his name.
MIDDLE YEAR
History of The Class of 1922

The history of the Middle Year Class is in the making; however, its beginnings have been made. This you may find, in part, in the write-ups alongside each picture.

The class represents eight of the Southern states and one country of the Far East, almost every college of the South, nearly every walk of life—farmers (mostly farmers), school teachers, millers, etc.

The personnel of this class is recognized by the University to be one of the highest that has ever been in Emory. This might well have been expected, since six of its members are honor men from their respective colleges. They have functioned in the whole of the University life.

Thirteen were in the various branches of military service during the war; there, too, they have made history.

The meaning of it all is this: These men have the "stuff" which makes for success. They have heard "the low, sad music of humanity" and their lives will count in the Kingdom into which they have been called.

E. G. Hamlett, Historian.
MIDDLE-CLASS OFFICERS

Thomas
President

Herbert
Vice President

Porter
Secretary and Treasurer

Hamlett
Historian
EMBREE HOSs BLACKARD
Jackson, Tenn.
A.B. Emory; Eagles Club; Few Literary Society; Champion Debate; Washington's Birthday Orator; Basket-ball, '21; Candidate for B.D.

CHARLES B. CLAYTON
Buchanan, Tenn.
Normal School of Bowling Green, Ky.; Secretary Andrew Sledd Literary Society; Student Pastor; Candidate for Certificate.

FRANK CHARLES COLLINS
Lake Charles, La.
B.S. Meridian College; Student Volunteer; Andrew Sledd Literary Society; Candidate for B.D.

LUTHER GRANBERRY COWART
Clem, Ga.
Emory College; Masonic Club; Candidate for Certificate.

CHARLES BEVERLY DRAKE
Chamblee, Ga.
A.B. Emory; Masonic Club; Candidate for B.D.
JAMES ELLIJAH ELLIS
Columbia, S. C.
A.B. and A.M. Wofford; President of Atlanta Student Volunteer Union; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; President and Secretary Andrew Sledd Literary Society; Candidate for B.D.

DENNY LEWIS FRINGER
Roanoke, Va.
Randolph-Macon College; Theological Baseball Team; Virginia Club; Candidate for Certificate.

EARL GREGORY HAMLETT
Water Valley, Ky.
A.B. Ruskin Cave College; Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity; Andrew Sledd Literary Society; Historian Middle Year Class; Masonic Club; Candidate for B.D.

JAMES FURMAN HERBERT
Marion, S. C.
A.B. Wofford; Treasurer Student Body; Vice-President Middle Year Class; President Andrew Sledd Literary Society; Secretary University Debate Council; Student Pastor; Candidate for B.D.

HARVEY COLUMBUS HOLLAND
Commerce, Ga.
A.B. Emory; Andrew Sledd Literary Society; Intercollegiate Debate, '20; Masonic Club; Candidate for B.D.
ISAAC INOUYE
Japan
Candidate for B.D.

E. H. LOVELACE
Nashville, Tenn.
Glee Club, Candidate for Certificate.

CHARLES ROY MCKIBBEN
Locust Grove, Ga.
A.B. Emory; Student Volunteer; Candidate for B.D.

ARCHIBALD KENNETH McLELLAN
Pollard, Ala.
B.Ph. Emory; Candidate for B.D.

D. P. MELSON
Jonesboro, Ga.
A.B. Emory; Harvard Candidate for B.D.
ANDREW CARL PARKER  
Wartrace, Tenn.  
Brandon Training School; Andrew Sledd Literary Society; Over-Seas Club; Censor Andrew Sledd Literary Society; Candidate for Certificate.

HARVEY COLEMAN PORTER  
Georgiana, Ala.  
Southern University; American Legion; Andrew Sledd Literary Society; Masonic Club; Student Volunteer; Secretary and Treasurer Middle Year Class; Student Pastor; Candidate for Certificate.

KIMMIE K. RUSHING  
De Funiak Springs, Fla.  
Thomas Industrial Institute; Masonic Club; Student Volunteer; Candidate for Certificate.

JOHN G. STRADLEY  
Appalachia, Va.  
A.B. Emory and Henry; Vice-President and President Andrew Sledd Literary Society; Candidate for B.D.

LAVENS M. THOMAS, JR.  
Chattanooga, Tenn.  
A.B. Davidson; Beta Theta Pi Fraternity; Sigma Upsilon Literary Fraternity; American Legion; Critic Andrew Sledd Literary Society; President Middle Year Class; Editor Emory Phoenix; Candidate for B.D.

KWANG SUP YUM  
Korea  
A.B. Asbury; Student Volunteer; Cosmopolitan Club; Candidate for B.D.
Did It Ever Happen To You?

A pretty girl sat in a railroad train
As lonesome as she could be;
And she said to herself with a little sigh—
"If he'd only talk to me."

The young man sat just across the aisle
From the girl with the pretty stare.
And he said to himself, "If I sit with her,
I wonder if she would care?"

And so they rode the whole day long
And neither one of them knew
Just what the other was thinking of—
Did it ever happen to you?

—Exchange
JUNIOR
History of The Junior Theological Class

UPON the historian who would record the activities of his class in fairness to all parties there devolves an enormous responsibility. Being conscious that men of no mean ability and prowess are the units of the organization, he finds it almost impossible to do each member justice; but when, on the other hand, he realizes that the world will judge not by praise but by accomplishment, he sees that words are neither sufficient nor necessary. It is his task and privilege, then, to throw upon the screen for public observation merely the leading facts concerning the class.

Of the twenty-nine men who are enrolled, twenty-seven came from ten prominent Southern States, and represent no less than fifteen leading colleges. The other two whom we are especially delighted to have among us are from Kwansi Gakiu College in Japan.

The majority of the members of the class entered this department in September; a few in the previous summer term; some are taking work in the Liberal Arts Department.

Although having different ideas about many things, and being ignorant concerning even more, yet, the tryimg place of all with learning was Emory. Here East, West, North and South have met with the common purpose of becoming more effective agents of the living God.

Many of our class were in some form of service during the war; some have held charges; others have taught school, but the majority come direct from various Alma Maters. Some are young; others, more aged; some are handsome; others, diametrically opposite; a few have had the courage to marry; the majority stand as yet afar off—more or less (mostly less); these and other facts might be noted, but a common bond of brotherhood and the vision of a pleading world have wiped out all differences.

The usual courses of study were soon begun, and organization and acclimatization were slowly completed. Friendships were developed; love for our professors has already become evident, and a great regard for Emory in every way.

The achievements of our class can as yet be only briefly discussed. Almost every man is active in some phase of religious work. The class-rooms, we believe, are harboring many real students who will in future days help to remake this world of doubt and confusion. The Andrew Sledd and other Literary Societies have received aid from our numbers. In athletics, the class has done well. Although not being represented by a distinct football team, we have given good men to the Junior team. Upon the theological basket-ball squad are several of our men who are showing up well. We have excellent baseball material that will show itself when spring rolls around. Social activities are indebted to our class.

Other general facts might be noted, but from these as stated, it is seen that this class of theologues is composed of men of splendid promise. While the historian may not officially adopt the duties of a prophet, it seems only fair to say that each man is facing life both here in the University and in the busy world with a well-defined notion of what he is to do and to be. With that knowledge in mind, and with full realization that “the old order changeth, yielding place to the new,” which brings to us now the burdens of today and soon of tomorrow, the class pledges its all to the task before it, believing in its ability to prove to the world what serious and determined men can and will accomplish.

C. F. WILLIAMS, Historian.
Officers First Year Class of Theology

W. H. Hodges, Jr. .............................. President
J. J. Stevenson ................................ Vice-President
W. G. McFarland .............................. Secretary
G. W. Stewart ................................. Treasurer
C. F. Williams ................................. Historian
Class Roll

J. Foster Barnes
H. W. Blackburn
R. J. Broyles
Thomas F. Burnside
W. M. Carr
J. K. Dean
W. M. Dean
J. S. Duncan
Charles M. Fisher
Thomas L. Hill
W. H. Hodges, Jr.
Fred Harris
M. L. Gentry
H. C. Jones
Hoitsu Kimura
W. G. McFarland
C. R. McKibben
B. O. Merritt

L. W. Neff
S. D. Newell
L. L. Padgett
A. C. Parker
J. H. Pearson
A. C. Riviere
J. J. Stevenson
G. W. Stewart
J. M. Tinnon
G. L. Waters
H. M. Waters
S. B. Wilford
J. N. Wilford
C. F. Williams
W. C. Wilson
A. A. Watkins
M. Yanagiwara
D. L. Yates
On Finding An Old Book

By Edwin Ames Gilliam, A.M., '21

Les livres sont des amis froids et purs.—Victor Hugo

HAVE you ever met an old friend unexpectedly after years of separation? If you have, I envy you the pleasure you must have experienced. And yet in fairness I should not be jealous, for it was only this morning that the like befell me.

Impelled perhaps by the drizzling rain (there is something about a rainy day that sets the least inquisitive of us to nosing about the remote corners of his house), I had gone up into the attic to browse upon the heaps of household furnishings stored there.

I know of nothing more charming than a dim storeroom well filled with belongings which have slumbered beneath their dust and desuetude until they are remembered, if at all, only subconsciously. And if it happens to be raining outside—quietly, retrospectively—so much the better: a gutter is hardly as poetic as a brook, but the sounds of each lend themselves equally well to pleasant meditation. You must remember, though, that the storeroom is like art—it cannot be hurried. Once an hour has been spent among your heirlooms, years must elapse before you can stand in the same relation to them again.

On this particular morning, I confess I was at first disappointed. It seemed that it was only yesterday since I had last beheld the objects which now came to my hand. The history of each was so provokingly vivid that remembrance brought with it no associations; I might as well been some second-hand dealer instead of a lazy, impractical dreamer. But finally my reward came.

I was rummaging behind some barrels when suddenly I turned to light a bulky, rough old volume that looked externally like a blending of a law book and a Greek dictionary. Brushing it off, somewhat, I took it to the window and began to turn the musty pages. I was conscious of a faint, familiar odor; then, as I gazed, the leaves disappeared and there hung before my eyes a vision of a small, low-ceilinged, ill-furnished room. In the center of the room, near a table, a woman was busy with her needle. It is impossible to describe the beauty of that calm, gentle face. From time to time she would pause and glance towards a little boy, who, sprawled out on a rug before the fire, was poring over a great book. How still he lay, and how intently he gazed upon the page before him.

It is almost dark now. A wind, which has begun to blow from the northward, drives the rain against the window with a sharp metallic sound. The fire sputters valiantly in the grate as if sending a challenge to the Winter God that shrieks and moans about the chimney-top. I pause in my reading and watch the tiny sparks form their twinkling patterns against the sooty background. I am very happy tonight, for I have found an old friend.
History of the Student Government of the Lamar School of Law

THOMAS JEFFERSON LONG, JR.  President
RALPH PHARR  Vice-President
HORRACE C. WILLIAMS  Secretary

Until the fall of 1920 there were so few men in the Law School that no one took the trouble to worry about student government affairs other than those concerning the University as a whole. But at the present we have something over forty aspiring young lawyers, and it became necessary to organize so as to be on a fair basis in competing with the other schools in the University, not only on the athletic field, but in the literary field also. And the above-named officers were elected to draw up a constitution under which the internal student affairs of the Law School are now governed.
Gaining Admission to the Bar
Why We Haven't a Graduating Class for 1921

It seems that "destiny" will have its fling in all walks of life, and the ill effects of that so-called "fling" are noticed more in the educational world than in any other. There will always be two blank chapters in the history of education in the United States. The first blank occurring during the days of the Civil War, when practically every college and university, especially in the South, gave its men to fight for what they conceived to be an inalienable right. Our own Emory was forced to close its doors while the boys, who had enlivened her halls with the daily routine of class work, marched away, clad in the immortal Gray, to take their part in the greatest of all conflicts up to that time. (Some were to return, while others were to suffer the fate that no true soldier fears.) The literary halls of Few and Phi Gamma were turned into quarters for the wounded, and there is to be found that little plot of sacred ground on the old Emory campus at Oxford which testifies to the fact that our Alma Mater did her part to furnish sons both to fight and succor for the wounded. There were no classes then!

Again, we find a second blank chapter—if not blank, nearly so—in the year 1917, when the sons of learning answered the call to service in the greatest crisis of all times—not a national or a civil war, but a world war—wherein was involved the fundamental issues of "liberty, equality, and fraternity" on the one hand, and that which all men hold dear, our country, on the other. With a patriotic devotion and an undying love for the Stars and Stripes, men left the study of law in the Lamar School of Law and took up arms to fight for the preservation of law.

In short, this is why Emory hasn't a graduating law class for the year 1921. It speaks for itself, a silent but impressive memorial to the memory of the men who laid aside the pleasures of peaceful study for the more onerous duties of war. The sacrifice of a year's preparation for a useful life in any field for the purpose of defending the liberties of the world for us and our posterity is second only to the supreme sacrifice, demanding the respect and admiration of all men. There wasn't a class in 1917! And to the memory of that classless group of men this article is dedicated.
Junior
History of the Class of '22

The history of the Law Class of '22 was originally made up of seventeen well-filled chapters of interesting and entertaining reading matter. Most of the members of the Class who began their work in the fall of '19 were from the State of Georgia, all of them promising to be John Jays, Tom Marshalls or Henry W. Gradys. There were several from foreign states, including Arkansas, North Carolina, Mississippi and Alabama. A majority of the seventeen lads have continued to adhere to the faith so well expressed in "Contracts and Property," but the experiences have been anything but the mountain-top kind. There are fifteen in the class at this time, three having dropped out and one new member having cast his lot with the erstwhile "lights of the bar."

The Class of '22 can lay claim to the distinction of being the first full-fledged class that has graduated from the Lamar School of Law. The men as a whole have displayed an increasing interest in the growing needs of the University and have shown an especial interest in the Law School. By upholding that department in which they have worked unconsciously the whole has been strengthened. This is true of any field of endeavor, and it is hoped that the law students that come along later will note the ideal set by the Class of '22 in respect to loyalty and devotion.

It has long been said that the best lawyer is the one who has a natural aptitude for legal reasoning, etc. This may be true—and we believe it is—but it does not contradict the fact that it continues to be possible for a man to cultivate that so-called natural aptitude for his work. There has been a marked improvement in the class work since the close of the first year's work, which will continue as the labor goes on.

It remains to be said that there are several students in the Class of '22 deserving of special mention in the way of high scholastic attainment. Mr. W. W. Battle, of Columbus, has shown himself to be possessed of the "spirit" of legal reasoning, winning the distinction of being the best student in the class. In the second place, we have our "own" Thomas Jefferson Long, of Atlanta, who, likewise, has shown himself to be perfectly capable of solving most any legal intricacy. The third of our celebrities happens to be T. Reuben Burnside from the far-famed village of Thomson, the cradle of "nation shakers." There are other men in the class who, with the opportunities previously offered them in life, have shown themselves to be equally capable.

The motto of the membership is to make a "lawyer and not a liar," as is wont to be the expression of the general public and anyone not acquainted with the issues involved. There is an old saying to the effect that lawyers work hard, live well and die poor. Rather than let this be said of "us," let "us" labor for the inculcation of the virtues taught by the faculty members and do as much good with our one talent as is possible in the place we find "ourselves" in the practice of the greatest of all professions.
Officers of The Junior Law Class

T. R. Burnside ................................................. President
W. M. Scott .................................................. Vice-President
W. W. Battle .................................................. Secretary-Treasurer
William Willis Battle, Σ A E
Columbus, Ga.

Thomas Reuben Burnside, Δ T Δ
Thomson, Ga.

Ernest R. Denmark, Π K A
Quitman, Ga.
Alexander Hamilton Dixon, ΠΚΦ
Paro, Ga.

Robert F. Floyd
Atlanta, Ga.

S. S. Griffin
Atlanta, Ga.
James Donald Kilpatrick, ΚΑ
Atlanta, Ga.

Clifford Whitney Knott, ΑΤΑ
Van Buren, Ark.

Gladstone Pitt, ΣΑΕ
Atlanta, Ga.
WILLIE SENTELL RICHARDSON, A T Ω
Hawkinsville, Ga.

WILLIAM MARVIN SCOTT
Cullman, Ala.

EDWARD E. THORNTON
Fayetteville, Ga.
Alma Mater

In the heart of dear old Dixie,
Where the sun doth shine,
There is where our hearts are turning,
Round old Emory's shrine.

Chorus

We will ever sing thy praises,
Loyal sons and true,
Hail thee now our Alma Mater,
Hail the Gold and Blue.

Tho' the years around thee gather,
Crowned with love and cheer,
Still the memory of old Emory,
Grows to us more dear.

—J. Marvin Rast, '18.
First Year Law Class

Woe unto you also, ye lawyers! for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers. Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge: ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered.—St. Luke.

With this brief preamble we present for your approval the First Year Class of the Lamar School of Law. We are twenty-six strong, and come from the four corners of the collegiate earth. Princeton, Annapolis, Mercer, Middle Georgia, Tech, University of North Carolina, Young Harris and Emory College are represented in our enrollment, and the A. E. F. has given us several most excellent men. We claim to be the best class ab initio that ever entered Emory University, notwithstanding the herein aforementioned eulogy by the good St. Luke. Please address us as “Colonel” hereafter.

THE SECRETARY.
FIRST YEAR OFFICERS

Rustin
President

Walker
Secretary and Treasurer

Dunaway
Vice President
<table>
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<th>First Year Law Class Roll</th>
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<td>B A U M, J. B.</td>
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<td>B R A N N A N, W. B., Jr.</td>
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<td>B R E W I N, W. W.</td>
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<td>C R A W F O R D, G. D.</td>
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<td>D U C K W O R T H, J. L.</td>
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<td>E L L I S, T. D., Jr.</td>
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<td>H A C K, A. G.</td>
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<td>H A C K W O R T H, L.</td>
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<td>W I L L I A M S, W. O.</td>
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Law, of Course!!!

University of Emory,
School of Law.

Second Year Class
Plaintiffs In Ignorance, Distress, Error,

vs.

Law School Faculty
Defendants In Misfortune.

To-wit: Whereas, the plaintiffs, by their attorneys, Windjammer, Blowhard & Windjammer, complain that whereas the said class now is, always has been, and forever will be, a true, honest, sober and industrious herd of undefiled purity; and whereas the defendants in misfortune, envious of the blissful condition of the herein-foresaid herd, to-wit, the plaintiffs, did publicly and scurrilously use, speak, express, publish, utter, articulate, and say the following words, to-wit:

1. They (innuendo the plaintiffs) are the slickest set that ever frisked a First Year man out of a dollar for the Law Club.

2. The brotherly love displayed by certain of the plaintiffs, to-wit, Damon Scott and Pythias Battle, surpasseth all understanding.

3. One of the plaintiffs, to-wit, Thomas Jefferson Long (he of the sonorous voice and the Demosthenian-like mien) doth possess the cob pipe of our Simian ancestors and hath sold the famous Marine Breeches.

4. Another of the herein-foresaid herd, to-wit, Cyrus Wyandotte Knott, of the Samson-like tresses, is everybody's "Buddie."

5. And yet another, one John Wesley Webb, whose physiognomy is connected with the nether end of a moustache,

   With graceful step doth stride the street
   (An Adonais from head to feet)
   And smiles on all the ladies sweet.

6. And still yet another of the plaintiffs, one Walthour, doth nightly bestride the water wagon during its wonted pilgrimages through the highways of the city. Selah!

By means of the committing of the said several grievances by the said defendants as aforesaid, the said plaintiffs have been and are greatly injured in their good name, fame, and credit, at the following places, to-wit: Tom Pitts, Witt's Weiner Stand, Harrison Lawbook Co., etc. Wherefor the said plaintiffs have been injured, and have sustained damage to the amount of one Bevo and a hamburger per capita, and therefore bring this suit.

E. U. Lawyer.
History of The Student Activities Council

BEFORE the fall of 1919, when the School of Liberal Arts was moved from Oxford to the University Campus, there had been no organized University Student Body, and, consequently, no central governing body. About the middle of October, 1919, the Student Council of the School of Liberal Arts, advised by its Faculty members, Dr. Jack and Prof. Peebles, sent out a call for representatives of the various schools of the University to meet and formulate some plan for an organized student body, or Student Activities Association. As a result of this meeting, a recommendation was made to the different schools that each elect three men—except the Graduate School, which was to elect one—to serve on an Executive Council to supervise student activities temporarily and to draw up a constitution for the University Student Activities Association. These recommendations were accepted, and the Executive Council came into being on October 26, 1919.

At its first meeting the Executive Council took over all publications, athletics, and music organizations which had been heretofore operated by the School of Liberal Arts. It also proceeded to draw up a constitution. In February, 1920, the name of the Council was changed to “Student Activities Council,” to better represent its work. In April a constitution was presented to the several departments of the University, and, excepting a few articles, was ratified by the student bodies. According to this constitution, the Student Activities Council has charge of the student activities, sets the student body fee, makes out a budget—subject to the approval of the student bodies—and makes nominations for offices in which the University at large is concerned. It is composed of three representatives from each School, it acts for and by the University student body, and its aim is “A Greater and a Better Emory.”
The EMORY CAMPUS

Student Activities Association
Why not award "E's" to all who qualify?

In Chemistry a number of Meds have made "E's", as have Pre-Meds in Biology. Any Lawyer is a "bullslinger."
The University Athletic Association

OFFICERS
Coach Ray K. Smathers .................. President
Dr. J. M. Steadman ....................... Treasurer
Mr. W. L. Rochelle ....................... Secretary

MEMBERS
From the Faculty—
Coach R. K. Smathers
Dr. Plato Durham
Dr. Elliott Cheatham
Prof. W. H. York
Dr. M. H. Dewey
Dr. James Hinton
Dr. J. M. Steadman
Prof. J. B. Peebles

From the Student Body—
Lester Rumble
W. S. Dorough
T. R. Burnside
R. P. Hall
John McFadden
W. L. Rochelle
Hunter Bell

From the Alumni Association—
Mr. T. W. Connally

DIRECTOR OF ATHLETICS
Coach Ray K. Smathers

Managers—
Clyde Smith, Football
J. S. Pope, Basket-ball
John McFadden, Track
Hunter Bell, Tennis
C. M. Haynes, Baseball
Pablo Vallesco, Mass Sports and Gym.

Coaches—
Dr. A. R. Bliss, Football
Prof. W. H. York, Basket-ball
Capt. "Track" Smathers, Track and Mass Sports
Dr. M. H. Dewey, Tennis
Dr. E. K. Turner, Baseball
The EMORY CAMPUS

Athletic Council

York
Rumble
Bell
Burnside
Hinton
Steadman
Smathers
Rochelle
Durham
McPadden
Dewey
Peebles
Coaches

RAY K. SMATHERS—Director of Athletics and Coach of Track
"ZEKE" TURNER—Coach of Baseball
DR. BLISS—Coach of Football
DR. DEWEY—Coach of Tennis
PROF. YORK—Coach of Basket-ball
PABLO VELASCO—Director of Gymnasium
A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING
Cheer Leaders

"Red" Talley

This youngster, though not up to the standard when it comes to the avoidiporis, is a regular seething mass of pep. He is one of the best ever when it comes to instilling pep into a bunch of rabid rooters—and to him we give the distinction of being one of the two best in college.

"Tiny" Ray

"Tiny" sometimes answers to the name that has been given him, but he has the volume both in sound and weight, and is a veritable hypodermic for instilling spirit into these young Emoryites that back him up with the selection of being one of our peppery productions that shall lead us in all vociferating campaigns.

Review of The 1920 Track Season

In the fall of 1919, a Trinity track star, now known all over the campus as "Coach" Smathers, was brought to Emory to build a track team. He started to work with a series of "Hare-and-Hound" races, getting the runners in shape for the Annual Relay Race. This event, ten laps of one mile each, was won by the Sophomore team on December 15, 1919. After Christmas intensive track work began. Starting with more or less green material, constant practice and adherence to a strict set of training rules developed a team which compared favorably with other colleges and gave great promise of achievement after experience had ripened it.

On April 20, 1920, the annual Field Day was held. The Freshmen came out triumphant in this, which disconcerted the Sophomores a little. Scores: Freshmen, 57 points; Sophs, 26; Juniors, 14; Graduating School, 12; Theologs and Seniors, 8.

May 1st was the big day—the date of the State Championship Track Meet. Tech won this meet, with Georgia second, and Emory a close third. Mercer and Oglespore entered, but made no points. Watkins, Captain of the Emory Team, was undoubtedly the star of the whole meet. After winning the half mile, Watkins entered and won the quarter, and, a little later on, ran a good quarter in the relay. Van Buren threw his javelin a little over 142 feet for another first place for Emory. White, Brandon, Pierce, Hoye, Stokes and Moseley placed and made points.

All in all, the season was a success. The track spirit was established at Emory, and the foundation was laid for one of the best track teams in the South.
Captain and Manager

"Roch"

Rochelle was elected captain of the varsity track team this fall, and is leading the bunch in a valiant attempt to cinch the cup in the State meet this spring. He ran the mile last spring, but is running the half this season. Our material is the best this year that we have had, and we are expecting great things of the bunch.

"Mac"

Mac served a term as manager of the track team last year that made him famous. He dug up practically the whole track in order that the meet could come off. He is always behind the team with his whole soul, and we would all feel lost if we didn't have old "Mac" to rely upon. He is a good man in the mile and does his part there, too.
Southern Methodist Road Race, 1920

On the 11th day of December, 1920, Emory inaugurated a new branch of her only intercollegiate sport.

A four mile road race was staged between five colleges—Wofford, Birmingham Southern, Southern College, Millsaps, and Emory.

This was our maiden voyage into this kind of sport, but we made our beginning one to be proud of. When we say this, we mean that we took off the first three places and fifth place. Time, 23:40.

Wesley Stokes, our premier distance man, took off first honor with a comfortable margin. The next to finish were Colwell and Harper, both of Emory, in order mentioned; Sanford, of Wofford, and Enloe, of Emory.

Besides these men above mentioned, we entered a second team of four men and an extra man. Our second team contributed an invaluable amount of team work, and lacked only one point of finishing second. The men on this team were Rochelle, Lewis, Harvard, Jones, W. P., and Wilkerson, extra man.

The rules of the race are: Each Southern Methodist college that desires is allowed to enter a team of four men; and the prize is to be a large loving cup offered by the Liberal Arts Faculty, the largest owned by any track team in the South, and is to be the property of any team winning it three successive times. Emory won this cup this year, and our intentions are public as to what we mean to do about it the next two years.
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<th>Track Squad</th>
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<td>Aiken</td>
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<td>Allen</td>
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<td>Avary</td>
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<td>Brewin</td>
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<td>Callahan</td>
<td>Jones, Joe</td>
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<td>Cate</td>
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<td>Chalker</td>
<td>Jones, W. P.</td>
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<td>Clarke</td>
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<td>Dombrowsky</td>
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<td>Enloe</td>
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<td>Furlow</td>
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<td>Hancock</td>
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<td>Stokes</td>
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<td>Van Buren</td>
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<td>Whitaker</td>
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<td>Wilkerson</td>
<td>Williams</td>
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<td>Wilson</td>
<td>Withers</td>
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Cross Country Squad

Lane Stokes, Captain
Caldwell
Enloe
Harper
Harvard
Jones
Lewis
Rochelle
Stokes
Wilkerson
Sophomore Relay Team

From Left to Right—Caldwell, Harper, Jackson, White, Henley, Cate, Simpson, Matthews, Enloe, (Captain)

A cup is offered for the class team winning the 10-mile relay every year, and the Sophs were the lucky ones this year. The team winning the cup three years in succession has it as a permanent possession. This is the first year that the Sophs have captured the trophy, as the Sophs annexed it last year, only to lose it this year to their hitherto despised antagonists.
Football, 1920

Football at Emory during the 1920 season was indeed a success. There were four teams in the race for first honors, each of the classes in the School of Liberal Arts being represented. The Juniors, on account of the lack of material, were forced to draft several recruits from the Law, Medical, and Theological Schools. These professional men improved the third year team wonderfully, and two of them, Stevens, of the Medical School, and Hawkins, of the Theological School, proved to be All-Emory calibre. Oastler, formerly a student at Missouri State, was probably the most valuable man on the Junior squad.

The Sophomores, coached by Prof. Weld and captained by the redoubtable “Jamie” Pope, won the pennant after much hard work and a still harder fight against the Freshmen. Lester, Pope, Callahan, and Van Buren were the main cogs in the championship machine.

The Senior squad gave some of the other teams mighty close calls, and if their field general had been with them the story of football during 1920 might have been different.

The Freshman aggregation was a distinct credit to the class and to the school. Beasley, who captained the eleven, was one of the sensations of the season. His fleet foot and Montgomery’s stonewall tactics on defense helped the new men on to many of their victories. Mitchell, Fields, Jones and Mars also played well for the Freshies.

The men who were awarded letters in football by the athletic authorities for meritorious work during the 1920 season are as follows: Seniors—Turner, Partin, Clarke, Walters. Juniors—Oastler, Fincher, Stevens, Hawkins, Smith (Varsity Manager). Sophomores—Anthony, Callahan, Lester, Van Buren, Pope. Freshmen—Beasley, Montgomery. These men proved themselves football players of no mean ability, and they would put up a good fight against many of the college teams of the South.
Football Letter Men

**Jamie Pope, Full Back**

In this lad we not only have as neat a player as graced the gridiron at Emory this year, but one of the best all-around athletes in school as well. "Jimmie" is a brainy, hard-fighting player, whose value to his team can hardly be estimated. He generated his team through the season, being largely instrumental in winning the "rag" that fell to the lot of the Sophs.

**R. L. Lester, Right Half-Back**

"Dick" made his letter in football last year, which in itself speaks volumes for any Freshman. This year he put up his old, steady game, and by his flashy end runs and skilful passing made himself show up with the best of them. He, too, was a member of the pennant winning Soph team, being part of the backfield that was respected by every moleskin warrior that went up against it.

**E. Van Buren, Left Guard**

In this big, good-natured giant, lies strength that he himself has not dreamed of. This is "Van's" first year on the gridiron, but he learned to conduct himself like a veteran before the season was over. In the line he was the strength of the Soph forward defense and few were the plays that went over him.

**William T. Turner, Left Half-Back**

"Wop," as he is affectionately and otherwise known by his mates, is a veritable terror in a broken field. He is a letter man of last year, and has shown himself to be invaluable to his team. The interference of the Senior team seemed to be lacking this year, but even this did not keep this hefty warrior from coming to the front. He is a Senior this year, and he has done himself proud.

**Leo Partin, Right Half-Back**

Leo is another letter man of last season, and seems to get better with time. As a line plunger and defensive man he always does himself and his team proud. He, too, is a Senior, and "footballically" speaking, and otherwise, he is a teammate to be proud of. As one of the mainstays of the backfield he was indispensable the whole season through.
Football Letter Men

THOMAS OASTLER, Left Half-Back

"Tommie" is one of those guys that just keep going on anyhow, and is consistently hard to stop. This is his first year with us, and is making his start a good one. The generalship of the Junior team fell on his shoulders about the middle of the season, but he stood up under the unaccustomed job right nobly.

BEASLEY, Quarter-Back

Beasley Captained the Freshies the whole season and gave the Sophs a race for their money. It was his flashy speed and good head work that accounted for most of the ground that the Freshmen gained. He hails from Webb School, up in Tennessee, and they can well be proud of him.

CALLAHAN, Left End

"Callie" hails from Meridian, where he was a letter man, and has by no means let the standard drop here. He is a corking good end and had a nasty habit of nailing the best of them behind the line before they could get away. His record for gains with passes was the best in school, also.

MACK ANTHONY, Right End

In Mack we can truthfully say that we have the proverbial human tank. He played both at end and full and at both positions he ranked at the top. He, too, played with the "rag winning team" and was a genuine part of that aforesaid article. Under all conditions he was that same steady lad.

O. R. MONTGOMERY, Right Tackle

This big, hefty lad was the bulwark of the Freshman line, and his defense was well-nigh impregnable. Without him the line of the first year men would have been weak indeed. This is his first year with us, and in the next three years he will make an enviable record on the gridiron.
Football Letter Men

S. D. Walters, End

"Doug" has the rep. of being the hardest working man on the field. And certainly we can see no one who has a better claim to this than he. For three years he has baffled the sweeping interference that came up against him, with the desire to wear the coveted “E.” And this year it is the unanimous opinion that he is the man for it.

A. B. Clarke, Guard

Clark is a typical lineman. Low, and a bull dog for going after 'em. He was there with the fight every minute and inspired the confidence of his teammates. He fought hard for his place on the varsity eleven, and he showed in every game that he deserved it.

Hawkins, Center

Hawkins is a center that had that passing and defensive work down to perfection. His playing on the Junior team was of the “veri-best” brand, and was one of the most important cogs in that machine. He was dependable every minute during the game, and everybody knew it.

Ed. Fincher, Guard

Ed plays what might be termed a flashy game at guard, leading the line at crucial moments and causing countless fumbles in the enemy's ranks. He is long and rangy and can cover territory galore.

Stephens

"Steve" is a Med. hailing from the University of Alabama, and if he does himself the credit curing patients that he does at football, he will be a howling success. He has the weight and knows how to use it to an advantage. He is a terror to opposing lines, and proves his worth on every down.

W. L. Rochelle, Quarter-Back

"Wop" had the hard luck to lose most of this season on account of injuries, but he is football from his teeth to his toes. He is an old-timer at the game, having been Captain of Tennessee's all-prep team, Morgan School, and is a fast, brainy quarter-back, and a fighter to the last ditch.
Senior Football Team

N. A. Goodyear, Coach  Rustin, Captain  Turner, Manager

A. B. Clarke, Blackard, Rustin, Turner, Partin, Vann, MacFadden, Colson, Reviere, Walters, Moore, Jones, Pearce, Beeson, Padgett, Owens.
Junior Football Team

First Row—Milton, H. B.; Whitaker, T.; Rochelle, Q. B., (Captain); Waters, F. B.; Austin, G.; Blitch, T.


Third Row—Brewin, T.; McDonald, G.; Harvard, L. T.; Millican, R. T.; Brandon, L. G.; Baum, R. G.; Murphy, (Mascot); J. G. Lewter, (Coach).
Sophomore Football Team

W. Weld, (Coach); Spraggins, Anthony, Van Buren, Beals, Clegg, Lester, Pope, (Captain); Ferguson, Graham, Enloe, White, Callahan, Maddox, Paulk.
Freshman Football Team

Beasley, (Captain); Montgomery, Fields, Davis, Cumbee, Williams, Jones, Mars, Brown, Edmundson, Tilly, Moncrief, Johnson, Mitchell, Howell, Hill, Crawford.
Baseball, 1920

The year 1920 saw one of the best baseball seasons at Emory. Besides being a good season from the standpoint of baseball as a game, it was good in the respect that the pennant was not decided till after a post-season game was played between the Sophomores and Freshmen to break a tie.

As to the individual teams. The Sophomore class in the School of Liberal Arts put out the championship nine. They finished the season with six victories and two defeats.

The Freshmen came second in the race, with five victories and three defeats. The Theologues put out the third highest ranking team, but were in the second division—three won and four lost. The Law School's team came next with a two-five count, and the team combined by the Juniors and Seniors of Liberal Arts came last.

There were many individual stars in the different line-ups, and Emory could have put a baseball team on the intercollegiate field that would have made the South sit up and take notice. "Slats" Kilpatrick led the field in batting, with an average of .500. He was a terror with the stick and all opposing pitchers looked for him. Rochelle, of the Sophs, led the pitchers, with an average of earned runs against him of only 1.33 earned runs per game. Stokes, catching for the Sophs, allowed only one man to steal on him in eight games, and that time it was before he had much practice. But the best all-around player in the ranks was DeLacy Allen, the star short-stop for the second-year men. He was the most consistent batter in the pinches, hitting for an average of .403, and led the field in stolen bases with a total of 14.

The climax of the season was not an inter-class affair. It was staged between the Faculty of the University and the Seniors from all the schools. Sergeant Kennedy pitched for the Faculty, but it was useless. "Bullet" Peebles' star nine was defeated by the upper-classmen by a score of 12 to 11. "Mutts" umpired.

Since Emory is not allowed to put out a team in Southern inter-collegiate circles, each year a mythical all-Emory team is chosen from the players as representing the best that Emory can put out. These men were awarded a letter by the Athletic Association: W. Stokes, catcher; Rochelle, R. Burnside, F. Burnside, pitchers; W. Green, first base; Bell, second base; Cobb, third base; Allen, shortstop; Kilpatrick, Willis and Rustin, outfielders; and Joe Nicholson as utility pitcher or infielder. These men were beyond all doubt as good as could be found in the University, and the pick caused universal satisfaction. More could be said about these players, but we refer our readers to their individual write-ups in the "E" column.

H. E. Clements, Official Scorer.
Baseball Letter Men

W. L. Stokes, Fort Gaines, Ga., Catcher

Lane was one of the main factors in the Sophomore victory last spring. His deadly peg to second broke the heart of many an aspirant base stealer. Stokes also has a cool head and was always master of the situation in any pinch.

W. L. Rochelle, Ruskin, Tenn., Pitcher

"Wop" was one of the principal cogs in that great Soph machine last spring. Up to last spring baseball always saw him behind the bat, but he seems to be pretty good on the mound. His arm was good—but, oh boy! that head-work and control. Rochelle has also shown talent as a leader on the field, being Captain of his team, whose by-word was "team work."

T. R. Burnside, Thomson, Ga., Pitcher

"Rube," another exponent of the good art of hurling the horsehide, was most of what kept the Law School on the field and putting up the game that they did. Give Burnside a good infield and a couple of half-way good batters and he'll pitch shutout ball three-fourths of the time.

T. F. Burnside, Pomona, N. C., Pitcher

This boy made a bid for fame when he struck out 26 men in two games. It was his ability to strike out so many men that made the Theologs such strong contenders for the pennant. His smoke was hard on the batters and all of them knew it.

William Green, Crawford, Ga., First Base

This long and lanky lad made a hit on the field his first day out. He started off the season playing second, but later was transferred to first. He is good at both positions, being an able fielder, and handling the old stick in true veteran style.
Baseball Letter Men

Hunter S. Bell, Dawson, Ga., Second Base

Hunter hails from the country that puts out ball players—evidently. As a keystone defender he had no peer on the Emory teams, either in the field, at the bat or in the use of the top piece that so many people think of only to be used as a hat rack in this national sport of ours. We can easily give Hunter credit for being a man that would make any college team proud.

J. D. Kilpatrick, Atlanta, Ga., Left Field

"Slats" held the highly coveted honor of king of swatters all through this season. Besides having a batting average that looked like a telephone number (500), he comes third in the number of stolen bases. "Kill" also is a good outfielder, and has a good right arm that has proved fatal to many an ambitious would-be scorer.

Neal Willis, Columbus, Ga., Center Field

A better man than "Ick" is hard to find. He has an uncanny knack of being able to get under many a long one and pull his pitcher out of a pinch. This lad's chief asset is being able to hit at the opportune moment, though. Many times when things looked gloomy for the Sophs "Ick" proved himself the hero of the day.

J. W. Rustin, Byron, Ga., Right Field

A good, honest-to-goodness, hard-working player is John. He is consistent both with the stick and in the field, and any team would be justly proud of him.
Pennant Baseball Team

Allen, Shortstop; Bell, Second Base; Rochelle, Pitcher, (Captain); O'Sheal, Right Field; McKenzie, Left Field; Willis, Center Field; Quillian, First Base; Waters, Third Base; Parks, Right Field; Stokes, Catcher.
Basket-Ball

Emory's first intra-collegiate basket-ball schedule ended with the Emory college quintet undefeated. Since the good old days down at Oxford, basket-ball had been almost a thing of the past in Emory athletic circles until Coach Smathers conceived the idea of an intra-collegiate league. Emory College, Atlanta Medical College, Lamar School of Law, and Candler School of Theology entered teams. These four aggregations represented the four biggest departments of Emory University. Two games were played each Saturday night at the Atlanta Y. M. C. A. until the academic men cinched the pennant.

The Liberal Arts team was composed of all-stars, four of the five regulars winning their letter in basketball. Oastler, who starred on the Junior football team, led in the number of points scored during the season. His record was twenty-one field goals and ten foul goals. Simpson, who was Oastler's running mate on the Liberal Arts team, scored more field goals than any other player in the league. Pope and Captain Bennett also played consistently for the champions.

The doctors had a wealth of basket-ball material, but they could not best the Emory College five. Aldridge and Dorough were doubtless the most valuable players for the Meds, and each landed a place on the All-Emory squad. The former is a letter man in basketball from Trinity, while the latter won his "E" down at Oxford. Parks, Newton, and Milton also deserve a great deal of credit for the good showing of the Medical school.

The lawyers and the preachers put out good teams, but they were tied for the cellar position at the end of the season. Puckett and Rustin played best for the lawyers, while H. Waters and Burnside were the outstanding Theologs. In spite of the fact that these two teams had only one victory each to their credit this season, they are expected to develop into strong machines by next year.

The coaches of the different teams were as follows: Emory College, Prof. Lester; Atlanta Medical College, Dr. Brown; Candler School of Theology, T. L. Burnside; Lamar School of Law, Sergeant Puckett.

At the close of the regular season, the officials picked an All-Emory and a Federal squad. The two teams met in the final game, which resulted in a victory for the All-Emory men after a hard fight. The letter men in basket-ball are as follows: Emory College—Bennett, Pope, Oastler, Simpson. Atlanta Medical College—Aldridge, Dorough. Candler School of Theology—H. Waters. Lamar School of Law—Puckett.

The basket-ball season served to unify the different schools of the University, and to create a real Emory spirit. The band was on hand at every game, livening things up with the "Coca-Cola" song and popular jazz selections. If we should ever be fortunate enough to get inter-collegiate athletics, it would be safe to say that the Gold and Blue basket-ball team would rank right around the top.
Aldridge

This lad, who formerly starred at Trinity before entering Emory, had a natural eye for the basket. He shot from any position, and his sense of location of the hoops was so good that he caged many seemingly impossible goals.

Dorough

"Gus" was about as elusive a man as tripped across the floor this season. He got lost continually, and his opponent usually found him after he had registered a two-point counter.

H. M. Waters

Waters had the old fighting spirit, coupled with the natural basketball ability that made him the biggest asset the theological quartette had. His roving tendencies made him an extremely hard man to guard.

Puckett

In addition to coaching the law team, sergeant played a great game for the solons, at both forward and guard positions. Puckett had plenty of fighting spirit, and played the game to the final whistle.
Pope

Pope rounded back into the old form this year that he was wont to display when he was the leading ace for the championship of the five down in old Oxford. He probably is the best man in school when it comes to playing the floor.

Jack Simpson

Jack ran 'em up toward the last of the season, pitching goal's with a nonchalance that threatened to make him the leading point getter. A rangy forward and a valuable cog in the championship quintet.

Dick Bennett

Dick, dubbed "Sir Richard" by one of the sporting lights, was captain of the quintet that went through the 1921 season without the loss of a game. Bennett broke up many a hard-fought rally by his aggressive guarding of the basket.

Oastler

This lad had an uncanny ability to locate the basket, which he used to such good advantage that at the end of the season he was ranked the leading point getter.
Liberal Arts Basket-Ball Team

R. H. Bennett, Captain
J. S. Pope
Oastler
Hancock
J. S. White
Simpson
Peabody
Law Basket-Ball Team

R. B. Puckett, Manager
John Rustin, Captain
S. S. Bennet
G. D. Crawford
J. L. Duckworth
J. D. Kilpatrick
T. D. Ellis
W. H. Walker
Theological Basket-Ball

T. F. Burnside, Captain
H. Waters
G. Waters
H. C. Holland
Stradley
E. H. Blackard
Pickering
The “E” Club

In the month of February, 1921, men from all the departments of the University, who had made their letters in any kind of college activity, met and organized the “E” Club. As its name implies, it is an organization for men who have won their “E’s,” and its small membership only makes its standards higher. It tends to bring about a fellowship between its members and to keep the coveted letter up to its standard. The Club is one to which prospective “E” men should aspire.

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W. P. Brandon, Track
T. R. Burnside, Baseball
A. B. Clarke, Football
T. B. Clegg, Football
E. C. Colwell, Track
W. S. Dorough, Basket-ball
M. H. Harper, Track
R. P. Lester, Football, Track
J. McFadden, Track
J. B. Mitchell, Track

O. R. Montgomery, Football
L. W. Pierce, Track
J. S. Pope, Football, Tennis, Basket-ball
W. L. Rochelle, Football, Baseball, Track
J. W. Rustin, Football, Baseball
W. L. Stokes, Baseball, Track
E. C. Smith, Football
W. T. Turner, Football
E. Van Buren, Football, Track
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W. P. Watkins, Football, Basket-ball, Track
J. S. White, Track
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The Emory Phoenix is published monthly by the Student Activities Association of Emory University, at Emory University, Ga.
THE EMORY CAMPUS

The Emory Phoenix

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F. S. Edmundson
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J. D. Martin
J. M. Pearce

First Bass—
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D. A. Cooke
J. A. Dunaway
C. W. Kirby
E. P. Peabody
L. F. West
E. C. Wilson

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L. L. Clegg
G. F. Eubanks
R. E. Gardner
G. N. MacDonell
W. B. Mathews
H. M. Tolleson

Second Bass—
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J. B. Graham
J. W. O’Neil
J. L. Partin
John Rustin
Thompson

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Quartette—Pearce, Lovelace, Peabody, Thompson
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Williams, W. O.
Intercollegiate Debaters, 1920

DEBATE—Emory vs. Trinity.

SUBJECT—“Resolved, That legislation should be enacted providing for compulsory arbitration of disputes arising between employers and employees of public service corporations.”

TRINITY—Affirmative, Winners.
EMY—Negative.

EMORY DEBATERS

T. F. BURNSIDE, H. C. HOLLAND, C. B. MILLCAN
PHI GAMMA CHAMPION DEBATE
FEW
Impromptu Debaters

Phi Gamma—Blitch, Clements, Miss Gibson, MacDonell, McFadden, Millican
Few—Winners—Cooke, Dombrowsky, Haynes, Hutchinson, Padgett, Paty
Fall Term Debate

*Phi Gamma—Blitch, Matthews, Millican*

*Few—Cooke, Kelly, Mullinax*
Winter Term Debaters

*Phi Gamma*—Clements, Hancock, MacDonell

*Few*—Cochran, Daniel Smith, E. C.
FRATERNITIES
Pan-Hellenic Council

OFFICERS

J. T. Vann, Σ A E .............................. President
R. E. Arnau, Φ Δ Θ .............................. Vice-President
H. S. Bell, Φ Δ Θ .............................. Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

C. B. Millican, Χ Φ
G. N. MacDonell, Jr., Χ Φ
J. P. Corry, Κ Α
E. C. Wilson, Κ Α
R. E. Arnau, Φ Δ Θ
H. S. Bell, Φ Δ Θ
J. H. McFadden, Α Τ Ω
L. T. Moore, Α Τ Ω
J. T. Vann, Σ A E

H. H. Allen, Σ A E
J. L. Partin, Δ Τ Δ
J. W. Rustin, Δ Τ Δ
C. H. Alexander, Σ N
R. T. Jones, Σ N
S. E. Stevens, Π Κ Φ
R. W. Overstreet, Π Κ Φ
W. T. Turner, Π Κ Α
J. D. Kilpatrick, Π Κ Α
Pan Hellenic Council
Chi Phi Fraternity

Founded at Princeton, 1824

Gamma Chapter Organized 1869

COLORS: Scarlet and Blue

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

DEAN FRANKLIN N. PARKER
Dr. E. Bates Block
Dr. Frank K. Boland
Dr. Montague L. Boyd
Dr. F. Phinizy Calhoun
Dr. Walter B. Emery

DR. ROBERT N. HOLLAND
DR. FLOYD W. MCRAE
PROF. E. WARREN MOISE
PROF. JAMES G. LESTER
PROF. GOODRICH C. WHITE
MR. H. WARNER MARTIN

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE

EDWARD LEWIS ALMAND
HAMILTON GOSG ANSLEY
PRESTON ARKWRIGHT, JR.
JAMES CLARKE BELCHER
ROBIN FREEMAN BEST
JAMES WARREN BICKERSTAFF
RUFUS ENOCH BROWN
WILLIAM JOHNSON CRUM
JAMES EDWARD DICKY, JR.
WARREN SPEER DOROUGH
EDWARD BRENTON FIELDS
LEONARD THOMPSON DOROUGH
HUGHLETT RUSSELL GABLE
NONIE WORTH GABLE
ALBERT ALLEN GARDNER
CLARENCE EUGENE GARDNER
ROBERT EMERSON GARDNER

ROBERT MILLER HARRIS
EDWIN BURWELL JONES, JR.
HARRIS QUILLIAN JONES
VERNON CLARKE LASITITER
RICHARD PAUL LESTER, JR.
GEORGE NOWLAN MACDONELL, JR.
THOMAS KENNERLY MACDONELL
WARREN BOND MATTHEWS
CHARLES BOWIE MILLICAN
RALPH STEWART MUCKENFUSS
THOMAS WILLIAM OASTLER
JAMES HARRIS PURKS
SELWYN HOWARD SHERMAN
COY ALWYN SWANN
WILLIAM CHESTER WARREN, JR.
BAILEY GORDON WATSON
HOWARD VINCENT WEEMS

GEORGE AUBREY WILLIAMS
Kappa Alpha Fraternity

Founded at Washington and Lee University, 1865

Epsilon Chapter Organized 1869

Colors: Crimson and Old Gold
Flowers: Red Rose and Magnolia

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

Bishop Warren A. Candler

Harvey Warren Cox, A.B., A.M., Ph.D.
J. F. Bonnell, A.M., Ph.D.
Walter T. Candler
Hansell Crenshaw, M.D.
C. E. Dowman, A.B., M.D.
J. Sam Guy, Ph.D.
F. G. Hodgson, M.D., F.A.C.S.
E. G. Jones, A.B., M.D., F.A.C.S.
W. F. Melton, Ph.D.
W. S. Nelms, A.M., Ph.D.
H. L. Reynolds, A.B., A.M., Ph.D.
Roht, C. Rhodes, A.B., A.M., Ph.D.
S. R. Roberts, A.B., M.Sc., M.D.
H. H. Stone, A.M.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE

Mack Anthony
Robert Lee Avary
Spencer Bennett
James M. Bowers
Victor Connor Burns
James Lloyd Chambliss
Lloyd Walter Chapin
Jack Corry
Jack Daniel
Oliver Richardson Etheridge
Millsaps Fitzhugh
Joe Clement Harvard
James Walton Henley
Beauregard Jones, Jr.
John Howard McNatt
Edwin F. Moseley
Vivian Pierce Patterson
Elbert Prentice Peabody
Henry Wooten Pittman, Jr.
Lovick Wilson Pierce
Vernon Edwin Powell
William Swoll Sawyer
Hal Stith Spragins, Jr.
James Allen Smith, Jr.
William Carter Smith
Myron Scott Stringer
David Palma Tinley
William Peterson Watkins
James Stephenson White
Elkin Calhoun Wilson
William Banks Withers
Ralph Newton

PLEDGES

Philip Brewster
Julian Briggs
Gibson Johnston
James Knight
William Hampton McRae
William Neblett
James Thornton
Phi Delta Theta Fraternity

Founded at Miami University, 1848
Georgia Beta Chapter Organized 1871

Colors: Blue and White
Flower: White Carnation

FRATRES IN UNIVERUSITATE

ADIEL LEVIN ADAMS
ROBERT EARL ARNAU
FRED BALL
HUNTER SEABORN BELL
WILLIAM PEW BRANDON
RALPH WALDO BEESON
ALBERT BUSH
FRANCIS CAMP
WILLIAM DAVID DAVIDSON, JR.
ROBERT FREEMAN DEESE
EDGAR FRANKLIN FINCHER, JR.
ERNEST FORTSON FLEMING, JR.
JOHN PHILEMION GRIMES
JAMES PARK HANNER
JACK HARMON JOHNSTON
JOSEPH MABBETT JONES
WALTER COLQUITT JONES, JR.
WILLIAM POWELL JONES
SUMTER MARTIN KELLEY

CHARLES WINDOM KIRBY
JOHN LEONARD LYONS
JAMES NORTHERN MITCHELL, JR.
EUGENE ADAMS NOYES
EDWIN REED ORR
LOUIS MCDONALD ORR, JR.
JOHN MATHEWS PEARCE
ROBERT CONNOR PENDERGRASS
DAVID HENRY POER
EDMUND CARLYLE SMITH
TAYLOR BUTTRILL SMITH
HENRY KING MCHARG STEPHENS
WILLIAM HUGH TRIMBLE
JOSPEH POWELL WARDLAW, JR.
WILLIAM BEAN WENDEL
HERBERT EUGENE WHITE
JOHN BYRON WIGHT, JR.
THOMAS BURTON WIGHT
ORPHEUS EVANS WRIGHT

WILLIAM WOODRUFF WRIGHT
Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity

Founded at Richmond, Virginia, 1865

Alpha Theta Chapter Organized at Emory 1881

Colors: Sky Blue and Old Gold

Flower: White Tea Rose

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

Dr. Plato Tracy Durham
Dr. Harry Clay Howard

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE

Sam Anderson
Wilbur Ogden Arnold
Donald T. Babcock
Henry Webster Blackburn
Lee Wesley Blitch
Ben Russell Burke
Albert D. Brown
Richard J. Broyles
Thomas P. Branch
McIntosh M. Burns
Louis Lamar Clegg
Thomas Boykin Clegg
Joseph Hunter Coleman, Jr.
Feltz Cleveland Davis
Roger S. Dickson
Francis Livingston Edmundson
Thomas David Ellis, Jr.
J. Leo Hargrove

Charles Brown Harrel, Jr.
Earl Miller Johnson
Madison Steadman Massey
Lucius Terrel Moore
John Holman McFadden
Victor Hugh McMichael
Bennett Graham Owens
Louie Love Padgett
Marvin McTyeire Parks, Jr.
Ralph Holiday Pharr
James Soule Pope
Warren Wilson Quillian
Fletcher Arnold Quillian
William Richardson
Jack Moss Thomas
Leon Edward Turner
Edward Yancey Walker
Ralph McCuley Williams
Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity

Founded at the University of Alabama, 1856

Georgia Epsilon Chapter Organized 1881

Colors: Purple and Old Gold

Flower: Violet

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

Edgar G. Ballenger, M.D., F.A.C.S.  R. G. McAliley, M.D.
John F. Denton, M.D.  Lyle B. Robinson, M.D.
Theodore H. Jack, Ph.D.  A. F. Saunders, M.D.
William D. Thompson, B.Ph.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

H. H. Allen  J. L. Richardson
J. F. Adams  J. G. Riley
H. C. Atkinson  Hillyer Rudisill
H. E. Clements  A. C. Stubbs
Irvin Ennis  T. H. Tarver
Brooks Flowers  J. T. Vann
S. C. Harvard  R. B. Wilson
J. C. Hattaway  G. M. Cole.
A. B. Jones  E. H. Lewis
W. H. Lawson  J. D. Parker
E. N. McKenzie  F. B. Therell
R. H. Neel  C. D. Wilson
Bomar Olds  F. L. Wilson
J. F. Owens  J. M. Akin
Gladstone Pitt  Cordon Converse

J. B. Thompson
The EMORY CAMPUS

Harvard
Farver
Hawson
Richardson
Alkin
Riley
Pitt
Threlk
Treadway
Neel
Allen
Hendrie
McKenzie
Jones
Lawson
Adams
Cole
Wilson
McHaller
Vann
Ehmer
Lawson
Olden
Delta Tau Delta Fraternity

Founded at Bethany College, Va., 1859

Beta Epsilon Chapter Organized 1882

Colors: Purple, White, and Gold

Flower: Pansy

FRATER IN FACULTATE

Dr. H. M. Dewey

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

Roderick Henry Baldwin
Millard Fillmore Beals
Ulric Bannister Bray
William Henry Britt
Thomas Reuben Burnside
James Hill Byram
Edward Carswell
George Willard Cobb
Clyde Lemuel Colson
Crawford Dewey
Albert Jacob Dornbusch
Julian Smith Duncan
Frank Candler Ferguson
Otis Dewey Gilliam
Jesse Raymond Graves
Harold Walker Griffin
Marvin Henry Harper
James Harris Howell
Julian Augustus Jordan

Oliver Doyle King
Hollis Vaughn Knight
Clifford Whitney Knott
Louis De Von Means
Robert Alston Merrill
Oliver Ritchie Montgomery
Maurice Varner Neel
John Leo Partin
David Ambrose Pirkle
Robert Bruce Puckett
Walter Albert Quillian
William Bryant Rawls
John Robert Richardson
Paul Riviere
John Wallace Rustin
Isaac Judson Scott
Raymond Wood Short
Joseph Terrell Stewart
James Henry Wilson
Sigma Nu Fraternity

Founded at Virginia Military Institute, 1869

Xi Chapter Organized 1884

COLORS: Black, White, and Old Gold

FLOWER: White Rose

SAMUEL RUSSELL BRIDGES, Chapter Adviser

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE

- George Henry Alexander
- John Rocher Chappell
- Charles Wesley Daniels
- Harold Caldwell Dilworth
- George Foster Eubanks, Jr.
- Ben King Harned
- John Wisdom Harned
- Robert Tyler Jones
- Robert Lee Marchman
- Charles Lanier Park
- John William Shearhouse

- Jesse Neal Willis
- James Tarver Hooks
- Lloyd Lean Owens
- Samuel Ross Brown
- Dutchman Wilkes
- Edward Grady Massey
- Charles Edwin Isom
- William Arthur Fickling
- Embry Mayer Kendrick
- John Terrell Fender
- David Ramsey Simmons
The EMORY CAMPUS

Willis
Alexander
Jones
Owens
Walker
Hicks
Fielding
Harned
Irom
Dilworth
Kendrick
Hemingway
Brown
Marchman
Tender
Harned
Harvey
Pi Kappa Phi Fraternity
Founded at College of Charleston, 1904
Eta Chapter Organized 1911

Colors: White and Gold

Flower: Red Rose

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE

Chelsie G. Arant
Wallace L. Bazemore
Ellis M. Bond
Cecil B. Brannan
Ollie C. Brannan
Frank L. Cumbee
Charles J. Colquitt
G. Nathaniel Davidson
Alexander H. Dixon
A. C. Floyd
J. Albert Fussil
Merrill B. Grant
E. Malcom Harris
S. Anthony Hearn
Hugh P. Hodge
Pa Joe Johnson
J. Derrick Jones
Henry C. Jones
Henry T. Jones
Charles A. Jackson Jr.

Alva A. Knight
J. Frank Meacham
Homer L. Mitchell
Robert T. Overstreet
Thomas C. Partridge
Julian S. Pinkston
James L. Pittman, Jr.
Paul Preas
Edwin H. Rape
Euclin D. Reeves, Jr.
Jack Rogers
A. P. Rowe
James R. Simms, Jr.
Ray K. Smithers
Charles W. Smith
E. Clyde Smith
Sidney E. Stevens
Elton C. Weaver
Horace C. Williams
Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity

Founded at the University of Virginia, March 1, 1868
Beta Kappa Chapter Established December 6, 1919

Colors: Garnet and Old Gold
Flower: Lily of the Valley

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE

William White Aiken
Archie Boyd Austin
Albert Edward Barnett
Dwight Moody Beeson
John Reid Boswell
Edwin Burns Brooks
Will Edgar L. Callahan
Ernest Ray Denmark
Charles Henry Deterly
John Paxton Erwin
Jacob Flavel Foster
Earl Gregory Hamlett
Alton Blois Hollis
James Donald Kilpatrick

Ruskin King
Norman Charles Mars
Eugene Lee McCurdy
Wylie Lambuth Rochelle
Clarence Lee Talley
Eben Fletcher Tilly
Henry Madison Tolleson
John Pattillo Turner
William Taylor Turner
Thomas Leslie Tyler
George Leonard Walker
Byron Hilburn Warner
Thomas Irving Willingham
Alton Tilden O'Steen
Tau Epsilon Phi Fraternity

Founded at Columbia University, 1907

Georgia Gamma Chapter Organized 1919

Colors: Lavender and White    Flowers: Lily of the Valley and Violet

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

Meyer Weinstock Bergman       Julian Marshall Ney
Herman Maurice Govitzter      Sidney Irvin Ney
Samuel Joseph Heiman          Maxwell Orovitz
Samuel Bernard Kaplan         Leon Meyer Satlof
Sigma Phi Local

Organized at Emory University in 1918 for the Purpose of Petitioning the National Fraternity of Sigma Chi

FRATER IN FACULTATE
DR. PAUL E. LINEBACK

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE

Fred C. Aldridge
J. Foster Barnes
Asa Beach
Wilburn Beasley
Richard H. Bennett, Jr.
Wirt A. Cate
Charles J. Collins
Ernest C. Colwell, Jr.
Don A. Cooke
James A. Dombrowsky
Sloan Green
William Hodges

B. G. Hodge
Robert S. Hudgens
Randolph Jones
Raymond G. Mitchell
James B. Mitchell, Jr.
Perry F. Mullinax
Raymond R. Paty
R. Maurice Paty
Elbert McLaury
Herbert C. Plummer
Andrew E. Terry
William H. Wilkerson
Alpha Epsilon Pi Fraternity

Founded at New York University, 1912

Epsilon Chapter—To be passed on by B. of T., June, 1921

COLORS:  *Blue and Gold*  

FRATRES

G. Chait  
B. Coleman  
M. B. Copeloff  
S. L. Eplan  
B. Friedman  
J. M. Hirsch  
S. Kahn  
M. Rose  
E. Socoloff  
B. O. Weinkle  
I. Weinkle  

FLOWER:  *Lily*
The National Medical Fraternity of Chi Zeta Chi

Founded at the University of Georgia, October, 1903

Colors: Purple and Gold

Flower: White Carnation

ALPHA ALPHA CHAPTER
Organized 1903

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE

D. T. Babcock
J. H. Bryan
M. M. Burns
A. R. Bush
F. B. Camp
C. J. Collins
J. F. Crow, Jr.
R. W. Dickson
T. H. Dillard

W. S. Dorough
J. G. Gainey
J. P. Grimes
O. E. Hampton
J. L. Hargrove
W. C. Jones
H. Q. Jones
W. J. Knauer
R. S. Muckenfuss

W. B. Long
L. M. Orr, Jr.
D. H. Poer
L. S. Patton
A. S. Sanders
R. W. Short
H. V. Weems
H. E. White
G. A. Williams

ATLANTA ALUMNI CHAPTER
Organized 1907

H. M. S. Adams, M. D.
T. B. Armstrong, M. D.
H. H. Askew, M. D.
G. D. Ayer, M. D.
E. V. Bailey, M. D.
E. G. Ballenger, M. D.
J. R. Barfield, M. D.
R. C. Black, M. D.
G. C. Blanford, M. D.
H. I. Battey, M. D.
M. T. Benson, M. D.
R. L. Blackmon, M. D.
Roy Blosser, M. D.
S. T. Brown, M. D.
G. L. Bush, M. D.
J. E. Calhoun, M. D.
James Callaway, M. D.
H. G. Cannon, M. D.
L. P. Daly, M. D.
D. C. Elkin, M. D.
H. G. Estes, M. D.

J. T. Floyd, M. D.
M. S. Foster, M. D.
J. B. Fitts, M. D.
B. B. Gay, M. D.
F. W. Hames, M. D.
C. R. Henry, M. D.
R. N. Holland, M. D.
M. MCH. Hull, M. D.
R. F. Ingraham, M. D.
T. C. Johnston, M. D.
F. G. Jones, M. D.
J. O. Kinard, M. D.
S. P. Kenyon, M. D.
H. M. Lokey, M. D.
O. H. Matthews, M. D.
C. A. Lee, M. D.
J. C. MacDouall, M. D.
G. H. Noble, M. D.
E. L. Norton, M. D.
L. G. Pattillo, M. D.
A. F. Quillian, M. D.
G. W. Quillian, M. D.
W. E. Quillian, M. D.
J. W. Ratcliffe, M. D.
H. L. Reynolds, M. D.
D. Y. Sage, M. D.
W. P. Sloan, M. D.
T. M. Smith, M. D.
G. F. Spearman, M. D.
R. G. Stevens, M. D.
W. T. Throndahl, M. D.
F. A. Voght, M. D.
B. H. Wagon, M. D.
C. E. Wailes, M. D.
Eugene Weatherley, M. D.
M. W. West, M. D.
J. C. Weaver, M. D.
C. E. Wilkins, M. D.
D. F. Winn, M. D.
A. F. Wood, M. D.
L. F. Wright, M. D.
N. E. Yancey, M. D.
The Phi Chi Medical Fraternity, Inc.

Phi Chi (Eastern), Founded at the University of Vermont, 1889
Phi Chi (Southern), Founded at the University of Louisville, 1894
Consolidated March 3, 1905
Sigma Chapter Installed 1905

Colours: Olive Green and White

Flower: Lily of the Valley

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

F. K. Boland, M.D.
C. E. Boynton, M.D.
Howard Bucknell, M.D.
A. H. Bunce, M.D.
E. S. Byrd, M.D.
F. P. Calhoun, M.D.
J. L. Campbell, M.D.
L. B. Clard, M.D.
E. S. Colvin, M.D.
B. H. Crawford, M.D.
J. B. Davis, M.D.
A. M. Dimmock, M.D.
C. E. Dowman, M.D.
J. Q. Folmar, M.D.
L. M. Caines, M.D.
L. W. Grove, M.D.
E. D. Highsmith, M.D.
J. H. Hines, M.D.
G. Jones, M.D.
E. C. Lawrence, M.D.
P. E. Lineback, M.D.
J. A. McAllister, M.D.
J. R. McCord, M.D.
E. P. Merritt, M.D.
H. C. Miller, M.D.
L. H. Muse, M.D.
C. H. Paine, M.D.
J. E. Paullin, M.D.
W. E. Person, M.D.
M. C. Pruitt, M.D.
Dunbar Roy, M.D.
H. C. Sauls, M.D.
A. F. Saunders, M.D.
W. A. Selman, M.D.
E. D. Shanks, M.D.
M. R. Sims, M.D.
C. R. Strickler, M.D.
J. H. Vermile, M.D.
W. F. Westmoreland, M.D.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE

Seniors
R. H. Baldwin
R. B. Crichton
M. T. Harrison
C. W. Harwell
Juniors
J. F. Crane
J. R. Graves
W. B. Rawls
G. T. Alexander
C. O. Ritch
Sophomores
F. C. Aldridge
W. C. Bayliss
J. H. Gaston
H. W. Griffin
H. P. Hodge
J. S. Hooker
B. M. Huey
R. H. McClung
G. W. Murphy
S. H. O'Quinn
V. P. Patterson
R. M. Paty, Jr.
V. E. Powell
H. A. Smith
M. S. Spangler
M. S. Stringer
Hugh West

Freshmen
J. O. Barfield
J. E. Clay
H. J. Crawford
J. W. Harned
G. E. Haslam
W. J. Swann
T. B. Threatte
J. N. Willis
J. H. Wilson
O. E. Wright
Kappa Psi Medical Fraternity

Founded May 30, 1879, at Medical College of Virginia

Exoteric Publication: *The Mask*  
Exoteric Publication: *The Agora*

Colors: Scarlet and Gray  
Flower: Red Carnation

Total Chapters: Eighty-Five

Rho Chapter Installed January 30, 1908

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>COLLEGIATE MEMBERS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>1921</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. E. Blue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. B. Bray</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. T. Brunson</td>
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<tr>
<td>C. G. Boland</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cecil Brannon</td>
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<tr>
<td>O. C. Brannen</td>
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<tr>
<td>C. J. Colquit</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. N. Collins</td>
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<tr>
<td>C. D. Vinson</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>1922</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. R. Boswell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. F. Brown</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. B. Campbell</td>
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<tr>
<td>O. O. Coppock</td>
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<tr>
<td>M. S. Crowder</td>
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<tr>
<td>G. A. Duncan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. L. Elliott</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. L. Evans</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>1923</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>C. H. Bryant</td>
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<tr>
<td>G. H. Cochran</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. D. Colvin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. P. Duncan</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. V. Dyer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. A. Fussell</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The Medical Fraternity of Alpha Kappa Kappa

Founded at Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire, September 29, 1888
Alpha Tau Chapter Established at Emory April 24, 1914

Colors: Green and White
Flower: White Carnation

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

E. Bates Block
A. G. Fort
W. R. Kennedy
Robert A. Bartholomew
W. A. Upchurch
L. B. Robertson

C. M. Mashburn
Cosby Swanson
J. W. Papez

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE

1921

J. F. Adams
W. L. Bazemore
T. J. Cater
J. R. Chappell
J. L. Estes
J. W. Shearhouse

C. H. Farmer
W. S. Littlejohn
V. H. McMichael
R. G. Nobles
B. A. Olds

1922

J. T. Cowart
G. J. Dillard
Irvin Ennis
J. K. Fancher
H. F. Gaines

Z. W. Jackson
J. G. Riley
E. Y. Walker, Jr.
W. C. Warren
R. B. Wilson

1923

S. A. Anderson
W. O. Arnold
W. W. Daniels

C. L. Parks
E. D. Sellers
S. H. Shippey

1924

J. M. Aiken
G. H. Alexander
H. S. Copeland
A. B. Jones, Jr.
E. N. McKenzie

E. K. Munn
R. G. Newton
W. W. Quillian
J. L. Richardson
H. Rudisill
CLUBS.
D. V. S.

1902
*John Leroy Duncan
Guy Trimble Smith
J. D. Hightower
Guy Arthur Myers
H. Warner Martin
Fletcher Gray Rush
Thomas Whipple Connally

1903
Louis J. Leonard
Thomas M. Armistead
Montague L. Boyd
Thomas B. Cavanaugh
Nathan R. Dozier
J. Wideman Lee
Hubert E. Osborne

1904
Alfred Hayne Crowatt
Darwin Hudson Boyd
Judson Noyes Chubb
Weldon L. Hatcher
Hal Fitzgerald Hentz
Robert W. Lamkin
Charles H. Richardson

1905
Robert S. Parker
George A. Barion
William G. Bonnel
William Hill Lewis
Oliver Elwin Rayne
William Henry Scannell
Harry Stone Strozier

1906
Thomas S. McCamy
John R. Baldwin
Harry E. Bullard
Floyd Wightman Cox
Rufus M. Girardeau
Earle King
Henry F. Mabbett

1907
William Hammond Johnson
George Gregsby Adams
Henry Grady Almand
William Thompson Burt
Walter T. Candler
Benjamin Sams Heard
Kenneth H. McGregor

1908
John Allen Flowers
Judson Warren T.
Florence M. E.
Walton H. Walton
Homer Claxton Sowell
Harold Thomas Carter
A. Frank James
Hugh L. Holland

1910
Roland P. Myles
LaFayette Sealy
Howard Fount George
George Osgood Wright

1911
James F. Benton
Benson Berry Crane
Hugh Nelson Fuller
James L. Girardeau
Hugh H. Howell
Robert C. Mizzell
George S. Roach

1912
Seymour C. Clark
Spessard L. Holland
William Parks Johnson
Thomas M. Lee
Claude C. Pittman
J. Turner Rockwell
Hatton D. Townsend

1913
Samuel Charles Candler
Pierce Cling
Robert M. Harris
E. Lewis King
Burt Rumble
Olin F. Sealy
James Hargrove Wilson

1914
Frank A. Patillo
Francis Proctor Rivers
Thomas Carter Rogers
John Harold Saxon
Howard Claxton Sowell
E. Walton Strozier
George Osgood Wright

1915
J. C. Bowie
Roy P. Etheridge
George W. Matthews, Jr.
Perce A. McAlhine
T. Benton Neal
Lester Rumble
Robert N. Stokes

1916
Walter S. Bryan
Evans Virgil Heath
J. S. Fred Lambert
Thomas O. Marshall
James William Roberts
Alexander Franklin Hill

1917
William Dunaway
Robert Flowers
Myles LaFayette Greene
Roland P. Mackay
William Ernest Ross

1918
Spessard L. Holland
William Parks Johnson
Thomas M. Lee
Claude C. Pittman
J. Turner Rockwell
Hatton D. Townsend

1919
Samuel Charles Candler
Pierce Cling
Robert M. Harris
E. Lewis King
Burt Rumble
Olin F. Sealy
James Hargrove Wilson

1920
John Allen Dunaway
Robert Flowers
Myles LaFayette Greene
Roland P. Mackay
William Ernest Ross

1921
Alvin Butler Wight
Edward Allen Wight

*Deceased.
Sigma Upsilon Literary Fraternity

Coffee House Chapter Chartered June, 1913

COLORS: Dark Green and Gold

FLOWER: Jonquil

EMBLEM: Sacred Scarab

DOCTORES LITERARUM IN FACULTATE

Dr. Malcolm Howard Dewey
Dr. James Hinton
Dr. Wightman Fletcher Melton

Dr. Robert Clinton Rhodes
Dr. John Marcellus Steadman
Prof. Goodrich Cook White

STUDIOSI LITERARUM IN COLLEGIO

Richard Heber Bennett, Jr.
Edgar Parker Billups
Richard Johnson Broyles
Ernest Ray Denmark
Glenn Archie Duncan
Edwin Jessop Grimes

William Powell Jones
George Nowlan MacDonell, Jr.
Charles Bowie Millican
George Spottwood Reamey
Lavens Mathewson Thomas, Jr.
Charles Frederick Williams

Elkin Calhoun Wilson

ROLL OF CHAPTERS

Sopherim . . . Sewanee, Tenn.
University of the South

Calumet . . . Nashville, Tenn.
Vanderbilt University

Osiris . . . Ashland, Va.
Randolph-Macon College

Senior Round Table . . Athens, Ga.
University of Georgia

Odd Number . . Chapel Hill, N. C.
University of North Carolina

Boar's Head . . Lexington, Ky.
Transylvania University

University of Mississippi

Coffee House . Emory University, Ga.
Emory University

Fortnightly Club . Durham, N. C.
Trinity College

Scribes . . . Columbia, S. C.
University of South Carolina

Attic . . . Tuscaloosa, Ala.
University of Alabama

Grub Street . . . Seattle, Wash.
University of Washington

William and Mary College

Blue Pencil . . Davidson, N. C.
Davidson College

Kit Kat . . . Jackson, Miss.
Millsaps College

Scarabs . . . Austin, Texas
University of Texas

Hampden-Sidney College

Ye Tabard Inn . . Eugene, Ore.
University of Oregon

Ye Mermaid Inn . Nussoula, Mont.

University of Montana
Alpha Epsilon Upsilon Honor Society

The Alpha Epsilon Upsilon Honor Society was organized in the year 1906-'07. The aim of the Society is the encouragement of scholarship among the undergraduates of the College by marking with distinction those who excel in scholarly attainments. An average of 5.25 credit points for each major for as many as five consecutive quarters or 4.5 credit points for each major for as many as eight consecutive quarters constitutes eligibility for membership. Membership is restricted to one-fifth of each collegiate class.

The ideals and purposes of A. E. U. are those of the National Society, Phi Beta Kappa, and it is through A. E. U. that it is hoped that a Phi Beta Kappa charter may be secured in the near future. When application is made it is expected that the members of A. E. U. will be recommended for membership in Phi Beta Kappa.

The Pyramid

On Thursday night, January 13, 1921, fifteen men, representative students from the various schools, fraternities, non-fraternity, social groups, and the faculty were assembled together by Coach Ray K. Smathers for the purpose of making a Greater Emory. These men founded an organization and called it The Pyramid. Its aims and purposes are to unite into one harmonious whole the many factions of the University, and to bring men of the different schools, fraternities, and non-fraternity together to organize for furthering the “Greater Emory and Athletics.” The officers are:

R. K. Smathers, President.
B. G. Hodge, Vice-President.
Hunter Bell, Secretary and Treasurer.
W. S. Dorough, Historian.

The members are: Millican, Patton, Denmark, Stokes, Rochelle, Watkins, MacDonell, Hutchinson, Daniel, and Talley.
The Asklepios
An Honor Medical Society
Founded in the School of Medicine of Emory University May 9, 1917

"Asklepios" is a non-secret, medical honor society, membership to which is based entirely on Scholarship, moral qualifications being satisfactory. It has the definite mission of encouraging high ideals of thought and action in the School of Medicine, to promote the best in professional practice, and to encourage medical research. But one-sixth of the membership of the Senior Class may be elected; and only one-half of this number may be elected from the Junior Class, but not before the last half of that year.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Members</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1917</td>
<td>R. C. Black, M.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>L. H. Dame, M.D.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>T. J. Hicks, M.D.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>H. K. Morrison, M.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>R. W. Wimberly, M.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1918</td>
<td>M. B. Allen, M.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>R. N. Holland, M.D.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>W. C. Goodpasture, M.D.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1919</td>
<td>M. K. Bailey, M.D.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>J. B. Kay, M.D.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>A. F. Saunders, M.D.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1920</td>
<td>W. R. Cate, M.D.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>D. C. Elkin, M.D.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>W. H. Hailey, M.D.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1921</td>
<td>C. J. Collins</td>
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<td></td>
<td>C. W. Harwell</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

FACULTY DIRECTORS

Dean W. S. Elkin
Prof. G. Bachmann

Prof. P. E. Lineback
Prof. A. R. Bliss, Jr.
Pi Psi Honor Society

An Honor Society founded at Emory University for the recognition of musical and dramatic excellence.

Alpha Temple Founded 1920

MEMBERS

Lee Wesley Blitch
Lloyd Walter Chapin
Jacob Flavel Foster
Edwin Jessop Grimes
George Nowlan MacDonell
Charles Bowie Millican
Louie Love Padgett
Byron Hilburn Warner
Bailey Gordon Watson

HONORARY MEMBERS FROM THE FACULTY

Dr. Malcolm H. Dewey, Prof. C. F. Hamff
Owls
Established 1906

**COLORS:** Red and Black

**FLOWER:** Night-blooming Cereus

### GLAUACES

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<tr>
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<tr>
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<td>L. T. Moore</td>
<td>A T Ω</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. C. Smith</td>
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<td>J. T. Vann</td>
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<tr>
<td>L. W. Blitch</td>
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<td>G. F. Eubanks, Jr.</td>
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<td>E. F. Fincher, Jr.</td>
<td>Φ Δ Θ</td>
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<tr>
<td>S. C. Harvard</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. L. Pittman</td>
<td>Π K Φ</td>
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### GLAUACES EX ARCHES

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<td>G. M. Acree</td>
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<td>P. A. McGehee</td>
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<td>J. P. McNatt</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hugh Mallett</td>
<td>A T Ω</td>
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<td>J. B. Mallett</td>
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<td>W. M. Mangham</td>
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<td>G. W. Matthews</td>
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<td>B. F. K. Mullins</td>
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**T. B. Neal, Χ Φ**

**B. D. Newsome, Κ Α**

**J. M. Outler, Κ Α**

**C. E. Pattillo, Χ Φ**

**F. A. Pattillo, Χ Φ**

**H. J. Pearce, Φ Δ Θ**

**T. J. Pearce, Φ Δ Θ**

**A. S. Pendleton, Σ A E**

**E. R. Pottle, A T Ω**

**J. L. Prince, Σ A E**

**W. L. Rhodes, Χ Φ**

**A. C. Richardson, Φ Δ Θ**

**Turner Rockwell, Κ Α**

**I. P. Rogers, Σ Ν**

**W. E. Rogers, Σ A E**

**L. P. Shelton, Σ Ν**

**L. P. Smith, Κ Α**

**T. C. Smith, Φ Δ Θ**

**H. M. Starr, Χ Φ**

**M. H. Stevenson, Κ Α**

**A. P. Stewart, Χ Φ**

**R. N. Stokes, Σ A E**

**G. H. Stone, Κ Α**

**R. B. Tremble, Κ Α**

**J. S. Wight, Φ Δ Θ**

**A. B. Wight, Φ Δ Θ**

**C. G. Williams, Σ Ν**

**R. B. Wilson, Σ A E**

**G. O. Wright, Φ Δ Θ**
The EMORY CAMPUS

Moore
A. Padden
Pittman
Yann
Smith
Blitch
Jones
Fincher
Allen
Lubanka
Harvard
Armau

1920-21 W.N. Owls
Susie Dahms

(With Apologies to the “Lady of the Decoration”)

Motto 2: ! ! ! ! ! !

Colors: Pale Pink Eyes and Blue Hair

Flower: Jimson Weed

Place of Meeting: Last Night

Song: “Oh, What a Difference in the Morning”

CHAPTERS

Wesleyan College . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Alpha Chapter
Emory University . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Beta Chapter
Whitmore College . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Gamma Chapter

EMORY SUSIES

Hunter Bell
John Pearce

David Ellis
James Vann

WESLEYAN SUSIES

Miss Agnes Adams
Miss Bruce Cleckler

Miss Mary Rose Brown

Miss Carolyn Crittendon

INSPECTOR OF CHAPTERS

Miss Mary Robeson (Alpha Chapter)
Chi Sigma Chi Chanticleer Club

FACULTY ROOSTER

Dr. R. C. Rhodes

OLD ROOSTERS IN COLLEGE

W. S. Dorough, X Φ
N. W. Gable, X Φ
C. B. Millican, X Φ
J. P. Corry, K A
V. E. Powell, K A

E. C. Wilson, K A
E. F. Fincher, Φ Δ Θ
E. N. McKenzie, Σ A E
J. T. Vann, Σ A E
J. N. Willis, Σ N

YOUNG ROOSTERS

L. T. Furlow, X Φ
J. B. Graham, X Φ
J. W. Henley, K A
H. S. Spraggins, K A
H. D. Dilworth, Σ N

A. L. Adams, Φ Δ Θ
S. M. Kelley, Φ Δ Θ
J. C. Hattaway, Σ A E
W. H. Lawson, Σ A E
Be a Omicron Phi

Freshman Club Founded 1913

Motto: “Who follows the Skull goes right; who is a baby cries at night”

Colors: Freshmen Green and Flesh Red

Flower: Funeral Wreath

Song: Pretty Baby

OLD BABIES IN COLLEGE

W. S. Dorough, X Φ
Worth Gable, X Φ
Joseph Graham, X Φ
Leonard Furlow, X Φ
E. F. Fincher, Φ ΔΘ
J. P. Wardlaw, Φ ΔΘ
Adiel Adams, Φ ΔΘ
T. B. Smith, Φ ΔΘ
R. L. Marchman, Σ N
George Alexander, Σ N
J. H. McNatt, K Α
E. P. Peabody, K Α
E. N. McKenzie, Σ Α Ε
J. T. Vann, Σ Α Ε

INFANT BABIES

Master Jack Larkin Daniel, K Α
Master Millsaps Fitzhugh, K Α
Master Edward Lewis Almand, X Φ
Master Edward Brenton Field, X Φ
Master James Northern Mitchel, Φ ΔΘ

Master Charles Edward Isom, Σ N
Master Edward Hugh Lewis, Σ Α Ε
Master Gordon Keller Converse, Σ Α Ε
Master Charles Winston Kirby, Φ ΔΘ
The EMORY CAMPUS

Hooker Lewis Ivon

Kirby Fitzhugh

Mitchell

Almand Daniels Fields

Converse
The Eagles Club

Founded 1920

Motto: "Amor Libertatis"
Colors: Gold and White

Flowers: Moonbeams and Tulips

Favorite Book: The Vetricopt
Place of Meeting: Where Most Convenient

Song: "Brighten the Corner Where You Are"

EAGLES IN UNIVERSITY

E. H. Blackard
A. H. Cockran
C. H. Daniel
J. A. Dunaway
G. Enloe
H. D. Hancock
L. R. Whitaker

G. Hansell
C. M. Haynes
A. R. Hutchinson
W. L. Stokes
S. D. Walters
W. C. Waters

EAGLES OUT OF UNIVERSITY

F. M. Green
R. P. Mackay

L. R. Nease
W. B. Sanders
Skull and Keys

Chapter Established at Emory University, April 5, 1919

Colors: Green and Black

Pin: Skull and Crossed Keys

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE

Anderson, Sam
Bazemore, W. L.
Bayless, Carl
Cowart, J. T.
Gaston, Joe
Hodge, H. P.
Harrison, M. T.
Harned, J. W.
Littlejohn, W. S.
McMichael, V. H.

Murphy, H. E.
Newton, Ralph
PARK, CHARLES L.
Powell, V. L.
RUDISILL, HILLYER
Ritch, C. O.
Shearhouse, J. W.
Wright, O. E.
Willis, J. N.
Walker, E. Y.
The EMORY CAMPUS

Powell Gaster Littlejohn Murphy
McMichael Harrison Bazemore Ritch
Hodgson Cowart Walker Shearhouse
Willie Harned Wright Rudisill

and Skull Keys
The Non-Fraternity Council

C. M. Haynes . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . President
C. H. Daniel . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Vice-President
A. R. Hutchinson . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Secretary-Treasurer

W. L. Stokes  
H. D. Hancock  
A. H. Cockran  
J. A. Dunaway

The Non-Fraternity Council is a central representative body elected from and by the Non-Fraternity men of the school. The purpose of the Council, as set forth when it was organized, is to become a factor working for “Unity for Emory.” It aims to be a force that shall unify the Non-Fraternity men and help them to become of worth to the University. Furthermore, this Council has for one of its purposes the representation of its constituency in any negotiations that may be necessary between the Non-fraternity men and other sections of the student body. It is not organized, and its members are not elected to act in any political way, and has not acted in such a manner in the past. That the Non-Fraternity Council may, in the future, use all its influence and power to make of every man with whom it has to deal a strong and able factor, working for the good of Emory, is the hope and purpose of all who are on or may be on this Council.
NON-FRAT COUNCIL

Daniel - Vice Pres.
Haynes - President
Hutchinson - Secty. & Treas.
Stokes
Cochran
Hancock
Dunaway
American Legion
Wilbur S. Sewell Post No. 52

MEMBERS

Arch Avary
A. E. Barnett
J. B. Baum
W. J. Blake
A. B. Clarke
L. B. Coleman
Stone Crane
G. C. Crane
W. J. Crum
R. C. Cross
Miles Crowder
J. B. Douglas
J. A. Dunaway
L. B. Davis
O. D. Gilliam
Worth Gable
Claud M. Haynes
J. F. Herbert
B. G. Hodge
J. W. Hoyle
A. R. Hutchinson
H. D. Hancock
Dan L. Metts
C. B. Millican
E. F. Mosely
J. H. McFadden
J. M. Ney
J. W. O'Neil
L. L. Padgett
H. C. Porter
C. O. Ritch
Lester Rumble
J. W. Rustin
H. C. Schmeisser
Edmund C. Smith
E. Clyde Smith
R. K. Smathers
G. W. Stewart
J. D. Smotherman
J. H. Wilson
W. H. Walker
W. P. Watkins
S. D. Walters
G. C. White
O. E. Wright
J. N. Wilfred
Overseas Club

Beasley, A. W.
Clegg, T. B.
Cooke, D. A.
Davis, L. C.
Dombrowsky, J. A.
Douglas, J. B.
Haynes, C. M.
Hodge, B. G.
Hutchinson, A. R.
McLain, R. H.
Metts, D. L.
Mullinax, P. F.

O'Neil, J. W.
Padgett, L. L.
Parker, A. C.
Pearce, J. M.
Puckett, R. B.
Rumble, Lester
Starnes, D. A.
Stewart
Williams, H. C.
Williams, W. O.
Wise
Wrigley, Miss
<table>
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<tr>
<td><strong>MEMBERS</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>W. B. Baker</td>
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<tr>
<td>John Bush</td>
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<tr>
<td>G. D. Conger</td>
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Le Cercle Français

Membres

M. Louis Padgett, Président
M. Perry Mullinax, Vice-Président
M. E. J. Grimes, Secrétaire
M. Lee Blitch, Trésorier
M. Byron Warner, Membre du conseil
M. le professeur Dewey
M. le professeur Goodyear

M. Homer Allen
M. U. B. Bray
M. Jas. Dombrowsky
M. J. F. Foster
M. Claude Haynes
M. G. Hansell
M. Marvin Harper
M. F. S. Lytle

M. Geo. MacDonell
M. Frank Phillips
M. Neil Ray
M. J. H. Sheppard
M. Clyde Smith
M. S. Sherman
M. A. E. Terry
M. Lyman West
Spanish Club

G. N. MacDonell ............................................... President
H. E. Clements .................................................. Vice-President
W. H. Walker .................................................... Secretary
Pablo Velasco y Rodriguez .................................. Treasurer
O. A. Murphy ................................................... Chaplain

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Prof. J. G. Stipe
G. M. Cole
Cobb
F. C. Collins
W. R. Golsan, Jr.
T. A. Hatcher
F. E. Hankinson
C. E. Isom

H. C. Jones, Jr.
W. H. Jones
E. H. Lewis
T. K. MacDonell
Max Orovitz
M. M. Parks, Jr.
R. R. Paty
Paul Preas
W. O. Sherard
### Roll of Cosmopolitan Club

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<td>Mexico</td>
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<td>Isaac Inouye, Treasurer</td>
<td>Japan</td>
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<td>Harris Macruder Waters</td>
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<td>George Lipscomb Waters</td>
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<td>James Baxter Douglas (Honorary)</td>
<td>United States</td>
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<td>Porto Rico</td>
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<td>Masayoshi Yanagiwara</td>
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<td>*Kwang Sup Yum</td>
<td>Korea</td>
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*Not in picture.*
Ministerial Association

OFFICERS

S. D. Walters President
E. Clyde Smith Vice-President
E. H. Blackard Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

A. B. Austin
A. W. Beasley
T. P. Chalker
J. F. Chalker
A. B. Clarke
D. A. Cooke
Jack Corry
C. H. Deterly
J. A. Dombrowsky
F. J. Gilbert
C. M. Haynes
L. B. Harrell
F. E. Hartsfield
A. R. Hutchinson
G. L. Hutchinson
M. G. Joyce
Charles Jackson
E. H. Lunn
R. E. Lyle

P. F. Mullinax
O. A. Murphy
J. H. McFadden
J. W. O'Neil
R. R. Paty
L. L. Padgett
R. L. Plummer
J. M. Shingler
W. L. Stokes
Pablo Velasco
Student Volunteer Band

W. E. Alman
J. F. Barnes
C. G. Boland
W. M. Carr
F. C. Collins
C. H. Deterly
J. B. Douglas
J. E. Ellis
A. C. Floyd
Joe Graham
E. J. Grimes
Harper
F. E. Hartsfield
T. L. Hill
C. A. Jackson, Jr.

C. G. Kemper
C. R. McKibben
N. C. Marrs
D. P. Melson
Jim Mitchell
P. F. Mullinax
O. A. Murphy
V. P. Patterson
Morris Paty
R. R. Paty
H. C. Porter
W. O. Phillips
G. S. Reamey, Leader
A. C. Reviere
K. K. Rushing

E. Van Buren
G. L. Waters
C. E. Yoes

Corresponding Members

P. C. Chan
Gohdino
Isaac Inouye
H. Kimura
T. D. Lee
D. W. Lim
N. S. Paik
Pablo Velasco
M. Yanagiwara
K. S. Yum
Y. M. C. A. Cabinet

L. L. Padgett ........................................ President
P. F. Mullinax ........................................ Vice-President
S. H. Shippey ......................................... Recording Secretary
C. W. Knott ........................................... Corresponding Secretary
D. A. Cook ............................................ Treasurer
J. A. Dombrowsky ............................ Chairman Bible Study Committee
J. E. Ellis ............................................ Chairman Mission Study Committee
H. W. Blackburn ................................. Chairman Membership Committee
R. R. Paty ............................................ Chairman Extension Work Committee
J. W. Blake .......................................... Chairman Religious Work Committee
C. M. Haynes ......................................... Chairman Social Service Committee
B. H. Warner .......................................... Chairman Music Committee
J. R. Rustin ........................................... Chairman Social Committee
E. C. Cochran ........................................ Chairman Publicity Committee
Vigilance Committee

Aiken, W. W.
 Austin, A. B.
 Bell, H. S.
 Clegg, T. B.
 Corry, J. P.
 Dilworth, H. C.
 Dombrowsky, J. A.
 Hancock, H. D.
 Harper, M. H.
 White, J. S.

Harvard, S. C.
 Jones, W. P.
 Lester, R. P.
 McFadden, J. H.
 Pierce, L. W.
 Pitman, J. L.
 Rochelle, W. L.
 Spraggins, H. S.
 Stevens, S. E.
Mutt and Jeff Club

Kelly Wright
Willingham Lewis
Tarver Sanders
Walker Tally
Deterly
E. B. Jones
Millican Pinson
Kilpatrick Smith Padgett
The EMORY CAMPUS
My Best Bet

ROTC
Basil D. Edwards, Major, U. S. Army

Professor of Military Science and Tactics
Corps Military Instructors

Basil D. Edwards, Major, U. S. Army
Henry F. Schroeder, Captain, U. S. Army, Retired
Frank M. Johnson, Sergeant-Major, U. S. Army
R. B. Puckett, First Sergeant, U. S. Army
The EMORY CAMPUS

Battalion Staff and Sponsors

MISS SHARPE, Sponsor
MILLICAN, Major
MISS MOODY, Sponsor

SMITH, Supply Officer
HANKINSON, Adj

PURKS, Color Sg't
CHALKER, Sg't-Major
PIERCE, Color Sg't
Roster of Company “A”

SERGEANTS

Cochran, A. H.
Pittman, H. W.
Massey, E. G.

First Sergeant

Smith, J. A.
Deterly, C. H.
Burns, R. L.

CORPORALS

Jackson, C. A.
Manley, F. V.

White, J. S.

Paulk, C. M.
Williams, T. C.

PRIVATES

Addy, H. N.
Alman, W. F.
Almand, E. L.
Beeson, D. M.
Bickerstaff, J. W.
Balog, F. A.
Bradson, S. P.
Brown, R. E.
Callahan, W. E.
Carr, W. M.
Clark, E. M.
Crawley, W. G.
Davidson, G. N.
Davis, E. C.
Dilworth, H. C.
Elliott, W. G.

Fryar, E.
Fitzhugh, W. M.
Gardner, A. A.
Gardner, C. M.
Gilbert, F. J.
Hartsfield, F. E.
Hill, F. H.
Jones, E. B.
Jones, J. D.
Jordon, J. A.
Lyons, J. L.
Mans, M. C.
Means, W. F.
Mitchell, J. B.
Mcdowell, F.
Neel, R. H.

Orovitz, M.
Owens, L. L.
Sineath, R. M.
Stephens, H. M.
Talley, T. L.
Thomas, J.
Tolleson, H. M.
Turner, J. P.
Walkup, W. C.
Williams, H. C.
Wilson, C. D.
Lyle, R. E.
Foy, R. H.
Stephens, A. E.
Pinson, J. T.
Clouts, A. R.
Roster of Company "B"

ADDITIONAL OFFICERS

**CAPTAINS**  
Graham, J. B.  
Martin, W. O.

**SECOND LIEUTENANTS**  
Bryant, C. H.  
Daniel, B. F.

**SERGENTS**  
Wight, T. B.  
Smith, W. C.  
Kelly, S. M.  
First Sergeant

**CORPORALS**  
Turner, L. E.  
Harvard, J. C.  
Beals, M. F.

**PRIVATES**  
Burns, A. L.  
Cate, W. A.  
Christian, W. H.  
Cole, J. M.  
Colwell, E. C.  
Daniel, J. L.  
Flanders, R. B.  
Flowers, B.  
Floyd, A. C.  
Grant, M. D.  
Holman, E. H.  
Hutchinson, G. L.  
Johnson, J. M.  
Johnson, J. T.  
Jones, W. H.  
Lewis, F. H.  
Merril, R. A.  
Montgomery, O. R.  
Mullis, A. G.  
Peabody, E. P.  
Pinkston, J. S.  
Preas, P. G.  
Quillian, W. A.  
Sherard, W. A.  
Simmonds, D. R.  
Sturdivant, H. P.  
Watson, B. G.  
Weaver, E. C.  
White, P. G.
Roster of Company “C”

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Roster of Company “D”

ADDITIONAL OFFICERS

**SERGEANTS**
- Bowden, A. L.
- Dornbush, A. J.
- Pearson, H. C.
  *First Sergeant*
- Palmer, J. P.
- Thrasher, P. E.

**CORPORALS**
- Cannon, R. M.
- Curry, W. M.
- Jones, B. H.
- Murphy, O. A.
- Wight, J. B.

**PRIVATES**
- Adams, C.
- Berry, R. R.
- Boyd, J. T.
- Branch, J. T.
- Brit, W. P.
- Cheatham, E. L.
- Cooper, G. W.
- Cumbee, F. L.
- Dickey, J. E.
- Ellis, J. M.
- Erwin, J. P.
- Fitts, J. B.
- Gable, J. R.
- Hanner, J. P.
- Harris, W. D.
- Hughes, V. P.
- Hooks, J. T.
- Johnston, J. H.
- Jones, W. H.
- Kendrick, E. M.
- Kilgore, G. L.
- King, R.
- Lanford, O. W.
- Lester, R. P.
- Long, W.
- Montgomery, T. H.
- Owens, B. H.
- Owens, F.
- Orr, E. P.
- Phillips, F. M.
- Robertson, H. D.
- Simpson, H. L.
- Smith, T. B.
- Smotherman, J. B.
- Stokes, R. L.
- Summer, D. B.
- Tatum, L. S.
- Terry, A. E.
- Wilkerson, W. H.
- Wilkes, D. W.
- Williams, R. M.
Band

R. F. Foster ............ Leader
B. G. Watson ............ Assistant Leader
C. H. Deterly ............ Drum Major

ROSTER

**Clarinet**
- W. H. Christian
- J. B. Smotherman

**Cornet**
- E. L. Cheatham
- J. H. Howell
- J. S. Pinkston
- J. H. Sheppard
- W. H. Wilkerson

**Alto**
- H. M. Tolleson
- J. P. Tye

**Saxophone**
- J. A. Jordan

**Trombone**
- E. M. Bond
- E. M. Phillips
- B. G. Watson
- W. B. Withers

**Baritone**
- L. W. Chapin

**Basses**
- B. G. Owens
- A. F. Osteen

**Drums**
- W. E. Alman
- E. M. Kendrick
- C. L. Talley
R. O. T. C. Council

C. B. Millican  . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Chairman
F. E. Hankinson  . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Secretary
W. P. Brandon
L. W. Chapin
H. D. Hancock
M. H. Harper

F. C. Holden
S. M. Kelly
R. A. Merrell
M. M. Parks
Dooley’s Diary

SEPT. 28, 1921. Once more students appear at the old campus and awake me from my mid-summer’s sleep. The campus is alive with new and verdant neophytes who have finished stretching their necks looking at the Flatiron building, and are still reeking of the atmosphere of chocolate milks at Tom Pitts. Poor old Joe Graveyard has been giving vent to the most heartfelt profanity since 8:30. Is our Registrar happy—??

SEPT. 30. “Bish” conducts opening exercises in chapel and pulls several good ones. Our new President Cox springs his square jaw on the student body. Oh boy, doings around here.

Oct. 1. “New Boy”—and Pat Berry feels a sneaking longing for the old home farm.

Oct. 2. Few and Phi Gamma open with stables and lots of Bull. Whitaker and Marvin Parks chief expectorants of the day.

Oct. 3. Donder Bush goes through the ancient order of Alpha Sigma Sigma with the customary rites.

Oct. 4. Arch Avary mentions something in class to Mutts about a blue slip which turns out to be a court summons. Another fallen Arch!

Oct. 5. Freshmen “Meds.” introduced to the anatomy lab. Time called by Daddy Papez—first quarter. Students hunt fresh air. Monk McKenzie loses his dinner. W. C. Waters calls for a s’hmoke (smoke).

Oct. 10. — Baum breezes in breathing forth salty air of the naval academy.

Oct. 11. Peabody has first date. “Agony” Scott up in arms—as usual.

Oct. 12. II Kappa Phi’s get a bid from Tipton.

Oct. 15. Whitaker comes forth from the wilds of Akron. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as he, in his new hat (bought at half price on Canal Street) and a new package of Beech Nut.


Oct. 19. Freshmen pour out of Alabama. They think it is going skyward—embryonic chemists are working.

Oct. 23. Vigilance committee journied to Alabama last night. Freshies didn’t think it warm enough to wear their caps—heat was instilled upward.


Oct. 29. Four o’clock finds the Junior football team on the field with “Roch” demonstrating how to tackle and William Pew and Baum doing the talking.

OCT. 31. Chalker gets blown up, but not by the Faculty this time.

NOV. 10. Rumors of Peabody again stirring up Agnes Scott—a pin is lost.

NOV. 11. Armistice Day. Red Haynes makes himself famous; Congressman Upshaw grows jealous. Legion and “Y” girls serve chocolate and doughnuts. Almanac consulted to see when Conger would be full.


NOV. 13. Impromptu debate; Red Haynes wanted to get married, but Miss Gibson refused, for a while, at least.

NOV. 15. Benjamin Franklin Kelso Mullins hits the campus. Ye shades of printing—he’s a civil engineer.

NOV. 17. Death rattles and dying groans in chapel as the II K. A. orchestra does honors of the day.

NOV. 20. Speed Walker tells the habitues of the Physics Building steps that he once furnished the waves for an ocean scene in Ben Hur. Curtain.

NOV. 21. Freshmen “Meds” take cut to see the Southeaster Fair. Dr. Cox and “Maggie” tremble for the future patients of such men.

NOV. 22. Dr. Cox is impressed by the docile demeanor of the culprit “Meds.” Duncan smiles again.

NOV. 23. Little David (he of the many hats) made his pilgrimage to Mecca (Macon).


NOV. 25. Miss Jackson gives big dinner. Sophomore foot-ball team holds the interclass cup. Everybody turns out to the Tech-Auburn game.

NOV. 26. C. B. Millican is in old “Chi.” Rumors of his good times come to us. But a word of advice—men in glass houses should not bathe in the day time.


DEC. 5. Murphy’s raven locks were rudely ploughed into by the ambitious clippers of some “rambunctious” anti-theolog. (Rape of the lock it might be called.)

DEC. 11. Emory cleans up the Southern Methodist C. C. Stokes leads by several city blocks at the finish.

DEC. 15. Harvard Clements delivers a talk in the Spanish Club on “Night Life in Havana” which creates a considerable stir among the members.

DEC. 17. Bean Wendel explains to Jimmy that “Paradise Regained” was written by Milton when his spouse was on a vacation.

DEC. 22. Everybody leaves for home, those believing in Santa Clause being happiest, Penick among the number.

JAN. 1. New Year’s resolutions on all sides. Little David resolves not to have so many dates.

JAN. 2. All resolutions off—David has a date.
Jan. 4. Senator Sharp arrives at the Terminal, gets on the elevator, gives the boy a nickel and tells him he wants to get off at the Emory campus.

Jan. 7. A certain co-ed shows a rather Catholic tendency to worship a Pope.

Jan. 8. Dr. Smith was propelled from a street car, becoming too affectionate with the conductor. Oh, booze, where is thy sting?

Jan. 12. A. S. Johnson cuts all classes, five-cent carfare and intercollegiate athletics freely predicted.

Jan. 13. Pyramids make their debut into the student body. Go to it, Pyramids, Dooley's with you.

Jan. 14. A. K. McClellan was found hunting nickels in the return slot of the telephone. Three rahs for Shylock!

Jan. 16. Bowie Millican takes a girl to the peanut of the Howard to see Kismet, explaining that Kismet means “They kissed when they met;” and they did!

Jan. 18. Partin gets nominated for Freshmen debate in Phi Gamma. Oh, Partin, how well you retain your youth?


Jan. 26. South Georgia boys see their first snow. Faculty all tip their hats to students for once.


Jan. 31. Basket-ball at Emory on a boom; Liberal Arts defeats Atlanta Athletic Club in hot game. Like H—.

Feb. 1. Stunt night comes off with a boom. MacDonell and Partin display a pint of liquor and Red Clegg dies of thirst.

Feb. 2. Pay checks for the track team must have failed to arrive on time, as Watkins was seen to confer with Rochelle before he could bring his valiant men forth to practice.

(Dooley faints for two weeks.)

Feb. 19. A pretty little red hat propelled by Hop seen on the campus. Fresh Simpson is taken into the fold. Hurrah for Harlem—next to Macon!


Feb. 30. Water pipe shot in two in Armory target practice. Wonder who is the crack shot?

March 5. Political schemes and dastardly intrigues rumored on the campus.

March 6. Great revival just over.
MARCH 7. Track Smathers holds prayer meeting for intercollegiate athletics.
MARCH 8. Baseball is going good—lots of pep in sight.
MARCH 15. Machine gun practice breaks up Dr. Guy’s class studying TNT.
MARCH 22. Bowie Millican spends all day catching up with his correspondence.

One “mail” for fifteen girls.

MARCH 25. Madam meets his daughter on the campus. “Ah, Ha, Eugenia, and how is your father this morning?”
MARCH 30. Etheridge wonders why they take such little notice of a man who ran the social set and high school at home. Selah—I get you.

APRIL 1. All fool’s day. Madam’s trig class tries to keep up the spirit of the day. Cook thing that Madam doesn’t count dailies.
APRIL 5. Student body discovers that Oastler “gets His.”
APRIL 7. Monk McKenzie makes Little Jeff Richardson blush when he asks him the price of garlic in his Decatur Street market. Poor Jeff, he was embarrassed to tears.

APRIL 8. Meds have their song birds. Caruso White gives concert on third floor of Winship. Old shoes and bricks at a premium.
APRIL 10. Seniors begin to dig up old credit points. Graveyard is being fiercely besieged, but staunchly stands pat. (No, sir, you don’t graduate from this institution until you make an average of A-1.)
APRIL 11. Miss Jackson fires her little boys, viz.: Douglas and Hawkins.
APRIL 12. Peace reigns; she takes them back again.
APRIL 13. Student body elections held. Charlie Harrell seen nervously champ ing the bit before the poles as if he has something on his chest that he is forbidden to say. (Oh for the old political system. Boy, how eloquent he could become!)
APRIL 15. Paul Purks has a date. Flunked quiz next day, looks dreamy. What is it that Tennyson says about Love?
APRIL 18. Basket-ball is over, and Speed Walker returns Rochelle’s head gear. Students in the roost always felt safer when he used it.
APRIL 19. Hodge doing well on his circuit—Peachtree Circle. It is rumored that he has a convert.
APRIL 21. Meacham stays awake during Dr. Lineback’s lecture.
APRIL 25. Tempus still fugits.
APRIL 28. H. M. Waters sleeps with face in poultece of fertilizer. Says that he must grow a beard before he can grace the pulpit as he should.
APRIL 30. Dave and Charlie check up on the Glee Club returns. They dispute over the amount lost ?????????
May 2. Rudisell, the meat and bread hound, visits classes for a change.
May 5. Sam Sanders quits work.
May 8. Reward offered for Pirkle’s powder puff; a co-ed is strongly suspected. (Fie on thee Pirkle, thou shouldst be more careful of thy tender self!)
May 10. Bill Turner again seen on Drewry Street.
May 12. Annuals scheduled to come out today, but held up because of the failure of McFadden’s picture to come in on time.
May 15. “Spink” Bennet finishes writing “Tracks” exams for the Atlanta Law School.
May 18. Major picks red hairs off Puckett’s coat sleeve; Sergeant Johnson snickers.
May 25. Senior exams; Dug Walters and Senator Sharp start reviewing for re-exams. Dug still has trouble in the abdominal regions.

May 32. Rumors that my good pal, “Rolling Pea” is heading south.
June 3. Shorty Denmark calls a meeting of the Board of Trustees. Another vote for athletics killed. Never mind, Shorty is our next Chancellor.

June 7. Farewell, Pax Vobis Cum, Until Summer School.

Education

He came to school;
He was a Frosh;
He learned to smoke
And say “B’Gosh”;
He gained some education.

He went back home
His folks to see.
And then B’Gosh
He said “B’Gee”!
He gained some education!
"The Thrill That Comes Once in a Life-Time"

(With apologies to Briggs)

When you haven't heard from your girl in three weeks, and you remember how she used to write you three letters every two days, and you begin to believe that you might just as well give up all hope, but still you haunt the postoffice until you become the laughing stock of the school, and you imagine that she has eloped with the Other Fellow, and you are just about ready to end it all, then, if you get two letters from Her in the same mail and she says she's still single and still thinks something of you—Oh, Boy! Ain't it a gr-r-r-r-r-r-and and glorious feelin?'

(Editor's NOTE: This piece was written from the personal experience of the author.)

The Rural T-Hound's War Song

Oh, listen! and I'll now relate
The kind of man I be—
I never wear no gallusses,
No T-bone steaks for me,
My pompadour's the latest style,
My tie tied to a "T";
I cut a rather wicked swath
In High Sassietee.

I've learned to wear a long-tailed coat,
To call a supper "T";
I've learned to dance the "Bunny Hug",
I shake a wicked knee.
And when it comes to women, boys,
Dad gum it! Lemme be.
You know they all 'll cuddle to
And old "T-hound" like me.
MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

When sawing hard on Emory steak,
We tushes, teeth, and jawbones break;
Then, lo! a hankering doth us fill
For chop suey at the Daffodil.

When solemn-choly Profs. pour down
Their tainted bull with learned frown,
Then nothing in the world seems sweeter
Than high life at the old Bonita.

And when we crave that dainty kiss,
And, too, that daily letter miss;
Then all the sorrow in our soul
We would drown "Down the Rabbit Hole."

* * * * *

AW, PICKLES!

"You had to hold me up to steal that kiss," said the sweet young thing to the tall young man.
"That's the limit!" warned the anxious damsel, as he fell off the opposite end of the sofa.
"That's the closest call I ever had," she angelized, as he whispered sugar in her ear.

* * * * *

SHAKESPEARE A LA MODE

"Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look"
He dineth at the Emory beanery!

* * * * *

Ole man Cy Perkins over in Bugger Holler hed er turrible axerdent t'other day. He wuz er chawin' on er roas'n' year, en he got so excited thet he fergot ter slow up at the curve en bit his fing'r off.

* * * * *

There was a young thing of seventeen.
Who wore short skirts all seasons;
But, as 'twas easily to be seen,
She had two darn good reasons.

* * * * *

You guys that are bound to have your corn whiskey—if you want to keep in good with your sweetie, you had better shuck your breath before you go home at night.
A Tragic Incident in The Life of a Young Couple

It was a late afternoon in mid-winter. The setting sun flamed red in the western sky, a warning of impending disaster. Loitering slowly along a path that wound in and out among the pines was a sweet young couple. For some moments they walked on in silence.

Then the girl turning to him defiantly said: "You won't let this ruin our friendship, will you, dearest?" And with these words she moved a little nearer to him. "You must admit that this soil is clay?"

"No, dear," he replied with head averted, "it cannot be clay, it is sand."

The girl turned haughtily away from him and they walked slowly on in silence until the girl happened to step upon a moist spot in the walk.

"Ah," he cried, "I have it. It is—"

"Yes," said the girl, fixing him with a look of ineffable tenderness, "It is, it must be mud. I was wrong, dearest."

"No," he cried eagerly, "I was wrong." And in an instant he had clasped her to his heart.

The wind moaned softly through the pine trees, and far off in the distance the tree toad sang to his mate in the immemorial manner.

* * * * *

A fool once met his lady fair
When she was out to take the air,
And, dreaming of some other dame,
He called her by her rival's name.

* * * * *

"We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way," and we would like to leave this parting thought: Be it ever so homely, there's no face like your own.
Before She Threw Me Over

(The wail of a broken heart)
I truly loved a pretty girl;
I was an ardent lover.
She said she loved me, but, that was
Before she threw me over.

I went to see her Wednesday night,
My prayers at last did move her
To let me hug her once or twice—
Before she threw me over.

We both sat in one rocking chair,
I surely was in clover,
I kissed her when I said "Good-night"—
Before she threw me over.

We took a walk one Sunday Eve,
The moon shone bright above her;
And she was surely lovable—
Before she threw me over.

But then Jim Perkins came to town;
He was a famous lover.
He took her home from church one night—
Next day she threw me over.

And though I still on moonlit nights
Am something of a rover,
I don't enjoy them as I did—
Before she threw me over.
Romance
(To be sung to the tune of Auld Lang Syne)

There was a boy from Georgia Tech
Went out to Agnes Scott,
He hoped to get a pretty girl
But this is what he got—

He went out on the street car, but
The street car it was late;
And so a boy from Emory
Had walked off with his date.

(Moral)

So if you like a pretty girl,
Who thinks that she likes you,
You’d better grab her now before
She thinks of old E. U.

For if a boy from Emory
Should ever take the trail,
Not all the wrecks in Georgia Tech
Could ever make him fail.

* * * * *

The Smiling Face

Amid the crash of rolling wheels,
The rushing of the train,
That sped with noisy grumble by
Despite the roaring rain,
I saw a lady’s rosy face,
So smiling and so sweet,
Pressed to the dripping window pane
My very self to greet.
Her dainty hand, so quickly raised
To greet me through the rain,
Was quite enough to make me long
To be upon the train!
Cold Feet

*Homo sapiens* is heir to myriad aches and ills that twentieth century science is ever investigating, classifying, and alleviating with such art that before Father Time calls many more years, Mr. John Smith can with justice pronounce his first name “Apollo.” *Vesti la Giubba!*

Yet, when the requiem of faded blossoms has been chanted 'mid the crimson and gold lights of Indian summer, and soon after the first pinching frost the biting north wind whistles through gaunt brown limbs, almost simultaneously there descends on a host of poor weak mortals an ailment, a plague, and a pain that no needles can prevent, no pills can help, and no knives can amputate. I have in mind those unfortunate souls who suffer more or less chronically from—cold feet. Differentiate, if you please, between the manifestations of the above malady as we beheld it in William Hohenzollern's indisposition to continue the recent little European fray, and your own sufferings on a winter day.

Summoned to depart from a warm feather bed on a freezing morning by the brazen ring of an alarm clock, you finally arise. After you have burned perfectly good shoe leather striving to heat those pedal extremities before an open fire, you hustle out into the cruel, creepy air to meet an eight-thirty class. In two seconds your feet feel like Peary's must have felt when he stood at the North Pole. Though you run with the wind and hope thereby to pound some warmth into your frozen feet, the hard, icy earth finds you most vulnerable in the heel. You wonder if winter's magic wand has changed your feet into tiny little ice-bergs. Brogans and heavy knit socks listen warm, but now they avail naught. All the morning you shiver and shake on and around that noble institution, the radiator, which has the miraculous faculty of being stove or refrigerator to suit its own personal whims. And of course its pleasure is yours.

All day long—no matter where you are or what you do—the consciousness of cold, cold feet remains with you. O! the bitter irony of the biology professor's calm assertion that man is the highest step in the evolution of warm-blooded animals. Just at that moment you could swear that at least your feet are directly evolved from the order *amphibia.*

And "Now is done thy long day’s work." You have groped your way through the cold depths of analytical geometry along with the trials of Tacitus' Annals to vary the program, but you interpret CF = FF as "cruel fate = frozen feet"; and then you wonder if old Livia's present abode has not at least one comforting feature in that her royal highness hardly suffers from cold feet. But, glorious thought—soon you will smugle down under a deep soft covering of blankets, where you will find all the warmth of July sunshine. Dragging about on feet that long since have become similar to H₂O at 32° F., you resurrect as cover everything from the dear old patch-work quilt that grandma gave you to the three dollar French Wilton on the floor. Hastily you
prepare for the final refuge. Then with one last offensive you dive into that haven of warmth and rest—the bed.

Ye Gods! Have you suddenly hit an Alpine lake on a December morn? What a terrifying sensation to realize all about you indefinite expanses of icy linens that absolutely refuse to warm up! And your poor feet! You simply can’t get up the nerve to extend them down into those depths as warm as liquid air. You then writhe and turn and knot and stretch; all the time you are working on that absurd principle in physics that friction creates heat. And finding the end of all effort to be mere vanity, you coil up and grip with wry hands those numb and frozen feet. Perhaps you may finally think your surroundings have increased 1° F. Still those poor feet get colder every moment. Nothing to do but suffer and freeze and freeze and suffer; maybe those cursed old appendages will freeze off finally. How sweet are your dreams—wild Artic nights with black polar bears, Eskimos playing under the equator; eider down nests and cute little pink snow-flakes on a summer day! You see negro mammies washing clothes. Those same sheets were once raised to brimstone temperature in the wash pot. Sometime, somehow, you do sleep.

O! It is a grand June morning. so warm and cozy and bright. Lest in that blessing of blessings—your bed, you marvel how the real magician, Mother Nature, has transported your feet, “From Greenland’s icy mountains to India’s coral strand.”

Hush! What is that harsh and bitter clang that chases off all warmth and chills your happy feet? That infernal alarm clock!

“The time is out of joint—O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right.”
The Migrations of a Mole

Ah, Love, what a funny face you have today. Last night when I came home I could not go to sleep before I got in bed for thinking about you and your face. There seems to be something missing. It is not that tooth that was always so conspicuously absent. It gives originality to your expression and besides, how would I know you from anyone else were it not for this distinguishing characteristic? I can't determine what it is that is missing. Your eyebrows have the same artificial arch. Your eyelids have the same delusive droop. You still have the same number of ears; that is, I suppose you have; I have never seen either one of them, but I suppose you have about two. Of course your nose is still there—that's plain. Your two eyes are still visible. They have changed some. They both used to slant; now only one of them does. Your hair is of approximately the same color. That surprises me. There was a time when it changed at regular stated intervals. When I first met you it was of a kind of indescribable hay color; then it became black, then it became what you liked for me to call a soft brown, then blonde, then red, and then it started reverting back to the original color, blonde, and I suppose it was your intention to have it that soft brown again, but you must have gotten your colors mixed, for it is now a kind of reddish green. Perhaps it will continue to change. I hope so. There is another slight change. That mole that once rested so becomingly on your cheek just opposite the end of your nose that is nearest your mouth is no longer there. I wish it had stayed there. There is a great barren waste on that part of your face. I would never have dreamed that such desolation could have been caused by the absence of so small an item. It is still on your face. I notice it is just under the outer corner of your left eye now. I wonder why it chose to change its location. To me its former place is much more desirable as a permanent residence. But then there is no accounting for the conduct of a mole. The next time I see it probably it will be on your elongated chin. When it gets there it will probably settle down to stay. I know it is getting old, and when one gets old, one likes to settle down. I don't know much about the longevity of facial moles, but this one has about seen its most useful days.

And now as I conclude I want to tell you that even though your face has changed, I have not changed in my affection for you; nor do I think I will ever change, even though I should see you again with such a superfluity of red or scarlet paint on your lips, as I have seen you so often before, as to make me blush until my whole face became the color of yours, you would be the same to me; yea, though you paint again your whole physiogomy, as doubtless you will, it would make no difference to me; should you chew gum in public—even on the street or in a movie, my affection would survive; even if you were to shave your eyebrows, or pull them out, as a goodly portion of your sex do, I would still feel the same toward you. Could you ask a more convincing proof of an undying affection than this?
Bones

Charles Bowie Millican, '22

The architecture of Thompson’s boarding house was not such as to cause a marked contrast with other boarding houses, but the fact that it was built jam up against the police station gave it a small prominence and made it easier for the messenger boys and the delivery clerks to find. By looking at the narrow front, one would not judge the house to be a large one, but if Viola Burl, the negro maid-of-all-work were to testify, she would tell you that sweeping the long narrow halls of both floors and all the bed-rooms that opened into them would set you at once to thinking that Thompson’s was a large house.

On Friday morning before the annual negro banquet and dance, which was to take place at Rabuzi’s Auditorium on Saturday night, Viola was in a deep study. She was worried as to which of her silk stockings she would wear, the yellow or the blue. As a matter of fact, she desired a new pair. Ordinarily she would not have given this a single thought, but it was rumored around town that a certain yellow girl, Miss Lou Ella Scurry by name, was to come from the neighboring town of Minvale to attend the dance. The enchanting music of the brass band, the vibrating chords of the bass fiddle, the mechanical patterning of feet and the dazzling splendor of the dance hall in general, already had Viola in its grip. “Swing yo’ podners” and “Chase dat squirrel” were words, when spoken by the dance leader, that thrilled her inmost being with a halo of satisfaction; and she utterly shrank from the idea of any visiting belle cutting her from her high social rank. The principal thing that troubled Viola was the rumor that Royal Ransom, Viola’s own special property, was to lead the dance with Lou Ella.

As Viola struggled mightily with a hot muffin pan, trying to remove the hard crusts which she had let burn in her deep meditation, she heard someone talking across in the Chief of Police’s office. It being such a fine day the chief had raised his window, and as the kitchen sink where Viola was busy with her work was in the corner of the room, she could hear every word being said without herself being seen. At first, being so busy with her own difficulties, she paid no attention to what was being said, but the word “bootlegger,” pronounced more forcibly than any other word in the conversation, attracted her attention for a certain reason. Viola had many ardent admirers, and among these admirers was a large and heavy sprinkling of the exalted profession of bootleggers. It was even whispered that Royal, the biggest dude and spendthrift in the town, dealt in the popular fire-water, and that the big roll of greenbacks he always had on display was fed by his profits from the sale of a very cheap and mean grade of whisky, (a concoction of corn, vinegar, lye, and cayenne pepper, that would make a rabbit spit in a bull dog’s face, and not from his restaurant, as he pretended).
"I sho oughta let dem ketch Royal en his crew, 'cause he's gwiner lead de dance wid dat low-flung yaller gal," thought Viola. "Naw, I won't do de sweet chile dat er way," she thought a second time.

Viola wanted silk stockings and perfume whenever she could get them, and most of these accessories came from Royal. Viola did not care a rap where Royal got his money. It was all the same to her. If she could do the boys a priceless favor by giving them vital information from the enemy's camp, she would gladly do so. The boys, and Royal foremost in the group, were her friends, and she knew that Royal would lay aside all thoughts of the coming visitor, if she would warn him of approaching danger.

A man in citizen's clothes was talking in the Chief's office. Then the Chief began to talk, and everything he said was plainly audible to the dusky listener. The Chief seemed to be giving instructions. "We must break up this blind tigerin' and crap shooting, especially this blind tiggerin'. I know these niggers are selling the stuff, and that Royal Ransom, if I am not very much mistaken, is one of the leaders of the bunch. They operate mostly around the pool-rooms, restaurants, and press- ing clubs. If you will hang around Dinty's pool room, you ought to get liquor from every blind tiger in town. I'd like to get that Royal and make an example of him. It would throw a scare in every tiger's heart for some time to come. I tell you, we have just got to put a quietus on the matter. No two ways about it, Roy." The Chief stopped. Viola could hear the other man mutter a few words in reply, but could not understand them.

"You white folks sho ain't er goin' ter git my honey, ef I kin stop it," said Viola smilingly to herself, as she washed off the bottom of a smutty pie pan. She rubbed the rim of grease, which had accumulated on the sides of her dishpan, down into the water, emptied the water into the sink, and prepared to go out for a little stroll. As she stepped out on the back porch, she saw a man walk out of the station house and step over the fence into her back yard. This man did not notice Viola until he was nearly in front of her. Then, as if he felt her gaze, he looked up. He was one-eyed.

"I'll sho make yer strike er knot, Mister Plain Clothes Man," Viola muttered to herself. "Yo' sho is done spilled yo' beans!" She watched him closely around the corner of the house; then she ran to the front door just in time to see him disappear around the street corner.

Royal Ransom, the lovely object of Viola's affections, was "some nigger." He was a "gentleman nigger" of the most pronounced type. A real gentleman, according to Royal's definition, meant no one could wear glad rags and live high off the other fellow without work. Royal was a very popular negro, for, as proprietor of the Star Restaurant, he was well known. He hired all his work done, paid big rent for the establishment, and was always spending money; so it was thought that he must have some other source of revenue. Royal gambled and won large sums of
money, but he lost just as often as he won, and it happened that he was losing heavily
the same morning that Viola was listening to the conversation in the police office.

Royal's coal-black face wore a troubled look and his fingers shook as he picked
up the dice for his throw. He was fifteen dollars behind and had not won even
a shot since the game had started. A big coffee-colored barber was winning regu-
larly and steadily.

Royal's restaurant was a tripartite; first, the dining-hall; second, the kitchen;
and third, a little room in the rear in which was a cot, a table, and several chairs.
In this room the negroes spent most of their leisure, and it was on the table men-
tioned that Royal was losing his money so fast now. He nervously rolled the dice
out on the table, and the tops totaled five.

"I'll stick you a dollar you don't hit it," dickered the barber, gently stroking his
wee goatee.

"Aw, you're cheap," growled the sport.

"Well, shoot as much as you want to, then," replied the barber, who was far
enough ahead to feel confident.

"Ten dollars."

"Crack down," grinned the barber.

The tops registered six.

"You're hittin' mighty close," the barber drawled.

"Aw, leave me alone, when I'm er shootin'," angrily returned Royal. Under his
breath Royal was cursing with fluent precision, and with hand still more nervous he
rolled again.

"Seb'n."

"Oh, boy, all mine!" came from the barber as he picked up the ten dollar bill.

"Hold on, nigger," said Royal commandingly, "I've got two en er half mo' yit.
You ain't gwinter quit till yer breaks me flat."

"Shoot," smiled the barber.

Royal rolled and the dice tops showed three.

"Mine again," shouted the happy barber.

"Doggone dese strange niggers nohow," growled Royal as the barber swaggered
out of the room with Royal's erstwhile roll. "Who's dat low-down coon?"

"Him? Oh, he owns the Palace Bawber Shop. Him's Decum Deems, en he
am one er de mos' consumcrated niggers in dis berg; him's er directum in dis here
Cam'ellite Church," answered a little bullet-headed negro.

"Er huh!" was Royal's response, which fully expressed all the doubt he had had
of the Deacon's religion. Hearing a familiar voice at this moment he inquired,
"Who is dat in de front at dis time o' the day?"

One of the helpers went to the front and returned with Viola.

"Royal, I'se got sumpin' uv importance ter tell yer," said Viola, giving him a
wink.
"Joe, you and Spud go out in de front and clean up er little," was Royal's answer to her signal.

Royal and Viola were left alone.


"Naw; not dis time, Honey; dey's er movement cayvortin' 'round dat'll flop yer in de calerboose afore termorrow night, lessen yer's mighty particler," and with manifold gesticulations, many labial contortions, and much rolling of the eyes, she told him of the Chief of Police—and the one-eyed man.

"Dat don't consarn me, Viola," replied Royal, with an appalling degree of non-chalance.

"Aw, come on; don't try ter git outer de net," jeered Viola. "You knows I knows er lot erbout yer. Chile, ef yer loves me, quit yer crap shootin' en yer sellin' dis here liqah afore dey lands yer in jail wid er thousand dollar er mo' fine on yer."

"Well, much erblige. I'll try ter guv'n mysef erclock. But enuff er dat, is yer comin' to de ball tomorrow evenin' at Rabuzi's?"

"Nobody ain't ast me yet," Viola pouted.

"I want's yer, chile. I'll be atter yer termorrow night at eight erclock," said Royal. "But honey, ken yer slip off er little, while dey's eatin' supper? I want's ter use yer here er little mighty bad, en dey won't miss yer fer jist er little bit. Dat Decum Deems'll be back, en, Viola, I ain't got no money. I sho want's yer diked up termorrow night wid de hose en perfume, and I want's yer ter roll de craps wid dat Decum en tear him down."

Viola had already expressed her opinion against craps, but the realization that she would have more perfume and new stockings banished all dislike of the game. She was ready to roll the dice.

"Yes, I kin come; I'll se yer den," replied Viola, as she went out of the door, with high hopes of having repelled the yellow peril from Minvale.

As Royal had done many times before, he wrinkled his forehead and pondered.

"Luck sho has done gone en lef' me. Here I is beat on de eve er de ball by de Decum himself, en mo'n dat a detectuff is atter me. I'm sho in it, but I'll watch out atter dat one-eyed detectuff, en fer dat Decum Deems, he'll be back sho tonight en I se gwinner stake all de kale I kin rake up by den. Viola'll shoot. Ef I wins, o teedle-de-dum, en ef I lose,—aw banish de thought, Viola'll win. Er man can't beat er 'oman playin' any dice game."

For quite a while Royal brooded over his fallen fortunes. Half dozing and seemingly unconscious of passers-by, he sat in the front of his restaurant with one leg hanging over the arm of a rickety chair. Instanter he became animated; with a start he opened his eyes, stretched his mighty arms, and rose quickly to his feet. Noticing that it was dark, he hurried into the kitchen, where his assistants were busily at work, and presently came forth with a neat parcel resting under his arm. Walk-
ing leisurely down the street, he came to the bad spot of town, which was known as Dinty’s pool-room. This resort was about two blocks off from the main thoroughfare, across the street from a large livery stable, around which both town and country folks of a certain class were loath to assemble. A cheap lunch counter that smelled fishy lounged nearby. These conditions served to make the pool-room a popular abode for the driftwood of both races, the whites inside, the blacks like flies on the outside. Life passed gaily there. It is true they played pool, but no one ever came there for the love of a game of pool. He came either to buy a drink or sell one.

Owing to the plainness with which the color line was drawn, Royal did not venture into the place. Instead he leaned up against the wall of the building. He knew the color of his skin. He knew also the appetites of the players within, and was only waiting for their inward cravings to bring them out in search for the fluid which satisfied. After a wait of ten minutes a man sauntered up to him and asked what he was doing. Royal tried to lie.

"Boss, I'se lookin’ fer er man who owes me er dollar."

"Say," asked the stranger, whose face Royal could not see owing to the shadow of a post, “can you put me on to some booze?”

"Dat depends," replied the cautious Royal.

"On what?" asked the man.

"Well, dese police is mighty actiff, en it’s too risky without its worth while."

"How much?" again asked the stranger.

"Well," replied Royal at length, "I’ll ast as de middle man fer er quawtah en git yer a pint fer er dollar."

"All right. Here’s the money; hurry back."

As the stranger tendered Royal the money, he stood out of the shadow of the post for an instant and Royal for the first time saw his face. Royal’s eyes were obscured by a glaze, his brain was attacked by a numbness, his heart seemed to stop beating, he almost forgot to breathe; the man was one-eyed. Like all great men, Royal thought quickly in his time of peril.

"Dat one-eyed man done hit ’pon me de fus’ thing. Mus’ I let him hab dat stuff en resk not ‘holdin’ him ergin, or mus’ I leab town fer er week er two? He ain’t seen my face, dough, en wid dis dollah en er quawtah I could let Viola shoot en bop dat Decum, sho."

"Àu royaume des aveugles les bornes sont rois"—but not so with men of Royal’s type, men of two wide-open eyes. Royal hesitated a moment longer and then said, "Hold dese shoes er little while en I’ll see what can be arranged."

Off Royal hastened and was soon out of sight in the crowds of people passing up and down the street. For a few minutes the detective stood still in the shadow of the post and waited patiently, realizing that if he pinched this slippery coon he was well on the way to promotion. He was almost sure of his game and was already flattering himself that he would some day wear the star of a chief. But the minutes
lengthened into hours and still the negro did not return. On thinking it over the detective could remember only three things about his intended victim, his white teeth, his massive feet, and his broad shoulders, which were not distinguishing marks among the colored population. After another hour's waiting, the detective left the street and made for the Chief's office to report his ill success.

In the little back room of the Star Restaurant was gathered the same little bunch that had assembled in the morning, Royal, the deacon-barber, and the two employes of the restaurant. Viola was there, too. In the powerful quintet of negro dice games, namely, craps, pea-knuckle, skin, coon-can, and chuck-a-luck, craps proved to be the favorite. This time the larger pile of the stakes was with Royal, or rather with Viola, and the larger beads of sweat were on the knitted brows of the Deacon.

"Come on, Dec, I wants twenty-five mo' in my pocket," said Royal. "Honey, youse got de winnin' stride."

The deacon was nervous.

"I starts wid five dis round. Viola, roll de dice," chuckled Royal.

Viola clicked the dice and the tops totaled eleven.

"Seb'n come yo 'leb'n!" shouted the triumphant Royal, while Viola had a won't-wear-off grin from ear to ear.

The Deacon gritted his teeth.

"Here goes ten mo', Dec; does yer cover?"

"Flop down," answered Deems, sarcastically.

Viola rolled and the tops totaled six.

"Here's ten mo', Dec; all dat I got she craps yer down."

"I cover," replied the deacon.

Viola rolled five, three, nine, and then—six.

"Whoop! I tol' yer er man couldn't beat er 'oman er rollin' de ivories. Viola youse got de hang uv de wris' twis'," yelled Royal, as he jumped up and piroqueted around the room in an airy ecstasy of joy overflowing.

Viola seemed very much elated and was confident that Royal was all her's now.

"I mus' hurry back right now, fore dey gits through wid supper. I 'spect dey's ready now fer me ter wash dem nasty old dishes."

"Not too fas', chile, I'se yer escort back."

As Viola was finishing up the dishes, the Chief turned in his chair toward the door of his office and bade someone enter. Turning off the light in the kitchen, the two negroes eagerly watched the scene in the office.

"Did you find old Royal?" asked the Chief.

"I found him, Chief, but I didn't hold him. He never returned with the whiskey and carried away a dollar and a quarter of mine with him."

"What's in your package," questioned the Chief.

"Royal's shoes. He left them with me until—"
The detective was interrupted by the Chief's hearty laugh. Royal grinned.
With a movement the Chief knocked the lid off the "pair of shoes" that Royal had let the detective hold for him. There was exposed to view a pint bottle full of a white liquid that the detective had no difficulty in recognizing as a low grade of corn whiskey. Here the detective's ambitions experienced a stern rebuff.

For a moment Royal feasted his eyes on the detective's crestfallen visage, and then said, "Honey pie, les' go."

With arms interlocked they walked slowly down the street. Not a sound from them was audible save the monotonous clicking of their heels on the pavement. Suddenly Royal broke the stillness of the night air with an insouciant rendition of a silly negro ditty.

"When de Laud made me,
Didn't make no monkey-man!"

"You tell um, love," seconded Viola. This was followed by a loud guffaw from Royal.

"Sugar, pullin' tergether, we makes er hard combination ter beat, don't we?" asked Royal, proudly looking into her coal-black eyes.

In the midst of her elation, however, came a reminder that the belle from Minvale was coming. This prompted her to say, "Yes, we is strongly united, en I hopes in prosrous times yer won't fergit yer little gal," Viola replied, earnestly.

"Oh, chile, yer knows I ain't got er fergitten mem'ry. Don't think erbout dat udder old gal, 'cause I'ze gwiner buy yer some Mary Gawden perfume en some er dem extra fine silk hoses wid dat bunch uv dollars yer won. 'Pared to dese clothes dat we've got on now, dem tomorrow night'll be de glory uv de Queen uv Shebaw and de purple uv er Sol'mon. I tell yer, we'se gwiner be organized fer dat dance termor-row night."

"I hopes so."

"We sho is, en ef we is in good spirits, dere might be er little courtin' en oscu-latin'," retorted Royal, in an extremely ostentatious manner.

Viola blushed, but it was not revealed on her ebon countenance.
The Book-Worm’s Paradise

By E. J. Grimes, '21.

The book-worm is a natural artist, whatever the world’s opinion of him may be. He is an artist in the broadest sense of the word, for he is a creator. The book he reads gives him a subject for his pictures: his mind’s eye is his canvas, and his imagination furnishes the tools he uses and the materials, his brushes and paints. The book is his score, his mind’s ear his audience, and his imagination produces the tones of the instruments and singers. The book is his drama, his mind is his stage all set and ready for the play, his imagination furnishes scenery and costumes, and his soul is the cast of actors. He need not leave his easy chair to see the most diverse parts of the earth, to associate with the celebrities of all ages, and to assist in the doings of all times. It is a very paradise that the book-worm enters when he shuts off the world and buries himself in a book, and none save the blest may enter there.

A book to the true reader is a shell, the characters are shells, and his imagination and his soul enter in and fill them out, making life of the book and people of the characters, as an actor dons a costume and loses himself in the person whose part he plays. But it is a different world from this. It is a world in which sin and shame and sorrow find little place, a world in which one does not find the sordid, unless the soul of the reader be sordid. Even love and happiness seem more perfect there as they must be in Heaven.

It pleases me to think of myself, as I begin to read a book, in the guise of a soul entering into a new-born babe. Like a baby I must cast about and feel around and find myself; I must learn the use of the new body-shells that I have filled in; I must accustom myself to my new surroundings. I am the hero. But I do not regard myself as a hero. I am David Copperfield, or Oliver Twist, or Henry Esmond, or Ivanhoe, or any one of a great number of other book-people, but never, never am I what I am in this world. I have lost my insignificant self in the greater characters of those persons, and my earthly life fades like a dream as I wake up in their characters and begin to live their lives. And while my mind’s eye catches some of the fire in theirs, my ear hears them speak, my own voice deepens to attune with theirs, my thoughts even shape themselves to theirs as I read. I am dead but David Copperfield lives. With him I watch the sun rise or set, with him I cringe before Mr. Murdstone, with him I go to Aunt Betsy’s. With him I live all his life, rejoicing in his joys, weeping in his sorrows, wet with him when it rains, warmed with him when the sun shines, eat, drink, and sleep with him, nay even dream, think, love, and hate with him. With him, did I say? No, rather I am he and I eat, drink, sleep, love, and hate. My mind’s ear hears and my soul thrills at the noble words of Mr. Micawber. I grieve heart-broken to think of poor Em’ly, or go into raptures over the perfections of Dora. He thinks not save when I think for him. My soul entered his body.
when he was born, and stayed with him thorough life, and when the end of the book is reached, parts from him with something of the pain and regret that the human soul must feel at being parted from its life-long friend and companion, the body, when death separates them.

But after being the soul that gives life to a man in the book-world I can not forget him easily. For days afterwards, I find myself wondering if he would approve of this or that action of mine, or asking myself what he would do in such a case, and I reflect in my daily life and thought some of the nobleness of the man I have impersonated, and I become greater and broader because of him. For days the exultation of the land of the book-people makes me continue to feel uplifted, and to enjoy a happiness not earthly.

And months and years afterwards when I pick up the same book to read again, it is like turning back the pages of memory and living over again a part of my life, a part of special happiness or sorrows. Once more the heart thrills and responds to the emotions as strongly as at the first reading, for it is a memory made more vivid than the memory that exists only in the mind. Once more I can see the men and women as I saw them before, as one sometimes sees clearly in the mind the face of some friend not thought of in years. And as I on first reading became the spirit of life that made the book live in my mind, so now the book has become a part of me filling a section of my memory as completely as anything I myself have done. And so vivid are the pictures and speeches in my mind that I can never see a moving-picture of a well-remembered story without disappointment. And no one reading aloud can please me, for there is in my memory the impress of the exact and individual intonations of the book-people as they spoke.

This is the paradise that the book-worm enters when he begins to read. This is the banquet, spread by the gods, at which he feasts. It is thus that he can see the lights of the worlds beyond, and can listen to the music of more exalted spheres, for the soul must be released from its bodily prison to enter into this paradise. And the books he read in early youth have become as his father, his mother, his brothers and sisters to him. He may grow up and learn the arts of criticism, but those books are exempt from his censure, though they be by no means free from faults. He would as soon try to give an impartial appraisal of his mother's character and appearance, as to criticize those books, the companions of his youth. Such is the experience of the book-worm as I know it, such is the paradise of the book-people as I have seen it. And the sesame is the gift of God, given to those of an understanding heart and a great human sympathy.
An Ode To Coca-Cola

O Heavenly Muse, wilt thou in accents mellow
Sing to me of that sweet fount
Whence flows a stream of perennial gladness
To awaken to wonder and ecstatic joy
Those whose hearts are enshrined
In the sadness of wooded Emory?
Whence comest thou, O blessed fluid?
What hand has guided thy treasured sweetness to this clime?
From the cloistered purity of whose breast
Flow thy genial current and everlasting nourishment?
Thou, who hast quenched the aching thirst of many:
Thou, who hast been immortalized by rollicking song
And poetry divine; delightful and refreshing art thou!
Mars did drink of thy nervine sweetness;
Methinks that Venus sipped thy cool, inspiring nectar.
Roll on, inspiring waters; glitter with joy, O Crystal Fount;
Cover the earth with thy freshness;
And translate thyself in marble halls and stately colonnades!
Short skirts aren't warm
I'll willingly swear;
But they are great things
To get up a stare.—Exchange.

For recommendations on Don Kilpatrick, see an Agnes Scott girl. Those who don't understand—ask "Kil."

* * * * *

Miss Gibson: I see that dresses will be shorter this summer.
Miss Harris: Personally, I detest neck pieces.
Pope (just coming up): Here's hoping the two never meet.

* * * * *

Yale's Bowl was named after its donor—our bowl was named for the man who took the last pea out of the dish, viz., Smack Trousers; several other contestants in sight—McFadden leading, as he dug up the track last year.

* * * * *

Dr. Guy: What is the critical temperature of any gas?
Millican: Er, ah—that must be when the gas is in a bad fix.

* * * * *

Pinkie Hancock sheepishly dug out his old pictures after the revival and subscribed to The Police Gazette.

* * * * *

Miss Fulton: George, let's go to the Howard.
MacDonnell: Ah, oh, ahem!
Miss Fulton: Oh, please don't get excited, I have a dollar.

* * * * *

Fresh Berry (bootlicking): Doctor, if all the teachers in this school were like you—
Unknown student in rear of room: I'd quit school.

* * * * *

Hodge and Rochelle have same topic of conversation as they foot it from Peachtree Circle every week-end; in fact, Hodge elucidates on what should be the capabilities of a circuit rider's wife.

* * * * *

Dr. Parker: In what part of the Bible is it taught that a man should have only one wife?
Collins: I guess it is in the part that says that no man can serve two masters.
Duckworth and his Ladye Faire walking up Peachtree—
She: Have we passed Nunnally's yet?
He: No, but we will now in just a second. !!!!!!

Student, disgusted with mark in chemistry: Prof., I feel like giving you a piece of my mind.
Prof.: O don't do that; I don't require you to make such a great sacrifice.

Sargeant Puckett: I see Fatty Ray is going out again tonight.
Speed Walker: Yes, he is an all-round sport.

Can someone tell us why the Phoenix publishes Baum's stuff? He reads it to everybody before it comes out, anyway. It appears that the women aren't the only ones who seem to have split tongues.

First Student: Dave Ellis went to a Christmas fancy ball as a toy pistol.
Second Student: Was his impersonation a success?
First Student: So much so that he didn't know that he was loaded.

Barnett is frustrated over the announcement of there being born a son to Mrs. Albert Barnett at the Davis-Fischer Hospital. He doesn't know what to do with the congratulations and presents showered upon him. The Pi Kappa Alpha house is now a well-equipped nursery.

A debutante of the season coming out from under the influence of ether after an operation for appendicitis:
She: Doctor, do you suppose the scar will show?
He: No, my young lady—that is, it ought not to.—Exchange.

Culpepper: What sort of a range has Chalker "T"s" voice now?
Lyle: A mountain range.
C.: How's that?
L.: It's so rocky.

"Rome was not built in a day, but was torn down in less." said Pretty Boy Ben Hill as he turned in his membership card to the Atlanta Athletic Club.

Pinkey Hancock: You are sure a peach (the intonation to be supplied by the reader).
She: Umph! I ought to be, my mother and father were a pair.
Duckworth gets off his grouch long enough to smile.

Watkins: Did I ever tell you what a dreadful shock I got on my wedding day?
Waters: S-ssh! A man should never talk about his wife that way.

Bowie, Charlie and Pinkey Hancock get their heads together. We feel the earth rock and a new and greater Emory peeping over the horizon.

Visitor: Do they ring two bells for each class?
Fresh: No, they ring the same bell twice.

Prof.: What are you doing with that magnifying glass?
Fresh: Trying to make this dime look like a dollar.

Rustin, after a long argument over a point of law: Well, I've learned something.
Prof.: Mr. Rustin, you are singularly fortunate.

Freshman Simpson relieved Hop of part of his harem. Pins may come and pins may go, but his pin is gone forever!

We all wonder what Myles Crowder had to do when he prevailed upon Hop Dunaway to fill his date with Miss Eugenia Peed. Better look out for your health, Myles. You study too hard!

Dolly: Don't squeeze so hard, Charlie.
Chas. D.: Why?
She: You might hurt the poor kitty, and I hate to hear it cry.

Baum tells us that the reason Noah didn't play cards in the ark was because he sat upon the deck. You will notice that he has a very keen sense of humor.!!!!????? Horses!!!!!!

Two old maids relating to each other the triumphs of their youth:
No. 1: I had an awful case once; my beau squeezed me so hard that he broke one of my ribs.
No. 2: That's nothing. I had a little fellow to squeeze me so hard that he broke both his arms.—Life.
W. C. Waters has lost his pin and no reward has been offered. Someone has accused the Meds of having Morman tendencies.

* * * * *

Atlanta Femme: I have a timid watch.
Emory Med.: How's that?
She: Its hands continually cover its face.
He: Well, mine is different. When I go to see a girl and ask her if she has the time about her, she always replies in the affirmative.

* * * * *

It is rumored that Bill Turner takes dinner quite often on Drewry Street and is very, very happy.

* * * * *

A young couple once eloped and came to a church just as the services were about to begin. The minister informed them that he would perform the ceremony just as soon as the sermon was over, if they cared to stay to preaching. They agreed, and at the end of the sermon the minister said: "Will all those who wish to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony please come forward?" whereupon one man and eighteen ladies marched down the aisle toward the altar!

* * * * *

Why is a hog's tail like getting up at 4 o'clock in the morning? Too early (twirly)!

* * * * *

A little loving now and then
Is relished by the best of men.
But if the truth you only knew—
We'd find the women love it, too.

* * * * *

Saith the Packard, in the mud, to the Ford: You're a better auto than I, Hunk o' Tin!

* * * * *

Are they college men?
No; merely college boys. Just Freshmen—.
Then, they're not the finished product?
You're right; they're only "Rah" material.

* * * * *

Here's to the girl I kissed,
Who ran and told her mother!
May she die an old maid
Before she gets another.
Prof. Hinton: Aren't you acquainted with your mother language?
Creen Fresh: Yes, sir; ma's al-time jawin' 'round me.

* * * * *

(To be lisped)
Sing a song of summer time
   Sitting in the swing,
Mary with a poodle dog,
   Me without a thing,

Lisping lolling lullabies
   The poodle on her knee;
Wish I was the poodle dog,
   And the poodle dog was me.

* * * * *

Prof. McLean: Mr. Brandon, what was the subject of your term paper?
Willie Pew: I wrote an autobiography of Napoleon, sir.

* * * * *

Pinkey Hancock and George MacDonell are very punctual in letting Shorty Denmark know when the Wheel is ready for press.

* * * * *

Major Edwards: My good man, what regiment were you in?
Speed Walker (proudly): I was in the S. A. T. C., sir.
Major Edwards: I beg your pardon. I thought you were in the service.

* * * * *

Patton says that a nation should be bone-dry, and does his four bits to make it so.

* * * * *

Baum (on the outskirts of Detroit headed south in an auto): Hey, boy, is this the right road to Quitman?

* * * * *

The Sigma Nus threatened to bring Mose into “rat court” for letting chapter matters go outside the house. Poor Mose, though his skin is dark his heart is gold ($3.00 worth per week).

* * * * *

Infantry Drill Regulations (modified 1921)—Major Edwards, A. G. O. Review: An excellent treatise on the I. D. R. as it should be taught—introducing the accented foot-beat system of commands, the five paragraph style of hand signals in actual combat, and devoting special attention to the relative merits of the written test and gas attack as an offensive. Contains original appendix on The Tactical Characteristics of the Whistle. The perpetuity of the Lance Corporal is ably championed in Nos. 4382-4700.

This book should be in the library of every Boy Scout.
Homer Pearson forgot to turn on the tail lights when he sallied forth for a joy ride in the Grady Hearse. A pretty nurse clutched tightly to his arm; the night watchman discharged for boot-legging.

* * * * *

Capt. Shroeder: Taylor, how would you stop bleeding from a scalp wound?
Cadet 2nd Lieut. Taylor: Why, put a tourniquet around the patient’s neck and twist it tight.

* * * * *

John Milton has for some time been looking sorrowful, but now he says he has another. Oh, fickle youth! Thou breakest hearts galore!

* * * * *

Dr. Goodpasture: What would you do in case of a profuse hemorrhage?
Kemper (Med. Student): Call a doctor, sir.

* * * * *

The campus is in a riot because “W. She’s” washerwoman does not recognize him dressed.

* * * * *

Dr. Bachman: Tell something about the vasoconstrictor center in the medulla.
Gable: I’ll bite, Doctor, what is it?

* * * * *

Dug Walters’ parlor voice creates some excitement when heard in the dining hall. He made Bill Turner stop eating soup till all announcements were finished.

* * * * *

Question—Why was big Smith put off the street car recently?

* * * * *

Babe Ruth makes thousands by letting his name be used for advertising purposes, but Lane Stokes gets his laundry free!!!!!!

* * * * *

Dr. Schmeisser: What is the function of the spleen?
McClung: Let’s see. I knew that last night.
Dr. Schmeisser: That’s a pity. It would have been such a contribution to science—for no one else has been able to solve the mystery.

* * * * *

Could someone tell us what it was that Satloff hit Jones in the face with?

* * * * *

Prof.: How do some people become immune to smallpox?
White: By milking a cow with chicken pox.
A NAUGHTY MAN!

Above us then a bright, full moon,
Environment most opportune,
Surrounded by a lover's lane,
And by my side a sweet young dame.
On every hand green holly trees
Underneath which, where no one sees,
The benches are unoccupied;
Here, she and I talked and sighed,
The sweet young thing close by my side
Would listen as I glibly lied
To her concerning my love so rare,
And the glories of her golden hair.
The sweet young thing was ne'er abash—
So I kissed her in a flash!!!!!!

"Oh, what a naughty man you are!"
Surprised complete, she ripped and reared;
But, cooling down, she smiled and said,
"Please be a naughty man again."

I guess the drink's on you," said Pinkey, as he turned a glass of water over in Cochran's lap.

Dr. Schmeisser, lecturing: Now, gentlemen, you have a perfect little opening here with a hole in it.

A Mercer student wrote a friend at Emory that he was feeling fine as silk. It is our opinion that he is only Mercertized.

R. Tillery: How would you feel if I were to throw this bottle of ink at you?
N. Gin Neer: Sorter blue, I reckon.

Visitor: Janitor, do you know what Dr. Schmeisser teaches?
Eddie: Yes, sir, boss, he teaches Black-theology.

R. Kansas: Don't put that pin in that chair.
U. Tah: Why?
R. Kansas: You might hurt somebody's feelings.

We're sure that if Adam had to live his life again that he would turn over a new leaf.
Old Lady: Doctor, I have a dreadful pain in my stomach—caused from eating pickled pig's feet, I think.

Young M. D.: In this case I prescribe—oh, yes, *Allen's Foot Ease*.

* * * * *

"Onions," blurted Gentry, desirous of using strong language.

* * * * *

Scott: Judge, I am sorry that I couldn't be at the Law banquet last night; I was very sick.

Judge: That's strange! You were there, made a speech and sang for us.

* * * * *

Speed Walker: You should have seen my girl when I kissed her on the forehead last evening.

Duckworth: Why, what happened?

Speed: She called me down.

* * * * *

And Adam awoke and looked all about him and lo, he saw that everything was bare!

* * * * *

Dooley: What do you think of Mabel's dress?

Hop: It does make you think, doesn't it?

* * * * *

In front of the Theological building we find a grave stone with the inscription in Hebrew. A student asked Bishop a translation. "The fellow that wrote that spoke the same kind of Hebrew that Balaam's mule knew.

"Sacred to the memory of Queen Ti, Spouse of Amenophis III, Esq."

"Here lies the body of Queen Ti;
A sweet and fragrant mummy is she.
A perfect lady, as far as we know,
Because Dr. Shelton told us so.
She died with the toothache in her heel,
And her last word was one long squeal.
May her memory burn bright like a yuletide log
In the heart of every young theolog!"

* * * * *

SCRAPS HEARD AT TOM PITTS'

We got ten minutes. Let's get a——

'Lo, Ed, see the good-looking Jane at the dance with me? She told me on the way home that I could——

Gimme a smoke, Jim. Gee, if that girl getting on the car ain't got on red silk——
That's the way; if you ever let one of those Emory boys get started he'll—
No, my dear; those are too thin and the lace is too costly; besides they are not—
You know me, Carrie. When a man says that to me I just—
I told you, didn't I, that that red-headed Jane I met at Segado's let me put—?
Loan me two cents. Red, I ain't got but—
Yeh, at the Ansley last night I tipped the porter a dollar and—
Boy, did you ever see 'em so short? Goodness, if they keep on—
And Kid, listen. I just need it until—
Say Hop, did you see her smile? I'm gonna—
She promised to meet me here at two and we'd—
She's a hot one; I told you to wait until everybody else had gone and you could—
My Gawd! In his dress suit 'n' everything I just couldn't resist—
Come on; the Bonita's rare. And after the show we can—
Seen Sherman? He's got a wild woman with him from—
Sure I'll be home and then we can—
Gee, Mabel! The cotton ones last longer than the crape; besides, nobody ever—
See here! I never saw you before, and you'd better not—
And then when I got ready to tell her "good-night," she held me and I—
Why some people want to wear hose like that and expose their—
Scenery is splendid today, Red. Saw one while ago that I used to—
Naw! I think I'll fall for a jane that won't even—
'Tain't no use, Sonny; I've tried and she won't—
Yeh, some one told me that same thing a day or so ago, and—
Sure. and we can go from there to a better place, and nobody to interfere with anything that you do. But you know that experiments are—
Uh huh, I told you all the time that she would if—
I tell you it won't do; conditions are too—
Just like I told you, won in the last quarter when they had the benefit of two 30-yard penalties and were right on—
Is my nose slick, John? I told you not to—
Yeh, I'm off at 7:30. Bring your car around to the corner, dear, where I can—
Yes, he stayed at home last until papa—
I don't blame you. They'll take every advantage that you'll—
They say that she chased around after him until he just—
He's a nuisance. But you just have to be nice to men or the rest of them will—
And Boy! She's built up like—
And she'll make sixty per—
When she went in the Kimball I was too busted to—
Want a date, Charlie? Got two on the string tonight, and we can—
Sure, they're getting rough on the campus now. Tipton got so wet last night that everybody thought he had—

Flunked Analyt, but told the old man that it was a minor and he didn't——

That's the idea, son. The Howard's good this week. Besides, we want to take those janes where it's swell.

---

AN ODE TO THE GIRL

Little Girl, you are so small,
Don't you wear no clothes at all?
Don't you wear no shimmy shirt?
Don't you wear no "petty" skirt?

Just your corset and your hose—
Are those all your underclothes?
Little Girl, you look so slight
When I see you in the light.

With your skirts cut rather high
Won't you catch a cold and die?
Aren't you 'fraid to show your calf?
It might make the fellows laugh.

Little Girl, what is the cause?
Why all your clothes are made of gauze?
Don't you wear no undervest
When you go out fully dressed?

Do you like those peek-a-boos
'Stead of normal underclothes?
Little Girl, your s'penders show
When the sunshine plays just so.

I can see your tinted flesh
Through your thinnest gown of mesh:
Is it modest, do you s'pose,
Not to wear no underclothes?

I can see way past your throat
To a region most remote;
'Tain't my fault, now, don't suppose,
Why not wear some underclothes?
Little Girl, your socks have shoals
Of those tiny little holes;
Why you want to show your limb
I do not know; is it a whim?

Do you want to catch the eye
Of the fellow passing by?
Little Girl, where is the charm
In your long, uncovered arm?

And the "V" behind your neck—
Is it for the birds to peck?
Little Girl, I'll tell you those
Are not as nice as underclothes.

Little Girl, now listen here;
You would be just twice as dear
If you'd cover up your charms—
Neck, back, legs, and both your arms.

I would take you to some shows
If you'd wear some underclothes.
But no lover—goodness knows—
Wants a girl "sans" underclothes.

Little Girl, your mystery,
Loving charms, and modesty
Are what makes us fellows keen
To possess a little queen.

S'pose I wore some harem pants,
Or no shirt, like all my aunts,
Or a ringlet through my nose—
They'd arrest me, don't you s'pose?

I must wear a coat of mail,
Clothed from head to big-toe nail;
I must cover up my form
Even when the weather's warm.

—Exchange.
BULLETTES
By "Mic" Millican and "Mac" MacDonell

Our motto: Take daddy's advice—hold 'er in the road!

* * * * *

Tell me not in mirthful numbers
Life is but an empty skit,
For the rosy glow encumbers
When the horn of plenty's quit.

It's a time unmixed with pleasure
When your purse is but a joke,
And you'd better beard a lion
Than a fellow when he's broke!

* * * * *

Why will one boy in love make an A, and yet another flunk?

* * * * *

SHIP OF JAZZ AHoy!

Having passed through the straights of "Dardanella," coming sometime back from "Hindustan," our up-to-the-minute minstrel treads the wilds of "Palestina" and "Tripoli," but can someone locate for us "Avalon"?

* * * * *

At last the name of the tune that "Madam" tweets has been exhumed. Pipe it: "Mathematical Blues."

* * * * *

SO THEY SAY!

"Dangerous curve ahead," she remarked, warningly, as he progressed from her cheek to her lips.

"It's all off!" said Mack Sennet, as he beheld his opening chorus.

"I've done my best," exclaimed Grandpa, as he opened his speech at the family reunion.

"I'm shot!" yelled the Prof., as the spit-ball plunked him on the nose.

"I'm quick at figures," remarked the tea-hound, as the fluffy little bundles tripped by.

"To arms! To arms!" she cried, and they rushed into a clinch.

"You're the light of my life," he murmured contentedly, as he switched off the light.

"I don't give a kick," brayed the donkey, as he slapped the farmer in the face with his tail.

"Scat!" said the kiss-intentful young man, as she sneezed.
"'The pin is mightier than the sword,'" said Fatty, as he forsook the regions of chair.

"Good morning, sir!" roared the enraged father, as the clock finished striking twelve.

"Dinner's ready!" mooed the calf, as he heard the cow-bell ring.

"You haven't got anything on me," said Eve.

"Two heads are better than one," said the boil.

"You can't lionize me," said Daniel, as he stepped into the lions' den.

"Order ten tons of Mellin's Food for breakfast," moaned Solomon in despair.

* * * *

Give me fifty dollars' worth of chips. What kind, did you say? Why, potato chips, of course; I've got an appetite, haven't I?

* * * *

Some fellows are born fools; others make fools out of themselves, and still others have fool-dom thrust upon them—and then others wear spats and sport shirts.

* * * *

Time: Twelve, midnight!

Mama (calling from head of the stairs): Is that man there yet?

Daughter: No, ma'am, but he's a-gettin' there!

* * * *

PROVERBS FOR THE SIMPLE

Kiss twice before you speak.

All work and no photo-play makes Jack a dull boy.

Ten cents at the Alamo saves fifty cents at the Howard.

There's many a slip 'twixt the rouge and the lip.

It's a mighty poor pig that can't make a hog.

* * * *

There was a young girl named Irene,

Who wore a dress of crepe de chine;

But when you gazed upon the scene,

You saw more Irene than you did crepe de chine!

* * * *

For today's discussion:

Resolved, That a girl always closes her eyes when you kiss her.

* * * *

They tell us that 3-cent sugar can be made from sawdust. Maybe so. But what we are concerned with is for some one to make brick out of the campus clay.

* * * *

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THE BARE FACTS OF HISTORY

(As recorded in the “Egyptian Daily Mummy”—direct from the Associated Press):

Cleopatra went to ride yesterday afternoon supported by her royal calves.

“Please give me a kiss,” he pleaded.
“No,” she said, “but I’ll loan it to you.”

Isn't it funny that when you talk to a professor, you make it a point to agree with him on everything he says?

She smiled sweetly at him,
And he placed his arm
On the back of the sofa;
Her cheek was soft and rosy,
And her lips were—
Well, her lips were—
He moved his arm about a quarter
Of an inch away, and then,
Unknowingly, he
Broke his track pledge.

EMORY WILL HAVE INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS—when William Jennings Bryan snatches the Big Dipper from the skies and takes a swig of pure grain from the Yale Bowl!
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