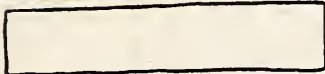



SILHOVETTE

1920



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THE SILHOUETTE

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OF
AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE
DECATUR, GEORGIA

SILHOUETTE

To her whose loyal devotion
has ever been an in-
spiration in our
college life.

ALICE



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Foreword

(WITH APOLOGIES TO R. W. SERVICE)

*We've labored o'er these pages here
 For many days, weeks, months—a year
 From early morn 'til dewey eve,
 Late in the night, if you'd believe,
 And many nights in endless toil
 Found us burning the midnight oil.
 Dummies filled with empty pages
 Wouldn't inspire most learn'd of sages.
 But we are bold and brazen, too,
 And we've done the best that we can do,
 The things at A. S. C. most dear
 We've tried to catch and paint them here.*

*We've sought to give in simple forms
 Glimpses of pleasures, clouds and storms
 A truthful view of our college days
 So different in so many ways.
 Of classes, organizations,
 Athletics, examinations,
 Of Blackfriar plays, Glee Club too,
 Fire drills that scare you thru' and thru'
 Of Faculty coffee and Faculty plays
 The funny things each teacher says
 The deeds of college life that swarm
 Each day are here in simple form.*

SILHOUETTE

*For you this task we undertook
And our mistakes, pray overlook.
After study of such high-brow stuff
No doubt our rhymes will seem quite rough.
But tell me please, can you produce
A single Anti-Mother Goose?
In childhood days she held first place
Now Alma Mater's in the race
We've tried to see what we can do
At a combination of the two.
So on your book shelf please save a nook
For "Alma Mater's Mother Goose Book."*

—THE EDITOR.



SILHOUETTE



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Senior, Junior, Soph'more,
Irreg'lar, Fresh, too,
Gathered 'round the Faculty
What a jolly crew!

E. Allen

SILHOUETTE



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SILHOUETTE



MARIAN McCAMY
M. D. S.—Hoasc—**ED**—
Dalton, Ga.

*Hark! Hark! Here comes a shark!
There's nothing she can't do,
In basket-ball, in tennis and all,
She wins the game straight through.*

*Hear! Hear! She's such a dear,
And a jolly, good friend, too,
She'll cheer you all, if you just call
Oh, there's nothing she can't do.*

—LULA GRAVES CAMPBELL.

ROMOLA DAVIS
M. D. S.
Senoia, Ga.

*M. stands for merit, and M. stands for
man,
R. stands for Romola who flirts all she
can.
S. stands for her smile which does all
beguile,
What these three together are
She will be after a while.*

—JULIA JAMESON.

QUINTILLETTE



EDITH LOUISE ABNEY
M. D. S.
Athens, Ga.

*Louise is a Latin shark,
Louise loves her French;
Louise plays the piano,
As if it were a cinch.*

—JUANITA KELLY.

NELL AYCOCK
P. D. S.
Carrollton, Ga.

*Some girls excell in basket-ball,
Some always bone like me;
But Nell Aycock's just full of fun,
And sweet as she can be.
And as she leaves old A. S. C.
To return to her duties no more,
May her path be always happy and
bright,
Just full of pleasures galore.*

—ESTHER JOY TRUMP.



ELIZABETH WHEAT ALLEN
P. D. S.—Hoasc—[
LaFayette, Ala.

*Small, sincere, ever sweet—
Nicest girl you'd want to meet;
Auburn hair, eyes so brown—
Most attractive girl in town;
As an artist she can't be beat—
Doesn't know what means "defeat;"
Smiling, cheerful, never sad—
The best friend I ever had!*

—RUTH KEISER.

MARGARET BLAND
P. D. S.—Hoasc—Σ Δ Φ
Charlotte, N. C.

*Hickory, dickory dee, what a fine girl is
she!
With a hockey stick, with pen and ink,
In cabinet meeting, or in casual greet-
ing,
She's the kind of person we all should
be.
Hickory, dickory dee, we admire her
most unspeakablee.*

—MARY KNIGHT.

DIPLÔMATE



MARY GUERRANT BURNETT
P. D. S.—Hoasc—[[]
Montgomery, Ala.

*Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
To every rule we know!
How can you shine
In the highbrow line,
Yet make "Y. W." go!*

—EMILY THOMAS.

CLARA BOYNTON COLE
M. D. S.
Atlanta, Ga.

*Clara the studious,
Clara the beauteous,
Clara the best sport of all;
Clara with winning ways,
Clara with happy gaze,
Clara for whom we all fall.*

—FAUSTELLE WILLIAMS.

SILHOUETTE



ALICE ROSALIE COOPER
M. D. S.
Atlanta, Ga.

*'Twas only about four years ago
There came to A. S. C.
A curly-haired maid whom we all know,
A brilliant maid to be,
For she can both play basket-ball
And write for B. O. Z.*

—VIRGINIA POTTLE.

RUTH MAY CROWELL
P. D. S.—Σ Δ Φ
Charlotte, N. C.

*It's not because you're jolly,
And never a trifle blue,
It's not because your words
Are never slow and few,
It's not because you're pretty,
Tho, of course, we know that's true,
But the reason we all love you
Is because you're you.*

—CHARLOTTE KEESLER.

SILHOUETTE



SARAH DAVIS
M. D. S.
Newnan, Ga.

*When ever there is trouble, when you're
stormy, when you're blue,
Then 'tis "Syra" whom you want with
her jolly word or two.
When ever there is joy, when you're
happy, when you're gay
Then 'tis "Syra" whom you want with
whom to while the hours away.
And that is just the reason that of all
our Seniors fine
Our love and admiration for her shall
ne'er decline.*

—RUTH SCANDRETT.

AGNES DOLVIN
P. D. S.
Siloam, Ga.

*Ne'er would you guess in one so small
There lay so much charm and wisdom
withal,
But let me tell you in her small head
There is more knowledge than can be
said.*

—HARRIET SCOTT.

SILHOUETTE



JULIET FOSTER
P. D. S.—[[
Anderson, S. C.

*Dark and slender, tall and stately
The finest girl that we've met lately
Is this Senior sister, Juliet Foster,
(What would happen if we had lost
her?)*

*She's an athlete thru' and thru'!
Oh! there's nothing that she can't do!*

—EUNICE DEAN.

DELIA GARDNER
M. D. S.
Greenwood, Miss.

*"Where are you going, my diligent
maid?"*

*"I'm going to German II Class, sir,"
she said.*

*Who is this maid with heart of pure
gold?*

*"Her name's Delia Gardner, and her
worth is untold."*

—SARAH TILL.

SILHOUETTE



JULIA HAGOOD
 P. D. S.—Hoasc—Σ Δ Φ
 Charlotte, N. C.

*"If all the seas were one sea
 What a great sea that would be."
 But if all the beauty were one beauty
 And all the duty were one duty
 And all the best girls in school
 Were centered in one—it would be
 Lulie.*

—SUSAN MALONE.

LULIE SPEER HARRIS
 M. D. S.—Σ Δ Φ
 College Park, Ga.

*Just a good old sport is Lulie, my dear,
 With plenty of sense and heaps of good
 cheer,
 Tho' she seems to be very fond of her
 books,
 If you'll carefully scrutinize her looks,
 You will discover in Lulie's heart
 Cupid has secretly lodged his dart.*

—ALICE WHIPPLE.



CLIFFORD VIRGINIA HOLTZCLAW
M. D. S.— **ED**
Perry, Ga.

*Little maid, pretty maid,
Never is she blue,
But sweet and gentle, lots of fun,
This is "Tip," 'tis true.*

—MARGARET SMITH.

ANNE HOUSTON
M. D. S.—Hoasc— []
Lewisburg, Tenn.

*Great A, little n, tiny e
Each standing alone, means nothing to
me,
But when A comes in front, n doubles
itself
And e hangs on at the end,
They mean to me then, what I'll have
to confess
My inadequate words can scarcely ex-
press,
The dearest, best kind of a friend.*

—LAURA OLIVER.

CYBROUETTE



CORNELIA HUTTON
M. D. S.
Savannah, Ga.

*"Multiplication is vexation"
So I've heard them say,
But really now Cornelia
Thinks its nothing more than play.
Calculus and Analyt
She knows from Z to A,
But what makes us love her most
Is her charming, gracious way.*

—GENE BUREM.

LOUISE JOHNSON
P. D. S.
Atlanta, Ga.

*Up Peachtree and down Pine,
She'll get 'nuff ads or loose her mind.
She's a busy lady, yet a poet too,
And a short-story writer, indeed, 'tis
true.*

—OTTO GILBERT.

SILHOUETS



EMILIE KEYES
M. D. S.
Atlanta, Ga.

*To write you a story
Will be Emilie's glory
For that's where her fame has been won.
And to write you another
Will be no bother,
For she thinks writing's fun.*

—LUCY MACRAE.

ELIZABETH LOVETT
P. D. S.
Atlanta, Ga.

*What's the use of telling when every-
body knows,
Her rep is just like Mary's lamb; it
follows where she goes.
I'm only sorry tho' you see,
That it doesn't run in the family.*

—CATHERINE DENNINGTON.

SILHOUETTE



GERTRUDE MANLY
M. D. S.—Σ Δ Φ
Dalton, Ga.

*Needles and pins, needles and pins,
Once at college, trouble begins,
But fun and friends, fun and friends,
Once you find "Gertie," trouble all ends.*

—ELIZABETH NISBET.

ELIZABETH MARSH
M. D. S.
Atlanta, Ga.

*Some people you know are sharks,
Because they tell you so.
My Senior-sister is not that kind—
She works and merits and never minds
That others may not know.*

—MARY FLODING.

SILHOUETTE



Laura Stockton Molloy
M. D. S.—Hoasc—[[
Columbia, Tenn.

*“Stock’s” ambition is quite high—
To be a society butterfly,
She’s the brightest girl on the campus
And she knows just how to vamp us.
One important thing more—this is no
rumor—
Is her delightful sense of humor.*
—BESS TELFORD.

Margery Moore
P. D. S.
Decatur, Ga.

*Her laughing eyes and dimpled cheek
Indeed I do adore,
But her winsome ways and manner
sweet
Make me love Margery Moore.*
—NELL BUCHANAN.

ALPHAVETTE



ELIZABETH LUCKIE MOSS
M. D. S.—Σ Δ Φ
Athens, Ga.

*If Shakespeare, Tennyson,
And Keats all three,
Should try to compose
A verse just for "E,"
With all of their genius
They couldn't half say
The many good things
I wish her for Aye.*

—GENA CALLAWAY.

LOIS BERRIEN MACINTYRE
M. D. S.—Hoasc—ED
Atlanta, Ga.

*Sing, sing, what shall I sing,
A song for Lois, that's just the thing.
Do, do, what shall I do?
For no song I know is good enough for
you.*

—FRANCES WHITE.

SILHOUETTES



MARGARET EARLE McCONNELL
M. D. S.
Asheville, N. C.

*Gay, but not flighty,
Serious, yet not a "gloom,"
She surely has the pep to put things
on a "boom."
"Grandma" is a wonder to all who
know her,
You can't find a better if you look the
world over.*

—CAROLYN MOORE.

VIRGINIA McLAUGHLIN
P. D. S.—Hoac
Raphine, Va.

*She's lovely, sweet and all the rest
That might be said about her,
But of all I'd say this is the best
I couldn't do without her.
You simply can not find her match—
Now tell me, honest, kin yer?
Because the pattern's lost, I'm sure,
On which they made Virginia.*

—RUTH BROWN.

SCENIQUETTE



MARION MCPHAIL
P. D. S.
Charlotte, N. C.

*My Senior sister, as I'm sure you'll agree,
Is as smart and bright as she can be.
She is very tall and lots of fun,
And I wouldn't change her for anyone.*

—HELEN BARTON.

LILLIAN PATTON
P. D. S.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

*Ting-a-ling-a-ling,
What shall I sing?
A song about our Lillian.
She's really quite fine.
If she's worth a dime
She's surely worth a million.*

—SARAH ALSTON.



EUGENIA AVARY PEED
P. D. S.
Emory University, Ga.

*One, two, three, four, five,
Eugenia's nicest girl alive.
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
I'll say the same thing once again.*

—LUCY WOOTEN.

JULIA REASONER
P. D. S.
Oneco, Fla.

*What sincerity in her face,
How much dignity, how much grace!
What a warmness in her heart,
And in her smile, what a friendly art,
She must have come to A. S. C.
For all these other girls and me.*

—RUTH HALL.

SILHOUETTE



ELIZABETH REID
M. D. S.—
Woodbury, Ga.

*There was never a girl like Elizabeth
In all this great, wide land.
Like ladies of old, she has hair of gold
And the proverbial lily white hand.
There was never a sport like Elizabeth,
From here to the great world's end,
She shows her fun in all she's done
And she's a jolly good old friend.*

—ELIZABETH BROWN.

MARGARET EVA SANDERS
P. D. S.
De Vall's Bluff, Ark.

*She is very, very bright,
And studies French with all her might.
In Glee Club she is known so well,
And she's a Prop. debater swell—
In all she does she's quite correct,
For she has such an intellect.*

—MARY BARTON.

SILHOUETTE



MARGARET SHIVE

P. D. S.

Decatur, Ga.

*Curly locks, curly locks,
Over a brain,
That is far from a stupid one—
Indeed, in the main.
Curly hair, curly hair,
Seems to betoken
A Margaret one likes more
With each word that's spoken.*

—FRANCES OLIVER.

MARY LOUISE SLACK

P. D. S.—Hoast—ED

LaGrange, Ga.

*There was a lass at A. S. C.
And she was wondrous wise
In sports and books and energy,
Won fame before all eyes.
And while her wit drew many friends—
With all her might and main
She wrote this lovely Silhouette
And thus won fame again.*

—GEORGIA WEAVER.

SILHOUETTE



PAULINE VAN PELT
M. D. S.
Ballinger, Tex.

*Sing a song of Pauline,
A heart full of good will;
A kind and loving friendship,
And a brain that's never still.*

—MARY PARKS.

HELEN WILLIAMSON
P. D. S.
Atlanta, Ga.

*Always busy as a bee,
Quiet and demure,
Anything there is to do,
Ask her—then it's sure.
She's sweet, but that's not all you see,
She's smart, I'm sure you know it—
She's keen on Sociology,
And is a sure-nuff poet.*

—ETHEL WARE.

SILHOUETTE



MARGARET WINSLETT
P. D. S.
Epes, Ala.

*Now whom do you think this maid can
be?
The best there is at A. S. C.!
She's smart and pretty and full of pep
And on "exec" she's won a rep.
She'll win much fame where'er she be
Just as she's done at A. S. C.*

—JOSEPHINE GARDNER.

ROSALIND WURM
P. D. S.
Atlanta, Ga.

*There was a saying once of old,
That scientists are hard and cold;
But Rosalind knocked that theory down.
For she was never known to frown.
A frown? Ah, no, a smile for all.
Just stop a day pupil in the hall
And ask her who'll always assist her
And I know she'll name my Senior
sister.*

—MARION HULL.

ALPHOVETTE



ELIZABETH MARSH
Certificate in Piano

SILHOUETTE



SENIOR FACULTY MEMBERS

SILHOUETTE



Senior Sophomore Sisters

LOUISE ARNEY	JUANITA KELLY	LOIS MACINTYRE	FRANCES WHITE
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NELL AYCOCK	ESTHER JOY TRUMP	MARIAN McCANY	LULA GRAVES CAMPBELL
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	ROSALIND WURM	MARION HULL	

Senior Class Poem

*Together we have come four years along the way,
And now we stop a moment, pause, and stay
To look across the past where shadows lie
Dim growing, and the sunshine from on high
Falls softly round us as we leave its ray.*

*We've met with laughter, tears, with work and play,
Have lived and loved together, felt the sway
Of Alma Mater's rule; now we say good-bye,
Together.*

*Together we have watched the leaves grow gray
About her, have seen the winter, felt the May
Spread round her, together seen the scarlet sky
Smile on her. And later as the years go by
We'll drift again to her, in dreams, some day,
Together.*

Short History of the Senior People

CHAPTER I—INTRODUCTORY

IT is hard to realize, when we look upon the foremost people of our world to-day, that they were once crude savages. A knowledge of their origin is necessary to an understanding of their history.

The land in which this people lives is an isthmus, joined to the land on the north by high mountains, and narrower at its southern end. The narrow part is covered with hot springs and geysers, and is susceptible to chilling sea breezes. The great adaptability of the race has been traced to the sudden climatic changes of the isthmus.

The origin of the present inhabitants is uncertain. In about the third century before this one, they suddenly appeared on the southern coast, armed to the teeth. They quickly gained a foothold among the ancient inhabitants, and set up a primitive form of kingdom.

The race is characterized by graceful bodies, straight, silky hair—usually of a taupe color—and fair skin. The genius they have always possessed in music is shown by the harmonious quality of their speaking voices to-day.

CHAPTER II—BEGINNINGS OF CIVILIZATION

The first kingdom was but a collection of tribes, loosely bound together. Closer organization soon was necessary, due to the hostility of peoples on the north. Those dwelling farthest north called their land the Senior country; those just south of them were called Juniors, and those just north of the incoming race were Sophomores. Clashes with these gave rise, among the newcomers, to a national consciousness. Especially with the Sophomores, a continual guerilla warfare was carried on.

CHAPTER III—PERIOD OF MIGRATIONS AND WARS

This was a very active race. It was continually moving northward to the more fertile lands, pushing the old races before it. New immigrants began to fill up the vacant southern end of the isthmus. These the dominant race called Freshmen, and held subjugated for a time until they were capable of setting up an independent government. Due to continual struggles with these neighboring races, a surprising military prowess was attained. These struggles are roughly classified as the Hockey Wars, and the Basket-Ball Wars. The climax was reached in the second Hockey War, when complete and glorious victory was achieved over all surrounding nations.

CHAPTER IV—SURVEY OF ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL LIFE

The most recent migration was that from Junior into Senior territory. The race has always been of a moving disposition, and facts tend to show that this change will not be the last. The change has always been an economic one,—more fertile land was always gained as the result of learning new methods of agriculture. Intensive,

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rather than extensive, farming is now the rule. The people are learning to be more cosmopolitan. Although they are still a hardy race on account of constant military activity, foreign influence has had a marked ruddying effect on the national complexion, and instances have been seen of a curling tendency in hair. The chief national fault has been the unsteady of the government by political schemers, but on the whole the monarchy has become so attuned to the interests of the people, that it is in spirit really a democracy.

Now, that the race is in the Golden Age of its history, we can not but be proud, on looking back, of the steady progress that has been made. Although it is an exceedingly old race, there is much to show that its greatest development is still to come.

THE END



SILHOUETTE

Stunt Given at Charlotte, N. C., for College Day, March 12, 1920

SCENE—A corner in Mother Goose's "Salon."

CHARACTERS—

<i>Mother Hubbard</i>	“CRIP” SLACK
<i>Little Miss Muffet</i>	MARIE HAGOOD
<i>Jack Horner</i> —(Student Government)	JULE HAGOOD
<i>Bo-Peep</i> —(Y. W. C. A.)	“VENGIE” BURNETT
<i>Ding-dong-Bell</i> —(Publications)	RUTH CROWELL
<i>Curly-Locks</i> —(Social Life)	ANNE HOUSTON
<i>Jack-be-Nimble</i> —(Athletics)	MARIAN McCAMY
<i>Little Boy Blue</i> —(Unseen Voice)	

MOTHER HUBBARD—

*I'm old Mother Hubbard,
I went to the cupboard
To seek for my daughter a college.
But alas, I found there,
Many and to spare
Of institutions of knowledge.
My daughter, Miss Muffet,
I've placed on her tuffet
To sit still awhile and assist me.
Call my helpers together
While we decide whether
Miss Muffet shall seek a degree.*
(Miss Muffet takes a seat on her tuffet)

*Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn
(Toot, toot, heard outside)
For old Mother Hubbard's quite forlorn,
My wits are thrown in consternation
About Miss Muffet's education.*

(Enter Student Government, quite stately, in cap, gown, high collar, and hood.)

STUDENT GOVERNMENT—

*Unlike Jack Horner
I've left my corner
To come here and give you a dot
On how things are done
How girls themselves run
Student Government at Agnes Scott.*

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*Do you know that we all have completely outgrown
The medieval age of the dear chaperone.
We go to Atlanta whenever we please
For shopping or lunching or afternoon teas.
No more have the faculty big ears and eyes
From snooping around and acting as spies.
Oh, I'm telling you now that the best thing we've got
Is a strong Student Government at Agnes Scott.*

(Mother Hubbard and Miss Muffet look at Student Government in amazement.
Enter Y. W. C. A. as cheerful and beaming as ever.)

Y. W. C. A.—

*I'm Bo-Peep and I lost my sheep
But it didn't take long to find them
At Agnes Scott they helped me a lot
As they'll tell you if you'd remind them.*

*There they keep each one of their sheep
That they are old maids prim or prosy.
All nice and healthy and cheerful.
The Y. W. C. A. almost every day
Does nice things so they can't be tearful.*

*Music in Gym where they land with a vim,
Receptions and parties all cozy
They give every year so have not a fear
And now that I keep each one of my sheep
As they do there, I don't have to find them
They no longer stray but close by me stay
Since they've left all their troubles behind them.*

(Y. W. C. A. takes her place by Student Government. Miss Muffet is quite interested and Mother Hubbard begins to take hope. Enter peppy Publications with an air of news both snappy and literary.)

PUBLICATIONS—

*Ding-dong bell
Pussy's in the well!
That's the way they used to do
When there was news to tell.
But printing press and editors
Have stopped such explanations
And we have now at Agnes Scott
Three booming publications.
There's Agonistic every week,
That keeps us up-to-date
With news from every campus room
And gossip of our fete.*

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*Aurora's the high-brow one
With poetry and stories.
And Silhouette, our Annual,
Walks off with all the glories.
Now if you have a taste for art
Or if you are literary
You'll find there all you like to read,
Both sad and glad, or merry.*

(Publications joins the ranks of Student Government. Mother Hubbard and Miss Muffet nod assent to each other, and already begin to catch the "Agnes Scott beam." Curly-Locks (Social Life), in a fluffy organdie, breezes in, a veritable apparition of contentment!)

SOCIAL LIFE—

*I'm Curly Locks who, as you know,
Sewed a fine seam
And feasted on strawberries, sugar and cream.
It was fine for a while to do nothing but this
But boredom at last spoiled all of my bliss.
So I rose from my cushion and wandered away
Till I reached Agnes Scott on a most lucky day,
There I had so much fun and enjoyed myself so
That back to my cushion I never could go
For the Social Life here is as fine as can be
From the parties they give to the plays that they see.
I'll never go back to my stupid old seam
Nor swap off those joys for strawberries and cream.*

(Curly-Locks glides back to her place with Student Government, Y. W. C. A. and Publications. Miss Muffet is fairly overjoyed. Mother Hubbard is well content. Enter Athletics, bubbling over with the A. S. C. spirit of good sportsmanship.)

ATHLETICS—

*Jack be nimble, Jack be quick
Mother Hubbard used to say.
But Jack is nimble, Jack is quick
At Old Agnes every day.
Perhaps you think that studying is all we care to do
But Athletics at Agnes Scott will surely appeal to you.
At tennis and hockey Miss Agnes is grand
And at basket-ball quite energetic.
But, my dear, don't forget, that the very best yet
Is to see Agnes Scott so athletic!*

(Athletics strides back to her place among her sisters. Miss Muffet springs from her tuffet in glee. Old Mother Hubbard steps forward with much delighted decision.)

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MOTHER HUBBARD—

*Hey-diddle-diddle
I've solved my riddle
While my daughter sat here on her tuffet.
Oj all the rest
Agnes Scott is the best—
It's the college I choose for Miss Muffet.*

(Mother Hubbard and Miss Muffet join the overjoyed Agnes Scotters. All sing "Hottentot.")

END.

CLOSE—ALL IN CAHOOTS.



SILHOUETTE



Prophecy of Senior Class Suggested Scenario for May Day in 1930 "The Fortunes of 1920"

PROCESSIONAL

JUPITER, RULER OF OLYMPUS.
FOLLOWERS OF VESTA, GODDESS OF HOME.
FOLLOWER OF CERES, GODDESS OF AGRICULTURE.
FOLLOWER OF FLORA, GODDESS OF FLOWERS.
FOLLOWERS OF MERCURY, GOD OF COMMERCE AND TRADE.
FOLLOWERS OF MINERVA, GODDESS OF LEARNING, ARTS, JUSTICE.
FOLLOWERS OF APOLLO, GOD OF HEALING, MUSIC, PROPHECY.
FOLLOWERS OF GRACES.
FOLLOWERS OF VENUS, GODDESS OF LOVE.
FOLLOWER OF MNEMOSYNE, GODDESS OF MEMORY.
FOLLOWER OF MUSES: CALLIOPE, CLIO, EUTERPE, TERPSICHORE, ERATO, MEL-
POMENE, THALIA, POLYPHIMNIA, URANIA.
ALMA MATER.

JUPITER—

*Mortals of the Class of Twenty,
Who have wandered far away
From the gates of your Olympus,
In the great, wide world to stray.*

SILHOUETTE

*Each of you were pledged to follow
In the steps of some great god,
Pledged to keep your eyes upon him
As the steps of life you trod.
After ten long years of struggle
You have gathered here to tell
Which of you has been a failure,
Which of you has done so well.
Now let each who has been faithful
Come in and tell her story,
So that all of us may judge
Who deserves the greatest glory.
She who best has used her talents,
Been the truest to her aims
On her head shall wear the laurel.
Now come forth and state your claims!*

FOLLOWERS OF VESTA—

Elizabeth Moss—

*With my dear family I've stayed,
I'm nothing but a sweet old maid!*

Eugenia Peed—

*I also know domestic joys,
I entertain the Emory boys.*

Crip Slack—

*Deep in the heart of a factory town
My Welfare Home has won renown.*

FOLLOWER OF CERES—

Louise Johnson—

*I rise before it's even light,
And toil until it's pitch-black night.
I plow and dig and plant and hoe,
On my beautiful farm in Idaho.*

FOLLOWER OF FLORA—

Elizabeth Reed—

*I've done so well with my florist shop
That even Dahl's has had to stop.*

FOLLOWERS OF MERCURY—

Sarah Davis—

*As the private secretary of a multi-millionaire
No longer over money do I have a single care.*

Agnes Dolvin—

*Though I'd hardly claim that I was as fortunate as she;
A stenographer's existence really quite appeals to me.*

Margaret McConnell—

*If you want to go through Europe in the quickest, nicest way,
Join McConnell's self-conducted tours without the least delay.*

MILHOUETTE

Louise Abney—

*My tea-room off in Africa does quite a lot of good
To civilize the natives by giving them real food.*

Lillian Patton—

*If you live in a village but want smart attire,
Write to Lillian Patton, the professional buyer.*

Emilie Keyes—

*For fame I fear I can not speak,
I'm a cub reporter for ten a week.*

FOLLOWERS OF MINERVA—

LEARNING—

Marjorie Moore, Helen Williamson, Pauline van Pelt—

*If any one of all the girls of dear old nineteen-twenty
Has had her troubles, then we'll say, that we have had a plenty.
In passing round the laurels, if you have some to spare,
The teachers surely do their part, and all deserve their share.*

JUSTICE—

Margaret Winslett—

*As first woman Senator from my state,
I lead the Congress in debate.
There's nothing I would not essay,
I may be President some day.*

Clara Cole—

*Though my practicing of law has hardly yet begun,
Six divorcees for my clients have I already won.*

ARTS—

Beff Allen—

*Underwood and Fisher, Howard Christy, too.
Have to let me illustrate the books they used to do.*

Nell Aycock—

*If you read the Atlanta Journal
Then look on the very first page.
You will see my latest cartoons.
Which nowadays are the rage.*

Rosalind Wurm—

*To prove that I'm a candidate
For architectural glory,
I drew the plans for Agnes Scott's
Endowment Dormitory.*

FOLLOWERS OF APOLLO—

HEALING—

Clifford Holtzclaw—

*My cherished dream has come to pass.
Despite a few reverses.
To-day my dip admits me
To the realm of Red Cross nurses.*

Delia Gardner and Julia Reasoner—

*Our ambitions also at last have been fulfilled;
In our dietician work we really are quite skilled.*

SILHOUETTE

MUSIC—

Elizabeth Marsh—

*In the finer arts I found my sphere;
In musical concerts I appear.*

PROPHECY—

Margaret Shive—

*Do you want to read the future,
Know just what fate may hold?
Then consult with Mme. Shiva,
And have your fortune told.*

GRACES—

Lois MacIntyre, Gertrude Manley, Anne Houston—

*As debutantes our lives were gay,
And though we're now a bit passe
We still pursue the social way.
Perhaps we all may need some day.*

FOLLOWERS OF VENUS—

Lutie Harris—

*I just adore my husband and my seven girls and boys,
My life's a perfect paradise of calm domestic joys.*

Marian McCany—

*With my different clubs and charities
I've such a busy life,
I never have the time to be
A real old-fashioned wife.*

Romola Davis—

*Matrimony did not cure my vampish ways, I fear,
As a resident of Reno I've had a wild career.*

Laura Stockton Molloy—

*Despite the fact that hubby's head
Is very bald and slick,
I love my Jonathan as much
As if his hair were thick.*

FOLLOWER OF MELPOMNE—

Elizabeth Lovett—

*Are you a jailure or a drudge?
Your memory is not right.
Read Lovett's "Helpful Memory Aids:"
Grow famous overnight.*

FOLLOWERS OF THE MUSES—

CALLIOPE, Muse of Epic Poetry—

Mary Burnett—

*I wrote in epic verse the tale of Greater Agnes Scott,
The proceeds from my book have aided B. E. F. a lot.*

SILHOUETTE

TERPSICHOE, Muse of the Dance—

Ruth Crowell—

*I trip the light fantastic toe,
In vaudeville just now;
But I intend to win great fame,
Somewhere, some day, somehow.*

EUTERPE, Muse of Lyric Poetry—

Alice Cooper—

*In "My Lyrics in Vers Libre" is easily seen
The result of my labors in English Eighteen.*

POLYPHIMNIA, Muse of Sacred Music—

Margaret Sanders and Marion McPhail—

*When in Chautauqua we appear
They turn away the throngs.
Our specialty is concert work,
With good old-fashioned songs.*

URANIA, Muse of Astronomy—

Cornelia Hutton—

*After years of research in Astronomy and Science,
I've succeeded in inventing a new telescope appliance.*

CLIO, Muse of History—

Juliet Foster—

*My History of Europe that I have just begun,
Is destined to be used some day as text in History One.*

ERATO, Muse of Love Poetry—

Margaret Bland—

*The author of my "Love Songs"—at least the critics say—
Has lived and suffered as she wrote, so true to life are they.*

MELPOMENE, Muse of Tragedy—

Virginia McLaughlin—

*When at the Atlanta I appear
The college attends en masse
To see my Shakespearean repertoire;
I furnish each one a pass.*

THALIA, Muse of Comedy—

Julia Hagood—

*On the other hand when I appear,
The censor draws the line,
Because 'tis musical comedy
In which I chance to shine.*

JUPITER—

*Mortals of the Class of Twenty,
Each of you so well has done,
That I find I can not choose
Which of you the wreath has won.*

SILHOUETTE

CHORUS—

*Jupiter, to none of us
Should the laurel go by right,
But to our dear Alma Mater,
Who has armed us for the fight.*

JUPITER—

*Forward come, oh, Alma Mater,
To receive the crown of fame.
All your children bow before thee;
Loud your praises they acclaim.*

ALMA MATER STEPS FORWARD AND IS CROWNED.

SONG—"Alma Mater."

RECESSIONAL

—EMILIE KEYES, *Prophet.*

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Last Will and Testament of Senior Class

WHEREAS, we, the undersigned members of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty, being of sound mind, and particularly sound body, realize that we are about to join the ranks of those who have gone on before, we do hereby bequeath to the Class of Nineteen and Twenty-One the privilege of carrying on the traditions of our beloved college.

ARTICLE I. We do hereby renounce all wills and testaments made heretofore.

ARTICLE II. I, Louise Abney, do will my art collection to Alice Jones.

ARTICLE III. I, Nell Aycock, bequeath my romantic inclination to Caroline Agee, in the hopes that they will be of valuable assistance in her future literary career.

ARTICLE IV. It is with great regret that I, Beff Allen, do leave to the mercies of my successor as house-president my tender little plants on third floor Main, hoping that she will not forget to sprinkle them daily, as they need constant care; and to Ellen Wilson I will my charming little tricks of tongue—they'll get you almost anywhere if you know how to use them.

ARTICLE V. I, Margaret Bland, do will my marvelous gait to Virginia Fish. It's a wonderful help when you have a lot to do. My alto voice and ear for music I will to Dorothy Allen.

ARTICLE VI. I, Mary Burnett, do bequeath to Margaret Hedrick my maturity of mind, that she may thereby be enabled to take my place in the hearts of the faculty.

ARTICLE VII. I, Clara Cole, do will to Anna Marie Landress my love of study, but would also recommend that she exercise discretion, as I have done, in varying the monotony by occasional trips to town.

ARTICLE VIII. I, Alice Cooper, do leave my love of philosophy to Mary Ann Justice, knowing that she will follow in my footsteps in the pure love of knowledge for its own sake.

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ARTICLE IX. I, Ruth Crowell, do leave to Margaret Wade my killing manner with the hope that she will use it as effectively as I have done to secure her a millionaire husband.

ARTICLE X. I, Romola Davis, will to Myrtle Blackmon, my raven locks and my bright smile. Last named acquisition may sometimes be substituted for laughter.

ARTICLE XI. I, Agnes Dolvin, do will my German marks to Marion Cawthon.

ARTICLE XII. I, Sarah Davis, do most cheerfully bequeath the long hours I've spent in the library to those who never came to pay their budget.

ARTICLE XIII. I, Juliet Foster, hereby bequeath my zeal for parliamentary law to the Propylean Debating Society; my darling little flat-heeled shoes I bequeath to Clotile Spence.

ARTICLE XIV. I, Delia Gardner, do leave my Senior privileges (especially in regard to the dining-room) to Eleanor Carpenter. Cherish them, my child, and Mrs. Finnell will cherish you.

ARTICLE XV. I, Clifford Holtzclaw, do bequeath my boisterous manner to Louise Fluker.

ARTICLE XVI. I, Julia Hagood, will my gracious and queenly dignity to Helen Wayt; my copious lecture notes I bequeath to Mariwill Hanes.

ARTICLE XVII. I, Lulie Harris, bequeath my curlers and my rouge pot, which I have abandoned, to Frances Charlotte Markley, hoping that they will aid her in bringing out her latent possibilities; my artistic nature I leave to Pearl Lowe Hammer.

ARTICLE XVIII. I, Cornelia Hutton, do will my Math. genius to Jeanette Archer, and my extraordinary discretion in choosing easy one-hour courses to Eula Russell.

ARTICLE XIX. I, Anne Houston, hereby bequeath my blushes to Eleanor Gordon, and my imperturbability in all situations to Charlotte Newton.

ARTICLE XX. I, Louise Johnston, do will my cute little giggle to Elizabeth Floding, and my tailor-made suits to Edythe Clarke.

ARTICLE XXI. I, Emilie Keyes, in order to curb any tendencies in the college toward "vers libre" and polyphonic prose, do will to Janef Preston my rhyming dictionary and my sense of rhythm; my responsibilities in White House I shift to the willing shoulders of Miss Gooch.

ARTICLE XXII. I, Elizabeth Lovett, bequeath the inestimable joys of being a day pupil to Elizabeth Enloe; my ability to "shine" in class I leave to Mary Louise Green.

ARTICLE XXIII. I, Lois MacIntyre, will my sociable disposition to Marguerite Cousins, and my accomplishments in the elocutionary art to Sarah Fulton.

ARTICLE XXIV. I, Marion McPhail, do hereby consign my poetical aspirations to thin air, thinking of no better disposal I could make of them; however, I would recommend that if Rachel Rushton desires to cultivate said article, she strenuously avoid the commercializing of her art.

ARTICLE XXV. I, Marian McCamy, do leave my golf sticks and the loving care of Miss LeGate to Anne Hart.

ARTICLE XXVI. I, Margaret McConnell, do bequeath my manifold enthusiasm to Eugenia Johnston, in order that she be not overtaken with ennui.

ARTICLE XXVII. I, Virginia McLaughlin, do will my promptness in meeting all engagements (especially academic) to Charlotte Bell. Miss McKinney says this is most useful in teaching.

ARTICLE XXVIII. I, Gertrude Manly, bequeath to Vienna Mae Murphy my political ambitions.

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ARTICLE XXVIII. I, Elizabeth Marsh, do will my preoccupation with the serious aspects in life to Helen Hall.

ARTICLE XXIX. I, Laura Stockton Molloy, do will all my hairpins to Frances Whitfield, in the fond hope that they will find with her a less precarious home; my athletic reputation I somewhat dubiously leave to the tender care of my friends.

ARTICLE XXX. I, Marjory Moore, realizing that variety is the spice of life, do will to Mary Wharton my interest in my fellow-men.

ARTICLE XXXI. I, Elizabeth Moss, bequeath my fragile air to Theresa Newton.

ARTICLE XXXII. I, Lillian Patton, do will the privilege of staying by the phone to Nellie Frances Daye, in the full assurance that she will not fail to take advantage of it.

ARTICLE XXXIII. I, Eugenia Peed, bequeath my chewing gum, with its solace on all occasions, to Emily Hutter.

ARTICLE XXXIV. I, Julia Reasoner, do bequeath to my little room mate, Marion Lindsay, my protecting love for the Freshmen, knowing that as long as they continue to flunk she can support herself.

ARTICLE XXXV. I, Elizabeth Reid, will my perseverance in the Quest after Knowledge to Nell Upshaw.

ARTICLE XXXVI. I, Margaret Sanders, do hereby bequeath my "affinities" to Sarah Stansell.

ARTICLE XXXVII. I, Margaret Shive, being of dual nature, do will my curls and frivolity to Jean McAllister, and my missionary ambitions to Augusta Brewer.

ARTICLE XXXVIII. I, Louise Slack, do will my many illusions and my sweet, naive outlook on life to Julia Watkins; and to Marguerite Watkins I bequeath the many happy years I've spent at Agnes Scott.

ARTICLE XXXIX. I, Pauline Van Pelt, do will to Fannie McCaa the extraordinary advantages that I have enjoyed for studying spoken English, and for the benefit of Margaret McLaughlin, my Senior room. If you can't get rid of your room-mates any other way, you can marry them off.

ARTICLE XL. I, Helen Williamson, leave my five eight-o'clock classes to Thelma Brown.

ARTICLE XLI. I, Margaret Winslett, do hereby bequeath to Margaret Bell my sweet disposition. (N. B. This may be gained by taking cold showers every morning), and hope that said acquisition will be of use to her in spreading into future generations of students the beneficent influence of our after-light conferences.

ARTICLE XLII. I, Rosalind Wurm, do bequeath to Lina Parry my sane philosophy of life.

This instrument was signed, sealed, and declared by the Class of 1920, this twenty-sixth day of May, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty, as their Last Will and Testament.

VIRGINIA McLAUGHLIN, *Testator.*

Witnesses:

LOUISE SLACK,
MARGARET BLAND,
RACHEL RUSHTON.

SILHOUETTE



Junior Class

OFFICERS

First Semester

FRANCES MARKLEY *President*
 ALICE JONES *Vice-President*
 MARGARET WADE *Secretary and Treasurer*
 FANNIE MCCA *Executive Members*

Second Semester

MARGARET MCLAUGHLIN
 CHARLOTTE BELL
 ELLEN WILSON
 JEAN MCALLISTER

MEMBERS

CAROLINE AGEE
 DOROTHY ALLEN
 CHARLOTTE BELL
 MYRTLE BLACKNON
 AUGUSTA BREWER
 THELMA BROWN
 ELEANOR CARPENTER
 ISABEL CARR
 MARION CAWTHON
 EDYTHE CLARKE
 CORA CONNETT
 MARGUERITE COUSINS
 SUE CURETON
 SARAH DAVIS
 NELLE FRANCES DAYE
 LOIS DRAKE
 ELIZABETH ENLOE
 MARY ROBB FINNEY

VIRGINIA FISH
 ELIZABETH FLODING
 SARAH FULTON
 SARA GILBREATH
 ELEANOR GORDON
 MARY LOUISE GREEN
 HELEN HALL
 PEARL LOWE HAMNER
 MARIWIL HANES
 DOROTHY HAVIS
 MARGARET HEDRICK
 CLIFFORD HOLTZCLAW
 EMILY HUTTER
 EUGENIA JOHNSTON
 ALICE JONES
 MARY ANNE JUSTICE
 ANNA MARIE LANDRESS
 MARIAN LINDSEY
 FRANCES WHITFIELD

JEAN MCALLISTER
 FANNIE MCCA
 MARGARET MCLAUGHLIN
 FRANCES C. MARKLEY
 VIENNA MAY MURPHY
 CHARLOTTE NEWTON
 THERESSA NEWTON
 LINA PARRY
 JANEF PRESTON
 RACHEL RUSHTON
 EULA RUSSELL
 CLOTILE SPENCE
 SARAH STANSELL
 NELLE UPSHAW
 MARGARET WADE
 JULIA WATKINS
 HELEN WATT
 ELLEN WILSON

SILHOUETTE



SILHOUETTE



SILHOUETTE



SILHOUETTE



SILHOUETTE

Junior Class Poem

*Not many days ago to thee we came,
Agnes Scott. Yet three years thy name
Has been ours, thy life we have shared;
And we, thy Junior Class, have dared
To give and take, to mingle praise with blame.
Then how eager were we to declaim
The high place destined for our fame,
And being young no trumpeting we spared
Not many days ago.*

*So in our youth we learned to play the game.
We strove, we won, we counted it but shame
To weaken in the path that was prepared
To scale the heights. O Agnes Scott, we cared
For thee so jealously! Red burned the flame
Not many days ago.*

*The dream is real to-day but years have shown
It made of firmer stuff than we had known.
The flame of our devotion burns more white
Than in the old days, and with steadier light:
Our dream of what devotion is has grown.
O Agnes Scott, thy Juniors are thine own,
And all their high desires for thee alone.
Fashioned by thyself—thy power and might
The dream is real.*

*This is the best of years that too soon are gone:
Smiling we look backward. The mist is being blown
From the way that leads to one clear-shining height.
Woven of toil and laughter and the light
Of comradeship, in deeper fuller tone
The dream is real.*

Junior Prospects and Retrospects

A JUNIOR remarked the other day that this "foot-prints on the sands of time" business wasn't all it was cracked up to be. Which, being interpreted, means she was getting rather nervous over the time, and it's not so very far away, that she'd wander far from the reach of these sheltering arms and become hopelessly numbered with "those who have gone on before." Then, maybe she was wondering how her class was going to develop into the poetic "hero in the strife" and man the good ship Agnes Scott which the present Senior Class is leaving safe in the port of success.

The same Junior, being of a rather reminiscent turn of mind, which is a sign of rapidly advancing age, fell to musing over the time we went to little Dec, in the good old days when ice cream cones were five cents, with our hats on and in dignified and fearful importance at our blissful state of unchaperonedness. Then how we won the cat after many days of agonized practice and most painful and unusual exertion on our part. Next, the glorious day when the championship cup in athletics fell into our somewhat surprised and thoroughly excited hands. The thrills of being asked for Sophomore Sisters—it's almost as good as a proposal and much nicer under the circumstances—haven't been forgotten to this day. The successful hazing of next year's Freshman Class was another jewel in our crown of glory which was beginning to shine very brightly, and must be burnished still brighter to guide the Freshmen of 1920.

The Junior stopped musing. The sudden stop was rather upsetting, since even thoughts of next year's responsibilities and this year's Junior Banquet are large factors even in a day dream. Elections loomed up large and almost terrifying, and the thought of her own dear class being weighed in the balance sent a thrill of pride and awful horror through her. The "found wanting part" never occurred to her. The hopes and joys and aspirations of three long years before the mast were to be materialized in a single short nine months, when one prisses into meals late enough to get a single biscuit, attached somewhere in ancient history to an idea of warmth, inspires awe in younger friends with a somewhat awkward feeling mortar board upon one's upper extremity, while the other extremities dance with the pure joy of living, and especially of living a Senior, dignity thrown in for good measure, at blessed Saint Agnes'. The unspeakable ecstasy of having lights till half past eleven and actually getting to bed in one's right mind and proper state with no thought of years gone by when one groped for night slippers in a closet where traffic was rather congested, and the desired articles strangely hard to find, where evening slippers were the only footwear that could serve the purpose, and they could give little clue to the whereabouts of an equally elusive toothbrush! Then of rising exactly three yawns after the insistent snarl of the bell and knowing that you can appear with your hair fixed and shoes laced both on the same morning and pass in the security of a perfect toilet the eye of the aloof John and the critical Zack.

The Junior began to think over the class' resources and found the ability of her fellow class members strangely diversified. She thought first of the member who married on the twenty-fourth of March, next of numerous diamonds and smiled that

SILHOUETTE

the Senior duty of satisfying Aggie's Gossip column could be amply taken care of. She wondered who would be Hoasc, who Gamma Tau, and she mentally separated a few who had been builders of greater Agnes Scott and a much smaller few who had deserved to touch the seat of the mighty. A President of the Students loomed up tall and serious, but very shadowy and far in the distance. Y. W. C. A. and the various other presidents and editors took their places around her, and she saw her class leading the ever-increasing number of those whom the graduates are wont to sadly name "others beside us," into a love and devotion to our Alma Mater.

The Junior stirred excitedly as she saw herself in long black robes, trying vainly to keep step with the "Ancient of Days," and pretending very hard not to catch the adoring eye of her Sophomore Sister. Then again she saw herself keeping perfect time with the processional and trying to detect the same Sophomore through the thick mist of tears which surrounded her. She hoped there would be tears—they were so romantic—almost like a wedding.

The Junior stopped dreaming entirely. The realization that she must "carry on" swept over her, and in order that she might not "break faith" with her beloved Seniors, she shouldered her books, walked casually by the phone pad and disappeared into the open portals of her next class room.



SILHOUETTE



Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

First Semester

- Laura Oliver President
- Ruth Scandrett Vice-President
- Susan Malone Secretary and Treasurer
- Mary McLellan Executive Members

Second Semester

- Ruth Scandrett
- Georgia Weaver
- Aimee D. Glover
- Mary Knight

MEMBERS

- Sarah Alston
- Helen Barton
- Mary Barton
- Lila Boswell
- Elizabeth Brown
- Glady's Brown
- Nelle Buchanan
- Cama Burgess
- Helen Burkhalter
- Eugene Burum
- Gena Calloway
- Eunice Dean
- Catherine Dennington
- Ruth Evans
- Mary Floding
- Otto Gilbert
- Ivilyn Girardeau
- Aimee D. Glover
- Mary Olive Gunn
- Jenny Hall
- Ruth Hall
- Frances Harper
- Anne Hart

- Marion Hull
- Lilburne Ivey
- Julia Jameson
- Ruth Keiser
- Juanita Kelly
- Mary Knight
- Ruth Laughon
- Roberta Love
- Julia McCullough
- Mary C. McKinney
- Mary McLellan
- Lucy Macrae
- Susan Malone
- Fan Esther Meakin
- Carolyn Moore
- Anne Ruth Moore
- Ruth Moriarty
- Lucia Murchison
- Elizabeth Nichols
- Elizabeth Nisbet
- Frances Oliver
- Laura Oliver

- Mary Parks
- Lois Polhill
- Virginia Pottle
- Emma Proctor
- Ruth Scandrett
- Harriet Scott
- Dorothy Speake
- Althea Stephens
- Frances Stokes
- Annie Mae Strickland
- Martha Lee Taliaferro
- Sarah Till
- Allie Louise Travis
- Amy Twitty
- Ethel Ware
- Marguerite Watkins
- Georgia Weaver
- Mary Wharton
- Alice Whipple
- Frances White
- Elizabeth Williams
- Elizabeth Wilson
- Lucy Wooten

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Sophomore Accomplishments

THE year 1918 will go down through the ages as a red letter year in the history of the world because of two great events. First, it marked the end of the World War, and secondly, it ushered the Class of 1922 within the sacred walls of our Alma Mater. The Class of '22 is an exceptional class—we even admit it ourselves.

We arrived, one hundred and twenty-five strong, arrayed in the usual green. We endured the horrors of Sophomore Week with a smile, taking mental note of the most painful of the tortures in order to better wreak our revenge upon the unsuspecting Class of '23. We realized even then that we were an exceptional class, but it was somewhat difficult to make the other classes get our point of view. The Seniors, in their dignity, absolutely ignored us; the Juniors were very sweet and kind, but their condescension was evident, while the Sophomores lost no opportunity to make us feel our insignificance. This attitude hurt our vanity, and we decided that we must quickly make these upper classmen realize how important we were.

The first thing to do was to win the cat from the confident Sophs. All the ingenious minds in the class got together and the result was the creation of the attractive play, "The Quest of the Cat." The night for the final contest of wits arrived, and excitement reigned supreme. We yelled and we sang, and we—won the cat! That was our first victory, and that inspired us to put our whole souls into our college life—to give everything we could and to derive all the benefits that Agnes Scott held out to us.

The Class of '22 entered into athletics with an enthusiasm which surprised everyone, and we came off with flying colors. Half of the athletic cup belongs to us, because we tied with the Juniors for the athletic honors of the year. In hockey and basket-ball we were stars, and in tennis doubles we won the championship. In both the Gym and track meet our class was among the best, and we showed the same interest in athletics that had marked every other branch of our college life.

In the spring of 1919 we invited the college community to the wedding of Miss Aggie Scott to Mr. B. E. Fund. This beautiful wedding made a picture in the mind of everyone present which will never be forgotten, and the reception held by the mother of the bride after the ceremony was the most elaborate affair of the season.

The Class of '22 has shown an unusual interest in the Endowment Fund, and has made rapid strides towards the raising of its quota. Plays and stunts have been given, and often we have sold peanuts and candy to hungry girls B. E. F. Besides raising a good deal of money for the Endowment last year, we showed our patriotism by buying a Liberty Bond.

Of course, our Freshman year was not always a bed of roses, but our successes so far outnumbered our failures that when we boarded the train on our way home for the summer vacation, we were well pleased with the achievements of the year. Even now, from our lofty height of Sophomore standing, we look back on our Freshman year as being among the happiest of our lives.

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The fall of 1919 marshalled us back into service, under the leadership of Laura, whose enthusiasm and originality have never failed us in any extremity. Although fewer in number we were as before above par in class spirit, and we proceeded with a firm thoroughness to initiate the Freshmen into their new surroundings. Sophomore week lacked neither variety nor spice as '23 will doubtless testify. With our musical comedy—"The Cat That Walked Alone"—we again won the Bronze Cat, and we have the distinction of being the only class in the history of Agnes Scott to win the cat two years in succession. It is an achievement to which we point with pride.

The moon was right when the class of '22 entered A. S. C., and all the auspices were favorable. We have been watched over by a friendly Fortune which we hope will never desert us. May our remaining two years of college life be as pleasant and as profitable as have been our last two.



SILHOUETTE



Freshman Class

OFFICERS

First Semester

POLLY STONE *President*
 DELL BERNHARDT *Vice-President*
 MARY W. CARDWELL *Secretary and Treasurer*
 ELIZABETH HOKE *Executive Members*

Second Semester

POLLY STONE
 MARGARETTA WOMELSDORF
 MARY W. CARDWELL
 ELIZABETH MOLLOY

MEMBERS

fanibel adams
 joyce alexander
 clara mae allen
 imogene allen
 ruth almond
 mary bailey
 martha ballard
 annie sue banks
 janie barnes
 iris battle
 anna bedinger
 kathleen belcher
 dell bernhardt
 cecile bowden
 ruth bowden
 dorothy bowron
 margaret brenger

clara bright
 ruth broach
 pauline broadhurst
 sarah belle broadnax
 ada elizabeth brown
 louise brown
 ruth brown
 sarah bryan
 virginia burum
 mary white caldwell
 elise miner calmes
 eula groves campbell
 maybeth carnes
 ruth carpenter
 minnie merle carter
 willie chappell
 minnie clark

lois compton
 thelma cook
 jessie dean cooper
 alma crenshaw
 louise crosland
 wilmer daniel
 dena danziger
 edythe davis
 rebecca dick
 eileen dodd
 mary key dolvin
 elia ellis
 dorothy elyea
 rosalie engel
 christine evans
 caroline farquhar
 helen faw

WILLOWETTE

marjorie fish
 elizabeth flake
 louise fluker
 margaret foster
 maud foster
 ellen french
 anne gambrell
 josephine gardner
 anna belle glenn
 mary goodrich
 geraldine goodroe
 emily guille
 isabel hall
 sarah mildred ham
 evelyn hannah
 mary harris
 sarah harrison
 quenelle harrold
 anna harwell
 frances harwell
 jessie mae hatcher
 catherine haugh
 margaret hay
 julia heaton
 emma hermann
 mary stewart hewlett
 sarah hightower
 helen hill
 laura mae hill
 elizabeth hoke
 viola hollis
 lucy howard
 ruby hudson
 eleanor hyde
 erskine jarnagin
 margaret jenkins
 myrtle johnson
 frances jordan
 charlotte keesler
 edith kerns
 mary george kincannon
 lillian kirby
 jane knight
 eloise knight
 hazel lamar
 mary lane
 carolyn langford
 christine louise lawrence

concord leake
 margaret leavitt
 maggie ree legg
 virginia liles
 lucile little
 elizabeth lockhart
 josephine logan
 marjorie lowe
 edith mccallie
 emily mccollum
 elizabeth mcclure
 hilda mcconnel
 mary mcurdy
 sarah mcurdy
 martha mcintosh
 myrtle mclaughlin
 ellen mclean
 margaret mclean
 margaret macleod
 mary stewart mcleod
 harriet mcmillan
 rachel maddox
 janie mann
 marguerite martin
 mary matheson
 janet maultsby
 annie byrd maxwell
 anna meade
 susye myms
 mattie moring mitchell
 elizabeth molloy
 ione moore
 lillian moore
 sarah olive moore
 dolores moragues
 lois moriarty
 myrtle murphy
 catherine nash
 carrie belle norton
 fredeva ogletree
 virginia ordway
 isabel page
 elizabeth parham
 margaret parker
 eddith mae patterson
 alethea pinkston
 ruth pirkle
 mary lucia pope

valeria posey
 eugenia pou
 margaret ransom
 elizabeth ransom
 roxie reed
 eugenia rennie
 mildred ryan
 gertrude samuels
 ruth sanders
 martha sasnett
 julie saunders
 dorothy scott
 alma seagle
 merle sellers
 mildred shelton
 catherine shields
 elizabeth smith
 lucile smith
 margaret smith
 mary joe smith
 pearl smith
 martha stansfield
 polly stone
 laurie belle stubbs
 frances stewart
 bess telford
 annie wilson terry
 emily thomas
 margaret thorington
 lucy timmerman
 eunice tomlinson
 nancy tripp
 joy trump
 margaret turner
 nell veal
 alice virden
 ruth virden
 clara waldrop
 marjorie warden
 ruth warner
 eva wassum
 catherine waterfield
 rosa wilkins
 elsie williams
 faustelle williams
 margaretta womelsdorf
 mary wray
 margaret young

STUDENT BODY



SILHOUETTE



The Evolution of a Freshman

It was the seventeenth of September. In one of the dormitories at Agnes Scott a Freshman was sitting on the edge of her bed, waiting for supper. What bliss it was to sit on the bed! Mother never would let her do it at home, but she meant to a lot now—it was so kinder Bohemian. The Freshman had the unsuspecting air of one whose faith in the world had not yet been destroyed by Sophomores. She was thinking that at last she was at college, and how wonderful everything was! She went over to the dresser and looked in the glass.

"I look just the same as I always did; am I really a college Freshman?" she asked herself.

And then the most remarkable thing happened—the glass answered her, in these words:

*"To tell you this I much regret
You are not a Freshman yet."*

"But I have all my entrance credits," the startled Freshman cried. "What else must I have?"

*"Let college spirit come to light
Then you'll be a Freshman right,"*

the glass answered.

"How long will it be till I'm a really, truly Freshman? Will you tell me when I'm one?"

The glass had just finished promising when the clang of the supper bell began, and our Freshman (we shall call her that) went down to her first meal in that huge, bewildering, dining-room.

What a terrible social error she made that very first night! She asked if the girl next to her was a Freshman, and the girl said, "No, dear, I am a Senior." Our poor little Freshman put a brave face on and tried not to look quite as unnecessary as she felt.

There were so many things to do those first few days. She had to look up so many people—the two girls who visited at home every summer, the niece of one of mother's friends, a girl brother had met at a dance.

SILHOUETTE

What a thrill our Freshman got when she found out one of her teachers was a man, and an unmarried one, too! But the thrill of thrills came with the first letters from home. The one from mother began, "Dear daughter off at college—" Our Freshman fairly flew to her magic glass.

"I'm a Freshman now, am I not?" she asked breathlessly.

But the glass said no, she had made a beginning, but she wasn't a sure-enough, honest-to-goodness Freshman yet.

Social events came crowding next. There were little notes from old girls poked in the Freshman's mail-box, asking to take her to this reception or that, and one night a kind Junior carried her to see the Gaineses.

"Now, I am a Freshman, I know, because Dr. Gaines called me one," the Freshman declared to the mirror that night. But it answered,

*"Child, you yet must hear much sorrow—
Sophomore week begins tomorrow."*

Oh, the terrors of Sophomore week! Can the Freshman ever forget the night her class was herded in the chapel to see that long, solemn line of cap and gowned Sophomores file past? Can she ever forget the mode of hair-dressing prescribed by the enemy? All during that week green-ribbon tied pigtailed in the breeze as the Freshman skipped vigorously across the colonnades. She saluted old girls until her poor arm was stiff. They persecuted her not only in the daytime: one night she woke to find her room filled with a ghostly sheet-draped crowd,—Sophomores! She was made to scramble like an egg, to boil like a radiator, to dance on top of the table. When at last the Sophomores had departed, the weary Freshman dragged herself to the mirror.

"Surely I am a Freshman now," she said, pleadingly, but it answered coldly,
*"No, you're not a Freshman yet.
More experiences must you get."*

The Freshman got them, for several days later she found in her mail-box the awful summons to meet the executive committee. At eight o'clock, pale and trembling, she stood before the dread presence. Her knees were making so much fuss knocking together and her heart was pounding so loudly she hardly heard the sentence—one week's restriction. And because she was not up on exec etiquette she stammered out, "Thank you, I'm so much obliged, I'm sure."

Freshman week in the choir rolled round, and our heroine swelled with pride as she took a place on the front row. Horrors! The hymn they gave out she had never heard of, but she bluffed bravely through all seven verses, occasionally hitting a right note.

There were a lot of rah-rah doings about that time, too—class meetings and hockey games and endowment rallies. One afternoon the Freshman put on her best when-Patty-went-to-collegeish-air and swaggered down to the tea-room. There had been midnight feasts, too, where everybody wore kimonas and ate hippolite with a shoe-horn like they do in the movies. As a result of one of the feasts the Freshman spent two days in the infirmary under Miss Dougherty's watchful eye.

Saturday was a day packed full of thrills. That afternoon the Freshman shouldered a box a bacon and joined the hikers. She was in the seventh heaven of delight as they sat around the fire at sunset and sang, but she would not have been so reluctant to come back had she known that sitting on the green plush sofa in the parlor under the portrait of Agnes Scott was a perfectly good date waiting for her.

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She talked to him in the parlor for a while, and then she walked him up and down the hall so the other girls could see him. Tired, but mighty, mighty happy she was as she crawled in bed at eleven o'clock. About midnight she was wakened by the terrible clang of the fire bell. Scared half out of her wits she got in her kimono wrong side out, put her slippers on the wrong feet, and clutching a wet towel, got down in the lobby just in time for roll-call. Later, as she threw her clammy towel on the washstand she turned toward her mirror questioningly.

"Haven't I had experiences enough yet?" she asked.

"Almost," the mirror answered. "You know about the college life now. There remains but one experience before you'll be a really, truly Freshman."

It came the next week. Tests! How the Freshman boned the night before until she could say the book by heart, how panicky she got the next morning when she realized she had forgotten everything she knew. At the end of the last test, the Freshman, completely worn out, dragged herself to the mirror.

"Am I now?" she asked.

"Yes," the glass answered. "You've tasted the joys and sorrows of the life here, you're learned what college spirit really is, so now instead of being the mere Freshman you're listed in the catalogue as, you are really a college Freshman."

MEMORIAL

In Memoriam

Anna Virginia Bedinger

1902-1920

MILQUETTE



Irregular Class

OFFICERS

First Semester

VIVIAN GREGORY *President*
 GLADYS BROWN *Vice-President*
 CAROLINE HUTTER *Secretary and Treasurer*
 *Executive Member*
 COMA McCASKILL

Second Semester

VIVIAN GREGORY
 GLADYS BROWN
 CAROLINE HUTTER

MEMBERS

THIRD YEAR

VIVIAN GREGORY MARTHA LAING JULIA TOMLINSON

SECOND YEAR

HALLIE CRANFORD COMA McCASKILL MARY ROBERTS
 VIRGINIA CRANK JOYCE McLELLAN CATHERINE SMITH
 CAROLINE HUTTER JULIA WHALEY

FIRST YEAR

ETHELYN ALLEN MARTHA BAKER EVELYN COHEN
 CARRIE ALLISON ETHEL BITTICK MARY COOPER
 FRANCES ARANT EVA BONISKE HARRIET COSTIN
 ELIZABETH ARMSTRONG ADELINE BOSTICK ESSIE CRAIG
 LUCILLE BAILEY ETHEL COCKRELL ELIZABETH DICKSON

SILHOUETTE

MILDRED DISMUKES
ROWENA DORN
NELLE DUKE
ACHSAH EDWARDS
NELL ESSLINGER
ESLIE FAIRLEY
ANNE FARMER
ESTELLE GARDNER
ANNA JENNINGS
CLARA JOHNS
LYDIA KIMBROUGH
ELIZABETH KING
ELIZABETH LIGON
PARRISH LITTLE
MARGARET MCCOLGAN
MARY MACK
HELEN MAY
CAROLINE MOODY

ALEX MORRISON
SUSIE REID MORTON
MARGARET NEAL
HARRIET NOYES
BESSIE RADCLIFFE
CLARISSE READ
FRANCES REED
WILDA RICHARDSON
ANNIE RUTH GRIFFIS
DORIS GUILLE
HELEN GUY
LULA HAMMETT
LOULIE HENDRICK
RUTH RICKARBY
LEILA RIVENBARK
ROSALIE ROBINSON
EDITH RUFF
SUSAN RUSSELL

ANNIE SHURMAN
CHRISTINE SINCLAIR
OLIVE SMITH
LILLA MAE STANTON
ANABEL STITH
MARY STONE
ELIZABETH STROUD
BENITA TAYLOR
MARGARET TERRY
MARGARET WALKER
HELEN WATKINS
JESSIE WATTS
IRENE WATTS
MARY LEE WILHELM
MARY WILLIAMS
PEARL WOODWARD
MARGARET YEAGER
NELLIE YOUNG

SPECIAL STUDENTS

HELEN CHRISTIE
FRANCES DOWNING
LENA FELDMAN
DOROTHY HAIRE

RHEA KING
SARAH KINMAN
MARY MALONE
ANNIE MILLER

BLANCH RYAN
ARMINE WATKINS
LUETTIE WOODWARD
BESSIE ZABAN

An Irregular

*I stood on knees that trembled
As THE COMMITTEE looked me o'er,
And gave their final verdict
In words that vexed me sore.*

*"Irregular," shouted Miss McKinney,
"Is the class you'll be in here?"
I felt as tho' I were disgraced—
Outcast—forsaken for e'er.*

*"You'll never have the glory
Of receiving the coveted A.B.
Unless you work in the summer
And bring some more units to me.*

*"You'll be looked down upon by girls
To whom Latin and Math are dear,"
She added in an awful voice
That filled me full of fear.*

*So I left that awful room
With a heart as heavy as lead
And swept along the colonnade
Half fearing to lift my head.*

*But now that is all over
And I'm as proud as I can be
To lift my head above the rest
And say, "Irregular—that's me!"*

SILKOLLETTE



SILHOUETTE

What's the Use?

*Very wise and learned folks this maxim
I've heard speak:
"School days are the happiest"—their
Brains must have a leak.
Trying strenuous college life for
Quite a lonesome while;
Working fifteen hours a day and
Living on hard tack,
Hearing dry statistics all about
The Nation's lack
Makes the crying need of all the
Ages seem to be,
"Ought to be some mighty changes
Out at A. S. C."*

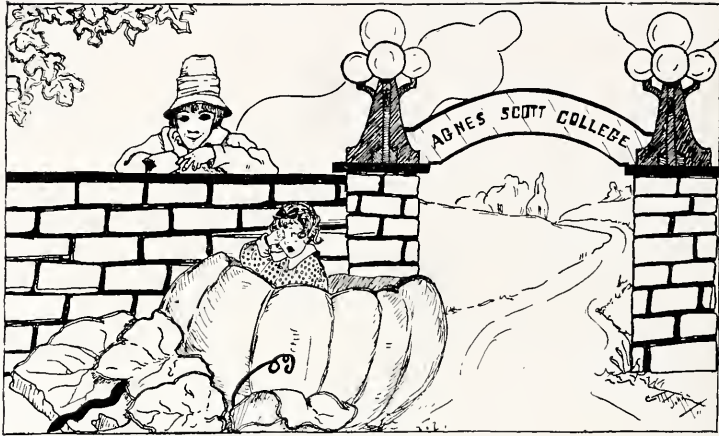
CHORUS:

*For what's the
Use of learning forty 'leven lessons
If tomorrow brings still more?
Of what's the use in people's using
Concentration when to study's such a bore.
Oh, what's the use in always turning
In at 'leven when the 'larm clocks rings at four.
With a higher education
And ten hours' recitation
As a pleasant recreation
What's the use?*



Hark , hark , the dogs do bark ,
Organizations have we here ,
Workers that keep our spirit up
Shroughout the live long year .

SUUNQUETTE



Executive Committee

JULIA HAGOOD	<i>President</i>
BEFF ALLEN	<i>First Vice-President</i>
MARGARET WINSLETT	<i>Second Vice-President</i>
LULIE HARRIS	<i>Third Vice-President</i>
MARGARET McLAUGHLIN	<i>Secretary</i>
CHARLOTTE NEWTON	<i>Treasurer</i>
ANNE HOUSTON	<i>Senior Representatives</i>
VIRGINIA McLAUGHLIN	
FANNIE McCAE }	<i>Junior Representatives</i>
JEAN McALLISTER }	
MARY KNIGHT }	<i>Sophomore Representatives</i>
MARY McLELLAN }	
ELIZABETH MOLLOY }	<i>Freshman Representatives</i>
ELIZABETH HOKE }	
COMA McCASKILL	<i>Irregular Representative</i>

SILHOUETTE



Student Government Conference at Wilson College

THE annual conference of the Woman's Inter-collegiate Association for Student Government met at Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, from November 20 to November 22, 1919. Agnes Scott, as a member of the association, sent the two delegates to which she was entitled, the president of our organization, Julia Hagood, and a representative from the Junior class, Frances Charlotte Markley. Among the forty-six colleges represented, Agnes Scott was one of the three Southern colleges. Any college east of the Mississippi is eligible to membership in this association, which gives an A.B. or B.S. degree, in which preparatory schools are not included in Student Government organizations, and having an average of thirty or more women in the graduating class.

The purpose of the association is to discuss the interest of the Student Governments of the different colleges, for mutual help and suggestion. The conference this year succeeded admirably in this purpose, for the discussions at the closed, as well as the open meetings, certainly gave every college a broader viewpoint, and many helpful ideas. One of the best results of a conference of this kind is the inspiration which comes from meeting together with girls who are interested in the same problems, and who are trying to work out new plans for the advantage of their colleges.

The topics discussed included the attitude of the students toward self-government; the relation of faculty and students, the machinery of self-government, and the extent to which the Student Government Association regulates all student activities. Such questions as these were considered, too,—the cut system, the honor system, relationship between the faculty and student publications, and light regulations. Agnes Scott is especially interested in everything referring to such matters, and she was able to give as well as take suggestions along these lines.

Wilson College had arranged a most enjoyable social time, which began the minute the delegates arrived at the station. After a welcoming tea everyone felt at home, and was able to enter into the conference with warmth, in spite of the coldness of the weather. The dramatic club presented *Lady Windemere's Fan*, which was given unusually well. But the crowning event was the trip to Gettysburg Battle Field, in automobiles, over sixty miles of the Lincoln Highway through the heart of the Allegheny Mountains. The official end of the conference was the last business session, but the real end—as far as our two girls were concerned—was not reached until they saw the tower of Main Building again.

Who'd Have Thought It? A True Meeting of Exec!

7:15 MONDAY NIGHT

Straggling up Gym steps—

"Everybody bring a chair."

Voice from Exec room—

"Got enough now, Lulie's not coming, got a date, don't bring any more, Jean."
All congregated at last.

"Phew! Anything exciting, Jule?" This from Anne.

"Not particularly, but Beff, we have got to do something with that third floor Main bunch! They just persist in washing their stockings after lights, and they have just simply got to learn that they can't keep breaking rules and taking the penalty for it. We aren't running a kindergarten or a reformatory!"

Coma: "Let's don't meet long because I've got French prose tomorrow and haven't cracked it."

Marg. W.: "I say so, too, shuffle 'em in, Charlotte."

Jule: "How many have you, Jean?"

Jean: "Just two. My children have been good. Take —— first. She's scared to death. Three knocks!" (Enter.)

Jule: "——, you've been reported for three knocks, so you'll be restricted for a week. I mean campused three days, beginning in the morning. This campus takes the place of restriction during quarantine. And you understand what campus means?"

——: "Yes mam! Not to leave the campus?"

Jule: "Yes."

—— (Still waiting).

Jule: "That will be all."

——: "Yes, mam! Thank you, mam!" and backs out.

Door closes. Snicker, snicker, from the side lines.

F. McC.: "She hated to leave us, didn't she?"

M. McL.: "Poor kid."

M. W.: "Jule, I. B. broke the three-minute rule coming home from church Sunday, but she reported it to me when she got back. She's out there now."

Jule: "All right, Charlotte, get her next."

I. B. enters with eyes as big as buckets, and trembling quite audibly.

Jule: "I., you reported yesterday that you broke the three-minute rule, is this true?"

I.: "Y—y—yes—m—mam. But I w—want to t—t—tell you all how it was. You see this b—b—boy was from my h—home and I didn't even know he was h—h—here. He just c—c—came up to me kinda sudden and t—t—tipped his hat and began to talk and—"

Jule: "Yes, I., I think we can see your side of the question."

MILKOVETTE



Y. W. C. A.

MANY a Freshman examines the sign on the door of the little room in Rebekah Scott: "Y. W. C. A. Reading Room, open to all except dates," and wonders why dates are excluded. But it is not long before they see in very material ways what has happened in this little room of so much more importance than dates.

It is here that the cabinet and its committees meet and plan so many of the things that make our college life fuller. It is the social department that gives us our warm welcome expressed in their helpful summer letters and cheerful parties given in our homesick periods. Here are planned the meetings for evening watch and Sunday night services, which gatherings give a touch of spiritual intimacy so needed in the busy round of our college days. Here the publicity department plans ways to keep us in touch with "What's What On and Off the Campus," through her most attractive bulletin board.

Here the financial department struggles to make our "Dues and Pledges" cover all the organization's needs. For her interest is not confined to the campus, but extends to students in distant lands. But to have this world-wide fellowship it is necessary to know something of these students, and this is the task of the World Fellowship department. Through study in her Sunday morning classes she brings them closer and makes them more real to us. An "off campus" activity still closer at home is that of the Social Service department through whom each girl is given an opportunity to do actual service in the many charity organizations of the community.

To the girls acquainted with the Y. W. C. A., there is a depth of meaning in the "sign" on the door. It is a meaning which calls to mind the big purpose and the many sides of the organization and the happy experiences for which the little room has been responsible.

SILHOUETTES



Y. M. C. A. Cabinet

MARY BURNETT
President

MARGARET BLAND
Vice-Pres.; Chmn. Membership Department
VIRGINIA McLAUGHLIN
Secretary; Chairman Publicity Department
MARGARET BELL
Treasurer; Chairman Finance Department

LOIS MacINTYRE
Chairman Social Service Department
ANNE HOUSTON
Chairman Social Department
JANEY NEWTON
Chairman World Fellowship Department
ELLEN WILSON
Chairman Religious Work Department
CHARLOTTE BELL
Sub. Annual Member

SILHOUETTE



Blue Ridge

B LUE Ridge! Oh, no, those nine letters do not call up the same emotions as Blue Monday, or any of these new fashion, popular Blues that are being banged out of long suffering pianos. Blue Ridge means quiet and joy, and love and girls. The Blue part of it is the most wonderful shade of a June sky that anyone can imagine; and the Ridge part is the glorious view of mountains that meets your eyes in the morning, when you're rushing to breakfast; at noon, when you're sitting on the porch of Robert E. Lee Hall, gazing into the blue distance, and at night, when the sheen of the sunset gradually turns into the deep night shades, with a wondrous moon over all!

But Blue Ridge partly means to every Agnes Scotter, that little cottage on the mountain side, with the Agnes Scott sign on the door, which is home to us for ten days. There are memories of pillow fights on the sleeping porch, or singing to Randolph-Macon, who is just behind us. But the best part of every day is when we sit around the fireplace at night, toasting marshmallows, discussing everything, and everybody.

Blue Ridge is, in reality, the conference grounds in North Carolina, to which we send delegates for the student Y. W. C. A. conference of all the colleges in the southeastern field. The fine part is that everyone who goes can have the grandest ten days of her life, right among the girls that she loves, and the girls who have the interest of the same college at heart. Up there among the mountains one gains faith anew, and comes down from the heights prepared to put into practice the ideals which she has discovered. For there she has heard, or talked with, men and women who stand for the best and highest in life, who are working with all their heart, and soul to help us solve our problems.

Life there is crowded to the utmost with good things — lectures, stunts,

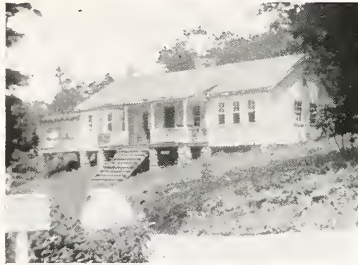


SILHOUETTE

singing, hiking, swimming and food! Even classes take on the attractive shape of a thing much to be desired, and longed for. Standing in the water line, then rushing to breakfast, has added charm when one knows that six hundred other girls are going through the same agony. When all of them sit on the steps and sing, there is such a melody in the air that one wants to sing on and on, without stopping. Walking along the little paths through the woods, only to find at the end a glorious view of the mountains, or a clear spring, overhung with ferns, is like finding a treasure. The only difference is that no one can ever take away this pleasure from your soul.

To everyone who has ever been at Blue Ridge there is some special feature which looms forth as the highest point of happiness and joy. But to all the loveliest time, the one that we like best to remember is—

*"Quiet evening after service,
A stillness in the air
Sunset out beyond the mountain,
In each heart a prayer."*



SILHOUETTE



Des Moines Student Volunteer Convention

ALL off for Des Moines! That was joy enough. All the excitement of "being chosen" at Agnes Scott, of telling the homefolks good-bye, and of chatting with the Pennsylvania State boys on the way up became insignificant in comparison with the thrills of actually being at the conference. The conductor looked rather astonished when all those myriads of people filed out with such pervading smiles of anticipation, but when the Agnes Scott delegation tramped out he only muttered something about Georgia (ostensibly rolling the r) and let us go at that.

Then came more excitement! We crossed the street in the real snow (the kind that actually makes the ground white), checked our baggage, and in about fifteen minutes we were at the first session of the Eighth International Student Volunteer Convention.

As soon as we could regain our normal temperature and realize that we actually were there—we naturally looked around to see what we had come to anyway. This is what we saw—eight thousand students representing every college and university in the United States and forty-two foreign nations. Among the foreign delegates there were students from Canada, South America, Asiatic countries, the Far East, Africa, and Australia. So you see how we must have felt queer among so many strangers. But just as we were about to sink back into insignificance we noticed something else that helped us keep our equilibrium. That was the unity of purpose that all those eight thousand students had. As all that throng sang together "Onward Christian Soldiers," we felt the throb of a common pulse, and as Dr. Mott expressed it, we became united in the desire "to realize common dreams." And all during that conference, as the most wonderful men in all the world addressed us, we felt that we were beginning to catch the bigger vision and to lay a foundation for the realization of our common dreams.

But meetings weren't the only interesting feature of the Des Moines convention. Realizing that work and recreation go hand in hand, the delegates from Agnes Scott did full justice to the recreational part of the Convention. Strange as it may seem, meals at Des Moines were one of the most important recreational features. It might seem too high flown to speak of the aristocratic company in which we had most of our meals at the Harrison-Emery Tea Room, but you just must know about a few separate engagements of your delegates. One of the most serious members of the delegation had lunch with two young ministers (undetached, too!). Then our most prominent Y. W. C. A. worker at Agnes Scott lunched with a secretary from the National Board, and our most efficient chaperone breakfasted most every morning with a family of a very important speaker. But meals weren't the only diversion. Our underclassmen delegates found one afternoon a form of recreation that was funny and unusual, but at the same time something wholesome which, as they said, made for character building. Strange, isn't it?

And so all the days of the conference were spent both profitably and pleasantly. If such a wonderful existence could only have lasted longer than three days. Still, when the Dixie Flyer pulled out for Atlanta, the Agnes Scott delegates were glad to leave behind all the joys of Des Moines, and come back to Agnes Scott and the Sunny South.

Student Volunteer Association of Agnes Scott College

WHO are we, what are we, why are we? For the benefit of some who seem to misunderstand what a Student Volunteer is, let us discard first all those things he or she is not—a Student Volunteer is neither a “queer” person, nor a religious fanatic, nor a superhumanly good person. A Student Volunteer is, on the other hand, a perfectly human somebody who is planning to join that great army of people who are going out carrying the message of Christianity to the four corners of the earth. In other words—college for him or her is a sort of R. O. T. C., in which the volunteer leads a perfectly normal human life.

The organization in which A. S. C. has six members is the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, an international, interdenominational movement organized thirty-three years ago. It is not a missionary board, but is a recruiting agency for all the denominational boards. Each year it publishes a list of the calls of these boards for red-blooded young men and women to go out as college professors and presidents, as preachers, teachers, farmers, industrial and social workers, as dentists and physicians—but always and above all as messengers of the Word. It is in answer to such calls that over seven thousand student volunteers have actually sailed to the foreign field.

Here at Agnes Scott, as in most colleges, the volunteers have their own band, which has its weekly meetings, and are also as individual members of a union—the Atlanta Student Volunteer Union of about forty members from “Tech,” Emory, Atlanta at large, and Agnes Scott. This union holds monthly meetings, and through it Agnes Scott volunteers have gone out individually to various young people’s unions to present the call for “new recruits.” But the great achievement of the Atlanta Union during 1919-20 was the meeting at the Wesley Memorial Church, where six or eight hundred representatives of the various young peoples’ societies of Atlanta were present. Agnes Scott was represented on the program not only by two present students and one former student who has not yet “sailed,” but also by Mrs. Mott Martin, home from Africa, where she is a missionary. The Agnes Scott volunteers are also making plans to be represented at the Georgia State Convention, which is to meet at Athens this spring.

The Agnes Scott band consists this year of Edith Kearns, Eloise Knight, Sarah Kinman, Mary Goodrich, and Anna Marie Landress, the leader. Agnes Scott is also represented by two officers in the Atlanta union, where Edith Kearns is treasurer and Anna Marie Landress is president.

The hope of A. S. C.’s volunteers, that for which they most long, is that in a few years they, too, may be placed on that list of Agnes Scott girls who have heard the call and have literally gone to the four corners of the earth:

Miss Emily Win, Korea.
 Miss Lillie Lathrop, Kunsan, Korea.
 Mrs. Annie Wylie Preston, Socuchun, Korea.
 Mrs. Bell Dunnington Sloan, China.
 Miss Agnes White, Yencheng, China.
 Miss Anna Sykes, Kiangyin, China.
 Miss Elizabeth Gammon, Habras, Brazil.
 Miss Ora Glenn, Brazil.
 Mrs. Mott Martin, Luebo, Africa.
 Miss Sarah Hansell, Magoya, Japan.
 Mrs. Etta Ramsey Phillips, Yucatan.
 Miss Clifford Hunter, China.
 Miss Nellie Kandin, Seoul, Korea. (Died in Korea).
 Mrs. Mary Thompson Stevens, China. (Died in China).
 Mrs. Bull (teacher), China.
 Miss Alby (teacher), China.
 Miss Collon, Chungu, Korea.
 Julia Pratt (Mrs. Geo. W. Taylor), Pernambuco, Brazil.

SILHOUETTE



French Orphans

JEAN DIRON

MARIE DUCASSE

MADLINE DESCHAMPS

SILHOUETTE



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MILKOVETTE



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SILHOUETTE



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		MARY FLOODING	

The Legend of the Monument

*A century or so from now
When other feet these halls shall throng,
The students shall in reverence bow
Before a marble column high,
And standing 'round shall sing a song
To those who underneath it lie.*

*And when a stranger passing near
Shall stop to look and to admire,
And ask the reason why it's there,
Someone shall say in wonderment,
"Have you not heard the story, sire,
The legend of this monument?"*

*"Low underneath it lie the bones
Of many maidens, who, 'tis said,
By working late and all alone
To make the publications run,
First lost their health and soon were dead
For lack of aid and lack of 'mun."*

*"It is a tale of martyrdom,
Of early death for worthy cause.
Appeals for help when none did come,
Of cruel toil without reward."
Then sadly shall the speaker pause
To read the names the stones record.*

EPITAPH

*That those who lie beneath this sod
Shall not have died in vain,
The hard and thorny paths they trod
Be known not to a future day,
Heed well the lesson that they taught
And help all editors, I pray.*



See-saw, for gymnasium law
is exercise every day;
Basket-ball, tennis, hockey,
hiking, or just any way.

ALBUQUETTE



Athletic Officers

LOIS MACINTYRE	<i>President</i>
MARIAN McCAMY	<i>Vice-President</i>
CAROLINE FARQUHAR	<i>Secretary</i>
MARGARET McLAUGHLIN	<i>Treasurer</i>

SILHOUETTE



SILHOUETTE



What's the Use of Gym?

READ THIS AND KNOW, PERHAPS, FOR THE FIRST TIME

GYM is the one department in a liberal arts college where one may receive a vocational training.

"Forward March!" "To the rear!"—such military experience fits one for warfare, either foreign or domestic, as well as for holding high commissions in the national army when that, like the bar and the ballot, is opened to women.

Or, if the League of Nations makes army life too tame, a graduate of Agnes Scott's gym classes will be thoroughly prepared for the hazardous rope-ladder life of a pirate, or the thrilling adventures of a movie actress.

In fact, the latter calling seems to be the sole object of a great deal of the apparatus work. Every few weeks some bold spirit lassoes our dashing brown Dobbin, and bravely holds his head while stars that have not yet risen learn to ride in broncho-busting wild West pictures. We could heroically scale the sides of burning buildings, if we had a professional photographer to give the proper illusion of height.

Yes, we can see the practical value that this gym training will have for us when we are ready to choose our careers. At present, however, gym is largely a necessary nuisance.

Not that the modern American girl does not enjoy putting on bloomers and tennis shoes and reverting to the pleasures of her Darwinian ancestors. But, unfortunately, gym always comes at a time when you specially want to do something else.

Gym, itself, is indeed no bore to one who has a sense of humor. She can laugh at the girl who always turns to the left when the instructor calls "Right About!"; at the girl who always bruises her knee in vaulting the horse; at the one who is incurably stiff and studied in the folk dances—a girl with a sense of humor could laugh at these mistakes, if she were not always the one who makes them.

SILHOUETTE



THE WEARERS OF THE A. S.

Take a Hike With Me

TO begin with, I'm going to tell you what a real Agnes Scott hike is. It is a nice, long, brisk walk with the wind at our back and fifteen cents tied in one corner of your handkerchief to pay for your supper. Most of our hikes take place in the afternoon and continue into the night, but occasionally we have them in the morning as we did Thanksgiving.

Now, I'm going to take you with us on a hike, a typical one. The day before a hike takes place Fan announces it in chapel and warns us to sign up before noon on the bulletin board over the drinking fountain. We all sign up right after chapel, and immediately we lay aside our fifteen cents. We also make sure that our best chum is to walk beside us.

At last the starting time draws nigh and we leave the steps of Main for the open country. As soon as we get good and started, strains of seraphic music break forth from our ranks as we indulge in celestial, I mean vecal, harmony. The only time some of us are allowed to sing is on a hike. Well, we walk and shout for a mile or so and then Fan makes us stop and get ready to cook supper. Oh! no, we are never hungry on a hike; in fact, we hardly ever touch a thing! (Sarcasm). We build a fire or two and, oh! the smell of the "weenies" and bacon that fills the air! My, I can smell that food yet.

We eat just codles and then someone discovers that Fan has provided a surprise in the shape of marshmallows. What a scuffle there is then. At last everybody has several of the white dainties on the end of her toasting stick and peace reigns. Next, the moon comes up, smiling to see us so contented, but telling us it is time to leave. We get under way with sighs of reluctance and soon the singing breaks out again. We warble all along the dark path homeward and reach the college just in time to hear the debates.

Come on, let's give fifteen for the hike and fifteen more for Fan, who makes hikes possible!

1—2—3—!!!!

SILHOUETTE



SILHOUETTE



Hockey Teams

SENIOR

JULIA HAGOOD	}	Center Forward
ANNE HOUSTON			
MARY BURNETT			Left Forward
JULIET FOSTER	}	Right Forward
MARGARET BLAND			
BEFF ALLEN			Center Half Back
VIRGINIA McLAUGHLIN	}	Left Half Back
MARION McCAMY			
M. WINSLETT	}	Right Half Back
M. SANDERS			
ALICE COOPER			Left Wing
LOIS MacINTYRE			Right Wing
MARION McPHAIL			Left Full Back
LOUISE SLACK			Right Full Back
JULIA REASONER			Goal Keeper

SOPHOMORE

MARY KNIGHT
AIMEE D. GLOVER
HELEN BURKHALTER
ELIZABETH WILSON
SUSAN MALONE
CAROLINE MOORE
FRANCES HARPER
JUANITA KELLY
GEORGIA WEAVER
ALICE WHIPPLE
LAURA OLIVER



SILHOUETTES



Hockey Teams

JUNIOR		FRESHMAN
HELEN WAYT	<i>Center Forward</i>	HILDA McCONNELL
JEAN McALLISTER	<i>Left Forward</i>	JOYCE ALEXANDER
ELIZABETH FLODING	<i>Right Forward</i>	LOIS McCLEAN
CHARLOTTE NEWTON	<i>Center Half Back</i>	BETH McCLURE
"Sis" JONES	<i>Left Half Back</i>	EMILY GUILLE
CAROLINE AGEE	<i>Right Half Back</i>	ROSALIE ENGEL
MARGARET McLAUGHLIN	<i>Left Wing</i>	MARGARET HAY
DOROTHY ALLEN	<i>Right Wing</i>	RUTH BOWDEN
THERESA NEWTON	<i>Left Full Back</i>	EMMA HERMANN
MYRTLE BLACKMON	<i>Right Full Back</i>	MARGARETTA WOMELSDORF
PEGGY BELL	<i>Goal Keeper</i>	VIRGINIA BURUM
SUBS—		
MARGARET WADE		Alice VIRDEN
FANNY McCAa		G. SAMUELS
ANNA MARIE LANDRESS		ELIZABETH MOLLOY
EULA RUSSELL		MARGARET RANSOM



The Miserable Moan of a Mutilated Hockey Player

*Can I reach the top of the stairs?
Can I kneel on the floor for my prayers?
When my joints all ache
Every step that I take?
Can it be that I'm aging with cares?*

*My eye has a look of despair,
A pain ridden, cold, stony stare.
Education they say?
Well, it's life that is gay,
If you only are willing to dare.*

*My room mate, whom I do declare
Is the gentlest of all that are fair,
Puts her arm around me
And at once I must flee,
I'm sore to the touch everywhere.*

*Dr. Sweet said with unfeeling glare.—
"A bottle of Sloan's Liniment there
May give you some aid,
But I'm very much afraid
That the soreness will just have to wear."*

*Now I know you are puzzling your brain
To decide how this terrible pain
At all is concerning
My search after learning.
Why it's clear as the sunshine, or rain!*

*You see we must all be athletic,
In fact we must be energetic;
So to hockey I've turned,
And my bridges I've burned.
My present condition's pathetic.*



Senior Basket-Ball Team

Forwards—

RUTH CROWELL
JULIET FOSTER
VIRGINIA McLAUGHLIN

Centers—

JULE HAGOOD
MARGARET BLAND
ANNE HOUSTON

Guards—

MARIAN McCAMY
LOIS MacINTYRE (Capt.)
JULIA REASONER

SILHOUETTE



Sophomore Basket-Ball Team

Forwards—

FRANCES HARPER
RUTH BROWN
ELIZABETH NISBET

Centers—

ALTHEA STEPHENS (Capt.)
LUCY WOOTEN
ROBERTA LOVE

Guards—

GEORGIA WEAVER
SUSAN MALONE
FRANCES WHITE

SILHOUETTE



Junior Basket-Ball Team

Forwards—

MARGARET McLAUGHLIN
HELEN WAYT
CAROLINE ACEE

Centers—

AUGUSTA BREWER (Capt.)
AMY TWITTY
EUGENIA JOHNSTON

Guards—

JEAN McALLISTER
THERESA NEWTON
ELIZABETH FLODING



Freshman Basket-Ball Team

Forwards—

BETH McCLURE (Capt.)
MARGARET HAY
ALMA SEGAL

Centers—

CONCORD LEAK
IRIS BATTLE
ANNA MEADE
JOYCE ALEXANDER

Guards—

HILDA McCONNELL
EUGENIA POU
LOIS MORIARTY



Irregular Basket-Ball Team

Forwards—

GLADYS BROWN
ELIZABETH STROUD
RHEA KING

Centers—

JULIA HEATON
LUCILE BAILEY
HARRIET NOYES (Capt.)

Guards—

ELIZABETH ARMSTRONG
ALEX MORRISON
COMA McCASKILL

SILHOUETTE



Tennis Championships

SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIPS

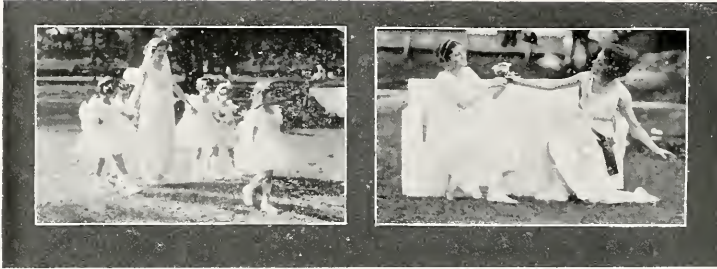
MARIAN McCAMY	.		<i>Singles</i>
ELIZABETH BROWN	}		
ELIZABETH NISBET	}		<i>Doubles</i>

CLASS CHAMPIONSHIPS

LLEWELLYN WILBURN '19	}		<i>Doubles</i>
ELIZABETH WATKINS '19	}		
MARIAN McCAMY '20	}		
VIRGINIA McLAUGHLIN '20	}		<i>Doubles</i>
MARGARET McLAUGHLIN '21	}		
DOT ALLEN '21	}		<i>Doubles</i>
ELIZABETH BROWN '22	}		
ELIZABETH NISBET '22	}		<i>Doubles</i>
LLEWELLYN WILBURN '19	.		<i>Singles</i>
MARIAN McCAMY, '20	.		
DOT ALLEN '21	.		<i>Singles</i>
GEORGIA WEAVER '22	.		<i>Singles</i>

SILHOUETTE





May Day

IT was May Day and the campus was covered with long quiet shadows, broken by patches of afternoon sunlight. The tree-bordered plot in front of Inman was surrounded by a great crowd of visitors who had come to see Agnes Scott pay its annual tribute to the coming of spring. The plot itself, which was to be the scene of the festival—at other times a mere bit of the college campus,—had now become a woodland grove, where one would not have felt it unfitting to see the shepherds of Theocritus, or Anacreon's vine-crowned Dionysius wandering with their pipes, or sporting with the shaggy satyrs. Against a background of dark trees stood a pillared shrine, which showed very white in contrast to the green of the trees about it. It was a shrine sacred to Aphrodite, goddess of Love and Beauty, and near it was to be enacted a story of the age when Zeus ruled on Olympus and all earth obeyed his nod.

The coming of the new season brought the Nymphs of Spring to the grove. Dressed in the green of the first little leaves which venture out after winter is past, they danced on the grass before the shrine. When their dance was ended, new visitors came to the grove. These were Psyche, loveliest of all maidens, and her playmates, who had come to frolic there. Then began the story of Psyche's great adventure with Eros, god of Love, and the alternating bits of sorrow and joy which filled it. Psyche, a slender figure in her dress of palest blue, danced with her companions. Aphrodite, tall and regal goddess, with her stately attendants, moved about in ceremonial dance, and at her bidding, the misty-blue, poppy-wreathed Spirits of Sleep surrounded Psyche within the grove.

In an interlude between the two episodes of the story itself, the Spirits of Summer held their revels before the shrine. Dressed in soft shades of rose and yellow, veiled in pale green, they circled about in their dance until they were driven away by the Nymphs of Autumn, who came in a whirl of colored leaves. Autumn in turn gave way to the Spirits of Winter. These were dressed in white; even their hair was white, and from their arms fell a cloud of snowflakes. Then once again came the Nymphs of Spring, who marked the end of the interlude.

CIVICOMETTE

The story of Psyche went forward. At Aphrodite's command she was laid under the spell of the Shadows of Night, who were robed in very long grey mantles, their black hair bound with silver bands. With them came the little Fireflies, tiny creatures all in black and gold, who threaded their way in and out among the shadows. The mischievous spirits, Imagination, Discontent and Curiosity, tempted Psyche to her harm, but in the end forgiveness was granted to her, and Hermes, with wings on hat and sandals, came to bring her the precious draught of immortality. Then Eros and Psyche, reunited, danced together in new-found happiness. As the white-clad couple moved about before the shrine, from the back of it came four tiny little spirits, bringing a crown of flowers for Psyche, who stood forth now not only as the central figure of an old Greek myth, but as Agnes Scott's Queen of the May. As the crown was placed on her head, all those who had played a part in her story came forth from the shrine and in one long procession, nymphs, mortals, spirits and goddesses followed Psyche and Eros as they slowly left the grove.

Again the grove of the nymphs and goddesses of the long-ago age was but a part of the campus, but the audience, as they scattered, carried with them memories of a very lovely festival, by which Agnes Scott had shown honor to the coming of May.

CAST:

PSYCHE, a maiden	<i>Lucy Durr</i>
EROS, God of Love	<i>Rhea King</i>
APHRODITE, Goddess of Beauty	<i>Llewellyn Wilburn</i>
HERMES, Messenger of the Gods	<i>Lois MacIntyre</i>
CURIOSITY	<i>Elizabeth Nisbet</i>
DISCONTENT	<i>Eleanor Carpenter</i>
IMAGINATION	<i>Sarah McCarty</i>

Nymphs, Playmates, Spirits of Sleep, Shadows of Night, Fireflies, Mortals.



SILHOUETTE



SARAH DAVIS

Student Treasurer

*Sara's in the Soc. room,
Taking in the budget,
Girl is in her own room,
Wondering how to judge it.
Student Treasurer gets it.
Tells them why she must,
Girl now glad she lets it
Go without a fuss.*

*Sing a song of business,
A Student Treasurer, too,
When it comes to getting money,
She knows just what to do.
We owe our Student Treasurer
Much more than we can pay—
How much she helps the college
Tis impossible to say.*



Jit for fat, butter for fat,
Spite the coal pile, they stand pat.

SILHOETTE

Propylean Debating Society

MEMBERS

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WILHOVETTE

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SILHOUETTE

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Reinstatement of Debating Societies and the S. N.-A. S. C. Debate

"TO be, or not to be"—and this *was* the question that perplexed the Propylean and Mnemosynean Debating Societies in September, 1919. Some people held that these respective organizations were dead and advanced the policy of "not to be," advocating a decent funeral for the colors and a sigh of suppressed relief as the once "big things" of Agnes Scott passed into oblivion. But there were others who advanced the argument that henceforth and forever the debating societies should "be" as they have never been before.

To these optimistic Agnes Scotters came the victory and debates have flourished this year even more than in the grand old days when the debate with Sophie Newcomb was the most thrilling event in an Agnes Scott girl's life. Again the "Blue and Yellow" has entered in bitter conflict against the "Green and White" to capture the loving cup; and, better still, again our old friend Sophie Newcomb has been challenged and met on the battlefield!

It all came about this way—to bring back their ancient vigor, the societies decided to have a debate on the coal subject: "Resolved, That the government should own and operate the coal mines." And then something happened—we found that the old capacity for debating was still in the make-up of Agnes Scott students—so we challenged Sophie Newcomb.

Then came the climax—Sophie Newcomb chose the subject and Agnes Scott chose the side. Week after week, Props and Mnemosyneans debated on the all important subject, "Resolved, That the mandatory clause as expressed in the covenant of the League of Nations is for the benefit of human progress." Then the Inter-Society Debate came off, thrilling, of course, but not half as exciting as the final Newcomb fray. Instead of asking, "Who got the cup?" (Prop. or Mnemosynean), everybody was gasping wildly, "Who *won?*" Agnes Scott or Sophie Newcomb? Weren't we glad we had played up to the game and flung our colors as far south as New Orleans.

And our team—it was the best ever—Nelle, Jule, and Elizabeth. Weren't we proud of them!

So the debating societies decided "to be" and through them Agnes Scott has "been" the grand old college that we love best of all!

SILHOUETTE



B. O. Z.

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ALPHA



Alpha

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NELLE BUCHANAN
LAURA OLIVER
ETHEL WARE
ELIZABETH WILSON

FRESHMAN MEMBERS—

HELEN FAW
POLLY STONE
MARJORIE WARDEN

SOUVENETTE



Fire Brigade

Chief

MARGARET BELL

Captains

MARGARET WATKINS

JEAN McALLISTER

Chiefs of Bucket Brigade

FANNIE McCAA

JUANITA KELLY

CHARLOTTE KEESLER

Lieutenants

ELLEN WILSON

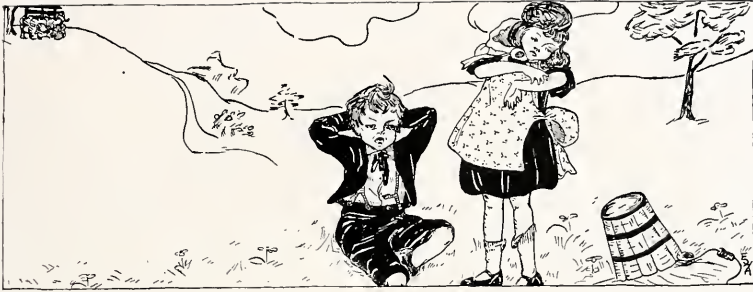
LOUISE FLUKER

SARAH TELL

ALEX MORRISON

RUTH PIRKLE

MARJORIE WARDEN



What, Fire Drills, — — !!

TWAS just before midnight and all through the house, not a creature was stirring—, when suddenly the fire gong woke up. Now when it wakes up, there is no more sleep for anybody. “Clang, clang,—clang!” it calls imperiously, and all who hear must leave their lovely dreams and their warm beds to grope around in the top bureau drawer for a flashlight. All except the very foolish virgins are hugging cold, wet towels, when the lieutenant comes down the wing to see that every bed is empty.

In the dancing flashlight and weird darkness, sleepy lines of gay, vari-colored kimonas, bathrobes and blankets, surmounted by pigtailed and curlers, form in the halls. Third floor stumbles drowsily down the stairs first, while the bucket brigade rattle their little red buckets on their way to the fire.

When the occupants of the entire dormitory are gathered in the lobby, the lights come on. The fire captain then, in the superiority of her fore-knowledge, stands wide-awake and fully clothed on the stairs to hurry through the roll-call, while she smiles at the blinking discomfort of the erstwhile sawers of wood.

But since the Midnight Revue in Rebekah Scott, every one admits that fire drills do serve a useful purpose.

That was the time when without resenting the disturbance, the dormitory tumbled down into the lobby, where the fire captain, burdened with hose and a tin hat, announced the celebrities of the evening. Fatty Arbuckle, Norma Talmadge, “Head Over Heels,” Annette Kellerman, Charlie Chaplin, Nazimova, April Showers, Pavlowa, and “the only man at A. S. C. who really wanted to attend the Midnight Revue,”—all showed themselves in turn, and nothing but dawn broke up the revelry.

In that night the practice of having fire drills justified itself for evermore.

WILHOVETTE



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 IMOGENE ALLEN
 RUTH ALMOND
 MARY BAILEY
 KATHLEEN BELCHER
 MYRTLE BLACKMON
 EVA BASHINSKA
 RUTH BROACH
 PAULINE BROADHURST
 ELIZABETH BROWN
 SARAH BRYAN
 EUGENE BURUM
 VIRGINIA BURUM
 GENA CALLAWAY
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 THELMA COOK
 MILDRED DISMUKES
 CHRISTINE EVANS
 RUTH EVANS
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 DORIS GULL
 MARY OLIVE GUNN
 ISABEL HALL

MARIWIL HAYNES
 QUENELLE HARROLD
 JESSIE MAE HATCHER
 JULIA HEATON
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 MARTHA MCINTOSH
 MARY MACK
 MARY MATHESON
 HELEN MAY
 ALEXANDRA MORRISON
 ELIZABETH MOSS
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 VIENNA MAE MURPHY
 CHARLOTTE NEWTON
 ELIZABETH NICHOLS

VIRGINIA POTTLE
 EUGENIA POU
 DINAH ROBERTS
 GERTRUDE SAMUELS
 JULIA SAUNDERS
 RUTH SCANDRETT
 OLIVE SMITH
 PEARL SMITH
 BERNITA TAYLOR
 LUCY TIMMERMAN
 EUNICE TOMLINSON
 MARGARET TURNER
 AMY TWITTY
 NELL VEAL
 CLARA WALDROP
 LOUISE WALKER
 JULIA WHALEY
 ALICE WHIPPLE
 FRANCES WHITFIELD
 ELSIE WILLIAMS
 ELIZABETH WILLIAMS
 FAUSTELLE WILLIAMS
 MARGARETTA WOMELSDORF
 LUCY WOOTEN

MARQUETTE



North Georgia Club

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 SARAH ALSTON
 FRANCES ARANT
 NELLE AYCOCK
 MARTHA BALLARD
 ANNIE SUE BANKS
 ETHEL BITTICK
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 MAYBETH CARNES
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 WILLIE CHAPPELL
 HELEN CHRISTIE
 ETHEL COCKRELL
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 ELIZABETH FLOODING
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 ELIZABETH LOCKHART
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 LOIS MACINTYRE
 MARY McLELLAN
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 CLOTILE SPENCE
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 POLLY STONE
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SILHOUETTE



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ELIZABETH ALLEN
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DOROTHY BOWRON
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MARY BURNETT
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ALMA CRENSHAW
WILMER DANIEL
NELLE FRANCES DAYE
ROSALIE ENGEL
NELL ESSLINGER
GERALDINE GOODROE
ANNIE RUTH GRIFFIS
LOULIE HENDRICK
LAURA MAE HILL
LILBURNE IVEY
MYRTLE JOHNSON
RUTH KEISER
JANE KNIGHT
FANNY McCA
HARRIET McMILLAN

MYRTLE McLAUGHLIN
MARGUERITE MARTIN
JANET MAULTSBY
ANNA MEADE
SUSYE MIMS
CAROLINE MOORE
DOLORES MORAGUES
SUSIE REID MORTON
CARRIE BELLE NORTON
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VIRGINIA ORDWAY
SARAH RANSOM
LEILA RIVENBARK
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ANABEL STITH
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ANNIE WILSON TERRY
EMILY THOMAS
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ESTHER JOY TRUMP
MARGARET WINSLETT



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VIRGINIA CRANK
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MARGARET McLAUGHLIN
VIRGINIA McLAUGHLIN
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EDYTHE CLARK
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JULIA HAGOOD

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CONCORD LEAK
ROBERTA LOVE
JEAN McALLISTER
COMA McCASKILL
MARGARET McCONNELL
ELIZABETH McCCLURE
MARION McPHAIL
ALMA SEAGLE

SILKNETTE



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REBECCA DICK
ANNE FARMER
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ANNE GAMBRILL
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LULA HAMMETT
VIRGINIA LILES
LUCIA MURCHISON
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LOIS DRAKE
MARY HARRIS

MARJORIE WARDEN

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LUCY MACRAE
MARY STONE
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MARY BARTON
HELEN BARTON
RUTH BOWDEN
CECILE BOWDEN
ADA ELIZABETH BROWN
RUTH BROWN
ISABEL CARR
SARA GILBREATH
EMILY GUILLE
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SARAH HANSELL
SARAH HARRISON
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MARGARET LEAVITT
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LAURA STOCKTON MOLLOY
LOIS MORIARTY
RUTH MORIARTY
MARY CATHERINE MCKINNEY
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CATHERINE WATERFIELD

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MARION CAWTHORN
ELIA ELLIS
MARJORIE FISH
VIRGINIA FISH
ALICE JONES

ELOISE KNIGHT
MARIAN LINDSAY
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JULIA REASONER
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SILHOUETTE



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CORA CONNETT
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CAROLINE FARQUHAR
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MARGARET HAY
ELEANOR HYDE
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 EDITH MCCALLIE
 EMILY MCCALLUM
 JULIA MCCULLOUGH
 SARAH MCCURDY
 MARY MCCURDY
 RACHEL MADDOX
 ELIZABETH MARSH
 MARY MALONE
 FAN ESTHER MEAKIN
 ANNIE E. MILLER
 CAROLINE MOODY
 ANNE RUTH MOORE
 MARGERY MOORE
 LILLIAN VIRGINIA MOORE
 SARA OLIVE MOORE
 CATHERINE NASH
 KATHERINE NEAL
 MARGARET PARKER
 EDDITH PATTERSON
 MARY LUCIA POPE
 ELIZABETH REID
 RONIE REID
 WILDA RICHARDSON

EDITH RUFF
 BLANCHE MARIE RYAN
 MILDRED RYAN
 MARTHA SASNETT
 MILDRED SHELTON
 CATHERINE SHIELDS
 MARGARET SHIVE
 FRANCES STOKES
 LAURIE BELLE STUBBS
 CHRISTINE SINCLAIR
 ANNIE FLORA SHERMAN
 MARGARET TERRY
 NANCY KING TRIPP
 CLARA WALDRUP
 ETHEL WARE
 LILLA ERMINE WATKINS
 JESSIE WATTS
 FRANCES WHITE
 HELEN WILLIAMSON
 ELIZABETH WILSON
 SARAH FRANCES WINN
 PEARL WOODWARD
 ROSALIND WURM
 BESSIE ZABAN

SILHOUETTE



The Trials of A Day Pupil

FIVE-THIRTY on a freezing morning! The alarm clock peals out, and we (editorially) carefully extricate our nose from the underside of the pillow into the icy air, and open one eye. It's still dark outside, so suffering under the delusion that there's yet time for one more snooze, we return our members, stiff with cold (also with gym.), to their place. Not so! There gradually dawns upon our sub-conscious mind the unspeakable thought of that eight-o'clock class. Needless to say, we arise.

Alighting at the entrance to Agnes Scott at seven-thirty, the first sound that greets our ears is the musical (?) breakfast bell. Heavens! We had breakfast so long ago now that we've forgotten it, and are about ready for our next meal. Ella, who is just sweeping out the hall, asks us if we slept in the telephone room last night to be sure to be on time, and we wish we had.

Let's pass lightly over that eight o'clock class. Gaining a place in the corner, we answer "present" to our name, then subside quietly into a light slumber, awakened only by an insistent question beating at the door of our dormant brain. As if we knew when Alfred signed the Magna Charter, or what effects the Anglo-Saxon invasion had on Spencer's "Morte D'Arthur."

At chapel, we are accosted by the slandering news that the day pupils are surprisingly lacking in their budget. The other hours drag by on leaden wings (that's mixed metaphor, but our fellow day pupils know what we mean). From below the Physics lecture room, there float up fragrant aromas of Campbell's soup. Oh! shades of a long-ago repast! Will the hour never cease?

One-thirty comes. Everybody goes to the dining-room except us. We wander to the rest room in the library basement. There we sit a while, gingerly reposing on the front of the chairs, not taking too much liberty with them for fear of immediate collapse. We keep one eye glued to the floor, for there's no telling what minute a rat will walk out right before our eyes.

Soon we repair to the tea room, where, no sooner has a delicious meal been ordered, than it's time for lab. We snatch a sandwich and run. That's our motto—run! "Work for the night is coming" has no appeal to us; we have horrible nightmares of our next day's rush. But yet—"we'll get there just the same," some of these days.



SILHOUETTE

Blackfriars

FULL MEMBERS

MARGUERITE COUSINS
REBECCA DICK
SARAH FULTON
MARY OLIVE GUNN
ANNE HART
JULIA HAGOOD
HELEN HALL
MARY KNIGHT
MARIAN McCAMY
LOIS MACINTYRE
FRANCES MARKLEY
FANNIE McCAA
VIRGINIA McLAUGHLIN
MARGARET McLAUGHLIN
ELIZABETH NESBIT
RACHEL RUSHTON
ANNABEL STITH
SARAH TILL

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

ELIZABETH BROWN
NELL BUCHANAN
CAMA BURGESS
MARION CAWTHORN
RUTH CROWELL
SARAH DAVIS
VIRGINIA FISH
FRANCES HARWELL
ELEANOR HYDE
CHARLOTTE KEESLER
RHEA KING
HAZEL LAMAR
ANNA BYRD MAXWELL
MARY McLELLAN
MARGERY MOORE
HARRIET NOYES
LAURA OLIVER
CHRISTINE SINCLAIR
LUCILE SMITH

FACULTY BOARD

MISS GOOCH *Coach*

MISS MCKINNEY
MISS LANEY
DR. ARMISTEAD

MISS WILBURN
MR. STUKES
MR. CUNNINGHAM

MR. JOHNSON
MISS PHILLIPS

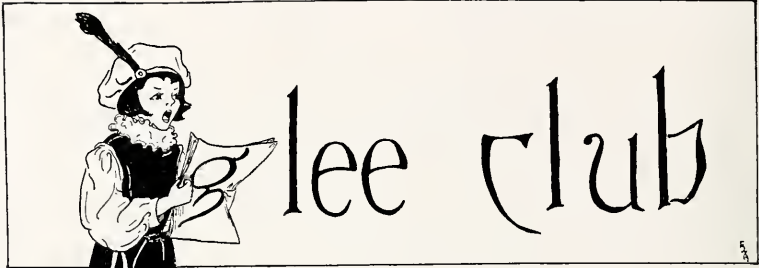


The Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil

By STUART WALKER

MARIAN McCAMY *Queen*
LLEWELLYN WILBURN *Dreadful Headsman*
RACHEL RUSHTON *The Boy*

SILHOUETTE



FIRST SOPRANOS

GLADYS BROWN
LULIE HARRIS
CHARLOTTE KEESLER
ALICE WHIPPLE
ERSKINE JARNAGAN

SECOND SOPRANOS

LUCILE SMITH
ROMOLA DAVIS
CLARA WALDRON
ELOISE KNIGHT
PAULINE VAN PELT
IRENE WATTS

FIRST ALTOS

NELL ESSLINGER
ELIZABETH LOCKHART
VIRGINIA CRANK
RUTH ALMOND
CHRISTINE SINCLAIR
RUTH WARNER

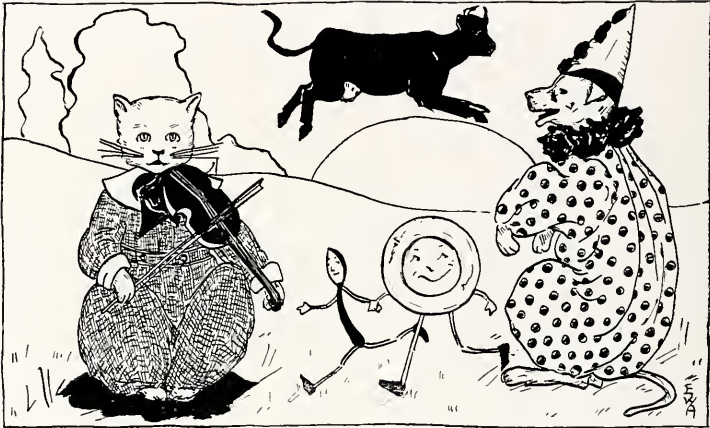
SECOND ALTOS

MARGARET McLAUGHLIN
GERTRUDE MANLY
CAROLINE MOODY
MARGARET SANDERS
RUTH PIRKLE

SILHOUETTE



MILNOVIETTE



Orchestra

CHARLOTTE KEESLER *Director*
MARJORIE WORDEN *Pianist*

VIOLIN—

LUCILE SMITH
CRIP SLACK
ELIZABETH STRAND
ANNA HARWELL

MANDOLIN—

SYRA DAVIS
HARRIETT NOYES
NELLE AYCOCK
MAUDE FOSTER

GUITAR—

RUTH CROWELL
JULIA HEATON
FRANCES WHITFIELD
ELEANOR HYDE
EDYTHE CLARKE
LUCY HOWARD

UKULELE—

JANIE MANN
ELIZABETH NISBET
LUCY WOOTEN
REBECCA DICK
JULIA JAMESON
NELL BUCHANAN
VIRGINIA POTTLE

VILHOVENE



SILHOUETTE

Serenades

I.

*Oh, here comes our Miss Wilburn
Oh, how in the world do you know
You can tell her by her winning smile
That she has on all the while
Hah! Hah!
That she has on all the while.*

II.

*Miss Hopkins, Miss Hopkins, we greet you with our song
Whose echoes resounding the campus all along
We'll tell you that Agnes Scott is singing now to you
With hearts and voices ringing, ever true.*

III.

*Neat ha-ha, sweet ha-ha
Laughing and fair
She is a daisy the girls all declare
She's a high-stepping lassie as well
Here comes one _____
Say! don't she look swell?*

IV.

*By the light of the moon, by the light of the moon,
By the light, by the light, by the light of the moon
If you want to be a Senior just come along with me
By the light, by the light of the moon.*

V.

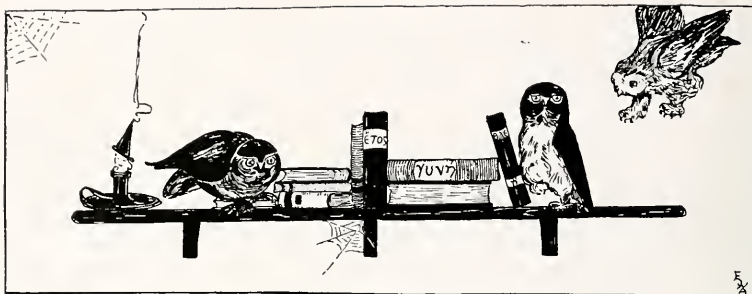
*Whoop her up, whoop her up, whoop her up some more
Agnes Scott is the spot that I do adore
She's such a peach she's won our hearts
She surely plays the game,
She is not rough, she is not tough,
But she gets there just the same.*

VI.

*Oh, me! Oh, my! We'll get there by and by
If anybody loves Miss Agnes
It's I, I, I, I, I.*



Eager to work and eager to play;
Makes figgie grow better every day!



Gamma Tau Alpha

FACULTY MEMBERS

MISS LUCILE ALEXANDER
DR. J. D. M. ARMISTEAD
MRS. C. W. DIECKMANN
MR. P. H. GRAHAM

MISS CLEO HEARON
MR. ROBT. HOLT
MISS JANET NEWTON

MISS AUGUSTA SKEEN
MISS FRANCES SLEDD
MISS LILLIAN SMITH
MISS ANNA YOUNG

ALUMNAE MEMBERS

IDA LEE HILL

CLASS OF 1908

JEANNETTE BROWN
MAUDE BARKER
LIZZABEL SAXON
ELVA DRAKE
ROSE WOOD

CLASS OF 1909

EUGENIA FULLER
IRENE NEWTON
RUTH MARION
MATTIE NEWTON

CLASS OF 1912

CORNELIA COOPER
ANNE McLANE

CLASS OF 1913

JANIE MACGAUGHEY
EMMA POPE MOSS

CLASS OF 1914

ANNIE JENKINS
LOUISE MCNULTY
KATHLEEN KENNEDY
ESSIE ROBERTS

CLASS OF 1915

MARRION BLACK
GERTRUDE BRISEENICK
MARY H. SCHNEIDER
MARY WEST

SARAH BOALS

CLASS OF 1916

LAURA COOPER
ELIZABETH BURKE
JEANNETTE VICTOR
LOUISE WILSON
RAY HARVISON

CLASS OF 1917

INDIA HUNT
KATHERINE LINDAMOOD
JANET NEWTON
MARGARET PRUDEN
MAY SMITH
FRANCES THATCHER

CLASS OF 1918

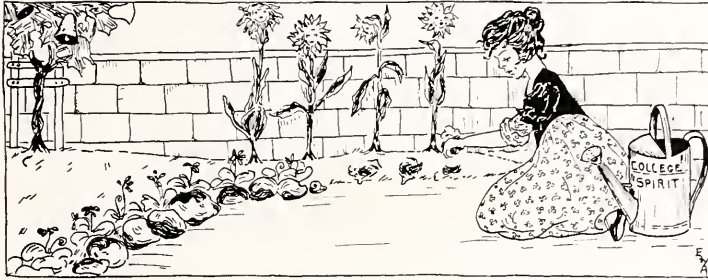
KATHERINE SEAY
EMMA JONES
LOIS EVE
ELIZABETH DENMAN

CLASS OF 1919

DOROTHY THIGPEN
MARGARET WATTS
LOUISE MARSHBURN
FRANCES SLEDD
MARGARET LEECH

CLASS OF 1920

LAURA S. MOLLOY
ELIZABETH LOVETT
MARY BURNETT



Hoast

ALUMNAE MEMBERS

CLASS OF 1916

JEANNETTE VICTOR	ELOISE GAY
ORA GLENN	ALICE WEATHERLY
MARTHA ROSS	EVELYN GOODE
MARYELLEN HARVEY	RAY HARVISON
LOUISE WILSON	NELL FRYE

CLASS OF 1917

GJERTRUD AMUNDSEN	REGINA PINKSTON
INDIA HUNT	JANET NEWTON
SPOTT PAYNE	A. S. DONALDSON
Laurie CALDWELL	GEORGIANA WHITE
LOUISE WARE	RUTH NISBET
ANNE KYLE	V. Y. WHITE

CLASS OF 1918

MARGARET LEYBURN	RUTH ANDERSON
SAMILLE LOWE	KATHERINE SEAY
R. L. ESTES	OLIVE HARDWICK
EMMA JONES	LOIS EVE
HALLIE ALEXANDER	

CLASS OF 1919

LUCY DURR	CLAIRE ELLIOT
FRANCES GLASGOW	"PETE" HUTCHESON
MARY BROCK MALLARD	JULIA LAKE SKINNER
MARGARET ROWE	LEWELLYN WILBURN
DOROTHY THICPEN	ELIZABETH WATKINS
GOLDIE HAM	LULU SMITH

STUDENT MEMBERS

BEFF ALLEN	LAURA STOCKTON MOLLOY
MARGARET BLAND	VIRGINIA McLAUGHLIN
LOIS MacINTYRE	MARIAN McCAY
JULIA HAGOOD	ANNE HOUSTON
LOUISE SLACK	MARY BURNETT

FACULTY MEMBERS

DR. McCAIN	DR. SWEET	DR. WHITE
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SILHOUETTE

Alma Mater

*When far from the reach of thy sheltering arms—
The band of thy daughters shall roam,
Still their hearts shall enshrine thee,
Thou crown of the South.
With the memory of youth that has flown
Dear guide of our youth
Whose spirit is truth
The love of our girlhood is thine
Alma Mater, whose name we revere and adore,
May thy strength and thy power ne'er decline.*

*Agnes Scott, when thy campus and halls rise to mind,
With the bright college scenes of our past,
Our regret is that those years can ne'er return more,
And we sigh that such joys could not last.
Wherever they are
Thy daughters afar—
Shall bow at the sound of thy name—
And with reverence give thanks
For the standard that's thine,
And the noble ideal that's thy aim.*

*And when others beside us thy portals shall throng—
Think of us who have gone on before—
And the lessons that's graven deep into our hearts
Thou shalt grave on ten thousand and more.
Fair symbol of light
The purple and white,
Which in purity adds to thy fame.
Knowledge shall be thy shield
And thy fair coat-of-arms
A record without blot or shame.*



Sunny, sunny Southland, have you any money?
Yes Agnes, yes Agnes, plenty for you honey.



Endowment Campaign On the Campus

PERHAPS—or I should say, of course—you remember a certain day last October when we had a half-holiday. Now, half holidays are rare and great events at Agnes Scott, but this was a rarer and greater event than even half-holidays most generally are, for that was the launching of our great Endowment Campaign for \$600,000. All the alumnae near and far were invited back, men came out from Atlanta to speak, there was a crowded meeting in the chapel, and a bunch on the campus afterward, and speeches, talking, and general excitement. But that was just the beginning: how many things happened after that! The campaign was carried through on the campus first, for we ourselves had to set the example for the others and, indeed, we did do it. Miss Young was the faculty chairman of the Student Campaign, and Louise Slack was chairman of the Student Committee, composed of five members, Julia Hagood, Rachel Rushton, Frances Charlotte Markley, Laura Oliver, and Charlotte Keesler. Their publicity work was quick and efficient—the Agonistic featured endowment every other line and the walls were plastered with posters of every size and kind, posters artistically appealing but, at the same time, expressing truths that made us stop and think, then one night a grand rally came off. First of all, there was a review of the work which the different classes had already done for

the benefit of the Endowment Fund, because even before our campaign, the letters, "B. E. F.," had been a by-word of good standing and anything sold or presented "B. E. F." had had added interest and patronage. In behalf of Senior Class, Lois MacIntyre told of the mum parties, the doughnuts, the plays, and the circuses that had helped increase the Senior sum toward the Endowment. Then Frances Charlotte Markley told how the Juniors had given a magazine show and a "Follies" chorus to increase their share. And, last, Laura Oliver told, for the Sophomores, of the funds from their mock wedding and of the \$500 gift given in name of their class. After that, Elizabeth Nisbet got up and announced that \$15 had been collected by Sophomores from guileless Freshmen as payment for their chapel seats; so, she, in behalf of Sophomore Class, presented the aforesaid sum to the Freshmen as a nest egg for their endowment efforts. After the different classes had had their "says," the meeting was turned over to Charlotte Keesler, the sing leader, and she introduced to us her newly-organized orchestra, which was making its debut for the occasion. Nothing else was needed to put "pep" into the meeting. But it was later that we really learned about the practical side of the campaign, for one morning in chapel Dr. McCain explained to us how our individual payments were to be made and then impressed us with the great responsibility that lay before us in setting the pace for the whole campaign. This prepared us for the meeting the last night where, after "the sing" and the music, Miss Anna Young told us quietly that we were going to be given the privilege of contributing to the Endowment Campaign and of showing our love for Agnes Scott. And we all felt that it was, indeed, a great privilege. When the girls on the pledge committee came around, we felt that, if we were multi-millionaires, we could not give a pledge as large as our love for our Alma Mater. But we all tried to give one as large as our pocketbooks. It was tantalizing to have to go on to bed that night without knowing how far "over the top" we had gone—of course, we knew we *had* gone "over the top" for Agnes Scott never fails to do that. But the next morning, during the chapel hour, Mr. Tart had his adding machine on the platform and we all sat in agonized silence watching Miss Young, Mr. Tart, and Dr. McCain add up the figures. We had set a goal for \$15,000 but we pledged, faculty and students together, \$20,000. When that announcement was made, the noise of applause was so great and so long that it was with great difficulty that Dr. Gaines secured quiet enough to tell us that the rest of the day would be a holiday. But finally, the magic word was pronounced and we, led by our "sing leader," stampeded joyously out of the chapel and stormed the streets of Decatur in a long, seemingly endless line, singing, and shouting, and yelling. It was drizzling rain, but what did we care? We had done our part, or a part of our part for Agnes Scott, and we were happy in spite of clouds or rain or weather.

SILHOUETTE

TUNE: THE STARS AND STRIPES

*In the cities and towns far and wide,
In the states that we all love the best,
We are launching endowment campaign
To make our college the finest and best.
So come join our glad company,
College students, let's all pull together,
We'll give what we can for A. S. C.,
And pledge our loyalty and love for thee forever.*

TUNE : GLORY, GLORY TO OLE GEORGIA

*We'll have recitation buildings
And a new gymnasium, too;
A fence without wood pailings,
And a walk all shiny new;
A hardwood floor for dancing,
Oh, a thousand things we'll do
When B. E. F. comes true.
Glory, glory,
Glory, glory,
Glory, glory,
When B. E. F. comes true.*

TUNE: "WHOOPEE UP"

*Give a lot,
Give a lot,
For greater Agnes Scott,
For Agnes needs,
So trim the weeds,
And touch up every spot.
She's such a peach
She's won our hearts,
She sure deserves the fund,
So give a lot,
Give a lot
For GREATER AGNES SCOTT.*

TUNE: "BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON"

*Another campaign,
Another campaign,
Agnes Scott's got to set
The pace once again.
We'll do it or bust,
Give over enough,
Spread our fame
In another campaign.*



Off the Campus

Of course, the campaign off the campus did not affect our college life very much except for the girls in the Orchestra and Glee Club, who went to Atlanta and Decatur meetings to sing and play in order to give other people an idea of how we felt. But whatever affects Agnes Scott affects her daughters wherever they are and, so, we watched with interest the progress of the campaign in Atlanta, in Georgia, and in all the states through which it was progressing. All the cities and counties throughout Georgia were organized and many gifts came from outside states. All of the classes from that of 1893 to that of 1919 gave a pledge and the total gift of the Alumnae was \$75,351.11. Mr. Orr, who is chairman of our board of trustees, headed the campaign in Atlanta and was responsible for the whole campaign. He and the other members of the Board of Trustees pledged themselves to take the responsibility of raising, personally, the deficit at end of campaign. Though Mr. Orr's visits to the college have been seldom and his talks with the girls infrequent, yet he has won for himself a place in the heart of every Agnes Scott girl on account of his never-lagging interest and his untiring efforts in behalf of the Endowment Campaign. As a slight appreciation of his great services to Agnes Scott, the student body presented him with a loving cup at the meeting of the Atlanta merchants, which closed the Atlanta campaign. The workers for the Alumnae who devoted practically all of their time to the work were Miss Mary Wallace Kirk, president of the Alumnae Association, and Miss Mary Spottswood Payne, general secretary. And none have worked more loyally and faithfully than the faculty and officers of our college. I scarcely need to mention Dr. McCain, because everyone at Agnes Scott knows what a wonderful amount of work and patience he has spent in the campaign.

MILHOVETTE





Compli Cator.

BEFF ALLEN, '20	LaFayette, Ala.
DOROTHY ALLEN, '21	LaFayette, Ala.
MARY BURNETT, '20	Montgomery, Ala.
ISABEL CARR, '21	Harriman, Tenn.
ANNE HOUSTON, '20	Lewisburg, Tenn.
CAROLINE FARQUHAR, '22	Easton, Pa.
JULIET FOSTER, '20	Anderson, S. C.
ALICE JONES, '21	Jacksonville, Fla.
MARGARET HEDRICK, '21	Bristol, Tenn.
LAURA STOCKTON MOLLOY, '20	Columbia, Tenn.
LAURA OLIVER, '22	Montgomery, Ala.
RACHEL RUSHTON, '21	Montgomery, Ala.
MARTHA LAING, '21	Lewisburg, W. Va.
RUTH KEISER, '21	Birmingham, Ala.

STROVETTE'S



SILHOUETTE

Sigma Delta Phi.



MARGARET BLAND, '20	Charlotte, N. C.
LULA GROVES CAMPBELL, '22	Atlanta, Ga.
RUTH CROWELL, '20	Charlotte, N. C.
AIMEE D. GLOVER, '21	Marietta, Ga.
JULIA HAGOOD, '20	Charlotte, N. C.
LULIE HARRIS, '20	College Park, Ga.
ANNE HART, '21	Atlanta, Ga.
RHEA KING, '22	Atlanta, Ga.
GERTRUDE MANLEY, '20	Dalton, Ga.
ELIZABETH MOSS, '20	Athens, Ga.
HELEN WAYT, '21	Atlanta, Ga.
MARY SPOTTSWOOD PAYNE, '17	Lynchburg, Va.

MEMBERS



BULL DOG



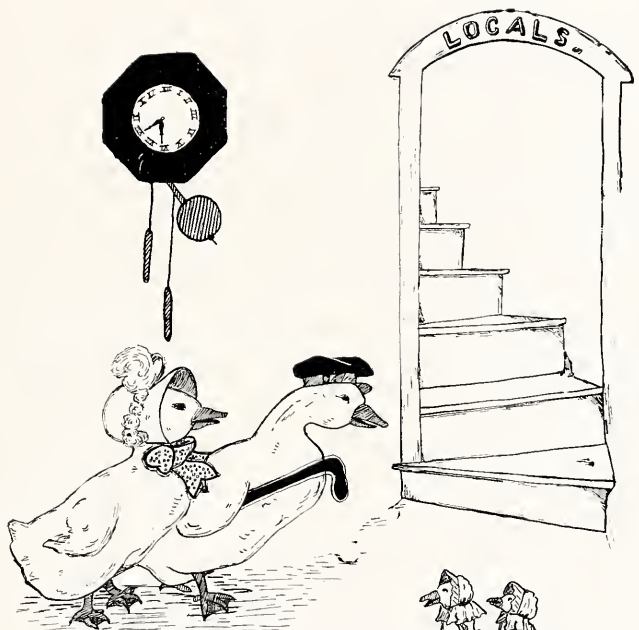
CLIFFORD HOLTZCLAW, '20	Perry, Ga.
LOIS MACINTYRE, '20	Atlanta, Ga.
MARIAN McCAMY, '20	Dalton, Ga.
ELIZABETH REID, '20	Atlanta, Ga.
LOUISE SLACK, '20	LaGrange, Ga.
JEAN McALLISTER, '21	Greensboro, N. C.
CHARLOTTE KEESLER, '22	Greenwood, Miss.
MARY KNIGHT, '22	Atlanta, Ga.
SUSAN MALONE, '22	Greenwood, Miss.
ELIZABETH NISBET, '22	Kansas City, Mo.
ROXIE REID, '22	Atlanta, Ga.
ALMEDA HUTCHESON	Decatur, Ga.

SILHOUETTE



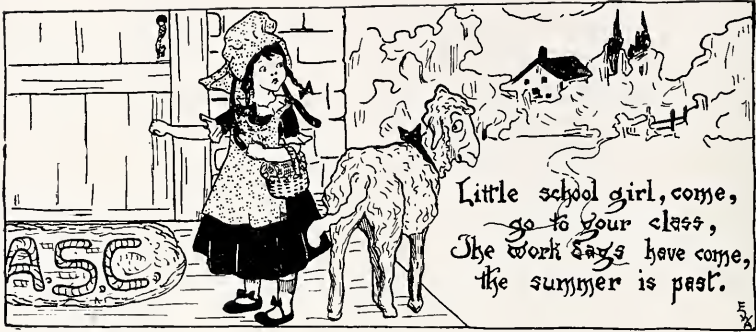
Han-Hellenic Council

ELIZABETH MOSS, Σ Δ Φ *President*
MARY BURNETT, [[. *Secretary*
LOIS MACINTYRE,



Goosie, goosie gander,
Whither do you wander?
Fingwewhere, singwewhere,
Going after slander!

SILHOUETTE



Calendar

SEPTEMBER

- SEPTEMBER 12—"Here they come, three by three." Aggie's advance guard, Mary B., Margaret and Jule arrive.
- SEPTEMBER 17—Aggie is a real "old woman who lived in the shoe." What will she do with all the Freshman pouring?
- SEPTEMBER 18—Ah! Now we know! Miss McKinney disposes of them "classically," and Miss Sturgess' cottage receives the overflow dormitorily.
- SEPTEMBER 19—Classes and tears begin. Walks and ice cream cones in Big Dec. recommended as an antidote for homesick blues.
- SEPTEMBER 20—Y. W. C. A. and Student Government open their arms to the new girls, and show how social even the most august of organizations can be. Graduation dresses favorite variety of costume. Only sighs are for a "perfectly marvelous orchestra wasted."
- SEPTEMBER 22—The tea room is a real, live, honest-to-goodness fact, and the Alumnae knows the way to a girl's heart (?) and pocketbook.
- SEPTEMBER 25—Freshmen can not decide which is most becoming to their complexion and costumes—blue and gold streamers, or write and green. Decisions made amidst rhythmic and regular applause.
- SEPTEMBER 25—OCTOBER 2—Sophomore week! ! ! Period of dumb (?) misery for Freshmen, and unspeakable (?) joy for Sophomores.
- SEPTEMBER 27—Athletics come to life, and warm their bones at a big bonfire.

SILHOUETTE

Agnes Scott got very hot
Boosting Endowment so high,
She got so rousing, pulled
out twenty thousand,
Jane said,
"What a good girl am I!"



OCTOBER

- OCTOBER 5—Miss B. E. Fund makes her debut. Agnes Scott is a charming hostess.
- OCTOBER 7—Miss Hopkins promises definitely that we may have a publication room. Now all we need is a printing press!
- OCTOBER 12—Aggie counts her allowance to see how many pennies she can spare for a "Greater Agnes Scott," then counts father's income to see how many he can spare.
- OCTOBER 13—There! We knew we would do it! \$21,000, and growing still! Holiday and snake dance celebrate the grand occasion.
- OCTOBER 14—Calm after the storm.
- OCTOBER 16—Black Cat, Black Cat, have you any pet. Yes sir, yes sir, Class of '22, you bet.
- OCTOBER 18—New Hoasc members announced. Freshmen try to decide whether to run for president of Student Government, or Y. W. in 1923.
- OCTOBER 19—Gym classes definitely discover that "all is not aesthet—that dances."
- OCTOBER 21—Miss Longshore learns how to "shoo," and practices her new accomplishment. (Note: Repeat this at accurate intervals from now until May 26th, to get accurate results.)
- OCTOBER 25—Hoasc shows what's what at A. S. C. Stunt night great success.
- OCTOBER 27—Blackfriar tryouts. Candidates have great talent, and greater lung power.
- OCTOBER 31—Grim and ghostly figures flutter around fourth floor Inman. If the Seniors ever were dead, they have come to life with rattling bones.

WILLOWETTE



NOVEMBER

- NOVEMBER 1—Fire brigade selected. Surely such a formidable brigade would scare off any poor fire!
- NOVEMBER 3—Decatur shows her appreciation of Agnes Scott and the matrimonial prospects contained therein, by oversubscribing its quota B. E. F.
- NOVEMBER 6—Mother Goose, under the auspices of the Sophomore class, entertains the Freshmen.
- NOVEMBER 8—Mr. Skeyhill tells us how to be a hero, and how to be a poet.
- NOVEMBER 10—Dr. Noble begins her lectures. She tells us how not to wear our dresses, and recommends somersaults as a method of reducing.
- NOVEMBER 11—Aggie turns somersaults before she goes to bed.
- NOVEMBER 14—Vocational Bureau makes survey of Agnes Scott. One-fourth of old girls have no future!
- NOVEMBER 17—Agnes Scott furnishes music for the Georgia Products dinner. Girls show their approval of the products by consuming them every one.
- NOVEMBER 22—Eclipse gives temporary paralysis of the optic nerve to about half of the student body.
- NOVEMBER 25—Thanksgiving! Blessing on the man who invented turkey and evening dresses! They do help one's looks so. John McCormack relieves the Blackfriars of their usual burden of after-dinner entertainment.
- NOVEMBER 26—Seniors are invested. The thrills of caps and gowns even make one forget the choking of the high collar.
- NOVEMBER 27—Blackfriars take up their burden, and give their delightful little play.



DECEMBER

- DECEMBER 1—Epidemic of handkerchief-making breaks out.
- DECEMBER 2—Rebekah Scott's dining room fails to have a birthday party.
- DECEMBER 4—Atlanta stores close at 4 o'clock. How can we buy a Christmas present in town, when we have to "walk right in and turn around, and walk right out again?"
- DECEMBER 6—Sophomores present the "Midnight Revue" at eight-thirty. Dear me! Things have certainly changed since our day.
- DECEMBER 7—Dr. Sloop tells us how to educate mountain children on cast-off evening dresses and tuxedos.
- DECEMBER 9—Freshmen stunt a great success. How young the children do begin thinking of weddings, etc.
- DECEMBER 12—Blackfriars celebrate their greatness by a banquet at East Lake. Georgette dresses are finally decided upon as a suitable costume.
- DECEMBER 13—Assyrian children come out for their Christmas tree. Every one gets a horn, a fife or some instrument of sound.
- DECEMBER 17—Christmas parties in both dining rooms. But that is merely a prelude to —
- DECEMBER 18—Home!

SILHOUETTE



JANUARY

JANUARY 1—Aggie would make new resolutions, but the trains are too bumpy.

JANUARY 4—"A dillar, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar." The student body drifts slowly in.

JANUARY 6—And the physics department has gotten someone to help correct papers, and cook breakfast, after all. We knew he would do it!

JANUARY 9—Virginia McLaughlin gets to Soc. 2 on time.

JANUARY 13-26—Sh! We only mark the hours that shine! These days are blotted out of this record.

JANUARY 26—The faculty shows that it can act as well as give red marks.

JANUARY 30—First basket-ball game of the season. Seniors and Sophomores victorious. Is this temporary, or will their glory last?

JANUARY 31—Grandmothers entertain in costumes. Grandchildren look remarkably young considering the trying experiences they have just gone through with.

SILHOUETTE



FEBRUARY

FEBRUARY 1—The Junior and Senior class washes the powder out of its hair.

FEBRUARY 2—Bathing continues to happen.

FEBRUARY 4—Go in town only on necessary business. Flu restrictions.

FEBRUARY 5—More flu restrictions.

FEBRUARY 7—Nothing but flu restrictions!

FEBRUARY 8—"Ain't no sech animal" as necessary business for Miss Aggie in town.

FEBRUARY 9—Mr. Dietrick tells us of the "Immensity of the Universe," and the swimming pool fund takes a huge jump.

FEBRUARY 10—We have been so good, that Jule can not even find anything to tell us not to do in Student Government meeting. However, we sing. Charlotte has a unique, but thoroughly pleasing habit of putting "Old Black Joe" and "Old Folks at Home" to rag-time.

FEBRUARY 14—Every one who is popular gets candy, and every one who isn't eats his neighbors.

FEBRUARY 16—The Annual goes to press. God bless you, my child, and good luck! May you be a social success!

FEBRUARY 17—We take a rest.

FEBRUARY 21—Senior Class entertains in true G. Washington style. We are again thankful for a grand holiday, and a grander feast.

FEBRUARY 23—Back to work again—and so on, and on, and on.

SKETCHETTE



WILLOUETTE

Aggie Laughs (We Hope!!)

A. HOUSTON: Peggy, do you know that man?
P. HEDRICK: Well, not to speak of, but we have a blushing (?) acquaintance.

* * * * *

V. G.: Whatcha gonna do tonight?

M. S.: Nothing. What you gonna do?

V. G.: Nothing.

M. S.: Who else will play?

* * * * *

HOSTESS: Professor, why didn't you bring your wife?

AGGIE'S ONLY NEWLYWED: There! I knew I had forgotten something.

* * * * *

'20: I saw her getting into her Chalmers.

'21: What are Chalmers?



INTERRUPTIONS.

SILHOUETTE

IN MEMORIAM

*Crinkle, crinkle, little bill,
How I wish I had you still!
Down among my debts you lie,
Like a vision, dim and shy.*

*When I must buy my French and Math,
Latin, lit and that's not half—
I pass the Tea Room with a sigh—
It is so far, and yet so nigh.*

*Crinkle, crinkle, little bill,
How many needs you ought to fill!
Won't you ever learn to be
A constant, better friend to me.*



* * * * *

F. MARKLEY (on Decatur street car): Conductor, can't you go any faster?
CONDUCTOR: Yes, Madame, but I have to stay with the car.

* * * * *

M. McLAUGHLIN: When I sing, tears come into my eyes. What can I do for it?
MR. JOHNSON: Stuff cotton in your ears.

* * * * *

MISS MCKINNEY (calling roll in Eng. II): Miss Reid!
ELIZABETH (slowly awakening): Come in!

* * * * *

ANTIDOTE FOR AGGIE'S AILMENTS

1. Poise—for advance of Decatur boys.
2. Emphasis upon r's and final g's for imagery in speech.
3. Washing hands and avoiding kissing for flu.



*Little pennant on the wall,
Ain't you held in place at all?
Ain't got a big thumb tack?
Is the pin gone out your back?
Is you down?*

*Yes, you've got a fine thumb tack,
And the pin's still in your back,
But you still are doomed to fall—
Miss Miller says no tacks at all,
Now ain't that bad?*

SILHOUETTE

4. Proper disposal of self and silver assist in good table manners.
5. For double chins—be a Senior and wear a high collar.
6. For reduction in weight, somersaults and Sunday night supper.
7. For the blues, watch a class in aesthetic gym.
8. Quiet at any time; raise the right hand. (Useful in the White House. Not admissible to try on Whitehall).
9. Ways of attaining quiet—Throw shoes.

* * * * *

L. MAC.: I'll turn out the light, if you want to go to sleep.

M. MC.: That's all right, Lois. I always sleep with my eyes shut anyway.

* * * * *

Two of our colored friends crossing on a transport, were discussing their future. "When I gits outta dis here man's war," said one, "do you know what I'm gwine ter do?"

"No," was the reply. "What?"

"Ise gwine ter dress up in a white hat, white shoes, white coat, white trousers, en white cane, and I'se gwine out in white society."

"Uh—huh," said the other. "You know what I'm gwine ter do? I'se gwine ter dress up in a black hat, black coat, black trousers, black tie, black shoes, en a black cane, en you know wha' I'se gwine?"

"No," said his friend, "Wha' is you gwine?"

"Ise gwine ter yo funeral."

* * * * *

Means of transportation at Agnes Scott, classified according to their degrees of approval:

1. Walking—best for health and pocketbook.
2. Decatur street car—not as rapid as No. 1, but conducive to a patient and calm disposition.
3. Trains—necessary in emergency, but noisy and dirty.
4. Automobiling—dangerous to all parties concerned.
5. Aeroplane—? ? — — ! ! —

NOUVELLE



Local Color





Faculty Funnies

*I had a little husband, no bigger than a spoon,
I put him by a telescope and had him watch the moon;
I brought a little pupil to listen to him talk,
Then got a little chaperone, to watch them like a hawk.*

*"Miss Phi, Miss Phi, have you shut the door?"
"Yes, girl, yes, girl, upon second floor."
One girl's in the lobby, one girl's in the hall,
One girl's on the stair steps, with no shoes on at all.*

*Spot Payne had a little shop
To help B. E. Fund grow—
And every place there was no rain,
That shop was sure to go.*

*There was a professor of psych
Who could never decide who to like;
While he tried to decide
Who to take for his bride,
Each married some other young tike.*

SILHOUETTE



Hey a dub, dub, three committees in a tub,
 And who do you think they be?
 The electives, the entrance,
 The one on advance—
 Turn 'em out, knaves all three.

WEST LAWN

In a far away spot of the campus
 There lies a dormitory fair,
 Whose inmates raise glassless transoms
 To let in more fresh air;
 Where no one ever schreeches
 And no one ever screams.
 And no one knows the meaning
 Of A + test mark dreams.
 'Tis a heaven for the weary,
 For the class-worn Ph. D's.
 There they take their tea in silence,
 With no horrid, noisy hes.

DR. SWEET

We love thee dearly, Doctor Sweet.
 The reason we need not repeat.
 Indeed, 'tis quite an easy feat
 To love thee dearly, Doctor Sweet.



SILHOUETTE



WILHOUETTE

"The Ladies of Cranford"

THAT the faculty is brilliant, we have never doubted; that they are human, we have found out every time we have come into personal contact with them; but that they are actresses was something of a shock to the whole student body. If Miss Young had followed the stage instead of the path of Calculus and Analyt, what a rival Sara Bernhardt would have had, or if Miss Lewis had been a movie star instead of an artist, Nazimova would be nowhere! "The Ladies of Cranford" provided one of the most enjoyable evenings Agnes Scott has spent this year, or any other year, for that matter. The parts were well chosen, and admirably acted—even down to the darling little Carlo. White House will have \$104.00 with which to buy new furniture for its lobby, due to the faithful and successful efforts of our faculty.

The cast of characters was:

MISS MATILDA JENKYN	Anna Young
MISS MARY SMITH	Louise Lewis
MISS JESSIE BROWN	Irma Phillips
MISS POLE	Lucile Alexander
MISS BETTY BARKER	Catherine Torrance
MRS. FORRESTER	Mary F. Sweet
THE HON. MRS. JAMESON	Emma Moss Dieckmann
MARTHA, Maid to Miss Jenkyns	Llewellyn Wilburn
PEGGY, Maid to Miss Barker	Janet Newton
MRS. PURKIS, a Country Woman	Emma May Laney
LITTLE SUSAN, her Daughter	Mary Cunningham
JENNIE, a Country Girl	Alice Longshore

SCENE—ENGLAND. TIME—ABOUT 1810

DIRECTOR	Frances K. Gooch
COSTUME MANAGER	Louise McKinney
PROPERTY MANAGER	Hattie May Finley
STAGE MANAGER	Frances Calhoun
BUSINESS MANAGER	Cleo Hearon

ACT I. Miss Mattie Jenkyn's Parlor—Afternoon Tea.

ACT II. The same. "Miss Matilda Jenkyns—Licensed to Sell Tea."

ACT III. Miss Barker's Parlor—A Card Party.

SILHOUETTES



SILHOUETTE

Who's Who

There was an old lady who lived at A. S. C.
Her children were fine as children could be.
She loved them all dearly, but wanted to know
Who's who in the shoe; her decisions we show:

The best all round is L. MacIntyre;
To know, you see, is but to admire 'er.
* * * * *

We all love Bess Allen,
Her heart is so warm;
She's the truest of friends,
Who does good, but no harm.
* * * * *

On Margaret Bland we all depend—
Who's ready a helping hand to lend.
* * * * *

See brilliant L. S. Molloy scintillate,
She is doomed for a famous and high-brow fate.
* * * * *

To A. M. Landress I sing my song,
She studies hard, and she studies long.
* * * * *

M. Bland's the best worker, when once she is started;
Indeed, from her work she is seldom parted.
* * * * *

Rah, rah, siss boom ah, here comes Miss Ruth Hall,
Always peppy, very reppy, with the most college spirit of all.
* * * * *

Dainty little Virginia Burum,
You are the prettiest, we can assure 'em.
* * * * *

Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who's the most attractive of all?
The honors are quite divided to-day,
'Twixt Peggy Hedrick and Charlotte K.
* * * * *

Amy Twitty, hear a ditty,
How do you dance so well?
With your airs and grace
And your charming face,
You will always be a belle.
* * * * *

MacIntyre is the very best sport,
Athletics are her chiefest forte.

SILHOUETTE

Most dignified is Jule Hagood,
She bears herself as a President should.
* * * * *

Anne Houston's fine as fine can be,
True to the Senior type is she.
* * * * *

Next comes the admirable Fannie McCaa,
Most typical Junior I ever saw.
* * * * *

Full of wisdom and pep galore,
Is Laura Oliver, typical Sophomore.
* * * * *

The most typical Freshman ever grown
Is the bright, original Polly Stone.
* * * * *

Who makes us long for Irregular joys?
Its typical member, Harriet Noyes.
* * * * *

Jolly and laughing is Peggy Bell—
When she laughs, you laugh, as well.
* * * * *

The cutest child in school, you bet,
Is happy, adorable Lib Nisbet.
* * * * *

Who could fail to be impressed
By the way Vivian Gregory is always dressed?
* * * * *

Gene Burum's as thin as thin can be—
The skinniest one at A. S. C.
* * * * *

She can play, and she can sing;
Gifted Lucile Smith does 'most anything.
* * * * *

The girls with the exceedingly business-like air
Are S. Davis and Fluker, a stunning pair.

WILLOUETTE



Founder's Day

ON February the twenty-first, Mr. and Mrs. George Washington entertained in honor of the joint birthday of General Washington, and of Mr. George Washington Scott, the gentleman who made Agnes Scott College possible. Unfortunately, as the General explained, he was too busy with Endowment affairs to attend the dinner. The guests of the evening were beautifully attired in the newest modes of 1776. The dining hall was charming, in its decorations of red, white and blue. As usual, General and Mrs. Washington were the picture of gracious hospitality. Seldom has Agnes Scott seen such a lovely host and hostess, nor attended an affair which was more complete in its elegant simplicity and charm. The toasts were all original and witty, with an adaptability all their own. Since poor Betsy Ross was having such a time with her flag, and every one was begging for a star in it, the various claimants rose to justify their claims. Patrick Henry spoke for Student Freedom; Lafayette, in his piquant broken "Anglais," plead for the petits orphans; Paul Revere was sure that athletics deserved, not only a star, but a stripe as well, as a symbol of the many tokens basket-ball and hockey leave with one; La Salle plead eloquently, though in incorrectly French speech, for the Newcomb debaters, and Paul Jones put in a word for the swimming pool. Last, but not least, Francis Scott Key told of the glories of the band and Glee Club. Led by Mrs. Key, the entire student body gave an illustration of their ability by singing Alma Mater and Star Spangled Banner.

At the colonial ball in the gym, the Minuet was revived in its most graceful form. The belles and beaux danced until the late hour of ten-thirty, when the powder and orchestra had disappeared. Lang sine, G. Washington and G. Washington Scott! May their birthdays be celebrated forever!

Student Directory

ABNEY, LOUISE	765 Milledge Ave., Athens, Ga.
ADAMS, FANIBEL	511 Floyd St., Covington, Ga.
ACEE, CAROLINE	1218 Woodstock, Anniston, Ala.
ALEXANDER, JOYCE	18 College Ave., Decatur, Ga.
ALLEN, CLARA MAE	Cumming, Ga.
ALLEN, DOROTHY	LaFayette, Ala.
ALLEN, ELIZABETH	LaFayette, Ala.
ALLEN, ETHYLYNE	452 Central Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
ALLEN, IMOGENE	Cumming, Ga.
ALLISON, CARRIE	Draper, Va.
ALMAND, RUTH E.	469 McIntosh St., Elberton, Ga.
ALSTON, SARAH	56 Avery Drive, Atlanta, Ga.
ARANT, FRANCES	43 Mansfield Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
ARCHER, JEANETTE	Montreat, N. C.
ARMSTRONG, ELIZABETH	West Market, Greensboro, N. C.
AYCOCK, NELLE B.	70 Maple St., Carrollton, Ga.
BAILEY, LUCILE	126 S. Main St., Covington, Tenn.
BAILEY, MARY LOUISE	Cochran, Ga.
BALLARD, MARTHA	Bellevue Ave., Dublin, Ga.
BANKS, ANNIE SUE	Social Circle, Ga.
BARNES, JANIE K.	Pounding Mill, Va.
BARTON, HELEN	Sewanee, Tenn.
BARTON, MARY	Sewanee, Tenn.
BATTLE, IRIS	Sorrento, Fla.
BEDINGER, ANNA	Huntsville, Ala.
BELCHER, KATHLEEN	Bainbridge, Ga.
BELL, CHARLOTTE	Shelbyville, Ky.
BELL, MARGARET	Lewisburg, W. Va.
BITTICK, ETHEL	East Lake, Ga.
BLACKMON, MYRTLE	2710 Hamilton Ave., Columbus, Ga.
BLAND, MARGARET	800 East Ave., Charlotte, N. C.
BANISKE, EVA	Cordele, Ga.
BOSTICK, ADELINE	Shelby, N. C.
BOSWELL, LILA	Greensboro, Ga.
BOWDEN, RUTH	Martin, Tenn.

SILHOUETTE

BOWDEN, CECILE	Martin, Tenn.
BOWRON, DOROTHY	2912 Cypress Ave., Birmingham, Ala.
BRENNER, MARGARET	134 Barnett St., Atlanta, Ga.
BREWER, AUGUSTA	210 Title Guarantee Bldg, Birmingham, Ala.
BRIGHT, CLARA	Walnut Ave., Waynesboro, Ga.
BROACH, RUTH	Point Peter, Ga.
BROADHURST, PAULINE	620 Barlow St., Americus, Ga.
BRODNAX, SARAH BELLE	10 St. Augustine Place, Atlanta, Ga.
BROWN, ADA ELIZABETH	535 Vine St., Chattanooga, Tenn.
BROWN, ELIZABETH A.	318 Church St., Fort Valley, Ga.
BROWN, GLADYS	Chadburn, N. C.
BROWN, LOUISE KATHERINE	155 McDonough St., Decatur, Ga.
BROWN, RUTH	221 Prospect St., Chattanooga, Tenn.
BROWN, THELMA	47 Columbia Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
BRYAN, SARAH	203 E. 9th St., Rome, Ga.
BUCHANAN, ELEANOR	9 Strother St., Marion, Va.
BURGESS, CAMA	2 16th St., Atlanta, Ga.
BURKHALTER, HELEN	St. Anthony St., Mobile, Ala.
BURNETT, MARY G.	410 S. Perry St., Montgomery, Ala.
BURUM, EUGENE	2306 Walton Way, Augusta, Ga.
BURUM, VIRGINIA	2306 Walton Way, Augusta, Ga.
CALDWELL, MARY WHITE	9 Henkow Road, Shanghai, China
CALLAWAY, GENA	Monto Sano Ave., Augusta, Ga.
CAMPBELL, LULA GROVES	29 Fairview Road, Atlanta, Ga.
CARNES, MAYBETH	232 Waverly Way, Atlanta, Ga.
CARPENTER, ELEANOR	1310 6th St., Louisville, Ky.
CARPENTER, RUTH	East Washington St., Greenville, S. C.
CARR, ISABEL	506 Clinton St., Harriman, Tenn.
CARTER, MINNIE MERLE	179 Myrtle St., Atlanta, Ga.
CAWTHON, MARION	De Fnniak Springs, Fla.
CHAPPELL, WILLIE	Church St., Dawson, Ga.
CHRISTIE, HELEN ALINE	Decatur, Ga.
CLARKE, EDYTHE	133 Ashland Ave., Asheville, N. C.
CLARKE, MINNIE LETICIA	122 Jackson St., Augusta, Ga.
COCKRELL, ETHEL	Atlanta, Ga.
COHEN, EVELYN	Covington, Ga.
COLE, CLARA	332 W. Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.
COMPTON, LOIS	33 Adam St., Decatur, Ga.
CONNETT, CORA	703 S. 14th St., St. Joseph, Mo.
COOPER, ALICE	155 Peebles St., Atlanta, Ga.

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COOPER, JESSIE Centreville, Ala.
 COOPER, MARY Thomasville, Ga.
 COOK, THELMA E. 13th Ave., Cordele, Ga.
 COSTEN, HARRIET 2318 Wolfe St., Little Rock, Ark.
 COUSINS, MARGUERITE S. W. College Ave., Decatur, Ga.
 CRAIG, ESSIE Lawrenceville, Ga.
 CRANK, VIRGINIA Louisa, Va.
 CRENSHAW, ALMA Hope Hull, Ala.
 CROSLAND, LOUISE Rockingham, N. C.
 CROWELL, RUTH Myers Park, Charlotte, N. C.
 CURETON, SUE Moreland, Ga.

DANIEL, WILMER ELLIOTT Chisholm St., Montgomery, Ala.
 DANZIGER, DENA D. 151 Stewart Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
 DAVIS, EDYTHE 49 Washington St., Atlanta, Ga.
 DAVIS, ROMOLA Senoia, Ga.
 DAVIS, SARAH 53 Spring St., Newnan, Ga.
 DAYE, NELLE FRANCES 201 Madison St., Huntsville, Ala.
 DEAN, EUNICE Prevost St., Anderson, S. C.
 DENNINGTON, CATHERINE 610 Washington St., Atlanta, Ga.
 DICK, REBECCA Home Ave., Hartsville, S. C.
 DICKSON, ELIZABETH 212 Madison St., Clarksville, Tenn.
 DISMUKES, MILDRED 1515 3rd Ave., Columbus, Ga.
 DODD, LUCILE Covington Road, Decatur, Ga.
 DOLVIN, AGNES Siloam, Ga.
 DOLVIN, MARY Siloam, Ga.
 DORN, ROWENA 1142 Peachtree Road, Atlanta, Ga.
 DRAKE, LOIS N. 3rd St., Danville, Ky.

EDWARDS, ACHSAH 204 Church St., LaGrange, Ga.
 ELLIS, ELIA 208 Sharon St., Quincy, Fla.
 ELYEA, DOROTHY Peachtree Road, Atlanta, Ga.
 ENGEL, ROSALIE 13th St., Birmingham, Ala.
 ENLOE, ELIZABETH 338 St. Charles Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
 ESSLINGER, NELL Randolph St., Huntsville, Ala.
 EVANS, CHRISTINE College and Miller Sts., Fort Valley, Ga.
 EVANS, RUTH College and Miller Sts., Fort Valley, Ga.

FARMER, ANNE 815 W. Whitner St., Anderson, S. C.
 FARQUHAR, CAROLINE 3 S. 11th St., Easton, Pa.
 FAW, HELEN 404 Roswell St., Marietta, Ga.

SILHOUETTE

FINNEY, MARY	50 Ponce de Leon Ave., Decatur, Ga.
FISH, MARJORIE	2353 Riverside Ave., Jacksonville, Fla.
FISH, VIRGINIA	2353 Riverside Ave., Jacksonville, Fla.
FLAKE, ELIZABETH	Conyers, Ga.
FLODING, ELIZABETH	250 Myrtle St., Atlanta, Ga.
FLODING, MARY	250 Myrtle St., Atlanta, Ga.
FLUKER, SARAH	Thomson, Ga.
FOSTER, JULIET	320 W. Whitner, Anderson, S. C.
FOSTER, MARGARET	320 W. Whitner, Anderson, S. C.
FOSTER, MAUD	175 Gordon St., Atlanta, Ga.
FRENCH, ELLEN	Cascade, Va.
FULTON, SARAH	31 Oak St., Decatur, Ga.
GAMBRILL, ANNE	652 W. Market St., Anderson, S. C.
GARDNER, DELIA	205 George St., Greenwood, Miss.
GARDNER, ESTELLE	10 N. Candler St., Decatur, Ga.
GARDNER, JOSEPHINE	205 George St., Greenwood, Miss.
GILBERT, OTTO	R. F. D. No. 7, Atlanta, Ga.
GILBREATH, SARAH	Lynnville, Tenn.
GIRARDEAU, IVYLYN	Bethel St., Thomaston, Ga.
GLENN, ANNA BELLE	Country St., Anderson, S. C.
GLOVER, AIMEE D.	Whitelock Ave., Marietta, Ga.
GOODRICH, MARY	481 Spring St., Atlanta, Ga.
GOODROE, GERALDINE	Barbour St., Eufaula, Ala.
GORDON, ELEANOR	Fort Defiance, Va.
GREEN, MARY LOUISE	1015 5th St., Corinth, Miss.
GREGORY, VIVIAN	601 Maury Place, Norfolk, Va.
GRIFFIS, ANNIE	Tallassee, Ala.
GUILLE, EMILY	Athens, Tenn.
GUILL, DORIS	516 E. Broad St., Sparta, Ga.
GUNN, MARY OLIVE	Crawfordville, Ga.
GUY, HELEN	Pungoteague, Va.
HAGOOD, JULIA	518 Clement Ave., Charlotte, N. C.
HALL, RUTH	404 Front St., Laurel, Miss.
HALL, HELEN	38 S. Candler St., Decatur, Ga.
HALL, ISABEL	Statesboro, Ga.
HALL, JENNYE ALICE	112 Peachtree Place, Atlanta, Ga.
HAM, SARAH MILDRED	Kirkwood, Ga.
HAMMETT, LULA	Anderson, S. C.
HAMNER, PEARL LOWE	Buena Vista, Ga.

216 115

HANES, MARIWIL Jonesboro, Ga.
HANNAH, EVELYN ISLA Thomaston, Ga.
HARPER, FRANCES 122 W. Upsal St., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.
HARRIS, LULIE College Park, Ga.
HARRIS, MARY E. W. Cedar St., Franklin, Ky.
HARRISON, SARAH Murfreesboro, Tenn.
HARROLD, QUENELLE Americus, Ga.
HART, ANNE 701 Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.
HARWELL, ANNA 79 Clairmont Ave., Decatur, Ga.
HARWELL, FRANCES GRACE 211 Euclid Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
HATCHER, JESSIE MAE 1013 8th Ave., Columbus, Ga.
HAUGH, CATHERINE 300 W. Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.
HAVIS, DOROTHY 273 Juniper St., Atlanta, Ga.
HAY, MARGARET 15th and Northampton Sts., Easton, Pa.
HEATON, JULIA Tallapoosa, Ga.
HEDRICK, MARGARET Bristol, Tenn.
HENDRICK, LOULIE Hurtsboro, Ala.
HERMAN, SARAH EMMA Dawson, Ga.
HEWLETT, MARY Conyers, Ga.
HIGHTOWER, SARAH Americus, Ga.
HILL, HELEN 9 Kings Highway, Decatur, Ga.
HILL, LAURA MAE 315 Madison St., Montgomery, Ala.
HOKE, ELIZABETH Lincolnton, N. C.
HOLLIS, VIOLA Madison, Ga.
HOLTZCLAW, CLIFFORD Perry, Ga.
HOUSTON, ANNE Lewisburg, Tenn.
HOWARD, LUCIE 1101 Federal St., Lynchburg, Va.
HUDSON, RUBY MAE Bolton, Ga.
HULL, MARION 35 Peachtree Circle, Atlanta, Ga.
HUTTER, CAROLINE 1517 Jackson St., Lynchburg, Va.
HUTTER, EMILY 1517 Jackson St., Lynchburg, Va.
HUTTON, CORNELIA 220 E. Henry St., Savannah, Ga.
HYDE, ELEANOR 1512 N. Carroll Ave., Dallas, Tex.

IVEY, LILBURNE Evergreen, Ala.

JAMESON, JULIA Nashville, Tenn.
JARNIGAN, ERSKINE 1539 Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.
JENKINS, MARGARET Shelby, N. C.
JOHNS, CLARA 604 Jackson St., Corinth, Miss.
JOHNSON, LOUISE 904 North Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

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JOHNSON, MYRTLE	606 S. Perry St., Montgomery, Ala.
JOHNSTON, EUGENIA	51 Ponce de Leon Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
JONES, ALICE LAKE	310 Barrs St., Jacksonville, Fla.
JORDAN, FRANCES ELIZABETH	Prescott, Ark.
JUSTICE, MARY ANN	284 Luckie St., Atlanta, Ga.
KEESLER, CHARLOTTE	401 Walthall St., Greenwood, Miss.
KEISER, RUTH	2170 Highland Ave., Birmingham, Ala.
KELLY, JUANITA	1121 15th St., Augusta, Ga.
KERNS, EDITH	313 Ohio Ave., Charleston, W. Va.
KEYES, EMILIE	102 Greenwich Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
KINCANNON, MARY GEORGE	Normal, Tenn.
KING, ELIZABETH	Ashtabula, Ohio
KING, RHEA	Howell Cotton Co., Rome, Ga.
KINMAN, SARAH	155 Cleburne Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
KIRBY, LILLIAN	235 Ponce de Leon, Atlanta, Ga.
KNIGHT, JANE	548 Sherman St., Albany, Ala.
KNIGHT, KATHERINE ELOISE	Safety Harbor, Fla.
KNIGHT, MARY LAMAR	556 N. Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.
LAING, MARTHA	Lewisburg, W. Va.
LAMAR, HAZEL	121 McLendon Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
LANDRESS, ANNA MARIE	913 E. 9th St., Chattanooga, Tenn.
LANCFORD, CAROLYN	Greenwood St., Barnesville, Ga.
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LEAVITT, MARGARET	Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
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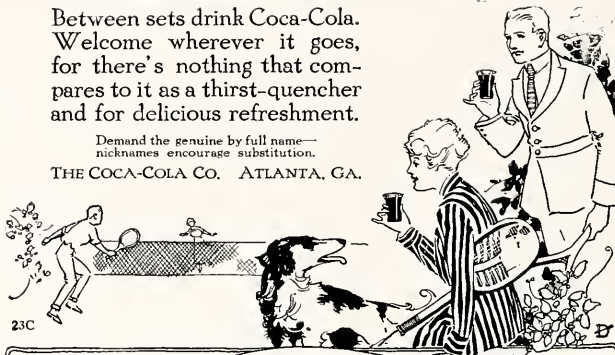
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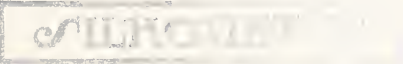
103—Economy Stores—103

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