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# The Oagoooon

VOLUME II

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PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE SENIOR CLASS  
OF THE

**Culolwhee Normal and Industrial School**

CULLOWHEE, NORTH CAROLINA

TO  
HONORABLE FELIX E. ALLEY

One of the most distinguished sons of the Cullowhée Normal and Industrial School in public life today; a graduate with the Class of 1896; a member of the Board of Directors since 1901; elected Clerk of the Superior Court of Jackson County in November, 1898, in which office he served for four years; licensed to practice law by the Supreme Court of North Carolina in 1903, by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1914, by the Supreme Court of Georgia in 1915, and by various other courts since that date; a member of the General Assembly from Jackson County in the session of 1905, when he was influential in securing for this school the largest appropriation it had received up to that time; Solicitor of the Twentieth Judicial District for four years following the election of November, 1910; elector for President Wilson in 1916; a man whose heart is in his profession, on account of which he has resisted constant appeals to go into politics; an orator of rare powers; a devoted son of this school and a friend to the cause of education everywhere \* \* \* \* with admiration and esteem, the Senior Class of 1919 dedicates this, the second issue of THE OGGOOOO.





HONORABLE FELIX E. ALLEY

## A TOAST

Here's to the man of the keen, clear eyes,  
And a strong, firm grip on the helm,  
Who is steering us on under brightening skies  
Toward a far off, happier realm.

Here's to the man of a strong, firm hand,  
Who is ever undaunted by toil;  
He is guiding our ship to the far, happy land,  
Where flowers of Wisdom bless the soil.

Here's to the man of the big, kind heart,  
Who a helping hand has lent,—  
Who in all good works has borne his part,—  
Here's to our President.



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JOYNER BUILDING



## GREETING

Perfection we know we have not attained,  
For that is a goal that is seldom gained—  
Too high, too far for the student to reach,  
But still an ideal to inspire and teach.

Our aim and our hope have been to present  
A bit of the joys that our school days have lent,  
And give to the reader the life and the thought  
Of the dear old place where through years we were taught.

We have failed, we know, for our book is too small  
To contain or even to hint at it all;  
But here is the hope that these pages may please,  
Having caught from our campus a breath of its breeze.

It is yours for the thought and yours for the fun,  
It is ours for the record of the course we have run,—  
To each and to all, whatever the whim,  
That the pleasantest memories fade not nor grow dim.



DAVIES HOME



## SENIOR CLASS

COLORS: *White and Lavender.*      FLOWER: *White Carnation.*

MOTTO: "*Over the Top.*"

### OFFICERS

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CHARLES ROY BIRD                  CHARLES HEUBNER KELLER  
DAVID SIDNEY FLINTOM          JACOB HOLT McCracken  
ALICE MADELYN HAWKINS        JOHN TROY RANDALL  
ANNIE CLARA JONES              CASSIA ALONZO WALLACE  
ANNIE ELIZABETH WOODS

## CHARLES ROY BIRD

WHITTIER, N. C.

*Columbian*

Winner of the debater's medal of the Columbian Literary Society, 1914; declaimer's medal, 1915; President of the Columbian Literary Society, 1917; President of the Y. M. C. A., 1917; President of the Baraca Class, 1917; Manager of the Basketball Team, 1917; Manager of the Baseball Team, 1919; Associate Editor of THE OOGOOCO, 1919; Intercollegiate Debater, Cullowhee vs. Mars Hill, 1919; President of Jackson County Club, 1919.

*"My purpose holds*

*To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars, until I die."*

Here is a young man of excellent ability who has distinguished himself in various school activities. Strong in character, faithful to every duty, considering his word as sacred as his bond, he naturally inspires confidence in all with whom he comes into contact.

Roy, as he is known among his friends, entered school here as a Freshman. The list of honors given above shows that he has had a part in every activity of school life. Distinguished as a thorough student, as a debater, and as a leader, he has made an enviable record at Cullowhee. His course here was interrupted for one year on account of his volunteering for military service. His friends confidently predict a bright future for him after he leaves these halls.



## DAVID SIDNEY FLINTOM

CULLOWHEE, N. C.

*Columbian.*

President of the Columbian Literary Society, 1917; President of the Y. M. C. A., 1918-1919; Captain of the Basketball Team, 1919; Business Manager of THE OOGOOCO, 1919.

*"Oh, I see the crescent of my spirit hath not set,  
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet."*

Here we have a man whose very face speaks his character. Honest, love of fun, and good-naturedness shine from his eyes. Although a large part of his time has been spent in entertaining the fair sex, he has, nevertheless, proved himself faithful to his school work. He truly carries out the high aim of Christian education. "A sound mind in a sound body," may well be applied to him. During his stay here, he has made many friends who wish him well in every endeavor. David has the respect of both the faculty and the students. In his chosen profession, he will make a bright record for himself, and add glory to Cullowhee.





ALICE MADELYN HAWKINS

CRABTREE, S. C.

*Erosophian.*

President of the Erosophian Literary Society, 1916, 1918, 1919; Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., 1918-1919; Vice-President of Haywood County Club, 1919.

*"Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,  
Whose loves in higher love endure;  
What souls possess themselves so pure,  
Or is there blessedness like theirs?"*

Alice is a girl whom everybody loves because of her sunny disposition. She always has a cheerful word and a pleasant smile for those with whom she comes into contact. If you are blue, go to her and she will cheer you up. Alice has always been a diligent student, and ranks high in her class. Whenever she takes a hand in any kind of undertaking, success may confidently be predicted in advance. It takes a great deal of courage to succeed in the face of physical weakness; but that is what she has done. And as she has gone on so bravely with her work she has gained not only more strength, but the admiration of all the class of 1919.

ANNIE CLARA JONES

WINGATE, N. C.

*Columbian.*

Class Poetess, 1919; Chairman of the Program Committee of the Columbian Literary Society, 1919.

*"Forever and forever with those just souls and true—  
And what is life, that we should moan?  
Why make we such ado?"*

The more you see of Annie, the more you like her. While she has been with us only one year, having entered the Senior Class at the first of this year, and has not had the opportunity to secure a long list of honors, she has shown herself a thorough and conscientious student.

While Annie takes her work seriously and is naturally studious, she enters heartily into all the fun and pleasure of school life. Coming from the Piedmont section of the State, she appreciates the novelty and beauty of our mountains, and is ever ready for the trails. She will be remembered as a girl of strong convictions, who has the courage to stand up for them. We confidently predict for her a bright future.







### CHARLES HEUBNER KELLER

CULLOWHEE, N. C.

*Columbian.*

President of the Civics Organization, 1918-1919; President of the Columbian Literary Society, 1919; President of the Senior Class, 1918-1919; Class Historian.

*"What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?  
Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys."*

Charles is a quiet, reserved, modest youth, who makes it a point to attend strictly to his own affairs. He may seem distant and secluded to those who know him not; but for his associates there is always a smile and a pleasant word. He is a good, faithful and punctual student, and enters into every undertaking with the determination to do his best, and success is always his. He is a man of worth, courage and wise judgment. He has led an estimable, irreproachable life. In whatever profession he may choose, we predict success for him.

### JOHN TROY RANDALL

LEICESTER, N. C.

*Erosophian.*

Member of the Baseball Team, 1918-1919; Manager of the Basketball Team, 1918-1919; President of the Athletic Association, 1918-1919; President of the Erosophian Literary Society, 1919; Business Manager of THE OOGOOOO, 1918-1919.

*"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."*

Troy is an active, alert, business-like fellow, who never fails to look at the practical side of everything. His very movement shows energy and alertness. His athletic abilities have aided Cullowhee, especially in basketball, as he is one of our best players. With all the pressing duties of his career in school, he has not neglected the fairer sex. Though he has been too quiet to be termed a sport, yet "Those who are wise in love, love most, say least.." We expect great things of him.





JACOB HOLT McCRACKEN, JR.

President of the Y. M. C. A., 1918; President of the Columbian Literary Society, 1918; Editor-in-Chief of THE OOGOOOOO, 1918-1919; Class Orator, 1918-1919.

*"What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,  
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat forever like a boy's?"*

Here is a young man that has been faithful to every duty, vigorous in every effort, and honest in every aim.

Holt is a young man of ability, showing strength and excellence in his studies. He is one of those rare fellows who believe that a thing worth doing at all is worth doing right. We present him as one upon whom all men may rely in full confidence that under any circumstances, he will do the man's part. He goes forth with the best wishes of his class, and will carve for himself a name of honor out of the problems of life.

CASSIA ALONZO WALLACE

CULLOWHEE, N. C.  
*Columbian.*

President of the Columbian Literary Society, 1918-1919; Commencement Reciter, 1916; Treasurer of the Senior Class, 1918-1919; Class Prophetess, 1919; Winner of County Recitation Medal, 1914; Secretary and Treasurer of Basketball Team, 1918-1919.

*"Not die; but live a life of truest breath,  
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs."*

Cassia has stolen many hearts and made many friends during her happy days in school. She never grumbles, never worries, never lets herself be "blue." In her literary society work she has shown great ability. Her success in interpreting and acting the part of Lady Macbeth, and other characters in drama, gives her the distinction of being the actress of the school. Cassia stands out in the class, and in the school, as a real student. She has always stood for the best things in school life and will always be associated with those things in the minds of her classmates.







ANNIE ELIZABETH WOODS

CEDAR GROVE, N. C.

*Columbian.*

President of the Columbian Literary Society, 1917-1918; President of the Y. W. C. A., 1918-1919; President of the Eastern Club, 1918-1919; Secretary of the Senior Class, 1918-1919; Secretary of the Athletic Association, 1918-1919; Captain of the Basketball Team, 1918-1919; Associate Editor of THE OOGOOOO, 1919; President of the Philathea Class, 1918.

*"Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell;  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before."*

Annie is a girl whom one likes to be around any time. She is jolly, sympathetic and tactful. She is very efficient in two arts: the art of making people laugh, and the art of making them her friends. Although she is a girl who is very fond of talking, her deeds have spoken louder than her words. She has always proved herself so successful in whatever she attempts that the Class could always depend on her in all that she undertook. Affectionate in disposition, kind in spirit, modest in manner, we all feel that she is one of the best girls in the class.

## SENIOR CLASS POEM

Pilgrims are we from that dark land  
Lighted faintly by Hope's lone star,  
Whose gleam we followed, hand in hand,  
In search of happy realms afar.

Pale Learning's flowers bloomed for us  
Along the rugged, weary way:  
The lowly, modest arbutus,  
And varied roses, tall and gay:

And here and there forget-me-nots,—  
Sweet memories of days now gone!—  
That nodded on the grassy plots,  
And blessed us as we traveled on.

Fair lilies whispered as we passed:  
"Take us with you where'er you go,  
Take us with you—youth cannot last,  
But purity—ah, could ye know!"

High on yon mountain, gleaming white,  
A temple stands—Success, its name!—  
Toward which we'll climb by day and night,  
And there receive our meed of fame.

We plucked the lilies fair and tall,  
We pressed them to our youthful hearts,  
We gathered flowers, great and small,  
We made them ours,—fair Learning's arts!

We heard the song of lark and thrush,  
We heard the cooing of the dove,  
We heard the wren among the brush,—  
We heard clear calls to deeds of love.

Before us now are winding trails  
That lead to heights above the plain,  
The heights that each,—faith never fails!—  
Shall in some future day attain.

Many the trails—each has his own—  
Many the dangers day by day:  
But tho' we part, we're not alone,  
For Wisdom's torch shall light our way.

—POETESS.

## SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

ABOUT THIRTY YEARS AGO a school was established in the lonely rural district of Cullowhee under the leadership of Professor R. L. Madison. The school was conducted in a small one-room log church during those early days. The log church became inadequate, and a school house was built, to which rooms were later added one by one, when necessary. When this school house became inadequate, the Madison Building, which now contains the spacious auditorium and living rooms for boys, was erected. A girls' dormitory, which was first known as Altacrest, now known as the Davies Home, was built in the year 1909. These became inadequate, and the Joyner Building was constructed in the year 1913. The school, now known as the Cullowhee Normal and Industrial School, has gradually and steadily grown in usefulness. As the months and years passed, hundreds of students came and went. Their influence is now felt in every occupation and in places far and near.

Finally our time came to join this procession of students who were coming and going. For three long years we looked forward with pleasure to the time when we should enroll as Seniors! Our class we found to be composed of students from all parts of the State, a jolly and eager band seeking advancement in the literary world.

We had shed our well-worn Sophomore hoods of faded hue and had passed into a more knightly state of manhood or womanhood. Like dignified statesmen we marched to the office and matriculated. We were Seniors, ready and anxious to fight our last battle at old C. N. I. S., and go forth into the world of various activities. Seniors! That is the word! Yet, nothing out of the ordinary happened when we registered as Seniors. The great mad world took little note of the pompous act; hence, we concluded after all that Seniors are only students with more numerous toils and tasks than other students. Senior! Dignity! Those magic words we prize so dearly!

Near the first of the year we Seniors asked for six simple privileges; but, alas! instead of being granted those privileges we were sentenced to take charge of chapel exercises for one week.

The Spanish influenza suddenly came into our midst. We fought the brute until the last. The students and part of the faculty were attacked by the deadly fangs of the plague. Not a single member of the school met his death. We were the victors, three weeks of school having been lost.

We were no sooner rid of the plague of influenza than Cupid in his cunning way let fly his golden arrow, when the autumn leaves were turning brown (Brown!) and the next thing we knew Miss Beulah Wike, losing interest in the toils and pleasures of the Seniors, went far to the sunny East to dwell. Yet the other members were free from the keen and shrewd despot of the golden arrows.

The Class was greatly pleased to have two of its former number, Roy Bird, who had been a marine, and David Ffintom, the sailor lad, back at the beginning of the New Year.

During the time of bloodshed, suffering and sorrow, we decided that the Red, White and Blue should float upon the breezes that swept over our campus. The flag pole was raised on the hill by the Joyner Building, and now we see the Stars and Stripes, which have never gone down in defeat, gently kissing the breeze. Throughout the year the Senior Class has had the distinction and privilege of raising Old Glory at the break of early dawn and of folding it carefully away when the evening shadows fell.

In the basketball games the Senior girls were victorious in their contests with the opposing teams of the school. They were, at each moment, on the alert and saw to it that their rivals did not lead them into a trap.

While the Seniors were interested most in literary achievement, one member turned his energy also to athletics. Ran-

Call, the star baseball player, with his skillful tactics, has been our representative on the victorious baseball team of the school.

In facing a series of examinations, or the endless series of lessons and class exercises, and in all other pursuits, the members of the Class ever went forward expressing in action the sentiment of their motto, "Over the Top."

One desire and determination of the Class was to excel the former classes of this institution, in publishing the largest, the best, and the most representative Annual yet published by this school. By continued labor we wrote, revised, and re-revised and at last attained what we thought to be that goal.

As we meet in the last exercises, and as we come to the end of our school days here, we look back upon the days of the past,—and happy they were! At length the time draws

near when we shall have to part, perhaps never to breathe the air of comradeship again. The ties of love that bind the father and the child are no stronger than the love that binds the Senior nine of 1919. As we look back into the past years we have spent on the much loved campus and in the halls of C. N. I. S., we grow sick at heart, realizing that our days here are over, and for a moment the world seems sad.

Yet, realizing that we have only begun the work of educating ourselves, and at the same time rejoicing in these things in which we have succeeded as a class,

*Zcalous, yet modest,*

*Innocent though free,*

*We say good-bye to Cullowhee.*

—HISTORIAN.



## SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

"Worry no longer about the future of your classmates," said the good fairy. "Follow me, and I will conduct you to the cave of the Prophetess Sybil, who will reveal to you whatever you wish to know about the future. She dwells in a cave under a mountain and writes her prophecies on leaves. Let us not enter at the door, but at a back entrance, so that we may not disturb the Prophetess and her work. Trust me and I will guide you thither—come!—she is this day writing the fate of the Senior Class of '19. Lose no time."

As she took my hand, I felt myself rise higher and higher in the air. I do not know how far we went, but after a short time I felt myself begin to descend and soon found that we were at the foot of a high mountain which was covered with a dense forest. The fairy raised her wand and touched a large rock near by. It suddenly disappeared and we found ourselves in a long, narrow recess. As it was very dark, it was necessary for me to hold the fairy's hand so that she might guide me.

After we had gone some distance, I saw a light farther on. As we drew nearer, I saw the Prophetess Sybil, seated at a small table, writing on large leaves.

The fairy whispered to me to be quiet, lest we disturb her. We were very close now—so close that I could discover what she was writing. On one large leaf which she had just laid down was written, "Class of '19, C. N. I. S.—Twenty Years Hence." Ah! we were just in time. I held my breath as I saw her pick up a leaf and draw with her pencil a large, stately mansion, which indicated luxury and untold wealth. It was, indeed, a magnificent palace which only a millionaire could afford. But now Sybil was writing something below. I bent closer and read: "The property of Charles Keller, the millionaire, who made his vast fortune while employed in blowing the pith out of macaroni."

On the second leaf she wrote: "The class orator has gradually risen until he now holds the high position of Editor of 'Life.' He thinks this magazine ought to go into every American home, so that the people would adopt his motto, which is, 'Laugh and grow fat.' He himself has evidently tried this method. Who would recognize Holt McCracken weighing 250 pounds!"

On the third leaf I read: "Annie Jones, the famous actress, who has played in many well-known cities, dates the

beginning of her successful career to the Senior play in 1919, where she first felt inspired in this great work. She is well known in the Shakespearean plays, and although she doesn't like them much, she says she finds the antics of the two Romcos in the 'Comedy of Errors' very amusing."

Next I read: "After spending a couple of years in a sanitarium because of nervous prostration—caused from trying to avoid work—Troy Randall at last became reconciled to his fate. After recovering sufficiently, he started forth to seek his fortune—carrying his earthly possessions in a bandanna handkerchief. Finally, he decided on law and has become very famous. In fact he has learned to plead a case so well that his best girl could not refuse him. His advice to other young men is 'Study Law!'"

As I saw her write the name of Ammie Woods, I caught my breath, for I remembered how many times we had discussed "Our Future" together. I watched eagerly as she wrote: "Ammie Woods, who has become well known in the famous Audubon Society, will deliver an address on Monday afternoon at the state capital on the subject, 'How to Catch a Bird.' She has made a careful study of her subject. Much valuable information may be derived from hearing this speech."

On the sixth leaf I read: "Alice Hawkins has staked a homestead in Oregon, constructed her house, and at present is engaged in irrigating her fields. She would be a great success if she did not flirt so much with the neighboring ranchmen."

On the next I read: "Roy Bird has distinguished himself in his military career. After nineteen years of service, he has been promoted from a buck-private to corporal. He is very fond of army life, for, as he says, 'No girl is able to resist a uniform!'"

As Sybil turned the eighth leaf, I saw the name of David Flinton glowing at the top. I read: "David is now a prosperous book agent. He shows great ability in paralyzing one's vocal cords, while he stimulates the auditory nerves; also in persuading one that black is white, or that the history of the world in two volumes is entire and complete."

She then drew the last leaf in the pile and wrote my name across the top.—But suddenly I heard someone calling me. With a start I sat up in bed. The clock was striking eight, and the school bell was ringing.

—PROPHETESS.



## LAUNCHED; WHERE SHALL WE ANCHOR?

THE WORLD TODAY is in a period of transition. We are passing through conditions which are testing the spirit of each of us.

We are called to the reconstruction of civilization on a Christian foundation. When the sun went down on Friday night, July 31, 1914, it went down upon a world that has forever passed away. The World War, whatever changes it may bring in the world geography, represents the close of one age and the beginning of a new era. This great war had its beginning in Europe, but it finally developed into a world revolution. This war, which was a struggle between Democracy and Autocracy, marks the breaking up of the Aristocratic Order. This old order has now gone, never to return.

We are now launched upon the new era, and this means that the present is a significant and fateful hour with us. Whether the world that is to be will be better depends upon several factors.

This new era that we have launched out upon, will not, and cannot improve of itself. The making of a moral world implies a moral process. These forces operating in man and society to produce these moral and social changes are not primarily physical, or chemic. They are moral and spiritual. With this in mind, we note the moral and the social ideas and ideals that are now filling the minds of men, and we mark the new spirit and purposes that are now moving nations. That spirit is the spirit of Democracy. A new emphasis must be put upon Democracy and a demand for its full realization in political, social, and industrial life, if we wish to anchor where the greatest good will come to one and all. This demands a closer co-operation of churches and a new stress laid upon the social content of the gospel, and a new value upon the central truths of Christianity: justice, love, brotherhood and peace.

The principles of morality, justice, right, and brotherhood are universal in scope, and nations equally with men are under obligation to conform to them. This war was fought to make the world safe for Democracy and to give to all peoples liberty and the right of self-government. There is an interdependence of nations and it is certain that the conditions and policies of one people affect all; and, therefore, it is a consequent necessity for all peoples to take such action as would be wise to secure justice for all and to protect each.

Now this World War has brought a new revelation to all

nations. It has revealed some of the many sins of men and the defects of society, and we stand amazed at the things that have been disclosed. We had come to believe that men had degenerated morally, and that ease and luxury had rotted their moral fibre, and that they would shrink from hardship and pain. But all such notions have been dispelled by this great struggle. It has shown to the world the devotion, the self-sacrifices, and the deep religion of men. We have seen that men everywhere responded to the summons of their country and went forth gladly to serve their country and humanity. More than two millions of our noble young manhood went to the battlefield, into the trenches, and there they endured pains and hardships unpeakable.

And we have heard of no slackers among the women of our country. Precious mothers, wives, and loved ones accepted the double load of responsibility and carried it without a murmur through those years of hardship and of pain. This was self-sacrifice by which they demonstrated the spirit that was ready to spend and be spent for a cause.

Now all this shows us some of the great and mighty forces at work in the world today. It shows us some of the energies and powers on which we may rely in the great work of social reconstruction. These forces will profoundly affect the church and Christianity. If the church is to meet the present challenge it must be on the alert.

This whole world is undergoing a great change. Let us see clearly the great task before us. The evils of the world are human, moral, and spiritual, and they find their roots in selfish hearts and ignorant minds. These evils must be conquered in and through a change in the minds, hearts, and wills of the people. It is the business of the church to create in men a Christian state of mind and train them for effective service in the Kingdom. This world must create a new mind and a different spirit before it can enter into permanent peace. There must be the sacrificial attitude which will lead all groups, both the employers and employees, to look not primarily on things of self, but to see the good of all.

In this great reconstruction some heavy demands will be made upon the educational system. The schools, the colleges, and the universities, as well as the church, and all other social organizations, must prepare the young for social life, for industrial efficiency, for good citizenship, and for universal service.

—ORATOR.

## LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

WE, THE MEMBERS of the Senior Class of 1919, thankful to the promulgators and supporters of the Cullowhee Normal and Industrial School, and thankful to the citizens of the town of Cullowhee for their kindness and hospitality toward us during our sojourn among them, but realizing that our stay here must cease and that we must soon depart for worlds unknown, do make, publish and declare this our last will and testament, hereby declaring null and void all former wills and writings that may at any time have been made, published or declared by us.

ITEM I. It is our will and desire that Rowe Henry and his wife be hereby appointed as executor and executrix, and that full power be given them to execute this last will and testament in every particular.

ITEM II. To Professor Reynolds we leave a Morris chair to be placed in the church for him to sleep in during the sermon.

ITEM III. To Professor Jones we bequeath all the powder, paint, perfume, powder puffs and hair tonic not used by us this year.

ITEM IV. To Professor Wells we leave all our patience, said patience to be used in dealing with all future classes in Trig.

ITEM V. It is our will and desire that Professor Brown have the privilege of cutting chapel whenever he wishes.

ITEM VI. To Miss Wells we leave two switches of gray hair to be used only on Monday afternoons.

ITEM VII. It is our will and desire that Miss Johnson have the use of the 'phone line down to Sylva from two o'clock till six every afternoon.

ITEM VIII. To Professor Stillwell we leave our vocal talent, to be used every morning at chapel in singing melodious tunes.

ITEM IX. To Professor Henry we leave all our short speeches, to be given at chapel.

ITEM X. It is our desire that Miss Hooper inherit all of Alice Hawkins' property, which consists of love letters and old shoes.

ITEM XI. To the Junior Class we leave the privilege of raising the flag every morning and lowering it at night.

ITEM XII. To the Sophomore Class we leave all our Senior privileges, to be used carefully and economically, as said privileges are few and far between.

ITEM XIII. To the Freshman Class we bequeath all our sympathy and the hope that they will escape all the hard knocks we have had.

ITEM XIV. It is our desire that Lawrence Brown inherit the oratorical ability of Roy Bird.

ITEM XV. We bequeath Troy Randall's ability to work geometry to Sallie Fisher, with the hope that it may prove fatal during the coming year.

ITEM XVI. To John Flinton we will Holt McCracken's privilege of ringing the bell every morning, with the wish that he may sleep soundly until eight o'clock.

ITEM XVII. It is our will and desire that the "barn boys" have all our scraps of soap, said articles to be used for taking a shower bath every week.

ITEM XVIII. To the Junior Class we leave all of Charles Keller's dignity, to be divided equally among the members and to come into their possession when they have attained their seniority.

ITEM XIX. We leave Annie Jones' talent for writing love letters to Sallie Reynolds.

ITEM XX. To the practice school teachers we leave all our talent for telling stories.

ITEM XXI. Finally, it is our desire that all our good deeds be recorded with red ink.

—TESTATRIX.

## JUNIOR CLASS

COLORS: Red and White.

FLOWER: Red Rose.

MOTTO: *Veritas omnia vincit.*

### OFFICERS

L. W. BROWN.....*President*  
F. B. MANN.....*Vice-President*  
LOUISE JENSON.....*Secretary*  
ERNEST P. CRAWFORD.....*Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

L. W. BROWN	WILLIS KIRKPATRICK	RUTH WIKÉ
ERNEST P. CRAWFORD	H. E. MEDFORD	W. T. WELLS
W. B. CORNWELL	STEPHEN PORTER	LOUISE JENSON
W. B. CHAMBERS	BERT QUINERLY	F. B. MANN
W. R. HENRY	CLIFFORD STILLWELL	





JUNIOR CLASS

## JUNIOR CLASS POEM

Last year were all our doings highly,  
Our feasts were like those of the hog;  
When we passed, the Matron slept lightly,  
And fear hushed the bark of the dog.

O, we stole the wagon and rode the cow,—  
Prof. Reynolds 'most made us pace.—  
The wagon came back, I can tell you not how,  
For he had promised a picnic to Rocky Face.

But now we are on the opposite side,  
Supporting the head of the school,  
And we each and all abide  
By even the simplest rule.

We are Juniors now, and that is why  
We have changed at such rapid rates,  
That when one more year passes by,  
We will be the graduates.

The instructors are training us to teach,  
But to stop with this would never do;  
The heights we aim to reach,  
Have been attained by very few.

—W. R. HENRY.

## SOPHOMORE CLASS POEM

Eager we've been all this long year  
For this one grand event,  
When we can say without a tear  
Our Sophomore year is spent.

Now, Freshmen, dear, this much for you:  
Hasten in our old path to go:  
You'll reach the goal if you be true,  
Though long the way, and slow.

Next year it's ours to a higher plane,  
Full Juniors we shall be;  
So all who climb, new heights may gain,  
Until at last the top they see.

Our second year, since this one's gone,  
The Senior Class we'll reach;  
So classmates, one and all, stay on,  
Prepare yourselves to teach.

When all of this is over and done,  
And out in the world we're seen,  
Remember well, each single one,  
The good old days of '18-'19.

—J. MARVIN GLANCE.

## SOPHOMORE CLASS

COLORS: Silver Gray and Royal Purple.

FLOWER: Purple Aster.

MOTTO: *Non administrari sed administrare.*

### OFFICERS

E. E. CRAWFORD..... *President*  
J. O. TERRELL..... *Vice-President*  
BLANCHE MANN..... *Secretary*  
SARAH CAMPBELL..... *Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

HELEN CONROY	ADA NORTON	J. M. GLANCE
SARAH CAMPBELL	E. E. CRAWFORD	H. G. BIRD
ELLEN BRYSON	J. O. TERRELL	BLANCHE MANN
HELEN ALLEY	W. E. QUEEN	



SOPHOMORE CLASS

## FRESHMAN CLASS

COLORS: Silver Gray and Old Rose.

FLOWER: Sweet Pea

CLASS MOTTO: *Tenete veritatem.*

CHARLES FLINTOM .....*President*  
HARRY DAVIS .....*Vice-President*  
MARY MOORE .....*Secretary*  
SALLIE REYNOLDS .....*Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

MARTHA DAVIS  
RACHEL DAVIS  
HARRY DAVIS  
GWYN DENTON  
CHARLES FLINTOM

JOHN FLINTOM  
CHARLES FERGUSON  
SALLIE FERGUSON  
SALLIE FISHER  
MAYME GARRETT

MARY MOORE  
RUTH MCGHEE  
GERTRUDE NOLAND  
MYRTLE TIMBERLAKE  
GUDGER WORLEY



FRESHMAN CLASS



## PARABLE OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS

1. AND IT CAME TO PASS in those days that the summer began to draw to an end.
2. Then did several girls and boys say each to himself: "I will take up my baggage and paraphernalia and go at once to the Cullowhee Normal and Industrial School that I may receive culture for my mind."
3. Straightway did they put their hats upon their heads, take up their baggage and start on their journey with tears and lamentations.
4. And when they did reach Cullowhee they assembled themselves together and said each to the other:
5. "We must elect unto ourselves a president and other officers."
6. Then did each one begin to say, "Give unto us Mr. Charles Flinton for our president."
7. And when the votes were cast not one was found against him.
8. Soon after this came the season of basketball. Then did the spirits of the Freshman team wax valiant in their breasts.
9. They did assemble in the gymnasium and did practice faithfully.
10. Then did the girls begin to have confidence in their team and they began to say:
11. "Let us go unto the Seniors and deal unto them a crushing blow."
12. Straightway did both teams begin to gain more interest and to practice more.
13. Then did the day come when both teams assembled themselves upon the basketball court.

14. Straightway did Miss Wells blow the whistle and the team of the Freshman class bore down upon the Seniors and dealt unto them a crushing defeat.

15. Thereafter there was much spirit of triumph displayed by the Freshman class.

16. Then did the Freshmen assemble themselves a second time, and at this meeting they decreed that the Freshman class must lose none of the joy of climbing the mountains "round about old Cullowhee."

17. Thereupon Rocky Face was decided upon as a place worthy of a picnic.

18. Then did they say that if Professor and Mrs. Wells would go with them as chaperones they would set out at the third hour on one Monday morning.

19. The next Monday being a suitable day they all did take up their lunch and set out.

20. About two o'clock of the same day after they had partaken of a bountiful lunch, they reached even the top.

21. Much merriment was derived from rolling great stones down the mountain and from listening to the thunder they made far below.

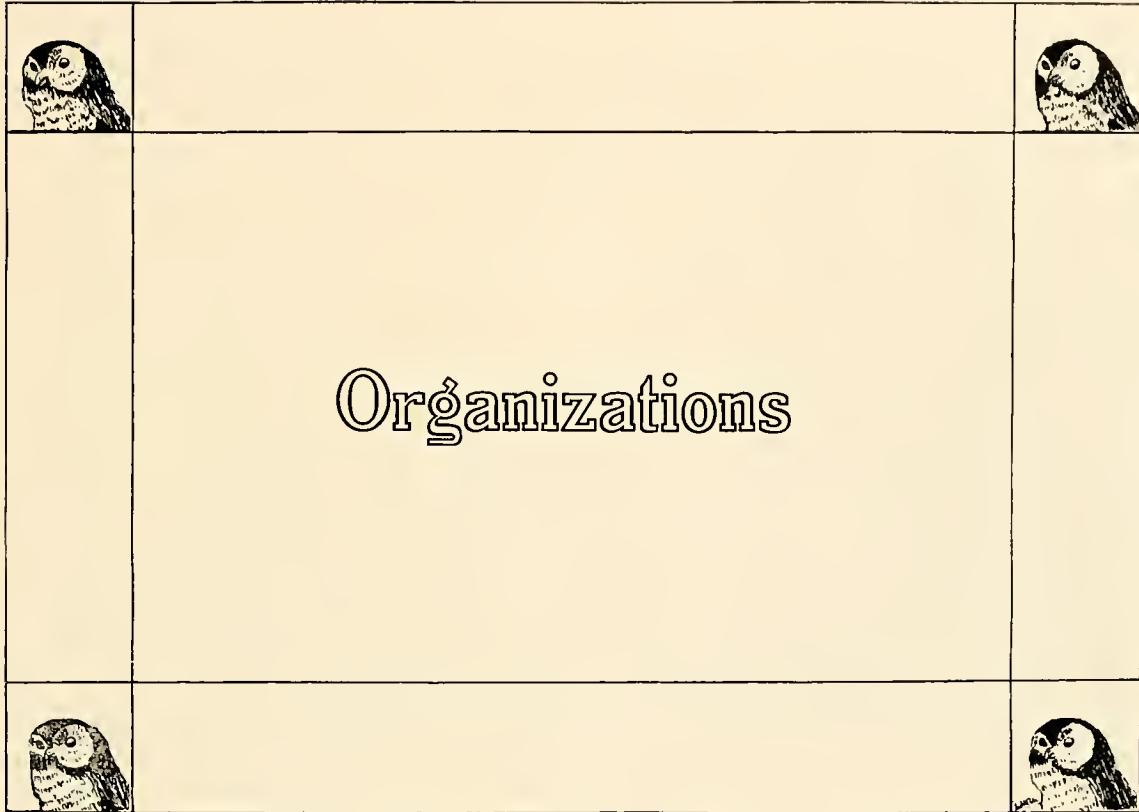
22. But soon a veteran of the hills came to them saying, "I just don't care how much you folks come up here and view about, but I ain't a-going to have ye rollin' them rocks down these hills a-tearin' my fences down and a-killin' my pigs."

23. No more rocks did they roll after this, but took themselves home in much doubt as to what might befall them for their transgression.

24. Here endeth the history of the Freshman class of nineteen hundred and nineteen.

—MYRTLE TIMBERLAKE.







EROSOPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

J. T. Randall  
Freida Fincher

Alice M. Hawkins  
Herschel Green

Harry Davis  
Sallie Fisher



EROSOPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

## EROSOPHIA

Here is our pledge to the E. L. S.—  
She is worthy of all, we give her no less ;  
For those who have gone from her beautiful hall  
Have climbed to the top of life's great wall.

There are doctors and lawyers, bankers and clerks,  
Who are playing a part in life's greatest works,  
And teachers and preachers all over the land,  
Who are always lending a helping hand.

Though still we may have a long road to climb  
Before we can reach the height sublime,  
We'll stand with the others, our banner unfurled,  
And sing her praises to all of the world.

When our days in her hall shall come to an end  
And we all must part from comrade and friend,  
If there is regret that no language can tell  
'Twill be when we say, "Erosophia, farewell."

—ALICE M. HAWKINS.



COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Myrtle Timberlake  
W. R. Henry

Charles H. Keller  
Cassia Wallace

J. H. McCracken, Jr.  
Annie Woods

Sallie Reynolds  
E. P. Crawford





COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

## COLUMBIA

Columbia is my Society; I shall not go astray,  
She teacheth me the way to fame and leadeth me in Learning's pleasant way;  
She restoreth my spirits when I am cast down,  
And leadeth me in paths of glory and renown,  
Even though I walk through the shadow of contests, I fear no defeat,  
For thou art my guide and I am sure to beat,  
Thou preparest an answer ready in the presence of my foe;  
Thou comfortest me and filleth him with woe,  
Surely success and honor will depart from me never,  
And I shall dwell in the land of a Columbian forever.

—CASSIA WALLACE.





HARRY DAVIS  
*Debater*  
Cullowhee vs. Mars Hill

Winners in the Cullowhee-Mars Hill Debate, held at Cullowhee, April 12, 1919.

In this, the first of a series of three annual debates between Cullowhee and Mars Hill, the following query was discussed:

*Resolved*, That the United States Government should establish schedules of minimum wages for unskilled laborers, constitutionality conceded.

The decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative, which was supported by Cullowhee.



C. R. BIRD  
*Debater*  
Cullowhee vs. Mars Hill

## RELIGIOUS LIFE

TWO OF THE LEADING organizations in this school are the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Association. Their purposes are to give each student a higher ideal of life, and to train him for service. These two organizations are doing a great work in the development of Christian leadership among the young men and young women. The programs are planned and executed by the students. All are encouraged to express themselves freely on the various subjects selected for discussion.

The social committee occupies a very important place in these organizations. It is the duty of this committee to see that the sick and needy are properly cared for, both in the school and in the community. Also, it is customary for each of these organizations to give a banquet, or some other special program, during each year. This is planned and carried out by the social committee.

Also, a strong Sunday school, graded and organized according to modern methods, is conducted in the Joyner Building. Students conduct the sessions of the Baraca and Philathea classes, the lessons being taught by members of the faculty. These activities are supplemented, of course, by daily chapel exercises and by church services.

—D. S. FLINTOM.



Y. W. C. A. CABINET

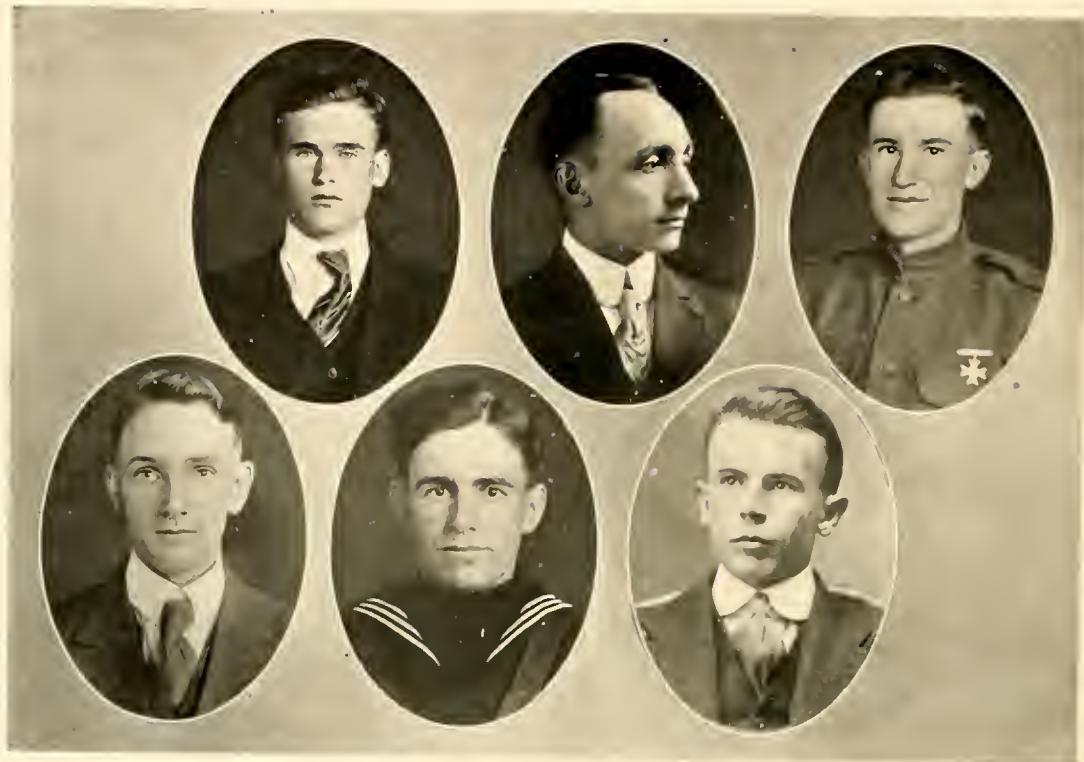
*Reading from left to right, top row:* Mary E. Wells, Advisory Officer; Annie Woods, President; Alice Hawkins, Secretary.

*Bottom row:* Mrs. H. B. Jones, Chmn. Social Committee; Sallie Fisher, Treasurer; Myrtle Timberlake, Chmn. Program Committee; Sallie Reynolds, Chmn. Membership Committee.

*The photograph of Freida Fincher was inserted by mistake instead of Sallie Fisher's, which appears on page thirty-eight.*



Y. W. C. A.



Y. M. C. A. CABINET

J. O. Terrell, Secretary-Treasurer  
W. R. Henry, Chm. Social Committee

H. B. Jones, Advisory Officer  
D. S. Flintom, President

C. R. Bird, Chm. Program Committee  
F. M. Mann, Chm. Membership Committee





Y. M. C. A.



PHILATHEA CLASS





BARACA CLASS



SCHOOL CHORUS

# ATHLETICS





ATHLETIC FIELD

## ATHLETICS

*"A sound mind in a healthy body."*

WHEN THE FALL TERM of school opened, interest in athletics centered chiefly in baseball. From 3:50 o'clock in the afternoon, the athletic field was a scene of greatest activity. A good team was developed which did effective work on the diamond. The first game was with a select team from other schools of Jackson County at the time of the county fair. Our boys showed up well during the game and succeeded in putting it over the opposing team, with some to spare. The score was 6 to 8 in favor of Cullowhee. The manager is getting ready for the spring season. Games have been scheduled with a number of schools. At this writing, we are confidently looking forward to seeing some good baseball this spring.

Heretofore baseball has been the big game of the school, but from now on baseball needs to look well to its laurels, for otherwise basketball will have them.

Basketball received tremendous impetus when the student body unanimously voted an athletic fee to be added to the other regular fees of the school. This fund made possible a more comprehensive basketball program. A hall in the Joyner Building was immediately turned into a gymnasium and equipped for a basketball court. Both boys and girls took up the game and hours for use of the court were assigned to each. The boys took their trip February 12 and played three

games before returning. The first of these games was with the Asheville School. We were defeated in this game by a score of 60 to 18. The next game, with Weaver College, was more successful. We won the game by a score of 17 to 8. The last game of the trip, played with the Waynesville High School boys, resulted in another Cullowhee victory, by a score of 25 to 21.

The Waynesville High School boys returned the game and were again defeated with the score of 53 to 11. The Cullowhee girls played the Waynesville girls and won the game by a score of 21 to 17. The girls also have games scheduled with Murphy, Andrews and Sylva. They will also play a return game with Waynesville.

A meeting was called by the Asheville Y. M. C. A. for the purpose of organizing the schools, Y. M. C. A.'s and hospitals of Western North Carolina into an athletic association. Our association sent as representatives W. T. Wells and J. M. Glance. The result of this meeting cannot yet be foreseen, but we are hoping for better organized athletics in the different schools.

On the whole we are proud of our achievement in athletics this year, both as to the number of opposing teams met and defeated, and the substantial increase of equipment.

—F. L. WELLS.

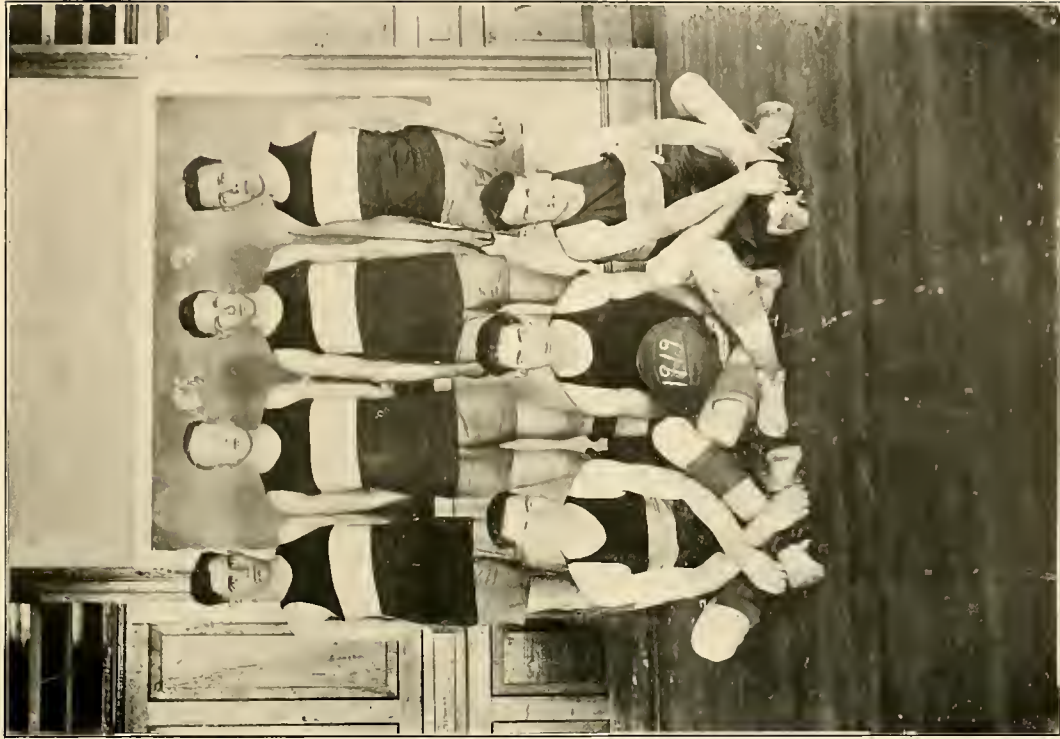


BASKETBALL TEAM

MARY E. WELLS, COACH.

*(Kneeling, left to right):* Vinnie Wells, center; Ruth McGehee, guard; Sallie Reynolds (substitute), forward; Mary Moore (manager), guard; Cassia Wallace (substitute), guard;  
*(Seated, left to right):* Helen Conroy, forward; Annie Woods (captain), center; Lois Wike, forward.





#### BASKETBALL TEAM

(*Standing, left to right*): D. S. Flinton (captain), left guard; E. P. Crawford, center; W. R. Henry (substitute), guard; Harry Davis, center.

(*Seated, left to right*): J. W. Flinton, forward; J. T. Randall, right guard; F. B. Maum, forward.





TENNIS CLUB

*(Left to right):* Thelma Brown, Bert Quinerley, Annie C. Jones, Willie Rhea,  
Alice Hawkins, Sarah Campbell, Myrtle Timberlake, Maud Worley.



#### BASEBALL TEAM

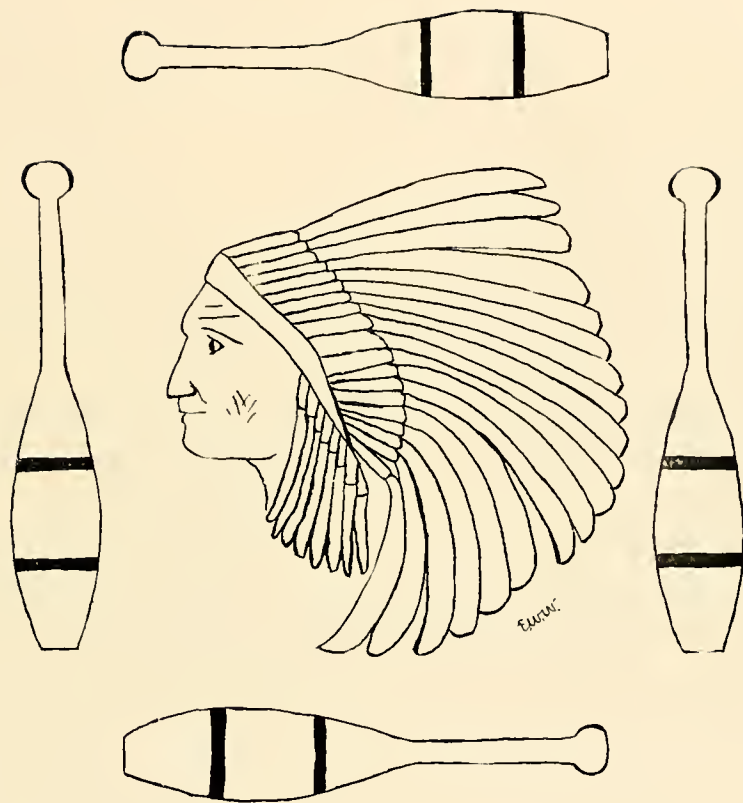
(*Standing, left to right*): C. R. Bird, manager; C. W. Flintom, catcher; D. E. Worley, pitcher.

(*Kneeling, left to right*): W. E. Fullam, center field; J. S. Porter, right field; G. T. Worley, second base; J. W. Flintom, third base.

(*Seated, left to right*): F. B. Mann, left field; L. W. Brown, substitute; W. B. Cornwell, shortstop; J. T. Randall, first base.



A GYMNASIUM CLASS





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MEMBERS

L. W. BROWN  
 W. E. FULLAM  
 J. M. GLANCE  
 MAYME GARRETT  
 H. B. HALL  
 INA JONES  
 LENNIE McFEE  
 J. T. RANDALL  
 G. B. SAMS  
 ROBERT SPRINKLE  
 VINNIE WELLS  
 W. T. WELLS  
 F. L. WELLS  
 D. E. WORLEY  
 G. T. WORLEY



BUNCOMBE COUNTY CLUB

OFFICERS

W. T. WELLS.....	President
DENNIS WORLEY .....	Vice-President
MAYME GARRETT .....	Secretary
L. W. BROWN.....	Treasurer
J. M. GLANCE.....	Reporter

MEMBERS

- J. W. FLINTOM  
 EMMA JOHNSON  
 D. S. FLINTOM  
 ORA HUFFMAN  
 MRS. H. B. JONES  
 BERT QUINERLEY  
 C. W. FLINTOM  
 MARY MOORE  
 ANNIE JONES  
 JESSIE BROWN  
 ANNIE WOODS  
 LOUISE JENSEN  
 J. H. McCracken, Jr.  
 THELMA BROWN  
 BERTHA DAGENHART  
 LARRY BROWN  
 ROGERS FULLER



EASTERN CLUB

OFFICERS

- ANNIE WOODS .....*President*  
 J. HOLT McCracken, Jr. ....*Vice-President*  
 BERT QUINERLEY .....*Secretary*  
 MYRTLE TIMBERLAKE .....*Treasurer*  
 EMMA JOHNSON .....*Reporter*

MEMBERS

TOM BROWN  
 GEORGE BROWN  
 F. B. CHAMBERS  
 SARAH CAMPBELL  
 JOE DAVIS  
 HARRY DAVIS  
 MANILLA FERGUSON  
 GENEVA FERGUSON  
 FRED A FINCHER  
 CHARLES FERGUSON  
 ALICE HAWKINS  
 W. R. HENRY  
 WILLIS KIRKPATRICK  
 BERTHA MESSER  
 ELENOR MESSER  
 H. E. MEDFORD  
 GERTRUDE NOLAND  
 WILBUR NOLAND  
 REAL NOLAND  
 MAUD WORLEY  
 GUDGER WORLEY



HAYWOOD COUNTY CLUB

OFFICERS

WILLIS KIRKPATRICK .....*President*  
 MANILLA FERGUSON .....*Vice-President*  
 H. E. MEDFORD .....*Secretary*  
 ALICE HAWKINS .....*Treasurer*



MEMBERS

HELEN ALLEY  
 JULIA BALLARD  
 C. R. BIRD  
 EFFIE BROWN  
 ELLEN BRYSON  
 WILLIAM BRYSON  
 GERTRUDE CHILDERS  
 HELEN CONROY  
 ELIZABETH CANDLER  
 MARGARET CANDLER  
 ALVIN CRAWFORD  
 EDGAR CRAWFORD  
 E. E. CRAWFORD  
 E. P. CRAWFORD  
 FRANK CRAWFORD  
 ANNIE LAURIE DILLS  
 LOUISE DUCKETT  
 CHRISTINE EDWARDS  
 MABLE EDWARDS  
 SARAH FISHER  
 MACK FOWLER  
 HERSCHEL GREEN  
 FLODIA HOOPER  
 BESSIE HOOPER  
 BASCOM HUGHES  
 BERTIE JONES  
 C. H. KELLER  
 JOYCE MONTEITH  
 ETTA MILLS  
 RUTH MCGHEE  
 BURDER NICHOLSON  
 THELMA OSBURNE  
 WILLIAM QUEEN  
 SALLIE REYNOLDS  
 WILLIE RHEA  
 CLIFFORD STILLWELL  
 J. O. TERRELL  
 CASSIA WALLACE  
 RUTH WIKE  
 LOIS WIKE  
 BONNIE WILSON



JACKSON COUNTY CLUB

C. R. BIRD.....*President*  
 BESSIE HOOPER .....*Vice-President*  
 THELMA OSBURNE .....*Secretary*  
 J. O. TERRELL.....*Treasurer*  
 E. E. CRAWFORD.....*Reporter*



Sixty-six

## MACON COUNTY CLUB

### OFFICERS

FRANK MANN ..... *Reporter*  
 BLANCHE MANN ..... *Treasurer*  
 RACHEL DAVIS ..... *Secretary*  
 WILFORD CORNWELL ..... *Vice-President*  
 J. S. PORTER ..... *President*

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### MEMBERS

W. B. CORNWELL	ESSIE NORTON
RACHEL DAVIS	ADA NORTON
*JOHN FOSTER	JOHN NORCROSS
*ARTHUR FOSTER	CLARA WEST
ELLEN HIGDSON	J. S. PORTER
BLANCHE MANN	*ETHEL ZACHARY
FRANK MANN	

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\*Absent when the photograph was made.

# MISCELLANEOUS





THE "CULLOWHEE"

A rare flower in the mountains is the lily, named by the Indians the "Cullowhee." It is found not far from the campus in the beautiful Cullowhee valley.

## ALMA MATER

THE CULLOWHEE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

*Tune: "Marching Through Georgia." Words by H. B. Jones.*

High among the mountains, under sky of deepest hue,  
Like a gem of purest ray, with colors white and blue,  
Teaching all who come to her to live the life that's true,  
Fair and stately stands our Alma Mater.

CHORUS:

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for Cullowhee!  
Hurrah, hurrah,—her praise forever be!  
While in Learning's classic halls the truth shall make men free,  
We shall love and cherish Alma Mater.

Calling from the mountain-side and from the far off plain  
Those who know the dancing brook or hoarse resounding main,  
Pointing them to Life's great prize, and teaching to attain,  
Patient, faithful stands our Alma Mater.

Training hand and mind for service, heart for noble deed,  
Sending forth her sons and daughters, who will others lead  
Into light and hope and joy by teaching Wisdom's creed,  
Wisest, truest stands our Alma Mater.





OLIN SANDEFORD DEAN



## In Memoriam

OLIN SANDEFORD DEAN

1873-1918

Professor Olin Sandeford Dean, a former teacher, beloved and admired, of the class of '19, was born August 10, 1873, at Lumpkin, Ga.

He graduated at Emory College, Oxford, Ga., in 1896.

His life was devoted to teaching. After spending several years in public school work, he went into college work. His work was then in the following schools:

Andrew College, Cuthbert, Ga., 1903-1907;

Mansfield College, Mansfield, La., 1907-1909;

Weaver College, Weaverville, N. C., 1909-1912;

Cullowhee Normal and Industrial School, Cullowhee,  
N. C., 1912-1917;

Davenport College, Lenoir, N. C., 1917-1918.

He moved to Russellville, Ky., in August, 1918.

He died at Russellville, Ky., October 24, 1918.



SCENES ABOUT CULLOWHEE

## ROUND ABOUT OLD CULLOWHEE

When we hear the mellow tinkle  
Of the cow-bells far away,  
When we see the slow herd winding  
O'er the hill of autumn gray,  
'Tis the time the heart rejoices  
With a joy that's full and free,  
And we love to climb the mountains  
Round about old Cullowhee.

Sparkling brooklets dance before us  
As we gain the gentle slopes,  
Dashing from the deep, dark forest  
Where the hoot owl sits and mopes,—  
O the joy when life is gladdest  
For old pals like you and me,  
As we climb the tallest mountains  
Round about old Cullowhee!

Joy of living!—ever present  
When the autumn days return;  
Joy of learning!—ever with us,  
And our hearts within us burn;  
River rushing ever onward  
Toward the far off moaning sea,  
Learning's mountains ever calling  
Round about old Cullowhee.

Winding thro' the narrow valley  
Rushing over foaming shoal,  
Dashing thro' its narrow gorges,  
Hast'ning toward its far off goal,  
Ever flows the Tuckaseegee  
By the mill, the farm, the lea,—  
O the view from lofty mountains  
Round about old Cullowhee!

On its hills hard by the river,  
Where the gentle breezes blow,  
Dreamily the school reposes  
In the sun's mild autumn glow:  
Classic halls and stately buildings,—  
They shall never cease to be  
While men climb the mighty mountains  
Round about old Cullowhee.

—H. B. JONES.



## SCENES FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

*As presented during the Summer Session of 1918*

DUKE OF VENICE.....	Edna Emerson
PRINCE OF MOROCCO.....	Mary Reynolds
PRINCE OF ARRAGON.....	Margaret Flintom
ANTONIO.....	Mary E. Wells
BASSANIO.....	Hannah Moore
SALARNO.....	Annie McGuire
SALARINO.....	Lillian Brinson
GRATIANO.....	Nell Reynolds
LORENZO.....	Edna Sronce

JESSICA.....	Jantie Webb
SHYLOCK.....	H. B. Jones
TUBAL.....	Grace Bradley
LAUNCELOT COB.O.....	Bessie Williams
OLD GOBBO.....	Daisy Keller
BALTHASAR.....	Sadie Arrington
MAGNIFICO.....	Emma Johnson
GAOLER.....	Dora Britt
PORTIA.....	Annie Bird
NERISSA.....	Enyd Taylor

## WANTED—

Those members of my class in Algebra—PROF. HENRY.

Stump-diggers—PROF. REYNOLDS.

Someone else to be criticized for the contents of this book.—THE OOGOOCOO STAFF.

To catch that fellow who spit on the floor—PROF. WELLS.

To get an ad. for THE OOGOOCOO from the Jackson county jail—FLINTOM and  
RANDALL.

A place to use a big word—CHARLES KELLER.

To see a train again—MISS POWELL.

To see ourselves as other people don't—EVERYBODY.

To know who stole my hair—MISS WELLS.

A boys' dormitory—GIRLS.

A privilege! A privilege! My kingdom for a privilege—SENIORS.

More stump-diggers—Apply at once—PROF. REYNOLDS.

An anti-fat remedy—ANNIE JONES.

A motor truck to carry my mail—LOUISE JENSEN.

To hang all the style makers—PROF. JONES.

More visitors from the Legislature.—STUDENTS.

Nothing said about my age—ROY BIRD.

Someone to impersonate me as I really am—PROF. STILLWELL.

A chance to change my name—CASSIA WALLACE.

No-land! No-land! No-land for me!—MYRTLE TIMBERLAKE.

Some kid-curlers—ROY BIRD.

A husband! I'll guarantee to be a good wife—MISS HOOPER.

To know what you meant by that joke—MISS JOHNSON.

To know why Sunday baseball is not popular at Cullowhee—BARN BOYS.

## A SNIPE HUNT

---

IT WAS HARD, of course, but it certainly was funny the way we boys succeeded in getting Bill into a snipe hunt. Bill, or Willie, as we sometimes called him, was reared on a farm by hard work, and knew practically nothing of school boys and their ways.

In a very few days we began to say among ourselves that we could have some real fun out of Bill. Yes, all decided that he ought to be taken in immediately.

We boys planned a grand old snipe hunt for Bill's individual benefit. Every one that happened to come in contact with Bill would boost him up about the pleasure of snipe hunting. Bill was right in for this. To be sure Bill was ignorant of the game, but the very idea of catching twenty or thirty snipes in a sack was something he had never heard of before.

The night was agreed upon by all of us, and all preparation was made with great care. We went to an old field about one mile from the school. In that place, according to our reports, could be found from one hundred to a million snipes. The hills were cut out in deep gullies; so Bill was to hold the sack open down near the mouth of one of the deep gullies near the creek. The night was as dark as death, and the wind was exceedingly cold. But Bill was to catch the snipes in his sack. He huddled down, shivering with cold, to hold the sack as he thought it ought to be held. Bill stayed at his post for over an hour, while we boys lay hidden in a forest near by.

At last we began to make a ferocious noise. Frightened by this noise, Bill threw the sack down and started back to his place of abode, running at full speed. We ran after him, yelling like panthers and occasionally operating our firearms.

Bill took every near cut for his boarding place, running over fences, creeks, gullies and through briar thickets. But we arrived at our lodging place before he did. In a short while Bill rushed in, muddy and wet, his garments almost torn from him. Then all of us burst out into a laugh. One asked him how it happened that he was back so soon. Another said, "Where are the snipes, Bill?" And another asked, "How many did you catch?"

Bill was a good-hearted and good-natured boy and could take a joke. Finally he exclaimed, "Well, boys, I am the fool, and might as well confess it." That boy from that day until this bears the name of "Bill Snipes."

—C. H. KELLER.



## THE SPICE BOX

"There's no danger," said Dr. Nichols to Miss Wells. "It's only a boil coming on the back of your neck. But you must keep your eye on it."



Professor Jones in English class, to Wilford Cornwell, who had a little while before had a quarrel with Ruth McGhee: "What part of speech is woman?"

Cornwell: "Woman is not part of speech. She is all of it."



Professor Stillwell, to Gertrude Childers: "Gertrude, what happened to Babylon?"

Gertrude: "It fell."

"What happened to Ninevah?"

"Destroyed."

"To Tyre?"

"Punctured."



"Emeline," inquired Mrs. Jones, "did you wash your face this morning before you took your music lesson?"

Emeline: "Yes'm."

"And your ears?"

"Well," said Emeline, "I washed the one that was next to Miss Johnson."

Willie Rhea, to Cassia Wallace: "Professor Reynolds tried to make Gudger Worley and Gwyn Denton kiss each other last night."

Cassia: "Did? What for?"

Willie: "For fighting."

Cassia: "Good! I'll have a fight with Steve tonight."



Miss Johnson: "You know the thought of marrying Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ haunts me."

Troy Randall: "No wonder; it's only a ghost of a chance."



Holt McCracken, to Professor Jones: "Professor, I wish to ask you a question: When women meet they kiss; when men meet they shake hands; when dogs meet they wag tails. What will the devil and the Kaiser do when they meet?"

Professor Jones, after a few minutes' study: "I should think they would do all three."



Maude Brown, to William Norman, on coming from the Auditorium one beautiful starlit night: "Aren't the stars numerous tonight?"

William: "Yes, and a heap of 'em."



A few Sundays ago a crowd of girls went out on the roof garden of the girls' dormitory. Suddenly Sallie Fisher's feet slipped, and she started falling, crying, "Oh, Lord, do save me—Oh Lord, do catch me—oh, Lord—never mind, I've caught on a nail."

Mrs. Jones gave Rachel Davis the vinegar jug and asked her to go to the store for a quart of vinegar. Rachel, forgetting what she wanted, pulled the stopper out of the jug, and said to Mr. Wike: "Smell of this and give me a quart."



Wayne Wells was called on one day to ask the blessing at the dining table. It ran thus: "Oh Lord, please take away this dinner and bless our sins."



Professor Wells: "I believe it gets colder after daybreak every morning."

Rachel Davis: "Yes, I think so too, for as long as I remain in bed I stay as warm as can be, but when I get up I almost freeze."



Willis Kirkpatrick was overheard by Steve Porter making love to Jessie Brown: "Oh, those diamond eyes! those ruby lips! that alabaster neck! won't you be my dewdrop?"

A few days later Steve was overheard trying to quote Willis to Cassia in this way: "Oh, those demon eyes! those rubber lips! that alpacker neck! won't you be my glue pot?"



Miss Wells, to Alice Hawkins: "Alice, what is that old tobacco pipe doing on your table?"

Alice: "It belonged to Jesse Robinson."

Miss Wells: "You may throw it away."

Alice: "Oh, Miss Wells, I can't! It is all I have to remember him by!"



Professor Brown: "I wonder what sort of stone they will give me when I am dead."

Raymond McCarty (softly): "Brimstone."



Kirkpatrick: "Twenty pounds of flesh wouldn't look bad on me."

Norman: "It would if it looked like the rest of you."



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*Our Friend of the Kitchen*

## RED LETTER DAYS

### SEPTEMBER, 1918.

- 2.—Students arrive. Noticeable increase in the humidity of the atmosphere.
- 3.—Money panic. Registration day.
- 8.—First Sunday away from home. A few students have sore eyes.
- 12.—A serious time for girls. All boys over eighteen must register.
- 13.—Y. W. C. A. reception. All cares forgotten.
- 24.—Fair weather. A holiday given. Cullowhee floats take first prize.
- 25.—Lessons unprepared. Teachers look sour. Oh! you Jackson County Fair!

### OCTOBER

- 1.—One month has passed. Only seven more until Commencement!
- 12.—Happy days! The chestnuts are falling.
- 20.—Influenza.
- 24.—"Flu" grows worse. Fifty cases in Davies Home. Girls gain hearts' desire by becoming nurses.

### NOVEMBER

- 11.—Peace!! Bells and bonfire!
- 16.—Students hard at work to keep from studying.
- 29.—Thanksgiving past! Grits and hash again.

### DECEMBER

- 8.—Change in menu today—hash for breakfast, potatoes for dinner, beans for supper.
- 20.—Homeward bound.

### JANUARY, 1919.

- 1.—Students on campus again—rain without, no sunshine within.
- 15.—"Flu" rages again.
- 24.—Bloody fight in Davies Home. Many rats killed.

### FEBRUARY

- 12.—A serious time for girls. All boys over eighteen must register.
- 13.—Epidemic raging—many victims. Students gravely trying to smile in the midst of it.
- 14.—No abatement of epidemic. Even some of the faculty afflicted.
- 15.—A sudden change toward high noon. Last victim recovers. A sigh of relief. All danger past.
- 16.—Absentees return. "Please cancel my order for Oogoo-coo. My picture is not in it, and it is not worth a cent."
- 24.—Much complaint. Photographer is not the flatterer he promised to be.

## MARCH

- 2.—Showers of tears—Miss Johnson chief mourner. Funeral of the White Statue in front of Davies Home.
- 10.—Picnic season on. Freshman class take the day.
- 14.—Waynesville-Cullowhee basketball games. Rah! Rah! Cullowhee!
- 24.—Girls return from tour in western part of state. (Lost is their middle name).
- 28.—THE Oogooocoo goes to press. The editors breathe a sigh of relief.
- 31.—Y. M. C. A. entertains Y. W. C. A. Picnic! Barbecue!

## APRIL

- 1.—Faculty badly fooled—students attempt no pranks.
- 10.—Debaters getting nervous.
- 12.—Debaters more nervous. Mars Hill debaters arrive.
- 13.—Debaters feel first touch of relaxation.
- 29.—Oogooocoo staff gets nervous.

## MAY

- 1.—Examinations! Enough said.
- 3.—Seniors happy. Class Day exercise.
- 5.—Murder in the first degree! Macbeth slays Duncan.
- 6.—Cullowhee, the deserted village.

## SENIOR FAREWELL SONG

*Words by H. B. Jones.*

*Music: "Stars of the Summer Night."*

Thro' many happy days,  
Sacred to memory,  
We wandered o'er thy ways:  
Farewell, farewell to thee!  
Farewell, farewell, O Cullowhee!

Gladly we'd linger yet,  
More golden days to see;  
Tho' deep is our regret,  
Farewell, farewell to thee!  
Farewell, farewell, O Cullowhee!

We trust thy fame shall grow,  
E'en to eternity;  
Blessing thy name we go:  
Farewell, farewell to thee!  
Farewell, farewell, O Cullowhee!

Facing the future years,  
We know not what may be;  
Still thy sons have no fears:  
Farewell, farewell to thee!  
Farewell, farewell, O Cullowhee!



## EDITORIAL

OUR WORK IS FINISHED. We present to you this work as the product of our time, our means, and our energy. Many long and tiresome hours have we spent in labor over this book. Our aim has been to give you a true representation of school life in Cullowhee. If we have failed to do this, only remember that this is our first attempt in such a work.

We express our heartiest appreciation to those of our friends who have so kindly aided us in this work. Especially do we, as a class, wish to thank our Faculty Editor, Professor H. B. Jones, who has so kindly and diligently labored with us either in day or night. We realize that without the help he has so willingly given us, our work would have been a failure. We also wish to thank him for the poems that he has contributed to this book. And to Mrs. J. N. Wilson, who has contributed the art that has been used in this book, we wish to give our heartiest appreciation. We thank the whole school for its hearty support and close co-operation. The many kindnesses of our friends and comrades will never be forgotten by us.

If within the pages of this Oogooocoo we have inserted anything that appears harsh, please remember that it has been our aim to omit such things as might seem harsh or leave a sting. If there is anything to the contrary, then our interpretation, and not our intention, was at fault. If at the close of some beautiful day, when we have all departed from our dear old school, you perchance glance through this book and receive pleasure in seeing Cullowhee as it used to be, we shall then know that our work has not been in vain.



THE END

A decorative rectangular border with intricate floral and vine patterns, featuring leaves and small flowers, surrounding the central text.

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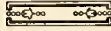
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