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Dedicated
By
The Staff
In Behalf of the Student Body
To Our Alma Mater
Peabody
Demonstration
School
In presenting this book to the student body of Peabody Demonstration School, we, the staff, assure you that it represents our best efforts and we hope it will be appreciated as such. That there are faults is undisputable, but may these faults serve only as an aid to our successors.

Opportunity has given us the privilege of producing the first annual as well as the first school paper. The way in which we have taken advantage of this opportunity is best shown by our last work, this book. Of course we are proud of it; and we do not think it boasting to say that we consider it a step forward in the progress of P. D. S.

Aside from the wide experience gained by all members of the staff, the work has been beneficial to us in the way of forming friendships through our co-operation. Because of this it is with a feeling of regret that we surrender the operation of the paper to our successors. We hope next year's staff will make the Peabody Volunteer a greater factor in the life of Peabody than it was this year. We can assure the incoming staff of the hearty co-operation of the faculty and the student body that is essential to the type of paper Peabody merits.

As is true of all annuals, when you finish this book you will have laughed with us and thought with us for a time and then passed on. We trust that you also will receive some lasting benefit from it.
Tribute

ACK of all successful enterprises there is the influence of some master minds. Peabody Demonstration School is very fortunate in having such a man as James S. Tippett for the principal, under whose able direction the success of P. D. S. has been phenomenal. We cannot value too highly the efforts of our principal in making the school what it is today. Through Mr. Tippett, P. D. S. stands for high scholarship, clean athletics, and individual development.

Dr. Thomas Alexander of Peabody College, through his great interest in P. D. S., has been a factor in the development of the high standard attained by our school. The ability of these two men forms a happy combination that would make a success of any institution of learning.
Metamorphosis

SIDE from being somewhat selfish, Tom had an unfortunate notion that his way of doing things was the only way. Between the ages of bobbed hair and long pants he had had a private tutor who, recognizing an unusual mind in his pupil, made no scruples in telling him that he was capable of great things. In fact, he spoke of it so often that Tom gradually conceived the idea that no one was as smart as he.

At the age of fourteen he entered a boys' school and, for the first time, was thrown with people of his own age. His father and mother have bowed to his iron rule since the first lusty squawk squealed forth from an incredibly small mouth and it is not surprising that he should have expected to continue to sway his world with a commanding nod, nor did he dream that he would not be loved and admired just as his parents had loved and admired him. Consequently, when, at the end of his initial day at school, Tom said to a classmate, "Run, get my overcoat, kid!" he was overwhelmed when the so-called "kid" looked at him curiously and walked off without so much as saying, "I'm sorry."

At the end of the first month, although Tom still continued to give orders and offer unsought advice, which he had always considered a favor to give, he began to wonder why he was so slow making friends. Boys who had started
the same day as he had were being asked to "pitch ball," play tennis and go to a show or to the "Y" with the veterans of the school. Certainly Tom could play any game or perform any stunt in a boy's category, for, with the exception of being spoiled, he was an all-around good sport; but it was not the pleasure of games he craved, but the pleasure of companionship.

At the end of the second month he had stopped issuing commands. He did not analyze the change, for it did not occur to him that he had stopped; it was the natural outcome of never being obeyed. Still, on every hand, without realizing it, perhaps he made himself obnoxious by his persisting advice. His schoolmates continued to almost ignore him and to add a second disappointment his grades fell far short of what he had been led to think that he could make. From necessity, he held himself aloof from the others and, in their opinion, became more "hard-boiled" as the days passed. His self-confident suggestions, instead of ceasing, became grouchy and sarcastic and the boys nicknamed him "Witch." It never occurred to Tom that he was in the wrong. He continued to rest under the impression that he was right and the world was wrong. But he was miserable and made others so as much as he was able.

One day, when the boy's burdens had seemed particularly hard to bear, he walked into the classroom just in time to hear his deskmate say, "Where on earth is my algebra book? My books just crawl away without so much as a decent fare thee well!"

Then Tom butted in, "You wouldn't lose your books if you would carry them all home and bring those to school that you need instead of leaving them at school and carrying some home to study. Use your head, Carl, and save your back!"

Carl elevated his nose a fraction of an inch and returned, rather sarcastically, "Thank you, Witch, I couldn't get along without your helpful suggestions."
Tom hadn’t meant to be unpleasant and was taken aback at Carl’s uncompromising reply. It was the last straw and he wheeled abruptly about, snatched his cap and made for the woods. After walking aimlessly about in the thicket, he suddenly felt very tired and threw himself full length upon the ground and presently went to sleep.

Hours later he heard voices, at first, unreal and far away, but, quite suddenly, they became distinct, for he heard his own name spoken.

“Aw, Carl, I think Witch is a good kid underneath his grouch. It’s rather hard on a fellow to be ostracized and it’s very likely he hasn’t the slightest notion what it’s all about. As for my part, I think it would be more kindness to tell him plainly where his fault lies than to leave him so entirely alone. Now that wasn’t a bad suggestion he made to you this morning about your books—if his advice were not so plentiful we would, no doubt, ask him for it.”

“Spec’ you’re right, ole top; I admit that I was a bit hasty this morning. He looked just as if I had kicked him—hurt and surprised—and when he walked out I felt like running after him and begging forgiveness.”

“Well, Carl, let’s at least be a little more liberal with him. Anybody can see with half an eye that he’s miserable. ’Spose we ask him to go along and see the boxing match tomorrow—I’ll be responsible for him.”

“And so will I, ole sport. Shall I ask him?”

“Yes, I rather think it is your place since you do want him to know that you are sorry.”

Tom lay still until the boys left. He was so glad to learn that he was to be accepted that the accusation of his besetting sin did not wound him greatly, although it made an everlasting impression.

He did not think that it would be a very difficult task to stop giving advice, but, after a week filled with errors, as he began to call his suggestions, he decided that it was not going to be so easy as he had anticipated. He acquired the habit of redeeming his fault by a hasty apology, which,
at first, made the boys smile up their sleeves but which, after a while, they began to love. Sometimes, he would start to say something and check himself; at other times, he would break off abruptly in the middle of a sentence, then turn red and bite his lips. It was a long hard fight and the change in the boy was very gradual but it was steady. As gradually and as steadily did he gain friends.

Tom said, years after, that his victory dated from the day when Carl said, "Say, Witch, ole boy, which make of tennis rackets is the best for the least money?"

Incidentally, Tom's answer was, "I don't know, Carl, but I have two Davis cups at home. You are welcome to one if you will accept it."

MILDRED WELCH.

A Cheese Dream

The train was going at a fearful rate of speed and I caught my breath several times while whizzing around a curve, but the car was warm and with blankets pulled up around my head I felt unusually comfortable, and was just about to doze off when I felt a tiny tugging at the covers.

When I opened my eyes I saw, calmly sitting upon my stomach, a tiny little man dressed all in yellow. He was laughing I could tell, but strange enough I could not hear a sound. He looked at me and I was suddenly conscious that it was I who was causing all the mirth, so, I sat up, upsetting the little fellow, and gazed at myself in the long narrow mirror between the windows. Seeing nothing unusual I looked in an inquiring manner toward my guest, and there he sat, in the small hammock, among my belongings, eating cheese.

He was still laughing and the situation was so ridiculous I had to laugh myself.
I then saw that he was speaking to me and I strained my ears to hear what he was saying. His voice sounded far away, and it was hard to distinguish it from a Victrola when one is playing it with one's finger nail.

"Well! Well! So you don't recognize me? I thought possibly not. However, that's what I'm here for, and you will know in plenty of time. Don't you remember that Swiss cheese you ate on the diner? How you felt it would disagree with you? Well, I'm it. And I've come to lead you a merry chase tonight."

I laughed at him. The idea! A little fellow no bigger than my hand lead me a merry chase! I laughed again. It was a good joke.

He got angry and pelted me with cinders from the window ledge, yelling at the top of his voice and jumping up and down like mad.

I reached toward the bell to ring for the porter, but as I stretched out my hand the bell seemed miles and miles away.

Then I looked out the window, and to my dismay there wasn't a window there at all. My vehicle had changed from a train to fast rate bed springs like one sees in advertisements. We were flying through the air, and the little man betook himself to a safe place near the center of our vehicle, which happened to be me. The exact center of me.

I was mad then and no joke. This undesirable fellow had taken me off my train. I would miss it now and I was on the way to New Orleans to close an important business deal, and it was absolutely necessary that I be there at 9:30 the next morning or I would be without a job and the firm minus a few thousand.

It angered me and I reached toward the yellow demon to wring his neck, but each time I did so he was not there and would be peeping out at me from between the covers. I was well ready to say a few things and I'm not saying that I didn't. However it was not long before we stopped suddenly.
get what breath I could through my sandpaper lungs.

The yellow fellow beckoned to me and grinned like a chess cat. Something made me follow him, though I was loath to do so.

We walked, ages and ages it seemed—up—up—up—a narrow winding path, and when I looked over the sides to the valley below, I could see my train, headed towards New Orleans. The whistle blew tantalizingly and the sound floated up to my poor mistreated ears.

Finally we stopped at an auto repair shop on the outskirts of a small village. By this time my companion had grown to be the same size as I or I had done just the opposite—I'll never know which; anyway, we walked into the shop. I protested, but it did no good, so I followed meekly.

The mechanic grinned when the demon whispered something in his ear. They took me and sat me down upon the floor. They took four small wheels and with a welding outfit welded them upon my poor aching feet.

I was made to walk, mind you, not roll to the village and on to the forest on the other side. After a while we met up with two men who were sawing down a tree. The demon whispered something to them too, and they grinned, though it seemed to me that their grin was a bit wider than the mechanic's. They sat me down and planted their feet in me to hold me there. Of course I moaned and groaned considerably. They seemed to delight in sawing me, continually, on my—waist line.

I don't know what happened or what else the woodcutters did to me, except that I felt very peculiar toward the middle.

Many times I was taken through the same process, and once an impudent creature took a sharp knife and sliced me from head to foot and then he took his horrid old knife and stuck it through my much abused—before mentioned portion of body.

It was as if being sawed almost in two, my friends polishing my ribs with a finger nail buffer. When the job was quite complete, I was allowed to sit for a minute and get what breath I could through my sandpaper lungs.
THE PEABODY VOLUNTEER

A rock hung out over the valley below. I stood and gazed—my train again, winding like a snake along the banks of a river. Merciful heavens! The bridge had been torn away by a storm, and the train was just about to glide into the swift turbulent river, when I was struck with a sudden fit of soft heartedness, and I thought of the man in the berth above me, the one who, earlier in the evening, had snored so loudly. He might have a family waiting for him somewhere and I decided to save him or die in the attempt. With a wild cry I began to jump from rock to rock. The wheels made it difficult for me to keep my balance, though after a time I felt them to be a real convenience. I rolled—I bounced like a ball—I fluttered like a leaf, light as air. I lit. Where was the train?

I fell and when I opened my eyes I beheld the black grinning face of the Pullman porter.

“Tell the man in the upper berth there is going to be a wreck!” I yelled with what breath I had left.

I heard laughs from all sides and I beheld myself sitting in the middle of the aisle, tangled up in the green curtains.

“Lawdy mussy, boss! Yo’ show has treated yoself to a nice li’le dream. Better let me make up yo’ berth again. You’s done turned it inside out. Whar has yo’ been?”

“Inside out is the idea, Sam. Thanks be it was only a dream, a nice little cheese dream. Sam, help yourself!”

MARY RICE ANDERSON.

A Trip To China

(Contributed by a friend of P. D. S.)

Every year a committee that is appointed by the Standard Oil Company of New York goes around and picks from some of the leading colleges the boys that have made good. I happened to be one of the boys that they asked to go over to China and work for them.
One of my duties was to go into the wilds of China and extract the oil out of the ground for three years; then if I wanted to come home and stay six months I could.

I sailed from Los Angeles, and when I reached Hongkong I thought all of the people in the world were in this one city. I got in a jinricksha and went to the largest hotel in Hongkong that the Standard Oil Company owns. It is a huge place and is fenced off by iron gates to keep out the Chinamen. Outside of these gates swarmed hundreds of people.

I went up into the wilds of China and stayed for three years. Then I came back to the United States and stayed for six months, and then went back to Hongkong.

This time I lived in a more civilized manner. We stayed at the hotel that the Standard Oil Company owns and had all of the servants that I wanted.

One night I was invited out to dine with one of the richest Chinamen in that part of the country. For dinner we had six courses and they were as follows: Shark fins (imported, very costly), fried chicken skins and legs, chicken breast, ham, sugar-cane, and birds' nest soup, watermelon seeds between each course. During the dinner the floor had to be swept five times because they spat out the pulp of the watermelon seeds and the sugar-cane.

They thought nothing of eating cats, and I saw hundreds of cats being fattened for the market. The more noise they make in eating their soup the more manners they have.

When I went out into the country I could look for miles and not see a tree; they had cut them all down for fuel.

All of the hills were covered with graves. They won't bury the dead anywhere except on the hills.

After they bury a person and for two or three years after if the rest of the family don't prosper they dig them up and bury them over again, because they say that the soul is not at rest.

They live mostly on rice, cats and meat of all kinds.
BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The P. D. S. Boys' Athletic Association, though a young organization, has already made itself indispensable to the school. They have played the part of gracious host to the many visiting teams, and from all reports have been successful.

A one hundred per cent spirit has been shown the entire year, and no association thinks more of its teams than they do.

Due to the efficient management of Clinton Parrent, the treasurer, and liberal gifts from the school, many trips have been made possible, which added greatly to the pleasure in athletics.

The parting wish of the association as it adjourns for this year is that next year it will be bigger, stronger, and more efficient than ever.

FOOTBALL

The football season of 1920 was a bright feature in annals of Peabody sports. The eleven compiled a total of 871 points against opponents' 36 in eight games, winning seven, tying one, and losing none.

Porter (captain), Huggins, Griffin, Woolwine, Morris, Bayless, Bivins, Anderson, Andrews, Dodson, Brannan, Davis, Brandau, Scruggs and Burleson made up the eleven, plus the extra men. Paul F. Barnes of the University of Missouri was the coach. The players leaving at the end of the year 1919-20 are: Porter, Morris, Andrews, Burleson, Bayless, Davis and Bivins—leaving less than half of the old team to form a new one in 1920-21.
As for basketball, Peabody cannot claim as successful a year as for football. There was nothing wrong with our team. In fact, it was a good one. But most of the fives that we played simply had the edge on us. Peabody defeated College Grove, Gallatin, Sigma Nu of Vanderbilt, Castle Heights, and Clarksville twice, but lost to M. B. A., Central High, Hume-Fogg, Chattanooga High, and Castle Heights.

Davis (captain), Eaton, Huggins, Gaston, Woolwine, Burleson, Porter, Morris and Anderson comprised the team, plus the several extra men. Tommy Zerfoss of Vanderbilt piloted the fortunes of the five through the season.

Basketball loses Davis, Porter, Morris and Burleson, leaving a good part of the team there for next year.

The baseball nine has had rough going for the season, partly due to inability to get regular practice on account of the weather, and other things which could not be helped.

The team and the line-up is as follows:

- Stumb .................. Second Base
- Porter .................. First Base
- Huggins ................ Catcher
- Duke .................. Shortstop
- Phillips ................ Third Base
- Morris ................ Fielder
- Tyne .................. Fielder
- Jones .................. Fielder
- Lowenstein .............. Fielder
- Caldwell ................ Pitcher
- Griffin ................ Pitcher
- Dodson ................ Pitcher
- Tommy Zerfoss of Vanderbilt .......... Coach

The first game, played with Franklin High, was lost, 7 to 5. The next game was with M. B. A., the Peabody nine showing up badly, to the score of 16 to 0. In two games with Murfreesboro High we also came out losers—the first 7 to 3, the next 12 to 7.
The Team at Chattanooga
Girls' Athletic Association

One of the many organizations among the Peabody girls is the Girls' Athletic Association. This association is composed of a majority of "athletic enthusiasts" who were ready to back the boys' games as well as the girls.

When our Peabody boys played Murfreesboro football team the "ever-faithful maids" of the G. A. A. came out to see the game and to give a warm welcome to the visiting team. After much rooting and excitement, which was well spent, the two teams with the "girl rooters" went to the Demonstration School Building, where a delightful lunch was prepared. Sandwiches and ice-cold drinks welcomed the hungry players.

After eating to their hearts' content, those who cared to dance did so. A dance was also planned for the visitors that night, but as the boys had to leave before dark, we bade them farewell, hoping next year we could entertain them much better.

This was the kind of work the girls had planned to do the entire year, but even though we didn't entertain the players after each game, we were always there to give our sincerest support by rooting.

When the Castle Heights boys played Peabody boys in basketball, some of the girls served dinner and planned a dance after the game in our gymnasium.

The Girls' Athletic Association aroused enthusiasm among the different classes to organize class basketball teams. This proved to be very successful and the girls really enjoyed the class games. The eighth grade team has been very much in the contest and luck has played with them.

We hope that the Sophomore and Junior girls next year will take much interest in the association and will back the boys as well as the girls in all their games and activities. May success be yours throughout the years to come!

Cornelia Lamb.
Student Council

AMELIA APPLETON .......................................................... President
CORNELIA LAMB ............................................................ Vice-President
NELLE WEAVERS ............................................................ Secretary
MARThA WESLEY HART ....................................................... Treasurer

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

ELIZABETH THOMPSON ....................................................... Service
JEAN MCKEAND ............................................................... Membership
ELEANOR BROWN ............................................................. Program

ADVISORS

Misses Snidow, Anna Cooper, Ethel Norton, Nell Crain.

MOTTO: "Preparation for Ideal American Womanhood."

The Student Council is a division of the Girl Reserves of the Y. W. C. A. It consists of twenty girls of the Junior and Senior classes and was organized shortly after Christmas. The club holds monthly or semi-monthly meetings at the Y. W. C. A. Building, and cabinet meetings at school.

The aim of the organization is clearly expressed in its motto to train the older high school girls for useful, patriotic, helpful and spiritual work when "out of school life into life's school."

Under the auspices of the Service Committee the club has undertaken a very good work at the Wesley and Warioto Settlement Houses.

Nearly every girl in the club has some sort of class that she meets once a week or more at the settlement houses, either in cooking, serving, physical training, or story telling. Plans are on foot for work in the children's ward at the City Hospital, also.

The club was organized primarily for the purpose of helping others as the best way for broad and worth while development, rather than of planning its own entertainment. The range of the Student Council's activities takes in athletics, settlement work, patriotic and religious service and participation in all plans vital to the life of P. D. S.
Dramatic Society

WILL CARTER ........................................... President
NELLE WEATHERS ..................................... Vice-President
IRMA STEVENS ......................................... Treasurer
THOMAS WOODARD ..................................... Secretary
MISS FLEMMAN SNIDOW ............................... Director

The Dramatic Society was organized early this fall under the guidance of Miss Snidow. The club had interesting and entertaining programs at the weekly meetings up until Christmas, when the initial performance took place in the auditorium of the Social-Religious Building. The Christmas program consisted of three parts—a prologue, “Pierrot and Pierrette,” a Miracle Play, and “The Nativity,” the latter part, which was very effective, given in song. This performance showed the public the talent and ability found in the society and assured its support and interest. In March the girls of the Dramatic Society presented two short plays at the Social-Religious Building, “Making Good” and “Just Women.” This second entertainment also showed splendid training and was unusually entertaining.

The society had this year a membership between thirty and forty and its popularity and success have made it a very valuable organization. The society not merely presents occasional entertainments, but desires to train the high school students in speaking and acting and in organizing interesting amateur theatricals.
Society Overalls

Hat classic phenomenon of "from the plow to the presidency" is about to be repeated. We are talking about overalls. For the past decade the blue duck outfit has been confined to following the plow, feeding the pigs, digging ditches, working in factories, cleaning streets and other very honorable occupations. But now the overall is threatening to go to Sunday school, to picture shows, to town meetings, and perhaps to social functions!

We hate to speculate on the changes our garden clothes will undergo when we take them to a reception. In the first place they must be laundered. We imagine most of our overall enthusiasts will buy new ones and thus boost the price fifty per cent. Even new ones should be laundered before wearing to get the "new" out of them. Then, too, they must be cut down in the legs in order to get the delicate effect of having been made on to the person. Next, we must have a cuff at the bottom just high enough to show about an inch of our quasi silk socks. Most important of all, we must press them in order to get these cut-your-finger creases on them. We would suggest that a red muslin patch be tacked on the outside, either at the knee or elsewhere to give the effect of long and honorable service. Now, put on your $10 hat, your silk shirt and pointed shoes, and you will be ready for the dance.
HIS section contains a complete list of all high school students who take part in the recognized activities of P. D. S. The following are recognized activities:

Dramatic Society.
Girls' Glee Club.
Boys' Glee Club.
VOLUNTEER Staff.
Girls' Basketball.
Boys' Basketball.
Football.
Baseball.

Student Council.

The members of the Junior and Senior classes are listed individually with the organizations in which they are active, and members of the other classes are listed under the separate headings of the different activities. Every boy and girl are supposed to be members of their respective athletic association and the write-ups for these associations will be found in this department.
THE PEABODY VOLUNTEER

SENIOR CLASS

AMELIA APPLETON—President Senior Class, '20; President Junior Class, '19; Volunteer Staff, '18-'19, '19-'20; President Student Council, '20; Treasurer G. A. A., '19-'20; Dramatic Club, '19-'20.

NELLE WEATHERS—Vice-President Senior Class, '20; Vice-President Junior Class, '19; Volunteer Staff, '19-'20; Secretary Student Council, '20; President G. A. A., '19-'20; Vice-President Dramatic Club, '19-'20; Plianist Boys' Glee Club, '19-'20; Girls' Basketball (Captain), '19; Girls' Basketball, '20; Cheer Leader, '19-'20.

W. T. BAYLESS—Secretary Senior Class, '19-'20; Secretary Junior Class, '19; Football (Captain), '18; Football, '19; Glee Club, '19-'20; Volunteer Staff, '19-'20.

ERNEST L. DAVIS—Treasurer Senior Class, '20; Treasurer Junior Class, '19; President Boys' A. A., '19-'20; Basketball, '17-'18-'19; Basketball (Captain), '20; Football, '17, '19; Volunteer Staff, '18-'19, '19-'20.

MILDRED WELCH—Volunteer Staff, '18-'19, '19-'20; Girls' Glee Club, '19-'20.

CLINTON PARRENT, JR.—Editor-in-Chief Volunteer, '18-'19, '19-'20; Manager Football, '19; Manager Basketball, '20; Manager Baseball, '20; Dramatic Club, '19-'20; Secretary and Treasurer Boys' A. A., '19-'20.

IRMA STEVENS—Basketball Team, '18-'19; Student Council, '20; Girls' Glee Club, '20; Secretary Dramatic Club, '19-'20.

MARY ALLEN TIPPETT—Volunteer Staff, '18-'19, '19-'20; Basketball Team, '19-'20; Dramatic Club, '19-'20; Glee Club, '19-'20; Student Council, '20.

SUE MALONE MASON—Basketball Team, '20; Glee Club, '20; Student Council, '20.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS—Student Council, '20; Manager Girls’ Basketball, '20; Glee Club, '19-'20; Girls’ Basketball Team, '19.

HELEN FRANK—Glee Club, '20; Girls’ Basketball, '20; Dramatic Club, '19-'20; Student Council, '20; Captain Indoor Baseball, '20.
THE PEABODY VOLUNTEER

CORNELIA LAMB—Vice-President Student Council, '20; Dramatic Club, '19-'20; Student Council, '20; Capt. Indoor Baseball, '20.

MARTHA WESLEY HART—Vice-President G. A. A., '19-'20; Dramatic Club, '19-'20; Girls' Basketball, '19; Treasurer Student Council, '20.

REBA ZANDER—Glee Club, '20; Dramatic Club, '19-'20.

ARTHUR ANDREWS—Football, '19; Basketball, '20.

BRUCILLE PHILLIPS—Basketball Team, '17.

MARY THOMPSON—Student Council, '20.

SOL LOWENSTEIN—Basketball, '17; Baseball, '17, '18, '19, '20; Volunteer Staff, '18-'19, '19-'20.

DOROTHY WALKER—Student Council, '20.

DOROTHY YOUNG—Dramatic Club, '20; Glee Club, '19-'20.

S. T. PORTER—Football, '18; Football (Captain), '19; Basketball (Captain), '19; Basketball, '20; Baseball, '19, '20.

JIM MORRIS—Basketball, '18, '19; Football, '18, '19; Baseball, '19, '20.

LUCIEN CALDWELL—Baseball, '19, '20.

WHAT THEY THINK THEY ARE

John D. ..................... In love
S. T. ..................... Heartbreaker
Eighth Grade ................... "It"
Louise Stevens .......... Center of attraction
Bill Tyne .................. Speed demon
Griffin, Huggins, Lowenstein & Co. . .
................ Distributors of light wines, etc.
Turk Phillips .......... $10,000 infield man
JUNIOR CLASS

JOHN D. ANDERSON—President Junior Class, '20; President Sophomore Class, '19; President Boys' Glee Club, '19-‘20; Dramatic Club, '19-‘20; Football, '19; Basketball, '19, '20; Assistant Editor Volunteer Staff, '19-‘20.

MARY FRANCES DICKERSON—Vice-President Sophomore Class, '19; Vice-President Junior Class, '20; Secretary Girls' A. A.

MARTHA CLEMENTS—Dramatic Club, Student Council.

ELIZABETH HEDGES—Student Council.

JEAN B. MCKEAND—Dramatic Club; Committee Chairman Student Council.

W. F. BURLESON—Treasurer Junior Class, '20; Football, '18, '19; Basketball, '20.

KENDRICK C. HARDCASTLE, JR.—Boys’ Glee Club.

ELIZABETH THOMPSON—Assistant Artist Volunteer Staff; Committee Chairman Student Council.

EVALINE JONES—Student Council.

DOROTHY ALLEN FUQUA—Dramatic Club; Student Council.

ELEANOR BROWN—Dramatic Society; Committee Chairman Student Council; Secretary Sophomore Class, '19.

THOMAS WOODARD—Photograph Committee Volunteer Staff; Boys’ Glee Club; Treasurer Dramatic Club.

IRENE E. LANGFORD—Dramatic Club.

WILHOITE PHILLIPS—Treasurer Sophomore Class, '19.

ELDRED A. WOOLWINE, JR.—Secretary Junior Class, '19; Football, '18, '19; Basketball, '18, '19, '20; Baseball, '19, '20.

E. C. SCRUGGS—Football, '19; Boys’ Glee Club.

MARION MURPHY—Student Council; Girls’ Glee Club.

MILLER BRANNAN—Football, '16, '17, '18, '19; Artist Volunteer Staff, '18-‘19, '19-‘20; Baseball, '17.

WILL CARTER—President Dramatic Society, '19-‘20; Boys’ Glee Club, '19-‘20; Volunteer Staff, '19-‘20.
I suppose you thought I had gone for good, after my little farewell message to you last month, but here I am in your midst again to write once more for you. You see, it's a pretty hard job to give up, all-of-a-sudden-like, the things you have been doing regularly, and I'm afraid I'll be like the old horse who had worked so hard all his life that when he died he was standing up, and he was so much in the habit of doing that, he just continued to remain upright until some kind person knocked him over. You may have to use strenuous means to make me give up this place.

However, they asked me to write the news and not an essay—so let's turn to more interesting things and see what we can scrape up in the way of topics of the day.

* * *

It seems that we are to have quite a wonderful May-day performance by the children of the lower grades, on the very first warm, sunshiny day. Great preparations have been made, as all the participants are to appear in costume, and these garments have all had to be made by the mothers, with Miss Anna Cooper and Miss Elizabeth Tarpley as advisors. Our May-day festivals have always been such a
success that we are sure this year we will have a lovely "May Court." The children are being drilled by Miss Norton and in every way the performance promises to be unusual.

* * *

Our boys organized a baseball team as soon as basketball season was over, and while they have won very few games, have worked it up into a very good team. We wish them luck for the remainder of the season.

* * *

Several weeks ago the Seniors held close and secret conclave in their room to discuss several matters of importance. Everything passed off beautifully until the question of class colors was broached. That was the stumbling block, for the class which had up to then held so closely together in everything else, split over the question of whether green and white or blue and gold should be the class color. By various manipulations the green and whites won out. The next morning it was discovered that some artistic member had spent a good bit of time lavishly decorating the room in green and white. However, since one side had to win, the other gave over very graciously and once more the class is a closely united body.

* * *

Have you noted the addition of a copy of Sargent's wonderful portrait of John D. Rockefeller?

* * *

Several weeks ago the two glee clubs were invited to the South Campus of Vanderbilt to sing at the assembly. Both clubs gave several numbers and quite a few encores. The medical students seemed to enjoy it very much and were very generous with applause.

* * *

The Student Council is still having its regular meetings and the girls are doing really commendable work at the several settlement houses. A banquet has been planned for the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. and the Student Council is to play quite an important part in it.
The annual trip to Mammoth Cave has been planned for the College and the Demonstration School has also been given an invitation. Several of our pupils have expressed a desire to go and this is their chance.

* * *

Two of our people, in the persons of Amelia Appleton and Martha Wesley Hart, were very much missed when they were absent from school for over a week of this month. You will have to ask the young ladies themselves what was the cause of their leave-taking, for I haven't yet found out.

* * *

Since the girls have finished their basketball season, which was such a success, they have organized an indoor baseball team and have scheduled games with several schools.

* * *

This month the Parent-Teachers Association turned their meeting into a tea, which was served by several girls of the Demonstration School under the management of Miss Anna Cooper.

* * *

This year the Seniors again decided to have their Easter breakfast and invited the officers of the Junior Class to go also. It was enjoyed by all and everyone reached home in time to go to Sunday school and church.

* * *

Wednesday in assembly Mr. Tippett asked to see the hands of those who would like to go on a boat trip up the river, in the next week or two. Every hand was up!

* * *

On Saturday, April 14, Helen Frank entertained the girls of the basketball team at her home on West End Avenue with a “break-training” luncheon. Places were laid for twelve, and the school colors were carried out very artistically in the decorations. Beside the girls of the team, Miss Nell Crain, Miss Ethel Norton and Miss Anna Cooper were present and everyone enjoyed every minute of the time.
"Stunt Night," under the auspices of the VOLUNTEER Staff, was given Friday, April 16, at 8 o'clock P. M. The crowd was a record one and receipts swelled the "box office" to a wonderful extent. The program was as follows:

1. Pantomime—"Villikins and Dinah."
2. One-Act Farce—"The Other Woman."
3. Solo—"From the Land of the Sky Blue Water."
5. "The Idiot"—Scenes from "The Iliad."
6. Solo—"My Old Kentucky Home."
7. "Hush—Not a Word."
8. Pantomime—"Cleopatra."
9. A Suffrage Meeting (as men imagine).
10. Black-face—"Gaieties of 1920."

* * *

Last month Jim Morris had a birthday and his mother sent him a lovely cake, which was received by Mr. Tippett after Jim had left school, so it was planned that the Seniors should furnish the ice cream, let Jim supply the cake and have a party next day. The cream came and was served, but honoree of the party had found out about his cake and had made away with it before the Seniors could get hands on him.

* * *

Elizabeth Williams, Ruth McBride, Mary Crockett, Helen Frank and Miss Crain went on a cross-country hike a week ago to the L. & N. lake. They report a huge time, and we know they got some wonderful snapshots.

* * *

Since the organization of the "Overall Club" our boys, at least some of them, have adopted the "blue jeans," and every once in a while we catch ourselves wondering if we are associating with a bunch of nice looking farmers or boilermakers.

* * *

We are all glad to learn that Miss Crain has been fortunate enough to get a position as basketball coach at the new camp which has been started near Bloomington Springs.
The College Woman's Club had its annual meeting in the S. R. Building this year, and programs were given by several of the city schools. It was a very interesting entertainment, and everyone enjoyed it very much.

* * *

The Seniors have had a design made for their class rings and they are now in the process of being "constructed." They are being anxiously looked forward to and it's to be hoped it won't be long before they arrive.

* * *

From all reports, quite a number of our girls intend to spend the summer vacation at some camp. It's becoming quite a popular thing, and as we are to have a camp so near us, it will be more so than ever.

* * *

During one of the sudden and most strenuous cloudbursts which we have had lately, the basement floor was covered to the depth of something like three inches from the backwater. We waded about like so many cranes, but by morning it had all been drained out and those of us who had brought canoes had to hitch them outside.

* * *

The graduating exercises have been planned for the last three days of school, and will end with the commencement Friday night, May 28th. Many plans are being made to make it one of the nicest in Nashville.

* * *

On Friday night, April 23, the faculty entertained the Seniors with a reception and dance. The tenth and eleventh grades were invited and the Senior girls were allowed to ask two extra boys, while invitations were also sent to the parents of the Seniors. Sandy's orchestra furnished the music and the gym was decorated with early wild flowers. The faculty and Seniors formed the reception line. Frappe was served and the dancing began about 9:30, lasting until 12 o'clock, when "Home, Sweet Home," was played.

* * *

The Staff is indebted to Elizabeth Thompson, Miller Brannan and Helen Salter for the arrangement of all photographs.
Senior Class Poem

O! Peabody, dear Peabody, our high school days are o'er
And we shall spend happy hours here nevermore!
Let's bid adieu to the dear old walls
And adieu to our "never-to-be-forgotten" study halls.
Each one of us must trod the same old path,
And it's "on to college to finish our Math."
But we can never forget this dear old school,
Mr. Tippett and all of his rules.
Our thoughts shall be forever bent
On this spot, where the best of our school days have been spent.

Oh, the hours I've spent in the dear school
Are as a chain of thoughts to me!
Each hour a link, each link a thought
Of days of fear or hope for thee.
Oh, memories of hours gone by!
Of tears and joys that are no more.
I think of them and then at last I sigh,
Our Peabody days are forever o'er.

Irma Stevens.
History of the Class of 1920

Very nation and every people has a history all its own into which is woven the lives of those individuals who have made that nation or that people live. It is my privilege to be called the historian of a group of people who for several years have been in the closest bonds of school friendship. No Bancroft or Prescott at any time felt a greater weight of responsibility in portraying their heroes and heroines than do I in attempting to do justice to those who are a part of my own school history.

We are told that among these people are many geniuses and may I say that our interested friends believe that the importance of their presence in P. D. S. will give way to their relative importance in our own U. S., for is not the present a fair forecast of what the future will bring?

Five years ago a small group of people, consisting of: Clinton Parrent, the boy whom we believe to be not only a student in school but a student in life; Cornelia Lamb, the charming Japanese type, who by her sunny disposition and charming manners has endeared herself to all with whom she has been associated; Sol Lowenstein, the boy of retiring disposition and mighty brain; Sara Ricketts, a girl who has always been quiet, but who is of an unusual, sweet temperament; Lucien Caldwell, who is always pleasant and courteous to all; Mildred Welch, who is possessed of many virtues and one who being true to her own ideas must be true to others; Helen Salter, a girl of artistic ability and one who is capable and demure; Ernest Davis, a boy of great ambition, and an untiring and conscientious worker; Dorothy Young, a girl of great ability; Reba Zander, who is known for her dependability and unusual desire to please;
AMELIA APPLETON
To those who know thee not
No words can paint,
And those who know thee
Know all words are faint.

NELLE WEATHERS
Small in stature, mighty in intellect. An epitome of real school spirit.

WILKINS BAYLESS
If Wilkins tackles life as he tackled football he will succeed. Always courteous, kind and accommodating.

ERNEST L. DAVIS
A clear-headed fellow; a firm, steady worker. 'Tis worth while to know him.

DOROTHY WALKER
A gem of purest ray. Always dependable, cheerful, and conscientious in her work.

HELEN SALTER
Bashfulness is the ornament of youth, and blushing is the sign of truth.
MARTHA WESLEY HART
She is what she is and no shows or pretenses; always hopeful, cheerful, and busy.

ANNE FRANCES MORRIS
Courteous, though coy; and gentle, though retired.

S. T. PORTER
His greatest talent lies in the athletic field, but he also stars in the game of pluck. Honor, loyalty, and courage are 100 per cent of his personality.

HELEN FRANK
A quiet girl with ideals high. A lovable character is more desired than beauty, but she has both.

MARY CROCKETT
Mary is a demure, sweet girl, with a large amount of maidenly charm, respected by all.

SUE MALONE MASON
One of the quiet, thoughtful members of our class. By diligence she wins her way.
THE PEABODY VOLUNTEER

Mary Crockett, the girl of serene disposition and unassuming manner, and last of the group, the writer.

These four boys and these seven girls were happy in their work together for the past five years and they have accomplished many things under the wise and conscientious guidance first of Mr. Swanson, principal, and later under our present principal, Mr. Tippett. Most of the time was devoted to the firm establishment of the school and the fostering of a united and friendly spirit. Near the close of school a short play, “The Steadfast Princess,” was given by the English Class under the direction of Miss McMurry.

The second year when we came together we found several of the familiar faces missing and their places were taken by others, all of whom have drifted away except Helen Frank, who brought to the class her example of gracious manners and loyalty to friends. At the end of the year the operetta, “Pinafore,” was given by the school under the direction of Mr. D. R. Gebhart, in which many members of the class of ’20 participated.

The third year there came into the class several new members, each of whom have contributed something. These pupils were: Mary Allen Tippett, with her musical and literary ability; Amelia Appleton, with her power of leadership; Sue Malone Mason, with her school spirit, and Elizabeth Bell, with her musical talent. At the end of the year the opera, “Mikado,” was given, which was quite as great a success as “Pinafore” had been the previous year.

We entered upon our Junior year with a number of additions to the class. These were: Dorothy Walker, who brought her high standard of scholarship; Jim Morris, who brought his wit; Wilkins Bayless, who has given the class his fine example of courtesy; Anne Frances Morris, who brought her sunny smile and happy disposition; S. T. Porter, who brought his athletic ability; Elizabeth Williams, who has given us her example of devotion to duty; and Nelle Weathers, who brought to the class her literary talent.

Two of our former students who had drifted away, unable
to find a school which could compare with P. D. S., returned to us. These were Irma Stevens, who brought her poetical talent, and Brucille Phillips, who brought her ability as a conscientious student.

The class perfected its organization during this year, electing Amelia Appleton, President; Nelle Weathers, Vice-President; Wilkins Bayless, Secretary, and Ernest Davis, Treasurer, and making Miss Flemma Snidow, Sponsor. These officers have also served through this year.

A school paper was for the first time attempted, and although there have been many difficulties, they have been met and overcome and our excellent annual attests to the success of the **Volunteer**, our school paper. May it grow better each year, as it faithfully records the activities of the loyal pupils of our dear alma mater.

The class of 1920 entered upon its Senior year with a more serious attitude than previously, for each realized that there was much to be accomplished this last year of our history as a class at P. D. S. Several people joined the class to travel with us this last part of our journey together. These were Arthur Andrews, bringing to the class his optimism; Mary Thompson, bringing her genial disposition; Ruth McBride, bringing her artistic ability; Mary Frances Dickerson, giving her fine example of loyalty and cheerfulness; and Wilhoite Phillips, bringing his clear judgment.

Now, as we come to the end of the "History of the Class of 1920," we are loathe to write "finis" and leave these happy days behind us; but life's calling to us, there is work for us to do in this great school of life. Far out toward the horizon, amid the purple haze which surrounds the mountain tops, we see the shining towers of our castles in the air, the goals toward which we are to strive, seeming to beckon us on, and it is with our eyes upon these that we slowly close the history of the first graduating class of P. D. S.

**Martha W. Hart.**
SOL LOWENSTEIN
Sol is a genius in many ways. A brilliant leader of everything in which he has a part.

ELIZABETH BELL
A genius in English and an all-around student. Her good qualities can never be counted.

ARTHUR ANDREWS
The comedian of the class; hard working and industrious, yet always ready for a good time.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS
Her air, her manner: all who saw admired. Our Annette Kellermann.

IRMA STEVENS
Bright, petite, and charming; ever ready to do her part.

RUTH McBRIDE
Her life is noble, pure and sweet,
For she's the girl that's hard to beat.
WILHOITE PHILLIPS
A character all his own; those who know "Turk" best are his best friends.

REBA ZANDER
Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low. A good student and a quietly attractive girl.

DOROTHY YOUNG
A girl of cheerful yesterdays and bright tomorrows. A studious pupil and a jolly, happy lass.

MILDRED WELCH
A dainty maiden and one that you can always depend on, and so jolly, too.

LUCIEN CALDWELL
Lucien has a lot of stick-to-it-iveness and will get there without a doubt.

MARY THOMPSON
A steady, reliable girl; one who is true to herself, so must be true to others.
Last Will And Testament

STATE OF TENNESSEE,
COUNTY OF DAVIDSON.

We, the Senior Class of Peabody Demonstration School, of the aforesaid state and county, being of sound mind and possessed of all our faculties, but considering the departure of our high school days, do hereby make and declare this our last will and testament:

First—Our executor, hereinafter named, shall collect all owing to our estate and pay all which our estate owes.

Second—in virtue of being the first graduating class of said Peabody Demonstration School, we do hereby will and bequeath to all the Senior classes yet to travel this rocky road to knowledge all the respect and admiration and love and hearty support which the lower classmen have so affectionately tendered us; all of which love and respect and admiration and hearty support being collected and condensed would occupy at least one-sixteenth of a thimbleful. We do feel sure that with this great amount of love and respect and admiration and hearty support every Senior class which is to come will be made happy and of a cheerful mind.

Third—to our faculty and principal, who have so earnestly striven to fit us for life's problems, we do will our love, honor, and respect, which their conscientious efforts, sympathy, and friendship so well deserve.

Fourth—we do will and bequeath to the Junior Class as the most important and useful gift of which we can now think, a voluminous book containing 9,999 (nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine) pages, each containing 99 (ninety-nine) signed and detailed excuses for the absence and cutting of classes.
Fifth—(a) First, since he is President of said Junior Class, we do hereby will and bequeath to John D. Anderson all the eloquence and dignity of one of our most illustrious Seniors—Arthur Andrews.

(b) Next, since he is so pale and wan and sallow, we do bequeath to Kendrick Hardcastle the rosy, dimpled cheeks and green bow ties of one S. T. Porter.

(c) Then, because of her extremely quiet voice and the speechless hours which we have known her to spend, we do solemnly will to Miss Verda Lee Bandy the loquaciousness of Helen Salter.

(d) To the renowned Floyd brothers and one William Wynn we do hereby will the ferociousness and precociousness of Solomon Lowenstein.

(e) Considering they are lacking in this respect, we do leave to the Misses Elinore Brown and Augusta Saunders the ardent passion for elocutionary pursuits possessed by Miss Dorothy Walker and Miss Sarah Ricketts.

(f) Next we do hereby give as a solemn trust to Miss Jean McKeand, provided she receives it through the keyhole at midnight, the beloved chewing gum of one Nelle Louise Weathers.

(g) To Mr. Thomas Woodard, since he exhausts himself so completely by constant work and nervous energy, we will the vivacity, the speed, and the expressiveness of one Lucien Caldwell.

(h) Next, in view of their inability to express themselves and their timidity, and their extreme reserve, and seeing they are in need of this one particular asset, we do hereby will and bequeath to Eldred Woolwine and Harry Wynn the large and never-ceasing mouth of our dear H. C. Parrent, Jr.

(i) To Miss Frances Herbert and to Miss Evaline Jones we will, because of their lack of popularity, the long stream of suitors and admirers possessed at present by Miss Cornelia Lamb and Miss Dorothy Young.
CORNELIA LAMB
A charming maiden, quite serene;
Held by all in high esteem.
If ignorance is bliss she is never happy.

SARAH RICKETTS
Thy modesty is a candle to thy virtues.
Light-headed, but only in one way.

H. C. PARRENT
Courteous, painstaking, attentive, are
three adjectives which apply to the one
who backs our Volunteer.

BRUCELLE PHILLIPS
A woman's right and a man's mind, and
one of her own, too. She left us, but she
couldn't stay away.

MARY ALLEN TIPPETT
In her are combined these three: goodness, versatility, and jollity. The prima
donna of the Senior Class.

WILL CARTER
Almost a senior—By Heck.
(j) Because of her sad disposition and melancholy expression, we do bequeath to Miss Elizabeth Thompson the one million giggles that have issued forth from the desk of Mildred Welch and Amelia Appleton.

(k) Next, since Miller Brannan and Will Huggins are sadly lacking when it comes to quietude and dignity, and since these qualities are possessed in a large measure by Mr. Jim Morris, we do hereby will these said qualities to the before-mentioned Miller Brannan and Will Huggins.

(l) Since she seems so anxious to possess such qualities, we do solemnly entrust to Mary Elizabeth Schlater the coquettsiness and artful cunning of our beloved little heartbreaker—Irma Stevens.

(m) To Miss Christine Harris we do will the dearest possessions of Helen Frank, namely, her basketball bloomers, a handkerchief of Miss Ethel Norton, and her unlimited knowledge of Latin.

(n) Next, we do solemnly leave to Miss Martha Clements and Miss Ruth Deihl the amiable disposition of Miss Mary Allen Tippett, and the marcelled waves and bow ties of one Brucille Phillips.

(o) Next, we do will and bequeath to the Honorable Criddle Scruggs one frog, three rabbits, and a large revolver tied with green and white ribbon, from one Turk Phillips, Esquire.

(p) To Mr. William Burleson we will the most cherished possessions of Mr. Ernest Davis, namely, his lack of ignorance in trigonometry, his recklessness and generosity with the funds of THE PEABODY VOLUNTEER.

(q) To Miss Irene Langford and Miss Dorothy Fuqua, we do bequeath the series of "ones" in Math. found on Miss Sue Malone Mason's grade card, and the athletic accomplishments of Miss Elizabeth Bell and Miss Reba Zander.

(r) To Miss Dorothy Franck we do will and bequeath the flaxen curls, the numerous rings, and the gorgeous gowns of one Anne Frances Morris.
(s) Next, since Miss Martha Wesley Hart, granddaugh-
ter of the famous John Wesley, has formed such an attach-
ment for one Frances Webb, we do hereby bequeath the
latter the culinary talents of the former, and do desire that
she cultivate and make use of said talents.

(t) To Mr. Hilliard Porter we do hereby will and be-
queath one thousand dollars of Mr. Gene Bush’s money and
we do solemnly desire that said Mr. Porter spend the entire
amount on hamburgers from the “Dog Wagon” and for one
time in his life get enough to eat.

Last—We hereby constitute and appoint our trusty
friend, Charles (the janitor) our lawful executor to all ex-
tents and purposes to execute this our last will and testa-
ment, according to the true intent and meaning of the same,
and every clause and part thereof, hereby revoking and
declaring utterly void all other wills and testaments by us
heretofore made.

In witness whereof, we, the said class, do hereunto set
our hand and seal, this the twenty-seventh day of May,
nineteen hundred and twenty.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Senior
Class to be their last will and testament, in the presence of
us, who, at their request and in their presence, do subscribe
our names as witnesses thereto.

(Signature)

NELLE WEAHERS,
WILKINS BAYLESS.

AMELIA APPLETON, Class Attorney.

CHARACTERIZATIONS
Sol Lowenstein .................Sly
Doots Appleton ........Downright healthy
Evaline Jones ...............Deliteful
Criddle Scruggs ......Strong (in some ways)
Owen Morris ...............Studios
Doc Caldwell ..............The perfect lover
A Futurist's Idea

Imagine where the class of 1920 will be ten years from now is a rather difficult thing to do. A study of political science, fashion books and possibly prohibition would have to be employed. Then your answers might be half correct. But I am going to give you a few glimpses of them twenty years from now. The honor of divining the future has been given me by the class of 1920, no doubt, because they thought I could do it best. As I am not particularly modest, I have no hesitation in saying that I feel sure they will find that they acted wisely.

It was a day in June, 1940. I had returned to Nashville after an absence of exactly twenty years. I felt reasonably sure no one would recognize me. Why I left on the day after my graduation, you will learn later on.

I was strolling by the Belle-Mead Opera House when I saw Mary Allen Tippett.

"Are you coming to see me here tonight? I'm an anesthetic dancer." She said this with her usual careful enunciation.

"Does it have that effect on everybody?" I yawned.

She evidently didn't see the point, for she commenced to dance. I hurried off before sleep overtook me.

Pretty soon I heard a familiar voice say: "Oh, you hush up!" followed by another with, "Yes, I think so, too!" You don't have to guess long. It was Reba Zander and Dorothy Young discussing Turk Phillips, Helen Salter, and Brucille Phillips. Easy enough to compare north, east, south and west. I only overheard enough to learn that Brucille was married, and was living happily with her husband, as far as was known. I think Helen became a noted pianist, but I don't know what became of Turk.
I walked further down the boulevard and saw a large automobile factory. Soon I had some information from a pedestrian. It was owned by Wilkins Bayless and Lucien Caldwell, inventors of the Band C-Night motor car. The car was accident-proof. The invention was Lucien's. When you saw another car coming toward you, you tilted your fenders, and your car went soaring into the air like an aeroplane—out of reach of the other automobile.

I met S. T. Porter, discussing its merits with Lucien. S. T. wanted to buy something safe for S. T., Jr., who was becoming as reckless and carefree as his father was in the old days. The boy was a chip off the old block, a wonder at football and basketball and at tearing up national highways.

"And how's my old friend, Clinton?" I asked.
"Oh, he's dead" (to the world).
"You don't mean it?" said I.
"Yes," he answered, "H. C. died from an attack of constitutional inertia. You see, he was inactively engaged in the plumbing industry, and this brought on his illness."

Clinton had confided to me back in 1920 that he intended entering the plumbing industry. He had amassed millions, but always bemoaned the fact that he might have retired earlier had his good education not been such an incumbrance on him.

Word of my arrival in Nashville spread rapidly. I received an invitation to dine at the club of six old maids—I should have said elderly debutantes. These were the salient six (salient: that which is strikingly manifest or which catches the appearance at once): Misses Cornelia Lamb, Amelia Appleton, Nell Weathers, Irma Stevens, Ann Frances Morris, and Mary Thompson. I had a very pleasant time.

"How is it," I inquired, "that you chose not to get married—to remain as you were, so to speak?"
"Well," said Cornelia, "you know how I laugh and giggle at everything? All the fellows seem to think I laugh at them, and of course they could never have anything like that around the house."
"Me marry a man!" from Amelia. "The inferior things. Why, of all the brazen ideas! The poor, simple creatures." I blushed and grew invisibly embarrassed.

"And how about you, Nell?" I asked.

"Oh," she said, "I have such an awful temper (down came her hand with a bang on the table), I'm afraid that it would get the best of—"

"Surely," I broke in, "you wouldn't let your temper get the best of you?"

"No, no," she said. "I mean it would get the best of my husband."

"Yes," I said, thinking of the crash on the table, "it would be too bad, too bad. And you, Miss Stevens?"

"Oh, I just can't bear the sight of men," she said. "I never would want one to keep."

"Oh, you'll get over that," I said, and turned away with a smile, almost a grin. "And you, Miss Morris?"

"I'm so afraid my husband would want me to dress up," she said, "and you know how I like to wear simple things. I can't bear these new fashions."

"And you, Miss Thompson," I said. "What can be your reason?"

"I'm sure I don't know," she said. "When all the fellows ask me where I want to live and I tell them Alabama, they seem to back down. What can they possibly have against Alabama?"

"I hardly know," said I. "I was only there as a child, and was unable to make many observations."

I learned that Dorothy Frank and Sarah Ricketts were managing an orphan asylum. The blessed little orphans couldn't be in better hands. Elizabeth Williams and Sue Malone Mason are bareback riders in Barnum & Bailey's, and astonish the world with their skill on the horses.

The next morning I walked over to Peabody. I got there about 7:10 and there was Martha Wesley Hart talking with old Miss Gilmer in the office. Martha gets there now about 6:30 instead of 7 o'clock, as she did in 1920. Miss Hart is
the librarian at Peabody. She had ample opportunities of getting married, but preferred, instead, to lead a life of usefulness.

Here I learned some things I had been unable to learn at the club of the salient six. Helen Frank, on one of her annual summer expeditions to the woods, wandered too far into the forest and the savages gobbled her up. At the young age of thirty-five this is a terrible thing. It ought to be a lesson to her.

I also was told that Mildred Welch was re-elected Republican Senator from Tennessee. Miss Welch has made quite a name for herself in Congress. She is famous for her famous speech advocating the removal of the tariff on salt and increasing it on sodium chloride.

Arthur Andrews is a celebrated divorce lawyer. The old-fashioned city of Reno is a back-number now. Everybody comes to Nashville for their divorces. Its population has increased tremendously in bachelors and grass-widows. It has been said that Mr. Andrews has never lost a decision.

Ruth McBride, I learned, is a portrait painter. In 1920 there was great promise of her becoming a famous poster artist like James Montgomery Flagg or some of the others. And it is with keen regret that I record the fact that Miss McBride digressed to her present state.

I forgot to mention a while back that Miss Dot Walker is at the Belle-Meade Opera House starring in the comic opera, "A Pleasant View of Tennessee."

I took the elevator (old dumb waiter) to the third floor, which was the Peabody Billiard Club's room. There were six new tables and I saw Jim Morris playing by himself trying to make a five-cushion billiard.

"Well, well," he said, as I walked in, "where have you been all these years? I've had charge of the club ever since you left."

"Don't tell anybody," I answered, "I absconded with the (Continued on page 97)"
What the Seniors Intend to do Next Year

ANY people, both in the school and outside, are wondering just what the members of the class of 1920 intend to do next year. Although several are undecided as yet, many are planning to enter definite colleges. Out of a class of thirty-two, thirty-one are at present planning to attend some college. We are indeed proud of this large number, for it shows that these people realize that great things await them, things which can only be accomplished after years of preparation in high school and college.

According to present plans, next year will find fourteen former P. D. S. students continuing their work in Vanderbilt. These people are: Cornelia Lamb, Mildred Welch, Brucille Phillips, Nelle Weathers, Sue Malone Mason, Amelia Appleton, Jim Morris, Wilhoit Phillips, Lucien Caldwell, Wilkins Bayless, Clinton Parrent, Ernest Davis, Sol Lowenstein and S. T. Porter. Most of these will take straight academic work.

Dorothy Walker, Sarah Ricketts, Reba Zander, Dorothy Young and Martha Hart expect to attend Peabody College, while Mary Frances Dickerson, Ruth McBride and Elizabeth Bell will attend Ward-Belmont, where Ruth McBride will specialize in art, and Elizabeth Bell in music.

Those who are going out of town to school are: Helen Frank and Elizabeth Williams to Wellesley; Mary Crockett and Helen Salter to Randolph-Macon; Mary Allen Tippett to the Louisville Conservatory of Music, for voice culture, and Arthur Andrews to Columbia University, where he will take a business course and specialize in Spanish.

Anne Frances Morris, Mary Thompson and Irma Stevens have not decided just what they will do, but Anne Frances and Mary expect to attend some college.
JOHN D. ANDERSON
If you have tears prepare to shed them now.

DICKEY DICKERSON
O, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!

ELDRED WOOLWINE
Don't try to estimate what there is in a quiet fellow.

WILLIAM BURRESON
O, Oomeo, Romeo, wherefore, art thou, Romeo?

JEAN MCKEAND
There is small choice among rotten apples.

DOROTHY FUQUA
A hit, a very palpable hit.

FRANCES WEBB
Present fears are less than horrible imaginings.

CRIDDLE SCRUGGS
Mark now how a plain tale shall put you down.

MARIAN MURPHY
Hark, hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings.

KENDRICK HARCASL
'Tis beauty truly blest whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

VERDA LEE BANDY
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.
Martha Clements
In maiden meditation fancy free.

Andrew Stumb
The devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape.

Dorothy Frank
O, reform it altogether.

Harriette Payne
Eyes look your last; arms take your last embrace.

Willie Wynn
Love thyself last.

Mary E. Schlater
Let me not burst in ignorance.

Augusta Saunders
Though last, not least in love.

Tolman Roberts
So sweet and voluble in his discourse

Thomas Woodyard
And thereby hangs a tale.

Harry Winn
The humor of it.

Ruth Diehl
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes which thou dost glare with.

Will Huggins
(Not in picture); brain him with his ladies' fan.
CHRISTINE HARRIS
Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!

EUGENE BUSH
A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

MARIE BOSTLEMAN
A wilderness of sweets

CHARLES FLOYD
A monumental heap of simplicity and good humor.

HILLIARD PORTER
Falstaff sweats a death and lords the lean earth as he walks along.

IRENE LANGFORD
A woman's mind, a maiden's smile.

ELEANOR BROWN
That it should come to this!

EVALINE JONES
I have no other but a woman's reason; I think so because I think so.

PORTER FLOYD
A lion among ladies is a most fearful thing.

MILLER BRANNAN
Oh, so light a foot will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.

ELIZABETH HEDGES
Alack! There lies more peril in thy eye than twenty of their swords.

ELIZABETH THOMPSON
Assume a virtue if you have it not.
Inspiration

(January 13, 1920, S. P.)

Between the gates of Death and Life
Old Father Time now mows
All pain and sorrow, care and strife,
But Inspiration goes.
Throughout the cold, hard path of Life,
And even unto Death,
Its upward-striving spirit goes
Unto our one last breath.

The deeds we do are but a part
Of Inspiration's power;
The pain and suffering of the heart
Needs Inspiration's flower.
The man we look upon and say,
"He is our very best."
He's had no better chance than ours,
No better than the rest.

He struggled hard for years and years,
And Inspiration came;
And when it did, down went his fears
And drove him on to fame.
Some things we keep from day to day,
But soon there comes a time,
When our ideals begin to stray,
To seek another clime.

Inspiration, that's the thing
That makes the world go round;
It makes our sorrows take to wing,
And lifts us when we're down.
It gives the needy and the poor
New heart, new life to do,
And helps the finer points of Life
To constantly shine through.

Ed. H. Leftwich.
Sophomore Prophecy

After graduation at Peabody College we taught for several years and then it dawned upon us that we would like to make a trip around the world. During this extensive travel we met all of our old classmates of P. D. S. of 1920.

When we reached New York we decided to go to a movie before making our departure in an airplane. At the movie, to our absolute astonishment, we saw our friend Katherine Reed most dramatically interpreting the mad scene from Hamlet, and then to add still further to our amazement whom should we see in the next scene but Sam Berger as Hamlet.

On our journey across the Atlantic we were on a sixty-passenger airplane, very up to date, and here we found Houston Fugitt as the pilot. Our trip was as uneventful as a trip in an airplane could be, but the middle of the Atlantic we received a shock, for we saw a rocket on its way to Mars and in it we recognized our friends Will Paris and Emil Rice. The rocket was a model which had its beginning in the manual training department of P. D. S.

We arrived in London Friday night and Saturday was spent in sight-seeing. The following day was Easter. We were so glad that we were on land and could attend church, so we went to the services at Westminster Abbey. Just after we entered, the strains of the wonderful organ met our ears, and gazing in that direction we saw Mary E. White seated there. As the service began we noticed a strangely familiar face and after thinking a moment it suddenly occurred to us that it was James Epps. Wonderful was the message he gave.

While in Paris we visited one of the exclusive shops and
here we saw the most exquisite gowns, and the lady manager was none other than Frances Herbert. She had as her assistant Mai Moore, and you should have heard her speaking French.

You can’t imagine how happy we were to have Jim Griffin give each of us a diamond as a souvenir from his mine in Africa. Another that we met on the dark continent was Cushman Radebaugh, the famous big game hunter, who had established a great fur market, shipping to all parts of the world.

Before we left home we knew that one of our girl friends was a missionary in China. On looking her up we found that she was doing a wonderful work in one of the large schools and everyone in the town and surrounding country thought that Evelyn Lackey was doing a most marvelous work. From this school we went into one of the largest hospitals, the head surgeon being Seawell Brandau, with Eleanor Folk as head nurse.

On arranging some difficulties about passports in India we found the American consul to be Laurence Powell, who signed our papers gladly.

Friends in the Philippine Islands having read of our journey in the Paris papers, cabled us in China to make them a visit. Here we found Maud Howell and Elizabeth Foster at the head of a rice plantation.

In Sydney, Australia, we decided to go to a concert. One number was to be a world-famed pianist, Alice Warwick, and appearing with her the entertaining reader, Nelson Bryan. We went from Sydney to Melbourne on the new railroad that Edmund Leftwich had just completed with the money made by writing rhyming couplets.

In Brazil we found that the whole of South America had been stumped by Louise Stevens and Mary Palmer Wade in the interest of woman’s suffrage. The Amazon coffee

(Continued on page 100)
Sophomore Rhymes

Ruth Anderson's a perfect mob,
She always sticks right to the job.

Sam Berger is a "priceless hound,"
We're never broke when he's around.

Seawell Brandau's full of pep,
Our president must keep his rep.

Nelson Bryan, short and sweet,
English shark and can't be beat.

Eleanor Folk is quiet and cold,
But you'd be surprised, I've been told.

Elizabeth Foster, nice old girl,
We wouldn't lose her for the world.

Houston Fugit keeps our cash.
(A treasurer must live on hash.)

Frances Herbert "treats 'em right";
There's lots of joy when she's in sight.

Jimmy Griffin, football's charm;
Pool sharks shun him in alarm.

Maude Orr Howell, shy and nice,
Always there with sound advice.

Frances Hogan has a smile,
And keeps it working all the while.

Evelyn Lackey's golden hair
Lets us know that she is there.

Edmund Leftwich writes good stuff,
But don't know when we've got enough.

Cemmie Moore, without the "Mae,"
Is like work without the pay.
THE PEABODY VOLUNTEER

Thelma Morrow's pleasant grin
Wrinkles all around her chin.

William Paris, with his wit,
Makes you laugh or throw a fit.

Marie Parrent is our pal,
Always game, a true blue gal.

Lawrence Powell's neat and trim;
That's why the girls all fall for him.

Cush Radebaugh's a good old scout,
He always knows what he's about.

Katherine Reed's big somber eyes
Impress you that she is wise.

Emil Rice, a hist'ry shark,
Studies hard (in Shelby Park).

Ethel Smith, serene and neat,
Stands before she takes her seat.

Louise Stevens, "Steve" for short,
Works, but never works for naught.

Mary Weise is bright and gay,
Here's hoping that she'll stay that way.

Mary Elizabeth White, so sweet,
And, boys! her fudge just can't be beat!

Eleanor Jordan has a way
That cheers us up and makes us gay.

Mary Palmer Wade's keen eyes
Speak of "pep" and grand surprise.

James Epps, tall and grim and straight,
Quietly leads us to our fate.
The Wooden Cross

As the day lingers on to a lengthy close
And the chirping birds have sought repose,
The old man creeps to a large arm-chair,
Unbuttons his collar and ruffles his hair.

His eyes are sunken, his hair is white,
His voice is like the shriek of night,
His keen, blue eyes and flitting smile,
His brow furrowed by many a trial.

He pulls out his knife and on wood he carved.
What purpose in his mind had he resolved?
His thoughts did race, fall and tumble;
His fingers were thumbs and fumbled and fumbled.

Each night as he would rest and pine,
He would carefully scan the forming design.
The inscription he was carving he many times read,
Each time the same—he shook his head.

Then he gave his knife a languid toss
And held before him a wooden cross.
This cross, he said, shall a symbol be
Of those who died across the sea.

T. F. M.
FRESHMAN

TO
GRADUATION
3 YRS.
THE PEABODY VOLUNTEER

F—stands for “freshie” in general, they say;
   We’ve changed it to friendship in our own special way.
R—stands for the right in all that we do;
   We to our ideals will ever be true.
E—stands for effort in our make-up, you know;
   We are hard workers and have always been so.
S—is for support so loyal and true;
   Which we’ll always give, P. D. S., to you.
H—stands for honors which we have won;
   May we win many more before we are done.
M—stands for monkey-shines, of which we have plenty;
   But we hope to outgrow them before we are twenty.
A—is for athletics in which we excel;
   We’ve basketball, baseball and swimming stars as well.
N—stands for numbers of things I’d like to say;
   But I must close this document and wish you all good-
   day.                        MARY LOU HART.

Faculty Hobbies

Miss McMurray—*La Subjonctif*.
Mrs. Parsons—Mythology.
Mr. Tippett—R. S. V. P.
Miss Snidow—Almost changes to Peabody now.
Dr. Alexander—Dick.
Mr. Wynn—Chocolate bon bons.
Miss Clark—Back work.
Miss Anna Cooper—Powder puffs.
Miss Norton—Pictures.
Miss Susie Cooper—Smiles.
Mr. Hillman—Bugs.
Mr. Carter—Hasn’t any; sensible man.
Mr. Young—His teaching ability.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Known As</th>
<th>Ambitions</th>
<th>Appearance</th>
<th>Fame Rests On</th>
<th>Favorite Expression</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Earl Cranor</td>
<td>Cranor</td>
<td>Who can tell</td>
<td>1920 Ichabod Cranor model</td>
<td>Being steady and sure</td>
<td>Well, er—er</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Margaret Early</td>
<td>Uncle</td>
<td>To be a second Max Bloom</td>
<td>Not so worse</td>
<td>Her art</td>
<td>I can't tell ye</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruth Welch</td>
<td>Johnnie</td>
<td>To be Mrs.</td>
<td>Gentle (?)</td>
<td>Her flirtations</td>
<td>Ye Gods!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howard Eaton</td>
<td>Bum Face</td>
<td>To be different</td>
<td>Ready</td>
<td>Basketball</td>
<td>Yes, ma'am</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Russell Miles</td>
<td>Rusty</td>
<td>To buy a platinum comb</td>
<td>Sorry</td>
<td>Making good</td>
<td>I was absent yesterday</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Tyne</td>
<td>Bill</td>
<td>To make 90 in his Chandler</td>
<td>Half shot</td>
<td>Hard luck with the girls</td>
<td>Er—er, Miss Snidow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary E. Sharp</td>
<td>Dumps</td>
<td>To be a star in the movies</td>
<td>About to break a smile</td>
<td>Her future</td>
<td>Tee, hee!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gladys Mitchel</td>
<td>Glad</td>
<td>To live in Miss.?</td>
<td>Going up</td>
<td>Her own sweet self</td>
<td>N'est-ce pas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewis Todd</td>
<td>Louie</td>
<td>To be a janitor</td>
<td>O. K.</td>
<td>His pug nose</td>
<td>Gee whizz!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jack Gebhart</td>
<td>Jack</td>
<td>To obtain Caruso’s position</td>
<td>Stuck up</td>
<td>Himself</td>
<td>Yes Goodness!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martha Blair</td>
<td>Tot</td>
<td>To beat Frances’ time</td>
<td>Tender</td>
<td>Popularity</td>
<td>Do you know?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edgar Jones</td>
<td>Aztec</td>
<td>No one knows</td>
<td>Old-fashioned</td>
<td>His voice</td>
<td>Aw, shucks!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John D. Woodward</td>
<td>Jack</td>
<td>To be an author</td>
<td>Keen</td>
<td>No one knows</td>
<td>Unknown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Owen Morris</td>
<td>Abe Morris</td>
<td>To drive a tractor</td>
<td>Careless</td>
<td>His breaks</td>
<td>Sho!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sam Sarton</td>
<td>Handsome</td>
<td>To beat Owens’ time</td>
<td>Tardy</td>
<td>His line</td>
<td>What d’ye take me for?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buford Duke</td>
<td>Boots</td>
<td>To maintain his curls</td>
<td>Hungry</td>
<td>Bangs</td>
<td>I’m a gangerkisser</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucy Francis</td>
<td>Frances</td>
<td>To be a ladies’ man</td>
<td>Feminine</td>
<td>Looks</td>
<td>Looks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Tom Buckley</td>
<td>Tommie</td>
<td>To cook for two</td>
<td>Unique</td>
<td>Her disposition</td>
<td>Kills my soul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virginia Lowe</td>
<td>Jinny</td>
<td>To make her debut</td>
<td>Then some</td>
<td>The beauty parlour</td>
<td>Loathe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Thomas O’Cal-laghan</td>
<td>Tommie</td>
<td>To go to Miss. with Gladys &amp; Cute</td>
<td>Ear muffs</td>
<td>Kutte Kurnie</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jane Odom</td>
<td>Janie</td>
<td>To pose as a Japanese doll</td>
<td>Jappish</td>
<td>Her inquisitiveness</td>
<td>Sweet Patootie</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Who's Who

Irma Stevens—A retiring member of the famous class of '20, who has a fancy for very long names and monkey pie. Green eyes and great avoirdupois.

Thomas Woodyard—A Junior famous for his unfailing harmony in the cornfield, etc. Also renowned for his vivid imagination and his studious jigging.

Hilliard Porter—Valuable debtor, who was saved from being in the circus as fat man by his strenuous practicing for Stunt Nite, which caused him to reduce.

S. T. Porter—Brother of above-mentioned Hilliard, and distinguished by his Senior brothers as man about town and Orpheum. Never did anything worth mentioning, except make Captain of P. D. S. Baseball Team.

Elizabeth Thompson, Miller Braman, Helen Salter—Most renowned group of Peabody Volunteer artists; especially well known for pleasing the whole school in grouping the pictures for this paper. This trio is destined to become famous unless Ruth McBride, the heartless genius, paints a few more rare Stunt Nite posters.

Wilkins Bayless—Secret president of that once-flourishing Overall Club and distinguished for his French orphan work.

Will Carter—A recent addition to the Senior English class; known to have the best line that ever caught anything at Peabody.

Mildred Welch—A prominent young lady who would have a great future were it not for her insanity over the Girls' Glee Club.

Clinton Parrent—One person on whom we have not been able to get the goods.
EIGHTH GRADE

Top Row: Left to Right — Daniel Nesbitt, John W. Taylor, Thomas Kennedy, Elizabeth Parkeet, Katherine Kirkland.

Second Row: Left to Right — Robert Frazier, William Crandall, Paul Perryberry, Elizabeth Fuller, Evelyn Orr, Mary Bledsoe Creweling.

Middle Row: Left to Right — Charles Brown, Elizabeth Schwartz, Louise Gilbreath, Lenore Mahon, Cain, Sarah Hardcastle, Mary.

Bottom Row: Left to Right — Annie Belle Holub, Edith Farnsworth, Helen Kinsman, Anna Belle Herbs, Elizabeth Davis.
Eighth Grade

MARY RICE ANDERSON—“Gritz.” Class Vice-President; Girls’ Class Basketball Team. John D.’s sister, no wonder.) “Ye Bon Air.”

THOMAS APPLETON—“App.” R. K.; Boys’ Class Basketball Team; J. H. S. Football Team. (Even in the roll he is “after” Mary Rice.)

ELINOR BERGER—“Bergie.” Girls’ Class Basketball Team; Girls’ Baseball Team; L. P. C. (“Actresses need no brains.”—Alexander.)

ROBERT BRANDAU—R. K.; J. H. S. Football Team. (It runs in the family.) (The class mathematician and the famous “drawer” of ladies.)

BESSIE BROWN—L. P. C. Swimming Team. (Kin to a “farce.”)

IRENE MALONE CAIN—“Renie.” L. P. C.; Delta Phi; Captain of Girls’ Class Basketball Team. (On the Trail of the Lonesome Woodla.)

ELLEN RION CALDWELL—L. P. C. (Accumulation of class brains.)

EMMA CHILDERS—“Tiny.” S. (Latin genius.)

MARY BAIRD CREVELING—Girls’ Class Basketball Team.

WILLIAM CRANDALL—“Woodla.” R. K.; Boys’ Class Basketball Team. (Sponge carrier. “Latest” member of the Overall Club. Say it over a thousand times and see what it sounds like.)

VIRGINIA CRIGGER—(The kind that turns the world around and smiles and smiles some more.)

THE PEABODY VOLUNTEER

Paul Derryberry—J. H. S.; R. K.; J. H. S. Football Team.  
(Ye Florida seeker. That’s where Brother Rock stays also.)

Mary Hooper Donelson—(She’s very quiet, but she can  
model a grapefruit as small as a pinhead.)

Elizabeth Fuller—“Woodie” (“That’s not right.”)

Louise Galloway—(Sitting the bottom out of her seat, but  
it’s not because she’s “stuck.”)

Sarah Hardcastle—“Sis.” Class President. (Noted for  
disposition. No wonder, she sits by that red-headed  
Renie.)

Coleman Harwell—“Bunny,” “Abb,” etc. R. K.; J. H. S.  
Football Team; A. X. Class Assistant Secretary and  
Treasurer.

Anna Belle Herblin—(Known as “Golden Locks,” but as  
disposition affects many things, she has the misfortune  
of its being in a very noticeable place.)

Harriet Ingram—“Queen.” (Her nickname all over again  
and so dignified.)

Garth Jordan—“Garlic” (Whew! outside, ye overall  
weaver and red and blue cap. Now! The time? I sigh.)

Thomas Kennedy—R. K.; Class Secretary and Treasurer;  
Manager of Class Basketball Team; Captain of J. H. S.  
Football Team. (Chief member of Overall Club.  
“Duck Head.”)

Katherine Kirkland—(Friend of Dr. Alec., for instance.  
“Kousin Kennedy Kuietly Kissed Kousin Kirkland.”  
Astounding? Nope. “Justa cousin of mine.”)

Eleanor Kirkman—“Kirkie.” Girls’ Class Basketball  
Team. (“Billy—Billy.” Gossip? Nope, again. Just  
her brother.)

Thomas Sumpter—“Sump.” R. K.; J. H. S. Football  
Team; Boys’ Class Basketball Team. (The athlete of  
the class. Haw!)

HeLEN Tate—(Too old for us; in college already.)

John W. Taylor—(Dear John William, we revel in thy  
smile.
DAVID BAKER—J. H. S. Football Team; Boys’ Class Basketball team. (A “Baker” of Latin, but at least it never rises.)

The middle name of the Eighth Grade is “Athletics.” When they are not playing football, basketball, or baseball, they are playing leapfrog and drop-the-handkerchief.

The girls organized a “crack” basketball team, but it was so late in the season they were only able to play one game, in which they came out victorious.

The boys were “right there” when it came to athletics, too. Their football team proved a success, making one trip and coming out well in all the games. The basketball team was not admitted into the school league, but if they had been—well, you would have seen some real playing.

At the beginning of the year the class was organized and the following officers were elected: President, Sarah Hardcastle; Vice-President, Mary Rice Anderson; Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas Kennedy; Assistant Secretary and Treasurer, Coleman Harwell.

Three French orphans have been adopted and there has been little trouble about prompt payment of the funds for their support.

The Algebra class thinks it can at least factor $a^2 - b^2$ after many weeks of drilling on factoring.

Whenever an argument arose a debate was the result, and an exciting Civics period was spent debating the question. Mary Rice Anderson was made presiding officer of the debates, and each month a sergeant-at-arms was elected.

Socially, the class has been a great success and if their ambitions are realized there will be no old maids and bachelors.

Taking all in all, the Eighth Grade is a winner, and let us hope that next year they will keep up their reputation.
A School Journey

We arrive at the station a few minutes before time to start on our trip, all in a bustle, making preparations that we have neglected.

We meet our first guide in the person of Miss Snidow. With this efficient guide, we go first to the land of perfect spelling, where people spell on their way to church. From here we go to visit the "Village Preacher." We eat breakfast at his home and meet his guests, the "broken soldier," the "ruined spendthrift" and the beggar. Our guide explains to us his noble character and good deeds. Our last visit with our first guide is to the home of the verb family. Here we learn their great part in our everyday conversation.

Here we are joined by guide number two, Miss McMurry, who takes us to the place where everyone talks French. Here we meet Mademoiselle Vertuchat, who tried to make her mouth smaller by saying, "Pomme, Prune, Pouce."

After a very difficult conversation with Mademoiselle Cecile we meet our third guide, Mr. Hillman, who brings us back to the United States, where we cross the continent and visit the volcanoes of Mt. Shasta and Mt. Hood.

We stop for lunch at "Cafeteria Town," where we find our fourth guide, Dr. Alexander. From "Cafeteria Town" we go out on the Pacific Ocean, and under the direction of Dr. Alexander we try to locate a sunken ship by geometry. (We factor $a^2 - b^2$ on the way.)

This guide takes us to New York, where we meet the civic guide, Miss Clark. We visit the slums there and rack our brains for some plan that we might suggest to President Wilson for the betterment of the community.
THE PEABODY VOLUNTEER

We then direct our steps toward New York Harbor, where we see the smiling face of our last guide, Mrs. Parsons. From New York we sail to Rome, where we observe the ancient customs of the natives and with our guides help try to talk to them in what was once their native tongue. After seeing all we can we return home to crown this wonderful day with a good baseball game in the gym.

SIXTH GRADE

THE VOICE OF THE BUTTERCUP

I come to announce the arrival of spring;
On the trees green sprouts are growing,
And the bushes their buds are showing,
Bluebirds overhead are on the wing, the wing.

Do you know who tells when spring comes 'round?
It is the saucy little buttercup.
He is the first posy to wake up
After the long sleep in the ground.

He is dressed in a new cap of yellow,
And his trousers of daintiest green,
One of the prettiest flowers seen,
But quite daring young fellow.

And he calls, Come, little girl; come, little boy,
Let me your curly head adorn;
Soon other flowers will be born,
So while I live let me give joy.

MARGARET O'CONNOR, Sixth Grade.
DIRTY WORK

The night was dark,
The air grew sweeter,
The lightning flashed
And killed a mosquito.

* * *

They fed the horse most every day,
Until the barn ran out of hay,
Then was the farmer heard to say,
Excelsior!

* * *

Nelle Weathers (translating Virgil): “Her knees were filled with tears and her voice fell out of her mouth.”

* * *

John D.: “—— says he was held up last night after the dance.”

Woodyard: “Yes? Well, he needed to be before it was half over.”

* * *

Mr. Wynn (demonstrating proposition): “Now watch the board and I’ll run through it for you.”

* * *

Bill Tyne: “Gari, is that rear tire flat?”

Gari: “Aw, the bottom is a little flat but the rest of it seems all right.”

* * *

“Chi” Andrews: “Boy, I had a nightmare last night.”

Earnest: “Yeh, I saw you with her.”
SON HAT

Suzanna: "I have the prettiest red hat."
Edna: "Why, red draws the sun."
Evelyn: "Whose son are you after, Suzanna?"

* * *

Mr. Carter: "You realize that the earth turns on its axis?"

Buford: "Yes, but I'd hate to have to buy the axle grease."

* * *

Burleson: "I saw you raise your hat to that girl that passed. You don't know her, do you?"
Harry Winn: "No, but my brother does, and this is his hat."

* * *

Miss Snadow: "Wouldn't it be awful if all the mistakes in life were marked upon the face?"

"Chi": "Good Caesar! people couldn't even see my face then."

* * *

Mr. Ivy: "What kind of a circle was I talking about, Thomas?"

Woodyard (about half asleep): "A round one, wasn't it?"

* * *

Jim Morris: "Porter, you look sick."
S. T.: "Yes, just had a serious operation."
Jim: "Appendicitis, I guess?"
S. T.: "No; my allowance was cut off."

* * *

Miss Clark (history class): "What else happened in Europe at this time?"
Irene: "Greece came out from under Turkey."

Ed NOTE—Everybody laugh now!
Mr. Tippett: “Silence! I want this study hall so still you can hear a pin drop.”
Deathly quiet for 'steen seconds.
Voice in the rear: “Let her drop.”

* * *

Miss Clark: “What four ways can we go from South American to New York?”
Bright little Morris: “Over the water, under the water, in the air, on the land.”

* * *

Mary Tom: “What’s the difference between an accepted suitor and his rival?”
Dickey: “One kisses the miss, the other misses the kiss.”

* * *

MANUFACTURED VERBS

The use of verbs manufactured out of nouns is satirized in the story of the city boy who wrote to his brother on the farm. “Thursday we autoed out to the country club, where we golfed until dark. Then we trolleayed back to town and danced till dawn. Then we motored to the beach and Fridayed there.”

The brother on the farm wrote back: “Yesterday we buggled to town and baseballed all afternoon. Then we went to Ned’s and sawed till morning. Today we muled out to the cornfield and gee-hawed till sundown. Then we supped and then we piped up for a while. After that we staircased up to our room and bedsteaded until the clock fixed.”—Exchange.

A LESSON IN MATHEMATICS

He’s teaching her arithmetic,
He said that was his mission;
He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
And said now that’s addition.
And as he added smack by smack
   In silent satisfaction,
She sweetly gave him kisses back,
   And said, now that’s subtraction.

Then, he kissed her and she kissed him,
   Without an exclamation;
Then both together smiled and said,
   Now, that’s multiplication.

But Dad appeared upon the scene,
   And made a quick decision;
He kicked the lad three blocks away,
   And said, that’s long division.

A FUTURIST’S IDEA
(Continued from page 64)

$2.50 in the treasury of the club, but I’ve come to pay it all back.” I put it back in the treasury by giving it to Jim.

I walked out into the street and met Ernest Davis with an armful of papers. Ernest is editor of the Nashville Midnight Sun.

“Glad to see you Ernest,” said I. “I’d like you to put an announcement in your paper concerning my arrival here. Here’s 49 cents—my last cent.”

“Couldn’t do it, old top; it’ll cost you 50 cents.” He said it in a way that brought back memoires of the Peabody Volunteer days of 1920.

“Well, then, sell me one of your papers,” I said.

I turned over the 49 cents and received a noon edition of the Midnight Sun. Soon I was lost in its contents.

What’s this I see? “Mrs. ———, née Miss Brucille Phillips, wins suit for divorce. Her case was managed by the celebrated attorney, the Hon. Arthur D. Andrews.” Just what I thought in the beginning.

I wonder what’s doing in 1960?

Sol Lowenstein.
As Voted By Student Body

All-round Boy—1st, John D. Anderson; 2nd, S. T. Porter.
Most Popular Girl—1st, Mary Frances Dickerson; 2nd, Cornelia Lamb.
Best Musician—1st, Nelle Weathers; 2nd, Christine Harris.
Best Poet—1st, Edmund Leftwich; 2nd, Irma Stevens.
Most Cheerful Student—1st, James Morris; 2nd, Harry Winn.
Wittiest—1st, James Morris; 2nd, Arthur Andrews.
Best Actor—1st, Will Carter; 2nd, John D. Anderson.
Best Student—1st, Clinton Parrent; 2nd, Amelia Appleton, Anne Bryan.
Best Artist—1st, Helen Salter; 2nd, Ruth McBride.
Biggest Clown—1st, Eldred Woolwine; 2nd, Arthur Andrews.
Most Graceful Girl—1st, Irma Stevens; 2nd, Floranne Levy.
Most Charming Student—1st, Cornelia Lamb; 2nd, Mary Frances Dickerson.
Deepest Thinker—1st, Clinton Parrent; 2nd, Sol Lowenstein.
Best Singer—1st, Criddle Scruggs; 2nd, Will Carter.
Neatest Girl—1st, Amelia Appleton; 2nd, Cornelia Lamb.
Best Talker—1st, John D. Anderson; 2nd, Martha Crockett.
Apologies to Kipling

When our last school days are over,
   And our books are dusty and lost;
When their friends are scattered and gone,
   And only the school's at its post,
We shall think—and faith, we shall need it—
   Think of them for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of all best friendships
   Shall bring us together anew!

And those who had friends shall be happy;
   They shall talk to their hearts' content;
They shall talk of the things worth while,
   To be broadened as their intent;
They shall find real friends to talk to—
   Jonathan, David and Paul—
They shall converse till the subject's exhausted
   And never be tired at all.

And only the Master shall praise,
   And only the Master shall blame,
And we shall be sorry for friends we missed
   When we were looking for fame;
But each for the joy of understanding,
   And each in his separate star,
Shall reach the conclusions he sees
   For the God of things as they are.

—H. C. P.
industry was carried on by Frances Hogan and Eleanor Jordon.

On reaching Cuba, tired and worn by the journey, Ruth Anderson and Thelma Morrow invited us to come and take a swim in their pool, where they were teaching the art.

On our way back to the States we read in the Nashville paper that Ethel Smith had just been appointed private secretary for the President. We also secured the latest book of fiction by Marie Parrent, and we also read that Mary Weise was head of the Language Department of Columbia University.

Quite overwhelmed by this renewal of old acquaintances and the wonderful sights we had seen, it was with difficulty that we began teaching again after a year’s absence.

Marie Parrent, Mary E. White, Mary Weise.

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS

Arthur Andrews ............. “You prayed”
Dickey .................. “Angel—Don’t we Dot”
Doots .................... “Yet and still”
Jean McKeand ............. “Aw-w-w-w”
Miss Snidow ............... “You people”
Ernest Davis ............... ........... Lawd today! it ain’t even funny

Here’s to the happy-go-lucky,
For never a care has he.
But I should rather be plucky
Than shirk a care meant for me.
’Tis well to be happy and jolly,
But well to be thoughtful awhile,
Than give ourselves over to folly,
For ’twill help you o’er many a mile.

H. C. P.
THE PEABODY VOLUNTEER

INTERVIEW NO. 1

"Mr. Andrews, when were you born?"
"April Fool, July 20, 1890, with great prospects."
"What is your aim in life?"
"To go into partnership with the Sultan."
"What is your inspiration?"
"Dr. Alexander."
"Good evening."

INTERVIEW NO. 2

"Good morning, Miss Payne, how are you?"
"I'm so mad."
"The VOLUNTEER sends me on a campaign to find out some important things about important people. What are your hobbies?"
"Clothes and my VOLUNTEER picture. Decidedly!"
"We don't believe it, but much oblige anyhow."

INTERVIEW NO 3

"Hilliard Porter, wait there!"
"Yes."
"Tell me your ambition."
"To open a dogwagon and recover my stolen goods."
"Are you lazy?"
"I am not! I am working diligently on an invention, how not to work."
"The more they come, the more they get."

SENIOR NICKNAMES
(Only the striking ones.)

Brucille Phillips ..............College widow
S. T. Porter ..................Lard Head
Wilkins Bayless ......Snooks or Custard Head
Elizabeth Bell ...............Kid Mullins
Ruth McBride ...............Will-o'-the-Wisp
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