

THE BUFFALO

1915

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INSTRUERE INGENIUM—PRIMUM OMNIUM

"Here at the quiet summit of the world."—*Tennyson.*



BUFFALO MOUNTAIN AND BUFFALO CREEK

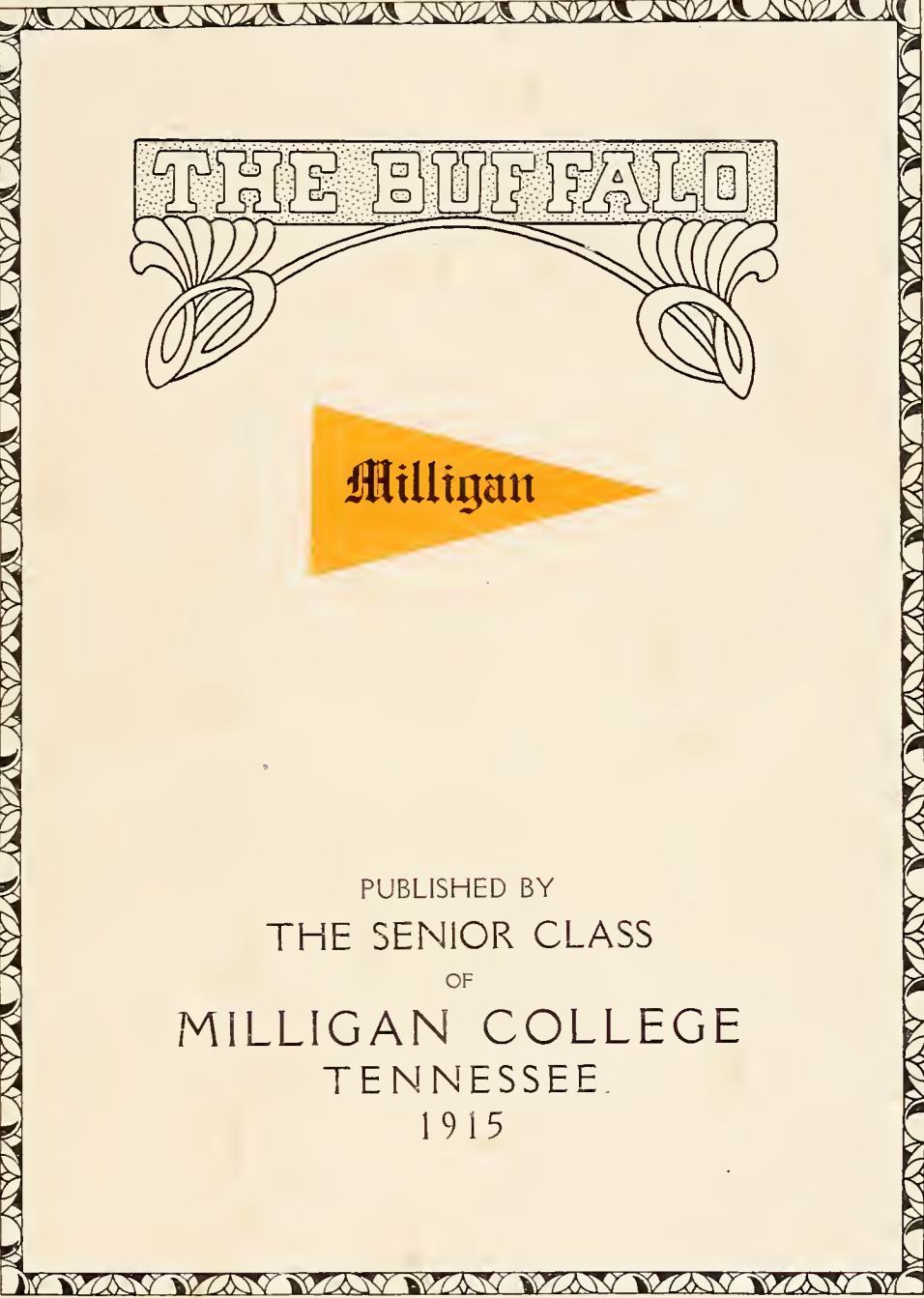


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There is the quiet summer of the world.



THE MUSEUM AND THE CITY



THE BUFFALO



PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS
OF
MILLIGAN COLLEGE
TENNESSEE
1915

To

Willis Baxter Boyd

whose unflagging zeal, unlimited en-
thusiasm, patient endurance and
Christian life have been a help
and a source of strength
to every student, we
affectionately

Dedicate This Volume



Foreword



GENTLE reader, temper your verdict with mercy. With humility we present our work, and with tremblings await your judgment. If in after years this volume shall bring to memory and reinhabit the dormitories, the classrooms, the campus, and other dear places of old Milligan, then we shall not feel that we have suffered in vain.

THE EDITORS.

THE BUFFALO



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W. C. SMITH	BERTA HARDY
M. A. HUIE	EVELYN LOVE

"Hear ye not the hum of mighty workings?"—*Keats*.



COLLEGE BUILDINGS FROM THE HILL

Milligan College

LOCATION AND HISTORY




MILLIGAN COLLEGE is located in Carter County, in that section of Tennessee which once formed part of the long-defunct State of Franklin—a commonwealth whose brief but romantic existence was terminated in a battle fought only a short distance from the site now occupied by the college grounds. Two miles to the north, at Sycamore Shoals, the American volunteers who fought the decisive battle of King's Mountain started on that famous march which, in the opinion of competent historians, was the turning point in the American Revolution. After Sycamore Shoals and the days of King's Mountain came Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett. Boone's original trail passed only a few miles west of the college; and at Boone's Creek, about eight miles south, there is shown to this day a mighty oak tree with the following inscription carved upon it: "D Boon Cild Bar."

The site of Milligan College, with its superb view of the majestic Buffalo Mountain and the silver waters of the Buffalo Creek flowing just below, was early chosen as an ideal spot for an institution of learning. Before the Civil War, a school was established, and after the war between the States, this school was given the name of Buffalo Institute.

In 1880 a young man from Kentucky by the name of Josephus Hopwood came to Carter County in search of a place to found an institution of learning built upon the broad foundation of Christian culture—a clean heart and a clean life. Buffalo Institute was turned over to him, and in 1882 the old name was changed to Milligan College. For twenty-three years, from 1880 to 1903, President Hopwood directed the destinies of Milligan College. In 1903 President Hopwood relinquished the burden he had borne so long to one who had graduated under him and who was associated with him for years as a teacher—Henry R. Garrett.

President Garrett's mantle fell upon another young man, Frederick D. Kershner, a native of Maryland and a graduate of Kentucky University and of Princeton. President Kershner took charge of the college in the spring of 1908, and his resignation took effect October 31, 1911. The Board



THE - BUFFALO

immediately elected to the presidency Dean Tyler E. Utterback, a native of Kentucky, graduate of Kentucky University, Central University of Kentucky, and Columbia University, New York, a man of large experience, both as an educator and preacher. At the close of the year 1912-1913, President Utterback's resignation, which had been offered one year before, was accepted, and E. W. McDiarmid, a graduate of Bethany and of Hiram College, was elected president of Milligan College. After one year of fruitful work, President McDiarmid was called to a higher work, and James Tracy McKissick was elected president.

James Tracy McKissick was born near Mt. Pleasant, Maury County, Tennessee, April 19, 1874. He attended Broadview High School until his sixteenth year, when he went to Hillsboro High School, Williamson County, which was then taught by the now lamented William Anderson. After finishing High School and teaching a year, he went to Texas and attended Southwestern Normal College, Italy, Texas, and graduated from that school in 1895. The following fall he entered Add-Ran Christian University, then under the direction of Addison and Randolph Clark, and was graduated from that school in 1897. His first pastorate was at Marshall, Texas, where he served eighteen months, and resigned on account of ill health, and located at Marfa, West Texas, where two years were spent. From Marfa he was called to the Central Church, Weatherford, and there he preached for three and one-half years. Feeling the need of a more liberal education, he resigned and entered Texas Christian University, receiving the M. A. degree in June, 1904. The following fall he entered the College of the Bible and received the classical diploma the next June. He then went to Harvard and spent a year specializing in New Testament Greek and Church History. After some months of evangelizing he accepted a call from 17th St. Church, Nashville, and was there more than four years. He was called to be secretary of the Tennessee Christian Missionary Society in April, 1911, and continued in this work for more than three years. He came to Milligan in August, 1914, following the labors of Josephus Hopwood and his splendid successors. He strives to maintain the same ideals which have characterized Milligan life.



Faculty

JAMES TRACY McKISSICK

PRESIDENT AND ROBERT MILLIGAN PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY

BELA HUBBARD HAYDEN

DEAN OF BIBLE

JAMES MILLER

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

CAMERON DONALD DAY

PROFESSOR OF SCIENCE AND MATHEMATICS

WILLIS BAXTER BOYD

PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION AND HISTORY

DEAN OF MEN

ELMA E. R. ELLIS

PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT LANGUAGES

AND LITERATURE

MARY HARDIN

PROFESSOR OF FRENCH AND HOME ECONOMICS

SARAH WILLIAMS

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

SUSIE MAY PERRY

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MAE BENNETT

PRINCIPAL COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

BESSIE DAIMWOOD

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HISTORY

KATHERINE BURRUS

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AGRICULTURE

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GRAMMAR

S. J. HYDER

MATHEMATICS

J. W. PRATHER

GERMAN

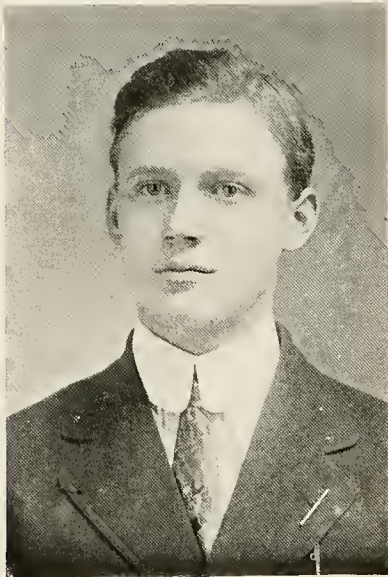


FACULTY

Seniors

AUSTIN
HUGGINS.

THE · B U F F A L O



MYHR WHITE

"ANANIAS"

*"In days of old upon the hill,
He trod the ground which now is still;
He studied hard and won his fame—
For his knowledge of Greek and Latin he can't
be blamed."*

A. B.; Frederick D. Kershner Literary Society;
Villagers.

Myhr has at last reached the end of his rope at Milligan. After April showers have made May flowers, he will tuck his long-coveted little A. B. under his arm and go out to tell the world that he has graduated. He has passed his college career without being pierced by Cupid's dart. The Frederick D. Kershner Literary Society has been graced by his presence since its organization, and he ever proved to be a member who was willing to help the society bear its many burdens. We sincerely hope that in the future Myhr will drop his "alias" and henceforth and forevermore look the world in the face in his undiluted form—"Ananias."

NELLE BLY BRUMIT

"TOLLIE"

*"Her life is gentle, and the elements so mixed
in her that we might stand up and say to all the
world, "THIS IS A WOMAN."*

A. B.; Ossolian Literary Society.

Nelle has designs upon a certain young preacher at present engaged in chicken-raising. She has all the requirements for an ideal circuit rider's wife, and we prophesy that she will be a success in this vocation. Nelle's specialties are Latin, Greek, and letter-writing. She is somewhat of a musician, and her favorite selection is, "It's a Long Way to Indian Springs, But My Heart's Right There."



THE · B U F F A L O

EPHRAIM C. BUCK, JR.

"SLICK," "EPH"

*"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us."*

Ph. B.; Frederick D. Kershner Literary Society; Winner of Oscar M. Fair Oratorical Contest, 1911; Supreme Bach of Bachelors' Club; Midnight Club.

Eph is a Virginian, a Wilson Democrat, and a one-horse school-teacher, but we can forgive him for all this, as he has determined to live in blessed singleness, or single blessedness, whichever it may be. From childhood "Slick" has had Senatorial aspirations, but we are afraid his fondness for croquet will keep him from wearing the Senatorial toga. As an orator Eph is the equal of W. J. Bryan.



JOHN WILLIAM PRATHER

"CROOK"

"Beware of false prophets that come to you in sheep's clothing, for inwardly they are ravening wolves."

Ph. B.; Member of American Literary Society.

John is the "Beau Brummel" of our class, and takes especial pains to be agreeable to the ladies. He came to us in our Junior year, being a graduate of McLean College preparatory department. He is very careful to assume a dignified demeanor and stately step in the presence of the faculty. John has been rather morose this year, and some attribute it to the departure of a young lady formerly of our class.



THE - B U F F A L O



NATHANIEL C. T. BURCHFIELD

"INSECT," "NAT"

"Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!"

Ph. B.; Frederick D. Kershner Literary Society; Bachelors' Club; Villagers.

"Insect," or just "Nat." as he is generally known, is an honest, hard-working fellow, devoting most of his time planning to hoodwink the Profs. He is said to have argued with signposts by the hour. Ask Dick Forbes about "Insect" as a debater. "Insect" is a frequent visitor at the Normal. We do not know the attraction out there, but he says that his love is universal and there is no danger.

KATHERINE BURRUS

"KATE," "BABY"

*"No simple duty is forgot;
Life has no dim and lonely spot
That doth not in her sunshine share."*

Graduate in Music; Instructor of Violin, and Leader of Orchestra.

Kate has a record of two hundred and fifty words per minute, and can perform on the stove as well as on the fiddle. Kate says that love is the harmonizing of two souls—well, if experience is a teacher she ought to know. She is the only one who was ever known to draw tears to the eyes of Milligan students. "Music hath charms to still the savage breast," and "Babe" is an adept at the art. Her best-known selection is "Listen to the Mocking-Bird."



THE · B U F F A L O

BRADLEY SHEPHERD

"LEGS"

"Don't worry about your work; do what you can, let the rest go, and smile all the time."

Graduate Business College; Varsity Baseball and Basket-Ball Reserve; Band and Orchestra.

This massive giant hails from Cocke County, and has the most appropriate pseudonym of "Legs." He is the athletic star of our class. "Legs" is immune, and his heart is in safe-keeping. "Legs" is also a chemist of rare ability, working at this in the summer.



ELLIS D. HILL

"NOISY"

"He can be wooed and won, ladies, by cooing at him."

Graduate Business College; Member of the Frederick D. Kershner Literary Society; Quartette; Glee Club; Orchestra; Band.

Here he is, ladies! This is a "beauty," and if you desire to own the toy, we sell to the highest bidder. Ellis holds a very important position as roustabout and secretary to the president. He is very fond of athletics, but the only use that can be made of him is a "rooter," for the child can not play. He spends most of his time amusing the ladies. He says that the saddest words of tongue or pen are these: "You have got to quit smoking."



Senior Class History



WELL, at last the day to which we have looked forward has come—graduation day. It is no longer a dream of our minds, but a reality. For four long years we have been preparing for this day. Our teachers have given us their best in endeavoring to fit us for true success in the world. They have tried to implant in our minds the fact that pure characters are the greatest attributes we can possess, and it is our part now to uphold the high standard of our Alma Mater before the world. One by one, the members of this class have come from far and near into these classic shades. The Nineteen-Fifteen Class consists of five members taking literary courses, one from the music department, and two from the business department, making our class number eight.

The history of this class began in the fall of the year 1911, when twenty hopeful boys and girls came to Milligan to begin their college careers; and, to be really truthful, we did indeed possess the verdant minds and the St. Patrick appearance usually and rightfully attributed to Freshmen. Before we had been here many hours we were seized by that heart-rending and soul-thrilling disease—homesickness. Soon the period passed when "Home, Sweet Home" would bring tears to our eyes, and we were busy in learning the college routine. The reception by the Sophomore Class further dispelled whatever gloom remained in our hearts and filled us with a savage longing to get even. When we had been here only a few days, our upperclassmates took great delight in questioning us, for they perceived that it was a psychological study of vast importance to discover the unplumbed depths of a verdant Freshman's mind.

In the course of time other pleasures awaited us. Hazing, of course, is strictly forbidden, but some of our tormentors seemed to take great delight in heaving a poke of water over our transom when we were in the act of retiring. The Sophomores and Juniors took especial pains to instruct us concerning the ignorance of the faculty and the overbearing disposition which they maintained toward the student body. The class soon organized, electing officers as follows: Nat Burchfield, President; Mary Campbell, Secretary

The Buffalo 1915

Once belonged to Grace Borling
Smith (Mrs. William Lewis Smith)

Mother of Helen Louise Smith Entright

brought by Dorothea Smith Bruce

1886

THE · B U F F A L O

and Treasurer. We enjoyed very much the social events of the year, our own class socials being still fresh in our minds. Our beloved Profs exercised a great deal of patience and wisdom in managing us, and by the end of the year we were firmly convinced that what we did not know was not worth knowing.

Next year the Class of '15 reassembled on the old campus, no longer fresh and green, but as imposing and self-important Sophomores. The class was reorganized with an enrollment of sixteen, and the following were elected as officers: W. G. Forbes, President; Clyde Hendrix, Vice-President; Ruth Watkins, Secretary, and Mary Campbell, Treasurer. A social committee was also appointed, consisting of Mae Nave, Ruth Watkins, Mary Campbell, Clyde Hendrix, and Myhr White. Many social events of the year were enjoyed by the class, especially the receptions given in our honor by the Juniors and Seniors. Our wisdom that year surpassed that of Socrates, and our philosophy put the ancient sophists of Greece to shame. Social science, religion, economics, ethics, and all of these great questions were settled by the conclusive, inclusive, exclusive, and preclusive arguments which we set forth. Yea, truly, Solomon in all of his wisdom was not as wise as one of us.

Upon our return to college in the fall of '13, dire disaster was in store for us. We found that on account of the course being raised some of us would not be able to graduate the next year. The class was reorganized, however, with a membership of eight, and our number was augmented considerably by the arrival of Mr. John Wonderful Prather, a member of the '13 Class of McLean College. Officers were elected to the tune of Mary Campbell, President; Myhr White, Vice-President; John Prather, Secretary. Of all the events of the year, none was enjoyed so much as the day we took our dearly beloved Seniors up to Watauga River. The day was ideal (?), and we crowded it with fun, but old J. Pluvius proved unkind and we returned home drenched, but happy. We paid the entire expenses of Commencement exercises by the presentation of "The Rose o' Plymouth Town," which was the greatest success along the dramatic line that Milligan has ever known.

Our history is drawing to a close. As Seniors, we have enjoyed with dignity the special privileges which have been granted to us, such as going to town when Prexy said we could and being allowed to go to Sunday school and church and to cut a class occasionally without threats of expulsion. We have enjoyed these privileges, and it is our desire as a class to record a special

THE · B U F F A L O

vote of thanks to the faculty for the said privileges. We also wish to remember our Profs for booting us over so many difficult places, and, as we are about to pass out, we see and acknowledge the many mistakes we have made. Our organization this year is as follows: E. C. Buck, President; Myhr White, Vice-President; John Prather, Secretary and Treasurer; Nelle Brunit, Poetess, and Nat Burchfield, Prophet.

We, as Seniors, feel the responsibility resting upon our shoulders, and it is with a considerable amount of pride that we point to the fact that every male member of our class is a member of the Bachelors' Club, disdaining to mingle with the common horde which gathers weekly in Hardin Hall.

As there is an end to everything, so the history of the Class of Nineteen-Fifteen, with its successes and failures, comes to an end. With great hopes for our future in the world of work, and with a steadfast belief in our ultimate success if we follow the teachings we have received, we close this history of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen.

MYHR WHITE, Historian.





Senior Class Prophecy

CHICAGO, ILL.,

May 20, 1935.

MISS NELLE BRUMIT,

Nashville, Tenn.,

DEAR NELLE: Doubtless this will be a surprise to you, but I am going to tell you some of the happenings that have occurred to our old classmates of the Class of '15 at Milligan.

While I was standing in an office in New York the other day, my attention was attracted by the click of a typewriter as some one pecked industriously away on the keys. I glanced up, and in so doing I recognized a face that carried my wandering thoughts back to college days at dear old Milligan. Just then the fellow raised his eyes from his work and began softly to croon a sweet melody that carried to my mind recollections of having listened to the harmonizing of that voice with others, time after time, at Milligan. It was none other than Ellis Hill, who, you will remember, acted so faithfully in the capacity of Secretary to the President in 1915. He recognized me immediately when I spoke to him, and insisted that I should stop for a friendly chat. You can well remember, no doubt, the ability which he always displayed in the "gab" line, and he soon showed that he had lost none of his power as a talker. It had been twenty years since I had met any of the old bunch of '15, and of course I was anxious to hear anything that he might have to say in regard to them and their positions in life. Hill was working for an employment agency as stenographer, and he told me that quite often a familiar name came in, and among the number he had noticed the names of several members of our class.

Ephraim Buck had been one of the first to send in his application for a position in the big city. The high and mighty aspirations which he had cherished since childhood, of wearing a senatorial toga and gracing the Senate Chambers at Washington, had vanished like a snowball before a July sun after he had participated in two elections in Virginia (in both of which, it is needless to say, Eph came out at the little end of the horn). After gathering his scattered thoughts together, Eph came to the realization that life is a sad



THE - BUFFALO

reality, and not composed of air castles, and he started in to climb the ladder of fame. One kind of work succeeded another, and in turn he became a news butch on a train, a solicitor for the *Saturday Evening Post*, an advance agent for a theatrical company, and is now engaged in the work of stage manager at one of the downtown theaters, and if I cared to see him I could find him at No. 425 Broadway. A thought suddenly occurred to him and he rummaged hurriedly through the files close by until he found what he wanted, and then he told me that Katherine Burrus was also engaged as orchestra leader at the same theater. He related how the romance with poor Joe Crouch was broken up over a misunderstanding, and that while in search of fame in her chosen profession, she had strayed into little old New York. Hill could recall none of the addresses of any others of the class, and so I left him happily humming away, "It's a long way to Mary Lou's, but my heart's right there." Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you. They were happily married about three months after Ellis graduated, and now live in a little apartment in Harlem.

I sauntered leisurely along a few blocks, when I decided that I needed a shave, and so went on a hunt for a barber shop. I had hardly gotten inside the door when I heard the piping voice of Nat Burchfield as he called out, "Next Gentleman!" Fate had been unkind to Insect, so he told me. You will recall that he was one of the most enthusiastic members of the Bachelors' Club in 1915, but, would you believe it, that old rascal is now one of the worst henpecked husbands you ever saw. The different branches of science had each been exhausted by Nat in a vain endeavor to find his life work, when by dire necessity he was compelled to learn the art of manipulating the shears and razors that adorn barber shops for his daily sustenance.

My business affairs called me to Chicago, and so I dropped into the uptown office of the New York Central and purchased a ticket for the west. As I was resting snugly in my seat that night preparatory to retiring, who should stick his face through the door but old Myhr White? There he came, a ponderous mass of flesh, his head bounded on the north by a Pullman conductor's cap, on the south by a large double chin which merged gradually into a vast expanse of coat and vest, and on the east and west by a pair of ears which looked for all the world like the extra signals on the rear end of a freight train. His joy was unlimited when he saw me, and I soon realized that though he had gained in size physically he was the same old Myhr



THE - BUFFALO

White, and that his heart was still in the right place. As soon as his work would permit he came back and joined me and we had a good long talk which lasted until the wee small hours of the morning. He had kept in pretty close touch with the different members of our class and was able to give me some very much desired information regarding our old friend Bradley Shepherd. Bradley was the owner of a garage in Boston, and one of his favorite sayings is, "Boys, I could make a lot of money here if I had not been educated in a school where character building stood first of all." Bradley has also supped from the spring of matrimony in the hopes of finding the water of happiness, but it seems that he made a poor choice, and his life is being made miserable by his spouse, who is at present one of the suffragette leaders in Boston.

To Myhr I must also attribute the good fortune of securing your address. He had noticed in the society columns of the *Johnson City Staff*, to which he still subscribes, that you were soon to leave the mountains of East Tennessee, where you had so long striven to impart knowledge into the minds of the young American hopefuls, and become the bride of a noted evangelist.

I know that by this time you are very anxious to know what I am doing. Nelle, you know at school I was always more fond of sleep than work, so I learned the art of tripping the "Light Fantastic Toe" and am not boasting when I say that I am one of the best in the city.

My brain is beginning to fag in this effort to inform you of some of the happenings of our old classmates; the lights of the city are beginning to go out one by one; I hear in the distance the stroke of the clock as it solemnly tolls the hour of one, and my hand can hardly creep across the paper.

Trusting that this may reach you before the marital vows are performed, and that I may receive a speedy reply, I beg to remain,

Your old friend,

JOHN PRATHER.



Senior Class Poem

Year after year has taken flight,
Till now they number four,
Since through Milligan's open door
We passed. A new, a strange delight
Did thrill us then, and make us fight
For something on before.

But trials have come, as come they will,
And thin our ranks have grown.
Each year from us were torn
Dear classmates one by one; but still
We rally 'round, and with a thrill
Yet find we are our own.

Dear classmates, through life's shifting ways,
Remember Milligan still,
Her every dale and hill.
May our happy college days
Be a gentle memory, whose rays
Will light and cheer at will.

The future bids us rise and go;
We can not linger here,
Though it be very dear.
On to the fight, nor dread the foe,
But ever through experience grow
To gain life's noble sphere.

N. B.





JUNIOR CLASS



Class of 1916

COLORS: Gold and White

FLOWER: Daisy

MOTTO: *Umquam altior*

YELL: Ya ha! Ya ha! Sixteen! Sixteen! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Officers

ANNE MILDRED PERRY.....	PRESIDENT
CECIL CAHOON.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
EDWIN ATHEY.....	SECRETARY
CLYDE SMITH.....	HISTORIAN

Class Roll

EDWIN ATHEY
LOUIS M. BOTTS
HOWARD BOOK
NELLE CAMPBELL
CECIL CAHOON
KEITH FORD
WALTER FORBES
SAMUEL HYDER
CLYDE HENDRIX
JOSEPH KEEBLER
ANNE MILDRED PERRY
A. E. STONE
KIRBY SMITH
CLYDE SMITH
MARY THOMAS
JOHN TODD

Junior Class History



HIS class in one respect is unlike many other classes; that is, it only burdens the reader with the history of the closing year. We, as a class, do not care to repeat ourselves by reiterating old events with which you are already familiar; we only want to give you the history that you have not read.

Begin with us on October the sixth, nineteen hundred and fourteen. On this date the class met for the purpose of electing officers and planning future work. Officers were elected and air castles were built. My! the possibilities of such a combination. House-keepers, preachers, orators, lawyers, and doctors!! Such is this class.

In our studies we have held the banner to the lofty breezes; in athletics they asked us how we did it; in housekeeping they asked us how we kept our rooms so neat, and how we made such good biscuits; in preaching they asked us where we stole such sermons; in oratory they asked us where we found such thoughts and how we delivered them so eloquently; in law they asked us whence came our wisdom, and in doctoring they said that we kept the best of pills. To all these questions we gave just one answer, "We worked at the job."

But near the close of this victorious year the duty as well as the pleasure of entertaining the Seniors fell upon our shoulders. This was a problem soon solved. We knew that they loved to be with their kind, so one bright sunny morning in April we escorted them to the fishery where they could walk about the pool and look at the suckers.

But let us not lose sight of the aim of the Class of 1916. Next year we expect to return still united as a class, and when our Senior year shall have closed we will then be ready for real service in the world of affairs where true manhood and womanhood and strict attention to duty mark the pathway of the really successful.



SOPHOMORE

AUSTIN HUGGINS

The image features the word "SOPHOMORE" in a bold, black, sans-serif font. The letters are set against a white background. Above the letters, there are eight small, simple line drawings of cartoon characters. The first character is a man with a hat and a bow tie. The second is a man with a bow tie. The third is a man with glasses and a bow tie. The fourth is a man with a bow tie. The fifth is a man with a bow tie. The sixth is a man with a bow tie. The seventh is a man with a hat and a bow tie. The eighth is a man with a bow tie. The signature "AUSTIN HUGGINS" is written in a small, black, sans-serif font to the right of the word.



SOPHOMORE CLASS



Class of 1917

COLORS: Purple and White

FLOWER: Violet

Officers

ETHEL GAVER.....	PRESIDENT
MOZELLE KIRK.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
MARK KIRK.....	SECRETARY
M. A. HUIE.....	HISTORIAN

Class Roll

MOZELLE KIRK	ETHEL GAVER
MARK KIRK	W. A. HUGGINS
A. A. TRUSLER	ROBBIE RAWLS
LARRY ZIMMERMAN	M. A. HUIE
RUSSELL CLARK	D. J. BEARD
ALINE SMITH	LLOYD CROUCH

YELL:

One-a-zip, two-a-zip,
 Three-a-zip, a-zam!
 Idz zitty i kye,
 Boom, boom, bam!
 En teen tedder fedder,
 Dee do dubberick,
 Bumbo jubbit!
 Sophomores, Sophomores,
 Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Wawhoo, wawhoo,
 Zip boom bawhoo,
 Sophomores, Sophomores,
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

Sophomore Class History



TOP! Look! Listen! I'm going to tell you all about the notorious band designated by that illustrious name Sophomores. We are not exactly what you might call a band of "singing Christians" on their way to "Beulah Land," but we are making rapid strides toward that coveted prize called a sheepskin and the distinguished name Seniors. Our cups will be overflowing with happiness when we can clasp those precious scrolls in our trembling hands and say, "Alas, thou hast eluded me for years, but now that I have thee in my grasp thou shalt never leave me." That will be glory, indeed, when we can look back through the dim and shadowy past and wonder how we ever rode safely over the rocky shoals that mark the course of every college student; how we ever survived the persecution and abuse that marked our Freshman days; how we bluffed it through the Sophomore year and arrived at the three-mile post a full-fledged Junior, and then, last and greatest, bloomed out into a full-grown Senior. But enough of this folly. Let us come back to earth and a description of this illustrious band of students.

I have said they were illustrious, and indeed they are. There are the two young students by the names of Mutt Huie and Lloyd Crouch, members of the Owl and Barnyard Clubs, and to hear them hooting and braying from their second-floor windows in the wee small hours of the morning you would be compelled to think that you were not reclining peacefully on one of Mee Hall's cozy mattresses, but that you were lying out in the open in close proximity to somebody's farm where a donkey was holding a conference with some of his feathery friends.

Sad it is, indeed, to relate that our Honorable and Exalted Madame President, Miss Ethel Gaver, is inclined toward Athey-ism. She is one of the most adroit in the art of passing out winning and captivating smiles that has ever graced the campus of Milligan College.

But talk about smiling—Um! Mee!—you ought to see Mark and Aline in the Geometry class. They assemble right after dinner in Prexy Mc's classroom, and for about twenty minutes they sit and smile and talk and talk and smile and smile until you would think that truly invitations were in order for the big event. This couple can't be beat when it comes to true friendship to each other and also to the entire student body.

THE · B U F F A L O

Larry Zimmerman is another important member of the class. He doesn't know it, but I heard one of the young ladies say the other day that "Zim" reminded her of one of these big dolls that will close its eyes when it is laid down. He is the acknowledged heart-smasher of the class, and, would you believe it, he thinks he can take all the girls' hearts at once and smash them, but of course he can't, because, well, because he can't.

I guess we might as well admit that "Bob" Rawls is the pet of the class, because everybody likes "Bob," and it was through her influence that Pete Trusler was persuaded to join the class.

When Mozelle Kirk first waddled across the campus we all thought of paraphrasing Tennyson's Brook—"Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever"—but "I'll swan!" she has been more trouble than anybody in the school, and has about worried the postmaster to death, and then poor John Hardy has grown grey headed sitting up nights trying to think of some way to please his gay *little* friend.

As we come to our journey's end, there comes to our mind one whom we our proud to claim as *ours*. This is none other than "A. Huggins." I am not prepared to say anything about his "Huggin" qualities, but as a cartoonist and preacher he can't be beat, and we Sophomores sure are proud to know that for the next two years we can claim him for our very own. We look on him as the betting man does his favorite "steed," for we hope to have the distinction of having the only cartoonist for the remainder of our time here.

Now comes the time for the farewell words, not exactly farewell, either, just "au revoir," because next year you will see our shining mugs again, but one notch nearer the top. At that time our feet will be dangling from the Junior tree, and you can rest assured that the rest of the school will know that we are in existence. We will at that time, of course, wear the sober and sanctimonious appearance which so fittingly (?) becomes a Junior, for we will have only one more notch to carve before we can sign our name with a flourish and then proceed to add a portion of the alphabet by way of explanation that another sucker has passed through the halls of learning at Milligan and is ready to throttle the world and wrench from it fortune and fame.

So now, good readers, one and all,
I'll push my ink bottle against the wall;
My worn-out pen I'll throw away,
For I'm worn and weary in body and soul
In a frantic effort to make this annual roll.

M. A. H.



Sophomore Class Poem

This is the class which teachers feign
Does most honor to Milligan;
The brave old class that sings
To the blooming Freshmen
Their glorious hymns,
And never fears a bit the consequence of it.

The peal of melody unfurls,
Onward go the boys and girls
Of the Sophomer Class to face the blast—
That comes to all persons first or last—
Of facing the world without a mask.
So lay off your "get-by" schemes so fair
And weave "character building" in your hair.

Thanks to the integrity of our Profs—
It made us love them all
As they boasted loud and bold
Of feats they accomplished in days of old;
But in my head it rings—
That maybe they didn't do all these things
At the time they were young like we.

But now, you Sophs, just open your eyes
And gaze for a moment up toward the skies;
You'll catch a vision, while looking there,
Of Juniors and Seniors having fun
While you are fighting hard for knowledge;
But cheer up, Sophomores, one and all,
For some day we'll sit on that same old wall.

M. A. HUE.

FRESHMAN



Austin
Hugin's.



FRESHMAN CLASS



Class of 1918

COLORS: Green and White

FLOWER: White Carnation

MOTTO: *Per ardua ad alta*

Officers

J. N. HARDY.....	PRESIDENT
HARRY GARRETT.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
F. C. BUCK.....	SECRETARY
EVELYN LOVE.....	TREASURER
F. F. ATHEARN.....	HISTORIAN

Class Roll

J. N. HARDY
LAURY MARY BORING
CARSIIE BOWERS
PIERCE BLACKWELL
WHILLAMETTA BAILEY
HARRY GARRETT
MARY LOU BRASFIELD
CURTIS SMITH
F. C. BUCK
EVELYN LOVE
ROBERT FORRESTER
F. F. ATHEARN
GEORGE D. HARDIN
ROBBIE RAWLS
LESLIE SKINNER
VIRGINIA WHITEHEAD
MARY PRATHER

Freshman Class History



UNDOUBTEDLY, we were green once upon a time, but the long association with the grave and reverend Seniors, with the stuck-up Juniors, with our dearly beloved and edifying friends, the Sophomores, and last, but by no means least, with the quizzical faculty, has so imbued us with college spirit and knowledge that we unhesitatingly affirm that we are the "best we ever saw."

Life has not been easy for us in all respects. We have submitted to indignities of all sorts. Our rooms have been stacked. We have been called out of bed at three in the morning to explain a half-round square, or to lend some one a match, or by some earnest inquiry as to whether or not we had any corn bread. We have been given extemporaneous shower-baths done up in brown paper pokes and handed to us from second-story windows. Our Profs have seen fit to speak to us once or twice a week, and Prexy has lectured to us all on his famous subject, "Do Right." Nay, more than this, we have hungered for sympathy and encouragement and received demerits; we have thirsted for knowledge and have been twitted because of our inability to do everything. Life has been miserable at times; we have been so homesick that all that has kept us from going home has been the lack of kale. We have tried to study, and could only read and forget. Urged to concentrate, we have labored and burnt midnight oil to no avail. But in some other ways we can congratulate ourselves.

We have furnished the varsity basket-ball team with a center, the second team with four members, the baseball team with a pitcher and three other men, the track teams with several men, and our co-eds have furnished a guard to the girls' basket-ball team. Freshman orators and debaters have been selected several times. Two Freshies are on the college quartette. In other ways our contribution to the college life has been large and our influence extensive.

We feel that we are a part of old Milligan now, and are already planning to help next year's crop of greens through the throes of entering college.

Freshman Rogues' Gallery

J. N. HARDY

Pompadour. Chews like a goat. Built on the six-foot-folding-rule style. Angular. Great debater. Captain second basket-ball team. Some tennis player. Member track team. Midnight Club. Wears Mozelle's ring.

F. C. BUCK

Champion liar. Xerxes. Talks through his nose. Chews end of his words. Fuzzy headed. Literary society debater and orator. Takes campus course with retired school-teacher. Midnight Club. Plays croquet.

F. F. ATHEARN

Preacher (?). Six foot four. Literary gink. Lover of lady members of the faculty. Good-looking, but for his face. Sings (?). Center varsity basket-ball team. Captain track team. Won't do anything he can put off. Midnight Club. "Liza." Winner Oscar M. Fair Oratorical Contest.

ROBERT FORRESTER

"Blondie." Rolls his r's and bats his i's (eyes). Specks. Astronomical treatise on Venus. Midnight Club. Orator. Preacher. Debater. Champion at croquet.

HARRY GARRETT

"Aw, now, Sam." Pitcher varsity baseball team. Woman-hater. Banjo and guitar specialist. Midnight Club. Curly brown hair. Slow smile. Some bell ringer. Double-jointed in the knees. Sleepy.

LAURA MARY BORING

Molly or Sloppy—which? Continual smile. Good in expression. Expert on affairs of heart. "Little-un." Tennis. Globe-trotter. Said to be cute. Hardly ever gets mad, but when she does—

THE - B U F F A L O

GEORGE D. HARDIN

Windy. "D." Champion peanut eater. Big mouth. Turn-up nose. Pompadour. Good-natured, but worthless. Violinist.

EVELYN LOVE

Devil in her own home town. Frequently (dis)cusses Cæsar's Gallic Wars with Miss Ellis. Has read (red) Freckles. Living example of unrequited affections. Basket-ball and tennis.

WHILLAMETTA BAILEY

Sings like a siren (on a steamboat). Fair to behold. English, favorite study. Shuns the boys. Cuts undesirable things, especially classes.

CARSIE BOWERS

Nut-brown maiden. Shy as a squirrel. Elizabethonian. Can not understand sun spots.

W. P. BLACKWELL

Demosthenes II. Said to chew tobacco. Cupid's advocate. Evangelist. Charter member F. D. Kershner Literary Society. Very sweet-tempered. "Doggone," favorite cuss word.

CURTIS SMITH

"Puss." Violinist. Talks too much. Athletic. Very deep. Great prediction for future. Denies looking like a monkey, but believes in evolution.

MARY LOU BRASFIELD

Plays basket-ball like a granny. Cleopatra heart-breaker. Squalls like a Comanche. Gormandizer. Fond of landscapes, especially Hills. Upbraids her hair. Loving bovine eyes.

MARY PRATHER

Hospitable to visiting teams. Musical prodigy. Candy kid. Head upholstered in mohair. Baby altogether and entirely. Bums chewing-gum. Got a finance.

W. L. SKINNER

Narrow gauge inspector. "Skinny." Musical. Novel reader. Noxious weed. Regular visitor at Mack's. "When I was a kid." Dynamiter.

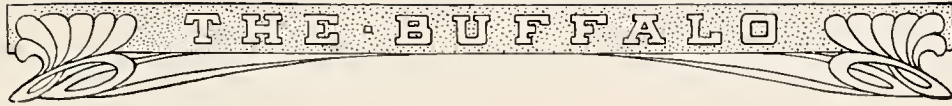
SUB-FRESHMAN



JUSTA
HOLMES



SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS



Sub-Freshman Class

COLORS: Orange and Green

FLOWER: Chrysanthemum

MOTTO: *Esse quam videri*

Officers

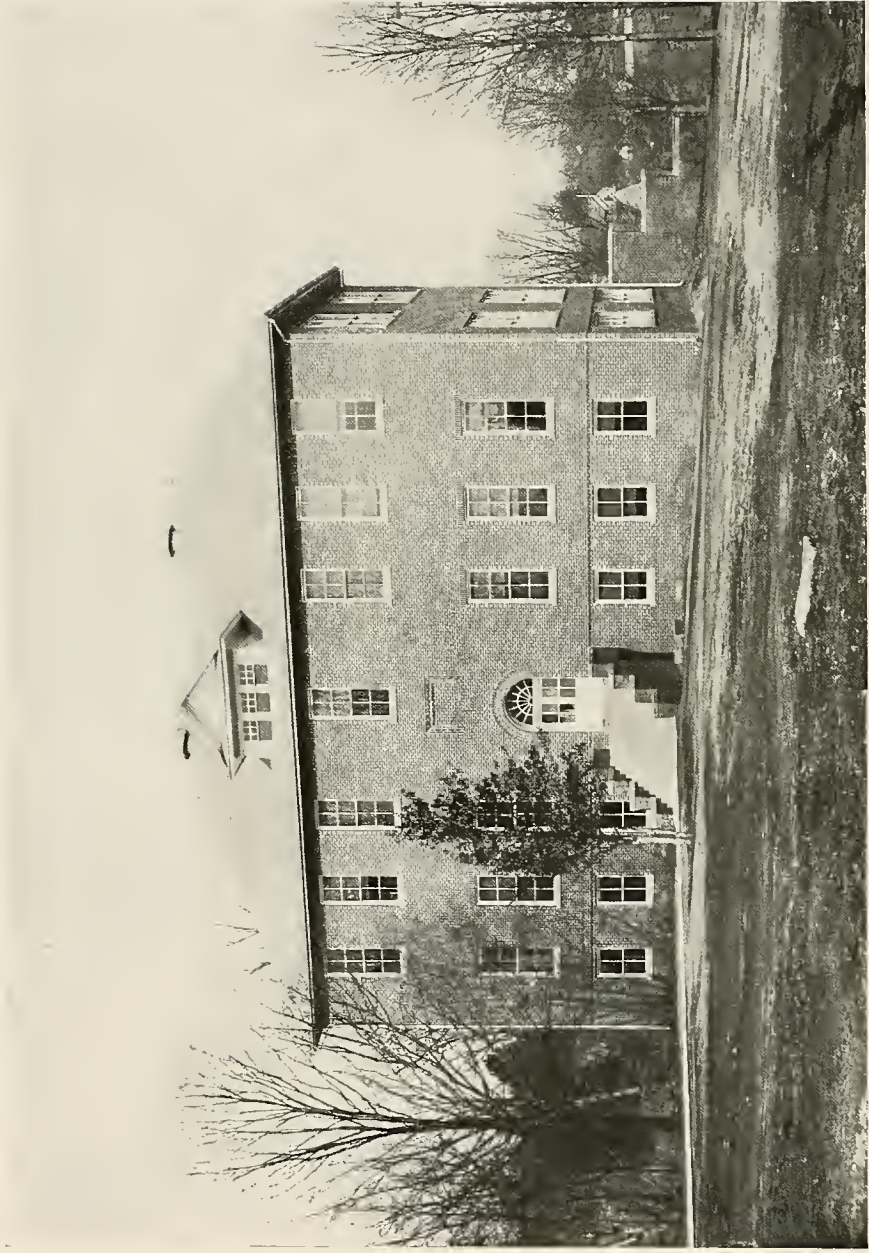
PEARL MILLER.....	PRESIDENT
GEORGIA PERRY.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
GRETCHEN HYDER.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
MAE BALES.....	HISTORIAN
GEORGE I. BAKER.....	EDITOR

YELL:

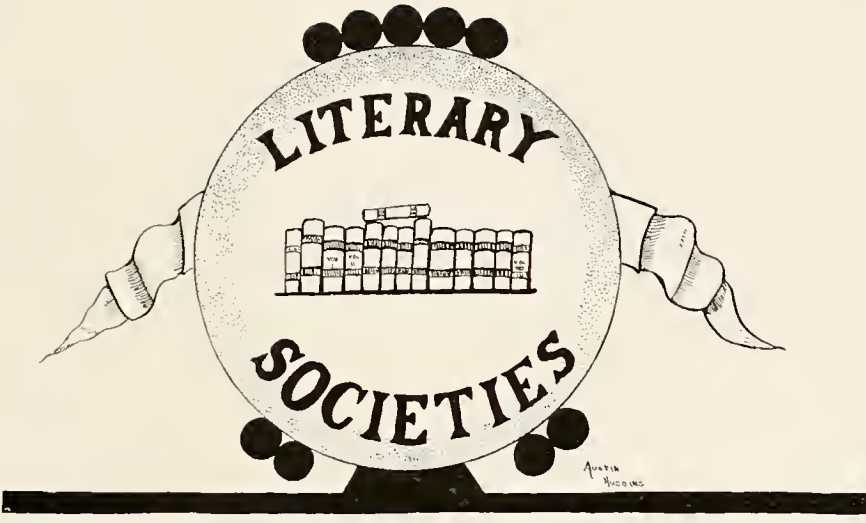
Sub-Fresh, Sub-Fresh,
Yes--yes--yes!
Can we? Can we?
Well—I—guess!

Class Roll

EULA ALTIZER	LAWRENCE HENDRIX	PEARL MILLER
JAMES BALES	RONIE BUCK	JOSIE MINTON
GEORGE BALES	GEORGE ANDERSON	RUTH PIFER
GRETCHEN HYDER	WILLIAM ANDERSON	BRUCE CROSS
MARY DUNCAN	RUFUS AULT	PEARL SHEPHERD
ALBERTA DUNCAN	JENNIE WHITEHEAD	OSSIE REDMAN
BERNICE JONES	ROBERT TAYLOR	JENNINGS SMITH
PEARL ELLIS	MARK LOWERY	CURTIS SMITH
RAYMOND WILSON	REXTER GOUGE	MAUD SNODGRASS
ZION DIXON	PAUL GREEN	GEORGE BAKER
FRED GREER	GRACE GOBBY	ALINE SMITH
LELA ANDERSON	ROBERT LOVE	GEORGIE PERRY
HARRY MOUNT		MAE BALES



MAIN COLLEGE BUILDING





FREDERICK D. KERSHNER LITERARY SOCIETY



The Frederick D. Kershner Literary Society

COLORS: Maroon and Blue

Officers

G. R. FORRESTER.....	PRESIDENT
JAMES BALES.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
F. F. ATHEARN.....	CRITIC AND TREASURER
ELLIS D. HILL.....	SECRETARY
AUSTIN HUGGINS.....	CHAPLAIN
GEORGE BALES.....	MARSHAL
M. A. HUIE.....	CENSOR
MYHR WHITE.....	JANITOR

YELL:

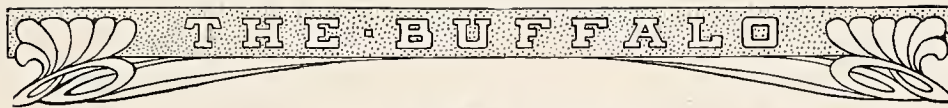
F. D. K., Rah! Rab! F. D. K., Rah! Rah!
Hoorah! Hoorah!
Frederick D. Kershner, Rah! Rah! Rah!
Yea, Kershner! Yea, Kershner!
K-e-r——s-h——n-e-r!
Kershner!

Members

F. F. ATHEARN	AUSTIN HUGGINS
JAMES BALES	M. A. HUIE
NATHANIEL BURCHFIELD	ELLIS D. HILL
E. C. BUCK, JR.	W. P. BLACKWELL
F. C. BUCK	W. L. SKINNER
ROY COLLEY	MYHR WHITE
W. G. FORBES	MAX SMITH
G. R. FORRESTER	RAY E. WILSON
REXTER GOUGE	BRUCE CROSS
J. N. HARDY	W. A. HUGGINS
LAWRENCE HENDRIX	GEORGE ANDERSON
GEORGE BALES	



AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY



AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY

COLORS : Red, White and Blue

EMBLEM : U. S. Flag

MOTTO : Study to show thyself approved

Officers

H. L. GARRETT.....	PRESIDENT
FRANK FARROW.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
MARK KIRK.....	SECRETARY
CLYDE HENDRIX.....	CRITIC
JOHN SAYERS.....	CENSOR
BERNICE JONES.....	CHAPLAIN

Members

N. R. ATHEY	JOHN PRATHER
C. L. CAHOON	KIRBY SMITH
FRANK FARROW	CLYDE SMITH
PAUL GREEN	JOHN SAYERS
FRED GREER	ROBERT TAYLOR
H. L. GARRETT	JOHN TODD
SAM HYDER	LARRY ZIMMERMAN
C. W. HENDRIX	GEORGE BAKER
BERNICE JONES	A. E. STONE
MARK KIRK	L. M. BOTTS
HARRY MOUNT	LLOYD CROUCH

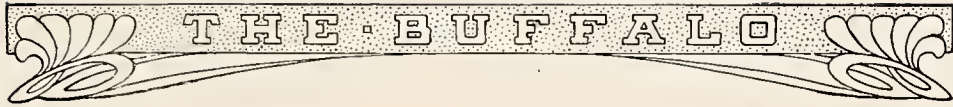
ROBERT TAYLOR

Honorary Members

B. H. HAYDEN
A. A. TAYLOR



OSSOLIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



The Ossolian Literary Society

COLORS: Purple and Gold

FLOWER: Yellow Chrysanthemum

YELL:

Boom-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka, sis, boom, bah!
 Boom-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka, rah, rah, rah!
 Boom-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka, who are we?
 The Ossolian girls of old M. C.!

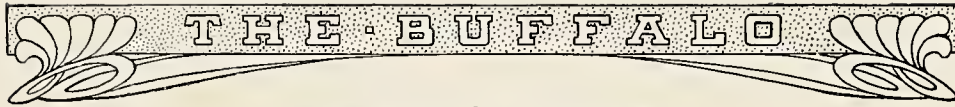
Officers

BERTA HARDY.....	PRESIDENT
ALINE SMITH.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
KEITH FORD.....	SECRETARY
MARY THOMAS.....	TREASURER
ETHEL GAVER.....	CRITIC
EVELYN LOVE.....	CENSOR

Members

NELLE CAMPBELL	ERVA MUMFORD
MARY LOU BRASFIELD	MARY DUNCAN
LAURA MARY BORING	RUTH PIFER
ALBERTA DUNCAN	LELA ANDERSON
VIRGINIA WHITEHEAD	GEORGIA PERRY
MOZELLE KIRK	ALINE SMITH
RONIE BUCK	ETHEL GAVER
GRACE GOBBY	FLORENCE MCKISSICK
MAE BALES	KEITH FORD
ROBBIE RAWLS	BERTA HARDY
MARY PRATHER	MARY THOMAS

EVELYN LOVE



The Ossolian Bouquet

Mozelle, how like the violet!
Roxie, how like the rose!
And surely the sweet forget-me-not,
Our Aline's likeness shows.

The brown-eyed Susan is Mary Lou;
The daffodil, our "Love,"
And I saw on the beautiful hillside
That others were just above.

There is Laura M., the pansy,
And just across the way
Is little Mary Prather,
Like the sweet pea, bright and gay.

Next comes Keith, the tall carnation;
Little Nell, the hyacinth sweet,
And I wonder, as I stand here,
Which will be the next I'd greet.

There are Duncans tall and stately—
A hollyhock and tango rose;
And the beautiful trailing arbutus,
Like Mary T., every one knows.

Jennie, like the true magnolia,
Erva, as the lily white,
Both are shedding love and gladness,
Making this old world more bright.

There is Robbie, like the true columbine,
And Ruth, the daisy bright,
And Mae, the little bleeding-heart,
Is next to meet my sight.

Florence, like the white narcissus,
Greets us with her smiling face,
And, like the honeysuckle, Ethel
Meets us with her charm and grace.

Then Georgie, as the lilac,
Shows a life of fragrance sweet,
And Lela, as the fuchsia,
Smiles at all the world she meets:

While Grace, the weeping willow,
Stands to tell the world, "Beware!
That all life is full of sorrow,
And all hearts are full of care."

ATHLETICS





FIRST BASEBALL TEAM

Baseball Dope—1915



THE sun is shining brightly to-day, and, as I sit down to write this, my attention is drawn by shouts and yells to the athletic field. I hear the crack of the willow, and a small white object goes sailing through the air, with a grey-uniformed body scurrying to the place of its falling. Then I hear the thud of the ball in the mitt as it is received at home plate just in time to put out the runner, who has rounded the three bases and nears home plate intent on making a home run. Oh, the thrill of it all! Spring is here, baseball paraphernalia is very much in evidence and every indication points to the best team that Milligan has ever had.

Milligan has always held up her end of the game when it came to baseball, and seldom has supported a losing team. In years past we have crossed bats with the leading colleges and universities of Tennessee and Southwest Virginia, and have held our own with honor. Last year our record was not so high as in former years, due to the fact that we lost two of our best players just in the midst of the season, but despite this mishap we succeeded in splitting even with our opponents and winning as many as we lost. Among the games won were the ones played with Tusculum College, Washington College, East Tennessee State Normal, Lincoln Memorial University, and others.

As this issue of THE BUFFALO goes to press before the 1915 baseball season has fairly begun, we can not tell what this year's record will be, but the prospects are very bright for an excellent season. With the old veterans, who have helped to carry the Orange and Black to victory on many fields, and the new recruits, who have made enviable records at other colleges, we can predict one of the most brilliant seasons of our baseball history.

I am sure you will pardon me if in my enthusiasm I look into the future and with a prophetic vision write out the record as it will stand when the last runner has arrived safely at the home plate for the season of 1914-1915.

Milligan	8;	Washington College	5
Milligan	64;	Tusculum College	7
Milligan	11;	Carson-Newman College	6
Milligan	3;	Johnson Bible College	4
Milligan	7;	East Tennessee State Normal	0
Milligan	4;	Lincoln Memorial University	2
Milligan	10;	Hanman Athletic Club	3
Milligan	9;	King College	5

J N. H.



SECOND BASEBALL TEAM

THE · B U F F A L O

Line-Ups Varsity Baseball Team

W. B. BOYD, MANAGER

GEORGE D. HARDIN.....	CATCHER
JOHN R. TODD.....	FIRST BASE
LLOYD CROUCH.....	SHORTSTOP
RUSSELL CLARK.....	SECOND BASE
CECIL CAHOON.....	CATCHER
MARK LOWERY.....	OUTFIELD
GEORGE ANDERSON.....	OUTFIELD
LAMAR PEEBLES.....	PITCHER
HARRY GARRETT.....	PITCHER
MACK BOREN.....	PITCHER
HENRY TAYLOR.....	OUTFIELD
FRANK FARROW.....	OUTFIELD
LARRY ZIMMERMAN (Captain).....	THIRD BASE

Preparatory Baseball Team

DENNIS BEARD.....	OUTFIELD
CURTIS SMITH.....	SHORTSTOP
JENNINGS SMITH.....	THIRD BASE
WILL FRANK FAIR.....	PITCHER
ROY COLLEY.....	CATCHER
FRED GREER.....	SECOND BASE
RUFUS AULT.....	OUTFIELD
A. M. SETZER.....	FIRST BASE
WILL ANDERSON.....	OUTFIELD
JOSEPH KEEBLER.....	OUTFIELD
ROBERT LOVE (Captain).....	OUTFIELD



THE BUFFALO



Varsity Basket-Ball Team

W. B. BOYD, MANAGER
FRANK FARROW, COACH

JOHN R. TODD, JR. (Captain).....	RIGHT FORWARD
LLOYD V. CROUCH.....	LEFT FORWARD
F. F. ATHEARN.....	CENTER
F. L. PEEBLES.....	LEFT GUARD
LARRY ZIMMERMAN.....	RIGHT GUARD
MARK LOWERY.....	SUBSTITUTE FORWARD
M. A. HUIE.....	SUBSTITUTE CENTER
R. W. AULT.....	SUBSTITUTE GUARD

Basket-Ball—'14-'15



THE year 1914-1915 marked the beginning of basket-ball in Milligan College. At the opening of the season things looked a bit gloomy, as no court was available upon which to play. But perseverance upon the part of the students and professors resulted in a fairly decent improvised gymnasium.

The real season opened November 23d in a rather fast game with East Tennessee Normal School. The first game of the college, as well as the initial effort of most of the players, resulted in victory. As the game drew to a close, our boys on the floor, as well as the "rooting line," began to feel the thrill of real victory, which greatly augmented the zeal for basket-ball. The final score was thirty-five to twenty-four.

Our second game, on December 2d, was a most exciting and hard-fought one against Johnson Bible College. Our team suffered certain irregularities in the line-up in this game, but the boys went upon the floor with a determination to win, and played one of the best games of the season. When the whistle blew for the close, our men had held the sturdy Johnson Bible team to a tie. Within two minutes more of play, the game was won when our center tossed a field goal, making the score twenty-one to nineteen.

Upon the following day we journeyed to Greenville, Tennessee, and met the Greenville High School in a rather slow game, resulting in a victory of twenty-one to eighteen.

The following night, December 4th, we met the strong Tusculum College quintette on the floor of the Tusculum gymnasium. This was our third game on as many consecutive nights. Our line-up was irregular, and the fast and well-coached Tusculum boys got away with us to the tune of sixty-four to seven.

The first game of the holidays was played with the Johnson City High School in the gymnasium of the City High. The High School lads had been



THE BUFFALO

greatly reinforced, and put up a swift and persistent game, coming within one point of sending our fellows home in defeat. The last whistle blew with the official score board showing a score of twenty-four to twenty-three.

On January 14th the wiry little quintette from the Bristol High School engaged us on the home court. Our regular team was in good form, and played a consistent game against their lighter, though perhaps faster foe. At no time was the issue in doubt, and the game closed with a score of forty-one to twenty-seven.

Following this game, on January 22d the strong Washington College delegation was met upon our court. In this game, also, our men showed good form and outplayed the visitors, who were heavier but slower than our fellows. At the close of the game the score keeper announced to a large and enthusiastic audience the comfortable score of thirty-five to twenty-two.

The next game was with the East Tennessee Normal upon the rather unfavorable floor of the Normal Gymnasium. A rather rough, though fast game resulted in a score of thirty-seven to thirty-two in favor of the Normal School.

On February 8th the swift and well-trained lads from Emory and Henry Academy met us on the home floor. At the close of a fast and exciting contest, played well by both teams, it was found that the "Prep" lads had lost to the tune of thirty-seven to twelve.

The last game on the home court was played against the Johnson City High School, resulting in a victory of thirty-six to thirteen.

We closed the season with a little trip, on which we played Bristol (Tenn.) High School in the Bristol Y. M. C. A., losing by a score of thirty-one to twenty-one. On the following afternoon we met, for the second time, the Emory and Henry "Preps," to lose by the score of thirty-two to twenty-one. The season closed with our having played thirteen games, losing four and winning nine.

As to individual players, brevity confines us to the following: Todd (Capt.), a trifle nervous at times but always enthusiastic, played a consistent,

THE · B U F F A L O

strong game: Crouch was always in the game with a dash until the last whistle blew: Athearn, cool and deliberate, often turned the tide in a pinch: Peebles was always on hand to break up a dribble: Zimmerman usually got his man at the strategic moment to save a goal. Lowry, the all-round man (after Christmas), in a mix-up never failed to deliver the goods: Ault (sub) always played with a vim: Huie and Shepherd (subs) showed great promise.

Special mention must be made of Frank Farrow, Coach, whose interest and zeal for the newly formed team never abated. Too much can not be said in behalf for service rendered throughout the season.

The Milligan Reserves played only two games, but won each of them. The first was with the Johnson City High team, resulting in a score of fifteen to ten. The other was with the Munsey Memorial team, of Johnson City, with a score of thirty-seven to twenty-four. More than twenty men reported for work on the scrub team, prominent among whom were: Hardy (Capt. Second Team), Clark, Garrett, Hardin, Shepherd, Emmert, Curtis Smith, Jennings Smith, Colley, and many others. All these should make strong men next year. We must give a word of praise to the Reserves for their faithful work, and the practice which they afforded the varsity team.



THE BUFFALO



Basket-Ball Reserves

J. W. PRATHER, MANAGER
 F. F. ATHEARN, COACH

J. N. HARDY (Captain).....	CENTER
GEORGE D. HARDIN.....	LEFT FORWARD
BRADLEY SHEPHERD.....	RIGHT FORWARD
HARRY GARRETT.....	LEFT GUARD
RUSSELL CLARK.....	RIGHT GUARD
JENNINGS SMITH	}..... SUBSTITUTES
CURTIS SMITH	
WILLIAM ANDERSON	

THE · B U F F A L O



Girls' Basketball Team

DR. W. B. BOYD, MANAGER
 FRANK B. FARROW, COACH
 BESSIE DAIMWOOD, CHAPERON

NELLE CAMPBELL (Captain).....	RIGHT FORWARD
ALINE SMITH.....	LEFT FORWARD
ALBERTA DUNCAN.....	CENTER
EVELYN LOVE.....	LEFT GUARD
MOZELLE KIRK.....	RIGHT GUARD
ERVA MUMFORD }	SUBSTITUTES
GEORGIE PERRY }	

Basket-Ball Among the Girls



OUR girls started practicing quite early in the season, but, owing to difficulty in securing games, they did not have an opportunity to test their strength until the night of January the ninth, when they met the hard-fighting quintette from Jolinson City High School on the High School floor. From the opening whistle to the close there was no doubt as to the ability of our girls to play, and when the final tally was made it was found that the Milligan co-eds were winners to the tune of twenty-three to thirteen. The game was characterized by the swift and accurate passwork of the college girls.

February the sixth the High School girls came to our court and received their second frailing, this time by the score of sixteen to seven. February the twelfth they boarded the train bound for Washington College. Handicapped by the small and unfamiliar gym, and a little nervous because of the lack of support from loyal rooters, they lost by the small margin of four points, the score being twelve to eight. March the twelfth the Washington girls came up to break lances with our girls again. This was their hardest and roughest game, both teams playing their level best. At the end of the second half the score was tied, and during the next three minutes of play the visitors edged in a field goal by chance and the game was lost.

Thus our girls ended the season, breaking even in games, but scoring quite a few more points than opposing teams. For a new team, composed of players nearly half of whom were new to the game, they developed into a combination hard to beat. Nelle Campbell and Aline Smith developed into goal shooters of the first water. Evelyn Love and Mozelle Kirk could sense a combination play and break it up before it started. Our center is the tallest in the State and an adept on the tip-off. Mention should also be made of Georgie Perry, Jennie Whitehead, Johnnie James, and Erva Mumford for the splendid work done as substitutes.

THE · B U F F A L O



Tennis Club

Officers

FRANK FARROW.....PRESIDENT
 FRED ATHEARN.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Members

J. NEWTON HARDY	M. A. HUIE
LLOYD CROUCH	CECIL CAHOON
CURTIS SMITH	JENNINGS SMITH
ELLIS D. HILL	C. D. DAY

THE · B U F F A L O



Girls' Tennis Club

Officers

GEORGIE PERRY.....PRESIDENT
 LAURA MARY BORING.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

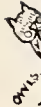
Members

MARY LOU BRASFIELD	JENNIE WHITEHEAD
EVELYN LOVE	ERVA MUMFORD
MARY DUNCAN	NELLE CAMPBELL
MAE BENNETT	MAE BALES
RUTH PIFER	LAURA MARY BORING
CARSIE BOWERS	GEORGIE PERRY

ORGANIZATIONS



AUSTIN
HUGGINS



THE · B U F F A L O



Midnight Club

F. C. BUCK.....	CHIEF SCOUNDREL
F. F. ATHEARN.....	GRAND SCOUNDREL
J. N. HARDY.....	SCRIVENOTER SCOUNDREL
G. R. FORRESTER.....	ABSCONDING SCOUNDREL
F. FARROW.....	IGNOMINIOUS SCOUNDREL
C. L. CAHOON.....	DIABOLICAL SCOUNDREL
H. L. GARRETT.....	BEELZEBUB SCOUNDREL
E. C. BUCK.....	CONSUMMATE SCOUNDREL

Purpose

The purpose of this organization is to create all the disturbance possible; break all rules; annoy all Profs; keep everybody awake from midnight on, and raise —— generally.

THE · B U F F A L O



Imps

Laura Mary Boring

Mary Prather

Robbie Rawls

Mary Lou Brasfield

Evelyn Love

Nelle Campbell

Georgie Perry

THE BUFFALO



Owls

AUSTIN HUGGINS.....	WISER OLD OWL
LLOYD CROUCH.....	HELPMATE
MARK KIRK.....	MYSTIC BLINKER
RUSSELL CLARK.....	GRAND SCOOPER
HOWARD BOOK.....	HOOTER
LARRY ZIMMERMAN.....	MOUSE CATCHER
MUTT HUIE.....	GRAND SPURRER
JOHN SAYERS.....	BABY OWL (Just Hatched)

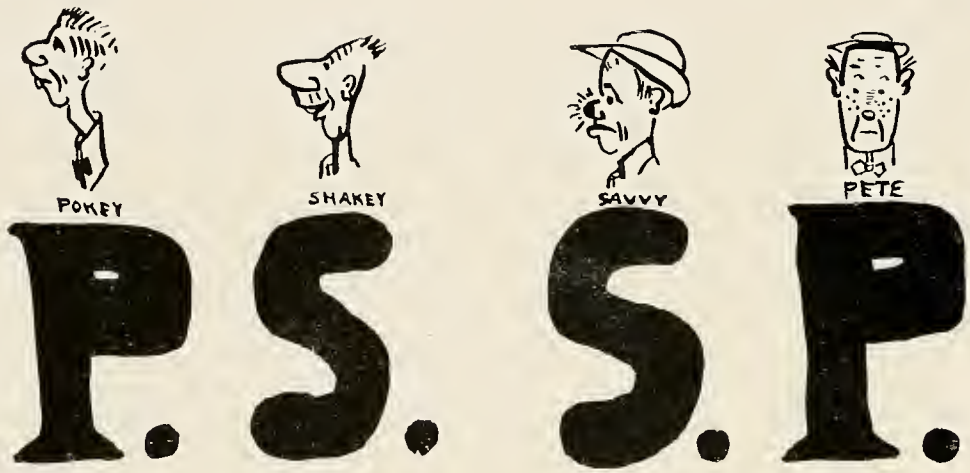
THE-BUFFALO



G's

NELLE CAMPBELL.....	PLUTO
VIRGINIA WHITEHEAD.....	GRAND POTENTATE
MOZELLE KIRK.....	MYSTIC JUDGE
EVELYN LOVE.....	GRAND KEDIVE
ALINE SMITH.....	GRAND SCRIBE
GEORGIE PERRY.....	GRAND GUARD

THE · B U F F A L O



P. S. S. P. Club

Motto: Do others before they do you

Officers

- J. R. TODD, JR.....PRESIDENT
- A. A. TRUSLER.....VICE-PRESIDENT
- PAUL GREEN.....SECRETARY
- JOSEPH KEEBLER.....TREASURER

THE BUFFALO



L. L. L. Club

ALBERTA DUNCAN, CHAPERON
SIX FEET AND ONE INCH

M. A. HUIE.....	SIX FEET AND FOUR INCHES
F. F. ATHEARN.....	SIX FEET AND THREE INCHES
J. W. PRATHER.....	SIX FEET AND ONE INCH
A. A. TRUSLER.....	SIX FEET AND _____
JOHN R. TODD, JR.....	SIX FEET AND TWO INCHES
J. NEWTON HARDY.....	SIX FEET AND TWO INCHES
JOHN SAYERS.....	SIX FEET



HARDIN HALL

ORCHESTRA



AUSTIN
HUGGINS

I MUST BE GETTING RHEUMATIC; EVERY TIME
I WAG MY TAIL SOMETHING GROANS!

THE BUFFALO



Orchestra

KATHERINE BURRUS, LEADER

PEARL MILLER

ROBBIE RAWLS

SUSIE PERRY

EVELYN LOVE

BERTA HARDY

GEORGE D. HARDIN

ELLIS HILL

FRED ATHEARN

ANNE MILDRED PERRY

CLYDE HENDRIX

THE · B U F F A L O



Milligan College Band

CLYDE HENDRIX.....	CORNET
BRADLEY SHEPHERD.....	CORNET
GEORGE D. HARDIN.....	ALTO
FRANK BAILEY.....	ALTO
HARRY MOUNT.....	ALTO
SAM J. HYDER.....	TENOR
LAWRENCE HENDRIX.....	BARITONE
F. F. ATHEARN.....	BARITONE
C. L. CAHOON.....	TROMBONE
WALTER KITE.....	BASS
ELLIS D. HILL.....	SNARE DRUM
M. A. HUIE.....	BASS DRUM



Music Department

Piano Class

SARAH WILLIAMS, DIRECTOR OF PIANO
SUSIE PERRY, ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

GLADYS TAULBEE
FLORENCE MCKISSICK
ELIZABETH MCKISSICK
GRACE GODBY
ALBERTA DUNCAN
NELLE CAMPBELL
WHILLAMETTA BAILEY
JOHN MCKISSICK
ALINE SMITH
LAWRENCE HENDRIX
CARSIE BOWERS
MAE BALES

VERNA KILBURNE
MARY LOUISE DUNCAN
ROXIE BUCK
MARY LOU BRASFIELD
LAURA MARY BORING
MARY PRATHER
ELLIS HILL
BRUCE CROSS
LESLIE SKINNER
CLYDE SMITH
F. F. ATHEARN
RUTH PIFER

THE - BUFFALO

Voice Class

SARAH WILLIAMS, DIRECTOR OF VOICE
KATHERINE BURRUS, ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

WHILLAMETTA BAILEY
ALBERTA DUNCAN
MARY LOU BRASFIELD
RUTH PIFER
GEORGE BAKER
KEITH FORD
PEARL MILLER

Violin Class

KATHERINE BURRUS, DIRECTOR OF VIOLIN

WILLIAM UNDERWOOD
PAUL TAULBEE
CURTIS SMITH
MACK BOREN
PEARL MILLER
SUSIE PERRY
ROBBIE RAWLS
EVELYN LOVE
BERTA HARDY
GEORGE D. HARDIN
JAMES MCKISSICK



THE - B U F F A L O



Virginia Club

FLOWER: Arbutus

Officers

BERTA HARDY.....	PRESIDENT
H. L. GARRETT.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
CECIL CAHOON.....	SECRETARY
F. C. BUCK.....	TREASURER

Members

W. P. BLACKWELL
 E. C. BUCK
 F. C. BUCK
 ROXIE BUCK
 CECIL CAHOON
 W. G. FORBES

H. L. GARRETT
 GRACE GODBY
 BERTA HARDY
 J. NEWTON HARDY
 EULA ALTIZER

ZION DIXON
 RUTH PIFER
 JOHN SAYERS
 A. E. STONE
 GLADYS TAULBEE
 PAUL TAULBEE



Milligan College Quartette

MISS SUSIE MAY PERRY, DIRECTOR

F. F. ATHEARN.....	TENOR
ELLIS D. HILL.....	TENOR
J. NEWTON HARDY.....	BASS
W. G. FORBES.....	BASS

Most Famous Selections

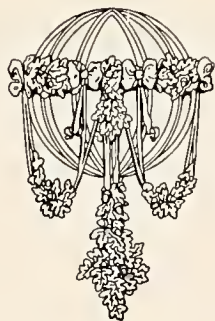
"Hail, Jerusalem, Hail"

"When Jack Proposed"

"That Old Goat"

"Hate to Get Up Early"

"Keep A-Goin' "



THE · B U F F A L O



Expression Class

SUSIE PERRY, DIRECTOR

Laura Mary Boring
W. P. Blackwell
G. R. Forrester
Rexter Gouge
Frank Farrow
Harry Mount
Florence McKissick
Evelyn Love
Ned Athey
W. G. Forbes
Paul Green
Bernice Jones
F. F. Athearn
Austin Huggins

THE BUFFALO



Ministerial Students

PROF. B. H. HAYDEN

PROF. J. T. McKISSICK

Ministerial Association of Milligan College.

Meets first and third Monday nights in each month.

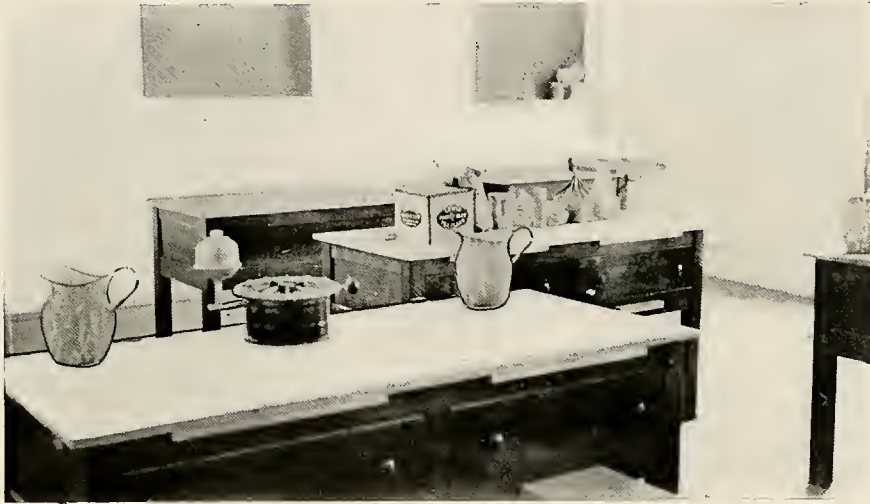
PROGRAM: Written sermon, essay, discussion, and criticism.

Members

F. F. ATHEARN
N. R. ATHEY
W. P. BLACKWELL
L. M. BOTTS
FRANK FARROW
W. G. FORBES
G. R. FORRESTER
PAUL GREEN
J. A. HARRIS
W. A. HUGGINS

J. H. KEPLINGER
H. M. LINKOUS
B. D. MINOR
HARRY MOUNT
KIRBY SMITH
W. CLYDE SMITH
MAX SMITH
A. E. STONE
EDWARD SHIPLEY
ABE WILLIAMS

BERNICE JONES



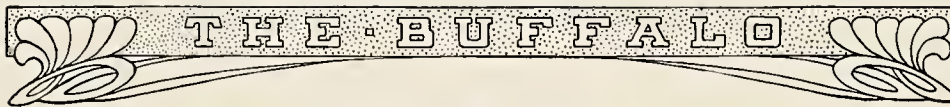
Home Economics

MISS HARDIN, DIRECTOR

ANNE WHITEHEAD
A. M. PERRY
FLORENCE MCKISSICK
NELLE ANDERSON
MARGARET ANDERSON
MRS. T. E. UTTERBACK
SINA KITE
MARY PRATHER
MOZELLE KIRK
MARY THOMAS
ALINE SMITH
LENA TAYLOR

KATHERINE BURRUS
BESSIE DAIMWOOD
EVELYN LOVE
MAUD SNODGRASS
LELA SNODGRASS
ALBERTA DUNCAN
MARY DUNCAN
SUSIE PERRY
MRS. G. C. NICKOLS
RUTH DAHL
MARY HOPE TAYLOR
MARY CAMPBELL





Biography of Social Privilege



EARLY in the year of our Lord, 1881, a little girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Milligan College. Shortly after her birth she was christened Social Privilege, and, owing to the environment and careful attention given her by her nurse, Student Body, she grew rapidly. Her childhood was characterized by a bright and sunny disposition, and she carried these noble traits throughout life. At an early age she became instructor of Love at this institution, and held this position for years with great honor. At the age of thirty-three years she departed this life, leaving a multitude of weeping friends among the students. The following obituary is taken from the *Milligan Tribune*:

"Miss Social Privilege, the beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Milligan College, age thirty-three years, departed this life on September 8, 1914. She was in the prime of life, and her death came as a shock to all who knew her. Her mission in life was of a noble character. She was an advocate of Love wherever she went, and was well informed on this subject. She held a prominent position as teacher in this school, and her lovely disposition was marveled at by all. She was a lover of nature; her schoolroom was "Lovers' Lane." and her grief was unequalled when her favorite spot on the campus was disfigured by the destruction of the trees. Many people think this was one of the causes of her early death. When she was buried the students marched as a body to her grave, strewing it with tokens of love. We sympathize deeply with the grief-stricken family, and we commend them to Longfellow, who so beautifully said:

"Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all—
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

Even though miracles are uncommon now, one happened in this instance. Social Privilege was resurrected from the dead, and one of the peculiarities is that she only enjoys the blessing of living once a week. However, she lived, moved, and had her being among us often enough to win our affection.

By her nurse and chief advocate,

STUDENT BODY.

Ways and Means



ONE of the hardest propositions that the students have to butt up against at school is the ways and means of taking social privileges. This is a source of much worry, and very few of the Milliganites escape this trouble. But where there is a will there is a way, and the way varies to a great extent.

The most common one, perhaps, is at meal time. Here the students come three times a day to feed their souls on love, as well as the body on hash. The faculty looks on this as a necessary thing, for they depend on love glances to take the place of sure-enough butter.

After eating, a walk is always necessary at Milligan—especially after supper. This way is not very enjoyable, however, because of the anxiety on the part of the participators. Any minute they expect to hear Bessie's little musical voice ring out: "Five demerits and no social privileges for Sunday!" Hand in hand with walking is tennis. These modes are not as popular, however, as the educational one. Because of the belief manifested in the old proverb, "The early bird catches the worm," one can see a good many of the campus course students marching diligently to class some twenty minutes before time to have class, in order to catch the worm.

Then, last of all comes the beloved Sunday afternoon. This is the most popular way of all, for this is the time when the rule abiders sit up and take notice. This time is dearer than all others because the students labored for it so industriously, holding mass meeting, and appointing delegates, and using every form of argument except a general strike. Lord, send us students who can invent new ways and means.

Social Chart

COUPLES	NICKNAMES	ROOST	FACULTY OPINION	DEGREE
KEITH FORD LARRY ZIMMERMAN	Miss Laura Zim	End of Hall	Dead Gone	Superlative
MAE BALES HARRY MOUNT	Snookums Spoony	College Steps	Most Loving	98° in shade
ALINE SMITH MARK KIRK	Doll Baby Dudey	Alcove	Perfectly All Right	Superfine
MOZELLE KIRK J. N. HARDY	Bill Newnie	Window-Seat	Harmless	Normal
ETHEL GAVER NED ATHEY	Stump Uncle Ned	Parlor	No Use	Matri-monial
N. CAMPBELL M. A. HUIE	Pat Mutt	Stile	Favorable	Rising
GRACE GODBY JOHN SAYERS	Weepy Gawky	Porch	Good Thing	Lukewarm
ERVA MUMFORD F. FARROW	Screech Ow Coach	Roostless	Too Young	Medium
MARY DUNCAN FRED GREER	Jack Botts	Movable	Good Riddance	P. H. O. O. L.
ROY BUCK RAY WILSON	Beans Sissy	Stairs	Told You—	Frigid
BERTA HARDY FRED BUCK	Sis Bert Fuzzy	Walking	Grand! <i>Grand!</i>	Positive
L. M. BORING L. PEEBLES	Little-Un Sloppy	Hall	Flirty	Uncertain
KATE BURRUS JOE CROUCH	Baby Monkey	Studio	Sure Thing	100° Shade
M. L. BRASFIELD E. D. HILL	Granny Noisy	Indefinite	Won't Last	Changeable
MARY PRATHER C. L. CAHOON	Happy Cec.	Stairs	New	Abnormal
ALBERTA DUNCAN JOHN TODD	Big-Un Bonehead	Banquet	Humorous	10° Below
BOB RAWLS ALBERT TRUSLER	Bob Pete	Stairs	At Last	Not Known
EVELYN LOVE LLOYD CROUCH	Peggy Crook	Hillside	Nix	Zero
V. WHITEHEAD CURTIS SMITH	Jenny Puss	Bench	Don't Think	Moderate
CARSIE BOWERS J. SMITH	Mouse Fatty Grub	Keith's Trunk	Started Early	Cool

SOCIAL CHART—Continued

COUPLES	NICKNAMES	ROOST	FACULTY OPINION	DEGREE
RUTH PIFER H. GARRETT	Pie Face 'Lasses	Table	Preposterous	Indifferent
GEORGIE PERRY J. KEEBLER	Angel Pokey	Hall Tree	Ridiculous	Scorching
A. M. PERRY W. C. SMITH	Fat Head Preacher	Chapel Hall	Let the Good Work Go On	Slightly Warm
MARY THOMAS SAM HYDER	Lady Dimples	Corner	Desperate	Broiling
M. CAMPBELL J. PRATHER	Flip Bub	Corner Straw Plains	Unbending	Above Normal
SUSIE PERRY FRED ATHEARN	Sis Susie Liza	Wanderers	Unpardonable Sin	1° Above
MISS WILLIAMS KIRBY SMITH	Sal Bro. Kirby	Oak Grove	Fine	Moderate
MISS BENNETT J. KEPLINGER	Fatty Animal	Schoolroom	Best Ever	Fervent
MISS DAIMWOOD LOUIS BOTTS	Bessie Germ	Gorge	Cute	Comparative



Students' Rules of Order

ARTICLE 1. Students must at all times have in evidence the necessary materials for a quiet smoke, for Prexy Mc. is liable to drop in any time. Better be safe than sorry.

ARTICLE 2. No one, when it can be avoided in any way, must attend chapel, for the morning class is something new and only a mere formality.

ARTICLE 3. Character building is to be the last consideration in the training of Milligan students. Such trivialities must never be mentioned in the presence of undergraduates, as it tends to keep their minds off the better things of life.

ARTICLE 4. From seven till nine at night no one is expected to be in his own room. This is the time for visiting, and any one endeavoring to make it "sacred and inviolate" will be compelled to buy Professor Hayden three cans of Prince Albert smoking tobacco.

ARTICLE 5. Any one finding a trash barrel in Mee Hall must immediately, without delay, start it rolling down the stairs and then scamper to his room. Care must be taken to see first that the trash will be well distributed all over the steps and floors. Dr. Boyd does not object to this form of amusement, as it does not detract in any way from his plan of training young men.

ARTICLE 6. Persons seen using the walks for any use whatever will be fined ten cents. The walks are merely for ornament, and the grass is there for us to walk on. Observe the signs, "Keep off the walks."

ARTICLE 7. Always keep in mind that Milligan does not stand for anything that is right. From the president up we cry with united voice, "Down with everything that is honorable and upright!"

ARTICLE 8. When the silver tinkle of Bessie's bell is heard the boys are not to leave their places, and the girls are only to snuggle closer, for this is merely a signal from Bessie that she is still there and that all is well. To leave at this time is considered very impolite by every one.

ARTICLE 9. At no time is a person to display anger if some one presents them with a present in the shape of a sack full of water thrown from a second-floor window. This is merely a manifestation of brotherly love.

ARTICLE 10. If you should be called out of your cozy warm bed in the wee small hours of the morning only to have to answer the question, "Have you any corn bread?" you are not to get mad, but you must open the door and invite your guests in and prepare for them the very choicest of the delicacies which you received in the last box from home.

(PASSED BY THE FACULTY BOARD OF CENSORSHIP)

1911-1915



AUSTIN
HUGGINS.



Milligan Calendar

SEPTEMBER

7. Arrivals old and new from far and near.
8. More arrivals. Much gazing of former students at new arrivals. Reunion in evening.
11. Homesick girls are asked not to destroy grass on campus with their tears.
12. Literary Societies organize.
13. John Prather walks all the way from Mee Hall to Hardin Hall just to find out if Mary still loves him in the same old way.
19. Faculty meets and makes a new rule: "Thou shalt not court."
20. Mr. Mullenix, famous student of Greek and Latin, arrives.
21. Every one sits up and takes notice.
25. Mae Bales and Harry Mount look into each other's eyes for the first time with that "I-am-Thine" expression.
26. Social Privilege buried with many tears.
27. Social Privilege reappears, but she does not look natural.
30. Miss Daimwood purchases a new bell and learns the art of ringing it.

OCTOBER

2. Evelyn is ducked into a tub of ice water and christened "Queen of the Imps."
5. A barrel gets a mysterious start and falls down the steps in Mee Hall.
12. Recital given by classes of Music and Expression. The ghost of Social Privilege appeared again.
16. Song No. 27 and our own college song were sung in chapel.
19. Mary Duncan purchases a little white felt hat and pins it securely to her handsome (?) wad of hair.
22. All go to the gorge. Mr. Botts takes charge of chaperon.
25. Georgie Perry received a shipment of new middies.
26. President insists that study hour be kept sacred and inviolate.
28. Russell Clark and George Hardin start a race for Mary Lou's affections.
30. Spook party in basement of Hardin Hall.

THE BUFFALO

NOVEMBER

2. Pokey washes his hair in "Canthrox" and dries it in the sun so it will retain its brilliant hue.
8. Some tidy boys don sweaters for winter.
9. Professor Hayden lectures on Palestine. Enjoyed by all.
12. Some chickens lost, strayed, or stolen.
13. Professor Boyd discovers a challenging situation.
14. It is learned by all that Tyler can raise chickens most as well as he can read Latin and Greek.
15. George D. gains in the race.
19. Eula Altizer takes a little nap.
20. Grace weeps just because——
22. Mr. Botts calls on Sis Berta. Poor Bessie!
23. First basket-ball game. Milligan taught little Normal boys how to play ball.
25. Mr. Keplinger keeps lingering around Miss Bennett.
28. Miss Ellis starts untangling the proposition of John Todd's credits.

DECEMBER

2. More basket-ball. Johnson Bible College tied up with us. "Liza" breaks the tie in a most sensational manner.
3. Off on tour. Greeneville and glory.
4. Tusculum—just Tusculum, that's all.
5. Basket-ball team returns home again, and what's left of them have oyster supper given in their honor.
6. Everybody says, "Go to Tusculum."
7. Training table organized. No more coffee; no more Zip.
8. Huggins arrives on scene from Oklahoma.
10. Alberta received beautiful new coat with cape on it.
13. The fickle little Botts calls on Gretchen.
14. Sis Berta still cheerful, and says, "It is better to have loved a short than never to have loved a-tall."
18. Greeneville High comes to Milligan for game of basket-ball. Take defeat beautifully. "Happy" day for Mary Prather.
19. Gideon Club have their first practice in smashing pitchers and crying with a loud voice.



THE - BUFFALO

20. Shall we go home or not for the holidays?
22. Just can not decide. We hate to leave the library here.
23. Most decide to go home. A few, very literary, stay with the library.
24. The literary few watch for the ghost of Social Privilege to reappear. All in vain.

JANUARY

5. We had a good time at home, but glad to see old Milligan again.
6. Boys get hungry for Zip and other things. Training table is abolished.
8. Game with Johnson City High School.
9. Back again with another scalp dangling from their belt.
11. Mary Prather received just a tiny little ten-pound box of candy.
12. Co-eds off for their first real game. "We'll beat them, maybe."
13. "Well, we did. Oh! I just knew we would."
14. Bristol High comes to see us. Treated them royally, but beat them.
15. Mr. Keplinger left because he could linger no longer.
16. Faculty learns for first time just how it looks to students.
17. Faculty real meek.
22. Washington College plays us—"Give us a referee."

FEBRUARY

1. Basket-ball team goes to Johnson City to see if they really had taught the Normal boys how to play. They find they did.
4. A new Book on higher criticism comes in.
6. Our girls are so sweet in their black and gold. They are sweet-natured, too—'cause they win.
8. Ellis forever settles that question of George D. and Russell for Mary Lou.
12. Off for Washington College, looking "real sweet and girlish."
13. This is an unlucky day. Cheer up, girls, "you'll win yet."
14. Valentine and Sunday. Comic valentines come from Mee Hall to Hardin Hall between three and five o'clock.
18. Grippe—Grippe—Grippe—Grippe.
19. Johnson City High again. Play just to amuse little boys.
24. Miss Hardin breaks her wrist watch. Time does not hang so heavily on her hand.



THE BUFFALO

27. Addie decides to go home and decide——
28. Prexy inspects the boys' rooms. Where there is so much smoke there must be a smoker.

MARCH

2. Harry Mount goes home. Nobody knows but Mae what else took place.
7. Miss Daimwood runs around hall with a bottle and tablespoon. "O Miss Daimwood, please, please don't! We'll go to church."
9. Grace goes home on a visit.
10. John Sayers prostrated with grief. Not able to swallow anything but milk—such an awful lump in his throat.
11. "Clean up your rooms, children, or I shall not permit you to see the game to-morrow night."
12. They came, they saw, they conquered. Nell looks real sweet in her little gingham gown.
13. Four o'clock in the morning—"Boola, Boola, we beat them."
14. You just ought to have seen Mutt staying with them. Evelyn's nose still a little sore. In fact, the whole team is a little sore.
15. Blackwell wipes up the steps with Texas.
16. Blackwell announces at breakfast: "I'm in no ways in a sweet spirit this morning." Instinct gets a hair-cut. Erva stuffs a cushion.
17. John Todd's credits arrive. A Junior in full fellowship.
20. Kershner open program: "What are we going to do?"
29. Professor Hayden entertains us again with another lecture.

APRIL

1. "No, sir, not if you will excuse me!" Let's be good this time. We got enough last year to last us for some years to come.
2. The grass turns green with envy at the freshness of George Baker in his Palm Beach suit.
11. Prexy: "Mr. Huie, I do not think we want you any longer."
Huie: "Why, professor?"
Prexy: "We have about all decided that you are long enough."
13. Leslie Skinner meets with the faculty, but leaves before refreshments are served.
17. American banquet.

Extract from a Student's Diary

JANUARY 19, 1915.



WENT to chapel for the first time in two weeks. Thought surely they would have something different; but, no, the same old routine of services was carried on that marked the first day of school. First, Prexy Mc. announced that we (the honorable student body) should all with one voice sing his favorite and not often sung (?) song, number 17. After demonstrating to us and himself that his vocal chords were properly greased and in good working order for the day's work, he called a halt and gently announced that our esteemed Brother Hayden would then lead us in a few words of prayer. Brother Hayden implored the blessings of the Heavenly Father upon us all, whilst a continual sham battle raged in the ranks of the student body by a few who were in possession of some shot. Then came the treat (?) of the day. We were gently reminded of the fact that Milligan stands for "Character Building First of All," and then we were admonished to keep the study hour sacred and inviolate. I could give a verbatim reproduction of his speech, for it was the same this morning as it was last September, and as it will be the 18th of May. Dr. Boyd next made his début (for the first time in to-day's affairs) by reading responsively No. 305. With Dr. Hayden's announcement that the Social Welfare Class would meet on Thursday afternoon, and Professor Miller's statement that English Six would have a test on Hamlet every day for the next two weeks, it would appear that we had been sufficiently punished for one day; but, no, we had to sing the college song, after which we were told, "If there is nothing further, you are dismissed."

Poets'
Corner



Austin
Huggins.



Milligan, Our Milligan

Tune: Maryland, My Maryland

By sunny banks of Buffalo,
In vale of beauty stretched below
Grand mountain heights of stately grace
In Tennessee's fair eastern place,
Is Milligan, our college dear,
Our loyalty shall bring good cheer
To Milligan from year to year--
 Milligan, our Milligan.

From homes far distant we have come,
Drawn by motives high and one—
To build fair mansions for the soul
As the weeks and seasons roll.
With comrades true and visions new,
With best endeavor we'll pursue
And reach the goal we have in view;
 Yes, we can, at Milligan.

And when our college days are o'er,
What the world then has in store
As challenge waking mettle high
May our valor lead to try;
The causes that have waited long
Shall have the hosts of helpers strong,
As reinforcements at the van,
 Every one from Milligan.

CHORUS (Last half of tune)

O Milligan, our college dear;
Our loyalty shall bring good cheer
To Milligan from year to year;
 Milligan, our Milligan.

PROFESSOR HAYDEN.



Along the Buffalo

Air: Auld Lang Syne

The sunset paints in gold and red
Till sky and mountains glow,
And fleecy clouds the peaks enwrap
Along the Buffalo.
The music of the waters rise
To campus shades below,
Where graceful trees lie mirrored
Within the Buffalo.

And here for many years now past
The college bell swung slow,
With merry peal o'er hill and vale
Along the Buffalo.
Daily the tide of growing mind
Has swept with ebb and flow,
Till, trained for life, it has spread out
Along the Buffalo.

And may the fame of Milligan
Still onward, upward grow,
Till, shrined within a myriad hearts,
Far from the Buffalo.
And may it flow from souls near-by,
Through streams and oceans go,
To reach to even foreign strands,
As flows the Buffalo.

G. G. COLE.

Hail, Milligan

Air: Annie Lisle

I

Hail, Milligan, how we love thee!
Alma Mater, hail!
Orange and black wave bright above thee
Through the calm and gale.

II

Years have crowned thy head with glory,
As thy sons have told
All the great and thrilling story
Of thy deeds of old.

III

Upward was the grand endeavor—
The founders did not fail—
Hail the victors, doubting never,
Black and orange, all hail!

CHORUS

Long thy sons have sung thy praises,
And thy name adore,
While the heart its jubal raises—
Milligan, evermore!

W. H. BOOK.



Catastrophe

Full many a man, both young and old,
Has gone to his sarcophagus
By pouring water, icy cold,
Adown his hot esophagus.

F. F. A.

The Seniors are very dignified with their smiles and frowns,
But the Juniors make the college world go round.

A. NONY MOUS.

"Bessie's Little Bell"

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Bessie's little bell;
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Bessie likes it well.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
See her lift her nose;
Little silver tinkle
Everywhere she goes.

On Sunday, when Bessie rings that bell,
Everybody wishes that it was in—the cellar.

COURTING COUPLES.

Woman

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her woe-man;
But when she woo'd with love so kind,
He then pronounced it woo-man;
But now, with folly and with pride
Their husbands' pockets brimming,
The ladies are so full of whims
That people call them whim-men.

A. N. ONYMOUS.

Buffalo

Towering, dominant, majestic it stood,
Manhood personified, manhood's good.
The birds, the beasts, the plants, the trees
Gather round it to worship on bended knees.

Towering, dominant, majestic it loomed,
Manhood personified, manhood in bloom;
The murmuring streams, as they trickled by,
Caressed its broad sides—whispered "good-bye."

Towering, dominant, majestic, it sought
To teach Nature's lesson, abandon all naught;
A teacher of souls, an innermost shrine
In his heart, in her heart, in yours, and in mine.

W. L. SKINNER.



Milligan Quartette

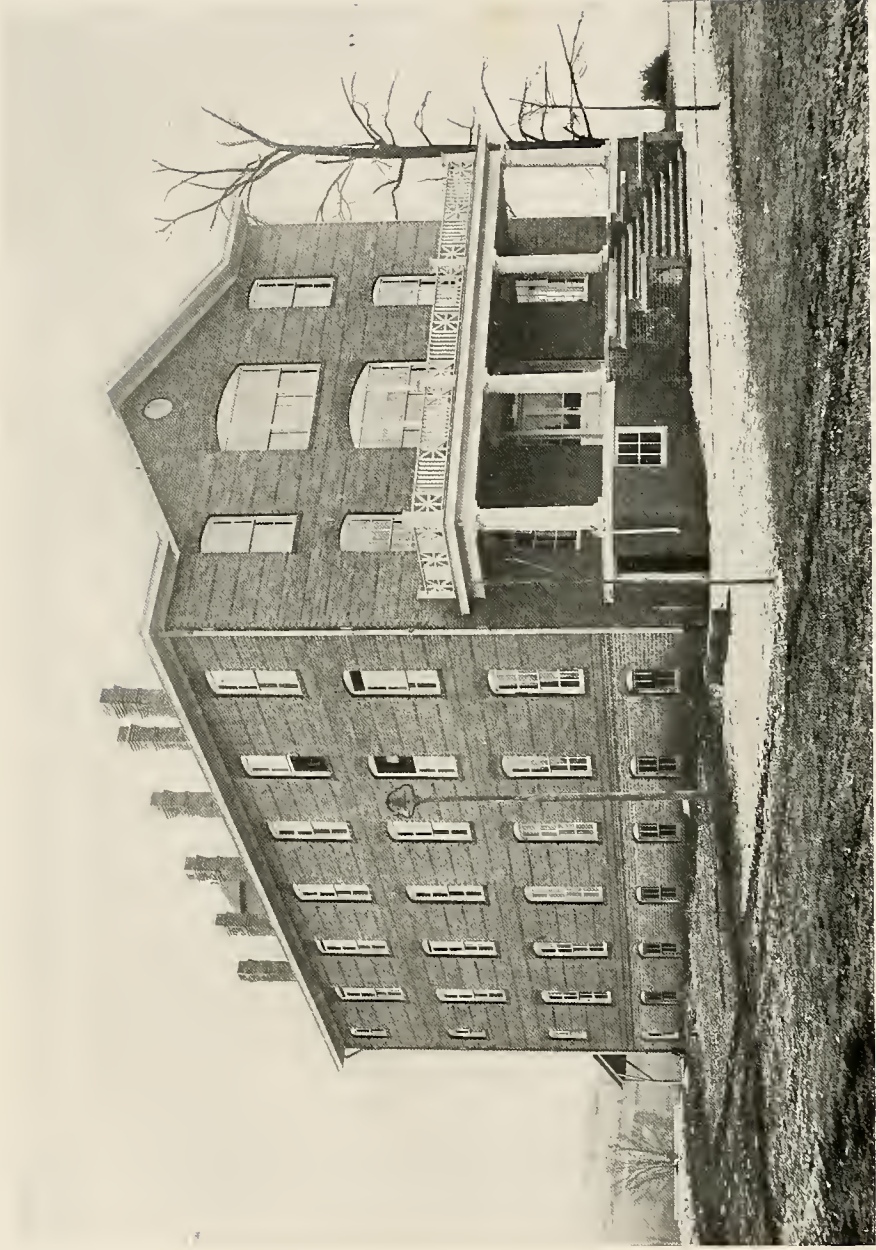
Milligan has a fine quartette,
That can sing up high, you bet,
And they are a source of pride to our college:
And when they reach the top
They can very easy flop—
Just how far they can—we can't acknowledge.

There's the first tenor, Athearn,
He's the nightingale, "dadburn,"
Or some sort o' bird—a parrot, owl—
You should hear him, how he screeches
When for upper "g" he reaches—
It's a cross between a hellow and a howl.

And there's Ellis—he is swell—
Has a voice just like a bell
(The kind the farmers hang upon a calf):
But he always sings the best
Where his score denotes a rest,
Or when all the notes are on the basso staff.

And there's Hardy, reads at sight,
Reads by day, or reads by night—
To him all sorts of notes look just alike—
Got his practice calling hogs,
Should go back to rolling logs;
He's about the worst that ever hit the pike.

Brother Dick—he sings bass—
'Pon my honor, he's a case.
And his voice starts just an inch above his feet.
Does he sing, or does he howl?
Does he grumble, groan, or growl?
Makes a racket that is anything but sweet.



MEE HALL



KNOCKS

J. T. McKISSICK

"Prexy Mac," or just "Mac," like all great men, has his hobby. As a collector of rare and precious pipes, tobacco cans, cigarette papers and plugs, he is a connoisseur (?), and his collection ranks as one of the finest in America. "Prexy" is the best straightener of youthful characters Milligan has known since the days of our beloved Hopwood. He uses the osteopathic method, painful at the time, but appreciated later. Like all wise men, he also has his mottoes, which he is fond of quoting, such as: "Do right," "Study hour—sacred and inviolate," "Character building first of all."

C. D. DAY

Great Day! "Jocund Day stands tiptoe on the mystic mountain top" of Math and Sci. and, with his noiseless grin, seeks to burst asunder the clouds of ignorance befogging our tender intellects, but—well, of course he won't admit that it is a hopeless case. Fessor goes in for tennis and walking for pastime. He is good-looking, too, but Mrs. Day does not seem to be afraid to let him go to classes and to breakfast alone.

W. B. BOYD

"Billy" Boyd is a believer in boys. Give Doctor a dormitory full of healthy young Americans and he wouldn't trade places with St. Peter! We'll just whisper this, now don't tell any one, but he is a crank! Yes, sir, a crank! Why, he actually believes that a boy will tell him the truth! Doctor is an A-1 sleuth. Let a boy leave his room during study hour and he will be caught under somebody's bed or in the closet before five minutes have passed. Professor Boyd fairly radiates optimism, encouragement, and Christianity.

MISS MARY JANE HARDIN

Miss Hardin dotes on French, Domestic Science, and onions, especially when the latter are stewed on the classroom radiator. The co-ed who sits at the feet of Mary Jane and faithfully studies can compete successfully with the home-makers of America. She believes in cleanliness and system, and believes she can save the homes of the country \$1,000,000 a day. Miss Hardin's hobby is Milligan, and no sacrifice is too great for her to make for the good of old M. C.

THE · B U F F A L O

B. H. HAYDEN

"Brother Hayden," while Dean of the Bible and the adored 'fessor of the preacher boys, has gathered each boy and girl under his protecting wing, and woe be unto him who dares to assail any of his youthful prodigies. "Bela" has the whitest crop of hirsute appendage on the hill, but to see him swinging his Indian clubs, or riding his bicycle, one would say that he was only twenty-one. 'Fessor's hobbies are the Orient and Prohibition, and the only time he was ever known to be caught without a ready reply was when some one asked him a question about each and he didn't know which to answer first.

MISS BESSIE DAIMWOOD

"The dragon of Hardin Hall" is so youthful and good-looking that many a youth has entertained serious thoughts of taking Campus Course with Bessie. But Bessie's ideals are ministers and Seniors. As Dean of Women, Bessie is a success. She has no trouble in driving the boys off, for they can't resist her charms. Miss Daimwood's hobby is fashions, and she "sure can dress well."

MISS MAE BENNETT

"Teacher" is a regular fountain of good humor. "She is not only witty herself, but the cause——" Say, you ought to see her play basket-ball. She can throw more goals than any girl on the hill. She is a specialist in business, and her students are the most industrious in college. She can be serious if the occasion demands, but her normal expression is a smile that fades away under her ears and eyes. Quietness and efficiency are her chief characteristics.

JAMES MILLER

"Come up, boys, sometimes, and see me."

We have started many a time, but—you know how it is in Hardin Hall. 'Fessor Miller is a human compression pump, but air is not his specialty. He can force more English into an ordinary numskull in thirty-six weeks than any human being. His favorite quotation is "Students, you are not coming up with your work." And, likewise, "I've been too easy on you." His memory for poetry is prodigious, especially Shelley, and no one has heard him use the same quotation twice.

MISS WILLIAMS

"I'd just like to say——" and when Miss Williams starts out with this preface in chapel, watch the music pupils assume an anxious air. Miss Williams brings forth evidences of musical ability in pupils who were never credited with musical taste before. Miss Sally is fond of the preacher boys, and somewhat shy, but otherwise mighty nice. Music is her religion, and practice the only means of staying in grace.

MISS SUSIE PERRY

Like some other lady members of the faculty, Miss Perry has an affection for preacher boys. Her specialty is oratory and expression, but she is quite proficient on the violin, piano, and mandolin. The success of the college entertainments can be laid at "Sister Susie's" door, for her pupils are every one worthy examples of the teacher's work. Sleep is her favorite pastime, and eating her chief exercise. She is beloved for her good nature and accommodating manner.



THE - B U F F A L O

MISS ELMA E. R. ELLIS

"Mr. Mullenix, have you gotten those Latin and Greek credits yet? Teacher dead! Well, that's too bad, but I must have those credits."

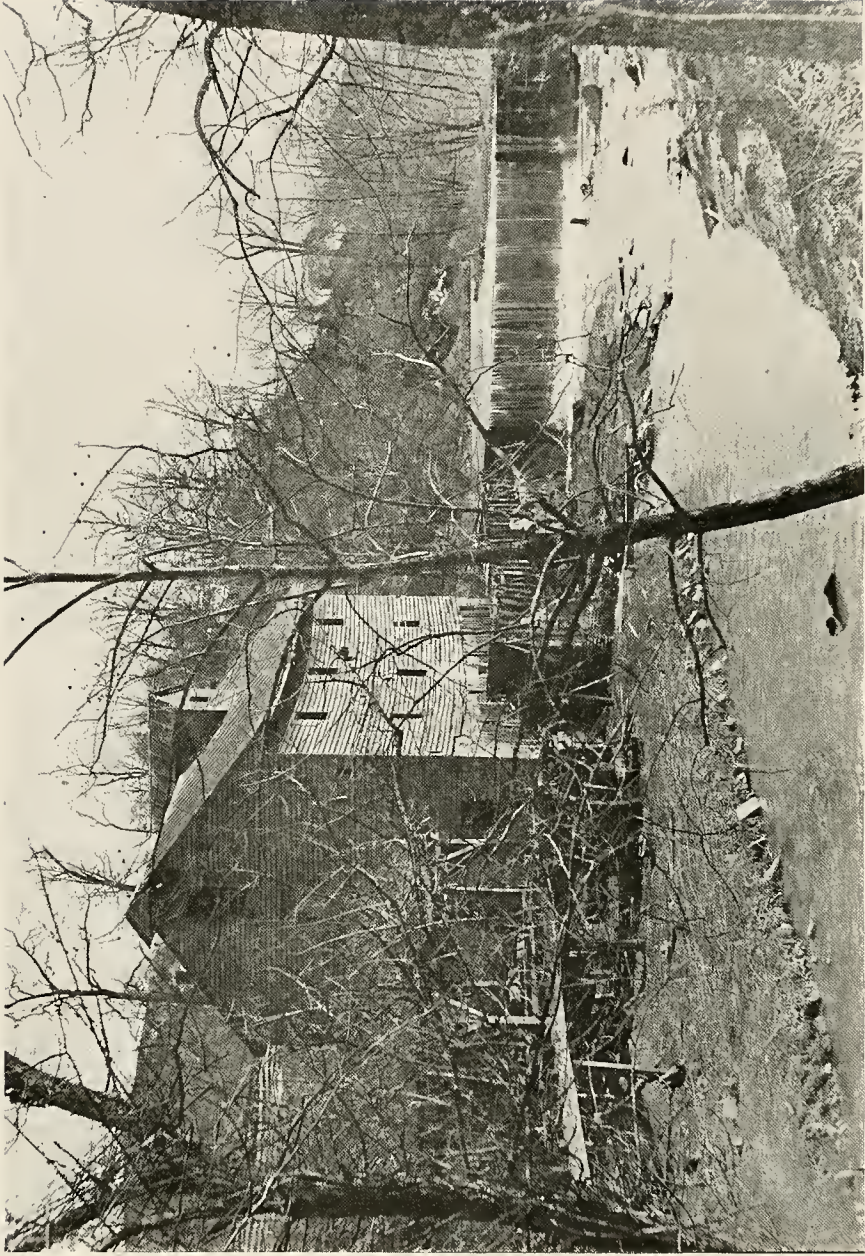
The proverbial eye of the needle is as wide as the broad way that leadeth to destruction compared with the possibility of getting by Miss Ellis without the Classics. She has more patience to the square inch than any Prof in the classroom, but short be the shrift of the girl that dares practice piano under her room when Miss Ellis retires to private life. The destruction of Lovers' Lane is a favorite topic with her students desiring to get out of a recitation.

MRS. W. B. BOYD

Mrs. W. B. B. is a success as an inculcator of good manners in bad boys. She gathers a bunch of rowdies in her parlor every now and then and treats them to a Victrola concert. Her methods are adroit and effective. Her influence is felt in both dormitories, and her list of friends can only be numbered by obtaining the roll of attendance at Milligan. She has one fear, that she will become stout. "Honey" assures her there is no danger, but her fear remains. If a boy wants to raise her ire, let him sweep something in the hall from his room and his doom is certain.

MRS. B. H. HAYDEN

The "Rose of Sharon" has nothing on the "Rose of Bela." Mrs. Hayden has made the library the most attractive place on the campus outside of Hardin Hall. Hundreds flock there every day to work, court, and read. The college is proud of its library and efficient librarian. Her hobby is trying to find something to do for some one else. Her only trouble is "Bela," but she manages this incorrigible with such tact that it has gained her the plaudits of the entire student body.



THE OLD MILL

AS YOU LIKE IT

AUSTIN
HUGGINS.





As You Like It

PROFESSOR MILLER: Who is the god of war?

CAHOON: I've forgotten his name, but I think it was Ananias.

BOOK: What is meant by natural selection?

SKINNER: Ask Baker; he's a born kleptomaniac.

PROFESSOR MCKISSICK: What is a sepulchral tone of voice?

KIRK: That means to speak gravely.

FRESHMAN: How's everything?

JUNIOR: Oh! she's all right.

NELLE: Last night Mutt tried to put his arm around me three times.

ALINE: Some arm.

BALES: Mr. Shoupe, I want to pay that little bill of mine——

IKE: Thank you, Jim; thank you.

BALES: But I can't.

MISS HARDIN: What is the use of baking powder in the body?

MARY THOMAS: To make it rise.

PROFESSOR MCKISSICK (defining a word): A dude is pretty bad, but a dudelet is an infinitesimal insect so small that you can blow him through a humming-bird's quill into the hide of a mosquito.

KIRBY SMITH: I never have admitted that our grandfathers were monkeys. There may be some misgivings about their grandsons, however.

PROFESSOR BOYD: My wife and I have had a terrible quarrel. You know she is getting terribly stout, and last night I told her that she looked like an inflated balloon.

PROFESSOR DAY: Well, you can hardly blame her for going up in the air.



THE - BUFFALO

MISS BENNETT: Yes, children, an Indian's wife is called a squaw. Now what are the little Indian babies called?

Bright little Mc., JR.: I know, Miss Bennett, squawkers.

PROFESSOR MC.: A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.

GEORGE BAKER (to Skinner): That's the reason we had such a hard time on that last Spanish test.

PROFESSOR DAIMWOOD (Geography): What does the D. C. after Washington stand for?

SHEPHERD: Daddy of his country.

PROFESSOR HAYDEN: Yes, we find that David suffered many sorrows, and his determined efforts were rewarded; but in what condition do we find him at the end of his life?

JOHN PRATHER: Dead.

PROFESSOR BOYD (Physics): Mr. Colley, name for me a transparent object.

COLLEY: Er—ah—a keyhole.

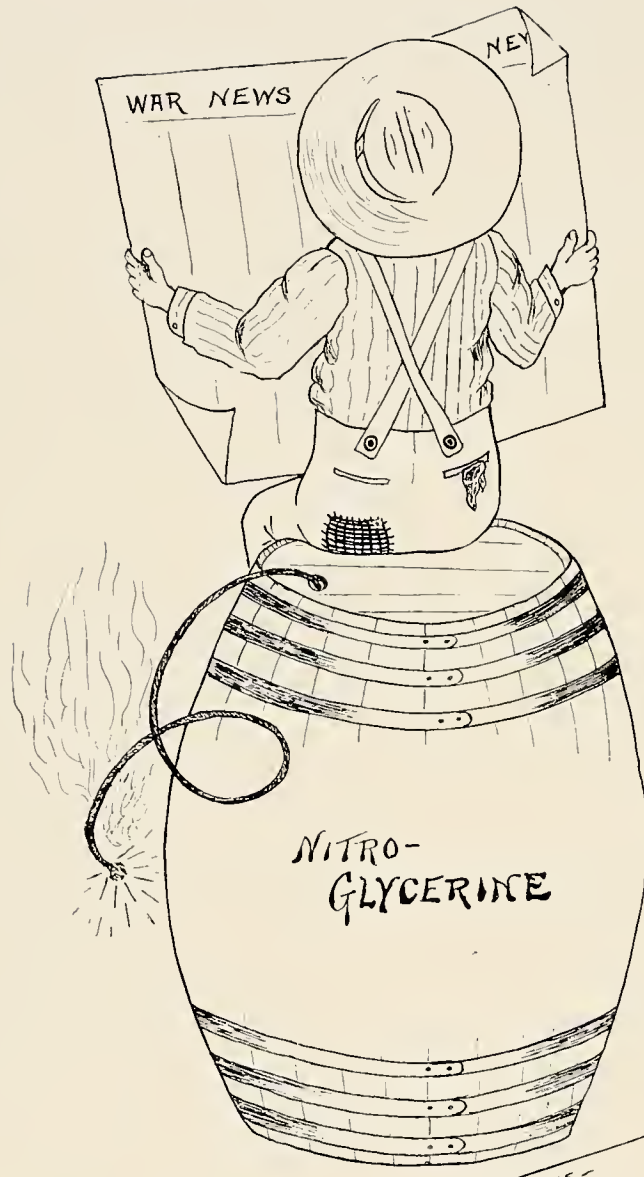
Howard Book is a philosopher after the order of Diogenes. He undertook to test the efficacy of a feather bed as a place of slumber. His decision is unanimously against them. Here's his method. He secured a feather; and, when night fell, he carefully placed the feather on the floor underneath him and laid his weary body to rest. In the morning he arose, and, eyeing his bed, exclaimed in disgust: "Criminy! if one feather is that hard, what would a whole bed full be?"

TIPTON: I smell cabbage burning.

DIXON: You must have had your head too near the radiator.

SCIENCE PROFESSOR: What would you do if this beaker were to explode when I pour the H_2SO_4 on the compound now in it?

KIRK: I'd run.



THE END.

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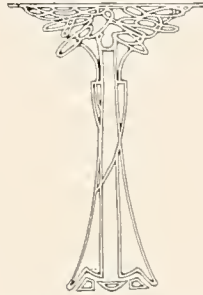
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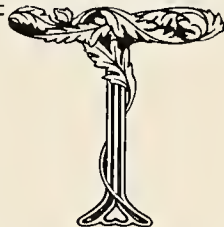


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