

Freshman Class Roll

Andrews, Robert	Griffith, Abigail	Nadzeika, Herbert
Armel, Hildreth	Grogan, Jack	Neal, Vera
Baker, Ruth	Gummere, Ruth	Nelson, Andrew
Ballard, Edith	Hall, Oscar	Nichols, Harry
Barnes, Valdora	Hart, Eulalla	Nisbet, Paul
Bartholome, Carl	Henderson, Lorine	Nyers, Margaret
Beal, Myrtle	Hice, Doris	Orr, Edith
Bilderback, Lois	Hill, Harry	Pennington, Leslie
Bird, Elna	Hogue, Dorothy	Pinson, Myrtle
Blanchard, Lena	Houston, Margaret	Pinson, Wayne
Boles, Elsie	Howard, Newlin	Porter, Elizabeth
Boling, Louise	Hull, Lillian	Porter, Robert
Branham, Herbert	Hylton, Herbert	Purcell, Edwin
Branham, Josephine	Iahn, Martha	Randall, Hope
Breitfelder, Lena	Irwin, Ruth	Rickleman, Harry
Brock, Eugene	Jobe, John	Riggs, Thomas
Brown, Rea	Jones, Anna	Rood, Helen
Bruder, Carroll	Jones, Pearle	Sarson, Anna
Burns, Delbert	Jones, Thomas	Schultz, Ada
Caesar, Mary	Kaufman, Frances	Skelton, Mary
Campbell, Franklin	Keller, Mabel	Smith, Dorothy
Campbell, George	Kelley, George	Smith, Naomi
Campbell, Laconda	Kintz, George	Snedeker, Raymond
Carter, Charles	Kirchner, Robert	Spangler, Marjorie
Coats, Dorothea	Kopsho, Margaret	Stants, Wesley
Combs, Stuart	Lapsansky, Joseph	Stewart, Ruby
Conley, Eleanor	Lawson, Mary	Stimson, Helen
Cottrell, Carl	Loudermilk, Lois	Stnons, Edward
Coy, Kenneth	McCabe, Eugene	Stoye, Raymond
David, Marguerite	McCrocklin, Reba	Sullivan, Joseph
Dickerson, Margaret	McFate, Bernard	Swartz, Dorothy
Dodds, James	McIndoo, Chester	Szobonya, Elizabeth
Dunbar, Pauline	McKenzie, Nellie	Thompson, Wayne E.
Eldredge, Carlyle	McPherson, Robert	Trotter, Roy
Ellrod, Mary	Madosh, Blanche	Truitt, Carl
Evans, Garnetta	Marsh, Vernon	Unison, Mary
Faust, Raymond	Martin, Ruth	Valbert, Flo
Ferguson, Marion	Martin, Thelma	Valbert, Gretchen
Fischer, Nellie	Miller, Irene	Valle, John
Flint, Lucile	Miller, Raymond	Vallely, Roseanna
Fried, Earl	Minar, Thelma	Vinsel, Cecilia
Fulford, Mildred	Minor, Evelyn	Waggoner, Robert
Gibbs, Wallace	Modesitt, Irene	Walters, Mattie
Giffel, Richard	Monninger, Beatrice	Washington, Margaret
Gleason, Margaret	Montgomery, Wauneeta	Western, Mildred
Goddard, Harold	Moore, Anna O.	Williams, Thelma
Gray, Hallie	Morrow, John	Williamson, Wilma
Gregg, Doris	Murphy, Alice	Witty, Gladys

Jim

Mary Lou sat by her dormitory window and stared with unseeing eyes across the beautiful campus, green with thick-growing grass. A mist of tears blurred her sight, and a lump rose in her throat; Mary Lou was homesick and lonesome for Jim.

To Mary Lou Franklin, a Freshie at Hillwood College, life was intensely interesting and enjoyable whenever she was able to forget her pangs of longing for home—and Jim! Mary Lou had come from a small "down-State" town, and now, after three weeks at Hillwood had passed, she was homesick and blue.

"I say, Mary Lou, what's the trouble now?" exclaimed her roommate, Kitty Buford. "Aren't mooning over Jim, are you? Cut it out, honey; he's probably forgotten all about you by this time. Don't worry your pretty, little head 'bout him! Come and go over to the concert with me; you'll have time if you hustle, and it'll make you forget you ever knew such a person as Jim!"

"But I don't want to forget—Jim," mourned Mary Lou. "You don't understand, Kitty. It'd be different if you did. Why, Jim doesn't even know where I am. He—why, I didn't even get to tell him goodbye and make him understand why I had to come and why he couldn't see me often, and, and—oh, everything! But, anyway—".

"But me no buts!" cried Kitty, gayly. "You're going with me to the concert! Now, be a good child, and don't force me to drag you along by the ear like a rebellious little Nanny goat! Hustle now!" As Mary Lou giggled at the ridiculous girl, Kitty impulsively hugged her and whirled out of the room, grabbing up a pair of slippers and a piece of fudge as she went.

Kitty Buford was red-haired, blue-eyed, loving and impulsive, in appearance a decided contrast to dainty Mary Lou with her dark eyes, olive skin, and blue-black hair. No one could long be downhearted around jolly Kitty Mavourneen, as she was called by many of her chums. "Shure, an' it's Oirish Oi should have been with me red hair and me Oirish name," she often declared, assuming a humorous brogue which was not hers by nature, for despite the triple evidence of name, hair, and eyes, Kitty Buford was not from the land of shamrocks.

"Kitty's a dear," thought Mary Lou, "and half the time I'd be as blue as indigo if she weren't around to pull me out of the dumps!" Then wistfully she murmured, "I wonder where Jim is tonight." She had no time for further wondering then, but went with Kitty to the concert at the college chapel.

Time and again in the following weeks, Kitty came upon Mary Lou when she was dreaming sweet dreams of the first holiday when she would be free to go home to the "folks" and Jim—dear, old Jim! "Wonder if he'll be glad to see me and meet me at the station?" thought Mary Lou, and she counted the days until she would be on her way to "home, sweet home" and Jim!

Days passed by and then weeks, until at last the holidays arrived. To Mary Lou those days and weeks had been interesting, but it was with great joy that she boarded her homebound train and with greater joy still that she stumbled down the train steps onto the station platform of her home town.

Her eyes were blurred with tears of happiness as a tall, handsome young man, with clear brown eyes and square-cut jaw stepped from a waiting motor car and hurried towards her. At the same instant a magnificent brown and white collie darted through the crowd and barking joyfully, tried to leap upon her. Flinging her arms about the collie's neck, Mary Lou cried, "Oh, you don't know how I've missed you, you dear, darling old Jim!"

—Martha Church, '25.