





# THE RECORD

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF PIKEVILLE COLLEGE

MAY 20, 1925

*CPH*

## FOREWORD

TO ALL:

Who appreciate the College and what it means,  
Who have aided in this publication,  
Who are well wishers of the Class of 1925,  
Hoping you will find something to repay your  
confidence in us, we submit this book.

SENIOR CLASS, 1925.



*"By knowledge we do learn ourselves to know, and what to man and what to God we owe."*

— Spencer.



DR. JAMES F. RECORD  
PRESIDENT



MISS ALICE RECORD  
DEAN



### DEDICATION

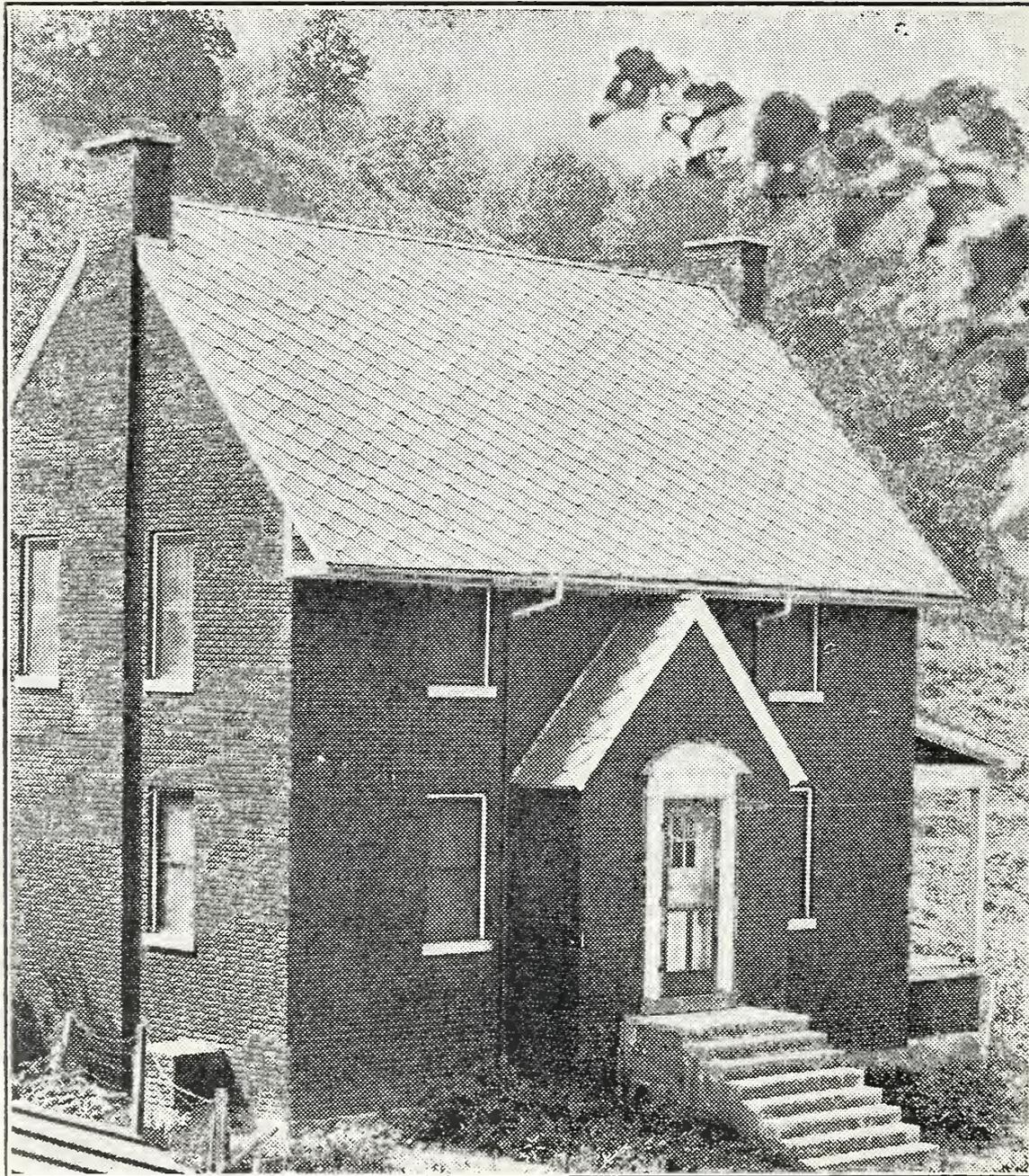
*To Dr. James F. Record and Miss Alice Record  
for the untiring efforts towards the betterment  
of the College, we dedicate this book.*



## THE FACULTY

REV. JAMES RECORD, A.M., Ph.D., PRESIDENT.

ALICE H. RECORD, A.M.	.....	Dean
MARY I. SPILLMAN, A.M.	.....	Bible
BESS CRAIG, A.B.	.....	English
ROSSANAH MARSHALL, A.M.	.....	Mathematics
MARY MARSHALL, A.B.	.....	Latin
FRANK D. MCCLELLAND, A.B.	.....	Science
MR. RIDDLE, A.B.	.....	Vice-President
SARA MCGONAGLE, A.B.	.....	French and Spanish
THOMAS J. GREENLEE, A.B.	.....	Coch
REV. K. P. SIMMONS, A.M.	.....	History
MARGARET KERN, A.B.	.....	Domestic Science
EDNA WALLACE NEILL	.....	Voice
ETHEL STICKLEY, B.M.	.....	Piano
ELIZABETH MACMARTIN	.....	Eighth Grade
LENA CRIST	.....	Sixth and Seventh Grades
TRULA MAE STOWERS	.....	Fourth and Fifth Grades
RUTH GREER	.....	Second and Third Grades
MRS. ENGLISH KENDRICK	.....	First Grade
MISS L. LOUISE MORTON	.....	Matron
MRS. JENNIE P. CHASE	.....	Matron
MRS. W. A. BRAGG	.....	Matron
MRS. MINERVA CLARK	.....	Matron



### MODEL COTTAGE

*"Wherein the Senior Girls Are Taught the Art of Model Housekeeping."*



SENIORS



DOLLY KELLY

Basket Ball, '2-'3-'5.  
Junior Play, '24  
Captain Baseball Team.

*"Just Dolly."*

MELSTER VENTERS

Junior Play, '24.  
Class President, '22.

*"None but herself can match herself."*

EVERETT SLOAN

("Big Boy")

Entered P. C., '25.  
Basket Ball, '25.

*"A second Sampson."*

RUTH HARMAN

("Fritz")

Class President, '23.  
Class Reporter, '24.  
Junior Play, '24.

*"I have never met my double."*

BLANCHE FOGLESONG  
("Sing-Song")

Junior Play, '24.  
Vice-President, '24.  
Assistant Editor, '24.  
Editor of RECORD, '25.  
Basket Ball, '25.

*"So serene in company, when you get her out  
you'd be surprised."*

ARTHUR REYNOLDS  
("Freckles")

Latin Play, '24.  
Junior Play, '24.  
Basket Ball, '25.

*"I don't understand quite all I know about that."*

CATHERINE HUFFMAN

Junior Play, '23.  
Latin Play, '25.

*"Pretty is as pretty docs."*

KELSA GEARHEART

Junior Play, '24.

*"Gentle in manners and resolute in deed."*





DURIE BLANTON  
("Ma")

Debating Team, '25.

*"Just enough pep to be a good sport."*

LASSIE HACKNEY  
("Sass")

Junior Play, '24.

Debating Team, '25.

Glee Club, '25.

President of Literary Society, '24, '25.

Class Vice-President, '25.

*"Solomon in all his glory couldn't hold a candle to her."*

JACK MILLER

Junior Play, '24.

Latin Play, '23.

*"Let's argue about it."*

LAURA TRIVETTE  
("Possette")

Junior Play, '24.

*"Fair was she to behold."*

MADELINE CHILDERS  
("Mad")

Junior Play, '24.  
Athletic Reporter.  
Class Reporter, '25.  
Basket Ball, '25.

*"What makes her talk so much?"*

ARNOLD WRIGHT  
("Judge")

Junior Play, '24.  
Latin Play, '23.

*"What ever comes or goes, I'm always  
(W)right."*

IVA ROBERTS

Junior Play, '23.  
Basket Ball, '22-'23'-24.

*"A true sport she was, and sincere."*

SERILDA HUFFMAN

Junior Play, '24.  
Assistant Business Manager, '24.  
Business Manager RECORD, '25.

*"Small, but mighty."*





BESS TRIVETTE

Junior Play, '25.

*"My, how she detests(?) the men!"*

CECIL RAMEY

("Blue Dick")

Junior Play, '24.

Latin Play, '24-'25.

*"All the great men are dead, and I, myself, feel sick."*

MARION AUXIER

Pianist Glee Club.

Class Treasurer, '25.

*"No wedding bells for me."*

DENZIL LESTER

("Tad")

Junior Play, '24.

Class President, '24-'25.

Yell Leader, '25.

Latin Play, '24.

*"Be careful, girls, don't make him blush."*

## COME MEET THE SENIORS OF '25

A jollier class there ne'er will be  
Than the present Seniors in old P. C.  
You must know this bunch so full of fun,  
So now you will meet them one by one.

Now you will say, "I'm glad to meet you"  
To Frank McClelland, our class teacher.  
When the Seniors want a picnic lunch  
He takes a "weeny" and goes for the bunch.

"Tad" is our president, as many know,  
Not only that, but also "Mad's" beau.

Class reporter is Madaline's job:  
She writes all the doings of our mob.

Marion plays for the Glee Club to sing,  
And she makes the old piano ring.

Lassie made the debating team,  
She's not half as green as she may seem.

Durie made the debating team, too;  
She can make one think that red is blue.

Did you ask who put "THE RECORD" out?  
Sure, 'twas Blanche, without a doubt.

This is Dolly, who plays basket ball:  
She is very fast, although not tall.

Whom do we yell for at all our games?  
It's "Big Boy," Everet's his real name.

To Serilda's visits, the Seniors make,  
To have fine times and eat good cake.

"Judge" would have gotten the watch last year,  
But he flunked, so had to stay with us here.

A joke on Melster we now confide;  
(Soon she will be a blushing bride).

We do not have to talk about Jack;  
He talks of himself all the time, in fact.

And Bess, you know, the one with the curls,  
The envy of all the straight-haired girls.

There is Iva, who joined our class this year,  
To add to the class pep and good cheer.

You know Cecil, Valentino the second,  
His musical genius can not be reckoned.

Papa loves mamma? Laura love Poss?  
When they are married, which will be boss?

Kelsie's the girl with domestic mind;  
Lucky is the man who her will find.

Freckles, our darling, our pride, our joy,  
No class we'd have without this boy.

Catherine's the girl who good pictures draw,  
Beautiful pictures with never a flaw.

"Fritz" Harman fills a large place, we claim,  
But in avoirdupois, not in brains.



## SENIOR CLASS WILL

IN THE COUNTY OF PIKE, }  
 STATE OF KENTUCKY, } s. s.  
 U. S. A.

We, the Senior Class of Pikeville College, County of Pike, State of Kentucky, being of sound mind and thoughtful disposition, do hereby make and publish our last will and testament in order to distribute our interest in the school among the under-classmen and the faculty.

We hereby give and bequeath our dignity, our originality, and our difference in opinions to the needy Juniors; also, we bequeath Ruth Stone and Elvia Johnson to the Class of '26.

Kelsa Gearheart wills her ability in English to some struggling "Freshie."

Madeline Childers wills her calm, serious disposition to Edith Estep, to make her less talkative.

Dolly Kelly wills her prowess in basket ball to Katie Mae Elliot, to aid her in keeping her feet on the floor.

Jack Miller wills to Jim Dick Huffman his love of argument and mischief.

Ruth Harman wills to Jessie Ison all of her superfluous flesh to balance her underweight.

Blanche Foglesong wills the joys and pleasures of THE RECORD editorship to the future editor, and all the able assistance that she has had this year.

Arnold Wright wills to Dr. Record a gavel, to be used in bringing the house to order for chapel.

Arthur Reynolds wills to Professor Riddle a Kiddy Kar, to be used in rounding up students who have cut seventh period study hall and a red pencil to mark demerits for aforesaid offense.

Marion Auxier wills her intelligence to any one who will accept it.

Lassie Hackney wills her ability to talk to teachers to Queenie Trivette, who sadly needs it.

Melster Venters wills to Mr. McClelland a list or formulas with household names in order not to confuse his wife with said scientific names.

Laura Trivette wills to Miss Kern a pair of scissors guaranteed not to stray from sewing box.

Denzil Lester wills one jar of Stacomb to Alice Bruce to keep her hair out of her eyes during recitation.

Serilda Huffman wills to next year's business manager a more prosperous year and an easier time in obtaining ads for said RECORD.

Iva Roberts wills to Helena a new vanity refill for vacation.

Everett Sloan wills his unknown love affair to any young and inexperienced Freshie.

The Senior Spanish Class wills to their adorable teacher one volume of Spanish love stories, to be read to next year's class.

Bess Trivette wills to Miss Craig one volume American War Stories, to be read in chapel.

Catherine Huffman wills to Chemistry Class of '26 one note-book with pencil.

Durie Blanton wills to Bill Runyon her oratorical power, with hope that he will make debating team.

Cecil Ramey wills to Mr. Greenlee one book entitled "Love Letters."

The Class of '25 hereby swears that this is the last will and testament of the Senior Class of Pikeville College, Pikeville, Ky.

(Signed) BLANCHE FOGLESONG.

[Seal]

LASSIE HACKNEY,  
*Notary Republic.*

## CLASS HISTORY OF '25

In September, 1921, forty-five young boys and girls entered Pikeville College as Freshmen. They knew not, and they knew that they knew not, but were willing to learn all that the illustrious faculty should put before them.

We were a distinctive class that year, as most Freshmen are, but one reason for the attraction to the class was "Aunt Eppie," the best-natured fat person with whom we have ever come in contact.

The class we liked to attend was Botany, where we fathomed the mystery of plants and the "squarsh seed," under Mr. Magee.

The first of our class to leave us was Sydia Coleman, who changed her name to Runyon.

A goodly number of "Freshies" became "Sophs" and started the second year of our High-School course. We had learned through the experience of our first year that it pays to study. A number of girls started to learn the art of sewing under the direction of Miss Jean Nash. By the end of our Sophomore year we could sew very nicely.

It was in the year the Model Cottage was opened, and the girls of our class had the "honor" of cleaning part of the cottage and washing all of the dishes.

We also welcomed two new arrivals to our class this year, one, Miss Blanche Foglesong, who came to us from the "frozen North," or the State of Washington; the other, Mr. Denzil Lester, from Columbus, Ohio, who in all respects seemed a "model boy."

In this year our class lost four more in the cause of matrimony — Miss Zella Martin, Miss Cora Mims, Miss Truda Williams, and Mr. Alfred Sowards.

Everyone felt that you "get out of a thing just what you put in it," when we began our

third year as Juniors. We braved Geometry, Cicero and American Literature, and most of us came up smiling. Each one knew that he must accomplish something this year, and the faculty soon became accustomed to the sight of us studying.

In the course of the year we presented to the town five numbers of entertainments, one of which was "Cinderella; or, The Glass Slipper," a sparkling operetta, given by the class. It was a success, and the memory of it will stay with us all for the years to come.

Another feature of the year was the banquet we gave to the Seniors. It was given in the church, which was prettily decorated, and a faultless menu was served. In our Junior year and the summer that followed we lost through matrimony three of our classmates. Margaret Cornett became Mrs. Jack Hatcher, and Zenobia Wood married her classmate, Elster Smith.

In the fourth year we welcomed to our class Everett Sloan, from Stanton. Durie Blanton, Bess Trivette and Iva Roberts are also newcomers to our class this year.

As the fourth and last year of our High-School course opened by our saying among ourselves, "I can't imagine I am a Senior," "Doesn't it feel funny?" "I can't believe it's true," but it was true, and now that our Senior year is coming to a close, we realize that the happy days and years that are passed can not be recalled. We really believe we are Seniors now, although we may not look as dignified as some of the classes that have preceded us.

The Seniors, in leaving, wish to the under-classes the happiness and fun that we have had in our High-School course, and may we all be loyal "Alumni" of Dear Old Pikeville College!

## PICTURES OF DESTINY

On the great mountain of life there was a magnificent storm. Lightning flashed, trees crashed, and a great deluge poured down the ravines and finally flowed into a foaming torrent at the foot of the mountain. But the wind dashed now only the trees, making them groan and shudder, and the water now only soaked the moss and roared against the rock; but both great phases of nature imprisoned an aerial figure in their powerful arms and bore it along amid the outbursts of the storm's passion and finally in a glare of fierce, white lightning set it down at the entrance of a huge cave. Yes, it was the night of May 22, 1925, and the phantom-like figure which rode the wind and gloried in the wildness and freedom of the storm was none other than the spirit of the class of '25. And the cares—that was the long winding care of Life with its crooks and turns. Into it, with a leap, the spirit bounded, eager to see and learn, for it knew that on this night it would be shown the destiny of its members. And so it wandered on, running and stumbling, laughing and exulting, it loved beautiful pictures that met its gaze or shuddering as the way grew dark and fearsome. Finally a bright light gleamed far ahead in the dusky shadows and with eager steps it ran toward it. And what did it see? Mother Time, an old, old, wrinkled woman scarred by the marks of years was brewing a steaming broth of Destiny in the Caldron of experience. She was chanting a weird song, as witches usually do. But Mother Time was only the background of the spirit's interest. From the mysterious broth vapor was winding up in long coils and spreading out, forming a misty, bluish panels on which were living pictures of "what is to be" in the lines of individuals. The spirit of the class of '25 crouched in a shadow nearby and watched as picture after picture unfolded. It was eager, expectant and even trembling, for it is rather gruesome when you see mirrored your own destiny.

Suddenly, as the spirit looked, a bright light shone on a gaudy crowd of people and a stage of one of New York's massive theaters. And then wonders! A tall, airy figure, half walking, half floating, glided out on the stage as the leader of a line of chorus girls. The spirit stared, for it was none other than Kelsa—the frivolous little girl who once floated about P. C. A. The picture faded just as Kelsa bowed gracefully to the applauding audience.

And there came into the mist a blue haze, out of which there grew into shape a rugged canyon, and stretching away from it, the great desert burned and sparkled in the midday sun. As from the clouds on the horizon, there flashed a broncho and rider. They approached with the swiftness and grace that marked the rider's skill on the ranch. One could not mistake the fact that the rider was a girl. Suddenly she turned and showed

her tan face clearly, and the spirit groaned in dismay—it was Ruth Harmon, our "Fritz."

The glow of the desert faded into a gray-walled room filled with desks, and from them children sneaked or grinned. Behind the teacher's desk there was a tall, dignified, stern-faced woman of perhaps fifty years. Wondering, the spirit looked closely—it was Madeline, an old maid school teacher. The spirit thought—"What next?"

Slowly the school room faded. There flashed a huge auditorium filled with sophisticated men and women of the political world. They were being swayed and held by the speaker on the platform, who plead eloquently. The scene closed with the audience wildly applauding, and the modest speaker slipped hurriedly out to the curb and entered a beautiful limousine. The spirit felt envious about this occurrence and pressed more closely to see the occupant of the car. He saw and was startled—for it was Marion. Marion, a political speaker—and her chauffeur was Arnold.

Next came a peculiar scene, animals trotted about, and more conspicuous than the rest was a cage of young "Possums." Presently a woman came around and gave them loving pats. Then the spirit knew, for these words flashed below the picture—"Keeper of the Zoo and her Pets"—it was Laura.

As the spirit looked Laura faded and the "possums" seemed to grow taller and merge into an indistinct figure. Slowly there grew into concreteness a dignified woman with large shell-rimmed spectacles, and the spirit knew this type of humanity to be a college matron, and under the gray hairs and "specs" he recognized the features of Doily.

A train burst across the scene and a figure in tattered overalls and a slouch hat clung to it. The train stopped, the hobo drew the red handkerchief from his neck and snatched his hat off. Could he have done it, the spirit would have screamed—for it was Durie.

Then came "a barbarious" scene. It was a combination Beauty Parlor and Barber Shop. The spirit looked closely and knew the woman, who was cutting a frowning woman's hair, was our peaceful Bess, and the girl who polished an old man's nails and at the same time giggled hilariously was Melster. "Oh!" the spirit moaned, "do none of my members have artistic temperaments?" Then, as in answer to his thoughts, there flashed across the panel a beautiful music studio. Among the crowd which sat entranced, the spirit recognized some of the greatest musicians in the world. At the piano was a fair woman, who caused a world of music to burst from the keys. The music ended—a tall, broad-shouldered man arose—with one accord the artists cried—"a song, a song." With a smile and a bow and showing no embarrassment, one of the world's greatest singers poured

his soul in wonderful melody, while the girl at the piano accompanied him. The spirit gasped!--for it was Iva and "Big Boy."

Next came a scene in a crowded crossing in Chicago. A fish seller and undertaker were quarreling because the big hearse had broken a wheel off the fish seller's wooden wagon. The quarrel became hotter and might have ended in blows had not a tall scowling policewoman rushed up to stop it. Then they all stared at each other in astonishment and laughed hilariously, for the undertaker was Denzil, the fish seller was Jack, and the policewoman was Katherine.

Then came a marriage scene—a dainty little bride in white trailing robe and misty veil was marching to the altar and the spirit gazed into Serilda's radiant face. He turned to look at the groom—he gasped—it was the world's heavyweight champion—in other words, Cecil.

Then came a scene in a side street of a small town. The sign, "Butcher Shop," glared from a dirty yellowish house, and Bakery was painted on the window of a nearby and equally disreputable-looking structure. Next the butcher appeared in the door. About the same time the baker appeared in the door, admiring a loaf he had just taken from the oven. They looked at each other and the butcher greeted the baker thus: "Hello, Freckles," and the reply came back thus: "Hello, Lassie."

Lastly came the picture of a poor woman who bent over a tub and rubbed away on soiled clothes while suds dripped from her elbows and perspiration ran in streams down her face. For a few minutes the woman worked, then lifted her flushed face and—it was Blanche.

All grew dark—the old woman faded, the spirit floated back out into the storm and disappeared into the blackness of the night.



## FAREWELL TO HIGH SCHOOL

By A. D. L.

Of all the sad things that can come to pass,  
 Causing many heartaches, many tears,  
 Is the fact that we are soon to part,  
 And be separated for years and years.

Yet thou hast been our friend, O Pikeville College,  
 Thou hast brought us up aright,  
 Thou hast trained our hands and heart  
 To act with the best with might.

From thee we have learned many lessons,  
 Though it came not through our books.  
 They will follow us the whole world o'er,  
 Through its byways and its nooks.

So we come now in our last years,  
 At thy feet to humbly kneel,  
 And to ask for the blessing  
 Upon our future life to sail.

But as all must go, we say good-bye,  
 Sounding like the doleful knell;  
 It must come aus our meetings come,  
 Fare thee well, Pikeville College, fare thee well.



### COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

*Top Row (left to right.)*

Richard W. Jones.....Dayton Night School, '24	Esther Mae Williams.....P. C. A., '24
Myrtle Hughes.....P. C. A., '22	Miles Rurey Thacker.....P. C. A., '24
Ercelle Looney.....Elkhorn City H. S., '24	Mr. Andrew Hollars.....Murl, Kentucky, '17

*SEATED (left to right.)*

Mildred M. Smith.....Prestonsburg H. S., '24	Elizabeth Coyer.....Prestonsburg H. S., '24
Nanye V. Morgan.....P. C. A., '23	Elizabeth Owens.....P. H. S., '22
Marie Williamson.....P. C. A., '22	



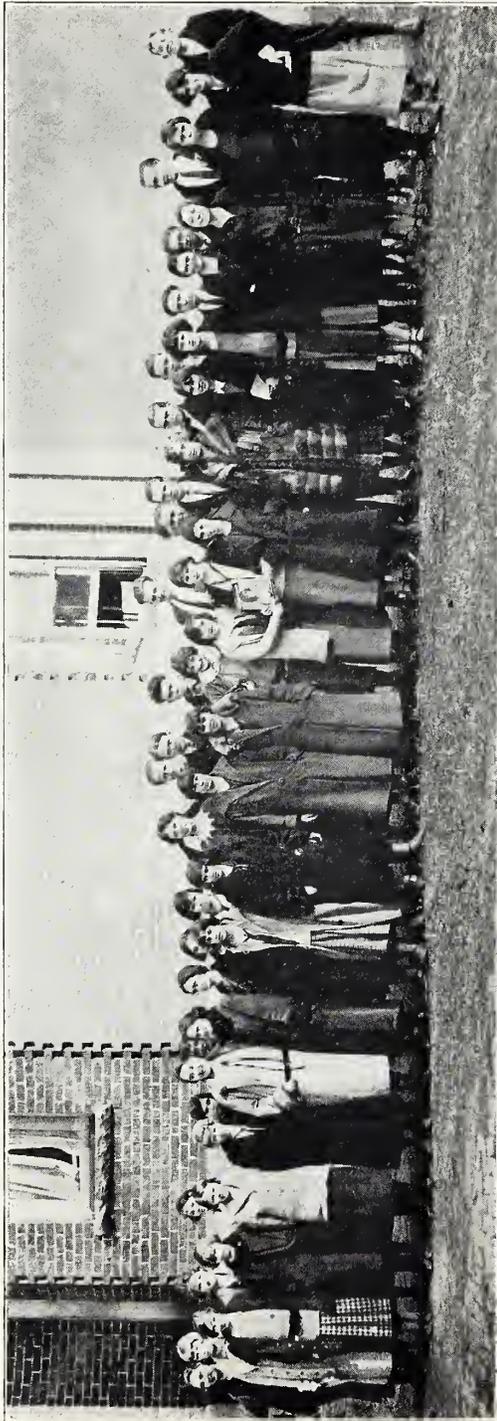
## JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

Bertha Childers  
 Maude Jones  
 Ted Justice  
 Helen Goad  
 Frona Tackett  
 Edith Estep  
 Holly Matney  
 Charles Venters  
 Kermit Miller  
 Jack Sanders  
 Henry Scott

Eary Atkins  
 Willie Runyon  
 Winnie Rogers  
 Rebecca Moore  
 Helena Keel  
 Margery Harman  
 Dasibel Utley  
 Nora Wolford  
 \*Garrett Johnson  
 \*Martha Chandler  
 Blanche Venters (married)  
 Maudie Wright

Elvia Johnson  
 George Huffman  
 Harold Madison  
 Emmett Jarrett  
 Wyatt Jarrett  
 \*Babb Jarrett  
 Fannie Jarrett (married)  
 \*Merwin Runyon  
 Queenie Trivette  
 Ilma Osborne  
 Alice Bruce

\*Did not finish the year.



## SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

Hursel Childers	Maryland Holbrooke	Charles Moore	Flossie Smallwood	Lexie Francisco
Gladys Compton	Mae Horn	Tom E. May	Helen Scott	Fannie Gearheart
Gertrude Dotson	Vaughnie Horn	Maxie Moore	Alton Stone	Josephine Hatfield
Elliot Justice	Mary Haupe	Bill Robinson	Cecil Smith	Jessie Ison
Paul Ford	Virginia Hatcher	Marion Ratliff	Jay Williamson	Ila Scott
Virginia Gentry	John Lewis	Blanche Ratliff	Robert Walters	Edith Walters
Ira Hall	Arthur Lyons	Lois Smith	Flora Wolford	Garnet White
Jock Huffman	Edgar Layne	Mary Smith	Zella Whitt	Olgia Roberts
Carl Hatcher	Peggy McCoy	Fannie Smith	Eula Lee Barrett	Nora Salyers

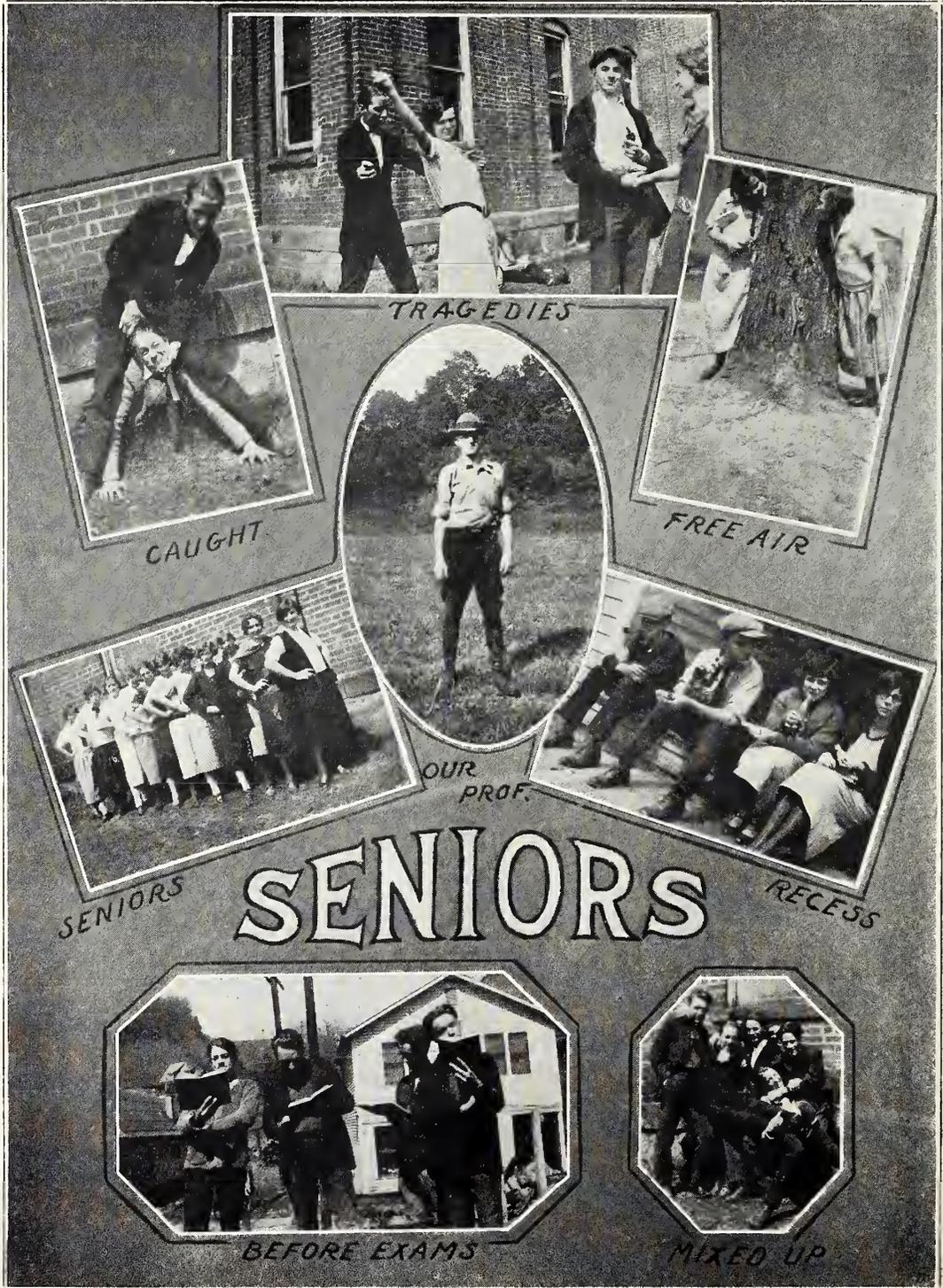
Miss Katherine Marshall Class Teacher.



## FRESHMAN CLASS

Elsie Trivette	Fay Weddington	Carson Moore
*Clytie Syck	Hazel Elswick	Walter Trivette
Madeline Jackson	Oma Coleman	Don Foley
Octavia Layne	Nell Johnson	Clarence Mullins
Fayne Williamson	Pearl Frazure	Zelma Waltz
Gertrude Evans	Kansada McCoy	Ernest Coleman
Catherine Elliot	Floyd Hall	John Childers
Elsie Wiley	Carl Adkins	Wade Haupe
Opal Castle	Bird Trent	Taft Weddington
*Mexie Cains	Lundy McCoy	Bill Weddington
Flora Ford	Luther Trivette	Joseph Riddle
Edith Wayland	Ed Greer	Virgil Taylor
James Huffman	Will Greer	Fred Madison
Katherine Ratliff	*John Reynolds	*Robert Johnson
Lula Bentley	Don Bush	Leonard Jones
Edna Lewis	Millard Roberts	*Hart Jones
Ruth Nunemaker	Robert Robinson	

\*Did not finish the year.





## GIRLS BASKET BALL TEAM

THOMAS GREENLEE, COACH

TOP ROW

MADÉLINE CHILDERS

BLANCHE FOGELSONG

EDYTHE ESTEP

FANNIE GEARHEART

SECOND ROW

FANNIE SMITH

NELL JOHNSON

THIRD ROW

ALICE BRUCE

MARGERY HARMAN

DOLLY KELLY



THOMAS J. GREENLEE  
COACH



PIKEVILLE COLLEGE GYMNASIUM

BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM



ARTHUR LYONS  
(Skinny)  
*Center*



EVERETT SLOAN  
(Big Boy)  
*Forward*



KERMIT MILLER  
(Smitty)  
*Forward*



GEORGE HUFFMAN  
(Dusty)  
*Guard*



JAMES HUFFMAN  
(Jim Dick)  
*Guard*



JOHN LEWIS  
*Forward*



GARNET WHITE  
*Forward*



BILL RUNYON  
*Guard*

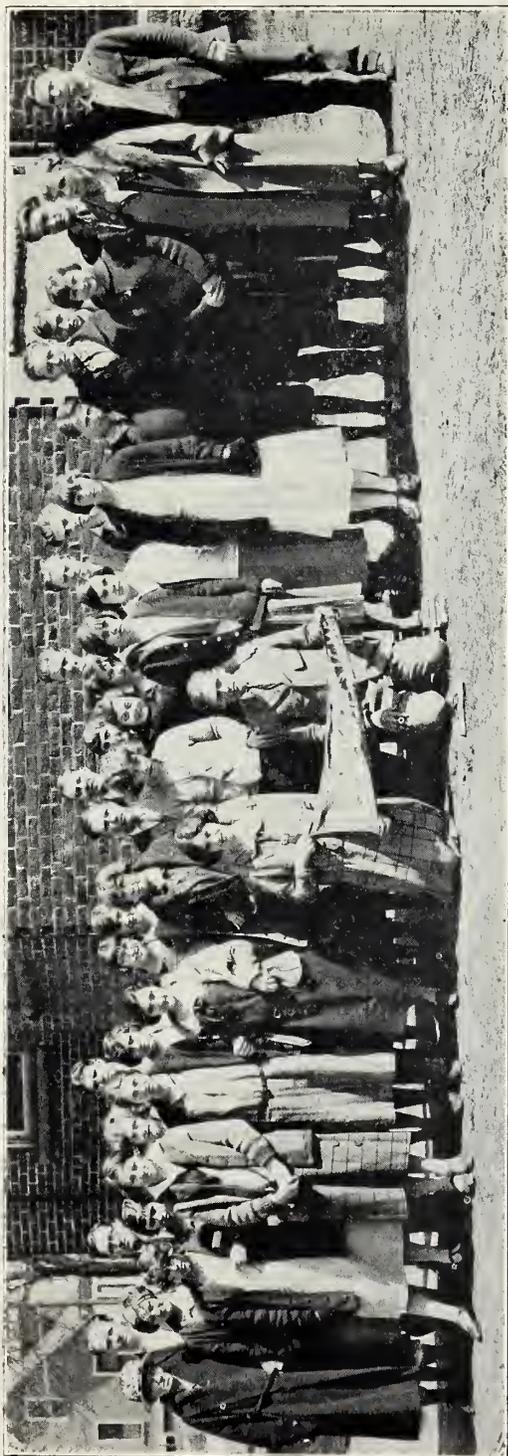




## DEBATING TEAM

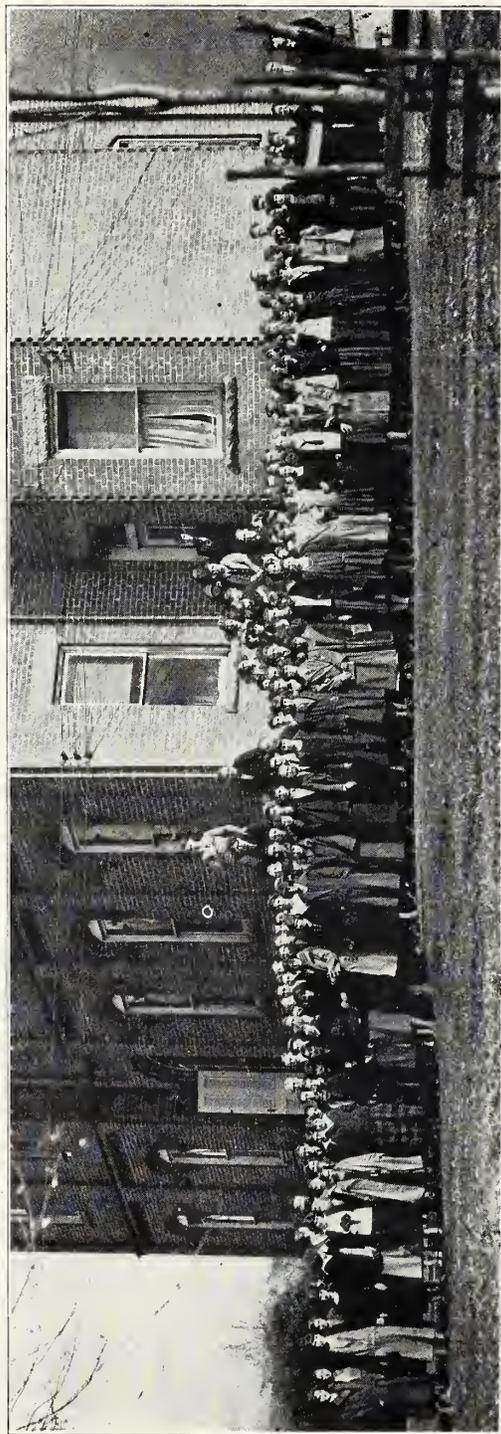
The Debating Team for the year of '25 were not victorious, but still we are proud of them. They met their first opponents at Paintsville, Kentucky, where they made a loyal stand, but were not declared victorious by the judges.

The members of the team are: Pofessor Frank D. McClelland, Coach; Henry Scott, Class of '26; Misses Durie Blanton and Lassie Hackney, Class of '25.



MEMBERS OF LAMDA SIGMA LITERARY SOCIETY

- |                              |                  |                     |                    |
|------------------------------|------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| Mildred Smith (Pres.)        | Serilda Huffman  | Elizabeth Coyer     | Robert Robinson    |
| Newton Horn (Vice-Pres.)     | Kelsa Gearheart  | Wyatt Jarrett       | Ila Scott          |
| Miles Thacker (Sec'y)        | Queenie Trivette | Frank D. McClelland | Mr. Simmons        |
| Lassie Hackney (Treas.)      | Ira Hall         | Margaret Kern       | Eary Adkins        |
| Richard Jones (Sgt.-at-Arms) | Myrtle Hughes    | Durie Blanton       | Carl Hatcher       |
| Durie Blanton (Chaplain)     | Bill Runyon      | Bess Trivette       | Charles Moore      |
| Maxie Moore (Pianist)        | Alice Bruce      | Miss Neill          | Nora Salyers       |
| Andrew Hollars               | Henry Scott      | Nell Johnson        | Kansada McCoy      |
| Ercelle Looney               | Mary E. Michael  | Ruth Harmon         | Maxie Moore        |
| John Lewis                   |                  |                     | Josephine Hatfield |



ACADEMY AND COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENTS



## COOKING CLASS

### COOKING CLASS DURING LABORATORY PERIOD

RUTH STONE

MAUDIE WRIGHT

QUEENIE TRIVETTE

LAURA TRIVETTE

FRONA TACKET

REBECCA MOORE (Not in Picture)

MISS MARGARET KERN (DOMESTIC SCIENCE TEACHER)



## SEWING CLASS

Sewing Class Wearing Dresses Made During Class Under Instruction of  
Domestic Science Teacher

STANDING (LEFT TO RIGHT)

ILA SCOTT

JOSEPHINE HATFIELD

EDITH WALTERS

SERILDA HUFFMAN

MISS MARGARET KERN (D. S. TEACHER)

SEATED (LEFT TO RIGHT)

FANNIE GEARHEART

EULA LEE BARRETT

WINNIE ROGERS

LEXIE FRANCISCO



## PIKEVILLE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

Under direction of Miss Neel, Vocal Teacher, a Girls' Glee Club has been developed, of which we are very proud. They have given some excellent recitals during the year. Those enrolled are:

### STANDING (LEFT TO RIGHT)

MARYLAND HOLBROOKE  
LASSIE HACKNEY  
HELEN SCOTT

RUTH HARMAN  
MILDRED SMITH  
FANNIE SMITH

### SEATED (LEFT TO RIGHT)

HELENA KEEL  
MARGERY HARMAN  
ALICE BRUCE

VIRGINIA HATCHER  
SERILDA HUFFMAN  
MAXIE MOORE

MISS NEEL, VOCAL TEACHER

THOSE ENROLLED BUT NOT IN THE PICTURE ARE:

MARION AUXIER

GERTRUDE EVANS

VIRGINIA GENTRY



**LAYING OF CORNER STONE OF NEW  
ADMINISTRATION BUILDING**

**PIKEVILLE, KY., APRIL 17, 1925**

(LEFT TO RIGHT)

DR. EDGAR P. HILL, *Secretary of the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church.*

REV. LAYTON HOWERTON, *Pastor of the Baptist Church.*

MR. GILLIES, *Officer of the McKinney Steel Corporation.*

DR. JAMES F. RECORD, *President of Pikeville College.*

VALE

In the course of many years,  
Friends like these might be forgotten;  
We have made this for your reference—  
For your thoughts of yesterdays.

—The Staff

Cottage Special

# THE RECORD

Cottage Special

VOLUME FOUR WEDNESDAY, NOV. 28, 1924 NUMBER FOUR

## HISTORY OF THE MODEL COTTAGE

Runts ... ed; Beat Why Advertise  
P. ... s Twice  
... teers



**BLANG FOGLESONG**  
EDITOR  
Hallowe'en Party



**SERILDA HUFFMAN**  
BUSINESS MANGER



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New System  
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Athle

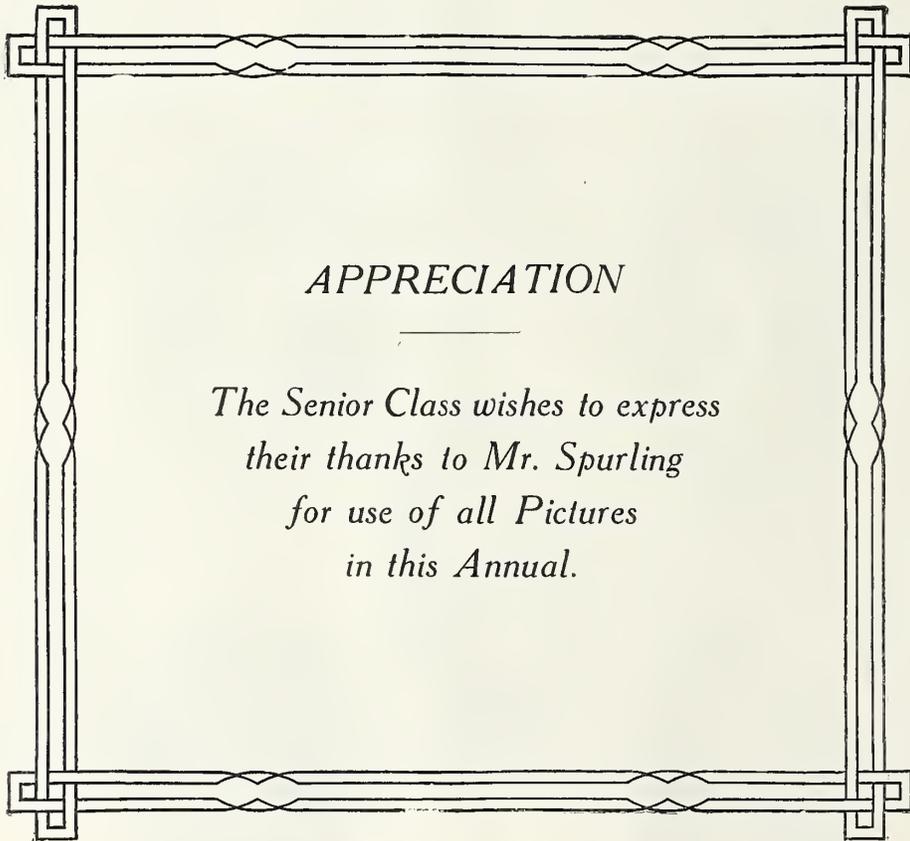


**WYATT JARRETT**  
ASS'T EDITOR



**MARGERY HARMON**  
ASS'T EDITOR

NEWTON HORN, Assistant Business Manager.  
HENRY SCOTT, Advertising Manager.  
(Not in picture)



*APPRECIATION*

---

*The Senior Class wishes to express  
their thanks to Mr. Spurling  
for use of all Pictures  
in this Annual.*

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SO DO ALL WHO EAT AT

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Prompt Service and Shipments.

## — COLLEGE PEP —

Little Brother—"Sister, I think if I wasn't here Cecil would kiss you."

Sister—"Leave the room instantly, you bad boy."

✦ ✦ ✦

Mr. McClelland—"Radium is constantly giving off particles of itself, yet it never gets any less."

Jack—"That's the kind of stuff they ought to make money of."

✦ ✦ ✦

Said Atom to Molecule, "Oh, come unite with me";

Said Molecule to Atom, "There's no affinity."

✦ ✦ ✦

To a college man the most insulting thing as a gift is a pocketbook.

✦ ✦ ✦

Miss Craig—"Dolly, when did the Revival of Learning take place?"

Dolly—"Just before Exams."

✦ ✦ ✦

Prof. Greenlee (in geometry)—"What did Archimedes discover when he was taking his bath?"

Bright One—"Dirt."

✦ ✦ ✦

Junior—"What do you think of the Junior team?"

Senior—"It beats me."

Of all sad words of tongue and pen,  
The saddest are these: I've flunked again.

✦ ✦ ✦

Soph.—"Ever homesick?"

Fresh.—"Yes; that's why I left."

✦ ✦ ✦

He had fallen for her. They were in classes together, but she didn't speak to him. By desperate means he finally met her. They were alone. His dream had come true.

"How's your Math?" she asked.

"Good," he replied. "How's your Anatomy?"

"I think you're horrid!" she exclaimed.

✦ ✦ ✦

Alice—"Is he good at spinning a yarn?"

Holly—"Yes, but he sometimes gets tangled up in the thread of the story."

✦ ✦ ✦

Teacher—"Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels?"

Senior—"Unquestionably."

Teacher—"What is it?"

Senior—"I've just told you."

✦ ✦ ✦

Everett Sloan—"I'm trying to grow a moustache, and wonder what color it will be when it comes out?"

Dusty—"At the rate it's growing, I think it will be gray."

# SANITARY DRY CLEANING CO.

Master Dry Cleaners



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KENTUCKY

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**National Bank**

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Surplus, \$ 20,000.00

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J. E. Ratliff, Vice-President.

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**IMPERATOR**

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THE FLOUR THAT MADE  
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Furniture  
Co.**

(INCORPORATED)

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

—  
**"In the Busy Block"**

PIKEVILLE, KY.

## COLLEGE PEP

Miss Neel—"Ruth, can you sing a solo?"  
Ruth—"No; I'm sorry, but I can't duet."



Margery—"Say, what's the matter with those jokes I sent in?"

Editor—"Well, some of them I've seen before. The rest I haven't seen yet."



Prof.—"All men descended from monkeys. Am I right?"

Any Bored Student (in thought)—"Yes; but who kicked the ladder out from under you?"



Freckles—"Cecil sure is getting roun' with this new typewriter of his. I hear they go somewhere every night."

Jack—"Yep; she's a regular Remington Portable."



Miss Craig—"What do you say when you step on a lady's dress?"

Freckles—"It can't be done."



### A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Lassie (studying Vergil) — "*Vicissim Luna premit.*"

Kelsa (who interrupts and says mockingly)—"We kiss him if Luna permit. You'd better put away that nonsense and study your Latin."



Laura—"Do I have any mail?"

Newton (mailcarrier) — "What's your name?"

Laura—"You'll find it on the envelope."

Anybody — "What do you expect to be when you get out of High School?"

Most Students—"An old man."



"What is it makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"

"Worry over the thoughts of how near it is to falling, I guess."



Madeline—"He said after we were married we would share each other's troubles."

Marion—"I didn't know you had any."

Mad.—"Well, I said after we were married."



Catherine Huffman—"Why don't you let us make some nitroglycerine?"

Professor—"Because we already have too many rising young chemists."



Mr. McClelland (in chemistry)—"I just read an article in the paper that read: 'Seven men killed by ethyl gas.'"

Melster—"My! What a wicked woman."



Everett—"It's a beautiful sight to watch a young girl grow into womanhood."

Arnold—"That's right. So many of them these days seem to want to grow into manhood."



Alice Bruce—"Why was 'Skinny' taken out of the game?"

Holly Matney—"For holding."

A. B.—"Oh, isn't that just like Skinny?"

# The First National Bank

ESTABLISHED 1889

Oldest Bank in the  
Sandy Valley

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60 Ways to Serve HAM WHAT AM

## COLLEGE PEP

It isn't what a girl knows that bothers us, but how she learned it.



Telegram to Friend—"Washout on line, can not come."

Reply—"Come anyway; borrow a shirt."



Miss Marshall—"What advantage did the North have over the South?"

Cecil Ramey—"They had the women."



### DUTY BOUND.

"On arriving in Frisco my mother had lots of trouble with the officials there about the Chinese vases she endeavored to bring in."

"Custom?"

"I'll say she did."



Student—"Father, what is the Board of Education?"

Father—"When I was in school it was a pine shingle."

She—"I have so much correspondence that the letters are just rolling in."

He—"Huh! They must be circular letters."



Ruth Harman—"Jack, what are you looking for?"

Jack (at bookcase)—"I am looking for the Holy Grail."



Freshie — "I want to do something big and clean before I die."

Senior--Wash an elephant."



Senior—"Are you the man who cut my hair last time?"

Barber—"I couldn't be, sir; I've only been here a year."



She—"Do you know I have a sister who is a co-ed?"

He—"Never mind, darling. I love you too much to let that stand in the way of our happiness."



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Issue policies that pay Double the face of them on Accidental Death, and they also pay \$10.00 each \$1,000 for total and permanent Disability. You are presumed to be totally and permanently disabled to work when you have been sick for three months. They pay the full face of the policy at your death, even if you have drawn out a large sum on Disability. When you are disabled to work you do not have any premiums to pay.

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