

The QUACHITONIAN 1925



*“There’s a magical spot up the river
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There’s a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.*

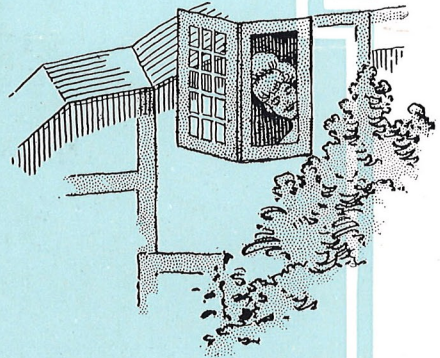
*“And the name of this spot is Ouachita,
And we buried our troubles there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of friends—oh, we loved them so!
Those laddies and lassies fair.”*

FOREWORD

"Those Sweet Old Days"

No story is so interesting as the story of life; and the most beautiful scenes are those we have acted together. This is a story of college memories.

How they come back to us, "those sweet old days"—days of youth, life, happiness, hope, and faith. Ah! how well we remember them, you and I! Then all the world was young; roses grew everywhere, but their dewy fragrance and velvet petals did not deaden the sharpness of the thorns—yet thorns make the roses sweeter. Loved and misunderstood, you and I—but, come, I must not say more—live for yourself in these pages those "dear old college days."



OUACHITONIAN



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The **OUACHITONIAN** 1925



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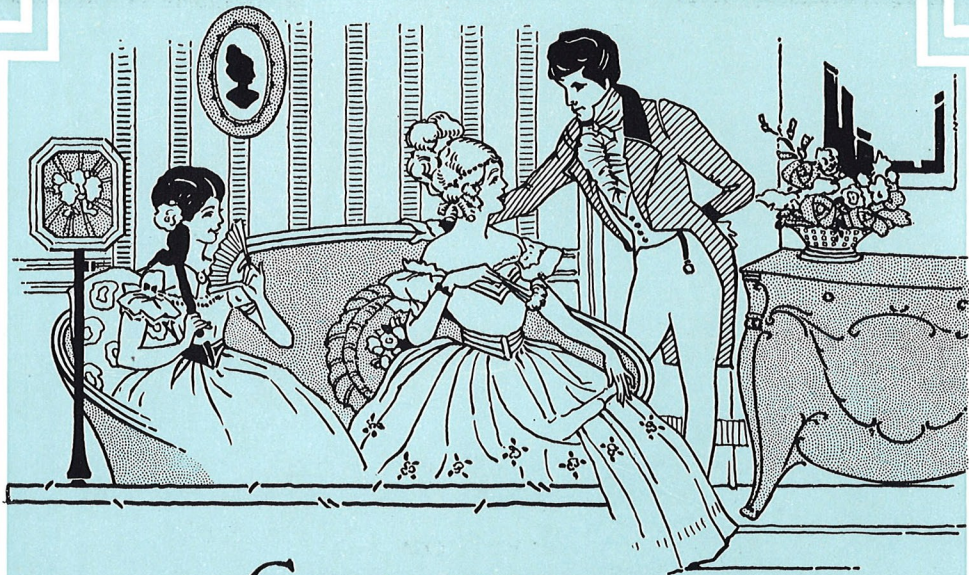




AT the beginning of the year, when we anticipated the collecting and assembling of all the material which has gone in this book, it appeared an exceedingly laborious task. But we come now to write these last lines, after hours of labor, both physical and mental, with a touch of sadness in our hearts. Perhaps it is because in the hall below the organ is softly playing some old familiar tune, or perhaps it is just the feeling that always comes with finished tasks. Yet we are happy because we believe you will find pleasure in these pages.

THE STAFF.





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Prelude

*"My loved, my honored, much respected friends!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise;
To you I sing, in simple lays,
The dearest train in life's sequestered scene;
The sweetest feelings strong, the guileless ways,
That each in college days has seen."*



DEDICATION

To show, even in a small way, our sincere appreciation of him whom we admire as a man, trust as a friend, and love as a teacher, we dedicate this 1925 edition of

THE OUACHITONIAN

to

Professor Alfred Hall

*Instructor in Voice
and Pipe Organ*





