We must always have old memories and young hopes.
We must always have old Memories and young hopes
My mind goes back to Fumin Wood, and how we stuck it out... 

R. Service
stuck it out...?
The 1973 MEMORY
is dedicated
to
MR. TED DAVIS

And to the Memory
of Oxford College
The Students . . .

Betsy Mills
Andrew Becker

Lisa O’Steen
Mark Shurett
THE OLD OXFORD CHURCH
ERECTED 1841
RESTORED 1949 UNDER DIRECTION OF
BISHOP ARTHUR J. MOORE
A SYMBOL OF OUR FATHER’S FAITH
SCENE OF MANY HISTORIC OCCASIONS
LOVED BY GENERATIONS OF EMORY STUDENTS
IT WAS FOR MANY, ANOTHER BETHEL,
THE HOUSE OF GOD, THE GATE OF HEAVEN
“REMOVE NOT THE ANCIENT LANDMARK”
PROVERBS 22:28

Old Church
Pat Alonzo
Joe vs. Steve

Dan Gilbert
Mary Wilkes
Ronnie Wershing

Scott Thompson
Mary Ward
Cyndie Trewhitt
Bubba Palmer
Melvin Williams

Paul Horowitz

Field Day

Annie Hogan and Brother

You must look into people as well as at them.
On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined, no sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet.

Bryon
Ben Witcher

Bob Bickford

A night of good drinking

Cyndie Trewhitt

is worth a year's thinking. C. Cotton

Tricia Tucker

Steve Thompson

Bridget Norris
The sport of kings.
Shakespeare

Will Lester
Bryant Durham
Jim Jones
Scott Whigham
John Whigham
Norman Shea
Frank Swisher
John Chambers
Melvin Williams
Coach Chandler
Dick Muller
Bobby Burnett
Mike Granish
Steve Kitchen
Scott Bracewell
Scott Thompson
Hollis Kezar
Our regrets to the tennis and golf teams — you weren’t chosen in time for our dead-line.

Homecoming Queen — Betsy Partin
WHO'S WHO

Frederick Brooks Arnold
Robert Aiken Burnett
William Thomas Daniel, Jr.
Ernie Camille Davis
Deborah Ann Gerhardt
Sylvia Lark Ingram
Frances Augusta Kelly
Betty Frances Partin
John Hamilton Reed, III
Martha Isabell Simpson
Judy Pauline Strickland
William Benjamin Witcher, Jr.

ETA SIGMA PSI

Alan Tannenbaum
Brooks Arnold
Chip Reed
Bonnie Bechtel
Bruce Crouch
Camille Davis
Bill Daniel
Lark Ingram
Margorie Irion
Betsy Partin
Isabell Simpson
Ben Witcher
It's nice to know, when I'm in bed
That around the world
It's day instead --
And children there are having fun,
When it's their turn
To have the sun.

— Krista Williams

I saw thousands of pumpkins last night
Come floating in on the tide,
Bumping up against the rocks and
Rolling up on the beaches;
It must be Halloween in the sea.

— Brautigan

A centipede was happy quite
Until a frog in fun
Said, "Pray, which leg comes after which?"
This raised her mind to such a pitch
She lay distracted in a ditch
Considering how to run.

— Anonymous

I rush to bargain counters.
I will not be impeded
I find such wild, strange objects.
I never knew I needed.

— McAnn

The end of the human race will be that it will eventually die of civilization.

— Emerson
ORGANIZATIONS

SENATE
Chip Reed
Bruce Crouch
Bill Daniel
Isabell Simpson
Scott Trotter
Dan Toland
Bill Piontek
Mike Carcin
Norman Shea
Karen Carling
Betsy Partin
Beverly Peden
Lark Ingram
Tricia Tucker
Suzanne Johnson

SAC
Bruce Crouch
Joe Lopez
Isabell Simpson
Debbie Gerhardt
Brooks Arnold
Bonnie Bechel
Jimmy Stewart
Dan Bertoch
Sara Branch
Beverly Peden
Harriet Fern
Libby Maupin
Alice Kilgo
Bobby Pennington
Leon Smith
MAC
Ben Witcher
Kear Davidson
Dan Bertoch
Brooks Arnold
Bill Lyons
Steve Kitchen
Jimmy Stewart
Robert Larina
Scott Roach
Chip Reed
Brad Dickson

WAC
Camille Davis
Tricia Tucker
Annie Hogan
Judy Strickland
Isabell Simpson
Kay Koon

IAC
Tim Wilson, Melvin Williams, Jimmy Stewart, Richard Reid, Joe Lopez, Fran Kelly, Elizabeth Fletcher, Marty Bartels, Jan Sowell
DOOLEY'S DOLLS
Cindy Lee, Jan Blackwell, Karen Carling, Ann Laughlin, Deborah Gerhardt, Sheila Allen, Mary Jo Anderson, Denise Bernard, Mary Bowen, Parti Connor, Pam Croft, Gay Cox, Susan Hill, Margaret Hinson, Beverly Holland, Betty Hunt, Lark Ingram, Fran Kelly, Pam Lawhorn, Sue O'Brien, Zan Osborne, Pam Pistell, Pam Robb, Tricia Smyke, Karen Stonecypher, Mark Wilkes, Mary Helen Williams, Pam Mueller.

CIRCLE K
Brooks Arnold
Ben Witcher
Scott Rosch
Reay Davidson
Bobby Barnett
Brad Dignan
Robert Lunn
Chia Reed
Jimmy Stewart
Bobby Sullivan
Alan Tannenbaum
Tim Vinson
Dan Berroth
Les Jeffries
David Meadows
Richard Reed
Bruce Crowen
Dan Toland
Luke Upham
Joe Lopez
Mike Caran
Bill Daniel
Julie Stroickland, Betty Farrin — Sweethearts

SPOKESMAN
Margaret Ison

MEMORY
Harriet Poole
Deborah Gerhardt
Barbara Rule
SCC
Betsy Partin
Les Jeffries
George Hanna
Ben Witcher
Camille Davis

HONOR COUNCIL
Lark Ingram
Frank Powell
Judy Strickland
Thomas Bartenfeld
Kay Koon
Susan Turner

RAC
David Hayward
Robert Burnett
Gayla Dial
One of the Worlds Best Kept Secrets

Bill Daniel — Best guy

Betsy Partin — Best gal

DODICY
DOOLEY’S LETTER

Morrah Morrah

DOOLEY 137 years old and deathless have seen many happenings under my Oxford sky. But never have I seen shenanigans like those of this past year. 1972–73 was colorful and fun, thanks to my enterprising students, who, ever lived up to their reputations for spreading harmless discord.

FALL QUARTER
— leadership conference. Leaders exercise new drinking rule before it goes into effect. Judging from your behavior, who plans to lead who?
— final freshman orientation, Sophomores get a long story at freshman crop and make immediate plans for reaping the harvest.
— My students once again register and begin classes while the SAC and MAC collect their money for the year
— Convocation was again impressive, boring as I heard the history of Oxford for the 157th time.
— My campus assumes the quality of a chicken coop as freshmen scramble around in utter confusion.
— ‘Frick! Day’ replaces ‘Fat Week’ thanks to a few sympathetic sophomores.
— Couples form in record time as always.
— Freshman skirts were entertaining at Stone, showed its egg throwing capabilities.
— Buzz Jacokey is back and running for another quarter.
— Jimmy Stewart reveals himself as my voice.
— Breezy Jacokey is back and running for another quarter.

THE WINTER QUARTER
— WINTER QUARTER — Classes are awoken to find their cars relocated, one on the steps of Seney, one in the entrance of Haygood, etc., etc.
— Seney’s ring becomes nearly nonexistent with the loss of a few essential parts despite the effort of a few to keep it ringing.
— As the quarter draws to a close, students anticipate the overwhelming exam week with hopes of not being廁渇ed in the holocaust of finals as some students seem to have been, right, Chip?
— Finals are taken, the quarter concludes, and my students take a long, well deserved break.

WINTER QUARTER
— Classes resume with the reunion of many friends and thoughts of things to come.
— My students were pleased to find a new gym floor.
— THE ICE AGE COMMETH AND THE LIGHTS GO OUT. My male students took advantage of the darkness by surprising the ladies with a surprise visit, en masse.
— With no electricity, my students were forced into a six day holiday in which all had a good time.
— The question of who will be traffic cop comes to light — Van? Joe?
— A mortal illness spreads over the campus and the infirmary overflowed.
— Darryl makes his second appearance before the conduct council.
— HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME. I arrive on campus for my birthday dance, a birthday I’ll always remember.
— The ski trip proceeds as planned, shortened by a day.
— My campus welcomes the return of an old student, who through some trickery lands a job as ‘administrator’, right, Trudick?
— Nixon calls an end to the Viet Nam war and students hold a memorial service in honor of the cease fire.
— My college lost one of its closest alumni — Rev. Cline.
— The 50’s return to Oxford with Vince Vance in a gala occasion sponsored by all and resulting in the ‘absolute mortification’ of Ted Davis.
— Chemistry 102 students get an early start studying for their final.
— This quarter celebrates my birthday and others too. Often celebrations are quite bizarre, yours, Mike, for example. Did the girls like your birthday suit?
— With the winter season my campus usually seems shrouded by clouds, day and night but there seems to have been an ample supply of moonbeams regardless.
— The quarter draws to a close as this diary. Annals, like mortals, are slaves to time but remember, DOOLEY IS ETERNAL!!!

Spring quarter promises many wonderful things. Praise is due for the student government and the faculty for the job they have done well. In addition, thanks be to the annual staff headed by Harriet Feno and Debbie Gerhardt, for making possible the mortal representation of this past year. ’72–’73.

Remember, mortals, the value and worth of something is all that you yourself make it. What Oxford has been is, and will be, depends on her students and alumni.
PLACES WHICH MEAN MORE

"My place is my bed, in which I have so often wept,"
a woman patient told me.
We all have places which mean
more to us than others,
because of the particular experiences
with which they are connected.
For my wife and me, for instance,
our car is one such place,
because in it we have had many a heart-to-heart talk,
while on the road and out of reach
of the telephone and such-like interruptions.
Or there is a certain stretch of seashore,
or a clearing in the forest,
because they were the scene
of decisive turning-points in our lives.
— Paul Tournay
Hello out there, world:
It's me in here.
Can't you see me?
What? You're having trouble hearing me?

But I'm in here;
Yes, that's right.
Inside where?
Inside myself, of course.

The outside shell is very thick;
I'm having trouble getting out.
Who am I? You say I don't sound like myself?
That's because you've never heard me.

This other guy? Oh, he's the shell I told you about.
You say that's me?
No, I'm in here.
He's just my protection.

Protection from what?
From you, the world.
I can't be hurt here.
You see, my shell keeps you away.

You, the world; so pain
I'm safe in here,
I will never be laughed at.
The shell? Oh, he doesn't mind laughter.

Come to think of it,
I'm comfortable in here.
Why should I leave?
Hello world, still listening?

What is that, world?
I thought for a minute you said something.
It was a faint voice;
It sounded human, real, I thought.
I thought it was answering me.

Maybe not.
I can't hear too well inside this shell.
Well, I feel funny, sleepy,
And it's so comfortable in here, world.
— Barson
What are you hiding from?
I don't think I understand how you feel, or why.
I try to understand because you intrigue me.
Why are you afraid?
Why do you smile like that?
Do you know something I don't?
Life must treat you pretty well.
You know, I envy your world.
You seem so safe and comfortable.
Can I crawl in with you?
Is your shell big enough for both of us?
If it's not, that's all right.
There are plenty of empty shells around.
— Barbara Rule

He doesn't know the world at all.
Who stays in his nest and never goes out.
He doesn't know what birds know best
Nor what I sing about,
That the world is full of loveliness.

When dewdrops sparkle in the grass
And earth's aflood with morning light,
A blackbird sings upon a bush
To greet the dawning after night
Then I know how fine it is to live.

Hey, try to open up your heart
To beauty, go to the woods someday.
And we have a wreath of memory there
Then if the tears obscure your way
You'll know how wonderful it is to be alive.

— Written by an anonymous child
in Terezin Concentration Camp
Is it so small a thing
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved,
To have thought,
To have done?

— Arnold

When you have great gifts, what answer to the meaning of existence should one require beyond the right to exercise them?

— Auden

I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

— Anonymous
I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential parts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived.

— Thoreau

Like all good teachers the world repeats her lesson over and over with endless variety: she spells the name of love.

— J.W.A.

All the complicated details of the air and the lightning are completed! A liquid moon moves quietly among the long branches. Thus having preserved their boughs against a sure winter, the wise trees stand sleeping in the cold.

— Williams
Best birthdays are never simple stairways
But more a spiraled circle that can use two years of us
We find others turning in this Career Race
Make beams, those sides, head west or drop out
And once we're run, it seems too late to catch some recollections.

But it is not
Stop. Ease Time awhile.
I thought I'd tell you
I've loved you for memories
Fading scenes of these days will make warm companions
In my future evening.

Take a fine long look at what will have been friend
I won't be the same again
Remember what I was, try to find out what I am
You can't walk this way another time around
Just a few more minutes and will all be over
And there'll be no one left to recall
So don't waste my carnival
Games nearly run and castles burn quickly
Were already finished when we've seen that we begin.
And I thought I had lost you
I found myself disoriented
from the carnival days and nights
of big celebrations
not sleeping pouring in knowledge for days
I had forgotten
what the purpose was supposed to be
And I gained it
that great golden knowledge
that will keep me from starving
as I grow old
why is it this way

You build a life
dependent on your relationships
a whole lifetime that only last sixteen months
and then it is slipped from under your feet
and you grab at anything to keep from falling down

I suppose when we're gone we'll forget the faces
and remember $E=mc^2$
but we can never forget the place, the town
the sleepy classes and fights with the registrar
and we'll look back over our books when we're a hundred
and three and say

My, my that was a long time ago
and perhaps remember the days
when we cried and remember the nights
of laughter and we'll never deny that
Oxford was something - a loss for the world
because no one can leave this place without
being changed
Oxford I call you and hope you hear - you definitely exist
(I will remember Einston Rugh)
For memory has painted this perfect day
With colors that never fade.
And we find at the end of a perfect day
The soul of a friend we've made.
— Booth

Involvement with people is a very delicate thing. It takes real maturity to get all involved and not get all messed up.
— Cooke

Some of the ablest,
most sensitive young people
in contemporary America
are engaged in varying levels of rebellion
because they oversimplify matters.
They view the world
as an asylum in which the sick
have stolen the keys
and periodically lock up.
Those who try out for reason.
— Wieschler

When youth overtakes love... he forgets his soul... and his whole life
becomes a reality... of sweet dreams.
— Gibran
“Real isn’t how you are made,” said The Skin Horse. “It’s a thing that happens to you. When a child loves you for a long, long time, not just to play with, but really loves you, then you become Real.”

“Does it hurt?” asked the Rabbit.

“Sometimes,” said The Skin Horse, for he was always truthful. “When you are Real, you don’t mind being hurt.”

“Does it happen all at once, like being wound up?” he asked, “or bit by bit?”

“It doesn’t happen all at once,” said the Skin Horse. “You become. It takes a long time. That’s why it doesn’t happen to people who break easily, or have sharp edges, or who have to be carefully kept. Generally, by the time you are Real, most of your hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out, and you get loose in the joints and very shabby. But these things don’t matter at all because once you are Real, you can’t be ugly, except to people who don’t understand.”

— Williams

If I had three children all in a row
their names would be Soft Rain, Sunshine and Rainbow.

Soft Rain would be a quiet child
With soft old-fashioned charms,
And whenever I needed comforting
I would take her in my arms.

And when everything was going wrong,
And the world was going too fast,
I would go to Sunshine and gain
Strength from her gentle laugh.

Rainbow would learn a little from
Each sister who came before.
She would join with me in my sorrow
But when she thought I’d grieved enough
She would smile at me and sing to me.

And I would be so happy just knowing I was loved.
What mother could be more proud than I?
Not only do they make a wonderful family,
They also make a wonderful day.

— Pat Alford
Before me peaceful,
Behind me peaceful,
Under me peaceful,
Over me peaceful,
All around me peaceful
— Navajo Indian

Nuclear weapons and atomic electric power are symbolic of the atomic age; on one side, frustration and world destruction; on the other, creativity and the common ground for peace and cooperation.
— U.S. Atomic Energy Commission

I am leaving you with a gift — peace of mind and heart! And this peace I give isn't fragile like the peace the world gives. So don't be troubled or afraid.
John 14:27

Clasp the hands and know the thoughts of men in other lands
— Masefield
Govinda bowed low. Incontrollable tears trickled down his old face. He was overwhelmed by a feeling of great love, of the most humble veneration. He bowed low, right down to the ground, in front of the man sitting there motionless, whose smile reminded him of everything that he had ever loved in his life, of everything that had ever been of value and holy in his life.

— Hesse

Flow, flow, flow, the current of life is ever onward.
— Kobodaiishi

God has made the world an evolving world.
A world of change and growth;
only in man and his creative deeds
does it become
what God means it to be.
The world of man
which, changeable, fleeting
and sinful though it is,
has been granted a share
in the life of God by the God — Man.
— Rainer

Flow, flow, flow, the current of life is ever onward.
— Kobodaiishi

Flow, flow, flow, the current of life is ever onward.
— Kobodaiishi

Flow, flow, flow, the current of life is ever onward.
— Kobodaiishi

God has made the world an evolving world.
A world of change and growth;
only in man and his creative deeds
does it become
what God means it to be.
The world of man
which, changeable, fleeting
and sinful though it is,
has been granted a share
in the life of God by the God — Man.
— Rainer

Flow, flow, flow, the current of life is ever onward.
— Ko...
What does a yearbook mean unless you, yourself
and your memories are in it?
This is your personal part—
draw a picture, paste one in,
scribble a thought, or your grades,
put yourself into your book.
Man stood naked before the tree.
Starting upward he saw the thick trunk and myriads of branches
disappear without end into a hole in the sky. Eagerly
he grabbed out and touched the bark and he felt the infinite
tiny cracks in the rough surface. Taking with him his emotions,
imagination, creativity, reason, and the burden of mortality he
began to ascend the tree from its roots, and he took tools to see
every crack magnified many times and tools to measure
precisely every length, yet he knew he could never
in all his future touch and understand the veins of
each green leaf and probe the depths of each ravine.
He crawled and groped up the
tree, and behind the tree
loomed perpetual forest.
each tree it embraced
holding truth. God
is a forest of which
religions and
minds and souls of man
are but a tree. —Robert Bickford
Who are these people?
A teacher can never tell where his influence stops.

H. Adams
WHO ARE THEY?

THEY DON'T MATCH
Teachers open the door.
You enter by yourself.
Chinese proverb

Dr. Linville — Social Sciences

Mr. Mack — Humanities

Mr. Moore — Physics

Dr. Shankman — History

Mr. Robinson — Humanities

Not pictured: Mr. Gregory — Humanities
THE MEMORY

is you, is us, is our interpretation of Oxford and Oxford life. Memory is a good name because that is also its purpose. When you read this annual, I hope it brings you memories — good, bad, or indifferent. Remember the river? the Cow Palace? the Vince Vance concert? Remember the night the lights went out? when Seney's hammer was stolen? the first keg party in the girls dorm? There was so much, there is so much, our book is only a sample. Take what we offer you as Oxford, but add your own memories.

My time at Oxford is now drawing to an end. As I leave here I will take my memories with me. Within the pages of this book we have tried to capture some of those memories in pictures. I want to here thank those people who have formed my memories and also those who have helped to form this particular Memory. I hope that all who look through this book now and in later years will find their own happiness printed on these pages.

Hoping each day finds you with
"Christmas in your soul".

Debbie Gerhardt

Harriet Ferr

Thanks to George Hanna, David Langford, Bill Daniel, and Andrew Becker for their photos, to Regina Barfield for her typing, to Barbara Rule — the editor of our "blue section", and to Mr. Mack — our advisor.
CONGRATULATIONS

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At ebb tide I wrote
A line upon the sand
And gave it all my heart
And all my soul.
At flood tide I returned
To read what I had inscribed
And found my ignorance upon the shore.

K. Gibran