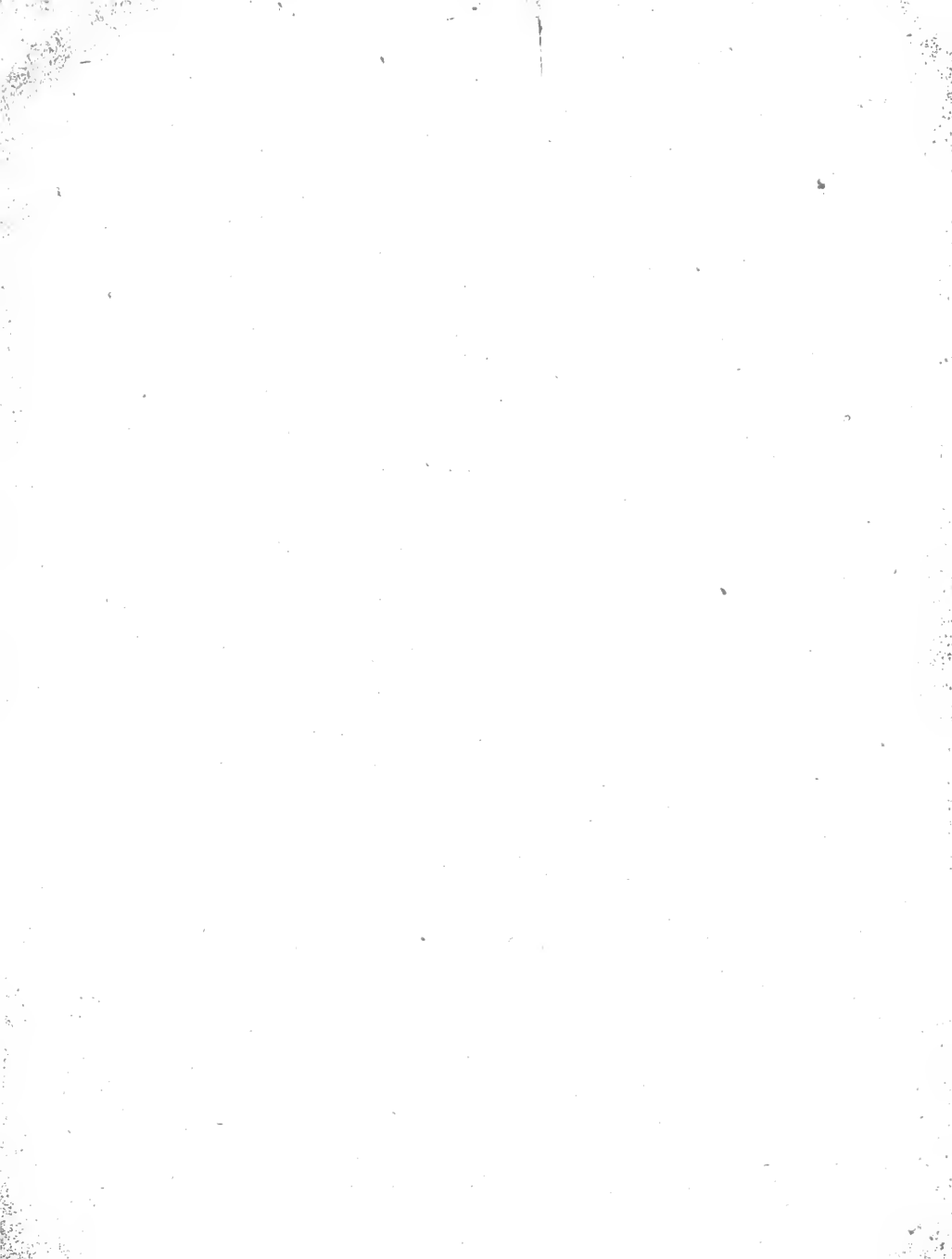


ГОЛАНДЯ

1921

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VOL. VII

MCMXXI

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# CLOWANOKA

1921



PUBLISHED BY

LUCALIAN AND ALATHENIAN  
LITERARY SOCIETIES



# Dedication

TO

PRESTON STEWART VANN

Our President, whose lofty Christian character has inspired us, whose complete identification of personal with College interests has been an example to us, and whose convictions concerning womanly conduct have indelibly impressed us, we, the Class

of 1921, affectionately dedicate

this volume of the

CHOWANOKA



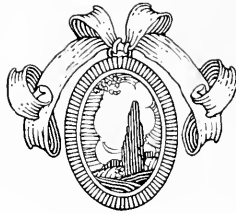




THE AVENUE OF THE PINES







## FOREWORD

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If in the years to come these pages reflect a bit of the generous share of sunshine that has brightened our lives while at Chowan, then our aim shall have been accomplished and we shall feel rewarded.

—*The Class of '21*

ADV. EDITOR: GARY.  
 BUSINESS MANAGER: FREEMAN.  
 LITERARY EDITOR: EARLY.  
 ASSO-ED. LUCALIAN: KINSEY.  
 ASSO-ED. ALATHENIAN: PILAND.  
 ASST. EDITOR - '21: CHITY.  
 ASST. EDITOR - '22: MATTHEWS.  
 EDITOR IN CHIEF: BRETT.  
 CHOWANOKA STAFF  
 ASST. EDITOR - '23: TURNLEY.  
 ASST. EDITOR - '24: CARLTON.  
 ASSO-ED. LUCALIAN: JOKE EDITOR: PARKER.  
 ASSO-ED. ALATHENIAN: ART EDITOR: FREEMAN.  
 1921  
 EVANS: HOPKINS



## ORDER *of* CONTENTS



- I. *Classes*
- II. *Organizations*
- III. *Literary Department*
- IV. *Clubs*
- V. *Athletics*
- VI. *Jokes*



# Senior Class

---

## OFFICERS CLASS OF 1921

Susie M. Brett	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President	
Ethel M. Freeman	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Doris P. Chitty	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Eva G. Gary	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Poet
Theodolinda E. Early	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Historian



## Senior Class History

---

Our class has reached its goal after having been repeatedly added to and subtracted from. Of its nine present members only two were Freshmen together four years ago. Each of us, however, has been through the mill, and we are all on a sufficient level of sympathy to recount with united hearts the ups and downs of our college career.

From the beginning we have striven each year to live up to the principles embodied in our name. No Freshmen could have been fresher than we. When the mighty Sophs put us to bed, soon after our arrival at Chowan, we little ones ably retaliated by giving them the paddling which they justly deserved. Throughout this year of our infancy we were a constant source of embarrassment, if not terror, to the Sophomores and Seniors. Such indignities as leaving them no alternative but to wear their every day shoes to church, or, securing them behind locked doors while we ate a double share of breakfast, were commonly inflicted upon these worthies. And, as for their holding a class meeting undisturbed—it was simply out of the question!

We came back the second year with a wise determination to show our successors their place as newcomers in college. Puffed up with importance, we assured them that certain procedures were dangerous to the health of youngsters so unskilled in the ways of college life. Many were the trials of the Freshmen that year. If they planned a picnic, it was known to us before the guest-of-honor even dreamed of it. Once when they were making cakes for the purpose of entertaining the Juniors, somehow or other, an overmeasure of salt got into the batter. To their credit, however, we must say that they bravely ate it all and quenched their wrath with an extra supply of water. On another occasion, we Sophomores enjoyed a stolen delight, some cheese straws prepared by the Juniors for the palates of the Freshmen. As faithful allies of our sister class we frequently guarded the crow's nest while the Seniors held their councils there, thereby preventing our escapades of the preceding year from being repeated by the new Freshmen.

During our Junior year we, as prospective Seniors, conducted ourselves with budding dignity. The credit for our remarkable calmness, I fear, however, must be shared by Miss Esther Wynn, who was in charge of the College last year. Her all-seeing eye had a peculiarly soothing effect upon our mischievous natures. The one big event of the year was the Junior-Senior reception to which every college student looks forward longingly. Vain illusion, how like a shadow: sought, chased and grasped, it vanished into nothing! After weeks of thought and worry, then days of labor and more worry, the final catastrophe came in the complete failure of our attempt to "show-off" when we entertained the Senior Class.

All seven members of the Junior Class returned this year for the final bout. Besides these, we had two additions to our band. We are proud of our last year. Chowan will mean more to us in the future for our having

seen in the glory of her new raiment. The wonderful improvements effected in building and equipment, under the supervision of our beloved new President will greatly supplement our memory of our Alma Mater. In accordance with the new atmosphere of the place, we have borne ourselves with all the dignity at our command. As a side-line, our class has contributed toward the finances of the Annual by presenting at the College and three neighboring towns two amateur plays. For a graduating present to ourselves, we are planning a trip to Washington, D. C., to be made after commencement, under the chaperonage of President and Mrs. Vann.

As the Senior Class of 1921, we go forth from this institution with a fond farewell to the Past, and a hearty greeting to the future. We feel that any failure on our part to cope with the world will be due to a lacking in our original outfit, and not to any fault in our training. The brightest of hopes accompany us all as we cross the threshold to full and responsible womanhood.

—Historian.



# Class Poem

---

## A NEW PERFECT DAY

We have come to the end of our journey here,  
And we look back over the way;  
All the tests and exams we stood in fear  
While exempts made our spirits gay.  
Do you think what the end of these perfect years  
Can mean to us Seniors, nine?  
We then thought it only a vale of tears,  
But bright it's joys now shine.

We've reached on this, our Commencement Day,  
The top of the ladder steep,  
And we take the vow this day in May  
We'll all our ideals keep,  
Our dear Alma Mater's memory true  
Will never in fond hearts fade,  
And through our lives with pride we'll view  
The path to the goal we've made.

—Poet

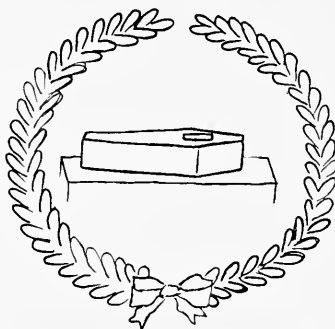
IN MEMORIAM

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TOPSY

Mascot Class '21  
died

March 17, 1921





SUSIE McGLAUGHAN BRETT, B. A.  
Winton, N. C.  
Lucalian

"With too much quickness ever to be taught  
With too much thinking to have common thought."

Editor-in-chief Chowanoka, '20-'21; Pres. Senior Class, '20-'21; Pres. Lucalian Society, '21; Vice-Pres. Lucalian Society, '20; Sec. Student Government Association, '19; Vice-President Junior Class, '19-'20; Vice-Pres. '18-'19; Sec. Lucalian Society, '18; Pres. Freshman Class, '18; Marshall, '19-'20; Member Y. W. A. Cabinet, '18-'19-'20-'21; Chairman Program Committee Lucalian Society, '17-'18-'19-'20; Chairman Poster Committee Lucalian Society, '17-'18-'19-'20; Major General Military Battalion, '20-'21.

Here is the President of our class. In more than one respect she is a remarkable character, particularly in that she has the ability to learn without studying. Sue has the reputation of being perfectly original and is always brimming full with new ideas which extend all the way from the solution of Physics problems to the control of Cupid's Arrows, the truth of the latter being in daily evidence. In truth, she is never seen without her "twin", namely, "Red" Turnley, who has for Sue as Sue for her a peculiar magnetism. Possessed of an invincible determination she is always sure to accomplish what she has once begun. After taking into consideration every quality, we pronounce Sue one of the most capable, admirable, and brilliant members of the Class of '21.





DORIS PARKER CHITTY, Piano  
Murfreesboro, N. C.  
Lucalian

"For I have ease and I have health,  
And I have spirits light as air."

Chairman Music Committee, '20-'21; Sergeant of Arms Lucalian Society, '18-'19; Censor Lucalian Society, '19-'20; Sec. Senior Class, '20-'21; Sec. Carpe Diem Club, '20-'21; Assistant Editor of Chowanoka from Senior Class.

Here is the actress of our class. From the extensive range of her voice (on the halls) one would judge that Enrico Caruso or Amelia Galli-Curci had arrived on the scene. At will Doris can make the most extraordinary gyrations, now impersonating Mary Pickford, now Irene Castle. Her super-abundance of energy finds expression in other fields, however, for she is an accomplished pianist and has spent much time and anxiety in preparing for her recital. Contrary to the usual disposition of the only child, Doris is amiable and ambitious.





THEOLINDA EUZELIA EARLY, B. A.  
Raleigh, N. C.

"We understand her by her sight. Her pure and eloquent blood spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought, that one might almost say, her body thought."

Literary Editor Chowanoka, '20-'21; Class Historian, '20-'21.

May the type of this girl never be lacking in the student body of Chowan College. Her practical, resourceful brain show her to be a born leader. Theo is a maid of forceful personality whose fixed opinions command the respect of her class-mates. Her favorite study is English and she gives promise of being another O'Henry in short story writing. She knows no such word as failure. In any task, whatever, success is always hers. With her queenly bearing, sweet disposition, and lofty manner she holds a large place in the hearts of the faculty and fellow-students.





NETTIE WORRELL EVANS, Piano  
Murfreesboro, N. C.  
Lucalian

"Age cannot wither her nor custom state her  
infinite variety."

Joke Editor Chowanoka, '20-'21; Member  
Music Committee, '20-'21; Member Y. W.  
A. Cabinet, '20-'21; Member Basketball  
team, '18-'20.

Behold the "dare-devil" of the class of '21! Nettie is a strong advocate of class spirit. Where there is fun and mischief abroad she is always present. Her eagle eyes never fail to detect the secret schemes of the under classmen and she is equally alert in the matter of originating and executing stunts of her own class. She doesn't hesitate to ascend the tower (65 feet high) in order to establish our class banner, any more than she would refrain from paddling an unruly Freshman. Aside from these facts, Nettie is equally energetic and capable both on the athletic field and in the class room. In her musical career she has done credit both to herself and to her Alma Mater.







ETHEL MAREE FREEMAN, B. A.  
Colerain, N. C.  
Alathenian

"This is the porcelain clay of human kind."

Pres. Student Government Association, '20-'21; Business Manager Chowanoka, '20-'21; Vice-Pres. Y. W. A., '20-'21; Vice-Pres. Senior Class, '20-'21; Critic Alathenian Society, '20-'21; Chairman Evening Watch Program Comm., '20; Member Y. W. A. Cabinet, '18-'19-'19-'20; Winner Alathenian Society Pin, '19-'20; Sec. Alathenian Society, '19-'20; Chief College Marshall, '19-'20; Rep. to Student Council from Sophomore and Junior Class, '19-'20; Member College Basketball Team, '18-'19; Sec. and Treas. Sophomore Class, '18-'19; Sec. Freshman Class, '17-'18; Pres. Science Club, '20-'21; Class Basketball Team, '17-'18.

Ethel's all-round capability is proved by the various trusts committed to her during her college course. As President of our Student Government Association she has held the respect and esteem of the entire student body. In fact, we regard her as the back-bone of our class. Unlike most studious girls, she is the only member of our class who has had the opportunity of "entertaining" in Chowan's renovated parlor this year. This fact goes to prove her wonderful ability to win the admiration and perhaps love of more than the inmates of Chowan.





RUTH GERALDINE FREEMAN, B. A.  
Colerain, N. C.  
Alathenian

"So well to know

Her own that what she wills to do or say,  
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."

President Alathenian Society, '20-'21; Asst. Editor Chowanoka, '21; Class Prophet, '21; Member Student Council, '18-'19-'20-'21; College Marshall, '19-'20; Winner Annie Bailey English Medal, '20; Critic Alathenian Society, '19-'20; Treas. Junior Class, '19-'20; Cor. Sec. Alathenian Society, '18-'19; Sec. Freshman Class, '18-'19; Freshman Basketball team, '18-'19; Chairman Program Committee Science Club, '20-'21; Chairman Poster and Program Committee Alathenian Society, '20-'21.

Ruth is one of the most brilliant members of our class, especially in psychology. She always has a psychological answer ready for any query. Aside from this hobby, her next greatest interest lies in the field of "Modern Art and Poetry." We think she makes an excellent critic, since she still holds that position with one "Modern Artist" after two years of service. In addition to these interests, we find her among those who reach the highest round in the ladder of success in all other fields of knowledge. Along with her intellectual ability she has the power of winning and holding the esteem, love and friendship of both student body and faculty.





EVA GERTRUDE GARY, Voice

Murfreesboro, N. C.

“The light of love, the purity of grace  
The wind, the music breathing from her face.”  
Advertising Editor Chowanoka, '21; Class  
Poet, '21; President Down Town Club, '21.

Eva is an artistic nature, her soul finding expression in both song and poetry. She waxes poetical at the slightest provocation, and thereby never fails to amuse herself as well as her class-mates. But when she appears on the stage, her poems pale into insignificance. Her voice, like herself, is gentle, sweet and delightful. Eva manifests a deep interest in political affairs, thus showing that at heart she is a suffragist—we expect great things of her.





MARY ETTA KINSEY, Piano  
Coinjock, N. C.  
Lucalian

"Is she not more than painting can express,  
Or youthful poets fancy when they love."

President Y. W. A., '20-'21; Critic Lucalian Society, '21; Member Student Council, '20-'21; Member Y. W. A. Cabinet, '19-'20; Chairman Music Committee, '19-'20; Secretary Lucalian Society, '19-'20; Treasurer Freshman Class, '18-'19.

This modest girl has meant much to her Alma Mater as well as to her class-mates. She possesses every quality which constitutes the make-up of a refined, dignified, and virtuous character. Mary has made herself felt in every thing she has undertaken, be it in the Literary Society, Y. W. A. or her daily tasks. Especially is she talented in piano. We call her "The Musician" of the student body and every one considers it a treat to hear her play. The music seems to come directly from her soul to her finger tips. How well those fingers heed the commands of her soul.





MARY GEORGIE PARKER, B. A.  
Murfreesboro, N. C.  
Lucalian

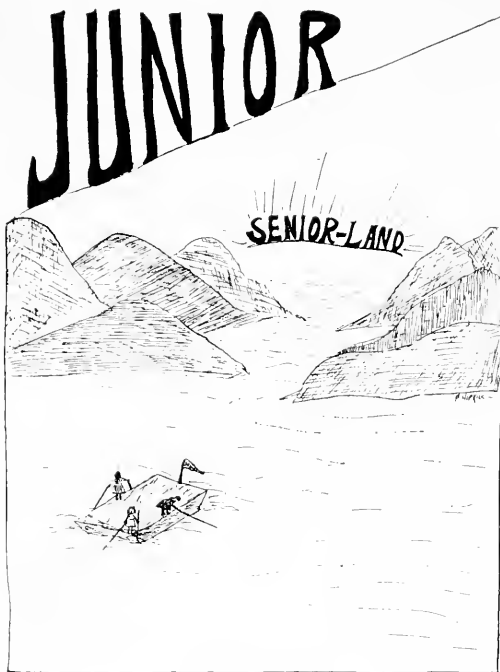
"Manners gentle, of affections mild  
In wit a man, simplicity a child."

President Lucalian Society, '20; Vice-President Student Gov. Assoc., '20-'21; Member College Basketball Team, '20-'21; Assistant Editor Chowanoka, '20-'21; Writer Last Will and Testament Class, '21; Sec. Junior Class, '19-'20; Marshall, '19-'20; Member Y. W. A. Cabinet, 19-'20-'20-'21; Sec. Student Gov. Assoc., '20; Sec. and Treas. Chorus Club, '19-'20-'20-'21; Treas. Student Gov. Assoc., '18-'19; Member Program Committee Evening Watch, '20-'21; Vice-Pres. Freshman Class, '18-'19; Member Program Committee Lucalian Society, '20-'21; Vice-Pres. Science Club, '20-'21.

For traveling in the by-ways and hedges of thought Mary can't be beaten. She can always furnish some self-evident, but previously unnoticed idea to her classes. The manner in which she expresses herself never fails to bring a smile. To every duty, however trivial, during her college career, Mary has been faithful. One never sees her strolling on the campus or shouldering her tennis racket for a game until first her lessons are prepared and the regular epistle to "Jim" is ready for mailing. Along with her studious nature, she is blessed with a sunny disposition and her jolly laugh has oftentimes been instrumental in dispelling the gloomy hours of her classmates. With this admirable spirit of endeavor and truth to herself we are glad to send her forth as a worthy representative of her Alma Mater.







## Junior History

For three long years, we've stood the test,  
This Junior class of three,  
And it's up to you, to guess the rest  
Of this Junior class of three,  
Together we've worked to reach our aim,  
This Junior class of three,  
Till with pride and fame we've won a name,  
This Junior class of three.

We once were known as the Freshmen green  
In the year 1918,  
And a pertter bunch was never seen  
Than the Freshman of '18;  
For we even dared to entertain  
The big-headed Sophomores keen,  
To serve our class they did not deign!  
And hear how they showed their spleen:

The moon was shining bright one night,  
A hay ride did we give,  
When we returned it was to fight;  
The Sophomores could not live!  
For when we started our cake to eat  
We found it full of salt,  
And our anger then reached fever heat;  
We knew 'twas the Sophomores fault!

In our Soph year, in number small,  
Three of us held the fort;  
Our aspirations did not fall  
And our Seniors gave support,  
That mother class we'll not forget,  
That was so good to us,  
Each Senior chose a Sophomore pet,  
Our bond was cemented thus.

Now, at last our Soph year past,  
A mother class are we,  
We've stored up knowledge broad and vast,  
Afar shines our degree,  
A household artist of skill is Bun,  
And Pearl the artist to be,  
While Jo as athlete high place has won—  
An all-round class, you see.

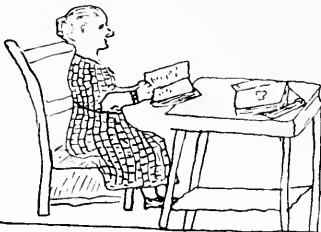
And though insignificant Juniors we're called  
We'll yet win our A. B.  
Its charm for us has never palled  
And the end we now foresee,  
We'll to all those who join us late  
A welcome guarantee,  
And let them link in with the fate  
Of this great old class of three.





# CAN YOU IMAGINE

Pearl stinking?



Bernice studying?

Joan primping?





## NOTICE!! NEWISH!!

**I**  
Thou shalt respect + show deference to  
our Seniors at all times.

**II**  
Thou shalt in all public places arise  
and give seats to Seniors or Sophomores.

**III**  
Thou shalt not attempt to break up //  
any Sophomore meetings - "BEWARE!"

**IV**  
Thou shalt put napkins around necks  
at table on Thursdays.

**V**  
Thou shalt wear no silks and satins (hose  
included) on class.

**VI**  
Thou shalt call Seniors "Miss"

**VII**  
Thou shalt not powder thy face on  
Monday Afternoons.

**VIII**  
Thou shalt LOVE, Honor, and obey our  
Seniors.

**IX**  
Thou shalt wear word "Freshman" on  
thy back to Thanksgiving Recept on.

**X**  
Thou shalt obey these Ten Commandments  
until further notice.



# SOPH



Tad

# Sophomore Class

---

Motto—Treat 'Em Rough and Make 'Em Love You

Colors—Black and Yellow

Flower—Snap Dragon

Mascot—Wild Cat

## OFFICERS

Genevieve Taylor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Helen Craig	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Emma Riddick Parker	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Lillian Alford	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

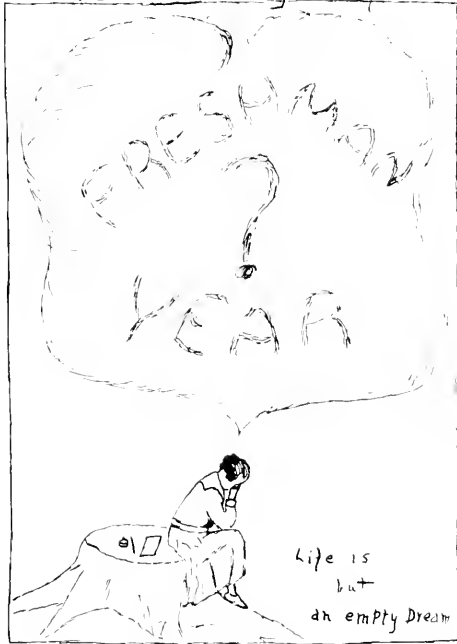
## MEMBERS

Lillian Alford  
Olivia Bridgers  
Helen Craig  
Josephine Fattrell  
Marie Griffin  
Lossie Belle Hardy  
Alice Morris

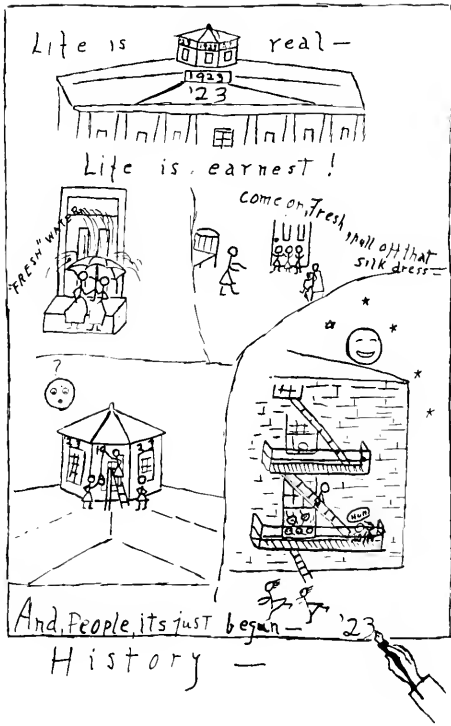
Audrey Newsome  
Nancy Parker  
Emma Riddick Parker  
Eva Perry  
Elizabeth Tadlock  
Genevieve Taylor  
Elizabeth Turnley



The Writing of

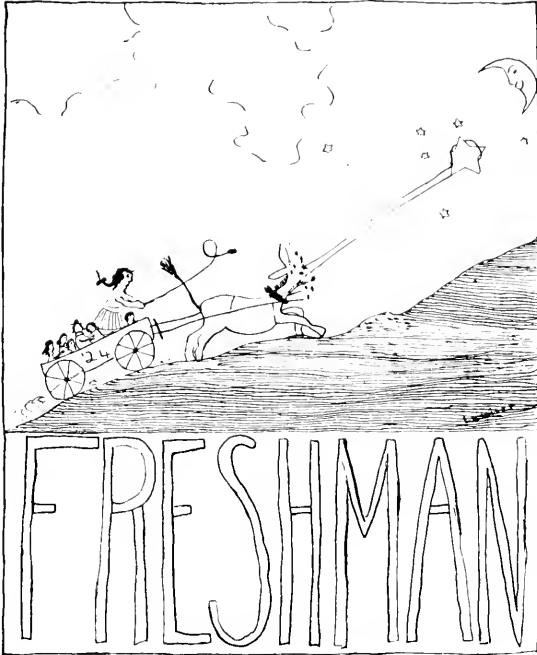


The Sophomore Class









# Freshman Class

---

Colors—Blue and Gold

Motto: Ich Kann.

Flower—For-Get-Me-Not

## OFFICERS

Minnie Dunning	- - - - -	President
Estelle Carlton	- - - - -	Vice-President
Mary Henry Lewis	- - - - -	Secretary
Edna Lassiter	- - - - -	Treasurer
Gladys Rountrye	- - - - -	Poet

## MEMBERS

Floyd Bridges	Gwendolyn Martin
Elma Brett	Annie Lee McDaniel
Elizabeth Brunsey	Gladys Rountrye
Estelle Carlton	Janie Revell
Minnie Dunning	Alma Shearin
Ruth Humbert	Jannie Ward
Bessie Jordan	Christy Whitley
Edna Lassiter	Nona Whitley
Mary Henry Lewis	

# THE S P R I N G



## Freshman Spirits

---

Our freshman year has now grown old  
But grievously o'er us it rolled,  
For we were rats with plenty of pep  
And for our boldness gained a rep.  
The Sophomore class might do its worst  
And say "Let Seniors enter first,"  
Or "Wear no powder on your face,"  
But why let Sophomores set our pace,  
For if we did how sad our lot!  
The rules of Sophs are tommyrot!

Thanksgiving Day it was decreed  
"Fresh" should be pinned where all could read,  
Instead a Sophomore had the honor  
And a lively Freshman was the donor.  
The Sophomores began the job  
Of dressing us in "suitable" garb;  
Silk hose they said, were quite forbidden,  
But we'd not be by Sophs o'erridden!

We'll take the rein the coming year  
And give the Freshman cause for fear;  
We'll train them up, take an early start,  
Not wait till they're old and think they are smart.  
Then too we'll give them sensible rules,  
Not act as if handling a lot of mules.  
In other words, we'll be merciful and just,  
Not try to humble them into the dust.

As Juniors we'll prevent the blisters  
The Sophomores will try to give our sisters,  
We'll give them our motto and say "Be Bold,"  
We'll give them our colors, our Blue and our Gold,  
And when at last we're Seniors wise  
We'll still our Freshman ideals prize;  
And one thing certain, we'll feel no shame  
Because as Freshmen we were game.

—22.

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SUE M. BRET  
SENIOR



PEARL HOPKINS  
JUNIOR



GENEVIEVE TAYLOR  
SOPHOMORE



MINNIE DUNNING  
FRESHMAN



LITTLE SISTERS







# Student Government Association







#### Y. W. A. CABINET

Perhaps in no department of our college life is there more interest and hearty cooperation than in our Ann Hasseltine Circle of our Y. W. A. work.

We feel so positively our responsibility in this mission that higher education and developed wisdom lays upon every awakened mind the wonderful promise—the glory of the morning of life that is all hope and faith and expectation.

The "Upper Room" known to the former students of Chowan College as the "Observatory", has been suitably furnished and has become the permanent meeting place of the Cabinet. Here in this "Upper Room" has turbulent confusion and troubled waters felt the gentleness of a harmonizing influence that was the "Peace be still" of the Master's voice.

The religious life of the College is actuated largely through the influence of our Y. W. A. It is responsible for the programs of the "Evening Watch."

Our circle has under its supervision six Mission Study Classes. We sent our President to the meeting of the W. M. U. in Rocky Mount.

Our officers and other members of the Cabinet have been earnest and faithful to perform every duty.

#### MEMBERS

Mrs. P. S. Vann  
 Mary E. Kinsey  
 Ethel Freeman  
 Edna Lassiter  
 Josie Futrell  
 Pearl Hopkins  
 Josie Piland  
 Genevieve Taylor  
 Eva Perry  
 Emma Riddick Parker  
 Doris P. Chitty

Ruth Freeman  
 Nancy Parker  
 Mary Parker  
 Gladys Rountrype  
 Sue Brett  
 Nettie Evans  
 Alma Shearin  
 Floyd Bridgers  
 Marie Griffin  
 Estelle Carlton



## Student Volunteer Band

ORGANIZED 1920

Teacher	- - - - -	Mrs. P. S. Vann
Leader	- - - - -	Estelle Carlton

Slogan: How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things.—Romans 10:15.

### ROLL

Gladys Bateman  
 Susie Brett  
 Olivia Bridgers  
 Foyd Bridgers  
 Estelle Carlton  
 Josephine Futrell  
 Marie Griffin  
 Helen Grant

Mary Kinsey  
 Mary Henry Lewis  
 Gwendolyn Martin  
 Elizabeth Turuley  
 Elizabeth Topping  
 Eva Perry  
 Alma Shearin

Lucalian Literary Society  
Officers



# Lucalian Literary Society

Motto: "We make light to shine."

Colors: Green and White.

Flower: Lily of the Valley

## OFFICERS

Mary Parker	- - - - -	President
Susie Brett	- - - - -	Vice-President
Audrey Newsome	- - - - -	Secretary
Foyd Bridges	- - - - -	Treasurer

## MEMBERS

Nora Anderson	Gwendolyn Martin
Susie Brett	Alice Warren Morris
Gladys Bateman	Bernice Matthews
Elma Brett	Audrey Newsome
Foyd Bridges	Mary Parker
Doris Chitty	Vera Parker
Estelle Carlton	Louise Parker
Letha Carter	Eva Perry
Minnie Dunning	Janie Revell
Nettie Evans	Genevieve Taylor
Marie Griffin	Elizabeth Topping
Helen Hedgepeth	Sarah Vaughan
Janet Hedgepeth	Erma Vaughan
Bessie Jordan	Christie Whitley
Gladys Jenkins	Nora Whitley
Mary Kinsey	Mary Whitley
Mary Henry Lewis	Winnie Whitley
Dare Vinson	



LUCALIAN SOCIETY

# Alathenian Literary Society

Motto: "We seek truth and wisdom."

Colors: Pink and Green.

Flower: Sweet Pea.

## OFFICERS

Ruth Freeman	- - - - -	President
Pearl Hopkins	- - - - -	Vice-President
Josie Piland	- - - - -	Secretary
Emma Riddick Parker	- - - - -	Treasurer

## MEMBERS

Askew, Jewell	Lassiter, Edna
Aydlette, Naomi	Lewis, Ruth
Alford, Lillian	Mitchell, Lottie
Brunsey, Elizabeth	McDaniel, Annie Lee
Bridgers, Olivia	Morehead, Page
Corey, Ruby	Nesbit, Margaret
Craig, Helen	Parker, Emma Riddick
Futrell, Josephine	Parker, Nancy
Freeman, Ethel	Piland, Josie
Freeman, Ruth	Rountrye, Gladys
Grant, Helen	Skinner, Mary Louise
Grant, Wilmer	Spruill, Mary
Hardy, Ennice	Suipes, Bettie May
Hardy, Lottie Belle	Shearin, Alma
Hopkins, Pearl	Sandlin, Bessie
Holloman, Ruth	Turnley, Elizabeth
Holloman, Lucille	Taylor, Margaret
Humbert, Ruth	Tadlock, Elizabeth
Humphrey, Jennie	Ward, Janie





OFFICERS

Ruth Freeman	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Pearl Hopkins	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Josie Piland	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Emma R. Parker	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer



ALATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



# Dawn

Genevieve Taylor, '23

---

When with the dawn the soaring lark starts singing,  
    And all the world of nature stirs from sleep,  
And when the sun arises, her message bringing,  
    And sweet contentment o'er our hearts doth sweep,  
And when the banished and shadowy elves of night  
    Seek distant refuge from its shining rays,  
Then the glorious morning bursts upon our sight  
    Declaring to us the beauty of Spring's sweet days,  
Then little buds from dewy beds arise,  
    And lift their pretty nodding heads aloft,  
As fades the morning star in the ethereal skies,  
    And the winds o'er land and sea sweet perfumes doth waft,  
Then comes to us the truth of God's great love,  
Which mortal hearts to gratitude doth move.

## Sunset

---

Emma Riddick Parker, '23

---

A glorious hue o'er spreads the changing sky,  
And jasper, sapphire, amethyst, and jade,  
Fling out their banners brilliantly on high;  
And when the matchless colors slowly fade,  
'Tis then the sun sets o'er the shadowed hill,  
'Tis then Aurora closes the gates of day,  
Twilight comes and all the land is still  
And through the trees we see the sun's last ray;  
The gloom that stands as porter at the gate  
Forbids one single fleecy cloud remain,  
The evening star climbs to his place to wait,  
And silence o'er all the land doth reign.  
And while we sit and watch it softly fade  
Come visions of other days with beauty laid.

## The Lady Principal as Principal Lady

---

Theodolinda Euzelia Early, '21

---

"Now girls," began Miss Wooten in a matter-of-fact manner, "let's have a *concise* and *decisive* talk about this Fair business."

At the first tap of the big college bell all the girls had assembled in the chapel anticipating good news from the result of a petition signed by all of them, and passed in the preceding night. The plea was for just one night to go to the County Fair. Of course they expected to be allowed to go at least one day. But what is a whole day of plain daylight—fair with its tables of needlework and canned goods, its array of pure-bred horses and full-blooded Plymouth Rocks, in comparison to one romantic and ecstatic hour at night? Under the glamour of the twinkling lights the merry-go-round, the slur and jerk of the Whip, and the up-and-around of the Ferris Wheel, while the band plays, "Whisper and tell me that you love me," produce a thrill unknown to the young heart by day.

"Yes," continued Miss Wooten, "the Faculty has carefully considered the pros and cons of your petition, and I want to explain to you why we cannot grant it."

There was almost a jar of relaxation throughout the room as the girls faces fell.

"We consider it not advisable for Chowan College to be represented at the usual night performance of a Fair Carnival. I think that when you meditate upon the matter, you will see why we forbid your going, and that the reasons are real ones." Heartless and triumphant the words fell.

Of all the crest-fallen expressions, surely the most forlorn was that of Nellie Wooten, the younger sister of the lady principal. With the exception of their present contrasted expressions, the face and figure of one sister was an almost exact counterpart of that of the other. Miss Wooten's superiority of eight years did not make her black hair one whit less glossy than that of eighteen-year-old Nellie, nor did it lessen the brilliancy of her dark eyes. In fact, the younger rather than the older Miss Wooten, bore the school-teacher's tag—tortoise-rimmed spectacles.

As they filed out of Chapel with funeral step, Nellie whispered petulantly to her elbow neighbor:

"John Brown it! Now I've got to call Joe and change all our plans. I know sister is at the bottom of it all, for she has said all the time that she did not want me to go."

She went directly to the telephone office and called her beau-of-the-moment, Joe Banks.

"Is that Joe?—This is Nellie. I'm so mad, I don't know what to do. We can't go to the Fair next week, except one old afternoon like we did last year. Sister ——— What? Do you mean it? Is anyone listening at you? ——— I've a good mind to risk it ———. Oh, won't it be jolly! ——— Yes, I'd much rather go Thursday night, so we can see the fireworks. ——— All right, I'll be out there and while you deliver a package or whatever you do, I'll be stowing myself away in the car to escape curious eyes. ——— Well, depend on me and remember that "mum" is the word. ——— Goodbye."

Tuesday afternoon while Joe and his father were chatting with a loitering customer in their store, the telephone bell tinkled. Mr. Banks being nearer, answered its call. After a brief conversation he turned and spoke in jesting tone to his son.

"Got ahead of you once, Old Boy. I think I save time for the College when I, instead of you, talk to your girl. Miss Nellie wants a pound of chocolate almonds, a box of crackers and a bottle of pickles. You'd better fix them up and deliver them now. You know girls don't like to wait."

And fix them up he did. In addition to the required articles, however, Joe inclosed in the package one of his cards bearing this message in pencil:

"I've learned that we will have to go Wednesday night instead of Thursday. Meet me at the parking place as before planned."

Finding no one in the college hall, he wrote the one name, Wooten, on the bundle and left it in a chair for the owner to find.

Happily for the conspirators, sunny Wednesday ushered in a clear moonless night. As the honk! honk! of Joe's Ford broke the solitude of the College campus, a silent figure glided swiftly from the shadow of an evergreen shrub near the fountain. In passing Joe, as he strode brazenly toward the front door with a parcel for delivery, the figure paused.

"It's all right, hurry back," it whispered.

As the sneaking much-beelooked girl approached the car, muffled voices accosted her from the back seat.

"Is that you Nell? Of course you youngsters had to be chaperoned, so William and I are going, too!"

"Oh!" she exclaimed in a low but relieved tone, as she took her place on the front seat. "It's William and Fanny, isn't it? I was so frightened because, when you first spoke, I thought that some of the girls up here had found out and were kidding me."

Within a few minutes, Joe was at the wheel, and they were speeding out of Murfreesboro. Scarcely a word was spoken until they were out of town and were gliding along the highway to Winton. Then Joe volunteered a remark as he glanced admiringly at the face peering at him from under the softly drooping hat of his companion.

"Nell, you're stunning in that hat. It goes so well with your coat. Do you remember the first time you wore it, yes when we went to the association to hear the death knell of Old Chowan when the trustees were so bent on moving it?"

"Well, I reckon," was the High School reply of the college Freshman.

"I wish you had left off those goggles though. You look too much like a school marm with spectacles Nell."

"I know it, but if I had ridden in this wind without them my red eyes would have betrayed me tomorrow."

They had gone only about seven of the twelve miles to the Fair Grounds, when an enlightening discussion of elder sisters, by Joe, was curtailed by a sudden choking and sputtering of the car. After a few spasmodic jerks and shivers, young Henry refused to render further service to the run-a-ways. With disgusted movements the two boys got out and made a thorough examination of the engine. They tightened a few screws and endeavored to crank up again. The crank, however, would not crank. Cars began to roll by, some leisurely, some rapidly; but all seemed bent upon their own errand—going to the Fair. The boys worked heroically, seeking some clue to the strange non-procedure of the Ford, while the girls giggled up their sleeves when the laborers gave vent to their exasperated feelings. About nine o'clock, William made the marvelous discovery that the gas supply was entirely exhausted.

"Well, well, what a fool I am!" ejaculated Joe, as the significance of the discovery dawned upon him. "I drove the car out with the intention of filling the tank when something else called my attention. When I went back to the car, I drove off supposing that I had got the gasoline.

"I guess we are in for it now," said Fannie, resignedly, "because I heard today that the 'phone line is down at two or three places between Murfreesboro and Winton. And as absorbed as every motorist seems in his own interests tonight, I suppose day-break will find us sitting here."

"Oh, for goodness sake, let's hope not!" exclaimed the other girl, horrified.

So there they stayed hour after hour—so it seemed. Joe produced a box of candy which he had brought for Nell. They ate and talked and then talked and ate. There was no light visible from any house. Finally the chill night air so penetrated their clothing, in spite of heavy wraps, that they promenaded up and down the road, endeavoring to keep warm.

Sometime after Joe found, by the aid of a match, that his watch registered ten-forty-five, the lights from the first car returning from Winton came into view. Surely, now, it would have time to inquire about the way-farers by his side of the road, but alas! it passed without so much as lessening speed for a moment. Pretty soon, however, another came so near running into the lightless Ford that it was forced to check its speed, and, consequently, it stopped to proffer aid.

"All we ask," said Joe, "is that you either give us enough gas, or tow us into Murfreesboro. We've been out here so long that the novelty of the situation has become stale."

Hitched to the other car, the Ford was soon pulled into a garage. There the two couples separated, Joe and his companion walking rapidly toward the college. When they reached the gate the girl paused under the big arc light.

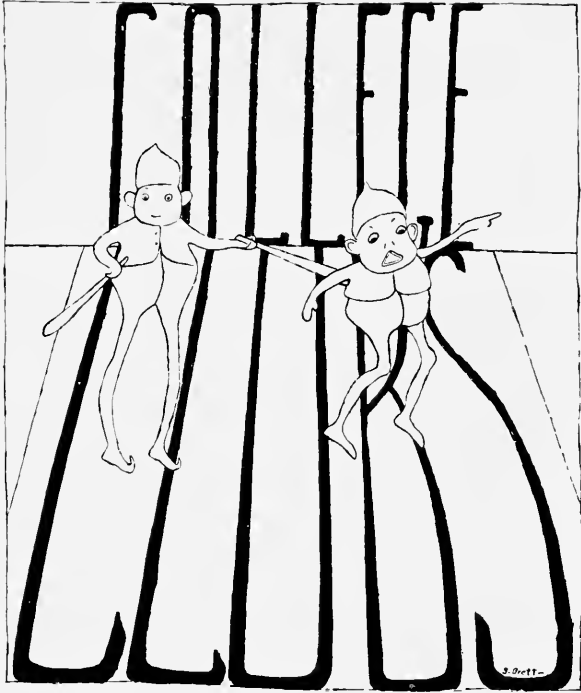
"Joe, I've had a very pleasant and instructive evening. I guess I had better go the rest of the way alone." With that sudden remark, she discarded her glasses and hat and turned her face to the light. Before the astounded boy stood Miss Wooten, the lady principal.

"The things that Nell ordered from the store yesterday were for me. She has not seen your note. Goodnight."

Not until she was well out of the light did Miss Wooten stop running. Then looking backward she beheld Joe, standing hat-in-hand, with lower jaw drooped, gazing at the spot where she had been.

Marvelous to say, the episode never leaked out. Nor did Nell go to the Fair, for Joe having a dreadful cold, was confined to his room for the remainder of the week.





# CARPE DIEM CLUB OFFICERS



GLADYS ROUNTRYE  
PRESIDENT.



ELIZABETH TURNLEY  
VICE PRESIDENT.



DORIS CHITTY  
SECRETARY.



BERNICE MATHEWS.  
TREASURER.



MARSHALS



## Piano Club

---

Miss Sarah H. White, Director

Mary Kinsey  
Audrey Newsome  
Genevieve Taylor  
Nancy Parker  
Bessie Jordan  
Annie Lee McDaniel  
Sue Lawrence  
Edna Lassiter  
Mary Louise Skimmer  
Margaret Taylor  
Nora Anderson  
Wilma Grant  
Ruth Holloman  
Naomi Aydlette  
Eunice Hardy  
Olivia Bridgers  
Eva Perry  
Mary Babb  
Doris Chitty

Lillian Alford  
Ruth Lewis  
Gladys Bateman  
Lucille Holloman  
Gwendolyn Martin  
Lottie Mitchell  
Ruby Corey  
Nettie Evans  
Eva Gary  
Mrs. Humphrey  
Frances Lawrence  
Christie Whitley  
Winnie Whitley  
Nona Whitley  
Alma Shearin  
Foyd Bridgers  
Letha Carter  
Mary Spruill



## Chorus Club

---

### ROLL

Lillian Alford  
Naomi Aydlette  
Bernice Barett  
Letha Carter  
Ruby Corey  
Doris Chitty  
Theo Early  
Nettie Evans  
Eva Gary  
Helen Grant  
Helen Hedgepeth  
Ruth Humbert  
Jennie Humphrey  
Gladys Jenkins  
Bessie Jordan  
Mary Kinsey

Ruth Lewis  
Sue Lawrence  
Gwendolyn Martin  
Annie Lee McDaniel  
Audrey Newcome  
Mary Parker  
Nancy Parker  
Louise Parker  
Vera Parker  
Janie Parker  
Mary Louise Skinner  
Mary Spruill  
Genevieve Taylor  
Margaret Taylor  
Elizabeth Turnley  
Annette White

Miss White—Pianist  
Miss Stephenson—Director



## Dramatic Club

---

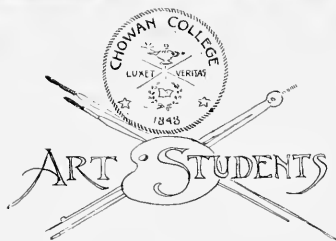
### OFFICERS

Emma Riddiek Parker	- - - - -	President
Jewell Askew	- - - - -	Vice-President
Elizabeth Turnley	- - - - -	Secretary and Treasurer
Estelle Carlton	- - - - -	Critic

### ROLL

Jewell Askew  
 Nora Anderson  
 Estelle Carlton  
 Helen Craig  
 Janet Hedgepeth  
 Annie Lee McDaniel  
 Bessie Sanderlin

Page Morehead  
 Margaret Nesbitt  
 Emma Riddiek Parker  
 John Parker  
 Mary Louise Skinner  
 Elizabeth Turnley  
 Irma Vaughan



Lillian Alford

Vertie Covington

Ruby Corey

Pearl Hopkins

Helen Hedgepeth

Janet Hedgepeth

Franees Lawrence

Alma Shearin

Elizabeth Tadlock

Wortie Vaughan



Though this may seem a class in the actor's art  
'Tis not to entertain that each takes part:  
For Eva shows the pocket on her coat  
And Ruby says, "Of sash effects take note";  
Three in the class can high-priced milliners mock.  
For Nora can make a hat as well as a frock,  
While Elizabeth Tadlock, seated in front, and Page  
Show not only gowns that are the rage  
But organdie hats of two attractive types.  
The overskirt's the hobby of Betty Mae Snipes.  
You see Elizabeth Topping and Mary Louise  
Can make the suits that every school girl please.  
A pretty little housewife's dress of plaid  
Has Bernice Matthews taken for a fad.  
And so you see each winning skillful lass  
Adds charm and talent to the SEWING CLASS.





## Cooking Club

---

“We can live without poetry,  
We can live without books,  
But civilized men  
Cannot live without cooks.”

### COOKS

Nora Anderson  
Naomi Aydlette

Mary Louise Skinner  
Elizabeth Topping



## The Science Club

---

### OFFICERS

Ethel Freeman	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Bernice Matthews	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Pearl Hopkins	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

### MEMBERS

Jewel Askew  
 Lillian Alford  
 Susie Brett  
 Gladys Bateman  
 Olivia Bridgers  
 Helen Craig  
 Verna Chitty  
 Minnie Dunning  
 Theo Early  
 Josephine Futrell  
 Ethel Freeman  
 Ruth Freeman  
 Helen Grant  
 Eunice Hardy  
 Pearl Hopkins  
 Ruth Humbert  
 Lucille Holloman

Lottie Mitchell  
 Page Morehead  
 Bernice Matthews  
 Alice Morris  
 Josie Piland  
 Emma Riddick Parker  
 Eva Perry  
 May Pendergraph  
 Mary Parker  
 Gladys Rountrye  
 Mary Spruill  
 Alma Shearin  
 Genevieve Taylor  
 Elizabeth Tadlock  
 Irma Vaughan  
 Sarah Vaughan



SENIOR CLUB



## Virginia Club

---

Meeting Place—As Near the Virginia Line As Possible.  
 Song—Carry Me Back to Ole Virginy.                      Colors—Blue and Gold

### OFFICERS

Elizabeth Turnley	- - - - -	President
Genevieve Taylor	- - - - -	Vice-President
Ruth Holloman	- - - - -	Secretary and Treasurer

### MEMBERS

Ruth Holloman  
 Lucille Holloman  
 Ruth Lewis  
 Irma Vaughan

Sara Vaughan  
 Elizabeth Turnley  
 Genevieve Taylor







## Down Town Club

---

Motto—Pull together.

Colors—Green and White.

Flower—Arbutus.

### MEMBERS

Mary Babb  
Bernice Barrett  
Meryl Britton  
Ruth Benthall  
Cloyce Futrell

Eva Gary  
Sue Lawrence  
Frances Lawrence  
Theo Early



## Pillars of Chowan

---

Motto—"Work, don't shirk."

Meeting Place—Where duty calls.

Mary Parker  
Mary Kinsey  
Ethel Freeman  
Ruth Freeman  
Theo Early  
Naney Parker

Emma Riddick Parker  
Genevieve Taylor  
Gladys Rountrye  
Josie Piland  
Pearl Hopkins  
Josie Futrell





# 400

## The Upper Four Hundred

---

Motto: "We don't give a flip."

Pass Word: "A. W. T."

Chief Occupation—Building air castles.

Chief Saying—Let'er rip.

Meeting Place—On top.

Time—Midnight.

"US"

"Tad"—Chatterer  
"Ike"—Joker  
"D. P."—Primper  
"Al"—Exaggerater

"Lil"—Loafer  
"Hel"—Eater  
"Rub"—Sasser  
"Net"—Flirter



## The Concert Touring Club

---

Helen Craig—Reader  
Ruby Corey—Soloist

Nettie Evans—Pianist  
David Day—"Genl. Manager"



JOLLY JIGGER'S JOSTLING JAZZ BAND

JOHNNY MITCHELL GENERAL MANAGER

Aim—To compete successfully with the "Topsy-Turvy Concert Party."

Faculty Advice—Learn to Band without the Jazz.

Our Consolation:

If not always we can make Mu-sic  
 Always at least we can make U-sie (k)!

There are no set rules about our membership, friends—  
 The first one to start a fuss is where the band begins;  
 The last one to hush is where the music ends—  
 Behold our success in attracting photographers, friends.





## Crushing Club

---

Motto—Lov' me.

Flower—Tulip.

Song—Love Nest.

Time and Place of Meeting—Anytime and anywhere.

Aim—To take "Her" and let the rest of the world go by.

### MEMBERS

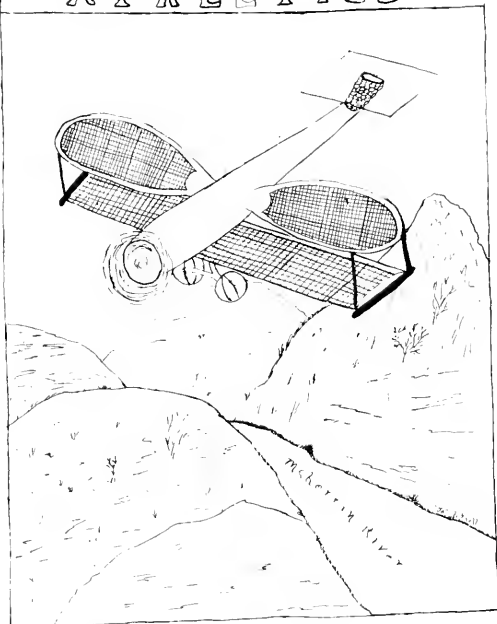
"Heart Breaker" Tadlock  
"Kewpie" Piland  
"Shack" Anderson  
"Sweetie" Taylor

"Cutie" Lewis  
"Baby Doll" Lassiter  
"Brownie" Taylor  
"Crushy" Morehead



THE LABYRINTH

# ATHLETICS



OVER THE TOP

# ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OFFICERS



JOSEPHINE FUTRELL  
PRESIDENT



GENEVIEVE TAYLOR  
VICE PRESIDENT



JOSIE PILAND  
SECRETARY



ALMA SHEARIN  
TREASURER







## Sophomore Basketball Team

---

Josephine Futrell	- - - - -	Captain
Genevieve Taylor	- - - - -	Forward
Josephine Futrell	- - - - -	Forward
Alice Morris	- - - - -	Guard
Lillian Alford	- - - - -	Guard
Helen Craig	- - - - -	Center
Elizabeth Turnley	- - - - -	Center
Elizabeth Tadlock	- - - - -	Center







Major-General	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Sue Brett
Adjutant	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Josephine Futrell
Quarter Master	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Alma Shearin

### COMPANIES

A

B

C

D

### CAPTAINS

Ruby Corey	Gladys Rountrye	Helen Craig	Bernice Matthews
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### SERGEANTS

Alice Morris	Genevieve Taylor	Vara Parker	Helen Hedgepeth
--------------	------------------	-------------	-----------------

### PRIVATEES

Nettie Evans  
 Ruth Lewis  
 Dare Vinson  
 Eva Perry  
 Lillian Alford  
 Pearl Hopkins  
 Marie Griffin  
 Mary Spruill  
 Lottie B. Hardy  
 Letha Carter  
 Bessie Jordan  
 Nora Anderson  
 Lizzie B. Tadlock  
 Ruth Freeman  
 Elizabeth Turnley  
 Josie Piland  
 Mary Kinsey  
 Irma Vaughan  
 Lucile Holloman

Gwendolyn Martin  
 Mae Snipes  
 Gladys Bateman  
 Miss Stowers  
 Annie Lee McDaniel  
 Mary Parker  
 Edna Lassiter  
 Mary Whitley  
 Alta Chitty  
 Estelle Carlton  
 Jannie Ward  
 Hellen Grant  
 Ruth Humbert  
 Minnie Dunning  
 Lottie Mitchell  
 Foyd Bridgers  
 Sarah Vaughan  
 Louise Parker  
 Elizabeth Brumsey

Margaret Taylor  
 Nona Whitley  
 Page Morehead  
 Janet Hedgepeth  
 Dorris Chitty  
 Ethel Freeman  
 Elizabeth Topping  
 Olivia Bridgers  
 Wilma Grant  
 Eunice Hardy  
 Jewell Askew  
 Ruth Holloman  
 Audrey Newsome  
 Mary Henry Lewis  
 Christie Whitley  
 Winnie Whitley  
 Mary Louise Skinner  
 Naomi Aydlette



## Volley Ball Team

Mary Whitley - - - - - Captain

### TEAM

Mary Whitley  
 Sarah Vaughan  
 Helen Hedgepeth

Letha Carter  
 Mary Spruill  
 Irma Vaughan

YELL  
**VOLLEY BALL**  
**VICTORY BUST**



## Tennis Club

---

Ruby Corey

Nettie Evans

Lillian Alford

Elizabeth Tadlock

Alice Morris

Josie Piland

Dare Vinson

Minnie Dunning

Nancy Parker

Emma Riddick Parker







"THEY REST FROM THEIR LABORS"

# CATCHY



# PROPOSITIONS



## Some Things You Will Never See

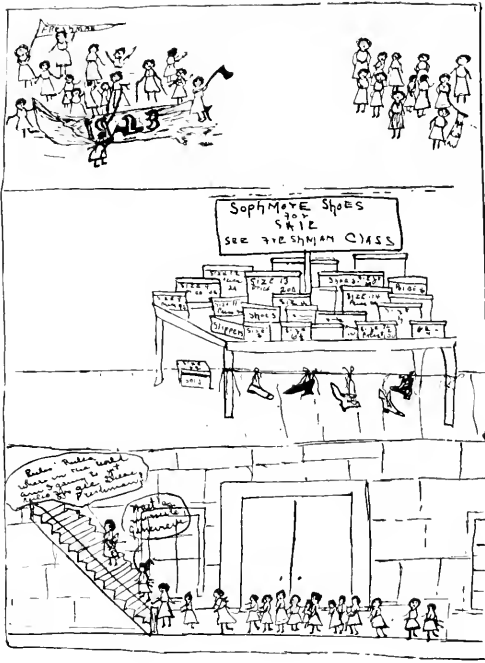
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Water on the fourth floor.  
Something to eat in the dining room.  
An even number on the tank.  
Mr. Pendergraph attending to his own business.  
Lil Alford with long black hair.  
Sue without Elizabeth.  
Miss Bond without that brown dress.  
Mrs. Vann at breakfast.  
Cars driving in front of the College in the good old way.  
Miss Booth in a hurry.  
Miss Minnie with nothing to do.  
Miss Margaret White without waves in her hair.

## Some Things You Will Never Know

---

How the lock was broken on the College gate one Sunday afternoon.  
Why the "Upper 400" went to Lawrence's Spring that same Sunday.  
Where the animals live that steal the College chickens.  
How good coca-cola is at midnight on top.  
Miss King's middle name.  
Why Topsy committed suicide.



Teacher: Olivia, what degree are you working for?

Olivia: I'm working for an education.

Sue: I've got to go to a Volunteer Band meeting after supper.

Tadpole: How in the world did you get in the Volunteer Band, Sue? You can't even carry a tune.

Miss King: My it's cold. I bet I wake up dead.

Miss Bond: Maybe it will be warmer there.

Frances: Eva, what pleasure do you get out of life when you have to study so hard all the time?

Eva (digging over her music analysis): I'm not living now, Francis, I'm just getting ready to live.

!

Science Prof: What causes a chill?

Irma Vaughan: When you go from a warm room into the cold your clothes evaporate (meaning the wind blowing through the clothes evaporates the moisture.)

Freshman: I'm going to give Horace's quotation on Dramatic class this afternoon, 'nothing is too hard for man.'

Soph: Horace didn't write that, did he?

Fresh: Of course! Mr. Cooper said so.

Soph: Oh, I thought Horace was just the name of the book like Virgil and someone else wrote it.

Science Prof: Discuss the blood of a caterpillar.

"Joe" Futrell: It is in lumps (meaning it was mixed with lymph.)

Edna Lassiter (at breakfast): I would open this biscuit if I knew the combination.

Margaret Taylor (much enthused over the arrival of the Photographer): How many pictures can I have made from one "setting"?

Ethel Freeman (arranging business matters with the Photographer): If anybody wanted to use the same cut in the annual more than once, would they have to have more than one electric plate?

Eva Gary (at Senior meeting): Wait girls, we've got to save some cute things for the final Sat-night reception we give the teachers.

Miss McDowell (scanning a Latin verse on Horace class): "Josie, what is a foot?"

Josie Futrell: Why twelve inches, of course.

Meryll Britton (on English class): If Shakespeare had died when he was small we wouldn't have to study Tennyson's old "Idls of the King."

Prof. Cooper: What is vapor?

Ruth Holloman: Something that rises from water.

Prof. Cooper: Well, the other day I saw a duck rise from water. Was that vapor, Ruth?

Young man at Thanksgiving reception: It is a mistake for a man to go through life alone.

Pearl Hopkins (seriously): Why don't you get your mama to chaperone you?

Miss Margaret White: None but fools will say they are certain.

Miss King: Are you perfectly sure of that?

Miss Margaret White: Yep, I'm certain—as certain as anything, old scout.

Page Morehead: What is a chafing dish?

Ruth Holloman: Chafing dish, Page, is a frying pan got in society.

Bernice: I shall love to share all your grief and troubles.

Dan: But darling, I have none.

Bernice: No, I mean when we are married.

Genevieve Taylor: When I sing I get tears in my eyes. What can I do for it?

Mary P.: Stuff cotton in your ears.

Mrs. Vann (in psychology class): But how would you classify these mental gifts?

Sue: Call them PRESENTS of the mind.

Gladys R.: Fix your shoe the tongue has slipped.

Emma Riddick: Never mind 'tis just a lapsus-lingual.

Freshman: I know something.

Senior: Never fear you will forget it before you reach my age.

"Fattie": When you speak of a collection, you say PORTUGESE, but if you want to speak of one, do you say PORTUGOOSE?

Emma Riddick: Here's some dresses in this catalogue we want. I guess they'll fit. They are Junior dresses.

Naney: No, I want a Soph. dress now.

Annie Lee McDaniel (in Freshman English): She was Standing on a street corner in New York City, hair hanging down her back, which showed her meager surroundings.

Mrs. Vann: What do you think of our scheme for the Christmas decorations—holly over laurel leaves?

Mr. Vann: Very good, but twenty-five years ago I would have preferred MISTLETOE over YEW.

Miss Stephenson (just before Eva's recital): Is there anything else I can do for you?

Eva: Yes, lend me your diaphragm.

## Extracts from a Junior Diary

---

- Jan. 1—"You cannot interfere with personal property."—G. Taylor.  
Notice Seniors—Gold and White are the Juniors' colors.
- Feb. 19—Raining today. Mr. Cooper took down the Freshman colors out of the rain.  
If the Seniors hadn't had to get someone from down town to help them, maybe they would have been in time to steal the colors.
- Mar. 14—Visitors to Mr. Cooper's room found to their dismay that he was not out.  
It takes more than the chaperonage of the lady principal to insure the propriety of that visit.
- May 18—To date, Senior banner does not float over tank—"Where, oh where is the Senior banner that was to wave over the tank?"
- Mar. 18—It took three Sophomores and "HER" without whom Sophomores could do nothing to souse one little Freshman under the spigot.
- 

When Bernice Mathews entertains she invariably reports a "Dan" dy time. Professor Cooper is contemplating spending the summer in Scotland Neck to specialize in the study of "TADPOLES."

Ruby Corey is striving to make her willer and her willer Willis.

Lillian Alford pays strict attention to sermons taken from the book of Amos.

Josie Piland feels it her conscientious duty to assist Prof. Cooper in making nets for further use in catching Tadpoles.

Doris Chitty wants to Rob a King.

Soph: Where is Nettie Evans?

Freshman: O, you might know she is sneaking around somewhere she's got no business, seeing what she can find out.

WANTED—A master key to unlock the trunks of the Juniors, Freshmen and their advisors.—Seniors.

Pep For Sale—Since our advisor said we "must get more pep" we have, after much hard work, gained a surplus supply.—Freshman Class.

Painting Signs a Specialty—Bring your paint as we have exhausted our supply.—Sophs.



## Wanted to Know

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Why Miss Freeman always wants Day at Night.

Why Johnnie Sewell has improved so in his English.

Why it takes such heavy teachers to hold down the business department.

Why Josie Piland never grows tired of "Snipe" hunting.

Why Lil wants to be a "Free-Man."

Why Starkey Jernigan always stands two bonds at one time.

Why Miss McDowell couldn't sleep the first night she came back to Chowan.

How Mr. Britton expects to make much progress when he cut the Bachelor Button and Miss King the thimble, or, How Mr. Britton expects to capture a King.

How Miss Margaret White and Mr. Cooper came to the agreement that "true love sometimes dies."

How Helen always gets a pull with the Faculty.

Where the Freshman colors went when they ran down the tank.

Where Mr. Vann took his detective course.

If the conceit of the "Pillars of the College" were placed upon the scales, would that of the "Upper 400" balance it?

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## What's the Harm

In Josie Piland doing all her studying in the Reading Room.

In Pearl Hopkins dealing altogether with Crestwells Peoples Bank.

In rivalry among class-mates when you are WHITE about it.



THE END



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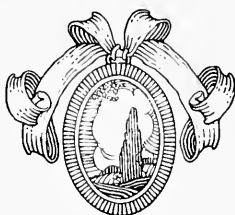
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**T**HIS ANNUAL is just one of the many published by us this year. The fact that most of the College and School Annuals throughout this Southeastern Section are products of our presses is sufficient evidence, we believe, of our ability to produce the very highest quality of work and our reputation for making deliveries "on time." Our service is complete,—including drawings, grouping, retouching, engraving, designing and printing in one or more colors. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖



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