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# THE LOTUS



MCMXX

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PEACE

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY  
BY THE  
PI THETA MU AND SIGMA PHI KAPPA  
LITERARY SOCIETIES  
OF  
PEACE INSTITUTE  
RALEIGH, N. C.

6422



SIDE VIEW OF PEACE





FRONT VIEW OF PEACE



THE ANSEY



FRONT VIEW OF LULA B. WYNNE HALL



TO  
OUR PRESIDENT  
MISS MARY OWEN GRAHAM  
AS AN EXPRESSION OF HIGH ESTEEM AND SINCERE  
APPRECIATION OF HER SYMPATHETIC IN-  
TELLIGENT, WISE COUNCIL AND INSPIRING  
LEADERSHIP, WE  
DEDICATE  
THIS VOLUME OF  
THE LOTUS



MISS MARY OWEN GRAHAM



## EDITORIAL STAFF

ELIZABETH ANDERSON

MARGARET MOORE

*Editors-in-Chief*

JEANETTE STANFORD

*Business Manager*

EMMA KATE JONES

EUGENIA FAIRLEY

*Literary Editors*

LENA LINEBERGER

MARTHA STANLEY

*Advertising Editors*

DOROTHY ALDERMAN

ISABEL FAISON

AGNES FOGY

EDNA WHITE

*Associate Editors*

ELEANOR ROBERTS

ELLEN SEAWELL

*Art Editors*





### EDITORIAL GROUP

*E*ditors, editors, editors ten  
*D*ay and thought and thought again  
*I*n their tired brains, near dull,  
*T*here were ideas original,  
*O*h! how to fix this annual!  
*R*ealizing it must be done  
*S*ometimes Work is nearly fun.

M. C. H.





# FACULTY

(From Spring - 1920)



## FACULTY

MARY OWEN GRAHAM, *President*

Queen's College; Special Student Teachers' College,  
Columbia University; Summer Sessions  
University of North Carolina

MAY McLELLAND, *Dean*

Queen's College; Teachers' College,  
Columbia University  
*Bible*

MARGARET McMURRAY INGRAHAM, A.B.

Vassar College; Cornell University; Columbia University  
*English*

WINIFRED M. KUHNS, B.A., B.E.

Randolph-Macon Woman's College; George  
Washington University  
*Mathematics*

MADemoisELLE VALENTINE ESTOPPEY

Ecolè Superieure; Université Genève, Switzerland  
*French and German*

RUTH HUNTINGTON MOORE

Pupil of Collin, Macmonnies, Hubbell  
*Drawing and Painting; History of Art*

ELIZABETH A. KELLEY, A.B.

Rhode Island State College; University of Montana  
*History and Education*

HARRIET BYRNE, A.B.

Goucher College  
*Science*

LOUISA REID, A.B.

Queen's College; University of North Carolina  
*French and English*

MARY E. PRICE

Queen's College; Summer Sessions University of North Carolina;  
Columbia University  
*Latin and Mathematics*

ELSIE L. PEAFF, A.B.

Goucher College  
*Science and History*

JAMES PETER BRAWLEY, *Director*

Joseffy, New York; Theodore Leschetizky, Vienna  
*Piano*

LOVIE JONES

Joseffy, New York; Wagner Sawyne, Paris  
*Piano*

MATTIE EDMUND BURWELL

Cincinnati Conservatory of Music  
*Piano, Theory, and Harmony*

GERTRUDE COURTNEY, B.M.

Converse College; Pupil of Dan Beddoe, New York  
*Voice*





## FACULTY

ANNIE MAY McDADE

Peace Institute; Herbert Witherspoon, New York  
*Voice and Piano*

GUSTAV HAGEDORN

Pupil of Adolph Holm, Cincinnati; Leopold Gichtenheng, New York;  
Columbia University; Edgar Stillman Kelly,  
Berlin; Issay Barnes, Berlin  
*Violin*

SALLIE WELCH SHARP

Hood College; Leland Powers School of Expression; Special  
Student Chicago University; Summer School  
Chautauqua, New York  
*Expression*

ELEANOR HEUER

Pennsylvania State College; Johns Hopkins  
University, Baltimore, Md.  
*Home Economics*

ELINOR PRYOR CORNICK, G.G.

Normal College of the North American Gymnastic Union,  
Indianapolis  
*Physical Training*

MARY E. HERRMAN

Waynesboro Business College; Eastern College, Manassas, Va.  
*Commercial*

MARY B. HUBBARD

Rockford College; Special Student University of Chicago  
*Librarian and House-Mother, Wynne Hall*

MARTHA VENABLE DAVIS

Bellewood Seminary, Ky.; Student Oxford University, England  
*Registrar*

HATTIE MAY MORISEY

*Chapel Supervisor*

LENA K. HARWOOD

*Music Practice Supervisor*

MARY KIRKPATRICK

*Bursar*

MARY T. FOWLER

*Matron*

ZELMA I. PARNELL

*Dictitan*

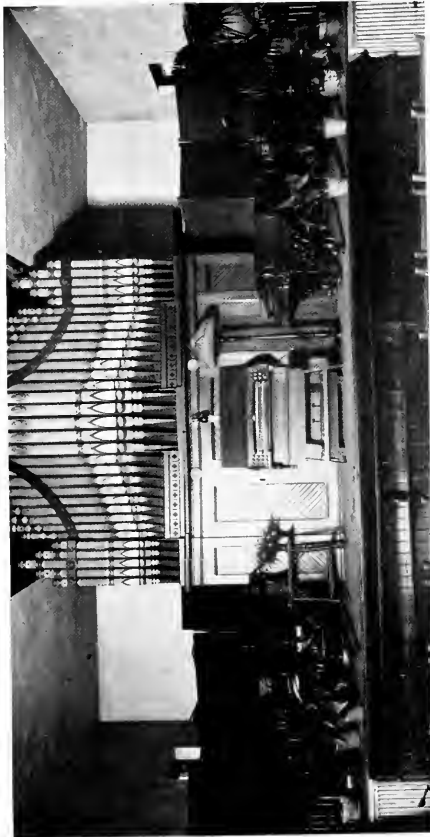
EVELYN BYRD BRADBEER, A.B.

Syracuse University; Columbia University  
*Latin and History*

ELIZA CHAMBERS HUFFMAN

Beechwood; Normal School of Gymnastics, Jenkintown, Pa.;  
Member School of Dancing, Pittsburgh, Pa.





CHAPEL SCENE



CENTRAL HALL



PARLOR



## SENIOR CLASS

COLORS: *White and Yellow*

FLOWER: *Daisy*

MOTO: *Sight not what's near, though aiming at what's far*

ELIZABETH ANDERSON .....*President*

MARGARET McMILLAN .....*Vice-President*

LENA LINBERGER .....*Secretary*

EMMA KATE JONES .....*Treasurer*

SARAH PATE .....*Historian*

DOROTHY BLOUNT .....*Poet*

MARGARET MOORE .....*Prophet*

GLENNIE LEE FICHTERH .....*Last Will and Testament*

MARY HENDERLITE

ISABEL FAISON

QUINTINE JOHNSON

LENA LINBERGER

SUSIE MONROE

LAFIA FATE

JEANETTE STANFORD

ANABEL SLOAN





MISS MAY McLELLAND  
*Senior Class Teacher*



EDWARD KIDDER GRAHAM  
*Senior Class Mascot*



## Σ Φ Κ

President Senior Class, 1919-'20  
 Editor-in-Chief of Lotus, 1919-'20  
 Member of Student Council, 1919-'20  
 Business Manager of Lotus, 1918-'19  
 Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1918-'19  
 Basketball Team, 1918-'19  
 German Club, 1917-'18, '19, '20  
 Treasurer Σ Φ Κ, 1918-'19  
 Winner of Monogram, 1917-'18  
 Delegate to Blue Ridge, 1918



## ELIZABETH HOLT ANDERSON

Haw River, N. C.

A.B. COURSE

*"The fairest garden in her looks,  
 And in her mind the wisest books."*

"Libber" has always been loved by all of us. She has been a leader among us since the day she came to us, a little girl of fifteen, and brilliantly responded to the welcome to new girls. She has won honors galore and now just think, after only three years she is our own dear president. The charm of her big brown eyes has won for her many friends. We only hope that Libber's future will be as brilliant as her past.





## H O M

President Student Body, 1919-'20  
 President H O M Society, 1919-'20  
 Captain White Volley Ball Team,  
 1919-'20  
 President Athletic Association, 1918-  
 '20  
 Y. W. C. A Cabinet Member, 1918-'20  
 Captain Whites, 1918-'20, '17, '18, '19  
 Commencement Marshal, 1919  
 Captain Tennis (Whites), 1918-'19  
 Secretary and Treasurer Choral Club,  
 1918-'19  
 President Special Club, 1917-'18  
 Captain Basketball (Whites), 1918-'19  
 Assistant Cheer Leader, 1919-'20  
 German Club, 1918-'19, '20  
 Last Will and Testament, 1919-'20  
 Winner of Monogram, 1918-'19

BENNIE LEE UPCHURCH  
 Raeford, N. C.

✧  
 VOICE  
 ✧

*"To those who know thee not, no  
 words can paint,  
 And those who know thee know all  
 words are faint"*

Now for Bennie! We believe that she is really all that a young girl could be. As the best all around girl she excellently represents our school. She is truly a leader among leaders, a leader in the musical, the literary, the social and the athletic world of Peace. The height that she has reached as president of our student body, is a mere sample of her wonderful ability to obtain the higher things of life.



## Σ Φ Κ

Proctor in Chief Chapel, 1919-'20  
 Editor-in-Chief "Voices of Peace,"  
 1919-'20  
 Vice-President Y. W. C. A., 1919-'20  
 Treasurer Σ Φ Κ Society, 1919-'20  
 Class Poet

DOROTHY ARCHER BLOUNT  
 Washington, N. C.

✦  
 A. B. COURSE  
 ✦

*"A truer, nobler, trustier heart, more  
 loving or more loyal, never beat."*

Here is a quiet, somewhat pensive young lady who, never daunted by the second bell, greets Miss Kelly and her psychology class with a smile every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning. We wonder what will become of Grace after her inseparable chum has left for further delving in the mysteries of Household Arts. She is a grand sport, and, although her schedule is rather heavy (?), she always finds time to get material for the Magazine.





## Σ Φ Κ

President of Y. W. C. A., 1918-'19, '20  
Member of Student Council, 1918-'19,  
'20

Associate Editor of Lotus, 1919-'20  
Delegate to Student Volunteer Con-  
vention, Des Moines, Iowa, 1919-'20  
Delegate to Blue Ridge, 1917-'18  
Cheer Leader, Greens, 1918-'19  
Cotillion Club, 1917-'18  
Winner of Numeral, 1917-'18  
Secretary Sigma Phi Kappa Society,  
1917-'18

ISABEL FAISON  
Goldsboro, N. C.

✦

EDUCATION

✦

*"The only way to have a friend is  
to be one."*

What will we do without "Ikie" next year? For two years she has been our most faithful and capable Y W. President. She is very sincere and always sympathetic. She has won a place in our hearts which shall never be forgotten, and we trust that she will be very successful as a little school-marm.



## H O M

Day Students' Club

## MARY HENDERLITE

Raleigh, N. C.



H.S. COURSE



*"Some women utilize the present in such a way that the future will not find them without a past."*

We don't see much of Mary, but we do enjoy the little we see of her. She is always sweet and pleasant. We all know she is studious, for it is almost impossible to "stump" her on any subject. She spends a great part of her time planning how she can get out of Chemistry Laboratory on Saturday afternoons before the rest of the class.





## H Θ M

Secretary Senior Class, 1919-'20  
 Art Medal, 1919-'20  
 Art Editor "The Lotus," 1918-'19  
 Y. W. C. A. Cabinet Member, 1918-'19  
 Secretary Cotillion Club, 1918-'19  
 Composition prize (1st prize), 1918-'19  
 Basketball, 1917-'18, '19  
 Class Song

## QUINTYNE JOHNSTON

Charlotte, N. C.



ART



*"Original wit, a heart of gold,  
 A head to fit, are her's, we're told."*

Immediately we all think of "Curls" when some one says "Tyne." And even though we envy her that ability to dress up even in everyday clothes, we cannot wonder at it when we see her with a stroke of the brush make wonderful creations.





## H O M

Treasurer Senior Class, 1919-'20  
 Literary Editor "The Lotus," 1919-'20  
 Assistant Cheer Leader, Greens, 1919-'20  
 Volleyball, 1917-'18, '19, '20  
 Winner of Monogram, 1918-'19

EMMA KATE JONES  
 Sanford, N. C.

GENERAL COLLEGIATE

*"She is pretty to walk with,  
 Witty to talk with,  
 And pleasant, too, to think on."*

Emma "Cat's" bewitching dimples will show in spite of her efforts to conceal them. And her big brown eyes always betray her when mischief is afoot. One often sees her with an armful of ponderous notebooks, rushing toward the library, but just as often, dressed in her best, signing up in the Senior shopping book. No matter how busy Emma Kate is, she always has time to smile at every one.





## Σ Φ Κ

President Sigma Phi Kappa Society, 1919-'20  
 Advertising Editor "The Lotus," 1918-'19, '20  
 Member Cotillion Club, 1918-'19, '20  
 Y. W. C. A. Cabinet Member, 1919-'20  
 Cheer Leader, Greens, 1919-'20  
 Chief Marshal, 1919-'20  
 Y. W. C. A. Cabinet Member, 1919-'20  
 ing Council, 1918-'19  
 Commencement Marshal, 1917-'18  
 Class Poet, 1916-'17, '18  
 Captain Basketball Team, 1916-'17  
 Secretary Sigma Phi Kappa Society, 1918-'19  
 Winner Monogram, 1917-'18  
 Treasurer Sophomore Class, 1917-'18

LENA PERMELIA LINEBERGER  
 Gastonia, N. C.



## HOME ECONOMICS



*"Don't worry about the future,  
 The present is all thou hast,  
 The future will soon be present,  
 And the present will soon be past."*

Lena is just the best old sport in the world. We don't know what we will do without her genial good nature to cheer us up when we are downhearted. We envy her her ability to carry on an animated conversation on any subject at any time. Her energy is boundless, and the finest thing about it is, that she is just as willing to expend it in advertising for the annual, as in shopping for herself. We are expecting her to devote it, along with the knowledge of Home Economics, toward making an attractive, cheerful, home for herself (?).



Π Θ Μ

Vice-President Senior Class, 1919-'20  
 Volleyball Team, 1919-'20  
 Winner of Monogram, 1918-'19  
 Tennis Team, 1916-'17, '18, '19, '20  
 Green Basketball Team, 1916-'17, '18



MARGARET McMILLAN

Parkton, N. C.



GENERAL COLLEGIATE



*"Quietly she worked away, faithful to each duty."*

Margaret is the most modest member of our class. She has won her place of Seniorhood by labor, to be merited by all of us. She always enters into all the school sports with enthusiasm and has won fame as a volleyball player.



## H O M

Secretary of H O M, 1919-20  
Secretary of Sophomore Class

SUSIE MARTIN MONROE  
Sanford, N. C.

✦  
GENERAL COLLEGIATE  
✦

*"From the crown of her head,  
To the sole of her foot,  
She is all mirth!"*

Jolly, good-natured Susie! We all envy her her disposition. If every one took life as easy as Susie, this would be a happy world to live in. She is never in the least ruffled when she comes into class some fifteen or twenty minutes late. We sometimes wonder if not *hearing* the bell doesn't help Susie to finish her English papers!



## H O M

Editor-in-Chief "The Lotus," 1919-'20  
 President Junior Class, 1918-'19  
 Member Student Council, 1918-'19  
 Literary Editor "The Lotus," 1918-'19  
 Class Prophet, 1919-'20  
 Cotillion Club, 1917-'18, '19, '20  
 Volleyball Team, 1918-'19  
 Winner of Numeral, 1917-'18  
 Cheer Leader, White, 1919-'20

MARGARET MOORE  
 Smithfield, N. C.

GENERAL COLLEGIATE  
 PIANO

*"And she's as wise as she's winsome,  
 And as good as she is wise."*

You must not judge Peggie's true worth by her size, for it is much greater than that. Whatever she sets her hand to do is sure to be accomplished. Her two diplomas are evidence of this. Peggie is never too busy to go down town shopping (?) or calling (?). Then, too, she has spent many laborious hours in the annual room. We expect her some day to make a very economical and efficient housewife as a result of her training here.





H O M

Volleyball, 1917-'18

LAELIA PATE  
Rowland, N. C.

GENERAL COLLEGIATE



*"For solitude is sometimes best society  
And short retirement urges sweet re-  
turn."*

No one would ever know that Laelia was anywhere near, she is so quiet. But we expect great things of her as we know she is a deep thinker. Some day she may become a noted philosopher as a result of her long meditations.



## H O M

Secretary Junior Class, 1918-'19  
President Sophomore Class, 1917-'18  
Member Student Council, 1917-'18  
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1917-'18  
Winner of Monogram, 1917-'18  
Dramatic Club, 1916-'17  
Secretary-Treasurer Freshman Class,  
1916-'17

SARAH PATE  
Laurel Hill, N. C.

♣  
GENERAL COLLEGIATE  
♣

*Her voice was ever soft  
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in  
a woman.*

Sarah is a very substantial kind of a girl. She has a most lovable nature and is always sweet and sensible. She has worked hard and now her labors are rewarded. We wish her all success as she enters upon her future career.





Page Photograph

### H O M

President Athletic Association, 1919-'20  
 Vice-President Phi Theta Mu Society, 1919-'20  
 Associate Editor "Voices of Peace," 1919-'20  
 Member Student Council, 1919-'20  
 Vice-President Junior Class, 1918-'19  
 Secretary Phi Theta Mu Society, 1918-'19  
 Vice-President Athletic Association, 1918-'19  
 Secretary Y. W. C. A., 1918-'19  
 Historian Junior Class, 1918-'19  
 Winner Monogram, 1918-'19  
 Winner Numeral, 1917-'18, '19  
 Cotillion Club, 1918-'19, '20

ANABEL SLOAN  
 Garland, N. C.



A. B. COURSE



*"Life is full of laughter,  
 But laughter even ends.  
 Give me instead forever  
 The friendship of my friend."*

"Sloanie" is the most brilliant member of the class. She sails right through Senior English and Latin with flying colors, but never allows study to interfere with her two hours a day of exercise. Four o'clock always finds her on the tennis, basketball, or volleyball court. Tennis, however, is her specialty. We are expecting "Sloanie" to take a post-graduate course next year and incidentally guard the fortunes of the Greens and room with "Marfa."





## H O M

Senior Representative to Student  
Council, 1919-'20  
Business Manager of Lotus, 1919-'20  
Proctor-in-Chief of Chapel, 1918-'19  
Winner of Monogram, 1918-'19  
Winner of Numeral, 1918-'19

JEANETTE MOORE STANFORD  
Teer, N. C.

•  
HOME ECONOMICS  
•

*"Where's thy learning? Hath thy  
toil  
O'er books consumed the midnight  
oil?"*

Jeanette is by far the most business-like member of the class, and she has used her ability well in behalf of the annual. She is equally efficient in her studies, and is well versed in the fact that there is a time for work and a time for play. As a result the teachers have learned to depend on her—in fact, every one can depend on her. We think that the county or state that secures her services as a home demonstrator will be very fortunate.





## SENIOR CLASS HISTORY



THE class of 1920, in accordance with all the laws of evolution and class tradition, has passed through four distinct stages of development. In these successive stages we have borne the name of Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior. Back in the prehistoric ages, in the fall of 1916, the present Senior Class was just entering upon its college career. During the first few weeks we were subjected to continual scares and frights, in the form of initiation. We gradually learned to "keep step" though, and soon entered into all the college activities with spirit and enthusiasm. Although a group of more innocent and unsophisticated girls never entered Peace, yet every one admits that we did at least one remarkably wise thing during this period of "verdancy;" we chose our lady principal for our class teacher.

In the fall of 1917 we laid aside the timidity and verdancy of our Freshman days and assumed the superior air of the Know-All. Having gained the esteemed title of Sophomore, we now felt it our duty to lord it over the Freshmen. With eager hands, we initiated the class of '21 into her duties and privileges, and sought to impress upon every one the depth of our wisdom and experience.

The fall of 1918 found sixteen jolly Juniors back at Peace. Along with the usual Junior privileges came the added privilege of chaperoning the under-classmen. No wonder we felt our importance and responsibility, for this was an honor (?) hitherto conferred only upon Seniors.

For two years we had leaned over the rail and watched, with awed admiration, the Junior-Senior reception. Now, at last, we were proud participants in that great social event of the year. Nevertheless, we did not forget to cast sympathetic glances up at those who still hung over the rail.

Commencement that year brought with it our supreme glory. How we thrilled when we received our colors from the Seniors at the Class-Day exercises! How proud we were to have reached that last stage of development known as Seniority!

Once more the class of 1920 entered the gates of Peace and this time were enrolled as fifteen stately Seniors. That we were at last nearing the end of our college career was difficult for us to believe, but with the crowding of new duties upon us and the constant reminder that we had an example to set, the realization of this fact soon came. Our life this year has been one of varied experiences. One of the many joyous occasions that will leave their indelible marks upon the memories of our Senior year was the trip to Chapel Hill for the Thanksgiving game.



We stand on the very threshold of a bigger world, one, however, that the knowledge and ideals gained here have made it possible for us to enter. Now that we are soon to leave dear old Peace, it is with regret that we bid farewell to all our friends here. To the class of '21, who will take our place as Seniors, we wish all the pleasures and successes with none of the sorrows and failures we have had.

SARAH PATE,

*Historian.*



The embarrassing last biscuit.

E. Blanchard



## SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY



ONE night in November, in the year 1930, I was sitting alone in my room, wondering what I should do. It had rained all afternoon, and still there was a steady beating on the roof outside my window. I listened to the sound and was glad that I was safe in a nice, warm room. As I turned from the window, where I had watched a few pedestrians hurrying along, I found myself staring at a picture of an old classmate of mine, Bennie Lee Upchurch. Walking over to my desk, I picked it up and looked at it, and began thinking of the good times we had together at dear old Peace. Then I felt an inclination to look over the Memory Book that I had made that last year at Peace. So I took the book down from the shelf, and drew my big, comfortable rocking-chair before the fire of blazing oak logs. As I turned the leaves of the book, recalling the little things we did at school, I came at last to the class prophecy. What a funny thing a prophecy is! One member of the class tries to imagine what every other member of the class will be doing ten or fifteen years from the time they graduate, and people seldom follow out the plans laid down for them. For instance, take our class prophecy. Only two or three write-ups have come true.

The first person that our Prophecy mentioned was Bennie Lee Upchurch, our beloved Student Body President. Every one knew what a lovely voice she had, and so of course she was to be a prima donna. This has come true, for I heard Bennie Lee when she made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House. As I began thinking of her, I could see her plainly as she used to sing for us at school. And especially did I remember a favorite song of mine that she used to sing, "Roses in Picardy." As I gazed into the fire, I fancied I heard her sing that song once again.

After Bennie Lee, came our class president, Elizabeth Anderson, who was to be President of the National Federation of Women's Clubs; next came Emma Kate Jones, as a very domestic little wife in a happy home; and then Jeanette Stanford at the head of a big bakery where she would make delicious pies and cakes. But how far short all this fell of what these three girls are doing! For one spring morning, when I was in New York, I saw the most attractive little shop imaginable on Fifth Avenue. And behold the scene that greeted my eyes, as I stood at the door a minute looking in! There was the proprietor of the shop talking to a customer about bridal veils and orange blossoms. And who should the proprietor be but Jeanette, and the customer but Elizabeth. And as I watched them, a model came in, wearing a lovely dress, over which Elizabeth grew very much excited and which she declared she must have for her trousseau. I thought the face of the model was familiar, and sure enough, as I looked more closely, I recognized another of my classmates, Emma Kate Jones. I hurried in and spoke to them, delighted that I should meet all of them at once.

Next the prophecy read that Isabel Faison would be a returned missionary from China, and would give lecture tours all over the United States. Why the very idea of such a thing! Isabel is doing nothing of the kind. Just let me tell you where I last saw her. One day, on my way to Asheville, when I had to stop over for a two-hour wait in a little town in Western North Carolina, I decided to walk around to see the sights, and had gone only a few blocks when I came to a lovely



little white bungalow with the prettiest rose garden in front. As I gazed, I could hardly believe my eyes, for there sat Isabel reading to the darlingest little boy and girl you have ever seen. I rushed up to the porch, and she was as surprised as I was. I had time for only a few minutes' talk, but before leaving I asked her who the lucky man was. She blushed very becomingly as she said: "Do you remember the Des Moines Convention and ——?" Of course I remembered how Isabel went to the convention as one of our representatives, and how, after she came back, she was besieged for dates by the State College boys who had also gone as delegates.

As I read on in the Prophecy, I found that Susie Monroe would be taking care of her mother and father; that Sarah Pate would marry a K. A. man; and that Anabel Sloan would take degrees from no less than three universities. But, alas! Nothing like that has happened to these dear girls. Sloanie, as we always called her, decided to take a physical culture course, and became head of a school in Washington. One day, when she was showing her girls how to make a real "sure-enough" high jump, she sprained her ankle, and had to be taken to a hospital. She was put under the care of a very competent nurse, who was none other than one of her classmates, Sarah Pate. But the greatest surprise was waiting, for when the nurse called "Doctor Monroe," her old friend Susie appeared. The hospital to which Sloanie had been carried was Susie's own hospital, and Sarah was head nurse there.

And next in the Prophecy came dear old Lena Linberger. She was to be a farmerette on her little farm in Faison, and at the first of every year to take inventory of her stock. One item was always to be, "One old grey, plug mule, blind in one eye." But in reality Lena is doing something far more interesting than that. She lives in Faison, it is true, but not as a farmerette. Instead, she has a lovely little house; and in a white-tiled kitchen she practices what she learned in Domestic Science at Peace. And each day, as the hands of the clock move towards one, she hurries slightly, as if she must have lunch ready before a certain person comes in from work.

In reading further, I came to Quintyne Johnston. Evidently no one thought that Tyne possessed such a wonderful accomplishment as she did, for the prophecy married her off to some charming young man, and she never was to be heard of again. Yes, she did get married, but that was not the last of Tyne, for her name will go down in history. Any one that has recently visited the art galleries in New York will tell you of some wonderful paintings hanging there that bear the initials Q. J. As I was thinking thus of Tyne, my gaze fell on a magazine on the table near me. On the cover was the picture of a young girl, looking out on the world with the fresh and eager eyes of youth, and, in the corner, the name of the artist, Q. Johnston. As I gazed at the face of the young girl, something in the features seemed familiar to me. Then I remembered an item that I had read in the newspaper shortly before. The item had stated that Margaret McMillan, of North Carolina, was posing for Miss Quintyne Johnston in New York. At that time I had not realized that this was the girl I had known at school. But that night, as I looked at the picture I knew it was the same Margaret I had known at Peace many years before.

And what have become of Dorothy Blount, Laelia Pate, and Mary Henderlite? It was prophesied that Dorothy would be keeping house for some one who would "cherish and protect her;" that Laelia Pate would be teaching school in a little



red brick schoolhouse; and that Mary Henderlite would be at the head of the State Laboratory in her home town, Raleigh. Why, oh, why, do girls always do exactly the opposite of what you expect! I read the *State Herald*, the leading newspaper of North Carolina, for several years before I found out who the editor was. I could hardly believe my eyes when, calling at the office one day, I discovered that the editor was none other than Dorothy Blount. But I was not surprised that she was filling this position when I remembered how hard she worked on our first college magazine. As I was about to leave her office, she asked me if I knew she had other members of our class on her staff. Of course I was surprised. She took me around to see them. At the head of the literary department was Mary Henderlite, putting into practice all the wonderful things she had learned under Miss Ingraham's careful leadership. In another department, under the supervision of Laelia Pate, the paper was successfully issuing articles on women's dress.

Slowly I closed my Memory Book, and gazed into the heap of glowing coals, thinking of all those girls that had gone out with me from Peace. And in the "patter, patter, patter" of the rain I seemed once more to hear their glad voices raised together in our old class song.

MARGARET MOORE.



## SENIOR CLASS POEM

*Unmindful of life's changing tides,  
And all the earth's vain things besides:  
We leave our present life to meet  
What may await our straying feet,  
Yet still we'll deem and still we'll trust  
(Since we all know our wish is just)  
That at some time return we must.  
Alas for her who never sees  
The sunshine through these towering trees!  
Who, hopeless, from Peace turns away,  
Nor wants to see again some day  
The sun before these columns play;  
Who hath not learned in hours spent here,  
The truth to all of us well known:  
That each to other is dear  
And Peace will ne'er forget its own.*



THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE  
CLASS OF 1920

NORTH CAROLINA }  
WAKE COUNTY } PEACE INSTITUTE  
CITY OF RALEIGH }

We, the Senior Class of 1920, of the aforesaid County and State, being of sound mind, and realizing that the much desired graduation day has arrived, do make and declare this our last will and testament.

First: To our class teacher, Miss McLeland, we leave our deepest love and devotion. Our sincere wish is that she may be free from the repeated Senior cry: "More privileges!"

Second: To the Juniors we do will and bequeath the rare privilege (as quarantine now seems to be an installed yearly event) of being set at liberty a whole day before the under-classmen, and we are hoping that they may enjoy the "shopping" and the basketball game as much as we did.

Third: We will to the Sophomore Class our love for the State College boys, and the pleasure of attending the annual "Ag" reception.

Fourth: We leave to the Freshmen Class our deepest sympathy, for we realize now that we have attained Seniorhood, how much hard work a "sheepskin" from Peace represents.

Fifth: We hereby constitute and appoint our President, Miss Mary Owen Graham, our lawful executor to all intents and purposes, to execute this, our last will and testament, according to the true intent and meaning of the same, and every part and clause thereof, hereby revoking and declaring utterly void all other wills and testaments by us heretofore made.

In witness whereof, we, the said Senior Class of Peace Institute, do hereunto set our hand and seal, this the 25th day of May, 1920.

SENIOR CLASS. (Seal.)

BENNIE LEE UPTCHURCH.



## JUNIOR CLASS

COLORS: *Purple and Gold*

FLOWER: *Violet*

|                         |                |
|-------------------------|----------------|
| GRACE MCNINCH .....     | President      |
| SALLIE JOHNSON .....    | Vice-President |
| DOROTHY ALDERMAN .....  | Secretary      |
| LAURA BELL FRENCH ..... | Treasurer      |
| JEAN MCGINN .....       | Poet           |
| MISS BYRNE .....        | Class Teacher  |



BETH ANDERSON

EVA BULLOCK

EDNA EWING

EDITH HOWELL

MOZELLE MARKHAM

ELIZABETH SLOAN

RUTH BRINKLEY

NELLIE BURGESS

EUGENIA FAIRLEY

ANNIE MCCORMICK

ETLEN SEAWELL

VERNA STRAYBORN

MARGIE BENOV





## HISTORY OF THE JUNIOR CLASS



We shall never forget our "verdant" Freshman days. We were pitied by the Sophomores, patronized by the Juniors, and tyrannized over by the Seniors. The fears of initiation which hovered about us then cause us even now a retrospective shudder. How we envied the Sophomores, to say nothing of the unattainable position of the Juniors and Seniors! We wended our way among the "wise" upper classmen with timid, downcast glances, and shrank into our shell as though we felt "very unnecessary."

Oh! how wise we felt when we were Sophomores! It was then our turn to have a "knowing air" when approached by some little Freshman or by a faculty member. But, oh! what a struggle we had with Burke's *Speech on Conciliation*, and how proud we felt, when our work in it pleased Miss Ingraham. And at the end of the year we smiled with satisfaction when we bade the kings of Israel a fond farewell. Thanks to Miss McLelland's patience and severe exactions, we feel even now that we would recognize the kings should we at any time meet one of them.

One of our highest ideals has at last been reached. We are now jolly Juniors. We are indeed proud of our accomplished class and of our dear Miss Byrne, whose ready assistance pilots us over many dangerous and difficult paths. We feel sure that our class will yield many prima donnas, first-rate business women, and college presidents. The Senior Class of this year has been great, but we show promise of being even greater. We look forward enthusiastically to our Senior prestige and privileges.

NELLIE BURGESS



## JUNIOR POEM

✽

*One step more we yet must travel  
Ere we reach the heights of fame;  
One year more of patient labor  
Ere the final prize we claim,  
But we've won our share of glory,  
Played the game both fair and square,  
And we'll finish as we started;  
We will do — as well as dare,  
To the year that lies before us  
We shall give our very best,  
And, with minds and hearts attuned,  
We shall stand the final test,  
Juniors, give your hearts with courage!  
You have not to travel far,  
Let ambition be your watchword;  
"Hitch your wagon to a star."*

JEAN MCGINN.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

COLORS: *Red and White*

FLOWER: *Richmond Reds*

MOYTO: *Honor lies in honest toil*

CLAREBEL FOUNTAIN ..... *President*      MARY BOOKER..... *Secretary and Treasurer*  
 ELIZABETH GIBSON ..... *Vice-President*      MARY C. HOWARD..... *Poet*

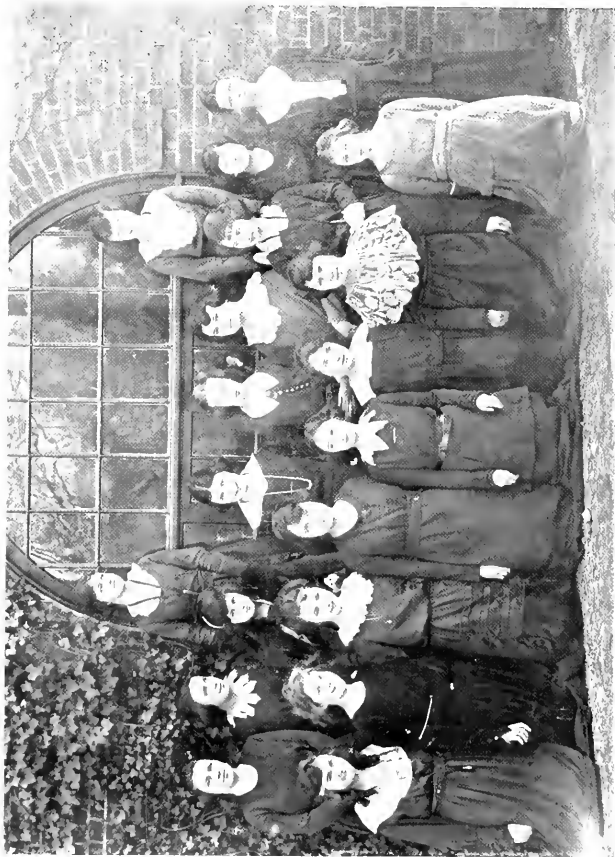


ELIZABETH ALFORD  
 ISABEL BARKLEY  
 EUGENIA BLANCHARD  
 NAOMI BRACY  
 CLYDE BROWN  
 KATHERINE CARR  
 ISABEL CLARK

NORMA CONNELL  
 CLARA EASON  
 MARGARET EURANKS  
 MARTHA FAIRLEY  
 ANNETTE GORDON  
 OLIVIA GOWAN  
 RACHEL GRADY

LOUISE GRAVES  
 LUCILLE HOWARD  
 EDITH HUDSON  
 RUTH LENTZ  
 ELIZABETH LONG  
 KATIE PATTON  
 ROZELLE ROBINSON

NELLIE RUSSELL  
 ROSE WINSTEAD  
 CLARA WOODALL  
 LILY WINN  
 MARGARET S. HALL



The Sophomore Class



## SOPHOMORE POEM

*Hear of the "Bloody Sophomores,"  
The class of twenty-two,  
There'll be nothing left of the Freshmen,  
When the Sophomores get through,  
For we remember the sad hard days  
When we were Freshmen too.*

*Hear of the kind, sweet Sophomores,  
Who show the Freshman green,  
Everything at Peace Institute  
That by Freshmen should be seen,  
And try to comfort the "homesick blues,"  
For we know what they mean!*

*Hear of the proud, proud Sophomores,  
Who, as "old girls," "know it all,"  
In the spring we were mere Freshmen;  
But when we came back last fall—  
We did feel important, didn't we?  
It isn't hard to recall.*

*Hear of the waiting Sophomores,  
We have to wait, you know,  
To study upstairs, and chaparrone,  
When up the street we go;  
For we won't be Juniors till next year,  
And that's coming mighty slow.*

*And now you've heard of the Sophomores;  
But I'm going to tell you more  
Our colors are good old Red and White,  
And in number we're twenty-four;  
And when it comes to dear ol' Peace,  
That's the school that we adore.*



# FRESHMAN

(See Sophomore Bureau of Information) 

COLORS: *Black and Gold*

FLOWER: *Black-eyed Susan*

THELMA TURNER ..... *President*

ANNIE LANDIS ..... *Vice-President*

RACHEL WITHERINGTON ..... *Secretary*

ELLA REYNOLDS ..... *Treasurer*

LOUISE BARRARY

MAVIS LINDSEY

MARGARET BARNES

NORA NEAL

MARY C. BROWN

MARY L. PALMER

MILDRED BYRD

MARY FATE

SELMA FOUNTAIN

ELEANOR ROBERTS

AGNES FOY

LAURA P. STEELE

JESSIE GODFREY

HELEN TAYLOR

ESTHER HOPE

THELMA TURNER

ANNIE LANDIS

ELSIE WARREN

FLORA COLF

BROWER WELLS

NANNIE B. CROW

RACHEL WITHERINGTON

ATTAWA DIXON

RENA YOUNG

EVELYN FISHBURN

HELEN LONGON

MARY LEACH



THE PERSIAN CLASS



## FRESHMAN CLASS POEM

*The day when first to Peace we came,  
Thinking that here we should gain our fame,  
O, I remember!*

*Those tearful days and nights we spent,  
When with thoughts of home our hearts were rent,  
O, I remember!*

*That awful initiation night,  
When for our lives we had to fight,  
O, I remember!*

*The wise and "know all" Sophomores,  
Who to us were always hoars,  
O, I remember!*

*But next year I'll be a Sophomore,  
And then my troubles will all be o'er,  
Our hardships, struggles, toils, and war,  
And all things Freshmen undergo,  
O, I'll forget.*



## PREPARATORY CLASS

COLORS: *Violet and Gold*

FLOWER: *Violet*

MOTTO: *We build the ladder by which we climb*

MARY WESTON TUCKER ..... *President*  
MISS ELIZA HUFFMAN ..... *Teacher*



KATIE M. ROEBUCK  
EULAH RUFFIN  
MARTHA STANLEY  
JANIE STEVENS  
FRANCES STONE  
STELLA TAYLOR  
ELIZABETH TURNER  
MARGARET WEARN  
MARGARET WRIGHT  
VIOLET WRIGHT  
DOROTHY MITTEN  
MARY MOORE  
ELIZABETH NICHOLSON  
LUCILLE O'BRIAN  
CASSANDRA PENN  
LAURA PHILLIPS  
MOLLIE PIGFORD  
GLADYS POWELL  
ELIZA PRIOR  
MAUD PRIVETTIE  
ELLA REYNOLDS  
DOROTHY ROBERISON  
EDITH HINNANT  
MARGARET HUNTER  
MAXINE HURLEY  
LUCY LEWIS  
UNA LINDSEY  
SABIE LIVINGSTON  
VINA McARTHUR  
MILDRED McLAUREN  
DOROTHY McNEILL  
MARY MANGUM  
NETTIE ALLISON  
RUTH BOWEN  
KATIE BUFFALOE  
RUTH BUFFALOE  
MARGARET CALVERT  
MARY COTHREN  
BERTHA COX  
ELLEN CRAWFORD  
MARTHA DEW  
CHRISTINE GRIFFIN  
GEORGIA GWYNNE  
LUCILLE HATCH  
EUNICE HIGGINS



# PREP.



THE PREPARATORY CLASS



## THE THING THAT GOES THE FURTHEREST



JANE ELLEN sprang out of bed at the first sound of the rising gong, and, going to the window, raised the shade with a jerk. It was still dark, and it was raining. The dense fog had filled the room. It was cold. Jane Ellen closed the window with a bang. "A gloomy day for an exam!" she exclaimed drearily. The light would not turn on, and she hurried into her clothes with difficulty. The breakfast gong rang before she had finished fixing her hair. Why was it that she could never be ready for breakfast? she thought. She stuck the last hairpin in and rushed downstairs. At the bottom step she discovered that she had forgotten her belt.

"Miss McLelland will send me back," she said, half aloud, and bursting into tears, hastened back to get it.

When she entered the dining-room every one gave her an icy stare. With a trembling hand she wrote her name in the proctor's book. She thought she would escape the eagle eye of the Dean, but no indeed; as she turned she was pulled back suddenly by her belt, and stumbling backwards confronted Miss McLelland.

"What do you mean by being this late?"

Jane Ellen opened her eyes wide with surprise. Was she very late? she thought. Then she remembered that it had taken her at least ten minutes to find her belt. "Er—er—I just—" she began excitedly. Her brain was confused, her head throbbled—she heard suppressed giggles.

"Besides, your hair doesn't look as though it had been fixed in a week. Never come down to breakfast looking like this again!" finished Miss McLelland emphatically, lifting her coffee cup to her lips. Jane Ellen hurried to her seat.

"Good morning," said Miss Hubbard. The girl seated by Jane Ellen silently handed her the grits. They were cold, but she helped herself to the last spoonful.

"De meat am out in de kitchen," said the maid, returning with the empty platter. Jane Ellen was not hungry. She picked up her fork and ate the grits slowly. Everything was unusually quiet in the dining-room.

The girl across the table said dully, "That exam is just the hardest thing I ever saw! I *can't* learn forty-seven French verbs!"

Jane Ellen frowned. "Forty-seven verbs," she mused. Everybody at the table finished and looked impatiently at her. She folded her napkin and pushed back her chair. The dining-room was deserted now except for several teachers seated at one table.

As Jane Ellen hurried up the stairs, her shoestring broke. She stopped to fix it. A girl starting down did not see her and almost tumbled over her.

Jane Ellen looked up, bewildered. "Oh, I—I didn't see you com—m—"

"What do you mean by stopping *here* to fix your shoe?" exclaimed the girl indignantly, as she flew down the steps to answer at mail call.



Jane Ellen arose. She felt dizzy. The girls rushed by her, and she turned and blindly fled after them.

"I hope I got a letter," she said to the girl standing beside her. The girl only elevated her eyebrows and looked at her critically, as if to say, "*You* got a letter! Why, the idea!" Jane Ellen listened intently—no, she did not hear her name. It seemed ages since she had got a letter. Had everybody forgotten her?

After mail call she hurried up to her room. Everything was painfully quiet, except for the raindrops hitting against the window pane. She fell across her bed, at the same time realizing that it was *unmade*. Her room-mate's bed had been made, but hers—look at it! And her clothes all over the room! What *would* Mrs. Fowler say? Jane Ellen gave her cover a jerk, smoothed it out, and—there, she would make it up later, the bell was ringing for that horrid examination.

She grabbed her pencil and paper and slammed the door behind her. She was trying to recall some of the French verbs, "*Allant, alle, je—*" What could it be? She stumbled over a wrinkle in the carpet, and her tablet dropped to the floor, the leaves flying in every direction. She gathered them all up and glancing at the Central Hall clock, saw that she had only three minutes to get to the classroom.

She was the last one to crowd in. Her cheeks were burning; the room was suffocating. She picked up a chair, carried it a little nearer the window and set it down with a crash. My, what a noise it made! Everybody looked up with a frown. Jane Ellen felt Miss Reid's cold gaze and looked up timidly.

"Young ladies," Miss Reid was looking straight at Jane Ellen, "how many times have I said that the chairs are not to be moved after I have arranged them, *ab-so-lute-ly!*"

Jane Ellen took a deep breath and seated herself carefully. The blackboards, covered with questions, confronted her. She looked at them, puzzled. Everything was *so* dark; she was tired; her hands were so cold. Dead silence reigned; everybody was writing busily. Miss Reid looked up from her knitting with an air of complete satisfaction. To Jane Ellen her expression resembled that of the villain as he held the fair maiden by her golden hair and said, "*Ah, I have you now!*" Jane Ellen wrote something, she scarcely knew what, and scribbled her name on the last sheet, as the last girl disappeared from the room.

She staggered blindly into the dark hall, up the back steps, and down the corridor. A maid sweeping up some trash, looked up and beamed upon her. Jane Ellen stopped, pushed back the stray lock that had fallen over her face, and stared at the good old black face. Then, unconsciously her face also relaxed into a grin. Jane Ellen remembered that it was the first smile she had seen that day. Her headache vanished, the house suddenly got several degrees warmer; and, looking out of the hall windows, she discovered that the sun was shining.

E. GIBSON.

# SPECIALS



STARS

### EXPRESSION

The head falls as a girl could be a snake  
Lovers, oh, I could sleep out a minute  
Nights from the greater than gone as a - or later



When workers run  
We've not allowed to rise  
But workers run,  
Clickers click  
We're bound to see it or be

### ART

If show who think  
That Art is for  
And sign to work  
A game to the work  
It could come just now  
To not obstruct the  
And try to practice  
The A B C  
In music, progression  
And shadows stand,  
The false impression  
Would soon be made



### PRACTICE

Keep hand steady!  
The game is to read!  
But practice, practice, practice  
Surely they will break my heart  
Then 'long' again!



OUR WAGON TO  
WE HITCH

### COMELTY

The simple road to love is through the mouth  
as fast as we can make it!

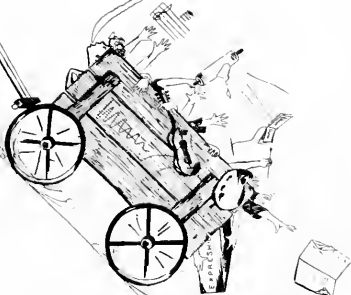


### VOICE

From the late '60s' at practice  
Left drinking some  
Her still speaking words  
Ungranted and gone  
If something is not done  
The voice will be sad  
For the '60s' will have done  
Her ignorance may!

### YARD

What is done  
For me or you?  
'No' and 'my dear'  
I know as well  
The Yale student's  
Knew the way

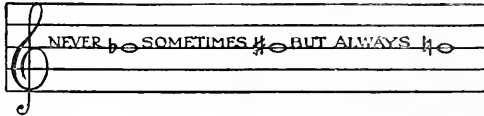


R. Fenwick & R. Alford



## COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

MOTTO:

MARY CORNELIUS ..... *President*

ELIZABETH BOWEN  
 ETTA BOOKS  
 EMILY DUNCAN  
 EDNA EWING  
 MARIE FOUNTAIN

EDANOR HALES  
 MINNIE HOLDING  
 LOUISE HONEYCUTT  
 LILLIAN JORDAN  
 LUCILLE RANKIN

ANNIE LANDIS  
 LUCY MENIUS  
 LULA NORMENT  
 PAULINE STEARNS  
 EDNA WHITE



## DOMESTIC SCIENCE

LOUISE BARBARY  
 MARY BARDEN  
 JESSIE GODFREY  
     ANNETTE GORDON  
     AGNES FOY  
     LOUISE FOSTER  
     MARY C. HOWARD  
 LAURA P. STEELE  
 MAVIS LINDSEY  
 SADIE LIVINGSTON

JULIA MURVIN  
 DOROTHY McNEIL  
     MARY R. NORMENT  
 LUCILLE O'BRIENT  
 MARY LACY PALMER  
 SARAH PATE  
 ROZELLE ROBINSON  
     BEULAH RUFFIN  
     NELLIE RUSSELL  
     MARGARET SCOTT

## DOMESTIC ART

MARY BARDEN  
 DOROTHY BLOUNT  
 MARY BROWN  
     NORMA CONNELL  
     FLORA COLE  
     LOUISE FOSTER  
 JESSIE GODFREY  
 ANNETTE GORDON  
 CHRISTINE GRIFFIN

EDITH HINNANT  
 SADIE LIVINGSTON  
 JULIA MERVIN  
 NELLIE RUSSELL  
 ROZELLE ROBINSON  
 KATIE FATTON  
     MAUDE PRIVETTE  
     LAURA P. STEELE  
     MARTHA STANLEY

RACHEL WITHERINGTON



(Two minutes after rising bell)  
 "Now I've twenty-six more minutes to sleep"



DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS





DOMESTIC ART CLASS

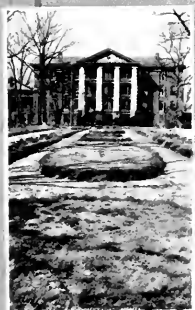


## THE CHORAL CLUB

SALLIE JOHNSON .....President OLIVIA GOWAN .....Secretary LAURA BELL FRENCH .....Treasurer

LOUISE BABBARY  
ELIZABETH BOWEN  
JESSE BRANTLEY  
ETTA BROOKS  
KATHERINE CARR  
LUCCY COOPER  
MARGARET EUBANKS  
MARTHA FAIRLY  
MABEL FONTAINE  
LAURA BELL FRENCH  
ELIZABETH GIBSON  
OLIVIA GOWAN

RACHEL GRADY  
LOUISE GRAVES  
LUCILLE HOWARD  
EDITH HOWELL  
EDITH HUDSON  
SALLIE JOHNSON  
MARY LEACH  
HELEN LONGON  
ANNIE MCDABE  
JULIA MURVIN  
LULA NORMENT  
REBECCA PATTERSON  
KATIE PATTON  
JENNIE PROCTOR  
JULIA RICKS  
ROZELLE ROBINSON  
MARTHA STANLEY  
HELEN TAYLOR  
BESSIE LEE UPCHURCH  
ADDIE WEBB  
CLARA WOODALL  
CATHERINE WHITTIER



PEACE SCENES



## DRAMATIC CLASS

CHARLIE FOULMAY  
 ROZELLE ROBINSON  
 LUCY COOPER  
 CATHERINE BREWER  
 MINNIE HOLDING  
 ELIZABETH STOKX  
 MARGARET BARNES  
 EVELYN FISHERS

RACHEL WILDERINGTON  
 NORMA CONNELL  
 ADDIE WEIR  
 CARRIE CHEATHAM  
 MARGIE BENOY  
 MARY C. HOWARD  
 LOUISE BARBERY  
 MAVIS LINDSEY

## EXPRESSION CLASS

AGNES FOY  
 RUTH LENZ  
 LENA LINBERGER  
 EMILY DUNNAN  
 NORMA CONNELL  
 FANNIE ROGERS MANN  
 DOROTHY MITTEN  
 LUCY NORMENT  
 CATHERINE BREWER  
 MARGIE BENOY

MARGARET BARNES  
 MARY COLTRAN  
 LUCY COOPER  
 LAURA PAGE STEELE  
 EUNICE HIGGINS  
 MARY MANGUM  
 LOUISE BARBERY  
 EVA OGLESBY  
 ROZELLE ROBINSON  
 ANNETTE BLEDSOE

MINNIE HOLDING



HOWELL LIBRARY  
FAC



SCENES FROM PLAYS



## THE BELLS

AFTER EDGAR A. POE

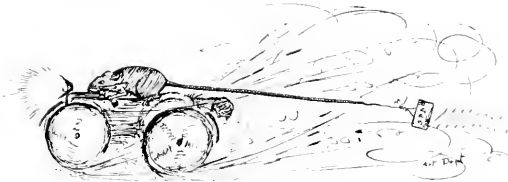
Hear the sounding of that bell,  
 Rising bell!  
 What a day of classes hard that dreaded  
 sound foretells.  
 How it's ringing, ringing, ringing  
 Through the sweetness of my sleep!  
 Oh, what awful thoughts it's bringing,  
 By its dingy, dingy, dingy,  
 Of the rules I have to keep!  
 I must run to the door  
 O'er my icy cold bare floor,  
 To the proctor who is waiting and to  
 Whom my name I tell;  
 While the bell, bell, bell, bell, bell,  
 Bell, bell, bell,  
 Keeps on ringing, keeps on ringing,  
 Horrid bell!

Hear the sweet sound of that bell,  
 Breakfast bell  
 What that sound to hungry girls means  
 Only they can tell.  
 I must slide into my clothes,  
 Just half wakened from my doze,  
 After sweetly-welcome notes,  
 And all in tune.  
 What delicious odors float  
 Of the grits that now are icy and the  
 toast,  
 Which are in the dining-room.

How I rush downstairs, sedate,  
 It is late,  
 It is eight,  
 On to breakfast, ah, that smell  
 Of what things, I know too well;  
 All because I heard the ringing  
 Of that bell, bell, bell,  
 Of that bell, bell, bell, bell,  
 Bell, bell, bell,  
 Which was saying as 'twas swaying,  
 "Breakfast bell."

Hear the next long mournful bells—  
 They're class bells!  
 What a tale of terror each successive  
 one foretells!  
 On the still, still (!) air of Peace  
 Will they never, never cease?  
 And the melancholy menace of their tone,  
 As the girls rush on to class,  
 Vainly hoping they will pass,  
 As they groan!  
 And all through each tedious day,  
 It is always just this way;  
 Just the bells, bells, bells,  
 Just work by bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells bells, bells;  
 For a school girl's life,  
 In this world of strife,  
 Is just bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells.

M. C. H.



The only mouse  
 that's welcomed at Peace



## STUDENT COUNCIL

*Officers*

|                    |       |                                       |
|--------------------|-------|---------------------------------------|
| BENNIE LEE UPTURCH | ..... | <i>President</i>                      |
| ELIZABETH ANDERSON | ..... | <i>President Senior Class</i>         |
| GRACE MCNINCH      | ..... | <i>President Junior Class</i>         |
| CLARIBEL FOUNTAIN  | ..... | <i>President Sophomore Class</i>      |
| THELMA TURNER      | ..... | <i>President Freshman Class</i>       |
| GRACE MCNINCH      | ..... | <i>President Annex</i>                |
| JEANNETTE STANFORD | ..... | <i>Elected by Senior Class</i>        |
| NELLIE BURGESS     | ..... | <i>Elected by Student Body</i>        |
| MARY MANGUM        | ..... | <i>President Wynne Hall</i>           |
| ANABEL SLOAN       | ..... | <i>President Athletic Association</i> |
| ISABEL FAISON      | ..... | <i>President Y. W. C. A.</i>          |







## YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

|                        |                       |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| ISABEL FAISON .....    | <i>President</i>      |
| DOROTHY BLOUNT .....   | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| Laura Bell French..... | <i>Secretary</i>      |
| EUGENIA FAIRLEY .....  | <i>Treasurer</i>      |

GRACE McNICH

*Chairman of Devotional Committee*

AGNES FOY

*Chairman of Poster Committee*

KATHERINE CARR

*Chairman of Missionary Committee*

GRACE HENRY

*Chairman of Music Committee*

LENA LINEBERGER

*Chairman of Social Committee*

EDNA WHITE

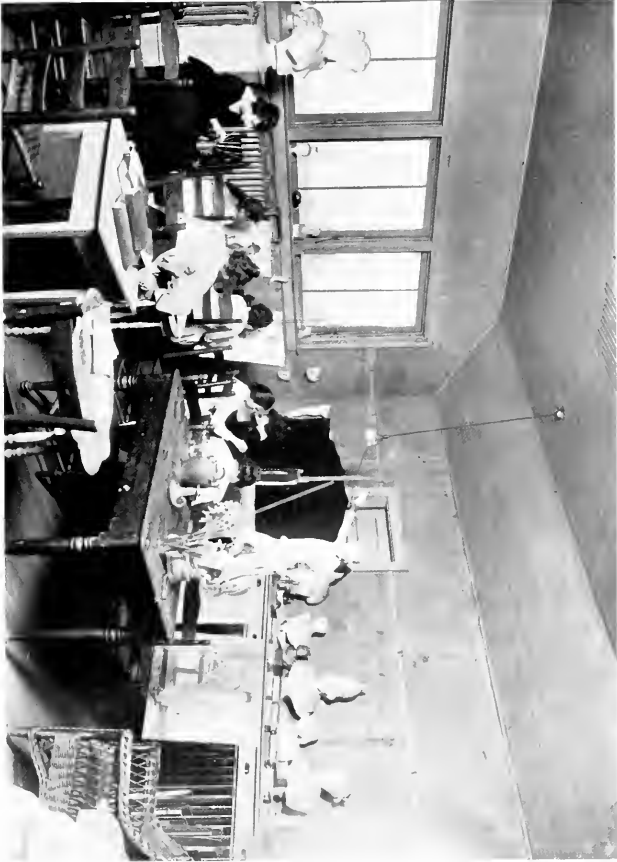
*Chairman of Social Service Committee*





## ART STUDENTS

|                           |                     |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| ELIZABETH ALFORD          | LUCIE LEWIS         |
| EUGENIA BLANCHARD         | MILDRED LUMLEY      |
| CLYDE BROWN               | ELEANOR ROBERTS     |
| MARY CORNELIUS            | ELLEN SEAWELL       |
| JESSIE EASON              | WALLAS SHERMAN      |
| SELMA FOUNTAIN            | ETHEL HOLDING SWAIN |
| DOROTHY GIBSON            | MARY WESTON TUCKER  |
| LUCILLE HOWARD            | ELSIE WARREN        |
| MISS MARY HILLIARD HINTON | LILLIAN WAITY       |
| QUINTINE JOHNSTON         | MARY WOOTEN         |



THE ART STUDIO



## COMMENCEMENT MARSHALS

EUGENIA FAIRLEY  
*Chief Marshal*

AGNES FOY

ELIZABETH GIBSON

EDNA WHITE

LULA NORMENT



PEACE SCENES



(Where innocence is bliss - or, is, it !!)

Fleanor Lewis Roberts

# SOCIETIES





SIGMA PHI KAPPA OFFICERS

- LENA LINEBERGER .....*President*  
EUGENIA FAIRLEY .....*Vice-President*  
GRACE HENRY .....*Secretary*  
DOROTHY BLOUNT .....*Treasurer*

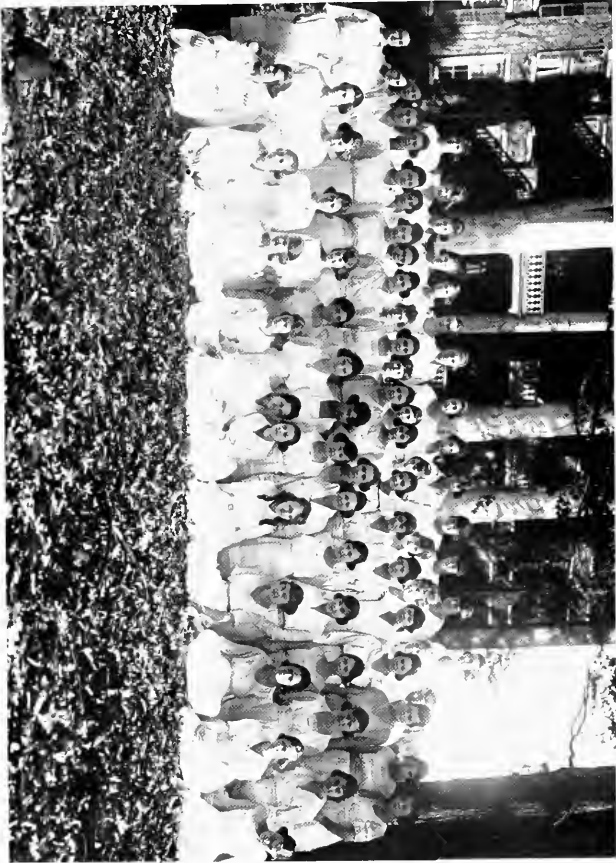


## SIGMA PHI KAPPA SOCIETY

|                    |                     |  |
|--------------------|---------------------|--|
| BETH ANDERSON      | GEORGIA GWYNNE      |  |
| ELIZABETH ANDERSON | MARY C. HOWARD      |  |
| NETTIE ALLISON     | GRACE HENRY         |  |
| MARY BARREN        | MINNIE HOLDING      |  |
| CATHERINE BREWER   | MARGARET HUNTER     |  |
| ISABEL BARKLEY     | EDITH HUDSON        |  |
| EUGENIA BLANCHARD  | EDITH HOWELL        |  |
| DOROTHY BLAUNT     | MARY HUGHES         |  |
| ELIZABETH BOWEN    | LENA HARWOOD        |  |
| CYDIE BROWN        | LAVERA HARRIS       |  |
| EVA DULLOCK        | EDITH HINNANT       |  |
| RUTH BRINKLEY      | MARY HINBERLITE     |  |
| LUCY COOPER        | SALLIE JOHNSON      |  |
| NANNIE B. CROW     | LINA LINENBERGER    |  |
| CARRIE CHEATHAM    | ANSSIE LAMBIS       |  |
| NORMA CONNELL      | MOZELLE MARKHAM     |  |
| MARTHA DEW         | GRACE MCNICH        |  |
| MARGARET ELBANKS   | VIN A McARTHUR      |  |
| ISABEL FAISON      | JEAN McGINN         |  |
| EUGENIA FAIRLEY    | FRANKIE McGINN      |  |
| MARTHA FAIRLEY     | MILDRED McLAURIN    |  |
| LOUISE FOSTER      | JULIA MURKIN        |  |
| AGNES FOY          | MARY MANGUM         |  |
| CHARIHEL FOUNTAIN  | DOROTHY MITTEN      |  |
| SELMA FOUNTAIN     | MARY MOORE          |  |
| OLIVA GOWAN        | MARY ROZIER NORMENT |  |
| ELIZABETH GIBSON   | ELIZABETH NICHOLSON |  |
| SARAH HOWARD PRIOR | MARY WESTON TECKER  |  |
| NONA NEAL          | ELIZABETH TURNER    |  |
| DONN O'LEARY       | THELMA TURNER       |  |
| LAURA PHILLIPS     | LILY WINN           |  |
| ELIZA PRIOR        | RACHEL WITHERINGTON |  |
| CASSANDRA PLENN    | ROSE WINSTEAD       |  |
| MOLLIE PILGORD     | MARGARET WEARN      |  |
|                    | BROWER WELLS        |  |



O!! you goat—

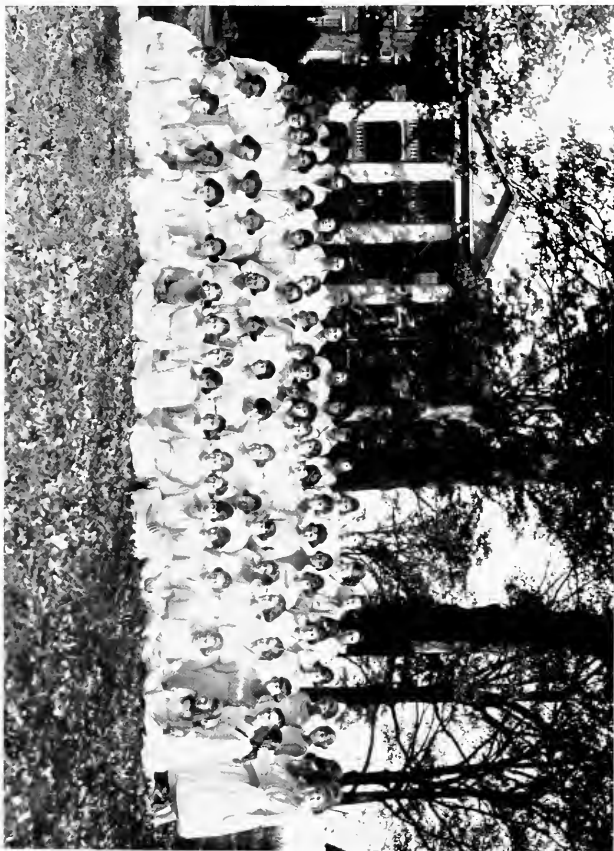


SIGMA PHI KAPPA SOCIETY



PI THETA MU OFFICERS

|                          |                       |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| BENNIE LEE UPCHURCH..... | <i>President</i>      |
| ANABEL SLOAN .....       | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| SUSIE MONROE .....       | <i>Secretary</i>      |
| ELEANOR HALES .....      | <i>Treasurer</i>      |



PI THETA MU SOCIETY



## PI THETA MU SOCIETY

|  |                   |                     |  |
|--|-------------------|---------------------|--|
|  | DOROTHY ALBERMAN  | LUCIE LEWIS         |  |
|  | MARGARET BARNES   | ELIZABETH LONG      |  |
|  | LOUISE BARBARY    | RUTH LENTZ          |  |
|  | MARGORY BENOY     | MARY LEACH          |  |
|  | MARY BROWN        | SADIE LIVINGSTON    |  |
|  | ETTA BROOKS       | UNA LINDSEY         |  |
|  | NAOMI BRACY       | MAVIS LINDSEY       |  |
|  | MARY BOOKER       | DOROTHY McNEILL     |  |
|  | SARAH BOYD        | ANNIE McCORMICK     |  |
|  | RUTH BOWEN        | LUCY MENIUS         |  |
|  | MARGARET CALVERT  | MARGARET MOORE      |  |
|  | KATHERINE CARR    | SUSIE MONROE        |  |
|  | FLORA COLE        | LULA NORMANT        |  |
|  | MARY COTHRAN      | REBECCA PATTERSON   |  |
|  | ELEN CRAWFORD     | KATIE PATTON        |  |
|  | MARY CORNELIUS    | MARY PATE           |  |
|  | BERTHA COX        | SARAH PATE          |  |
|  | ISABEL CLARK      | LAELLA PATE         |  |
|  | ATTAWA DIXON      | MAUD PRIVETTE       |  |
|  | HELEN DUNN        | GLADYS POWELL       |  |
|  | EDNA EWING        | ROZELLE ROBINSON    |  |
|  | CLARA EASON       | MARGARET ROBINSON   |  |
|  | JESSIE EASON      | LUCILE RANKIN       |  |
|  | LAURA BELL FRENCH | ELLEN SEAWELL       |  |
|  | EVELYN FISHERBURN | ELIZABETH SLOAN     |  |
|  | MABEL FOUNTAIN    | ANABEL SLOAN        |  |
|  | JESSIE GODFREY    | LAURA PAGE STEELE   |  |
|  | LOUISE GRAVES     | MARGARET SCOTT      |  |
|  | RACHEL GRADY      | JANIE STEVENS       |  |
|  | ANNETTE GORDON    | JEANETTE STANFORD   |  |
|  | ELEANOR HALES     | VERNA STRAYBORN     |  |
|  | LUCILE HATH II    | MARTHA STANLEY      |  |
|  | HELEN HARRISON    | HELEN TAYLOR        |  |
|  | MAY HARPS         | STELLA TAYLOR       |  |
|  | ESTHER HOPE       | BENNIE LEE UPCHURCH |  |
|  | EUNICE HIGGINS    | EDNA WHITE          |  |
|  | MAXINE HURLEY     | CLARA WOODALL       |  |
|  | QUINTINE JOHNSON  | MARGARET WRIGHT     |  |
|  | EMMA KATE JONES   | VIOLET WRIGHT       |  |
|  | LILLIAN JORDON    | RENA YOUNG          |  |





## A PARODY ON "AND THAT AIN'T ALL"

*Everybody's got the Flu,  
And the Doctor's they can get no clue,  
And that ain't all.*

*We can't go around  
'Cause it's all down town,  
And that ain't all.*

*N. C. State,  
They got their bait,  
And that ain't all.*

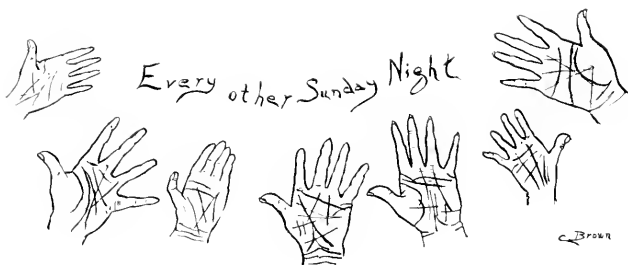
*But when the Flu,  
It's done and through,  
That won't be all*

*'Cause we'll go down town,  
And step around,  
And that ain't all.*

*We'll go to the Wake,  
And take a milk-shake,  
And that ain't all.*

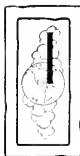
*We'll go home in June,  
And we'll dance and spoon,  
And that ain't all!*

*F. Mc. C.*





## CONFESSIONS OF A PEACE GIRL



X the midst of the gayly-dressed, whirling throng, I stand, a simply-clad, little blue figure. In an agony of uncertainty, I teeter on my first French heels. My face burns; my hands freeze; and my knees play "Home, Sweet Home." Alas! where have all my rapturous dreams vanished? I feel my eyes turn green with envy, as I feverishly watch the pretty, happy-faced girls trip lightly by with their devoted, khaki-clad escorts.

An unattached "Ag" student comes hopefully toward me. Oh, horrors, he wears those tortoise-shell glasses, that always make me think of the "wise old owl, who lived in a tree." I just know that I can never in the world talk to that wise-looking young man. I glance wildly around me, but seeing no possible hiding place, I just draw up into my shell of diffidence and gaze stonily at the floor. *Pat, pat*, the rubber-heeled footsteps come nearer—they pause—and then—*pat, pat*, they pass on. "Oh-h," I sigh in relief.

Oh, if I were only at home and could feel my father pat my head, and could hear him say in his low, sweet voice, "Papa's little girl!" Then fearing that I will do like Miss Annabel McCarthy, I try to take an interest in the couples about me. And with true feminine changeableness, I fervently wish I had smiled encouragingly at that goggled young gentleman. Just as my hopes are as small as the middle portion of my high heels, a voice from a great height says, "My name is ——" and my trembling hand is swallowed in a huge, capable-looking one. In a voice that seems to come from miles away, I tell him my name, but as he cannot understand me, I finally have to spell it.

"Let's walk," says my escort. My spirits rise in revolt against the whole cruel race of men. Why cannot they have a little consideration for foolishly-shod young girls? We walk, it seems to me, to the end of the world, and then my partner finds me a chair.

When I see his face, I laugh at my foolish fears, for now that I can really look at him, I find that he is just an ugly, grown-up boy. And, too, he has a sticking-out piece of hair in the middle of his forehead that makes me long to recommend to him the use of handoline. I soon have him talking and all my trembles and fears are forgotten in listening to his vivid descriptions of France in cold, drizzly weather, and France in grape-blossom time.

LILY WINN.





ARRIVAL

A PEACE GIRL



DEPARTURE

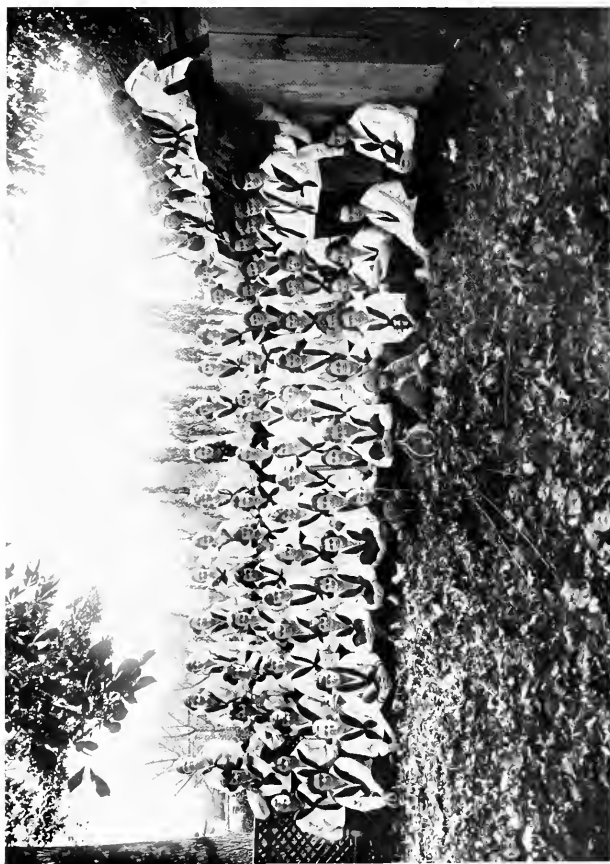


ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

ANABEL SLOAN .....*President*  
LAURA BELL FRENCH .....*Vice-President*  
ELEANOR HALES .....*Secretary*  
DOROTHY ALDERMAN .....*Treasurer*



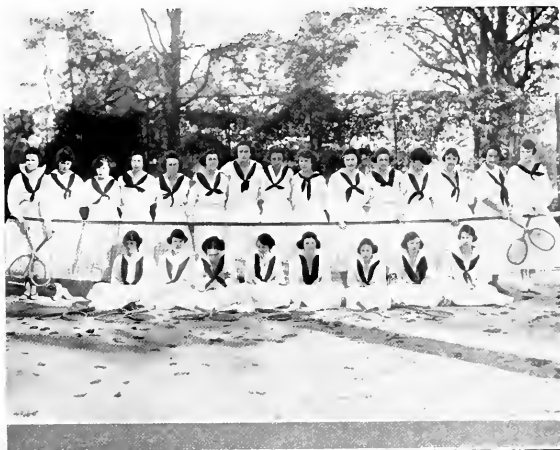
ATHLETIC OFFICERS



THE GREEN TEAM



THE WHITE TEAM



GREEN AND WHITE TENNIS TEAMS



GREEN AND WHITE BASKETBALL TEAMS



GREEN AND WHITE VOLLEYBALL TEAMS

## I LOVE MY GYM

*I love my gym,  
So full of fun and vim,  
The work of it too,  
In fact, every "blessed" thing we do!*

*I love to hike,  
The colleyball I like,  
Our tennis "pep"  
To us gives a fine ole "rep."*

*I love the work so;  
It is the best thing I know,  
Gym work, you see,  
Is the dearest of all to me.*

*I love the whites,  
For they do have no fights!  
And fine the greens  
Who have the girls both tall and lean.*

*The ball is hurled  
By every good old girl  
Doing her best  
To win the cup, with the rest.*

N. B. C.





ELIZABETH ANDERSON  
MOST ACCOMPLISHED



LAURA BELL FRENCH  
TYPICAL PEACE GIRL



DOROTHY LUMLEY  
DAINTIEST



ANABEL SLOAN  
MOST BRILLIANT



Portrait of  
Clara Johnson

Most original  
in the school yard

Portrait  
Sallie Johnson

Handsome  
Clara White

Portrait  
Sallie Johnson



Most Attractive  
Agnes Toy



Cutest  
Eugenia Blanchard



Most Stylish  
Cecily Johnson



Best All Around  
Rennie Lee Upchurch



Most Popular  
Martha Stanby



# PH CLUBS



### SENIOR MONDAY MORNING BREAKFAST CLUB

ELIZABETH ANDERSON

DOROTHY BLOUNT

ISABEL FAISON

MARY HENDERLITE

QUINTINE JOHNSTON

EMMA KATE JONES

LENA LINEBERGER

MARGARET MACMILLAN

SUSIE MONROE

MARGARET MOORE

LAELIA PATE

SARAH PATE

ANABEL SLOAN

JEANNETTE STANFORD

BENNIE LEE UPCHURCH



**FIGFIELD  
ZOLLIES**

QUINTYNE JOHNSTON  
LULA NORMENT  
HELEN LONON  
GEORGIA GWYNNE



**F. R. D.  
CLUB**

*AMBITION: To get  
out of Wynne Hall*

MARY MANGUM  
CASSANDRA PENN  
ELIZABETH TURNER



### EIGHT HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE

EUGENIA BLANCHARD

CATHERINE BREWER

LUCY COOPER

CLARIBEL FOUNTAIN

GRACE HENRY

MARY C. HOWARD

EDITH HOWELL

MARY R. NORMENT



## THE ANNEX GIRLS

MARY BARDEN

MARGARET BARNES

DOROTHY BLOUNT

JESSIE EASON

LA VERA HARRIS

HELEN HARRISON

DOROTHY LUMELY

MILDRED LUMELY

SALLIE JOHNSON

FRANKIE MCGINN

JEAN MCGINN

LUCILLE O'BRIANT

LOIS McNEIL

IDA McNEIL

GRACE McNEIGH

VINA McARTHUR

THELMA TURNER

EUNICE HIGGINS

CLYDE BROWN

MARJORY BENOV





### WYNNE HALL GIRLS

MARY COCHRAN  
DOROTHY MITTEN  
CHRISTINE GRIFFIN  
LUCILLE HATCH  
MARGARET SCOTT  
ELIZABETH TURNER  
BERTHA COX

MAXINE HURLEY  
UNA LINDSEY  
MARY MANGUM  
CASSANDRA PENN  
MOLLY PIGFORD  
GLADYS POWELL  
ELIZA PRIOR

ELLEN CRAWFORD



## HALL OF FAME

ELIZABETH ANDERSON  
 CATHERINE BREWER  
 ISABEL FAISON  
 AGNES FOY  
 CLARETTE FOUNTAIN  
 JESSIE GODFREY  
 ANNETTE GORDON  
 LOUISE GRAVES  
 EDITH HOWELL  
 MARY C. HOWARD  
 EMMA KATE JONES  
 MARGARET McMILLAN  
 NESE MONROE  
 LENA LINBERGER  
 MARY PATE  
 SARA PATE  
 KATH PATTON  
 ELKANOR ROBERTS  
 CLARA WOODALL



## THE MONKEY SIX

ISABEL CLARK  
 EDNA EWING  
 ESTHER HOPE  
 MARY LEACH  
 LAURA PAGE STEELE  
 ADDIE WEBB



## THE H Bs

EVELYN FISHBURN  
 MABLE FOUNTAIN  
 ELEANOR HALE  
 MINNIE HOLDING  
 HELEN LONG  
 MAVIS LINDSEY  
 DOROTHY GIBSON  
 MARGARET MOORE  
 MAUD PRIVETTE  
 EDNA WHITE



## THE 3 C Cs

ELIZABETH NICHOLSON  
 EUGENIA BLANCHARD  
 EDITH HOWELL





### COTILLION CLUB

MARTHA STANLEY ..... *President*  
 SALLIE JOHNSON ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*  
 ELEANOR HALES .....  
 AGNES FOY ..... } *Floor Managers*

MARY C. HOWARD  
 MARGARET MOORE  
 ANABEL SLOAN  
 LENA LINFERGER  
 RACHEL WITHERINGTON  
 MAVIS LINDSEY  
 MINNIE HOLDING  
 MARY W. TUCKER  
 LA VERA HARRIS  
 SARAH BOYD  
 EVELYN FISHBURN  
 EUGENIA BLANCHARD  
 KAUBERNE CARR  
 EMILY DUNCAN

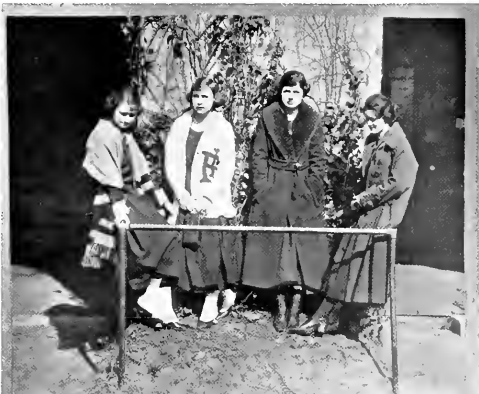
ELIZABETH ANDERSON  
 QUINTYNE JOHNSON  
 ELIZABETH GIBSON  
 ELIZABETH NICHOLSON  
 LAURABEL FRENCH  
 UNA LINDSEY  
 CASSANDRA PENN  
 CHRISTINE GRIFFEN  
 MARY COTHMAN  
 CARRIE CHEATHAM  
 DOROTHY LUMLEY  
 DOROTHY GIBSON  
 MABEL FOUNTAIN  
 HELEN LONGON

BENNIE LEE UPCHURCH



## "ROOMIES"

ELEANOR ROBERTS  
MARGARET McMILLAN  
MARGARET SCRUBY HALL  
ELIZABETH GIBSON



## Hall of Fame Musical Trio

AGNES FOY  
*President*  
*Baritone*

KATIE PATTON  
*Vice-President*  
*Bass*

LOUISE GRAVES  
*Sec. Treas.*  
*Tenor*





### GLEE CLUB

EENNIE LEE UPCHURCH.....*President*

LUCY COOPER  
KATHERINE CARR  
LA VERA HARRIS  
MARTHA STANLEY  
EDITH HUDSON  
EDITH HOWELL  
DOROTHY LUMLEY  
MARTHA FAIRLEY

ELEANOR HALES  
SALLIE JOHNSON  
AGNES FOY  
RACHEL WITHERINGTON  
ELIZABETH ANDERSON  
HELEN LONON  
LAURABEL FRENCH



**THE  
LOAFERS**

EMMA KATE JONES  
MAVIS LINDSEY  
SUSIE MONROE



**S. I. D. I. C.**

LUCILLE HATCH  
"Little Hatch"  
UNA LINDSEY  
"Jimmie"  
MANISE HURLEY  
"Jack"  
MARY COTHMAN  
"Polly"  
CHRISTINE GRIFFIN  
"Tommie"  
GEORGLA GWYNNE  
"Red"  
MARGARET SCOTT  
"Scottie"





S. N. B. F.  
AND  
S. N. F.

ISABEL CLARK  
EDNA EWING  
JESSIE GODFREY  
LOUISA GRAVES  
ESTHER HOPE  
MARY LLACH  
MARGARIT McMILLAN  
KATHY PATTON  
ADDIE WEBB  
LAURA PAGE STILLE



THE  
HOLIDAY  
CLUB

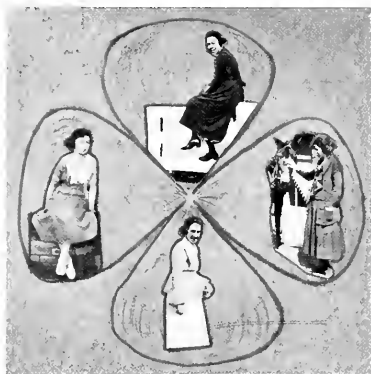
MOTTO "Don't worry—it  
can't last, nothing does."

COLORE: Green but never

50c

"LIZ" ANDERSON  
"DOTT" ALDERMAN  
"FIELD" FABELLA  
"LIND" FABELLA  
"LUTEN" COOPER  
"ZAKIE" PATR





## THE FOUR-LEAF "CLUBBERS"

- LENA LINBERGER ..... "Boss"  
 "The energetic leaf"  
 ISABEL FAISON ..... "Ike"  
 "The studious leaf"  
 ELIZABETH ANDERSON .. "Libber"  
 "The musical leaf"  
 AGNES FOY ..... "Ag"  
 "The artistic leaf"

## THE CAN CLUB

- "CAT" BREWER  
 She can talk  
 "JEANIE" BLANCHARD  
 She can smile  
 "KATIE" CABR  
 She can eat  
 "LOOSIE" COOPER  
 She can sing  
 "T" FOUNTAIN  
 She can "vamp"  
 "GRACE" HENRY  
 She can "rag"  
 "LILLIE" HOWARD  
 She can get boxes  
 "C" HOWARD  
 She can rave  
 "BEANY" HOWELL  
 She can love  
 "ROSY" NORMENT  
 She can crush  
 "FOND ROOMY" RUSSELL  
 She can have dates  
 "CHEAT" CHEATHAM  
 She can get into trouble





## S. G. C.

ELIZABETH ALFORD  
 EUGENIA BLANCHARD  
 LETITIA COBB  
 MARY CORNELIUS  
 CLYDE BROWN  
 JESSIE EASON  
 SELMA FOUNTAIN  
 DOROTHY GIBSON  
 LUCILLE HOWARD  
 QUINTINE JOHNSTON  
 MISS M. H. HINTON  
 MILDRED LUMLEY  
 LUCIE LEWIS  
 ELEANOR ROBERTS  
 MARY WESTON TUCKER  
 ELLEN SEWELL  
 DALLAS SHERMAN  
 ETHEL HOLDING SWAIN  
 ELSIE WARREN  
 LILLIAN WAITE  
 MARY WOOTEN

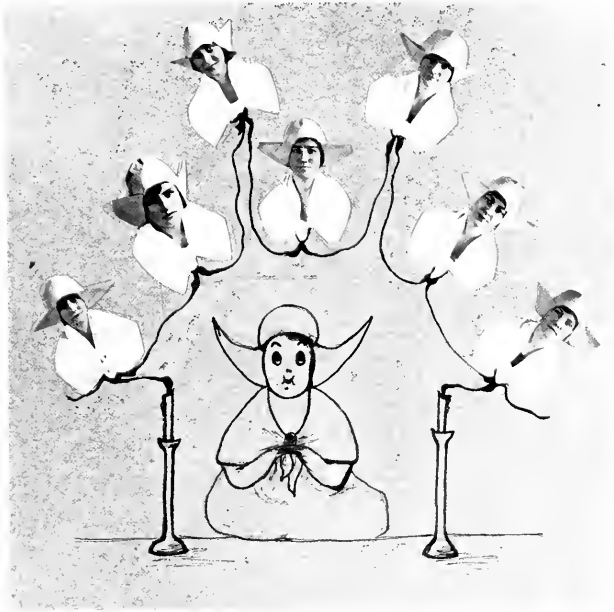
## VIRGINIA CLUB

SONG: "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny."  
 FLOWER: Virginia Creeper.

MARTHA STANLEY  
 ELEANOR ROBERTS



ELLA REYNOLDS  
 GLADYS FOWELL



## THE QUAKERS

AGNES FOY

RACHEL WITHERINGTON

MARTHA STANLEY

ANABEL SLOAN

ELIZABETH ANDERSON

EUGENIA FAIRLEY

LENA LINEBERGER



## FAREWELL COMPLEXION

*Farewell! farewell! small box of rouge!*

*You used to grace my cheek;*

*The only color I can have*

*Is from my blushes meek.*

*Farewell! farewell! small pencil black!*

*You used to shade my eyes;*

*You aren't at all the proper thing.*

*Miss Graham says, and sighs.*

*Farewell! farewell! red lip stick mine!*

*You've done your best for me;*

*But nature gives us coloring*

*As red as it should be.*

*Farewell! farewell! oh, everything!*

*My powder, paint, and grease!*

*I've got to be my natural self,*

*'Cause now I've come to Peace!*

M. C. H.



## Forbidden Fruit

BUREAU OF INFORMATION



| NAME               | BETTER KNOWN AS | DISPOSITIONS   | MOST OFTEN FOUND        | AMBITIONS                          |
|--------------------|-----------------|----------------|-------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Christine Griffin  | "Chris"         | Bright         | With Una                | To ease Mary C.                    |
| Mollie Bradford    | "Mollie"        | Lackadaisical  | Rooming                 | To stop growing                    |
| Corothy Limley     | "Ann"           | Bossy          | With La Vera            | To become a Senator                |
| Frederic Brewster  | "Fred"          | Talkative      | In Hall of Fame         | To rival Sarah Bernhardt           |
| Kevlyn Fishbourne  | "MVI"           | Winning        | Peg's room              | To be mischievous                  |
| Mavis Lindsey      | "Merry"         | Heart-fail     | Painting Bill           | To be a tramp                      |
| Eva Bullock        | "Eve"           | Indifferent    | In the gym              | To "chafe" through life            |
| Elise Arrhen       | "Elise"         | Sweet          | With Uttawa             | To make "loose"                    |
| Sarah Pate         | "Big Pate"      | Quiet          | With heart of a book    | To get an A.B. Degree              |
| Charbel Poutkahn   | "A"             | Dependable     | With Beattie            | To grow tall                       |
| Asnes Poy          | "Ag"            | Attractive     | Searching for Lena      | To become a trained nurse          |
| Katherine Carr     | "Cattie"        | Steady         | In Beth's room          | To hear Fodorowski                 |
| Faith Howel        | "Beanie"        | Sunny          | Mary C.'s room          | To play in a great cathedral       |
| Emily Duncan       | "Ean"           | Shabby         | Powdering her nose      | To get out of school               |
| Dorothy Gibson     | "Gib"           | Lovable        | Loving Peg              | To trip on the light fantastic toe |
| Dorothy Blount     | "Dot"           | Sincere        | Studying                | To become a successful Journalist  |
| Mabel Fountain     | "Mah"           | Breezy         | Swinging                | To die swinging                    |
| Margaret Moore     | "Peg"           | Winning        | Hanging out the window  | To love and to be loved            |
| Elizabeth Anderson | "Lib"           | Happy          | Chasing animal material | To become a prima donna            |
| Lacelle Howard     | "Cille"         | Sympathetic    | In Ag's room            | To stay with mother and dad        |
| Lula Norment       | "Lulu"          | Helpful        | Practicing expression   | To become a stage star             |
| Edna White         | "Ed"            | Optimistic     | At home                 | To become independent              |
| Martha Stanley     | "Stan"          | Cordial        | Looking for "Lieuts"    | For the Greens to win              |
| Susie Monroe       | "Susie"         | Happy-go-lucky | Earth tub               | To become a doctor                 |
| Martha Fairley     | "Field"         | Friendly       | Practice room 5         | To rival Gail Curd                 |
| Emma K. Jones      | Emma Cat        | Caring         | With Beattie Lee        | To make Beattie Lee like her       |
| Eugenia Fairley    | "Geanie"        | Heart-oning    | Chasing Lib             | To be a K. A. ess                  |
| Laura Page Steele  | "Steele"        | Jovial         | In Edna's room          | Country demonstrator               |
| Eric Brooks        | "Er"            | Lovable        | On side of a building   | To be a human spider               |
| Helen Lonon        | "Hel"           | Fascinating    | With Mavis              | To accompany Gail Curd             |
| Eleanor Roberts    | "Ell"           | Quiet          | Next door               | To rival Harrison Fisher           |
| Lena Lindeberget   | "Berger"        | Peppy          | On Fayetteville Street  | To plow a field                    |
| Eugenia Blanchard  | "Ducky"         | Jolly          | Chasing Rosie           | To be original                     |
| Isabel Falson      | "Tky"           | Serious        | Miss Burwell's room     | To live in Des Moines              |
| Jeanette Stratford | "Jean"          | Bright         | Making points           | To be a good cook                  |
| Maxine Hurley      | "Jack"          | Boisterous     | Chasing Minnie          | To live with Minnie                |



## JOKES

Little Hatch got into the bath tub Wednesday night singing, "I am a stranger here."

Teacher: "Ruth, which is the largest river in Egypt?"

Ruth: "Er—er—the—er—I don't believe I know—wait a minute—"

Silence.

Teacher (jokingly): "Well, is it the Mississippi or the Missouri River?"

Ruth (very seriously): "Why, Miss Hubbard, I believe it is the Mississippi."

Joke is out!!!!

Freshman Bible Test: Goliath was clad in a coat of arms.

Mary J. Moore: "Miss Sharp, what connection does Peace have with the Fair?"

Miss Sharp: "None. Why?"

Mary Jane: "Why, it states in the paper that the State Fair and the Peace Jubilee are to be held here next week!"

Katy Patton (very seriously): "Miss Ried, who is John Barleycorn? I heard Miss Graham say today that he was dead."

Emma Kate: "Who's your letter from Sadie?"

Sadie: "Oh, I just heard from my biology constructor at Wake Forest."

Miss McLelland: "Who was David?"

Pupil: "Wasn't he the man that killed the lion with a tombstone?"

Jessie Eason: "Oh, Miss Pfaff, did you know that Wake Forest has skipped the country?"

Miss Pfaff: "Wake Forest?"

Jessie: "Oh, he's my cat."

Miss Heuer (in Domestic Science class—after a brief discussion of clean back yards): "Now, girls, will all of you keep your hacks clean?"

Evelyn: "Put what is the matter with Bill's ear?"

Lucille Rankin: "He must have erysipelas."

Seen at the Thanksgiving table: "Molly Pigford with a busy sign up."

Isabelle (at a Green meeting): "I nominate that we adjourn."

Frances Edgerton (coming up the hall): "Has anybody got a toothbrush she's not using?"

Edna (on hike February 2d): "Today is ground hog day, isn't it?"

Ikie: "Did you see it?"

Dorothy: "Is it just one ground hog, or is it one in every town?"



Carrie Cheatham (in physiology class): "Well, Miss Pfaff, a person's heart isn't shaped like these pictures of hearts that you see, is it?"

Wanted: An extra copy of Woolley's Handbook to help Susie Monroe in writing business letters for Pi Theta Mu Society Pins.

Why is it that Martha Stanley likes to go to church so well? Is it the atmosphere of the church or is it the presence of "SOME ONE" there?

Bell Clark (at the movies): "Wish we were near the front so we could hear what they say." Joke's out!!

Mavis Lindsey: "How many quarters do they play in football?"

Feggy Moore (in chemistry): "Sloanie, what color is blue vitriol?"

In Senior history class, discussing the underground railway system for assisting fugitive slaves.

Ikie: "Well, Miss Kelly, how did they dig them without people knowing about it?"

Freshman Bible Class: Joseph went down into Egypt and interrupted Pharaoh's dream.



Annex coming to breakfast.

## WANTED! LOST! FOUND!

- WANTED: By Mavis Lindsey, a dozen pink roses daily for Helen Lonon.
- LOST: In the vicinity of Minnie Holding's room, one broken heart. Finder please return to Maxine Hurley.
- WANTED: Some sort of "sheet glue" to stick Sasie Monroe to her bed after light bell.  
*Proctor of Hall of Fame.*
- WANTED: Sufficient information to convince Miss Ingraham that student government is established in school.  
*Martha Stanley.*
- FOUND: A rule in the student government book forbidding invited guests to spend the night in my room without permission.  
*Agnis Foy.*
- WANTED: A little time to waste.  
*Isabel Fuison.*
- WANTED: An unengaged bath tub at 7 A.M.  
*Laura Bell French.*
- FOUND: Eugenia Fairley studying.
- WANTED: A brass knocker on the library door for Miss Pfaff's convenience.
- WANTED:—A contribution to the waste basket.  
*Miss Ingraham.*
- FOUND: Modern gingham dress designers and taffeta milliners. Apply to the Miles at Wynne Hall.
- FOUND: "Eagles" and other nice birds.  
*Des Moines Delegates.*
- WANTED TO KNOW: Where are the lower extremities of the girls in the Green basketball team? Answer: Amputated by the board of censorship.
- WANTED: A bottle of "crush killer."  
*Same Peacc Girls.*
- WANTED: "Bunk." "Pinkie" Boyd.
- WANTED: Fertilizers to grow taller.  
*"T" Fountain.*  
*Mildred McLaurin.*
- WANTED: A secluded place to sleep.  
*Miss Morisey.*
- WANTED: A telephone to "Pat's" room.  
*E. Huffman.*
- WANTED: Obedience.  
*Miss McLelland.*
- FOUND: Etta Brooks skipping ten minutes practice.  
*Mrs. McLelland.*







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*There, there, little girl, don't cry,  
You're restricted again, you know;  
But it serves you right,  
Why you looked a sight!  
And you broke the rules, you know.*

*Why a girl who's attained your age!  
I'm really ashamed to think,  
Would paint her lips red,  
And frazzle her head—  
And your cheeks were decidedly pink.*

*And your brows—I'm sure they were blacked,  
And long instead of short.  
Nowhere must you go,  
Till the dean lets you know;  
'Tis a lesson that all should be taught,*

M. C. H.

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*There are rules that make us angry,  
There are rules that make us blue,  
There are rules that make us often  
wonder  
What the teachers next will make  
us do.*

*There are rules that take away our free-  
dom,  
There are rules that make us long to  
flee;  
But the rule that makes us wear our  
rubbers  
Is the one that most displeases me.*

A. L.

*There was a wise woman named Moore,  
Who finding no heat on the floor,  
To warmer heights she quickly arose,  
And on the top of a ladder she posed,  
And decided to sit there forevermore.*

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There are bells that ring for sleep,  
There are bells that fill our hearts with  
gladness,  
They're the bells for us to eat,  
There are bells that call us into classes,  
There are bells that make our hearts  
fall;  
But the bell that fills our hearts with  
sorrow  
Is the bell for Study Hall,*

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*There's a long, long trail a-winding  
Into the land I'll never reach;  
Where the good marks I'd be finding,  
And the things I'll never teach.*

*There's a long, long day a-coming,  
When the guns will cease to ring,  
And the birds will wake me with their  
humming,  
And the whole world seems to sing.*

M. J. L.

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*Tests are long, and time is fleeting,  
And our thoughts they come so slow  
That the clock's ticks are but beating  
Funeral marches to zero.*

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*Oh, the school girls of Peace are loud in  
their wail,  
For they fear on exams they do falter  
and fail;  
And the visions of honors, when their  
work is all done,  
Are faded and withered as flowers in the  
sun.*

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*There was a young lady named May,  
Who fell madly in love with an "A,"  
We were filled with a'arm,  
When she reared of her farm,  
Her tongue went forever wiggay,  
The hutefulest word I ever have seen,  
Or heard or read is Quarantine!  
And if you don't believe that's true,  
Then you don't know as Peace girls do,  
There was a small lady called "T,"  
Who was tiny as tiny could be,*

*But, oh! she was smart,  
And that's not a part,  
She was class president, Ter, Hee!*

M. C. H.

*Our weary winds a ray of light—  
Or friends we flunk of fear,  
We're cramming tonight for the old exam,  
Give us a thought that is clear;*

CHORUS:

*Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,  
Wishing for exams to cease;  
Many are the girls that are putting forth a fight,  
To get a "dip" from Peace.*

E. B.

*There's a long, long trail a-winding,  
Into the land I'll never reach;  
Where a good mark I'd be finding,  
And the things I'll never teach.*

M. L.



7:36 A.M.—  
 ("Without benefit of (blessing)")

*The hours I spent within this gate  
 Are the darkest ones which I have seen,  
 The more I think, the more I hate  
 The Quarantine, the Quarantine.*

*Each day some one I could not see;  
 Each week a boy I could not get,  
 'Twas bitter sorrow—misery,  
 Days forever to regret.*

*Oh, shopping, which I should have done  
 Oh, people whom I should have seen!  
 Just one thing kept out all my fun:  
 The Quarantine, the Quarantine.*

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