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NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY

THE OAK LEAVES

VOLUME SEVENTEEN

MCMXX

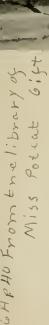
EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY THE
ASTROTEKTON AND PHILARETIAN SOCIETIES
MEREDITH COLLEGE
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA



ILLUSTRATIONS BY
THE ART DEPARTMENT AND STUDENTS



PANORAMIC VIEW





MEREDITH COLLEGE

TO

ROSA CATHERINE PASCHAL WHOSE CAPABILITY AND UNFLAGGING ENERGY, STRENGTH AND JUSTICE, OPENMINDEDNESS AND BROADNESS OF VISION WERE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS GIVEN UNSELFISHLY TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF MEREDITH COLLEGE, WE DEDICATE THIS VOLUME OF THE OAK LEAVES AS A TOKEN OF OUR LOVE AND APPRECIATION





DOROTHY BLAND



GLENN WARD

[PAGE EIGHT]

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Glad to Meet You

We're glad to introduce you now

To the Annual of Nineteen-twenty,
And if you will but look it thru,

'Twill give you news a plenty.

'Twill tell you all about this place,
This far-famed Meredith College;
It shows you where we have our fun,
And whence our boundless knowledge.

It knows lots more than it has said, About the profs. tyrannical, But censors would not let it speak, Because it seemed "profannical."

We think 'twould interest all you folks,
For those of you who're here now
Will know just what is serious,
And laugh at what is pow-wow.

And those of you who once have dwelled Within these sacred confines,
Will have your memories gently stirred By rare diversions for your minds.

And so we take great pleasure
In making you acquainted.
We hope that by your comments
Its fair "rep" will not be tainted.



Contents

BOOK I. THE COLLEGE

BOOK II. THE CLASSES

BOOK III. ORGANIZATIONS

BOOK IV. COLLEGE LIFE



Eternal Life

To see our God's eternal face
In every flower that grows,
To hear his tender, loving voice
In all the wind that blows,
To understand each chirping bird,
The murmur of every stream,
To aim at stars in glory set,
To strive for every dream,
To know the heart of some dear friend,
To be true and sincere to all,
To live for others till life's fair end,
To rise and never fall,
To care and love and lift and praise—
This is Eternal life!

M. C. W., '22.

BOOK I.

The College





Alma Mater

We salute thee, Alma Mater, we salute thee with a song,
At thy feet our loyal hearts their tribute lay;
We had waited for thy coming, in the darkness waited long,
Ere the morning star proclaimed thy natal day.

Thou hast come through tribulation, and thy robe is clean and white,

Thou art fairer than the summer in its bloom;

Thou art born unto a kingdom, and thy crown is all of light;

Thou shalt smile away the shadow and the gloom.

In thy paths the fields shall blossom and the desert shall rejoice, In the wilderness a living fountain spring,

For the blind shall see thy beauty and the deaf shall hear thy voice, And the silent tongues their high hozannas sing.

Where the rhododendron blushes on the burly mountain's breast,
In the midland where the wild deer love to roam;
Where the water-lily slumbers while the cypress guards its rest,
Lo! thy sunny land of promise and thy home.

Where the sons of Carolina taught a Nation to be free,
And her daughters taught their brothers to be brave;
O'er a land of peaceful plenty, from the highlands to the sea,
May thy banner. Alma Mater, ever wave.

R. T. VANN.







OUR PRESIDENT





OUR DEAN

In Memoriam

Frank Percival Shields

Died January 9th, 1920

A successful business man, an unselfish worker in his church and community

Trustee of Meredith College

Beeler Moore

Died January 29th, 1920

Beloved as a trustee of Meredith College aiding in every forward movement of the Kingdom of God, giving without stint his time and means



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Professor in Piano

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^{*}On leave of absence, 1920-1921.



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KATHERINE BROWN,
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EUNICE KENT HOMEWOOD,

Student Assistant in Physical Education.

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Autumn

From May until September

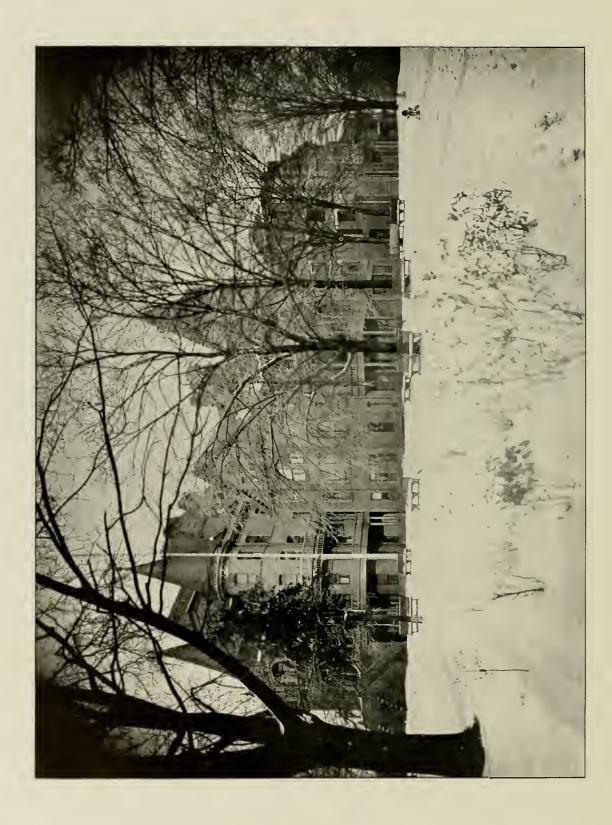
Meredith's been in Nature's care;
But the months of Fall 's when Nature

Leaves her charges rather bare.
But does Meredith lack a keeper?
Is her lot a lonely one?
Could it be when other beauties

Come when Fall Term has begun?

Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen,
With one common goal in view;
Just to breathe once more in comfort,
When that classifying's through.
All excitement, all emotion,
Tempers held—thus courage shown,
Every action evidencing
Meredith's come into her own.

BARRE PRITCHETT, '23,





Winter

When snowflakes spread a blanket o'er our world And fold the tender, budding Freshmen in, Each teasing Sophomore's flag is tightly furled, And Juniors say, who lags commits a sin.

The Seniors knit their brows and tear their hair,
And try to get some wisdom in their heads.
But ere they start—it seems to me not fair—
The light-bell sends them to their sleepless beds.

The morning brings no rest for weary hearts,

While work piles up till drooping heads grow weak;

Then wonder from too-wearied patience starts,

And asks, Why so much knowledge one should seek?

Sure, honest work keep's pleasure's banner furled When snowflakes spread a blanket o'er our world.

LILLIE MAY AYCOCK, '20.





Spring

Spring! ah, now, 'tis truly Spring! Flowers blooming, birds on wing, All in joyous, happy rhyme. Welcoming the glad Springtime.

Forth with laughter bright and song Comes a host, a merry throng Of girls, arrayed in many hues Out o' keepin' with the blues.

O'er the campus gay they swarm, Merry o' heart and light o' form; Books and lessons all forgot— What care they for graph or plot?

Why, you ask, this gay display? School girls aren't like this alway! But, 'tis true, carefree are they When it nears the end o'May!

Annie Clifford, '21.





Some Celebrities

The Classes





MAMIE CARROLL, SENIOR



MOULTRIE DRAKE, JUNIOR



M. C. WILLIAMS, SOPHOMORE



DORIS JEFFREYS, FRESHMAN

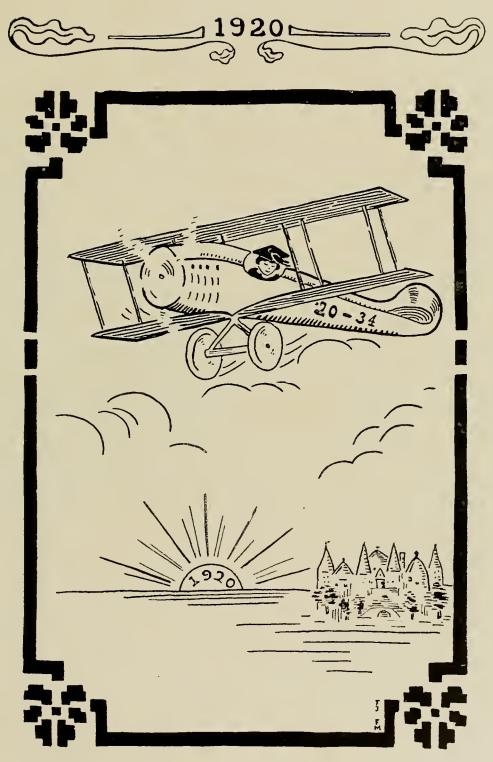
CLASS PRESIDENTS

[PAGE TWENTY-NINE]





Miss Laura Eiberg
Fuculty Member to the Senior Class





The Senior Class

Colors: Purple and White Flower: Violet

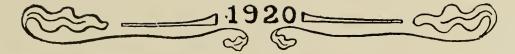
Mascot: Aeroplane

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Jessica Jenkins								. Testator
GLENN WARD .								. Prophet
LILLIE MAY AYCO	СК	-						Poet

Мотто:

We are now becoming what we hope to be





LILLIE MAY AYCOCK, A.B LOUISBURG, N. C.

English—Science

"A happy soul, that all the way
To Heaven hath a summer's day."

Lillie May is generally recognized as the class optimist. She is not, however, one of the lazy. let-the-world-take-care-of-itself optimists; on the contrary, she is perfectly willing and able to accomplish any task which is presented to her. Only Lillie May, we feel sure, could have staged the Victory Pageant which was presented to the State Baptist Convention, without suffering a nervous breakdown at some point of the process. Her cheerfulness and her poetic imagination, which is often exhibited in sonnet-form, make her an ideal conversationalist. This will be a valuable asset to her in her chosen profession, and taking all else into consideration, we dare predict that Doctor Aycock will be very successful.









Sophomore Editor Oak Leaves_____'17-'18

Junior Editor Oak Leaves_____'18-'19

DOROTHY BLAND, A.B. Burgaw, N. C.

English-Latin

Who mix'd reason with pleasure, And wisdom with mirth,

Petite? Yes, but in size only, for she was voted our most brilliant Senior, and is one of the best all-round girls of the Class of '20. She is always happy and smiling, is never too busy for fun or for a date in the "back parlor." We have never been able to find anything which Dorothy could not do, and do well. She is one of our best actresses. No stage production at Meredith is quite complete without her. Just now she is endeavoring to decide whether to pursue an already brilliant career or to settle down to the joys and sorrows of a minister's wife. Whatever she does and wherever she goes, Meredith will be proud of her. Three cheers for "Dot," the "baby" of onr Class!





Member Philaretian Society





BLANCHE LENORE BURKE, B.S., MAXTON, N. C.

Science

A cheerful temper joined with innocence will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured.

Blanche is a rare girl in that she may always be depended upon to do what is asked of her, and to do it on time, too. She demonstrated her capability and dependability to the whole school when she so admirably supervised the Kum-Bak-ln, the "Y" tea-room, during the three weeks of quarantine. Another unusual thing about Blanche is her scientific turn of mind, for Miss Mennenhall will be glad to tell you what an efficient Chemistry assistant she has been. Moreover, she is a very popular girl, and conscientious, too, though it has been reported (falsely, I assure you) that she was off the Honor Roll. She is one of our classmates who is ambitious for an M.D., and will in time accomplish much in ridding the world of disease.









MARY IDA BUTLER, A.B. FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

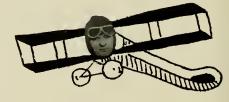
History-French

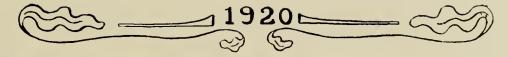
If e'er she knew an evil thought, She spoke no evil word,

One would have to go far to find a sweeter and nobler girl than Mary 1da. She has a wide circle of friends who love her for her true worth. She is not only sweet, but capable; is able to do anything from running the Student Government Association to starring in an operetta. Mary 1da expects to teach next year, and we know she will apply successfully all of Dr. Freeman's "Education" principles. Good luck, Mary 1da!

College Choir'16-'20
Glee Club
College Usher17:18
Vice-President Student Government
Association18-19
Assistant Business Mgr. Oak Leaves'18-'19
President Student Government
Association19-20
Member Astrotekton Society









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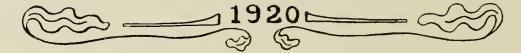
English-German

The mildest manners with the bravest mind,

Is there anything that Mamie cannot do well? If so, we're yet to discover it, and we've seen her do lots of things. It's rather remarkable to find one girl who can star in English, parley-vous français, play basketball, and run the library, but "Mame" has done all that! She writes excellent poetry, too, whenever she has time to allow her muse to work. In addition to all these accomplishments, she has that indefinable something called personality which makes her liked by everyone. These and a few more are our reasons for making her our Senior President.









MADGE WESTCOTT DANIELS, A.B. MANTEO, N. C.

Science-French

Too busy with the crowded hour To fear to live or die.

Can any one remember the time when Madge wasn't busy? She began her college career by being elected Freshman Vice-President. Since that time she has influenced many things, among which are the Athletic Association, the Astrotekton Society, and (n.b.) the Student Government Association. She has taken all her responsibilities so seriously that her dissipations have usually been limited to extended conversations over the telephone, which begin at about 10:30 in the evening! But cheer up, party at the other end of the wire: commencement is coming, and then, perhaps, she will be at leisnre to enjoy her talents other than the use of her oracular tongue.







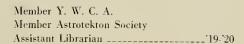


ISLA BELLE DAVIS, A.B. ZEBULON, N. C.

Math-French-German

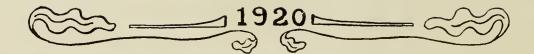
True as the needle to the pole, Or as the dial to the sun.

Isla is indeed a "true blue" girl in every sense. Take her either as a friend or a student, and you'll find her loyal, sincere, and just. Determined? Yes, but not until she is sure that she's right in what she's undertaking. Regarding her intellectual ability, it is only necessary to say that her major and minor subjects are Math and two Modern Languages. Isla, we wish you success!











EVA LOUISE DEAN, A.B. WENDELL, N. C.

History-French

In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare.

But Eva is a real rarity, for she speaks both French and German almost as well as she does English—and you must know that is very well, for if you notice her list of honors you will see that she was Editor-in-Chief of the *Acorn*. Our only regret with regard to Eva is that we never saw enough of her, for, alas! she has always been one of our day-students. For that reason we were tempted to regard quarantine as a blessing in disguise, for then she *had* to move in among us. Even then, our enjoyment of her presence was somewhat tempered by our sympathy for poor "Bob," who seemed sad because he couldn't follow her here.







 College Choir
 16·18

 Tennis Team
 16·18

 House President
 18·19

 Treasurer Senior Class
 19·20

 Secretary Y. W. C. A.
 19·20

 Student Instructor in Chemistry
 18·20

 Member Astrotekton Society

VERNIE SCARBOROUGH EDDINS. A.B. Palmervhle, N. C.

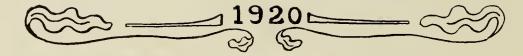
Science—French

Good sense which only is the gift of Heaven, And, though no science, fairly worth the seven.

Indeed, the gods were good to us when they gave us Vernie, for she has been one of the most loyal, lovable, and efficient members of our Class. It would be difficult to name her greatest virtue-for she has them all. She performs her many college duties in such an unassuming manner that we often wonder how they are done and done so well. She is a splendid worker in the Y. W. C. A., in the class, and in anything else that calls for capability. Her intellectual ability is proved when we say that she is electing Math and is an instructor in Chemistry. Meredith will miss her, for there aren't many of her type. We expect her to win many honors for her Alma Mater.









MATTIE BURKE GUNTER, A.B. SANFORD, N. C.

History-French

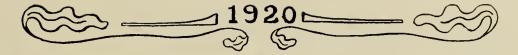
I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond; thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow.

Mattie B., as she insists on being called, is famous as being one member of the Class of '20 who can occasionally drop a ball in the basket. You would be able to understand this better, perhaps, if you saw a full-length, lifesize picture of her! She can do other things well, too-you just ought to hear her giving French résumés. And she skipped one year's work, too. The only thing which ever interrupted the smooth course of Mattie's academic work was her health, which was 'most always poor at week-ends, especially when the faculty had ruled that we spend them within the bounds of Meredith, or when we've been in quarantine a couple of weeks. Mattie B. occasionally wonders where she will teach next year, but we have no doubt that her position will prove satisfactory-that is, if her daily "Specials" are from her prospective "Superintendent."



Basketball Tea	m	16-'20
Business Mana	ger Acorn	18-20
College Usher		`19-`20
Vice-President	Philaretian	Society'19-'20





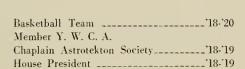


BERTA MABEL HOCUTT, A.B. Ashton, N. C.

Math-Science

But he whose inborn worth his acts command, Of gentle soul, to human race a friend.

Berta has been an invaluable asset to our class. She can always be depended on, whether it is working a Math problem or being "right there" when she is wanted. The girl who counts Berta as her friend is very lucky, for her friendship is truly worth while. She has a strong character and a strong will, and we know she will do well in whatever she undertakes. She is lovable and nnselfish, and none is sweeter than she if you approach her at the right minute. She deserves the best that life holds, and we truly hope she may get it.











MARY SUE HUNT, A.B. CLIFFSIDE, N. C.

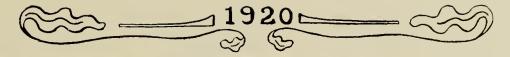
History-English

Whence thy learning? Hath thy toil O'er book consumed the midnight oil?

Mary Sue is a notable example of how much natural ability is enhanced by application. She is one of those girls who are so greatly admired by their instructors, because they never allow outside duties or pleasures to interfere with their college work. But do not think that Mary Sue has merely studied, for when once her lessons are prepared, she is ready to help in any of the other college activities. And the things that she does then are worthy of notice, too, whether it be "elocuting," singing, or playing the organ.









EMMA THERESA JACKSON, A.B. Winterville, N. C.

History

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.

Emma came to us in the middle of our Junior year, and we have never ceased to be thankful to the good fairy who led her to join the Class of '20. Sweet, charming, and with the utmost simplicity of manner, she easily wins her way into the most hard-hearted of hearts. She is one of our best ball players; also, an actress. She took the star rôle in our Senior play. As to her intellectual ability, it is sufficient to say that she took the whole History course in one year. We predict for Emma an early journey on the sea of matrimony—since she isn't planning a career—and we truly hope it will be without storms or gales.



Y. W. C. A. Cabinet________19-'20 Chaplain Astrotekton Society______19-'20







Asst. Business Manager Oak Leaves__'19-'20
Corresponding Secretary Philaretian
Society ______'19-'20
Class Testator ______'19-'20

JESSIE JENKINS, A.B. Henrietta, N. C.

History—French

Begone, Old Care, and I prithee begone from me;

For, i faith, Old Care, thee and I shall never agree,

Though Jessie has been at Meredith only two years, that time has been sufficient for us to learn to appreciate her and her wonderful disposition. Her accomplishments arouse our admiration, for she is a shining light, whether it be as a student of English, an actress, or as a twin in the "Light Brigade." She works hard and plays hard, and yet always has time to do anything asked of her. Her winning way will make her a favorite, wherever she goes. Converse's loss has been our gain.





Member Philaretian Society .





OPHELIA JOHNSTON, A.B. Raleigh, N. C.

French-Germun

Exhausting thought
And hiving wisdom with each studious year.

Although Ophelia has been pretty busy "hiving wisdom" during her four years here, still she has managed to spare some time to mingle with her classmates, and we know and admire her for her many splendid qualities. She is just as good as she is studious—and remember, she's voted the most studious in the Class. She is diligent and "knowing." Any of her professors will testify to that—and perhaps they wish there were more like her.

Member of Y. W. C. A. Member Philaretian Society



IN TEM VOLUMES

1920 - 3

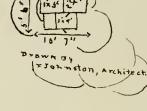


MARGARET FRANCES JOHNSTON Weldon, N. C.

Diploma in Art

If eyes were made for seeing, Then beauty is its own excuse for being.

But Frances has more excuses "for being," than her personal beauty, though she was voted the prettiest girl in the Senior Class, by a large majority. She also has the faculty of making things beautiful to us poor mortals who lack the artistic touch. She has real ability, too, for how would the Astrotektons have managed without her this year? And any member of our Class will testify that in Class affairs she has always been "Johnny on the Spot." The wonder grows when we remember that she has done all this with Jimmie out of town, to be written to!



Sophomore Editor Oak Leav	ES17-18
Commencement Marshal	
Editor-in-Chief Acorn	
President Junior Class	18-19
Secretary Astrotekton Societ	
President Astrotekton Societ	







THELMA RUTH LEE, B.S. Lexington, N. C.

Science—Bible

But Love is blind, and lovers cannot see The pretty follies they themselves commit.

Though Thelma is one of the youngest of our Class, she has proceeded quite as far as any of us down the enticing Lover's Lane, for didn't she visit His Mother during the Christmas holidays? She is also a very bright girl, and never has to worry over her work. In fact, the only real worry which she experiences, aside from her daily anxiety concerning the mails, arises from the fear that in spite of her hastily acquired dignity, her age—no, I should have said her youth—will prevent her from securing the position that she wants. Small comfort does she derive from the fact that time will remove this difficulty, for she seems quite sure that she'll not want to teach long!





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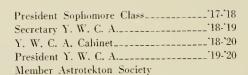


MARGUERITE WILLIAMS MADDREY, B.S. SEABOARD, N. C.

Science

They're only truly great who are truly good.

It's not merely because Marguerite was our Y. W. C. A. President that we have seen fit to name her "truly good." For moreover, she is a truly good talker, as most any of her acquaintances can witness from their experience. But more than that, she is a good sport, which is one reason for her special popularity among her class mates. Can one of us remember a good show or a ball game to which Marguerite wasn't ready to go? And, finally, if her grades in Cooking. Sewing, and Household Management may be taken at their face value, you may be sure that some day she'll be a corking good housekeeper!







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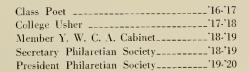
ROSE GERTRUDE MARTIN, B.S. HICKORY, N. C.

Science

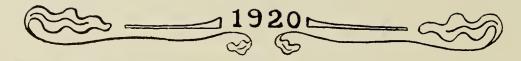
Thy promises are Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloomed and fruitful were the
next.

Rose is a rare example of promptness. No one has ever known her to be a minute late for a date or a duty during her four years here. Quite a record, don't you think? Also, she believes that the best policy is to "work while you work and play while you play." Probably this accounts for her always having time to take in all the shows and to get acquainted with every girl in school-especially the Freshmen. Rose is popular among the girls, because she has the art of both making and keeping friends. She is also a leader. Any member of the Philaretian Literary Society will tell you that she has made a wonderful President this year. Whatever Rose decides to do, we know she'll do it efficiently-and "on time."











FRANK MARTIN Hickory, N. C.

Diploma in Art

Speak gently; 'tis a little thing Dropped in the heart's deep well, The good, the joy, that it may bring Eternity shall tell.

Frank truly has the right name. Who has ever asked her a question without receiving a frank reply? If she doesn't know a thing, she says so; no hedging for Frank. She is our other Art graduate this year; also our Art editor, for which we are duly thankful. Just what would the Annual have done without her! She has spent many hours in helping make this the best Annual yet. Her painting shows indications of a true artist, and we predict for her success, if she desires further pursuits in this field.





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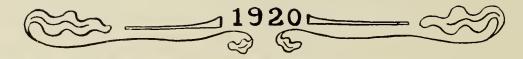
LILLIAN FRANCES MAXWELL CALYPSO, N. C.

Diploma in Piano

He saw her charming, but he saw not half The charms her downcast modesty concealed.

Who would ever have believed that such beautiful playing, such a sweet, soft voice, and such quaint modesty would be found together with a genuine love of the good things of life—dancing, movies, automobiles, good jokes, boys? One of Lillian's greatest attractions is that she is eternally saying or doing something which absolutely surprises us. And if the many letters and boxes of candy which come the four corners of the earth are any indication, then we are not the only ones who have found her entirely charming.



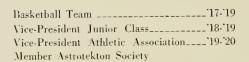




JANIE MAE McMILLAN, B.S. Laurinburg, N. C.

For nothing lovelier can be found In woman, than to study household good.

For some reason Mae has been a little selfish with herself and has not cared to appear to any great extent in the limelight. However, she is a good, substantial, loyal member of our Class, and always enters eagerly into any activities proposed by it. She is interested in Domestic Science, and in our mind's eye we behold her explaining balanced meals, calories, fat-soluble A, and such things to a group of high school girls. She may get an M.R.S. degree, also. Who doesn't know the way to a man's heart?









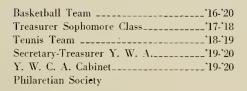


RACHEL IRENE MONEY, A.B. Mayodan, N. C.

History-Latin

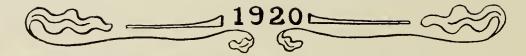
"Money" was made, not to command our will, But all our lawful pleasures to fulfill.

If this was "Money's" mission—and we can't help but believing that this verse was written especially for her!—then she has fulfilled her mission. Can any of us ever forget the night when we tried so hard not to laugh at Lieutenant Money, the distinguished French hero? She is closely associated with all our college pleasures. Indeed, the Junior-Senior reading-room looks empty without her. As to her intellectual powers, doesn't the very fact that she is graduating with the Class of 1920 prove that she's all right there?











SARAH KATHARINE SHIPMAN, B.S. Hendersonville, N. C.

Science English

Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind.

Who is that good-looking girl sitting at the foot of Miss Colton's table?—Or, did you say, walking with Miss Teague? That is Katharine Shipman, "Kitts," or "Kit," just as you know her. Though she has had heavy work this year, she has had plenty of time to be a good sport, and to give us part of her time, for no one is more ready at all times to stop for a nice chat than "Kit." Her conversation is well worth your time, too, for she is an authority on subjects ranging from Spring Styles to Shakespeare.









Member of Student Volunteer Band____'16-'20

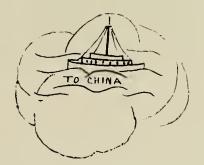
Sub-House President _____ Member Y. W. C. A. Member Philaretian Society

MARJORIE SPENCE, A.B. KIPLING, N. C.

Math-Science

Of one in whom persaasion and belief Had ripened into faith, and faith become A passionate intuition.

Here's to the quiet, unassuming, staunch little Marjorie, whom we all love dearly. She has quietly but surely won a warm spot in the heart of each member of the Class. Really, "to know her is to love her." Marjorie is a good student, is a strong supporter of the Student Government Association and the Y. W. C. A., and is an active person in many ways. She expects to spend her life in service on the foreign field, and we know she will accomplish a great work there. Best luck, Marjorie!





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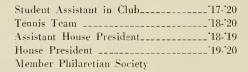


JESSIE MABEL STILLWELL, A.B. Webster, N. C.

French-German

And her "Yes" once said to you, Shall be "Yes" forevermore.

Jessie is very positive in her statements and sticks to them. This may be due to the fact that she usually knows she is right before she speaks. Also, she isn't a bit bashful about telling you when you're not in the right, whether you're talking in the library or breaking a rule of the revered Studeut Government Handbook. But she always does this in a well-meaning spirit, and though the poor offenders may resent it at the moment, they invariably appreciate her attitude later. There is not even a symptom of pretense in Jessie, and when she likes you, she is as true and sincere a friend as you could desire.











LOULA ELIZABETH STONE, A.B. APEX, N. C.

History—French

Moderation is the silken string running through the peurl-chain of all virtues.

Lonla is a grand girl, if ever one really knows her. She is modest and very distant toward her "sisters" as a whole, and only a few girls know her sufficiently to appreciate her numerous qualities. She is very independent, sincere, prompt, and efficient. What she undertakes is done precisely on the dot and in a most perfect way. Just ask her about those wonderful history grades. We predict that she will soon be doing researchwork in her favorite field—History.



Y. W. C. A. Cabinet_________19-'20 Member Astrotekton Society



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EUGENIA HENDREN THOMAS CLAYTON, N. C.

Diploma in Piano

She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen.

There is so much to be said about "Genie" that it is hard to know where to begin. Her playing and singing deserve a chapter to themselves, unless you chance to have heard her exercise the two talents. As for being House President, just ask any of the Main Building girls, and they will tell you "she's a wonder." She has just the proper mixture of common sense and justice, severity and sweetness to make her respected and loved by all. We are sure that this same success will crown whatever she may undertake, whether it be managing an orchestra or a home.









FANNIE ELIZABETH TURLINGTON, A.B. SALEMBURG, N. C.

Science-Germon

Love to one, friendship to a few, and good will to all.

Fannie, the best-beloved President Fair-cloth Hall has ever had, is all that her name implies—sweet, optimistic, happy, friendly, obliging. She is not the kind of girl to shirk her tasks to enjoy life. Instead, she enjoys doing her duty almost as well as anything else. And for this reason she has been one of the most useful members of our Class. She has that gift of making herself liked, and would be an adorable teacher if she should attempt it. But rumor has it that some chivalrous young knight or "Earl" has other plans for her future.











GLENN WARD, A.B. EDENTON, N. C.

History-French

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns.

"Little Un" is indeed an unusual combination—the dignity of a giant and the size of a flea! She is a remarkable example of the power of the mind and mental attitude to overcome any merely physical limitations. Her will-power is not in the least hampered because of its small abiding place, as any of the Meredith girls will affirm. And she has real executive ability, too, for did she not man the business end of OAK LEAVES straight through the troublous days of quarantine? We may fittingly say of Glenn, that it's "quality, not quantity," that counts.







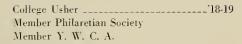


GLADYS IONE WILLIAMS, A.B. APEX, N. C.

History—French

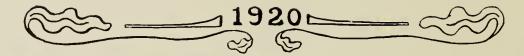
Forward and frolic glee was there, The will to do, the soul to dure.

Really, Gladys must have adopted long ago the little song beginning. "Smiling, smiling, smiling all the day," as her motto, for she is never seen without that smile. Of course, she's popular among both girls and the faculty; and she proves a good friend. Although Mary Sue has somewhat monopolized her, still we know Gladys pretty well. She is a splendid student; active in athletics, in all student organizations; and is an all-round girl. She is the type, however, that can work and smile at the same time.







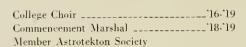




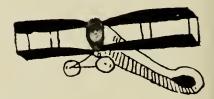
*ANNIE GLADYS WOODY DURHAM, N. C.

Untwisting all the chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony.

You would know that Gladys was a Music student just by her looks, wouldn't you? She does play very well, and in the past we have heard her plan to continue her music in some Northern conservatory. But the Tank Camp, now long since disbanded, seemed to cause her to forget these ambitions. Instead, she thinks more often of those fat letters, addressed in that large, flowing hand, with which we are all familiar. Gladys is a sweet, affectionate girl, and He will be lucky if he gets her.









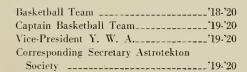


INEZ WOOTEN, A.B. CHADBOURN, N. C.

History-Spanish

Happy am I, from care I'm free.
Why aren't they all contented like me?

Inez is one of the three "gifties" that we were lucky enough to take into the Class our Junior year. We have all had the highest respect for her since we saw her marvelous hypnotic power demonstrated by her getting credit for every bit of work she had done at the State Normal. Yes, sir, even including two years of English! It's no wonder she's contented and care-free, for she has performed a feat of which Atlas himself might be proud. Her jolly disposition has made her generally liked, and though she is very conscientions about upholding the rules, anyone who knows her will tell you that she's a "regular sport."









Senior Class Poem

The days draw near when we must fare away, To meet the problems of the changing age, But ere we go, may we sweet tribute pay To Alma Mater's care and heritage?

The memory of hours spent in her halls
Brings thought of things we wished and failed to gain,
But inner joy with happier message calls
And tells of days long spent but not in vain.

She stands a beacon light to point the way,
A teacher wise who rules but yet is kind,
A friend with whom we fain would ever stay,
The one belov'd we have joyed to find.

O mother ever fair and wondrous true, We give the best love in our hearts to you!

POET.













[PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT]



"THE RIVALS"

PRESENTED BY

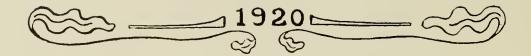
THE SENIOR CLASS OF MEREDITH COLLEGE

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1919

e ja

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE, a most indulgent father			. Inez Wooten
CAPT. JACK ABSOLUTE, the object of Sir Anthony's kindness .			Eva Dean
Faulkland, the anxious lover			. Irene Money
Bob Acres—Odds, ribbons and curls! Bob was there			. Dorothy Bland
SIR LUCIUS O'TRICGER, the Irish friend and foe			FANNIE TURLINGTON
FAC-Upon his veracity, Fag was a truthful servant!			. THELMA LEE
DAVID			. Mae McMillan
THOMAS			
Mrs. Malaprop, the proud possessor and user of an oracular t	ongue		. MADGE DANIELS
Lydia Languish, her disobedient niece			. Emma Jackson
Julia, the object of Faulkland's anxions love			. Jessie Jenkins
Lucy—simplicity personified!			. GLENN WARD



Senior Class History

It has been said by wise men that "the annals of peace are short," and to live up to this our history must not cover much space, for, really, we have had a very peaceful four years except for the unavoidable evidences of Sophomore spirit. But so many things have happened which are vitally important to us, at least, that the problem of "briefing" these events seems to me quite enormous.

In the beginning, we created a sensation by being the largest class which Meredith had ever boasted. A hundred strong we were! Though the Sophomores were very persistent in proclaiming that "These Bones Gonna Rise Again," and succeeded, a trifle, in shaking the vast amount of self-confidence with which we had been armed, as high school graduates, they realized the latent possibilities in us if we were harassed too much, and so we were soon allowed to organize without any real interference by them.

But in spite of all our boldness as a body, individually we were poor, terrified, homesick Freshmen, with the one purpose, in our hearts, of making life endurable until Christmas. The waiting seemed interminable; but, at last, Christmas did happen and with great joy and with a strong determination never to set foot on Meredith campus again, we took the homeward trail. What was our amazement, after our sojourn at home, to find that we had contracted a sort of affection for the girls and even for the college itself, and so with brave hearts but shaking knees we returned to the hitherto unexperienced but greatly famed horror of—Mid-year Exams. But after all, "the anticipation was greater than the realization," and we found, to our great joy, that the Freshman Class had made a very creditable showing.

The days began to pass swiftly now, and almost before we knew it spring came and we joyfully packed our trunks and went home for the shortest summer of our lives.

September brought us back again, no longer green, timid Freshmen, but the boldest of the bold—Sophomores. How we did make those "Newish" stand around, and oh, the good times we had! Everything good came to us that year. Among them was the huge '22 which the State College Sophomores painted in front of Meredith. It was the first of its kind, and my! weren't we proud of it?



During that year our own dear Seniors took us out to Lassiter's Mill and gave us the very best time we had ever had. And so the year passed in work and good times, and soon it was time for us to carry the long-looked-forward-to Daisy Chain for our Seniors. How thrilled and happy we were! and yet a little sad, too, for you see we knew we wouldn't have the Class of '18 with us again.

Our Junior year was rather an uneventful one, just as most Junior years are. We loved "our Freshmen," and truly there never was such a Freshman class before. They showed us a royal good time at a Valentine Party, and we departed from the beaten path. of Juniors of previous years, by taking "our little sisters" to the movies.

In March we took the Seniors to tea at the Yarborough and entertained them at a reception that evening. Commencement came, and we were destined to take rather a back seat, for we were neither Seniors nor Sophomores.

Then we were Seniors! Didn't we enjoy hearing the awe-struck Freshmen whisper as we stalked majestically by—"She's a Senior"! We have felt our responsibility, of setting a good example, keenly, and have done our best to be dignified, though we sometimes failed in that respect.

We have been royally entertained this year. Senior parties have been much in vogue, and Mrs. Bickett, Miss Welsch, Mrs. Cooper, Miss Brewer, and others have honored us in delightfully unique ways.

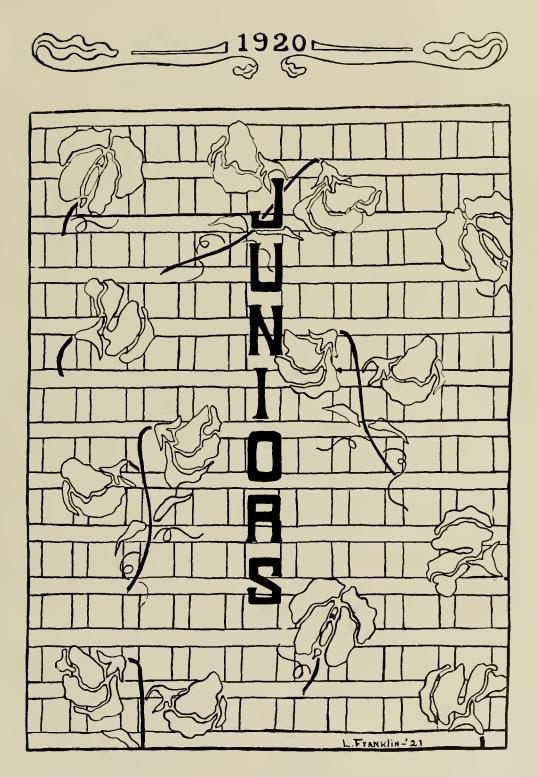
Our darling Sophomores have entertained us, not once, but twice this year—one time at a wonderful picnic, and then again at a reception. They seem to grow sweeter as each day passes, and our memory of them will be one of the dearest treasures of our lives.

And so—the year is drawing to a close and we are very glad, and also very sorry. Glad because we have accomplished what we set out to do, and sorry because we so love our Alma Mater. We only hope to make her as prond of us as we are of her.





Memories of 1918





Junior Class

FLOWER: Sweet Pea Colors: Vibgyor

Mascot: The Good Fairy

OFFICERS

Mouitrie Drake .				٠	٠	President
Alberta Lamm .					Vic	e-President
MARY LYNNE JUDD						Secretary
INEZ BOYD						Treasurer

Мотто: "Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life"





Cornelia is seldom seen
Unless she is with Kathleen.
In her Cooking Class she's among the best,
And shall I, or not, tell you the rest?



Efficiency in every way
Is one of the things we'll have to say
Of Annie Hall—to her we'll give
Our true love as long as we live.



Gladys Beam is ever knitting, Even in the practice hall; But we realize, when we hear her playing. For the concert stage she has a call.

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Here's to dear old "Sal";
She's the "bestest" kind of pal.
In History she is especially bright;
But, of course, her English she doesn't dare to slight.



Here's to the eyes of Mildred, Here's to her smile so true. Here's to the love we bear her— Mildred, here's to you!



PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

Now, of all the good things to be said of Janet,

We think she's the best upon this planet. She is our Y. W. C. A. President for next year, And merits from us a roaring good cheer.





Evelyn's sure got the rep,
I tell you what, she keeps in step;
What's more, she's got the pep,
And's always there when we need help.



She sings, she plays, she laughs, she talks, In the most delightful, charming way— Sometimes we wonder what Annabel will do Next year with Marguerite away.



In spite of all the words of wise men, In this statement we take stock: Playing guitars, practicing daily, Enables Clarissa to render Bach.





Inez is just the kind of friend On whom you can always depend. She is very fond of research work, And no task does she ever shirk.



Now, by this picture we can see

That the girl who means business is Mary Lee.

The kind of girl we call her is good all-round,

And, what's more, she stands in well with her

teacher—Dr. Brown,



Lizabeth, chile, we know you're posing.

Book 'tis seldom your time is holding.

A good brisk walk with "Lem" for a guide—

That's you all over, Elizabeth, chile.

[PAGE SEVENTY-EIGHT]





Annie is like the old sun-dial,
She only counts the sunny hours.
She never has an hour's trial,
Her path is always strewn with flowers.



From Chemistry Lab. Moultrie's face is turning,
Because for Music her heart is yearning.
As for leadership, she's got that, too,

And as Junior President she led us through.



This Junior Class is sure "some class";
We've got everything, if you care to ask.
Here's one who elects History and does fancy
dances—
In fact, Louise can do what she fancies.

1920 - 3



We predict for this girl fame; With praises we will sing her name. With music great was she endowed. Oh, Mary dear, of you we're proud!



Lillian was our President our Sophomore year.
And through our trials she led us clear.
We all rejoice in her art,
And she'll dwell forever in our heart.



[PAGE EIGHTY]

"Liz." you are a sport from our heart, You can eat enough "Hersheys" to fill a eart; But never mind that, old girl, We wouldn't be without you for the world.





To forget is Edna Earl's fate;
To classes she is often late.
Friends she has galore,
And so letters to answer by the score.



We were most awfully, awfully proud When Eunice came to join our crowd, For lots of reasons, but most of all, She can't be beat at basketball!



"Beth," "Tug," or "Li'l Spinner"—what matters the name?

When responses to them always bring the same

Charming little girl with eyes so bright?





Edith's always in a fix,
Whether reading Latin VI,
Or racing headlong into town
When she hears some friend's around.

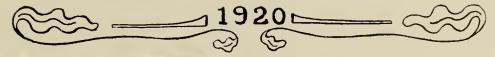


Mary Martin will make her mark, Because on Math she is a shark. She curls her hair, but that's no crime: We are proud to say, "She's a friend o' mine."



"Chris" is the genius of our class; All the English she can pass. She's charming as a librarian, too— Nothing we ask she fails to do.

[PAGE EIGHTY-TWO]





Charming "Lynn" with many crushes:
"Somebody" she confesses with rosy blushes.
She's an expert, too, when it comes to walking,
And, I dare say, equally as good at talking.



Lucile is full of fun and pep,
And some day at singing she will win a "rep."
We all realized she was a dear,
And we made her our Senior Pres. for next
year.



Math., Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, and store—
Count it up—that makes four,—
And basketball, too—wait, there's more—
Junior Class Vice-President—"Bert" takes the score,





Alva elects Math., which is so hard; Her determination she'll ne'er discard. She draws with ease disection cosines, And difficult tasks she never minds.



The letters that magic for "Cutie" hold Are W. F. C. and two more, I'm told. But that's a secret; this is not: She's the very sweetest among our lot.



What's nicer than a little girl who makes candy?

And who is really smart and just as handy?
On all of her studies she is very bright—
So, you see, she has time to write "him" every night.

[PAGE EIGHTY-FOUR]





There are two ways of spelling Jim—
But "Jim" Mauney is gene.
She packs her bag and on a week-end goes,
But she works when she works, every one knows.



You have heard of the tuneless quartette, no doubt,

But you ought to be on Methods to hear Mattie Macon shout.

The fires for S. Cottage she makes without whine,

And all the Junior Class think she is fine.



A Sunday school teacher we're sure she'll be; That is one of the traits of Caralie.

1920 - 3



What's the use of tryin'?
For I tell you I am right:
Lidie keeps us strivin'
To even stay in sight.



* Leave it to Foy for real information,

Tho' on class she does a lot of interrogation.

Her originality in writing Sunday school

songs

Will some day bring honor to whom honor belongs.



"Peggy" is enabled us to enliven.
Though her stature is but small,
She possesses the graces of all.

With all the tones of piano and violin

[PAGE EIGHTY-SIX]





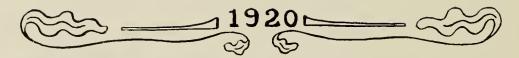
She's forever blowing bubbles, Hitting balls, or scorning troubles: And our team would lose its "rep" Without "Syb" Smith to furnish pep.



Does she shine? I'll say she does. English's easy, and Math. was For her such a cinch; it seems That Gertrude does it in her dreams.



Mary Edith is a well-rounded girl, She has the marks of a historian, And often gets so eloquent That her papers rival "In Memoriam."





When you're tired or feeling blue, Sara's the girl to pull you through; "A college joke to cure the dumps," Even though you've got the mumps.



Mary is is bright as her golden hair, And she and W. F. may make "a pair." Over the phone she loves to talk, Also to cook and do the "cake walk."





History of the Junior Class

"Good people all, from every clime, Give ear unto my song; And if you find it wondrous short, It cannot keep you long."

To Meredith there came one day

A band of girls a hundred strong—

All new, all bright, all green, all gay,

We mingled here in frightened throng.

We braved the seas of Chemistry,
Latin, Math., and then some more:
Nightly our dreams disturbed were
By Sophomores howling by the score.

'Twas in the year of seventeen,
War held many things in store:
We chose our mascot, a Sammie, fine as ever seen.
And Hooverized above the roar.

The next year we were Sophomores,
On bloody deeds we were intent;
With red snakes coiled on Freshmen's doors,
Their wills to ours were easily bent.

Our Seniors—God bless 'em!—we gave a banquet,
And in their honor planted a tree;
They planned for us a wondrous picnic,
At which we feasted right royally.

That year was blest of all years—
A joyful memory through sunshine and rain:
At the end, though sad with parting tears,
We carried the daisy chain.



And now at last we come

To the close of our Junior year;

However far away we roam,

Our thoughts will linger here.

Our Faculty has proved the best, Class '19 a shining light, Class '23 dearest of all the rest— In all our schoolmates we delight.

Our Fairy mascot has bound us, Each to each, with ties of love; Her gentle spirit shines around us As the rainbow from above.

Now let us sing, "Long live this class!

And Meredith, long live she!

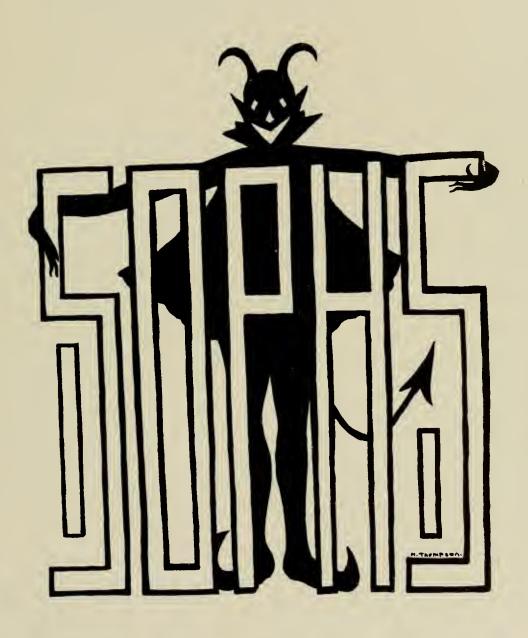
And when we graduate next year,

May all be there to see!"

M. L. J., '21.









Sophomore Class

Colors: Green and White

Mascoт: Black Devil

ROLL

MARY BENNETT
Louise Bowden
Anne Eliza Brewer
KATHRINE BROWN
Alma Clay
Ruth Couch
MARY LILY BLALOCK
Beth Carroll
CLARA CLAPP
LILLA EARLE DOWELL
Mary Dozier
WILMA DURHAM
Alethia Felton
Daisy Franklin
RUTH GOLDSMITH
Bessie Hart

Madge Hedrick
Dixie Herring
MINNIE HOLLOWELL
LUCILE HOLMES
LUCILE INSCOE
Nellie Jackson
EUPHA MACKENZIE
KATHLEEN MATTHEY
Bertha Moore
MARGARET NICHOLSO
Sarah Nooe
Beatrice Nye
Nellie Olive
Myrtle Parrish
Sarah Privott

Mildred Phillips
Louise Phillips
Ethel Rorinson
Evelyn Sentelle
Hilda Sheets
Valmore Stallings
Claudaline Sykes
Inza Tomlinson
Mary Tillery
Eloise Turley
Gladys Wall
Mary Creech Williams
Annadawn Watson
Carolyn Mercer
Grace Mooney



[PAGE NINETY-THREE]



[PAGE NINETY·FOUR]







Toast to '22

Here's to the Sophs who plan things,
The Black Devil who scares "things,"
The class which every day
Lightens work with play—
The class which knows the way
And does things.





Sophomore Class History

Do you remember how full of hopes and dreams you were when you first started to college? Well, in the fall of 1918 a throng of just such young hopefuls, namely, we Freshmen, descended upon the city of Raleigh and Meredith College. The befuddling days of classification over, we were initiated into college life proper, and soon had the pleasure of going to the movies with the Juniors.

All went well until influenza appeared, and then in a few days quarantine became a dreadful reality, with no relief until Christmas. After the holidays, however, life was not so hard, and we went home after commencement, looking forward to a glorious year.

The most of our class returned to realize that glorious year and, incidentally, to make those Newish walk a chalk line. We have done it. But the Freshmen, bless their dear green hearts! have taken everything meekly. They even call us kindhearted.

Our sisters are now dignified Seniors, and the most wonderful class imaginable. They have stood by us always, and now that commencement has come and gone, taking them with it, we think not so much of the beautiful daisy chain and how proud we were, but of how much we shall miss them next year. We almost dread the fall, for our Seniors will not be here, and yet we long for it to come. for it brings to us Juniorship and upper-class dignity.











Freshman Class

OFFICERS

Colors: Old Rose and Silver

Flower: Pink Rose Mascot: Bull Dog

FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL

JESSIE ALLEN RUBY BLACKBURN HATTIE BURLEYSON PEARL BYRD Elma Clark Annie Ruth Cooper Louise Cornwell Jocelyn Cox DE LILA DEATON NELL DEANS MARGARET DUNCAN MILDRED ELKINS VIRGINIA EVERETT MARY FARRIOR BANKS FOREMAN GRACE FRANCIS BUTH FREEMAN ETHEL GILLETTE FLOSSIE GRICE EVA GREER KATHERINE HARDIN ELIZABETH HARDEN Annie Wood Harris RETTA HART RUTH HEAFNER OLIVIA HOCUTT IRA HOLLOWELL RUTH HUDSON GRACE HUFF LENA HUMBER Doris Jeffries CLARA MAE JESSUP GOLDIE KALE Lois Kendrick

ELIZABETH KENDRICK ELIZABETH KNIGHT ANNA WARREN LAWRENCE GLADYS LEONARD RUTH LIVERMON Annie Love ALICE LOWE MARY LYNN INEZ LYNN LOUISE MAYS Phyllis Mays Agatha McCorkle FAYE MEADOWS ISABELLE MEEKINS ELLIE MORGAN ESTHER MORGAN Julia Moore Emma Moore Myrtle Naylor MILDRED NEWBERRY ESTHER NEWTON CORINNA NEWTON DAPHNE OWENS Myra Outlaw INEZ PAGE FANNIE PAUL KITTY PAGE THELMA PEEDEN JULIA PETERSON CARRIE PIERCE BARRE PRITCHETT WINONA POOLE NORMA RAMSEY BEULAH ROWLAND WINNIE MAY ROWLAND

Emma Robertson LEGLA SAUNDERS HATTIE SAWYER HELEN SENTELLE ANNIE BET SMITH RUBY SPAINHOUR RURY STELL MARY SULLIVAN Annie Royal Sykes Lois Smith DORIS TILLERY MARJOLINE TOLAR GERTRUDE TOMLINSON LOTTIE TOWNSEND ETHEL TURLINGTON CLARICE TUTTLE THOMASINE UNDERWOOD BLANCHE WALKER MALLIE WATSON GLADYS WEAVER LILLIAN WEBB WILMA WEST Mozelle Weston PAULINE WEISNER PEARL WIGGINS ELIZABETH WILKINSON NORMA WILLIAMS RUTH WORLEY MARGARET WYATT BERNICE WHITE WILLIE WRIGHT RUTH YELVINGTON EDITH YOUNG DOROTHY YATES



[PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND ONE]



Freshman Class Poem

We've hitched our wagon to a star.

Its light around us throwing;

Our first year at old Meredith,

And yes—"We're green but growing."

No more we'll come to Meredith
As Freshies. Happy thought!
But still our first-year lessons learned
With gold could not be bought.

We say good-bye to Meredith,
'Till Sophs we get to be,
And hope that next year's Freshman Class
Will equal pleasure see.



Freshman Class History

Last September such a throng of girls as you have never seen before descended upon Meredith. The larger part of them were Freshmen, even though the Faculty was seemingly unwilling to classify them as such.

We were welcomed with open arms—by the Sophs especially. What a horror we had of that formidable body, the Sophomore class! But their bluffing exteriors hide many a kind heart, as we have since found out.

After the nerve-racking days of classification were over, we went through a series of receptions. Really, thought we, in our innocent Freshman way, college life is a veritable bed of roses. However, there was a speedy disillusionment, and we came to earth with a thud. Then began the life of toil and unwearing labor (interrupted at intervals by some *jolly good times*), from which we have never swerved. And we never expect to till the goal is reached and the prize awarded—a shiny, brand-new diploma!

R. F., '23.



At Evening Time

Sundown, and on the earth the shadows Swiftly falling:

The weary, with endless toil and care, Slips to rest:

Far off, the herdsman to his cattle Faintly calling.

While the star of evening climbs from Its bed in the west.

For me is swiftly setting life's hopeful, Golden sun,

And deepening shadows gather in the Far-off west;

A gentle voice: "Fear not, 'tis evening time, Life's work is done"—

And, as one by one the stars appear, I sink to rest.

20.

BOOK III.

Grganisations



The
Student Government Association



Mary Ida Butler President



Madge Daniels
Secretary
[PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SIX]



Annie Hall Baity Vice-President



Louise Fleming
Treasurer



House Presidents—Fannie Turlington, Eugenia Thomas, Jessie Stillwell, Buna Lawrence, Jeannette Biggs, Marjorie Spence.

Committees—Penton, Social; Ward, Buildings and Grounds; Drake, Music.

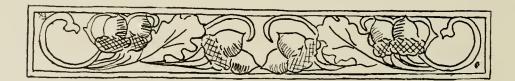


Student Government Association 1919-1920

The process of character building is necessarily a slow growth, but this development has been evident in our student body during the past year. There has been conscious effort on the part of a majority of our girls to be honorable in the little things of college life as well as the most serious ones. This realization of individual responsibility is one of the signal successes of our association year. It has opened the eyes of the members of the association to the necessity of supporting the Executive Committee. It has made them see how unfair and disloyal it is to give to these few girls the responsibility of guiding the conduct of a large number of girls and then to withdraw and not give them the support which is so essential to the best Student Government work. The student body are fast realizing that in pointing out to a fellow-student her misconduct they are in no sense interfering in her affairs, but aiding in developing stronger character.

The association has done other constructive work during the year. A representative committee, selected from the student body at large, has revised and rearranged the Hand-Book. The loyalty and good judgment of this committee and the support of the Faculty in this and other matters has been most gratifying.

With a broader sense of our responsibility, a deeper realization of the worth and importance of our honor and a finer sense of our duty as self-governing members of an organization whose aim is not to punish, but to aid in developing character, let us work with might and main to prove ourselves worthy of the "high calling" which comes to each college girl.





RMCW



Marguerite Maddrey
President



Alberta Lamm Vice-President

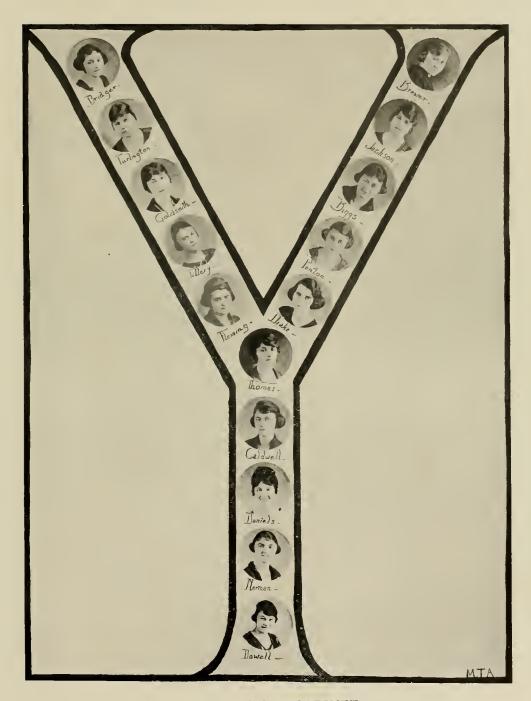


Vernie Eddins Secretary



Blanche Burke Treasurer

Y. W. C. A.



THE Y. W. C. A. CABINET





Lillie May Aycock
President

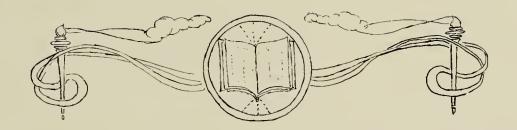


INEZ WOOTEN Vice-President



IRENE MONEY
Secretary-Treasurer

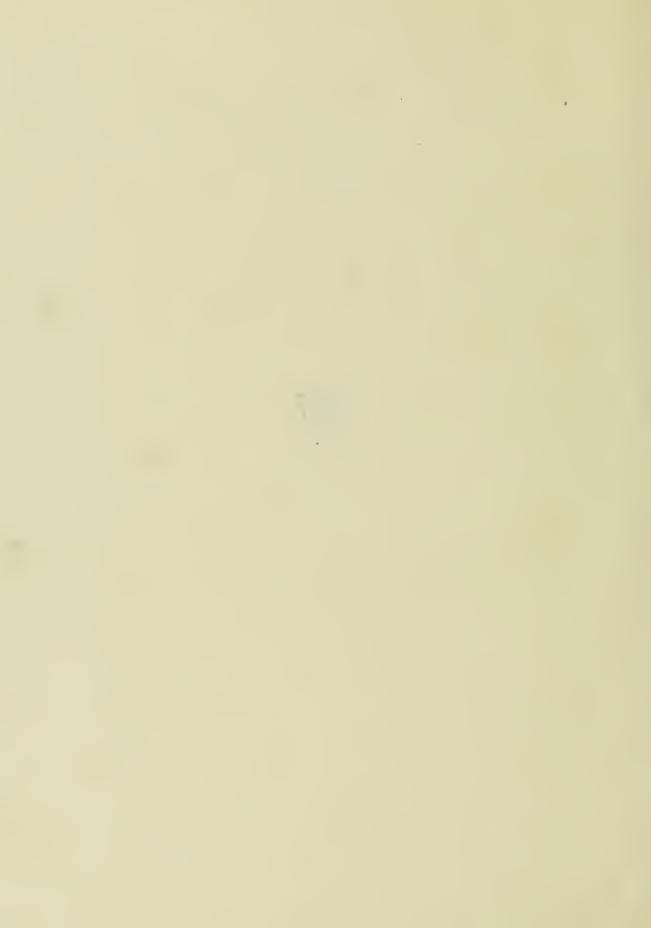
THE Y.W.A.



LITERARY SOCIETIES

- I. ASTROTEKTON
- II. PHILARETIAN









Frances Johnston
President



Eugenia Hendren Thomas Vice-President



Annie Hall Baity Secretary



Madge Daniels Treasurer

ASTROTEKTON LITERARY SOCIETY OFFICERS

[PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN]



Mother Astro

I

See! thy children. Mother Astro,
Sisters of the Gold and White,
Bow before thee in thy beauty,
Thankful for thy wondrous light.
Now we bring our girlhood treasures
And we lay them at thy feet.
Waiting for thy benediction
And thy bidding, always sweet.

CHORUS

Astro! Mother Astro! From the mountains to the sea, Astro! Mother Astro! We have come in trust and gladness, To be led by thee, to be led by thee.

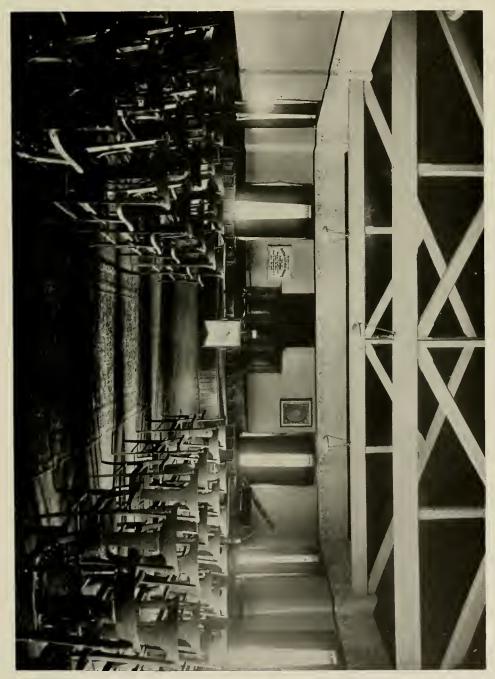
H

Now we feel thy hands upon us,
Hands so loving and so strong,
That the touch fills every daughter
With a purpose and a song.
Lift your heads, ye Astro maidens,
Look into her starlit eyes;
Then go forth to life and duty
With a zeal that never dies.

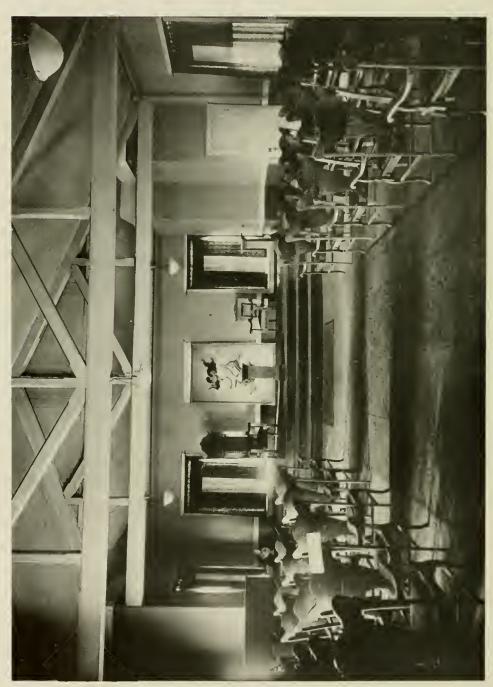
CHORUS

Astro! Mother Astro! Here's our love that grows not old. Astro! Mother Astro! See us rally 'round thy banner; Dear old White and Gold, dear old White and Gold.





ASTROTEKTON SOCIETY HALL



PHILARETIAN SOCIETY HALL









Rose Martin President



Mattie B. Gunter Vice-President



Mary Sue Hunt Secretary



Moultrie Drake Treasurer

PHILARETIAN LITERARY SOCIETY OFFICERS

[PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEEN]



Philaretia

Behold! in shining raiment dressed.

She stands: in silence bow.

High honor sits upon her crest:

A white flame blazes in her breast.

And stars upon her brow.

Look up and listen while she speaks.

In solemn tones and slow.

She points to radiant mountain peaks.

Where morn reveals her first grey streaks

To weary souls below.

She calls us to her house of light

Beneath her azure dome;

"Come, daughters, walk with me in white,
Above the glooming realm of night,
Build here your highland home.

Let virtue feel her vestal fire
Within each holy fane:
Let fearless Truth with flaming ire
Consume the breath of base desire,
And rule without a stain.

Lead on, O Philaretia fair!

Lead upward day by day;

Thy violet banner in the air,

Thy daughters all will highly dare—

Brave mother, lead the way.

R. T. VANN.



MADELENE HIGGS

Astrotekton

CARTER-UPCHURCH MEMORIAL MEDAL



FRENCH HAYNES

Philaretian

BOWLING MEMORIAL MEDAL



MEDAL WINNERS—1919

[PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTYONE]





Astrotekton Commencement Marshals 1919

GLENN WARD, Chief





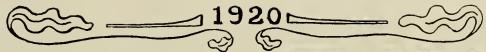


Emma Louise Kehoe

Annabel Bridger

GLADYS WOODY

[PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO]



Philaretian Commencement Marshals 1919

LILLIAN MAXWELL, Chief









MARY LEE CALDWELL

MILDRED BEASLEY

EVELYN BRIDGER

[PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THREE]

Vol. XII

No. 7

THE ACORN





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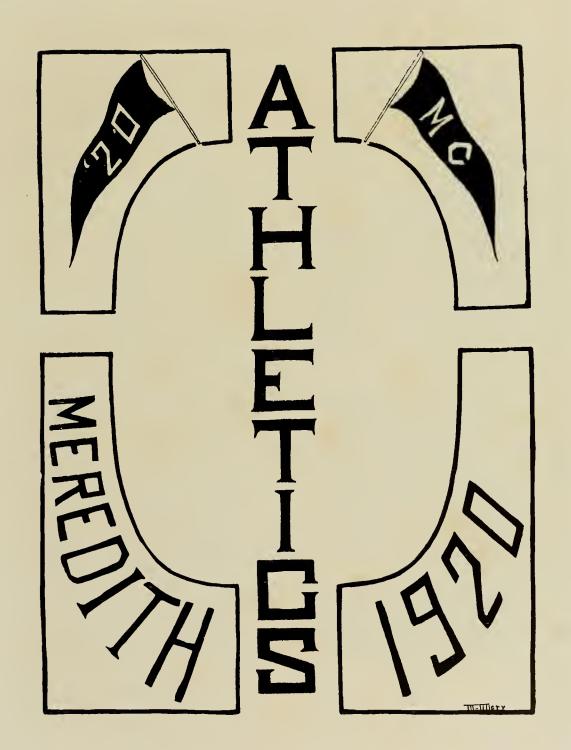
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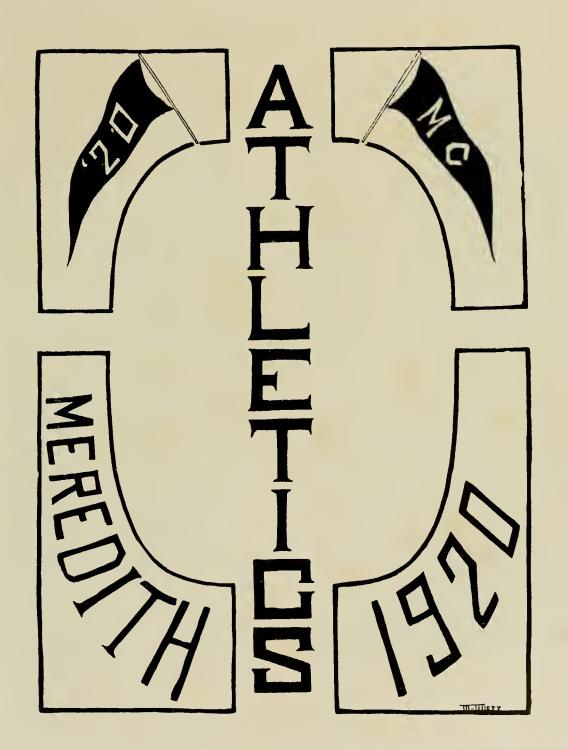
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[PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR]







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Alberta Lamm Treasurer

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[PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX]

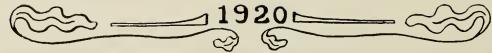


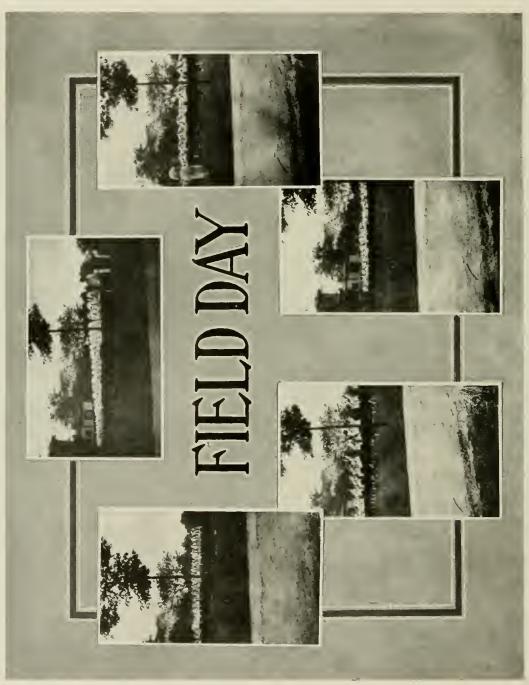


MADGE WESCOTT DANIELS, '20 EUNICE KENT HOMEWOOD, '21

LIZZIE GORDON, '21

Edith Farmer, '22 Lessie Smith, '22









INEZ WOOTEN



Alberta Lamm



ELOISE TURLEY



Annie Love

CAPTAINS OF THE BASKETBALL TEAMS

[PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINE]





COACH HOMEWOOD





SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

BLAND TEAM
HOGUTT GUNTER
CARROLL MONEY





JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

TEAM

Beasley Gordon FRANKLIN SMITH



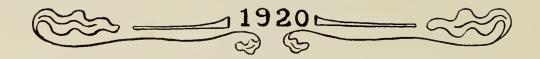


SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL TEAM

Captain Turley

TEAM

FRANKLIN HOLMES, L. WATSON
HUCGINS ADAMS





FRESHMAN BASKETBALL TEAM

TEAM

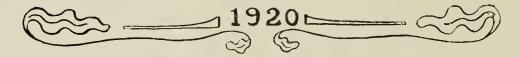
YATES TOMLINSON GRICE
HUMBER
MEEKINS KALE
WALKER





Edith Farmer—'22—Lessie Smith

TENNIS CHAMPIONS OF '19





SENIOR TENNIS TEAM



JUNIOR TENNIS TEAM



SOPHOMORE TENNIS TEAM



FRESHMAN TENNIS TEAM

[PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVEN]



SENIOR STUNT-"LIGHT BRIGADE"



JUNIOR STUNT—"SPIRITS"

[PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT]



SOPHOMORE STUNT-"WHIRL AY YAH"



Freshman Stunt—"Colored Ladies' Jubilee"



Field Day Honors

Juniors

DANCE WAND DRILL
THELMA LEE First Honor DOROTHY BLAND First Honor
LILLIE LACKEY Second Honor Madde Daniels Second Honor

Sophomores

DANCE DUMB BELLS
RUTH GOLDSMITH MILDRED YOUNGBLOOD
EMMA LOUISE KEHOE MARGARET POPE

FRESHMEN

Grace Mooney Mildred Phillips
Lessie Smith Edna Hoyle

BASKETBALL

Beulah Joyner Ruth Hubble
M. C. Peterson Lizzie Gordon

EUNICE HOMEWOOD

Tennis

Lessie Smith Edith Farmer







SPECIAL STUDENTS



Special Students

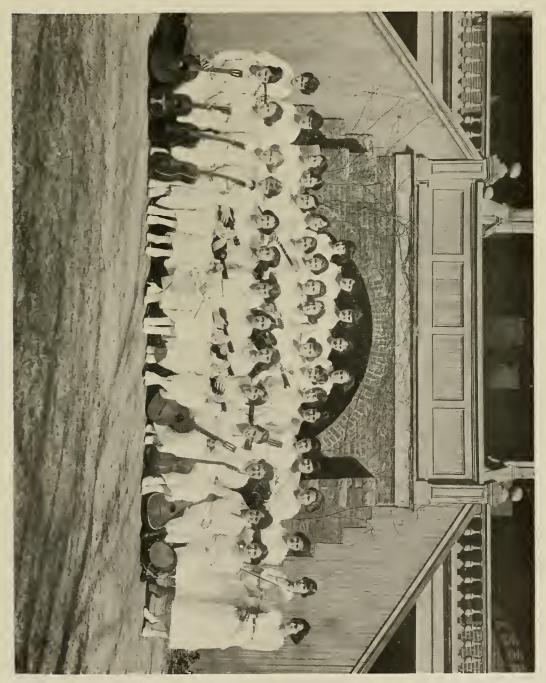
Colors: Blue and Gold Motto: Upward Climbing

FLOWER: Pansy

ROLL

ELGENIA BOOTH CATE GARDNER ALICE LOWE MARY LYNN FLOSSIE GRICE CARRIE BURLESON RETTA HART Ellie Morgan MYRTLE BURNETTE RUTH HARE ESTHER MORGAN PEARL BYRD NETTIE MULL GRACE BYRD KATHERINE HARDIN ESTHER NEWTON RUTH HEAFNER Annie Rebecca Cooper Myra Outlaw Annie Ruth Cooper RUTH HUDSON CLARA M. JESSUP MABLE PHILLIPS MARY LOUISE CORNWELL JULIA PETERSON Lela Cobb ETHEL JOHNSON EMMA ROBERSON MARY LEE IDA FLAKE RUTH FREEMAN GLADYS LEONARD







Glee Club and Orchestra

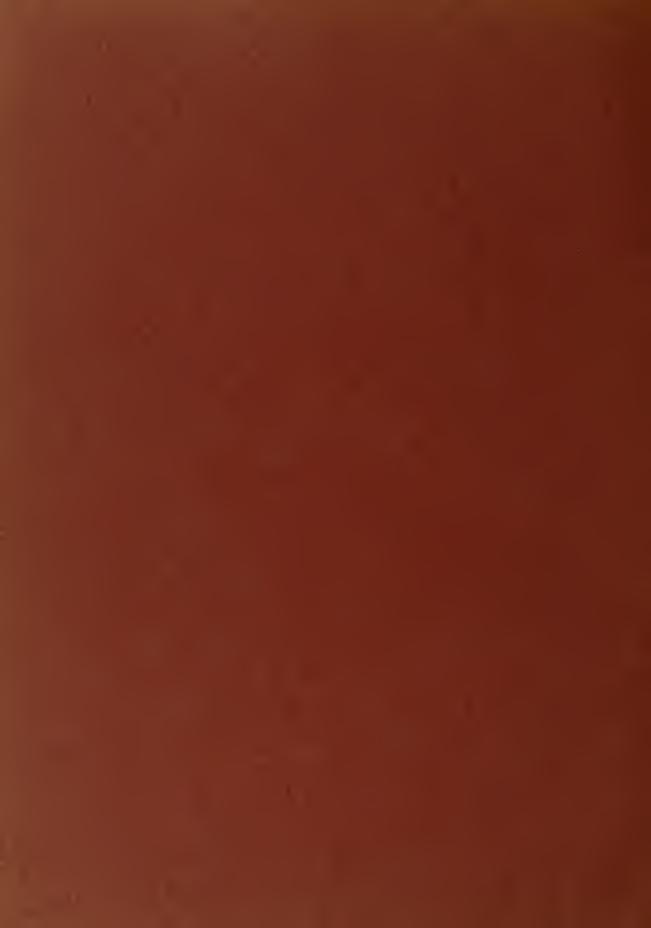
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GRACE MOONEY .						l'ic	e-President
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BESSIE LEE POOLE
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MYRA OUTLAW
LUCILE IRVIN
LUCILE KELLEY
EUGENIA BOOTH
FLORA PARKER
MARIE BALLEW

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ANNABEL BRIDGER
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BEATRICE NYE
EDNA EARLE HINTON
LESSIE SMITH
MARY WHITE
MARY LEE CALDWELL
BARRE PRITCHETT
BEULAH ROWLAND
ANNADAWN WATSON
LUCILE HAYNES
WILMA DURHAM
EVELYN SENTELLE
HILDA SHEETS

BOOK IV. College Life







Madge Daniels
Most sarcustic
Biggest chatterboy
Mattie B, Gunter
Most sentimental

Fannie Turlington Sweetest Best all'round

Eugenia Thomas
Handsomest
Most musical
Most popular
Ophelia Johnston
Most studious



DOROTHY BLAND
Most brilliant
Wittiest
FRANCES JOHNSTON
Prettiest
Most artistic

Mamie Carroll Wost literary

Eva Dean Most stylish

GLENN WARD
Cutest



Winter Concert and Lecture Series 1919-'20

November 25, 1919 – Josef Konocny Violin Virtuoso													
January 8, 1920—Dr. Dingley Brown Organ Recital													
January 15, 1920—Monsieur Louis Thomas													
January 26, 1920—New York Chamber Music Society													
January 28, 29, 30, 1920—Susanna Cocroft													
March 7, 8, 1920—Hamlin Garland													
March 24, 1920—Marcus Kellerman													
April 21, 1920—The Wake Forest Glee Club													
Chadant Astivitios													
Student Activities													
Student Activities													
Student Activities November 22, 1919—Stunt Night													
November 22, 1919—Stunt Night The Classes													
November 22, 1919—Stunt Night													
November 22, 1919—Stunt Night													
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November 22, 1919—Stunt Night													



What's in a Name

MATTIE GUNTER .											Madam Gush
											Industrious Worker
THELMA LEE											Tells Little (?)
Madge Daniels .											. Meredith's Dean
MARY IDA BUTLER .											. Make 'em Behave
Katherine Shipman											Kan't Stop'er
EVELYN BRIDGER .											. Excellent Bowlegs
Annie Clifford .											A Carrot Top
											Light Foot
											A Big Baby
											Looks Pretty
MARY HAZEL LONG											lighty Hard Looking
Ella Pierce											
											. Everlasting Talker
											Dear Heart
											Bright Curls
											Bobbed Mane
Daisy Franklin .											
											Censored
KATHERINE HARDEN											. Kute Heartbreaker
Banks Foreman .											
											A Mess
Annie Love											
BLANCHE WALKER .											Baby Wonder
											** ** **
BARRE PRITCHETT .											Busy Politician
Goldie Kale											· ·
GERTRUDE TOMLINSO	•										
PHYLLIS MAYS		•	•	·	·	•	·	•	·	•	Pouting Meredithite
	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	·	Ā	Bloomin' Simpleton
ANNEL DEL SMITH										4.1	Dioomin Sumpleton

SENIOR CHART

VICE	"Derelictness" Sensitiveness Sense of humor Repetition Modesty Her tongue Solerness Curls Nasal twang Eating slowly Preciseness Fatal attraction Application to work Rapidity Rapidity Rapidity Cubbility Volubility Wearing yellow Sentimentality Downess eyes Excessive sound Hobnobbing with Miss E. A. C. Unselfishness Sharp eyes Bigness L. A. C. Sweetness Excessive sound Hobnobbing with Miss Excessive sound Sharp eyes Bigness L. A. C. Sweetness Excessive sound Sharp eyes Bigness Excessive sound Hobnobbing with Miss Excessive so
Virtue	Originality Frankness Enthusiasm Justice Consternation Likability Straightforwardness Intelligence Homesty Simpleity Simcerity Simpleity Faith in Cupid Simcerity Simpleity Frace Desire to learn Dignity Ability to skin Sophistication Thoughtfulness Idealism Modesty Good humor Common sense Purity Sense of duty Calmness Popularity Loyalty
AMBITION	M. D. Dependability To be taken seriously Governor of N. C. Live up to her sister's "rep." To fall in love Librarian To see shows with Bob To have "him" trust her To do the right thing To stay at home To stay at home To ride horse-back To plan her home To marry a preacher To be an actress Art shop Prima dopn Prima doma Agood damea Telling others' faults To be an author To instruct the young To instruct the young To instruct the young To instruct the young To have her way To be a chemist To get her "dip" To get her "dip" To get her "dip" To get her "dip"
Pastrine	Painting Running Tea Room Making wild theories Flirting Reading "Uncle Remus" Chattering Baseball Getting Acous material Getting Acous material Going to Post Office Complaining of health Writing poetry Having dates Studying Lowing the Sophs Knitting Reviewing the Sophs Knitting Reviewing the world's history Talking about A. Y. Winning prizes Crushing Loading at "Wake" Benging at "Wake" Benging order in Junior-Senior Library Getting candy Getting candy Getting candy Getting candy Giving 'permits' Giving 'permits' Reports of "business" Playing "use" Debating
NAME	Avecek, L. M. Burke, Blanche Bland, Dorothy Buther, M. I. Carroli, Mamie Daniels, M. Davis, Isla Davis, Isla Davis, Isla Davis, Isla Bedins, Vernie Gunter, Martie B. Hocutt, Berta Jackson, Emma Jackson, Emma Jackson, Frances Johnston, Frances Johnston, Ophelia Lee, Thelma Martin, Rose Stillwell, Jessie Stone, Loula Thomas, Eugemia Thomas, Eugemia Thomas, Eugemia Thomas, Eugemia Thomas, Eugemia Ward, Glenn Williams, G.



To Mathematics

(Apologies to H. W. L.)

Tell me not in mournful numbers

Math is but an empty dream.

For the student's flunked that slumbers.

Dr. Barney is not what she seems.

Math is hard, Math has mystery,
And the grade is not its goal;
Functions and curves to infinity
Trouble many a Freshman's soul.

Lines of straightness all remind us Sophs can plot them if they try: Parabolas, hyperb'las, ellipses, Een cocked hats in great supply.

Plottings that perhaps a Junior,
Failing through Calculus' solemn main,
A jorlorn, differentiating scholar.
Seeing, may integrate again.

E'en our Seniors in the battle
Give Math's history part of life—
They're not like dumb driven cattle.
They are heroines in the strife.

Let us, then, be up and figuring.

With a heart for any fate;

Still calculating, still solving,

Ward off flunking e'er 'tis too late!

MARY LYNN JUDD, '21.



A Melodrama in Many Acts

SCENE

Rehearsal of the Victory Pageant

CAST

Spirit of Campaign . DR. DINGLEY BROWN
Japanese Children . DR. DINGLEY BROWN
Trained Nurse . DR. DINGLEY BROWN
Bible Teacher . DR. DINGLEY BROWN
Aged Minister . DR. DINGLEY BROWN
Chorus . DR. DINGLEY BROWN
Accompanist . DR. DINGLEY BROWN
DR. DINGLEY BROWN

ACT I

Now, girls, pay attention to ME. Then we can give this show correctly.

ACT II

What do you mean by sitting there and not getting up when I give the signal?

ACT III

What do you mean by your foreign language.

? I am quite sure the audience will understand

ACT IV

I am glad to tell you that you do this almost as well as you did at the first rehearsal.

ACT V

Think your part, act your part, live your part!

ACT VI

(To Japanese children singing Jesus Loves Me in Japanese:) That's very pretty, but I can't understand a word you say.

ACT VII

Girls, you are doing fine. At this rate we'll be able to give the pageant in 1925.

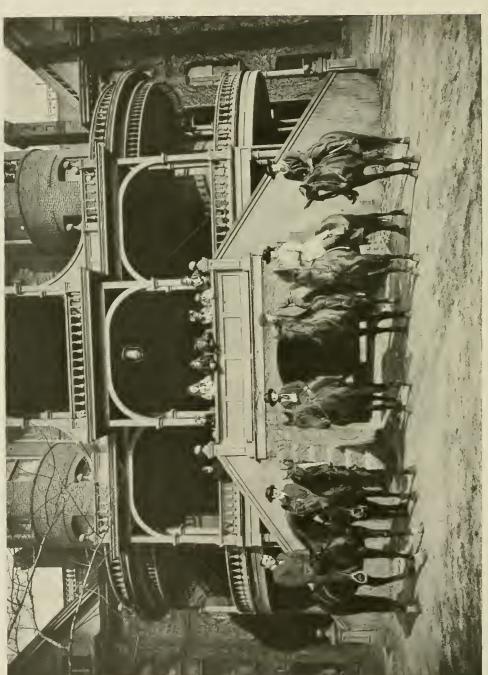
ACT VIII

(In chapel, the morning after the pageant:) Girls, I'll tell you what—you really made a name for yourselves last night!





[PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THREE]



THE HORSEBACK RIDERS

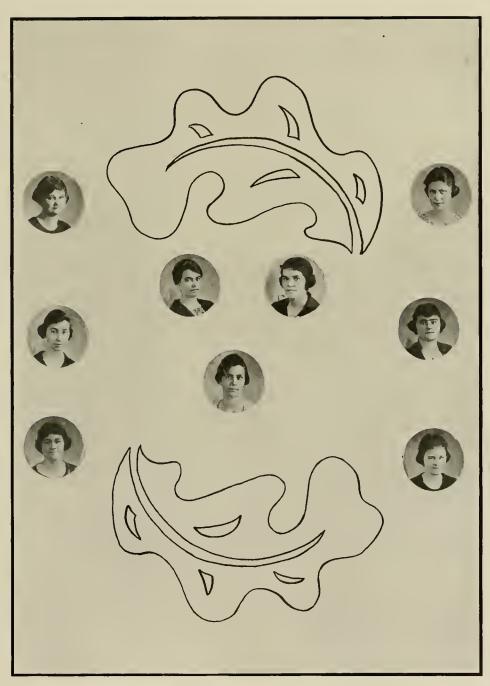
MISS EIBERG

Wilma Durham

Lizzie Gordon

Китн Сограмитн

MR. MOSELEY



RED OAKS CLUB

Sallie May Beal Alma Clay Irma Coley

Mary Dozier Virginia Everett Nellie M. Johnston Lucile Inscoe Myrtle Parrish Flora Parker Claudaline Sykes

[PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE]





CONSUMERS' LEAGUE

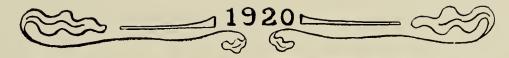
TIME OF SESSION: Any time

Place of Meeting: 215 M. B.

PLATFORM: "Eat, drink, and be merry"

MEMBERS

Food Ad	lminist	rato	Γ							Jeanette
Chief Co	nsume	er .								"Peggy"
Chief M	ixer .								MAR	RY HAZEL
Chief Te	ester .									. Lidie
Dish Wa	sher .								. 1	LARY LEE





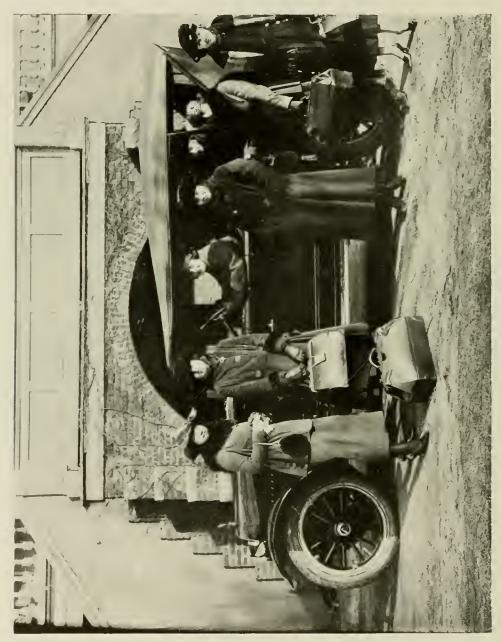
BERTIE COUNTY CLUB

Bertie's lively, Bertie's gay,
There's no way but the Bertie way.
Talk about your picnics, your parties, and your fun.
There's not a place can beat it beneath the shining sun.
When once you've ever been there you'll want to go again.
You never turn a corner unless you meet a friend;
And of good things to eat you you never saw such bounty—
So hail, we say, thrice hail to dear old Bertie County!

EVELYN BRIDGER NELL DEANS Coralie Parker Foy Peele Ella Pierce Carrie Pierce MARTHA WHITE MARY WHITE

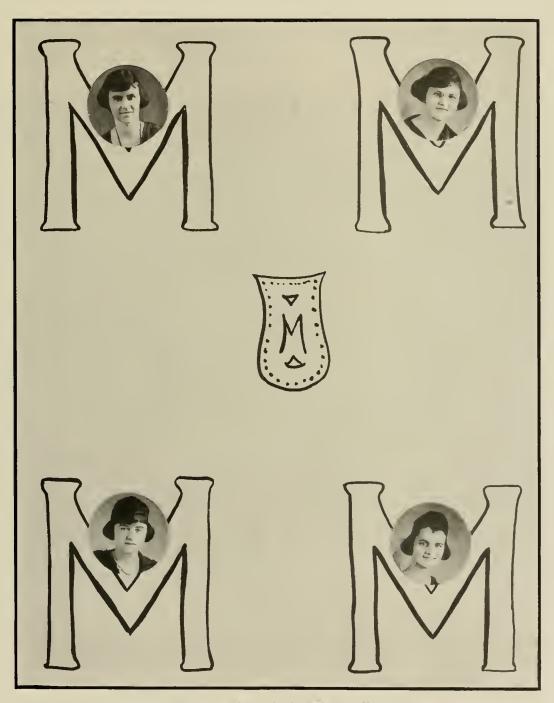
[PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN]





WE-WENT CLUB

Where? To Graham, When? Thanksgiving, Who? "Mil." "Nez," "Rufus," "Lilla Earle," "Syb," "Babe."



MERRY MAIDS O' MEREDITH

MOTTO: Make Merry Flower: Mistletoe Color: Mauve Time of Meeting: Midnight

JESSIE JENKINS

ANNIE CLIFFORD
EDITH JENKINS

EDNA HOYLE

[PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINE]





LEAP-YEAR CLUB

Мотто: Do your leap-year popping early Aim: "Never give up" till you get him

Colors: Gold and White

								Julia Peterson
								. Norma Williams
								. Waunita Butler
								Annie Ruth Cooper
								Fannie Turlington
								. Marjalene Tolar
								. Thelma Carroll
								Grace Huff
								MARY FLOYD
"SHORTE	E							Nellie Olive





MOONSHINERS CLUB

FLOWER: Moon Flower

Song: Moon, moon, tell him I love him

MEMBERS

"Bill" "Marty"
"Nell" "Buba"

"Norm"





THE WHISTLERS

It's not permissable, but looks so kissable

TIME: When lonesome

Place: 204-220

WHISTLE: Bob-bob-white

MOTTO: You can't pay too much for a whistler

EVELYN BRIDGER MOULTRIE DRAKE ALBERTA LAMM LOUISE POWELL MARY WHITE



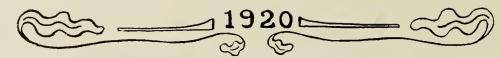


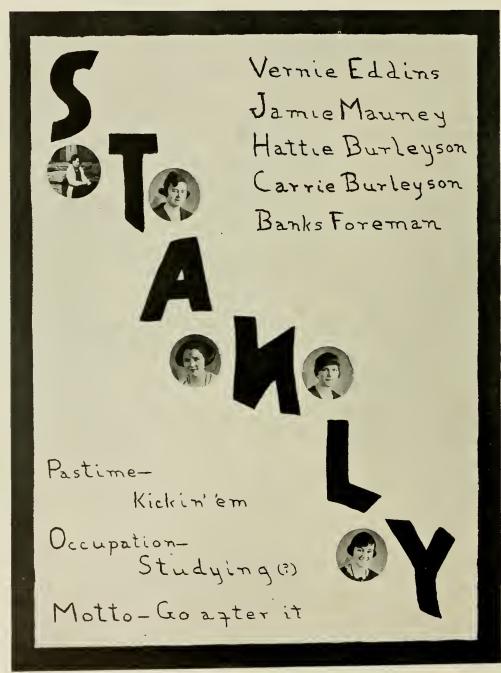
Here's to Dell, the school with a pep!
Here's to Dell, who's won a rep!
Here's to Dell, the good and true!
A place good enough for us, so 'tis for you.

Colors: Old Gold and Black

MARY FLOYD OLIVIA HOCUTT BERTA HOCUTT DIXIE HERRING NELLIE OLIVE FLOWER: Dogwood

KATHLEEN MATTHEWS HANNAH MOORE JULIA PETERSON WILMA WEST NORMA WILLIAMS







GLADYS WEAVER

FLOSSIE GRICE

ASTRONOMERS

LOUISE CORNWELL

LUCILE IRVIN

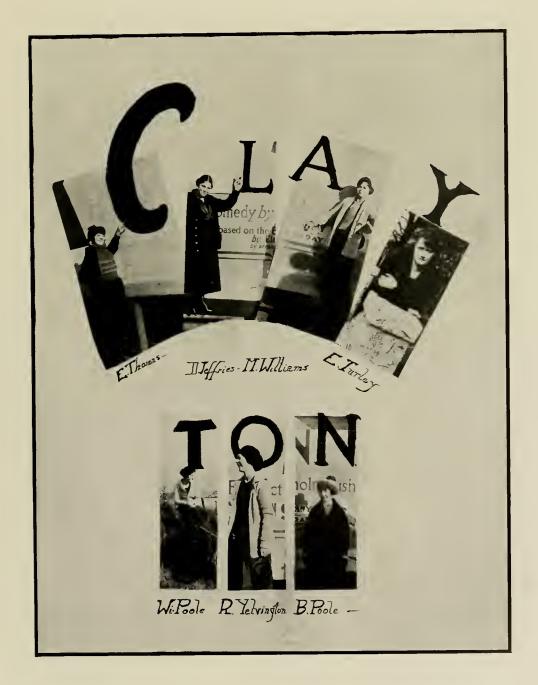
ESTELLE BEACH







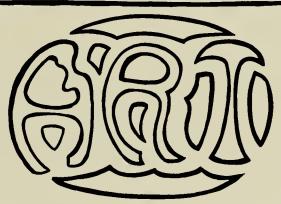












DEPARTMENTS

LIFE CLASS

APPLIED DESIGN

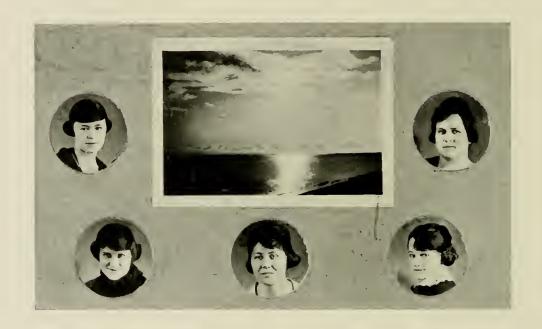
STILL LIFE

ART EDUCATION

SKETCH CLASS CHINA PAINTING

K K KLUB





FROM EDENTON

SARAH PRIVOTT HELEN HOLMES LILLIAN WEBB GLENN WARD

MINNIE HOLLOWELL





"SON"

Son is my nurse, I shall not want; she maketh me to lie down in white beds; she ordereth me to drink hot salts.

She restoreth my health (?). She extracteth from me promises of prudence, for her sake.

Yea, though I be ever so prudent, she accuseth me of sitting on the ground; for my cold, it is with me: her word and look they chastise me.

She prepareth the calomel for me, in spite of my pleadings. She annointeth my throat with oil: the cup runneth over.

Surely her blessing and kindness will follow me all the days of my life, for I shall dwell without the Infirmary forever!

e 1.

LAUGH AND BE MERRY

Newish Brown (bending over pool of water): "What makes this water green?" Soph Huggins: "Reflections."

1.

NEWISH 1: "Are those Peace girls in front of us?"

Newish 2: "No, that's A. & E."

ch.

LILLIAN FRANKLIN (emphatically): "Believe me, girls, when you're around a Still-well, you're in deep water."

()

We wonder how soon Miss Allen will call us up and say: "Dears, we think it best for all of you to spend the summer at Meredith. The vacation is such an interruption, and distracts your minds from your work. Just let's all of us stay here to welcome the incoming Freshmen, and set a good example for them."

1

M. NICHOLSON: "Do you laugh in French at the French table?"

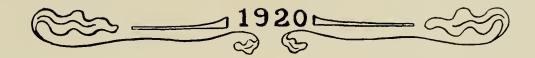
1

B. MOORE: "You know, people in the consequences of their lives say enough foolish things to fill a joke book."

J.

NEWISH: "Are you going to Wake Forest university (anniversary)?"

[PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO]



A Newish went to Hades once, Something she wished to learn; They sent her back to earth again. She was too green to burn.

1-

Lessie Smith: "What would you do if a boy tried to kiss you?"

Julia Moore: "I wouldn't do anything!"

e.j.,

MISS ALLEN: "Dear, I'd advise you not to take your semester cut unless it's absolutely necessary."

NEWISH: "But, Miss Allen. I thought I had to take it."

@1.

Notice: Lidie Penton has lost her radiator key.

مإر

CORALIE PARKER (reading in Acorn): "Who is L. K.?" M. OUTLAW: "Eliza Carr, of course."

e.].

LOULA STONE: "Foy, will you get me a yard of succotash (soutache) braid uptown?"

MR. BOOMHOUR (on Biology stroll): "There's a witch hazel tree, up there." A. Riddick (excitedly): "Oh! does it grow witch hazel?"

al-

Dr. Brown (at choir rehearsal): "Now, girls, you see that F in the music? Well, that doesn't mean Feeble."

10

Louise Mays (on Freshman English): "Miss Johnson, who wrote Gray's Elegy?"

4

A. B. SMITH (on Bible): "Dr. Freeman, what is the difference between Communion and the Lord's Supper?"

[PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-THREE]



Four years at Meredith are like four of Shakespeare's plays, because—

The first is "A Comedy of Errors."

The second is "Much Ado About Nothing."

The third is "As You Like It."

And the fourth is "All's Well That Ends Well."

el-

A. W. HARRIS: "Delila, have all the tables come out of the dining-room yet?"

1

Miss Allen (on Latin): "Pompey's severed head was brought to Cæsar just as he was steaming into the harbor."

d.

Mr. Boomhour (speaking biologically): "What does genesis mean?"

D. Felton: "The beginning."

Mr. Boomhour: "Yes, or the coming out."

D. Felton: "Why, I though Exodus was the coming out."

1

Dr. Freeman (lecturing in Bible on the Mountain Schools): "The mountaineers are beginning to paint their houses, and paint, as you know, young ladies, is an indication of progress—(with a hasty glance around the room)—I mean, when it's on houses, or barns, or fences."

ماٍ.

Dr. Dixon: "Where is the heart. Miss Baity?"

A. H. B.: "Why, in the abdomen."

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Mr. Boomhour: "What are the accessory organs of the glands?"

D. YATES: "Ducks (ducts)."

1

The lecturer at the Des Moines Convention thundered out: "Mahomet was a prophet of God."

The W. F. C. Senior wrote down: "Mahomet was a profit, by God!"

1

I. Coley: "I think Boylan-Pearce's is right nice, if you get a good waiter to wait on you."

1

EMMA GILMAN (to Thrace, as they strolled through Oakwood Cemetery): "Just think! they'll never have to read any more Virgil."

[PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FOUR]



'22: "If Dr. Brewer and Miss Allen were to die, who do you suppose would get the job?"

'21: "Why, Mr. Boomhour, of course."

'22: "Wrong! The undertaker would get it."

4

Lois Kendrick: "What kinds of cream have yon?"

CLERK: "Chocolate and pineapple."

L. Kendrick: "I'll have some peach, please."

a P

THE CHAPEL SPEAKER: "Young ladies should have a purpose."

A. E. Brewer (aside): "I have! I mean to get a man."

all a

A. CLARK: Can you go to classes when you are in quarantine?

4

Newish A. Lowe (to Jessie Stillwell): "How do you get to be House President? I want to apply for the job next year."

e j

M. Pope: "When does Easter come?"

J. BIGGS: "On the fourth."
M. POPE: "What day is that?"

ملِم

E. CARR: "I used to belong to the Freshman Class, but I resigned long ago."

el-

Little Pearl Marley
Sat in the "parley,"
Eating a chocolate pie.
She put in her thumb
And pulled out—a red carnation!
And said, "What a good sponsor am 1!"

2.

ELLEN Brewer: "Oh, mother, did you know they are going to sell Baby Clubs at the 'Y' room?"



TO THE JUNIOR-SENIOR LIBRARY

When I consider how my life was spent

Ere half my days at Meredith had flown,

I cannot understand where the time went

Before this cure for troubles I had known.

When questions dreadful do beset my mind,

Thither for refuge and advice I fly.

When to all arduous labor I am blind,

With conversational bent I then draw nigh.

Nor are my anticipations disappointed,

For the occupants to gossip are inclined,

And though their tongues oft seem quite doublejointed,

The words are witty, rather than unkind.

No longer doubt there is a place so merry, 'Tis called the Junior-Senior Library.



My heart leaps up when I behold
A letter in my box.
So was it from the day I came,
So is it now while I remain,
So shall it be when I am old.
To counteract the knocks,
The letter brings joy in its train;
So I would hope my letters to peruse,
Hour after hour spent reading billet-doux.

M. D., '20.



SPOONBREAD

(WITH APOLOGIES TO W. S.)

The quantity of spoon-bread is not strained. It cometh eggless from our Richard's hand To palates unappreciative; it is twice cursed; It curseth him that makes and her that takes; 'Tis mealiest in the mealiest: it becomes The throned tyrant of our festal board; Its crust betrays the force of hery oven, The attribute to wood, and coal, and soot, Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of strife. The middle has escaped this fiery trial, 'Tis soggy in between the stiffened crusts, It is an attribute to water's self, And Richard's power doth then show the least In salty seasoned water. Therefore, girls, Though dislike be your plea, consider this, That in the course of dislike none of us Will have starvation end us. With this, then, Are we consoled.

C. C. J., '21.



QUARANTINED

Days are mighty long,
The nights are, too;
I'm mighty lonesome,
You would be, too.
If you were quarantined for flu.

I love everybody,
Yes, that I do;
But nobody loves me.
You'd say so, too,
If you were quarantined for flu.

If I were at home—
Wish I were, too!—
I know what I'd do,
And you would, too,
If you were quarantined for flu.

I'd send you candy
And some cake, too—
Oh, I'd send something!
You'd say so, too.
If you were quarantined for flu.

No, there's no flu here (?)
But what we do
Is to take precautions;
And you would, too,
If you were quarantined for flu.

Team work, team work, yes,
That's up to you.
The whole college does it,
And you would, too.
If you were quarantined for flu.



Some like quarantine
(Most of us don't).
Think you can learn more,
But that you won't—
If you are quarantined for flu.

We've forgotten Fayetteville Street.
The drug store, too.
Wake Forest and State College
Fooled! If you do—
Although we are quarantined for flu.

No! Forget it then? Never!
Oh, how we do
Long for our freedom,
And you would, too,
If you were quarantined for flu.

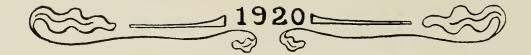
We're glad of one thing—
That is, that flu
Will vanish with winter.
You would, too,
If you were quarantined for flu.

No, I don't write poetry,
Bat I'll tell you,
If you were in college
You would be, too.
If you were quarantined for flu.





P. S.—Yes, we slick our hair back,
Plain as an old shoe;
We've lost all our vanity—
You'd do it, too,
If you were quarantined for flu.



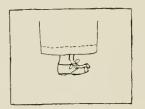
Almost everywhere the advertisements of psalmists may be seen, and this prevalence of character-reading by the hand has led us to wonder if the same be true of feet. Resolved to find out, we have carefully investigated and interpreted the feet and footwear of our numerous faculty, with these results:



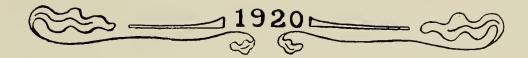
These feet are those of a certain very dear old lady, before whom you and I have often stood trembling. If you will notice the firm position of said feet, you will be reminded of the firm NO with which she can refuse your requests. And if you will notice the flowing skirt, you will be reminded of the flow of language which followed that No.

These are the feet of a well known biologist of my acquaintance. The breadth of the toes indicates the breadth of his interests, which range from protozoa to protococcus, and include the number of Newish who are flunking. The position of the feet with relation to each other indicates his astonishing ability to come to the point.





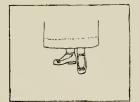
Now, these are the fect of an eminent historian with whose presence Meredith has been honored this year. The upward trend of the toes indicates the upward trend of her lectures—and her voice. *Obviously*, she is descended from ex-Governor Bradford of Massachusetts. but unfortunately "V. M. I." may some day affect her name so that this fact will be less obvious.





You notice, first of all, the hanging shoestring on these feet, and you wonder what caused it. We would say that it was the result of intense concentration upon, and thorough preparation for, French lessons. Any member of any faculty who is as devoted to her subject, and spends as much time upon it as this teacher, will sometimes neglect to tie her shoestrings, too.

These are the feet of the most "bookish" person I know—she literally lives among books. The serious turn of mind which this association has given her is reflected in her feet, which are just the opposite from childish, and could never suggest that youthful period when you wore Mary Janes.





And these are the very literary pedal extremities of the very literary part of our faculty. Though the shoes in themselves are the personification of neatness in personal appearance, the twisted hosiery indicates a contempt for custom and a tendency to indulge individual whims, especially in refusing to eat things cooked in the ordinary manner and served in the usual dishes. The

downward incline of the skirt bears witness to the pessimistic tendency of her thoughts when she contemplates her brilliant (?) English students. In contrast to these she is a bright and shining light, in her own estimation, and that she thus highly regards herself you may gather from the anterior elevation of aforementioned skirt.







Greater Love Hath No Man Than This

"Granny, whar's yo' gwine ter?"

A very small, very kinky-headed, shiny-faced specimen of humanity of the very darkest ebony hue, raised itself slowly from beneath the folds of the "crazy" patchwork quilt which covered the old bed. For a full minute the little pickaninny gazed with large black eyes at the obvious preparations of the old mammy over by the fire-place. Then suddenly the impenetrable back of Mammy Liza turned and she spoke for the first time.

"Lawsy massy, honey, is yo' awake?" Going to the bed, she picked up the small, kinky-headed one and hugged her close to her ample bosom. As she did so, one noticed that the dangling feet were curiously twisted.

The patient, enduring look, so peculiar to her race, was stamped indellibly on the child's face. She looked like a tiny ape, or more nearly an age-old mummy. The only change in her expression caused by the caress was the blinking of her eyes. She repeated her question.

"Granny, whar's yo' gwine ter?"

"How yo' do gwan, chile! Yo' Granny is jes gwine up ter the big house. No suah, she ain't gwine ter leab her chile long. Yo' jes set heah while yo' Granny gib yo' yo' breakfust. Hurry up and et yo' 'lasses. Pearly."

Slowly the big, rolling eyes filled with tears, the little grimy hands which were sopping sorghum with the utmost seriousness dropped to her sides and Pearly sobbed out:

"Ain't yo' gwine ter tuck me wid yo' Granny?"

"Lawsy massy, chile! yo' ain't gwine ter cry, be ye? They's sick up ter the big house—Mis' Nancy and Mistah Richard and little Dick, and theys bean't nobody 'cept yo' Granny ter wait on 'em. Silvy, she doan know how ter wait on 'em. She can't do nothing 'cept cook. Yo' gran'daddy he don' gone up dar. All dem white folks don' gone back ter town. Scairt!" There was infinite scorn in Mammy Liza's tone. If there had been any possibility of flat, black noses turning up, hers would have gone right up in the air.

During Mammy Liza's explanation Pearly had resumed her sopping with the fortitude of a martyr. In the few short years of her life, the little cripple had learned patience—no, it had perhaps been transmitted by a dying mother from a race schooled for ages in patience, servitude, and in—love.

"Dar, honey, let yo' Granny wash yo' little rabbit paws. Jes' set heah on yo' pallet 'til Granny kin com' fotch yo' some dinner. Yo' kin play wid yo' Granny's ole snuff-box."



Mammy Liza placed the unprotesting little pickaninny upon a pallet made by folding the "crazy" quilt—ah! that quilt was a work, if not of art, at least of colors and memories—and it was drawn a safe distance from the open fire. There was no danger of Pearly getting off it alone. While piling Pearly's few playthings about her to amuse her, while alone, Mammy Liza was in a too indignant mood to talk. She was sixty-five years old, and never before had she heard of folks running from influenza. "Flues," she called it. Not only running, but leaving white folks—"the quality, too"—sick and helpless and alone. Her own Mis' Nancy, at that! Mis' Nancy, who was as dear to Mammy Liza as her own dead daughter—Pearly's mother. And Mis' Nancy's little boy and her big, fine husband, Mistah Richard, both sick as Mis' Nancy. Well, if every one else deserted, Uncle Toby and Mammy Liza could still take care of their own white folks.

Mammy Liza tied her old brown shawl around her head and gave Pearly a final pat and a hug.

"Doan yo' cry, honey chile, yo' Granny'll bring yo' sumpin fine from the big house. Heah am a hunk o' bread, honey, if youse am hungry 'fore I'se back."

As she closed the door of her little cabin behind her. Mammy Liza snorted.

"Scairt!" she exclaimed, scornfully.

At the "big house" Uncle Toby had already taken charge and was ordering Silvy, the cook, around in his own fashion. Uncle Toby himself had cooked for thirty years for "ole Mis'," and he knew what soup was. And he knew that sick folks needed it. And Uncle Toby was sure there were three very sick people in the "big house." He had come as soon as he had heard. Also, when he had fearfully used the telephone to call the doctor, the doctor had told him kindly and firmly that the epidemic was too prevalent and too serious in town for him to leave for a twelve-mile trip out in the country. But he gave Uncle Toby directions, and Uncle Toby intended to follow them. When Mammy Liza arrived she found Uncle Toby at his post like a warrior of old, determined to conquer.

Little Dick was hardest to manage. The doctor had said he must remain in bed. But Dick was burning with fever and his little body ached. He wanted his mother badly. Uncle Toby left him to Mammy Liza's tender care. She massaged the tiny body until he was quiet. Fretfully he asked for Pearly—why didn't Mammy Liza bring her to see him? His hands wandering aimlessly over the covers chanced to hit a toy—a tin soldier he had played with.

"Take it to Pearly, Mammy," he said as he picked it up and held it towards her. And then he cried babyishly.

"Sing to me. Mammy, what you sing to Pearly."

Soon Mammy's full, rich tones singing-

"Doan ye cry, mah honey, doan ye weep no mo'.

Mammy's gwine to hold her baby,

All de udder black trash sleepin' on the flo',

Mammy only lubs her boy"—

floated down the hall and Mistah Richard and Mis' Nancy were soothed to sleep as well as little Dick. Seeing that Dick was asleep, Mammy's thoughts flew to Pearly, alone down in the cabin. She slipped into the hall and called Uncle Toby.

"I'se gwine ter run down and gib Pearly somfin' to et," she told him. "I ain't gwine ter be much long—pay 'tention ter Dick while I'se gone."

Mammy stopped by the kitchen for something to eat for her "chile." And then her tired old limbs walked faster and faster as she realized how long she had been away from Pearly. When she reached the cabin, she stopped for a moment to listen. Not a sound reached her, and she opened the door quietly. Pearly lay stretched out asleep with her face upwards. On her little greasy face were traces of big salty tears.

"Dar, now, honey, heah be yo' Granny. And heah am some chicken."

At the sound of her voice, the big eyes opened and the woolly head raised itself.

"Granny, I'se so cold and hongry," and the little voice broke in a cry of relief. She had sobbed herself to sleep and she was sniffling.

"Doan cry, baby chile. Des look at dis sojer what Master Dick don' sent yo'. You'se Mammy's own tar-baby and she's gwine ter feed yo' right now."

Pearly took the tin soldier hesitatingly in her hands. And then she clasped it to her bosom and showed a long row of white teeth in a broad smile.

For three days Pearly stayed alone, day and night, except at meal times, and played with her tin soldier, a soldier whose weapons were germs instead of bullets. One late afternoon Mistah Richard, Mis' Nancy and Dick were so much better they sent Mammy Liza home to stay all night and get some rest. But when Mammy Liza came into the cabin, a sobbing, moaning sound caught her ear. It was a hot, throbbing, wheezing little body that she snatched from the "crazy" quilt pallet. . . .

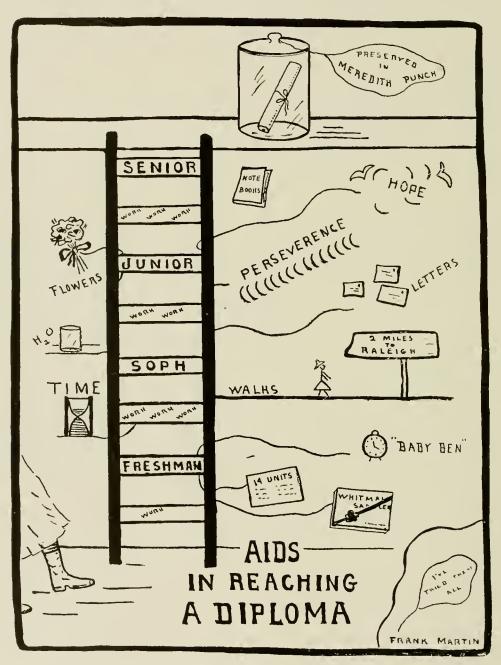
When Mammy Liza reached the "big house" for Uncle Toby, the doctor was there. He had come at last when he wasn't needed at the "big house," but down at the little cabin, perhaps—

After a long examination, the doctor stood on the steps of the cabin. He shook his head slowly.

"Double pneumonia," he said. "I'm afraid it's too late." Walking slowly away he bent his head as if in thought.

Christine Judd, '21.





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ON THE HALLS



In the Juniors' Rooms

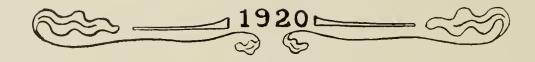
ADVICE



Mother: "Don't study too hard, daughter."



DAUGHTER TAKING ADVICE LITERALLY







Finis

'Tis finished! oh, 'tis finished!

The great transaction's done,

And now that we are through with it.

We hope our crown is won.

Though to its many faults

We would not have you blind,

We hope that as you read it through

Your attitude will be kind.

For, oh, the sweat and blood

That's gone into the making!

But still as we give it to you,

Our knees are seized with quaking.

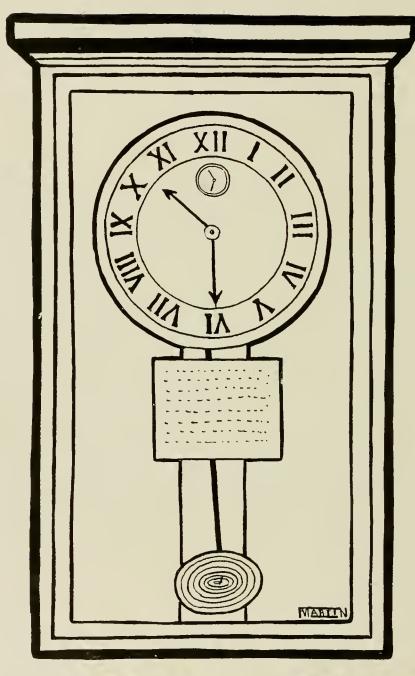
But oh, our gentle reader,

We think our pains worth while.

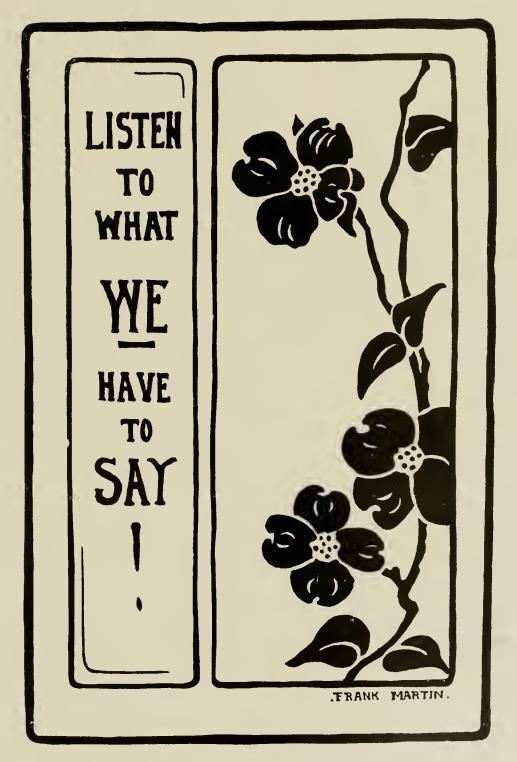
If you've enjoyed reading it,

Or the jokes have caused one smile.

THE EDITORS AND MANAGERS.



THE END





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