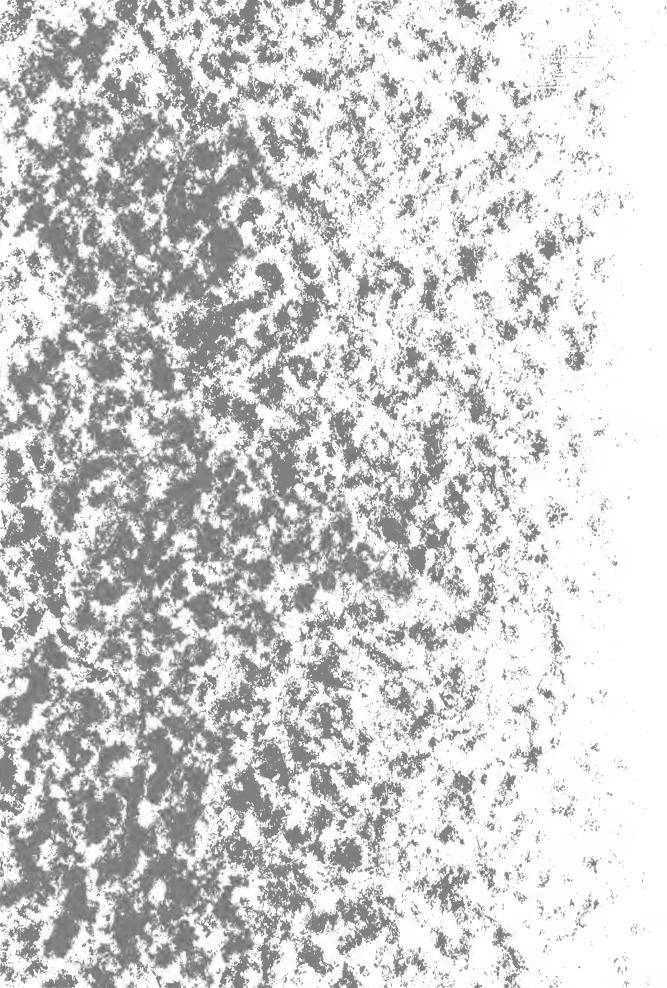
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The WHITE HEATHER



VOLUME ONE

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF 1921

Flora Macdonald College

RED SPRINGS N. C.

FOREWORD

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THE STUDENT BODY voted for the favorite flower of Flora Macdonald--"The White Heather" as the name of this--our first college annual. This dainty flower is found in the highlands of Scotland and is typical of Scotch virtue. It is dear to the heart of all Scotchmen as it is "Scotland's Heather."

To record all the happenings of the past year---both the sunshine and the shadow, to give the stranger who reads this book some idea of the true character of the work done here so that he may be impressed favorably --- and most of all---to place in the hands of "The Flora Macdonald girl" a book which will, after she leaves her Alma Mater, be a cherished memoir of her college days--- is the aim of the editors in presenting this, the first volume of "The White Heather."

CONTENTS

6500

Book I. The Classes

Book II. Literary

Book III. Organizations and Clubs

Book IV. Fine Arts

Book V. Commencement



DEDICATION



With love and in appreciation for all that he has done for Flora Macdonald College

This first volume of

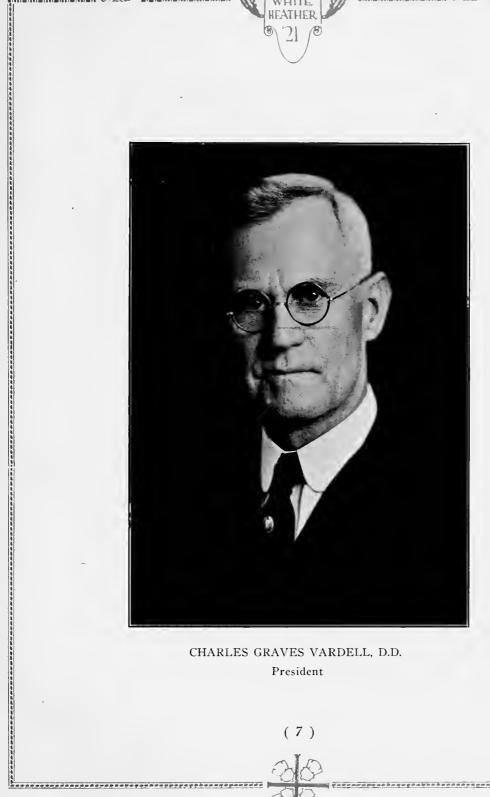
"The White Heather"

is dedicated

to

Dr. Charles Graves Vardell by the

Class of Nineteen Twenty-one



CHARLES GRAVES VARDELL, D.D. President

(7)



To the Editors and Staff of The White Heather:

I HAVE watched with considerable interest your efforts in behalf of this the first annual to be issued by students of Flora Macdonald College.

In presenting *The White Heather* your aim has been to record the happenings of a single year in the history of our college---to make the work as complete and accurate as possible and at the same time to introduce enough personal interest and individuality to make it a memory book rather than a mere table of statistics.

I congratulate you upon your success and feel sure that this volume of *The White Heather* will give many much pleasure in the reading.

Yours very sincerely,

Charles G. Vardell,
President.



Board of Editors

MARY POOLE ______Editor-in-Chief
FRANCES McGIRT _____Assistant Editor-in-Chief
MARION MANNING _____Business Manager
ALTA MARLETTE _____Assistant Business Manager

Assistant Editors

MARIE NASH ADA MAC RACKEN KATE FINLEY KATE CUMMING MARJORIE COLLISON
ELIZABETH ORR
MAMIE BARR
ELIZABETH MACDONALD



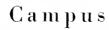
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Views







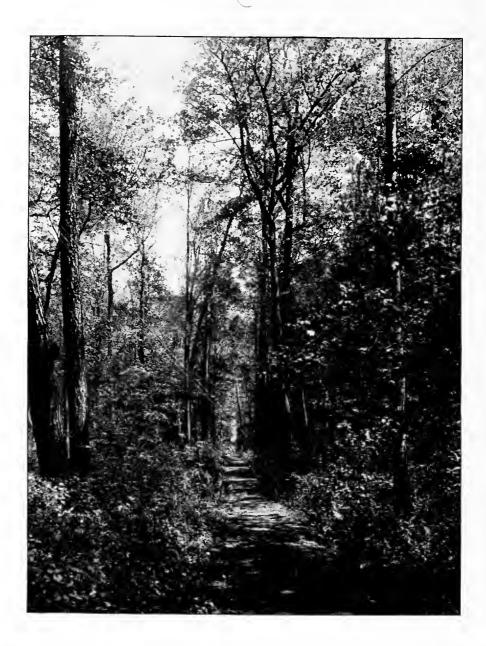




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Faculty of Flora Macdonald College

(In order of length of service)

CHARLES GRAVES VARDELL, D.D. PRESIDENT

MRS. LINDA L. VARDELL PIANO, PIANO PEDAGOGY

MISS MARY JOHNSTON DEAN OF THE COLLEGE

MISS PATTIE B. WATKINS DEAN OF THE FACULTY

MISS ETTIE BROWN PROFESSOR OF FRENCH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

REV. H. M. DIXON PROFESSOR OF BIBLE AND PSYCHOLOGY

MISS ANNA SPENCER DANIEL CLOTHING AND TEXTILES

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MISS HARRIET N. MORRISON, A.B. PROFESSOR OF LATIN

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MRS. CHRISTINE WISSNER EWING PROFESSOR OF SPANISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

MISS MARY FOREMAN HEAD OF VOICE DEPARTMENT

MISS SALLIE McLEAN PROFESSOR OF HISTORY

(15)



MISS MARY McLEAN CONOLY, A.B. INSTRUCTOR IN MATHEMATICS

MISS ELIZABETH G. DABBS, A.B. PROFESSOR OF BIOLOGY AND AGRICULTURE

J. G. PACE, A.B., B.D. PROFESSOR OF NATURAL SCIENCE

CHAS. GILDERSLEEVE VARDELL, A.B. DEAN OF THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

MISS LOTTIE V. COVINGTON HEAD OF THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

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MISS KATE McNEILL, A.B. PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS

MISS NANCY E. PEARSON, A.B. DEPARTMENT OF FOODS AND COOKERY

MISS MARIBEL POWELL INSTRUCTOR IN FRENCH

MISS MARGARET McNEILL, B.M., M.M. CO-DIRECTOR IN PIANO DEPARTMENT

MISS ELIZABETH STRIBLING, A.B. DIRECTOR OF PHYSICAL TRAINING

MISS JANE DIXON VARDELL, B.M. INSTRUCTOR IN VIOLIN AND PIANO

MISS MAMIE E. BITNER INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO

MISS MAY MEADOWS INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO

MISS OLGA WILLIAMS INSTRUCTOR IN ART

MISS JESSIE WOMBLE REGISTRAR AND SUPERVISOR OF MUSIC STUDY

IN MEMORIAM

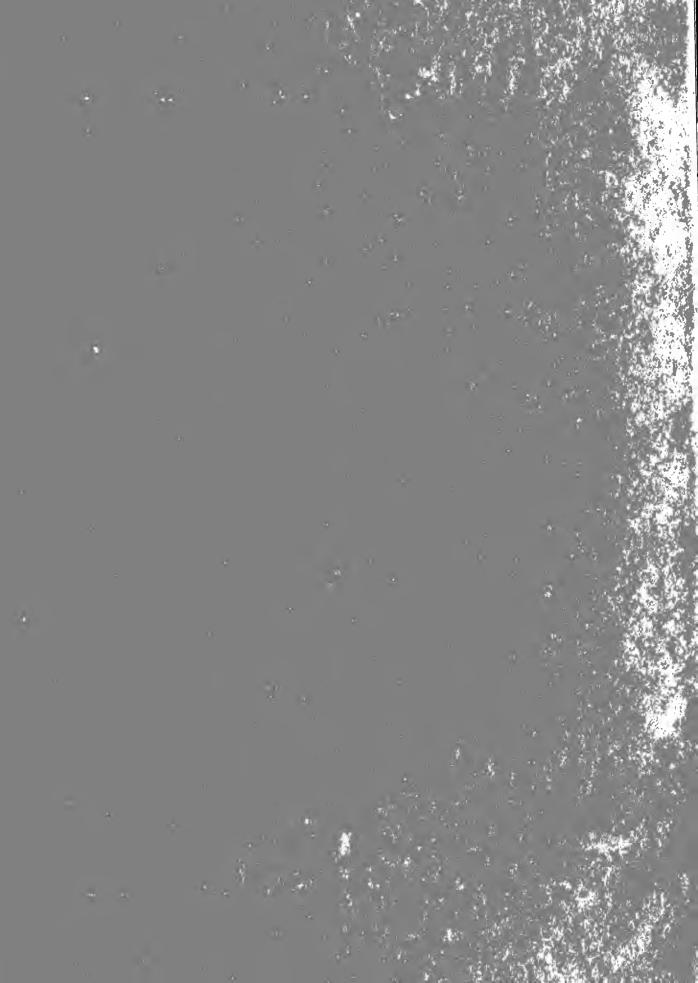
Mr. George R. DuPuy

Bursar Flora Macdonald College

Died

May 4, 1921

"To know Mr. DuPuy was to love him-kindly, unselfish and just, with a cheery word for all."







SENIORS



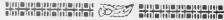


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MISS ELIZABETH DABBS Senior Class Faculty Advisor MARGARÈT BULLOCK Senior Class Mascot





Senior Class

Colors: Purple and Gold

Flower: Violet

Motto: "Finished Yet Beginning"

Officers

LOTTIE HAND	
FANNIE FOY	Vice-President
MARY POOLE	Secretary
MARY KENNA WALKER	
MARGARET DUPUY	
ELIZABETH MACDONALD	
PATTI BRITT	
CAROLINE GIBSON	Testatrix
MARION MANNING	Poet

LOTTIE HAND, A.B. E. X. BELMONT, N. C.

"Who does the best his circumstance allows"

President Junior Class, 1919-20; Winner of F. M. C. Monogram, 1920; Public Debater, 1920; College Basketball Team, 1920; Secretary Y. W. C. A., 1920-21; Commencement Marshall, 1920; President Senior Class, 1920-21; President Student Body, 1920-21.

Lottie is the kind of girl we all admire, for whatever she attempts she makes it a success. Combined basketball star, athlete and student, she well deserves the success she has had in every line of work. We do not have to wonder what you'll do some day—"when you're big," Lottie, for you are bound to win.







EDITH AVERITT, B.L. E. X. CEDAR CREEK, N. C.

"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation"

Vice-President Sophomore Class, 1919; Commencement Marshall, 1920; Delegate to Blue Ridge Conference, 1920; President E. X. Society, 1921.

Elegance in all her manners we see, Dainty as ever a rosebud could be. Industrious, eager and ready to help, Thinking of others and not of herself, Having all womanly qualities blended.

RUTH BRITT, A.B. Zetesian TIFTON, GA.

"Whose high endeavors are an inward light That makes the path before him always bright"

Critic Zetesian Society, 1918-19; Pine and Thistle Staff, 1919-20; Winner of F. M. C. Monogram, 1920; Commencement Marshall, 1920; Delegate to Blue Ridge Conference, 1920; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1919-20; President Zetesian Society, 1920-21; Testatrix Ruth Britt and Caroline Gibson; Public Debate, 1920 Caroline Gibson; Public Debate, 1920.

We expect big things from Patti in We expect big inings from ratii in the future, for with all her high endeavors permeated with ambition, it could not be otherwise. With quick intelligence she stands well in her classes, though they represent only a part of her interest and cartivity. If you doubt her interest and activity. If you doubt her sense of humor, ask Patti what is her favorite hymn.



SARAH WALKUP DIXON, B.L. E. X.

RED SPRINGS, N. C.

"As well to be out of the world as out of the Fashion"

Second Vice-President Epsilon Chi Society, 1920-21.

"Not that she loves study less, but that she loves fun more," is Sukie's reason for spending so little of her time on the campus. She just has to have her good time, but just the same she is a good student.



MARGARET FOWLE DUPUY, B.L.

Zetesian RED SPRINGS, N. C.

"The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid"

Vice-President Freshman Class, 1917-18; College Basketball Team, 1920-21; Winner of F. M. C. Monogram, 1920; Censor Zetesian Literary Society, 1920-21; Class Historian, 1920-21; President Robeson County Club, 1921.

Margaret's is a friendship worth having. Many characteristics are accountable for her vast circle of friends, but the outstanding one is the sweetness of her nature. She is a loyal member of the class of '21, and is always ready to do her part either in work or play,

............







FANNIE ELIZABETH FOY, B.M. Zetesian REIDSVILLE, N. C.

"O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear"

Vice-President Junior Class, 1919-20; Second Vice-President Zetesian Society, 1919-20; Winuer of F. M. C. Monogram; Chief Marshall, 1920; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Vice-President Senior Class, 1920-21; First Vice-President Zetesian Society, 1920-21.

Fannie has sung her way into Flora Macdonald's "Who's Who," and if she keeps on at the pace she has set we will soon see her name in the "Who's Who" of the opera. Her numerous "satellites" have not hindered her having a word for us all. Just you wait, if the man will only leave her alone, Flora Macdonald will have another daughter to be proud of.

RACHAEL CAROLINE GIBSON, B.S., H.E. Zetesian McCOLL, S. C.

"As merry as the day is long"

Corresponding Secretary Zetesian Socity, 1920-21; Testatrix of Class, 1921; Vice-President Palmetto Club, 1921.

Some man will get a treasure when he secures "Dink"—if he can manage to do so, for she is a capable, dependable and very domestic girl. Her conversation is full of dry wit, but it is never cutting. "Dink" is a true friend.





VIOLA LEE HART, A.B. Epsilon Chi MONROE, N. C.

"For if she will, she will, and you may depend And if she won't she won't, and there's an end to it"

Winner of F. M. C. Monogram, 1920; Recording Secretary E. X. Society, 1020-21.

Here indeed is a girl of a mild spirit and a strong determination. Her calm disposition, together with her neat appearance, are characteristics that are often envied, but you would never know it from Viola. Vanity is farthest from her thoughts. We will always remember "V" as a worthy, honored and admired friend.



MARION THOMAS MANNING, B.L.

Zetesian BISHOPVILLE, S. C.

"Know then this truth, Virtue alone is happiness below"

President Class, 1916-17; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1918-19; Chaplain Zetesian Society, 1918-19; President Class. 1918-19; President Y. W. C. A., 1919-20; President Student Volunteer Band, 1920-21; Pine and Thistle Staff, 1920-21; President Palmette Clab verses 287. metto Club, 1920-21; Business Manager "The White Heather," 1920-21; Class Poet; Delegate to State Student Volunteer Conference, 1918; Delegate to Blue Ridge Conference, 1919.

Marion, you are the kind of girl who makes this a pleasant world to live in. You stand for gentleness, sincerity and all that is good and noble. You are intellectual and industrious too, but we love you for your very self.









ELIZABETH C. MACDONALD, B.S. Zetesian HOPE MILLS, N. C.

"A soul whose master-bias leans to home-felt pleasures"

Marshall, 1920; Annual Staff, 1920-21; Winner of F. M. C. Monogram; Class Prophet.

When it comes to sewing and cooking, Elizabeth is right there. In fact there's nothing she can't do about the house, and we feel sure she will make some man a good wife if the old saying about the way to a man's heart holds good.

ARCHIE McPHAUL, B.L. Zetesian RED SPRINGS, N. C.

"How good to live and learn"

We know little of Archie's characteristics since she has chosen the life of a day pupil to that of a "Boarder," but it does not take long to find out that she will always do her part in every way, and we know that her's will be a useful life, whatever her vocation be.









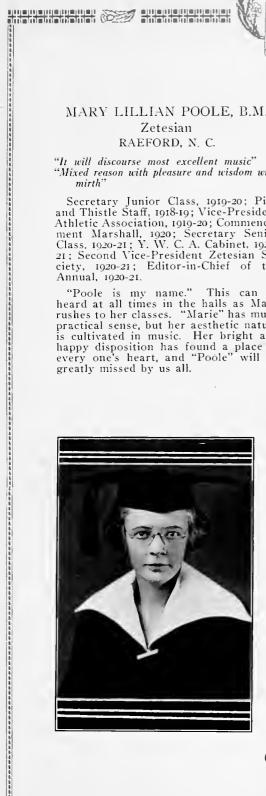
MARY LILLIAN POOLE, B.M.

"It will discourse most excellent music" "Mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with

Secretary Junior Class, 1919-20; Pine and Thistle Staff, 1918-19; Vice-President Athletic Association, 1919-20; Commencement Marshall, 1920; Secretary Senior Class, 1920-21; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1920-21; Second Vice-President Zetesian Society, 1920-21; Editor-in-Chief of the

"Poole is my name." This can he heard at all times in the halls as Mary rushes to her classes. "Marie" has much practical sense, but her aesthetic nature is cultivated in music. Her bright and happy disposition has found a place in every one's heart, and "Poole" will be greatly missed by us all.





MARGARET ELIZABETH STENHOUSE, B.L.

Zetesian GREENVILLE, S. C.

"She's little but she's wise"

Treasurer Y. W. C. A., 1920; President U. D. C., 1919-21; Chairman Finance Committee, 1920.

"Put" is kept busy getting out of things to do, and her time is usually oc-cupied too. She has her place in our class and hearts, however, for "Put" is liked by everybody. As for her independence, consult Senior Statistics! But who admires the person who has no ideas of her own?





MARY KENNA WALKER, B.M. E. X. PENN LAIRD, VA.

"A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning" "If music be the food of love—play on"

Public debate, 1918-19; Chaplain E. X. Society, 1918-19; Critic E. X. Society, 1920-21; Pine and Thistle Staff, 1919-20; Commencement Marshall, 1919-20; Treasurer Sophomore Class, 1918-19; Treasurer Junior Class, 1919-20; Treasurer Senior Class, 1920-21; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1919-20; President Y. W. C. A., 1920-21.

Mary Kenna, familiarly called "Kenna," is a girl of strong character and practical sense. She is most always found in some form of "Y" work, where her executive ability will be greatly missed. Not only in this does she excel, but she can make the piano "talk" to the delight of her many friends.

ZELDA WOOD, B.S., H.E. E. X. GARNER, N. C.

"The best of her is diligence"

Corresponding Secretary Epsilon Chi Society, 1920-21; Vice-President Student Volunteer Band, 1920-21.

We naturally think of the word "diligent" when we think of Zelda, for her whole soul is in her work. It is a pity we all cannot be more like her, for "all things come to her who labors."









EDITH AVERITTCertificate in Foods and Cookery AGNES BUSTARD_____Certificate in Commercial Course MARGARET BROWN_____Certificate in Expression MARY LOU BEARD.....Senior in Foods and Cookery PRATT COVINGTON_____Senior in Foods and Cookery RUTH HOLLAND_____Certificate in Commercial Course ADA MacLEODCertificate in Commercial Course MARIBEL POWELL____Senior in Foods and Cookery







Senior Class Poem

As the Hour Glass sifts the sand grains
From millions to one—then none,
And measures the passing moments
From dawn till set of sun;
Tho' little, tho' rough and rugged
Each grain, its part must play
To make the whole complete, compact;
Nor time nor tide delay.

So it is, that life is an hour glass,
Sifting the sands of time,
Compressing the golden moments
Into a work sublime.
We shall reap in the realm eternal
What we sowed in the life before,
As the sifted part of the hour glass
Is formed from its upper store.

And now that our school days are over,
And work is seemingly done,
We anxiously face the future;
Life's race has merely begun.
We shall strive with patient endurance,
The victories of life to achieve;
The good to beget; the ills to forget,
In this web of life which we weave.

When our nation is torn, and no longer,
The greatest example of power;
When famine and panic would threaten,
And clouds about us would lower,
A clarion note, penetrating,
Fathoms the depth of each heart,
And echoes reverherating—
"On to the fore! do your part!"

Bravely, unflinching, ne'er swerving
To heed the call, we dare;
Thru the neck of the faithful hour glass,
The grain of the college career
Trickles slowly, surely,
Assuming its rightful place,
In the life of the eager runner,
Where it marks one step in the race.

When we leave the vine-covered building, The spring and "Paradise;"
When we part from friends and teachers And the things that lure and entice, We are sad; yet happy, expectant, Struggling upward to rise, Seizing the opportune moments, In quest of the noblest prize.

Marion Manning, '21.











History of the Class of 1921

AS it really been four whole years since we first came to Flora Macdonald? Yes, it must have been, for that was 1917 and now it is 1921. But it seems such a short time since we were Freshmen, wandering around like lost sheep. I can see some of us now, walking around the conservatory looking for the French room, or talking and laughing in the hall when a teacher comes up and says, "Girls, go to your room at once. Quiet hour bell has rung," forgetting that we had not learned the meaning of every bell.

There were'nt very many of us even at the start, for our first year was also the year the United States entered the war, and so many people were afraid to send their daughters to school. And the war kept Sophomores from giving us the annual Soph-Fresh reception. But they all felt sorry for us and took us all to a moving picture show to make up for it.

War times were still harder at the beginning of our Sophomore year, and a good number of our class dropped out. To make matters worse, we had hardly started into the year when the "Flu" epidemic struck the college and work was suspended for three weeks. But every one recovered and our class continued with its full strength. Since peace had been declared in November and things were looking brighter we decided to give the Freshmen a reception, which turned out to be a great success. That year we decided to try for the basket-ball championship, but luck went against us and we were defeated.

We began our Junior year numbering eighteen. And my, how proud we were to be Juniors! Now we were going to have a chance to go to that long envied Junior-Senior reception, and walk to church by ourselves, and not in line with the whole school. And not only that, but we decided we would break our past record and really win in the basketball tournaments. We were such a busy crowd of girls that we didn't have time to practice like we should, but we managed to develop a team good enough to scare even the Freshmen, whose team was considered the strongest in school. Well, the time for the tournaments came. We didn't have much trouble in winning from the Seniors. But neither did the Freshmen have trouble in beating the Sophs. Oh, but we wanted to win that Final game! But the Freshmen also wanted it, and were going to try as hard as we were. The day came, and let me tell you right now they didn't win it. No sir, the Juniors came out champions, and there was never a happier crowd of girls than we were.







Then came April 5th, the day for the Junior-Senior reception. Never will we forget when we first went down and stood in line to receive that crowd of boys streaming in from outside. Nor will we forget the good time we had and how sorry we were when it was all over.

And now at last we are Seniors! It's a hard thing to believe, but it's so. Just think that this is our very last year at college and next year will find us all in different places in different kinds of work. We are not but fifteen strong, but our small number draws us all the closer to each other. And we have good times together, too, especially since a number of parties have been given to us. But I believe we were the happiest when our rings came. We showed them to everybody in school and laughed and cried over them until we almost had hysterics. But the thing we are most proud of is The Annual. For years the girls have wanted an annual but just didn't go on and put it through. We decided that we would do it if there was the slightest chance. And the result is "The White Heather." And the Senior Class represented is our dear old class of '21!

We are looking forward especially to commencement this year because the college celebrates its 25th anniversary. And we are indeed proud to be the graduating class on that occasion. Our principle part in the Commencement will be to present Shakespeare's well known play: "The Merchant of Venice."

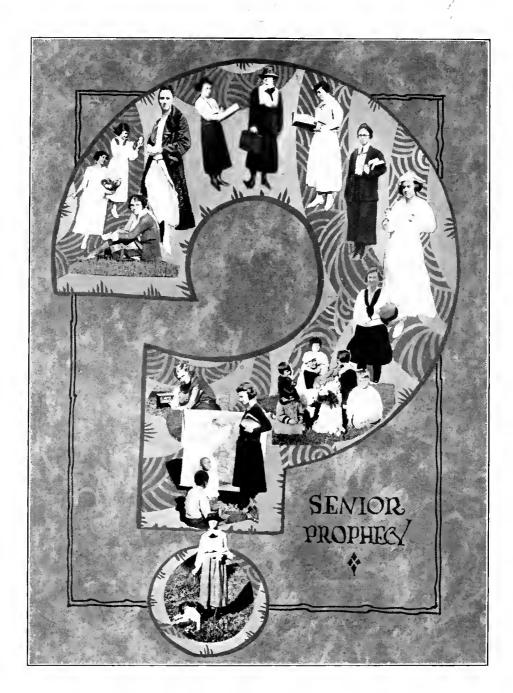
And now the time draws near when we will get our diplomas and go out into the world. But I am sure we will always look back with pleasure to the days spent at F. M. C. and feel that we have been helped to live a better, nobler life by the influence surrounding us there.

MARGARET FOWLE DUPUY,
Historian.





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Last Will and Testament

E the class of 1921 of Flora Macdonald College, being of strong bodies and in our sound minds (that is to say, as sound as could be expected after four years of mental contortions) realizing that we will soon depart from this college life, and being in possession of certain property and effects, of which we wish to dispose before departing, have drawn up this document.

We do now declare and publish this final disposition of our property in the manner following:

We do hereby will and bequeath to Miss Watkins the love and devotion of our class.

We do hereby will and bequeath to Mr. Rice the sum and total of our combined abilities as secretaries and journalists to help him in his work.

We will and bequeath to Frances McGirt, Mary Kenna Walker's ardent love for Harmony.

To Ruth Lewis we will Mary Poole's electric hair curler.

To Alta Marlette we will Margaret Dupuy's soft voice.

To Mary Kate Covington we will and bequeath Fannie Foy's surplus flesh.

We will and bequeath Elizabeth Stenhouse's eager readiness to agree to Mary McLeod and Elizabeth's enthusiasm to Myrtle Wyatt.

We will and bequeath to Janie Council, Marion Manning's ability as a long winded speaker, and we will Marion's lovely coiffures to Elizabeth Clark.

We will Caroline Gibson's fond love for Geometry to Mary Mooney.

To Elizabeth Irwin we will Patti Britt's place as President of the Zetesian Society.

To Linda Templeton and Esther Britt we will Elizabeth MacDonald's dexterity in handling the French language.

To Catherine Goodman we will Edith Averitt's place as Epsilon Chi Society president and we will Edith's gracefulness on the tennis court to Sarah Barnhardt.

To Emma Kate McInnis and Elsie Johnson we will and bequeath Archie McPhaul's studiousness.

To Elizabeth Clark we will and bequeath Lottie Hand's ability to catch on to jokes.

To Helen Street we will Sarah Dixon's lovely flow of slang, and Sarah's ability to make love (learned in the Senior play) we will to Helen Dickson.

To Mary Stamp Shaw and Belle Monroe we will Zelda Wood's light fantastic toe.

To Mamie Lemmond and Esther Britt we will Viola Hart's place in Mr. Pace's heart.

In short, we will and bequeath our Senior caps and gowns and all our Senior privileges to the prospective class. If these privileges are found too great (?) a burden for said class they may be preserved for some future class, who, not realizing what they ask, want privileges in the Junior year.

CLASS OF '21, Per DINK and PATTI.





Senior Red Letter Days

September 15—Our first meeting as Seniors.

September 18-Entertain "Tar Baby" Quartette.

October 9-Margaret Dupuy's shower for Margaret Vardell.

November 20—Miss Dabbs entertains us.

November 25-Blues won in basketball.

Davidson band concert.

December16-Homeward Bound!

January 18—Senior rings arrive.

February 14—Have pictures made in Fayetteville.

February 19-Kenna and "Dink" entertain us.

March 5--"Put" and Viola entertain.

March 21-Mary's and Fannie's recital.

March 28—Junior-Senior reception.

April 11—Kenna's graduating recital.

Annual paid for.

April 16—Third year D. S. entertains.

April 22—Mr. Harrison entertains at a dinner.

April 27—Dink passes Geometry.

May 23—Senior Class Exercises.

May 24—Senior play.

May 25—Graduation.

Senior Blue Letter Days

October 28—Whites win in Cotton Picking.

January 12—Sir Aukland Geddes fails to arrive.

March 29-Morning after night before.

April 4—Senior privileges postponed until next year.

May 3-Last May Day rainy.

May 25—Farewell.

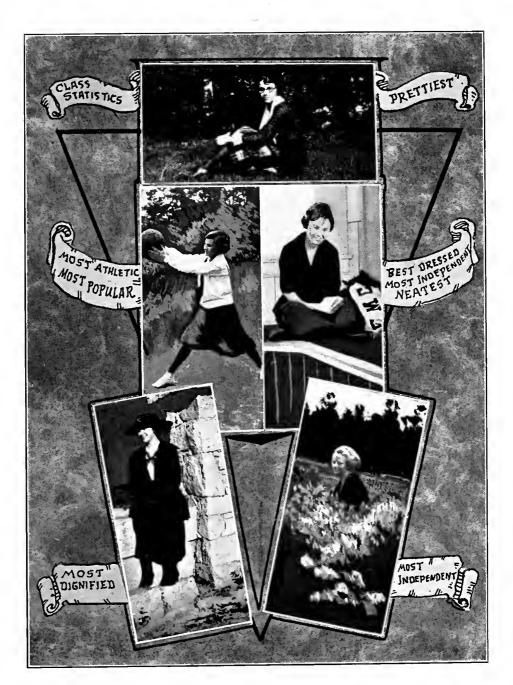














(37)



Junior Class

Motto: Volens et Potens Colors: Garnet and White

Flower: Red Rose

Officers

MAMIE LEMMOND_____President
MYRTLE WYATT_____Vice-President
MARY MOONEY_____Secretary
ELIZABETH CLARKE_____Treasurer

Junior Class Poem

- **T**—hree whole years have come and passed, Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors last.
- **W**—e have worked with joys untold, Striving onward toward our goal,
- **E**—ager for our Senior robe, Patient as the prophet Job.
- N—othing then can hold us down After we've our cap and gown.
- **T**—rig we've mastered, history too, Naught has passed we could not do.
- Y—es! As Seniors, all will know Twenty-two's a class to go.
- T—hree whole years have come and passed, Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors last.
- **W**—e can't tell yet what we'll be, Seniors, when next year we see—
- **O**—h! We hope we may get through And finish in 1922!



SARAH BARNHARDT

Concord, N. C.

MARY LOU BEARD

St. Pauls, N. C.

ESTHER LEE BRITT

Tifton, Ga.

MARGARET ELIZA BROWN

Red Springs, N. C.

ELIZABETH ARCHER CLARKE South Boston, Va.





JANE COOPER COUNCIL

Red Springs, N. C.

MARY KATE COVINGTON $\qquad \qquad \text{Red Springs, N. C.}$

HELEN DeVANE DICKSON
Raeford, N. C.

SARAH JANE EVANS
Minturn, S. C.

WILLIE KATHERINE GOODMAN Hendersonville, N. C.







ELIZABETH IRWIN

Lexington, Va.

ELSIE MAY JOHNSON

Belmont, N. C.

MAMIE PHARR LEMMOND

Monroe, N. C.

MARY RUTH LEWIS

Whiteville, N. C.

MARY ALTA MARLETTE

Saxapahaw, N. C.



FRANCES ELEANOR McGIRT
Sylvester, Ga.

MARY IDA McLEOD

Vass, N. C.

EMMA KATE McINNIS $\mbox{Little Rock, S. C.}$

BELLE MONROE

Rockfish, N. C.

 $\begin{array}{c} \text{MARY ELIZABETH MOONEY} \\ \text{Newnan, Ga.} \end{array}$



REBECCA LOUISE OATES

Faison, N. C.

MARY STAMPS SHAW

Lumber Bridge, N. C.

HELEN STREET

Glendon, N. C.

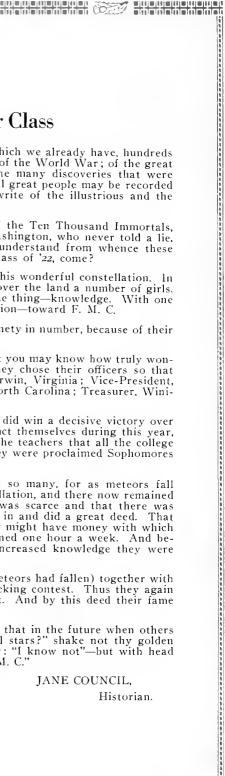
JANIE LYNDA TEMPLETON

Mooresville, N. C.

 $\tilde{\mathrm{M}}\mathrm{YRTLE}$ FRANCES WYATT $\mathrm{Menlo},~\mathrm{Ga}.$







History of the Junior Class

HIS is an age of historians. To the history which we already have, hundreds are daily adding accounts of the great events of the World War; of the great men who lived during this period, and of the many discoveries that were made. Therefore, that all great events and all great people may be recorded in history, I shall join these hundreds and write of the illustrious and the unexcelled, the learned class of '22 of F. M. C.

For what will it profit the world to have heard of the Ten Thousand Immortals, of Hannibal, of Alexander the Great, or of George Washington, who never told a lie, and then never to have heard of-not to be able to understand from whence these splendid heroines, these shining lights that form the class of '22, come?

Therefore, hark ye, while I tell you the history of this wonderful constellation. In the fall of the year '18 there went out from homes all over the land a number of girls. Now all of these fair maidens were in quest of the same thing—knowledge. With one accord, therefore, they turned their steps in one direction-toward F. M. C.

Arrived at this great seat of learning, these girls, ninety in number, because of their youth and beauty, were given the name of Freshmen.

Straightway the Freshmen elected officers, and, that you may know how truly wonderful they were, I will tell you that unconsciously they chose their officers so that each one represented a State-President, Elizabeth Irwin, Virginia; Vice-President, Eloise Knight, Florida; Secretary, Sarah Barnhardt, North Carolina; Treasurer, Winifred O. Rear, Georgia.

These maidens grew in fame, for in that year they did win a decisive victory over the Seniors in Basketball. And so well did they conduct themselves during this year, and so wisely did they answer all questions asked by the teachers that all the college marvelled and sought to do them honor. Therefore they were proclaimed Sophomores at the end of the year.

The Sophomores returned the next year, but not so many, for as meteors fall from planets, so some had fallen from this great constellation, and there now remained thirty-five. When these Sophomores saw that labor was scarce and that there was turmoil and upheaval abroad in the land, they stepped in and did a great deed. That the burden might be lightened for others and that they might have money with which to write their names in F. M. C., these Sophs each ironed one hour a week. And because of this great deed and also because of their increased knowledge they were called Juniors at the end of the year.

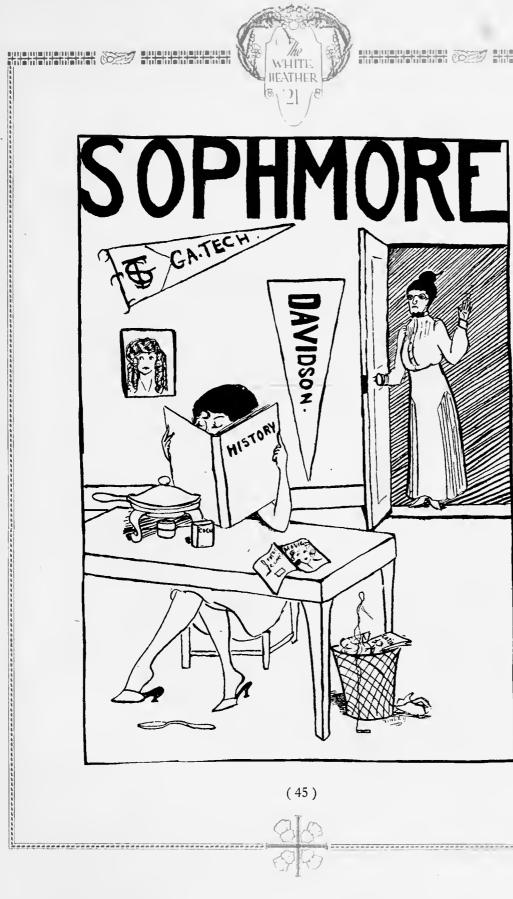
And the next year these twenty-five Juniors (ten meteors had fallen) together with their sister class(the Freshmen) won in the cotton picking contest. Thus they again did a great deed by helping to pay off the college debt. And by this deed their fame reached its zenith and they were known as Seniors.

And now I charge you, who have read this history, that in the future when others ask, "Of what and from whence come these wonderful stars?" shake not thy golden or thy hoary locks—or perhaps thy hald head, and say: "I know not"—but with head held high, say unto them: "'Tis the class of '22 of F. M. C."

JANE COUNCIL, Historian.



SOPHMORE

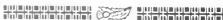


(45)









Sophomore Class

Motto: Labor omnia vincit Colors: Black and Gold

Flower: Black Eyed Susan

Officers

VERA COE	President
WILLIE MAY WHITESIDE	Vias Dura't
I II I I AN SAMPLE	vice-President
LILLIAN SAMPLE	Secretary
ELLEN BLACK	Treasurer

Members

BAIN, LILLIAN, Wade BAKER, MAMIE, Latta, S. C. BLACK, ELLEN, Davidson BLOUNT, ALMA, Faison BOYD, MARY A., Townsville BROGDEN, MILDRED, Calypso BUCHANAN, JANIE, Japan BUIE, HELEN, Red Springs BULLA, BONNIE, Fayetteville BURGESS, ALMA, Summerton, S. C. BUSTARD, AGNES, Danville, Va. CADDELL, ANNA M., Carthage CLEVELAND, ANNIE, Jacksonville COE, VERA, Walhalla, S. C. COOPER, MATTIE, Graham CUMMING, KATE, Wilmington CURRIE, BERTHA, Shannon CURRIE, KATE, Shannon CURRIE, LAURA, Raeford FAIRES, ESTHER, Charlotte FINLEY, KATE, N. Wilkesboro FUNK, ANNIE L., Florence, S. C. GRIFFIN, EDDIE C., Oriental HALL, MARGARET McG., Wallace HARRISON, MIRIAM, Covington, Ga. HUNEYSUCKER, LUCY B., Gibson IVEY, WINNIE J., Jacksonville, Fla. JONES, ALMA, Hope Mills JONES, NETTIE, Hope Mills JONES, MARTHA MILLER, Red Springs LATIMER, KATE, Pageland, S. C. LEMMOND, ELLEN, Monroe LYON, RUTH, Rocky Mount MacRACKEN, ADA, Whiteville MANDEVILLE, LOUISE, Sylvester, Ga.

MAYNARD, CLAUDIA, Wade McALPINE, LOUISE, Clarksville, Ga. McAULAY, MILDRED, Mt. Gilead McCULLOCK, MARY R., Burlington McCULLOCK, JULIA, Burlington McGIRT, MARGARET, Maxton McINTYRE, FLORA, Laurinburg McIVER, JULIA, Rex McKINNON, KATHERINE, Laurinburg McKNIGHT, WILLIE, Kershaw, S. C. McLEOD, ADA, Oswego, S. C. McLEOD, MARGARET, Red Springs McPHAUL, LILLIAN, Red Springs McNEILL, HANNAH, Buies McULLERS, HATTIE L., Pates MORTON, MARGARET, Oxford MURRAY, MILDRED, Gulf Port, Miss. NOWELL, RUTH, Fayetteville ODUM, RUTH, Statesville ORR, ELIZABETH, Statesville OVERCASH, MARY E., Statesville RAMSEY, JULIA E., Banner Elk. RAY, LILLIAN, Pittsboro SAMPLE, LILLIAN, Roxboro SOUTHERLAND, ELEANOR, Wallace STEWART, LOTTIE, Greensboro STREET, LILLIAN, Glendon STREET, IDA, Glendon TATUM, LULA, Dillon, S. C. TOMLINSON, LOSSIE P., Black Creek WADE, VIRGINIA, Greenville, S. C. WAKEFIELD, PHOEBE, Banner Elk WHITTED, ELIZA, Wilmington WHITESIDE, WILLIE MAY, Charlotte WILDER, MARY PAGE, Aberdeen













History of the Sophomore Class

E, some one hundred of us, arrived at Flora Macdonald College, Red Springs, N. C., in the fall of the year 1919. We were that large, interesting, and VERY important body of girls commonly known as the Freshman class. We lived through all the agony of the first few days that every young, extremely green Freshman does. We saw all the strange things that we tried to seem used to, we did all the queer things that seemed to be expected of us and above all we met all the people whose names we knew and never could remember. But from the very first we were proud of being Freshmen, proud of being a CLASS to stick together through thick and thin, through the woes of tests and the throes of home-sickness, as well as through all the nice "thrilly" things that can happen at College.

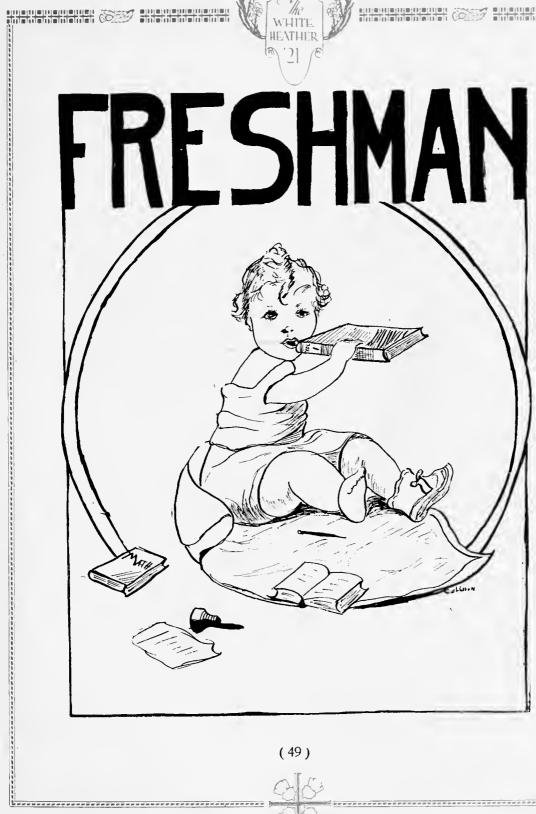
Never will we forget the time when we were organized, when Miss Johnston began to announce our meetings at mail-call and we would be left all alone in our glory without even a kind (but greatly amused) sister Junior to preside! The three most important things that happened to us, as a class, after that last year, were the Sophomore-Freshman reception, our decision to lay the foundation of a swimming pool for the college when we leave as graduates, and commencement. The reception we all worked for, and enjoyed as we do every break from the routine of school life; the swimming pool is just the best idea ever, we think, for a "parting gift," and commencement—well, you might not think that would be a particularly exciting time for Freshmen, but it was. It was then that we felt more fully than ever before the warm spirit of comradeship and saw more clearly the true worth of this time of preparation for our real work in life.

Last fall how good it was to be back! We never could have imagined till then the altogether "grand and glorious" feeling of being Sophomores. That is one of the things that you can hear described all your Freshman year—but—just wait till you feel it! And here comes the biggest thing we did: At the first of the school year the college authorities found it almost impossible to get help for the work around the house, so our class volunteered to do all the sweeping of the second, third, and fourth floors of our buildings. It was not always easy to do, but we kept it up for the whole first term and we are glad we did it.

And now we really must stop talking about our class; of course we are proud of it, and of course we expect to do great things in the future, and—but there! this is a history, not a prophecy.







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Freshman Class

Motto: "Knowledge is Power" Colors: Green and Gold

Flower: Yellow Rose

Class Officers

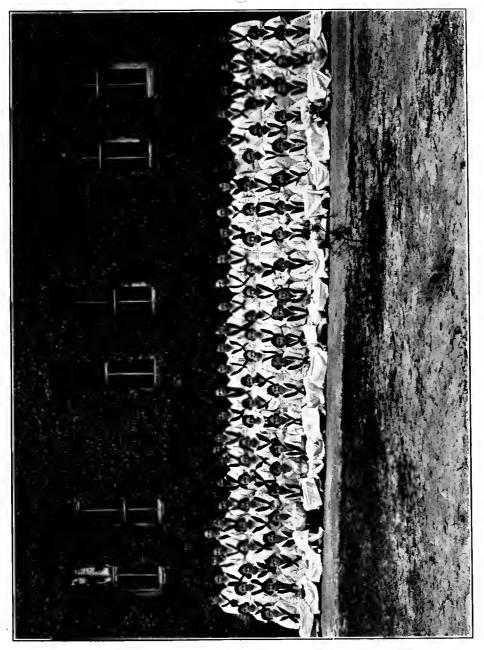
MARY LEE McNAIR	President
GONIA SCOTT	Vice-President
EVELYN CARSON	Secretary
MARIE NASH	Treasurer

ALEXANDER, FRANCES HALL, SARAH ARNOLD, LYDA BAIN, ELIZABETH BAIN, ELLEN BARNES, KATE BARR, MAMIE BLUE, MARGARET BRADLEY, BESSIE BRADLEY, LILLIAN BROWN, ALICE LEE BROWN, AMANDA CAMPBELL. MARGIE CARMICHAEL, ORA CARSON, EVELYN CASSELS, MARY ANNA COLE, ESTELLE COVINGTON, PRATT COX, RUTH CURRIE, LAURA CURRIE, MARION DAVIS, ANNA DAVIS, PEARL DEATON, CATHERINE EVANS, SADIE FRALEY, THELMA FUNK, FLORENCE GARTH, CHARLOTTE GLASURE, RUTH GOODMAN, GRACE HALL, LILLIAN

HALL, VIRGINIA HARDAWAY, MADGE HELMS, CHRISTINE HOLLAND, RUTH HOPE, HAZEL HOYLE, MARY HUNTLEY, MARJORIE JOHNSON, MILDRED KISER, CARRIE KOON, ANNIE KOON, MARY KOON, PEARL LANGSTON, DOZIER LATHAN, GLADYS LEWIS, HAZEL LISK, KATHLEEN LORE, KITTY MALLARD, JENNIE MALLARD, MARY LOUISE SHAW, ALMA MONROE, BESSIE MOODY, GRACE MORTON, ELIZABETH McCUTCHEN, JENNIE MacDONALD, FLORA McELVEEN, MAYCIE McFADYEN, MARY ELIZA McGOOGAN, LOUISE McINTOSH, LIILLIE MAY McINTYRE, KATHERINE McLEAN, MAUD

McLEAN, PEARL McLEOD, KATIE BLUE McMILLAN, ANNIE McMILLAN, KATHERINE McMILLAN, MYRTLE McNAIR, MARY LEE NASH, MARIE NEELY, MAE NEVIN, LOUISE PLEXICO, LUCILE PLEXICO, NANNIE MAY POPE, HELEN PRICE, EVELYN ROGERS, JANIE RUGGLES, OLIVE SAMPLE, BESSIE SAUM, EMILY SCOTT, ELIZABETH SCOTT, GONIA SMITH, CHRISTINE STENHOUSE, JEAN THOMASSON, NELLIE TOMLINSON, GEORGIA TURNER, RUBY WADLEY, EMILY WARD, RUBY WEST, MILDRED WILKINSON, LOIS WOODRUFF, ELIZABETH





FRESHMAN CLASS







Irregular Students

AVIS FOUNTAIN	President
MARY LINDA VARDELL V	ice-President
KATE BEATTY	Secretary
SALLIE SCOTT	Treasurer

Motto: "Grin and Bear It"

Colors: Purple and White

BAIN, NELLIE MAE
BARNES, EMMA
BARNES, MARY
BEARD, POCAHONTAS
BIGGER, EUNICE
BRACEY, INA
BROWN, ESTHER
CARRAWAY, MATTIE
CLYBURN, KATHLEEN
COLLISON, MARJORY
COSTEN, MARY
DANREDGE, NELLE
DAVIS, LULA
DEW, JOE ANNA
FAIRCLOTH, HAZEL
FRANK, VIRGINIA
GUÉ, HELEN
GUÉ, RHODA

HARRY, ADDIE SUE
HUBBARD, EMMA W.
HUGHES, MARGARET
HUIE, GLADYS
INMAN, PAULINE
JACKSON, MAGGIE
MCCALL, RUBY
McCALL, MYRTLE
MCCORMICK, VIRGINIA
MCCUTCHEN, ELMA
MCELVEEN, MAYCIE
MCILWINEN, MAYC
MCINIS, MAUD
MCINTYRE, LOUISE
MACLAURIN, PEARLE
MCLELLAN, SADIE
MCPHERSON, MAY
MIDYETT, ETHEL
MONTGOMERY, LENA

MOORE, KATHERINE
MOORE, MARGARET
NORDAN, MARTHA
PRATT, VIRGINIA
PRICE, REBECCA
SARDINAS, ANGELICA
SAUNDERS, ELIZABETH
SMITH, BERNICE
SMITH, LEOTICE
SMITH, MIRIAM
SMITH, SUE
SPRINGS, MARGARET
STEVENSON, MABEL
STREET, RUTH
TILLMAN, EUNICE
WHITE, ISABEL
WILLIAMSON, FRANCES
YOUNG, CAROLINE

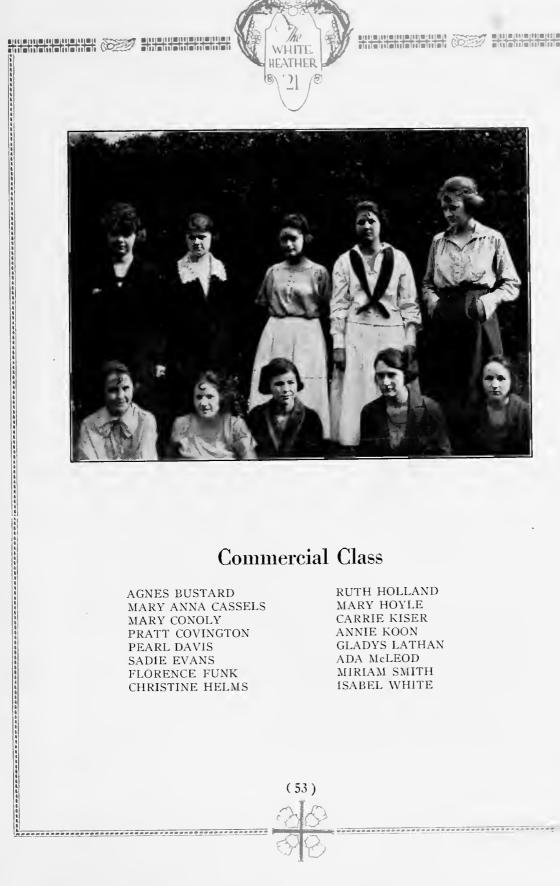
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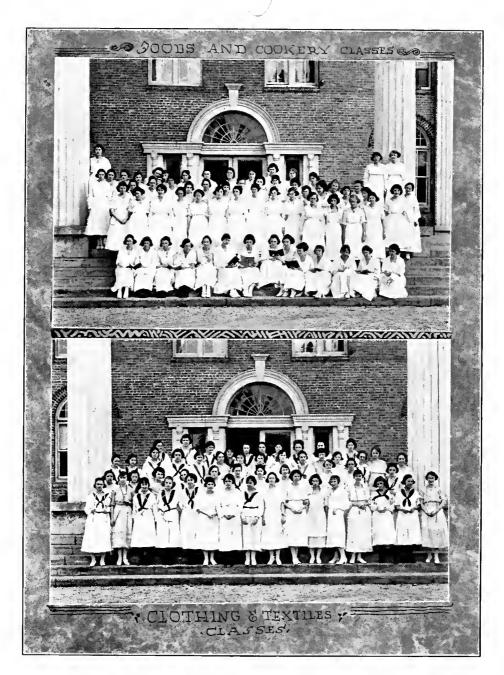




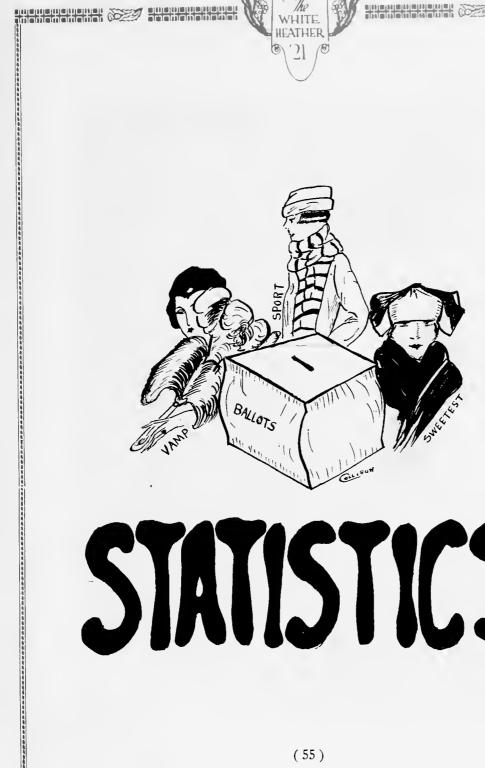


Commercial Class

RUTH HOLLAND MARY HOYLE CARRIE KISER ANNIE KOON GLADYS LATHAN ADA McLEOD MIRIAM SMITH ISABEL WHITE







STATISTICS

(55)











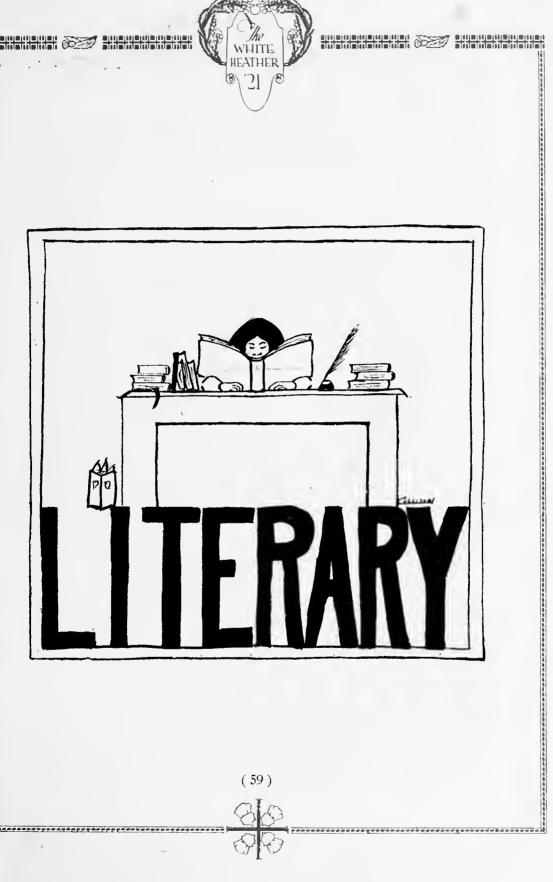


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The White Heather

From "A Handful of Heather," by Henry Van Dyke

EMORY is a capricious and arbitrary creature. You can never tell what pebble she will pick up from the shore of life to keep among her treasures or what inconspicuous flower of the field she will preserve as the symbol of "Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." The thing that pleasures her is the thing that she will hold fast. And yet I do not doubt that the most important things are always the best remembered; only we must learn that the real importance of what we see and hear in the world is to be measured at last by its meaning, its significance, its intimacy with the heart of our heart and the life of our life. And when we find a little token of the past very safely and imperishably kept among our recollections we must believe that memory has made no mistake. It is because that little thing has entered into our experience most deeply, that it stays with us and we cannot lose it. * *

There is a small flower trembling on its stem in some hidden nook beneath the open sky, that never withers through all the changing years; the wind passes over it, but it is not gone—it abideth forever in your soul, an amaranthine blossom of beauty and truth.

White heather is not an easy flower to find. You may look for it among the highlands for a day without success. And when it is discovered there is little outward charm to commend it. It lacks the grace of the dainty bells that hang so abundantly from the Erica Tetralix, and the pink glow of the innumerable blossoms of the common heather. But then it is a SYMBOL. It is the Scotch Edelweiss. It means sincere affection, and unselfish love, and tender wishes as pure as prayers. I shall always remember the evening when I found the white heather on the moorland above Glen Ericht. Or, rather, it was not that I found it, but my companion, the gentle Mistress of the Glen, whose hair was as white as the tiny blossoms, and yet whose eyes were far quicker than mine to see and name every flower that bloomed in those lofty, widespread fields.

And I dare to hope that I too have known something of the meaning of the White Heather since that evening when the Mistress of the Glen picked the spray and gave it to me on the lonely moor. "And now," she said, "you will be going home across the sea; and you have been welcome here, but it is time that you should go, for there is the place where your real duties and troubles and joys are waiting for you. And if you have left any misunder-





standings behind you, you will try to clear them up, and if there have been any quarrels, you will heal them. Carry this sprig of White Heather with you. It's not the bonniest blossom in Scotland, but it's the dearest, for the message that it brings. And you will remember that love is not getting, but giving; not a wild dream of pleasure and a madness of desire—oh no, love is not that—it is goodness and honor and peace and pure living—yes, love is that, and it is the best thing in the world, and the thing that lives longest. And that is what I am wishing for you and yours with this bit of White Heather."



College Song

Far away from noisy tumult
And the city's throng
Stands our cherished Alma Mater,
Worthy of our song.

On her wide and spacious campus Springs of crystal rise, Which for joy and health and beauty She shall ever prize.

Stately pine trees waving o'er her, Proud her guard to be, Whisper faith and hope and courage— Faithful listens she.

Chorus:

Now we lift our joyous chorus, Full of love to thee. Hail to thee, O Alma Mater! Hail, Oh F. M. C.!



Friend O'Mine

It makes no difference where I be, I'll not forget you, F. M. C. I love you more than tongue can tell, In spite of lectures, rules and bell.

And when I leave you, dear old school, The Soph'more Class, the swimming pool, It makes no difference where I be, I'll not forget you, F. M. C.

You're kind, you're just, you're thoughtful, true; Your colors fair are White and Blue; An ideal school, the girls all say, Is F. M. C., the school today.

My greatest gift I leave behind Is love, Oh College dear of mine. It makes no difference where I be, I'll not forget you, F. M. C.

Louise Cooper, '23.

To a "Breath of Spring"

Thou gentle, unobtrusive flower, Whose fragrance haunts each nook and bower, The buzz of bee and humming-bird Where'er my footsteps lead, In bondage holdest thou the Spring, Thou pretty, unaffected thing, Oh, speed the Springtime, speed!

E'en when the snow is on the ground And dark the outlook all around, Thou dar'st to bloom. And gently wafted on the air Thy better nature, faint and rare, Thy sweet perfume.

S. E. S., '25.

And in the springtime may be heard Around thee bent. They sip the nectar of thy heart, Of thy life 'tis but a part To others lent.

Thou who shar'st what's given thee, Of higher things thou mindest me, Beyond thy scope; And when my life is dark and drear, I love to think that Spring is near-Thou givest Hope.



When the Dan Went Over Its Banks

T had been raining hard for three days and when the factory whistles lifted their hoarse voices on Thursday morning and aided by the atmospheric conditions, shrilled so loudly that even the bankers, lawyers, housewives, delicate bahies and mischievous children were aroused from their customary morning sleep, the Houstonians simultaneously opened their eyes on another wet pouring day.

At eight o'clock the front doors began to open and the male population began to wind their weary way to work clad in slickers, overshoes and slouched hats and grumhling about the weather which specifically put out their morning cigars and generally made things sloppy and slushy and prevented their usual ride to the office.

It happened this morning just as it had happened for months and years—an informal meeting of the commercial association was held at the corner drug store. At this point, Houston's main thoroughfare formed a right angle with its better half composing the business section of the town and extended as far as the river. Dan River is and always will be muddy to the point of supersaturation—but as to its size—ordinarily it would be no special feat for a boy to throw a silver dollar across it at its widest point, but there's not a man, woman or child in Halifax county that cannot tell of days and this day especially when Dan River was over a mile wide.

The commercial association adjourned and the drug store was abandoned. Mayor Penick, who owned, in connection with his title, a hardware store, was the first to turn the corner and view the "Amazon."

"Whew! Look at the water, will you! Who would have thought that this could happen over night." The others joined him and as if propelled by some unknown lever they as a body moved rapidly toward the muddy street that spread out over crops, gardens, fences, harns, and dwellings. Mr. Barker, the editor of the Halifax Gazette brought up the rear asking his deaf companions how wide to estimate the river in his editorial which was to go to press in a few minutes and on they went gaining speed and enthusiasm at every step.

"Oh, Mr. Penick!" The owner of that name having realized that someone had been calling "Mr. Penick" for sometime, gave a sidewise glance over his shoulder and seeing Oliver Harrell, the captain of the fire department, slowed down and at last Harrell breathlessly reached his side.

"I've been at your office, since seven-thirty. A message has come thru from Danville saying that a house with its occupants has been washed away and it was last seen in the main river bed beyond Sutherland and is expected here if it doesn't strike a snag, at any time. We have no way to stop it. The firemen are down there and the police are being rounded up now but they are doing nothing but watching." All the time the Mayor had been walking swiftly toward the scene of action.

"Look here Harrell," the Mayor was partially composed, "go to the store and have them send down all the rope they have—get Central to send the alarm over town and have a big force at the Southern station as soon as possible."

Harrell ran one way, Penick the other. Preparations were hurriedly being made to stop whatever came down the river but very little hope was held out that a house, although small could bring its occupants safely down the river for thirty-one miles, nevertheless every precaution was taken.





The river bank was lined with all kinds and specimens of humanity. Women in house dresses joined the ranks. Men white and black moved around looking and feeling quite superior and important. Little girls and big girls, boys from the dress stage to manhood, thronged the banks. The business of the town stopped, if it had been fortunate enough to begin and the breakfast dishes and morning housework were forgotten.

No one living can remember an event which caused as much excitement in Houston. All kinds of theories were circulated as authentic reports. Women were weeping on each others shoulders at the thought of a mother with five children destroyed. Another group was lamenting over the two months old baby who was the sole occupant of the house. And the others managed to hear things just as awful but no one knew just how awful it would turn out.

Pieces of plank, window frames, water melons, bodies of animals, trees, sign-boards—in fact a little of everything it seemed came down the river that day. The water was still rising and the old bridge which looked like a pair of enormous field glasses was threatened. The water oozed up through the planks of the floor and washed through the huge props which sustained it. That was another cause for excitement.

The crowd was wild—absolutely ignoring the rain and EVERYTHING but the river. At last a message was sent back from one of the impatient men who had gone up the river to scout.

"A small white house sighted up the river about three miles—apparently the track is clear. The house seems to be intact and is evidently one of the houses from the mill district."

Everyone there was familiar with that style of architecture which is common to mill districts, and each one had his own pathetic picture of the rescue soon to be made. "It's coming!" shouted one of the watchmen.

Women cried, children screamed, the men even seemed to lose their self-control, but sure enough a house was coming rapidly—a white house.

Chains were stretched from trees to block its course, ropes formed a perfect network over the water—and on came the house half submerged in the river.

The crowd was breathless. The house struck the first ropes, which snapped like thread. However, part of the force was broken so that the second set, supplemented with chains, did the work and the house was at last a prisoner.

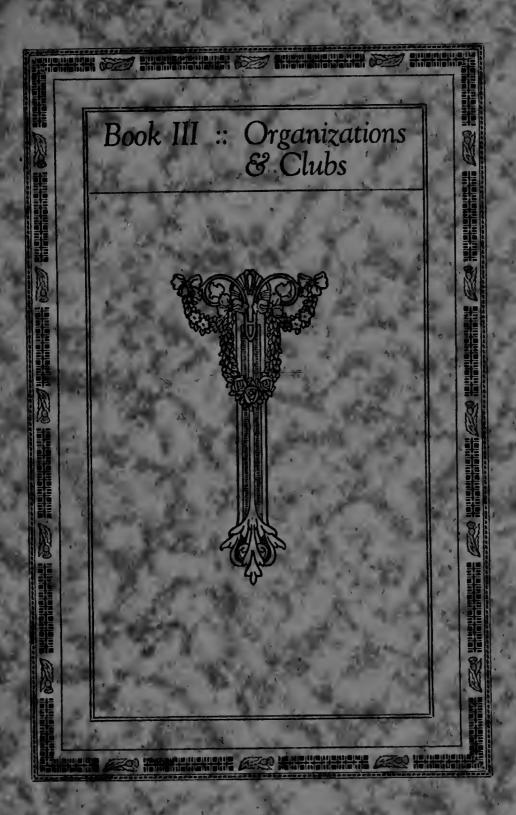
The next day the Halifax Gazette greeted the citizens as the Post Office boxes were opened. On the editorial page Mr. Barker wrote a flowery account of the extent of Dan River, deploring the damage done yet comforting the farmers with the sediment which makes even the overflow of the Nile a blessing.

Never once did he mention the houseboat which brought its occupants safely down the stream or the heroism of our citizens in rescuing them, but below the eulogy, our poetical editor thus molded public opinion:

> We think it quite a shame, That Danville didn't name The occupants five Which still alive To our fair village came.

In their behalf we'll say We had a strenuous day. Excitement and strife Are the spices of life, Which seldom come our way.

The people thronged our docks And many were the shocks, For the occupants five Which were still alive Were a quintet of Barred Plymouth Rocks,









ORGANIZATIONS



(65)







Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

	on the case of the
MARY KENNA WALKER	President
ELIZABETH IRWIN	Vice-President
LOTTIE HAND	Secretary
ELIZABETH CLARKE	Treasurer
ELIZABETH ORR	Chairman Religious Meetings Committee
SARAH BARNHARDT	Chairman Missionary Committee
ELIZA WHITTED	Chairman Bible Study
MARY POOLE	Chairman Social Committee
MYRTLE WYATT	Chairman Publicity Committee
JANE EVANS	Chairman Social Service Committee
ELIZABETH IRWIN	Chairman Membership Committee
ELIZABETH CLARKE	Chairman Finance Committee



With the "Y" at Flora Macdonald

IGHTY-EIGHT per cent of the student body have this year been members of the College "Y" and have helped to make it one of the most successful organizations in the history of the institution. Aside from the splendid financial report, the work of the "Y" has centered around the Social Service Committee, the Missionary Committee, the Student Volunteer Band, and the Prayer Band. The first named committee has distributed reading matter to the colored people and to the mill people, the college campus has been kept clean and old clothes have been sent to the mountain mission schools of North Carolina and Kentucky.

The Student Volunteer Band, numbering fourteen, has been presenting to the students of the college the "Challenge of Missions" and the needs of the foreign field.

The Missionary Committee has presented weekly programs of pageants and other features—mission study classes have been conducted and a deep missionary interest has been aroused among the students.

The Prayer Band, with its twenty-four leaders, has been urging the further observance of "The Quiet Hour" and developing additional prayer leaders.

The financial report is of unusual interest, showing the many and varied causes to which the students have contributed.













Student Volunteer Band

MA DIOM AND	
MARION MANNING	President
ZELDA WOOD	Vias Danidant
ELIZADETH ODD	vice-President
ELIZABETH ORR	Secretary
JANIE BUCHANAN	Treasurer

Members

SARAH BARNHARDT ELLEN BLACK ELIZABETH ORR MYRTLE WYATT MARY LEE McNAIR LOUISE McALPINE JANIE BUCHANAN

LOUISE COOPER MADGE HARDAWAY
LILIE MAE McINTOSH
ZELDA WOOD
MARION MANNING
RUTH ODOM
ESTELLE OVERCASH







Epsilon Chi Literary Society

EDITH AVERITT	President
SARAH BARNIIARDI	First Vice-President
SARAH DIAUN	Second Vice-President
VIOLA HARI	Recording Secretary
ZELDA WOOD	Corresponding Secretary
RAIL BARNES	Transurar
ELSIE JOHNSON	Conson
MARY KENNA WALKER	Cairia
ELIZABETH CLARKE	Assistant Editor-in-Chief Pine and Thietle
WILLIE MAE WHITESIDE	Business Manager

Assistant Editors:

JANIE BUCHANAN

MYRTLE WYATT

MAMIE LEMMOND

Society Roll

EDITH AVERITT FRANCES ALEXANDER POCAHONTAS BEARD MARY LOU BEARD ALMA BLOUNT SARAH BARNHARDT ELLEN BLACK MILDRED BROGDEN ESTHER BROWN JANIE BUCHANAN AGNES BUSTARD KATE BARNES MARY BARNES EMMA BARNES BONNIE BULLA BESSIE BRADLEY LILLIAN BRADLEY ELIZABETH BAIN INA BRACEY ALMA BURGESS ELIZABETH CLARKE ANNIE LEE CLEVELAND MARJORIE COLLISON VERA COE EVELYN CARSON ESTELLE COLE KATHLEEN CLYBURN RUTH COX MARY COSTEN MARY ANNA CASSELS ORA CARMICHAEL SARAH DIXON CATHERINE DEATON PEARL DAVIS JOE ANNA DEW ONIE RUTH ERWIN SADIE EVANS KATE FINLEY FLORENCE FUNK VIRGINIA FRANK ESTHER FAIRES HAZEL FAIRCLOTH GRACE GOODMAN

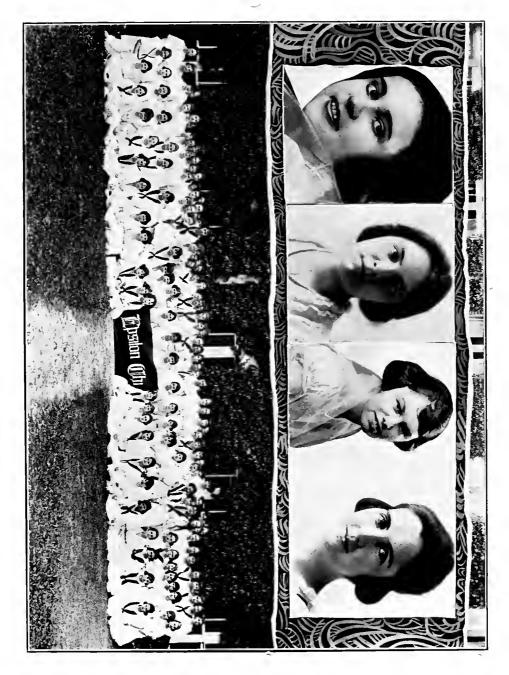
KATHERINE GOODMAN CHARLOTTE GARTH EDDIE CLARE GRIFFIN RUTH GLASURE LOTTIE HAND VIOLA HART MIRIAM HARRISON MARY HOYLE HAZEL HOPE CHRISTINE HELMS LILLIAN HALL MILDRED JOHNSON ELSIE JOHNSON MARTHA MILLER JONES MARGARET JACKSON PEARL KOON ANNIE MAE KOON RUTH LEWIS MAMIE LEMMOND ELLEN LEMMOND RUTH LYON GLADYS LATHAN KATHLEEN LISK DOZIER LANGSTON KITTIE LORE MILDRED MURRAY MARY McCULLOCH JULIA McCULLOCH KATHERINE McKINNON JULIA McIVER WILLIE McKNIGHT ADA McRACKEN MYRTLE McCALL ADA McLEOD MARGARET McGIRT MILDRED McAULAY CORA McCORMICK HANNAH McNEILL HATTIE LEIGH McCULLERS LOUISE McALPINE LOUISE McINTYRE ELMA McCUTCHEON FLORA MACDONALD MARY McPHERSON

SADIE McLELLAN ANNIE McLELLAN ETHEL MIDYETT ALTA MARLETTE RUTH NOWELL LOUISE NIVEN MAE NEELY RUTH ODUM LOUISE OATES ELIZABETH ORR ESTELLE OVERCASH VIRGINIA PRATT NANNIE MAE PLEXICO REBECCA PRICE HELEN POPE OLIVE RUGGLES LOTTIE STEWART HELEN STREET IDA STREET LILLIAN STREET RUTH STREET LILLIAN SAMPLE BESSIE SAMPLE MARY STAMPS SHAW LEOTICE SMITH MIRIAM SMITH ELIZABETH SCOTT ANGELICA SARDINAS LINDA TEMPLETON LOSSIE TOMLINSON GEORGIE TOMLINSON LAVINIA WADE MARY KENNA WALKER MARY PAGE WILDER MYRTLE WYATT PHOEBE WAKEFIELD ELIZABETH WOODRUFF WILLIE MAE WHITESIDE MILDRED WEST ZELDA WOOD ISABEL WHITE FRANCES WILLIAMSON LOIS WILKINSON MARY LINDA VARDELL

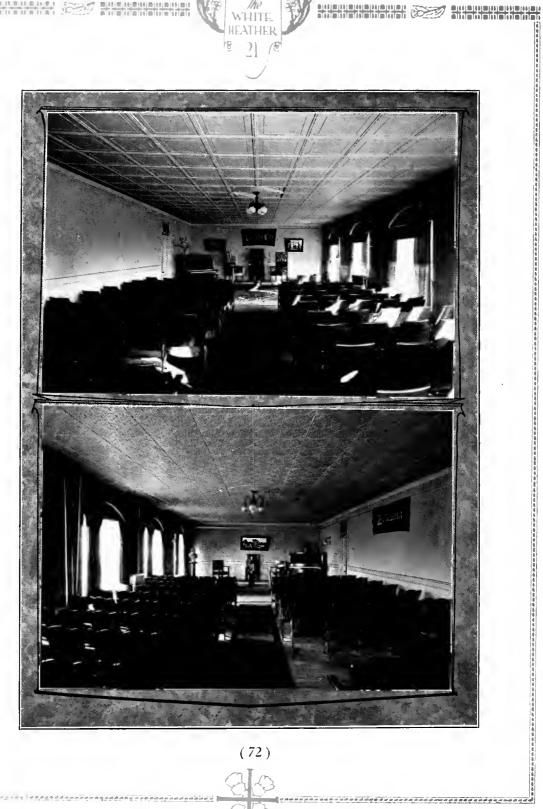
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Zetesian Literary Society

Officers

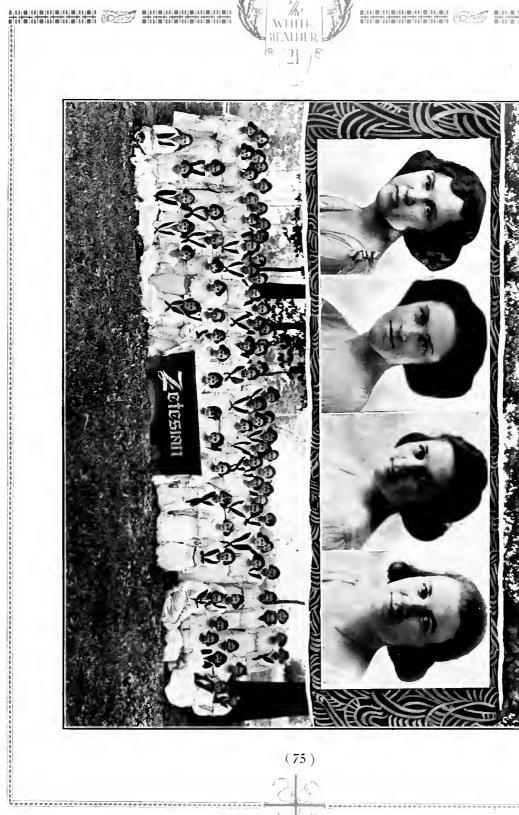
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FANNIE FOY	First Vice-President
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MARY MOONEY	Recording Secretary
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KATE CUMMING	Critic
MARGARET FOWLE DUPUY	Censor

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LUCY HUNSUCKER GLADYS HUIE MARGARET HUGHES CARRIE KISER KATE LATIMER HAZEL LEWIS MARY LEE McNAIR JENNIE McCUTCHEON MARY LENA MONTGOMERY LILY MAY McINTOSH MYRTLE McMILLAN MARY ELIZA McFALYEN PEARLE McLEAN MAUDE McLEAN MAUDE McINNIS FRANCES McGIRT EMMA KATE McINNIS KATIE BLUE McLEOD KATHERINE McMILLAN MARY McLEOD FLORA McINTYRE ELIZABETH McDONALD VIRGINIA McCORMICK LILLIAN McPHAUL ARCHIE McPHAUL KATHERINE McINTYRE LUCILE McINTYRE IRENE McDANIELS RUBY McMILLAN PEARL McLAURIN GRACE MOODY KATHERINE MOORE EVELYN MOODY MARY LOUISE MALLARD MARION MANNING CLAUDIA MAYNARD BELLE MONROE

BESSIE MONROE MARY MOONEY MARGARET MORTON ELIZABETH MORTON JENNIE MALLARD LOUISE MANDEVILLE MARIE NASH MARTHA NORDAN MARY POOLE SADIE REVELL JANIE ROGERS JULIA RAMSEY EMILY SAUM JEAN STENHOUSE ELIZABETH STENHOUSE GONIA BELLE SCOTT SUE SMITH ALMA SHAW MABEL STEVENSON CHRISTINE SMITH ELIZABETH SAUNDERS ELEANOR SOUTHERLAND SALLIE SCOTT BERNICE SMITH NELLIE THOMASON LULA TATUM RUBY TURNER RUBY WARD EUNICE TILLMAN EMILY WADLEY ELIZA WHITTED CARRIE DELL WILSON CAROLINE YOUNG MARY ALICE BOYD KATE CUMMING LAURA CURRIE MARGARET MOORE







PINE AND THISTLE



Pine and Thistle

Published alternately by Epsilon Chi and Zetesian Literary Societies.

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WINNIE IVEY, Z.
Assistant Business Manager

(76)





Palmetto Club

The & South &

MARION MANNING	President
CAROLINE GIBSON	Vice-President
VIRGINIA FRANK	
IANE EVANS	-

FRANCES ALEXANDER MAMIE BAKER BESSIE BRADLEY LILLIAN BRADLEY ALMA BURGESS KATHLEEN CLYBURN MARJORIE COLLISON VERA COE JANE EVANS ANNIE LEE FUNK FLORENCE FUNK HAZEL FAIRCLOTH VIRGINIA FRANK

Motto: Palmetto First Colors: Blue and White Flower: Goldenrod

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Honorary Members

DR. C. G. VARDELL MISS DABBS

MISS STRONG MISS STRIBLING MISS STEELE









Georgia Club

Motto: Georgia Always

Flower: Cherokec Rose

Officers

MARY MOONEY____President FRANCES McGIRT_____Vice-President OLIVE RUGGLES_____Secretary MARY ANNA CASSELS_____Treasurer

Members

LYDA ARNOLD PATTI BRITT ESTHER BRITT MARY ANNA CASSELS EVELYN CARSON NELLE DANDRIDGE ELIZABETH DALTON ONIE RUTH ERWIN RUTH GLASURE

GLADYS HUIE LOUISE MANDEVILLE MARY MOONEY LILY MAE McINTOSH ANNIE McMILLAN FRANCES McGIRT OLIVE RUGGLES ELIZABETH SAUNDERS MYRTLE WYATT

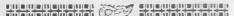
Colors: Red and Black

MIRIAM HARRISON

Honorary Member ROBT H. RICE

(78)









Virginia Club

AGNES BUSTARD	President
ELIZABETH CLARKE	Vice-President
ANNA DAVIS	Secretary and Treasurer

AGNES BUSTARD ELIZABETH CLARKE ANNA DAVIS LULU DAVIS

ELIZABETH IRWIN MARY LEE McNAIR EMILY SAUM SALLIE SCOTT

Motto: Fight for Virginia

Favorite Occupation: Virginia Reeling

Favorite Flower: White Rose
Favorite Food: Batter Bread

Colors: White and Gold

Favorite Song: Carry Me Back to Old Virginny







Florida Club

Motto: He Can Who Thinks He Can

Colors: Orange and Green

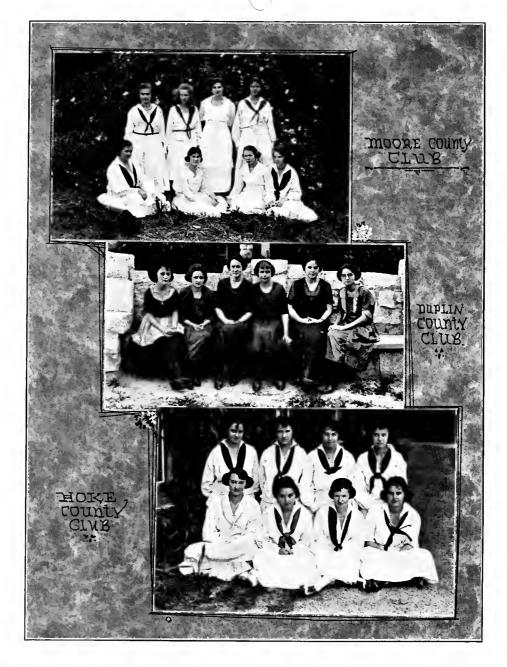
Flower: Orange Blossoms

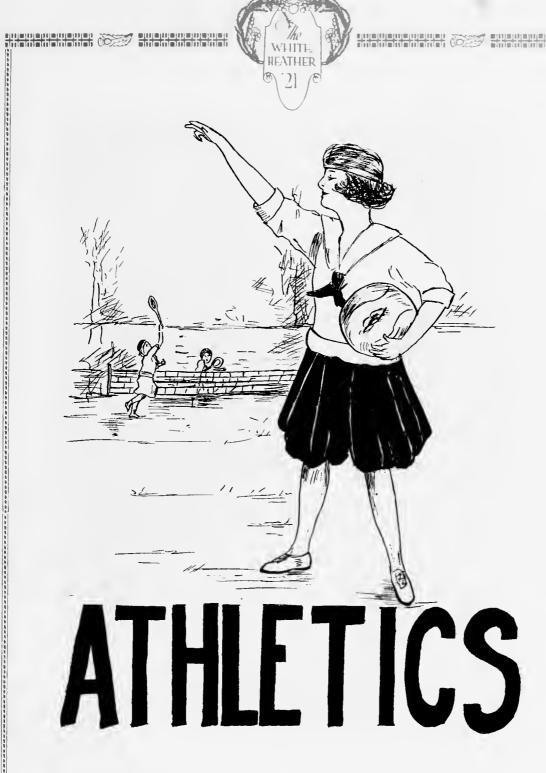
WINNIE IVEY_____President

MAMIE BARR ANNIE LEE CLEVELAND ALMA SHAW JOE ANNA DEW BERNICE SMITH









ATHLE ICS

(83)











Athletics

HE Athletic Association is one of the most important organizations of the college and every girl has a longing to win an "F. M. C." monogram. Points are given for tennis, basketball, volleyball, hiking, and baseball. Three hundred points are required before a girl may become the proud winner of a monogram.

The first match-game of basketball was played on Thanksgiving Day, the "Blues" (odds) versus the "Whites" (evens), and the game ended with the score 24-7 in favor of the Blues. Basketball practice was carried on throughout the year and in February the match-games were played. This year the Sophomores won the championship.

The four tennis courts have been in constant use all year, for the girls have been thinking of the tournaments which were to be played in April. Class tournaments were played first, and then the winners in these played in the inter-class tournaments. The games caused great excitement and interest throughout the college, for everyone was anxious to know who should be the champion.

The girls have also shown great interest in hiking and many clubs have been organized under the leadership of different captains. Not only do the girls participate in club hikes, but nearly every day a crowd of girls may be seen starting off on a long hike with lunch boxes under their arms.





College Champion Basketball Team

ESTHER FAIRES_____Captain

Forwards

ESTHER FAIRES VERA COE

LOUISE COOPER

Guards

MILDRED MURRAY

RUTH LYON

LILLIAN McPHAUL

Centers

WILLIE MAE WHITESIDES MILDRED BROGDEN

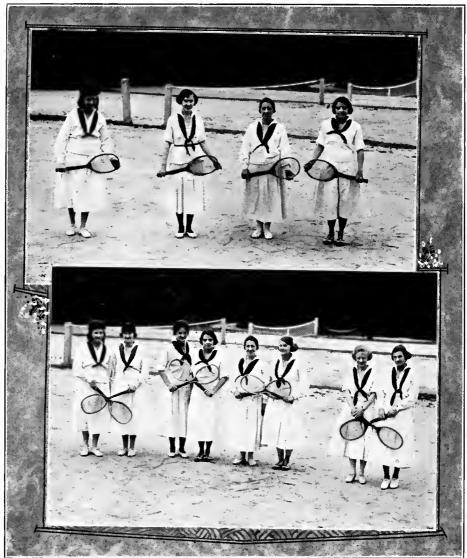
HANNAH McNEILL





Class Champions in Singles

SeniorPATTI BRITT	Sophomore ELLEN BLACK
JuniorSARAH BARNHARDT	Freshman BESS MONROE

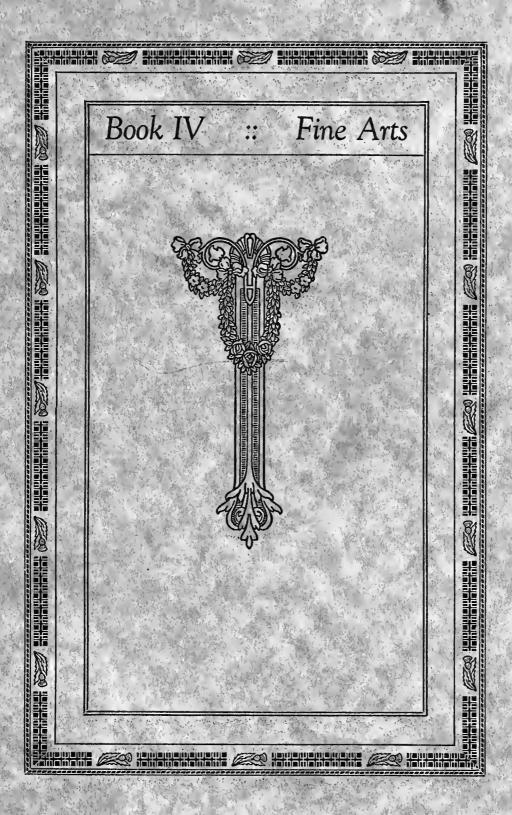


Class Champions in Doubles

Senior. ELIZABETI	I STENHOUSE, LOTTIE HAND
Junior	SARAH BARNHARDT
Sophomore ELLEN	C RIACK HANNAH Manelli
FreshmanFLORA	MACDONALD RESS MONPOE













(89)





C. G. VARDELL, JR. Dean of the Conservatory of Music

RECITAL

BY

MISS FANNIE FOY

GRADUATE IN VOICE

AND

MISS MARY POOLE

GRADUATE IN PIANO

MISS MAMIE BITNER

ACCOMPANIST

Program

Prelude and Fugue in D Minor
(From "The Well Tempered Clavichord") MISS POOLE
Hear Ye, Israel (Elijah)
MISS FOY
Sonata in E Flat Major, Op. 31, No. 3Beethoven
MISS POOLE
Shadow Dance (Dinorah)
MISS FOY
Mazurka in D Flat Major
Polonaise in C Sharp Minor
Elegy
Lullaby (Jocelyn)
(Miss Louise Dixon, Violin Obligato) MISS FOY
Kamennoi Ostrow, No. 22
Witches' Dance
MISS POOLE
The Star
Dawn
The Marigold
(Composed for Miss Foy) MISS FOY





MISS MARY POOLE
Graduate in Piano

MISS FANNIE FOY Graduate in Voice



(92)





RECITAL

 \mathbf{BY}

MISS MARY KENNA WALKER

GRADUATE IN PIANO

MISS MARGARET ELIZA BROWN

CERTIFICATE IN EXPRESSION

Program

Prelude and Fugue in E flat major
A Sisterly Scheme
Sonata in G major, Op. 14, No. 2
How the Rabbit Lost His Fine Bushy Tail The Wonderful Tar Bahy Story MISS BROWN
Nocturne in G minor
The Selfish Giant
Calirrhoe







MISS MARY KENNA WALKER
Graduate in Piano

MISS MARGARET BROWN Certificate in Expression









The College Orchestra

CHARLES G. VARDELL, Jr......Director JANE DIXON VARDELL____Instructor

Jane Dixon Vardell

First Violins

Marion Manning Virginia Frank

Grace Goodman Clare Griffin

Second Violins

Janie Council Margaret Hodgin

Third Violins

Mary Koon

Pratt Covington Caroline Young Viola

Ruth Britt

Cello

Lily Mae McIntosh

Bass Violin

Louise Mandeville

Organ

Helen Buie

Piano

Janie Belle Buchanan

(95)







Flora Macdonald Choral Association

MISS M. FOREMAN.... BLOUNT, ALMA BROWN, AMANDA BROWN, ESTHER CLYBURN, KATHLEEN COOPER, LOUISE CURRIE, LAURA DABBS, MISS E. DEATON, KATHERINE DUPUY, MARGARET FOY, FANNIE HALL, LILLIAN IRWIN, ELIZABETH LEMMOND, MAMIE MALLARD, JENNIE MALLARD, MARY LOUISE MANDEVILLE, LOUISE MARLETTE, ALTA MOODY, GRACE

MORTON, ELIZABETH McLEOD, ADA McLEOD, KATIE BLUE McCULLERS, HATTIE LEIGH McINTOSH, LILLIE M. McFADYEN, MARY ELIZA McGIRT, FRANCES McKINNON, KATHERINE McNEILL, HANNAH McPHAUL, LILLIAN OVERCASH, ESTELLE POPE, HELEN POOLE, MARY PRATT, VIRGINIA SAMPLE, BESS TURNER, RUBY WILKINSON, LOIS WILDER, MARY PAGE

WILSON, CARRIE DELL







Art Department

MISS OLGA WILLIAMS ______Director

Members

INA BRACEY MARY ANNA CASSELS MARJORY COLLISON KATE FINLEY MARY McILLWINNEN MARIBEL POWELL SADIE REVELL JANIE ROGERS ELIZABETH SCOTT RUTH STREET

ELIZABETH WOODRUFF

(97)







Expression Students

BAIN, ELLEN
BLOUNT, ALMA
BROWN, MARGARET
CASSELS, MARY ANNA
CLEVELAND, ANNIE LEE
CUMMING, KATE
DAVIS, ANNA

HUBBARD, LELIA
HUNTLEY, MARJORIE
LEMMOND, MAMIE
McINTYRE, LOUISE
SARDINAS, ANGELICA
SOUTHERLAND, ELEANOR
WHITTED, ELIZA

Junior Reading Class

BARNHARDT, SARAH BROWN, MARGARET CLARKE, ELIZABETH CUMMING, KATE DICKSON, HELEN HARRISON, MIRIAM LEMMOND, MAMIE

McDONALD, ELIZABETH MARLETTE, ALTA McINNIS, EMMA KATE MONROE, BELLE TATUM, LULA WALKER, MARY KENNA WOOD, ZELDA

WYATT, MYRTLE

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SCENE FROM MAY DAY PAGEANT

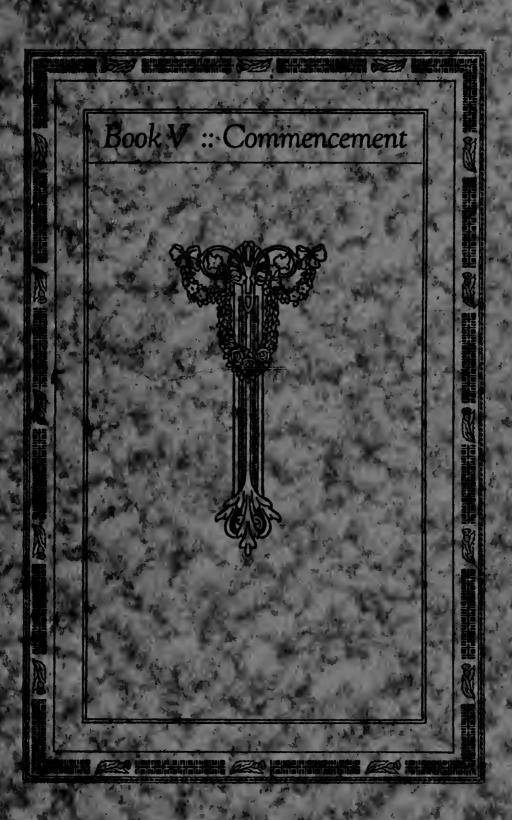


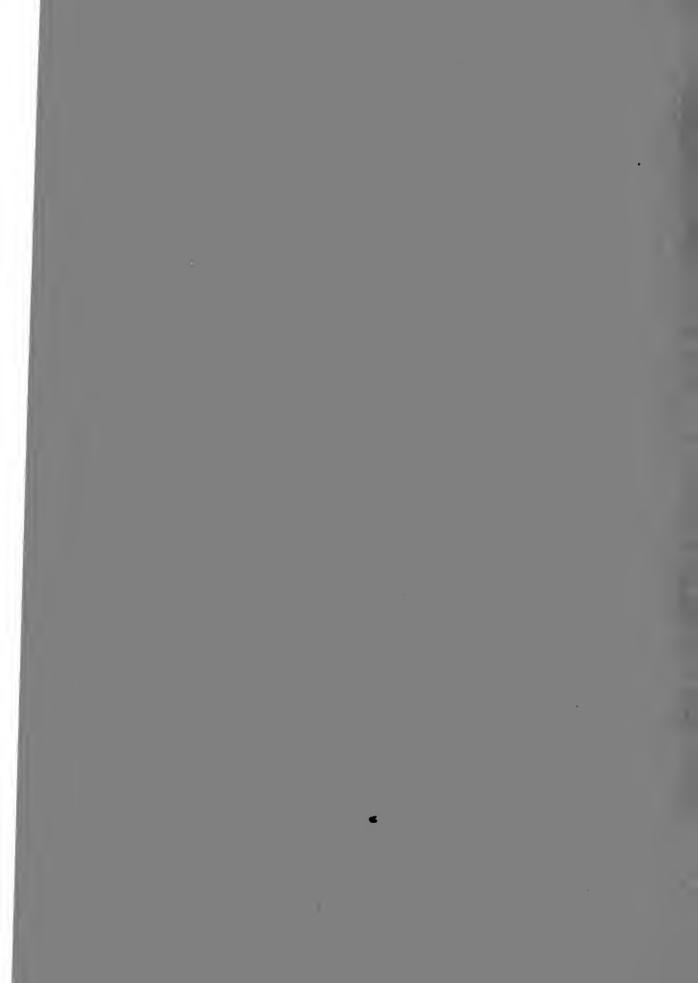


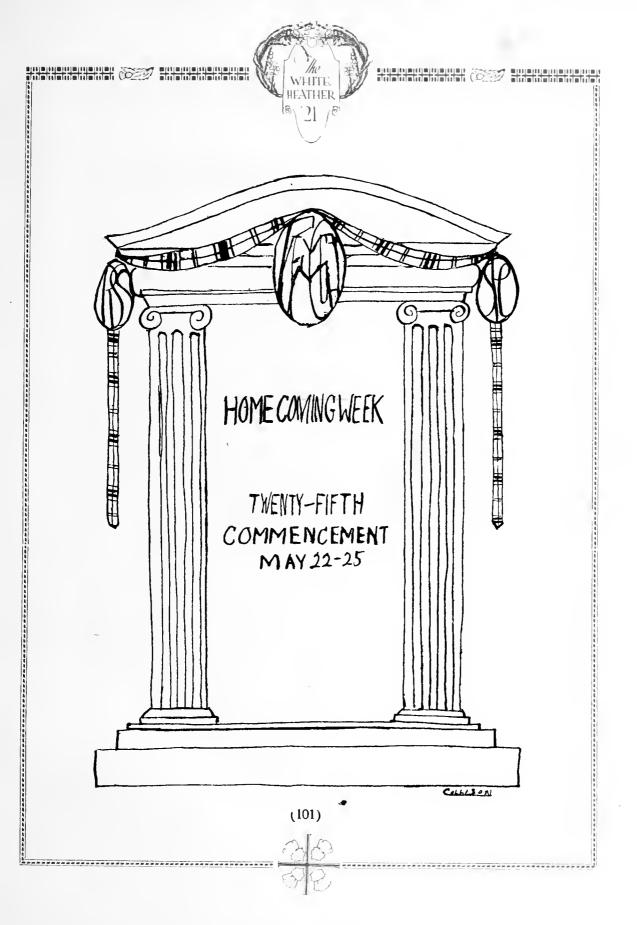


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Official Program Twenty-Fifth Commencement

MAY 22 TO MAY 25

SUNDAY, MAY 22

- 11:15 A. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon, College Auditorium, by Dr. D. H. Scanlon, Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Durham, N. C.
- 6:30 P. M.—Vesper Services, Woodland Theatre, College Campus, Dr. C. G. Vardell.
- 8:00 P. M.—Sermon before the Y. W. C. A., Presbyterian Church, Red Springs, by Dr. D. H. Scanlon.

MONDAY, MAY 23

8:00 P. M.—Concert by the Conservatory of Music, College Auditorium.

TUESDAY, MAY 24

- 9:00 A. M.—Meeting of the Board of Trustees.
- 10:00 A. M.—Advisory Board Meeting.
- 11:00 A. M.—Business Meeting of the General Alumnae Association.
- 4:00 P. M.—Reception and Exhibits by Departments of Fine and Household Arts, Fourth floor, Main building.
- 8:00 P. M.—Senior Class Play: "The Merchant of Venice," College Auditorium.
- 10:00 P. M.—Alumnae Banquet, College Dining Hall.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25

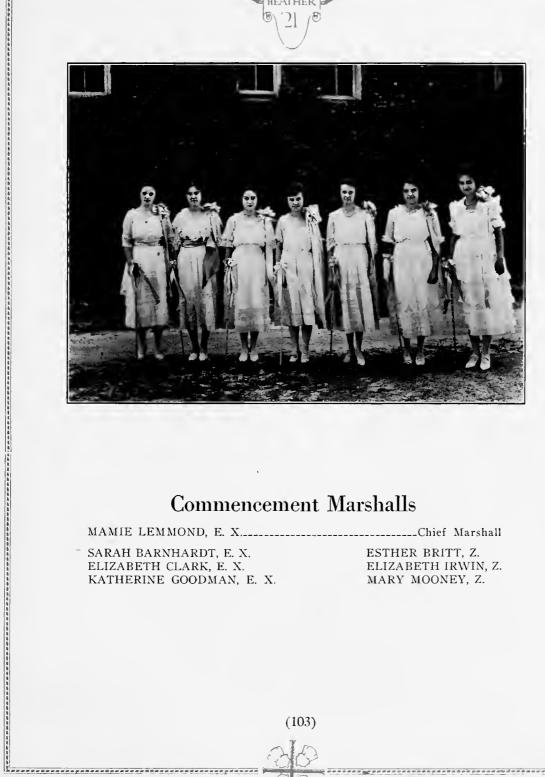
- 10:00 A. M.—Graduation Exercises, College Auditorium. Address, Dr. H. G. Hill, Maxton, N. C.
- 3:00 P. M.—Meeting Scottish Society of America.

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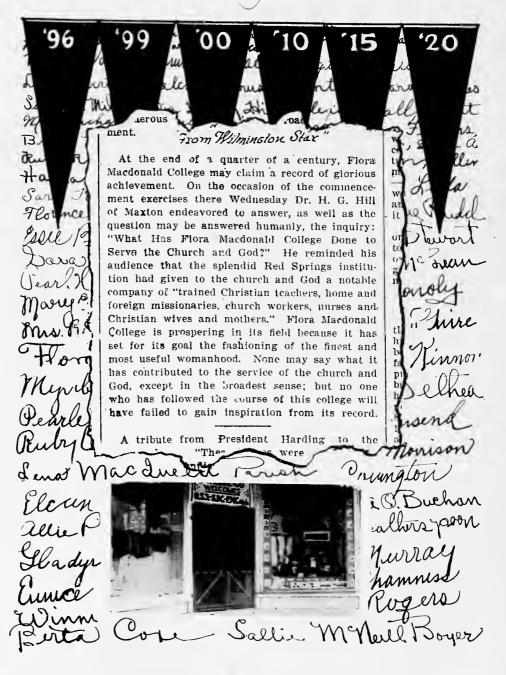


Commencement Marshalls

MAMIE LEMMOND, E. X.____Chief Marshall

SARAH BARNHARDT, E. X. ELIZABETH CLARK, E. X. KATHERINE GOODMAN, E. X.

ESTHER BRITT, Z. ELIZABETH IRWIN, Z. MARY MOONEY, Z.



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Home-Coming Week and Commencement, 1921

HE celebration of the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary will never be forgotten. Its beauty and enthusiasm are permanent possessions for all those who participated therein. Truly it was a remarkable event and the inspiring features will exert an influence over future commencements for years to come.

The long string of banners extending back to the first years of the existence of the college spoke eloquently of the love and loyalty manifested by the old girls. The classes are to be congratulated on the fine expression of academic spirit and the institution upon receiving so freely the affection so richly manifested.

The "old girls" came from all sections of the country—from New York and Maryland, from Georgia and Florida, from Virginia and Kentucky, and from the two Carolinas—from '96 to '20 they returned to renew their vows of loyalty at the altar of Alma Mater.

They found at F. M. C. many changes, but they found her bigger and better. They left F. M. C. assured that the next twenty-five years will find her still bigger and better.

They lifted the latch-string on Saturday and were welcomed with open arms by Alma Mater.

They passed out through the gateway on Wednesday and as the trains swiftly carried them homeward bound, hundreds of handkerchiefs fluttered from car windows in an affectionate farewell, and on the lips of hundreds of F. M. C. girls were the words:

O Alma Mater Cara,
How much to thee we owe
Of strength to meet the duties
That daily come and go;
Of faith and love and patience,
Of hope and courage true—
To conquer in the battle:
All these we owe to you.

R. H. RICE.



"AS OTHERS SEE US"

FLORA MACDONALD COLLEGE.

COLONEL C. MACDONALD, Junior United Service Club, London, England, has just transmitted to the Flora Maedonald College, Red Springs, N.C., through Mr. J. Kennedy Tod, of New York, a collection of priceless heirlooms consisting of a pearl brooch locket of Flora Macdonald's, containing a lock of Prince Charlie's hair, a silver snuff box belonging to Allen Macdonald, husband of Flora, and two pieces of the plaid worn by Printe Charles Edward Stewart while wandering in the Highlands after the Battle of Culloden. In a letter to President Vardell, Colonel Macdonald, a great-great-grandson of Flora Macdonald, writes:—"I would rather you had these heirlooms than anyone else. I am the last representative of Flora asked for subscriptions to meet the cost of replacing the martle towards the expenses of replacing the towards the expenses of replacing the towards the expenses of replacing the towar belonging to Allen Macdonald, husband of in the direct male line of descent. All of my sons and nephews were wiped out in the war. Your college is the most important memorial to Flora and the Macdonald Clan that I know of in the world, and the North American continent contains more Highlanders of Seotland than Seotland itself." These priceless heirlooms will be preserved in the Scottish library of the institution.—The Caledonian, New York.

ORA MACDUNA

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AMERICAN STUDENTS' GIFT. rent

THE FLORA MACDONALD COLLEGE.

Sir Auckland Geddes, the British Ambassador to the United States, will visit ce—wanderings, often attended with Flora Macdonald College in North Carolina on January 14 and deliver an address before the faculty and student body. The Hon, Josephus Daniels, visited the college burgh, in 1750. Over twenty years lated to North Carolina, where they see the field not far from the campus. He ex. before the Government put united States Navy, the last month and in company with 300 stated to North Carolina, where they see that called Killegray, on the banks of a pressed pleasure in seeing the girls render. pressed pleasure in seeing the girls render new home ing a service helping to compare render.

FLORA MACDONALD'S TOMB.

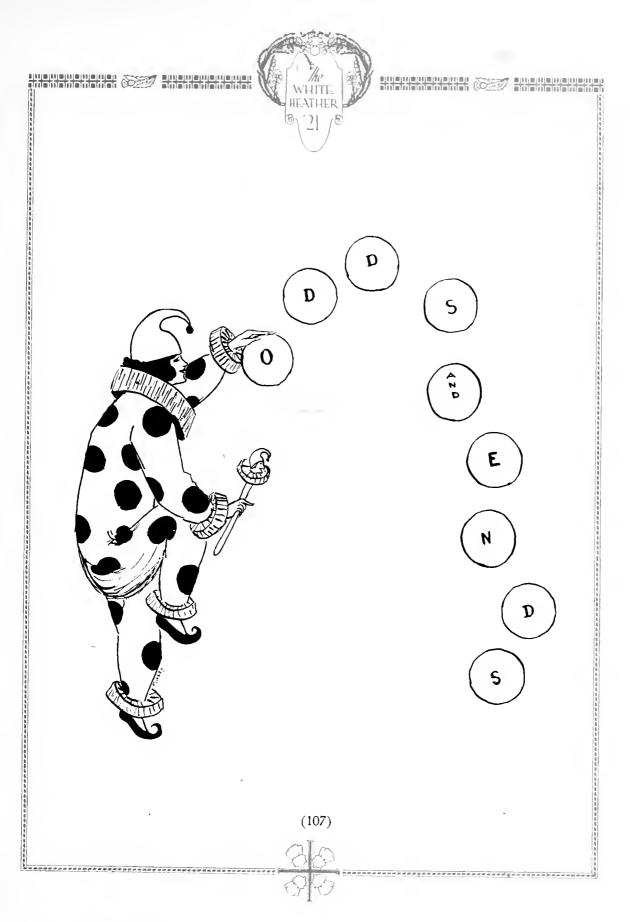
American Students' Gift.

Twenty-five dollars raised last week by the students of Flora Macdonald College, Red Springs, North Carolina, United States, have been sent to Mr D. A. Macdonald, chairman

President C. G. Vardell, after telling the story of the Scottish heroine to the students assembled for chapel service, presented the appeal, which met with an immediate response.

AN AMERICAN MEMORIA

The Romance of a Scotlish Here The Flora Macdonald College, at Red Sprin Carolina, has an interegging history, part of linked up with a notable period in Scottisl Our readers north of the Tweed do not not reminded of the heroic tale of 1745, and the college, have the wanderings and adventures of "Bohn Charlie" and his benefactress, Flora Macdonald College, at Red Sprin Carolina, has an interegging history, part of linked up with a notable period in Scottisl reminded of the heroic tale of 1745, and the college, have the famous uprising on behalf of the er the famous uprising on behalf of the known to all who take an interest in he the causes, which have so often led to act Sir Auckland Geddes, the British Am years of strenuous toil to secure the safel







If I could sing like Fannie Foy,
And play like Mary Poole,
And read like Mamie Lemmond,
And fiddle like Frank,
I'd be some girl!

If I had Kate Cumming's mind,
And Elizabeth Clarke's wit,
And Evelyn Price's heart,
And Marion Manning's good behavior,
I'd be some girl!

If I could dance like Mary Louise, And laugh as "cute" as "Toofie," And vamp like Gladys Huie, And smile like Evelyn Carson, I'd be some girl!

If I had Kate Finley's hair, And Anne McMillan's eyes, And Madge Hardaway's skin, And Ellen Lemmond's teeth, I'd be some girl!

If I had Mary Mooney's lips,
And Mary McIlwinnen's nose,
And Jane Evans' hands,
And Katherine McKinnon's feet,
Some girls wouldn't be in it!
I'd be the cat itself!
PAGE WILDER, '23.

Miss Dabbs: "Why is sterilized milk called pasteurized?"

Vera C.: "Because it comes from the pasture."

+ + +

Missionary (to Korean Cook): "Above all things, don't let any flies get in the food."

Cook: "But, Miss Graham, they don't eat very much!"

+ + +

Ellen L.: "Mamie, what do people take pharmacy for-to learn how to farm?"

+ + +

M. K. W.: "Fannie, how in the world do you get in that dress?"

F. F .: "Why, Kenna, I back in!"

+ + +

Mr. Dixon: "What did the priest tell the people?"

M. Barr (after desperate searching): "Ye heard nothing at all!"

Mr. Dixon: "That applies to a good many people!"

+ + +

Margaret Hall: "Oh! I want to go to Maxton so bad to see 'The Man From Home!"

Louise Oates: "Oh, who is he-who's going to be there from Wallace?"

+ + +

Miriam H.: "Phoebe, did you ever have any kodak pictures enlarged?"

Phoebe W .: "Of me, you mean?"

Emily S.: "No, you don't need to be enlarged."

"'Tis the Truth That Hurts"

The following item was printed in the "Red Springs Citizen," April 29th: "The contract for 'The White Heater,' the first Annual to be issued by the students, was signed last week."

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The French Table

When dinner time comes at our table We don't have time to eat, So busy are we talking French, You never saw the beat.

When Mlle Brown comes tripping down With her little yellow "cruche," The word like lightning goes around, "Sh! fermez vos bouches."

'Tis not 'till then that we begin
To "parlez en francais,"
But then's the time we seem so dense
And wish to speak "Anglais."

Once in a while we get a chance
To sit by Mademoiselle Brown.
Then our poor plate gets just a glance
For the questions raining down.

Elle dit: "As tu grande faim ce soir"
"Oui, Oiu, je mange bien"
"C'est vrai je suis content de voir
Que vous aimez ce pain."

And just as sure as there's nice old goat And my mouth's just fixed for a bite She'll say to me, now "qu'est-ce que c'est? And my fork drops out of sight.

There's Loosie, Alma, Bill, and Kate, Then Flora, Jane and me, And what we'll do we can't relate When we finish at F. M. C.

So if you can choose this table
You'll like it fine I know,
And as for us—if we're able
"En France," we'll surely go.
HATTIE LEE McCULLERS, '23.



When Miss Johnston Calls the Mail

At twelve o'clock the old bell tolls, And from her class each lassic strolls. They gather round the rail and wait To learn their luck, or maybe fate, When Miss Johnston calls the mail.

Some girls prefer the lower deck, And upward craned is every neck. The hopeless ones stay up on third And stand and stare without a word, When Miss Johnston calls the mail. Some girls say "Down" and some say "Back" And slimmer grows the little stack; And every heart is hopeful quite For just one note he did not write, When Miss Johnston calls the mail.

Sometimes we get a postal card, An ad—worse luck—that's awful hard. If it's a box—Oh, joy sublime! A girl has friends about that time, When Miss Johnston calls the mail.

If all our friends could see the sight,
They never would delay to write.
Of all sad words I can recall,
The saddest are to hear "That's all,"
When Miss Johnston calls the mail.
MAMIE S. BARR.

(109)





\mathbf{Jokes}

Mrs. Sanderson: "Name some of Wordsworth's Poems." Bonnie B .: "Imitations on Immortality.

Phoebe W.: "I certainly would like to take typewriting." Sarah B.: "I can't imagine you a typewriter."

+ + + M. Poole (at Staff Meeting): "We ought to send an Annual to Sir Walter Scott." M. Manning: "Where shall we send it?"

+ + + M. W .: "Marion, is your birthstone a ruby?" Marion: "No, it is a grindstone."

Louise M.: "Who wrote Boswell's Life of Josnson?" + + +

F. W .: "What are the Sins of Omission?" "Oh, they are the ones we would have committed and didn't."

Louise O. (reading sign downtown): "'Park cars here.' Margaret, that must be a new car. I've never heard of that kind before.

+ + + Nelle: "Miss Fickett doesn't use a bit of discretion, does she?" Lyda: "No, she doesn't use a thing but castor oil and iodine. + + +

Miss Fain (tapping on door and coming in Vardell 28): "Eliza, why are you making so much noise? Don't you know this is study-hour?"

Eliza: "Yes'm, I was just hunting an orange for you."

+ + + Miss Dabbs: "Name the ways in which measles and whooping cough are spread."

> + + + Little Johnnie has gone to Heaven: His face we'll see no more. For what he thought was H2O Was H2SO4

+ + +

Mr. Pace: "Louise, what is hard water?" Louise: "Ice."

+ + + Mr. Harrison: "I don't lithp-lithen to me call the puthy. Puthy, Puthy, Puthy." + + +

First Girl: "Lend me a dollar and I'll be eternally indebted to you." Second Girl: "Yes, I'm afraid so."

"Make Yourself at Home!"

Girls, on entering never knock and always leave the door wide open. Talk loud or whistle, especially if we are studying. If this does not have the desired effect-sing.

If there is a "Busy" sign on the door, do not hesitate to come in.

If we are studying with anyone for examination, join in, the more the merrier, as we are particularly fond of studying with a dozen or so at one time.

If you have no studying to do, for the time, remain here as long as possible; take a chair; put your feet upon the bed, and lean against the wall until your own studying





demands attention. It will facilitate the preparation of our lessons, preserve our furniture and support the wall.

Girls are requested to eat all food in sight; candy, fruit and cake supplied gratis to all who come—we believe in keeping an "open house."

Should the loan of money be desired, pray do not hesitate to ask for it; we do not require it for business purposes, but make a point to keep it always stocked for the purpose of drop loans to our acquaintances and friends.

If you see anything in our room you would like for a souvenir, help yourself; take it without asking. **Don't Be Bashful.**

All visitors are required to use everything on our dresser—rouge, powder, perfume, hairbrushes, and especially power-puffs and lipsticks; scribble on our engraved stationery. Do anything you like. Let rowdiness prevail—in short, "Make Yourself at Home."

ANNIE LEE CLEVELAND, '23.



Last Word

E, the Annual Staff, breathe a sigh of relief as the last page of copy is prepared for the printer.

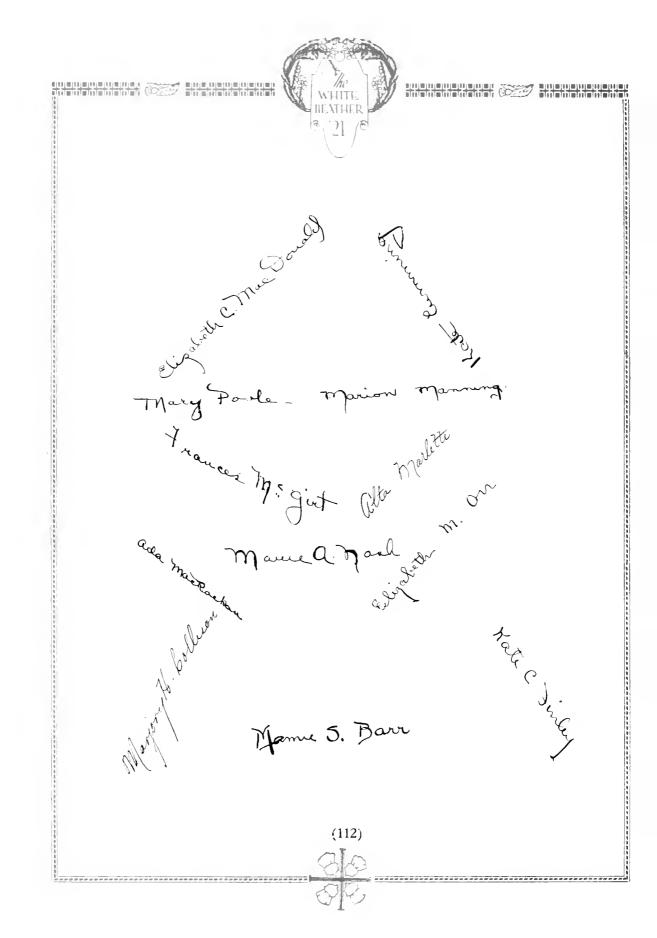
Yes, it is all over and we must say we are glad—yet we will not regret the trying days we have spent on "The White Heather" if all are pleased with it. We know that our mistakes have been many, but we are hoping that they will be overlooked and that the creditable parts will outshine them.

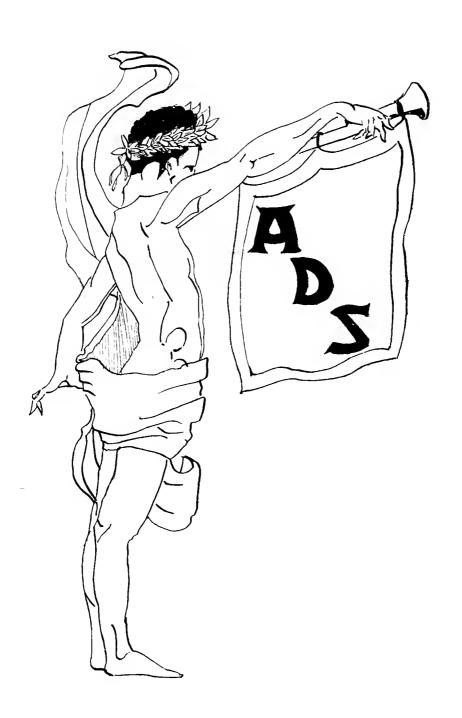
But let us say that if the Staff, every member of which has been faithful, had not had the coöperation of different members of the Faculty and the feeling that the Student Body was "back" of us, and the support of the subscribers and advertisers, we fear that the "White Heather" would not be possible.

To these and more we are grateful, and our last word is: We hope you will like it, for we have done our best.

THE EDITORS.







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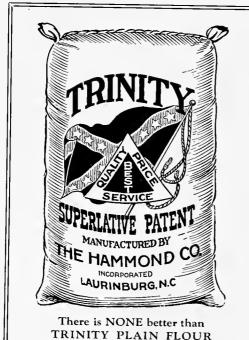


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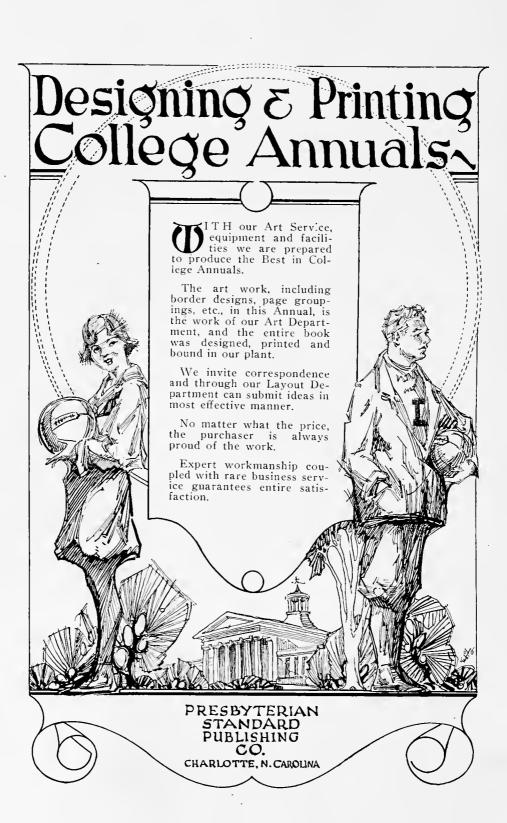
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