

The WHITE HEATHER



1923



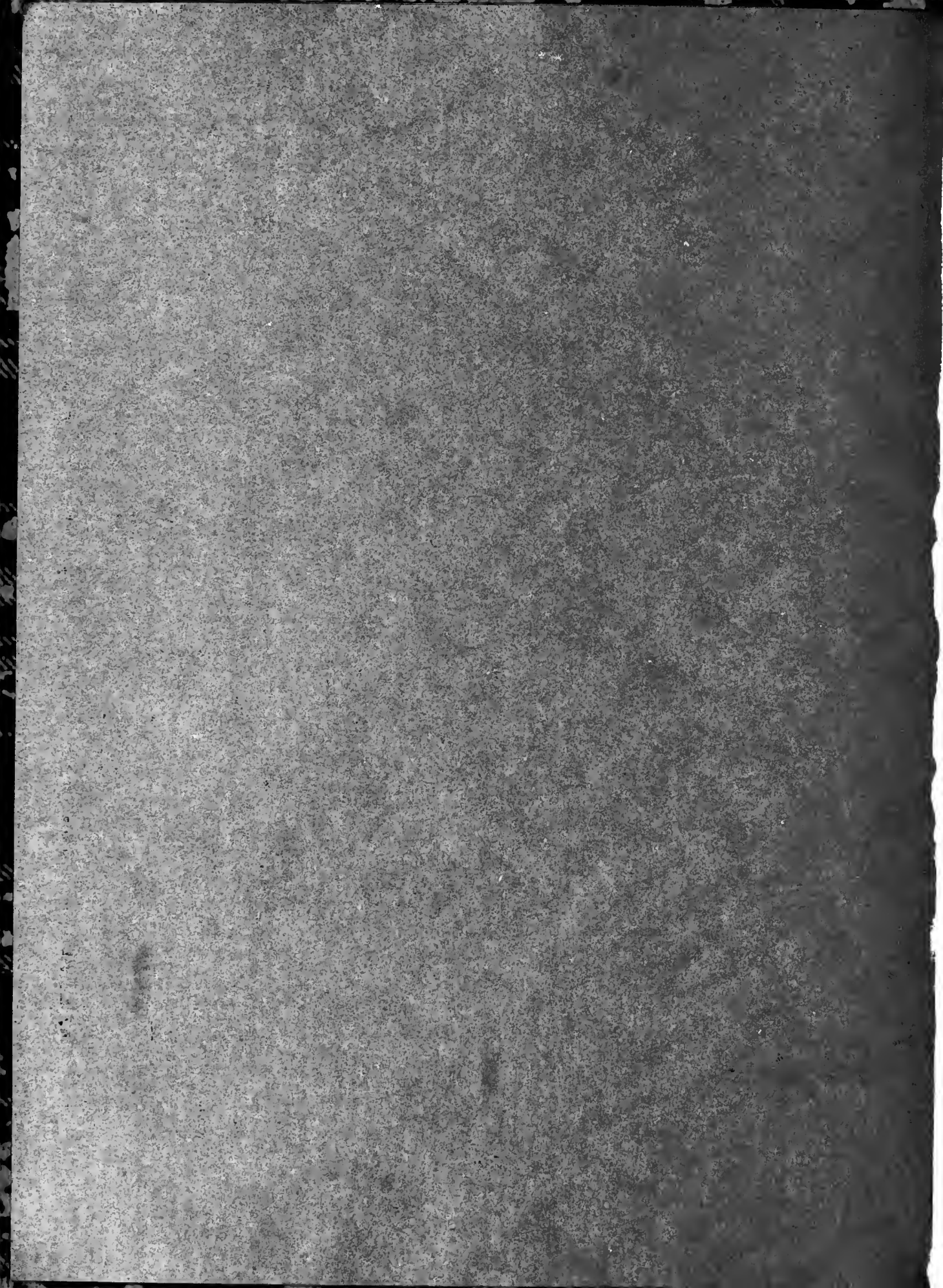
Ex Libris

1923~



DUNFUILEN CASTLE
ORIGINAL HOME
of the MACDONALDS
IN SKYE

HARPER'S
MAGAZINE
OCT. 1923





The WHITE HEATHER

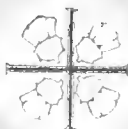


VOLUME THREE

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF 1923

Flora Macdonald College

Red Springs, N. C.

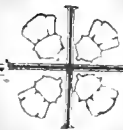




FOREWORD

TO catch some of the sweetest and most significant tones of our college days—to imprison within these pages at least a hint of the spirit of "high and lofty endeavor" which thrills through the life of every true daughter of Flora Macdonald—this has been our aim.

We know that in many ways we have fallen short of our ideal, but we hope that loving memory of the joys and sorrows of this year may overlook our errors, and cherish this book as a veritable treasure house of 1923.





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- Book I. The Classes
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- Book III. Organizations and Clubs
- Book IV. Fine Arts
- Book V. "Hash"





Dedication



To

MISS MARY JOHNSTON

A Friend

Who not only demands the highest and
best from those around her, but
who inspires it in them

The Class of 1923

lovingly dedicates

This Book

The 1923 White Heather





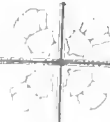
MISS MARY JOHNSTON :: Dean of the College





The White Heather Staff

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*Annie Lee Funk
3600 S. C.
Annual sleep
meet in D. 36.*



ELIZABETH
MORTON

ANNIE LEE
FUNK

*forget my - all
about you about
May!
H.M.*

JANIE
BUCHANAN

CHARLOTTE
GARTH



ALICE
CARR

SNOWE

BRADLEY

MARTHA MILLER
JONES



AVIS
FOUNTAIN

MARY ALICE

BOYD

ETANOR HERRON



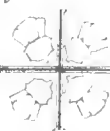
HELENA
BUTLER

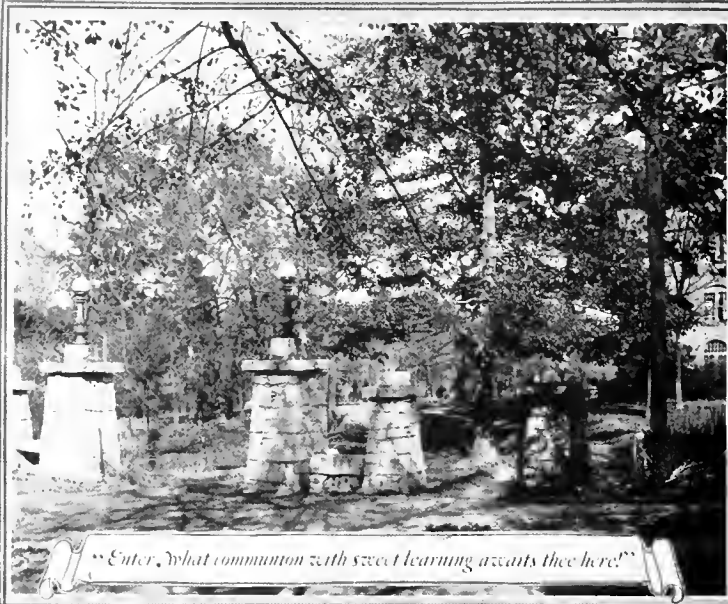
NELL

MORTON

METTA
PATTON

*H.M.M.
See my next door
neighbor (above)*





"Enter, what communion with sweet learning awaits thee here?"



*"And loze the high embossed roof
With Antique Pillars massy proof"*





*"A pool breast-deep, beneath, as clear as glass
Kisses with easy whirls the broad ring grass."*

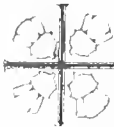


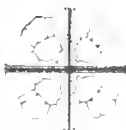


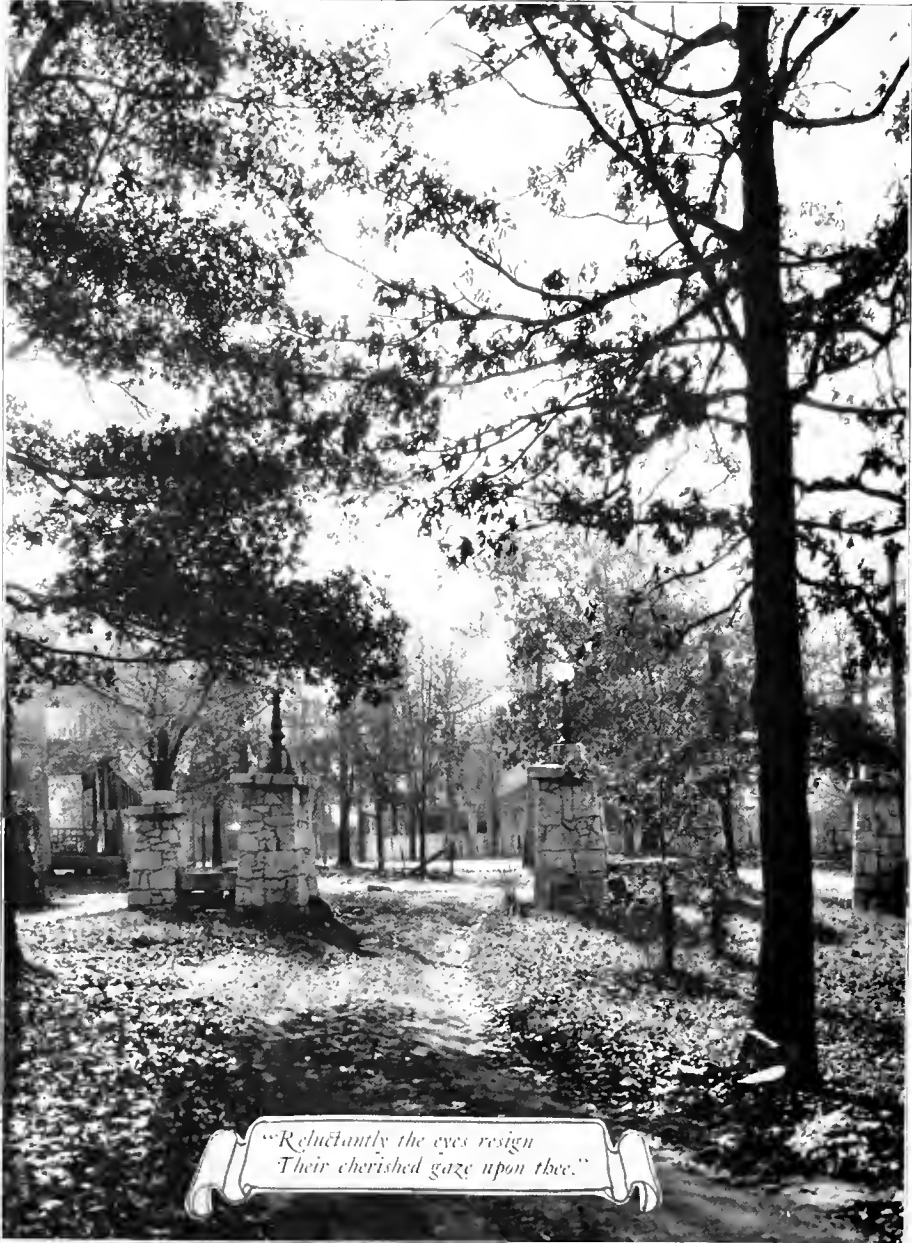
*"A crystal stream,
Diaphanous because it travels slowly,
Soft is the music that would charm forever."*



"Soft dear veins, the work of time."







*“Reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherished gaze upon thee.”*





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(In order of length of service)

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PIANO, PIANO PEDAGOGY

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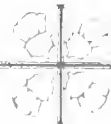
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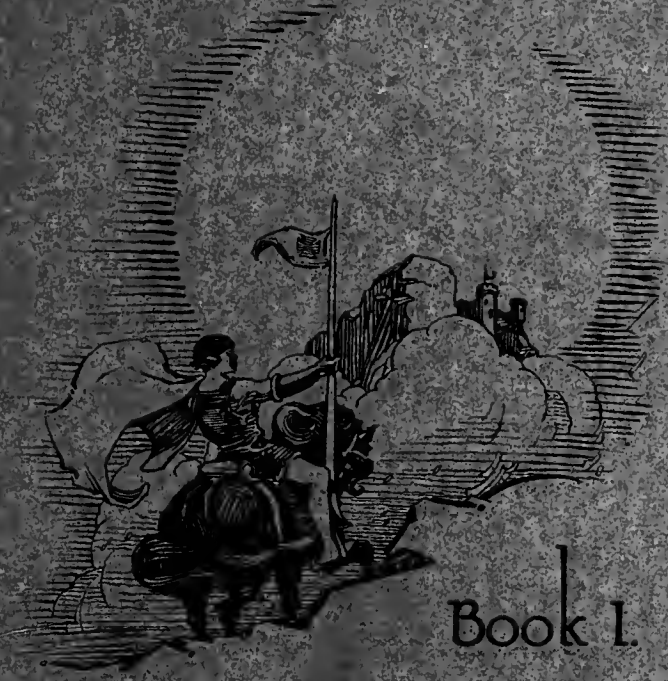
CHARLES GRAVES VARDELL, D.D.
President





FACULTY

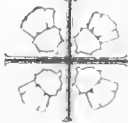




Book I.
The Classes



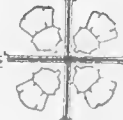
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MISS HARRIET MORRISON
Senior Class Faculty Advisor

MR. BILLY GLENN
Senior Class Sponsor





Senior Class

Psalm: 121

Hymn: Creation Hymn—Addison

Motto: Labor omnia vincit

Colors: Black and Gold

Flower: Black Eyed Susan



ELIZA MacKAY WHITTED, A.B.
WILMINGTON, N. C.

Z.

1919-1920—Publicity Committee; Winner F. M. C. Monogram.

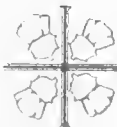
1920-1921—Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Pine and Thistle Staff; Public Debate; Wearer of Star.

1921-1922—Assistant Editor-in-Chief Pine and Thistle; Dramatic Club; Under-graduate Representative Y. W. C. A.; Tennis Club; President Wilmington Club; Lieutenant Fire Department; Delegate to Blue Ridge; Chief Marshal.

1922-1923—Dramatic Club; Hockey Team; President Class; President Student Body.

*"Tis something to be willing to commend,
But my best praise is, that I am your friend"*

Our Eliza is one of those wholesome, calm, kind of people one likes to have around. Troubles have a way of getting all smoothed out when "Kawkie" takes hold of things. She is one who combines the art of being a friend with practical, sterling common sense. She is capable to the last notch. Look at statistics! Loyal and faithful, too, one of whose leadership we are proud.





MAMIE BAKER, B.L.

LATTA, S. C.

Z.

1919-1920—Bible Study Committee.

1920-1921—Social Service Committee.

1921-1922—Member of Highland Fling; Wearer of F. M. C. Monogram.

1922-1923—Social Service Committee; President of Dillon County Club; Member of Highland Fling; Class Hockey Team.

*"Gaiety is the soul's health,
Sadness is it's poison."*

You're heard of a dual personality—look at Mamie. Anyone who can successfully shine through five years of French and be "young and frivolous" enough to have a good time always, besides being a good sport, is a "hit of all right." Vardell Hall will feel a loss when it never again echoes to the cheerful taps of Mamie's heel or her fantastic toe as she trips the Highland Fling.

Good luck, Mamie, little in stature, big in friendship.

ELLEN ERWIN BLACK, A.B.

DAVIDSON, N. C.

E. X.

1919-1920—Winner in Tennis Doubles; Finance Committee Choral Association; Wearer of Monogram.

1920-1921—Treasurer of Sophomore Class; Treasurer of Athletic Association; Choral Association; Finance Committee; Wearer of Star; Winner in Tennis Singles and Doubles.

1921-1922—Vice-president of Junior Class; President of Athletic Association; Membership Committee; Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Lieutenant in Fire Department; Secretary and Treasurer of "El Club Espagnol"; Annual Staff; Wearer of Star; Choral Association; Member of Student Council; Highland Fling; Class Tennis Singles and Doubles; Delegate to Blue Ridge.

1922-1923—Fire Chief; Mecklenburg County Club; Choral Association; Highland Flinger.

*"Kind and loyal, a friend to all,
She's always ready at any call,*

Whether it be athletics, "Y" or "Chief of Fires"

She's never too busy to grant your desires;

A girl to honor, a girl to trust,

One whom all love because they must."

When you find a regular girl who is a good sport—she is worth knowing. Such is "Dess." Her lovable disposition has won her many friends. She never tells us much about herself, but leaves us guessing.

"Dess" has the rare combination of a sunny, pleasure-loving nature, determination and ability. She is always in demand when we plan a good time and is also an essential member of the Class of '23.





MARY ALICE BOYD, B.M.

TOWNSVILLE, N. C.

Z.

1920-1921—Member of Y. W. C. A. Committee; Wearer of F. M. C. Monogram.

1921-1922—Leader of Prayer Band; Member of Y. W. C. A. Committee; Member of Choral Association.

1922-1923—Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; White Heather Staff; Choral Association; Senior Hockey Team; Fire Squad; Highland Flinger.

"Is there a heart that music cannot melt?"

When you see "Rory" darting around the hockey field she looks anything but a musician—but that isn't saying that she isn't one. If you want to forget all your "tests-to-be" just let "Rory" play for you and your cares are gone. She's not only good at hockey and music but at just about anything you give her to do—especially the Highland Fling.

JANIE BELLE BUCHANAN, A.B.

GIFU, JAPAN

E. X.

1919-1920—Secretary Freshman Class; Choral Association; Y. W. C. A.

1920-1921—Pine and Thistle Staff; Orchestra; Y. W. C. A. Committee.

1921-1922—Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Assistant Editor-in-Chief of White Heather; Orchestra; Executive Committee E. X. Society.

1922-1923—Y. W. C. A. Committee; Orchestra; Editor-in-Chief of White Heather.

"Give me music and friends and life will be a pleasure."

If you've heard of girls with intelligent minds,

If you've heard of girls who are dear,
If you've heard of girls with gifts of all kinds,

Then this is "Janie Buck," a friend sincere.





BONNIE BESSIE BULLA, B.L.
 FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
 E. X.

1919-1920—Member of Religious Meetings Committee; Prayer Band Leader.

1920-1921—Chaplain E. X. Society; Missionary Committee.

1921-1922—Delegate to Young People's Conference.

1922-1923—Secretary of Y. W. C. A.; Life Service Band; Pine and Thistle Staff.

*"We pass this way but once, O heart of mine,
 So why not make the journey well worth while,
 Giving those that travel on with us
 A helping hand, a word of cheer, a smile?"*

Bonnie is one of those rare individuals underneath whose calm exterior there exist depths of feeling and heights of aspiration, which few people ever attain. Despite the fact that her four years' association with the Y. W. C. A. has been largely an expression of herself, we know that only a few very intimate friends can appreciate the splendid traits of her character which make her just Bonnie. Her quiet, unassuming and somewhat reserved manner make it hard for most people to realize that she goes out from the walls of F. M. C. A. with a fuller realization of the really worthwhile things of life than is granted most of us.

ALMA MOOD BURGESS, B.S.,
 H.E.
 SUMMERTON, S. C.
 E. X.

1919-1920—Social Committee.

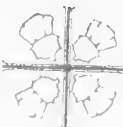
1920-1921—Association News Committee.

1921-1922—Social Committee; Prayer Band Leader; Fire Squad; E. X. Commencement Marshall; President Palmetto Club; Treasurer Domestic Art Club.

1922-1923—Prayer Band Leader; Vice-president Palmetto Club; President E. X. Society; Student Council.

*"She's just that which is neatest, completest,
 and sweetest."*

To speak of individuality is speaking of Alma herself, as nowhere else is there anyone like her—from the top of her golden head to the tip of her dainty feet. Alma is conscientious in everything she undertakes and does not stop until her work is done well. She has won the admiration and respect of the faculty by study. Her frankness, loveliness and sincerity have won her many friends, who regret that she is leaving.





ANNA MAE CADDELL, B.S., H.E.
CARTHAGE, N. C.

Z.

1920-1921—Prayer Band Leader.
1921-1922—Membership Committee;
Wearer of Monogram.

1922-1923—Critic of Zetesian Society;
Member of Association News Committee;
Secretary of Moore County Club; Class
Prophet; Editor-in-Chief of Pine and
Thistle.

*"Few hearts like her's with virtue warmed,
Few heads with knowledge so informed."*

Although Anna Mae has been with us for four years, we do not really know her yet. She has always been conspicuous in the college life because of high grades in classes, her industry and her dependability. She collects the facts, surveys the situation from all angles and then sticks to her decision. If you don't believe she's intellectual just look at the statistics; the Pine and Thistle of '22 and '23 is sufficient evidence of her capableness. Anna Mae is going to make Home Economics her mission in life; however, we are not sure whether it shall be in the school or in the home. Whatever she does or wherever she is, it will be a "Lucky Corner" that is filled by Anna Mae.

VERA MILDRED COE, B.S.
RICHLAND, N. C.

E. X.

1919-1920—President Class; Public Debater.

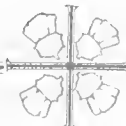
1920-1921—President Class; Wearer of F. M. C. Monogram; Class Basketball Team.

1921-1922—Pine and Thistle Staff; Vice-President Palmetto Club; Class Basketball Team; Dramatic Club; Fire Squad.

1922-23—Captain Class Hockey Team; Prayer Band Leader; President Palmetto Club; Dramatic Club; Captain Hockey Varsity; Fire Squad.

*"Next to virtue the fun in this world
is what we can least spare."*

Vera's fun is never at any one else's expense and though she'd much rather laugh than cry over anything, you'd have to go a long way before you'd find a more sympathetic and understanding friend. She was president of our class in '21 and we believed her future greatness lay in the broom. She was president of the Athletic Association in '22 and then we believed it to be basketball and high jumping. But in our Senior year '23 the veil has been torn from our eyes by Vera's brilliant speeches in pedagogy. Vera is going to be a great politician. Go to it Vera—you have the votes of '23.





ONIE RUTH ERVIN, A.B.
CLARKESVILLE, GEORGIA

E. X.

1919-1920—Class Cheer Leader; Wearer of F. M. C. Monogram.

1920-1921—Class Cheer Leader; Membership Committee; F. M. C. Star.

1921-1922—Class Cheer Leader; Membership Committee; Pine and Thistle Staff; Manager of Dramatic Club; Basketball Team; Bugler Fire Squad.

1922-1923—Class Cheer Leader; College Cheer Leader; Chairman of Social Committee of Y. W. C. A.; Manager of Dramatic Club; Senior Hockey Team; Bugler Fire Squad.

"Begone dull care, I pray thee begone from me,

Begone dull care, thou and I never agree."

Here is indeed a girl of many parts—one in her feet, another in her head. Noted for her scintillating wit and dramatic ability, she ever adds life to a party—and verdancy to the surrounding vegetation. She is very versatile; there is nothing done here in which she doesn't take some part and it is usually a well-done part.

ANNIE LEE FUNK, B.S.

FLORENCE, S. C.

E. X.

1919-1920—Social Committee; Palmetto Club.

1920-1921—Publicity Committee; Finance Committee; Prayer Band Leader.

1921-1922—Social Service Committee; Prayer Band Leader; Recording Secretary E. X. Society; Editor-in-Chief of Pine and Thistle; Commencement Marshal.

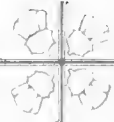
1922-1923—Social Service Committee; Member Senior Hockey Squad; Business Manager White Heather; Society Public Debater.

*"All work and no play
Is simply not Annie Lee's way."*

Some folks say she is dignified—and she is sometimes—but a good sport as well, and always ready for a good time, and equally as ready to share it with others. Annie Lee is conscientious in everything she undertakes and does not stop until her work is well done.

We have been convinced of her business ability by the management of this volume of the "White Heather."

Congenial, gentle, sympathetic and comely—does this make her the most attractive—See statistics.





MARGARET HALL, B.L.

WALLACE, N. C.

Z.

1919-1920—Bible Study Committee.

1920-1921—Religious Meeting Committee; Prayer Band Leader.

1921-1922—Membership Committee; Prayer Band Leader; Dramatic Club.

1922-1923—First Vice-president Zetesian Society; Dramatic Club; Social Committee; Prayer Band Leader; President Peggy Club.

*"When she will, she will,
You may depend on it;
When she won't, she won't,
And that's the end on 't."*

Yes, that's Margaret exactly.

Perseverance and loyalty compounded with helpfulness and attractive qualities form a sure recipe for a pleasing personality fine enough to suit "placid pleasure." What more could we ask for in her?

As for Margaret's own taste, consult French annals, fifth edition, also next volume in Reader's Guide, "Why I choose program making for my life's work—its advantages, et cetera."

Ah well! To "hoil it down," Margaret's all there and then some.

MIRIAM HARISON, B.L.

LEESBURG FLORIDA

E. X.

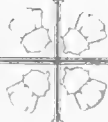
1920-1921—Winner F. M. C. Monogram; Prayer Band Leader.

1921-22—Prayer Band Leader; Missionary Study Class Leader.

1922-1923—Association News Committee; Vice-president Georgia Club.

*"Tho I am young, I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit."*

Steadiness, pluck and determination fit Miriam perfectly. We admire her pluck, and we admire her steady good hard work. She is loyal to the nth degree to what she thinks is right and to the people she loves. She is the wealthy possessor of a keen sense of humor. Keep it, Miriam, and your other good qualities, too. They are absolutely 18 karat—'23 is backin' you!





LUCY HUNSUCKER, B.L.

GIBSON, N. C.

Z.

1922-1923—Member of Social Committee; Member of Senior Hockey Team.

"The grass stoops not she treads so lightly on it."

A good-natured, friendly little girl is Lucy. She has plenty of class spirit and is interested in athletics—both admirable qualities in a college girl. Her teachers are surprised to find such a store of intelligence underneath her bobbed mop of black curls. For Lucy is a good student.



MARTHA MILLER JONES, B.S.,

H.E.

RED SPRINGS, N. C.

E. X.

1919-1920—Choral Association.

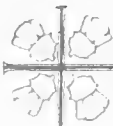
1921-1922—Dramatic Club; President Domestic Art Club.

1922-1923—Secretary Robeson County Club; Annual Staff; First Vice-president E. X. Society; Class Hockey Team; Class Historian.

"Happy am I, from care I'm free;

Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Three years a day pupil, at the last joining the rest of us and taking her full share of all the jobs and joys that fall to the lot of Seniors—*that's "Skinny."* Singing in the halls, dashing over the hockey field, sewing on a "creation" for Miss Daniel—*that's "Skinny."* Laughing at a joke, cheering up a "Fresh," making good grades—*that's "Skinny."* How does she do it all? Well—*that's "Skinny."*





LOUISE MANDEVILLE, B.M.
SYLVESTER, GEORGIA
Z.

1921-1922—Dramatic Club; Member of Music Committee; First Vice-president of Zetesian Society; Fire Squad; Commencement Marshall.

1922-1923—President of Georgia Club; Member of the Music Committee; Member of Student Council; Fire Squad; President of Zetesian Society; Dramatic Club.

"In all his quivers choice,

No arrow for the heart like a sweet voice."

"Man-devil" we call her, but "Mandevil" she certainly is not. This is readily seen by the many offices she has held since entering our Alma Mater and the great capability she has shown in each of these.

Here she comes with her bewitching smile, for when she is glad she is very glad, but when she is sad—well, look out. This we know to be a truth by looking into her big dark wicked-looking eyes.

She has a voice that gives her a decided charm. "Wilt thou have music? Then seek her."

MILDRED MCAULEY, B.L.
MOUNT GILEAD, N. C.
E. X.

1919-1920—Chorus Association.

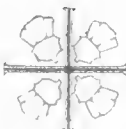
1920-1921—Social Service Committee.

1921-1922—Association News Committee.

1922-1923—Bible Study Committee; Senior Hockey Team; Treasurer of Senior Class.

"A gentle mind by gentle deeds is known."

Mildred is the kind of a friend who is spelled with a capital "F". She enters into all athletics with a vim, especially shown on the hockey field. She is an indispensable member of the class, for she holds in trust the funds of '23. Her quiet refinement and solid good sense will make her a valuable member in any community where she may take up her work.





MARY RICE McCULLOCH,

B.S., H.E.

BURLINGTON, N. C.

E. X.

1919-1920—Bible Study Committee.

1920-1921—Prayer Band Leader; Social Service Committee.

1921-1922—Prayer Band Leader; Association News Committee; Public Debater; Dramatic Club.

1922-1923—Pine and Thistle Staff; Public Debater; Association News Committee; Dramatic Club.

"A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning."

"Neat and sweet, efficient, too,
That is Mary McCulloch;
A worker, no shirker, that is true;
We'll see what she'll be and not feel dismay
At her renown, the country round, some
day not far away!"

MARTHA MARGARET McGIRT,

B.S., H.E.

MAXTON, N. C.

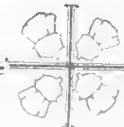
E. X.

1921-1922—Second Vice-president E. X. Society; Vice-president Robeson County Club; Fire Squad; Leader Prayer Band; Executive Committee of E. X.

1922-1923—Censor E. X. Society; Fire Squad; Vice-president "Peggy Club"; Treasurer of Domestic Art Club.

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

We have known Margaret of the friendly disposition and the busy hands for four years, and we know that nowhere will you find a truer friend or a more pleasant companion. She is never idle, for she believes in putting time to a good use; she can make anything with her needle, and as for cooking—don't get me started. She is domestically inclined and her ambition is to have a home of her own in which to put into practice her domestic ability.





FLORA ELLEN McINTYRE, A.B.
LAURINBURG, N. C.

Z.

1919-1920—Publicity Committee.

1920-1921—Social Service Committee.

1921-1922—Secretary of Junior Class; Blue Ridge Delegate; Business Manager Pine and Thistle; President Scotland County Club; Commencement Marshal; Prayer Band Leader.

1922-23—President Scotland County Club; Treasurer Y. W. C. A.; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.

"Genius only leaves behind it the monument of its strength."

What will Flora leave? Look up the record of the Business Manager of the Pine and Thistle last year and take a peep into the Y. W. Treasurer's book this year, and you will find "a monument more enduring than bronze." Capable, efficient and dependable—that's Flora. If you should suddenly come upon a fortune, my advice is, "Call Flora."

MARGARET McLEOD, B.L.

RED SPRINGS, N. C.

E. X.

*"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."*

The Class of '23 is honored by having as a member one "day pupil," Margaret. She appreciates the humorous side of life and is keen of wit. Calm she is—and rather reserved, but she is friendly to all and possesses a certain charm which brightens her many other attractive qualities.





*Remember your friends
No one will always
love you.
Ada Macracken
Whitville, N.C.*



HANNAH McNEILL, A.B.

BUIE, N. C.

E. X.

1920-1921—Member of Champion Basketball Team; Champion in Doubles in Tennis.

1921-1922—Class Basketball Team; Member of Tennis Club; Assistant Business Manager of Annual; Treasurer of Athletic Association; Dramatic Club.

1922-23—Class Hockey Team; Assistant Editor of Pine and Thistle; Member of Athletic Board; Dramatic Club.

"For she's a jolly good fellow."

Who doesn't like a girl who knows what she wants to do and enjoys doing it? And who doesn't like an athletic girl and an all-around good sport? And when, in addition to all this she stands high in her class work, and takes part in all the college activities—well, Hannah will make a peppy young gym teacher that will be hard to beat.

ADA MACRACKEN, A.B.

WHITEVILLE, N. C.

E. X.

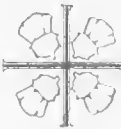
1919-1920—Association News Committee.
1920-1921—Association News Committee; Prayer Band Leader; Annual Staff.

1921-1922—Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Leader Mission Study Class.

1922-1923—Vice-president Class; Chaplain E. X. Society; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.

*It's not because you're jolly,
And never a trifle blue;
It's not because your words are never slow and few.
It's not because you're pretty,
Tho' of course we know that's true
But the reason we all love you
Is because you're you.*

In relating the merits of this important member of our class the humble writer wields her pen wildly and wonders where to begin. By her helpfulness, her friendship and her cheerful manner she grows into the hearts of all. Her words, sometimes softly spoken, carry weight because of the personality behind them, but Ada is not at all too good to be true. She is a true friend to everybody, a sport under all circumstances, a representative of the best things of life and as human and fun-loving as the rest of us. We'll never find another link like Ada to hold our college chain together.





MARGARET REID MORTON,

B.S., H.E.
OXFORD, N. C.

Z.

1919-1920—Finance Committee; Y. W. C. A. Delegate to Montreat Conference.

1920-1921—Leader Prayer Band; Religious Meetings Committee.

1921-1922—Pine and Thistle Staff; Recording Secretary of Zetesian Society; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Commencement Marshall.

1922-1923—Chairman Social Service Committee; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; "Peggy Club;" Class Testatrix; Fire Squad.

"Say not always what you know, but always know what you say."

Looking for a type? Well, here's one for you—not a flapper, not over-studious, not a "goody-goody," but an embodiment of spicy characteristics along with her independent ideas about "people" and "things" which we cannot help but admire. Certainly she is frank but not disagreeably so. Fun—yes; the proverbial life of a Senior sewing-class gathering in fourth floor. Many are the times we find ourselves realizing that the Senior class was not wrong in voting her the "cutest" of our number.

P. S.—She must have been a typical Freshman, for you must look far and wide for a more typical Senior than "John Watt."

RUTH NOWELL, B.L.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
E. X.

1920-1921—Member of Missionary Committee; Prayer Band Leader.

1921-1922—Prayer Band Leader; Critic of E. X. Society.

1922-1923—Member of Dramatic Club; Chairman of Religious Meetings Committee; Y. W. C. A.; Delegate to Blue Ridge.

*"True dignity is his whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below,
Who, every hope and fear to heaven resign'd,
Shrinks not, though fortune aims her
deadliest blow."*

Ruth is studious, calm, and of a friendly disposition. She never worries, frets nor blames, but always gets there, just the same.





JULIA RAMSEY, B.L.

BANNER ELK, N. C.

Z.

1921-1922—Leader of Prayer Band; Leader of Mission Study Class.

1922-1923—Assistant Business Manager of Pine and Thistle; Secretary of Senior Class; Member of Senior Hockey Team; Wearer of the "M".

*"Her heart is firm,
There's naught within the compass of
humanity
But she would dare and do."*

Julia—student, worker, accomplisher, friend—(synonyms in the dictionary of life) walks the halls of F. M. C. See "the foot-prints on the sand of time" which the annals of her four years have made.

Here's to you, Julia—that which way your compass points, Fortune's smile and the horn of plenty may be heaping favor on your path of life.

LILLIAN STREET, B.S.

GLENDON, N. C.

E. X.

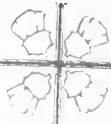
1919-1920—Association News Committee.
1920-1921—Religious Meetings Committee.
1921-1922—Assistant Business Manager of

Pine and Thistle; Treasurer of Class; Association News Committee; Commencement Marshal.

1922-1923—Corresponding Secretary of E. X. Society; Finance Committee; President of Moore County Club.

*"Coolness and absence of heat and haste
indicate fine qualities."*

Lillian is one of those rare people who have about them at all times a positive atmosphere of coolness, serene dignity and solid dependableness. To come in contact with Lillian is to feel that underneath the calm exterior there is a reserve supply of power sufficient for every demand. During the four years she has been with us she has shown special ability in Science, and we anticipate for her great success in that line.





PHOEBE WAKEFIELD, B.S.
BANNER ELK, N. C.
E. X.

1919-1920—Association News.
1920-1921—Association News; Winner F. M. C. Monogram.
1921-1922—Leader of Prayer Band; Membership Committee; Basketball Team; Winner of F. M. C. Star.
1922-1923—Member Social Committee; Senior Hockey Team; President Athletic Association; Executive Committee of E. X.; President of Iredell County Club.

"As independent as the day is long."
"Independence Trust Company" is "Phoebe" all through. You know when you give her anything to do that it's in good, trustworthy hands and it will be done in her own independent way. If you want to know the truth about yourself, ask Phoebe—she'll tell you, "cause she believes in being frank;" that is one of her attractions and her sincerity ranks along with it.

The very least we can say of her is that she is all wool, a yard wide, combining sportsmanship, strong convictions and a willingness to lend a hand wherever it is needed.

WILLIE MAY WHITESIDE, A.B.
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
E. X.

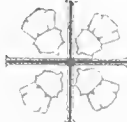
1919-1920—Treasurer of Freshman Class; Freshman Basketball Team; Member of Religious Meetings Committee; Wearer of F. M. C. Monogram.
1921-1922—Business Manager of Pine and Thistle; Vice-president Sophomore Class; Member of Association News Committee; Basketball Team.
1921-1922—President of Junior Class; Delegate to Montreat; Pine and Thistle Staff; Chairman of Social Committee of Y. W. C. A.; Junior Basketball Team.

1922-1923—President of Y. W. C. A.; President of Mecklenburg County Club; Delegate to Blue Ridge.

*"The sweetest, the dearest, the most lovable, too,
Best kind of a sport and a pal true blue;
All this and more is Billie."*

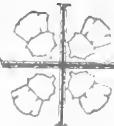
So true is this of Billie that even her most intimate friends wonder what trait they will find in her next. But don't let anyone make you believe she is superhuman, for just look at the honors she has held in school. Wonder why it is that when you get into trouble or feel blue, you instinctively turn to Billie? and she never fails you—with her ready sympathy and some good, sound advice, which she usually gives, she makes you feel that, after all, life is worth living.

Although you never hear her mention it, if you look up Billie's records you will find that she stands tip-top in her class work, and just as she stands tip-top in class work so she stands tip-top in the hearts of all her class-mates.



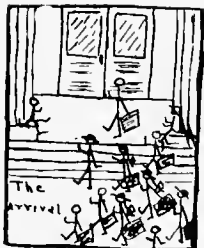


MURPHY HALL.....Certificate in Piano
MAIE SINCLAIR.....Certificate in Pipe Organ
METTA PATTEN.....Certificate in Commercial Course
MARY LAW.....Certificate in Commercial Course
JEAN McLEAN.....Certificate in Commercial Course

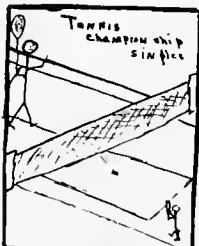




Class History



1919
—
1920



AND
Freshman
We
were



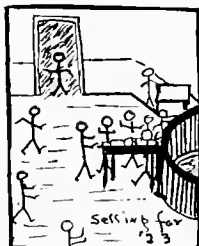
1920
—
1921



"KNOW
IT
ALL"
SOPHOMORE



1921
—
1922



Hard
Worked
Junior.



1922
—
1923



The
Time
has
come!
Seniors
We
are.



HISTORIAN "SKIMMY" JAMES





Last Will and Testament

WE, the Class of '23, feeling that the time draws near when we shall depart and be no more—dignified Seniors—having acquired some amount of property during our sojourn in this place, wish to make a fair dispensation of same to our friends. And we bequeath to the rising Senior class, our Senior dignity, our Senior privileges and our Senior caps and gowns for love and affection and the sum of seven dollars and a half. Being in possession of some amount of individual property, we wish to dispose of it in the manner following:

To Lyda Brown Arnold we will and bequeath Eliza Whitted's calmness and composure in trying circumstances.

To "Red" McAlpine, Margaret Hall's thirst for milk and the pleasant hours she has spent quaffing said beverage, and may she grow as fat as Margaret has therefrom.

To Elizabeth Morton, Phoebe Wakefield's ability to put on airs. And Ruth Nowell's frivolity we do thoughtfully bestow on Elizabeth Brannen. Billie Whiteside's child-like faith in believing *every-thing* that's told her, we bequeath to Elizabeth Morton, and her love of French, to Marjory Huntley.

Lillian Street's facility in using the cutest slang, we will to Nellie Thomason.

And to Martha Nordon we will all the clothes that Mary McCulloch has made in the four years of Domestic Art.

To Charlotte Garth we will Bonnie Bulla's place in Miss Ewing's heart.

Annie Mae Caddell's unsurpassed speed and accuracy in working dietetics, we will to Flora Macdonald for her use during the coming year.

Hannah McNeill's place in Miss Brown's heart shall be the property of Mildred West, and also Vera Coe's popularity with the entire faculty—may it be of great use to her.

Alma Burgess' ability to catch on to jokes we will to Elizabeth Scott.

Martha Miller Jones' slender dress form we bequeath to Lyda Brown Arnold, and her knowledge of dietetics to Madge Hardaway, that she may make practical use of it and grow thin.

To Elizabeth Brannen we will Lucy Hunsucker's ability to laugh in the dining room without disturbing the quietness therein.





To Madge Hardaway, Margaret McGirt's dainty appetite, and Margaret's gym grade to Jennie McCutchen.

Flora McIntyre's place at Miss Brown's very right hand we do pass on to Mildred West.

Miriam Harrison's great love of the French language and literature shall be the property of Georgia Tomlinson, together with Miriam's ability in mastering the French verb.

To anyone who has nerve to take 'em we will Margaret McLeod's Senior privileges.

Alma Burgess' crocheted sweater we bequeath to Madge Hardaway, in hopes she will not find it too large.

Onnie Ruth Erwin's place at the head of the railroad ticket line we do will to Miss Annie Webb, Junior class advisor, and her cherished and beloved white dimity blouse to Elizabeth Morton.

"Dess" Black's "come hither" smile we do will to Lavinia Wade, and Ada McRacken's lady-like manners we bequeath to Ida Street.

To Catharine Deaton we will Mamie Baker's ability to catch rats, and Mary Alice Boyd's harmony note-book shall be the property of the same person.

Louise Mandeville's graceful form shall be the property of Elizabeth Scott, and her harmony note-book shall go to Agnes Bustard.

To the most needy Junior we will Annie Lee Funk's style.

To the next Editor-in-Chief of the White Heather we will Janie Belle Buchanan's heartfelt sympathy, and her honors in athletics to Helen Pope.

I, Margaret Reid Morton, will to Dozier Langston my ability to "speak my mind," and may she have more mind to speak than I've ever been remembered with.

If for any reason dissatisfaction should occur as to the dispensation of this property, it shall be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Red Springs Drug Store, and we appoint Mr. William Glenn, Chief Administrator.

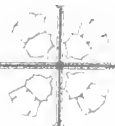
Signed and sealed on the eighteenth day of January, A.D., 1923, by:

MARGARET REID MORTON,

Testatrix.

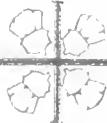
Witnessed by:

MARY EVA McBRYDIE and
NORA ELIZABETH WILLIAMS.





Name	Nick-Name	Favorite Saying	Appearance
1—Baker	"Marie Boulanger"	"Oo! there's a rat!"	Abbreviated
2—Boyd	"Rory"	"Aw—!"	Tiny
3—Black	"Dess"	"I should worry!"	Athletic
4—Buchanan	"Janie Buck"	"I'm a gibberin' wreck!"	Refined
5—Burgess	Alma	"Oh—don't worry!"	Neat
6—Bulla	"Bonnie B"	"Well—for goodness sake!"	Scholastic
7—Caddell	"Miss Caddle"	"I think—!"	Studios
8—Coe	"Mish Vera"	"For Pete's sake!"	Happy-go-lucky
9—Erwin	"Onie"	"I 'preciate that"	Different
10—Funk	"Lee"	"You cock-eyed!"	Attractive
11—Hall	"Maret"	"Let me tell you"	Skinny
12—Harrison	"Red"	"Je ne sais pas"	Glowing
13—Hunsucker	Lucy	"Oh—do you know?"	Kiddish
14—Jones	"Skinny"	"I loathe it!"	Pleasingly plump
15—Mandeville	"Mandevil"	"Praise Peter!"	Flossed up
16—McAuley	Mildred	"You don't say so!"	Quiet
17—McCulloch	"Maidie"	"Bad as it is, it could be worse"	Suitable
18—McGirt	"Margaret Magot"	"Well, good night!"	Pleasing
19—McIntyre	"Florice"	"Sure is so, too"	Lengthy
20—McLeod	Margaret	"Like ——"	Sufficient
21—McNeill	Hannah	"Well ——"	Enthusiastic
22—McRacken	"Ada Mac"	"You couldn't in forty years!"	Trim
23—Morton	"John Watt"	"I'll do what I <i>bloomin'</i> please!"	Jolly
24—Nowell	"Rufie"	"M-m-m-m-m-m-m!"	Calm
25—Ramsey	"Julie"	"Good-night!"	Studios
26—Street	"Big Sis"	"How I hate to study!"	Steady
27—Wakefield	"Phoebus"	"Good evening, Hazel!"	Extensive
28—Whitted	"Kawkie"	"My-y-y!!"	All there
29—Whiteside	"Billie"	"Oh—!"	Cheerful





Favorite Article of Dress	Can You Imagine Her?	Really Is
Black and white Checked dress	Not in a good humor	A French shark
Senior middy	Unhappy	Musical
Brown sweater	As a ballet dancer	A tennis fiend
New blue scarf	Not talking	A genius
Black sweater	Untidy	Dependable
Coat-suit	Flirting	Capable
Blue gingham dress	Without a book	Brilliant
Little brown jumper	On time	Cute
Tennis shoes	As the "timid young thing"	A good sport
Gingham dress	Not writing to Alston	In love
The appropriate thing	Playing kid parts	A loyal Senior
Middy suit	With black hair	Independent
Tan sport hat	Being an Old Maid	A flapper
Tan and brown oxfords	Not eating	Popular
Red feather hat	"Skinny"	A "prima donna"
Red sweater	Running wild	Mildred
Collars	Beating 'round the hush	Intellectual
Coat sweaters	With fifteen children	A friend in need
Blue scarf	In a hurry	"Quite the stuff"
Hair pins	Without the "Dodge"	Just Margaret
Plaited skirt	Missing questions in history	A decided blonde
Beads	As a gym teacher	Lovable
Blue coat-suit	Not wearing her Senior ring	Clever
Shirt-waist and skirt	Falling below "par"	Sincere
Gingham dress	Not liking math	Earnest
White shoes	Being a flapper	Serene
Green middy	Not going out for sports	Frank
Hair nets	With her hair skinned back	Efficient
Black sweater	Not answering "call-to-arms"	Loved by all





Prophecy



AS the hour of parting drew near and I realized that soon the Class of '23 must go forth—either to higher schools of learning or out into the world of affairs, I, despite hopes and faith in the future, developed an intense longing to know something of that future spread so luringly before us. I wanted, like Temyson, to

*"Dip into the future, far as human eye could see,
See the vision of the world, and all the wonders that would be."*

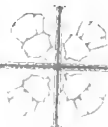
In this mood I called on the phantome of the years past and present of Flora Macdonald history, to throw upon the future the light of other years and reveal to me my class-mates. The vision came, and because the circumstances attending it were so unusual I shall tell them to you now. Late one afternoon as the shadows were fading into the gray blue of twilight, I had strolled across the campus and seated myself on a stone at the edge of the amphitheatre. The round white moon shone dimly through the white mist in the sky, as I made my supplication to the unseen spirits of Flora Macdonald. Suddenly the amphitheatre became a pool whose waters sparkled like dew-drops at sun-rise. Down from the moon there shot a shaft of shimmering light straight into the pool, turning its waters to gold. As I gazed in amazement a figure tall and stately, robed in folds of blue and white and wearing a seal on her breast, arose out of the pool and the spirit of Flora Macdonald stood before me. "I am the prophet of your destiny. Fame, love, fortune, or ill luck, I can reveal to my daughters. The moon-beams are my messengers and if you gaze intently into yonder pool of 'What Was and What Is To Be,' they will show *you what you* desire to know." As the spirit ceased speaking there came to me out of the still depths of the pool the sound of bells, joyously ringing, and Mendelssohn's Wedding March played softly. Through the flower-laden fragrance of a June morning there came a bridal procession. It passed into a church decorated with white roses, white lilies, and white candles. As the bride in white satin and tulle stood before the altar and the solemn words of the minister fell upon the hushed air, "I pronounce you man and wife," I realized that Annie Lee Funk was no more.

A crowded lecture hall grew to a reality before my eyes. There was a loud burst of applause from the audience as a learned looking gentleman finished his introduction of the South's most celebrated pedagogical lecturer, Margaret Hall, who would speak to the mothers, fathers, and teachers of her home town on the value and proper direction of the social instinct in children.

Suddenly there occurred in the pool a series of rythmic movements, a flutter of filmy garments, a flash of bare arms and a distant sound of music, but the vision was so obscured that I couldn't make out what it was until a faint breeze blew the enveloping mist across the face of the pool. I looked then and saw twelve or fifteen of Philadelphia's leading women dressed in filmy gauze and ballet slippers pirouetting to the music of a victrola on the grass under the trees. "I've lost ten pounds since I began aesthetic dancing," I heard one fat lady say as they all seated themselves on the grass and began sipping lemonade out of tall glasses. "Yes," replied the slender, dark-haired director, "aesthetic dancing certainly has all the others beat," and from the sound of her voice I recognized Luey Humsucker. From New Orleans to Philadelphia had roamed Luey, teaching aesthetic dancing as a sure prevention against the oncoming fat of middle age.

Through the still depths of the pool there next came a magnificent flood of light and colors in every tone and hue of the rainbow, and Paris in all her witching beauty appeared before me. Through the Boulevard ——— there came a briskly stepping American girl who passed into the Grand Opera House. Here, when comfortably seated, she took out a tiny gold pencil and a leather-bound note-book and began to take notes of the latest tendencies in the world of fashion, which is always represented in the Grand Opera House. Perhaps a few Parisiennes tilted their noses slightly at her, but what did Mary McCulloch care? Was she not director of America's most exclusive designers' guild and receiving \$15,000 per year for her contributions to the world of fashion?

Crowds and crowds of little men and women dressed in furs from head to toe began to pass before my eyes. A distant land all covered with snow and ice as far as eye could reach unfolded





itself and over it fluctuated the Aurora Borealis, who was putting in her annual appearance in far-away Finland. The large athletic young woman who moved about among the Eskimos and exhorted them to come over the hockey field and get their shine knocked off, was none other than Phoebe Wakefield. I marvelled that the little men and women appeared so indifferent when I remembered the awe in which Phoebe's physical prowess had always kept me in the old days at College.

Main Street, in Maxton, N. C., next appeared, and on a sign-board in front of the biggest building there, situated on the busiest corner, read "Jones & McGirt, Designing and Tailoring Establishment." From the appearance of the interior of the building it would appear that not only Maxton, but all the surrounding towns would find all their shopping problems solved. Misses Jones & McGirt had reduced Designing and Tailoring to such a fine art that they could turn out *Distinctive* and *Individual* garments at a price on a par with the ready-to-wear houses.

I saw the public square of a small South Carolina town. In the center of an excited group of people was an aeroplane, and a young woman gesticulating excitedly as she talked to the rapidly increasing crowd. "On Mars," she was saying, "they have perfected a system of language by which one is able to talk forever without ever bothering to *think*." Vera Coe had just returned to her home town from a trip to Mars, where she had been the honored guest of His Honor, the president, Mr. Ghkrrimp Thymque.

As Vera and her spell-bound audience receded from view, cocoanut and palm trees and little black people began to appear and gradually assumed the form of a South Sea Island. A small white woman in a Highland Scotch costume presently appeared and began to urge all the little black girls to leave off drinking cocoanut milk and come over to the gym and learn the Highland Fling. Mamie Baker had left home and friends in order that these little black girls might not die in ignorance of "toe dancing."

A full moon rode high in the sky above a country lawn. It must have been a Spring night, for the odor of wisteria came faintly on the breeze and the leaves were green. A man and maid were there and as red-headed Miriam Harrison tilted her chin and walked disdainfully away from him, I heard the familiar words, "You know I'm a creature of moods, leave me!" "Poor man," I thought, "I can sympathize with him."

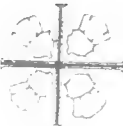
A large room, equipped with all the furnishings of a real home, but in size to suit children of kindergarten age, next met my view. A voice was saying, "Here are the things for our afternoon tea," and as she spoke a dozen or more little girls began laying the tiny tables with all the precision of a skilled housewife. The lady who had spoken was Bonnie Bulla, and she was conducting this project school for the purpose of demonstrating her latest evolved pedagogical theory, that the kindergarten age is the time when the instinct which promotes efficient home-making is uppermost.

The atmosphere was changing. Over my senses stole the familiar odor of Formaldehyde. Around me appeared numerous girls busily working over wax-bottomed trays on which reclined "his majesty, Mr. Hop Toad." "Oh, Miss Street," one girl exclaimed, "do come here, for I believe I've located the cerebral ganglion." The instructor turned and I looked into the face of Lillian Street, B.S. and M.S.

Out of the half shadows of the pool a great white building slowly took form and from it issued the odor of anaesthetics: Myriads of white beds, white tables, white gowned women and glittering steel instruments appeared around me. I looked and saw that every bed contained a child; some were emaciated and sad, some sullen and hopeless looking, but as a tall light-haired woman with a light in her eye and a purpose in her attitude appeared, every child's face softened and brightened. I looked again and recognized Billie Whiteside, the head nurse of the Charity Hospital for New York's outcast children. Beside her was a tall, distinguished-looking man, the hospital physician and Billie's husband.

A tiny speck of light came into the pool and out of it grew first a tennis racket, then Dess Black, holding it in one hand and in the other a silver loving cup for the Championship in Tennis of the Inter-State Tennis League of America. A host of friends and newspaper men stood around. "We really must go, my dear," I heard the elderly lady with her exclaim as they passed into a Packard limousine. "You remember that your husband is expecting you to go with him to hear Galli-Curci tonight." Wife of New Orleans' most influential lawyer takes up tennis as a past-time. Champion in college"—scribbled one of the newspaper men.

Change after change began to appear in the pool. I followed the half-distinct figure in blue serge as she boarded a railway train and climbed up the deck of a ship which bore her to





the Museums of England and France, where she seemed to be searching for some particular thing. From these she passed down into Italy, Spain, Portugal and the shores of the blue Mediterranean. At first I could not make out her occupation, but as a stronger beam of light from the moon glided across the pool I saw that she was visiting all of the curio shops along her route. "I wonder who she is, and what she is doing?" I said to myself, but before I could think further about it she was moving again. This time she went on quite a long journey and visited a great many places on the way. At last she joined a caravan of camel drivers and came to the land of the pyramids, Egypt, and I felt the hot air of the desert sweep my face. It was here, while she was examining the mummy cloths in an ancient tomb of the year 2000 B. C. that the pool was flooded with light and I heard a well-known voice say, "I have an insatiable curiosity to know if these mummies ever took D. A. Five." It was my old friend Margaret Morton, who had received such an inspiration from this course that she had decided to devote her time to a study of the source and development of the designs of antique peoples. There was a suggestion in the pool of a book on this subject to be edited on Margaret's return to America and with a flutter of crisp new bills the vision faded.

After seeing so many of my friends in such strange and divers occupations I was happy at last to see a comfortable house in the country set well back from the road and shaded by giant oak trees. Through the front door I saw a large living room in buff and blue with rose chintz hangings. In the center of it was Ada McCracken, calmly rocking herself and looking as if there were nothing in the world about taking care of a man and a house that she did not know.

This scene of happy domesticity faded and in their stead I saw high mountain peaks. They were completely enveloped in white mist and I was wondering why I had been given this view when a breeze blew across the valley and carried the vapors away. In the valley was revealed a new industrial school for mountain girls. Inside Julia Ramsey, with the aid of one other, was teaching a student body of 150 pupils a great variety of subjects. How like Julia, I thought, always equally interested in every task that comes before her.

The tang of the salt sea breeze came to me and out of the waters Wilmington, N. C., erected itself. On a down-town office I read, "E. Whitted, Architect," and as I looked Eliza, looking just as business-like as ever, came down the steps talking to a lady in costly sables. "Yes," Eliza was saying, "the plan I have submitted to you can be erected at a cost of \$25,000, and will be quite appropriate for that part of Wilmington in which you are intending to live." As the lady in the furs stepped into a Paige limousine I saw it was Mildred McCauley, who had been married ten years. Even I do not dare call his name, but I was assured that he was as rich as the proverbial Croesus. In a book-store which presently came within my line of vision a pile of newly bound books was rapidly diminishing before an ever-increasing demand. On the binding in gilt letters was printed "Poems of the Sea," by "E. Whitted," and on the fly-leaf, "Dedicated to the Class of '23." The Wilmington Times fluttered for an instant before me and I caught the words of a front page headline, "Woman's Club entertained Friday, June 6, 1936, in honor of their distinguished fellow-townswoman, Eliza MacKay Whitted, successful architect and promising poet."

I was in New York and walking down Fifth Avenue when my attention was attracted, even in that swiftly moving throng, to a slender girlish looking lady who was the most artistically gowned woman I had seen. Something hauntingly familiar about the poise of her head and her quick alive step had first attracted me, and the same indefinite something now led me to follow in the direction she was going. I came pretty soon to an establishment bearing the sign, "Monsieur and Madame Du Vaux, Designers and Gown Builders." I went into the reception hall, the quiet elegance of which assured me that none but N. Y. Ultra-fashionable were in the habit of coming here. I was about to retrace my steps, thinking that so exclusive a shop was no place for me, when the two proprietors entered and I recognized in my lady of Fifth Avenue my old class-mate and sharer in the woes of D. A. Alma Burgess Du Vaux.

The next scene was of a "Petit Ville" in Southern France. In front of a large school building were crowds of children playing. They were talking glibly in French, so glibly that I could comprehend only a part of their chatter. Not so, Flora McIntyre, however, because little about French escaped her in college and when the opportunity came to her of a position as English teacher in France, she was off on the next ship. I was told by an authority that the first thing she taught her pupils was an English translation of "Sois Toujours Comme La Violette," and the English equivalent of "Vous venez de la Province."





An edition of the musical America slowly took form next and on its front page a full-length picture of America's most popular opera singer, together with a very complimentary criticism by America's best musical critic and composer, attracted my attention. I swelled with pride when I recognized a member of my own Class of '23—Louise Mandeville, better known to us as Man-deville, with the accent on the *de*. "There is more than you have seen with your eyes," the spirit of Flora Macdonald said slowly, "but I shall open them." I looked again and there was a luxurious drawing room filled with artists and musicians who insisted that their host and hostess favor them with the host's latest and best-known composition, "My Love is a 'Poesy."

Through the still water of the pool of "What Was and What Is To Be," there came the glimmer of many harbor lights and out from the golden gates of San Francisco there passed a Pacific liner bound for the Orient. As the flutter of handkerchiefs grew indistinct in the distance and the forms of the people on board began to fade, just one face stood out clearly and distinctly with eyes turned toward the horizon. Janie Buchanan was leaving America—but not alone. The vision faded and in its place there appeared far away Japan and Gifu. On a cherry bordered street there stood an interesting looking building bearing the inscription, "Gifu School for Girls and Conservatory of Music." Inside were rows and rows of Japanese girls of twelve to twenty years of age, marshalled in line to greet their newly arrived President and Dean of Music. An American lady and gentleman entered, and I recognized them as the same I had seen leaving San Francisco harbor in the glory of the sunrise. The lady was Janie Buchanan—?

An atmosphere of justice pervaded everything as I still gazed into the pool, a court-room appeared and on the judge's bench sat a learned looking person, who as she rose to read the verdict I recognized as Margaret MacLeod.

The scene shifted once again and I saw a great international athletic track meet in Paris. Athletes were all about, some jumping, some running and some playing hockey, but ever the winner in every hockey game was Hannah MacNeill. Among the Parisians she had gained great prowess, not alone because of her ability as an athlete but quite as much because of her charming manner of speaking French.

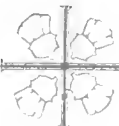
There was a tremendous stir in the waters of the pool. New York in a panoramic view was spread before me. It seemed that all New York was going in one direction. Magnificently gowned women in luxurious limousines, more soberly dressed people in less pretentious cars, people in street cars and people in taxis, all passed in the direction of the Metropolitan Opera House, where they were going that night to hear the biggest success of the season, Mary Alice Boyd, at the piano.

Again the moon threw a glimmering shaft of light across the magic pool. It shaded into the rosy glow and winking foot-lights of a stage in a dim theatre. A determined Juliet was telling a devoted Romeo to "deny thy father and refuse thy name" with all the old passion that Onie Ruth Erwin was accustomed to exhibit in the Public Speaking Class back at F. M. C. As the morning paper took form before me, I read in the Music and Dramatic Arts department that the new actress taking the part of Juliet was showing wonderful possibilities and that critics believed that she and her husband, who played Romeo with her, would be the successors of Southerland and Marlowe in the production of Shakespearean drama in the future.

But what should I see next? Piles and Piles of peach kernels and in the center of a perfectly equipped laboratory, Ruth Nowell testing a light colored substance in a test tube with all the patience of a Job. "At last," she cried in ecstasy, lifting the test tube on high! Ruth had made the discovery and her fame was assured. Peach kernels contained a substance which was a sure prevention of wrinkles. She had found the fabled "Fountain of Youth," and *Men* throughout all ages would rise up and call her blessed.

This vision too faded and for a long while there was nothing. Then ghosts of D.S. laboratories, newspaper offices, papers of all kinds came into the pool. Through these scenes one figure passed, always alone. I had just realized that the lone figure was myself when the vision faded. I suppressed a sigh of keen disappointment as I remembered—"that the fates are kind."

ANNA MAE CADDELL, Class Prophet.





PHOEBE WAKEFIELD
most Independent

BILLY WHITESIDE
Sweetest

MARGARET MCGIRT
BEST HOUSEKEEPER

BILLY WHITESIDE
Most POPULAR

MARGARET MORTON
Cutest

ALMA BURGESS
NEATEST

JANIE BUCHANAN
Most Musical

MARTHA MILLER JONES
PRETTIEST

BILLY WHITESIDE
BEST ALL ROUND





FLORA MCINTYRE
most PRACTICAL

ANNIE LEE FUNK
most Attractive

HANAH MCNIEL
most Athletic

ANNIE LEE FUNK
most stylish

RUTH NOWELL
most DIGNIFIED

ELIZA WHITTED
most Capable

ANNA MAE CADDELL
most Intellectual

ONIE RUTH IRWIN
most Optimistic

VERA COE
most Original





Senior Class Poem



Our knowledge gained these four years passed
Of books and folks and things that last,
Of friendship, play and honor true,
Flora Macdonald, we owe to you,
Know then, that we of "'23",
Whate'er we are, wher'er we be,
Will give the world a part of you,
As of its work our share we do,
You have our love and highest praise,
And always in the coming days
Through space and time we'll hear you call
And gladly answer one and all:
Dear Flora Macdonald.





JUNIOR

47





Junior Class

Motto: "Knowledge is Power"

Colors: Green and Gold

Flower: Yellow Rose

Officers

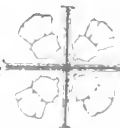
MILDRED WEST.....*President*
IDA STREET.....*Vice-President*
ELIZABETH SCOTT.....*Secretary*
NELLE THOMASSON.....*Treasurer*



Junior Class Poem

T—o thee oh class of twenty-four,
Our love and loyalty give 'oer ;
W—hile many have scattered 'oer the land,
Eighteen true hearts together stand ;
E—arnestly striving to live aright,
We work and love with all our might ;
N—earer to our caps and gowns,
Which we value more than Crowns ;
T—he happy days glide swiftly by,
Each moment binds us with a tie ;
Y—ears all filled with hope and cheer,
We owe our Alma Mater dear.

F—orward we go doing our best,
We have quality for our test ;
O—ur hearts are grasping, holding fast,
True ideals that always last ;
"U"—are what has helped us thru,
U and U and U and U ;
R—eady to do our share and **more,**
Comes the echo of **twenty four.**





MILDRED WEST

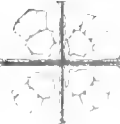
RYDA ARNOLD

AGNES BUSTARD

CHARLOTTE GARTH

MADGE HARDAWAY

MARJORIE HUNTLEY





DOZIA LANGSTON

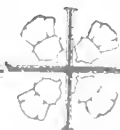
LOUISE McALPINE

JENNIE McCUTCHEON

FLORA MACDONALD

ELIZABETH MORTON

MARTHA NORDAN





HELEN POPE

ELIZABETH SCOTT

IDA STREET

GEORGIA TOMLINSON

NELLIE THOMASON

LAVINIA WADE





History of the Class of 1924



TINY space in Clio's voluminous scroll is dedicated to the history of the Class of 1924. It is a very insignificant record compared with the all-important ones like the World War, the coal strikes, and League of Nations, and many ignore it entirely, but in case there are some who might be interested we take the liberty of reproducing it here.

Early in the Fall of 1920 ninety-five frightened young women, for they were all frightened, whether they admit it or not, alighted from the train in Red Springs, North Carolina. From this body was mustered the Class of 1924.

We entered College, as most girls do—fresh and green—and were easily scared into obeying the Sophomores. Soon after our entrance we organized our class with "Orange and Green" as our colors, and under the motto "Knowledge Is Power." Our Freshman year wasn't all uphill work. The daily agonies of Solid Geometry, French, and Latin, mingled well with the good times that only Freshmen can have.

Having passed along the rugged road of Knowledge for nine months, we opened our eyes in unbelievable excitement to find ourselves in the midst of the greatest Commencement that Flora Macdonald has ever known. To us it was, indeed, the most exciting time that we had experienced during our stay at F. M. C. But we did not realize what it meant until one by one our friends departed, while tears rolled down our cheeks.

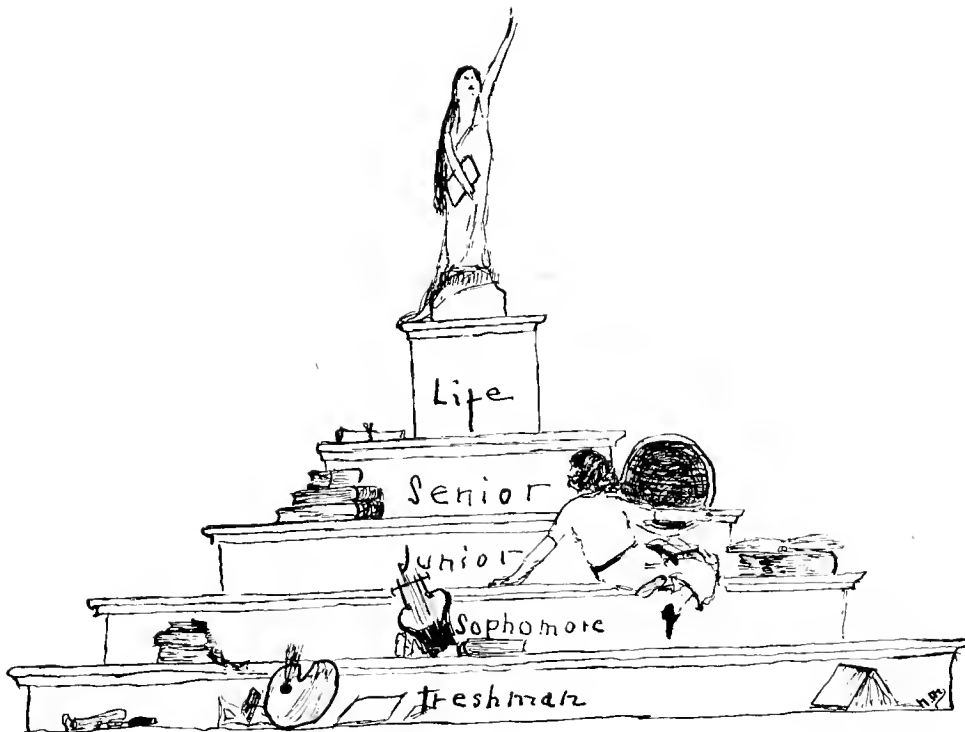
The following Fall 1924 returned endowed, in her own estimation, with the wisdom of Minerva. But she bowed beneath the iron rod of Sophomore English, and it was only after hours spent in the library in close confinement with such noted writers as Chaucer, Spencer, and Burns, was she able to hold up her head again. During the year we governed the "Freshies" in a commendable though not despotic manner and fitted them to become efficient Sophomores.

When we returned in the Fall of 1922 about three-fourths of our number were either lost, strayed or stolen. Anyway, they were not with us, and we missed them terribly. As Juniors, this year, we are filled with "diplomatic" hopes. We all hope while here to fit ourselves for the life of service we must live.

When we do go out into the world we intend to carry our share of life's responsibilities and to be loyal Alumni of our Alma Mater.

J. McCUTCHEN, '24.





SOPHOMORE





Sophomore Class

Motto: "The surest way not to fail is to determine to succeed"

Flower: Red Rose

Colors: Red and Black

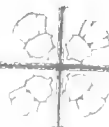
Class Officers

GRACE CARR.....*President*
GRACE MOODY.....*Vice-President*
MARGARET HANSEL.....*Secretary*
GRACE GOODMAN.....*Treasurer*

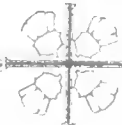
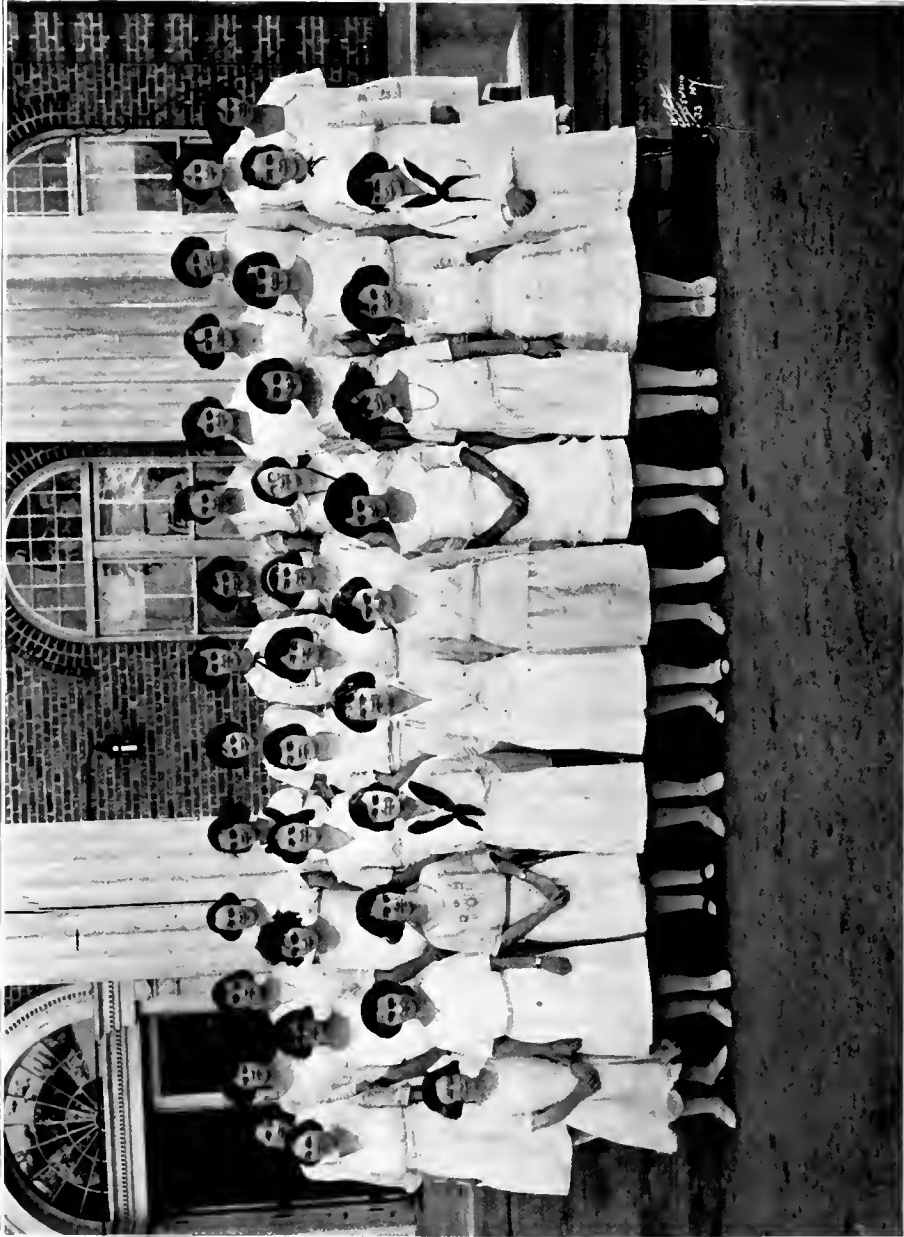
Class Roll

BARR, ALICE
BETHEA, DELL
BRANNEN, ELIABETH
BROWN, GRACE
BUTLER, HELENA
CARR, ALICE
CARR, GRACE
COOKE, LINDA
DALRYMPLE, ALICE
DEATON, CATHERINE
DELORME, MILDRED
DOUGLASS, MARGARET
DOUGLASS, LOUISE
DOWDLE, MARGARET
FRANK, VIRGINIA B.
FOUNTAIN, AVIS
GLASURE, RUTH
GOODMAN, GRACE
HANSEL, MARGARET
HERRING, ELEANOR
JOHNSON, M. LUCILLE
JONES, ONNIE
JONES, M. ORA
LEGGETT, CELESTE
LESTER, MARY LOU
LOVE, MARY

MAYNARD, CLAUDIA
McBRYDE, MARY
McCALLUM, LOUISE
McCUTCHEN, ELMA
McCUTCHEN, VIRGINIA
McGOOGAN, FLORABEL
McKINNON, PAULINE
McLAURIN, PEARL
McLEAN, JONSIE
McMILLAN, KATHERINE
McMURRAY, CHARLOTTE
McPAUL, CHRISTINE
MILLS, IRENE
MOODY, GRACE
MORTON, NELLE
MORTON, MARY
NEESE, ANNIE LOUISE
PORTER, JULIA
RHODES, RUTH
SCOTT, SALLIE
SMITH, MIRIAM
STEVENSON, MABLE
TATE, LUCILLE
WARD, SELMA
YOUNG, CAROLINE
VAN DALSEN, MARTHA



The
WHITE
HEATHER





Our History

Sophomores—"The Wisest Fools in Christendom."

PILLARED gateway, curving drive, broad portico, crowded rotunda, and N-O-I-S-E! "Horrors! Did we have to face *ALL* these strangers? Kind guardian angel, where do we go from here?" Anyone who has been a Freshman can live again its terrors of First Day with Miss Nineteen Twenty-Five, or ninety odd Misses, as she struggled with the mysteries and intricacies of registration, trembling-kneed faced first classes, and wept in the haven, queer haven! of a bare and dusty room, any number, any hall.

"Mother, I'm coming home." "I *wish* I were home," "I *hate* this place—stock phrases in September's interminable catalogue of days. But mysteriously and unexpectedly October brought teachers' smiles, pretty rooms, and winged spirits. "College wasn't so bad, after all." Then, with the first "taste of blood"—our recognition as a class—we felt our young importance "in embryo." Fall days flew on winged feet, Armistice Day with Geddes, a blessed oasis, until November 24th, Thanksgiving, with its diphtheria which took us homeward—where we could largely and importantly speak of the "hours we were carrying." "our college's policies," etc., etc. OH—it's a glorious feeling.

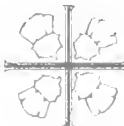
Then in the midst of school again athletics suddenly swamped the horizon. Victory, championship in basketball, and our first set of "rubber caps" ordered by a long-suffering band of teachers and fellow classes. But what fourth class *wouldn't* be a little "pepped up" over such prominence? And April 3rd bringing *our* Soph-Fresh Reception to "pep" still more.

Remember, gentle Miss or Sir, your first commencement? Probably your pulses have regained their gentle beat, your eyes their accustomed place, and your spirits, normalcy. But May Day, Class Day, Senior Play, and the Exercises still wake in us a thrill, with the hint of tears behind as we think of our young and unsophisticated hearts bidding our "big sisters" good-bye.

A short time—misery, *what* a short time, and the pillared gateway again. But this time with what ennui, or attempted ennui, we strutted in. "Those new girls can tell *I'm* old when they see the very way I walk. Poor things, wonder if I can help them. Goodness, I must hurry and see about my work." And so the second year began. The second year? The first of *real* work. Yet athletics, too, with hockey almost our god. And truth to tell, a little of old Nick still in us, if you credit the present Freshman class. But it's only in their interest, to make them as good as *we* are, or think we are, that we undertake their education.

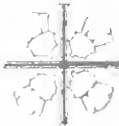
So the days pass. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new"—and we truly find "the surest way not to fail is to determine to succeed." Thus Twenty-Five has won her name, and is still winning it. Wait for the Spring elections! You find perseverance, accomplishment, ability, sportsmanship, all in the dictionary—and in the *Sophomore Class*. On to victory—and Juniorhood!

E. BRANNEN, Historian.





FRESHMEN





freshman class

motto: "dum vivemus bene vivemus" ("while we live, let us live well")

flower: california poppy

colors: grey and orange

class officers

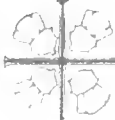
dorothy hope-----*president*
ferdinande poppe-----*vice-president*
sara frances marshal-----*secretary*
louise bennett-----*treasurer*

class roll

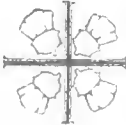
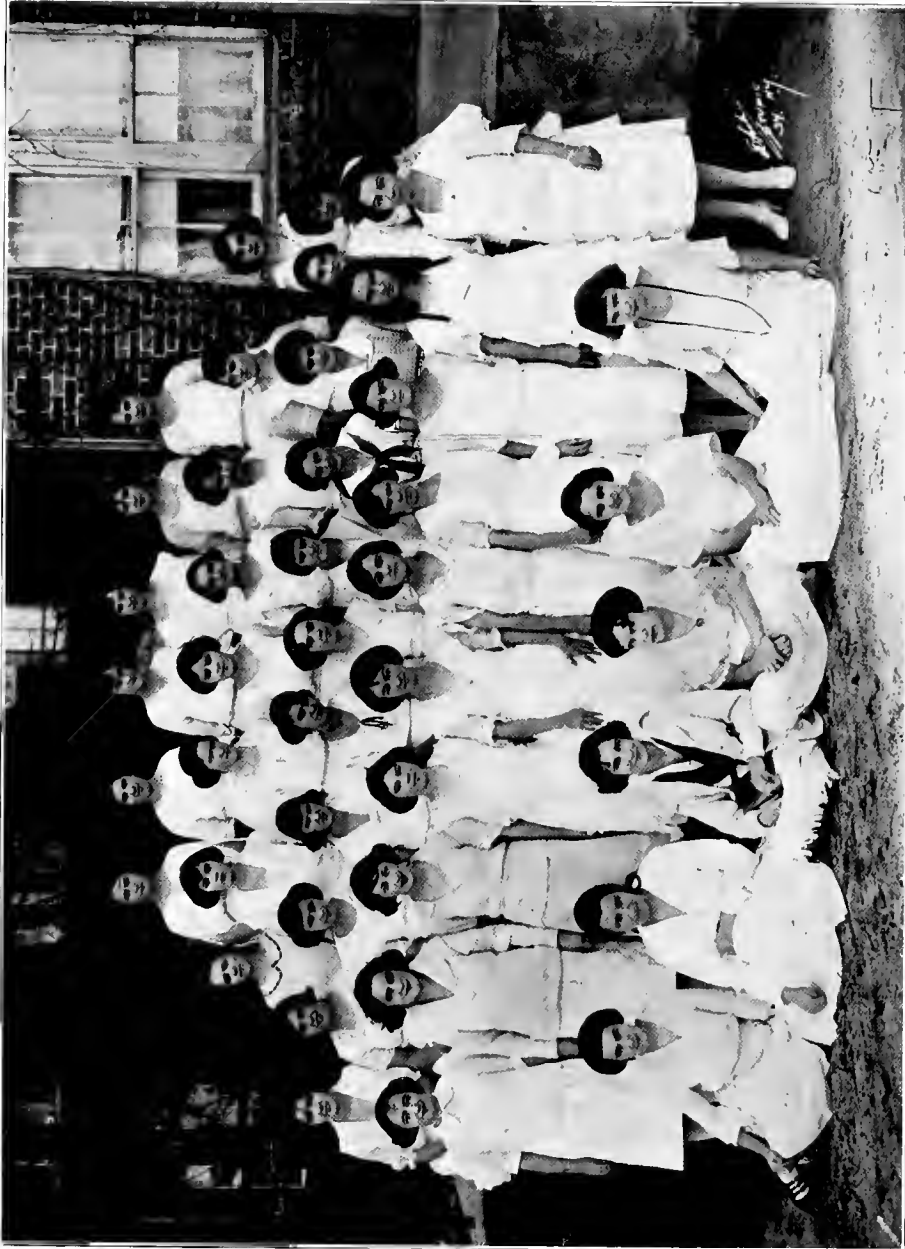
allan, jane adjer
baker, elizabeth
bean, annie
bennett, louise
bethea, louise
bradley, snowe
britt, nelle
brown, lollie
bouie, annie
carson, louise
chandler, irene
cook, mary
davies, louise
dees, sallie
ellis, margaret
evans, effie
feiton, julia ann
floyd, annabel
frazier, lois creole
freeman, pearl

gibbs, eula
henderson, willie alma
hill, mary louise
hodgin, martitia
hope, dorothy
horton, mary kate
hughs, elizabeth
jackson, margaret
jenkins, sara
jenkins, theo
johnston, k. lucile
jones, truet
kitrell, ruth
lennon, mary lou
maness, maria
marshal, sara frances
maxwell, ora mate
mcdonald, viola

mcilveen, scott
mckinnon, rozelle
mcleod, agnes
mitchell, julia
monroe, bess
nauce, ava grey
owen, anne marye
poole, mae johnson
poppe, ferdinande
robinson, amy
russell, elizabeth
seabrooke, annie
shaw, mary e.
sikes, elizabeth
steele, janie mae
street, ruth
styles, alena
vardell, mary linda
wallace, elizabeth
wilcox, austin



The
WHITE
HEATHER





Third Year Irregulars

FAIRCLOTH, HAZEL	-----	Conway, S. C.
HALL, MURPHY	-----	St. Pauls, N. C.
JOHNSON, ELSIE	-----	Belmont, N. C.
LATIMER, KATE	-----	Pageland, S. C.
NEELY, MAE	-----	Mocksville, N. C.
SINCLAIR, MAE	-----	Wilmington, N. C.
WOODRUFF, ELIZABETH	-----	Mocksville, N. C.





Second Year Irregulars

BAIN, NELLIE	Wade, N. C.
BROWN, AMANDA	Red Springs, N. C.
BROWN, ESTHER	Fairmont, N. C.
CRAWFORD, ALLIE	Lyerly, N. C.
DONNELL, MITTIE	Greensboro, N. C.
LAW, MARY	Elliott, N. C.
LEWIS, HAZEL	Middlesex, N. C.
McLEAN, JEAN	Windell, N. C.
McDONALD, ELIZABETH	Lincolnton, N. C.
PATTEN, METTA	Calypso, N. C.
WITHERSPOON, ELIZABETH	Rock Hill, S. C.
WILLIAMSON, FRANCES	Fayetteville, N. C.



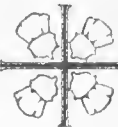


First Year Irregulars

ALLEN, VIRGINIA
 ALFORD, TOCHIE
 ARNETTE, ODESSA
 ASBURY, MARY
 ASHLIN, VIRGINIA
 BACOT, MARIE
 BEARD, LENA
 CAUDELL, SALLIE
 CARTY, JOSEPHINE
 CAVERNAUGH, MARY
 CELLERS, MARY
 CONOLFY, MARY
 EDMINSTON, PAULINE
 EDWARDS, CLAUDIA
 ERWIN, RUTH
 FAIRES, MARIE
 FLETCHER
 FLEMING, MARY ELIZABETH
 FRYE, MARY
 HARGRAVE, RUBY
 HARRIS, MARTHA LAIRD

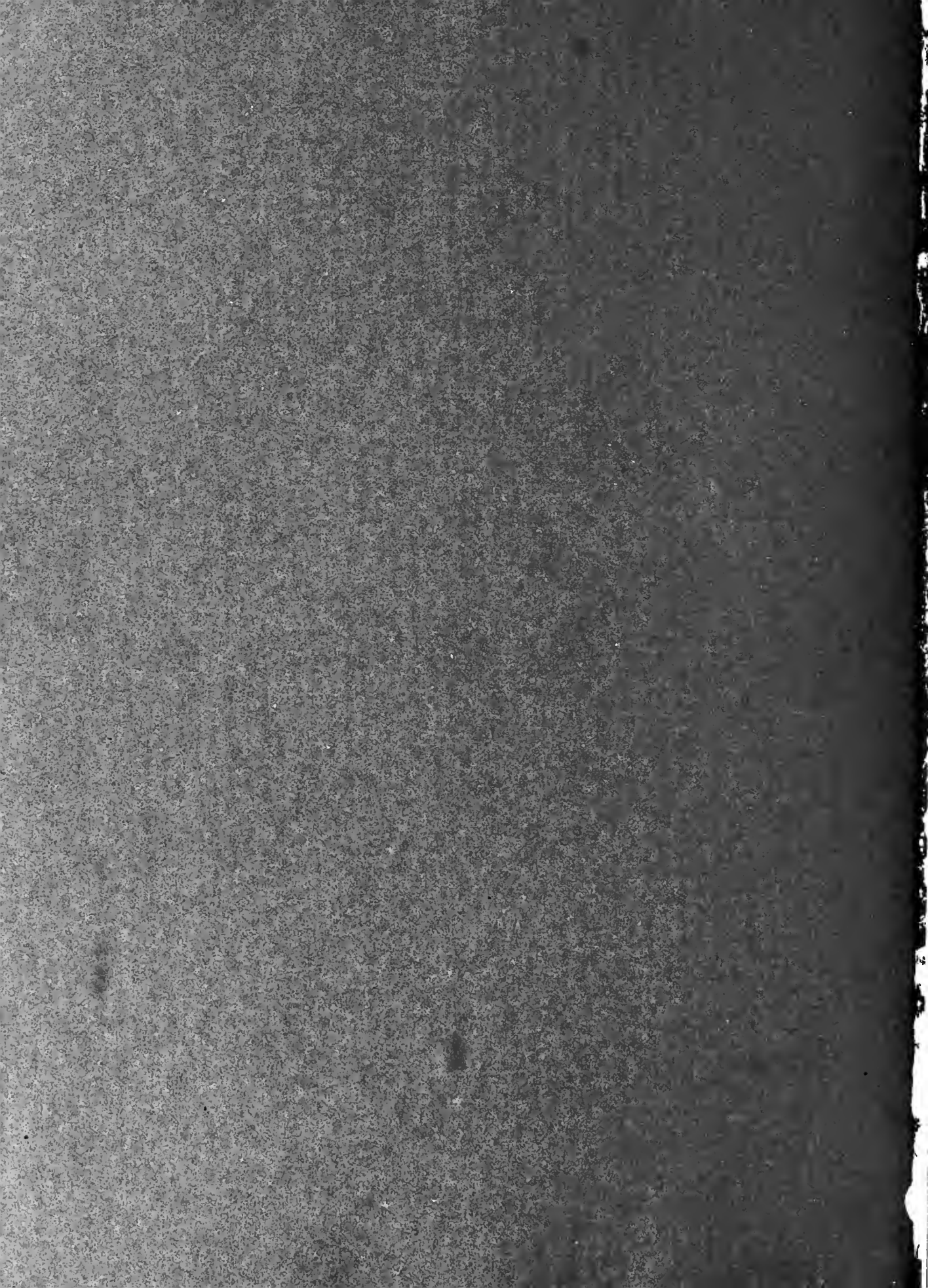
HORTON, MARTHA
 HOUGH, NELL
 HOUGH, WILMA
 JOHNSON, MARGARET
 JONES, ANNIE LEIGH
 KIMBLE, NETTIE
 LEDBETTER, MOLLIE
 LEWIS, ELLEN
 LITTLE, DAIZY
 LOCKHART, HELEN
 MARONEY, KATHERINE
 MARTIN, ELBERTA
 McCONNELL, ESTHER
 McDANIEL, LEONA
 McINTYRE, MARGUERITE
 McKAY, MARY
 McKEITHAN, SADIE
 McMILLIAN, MARY BELL
 McNEIL, KATHERINE
 McQUEEN, VERA
 MENZIES, MARY STUART
 MASSENGILLE, INA

MONROE, MAMIE
 MOORE, AMORET
 NORRIS, ELIZABETH
 OLIVER, JESSIE
 PHILIPS, SADIE
 POLLARD, CAROLINE
 PRICE, REBECCA
 RADCLIFFE, ORA
 ROBBINS, JULIA
 SEAGO, CLARA
 SAWYER, ETTA
 SIKES, ELIZABETH
 SMITH, JULIA
 SPROULE, KATHERINE
 TOMLINSON, ORA
 WAKEFIELD, MARGARET
 WALL, EFFIE
 WILKINSON, ANNIE MAE
 WILLIAMS, LOUISE
 WILLIAMS, NORA
 WOOD, MARY





Book II.
Literary





LITERARY





A Sprig of Heath

Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom
Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor;
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Both valour's crest and beauty's bower
Oft hast thou deck'd a favorite flower.

Flower of my heart! thy fragrance mild,
Of peace and freedom seen to breathe;
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
And deck my bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old my rustic sires,
Is all my simple wish requires.



The Set of Three: "Life as She's Lived" Auspicious—?

Bell ringing, sleep clinging, sighs sounding, resounding, forced waking, rest taking, all dressing, all fussing. It's the five-minute bell.

Visit F. M. C., oh explorer of life, on a Monday morning, preferably 7:25 a. m.; weather rather worse; object unbiased investigation. Take your stand near the rotunda and wait. For long? No, already the dusky servitor, faithful (under pressure) Jim, ambles from regions kitchenward to the Liberty (?) bell, which woe-betide fair maidens in regions above, is at its "time to ring again." Said time is forever inopportune, not to say disgusting, for instance when we birthday spread the night before, have just received seventy-odd proposals, a smile from every teacher, or like phenomena. And the aforesaid bell rouses us to "labor on."

Monday morning, remember! Hark to the chimes! Could mortal hear unmoved? Nay, verily! Not with four minutes to adorn herself and ease in the doors, four garments, shoes—note state of strings, and three hairpins to the good. To continue, said explorer, canst thou hear sounds through the marble halls? Methinks the silver notes have pierced the ears of earnest saintly maidens who are angels—*never more* (Poe never was our strong point, hence the mixture) and roused them from the arms of Morpheus, i. e., sleep, according to Homer or one of the ancient ones—we forget. There's a desperate sound of closing windows, if one had time to note state of weather in the rush, a breath through the house, too, whose source no doubt could be traced to accumulated sighs of three hundred fair Elaines rousing from their lily beds. Lancelot had nothing on downy couches if you talk of grief at deprivation of loved things. Then a frantic dressing, sounds of which sampled thus resembles a questionnaire: Martha, where's my other shoe? You seen my tie? You 'most dressed? Where is that hair net? and my powder puff? That the last bell?

It was! Now, questing visitor, view the ruins of the four-minute campaign. That dash around the corner with sundry peddler's packs? Merely taking their laundry to the elevator. The rush to the insignificant box on second floor? Mail, my man, mail. All important that to get Sunday's letters off, home and otherwise. *And other wise—*

The last stage now. Here they come — tall, short, etcetera. Clothes on partly, etcetera. All the rest of it. You know the list. Watch out, a mad stampede. Most of 'em through the big doors—a few stragglers—tables full, chairs, Hush! A blessing on the meal, Seats, It's started—a new week—a beginning of sorts. Time will tell *what sort—*

E. B., '24





Cross Court Conversation As Is

Lonesome? Oh well, who wouldn't be looking at that sunset? It's queer, isn't it, that late afternoon brings back memories of home? And riding into the sunset, and dreams? And all the joys that hover phantom memories, round the dome of F. M. C.? Phantom memories, too far almost for retrospect save in this hour of "rest for the weary," classes over. When with apologies to Kipling, "faith we shall need it," meaning the rest. Let's sit in the window a while. Funny how every one of the hundred or so girls round the court had the same desire not long since.

Of course we are homesick, and we want to gaze this late afternoon into the blue distance and dream. But a little talk wouldn't hurt. Besides, we're feeling mean and, oh, no, there's no *rule* against it, but "we've heard" the faculty, exquisite arbiters, are not so keen on all "this loud talking cross court."

"Say, Hazel, who you writing to. It's *some* letter with all that concentration depicted on your fair countenance."

"It ought to be, I'm lonesome."

"Hurry up, so I can tell you what happened 'down the street Monday."

"Most there. Look at the way that crazy's fixing her locks over yonder, while I finish."

"Want me to play the uke? Little soft inspiration."

Hub, Miss Smith's in her room—Called us down twice already and told us to read Lamentations or Psalms or something, and reform.

"She's not there now." Then strains of music. Music? It all depends on the critic.

"Say, if you can carry a tune, carry it down to the furnace and leave it."

"Marvelous musician criticising—not! You woke us up yelling this morning—Hurry, Hazel, tell 'em a joke and stop."

"No funny stuff allowed. This is strictly—er—business. Anyhow, nothing's funny these days. I just sent my report home."

You know what that lady gave me in—Wait a minute—Come.

Silence from first room. Five minutes linger on. Then a penetrating whisper, still "cross court," however.

"Hazel, go to sleep—she's coming with some more scripture—And we weren't doing a thing. Told me if we wanted to talk across court to get a telephone."

Oh yeah! Cross court operator! Mercy, there she is.

Sudden quiet, *Finis*, Postum. There *was* a reason, a female arbitrating one. Second installment when "the cat's away." It happens ever thus. Will we never learn according to childhood days, that written or unwritten, rules *is* rules? And authority, peace to its iron-bound soul, reigns supreme.

E. B., '24.

Here in our F. M. C. Live the 300

Tennyson and his courageous light brigade—a childhood lesson. And we three hundred follow in their footsteps, though our battlefield is F. M. C. and our phase of life only that of school in our long journey, "travelers from the cradle to the grave." Temptations and trials we see, compensations and rewards—but through it all our wagons are hitched to the stars of high endeavor—ye stars, the poetry of heaven, hear our dreams and help us "so live" that the summons find us ready, aye, ready to leave our footprints worthy—

Small things are hardest, and petty rules confining. 'Twould be *so* easy to "get water" after light bell, to miss "the hour out," to forget "quiet hour" the rest—but ever the still whisper in us: "Is that the height of *your* honor?" And we find we no longer are thirsty, that out-doors is calling, that bells are a convenience, not a bane. A little word, honor, but it gilds the smallest deed and thought. And gilding the smallest, leaves no room for the larger deeds ever to exist except in honor-bound ways. Rules are guide lines, trials a joke, live for honor and others—and life's sunshine smiles upon you.

"That best portion of a good man's life
His little nameless, unremembered acts





Of kindness and love"—somehow gives a suggestion that in service we forget self and petty trials. Lessons go easier, life becomes golden—

And the compensation? What more could we need that we result just seen. Yet more joys are heaped on more. Friends are soul-mates, and we find them; study is learning that enriches, we have it; every phase of life comes to us and we live, live. Four years of broadening, four years' experience 'till we "are women grown" and "come into life's heritage"—

F. M. C.—here's to you! Our best and our future salute you—Sorrows and joys, college for us—and *all* the 300 join in.

E. B., '24.



A Legend of the Creek in Paradise

Long ago, when the Earth was young—
When Flora Macdonald was new,
Paradise boasted no tranquil stream
Reflecting the trees and the blue.

Only a beautiful wood was there,
Where the College girls loved to roam,
Thinking sweet thoughts of their mothers dear,
And dreaming sweet dreams of Home.

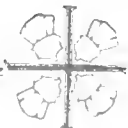
And often they sat on a shady stone,
In pensive, sorrowful mood,
And when the thoughts came creeping o'er
They wept in solitude.

And salt drops falling one by one
Soon made a little pool,
And the fairies left their flower-cup homes
To bathe in its waters cool.

And more tears swelled the pool till it grew,
And it soon became a stream.
The College girls play in its waters dark
And sit on its banks to dream.

Once in a while a tear will fall
And mingle itself with the rest,
But 'tis few who know how bitter the drops
That had an end so blest.

SALLIE SCOTT, '25.





“There is no Time Like Spring”



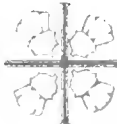
ESTER-ANNE just *felt* that it was going to be a good day. It had had an auspicious beginning in that she had actually waked, dressed and slipped down-stairs before Mother called her (thus saving a good ten minutes' wear and tear on Mother's patience and vocal cords). It was one of those unspeakably beautiful mornings of early Spring when the glory of living and growing things makes you feel like catching the whole world in your arms and dancing with it—it just has to be something foolish and impossible to express your exuberance. I don't know if you know how Ester-Anne felt or not—I think I do. She began by taking Mother, though, in a great big hug, and then Bobby and Elsie, but she was tactful enough to substitute bringing a bucket of water for Jack's hug—Jack would have resented that as an everlasting insult to his nine-year-old dignity.

The world was a glorious place. Everything went beautifully. Bobby and Elsie refrained from satisfying their insatiable desire to investigate the contents of her lunch basket and book strap as per usual; her hair had curled wonderfully, even to that very behind one that was so hard to reach, and she was wearing a new ribbon and a pretty starched-up blue gingham dress and white shoes. A *very* dressed up little girl! When she put on the dress, she thought about what Tommy Carson said once—that it was just the color of her pretty eyes. She thought about it and then shrugged her little shoulders haughtily—she *hated* boys, they were so mean and hateful. She and her chum, Virginia, had solemnly sworn never to like them, not even when they got to be young ladies with their hair done up and high-heeled slippers. Still, she often thought about his thinking her eyes were pretty, and she leaned a little closer to the mirror and wondered if he thought they were “deep violet wells of mystery” like the heroines in her story book.

She kissed Mother and the babies good-bye affectionately and skipped off to school humming a gay little song—full to the brim with the joy of living and the spirit of Spring.

“I feel,” she told herself, “as if something is going to happen to me today—some vital change in my life.” (“Vital” was a word she had just acquired yesterday and she felt puffed up with pride at using it correctly in a sentence. She liked the sound of that sentence, and she said it over to herself several times—it was so grown-upish. She would say it to Virginia when she met her a little further on). And so she went on, a little pensive now at the thoughts of the overhanging change—it might be inheriting a fortune, or being a heroine by saving the lives of some of the children from the burning school house, if it would just conveniently catch fire. She could imagine herself cheered by the crowd and taken home to her Mother, who would cry a little because she was so proud of her, but she, Ester-Anne, would be modest through it all. Or it *might* be her prince charming on a coal-black charger would ride along even right now behind her and—but here she blushed guiltily and felt like a traitor to her solemn vows. And so she went on thinking those deep, deep thoughts of youth, so often savoring of tragedies and romance. (Ester-Anne was thirteen).

Virginia was met at the usual place. She too felt the exuberance of Spring in her veins, and the two, a veritable Damon and Pythias, went on their way rejoicing. Faithful Tommy Carson, who always met them at the foot of the hill with an offer to carry their books, was snubbed even more cuttingly than ever and the two little maids tilted their saucy chins in the





air and swept past, talking in animated whispers of "great changes." Virginia too had caught the queer little feeling that something was going to happen.

The day did turn out beautifully. Never before had Ester-Anne had such creditable recitations, never before had she been so much the center of the games as she had been at lunch time, and never before had she been so conscious of Tommy's mute admiration. Incidentally, too, never had brave knight worked against such tremendous odds. She was more scornful than ever. But every dog has his day, or perhaps a more apt quotation would be, "Persistence will win out;" anyway Tommy's hour struck. Spelling came the last thing in the afternoon and it was a very exciting time. If you stayed "head" a week, you got a head mark, and if you missed a word and the next one in line spelled it, he or she "trapped" you, which was terribly galling to your pride. Now it so happened on this particular day that John Sims was head, Ester-Anne next, and the detested (?) Tommy next. Everything went well until the third word from the last in the lesson. It came to John, and it was "Caoutchouc" (Ester-Anne had looked it up and it meant hard rubber). It was a terribly mix-up word.

"Caoutchouc, John," Miss Morris said. Then followed a moment of dazed silence, John shuffled his feet, he twisted, he writhed and finally blurted out that that word wasn't in his book—a giggle—then "next," from Miss Morris crisply.

A whole day of unclouded triumph had made Ester-Anne over-confident, and gloating over her chance to trap head, she spelled the word—*wrong!* "Why, Ester-Anne," Miss Morris said in a surprised tone. "Next, Tommy."

Oh! *Why* had she said that? It was bad enough just to miss the word—it was hard just being trapped—it was *torture* to be trapped by Tommy, and on *this* day. She was abjectly miserable. Shamed tears came to her eyes and she dropped her head so her curls falling would hide them from Tommy. But what was that she heard—Tommy was spelling—he missed the word, and she could somehow tell from his tone that he knew how. He would not trap *her*. The one next got the trap, but it didn't so much matter now—there was a warm glow around her heart and she felt differently towards Tommy. She wanted to shyly slip her hand into his—she wanted to tell him she liked him. The tears that were just ready to fall, never did—she walked back to her seat almost joyfully.

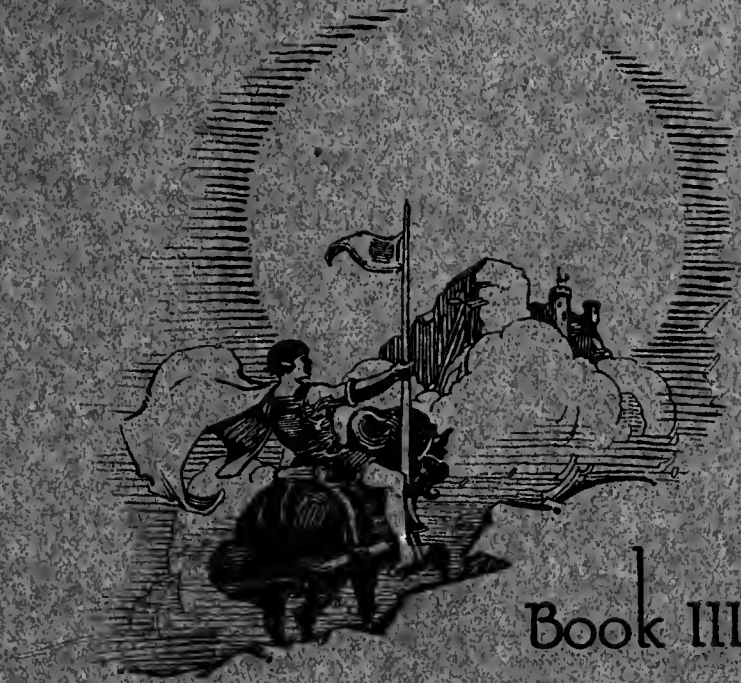
Just before the closing bell, Tommy walked past her desk with that careless swagger and eyes steadily fixed in front of him that is always like hanging out a sign, saying "I'm passing notes," and dropped a piece of paper folded into an incredibly small ball into Ester-Anne's lap. Inside was scrawled, "I wouldn't have trapped *you* for anything," and down in the corner was a heart with an arrow through it.

Virginia wept going home that afternoon. Ester-Anne was faithless—absolutely faithless. She was walking home with Tommy Carson and he was carrying her books, and she, Virginia, had plainly not been wanted. She could not bear it! Poor Virginia. Such is the way with a man and a maid—hard on a third party!

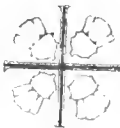
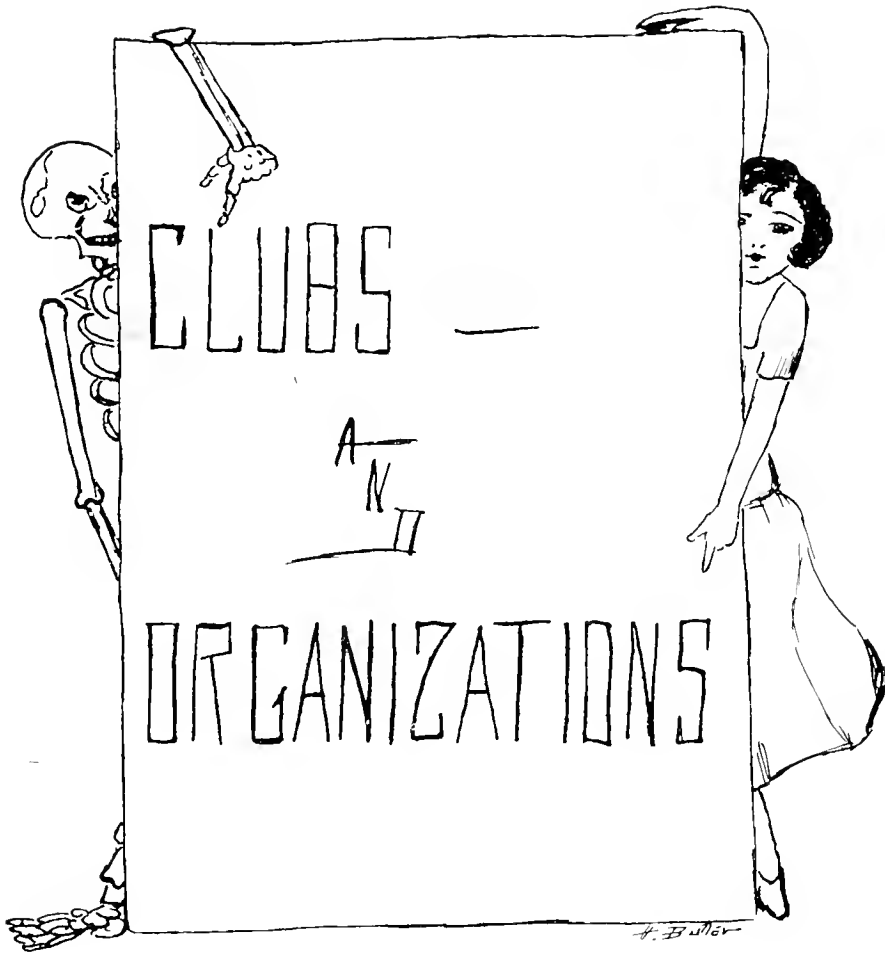
As for the "great change"—the day had marked one more vital than Ester-Anne knew. She was a child no longer—nobody can be a little girl when she leans over the gate twenty minutes talking to somebody's "little boy!"

BILLIE MAE WHITESIDE, '23.





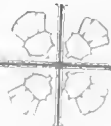
Book III.
Organizations
and Clubs





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O those of us who have had the privilege of working with and for the "Y," among the sweetest memories of college days will be those of the dear old Association, the quiet times around the cabinet table, the warm sweet friendships formed there in striving together to uphold a common purpose—the purpose of the Y. W. C. A. There is something almost sacred about those memories.

Before school opened, the cabinet spent two restful, quiet days at Lake Graham—two very strengthening days, before the bustle of getting new girls welcomed and settled.

The Religious Meetings Committee has worked faithfully and well on our prayer meetings and as a result there has been a very marked improvement in all our meetings, especially those on Wednesday nights, both in attendance and interest.

Our Thanksgiving offering went towards furnishing a room in the Stuart Robinson School, in Blackey, Ky.; \$106.25 was sent from the Association to the Near East Relief. The girls responded remarkably well to the call for the relief of the New Bern fire sufferers. A box of clothes, warm, serviceable and in excellent condition was sent to them. The Social Service Committee, with the help of other girls, sent a box of baby clothing, at Christmas time, to a mission in the mountains of Virginia.

A very beautiful White Gift Christmas service was held on December 17, 1922. Our offering was \$124.00, and besides the gifts of money there were very many gifts of self and service for the King. The service was made specially impressive by a Christmas Cantata, rendered by the chorus, under the direction of Miss Mary Forman.

A victrola record cabinet, a rug, and a new book-case have been installed in the "Y" Hall. The number of books in the library is steadily increasing. Under the direction of the Association News Committee the library has been gone over, renumbering done and a card system installed.

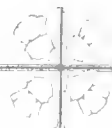
A successful reading contest was put over by the World Fellowship Committee, and through their efforts a great many more missionary books have been read than usual.

The Social Committee has put games and other attractions in the "Y" Hall, and it is a real joy to see the girls gather there around the victrola in the evenings having a good "homey time."

The biggest thing perhaps is something that is being started under the direction of the "Y," that of answering the appeal of one of our alumnae, Miss Anna McQueen, for \$1,000.00 for her work in Korea. It is our earnest desire that Flora Macdonald's daughters will raise this money. Hundreds of letters have been sent out enclosing the appeal and already checks are coming in even beyond our expectations. We hope that the money will be in Miss McQueen's hands before many months.

To you who have the privilege of carrying on the work in the future, we would leave our heartiest good wishes, the assurance that we are backing you by our interest and prayers, and the hope that your year may be as rich, as sweet and as helpful to you as this year has been to us.

BILLIE WHITESIDS, President "Y."





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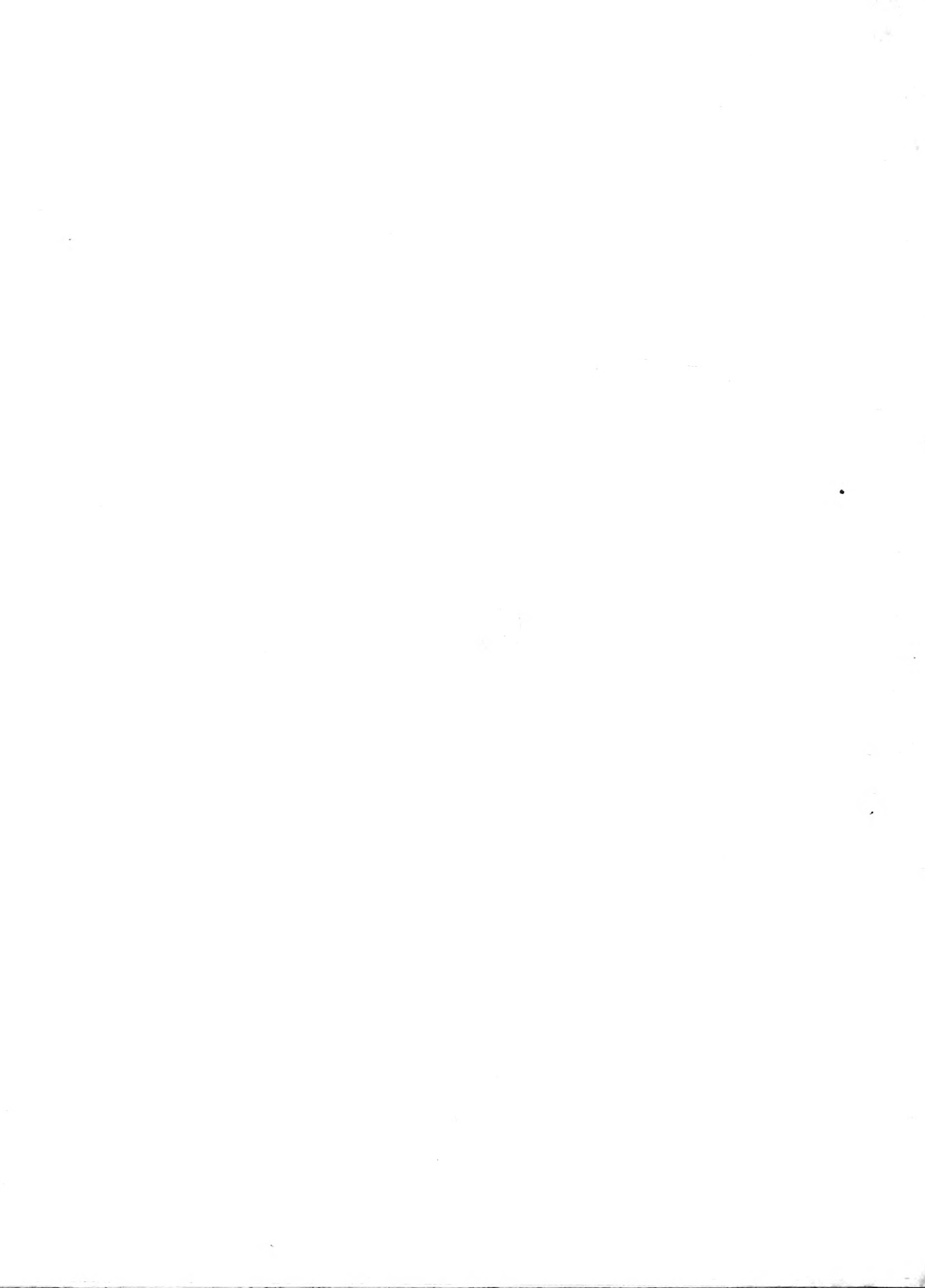
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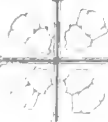
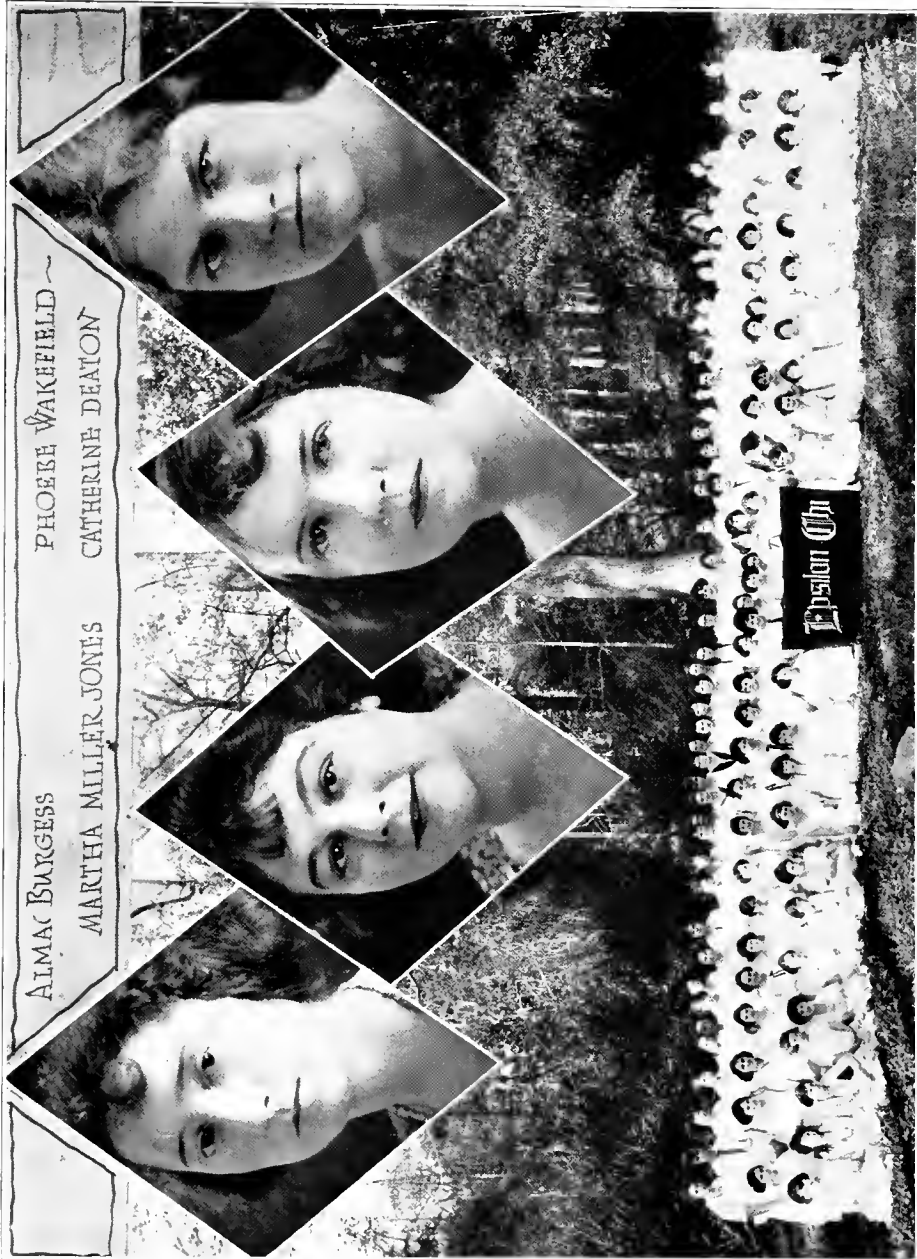
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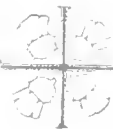
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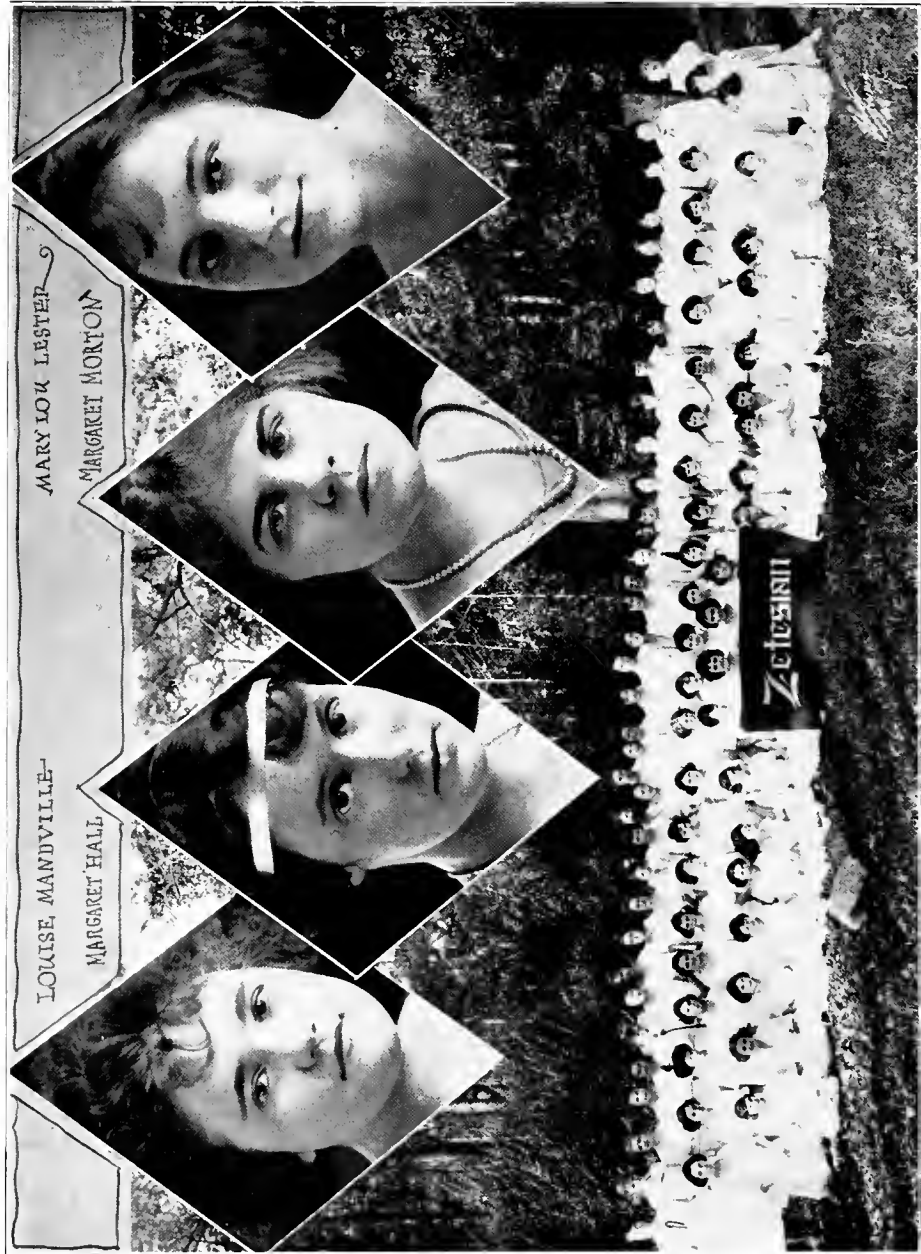
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 WOOD, MARY
 YOUNG, CAROLINE



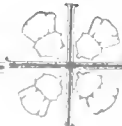


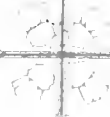
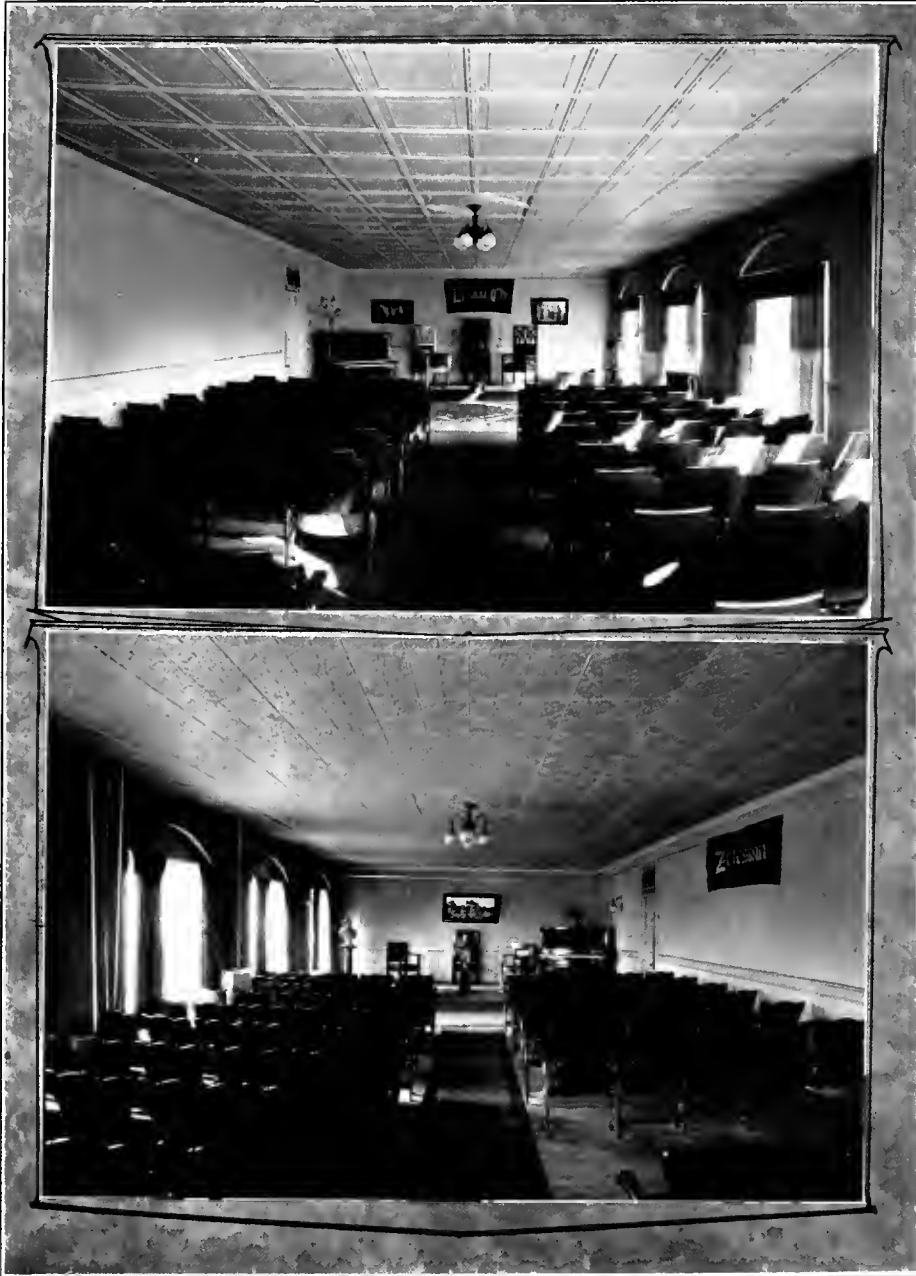
MARY LOK LESTER

MARGARET MORTON

LOUISE MANDVILLE

MARGARET HALL







Public Debate

QUERY: "Resolved, That the United States Should Cancel All War Debts."

Affirmative

MARY McCULLOCH, E. X.
ELIZABETH BRANNEN, Z.

Negative

ANNIE LEE FUNK, E. X.
ANNIE MAE CADDELL, Z.





Georgia Club

Flower: Cherokee Rose

Song: "Georgia"

Officers

LOUISE MANDEVILLE.....	President
MIRIAM HARRISON.....	Vice-President
ALICE CARR.....	Secretary
LYDA ARNOLD.....	Treasurer
ONIE RUTH ERWIN.....	Cheer Leader

Members

ARNOLD, LYDA
 ASBURY, MARY
 BRANNEN, ELIZABETH
 BRITT, NELLE
 CARR, ALICE
 CARR, GRACE
 CRAWFORD, ALLIE
 EDWARDS, CLAUDIA
 ERWIN, ONIE RUTH

GIBBS, EULA
 GLASURE, RUTH
 HARRISON, MIRIAM
 JENKINS, SARAH
 LESTER, MARY LOU
 LOCKHART, HELEN
 MANDEVILLE, LOUISE
 MARTIN, ELBERTA
 McALPINE, LOUISE
 VAN DALSEM, MARTHA

Honorary Member: MR. RICE





Virginia Club

Flower: Dogwood

Colors: Orange and Blue

Song: "Old Virginia"

AGNES BUSTARD.....President
SALLIE SCOTT.....Vice-President
RUTH RHODES.....Secretary and Treasurer
BAKER, ELIABETH	McMURRAY, CHARLOTTE
BUCHANAN, JANIE	OWEN, ANNE MARYE
BUSTARD, AGNES	RHODES, RUTH
CARSON, LOUISE	SCOTT, SALLIE

SPROUL, CATHERINE

Honorary Members

MISS DANIEL
MRS. EWING

DR. McPHERSON
MRS. McPHERSON

MISS WATKINS





Palmetto Club

VERA COE.....President
 ALMA BURGESS.....Vice-President
 LAVINIA WADE.....Secretary
 JENNIE McCUTCHEON.....Treasurer

Motto: Palmetto First

Flower: Goldenrod

Color: Blue and White

Members

ALFORD, TOCHIA
 ALLEN, JANE ADJER
 BARR, ALICE
 BAKER, MAMIE
 BURGESS, ALMA
 BETHEA, DELLE
 COE, VERA
 DeLORME, MILDRED
 DOUGLASS, LOUISE
 EVANS, EFFIE
 FAIRCLOTH, HAZEL
 FLETCHER, BESSIE

FUNK, ANNIE LEE
 FRANK, VIRGINIA B.
 HENDERSON, WILLIE ALMA
 HORTON, MARY KATE
 HOPE, DOROTHY
 HUNTLEY, MARJORIE
 HUNSUCKER, LUCY
 JENKINS, THEO
 KIMBLE, NETTIE
 LAW, MARY
 MILLS, IRENE
 MCCONNELL, ESTHER
 McCUTCHEON, ELMA

McCUTCHEON, JENNIE
 McCUTCHEON, VIRGINIA
 McELVEEN, SCOTT
 McKINNON, PAULINE
 McQUEEN, VERNA
 McLAURIN, PEARL
 MOODY, GRACE
 PRICE, REBECCA
 PORTER, JULIA
 SEABROOK, ANNIE
 WADE, LAVINIA
 WITHERSPOON, ELIZABETH

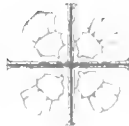
Honorary Members

DR. VARDELL
 MISS STEELE
 MRS. GLENN

BILLIE GLENN
 MISS ROBERTS
 MISS CONNOR

MISS McCOLL
 MISS ANDERSON
 MISS HAILE

MISS A. WEBB
 MISS ELLERBE






SARAH MARSHALL
 MISS FOREMAN
 ELIZABETH WALLACE

ALABAMA—
 Alabama, Alabama,
 We will aye be true to thee
 From thy southern shore where groweth
 By the sea, an orange tree,
 To thy northern vale where floweth
 deep and blue, thy Tennessee,
 Alabama, Alabama,
 We will aye be true to thee


Brave and pure thy men and women,
 Better this than corn and wine,
 Makes us worthy, God in Heaven,
 of this goodly land of thine!
 Hearts are open, as a doorway
 Liberal hands, and spirit-free—
 Alabama, Alabama,
 We will aye be true to thee—

GASTON COUNTY
 SPINNERS CLUB
 —o—
 MOTTO: "SPIN"
 AMY ROBERSON
 PRESIDENT
 ELSIE JOHNSON
 VICE-PRES
 SNOW BRADLEY
 SEC'Y






SCOTLAND
COUNTY
CLUB
-o-

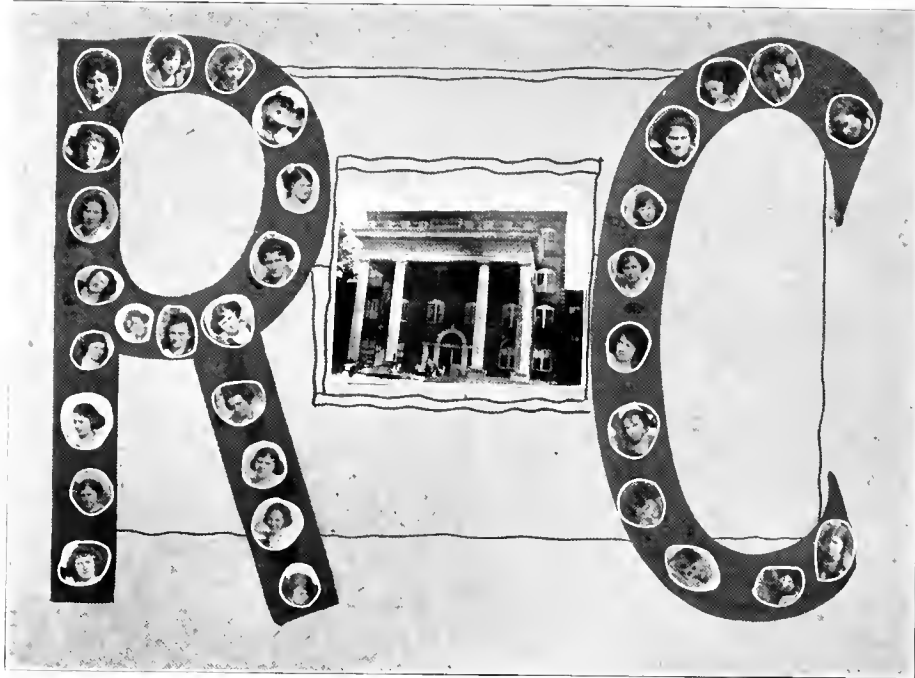


LE Club



VIRGINIA FRANK
ALICE CARR
Helena Butler
MARY LOW LESTER
-o-





Robeson County Club

Motto: B 2

Flower: Pansy

Colors: Maroon and Silver

MURPHY HALL.....President
 LOUISE McCALLUM.....Vice-President
 MARTHA MILLER JONES.....Secretary
 NELLIE THOMASSON.....Treasurer

Members

BEARD, LENA
 BENNETT, LOUISE
 BUIE, ANNIE
 BUIE, HELEN
 BROWN, ESTHER
 BROWN, AMANDA
 COOK, LINDA
 COOK, MARY
 CHANDLER, IRENE
 FREEMAN, PEARLE
 HALL, MURPHY

JONES, MARTHA MILLER
 JONES, ANNIE
 LITTLE, DAISY
 LENNON, MARY LOU
 McLEOD, MARGARET
 NANCE, AVA GRAVE
 McDANIEL, LEONA
 McMILLAN, MARY BELLE
 McLEOD, KATIE BLUE
 McDONALD, VIOLA
 McNEIL, HANNAH

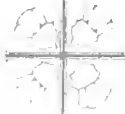
McGOOGAN, FLORABELL
 McCALLUM, LOUISE
 McGIRT, MARGARET
 McLEAN, JOHNSIE
 POOLE, MAE JOHNSON
 SYKES, ELIZABETH
 THOMASSON, NELLIE
 VARDELL, MARY LYNDA
 WARD, SELMA
 WEST, MILDRED
 WILKINSON, ANNIE MAE

Honorary Members

DR. VARDELL
 MISS HARRIET MORRISON

MISS BROWN MORRISON
 MISS McEACHEN

MRS. VARDELL
 MRS. ROBESON





DILLON
COUNTY
CLUB

MECKLENBURG
COUNTY
CLUB



MOORE
COUNTY
CLUB



EL CLUB
ESPAÑOL
El trabajo
hace la
vida
agradable
~W

BULLA -
BONNE
BAIN -
NEGLIE
GARTH
CHARLOTTE
GOODMAN
GRACE
MAYNARD
CLAUDIA
SCOTT -
ELIZABETH
THOMASSON
NELLIE
WILLIAMS
NORA
✠

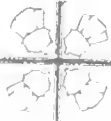
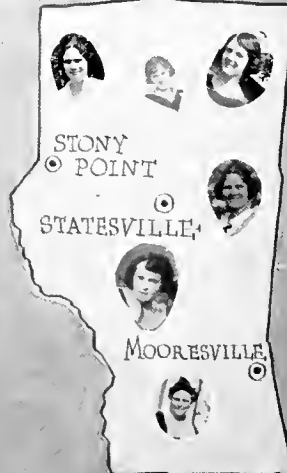
IREDELL COUNTY

PHOEBE WAKEFIELD ~ PRESIDENCE
PAULINE EDMINSTON ~ Secy & TREAS

MEMBERS

DEATON ----- CATHERINE
EDMINSTON ----- PAULINE
ERWIN " " RUTH
FRAZIER " " CREOLA
STEPHENSON " " MABEL
WAKEFIELD " " PHOEBE
WAKEFIELD " " MARGIE

Honorary Member
Mrs. WAKEFIELD





Dramatic Club

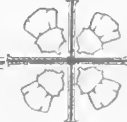
Motto: "To Hold as 'twere, a mirror up to Nature"

ONIE RUTH ERWIN..... Manager
 VERA COE..... Property Manager

Members

CARR, GRACE
 HALL, MARGARET
 HERRING, ELEANOR
 HOPE, DOROTHY
 JOHNSON, M. LUCILLE
 JONES, MARTHA MILLER
 MANDEVILLE, LOUISE
 MOODY, GRACE

McALPINE, LOUISE
 McCULLOCH, MARY
 McNEILL, HANNAH
 MORTON, ELIZABETH
 NOWELL, RUTH
 PATTEN, METTA
 VAN DALSEM, MARTHA
 WHITTED, ELIZA





Commercial Class

METTA PATTON.....President
 JEAN McLEAN.....Vice-President
 MARY LAW.....Secretary and Treasurer

Class Roll

CELLARS, MARY
 CONOLY, MARY OLIVER
 ERWIN, RUTH
 HARRIS, MARTHA
 HOUGH, NELL
 HOUGH, WILMA
 JOHNSON, ELSIE
 LAW, MARY
 MARONEY, KATHERINE
 MASSENGIL, INA
 MARTIN, ELBERTA
 McCONNEL, ESTHER

McDANIELS, LENORA
 McINTYRE, MARGARET
 McLEAN, JEAN
 McNEIL, KATHERINE
 MENZIES, STUART
 NORRIS, ELIZABETH
 OLIVER, JESSIE
 PATTON, METTA
 PRICE, REBECCA
 ROBBINS, NOLIA
 WADE, LAVINIA
 WILLIAMS, LOUISE





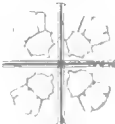
S. O. S.

Flower: Violet

Motto: Fidelity

Colors: Purple and Green

CAVENAUGH, MARY.....	"Cat"
CHANDLER, IRENE.....	"Rene"
EVANS, EFFIE.....	"F"
EDWARDS, CLAUDIA.....	"Paula"
McCALLUM, LOUISE.....	"Mac"
McQUEEN, VERNA.....	"Doll Baby"
McBRYDE, MARY.....	"Little Mary"
SHAW, MARY.....	"Doc"





The Betty Club

ELIZABETH MORTON.....Queen
 ELIZABETH BRANNEN, ELIZABETH RUSSELL.....Attendants

Characteristics of the Kingdom

Age.....Elizabethan
 Dress.....Betty Wales
 Favorite Dish.....Brown Betty
 Song....."Strut Miss Lizzie"
 Flower.....Sweet Betsy

Court

BAKER
 CARR
 CELLAR
 DOUGLAS
 FAIN
 FLETCHER
 HERRING

HUGHES
 MACDONALD
 McQUEEN
 NORRIS
 ROBINSON

ROBBINS
 SCOTT
 WALLACE
 WOODRUFF
 WITHERSPOON
 WILLIAMS
 FLEMING





MOTTO ~ MERRY MAKERS CLUB

"Eat, Drink and be Merry //
For tomorrow we die. //

Song
"Hail, Hail, The Gang's
All Here."

ASHLIN, VIRGINIA
BRITT, NELLE
CARR, GRACE
MITCHEL - JULIA
RUSSELL - ELIZABETH
WILLIAMS - NORA



The PEGGY CLUB

MOTTO:
"PEG ALONG"

flower:

MARGARET"

Favorite Song:

"PEGGY O'NEIL"

COLORS

WHITE & GOLD

MARGARET HALL	President
MARGARET MCGIRT	Vice-Pres
MARGARET WAKEFIELD	Sec'y
MARGARET MCLEOD	Treas
MARGARET MORTON	Critic





GENERAL "KORKEY"
MAJOR "VAN"
CAPTAIN:
"Cockie"

LIEUTENANT "PUMPS"
CORPORAL "CARR"
BUCK PRIVATE
"WASCO"

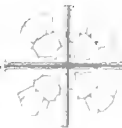
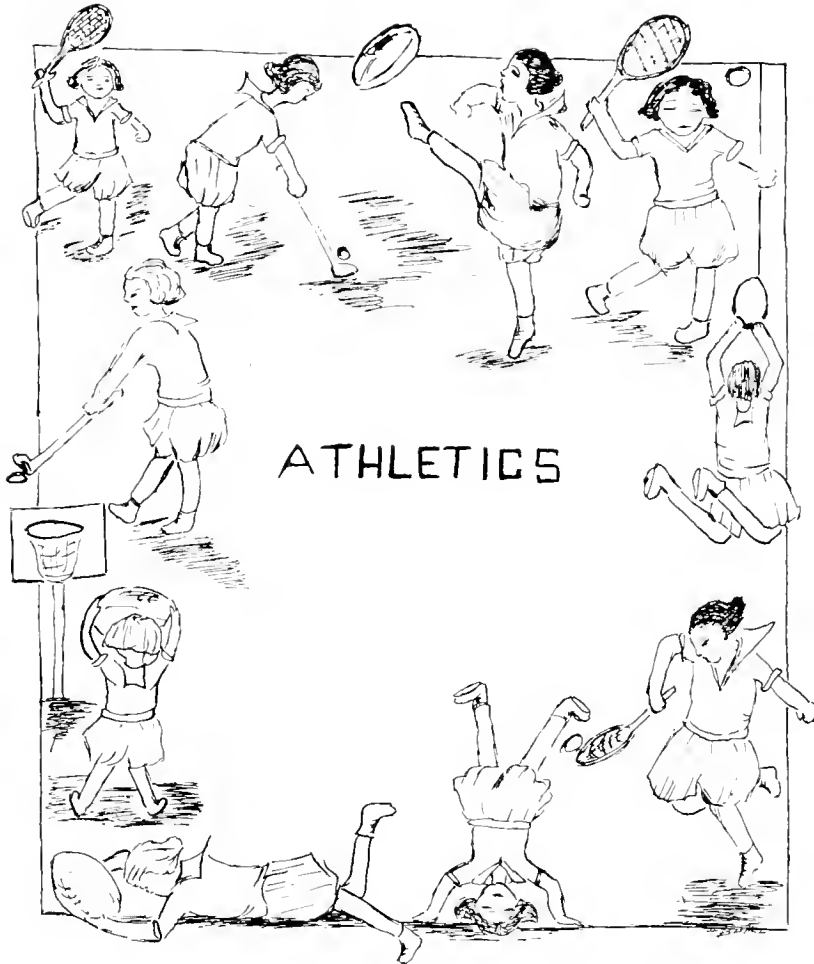
Us & Co

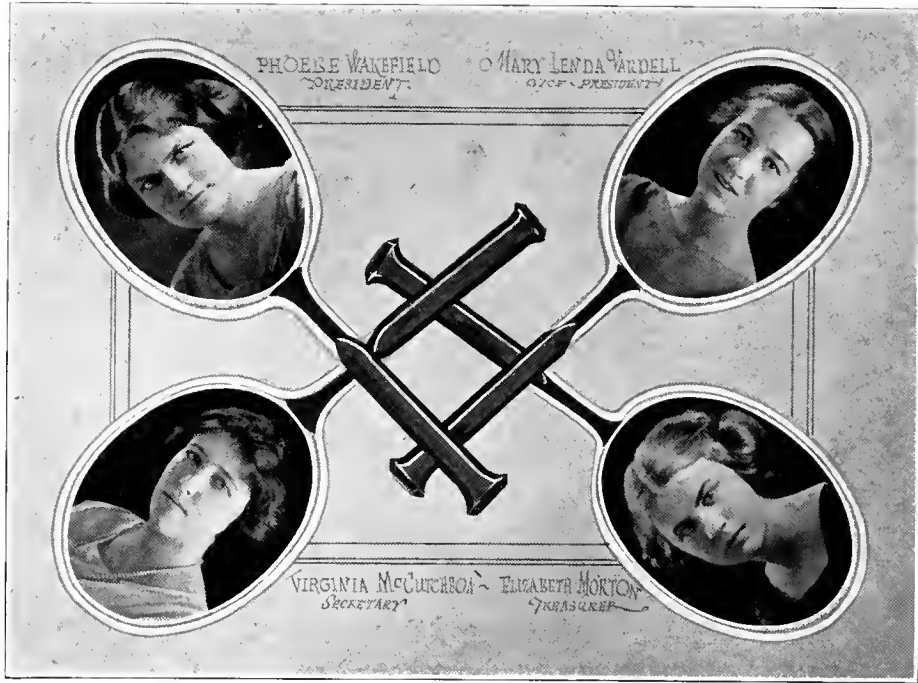
THE LONG
and
SHORT of IT...

MEMBERS
Elizabeth
MacDONALD
ETTA
Sawyer

MEMBERS
JOSEPHINE
CARTY
Eleanor
Herring

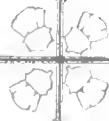






Athletic Association Officers

PHOEBE WAKEFIELD.....	President
MARY LYNDA VARDELL.....	Vice-President
VIRGINIA McCUTCHEON.....	Secretary
ELIZABETH MORTON.....	Treasurer





The Athletic Association



THE Athletic Association, standing firmly, as it does, for good, clean sportsmanship in the highest sense of the word, has a big share in making Flora Macdonald girls well developed college girls.

Under the supervision of the Association, tennis, basketball and hockey courts are scenes of lively activity, and contribute wonderfully toward making healthier, happier girls.

Wholesome rivalry is encouraged, and good old class spirit shows up wonderfully on the athletic field. But fairness and squareness come before everything else, and one always feels that spirit pervading the working of the Association.

The directing body is the Athletic board, composed of the presiding officers, one representative from each class, and the physical director. These, with the managers of the respective teams, elect the Varsity teams for hockey and basketball, and render decisions on all matters brought before them.

All members of the Varsity teams, also the winners of tennis doubles and singles and the three girls winning the highest number of points in track are the proud wearers of the "M." That comes, in a girl's ambition, almost next to her diploma.

The hockey, basketball and tennis tournaments are between classes. The playing is fine, but we think something should be said about the "rooting." It's just magnificent! That's where everybody gets in on tournaments; and who can say which is deserving of more praise—the player or the faithful, enthusiastic rooter? The spirit of the whole thing just "gets you" and you love it all.





VARSETY

CHAMPIONS

J. McLEAN
 W. COE
 I. MASSINGILLE
 V. McDONALD
 A. CARR
 M. PATTON
 M. FAIRIS
 M. DELORNE
 J. RAMSEY
 M. L. LESTER

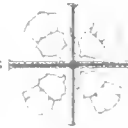
CENTER FORWARD
 RIGHT WING
 LEFT WING
 RIGHT SIDE WING
 LEFT SIDE WING
 RIGHT FULL BACK
 LEFT FULL BACK
 CENTER HALFBACK
 RIGHT HALFBACK
 LEFT HALFBACK
 OAR SWEEP

J. McLEAN
 M. BACOT
 V. ASHLIN
 I. MASSINGILLE
 L. WILLIAMS
 M. WOODS
 M. PATTON
 M. FAIRIS
 S. MENZLES
 M. HALL
 V. McQUEEN
 (capt)





<p>SENIOR ELIZA WHITTED MARY ALICE BOYD MAMIE BAKER YERA (CO-CAPT) LUCY HUNSUCKER ONEE RUTH ERWIN HANNAH McNEILL JULIA RAMSEY MARTHA MILLER JONES PHOEBE WAKEFIELD MILDRED McAWLEY BILLIE WHITESIDE</p>	<p>~~~~~ CENTER FORWARD ~~~~~ ~~~~~ RIGHT INSIDE FORWARD ~~~~~ ~~~~~ LEFT INSIDE FORWARD ~~~~~ ~~~~~ RIGHT WING ~~~~~ ~~~~~ LEFT WING ~~~~~ ~~~~~ CENTER HALFBACK ~~~~~ ~~~~~ RIGHT HALFBACK ~~~~~ ~~~~~ LEFT HALFBACK ~~~~~ ~~~~~ RIGHT FULLBACK ~~~~~ ~~~~~ LEFT FULLBACK ~~~~~ ~~~~~ GOAL GUARD ~~~~~ ~~~~~ SUBS ~~~~~</p>	<p>JUNIOR ELIZABETH MORFOA CHARLOTTE GARTH GEORGIA TOMLINSON MILDRED WEST (CAPT) LOUISE McALPINE FLORA McDONALD HELEN POPE DOZLER LANGSTON IDA STREET MADGE HARDAWAY LYDA ARNOLD ELIZABETH SCOTT ERIKA McWHEE</p>
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SOPHOMORE
 ELIZABETH BRANNEN
 SALLIE SCOTT
 ORESTE LEGGETTE
 CAROLINE YOUNG
 GRACE GOODMAN
 CHRISTINE McPAUL
 MILDRED DELORME (CAPT)
 GRACE CARR
 GRACE MOODY
 ALICE CARR
 MARY LOU LESTER

CENTER FORWARD
 RIGHT INSIDE FORWARD
 LEFT INSIDE FORWARD
 RIGHT WING
 LEFT WING
 CENTER HALFBACK
 RIGHT HALFBACK
 LEFT HALFBACK
 RIGHT FULLBACK
 LEFT FULLBACK
 GOAL GUARD
 SUBS

FRESHMAN
 ELIZABETH RUSSELL
 AUSTIN WILCOX
 VIOLA MACDONALD
 FERDINAND POPPE
 CAROLINE POLLARD
 MARY ANNA VARDILL
 SALLIE DEES
 LOUISE BENNETT
 AMY ROBINSON
 RUTH KITKELL
 DOROTHY KOPEL
 MARtha LAYTON ROSE LEE MCKINNON





Champion Basketball Team

VIRGINIA FRANK, Captain

Forwards :

M. PATTON

G. MOODY

Centers :

C. SMITH

G. CARR

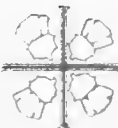
R. McCONNELL

Guards :

C. McPHAUL

I. MILLS

V. FRANK

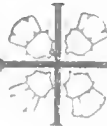




VIRGINIA FRANK
Tennis Champion
(Singles)
1922



Tennis Champions (Doubles)
1922





SENIOR
 BASKET-BALL
 TEAM
 FORWARDS
 ONIE RUTH ERVIN
 YERA COE
 CENTER
 WILLIE MAE
 WHITESIDE
 (Manager)
 SIDE CENTER
 HANNAH McNEILL
 GUARDS
 PHOEBE WAKEFIELD
 JULIA RAMSEY



JUNIOR
 BASKET-BALL
 TEAM
 FORWARDS
 MURPHY HALL
 -MANAGER
 MILDRED WEST
 CENTER
 FLORA MACDONALD
 SIDE CENTER
 ELIZABETH MORTON
 GUARDS
 DOZIA LANGSTON
 ELIZABETH
 SCOTT





**SOPHOMORE
BASKET-BALL
TEAM**

FORWARDS.
METTA PATTON
GRACE MOODY

CENTER
NELL MORTON

SIDE CENTER
GRACE CARR

GUARDS
CHRISTINE McPHAIL

VIRGINIA
FRANK
MANAGER

**FRESHMAN
BASKET-BALL
TEAM**

FORWARDS
HELEN LOCKHART
MARIE FAIRES

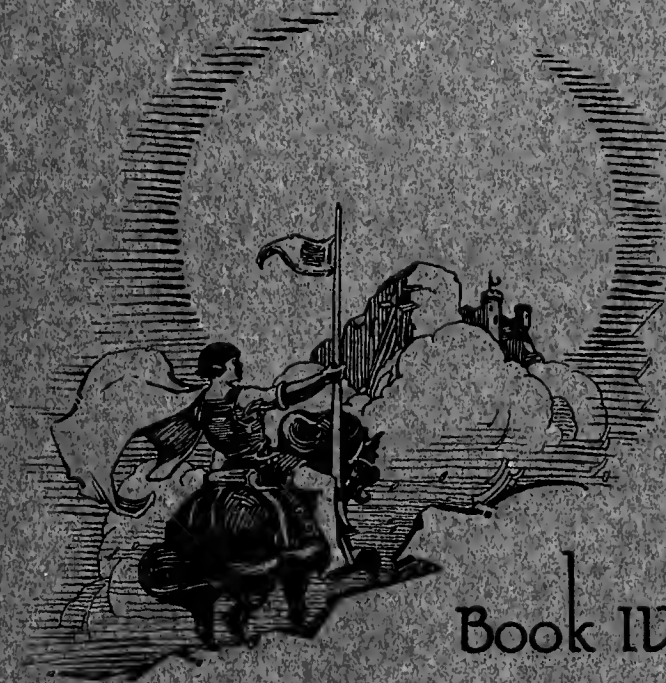
CENTER
ROZELLE MCKINNON

SIDE CENTER
SALLIE DEESE

GUARDS
VERA McQUEEN
MARY LINDER
VARDALL

VIRGINIA
ASHLIN
MANAGER





Book IV.
Fine Arts



FINE ARTS

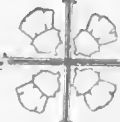


The
WHITE
HEATHER

CONSERVATORY
OF
MUSIC



CONSERVATORY
OF
MUSIC





The College Orchestra

CHARLES G. VARDELL, JR. _____ Director
 MRS. W. B. ROBESON _____ Instructor

First Violin :

MRS. W. B. ROBESON
 MRS. W. E. GARRETT

RUTH VARDELL
 VIRGINIA FRANK

Second Violin :

GRACE GOODMAN
 IRENE CHANDLER

CAROLINE YOUNG
 BERTA COXE

Third Violin :

M. LUCILE JOHNSON

ODESSA ARNETT

MIMA STYLES

MURPHY HALL _____ Viola
 ELIZABETH RUSSELL _____ Cello
 LOUISE MANDEVILLE _____ Bass Violin
 CAROLIL GRAHAM _____ Cymbals
 VIRGINIA ASHLIN _____ Triangle
 JANIE BUCHANAN _____ Piano
 MAIE SINCLAIR _____ Organ





RECITAL

By

MISS LOUISE MANDEVILLE

Graduate in Voice

MISS MURPHY HALL

Certificate in Piano

MISS LULA MORRISON

Accompanist

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 9, 1923

At Eight o'Clock

Program

Prelude and Fugue in A flat	- - - - -	Bach
(from The Well Tempered Clavichord)		
MISS HALL		
Ave Maria	- - - - -	Bach-Gounod
MISS MANDEVILLE		
Violin and Organ Obligato		
MISS RUTH VARDELL		
MISS MAIE SINCLAIR		
Sonata in E Major, Op. 14 Nol.	- - - - -	Beethoven
Allegro		
Allegretto		
Rondo: Allegro Commodo		
MISS HALL		
By the Sea	- - - - -	Schubert
In Summer Fields	- - - - -	Brahms
I Wander Not	- - - - -	Schumann
MISS MANDEVILLE		
Romance in F Sharp	}	Schumann
Whims		
Polonaise in C Minor	- - - - -	Chopin
MISS HALL		
Lieti Signor (Les Huguenots)	- - - - -	Meyerbeer
Musetta's Waltz Song (La Bohème)	- - - - -	Puccini
MISS MANDEVILLE		
Etude Japonaise	- - - - -	Poldini
Scherzo Humoristique	- - - - -	Tschaikowsky
MISS HALL		
A Song of April	}	Charles Vardell, Jr.
April Afternoon		

(Composed for Miss Mandeville)

MISS MANDEVILLE





MISS LOUISE MANDEVILLE
Graduate in Voice



MISS MURPHY HALL
Certificate in Piano





RECITAL

By

MISS MARY ALICE BOYD

Graduate in Piano

MISS MAIE SINCLAIR

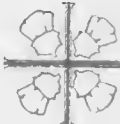
Certificate in Organ

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 30, 1923

At Eight o'Clock

Program

Prelude in Fugue in D	- - - - -	Bach
(from The Well Tempered Clavichord)		
Miss Boyd		
Tocatta and Fugue in D Minor	- - - - -	Bach
Miss Sinclair		
Sonata in F Sharp, Op. 78	- - - - -	Beethoven
Adagio cantabile; Allegro ma non troppo		
Allegro Assai		
Miss Boyd		
Sketch in F Minor	- - - - -	Schumann
Miss Sinclair		
Kreisleriana, Nos. 5, 6, 7	- - - - -	Schumann
Miss Boyd		
Sonata in C Minor	- - - - -	Guilmant
Allegro Maestoso e con fuoco		
Adagio		
Fuga		
Miss Sinclair		
Scotch Poem	- - - - -	Macdowell
Dragon Flies	- - - - -	Bartlett
Mazurka in E flat	- - - - -	Leschetizky
Miss Boyd		
Coronation March	- - - - -	Svendsen
Miss Sinclair		





MISS MARY ALICE BOYD
Graduate in Piano



MISS MAIE SINCLAIR
Certificate in Pipe Organ

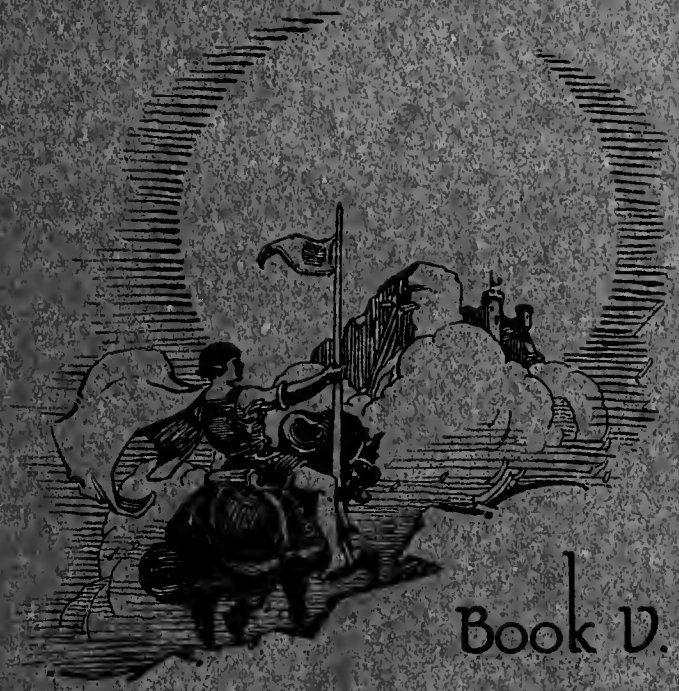




Flora Macdonald Choral Association

MISS MARY FORMAN MISS MURPHY HALL ALLEN, JEAN ANDRES, HELEN ARNOLD, LYDA ASBURY, MARY BLACK, ELLEN BOYD, MARY ALICE BRADLEY, SNOWE BRITT, NELLE BROWN, AMANDA BROWN, ESTHER BROWN, GRACE CARR, ALICE CARR, GRACE CARSON, LOUISE CAVERNAUGH, MARY COOK, LINDA CRAWFORD, ALLIE DEATON, CATHERINE DEES, SALLIE DONNELL, MITTIE EDMISTON, PAULINE FAIRES, MARIE FLEMING, ELIZABETH	FLETCHER, BESSIE HARGRAVE, RUBY HALL, MARGARET HANSEL, MARGARET HODGIN, MARTITTA HOPE, DOROTHY HUNSUCKER, LUCY JENKINS, SARAH JONES, ANNIE KIMBLE, NETTIE LAW, MARY LEGETTE, CELESTE LOCKHART, HELEN MANDEVILLE, LOUISE MARSHALL, SARAH FRANCES MARTIN, ELBERTA MENZIES, MARY STUART MENZIES, SADIE MITCHELL, JULIA MORTON, MARY McBRYDE, MARY McCALLUM, LOUISE McCONNELL, ESTHER	Director Accompanist McGOOGAN, FLORABEL McINTYRE, KATHERINE McMILLAN, MARY BELLE McNEILL, HANNAH McNEILL, KATHERINE McNEELY, SARAH McQUEEN, VERNA NORRIE, ELIZABETH OWEN, ANNE MARIE PHILLIPS, SADIE POLLARD, CAROLINE RUSSELL, ELIZABETH SHAW, MARY SCOTT, SALLIE STEELE, JENNIE MAE TATE, LUCILE WALLACE, ELIZABETH WEBB, EDNA WHITESIDE, BILLIE WHITTED, ELIZA WILLIAMS, NORA WILLIAMSON, FRANCES WOODRUFF, ELIZABETH
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Book V.
"Hash"

The
WHITE
HEATHER





The Calendar

September

- SEPT. 12—Flora Macdonald again greets her children, old and new, with welcoming arms.
- SEPT. 13—Amid the confusion of registration sounds the chattering of the old girls and the wails of the new.
- SEPT. 16—The first social event of the year, the Y. W. C. A. Reception.
- SEPT. 18—Dr. Vardell tells of his trip to Scotland, and makes us feel more keenly our "kinship" with Flora Macdonald and the old country.
- SEPT. 23—Stunt night! The pep night of the year.
- SEPT. 24—The opening address of the Y. W. C. A. by the Rev. Mr. Black, of the First Presbyterian Church, Red Springs, N. C.

October

- OCT. 4—Scotch night Highland Flinged itself in, and sang itself out with Miss Mullholland.
- OCT. 12—The Sophomore Saturday Club debates the much-discussed query, "Resolved, That the State of Blessedness is Found in the State of Spinisterhood."
- OCT. 16—Walter Greene gives concert.
- OCT. 21—Vera Coe fails to be late for breakfast.
- OCT. 22—The classes challenge each other in the "nickle" campaign.
- OCT. 31—Our knees are made to shake, and our teeth to chatter, by the witches and ghosts at the Hallow'een party.

November

- NOV. 6—Watt Taylor miraculously becomes the "Father of English Poetry"—Consult Soph. English Class—dear things!
- NOV. 13—"Mandeville" admits she is the smallest thing in the Zetesian Society.
- NOV. 23—Hockey team in a flutter—news is abroad that Lutie Godbold will referee Thanksgiving game!

December

- DEC. 1—Miss Erline Cox tells the Y. W. C. A. about her work at Levi Mission.
- DEC. 2—Miss Watkins reminds us that there are other things to think about besides "three weeks from today."
- DEC. 9—Lunch was minus something today—probably Eliza Whitted's announcements.





- DEC. 17—Miss Johnston leads the annual White Gift Service of the Y. W. C. A.
DEC. 19—Miss Brown was gently aroused from the arms of Morpheus by "Noel,"
sweetly rendered by her fourth year pupils.
DEC. 20—Homeward bound for two weeks of bliss.

January

- JAN. 3—Cheer up, old girls, the worst is yet to come.
JAN. 9—We manage to survive in spite of the siege of tests.
JAN. 12—Mabel Beddoe gives a recital.
JAN. 19—Capsule crushers begin their week-end rage. As a result indigestion
and the muses have full swing.
JAN. 26—Madge receives *the* letter, and we have a hard time keeping her feet on
the ground.

February

- FEB. 2—All of the Palmetto Club pictures have actually been taken "in front of
the main building."
FEB. 5—Ruth Rhodes is obtaining results in tennis from Coué's theory.
FEB. 28—Annual goes to press! Staff makes a bee-line for the Infirmary!
NOTE—Since the Annual goes to press we make a *possible* but *not* probable
calendar for the next months).

March

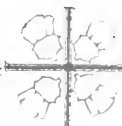
- MARCH 3—Rising-bell rings at 10:30 A. M.
MARCH 12—Billie and Janie have joined the bobbed-hair gang.
MARCH 27—Special Deliveries are received on Sunday.

April

- APRIL 1—We concentrated so on our studies that we *forgot* it was April Fool's
Day!
APRIL 2—The Juniors and Seniors surpassed all their predecessors at their
reception in popularity. Each girl had five dinner dates.
APRIL 10—Miss McColl decided we can get our laundry whenever it is most
convenient for us.

May

- MAY 3—Cupid has wrought havoc among members of the faculty.
MAY 7—Miss Watkins makes this announcement: "Commencement is approach-
ing and I know you girls are very busy, therefore you may leave your lights
on as late after 10 o'clock as you deem it necessary."

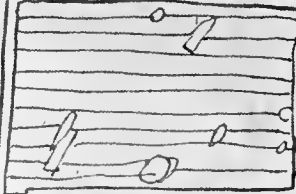
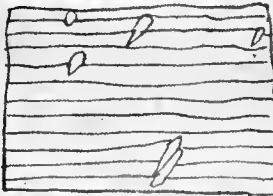


The
WHITE
HEATHER



ELIZABETH
WITHERSPOON
most Unselfish

MARGARET
MCGIRT
most Domestic



LOUISE MANDEVILLE
PRETTIEST



AVIS
FOUNTAIN
neatest

ELIZABETH
WHITTED
*most
capable*





Vera
COE
cutest

ALICE CARR
most stylish



Nelle Morton
most Artistic



Melba
PATTON
most
Athletic



The
WHITE
HEATHER



JANIE BUCHANAN
most
musical



BILLIE
WHITESIDE
Sweetest, most Popular
most Influential - Best abroad



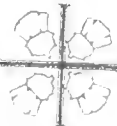
MARY LOVE
most
Optimistic



Jane
ALLEN



Anna Mae
Caddell
most Intellectual





Commencement Marshals

LOUISE McALPINE, E. X. ----- Chief Marshall

JENNIE McCUTCHEON, Z.
ELIZABETH MORTON, Z.
MADGE HARDAWAY, Z.

LAVINIA WADE, E. X.
IDA STREET, E. X.
ELIZABETH SCOTT, E. X.





Red Springs, N. C.

Wed. Night.

Dear Ma,

As there is no bell ringing right now I will write you a few lines to let you hear from me, and to tell you how me have to do at Flora Macdonald—Ma this is a whole lot different from Holly Creek where I went to school last year—We do every thing by a bell—The first day I was trying to eat breakfast by one and rise by the other. I thought I had them about straight until yesterday I went into a room and they said they was teaching something—twig I believe they said (I guess its trees) I said I must be in the wrong place. I asked the teacher if she could tell me where I wanted to go, or where the English class was, She said she was no fortune teller, but there was a English class two rooms down the hall—So I had English—

Then yesterday after dinner (lunch they say here) a girl told me to get ready to take Gim—She had on nicker bockers but I didn't have any, I went along tho' for I wanted to see where all them girls was going to take Gim to—I knew I wont going to touch him—Well when we got there Gim wont there so we all had to line up and throw out our arms like some body crazy—Maybe I'll understand it all sometime—

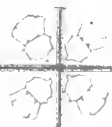
They play a funny game here, four girls knock a ball over a net to each other—The net looks like the sane me and John fished with in Brush Branch last summer. Ma I liked to never blowed out my light, the first night—before I ever did there was a big crowd of girls in the room laughing at me—Its a funny light to me, it hangs up in the middle of the room, but it sure do burn a pretty light—

Ma a woman just come and said something, I suppose she was calling bed time, so will stop.

Your loving girl
Rachel—

P. S.—Ma I forgot to tell you that I handed in a paper on English and the teacher handed it right back with a pretty red E on it. That means Excellent I reckon, I sure was glad.

M. L. J.





ELLEN BLACK

Fire Department

ELLEN BLACK.....Chief

Lieutenants

ELIZABETH BRANNEN
METTA PATTEN
MARY LOU LESTER
GRACE CARR

VERA COE
MURPHY HALL
DOZIAL LANGSTON
SALLIE DEESE

GRACE GOODMAN
GRACE MOODY
JEAN McLEAN
ONIE JONES

Sergeants

MARY ALICE BOYD
MARGARET MORTON
GRACE BROWN

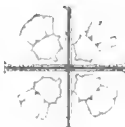
MARGARET MCGIRT
CAROLINE POLLARD

MIRIAM HARRISON
FERDINANDE POPPE
SNOWE BRADLEY

Buglers

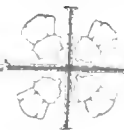
LOUISE MANDEVILLE

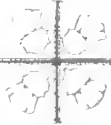
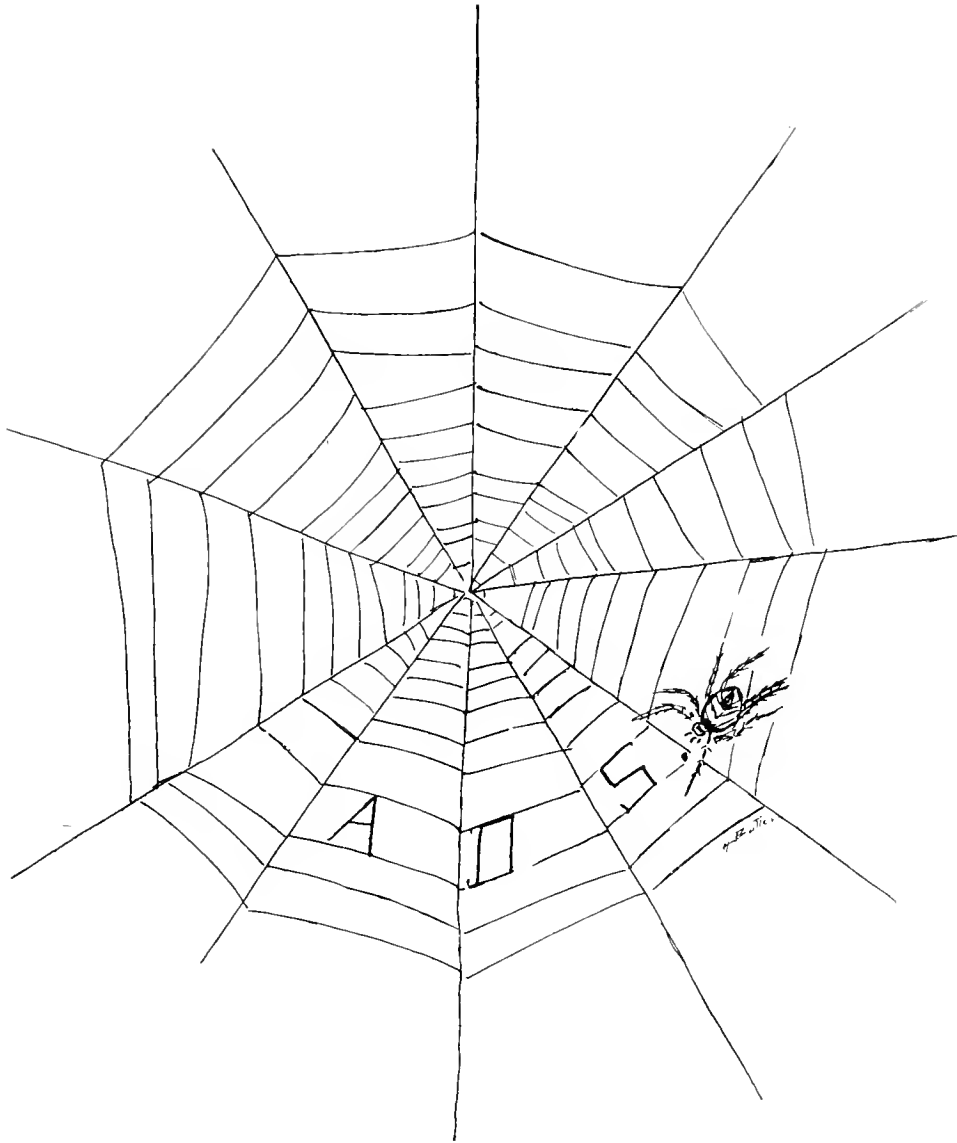
ONIE RUTH ERVIN





(N. B.—For meaning of this blank page, see page 125)





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Crippled Children**

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AND ITS SUMMER QUARTERS

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**Home for Crippled and
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Yours to please,

Garrett & McNeill's

What Red Springs people think we do.

What we think the Faculty has to do.

What our test papers look like.

What the length of our Christmas Vacation looks like.

What we think we spend.

What our parents *don't* think we spend.

What time every teacher thinks we should spend on *other* subjects.

What time Miss Johnston thinks we spend "cleaning house."

What Teachers' Agencies think Seniors Know.

What Monday Morning would be without mail.

What F. M. C. would be without Dr. Vardell.



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NORTH CAROLINA

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- TO make the college an institution for teaching how to take part in the world's activities and the joy of service.
- TO declare emphatically for development of Christian character through the study of God's Word.

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THE REX ALL STORE

"Judge," cried the prisoner in the dock, "have I got to be tried by a woman jury?"

"Be quiet," whispered the counsel.

"I won't be quiet! Judge, I can't even fool my own wife, let alone twelve strange women! I'm guilty."

—o—
K. McMillan (breathless)—"Has anyone a nickle they will lend me. I haven't a cent to put in at the silver tea."

—o—
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Jenning's Shoe Store
Fayetteville, N. C.**

Lyda A. (entering Graham Co.)—"Oh, Mr. Graham, may I try on that darling dress in the window?"

Mr. Graham (blushing deeply)—"Won't you use the dressing room. It is against the rules, you know."

—o—
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"My face is my fortune," said a New Orleans peroxide blonde to a casual acquaintance.

The young man gave her face a close scrutiny, then he shook his head doubtfully.

"Madam," said he, "I believe you are concealing some of your assets."

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S. Jenkins—"Not a bit. I never get scared at anything smaller than a mouse."

Johnny—"What makes that new baby at your house cry so much?"

Tommy—"It don't cry so much; and anyway, if you had all your hair off and your teeth out and your legs were so weak you couldn't stand on them, I guess you'd feel like crying, too."

H. L. (reading aloud the conclusion of a long letter)—"Then I will come home and marry the sweetest little girl on earth."

N. K.—"What a dirty trick! After being engaged to you."

Nell—"Hey, Martha Van, what are you doing?"

M. Van—"Helping Avis."

Nell—"Well, what's Avis doing?"

M. Van—"Nothing."

M. L.—"What is the cause of so many divorces?"

Janie—"Marriages."

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Miss Ruth Covington, Asst. Cashier

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Jos. C. Shepard

Chemical Manufacturer

Wilmington, N. C.

Dorothy H.—"I haven't broken a single one of my new year resolutions."

Helene—"I didn't make any either."

—o—
Doctor McKoy—"You cough more easily this morning."

Metta Patten—"I ought to—I practiced all night."

—o—
"A wise man sometimes has to change his mind."
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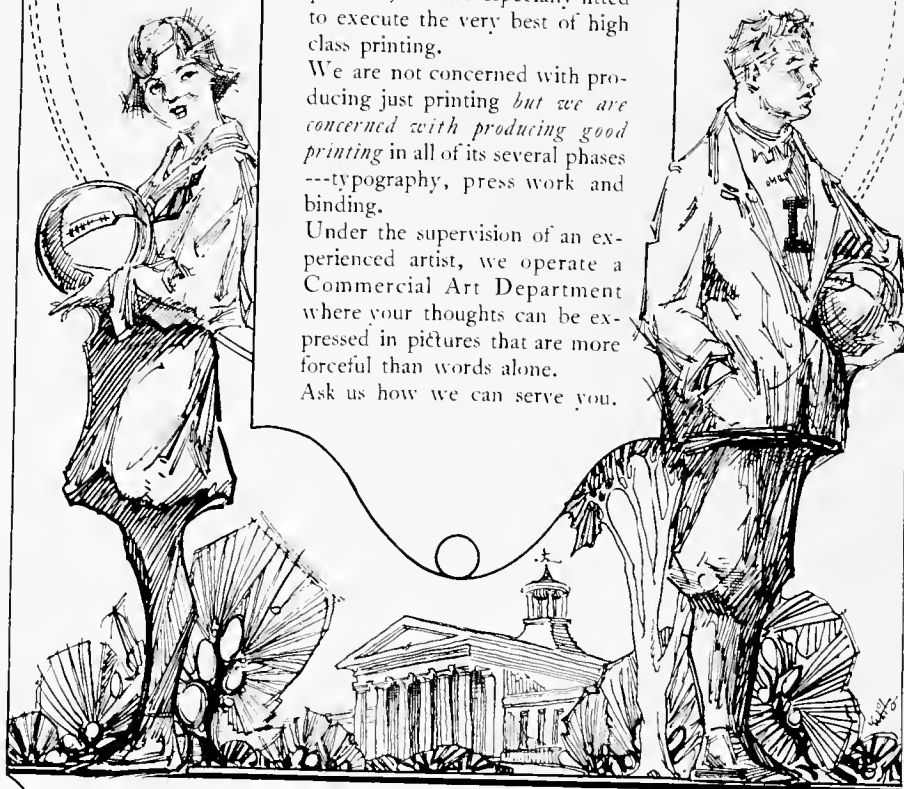
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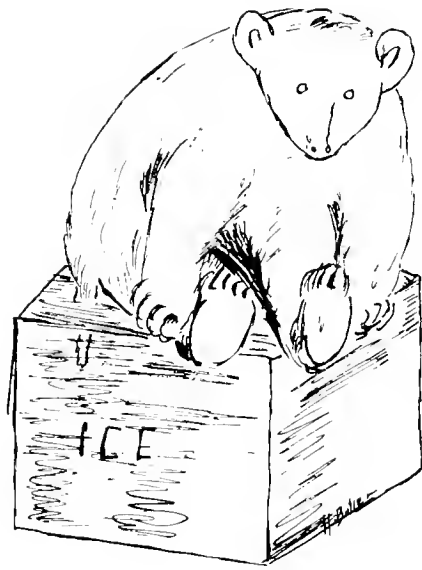
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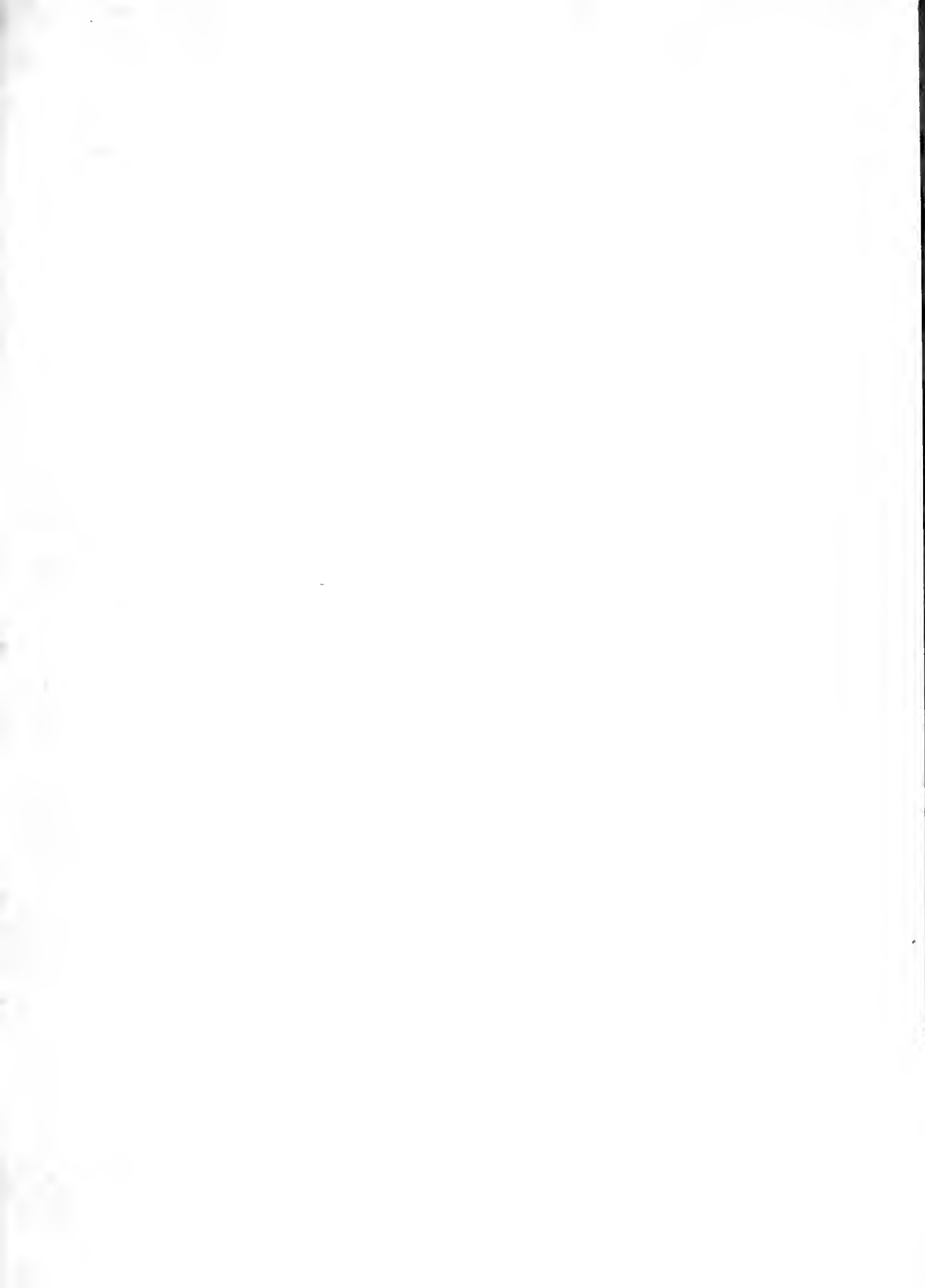
PRESBYTERIAN
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CHARLOTTE, N. CAROLINA



MY TALE IS TOLD











DUNFUILEN CASTLE
ORIGINAL HOME
of the MACDONALDS
IN SKYE

Walden
WARRERS
MAGAZINE
OCT. 1939

Header information including page number and date.

First main section of text, possibly a list or table.

Second main section of text, possibly a list or table.

Third main section of text, possibly a list or table.

Fourth main section of text, possibly a list or table.