



Chonokoka

1929

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The Chowanoka

Volume Eighteen

1929



EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY THE
SENIOR CLASS
CHOWAN COLLEGE
MURFREESBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

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Foreword

As, we, the compilers of the 1929 CHOWANOKA, have taken our canoes and rowed on the Meherrin and have learned much of the life in Chowan, thinking of how our Forefathers and the Indians have lived and played on these waters and on these plains, we have herein tried to portray truly the haunts of Nature, the palisades of pine-trees, and the merry folk who ramble in the green lanes. May there be a bond of friendship in our memories between ourselves and those who lived here long ago.

May this book bring pleasant recollections of the past and brighter and more determined aspirations for the days that are to come.

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Dedication

Those who have taken a vital interest in Chowan, who have loved her, who have striven to help her maintain her existence and to move forward in progress, who have helped her in times of need truly as a father helps his children, and who have cherished hopes for her and seen them fulfilled—to them,

Our Dear Forefathers

we reverently dedicate this 1929 edition of the CHOWANOKA. We hope that they will continue to love and support her, and we know that their efforts in her behalf will not go unrewarded.

Chowan, Mother Dear

A song in thy praise, O mother dear,
Doth rise to lips from loyal hearts.
 We do greet thee!
 We do greet thee!
As out the darkness thou thy way
Dost break through night to perfect day.
 We salute thee!
 We salute thee!
Mother dear! Mother dear!

Our hearts rejoice in thy wisdom and strength
And to God be thanks for thy fostering care.
 We do praise thee!
 We do praise thee!
Thy name—so fair—we love and adore,
So treasured with hopes and mem'ries of yore,
 We adore thee!
 We adore thee!
Dear Chowan! Dear Chowan!

The thrill of thy beauty—kind nature's own skill—
Doth surge through our souls, and brighten our way.
 We adore thee!
 We adore thee!
The beech, the magnolia, the longleaf rare
Each season doth rival to make more fair.
 We do love thee!
 We do love thee!
Mother fair! Mother fair!

Hail Pioneer !

Hail, Pioneer, who helped to blaze the trail
That learning's way to woman open wide !
Where'er they be, thy daughters ne'er will fail
To hasten, loyal, summoned to thy side,
Of what thou wert, thy children proudly boast ;
Of what thou didst, when very few would dare ;
But not in laurels past we glory most,
But what thou art and shalt be is our care.
We love thy atmosphere of kindness ;
We love thy piety and simple faith ;
We love thy aim—"Though small, among the best" :
We love thy ideals, Alma Mater !

NEWEL MASON.





THE COLLEGE BOOK I



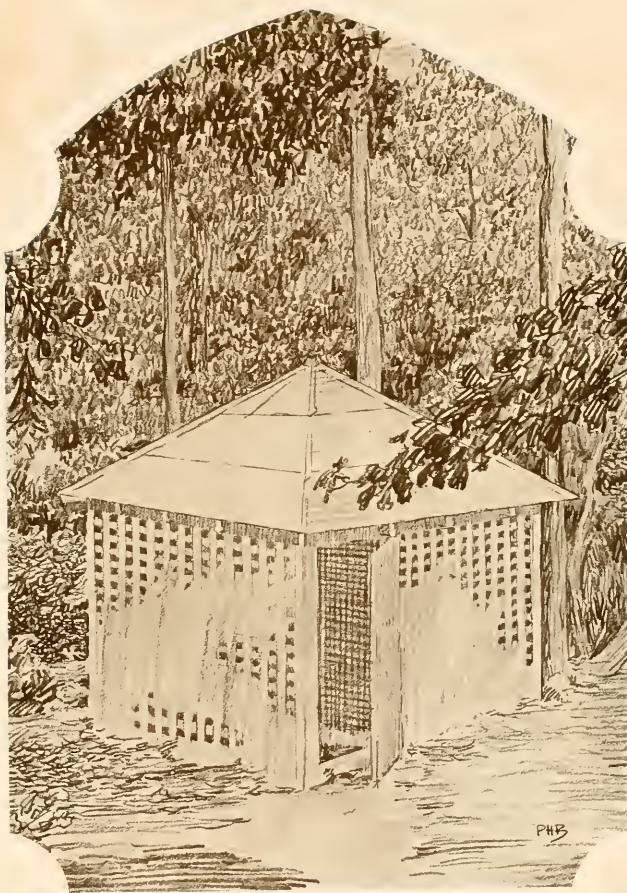




"If thou love learning enter here."



*"Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree,"*
Kämer.



*A place dear to the Senior Class
Where we had one famous repast.*



*"E'er from these ancient portals
Youth goes forth to fight life's battles."*



*The cold stones of this cottage small
Are warmed by those who dwell therein.*



*"Men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever,"*

Tennyson.

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B.S.; Piano Diploma, Chowan College; Peabody Conservatory	
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University of North Carolina	
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Alma Mater

Alma Mater, Gentle Mother,
We, thy daughters, joyful sing,
Join our voices with each other,
Praise today to thee we bring!
Though we hail from headlands, mountains,
Though of many creeds we be,
Though we've drunk from many fountains,
We are one in love to thee!
Ever onward, ever upward,
Lead us gently by the hand;
Ever, gentle mother, onward,
Lead us on, thy loyal band.

Alma Mater, we invoke thee,
Let us see thy shining face;
Let us feel, we now implore thee,
All thy true enduring grace.
On thy banner, ever glorious,
Truth forever shall appear!
Crown thy children's hopes victorious
With the love that casts out fear.
Let us hold a sweet communion
With thy truth which never fades;
Let us feel thy hand upon us
Blessing us from age to age.

CHARLES P. WEAVER.





CLASSES
BOOK II





SENIOR





JANE BROWN
Senior Mascot



MRS. W. B. EDWARDS
Senior Class Adviser

Senior Class Song

TUNE: "*By the Waters of Minnetonka*"

Chowan, dear, thou art near to our hearts;
Chowan Mother, no other can take your place.
Your walls are dear, we'll love them e'er.
When we leave thee, we'll not forget thee;
Hear thou our vow to cherish thee.
Chowan, our Mother dear, bless us fore'er.

JESSIE DRAPER.





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RUBY BRITTON.....	Secretary
LUCILLE LONG.....	Treasurer
MRS. W. B. EDWARDS.....	Adviser

CLASS DAY OFFICERS

JESSIE DRAPER.....	Poet
WILMA ELLINGTON.....	Historian
BETTIE WALTER JENKINS.....	Prophet
MARY WHITLEY.....	Lawyer



RUBY BRITTON, A.B..... Cofield, N. C.

Lucalian

English

B. Y. P. U. (2, 3, 4); Y. W. A. (4);
Vice President Lucalian Society (4);
Secretary Senior Class.

Quietly and unnoticed, Ruby slipped into our midst. A shy, demure, timid soul is she. Unselfishness, sympathy, and big heartedness are qualities which permeate her nature. Once your friend, always your friend,—but you have to know her. Sincere, unpretentious, reserved, ever that something peculiar to Ruby alone. She goes her way, never shirking her duty.

ALICE CARTER, A.B...Murfreesboro, N. C.

Latin

Bible Department (1, 3); Greek Club (4); Math Club (2); French Club (1, 2); Math Club (1, 2, 3, 4).

Here, Ladies and Gentlemen, is one of the only two in captivity; step in closer and realize her knowledge of Latin. Alice is an earnest, sincere, dependable student who has won the esteem of both faculty and student body. In bidding Alice farewell we wish her success, and to predict otherwise would be entirely inconsistent with the foundation that she has given us upon which to stand and prophesy.



BERTHA IDELLE CHITTY, A.B.....
Murfreesboro, N. C.

Lucalian

English

Vice President B. Y. P. U. (1); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Math Club (1); French Club (2, 3); Home Economics Club (4); Greek Club (4); Music Club (1); Art Club (4); Down Town Club (1, 2, 3, 4).

"Gentlemen prefer blondes." So do ladies! This fact has been proved by the esteem in which Bertha's classmates hold her. She is known for her gentleness, demureness, and willingness to have a part in every undertaking of her class.

ALICE COOK, A.B.....Calypso, N. C.

Lucalian

Home Economics

President Athletic Association (4); Secretary Athletic Association (2); Varsity Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Secretary Tennis Club (2); Varsity Soccer Team (1); Hikers' Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain Senior Baseball (4); President Home Economics Club (4); Home Economics Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Dramatic Club (3); French Club (2, 3); Spanish Club (2); Music Club (3).

Alice is a hard worker and has taken an active part in all school activities. She is at home anywhere on the athletic field, and our basketball team would have been far from complete without her. But not in athletics alone does she excel, for in the kitchen she is in deed, as well as in name, a cook that can satisfy the appetite of any man and thus win her way straight into his heart.



JEAN CRADDOCK, A.B...Fort Worth, Tex.

Alathenian

Home Economics

Secretary Athletic Association (3); Vice President Home Economics Club (4); President Dramatic Club (3); Society Day Reader (2); Society Critic (3); President Alathenian Society (4); Joke Editor *Chowanian* (3); Associate Editor CHOWANOKA (3); Editor CHOWANOKA (4).

Jean brought her laugh to us all the way from wild and wooly Texas, though she detoured via South Boston, Va.; however, she has become thoroughly "Tarheeled." She is a most remarkable person in that she is both a four-square lady and an all-round good "fellow." As for her ability—this issue of the CHOWANOKA expresses better than words ever could. When a girl gets both an A.B. degree and a Diploma in Expression in three and a half years . . . well, that's enough said and there's no use trying to lay on the taffy.

RUBY INEZ DANIEL, A.B.....Stem, N. C.

Lucalian

English

President *Eunice McDowell* B. Y. P. U. (3); Secretary Volunteer Band (3); Director B. Y. P. U. (4); Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Secretary Spanish Club (2); Vice President Junior Class; Manager Junior Tea Room; General Critic Lucalian Society (3); Alternate Debater (2); Society Marshal (3); Circulation Manager *Chowanian* (3); Circulation Manager CHOWANOKA (4).

Ruby possesses a great soul, and we feel sure that she will prove a power in her field of work. She exhibits that high type of Christian character and womanhood which is always associated with the truest success. Diligence, ability, and all-round good fellowship—rare qualities, but Ruby possesses them all. As for her frequent trips to the postoffice—well, there's bound to be a reason.



RUTH DAVENPORT, A.B. Columbia, N. C.

Alathenian

English

Recording Secretary B. Y. P. U. (3); Vice President Life Service Band (3); Vice President Y. W. A. (3, 4); President Music Club (3, 4); Secretary Junior Class; Junior Representative in Student Council (3); Critic Alathenian Society (2); Winner Society Ring (2); Society Marshal (3, 4); Winner Daniel Music Medal (3); General House President (4).

"Angel" doesn't climb upon the housetops and herald her presence, but if you want a job well done get her to do it. If unusual ability combined with conscientious effort are pre-requisites of success, Ruth has nothing to fear. She pretends to be indifferent to the opposite sex, but this is inconsistent with her mail from State College, Potecasi, Columbia, Creswell, and other points south.

ANN ELIZABETH DOWNEY, A.B.
Severn, N. C.

Alathenian

History

Y. W. A. Cabinet (2, 4); Program Committee Volunteer Band (2); President *Nell Lawrence* B. Y. P. U. (2); Director B. Y. P. U. (3); Personal Service Committee Y. W. A. (3); Pianist *Nell Lawrence* B. Y. P. U. (4); Vice President Athletic Association (2, 3); Program Committee Alathenian Society (2); Debater (3); Secretary Student Council (3); President Student Government (4).

The name "Ann" is a symbol on our campus. To the students it means a smiling face, and a noble character. To the teachers it means efficiency, and the execution of every trust and responsibility. To the college it means a soul and a fountain of inspiration. To the Alumnae it will be a source of Chowan Spirit for years to come.



JESSIE DRAPER, A.B., Pendleton, N. C.

Lucalian

English

Vice President *Eunice McDowell* B. Y. P. U. (3); President *Eunice McDowell* B. Y. P. U. (4); Secretary Lucalian Society (3); Glee Club (1, 2, 3); *Chowanian* Staff (3); Joke Editor *CHOWANOKA* (4); Class Poet (4); House President (3).

If, some day, you happen to see a big smile, with a pencil in its hair, coming towards you, don't be alarmed, for it is only Jessie. Even when in high school, Jessie was extraordinarily proficient with a lead pencil, and in college her pencil (pardon me, she uses a fountain pen now) has produced many cartoons and poems. She is a tiny little mite that is going to leave a heap much big vacancy when her diploma takes her out into the wide, wide world.

WILMA ELIZABETH ELLINGTON, B. Y. P. U.,
Saxapahaw, N. C.

Lucalian

English

Officer Y. W. A. (2, 4); President *Nell Lawrence* B. Y. P. U. (3); President Volunteer Band (3); Class Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); French Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Society Marshal (3); Alternate Debater (3); Debater (4); *Chowanian* Staff (3); Business Manager *CHOWANOKA* (4); Literary Critic Lucalian Society (4); Winner Bailey Essay Medal (2); Class Historian.

Steady—dependable—always there—that's Wilma. She is quiet and unobtrusive, but she never fails to do her part when called upon. Wilma has the admirable faculty of knowing when to speak and when to keep silent, and the reputation of pouring oil on the troubled waters of the Class of '29. She is a true exponent of "It can be done."



AGNES HARRELL, A.B....Rosemary, N. C.

Lucalian

English

Mars Hill College (1, 2); Secretary Sunday school Class (3); Edwards B. Y. P. U. (3); Y. W. A. (3); Vice President Sunday school Class (4); Y. W. A. Circle Leader (4); President Lucalian Society (4); Senior Representative Student Council Spanish Club (4).

Agnes came to us from the high lands—Mars Hill, and if all Mars Hillians are like her, we want more of them. This bright-faced, eager girl is full of quiet power. She has ability in Society work, being president of the Lucalian Society; and is a capable and sincere religious worker. We wish for Agnes a great life, for she deserves it.

ROSALINO ROMALDA HORNE, A.B....

Pendleton, N. C.

Alathenian

History

Corresponding Secretary *Edwards* B. Y. P. U. (3); Varsity Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); French Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Glee Club (3, 4); Math Club (2); Vice President Dramatic Club (3); Home Economics Club (4); Northampton Club (4); Secretary Alathenian Society (3).

Rosalind is the one girl in Chowan who can always smile. Judging from her smiling countenance, nothing ever displeases her. Also she is a woman of few words ("truth is stranger than fiction"). What a combination of characteristics! With her cheerful disposition; however, she is far from being frivolous—just modest and innocent, that's Rosalind. If all the other students at Chowan were like her, the proctors would be fired and peace and quiet would reign supreme.



MARGARET JEFFREYS, B.S., Cofield, N. C.

Lucalian

Science

Orchestra (1, 2, 3); Secretary-Treasurer Orchestra (2); Music Club (1, 2, 3); French Club (1, 2); Math-Science Club (4); Varsity Baseball (2, 3, 4); Glee Club (2); Home Economics Club (3, 4); Margaret Club (2); Art Club (4).

What? Not heard of Margaret Jeffreys! Surprising! Astonishing! Shocking! How such a thing could be, we cannot tell. But here she is before you in aspect if not in life. "Margie" has the gift that few people possess—a sense of proportion; she knows how to combine work and play. She is brimful of fun and a splendid sport, and takes a special delight in playing with whimsically humorous remarks that imply more than they say. Dame Rumor claims that—but let us deal with the present and not venture any predictions for the future.

BETTIE WALTER JENKINS, A.B.,
Piano Diploma....Murfreesboro, N. C.

Lucalian

English

French Club (1, 2, 4); Down Town Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Music Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Dramatic Club (1, 2); Glee Club (4); Accompanist Glee Club (3); Expression Medal (2); W. B. Edwards Debater's Medal (3); Society Debater (2, 3); Society Reader (4); Senior Reporter to *Chowanian* (4); Class Prophet (4).

Here's to Bettie Walter, the possessor of an incessant stream of conversation. Bettie's willingness and desire to work in the interest of others and her unfailing brightness of personality have made her one of the most outstandingly popular girls in school. Dramatic? Yes. Musical? Yes. Literary? Yes. All these, and many other qualities are bound up in this little piece of humanity known as Bettie Walter Jenkins.



MARY LOU JONES, A.B., Hillsboro, N. C.

Lucalian

English

President Life Service Band, (1); Officer B. Y. P. U. (1, 2, 3); Officer Y. W. A. (4); Cheer Leader Athletic Association (3); Secretary-Treasurer Dramatic Club (2); Winner Best Original Reading (3); Critic Lucalian Society (3); Debater (3, 4); *Chowanian* Staff (1, 2); *Chowanoka* Staff (4); President Junior Class; President Senior Class; Teacher of Commercial Work (2, 3, 4).

Mary Lou has played a dual role in her sojourn among us. Four years she has been a student and for three years she has taught successfully the commercial subjects offered by the college. The fact that her class has chosen her as its president for two years bears testimony to the esteem in which her classmates hold her. Her versatility will enable her to attempt anything, and her capability (plus her red hair) will assure such attempts of success.

EVA CAROL KINLAW, B.S.,.....

St. Pauls, N. C.

Lucalian

Science

Secretary *Mattie Macon Norman* B. Y. P. U. (2); Y. W. A. (3); Chaplain Lucalian Society (2); Vice President Student Government (3); Assistant in Science Department (3); Home Economics Club (2).

Eva is every inch a business woman, and every foot a lady. She has thrown herself vigorously into every phase of school life until now she is one of the school leaders. It is wonderful how much she has accomplished in her three years here. Her "scientific ability" has gained for her many prominent positions. If anyone wishes to be enlightened concerning her ability as a teacher, just ask some of the girls who have had Physics lab under her. Eva promises to be an asset to some college faculty—provided she can turn down the repeated calls of Dan Cupid.



MARGARET LAWRENCE, A.B.
Gatesville, N. C.

Alathenian

English

B. Y. P. U. Officer (2, 4); Y. W. A. Cabinet (2); Glee Club (1, 2, 4); Orchestra (1, 2, 4); President Sophomore Class; French Club (1, 2); Writers' Club (4); Cnowanoka Staff (4).

We were about to say that Margaret is proving a disappointment to us, but far be it from such! What we had in mind was that Margaret is one of those girls who is seen but not heard, but alas! Recently she has completely changed our mind by taking up debating. And as advertising manager of the Cnowanoka she has gained the reputation of being able to out talk the hardest prospect. Go to it, Margaret, the Class of '29 is proud of you. Here's luck to you!

ROSALIE LIVERMAN, A.B.
Murfreesboro, N. C.

Lucalian

English

Down Town Club (1, 2, 3, 4); French Club (1, 2, 3); Glee Club (3, 4); Music Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Theodore Presser Music Medal (3).

Here is a bonny lassie who can always be counted on to stand true to Chowan. Her fingers are treasure tones of melody which have given unaccountable pleasure to her classmates. The problem of the voice students of next year is to find an accompanist as efficient as Rosalie has been. We bow to her musical talent; we doff our hats to her sincerity—in friendship, work, and play.



LUCILLE LONG, A.B. Severn, N. C.

Alathenian

Mathematics

Y. W. A. Cabinet (3); Pianist *Mattie Macon Norman* B. Y. P. U. (3); Vice President *Mattie Macon Norman* B. Y. P. U. (4); Delegate to B. S. U. Conference (3); Hikers' Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Music Club (1, 2, 3, 4); French Club (1, 2, 3); Math-Science Club (1, 2, 3); President Math-Science Club (4); Student Council (2); Treasurer Senior Class; Chowanoka Staff (4); Treasurer Alathenian Society (2); Society Marshal (3)

Many years ago, four to be exact, a tall, slender lassie gazed sadly up at the columns of Chowan, wearily picked up her suit-case bearing a Severn card, and entered into this phase of her life. Meek and quiet, as rats should be, she set about her work, and today we find her in the same un-ruffled way preparing to enter the school of experience.

KATE MACKIE, Expression Diploma ..
Yadkinville, N. C.

Lucalian

Dramatics

President *Nell Lawrence* B. Y. P. U. (3); Secretary Dramatic Club (2); President Dramatic Club (2); Math-Science Club (2, 3); Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Orchestra (1, 2); Spanish Club (3); Business Manager *Chowanian* (3).

Emily Post tells us that it is impolite to stare, but everyone stared when Kate arrived at this institution of learning. Sometimes we stare now, as we sit enraptured by the spell of her dramatic ability. Kate migrated from Baylor University when we were in the midst of our Sophomore year. We don't hold it against Kate for the mistake she made three years ago, but we are glad that she saw it and changed the "school of her choice." Our only regret is that we have not had her with us longer.



IDA CORENE MATTHEWS, A.B.
Seaboard, N. C.

History

B. Y. P. U. Officer (1, 2, 3); Varsity Soccer (1); Swimming Club (1, 2, 3); Orchestra (1, 2); German Club (2, 3).

Now we turn to one of our typical little homemakers Ida might well have the Master's degree conferred upon her, if the ability to manipulate the broom and the dishcloth were prerequisites. She has completed her course in three years and we hear that very soon—but sshhh, editors mustn't tell everything they know.



VIRGINIA COFER MARTIN, A.B.
Murfreesboro, N. C.

Lucalian

French

Vice President General B. Y. P. U. (2); Y. W. A. Circle Leader (2); Co-Editor *Chowanian* (2, 3); *Chowanian* Staff (1, 4); Secretary Freshman Class; Winner of DeLoatche Medal (1, 2, 3); Treasurer Student Government Association (2); Censor Lucalian Society (2); Society Marshal (3, 4).

After reading the statistics of this girl, we see that there is little more to be said. "Ginny" toted the honors in her local high school, and when she came to Chowan, she continued to tote 'em. She has that amazing quality of not only being able to understand her lessons, but to remember them as well. If there were such a thing as a yard-stick of pedagogic standards with which one could measure knowledge, we would say that "Ginny" is "all wool and a yard wide."

ODESSA MOSS, A.B. Grover, N. C.

Lucalian

History

A. A. Mountain View Junior College '26; Associate Director General B. Y. P. U. (4); Y. W. A. Circle Leader (4); Vice President Math-Science Club (4); Math-Science (3, 4); French Club (3).

"Odyssey" we call her, though she is quite unlike Homer's Odyssey. Inscribed on her *tabula rasa* are not "ten years wanderings," but four years of faithfully following the dictates of her professors. Our two years association with her have been an inspiration to us.

"So earnest in her work and fun,
We know not half the work she's done."



SARAH INEZ PARKER, A.B.....
Murfreesboro, N. C.

Alathenian

Mathematics

Down Town Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Business Manager Down Town Club (3); French Club (1, 2); Math-Science Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Dramatic Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Expression Diploma (3); Home Economics Club (4); Society Day Reader (4); Greek Club (4).

Though she may not rank as an intellectual genius, Inez has continuously managed to satisfy the faculty of her ability to stand above the average. We should admire her for this degree of studiousness since quite a bit of her time must be spent in composing letters to a very important "friend."

LAURA RUTH PARKER, A.B.....
Murfreesboro, N. C.

Lucallian

Mathematics

Down Town Club (1, 2, 3, 4); French Club (3, 4); Math-Science Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Home Economics Club (4); Art Club (4).

When a girl is known by her friendly smile, words are not needed to sum up her character. Patiently, steadily, ever minding the goal and never minding trials between, Laura Ruth pursues her work. A genuine, sincere, and trustworthy comrade we deem her. Congratulations to the home she may adorn.



ELIZABETH SEWELL, A.B.....
Murfreesboro, N. C.

Latin

Down Town Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Latin Club (1); Greek Club (4); Art Club (4).

Elizabeth is a perfect little lady every time one sees her—neat in appearance, kindly in manner, and sweet of disposition. Behind her gentle manner, there is a powerful intelligence. She has a high scholastic record, but she's not entirely literary, for:

She's Murfreesboro born,
And Murfreesboro bred,
And when she marries
(It's rumored that) She'll be Murfreesboro wed.

But after all is said and done—she is a Latin major. Selah!

BETTIE ELIZABETH SPENCER, B.S.....
Seaboard, N. C.

Alathenian

History

Varsity Soccer (1); Basketball (2, 3); Track (2); Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Math-Science Club (3); President Northampton Club (4).

Although a new member of the Class of '29, Bettie has smiled her way into our hearts. She is one of those quiet, good natured, hard working girls who has many friends and is always in her place when called on. Here's to you Bettie. Be as fair to the world as you have to the Class of '29 and to Chowan, and you will always win.



CHRISTINE MALINDA STILLMAN, A.B.
Weeksville, N. C.

Alathenian

Mathematics

Y. W. A. Cabinet (3); Student Volunteer and Life Service Band (2, 3, 4); Secretary Student Volunteer and Life Service Band (4); Chorister *Burrell* Y. W. A. Circle; French Club (1, 3); Glee Club (3, 4); Music Club (3, 4); Society Marshal (3); Chaplain Alathenian Society (4).

Four long years ago a little girl, holding tightly to the hand of her big brother, came all the way from Creswell to begin life at Chowan. This little girl was none other than our own "Teeny." We did not then suspect that the petit "Teeny" would prove to be such an important factor in our school life, and all because we failed to look at the facts of the case from a mathematical point of view.

EDNA STILLMAN, A.B. Creswell, N. C.

Alathenian

Mathematics

Y. W. A. Cabinet (2); *Nell Lawrence* (2); Society Chaplain (2); *Mattie Macon Norman* B. Y. P. U. (2); Y. W. A. Circle (3); Math Club (1, 2, 3); Hikers Club (1, 2, 3); Soccer (1, 2); French Club (1, 2); Secretary Math Club (2).

Whenever you see a smile surrounded by six inches of face, and every one around laughing, there you'll find Edna slowly speaking a few words in which she has cleverly concealed a great deal of language with a little bit of wit. She is a girl whom one has to know to appreciate, for she is so quiet and unassuming that her many admirable characteristics are not readily perceived by the casual observer.



MAIZIE LEE WADE, Diploma in Voice....
Morehead City, N. C.

Lucalian

Voice

Pianist B. Y. P. U. (2, 4); Chorister B. Y. P. U. (2); Pianist Y. W. A. (1); Chairman Y. W. A. Music Committee (3); Chorister *Nell Lawrence* B. Y. P. U. (2, 3); Pianist *Nell Lawrence* B. Y. P. U. (4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Winner Voice Medal (2); Winner Original Musical Composition (1, 2, 3, 4).

She is certainly a bird! Just a moment, please don't jump at conclusions, we mean a song bird. Our hearts and souls thrill when we hear her sing, but our most embarrassing moments are spent trying to control our feet when she plays. She is one who has never let her studies interfere with her education. To sum her up we might say that she is too wrapped in her art to bother about grades.

HELEN WALKER, A.B...Moore'sville, N. C.

Lucalian

Mathematics

President *Mattie Macon Norman* B. Y. P. U. (2, 4); Assistant B. Y. P. U. Director (3); Y. W. A. Cabinet (2, 3, 4); President Life Service Band (4); French Club (1, 2); Music Club (3, 4); Glee Club (3); Math-Science Club (2, 3, 4); Treasurer Junior Class (3); Chaplain Lucalian Society (2); Censor Lucalian Society (3).

"Little Helen," as she is known to every one on the campus, is just another proof that valuable things come in small packages. Sincerity is her middle name. The many admirable traits of this young lady cannot be enumerated in this small space. She is a conscientious, hard worker, and has a determination that has won for her a high place in class work, and the respect and friendship of her classmates and professors.



MAGGIE MARIE WARREN, A.B.....
Murfreesboro, N. C.

English

Bible Department (1, 2); Greek Club (4); Down Town Club (1, 2, 3, 4).

In a detached sort of way Maggie has watched the whole of college life rush by her. Unhurriedly she has gone through it all and apparently, enjoyed herself. Her optimistic mood enabled her to tread the rugged paths of college life without complaint. Here's to you, Maggie, "ole girl"! May you obtain your just share of happiness and success.

MONA ELIZABETH WEBB, B.S.....
Edenton, N. C.

Alathenian

Home Economics

Home Economics Club (2, 3, 4); French Club (2, 3); Math-Science Club (2, 3, 4); Art Club (4); Glee Club (2, 3); Assistant Advertising Manager CHOWANOKA (3); Debater (3); Vice President Society (4).

The College confers the B. S. degree upon Lib, but long ago her schoolmates have conferred the A.D. (Absolutely Dependable) degree upon her. If there is a menu to be planned, we flee to Lib in our distress. If there is a dress to be made (especially if it is brown), she is our ever present help in time of trouble. If there is decorating to be done—well Lib's "all there" wherever she is called.



MARY GRANTHAM WHITLEY, A.B....
Murfreesboro, N. C.

Alathenian

French

President Orchestra (2); Down Town Club (1, 2, 3, 4); President Le Cercle Francais (3); Vice President Class (4); Debater (4); Testator (4).

Mary Whitley. Ah! What does that name suggest? Thoughtfulness, sarcasm, accommodation, nobility, character, intelligence, dependability, romance,—“Chic” will lay aside anything that is occupying her time, in order to engage in a good argument, especially if said argument concerns psychological theories. And it is astonishing the amount of Mr. Webster that can be contained in one little head. As we leave the halls of Chowan, we tell “Chic” “good luck” without a thought of it being “farewell” for we know that we shall hear of her again.

Senior Poem

Four fleeting years are passed and gone,
To Chowan, now, we bid farewell;
The loyalty we bear for her,
In words we ne'er can tell.

Oft we've thrilled in college sports,
Sorrow and defeat we've met—
But now we're through and leave them all,
Our days we'll ne'er forget.

Viewing the days that have come and gone,
And all that time has wrought,
Within our hearts there long will dwell
The pleasures they have brought.

The debt we owe to dear Chowan
We never can repay,
But pledge our love and faithfulness
Forever and for aye.

JESSIE DRAPER, *Poet.*



Wigwam Lights

On September 8, 1925, there came pouring into Chowan's doors the largest Freshman class ever received at the College. They hailed from various environments, but all had come to do the same work, live the same lives, conform to the same rules, experience the same homesickness—and they did—aplenty—and get similar treatments.

College life was something new under the sun to these forty or fifty-odd beginners. They had not before this eaten, studied, slept, exercised, meditated, worshipped, bathed by bells. Student government, professors, new surroundings, immense demands on the time of the students, classical music, dates on Monday night, school on Saturday—there was no lack of the new and the strange. But if anyone could be game, get busy, conform, yet be individual, the nineteen-twenty-niners knew they could. And they did.

Surely they were soon acquainted with the warriors, second year students. Soon green headdress and a never-ending line of petty frivolities were imposed upon them. Had they ever pulled grass by the suit-case full by picking a blade at a time with eyebrow tweezers? If not, they soon learned how, and shaved the campus in a little while. That is an example of adaptability.

But all was not imposition for these little papooses. No! Every one is grateful for the lawn party Pastor Bryant of the Meherrin Church gave the class. Thirty-five freshmen ate five gallons of ice cream! They *said* they had enough.

As for freshman class activities, they were not of very great significance. How could they be when other more pressing things demanded attention? Papooses are largely helpless in their own individual efforts, but this class shook their feet loose from the bandages, and learned a little about kicking.

However, the great time came when they became warriors or better known in college parlance as Sophomores. Never has there been a class more keenly alive to duties imposed on them by custom and tradition. Surely they did not fail to open locked doors, nor to go through any and every object of obstruction placed in the way. They had learned their lesson when they were papooses, and now they had their chance. The trip to the graveyard is no myth—it actually took place. Ask Warrior Jean Craddock if she didn't sacrifice her good hard head and receive a lasting bump just on account of perseverance in carrying on the procession to the graveyard. She would tell you a wall got out of place and met her as she walked along.

With Margaret Lawrence as president, and with our numbers only slightly depleted, this class was a power. Already they were looked on with eyes of expectation and hope. Their pledges to the Endowment Campaign exceeded those of any other class in school. As it would be unnatural that this class was respected, for no Sophomore class is loved and respected, this class cannot claim popularity. No, not until the junior year could they claim respect in the college. Even the faculty looked askance at all the domination they saw in the Warriors.

The happy time—Jiffy Junior stage, or Medicine Men Period—came to this anxious and impatient group, still large in number, eager and enthusiastic about work or play. The Chief Medicine Man, Mary Lon Jones, had these traits herself, and they were catching. The management of the tea room was quite an addition to class activity. Talk about commercializing, these girls did it when they tried to sell cocoa sweetened with salt! And it was fifteen cents per cup! Too, they quite often made jam sandwiches and sold them. The recipe, if you want it, is . . . two pieces of bread jammed together. The staging of the Junior-Senior banquet is a tale all its own. There were happenings during the preparation which ranged from an auto wreck to liquid ice cream.

Once in the Junior year they returned to the warpath. The battle was supposed to be fought on the baseball field, but it turned out to be a Junior-Senior banner fight. The Seniors treacherously snatched a freshman banner, but the ever alert Juniors were in the fight to pull, hold, jerk, or what not—anything to retain the banner. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the Medicine Men returned to their wigwams victoriously waving their banner—tattered and torn, it is true, but *theirs* just the same.

Then, at last came the much hoped for and idealized time when these medicine men became chiefs—Seniors! Probably the greatest happening of universal interest and importance was the Brown Lady visit. Those who for any reason chose to be absent from the meeting on the night of Hallowe'en, were specially urged to come the next night. There were only two who chose to be in this class—Miss DeLano and Miss Halsell—but the next night just at twelve, as their gallants were bidding them good night at the door, the weird ones became companions to the ladies. These specially honored two had experiences in dark and uncertain corners of this world that night. The strange truth is known only to them and to those who came from the spirit world.

Every Senior who had been going to Sunday school in Miss Carroll's class got a plum one day—she took them for a supper at the Spring over in the wood. One sad thing darkens this happy event. The rolls gave out, but there were only fifteen dozen for thirty or thirty-five guests! Miss Carroll proved she knew how to hand out a good time to the girls. She provided cats galore, fire, ghost tales, fun, and a thrilling long walk back to school in the moonlight.

On May 28, 1929, the history of these young ladies in their self-training and self-culture was completed. On that day they received their reward. Thirty-seven happy yet tremulous maidens stood between four years of strenuous training and the demands of life. Will that training be able to cope with those demands? Will the future be as worthy of that moment as the past has been, and could succeeding chapters of their history, though unwritten, be as delightful as that recorded here?

WILMA ELLINGTON,
Historian.



Class Prophecy

On a balmy morning in April, 1934, I was seized with a distinct touch of spring fever. I was teaching piano in the Cherokee Indian Reservation at Cherokee, N. C. My Indian pupils were usually energetic, but they were affected by my own languid air on this particular morning. When the last lesson was over, I closed the piano with a sigh of relief. I thought a walk would pep me up, and I left the reservation for a walk on the mountain-side. I sat down on the swinging bridge over the river, and gazed into the crystal depths. The gentle swinging motion of the bridge lulled me into dreamland, and I soon found myself in Paris sitting in the luxurious breakfast room of Mme. Lamoire.

I was perusing the morning papers when Madame entered excitedly waving aloft an open letter.

"My dear Mlle. Bettie," she exclaimed, "the gods are indeed kind today. I have here an invitation from my dear friend Madame Dumonde, and she is inviting us to come to her salon this afternoon. You are to play, if you will. She writes that she is presenting a protegee of hers, Mlle. Madeleine le Wade. She has a marvelous voice, and. . . ."

"Madeleine le Wade? Where have I heard that name before? Well, the mystery, if there be one, will be solved in a few hours. Excuse me, please, I must select my music."

At three o'clock Madame Lamoire and I arrived at the salon whose hostess was famous, even in Paris, for surrounding herself with brilliant people. Madame Dumonde greeted us, then turned to me and asked that I play for her guests. After my selection was over, I settled down to wait until Mlle. Madeleine le Wade should be presented. I'm sure I stared rudely at the tall, slender figure which soon arose and stood with languid grace by the piano.

"And," Madame was saying, "Mlle. le Wade will be accompanied by Mlle. Rosalie Liverman."

My lips parted in sheer amazement. I could hardly believe my eyes, but my ears told me that the clear, firm technique of the accompaniment and the rich, full tones of the singer were quite familiar. I recalled how at Chowan I had said so many times, "Sing for me, Maidie, while Rosalie is here to play for you." I listened as the golden notes of Maidie's song filled the room. Her applause was generous, and I felt quite proud of her. Soon I went over to congratulate my old classmates.

"Oh, Bettie Walter," Rosalie soon broke in, "did you know that Maidie is to be presented at the Metropolitan next season? And after her presentation we are going on a concert tour."

"My, I never dreamed that I was sitting in class with opera stars and concert artists in the old Chowan days! Congratulations again!"

"Say, Maidie, do you ever hear from any of the rest of our old Chowan gang? Since I have been studying in Paris, I have lost sight of most of them."

"Ruby Britton wrote me last week," answered Maidie. "She is teaching Psychology in Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga. And Helen Walker is teaching Mathematics there. Helen always did have a mania for triangles and unknown quantities."

"I knew Ruby was a satellite of Miss Mason's, but I had no idea that she had settled down in Miss Mason's own city. I wonder if she ever mentions the value of castor oil to her students?"

"Bettie Walter," Rosalie suddenly interrupted, "who is that distinguished looking young lady over there in the beige tea-gown, the one with the superior air?"

"My dear, I am sure I don't know."

At that moment the young lady in question turned her handsome dark head, and we found her to be Mary Whitley.

"Will wonders never cease?" I exclaimed, as we went to speak to Mary.

"Mary Whitley, of all people! And what are you doing here in this learned group—splitting hairs as usual, I suppose."

"Well, if you must know," replied the verbose Miss Whitley, "I am taking a brief vacation from my strenuous duties as professor of modern languages at the University of Tennessee. You might be interested to know that our friend Alice Carter is one of the Latin professors at the University."

"Good! And do you ever hear anything of Elizabeth Sewell?" I asked. "Speaking of Latin, I always think of Elizabeth at the mention of the word."

"My sister, Evelyn, wrote me that Elizabeth was expecting to take a Ph.D. degree in Latin at Columbia this year. And did you know our learned friends, Agnes Harrell and Virginia Martin, received Ph.D. degrees last March."

"Whew! Aren't they coming to the front?" I commented. "And now come to my apartment all of you '29-ers and let's chat some. We'll have dinner together, and then take in a good play this evening."

They agreed, and after having paid our respects to our hostess, we started toward my apartment. About half way down Le Rue de la Paix, Rosalie suddenly stopped. "Oh, look at that quaint little shop. Let's go in. I like that!"

"Why bother?" asked Maidie, "it's only one of those Shoppes Ameriques."

We went in and soon learned that it was Alice Cook and Elizabeth Webb who were so efficiently operating this exclusive Shoppe Amerique in the heart of the shopping district of Paris.

"And," Alice enlightened us, "what do you think of Rosalind Horne, my roommate of '29 becoming a well known interior decorator in the city of Boston, Mass.?"

"You don't mean it!"

"Yes, she got her start in a course in house plans and interior decorating at Chowan. I hear that her artistic ideas are much in demand, even in aristocratic Boston."

After including Alice and Elizabeth in our plans for the evening, we left them. After dinner Mary bought a New York paper, and after glancing at the headlines, she jumped up and said, "Girls, listen to this: 'Miss Odessa Moss distinguished herself today in her brilliant defense of the co-respondent in the Sutherland divorce case. It is thought that she will eventually become one of the most outstanding lawyers in the United States.'"

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Rosalie. "I always thought Odessa was joking about her ambition to become a lawyer, but now I know she is really in earnest."

"Here is more news," continued Mary. "The Carolina Playmakers of the University of North Carolina have recently completed a successful tour of the northern states and are expecting to tour Europe during the month of April. They will give their performance in eight of the large cities, including London, Marseilles, and Paris. Oh, wouldn't it be thrilling if they were in Paris tonight?"

"They are," I said, "I forgot to tell you the morning papers carried the announcement of their performance at the *Porte Saint-Martin*. Let's go!"

We decided to go, and the opening hour found us in our box. The curtain went up on a dizzy drama called *Wheels*. The first act was a rapid whirl of events with the star actress, 'Speedy,' here there and everywhere. Soon Maidie turned to me and said, "Did you ever see anybody so much like Kate Mackie? It is Kate!"

At the end of the third act the director of the Playmakers brought three young ladies before the curtain to introduce them. "I wish to present the author of *Wheels*, Miss Inez Parker." Cheers arose, and soon the director continued, "Here is Miss Kate Mackie. One we are justly proud to introduce. Then, again, Miss Jean Craddock, the treasure of the Carolina Playmakers!"

Mary sank limply back into her seat. "Jean Craddock, Kate Mackie, Inez Parker . . . all on the road to fame."

When the play was over, we rushed to congratulate our famous friends, the same merry girls of their college days.

"Wilma Ellington came to see us when we played in London," said Jean. "She is teaching English, if you please, in a select girls school just outside London."

"Do you know, Jean," Wilma said to me in that grave way she has, "after studying English with Miss Carroll for three years, I felt capable of teaching English even to the English!"

"And do you know where Mary Lou is?" Kate broke in. "Wilma wrote me that Mary Lou is president of King's Business College in Raleigh. She always did have a talent for being president of something."

"Do you ever hear anything of Bertha, Inez?" I asked.

"My dear, haven't you heard?" asked Inez. "Bertha and her radio expert have been married over a year. She wrote me from her home in Washington that she heard radios so much that she felt like a wave length instead of a human being."

"Say, girls," Kate interrupted, "let's go to a night club and get a taste of the night life of this town."

As we entered the supper room of the *Apache* night club, the lights flashed off and in the glow of a spotlight we watched the willowy, swaying form of a dancer. At the conclusion of her dance, the fairy-like figure stood lightly on tiptoe and daintily kissed her fingers to the audience in acknowledgment of the applause. Jean turned to me with a gasp. "As I live. That girl is Margaret Jeffreys!"

"Why, yes. She is quite famous as a dancer. The critics call her 'Hovering Butterfly.' Her feet are bringing her a fortune."

After a few minutes Inez whispered, excitedly, "Do my eyes deceive me, or is that really Margaret Lawrence at that table near the door?"

"Oh, it is Margaret," said Mary. "Let me run over and speak to her."

Mary came right back with Margaret and a lady whom we had not seen before. It was Bettie Spencer!"

Greetings over, Margaret explained that she was sailing the next day for Berlin. She was going as the *New York Times* correspondent to the Baptist World Alliance.

"But what is Bettie doing with you?" asked Jean.

"My dears, Bettie's fairy godmother dropped a fortune into her lap in the shape of a millionaire husband, and she is traveling for pleasure," rejoined Margaret. "But we must hurry. Come down and see us off in the morning and let's swap what seraps of news we have about our old classmates."

The entire party of '29-ers met at my apartment the next morning, and we went down to the wharf to find Margaret and Bettie. We did not see them at once, but Jean finally spied them talking to a group of people near the gangplank. In a few minutes we found ourselves in the center of a laughing group of vaguely familiar faces.

"Why, it's Ann!" And indeed it was the same old Ann Downey, our student government president.

"Ruby Daniel! And Eva Kinlaw!" added Maidie.

"Where are you all going?" asked Rosalie.

"We are going to the Baptist World Alliance," answered Eva. "You see Ruby Daniel—come on, Ruby—is B. Y. P. U. director in North Carolina now, and Ann holds a similar position in Georgia, and they want to meet others at the meeting who are doing religious work."

"How about you, Eva? I am sure Ann and Ruby haven't carried off all the laurels," said Jean.

"Let me tell. She is too modest to do herself justice," broke in Ruby. "You see before you the efficient State secretary of the W. M. U. organization of North Carolina."

"Congratulations are in order," began Kate. . . ."

"Let's postpone them for a while and talk some," interrupted Ann, we don't have much time, either. "Margaret, what has become of Jessie Draper? You two were regular pals not so many years ago."

"We are still good friends," replied Margaret. "We have an apartment in New York, and Jessie is surely gaining a reputation among the editors in the city for her clever poetry."

"And Inez, is Laura Ruth still teaching?" asked Ruby.

"No," smiled Inez. "My quiet and unsophisticated sister got ahead of me and took unto herself a husband. She is living near Raleigh."

"And what about Maggie Warren?" Ruby went on.

"I hear from Maggie once in a blue moon," said Eva Kinlaw. "She is pastor's assistant at the First Baptist Church in Wilmington."

"That reminds me," said Ann. "I received a letter from Lucille Long just before I sailed. You know she is Dean of Wingate Junior College. She wrote that Christine Stillman is married, and that Edna is a Mathematics prof at N. C. C. W. Oh, yes, and Lucille wrote that Ruth Davenport is director of music at Hollins College."

At that moment the warning shout of "visitors ashore" came from the decks of the steamer, and we had to get off. Each went her own way and wondered when we would meet again.

The shout of "visitors ashore" changed into a familiar Indian whoop, and I opened my eyes startled to find myself still sitting on the swinging bridge. One of my brown-skinned pupils was standing on the bank of the river and gaily calling "It is lunch time!"

Then I was really at Cherokee and not at "gay Paree" with my Chowan classmates as I had dreamed.

Last Will and Testament

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
NORTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF HERTFORD
CITY OF MURFREESBORO
CHOWAN COLLEGE

We, the Senior Class of Chowan College, realizing that the time draws near when we must cross the portals of our Alma Mater and venture into realms unknown, do hereby declare this document to be our last will and testament.

SECTION I

Article I. To our Alma Mater we wish to express our deepest and sincerest love. We wish to have it known that we, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-nine, will ever to be true to the ideals that have been so faithfully instilled in us here while in college. We hope that we have followed such ideals and standards of conduct in such a manner as would be worthy of bequeathing to our successors.

Article II. To the faculty we wish to extend our deepest gratitude, and our sincerest respect for the patience, kindness, and sympathy with which they have imparted knowledge to us and spurred us on to our goal.

SECTION II

Article I. To the incoming Senior Class we will and bequeath all the joys of Seniorhood, the privileges and the dignity along with the responsibility. To you we solemnly bequeath all the traditions which are sacred to Seniors of our school.

Article II. To the incoming Juniors we leave the most honorable privilege of being unusually considerate to their Senior Class.

Article III. To the incoming Sophomores we bequeath all the wisdom with which they are still capable of staying on terra firma. We leave them the admonition to torment the Freshmen no more than we did.

Article IV. To the incoming Freshman Class we leave all our brilliant grades with the wish that they contribute to the happiness of all four years of joyful college experiences.

SECTION III

Article I. To Miss McDowell, our most worthy friend and counsellor, we leave all our childish habits and inclinations with the resolve that we henceforth "lay aside childish things" and quit ourselves like women.

Article II. To the College as scholarship endowment we, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-nine, leave a certain sum to be used by any reliable girl as an aid in obtaining her education with the provision that she refund said funds with interest dating from the time she leaves school until the entire amount be refunded.

Article III. That this document might be carried out to the last letter we do hereby appoint the class of thirty-one as executors.

Written, signed and sealed, in accordance with the wishes of the class of twenty-nine, by me this the twenty-seventh day of May, 1929.

MARY GRANTHAM WHITLEY.

Witness: "The Brown Lady"

Testator.



JUNIOR



Junior Class Song

In our hearts rests a secure retreat
Where is shrined in due time
Its memories sweet,
Of the friends at College
Faithful and true.
O dear College Comrades,
We're loyal to you.

Through chill mists of advancing years
There shines the light
Of our Alma Mater's radiant beauty
Pure and bright.

Of the days at College of love and duty
O, dear class of Juniors,
We're loyal to you.

FRANCES FLYTHE, *Poet.*





Junior Class Officers

EVA HOGGARD.....	<i>President</i>
JULIA DOWNS.....	<i>Vice President</i>
MARY BRITTON.....	<i>Secretary</i>
MONTINE WARD.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
BILLIE TEMPLE.....	<i>Tea Room Manager</i>
MISS FORREST DELANO.....	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>





LALA ASHLEY
Edenton, N. C.

NORENE BAKER
Norfolk, Va.

BESSIE BAUCOM
Unionville, N. C.

JESSIE HELEN BELCH
Rich Square, N. C.

COLON BREWER
Marshville, N. C.

MARY BRITTON
Aulander, N. C.

LUCILE DAVIS
Conway, N. C.

JULIA DOWNS
Coffield, N. C.

FRANCES FLYTHE
Conway, N. C.

ROXIE FLYTHE
Ahoskie, N. C.

THELMA J. FREEMAN
Colerain, N. C.

MILDRED HINTON
Belvidere, N. C.

EVA HOGGARD
Ahoskie, N. C.

MAYBELLE HONEYCUTT
Statesville, N. C.

HILDA JONES
Mt. Olive, N. C.

MARY LOU MARTIN
Murfreesboro, N. C.

AUDREY PARKER
Poteasi, N. C.

WILLA PARKER
Potecasi, N. C.

PAULINE SIMONS
Colerain, N. C.

NELLIE SUTTON
Yanceyville, N. C.

ISLA POOLE
Colerain, N. C.

BILLIE TEMPLE
Scotland Neck, N. C.

JUANITA VICK
Conway, N. C.

MONTINE WARD
Hobbsville, N. C.



Junior Class Poem

O Juniors all
Who have gathered at the call
Of your Alma Mater dear,
Sing high her fame.
Immortalize the name
Chowan.

We love her halls,
Her ivy twined walls
For the memories they'll recall
In some future time
Of the golden days sublime
At Chowan.

For three long years,
With mingled joys and tears
We've learned to work and play.
The way seemed drear
Often almost without cheer
For us.

But work we've done
Is quite a bit of fun
With healthful recreation.
We can sing with pleasure
While enjoying our leisure
At Chowan.

For but one year
More will we be here
Together as true Classmates.
Come! while we're here
Give one resounding cheer
For Chowan.

MILDRED HINTON,
Class Poet.



SOPHOMORE

Sophomore Song

I cannot write a poem;
I cannot sing a song;
But there's one thing I can do all day long;
Praise the Class of '31.

I praise it for its present
I praise it for its past—
Yes, praise it long as breath shall in me last.
Praise the Class of '31.

It is to me a guiding star;
I'll cherish it forever.
Help one, classmates, to spread its fame the
world over.
Praise the Class of '31.

MYRTLE JENKINS.



Sophomore Class Poem

We are standing on the threshold
Of a new and untried day,
Like sailors on the high seas
Or voyagers on the bay.

The way looks rough and perilous,
There are billows on every hand;
The journey appears long and dreary,
With trips to many a land.

Help us, O Father in heaven,
Our strength we pray renew;
O, guide us upward ever
In all we strive to do.

When college days are over,
And our ship sets sail again,
O, Father on life's stormy waters,
May we ever look to Thee.

MRS. CAMP VANN, '31.



Sophomore Class Officers

ELIZABETH CULLIPHER.....	<i>President</i>
MARY FRANCES MITCHELL.....	<i>Vice President</i>
AGNES LASSITER.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
MRS. A. W. H. JONES.....	<i>Faculty Advisor</i>



Gladys Baines, Florence Benthall, Elizabeth Cullipher, Hazel Edwards, Elizabeth Fitchett, Frances Fleetwood, Myrtle Jenkins, Kathleen Johnson, Agnes Lassiter, Madeline Langston.



Mavis Lewter, Corinna Malpass, Ruth Matthews, Mary Frances Mitchell, Rousseau Parker, Mildred Pipkin, Alvis Riddick, Frances Riddick, Helen Roundtree, Gertrude Spencer.



Emma Gay Stephenson, Grace Stillman, Ethel Taylor, Hilma Ward, Russell Ward, Agnes White, Mary Whitfield, Irma Leigh Wynn, Vesta Willis.



FRESHMAN



Freshman Class Song

At the dawning of day
In the freshness of life
We take up our banner
'Gainst ignorance and strife.

Though perchance in the beginning
We be baffled and tired
Let not our goal grow dim
Nor our aim be brushed aside.

Let us march with the few
Through the thick and the thin
And come out on the victor's side
With the victor's grin.

By silent heroes, life's battles are fought.
Let us not say we were created for nought
But go to our work with a determined grin
That whatever we do, we do it for Him

So, away, with your complaining and woe-begone air
For we shall rank with the noblest and climb the bright stair.
Then in the golden end when our day is about done

And we have run our course as does the faithful sun
May we hear our Master's voice proclaiming "Well done."

CALLIE PATRICK.





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Freshman Class Poem

Before us lies a mighty trail
On which our class must sure not fail.
This path will lead to higher life
If we seek truth throughout the strife.

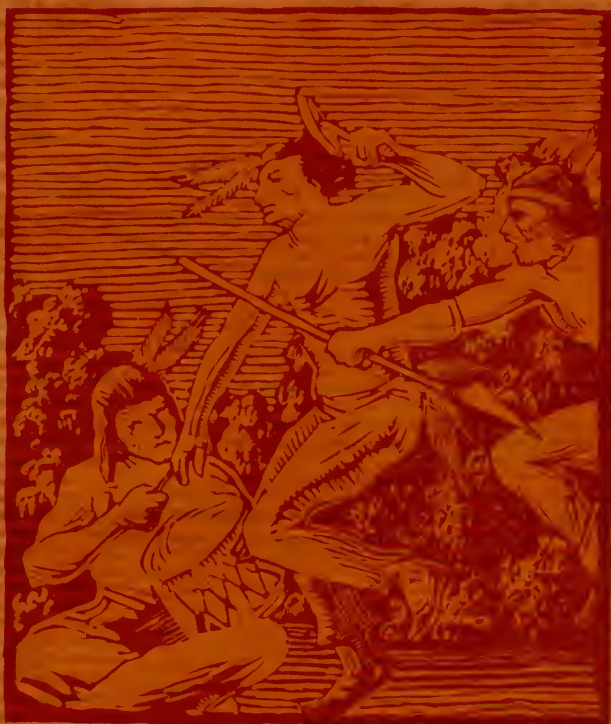
Onward and upward is our aim
To reach the noblest mark of fame
Our work in College just begins
And we work together friend with friends.

The time will not be very long
To worry and fret and carry on,
We'll be Sophomores in the year ahead
In the place of those we used to dread.

We'll seek to be a worthy class
For our dear old school as the long years pass
To be for her a shining light
And uphold her standards with all our might.

ADDIE MAE COOKE.





ACTIVITIES

BOOK III



Calendar of Activities 1928-29

September 4.....	Registration Day
September 6.....	First Semester Begins
October 11.....	Founders' Day
October 19-21.....	B. S. U. Conference
October 30.....	Visit of Brown Lady
November 9.....	Amateur Night
November 23.....	Football Game
November 23.....	Senior Play
November 29.....	Thanksgiving Day
November 30.....	Carolina Playmakers
December 9-14.....	B. Y. P. U. Study Course
December 17-19.....	Peanut Week
December 19.....	Christmas Tree
December 20-January 3.....	Christmas Vacation
January 14-19.....	Semester Examinations
February 21.....	Society Day
March.....	Music and Drama Week
April 5-8.....	Spring Holidays
April 19-21.....	High School Week-end
May 20-25.....	Semester Examinations
May 26-28.....	Commencement





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Addie Mae Cook

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FRANCES FLYTHE
RUTH DAVENPORT
MILDRED HINTON
ISABEL HEMBY
WILMA ELLINGTON

ADDIE MAE COOKE
MARGARET LAWRENCE
CALLIE PATRICK
ISLA POOLE
MARY LOU JONES

MISS BERTHA L. CARROLL,
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Alathenian Song

Raise a song of exultation,
Alathenians, proudly we
Lift up her royal banner,
Bidding all the world to see.
Alathenians, truth and honor
Alathenians, worth and power,
We, her loyal daughters,
Sing aloud her praise.
Alathenians!

None so true to Alma Mater,
None so quick to heed her call,
Ever mindful of her welfare,
Loyal daughters one and all.
Alathenians, truth and honor,
Alathenians, worth and power,
So in singing Alma Mater's praise
We hold her memory dear.
Alathenians!





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MOTTO: *We Seek Truth and Wisdom* COLORS: *Yellow and White*

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MARY WHITLEY AND MARGARET LAWRENCE.....	<i>Debalers</i>
ISLA POOLE.....	<i>Alternate</i>
INEZ PARKER.....	<i>Reader</i>



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ALATHENIAN SOCIETY HALL



LUCALIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Our Own Dear Lucalian

Lucalian, Lucalian, our own dear Lucalian,
Your dear name forever we'll love and adore.
Your bright light still shining,
Will shine through the ages;
The light you have given will brighten our way.
Ah, Lucalian, Lucalian, our own dear Lucalian,
Your dear name forever we'll love and adore.





Lucalian Literary Society

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COLORS: *Green and White*

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MILDRED HINTON.....	General Critic
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ALEASE LEONARD.....	Sergeant-at-Arms



Lucalian Society Day Speakers

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MARY LOU MARTIN.....	<i>Alternate</i>
BETTIE WALTER JENKINS.....	<i>Reader</i>



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use all my power of head, heart, and hand to strengthen
and uphold the ideals of student government, which
are individual responsibility, loyalty, and honor."



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ΕΛΛΗΝΕΣ



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The Orchestra



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RUBY DANIEL
MISS PAYNE
MISS. VAUGHAN
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Chowan Swing

TUNE: *Washington and Lee Swing*

When Chowan girls and friends all fall in line,
We're going to push her fame ahead each time,
For Old Chowan we'll yell, we'll yell for aye,
And for the College girls and friends we'll yell for aye
And then we'll fight, fight, fight for every cause,
We'll circle round and strike with all our might,
We're going to push Old Chowan to the top, or we'll pop
Rah! Rah! Rah!



Blue and White Forever

TUNE: *The Stars and Stripes Forever*

Cheer the team as it comes on the floor:
It's the team that will roll up the score.
The guards get the ball every time,
And they pass it down the line
To the center who's passing within
To the forwards who always get it in.
So let us be true to the end
And to old Chowan colors
Blue and White Forever.





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JUANITA VICK.....	Vice President
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MARY BRITTON.....	Treasurer
VESTA WILLIS.....	Cheer Leader
ELIZABETH CULLIPHER.....	Cheer Leader
MISS MILDRED POE.....	Director





Basketball



Baseball



Hikers Club



Tennis Club

Dear Chowan

In the old Carolina State
Where the sweet magnolias grow
And the mocking birds forever sweetly sing,
There's a place I long to see,
Chowan College dear to me,
Though I left it many, many years ago.

CHORUS

Old Chowan, Dear Chowan,
Your dear walls I long to see, I know.
When the southern sunny breeze
Fans the pine and holly trees,
I am coming back to you, My Dear Chowan.

O, what happy girls were we,
All from care and sorrow free,
While we played around the walls of Dear Chowan.
Tra la la la la la la
Tra la la la la la la
Tra la la la la la la la la la.





FEATURES

BOOK IV





Songs

In these days of perfect lassies
Lo! how they do thrill us ever
In their beauty, truth, and sweetness
Their achievements and their symbols.
"Great men die, and are forgotten,
Wise men speak; their words of wisdom
Perish in the ears that hear them,"
But the pictures and the symbols
These gay lassies represent
Are to live with us forever
In the songs they tell us of.
What is better than a song
For the heart with sadness filled?
Or with mirth which needs expression?
Not a word by lips is spoken
Not a sign by pen is written
That is helpful, ever useful
To express the heart's real motive.
'Tis a song we need to aid us
And to songs we turn our faces.

WILMA ELLINGTON.



Favorite Senior Songs

Beauty.....	<i>Rose of my Heart.</i>	Elizabeth Webb
Drama.....	<i>Laugh Clown Laugh</i>	Kate Mackie
Charm.....	<i>Believe me if all Those Endear- ing Young Charms</i>	Jean Craddock
Quaintness.....	<i>Coming Through the Rye</i>	Jessie Draper
Style.....	<i>Alice Blue Gown</i>	Alice Cook
Friendship.....	<i>Smilin' Through</i>	Bettie Walter Jenkins
Intellect.....	<i>School Days</i>	Virginia Martin
Cuteness.....	<i>Freckles</i>	Mary Whitley





"Her cheek like the rose is but fresh I we'en
She's the loveliest lassie that trips on the green."



"Life is a play and we all play a part
The lover, the dreamer, the clown—."



"Thou wouldn't still be adored as this moment thou art
Let thy loveliness fade as it will."



"Yet all the lads they smile at me,
When comin' through the rye."



"Oh, you sweet, little, Alice Blue Gown
As you first wandered down into town."



"Then two eyes o' blue
Come smilin' through—at me."



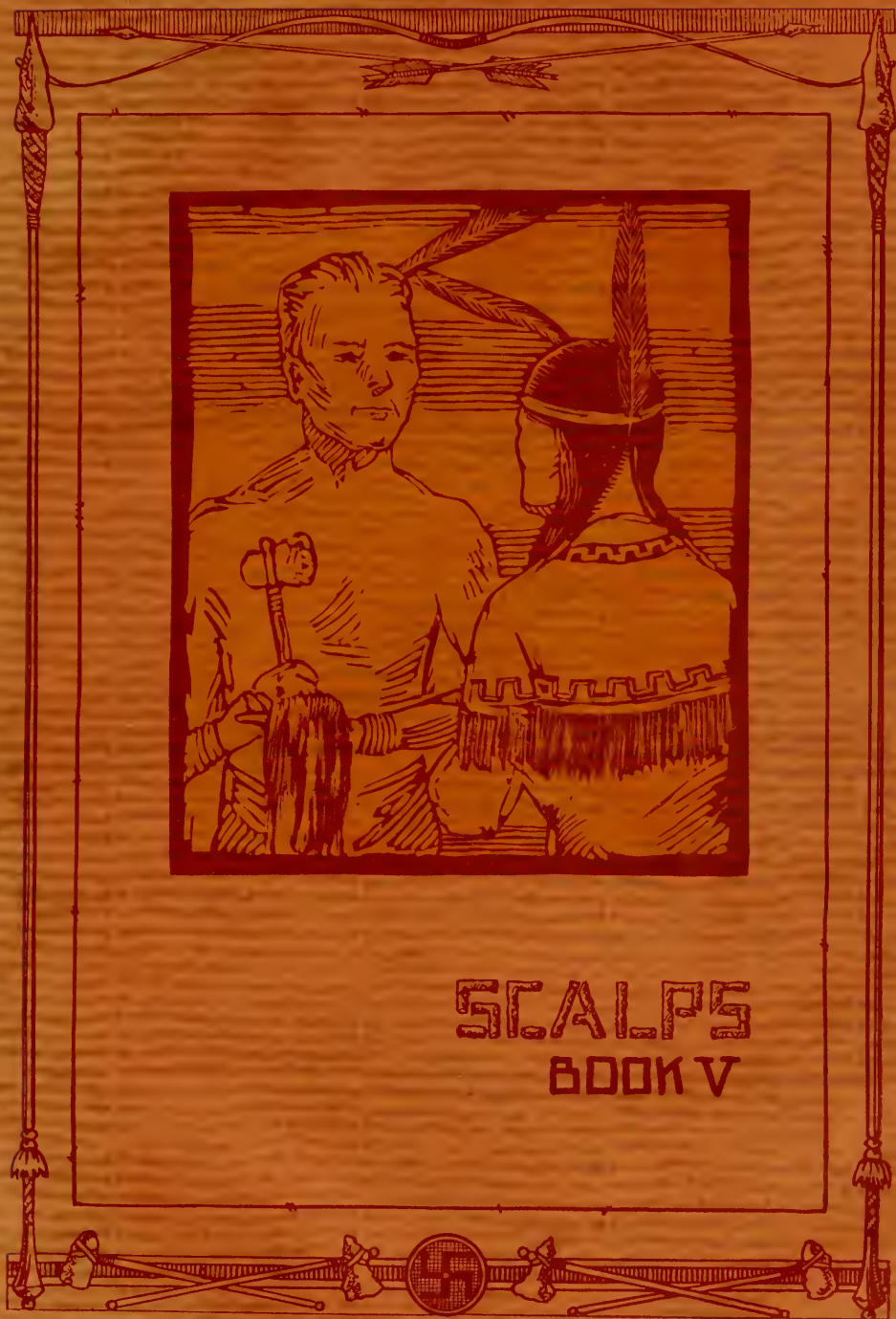
"Readin' and writin' and 'rithmetic
Taught to the tune of a hickory stick."



"She always used to get the blame
For every broken window pane."



SCALPS
BOOK V





Scalps

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Scalps

As unto the bow the cord is
So unto the lad is lassie,
Though she loves him, she won't show it,
Though she writes him, she won't tell it,
But she thinks some day she may.

Thus the youthful maiden saying
Much perplexed by various feelings
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming of the young man yonder,
Who, though far away, is near her.

—*Apologies to Longfellow*



"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us,
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

Longfellow, Hiawatha





Bill
Daniels



Dewey
King



J.B.
Dickerson



Robert
Meade



Elbert
McMillian



E.T. Harrell



J. B. Blanks



K. B. Johnson



PEERS
BOOK VI





DO SENIORS COURT?



SENIOR PUNCTUATIONS



Least Dependable. Biggest Flirt



Man Hater



Most Beautiful



Most Solemn



Ugliest



Jolliest



Quietest



Most Energetic



Daintiest





THE FACULTY



COLLEGE ODDITIES



Jokes

VESTA: Why are your socks on wrong side out?

MARY FRANCES: My feet were hot so I turned the hose on them.

~*~*~

TOOTSIE: I wish I dared to ask one important question.

RUSSELL: Why don't you?

TOOTSIE: I see a negative in your eye.

RUSSELL: In both of them?

TOOTSIE: Yes.

RUSSELL: Don't you know two negatives make an—why, Tootsie, how dare you!

~*~*~

AGNES L. (To Freshman): You want to keep your eyes open around here today.

CATHERINE T.: What for?

AGNES: Because people would think you were crazy to go around with them shut.

~*~*~

We fear that Ann Downey is going to "Dare to be a Daniel."

~*~*~

MRS. VAUGHAN: Elizabeth, what is the most popular color in the color cycle?

ELIZABETH WEBB: Brown.

~*~*~

....., Well, you may not see any point to these blanks, but they are quite significant to Ruby Daniel. She's daffy on Blanks, and even giggles when she sees just a blank paper.

~*~*~

Mary Lou Jones has gone wild over royalty, and it's not because she is taking History, either. She actually wears royal purple all the time. She sings "A carol to the King!" She uses purple ink, and has quite a queenly walk—not anything like a Hop. Wonder if King knows of these harmonious habits.

~*~*~

ED B.: Say, how is it that you are always out when I call?

LIL WEBB: Just luck, I guess.

~*~*~

M. LAWRENCE: Every time you call to see me it rains.

RODNEY: That makes me your little rain beau.

~*~*~

BOB: The first time you contradict me I'm going to kiss you.

JEAN: You are not!

~*~*~

MISS HALSELL: Name a very important object in the world that wasn't here 500 years ago.

M. L. JONES: Me.

~*~*~

"LIZA" B.: Have you Lamb's Tales?

LIBRARIAN: This is a library, not a meat market.

~*~*~

MISS HALSELL: Ruth, why are you late?

RUTH M.: Class started before I got here.

NO FEATHERS ON HIM

Two negroes were discussing family trees.
"Yes," said Ambrose, "I can trace my relatives back to a family tree."
"Chase 'em back to a family tree," said Mose.
"No—trace em, trace 'em."
"Well, there ain't but two kinds of things dat lives in trees—birds and monkeys—and you shu' ain't got no feathers on you."



HER SUPREME WANT

Two girls were planning for the holidays.
"Ann," said one, "would a long stocking hold all you'd want for Christmas?"
"No," replied Ann, "but a pair of socks would."



MISS DELANO (Just before recital): Is there anything I can do for you?
FRANCES FLYTHE: Yes, lend me your diaphragm.



MRS. JONES: Who was the heroine of the "Scarlet Letter"?
ANNIE BALLARD (with animation): Oh! she was a woman!



MADELINE: What are you going to do next year?
MARY FRANCES: Don't know, I may get married.
MADELINE: I doubt it. It takes two for that.



WILMA E.: Have you read "To a Field Mouse"?
FLORENCE B.: How do you get them to listen?



MISS HALSELL: If the head of an Indian tribe is called chief, what would his wife's title be?
IZZIE H.: "Mischief."



SHE: Do you use tooth paste?
HE: Gracious, no! none of my teeth are loose.



MRS. JONES: "I have went." That is wrong isn't it?
MAGGIE B.: Yes, Ma'am.
MRS. JONES: Why is it wrong?
MAGGIE: Because you haven't went yet.

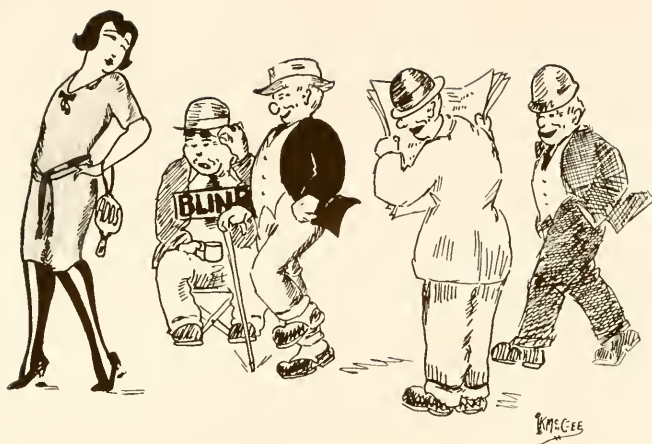


PAULINE: You a housewife—I'll bet you don't know what a needle is for.
BILLIE: I do too! It's for a Victrola.



HAVE A CHAIR

"Is Mr. Smith in?"
"No, he's gone to the cemetery."
"Do you expect him back soon?"
"No, not till Resurrection Day."



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1848

1929

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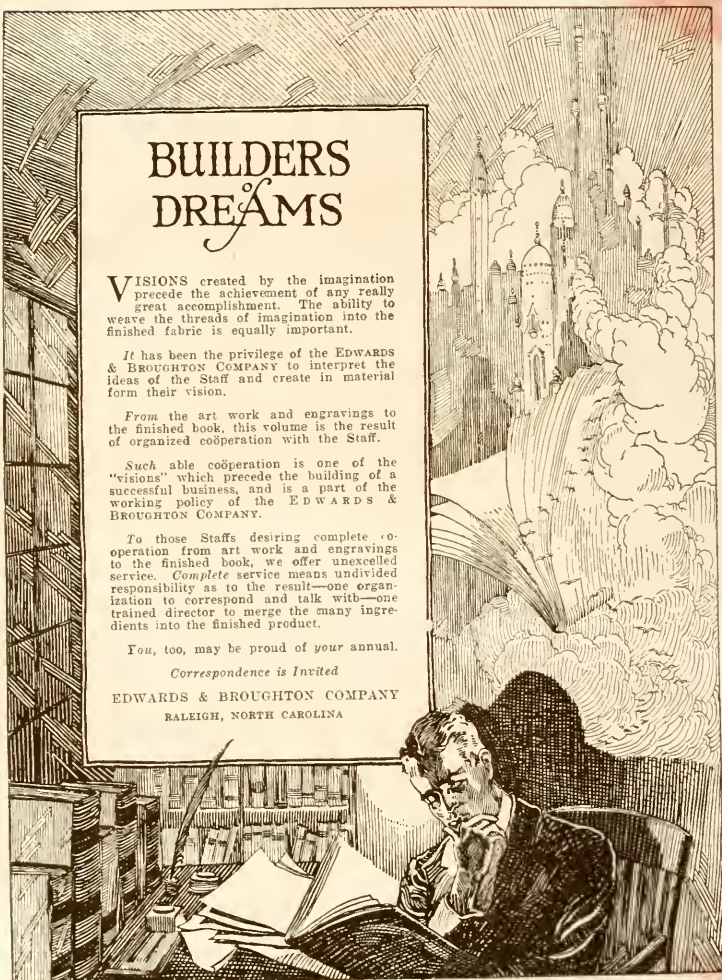
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