

THE
NIGHTINGALE
1929.

October 5th, 1997

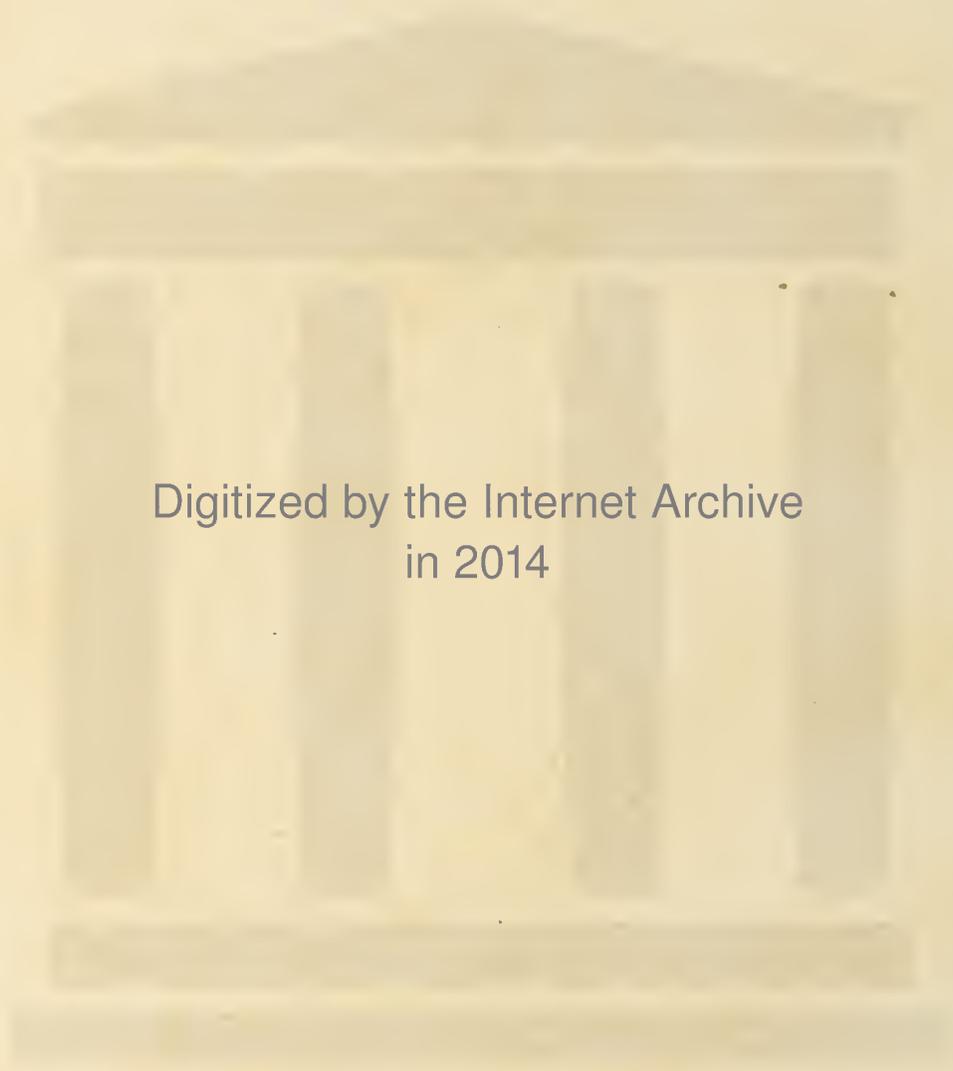
Given in loving memory of Ruth Walton
Pinchback. June 9th, 1903 / October 5th, 1997.

THE NURSE'S PLEDGE

I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly, to faithfully practice my profession of nursing. I will do all in my power to make and maintain the highest standards and practices of my profession. I will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping in the practice of my calling. I will loyally assist the physician in his work and will devote myself to the welfare of my patients, my families and my community. I will endeavor to fulfill my rights and privileges as a good citizen and to take my share of responsibility in promoting the health and welfare of my community. I will constantly endeavor to increase my knowledge and skills in nursing and to use them wisely. I will zealously seek to nurse those who are ill wherever they may be and whenever they are in need. I will be active in assisting others in safeguarding and promoting the health and happiness of mankind.

Squibb Nurses Notes, 1964

Marion G. Howell, R.N., Dean Emeritus
Frances Payne Bolton School of Nursing
Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio



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CLASS OF 1929

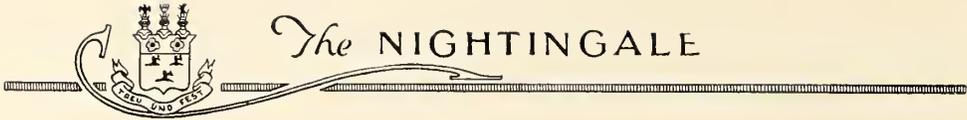
THE NIGHTINGALE



Published by the
SENIOR CLASS
of
Rex Hospital School for Nurses

1929

VOLUME IV



Foreword

“Thus far our fortunes keep an upward course and we are graced with wreaths of victory.”

Following the example set by the class of 1923, we the Senior Class of 1929, publish this fourth volume of THE NIGHTINGALE. In it we have endeavored to put forth the best that is in us and give to you a memoir of our training days.



The Staff



MOZELLE POOLE
ADVERTISING MANAGER



ANNE BOYKIN
BUSINESS MANAGER



OLGA POPLIN
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



LILLIAN DAVIS
PHOTO EDITOR



DAISY SMITH
JOKE EDITOR



MR. H.C. MIMES



GLADYS W. BEEKER

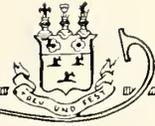
TWO WHO HAVE GIVEN THEIR BEST THAT OUR ANNUAL MIGHT BE A SUCCESS. ~



To Our Doctor Teachers:

As a token of our appreciation for all that you have meant to us as a class and for the advancement of Rex we affectionately dedicate *To You* our Memory book, the fourth volume of THE NIGHTINGALE.

CLASS OF 1929.



DR. H. A. ROYSTER



DR. K. P. NEAL



DR. P. N. NEAL



DR. E. D. D. CARROLL



DR. CHAS. BUGG



DR. BESSIE E. LANE



DR. L. N. WEST



DR. CARL W. BELL



DR. C. O. ABERNATHY



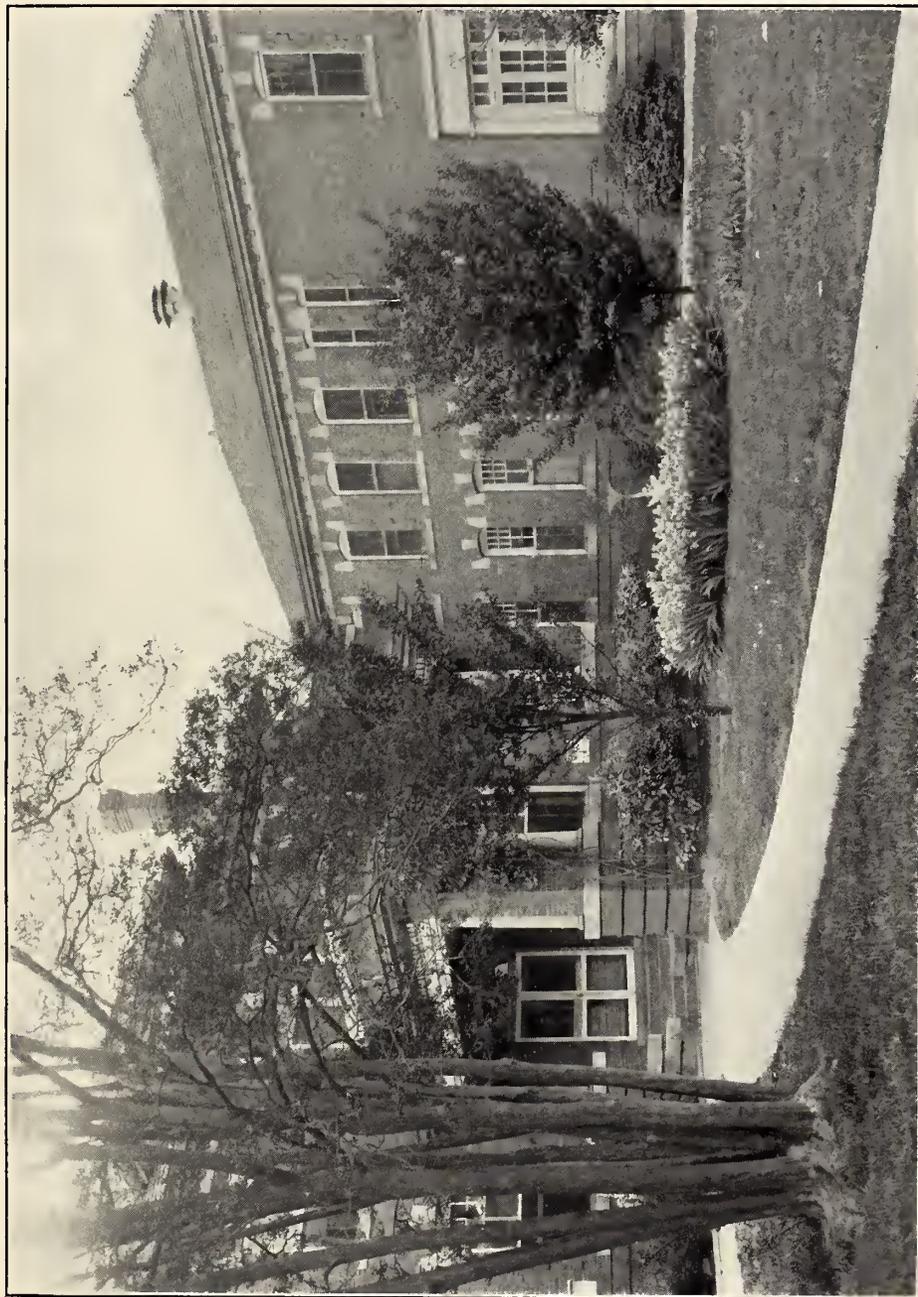
DR. H. A. THOMPSON



The NIGHTINGALE



LAWN SCENE



'CONSIDER THE LILIES'



OLD MANLY MANSION, 1908



REX HOSPITAL, 1929



The NIGHTINGALE



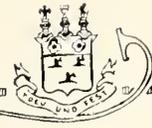
THE NURSES' HOME



A WELCOME AWAITS US



"OUR FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH"



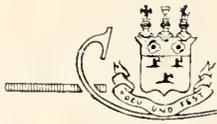
"WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE"



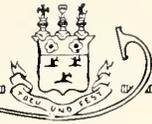
OUR BOARD OF TRUSTEES



MISS F. VIRGINIA MARSHBANKS, R.N.
Superintendent



MISS GLADYS W. BEEKER, R.N.
Instructress of Nurses



MISS ISABLE WHITE, RN.
FLOOR SUPERVISOR



MRS. MARY ATKINSON
"MAW"
MATRON



MISS THERESA RAND, RN.
OPERATING ROOM SUPERVISOR



MISS ELIZABETH PETERSON, RN.
NIGHT SUPERVISOR



MR. ELLIS NUNNERY
TECHNICIAN



MISS VELMA WHITNEY, RN.
ANESTHETIST



MISS ESTHER MOODY, B.S.
DIETITIAN



MISS FLORENCE BURGESS
HISTORIAN



MISS ALTA BROWN, B.S.
DIETITIAN



Mr. W. S. Cox
BUSINESS MANAGER

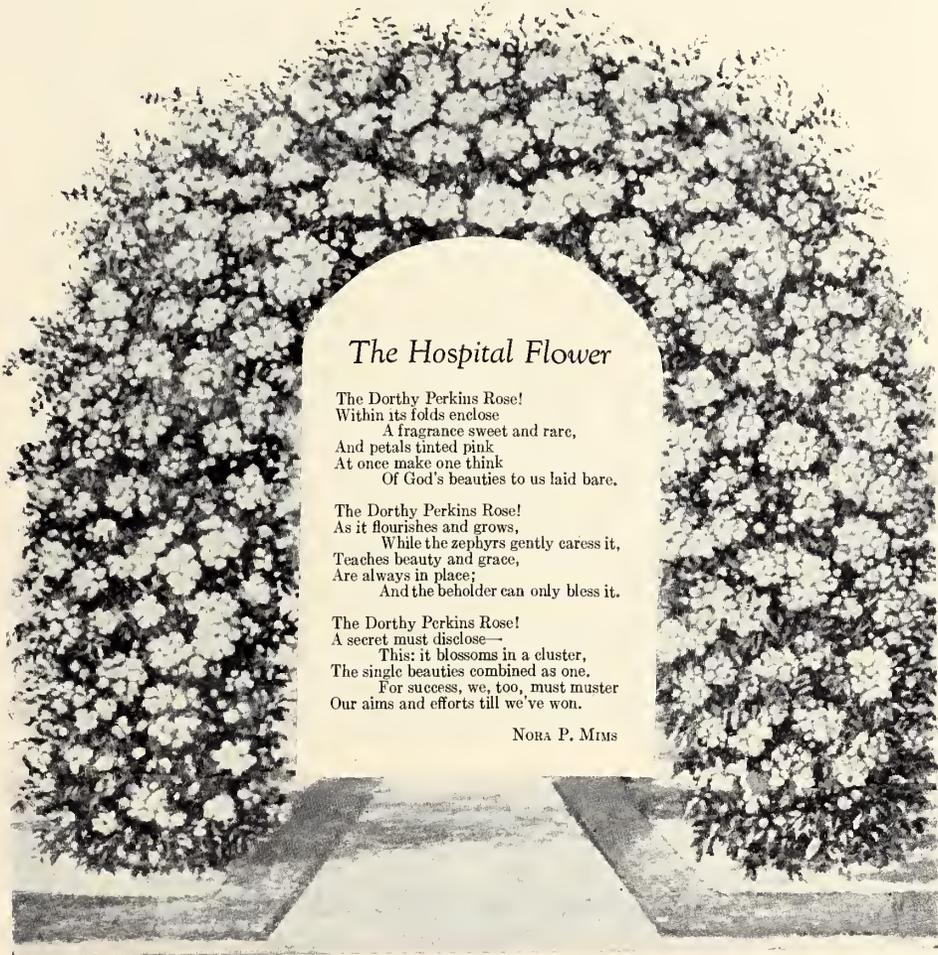


Mrs. Martha S. Pace
BOOKKEEPER



Miss Margaret Swain
ASST. BOOKKEEPER

BUSINESS STAFF



The Hospital Flower

The Dorothy Perkins Rose!
Within its folds enclose
A fragrance sweet and rare,
And petals tinted pink
At once make one think
Of God's beauties to us laid bare.

The Dorothy Perkins Rose!
As it flourishes and grows,
While the zephyrs gently caress it,
Teaches beauty and grace,
Are always in place;
And the beholder can only bless it.

The Dorothy Perkins Rose!
A secret must disclose—
This: it blossoms in a cluster,
The single beauties combined as one.
For success, we, too, must muster
Our aims and efforts till we've won.

NORA P. MIMS



Honorary Mascot
CRAIG CLARK NEAL

COLORS: *Lavender and Yellow*

FLOWER: *Yellow Pernet Rose*

MOTTO: *"Labor Omnia Vincit"*



ANNE GERTRUDE BOYKIN
Kenly, N. C.

Class President, Business Manager THE NIGHTINGALE; Commencement Marshal '28.

"There are none like her, none"

Here we have a true genius of womanhood. When it comes to brains, Anne has it on us. As Class President she has proven steadfast and true.

Anne's life has not been without Romance. We know that sometimes she has those "Blue Ridge Mountain Blues."

MILDRED BERNICE PEEDIN
Pine Level, N. C.

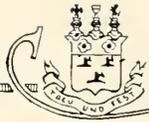
Class Secretary.

"With a personality all her own"

According to Eleanor Glyn, Peedin has the qualities of "It." She has the reputation of being quite a heart-breaker.

Her personality wins for her perfect confidence from her patients, which she holds as being sacred. We envy her.





HILDA IRENE WRIGHT
Aydlett, N. C.

Class Treasurer.

*"A demure maid with brown eyes,
Ever kind and always wise."*

Although Wright does not know it, nor do her friends suspect it, she's a vamp. This brown-eyed lassie has won her way into the hearts of every one by her sincerity. Her friends show her popularity and her smiles her happiness.

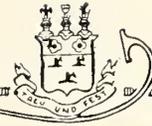
THELMA FRANCES PEARCE
Zebulon, N. C.

Class Prophetess.

*"Keen of mind, big of heart, and Irish wit
galore"*

Rarely do you find a combination of more genius, wit, humor and scholarship than you find in Pearce. Her place in the Class of '29 is unique and her value is inestimable. Irish blood will tell.





GLADYS LEVADA HADDEN
Danville, Va.

Class Lawyer.

"If work will do it, she'll win"

To know Hadden is to love her. When she goes out there will be a vacancy which none other can fill. She is a friend, indeed.

Good luck, Hadden! We're glad that you are one of us.

ROSE TYLER BYRD
Angier, N. C.

Class Poetess.

"Her heart is not in her work, 'tis elsewhere."

Not a rose of no-man's land, but a rose of some man's heart.

Byrd came to us from the wilds of Angier, N. C. During her stay here she has endeared herself to the hearts of all of us, by her sunny disposition. We fear that she will soon embark upon the sea of Matrimony.





CARO MAE MCKINNEY
Lillington, N. C.

THE NIGHTINGALE Staff '29.

"My beauty did haunt me in my sleep"

The Cleopatra of the class of '29.

One may ask if McKinney studies, but a glance at her grades proves the affirmative.

She is a good nurse and we predict a brilliant career for her.

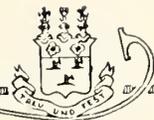
OLGA COVINGTON POPLIN
Cary, N. C.

Editor-in-Chief THE NIGHTINGALE; Chief Marshal '28.

*"Kind and pleasant, full of fun
Loving and thoughtful to every one."
That's POP.*

Poplin hails from the near-by City of Cary. We suppose her troubles are as numerous as the average, but if so she has the knack of keeping them to herself. With her disposition and talents we expect great things of her.





LILLIAN ARIE DAVIS
Cheraw, S. C.

Photo Editor.

*"Steady and true as the stars that shine,
a real Nurse."*

Davis hails from South Carolina, which she claims is the garden spot of the world. Anyhow, we're glad she came to North Carolina to make her home with us.

Besides being a good Nurse, she has other qualities—Freedom of speech.

MARY ELIZABETH RIVERS
Chesterfield, S. C.

Historian.

*"One thing is forever good,
That thing is success."*

Dignity lends an air of individuality to Mary. Although, apparently, Mary does not have any love affairs, we happen to know that she is not a Doctor hater.

She has her own ideas about things and contends for her side, always.





EFFIE GRAY BRIGGS
Red Oak, N. C.

"She is a winsome wee thing"

Briggs is a firm believer that "all work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." When she works, she works, and you can vouch for that.

The Class of '29 would be incomplete without her.

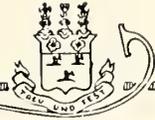
EVA MOZELE POOLE
Raleigh, N. C.

Vice President Class; Assistant Business Manager Annual; President Y. W. C. A.; Commencement Marshal '28.

"If you want to achieve great things you must learn when to be lazy."

Why predict a future for this girl. Poole has come to the end of her three years with a host of admirers who hate to see her go. But we will not be selfish. We like Harvey, too.





RUTH OLIVIA WALTON
Raleigh, N. C.

Co-Editor.

*"She who has lived securely and quietly
has lived well."*

Professionalism is an art. Some are gifted with it, others have to labor hard to acquire it. Walton is one of those who have been blessed with it. Therefore we envy her.

DAISY LEE SMITH
Coats, N. C.

Joke Editor.

*"Let us so live that when we come to die
even the undertaker will be sorry."*

The mischievous glint in her eyes and her overflowing enthusiasm, label her as a fun-lover.

She can work and don't mind it.



Class Poem

Looking backward now we see,
The path we've trod these three years.
We knew not then what it would be,
We had not the vision of age old seers.

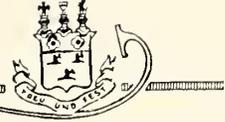
We made the pledge, we've lived that pledge,
Which meant, "Sail on, sail on and on,"
And our goal was the sea of knowledge.
There have been old friends and new, lost and won.

Day after day we've gone our way,
Striving to serve for the cause of mankind
And now we've come to graduation day
Which means we've made the grind.

And now dear Alma Mater, we thank thee,
May you ever stand for the things that are true.
Again we pledge love and loyalty,
Dear Alma Mater, here's all our love to you.

O. C. P.





Class History

AT the beginning of the year of 1926, a group of young women entered Rex Hospital Training School, intent upon mastering the Art of Nursing. Three long years lay ahead of us. We found ourselves not merely "probes" but a Class, the Class of 1929. Our number was soon increased by new recruits, and with the coming of May and graduation, we found that the standard was being handed down by the outgoing Class, and the Probation days soon slipped by, and we were actually well on our way to our goal—Commencement.

As Seniors, it is our privilege to pass the standard on to the Class of 1930. And pausing, make a brief record of the history we have made while here.

Our three years at Rex have been filled with many happy, even if sometimes, trying experiences, every one of which has been a means of fitting us for our place in the ranks of graduate nurses.

Realizing that we must work together, and that only by coöperation and organization could we best weather the seas ahead, we organized as the Freshman Class, choosing Anne Boykin as President, Mozelle Poole, Vice President, and Mildred Peedin as Secretary. Then meditating on the worth and value of our Class, we decided to add a Treasurer to the list, for we would certainly need some one to "hold the bag" and pay our debts, so we selected Hilda Wright, who, so far as we know, has not yet lost or embezzled one cent of our wealth. To these worthy officers we have looked for inspiration and help as the Captains of our ship. They have served us well, inspiring us to loyalty and high ideals.

When a few of our number had to leave the ranks, they have reminded us that we must "Sail on, sail on, and on."

We soon found we could depend on them, and on our worthy faculty for any assistance necessary.

During the first two years, class work, hall work, examinations and ever-increasing responsibilities kept us on our course. Night duty, and charge work make us realize more than ever the responsibilities of our profession.

Then one evening early in the Summer of 1928 we responded to a call from our Superintendent, and with a few words of advice and warning, she presented us with our "Black Bands." We were actually Seniors!

We feel that this our Senior year has been crowded with many more opportunities for experience than has come to any preceding class. For never before in the history of our hospital has there been such a large number of patients, and too, the

new "Out Patient Department" has been opened and several of us have gained invaluable experience there.

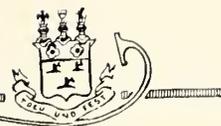
Our hospital life has not been all work, for every week we have looked forward with pleasure to "Date Night" and Y. W. C. A., when we could slip into a party frock and be gay with the gayest. Too, we have enjoyed the parties and picnics that have been arranged for us. But perhaps our greatest enjoyment has been the Christmas parties at the Nurses' Home, when our own Dr. "Abbie" came and played the real Santa for us. For there as never before we seemed as one big family.

With the beginning of our Senior Year, came the realization that State Board was only one mile stone away. Drawing our ranks a little closer together, and calling on our teachers for renewed efforts, we pushed forward. Nor could even the "Flu" epidemic now daunt our spirits, for the Alumni of the hospital and the younger nurses came to our assistance with a loyalty we will not soon forget, in helping to carry on.

We wish here to pause and express our appreciation to our Doctors and Miss Beeker for the time and interest they have put into our Class work; to Miss Moody for our changed ideas of the dreaded Dietetics; to Mrs. Atkinson "Maw" for her gifts of love and helpfulness. And we could not pass without remembering again our own parents' love and coöperation in this preparation for our life work. We stand with bowed heads, when we remember their great loyalty and devotion which has ever surrounded us.

Too, we feel that a great deal of our success lies at the feet of our Superintendent, who has loved, guided, and directed our lives greatly through our training school days.

Now, our "Class Ship" is entering the long looked for Harbor of Commencement. It has weathered the storms with only a few losses. And looking back over our three years, we are astonished to find how quickly they have slipped away. Almost breathlessly we stand before a door so long closed, and through which we have seen three successive Classes pass. It is our turn to open it and then mingle with the ever-increasing number on the other side. We realize that through this door we are to carry the Standard of our Alma Mater, and that as time scatters us each to her separate duty, we shall as individuals still be responsible to hold high the standard of our profession.



Class Prophecy

ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR-FIVE chimed my Chinese clock on the mantel. I arose and went to the west window. It had rained all day but now a fierce wind blew against the silver leaf poplar down by the gate. Every leaf was blown from the bare branches, which rasped against each other in the gale.

The postman's whistle attracted my attention and I noted as he handed me a letter that it bore the address of Rex Hospital in the corner. Pulling the shades and lighting the lamp that stood on the center table I sank into a rocker to read my letter. How it did bring back old memories, friends and loved ones. Why hadn't I kept in touch with them? Twenty years ago I had graduated and left Rex. To night my hair was graying with years of untiring efforts to bring the Nursing world in closer contact. I realized that I had left my youth behind. "Why, I asked, does our hair turn gray and why do the years move on with so swift a flight, completely obliterating the memory of the friends of our youth?"

As I pondered over this mystery there came to my mind a legend I had often heard since I had come to live in Paris. It concerned a gate only a few leagues from my establishment and ran that in an old Chateau garden behind the gates, through which none could pass there was a mystic mirror into which if one might peep all her youth would be renewed and she, it had been rumored, might even look into the future. This evening I felt an urge to live in the past again, and all at once I resolved to inquire into the legend. Of course, there was nothing to it but I needed a walk anyway. Too much day dreaming was going to my head.

So taking my long black shawl, I let myself out into the evening air. How cold it felt to my hot cheeks! I was glad to be out even if the grass was wet and the fog heavy. A queer stillness had fallen over the rain drenched earth. Gee! but the road was lonely. However, I went on until looming in the distance I saw the moss covered stone wall and gate. Never had it looked so formidable as it did now in the gathering twilight. I stepped forward and put my hand on the heavy padlock, then quickly withdrew it as a shiver ran up and down my vertebra column.

Just then the vesper bells of the city Cathedral rang out over the air, clear and sweet. As their silvery tones were echoed into the distance a creaking sound fell on my ears. I looked again toward the gate and to my surprise it was swinging slowly open and even while I looked it began to swing back into place again. A wild impulse leaped to my mind and quickly stepping forward I found myself locked on the inside of the mystic gate.

"What is this, death?" I asked. Seeming to feel a presence I looked around and saw a woman who looked for the world like the statue of liberty on our own



American shores. She reached forth her upraised hand and touched my brow. I felt my fear ebbing from me. "Will I ever get out?" I asked. "Yes, tomorrow at this hour as the vesper rings the gate will be opened again for a moment—but in the meanwhile you seek knowledge and I can help you. Have no fear—your classmates dream of you and youth too." "But how did you know?" I gasped. She smiled faintly and, drawing her hand from the folds of her robe, I found myself gazing into the wonderful mirror.

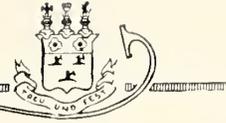
Seating myself on the edge of an old fountain, I was soon lost in the beauty of the pattern of the mirror, but wait—forms were beginning to take shape. There was an altar and a priest, and before him knelt Anne Boykin and Mr. Jervis. Gee, is it possible she waited twenty years? But another face appears on the scene replacing the first. I found myself gazing down the corridor of a beautiful hospital, and into the face of, who, do you suppose? None other than Mildred Peedin herself. I called to her and she seemed as glad to see me as I to see her. When I asked her why she was here and why the sad expression on her face, she told me she and George had let Money (Pennies) come in between them and had never made up. So she was living quietly here as Superintendent.

"Another of our Classmates is here," she added. "Hilda Wright. You know she majored in Mental Nursing and I hear is one of the best mental nurses that ever entered St. Lawrence Hospital."

In the midst of this a curtain fell, but when it arose again I found myself locking into a rose garden which contained a white tiled swimming pool. By the pool stood a young woman with hair the color of our own. Why it was—Yes, actually my own roommate, Gladys Hadden. I wondered if I could be dreaming, but to my surprise she came and gave me a real bear hug. "Come," she exclaimed, "and see them swim." I went wonderingly. "Well, no one would doubt that you have been successful in raising little *Drakes*," I reassured her, after a glimpse at her wonderful children.

I would have liked to remain longer with my best pal of the Training School days, but again the scene was changing and I saw two familiar figures coming toward me. Rubbing my eyes, I cleared the mist away and recognized "Maek" and "Byrd." But surely they both were angry and what was it she was saying to him? Something about another girl that I couldn't quite catch, and then "If you don't quit running around and help me with the children more—I'll declare I'll go crazy." Well, well, that was that—was it? Byrd was on the war path again as usual. But she was speaking again. "If I had known you twenty years ago, Maek, as I do now, there wouldn't have been any poetry writing." They passed on and I was really glad they had not recognized me.

All at once the mirror became dark but I found myself standing in front of a small cottage on whose gate hung a sign "Fried chicken sandwiches and tea for sale." Somehow I was hungry, but would have passed on had not a woman whose form almost completely filled the door space called to me. Well, she has seen me now, I thought, so turning, I went up to the door. She seemed to recognize me.



Who in the world could she be?—I wondered. On coming closer, I saw it was no other than Olga Poplin. “Olga, you here! But where is Moffett?” I asked. “Here he is,” she said, leading me into a darkened room. “He has the mumps and can’t stand the light.”

From a cottage to a theatre was a pretty big leap, but I next found myself on the outside of a magnificent lobby. A stage boy was handing me a program, on which I read—“Mary Rivers, greatest aerobatic dancer of her age—Chief attraction of the evening.” I was so surprised that I completely collapsed in my chair. When I regained consciousness I was surrounded by a group of Salvation Army people. One was kneeling by me and as I tried to raise up he said: “Just be quiet, our nurse will be here in a minute.” “Hello, is this my patient?” came a sweet familiar voice. On opening my eyes I thought to my soul I would collapse again for there, dressed in the army costume, stood Mozelle Poole. “Why, Miss Poole, why are you here, and where is Harvey?” I cried. “Gone but not forgotten” she replied with a faint smile. Then, as she helped me out into a cab—“haven’t you heard about Harvey? He and Ruth Walton were married fifteen years ago.”

After this the mirror became so blurred that the goddess had to come to my rescue for I was very anxious to know about my other classmates.

I felt tired and my eyes ached with effort to catch all the changing scenes. But on looking closely a large sign board met my eyes. “Dr. D. Lee Smith, Specialist in Locomotor Taxia.” Gee, I was glad I had read that, for I felt I would like to ride home. By now it would be dark anyway. I went in and called for Dr. Smith. In a very few minutes a Doctor entered but she was a woman who didn’t seem to notice me. Seating herself opposite the table she began to write. Rising I said: “Dr. Smith, I came—” “Sit down please, and be quiet. I’ll have you placed in a minute.” “But,” I said, “Why don’t you let me tell you what I came for?” “Be quiet, I said,” she stormed at me, “I’ll soon know what you came for—Just please answer what I ask. How long have you been sick and what symptoms have you noted?” “Say, Doc. I’m not sick I just want to ride in one of your Taxies. Staring me in the face, she picked up the receiver and spoke low over the phone. “Patient in my office; please send Misses Davis and Briggs for her. I believe it will take both to manage her.” Then all at once I recognized in this Doctor, our own Daisy Smith, the baby of my class. I threw out my arms to embrace her, but before I could reach her she was gone. The door opened and Caro Mae McKinney stood there. She recognized me and told me this was the State Hospital for the insane and she was Superintendent there.

We had a quite a cozy chat together but the surprise of the evening came when she told me Miss Marshbanks had married some one who used to be in the State Department of Education at Raleigh. I was very glad and was about to say so when some one shook me violently—and I realized my side partner, Miss Becker, was standing over me, calling me to wake up—it was supper time.



Last Will and Testament

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF WAKE
CITY OF RALEIGH
REX HOSPITAL

EVEN as a Planet revolves in the heavens, so our three years have moved calmly, if not always serenely around our Alma Mater.

As we make our debut into the world of men and affairs it becomes our duty and privilege to make known our desires concerning our disposal of certain properties and possessions which we trust shall survive us, long after we have departed our training school life; therefore be it known that we, the Senior Class of '29, do declare and publish this, our "Last Will and Testament," hereby revoking any and all other wills and testaments heretofore made by us.

SECTION I

Article 1. To our Trustees, we wish to express our appreciation for their thoughtfulness and kind consideration.

Article 2. To our parents and friends: We will our deepest love and appreciation for those undying efforts that have made it possible for us to have the privileges that have surrounded our lives.

Article 3. To our teachers whose patient understanding and sacrificial spirit have made possible our class work, we tenderly dedicate our Annual, the Memory Book of the Class of '29.

SECTION II

Article 1. To Miss Marshbanks, our Superintendent, who has toiled so patiently with us these three years and hopefully guided us through many doubtful places, we bequeath our love and many appreciations.

Article 2. To Miss Beeker, our Instructress, we bequeath our continued love and thanks for her great kindness and untiring help, and we shall always remember her with appreciation.

Article 3. To "Maw," in appreciation for numerous services she has rendered us, we hereby promise to be ideal girls, thereby living up to the ideals she has held for us, furthermore we wish to bequeath her a very special "Paw" to help her love the girls.

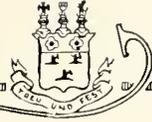
Article 4. To Miss Peterson, we wish to leave 365 days of daylight in which to sleep.

Article 5. To Miss Rand we bequeath a helpmate, and the privilege of announcing her marriage the day it takes place.

Article 6. To Miss White we give the privilege of finding a man as nearly like Dr. Wright as she can.

Article 7. To Dr. Wright we wish to leave 99.9 years of wedded happiness—and sterile gloves galore, so that he may have a fresh pair every time he turns around.

Article 8. To Mr. Cox we leave permission to adopt all future students as he has us.



SECTION III

Article 1. To the Freshman Class, we cheerfully bequeath any words of advice we have at any time strewn along their way with the admonition that they carefully cherish and follow them, for they were indeed given with great effort and sacrifice.

Article 2. To the Sophomores, we impart our secrets on how to be dignified and at the same time be pretty, witty and wise.

Article 3. To the incoming Senior Class, we have an abundance of note books which may be of great help to them if not used at all and our permission to speed up on note taking under Dr. Bell.

SECTION IV

Article 1. I, Anne Boykin, do leave to Helen Harrell my ambition to become some great man's wife.

Article 2. Mildred Peedin leaves her much coveted slenderness and grace of stature to Inez McCain.

Article 3. Hilda Wright wishes to bequeath her "Vamping" talent to Letha McIntyre.

Article 4. I, Thelma Pearcee, leave a most generous supply of creaking straw shoes and false teeth to Elsie Barnes, with the admonition to keep close to the dentist.

Article 5. I, Gladys Hadden, do leave to Miss Grady my brilliant looks with the hope that they will console her feelings after the failure of "Golden Glint."

Article 6. Rose Byrd wishes to leave her interest in State College to Miss Buchannon.

Article 7. I, Caro Mae McKinney, do wish to leave all of my interest invested in stocks and bonds in the Carolina Power & Light Company to Annie Harris.

Article 8. Olga Poplin, bequeaths her popularity with *Moore* beaux to Miss Baker if she can stand it.

Article 9. Lillian Davis wishes to leave her ability to talk to Miss Faulkner.

Article 10. I, Mary Rivers, wish to leave my preference to a Free-man to Virginia Brown with the hope that she will be able to keep it more of a secret than I have been able to do.

Article 11. I, Effie Gray Briggs, do leave to Miss Marshbanks my ability to mop up the Operating Room floor so that she can economize on orderlies, but with the added admonition that she must supply herself with extra uniforms on account of the wear and tear on the same.

Article 12. Mozelle Poole wishes to leave her ability at "getting away with things" to Miss Murphy for future use.

Article 13. I, Ruth Walton, do bequeath to Miss Goodman my much treasured "gift o' gab."

Article 14. Daisy Smith wishes to leave her poetical expression to Miss Banks, whom we consider greatly in need of the same.

As Executors of this our "Last Will and Testament," we do hereby appoint the Class of Nineteen Thirty-one, urging the absolute observance of these, our final wishes.

Whereunto we set our hand and seal on this, the 4th day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine.

(Signed) CLASS OF 1929

GLADYS HADDEN, *Lawyer*.



BEST SPORT



BEST NURSE



CUTEST



WITTIEST



MOST CONSCIENTIOUS



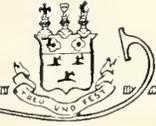
BEST ALL AROUND



MOST ATTRACTIVE



MOST DIGNIFIED



MOST IN LOVE



MOST SINCERE



MOST TALENTED



PRETTIEST



MOST ENTHUSIASTIC



BIGGEST TALKER



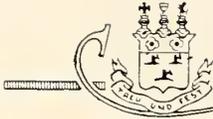
MOST PROFESSIONAL



MOST POPULAR



MOST STUDIOUS





Smith

JUNIOR

Colors: *Old Rose and Silver*

Motto: *"Excelsior"*

Flower: *The Rose*



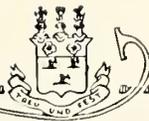
INEZ McCAIN
Waxhaw, N. C.

LEONORA BUCHANAN
Broadway, N. C.

PAULINE BAKER
Wake Forest, N. C.

MARGARET FAULKNER
Youngville, N. C.

KATHRYN BURT GOODMAN
Class President
Americus, Ga.



GAIL WIMBERLY
Apex, N. C.

VIRGINIA BROWN
Woodville, N. C.

AUDREY GRADY
Fremont, N. C.

HETTIE LEE LANGSTON
Mocksville, N. C.

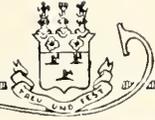
LETHA MCINTYRE
Ellerbe, N. C.





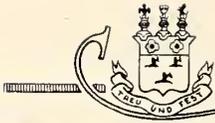
"Junior Snaps"





"Sophomore Snaps"





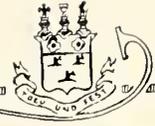
CLASS ROLL

BERTIE WARREN

Class President

ANNIE E. HARRIS
HELEN B. HARRELL
LELIA MURPHY
ELSIE MAE BARNES

MARTA SELMA MORGAN
DOROTHY WILLIAMSON
LARUE BARBEE
SUDIE MAE BOYKIN



SOPHOMORE CLASS

FRESHMEN



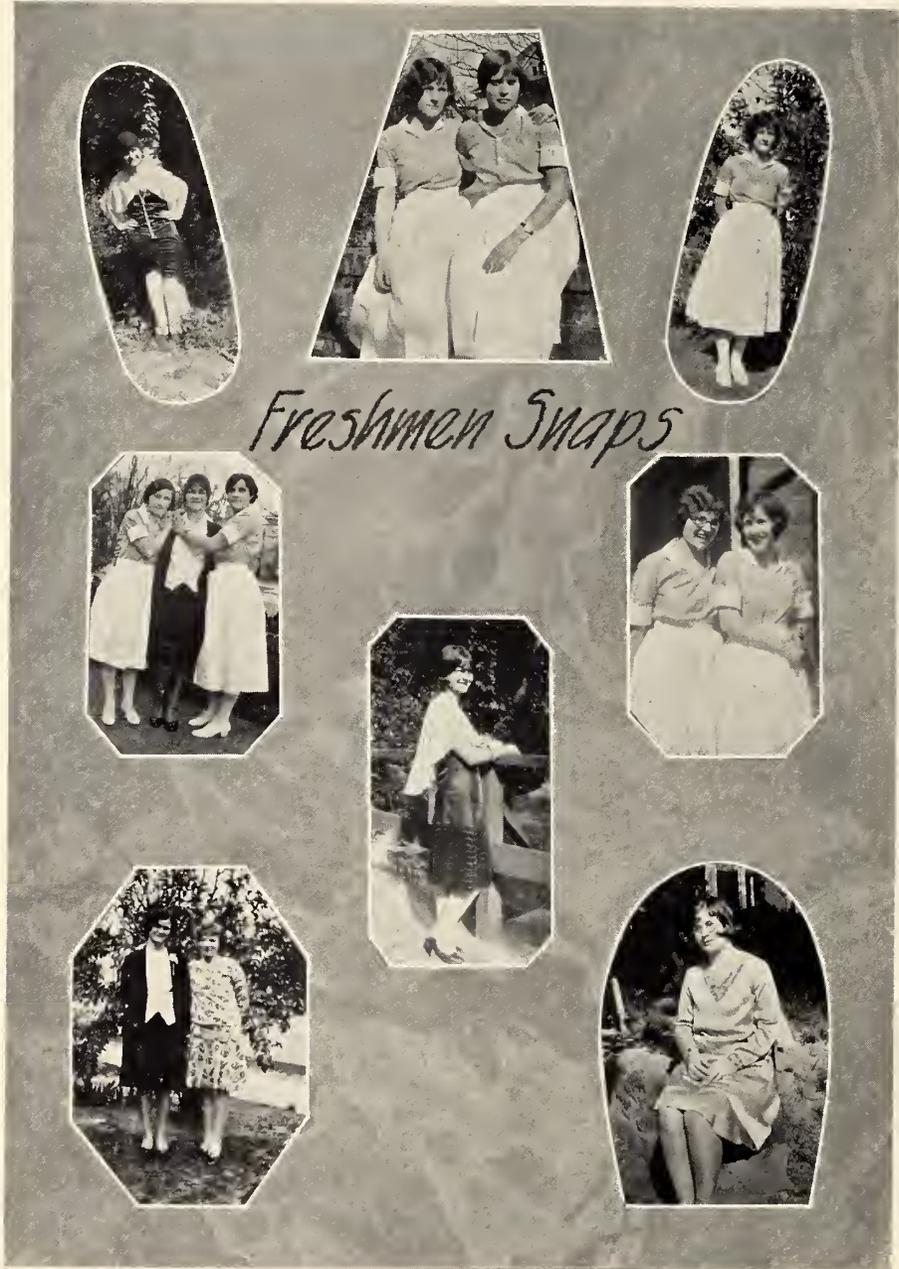
ANNIE JEAN FLOWERS
ALVA PEARCE
LILLIAN STEPHENSON
LILLIAN MATTHEWS

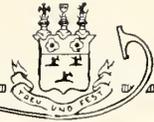
MABRY GARDNER
REBA SHERON
LEE BOSWELL
LILLIE RADFORD

DOROTHY DAVIS



FRESHMAN CLASS





Freshmen Snaps





Florence Nightingale Pledge

"I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious or mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work, and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care."



Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest



DR. H. A. ROYSTER

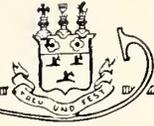
DR. K. P. NEAL

DR. R. H. FREEMAN

DR. H. G. TURNER

DR. B. J. LAWRENCE

DR. H. A. THOMPSON



DR. HUBERT HAYWOOD



DR. J.W. MCGEE



DR. E.D.D. CARROLL



DR. P.N. NEAL



DR. C.W. BELL



DR. C.B. WILKERSON



The NIGHTINGALE



DR. C. R. BUGG

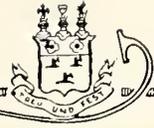
DR. A. S. ROOT

DR. BESSIE LANE

DR. W. B. DEWAR

DR. A. C. CAMPBELL

DR. E. C. JUDD



DR. LOUIS WEST



DR. V. M. HICKS



DR. JOHN B. WRIGHT



DR. C. O. ABERNATHY



DR. R. B. WILKINS



DR. M. R. GIBSON



DR. J. R. ROGERS

DR. R. P. NOBLE

DR. Z. M. CAVINESS

DR. W. T. WARD

DR. CHAS. P. ELDRIDGE

DR. VERNE CAVINESS



DR. J. B. WATSON



DR. JOHN S. MEKKEE



DR. J. R. LOWERY



DR. GEO. W. WRIGHT



DR. A. W. GOODWIN



Library Service

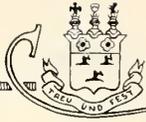
THE Library service of Rex Hospital was started by the Olivia Raney Library on Tuesday, April 3, 1928, the librarians making the rounds once a week on Tuesday morning, collecting then the books left the week before and issuing new ones, as many as the patient feels able to read. The truck goes into private rooms and wards alike, passing by only the rooms where the patients are too ill to be disturbed.

A special room has been arranged for the storing of the hospital library.

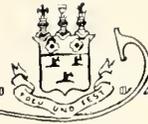


MISS GLADYS BEEKER

MISS ALICE LAIDLAW



FAMILIAR CORRIDOR



The Story of John Rex and the Founding of Rex Hospital

Extracts from an oration by HON. R. H. BATTLE in 1908
Edited by Hubert A. Royster, M.D.

IN THE OLD CEMETERY, near its front on East Street, the original eastern boundary of the city, is a box-tomb covered with a marble slab on which is to be found the following inscription:

“IN MEMORY OF JOHN REX

“A NATIVE OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND ONE OF THE EARLIEST SETTLERS IN RALEIGH, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON THE 29TH DAY OF JANUARY, A.D. 1839, AGE 74 YEARS. HE SUSTAINED THROUGH LIFE THE CHARACTER OF AN HONEST AND INDUSTRIOUS MAN, AND AT HIS DEATH HE DEVOTED THE FRUITS OF HIS INDUSTRY AND ECONOMY TO PURPOSES OF BENEVOLENCE AND CHARITY.”

There is no person living, after the three score and ten years intervening since his death, who can tell us more of the life and character of this man, who was perhaps the greatest benefactor of this city in its life of over a century.

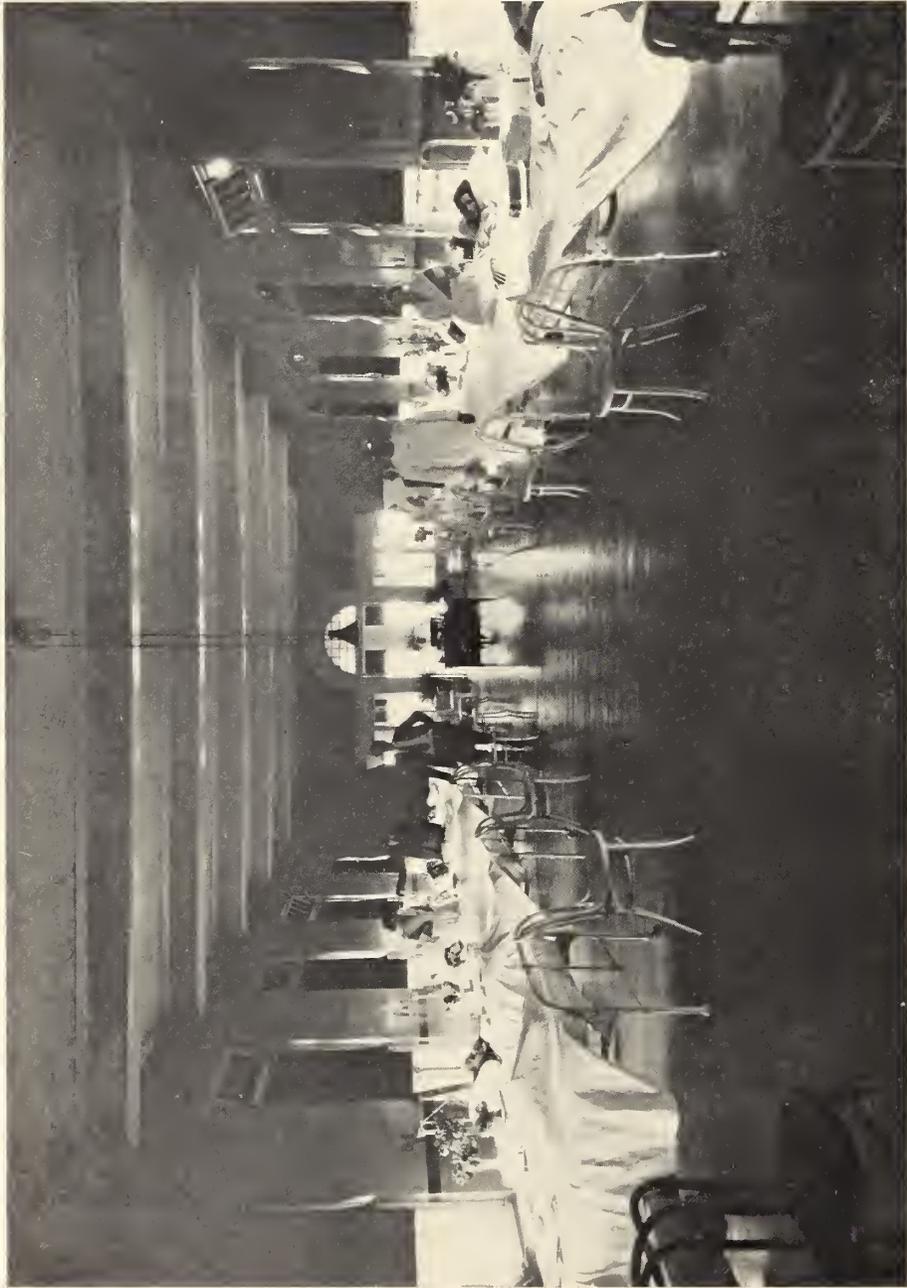
That he was an unobtrusive man, who did not seek notoriety, appears from the brief notice of his death, to be found in the column of deaths of the issue of the *Weekly Raleigh Register and Gazette* of February 5, 1839, which read:

“Died, in this city, on Wednesday last, John Rex, an old and respectable citizen.”

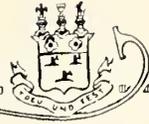
But in the issue of the week following it appears that his will had been admitted to probate, and the public is informed of what he had done for his fellowman. It states that he had died a bachelor, and given his entire estate in North Carolina to Dunean Cameron and George W. Mordecai, who were leaders in the financial circles of this section, and whom he had appointed executors and trustees—in trust, first, to pay his debts, then to provide for the manumission of his slaves, seventeen in number, and their removal, under the auspices of the African Colonization Society, and their establishment in a colony in Africa; and then to turn over the residue of his estate, with twenty-one acres of land on the western boundary of the city, to trustees for the establishment of a hospital “for the sick and afflicted poor



The NIGHTINGALE



WOMEN'S WARD

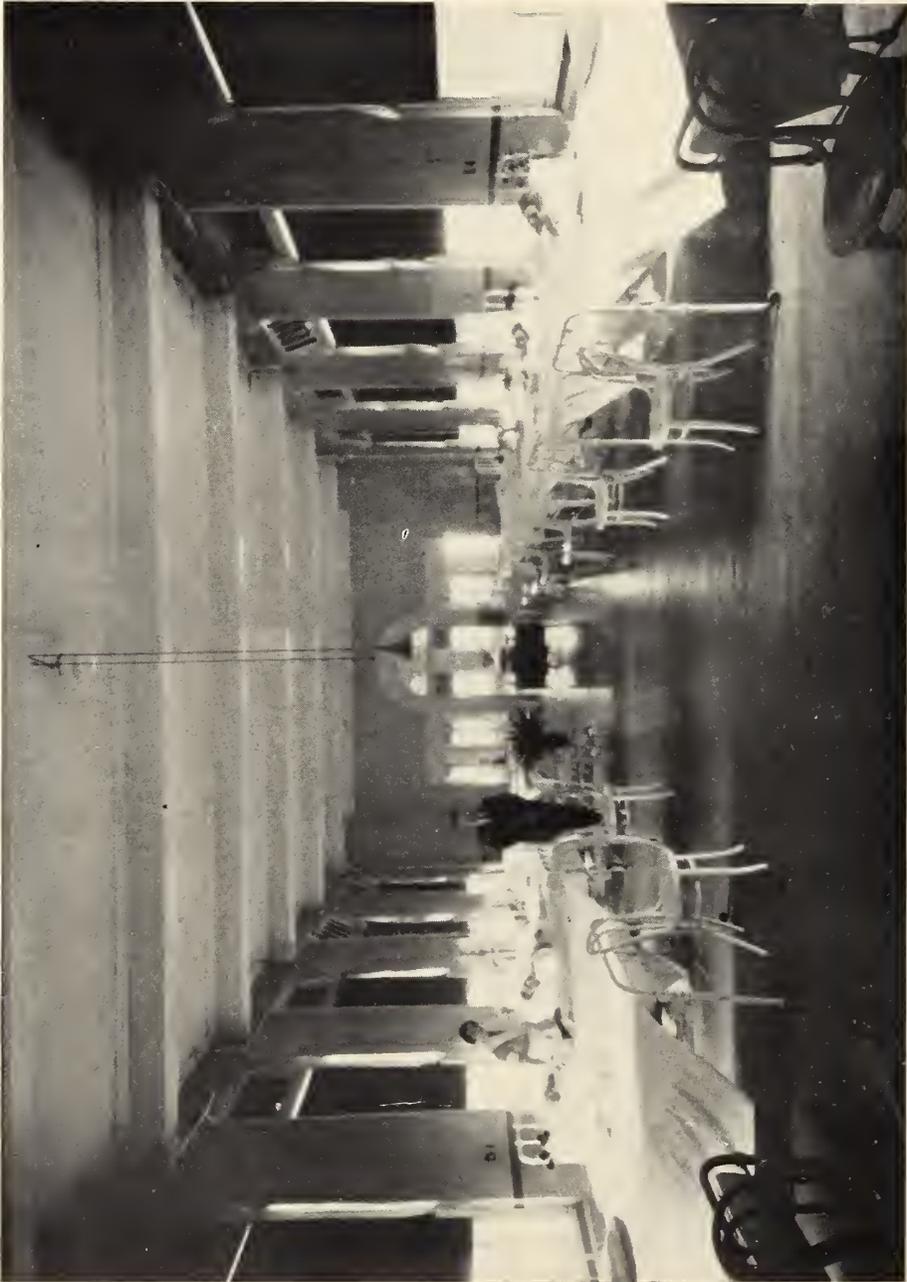


of the city of Raleigh." With an apology for the brief announcement of the week before, the notice concludes: "John Rex was one of those unobtrusive, modest men who pursue, undisturbed, the even tenor of their way, content with discharging the duty they owe to society, and studiously avoiding public notoriety."

It does not appear just when John Rex came to Raleigh, but a deed recorded in the Register's office of this county shows that on September 18, 1799, he bought 264 acres of land on House's Creek, Wake County. This was just seven years after the city was laid off in squares and lots; and as he must have taken some time in selecting the plantation, it is fair to infer that his tombstone speaks the truth in saying he was "one of the earliest settlers in Raleigh." That deed and another for 265 acres of land, dated February 16, 1802, show that he could not have come to the new city a penniless adventurer, but must have been of the class of immigrants who are of advantage to any community. His will, which was written in November before his death, shows that he belonged to a family of more than usually prosperous people, and that when he left his native home he owned, or had acquired since, a tract of fifty acres of land in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, which with the buildings on it was of such consequence that it was known as the "Broad Axe Tavern." And the will recites that his near relatives were advanced in life and in comfortable circumstances, and needed nothing he was able to give them; therefore he had (to use his own language) "determined to dispose of the estate which it has pleased God to bestow on me, in a long life of labor and economy, in the way which accords with my own judgment and will most extensively promote the welfare of others." So he proceeds to dispose of his whole estate, with the exception of the Broad Axe Tavern, which he gives to a namesake, the son of a distant relative in Pennsylvania, in charity, as has been stated. That he was not an abolitionist in principle is indicated by the fact that, though the will provides for the manumission of his slaves, a clause is added that, if any of them refuse to be taken to Africa, they shall be sold and the funds arising from the sale used for the benefit of those who go.

It does not appear whether he had any church affiliations, or that he was buried with the religious services; but supposing he had the naming of his slaves, of which a list is given in the will, we may infer from the names of Abraham and Sampson, Asa and Benjamin, Hagar and Ruth, Martha and Sunday, that he was a reader of the Bible and had respect for the Christian Sabbath. Whether he was accustomed to attend the preaching of the Gospel or not, his deliberate disposition of his worldly possessions leads us to believe that he had imbibed the essence of the teaching of the Master, to wit, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

In the second notice of Mr. Rex's death, in the paper, he is spoken of as a tanner. Whether that had always been his business we do not know; but tradition



MEN'S WARD



says his tanyard was just north of the original city limits, and the parcel on which is now to be seen, some fifty yards west of the Seaboard yards, a clear spring, formerly called Rex's spring, was purchased by him April 5, 1826.

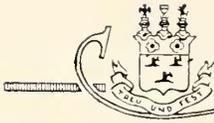
The tract of twenty-one acres, devised for a site for the future hospital, was bought in two parcels, in 1813 and 1817, respectively. It is said that he died in a little red house of two rooms on this tract.

John Rex's estate seems to have been worth at the time of his death, including the slaves at an average value of four or five hundred dollars each (a conservative estimate), about twenty-five thousand dollars, a handsome estate then, in this section. Upon settlement of their accounts by the executors it was found that after the sale of the personal property, other than the slaves, and the realty other than the twenty-one acres devised to the hospital, the estate, after payment of debts, funeral expenses, charges of administration, etc., amounted to \$14,850.50.

The General Assembly of 1840-41 passed an act chartering a corporation to be known as the "Trustees of Rex Hospital," which was to be managed by five citizens of Raleigh, to be nominated by the commissioners, or aldermen, of the city for appointment by the Supreme Court of the State, and vacancies were to be filled and are now filled in like manner. Thereupon a petition was filed in the Supreme Court for the appointment of five persons named as trustees, to provide for carrying out the purposes of the will of John Rex and the provisions of the charter, and to authorize the trustees to receive the funds intended for the hospital from the executors. A decree was rendered accordingly. The executors paid to the trustees \$10,300.67 in good bonds of individuals; but of this \$698.61 was afterwards ordered to be turned over to supply a deficiency in the fund intended for the colonization of the slaves in Africa, leaving a net balance of \$9,602.06. The amount used for the transportation of the Negroes to Liberia was about \$5,400.

The five trustees first appointed in 1841 were William H. Battle, William Peace, Thomas J. Lemay, James Litehford, and Richard Smith. Mr. Battle had recently been made a judge of the Superior Court; Mr. Peace was a retired merchant and afterwards founder of Peace Institute; Mr. Litehford was a merchant tailor; Mr. Lemay was the accomplished editor of the *Raleigh Star*, and Mr. Smith was a merchant and Raleigh's wealthiest citizen. It can be truthfully said that they were leading citizens of our then little city.

The hospital fund, invested and reinvested until April 1861, was then reported as amounting to \$35,262.14 in stocks of the Bank of the State and Bank of Cape Fear and bonds of individuals. During the War Between the States those bonds were nearly all collected and invested in State bonds, some of the issue from 1862 to 1864, and Confederate bonds and stock scrip. Most of the funds became worthless by results of the war. The trustees realized what they could from the old State



CHILDREN'S WARD

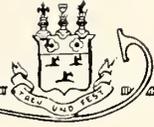


bonds, and invested and reinvested the proceeds in bonds secured by mortgage, except a few hundred dollars which they expended in building a small house on the grounds devised for the hospital. This house, with such of the land as was fit for cultivation, was rented and something more realized from year to year than was needed to keep the fences and house in repair, and the net rent was added to the invested fund. By 1893 the solvent securities had increased to about \$30,000, and it was suggested by the city authorities that if the trustees would provide a suitable hospital, the city would provide a supplementary income of \$2,000 annually from its treasury, so that the intended charity could be made effectual. The offer was approved, and the trustees proceeded to look into the matter of providing a hospital building. The land devised for the purpose, which lies some distance south of the North Carolina Railroad and extends to Rocky Branch, with a ravine running through it, into which was drained much of the surface water from that end of the city, was pronounced by some of our leading physicians as objectionable on hygienic grounds for the location of a hospital. Upon application of the trustees, a committee of the State Board of Health was then appointed to view the premises and determine whether they were objectionable as a place for the treatment of the sick. The committee, upon careful examination, unanimously condemned the location. The trustees thereupon resolved, with the approval of the city government, to sell the land and establish a hospital at a more suitable place. The land, by permission of the court, was sold in parcels from time to time and brought a net aggregate of about \$6,000.

St. John's Guild, a charitable organization of the Episcopal churches in Raleigh, supported entirely by contributions, had bought the old Manly mansion, with something over an acre of land, on South Street, the present location of the hospital, and was conducting hospital work there; but realizing that the city was not large enough to support two charity hospitals, the Guild proposed to sell to the trustees of Rex Hospital. On August 4, 1893, the sale was made, at the low price of \$4,500, the amount of the obligations of St. John's Guild on account of the property. The old building was then repaired and an annex of two stories for colored patients was erected. The work was organized, matron and nurses engaged, and the hospital opened for patients May 1, 1894. The Raleigh Academy of Medicine agreed to give their services to charity patients, in committees of four to serve in rotation, two months at a time. That has been kept up by the Hospital Board and the present staff. In consideration of the contribution of the city, the trustees agreed, in addition to the indigent sick of Raleigh, to care for such patients, whether of the city or elsewhere, as in emergency might be sent to the hospital by the Mayor or Chief of Police.



NURSERY



In 1896, at the request of some of the physicians who had been giving their services to charity patients, an annex of eight rooms was built for pay patients. The trustees were persuaded that the income from these patients would conduce to the benefit of the charity patients. The operating room was furnished by some charitable women, known as the "Ladies' Hospital Aid Association." Not long thereafter the Ministering Circle of King's Daughters, another organization of charitable women, supplied money for an annex of one room on the opposite of the building for a children's ward, and for some time they partly supported a cot in that ward. Soon after the erection of this ward Colonel and Mrs. Bennehan Cameron gave to the hospital six shares of stock in the North Carolina Railroad Company, as a partial endowment of a bed in memory of Paul Carrington Cameron, their infant son, who had recently died. Since then Mrs. Pauline Cameron Shepard gave a legacy of \$2,000 to the corporation; later Mrs. Charles H. Belvin, a niece of another great benefactor of the city, Mr. R. S. Pullen, bequeathed to the hospital bonds of near the value of \$4,000, to which her husband added \$1,000, for an endowment. The trustees further received a legacy of \$1,500 under the will of Mrs. Lucy C. Capehart, to be used in the erection of a memorial to her mother, to be known as "The Lucy Williams Boddie Moore Memorial."

The main body of the hospital building, which had been erected about seventy years ago, was getting in bad condition and required frequent repairs; and in fact the entire hospital was becoming antiquated and far inferior to the requirements of a city of the size and importance of Raleigh. The trustees therefore determined, with the approval of the city government, to remove the old buildings and erect on their site a modern and convenient brick building.

The cornerstone of the new building was laid with appropriate Masonic ceremonies in 1908, and the building was opened for the reception of patients in September, 1909. During the nine months required for the erection of the new building the hospital was housed in an old residence on Glenwood Avenue. The addition of one more building, the purchase of a nurses' home, and needed improvements in the building already erected have brought the plant up to its present condition.



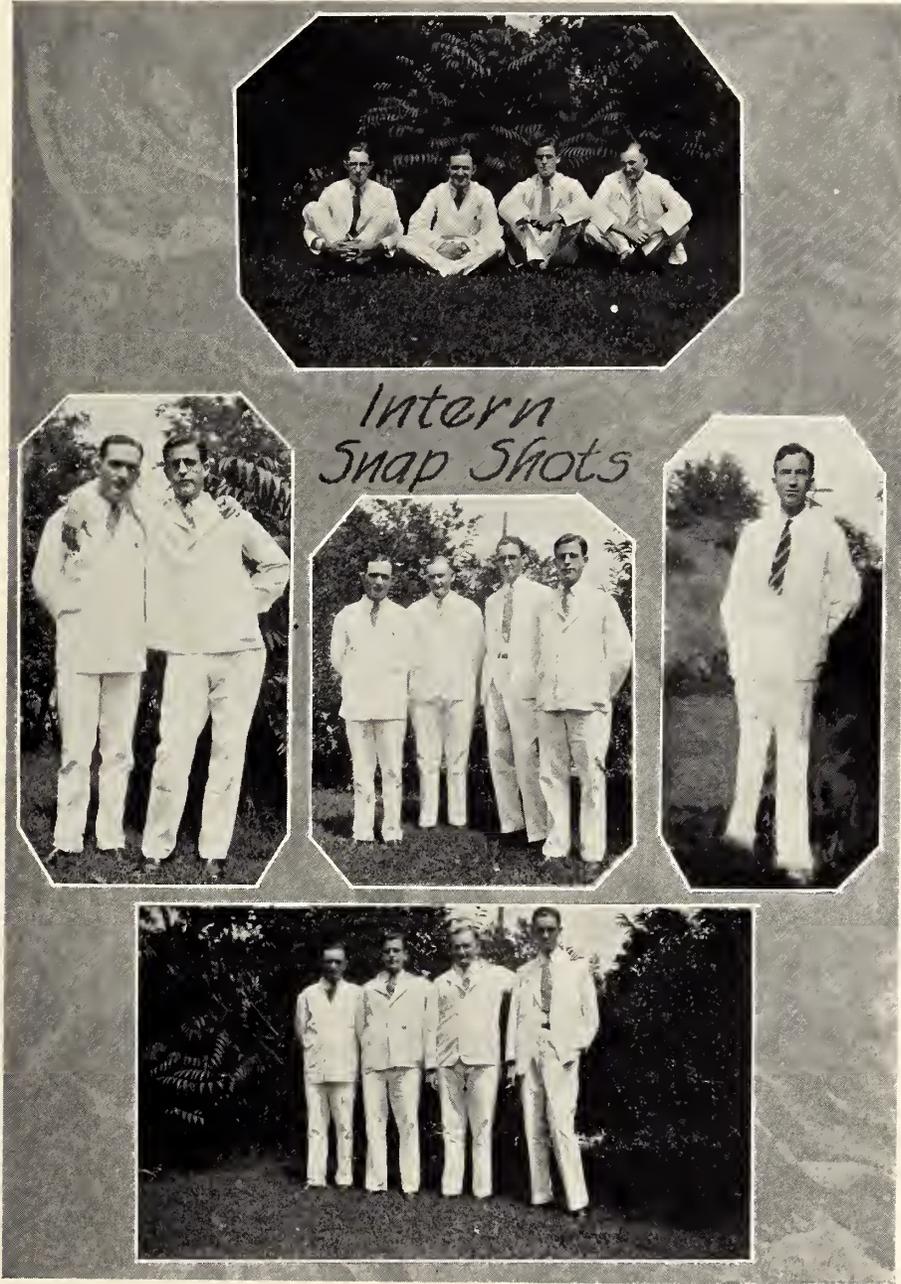


OPERATING ROOM



Happy Faces





*Intern
Snap Shots*



CLASS ROOM



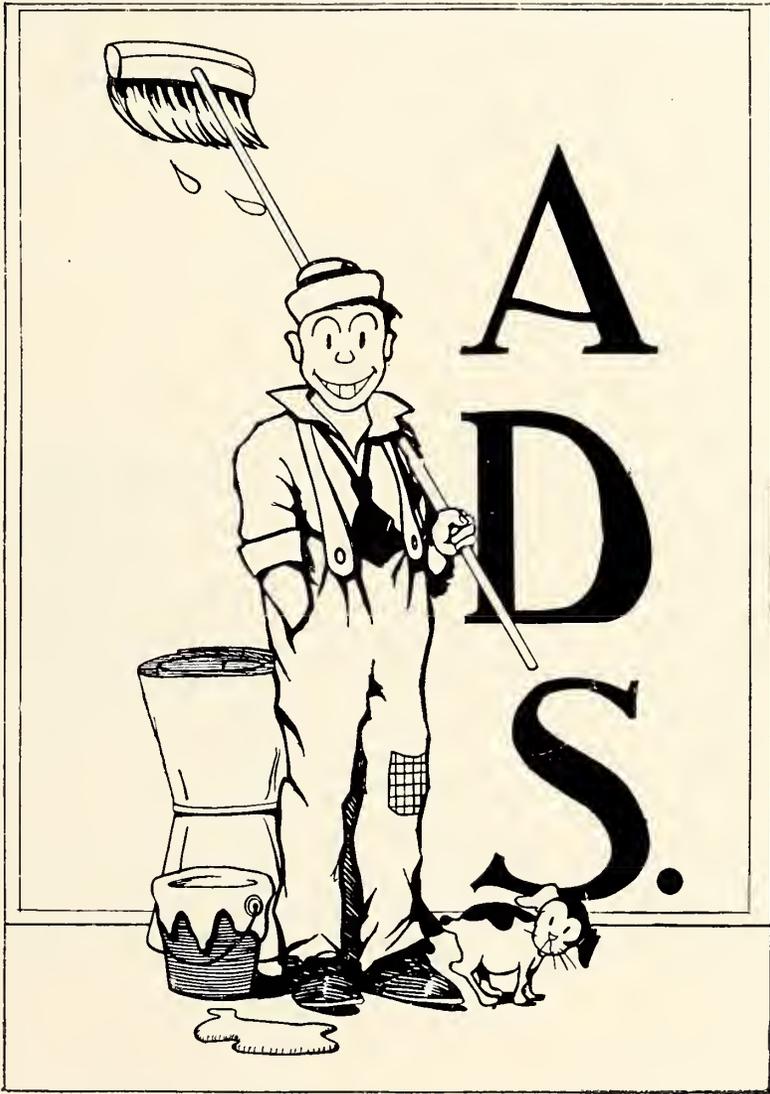
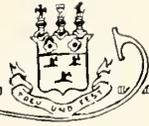
DINING ROOM

“Sunset and evening post
That one clear call for me,
And may there be a letter there
When I put out to see.”

As Told On You

- Biography of a Country Doctor's Wife.—*M. Poole.*
Secrets of a School Girl's Complexion.—*A. Grady.*
Dates I Have Known.—*V. Brown.*
Advantages of Operating on Sundays and Holidays.—*Dr. Lawrence.*
On Selecting a Husband—If any.—*M. Peedin.*
Various and Sundry Week-ends.—*Dr. Freeman.*
Using Late-Leaves to the Best Advantage.—*P. Baker.*
High Cost of Living.—*Dr. Ward.*
The Well Lighted Living Room.—“*Maw.*”
When I Joined the Army—*Dr. McKee.*
Freedom of Speech.—*L. Davis.*
How to Be Your Own Self.—*L. Murphy.*





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WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS

and

Manufacturers of



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Hence we believe in our city and its institutions, and we believe if you would give it a serious thought you would spend your Gasoline and Oil money only where you see the Dixie Oil Company signs displayed. By doing so you keep your money at home, where it not only helps our city and its institutions, but may get back in your hands again.

WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATRONAGE AND GUARANTEE TO GIVE
YOU THE BEST GASOLINE AND OILS SOLD IN OUR CITY

Dixie Oil Company

PHONES 545-546

RALEIGH, N. C.

M c CLAREN CORD TIRES

Guaranteed to Cost Less Per Mile

BATTERY SERVICE :- VULCANIZING

BLANCHARD TIRE CO.

Phone 2081

119 East Morgan Street

Raleigh, N. C.

WHITE & HODGIN COMPANY

I. H. PARIS, Manager

One of the Older Fuel Companies of Raleigh

COAL — WOOD

OUR FIXED POLICY: Good Coal, Full Weight, Two Thousand Pounds to Ton,
Prompt Delivery. All Lump and Egg Coal Forked—Re-screened—

Re-cleaned When Loaded.

PHONE 496

RED TRUCKS—RED-HOT COAL

PHONE 496

1867 — 62 Years of Service — 1929

NURSES!

We appreciate your business and
are anxious to be of service
to you when in need of

BOOKS

STATIONERY NOVELTIES

GIFTS

Office Supplies—Engraving

Established 1867

Alfred Williams & Co.

Raleigh, N. C.

GEO. MARSH CO.

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Bloomsbury Brand

Canned

Vegetables



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RALEIGH, N. C.

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In All First-Class Drug
Merchandise

Carrying a Complete Line of

DRUGS, SUNDRIES, CHEMICALS
BIOLOGICAL PRODUCTS

REXALL STORE

Boon-Iseley Drug Co.

Phone 95

RALEIGH, N. C.

Person Street Pharmacy

No. 2

HAYES BARTON

K. V. FRANKLIN, Mgr.

Phones 106-107



Person Street Pharmacy

P. D. GATTIS, Proprietor

570 NORTH PERSON STREET

Phones 221-225



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KODAKS—PARTY FAVORS—FOUNTAIN
PENS AND GIFTS OF
ALL KINDS

“RADIOS” Best of Service

JAMES E. THIEM

125 Fayetteville St.

Phone 135

Dr. K. Neal (on Anatomy Class): What is Mucus Membrane?

Miss——: Mucus Membrane is an opening to the outside world.

Dr. K. Neal: So is a post hole.



Mrs. Pace: Where are you going?

Mr. Cox: Trying to find where them pigeons live.

Mrs. Pace: What for?

Mr. Cox: I want some holes for my desk.

BUTTER-NUT

“The Cream of Quality”

Consists only of pure ingredients
and manufactured in the
cleanest and the best
equipped plant in
the State.

STAUDT'S BAKERY

Established 1896

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Raleigh, N. C.

W. L. BROGDEN CO.

WHOLESALE

Fruit and Produce

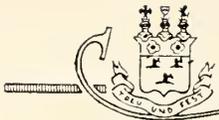
RALEIGH, N. C.

North Carolina's Leading Wholesale

FRUIT HOUSE

New Modern Cold Storage

West Martin Street



The NIGHTINGALE

THAT SETTLES IT

Harvey: People look alike after they stay together for a period of time.
Mozelle: Well, our engagement is broken.



Dr. George Wright while up the street the other day, met Miss White, who was dressed in a brown outfit.

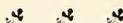
Dr. Wright: You look like Helen in Brown.

Miss White: Gosh! And I look still worse in red.



Teacher: Why do you want to give up pipe organ lessons?

Miss Gardner: Because, I feel so blooming childish playing with my feet.



Dr. Royster (to Miss Poplin): I'm offering a prize to the laziest girl in the training school and I think that you will win it.

Miss Poplin: Well, all right, roll me over and put it in my back pocket.



Miss McKinney says that her roommate is such a sound sleeper that the sound keeps her awake.



Mr. Nunnery: You are very brave to want to marry me. Do you know that the first woman that married me died shortly afterwards?

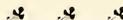
Miss M. Swain: Honest?

Mr. Nunnery: And the third one is in an insane asylum.

Miss Swain: Is that so?

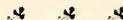
Mr. Nunnery: Now, don't you think that I am a very seductive man?

Miss Swain: Look here. You ain't no man,—you're a plague.



Dr. Thompson: I've had this car for years, and never had a wreck.

Miss Rand: You mean you've had this wreck for years and never had a car.



Miss Thelma Pearce was going home one afternoon and she got to Cripple Creek and found the bridge gone. Wondering how she would get across; then suddenly she happened to think that it was in her mouth, so she took it out and crossed the creek.



Patient: I'm dreadfully nervous. I've never had an operation before.

Miss Walton (reassuringly): You need not feel frightened, Ma'am, neither has Dr. G. Wright.



Dr. Carroll: Have you been through Obstetrics?

Miss Hadden: Yes, but it was night and I did not see much of the place.



Dr. Eldridge (upon looking at the engine of his broken down car): Hand me my stethoscope: I think it has a palpitation.



Miss Marshbanks: Dr. Freeman has hay fever.

Miss Beeker: Serves him right. I asked him to quit running around with that grass widow.

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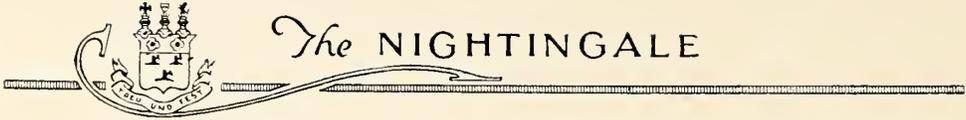
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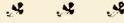
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Dr. Ward (Cheerfully): Vastly improved, your legs are still badly swollen, but that doesn't trouble me at all.
Patient (Sourly): No, I suppose not, it wouldn't trouble me either if your legs were swollen.



IN BOTH SENSES

Miss Murphy: Did you ever notice that successful men are generally bald?
Miss Barnes: Certainly! They come out on top.



Miss Beeker: Miss Harris, how do you define ignorance?
Miss Harris: It's when you don't know something but some one finds it out.



Miss Harrell: Doctor, what will I do to reduce?
Dr. Paul Neal: Take the proper kind of exercise.
Miss Harrell: What kind of exercise would you recommend?
Dr. Neal: Push yourself away from the table three times a day.



UNSELFISH

Miss Beeker: It gives me great pleasure to mark you 85 on this Medical Nursing examination.
Miss Smith: Why not make it 100 and give yourself a real thrill?



"The doctor will see you inside;" said Miss Rivers to the patient as she helped him on the operating table.



AFFECTIONATE CHILD

Dr. Turner had a bald patch on his head. Kissing him at bedtime Henry, Jr., said: "Stoop down, daddy, I want to kiss the place where the lining shows."



UNRIPE

Miss Moody: Those eggs are too small.
Grocer: They're just fresh from the country.
Miss Moody: That's just the trouble, those farmers pick their eggs before they get full size.



TWO OF A KIND

Miss Williamson: Miss Morgan has been sitting there all day doin' nothing but wasting time.
Miss Marshbanks: How do you know?
Miss Williamson: Because, I've been sitting here watching her.



Miss Wright: Maw, what is preparedness?
Maw: Preparedness is the act of wearing spectacles to breakfast when you know you're going to have grapefruit.



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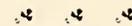
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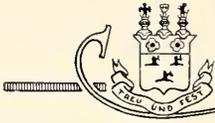
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A TOUCH OF LOCAL CARE

Miss Langston: Aunt Becky, what did you buy that shoe blackin' for?

Aunt Becky: Aw, go on, honey, dat ain't shoe blackin', dat's my massage cream.



WHEN DOCTORS AGREE

Dr. Root: Oh, if he'd only get something the matter with him!

Dr. Bugg: I never saw any one in such disgustingly good health! I can't make him respond to any symptoms.



Miss Beeker: I never harmed an onion, so why does it make me cry?

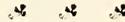


Mac: Rose you just ought to see the altar in our new church.

Miss Byrd: Well, lead me to it.



Whoever is smart enough to be happy is smart enough.



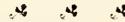
Patient: Doctor, are there any special directions to be observed with that ague medicine you sent?

Dr. V. Caviness: Yes, shake well before taking.



Miss Wimberley: Oh, I have an idea.

Miss Grady: Be good to it, Gail, it's in a strange place.



The following letter is said to have been received by a large corn-syrup manufacturer from Pa Cox.

"Dear Sirs: Though I have taken six cans of your corn-syrup, my corns are no better now than when I started."



NOT EVEN A DRUMMER

Miss Davis, having ordered chicken, is waiting at the table.

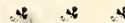
Waiter: Here's your drum sticks Miss.

Miss Davis (blushing): But, my goodness, man! I'm no musician! Ask somebody else to play.



Miss Baker: My dad is an Elk, A Lion, A Moose and an Eagle.

Miss McCain: Gee! What does it cost to see him?



Gilmer: Do you object to petting?

Briggs: That's one thing I have never done yet.

Gilmer: Petted?

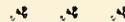
Briggs: No, objected.



Aviator: Wanta' fly?

Miss Goodman: O, oh, yes, yes,—

Aviator: Wait a minute, I'll get one for you.



Dr. Freeman: If you're in no great hurry, perhaps you'll allow me to glance at the telephone book for a moment.

Mrs. Isler: Oh, certainly, I was just looking it over to find a pretty name for a baby.



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Miss McIntyre: He didn't tell me he loved me, but he kissed me.
Miss Buchanan: Don't worry then; he must love you.



Dr. Lawrence (to fair patient): You certainly have acute appendicitis.
Fair Patient: Oh, Doctor, you flatter me.



Miss Barbee after admitting that she was a bit fleshy, and wouldn't care if people would stop reminding her of it, was walking the busy streets the other day, and stepped up to a traffic cop and said: Officer, could you see me across the street?

Officer: Yes, madam, I could see you four miles away.



Having been told that it was electricity that made her mother's hair snap when she combed it, Dot Davis bragged to a visitor: "We're a wonderful family. Mother has electricity on her hair, and grandma has gas on her stomach."



Misses Peedin and Boykin while up the street shopping the other day, came across some cute articles which they liked very much. Boykin admiring a bottle of "Jervis" hair tonic, said: Well Millie here's a bottle of tonic I want, for only 69 cents, and I only have 68 cents, can you lend me a penny?
Miss Peedin: No indeed, I only have one "Penny" and I'm not going to part with it."



Miss Hadden: You know, I did something last night that I'd never done before in my life.

Miss Pearce: Gosh! I can't imagine what it was.



FATHER MARKED TIME

Anxious Father: Are there any marks on the baby?

Dr. Campbell (after carefully looking over the new arrival): Yes, he's marked C.O.D.



Barnes: When a couple goes together for six years, what do you think they should do next?

Miss Matthews: I think they should slide down into the ash pan of eternity.



Miss Barnes sat patiently listening to Miss Marshbanks the other day while the subject of evolution was being discussed.

Miss Marshbanks: My grandfather may have been a baboon, but that don't worry me.

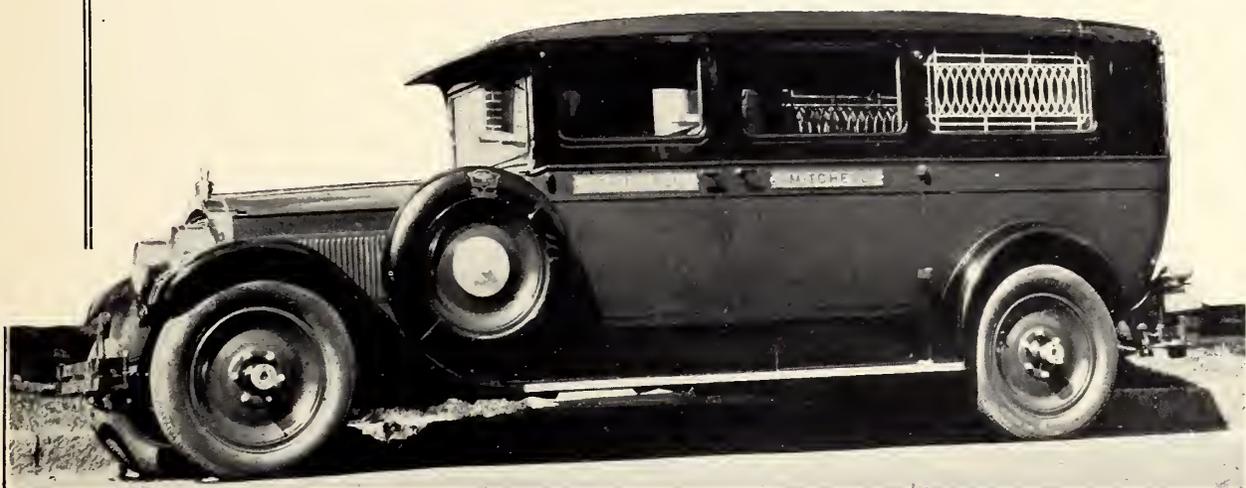
Miss Barnes: It shouldn't, but I'll bet it worried your grandmaw like everything.

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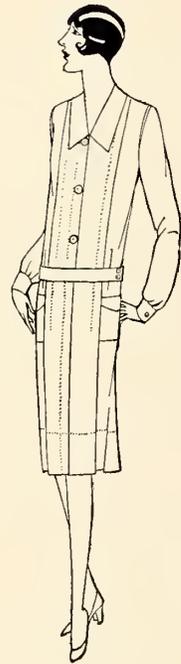
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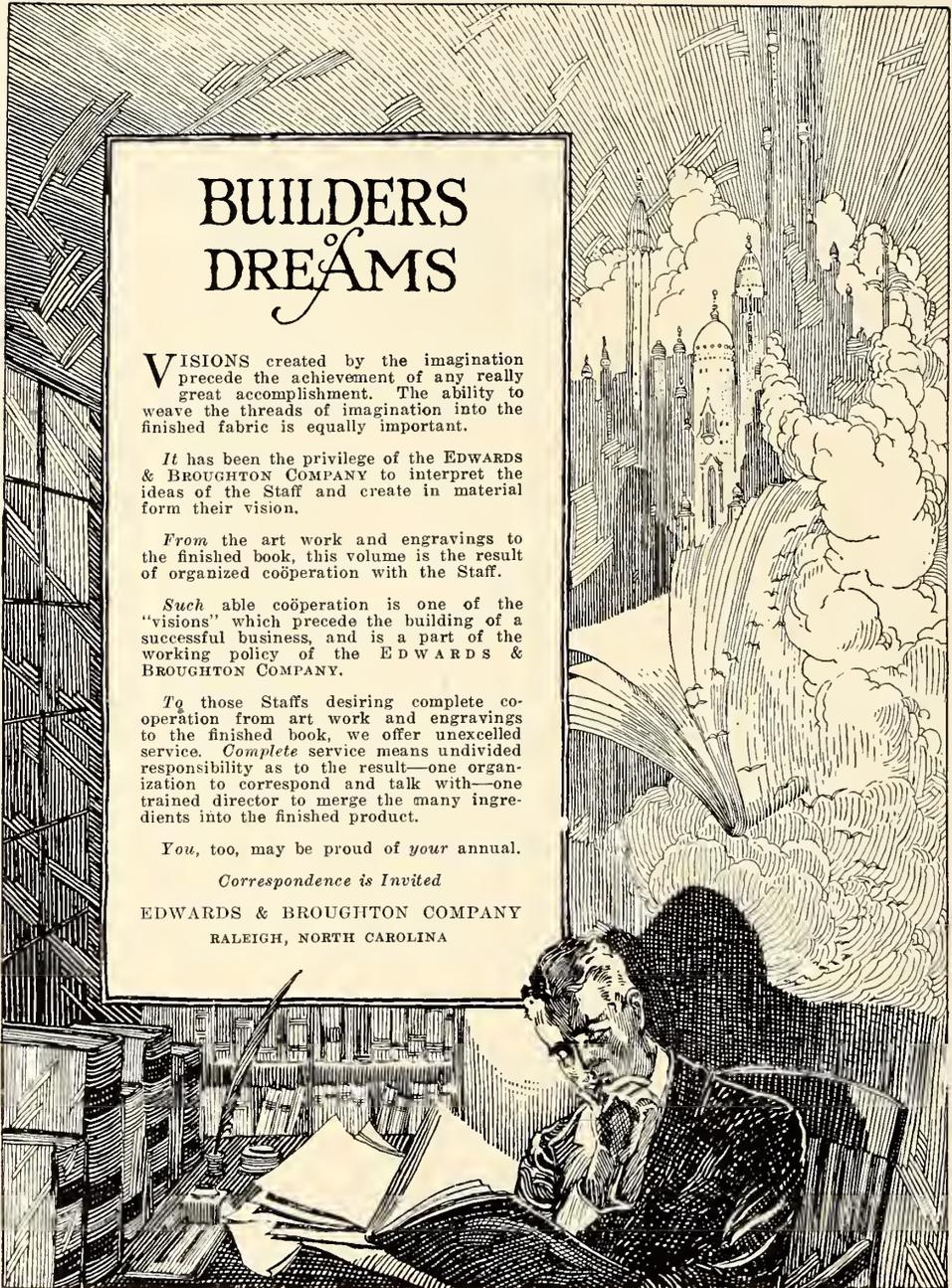
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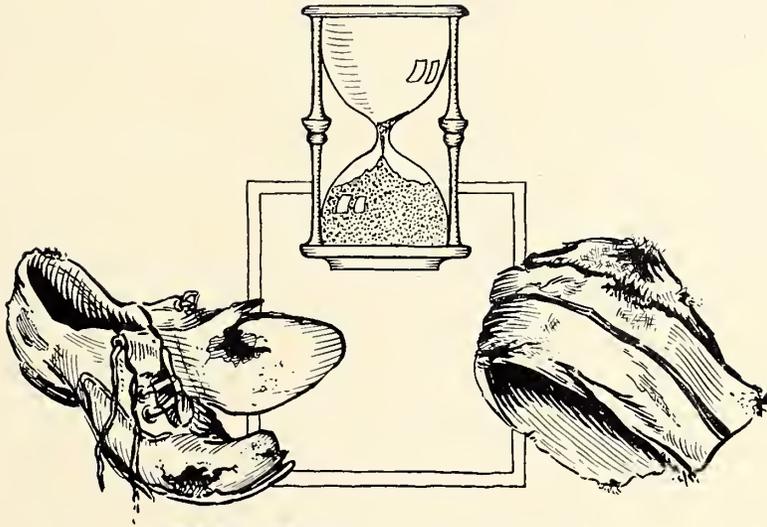
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