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Nods and Becks

1922 - VOLUME V - 1922



PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF

Chicora College for Women

Columbia, South Carolina



HAMPTON HALL

To Dad

“ The world makes much of Mothers,
It ought to—that’s quite true,
But then there aren’t, maybe,
So many Dads — like you”

The Staff

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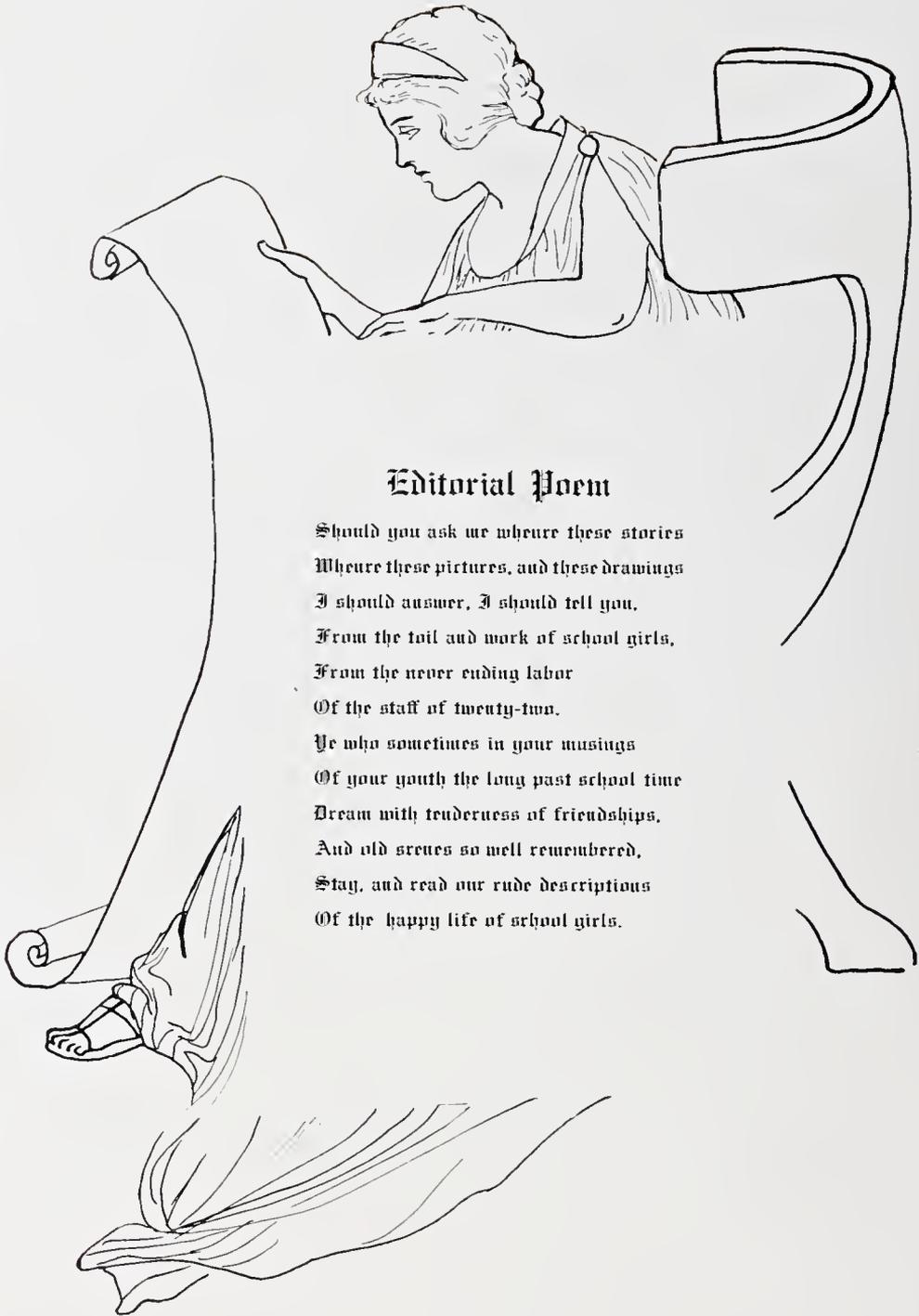
MARY McNAULL

RHODA STACK

ADA WALKER

Assignment Editors





Editorial Poem

Should you ask me whence these stories
Whence these pictures, and these drawings
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the toil and work of school girls,
From the never ending labor
Of the staff of twenty-two.
Ye who sometimes in your musings
Of your youth the long past school time
Dream with tenderness of friendships,
And old scenes so well remembered,
Stay, and read our rude descriptions
Of the happy life of school girls.



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Historical Sketch of the College



W HILE such a bright future is before Chicora and when all are interested in her prospects, it is well that we look back a bit into the past and see the growth of Chicora, from the first year when she became an institution, until now.

The history of Chicora College has been one of rapid and unusual progress. It was organized in a rented building on McBee Avenue in Greenville, S. C., in August, 1893, under the auspices of the three Presbyterian Churches there. It was first called "The Presbyterian Female Seminary" but was later changed to Chicora College, the name being an Indian name, supposedly meaning Carolina. Rev. J. F. McKinnon was at the head of the institution, and it remained under his care until 1895, when Dr. S. R. Preston was made President.

The institution was reorganized under Dr. Preston, in 1898, as a stock company, of which he was the head until 1906. It was then decided that a majority of the stock should be offered for sale to the Presbyteries of Bethel, Enoree, and South Carolina, under the condition that the rest of the stock should be purchased by them. This condition was complied with, and the college was taken over by the Synod of South Carolina.

A board of trustees was then organized. This board is a self-perpetuating body, representatives of the several Presbyteries of the state, and it is their duty to control and govern the college.

The three Presbyteries owning the College, then overtured the other Presbyteries of the Synod of South Carolina to unite with them in the ownership and control of the college. This overture was acted upon favorably by the Presbyteries, and the college is now owned jointly by the Presbyteries of Bethel, Charleston, Congaree, Enoree, Harmony, Pee Dee, Piedmont, and South Carolina, of the Synod of South Carolina, in connection with the Presbyterian Church of the United States.

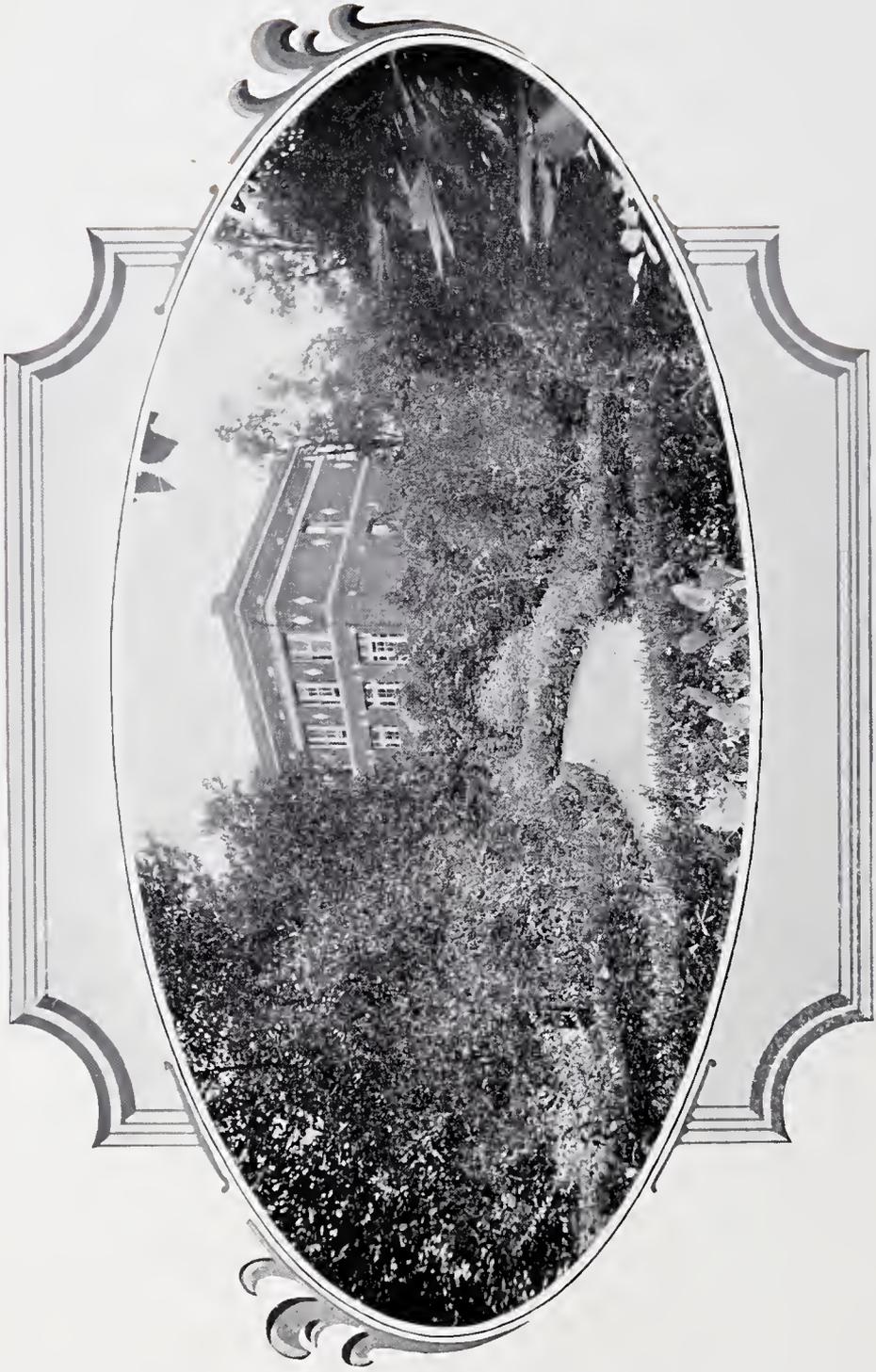
Chicora College was situated in Greenville, S. C., until the fall of 1915, when it was consolidated with the College for Women in Columbia, by the vote of the different Presbyteries. The institution was then moved to Columbia, and the name changed to Chicora College for Women.

In 1906 Dr. S. C. Byrd was appointed to the presidency of the college, and has been in office ever since. Under his untiring efforts, Chicora has gone steadily forward. He has given his time, thought, and energy to her interests, and the results have been great. The College has grown, and improved with her growth. The standard was raised a few years ago, to the fourteen unit requirement, and during the past year has been raised to the sixteen unit requirement, and the work in every department has come much nearer perfection.

A history of Chicora College during the past can not but make us look forward into the future. Although her past has been inspiring, her future will make still greater progress.



"There where the world is quiet;
There, where all tremble seems
Dead winds and spent leaves riot)
In doubtful dreams of dreams."



..A metaphor of Spring and Youth and Morning..



..We wandered here and whispered there
And hand was warm in hand



"Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming
hedges of roses."



"Every pine and fir and hemlock
Were ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig in the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep in pearl."



DR. S. C. BYRD, *President*



MRS. S. C. BYRD, *Dean*







MISS ALETHEA MAYES
ASSISTANT DEAN

MISS MAY McNAULL
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DR. T. M. DUBOSE, Sr.	<i>Physician</i>
MISS MARGARET MILLER	<i>Intendent of Infirmary</i>
MR. W. C. WINTERS	<i>Superintendent of Campus</i>







WOODARD HARWELL LACKEY
Senior Mascot

Senior Class History



ON September 17, 1918 sixty-five girls with quaking hearts launched a ship on the extensive "Sea of Knowledge". We chose Lois Query as our Pilot and immediately she took the helm assisted by her able staff officers—Margaret Patterson, Ada Walker and Laurie Moore. At first of course, there were many dismal and homesick days for the crew. If it were possible I fear that the sea must have felt the effect of our tears. But those days were soon passed and we beginning to love our work, settled down for a hard struggle.

At the close of the first three weeks, to the general dismay of all, "flu" broke out and the ship's company was forced to disperse to the several homes. Still fresh in our memories are those days of suspense when everyone walked around with serious face and business-like air. Who can forget the Sunday that all were called together by the good ship's Governor and Rector and were given the word that all might go ashore on the next day? Delighted at the unexpected vacation, yet filled with grief because some of our number must remain on board in the ship's hospital, we young sailors set out for home.

Upon our return, affairs glided along smoothly until first examinations—our young voyagers, you know, had entered upon a long course of training to continue at least four years. Who, pray, does not know the horror and despair of crossing College Exam Rocks for the first time! The feat was finally achieved without shipwreck and June found our little company securely landed on Sophomore Island. What a store of information our brains contained—why we knew all there is to know about Trig. and geometry and "bugology"—there was nothing new for us to learn.

In September 1919, after shore leave of three months, the boat was launched again for another stage of the training, the goal now being Junior Port. Alas our eager crew was now diminished in numbers, owing to the defection of some, who in the all-knowing self-assurance of Sophomores, had decided to follow the quest no further finding it pleasanter to remain at home to enter another field. We were extremely sorry to lose these members but our ranks were filled by other fine recruits as Lucille Belk, Evelyn Lea, and Gladys Porter from Queen's and Flora McDonald.

After Christmas a new pilot, Margaret Russell, had to be chosen leader of our band, as Captain Query was unable to return for some time. Her assistants—Laurie Moore, Margaret Patterson, and Julia Luther were capable leaders and proved their worth. Never before had one ship made so much progress on the Sea of Knowledge. We could name the Kings of Israel backwards if necessary and Physics problems were as easy as our A. B. C's. Somehow we lived through this year of Sophistication and were perhaps a saner, more intelligent, yet jolly bunch than heretofore.

In 1920 as the third year of our voyage began the crew was again augmented by the reception of many brilliant travellers on the "Sea of Knowledge", who came from the domains of Winthrop, Flora McDonald and G. W. C. These were Annie Roe, Dorris Young, Pauline Overcash, Mary Belle Welsh, and others who added greatly to the efficiency of our little ship's company. This crew surely never had been and never could be equalled by any other. In our midst were musicians, wonderful athletes, playwrights and even newspaper editors. As "Jolly Juniors" we did not feel so sophisticated—we thoroughly enjoyed life. A number of our members were allowed the privilege of serving as reporters for the "Columbia Record" and others showed their ability in securing advertisements. We recall that night with great pleasure when we waited for the final edition to come from the Press. In this way we were helping in the "Greater Chicora Campaign."

This year we proved our worth on the basket-ball field and gave the Seniors one good, hard fight before we allowed them to carry off the cup. During the spring we discovered that Lois Query was even more extraordinary than we had known. She broke the American Woman's Record in discus throwing on that remarkable Field Day.

After a few short days spent on leave for Christmas, the crew returned ready to struggle over the next Exam Rocks. This was indeed a task for we had run up against the biggest rocks of our voyage so far—Chemistry and Psychology. All were safely passed however except Chemistry when to our amazement we awoke one morning to find ourselves in an immense white fog. For two whole days we lived in darkness—surely we thought we had struck an iceberg. Our capable officers guided us safely through and we were at last on the last stretch of our third year. We were now ready to give our undivided attention to Junior-Senior. Much to our disappointment we could not give our beloved Seniors a banquet but must content ourselves with a reception. Long will that night be remembered and will always be a bright spot in our memories.

When the reception became a thing of the past, we had begun to look forward to the graduation of the grand old Seniors of '21. It made us sad indeed to think that these dignified Seniors would now be lost in the wide, wide world and that it was now our duty and privilege to set the right examples to the underclassmen.

The intervening months flew swiftly by and at last we found ourselves embarking for the last knots of our voyage. We were overjoyed with the thoughts of Senior Deck where we were allowed so many privileges which had heretofore been unheard of. Of course we realized that this was the best crew that had ever sailed the "Chicora" but we really did not expect such luck. The Rector and Dean knew that we had worked so very hard during the previous three years that we deserved all this freedom. Mr. Lester must also have realized that we needed recreation for he was so good as to give us complimentary passes to all his theaters. These specialities

were positively too good to be true. However we managed to take advantage of every single privilege. This year we elected Evelyn Lea for our Captain. Her staff is composed of Laurie Moore, Margaret Patterson, Helen Kennedy, Janie Martin, Lucille Belk, Ada Walker, De Ette Bennett and Sallie Pearce. It has taken hard pulling to keep things in the straight and narrow path but in some way the feat has been accomplished.

Before Christmas and for a week afterwards we were all excited over the Inter-class basket-ball games. The Juniors didn't worry us but oh those Sophomores! However every member of our team is a star player and we won the cup without so much trouble.

By the time that joy had subsided we were up against Exam Rocks again. Bible and Ethics almost finished us but after a struggle we passed knowing much more afterwards than we had before.

As soon as exams were safely in the distance the work again began in earnest on the annual. The finishing touches were put on and at last the 1922 Nods and Becks had gone to press. The Chicora Magazine and Spizzerinktum also furnished sources of pleasure to their respective staffs. All material always came in exactly on time—never any delay and work under such conditions is such a joy. (Isn't it, Lucille and Evelyn?)

When the memories of Spring holidays faded we became interested in the Carnival and Junior-Senior. When this class throws their whole soul into a thing much is accomplished. The Carnival therefore was a great success. The reception was immensely enjoyed and it was with deep regret that we left the Decks after three of the shortest yet happiest hours ever spent on the "Chicora."

As May 30, 1922 drew nearer and nearer we thought seriously of our diplomas. Until now they really seemed like some dream away in the future. At last they are real and we will with great joy and yet great sorrow receive the sheep-skins for which we have worked four long and occasionally tedious though short and happy years. With hearts full of happiness and sadness we go forth into the wide, wide world thinking most of all of what life holds for us. Our history is only in the making—in fact it has only commenced. Should I be called upon to again write the history of my class in future years it would indeed be a joy to be able to write that our dreams of to-day have been fulfilled and that each of us has attained her goal.

JANIE MARTIN,

Historian of '22.

FINIS



Senior Class Officers

EVELYN LEA	<i>President</i>
LAURIE MOORE	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARGARET PATTERSON	<i>Secretary</i>
HELEN KENNEDY	<i>Treasurer</i>
JANIE MARTIN	<i>Historian</i>
ADA WALKER	<i>Lawyer</i>
SALLIE PEARCE	<i>Prophet</i>
LUCILLE BELK	<i>Poet</i>
DE ETTIE BENNETT	<i>S. C. A. Representative</i>



Lucille Belk

LUCILLE BELK, $\Phi\Gamma$

Bachelor of Arts

Montreat, N. C.

"The gods have smiled on her."

There is no member of our class of whom it can be more truly said, that she possesses the ten talents, than of Lucille for, surely, the gods have smiled on her. She is a poet and musician and, when on long evenings she takes down her old guitar, she rescues us all from boredom and sways our moods as she wills by her clever songs. She has already begun to be heard from thru her poetry which is characterized by her high ideals and love of all things beautiful. Lucille has always been a girl on whom we could rely to take part in almost all college activities. She can wield an editorial pen to a finish and the Chicora Magazine is greatly indebted to her, as editor-in-chief, for its wonderful improvement and success this year.

Lucille is a student volunteer feeling that her life work is in Brazil. As we pause before we part on our different ways, Lucille, we, your many friends at old Chicora, wish you "Bon Voyage" on the sea of life and may your future be a repetition of success (in a larger field of endeavor) that has been yours in your college career.

Kratian Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.; Athletic Association; Glee Club '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Class Poet '20-'21, '21-'22; Corresponding Secretary Kratian Literary Society, second term, '20-'21; Chairman Program Committee Kratian Society '20-'21; Literary Editor "Nods and Becks" '21-'22; President Kratian Society, first term, '21-'22; Editor-in-Chief The Chicora Magazine '21-'22; Winner of Medal for best poem '22.



DE ETTE BENNETT

Bachelor of Arts

Asheboro, N. C.

*"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."*

"D-e E-t-t-e Ben-nett—

Tel-e-phonel!"

Hello. I've been waiting for you to call—

"you've tried six times? That must have been while I was up town collecting 'ads' for the annual—

"About five o'clock?—That must have been while I was over at basket-ball practice. We had a wonderful practice—"

"After dinner? Well, we were having an awfully important meeting of S. C. A.

"Oh nothing but practicing.

"Yes, very important.—Glee Club.

"Yes, but you can't stay late you know.

(Two hours later)

"Girls, please don't study, and do let's talk. I'm so thrilled!

"Over my date? Oh no; but this morning in his letter Henry said"

(Still an hour later.)

The house is planned, the ring is bought and four sleepy though thrilled room-mates wander at last to bed to dream each of her respective "Henry".



De Ette Bennett



Kravian Society; Y. W. C. A. '18-'19, '19-'20, '21-'22; Athletic Association '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Class Cheer leader '20-'21; Captain Section Basket-ball Team '20-'21; Commencement Usher '20-'21; Senior Representative to S. C. A. '21-'22; Assistant Business Manager Nods & Becks '21-'22; Assignment Editor on Spizzerintum Staff '21-'22; Business Manager of Class Basket-ball Team '21-'22; Business Manager Glee Club '21-'22.



DELPHINE ISABEL BOYD, $\Phi \Gamma$ "Is"

Bachelor of Music

Ridgeway, S. C.

"For what I will, I will, and there's an end."

This is "Is", one of the jolliest blue-eyed girls in our class. She is a member of the famous "Buck's Gang." The other members really seemed lost the first of the year because she was unable to return at the beginning of school.

Isabel is a distinguished musician, but she is rather timid and we don't often have the pleasure of hearing her perform, but the world seldom knows the best that is in us. She has been faithful to her many college duties and other affairs also. She isn't the only faithful one it seems tho' if we are to judge by the daily letter which has not failed to arrive during the four years. Isabel is a sincere friend and a good old pal and we predict for her a happy future.

Isabel Boyd.

Member of Kratian Society '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Member of Y. W. C. A. '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Member of Athletic Association '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Secretary of "Buck's Gang" '20-'21; Member of Senior Music Club '21-'22; Social Committee of Y. W. C. A. '21-'22; Chief Marshall of Kratian Society '21-'22.



MAMIE LOUISE BRATTON

Bachelor of Arts

McConnellsville, S. C.

*"She is beautiful therefore to be loved
A woman therefore to be won."*

Mamie, our prettiest member, is petite and demure, a veritable Quaker maid. She is rather quiet and does not have much to say but when she does speak everyone present stops to listen and is readily convinced that in this case at least "still water runs deep". Mamie is the kind of girl we like to have around as she possesses a store of ready sympathy, friendliness and fun and is always sincere and loyal. Quiet and unobtrusive by nature, she made many friends her Freshman year, all of which friendships have grown stronger as the years rolled by. In fact, the art of making friends is a habit which characterizes Mamie.

Here's to you, Mamie, when you leave old Chicora, you are leaving a host of friends who are wishing for you the very best that life has to give.



Mamie Louise Bratton.



Y. W. C. A.; Athletic Association; Kratian Literary Society; Marshall Kratian Society '18-'19; Proctor of McClintock Hall, Second term '19-'20, First term '20-'21.



Mary Buford

MARY BUFORD

Bachelor of Arts

Newberry, S. C.

"The girl who wins is the girl who works."

Mary joined our class four years ago, and has proven by her willingness and sincerity a very valuable member of the class. She has always been a good student and never shirks her work. Altho after work is finished she is ready for a good time.

Mary's music has furnished much joy for herself and others. We cannot predict whether she will be a Latin professor or a music teacher, but we are confident that whatever she will be, will be met with great success.

Member of Y. W. C. A.; Athletic Association;
Kratian Literary Society; Proctor of Preston Hall;
House-president of Preston Hall, First term '21-'22.



MARY LILLIS COUSAR

Bachelor of Arts
Bishopville, S. C.

"Live truly and thy life shall be a great and noble creed."

A sincere friend, a loyal student, a girl with a broad sympathy and a sincere nature, this is Mary, who has won her way in our hearts without an effort.

She is always gentle, and quiet— a real Southern girl in every sense of the word.

She does a great many things well and so we know that whatever she decides to do in life will be a success.



Mary Lillis Cousar.



Member of Y. W. C. A.; Athletic Association, and Palladian Literary Society for four years.



LEILA MARGARET DICKSON, $\Phi\Gamma$ "Deedie"
Bachelor of Music.
Manning, S. C.

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

Everyone loves "Deedie". Sweet and gentle she is, and with a friendliness that just wins your heart. She has a wonderful disposition and a charming personality. She is small and dainty with hazel eyes, golden hair, and the very sweetest smile you ever saw. She is always happy and carefree and believes in the philosophy that one should never let study interfere with pleasure. She has a lovely voice, and oh, how she can play the piano! She has a bit of blarney about her, and is a firm believer in fairies and elves, but we wonder why she is always partial to "Brownies"?

Leila Margaret Dickson

Y. W. C. A.; Kratian Society; Athletic Association; Chief Marshall of the Kratian Society '19-'20; Music Critic of the Kratian Society '19-'20; Chairman of Social Service Committee '20-'21; Basket-ball Class Team '20-'21; Corresponding Secretary of Kratian Society, First term '20-'21; Glee Club '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22.



WILHELMENA EVANS ΦΓ "Pill"

Bachelor of Arts

Camerson, S. C.

*"She is no foe to any man,
But she can talk to beat the band."*

Now we come to our brown-eyed Wilhelmena. She charms all—Chicora girls, Lutheran Seminoles and Carolina Students alike with those coquettish glances, for which she is so famous.

"Pill," as we are prone to call her (altho known by some to be "sugar-coated"), is loved by all for her accommodatng ways. She has scores of friends to whom she is ever ready to lend a helping hand.

Wilhelmena has many accomplishment, but her latest is voice. We fear that Mae Peterson may find her a rival at some future date.

With such a charming personality and sterling qualities which are yours, Wilhelmena, we predict for you a happy and successful future.



Wilhelmena Evans



Marshall of the Palladian Society '18-'19; Athletic Association; Y. W. C. A. '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Program Committee of Palladian Society '20-'21; Sub-basket ball team '20-'21.



RUTH FOLK "Jezzie"

Bachelor of Arts
Denmark, S. C.

*"Soft cheeks, Warm-tinted as from tropic lands,
Framed with brown hair in shining silken
strands."*

"Jezzie" entered on her search for knowledge in the fall of '18. She was very quiet at first but before long we realized that we had another important member in our midst.

Ruth has always been loyal and faithful to her class and has proven her ability in many ways, especially as forward on our basket-ball team. She has won many a game for us and we are proud of her.

Ruth has beautiful brown eyes and if you've never seen her flash them, you've missed a treat.

We understand that she wishes to be a doctor and we are expecting great things of Dr. Folk, even though her plans may be changed somewhat.

Ruth Folk

Y. W. C. A.; Athletic Association; Palladian Society; Varsity basket-ball team '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Class basket-ball team '20-'21, '21-'22; Vice-President of Palladian Society '21-'22.



BESSIE GUNTER
Bachelor of Arts
Columbia, S. C.

"The mildest manner and the gentlest heart."

It was with much pleasure that we received Bessie into our class, she having left G. W. C. to come to us. She has won many friends by her quiet and reserved manners. She extends her friendship to all, and she is one of our most loyal classmates. Bessie is our only "day student"; however we, the class of '22, wish that we held within our bounds more like her.



Bessie Gunter.



Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, and
Kratian Literary Society.



CONSTANCE HARRIS, $\Phi\Gamma$ "Conk"

Bachelor of Arts

St. Charles, S. C.

*"Sweet personality
Full of rascality."*

We cannot imagine what it would be like at Chicora without "Conk". She is very, very small in size, but she is a big person in the college. Full of fun and life, she captivates everyone whom she meets, and they immediately fall in love with her. She is winsome, witty, and wise. But besides all of this she is one of the best students in our class. She is steady-going and thorough in what ever she undertakes, and you may always be sure she will never shirk her duty. Somehow we just can't think of "Conk" as a teacher, but whatever she does, we know she will make an "awful" success of it.

Constance Harris.

Kratian Society; Y. W. C. A.; Athletic Association '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Sub-Marshall of Kratian Society, First term '19-'20; Local Editor of Hampton Chronicle '20-'21; Class Basket-ball Team '20-'21, '21-'22; Member of "Little Glee Club" '20-'21, '21-'22; Chairman of Social Committee of Y. W. C. A. '21-'22; Class Representative to Athletic Board '21-'22.



ESTELLE HAILE, EX 2

Bachelor of Arts

Union, S. C.

*"My wealth is health and perfect ease;
My conscience clear my chief defense;
I neither seek by bribes to please
Nor by deceit to breed offense."*

Haile hailed from Union. She has met and subdued the perils of Chicora courses and discourses. She made her place on the Senior basket-ball team and played a steady game at center all the season. Sincerity is her specialty; and the reputation of a good student never seems to interfere with those pleasant smiles and words. When ability is needed to take charge of a difficult situation we are apt to quit "in favor of Estelle". She is a good sport, and a real friend to us all.



Estelle Haile



Kratian Society; Y. W. C. A.; Athletic Association '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Class Basket-ball Team '20-'21, '21-'22; House President of Laurel St. Hall, First term, '19-'20; Sub-Marshall of Kratian Literary Society, First term, '21-'22.



NIDA JANE HAM, ΦΓ

Bachelor of Music

Timmons ville, S. C.

*"She likes to sew, she likes to cook,
But when it comes to books—she has to be
shook!"*

Nida is one of Chicora's old landmarks, and we wonder just how things will keep running without her. She will be missed for countless numbers of reasons; most, because she has been so faithful to old Chicora throughout all these years. Sweet, winsome, womanly—what more could any mortal desire! Nida is an all-round girl of our class! As an athlete, she stands out preeminently. She is never happier than when she is "shooting goal" and the class has shown its confidence in her in electing her on the class team.

Nida Ham

Y. W. C. A.; Palladian Society; Athletic Association; Sub-varsity basket-ball team '17-'18; Class basket ball team '21-'22; Music critic of Palladian Society '21-'22.



HELEN KENNEDY

Bachelor of Arts

Kingstree, S. C.

"To know her is to love her."

Full of energy! That is Helen! To see her on the basket-ball court, one thinks that she has, applied to her, electric wires of high power, and to her is due a lot of the honor which the Senior class possesses in athletics. She is bright and thorough in her studies. She does her class work carefully, and has made good grades during her college course. Among her friends she is no less energetic, and with her happy attitude has made for herself friendships that will last. To say more would be superfluous, for we know her, and in knowing her we know her real worth.



Helen Kennedy



Palladian Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.; Athletic Association; Treasurer of class '20-'21, '21-'22; Member of Social Service Committee of Y. W. C. A. '20-'21; Member of Religious Meetings Committee of Y. W. C. A. '21-'22; Marshal of Palladian Literary Society, second term, '19-'20; Literary Critic of Palladian Society '20-'21; President of Palladian Society, first term '21-'22; Society Editor of Hampton Chronicle '20-'21; Class basket-ball team '20-'21, '21-'22; Varsity basket-hall team '20-'21, '21-'22; Local Editor of "Nods and Becks" '21-'22.



Evelyn Lea

EVELYN LEA, Z T

Bachelor of Arts

Timmonsville, S. C.

*"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command."*

Evelyn is a girl whom we couldn't possibly get along without. As president of our class she has proven her ability as to being capable and dependable. She never starts anything she cannot finish, but makes a success of everything she tries, and this has been proven by her competent editorship of *The Spizzerinktum*. Evelyn, herself, possesses the quality of "Spizzerinktum" which has helped make our college paper a success. Evelyn is full of fun and lives always in the superlative degree. She is a lover of nature, and poetry, and of all things beautiful. She has high ambitions and lofty ideals, and toward whatever field of life she directs her energy we prophesy great things for her.

Y. W. C. A.; Kratian Literary Society; Athletic Association; Treasurer of Kratian Society, second term, '20-'21; Program Committee of Kratian Society, second term, '19-'20, first term '20-'21, first term '21-'22; Exchange Editor of Kratian Magazine Staff '20-'21; Class basket-ball team '19-'20; Representative to State Press Association '20-'21, '21-'22; Chairman of Religious Meetings Committee of Y. W. C. A. '21-'22; Editor-in-Chief of *Spizzerinktum* '21-'22; Proctor, second term '20-'21, first term '21-'22; Assistant Literary Editor of "Nods and Becks" '21-'22; Class President '21-'22. Winner of Medal for best essay, '22.



JANIE MARTIN, Σ X Σ

Bachelor of Arts

Fountain Inn, S. C.

"Loves, laughs and comprehends."

Do you want to know—

How to be a "star" in Latin?

How to edit "Nods and Becks" for the year '22 and still have time for all of the other things you love to do?

How to cultivate a sweet disposition?

How to convince everybody of your reliability?

How to become very business like and yet be able to enjoy "Rudolph" in his most fanciful romance?

How to make friends for keeps?

Ask Janie.



Janie Martin



Palladian Society; Y. W. C. A. '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Athletic Association '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; House President of Hampton, second term '19-'20, first term '20-'21; Class Historian '20-'21; Commencement Usher '20-'21; Senior Class Historian '21-'22; Palladian Reporter on Spizzerinktum Staff '21-'22; Recording Secretary of Palladian Society, second term '21-'22; Editor-in-Chief of "Nods and Becks" '21-'22; Valedictorian '22; Winner of L. T. Wilds Scholarship Medal '22.



Laurie Emily Moore, $\Phi\Gamma$ "Dr. Moore"
Bachelor of Music
Trenton, S. C.

"Keep on the windy side of care."

There isn't another Laurie in the world. Of course that's true of everybody, but particularly so of "Dr." Moore. She never gets ruffled. You could meet her a hundred times a day and she'd always have that refreshing smile and happy word. And we expect to hear of her some day on the concert stage with that winning way and that musical talent of hers. She has been voted the best musician in school and her ability warrants the vote. All in all, she is fine, and to be "Frank" with you, we expect nothing short of a real success from her.

Laurie Moore

Y. W. C. A.; Palladian Literary Society; Athletic Association '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Glee Club '19-'20, '20-'21; Recording Secretary of Palladian Society '20-'21; Treasurer of Palladian Society '19-'20; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Vice-President of Class '18-'19, '19-'20, '21-'22; Secretary of Class '20-'21; Marshal Palladian Society '18-'19; Chairman Social Committee of Y. W. C. A. '20-'21; Chairman Music Committee of Y. W. C. A. '21-'22; Class Basket-ball Team '18-'19; Y. W. C. A. Editor of Hampton Chronicle '20-'21; President of Palladian Literary, Second term '21-'22.



PAULINE OVERCASH

Bachelor of Arts
Seesburg, Fla.

*"Convince this woman against her will,
She will be of the same opinion still."*

You would think she had been here since her Freshman year, but she hasn't. "Paul" came to us in our Junior year from Flora McDonald. During those two years we have come to respect and love her for her sterling qualities. She has proven her ability as a business woman as Business Manager of "Spizzerinktum". Withall, Pauline is a good student, a good worker and a good sport. What better could we say of this old scout of 1922?



Pauline Overcash



Kratian Society; Y. W. C. A.; Athletic Association;
Class Basket-ball Team '20-'21, '21-'22; Business Man-
ager Spizzerinktum '21-'22; Member Social Committee
Y. W. C. A. '20-'21; Member Finance and Member-
ship Committee '21-'22.



Margaret Patterson

MARGARET BLAIR PATTERSON, Φ Γ "Peg"
Bachelor of Arts
 Savannah, Ga.

*"She can cheer, she can sing,
 She can do most anything."*

The "Peg" of our class is a heartsmasher—especially where doctors are concerned. But this doesn't interfere with her college life in the least. Peggy is an all-round sport. She is a hard worker and the best part of it is she never leaves a task until it's accomplished. She is in earnest and puts her whole heart in everything that she does.

With all that though she does not neglect any phase of her education. She is an all-round girl and '22 is proud of her.

Not so many years in the future we will be reading of her achievements in foreign fields but she will not go alone (?).

Kratian Society; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Secretary of Y. W. C. A. '20-'21; Treasurer of Kratian Society, first term, '19-'20, '20-'21; Athletic Association '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Historian of Class '18-'19; Secretary and Treasurer of Class '19-'20; Member of Class Tennis Team '19-'20; Glee Club '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; House President of McClintock, second term '19-'20, first term '20-'21; Treasurer of "Buck's Gang" '20-'21; Business Manager of Hampton Chronicle '20-'21; Member of Senior Music Club '21-'22; Exchange Editor of Chicora Magazine '21-'22; Athletic Editor of Spizzerinkum '21-'22; Manager of Varsity Basket Ball '21-'22; Member of Student Volunteer Band '20-'21, '21-'22.



SALLIE PEARCE
Bachelor of Science
Florence, S. C.

*"She thinks without confusion, clearly,
Loves her fellow men, sincerely,
And acts from honest motives, purely."*

Sallie is reserved by nature but never hesitates to stand for what she thinks is right. She is kind, sympathetic, and conscientious possessed by a keen sense of duty backed by moral courage to live up to her convictions. Sallie is very domestic and we who have sampled her cooking do not hesitate to recommend her. She is also handy with a needle and we are sure that in her home there will be no lost buttons.

Sallie is a student volunteer and we who know her best prophesy that she will be a wonderful influence for good in the foreign field. The love and best wishes of your classmates are with you always, Sallie.



Sallie Pearce



Y. W. C. A.; Kratian Literary Society; Athletic Association; Religious Meetings Committee of Y. W. C. A. '21-'22; Proctor, first term '20-'21; Sophomore Basket-ball Team '19-'20; Senior Sub-basket-ball Team '21-'22; Vice President of Kratian Literary Society, second term '21-'22; Class Prophet '21-'22; Student Volunteer.



GLADYS PORTER, $\Phi \Gamma$

Bachelor of Arts

Blacksburg, S. C.

*"She's not too careless, not conventional quite;
Does what she likes; knows, what she does is
right."*

Gladys has opinions and she doesn't mind expressing them. She tells you what she thinks in class and elsewhere. You never know what she is going to say next, but she always has something interesting and something bearing on the subject in hand. During her Junior and Senior years she has shown a keen interest in her school work. Education and psychology are her hobbies and we expect to hear of her some of these days inventing some new theory about "memory" or "instinct". "Miss Portey" with the pep and enthusiasm you've shown in the past we expect nothing less of you than a grand success in life.

Gladys Porter.

Kratian Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.; Athletic Association; Columbia Club '19-'20; Sub Class Basketball Team '20-'21; Sub Marshall Kratian Society, second term '21-'22.



LOIS QUERY
Wellford, S. C.

"They most live, who most love."

Of all the girls in the class, we are probably prouder of Lois than any of the others. She began her four years journey along with the rest of us—homesick at first but soon she overcame that and proved her leadership as President of our class until in our second year she had to leave school on account of her health. However she has served us just as faithfully ever since in other capacities. Without her we would probably never have won the cup in basket-ball which meant so much to us this year. She won the Fieldday cup for the '22's in our Junior year also.

Lois is the Breaker of the American Women's Record in Discus throwing—that day will always be fresh in our memories. We wonder what the Athletic Association will do without her—we imagine that it will seem rather dull.

Lois has many other excellent qualities and we are expecting great things of her.



Lois Query.



Member of Y. W. C. A.; Palladian Society, Athletic Association '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Class President '18-'19, '19-'20; Corresponding Secretary Palladian Society, second term '19-'20; Program Committee of Palladian Society '19-'20, '20-'21; Social Committee of Y. W. C. A. '20-'21; Athletic Editor of Hampton Chronicle '19-'20; Local Editor of Palladian Magazine Staff '20-'21; Class Basket-ball Team '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Captain Class Basket-ball Team '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Class Tennis Team '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21; Champion Tennis Singles '20-'21; Varsity Basket-ball Team '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; First Place Track '20-'21; Breaker of American Discus Record of Women '20-'21; Member of Athletic Board '20-'21, '21-'22; President of the Athletic Association '21-'22; Art Editor of "Nods and Becks" '21-'22.



ANNIE ROE, Σ X Σ

Bachelor of Arts

Travellers Rest, S. C.

"For she's a bonny wee thing!"

Our "petite" Annie boarded our ship from G. W. C. in our Junior year. She hadn't been here long before we began to sit up and take notice especially when those double stars on English became known. But with all her good looks and intellectuality she isn't the least bit conceited. She is the sweetest, dearest girl in the world and to this her many "Romeos" will agree.

Whatever her future may be—though it's hard to think of it now other than in connection with diamonds and bungalows—it will surely be brilliant for—"Women will love her, that she is a woman, more worth than any man, men that she is the rarest of all women."

Annie Roe

Entered Junior Class '20-'21; Member of Y. W. C. A. '20-'21, '21-'22; Athletic Association '20-'21, '21-'22; Kratian Literary Society '20-'21; Book Reviewer of Chicora Magazine '21-'22; Assistant Editor-in-Chief of Annual '21-'22; President of Kratian Literary Society, second semester '21-'22.

MARGARET LOUISE RUSSELL, ΦΓ "Marg"

Bachelor of Music

Society Hill, S. C.

"If music be the food of love, play on."

Marg's friendship is constant in all things. She has a willing hand for every job, a comment for every occasion, and a smile for all the time, and that's why everybody likes her. If you want to know what to wear, if you want to know what to say—just ask Marg, she can always tell you. To be president of the Student Body means to have a lot of pep and a lot of tact.

Marg, you have it and if you hold down your jobs in the future as you've done in the past, you'll be O. K. You've played ball and sung and done a number of other things at C. C. F. W. and if you are contemplating "Marion", we sincerely wish for you the same animation still.



Margaret Russell



Y. W. C. A.; Kratian Literary Society; Athletic Association; Glee Club '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Class President '19-'20, '20-'21; Recording Secretary of Kratian Society, first term, '21-'22; Treasurer of Kratian Society, last term, '19-'20, '20-'21; Music Critic of Kratian Society '19-'20; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A. '20-'21, '21-'22; Chairman Finance Committee Y. W. C. A. '20-'21, '21-'22; Vice-President Athletic Association '21-'22; Class Tennis Team '19-'20, '20-'21; Class Basket-ball Team '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Captain Basket-ball Team '21-'22; Sub-guard Varsity Basket-ball '20-'21; Athletic Editor of "Nods and Becks" '21-'22; Assistant Editor-in-Chief of Hampton Chronicle '19-'20; Class Representative of S. C. A. '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21; President of Student Body '21-'22; Captain of the Varsity Basket-ball '21-'22.



ALENE SPIVEY, $\Phi \Gamma$ "Al"

Bachelor of Arts

Conway, S. C.

"She bore a mind that envy could not but call fair."

You wouldn't say she was brutally frank. It's just simple sincerity. She has indeed proved herself a leader, as president of the Y. W. C. A. for two successive years. When she speaks, her hearers take notice. What will Chicora do without her next year? Anyway, we thank her for getting the "Y. W." in such fine shape for her successors. You can go to "Al" and tell her anything. She's got a heart big enough to accommodate all your troubles at anytime.

She has a remarkable fund of intellect as well. With her great amount of unselfishness and perseverance we feel sure that her future will be as full of happiness as her past.

Alene Spivey

Member of Kratian Society; Y. W. C. A.; Athletic Association; Chairman of Social Committee of Y. W. C. A. '19-'20; Y. W. C. A. Editor of Hampton Chronicle '20-'21; President of Y. W. C. A. '20-'21, '21-'22; President of Student Volunteer Band '20-'21, '21-'22.



MARTHA RHODA STACK, Φ Γ

Bachelor of Music

Elloree, S. C.

*"In stature small
But just the same she conquers all."*

By her amiable disposition and cheerfulness Rhoda has gained many friends. She is not only a star in the classroom, but quite a musician. She is persistent and puts her entire soul into her work. She is very bashful and timid, especially around the male sex, but devoutly patriotic, believing that Florida is not only the gem of the ocean, but the gem of her future also. A true friend never to be forgotten.



Rhoda Stack



Y. W. C. A.; Palladian Society; Athletic Association '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Chief Marshall of Palladian Society, second term, '18-'19; Recording Secretary of Palladian Society, first term, '19-'20; Vice-President of Palladian Society, first term, '20-'21; Club Editor of "Nods and Becks" '21-'22; Editor of "Fine Arts" of Hampton Chronicle '20-'21; Literary Critic of Palladian Society, first term, '21-'22.



ADA WALKER, $\Sigma X \Sigma$

Bachelor of Arts

Sheldon, S. C.

*"Loyal-hearted, strong in mind,
A truer friend you'll never find."*

"Edouard" is one of the brightest lights of the class of '22. We met only a few math classes in our Freshman year before we realized that here was a star pupil. Ada has kept up this record and is still one of the most literary girls in school. Her record in French is especially brilliant. However she has not allowed her work to interfere with her good times. She and De Ette can give many glowing accounts of wonderful afternoons uptown. Just ask them.

Ada is just a sweet "ole girl" with marvelously gold-tinted brown hair. She has a keen sense of humor and is a good sport. Ada is a loyal friend and one of the few people of whom it may truly be said—"a friend indeed."

Whether she becomes a teacher or decides upon a more popular profession we predict for her a brilliant future.

Ada Walker

Kratian Society; Y. W. C. A.; Athletic Association '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Secretary and Treasurer of Class '18-'19; Manager of Basket-ball Team '19-'20; Commencement Usher '20-'21; Vice-President of Kratian Society '21-'22; Senior Class Reporter on Spizzerintum '21-'22; Senior Class Lawyer '21-'22; House President of Senior Hall, second term, '21-'22; Kodak Editor of "Nods and Becks" '21-'22.



ELIZA WALKER
Bachelor of Music
Chester, S. C.

*"What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its heart to me and I love it."*

"Liza" doesn't bother anybody else's business and maybe it's because of this, that we never hear any criticism of her. She has made splendid marks in her literary work as well as in music. Some have accused her of being petted but she isn't too childish to learn. We don't know what field of service you will choose, Eliza, but we can picture you teaching voice for a while and that very successfully, and then settling down quite happily in a little bungalow and "letting the rest of the world go by".



Eliza Walker



Kratian Society; Y. W. C. A.; Athletic Association; Glee Club '20-'21; Treasurer Kratian Society, first term, '21-'22; Circulation Manager of Spizzerinkum '21-'22; Member Finance Committee of Y. W. C. A. '21-'22.



MARY BELLE WELCH

Bachelor of Music

Chesterfield, S. C.

*"Her voice is ever soft, gentle and low,
An excellent thing in woman."*

Mary Belle entered the class of '22 in our Junior year and before long became known as our "Queen." Although she never lets her studies interfere with her education she is brilliant in both the music and literary departments of our college.

Many people hold the idea that she is indifferent, but they don't know the real Mary Belle. Everyone who forms a link in her chain of friends considers herself fortunate indeed.

Mary Belle Welch

Kration Society '20-'21, '21-'22; Y. M. C. A. '21-'21,
'21-'22; Athletic Association '20-'21, '21-'22.



DORRIS YOUNG

Bachelor of Arts

Laurens, S. C.

*"Her smile shows her happiness,
her friends her popularity."*

Here we have happy, carefree Da, a good sport, and the possessor of almost every other quality that a girl could wish for. She came to us in our Junior year from Winthrop, and she had not been here a week before every one was fully aware of her presence. She won our hearts immediately and has ever since been a close contestant for the most popular girl in our entire student body. She has a personality like a magnet, she even attracts hearts of iron.

Da has made good in her studies, but that hasn't kept her from taking a part in athletics. She has proven her business ability both on the annual staff and Spizzerinktum Staff. She is an all-round girl and one whom the College and her many friends will miss next year.



Dorris Young



Kratian Society '20-'21, '21-'22; Athletic Association '20-'21, '21-'22; Y. W. C. A. '20-'21, '21-'22; Social Committee of Y. W. C. A.; Finance Committee of Y. W. C. A.; Class Basket-ball Team '20-'21, '21-'22; Business Manager of Nods and Becks '21-'22; Assistant Business Manager of Spizzerinktum '21-'22; Assistant Cheer Leader of Student Body '20-'21; Cheer Leader of Student Body '21-'22



SARAH ELIZABETH YOUNG, ΦΓ "Liz"

Bachelor of Arts

Clinton, S. C.

"The mildest of manners, the gentlest of hearts."

"Liz" hails from the "burg" of Clinton. She lives up to the characteristics of Clinton girls too—in other words, she is loyal to P. C. always. We often wonder about these Clinton girls but don't blame them for spending frequent week-ends at home.

Elizabeth has lots of nerve for she is majoring in English! There are only two others in this class. To hear her reading those modern poems one would think that we all would greatly enjoy the course.

Elizabeth has her share of good common sense and possesses a keen sense of humor. All in all she is a sport and a jolly good friend. We expect to find her in some college English department if she is not otherwise engaged.

Elizabeth Young

Palladian Society '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Y. W. C. A. '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Athletic Association '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, '21-'22; Membership Committee of Y. W. C. A. '20-'21; Social Committee of Y. W. C. A. '21-'22; Member of Dramatic Club '18-'19; Class Tennis Team '19-'20; Vice-President of Palladian Society, first term, '21-'22; Member of "Buck's Gang" '19-'20, '20-'21.



Senior Class Poem

“At last we’re Seniors! Now upon the threshold
Of life we stand! Four years we’ve spent in college—
Four happy years—and each year watched departing
A Senior class with dignity and knowledge.
We often envied them—but now behind us
The same path lies, fair but with labor in it—
Now have we gained the goal as brave and faithful
As those who left to us the power to win it.
Ambition called us on—in her fleet footsteps
We’ve followed, and at last the goal we see.
But in our hearts there is a weight of sadness—
That we, our Alma Mater, go from thee!
O Alma Mater, in the years now coming—
The compass needles of our souls shall be
True to the North star of a great ambition,
And help to keep us worthier of thee!”

Lucille Belk, *Poet.*

Last Will and Testament

We, the Senior Class of Chicora College, town of Columbia, state of South Carolina, realizing that our days within Chicora walls are rapidly becoming fewer, and reviewing the past with its many successes and achievements, find that there are many things in our possession which we feel that we should pass on to our successors. We have been very happy during our college career, although at times it has been hard for us to realize it. Slowly, but faithfully, we have reached the zenith toward which our ambition has always soared. Four years ago when our class boarded "The Chicora" we little knew what lay before us, but after having explored the unknown we have a feeling of great satisfaction with the work which we have accomplished. We have acquired "many marked traits and aptitudes" which we feel to carry away with us would be selfish. Therefore, out of the goodness of our altruistic hearts we hereby draw up our last will and testament as follows:

To our Alma Mater we wish all that is great and noble. May she stand forever enthroned in beauty as in the beauty of her gardens.

To our beloved President we leave our love and deepest appreciation, hoping that day by day Chicora may approach nearer and nearer that highest of ideals toward which he is ever striving.

To our Faculty, many of whom have directed us along the sea of a four year's voyage, we leave our very best wishes. In the future when in memory we come again to dear old Chicora and these our dear old college days, you will always be the heart of our tenderest memories. To you we will be ever grateful for your never tiring efforts and patience in helping us attain our goal.

To the Junior Class we desire to transmit the privileges which by right of our departure is theirs: First, Our Dignity, which at all times must be used with care. Second, Senior Hall and Senior Table are yours—the two great joys that share equal places in our hearts. We are sorry to leave them, but we feel that it is now your time to enjoy some of the privileges of being a Senior. Third, we leave to you Light privilege and the privilege of going to town any day in the week. We feel perfectly sure that your conscience will be your guide and that you will not abuse these precious privileges which we so faithfully entrust to you.

To the Sophomores, our sister class, we leave the good side of our dispositions, as we well know that it will be sadly needed before they reach our present stage.

To the Freshman Class, we give our surplus knowledge. It is our wish that it will be of great benefit to you. Do not depend on it too much, however, for a diploma comes only through hard work.

I, Miss Alene Spivey, will to Margaret Cleckley my ability to play basket ball, hoping that her services toward winning the cup for her class may do as much as mine did.

To the Y. W. C. A. President I will the possession of the "Y. W." pencil sharpener hoping that it will bring as many visitors to her room as it has to mine.

To Eunice Lloyd, I will my age with the hope that when she is a Senior it will not be as cruel to her as it has been to me.

Lastly to Mary McNaull, my good friend and standby, I leave my "sense of humor" with the hope that it will bring her more happiness than it has brought to me.

I, Sallie Pearce, with deep regret confer on Mary Henry my dignity on the condition that she does not use this great asset except on special occasions.

To Frances Gregg I will my privilege of cutting breakfast on Monday mornings.

To Kleist Manning, I will my place in Domestic Science, hoping that she will enjoy that fun as much as I did. She must always bear in mind, however, that she is supposed to wear a clean apron and wash the dishes which she uses.

I, Margaret Patterson, very reluctantly will to Frances Tennent my long distance 'phone calls from Augusta, hoping that the distance between the two phones will not dampen her spirits as it has mine.

To the succeeding Varsity Manager I bequeath my Basket-ball notebook and whistle with all good wishes for a good team like mine.

I, Rhoda Stack, being in a sound frame of mind, will to Edith Black my ability to converse very brilliantly with Dr. Bellamann on the deep subject of "Mr. Jiggs and Maggie", hoping she will derive as much benefit from it as I did.

To Harriet Lucius I will my high and lordly seat by the practice room fire which has been mine hitherto by right of long occupation.

To Martha Bruce I will the many excuses I employed to get out of piano lessons hoping that Dr. Bellaman will always believe her truthful.

To Blanche Spann I will my love for Rudolph Valentino hoping that she won't get into as much trouble going to see him as I did.

I, Margaret Russell, do hereby will to the President of the Student Body of the year '22-'23 my ability to make announcements.

To Agenora Adams I graciously will my avoirdupois, knowing that she will take it without a murmur.

To Ena Carrigan I leave my Society Hill brogue hoping that it will be of as much benefit to her as it has to me.

I, Leila Margaret Dickson, being of a very generous disposition do hereby will to Frances Harvin my much envied position—that of "Manning's Representative".

To Margaret Cleckley I will my Senior privileges, hoping that she will use them to a better advantage than I did.

I, Nida Ham, wish to pass to Eva Clarke my sudden interest in basket ball.

To Sara Lucius I bestow my art of "making curls" hoping that she will have much success.

To Corinne Calhoun I leave my enormous appetite hoping she won't eat any more biscuit and syrup than I have. If so, beware!

I, Eliza Walker, wish to leave to Frances Gregg and Leila Caldwell my noisy manners hoping that their quiet dispositions will be improved.

To Eva Clarke I will my red hair. I hope that she will enjoy being called "red-head" by Miss Godbold in the future as much as I have in the past.

I, Elizabeth Young, do hereby bequeath to Nan Copeland and Anna Rice Sloan my blue-flowered screen. I hope it will remain true blue to them throughout their college career.

To B. Copeland and Mary Henry I will my Clinton Chronicle, provided they promise to search it thoroughly every week for all the home news.

I, Laurie Moore, confer upon Agenora Adams, my Ph.D. hoping that no one will fail to address her by her professional title.

We, Laurie Moore and Leila Margaret Dickson will to Carrie Amaker and Nora Zimmerman our positions as pianists in chapel.

I, Mary Buford, being in a very thoughtful and earnest mood, do hereby will to Mattie L. Copeland my share of room 52 Preston Hall, hoping that in the future she will not come as near freezing in the said room as I have in the past.

Knowing Eugenia Robertson's great love for practicing, I gladly will all my practice periods to her.

I, Mary Cousar, do hereby will jointly to Virginia McCollough and Laura Boyd my "never worrying disposition".

To Virginia McCollough I will also my curling tongs, hoping that she will obtain a permanent wave by using them.

To Johnnie Mae McElveen I leave my privilege of having dates twice a week. I hope she will derive as much pleasure from them as I have.

To Laura Dry I will my good habit of eating every night just before retiring, hoping that it will agree with her in the future as well as it has with me in the past.

I, Dorris Young, do hereby will and bequeath to Nannell Blalock my red velvet hat which she took away from me because it changed its color from red to black.

To Helen Haigler I leave my office as "door boy" and "phone girl". I hope she will enjoy talking to other girls' beaux as much as I did. But just let me give her a word of warning: It does not matter how long she talks or what she says but as soon as she sees the young man's girl coming she must say, "All right, you are quite welcome" and walk away looking very unconcerned.

We, Mary Belle Welsh and Dorris Young who have the distinction of being the only known Bolshevists in the class, who have broken student government rules and thereby suffered restriction, do will and bequeath this superb honor to Louda Copeland and Mary McCord hoping that they will enjoy the life of a jail bird as much as we did. It's a great life. Try it!

We Lois Query, Ruth Folk and Dorris Young do hereby will and bequeath to Harriet Lucius, Ruth Black, and Sara Dunlap our permanent front seats in the English room on condition that they behave as well as we did, and do not pass notes, giggle or draw pictures on the arm of the desk.

We, Mary Belle Welsh, Ruth Folk, Rhoda Stack, and Dorris Young, do bequeath to Blanche Spann, Helen Haigler, Vernon Haigler, and Janie McDill our reserved seats on the front porch of Senior House because we are the only Seniors who can sit on the front and refrain from flirting.

I, Helen Kennedy, being in a sound frame of mind do will and bequeath to Eva Clarke my blue tricotine dress which I have enjoyed wearing four days out of the week. She will find pinned on the back of the collar directions for making smaller. Be sure to turn the shoulder seams and turn the hem up in order to make it the proper length.

To Margaret Cleckley I will my argumentative power in history. I hope that she will be as successful in convincing her teacher that the work was too heavy as I have been.

To Rebecca Dantzler I give my ability to pivot in a basket ball game when closely guarded by an opponent—never juggle when you can pivot and bounce.

Last but not least with great pride I do will and bequeath to Kathryn Lawton the power of expressing my deepest and innermost thoughts to Dr. Byrd on morals and Evidences of Christianity. I do this by keeping quiet and hiding behind the girl in front of me.

I, Isabel Boyd, gladly will to Martha Bruce my daily letters as I will need them no longer after June 1st.

To "Napoleon" I leave my ability to escape gym, hoping that she will be as successful as I have been.

I, Pauline Overcash, realizing that my time of departure from among you is drawing near, do most willingly leave to Martha Bruce my appointment to the asylum, by Miss Godhold hoping that she may reinstate herself in the college and especially in Miss Godhold's opinion as promptly as I did.

To Mary McNaull I reluctantly bequeath my privilege of being late to breakfast hoping she will enjoy it greatly.

We, Pauline Overcash, and Helen Kennedy, being at this time in a very studious frame of mind do leave to Mary Caldwell our American History which was lost October 1st, 1921. We hope that she will pass the course without a book as easily as we have.

I, Lucille Belk, being in a disposing frame of mind do will and bequeath to Mary McNaull my great amount of Senior dignity, trusting it will greatly improve her frivolous nature.

To Frances Tennent I bequeath my talkative disposition and my gift of monopolizing any conversation, hoping it may have a good effect upon her quiet disposition. To Frances Tennent also I leave some of my love for basket ball games at Carolina hoping this will not cause her serious heart trouble.

We, Constance Harris, Leila Margaret Dickson, and Lucille Belk do will to the class of '23 our three muchly used whisk brooms, hoping they may be of as much service to that class as they have been to the class of '22.

I, Estelle Haile, leave to Charlotte Dunham my bids to Clemson and Citadel Hops. I hope that she will be able to attend them more frequently than I have.

I, De Ette Bennett, alias Annette Kellerman leave my fame as a basket ball player to Jeanne Wright, better known as Mary Pickford.

De Ette Bennett has become interested in making architectural plans. Her best piece of work was done several months ago on a very, very small house having only three stories and something like forty rooms. Of course Miss Bennett does not care to will this plan but if anyone wishes to build a home on this very small but unique style they will please notify her at once.

I, Janie Martin, being in a very complicated state of mind do will and bequeath with lasting regrets and a heart of sympathy my Editor-ship of the Annual to Helen Haigler hoping that she will derive as much pleasure from it and secure the cooperation of her classmates as I have from mine.

To Nan and B. Copeland I will my knowledge of Latin with one provision, that they keep up my record of speed in translating.

We, Annie Roe, Janie Martin, De Ette Bennett and Ada Walker being in a most generous frame of mind do will and bequeath our suite of rooms including kitchenette and breakfast room to Blanche Spann, Martha Bruce, Edith Black and Mary McNault on condition that they keep them in excellent order.

I, Annie Roe, will my sympathy to the roommate of the next Editor of the Annual with the sincere wish that she will have better success in keeping her room in order than I have had.

I, Bessie Gunter, do hereby will and bequeath to any future student who may desire it my privilege of attending Chicora as a day student for four years and having the privilege of attending school six days each week.

To Chicora, my beloved Alma Mater, I leave my ever lasting loyalty and love.
We hereby appoint Mr. Guy A. Lackey executor of this. our last will and testament.

Signed,

Witnesses:

Miss Julia Prosser
Miss Ida Patrick
Mr. J. James

ADA WALKER

Lawyer.

[SEAL]

Senior Class Prophecy

Here comes the postman! What a large letter. Oh! Grand! It is the circular letter which we agreed to write before leaving college for the last time. I was afraid that the girls had forgotten as five years have passed since then. Before reading all of it, I will glance hurriedly over it and see what each of them is doing. Here are some clippings enclosed in the letter which will show what others think of some of the girls.

First comes Lucile! I see she hasn't disappointed us because she writes that she has just completed a book on "Improving Social Conditions in South Carolina". This only occupied some of her leisure time when she was resting from her household duties.

Who is this——? Oh! Yes, if this isn't Mme. De Ette Bennett displaying the gowns of Lady Duff Gordon, the famous Lucile of London.

Isabel is teaching music in Boston! Just think of that; and we thought that she was going to have a big church wedding as soon as school closed.

I wonder what my roommates are doing. Yes, here they are. Their dream has been realized and they are teaching in Southern Texas. But, what is this sentence? "We have decided to make our future homes in an army post on the border of Mexico." Mamie and Evelyn thought that they would like to be soldiers's wives. So here they are, Mamie planning to marry a captain and Evelyn a general.

Here is a prospectus of the Buford and Cousar Dancing School in New York. Many pupils, hearing of this famous school, flock there.

Wilhelmenia thought that she would like a political career; but decided that it would be much nicer to marry a certain young doctor.

Lois is a physical director of world renown. She is now in Europe as head of physical education in one of the largest colleges. Dear old Lois! She helped win many games.

This page from a medical journal makes clear who that Dr. Folk is about whom I read in the paper several days ago performing that wonderful operation. It is none other than our dear Ruth.

Bessie has gone in training in the Richmond Hospital and thoroughly enjoys her work.

What is this? An invitation from "The Ladies' Fashion Shop" to attend its fall opening. The chief features will be a display of the long, trailing skirts so much loved by Miss Gladys Porter who is now in charge of this department.

Doris Young at the head of a "Funny Paper."—We certainly would have been disappointed had she become anything else.

I am so glad the girls put in newspaper clippings because we can see what the public thinks of them.

Annie Roe became a star in the first production of "Texas C-a-p-t—Md.," and has been twinkling for thousands of her admirers ever since.

Ada is writing poems but no longer for a college magazine.

If Mary Belle hasn't married a senator! She is happy I know as she has the opportunity to entertain as much as she wishes.

Pauline and her husband have a camp for girls in the Adirondacks. After living in Florida, I am surprised to find "Paul" leading an outdoor life in such a cold region.

Janie is the dean of a girls' boarding school. She says that she lets the girls go to the pictures whenever they wish because she feels that the pictures will be beneficial as "Conk" owns the chief picture shows in town.

Oh! Here is a page from the "Missionary Survey" and one from the "Missionary Voice". Perhaps I will find some of the girls' names in it.

Here, sure enough is "Peggy" doing a wonderful work in Japan. Alene must have found a man to go with her, as she is working hard in Korea.

What an interesting clipping! "The Radcliffe Concert Company" is making a tour. Let's see "Deedy," Laurie, Helen, "Marg," Nida and Eliza form the Company of which Eliza's husband is manager.

Rhoda's diamond foretold her future well as she is now happily married and is living in Florida.

Estelle has been with "The Redpath Chatauqua" for a number of years.

Why I have found out what every girl is doing except Elizabeth whose name comes last on the list. Her address is Clinton so I imagine that she is staying with her mother and teaching English in the High School as she had planned.

I am so anxious to see each girl that I am going to write a note to each one urging them to come to the class reunion next commencement.

—*Prophet.*

Valedictory

To-night it is my privilege, as the representative of this class, to bid farewell to our faculty and fellow-students.

We, as a class, realize that we have reached the first milestone of our lives; and as we pause to look back over the road that we have trodden, we are filled with a strange blending of regret and satisfaction. When we were in the first years of our school life, we looked forward to this night with great hope and high anticipation. Now that we have reached this goal we almost wish we could live these days over. For we are bound to our fellow-students and to each other by ties of friendships which though they may not be severed to-night, can never be the same again. Never again will we be classmates at Chicora College. Here, altho we may not yet realize it fully, we have spent the happiest days of our lives.

As we part from each other, remember one another only in kindness. Who can tell what the destiny of each may be? The wide, wide world lies before us. We are prepared to be of great service to mankind. Are we going to uplift the world or are we going to drift thru life with no definite aim in view? The Lord of the earth came to serve; should we not attempt at least to be like Him? A life of service for God or all mankind lies before us. It is our honor and privilege to take up this life. Surely we will obey the summons. Let us broaden our little spot of sunshine and shine for others less fortunate than we.

“Farewell” is a serious word

“If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell maybe,
Press thou his hand in thine,
How canst thou tell how far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his steps, ere that to-morrow comes?
Men have been known lightly to turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown to months,
And months to lagging years, ere they have
Looked in loving eyes again—
Yea find thou always time to say some earnest word
Between the idle talk, lest with thee henceforth
Night and day Regret will walk.”

To our classmates we must bid farewell but let us cherish these sweet memories, till we meet again where never echoes that sad word—Farewell.

It is sad indeed when we must say farewell to Dr. and Mrs. Byrd. You have been father and mother to us for four years. You have cared for us and aided us in the preparation for life's journey as no one else could have. We appreciate it and memories of you will always be nearest our hearts.

Dear faculty, you too have stood by us, never losing confidence in us and inspiring us to greater things. Your influence for good will also be present and often when troubles and trials arise your example will aid us. We hope we merit a little, at least, of your esteem and that you will follow us always with your interest.

But we do not bid you all a sad farewell, but rather good bye in its original and fuller meaning of "God be with you".

The words of a college president offered more than a century and a half ago for another college express to you better than any others our best wish for our College:

"May God Almighty grant that this College, happily founded, may ever be enriched with His blessing; that it may be increased and flourish and be carried to its entire perfection, to the glory of His name and the adornment of His true religion and the greatest advantage of the public zeal to all posterities forevermore."

JANIE MARTIN,

Valedictorian of '22.





Senior Favorites

- | | | |
|-----|---------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. | MAMIE LOUISE BRATTON..... | PRETTIEST |
| 2. | ADA WALKER | MOST STRIKING |
| 3. | RUTH FOLK | PRETTIEST EYES |
| 4. | EVELYN LEA | MOST POPULAR |
| 5. | DORRIS YOUNG | MOST CAREFREE |
| 6. | MARY BELLE WALSH | MOST INDIFFERENT |
| 7. | LAURIE MOORE | MOST ATTRACTIVE |
| 8. | MARGARET RUSSELL | BEST ALL ROUND |
| 9. | MARGARET PATTERSON | MOST TYPICAL SENIOR |
| 10. | CONSTANCE HARRIS | CUTEST |
| 11. | RHODA STACK | BEST DRESSED |
| 12. | JANIE MARTIN | MOST DEPENDABLE |
| 13. | ELIZABETH YOUNG | BEST DISPOSITION |
| 14. | HELEN KENNEDY | NEATEST |



JUNIORS

History of the Class of '23



ON SEPTEMBER 17, 1919 we, eighty racers from various cities of South Carolina and the neighboring states, gathered at Chicora, "our valley of Olympia," to enter the race here. Dr. Byrd represented to us the Olympian Jove crowned with an olive wreath, while the statue of victory held in his hand stood for "success in learning".

We spent a great part of this first lap, known as "frivolity," grooming laps of study, before we could have the Palm-leaf placed in our hand and our names heralded as victors and receive a diploma as the symbol of victory. But we realized that the victor's fame was worth all self-denial and exertion. Consequently, we started on the first lap in the race with great enthusiasm.

We spent a great part of this first lap, known as "frivolity", grooming our mental steeds and adjusting our chariots to this new intellectual college course our race track. For this lap Gertrude Whitehead was chosen charioteer, her fellow-charioteers were Mary Caldwell, Janie McDill, Corinne Bailey, Agenora Adams, and Margaret Cox. Even with so worthy and capable authorities, we found this new and slippery college race course so different from that to which we had been accustomed in the grades and high school that it was very difficult for us to keep our feet firmly under us or our chariot wheels on the track. Even though at times we shed copious salty tears, however, after increasing the friction of the track with the great deal of sand which we received from professors, we were able to proceed with the race with sundry sad exceptions. The "trial of tears" was too much for about one third of the entrants who like Lot's wife were completely "saltified" and remain, to this day, as monumental warnings in the desert of last ambition to all Freshmen of succeeding generations. As the Greek youths at the Olympian Festival, so did the musicians, poets, athletes and racers of our class soon win fame for the out-standing talents which were so worthily exemplified.

Then came the lap of "sophistication". After the short rest interval (summer vacation) about half of our number continued the race. This lap did not seem quite so long for we were more accustomed to the track, and the friendships formed lent encouragement. Those who did not falter, but resolved with stronger determination to reach the goal, which at times seemed far in the distance, safely completed another lap. Our charioteers for this lap, Margaret Cox, Mary Caldwell, Martha Bruce and Agenora Adams urged us on with added enthusiasm to win the race we had begun; so, we arrived two laps nearer the much desired goal without any failures.

The third lap, "jollity," has been begun. "Jolly Juniors" is hardly an appropriate name for girls who are so out of breath from running the two previous laps. There are only twenty-three racers left to complete the race. All except twenty-one of the original number have fainted and fallen by the Way-side. There are two new racers who have joined us in this lap and there is not one of these twenty-three men who will look back until the fourth lap, "superiority," has been run, the goal reached, and the palm won. This lap seems to be the most difficult of the three, for obstacles, which have been unheard of heretofore, block the narrow track. These must be overcome before the race can be won. The most unmovable obstacles, are the numerous Psychology quizzes, which come weekly. Nor has the obstacle Chemistry been removed or overcome. Yet, we hope by carefully oiling our mental machinery and securing masks for gases (that is, persistent cramming,) to get rid of this obstacle by the beginning of the fourth lap. Even our superiors, the dignified Seniors, try to discourage us by reminding us of other obstacles. For instance, "Hey, Juniors, where's your team?" Yet, we gave "Spizzy" a very satisfactory reply, we believe, in the recent class games. No obstacle, it matters not how great or how hard it is to overcome, can stop us. We believe "we can if we will," and success is surely ours.

When superiority, the last lap in the Race of Knowledge at this institution, shall have been run, and we joyfully receive our reward, there will be sadness at parting. But we will not stop here, for we must enter the larger Race of Life, called Profession upon whichever track it falls our lot to race without claiming the gift of prophecy, we predict for the members of the class of '23 "Victors of The Race of Knowledge." Then having reached the goal, the Race of Life will be run and won with greater ease.

Helen Haigler, *Historian*.

AGENORA ADAMS
Fort Motte, S. C.

EMILY BETHEA
Mullins, S. C.

EDITH BLACK
Walterboro, S. C.

MARTHA BRUCE
St. Matthews, S. C.





MARY CALDWELL
Chester, S. C.

SARAH CARMICHAEL
Swainsboro, Ga.

MARGARET CLECKLEY
Cope, S. C.

LOUDA COPELAND
Clinton, S. C.

MARGARET COX
Abbeville, S. C.

MARY FISHBURNE DAVIS
Gaston, S. C.

HELEN HAIGLER
Abbeville, S. C.

VERNON HAIGLER
Cameron, S. C.





KATHERINE LAWTON
Estill, S. C.

VIRGINIA McCULLOUGH
Trio, S. C.

MARY McCORD
Hodges, S. C.

JANIE McDILL
Chester, S. C.

JOHNNIE MAE Mc ELVEEN
Lynchburg, S. C.

MARY McNAULL
Bethune, S. C.

RUTH NICKLES
Hodges, S. C.

LILLIAN PATTERSON
Lykesland, S. C.





LIZZIE MAE RILEY
Orangeburg, S. C.

BLANCHE SPANN
Sumter, S. C.

Junior Poem

'Twas on a bright September day
When eighty-one Freshmen chanced our way
And twenty-one Sophomores wise and young
From our number of eighty-one sprung.

Hail to the Juniors of twenty-three!
With the same old pep and full of glee;
If in basket-ball we have to halt,
Blame somebody else, it's not our fault.

Thus come on Junior-Senior, the best of your kind!
Tho the mills of the gods grind slowly they grind exceedingly fine.

(To be continued.)



SOPHOMORES





Sophomore Class History

CLASS OF '24.



E, the present Sophomore Class arrived in the city of Columbia on the sixteenth of September, 1920, each soon to find her corner within the protecting walls of Chicora. A trembling crowd of girls we took our place at the foot of the stairs, aspiring to reach the goal during the next four years. And now the "tug of war", our unsophisticated, fresh college career had begun while homesickness, exams and a realization of the four years of hard study loomed up before us.

Yet, a merry hand were we with Anna as our leader while we mixed in "feasts" and many other larks with studies to give spice of variety. Quite memorable is the night the "Sophs" had prepared us for the "worst" when alas! We poor, ignorant heings found ourselves face to face with Mrs. Byrd while the wise "Sophs" had found refuge in various closets. Just then we became acquainted with Mrs. Byrd's expression of displeasure as each of us slunk stealthily to her own room.

We, as freshmen, were well represented: there was Charlotte Telford whom Dr. Byrd termed the brightest scholar of Chicora, while Emmie Sullivan proved herself a capable student by winning the medal for the highest average in the Freshman Class.

But now, in the fall of this year 1921, the question is asked, who are we? Twenty-six dignified lassies now take their stand in the important class of Sophomore, Rosalie, Nan, Mary, and B having proved their zeal and efficiency by attending summer school joined our class. To these wise hirds such things as Math., History and the Kings of Israel play a minor part till one glance at Dr. Byrd's stern countenance reminds us that between their mastery and them lies the long desired "sheep skins"; when we glance into the future and face the graver things of life, then the woes of our class are as "moonshine" in comparison. The entire Soph Class is exhibiting a true spirit by supporting our strong team which has entered so successfully upon the series of class games. Anna has proved so faithful as leader that we are looking to her to arouse the "pep".

At the end of the four years we will shed bitter tears of regret at leaving our beloved Alma Mater. We look forward to such illustrious careers as those of doctors and lawyers, professors at Columbia University, and government officials.

Twenty-six in number is our Sophomore Class,
Many types of students, everyone sure to pass
For we are the wise ones in the college of our land,
A crowd of hright and noble girls, the best of any band.
We have studied Latin, Math., English and other things galore,
French, Bible, Biology and then a great deal more.
Now Anna, our president, studies hoth day and night
And that's a great incentive to any tempted to slight.
In future years when others see the achievement of this class
Full many a one will sigh and pine to be a Chicora lass
And may they love Chicora and work as hard as we
And he, in spite of trials as happy and as free.

B. Copeland, *Historian*.

FRESHMEN





Freshman Class Roll

Carrie Amaker	Hannah Langford
Gladys Armstrong	Hilda Langford
Helen Bedenbaugh	Sue Leaman
Agnes Blake	Elizabeth Matheson
Elizabeth Blitch	Elizabeth McCarley
Laura Boyd	Rena McNaull
Bernice Brown	Rosalie Outlaw
Elizabeth Burton	Annie Pearce
Mary Brux	Bernice Petty
Marie Bryson	Doris Price
Sybil Burdette	Gene Rabb
Mary Bush	Thyra Reed
Esther Clark	Eugenia Robertson
Eva Clarke	Pauline Rogers
Mildred Crawley	Mary Shaw
Pearl Crowder	Annette Simpson
May Dantzler	Mary Simpson
Annie Louise Davis	Mozelle Sox
Elizabeth Douglas	Clara Stogner
Elizabeth Dowling	Louise Stork
Charlotte Dunham	Mabel Tallon
Hazelle Estes	Frances Tennent
Mary Fogle	Margaret Thomas
Evelyn Fowler	Ella Wannamaker
Mary Fowler	Floy White
Doris Hackett	Sarah Whythe
Lillian Hasty	Miriam Wilson
Reba Hiers	Agnes Wolfe
Verna Hill	Mildred Wolfe
Virginia Hortenstine	Margaret Woodson
Wilma Howerton	Jeanie Wright
Susie Hubbard	Carrie Yarbrough
Lorena Huggins	Sarah Julia Yarbrough
Leora Hunter	Minnie Zimmerman
Rowena Jones	Nan Revearingen

History of the Freshman Class

In the fall of 1921 the class which will go down in History as the "Class of '25" began its career.

"And out of the houses the rats came tumbling,
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, hrawny rats,
Tall rats, short rats, fat rats, scrawny rats."

This description might have been applied to the campus of Chicora as well as to Hamlin town of old.

It seemed rather hard to some that they should be called "rats" having become accustomed to that high and lofty position belonging only to Seniors, which they had occupied the preceding year. But in spite of wounded dignity, they accepted their position quite gracefully and adopted the once scorned rat as their official insignia. It must be admitted however, that it was somewhat comforting at times, when a "social error" had been committed on the campus or in the class room, to have the offender excused because she was "only a rat".

The first few days of excitement and "getting settled" and the next few in which "Home Again Blues" sounded like the national anthem, passed without serious damage to our class membership, and it was then that the individuals began to realize that they were really part of a class and the class as a whole began to make a place for itself in the life of Chicora.

Our officers were elected and our class formally organized under the leadership of one of our Junior sisters, and we then elected our representatives to the Central Committee and to the Athletic Board, and our reporter for the "Spizzerinktum". We selected as the design for our class pins a diamond shape bearing the letters C. F. W. and the date '25.

In athletics the Freshman Class has not been lacking. Three of our members made the Varsity squad and although we did not come out first in the inter-class games the other teams found that the "middies" proudly bearing the black rat had to be reckoned with.

Not only in athletics have we been heard from, for when the statistics of Chicora were taken it was found that by popular vote the prettiest and the "cutest" girls in our school came from the Freshman Class of which fact we are justly proud.

In every other phase of school life we have tried to do our part. In the literary societies, the school publications, the Y. W. C. A., and the various "drives", we have done what we could. For what we have not done I can only say, "We are young yet. Just give us time."

We are sincerely grateful to our Junior sisters for their loving care and faithful guidance during the past year, and to the Seniors for their inspiring examples. We live upon the hope that we may some day be as great and as important as they, and we trust that we will be able to keep up the standards which they have set and that we may do our part toward perfecting the ideals of our own Chicora College.

Doris E. Price, *Historian*.





Specials

Helen Zimmerman
Mary Shaw
Charlotte Dunham

Esther Clark

Marie Bryson
Maude Welsh
Lillis McCollum

A

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CHICORA ACADEMY



Mrs. Louis Clark—Principal
of the Academy

Academy

MARGARET HOLDER	<i>President of Graduating Class</i>
ELIZABETH TRUESDALE	<i>Vice-President</i>
SUSAN POWERS	<i>Secretary</i>
LOUISE GARDNER	<i>Treasurer</i>

Jennie Angle	Mattie L. Copeland	Lillian Holder	Louise McLeod
Eva Mae Baker	Genevia Crowell	Margaret B. Holder	Hattie Newman
Pauline Barnado	Maggie Crowder	Leona Hollis	Maria Palmer
Joe Benton	Dorothy Cunningham	Gladys Hough	Florence Parker
Mary Blair	Orpha Dillard	Lucille Jenkins	Susan Powers
Mildred Bowen	Blanche Dodenhoff	Ernestine Jordan	Nena Rabon
Isabel Boyne	Gladys Doughty	Lolita Koon	Inez Salters
Nellie Bradley	Leila Drake	Marie La Coste	Thelma Saylor
Annie Breeden	Laura Dry	Mary Leitzsez	Sarah Scott
Mary Broughton	Cathryn Estes	Lois Lomas	Blanche Smith
Alice Bryson	Louise Gardner	Eunice Loyd	Ellen Stevens
Ollie Bull	Mary Gibson	Sara Lucius	Edna Stewart
Elizabeth Bull	Sarah Gilchrist	Marion Marshall	Elizabeth Truesdale
Margie Cain	Emily Guerry	Cora Means	Madeline Ward
Emily Caldwell	Julia Hamer	Lucile Mimms	Margaret Wilds
Corinne Calhoun	Frances Harvin	Frances Monteith	Ruth Worth
Helen Cohen	Mary S. Henry	Jessie Moore	Lucile Zeigler

The Lovers in "As You Like it"

"As you like it," is exceedingly rich and varied in character. The several persons stand out clearly in themselves and each seems to enhance the charm of another. Every where the play has been praised for its beauty and always the height of this praise is given to the beauty of its characters. Rosalind and Orlando! Could anyone desire to have more charming, more ennobling companions than these two enchanting young persons?

"To live with them is to live with moral beauty."

And their lives do good to everyone they meet.

Some one has said that the play has really no hero for though Orlando occupies the foreground the characters are mainly "co-ordinate." Diverted by fortune from all their cherished plans and purposes, they pass before us each one just as he is, in just that way which best shows to us the "indwelling" graces of both their hearts and minds. The whole play is conducted in the eye of nature where the passions and vanities that so often and so much disfigure human life, find little to stir them into action, and in the freedom of their woodland resort, and with the native inspiration of the place to "kindle and gladden" them, we see the inner-most thoughts of each character grow from smaller things into big, noble, wonderful virtues—wonderful like the wonder of all nature's beauty around them. Each one of them possesses an individual quality all his own and our vision of them, whether it comes from reading or seeing, carries us still for a little while into that world of moral beauty where its characters "soothe and heal the trouble of the world." But let us consider separately at least the two Orlando and Rosalind, whom I believe, unless it is a Jaques in whom there is enough to make the play a continual feast, we love most. These two needs must have a word all of their own.

Orlando is just such a piece of young manhood as it does one good to be with: brave as when he rescues his brother, gentle as with the starving old servant, modest in not revealing his fortune to Rosalind, magnanimous in his love for his brother; never thinking of his high birth but to avoid dishonoring it, in his noble-heartedness forgetting and causing others to forget his nobility of rank, he is in every way just such a man as all true men would choose for their best friend. Certainly he is a hero, for we feel the heroic stuff in him, and even though there are no special occasions to show it, we do catch a glimpse of that bravery which must surely go along with it, when he is ready to fight to win the approval of his love, ready to kill for his old friend, and ready to risk his own life to save that of his brother whom he had every reason in the world to hate. There must have been just a little spark of God's very own live down in his heart, making everything that is good and noble come natural to him. This same "persecuting" brother, once during the play when he is talking to himself, describes him as "never school'd and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the hearts of the world, and especially of my own people who best know him, that I am altogether misprised;" and there is very little time during the whole course of the play that we do not find Orlando justifying this description by every thing that he does. He is loved, as his brother says, and we see one of the reasons for this in the discourse between him and his faithful old servant Adam, in which abounds on both sides that "whole-souled generosity in whose eye the nobilities of nature are always sure of recog-

dition." Some one has said that Shakespeare seems to have delighted in a "harmony of character wherein virtue is free and spontaneous just as the breathing of perfect health," and such is Orlando. As we have said, he is good without effort. In fact, it seems to us that it would require effort for him to be otherwise and perhaps the nearest he comes to being aware of his virtue is when he sees his "unnatural" brother in extreme peril.

"But kindness nobler than revenge.
And nature stronger than his first occasion"

made him risk his own life to save him; and even in this extreme case "the divine art of over coming evil with good" seems more an instinct than a conscious purpose. Someone has said, again, that this is one of the instances wherein the poet "delivers the highest result of Christian discipline as drawing so deeply and so creatively into the heart as to work out with the freedom and facility of nature's original impulse." Certainly he has made of him a man in the real sense and the composition of which we have illustrated well I think, in a "tilt" of his wit with Jaques:

JAQ.—Rosalind is your love's name?

ORLAN.—Yes, just.

JAQ.—I do not like her name.

ORLAN.—There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

JAQ.—What stature is she of?

ORLAN.—Just as high as my heart.

JAQ.—You have nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? And we too will rail against our mistress, the world and all our misery.

ORLAN.—I will chide no breater in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults."

We have said that the play has really no hero, but certainly it has a heroine; for beautiful, adorable, and enchanting Rosalind is from the very first our main attraction. They all, Orlando, the Duke, Celia and the others, play each his part, and each has his moments of individual attraction but never once does Rosalind lose her supremacy. She is still and always first, "not because she is isolated from the other characters but because she adds life to all that is living within them." Instead of putting out their light she only kindles it into a brighter flame of character, burning always all the brighter for her influence.

In the first act of the play Rosalind, as well as Orlando, is not the gay young person she is afterwards, and we do not wonder, for her circumstances are so disagreeable. The suppressed spirit of her youth is longing for freedom and her father's exile and her uncle's jealousy intensify this longing and naturally make her sad. Here we see the deep feeling and solid sense which lies beneath her youthful brightness pictured so clearly in the later scenes. She can not, as she says, "forget her banished father, can not take part in any extraordinary pleasure." She has now the silent courtesy, grave dignity and courage of the great lady that she is. It is said that no actress who even acts Rosalind *well*, has the remotest idea of her real character, so dazzling is it on the outside with her humor and gaiety, yet so full on the inner side, of those deep thoughts which make the few real women out of our many girls. Here she speaks to her uncle with due reverence for the great kinsman that he is, yet when he attacks her father and her own honor, she answers him with a noble resolution:

Thus she speaks "out of that strange silence and patience," strange words unlike the Rosalind we chiefly know, words which have made the people pity her and which, being mistaken by her uncle for the cunning of treason, urged him to drive her away; and the injustice of it all deepens her melancholy. Yet so strong is the youth within her that almost with Celia's words, she flashes into agreement with the proposal to fly to the forest disguised in the dress of man. Again, it is said that the actress who really lives Rosalind will take with her to the forest scenes, this serious side of Rosalind's character, "the dignity which even in her 'saucy' little play ought to appear," her high sense of honor, her steady common sense, "this high resolve of sorrow," or else her acting will miss half of what is Shakespeare's idea of Rosalind.

And then Rosalind in love! Nothing in all the play is quite so charming for she does not let common sense interfere with her affairs of the heart. There nature has its own way and we see her slip into her love with delight, "silent at first but only silent from inward pleasure." The joy of it carries her into a new-created world where all is beauty, and yet with this joy comes too that tender melancholy of a love which knows not yet whether it is returned and yet almost sure that it must be; and which "in puffs of alternate pleasurable pain and painful pleasure, makes its own dream in her heart." This delightful little dialogue in which she replies to Celia's chiding that she should be master of her affections.

Treason is not inherited, My lord;

Or if we did derive it from our friends

What's that to me? *My father was no traitor!*"

"O; they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!"

tells us the story. And then, true to the nature of a Rosalind, we soon see rising out of this gaiety, "the serious fidelity to love." "Yet," says Celia, "I hate not Orlando."

Ros.—No, faith, hate him not for my sake.

Cel.—Why should I not? Doth he not deserve well?

Ros.—Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do."

When she is free in the forest and sure of Orlando's love, having found his verses, and still in the attire which makes it possible for her to play with this love, her brightness, joyousness, and happy nature rise to the top notch. She is as some one has described her, "fresher than the dew in the forest, more glancing than the stream, and wild in her graces as the wild rose that flings its branches everywhere;" yet with all there is a perfect harmony of thought, manner, and speech.

With her grave gay girlhood, her beauty and charm, Rosalind has also intellect; and for wit, too, this strange, queer, lovely being is quite a match for Beatrice though nowhere resembling her—"A soft subtill nimble essence, consisting of no one knows what springing up one can hardly tell how," her wit neither stings nor burns but only adorns. Maybe this is because Shakespeare has mixed, as he so often does, with her wit a peculiar humor, making it always sweet and wholesome. It seems the natural outgrowth of all her intellect, it illuminates all of her speeches just as it does the argument with Celia on the gifts of Nature and fortune. It is only, however, when she reaches the forest and really meets Orlando that it really develops into the "sparkle

of wit" and through of all her good sense shines forth. When Jaques, attracted by this brightness "airs his melancholy," she puts him to flight with such words as:—

"And your experience makes you sad? I had rather have a fool make me merry than experience to make me sad, and to travel for it, too!"

—And she cries after him

"Farewell, Monsieur Traveller! Look your lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you the countenance you are, or I will scarce think that you have swam in a gondola."

Thus her good sense "unveils" him; and again we see it in her protection of Silvius from Phebe because she can see good in him though she despises him for his weakness:—

"Do you pity him," says Rosalind.

"No, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! Not to be endured! Well, go your way for I see love hath made thee a tame snake."

These are the kind of things that give weight to her wit, charm, and joyousness, and which, above all make us think as some one has said, "of her womanhood in the contest with the future and in triumph over it."

It is rather remarkable how in respect to her disguise, Rosalind just reverses the conduct of Viola, one of Shakespeare's other young heroine—heroes, yet with the same effect; for though she seems as much at home in her male attire as if she had always worn it, we can never think otherwise that it is only "an exercise of skill for perfecting her masquerade," and her occasional freedoms of speech serve only to deepen our feeling of her "inborn delicacy."

At last with the perfect surety of Orlando's love, the discovery of her father, and the knowledge that all is well, Rosalind's actress may lose the last of her sadness; for it has all disappeared now in our heroine and "she opens like a rose in the sun." The forest is her fitting home. Her wit becomes more brilliant every hour here and her wisdom shines more brightly through her wit. "My Rosalind is wise," says Orlando and it is he who puts better into words, I think, in his verses, the charm of her nature—her real self, as Shakespeare sees her. She is *just as we like her* and it is truly, O fortunate Orlando to have such a bride!

Annie Roe '22

It Pays to Advertise

"Come in," called Judy, in answer to the knock on her door. "Judy," said the tall girl who entered, have you finished the Jokes? You know the magazine must go to press this very afternoon."

"I have them ready, Isabel," answered Judy, who besides being very pretty and popular, was Joke editor of the College Magazine. "Wait just a minute, until I finish this one I've just thought of."

"All right, but do hurry, for I'm very busy this morning. What is that one you are writing now?"

"Wanted—A man for the Junior-Senior Banquet. (Signed) Judith Reynolds," answered Judy, laughingly. "I wish it would bring results, cause I haven't the least idea whom I'm going to invite to that banquet!"

"Neither have I," laughed Isabel. "Do give me the Jokes, Judy, I'm in a big hurry."

"Here they are, all on this sheet of paper, except that last one. Give them to Nancy, she promised to typewrite them for me. And Isabel," she added, "If you are going down town this afternoon, would you mind taking this ad by The Herald Office? I lost my sorority pin last week and I'm advertising for it."

"Of course I won't mind," answered Isabel. "Only Nancy is going instead of me, and I know she'll be glad to do it for you."

"Thank you, ever so much," said Judy. "Good bye." "My! But it would be a joke on me if Nancy should make a mistake and put that joke in 'The Herald' and the notice about the pin in the College Magazine." But she dismissed the thought from her mind as impossible.

Judy had forgotten all about this when just a week before the Junior-Senior Banquet she was sitting in her room trying to think of some one to invite to the Banquet, when she heard the maid coming down the hall, calling her name. She opened her door and answered "Here."

"There's a young gentleman in the parlor to see you, Miss Judy," said the maid.

"Now who in the world can it be? What does he look like?" She asked.

"He's tall, an' dark, an' handsome, Miss Judy."

"How thrilling!" Said Judy, running down the hall, "I must go to see who this mysterious young gentleman can be. Tall, dark, and handsome." repeated to herself.

Judy expected, when she reached the parlor, to see a young man of her acquaintance, whom she could not place from the maid's description. Therefore, she was rather surprised, when she walked in, to see a strange young man, who arose as she entered. "Good evening," he said, extending his hand. "No, you don't know me," he added laughingly as Judy hesitated, looking rather embarrassed. "I came to see you about a notice you had in last week's paper," he went on, still smiling.

"O, about my pin," said Judy, in a relieved voice. "Did you find it?"

"Find it? No, I didn't know you had lost one. That isn't the notice I am talking about. This is it," he said taking a newspaper clipping from his pocket and handing it to her.

Judy had a vague suspicion that all was not as it should be, so she took the clipping and glanced at it. Just as she had suspected, Nancy had put the joke in the city paper! She broke into peals of laughter; it was all too ridiculous! Judy's laughter was catching, so the young man laughed too. When Judy could finally get her breath, she said, "Oh, you know this is a mistake. I meant that advertisement to go into the College Magazine."

"Well, I did think it rather queer," he admitted, "but I say, Miss Reynolds, don't say you have already found the man you want. Listen, I know you will think I am crazy, but let's make a bargain. You come to my Junior-Senior, and let me come to yours."

Judy looked at him in amazement. "But I don't even know your name," she said.

"Oh, that's a fact. I did forget to tell you, didn't I? I'm William Lorman, usually called Bill, and I roomed with your brother last year. Will that do for identification?"

"Will it? I should say so! Why ever since I heard Buddy talking about you, I've been dying to—er, I mean I've felt as if I knew you." Judy's face was shining. So this was the Bill Lorman that Buddy was forever talking about, and she had thought that Buddy was exaggerating when he told her how good looking he was!

"Well, do we make it a bargain?" asked Bill, breaking into her thoughts.

"Oh, about the Junior-Senior. Yes, I'd love to have you come. I'll send you an invitation tomorrow," she added laughing.

He laughed too. "All right, and I'll send yours tomorrow too." He rose and held out his hand. "I must be going now," he said, "and probably I won't get to see you again until the Banquet, so *Au Revoir* until then."

She watched him go, and then turned and ran upstairs. Wouldn't the girls envy her when they saw him in a dress suit! And Oh yes, she would have to go up town tomorrow to buy an evening dress. She hoped she could get a yellow one. Hadn't Buddy said that Bill liked yellow—or was it red? Anyway, she couldn't wear red, so she hoped it was yellow.

Several days later one of the girls asked her who she had invited to the Junior-Senior. "Wait and see," was all she could answer.



It was a happy crowd of girls who came up to the dormitory the night after the reception. Two or three stopped for a few minutes outside of Judy's to talk it over.

"Where did your man come from, Judy?" asked one of them, "Do you suppose there are any more like him?" "I say!" said another, "I've ducks on him if Judy doesn't want him."

"But Judy does," said Judy, laughing, and going into her room, she stood for a long while by the window. Pinned to her dress was a sparkling little frat pin. "I'm glad those notices did get mixed! Who wants a Sorority pin, when she has a Frat pin?" Then looking up at the moon she added, "Take it from me it pays to advertise!"

Ella Wanamaker '24.

Absence

I miss you in the beauty of the hills,
Where all is gay in Autumn's brilliant scheme.
I miss you when nights calmer music soothes
The sobbing murmur of the distant stream.

I miss you in the chilling mist of dawn,
Shot through with red streaked darts, in glorious play,
That sever in a million opal gleams
The iridescent veil that hides the day.

I seek to find you in the twilight dust
That rises where the feet of Day have passed—
And lingers, harbinger of Night's approach,
Until absorbed into the dark at last.

I miss you in a thousand different ways
Here in the hills. They only seem to know
My sadness, when I stand remembering you.
I miss so! Ah, dear, I miss you so!

Lucile Belk '22

Too Many Sammies for Bide-A-Wee

Sam Neal stood lazily against the post office door in the little town of Bide-a-Wee, a small town in New York. Sam had come to Bide-a-Wee with a number of New York boys to camp for the month of August. Their camp was two miles away from Bide-a-Wee but they came in town twice a day to get the mail.

Sam was reading a letter and the expression on his face showed he was puzzled. This was the letter:

New York City,
August, 16, 1920.

Dear "Sammy"

Just think, our summer holidays are about over and we will soon be back at school. "Sammy," I am so glad you are going to room with me. I knew you were a nice girl the first time I saw you and I have always wanted to room with you. "Sammy," I wish you lived in New York, because we could have such a good time together. Bide-a-Wee is a nice old town, though, and I shall never forget what a grand time I had down there this summer.

Give your mother and father my love and remember I will meet you at the station.

Lovingly,
Virginia Hill.

Sam knew this letter had not been written to him so he glanced at the address again which was, Miss Sammy Neal. A broad grin covered his face when he asked the old postmaster if there was such a person in Bide-a-Wee as Miss Sammy Neal?

"Sure!" replied the old postmaster, looking over his glasses at Sam. "Well, you gave me her letter," answered Sam with a smile. "My name is Sam Neal." "Well I'll declare! Are you any kin to her?"

"I have never heard of her before. Has she always lived here?"

"No, her folks are from South Carolina. They moved here when 'Sammy' was just a kid because her father had bad health. But he's all right now."

"My people are from New York; I have no relatives in the South," replied Sam. "But I certainly would like to see this Miss Sammy Neal."

"She's as pretty as any girl you'll find anywhere and just as smart as she can be. Altho she is very rich she doesn't care a thing about her money except when she's making somebody else happy. And I surely will tell her about you next time I see her, Mr. Neal."

"Good! And be sure to tell her I didn't mean to read her letter."

The truck from the camp had already gone back but Sam didn't care, for he was very much excited. In walking back he could plan some way to meet this Miss Sammy Neal.

"You, Sammy Neal Johnson, stop that playing in that fire." The words came from an old negro mammy who was hending over a wash tub. Near by was a log cabin which Sam had never noticed before.

Sam was greatly amused at this command given by the old negro mammy and realized there were more Sam or Sammy Neal's in this world than himself. His curiosity was greatly aroused, and, to start up conversation, he asked the old negro mammy if she wouldn't do some washing for him, although, he realized he had done a pretty good washing that morning himself.

"No, I'm sorry, Mister, but I've got to do the washing for the white folks on the hill, for the young lady is going back to school and is obliged to have her things ready to take back with her; ef it wasn't for that Sammy Neal Johnson there, I might do it; but he plays in the fire and does things he knows he ain't got no business to and I can't do nothing hardly."

"D'ed you say his name was Sammy Neal?"

"Yes sir, he was named for that young lady I was talking about that lived on the hill."

"And so her name's Sammy Neal?"

"Yes sir, her real name is Samaria Neal 'cause she wuz named for an old maid Aunt of hers whose name wuz Samaria but of course they couldn't call her that, so they call her Sammy."

"And you named your little boy for her?"

"Sure! Why, Miss Sammy is the finest gel in the world. That old Aunt she was named for died, and left Miss Sammy all her money but Miss Sammy don't care nothing 'bout money; she just loves to do something for somebody else all the time and she's full of mischief too."

"Well Auntie I'm sorry you can't do my washing but I must be going."

"I'm sorry too, mister."

As Sam walked slowly away he determined to go back to town on the truck that afternoon.

So it happened that he saw the following notice on the post office wall:

"The Public is invited to attend a masked ball given tonight at 7 o'clock in the Pavilion. Fee 50c."

Sam, with the other boys, hailed this opportunity for having a good time, and were dressed and piled on the truck to start at half-past six.

Sam had been informed by the old postmaster that Miss Sammy was to be there and wished to meet him although she had not said so plainly. Sam did not dance, for he was afraid this chance for meeting Sammy would pass. He sat with those who did not dance where he could see the dancers as they passed. Out of the crowd came a young lady dressed in yellow with very black hair, smiling at those she passed. She came over where Sam was sitting and asked if she might sit in the vacant chair beside his.

"Pardon me, but would you point out Miss Neal?" asked Sam.

"Why, are you sure Miss Neal is here? I haven't seen her tonight."

"Yes, I think she is," replied Sam.

"Did you want to meet her?"

"No, I have just heard of her and would like to see her. I am from New York and am spending my vacation down here. My name is Sam Neal."

"I'm very glad to meet you Mr. Neal. My name is Lilian Beach."

"Thank you, Miss Beach. Do you know Miss Neal?"

"Yes, quite well."

"Well," replied Sam, "I wanted to see her because I think it is rather strange we have almost the same name."

"Sammy leaves to-morrow for New York but I shall tell her of you, Mr. Neal. Goodnight."

The truck carried Sam Neal back to the camp that night with a fallen spirit but with a greater determination to meet Sammy Neal.

Several weeks after Sam Neal had returned home from the camping trip, he came face to face with Virginia Hill at a large reception. He remembered immediately that she was the author of that letter to Miss Neal which he had read by mistake. Virginia acknowledged that she was the same Virginia and an interesting conversation was begun which brought them both to be great friends. Weeks passed and passed into months and as they passed they wove a great friendship between Virginia and Sam. Sam learned a great deal about Sammy but it seemed he would never have the good fortune to meet her. Virginia told Sam it was Sammy who had talked to him that night at the Pavillion and she had told her what a gentleman he was.

"Sam, Sammy is a mischievous girl and very unusual but I just know she likes you because she is continually asking about you."

This strange little instance happened when Sam Neal went to call on Virginia Hill at college. He appeared with a large box and was ushered into the small college living room to await the presence of Miss Hill. He waited and waited and it seemed as if hours passed, when suddenly without warning a little lady with gray hair appeared in the doorway. She was young in looks and Sam thought very beautiful. She walked into the room and with a smile said in a low voice: "This is Mr. Neal, I presume. I am Miss Walker, one of the matrons."

"I am very glad to meet you, Miss Walker," replied Sam.

"I am very sorry to tell you, Mr. Neal, but Miss Hill is in the infirmary with a very bad cold and sent me to tell you how very sorry she is she would not be able to see you."

"I am very sorry to hear this. May I see her roommate, Miss Walker?"

"Impossible, Mr. Neal; this is strictly against the rules."

"Very well. Here are some flowers I had for Miss Neal but as Miss Hill is sick I wish them to go to her. Will you please give them to her with my wish that she will soon be better."

"Thank you, Mr. Neal; I know she will enjoy them."

Sam Neal walked slowly away, but he wondered if this little lady might be Sammy. She was so nice and pleasant and had such a sweet expression on her face. Then he laughed and said to himself, "I just bet it is Sammy and I'm going to write Virginia and find out."

Early in July Sam Neal was on his way to Bide-a-Wee to spend his month's vacation. The train was crowded but he was reading and paying little attention to those around him. He was so much interested in the story he was reading that he had not noticed that the train had stopped and passengers were getting aboard. Suddenly he was surprised for a young lady came and asked if she might occupy half of his seat.

"Yes," replied Sam.

As the young lady took her seat, she pulled her hat further over her face.

"Would you like to see this?" Sam asked, handing her a magazine.

"Thank you, but I have already seen it," she said, "and I'm going to Bide-a-Wee, only a short distance."

"Really? I am going to Bide-a-Wee, too."

"Indeed! How strange!" she replied.

"Yes, I was down there on a camping trip last summer and liked it so well I am going back to spend my vacation this summer."

"Is it possible that you are Mr. Sam Neal?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Miss Henry is my name, Mr. Neal."

"I am very glad to meet you, Miss Henry. How is it that you knew me?"

"O, I have heard Sammy Neal speak of you often!"

"Oh, do you know Miss Neal?"

"Yes indeed, I know Sammy quite well."

"You know I have never seen Sammy except in disguise."

"She has told me all about it. But do you really want to meet her?"

"I certainly do. I really love Sammy."

At this statement the young lady dropped her card case which came wide open and revealed her name which was not Miss Henry at all but Miss Sammy Neal.

Sam reached to pick it up and saw the name plain enough to know who this young lady was. Sammy pulled her hat farther over her face and Sam peered under it and said in a teasing manner, "All right Sammie; let's square up. Now you got caught this time."

When he pulled the hat off it revealed a charming young lady with black hair, dark eyes and a fair complexion. She looked at him a second and then laughed, which revealed a row of pearly teeth and a dimple in each cheek.

"You're not angry, are you, Sam?" she asked.

"No, but what made you do this?"

"Oh, I just wanted to know if you really did like me."

"Certainly, I do," replied Sam "and I'm going to stay the whole summer in Bide-a-Wee."

And so this was the beginning of a summer romance which ended in a little church wedding with everybody in Bide-a-Wee present, from the old postmaster to Sammy Neal Johnson and his old negro mammy.

That night as the bride and groom boarded the train for New York everybody gave three cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Sam Neal. Little Sammy Neal Johnson, standing a little piece off from the crowd eating a box of marshmallows that had been presented to him by the bride and groom, was perfectly contented to remain in Bide-a-Wee until he should be old enough to go to New York and become a waiter in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Neal.

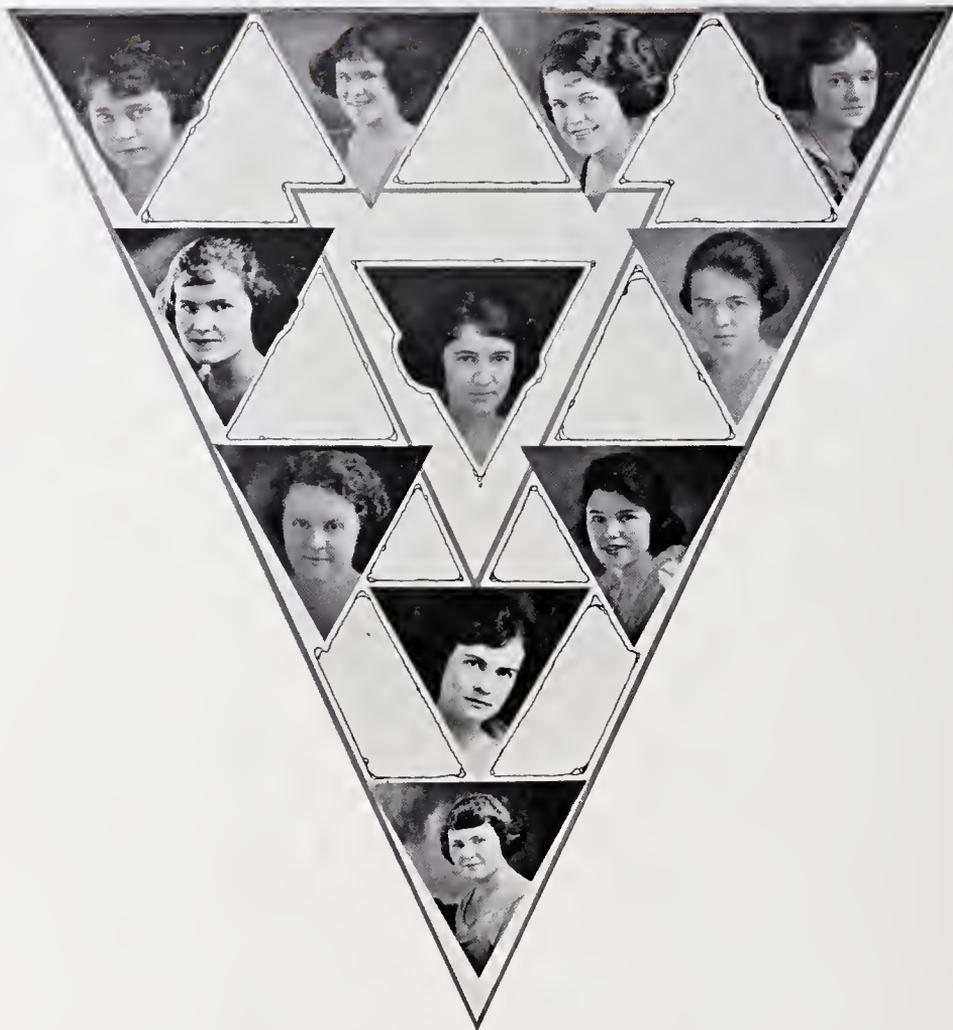
Agnes Blake '25.



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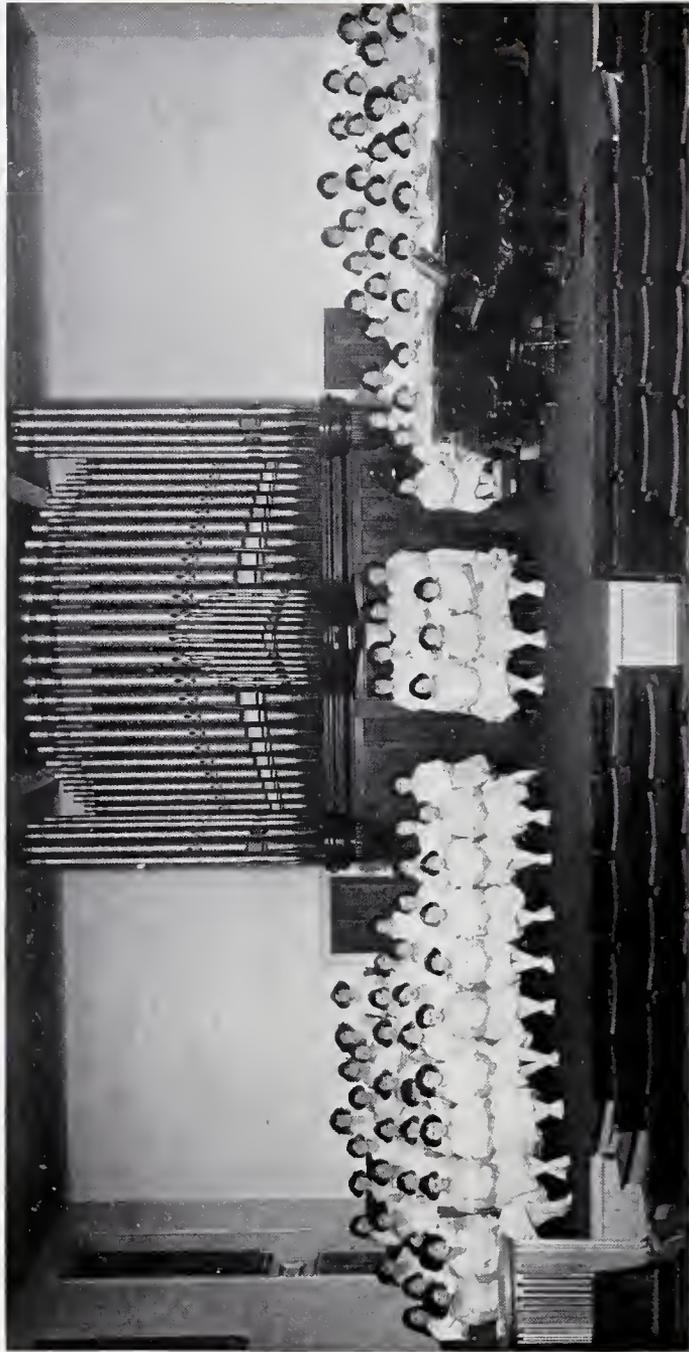


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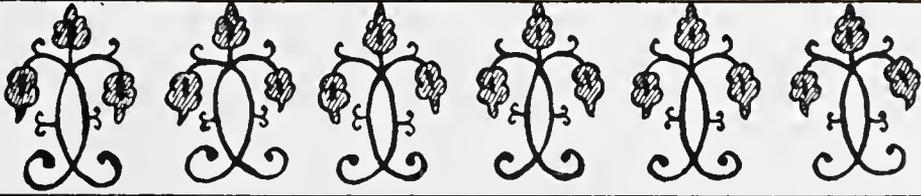
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The Press





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EDITH BLACK } *Business Managers*

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HELEN HAIGLER }
NAN COPELAND } *Literary Editors*
ANNA SLOAN }

ANNIE ROE *Book Reviewer*

MARGARET PATTERSON *Exchange Editor*

Spizzerinktum Staff

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KATHLEEN WILLINGHAM	<i>Sophomore Class Reporter</i>
ROWENA JONES	<i>Freshman Class Reporter</i>
MARGARET CLECKLEY	<i>Y. W. C. A. Reporter</i>
MARGARET PATTERSON	<i>Athletic Reporter</i>
KATHRYNE LAWTON	<i>Kratian Society Reporter</i>
JANIE MARTIN	<i>Palladian Society Reporter</i>







Miss Rowena Jones
The Prettiest Girl



Miss De Ette Bennette
The Most Handsome Girl



Miss Blanche Spann
The Most Attractive Girl



Miss Lillian Hasty
The Cutest Girl



Miss Agenora Adams
The Most Popular Girl



Miss Doris Young
The Best Sport



Miss Mary McNaul
The Most Capable Girl



Miss Lucille Belk
The Most Intellectual Girl



Miss Harriet Lucius
The Most Typical Chicora Girl

CLUBS





LURIE MOORE
PIANO

HELEN MARGARET DICKSON
PIANO

DANIEL
BOYD
PIANO

HELEN KENNEDY
PIANO

MRS. BELL
PIANO

DR. BELLHANN
DEAN OF PIANO

MARY BELLE WELCH
PIANO



LIDA HAN
PIANO

RHODA STACK
PIANO

ELLEN
WALKER
PIANO
and
VOICE

LUCILLE BECK
VOICE

MARGARET PATTERSON
VOICE

MRS. DELLAMANN
DIRECTRESS OF VOICE

MARGARET RUSSELL
VOICE



Glee Club

De Ette Bennett
 Blanche Spann
 Martha Bruce
 Margaret Russell

Leila Margaret Dixon
 Sarah Baggott
 Edna Owens
 Margaret Patterson

Lillian Patterson
 Lucille Belk
 Harriett Lucius
 Helen Marshall

SARAH BAGGOTT *Director*

DE ETTE BENNETT *Manager*

LEILA MARGARET DIXON *Pianist*



Art Club

Lucille Jenkins

Minnie Zimmerman

Ella Wannamaker

Rowena Jones

Nora Zimmerman

Sarah Gilchris



DOMESTIC ART CLUB

Margaret Wilds
 Maude Welsh
 Charlotte Dunham
 Ruth Black
 Helen Timmerman

Rosalie Sullivan
 Elizabeth Matheson
 Mary Blair
 Dorris Hatchett
 Marie Bryson
 Miss. L. E. Swygert

Leora Hunter
 Sara Carmichael
 Sallie Pearce
 Kleist Manning
 Ena Carrigan



DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLUB



LUCILLE BELK

CONSTANCE HARRIS

LEILA DICKSON

NIDA HAM

RHODA STACK

GLADYS PONTER

WILHELMENA EVANS

MARGARET RUSSELL

ISABEL BOYD

ALENE SPIVEY

ELIZABETH YOUNG

LAURIE MOORE

MARGARET PATTERSON



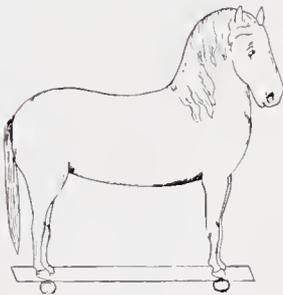
Place: Pluto's Realm
Mascot: Cerberus

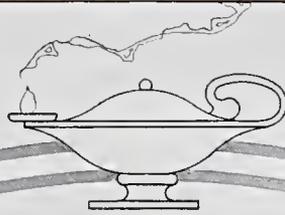


Clio Pilyhymnia
Calliope Thalia
Euterpe Musesyne
Terpsichore Erato
Melpomene Urania



Place: Rome.
 Motto: Amor omnia vincit.
 Mascot: Cupid.





EDNA OWENS



EDNA CARRIGAN



MAY DANTZLER



VERNA HILL

CA P ★



EVA CLARKE



KATHRYN C. LAWTON



HELEN KENNEDY





GLADYS ARMSTRONG

MINNIE BULLOCK

Δ # M
DELTA-MU

MAUDE WELSH

KATHLEEN MCLAUGHLIN



SARAH DUNLAP

MARIE BRYSON

RUTH BLACK

Δ-B-Σ

MAUDE WELSH

CHARLOTTE DURHAM

ESTHER CLARKE







HELEN TRIGLER

AGNES ADAMS

EDITH BLACK

MARGARET
CLECKLEY

MARTHA
BRUCE

π μ U

MARY CALDWELL

JANIE HSDILL

MARGARET COX



N. ZIMMERMAN

C. WANNAMAKER

C. MAKER

R. PANTZLER

N. ZIMMERMAN







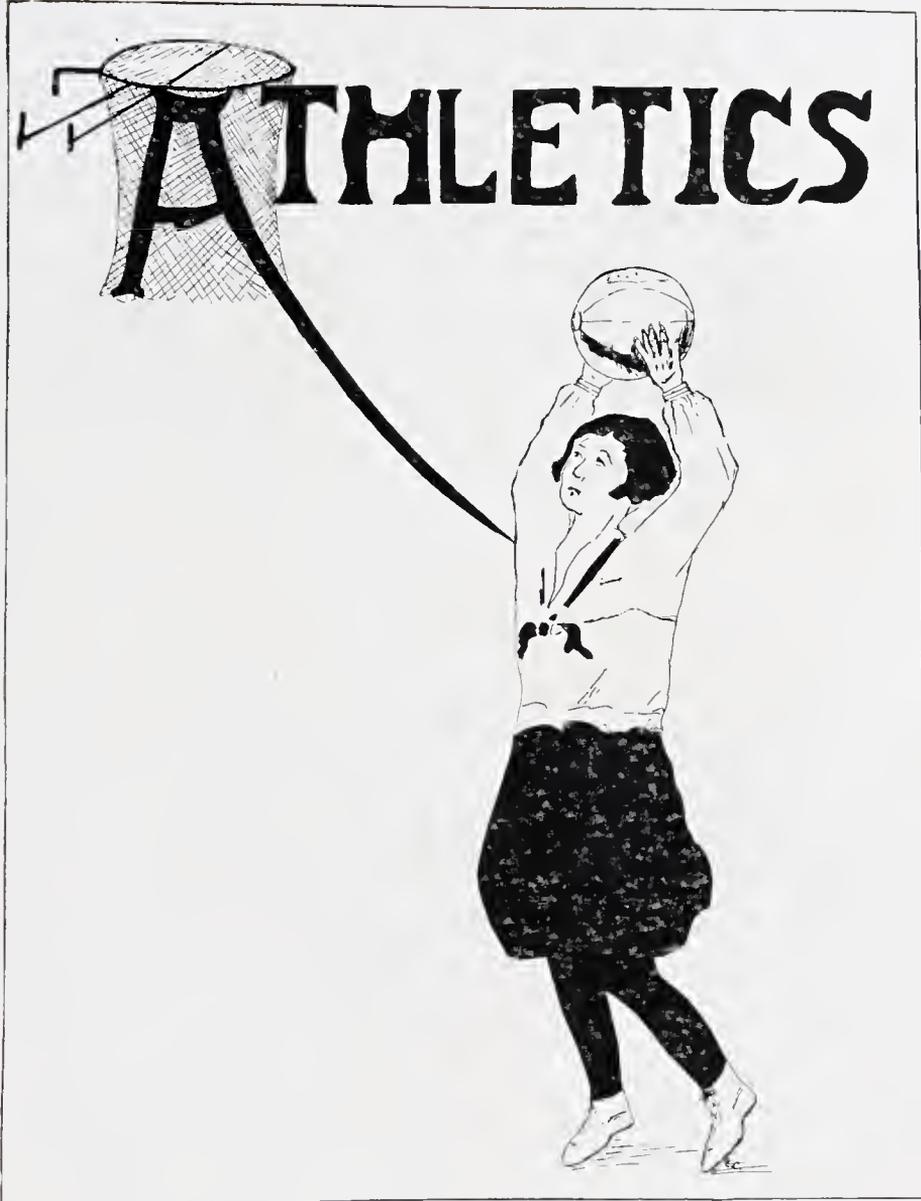
Lois

"Bull"

"Jezebel"

"Dossie"

Miss Sallie





Athletic Association

<i>President</i>	LOIS QUERY
<i>Vice-President</i>	AGENORA ADAMS
<i>Secretary</i>	LEILA CALDWELL
<i>Treasurer</i>	REBECCA DANTZLER
<i>Coach</i>	MISS SARAH GODBOLD
<i>Manager of Varsity</i>	MARGARET PATTERSON
<i>Captain of Varsity</i>	MARGARET RUSSELL

- | | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|----------------------|
| Rebecca Dantzler | Maude Welsh | Kathleen Willingham | Mary Gibson |
| Alene Spivey | Eunice Loyd | Martha Benn | Rhoda Stack |
| Mary Simpson | Lucille Jenkins | Bernice Brown | Virginia McCullough |
| Annette Simpson | Eugenia Robertson | Kathryn Lawton | Lois Query |
| Carrie Yarborough | Dorris Hackett | Mary Broughton | Helen Kennedy |
| Catherine Estes | Mary Buford | Margaret Holder | Eliza Walker |
| Mary Fogle | Mattie L. Copeland | Emily Bethea | Mary S. Henry |
| Nora Zimmerman | Lizzie May Riley | Madeline Ward | Ella Wannamaker |
| Agnes Blake | Ruby Chapelle | Frances Tennant | Minnie Zimmerman |
| Emily Caldwell | Elizabeth Douglas | Dorris Young | Vernon Haigler |
| Pelleree Gary | Frances Gregg | Janie McDill | Sallie Pearce |
| Eva Carrigan | Leila Caldwell | Agenora Adams | Estelle Haile |
| Edna Owens | Nan Copeland | Annie Breeden | Nida Ham |
| Natalie Hooten | Anna Rice Sloan | Elizabeth Matheson | Margaret Russell |
| Martha Bruce | Emmie Sullivan | Blanche Spann | Leila M. Dickson |
| Edith Black | Rosa Lee Sullivan | Jean Wright | Constance Harris |
| Eva Clarke | B. Copeland | Sarah Dunlap | Mary Belle Welsh |
| Mildred Wolfe | Nellie Bradley | Annie L. Young | Cora Means |
| Florence Parker | Bessie Pusser | Mary Bush | Johnnie Mae McElveen |
| Pauline Rogers | Virginia Hortensteine | Annie L. Davis | Marie La Coste |
| Helen Bedenbaugh | Margaret Cox | Margaret Cleckley | Annie Pearce |
| Mary McNaull | Helen Haigler | Louda Copeland | Laura Boyd |
| Rena McNaull | Carrie Amaker | Mary McCord | Ruth Nickles |
| Alice Bryson | Pauline Barnardo | Gladys Armstrong | Floy White |
| Maria Palmer | Mae Dantzler | Mary Shaw | Bessie Gunter |
| Evelyn Fowler | Margaret Crawley | Sybil Burdette | |
| Mary Fowler | Mildred Crawley | Frances Harvin | |
| Louise Gardner | Verna Hill | Gladys Porter | |



Athletic Board

LOIS QUERY	<i>Chairman</i>
AGENORA ADAMS	<i>Vice President</i>
LEILA CALDWELL	<i>Secretary</i>
DE ETTIE BENNETT	<i>Treasurer</i>
REBECCA DANTZLER	<i>Manager of Senior Team</i>
JANIE MC DILL	<i>Manager of Junior Team</i>
FRANCES GREGG	<i>Manager of Sophomore Team</i>
LILLIAN HASTY	<i>Manager of Freshman Team</i>
CONSTANCE HARRIS	<i>Senior Representative</i>
VERNON HAIGLER	<i>Junior Representative</i>
HARRIETT LUCIUS	<i>Sophomore Representative</i>
MAE DANTZLER	<i>Freshman Representative</i>
SARA LUCIUS	<i>Academy Representative</i>
MARGARET PATTERSON	<i>Manager of Varsity</i>
NANNELL BLALOCK	<i>Assistant Manager of Varsity</i>
MISS MARY WILLS GUY	<i>Faculty Representative</i>
MISS SARAH GODBOLD	<i>Coach</i>



BLALOCK—Forward

Blalock entered school in 1920 with the hopes that her High school basket-ball training would stand in good for college ball—and it did. She is now in her second year of varsity work and a "mighty fine" player. Blalock can jump, catch and shoot, all this she does with not a thought of how she is helping "pile up" the score. She is one of the best shot Chicora has ever had, and we see only a bright future for her in athletics.



N. HAM—Forward

"Ham-bone" has won the praise of everyone this year in her ability to "pile up" scores for Chicora and her class. This is her first year on varsity—and the squad regrets that it is her last. She is a quick player and a good fighter.

R. FOLK—Forward

Little but quick! Folk may be small in stature but she is quick and knows her post. Ever ready for the ball when it is in the air. She never waits for it to come to her but goes leaping in the air to catch it and has shot a goal before her guard can recover. The squad regrets that this is Folk's last year in college.



J. McDill—Forward

McDill is ever on the watch out for the ball. A sly forward she is, too, for she possesses the knack of giving her guard the dodge and making that guard say, "she lef' me".





QUERY—*Guard*

Query has lived up to family tradition in B. B. For four years she has made her opponents take note that she is "on guard". Query catches and throws almost perfectly. She has added a number of scores to C. C. by her long throws. This is Query's last year with us and it is with regret that we lose her.

RUSSELL—*Guard*

Faithful Russell always ready for the play coming from an opponent to her end of the field. An apt guard and she knows how and does break up many passes used by her opponents. Russell is a bit small but that is no worry for everyone knows how she plays and as in everything else she holds the confidence of all. She has proved her ability as captain of varsity and we, the squad regret this is her last year with us.



CALDWELL—*Guard*

Caldwell plays a good all-round game, she can always be counted on to be "on the job". She is a hard worker, and has a skilled ability to worry her forward. This is Caldwell's first year playing varsity basket-ball.



E. CLARKE—*Guard*

This is Clarke's first year playing varsity basket-ball, but she has well proved her ability to guard. Clarke's long throws are excellent and we are expecting great things of her next year.



LUCIUS—*Jumping-center*

Lucius plays a good game and can always be counted on to “get the jump” on her opponent. She is a good thrower and a good fighter. By the art of dribbling, Lucius is able to cover her territory, before the opposing center has recovered. With this art and her alertness as a player, we expect to hear more of her.



COPELAND—*Side-center*

Nearly a “Jack of all trades”, for Copeland may be used as jumping or side-center. She plays a good defensive game. Bright prospects for another year of varsity work for her ability to jump and throw has been a topic of conversation to many people who have seen her play.



KENNEDY—*Side-center*

Because Kennedy is side center is no reason she should be put on the side and she will not. As has been said about little players—“She’s quick as lightning.” A calm and self-possessed thrower she is a good assistant for the jumping-center.

ARMSTRONG—*Side-center*

Better known as “Army”. She is true to her name, for when Armstrong gets into a game she goes in with the fighting spirit. She is quick and a pretty good thrower. Keep this up, Armstrong for you’re a good worker and a bright future is predicted for you.





M. DANTZLER—*Forward*

Here's to Dantzler! An all-round basket-ball player. She is a player who believes more in action than in words. She plays the game equally well as jumping-center or forward. She has shown great skill particularly in her catching. She is a good thrower and a good fighter. If she will realize in the future, the full extent of her powers, she'll become a forward whom Chicora will be even more proud to claim.

M. PATTERSON--*Manager*

"Pat" has shown her ability as manager of such a large squad this year, as well as in her other work. We, the squad feel fortunate to have had such a manager. She's full of "pep" and always on the job.

C. MEANS—*Forward*

Means has won the favor and admiration of not only the varsity squad but the entire student body by her good basket-ball playing and loyalty to Alma Mater. She is a quick player, but does not play as good a defensive game as she does offensive. She is a hard worker and has a determination to win.



MISS SARAH GODBOLD, *Coach*

In the past two years Chicora College has taken a decided "liking" to Athletics which is due to our enthusiastic coach, Miss Godbold. She has inspired the girls to work harder and to "stick to it."

So here's to our coach,
Of whom we're all proud
May all her fine praises
Be sung out loud
She is the best
To stand any test
We wish that—
Hey! Chicora, you keep Miss Godbold
And from her ne'er depart
For that will break someone's heart.



Senior Team

DE ETTE BENNETT, *Manager*

Estelle Haile
Pauline Overcash
Sallie Pearce
Helen Kennedy
Constance Harris

Lois Query
Mary Belle Welsh
Nida Ham
Ruth Folk
Leila Margaret Dixon

MARGARET RUSSELL, *Captain*



Junior Team

JANIE McDILL, *Manager*

Katherine Lawton

Mary McCord

Agenora Adams

Johnnie Mae McElveen

Margaret Cox

Louda Copeland

Mary Caldwell

Vernon Haigler

MARGARET CLECKLEY, *Captain*



Sophomore Team

FRANCES GREGG, *Manager*

Rebecca Dantzler

Edna Owens

B Copeland

Leila Caldwell

Harriett Lucius

Nannelle Blalock

KATHLEEN WILLINGHAM, *Captain*



Freshman Basket Ball Team

LILLIAN HASTY, *Manager*

Ella Wannamaker
Gladys Armstrong
Verna Hill
Mae Dantzer

Minnie Zimmerman
Mary Fogle
Mary Phoebe Bush
Mildred Crawley

EVA CLARKE, *Captain*



Academy B. B. Team

MATTIE L. COPELAND

Lucille Jenkins
Pauline Barnado

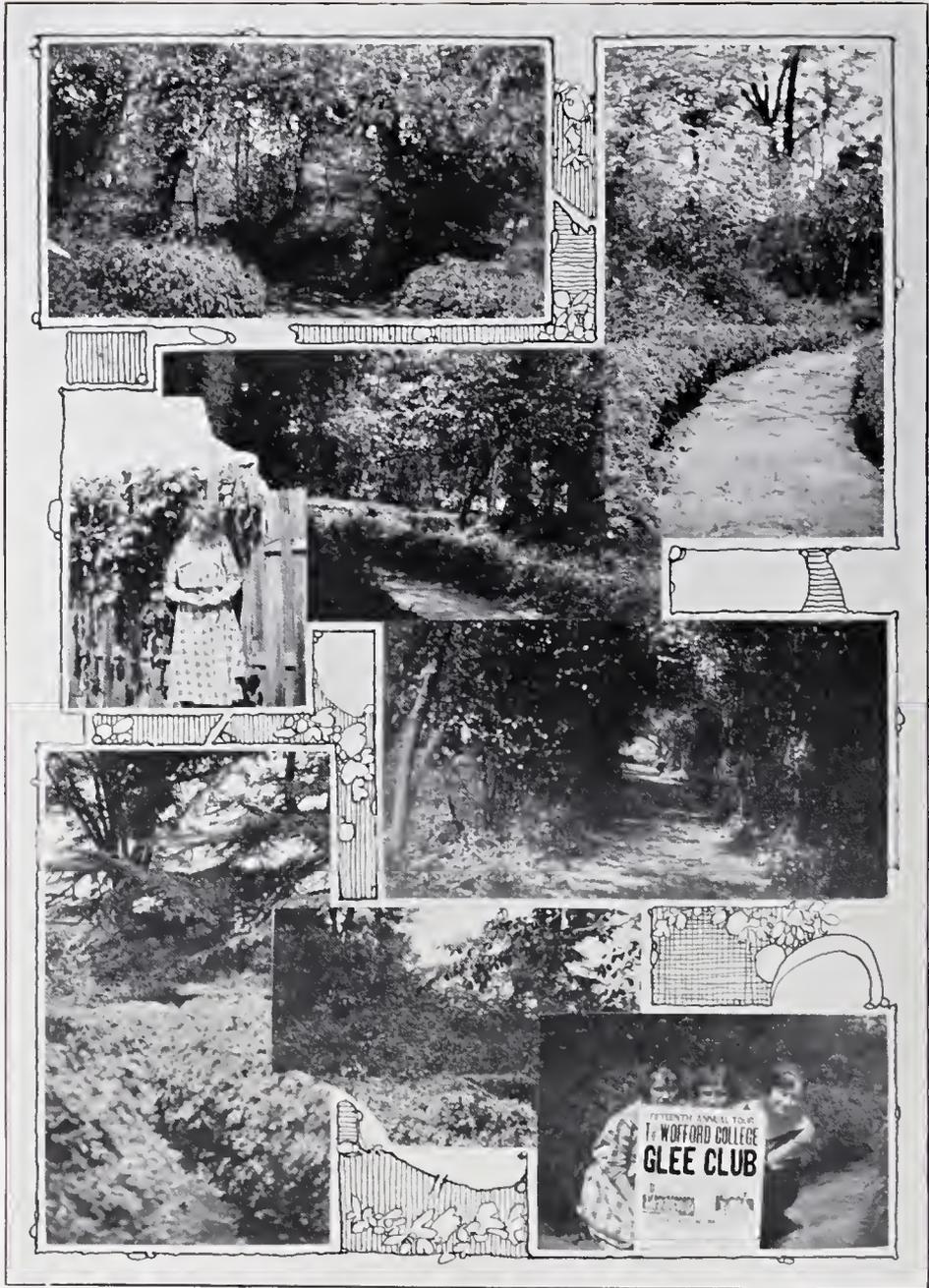
Mary Gibson
Frances Harvin

SARA LUCIUS, *Captain*

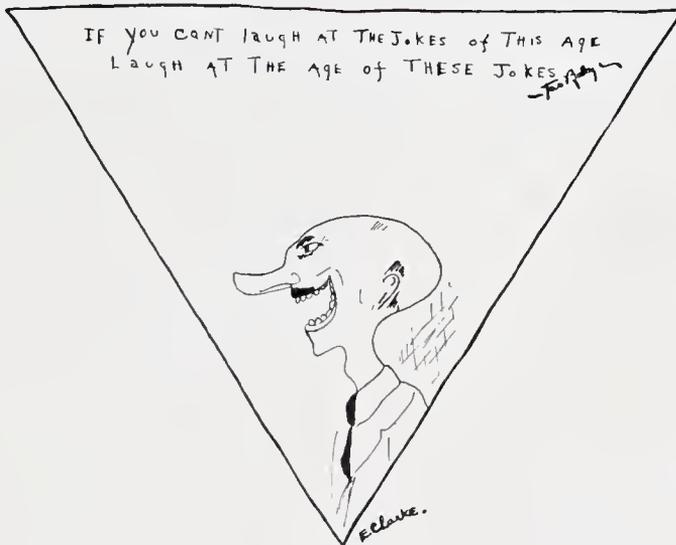








A TOUCH OF MISCHIEF



BULLETIN BOARD

LOST!!

an umbrella by a girl with
an ivory top. If found return
to Nida Ham.

FOR SALE.

A piece by Chicana
with Malagany legs.

Don't take calls from
the table. It's not well
bred.

ms. ~~Byrd~~

LOST!!

A book with one cover entitled
"English Composition"

R. D. ~~Byrd~~

If you tell me the name
of the other cover maybe
I can help you find it.

Lost - Somewhere between
Alumnae and Hampton
one cub. If found please
return to J. M. Dillard
receive liberal reward.

The Way to Get Along With a Room-mate

1. Buy her all the candy and Eskimo Pies that she can eat; give her first choice
2. Introduce her to your sweetheart; encourage her to "vamp" him.
3. Let her have as much money as she wants. If she offers to pay it back (which is not probable), tell her you didn't intend it as a loan
4. Never argue with her; always admit that you are in the wrong
5. Write all her English themes and translate her Latin and French.
6. Let her wear your best dresses
7. Next year—room alone

"Would you like to hear the theory of kissing?"
"I care only for applied sciences."

The Sun Dial.

"What shape is a kiss?"
"Elliptical (a lip tickle)"

Tar Baby.

"It's a mistake for a man to go through life alone."
"Why don't you get your mother to chaperon you?"
"The Widow"

"Decline love."
"Decline love? Not me."

It used to be bad taste to kiss; now the taste of the kiss is bad.

What is Love?

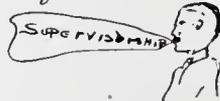
Vague wishes Unexpressed, Strange fancies, Sweet unrest— That's Love	Hands captured, Stolen kiss, Half shrinking, Trembling bliss— That's Love
Much musing. Sudden sighs, Bright blushes, Downcast eyes— That's Love	Rosy hours Swiftly hurled, Too happy For this world— That's Love
Verse-making Solitude Nights sleepless, Little food— That's Love	Life to-gether, Death apart, Two bodies, One heart— That's Love

With The Poets



Great oaks from little
acorns grow.

And long words from
"Dr. S. C. flow."



All great men
like me



must learn to pay
their fee.



Of all sad words of
tongue and pen



The saddest of these
It has not been



Miss Leard on a
winter's day



Froze the History class
away -

Be not the last to lay the
old aside



Nor the first by whom the
new is tried.



A Lament

Mother, oh mother, my long hair has went.
Weep no more, daughter, it's like money that's spent.

Daughter, my daughter, money's hard to make.
Mother, oh mother, how long will it take?

Mother, I look like a "wrong address" letter.
Daughter, twenty years should have taught you some better.

Mother, please tell me what papa will say?
He'll be sorry, dear daughter, that we sent you away.

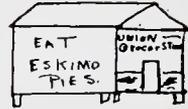
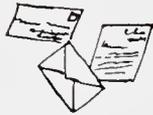
And what will the children think of their sister?
They'll say, "Keep her away, tho' we have missed 'er."

Come to me, mother, I'm in blackest despair,
I grab and I feel, but alas! It's not there.

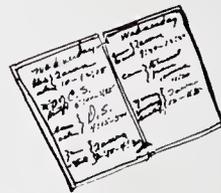
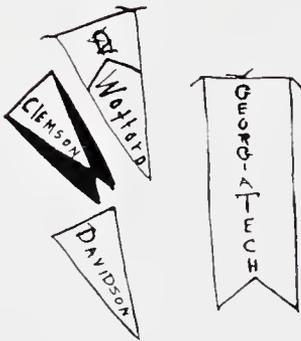
I roam and I wander and look everywhere,
Mother, oh mother, my poor bobbed hair!

—S. E. L.

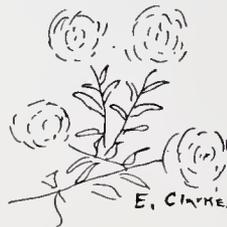
— WHY SOME GIRLS FLUNK —



Love



SLIPPO, SLIPPERE
 FALLI, BUMPUS
 FLUNKO, FLUNKERE
 FACULTY, FIREM.



Dorris Uses the Telephone

7505 rings violently—D. Young rushes to the phone.

“Hello.”

“Hello! 7505?”

“Yes.”

“I hate to bother you but would you mind standing as far away as the receiver permits and saying hello three times?”

“Hello, hello, hello.”

“Pardon me, but which side of the telephone were you standing on?”

“Oh, I was standing directly in front.”

“Thank you, but would you stand on the right side and say hello three times?”

Moving to right side, “Hello, hello, hello.”

“Thank you, I’m afraid I’m bothering you but kindly move to the left side and repeat the message.”

Getting rather provoked, “Would you mind telling me to whom I am to repeat the message?”

“Certainly not, this is William Shakespeare.”

“Indeed! Well, this is Lady Macbeth, you are an idiot, but there’s no use for me to be one just because you are.”

Says goodbye three times while she makes a circuit around the telephone and calmly hangs up the receiver.

There Must be a Catch

I met a new kind of girl today.

She was so delightfully different.

Her dresses were down to her ankles. She was gowned all in simple white—there was no crimson hat nor purple hosiery. She had not been economical in the cloth from which her waist was cut. Her face was free from powder and paint, yet her lips were red and her skin smooth. Her eyebrows were not peeled. Her hair was not bobbed, nor dyed, nor marcelled. She did not have that hungry, meal-craving look about her. She did not mention dancing while I talked to her. She did not lug into our conversation the totally foreign fact that she had gone to that last big frat dance. Not a single time did she mention the name of another man. She did not talk about the weather. She did not giggle. She did not try to tell a funny story. She did not a single time say, "I'll tell the world," or "Can you immagine." She was not chewing gum, and she hated cigarettes. Though it was only the first time I had seen her, she did not scream when I kissed her thrice. She even seemed to enjoy it.

She was so delightfully different.

She was two months old.

Extracts From Insurance Applications

"Mother died in infancy."

"An uncle died of cancer on his mother's side."

"Father went to bed feeling well and the next morning woke up dead."

"Applicant does not know the cause of mother's death, but states that she fully recovered from her last illness."

"Applicant has never been fatally sick."

"Father died suddenly—nothing serious."

"Applicant's brother, who was an infant, died when he was a mere child."

"Grandfather died from gunshot wound caused by an arrow shot by an Indian."

"Mother's last illness caused by rheumatism, but she was cured before death."—*Ex.*

Advertisements

Wanted:

"A little book" of rules of Chicora College for Women.

-

For sale:

My privilege of taking tea in the Arcade Tea Room feeling that I will profit by the sale of said privilege.

Dorris Young.

For sale:

"The Life of a Dog as Led by"

Miss Eva Clarke

For sale:

"Eskimo Pies" on top of the colonnade.

Freshman Class

Wanted:

A school without any bells, any prunes, any books, any rules.

The Student Body.

Wanted:

The pictures to be handed in for the annual by Friday. That is positively the last day they will be accepted.

Janie Martin

For sale:

Sulfatide of brain
Mono-amino-monophosphon lipins
Tryptophane, (Beta-indol-alpha-amino-prosprione acid.

Annie Roe
Ruth Folk
Sallie Pierce
Mary McNaull

For sale:

Academy Spizzerinktum Poster. Anyone wishing this material apply to

Janie McDill

Classes Met

Chemistry Lab.

Mr. Beard: "If H_2O is water, what is H_2OLO_2 ?"

M. Cleckley: "Waterloo."

Prof. "How does potassium iodine K I and sulphur S react?"

Sentimental Student: "An explosion."

Prof.: "How's that?"

Sentimental Student: "Why, a K I S S."

A green little Freshman
In a green little way
Mixed some chemicals
Together one day.

Now the green little grasses
Gently wave
O'er the green little Freshman's
Green little grave

The English Room.

R. Chappell: "Miss Strong, Miss Prosser doesn't use good English, she says pie are square and pie is round."

"What is the difference between an independent clause and a cat's claws?"

"The cat has claws on the end of its paws and the sentence has pause at the end of its clause."

"Ignorance is something you haven't got nothing else of but."

L. Belk: "Nannell, can't you write a poem for the next issue of the Magazine?"

Nannell: "You know I ain't never wrote no poetry."

"Did you enjoy the Passing of Arthur?"

"Yes, but I liked his punting better."

Virginia Reel

Biology.

Student tries to explain evolution of cat from caterpillar.

Mrs. Coulter, examining chicken in laboratory: "These are the cappillaries."

P. Overcash: "Oh, they look like veins."

History.

Miss Leonard: "What did Napoleon say when he met his Waterloo?"

Junior: "Hello, Lou."

—And Met

Economics.

“What is the earliest mention of finance?”

“Pharoah’s receiving a check on the bank of the Red Sea.”

“Who was the first profiteer?”

“The whale that swallowed Jonah, because he ate up all the profit in sight.”

Gym.

Miss Godbold: “My highest ambition is to teach Chicora girls their right hand from their left. When I do it I will get rich and I expect to die poor.”

Miss Godbold: “Don’t be afraid I’ll eat you. I’m particular about what I eat.”

The Seniors coach the Gym class and give these commands:

“Turn on one foot and move the other.”

“Don’t move both feet at the same time.”

“What do you call it when you advance one foot with the ball in your hand?”

“Preparation.”

H. Timmerman: “Shall I mark time with my feet?”

Miss Godbold: “Did you ever hear of marking time with your hands?”

H. T: “Yes ma’am, clocks do it.”

You fill my life with thoughts always
Your name, when I hear it, moves me.
You haunt my dreams by night and day.
Won’t you listen to my pleas?
I leave you alone and suffer loss,
It is indeed a mystery!
Sometimes you think you’re my boss
But you’re only “American History.”

We Wonder Why?

Carrie Amaker likes jelly

Rowena Jones doesn't work

That man fell from a tenth story building and didn't get hurt.

We wonder why Dr. Byrd let these wild animals in: "Koon," "Bull," "Fish" and "Wolfe."

Dorris Hackett didn't get hurt when she fell.

Blanche Spann is so easily frightened.

Dr. Byrd gave half holiday on Friday, Feb. 17, to take pictures for the annual.

Because

?? ?? ?? ?? ?? ??

She's too heavy for light work and too light for heavy work.

He had on a light fall suit.

He knew there was a "Hunter" to catch them.

She fell asleep.

Every time she hears a "Russell" it makes her heart flutter.

It happened, no one had classes that afternoon except Seniors. (Dr. Byrd must have wanted to get out of Bible.)

A Freshman's Letter

chicora
thurs.

dear ——,

eva are in bed so she asked me to write for her.

she said she were glad to get your letter.

eva has much of curiosity. i herd her say you sed you had something to tell her and she's dying to no. another thing she wants to no: hu is frank dusenbery, where does he live et cetera?

speaking of the weather: it has snowed here. she wants me to enclose a snowball but that are silly. of course, it would melt.

(scarcity of paper—turn over.)

she haven't a kadak picture but promises to make one soon. she wants one of you—i think she needs a rat exterminator.

eva has a pair of green wool socks—a freshman.

she wants you to kiss your room-mate for her. she'll get it from you next summer.

me and her has failed on three exams, that's arful. the reason we haven't failed on more is bacause we ain't had no more.

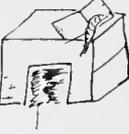
she has heart trouble, caused from standing on her head.

i am enclosing a picture i found last night.

martha says we're idiots. i hope you are the same.

rena Mcnaull
secretary to eva clarke.

THE SENIORS AS OTHERS DO NOT SEE THEM.

<p>Biggest PRIMPER— Bois Query</p> 	<p>MOST ENTHUSIASTIC— Mary Belle Welsh</p> 	<p>Most graceful Elize Walker</p> 
<p>MOST CHARMING— Gladys Porter</p> 	<p>MOST BOISTEROUS— Mary Buford</p> 	<p>MOST STUDIOUS— De Witte Bennett</p> 
<p>FASTEST— Olone Spivey</p> 	<p>HUMBLIEST— Sewel Boyd</p> 	<p>MOST TIMID— Dorris Young</p> 
<p>MOST BRILLIANT— Laurie Moore</p> 	<p>MOST THOUGHTFUL— Rhoda Stack</p> 	<p>LAZIEST— Janie Martin</p> 

Toast

Here's to Chicora College,
Drink it down, drink it down;
Here's to Chicora College,
Drink it down, drink it down;
Here's to Chicora College,
'Tis the fountain-head of knowledge,
Drink it down, drink it down;
Drink it down, down, down.

Here's to old Chicora,
Drink it down, drink it down;
Here's to old Chicora,
Drink it down, drink it down;
Here's to old Chicora,
For we one and all adore her,
Drink it down, drink it down;
Drink it down, down, down.

Here's to new Chicora,
Drink it down, drink it down;
Here's to new Chicora,
Drink it down, drink it down;
Here's to new Chicora,
For there's none that goes before her,
Drink it down, drink it down;
Drink it down, down, down.

There's a college in our town, in our town
And there those dear girls sit 'em down, sit 'em down
And con their books with hearts of glee
And never say they are not free.
Fare-thee-well if thou must leave us
Ever shalt thy parting grieve us
But remember that the best of friends must part, must part.
Adieu, adieu kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu
How can we live here without you, without you
We will hang our hearts on the old magnolia trees
And let them swing there in the breeze.

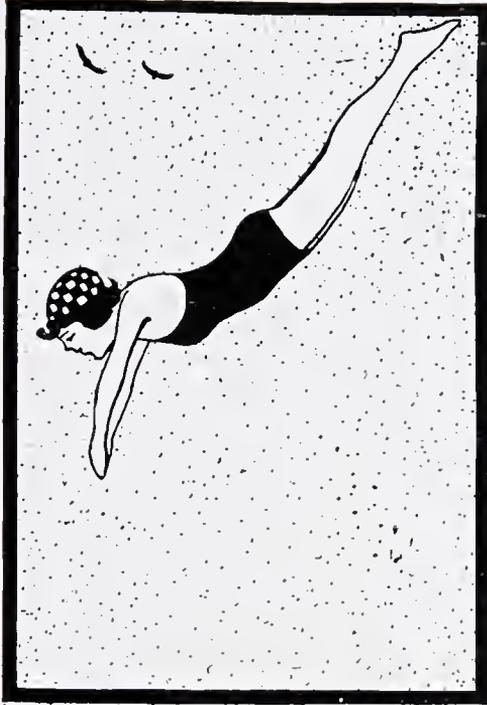
Where, O Where

Where, O where are the verdant Freshmen?
Where, O where are the verdant Freshmen?
Where, O where are the verdant Freshmen?
Safe now in the Soph'more Class.
They've gone out from prescribed English,
They've gone out from prescribed English,
They've gone out from prescribed English,
Safe now in the Soph'more Class.

Where, O where are the wise young Soph'mores?
Where, O where are the wise young Soph'mores?
Where, O where are the wise young Soph'mores?
Safe now in the Junior Class.
They've gone out from The Kings of Israel,
They've gone out from The Kings of Israel,
They've gone out from The Kings of Israel,
Safe now in the Junior Class

Where, O where are the jolly Juniors?
Where, O where are the jolly Juniors?
Where, O where are the jolly Juniors?
Safe now in the Senior Class.
They've gone out from old Chem Lab,
They've gone out from old Chem Lab,
They've gone out from old Chem Lab,
Safe now in the Senior Class.

Where, O, where are the grand old Seniors?
Where, O, where are the grand old Seniors?
Where, O, where are the grand old Seniors?
Safe now in the wide, wide world.
They've gone out from their Alma Mater,
They've gone out from their Alma Mater,
They've gone out from their Alma Mater,
Safe now in the wide, wide world.



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Farewell, forever more,

A Weary Editor.

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