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# CHOWANOKA



Annual of Chowan College

MURFREESBORO, N. C.

1913

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## Greetings

To all the friends of Chowan College  
Alumnae, Students, and those  
otherwise interested  
we  
the Annual Staff  
extend hearty and sincere

### GREETINGS

In this volume, we have attempted to give permanence to those  
individual, elusive, and transient experiences in college girls'  
lives, which so soon become mere memories.

Mere memories ?

Yes, but the kind of memories that  
make college life  
seem happier and richer.

To  
**G. E. Lineberry**  
our honorable President  
we, the Class of Nineteen - Fifteen  
dedicate this Annual





G. E. LINEBERRY



MR. C. W. MITCHELL  
*Faculty Editor*



MISS WENONAH BELL  
*Art Editor*

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GRACE BEASLEY.....	<i>Associate Editor-in-Chief</i>
ELIZABETH LYNK.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
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RETTA GRIFFIN

JESSIE PILAND

ANNIE ELIZABETH BARNACASCEL

HELEN LEARY, '17



### ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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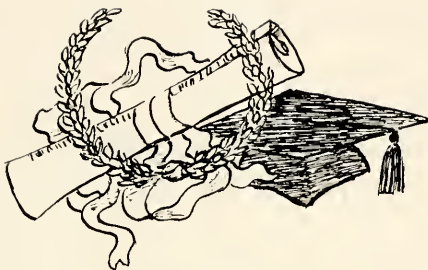
VESTA BENTHALL, '18



### ART EDITOR

LILLIAN BRITE, '17





## Senior Class

COLORS: Cherry and White

FLOWER: Crimson Rambler

MOTTO: *Ad Summa*



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ANNIE LIZZIE BARNACASCEL  
GRACE BEASLEY  
STELLA GARRETT

ELIZABETH LYNK  
JESSIE PILAND  
LUCILE WILLIAMS

RETTA GRIFFIN

Thirteen

LUCILE HAMLET WILLIAMS

*B. L. and Diploma in Oratory*  
HARRELLSVILLE, N. C.

LUCALIAN

*"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety"*

Small in appearance, but great in reality, LUCILE believes in her own opinions as she does in her future greatness. LUCILE, our president, has filled her office with the greatest efficiency. She is the most energetic girl of our Class; nothing seems too difficult for her to undertake.

We appreciate the great and successful tasks LUCILE has accomplished for our Class.

Her teachers have always told her that she had too much work, but—"Behold the Survival of the Fittest."

We often wonder if LUCILE will put aside her books long enough to receive her diploma for Commencement. Her faithfulness to her work is equalled only by her loyalty to her friends.

She is as staunch and true a friend as one can find, always sympathetic and lovable, and ever ready to do a service, whether great or small.

LUCILE is destined to a life of prosperity; not only does she receive a B. L. degree, but also a diploma in oratory. Her art of Expression is equal to that of Sarah Bernhardt. LUCILE has also studied and practiced Music diligently.

We look with pride upon LUCILE's future, to see which of the many channels now open to her she will follow.



GRACE BELLE BEASLEY, B. A.

COLERAIN, N. C.

LUCALIAN

*"Whose little body lugged a mighty mind"*



GRACE is one of the most energetic girls in our Class. Her love for steady work is readily seen by the brilliant record she is leaving at Chowan. She is one of the wittiest girls in school, and is a firm believer in fun. You may always see written upon her brow, "work while you work, and play while you play." GRACE is bright, sympathetic, and possesses every quality that goes toward making a pure and noble character. She has received many honors during her college career, among them, and perhaps the most important, is the office she filled with such efficiency—president of the Student Government Association. When her footsteps and her voice were heard, everything became silent, for she was respected and trusted by both Faculty and the girls. GRACE is leaving school in the noontide of her popularity, and we predict for her a life of distinction and happiness.

MARGARET ELIZABETH LYNK, B. L.  
BUIE'S CREEK, N. C.

ALATHENIAN

*"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye;  
In every gesture, dignity and love"*



We consider ELIZABETH a treasure in our Class. We know she is true to our Class motto, "On to the Heights," for, having finished in Expression last year, she returned this year to get her degree with the Class of '15. She is a girl of vigorous effort and honest aim, and has been diligent in all things. Not only her large brown eyes and navy-blue hair have caused her to be the winner in one contest which determined who was the prettiest girl in school, but also her loving disposition and gentle manners have won for her a host of admirers. She has a cheerful word and bright smile for everybody, and this has won the love and respect of both Faculty and students. She is calm in her actions, and when difficulties arise she faithfully surmounts them, and proceeds victoriously to the goal. She is a girl of sterling worth, and of truest steel. We are sure she will make good in whatever she undertakes.



STELLA FORBES GARRETT, B. A.  
BELHAVEN, N. C.

LUCALIAN

*"A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet"*



STELLA came to us three years ago. She is noted for her "crushes." The effects of the many arrows she has shot during her stay with us may be felt in every direction. On one occasion her aim was so deadly that a girl was compelled to leave school in order to escape a natural death. STELLA is ever a busybody, active in all things, and always ready to lend a helping hand where a good time is in view. There cannot be found a more mischievous girl in the Senior Class. During her stay in our midst, she has crushed two hearts in the Faculty, and wounded others, as may easily be seen by the "Ray" of sunshine which beams on her face, and the "Bell" she's always ringing for "consoling time." As Editor-in-Chief of the Annual she made the other Seniors hustle. If she survives the many heavy tasks which face her, she will be ready for a life filled with happiness.

Fifteen



RETTA GRIFFIN, B. A.  
WOODLAND, N. C.

LUCALIAN

*"Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on thee"*



RETTA is one of our number who realizes that things are accomplished—not by putting them off until tomorrow, but by doing each one in turn. She has manifested her belief in this principle by the good work she has accomplished as Business Manager of *The Columns*. She even believes that the steps that can be gained today should be deferred until tomorrow. (Wonder if this applies to her Sunday cuts.) Her gentle voice and quiet, unassuming, dignified manner have not only won for her the good will of the girls, but also of the teachers. We feel sure that she will continue through life with the same true success as she has had while here in school.

JESSIE MAIE PILAND, B. A.  
WINTON, N. C.

ALATHENIAN

*"My tongue, within my lips remain,  
For who talks much must talk in vain"*



JESSIE is a quiet, reserved, modest, unassuming student, who is ever attending to her own affairs. She may seem distant to those who do not know her, but to her friends she is always genial and kind. To understand and admire her, you must know her. Her motto is "talk little, and think much," which she follows very closely. In her work, she has shown untiring energy, and has worked day and night, until she ranks high as a student and is highly respected by all. Her heart is big, and her sympathies broad; ever faithful and punctual to duty. She has also manifested much interest in the Christian work of the College. Therefore we may characterize her as a young woman who stands for friendship, honor, and a Christian character; and in later years, because of these qualities, she will stand high in her profession.

Sixteen





ANNIE ELIZABETH BARNACASCEL, B. A.  
MURFREESBORO, N. C.

ALATHENIAN

*"A merry heart doeth good like medicine."*



Here is one of our best girls. She is always busy, except on rare occasions, when she delights in teasing. ANNIE LIZZIE, as she is called by the girls, is a "little bunch of everything compressed into nothing." She can talk as fast and as much as the next one; and usually, when she ceases something has been said. She stands second to none in her classes; she can solve a geometrical theorem, and the "Hale, Electrician," problem both at the same time. Her faithfulness to duty, and obedience to all rules, give her a likeness to the "Minute Men" of the Revolution. She is always at her post of duty—ready at a minute's notice. Though undecided as to her life work, we predict a most prosperous career for her in whatever she undertakes.



## Class of 1913



SEE them over again,  
As they passed in the train,  
And again  
The corridors long resound,  
As they romped up and down,  
"Raising cane."

They say that in their youth,  
Ere the ways of right and truth  
Had been given,  
Not a greener set was found  
Anywhere for miles around,  
Than the seven.

Now they walk along the street,  
And all look at them that they meet—  
They are known.  
What others think they do not care;  
None with them can compare—  
They are alone.

No doubt it is a shame  
For them everlastingly to blame  
Lesser lights;  
But to them a plodding "prep"  
Coming along the road they crept  
Is a fright.

And if they should live to hear  
Their Alma Mater fond and dear  
Was great,  
Let them smile and go their way;  
"It was they," the world will say,  
"Changed her fate."

## Senior Class History



HE first event for Chowan College Freshmen! In the year 1911, an event of great importance took place in the history of Chowan College; namely, the entrance of the Class of 1915.

This year everything dates directly back to that wonderful day—September 10, 1911.

After reaching the destination of our long-anticipated journey, "twelve guileless little maids" were ushered into the walls of Chowan, and destined to remain there for four long years, enduring both pleasures and toils beyond all description.

In our Freshman year, notwithstanding the fact that we were very weak, as a result of our heroic efforts to escape the twenty days' flood, which began September the eighteenth and lasted through October the eighth (during which time salt poured in torrents from every nook and corner), we broke all records of preceding Classes, being the first to organize in peace. For that reason *alone*, we should go down in history as a wonderful Class.

So marked was the brilliancy of this Class, that many times we were ushered into the presence of a waiting Faculty, to solve difficult problems that arose during the year.

Our influence was felt from the beginning throughout the entire school, especially by the "Sophs," who derived such unlimited pleasure from presenting us with a dish of salt Thanksgiving Day, when we had been given a table of our own in order that our stately appearance might be more pronounced. We merely considered them the most considerate of neighbors, since "Bartel" had accidentally turned the salt-box over the morning before.

At the rapid rate we were going, the Faculty feared we would finish our four years' course within two, and hence insisted that we withdraw to a shady nook, to meditate therein until the fall of 1912 should arrive.

After spending some time contemplating how we should entertain the Freshies who would enter Chowan in 1912, as guests of "the wonderful Sophomores," we returned to assume our new duties. The Freshmen of this year were royally treated in every way.

We registered for the work of 1913, each girl leaving the office with the motto "Know-All Girls" imprinted upon her brow. Much to our sorrow, several of our girls had left us; but one enthusiastic member was added to our list. Passing all of our examinations safely, some of us received demerits for tardiness, after the Christmas recess. (*How many remember it?*)

Something great! The photographer comes, takes our pictures, and into the Annual we go! Then we were on the road to real distinction.

This was a year of hard work, accomplished after a great struggle; but in May, 1913, we found we were really a dignified Class of Juniors. Tired were our hearts and weary our brains, for the one held much experience, the other much knowledge.

September found us reassembled within the dear old walls—the majority of us, at least; several of our number had escaped, in order to avoid the great responsibilities of the dreaded year. Organized we soon were, and began our new year with many wild dreams and schemes. Examinations, and the "terrible excitement of the dreaded uprising," were safely passed. Everyone was delighted; one more flight of steps to ascend, and then Seniority would be inscribed upon our Class banner.

Now came the thrilling event of our entire three years at Chowan—*Junior privileges*. Sh! But silently and gently our dear Lady Principal crushed us with a word: "Young ladies, for fear you have not yet passed the stage of mischief and flirtation, and for fear this sudden plunge into dignity will leave you quite frail, you must refrain from indulgence in further Junior privileges." Stung!

Next we turned our attention to the planning of the Senior Reception, which was a great responsibility for the "little seven."

At last we decided to entertain them on St. Patrick's Day. The fondest dream of the Class of 1915 was realized on the evening of March the seventeenth, when the Seniors of '14 entered the reception-hall in all their dignity. Of all the occasions of the year, this was the crowning one. Real formality and "shamrocks" pervaded the atmosphere. It was in every way a most remarkable success. The hour for departure came all too soon. Should you like to know how our "elder sisters" enjoyed the evening, and what they and the Faculty said about us, ask some members of the '14 Class.

Our Junior year swiftly drew to a close, after our privileges were restored.

Thus far we had gone on our way to the goal; but our destinies were yet to be unfolded.

However, we felt sure that our intellectuality, our persistence, and our faithfulness would carry us through—now, we are *Seniors!*

Six of us came back to tread the paths together for another year. Old Chowan had undergone many changes during the summer of 1914, and hence with our new President and Faculty we entered upon our work.

Proud and faithful Seniors we were; and with the same fortitude with which we began our work as Freshmen, we finished it.

Parlor and library walls were bare! Something had to be done; accordingly, pictures were ordered, to beautify the parlor and library. The bill was sent to the Class of '15 (All candy boxes left in Room 7, please).

Think of what difficulties we encountered in our Senior work! And yet we were loyal. *The Columns*—to whom does the credit go?—the first real magazine old Chowan ever issued!

Then, similar to the "Revival of Learning" which broke the bands of the dark era, the whole school was made to rejoice, and the Faculty to wonder—Student Government! When our footsteps were heard, the Faculty drew a sigh of relief, and upon every girl's brow shone "honor." Liberty giving to our own selves.

At the beginning of the middle term, a new member joined our band. The year swiftly drew to a close. Many gray hairs were the result of the year's pitfalls and "duels"; but soon they will pass away, and golden webs will take their places.

The future looks bright; opportunities seem staring us in the face, and for the first time we are leaving Chowan to face the world alone. Work wonders? Surely we will; higher hopes and stronger bonds of loyalty were never embedded in the hearts of seven girls.

Remember, perseverance maketh good. We will soon enter into our realm of true womanhood. Our last plan, as we bid farewell to Chowan, is to return, ten years hence, for our 1925 Reunion.

As a work of appreciation for the amount of training and development we have received, we leave to our Alma Mater the best of wishes for her highest possible prosperity. May each one of us who have studied together, lived and fought together, for four years, always cherish her Alma Mater.

—HISTORIAN

# Senior Class Prophecy

(1920)



AFTER the dreadful effects of the European war had been felt throughout all Europe, the less powerful nations felt most severely the backward step in civilization; and it was those upon whom the horrors of war fell most terribly.

In addition to the destruction of the most glorious and powerful nations of Europe, a plague of the most terrible sort, which often follows war, when the strictest sanitary conditions are not maintained, came upon the little country of Roumania, destroying many thousands of the inhabitants.

The call came to America for aid, and I was sent by the Red Cross Association to the little country of Roumania as a Red Cross nurse.

In the hospital, there lay very ill an old woman, who attracted my attention from the very first.

She was my patient, and as she began to improve I would read aloud to her each day.

Finally, one day she said to me, "Stop reading, and tell me about yourself."

I had already told her that I was an American, so I gave her a short sketch of my life, mentioning only the important events.

One of these events I told her was that I was graduated from Chowan College, in 1915. There were only seven in my Class. For some length of time I knew of the whereabouts of my classmates; but years have passed now, and I have lost trace of all of them. How I wish I knew where they were, and what they were doing at the present time!

In the midst of my conversation, my patient interrupted me, and said, "My dear child, I'm a fortune teller; and as soon as I recover, I will tell you of your classmates."

A few days passed, and the old woman improved rapidly. Soon she was able to leave her ward. Time passed. I was kept busy with my work, each day becoming interested in some new patient. The promise of my former patient had passed entirely from my mind.

Late one afternoon of the following summer, I was tired from my week's work, and decided to walk out in the country, where I would be free from the noise of the city, and enjoy Nature's beauty.

As I walked all alone, my thoughts drifted slowly back to my dear Alma Mater and my classmates.

Suddenly I noticed a bent old form sitting under a shade tree. At once I recognized her as the same old woman I had nursed so faithfully just a year ago. Then the association of her four-weeks' stay in the hospital brought back her promise to me.

I came near where she sat, and stood silent for a minute. She looked at me very closely, and then I saw her face grow bright, and she said, "My dear child, where did you come from?" I told her. Then, after some minutes she said, "Oh yes; and I promised to tell you the fate of your classmates." Then she proceeded:

"Why, Elizabeth L. is now going to Emerson. She gets another diploma in Expression next spring. She will soon be a full-fledged society woman, until she meets a man that she knows is 'the man'; then her happy career will end.

"And Stella is going to Vassar now. She is a very ambitious girl, but she will surely marry a Yankee, to get out of taking her final examinations.

"Annie, the flirt of your Class, has been in love with five different boys in the past six months, and if things go on at that rate she will be married Christmas.

"Perhaps you already know that Miss Wynn is married. No one could take her Education II Class except Jessie. She has been teaching Education II for the past two years at her Alma Mater. To be a member of the Chowan Faculty is a great honor.

"Retta, you know, always was a suffragette. After an exciting campaign, last fall, she was elected mayor of New York.

"Now there is Lucile, who is a girl of many capabilities. Her great talent for Expression has led her to be the greatest poet of the twentieth century. Her latest poem—'When the Day Is Done.'

"Now may a long and prosperous life be yours, and may you always merit the praise of your Alma Mater."

As the approaching shades of night awakened in me the realization that I was far from my patients, who would be growing weary for attention, I expressed my gratitude to the old woman, and turned my steps homeward, meditating over the glorious tidings that had come to me concerning my old companions.

Hence to work after my stroll, and to wish that happiness pursue each member of the 1915 Class always.

—PROPHET

## Senior Class Will



E, the Senior Class of Chowan College, of the year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen, having passed through our Freshman year boasting that we passed our Mathematics examinations, passed into "Sophomoredom," bearing with dignity all the honor of the regal splendor, and withstood the homage paid us by our less fortunate sisters, the Freshmen and "Preps." As Juniors, we rejoiced to see another step advanced towards the temple of fame, yet enduring stoically the taunts of our more favored sisters, the Seniors; having survived the torture of Psychology, Ethics, and Logic, and vanquished our eternal foe, Education II.

Still remaining of sane mind, and realizing that we are about to be called from hence, we do hereby make our last Will and Testament.

FIRST—We order our Class Historian to make a record of our achievements; our unbroken record as a model Class; for the wise use of that inestimable constituent of the human brain, gray matter; our record of model decorum for the past four years; and that a copy of the same be donated to the College Library, for the benefit of posterity.

SECOND—We give and bequeath to the Junior Class the privilege of being called Seniors, of editing the Magazine, getting out the Annual, serving at recitals, being on speaking terms with the Faculty, sitting at Miss Wynn's table, and the superfluous amount of dignity possessed by our Class.

THIRD—We bequeath the Sophomores all of the good advice concerning their lonely walk in life that we have been able to gather along the way, and recommend to them, as an antidote for false pride, one flunk in Trigonometry taken before meals as a Spring tonic.

FOURTH—Whereas the Freshman Class is too ignorant to know its needs, and too young to manage its affairs, we appoint the special teachers their guardians; and whereas they have found a place in the tender heart of the president, we declare it henceforth our desire that the Freshman Class have the privilege of taking a nap during study-hour, and compose the members of the Student Council.

FIFTH—To the "Preps," we extend the hand of comradeship. We know how you feel—but "Be hearty, and endure"; and we bequeath to you the entire service of Dr. Campbell, to furnish teeth whenever they are needed.

Twenty-Three

SIXTH—We give and bequeath to the Special Juniors the remains of our badly dilapidated Latin and Mathematics books, and a cap and gown.

SEVENTH—We bequeath to Chowan College an everlasting monument of our love, loyalty, and good will, a towering monument, erected (the place not yet definitely fixed), to be dedicated on the day of graduation.

EIGHTH—Whereas, there remain others of our goods and chattels not yet disposed of, we empower our executors to dispose of them in the following manner:

To Professor Lineberry, a driving horse he is not afraid to drive, and the money in our treasury not yet used, to put in more electric lights and pay the bills each month.

To Miss Livermon, a maid to close the pianos, lower the windows, ring the bells, and do general house-cleaning; and an honored seat in the Student Council.

To Miss Johnson, a sure enough "fighting spirit."

To Miss Vann, a desire to give at least one recital at Chowan each year.

To Miss Stephenson, a class in Voice, that can be taught during the day, and a few more hyacinths from the flower garden down the street.

To Miss Jordan, eight periods a day, so she may get in her work.

To Misses Faucette, Ashcraft, Lander, Bell, Vann, and Elliott, a parlor in which to entertain company, so that they will not have to use classrooms.

To Miss Abernathy, a place in literature with Virgil, Homer, and Livy.

To Mr. Mitchell, the pleasure of being the Faculty Advisor for the Class of 1916, in getting out their Magazine and Annual.

And to the Faculty as a whole, a position at Chowan until time claims them for higher services.

We do hereby appoint as executors of this Will such members of the Class as have sworn, for reasons best known to themselves, to single blessedness, and who will spend their days in influencing succeeding generations to do likewise. Having no further matters to consider, we feel sober to entrust this into their hands.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we do set our hand, this the nineteenth day of May, 1915.

Signed, sealed, and declared to be our last Will and Testament. Sworn to in the presence of Hon. Julian Spiers. In testimony of which, we as witnesses do subscribe our names hereto.

Signed:

JESSIE PERSEVERE PILAND  
DIFFERENT RETTA GRIFFIN  
ELIZABETH MODEST LYNK





JUNIOR CLASS

# Junior Class

MOTTO: "After It; Follow It; Follow the Gleam"

COLORS: Blue and Gold

FLOWER: Marechal Neil Rose

YELL: Chee-hee; cha, ha!

Chee-ha-ha-ha!

Chowan Juniors

Rah, rah, rah!



## OFFICERS

PAULINE ELEY ..... *President*

BETTIE WILLIAMS TAYLOR ..... *Vice-President*

HELEN WINBORNE ..... *Secretary*

RUTH SAWYER ..... *Treasurer*

RUTH NORWOOD ..... *Historian*

NINA PARKER ..... *Poet*



## CLASS ROLL

HELEN BRETT

MAUDE SAWYER

PAULINE ELEY

RUTH SAWYER

MARIE JENKINS

BETTIE WILLIAMS TAYLOR

RUTH NORWOOD

NELL WARD

NINA PARKER

JESSIE WATSON

GRACE PIERCE

HELEN WINBORNE

## Junior Class Poem



OR three long years,  
Mid doubts and fears,  
We've worked with all our might;  
From Freshies band,  
And Sophs so grand,  
To Juniors gay and bright.

Our trials came,  
But just the same  
We met them square and true,  
We learned to bluff—  
'Twas not enough;  
At Chowan that won't do.

Oh, yes we know it all,  
God grant we may not fall,  
All things great, small, and grand;  
And as from our exalted state  
We watch the Freshman quake,  
How we praise the worthy Junior band!

But Juniors dear,  
Just one more year,  
We must still "Follow the Gleam."  
And then at last,  
Advancing fast,  
We will welcome dear Sixteen.

## Junior History



WITHSTANDING the embarrassment, and conquering the fears of our "verdant Freshmanism," then graciously upholding the pride and jovial bearing of our Sophomority, we have looked steadily forward to the time when we should be Juniors. Juniors! How good the state of Juniority seemed to us as we looked at it in perspective! In our fervent fancies, the joys of being Juniors far surpassed the honor and importance of being Seniors. Now that the future has become the present, we are Juniors; but we have not found the life one of ease and pleasure. There has been no cessation of our labors, as we had vainly imagined; but, on the other hand, we have found larger and greater tasks awaiting us.

The Junior year opened with abundant opportunities and resolutions for better work in the future. Effort stared us in the face; but it was not unwelcome, if it would only help carry us creditably to the end. Nor did we feel that the word "Creditable" meant simply to pass on our examinations, and see our pictures in the Annual. We desired to be well-rounded, and accomplished in all the arts which our natures are capable of appreciating; in other words, "prepared for complete life." As Carlyle says, "If history is the only study, that includes all others whatsoever". The Junior Class has ample material for a history, for among its members you will find representatives of all the branches of knowledge.

Our Junior year is swiftly drawing to a close. We "look before and after," and would fain detain each pleasure as it passes; yet we have our eyes set firmly on the future, which holds our goal, "Seniority," with all its possibilities and sorrows, its encouragements and disappointments, its successes and its failures.

We stand at the door, and knock. So, the last door, that of "Final Examinations," which shuts us out from the land of Seniority, begins to open, and to disclose to us the responsibilities, the delights, and the joys of the hitherto unknown realm.





SOPHOMORE CLASS

# Sophomore Class

"Mount the heights that rise before thee;  
Grasp the star that gleams above thee"

COLORS: Purple and Old Gold

FLOWER: Violet



## OFFICERS

FRANCES BENTHALL .....	<i>President</i>
HELEN LEARY .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
HANNAH HOLLOMAN .....	<i>Secretary</i>
BEATRICE HUNTER .....	<i>Treasurer</i>
INEZ BENTHALL .....	<i>Poet</i>
CELIA ASHLEY .....	<i>Historian</i>



## MEMBERS

CELIA ASHLEY	BEATRICE HUNTER
FRANCES BENTHALL	HELEN LEARY
INEZ BENTHALL	INEZ MATTHEWS
LUCILLE BRITTON	MAGNOLIA MITCHELL
JESSIE CHITTY	ADA MORRIS
ANNIE COOKE	ELSIE PILAND
MARY FLEETWOOD	BETTIE SUE SEWELL
ALMA FREEMAN	MAUDE SIMMONS
HANNAH HOLLOMAN	ROSA WHITLEY

## Sophomore Class Poem



PROUD of our new estate, hither we came,  
Planning in all things great honors to claim.  
Plumed for the unattained, confident of winning  
Heights by few ever gained—great our beginning.

For, in our estimation, the worst was behind.

"Fresh," and all uprisings therewith combined.

But we have learned that earth still has its troubles—

Juniors to battle with, Seniors to burst our bubbles,

The Faculty, too, helps them, staid, stern, and exacting;

And—honestly, this year we've felt ourselves contracting.

And, from all indications, I draw the surmise

That with moderate elation we'll find our true size,

And round our Sophomority with sober judgment gained—

A passport to Juniority too rarely obtained.

—POET

## History of Sophomore Class



E, THE Sophomores of Nineteen Fifteen, came to Chowan College by the name of "Little Greenies," a name which by our spartan zeal, our dignified bearing, our strong determination to surpass in achievements all previous Freshmen, soon became ludicrous when applied to any member of this unsurpassed Class.

As Freshmen, we passed through all known stages of homesickness, built "air castles," survived all of the terrors of the negro insurrection, and had, what seemed to us, both arms vaccinated at the same time, suffering every agony that is permitted mortals to undergo.

But these trials and tribulations only bound us closer together, and we toiled day and night in our efforts to pass successfully all Freshman examinations, so that we might become important Sophomores.

Our efforts did not prove in vain, for on the following year we were recognized by Seniors, Juniors, and the Faculty—in fact, by the entire school—as

### Sophomores

Just emerging from our Freshman year, we thought that practically all of our hardest work was over; but in this we were mistaken, for never have Sophomores had to work harder than we did in upholding the honor and dignity of our great Class and College.

We have striven to live down that reputation which is customarily given to Sophomore Classes. They may call us the "Wise Fools," but nevertheless we are digging faithfully for the "pure gold" of education.

And now, our voyage of nine months is nearing its close. Our little ship, "The Sophomore," has made her trip successfully. At times, the seas have been troubled, the winds have blown, and the storms have raged; but now the air is still, and all is calm once again.

However, we are not quite satisfied; we are looking forward to something higher and better. For, "Our reach should exceed our grasp, or what's a heaven for?"

By the last rays of the setting sun, we see a light which grows brighter. Is it another ship? Yes, and now we see the name in large glittering letters. It is

"Junior"

—HISTORIAN





FRESHMAN CLASS

# Freshman Class

MOTTO: *Onward and Upward*

FLOWER: Goldenrod

COLORS: Old Gold and Black



## OFFICERS

VESTA BENTHALL .....	<i>President</i>
REBECCA BAUGHAM .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY HARRELL .....	<i>Secretary</i>
ELOISE HORTON .....	<i>Treasurer</i>
GRACE SYKES .....	<i>Historian</i>
LAURA GAY ....	<i>Poet</i>



## CLASS ROLL

REBECCA BAUGHAM	WERTIE HARRELL
VESTA BENTHALL	ELOISE HORTON
IRENE DAVIS	GLADYS LASSITER
LAURA GAY	MARY LAWRENCE
MARY HARRELL	EDNA SEWELL

## Freshman Class Poem



DON'T you know we all's a Class—  
Oh, little Freshies?  
But I'se a hopin' dat we will pass  
From little Freshies;  
For when we come to dis here school las' Fall,  
We thought that we jes' knowed it all;  
But when the Sophomores they come aroun',  
Then we jes' had to lower our crown—  
Us little Freshies.

Dey say we does make big mistakes—  
Us little Freshies;  
But what else could you speck, fer de lawd's sake,  
From little Freshies?  
When dem 'lectric lights we seen,  
We thought dem run by gasoline;  
Den we tried to blow dem out,  
Bet we didn't know what we wuz about—  
Us little Freshies.

Don't you know we's got a task—  
Us little Freshies;  
To get to dat air Soph'more Class—  
Us little Freshies?  
But we jes' can't stand it at all,  
To appear to others as being small;  
And when September again comes 'round,  
We'll be Sophs. Humph! How big that sound  
To little Freshies!

On Class, too, we sho' is smart—  
Us little Freshies;  
An answers come from ebery part  
Ob dis Class ob Freshies.  
When our teacher axed where de Oran wuz found,  
Wertie said "Is dat a city, State, or town?"  
And all jest laughed, but ne'er a frown  
On us little Freshies.

But den we ain't so mighty green—  
Us little Freshies;  
A worse lot dan us mought be seen—  
Oh, little Freshies.  
Why, our teacher says dat we's so smart,  
Trough Math, we go wid sich a dart,  
Dat ob all de Classes, we's got de start!  
Nice little Freshies!

## History of the Freshman Class



THE ninth and tenth days of September, 1914, were the longest days the Freshmen of Chowan College have ever experienced. The first month seemed at least a year to everyone. On the night of our arrival, we were forced to stand in the middle of the floor of our rooms, from supper hour until the light bell rang, for the proud Sophomores were paying us their first call. That was the beginning of our torture.

For three or four weeks, we Freshmen would attend Class, and then go back immediately to our rooms, so homesick that we could do nothing but cry. Little by little we became accustomed to the rules and regulations of the school, and ventured out among the girls. Still we thought everything around Chowan was exceedingly lonesome, and very different from the world in which we had been living.

On Hallowe'en, we were reminded by the "old girls" that "The Lady in Brown" would pay us a call that night. So we made ready for the call by locking our doors and windows before retiring; however, this did not prevent us from hearing the rustling of her silks as she swept down the corridors.

We waited quite a while before we perfected our organization. We finally ventured and began work, with our motto "*Onward and Upward*" constantly before us. Now, since we have undergone matriculation, examination, initiation, starvation, and isolation, we have no fear of graduation, and are determined to make the best record that any Class has ever made in the history of the College.

Ah! this is the Class to be reckoned with. We have passed through many trials and tribulations, and emerged victorious. We now challenge any Class in school to produce a better specimen of the "metamorphosed ignoramus."

—HISTORIAN



MASCOT  
SENIOR SPECIAL CLASS

# Senior Special Class

+

MOTTO: *Fortes Fortema Juvat*

COLORS: Green and Wisteria

FLOWER: Sweet Pea

+

## OFFICERS

IDA LOU FUTRELL .....	<i>President</i>
ADDIE JENKINS .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
ROSEBUD NOWELL .....	<i>Secretary</i>
EVA BOYETTE .....	<i>Treasurer</i>
WILLIE PERKINS MIZELLE.....	<i>Prophet</i>
MARIETTA PICOT .....	<i>Poet</i>

+

## MEMBERS

MYRA AUMACK	ADDIE JENKINS
EVA BOYETTE	WILLIE PERKINS MIZELLE
IDA LOU FUTRELL	ROSEBUD NOWELL
	MARIETTA PICOT

IDA LOU FUTRELL (*Piano*)..... Conway, N. C.

ALATHENIAN

*"Experience, like a pale musician holds  
A dulcimer of patience in her hand"*



Like a comet, LOU has fairly shot through our midst, accomplishing in the shortest length of time what seemed to us well-nigh impossible. At the Court of Love, LOU is a girl not only conscious of her loveliness but able to use it in entrapping and binding many victims, possessing sensuous witchery and intellectual power—that terrible combination. In herself, IDA LOU wishes to perfect the noble qualities with which God has endowed her, and thus the highest aim in life will be reached. Even though her name may not be perpetuated in song or stone, her memory will still linger, and future generations will call her blessed.



EVA OLIVIA BOYETTE (*Voice*).....Murfreesboro, N. C.

LUCALIAN

*How sweet the sound of a woman's tongue—a string  
which has no discord*



EVA is our only Senior in Voice, and consequently she is of special value to the Class. She never fails to perform successfully any duty assigned to her. With a strong will and a firm determination, she goes steadily to her goal. Honor and success await her in her musical career.

Thirty-Nine

ADDIE LEE JENKINS (*Expression*). Murfreesboro, N. C.  
LUCALIAN

*"Without the fear of any digression,  
We give her chief place in Expression"*



ADDIE is an excellent worker, and can be counted on at all times to uphold the interest of her College. Expression is her "hobby." She is good-natured, jolly, and humorous; an impersonator and mimic; and she can make a "coon" take a back seat any time. Her favorite pastime—and she has many—is motoring, and she is fortunate in having an expert chauffeur at her command. ADDIE has many attractive qualities, and we do not believe that she will be allowed to spend many years in the schoolma'am profession. We expect great things of her.

MARIETTA PICOT (*Oratory*). .....Como, N. C.  
LUCALIAN

*A woman's a woman for a' that*



When MARIETTA came to us, she entered the Special Class, for her eyes prevented her from taking much literary work; but after all she was "far-sighted," for now she has discovered that the Specials are the ideals.

Though she's a most retiring and modest young girl, when she does come to the front, on the stage, she holds her audience spellbound, whether she's appearing as "Billy" in "Miss Minerva and William Green Hill," or in the Shakespearean roll of "Juliet."



MYRA SKINNER AUMACK (*Piano*).....Mackeys, N. C.

ALATHENIAN

*"Music, sphere-descended maid  
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid"*



We now turn our attention to one who is recognized as being the jolliest and one of the most popular and entertaining members of our Class, having received a number of honors, all of which are well merited. She is always ready to engage in innocent amusement. Although she loves fun, you can count on her to be serious at the proper time. MYRA casts a magic spell over her audience when she begins "teasing the ivory." As a musician, she equals Chopin. She is not only gifted in music, but in many other arts; she excels in everything. MYRA has taken an active part in society, and is interested in everything that concerns the welfare of the College. Considering every quality, she is an ideal College girl. She knows no such word as failure.



ROSEBUD NOWELL (*Oratory*).....Coleraine, N. C.

ALATHENIAN

*"Happy who in her verse can gently steer  
From grave to light, from pleasant to severe"*



Although the baby of our Senior Class, her queenly bearing and lofty manner would not lead one to that conclusion. ROSEBUD is a splendid leader, full of strong ideas and opinions, to which she holds with great tenacity. She is animated, even to the soles of her new shoes. She possesses a wonderful ability for rhyming, particularly the words "love" and "hate." Much talking is her specialty, and this wins for her admiration and good marks.

Forty-One





WILLIE PERKINS MIZELLE (*Piano*).. Windsor, N. C.  
ALATHENIAN

*"She seizes hearts, not waiting for consent,  
Like sudden death, that snatches unprepared;  
Like fire from heaven, scarce seen so soon as felt"*



For three years, PERK has been characterized by her never-failing amount of energy. She has never been known to become tired of her work. She is not only a girl of personal magic and beauty, but she has natural genius, and is as unconscious of it as she is of the good she does. In this unconsciousness lies her greatest charm.

Her simplicity, clearness of intelligence, along with her natural brightness and instinctive purity, distinguish her from others. Thus, pure at heart and sound of mind, PERK is a natural and true woman.

### Jessie's Announcement

*"Love goes toward love, as schoolboys  
from their books;  
But love from love, toward school with  
heavy looks"*



JESSIE would have finished in Voice had she stayed with us, but Cupid had been playing havoc with her studies for quite a time, and finally claimed her. We wish for her a long and prosperous life.

Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Richard Garrett

announce the marriage of their daughter

Jessie Elizabeth

to

Mr. Roberts Harrell Jernigan

Tuesday, February the second

nineteen hundred and fifteen

Ahoskie, North Carolina

At Home  
after February Fifteenth  
Harrellsville, N. C.

## Senior Special Class Poem



E, THE Senior Specials of C. C.,  
Regret, Chowan, this to say to thee:  
But we know the time is drawing nigh  
When we to thee must bid good bye.

Four long years, with steady aim,

We have spent with thee to win our fame;

And sadly we do go, but without fear,

For thou hast prepared us for our career.

We, as diplomats from thy walls go,

Our wonderful artistic ability to show,

And we shall to the world proclaim

How these arts from thee we did obtain

Our tasks with thee are now at an end;  
Outside thy walls our lives we must spend;  
But when out in the big, wide universe,  
The thought of thee we'll ne'er disperse.

Our memories of thee shall never perish;  
For our Alma Mater we will always cherish.  
O, wind of memory, gently stir,  
For our dear Chowan we would not blur.

And through this world, as we go on,  
We shall feel indebted to Chowan;  
And we thank thee more than we can tell—  
So now, farewell, Chowan; farewell.

—POET



## Prophecy of Senior Special Class



NE YEAR, when chaperoning a party of my pupils abroad, I had many great experiences. There were several other parties on board the ship, and among them were some of my friends whom I had not seen since the summer before, when we were taking the same trip together, so this made it very pleasant for us. We would sit on deck, and listen to the girls and boys as they told of their many experiences in college. It all brought back to me a vivid picture of my college days, and the pleasant associations we had enjoyed while at our Alma Mater.

It proved a most delightful trip crossing the ocean; the weather was delightful, and we were decidedly fortunate in not encountering any storms or fogs.

After being on board the ship five or six days, we reached Liverpool, but stayed there only a few hours, as we were on our way to Berlin, in order that the girls might be placed under a competent instructor of Music.

We arrived in Berlin three days after landing, and after arranging the work for each of the girls I was left alone. I enjoyed roaming around very much, and consequently noted the great improvements that had taken place during the past year.

One morning, as I was walking down the street, I noticed a sign in front of the Royal Theater. It read as follows: "Six of America's Greatest Artistes Appear in Edison's Talking Moving Pictures, Tonight at Seven o'Clock." Being an American myself, this attracted my attention immediately, and aroused my curiosity. On returning to the hotel, I told the girls about it, and they were wild with enthusiasm to see them.

Seven o'clock found a crowd of very talkative Americans, eagerly expectant that, by chance, among these renowned artistes there might be some familiar face.

The wonderful play, "The Follies of 1915," which had created such a sensation under an assumed name of the writer, was to be shown, and the writer's name revealed.

When the author's name appeared, and immediately following this the cast was announced, I was so filled with surprise and emotion that I was unable to appreciate the situation. I sat as one in a trance, and as one often expresses it was forced to "pinch myself to see if it was really I." That Addie Jenkins had risen to such prominence as a playwright, would not have surprised me under ordinary circumstances, as I remembered her as a girl of unusual genius during our school days. But, as the names of the characters appeared one by one, and I saw that each was a member of the Class of '15, who together with the author were to be the sensation of the day, it was more than I could bear.

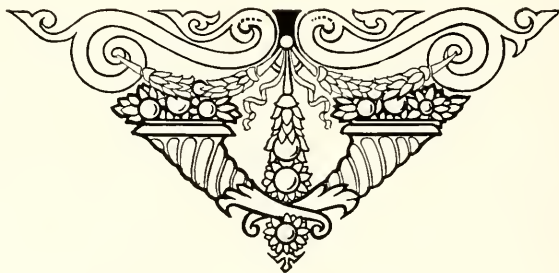
As the first picture appeared on the canvas, it showed a large living-room, with beautiful furnishings. The leading character, Deian'era, entered; she wore a handsome gown, and appeared to be a society lady. Then entered her niece, Gertrude, who was far different from her aunt. She was very witty, and kept the audience laughing all the time. It was several minutes before I could place these two members of my Class, but on second thought it flashed over my mind that they were Rosebud Nowell and Mar'etta Picot.

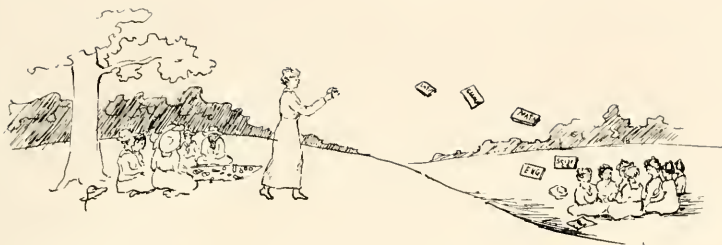
Just then the scene changed, and the next picture that appeared was that of a great singer, Florence Seagle, whom I had heard of so much. She sang one of the great operas of the day. Her accompanist was Lillian Clark, who was known to be the greatest American pianist. At first, I recognized the singer to be Eva Boyette, but I could not recall the pianist. Finally, after recalling the names of my classmates, it occurred to me that it was Ida Lou Futrell.

The scene changed again, and this time another great pianist appeared. It was Helen Mae Kan. She played several beautiful selections, and from her touch and remarkable technic, and from the way she held the audience spellbound, I knew at once that it was Myra Aumack.

As we were coming out, one of the girls asked if they hadn't heard me speak of Jessie Garrett as being one of my classmates. I told them yes; but that she preferred the bonds of matrimony to a certificate in Voice.

—PROPHET





## Excelsior



THE Senior Specials were going fast  
 As through dear Chowan walls they passed,  
 Each one who bore 'mid toil and care,  
 An honor with the Faculty rare—  
 Excelsior!

Each heart was sad, each sigh beneath  
 Ached as these Seniors did bequeath,  
 Their hearty wishes for the Class of '16,  
 Who would also exclaim in high esteem,  
 "Excelsior!"

"You cannot win!" one teacher said,  
 Your goal is far up overhead;  
 The way to success is deep and wide";  
 And loud that echoing voice replied,  
 "Excelsior!"

"O lean," another said, "and rest  
 Thy weary head upon my breast!"  
 There appeared in view a tear-stained eye,  
 Yet the Senior answered with a sigh,  
 "Excelsior!"

"Beware the difficulties you will meet,  
 Beware the pitfalls at your feet"—  
 These were the pessimist's warning words;  
 Still from the echoing voice was heard,  
 "Excelsior!"

Then Mayday came; so bright and gay,  
 So full of joy and life, did stray  
 The Senior Class, just seven in all,  
 With merry voices from Chowan walls—  
 Excelsior!

—M. S. A., '15



SPECIAL CLASS

## Special Class

MOTTO: *No Victory Without Labor*

COLORS: Purple and Old Gold

FLOWER: Violet



### OFFICERS

LOTTIE WALKER POPE .....	<i>President</i>
BEULAH LEE BAYLEY .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELIZABETH BRAY ROBERTSON .....	<i>Secretary</i>
JANIE HORTON PARKER .....	<i>Treasurer</i>
JESSIE BRUCE VANN .....	<i>Historian</i>
RUTH MITCHELL THOMAS .....	<i>Poet</i>
LILLIAN MAE BRITE .....	<i>Prophet</i>



### MEMBERS

BEULAH LEE BAGLEY  
 LILLIAN MAE BRITE  
 BESSIE TUCKERMAN CURRIE  
 JULIA HELEN DREWETT  
 MAYO WILLIAMS

LOTTIE WALKER POPE  
 ELIZABETH BRAY ROBERTSON  
 MAE SMALLWOOD  
 KATHERINE MAE TAYLOR  
 LOTTIE CLOE WOODARD

RUTH MITCHELL THOMAS  
 JESSIE BRUCE VANN  
 SALLIE BELL VAUGHAN  
 HELEN VANE WILLIAMS

Forty-Eight





CHORUS CLASS



## Chorus Class



### OFFICERS

BEULAH BAGLEY .....	<i>President</i>
KATE JENKINS .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
INEZ BENTHALL .....	<i>Treasurer</i>
EDNA SEWELL .....	<i>Secretary</i>



### MEMBERS

BEULAH BAGLEY	ADDIE JENKINS	MAUDE SAWYER
INEZ BENTHALL	FANNIE JENKINS	EDNA SEWELL
EVA BOYETTE	KATE JENKINS	MAE SMALLWOOD
BESSIE CURRIE	MARIE JENKINS	BRUCE VANN
JULIA DREWETT	MAGNOLIA MITCHELL	HELEN WILLIAMS
LOLLIE HEDSPETH	LOTTIE POPE	MAYO WILLIAMS

Forty-Nine



CHOWAN COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

## Chowan College Glee Club

MISS FAUCETTE.....*Director and Accompanist*

+

*First Sopranos*

BEULAH BAGLEY

BESSIE CURRIE

KATE JENKINS

*Second Sopranos*

EVA BOYETTE

MAE SMALLWOOD

MAUD SAWYER

MAYO WILLIAMS

*First Contraltos*

JULIA DREWETT

MARIE JENKINS

HELEN WILLIAMS

*Second Contraltos*

INEZ BENTHALL

ADDIE JENKINS

MAGNOLIA MITCHELL

Fifty



ART CLUB



## Art Club

MOTTO: *An Accurate Eye and a Steady Hand*

COLORS: Purple and Green

FLOWER: Wisteria

PLACE OF MEETING: Club room



### OFFICERS

BEATRICE HUNTER .....	<i>President</i>
BETTIE SUE SEWELL .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELSIE PILAND .....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
LILLIAN BRITE .....	<i>Art Editor</i>



### MEMBERS

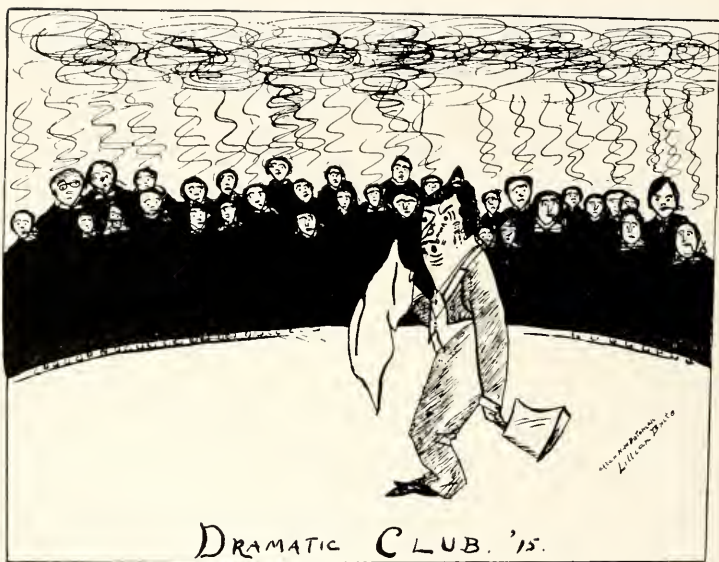
FRANCES BENTHALL  
HELEN BRELL

LILLIAN BRITE  
BEATRICE HUNTER  
FANNIE JENKINS

ELSIE PILAND  
BETTIE SUE SEWELL



MISS BELL, *Honorary Member*



## DRAMATIC CLUB '15.

MOUO: "Act, But Act Wisely

COLORS: Yellow and Green

FLOWER: Jonquil

+

### OFFICERS

LOTTIE WALKER POPE.....	President
ADDIE JENKINS .....	Vice-President
BETTIE WILLIAMS TAYLOR.....	Secretary and Treasurer
LUCILE HAMLET WILLIAMS and ROSEBUD NOWELL.....	Program Committee
MISS VANN .....	Faculty Advisor

+

### MEMBERS

MYRTLE BALDWIN	LAURA GAY	ELIZABETH LYNK	LOTTIE W. POPE
VESTA BENTHALL	WERTIE HARRELL	ROSEBUD NOWELL	BETTIE WILLIAMS TAYLOR
HELEN BRETT	LOLLIE HEDGEPEETH	GRACE PEARCE	RUTH THOMAS
IRENE DAVIS	ADDIE JENKINS	MARIETTA PICOT	SALLIE VAUGHAN
JESSIE WATSON		LUCILE H. WILLIAMS	

+

Here's to the Dramatic Club, the "Stars" of dear C. C.

For its members, great careers in the future there's sure to be;  
A few years from now, and you will behold  
Their fame will have spread from Pole to Pole.  
Some will be in our dear home land,  
Playing the role of "Juliet" grand,  
While others will act so well a part

They will be rivaled not even by Sarah Bernhardt.  
And here's to the girls who will some day  
Teach Expression in such a way  
That their fame will be echoed high and wide,  
From the Rocky heights to the Baltic tide,  
Lift high your toast with me, one and all,  
To the success of the Dramatic Club's ambitious  
call.

—L. W. P.



DRAMATIC CLUB



## Domestic Science

### OFFICERS

JANIE PARKER	.....	President
BRUCE VANN	.....	Secretary
RUTH THOMAS	.....	Treasurer

MOTTO: *Taste the food that stands before you;  
It is blessed and enchanted;  
It has magic virtues in it.*

COLORS: Green and Yellow

FLOWER: Cauliflower

+

### ROLL

BENTHALL, INEZ  
CURRIE, BESSIE  
Fifty-Four

HORTON, ELOISE  
PARKER, JANIE

THOMAS, RUTH  
VANN, BRUCE

# Officers of Student Government



GRACE BEASLEY  
*President*



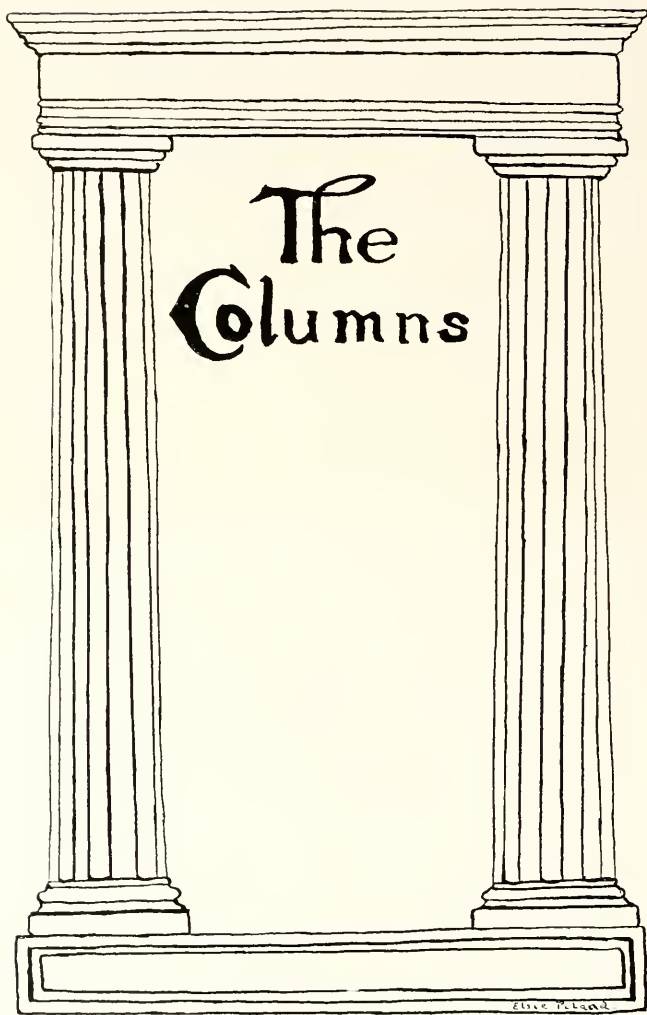
FRANCIS BENTHALL  
*Treasurer*



PAULINE ELEY  
*Secretary*



STELLA GARRETT  
*Vice-President*







"THE COLUMNS" STAFF



## "The Columns" Staff

MR. C. W. MITCHELL, JR. .... *Advisory Editor*



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LUCALIAN

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PAULINE ELEY, '16

ALATHENIAN

JESSIE PILAND, '15, *Chief*  
MYRA AUMACK, '15



*Business Manager*

RETTA GRIFFIN, '15



JESSIE PILAND



ROSEBUD NOWELL



LOTTIE POPE



PAULINE ELEY



OFFICERS

JESSIE PILAND.....	President
ROSEBUD NOWELL.....	Vice-President
LOTTIE POPE.....	Secretary
PAULINE ELEY.....	Treasurer

Fifty-Eight

# Lucalian Literary Society



MOTTO: "We Make Light to Shine"

COLORS: Green and White

FLOWER: Lily of the Valley



## OFFICERS

LOTTIE POPE .....	<i>President</i>
GRACE BEASLEY .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
HELEN LEARY .....	<i>Secretary</i>
HELEN WINBORNE .....	<i>Treasurer</i>



## MEMBERS

MYRTLE BALDWIN	WERTIE HARRELL	MARY SULLIVAN
GRACE BEASLEY	LOTTIE HEDSPETH	NELLIE SULLIVAN
INEZ BENTHALL	MARIE JENKINS	ETHEL SUTTON
HELEN BRETT	IMA JOYNER	GRACE SYKES
BESSIE CURRIE	GLADYS LASSITER	KATHERINE TAYLOR
IRENE DAVIS	HELEN LEARY	RUTH THOMAS
PAULINE ELEY	INEZ MATTHEWS	BRUCE VANN
MARY FLEETWOOD	NINA PARKER	NELL WARD
LAURA GAY	MARIETTA PICOT	ROSA WHITLEY
JESSIE GARRETT	LOTTIE POPE	HELEN WILLIAMS
STELLA GARRETT	ELIZABETH ROBERTSON	LUCILE WILLIAMS
JESSIE GRIFFIN	MAUDE SIMON	MAYO WILLIAMS
RETTA GRIFFIN	MAE SMALLWOOD	HELEN WINBORNE

# Lucalian Literary Society Officers



LOTTIE POPE  
*President*



HELEN LEARY  
*Secretary*



HELEN WINBORNE  
*Treasurer*



GRACE BEASLEY  
*Vice-President*



LUCALIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



# Alathenian Literary Society



MOTTO: "We Seek Truth and Wisdom"

COLORS: Pink and Green

FLOWER: Sweet Pea



## OFFICERS

MYRA AUMACK.....	President
RUTH NORWOOD .....	Vice-President
BEATRICE HUNTER.....	Secretary
FRANCES BENTHALL .....	Treasurer



## MEMBERS

ASHLEY, CELIA	DREWETT, JULIA	MORRIS, ADA
AUMACK, MYRA	FREEMAN, ALMA	MYERS, MYRA
BAGLEY, BEULAH	FUTRELL, IDA LOU	NORWOOD, RUTH
BAUGHMAN, REBECCA	HARRELL, MARY	NOWELL, ROSEBUD
BENTHALL, FRANCES	HOGGARD, MARIETTA	PARKER, JANIE
BENTHALL, VESTA	HOLLOMAN, HANNAH	PILAND, ELSIE
BRITE, LILLIAN	HORTON, ELOUISE	PILAND, JESSIE
BRITTON, EVA	HUNTER, BEATRICE	SAWYER, MAUD
BRITTON, LUCILLE	LAWRENCE, MARY	SAWYER, RUTH
CHITTY, JESSIE	LYNK, ELIZABETH	SEWELL, BETTIE SUE
COOK, ANNIE	MITCHELL, MAGNOLIA	TAYLOR, BETTIE WILLIAMS
VAUGHAN, SALLIE	WARDE, KATIE	

## Alafricanian Literary Society Officers



MYRA AUMACK  
*President*



BEATRICE HUNTER  
*Secretary*



FRANCES BENTHALL  
*Treasurer*



RUTH NORWOOD  
*Vice-President*





ALATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



LADY PRINCIPAL







ALATHENIAN BASKET-BALL TEAM

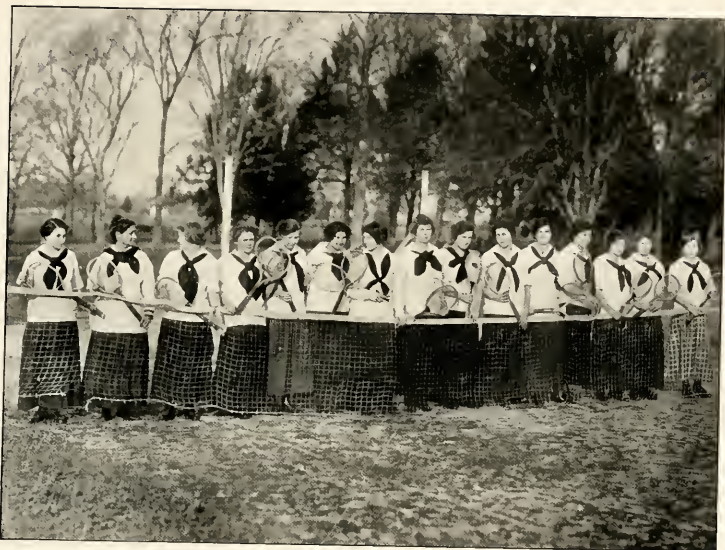
*Alathenian Basket-Ball Team*

LUCILLE BRITTON ..... Captain  
 MARY HARRELL ..... Center  
 VESTA BENTHALL ..... Right Forward

BETTIE WILLIAMS TAYLOR... Left Forward  
 EVA BRITTON ..... Right Guard  
 MARY LAWRENCE ..... Left Guard



SENIOR TENNIS CLUB



TENNIS CLUB



## Chowan College Tennis

MYRTLE BALDWIN

EVA BRITTON

BESSIE CURRIE

LOLLIE HEDGESPETH

KATE WARD

MARRITTA HOGGARD

HELEN LEARY

ADA MORRIS

MYRA MYERS

MISS MINNIE GASKINS

NINA PARKER

MARY SULLIVAN

NELL SULLIVAN

ETHEL SUTTON

ROSA WHITLEY

Seventy-One



## Hallowe'en at Chowan



URING the month of September, 1914, the Chowan girls were anticipating the time when the College would be illuminated by electric lights, which had been promised by the first of November. But as Hallowe'en precedes All-Hallows so did Jack-o-lanterns precede those much-talked-of electric lights.

On October the thirty-first, the College auditorium was, for the last time, dimly lighted; yes, very dimly, for ghosts are not as easily seen in the light as they were seen that night—for the entire auditorium seemed to be filled with nothing but ghosts!

At one time, something exceedingly amusing must have been whispered among the Jack-o-lanterns, because they all began to grin, and the lights became brighter. When we looked up, we hardly knew where we were, who or what was before us; we knew, though, that all the ghosts had disappeared. We first heard a strange noise on the stage, sounding as if it might be an automobile spinning in our midst. Then came these words, in a heavy, exhausted voice: "Girl—I—love—you—girl—" By this time, the Jack-o-lanterns were laughing so much that it was bright enough for us to see everything about us. And instead of Karl Jansen, "Making love in an automobile going at the rate of sixty miles an hour," it was one of our own girls. So of course we laughed with the Jack-o-lanterns until the scene was over. Then they became serious, and the atmosphere in the room seemed to undergo a change. As the lights became dimmer and dimmer, nothing could be seen in the room, save a large white object, which seemed to be a real ghost moving about among us. When he began to speak, in his characteristic tones, I'll leave you to judge what those present proceeded to do, for everybody knows a girl's weakness—to become frightened, and scream. Anyway, their conduct must have been amusing, for soon the old Jack-o-lanterns began to laugh vociferously, and seemed to say, "Let's all stop now, and laugh, and have a jolly good time." Of course, we were glad to get out of such an atmosphere, and allow them to laugh and furnish us sufficient light. Then the waiters came with punch and wafers, and we did have a jolly good time the remainder of the evening.





# CLUBS

# The Handel and Haydn Music Club

MOTTO: *Always be V(dominant)*

TIME OF MEETING: Wednesday afternoon

PLACE OF MEETING: Hope Cottage

AIM: To become great musicians



School days are here;  
Chowan is a "dear,"  
Here it's bright and gay,  
Under clouds of gray.  
Men don't come around;  
At Chowan they're not found—  
Not even down town,  
Nor in the country 'round.

## MEMBERS

CELIA ASHLEY

MYRA AUMACK

BEULAH BAGLEY

INEZ BENTHALL

LUCILLE BRITTON

DORRIS CHITTY

PAULINE ELEY

IDA LOU FUTRELL

RETTA GRIFFIN

MARY HARRELL

SALLIE HEOSPETH

GLADYS LASSITER

INEZ MATTHEWS

MAGNOLIA MITCHELL

WILLIE PERKINS MIZELE

RUTH NORWOOD

ROSEBUD NOWELL

JANIE PARKER

NINA PARKER

RUTH SAWYER

EDNA SEWELL

MAE SMALLWOOD

GRACE SYKES

KATHERINE TAYLOR

NELL WARD

LUCILLE WILLIAMS

MAYO WILLIAMS

HELEN WINBORNE





SEWING CLUB

## Sewing Club

MOTTO: "More Work, Better Work"

COLOF.: White

FLOWER: Cotton

PLACE OF MEETING: Any old place where there's a machine

SONG: "We're sitting and knitting  
And tatting and chatting,  
And letting our tongues go  
Fast, oh so fast;

We're working, not shirking,  
But thinking, like winking,  
And talking of naught but  
This wonderful Class.

+

### OFFICERS

INEZ BENTHALL .....*President*      BETTIE WILLIAMS TAYLOR ....*Secretary*

+

### MEMBERS

INEZ BENTHALL  
BESSIE CURRIE

ELOISE HORTON  
JANIE PARKER  
BETTIE WILLIAMS TAYLOR

RUTH THOMAS  
BRUCE VANN



FRENCH CLUB



## French Club

CELIA ASHLEY  
ANNIE ELIZABETH BARNASCCEL  
VESTA BENTHALL  
LILLIAN BRITE  
IRENE DAVIS  
ALMA FREEMAN  
LOLLIE HEDSPETH  
ELOISE HORTON  
FANNIE JENKINS  
MAGNOLIA MITCHELL

ADA MORRIS  
GLADYS PARKER  
NINA PARKER  
MARIETTA PICOT  
ELSIE PILAND  
GRACE SYKES  
SALLIE VAUGHN  
KATIE WARD  
ROSA WHITLEY  
HELEN WILLIAMS



PHYSICS CLUB

## Physics Club

### MEMBERS

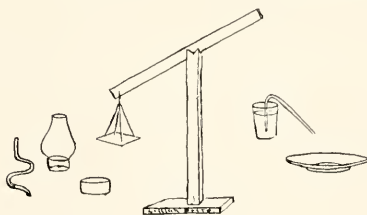
GRACE BEASLEY  
STELLA GARRETT  
RETTA GRIFFIN

INEZ MATTHEWS  
GRACE PIERCE  
JESSIE PILAND

BRUCE VANN  
NELL WARD  
JESSIE WATSON

LUCILE WILLIAMS

HELEN WINBORNE





WOODLANDERS CLUB

## Woodlanders Club

MOTTO: *To Get the Most Out of Life*

COLORS: Brown and Green

FLOWER: Dogwood Blossoms

YELL: Chee, chee, chee,  
Can't you see  
We're the Woodlanders?  
Chee, chee, chee.

+

### MEMBERS

REBECCA BAUGHAM  
FRANCES BENTHALL  
INEZ BENTHALL

VESTA BENTHALL  
RETTA GRIFFIN  
HANNAH HOLLOMAN  
BEATRICE HUNTER

GLADYS LASSITER  
JANIE PARKER  
NINA PARKER



THE FREAKS

## The Freaks

MOTTO: *Dare Anything; Fear Nothing*

PLACE OF MEETING: Room 32

TIME OF MEETING: Saturday Night

OBJECT OF MEETING: To Reverse the World

+

### MEMBERS

FRANCES BENTHALL..... Leader in all mischief  
 JESSIE CHITTY..... Writes letters to "Elon" while plans are being made  
 PAULINE ELEY ..... Attentive listener  
 MARY FLEETWOOD..... Old maid; loves her pet  
 IDA LOU FUTRELL..... Happy-go-lucky member  
 HANNAH HOLLOMAN..... "Primps" while others are working  
 KATIE WARDE..... Sanctioner of all mischief

Seventy-Nine



## Chussy Club

TIME OF MEETING: About midnight

PLACE OF MEETING: Anybody's Old Palings

PASSWORD: "M-e-o-w!"

AIM: To break up "crushes"  
To disturb the "canoodlers"  
To see who can "meow" the loudest

Big cats, little kits, lean ones, long,  
Prowlers, howlers, all in a throng;  
Anywhere, everywhere you can hear their m-e-o-w—  
But who can tell where the "Chessies" are now?



### MEMBERS

CELIA ASHLEY .....Meekest Puss  
MYRA AUMACK .....Loudest "Meower"  
BEULAH BAGLEY .....The Fireside Lover  
GRACE BEASLEY.....The Old, Lean "Yaller"  
INEZ BENTHALL .....Friskiest Kitten

LUCILE BRITTON .....Back Fence Prowler  
STELLA GARRETT .....Midnight Howler  
ROSEBUD NOWELL .....Chicken Eater  
ELIZABETH ROBERTSON .....The Pet Cat  
MAYO WILLIAMS ..... "Tabby"



HONORARY MEMBER  
"Dot"





THE CANOODLERS

## The Canoodlers

MEETING PLACE: Anywhere; everywhere

TIME OF MEETING: Any time and all the time

FAVORITE CANDY: Kisses (not moonshine, but genuine)

OBJECT: To make love

FLOWER: Tu-(2)lips

SONG: "Love Me Like I'd Like to be Loved"

+

MARIE JENKINS	}	-----	Chief of Canoodlers
BETTIE WILLIAMS TAYLOR			
MARY HARRELL	}	Lovingest Couple	}
HELEN WILLIAMS			
RUTH THOMAS	}	Inexperienced Couple	}
ANNIE COOK			
VESTA BENTHALL	}	Heartbreakers	
ELIZABETH ROBERTSON			
MAYO WILLIAMS	}	....Jolliest Couple	
LILLIAN BRITE			

Eighty-One



DOWNTOWN CLUB

## Downtown Club

COLORS: Gold and Purple

FLOWER: Goldenrod

AIM: To keep Chowan teachers "on the job"

MEETING PLACE: Corner of Main Street and Seminary Avenue

TIME OF MEETING: 8.30 a. m.

FAVORITE CONVEYANCE: "A Ford"

+

### OFFICERS

JESSIE WATSON	.....	President	
GLADYS PARKER	..... Secretary	THELMA NICHOLSON	..... Treasurer

+

### MEMBERS

ANNIE BARNACASCEL	.....	First in the literary world
EVA BOYETTE	.....	Most dignified
DORIS CHITTY	.....	The Baby
ADDIE JENKINS	.....	Chief Gem Maker
FANNIE JENKINS	.....	Our Artist

KATE JENKINS	.....	A second Melba
THELMA NICHOLSON	.....	Tardy member
GLADYS PARKER	.....	Cupid's Captive
GRACE PIERCE	.....	Always giggling
JESSIE WATSON	.....	Heart breaker

Eighty-Two



DOUBLE TRIO

## Double Trio

"SKINNY" AUMACK ..... Laziest

We've none like her, no not one—  
For she's always ready and waiting for fun;  
But shunning dish washing is one of her tricks—  
This is MYRA, the gayest among the six.

"SHORTY" BEASLEY ..... Biggest Eater

"I like fruit salad," said Grace so shy;  
"But please put orange in it, or I'll cry."  
She has never been known to have a case,  
Although she has led numbers of girls a lively  
chase.

"LEANY" BENTHALL ..... Chief Informer

Inez, "the Informer," with eyes of brown,  
Can tell you where anything and everything is  
found;

She is the fairest of the fair among the gay six,  
And talking of Al'via" is one of her tricks.

"ANGEL" BRITTON ..... Our Little Boy

LUCILLE's art is not eating, but talking of her old  
girls

And especially of the one with tow-headed curls;  
She is also very fond of her Wake Forest beaux,  
But where all her mail comes from nobody knows.

"BILL" GARRETT ..... Most Dignified Eater

Stella, the smallest of our crowd,  
Is little, but she's awfully proud.  
This we can say, and just a little more—  
She is constantly knocking on Miss Bell's door.

"FATTY" NOWELL ..... Modest Eater

Since *chicken* is Rosebud's favorite dish,  
All good luck for her we wish,  
And may she now and evermore  
Find chicken abundantly around her door.

The saddest words of tongue or pen  
Are, "When shall we six meet again?"  
But let me add just these words more:  
You've never seen our like before.



THE CRAMMERS OF 1915

## Crammers

COLORS: Olive green and turkey red FLOWER: Cauliflower

OBJECT: To live on *one* square meal a month.

MOTTO: Eat, drink, and be jolly—this is the life

MEETING PLACE: "Down by the old mill stream

+

### OFFICERS

LUCILE H. WILLIAMS ..... *President, or planner of fun*

RUTH A. NORWOOD ..... *Secretary, or seconder of our merry times*

+

### MEMBERS

Corks ...	{	HELEN WINBORNE .....	"Bob"	Angels ...	{	MAUDE SAWYER .....	"Doe"
		RUTH NORWOOD .....	"Fluffie"			PERKINS MIZELLE .....	"Dot"
Spoons ...	{	RUTH SAWYER .....	"Ham"	Just Pals	{	KATHERINE TAYLOR .....	"Billy"
		MAE SMALLWOOD .....	"Patty"			LUCILE WILLIAMS .....	"Maxine"

### HONORARY MEMBER

Queen of the Flock ..... Miss MYRTLE ASHCRAFT..... "Myrt"

Eighty-Four

## The Board of Friendship



THEY were both college girls, and were the very best of friends. This was an old friendship, and the more one noticed them the vaster seemed the difference between the two. Their dispositions, desires, and practically every trait of character were different.

Ruth Jones was a studious, rather melancholy and dreamy sort of personage. At times, one might see her looking into space, with a far-away dreamy expression, building air castles for her future success. She had noble ideas, had a decided preference for the languages, and she dreamed some day of being efficient in this kind of work, and of becoming a teacher in some university. Her ambitions daily soared higher. Her gentle manners and refined character won for her the love and esteem of all her fellow-students.

On the other hand, her friend, Josie Barrow, was not studious, but of a lively and sunny disposition, and was very fond of society life. Her morals were not near so pure as Ruth's, and often she did things that even shocked her friend. She cared nothing for an education, and seemed only to live in the present, not thinking what the future had in store for her. She, being the only child of wealthy parents, was accustomed to having whatever she desired, and doing as she pleased.

Between these two girls the warmest bonds of friendship had been created. They were, in the terms of a college girl, "crushes."

However, Ruth exerted a great influence over Josie. Her gentle rebuke often restrained Josie from committing some rash act which would have caused her much unnecessary trouble. She was not quite as wild and wayward in her actions as she had formerly been. How can one estimate the effects, be they good or bad, of such a close friendship?

This was Ruth's Junior year in Cornell University, and so far she had made her college career a brilliant one. But one day she received a great shock. She received news from her father that, owing to vicissitudes of fortune, she would have to leave college and go home. This news troubled her very greatly, for she had mapped out in her imagination a brilliant future for herself, and now it seemed that all of her castles had crumbled and fallen to the earth with a crash. After sadly pondering over it for a while, she told her troubles to her friend. She knew that from her she could receive true sympathy; and what a blessed thing this seemed to her at this particular time!

Josie was almost stricken dumb upon hearing what she had to tell her. She had never once thought of having to be separated from Ruth in this way; and more than ever she realized how devoted she was to her. Josie's face all at once beamed with joy, as if she had chanced upon a bright idea. The idea was this, that she would pay her expenses if she would consent to take this as a gift from her. Her parents were

wealthy, and could well afford to grant her whatever she might chance to wish. Ruth, with great hesitancy, finally consented to accept this, on the terms of a loan. So she remained in college; and the next year she went back also, her Senior year. The friendship between the two continued as strong as ever, and possibly with increased warmth. But the day drew near when they must be separated, each to take her own place in the world, each following her vocation.

Several years later, Josie decided to take a pleasure trip to Germany. She made ready to go, and departed in early spring. One of her friends accompanied her on the voyage. The trip was made safely, and after resting a while from the effects of the voyage they set out to visit some of the points of interest. Among many others, they visited an old castle, modeled somewhat after the fashion of castles of the feudal period, to which hundreds of visitors came daily.

As it so happened, Ruth had come here this day also. Ruth had gone to Germany, after graduating at Cornell University, to study the German language. She had mastered it so well, and had become such an adept in it, that she was appointed as teacher in one of the highest universities. Josie did not know of her being there, for they had not corresponded in a long time. Imagine, then, Josie's surprise and bewilderment when she met Ruth in this place. She could scarcely utter a word, being so astounded. When she gained her presence of mind, she spoke to Ruth, and her surprise was equally as great as Josie's. They talked on and on until it was time to leave. Ruth insisted that Josie and her friend should go with her to where she boarded. How good it seemed to them to find such a friend over there in that foreign land! After the many persuasions of Ruth, Josie decided to remain there for a while at least. She decided to take Voice, under the leadership of one of the best Voice teachers that could be secured. She progressed very rapidly, and was soon able to charm audiences with her rich, melodious voice.

It was two years later when they both began to entertain an ardent desire to go back once again to their native land. They embarked, and after a long voyage arrived at their home in Mississippi.

Ruth soon secured a position as teacher in one of the colleges, and Josie was employed as teacher of Voice in the same college.

So they were during almost all their lives inseparable friends. The friends of early college days were even greater friends when they grew older. What a blessed thing is friendship, a gift divinely given!

—P. J. E., '16





COLLEGE MARSHALS

## Seniors' Boast



THE winds have whispered it from all the trees—

DEMERITS!

The birds have sung it among the leaves—

DEMERITS!

But they'll never bother us any more—

DEMERITS!

All the sorrows of school life are forever o'er—

DEMERITS!

Class of 1916, be as good as we were, and there'll be no

DEMERITS!

We tried very hard, and thought we were good, but lo!

DEMERITS!

We thought we were angels, but other folks said "no"—

DEMERITS!

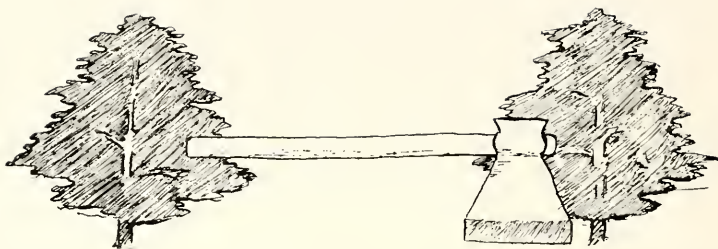
We are now going home, where we can wave at the boys without

DEMERITS!



## Calendar for 1914-1915

- September 10—Many homesick girls arrive. "Tears, idle tears." Registration.
- September 14—Our *First Monday* holiday at Chowan.
- September 27—Inez and Stella's experience with a "Bat." Arrival of new Domestic Science teacher.
- October 6—Recital given by the new members of the Faculty.
- October 8—Great time at Chowan. Oyster feast at "*The Carolina*."
- October 20—"Home-Coming Day." Reunion of Class of 1894.
- October 30—Hallowe'en party.
- November 5—"Columns" staff elected. CHOWANOKA staff followed the next day.  
Grace B., a sworn enemy of crushes, is heard in the hall saying,  
"Come, kiss me good night, Lucille W."
- November 20—Campus-bound one day—"The Four."
- November 27—Holiday. Automobile trip by the Seniors. Midnight feast—where?
- December 5—Two Seniors' privileges were taken away. Rescue of Blonnie Evans.  
Freshman Annie Cook packs suitcase to go home for Christmas holidays. W. Powell Hale's lecture.
- December 8—Found a red sweater—Miss Gates. A final breakdown of the "Little."
- December 13—Christmas concert. Ask Mr. M. how much cream he ate.
- January 5—Return of girls from Christmas holidays. A long distance call to a Sophomore.
- January 20—*Exams*. Miss Faucett entertained in honor of her crush's departure.  
Organization of "*Double Trio*." No English IV class. Why?
- January 30—"Crammers" entertain. Loads of fun.
- January 31—Mysterious disappearance of two Seniors.
- February 1—Booth Lowrey—"Simon says wig-wag."
- February 15—Announcements received of Jessie Garrett's marriage. "Four new pictures in the parlor." "Midnight Disturbance of Lucille W."
- February 16—Terrible excitement!! "Building on fire—Rah, Rah"—Music Club.  
"Trig" class sent away to learn the Binomial Theory.
- March 1—At midnight, a burglar entered room No. 9; was not discovered until six o'clock next morning. The alarm was given, and Policeman Bartell came to the rescue, and soon made away with him—A RAT.



Martha and George Washington

want all their friends with them

Saturday evening

from eight to ten o'clock

to celebrate his birthday

February the twenty-second, nineteen hundred and fifteen

Escort will call

+



E. THE contemporaries of Martha and George, who fortunately survived the period of the Revolution and the years intervening, were entertained in honor of Washington's birthday on the evening of February the twenty-second.

Even though many years have elapsed since they were young and used to have birthday parties, yet our brother Lucalians manifested their usual splendid hospitality, and spared neither time nor energy in their effort to afford an evening of real pleasure to their sister Alathenians. As the bell rang out the hour of eight, every escort, gorgeously costumed in the Colonial style, claimed his partner, who was handsomely attired in her evening gown, and ushered her to the reception-hall, which had been artistically decorated for the occasion.

Martha and George greeted the guests at the door, where tallies were presented, and soon each guest was busily at work solving puzzles, drawing cherry trees, planning the wedding of Martha and George, and numerous other things. Dainty refreshments were bountily served, during which time Old Black Joe charmed the guests with his delightful music.

At ten o'clock, each repaired to his home in the different States, wishing that Washington could have a birthday each day of the year.

Ninety

## The Decision



ONE week before Eileen Mellor was to receive her diploma from a well-known woman's college, she was sitting in her room, looking at a book on her lap, but not reading. Apparently she was resting, after an unusually hard day's work; but no, deep down in this girl's soul a battle was being fought.

The night before, Eileen had heard a sermon by a missionary who had just returned from Japan. He had spoken of the needs of the unsaved in that country for the Gospel message, and of the ripe harvest fields and the fewness of the workers. The missionary's sermon had ended with a plea to the young women to give their lives to the Master's service in the foreign field. It was this plea that had caused a great turmoil in Eileen's soul.

She was thinking now how she had led her classes in high school and college, how she had been the leader in the social life of her school days, and how she had won the love of her schoolmates and teachers. God had endowed Eileen with the power of attracting others, and she had made use of this power whenever an opportunity presented itself.

Again the last words of the missionary came to her mind, "Young ladies, I beg of you to think of this matter long and seriously, for the harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few." Was this really a call for her? Did God wish her to go to that benighted country, and spend her life far from home and loved ones? These questions revolved in Eileen's mind until she grew almost dizzy. Then she thought of what her life would be in her home town. It would be social gaieties, club meetings, a marriage to the most promising young lawyer of the State, and she, Eileen, would be the leader in all these social activities.

But again came those words, "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few." Must she give up her life of comfort, pleasure, and wealth? Must she leave home, father, mother, and Jack—dear old Jack?

Eileen and Jack had been friends from childhood. When children, he had always taken her part when the larger boys attempted to tease her. In high school, he had helped her to solve the most difficult problems in mathematics, and had made clear to her the hardest passages of Cicero and Virgil. Then, after he entered college, he had written long letters to her every week. These friendly letters had continued for

six years. Jack had completed his college course, and was practicing law. He had shown no especial interest in Christian work, and none in missionary service. Eileen thought of this. She knew he would have no sympathy for her work, and would only feel hurt to think she placed someone else above him.

The past summer Jack had declared his love for Eileen, and their wedding day had been set for one month after her graduation. Eileen looked at the ring on her finger. How could she tell Jack that she was giving him up for some heathen whom she had never seen? And yet she knew it was not those people in Japan, but her love for her Savior that was influencing her in making her decision.

Quietly, Eileen slipped to her knees. When she arose, her face was radiant. She went over to the writing-desk, let down its folded ledge, and after a little hesitation, wrote:

"Dearest Jack:

"I hope this letter will not cause you as much pain to read it as it does me to write it. I cannot give a full explanation. I shall tell you only the greatest decision of my life. After a great struggle, I have promised my God to give my life to Him in missionary work. In other words, I have decided to sail for Japan in September as a missionary.

"I am sure, dear Jack, you do not doubt that I care for you just as much as ever; but I feel that I love my Savior better than I do home, position, father, mother, and—even you.

"Pray for me when I am alone, far from home and loved ones.

"EILEEN"

The next afternoon Eileen received a telegram, which read:

"May I go with you?"

"JACK"

—A. E. B., 15

# Oh Where and Oh Where Is

?

- GRACE B.'s ..... heart?
- ANNIE COOK's ..... tears?
- MYRA AUMACK's ..... freckles?
- BUNNY's ..... room-mate?
- GRACE PIERCE's ..... high tone voice?
- HELEN WINBORNE's ..... R. M. C. pennant?
- CELIA ASHLEY's ..... Long's Literature?
- MR. MITCHELL's ..... Two duplicates?
- "THE FOUR's" ..... Electric plate
- BEULAH BAGLEY's ..... Belhaven friend?
- LOTTIE POPE's ..... Story breakfast?
- RUTH THOMAS' ..... costume?
- EDNA SEWELL's ..... diamond?
- MARY LAWRENCE's ..... laugh?
- RETTA GRIFFIN's ..... parcel-post package?
- ROSEBUD NOWELL's ..... nail file, scissors, hammer, and pen?
- ELSIE PILAND's ..... "Trig?"
- NELL WARD's ..... dye?
- ELIZABETH ROBERTSON's ..... favorite girl?
- IRENE DAVIS' ..... Crush?
- INEZ BENTHALL's ..... Al "via"?
- "PERK" MIZELLE's metronome?
- MAUDE SAWYER's ..... curls?
- MAYO W.'s .....\*?

?

## Wanted to Know



HO EVA BRITTON talks to every day over the telephone.

What became of the "FOUR's" electric plate.

Why you can hear HELEN BRITT before you can see her.

If MARIE J. has heard from her aged correspondent recently. ("Should *auld* acquaintance be forgot?")

Who M. S. A. heard from in Baltimore, March 12.

MISS LOIS VANN's opinion of the above item.

Why MAYO WILLIAMS' black velvet dress fits all girls on *Fourth* floor.

Why MR. MITCHELL goes home every time MISS ELLIOTT leaves College.

What attraction ETHEL SUTTON finds on the West End Fourth floor.

Who sends LUCILLE W. so much candy.

What GRACE B.'s package contained, March 13.

What became of CELIA ASHLEY's chrysanthemums.

Why a certain girl at the Senior table fails to eat.

Why MISS BELL adorns the parlor every Sunday evening.

What kind of fish MYRA AUMACK likes—Herrin(ton)?

What became of AUNT SUE TUCKER.

Why the rats like room Number 9.

The cause of STELLA GARRETT's failure to hear from Washington, D. C.

When the Book of Joseph was added to the New Testament.

Why BETTIE SUE loves the "*Hills*."

What became of STAR's club sandwich one certain Sunday morning.

JESSIE PILAND's beau's name.

How far does RETTA GRIFFIN live from Woodland.

Who is MR. MITCHELL's duplicate.

Why "PERK" MIZELLE likes *cherries*.

Why M. WILLIAMS disappeared in LILLIAN BRITE's wardrobe.

What will become of ROSEBUD NOWELL after the departure of three-fourths of "THE FOUR."

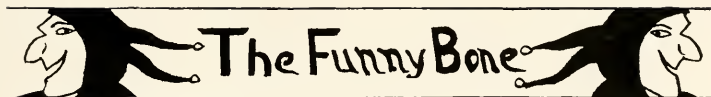
Who will be the happiest Senior when the dummy leaves.

The favorite songs of "THE FOUR."

Who is wearing STELLA G.'s spring selection of a hat.

If HORACE Class will ever recite a perfect lesson.

---



Elsie Piland '17

---



ELEN L. (out star-gazing): I wish I could see Orion tonight.

WERTIE HARRELL: What is it, a town or a city?

MR. HOLLADAY: These pictures are \$6.00 per half-dozen.

STELLA: Well, what will six cost?

ON THE twenty-second of February, Miss Jordan was heard to remark: Aren't you all going to celebrate Hallowe'en tonight?

JUST a few minutes before the "Evening Watch," which Eva Britton was going to conduct, she remarked: If I had some chloroform, I surely would take some to quiet my nerves.

GRACE: Lucile, who is secretary in our Society?

LUCILE W.: Helen Winborne.

GRACE: Well, I know she isn't.

LUCILE W.: Well, I know she is, for she keeps all the money.

MAE S.: What is gravitation?

ROSEBUD: I don't know; I haven't studied Greek yet.

LUCILE: Reta, how far do you live from Woodland?

RETA (*a Senior*): About *two mile*.

STELLA: When is Hallowe'en?

ROSEBUD: The fourteenth of February.

MISS LIVERMON: Did you study this proposition?

ELSIE P.: I looked over it.

MISS LIVERMON: You mean you overlooked it.

JESSIE PILAND:

Now girls, I guess I'm through;  
No more work for me,  
Which you could readily see,  
If you only could hear me relate  
What I know about Ed II at such a rapid rate.

RUTH N.: *Some people* d'sgust me.

MAUDE S.: Why?

RUTH N.: The Seniors all laughed at me at dinner, because my *neck* was sore.

## A Joke

One Sunday afternoon  
At two-thirty o'clock,  
A Sophomore received  
A very great shock,  
To the 'phone she was summoned,  
By a long-distance call,  
Which rang excitedly  
Through the fourth floor hall.

Excited, she remarked,  
I heard Raleigh so plain,  
But Wake Forest, Wake Forest,  
Was all, all in vain,  
Through Rocky Mount, Winton,  
And Murfreesboro, too,  
Came the only words of Loddie  
"Lucile, is that you?"

ELIZABETH L. (*viewing a drawing of George Washington's home, in the history-room*) said: Miss Wynn, isn't that a good picture of the colosseum?

MISS STEPHENSON: What is poetry, Katie?

KATIE WARDE: It is musical love.

ON THE arrival of Mr. Middleton and Dr. Burroughs, who were to give a series of Sunday-school lectures, this discussion was heard:

GRACE: Miss Faucette is ill, but I certainly would make an effort to have special music tomorrow at church, for Mr. Middleton is from Raleigh, and knows Miss Faucette, and I would like to show him what our Voice girls can do.

ROSEBUD: But Grace, how do you know Mr. Middleton is from Raleigh?

GRACE: Well, isn't he the man who wrote the operetta, "Love's Locksmith"; and you certainly told me he was from Raleigh (*meaning Mildenberg*).

MARIE J. (*whose electric light cord is much longer than many of the others*): I don't care if the lights are cut off at eleven o'clock; I will tie a knot in the cord, and my light can't go out.

MR. MITCHELL: Girls, by all means be careful about the "pronunciation" in copying this Annual material.

STELLA GARRETT: Yes, Joshua was greatly influenced by Christ.

MISS JORDAN (*on astronomy*): How do you weigh heavenly bodies?

LUCILE WILLIAMS (*eagerly*): By lifting them.

LILLIAN BRITE (*rubbing neck*): My tonsils hurt so; I am afraid I will have appendicitis.

MISS STEPHENSON: Rebecca, what is an opera?

REBECCA: I have a picture of him, and he surely is a good-looking man.

MYRA: Billy Burke will be in Norfolk next week; wouldn't you like to go, Grace?

GRACE: Billy Burke! Myra, I don't know who he is."

JESSIE: Myra, what did David Copperfield write?

MYRA: I don't know; but I would like for you to tell me who wrote Scott's Ivanhoe?



RUTH N.: When did the Civil War begin?  
LUCILE W.: Why, Ruth, don't you know?—1840.

MISS ABERNETHY: What does posterity mean?  
ELOISE HORTON: Our future ancestors.

ANNIE COOKE (*on seeing her room-mate tie a paper shade on the electric light*)  
exclaimed: "Don't tie it too tight; it will stop the circulation.

MR. LINEBERRY: Who built the ark?  
LUCILE BRITTON: Abraham.

ADA MORRIS (*to her friends*): Mamma has such a beautiful picture, done  
in sepal.

IMA JOYNER (*upon hearing the gong ring*) asked: What clock is that striking?

LUCILE WILLIAMS: Helen, is purple scarlet?

LUCILE: Grace, have you ever seen a chicken hassel?  
GRACE: What, is that barking?

WILLIE P.: Where are you girls going?  
GIRLS: To the observatory, to see the stars.  
WILLIE P.: Do all these girls take Botany?

STELLA: Who was the fourth President of the United States?  
INEZ B.: Benjamin Franklin.

### Naturally

TEACHER: Hiawatha could step three miles at one stride.  
SAMMY: But that would split his breeches.

I love a pretty maiden;  
For her I proudly sigh;  
Her face so sweet I often greet,  
But of me she's very shy.  
I follow her day after day,  
Mid scenes of strife and squalor;  
If you would view this maiden, too,  
Look at a silver dollar.—*Selected.*

LATIN PROFESSOR: What was Cicero's profession?  
ROSA: He was a Roman Catholic.

MISS ABERNETHY (*on Latin class*): How many Judges were there in Hades?  
INEZ B. (*aside*): I don't know; I have never been there.

FOUND—Cæsar, under bed—Helen Winborne.

MISS WYNN: Who discovered electric lights?  
LUCILE W.: Benjamin.

## Things That are Impossible



- OR MR. LINEBERRY.....To refrain from a quiz each week on Psy.
- MISS WYNN.....To pass through one meal with her table without mentioning Alumnae Association.
- LUCILLE BRITTON.....To hear from a boy
- MAYO WILLIAMS.....To do enough for Katherine
- PAULINE ELEY.....To get gay
- MR. MITCHELL.....To meet his English IV on time
- ROSEBUD NOWELL.....To forget Viola
- ELIZABETH LYNK.....To leave Mary Etta on Romeo and Juliet
- "THE FOUR".....To be dignified
- ANNIE COOKE.....To have more than one case
- MYRA AUMACK.....To find another like Adelaide
- MISS ABERNETHY.....To forget her milk bottle
- MARY SULLIVAN.....To laugh about her initiation
- GRACE BEASLEY.....To get back her heart
- KATHERINE TAYLOR.....To decide
- MISS STEPHENSON.....To talk low in Miss Johnson's room after light bell
- STELLA GARRETT.....To love another as Jessie
- INEZ BENTHALL.....To interpret Alvah Combs' letters
- JESSIE PILAND.....To talk too much
- MISS JORDAN.....To change the style of her hair
- LOTTIE POPE.....To be anything but crazy
- LUCILLE WILLIAMS.....To play with a metronome
- LILLIAN BRITE.....To keep her mouth closed one minute
- HELEN LEARY.....To be teased
- EDNA SEWELL.....To carry her diamond ring
- HELEN BRETT.....To be loud
- CELIA ASHLEY.....To learn one verse of the first Psalm
- HELEN WINBORNE.....To miss hearing mail call on Monday
- MISS WYNN'S TABLE.....To keep "mum"



Ninety-Nine

## Farewell Chowanoka



AND so at last the work is completed! We have spent many long but interesting hours, endeavoring to represent truly the life and spirit of our College. Count not the faults you find as failures, but as marks of striving, *for our reach was above our grasp*. With limited experience, and our still more limited funds, we have done our level best, and we therefore present without apology the results of our labor.

If THE CHOWANOKA is to be a representative of every phase of College life, it must be supported by the students. It could not be expected of a small handful of Editors to represent the entire student-body. To those students who have aided us with contributions, we extend our deepest thanks; also to the Faculty advisors, and to those friends who favored us with advertising patronage.

CHOWANOKA, farewell! The Editors of 1915 are meeting for their last time. These pages contain naught but sunshine, joy, friendship, and youth. Somewhere within these pages we trust will be found gleams of high ideals and lofty purposes.

Live forever in glorious youth! After years have passed, lend your aid to refresh in the coming generation one fond stream of memory of the Class of 1915! Keep our friendship fond and sincere! Though far apart, keep us awake and true, old CHOWANOKA.

At last, to awaken from a four years' sleep in the "land of knowledge."

Adieu!

—L. H. W., '15











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