

# Legend of Brown Lady Reviewed; Many Versions

By ANNA B. CROUCH  
Chowan College has followed certain exciting traditions since its opening to eleven young women from North Carolina and Virginia on October 11, 1848. One of these events has been that of "The Brown Lady", who was last seen and heard when the leaves were turning a golden brown in the fall of 1965.

"The Brown Lady" had been visiting the freshmen women every year for almost over a hundred years. Impressive ceremonies commemorating her return proved exciting to the new students as well as upperclassmen, faculty members, and friends.

There have been different tales told about the unusual experiences taking place at Chowan College because of the Brown Lady. She has been called a legend, a myth, a phantom, or a true story. All of these have been accepted as a part of the Chowan tradition.

Two accounts states that one of the early students wore brown taffeta and could be recognized by her friends as her dress rustled when she moved or walked. One story has been told that she died of typhoid fever. The other story reveals that she died of a broken heart. Both tales agree that she makes a yearly visit to the campus which is known by the rustling of her skirts. The appearance has been around Halloween.

One tradition relates that "The Brown Lady" returned each year because her loyalty to Chowan College during her lifetime caused her to return from the dead to challenge the loyalty of fellow students to make certain they were holding up the ideals of her alma mater.

"The Brown Lady" used to lead the students across the west ravine, known as College Creek. They were taken to Wise's Graveyard, which is located in the Forest Acres area. The true loyalty and devotion were challenged here.

Mrs. Charles Revelle, Sr., wrote an essay about the events in 1937. Mrs. R. Harry Underwood wrote a poem about the Brown Lady for the first meeting of the Alumni Association after the reopening of Chowan College in 1949, after its being closed for six years. "Legends, Myths, and Folk Tales of the Roanoke-Chowan" by R. Roy Johnson, 1962, and "A History of Chowan College" by Edgar V. McKnight and Oscar Creech, 1964, give interesting thoughts about "The Brown Lady".

The romantic poem by Mrs. Underwood has been used frequently as a part of the ceremonies. It is the legend that has been liked by the students through the years. Whether the tale is fact or fiction (we believe it to be fact), it is a beautiful legend to be carried on in Chowan tradition.



"Ohhh, Jane—was that tonight we were going out with the Trimbles?"

Here's to the Brown Lady, a Chowan tradition  
Of whom tales were told in many editions.  
Some say she was tall, gaunt and severe,  
Some say she was sweet and her memory severe.

Now like all takes of the dim yesterdays  
The details are lost, but the memory stays  
And the memory that's sweetest and always remains  
Is that she loved Chowan and her name's still the same—  
"Brown Lady."

Some say that she came here, a girl bright and gay—  
Who wore taffeta frocks that would rustle and sway  
As she swept through the halls or dashed down the stairs  
In her little-girl manner or grown-up-lady airs.  
So that memory remains and the name that she gained  
Was then, as today—"Brown Lady."

Now, the story's confused of this lady's decease,  
Some say she had fever and made her demise  
But the tale that I like is one that began  
In the year '62 and here's how it ran:

She loved a tall lad, handsome and fair;  
But alas! tho a Southerner, his heart was not there.  
So disowned by his family and scorned by his friends,  
Forsaken by all, save his Brown Lady dear,  
He mounted his steed and rode sadly away  
With a promise to come back and claim her some day.  
Now a tryst they had kept 'neath the soft sighing pines,  
And a vow they had made—these were the lines:  
"My love it is thine, now, and all the tomorrows  
And I swear I'll be true thru all joys and sorrows.  
Tho death should o'ertake me, I'll come back some way  
To claim you my darling if God says I may."  
They would meet there again for 'twas there she would wait  
'Till the bitter war ended on some distant date—  
A message came one day, so they say, and told how  
The lad died in battle far away—  
Poor Brown Lady wept for she knew how her lover  
Suffered to take arms against friends and brother.  
Her laughter grew stilled and her heart quietly broke—  
'Til she died one night at twelve on the stroke.

So if you hear rustlings on the stairs, thru the hall  
Or see her go tripping thru the pines in the fall  
Or, if by chance, you should see her one night  
Stroll 'neath the pines in the melting moonlight  
She'll be keeping her "tryst" with her lover, they say,  
For she knows he'll come back as he promised that day.

By Ethleen G. Vick

## Cafeteria Committee Holds Regular Meet

MINUTES OF THE  
CAFETERIA COMMITTEE  
MEETING  
October 13, 1972

The Cafeteria Committee met at 10:00 a.m. Friday, October 13, 1972, with Mr. Ben Sutton as Chairman.

The meeting opened with the election of a Secretary for the Committee. Mary Ballance was elected. Different ones commented on the cafeteria situation and what improvements could be made. The recent editorial was discussed concerning the degrading of the cafeteria staff. We understand that there should be freedom of the press but not to the extent of embarrassing or hurting those people who serve as employees in the cafeteria. It was felt that the recent editorial was an embarrassment to these employees. The Dress Code, according to cafeteria provisions, was also discussed.

Special events planned by the Committee began with a choice of ice cream for everyone during dinner on October 18, 1972. A steak cook-out was also scheduled for the last week in October. (A specific date will be posted.)

The members of the Cafeteria Committee decided to meet the second Friday of each month. A representative from Smoke

Signals has been invited to attend previous meetings but none have attended.

Mr. Sutton noted that all dormitories were represented and asked that each member post on his respective dormitory bulletin board the announcement that he serves in this capacity so that suggestions may come through dormitory representatives. The meeting was adjourned at 10:35.

Respectfully submitted,  
Mary Ballance  
Secretary

## Perfect Roast Duck Method

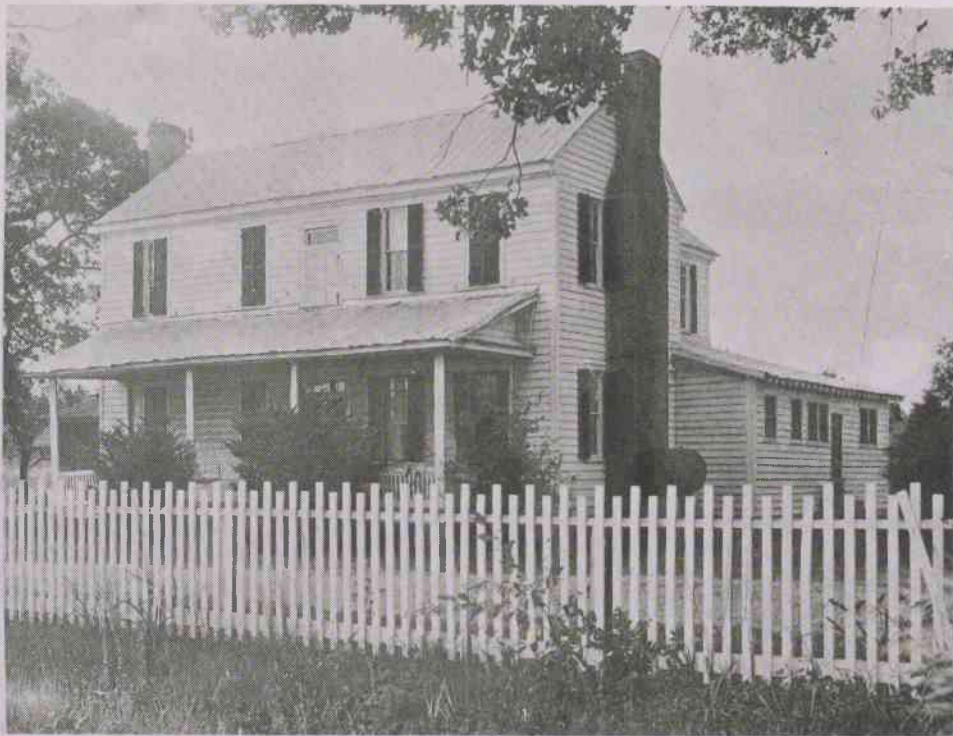
HONG KONG (AP) — Chefs in China have perfected a quick-freeze process for one of their greatest delicacies — Peking Duck, a Hong Kong Communist newspaper reported today.

Ta Kung Pao in a dispatch from Canton said the new product was served to newsmen and Hong Kong businessmen at the current Canton Trade Fair and "all reported they were the equal in every respect to fresh-roasted ducks."

An official of the fair said China is ready to ship the frozen ducks to foreign customers.



Two professors observed Founder's Day by dressing in attire that was typical of faculty members at Chowan's opening. Left is Dr. Ella J. Pierce with Mrs. Undine Barnhill, both professors of English, as they stand on the front steps of Hertford Academy building, the site of the college's founding.



## James Delke Contributed Much to Higher Education

By James Elliott Moore

Of the three ministers present at the Mulberry Grove meeting in 1848 one of the most gifted was the Rev. James Delke, who with his son, also named James, gave many years of loyal service to Chowan Female Institute. Nothing is known of the senior Delke prior to 1824 when he moved to Murfreesboro from Surry County, Va. except he was married to a widow Susan Bats Kerr. After his arrival in the Chowan Association, he began preaching the gospel "with great power and success" One of the finest speakers of his day, Delke is credited with baptizing 150 people following a revival meeting at Meherrin Baptist Church in 1830.

However, he left the area after eight years to accept a pastorate at Warrenton, N. C. He remained there until his wife died leaving two children: a son James A. and a daughter Susan. At this time he involved himself in Associational affairs serving as moderator of the Bertie Union Meeting. James Delke was a loyal supporter of Chowan and his interest in higher education is evidenced by the fact he sent his son to Wake Forest College and the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

The Rev. Delke remarried in December, 1846 to a Hertford County widow Elizabeth Jones Ward. It is an interesting coincidence that one of his stepchildren by this marriage Ann James Ward became the first graduate of Chowan in 1853.

Delke's new wife was a woman of great wealth owning considerable property in southeastern Hertford County. The couple moved from Murfreesboro to one of her plantations where they built a new home Maple Lawn in 1851. This house still stands and is now in the possession of Ann Ward's descendants.

Legend has it that following this fortunate marriage Delke was able to ride around the countryside in a chaffered carriage, with blooded horses and attended by a driver and a footman dressed in livery. Fortunately for the Baptist faith this grandeur "did not abate his piety or impair his usefulness" because he served as pastor at Bethlehem Church near his home prior to his death on December 4, 1862.

His son James A. Delke had an equally distinguished career as he devoted his life to the field of Christian higher education. After attending Wake Forest and Carolina, he became principal at Reynolds Male Academy in Gates County, N. C. Organized in 1851 by the Chowan Association this school was designed to prepare young men for Wake Forest. Unfortunately, Reynolds never enjoyed the support given to Chowan and Delke left for Murfreesboro, Tenn. where he taught for several

## Professor Brown With College for 10 Years

By COURTNEY BOGGS

Professor Robert Brown, of the music department, has been a part of Chowan for ten years. Born in Rich Square, he attended Atlantic Christian College and Wake Forest.

After college, he went into the Navy School of Music, playing the saxophone in a jazz band. The band entertained the troops stationed on the islands. He went to Catholic University in Washington, D. C. after the war.

Professor Brown played in the Bob Aster traveling jazz band for eighteen months. "They didn't have television then, and traveling bands were real popular. Sometimes we'd go for a few weeks, or even months at a time." Because of illness in the family, he later had to return home.

He worked in Ahsokie, directing the high school band, and married a piano teacher. Then, he went to graduate school at Florida State, where he got his masters. Back to Ahsokie again, he directed the band for ten years. Professor Brown has also taken a summer course at Boston University.

In 1963, he came to Chowan, teaching music theory and sight singing. He gives individual lessons, and also has a woodwinds class. Professor Brown is an enthusiastic band director and drill team instructor.

Now living in Ahsokie, he has two children. He enjoys dancing and wood carving, and directs the church choir at Ahsokie Methodist Church. In the summer, Mr. and Mrs. Brown teach music at a

## Country Music Corner

NASHVILLE, Tenn. (AP) — A rusty .38-caliber pistol and a trombone . . . and Boots Randolph was on his way to stardom.

The year was 1941. Boots, then 14, was relaxing on the porch of his Kentucky farm "when I heard this weird noise comin' down the road."

The noise turned out to be a trombone played—not too expertly—by one of Boots' friends. But the instrument intrigued him so much that Boots persuaded his friend to swap the trombone for that old pistol.

"My mother didn't like that pistol hangin' around the house anyway," said Boots, now 45.

The trombone has long been dispensed with. But it helped launch Boots on a career that has made him one of the world's finest saxophonists.

His country-jazz-pop style has sold about eight million records—6½ million of them albums. He has appeared on a host of big-time television shows and performed in the swankiest of clubs throughout the world.

Through it all, however, he has been tabbed basically as a country musician or a "self-

styled hillbilly," both of which he said he's not.

"That's a misconception," said Boots, maintaining his heart lies with jazz and pop.

"I go with the trend of the times," he said. "But basically I like jazz. This is where I started back in the Forties, when jazz was quite the thing of the time."

Back then, he began playing for \$60 a week in run-of-the-mill clubs. Today, it's only the finest.

But there's one famous entertainment hall where Boots has never played—the Grand Ole Opry House. "The simple fact is, they don't use any horns there. It's a no-no. It's only been in recent years that electric instruments have been allowed on the Opry stage."

When he's not on stage, Boots spends much of his time riding a tractor and tilling land at his farm just outside Nashville.

"Having a farm has always been kind of a dream for me. I was raised on a farm."

Music has always been in Boots' life. "My whole family played some kind of instrument, usually string instruments," he said.

"It was kind of a music appreciation with the family. As long as you played—it didn't matter if you were good or bad—that was the thing."

Reflecting on his early trombone days, Boots said, "It sounded worse than my friend coming down the road."

Three years later, though, his father unexpectedly brought home a sax. And it wasn't long before the trombone was discarded and the sax became Boots' thing.

He learned to play the instrument entirely by himself and says he's fulfilled most of his goals as a performer.

"Music meant a lot to me," he said, "It still does, not just for the money but knowing that you made somebody happy."

"I don't think there's anything as good as a swinging group when it's swinging."

As for the name "Boots?"

"Maybe I had a big pair of boots when I was a kid and they called me 'Boots.' But I don't really know how I got it. I do know it's better than my real name—Homer."

Besides, what's in a name when you can play a sax like Boots Randolph.

## Hope Plantation Formally Opened

RALEIGH (AP) — Hope Plantation, the restored home of Gov. David Stone, formally opens to the public this week.

Located on NC 308, four miles west of Windsor in Bertie County, Hope Plantation has been described as "one of the most impressive structures built in North Carolina and one of the finest examples of Georgian architecture anywhere."

Activities Tuesday and today climax six years of restoration carried out by the Historic Hope Foundation which purchased the property in 1966. A subscription dinner and dance at the National Guard Armory in Windsor Tuesday night followed a special preview of the mansion for "Friends of Hope," an organization instrumental in the property's restoration.

Today marks the official public opening with a band concert at 10:30 and ceremonies at 11:00. Ray S. Wilkinson, chairman of the Historic Halifax Restoration Association, was the featured speaker. The mansion was opened for public viewing at noon.

The land on which Hope Plantation stands was deeded in 1793 to David Stone by his father, a wealthy planter. The property then consisted of 1,051 acres. Stone married Hannah Turner a month later, and construction of the mansion was begun almost immediately. It was completed in 1803, and by 1810 the plantation contained more than 5,000 acres and employed more than 50 slaves.

David Stone was educated at Princeton and became active in politics at an early age. He represented Bertie County at the convention in Fayetteville in 1789 that ratified the Constitution of the United States,

and he served in the North Carolina House of Commons from 1790 to 1794.

In 1798 he was elected to the U. S. House of Representatives and in 1800 to the U. S. Senate. He served two one-year terms as governor in 1808 and 1809 and later returned to both the North Carolina House of Commons and the U. S. Senate. He died on Oct. 7, 1818, in Wake County.

Restoration of Hope Plantation has been spearheaded by John E. Tyler who has served from the beginning of the project as restoration chairman and is president of the North Carolina Society for the Preservation of Antiquities.

Prior to the beginning of its restoration, the mansion was once described by W. M. Kemp, a master craftsman who has done much of the work, as "the most hopeless thing I have ever seen."

An earlier report of the foundation states that the house had at times stood vacant and teenagers had used the walls as a place on which to write their names. At other times it had been occupied by tenant families, and hot coals had burned through the floor in front of one of the fireplaces.

The house was spared from destruction and today it has been rescued from the years of abuse and restored to its original beauty.

The road on which Hope Plantation is located has been designated as "The Governor's Highway." In addition to the house of Gov. Stone, it passes the home of Gov. Locke Craig, and the home of Lt. Gov. Francis D. Winston is not far away in Windsor.

## Education Would Prepare Students for Life As It Is

NEW YORK (AP) — Most adults smugly feel that the education they got is better than the one their children are getting.

Since most of them have forgotten three-fourths of what they learned in school, that would be hard to prove.

But if the purpose of education is to prepare the student for life as it is, then all present educational systems should be scrapped and a new start made.

Here are suggested changes for such a program from a man somewhat disillusioned to find that the formal learning he received hardly qualified him to cope with the problems in living he ran up against later:

Except for students intending to specialize in certain fields, all advanced courses in science, mathematics, art, music, rug weaving and square dancing would be dropped.

So would all ancient or modern foreign languages. The only language studied would be the English language or, rather, the American version of it.

This would be divided into two branches: (A), the writing and understanding of useful

English, and (B), the writing and understanding of Government English. A special course in how to solve crossword puzzles and acrostics would be presented. The writing of poetry would be allowed but not encouraged, and no prizes given for it.

After mastering his ABC's, the student would have no further dealings with arithmetic except in these general courses: how to figure out grocery store prices, how to make a bank account balance, how to balance an unbalanced family budget, and how to fill out income tax returns—local, state and national.

After a basic course in psychology, each male student would spend eight years studying how to get along with a woman, each female student would spend eight years studying how to get along with a man.

Since everything in modern life breaks down, every student would spend up to half his time in school learning how to fix things—from toilets to television sets, from zippers to governments.

There would be no essays

written on subjects such as "The View from My Window," or "The Most Exciting Thing That Happened to Me During My Vacation." Instead, the students would concentrate on filling out forms of all kinds, and answering the silly questions on them. A prize would be given to the member of each class who managed to cross the longest explanation into the shortest possible space.

In the last year at college, every student would also be required to take the following subjects—"How to Butter Up Anybody in Order to Get More Bread," "How to Drag Your Feet Successfully in Any Situation," and "How to Write a Job Career Resume before You've Had Any Career to Speak Of."

Just for laughs, a course would be offered on "How to Be a Human Being in a Time When Most People Act More Like Antic Animals."

The graduate of such an educational system might not know very much, but he sure would be equipped for today's living. And isn't that what it's all about?



Jimmy Moore, a student at Chowan College and the great-great-great grandson of Dr. Godwin Cotton Moore, founder of Chowan Collegiate Female Institute, views the portrait of Anne Ward, who was the first graduate of this institution. Young Moore is dressed in a suit which was typical costume when Chowan opened in 1848.

There are 5½ million independent businesses in the United States today.