

The Chowanian Motto for 1925-26: Bigger and Better Better and Bigger!

The Chowanian

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First Society Day On February 26

Hereafter It Will Become Annual Event In Annals of College

The rising sun of Thursday, February 25, will herald the dawning of the first "Society Day" held at Chowan. The two literary societies, Lucalian and Alathenian, are launching this new movement in order to keep pace with other leading departments of the college.

"Society Day" is to be made an annual event. It will be catalogued as one of the red letter days, thus becoming a recognized holiday.

On this day there will be a debate between the two societies on some subject which will be announced later. Each society will elect a first, second and alternate debater. The first debater of one society together with the second debater of the other will constitute the teams for the debate.

The debate will be conducted by the president, who will be elected from one of the societies, while the secretary of the debate will be elected from the other society. The orators will take their seats on the platform at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon.

In the evening, beginning at 8 o'clock, a representative from each society will give a reading. The best speaker will be awarded a gold medal, which is given by Dr. Burrell. After this there will be a reception in the college parlor in honor of the society representatives.

The public will be invited to both these exercises. It will be the societies' purpose to make this a very interesting and helpful occasion.

Exams Left Her An Empty Brain

Dear Tansy:

Waiter: "I have just finished my examination this morning. Let me tell you, my head is completely blank. Every atom of knowledge has been spent. I am hoping to get some accrued interest on same very shortly, however, and here's hoping the amount handed to me will not be in round numbers, zeros, in other words. If the investment yields ninety and one hundred I shall be encouraged to begin planning a similar investment toute suite, boo coop, too.

Speaking of my spent out knowledge, I would like to say in this connection how like a vacuum my head feels, like as a feather. My feet still drag heavily enough though, so that there is no immediate danger of a puff of wind taking it off. No, with all my light-headedness, my body is still heavy enough for me to be far from volatile.

You know Tansy, about this business of examinations, I have been hearing a lot of talk from the students about the injustice of it. Some say it is not humane. It's cruel. With all of their bitterness, examinations are futile for the express purpose of their existence, namely, to find out how much the student knows. Doubters! Doubters! That's it, Tansy. All doubters. Why, oh, why can't the world get rid of its over-increasing variety of doubters. So they want to find out whether we know what we have been studying. The teachers seem to be clairvoyants enough to tell just the days we haven't prepared our lessons and on those days call on us to recite some part of the lesson. Why don't they use their seemingly superhuman insight on other occasions. After all, I just don't know what to say about this business of examinations. I'll tell you what, it makes me feel mighty proud sometimes to be asked such all-fired and difficult questions as they put to us somehow. I figure it that they would not be asking a fool such questions. Surely no college professor would put such questions to any mediocre brain. It is a high compliment to any student to be asked the questions that some of these learned professors do ask and always expecting answers. Then again, Tansy, it seems to me that there is something about a hard question fairly and seriously put that tickles and stimulates the brain till it tingles with an irresistible urge toward expression. All of this, I am sure, the professors realize. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, "Because I like a pinch of salt in my soup is no reason I wish to be immersed in brine." What he had

CHOWAN WINS GAME FROM CONWAY TEAM

Freeman and Vann Stars for College In Good Basketball Contest

Conway High School basketball team was defeated in a game played with Chowan College varsity team, in the college gymnasium hall on Thursday night, January 28. The college team won with a score of 54 to 19. The Conway players displayed a admirable sportsmanship throughout the game. Their spirit even after losing, seemed inevitable, was admired greatly by those viewing the contest.

In the college varsity team Freeman and Vann were the star players. The game was featured by the work of these two. Cooke also showed some flashy work on the floor.

FACULTY BOWS TO THE SENIOR TEAM

Students Were Too Fast for Opponents, Scoring Clean Victory In Basketball

The student varsity team took the victorious score from the faculty in their first match game of basketball, played in the college gymnasium hall Tuesday night, January 26. The game was a heated contest. The forwards for both teams were quick and accurate shooters. The final score was 41-38.

Florentine Book Fair And Praise For The Poet Of The Confederacy

(By MRS. H. H. HORNE)

The International Book Fair of Florence seemed indeed the perfect flower of the spirit of understanding and co-operation which is the highest hope for world unity. Near-millennial seemed the pleasant Babel of English, Italian, French and German, as the torch of truth signalled the pilgrimage along the four paths to indeed "Meet at the same little door." Such a company, in such an enchanted garden, looking toward Florence in her fadeless charm might well have moved the first Emperor to his immortal exclamation, "Je seus en moi 'l'Infini!'"

It was one good fortune to be in this interesting assembly of scholars. A brief tram ride carried us to the entrance to the ground, where in a setting semi-tropical gardens four handsome wrought iron gate-ways with a welcome in Italian, English, French and German opened up an alluring vista at the end of which was a spacious arrangement of quadrangular temporary buildings not un-American in appearance, so spick-and-span was their crispness, convenience and completeness. The treasures of educational interest ranged from kindergarten material to university equipment, covering laboratory supplies, music and pictures scientifically graded. Scholarly guides were in attendance everywhere and the patrons included many notable educators. The leading spirit was King Victor Emmanuel II, who opened the fair in person on Monday, May 3.

We did not hear his voice, but had a good glimpse of him as he motored along the Arno quietly with a modest escort of colorful militia greeted by a long line of citizens—the men with earnest faces, almost spirituelle in their splendid enthusiasm for their monarch. The women with babies in their arms, wore the beatific childhood smile of most Italian mothers, the world's most adorable Madonna.

In the presence of the king, the sovereign was lost. The fervor of the patriot and the dignity of the educator transcended the glamour of the royalty. Victor Emmanuel is no longer a young man. Cares of state have seamed his swarthy face, and the foam from the eternal seas is lightly spraying his heavy shock of dark hair, but the eagle eyes of the educated Italian, sobered by hours of thought for the well-being of a great kingdom, flash with the undimmed fires of a virile, magnetic manhood.

Among the speakers started for this unusual occasion was Sir Ronald Rodd, formerly British ambassador to Switzerland, whose lecture on English poetry was featured and followed as one of the drawing cards of the great fair. He declared that poetry was the super-medium of self-realization, that a great many truths, aspirations and emotions could be interpreted only in poetry. Where there is no votary, of Pan, the softest bird notes are lost in ether. Where there is no worshipper with in the greenwood temple, the motion poems of the furry folk whom "He made voiceless" die in the silence. Where there is no bird the life of a nation perishes.

It was pleasing function to the soul of the wandering Chowanian that the great scholar expressed a profound personal appreciation of General Little's poem, "I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying."

Tradition has it that this master lyric of mostly monosyllables was the great Confederate chieftain's swan-song, penned in his tent overnight, that the day following he paid the supreme sacrifice in magnificent action.

Where is the Chowanian who has not heard this exquisite ballad sung to the guitar within the classic halls of Alma Mater—as many times as she has heard the story of Ginevra, the pure and lovely Florentine "recited" from the commencement platform?

And so wherever there are reverence, culture and the pursuit of happiness, by way of the good, the beautiful and the true, there Chowan speaks Chowan, in passing, and sails serenely on, proud of Alma Mater in the presence of kings, statesmen and scholars.

Line-up and summary: Student Varsity Faculty Team Vann ----- Edwards Forwards Ruggles Freeman ----- Richmond Centers Cooke ----- Thomas Edwards ----- Macy Brumsey ----- Ellington Guards Lassiter

Referee: Bryant. Timekeepers: Wade and Matthews. Scorers: Askew and Caldwell.

SATISFACTORY LUNCHEONS FOR SAN DIEGO PUPILS

Cafeteria service is available to all pupils in San Diego (Calif.) high schools and in practically all elementary schools. This is a development of the past five years. In earlier days parent-teacher organizations rendered helpful service, and many women donated their time in order that children might have well-prepared and nourishing food at a nominal price. The service is now operated independently on a self-supporting basis. Though a manager is usually in charge of the cafeteria, the work is under the supervision of the principal of the building, who has authority to see that a guaranteed standard of service and food is maintained.—School Life.

"The short plays presented by the Carolina Playmakers, possess 'drama' in its truest sense. The element of 'struggle' is there. There are snatches of life, life with its tangled web of traditions, fears, desires, lamentations and fleeting joys, transcribed with remarkable fidelity and finish."—The Washington Post.

LITTLE'S SWAN SONG

Following is a remembered version of General Little's poem said to be that great Confederate chieftain's swan-song, penned in his tent the night before the day on which he paid the supreme sacrifice in battle. This was submitted by Mrs. Horne after it was brought to mind in connection with a day spent in a Florentine book shop:

I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying

I am dying, Egypt, dying. Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast, And the dark Plutonian shadows Gather on the evening blast. Let thine arm, O-queen support me; Hush thy sob and bow thine ear. Listen to the great heart secrets Thou—and thou alone must hear. Tho' my scarred and veteran legions Bear their eagles high no more, Tho' my wrecked and scattered galleys Strew dark Actium's fatal shore; Tho' no glittering guards surround me Prompt to do their master's will, I must perish like a Roman. Die the great Triumvir still.

Should the base plebeian rabble Dare assail my fame at home Where that noble spouse, Octavia Weeps within her widowed home, Seek her, say the gods have told me Altars, angels circling wings That her blood with mine commingled Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian, Glorious sorceress of the Nile, Light the path to Stygian horrors With the splendor of thy smile. Give to Caesar crowns and arches Let his brow and laurel twine. I can scorn all Caesar's triumph, Triumphant in love like thine.

Let not Caesar's servile minions Mock the lion thus laid low, 'Twas no foeman's hand that felled thee Here now pillowed on thy bosom Here you bright star lose its ray He who drunk with thy caresses Madly threw a world away.

I am dying, Egypt, dying, Hark! Th' insulting foeman's cry! They are coming! Up my falchion! Let me face them ere I die. Ah! No more amid the battle Shall my voice exulting swell! Isis and Osiris guard thee, Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

TURNELLY-NELSON

The following announcement has been received by the faculty and student body: Mrs. Anna Alley Turnley requests the honor of your presence at the marriage of her daughter Elizabeth

to the Rev. John Raymond Nelson on Tuesday evening, the ninth of February at eight o'clock Rivermont Avenue Baptist Church Lynchburg, Virginia.

Snow Brings Out Rabbit Huntsmen

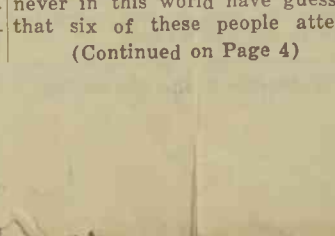
"The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra, la," are no more inviting than the snowflakes that fall in the winter, ha, ha! How considerate of Nature to give us a snow on Monday when we did not have to be worried with classes—or anything. The prettiest snow of four years had fallen and was falling on Monday morning when Chowan rubbed its eyes and rushed around to catch time before the bell stopped ringing. (That is an exciting moment in the lives of some of us.)

The snow afforded such a novel and enjoyable pass time. Soon after breakfast "sufficient wraps for the inclement weather" made their appearance almost hiding the exuberant faces which they enveloped; and groups of girls started out as if the fair sun of May were accompanied with the most gentle breeze ever known and were warning all creation. Besides armies of snow balls and parties of skaters, there was a certain snow cream party which culminated in something new under the sun.

In the afternoon a casual observer seeing a group of people going off towards the woods with guns on their shoulders, and a determined tread in their feet would never in this world have guessed that six of these people attend

COMING CAROLINA PLAYMAKERS EAGERLY AWAITED BY COLLEGE AND SURROUNDING TERRITORY

SCENE FROM "QUARE MEDICINE"



To Be Presented By Carolina Playmakers In the College Auditorium Saturday Night, February 6

Coming Carolina Playmakers Eagerly Awaited By College And Surrounding Territory

Three of Their Quaint Plays Will Be Given On Saturday Night

EASTERN CAROLINA IS PROTRAYED IN PLAYS

They Carry Their Scenery In Ford and Travel In Big Bus

An echo from the mellow past and a herald of the bright future: There moves toward Chowan College a strange caravan as the Carolina Playmakers make their way across the country-side to pause here a night and a day, giving three of their quaint folk-plays before traveling on over the Southland.

They will present on Saturday evening, February 6, in Chowan College auditorium, three one-act plays, "Quare Medicine," a folk-comedy by Paul Green; "Gaius and Gaius, Jr.," a robustuous comedy of the Old South, by Lucy M. Cobb, and "Fixin's," a tragedy of tenant farm life, by Erma and Paul Green. Each of the three are from the Carolina soil, homely folk-plays with a power and authenticity rarely to be rivaled on the professional stage.

To those acquainted with the rural life of eastern North Carolina as it was a medicine when the patent doctor is not unknown. The so-called doctor pictures in the play "Quare Medicine," is by no means a true representative of the old type. He does, however, resemble a loud-mouthed lonely fellow who used to dare to sell his wares before the courthouse in Lillington, North Carolina, during "court."

In "Fixin's" there is depicted a study of Lillington, North Carolina, of the grinding poverty of tenant-farm life, which the authors have observed from childhood. Here the pent fury of the work-driven woman, Lilly Robinson, is portrayed with grim and terrible reality. She craves a little beauty—"purty fixin'" but her husband's eyes can't see beyond the sod he plows scene is a bare cabin in Harnett County, North Carolina, but the theme is universal conflict of two worlds which are irreconcilable.

The chief character is Gaius, Jr., a life—from description given by his kinsmen, and from a portrait. Mr. Gaius is an irascible old gentleman, a great-great-uncle of the author. He was absolute dictator of his household, hot and dictatorial, though kind and blustering. The scene is corded in the play, the town protesting against his working his negroes on Sunday, and his constant fear of dying are true to the facts. The author has given us a realistic portrayal of the spacious Southern plantations in the days before the devastating War Between the States.

The personnel of the Carolina Playmakers on the tour coming to Chowan College includes G. V. Denny, of Chapel Hill; F. H. Koch, of Chapel Hill; Claudius Mintz, of Ashe; E. R. Patterson, of Smithfield; Miss Helen Leatherwood, of Fayetteville; C. M. Pritchett, of Asheville; E. L. Happ, of Mont zuma, Ga.; S. A. Johnson, of Hill boro; P. L. Elmore, of Dover, and C. W. Gold, of Greensboro.

This group has been compared to the Italian Pagliacci Play (Continued on Page 4)

The College Girl's Responsibility To The Family, Church and Schools

(By MADGE COOPER)

"Education is that process of adjustment by which an individual learns how to live in society." A college girl must know how to adapt herself to society in at least three groups. They are the home, the church and the school.

A family is a social group bounded together by blood ties. Since the college girl is a member of a family group, it is her first duty or responsibility to be able to live well with the members of her family. Being sympathetic is one of the secrets of being able to live well with people. The college girl should be sympathetic toward each member of her family. She should help her small brothers and sisters to realize their ideals, if they are worthy ones; or, she should help them to form better ones. By being sympathetic she may cause them to have the right attitude toward each other, their parents and toward the home.

The educated girl is the one who can often see importance in the smallest act. She can see the relationship between dirt and disease. It is her social duty, therefore, to look after the small things, and to see that everything about the home is kept pure and clean. By setting such an example, she can teach to the members of the family the importance of cleanliness and health, and the similarity between health of body and health of mind. Her younger brothers and sisters will learn to think only clean thoughts and thus keep the mind pure.

Since improvement in living conditions supplies a better function for improvement of the mind, the college girl is justified in creating as much beauty as is possible. Beauty of material things is the next essential after cleanliness. Since the home is a spiritual place, it should be a beautiful place. It is, therefore, the responsibility of everyone to treat it with dignity and reverence. The college girl should mould the home environment to meet the correct ideals. She should do this, however, with such grace and good-will that the heads of the family will not realize that she is leading them. They will marvel at the influence of college upon her character. College then should fit the girl for a rich home life in the deepest sense.

The real social value of education is the ability to carry from one field into another. Unless the college girl can see and establish

"It is probable that these Carolina Playmakers are the leading exponents of the folk-play idea in America today. Certainly they put on at least one production, 'Fixin's,' out of the three they gave us last night, which is but rarely excelled, or even equalled on any stage, domestic or foreign, amateur or professional."—Atlanta Constitution.

HIGH SCHOOL STUDY OF LOCAL INDUSTRIES

A major course in New York City industries, extending over one term and open to all students, is an elective in George Washington High School, New York City. The course was inaugurated last year as an introduction to the study of economics. No textbook is yet available, but use is made of printed information supplied by commercial, building and trades bodies, slides from the State visual instruction division, and information furnished by the student themselves.