

The Chowanian

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KNOWLEDGE FROM CRAMMING IS FLEETING—

"Knowledge goes; wisdom stays"—Tennyson said it, and he must have had some experience in cramming for examinations and forgetting the things memorized thus that reminded him of this epigram. The facts memorized just for examination remain long enough to be written down; on the paper, sometimes. Then they vanish like a bubble.

The wisdom that lingers and stays comes from the lessons learned day by day. Knowledge taken in this way by smaller morsels can be digested and assimilated. There is then time for due reflection. When business in the upper story of the human edifice is not so rushing time can be spared to make connections by relating the new information with something already familiar. These friendly associations formed between the old and the new insure permanency. Any information to prove of worth in the future must be stored away in some compatible relation to other ideas and objects. This is in the process of digestion of knowledge.

Cramming for examinations is like swallowing unthinkable quantities of food raw and un-fashioned to digestion, without mastication at all. There is not time for chewing. Happily it is too that information thus devoured does not remain in the system for an appreciable time, else the mental indigestion resulting from such over-loading might affect some serious state of epilepsy, hysterics, or insanity.

Even so, yet the most discreet "cram" for examinations. Why? Because it is necessary, necessary in order to make the grade. Ah, the grade, that's the thing! What about wisdom, that pearl above price. That possession invaluable is left to take care of itself as a by-product. The struggle is for high marks because high marks are a symbol of academic demands of perfection and scholarship of a high degree. On the other hand wisdom and power of application is what the world demands for success.

Ambition to make high grades is an incentive to study all right. There is no doubt about that. It is a commendable thing to strive toward a summit, but the means employed for reaching it is where-in the faulty principle lurks. If the means of getting an A grade were by daily application to studies that begets real wisdom when pursued with a motive of application, then the academic demands of a student would marry better with those of the world of business and profession. Under some instructors it is possible to get a topping grade by memorizing facts just for the standing of written examinations, and the material learned forgotten in a day maybe. Other examiners demand for their examinees something that requires original thinking and application of mind to things learned throughout the term from textbooks and lectures. The questions cover simply a nice application of the work gone over. Then comes a

real test of ability to acquire and apply knowledge, which is the criterion of intelligence.

Examinations that call for only "cut and dried" definitions encourage the acquiring of "knowledge that goes." Over against these, the others, those that question for applications of knowledge that has been received all along, taken in by small bits as it can be thoroughly chewed, digested, and assimilated, promote the getting of "wisdom that stays."

WHAT COMES AFTER COLLEGE GRADUATION—

When commencement and the day of separation arrives, it makes us wish we were like Peter Pan so that we would never grow up and advance out of school days. We want to stay giddy school girls always and have fun. It is only the thoughts of the parting goodbye, however, that calls forth sentiments such as these. The friends that have grown into our hearts through the days of work and play together and the pleasant surroundings, it is true, evoke tears of regret that these associations have come to an end.

Each loss has its compensation though, and there is healing for every pain. The recompense for this privation is many colored. It is the myriad shaded adventure of life that is beckoning. Each year commencement means a group standing upon the threshold ready and equipped for entrance into life. The sapient speakers make eloquent and inspiring addresses about the opportunities awaiting just across the threshold. As the student about to take the step over listens to these and contemplates her brief span of years spent in strong preparation, her soul is thrilled at the prospect. She is then cleared of all such peril notions as Peter Pan had when he wanted to stay a child always. The story goes that Peter Pan ran away from home the day he was born. When he heard the grown folk talking about what he would do when he grew up to be a man he flew away into the fairy dwelling of Neverland.

Do college students with a vision of the journey ahead wish to flit away into the security of Neverland, or do they prefer to shoulder the pack and pass on out on the highway of life to meet whatever may come?

MUSINGS OF A SENIOR—

During the summer of 1925 the good fairies paid me a visit. A fairy queen told me to ask for my heart's desire, to ask and believe I would get it, and almost instantly my wish would come true. I thought of Midas and his gold; of Solomon and his wisdom; of all the wishes down through the events of years. I answered, "Oh fair and beautiful fairy, the wish of my heart is to return to college and be a senior. I left college as a junior and it seems as if I'll never get back to become a senior. As summer comes and I see boys and girls graduate, my heart dies within me. I am glad for them, but I too would be a senior."

The fairy moved her wand above my head and said: "I will send you to Chowan College. It is the 'greatest little woman's' college in the world." It is like being in paradise to be there.

The fairy queen left me then, but her invisible spirit was ever present; and in the fall of 1925 I came, as she had decreed, to Chowan College.

As I entered the gate and rode down the driveway among the pines, on to the beautiful spacious campus, I found the grounds to be covered with many very large trees, ground beautiful with age. I found grass, fresh and green beneath the trees; and I found a summer house, rose arbors and a crowd's nest for seniors. In the twilight, the administration building stood out, and the large Graecian columns added dignity to the structure.

I'll never forget the glimpse of the beautiful auditorium, and the clock, such as Longfellow wrote about, as I entered the door. "I'm to live here a whole year, and be a senior," I said to myself.

The next day I wandered around the campus, and in my wanderings sauntered to the ravine near the edge of the campus. There I found the very home of my good fairy queen, I do believe, because the entire woodland, which was divided by a rollicking, curving stream, seemed to be a fairyland. I was under the spell of a fairy's charm.

As the year comes to a close my heart seems to be a memory book filled with the glorious days at Chowan, and I think that even when I am an old, old grandmother (unless I have a career) a corner of my heart shall be a Chowan memory book.

I do not feel selfish about the gift of the fairy queen, for I hope that she will give the same gift to other girls, yes, many other girls, and that they may enjoy it as I have.

MY CLASS

Seniors, what of the debt we owe her—
Our dear college, we adore;
This our loving Alma Mater
Cherished now as ne'er before.

Loyal to her, ever praising;
That's the least that we can do
To repay her; always raising
Tribute to the school we knew.

When I think of Chowan College,
The senior class comes to my mind
Each girl added to her knowledge
Chowan Life—so hard to find.

First, there comes into my memory
A dancing, singing, brown-eyed lass,
Who, you ask, disturbs my reverie,
Why, Moella, need you ask?

Following her, there comes another,
Whose place is very hard to fill;
A high light in expression—
rather;
Yes, she'll always be a "Jewell."

And there's Marietta Bridger.
I believe she read Shakespeare;
Just loved "Hamlet," I remember,
Something I thought very queer.

There was Madge who "chummed"
with Thelma—
Siamese twins I always say.
Brunette Cooper and Blond
Draper—
It just happened to be that way.

Then I think of Hazel Griffin;
Had a "rep" up all her own.
Intellectual—No bluffin'
Some day she'll be widely
known.

Flora Mae entered as a senior—
But she's loyal, I'll tell you;
Chowanoka's chief editor—
That shows she's a worker, too.

As my thoughts keep on a
rambling
Around days I can't bring back,
Into them there comes "a scrambling,"
The busy bee—"Mrs. Clara
Mac."

But of all these fourteen seniors,
Only one was brave enough
To tackle math as her major—
Jessie "Mae" could work that
stuff.

Nancy Parker was our songbird;
Seems as though her voice I
hear,
As she'd go upon that last word,
Ring it out so sweet and clear.

Tell you of Souter do I hear?
The student council president,
Most popular girl, 'tis very clear
That surely she was provident.

Oh, Rosalie! dear Rosalie,
You truly loved, I knew it.
And who it was I plainly see,
Nor do I blame you for it.

Elizabeth Watson specialized
In Latin, French and German.
It was on me she exercised
Her knowledge—such a sermon!

But then I always was the lass
Who never knew a thing.
This poet soaring high and fast
Came down with broken wing.

But this, my class of '26,
I'll ne'er forget, no never.
Each senior in my mind will fix
Thoughts that remain forever.
MERYL BRITTON, '26.

Beats 400,000



Miss Dorothy Jean Utley, age 14, of Bemidji, Minnesota is the proudest young lady in the land. Her essay on "Highway Safety" won first prize in a state contest in which 400,000 other boys and girls competed. Miss Utley, was given a free trip to Washington, met our President and received a gold watch. No wonder she's proud.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

The final examinations were held at Chowan College last week.

January said, "If February can't March, April May." June said, "Ju-ly."

Jewell A.: "The ancient Greeks often committed suicide."
Willie B.: "They were the days. You can do it only once now."

An absent-minded person is one who thinks he left his watch at home, and then reaches in his pocket for it to see if he has time to go home to get it.

Miss Ruggles (Coming from Field Day): "Four of the girls broke records today."
Mr. Tinsley: "I have told and told those girls to leave my Victrola alone."

Mary B.: "But Miss McDowell, he left at 10."
Miss McDowell: "No, he didn't; as he closed the door I heard him say, 'Just one!'"

Experience is a teacher who never takes a vacation nor gives a diploma.

Deal gently with fools; you may be one yourself some day.

Idleness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes it.

Herges: "Uncle Frank, you ought not to burn the leaves here because it will have the grass as black as you are."

Uncle Frank: "Yassah, but it will sho' grow out, and be jes' as green as you is."

Miss Terry: "It seems to me that some of these girls take a mighty long time to tell their beaux good-night."
Miss McDowell: "Yes; much adieu about nothing."

She: "That moon fills me with a hunger for something."
He (Hastily): "Let's dance."

"Don't you think she had some of the suggestion of ancient Venus?"
"Yes, the antiquity."

"They say that a student should have eight hours sleep a day."
"True, but who wants eight classes a day?"

Scientists say we retain the same brain cells we had in infancy. That explains a good deal.

When a woman motorist holds out her hand you can be certain that she is going to turn to the right, turn to the left or stop.

No doubt old Methuselah had days when he couldn't decide which rising generation to worry most about.

Frosh (Rushing into library): "I want the life of Caesar."
Librarian: "Sorry, but Brutus (Mussolini) beat you to it."

If I had the lamp of Aladdin, I would rub it and say, "O bring back those wonderful days of yore when the students of Chowan handed in the jokes to the 'Under the Greenwood Tree'."—Editor.

"THE AWAKENING" WAS PLAYED BY SENIORS

It Was Written By Misses Hood and Carleton, Under Direction Miss Knott

The seniors this year deserve not a meager mention for the unique presentation of their play Monday night, May 24. In producing the play, entitled "The Awakening," they have proved themselves adept at the arts of original composition, in directing the production, and in engineering the building of an amphitheater.

The play was written by two of the class, Flora Mae Hood and Estelle Carleton. They were assisted in finishing it off and in planning the direction by Miss Knott, head of the expression department.

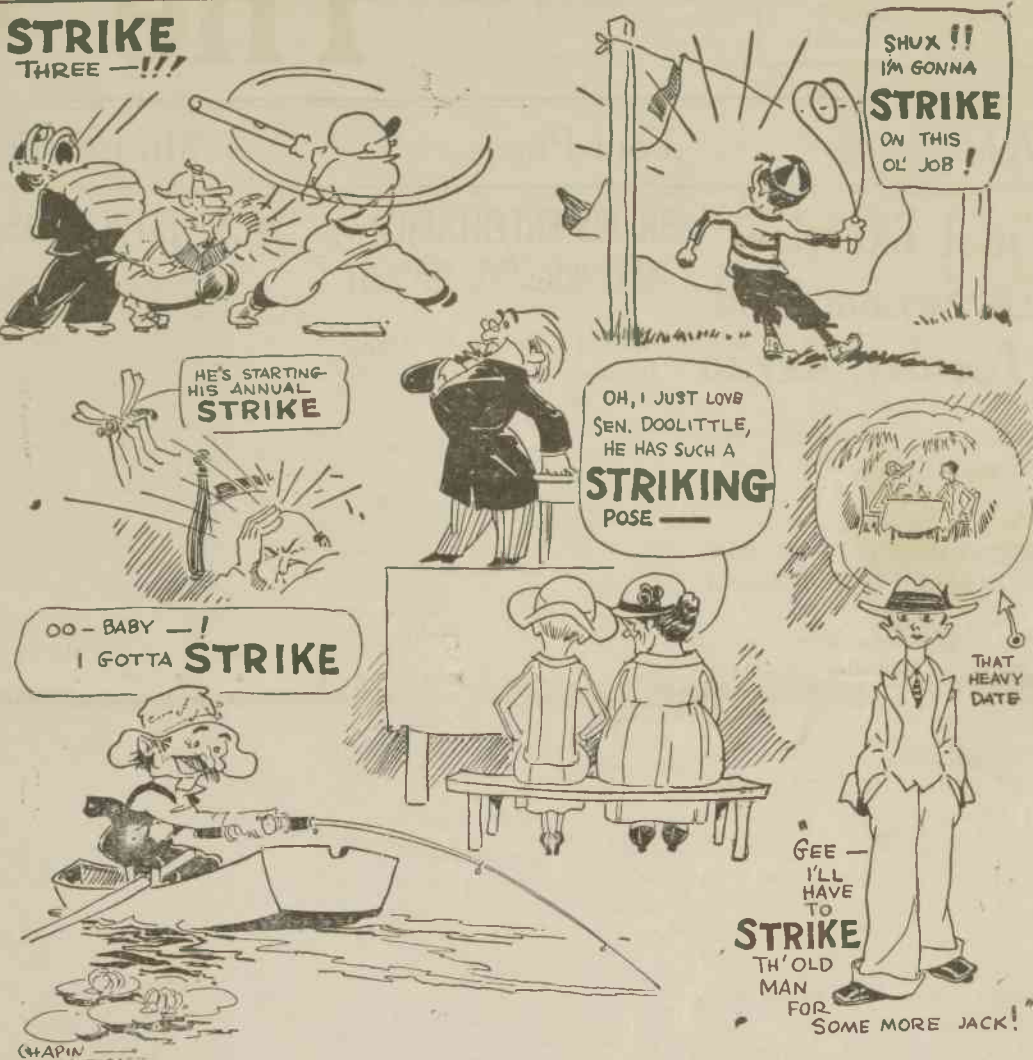
Under their skillful devising the ravine was converted into a most enchanting theater. On the west side of the stream, across which a bridge was laid, the actors performed. On the slope of the eastern side the audience was seated. The lighting effects were very beautiful and effective for the nature of the play.

The idea carried out in the play was that of a girl in college looking out beyond the gates of college, longing for the beauty separated and beyond. When she ceded to the force that urged her to look around her first for the beauty already by her side, her eyes were opened to the beauties of the larger world outside.

Pastures seeded this spring have been held back by lack of rain and should not be grazed too closely, says Sam J. Kirby, pasture specialist.

SPEAKING OF STRIKES

By A. B. CHAPIN



MUSIC WEEK PROVED TO BE BIG EVENT

Professor Tinsley Gave Timely Lectures During National Music Week

A series of high-class musical entertainments were presented at Chowan College during Music Week, May 6, 7 and 8. Music Week was a success from every angle. Each program was well attended, and the response shown by the audiences spoke for their appreciation of the splendid productions.

The first night's performance was the operetta "Miss Cherry Blossom," composed by John and Mary Dodge. The music, song, color, gaiety and romance mingled to form a most enjoyable production.

The stage was covered with a 150-piece orchestra on the second night. This instrumental recital, given on Friday night, drew the largest crowd. The ensemble included the orchestras from several high schools coming from nearby, in conjunction with the Chowan College orchestra. The quartets and individual selections played by Senior Benjunes, the director, were also enjoyed.

The closing night of the event was a program given by the Chowan College Glee Club. The Glee Club had already appeared several times with their program at other places, and the home folk were also pleased with their presentation.

Music Week at Chowan College was especially timely in view of the fact that it was National Music Week, celebrated all over the country. All though the week Professor Tinsley, head of the music department, had different ones of his students give talks in chapel upon the lives and works of eminent musicians. Following the talks compositions of those spoken of were played by students. In this way the students were made familiar with the lives and compositions of the most famous musicians.

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| 5:00 P. M. | 7:00 P. M. | |
| Leave Raleigh | 8:00 A. M. | 10:30 A. M. |
| 10:30 A. M. | 2:00 P. M. | 4:00 P. M. |
| 5:00 P. M. | 7:00 P. M. | |

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|-------------------------------|------------|----------|-------|
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| Norfolk, Fairfax Hotel | ----- | 8:00 | 4:00 |
| Winton, Winton Hotel | ----- | 10:45 | 6:45 |
| Murfreesboro, Sewell House | ----- | 11:05 | 7:05 |
| Conway, Filling Station | ----- | 11:20 | 7:20 |
| Jackson, Jackson Drug Store | ----- | 11:35 | 7:35 |
| | | P. M. | |
| Weldon, Terminal Hotel | ----- | 12:05 | 8:05 |
| Halifax, Roanoke Hotel | ----- | 12:25 | 8:25 |
| Enfield, Enfield Hotel | ----- | 12:45 | 8:45 |
| Whitakers, Whitakers Hotel | ----- | 1:00 | 9:00 |
| Arr. Rocky Mount, Ricks Hotel | ----- | 1:30 | 9:30 |
| LEAVE | NORTHBOUND | A. M. | P. M. |
| Rocky Mount, Ricks Hotel | ----- | 8:30 | 3:30 |
| Whitakers, Whitakers Hotel | ----- | 9:00 | 4:00 |
| Enfield, Enfield Hotel | ----- | 9:15 | 4:15 |
| Halifax, Roanoke Hotel | ----- | 9:35 | 4:35 |
| Weldon, Terminal Hotel | ----- | 9:55 | 4:55 |
| Jackson, Jackson Drug Store | ----- | 10:20 | 5:20 |
| Conway, Filling Station | ----- | 10:45 | 5:45 |
| Murfreesboro, Sewell House | ----- | 11:00 | 6:00 |
| Winton, Winton Hotel | ----- | 11:25 | 6:25 |
| | | P. M. | |
| Arrive Norfolk, Fairfax Hotel | ----- | 2:00 | 9:00 |

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