

The Chowanian

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BURY THE HATCHET

Nearly everybody carries a hatchet. He may or may not intend to use it at some time, but he is a rare creature if he does not carry it. These hatchets are variously labeled: Jealously, ill-will, grudge, or what-not. They are not useful or ornamental weapons; they are burdens, and ugly ones, at that.

Christmas, the season of goodwill and fellowship, is the time to follow the Indian custom of burying the hatchet, and so show that we are on good terms with our neighbors.

If we dispose of our hatchets, we shall be able to receive and to dispense a larger supply of Christmas cheer.

CHRISTMAS READING

Girls, in our few quiet hours during the Christmas season, let's read something fine—something suitable. Unless we read some of the beautiful old Christmas stories and poems, we shall miss part of the joy and real meaning of the Christmas season. Here are a few suggestions: Among the old classics loved for years: Dickens' "Christmas Carol" and "Christmas Stories"; "The Bird's Christmas Carol," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; Tennyson's "In Memoriam"; "The Other Wise Man," "The Last Word," and "The First Christmas," by Henry Van Dyke; "Ben Hur," by Lou Wallace. Van Dyke's shorter poems are also good as well as Browning's "Christmas Eve and Easter Day." O. Henry has written a number of delightful stories of a lighter nature which are appropriate for the Christmas season. The best of these are: "The Gift of the Magi," "Christmas By Injunction," and "A Chaparral Christmas Gift." If there are children in the home, do not fail to read aloud to them some of the stories which thrill you when you were a child: "Twas the Night Before Christmas," "Annie's and Willie's Prayer," etc.

PEANUT WEEK

Peanut Week is coming. The Christmas spirit begins that week and leads up to the grand finale—a Christmas tree in the dining room, with presents for all. The mystery of not knowing who is peanutting who, keeps everyone on the qui vive until the last night when the secret is out. Peanut week is not a time for expensive gifts but for deeds of kindness, with a spirit of friendliness. Our great grandparents sent this little verse with their Christmas presents: "Think not of the gift of the lover, but think of the love of the giver."

NOT MONEY BUT LOVE

At the mention of Christmas, we always sigh and jingle the few pennies in our pockets, thinking that we'll be "dead broke" after Christmas. We have an entirely wrong conception of Christmas, for, at that season, we should give love, not money. It is true that Christ said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," but Christ himself did not give money and rich gifts. He gave His love which was greater than any gift money could buy. At Christmas, let there be an expenditure of general friendliness rather than of money. "The best things in life are free."

"—a Christmas can't start from the pocketbook-faith, it must come from the heart. By the Saints—Dutch an' Irish—yer gifts may be sold Tagged with a price mark an'

drippin' wid gold; But if love ain't inside 'em—as sure as ye're born I'd rather be blessed wid a little tin horn!"

"DEY AIN'T NO SICH ANNEMAL"

"Jake," said Aunt 'Riah, "yo needn' tell me nothin' a tall 'bout dat kassy-hoss wid de ho'n on he nose, kassy dey ain't no sich annemal."

And that's what we say about that new leaf people are always talking about turning over at the beginning of the new year: "Dey ain't no sich annemal."

Before we can turn over this new leaf, we must grow it, and growth takes time. We cannot be idle and careless and scatter-brained today and turn over a new leaf tomorrow and be industrious and careful and accurate. Mother Nature hasn't made her children that way. We must grow steadily, not by fits and starts, nor can we blot out today's errors by the mere turning of a leaf.

"We will be tomorrow what today has made us." If we want a new leaf for 1929, and we hope we do, we should begin to grow it ere 1928 vanishes.

PLAYS ARE GRATIFYING

The originality and freshness of the plays recently presented by the Carolina Playmakers are quite gratifying. We heartily commend the work of the Playmakers. We wonder, however, if present-day literature does not tend to become too realistic to be inspiring or even wholesome. Its noisy vulgarity and irreverence and profanity are not calculated to make people better. Its unbroken pessimism does not tend to encourage folk to fight their way toward light; it too often does not even point out the fact that there is light! This last is not quite true of "Job's Kinfolks," which the Playmakers presented. There is a subtle suggestion that the tragic story of the mill folk might have been otherwise but for their neglect of the little church across the way.

CAMPUS NEWS

Thanksgiving Day was a day for visiting! A large number of the students spent the day with friends.

Mrs. J. A. Campbell, of Murfreesboro, had as her guests Wilma Ellington, Mary Lou Jones, Mildred Hinton, and Alice Riddick.

Jean Craddock and Elizabeth Webb spent the day with Mrs. Brown, and Corinna Malpass, Russell Ward, and Hazel Edwards with Mrs. Dan Storey.

Ruby Daniel dined with Mrs. Joe King Parker, and she and Lyda Jane Brooks were the guests of Mrs. Sam Vann for supper.

Baughan Grey spent the day with Mary Stanley, in Portsmouth.

Agnes Harrell, with her parents, attended the centennial anniversary meeting at Cool Spring Baptist Church on Thanksgiving Day.

Isabel Hemby received a visit

from her parents and sister. Christine Stillman had as her guests on Thanksgiving Day, her mother, Mrs. Ellen Stillman, her sister, Mrs. Jarvis Scott, and her cousin, Mrs. Verna Bright.

Nellie Sutton spent the day with Roxie Flythe in Ahoskie. Mrs. J. L. Long, Miss Eloise Stevenson, and little Miss Mary Long were visitors at the college Friday afternoon, November 30. Lucile Long accompanied them to Franklin Friday morning, where she spent the day shopping. Mrs. Long and Miss Stevenson remained at the college Friday evening to attend the performance given by the Carolina Playmakers.

A few of the girls and members of the faculty have recently been to Norfolk to see Al Jolson in the Vitaphone production, "The Singing Fool." Miss Payne was accompanied by Elizabeth Webb and Jean Craddock. Miss Poe, Margaret Lawrence, and Gladys Baines saw the show last weekend.

Members of the faculty believe in doing their Christmas shopping early. Miss Whitney spent last week-end in Norfolk, where she saw St. Nicholas some trouble by laying in her own supply of gifts for Christmas.

The last week-end which the girls could spend away from the college witnessed a very exodus among the students, who had no notion of letting their last chance slip. The following girls spent the week-end away with friends: Kathleen Johnson and Baughan Grey were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Holloman, of Weldon; Alice Cooke visited Mary Britton, in Aulander; Margaret Jeffreys visited Rosalind Horne, in Pendleton; Ann Downey visited Audrey Parker, in Potocasi; Julia Downs was the guest of Mrs. W. M. Hollowell, in Hobbsville, and Aiesee Leonard spent the week-end with Helen Flythe.

Helen Rountree had as her guest for the past week-end, her sister, Bertie Rountree, of Hobbsville.

Mary Whitley, Isla Poole, Ruth Davenport, Ruby Daniel, Ann Downey, Wilma Ellington, and Mary Lou Jones were guests at a supper given by Mrs. Charlie Revell, Friday evening, November 30.

Mary Frances Mitchell has been called home to Raleigh on account of the serious illness of her father, Mr. Frank Mitchell.

Billie Temple returned Monday from New York City, where she has been visiting Miss Charlotte Meade for the past five days. While in New York, she reports seeing many good shows, among them the musical comedy, "Good News." The trip was an educational one to Billie, and she said that the moon was lovely on the Hudson.

Miss Poe spent the past week-end with Miss Jeannette Stout at Chapel Hill. She was an enthusiastic witness of Duke-Carolina football finals.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS PROGRAMS

When college girls go home for the Christmas holidays, they are usually asked to assist in getting up Christmas programs. Impressive but simple programs can be worked up in a short while when one has a supply of ideas at her command.

Readings of the accounts of Mary and Joseph going to the inn, of the visit of the angels, of the visit of the wise men, and of the flight into Egypt as given in the Bible, are appropriate and should enter into Christmas programs. The story of the birth of Christ is found in the first and second chapters of Matthew and Luke.

If the program is to be held in the church, there are a number of suitable stories and poems which may be used: "The Other Wise Man" and "The Last Word," by Henry Van Dyke; "Christmas Carol," by Dickens; selections from "Ben Hur," by Lou Wallace, and "Annie's and Willie's Prayer."

Songs that are always good in a program are: "O Come Let Us Adore Him," "O Little Town of Bethlehem," "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," "Joy to the World," "Silent Night," "O Holy Night," "O Worship the King," "Holy, Holy, Holy," "The Christmas Carol," and "Angels of Jesus."

If the program is to be held in the school house, poems and songs of a lighter type may be used. Poems and stories which may be read are: "The Gift of the Magi," "Christmas by Injunction," and "A Chaparral Christmas Gift," by O. Henry; "The Bird's Christmas Carol," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; and "Twas the Night Before Christmas." The songs mentioned above may be used in a program anywhere, but the following may be used in a program held in the school house: "Jingle Bells," "We Three Kings of the Orient Are," "Jolly Old St. Nicholas," and "Ho, Ho, Ho, Who Wouldn't Go?" Community singing at the church is also effective on Christmas Eve or afternoon. Scripture

readings, poems, and stories might be used while the congregation rests between the songs.

The dramatization of Christmas chapters from books and of Christmas carols might be worked into a program. Living tableaux from the Bible story of the birth of Christ would make an interesting feature of a program.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

International Sunday School Lesson for December 16
PAUL AND HIS FRIENDS
Philemon 8-21

All of Philemon should be read and it will not take long for there is only one chapter to this epistle. It is one of the four letters written by Paul during the first imprisonment at Rome. It was probably dispatched at the same time as Ephesians and Thychicus was one of the messengers (Eph. 6:21-23; Col. 4:7-9).

Paul as a world citizen had many friends. Twenty-two persons are here named in 10 verses and there are 71 named by him in the Acts and his epistles. One was Philemon of Colosse who had probably found the truth in Jesus Christ when Paul was working in Ephesus and vicinity during a two year mission.

Onesimus was a slave who ran away from Philemon and finally reached the great city of Rome. He may have learned of Paul and sought audience with him "in his own hired house" for all had access to him. Or, it may be that, learning of Paul whom he had served when visiting his master in Colosse, he came to hear within being seen and Paul remembered him at first glance for his kindly attention in the past. The whole story is soon told. Paul gives him all the attention possible and makes clear the truth of salvation a sit is in Christ, showing that a man can have the utmost spiritual freedom though serving as a slave. For, is not Paul bound to a soldier and a slave of Jesus Christ? And yet his soul is free indeed and he is carrying on a very extensive ministry.

The only manly thing is for Onesimus to return to Philemon. There is the added problem, for evidently some goods were stolen at the time. Then Paul, having urged him to make the right decision, plans the most favorable approach possible by writing a letter in friendship to his former host and continued well-wisher. Read again how Paul plays upon the personal and asks that Onesimus be received in his place. The stolen goods are mentioned and Paul, though needing every coin, offers to make good in behalf of the slave. Since acquittal is evidently close at hand the Apostle says that he hopes to follow the letter soon and requests that a bed be made ready for him.

A BALLAD OF SANTA CLAUS

Among the earliest saints of old, before the first Hegira, I find the one whose name we hold, St. Nicholas of Myra: The best-loved name, I guess, in sacred nomenclature, The patron-saint of helpfulness, and friendship, and good-nature.

A bishop and a preacher too, a famous theologian, He stood against the Arian crew and fought them like a Trojan; But when a poor man told his need and begged an alms in trouble, He never asked about his creed, but quickly gave him double.

Three pretty maidens, so they say, were longing to be married; But they were paupers, lack-a-day, and so the suitors tarried. St. Nicholas gave each maid a purse of golden ducats chinking, And then, for better or for worse, they wedded quick as winking.

Once, as he sailed, a storm arose; wild waves the ship surrounded; The sailors wept and tore their clothes, and shrieked, "We'll all be drowned!" St. Nicholas never turned a hair; serenely shone his halo; He simply said a little prayer, and all the billows lay low.

The wicked keeper of an inn had three small urchins taken, And cut them up in a pickle-bin, and salted them for bacon. St. Nicholas came and picked them out, and put their limbs together— They lived, they leaped, they gave a shout, "St. Nicholas forever!"

And thus it came to pass, you know, that maids without a nickel, And sailor lads when tempest blow, and children in a pickle, And every man that's fatherly, and every kindly matron, In choosing saints would all agree to call St. Nicholas patron.

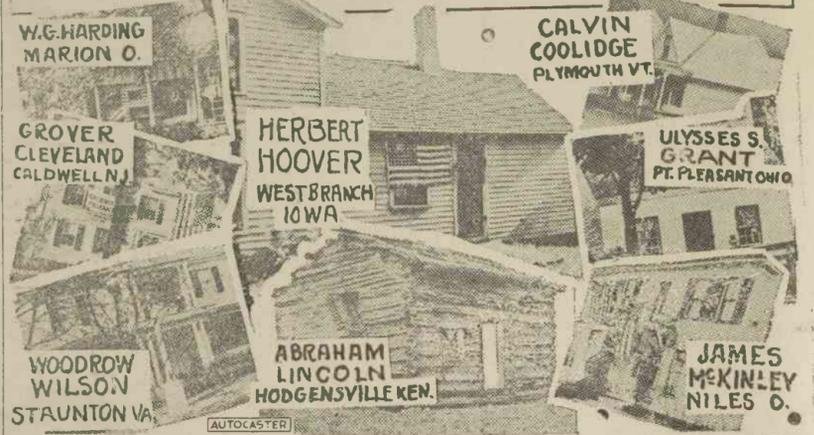
He comes again at Christmas-time and stirs us up to giving; He rings the merry bells that chime good-will to all the living; He blesses every friendly deed and every free donation; He sows the secret, golden seed of love through all creation.

Our fathers drank to Santa Claus, the sixth of each December, And still we keep his feast because his virtues we remember. Among he saintly ranks he stood, with smiling human features, And said, "Be good! But not too good to love your fellow-creatures!" HENRY VAN DYKE, December 6, 1907.

THE BURNING BABE

As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow, Surprised I was with sudden heat which made my heart to glow; And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near, A pretty Babe all burning bright did in the air appear, Who, scorched with excessive heat, such floods of tears did shed, As though His floods should quench His flames which with His tears were fed; "Alas!" quoth He, "but newly born, in fiery heats I fry, Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel my fire but I! My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel, wounding thorns; Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke, the ashes, shames and scorns; The fuel Justice layeth on, on Mercy blows the coals, The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defiled souls: For which, as now on fire I am, to work them to their co d; So will I melt into a bath, to wash them in My blood." With this He vanished out of sight and swiftly shrunk away, And straight I called unto mind that it was Christmas Day. ROBERT SOUTHWELL, 1595.

Where Many of Our Presidents Came From



Many American great men were born under the proverbial silver spoon. On their entry into the world they had merely their birthright, health and the love of their parents. The pictures above show the birthplaces of Herbert Hoover, president-elect, Calvin Coolidge and six presidents of the past. These presidents among others first saw the light of day in the rural districts of America, and rose from obscurity to the highest office in the land.

In all this we have a fine expression of the Brotherhood of Man through Jesus Christ the Elder Brother. When all follow these principles of adjustment of difficulties the "joy of the Yord" (vs. 20) will indeed be shed abroad. There never can be another world war when mankind follows this Pauline spirit.

Naturally we wonder what happened when Onesimus reached Colosse. If Philemon was surprised when he saw his direct approach the matter was explained as Paul's letter was read. Appeal had been made to the master's Christianity and it was announced that the slave had also become a believer. Surely the lash was not used that night and trust was never abused in the future.

"Good the more Communicated, the more abundant grows."—Milton.

"'Tis a kind of good deed to say well, And yet words are no deeds."—Shakespeare.

"Christ—the one great word Well worth all languages in earth or Heaven."—Bailey.

"And I come home at Christmas. We all do, or we all should. We all come home, or ought to come home, for a short holiday—the longer, the better—from the great boarding school, where we are forever working at our arithmetical slates, to take, and give a rest."—Dickens, Christmas Stories.

"The dawn of Christ is beaming blessings o'er the new-born world."—Boyesen.

"At Christmas-tide the open hand Scatters its bounty o'er the land. And none are left to grieve alone, For Love is heaven and claims its own."—Margaret E. Sangster.

"We speak of a Merry Christmas And many a Happy New Year; But each in his heart is thinking Of those that are not here."—Longfellow.

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