

SOPHOMORE PLAY AT CHOWAN COLLEGE

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Vann; "The Best Means of Obtaining Freckles" by Beulah Lee; "Demonstration of the Way a Graceful Girl Should Walk" by Pat Taylor; tap dancing by Sadie Parham; "How it Feels to be Conceited" by Walter Dudley; the proper way to propose to a girl by Archie Parker and Edwin Flythe; a quartette by Robert Whitley, Richard Murrill, Robert Turner, and Walter Dudley; a nursery rhyme by Fletcher McAdams.

During the meals of the day the freshmen were called upon for songs, readings, and various stunts.

Some time during the day each freshman had to go to different homes in Murfreesboro and take the census of three cats.

At three o'clock in the afternoon all freshmen and sophomores met in front of the main building. The freshmen were appropriately dressed for a circus. They lined up and marched down town singing "How Green I Am." Down town they gave a circus, and after marching around for some time, they returned to the college where they were entertained in the college gym by the sopomores. A mock wedding was given and other forms of entertainment were enjoyed. Remarks as to the good sportsmanship of the freshmen were then made, and yells were given to each class. At the end of this social hour, lemonade and a fruit salad were served. These, as well as the attractive napkins and favors, carried out the color scheme of green and white.

AMATEUR NIGHT PROVES DELIGHTFUL

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and the play, "Two Back Yards", appears in this issue of the CHOWANIAN.

PLAY GIVEN ON ARMISTICE DAY

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Heath and Mr. Usry gave the best performances.

After the play Miss Ulmer gave a party on the stage, using the garden scene as the setting, for those taking part in the play and for her play production class which had helped in making posters and a ranging stage properties, etc. She served an ice course.

Those present were: Myrtle Ange, Evelyn Blanchard, Wilma Council, Virginia Gardner, Dorothy Heath, Katherine Martin, Margaret Lane, Alice Miller, Marguerite Payne, Arra Snipes, Mary Seymour, Winifred Spencer, Lois Vann, Janice Saunders, Jay White, Lucy Boone Freeman, J. J. Parker, Rorie Copeland, R. M. Usry, Gilbert Davis, and Wilson Fleetwood.

Visitors were: President Edwards, Ann Vann, Katherine Davis, Cora Smith, Ed Brown, Ed Lee, and Julian Porter.

SMITH-ASHLEY

A quiet but beautiful marriage was solemnized at 5 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, December 6, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Forehand, of Murfreesboro, when their sister, Lala Rose Ashley, became the bride of Percy Linwood Smith, of Edenton.

The ceremony was performed in the spacious reception hall before an improvised altar beautiful in its profusion of evergreens and cathedral candles. Immediately before the bridal party entered, Miss Bettie Walter Jenkins, of Seaboard, sang "All for You" and "I Love You Truly". At the strain of Lohengrin's Wedding March, played by Miss Rosalie Liverman, of Murfreesboro, with violin accompaniment by John Darden, of Branchville, Va., the maid of honor, Miss Gladys Smith, sister of the groom, came slowly down the winding stair and took her place at the right of the altar. Miss Smith was becomingly gowned in an afternoon frock of gold cloth, with brown accessories. She carried an arm bouquet of snapdragons.

Following her maid of honor came the bride, in a gown of royal blue trimmed in silver and wearing a silver turban and veil. She was met at the altar by the groom and his best man, Haywood Bunch, of Edenton.

The officiating minister was G. N. Ashley, of Pineland College, brother of the bride. During the ceremony the pianist and violinist played softly, "To a Wild Rose". The ring ceremony was used.

After the wedding a buffet supper was served to the wedding party, relatives, and close friends of the bride and groom. Only a few guests were invited on account of recent death in the families of the bride and bridegroom. Immediately after the supper, Mr. and Mrs. Smith left for their wedding trip.

I AM MUSIC

Servant and master am I; servant of those dead, and master of those living. Through me spirits immortal speak the message that makes the world weep, and laugh, and wonder, and worship.

I tell the story of love, the story of hate, the story that saves, and the story that damns. I am the incense upon which prayers float up to Heaven. I am the smoke which falls over the field of battle where men lie dying with me on their lips.

I am close to the marriage altar, and when graves open I stand nearby. I call the wanderer home, I rescue the soul from depths. I open the lips of lovers, and through me the dead whisper to the living. One I serve as I serve all; and the king I make my slave as easily as I subject his slave. I speak through the birds of the air, the insects of the field, the crash of waters on rock-ribbed shores, the sighting of wind in the trees, and I am ever heard by the soul that knows me in the clatter of wheels on city streets.

I know no brother, yet all men are my brothers; I am the father of the best that is in me; I am of them, and they are of me. For I am the instrument of God.

I am Music. —SELECTED.

PLAY AT ARMISTICE DAY CELEBRATION

Chowan College had a part in the Armistice Day celebration in Ahoskie on November 11. Miss Katherine Martin read "We Shall Not Sleep" and Misses DeLano, Bass, Clinard, Mills, and Seymour with Miss Inez Matthews accompanying sang "There Is No Death".

Four counties took part in this celebration. Legionnaires from each of these four counties were there. They were the guests of Ahoskie and were given free tickets to a dinner, football game and a moving picture.

The two principal speakers on this occasion were Mr. Willis Smith, speaker of the house of North Carolina, and Mr. House, executive secretary of the University of North Carolina.

Between talks as well as before the session began the band from the Naval Base at Norfolk played.

CANDLE LIGHT SERVICE GIVEN ON THANKSGIVING

On Thursday morning, November 24, at 7 o'clock, a candle light Thanksgiving service under the auspices of the Y. W. A. was held in the Lucalian Society Hall.

Miss Katherine Martin had charge of the service. The program consisted of songs, prayer, and two short talks.

The talks were made by President Edwards and Katherine Martin. The theme of President Edwards' talk was that we should be thankful to God for our immortal soul.

Miss Martin's talk enumerated the various ways that one may worship. She said that one may be in a worshipful mood and truly worship without going to a church or to any kind of religious meeting.

Kate Lawrence sang. For many years Chowan Y. W. A. has sponsored a Thanksgiving service on Thanksgiving morning. The Thanksgiving service this year was merely a follow-up of this custom.

SHOWER GIVEN MRS. BROWN

On Wednesday afternoon from 2:30 until 5 o'clock, Mesdames W. N. Brown and E. W. Parker gave a miscellaneous shower and floating tea at the home of Mrs. Parker, honoring Mrs. Edwin Brown, of Murfreesboro. Mrs. Brown before her marriage on November 26 was Miss Dorothy Heath, of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, and a student at Chowan College.

The home was beautifully decorated with red candles, holly, and other evergreens. The same color scheme was carried out in the ice course which the hostesses served. The honoree received many lovely gifts.

About seventy guests called during the afternoon. Those going from Chowan were: Misses Rebecca Peebles, Deborah Mitchell, Janice Saunders, and Mildred Boone.

THE LOST WORD

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level with his father's heart. He was the jewel of the house of the Golden Pillars.

That year the black Numidian horses of Hermas won the world-renowned chariot races of Antioch. He received the prize and turned to drive once more around the circus, to show himself to the people. He lifted the eager boy into the chariot beside him to share his triumph. As the horses pranced around the ring, a great shout of applause filled the amphitheater, and thousands of spectators waved their salutations of praise: "Hail fortunate Hermas, master of success! Hail little Hermas, prince of good luck!"

The tempest of acclamation, the swift fluttering of innumerable garments in the air, startled the horses. They dashed forward, and plunged upon the bits. The left rein broke. They swerved to the right, swinging the chariot sideways and dashing it against the stone parapet of the arena. In an instant the wheel was shattered. The axle struck the ground, and the chariot was dragged onward, rocking and staggering.

By a strenuous effort Hermas kept his place on the frail platform, clinging to the unbroken rein. But the boy was tossed lightly from his side at the first shock. His head struck the wall, and when Hermas turned to look for him, he was lying like a broken flower on the sand.

They carried him in a litter to the House of the Golden Pillars, summoning the most skillful physician of Antioch to attend him. Hour after hour, that sweet childish voice in delirium rang through the halls and chambers of the splendid, helpless house. The stars waxed and waned; the roses bloomed and fell in the garden; the birds sang and slept among the jasmine-bowers. But in the heart of Hermas there was no song, no bloom, no light—only speechless anguish, and a certain fearful look of desolation.

At nightfall, on the second of those eternal days, he shut himself in the library. The unfulfilled lamp had gone out, leaving a trail of smoke in the air. Through the darkness some one drew near. It was Athenais, kneeling beside him and speaking very low: "Hermas, it is almost over—the child! It breaks my heart. Unless a change comes he can not last till sunrise. Is there no power that can save him? Let us beg for compassion and help, let us pray for his life!"

Herms sank on his knees beside Athenais. "Out of the depths, out of the depths we call for pity. The light of our eyes is fading, the child is dying. Oh spare the child's life, thou merciful—"

Not a word, only that deathly blank. His hands stretched out in supplication touched the marble table. His heart was like a lump of ice in his bosom. He rose slowly to his feet, lifting Athenais with him.

"It is vain," he said. "Long ago I knew something. I think it would have helped us. But I have forgotten it. I would give all that I have if I could bring it back again now, at this hour, in this time of our bitter trouble."

A slave entered the room and approached hesitatingly. "Master," he said, "John of Antioch has come again. He would take no denial. Even now he waits in the peristyle; and the old man Marcion is with him, seeking to turn him away."

"Come," said Hermas, "let us go to him."

In the central hall the two men were standing, Marcion and John. "My son," said John, "I have come to you because I have heard that you are in trouble."

"It is true. We are in desperate trouble. I knew something long ago, when I was with you—a word, a name—in which we might have found hope. But I have lost it. I gave it to this man. He has taken it away from me forever."

Marcion's lip curled scornfully. "A word, a name!" he sneered. "What is that, O most wise and holy Presbyter? Who would go about to rob anyone of such a thing as that? Besides, the young man parted with it of his own free will. I promised him wealth and pleasure and fame. What did he give in return? An empty name, which was a burden—"

"Servant of demons, be still!" The voice of John rang clear, like a trumpet, through the hall. "There is a name which none shall dare to take in vain. There is a name at which devils tremble. Depart quickly before I speak it!"

Marcion had shrunk into the shadows of one of the pillars. A bright lamp near it tottered on its pedestal and fell with a crash. In the confusion he vanished, as noiselessly as a shade. John turned to Hermas, and his tone softened as he said:

"My son, you have sinned deeper than you know. The word with which you parted so lightly is the key-word of all life and joy and peace. Without it the world has no meaning, and existence no rest, and death no refuge. Listen, my son, listen with all your soul to the blessed name of God our Father."

The cold agony in the breast of Hermas dissolved like a fragment of ice that melts in the summer sea. He stood upright and lifted his hands high toward heaven.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord! My God, be merciful to me, for my soul trusteth in Thee. My God, Thou hast given, take not Thy gift away

from me. Spare the life of this, my child, O thou God, my Father, my Father!"

A deep hush followed the cry. "Listen!" whispered Athenais, breathlessly.

It came again, the voice of the child, clear and low, waking from sleep, calling: "My father, my father."

EXCHANGE

R. J. Elliot, of Emory University, was awarded a silver cup in a political symposium held at the university. He spoke in behalf of Hoover. The following day he voted for Roosevelt.

A seventy-four-year-old retired printer, who went to high school almost sixty years ago, is not satisfied that he has enough education.

Horace M. Freeman is the oldest student in the University of Cincinnati. He is carrying a maximum number of hours and has marks that equal the leaders'.

The assistants to the librarian of Meredith College, have begun a movement which will add to the number of their modern novels. There is to be a rental collection which will be added to from time to time enabling the students to read the best fiction just off the press.

An American who has just returned from a year of teaching in Russia tells of the Russian schools which are so crowded that small children spend a few hours in classes each day, and then work on a night shift. Christians are not even allowed to enter the schools.

The University of California allows its Co-eds to stay out until

2:15 every night of the school year, with this exception—"Big Game" night there are no rules.

Miss Mary Rogers, daughter of the famous Will Rogers, is planning to take up some career in the near future, for "Father simply won't have a lazy daughter around the house who's not interested in anything but loafing."

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

In the death of Mrs. Jennie Ward McGhee, widow of the late W. M. McGhee of Franklinton, the Franklinton Baptists as well as those of the Central Association lost one of their finest women. Mrs. McGhee was a daughter of Joseph J. Ward and Elizabeth Moore Ward, and a granddaughter of Benjamin Ward of Warren County. She is survived by the following children to whom the Recorder extends sympathy: W. M. McGhee, of Pittsboro; Mrs. Fred Cutts, of Durham; Dallas C. McGhee, Edward W. McGhee, and Hugh McGhee, of Franklinton.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Downs of Winton announce the birth of a daughter, Ellen Nan. Mrs. Downs was Lizzie Jones, '27.

On Tuesday, Dec. 6, Miss Lala Ashley, '30, of Edenton was married to Mr. Percy Smith of Edenton at the home of her sister, Mrs. C. M. Forehand of Murfreesboro.

Miss Dorothy Heath of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, and Mr. Edwin Brown of Murfreesboro, were married on November 26. Mrs. Brown is a junior at Chowan, and she is continuing her work here. Mrs. M. W. Mitchell, '69, died

recently at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. L. Pritchard of Windsor, at the age of 83. She was greatly interested in religious and educational work and had given liberally to both. Mrs. Mitchell was one of the three oldest living graduates of Chowan to whom the 1930 CHOWANOKE was dedicated.

CANDLELIGHT VESPER SERVICE DECEMBER 18

On Sunday afternoon December 18, at 5 o'clock, the Chowan College Choir gave its annual Christmas Vesper Service in the college auditorium by candlelight. The service was under the direction of Miss Forrest DeLano. The following numbers will be included in the program:

Processional; Anthem, "The New Moon a Christmas", March, Choir; anthem, "If With All Your Hearts", Mendelssohn, sextette; solo, "The Virgin's Lullaby" (The Coming of the King), Buck, Forrest DeLano; anthem, "No Candle was There and no Fire", Lehmann, choir; reading, "In Bethlehem", Lynn, Dorothy Heath Brown; anthem, "The Infant Jesus", Yon, sextette; violon solo, "The Swan", Saints, Saens, Carolina Fleetwood; anthem, "O Quiet Night, O Holy Night", Deddlinger, choir; recessional.

ALATHENIAN PARTY COLLEGE GYMNASIUM

On Thursday, November 3, at 8:00 p. m., the Alathenian Literary Society gave a masquerade party in the College gymnasium, which was decorated for the occasion.

Each guest wore a costume appropriate to the occasion and marched around to be judged as to

who wore the best costume. Jessie Brendell, who wore a door face which looked like a cow and an orange and black dress, won the prize for the girls; and Dick Merrill, whose entire costume was made of newspapers, won the boy's prize.

After a program of fortune telling, games, and telling of ghost stories, the guests were asked to go to the college dining hall. Here they found their places, after which Maywood Modlin, Winifred Spencer, and Anna Laura Baker served them first with a sandwich course and then with ambrosia and cake. A welcome was given by Rebecca Peebles, president of the Society, and toasts were given by Myrtle Ange and Jessie Brendell.

The following were present: Miss Margaret Hight, Mary Beale Liverman, Ruth Stephenson, Dorothy Heath, Myrtle Ange, Margaret Lane, Katherine Davis, Lillian Hoggard, Selma Davis, Arra Snipes, Winifred Spencer, Mildred Boone, Margaret Peele, Deborah Mitchell, Lillian Holloman, Genevieve Brown, Rebecca Gay, Mabel Carroll, Rebecca Peebles, Virginia Stanley, Lucy Boone Freeman, Jessie Brendell, Louise Peek, Linda Lee Ferguson, Maywood Modlin, Katie Lawrence, Anna Laura Baker, Dick Murrill, Bob Turner, Walter R. Dudley, Archie Parker, J. J. Parker, Rorie Copeland, Bob Whitley, Pat Taylor, and Melvin Puckett.

SENIOR PLAY

"Just Pals", the senior class play, was presented in the college auditorium on Friday night, December 16, at 8 o'clock.

"Just Pals" is a three-act play comedy by Charles George. Many complications and witty dialogue promises the audience much amusement.

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