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A RECIPE FOR  
A GRADUATE

There is an old maxim that reads to this effect that "What goes into a pot usually comes out." With this in mind will the freshman class of '36 permit me to suggest the following recipe that each may use to prepare the pot which he is to boil during the coming four years.

As one who has known three years of college work, I offer to the freshman who wishes to have a successful college career a formula which you will do well to follow.

Take two pounds of hard work and a pound of perseverance, clean and wash thoroughly; put on to boil in three quarts of sportsmanship and stir until well blended. Add a cup and a half of determination, two cups of courage, two cups of self-confidence, a package of energy, and three-quarters of a cup of honesty and conscientiousness stirring all the time. When boiling vigorously season to taste with a dash of enthusiasm and recreation and cook for four years over a medium flame. When well done serve in a cap and gown.

Though I cannot offer this formula as a "kitchen tested" recipe, my experiences have proved that it ought to work.

Chowan's "One Hoss Shay"  
Has Fallen in Its Decay

Lost: two antiques from Chowan College. Not the rose-wood piano or the grandfathers' clock, but the two well-worn back porches. They have not been stolen but like the "One Hoss Shay," have fallen and crumbled. On the ground near where the antiques once stood are the remains—a pile of dust, a few broken bricks and some nails. Now we wonder whether we are to grieve or rejoice.

At first everyone was very much grieved at this loss. The dormitory students especially were sad to think that they had lost that which had served faithfully for so many years. Then there arose many questions: What has become of the clotheslines and where will the girls hang their clothes? And too, since the porches are gone, the girls have no place to stand and gaze at the stars and the moon—Just what will take their place?

When the girls had dried their tears, they saw another side of the question. After all there was something good about it. No longer was there the fear of sliding through a hole, breaking in the floor, or falling over the railing.

Instead there is the feeling of safety as one looks down on the ruins.

Then with the loss of the porches the appearance of the building was changed. In the first place there was one side which had until that time been hidden, now shining as the rest.

Possibly the greatest change was made inside the building. The porches were so large that they shut out all the sun light from the dormitory rooms on that side of the building and caused darkness to prevail. After the fall, the girls who had claimed these rooms discovered that they had been living in an ordinary room rather than in a cell. In fact, they find that they have some of the most attractive rooms.

After considering both sides of the question the college family ceased grieving over the loss of the antiques and rejoiced over the improvements that come with the loss.

THIS ENGLISH

We'll begin with box; the plural is boxes,

But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.

One fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,

Yet the plural of moose should never be meese.

You may find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice,

But the plural of house is houses, not hicc.

If the plural of man is always called men,

Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?

The cow in the plural may be called cows or kine;

But a bow, if repeated, is never called bine;

And the plural of vow is vows, never vine.

If I speak of a foot, and you show me two feet,

And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?

If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,

Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?

If the singular's this and the plural is these,

Should the plural of kiss ever be keese?

Then one may be that, and two would be those.

Yet hat in the plural would never be hose.

And the plural of cat is cats, and not cose.

We speak of brother, and also of brethren,

But though we sal mother, we  
But though we say mother, we  
Then the masculine pronouns are  
he, his and him,  
But imagine the feminine, she,  
shis and shim.

So the English, I think you all will agree,  
Is the funniest language you ever did see.  
—Sunshine Monthly.

VISION WITH WORK

Chowan students responded enthusiastically to a rousing chapel program held Thursday morning, September 24, at which time President McCulloch presented for the first time to the students, the program of Improvement and Expansion for the College as endorsed by the Board of Trustees in a meeting last July, along with the architect's drawings for the new buildings.

In speaking of the mass meeting held on last July 14, Dr. McCulloch pointed out how he had presented to that group composed of Pastors, Alumni of the College, and Baptist church members of Chowan and West Chowan Associations, along with the Trustees of the College, plans for the future development of the college.

President McCulloch went on to explain that this group considered and recommended to the Board of Trustees the adoption of a program ultimately to equip the College to care for at least 350 students, to raise money immediately for necessary repairs and improvements and to continue the immediate movement into a three-year program in which the college is to erect three buildings necessary to enable the College to care for 275 students.

As Dr. McCulloch has stated: "The larger program includes the repair and improvement of our present building and equipment and the preparation of an athletic field, the erection of a new girl's dormitory, a dining hall, a central heating plant, a gymnasium, a library building, a fine arts building, and a boy's dormitory. This whole program will cost \$450,000 to \$500,000 and will enable the College to care well for a student body of 350. The three year program for the immediate expansion of the College to enable it to care for 275 students calls for the erection of a girls' dormitory, a dining hall, and a heating plant. To meet the immediate needs of the College and erect these three building will require approximately \$175,000."

Summing up his statements concerning this program, Dr. McCulloch pointed out how, on the afternoon of July 14, the Trustees of the College, in formal session, adopted the whole program as recommended by the larger group and instructed the executive committee of the Board to formulate and execute plans for raising the \$175,000. In compliance with these instructions, the executive committee employed a field secretary, Rev. R. S. Monds, to work with the president of the College in raising this money.

The drawing of the architect was displayed and explained by President McCulloch in this chapel program. The reaction of the students to the vision they received in this program and from the view as drawn by the architect was expressed with real enthusiasm as they sang heartily some of the college songs.

But it is not enough for us to merely display a fine spirit of enthusiasm as the start. If we really want to see this glorious vision of the future come to pass, must we not continue our enthusiastic support of the program and all work together toward the end that it shall be realized?

BOOK CORNER

The New York Times says of Phil Stong, "He can tell a story that rivets your interest, he can set a scene that catches and fills your eye, he can portray characters that have life and energy." Truly Mr. Stong has done just this in his latest novel, "Career". Mr. Stong, who was born and reared on an Iowa farm, knows

intimately those scenes and characters that he describes in his book.

The story takes place in Pitts-ville, Iowa and gives us a splendid picture of life in a small town of the middle west, during the time just after Coolidge's last term of office. Mr. Stong contrasts in the book the difference in character of Carl Krueger and of Clem Bartholomew and their respective families.

Carl Krueger, square both in build and character, with his son, Ray, who is home for the vacation from John Hopkins, where he is studying medicine, are taking inventory in Carl's dry-goods and variety store on a hot July the third. Children interrupt them often to buy fire crackers. When they finish Ray enters the results in the ledger marked 1928-29. There are a dozen of these ledgers, dating from 1844 to the present. Here may be found a history of the Pitts-ville generations from that time.

During the day Pitts-ville's "Crime Wave" enters to gamble on the wheel that holds the spools of cotton. This "Crime Wave" consists of three men—Middleton Katz, a carpenter, better known as "Mud" Katz and Deacon Biggner, and Soapy Randolph, Pitts-ville's boot-legger. The first two go on two sprees a year, Fourth of July and Christmas. The third member of the "Crime Wave" is a little dried-up colored man.

However, our story does not concern the "Crime Wave," but it is about the Kruegers and Bartholomews. When Carl goes to dinner on July the third, he meets his friend, Clem Bartholomew, the town banker. Clem may best be described as fat, florid, and fifty. He has made two million dollars quickly and in direct contrast to Carl who has gained his twenty-five thousands slowly and honestly, Clem has made a number of shady and doubtful deals to make his money. Carl walks home with Clem and they talk of business conditions as usual. It happens that Carl sees a crash coming and warns Clem to get in all the cash he can.

The next day is the Fourth and a glorious Fourth it proves to be for the majority of the residents of Pitts-ville as it is the first celebration the town has had in years. As usual "Mud" gets drunk and late in the afternoon, he and Deacon Biggner make a bet about jumping in the river. "Mud" loses his nerve and sends the Deacon for help while he hangs to the edge of the bridge. Deacon forgets what he has gone for until someone mentions "Mud". When they get back to the bridge "Mud" is gone and every one thinks he drowned. The townspeople haje the river dragged to recover his body; however, he is found in a livery stable none the worse for his ducking.

Carl, the sympathetic merchant keeps Merta, Mud's daughter, in the store to keep her from hearing of "the drowning" until it becomes a known fact that Mud was or was not drowned. To climax the day Mud falls and breaks his leg when he goes home that night. He refuses to have a real doctor so Merta sends for Ray, who fixes his leg up for him.

During the summer, Ray and Sylvia, Clem's daughter, fall desperately in love with each other and they plan to marry as soon as Ray finishes his work at John Hopkins. However, Clem, who failed to take Carl's advice and

get in all the cash he could, has gotten all his own money and most of the saving of the townspeople tied up in some of his shady deals. A panic, which ends in a run of the bank follows—and the Pitts-ville world is in chaos for a while.

During this very trying time for Clem, his son to make matters worse, marries Merta Katz, Mud's daughter. In contrast to the conduct of Clem's son, Carl's son Ray breaks his engagement to Sylvia due to some hard feelings about the bank crash between Clem and Carl and in a few weeks Sylvia is practically engaged to a rich young lawyer.

The bank crash was averted in the end by the efforts of the friendly and sympathetic store keeper who loves everybody regardless of how he is treated.

Mr. Stong has done exceptionally good work on this his latest novel. One gets to know intimately those bankers, druggists and their wives that inhabit Mr. Stong's Pitts-ville. One finds them in any small town. Needless to say, here in Murfreesboro will be found the Carl Kruegers, the Clem Bartholomews, and even the Mud Katzs. It is truly a delightful book written in Mr. Stong's wholesome and invigorating style. As one reads one realizes that history is made by the slow, substantial Carl Kruegers rather than the quick, unstable Clem Bartholomews.

B. S. U. ENTERTAINS  
STUDENTS AT PARTY

The Baptist Student Union began its work Tuesday morning, September 8, by meeting and assisting them with a "Smile" Lawn party at the close of the day.

The members of the B. S. U. Council served as a committee to greet the new girls with welcome as they came in, and to direct them to the proper places for registration. After this, they helped to see that their trunks were taken to the right rooms, and then offered assistance in unpacking and getting the rooms in order. They did not forget to cheer those who were home-sick.

At eight o'clock, both new and old students were invited to assemble on the front porch of the college for an informal get-together party. Admission tickets which were of three kinds, "laugh", "giggle," and "grin," were sold to each one for a smile.

The guests were then invited to the lawn where chairs had been arranged in semi-circles in front of the building, with the grass serving as a carpet.

"Get acquainted" games were played throughout the social hour, directed by Florence Ward, Ruby Caudle, and Helen Edwards. The "Zip game" served as a means for learning the person on the right and left of each one. After this, a large "Friendship Circle" was formed. The players marched around by music. Each time the music stopped, the person spent a few minutes in conversation with the one whom he faced.

Other entertainments included a "Lemon's Relay," various games of introduction, and several contests. The players were then divided into three groups, "grin", "giggles", and "laughs" to sing songs characteristic of their name. After this, each group had to present a stunt, in which the "Giggles" were winners.

The last game proved to be an invitation to eat and the guests were led to the long tables, where iced tea and sandwiches were served buffet style.

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Murfreesboro, North Carolina.

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