

THE CHOWANIAN

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A PICTURE

What artist could picture and paint a scene as lovely as the campus at Chowan in the autumn? Surely the attempt to paint such a picture would be pale beside the true spectacle.

The campus as a whole is quite a beautiful scene. On the front campus the array of coloring quite astounds the looker-on, while the ravine is a hillside of magnificent leaves. Both on the trees and on the ground the colors stand out against the dark background. Then there is the back campus standing out to show us the contrast in spring and autumn. The green carpet of lespedeza and the brown of the corn stalks, arranged in stacks upon the green are quite striking. Backed by the solid green of the pines, interspersed with a few leaves of yellow, red and brown, the sight is lovely.

With all these different views we find that we must come back to the front campus—the center of beauty from which is spread out all around the lovely colorings. Here we have the deep green of the pine drive and the other evergreens, as a background for the red crepe myrtle leaves, the yellow of the sycamores and the brown, orange, green and gold of the others. The arrangement of the trees mingles the leaves. Then the brown carpet of the dead leaves helps to blend the colors. Surely no artist could hope to ever approach the beauty of such a lovely spectacle as our campus in autumn.

WANTED! OPEN FORUM

Discussion of controversial subjects tends toward a peaceful settlement, whether out in the business world or on a College campus. And, as a general rule, things can be discussed more sanely on paper than in any other way. So the daily newspaper or the college paper becomes of use in settling controversies without coming to blows.

In the early days of our country our forefathers demanded the right to say what they pleased and also to publish whatever they might care to. They attained their goal and gained the privilege of publishing whatever they cared to or whatever others might want published.

Time has gone on and on and today our ideas of freedom of the press far exceed those of our forefathers. Editors today publish things that would have been unheard of at the time our government was founded. Today the

newspapers contain, not only what the editor thinks and sees, but also what the people think on anything from politics to religion. Here is found the general trend of opinion from readers of the paper everywhere.

Not only have the regular newspapers found it a good thing to do to have a column in which readers may express their opinions, but the college papers of the land have also found it desirable. Each college campus is a world of its own and on it are found many things that really need some way for them to be discussed both pro and con. The Open Forum of the paper is a good place for these discussions.

Chowan is not by itself in the group of colleges. Here, as well as other places, are things that need to be discussed and commented upon. Who will start the ball rolling by making the first contribution to our Open Forum, Letter Box, or whatever it may be?

MORE TIME OR LESS WORK

The time has come when the length of a day is no longer adequate for the average college student. What is to be done?

There are so many things that have to be crowded into each short day. First, there are things that must be done. In every phase of work on the campus, there is so much expected of the individual. Each separate task assigned from morn 'till night is work. And the most tragic thing is that there is no limit.

Then there are many things that ought to be done. There are all the different organizations one should attend and so many other outside jobs. One really should try to take part in as many extra-curricular activities as possible but it seems that there's no time for them in such a short unit of time. Some even have to infringe on the night hours trying to complete a day's work and then can't sleep in peace for the thoughts of what could have been done if there had only been more time.

After what is required and what ought to be done, there are a few things that one wants to do for his or her own personal enjoyment. To make a well balanced person the social life should also be developed. It seems, however, that on account of excess work and lack of time, this must be omitted.

In trying to include all of these things what is the result? Everyone is so ill and irritable that he can't possibly do his or her best work. The result is that many of

the students make good applicants for the insane asylum.

Well, there's nothing that can be done. If one stays in school one must take part in everything that goes. In each phase of college life the student is informed that that particular one is the most important. But to satisfy everybody he must try to do everything. After all, for the sake of getting an education a person must be willing to do most anything—wreck his health and forfeit all pleasure of young life. A wrecked health will eventually heal and there's the rest of a lifetime for regaining pleasure.

What we really need here is a specialist who can plan a student's daily schedule that will include all that should go into a day's work. But until one of these specialists is invented, we might as well stick our teeth to the grindstone and go to work.

SCIENCE NOTES

When one contemplates the beauty of coloring matter that is displayed by the leaves on our campus at present, he is overcome with a desire to preserve it. The blending is so perfect that it defies the efforts of artists to record it for the benefit of future bleak days.

In spite of the desirability of arresting the process, both, botanists and chemists have remained practically helpless in this line. While the chromoplasts are soluble in several liquids and may be kept in solution, the beauty of the leaf on the twig is lost. The cause of color formation is known, at least, for many pigments. It is due to a change in acid concentration of the sap. Of course, this does not tell the whole story, but it does give us the starting point of the process. Most of our information about this fact has been contributed by the colloidal chemists.

Those persons who fear that the fields of research will be exhausted before they have their turns should consider some of these phenomena that have been taken for granted but afford us seasonal treats.

A LETTER

Rev. J. L. Malone, former rector of the Murfreesboro Episcopal Church, in the following letter extends a welcome to Chowan students to attend the Church even though he is no longer here.

Wrightsville Sound, N. C.
November 4, 1936.

The Chowanian,
Chowan College,
Murfreesboro, N. C.
Gentlemen:

I received a copy of "The Chowanian" dated September, 1936, and I am writing to say that I enjoyed it very much, and appreciate it. It was thoughtful of you to send it.

I noticed the welcome from the Churches in Murfreesboro to the students of the College. I think it was mighty fine of you to do that; and while I am no longer connected with the church in Murfreesboro, I can assure you that the members of our Church there are really happy to have the Chowan students back in town again, and are always happy to have them worship in that church.

Again thanking you and with best wishes.

Very truly yours,
(Rev.) J. LEON MALONE.

BOOK WORM

While the library was in process of a general upheaval last summer, there was found in an obscure corner, covered with dust, but carefully labeled "rare," a pile of musty, leatherbound books. They at once invited attention, and upon examination some of these proved to be volumes which would thrill the heart of any book lover. They were of all sizes and their printing dates ranged from the very early date of 1683 and the early 18th century. Many types of literature are represented; such as religion, philosophy, and history, with a few translations of the classics. In fact, our chief pride and joy,

the 1683 book, is a translation of Titus Lucretius' Epicurean Philosophy by Thomas Creech. This book was presented to Chowan by Mrs. H. M. D. Spiers, who has been the generous donor of other interesting books. Although the book is yellowed with age, and the edges of the leaves worn, there are no pages missing and the printing is probably as clear and as easily read as it was 253 years ago.

On the flyleaf of the book, Charles Burges, an early owner, has written his signature, with many a flourish, in the grand manner of the day. The date following the name is 1741. Two other names which appear in the book are H. M. Gray and Wolford Lincoln, Jr., (according to our best interpretation of the writing). Which one was the original owner is difficult to say, but one of them, apparently Mr. Gray, judging from the handwriting, studied the book with care, and marked certain passages, often adding his remarks in the margins. Some of these are most engaging. After an involved dissertation by the translator, concerning the origin and growth of government, Mr. Gray laconically sums up his opinion, "Politics seem not to be Mr. Creech's province".

As to the book itself, it is written in rhymed heroic couplets, with all six books of the Epicurean philosophy included. It was the first translation of Lucretius into English, and naturally created some excitement among the literati in 1683. Many praises were lavished upon Mr. Creech for his work, 29 pages of which he has included in his book. These are written in language extremely flowery, and one enthusiastic admirer addresses his eulogy "To the unknown Daphnis on his excellent translation of Lucretius." It is interesting to note that at this time Thomas Creech was only 23 years old. With such a bright beginning we wonder what possessed him to hang himself in 1700 at the age of 41. Tragedy seems to have accompanied the early interpreters of Epicurus, for Lucretius himself became insane and died at his own hand.

Although this translation of Lucretius is the most fascinating single volume, there is a collection of 18th century French books which claim our attention. Several of these bear the name of Thomas Webb Brimage, who evidently purchased these books all at one time, for the date October 25, 1798, follows his name in each case. He seems to have been in quest of adventure at this point, for his purchases include both "L'Infortune Napoléon, ou les Aventures du Seigneur Rozelli" and "Les Principales Aventures de L'Admirable Don Quichotte," which, if you don't read French, are the adventures of Lord Rozelli and of the better known Don Quixote. This edition of Don Quixote is especially interesting, being a French version of 1774, and containing thirty-one illustrations by Charles Coypel, celebrated 18th century artist.

Other French books are treatises upon medical and political science, history and religion. The name of Julian Facot is written in many of them; so our guess is that he was the original French owner, whose library was sold at a later date. Just how this collection found its way into Chowan College library leaves one wondering, for it was added when the book plates omitted the name of the donor, and bore the inscription "Chowan Fe-

male Collegiate Institute" and the gentle threat "Damages to books will be assessed by the librarian."

BOOK CORNER

"The Store," by T. S. Stribling, presents an interesting, thoughtful, at times, a dark picture of life in the South during the late 1800's, when the South was recovering from Reconstruction, and was attempting to adjust itself to the problems brought about by the new position of the negroes.

The story, centering around a store in Florence, Alabama, presents a few well-defined types of character, all reacting to the new position of the negroes in different ways. Through Colonel Vaiden's life as a clerk in Handback's store, through the anxious days after he shipped Handback's cotton to New Orleans to collect an old debt, through the hours in jail, through the circumstances preceding and following his wife's death, on until he owned a store and plantation of his own and was married to Synda Crowninshield, he stands out as one of dignity, one with kindness in his dealings with the negroes, and as one individual in his ideas and actions towards the negroes.

Miltiades Vaiden, though not the old southern gentleman one is accustomed to associate with the South, did possess dignity, for nothing else could have brought to him the love and respect which he gained from Synda, the daughter of the girl who had, years before, given him up for another man. Quite individual in his manner, the Colonel dared to stand up for the rights of the negroes. Having lived and worked with them as a boy, and then, as a slave owner, he understood them and treated them kindly. Fo' Spot, one of the negroes, gives this estimate, when he chides Toussaint, the half-breed and a son of the Colonel, for entering suit against the Colonel:

"Toussaint, you is de mes, on-godlies' fool niggab I evah hear spoke. Picken' out de honest'es' white man in de whole county to sue. Col'l Milt Vaiden who would gib you a poun' when you bought a poun'. Col'l Milt, who would gib back de right change when you han' him a dollah, An' min' you, he do it in his own sto' same as Mistuh Han'back's. Why Col'l Milt was de man who bought a place in de country jess to be-frien' you and you mammy when ol' man Han'back th-owed you-all out. Now, he comes wantin' to sell the mules-he own mules-when he needs a li'l' money, an' you haisin' suptions wid he about hit in de co't!"

Colonel Vaiden also allowed the negro school started by Lucy Lacefield to stand, and, recognizing the worth of Lucy's suggestion that he use fertilizer on his cotton, followed the suggestion.

As quite as opposite type in regard to his idea of the negro, J. Handback, the merchant, stands out. Handback wished the negroes to remain ignorant always, and filled his farms with the most ignorant ones, so that he could cheat them, as he cheated the Colonel, years before. In his dealings with the negroes at his store, he always took off in weight and added to the price.

From the world outside the South, comes Landers, the Republican postmaster. He too, stood up
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Chowanian Subscription Blank

(PLEASE FILL OUT AND SEND IN WITH YOUR \$1.00)

Miss Martha Yates Seymour, Business Manager
Murfreesboro, North Carolina.

Dear Miss Seymour:-

Enclosed you will find \$1.00, for which please send me the CHOWANIAN this year.

Yours truly,

Name

Address

Date