

DOWN PINE DRIVE

Familiar faces: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jarvis of Columbia University, former Chowan teachers, and Leon Spencer, Northampton County editor, former Chowan business manager, were back for the opening of school and PD welcomed them now and always.

Extension: DPD now extends to the home of Mrs. Breet where a number of students are rooming. That's expansion too. The PD would like to see all of the men housed in a dormitory within its bounds.

Color: Flashes by in the form of a sporty yellow and mahogany Pontiac driven by Teacher Gwen Potter. Matches the fall colors seen about this around PD.

Bells: Ringing out in the wee hour to announce the victory over Campbell, and President Bunn

makes headlines thereby.

To church: The Rev. Charles A. Maddy of the First Baptist Church Wilmington, is here this week at the Baptist Church for a series of services. Chowan students are on their way down PD to hear this able speaker. The hour is 8 p.m. each evening.

To ECTC: Went President Bunn, Misses Potter and Griffin to attend a dinner meeting on higher education Tuesday, Oct. 5, in connection with the district meeting of the N. C. Education Association.

Author: Robert Marshall who wrote "Little Squire Jim" was a dinner guest at the college Thursday. Mr. Marshall is now a teacher at Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, on sabbatical leave to complete another book which will be off the press soon. He is a graduate of Harvard and taught two years at Guilford College. He visited the college with Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Brown.

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Have You Heard?

THAT CHOWAN BEAT CAMPBELL 14-12!

That the big right tackle, known to all of Chowan's students as Herman Hooker, has been called to be examined Oct 12! No wonder the coach is turning gray!

That nearly all of Chowan's boys were awakened Tuesday morning at 2:00 a.m. to look for Rev. Warren Taylor's eight-year old son, who had strayed away from home? The funniest part of it all was Vance Stewart. He was "under the weather" and said he couldn't make it, but he was good enough to loan his boots to Bobby Mitchell. What was the matter, Vance—too sleepy??

That Chowan College's football squad and their dates were entertained by Edwin Brown at the Red Apple Cafe by a steak dinner for defeating Campbell 14-12?

That the Coach was asking all the boys if they were going to carry dates to the steak dinner, and one little fat boy by the name of "Cannonball" said he'd rather have to steaks?

The "Fuddlejumper" going down the lane? You ride one mile and push two. But what fun!

That Mrs. Brandscombe's prediction on the 1:30 bell ringing was wrong! It was NOT Buddy and Red.

That the breeze in the Pastime Theater was terrific the other night when Rose Lane Barnes was escorted to the movies by her fiance from Virginia?

That Ruth gets all "Starry-eyed" when she receives those certain letters from "Carolina". 'Fess up, Ruth, who could that somebody be?

That Ellen Downs was "rushed" down the lane one night when the bell rang ten minutes early? What was the hurry, Ellen?

That big brute none other than Ciemmer, Stewart, and Dula

The Nation Today . . .

By MAX HALL

Washington — (AP) — John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, is one of our leading feudists.

He waged a memorial feud with President Roosevelt.

He is feuding with President Truman, and they had another little scrimmage this week.

His future with CIO President Philip Murray made labor history.

Only a month ago he sent another of his crushings, sneering letters to AFL president William Green.

Lewis, regardless of what you think of him, occupies an important position in the 20th Century history of this industrial country. The question is: What position? After his death, when hatreds have cooled and more evidence comes to the surface, scholars will be better able to determine how much hero and how much villain he is.

An acquaintance said to me at lunch recently: "I have come to the conclusion that John L. Lewis is the greatest living American."

"How do you define greatest?" I asked.

"The man who has done most for the welfare of the American people."

My Luncheon acquaintance has been a student of the Labor movement for 15 years. He is not connected with a union. He said he based his opinion partly on conversations with coal operators, Lewis's traditional enemies across the bargaining table.

His statement illustrates how complex and puzzling Lewis is.

There are other students of the labor movement who see Lewis as a reactionary influence, a man with an ego as big as a coal field, who would put the interests of the general welfare, who is blind to America's role in world affairs, and who is mainly keeping it there.

All agree that Lewis, as principal founder and first president of the CIO, was the leader of the movement in the 1930's to organize the factory workers — and this movement was a very important event in American history.

All agree that Lewis is shrewd,

were trying to frighten all the girls in the Soda Shop with frogs? Is that why Mabel rushed upstairs so quickly?

That Jay Willcox visits Aurelian Springs quite often? I wonder why, Jay—could it be a girl named "Bobbie"?

courageous and eloquent. It seems probable that he is the greatest commander and strategist that the country has yet produced on either side of the warfare between management and labor. He has won many victories and many benefits for his miners.

Whether those things make him the greatest American is another question.

His critics point to the coal strikes that he called in the middle of World War II. His friends say that he never allowed coal supplies to reach a dangerous stage.

His critics contend there is a

lack of democracy in his union. His friends say the miners are satisfied.

He is often grim, sullen, and sarcastic in public. His official biography says he is really affable, big hearted, and courtly.

The "dogcatcher" episode came about as follows:

In the spring of 1948, Mr. Truman got a letter from a friend, Neal Bishop, a member of the Colorado legislature. Bishop humorously proposed Lewis as ambassador to Moscow. The president replied that he appreciated the humor in Bishop's letter, and that, as Bishop already knew, he wouldn't appoint Lewis dogcatcher.

Bishop kept this reply a year and a half, and this week, for some reason, he made it public.

That gave Lewis an opportunity to take the spotlight. He turned the occasion into an attack on the State Department, which is the favorite target of the Republicans in the Congressional campaigns now going on. (Lewis is generally considered to be a Republican).

Lewis, in a letter to Bishop, (See NATION TODAY on Page 2)

LAUGH AT HATS? DO NOT SLUR, SIR!



Tall, peaked hat with dainty, ruffled edging worn by English in 1300. Egyptian men wore this strange-looking affair back in 3000 B. C.

By LUCIA PERRIGO

Central Press Correspondent

CHICAGO—Hold that slur, sir, next time you're inclined to horse laugh your wife's hat! Because, take it from the experts, she'd have the last laugh.

Just in case you're stalking around under the smug impression that silly headgear always has been the province of the feminine sex, take a gander at the accompanying illustrations. They are no joke-book jobs but the real as rain facsimiles of what the male animal used to fancy as something he might fancy for himself.

It was a generous gentleman named J. Morris Jones, editor of *The World Book* who rose to the occasion the other day with a little research designed to soothe all the wounded feelings of women since time immemorial.

He came up with the wonderful, wonderful fact that ornate sky-pieces were originated in 3000 B. C. or thereabouts, strictly for the boys. They were going giddy in their millinery at a date when women were content to put a new ribbon on last year's wig.

Egyptian dignitaries who needed a place to put the symbols of their rank, devised a helmet of stiff wool that soared to a height of 18 inches. They were gaudy as all get-out while the girls had to confine themselves to wigs, bands, wreaths and ribbon.

THE FIRST brimmed hats were fancied by huntsmen in Greece who affected low-crowned, broad-brimmed affairs, shaped like a barber's basin, as protection from the sun. Tied around the neck by strings, they could be slung back on the shoulders and proved so popular the lads were wearing them right up to the Fourteenth Century in England.

First glimmer of the girls getting a head-hold on the situation came in 400 A. D. in the Byzantine empire when both men and women wore little skull caps. The women pushed into the lead by decorating theirs with flowing draperies, spangles and jewels.

Their bright day, however, was brief and the men once again held

forth with the advent of the hood during Medieval times.

The rugged males of this age wore hoods with peaks of exaggerated length, often dangling fetchingly over one ear. The peaks were pleated, scalloped and coiled to put today's milliners to shame. Englishmen went even further and were addicted to such fripperies as the "cockscorn," a twisted turban, and the "roundlet," a stuffed turban resembling nothing so much as an extremely happy cabbage.

AS IF THIS weren't enough, girls, the rogues of the Seventeenth Century wore not only curls and love-locks, but wigs as well and reached for their curling irons each morning. Flowing locks called for the cavalier's hat, broad of brim and rolling or cocked, trimmed with long ostrich plumes, fastened to the back or left side to permit free use of the sword arm without danger of snipping off an inch of finery.

Crowns of the cavalier hats usually were trimmed with a jeweled necklace or a silk band sewn with gems and with large gold ornaments that were love tokens and therefore worn on the left, or heart side. AAAAAA! Ever since then, the decoration on men's hats has remained there.

It wasn't until the Fourteenth Century that the women got a chance. Then they went berserk in the bonnet. In an effort to outdo anything worn by the opposite sex to date, they whipped up the "hennin" and "escoffion."

The great "hennin" was a high, cone-shape cap worn on the back of the head, adorned with a 10 to 12-foot veil. The "escoffion" was a twin-horned arrangement, decorated with flags, veils and fringe. Each horn of the Medieval monstrosity was more than a yard in length.

Today, the boys are as subdued as the inside of a phone booth, but remember, the next time one brings out his brightest vocabulary to put the bee on a lady's bonnet, just lift a few of these lines and let him have it.

Girls, DON'T keep this under your hat.