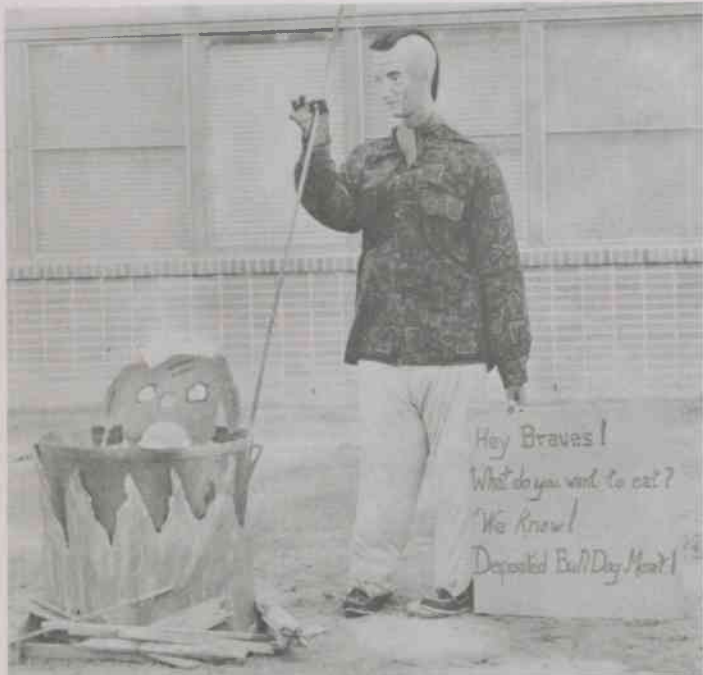


## Enthusiasm Shown in Homecoming Decorations



In Front of Old President's Home



Close Up of Girls' Dorm Decoration



He Hung a Bulldog Before Being Scalped

## "Royal Ambassadors" Pay Visit

More than 75 young men from various parts of eastern North Carolina visited the Chowan College campus Saturday, November 15, when the college held its annual "Royal Ambassador Day".

The teen-age boys, their leaders and parents arrived at the college Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. After meeting Chowan President Bruce E. Whitaker and other officials of the college, they were conducted on

a tour of the buildings and grounds. The guests remained for the evening meal in the college dining room, and attended Chowan's Saturday night football game with Columbian Prep.

B. W. Jackson, Royal Ambassador Secretary for the Baptist State Convention of North Carolina, arranged the program of activities in conjunction with the Chowan Public Relations Department.

By GENEVA CONGLETON

The students of Chowan were really enthusiastic about Homecoming, judging from the many colorful and interesting decorations.

The cabins, which were gaily decorated, had captions such as: "Go Braves, Go", "Have Ball Will Score", and "Go Braves".

The boys' dorm had for its decoration a miniature football field with "Go Braves" as their theme.

The Columns, winner of first prize for the dorms, had for its decoration two dressed mannequins. One dressed in brown, represented the "Brown Lady", the other was dressed as a typical Chowan male student. This depicted the route of the "Brown Lady" by the boys. They also routed the girls from the Columns building into their new dorm. The caption read, "We came, We saw, We conquered—after 106 years."

First prize for the cabins went to the old presidents home, which had two of the most original decorations on campus. The most outstanding of which showed a slightly dilapidated automobile with the words, "If you think this is a wreck, wait until you see Wingate."

Last, but certainly not least, the girls' dorm featured three interesting and authentic decorations. The first showed an Indian Brave and a bulldog. The bulldog was sitting in a pot and the caption read, "Hey Braves, what do you want to eat? We know, defeated Bulldog meat!" Next was a cardboard caricature of Little Lulu holding a box of Kleenex and saying, "Go Blow, Wingate". The last decoration showed a somewhat battered bulldog slowly making his way toward the Restover Tourist Home.

## Many Religious Denominations In Enrollment

This year Chowan has the largest number of students enrolled in its history, which is 407. There are 342 boarding students, 332 living on campus. Ten of these students are living off campus in the homes of families in Murfreesboro. There are 274 freshman and 129 sophomores.

Chowan also has 65 day students, 59 being boys and 6 girls.

Chowan has seven different states represented here and three foreign countries. The states are Alabama one, Delaware four, New York one, North Carolina 289, Virginia 103. The foreign countries are Cuba four, Thailand two and Iran two.

There are eleven different denominations represented on the campus: 213 Baptist, 75 Methodist, seven Presbyterians, 12 Christian, two Lutherians, two Mormons, two Moravians, one Church of Christ, one Free Will, six Catholics, and 11 Episcopalians.

## Attend Press Meet

The three faculty members of the Graphic Arts department attended the Eastern North Carolina Press Association meeting, held in Goldsboro Friday and Saturday, November 7-8.

Mr. John McSweeney, director of the department, Mr. William B. Sowell and Mr. Harold F. Brown, instructors, report they talked with many newspaper publishers who have contributed machinery and money to promote the Roy Parker School of Printing. It was the members of this association who also furnished the funds for the erection of the school's building.

Many of the publishers employ graduates of the school of printing, two of whom work on the Goldsboro News-Argus. Requests for this year's graduates were made, and added to the already standing list, the number of requests approximate the candidates for graduation.



THE COLUMNS DECOR—Now a boys' dorm, the Brown Lady is shown being made to walk the plank from the second story of the old Columns building—and after 106 years spoking.

## Brown Lady Visits New Dorm

By BARBARA ANNE BYRD

Around four o'clock, Tuesday morning, Nov. 11, the girls in the dorm were suddenly awakened by people running up and down the halls and making strange noises. To add to all this, they also heard chains rattling, and saw the eerie light of a candle. They were quite puzzled, but when a key began unlocking the doors, they knew that the long awaited visit from the Brown Lady had come.

Doors were opened, and the girls were told to get their coats, shoes and to bring a pillow case along. They wondered why the case was necessary, but found out when they joined the other freshmen and transfer students downstairs. The case was to put over their heads to keep them

from seeing where they were being taken.

Finally, all the girls were ready, and then began what seemed to them like hours of marching. Actually, they were only taken to the ag building by a round-about course across campus and the football field. Then they shook hands with the Brown Lady. Upon touching her hand they felt something cold and sticky. This was ketchup.

Then they had to remove their shoes and step into several holes containing egg shells, ice, crushed bananas, and mud. There were quite a few screams. After the ordeal everyone went back to the dorm where refreshments were served.

This was an experience, the girls won't forget for quite a while.

## HERE'S TO THE BROWN LADY

The following poem about the annual visit of the "Brown Lady" to Chowan College was authored by Mrs. Ethleen Underwood of Murfreesboro, a Chowan graduate. She along with other Murfreesboro ladies, has kept the "Brown Lady" alive.

Here's to the Brown Lady, a Chowan Tradition,  
Of whom tales are told in many editions.  
Some say she was tall, gaunt and severe,  
Some say she was sweet and her memory revere.  
Now, like all tales of the dim yesterdays  
The details are lost, but the memory stays.  
And the memory that's sweetest and always remains—  
Is that she loved Chowan and her name's still the same—  
Brown Lady.

Some say that she came here, a girl bright and gay—  
She wore taffeta frocks that would rustle and sway,  
As she swept down the halls or swept down the stairs—  
In her little-girl manner or grown-up airs  
So, that memory remains and the name that she gained  
Was there, as today—Brown Lady.

Now, the story's confused of this lady's decease,  
Some say she had fever and made her demise  
But the tale that I like is one that began  
In the year '63 and here's how it ran:

She loved a tall lad, handsome and fair  
But alas! tho a Southerner, his heart was not there.  
So disowned by his family and scorned by his friends,  
Forsaken by all, save his Brown Lady dear,  
He mounted his steed and rode sadly away  
With a promise to come back and claim her some day.  
Now a tryst they had kept 'neath the soft sighing pines,  
And a vow they had made—these were the lines:  
"My love it is thine, now, and all the tomorrows  
And I swear to be true thru joys and all sorrows  
Tho death should o'ertake me, I'll come back some way  
To claim you my darlin' if God says I may."  
They would meet there again for 'twas there she would wait

'Til the bitter war ended on some distant date—  
Then a message came one day, so they say, and told how  
The lad died in battle far away—

The Brown Lady wept for she knew how her love had  
Suffered to take arms against friends and brother.  
Her laughter grew stilled and her heart quietly broke—  
'Til she died one night at 12 on the stroke.

So if you hear rustlings on the stairs, thru the hall  
Or see her going tripping thru the pines in the fall  
Or, if by chance, you should see her one night  
Stroll 'neath the pines in the melting moonlight  
She'll be keeping her "tryst" with her lover, they say,  
For she know's he'll come back as he promised that day.  
The End.