

FRESHMAN DIARIES

Tuesday, Oct. 20.—We were obliged to carry suitcases and an umbrella around all day. The umbrellas had to be raised every time we stood up—poor freshies, we never will get married now. Everytime we met a soph, we had to drop everything and make a tall Turkish bow. After dinner we rushed to our rooms and prepared for the bathing beauty contest in the basement. While we stood in a long line of array the sophs pinned numbers on us and painted our faces. Miss Virgie Johnson was the prize beauty. The prize given was a most beautiful sweet potato!

Wednesday, Oct. 21.—We received orders from high authority to carry a bed pillow, hand mirror and brush all that day. We had to bow every time a soph came in our way. After lunch I went into the library to select the 10 books which in my judgment are the best. My list was carried to the dinner table that evening as requested by the sophomores.

Thursday, Oct. 22.—When the rising bell announced the arrival of dawn I arose and dressed myself, putting on mismatched shoes and stockings, and my dress on backwards. Don't you think for a minute that I had forgotten my little green head band either. My color scheme consisted of only six shades for that day. One green stocking, one white shoe, one yellow stocking, one black shoe, a pink and white dress, red belt, red tie and my green band constituted the most tasteful combination.

The sops were right decent to us that day. They didn't demand any more of us than to promenade all day in that dress, so I went to church that night and prayed for them.

Friday, Oct. 23.—Our orders for Friday were as follows: Eat with a spoon at all three meals; walk with one leg stiff all day. We were allowed to unstiffen it, however, when sitting down. I ain't dead yet!

(She Writes Poetry)

Just as the clock was striking one And dinner was being served, Up spoke a "Sophie" loud and bold Which all of us "Freshies" heard.

'Tis Sophomore Week cried she so bold;

In fact 'tis outside waiting in the cold.

So up rose the Sophies as brave as Arthur of old,

Of whom each of you I'm sure has been told.

So around the table they marched With long bands of green. Why really and truly, I'll declare 'Twas the most comical sight I've seen!

However, 'twas right strange to me

How they knew the Freshies so well,

But they being Sophomores—

Of course, 'twas natural of them to tell!

They wound the green bands

Around our heads, and mind you—

Poked out our long hidden ears,

Which nearly made us fall dead!

They then read the rules

Just what we had to do.

They started out with only one,

And ended with about thirty-two!

With hand bag and tweezers,

We were to pick grass the entire afternoon,

But they soon began to pity us—and told us to

Report to a certain room.

They painted our faces up

In great daubs of black.

They made us wear our pastel colored

Evening gowns cut low down in the back.

They made us wear our boy's pictures,

Of whom we were immensely proud!

But the worst part about it was—

They made us make speeches before a crowd.

Then on Tuesday morning, as tho' we were going away,

We were compelled to carry our hand bags

And umbrellas

All the live long day.

When'er we met a Sophomore,

Which was more than once that day,

We had to do the Turkish bow,

And do it in the most graceful way.

Then to the dining room

With a list of books to read. However, he had to do it—

Or get beat up indeed.

Next down at the basement at seven

All the Freshies had to go in bathing suits we strutted

For the reason we did not know.

But really and truly now,

We did have a jolly good time. They painted our faces up,

And oh, my, how we did shine!

Then a prize was given For the best looking you know, And oh how we clapped and clapped our hands 'Cause 'twas most exactly like a show.

Then Wednesday morning came for us to carry Mirrors, pillows and brushes, Just as tho' we and they Had always been the very best of crushes.

When Wednesday night came With all its sorrows and dismay On which we Freshies acted fresh We were stopped in the midst of our play.

That night they had a most dreadful court To decide the doomed ones' fates; And what they did for us in that court It won't do for us to state.

On Thursday with mismatched shoes,

On Thursday with mismatches hose,

All day long with a mismatched dress,

We marched only where the Sophomore knows.

On Friday with our leg all stiff, We walked around Like a one-sided cliff.

Knives and forks were a thing of the past

To us poor little Freshies Who wanted to eat so fast.

So with spoons we had

To eat all day

And for my part I liked it that way.

Friday night with all looking bright

The Sophomores and Freshies decided to unite

In a most marvelous way we decided to play

Over at Hope Cottage 'till break of day.

—JESSIE DRAPER.

CHOWAN WILL SEND DELEGATES TO MEET

Dr. Liddell Will Chaperone Party of Eight To Student Volunteer Gathering

Chowan is to be well represented at the student's conference, to be held at Chapel Hill October 30 to November 1. Three cars will leave Murfreesboro carrying Chowan students early Friday morning en route to Chapel Hill. Those going are: Rosalie Tolar, Y. W. A. president; Dorothy Long, B. Y. P. U. president; Agnes Cobb, Lizzie Jones, Nancy Parker, from the Y. W. A. and B. Y. P. U., and Flora Mae Hood from the Volunteer Band. Dr. Liddell will chaperone the crowd.

Rosalie Tolar, as president of the Y. W. A., has a talk about "What the Y. W. A. Means To the Girl." Miss Tolar can certainly do justice to this subject. Jewell Askew will represent the college with a six-minute speech concerning some phase of the topic "Christ On the Campus." Miss Askew made a splendid talk at the conference last year; therefore, the college is assured of being well represented through Miss Askew.

Chowan is also on the program for musical merriment at some social function of the conference. Those going to the conference are expecting to get many thoughts and blessings to bring back to Chowan, and they feel sure that the trip is going to mean a great deal to the college as a whole.

One of the American history classes of Oklahoma Baptist University has presented the university library with 15 volumes of an up-to-date American history series, thus completing a set of 26 volumes. This is a very excellent and commendable gift, and shows that the students are deeply interested in their college's advancement.

Under The Greenwood Tree

Under The Greenwood Tree Maude: "What is it that grows the more you take away from it?" Genevieve: "Your appetite."

"I thank you for tuning the piano," said Miss Knott to Dr. Macy after he had finished playing.

Hilda: "Oh, I am so happy!" Ruth: "Who is he this time?"

Virginia: "I want to buy some writing paper." Hilton: "Linen sheets?" Virginia: "No, I said writing paper."

Lucille: "Do you believe in sports for girls?" Louise Ruffin: "Certainly; every girl ought to have at least one."

Miss Bryant: "That sentence is so poorly put together that it almost rattles." Mary: "Well, you told me to write a loose sentence, didn't you?"

Helene: "Did you know that Miss Bryant and Dr. Macy were engaged?" Miss Bryant (blushing): "Now, Helene, don't let your imagination run away with your thoughts."

Helene: "Oh, I mean engaged in a conversation down the street." Maude: "Who is your favorite author?" Genevieve: "My father."

Maude: "What did he write?" Genevieve: "Checks." Lois: "I wonder how old Mr. Edwards is?" Carrie: "I don't know. He says he taught Caesar."

Dr. Liddell: "Babylon fell; Ninevah was destroyed and—" Someone in class: "Tyre was punctured."

Madam Yavorski: "Oh, did you bob your hair?" Miss Matthews: "No, I just washed it and it shrank up."

A young Swede appeared at the country judge's office and asked for a license. "What kind of a license?" asked the judge. "A hunting license?" "No," was the answer. "Aye tink aye bane hunting long enough. Aye want marriage license."

A noisy machine is like a man who grumbles at his work—both are nearing the junk pile.

A freshman went to Hades once, A few more things to learn: Old Satan sent her back again, She was too green to burn.

A visitor being shown round a lake, said to his guide: "How deep is this one?" "Well, sir," was the reply, "we don't know the actual depths, but last year a young Australian came here to bathe, took his clothes off and dived in, and we never saw him again." "And did you not hear from him?" "Oh, yes! We had a cablegram from Australia, asking us to send his clothes on."—Tid-Bits.

The old gentleman was a trifle bewildered at the elaborate wedding. "Are you the groom?" he asked a melancholy-looking man. "No, sir," the young man replied. "I was eliminated in the preliminary try-outs."—Quebec Daily Telegraph.

Someone asked us the other day how long girls should be loved. "The same as short girls," we told him, "and stand on a chair, if you have to."

"What could be more sad," said the schoolmistress, "than a man without a country?" "A country without a man," answered the pretty girl.

"Officer, catch that man running there. He tried to kiss me!" "S'all right, miss. There'll be another along in a minute." —C. C. N. Y. Mercury.

Love's Shorthand—On his tour to the district an inspector of city high schools came before a class of girls. He wrote upon the blackboard, "LXXX." Then, peering over the rims of his spectacles at a good-looking girl in the first row, he asked: "Young lady, I'd like to have you tell me what that means." "Love and kisses," the girl replied.

"Your school is not a seminary; it's a match factory," said the smart young college man to the girl student. "You're right," said the girl. "We furnish the heads and get the sticks from the men's colleges."

It's easy enough to be pleasant, In a coupe all warm and jolly, But the girl worth while Is the one who can smile When you're taking her home in a trolley.

THE BROWN LADY

(Continued from Page 1) money the senior ghosts had a feast in honor of the words from the burning Brown Lady. They told ghost stories, sang lively old tunes and made merriment in general.

Mr. Williamson and his wife, Dr. Williamson, the Dean of Women, made the ritual more enjoyable by their presence. The Brown Lady came very near taking Mr. Williamson to Wise's Grave yard, for she found him crouching by a tree spying on her.

In the small wee hours of the morning the ghost left the ashes of the Brown Lady and crept on away, to come back later and put her ashes in a bottle that it might bring good luck to all ghosts in the future.

AMATEUR NIGHT

(Continued from Page 1) Reading—"Humoresque" — Flora Butler Original Plays—"Grandmother Chowan" — Louise McDaniel "Self Sacrifice" — Virgie Johnson "The Brown Lady" —

Flora Mae Hood Musical Compositions—"Rippling Waters, piano solo" — Louise Ruffin and Maidie Wade Vocal Solo — Virgie Johnson, words; Maidie Lee Wade, music. Stunt — Maude Buchanan and Genevieve Miller. Presentation of Prizes — Moella Askew

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