

CRUSADE RESULTS IN STIMULATING GREATER INTEREST

Total of Almost \$30,000 Reached Last Week of Campaign

TRENUOUS WORK IS STILL BEING DONE

Commissaries Go Over Into Chowan Association and Get Money

The snow last week brought no freezing of interest in the Endowment Crusade. The melting sloppiness that followed was accompanied by no dampening of ardor in the Crusaders. The workers were slightly marooned for a day or two so that they could not travel much, but in general the prospects are undimmed.

At twelve o'clock Saturday, March 5, the figures totalled \$29,747.75. This includes pledges for future payment and cash subscriptions.

The contract with Mr. Beels expired the last of February. He has been directing the Crusade quite efficiently since the first of January. He left at the expiration of his contract for his home in Chicago.

At a meeting of the Central Endowment Committee of the Crusade held at the college Saturday, February 26, it was decided to appoint Rev. J. Lewis Price, Pendleton, as subscription solicitor in lieu of Rev. D. P. Harris, Seaboard, who resigned because of the ill health of his wife.

Mr. J. H. Matthews is still working Bertie county like a Crusader to the manner born, and Mr. Edwards is pushing the work of Hertford county with vim.

Rev. N. H. Shepherd and Mr. Edwards went to South Mills, Elizabeth City, Hertford, and Edenton Monday, February 28, returning the next day. On this trip they secured two pledges. One was a 2,000 pledge made jointly by Mrs. D. E. Williams and Mrs. D. Modlin.

Mr. Edwards and Mr. Matthews are still keeping on the path carrying the message of Chowan and its needs to the people. Mr. Matthews spoke at Ross church Sunday, February 27, and at the same time Mr. Edwards was speaking at Ashley Grove. On Saturday, March 5, Mr. Edwards was at Creswell, and on Sunday, March 6 he appeared before the congregation at Meherrin. President Edwards states that he expects to speak in Severn, Woodland and Rich Square during March, the weather and roads permitting, he will speak in Camden county.

President Edwards says that people in general seem to be interested, and are talking Chowan College more than ever. Within six weeks' time approximately \$29,500 has been subscribed or verbally promised.

From last Saturday there were nine weeks remaining, and if the goal is to be reached there must not be a falling off of work or response to the appeals.

ENDOWMENT CRUSADE HONOR ROLL

- Subscriptions of \$100. and More
- B. W. Spilman
 - Dr. L. M. Futrell
 - Stanley Winborne
 - N. W. Britton
 - Mrs. J. B. Britt
 - F. D. Flythe
 - R. A. Holloman
 - O. L. Horne
 - W. B. Edwards
 - J. R. Garrett
 - Mr. and Mrs. Lee Parker
 - Mrs. R. M. Johnson
 - Judge G. E. Midyette
 - W. L. Lyon
 - Josiah W. Bailey
 - L. E. Dailey
 - Mrs. D. E. Williams and Mrs. D. D. Modlin
 - Mattie Macon Norman White
- Subscriptions of less than \$100.00
- Oteler White
 - C. B. Copeland
 - Mrs. E. P. Benthall
 - Josiah Elliott
 - Annie Barnes
 - Daisy B. Bowers
 - Mrs. Jennie M. Barbee
 - J. B. White
 - Thad A. Eure
 - C. W. Jones
 - Lona Boothe
 - Bettie Vann
 - Mrs. B. E. Copeland
 - L. C. Williams
 - Paul E. Dukes
 - J. L. Sawyer
 - George Haleges
 - N. S. Garrett
 - Mrs. R. C. Bridger
 - Mrs. R. H. Jernigan
 - Alvah Early
 - S. M. Applebaum
 - L. K. Walker
 - Mrs. W. B. Pollard
 - Lelia N. Gardner
 - W. T. Asbell
 - Nora Asbell
 - G. W. Castello
 - C. W. Mizell
 - D. L. Cobb
 - A. D. Cale
 - J. A. White

- Mrs. H. R. Smith
- Mrs. Clara Pierce
- Nellie Mizelle
- E. S. Taylor
- J. F. Taylor
- R. L. Taylor
- Mrs. Bertha Thomas
- C. A. Perry
- Mrs. W. E. Daniel
- Guy C. Hill
- Mrs. C. H. Griffin
- B. S. Stancil
- Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Barnes
- Mrs. J. Paul Pruden
- H. P. Spencer
- J. W. Tayloe
- Mrs. Dora Brett
- Mrs. J. R. Miller
- Mrs. A. A. Beverly
- Mrs. Nettie B. Sewell
- Mrs. W. W. Forbes
- Bertie M. Baker
- J. L. Darden
- Mrs. E. L. Darden
- J. M. Vick
- G. C. White
- Minnie Gaskins
- Mrs. P. H. Hook
- Rosa A. White
- Mrs. Lettie M. Mizelle
- Myra Parker
- Juanita S. Bond
- Carrie M. Rountree
- A. S. Wynnes
- W. A. Wynnes
- P. L. Raynor
- J. J. Alston
- Walter Miller
- Victoria Castellow
- J. W. Carter
- H. O. White
- C. O. White
- Elsie Mitchell
- J. C. Perry
- J. W. Coward
- Mrs. W. J. Harrison
- S. P. Evans
- S. V. Coward
- W. T. Butler

SHAKESPEAREAN PLAY WRITTEN BY MISS KNOTT

(Continued From Page 1)

exactly how they went? Margaret: Lyndal, you make him think we don't do anything but pick flaws with his dramas. Really, Bill, we think you are wonderful. Miss Carroll says yours is indeed a masterpiece. There has never been another like you, who knew as much about everything.

Genevieve: I read "Hamlet" not long ago, and I fell in love with Hamlet. He has such high ideals.

Hilton: I felt sorry for him when he got disillusioned about life, and I could have spanked Ophelia for turning against him just when he needed a friend in whom to confide. Lyndal: Mr. Shakespeare—'scuse me, I mean, Bill—you surely have a good sense of humor. I don't see how you could write such funny comedies and then turn right around and write tragedies, the tragediest kind of tragedies, I mean.

Shakespeare: (Laughs) You women ought to be able to understand that—as fickle as you are yourself in your moods. One minute your liver is choleric, the next sanguine, and at another, melancholic.

Genevieve: (Aside) What did he say—something about liver and cholera? Ho! Ho! We don't talk about livers or cholera either when we go to English or when we study plays either. Miss Byrd talks about the liver on her physiology class sometimes.

Agnes: Bill, what would you think about girls writing poetry on the knocking porter scene in "Macbeth?"

Shakespeare: Marry, wench, that's inconsequential to me. If you get any inspiration from anything I wrote, well and good.

Lyndal: Huh! It wasn't inspiration. It was the English teacher making us do it. Every time we finish a play she has us to write a long, dull paper on it. We have to give our frank and honest opinion about it, whether we think it is good or bad.

Shakespeare: (Shaking his head sorrowfully and meditatively) So; that's what put those tired lines in your young face. I wrote those plays for people to enjoy like a holiday. I meant them to make people forget their troubles, not to add trouble. I worked hard on them myself, but it was to make a living. Here you sweet young things are twisting your faces all awry over something that I meant to be perfectly simple and understandable.

Margaret: Bill, I haven't heard you say a single quotation. Everybody in the world quotes and is always quoting you. There isn't anything wrong with what you said, is there? I expected to hear you just gushing forth with things like "Brevity is the soul of wit!" and so on.

Shakespeare: (Holding his sides in laughter) I had my foos and villians spouting forth wise saws and axioms. People who feel themselves to be quite bombastic and want to show off their erudition are always quoting what somebody else knows. Why don't they say something themselves instead of what somebody else said all the time. The devil quotes scripture most copiously. Polonius and Iago, you remember, are examples of my characters that stream forth lines of smooth sounding platitudes and moral axioms.

Miss Knott: Let's get to talk-

ing about "Twelfth Night". You see Bill, Hilton is having a time stretching her mouth wide enough for Malvolio's grin, and we don't know how drunk for Sir Toby to act. We have prohibition in this country.

Shakespeare: What's that? Prohibition! You young wenches don't look like you live restricted. You seem plenty daring and free to me after knowing the ladies of the seventeenth century.

Miss Knott: You don't quite understand. It is against the law to sell intoxicating drink. If Margaret acts very drunk, the prohibition officer might come around to make a search for bootleggers.

Shakespeare: Bootleggers? Are they the fellows that dispense the sympathetic jim (perhaps confused with synthetic gin). Ha! Ha! Still taking life too seriously. If any officer is so stupid as to believe it more than a play, send him on to purgatory for me to use in one of my comedies. That gives me an idea.

(Miss Knott suggested that they take Shakespeare into the auditorium to look over the stage. They all went hurrying down the aisle. Suddenly they discovered that Shakespeare was not in the bunch. After looking amazed, they discovered him over examining the song book racks on the backs of the seats.)

Shakespeare: These little pockets on the seats certainly are handy little things to drop peanut hulls in. You people certainly have thought of some ingenious tricks. (Looking overhead) Oh, you have a roof over your theatre. And there's a nice peanut gallery up there. This auditorium is a veritable make-believe fairy-land.

Miss Knott: (Beaming with pride) Bill, we have some new curtains. Aren't they beautiful?

Shakespeare: Exquisite, wench, exquisite! We had no curtains in my day. We had to drag people off the stage when they got killed. Now you can just pull the curtain on them. (Shakespeare went into ecstasies as he continued to look over the stage, the convenient lighting system, etc.)

The surroundings outside are beautiful. I can feel an atmosphere of geniality about this place that makes me love it next to scenes on the Avon. It is beautiful, and so quiet and serene. None of the fog and smoke and clatter of London. My, couldn't I write a peach of a play right here.

Miss Knott: I know it changes the subject, but I want to know if you really believe all the world's a stage and men and women merely players.

Shakespeare: Ha! Ha! When I watch the parade of humanity, especially in the towns and cities, I decide that the world is certainly full of acting women, judging from the way they are painted, and there are a plenty of clowns among them. I was in New York not so long ago to see how folk would take Hamlet in modern tweeds, and honestly as I watched the throngs of people going toward the theatre, I thought most of them must be actors, new ones too that had not learned the art of make up.

(Shakespeare made signs of parting. He said that he must hurry back to purgatory and finish writing a play which he had started. David Garrick was getting restless to begin the acting. He said existence in purgatory was as rushing as on earth for him. Time passed fast there. He said that when his duration of time there expired he asked to remain a while longer to finish a comedy that he was working on. When he finished that he wanted to stay still longer, especially as Shakesperian actors kept coming from earth to be with him. Also, in purgatory, it was possible for him to keep in fairly close touch with human beings on earth, and he still found the study of human nature a most engrossing pastime. In purgatory Shakespeare said that he did not have to bother about stage machinery and other such mortal trappings. The actors just felt their parts, and the spirits of the audience caught up their feelings. There was no quibbling over words and their meanings. Words so often only obscure the real meaning. Everybody there got the spirit of the thing without any doubts.)

(As Shakespeare was about to take his departure, Miss Knott succeeded in prevailing on him to stay thru the rehearsal of "Twelfth Night". He made no adverse criticisms of the way it was being interpreted by the characters. Some parts, he said, were not conceived exactly as he saw them, but it was all right. The main trend and idea of the play was getting over all right. The characters of the play would be able to put the comedy across big, he said.)

The lesson was concerning the afflictions of Job and his wonderful patience during all his trials.

"And now," said the teacher at the close of the lesson, "who can tell me what condition Job was in at the end of his life?"

"Dead", answered someone from the back of the room.

The kiss you can't forget is the one little brother sees.

SOCIETY DAY BROUGHT RETURN OF ENTHUSIASM

(Continued from Page 1)

Allies and of the United States. The clash was a real one, and the arguments to support the claims of both the affirmative and the negative were substantial.

Honorables W. D. Boone, of Winton, L. C. Williams, of Ahsokie, and B. S. Gay, of Jackson, were the judges. They decided two to one in favor of the negative.

After the debate the guests adjourned to the Society halls where they were given a hearty welcome by the ladies of the two organizations.

The halls were brilliantly lighted with electric lights and with white candles in silver holders. They were beautifully and tastefully decorated with ferns, box flowers, jonquils, forsythia and ivy. The society colors of green and white were used throughout the decorative scheme.

As the hour grew late the guests, who had been refreshed with punch, cream, cake, and mints, bade a reluctant goodnight to all.

A large number of friends from Murfreesboro and neighboring towns and communities attended the programs and the brilliant reception which followed them. It is safe to say that no other holiday in the Chowan calendar causes so much pleasurable excitement or calls forth such a wealth of wit, intellectual dignity, and society loyalty as does this one.

ELIAS DAY COMING TO CHOWAN COLLEGE

(Continued from Page 1)

fective manner depicted homely scenes from real life, true to nature and full of pathos. He is a comedian in the best sense of the word; an actor whose fun is next door to tears.

G. D. Gunn of Inter-Ocean, Chicago, says: "Perhaps the strongest number on Mr. Day's program was the sketch entitled 'Danny of the Patch'. If Mr. Day is not an Irishman, he ought to be. He has the Irish humor, an Irish brogue, and the Irish tendencies and sentiment, and before the story was half told his hearers had passed several times from laughter to tears and back again."

Nature Lover: (Gazing at a gigantic tree): "Oh, wonderful mammoth oak, if you could speak, what would you tell me?"

Uddner: (Nearby) "Scuse me, mum, but 'e would probably say: 'If you please, I'm not an oak, I'm a spruce'."

Subscribe to the Chowanian.

"Girle" Writes Home To Tell Of Hustle Of Drama Players

Dearest Folk:

First thing, I want to tell you something new I have learned since coming to college. It is that every time folk act queer they must not be sent to the insane asylum. If they sent them to the bug house when they put on crazy antics here at Chowan, I'm telling you there would be a push of them bundled off these last few weeks. For instance, the other night I was called down from a deep reverie of thinking and studying about things for my classes by the most hilarious noise in the auditorium. I crept to the balcony to see if bedlam had found its way there. Lo and behold it was our very own dear girls there on the stage laughing and jumping around like hyenas. Somebody said something about Twelfth night. I hadn't particularly counted the nights that this capering has been going on, but it is more than twelve, it seems to me.

Well, I just sat there and gazed for a while, and thought. Soon the stage was converted into a grand looking place, like a palace (as in fairy stories), and there were dukes and lords (they were noble people) in this palace. I remember the first words of the duke. He said in a solemn dignified tone, "If music be the food of love, play on! He seemed to be love sick, if you know what that is. Poor soul, I felt kind of sorry for him. Then there was a man that grinned and grinned the most outlandish grins of seven ages. Another girl acted like the most ridiculous clown. Mixed in the bunch were the most stately people and pretty ladies.

Sometimes when I pass through the halls and glance in the auditorium, I see a girl perched up on the stage by herself putting on the most ingratiating airs, smiling, and waving her hands about. She looks at the empty seats and says something to them. Then sometimes I meet a girl on the Campus mumbling words to herself. Before I found out that she was studying her speech or a part in a play, I was uneasy about girls that I noticed acting like this.

It was distressing to me at first to see so many girls acting in such an unwonted way, but when I learned that they were practicing for Drama Week, it eased my mind. Now I can laugh at them. Oh, yes, you all must come to Drama Week. It begins on Wednesday afternoon and lasts thru

Friday night. There are afternoon and evening programs. The afternoon program begins at four o'clock and the night programs begin on the dot at eight o'clock. Don't fail to come, and be on time. I don't want you to miss the beginnings. The price of admission is \$2.00 for a season ticket, 50 cents for single admission.

Before I forget it, let me tell you about the great Day that's coming. It is not a holiday, it is Elias Day. I won't tell you any more about him. He will certainly charm you if you will come. I'm sleepy now, will tell you more about it Sunday.

Heaps o' love,
Your Girle.

OFFICERS FOR YEAR ELECTED RECENTLY

Officers for the new regime of student government were elected Tuesday, March 1. Following are the names of the girls picked out by the student body to fill these important offices next year.

President, Susan Barnes; vice-pres., Margaret Richmond; secretary, Anne Downey; treasurer, Lucille Davis; house president, Lois Cale; and fire chief, Mary Raynor.

The new officers will take the oath of office on Friday, March 25, from which time forth they will perform the official duties for which they have been elected.

The Peoples Bank

Murfreesboro, N. C.

Chowan College Faculty and Students

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Strong enough to protect you
Small enough to know you

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