

### BEFRIENDER OF YOUNG PEOPLE



Miss Eunice McDowell, Dean of Women

In the short-lived fragrant gardens  
Of the harsh but luring Northland,  
Think you not of Carolina,  
Of the oak and of the pine tree  
Where you spend your happy winters  
With your friends and with your kindred?  
Robins, larks, all winged creatures,  
Sing your praise of our sweet Southland;  
Please the Maker of such fairness  
By your joy in His creation.  
Let your anthems laud the beauty,  
Make the world adore the music  
Issuing from the Carolinas.  
MILDRED HINTON, '30.

#### MURFREESBORO NEWS

Dr. Martin, Mrs. G. N. Harrell, Miss Fannie Brown Harrell and Mrs. U. Vaughan motored to Norfolk, Va., November 4, to visit Dr. G. N. Harrell, who is a patient in the Protestant Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Myers, Mr. and Mrs. N. T. White and Miss Alice Carter were visitors in Edgecombe County, Sunday, November 4.

Dr. F. O. Mentz, of Bennettsville, S. C., spent the week-end with his sister, Mrs. J. B. Henson. Mrs. L. J. Lawrence was a recent visitor in Kinston, N. C. Rev. B. Townsend was recently called to the bedside of his mother, who died, November 3. The community expresses sympathy to Mr. Townsend.

Miss Mildred Smith spent November 3 and 4 in Branchville, Va., with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. John Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. John Chitty were in Norfolk, Va., November 5. Mrs. Chitty has been taking treatment from Dr. Payne, and is very much improved.

Mr. Ike Storey spent November 4 in the home of his brother, Mr. Dan Storey.

Messrs. George Campbell, W. L. Bottoms, Charlie Sewell, and Leonard Jenkins were recent visitors in Norfolk, Va.

Mr. Merritt and Mr. Draper will exchange pastoral fields within the next few weeks. Mr. Draper, who has been serving the Methodist churches of Murfreesboro, Winton and Union, will go to Laurinburg, N. C. Murfreesboro regrets very much to see Mr. and Mrs. Draper and their daughter, Gertrude, leave.

#### BELOVED CHOWAN GIRL DIED AT AULANDER

Elizabeth Chamblee, 18 years old, a member of last year's freshman class of Chowan College, died at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Chamblee, of Aulander, on October 31. The funeral services were conducted the next day at 3 o'clock by the Rev. Lonnie Sasser, pastor of the Aulander Baptist Church.

Over 600 people gathered to pay their last tribute to the loved and respected young girl. Her grave in Aulander Cemetery was covered with beautiful flowers, expressions of love.

Those from the college who knew and learned to love Elizabeth last year feel a distinct personal loss and sympathize deeply with the bereaved family.

Yet we would say with the poet:  
"O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day;  
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away."

A Belgian student was relating his experience in studying the English language. "When I discovered that if I was quick I was fast," he said, "and that if I was tied I was fast, if I spent too freely I was fast, and not to eat was to fast, I was discouraged; but when I came across the sentence, 'The first one won one one-dollar prize,' I gave up trying to learn English."—Baptist Student.

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#### TWO NOTED PLAYS WILL BE GIVEN

(Continued from Page 1)

play of the Old South, "The Connallys," has been accepted by the Theater Guild for early production.

"In Abraham's Bosom," Mr. Green's Pulitzer Prize winner, was recently revived for a short run at the Provincetown Playhouse, this making the fourth time it has been staged in New York. "The Field God," his second long play, has also seen the light of Broadway production. This play features the popular American actor, Fritz Leiber, and was staged by Edwin R. Woolff.

Many of Mr. Green's readers will be surprised to find that the Carolina Playmakers are featuring him on this Northern tour as a writer of comedy; heretofore he has been best known for his sincere and moving tragedies. However, two of his most delightful comedies will be included in the Playmaker bill when they play here on November 30. "Quare Medicine" is the story of the ministrations and visitations of a country quack doctor in a tenant farm home in Eastern North Carolina. The Old Doctor in this play is one of the most complete and delightful characters to be found in any of Mr. Green's plays. The other play, "The Man Who Died at Twelve o'Clock," is a negro comedy written as only Paul Green can write about the North Carolina negro. How old Uncle January Evans is cured of drinking by his niece is told with the fine feeling for character and comic effect that is characteristic of Mr. Green's works.

"Quare Medicine" has been played on two former tours of the Playmakers and has never failed to secure the highest commendation of audiences, both in North Carolina and adjacent States. With the production of "The Man Who Died at Twelve o'Clock" the Playmakers make their advent into a new field as they have never before presented a play with an all-negro cast of characters. Along with these two comedies will be presented a tragedy of the mill people of Winston-Salem, North Carolina. This play is "Job's Kinfolks," by Loretto Carroll Bailey. On the Playmakers tour of Western North Carolina last spring this play was acclaimed by the press and public alike as the best tragedy the Playmakers have produced.

#### THE BROWN LADY MEETS THE NEWISH

The dead night hours of October 31, 1928, will always be a memorable season for all Chowan freshmen of the class of '32, for it was at that time that they had their first real experience with a ghost.

At 12 o'clock sharp on this cold, rainy, dark, and dismal night, the wierdest sounds imaginable were heard coming from the nether regions of the basement. A few minutes later the whitest

of white ghosts appeared in freshmen's rooms and ordered them sternly to accompany them, whither the trembling newish knew not.

They led their victims through unknown regions where strange things were happening. Other ghosts met these, and it seemed that all the world was full of wailing. Blindfolded, the freshmen were taken down into a deep, black pit, where everything was gloom. Here the spirit of the departed Brown Lady met them and revealed her mission. She asked that all who laughed at her be brought to her. Who knows, but these persons and herself, what she said to them?

After pledging to uphold the ideals which the spirit of Chowan stands for, each individual was led back to bed a quieter and considerably wiser freshman. Even freshmen professors and new upper classmen held communion with the spirit of the Brown Lady on this night.

#### NEVER AGAIN!

The sky seems very far away, but the earth rises with a swoop threatening annihilation to me. I dodge quickly. When I open my eyes, I am surprised to find I have missed collision with the earth. (It must have been by a fraction of an inch). My head feels dizzy, but no wonder, for everything I can see is reeling crazily or racing along with an incredible swiftness. Sky, trees, earth are all a hopeless jumble. It seems impossible that they will ever get untangled—but no, the earth becomes separated from the rest. It rises. It is coming toward me—the crash is inevitable—I hold my breath and wait. Merciful heavens!—it—it recedes—it sinks till I can scarcely distinguish the distant forests and glistening spot of ocean. I fear it will sink away till it leaves me detached from it to whirl forever in space beyond the reach of gravity. No, I am not crazy or drunk—this is my first ride in an airplane and, I trust, my last.

MILDRED HINTON, '30.

#### FOOTSTEPS

All my life, footsteps have been the bane of my existence. It seems that no matter where I've been, there were footsteps to annoy me.

Among my earliest recollections are the soft, pattering footsteps of my baby brother coming down the hall. I knew that they meant destruction to my neatly arranged playhouse. His footsteps so soft and innocent that they would have inspired many a poet, were only a nuisance to me.

Often when I had been in mischief (not meaning of course that I was often in mischief), I dreaded to hear mother's footsteps as she drew nearer and nearer. I remember once those footsteps had pulled some of mother's steps filled me with horror when

choicest flowers for the bride's corsage in the doll wedding that I was having in my imaginary church. Of course I had intended to throw the flowers away and mother would never know—but footsteps interfered with my plans.

Many are the times that the footsteps of my older brother have sent chills down my spine. He was my greatest tormenter. He never tired of pulling my hair, which mother insisted that I wear in pigtails, or asking if he might count my freckles.

Even now, when I am supposed to be quite a grown young lady and am in college, there are still footsteps that disturb my peace of mind. One night several girls decided to have a midnight feast in my room. Just as we were in the midst of our revelries, we were horrified to hear the footsteps of the student council president coming down the hall. Nor did all my efforts to hide the girls in the closets, under the beds, and behind the dresser avail.

One Sunday morning I was a bit lazy and decided to do as I had known some other girls to do—cut church. Consequently, I curled up in bed thinking what a nice long nap I would have. But I had no more than gotten settled when I heard the footsteps of the Dean of Women coming up the stairs. I lay motionless, holding my breath. Evidently the stillness was so profound that she could trace it to its source, for my door opened, and when she learned that I was not sick, she instructed me to get dressed, and she would chaperone me to church.

Ah! Will it ever be thus? Will footsteps annoy me all my life? I feel as if the poet should have said,  
For we always hear beside us,  
Footsteps on the joys of life.  
MARY LOU JONES, '29.

#### SING OF CAROLINA

Sing, O Birds, rejoice together,  
For the frosty north wind bids you  
Leave the hills and seek the meadows;  
Leave the North and wing to South;  
Fly where forests wave forever;  
Where the flowers are everlasting,  
In the Carolinas rest you.

Here the fragrant, romping breezes  
Toss the treetops, swing them gently;  
Form a shelter for your pleasure.  
You will love the silent evenings  
When the moon floats with her draperies  
On the Carolinas smiling,  
Floats above, so sweetly shining.  
Oh, the gray before the mornings!  
As you watch, the sun-god tints it,  
Colors it with rainbow glories.  
Lo! It crimson at his coming,  
Blushes like a blooming poppy;  
Spreads a path of gold and amber,  
Passage bright from heaven to earth

In the summer as you revel