

The Chowanian

EDITORIAL STAFF

Edythe Pearce.....Editor-in-Chief

BUSINESS STAFF

Kate Lawrence.....Business Manager
Helen Edwards.....Advertising Manager
Mary Smith.....Circulation Manager

REPORTERS

Frances Jilcott.....Alathenian Society
Ruby Edens.....Lucalian Society
Edythe Pearce.....Senior Class
Edith Johnson.....Junior Class
Barbara Bunch.....Sophomore Class
Pauline Byrum.....Freshman Class
Madeline Modlin.....Religious Activities
Nellie Ricks.....Exchange

COLLEGE DIRECTORY

ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICERS

Dr. R. R. McCulloch.....President
Miss Valerie M. Schaible.....Dean of the Faculty
Mrs. Mary Kennedy.....Dean of Women
Mr. W. A. McGlohon.....Business Manager, Bursar

STUDENT OFFICERS

Ruth Stephenson.....Pres. of Student Government
Edythe Pearce.....Pres. of Lucalian Society
Virginia Fleetwood.....Pres. of Alathenian Society
Lou Wilson Evans.....Pres. of Senior Class
Ethel Jones.....Pres. of Junior Class
Majorie Mitchell.....Pres. of Sophomore Class
Lillian Waldo.....Pres. of Freshman Class
Sallie Riddick.....Pres. of Athletic Assn.
Lou Wilson Evans.....Pres. of B. S. U.
Martha Yates Seymour.....Gen. Director B. Y. P. U.
Sarah Brickhouse.....Pres. of Y. W. A.
Mary Smith.....Pres. Volunteer and Life Service Band
Sallie Riddick.....Pres. Dramatic Club

ON BEING A SENIOR

So you dream of being a Senior? Well, so did we when we were freshmen. How happy Seniors always seemed to be—they were always being entertained. They seemed to have nothing to do except go places. But as we have become Seniors we can tell you that the road is not so easy as we imagined, though none of us regret being Seniors.

When we were underclassmen we always dreamed of becoming members of that glorious fourth-year class. What extra privileges they enjoyed! Why they could chaperone groups of students down the street on Saturday nights! And to think, Seniors could keep on their lights until 12 o'clock at night. When we reached that state of bliss we wouldn't have to dodge the proctor to keep our lights on after 10:30. Did you mention dating privileges? Think of it, three nights each week we could entertain our Romanos and then too, they would be allowed to stay 20 minutes longer than the other dates. Would this Utopia of college life ever come—it seemed so far away!

Yes, there are many good things about being a Senior, but having become members of the Senior class we have learned another side of the story. For with all good things there must be some unpleasant ones and we have learned that there is no perfect state of happiness in college life. Yet it seems hard for underclassmen to realize this fact. You must be a Senior before you can realize what you must do during your last year in college.

Having practically completed our last year, we can "put you wise" to some of the requirements of Seniors. First and probably most important of all, are the scholastic duties. A thorough check-up must be made at the beginning of the term to assure the student that he or she has a chance to graduate. But this inventory alone cannot guarantee graduation. There must be work all during the year to keep up previous records. Then practically all Seniors have a shot at teaching which is only a foreshadowing of what comes after college days. This work we Seniors enjoy for it is a brief taste of the career we have chosen before actually meeting the work face to face. But show us the girl who hasn't had much preparing of materials before practice teaching! Of course, we properly conclude each semes-

ter with those necessary evils, examinations. You can look around soon and begin to realize what exams mean to us.

Not only in College are we called on to exhibit our abilities but in outside activities also. If there is to be representation of the college at some meeting you always hear, "Send a Senior." Churches, clubs, schools and gatherings of all kinds require the service of the Seniors. Of course, an advantage in this is that we almost always get something good to eat, or some other form of entertainment. So who regrets going?

In spite of everything none of us regret that we are Seniors. We have fully enjoyed this year mixed with joys and sorrows. Realizing that there must be some bitter with the sweet to make the sweet sweeter, we have tried to make the best of everything. But remember, don't expect all roses and no thorns during your Senior year.

SENIOR HISTORY

A great epoch in our lives is fast drawing to a close. College life with all its fears and its smiles, its sorrows and its joys, its work and its play is now a matter of history. As our thoughts turn back to the beginning of this history—that is, in the early fall of 1932—we recall that a great and noble history was even then in the embryonic stage.

Strong, we came to Chowan to seek our fortunes and win a place for ourselves among our comrades—to be. At first our enthusiasm was cooled by tears of homesickness—and the sophomores. Our childish fears were put away and we became freshmen indeed after the so much dreaded Sophomore Day. Called out of bed at 6:30, and dressed in evening gowns and low-heeled oxfords, with a saucy green cap on the side of our heads, we were marched around the campus, and into the dining room. Some of our Co-eds forgot their pertness and cuteness having to take dolls around in buckets all day. Thus ended our debut to College life.

During the long tedious months of adjustment to our new life, Walter Dudley was our efficient leader. The class of '36 is proud of the distinction of being the first class of Chowan College to have a Co-ed as president.

Because the days of our probation were over, the next year was not such an eventful one. As a result of the efficient discipline received during our freshman

year, such habits were instilled into the daily routine of our lives, that we seldom departed from the custom of nightly study. Not satisfied with our inward feeling greatness, we endeavored to impress this important fact upon the Freshman, who were at a timid and impressionable age.

During this time, the Athletic members of the class won the honor of defeating the Freshmen in the tennis game on the Annual Founders Day, October 10, 1933.

It was our delight to be entertained by our Sponsor, Miss Virginia Martin, now Mrs. Joe Delaney, at a weiner roast at Tuscarora Beach. This occasion may easily be called the initiation of Miss Ivey Gravette into our circle, for she succeeded Miss Martin as sponsor in '34. The Sophomores moved on very successfully under the able leadership of Lou Wilson Evans the president of the class in '34, and of the succeeding years.

No one knows the feeling of being a Junior until that happy lot comes. Some college authorities say that the junior year is the one in which College students really take life seriously, the one in which they do the hardest work of their college careers. If this be true, we could not have had a better leader than our president, through whose efforts the Junior-Senior Banquet was a big success.

Our last year has been one of hard work and anticipation, work to remove obstacles in the way of attaining the final goal, anticipation of the day when we should reach that goal. Our class is now a band of 17, the remaining few of the freshmen of '32. Throughout the three precious years, we looked forward to the time when we should be Seniors, and so we are not unmindful of the dignity and distinction which is ours.

The class of '36 has also won the distinction of being the first class to sponsor a show rather than give a Senior play.

Great was our surprise and joy when we were entertained by our Sponsor, Miss Gravette, at a theatre party and a late supper at Red Apple Cafe; and by the Juniors at a delightful "starlight" banquet, one of the greatest events of the year. No less were we overjoyed when we found ourselves the honor guests of the Sophomores at a theatre party, and of the Science club at a tea. The faculty never forgot us—they were always popping up with surprises, and one of the most pleasant was a Garden Party in our honor. We were also entertained by a member of our big sister class, Mrs. E. P. Brown, the mother of the class mascot.

To those who for four years have patiently guided our footsteps along the pathway of knowledge, who have borne with us in our mistakes, and rejoiced with us in our successes, we would pay a farewell tribute. As we, drew nearer to the hour of graduation, our hearts are filled with a deeper love for our class-mates, a keener appreciation of our Alma Mater, and with the thought that the best of life is yet to be! However, as we realize that we must separate from our friends, and that the world calls us to nobler and greater service, we go, feeling with Longfellow that:

"Lives of great men remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of Time."

SENIOR POEM

Our life's a chain of links of years
That are welding as one the time,
But the four that help to banish
fears
Are our college years sublime.

In this chain of life that we know
With four brief links connecting
the rest
Our work much progress 'ere will
show
They're bended to stand every
test.

The first link stands for knocks

and pain
And for the tears we shed in the
night,
Our first one alone in the chain
That we wanted to forge just right.

The next was full and very round,
It was as perfect in shape and form
As the best link that could be
found
It sustained even the heaviest
storm.

The third of these links hard as
steel
Was greater than we had known,
And its luster was bright and very
real
As the joys it brought were
shown.

The fourth link wrought was
slowly set
For our leader in the work was
gone,
We missed him in all the tasks
we met
And the pattern was slowly
drawn.

A new chief came to lead us on,
As the fourth of the links strength-
ened and grew
We began to look at the dawn
And our work, we polished anew.

This link is complete, our task is
done
We have our four links staunch
and true,
They will aid us in work and fun
And will help us all life through.
—SARAH BRICKHOUSE.

CAMPUS THRU
THE KEYHOLE

In the final issue of the CHOWANIAN last year, I made my fond farewells to all the keyhole peepers. However, I found myself continuing our bits of nonsense again this year. But you may rest assured and enjoy your summer vacation, for this will be our final session.

!!!!!!
My little secret service birds have been pretty faithful to the cause this year, and, now that the meeting has been called to order, I find them just eager to report.

!!!!!!
One bird wishes to report that Gurney Harrell finds an added interest in Rich Square recently, and that probably he will visit that fair city often during the summer. Maybe the famous pool is the attraction, but then again—maybe not. Wonder who asked him to remove the "misplaced eyebrow?"

!!!!!!
Kate had better start an Exchange Bureau. I understand that when she had to leave one Sunday she handed over her date to another fair lady.

!!!!!!
I'm wondering if that broken pillar out front is a slam on the Chowan girls or a compliment. Somebody was so blinded by looking at a porch-full of the girls that they couldn't see the post.

!!!!!!
Miss Gravette doesn't make takes in English, but the other night she made one with the postal service. Miss Schaible gave her a letter to mail when she went to the post office. When the post office was reached, a letter was in the box for Miss Schaible, so she pocketed it and also, remembering her errand, mailed a letter. When she returned and presented Miss Schaible with her mail, lo and behold it was the same letter Miss Schaible had sent her to mail. The other one was peacefully reposing in the downtown post office.

!!!!!!
With all the high-speed automobiles and aeroplanes, "Kink," Adeline, and "Swannie" still prefer a mule and cart. At least, they were joyfully jogging around the drive in a cart the other day.

!!!!!!
In a moment of boredom, one might debate the following questions: Resolved; that Kitty White's
(Continued on page 3)

SENIOR "FIRSTS"

The class of '36 has been one, not to follow in line with precedent and traditions set by former classes, but to lead out with new thoughts and ideas. Of course, we were not wholly responsible for some of the "firsts" we experienced, for often outside circumstances made it possible for us to gain distinction along certain lines.

Knowing that it is always good to start at the beginning we deviated from an ancient custom by numbering more boys in our class than any class had before. Two years before we came boys had been admitted, but only a few came. There were fourteen boys in our class—almost as many as there were girls. Of course, we were proud of our large male attendance—and were some of them handsome!

Since we had started our work of breaking traditions why not continue? There had been no boy president of a class in the history of Chowan. So we went a step farther and elected a boy, Walter Dudley, as our president. Our sister classes were surprised and do you know that no class since then has shared its president's office with a young man.

Then we moved along to our soph year. One outstanding item we find there. The class sponsor usually entertained her class on the campus, but ours had a different idea. Miss Virginia Martin, our sponsor, entertained the class and Miss Ivey Gravette, our sponsor-to-be, down at Tuscarora Beach. No one had thought of that idea before! And Miss Gravette thought she had come to the ocean.

Then our sponsor did some more breaking! As we recall no sponsor had left us and married before her class graduated. But Miss Martin did! She left us our soph year but we we did good work while she was here for she married Mr. Mulaney during our Junior year. Personally, I think we should leave one of our number to teach our tactics after we depart.

Of course, we culminate our career during the senior year. We have begun to do heretofore but just listen to these "Firsts." It has been customary for each senior class to give a play to make money for a gift to the college. But we sponsored a movie, "The Dark Angel" instead down at the Pastime Theatre.

Mr. Shep Brinkley saw a need for proper recreation for girls so he built a nice theatre to "pastime" in Murfreesboro. It was due to this circumstance that we could claim the distinction of being the first to sponsor a movie in our college town. Miss Gravette, our sponsor, entertained us at the theatre and then treated us to mince pie and coffee at the Red Apple. Yes, our sponsor felt she should follow us in our destruction.

Then we almost ruined our reputation by completely breaking down our dignity. You know that all seniors should possess that required characteristic, but look at us! Down at the Red Apple with the mince pie and hot coffee we put our class president, Lou Wilson Evans, in a high chair! Holy Horrors! What will become of this class?

To climax our "filibustering" we made changes in the traditional form for the commencement program. Usually some man of prominence outside the college delivers the baccalaureate sermon. This year our own president, Dr. McCulloch, begins the custom of having the college president deliver the message. Then our missionary message is given usually in the local Baptist Church, but this year it will take place in the ravine in the form of a vesper with a returned missionary conducting the devotional.

Now we've given our "firsts". Can you show us some better than these?