

THE CHOWANIAN

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Chowan College

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An Easy Way

An artist of the Metropolitan Opera is to appear at our school on February 17th. This artist will present to us a varied program which will be very good and which ought to help us appreciate good music.

The students of Chowan College should take advantage of this opportunity to hear Mr. Terry. We are sure that students will enjoy his program and will receive an appreciation of the artist's music.

Mr. Terry studied under the best teachers for years and he will know how to present Gilbert and Sullivan to us so we will enjoy and understand it best.

We, as college students, should realize that music is as important a part of our education as French verbs and Trigonometry problems. So let's get some of our education in an easy way—by going to the concert.

Support

Students! Support your college functions. These functions of college life may not at all seem important to you, but they must be supported if the bigger ones are to be.

Basketball is an important function of the school program at Chowan. It has been noticed that the students have not been attending the basketball games as they should have. Students, who is going to boost our team if we do not? No one. Then the public will get the idea that we at Chowan do not especially care if we support our athletic or school functions. They will think we are not interested enough in our athletic program to attend the games. We would not want anyone to think this of us.

Let's practice good sportsmanship at the games too. Let's show the public that we respect the decisions of the umpires and that we are always courteous even if we do not agree with them. Let's support our basketball team wholeheartedly.

Faculty Member Leaves

Our students, especially those majoring in commercial subjects, will miss Miss Jennie Daughtrey who taught typing, bookkeeping, and salesmanship.

Miss Daughtrey was an alumnus of Chowan College. After her graduation, she taught and did postgraduate work in other colleges and also at Columbia University in New York City.

Our students enjoyed her teaching us and we were sorry to hear that she was leaving to live at her home in Holland, Virginia. We hope she will visit us at Chowan soon.

Not Rich

Chowan is not rich—quite to the contrary. By rich, we mean money. Because of this, students should take care to preserve what we do have, in order that money might not have to be spent needlessly in replacements or repairs. Money used this way could be spent to a better advantage: To buy needed new equipment, for instance.

Here are some ways we can help the college:

- (1). By not using knives to open milk bottles (openers are provided).
- (2). By not breaking window lights.
- (3). By not abusing furniture in the society halls.
- (4). By not wasting food by taking unnecessary amounts out of the cafeteria or by buying more than is wanted.
- (5). By not taking books and magazines from the library without properly checking them out.
- (6). By keeping walls and woodwork clean.

Respect of public property reveals character.

A Happy Troop

The Lucalian Society is going to meet—
If you hurry right down, you might get a seat.

And if you listen carefully and don't get confused,
You'll see and hear things that will leave you amused.

The president stands up with a happy grin
And gives a signal for the meeting to begin.

The secretary tells us what we last did and said,
And the minutes now stand approved as read.

"Is 'so-and-so' ever going to be here?
He hasn't attended a meeting this year."

"Have you finally decided to pay your dues?
This treasurer's job really gives me the blues!"

"If the program's long, I simply can't wait,
You know very well that I've got a date."

"Have you ever heard of such nervy-nerve?
I'm here for a meeting and they're not going to serve."

"Please be quiet and don't make commotion,
The program chairman is going to give the devotion."

"One of our members, quite a song-bird,
Is going to sing. Please let her be heard."

"I don't think I've ever laughed quite so loud!
The reading she gave really did her proud."

"The next meeting is—when did you say?
That date seems far, far away."

The president announces that the meeting will adjourn,
And expresses her wish for all to return.

So goes a meeting of our little group
We really are a happy troop.

—Barbara McGlaughan

Dorm Night

Pajama parties can be a wonderful sport—just one big gabfest. There we are—supposedly "sleeping" but instead burning the midnight oil and gabbing about everything from makeup to our latest heart-throbs.

Imagine! Mary Jennings, Nina Turner, Eva Hunt, Geneva Harris, Elva Rae Mann, Carolyn Davis, Marilyn Woodard, Barbara Thomason, O'Neil Hurdle, Jean Daughtry, Ann Jackson, Jane Ellen Jernigan, Barbara McGlaughon, Betty Jean Taylor, Georgia Dean Riddick and Dorothy Ward—all in one room. With lots of food and lots of jokes, the fun begins about ten-thirty.

By the time Nina and Ruth do their dance routine and everyone has added their bit of conversation to most every subject anyone can think about—someone has to go to their room "for a minute". Ten or fifteen minutes pass—finally with a guilty smile on her face, she returns. Sooner or later, the party has to

break up and every girl starts back to her room to enjoy a "full night's sleep." Suddenly, a door bangs open at one end of the hall, and footsteps are heard going down the hall; then another door opens and closes—a mixture of angry and amused voices. Oh! Oh!. Someone has been short-sheeted. Indeed she has, but that's not all. Another door flies open, more footsteps are heard and then—more voices. The things some people don't think of! Now, someone's pajamas have been sewed together. Barbara Jean Archer turns down the cover on her bed only to find no sheets at all. The next complaint comes from Mary Jennings: "Who put cracker crumbs in my bed?" What a life! About an hour later, when everything is back to normal, Barbara climbs in bed with the hope of getting a little sleep anyway. When almost asleep, a beautiful musical sound comes to her ears—wedding bells. Oh, yeah? Eva knows better. Those beautiful musical sounds happen to be a cow-bell she has tied under the bed.

This is only an example of one night. There have been many others, and we are looking forward to even more—don't be surprised at anything you hear.

—Barbara Thomason

Roving Reporter

One of the topics most discussed about the campus recently has been the Honor System here at Chowan. Heated debates on whether it will or will not work are an everyday occurrence in the halls and on the campus.

Upon being asked: "Do you think the Honor System will work here?" "Why?" these are the answers given by a few of your fellow students. Do you agree with them?

EVA HUNT: "Yes, I think all the students will realize how important the honor system will be to Chowan and be willing to cooperate to make it a success."

JEANNE DAVIS: "Yes! If they will start soon, and not keep waiting. I believe all the students here are honest enough to abide by the codes of an honor system."

CAROLYN GRIFFIN: "No! I don't think the students would tell on each other."

GENE PROCTOR: No! In a small school like this, I don't think the students would be willing to tell on each other, and that's as much a part of an honor system as anything else."

Life with Biology

By ANNE ONLEY

School life in the science department can be fun! But sometimes when I think very hard—sounds impossible, doesn't it?—I come to the conclusion that it is a hard life.

Can you imagine walking through the woods all day trying to find one little green slimy pool of stagnant water? Of course, all the water you do see then is clear and running. And then someone takes pity on this poor plodding disillusioned creature and shows her—oh, no—a pool of water that looks as though it had been in that same place since prehistoric time. Now I could shout with glee: "I have found my spirogyra and algae!". No more field trip until we study something else that we have to collect. Of course, I am so thrilled that I have found those plants that I think nothing of crossing seven-foot barbed-wire fences, falling in mud holes, and dropping my precious bottle of muddy water and spilling some. "Oh, I didn't spill too much, did I? No, I can still see my green plants."

Class time arrives. Triumphant I place my hard-earned results on the teacher's desk . . . only to be told: "That's the wrong kind. Find another". That means another trip of the same sort and life with biology goes on and on