Pine Needles

The Woman's College
University of North Carolina

FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

CO
N86p
1920
c.2

Gift of

MRS. J. I. FOUST

EX LIBRIS

t love" to a faculty. Lis
s others.

Mary Holdford.
Coltelian '20.

good while to know
but it has been wo
a lot to know yo
and I can never f
the happy times I h
had in your Presen
Vera Paschal,
Dikean '2

Foreword

IF this, our first annual under its new name, serves now or in the future years to kindle and keep burning in the hearts of those who hold our Alma Mater dearest, the friendships and ideals of our college, then those who toiled over it will feel their reward fully realized.

We have received your
Annual and read it through
with much pleasure. We
enjoyed the stories and
especially the "grinds" and
jokes. Success to your
efforts.
Ruth Bagsdale
Roxboro, N. C.

Mary F. Seymour

To our lady of the Merry Heart!
from Laura N. Cook

To my old side-partner of the winter of
1919-'20 from, Ethel C. Bollinger.

IN MEMORIAM

MARGUERITE BRAWLEY

1896-1919

JANE HIGHSMITH

1918-1919

(SOPHOMORE CLASS MASCOT)

Here's to you,
Here's toward
If I'd never
I'd never Know
"One of the P
Elma Gaffe
Shelby, N.C.
(Di Kean!

To Alma Mater

(A Song at Parting)

Mother, kind Mother,
Thy bidding unfaltering
Quickens to vigor
The whole of our youth:
"Up to the combat—
Thy world calls for service!
Child of my being, go forth;
War for truth."

Mother, kind Mother,
The morning light beckons us,
Stirred by thy bidding,
Well up and away.
There is scarce time
For a lingering parting,
Thou, and our world, and we
Whisper "Today."

Though we are leaving
Thy homestead, kind Mother,
Truly we ne'er can be
P'arted from thee.
We are thy very self—
Thou art our mother,
Whither thy children go
There shalt thou be.

E. Everett.

PINE NEEDLES

1920

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS
NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE
FOR WOMEN, GREENSBORO, N. C.

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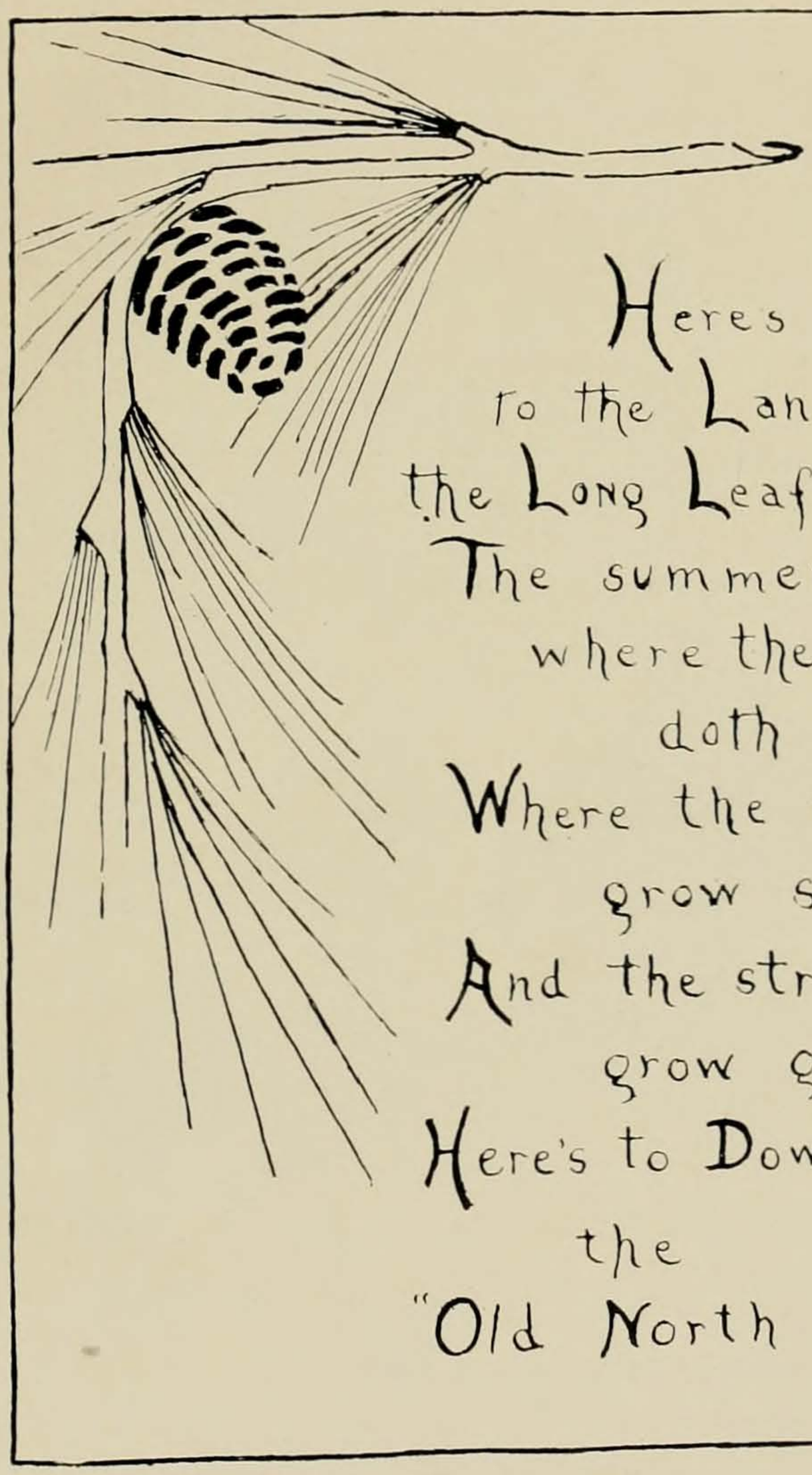

Heres
to the Land of
the Long Leaf-Pine,
The summer Land
where the sun
doth shine.
Where the weak
grow strong
And the strong,
grow great.
Here's to Downhome
the
"Old North State"

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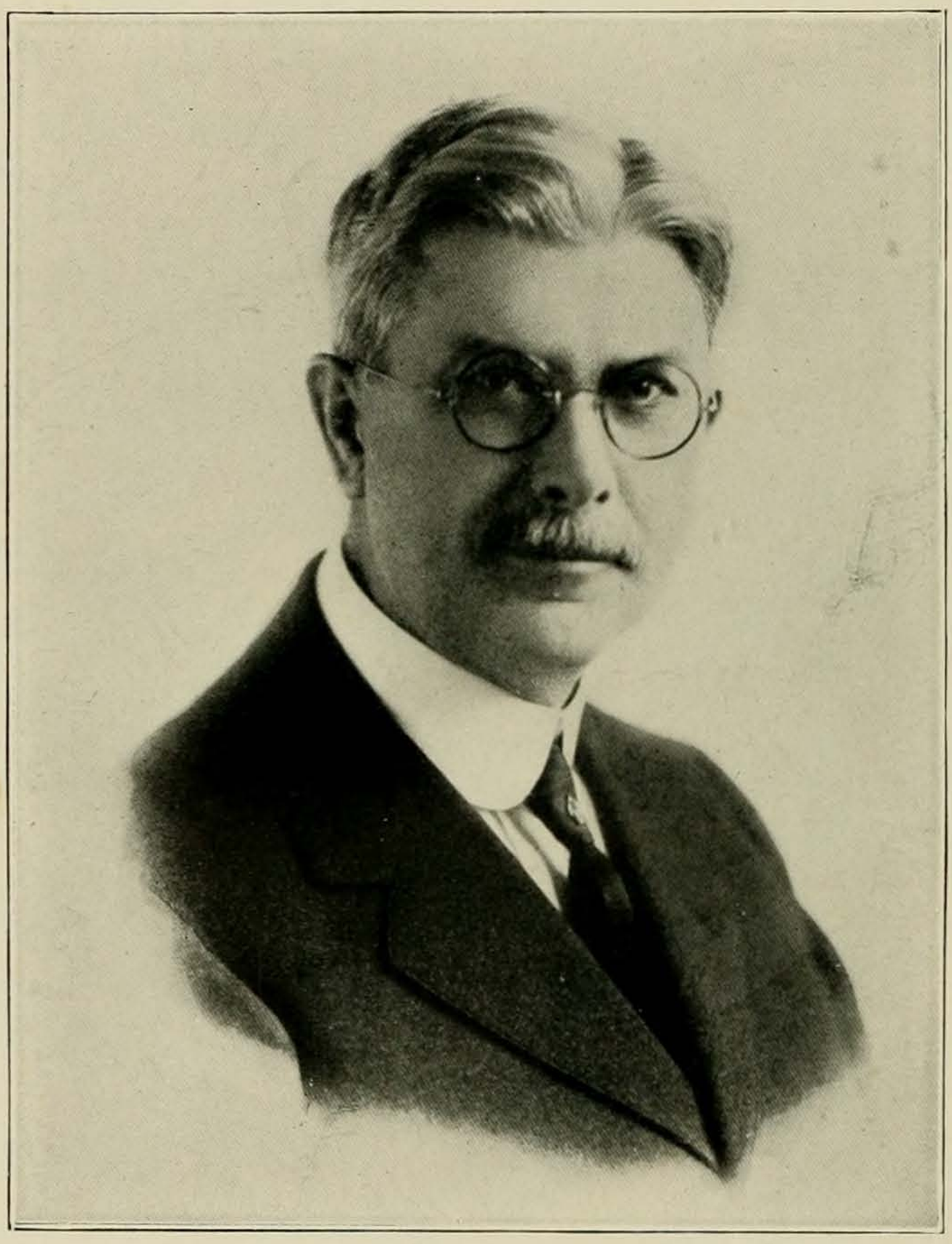


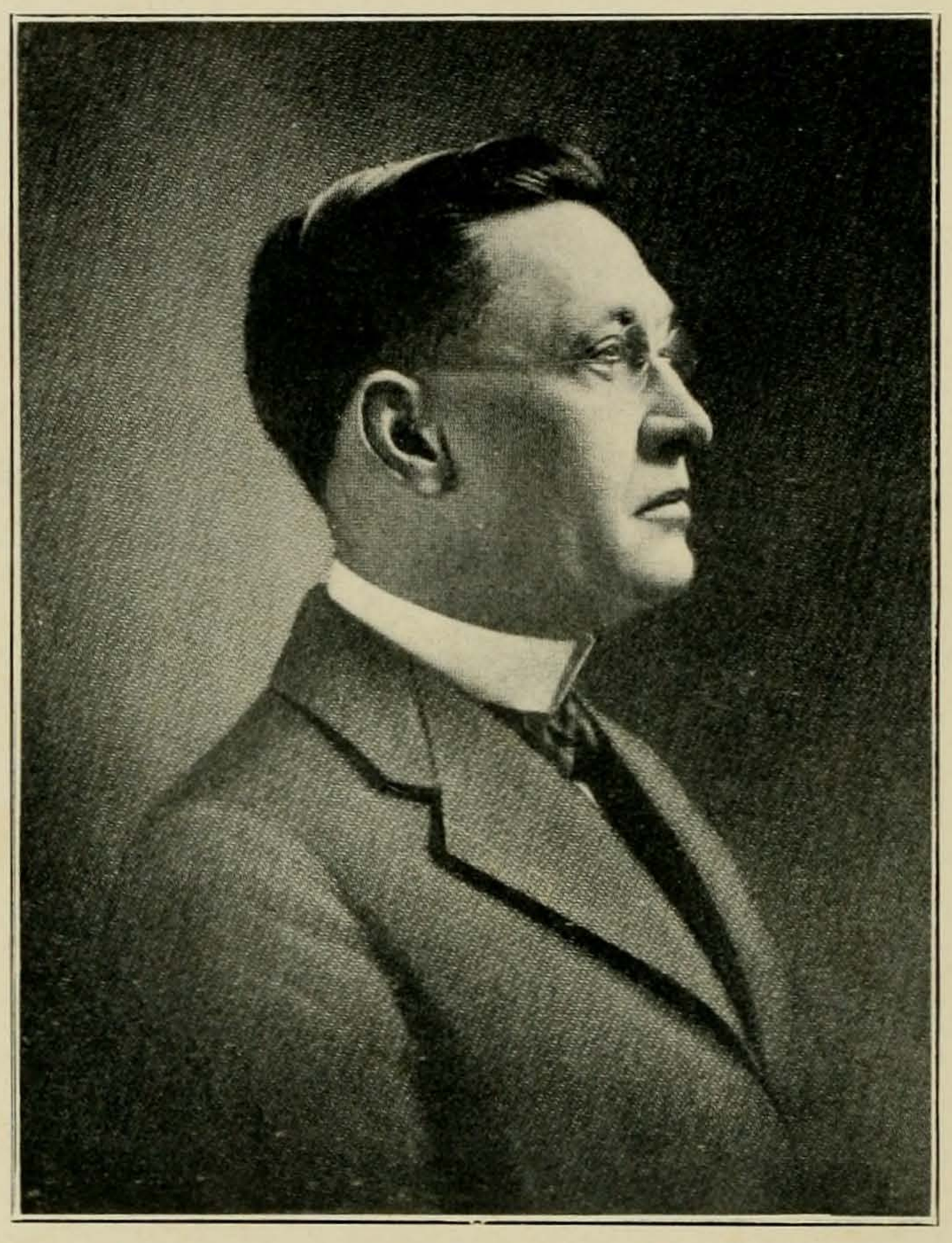
Sincerely yours
Eugene Willis Gudger.
"E. W. G."

DEDICATION

This book we dedicate to

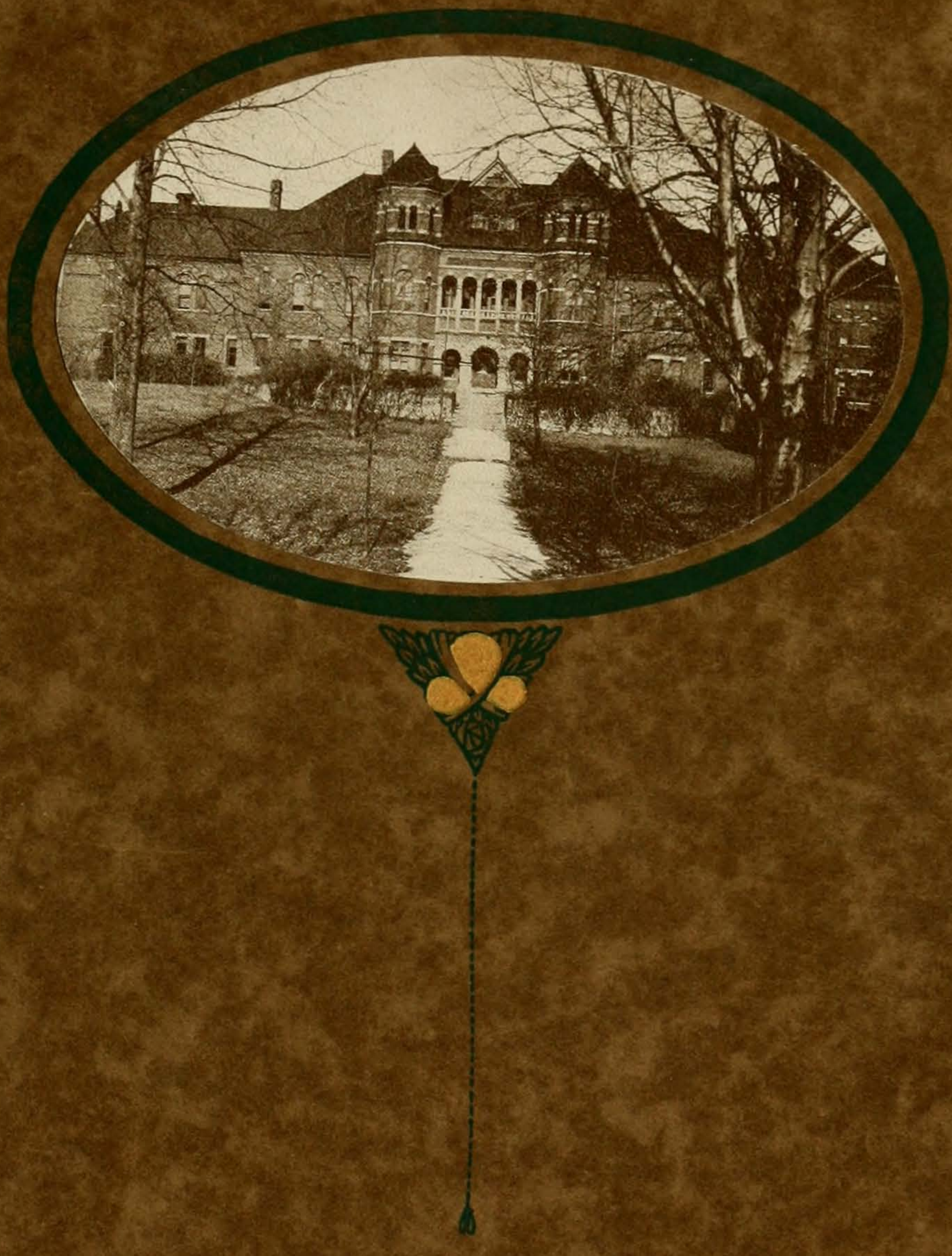
• DR. EUGENE •
WILLIS GUDGER

as an expression of our love and gratitude for one who has shown a profound interest, a willingness to sacrifice, a constant co-operation in the effort to make real the ideals of the college



Very truly yours,
Julius I. Peuse,

PRESIDENT



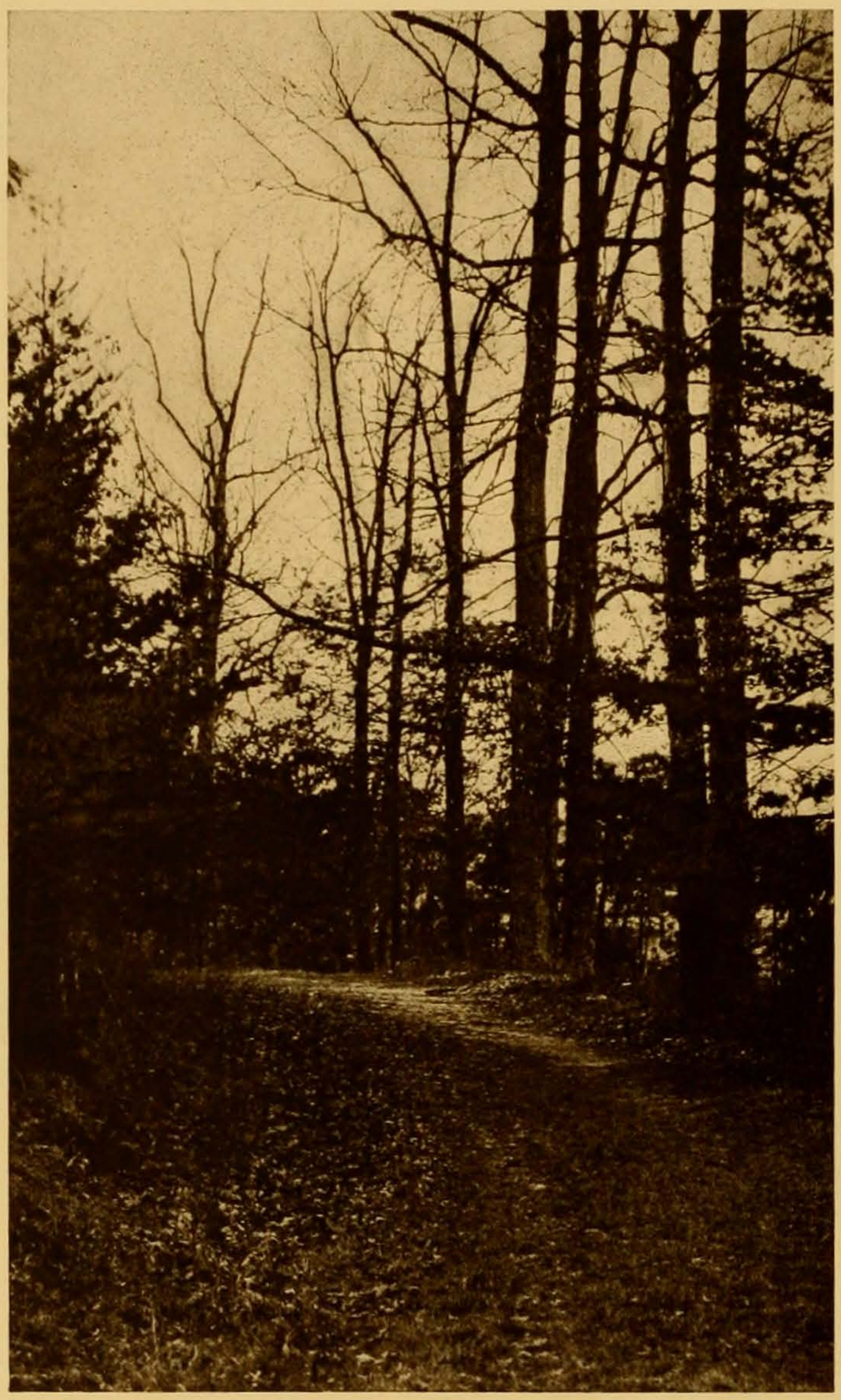
Book I

THE CAMPUS

"If eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being."

"'Twas one of those charmed days
When the genius of God doth flow;
The wind may alter twenty ways,
A tempest cannot blow."

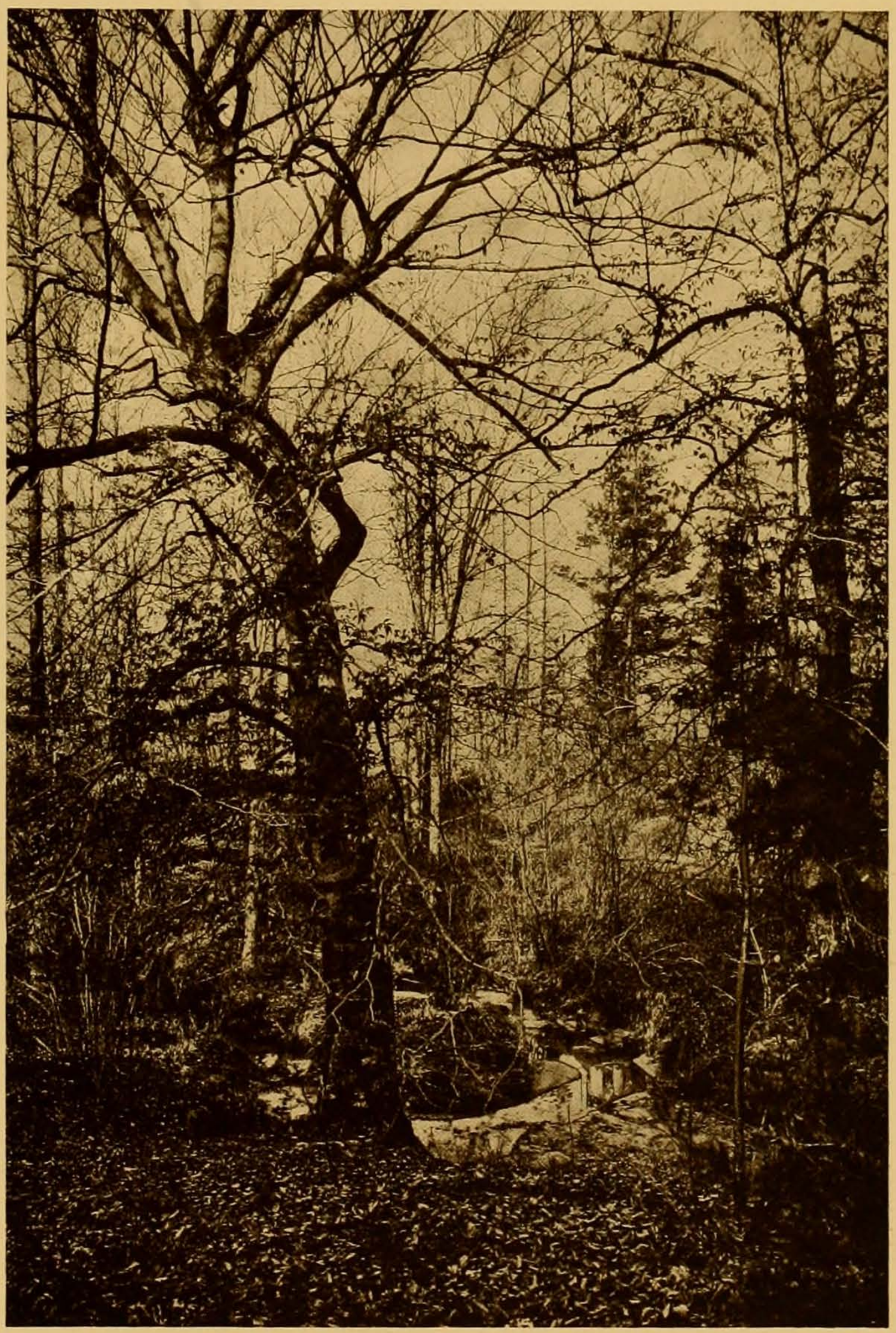
"It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves."



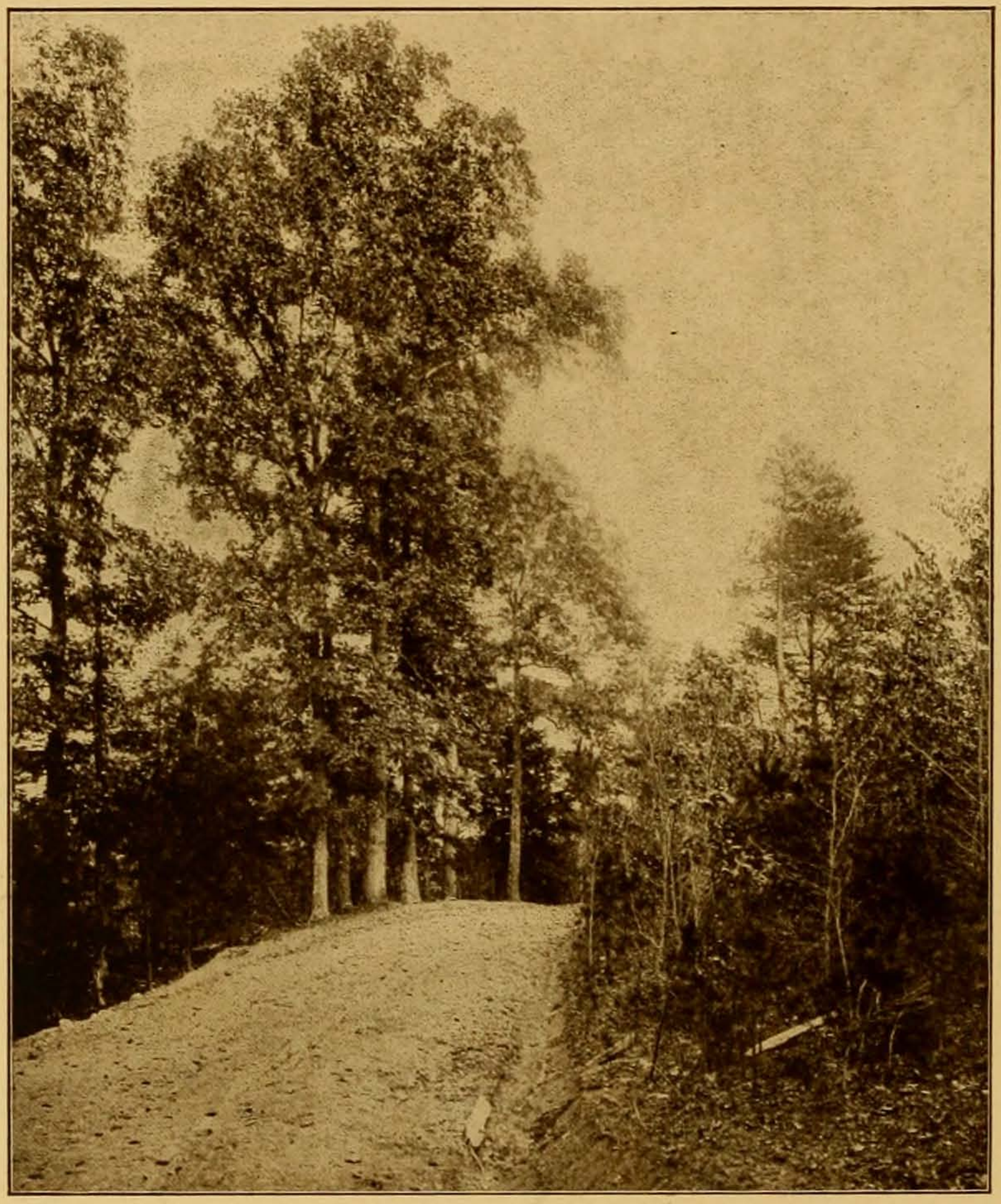
"When the pine tosses its cones
To the song of its waterfull tones,
Who speeds to the woodland walk?
To birds and trees who talk?"

"When breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green."

"How with my life knit up is every well-known scene."



"Here are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarled pines
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungathered."



"So Nature calls through all her system wide,
Give me thy love, O man, so long denied."

COLLEGE STATISTICS

COLLEGE STATISTICS

COLLEGE STATISTICS

COLLEGE STATISTICS

Book II

FACULTY AND CLASSES

Board of Directors

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C. H. Mebane . . . . . Catawba
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Assistant to Treasurer

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Dean of College

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Librarian

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Dean of Home Economics

LUCILE COBB
Assistant Librarian

EMMA KING, A.B.
Director of Dormitories

ETHIE BEN GARRETT, B.E.
Assistant in Library

GRACE LAWRENCE
Assistant Director of Dormitories

MRS. M. B. MORGAN
Purchasing Agent

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Treasurer

JESSIE MCLEAN
Trained Nurse

LAURA H. COIT
Secretary

CORA BEAM
Trained Nurse

MARY T. MOORE
Registrar

MISS MCKINNON
P. O. Books and Stationery

DAISY ELIZABETH BROOKS
Dietician

MARY C. CARTER
Stenographer

ESTELLE BOYD
Housekeeper

MARY MCNEIL
Stenographer

LAURA M. HALL, B.S.
Assistant Dietician

Faculty

JULIUS I. FOUST, LL.D.
President

WILLIAM C. SMITH, Ph.B.
English Language and Literature

WALTER CLINTON JACKSON, B.S.
History

GERTRUDE W. MENDENHALL, B.S.
Mathematics

†ANNA M. GOVE, M.D.
Hygiene

MARY M. PETTY, B.S.
Chemistry

MARY SETTLE SHARPE
Expression

VIOLA BODDIE
Latin

HENRIETTA LANGNER, B.S.
Home Economics

†EUGENE W. GUDGER, M.S., Ph.D.
Biology and Geology

†HINDA T. HILL, A.M.
French

WADE R. BROWN
Piano and School Music

MINNIE L. JAMISON
High School Inspector of Home Economics

E. J. FORNEY
Stenography, Typewriting and Bookkeeping

†ALMA I. LONG
Domestic Art

†E. E. BALCOMB, A.B.
Rural Life

†CLARENCE W. HEWLETT, Ph.D.
Physics

MARY FAY DAVENPORT, B.P.
Physical Education

†JULIA RAINES
Manual Arts

LENA ELLINGTON, A.B., M.A.
Instructor in History

JOHN H. COOK, A.M.
Education

E. C. LINDEMAN, B.S.
Economics and Sociology

CAROLINE PAULINE BARBARA SCHOCH, B.Di., Ph.D.
German

BLANCHE ELAINE SHAFFER, B.S., M.A.
Foods and Nutrition

LIZZIE MCIVER WEATHERSPOON
Supervising Teacher in Training School

ETTA R. SPIER, B.S.
Rural Supervisor

RUTH FITZGERALD
Supervising Teacher in Training School

NELLIE LORENA WALKER, Ph.B.
Supervising Teacher in Training School

†On leave of absence.

EDITH BLAINE, B.S.
Supervising Teacher in Training School

LUCILE MARSHALL ELLIOT, B.P.
Supervising Teacher in Training School

RUTH D. EWING, B.S.
Supervising Teacher in Training School

EZDA DEVINY, A.B.
Instructor in Biology

LAUIE LESLIE, B.S.
Supervising Teacher in Training School

MARY H. MENDENHALL, A.B.
Supervising Teacher in Training School

MAJEL W. WOOD, A.B., A.M.
Instructor in Romance Languages

A. T. WRIGHT, B.S.
Physics

EULYTH A. WALEN
Instructor in Physical Culture

ALLIENE RICHARD MINOR
Instructor in Music

TEMPE BODDIE, A.B.
Instructor in Latin

JOY BRIGGS, B.P.
Domestic Arts

FLORENCE ECKERT, A.B., A.M.
Instructor in English

FLORENCE FERGUSON, A.B.
Instructor in Foods and Nutrition

MAGNHILDE GULLANDER, A.B.
Instructor in History

RICHARD H. THORNTON, A.B., A.M.
Associate in English

ALINE TURNER, A.B., B.S., M.A.
Instructor in English

HELEN MAYER, B.M.
Instructor in Stringed Instruments

IRENE TEMPLETON, B.S.
Instructor in Mathematics

JAMES KERR, M.A.
Instructor in Romance Languages

CLARA BOOTH BYRD, A.B.
Instructor in Commercial Department

JEAN BLOSSOM WILCOX, M.B.
Instructor in Voice

G. SCOTT-HUNTER
Instructor in Harmony, Counterpoint and Organ

GERTRUDE SOUSLEY
Instructor in Piano

ANNIE F. PETTY
Library Methods

MARY ROBINSON, B.S.
Instructor in English

DORA ROBINSON, A.M.
Instructor in Biology

ELVA EUDORA BARROW, B.S.
Instructor in Chemistry

ALICE KOHLER, A.B.
Instructor in French

ALICE E. BIVINS
Instructor in School Music

LULA SMITH, B.S.
Domestic Art

CORA STRONG, A.B.
Associate in Mathematics

VIRGINIA RAGSDALE, PH.D.
Associate in Mathematics

MARY L. SHERRILL, A.B., A.M.
Associate in Chemistry

MARTHA ELIZABETH WINFIELD, B.S.
Associate in English

†FRANCES V. WOMBLE
Associate in English

HARRIET WISEMAN ELLIOTT, A.M.
Associate in History

MYRA ALDERMAN ALBRIGHT
Instructor in Piano

ALONZO C. HALL, A.B., A.M.
Associate in English

EVA G. CAMPBELL, A.B., M.A.
Instructor in Biology

J. A. HIGHSMITH, A.M.
Associate in Education

NAOMI NEIL, A.B.
Instructor in Chemistry

A. P. KEPHART, Ph.D.
Associate in Education

PHOEBE GAYLORD
Public School Music

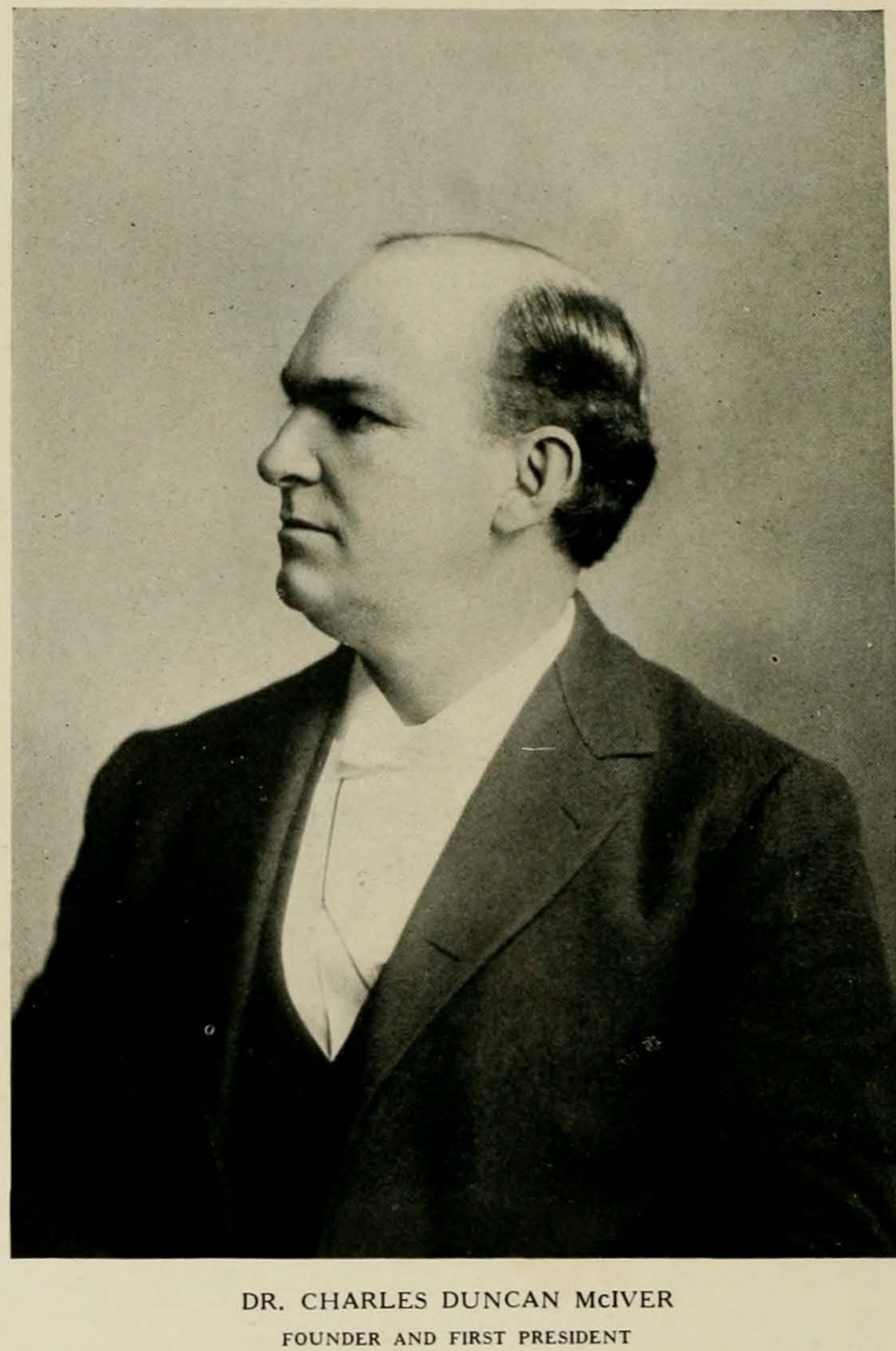
ELIZABETH MARSH, B.S.
Associate in Foods and Nutrition

W. B. BARNEY, M.A., PH.D.
Romance Languages

MARY FRANCES SEYMOUR, A.M.
Associate in Biology

ETHEL BOLLINGER
Secretary of Alumnae Association

†On leave of absence.



DR. CHARLES DUNCAN McIVER

FOUNDER AND FIRST PRESIDENT

SENIORS

JACK VAN SINDLEY
Senior Class Mascot

Colors: Lavender and White *Flower:* Violet

Motto: Love, Honor, Loyalty

Class Song

Nineteen Twenty, we're a loyal band,
Working all together with a steadfast aim,
Seeking laurels that our class may stand,
Adding honor to our college name.
To our colors we will faithful be:
Lavender and White, we pledge to thee,
Love that we feel will strengthen thee,
Honor that we know we owe to thee,
Loyalty in work, that all may see
Our Love, Honor, Loyalty.

Under our banner of Lavender and White,
Proving our devotion to a strong ideal,
We strive ever upward to a greater height,
To attainments that the world must feel.
In that life that we must lead apart,
Thoughts of thee will linger in each heart,
From thy influence we must gain our start,
Ever mindful of our debt to thee,
Showing how worthy our motto may be
By Love, Honor, Loyalty.

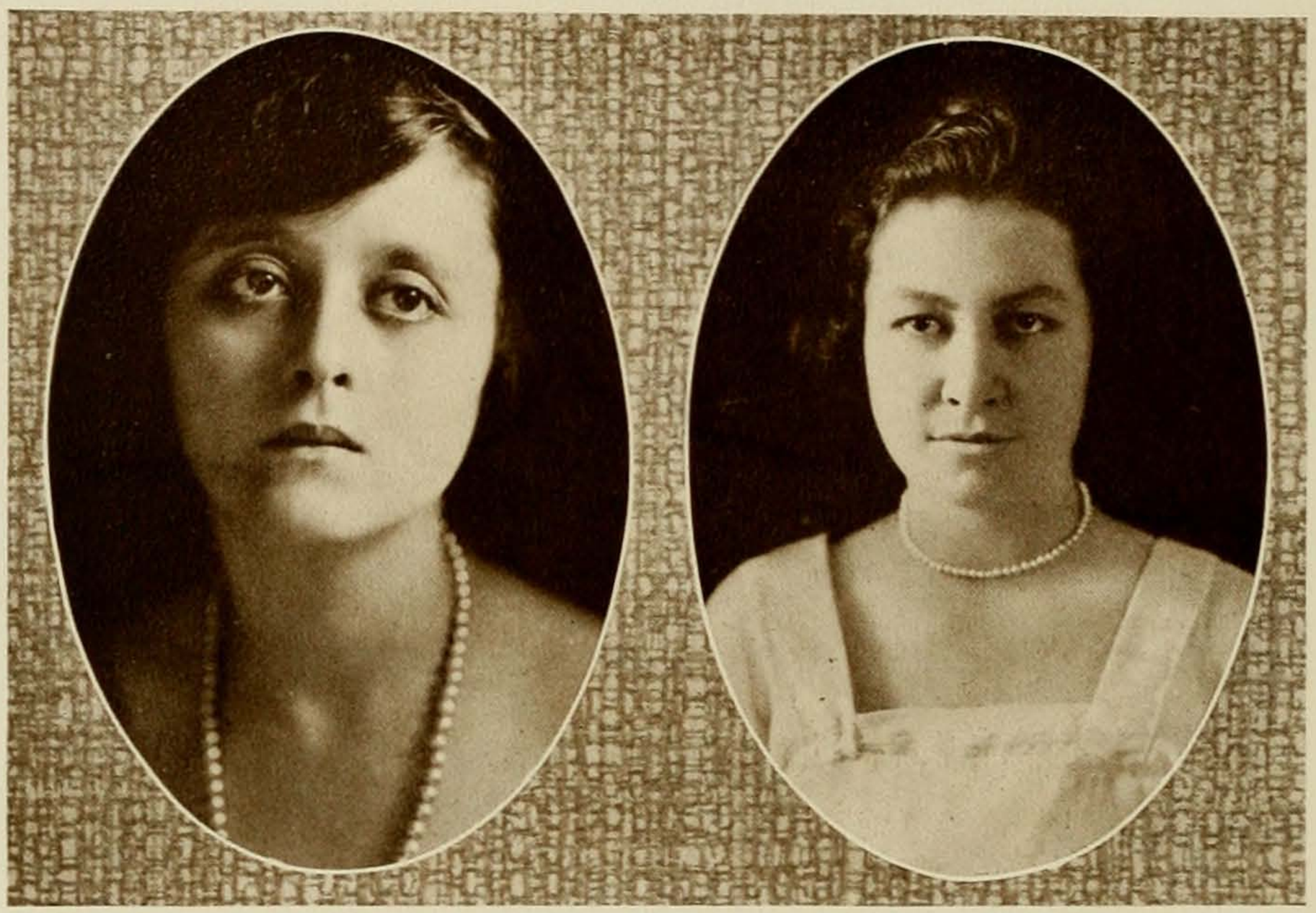
Senior Class Officers

Fall Term

Sybil Barrington . . . . . *President*
Elizabeth McLean . . . . . *Vice-President*
Hessie Blankenship . . . . . *Secretary*
Ida Owens . . . . . *Treasurer*
Elsie Swindell . . . . . *Critic*

Spring Term

Mary Winn Abernathy . . . . . *President*
Hazel West . . . . . *Vice-President*
Elizabeth Davis . . . . . *Secretary*
Katie King . . . . . *Treasurer*
Carrie Tabor . . . . . *Critic*



Senior Class

Mary Winn Abernethy, A.B. . . . . Portsmouth, Va.

"Persuasive speech and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke and eloquence of eyes."

Adelphian; Vice-President of Class of '17; Member of Dramatic Club of '18, '19, '20; Co-Society Debater of '18; Recording Secretary of Adelphian Society, '18; Marshal, '18, '19; Literary Editor of Coraddi; Literary Editor of Pine Needles; President of Class '20.

This winsome lass hails from Portsmouth, the Pearl of the Tidewater. However, she is not a Virginian, because she was born and still is a Tar Heel. The three joys of her life are going to the "little store," taking the vampire's part in plays, and talking. During her college career she has never sacrificed any of these joys to work; she has not needed to, because her mind always acts quickly under pressure. She never loses command of herself and in all activities is cool-headed. Mary Winn is one of the brilliants among the twenties. Her extemporaneous recitations in Psychology and Shakespeare will long be remembered as characteristic of her brilliance. Her skill in debate and dramatics would make us picture for her a career in Washington, or some such place, if it was not for the fascination which one town called Rutherford College holds for her.

Helen DeVare Askew . . . . . Hertford County, Ahoskie, N. C.

"I'll be merry, I'll be free,
I'll be sad for nobody."

Proctor, '17; Fire Lieutenant, '17; Proctor, '18; Basketball Team, '18; Sub-Lieutenant, '19; Winner in Double Tennis, '19.

Helen always says: "I don't know a thing"; but if you want to know a date just ask her. She is one of our leading "humorists," possessing a quality which makes ordinary expressions appear in a funny light. Helen is very athletic, too. The way she swings her tennis racket gives her the championship of the Senior Class. Always cheerful, willing, and lovable, these, with her winning personality, make up a character which appeals to all of us.

Senior Class

MARY ALDERMAN, B.S. . . . . Greensboro, N. C.

"Honest labor wears a worthy face."

Adelphian.

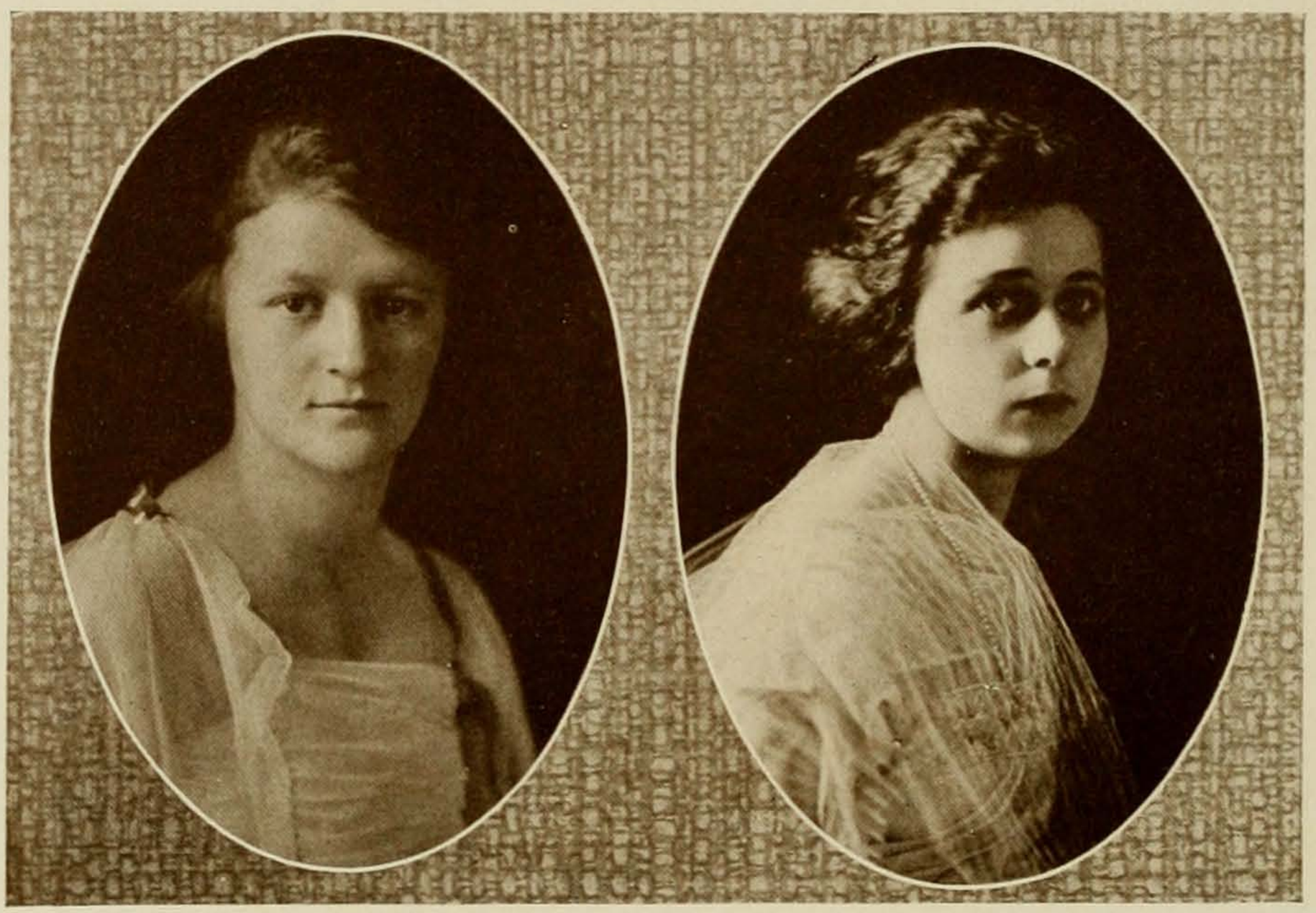
It is true Mary has not boarded in the dormitories, but she has been with us a large part of the time, usually in McIver Building and the Library. She has been invaluable to our class in many respects, especially in keeping the dietetics class posted on the latest food prices in Greensboro. Judging from her skillfulness in helping manage the cottage, we can safely predict for her a successful future. Cheerfulness is her daily guide, efficiency her creed.

ISABELL AUDREY, A.B. . . . . Charlotte, N. C.

"The better part of valor is discretion."

Dikéan; Secretary of Class, Spring, '17; Sub-Fire Lieutenant, Spring '17; Executive Council of Y. W. C. A., '18-'19; Corresponding Secretary of Dikéan Literary Society, '18-'19; Member of Inter-Society Conference Committee, '18-'19, '19-'20; Charter Member of Diéean Literary Society; Marshal, '19-'20.

If you want her face to look like a big, bright sunflower, tell her of some recent discovery in Science, Biology, Chemistry, or what not. She sees in these studies real beauty, thereby gaining cultural value as well as scientific knowledge. Isabell stands out among our '20's as one who has ideas and convictions, and who is able and who is going to stand up for them. As a member of our student body, her wonderful conception of college, her warm enthusiasm and her ability make her value inestimable. The future demands much from our worthy Isabell!



Senior Class

SYBIL BARRINGTON, A.B. . . . . Raleigh, N. C.

"A heart to will, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute."

Adelphian; Hockey Team, '16, '17, '18, '19; Proctor, '17; Secretary of Class, Fall of '17; Society Orator, Spring of '18; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '18-'19; Athletic Cabinet, '19-'20; President Senior Class, Fall of '19; Class Historian, Spring of '20.

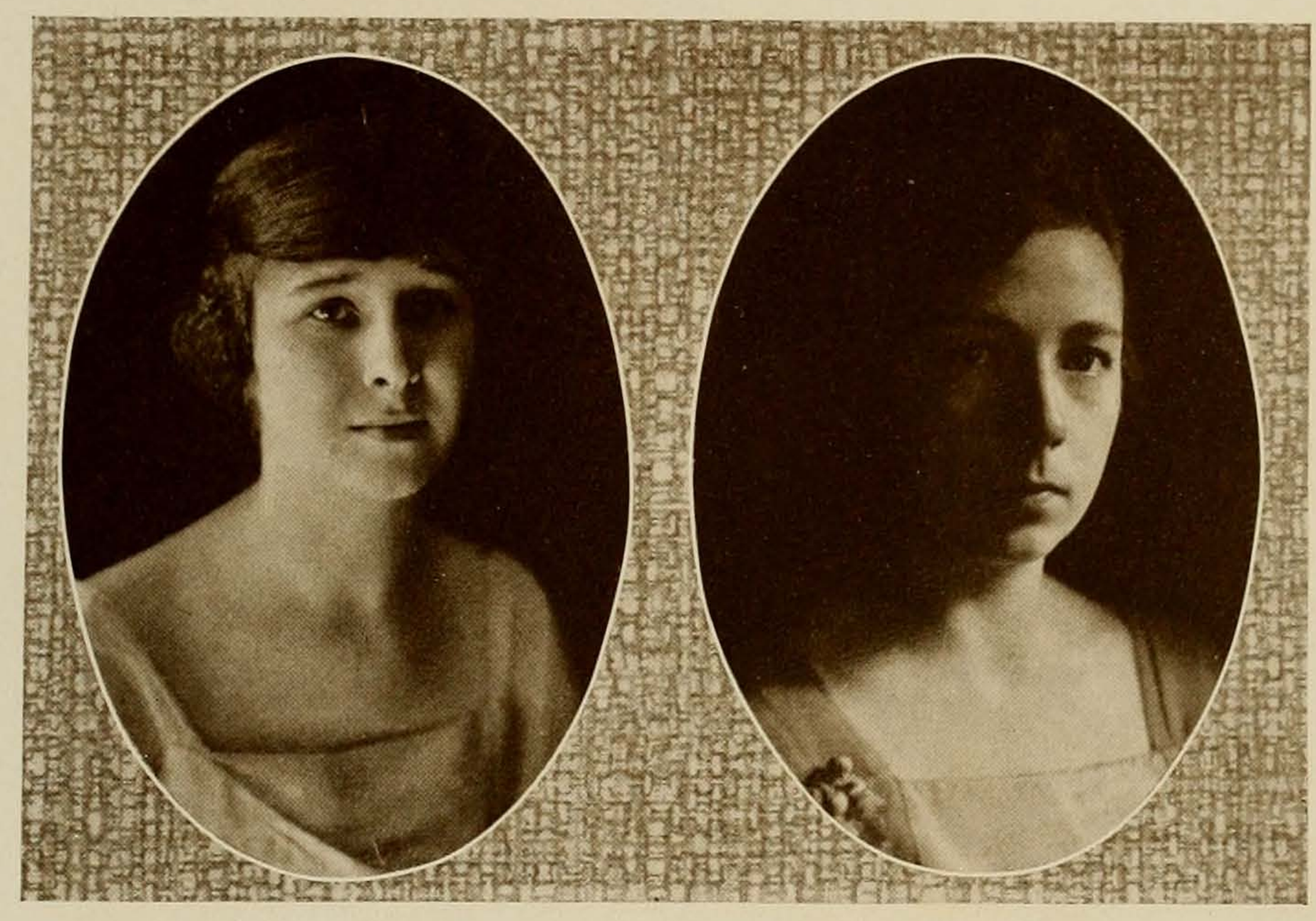
Sybil is one of our smallest Seniors, yet she hits the volley ball as far, "pathetic" dances just as well, and makes as many "ones" as anybody in the class, and still holds a very dear place in the hearts of us all. She is a girl we may turn to for encouragement, cheer, and love, and always we get just the kind of sympathy we need. She keeps herself so well in hand that she is at any time able to see through the joys and sorrows of others and share joys and divide the sorrow. Here's to Sybil, our first Senior President!

ANNA BERNARD BENSON, A.B. . . . . Monroe, N. C.

"The glass of fashion, and the mold of form,
The observed of all observers."

Adelphian; Chorus, '16-'17, '17-'18; President Freshman Latin Club, '17; Sub-Fire Lieutenant, '17; Proctor, '17-'18; Dramatic Club, '19-'20; Glee Club, '19-'20; Vice-President Adelphian Society, '19; Toastmistress Adelphian Banquet, '19.

"Ooooh—looook!" And what do we see? Just Anna Bernard! Well, not "*just*" Anna Bernard, but *JUST* almost the most versatile girl in the whole Senior Class. She can act creditably anything from modest little Priscilla of old to modern Molly, a scandalously flirtatious maid. And she can play the piano, too—gets more music out of one than many of us who have toiled four long years. Interpretive dancing is not the least of her accomplishments, either. But the way we have to think of Anna Bernard most is as the charming little toastmistress presiding most graciously over our last initiation banquet. She's a fine friend if you'll let her be, but you must understand her, sympathize with her in all her troubles, and encourage her with flattering remarks once in a while. We hate to predict for her a life of school teaching, for she has so many other attractive qualities to be developed. But have you ever heard her speak of those Training School kids of hers? "You all just don't know how funny they are," she says. "I feel like they're my very own." Keep developing those fine faculties of yours, Anna—and here's luck to you!



Senior Class

MARY BENTON, B.S. . . . . Monroe, N. C.

"Ideas in the head set hands about their general tasks."

Cornelian; Fire Lieutenant, '19-'20; Proctor, Fall of '18; Hockey Team, '18-'19; Class President, Spring of '19.

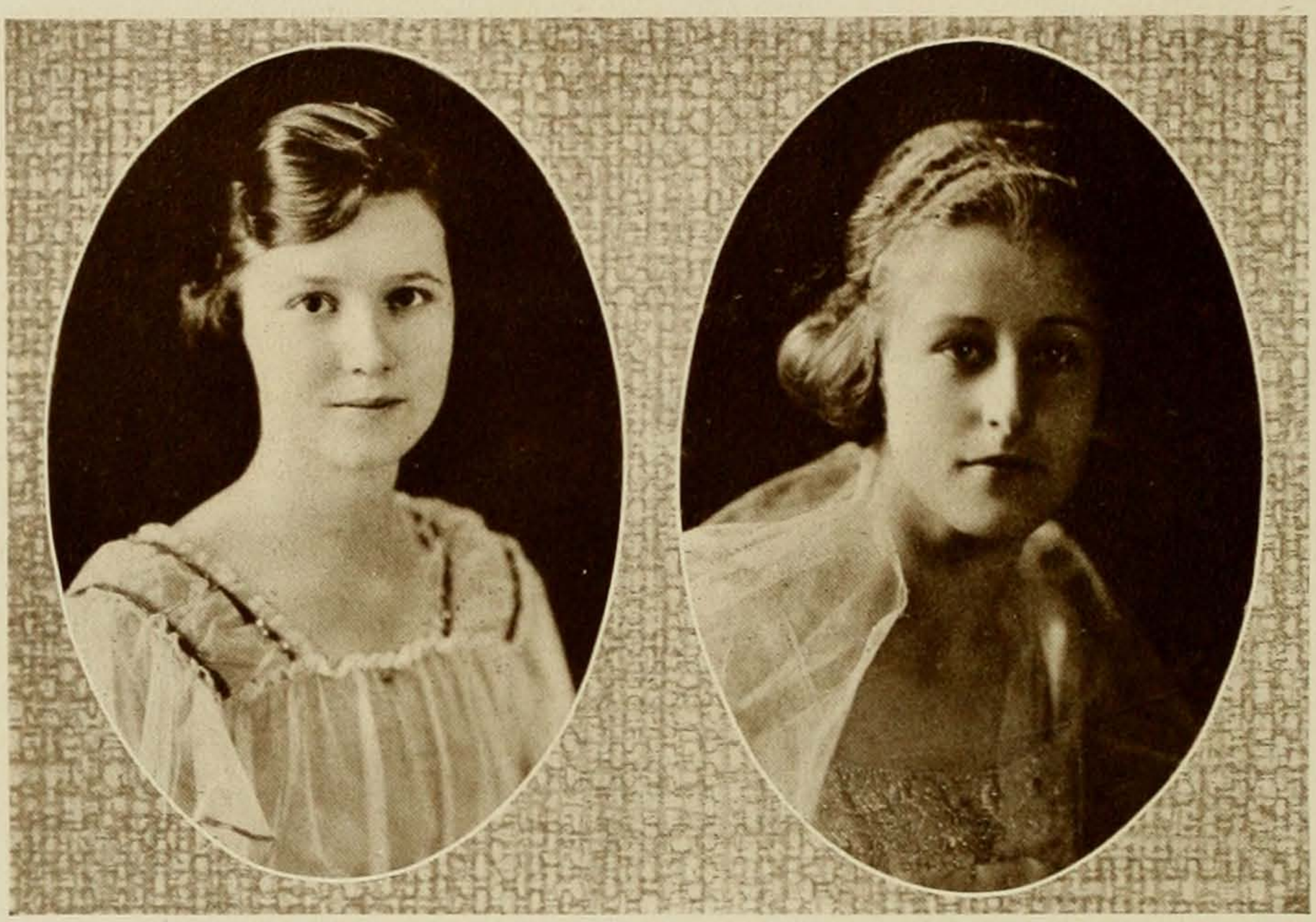
Independent Mary is the "talkingest" girl we have; in fact, she likes to talk so well that she often resorts to backward talking for variety. She is influential to the point of making people do things, whether they want to or not, and has proved herself capable of successfully engineering some of the most difficult student activities. Always ready to help those who need help, our "Bary Menton" has an irresistible attractiveness all her own.

HESSIE ANNE BLANKENSHIP . . . . . Statesville, N. C., Route No. 4

"She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness."

Cornelian; Proctor, '15-'16; Class Secretary, First Term, '19; Critic of Cornelian Society, '20.

Hessie has the ability to do everything well. She never has time for loafing, not even during walking period, for she sticks to close, steady work, and takes life rather seriously. She puts as much effort in non-academic affairs as she does in academic, and they are done equally as well. If you will consult Miss Moore's records you will see that she holds 50 per cent of all the 1's and 2's.



Senior Class

Mabel Frances Boysworth, A.B. . . . . Norwood, N. C.

"Eternal sunshine settles on her head."

Cornelian; Orchestra, '17-'18, '18-'19, '19-'20; Basketball Team, '18, '19; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet Member, '19-'20.

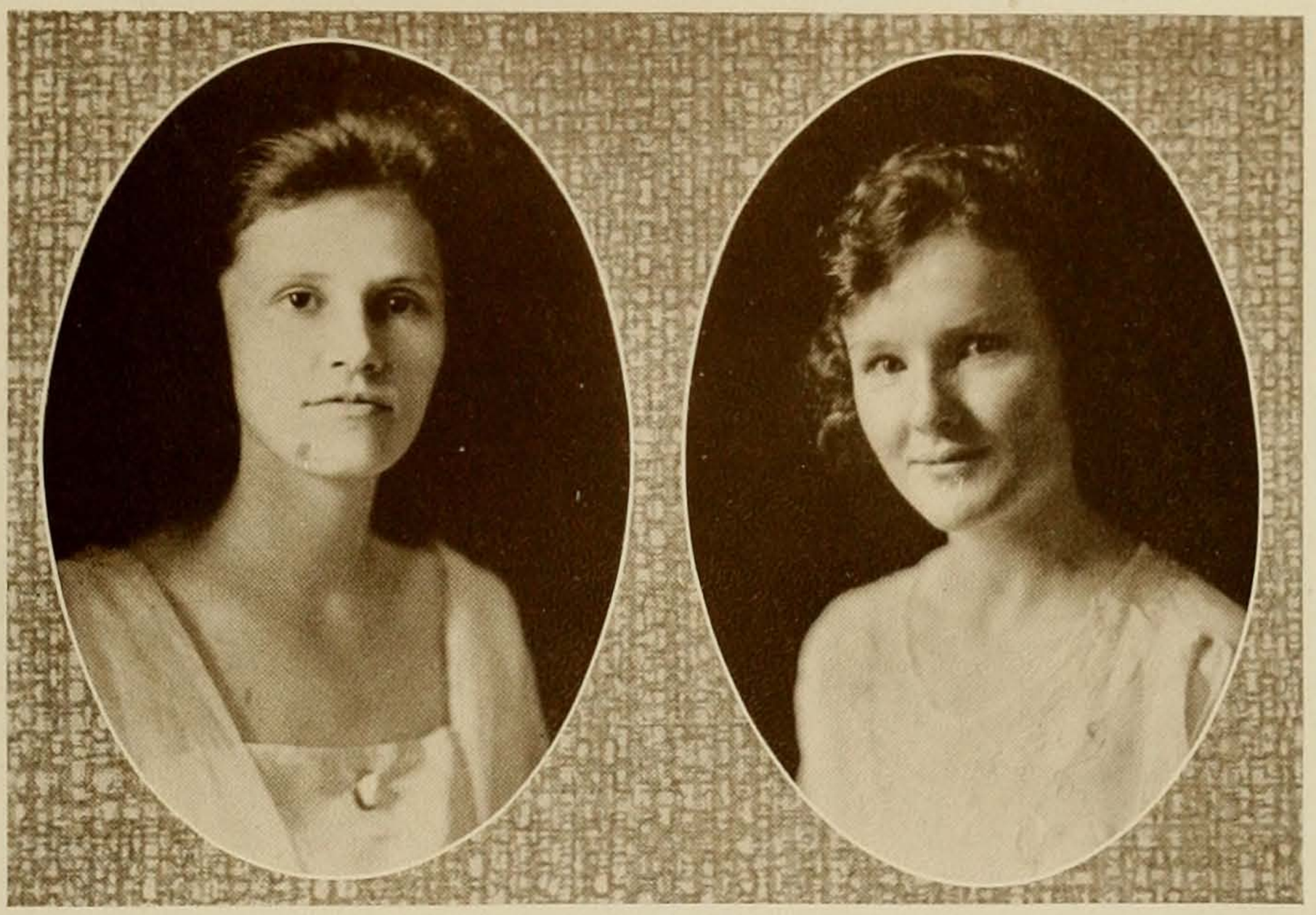
Here is a good, all-'round girl in classwork, athletics, and college life in general. Her charming personality has made her known and loved by all. She is sure to make good in whatever she undertakes, and leaves with the best wishes of all her classmates.

Ethel Boyte, A.B. . . . . Monroe, N. C.

"I am not only witty in myself,
But the cause that wit is in others."

Cornelian; Cabinet of Y. W. C. A., '17-'18, '18-'19, '19-'20; Fire Lieutenant, '19-'20; Member of the Glee Club, '19-'20; Basketball Team, '19-'20; Secretary of Class of '17-'18; Critic of Cornelian Literary Society, '18-'19; Undergraduate Field Representative, '19-'20; Member of Dramatic Club, '19, '20.

Ethel—yes, this is Ethel. She is always present with her ready wit and humor. It is Ethel who is called upon to make the "peppy" speeches for athletics, society, student government, and Y. W. C. A. Not even all these activities can exhaust her surplus energy. She is not only ready to take part in all student activities, but she is a loyal and true friend to all those who sorrow or are homesick. Because of a sympathetic understanding, she can always comfort those who need comforting. Ethel is the broad-minded one; she never thinks in single terms, but in "doubles." Many times she has flown on the wings of "sweet zephyrs" to poetical fields, from which she has gathered, in the language of that land, thoughts for Coraddi. As a student she has gained the respect and admiration of our faculty. Her special interest in the Biology Department, shown by her promptness and neatness, prophesies great success for her in carrying out the hard-learned "Principles of Education."



Senior Class

VIRGINIA DARE BRASWELL, A.B. . . . . Whitakers, N. C.

"Hope, of all ills men endure,
The only cheap and universal cure."

Cornelian.

Virginia is the possessor of a splendid gift—a cheerful disposition. Doubtless this is the secret of her success in winning, with so little fret and worry, a diploma, and also in making many warm and lasting friendships. In her junior year her favorite pastime was discussing economics. This year it is almost impossible to tell which takes more of her time and furnishes more material for her conversation, Training School or Monsieur G———, to whom we often find her composing "une lettre en francais."

CARRIE BURTON, A.B. . . . . Ruffin, N. C.

"Speak thy mind."

Adelphian; Volley Ball Team, '19.

Carrie is so very quiet and unassuming that she is really known by only a few of us. Those of us who know her best love her and feel that the others who do not know her quite as well have missed something. After she leaves college, we expect to hear that she is making a great success as a teacher or that she has become a great chemist or physicist.

Senior Class

ANNIE LOUISE CAMPBELL, A.B. . . . . Hamer, S. C.

"My honor is my life. Both grow in one."

Cornelian; Proctor; Fire Sub-Lieutenant.

This quiet, unassuming girl doesn't stand out prominently as a "star" performer in any particular branch of work, but she is a steady and earnest worker in everything she undertakes. We all realize her capabilities and expect to hear of her great success after she leaves college.

JOE CAUSEY, B.S. . . . . Liberty, N. C.

"If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it to the last article."

Adelphian; Proctor, '17; Basketball, Spring of '18; Basketball, Spring of '19; Secretary of Class, Spring of '19; Athletic Association Cabinet, '19-'20; Literary Editor of Pine Needles; Reporter for Carolinian; Hockey, Fall of '19.

When you are going to have a party,
And you want a cake baked—
Go to Joe.
When you get up a team, and
That team is a hockey team—
Get Joe.
When you want to make a schedule, and
That schedule conflicts—
Go to Joe.
When you need a friend
That's a friend indeed—
Find Joe.

Senior Class

JULIA GRIMES CHERRY, A.B. . . . . Rocky Mount, N. C.

"An inborn Grace that nothing lacked of culture or appliance."

Secretary of Class, '16; College Chorus; College Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Basketball Team, Spring '19; Basketball Team, Fall '19; House President, '19; Vice-President of Society, '18; President of Society, '19; Class Poet.

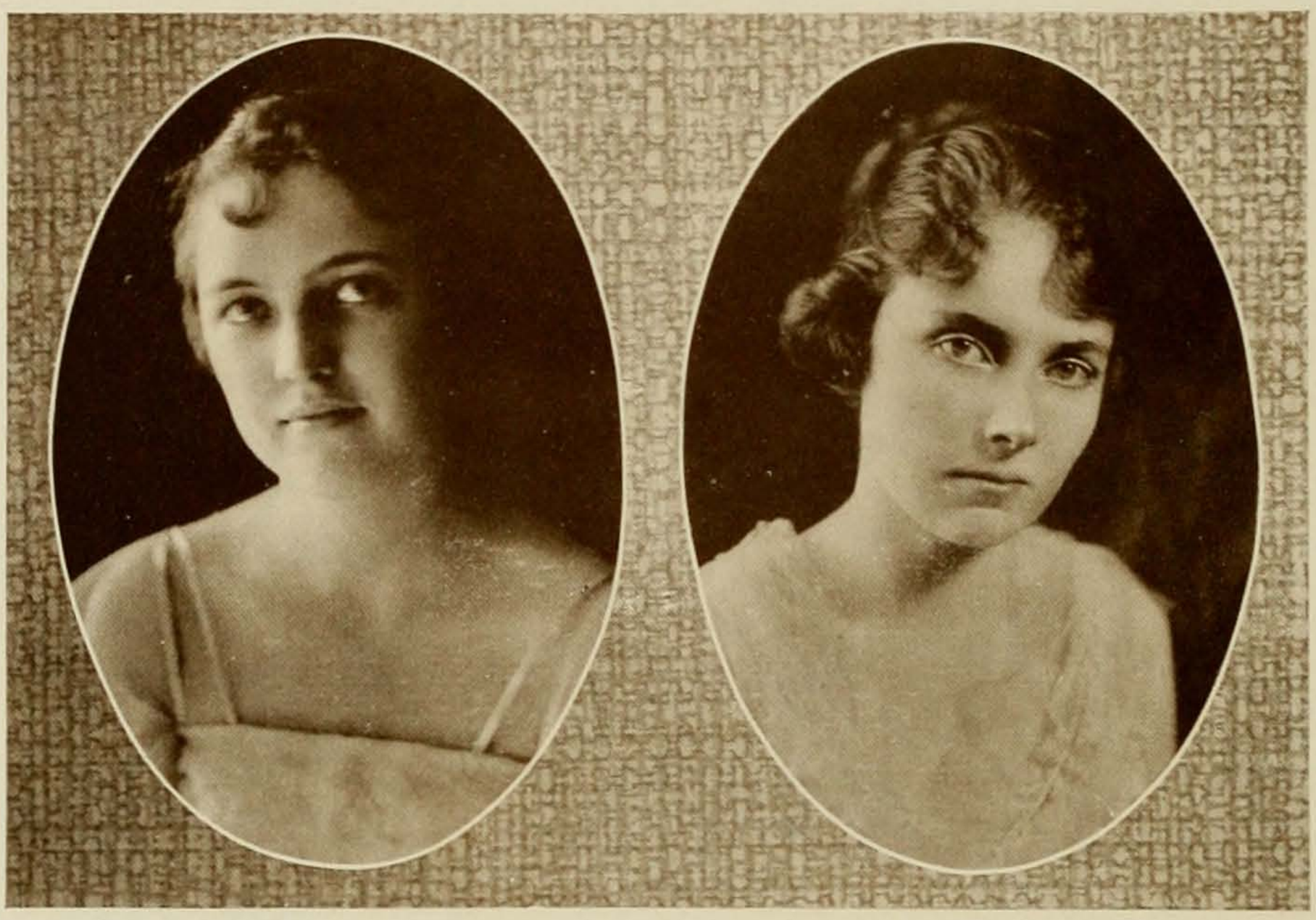
Cherries are always connected with great people. Julia's name suits her. She looks as if she would be good to eat—*some* people at least think so. They like her dreamy eyes, her rosy cheeks and lips. She really goes about everything in a slow, graceful, dignified way—in presiding over her society, or in presiding over Miss King's office especially. Some day she wants to preside over a newspaper in—must we say Boston? She is now trying to decide on a name for it—"The Corydon." In addition to all of her other talents, Julia is broad-minded enough to include athletics and dramatics.

RACHAEL CLIFFORD, A.B. . . . . Dunn, N. C.

"No storm ever ruffled the current of her life."

Adelphian; Proctor, '17-'18; Corresponding Secretary of Adelphian Society, '18-'19; Vice-House President, '18-'19; Marshal, '19-'20; Critic of Class, Fall of '18.

Rachael *is* funny (though she begged us not to say so), but she is much more than that. She does more outside work than any girl in college—from this you may conclude that she is thoroughly capable and dependable. From the 1's and 2's on her record you may judge that she is a little studious. She has as many friends as any girl here—conclude that she is thoughtful, lovable, and—funny—and she's even more than all this. You just have to know Rachael to see how really satisfying she is—our Rachael.



Senior Class

CATHERINE COBB, B.S. . . . . Norfolk, Va.

"The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she."

Chorus, '16-'17, '17-'18, '19-'20; Dramatic Club, '17-'18, '19-'20; Fire Lieutenant, '17-'18; Vice-House President, '18-'19; Marshal, '19-'20; Critic Class of 1920, Fall of '18.

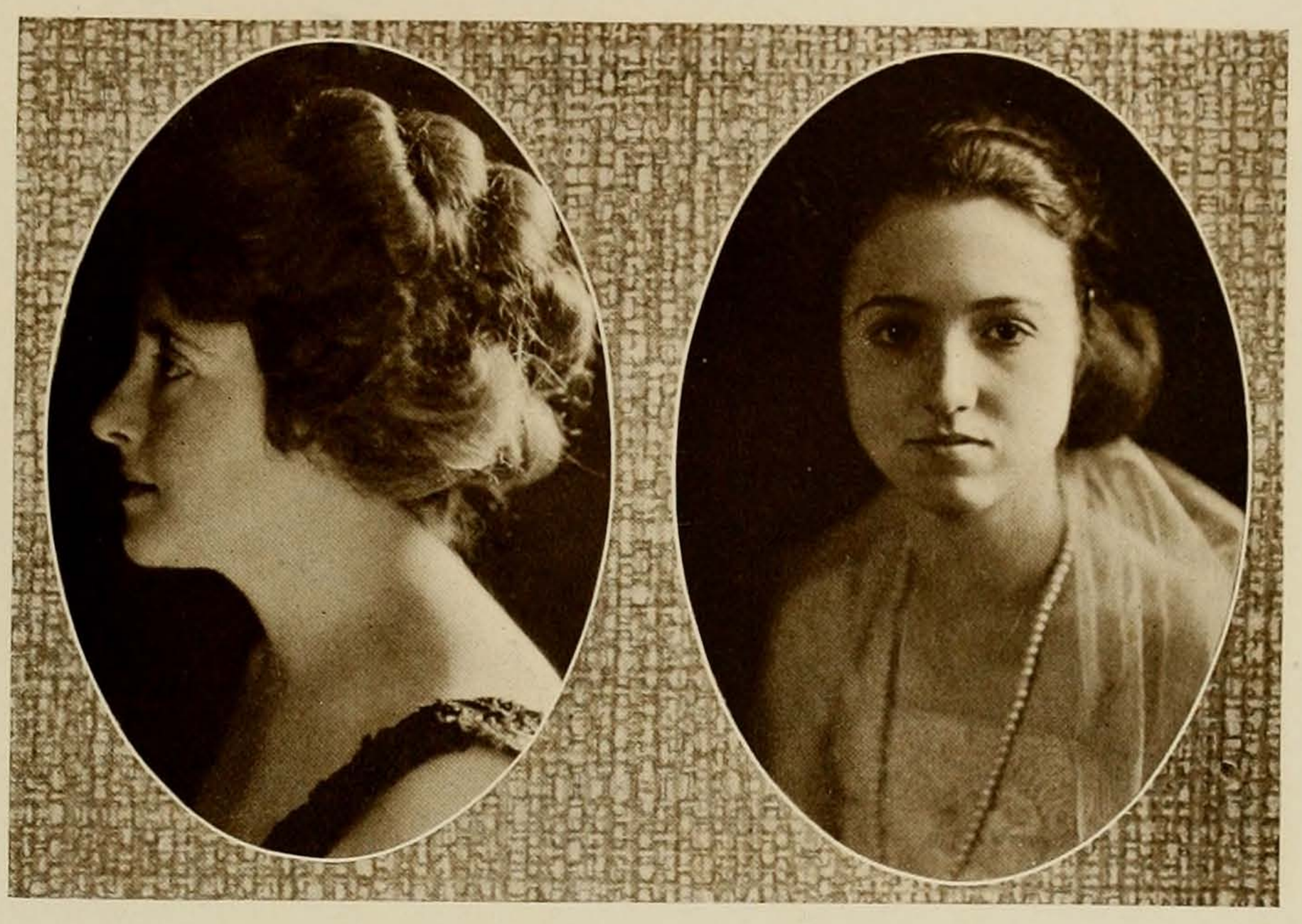
Coquettish? Not exactly; just a complete heart-smasher. Such "Katie's" many adoring courtiers declare, though it is quite evident that this goddess of grace and beauty is perfectly unconscious of her charm, for in her case the well-known saying becomes: "He came; he saw; *she* conquered." Broad-mindedness, co-operation and sincerity are the parenthetical expressions for Catherine's brilliant mind and strong character, because she is one of the corner-stones of her society—an ever desirable co-worker for any classmate, and is true through "thick and thin" to all her friends, especially her other self—Norma.

NATALIE COFFEY, A.B. . . . . Raleigh, N. C.

"When she will, she will, and you can depend on it."

Adelphian; Class Critic, Fall of '17; Class Cheer Leader, Fall of '18; Basketball Team, '17, '19; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '18-'19; Marshal, '19-'20.

"Little Coffey" is one of our band who is good-hearted and sympathetic to the very highest degree. She stands out as our model for "pathetic dancing." She would rather dance than do anything else, not even study excepted. Believing that too "much study is of weariness to the flesh," she has not injured her health by overwork. This, however, was unnecessary, because her exceedingly bright mind and determination were such as to make a remarkable record with little effort on her part. She looks for the best in people about her, and usually sees it. We can give her a task and be sure that she will perform it to the minutest detail. Natalie can usually be found directing her work for Adelphai, yet she takes an active part in every organization of which she is a member. She does her work well, and *then* has time to sit on the library steps and converse with her friends as they come and go.



Senior Class

ELIZABETH DAVIS, A.B. . . . . Southport, N. C.

"The truest eyes that ever answered heaven."

Cornelian; Proctor, '17; Fire Lieutenant, '17-'18; Cornelian Marshal, '18; Proctor, '19; Literary Editor of Pine Needles, '19-'20; Chorus, '18, '19; Secretary of Class, '20; Proctor, '18, '19.

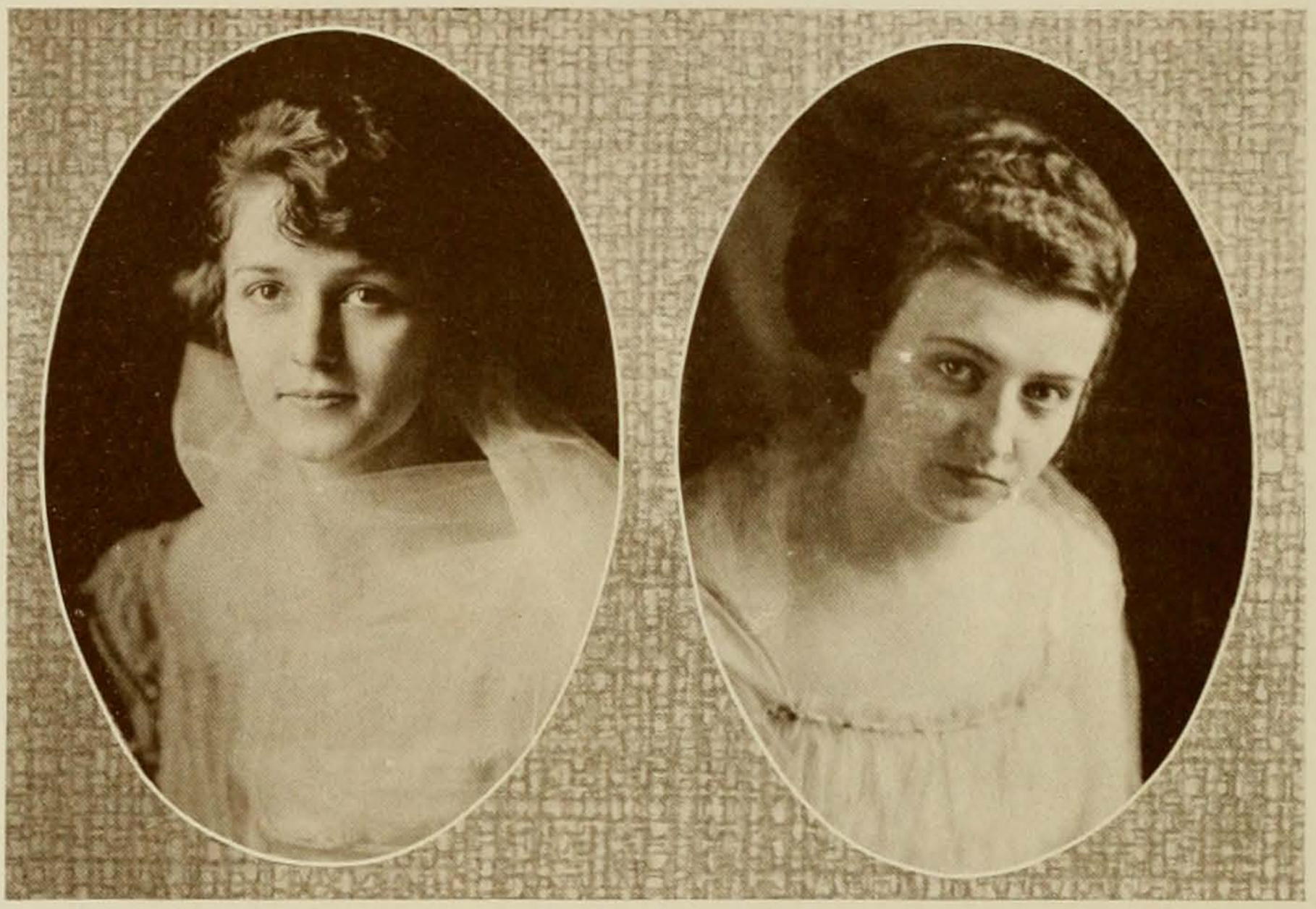
Although Elizabeth is small, she has a big heart, of which fact we are constantly aware by her sunshiny disposition and her ability for making others love her. She is quiet and retiring, but has an appealing personality which makes one know she's a real pal. She says she is going to be an instructor of the young, and we believe that success awaits her in that field, or in any other line of work she may choose.

LUCILLE DOWD, A.B. . . . . Dunn, N. C.

"Sober, quiet, pensive and demure,
One of those friends of whom you are always sure."

Cornelian.

"Cile" has in her the combination of scholarship and sportsmanship. There is not a bigger sport in college. Though her work never keeps her from having a good time, she has more 1's and 2's than most of us. She can write an interesting theme in the French or English language on subjects that seem impossible for literary interpretation. Sincerity and loyalty to her friends are her most dominant characteristics—exemplified in her friendship with her roommate, "Frank." On the whole, she is one of '20's loyal members.



Senior Class

LYDIA FARMER, A.B. . . . . Wilson, N. C.

"She fears not the obstacles that lead to her goal."

Cornelian; Proctor, Fall of '17; Chorus, '16-'17, '19-'20; Basketball Team, '16-'17; Hockey Team, '16-'17, '19-'20; Glee Club; Assistant Editor of the Carolinian.

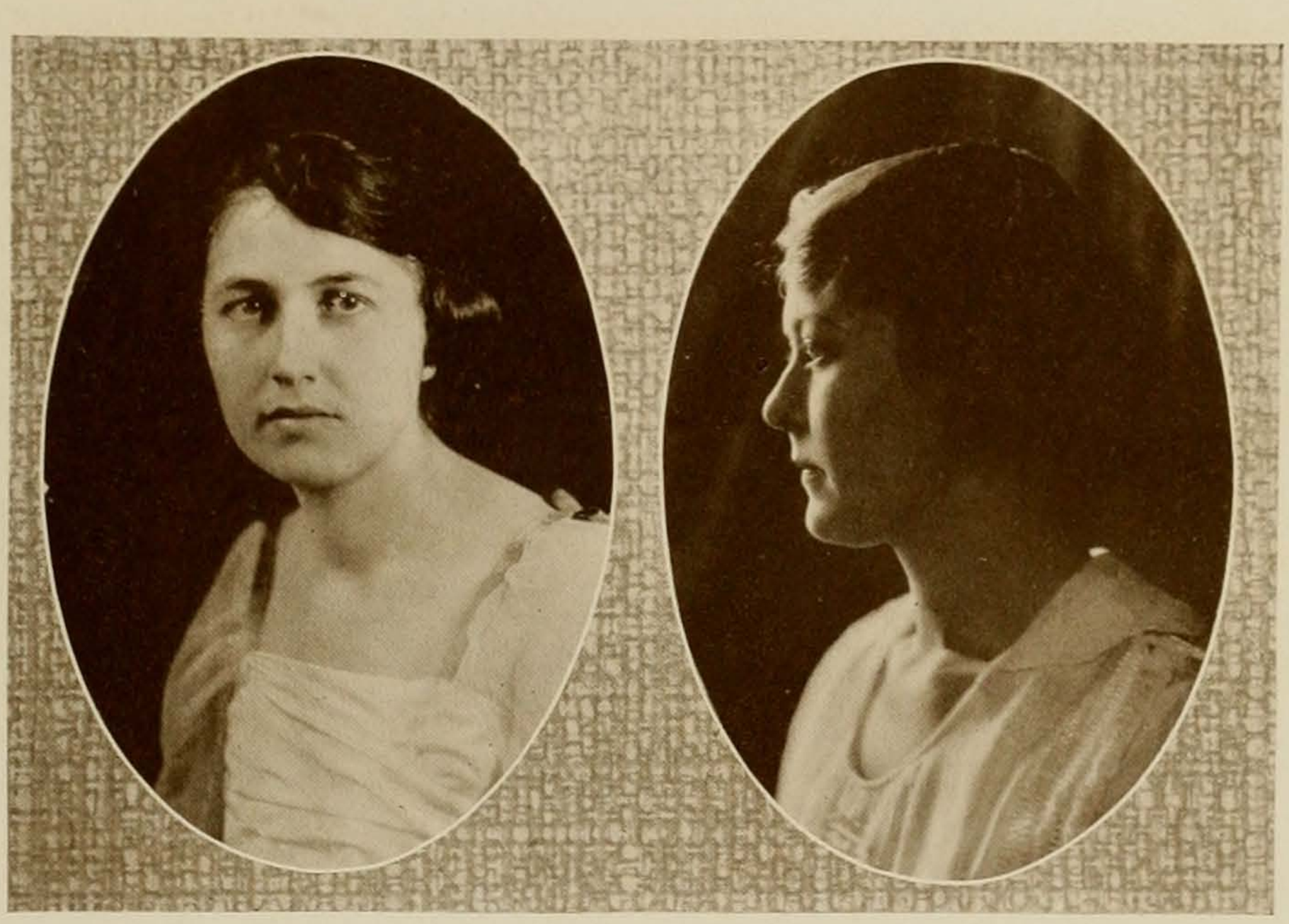
Lydia certainly has the power to put her whole soul in everything she undertakes to do. She has the enthusiasm that we all desire. This year Lydia's interest has been centered in the *Carolinian*. As one of the editors of our paper, she has put much of her effort in helping to make it what we desire. It is true Lydia spends much time working on the newspaper, but she also spends much of her extra time in reading letters that always come on Tuesdays and almost daily. We have often wondered where these letters come from, but we need ask no questions, as the reader is then far too interested in the contents to be bothered with the outside world.

ELSILINE FELTON, B.M. . . . . Wilson, N. C.

"That was Music! Good alike at Grave and Gay."

Adelphian; Chorus, '16-'17, '17-'18; Cheer Leader of Class, Spring of '19; Fire Lieutenant, '18-'19; Orchestra, '18-'19; Pianist for Glee Club, '19-'20; Y. W. C. A. Choir; Pianist for College Chorus, '19-'20.

Few folks outside of fairy tales are born great. Not many of us are born with large capacity for becoming great, for some of us have been given great souls. Of these is Elsilene. We know that this is true, for only a great soul could be behind the wonder of her music. No amount of technical skill alone could create the delight we feel when Elsilene sits at the piano and plays for us. Only a great depth of feeling could inspire work like hers. For the reason that her music lies not solely at her fingertips, but wells from her soul, it possesses that quality which makes it true artistic expression.



Senior Class

NELLE FLEMING, A.B. . . . . Boonville, N. C.

"Give her of the fruit of her hands and let her own works praise her."

Cornelian; Proctor, Fall of '17; Hockey Team, '17-'18; Chairman of Junior Lunch Room, '19; Volley Ball Sport Leader, '19, '20.

It is an impossible tour de force to attempt to sketch so admirable a character in so little space. Occasionally we meet people whom the longer we know the better we like and the more we admire their admirable traits. Such a person is Nelle. During her four years here she has steadily grown in the esteem of both faculty and students. She is an excellent student, a girl of solid judgment, and with a keen sense of humor. She is always at work trying to solve the problems of the Human Body. But while overflowing with sincerity of purpose, she is not lacking in a humor not always apparent to the casual observer. However, her many accomplishments lose nothing from her reticence and modesty, for at heart she is warm and true, and all count it a privilege to be numbered among her friends.

MARY FOUST, A.B. . . . . Greensboro, N. C.

"Not too serious, not too gay,
But a rare good fellow when it comes to play."

Cornelian.

Dignified and reserved? Yes. But such sweetness of disposition is rarely found. Mary was formerly a member of '19, but sickness caused Red and White to give one of their most valuable possessions to '20. Her congeniality and democratic ideals have given her many true, genuine friends. Besides specializing in chemistry, Mary became sufficiently interested in other subjects to receive 1's and 2's. As the President's daughter, she works when necessary, and the rest of the time may be found driving "the car." Lavender and White wishes her much success in the coming year.

Senior Class

GRACE FRAZIER, A.B. . . . . Ashboro, N. C.

"There's many a black, black eye, they say,
But none so black as mine."

Adelphian.

Mademoiselle Frazier is an excellent French student. She is very sweet and obliging, and also very reserved. Grace is a girl who always "pursues the even tenor of her way, ' and no matter what happens, she never gets the least bit "ruffled." She majored in French, and we predict for her a bright future as an instructor in her chosen profession.

MARY FULTON, B.M. . . . . King's Mountain, N. C.

"A low and gentle voice, dear woman's chiefest charm!"

Adelphian; Chorus, '16-'17, '19-'20; Y. W. C. A. Choir; House President, '19-'20.

In Mary we find one seemingly quiet and reserved, but if this modest and unassuming manner is due to reservation it is a most admirable trait. She doesn't know anything bad about anybody—or, if she does, she keeps it to herself. She is always ready to help those in need, and the sunshine of her sweet disposition has endeared her to us all. Mary's specialty is music, and her sympathetic interpretation and beautiful touch assure us that she will come out on top. Although Mary usually plays a silent part, her influence is felt, and we know that behind that silence is something worth while.

Senior Class

LELA HARPER, A.B. . . . . Vineland, N. C.

"Honor maintaining, meanness disdaining."

Adelphian.

One of those retiring maids whom only a few of us know, and those that do find in her rarest combination of good humor and unselfishness. We feel certain that the future holds much success and happiness for Lela.

VIRGINIA ROUSS HAYES, A.B. . . . . Randleman, N. C.

"Her life was gentle and the elements so mixed in her that Nature might stand up and say to all the world: This is a woman."

Dikéan; Proctor, '16-'17; College Chorue, '16-'17; College Dramatic Club, '16-'17. '17-'18, '18-'19; Inter-Society Conference Committee, '17-'18; Executive Council of Y. W. C. A., '18-'19; Charter Member Dikean Literary Society; Editor-in-Chief of Pine Needles, '19-'20; President's Council, '19-'20; Volley Ball Team, '19-'20.

As to her ability, behold this volume! As to her attracti eness, view the above picture! As to her winning personality—well, just consult anyone of the seven hundred girls on this hill, for in each Rouss finds a friend. A veritable actress Rouss is, too, as she proved to us all last spring when she so ably played the role of Dogberry, the Constable, in "Much Ado About No'hing." Always ready to soothe the homesick heart, she quite often brightens the day for someone with her clever interpretations of "Lil Fly." After a short chat with her one is almost envious of her ability to entertain, and wishes that this world could be filled with happy, gifted folk just like Rouss.

Senior Class

MARY HAYNES, A.B. . . . . Mount Airy, N. C.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

Cornelian; Secretary Student Volunteer Band, '18-'19; Treasurer Student Volunteer Band, '19-'20; Member Hockey Team, '19-'20; Delegate International Student Volunteer Convention, Des Moines, Iowa, January, 1920.

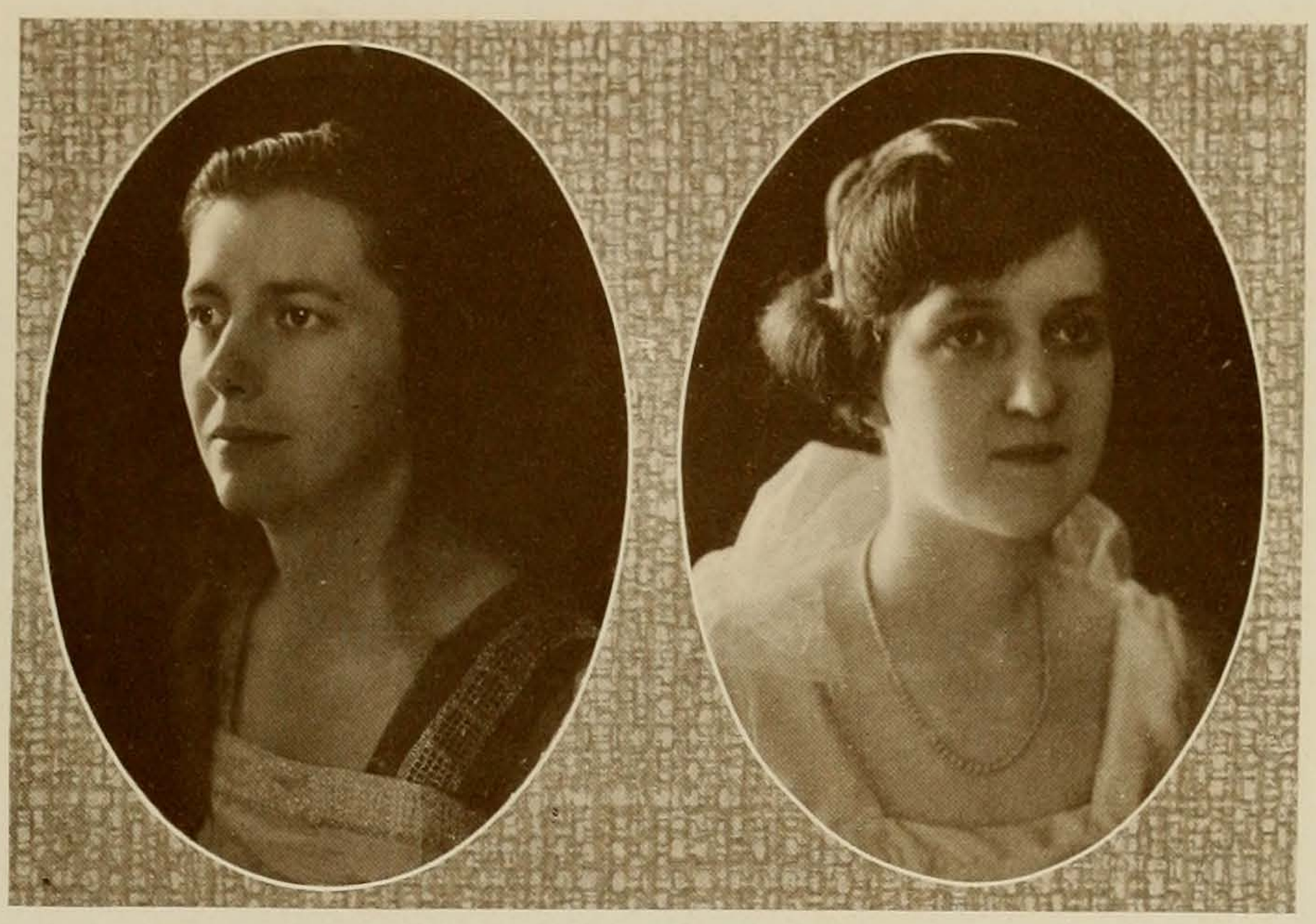
Mary, the conference girl, the one who is always ready to go to Student Volunteer meetings, is ever faithful to her duties. Mary, the dependable girl, is always ready to help in a worthy cause. Mary, the biologist—if you can't find her in her room, run to third floor, McIver—her preferable second home, where she visits the turtle family and the "felis domestica," or, in other words, the plain house cat.

RACHEL HAYNES, B.M. . . . . Mount Airy, N. C.

"What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!"

Adelphian; Chorus, '16-'17, '17-'18; Y. W. C. A. Choir; Fire Lieutenant, '17-'18; President of Chorus, '19-'20.

We strike another musical note in the Class of '20 when we come to Rachel. Has anyone ever seen her when she wasn't neat in appearance? Can anyone forget her dignified yet pleasing manner, her noble personality, and high ideals? She is a good friend, the most conscientious person you ever saw, and those who know her count it a privilege to be numbered among her friends. Rachel is a student of exceptional musical ability, who loves her work and goes about it with a determination that is characteristic of her. A beautiful singing tone, a clear touch, and a soulful interpretation are some of the undeniable qualities of her playing. We do not fear her future, for by past experience we know she will make a success.



Senior Class

ANNIE PRESTON HEILIG, A.B. . . . . Salisbury, N. C.

"Not much talk—a great sweet silence."

Adelphian.

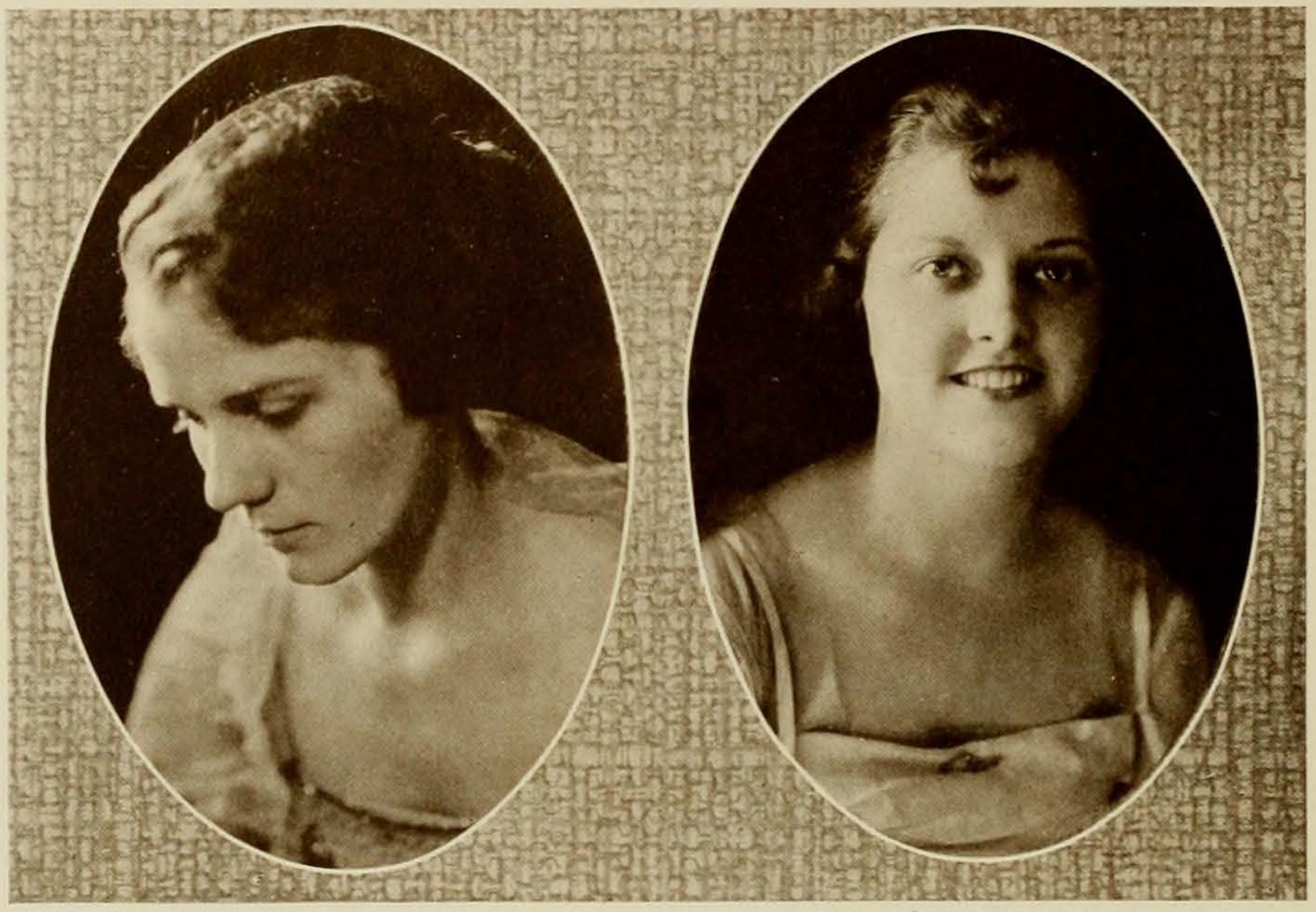
If you want a true friend just go to Annie Preston. If in trouble, she always gives you a sympathetic hearing and then consoles you by telling her experience, which is much worse. Always ready to have a good time, yet not bored by excessive French. Her clear thinking and good judgment cannot be doubted after knowing that on a rainy afternoon she bought an umbrella in preference to a string of pearl beads.

MARGARET RUTH HEILIG, A.B. . . . . Salisbury, N. C.

"Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win—
"By fearing to attempt."

Cornelian; Proctor, '18-'19, '19-'20; Fire Lieutenant, '19-'20; Corresponding Secretary Cornelian Literary Society, '19-'20; Reporter for Carolinian, '19-'20.

Good-natured, happy-go-lucky Ruth is one of our best. Her originality and imagination, coupled with an easy flow of speech, have made her Training School work, as well as her side-line work, a success. She fears not to attempt anything, though it be absolutely untried before—even demanding a pass for extended trips like Guilford College. She looks on her troubles, as well as her joys, as a mere matter of fact, and allows nothing to change her happy disposition. A true friend to all, in whom all find comfort and consolation in time of need. We predict that she will spend a happy future on *the* farm in sunny Tennessee.



Senior Class

Alleine Brent Hicks, A.B. . . . . Oxford, N. C.

"Daughter of the Gods,
Divinely tall and most divinely fair."

Cornelian; Critic of Cornelian Society, '19; Glee Club, '19-'20; Dramatic Club, '19-'20; Vice-President Dramatic Club, '19.

The '20's had reached the exalted state of Juniorhood when Alleine came to share their work and play, and help make that Junior year delightful. Her coming was heartily approved, because she became, with equal promptitude, a loyal '20 and a loyal Cornelian. Nor has that loyalty wavered. Her claim to fame is perhaps best founded in her consummate skill in the art of hair dressing, and she is always in overwhelming demand. And, coupled with that skill, is a spirit of helpfulness and kindliness which makes Alleine very dear in the eyes of 1920.

Norma Holden, B.S. . . . . Rocky Mount, N. C.

"I pin my faith to no man's sleeve.
Have I not two eyes of my own?"

Cornelian; Class Cheer Leader, '17-'18; Proctor, Sophomore year; Chorus, '18-'19, '19-'20; Dramatic Club, '18-'19-'19-'20; Class Cheer Leader, '19; Picture Editor of Pine Needles, '20.

Original—that expresses Norma always. Even so far back as Sophomore English this trait was shown, for she preferred writing in the poetry of the Anglo-Saxons, rather than in the prose of the common herd. By her attractive and winning personality she has won us all. To Norma there is a humorous side to every occurrence, no matter how serious the rest of us may consider it. But could the Class of 1920 have survived without Norma as its Cheer Leader, is a question which only a '20 can answer.

Senior Class

MARY HOLDFORD, B.M. . . . . Weldon, N. C.

"Her heart is not in her work—'tis elsewhere."

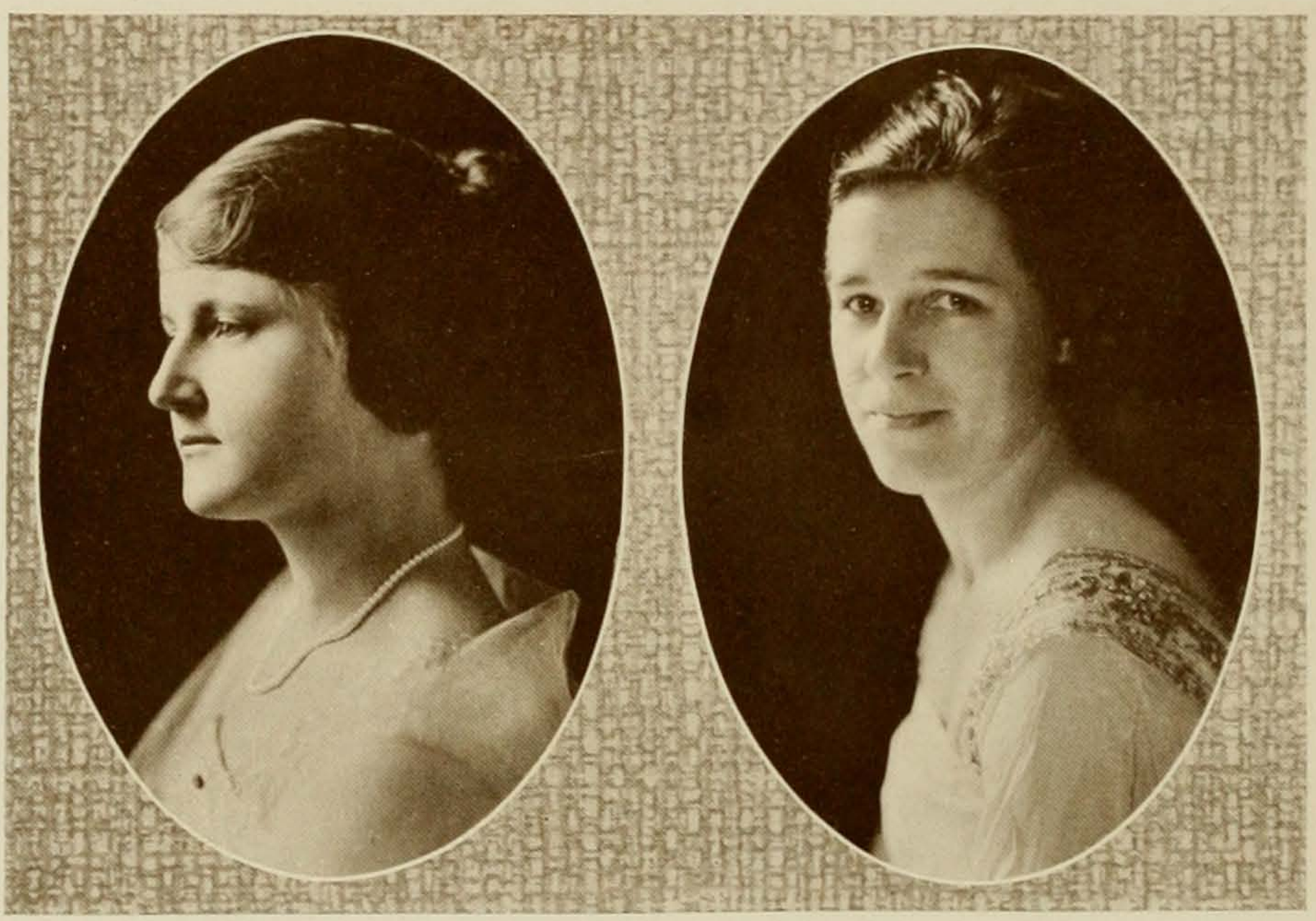
Cornelian; Proctor, '18; Junior Vice-President, Spring '19; House Vice-President, '19-'20; Cornelian Treasurer, '19-'20.

Although Mary (or "Little 'Un," as she is usually called by those who know her best) is among our smallest in stature, she is by no means the smallest in abilities—especially along the line of music. She inspires us with the music from her skillful fingers, and also gladdens us with the harmony of a jolly disposition. Because of her optimistic mood she creates such a sunshiny atmosphere that the "blues" could never exist in her presence. Her sweet, womanly manner has made her exceedingly popular, not only among her classmates, but with all who know her. She is always on time, and can be depended upon to do anything that is worth while. We feel quite sure that success awaits her in whatever she chooses as her life work.

TERRENCE HOLLEMAN, B.S. . . . . Cary, N. C.

Cornelian; Hockey Team, Four Years; Class Treasurer, '18, Fall Term.

Terrene hails from Cary. She is always on the mountain tops of preparedness for any task, from coaching a game in athletics to making a number one in the culinary arts. Her motto is "Never Worry." Her stern, determined eye and calculating brow bespeak the mighty ambition of which she is made. Originality, too, is a prominent trait in her life. We all admire both ambition and originality, so we hope Cary will send us some more Terrenes.



Senior Class

JOSEPHINE WARDELL HOPKINS, A.B. . . . . Brown Summit, N. C.

Adelphian; Proctor, '17-'18; Basketball Team; Hockey Team; Hockey Sport Leader, '19, '20; Glee Club, '19-'20.

Josephine must have had a long, sweet nap once for the angels to have kissed so—never have we seen more beautiful dimples than those in her cheeks. In the personality of a teacher a sense of humor is essential. We predict a successful, happy career for her as a history teacher, for her keen sense of humor, her good nature and her warm sympathy will keep her from becoming static.

LAURA HOWARD, B.S. . . . . Morganton, N. C.

"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands."

Adelphian; Proctor, '17-'18; House President, '18-'19; Vice-President Adelphian Society.

Laura is a girl who always greets you with a sunny smile, a helping hand, and a happy disposition. To lighten some co-worker's burden seems to bring a real joy. She is a little reserved and very modest, but not too much so to keep her from having many friends.

Senior Class

ETHEL ICARD, A.B. . . . . Blairs, S. C.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Adelphian; Proctor, Fall '17, '18; Literary Editor of the Annual.

Ethel has created much admiration among some of her less mathematically inclined classmates for having the desire and the ability to wade through Sophomore and Junior Math successfully. Besides having great brain-power, we find after knowing Ethel that she has those characteristics of personality and character that naturally make people like her. If you want a girl who is cheerful, dependable and sympathetic, "that's Ethel all over," and all her friends appreciate these good qualities among the numbers of others in the make-up of her character.

MARGUERITE JENKINS, B.M. . . . . Siler City, N. C.

"She doth with one sound the sleeping spirit wake."

Charter Member of the Dikéan Society; Senior Marshal, '19-'20; President of Class, '18; Critic of Dikéan Society, '18; College Dramatic Club, '17, '18, '19, '20; College Chorus, '16, '20; College Glee Club, '19-'20.

Here is a girl of strong character, high ideals and broad vision, whom we all respect and admire. Because of her magnetic personality, her lovable and sympathetic disposition, her unselfishness and sincerity, she has great influence over her fellow comrades, and she proves a friend—real, true and lasting. She has been prominent in various sides of college life, and her ability has gained for her a foremost place among her classmates. When she sings—well, it's hard to express just how we do feel when we hear Marguerite sing, but, somehow, it always uplifts and inspires us to nobler and better things. With such a voice, we predict that she will in a few years attain success and distinction in grand opera.

Senior Class

CORNELIA JONES, B.M. . . . . Rose Hill, N. C.

"How sweet and fair she seems to be."

Cornelian; Chorus, '16-'17, '19-'20; Y. W. C. A. Choir, '18, '19, '20; Vice-President of Chorus, '20.

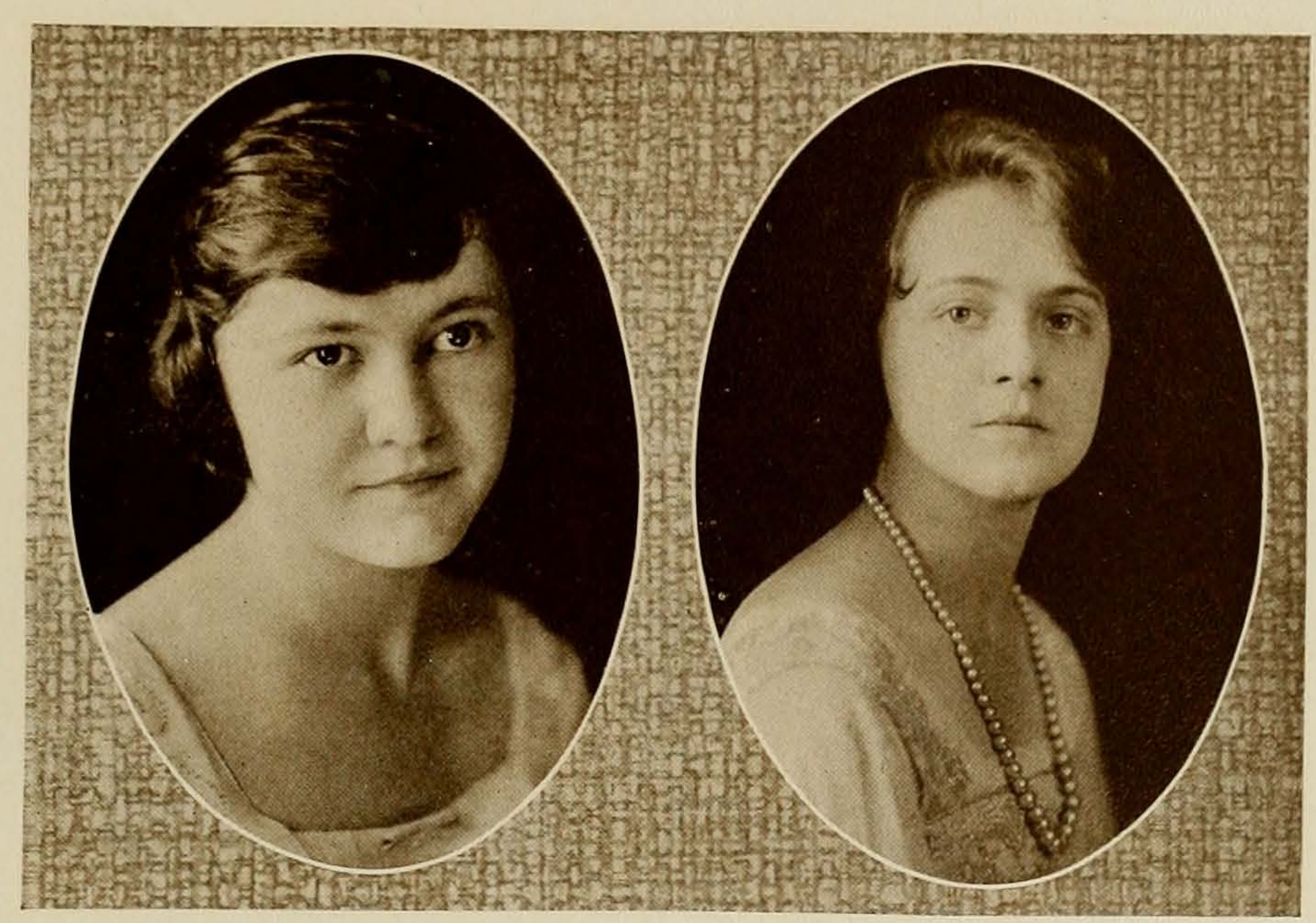
One would have to go far to find a truer and better friend than Cornelia. Those who have been fortunate enough to come into closer friendship with her know what she really is—a hard worker, a generous heart, and a sincere character. The greatest of these is a sincere character. What would we do without her musical ability, for she has an unlimited capacity and great possibilities in the musical art. We sometimes imagine that Cornelia's affections lie elsewhere (?). However, we predict that she will teach piano for at least one year.

JIMMIE JONES, A.B. . . . . Laurinburg, N. C.

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax."

Proctor, '17, '18.

Years from now we will remember Jimmie—the girl with two shining blue eyes, the pinkest of cheeks, and the sunniest of smiles; the girl who never hurried or worried—if she missed the first train she just said, "Well, I'll catch the next"; the girl who trusts, not one, but all; the girl who, when others gave up Training School work, continued and soon found it her favorite task. Years from now will we see Jimmie the principal of an ideal rural school or keeping house for an ideal man?



Senior Class

PATTE JORDAN, A.B. . . . . Durham, N. C.

"To be glad of life because it gives you a chance to love, work and play."

Cornelian; Hockey Team, '16-'17, '17-'18; Literary Editor of Annual, '16-'17; Chairman of Bulletin Board Committee of Y. W. C. A., '16-'17; Recording Secretary of Cornelian Literary Society; Fire Lieutenant, '18; Class President, Spring '18; Executive Council of Y. W. C. A., '18-'19; President of Y. W. C. A., '19-'20.

She loves and is loved by us all! What need is there to say more than that about Patte? Since the very first of our Freshman year she has been just faithful, enthusiastic, lovable Patte. And it just isn't given the rest of us to sum up what it is in her that makes us all love her. She gets up breathless to make speeches and announcements. She giggles at the wrong thing half the time, but that is because she is "just human." Because she is just brimming over with enthusiasm for the Y. W., and is making it mean more than ever before, doesn't mean that she doesn't get as much fun out of life as the rest of us. She is a truly frank, sympathetic friend; a girl all to herself, but such a one that she belongs to us all.

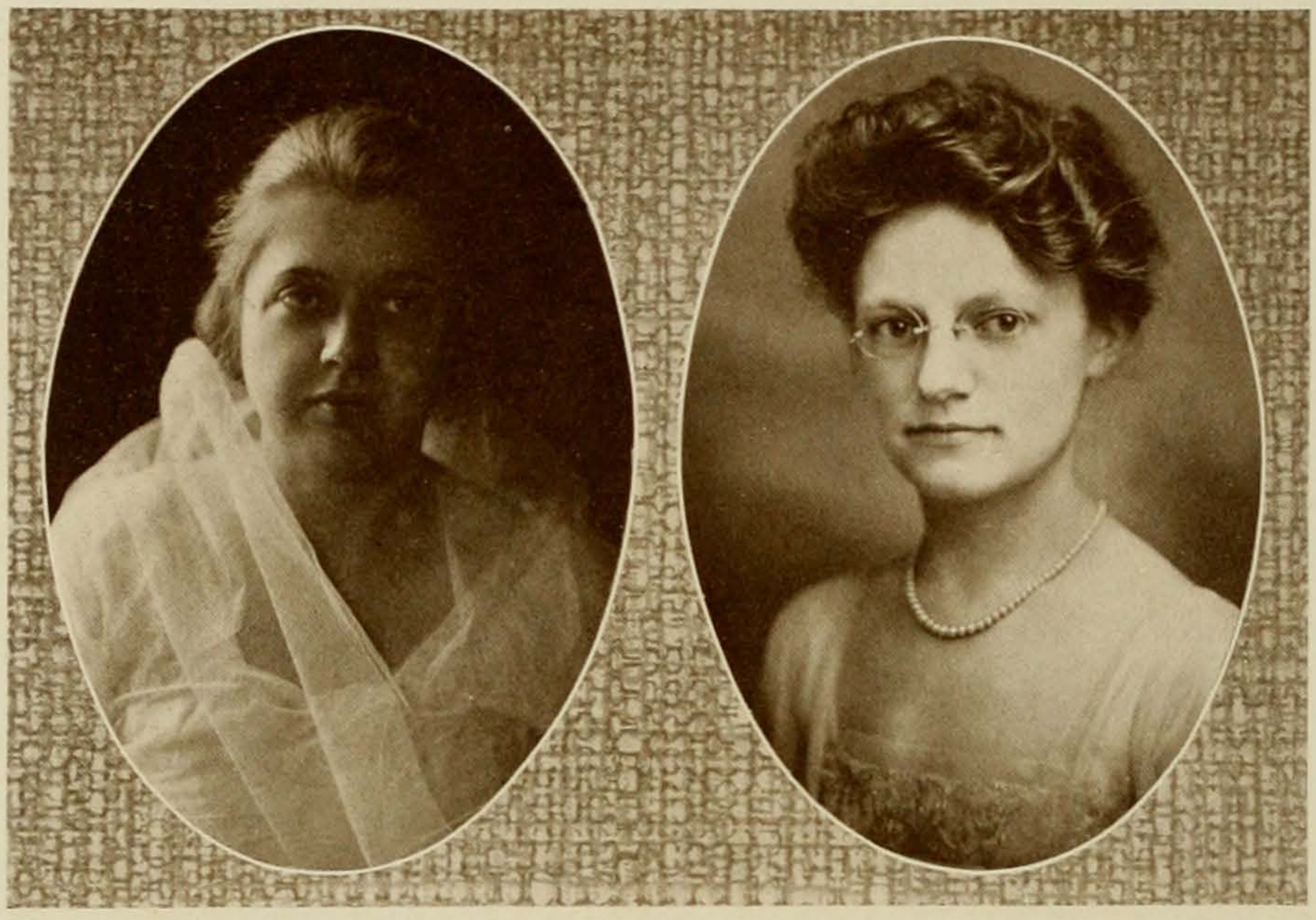
MARIE KENDALL, A.B. . . . . Shelby, N. C.

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy virtue."

Adelphian; Proctor, '17-'18, '18-'19; Fire Lieutenant, '18-'19; Literary Editor Pine Needles.

Marie, if not the baby of our class, is one of our youngest members. Youth, however, does not always mean inexperience or less wisdom, as in Marie's case. Studies do not bother her, for themes and lesson plans seem to come into being whenever she wishes. Marie may well be called the daintiest of the '20's. From the tips of her fingers to the ends of her toes, she is daintiness personified.

Here's to Marie,
Young and free,
A loyal member,
As sweet as can be.
We wish her success, whatever is best.



Senior Class

JUANITA KESLER, A.B. . . . . Salisbury, N. C.

"A merry heart goes all the way,
A sad one tires in a mile."

Proctor, '16-'17, '17-'18, '18-'19; Sub on Basketball Team, '18-'19; Sub on Hockey Team, '18-'19; Critic of Adelphian Literary Society, '18-'19; Hockey Team, '19-'20; House President, '19-'20; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '19-'20; Cabinet of Athletic Association, '19-'20.

She is the jolly, good-natured sort of girl who gives you a hearty greeting—it makes no difference when or where. Did we ever see her when she was unhappy? No, never! As for enthusiasm, she has it, whether it be over athletics or anything less important. Juanita is a capable girl in all college activities. We can safely say that she will be a successful teacher, for she has starred in practice teaching.

MARIE KINARD, A.B. . . . . Salisbury, N. C.

"I laugh, for hope hath a happy place with me."

Adelphian; Fire Lieutenant, '16-'17; Vice-House President, '18-'19; Treasurer Adelphian Society, '18-'19; Editor of the Carolinian, '19-'20; Editor of the Hand Book, '19-'20; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '19-'20.

Everybody in college has recognized Marie's skill in handling money affairs. She always makes everything come out just right to the last penny. And foresight! She always sees miles ahead. If you want good, sound advice, go to Marie and look into the future through her visions. She has been a hustler, too—never failing to come up on time with everything. In short, we would say that Marie is a good sport in both work and play.

Senior Class

JANIE KLUTZ, A.B. . . . . Concord, N. C.

"Peace and order and beauty draw
'Round thy symbol of light and law."

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '16-'17; Leader Student Volunteer Band, '17-'18; Students' Board, '18-'19; House President, '18-'19; Y. W. C. A. Executive Council, '19-'20; Secretary North Carolina Student Volunteer Union, '17-'18; Vice-President North Carolina Student Volunteer Union, '18-'19; President North Carolina Student Volunteer Union, '19-'20.

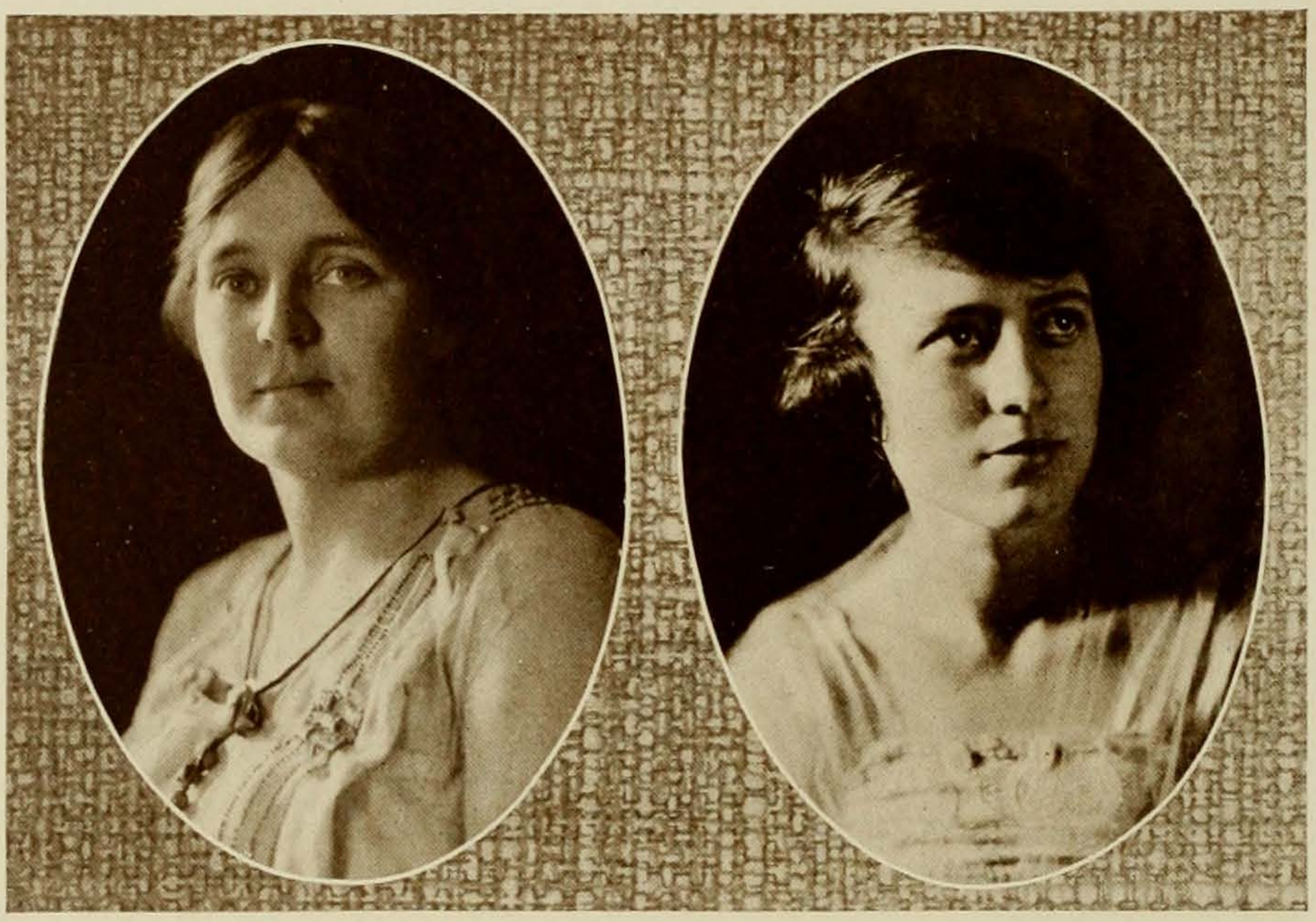
An all-'round student is the exception rather than the rule. For that reason the Class of '20 feels exceedingly fortunate in having the subject of this sketch numbered among its members. Janie always finds time to give of her energy to those organizations in college which stand for that which is worth while. She has the easy manner, the tact, the human sympathy which make her everybody's friend. Not only does she occupy a warm place in the hearts of the students, but she also presides in a worthy manner in the "Kings" apartment. Because of her womanliness, her attractive personality, her earnestness and her high ideals, we predict for her great success in her chosen work.

MARY KINCAID, A.B. . . . . Morganton, N. C.

"Beauty, truth and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity."

Proctor, '18, '19; Fire Lieutenant, '17-'18, '18-'19; Hockey Team, '18; Class Critic, '19; Marshal, '19-'20; Inter-Society Conference Committee, '19-'20.

A sweet, attractive kind of grace; a full assurance given by looks. Mary possesses all the qualities that make up an ideal personality, which has won for her a host of friends during her college career. She is good-natured and easy-going, but somehow she can be serious when the occasion demands. She is especially gifted along literary lines, and we hear that her course in "journalism" has resulted in a rare outburst of *letters*.



Senior Class

KATIE KING, A.B. . . . . Mount Olive, N. C.

"Her air, her smile, her notions told of womanly completeness."

Adelphian; Proctor, '19; Class Treasurer, '20.

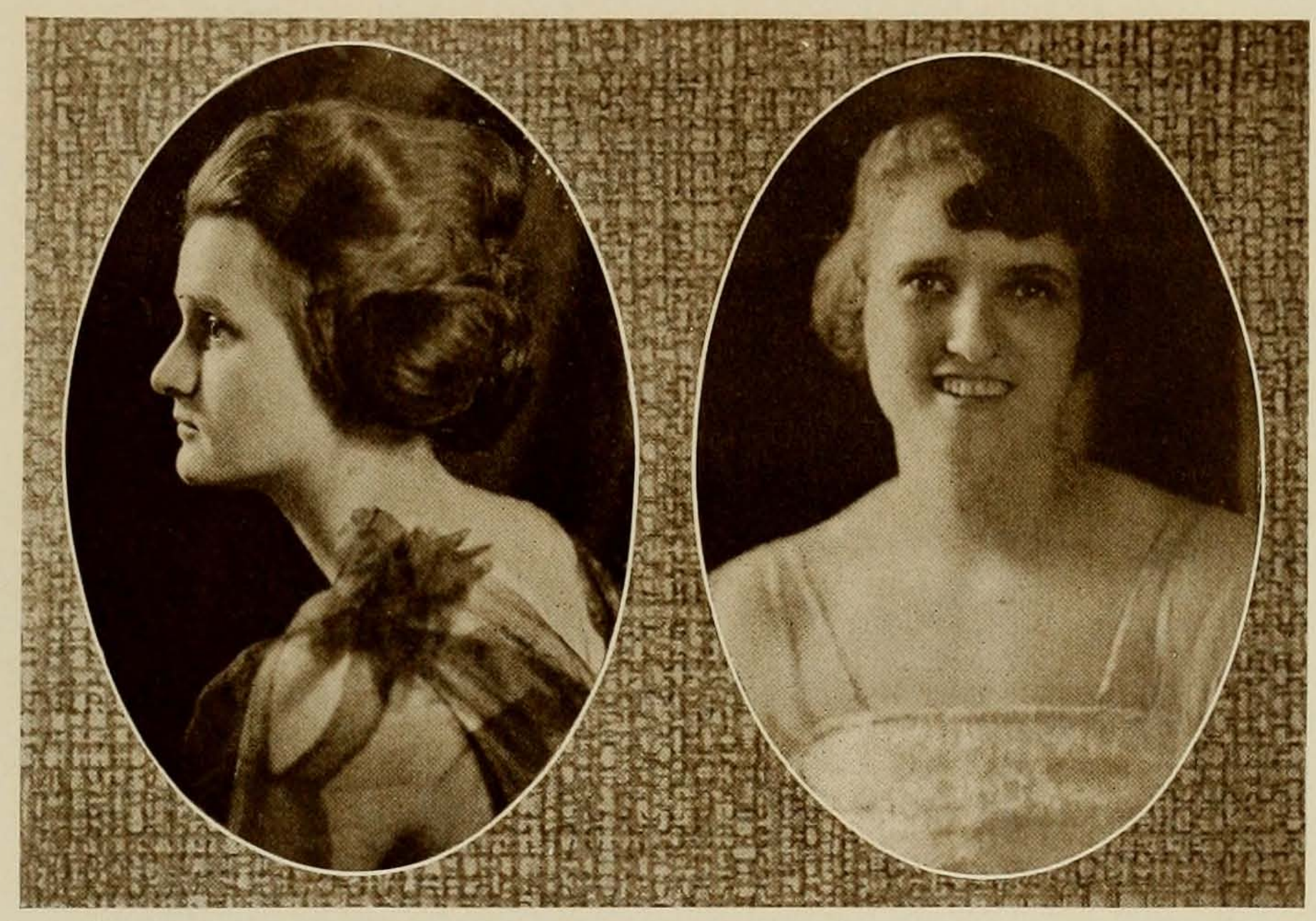
Have you a rent to mend, a spot on your clothes, a joy, a sorrow that should be shared? Where's Katie? Find Katie. She's ready and she will do it. Did you ever see Katie when she would not do it? Some people say Katie is dependable, but we say Katie is Katie, and that settles it. How she manages to get everything done for herself—and lots she does—and then so many things for the rest of us, is more than we are able to fathom. But we are grateful for her, and, being grateful, we know some fine things about her. Favorite subject, chemistry. Her note-book—oh! It's a marvel of one and makes her lab. work a joy to her interested instructors. But—although Katie may not know it—we know that some day she will be one of our winners—a winner of love in a wider sphere, and a winner of success in the world of chemistry. Why shouldn't she? She has been working for it all the while.

EDITH LAIDLAW, A.B. . . . . Marion, N. C.

"Contentment is a pearl of Price."

Cornelian.

Eager, earnest, enduring Edith. How we love her!
The enviable, epigrammatic enticer of 60 Spencer
Ever and anon enlivening and ennobling with her esteemed experience.
Eminent, eloquent, exemplary endeavorer—she is the
Efficient encourager of "Fourth grade."
Sometimes emphatic, sometimes erratic,
But never energetic to an executive degree.
Ever she is our own excellent, enterprising and exquisite Edith.



Senior Class

MARGARET LAWRENCE, A.B. . . . . Ayden, N. C.

"If she be false, O! then heaven mocks itself."

Dikean Literary Society (Charter Member); Fire Lieutenant, '16-'17, '18-'19; Editor of Coraddi, '18-'19, '19-'20; Vice-President of Dikean Society, '18-'19; College Chorus, '17-'18, '19-'20; President of Dikean Society; Member of Inter-Society Conference Committee.

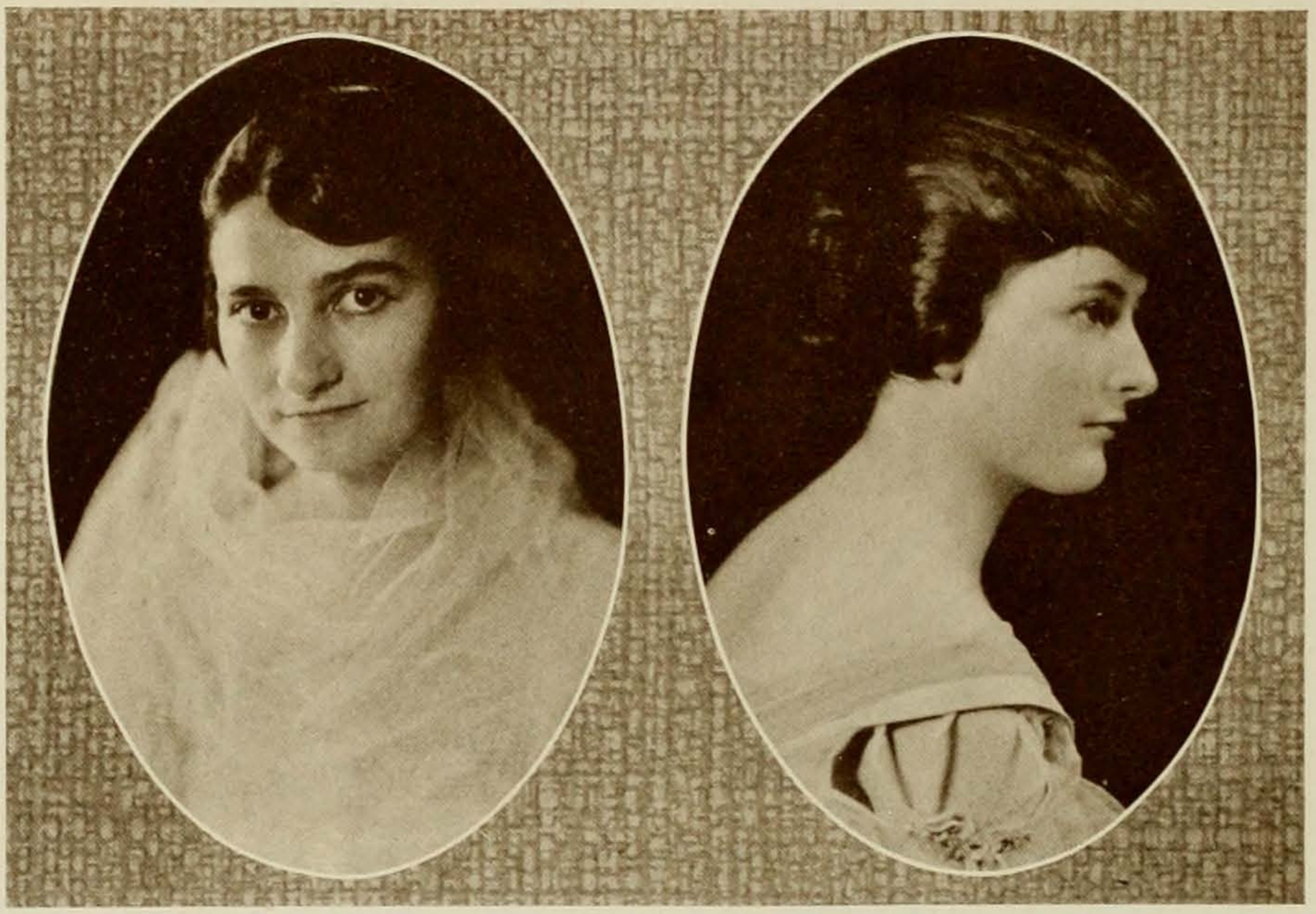
Here's to unassuming, unselfish, hard-working "Mag"—that person who says and sincerely means, "Oh, well! Come on, friend; if we die, we'll die together." Many are her interests and capabilities, most of which are centered upon her society, class and science work. She is one of Dike's firmest corner-stones and '20's most faithful supporters. Her accuracy and thoroughness in bio'ogy dissections and chemistry experiments are evidences of her scientific attitude and habit. She tackles every task—whether great or small—with a vim and vigor that mean successful completion. You bet the movements she backs boom! Truly, her loyal friendship, her efficient manner, her frank, sincere spirit, and her absolute unselfishness make her one of Lavender and White's proudest possessions.

LARUE MCLAWHORN, A.B. . . . . Winterville, N. C.

"A seeing eye and a knowing heart."

Adelphian; Proctor, '16-'17, '17-'18, '18-'19; Fire Lieutenant, '17-'18, '18-'19; Vice-President of Class, '17-'18; Inter-Society Conference Committee, '18-'19; Marshal, '18-'19; Basketball Team, '19-'20; Executive Council of Y. W. C. A., '19-'20.

LaRue is one girl who glories in the right all women have; that is, the right to speak her mind. She has often been the means of holding her friends up to high standards and ideals by a few of her well-chosen, friendly criticisms. We find in her a will which is strong, yet pliable. Level-headed on all occasions, she holds the position of helmsman for the Class of '20. Altogether, she is the embodiment of neatness and precision; separately, she exhibits many lovable and admirable qualities. Untiring and zealous in her work, thoughtful, loving and sympathetic with her friends, a jolly sport ready for any fun—these are only a few things representative of the character of "Rue." We salute her!



Senior Class

ELIZABETH MCLEAN, A.B. . . . . Raeford, N. C.

"In Fellowship well could she Laugh and Chatter."

Adelphian; Proctor, '18; Vice-President of Class, Fall '19.

Elizabeth is small in stature, but not stingy with her affections, and we who know her best are glad 'tis so, for our share is all the greater. She has never taken much interest in athletics until this year. Perhaps the fact that a certain young man once mistook her for a little high school girl accounts for this extra amount of exercise, sleep and eats that we see her indulging in. Elizabeth has plenty of determination and perseverance. These qualities have made her successful in her college career, and we anticipate no less success in her "Leap Year" plans.

KATHERINE MCLEAN, A.B. . . . . Gastonia, N. C.

"Hours of friendship are austere and eternal."

Adelphian; Hockey Team, '17, '18; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '19; Proctor, '17, '18; Fire Lieutenant, '18, '19; Vice-House President, '20; Glee Club, '20; Executive Council, '20.

When you see a girl like Katherine who is such a good pal of her father you may take it for granted that she will make a No. 1 pal. Katherine is true to her friends, boys and girls, in spite of anything that might happen. If you want someone to walk with you, to tell your troubles to, or to go down town with you on a busy day, or do something that is not specified in the handbook, go to our Katherine. But at the same time she will not forget her "adorable little Training School children" or any of the birthdays in her family connection.

Senior Class

FAY MARTIN, A.B. . . . . Greensboro, N. C.

"A little body, wherein is lodged a Mighty Mind."

Adelphian.

Fay was one of our town girls, and for this reason we didn't see as much of her as we wanted to. However, we know that if the pluck and courage she exhibited by persistently keeping at her work had been at the command of the class, she would have been a constant source of help and inspiration. Nevertheless, we saw enough of her in the day students' room to know that she was always willing to give advice on every subject, and that her opinions were worthy of serious consideration. Therefore, we feel sure that these characteristics will enable her to become one of the state's best high school teachers.

WILLIE JOHN MEDLOCK

"I hold the world but as the world,
A stage where everyone must play his part."

Adelphian; Board Member, '16, '17; College Chorus, '16, '17; College Dramatic Club, '17, '20; Chairman of Junior Lunch Room, '18, '19; Business Manager of Carolinian, '19, '20; President of the Adelphian Society, Spring '20.

Willie John, or "Jillie Wohn," as she is more often called by her classmates, is a true example of modesty and sweetness. And when the class wants anything "to be put across," they know Willie John is the girl for the place. For instance, when a professor of the college wanted a Senior to talk to about forty men on "A Young Girl Graduate's 'Ideals of Manhood'," all the class knew that Willie John could put it across. With all her femininity, she makes a most adorable leading man in dramatics. And all Adelphians know her banquet menus cannot be surpassed in beauty and deliciousness. The following lines portray her ambitions, which have developed her strong character:

"Undertake more than you can do, then do it;
Bite off more than you can chew, then chew it;
Hitch your wagon to a star,
Keep your seat, and there you are."

Senior Class

MARJORIE MENDENHALL, A.B. . . . . Greensboro, N. C.

"And thou art worthy, full of power, gentle, liberal-minded and consistent."

Cornelian; Co-Society Debater, '18; Inter-Society Debater, '19; Member of the College Chorus; President of the Cornelian Literary Society, '20; Volley Ball Team, '20.

Whom do we hunt when there is something important that must be done at once? Why, Marjorie, of course! Although Marjorie is one of our "littlest" Seniors, she is always on the job, as her formidable list of 1's and 2's and the fact that she is finishing in three years go to prove. But she is our brave Senior also, for didn't she have the courage to admit in class meeting that she had forgotten to keep her 'phone period? Marjorie's debating is her long-suit, but that has not kept her too busy to make friends, for she has more of them than most of us.

MILDRED MENDENHALL, A.B. . . . . Morehead, N. C.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

Cornelian.

Mildred is reserved and dignified, but still she is very congenial. She is never too busy to help you. Never let an opportunity pass to play tennis is her motto. In fact, the tennis court is the place to find her lost books. She possesses the coveted ability of thinking quickly, sanely and clearly. Her high scholarship in math and chemistry shows some of her possibilities. Success surely awaits her, either as a teacher or as a laboratory director.

Senior Class

FLORENCE MILLER, A.B. . . . . Statesville, N. C.

"A girl who goes to the depth of things,
Who ever wishes the reason why."

Cornelian; Member Inter-Society Conference Committee, '18-'19; Student Government Secretary, '18-'19; Editor-in-Chief of the Carolinian, '19-'20; Class Treasurer, Spring '17-'18; Orchestra, '16-'17, '17-'18, '18-'19, '19-'20; Proctor.

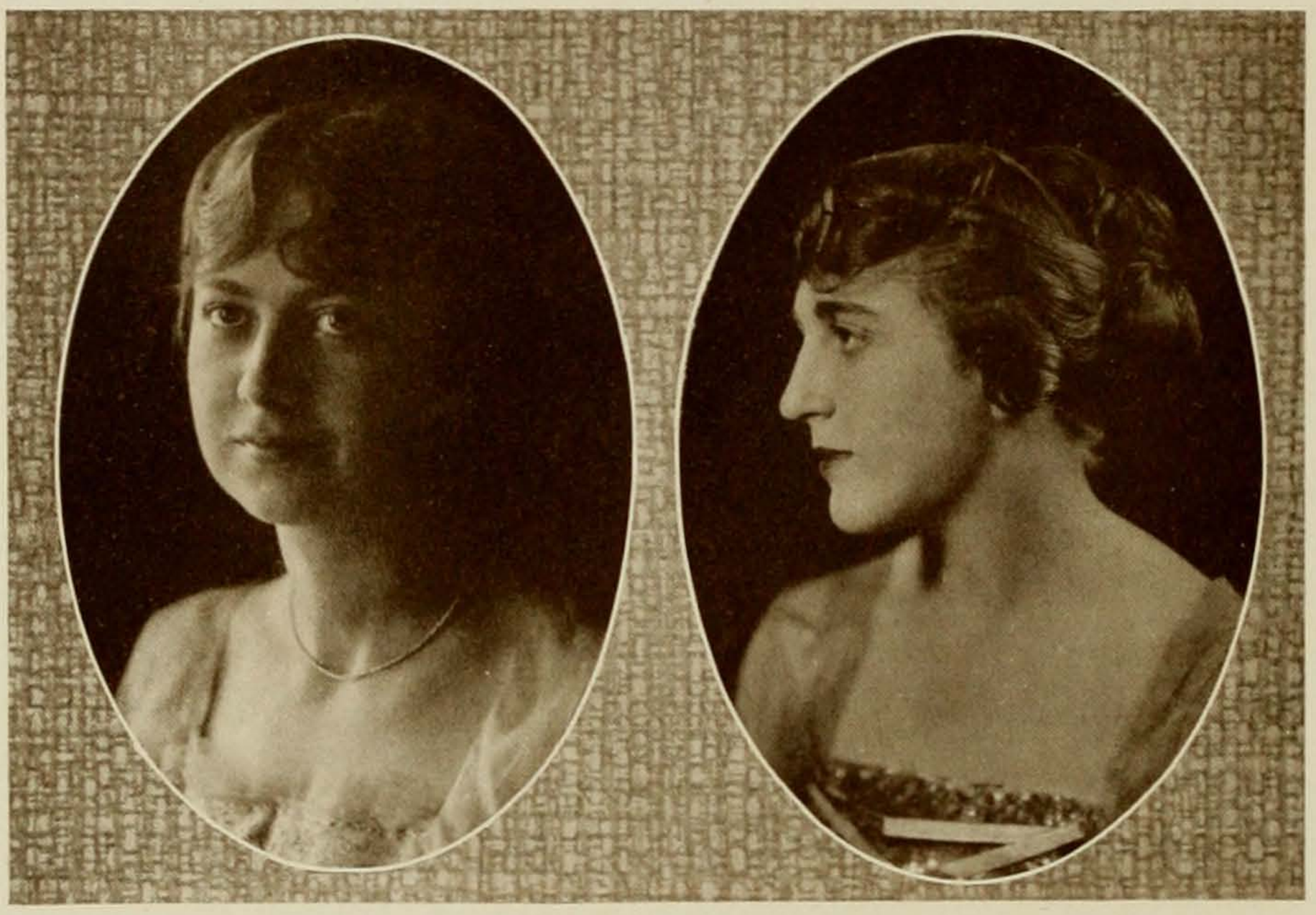
"There is a time for all things," says "Miz Miller." Hers is a character well rounded. She is not a fanatic along any line, unless it is that of borrowing—and for that she is much admired. Here is a clear thinker and one very thorough in all things, particularly in higher "math'matics." She possesses both accuracy and speed in expressing herself, the accuracy being evident in the Carolinian, and the speed—well, just talk to her for two minutes! Any girl on the campus is challenged to express thoughts more rapidly than "Floss." To know her is to know a lasting and substantial friend—and if you're a friend *maybe* she will make you a handkerchief!

IDA OWENS, A.B. . . . . Elizabeth City, N. C.

"And then her features started into smiles,
Sweet as blue heavens o'er enchanted isles."

Cornelian; Fire Lieutenant, '18-'19; Proctor, '18; Treasurer Class, '20.

Ida is one of those attractive, lovable girls who possesses the qualities of an excellent student and a true friend. Her sunny smiles have won the hearts of the Training School children, as well as many college friends. Her happy disposition cannot even be altered when the "Bill" comes in. We feel that her heart has been somewhat affected by the fact that her picture is to appear in the "Yackety Yack" as sponsor. Ida does her work well, takes part in outside activities, and still spends many week-ends off the campus. She makes those about her happy because of her sunny disposition. She will not teach more than two years before she finds just where her heart lies.



Senior Class

MARY BYNUM PARIS, A.B. . . . . Asheville, N. C.

"Virtue alone is sweet society."

Adelphian; Class Representative to Students' Board, '16-'17; Proctor, Fall of '16; Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '17-'18; Censor of Adelphian Literary Society, Spring of '18; Vice-House President, '18-'19; Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '19-'20; President of Adelphian Literary Society, Fall of '19.

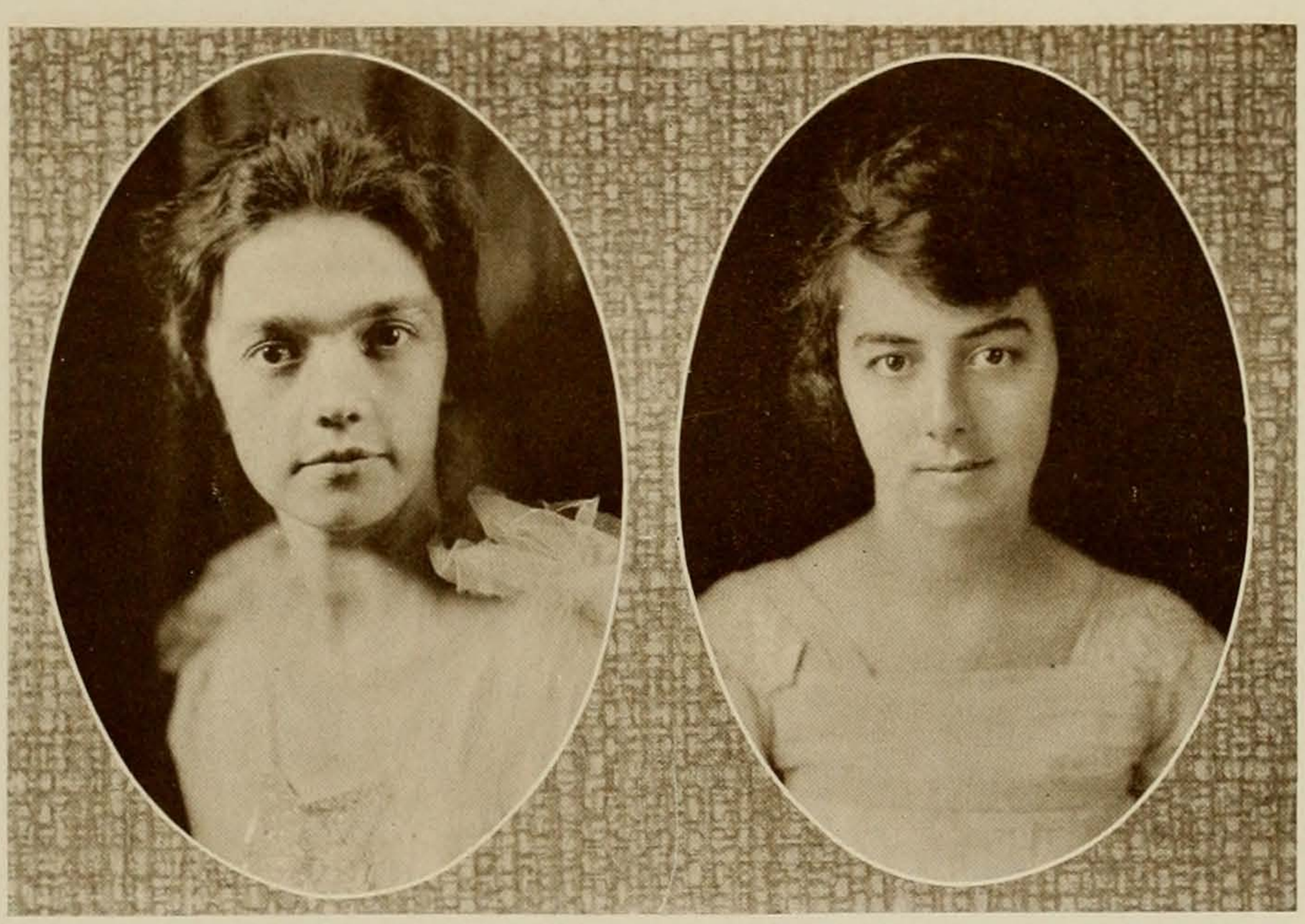
There is not a more wholesome, whole-souled girl on our campus than Mary Bynum. One proof of that fact is that she is given every intangible, indefinite college problem to work out. She goes about her work in a quiet, unassuming way. When she finishes it every detail has been worked out, and everyone deeply respects her judgment. Bynum is thoroughly efficient—she has a logical mind and is a clear thinker. We are told that she is getting an A.B. degree, but she is majoring in Adelphian Society. Her thoroughness, frankness and genuine sincerity make her one of the most loved girls in college.

ANNIE MAY PHARR, B.M. . . . . Charlotte, N. C.

"Good humor may be said to be one of the best articles of dress one can wear."

Cornelian; College Chorus, '16, '20; College Glee Club, '19-'20; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '18-'19; Marshal, '19-'20; First Fire Lieutenant, '19-'20.

That G-O-O-D one—well, who can it be? Nobody, 'cept our "Grecian Goddess"—Annie May—she is a "Pharr," but we don't like to be "far" away from her when she sings for us—"By her charming voice she calls us"—and even "Me-Calls" from Charlotte. Not only does the jolly Pharr enliven our campus from one end to the other, but her jolliness even extends to foreign countries—to Spain, for instance.



Senior Class

JESSIE RANKIN, A.B. . . . . Charlotte, N. C.

"In the strife of your own thoughts,
Obey the nobler impulse."

Cornelian; Proctor, '17; Treasurer Athletic Association, '17-'18; Secretary of Class, Spring of '18; Vice-President Cornelian Literary Society, Spring of '19; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '18-'19; Dividing Committee, '18-'19; Cornelian Chairman Dividing Committee, '19-'20; Vice-President Y. W. C. A., '19-'20.

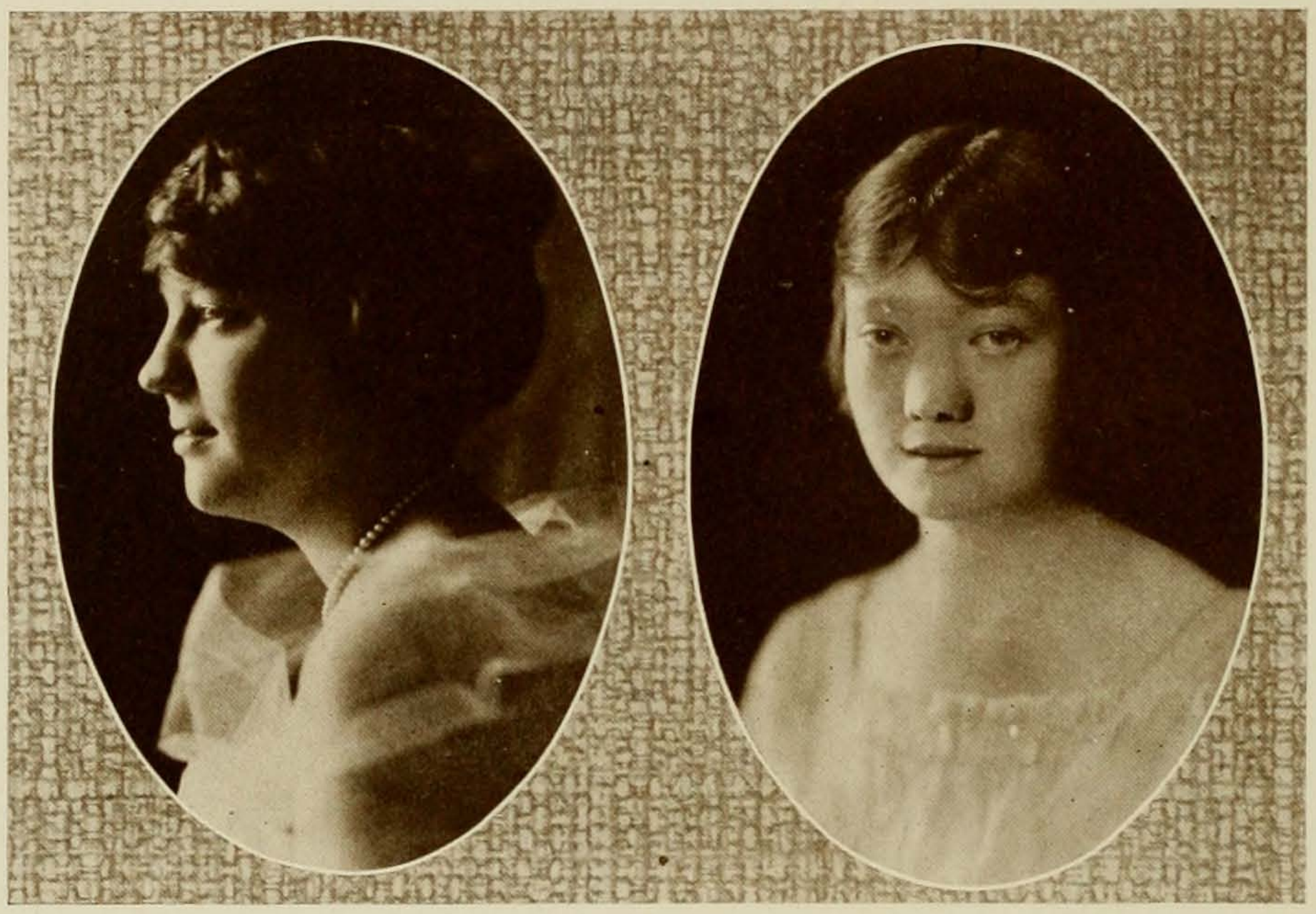
To Jessie's friends has been given a rare privilege, for a truer, more sincere friend is indeed unusual. For the past few months, at any rate, Jessie's major has been Training School. She insists that it is the "bane of her existence," but we all have a "creaky" feeling that she likes it better than she pretends. Her whole-hearted interest in her class, society and Y. W. C. A. prove that she is anything else than narrow in her outside activities. Indeed, we might all be justly proud to claim the qualities of frankness, sincerity and nobility of thought that are Jessie's.

MARIE RICHARDS, A.B. . . . . Salisbury, N. C.

"Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt,
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."

Basketball Team, Spring of '17, '18, '19; Hockey Team, Fall of '17, '18, '19; Class Treasurer, '16; Dramatic Club, '17-'18; Inter-Society Conference Committee; Proctor, '18; Athletic Manager, '18-'19; Literary Editor of the Coraddi, '19; Membership Committee of Y. W. C. A.; President of the Athletic Association, '19-'20; Chairman of Conference Committee of Athletic Association.

Here's the girl of our class who is our star athlete. If you want to find Marie after five o'clock you must go either on the hockey or on the basketball courts. In our Senior Theory we all want her on our side, for she certainly can smash a decent volley ball. When it comes her turn we all stand back and bet on her. Besides on the field, Marie is a real sport in her college work. Look always on her book shelves if you wish to find up-to-date note-books and papers. When you have any trouble on your mind go to Marie, for she will listen, if nothing else, and that is saying a lot for the average college girl.



Senior Class

VERITAS MACON SANDERS, A.B. . . . . Wilmington, N. C.

"True as the needle to the point,
As the dial to the sun."

Cornelian; Students' Board Member, '16-'17; Proctor, Fall of '17; Treasurer Y. W. C. A., '17-'18; Chairman Red Cross, '18-'19; Chief Marshal, '19-'20.

Loyal, dependable, lovable—Vie is all this and more. True to college, friends and, above all, to her ideals is she. She always says what she thinks, and the good will that she radiates makes any remark suit the occasion. Her sunny smile and cheery disposition have won for her a place in the heart of everyone on our campus, from the most homesick little Freshman to the most august member of the faculty. She has meant a great deal to every organization in which she has worked, and it will be hard to find anyone who can take her place. In fact, she is counted among our best loved and most respected Seniors, and all of us wish her all success and happiness in the future.

CHRISTINE SLOAN, A.B. . . . . Gastonia, N. C.

"To know her is to love her."

Dikéan; Proctor, '20; Vice-President Dikéan Literary Society, '19.

After two years as an A-1 Converse student, here she comes into our midst. Everybody likes her! With her lovable and generous disposition, "Chris" has won many true friends during her two years at N. C. C. She is capable of being as genuine a friend as anyone could wish for, and she never considers a favor too great to do for a fellow student. Always calm and composed, she does her work in the most thorough fashion possible. Here's to her! May she be as thorough in her happiness as in her work.

Senior Class

ELIZABETH SMITH, A.B. . . . . Mount Airy, N. C.

"The fruit derived from labor is the sweetest pleasure."

Adelphian; Hockey Team, '18; Class Treasurer, '19; Hockey Team, '19; Newspaper Reporter, '19-'20; Athletic Cabinet, '19-'20; Fire Lieutenant, '19-'20.

Elizabeth's wit gives her a pleasing personality; she is ever ready for some fun and always contributes her share. In spite of this fun-loving spirit on the surface, down underneath is the deepest sincerity. To know our Elizabeth is to love her.

WINNIE SMITH, A.B. . . . . Mocksville, N. C.

"Leave silence to the saints, I am but human."

Proctor, '16, '17, '18; Orchestra, '17, '18, '19; Cornelian.

She is always happy and ready for mischief, which can be told by one glance at her eyes. She is always ready and willing to help her classmates when they ask her. Her value in the college orchestra is almost inestimable.

Senior Class

SADIE SOMERS, A.B. . . . . Stoney Point, N. C.

"Silence is golden."

Adelphian; Proctor, '18.

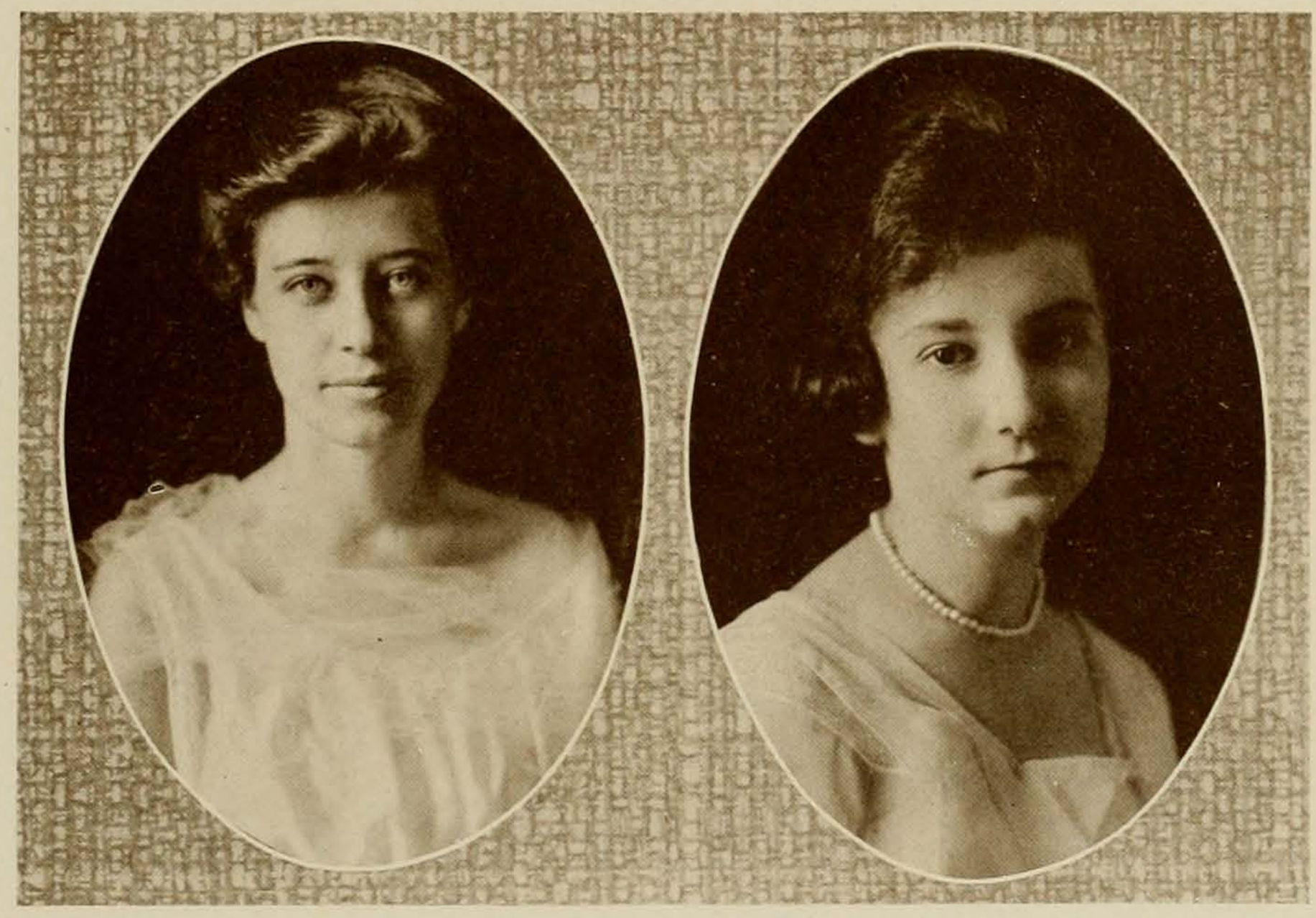
Sadie is one of the few who do not worry over their work. She coins the 1's and 2's on French, and pleases instructors with her themes. She is pleasant at all times, full of fun, though you might not guess it when you first meet her. She is brown-haired, brown-eyed, and considered Lucy's double. By her friends she will be remembered as a "dear old pal of mine."

MAMIE SPEAS, B.S. . . . . Winston-Salem, N. C.

"To know that which before us lies in daily life is the prime wisdom."

Adelphian; College Chorus.

Always in a hurry, but there is also time for thoughtfulness of others. This is the very quality that counts in making her a successful B.S. student. Mamie is truly the busy Senior, but you never know what a big heart she has until you ask her to help you out of some difficulty.



Senior Class

AGNES STEELE, B.S. . . . . Biltmore, N. C.

"I slept and dreamed that life was beauty,
I awoke and found it duty."

Adelphian; Proctor; Fire Lieutenant.

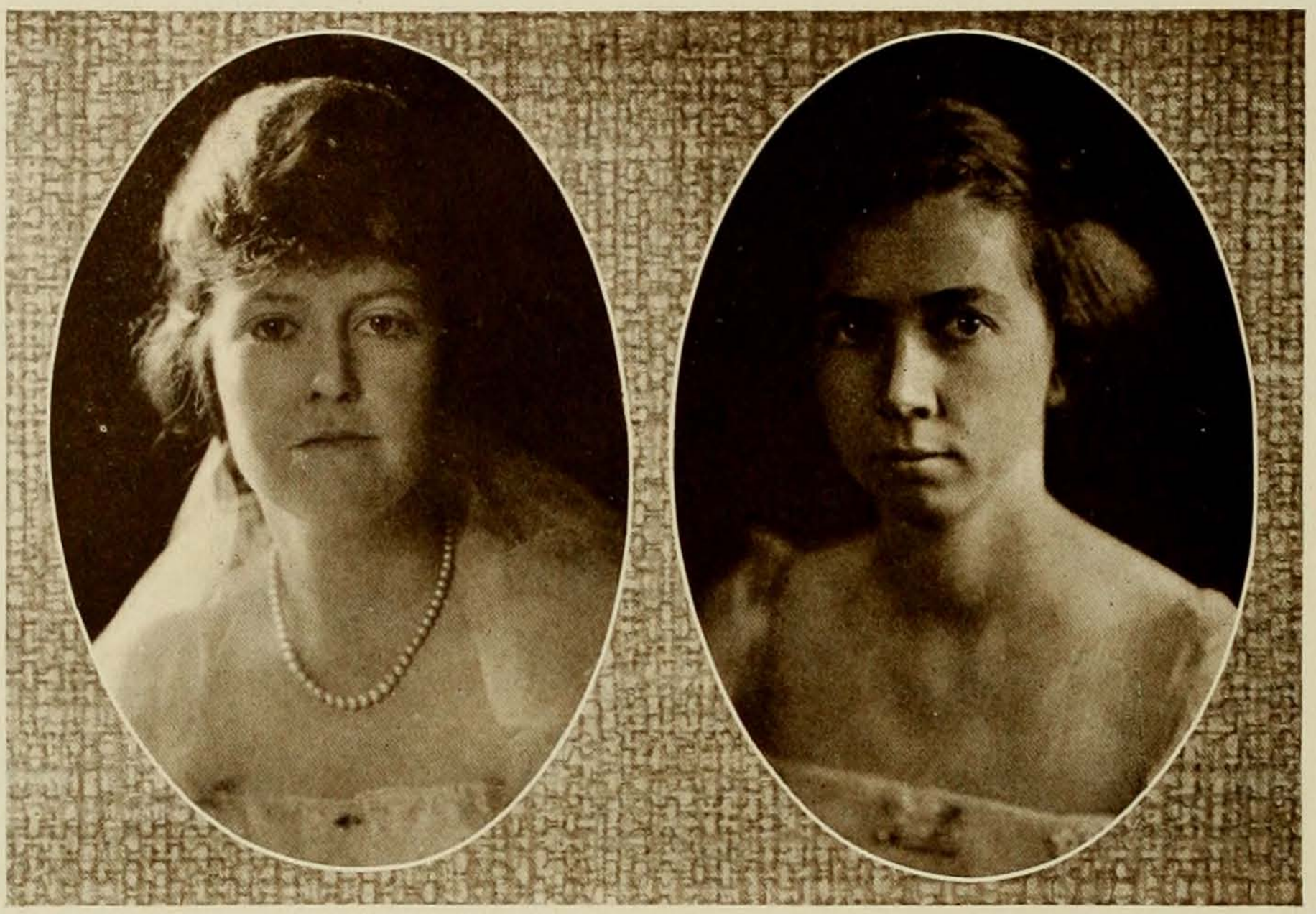
Agnes is quietude itself. Although she has never dared express her opinions in public, we know know that she has very good ones. The spot on the campus dearer to her than perhaps any other is the laboratory. Here she spends hours solving chemical problems, etc. She, too, takes special delight in attending all the services at Saint Mary's Chapel. Next to her religion comes her friend and roommate, Frances.

LUTIE ESTELLE STEPHENSON, A.B. . . . . Gumberry, N. C.

"Whence is thy learning?
Hath thy toil o'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

Cornelian.

Lutie is quiet and hard-working. During her first three years in college she found time for the companionship of her books only, but for the last year she has often been found up town. She is not known by all the students, and only those who know her realize her worth. She can do things, and she never hesitates to express her opinion.



Senior Class

MYRA STONE, A.B. . . . . Greensboro, N. C.

"Good nature and good sense must ever join."

Adelphian; Proctor, '16, '17, '18.

Don't let your first impression of Myra be lasting. She looks as if she might be "afflicted with dignity," so quiet and reserved—so unlike most people with red hair. She never displays even the slightest temper. When you know her you soon find out that she is ever sweet and gay and a jolly good sport. As to her literary abilities—not a star, but a beacon light in her classes.

ELSIE SWINDELL, B.S. . . . . Belhaven, N. C.

"Once a friend always a friend."

Cornelian; Proctor, '17-'18; Vice-President Athletic Association, '18; Hockey Team, '17, '18, '19; Class Critic, Fall of '19.

In one sense, Swindell is much above the rest of us, but what Senior is not glad to recognize this superiority when basketball tournament comes around and we have one who can easily "drop" the ball through the goal for us? But, socially, Elsie is one of us—a friend on whom we can depend at all times. Every inch of her is a good sport, and many inches there are. Nothing is too impossible for her to undertake.

Senior Class

CARRIE TABOR, B.S. . . . . Cherrydale, Va.

"Spirits in grief, lift up your heads and smile."

Cornelian; Senior Editor Magazine, '19-'20; Proctor, '19; Critic of Class, '20.

When Carrie arrives on the scene, all but out of breath, gloom retreats to safer quarters. Joviality and originality belong to Carrie. One hour you find her absorbed in writing for the "Coraddi," the next at the Home Training Cottage preparing a meal fit for kings. Everybody likes good-natured Carrie. She is sure to make good in post-college life.

NANNIE MAY TILLEY, A.B. . . . . Bahama, N. C.

"Hang sorrow—care will kill a cat—
Therefore, let's be merry."

Cornelian; Basketball Team, '17; Proctor, '18; Joke Editor of Pine Needles, '19-'20.

Dear old Tilley! Not many of us possess that rare faculty of always being able to smile "when everything goes dead wrong"; few of us can comfort the other fellow when we're in trouble even "deeper" than he; still fewer of us can always go ahead, blissfully and irresponsibly happy—"Tilley" is unanimously elected chief of that few. Which fact makes her a valuable friend and a valued companion. She never studies—never had to, really. But every now and then her conscience sends out a warning, so she grabs a book, runs over to the library, reads references long since overdue, jots down notes frantically, then goes out to breathe sweet air once more. But, alas! What happens? Tilley suffers a relapse for six whole weeks afterward. She takes her honors very calmly—even confidently—because if anyone should discover a "crooked" deal in her election to Senior officeship, she promptly carries same election to the Junior Class and carries that class, too. No, Tilley is not a joke—she's just a fine, wholesome, whole-souled girl, and we all love her!

Senior Class

LUCY VICKERY, B.M. . . . . Jamestown, N. C.

"Hope! thou nurse of young desire."

Proctor, '17, '18; College Chorus.

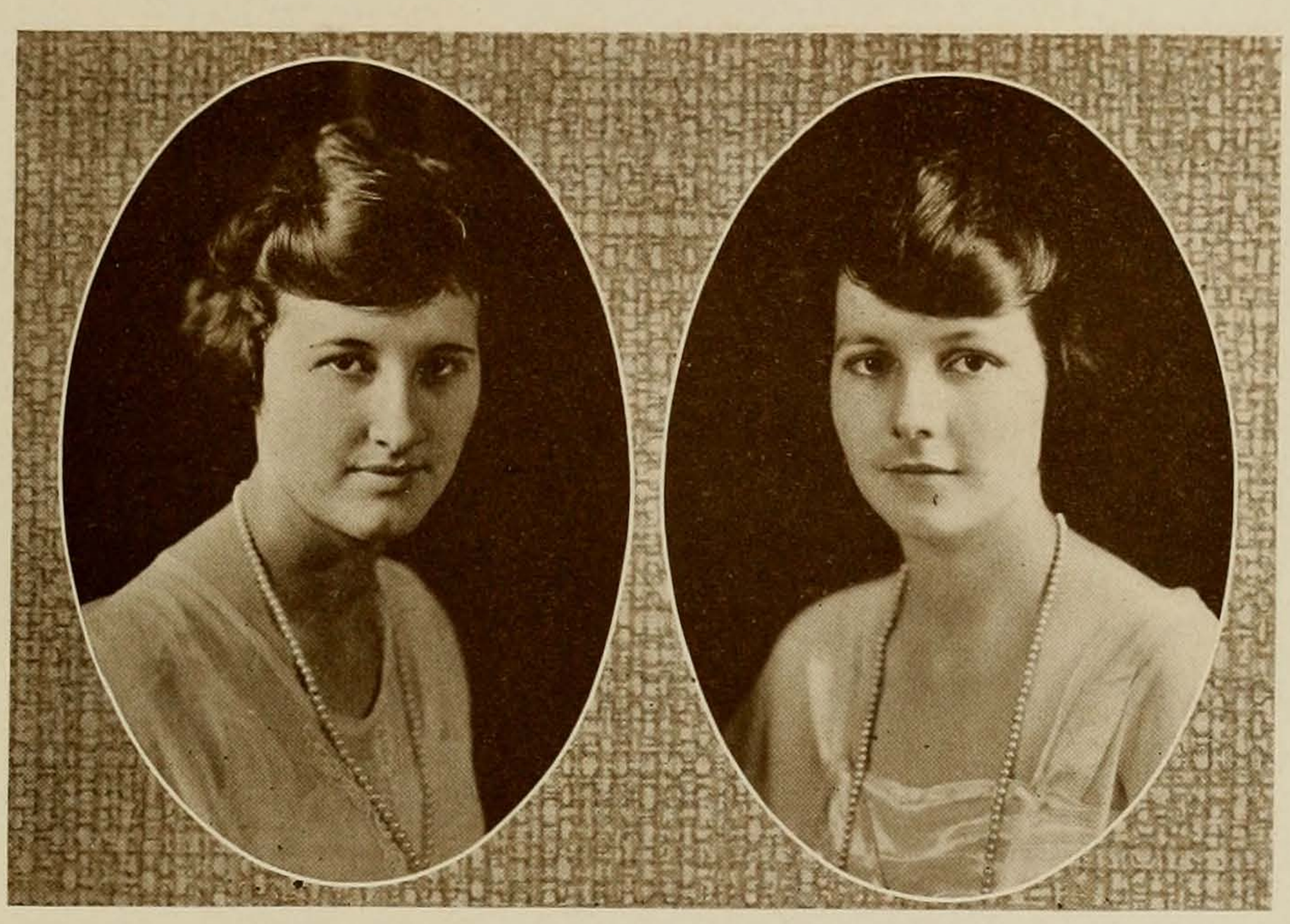
Lucy has in no scant quantities two of the qualities which go to make a highly desirable companion—a cheery, happy-go-lucky disposition, coupled with unusual musical ability. Cultivating the latter has been her chief occupation in college, but neither this cultivation nor any other has ever caused her any undue worry, for she is a profound believer in the theory that worry makes for inefficiency—a theory which, we are told, is held in good repute by doctors. Hence, do we wonder? Taken all in all, she is one of our most valued members, and we prophesy great things for her in the future.

LELA WADE, A.B. . . . . Beaufort, N. C.

"One who never turned back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break. . . ."

Adelphian; Basketball Team, '17-'18; Hockey Team, '17, '18, '19; Sophomore Vice-President of Athletic Association; Secretary of Junior Class, Fall of '18; Critic of Adelphian Literary Society, Spring of '19; Fire Chief, '19-'20; Students' Board, '19-'20; President's Council, '19-'20.

Broad-mindedness, supplemented by wit and originality, make her one of the best-liked girls in school. No yeast is needed to make her rise up in mass-meetings, for she seems to enjoy it thoroughly. What is remarkable is the fact that the Freshmen say that they can hear her distinctly from the back of the hall. Having a decided taste for argument, Lela finds mass-meetings an avenue through which she can exercise her argumentative power. And whatever her thoughts may be, they are marked with genuine wholesomeness and frankness. Lela uses surplus energy running from Guilford to breakfast after the bell stops. Due to her running, even on the coldest mornings she remarks, "Hot morning, isn't it, girls?"



Senior Class

BESSIE MAY WALKER, A.B. . . . . Burlington, N. C.

"Much could be said of her, if one could read her mind."

Adelphian; Proctor, '17-'18; Y. W. C. A.

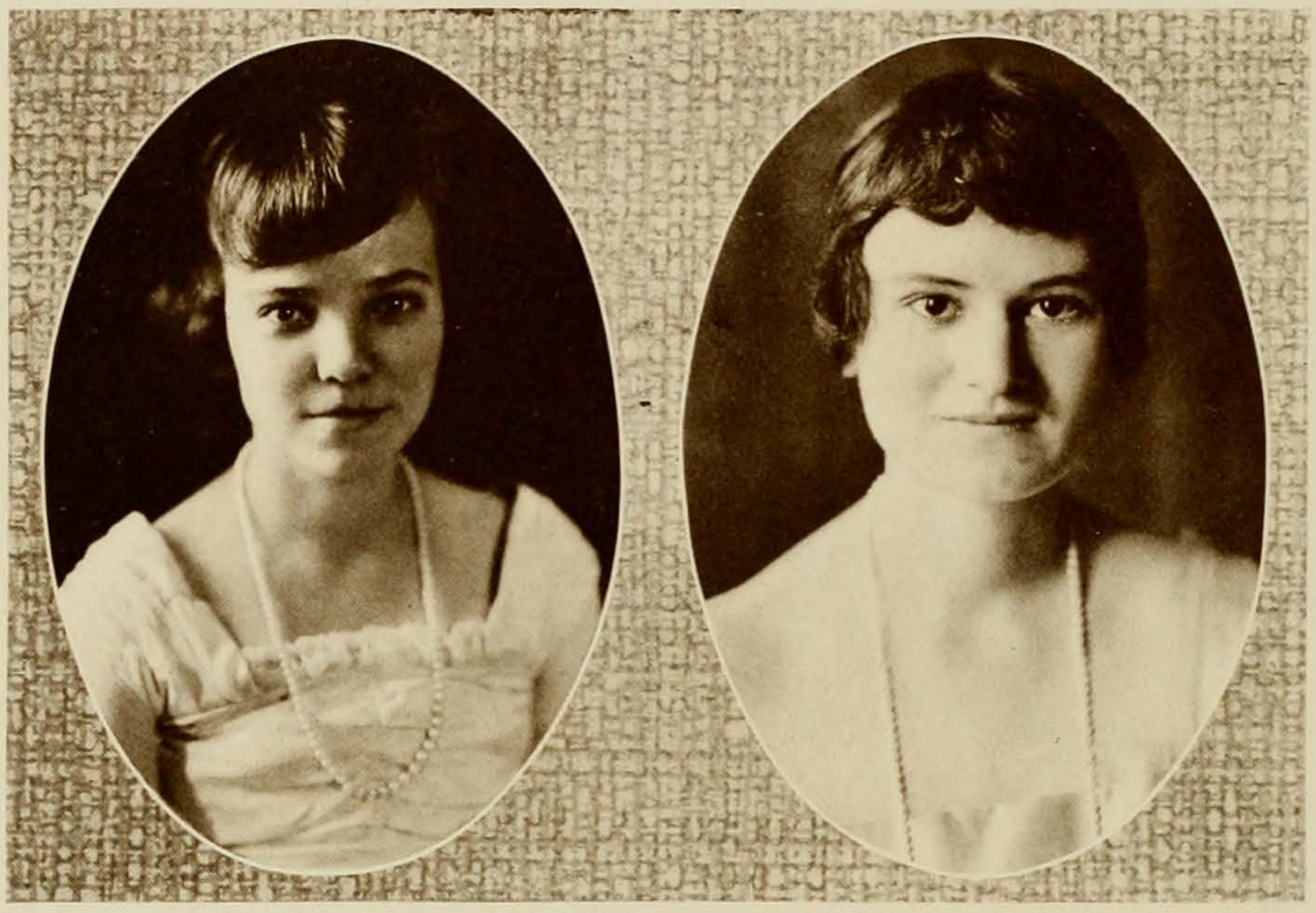
Bessie May is the sort who can take all the science offered in McIver building without any worries and frets. Her chief delight is chemistry. To hear her express her opinion on French is to know that she says exactly what she thinks. To have seen her at the initiation banquet was sufficient to prove that her numerous admirers take advantage of the fact that Burlington is not so very far from Greensboro. Those who know Bessie May agree that she is a girl of genuine worth.

HAZEL WEST, A.B. . . . . Dover, N. C.

"The sweet converse of an innocent mind whose words are images of thoughts refin'd,
Is my soul's pleasure."

Cornelian; Proctor, '18; Vice-Chairman Red Cross Chapter, '18-'19; Toastmistress Cornelian Banquet, '19; Dramatic Club, '19-'20; Vice-President of Class, '20.

The pride of the Cornelians in 1916, and again in 1919, when she presided at the initiation banquet in such a charming manner that the hearts of all were won. Beauty, charm, fastidious neatness, and all the social graces developed to the highest extent, make her one of the most admired girls on the campus. Slow to make friends, but friendships once formed by Hazel are everlasting. What could be better than to be her friend and have her high ideals, noble thoughts and refined tastes to inspire one?



Senior Class

JULIA WEST, A.B. . . . . Kinston, N. C.

"For violent fires soon burn out themselves."

Cornelian; Basketball Team.

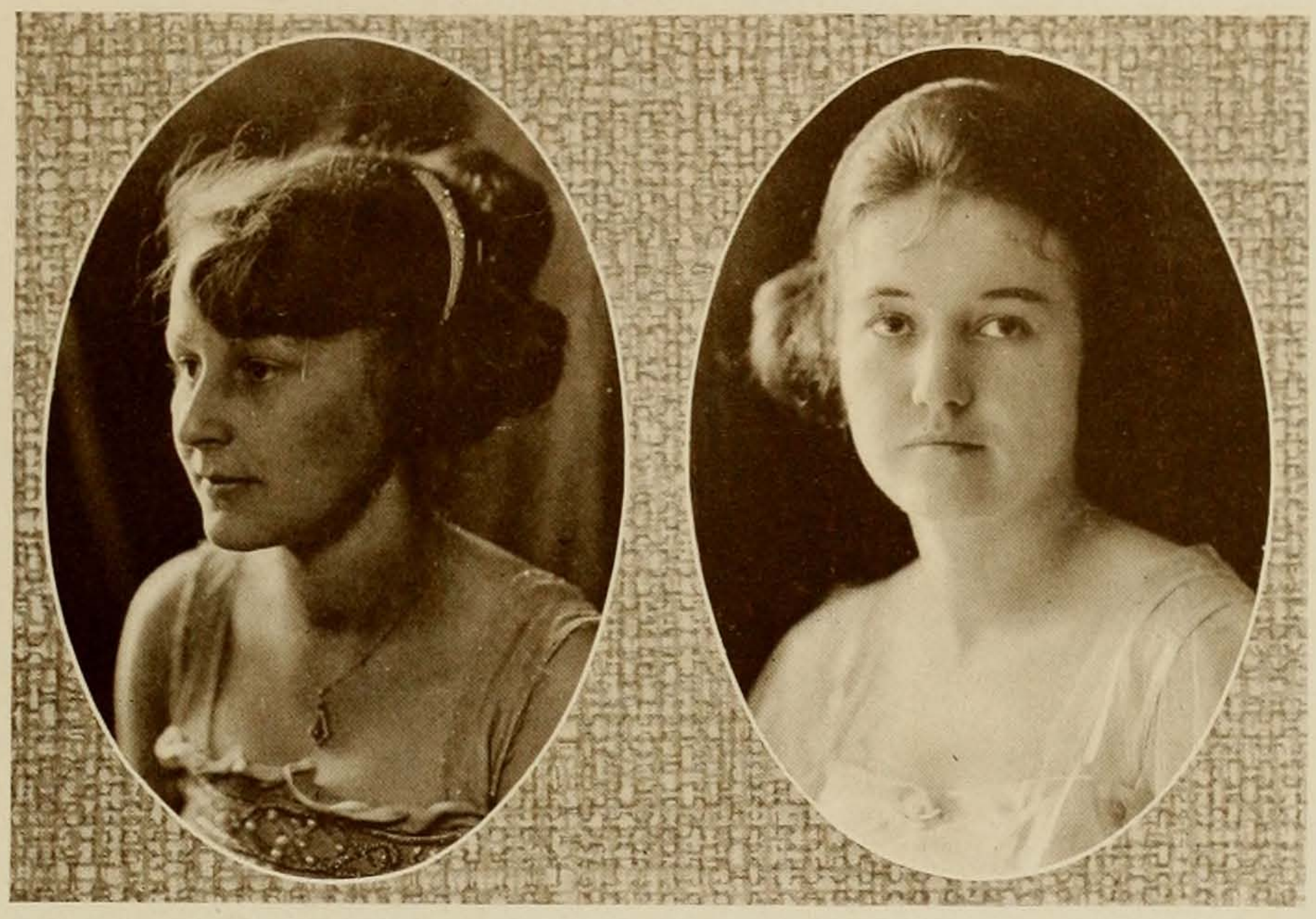
There's a twinkle in her eyes and a twinkle in her toes, and she'll be jolly wherever she goes. Did you ever catch that twinkle? It all grows out of that marvelous wit of hers. She's always up; she's never down. Never a situation develops that she doesn't see the funny side. It's so funny to her that it just must be funny to you. It is whispered—whispered, mind you—that she studies when her ladyship pleases, and when she doesn't please—oh, well, she decides she would like a game of tennis or perhaps an interesting book. Who knows?

LENA WILLIAMS, B.M. . . . . Linewood, N. C.

"Pride, like an eagle builds among the stars."

College Chorus, '17-'20; Y. W. C. A. Choir, '18-'20; Vice-President Class, Fall of '18.

In Lena everybody finds a true and unchanging friend. She possesses the rare ability of placing herself in the person's position, whatever it may be. Looking at life through rose-colored glasses, she is always cheerful and never allows the daily trifles to worry her. With her industrious habits, her kind and sympathetic disposition, she has endeared herself to both teachers and students, and no one doubts that she will make her life a success.



Senior Class

KATHRYN WILLIS, A.B. . . . . Weaverville, N. C.

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains which only poets know."

Adelphian; Proctor, '18, '19; Associate Editor of the Magazine, '18-'19; Editor-in-Chief of the Magazine, '19, '20; Winner of the Short Story Prize, '19.

Kathryn Willis! Will she? I'll say she will! Will what? Will do anything for anybody, especially if it's along the literary line! She is the originator of the famous new magazine named *Coraddi*, and everyone recognizes her ability as editor-in-chief of same after they have read one edition. "Kat" is, beyond a doubt, the genius of the Senior Class along literary lines. She possesses an abundance of wit and humor, which makes her quite famous both in prose and poetry, and also much loved by the class. One of Kathryn's mottos is "Don't worry," and to know her one knows she lives up to it. For she says there is no use taking life so seriously, and she trips gaily through it all, and gets to her goal the happier for not having worried. Her chief occupation always was, is, always will be, to make everyone laugh. For whether she writes, talks or draws, she does it in her own individual and extremely original manner. The Seniors wonder if she will ever grow up, but, whether or no, we feel that "Pa" Willis will have just cause to be proud of our little Kathryn if she continues her work in the literary line.

HATTIE WILSON, A.B. . . . . Dunn, N. C.

"Sweet music breath'd her soul away!"

Proctor, '17, '18, '19; Athletic Manager, '19-'20; Manager of Glee Club, '19-'20; Basket-ball Team, '17, '18, '19; Hockey Team, '17, '18, '19; Fire Lieutenant, '19-'20; Assistant Business Manager Carolinian, '19-'20.

At five o'clock each afternoon we see her taking part in athletics, for that's her hobby. But is it? We are not so sure when we see her looking supremely happy with her mandolin, guitar, or other musical instrument, or when, again, we see her visiting business places downtown—and what is she doing? Why, collecting "ads" for the *Carolinian*. Truly, we are at a loss to know just what one thing is characteristic of her. She is an all-'round girl—from athletics to music, inclusive—that's Hattie.

Senior Class

LOIS WILSON, B.S. . . . . Dallas, N. C.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned to warn, to comfort and command."

Class President, Spring '16-'17; Literary Editor Magazine, '18-'19; President Student Government, '19-'20.

Lois cannot be classified under any one type of person. In her all of the qualities are fused which go to make up the ideals for womanhood. Firm in her adherence to principle, yet sympathetic in her feelings toward all people, she leads us in the "straight paths" in such a sure but quiet way that we feel that we are keeping every single student government rule of our own free will. The following lines from Wordsworth are more appropriate for her than anything we might say:

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light."

PEARL WILSON, A.B. . . . . Dunn, N. C.

"With wisdom fraught, not such as books, but such as practice tangle."

Cornelian; Member of Y. W. C. A.; Member of Athletic Association; Hockey Team, '17, '18, '19; Basketball Team, '17, '18, '19, '20; Captain of Basketball Team, '19-'20; Athletic Cabinet.

Speaking of "pearls," this star in the mathematical constellation can tell you their dimensions, volume or composition. Give her a problem—or a bid to a dance with a boy, especially a good-looking one—and she is happy. If you want your team to win in baseball, hockey or basketball, choose Pearl. If you need something downtown, go to Pearl. 'Cause she's going, and she's accommodating, too. Through her alertness, gaiety and sweet disposition, she has danced her way into many hearts. Though very choice as to her friends, yet to her friends she is most true.

Senior Class

CARRIE DUFFY WOOTEN, A.B. . . . . Kinston, N. C.

"The fashion wears out more apparel than the man."

Adelphian; Proctor, Spring '18; Fire Lieutenant, '19; Business Manager of Annual, '20.

When our '20's want to boast of their good looks and style, they calmly point out Carrie Duffy, for in her both are exemplified. Carrie Duffy has one very strong point in favor of her teaching, namely, getting other people to do things—even to getting up before "prep" and rehearsing plays. Many occasions have brought Carrie Duffy to the front, and we have been shown that our class has a real treasure. Until this year we had not known she was such a jewel. Most of her old friends left her in the Class of '19, and now she is our very own. She has proved herself worthy of being a real friend and a real Lavender and White Class member. Here's to Duff!

ELSIE YARBOROUGH, B.S. . . . . Cary, N. C.

"Zealous yet modest, innocent though free,
Patient of toil, serene amid alarms."

Dikéan Proctor, '16-'17; Secretary Athletic Association, '17-'18; Class Cheer Leader; Basketball Team (Sophomore); Society Debater; Charter Member of the Dikéan Society; Society Treasurer, '18-'19; Junior Hockey Team, '19-'20; Society President, Fall '19; Inter-Society Conference Committee, '19-'20; Tennis Team, '19.

If you have come to Elsie you are near the end of the Senior pictures in this annual, for she is acting in her usual capacity—rear guard of the Home Economics Class. Probably it is the practical application of the inexhaustible "A. C. D. order" to everyday affairs. When she gives us her infectious smile and reveals her latest plan, backed up by good, strong argument, the secret of Elsie's success in class, society, and a thousand and one committees is out. Add to this that she is a good sport and a friend to us all, and you know Elsie. We have her word for it that she is not going to teach, but we know that whatever she does she will "major" in it, and have a good time while she's doing it.

SENIOR CLASS STATISTICS

SENIOR CLASS STATISTICS

History of the Class of 1920

Part I

THERE were only three hundred and twenty-nine of us who were enrolled as Freshmen that fall—September, 1916. We were the largest class that had ever been at the college—and some of the upper-classmen have said that we were also the "greenest" Freshmen the college had ever known!

But, all unaware of any such rumors, we set about learning each other and the college. After we had spent about six weeks trying to accomplish this, we turned our attention to the task of organizing our class. For this purpose we met with Mr. Forney in the "Chapel of Curry Building," elected a temporary chairman, accepted our constitution, and elected our first officers. Willard Goforth was elected President. Soon we were announcing meetings and calling meetings as regularly as the other classes. There was much to be done and we were very busy. One of the meetings we enjoyed most of all that fall was the one when our mascot, Charles Lindley, first met with us. We were so happy that afternoon that we had our pictures taken after the class meeting, and this is how we looked!

After the Christmas holidays our interest was stronger than ever. We soon elected second-half officers, and Lois Wilson was President. As soon as the examinations were over, we went to work to win some athletic trophy for our class. We worked faithfully and were rewarded in this wise: We came out second in the hocked tournament; we gained quite a few honors on Field Day, and we engraved "1920" on the basketball cup.

Socially we fared royally that first year. First came initiation with all its mystery and with its banquets. Then the Y. W. C. A. entertained us, and we had thought such affairs were over when invitations came from the Sophomores inviting us to the Court of Night. Here the witches and fairies kept us charmed until a late hour. All the year our "big sisters," the Juniors, had always been ready to help us, advise us, and play with us. To try to show them how much we liked being adopted and how much we appreciated their kindness, we took them to the park with us for an Easter egg hunt. We found then that they were not so "grown-up," after all, for we saw that they could still enjoy finding and eating candy eggs.

Part II

The first thing we noticed when we came back as Sophomores in 1917 was that we had lost many of our original number. We now numbered only about one hundred and ten. We got much pleasure from watching the new girls and "seeing ourselves as others had seen us." Our first business that fall was to elect our first-half Sophomore officers. Nelle Bardin was elected President, and under her guidance we began our preparations for the Sophomore-Freshman entertainment. Our plan was to have a camp supper in Lindley Park. After much busy work and many call meetings, the night for the camp supper came. After several hours crowded full of fun and enjoyment, we started home, only to find that the street cars could not run! Nothing daunted, we walked home. This part of the program proved, after all, as much fun as anything. Even though we were tired when we reached the college, we never let the Juniors and Seniors know it.

Until now no one but the Seniors and Juniors had been allowed to work in the library at night. But we must have been more studious than other Sophomore classes, for we began to work for the Sophomores to be allowed the use of the library at night. We succeeded, and the librarian said afterwards that we might as well have had Sophomore class meetings there those first nights.

After Christmas we were in quarantine for several weeks, but our class work went on. We elected Patte Jordan second-half President, and with Patte leading, we accomplished many things. We were beginning to think and talk much of the war. The Sophomores entered heartily into all war work the student body was asked to do, from giving money to the War Work campaign to making a layette for a French baby. In fact, for several weeks that spring the Sophomores led the other classes in the number of hours' work done in the Red Cross room.

But one of the most enjoyable events of the whole year for us was the planting of our violet bed. Dr. Foust gave us a place for it near the infirmary. We sent home for violet plants, and met there one Saturday afternoon, armed with hoes, rakes, hand plows, and other necessary implements to fix the bed. We had much fun and had our pictures made.

Part III

From the very beginning of our Junior year the lunch room was what we talked about most of all. Willie John Medlock was elected Chairman, and very soon she had the lunch room in order, our programs arranged, and a lively business going on.

Marguerite Jenkins was elected President for the fall of 1918, and we went at our work—both class and other work—with a will. By this time we had come to know each other better. Our family had increased now, for we had about three hundred "little sisters" this fall. We were quite busy the first few weeks becoming acquainted with our new sisters, getting the lunch room in order, and doing the numerous things that fell to our lot as Juniors. When we had reached the campus we found that our class sweaters, which we had ordered the spring before, had arrived. No one, except those who have worn their own new class sweaters, can know with what pride we wore them. Cold weather could not come soon enough for the Juniors then!

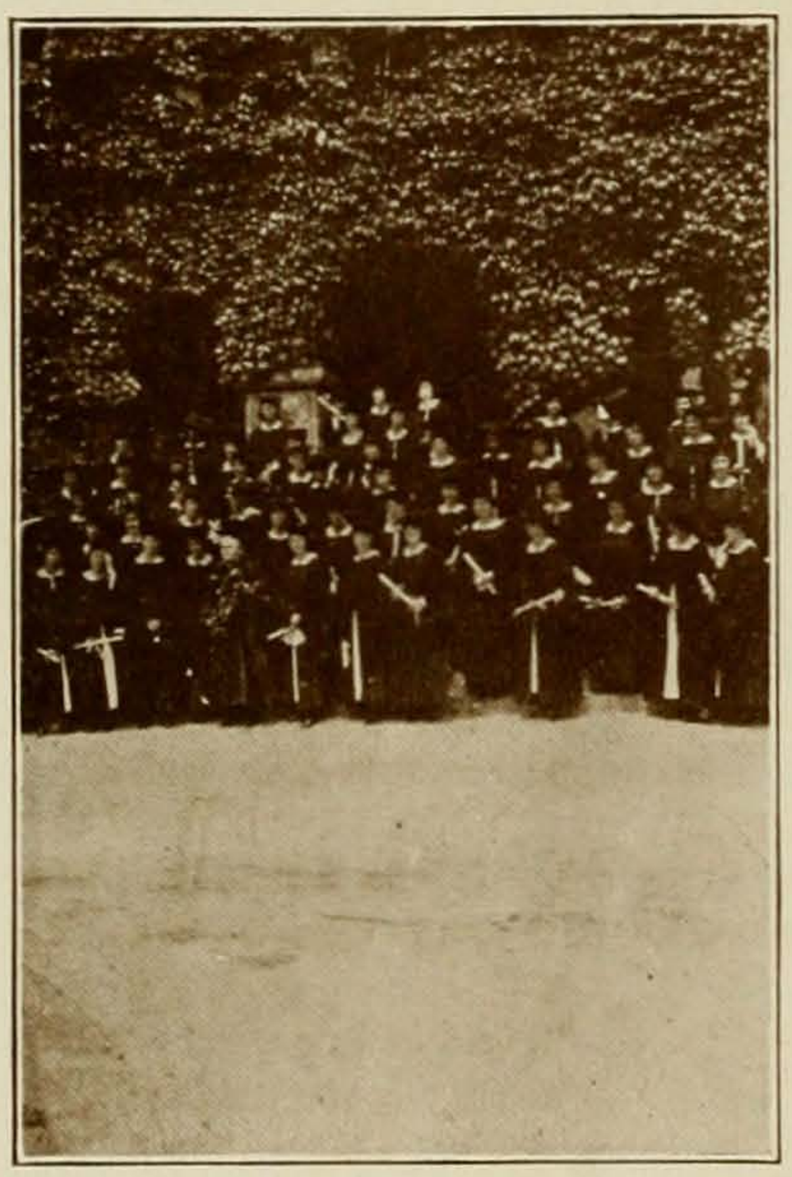
But soon came the influenza epidemic. Although we were very fortunate and had no serious trouble with influenza, this was made possible only because we observed the strictest quarantine practically the entire winter. Because of the war, all social functions were done away with this year, and the Juniors might have found college life rather dull had it not been for the epidemic and the lunch room. Soon the infirmary was unable to hold the girls who were suffering with "cold in the head"—as the official announcements stated—and Guilford Hall second floor was turned into an infirmary. And here's where the Juniors and their

trusty truck, "Juny," came into the limelight. The lunch room was turned into a supply station for the sick in Guilford, and three times each day the Juniors and "Juny" carried trays to the girls in Guilford. What if it was hard work, it was lots of fun, too!

We were still in quarantine after Christmas. Mary Benton was elected second-half President, and Nelle Fleming second-half Lunch Room Chairman. About this time our rings came, but we could not wear them until we were Seniors, so we kept them carefully put away in our rooms. It was this spring that we experienced one of the biggest disappointments of our entire college course. The War Work campaign was put on again, and we decided to give up our plans for the Junior-Senior banquet in order to help make the campaign a complete success at the college. Our disappointment was not so great, however, when we found that by not having the banquet we could increase the war fund by three hundred and fifty dollars.

Part IV

It took us quite a while when we came back in the fall of 1919 to become accustomed to being called Seniors. But our class rings helped us out here. There were now eighty-four of us, and in a few weeks we were wearing our Senior rings and carrying Senior dignity as if we had been Seniors several years, rather than several weeks. Sybil Barrington was selected President for the fall term, and Rouss Hayes was chosen Editor-in-Chief of the annual. And the annual was what kept us so busy that we did not have time to miss the lunch room very much. It was the annual that we were interested in now. And this interest grew even more intense as time went on and Mrs. Wooten came to take the pictures. Then it was that the under-classmen were startled to see Seniors, wearing evening dresses, going at any and all times of the day toward New Dormitory.



Another thought which was uppermost in the minds of all the Juniors throughout the year was, "How will I look in my cap and gown?" Then it was that the short Seniors wished they were tall, and the fat Seniors wished they were slender, for everyone knew that it was Elsie Swindell's type that could best wear a cap and gown. But many of our fears were groundless, for here's the way we looked.

We have given you here our history in brief from September, 1916, to June, 1920. Perhaps you think we have been an unusual class. We think so, and our list of Senior privileges, which provide for almost anything from "chaperoning under-classmen off the campus," to "going to the theater with young men," seems to point to the same thing.

We have had joys and have had sorrows; there have been both smiles and tears; but we have been happy. We are taking away with us possessions which we deem priceless. We have formed friendships which will last forever. And we'll never forget to sing: "1920, we're a loyal band, working all together with a steadfast aim."

Class Poem

'Tis eventide; the sun sinks low
And again for this last time
Spills its gold and lets it flow
Through the tops of the distant pines.
Deepening shadows spread o'er the lawn
As if by affinity,
Closer, closer together drawn,
Rob us of identity.

'Tis evening; the day is done;
Our college hours are past.
The minutes beat out one by one,
"This is the last; this is the last."
The farewells spoken here and there
Like empty echoes die away.
No words suffice on lip or scroll
To say what we would say.

'Tis evening; the night has come,
But, still, 'tis not all dark;
The stars are shining, and the moon
Chases the shades in the park.
The sun has set—that is true—
But it will rise again
And bring a day bright and new
With more goals to attain.

Our college days have come and gone,
But Alma Mater is with us yet.
Her dear old halls and walks and parks
We never can forget.
She is ours—and we are hers—
We two shall never part.
We leave ourselves with her and take
All of her in our heart.

Confessions of a Dope Fiend

ONE night I was worn and weary as I sat at my table studying, studying, ever studying, as the timepiece in the corridor slowly and painfully ticked off the "wee sma' hours," and the midnight oil in my lamp burned lower and lower. The dismal wind outside howled and moaned and sighed and groaned, again and again, as it swept about the building, sometimes rocking it in its fitful rage. No one will ever know just how badly my head throbbed, for too long had I labored fruitlessly; O classmates, too long had I endured my sufferings. At last I could bear it no longer. I thrust my hands through my hair, slung my books on the floor, used appropriate language (as they do in the movies), and then exclaimed: "Give me liberty, or give me death!" Next I vowed a vow that whether the state ever had good teachers or not, I, for one, would never "bone" again. The next minute I became bold. I grabbed my long coat and my scarf for a disguise. Stealthily I crept down the creaking stairs; stealthily I passed into outer darkness; stealthily I dodged the night watchman, and stealthily I arrived at my destination—the "Little Store"—and bought, let me whisper it, a Coca-Cola! Alas! I wish that I had never tasted that vile stimulant, for that night queer dreams surged through my brain and tormented me, enraptured me, gladdened me, saddened me. Why should a mere thing as a dream move me so? Ah, my friends, if you too had had such dreams, you too would have been moved.

The first thing that I saw after I closed my eyes was a gray mist that revealed—nothing. But slowly, as I listened to the strains of low music, golden gleams began to dart through the haze until at last I beheld a city of shining light. Then, as the music changed to the soft, joyous strains of "We raise our voices, let them swell," a tiny voice whispered in my ear the following:

"This is the City of Service. It is not an unusual city. There's much beauty, much joy, much sadness, much humor here. Look at it closely and you will see many things;

but many will not be as you expected. See that wide, beautiful street over there with all of its lawns blue with violets? That's the Avenue of Love. See this frequented street over here? It is the Street of Loyalty. But, look! you must see the main street of the city directly in front of you. That is the Street of Honor. All of your classmates know that street. It's a beautiful one, and a beautiful city, if you look at it in the right way. But it's no Utopian city, for there you will find everything just as you would in an ordinary town. Go and see for yourself what your classmates are doing there."

I decided to explore it as was suggested. Down the street I sauntered, looking at all the advertisements, trying especially to see if I might find out the business of any of my old friends. I had not walked long before I achieved my purpose. The first two signs that I saw prepared me for everything, for who would ever have dreamed that the simple, unaffected Lela would ever have gone into business with an advertisement, "Mademoiselle Le La Wade, Beauty Parlor," or that the charming, dramatic Anna Bernard would want a dead sort of job with "Benson, Undertaker and Embalmer," as an advertisement? As I stood before these signs in open-mouthed wonder, an old covered wagon rattled up before "Medlock's Five and Ten-Cent Store" and stopped. Just as I was thinking how well Willie John must have applied her business ability to her work, an old lady with five red-headed children jumped out and went into the store and bought a quarter's worth of all-day suckers. Poor Carrie Duffy, to think that you should ever come to this, when once you had such a store of beauty, charm, clothes, and suitors! I felt truly sorry for her, but I could not bewail her fate long because of the shrieks of a Salvation Army lassie singing on the street near me. I peeped slyly under her bonnet and saw the Madonna-like face of Catherine Cobb. With her was Norma Holden, also in the Salvation Army costume, preaching to a dozen bystanders. They were failing in their attempts to draw a crowd, for our little Hessie, as scientific and as conscientious as ever, was on the other side of the street selling "Blankenship's Kidney Pills—her own discovery, guaranteed to cure burns, to remove dandruff, corns and goiters, and to create a skin you love to touch."

At first I had been truly bewildered at the things that I had seen, but now I was prepared to see anything with the attitude of a stoic. Consequently, I was quite calm when the crowd on the street began to line up along the sidewalk, craning their necks and jabbering. I followed the direction of the eyes of these people and, to my surprise, saw the head of a huge elephant waving his trunk as he slowly came nearer. As I gazed, gradually the whole body of the animal came into view. To my astonishment, I saw a tiny midget sitting sedately on the red plush and gold-trimmed affair that adorned the back of the creature. My eyes told me that this person was Janie Klutz, but my intelligence would not let me believe it. Just then the Still Small Voice came to my rescue by whispering: "That's all right. Janie still intends to be a foreign missionary. She's merely joined the circus temporarily in order that she may learn something of the wild animals of the jungle before she goes to Africa." Satisfied with the explanation, I resolved to question fate no further. Behind the elephant in the parade came zebras, lions and panthers in gilded cages. Hooray, a "sure-'nuff circus"! Joe Causey, in semi-military khaki, stood with a camera on one side of the street and took pictures of the parade for the movies. Dainty, spotted, cream-and-white ponies pranced along to the music of the steam piano. Elizabeth Smith and Mary Haynes, dressed in simple, fluffy, pink-spangled gauze, posed daringly on their big toes upon the backs of two of these animals. Elizabeth Davis rode with the lions—the wee, timid Elizabeth—in order that she might tame them if they should become wild or unmanageable; while the lovable, dignified Mary Bynum Paris, dressed in a clown suit, tried to ride a balking white mule, keeping the crowd in an uproar of laughter by her ridiculous antics. I was human. I could not help but follow such an interesting spectacle to its destination.

Accordingly, I joined the crowd and followed the parade to the circus grounds, there to see even more unusual sights. It was not long before I spied Lena Williams selling "hot dogs," and Sadie Somers running a shoot-the-negro-baby (three balls for a nickel) gambling machine. While visiting the side shows, I found that the Greek goddess, Mary Foust, daughter of our old college president, had become the "Wild Woman"; Lydia Farmer and Elsie Swindell, Siamese twins; and Marie Richards an acrobat. I saw Ethel Boyte exhibiting the largest frogs in captivity (raised scientifically), and also Cornelia Jones and Rachel Haynes running a successful bowling alley. As I chased about the grounds, I accidentally ran into Sybil Barrington. She had a notebook and pencil in her had, and told me that she was a reporter on *Miller's Times* at present, having been discharged a few days before from *Cherry's Sun*. Then she gave me a copy of both papers, and I stuffed them into my pocket, continuing the absorbing process of drinking pink lemonade. At last I became tired of the circus and decided to go back to the city and rest.

As I was dragging my feet wearily along the dusty road, Bessie May Walker passed by me, driving a jitney, accompanied by Elsie Yarborough. They gave me a lift, and we proceeded to talk over old times. Elsie said she had married a baseball player and had procured a divorce. (She added that she had not yet decided whom she would marry next.) They told me that Nell Fleming was a dress designer; Edith Laidlaw a stenographer; Marjorie Mendenhall a landscape gardener; Marie Kinard a Wall Street financier; Elizabeth McLean a kindergarten teacher; and Katherine McLean a "Traveler's Aid Woman" in the City of Service.

About this time we had come to "Pharr's Drug Store" in the city, and I thanked my old friends for their bumpy ride, telling them that I thought I would go in and get me something to drink while I read the papers Sybil Barrington had given me. The first thing that I noticed after I had settled myself down to digest the news while sipping a Coca-Cola was that Marguerite Jenkins had made her first appearance in the Metropolitan Opera House. Reading further in the Art Column, I also learned that Mary Fulton had gone abroad to study music, and that Elsilene Felton had been fined two thousand dollars, while attempting to perform on a piano in Paris, because of injuries to the instrument and to the public-at-large, due to the Samson-like strength of Miss Felton, developed while taking music at the North Carolina College. I was also glad to learn that Natalie Coffey had become a second Petrova, and that Ethel Icard and Rachel Clifford had won fame, the first by a lecture called the "Etomology of Flea Culture in Ancient Rome," and the second by a book called "An Appreciation of the Spinspangolian Poetry." I found interesting information in other columns than this, one thing being a plea of Marie Kendall's for money to buy calico dresses and overalls for the two hundred orphans she was caring for; another thing being a picture of Carrie Tabor taken *a la* Irene Castle, with some opinions of hers regarding dress underneath; while still another thing was an advertisement of LaRue McLawhorn's florist shop, wherein she made a specialty of cultivating "Sweet Williams." That Josephine Hopkins was doing reconstruction work in Belgium; that Hazel West had joined the I. W. W.'s in Montana; and that Lutie Stevenson was running a free lunch counter in Canada, were enlightening bits of information also. But the one thing that impressed me most in both the *Times* of Miller's and the *Sun* of Cherry's was the political gossip regarding the next candidates for the presidency—Mary Kincaid and Veritas Sanders—the slogan of each party being "She's the very girl for the place."

Just then I was interrupted by a slap on the back. I looked around, recognized Isabel Adrey after a few seconds, and shook hands wtih her. She sat down and I asked her to have a "dope on me." She did so and before long began to tell me about herself. Her story was one of single bliss. She had become a fine country doctor and was practicing around the City of Service, seeing and being with many of our former classmates. Juanita Kesler, she said, had invented an absolutely painless method of

washing dishes and was selling her instrument to thousands of people. Dr. Adrey added that she often ran into Juanita giving a demonstration, or Jessie Rankin trying to sell books. The last articles were written by Rouss Hayes, who had followed in the illustrious footsteps of the man of that name and had written many sociology and history books, but had surpassed her model in that she had illustrated her works with many cuts left over from the annual. Hattie and Pearl Wilson were becoming rich, the good old doctor then informed me, by being twin auctioneers; and Margaret Lawrence was also very successful in running a large farm, employing nothing but women as laborers. Mamie Speas had realized the height of her ambition—to run an up-to-date dairy. Aline Hicks had married a millionaire and had an elegant suburban home. This lady, Dr. Adrey said, had given much of her wealth to the County Home, run by Katie King, in which two of the inmates were Nannie Mae Tilley and Mary Winn Abernethy, who had lost all of their money from too frequent trips to the Little Store during their college days. Little Virginia Dare Braswell made an ideal country parson's wife, and Jimmie Jones, as Director of Dormitories in a small boarding school, was one to be feared with her immense amount of dignity. Mary Benton carried the government mail between several small villages around the city, my old friend added with a grandiloquent air. Then she pulled out several pamphlets from her pocket and told me that these were given to her by Lucile Dowd, who was then engaged in inspecting school children to determine whether they were adenoid, tuberculosis, or hookworm patients. The next information given out by this old gossip lover was that Myra Stone was working in a Jew's store, Helen Askew had joined the gypsies, and Ruth Heilig was doing her duty as the county sheriff. But the most startling fact of all came next. Mildred Mendenhall had become a world-famed detective since her skill had been shown in unraveling the mystery that had baffled experts for years concerning the disappearance of the pension money given to a great number of old maid school teachers who had taught for at least twenty years. The unfortunate ones were Julia West, Ida Owens, Mary Alderman, Mabel Boysworth, Carrie Burton, Annie Campbell, Fay Martin, Christine Sloan, Winnie Smith, Agnes Steele, Grace Frazier, Lela Harper, Annie Preston Heilig, Terrene Holleman, Laura Howard, and Lucy Vickery; and the guilty ones who had been at last discovered taking the money were our former Y. W. C. A. president, Patte Jordan, and our former Student Government president, Lois Wilson!

Suddenly an idea came into Dr. Adrey's head. "And what are you?" she blurted out.

Then I replied majestically: "I am the Rev. K. L. Willis, A.B., M.A., B.M., D.D.,, Ph.D., LL.D., D.D.S., R.S.V.P. I am an excellent preacher! Heredity made me an excellent preacher, if nothing else; my father is a preacher; my grandfather is a preacher; my uncle is a preacher; my great-uncle is a preacher; my cousins are preachers. I am good myself, and do the world much good. At present I am running a world-wide campaign against the use of Coca-Cola—even to relieve fatigue."

"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall," whispered the Wee Small Voice in my ear.

Just then, with a heavy thud, I awoke to find myself lying on the floor, aching in every joint. I gazed wonderingly around me. Books to the right of me; books to the left of me—a World of Service. Then, glancing at the table, I spied a wicked-looking half-filled Coca-Cola bottle, and I whispered, "Never more."

WE SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

WE SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

WE SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

WE SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

WE SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

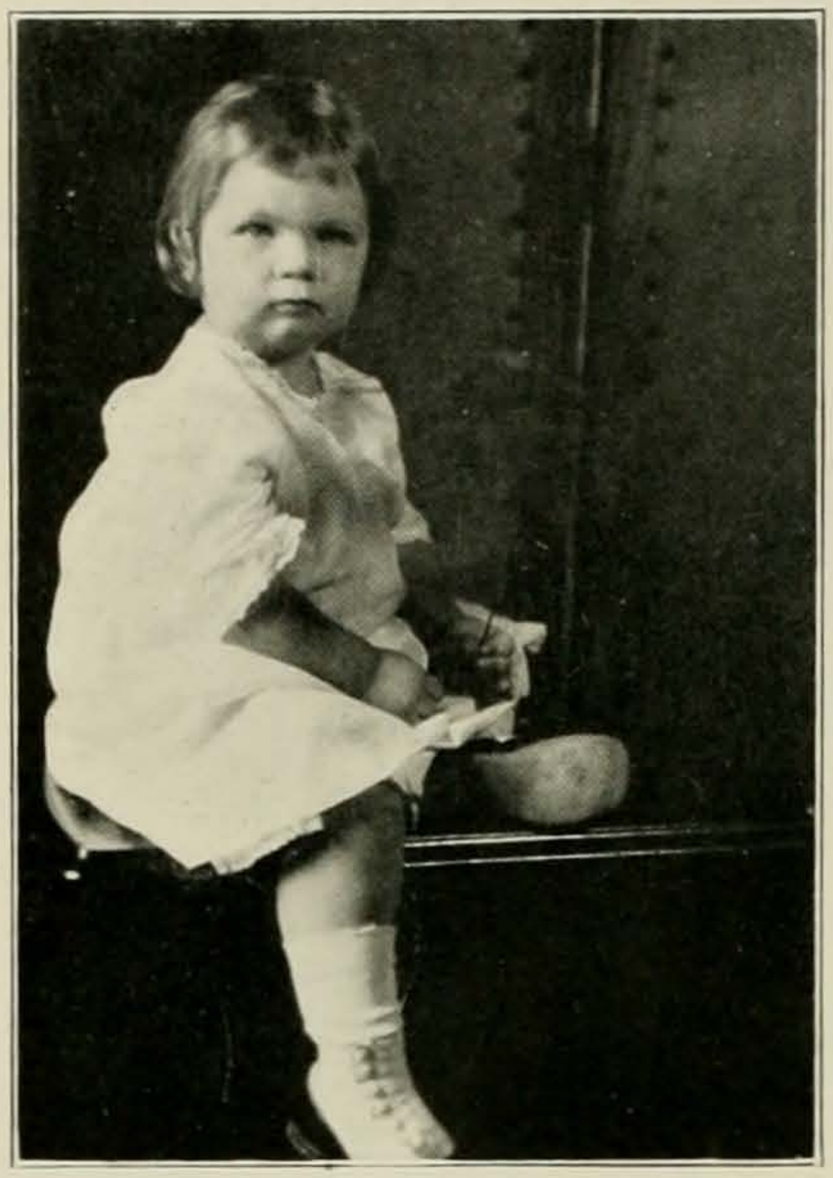
WE SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

Mary Blair
JUNIORS

Pine Needles 1920

Colors: Blue and White

Motto: Onward



LILLIAN JACKSON, *Class Mascot*

Class Song

Come, let us sing to White and Blue,
In these and other days—
A song of deep fidelity,
Of grateful love and praise.
For while the class of twenty-one
Goes "Onward" strong and true,
No lower standards will we own
Than those of White and Blue.

The ideals we love are these—
To these we'll all be true—
To Justice, Truth and Purity,
Because of White and Blue.
And then for Alma Mater dear
A servant each may be,
By giving always, everywhere,
Great love and sympathy.

And so may we for colours twain,
For class and college, too,
Move "Onward," striving ne'er in vain
The noblest thing to do.
For Justice, Truth and Purity
Our banner floats above,
Uniting all who follow her
In sympathy and love.

Flower: Sweet Pea

Tree: The Beech

Junior Class Officers

Fall Term

RUTH WINSLOW . . . . . *President*
CLYDE WRIGHT . . . . . *Vice-President*
JENNIE MANN CLARK . . . . . *Secretary*
RUTH VICK . . . . . *Treasurer*
MARY WOOTEN . . . . . *Critic*

Spring Term

VIRGINIA DAVIS . . . . . *President*
BERTIE LEE WHITESIDE . . . . . *Vice-President*
CARRIE BELL ROSS . . . . . *Secretary*
MARY NIXON . . . . . *Treasurer*
FLOSSIE FOSTER . . . . . *Critic*

Junior Class

MILDRED BARRINGTON . . . . . *Adelphian*
Raleigh, N. C.

ELIZABETH BLACK . . . . . *Cornelian*
Concord, N. C.

FRANCES BLACK . . . . . *Cernelian*
Norfolk, Va.

MARY H. BLAIR . . . . . *Cornelian*
Cape May, N. J.

VIVA BORDEAUX . . . . . *Adelphia*
Ivanhoe, N. C.

LOTTIE BURNSIDES . . . . . *Adelphian*
Pomona, N. C.

CAROLYN CLARKE . . . . . *Cornelian*
Middletown, N. C.

JENNIE MANN CLARKE . . . . . *Cornelian*
Middletown, N. C.

Junior Class

ANNIE CUMMINGS . . . . . *Adelphian*
Reidsville, N. C.

MARION BRUCE DANIEL . . . . . *Adelphian*
Fork Union, Va.

VIRGINIA DAVIS . . . . . *Adelphia*
Greensboro, N. C.

EDNA EVANS . . . . . *Adelphian*
Manteo, N. C.

FLOSSIE FOSTER . . . . . *Adelphian*
Salisbury, N. C.

HATTIE FOX . . . . . *Cornelian*
Hickory, N. C.

ANN FULTON . . . . . *Cornelian*
Walnut Cove, N. C.

THELMA GIBSON . . . . . *Cornelian*
Laurinburg, N. C.

Junior Class

ESSIE GLASS . . . . . *Cornelian*
Morganton, N. C.

PAULINE GREEN . . . . . *Adelphian*
Northside, N. C.

BLANCHE GRIGG . . . . . *Cornelian*
Gastonia, N. C.

PANTHA HARRELSON . . . . . *Cornelian*
Cherryville, N. C.

NELLE HARRY . . . . . *Cornelian*
Harrisburg, N. C.

EVELYN HODGES . . . . . *Adelphian*
Greenville, N. C.

KATHLEEN HUNTLEY . . . . . *Adelphian*
Wadesboro, N. C.

MARY JACKSON . . . . . *Adelphian*
Greensboro, N. C.

Junior Class

MATILDA JONES . . . . . *Cornelian*
Fremont, N. C.

WILLIE LOU JORDAN . . . . . *Adelphian*
Hendersonville, N. C.

LENA KERNODLE . . . . . *Adelphian*
Washington, D. C.

ANNIE LAMBE . . . . . *Cornelian*
Siler City, N. C.

RUTH LINEBERGER . . . . . *Cornelian*
Gastonia, N. C.

EUNICE MCADAMS . . . . . *Cornelian*
Salisbury, N. C.

ISABEL MCDOWELL . . . . . *Adelphian*
Waynesville, N. C.

LULA MARTIN MCIVER . . . . . *Dikean*
Greensboro, N. C.

Junior Class

KATHERINE MILLSAPS . . . . . *Cornelian*
Statesville, N. C.

HORTENSE MOSELEY . . . . . *Cornelian*
Kinston, N. C.

KATHLEEN MOSELEY . . . . . *Cornelian*
Kinston, N. C.

SADIE MOYLE . . . . . *Adelphian*
Salisbury, N. C.

GLADYS NEWMAN . . . . . *Cornelian*
Clinton, N. C.

MARY NIXON . . . . . *Cornelian*
Hertford, N. C.

REID PARKER . . . . . *Adelphian*
Folkland, N. C.

LILLIE PARRISH . . . . . *Adelphian*
Ashboro, N. C.

Junior Class

VERA PASCHAL . . . . . *Dikean*
Silver City, N. C.

MAUDE PIERCE . . . . . *Adelphian*
Hallsboro, N. C.

BLANCHE PLOTT . . . . . *Cornelian*
St. Pauls, N. C.

SARAH POOLE . . . . . *Cornelian*
Greensboro, N. C.

LULA RANKIN . . . . . *Cornelian*
Gastonia, N. C.

MINNIE RODWELL . . . . . *Cornelian*
Marion, N. C.

CARRIE BELL ROSS . . . . . *Adelphian*
Ayden, N. C.

ALINE SAUNDERS . . . . . *Adelphian*
Wilmington, N. C.

Junior Class

ELIZABETH O. SMITH . . . . . *Adelphian*
Greensboro, N. C.

PAULINE STONE . . . . . *Cornelian*
Denton, N. C.

MARGARET STROUD . . . . . *Dikean*
Greensboro, N. C.

RUTH VICK . . . . . *Cornelian*
Macon, N. C.

VERA WARD . . . . . *Adelphian*
Lake Junaluska, N. C.

GLADYS WELLS . . . . . *Cornelian*
Clinton, N. C.

BERTIE LEE WHITESIDES . . . . . *Adelphian*
Gastonia, N. C.

GLADYS WHITLEY . . . . . *Adelphian*
Washington, N. C.

Junior Class

ANNIE BELLE WILLIAMS . . . . . *Cornelian*
Sanford, N. C.

GEORGIE WILLIAMSON . . . . . *Adelphian*
Parkton, N. C.

EVELYN WILSON . . . . . *Adelphian*
Dover, N. C.

MARGARET WILSON . . . . . *Cornelian*
Wilson's Mill, N. C.

RUTH WINSLOW . . . . . *Cornelian*
Elizabeth City, N. C.

MARY WOOTER . . . . . *Cornelian*
Goldsboro, N. C.

CLYDE WRIGHT . . . . . *Adelphian*
Ingold, N. C.

MARY STEARNS . . . . . *Cornelian*
Statesville, N. C.

ANABEL GRAHAM . . . . . *Cornelian*
Godwin, N. C.

"With this ring, I thee wed."

"Shoulder to Shoulder the way we stand"

"I Love you Truly."

"My Loves like a red, red rose"

"Daises wont tell"

Angel Roosters

We sell pretty things.

Anybody here seen Percy?

Big sisters & little sisters

Ray, ray. Rah, rah Farmerettes

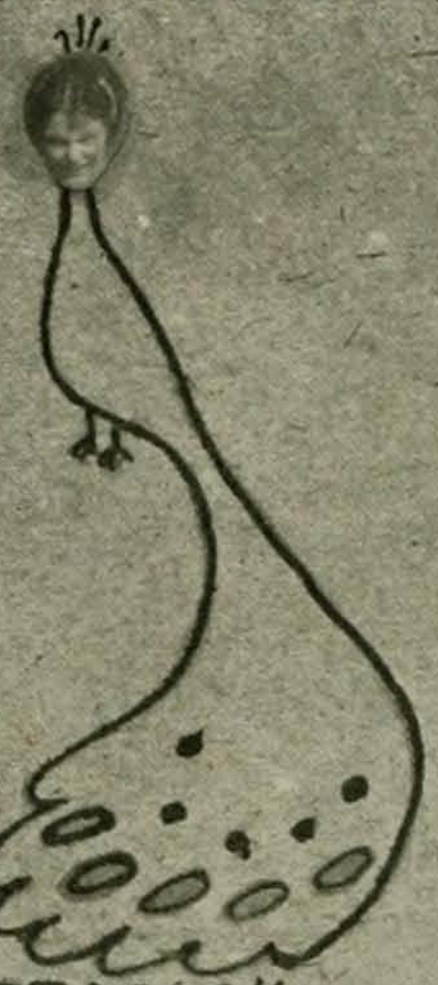
"SHOULDER TO SHOULDER"

JUNIORS
Nuff said
Awl You know not
Little store- Thursday afternoon
Hail to the chief
Now isn't that just like Lena
Hail, hail, The gangs all here
All in the family.

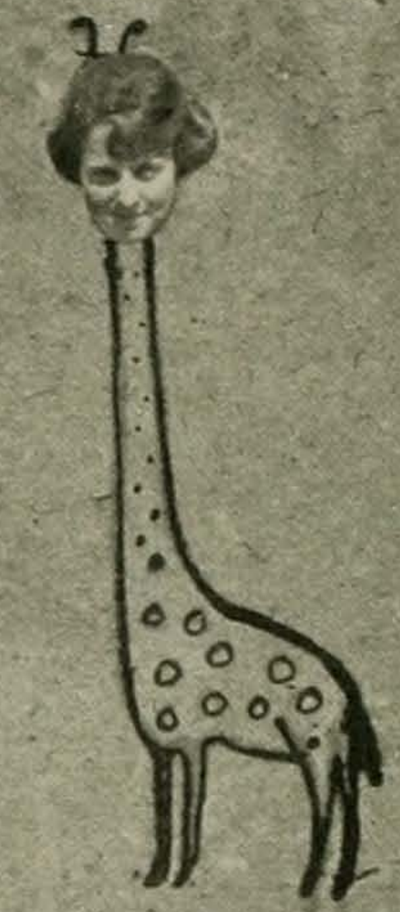
"'NUF SAID"

The Junior Zoo

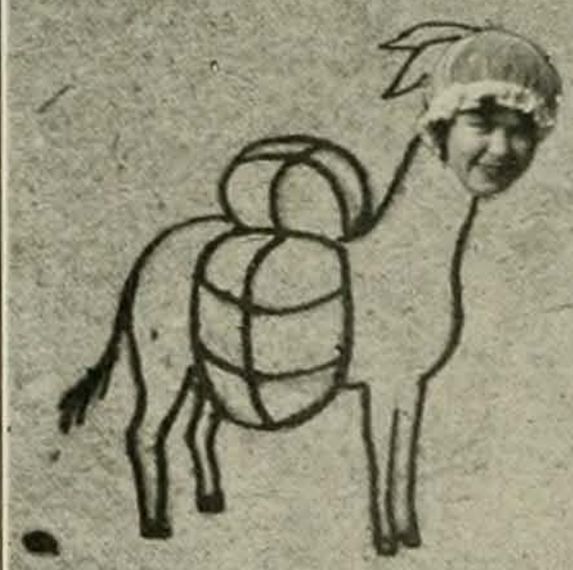
MONKEY
BLANCHE PLOTT



PEACOCK
L.M. McIVER



GIRAFFE
SADIE MOYLE



BEAST OF BURDEN
MARY BLAIR

MAGPIE
CAROLYN CLARK

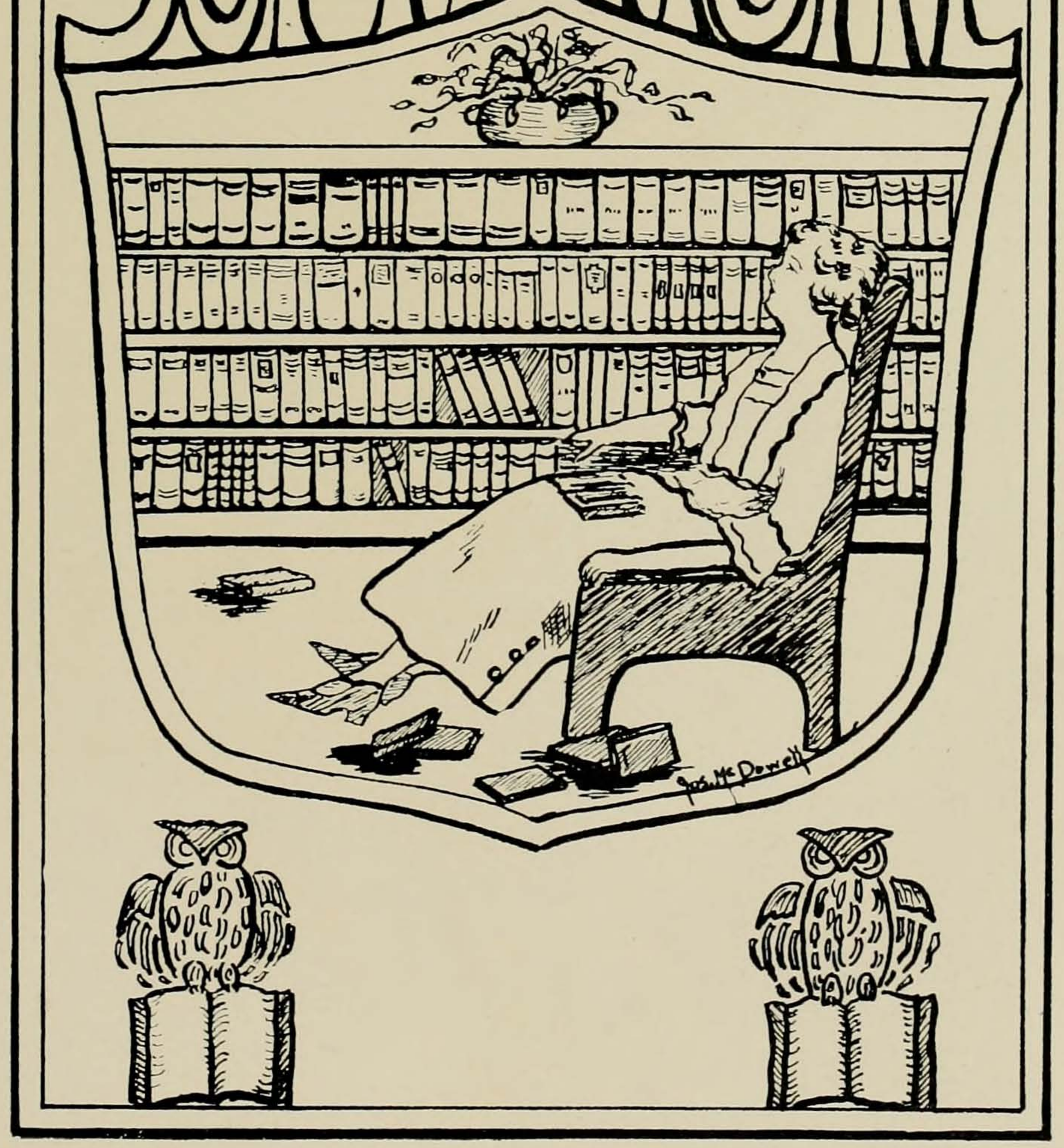
FOX
RUTH WINSLOW

SNAIL
B.L. WHITESIDES

OWL
GLADYS WELLS

KITTEN
MARY NIXON

SOPHOMORE



SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

Sophomore Class

Motto: Conquer

Colors: Green and White *Flower:* White Rose

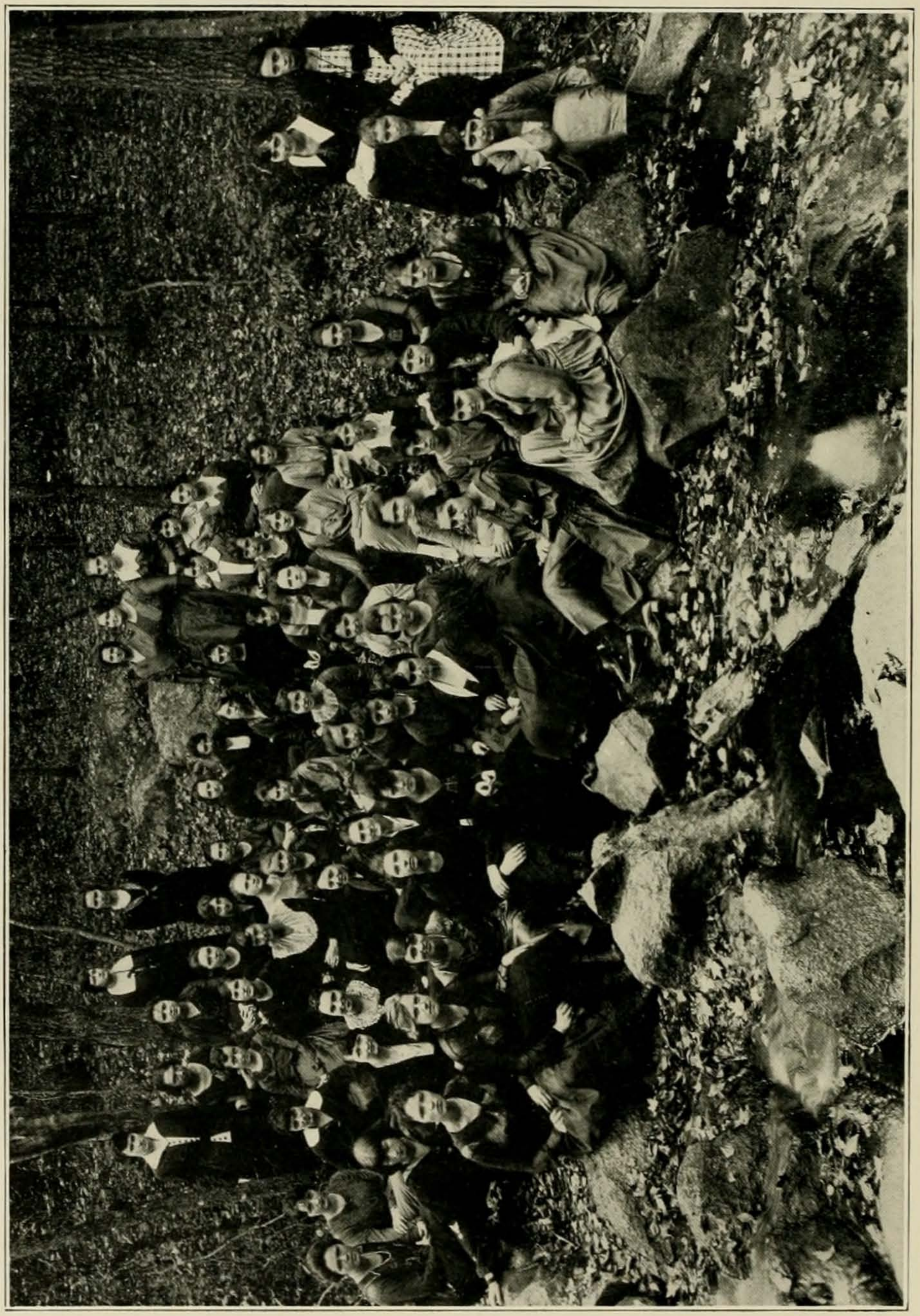
Class Song

In every thought, in every deed,
Working for the right,
"Conquer" be thy noble creed,
Oh, Class of Green and White.
In foreign land, 'neath distant sun,
Wherever we may stray,
Until our work on earth be done
The world will hear us say:

CHORUS

Striving ever upward
To all our visions true;
Our hearts we pledge, our loyalty,
To thee, oh, twenty-two.

What though our tasks be great or small,
We will do our best,
Until we've answered duty's call
Not one of us shall rest.
And in the tasks that we must face
At home or when abroad,
We'll scorn all thoughts that might debase,
And work with one accord.



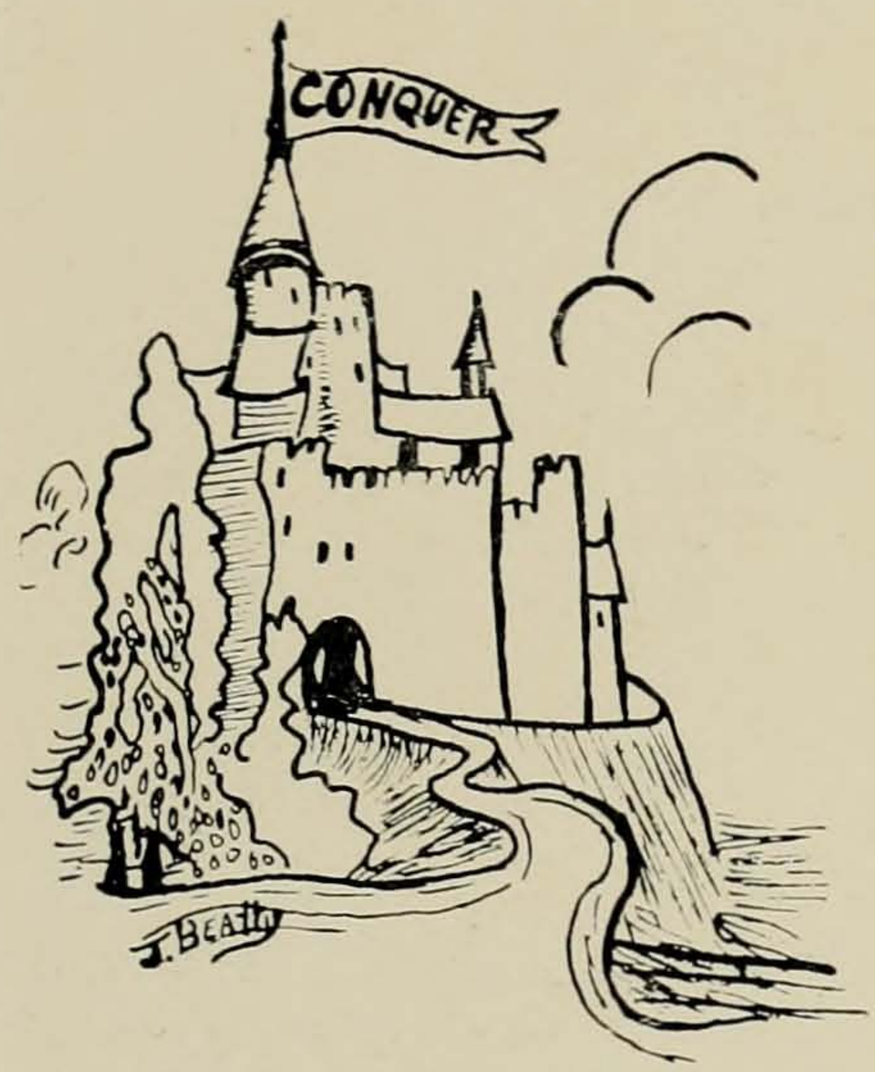
THE CLASS OF TWENTY-TWO

Sophomore Class

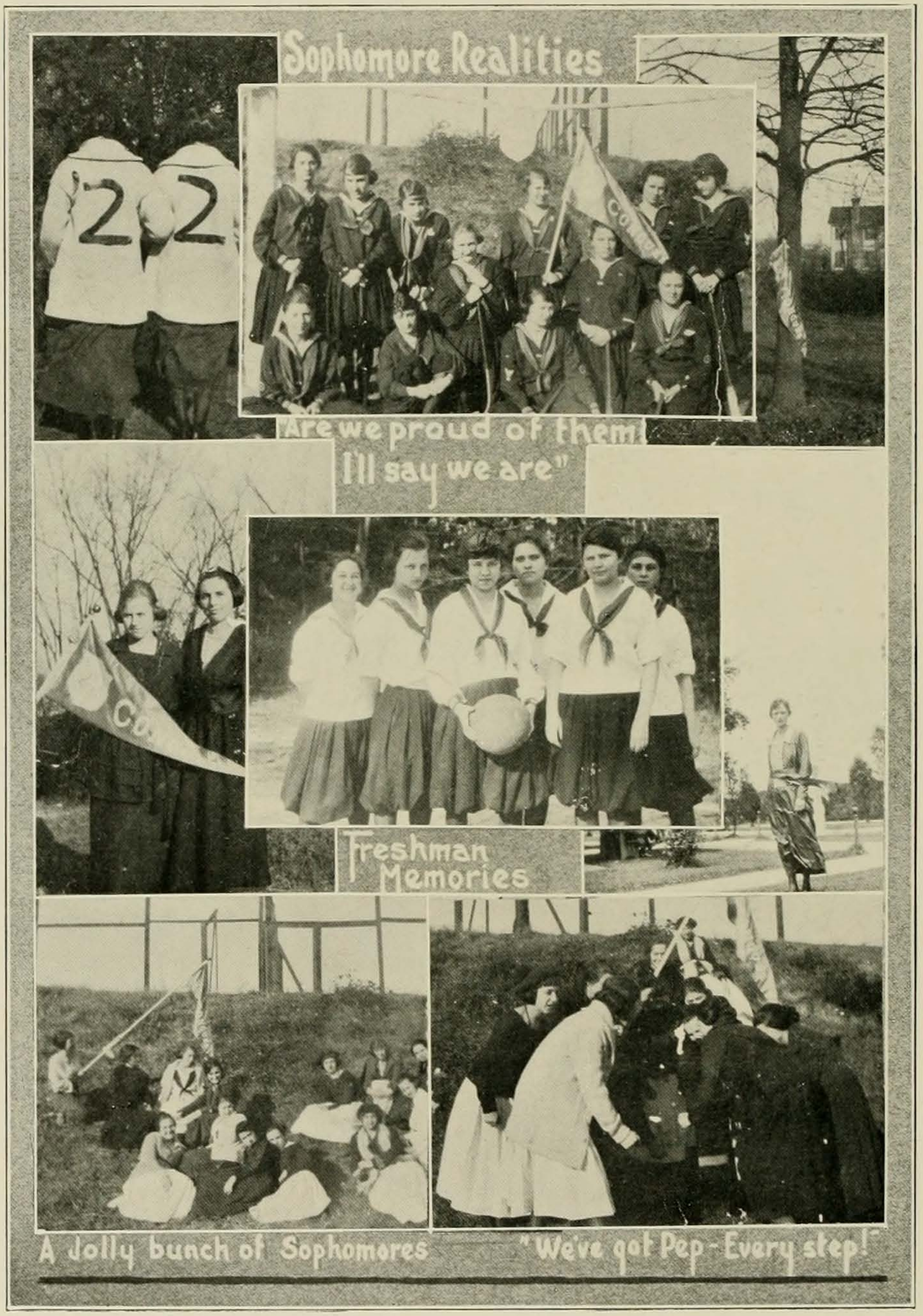
Members

Arminta Aderhalt . . . Lexington, N. C.
Lois Albright . . . . . Burlington, N. C.
Lucretia Ashby . . . . Mt. Airy, N. C.
Muriel Barnes . . . . Greensboro, N. C.
Jane Beatty . . . . . Ivanho, N. C.
Rachel Barwick . . . . . Grifton, N. C.
Carey Batchelar . . . Warrenton, N. C.
Jessie Baxley . . . . . Gibson, N. C.
Lillian Belk . . . . Union Mills, N. C.
Eldah Bell . . . . . Pilot Mountain N. C.
Mary Louise Bender . Jacksonville, N. C.
Margaret Blair . . . . Charlotte, N. C.
Marie Bontiz . . . . Wilmington, N. C.
Martha Bradley . . . . Gastonia, N. C.
Clara Bramley . . . . Gastonia, N. C.
Mattie Brite . . . . Elizabeth City, N. C.
Hildegrade Brock . . . . Trenton, N. C.
Sadie Bell Brown . . . . Tarhoro, N. C.
Mildred Burch . . . . Greensboro, N. C.
Ethel Bynum . . . . . Farmville, N. C.
Agnes Cannady . . . . . Oxford, N. C.
Sarah Cannady . . . . . Oxford, N. C.
Anne Cantrell . . . . . Winston, N. C.
Mabel Carpenter . . . . Durham, N. C.
Olive Chandley . . . . Greensboro, N. C.
Helen Cozart . . . . . Oxford, N. C.
Helen Creasy . . . . Wilmington, N. C.
Cathryn Cross . . . . Gatesville, N. C.
Elma Crutchfield . . . Reidsville, N. C.
Edith Cunningham . . . Franklin, N. C.
Charlotte Daughety . . . Kinston, N. C.
Florine Davenport . . . Columbia, N. C.
Annie Pearl Dobbins . Yadkinville, N. C.
Mabel Eure . . . . Wilmington, N. C.
Gussie Finch . . . . . Kittrell, N. C.
Hannah Fleetwood . . . Hertford, N. C.
Grace Forney . . . . . Greensboro, N. C.
Elizabeth Foust . . . . Greensboro, N. C.
Emeline Goforth . . . . . Lenoir, N. C.
Thelma Goforth . . . . Nealsville, N. C.
Connie Heafner . . . . . Crouse, N. C.
Margaret Heinsberger . Wilmington, N. C.
Agnes Henderson . . . Warrenton, N. C.
Ruth Higgins . . . . . Caroleen, N. C.
Ruby Hodgin . . . . . Greensboro, N. C.
Cleo Holloman . . . . . Cary, N. C.
Huldah Holloman . . Rich Square, N. C.
Lucy Hunter . . . . . Turkey, N. C.
Zelian Hunter . . . . Greensboro, N. C.
Mary John, ... Laurinburg, N. C.
Elizabeth Jones . . . . Charlotte, N. C.
Vera Keech . . . . . Tarboro, N. C.
Rena King . . . . . Princeton, N. C.
Ruth Kohn . . . . . Mt. Holly, N. C.
Lila Ward Koonce . . Wilmington, N. C.
Juanita Koontz . . . . Salisbury, N. C.
Henrietta Kornegay . . Mt. Olive, N. C.
Margaret Lane . . . . . Auburn, N. C.
Helen Leach . . . . . Franklin, N. C.
Mary Katherine Liles . . . Morven, N. C.
Louise Loetsch . . . Washington, D. C.
May McArn . . . . . Laurinburg, N. C.
Joscelyn McDowell . Waynesville, N. C.
Lucille Mason . . . . Aberdeen, N. C.
Kate Mitchell . . . . Mt. Airy, N. C.
Hazel Mizelle . . . Robersonville, N. C.
Irene Perkins . . . . . Greensboro, N. C
Virginia Postles . . . Washington, D. C.
Branson Price . . . . . Madison, N. C.
Mildred Price . . . . . Madison, N. C.
Zula Ray . . . . . Franklin, N. C.
Dixie Reid . . . . . Rutherfordton, N. C.
Sadie Rhodes . . . . . Newbern, N. C.
Hazel Rogers . . . . . Franklin, N. C.
Laura Jo Roland . . . Burnsville, N. C.
Joyce Rudisill . . . . . Crouse, N. C
Eva Lee Sink . . . . Thomasville, N. C.
Sarah Smith . . . . . Laurinburg, N. C.
Virginia Smoot . . . . Concord, N. C.
Julia Mae Southerland . Goldsboro, N. C.
Mabel Stamper . . . Mt. Pleasant, N. C.
Elizabeth Stanford . . . . . Teer, N. C.
Agnes Stout . . . . . Burlington, N. C.
Ruth Teachey . . . . . Reidsville N. C.
Florence Till . . . . . Tampa, Fla.
Virginia Tinsley . . . . Stoneville, N. C.
Sallie Tucker . . . . Winterville, N. C.
Jinsie Underwood . . Waynesville, N. C.
Fleta Wallace . . . . . Star, N. C.
Myrtle Warren . . . . Gastonia, N. C.
Josephine Weaver . . . Lexington, N. C.
Mary Sue Weaver . . . Franklin, N. C.
Foda White . . . . . Alin, N. C.
Kate Whitley . . . . . Infield, N. C.
Katherine Yoder . . . Linville City, N. C.

NEW GIRL MASQUERADE



Here on these pages,
lifeless, unfeeling,
Leave we the record
of our joys, our trials
Leave it yet know full
well that the leaving
Can last but a while-
but a month, or a day
So grasp we now firmly our glorious banner
Our banner wrought of white and green.
Unfurl it, reveal our pregnant motto
Our slogan, our watch word, "Conquer," our
dream
Round this great thought, build we our castles
Build we our castles of fancy, of fiction,
Feel they must grow, our life must complete them
Make them rich with spiritual grace;
Feel that the members of Twenty Two's class
Will uphold their symbol, conquer all evils,
Until with the vision of ideals completed
They leave this world for perfect peace.
M.D.C.



SOPH. REALITIES

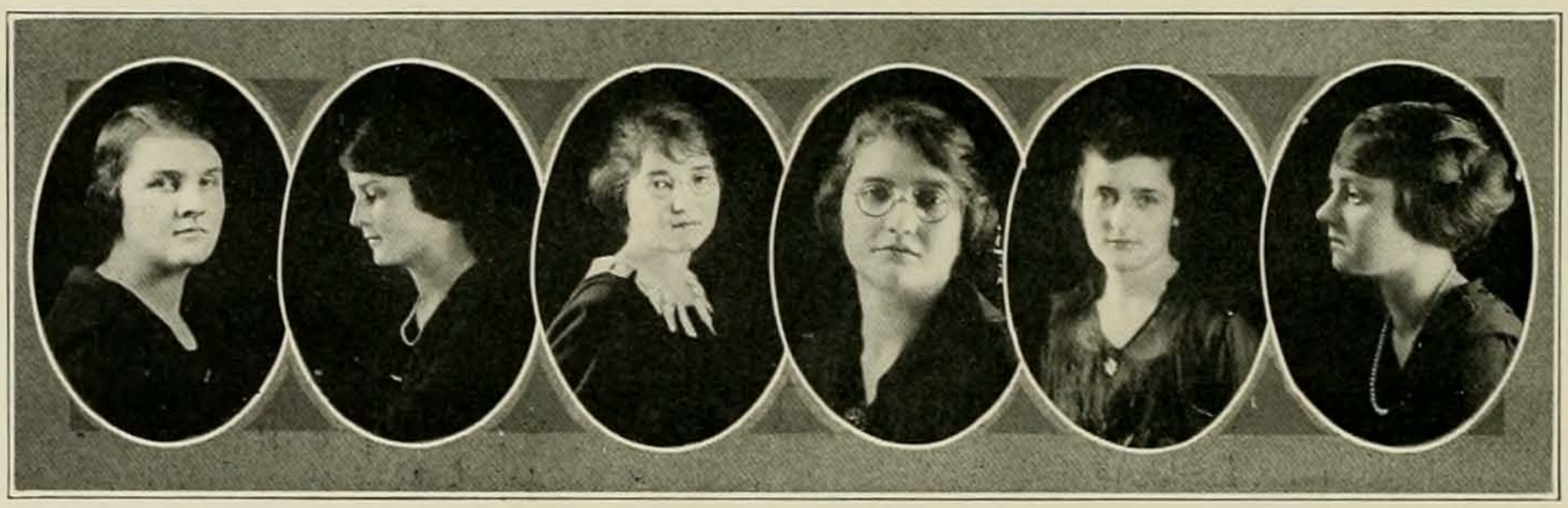
FRESHMEN

Freshman Class Officers

First Term

Margaret Murray	*President*
Elizabeth Lindsay	*Vice-President*
Omah Williams	*Secretary*
Florence Way	*Treasurer*
Helen Warren	*Critic*
Maitland Sadler	*Monitor*

Second Term



Mary Sue Beam	*President*
Josephine Jenkins	*Vice-President*
Virginia Harris	*Secretary*
Virginia Wood	*Treasurer*
Frances Watson	*Critic*
Cliffie Williams	*Monitor*

Freshman Class

Motto: Courage
Colors: Red and White
Flower: Red Rose

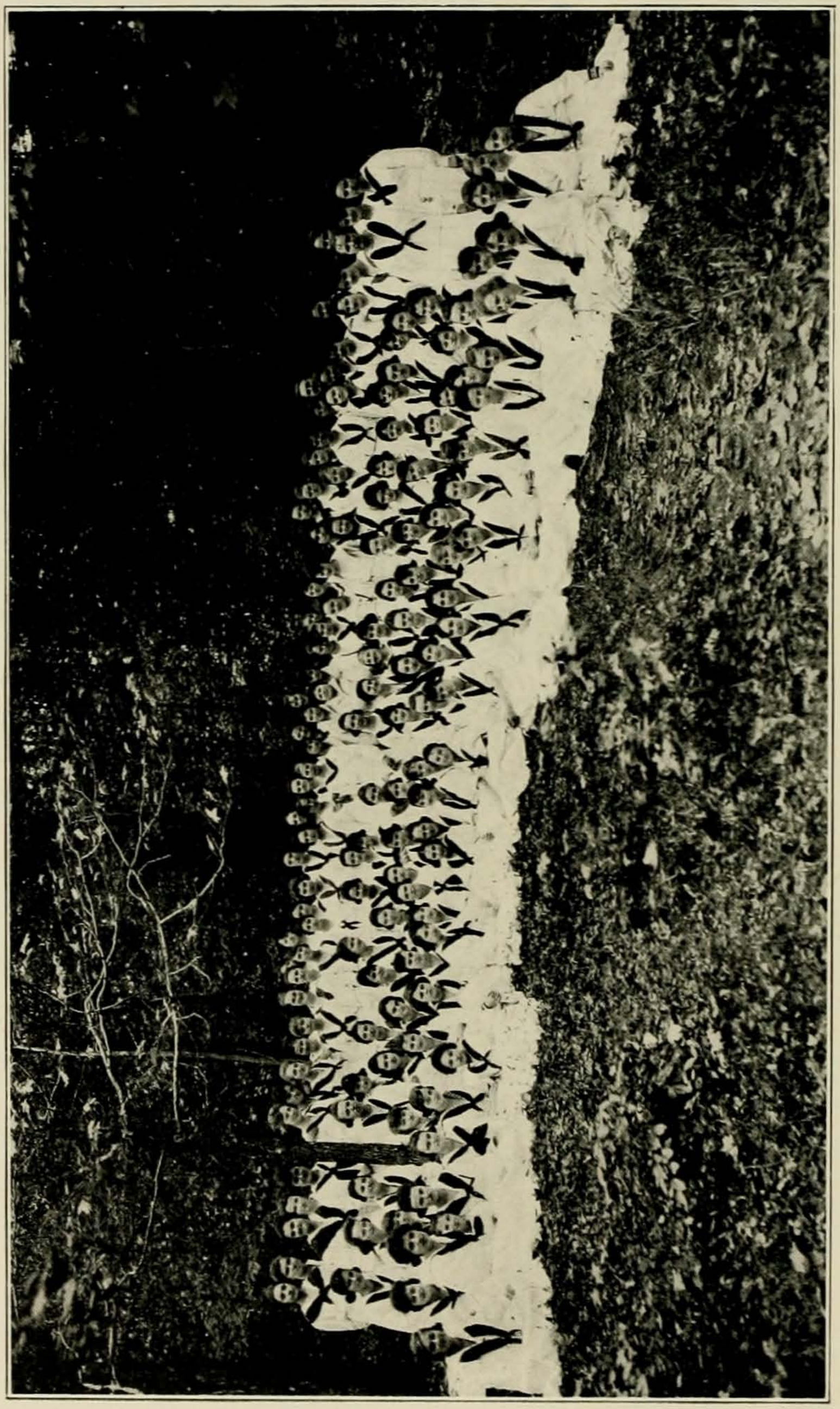
College Song

Joyfully we hail thee, O Class of Red and White,
And may we ever strive to keep thee in the right;
May we be always staunch and true,
As our dear red rose bids us do. Let us lift our voices strong and clear.

CHORUS

Let us lift our voices strong and clear
To tell of progress day by day;
Our motto, *Courage*, leads us on;
Hope gilds the future's way.
And dear old '23, we raise our voices to thee;
We pledge our trust, our love, and our loyalty;
We give our life, our all, to the honor of thy name,
And ever in the future years our hearts will be the same.

ANTOINETTE PARKER WIRTH



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class

Members

Abernethy, Clarissa
Adams, Ethel
Albright, Elizabeth
Albright, Grace
Allison, Sarah
Allison, Zella May
Alspaugh, Christine
Alspaugh, Emo
Angel, Ola
Armstrong, Mary
Ayers, Vera
Bardwell, Dorothy
Bass, Tempie
Batts, Elizabeth
Baysden, Ruth
Beam, Mary Sue
Beaty, Bertie
Bedell, Margaret
Belion, Jessie
Biggs, Addie
Black, Gladys
Blanchard, Virginia
Blevins, Clara
Boney, Allie Hill
Boseman, Mary
Bostian, Elizabeth
Bradshaw, Julia
Brake, Beulah
Briggs, Thelma
Brittain, Carrie
Brooks, Annette
Brooks, Frances
Brooks, Mary Alyce
Brown, Charlotte
Buerbaum, Elizabeth
Bundy, Maude
Burchette, Mavis
Burns, Mary
Caldwell, Collina
Caldwell, Irene
Calvert, Martha
Cardwell, Ida
Carmon, Fannie
Chandley, Helen
Clark, Carrie
Clement, Dorothy
Cockerham, Estelle
Cole, Minnie
Collier, Elizabeth
Collins, Sallie Lee
Craig, Nellie
Craven, Clara S.
Cross, Mildred
Culbreth, Ruth
Dallas, Ruby
Dancey, Carrie
Davidson, Fannie
Davis, Lillian
Deans, Hattie
Dixon, Joy
Drew, Bertha
Durham, Gertrude
Earle, Alva
Edwards, Virginia
Elliott, Alice
Ervin, Sue
Ervin, Vera
Evans, Mabel
Ferree, Helen
Fleming, Ethel
Fulton, Elizabeth
Fulton, Pearl
Gabriel, Mary
Garner, Irene
Gaston, Katherine
Gill, Julia B.
Goodman, Mavis
Goodwin, Rachel
Gordon, Nannie
Gray, Eugenia
Greene, Maggie Belle
Gregg, Katherine
Haigler, Sue
Hairston, Lou
Harper, Elma
Harper, Sara
Harper, Thelma
Harrell, Eleanor
Harrell, Ruth
Harris, Eva
Harris, Rubie
Harris, Virginia
Harrison, Sara
Hauser, Lillian
Hawkins, Bernard
Headen, Luta
Hepler, Mabel
Herman, Grace
Herring, Mary V.
Hill, Eleanor
Hodges, Eva
Holden, Esther
Holleman, Dare
Holmes, Carrie Mae
Holton, Elizabeth
Hoyle, Jessie
Hudnell, Helene
Hudnell, Mayfield
Humphrey, Kathryn
Humphrey, Margie
Hunt, Satie
Iseley, Mitylene
Ivey, Rachel
Jenkins, Josephine
Jessup, Lola
Johnson, Annie
Johnson, Bertha
Johnson, Katherine
Johnston, Helen
Jones, Agnes
Jones, Helen
Jordan, Malona
Kanipe, Bulah
Kearns, Lillie D.
Kersey, Dorothy
Kincaid, Sarah
Kirkman, Florence
Kirkman, Mary
Kirkpatrick, Wilma
Kiser, Alna Loue
Kittrell, Mary Ellen
Knight, Pearl
Kornegay, Louise
Kornegay, Mary E.
Landon, Catherine
Lattimore, Matilda
Leary, Elizabeth
Leary, Florrie

Leary, Kathleen
Lee, Elizabeth
Lewis, Amy
Lindsay, Elizabeth
Little, Emma
Locke, Lucy
Loflin, Donna Lee
Long, Grace
Long, Mattie
Lovett, Lucy
Lucas, Pauline
Lupton, Mildred
McCain, Mary
McCracken, Beatrice
McDonald, Mary
McGhee, Esthelle
McIver, Janie
Mann, Eunice
Mann, Mildred
Markham, Sadie S.
Masemore, Ann L.
Matheson, Mollie
Matthews, Mae
Maynard, Bynum
Mebane, Margaret
Mellon, Mary L.
Midyette, Isabelle
Miller, Zelma
Mills, Thelma
Mitchell, Annie Maude
Mitchell, Beulah
Mitchell, Sudie
Moore, Eliza
Moore, Ida Belle
Moore, Pauline
Motsinger, Nell
Mulder, Allene
Murchison, Louine
Murphy, Edith
Murray, Alma
Murray, Margaret
Newton, Caroline
Noble, Ruby
Noland, Lura May
Norman, Oleta
O'Brien, Elizabeth
Parker, Foy
Parker, Iola
Parkin, Lucy
Parrish, Blanche
Parrott, Helen
Peacock, Mary T.
Pearce, Janie
Peeler, Della
Penn, May Belle
Penny, Lyda
Phelps, Elizabeth
Phelps, Pearle
Phillips, Flossie
Piatt, Josephine
Pope, Alice
Powell, Lavinia
Presson, Sarah
Pritchard, Bessie Lee
Pugh, Gladys
Redwine, Jessie
Reynolds, Ann Thorp
Rhyne, Maude
Roddick, Jean
Rodwell, Sallie
Rose, Jessie
Rowe, Marianne
Rudisill, Mabel
Sadler, Maitland
Sands, Edna Maie
Sapp, Mary A.
Scott, Blanche
Shearer, May
Sinclair, Lena
Sitison, Mae
Sloop, Lura Belle
Smith, Gertrude
Smith, Ona
Summers, Frances
Sossamon, Syretha
Sparger, Lillian
Spicer, Blanche
Stafford, Hazel
Stanfield, Irvin
Stanton, Mary Lee
Stem, Pauline
Stilwell, Mary
Stone, Grace
Strowd, Annie
Sugg, Mary
Sustare, Annie
Tate, Margaret
Taylor, Pearl
Terrell, Virginia
Thigpen, Elizabeth
Thigpen, Martha
Thompson, Alberta
Thompson, Nell
Tilley, Pearl
Tilley, Ruth
Townsend, Tessie
Trundle, Mary
Turner, Iris
Uzzell, Mildred
Uzzle, Elizabeth
Van Poole, Ruth
Vinson, Esther
Warren, Helen
Warren, Sarah
Washburn, Mary
Washburn, May
Waters, Irene
Watson, Challie
Watson, Frances
Watson, Hattie Bell
Watson, Mary Lee
Watts, Hessie
Way, Florence
Wells, Lydia
Wells, Rosa Lee
West, Susie
White, Martha
White, Mary E.
White, Sarah C.
Whitley, Lena
Whitley, Lizzie
Whittington, Margaret
Wiggins, Elizabeth
Williams, Cliffie
Williams, Gurtha
Williams, Louise
Williams, Margaret
Williams, Omah
Williams, Stella
Willis, Leah
Wilson, Florrie
Wilson, Jennie
Wilson, Lucy
Wilson, Sadie
Wood, Virginia
Woodley, Irene
Workman, Sallie
Worsley, Hazel
Wright, Marion
Yates, Annie Lee

Between You and Me and the Freshmen

SAY, friends, you know the Freshmen, don't you? Well, I thought you did. Couldn't help it? Well, I guess not. They know everybody. Got all the old girls' numbers, go to see them, make dates, cut up to beat the band. I'll say it's a great class! You know what Mr. Forney said? He said the Freshmen beat any class he had ever known for having smiles in their voices. Which reminds me—did you ever see such pep as they showed in attacking the food? Miss Brooks is in the last stages of nervous respiration over the fact that they're about to finish the liver supply. Object to getting up at 6:20? Well, I should say not. They believe that

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes little Freshmen Sophomore-wise.

All N. C. C. W. is divided into three parts—Adelphian, Cornelian, and Dikean. All three have been invaded by the Freshmen. Each is strong. The strongest of these is ——— (you ask the Freshmen).

The Freshmen are green; they turn red easily. Sometimes things look gray, they get black looks from the teachers, their test papers are spotlessly white, they feel blue, but there is not a yellow streak in 'em.

We're the Freshmen, that's what we are,
And we're a good class, too, we are;
Our precious time we do not waste,
And we meet all fears with a grin on the face.

We came to the place with a right good will,
We stuck at first, and we're sticking still,
We pull together like a bunch of ants,
We talk a heap, but we never say can't.

The upper classes envy us
Our joy, our happiness, our jolly fuss;
They talk about our fine big rep,
They marvel at our spunk and pep.

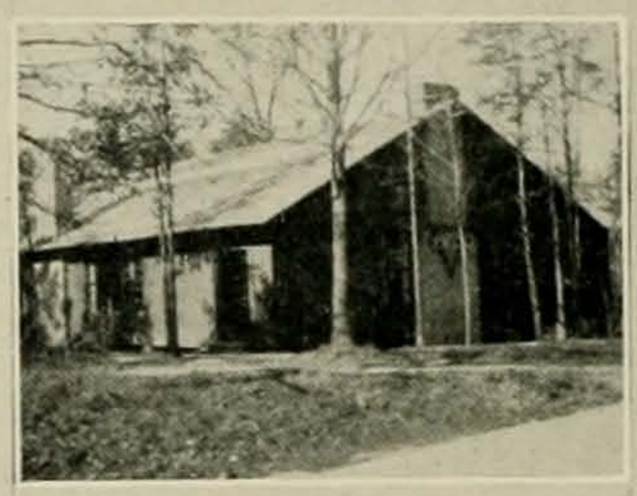
Everybody knows we're the Freshman Class,
You can tell us by our daring dash;
All the folks say, with a twinkling eye,
"Don't fret about them—they'll get there or die."

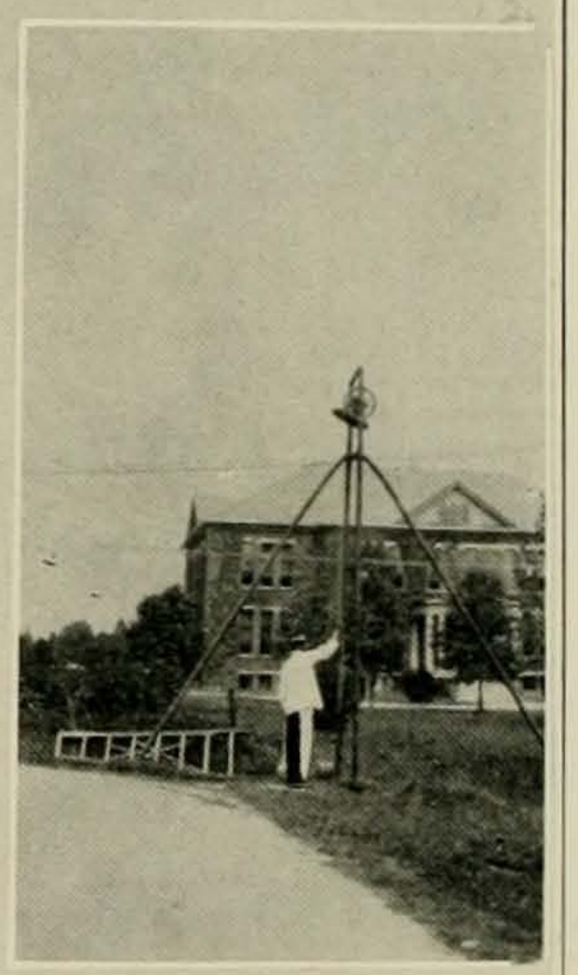
We were sent from home C. O. D., met by the Y. W. C. A., arrived at N. C. C. W., initiated by the A. A. and L. S., started in pursuit of A.B., B.S., B.M., shed buckets of H^2O the first night, rushed to the P. O. at break of day, wished we were at home P. D. Q., had a call from the C. F. D. in the middle of the second night, were seated at Z-26, and struck a stump on H. C. F. and L. C. M.—S. O. S.!

THE FRESHMEN.

Pine Needles 1920

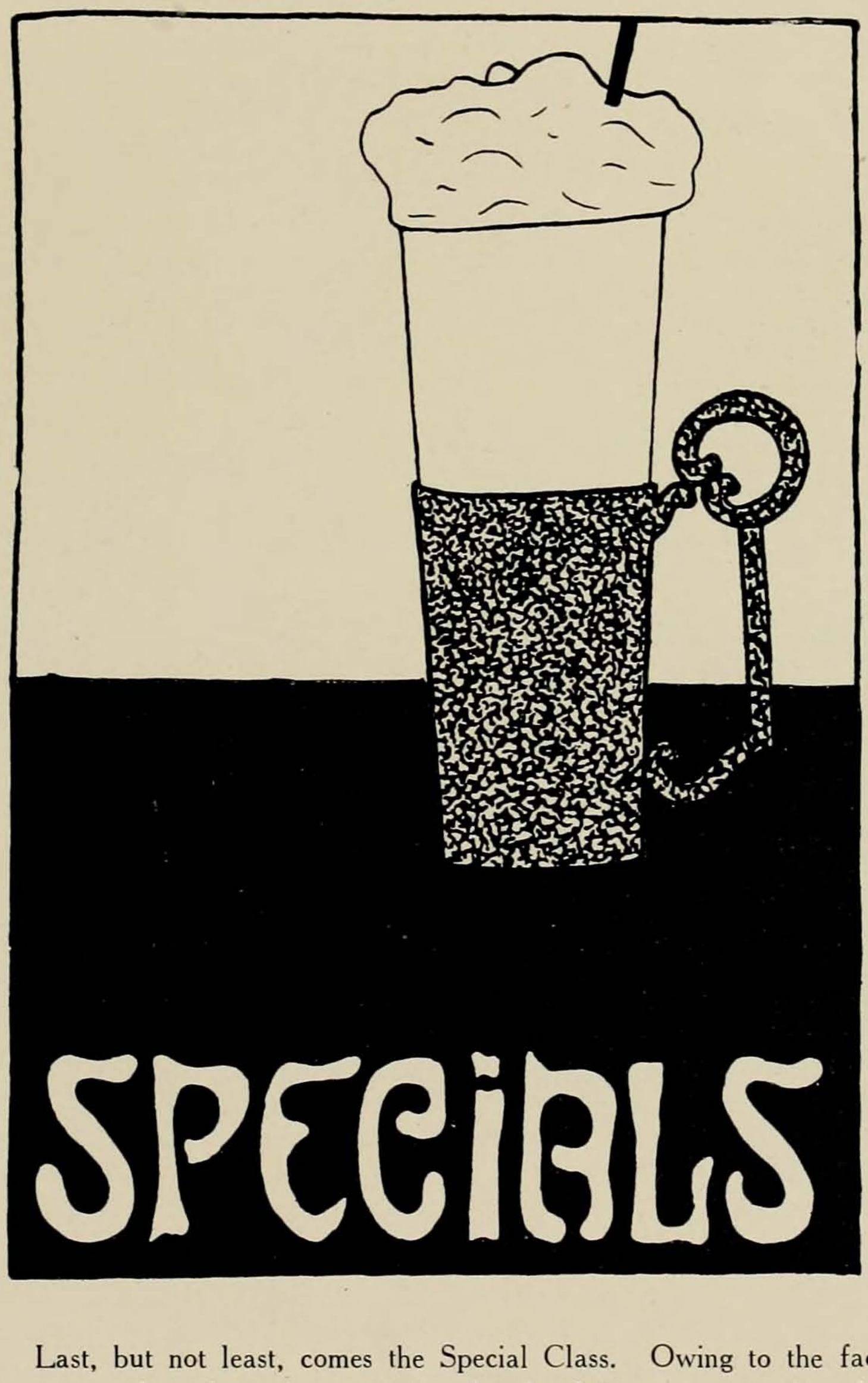
Freshman Males





Vital subjects with the Freshmen

Just a few of us.



Last, but not least, comes the Special Class. Owing to the fact that we are here for one year, it is rather hard for us to enter into the college activities with the same spirit as do the girls who are here for a longer time. But we are not lacking in spirit. Oh, no! There is as much pep to be found in the Special Class as in any other class on the campus, and as far as we are able to do so, in the limited time we are here, we make use of every opportunity to demonstrate our love and devotion to our Alma Mater. We have caught the spirit of college life and are entering with a vim into all of the activities that go to make up a broad, useful college life.

Special Class

Flower: Black-eyed Susan *Colors:* Black and Gold

Motto: To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield

Members

Sadie Alexander
Stella Anderson
Flora Ashe
Mary Armond
Annie Bird
Ethel Blackwelder
Inez Eliz Boyce
Grace Boyd
Lila Bell
Hazel Boyte
Gladys Brooks
Jaine Bullard
Marian Cary
Lucy Carter
Nell Chester
Eva Mae Clarke
Louise Coley
Kathleen Culbertson
Lucy Daniels
Clara Dunlap
Della Dobson
Eliza Ellis
Mary Ethel Fields
Margaret Flinton
Bonny D. Folgleman
Mona Fortesque
Janie Frank
Elma Gaffney
Louise Gaston
Anna Gary
Hazel Gillette
Mattie Hemphil
Cornie Henley
Annie Hall
Ada Eliz Hannah
Pattie Harper
Margaret Harris
Eula Francis Ennis
Thelma Hennis
Stella Henley
Cornelia Heiss
Margaret Hollister
Mary Herndow
Grace Hodson
Janie Howard
Madge Hudgins
Josephine Hudgins
Virginia Ingle
Margaret Isley
Lillian Jones
Mildred Jones
Ethel Jordan
Bessie Lephew
Mrs. Jane Kelley
Claudia Kelly
Kathleen Kennedy
Hazel Lawson
Martha Lassiter
Eugenia Lockheart
Sarah Longest
Wylanda McKoy
Sara McNeilly
Lois Morrison
Roas Moss
Whylma Naylor
Vera Norman
Theresa Noland
Katheryn Patterson
Kathleen Pettit
Elidia Pickett
Elizabeth Plonk
Christine Pollock
Lizzie Parham
Maggie Perryman
Irene Postles
Nell Powell
Marian Ramsey
Myrtle Riley
Frances Rea
Anna Rector
Abigail Roan
Mildred Roberts
Ruth Roberts
Hattie Ross
Grady Ruscoe
Sallie Sanders
Mildred Scott
Annie Florence Smith
Nannie Smith
Louise Shaw
Edna Sronce
Nona Mae Sutton
Bernice Simmons
Irene Swicegood
Ola Tate
Sanford Thomas
Edith Thompson
Sallie Thorne
Sara Turlington
Sadie Walker
Mary Low Waters
Grace Ward
Annie Watt
Maggie Lee Weaver
Anita White
Ruth Whitefield
Dorothy White
Blanche Williams
Dorothy Williams
Myrtle Williams
Ruth Wilson
Dolly Worthington
Lillian Dillon Wooten

Song

Tune—Santa Lucia

Tho' we've but one short year
In our college career,
Alma Mater, we will be
Loyal and true to thee.

We'll strive to win success,
Seek love, find happiness,
Yield not, but conquer all,
As we fight to reach our goal.

Chorus

Deep in our hearts inlaid
Are memories that ne'er will fade.
Deep in our hearts we hold
Our beloved Black and Gold.

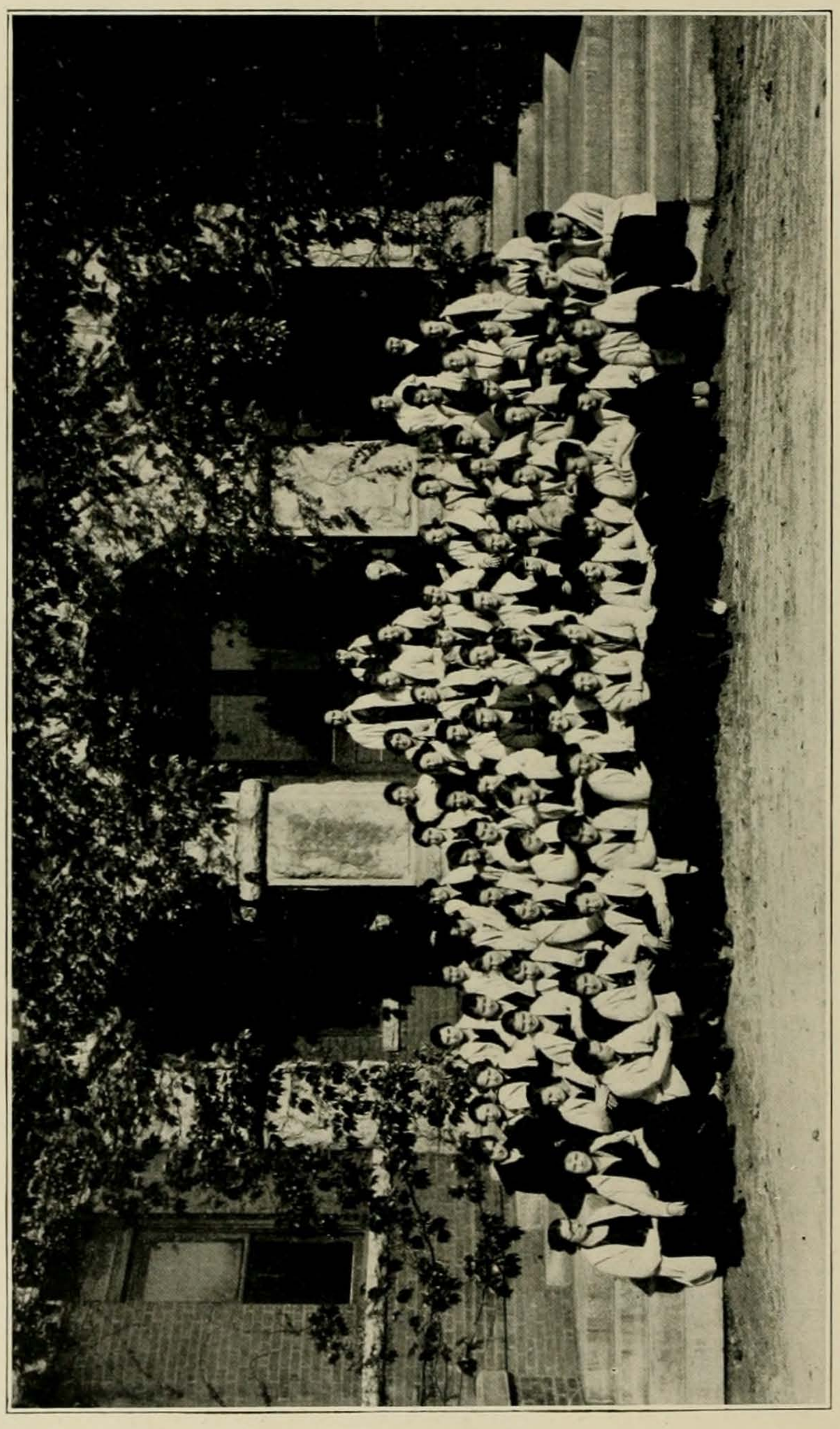
Officers of the Special Class

First Term

Margaret Hollister . . . . . *President*
Lila Bell . . . . . *Vice-President*
Anna Rector . . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer*
Irene Postles . . . . . *Cheer Leader*

Second Term

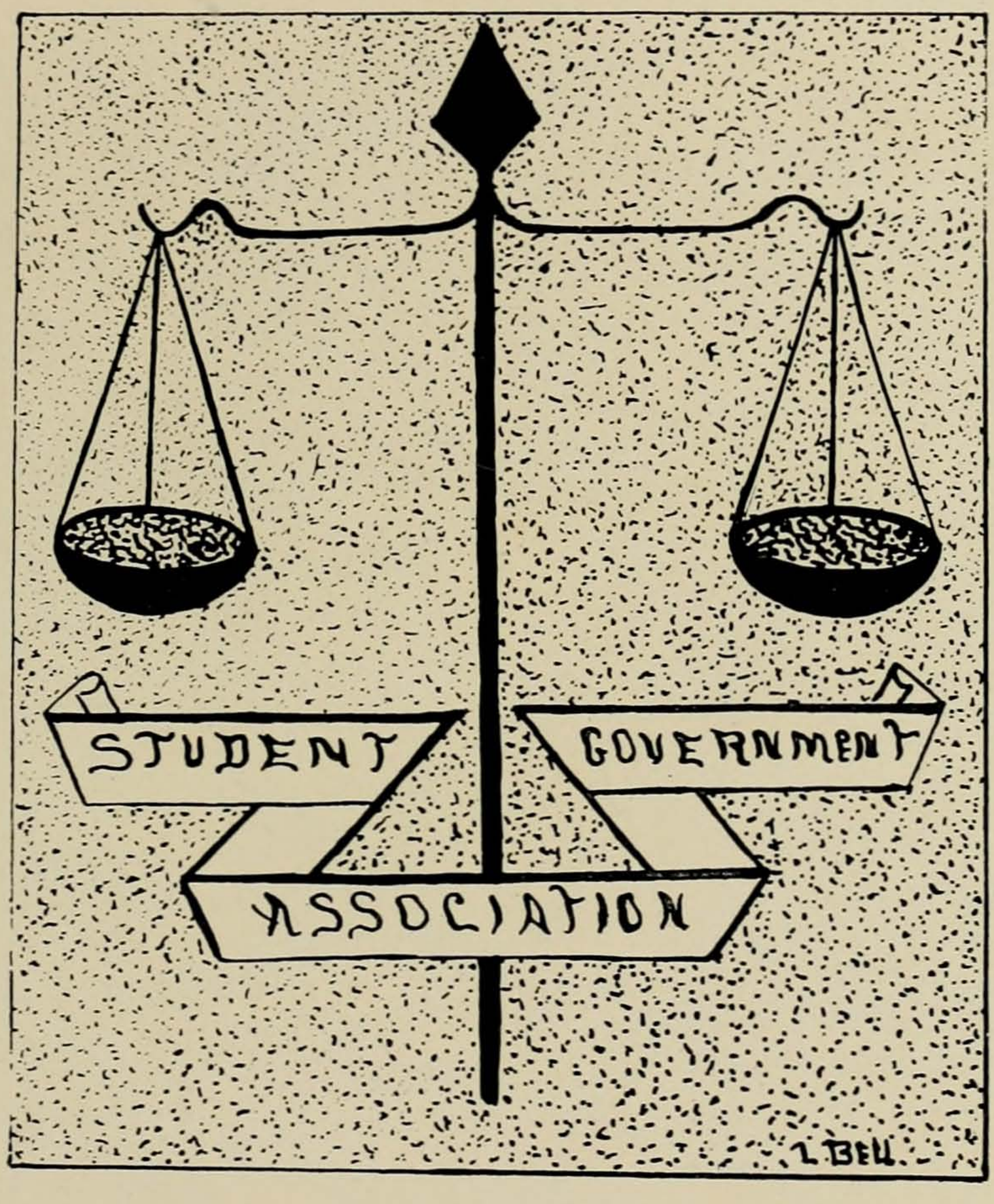
Dorothy Williams . . . . . *President*
Cathleen Culbertson . . . . . *Vice-President*
Sadie Walker . . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer*
Sanford Thomas . . . . . *Cheer Leader*



THE SPECIAL CLASS

Book III

ORGANIZATIONS



Officers of Student Government Association

Lois Wilson . . . . . *President*
Rachael Clifford . . . . *Vice-President*
Gladys Wells . . . . . *Secretary*
Mary John . . . . . *Treasurer*

House Presidents

Juanita Kesler
Mary Fulton
Eunice McAdams
Isabelle McDowell
Carolyn Clark
Aline Saunders
Annie Lambe

Representatives

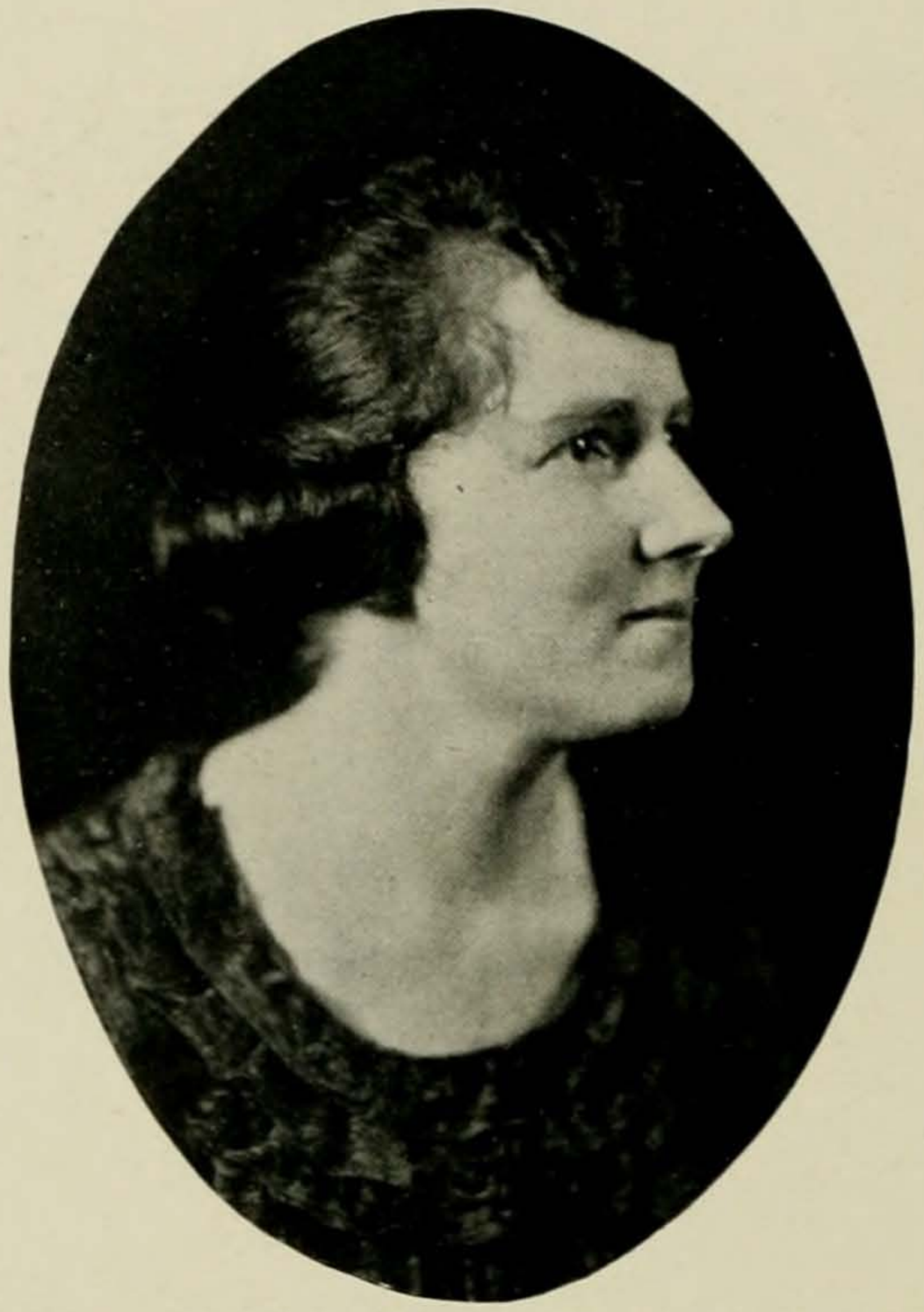
Irene Parker . . . . . *Freshman*
Bessie Lephfew . . . . . *Special*
Lela Wade . . . . . *Fire Chief*
Veritas Sanders . . . . . *Chief Marshal*

Honorary Member

Patte Jordan, *President Y. W. C. A.*

Advisory Board

Dr. Julius I. Foust
Miss Emma King
Mr. W. C. Jackson
Miss Laura H. Coit



PRESIDENT OF STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

College Motto: Service

College Colors: White and Gold

College Flower: Daisy

Class Song

We raise our voices; let them swell
In a chorus loud and strong;
The rolling hills send back the sound
Of our triumphant song.
For in one great unbroken band,
With loyal hearts and true,
Your daughters stand, and hand in hand
Sing, college dear, to you.

Our college days run swiftly by,
And all too soon we part;
But in the years that are to come,
Deep graven on each heart
Our motto, "Service," will remain,
And service we will do.
And as we serve, our hearts will turn,
O college dear, to you.

Dear Alma Mater, strong and great,
We never shall forget
The gratitude we owe to you—
A never-ending debt;
All honor to your name we give,
And love we pledge anew,
Unfailing loyalty we bring,
O college dear, to you.

STUDENT BOARD

Student Government

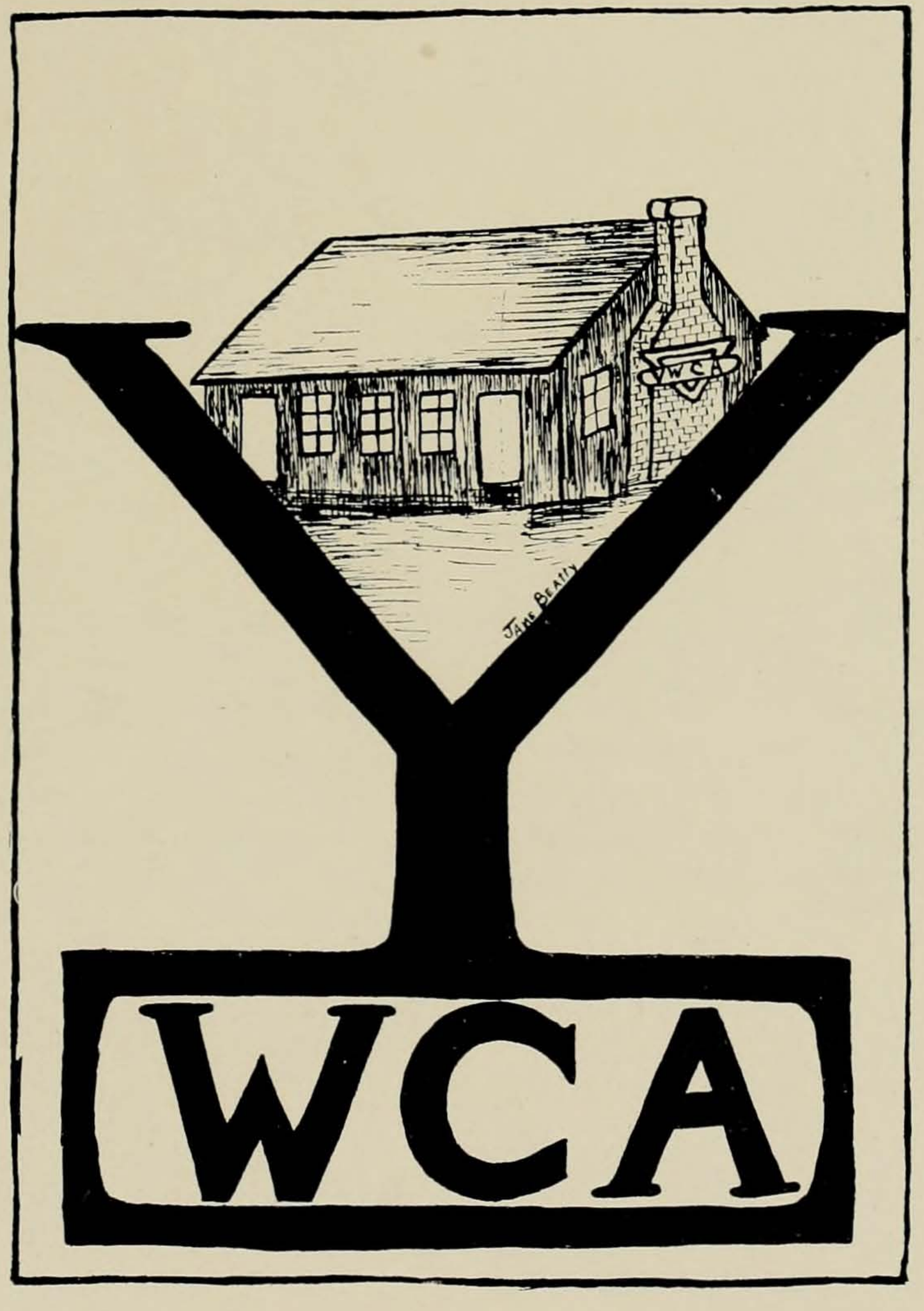
AMERICANS cannot be governed. England tried that and failed utterly, for the colonies of the New World had no sooner gained a footing here than they broke away from the apron strings of their mother country and set up their own government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." What Americans have is not only a republic, but a democracy in a republic.

American students are American citizens, and they, having reached the age of discretion, from their very nature want to exercise their power of responsibility and judgment. So, as a result of this felt need, we have with us here "The Student Government Association," of which every student in college is a part. Each girl is on her own honor to do all she can toward making herself and every other girl in college a good student and a broad-minded woman as well. The officers of the association are not rulers, but servants chosen by the students to carry out their constitution and rules and to see that law and order prevail.

Thus every girl is given an opportunity for self-expression and self-development along with a deeper feeling of responsibility for those who are weaker and less fortunate. Liberty has brought with it a deeper self-respect, a more friendly spirit of helpfulness, and a greater loyalty to high ideals, so that the college graduate is now really prepared to go out as a citizen of the state.

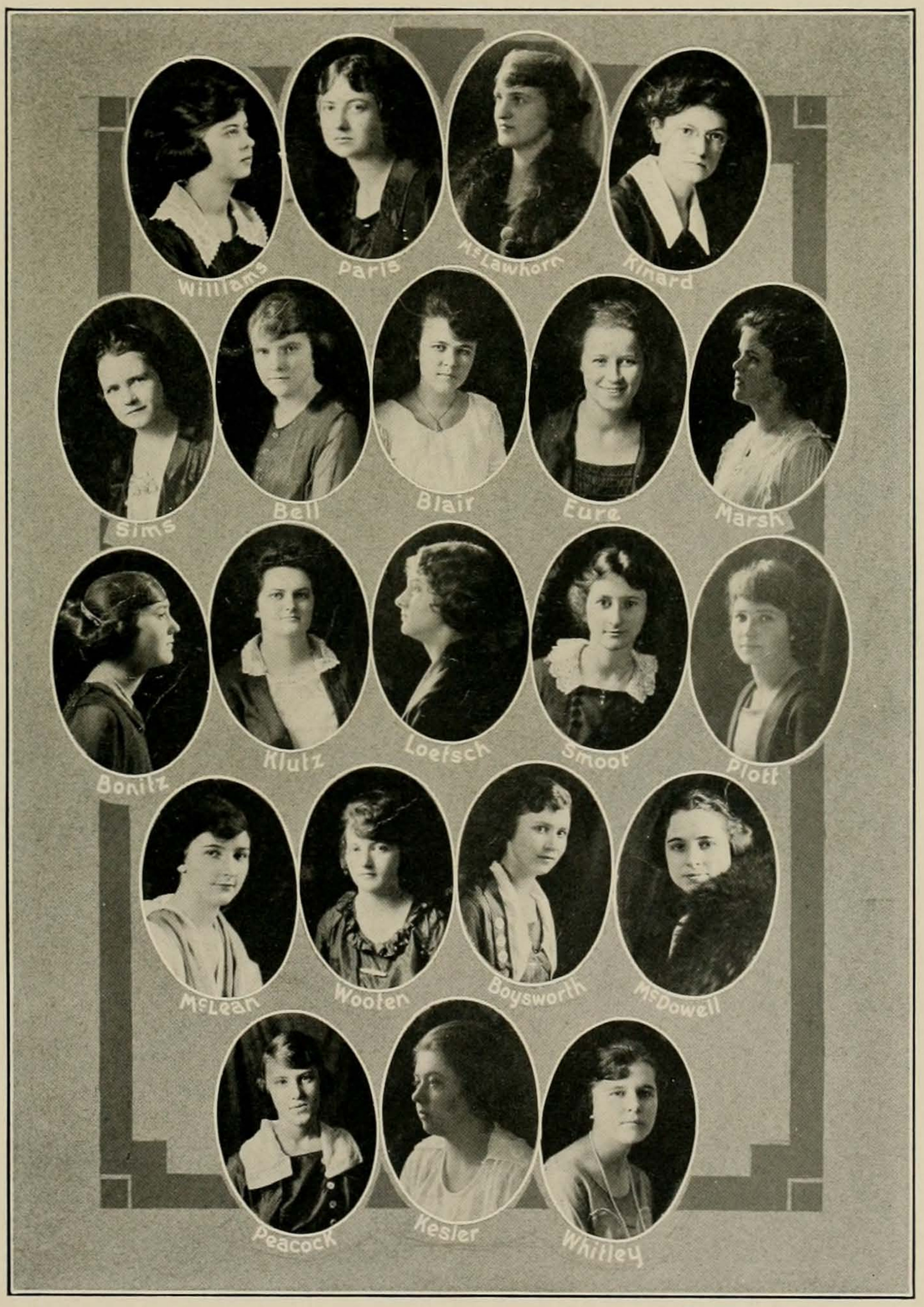
Pine Needles

1920



Y. W. C. A. Officers

PATTE JORDAN . . . . . *President*
JESSIE RANKIN . . . . . *Vice-President*
VERA PASCHAL . . . . . *Secretary*
ANNIE CUMMINS . . . . . *Treasurer*
ETHEL BOYTE . . . . *Undergraduate Field Representative*
MISS HARRIET GRAHAM . . . . . *Y. W. C. A. Secretary*

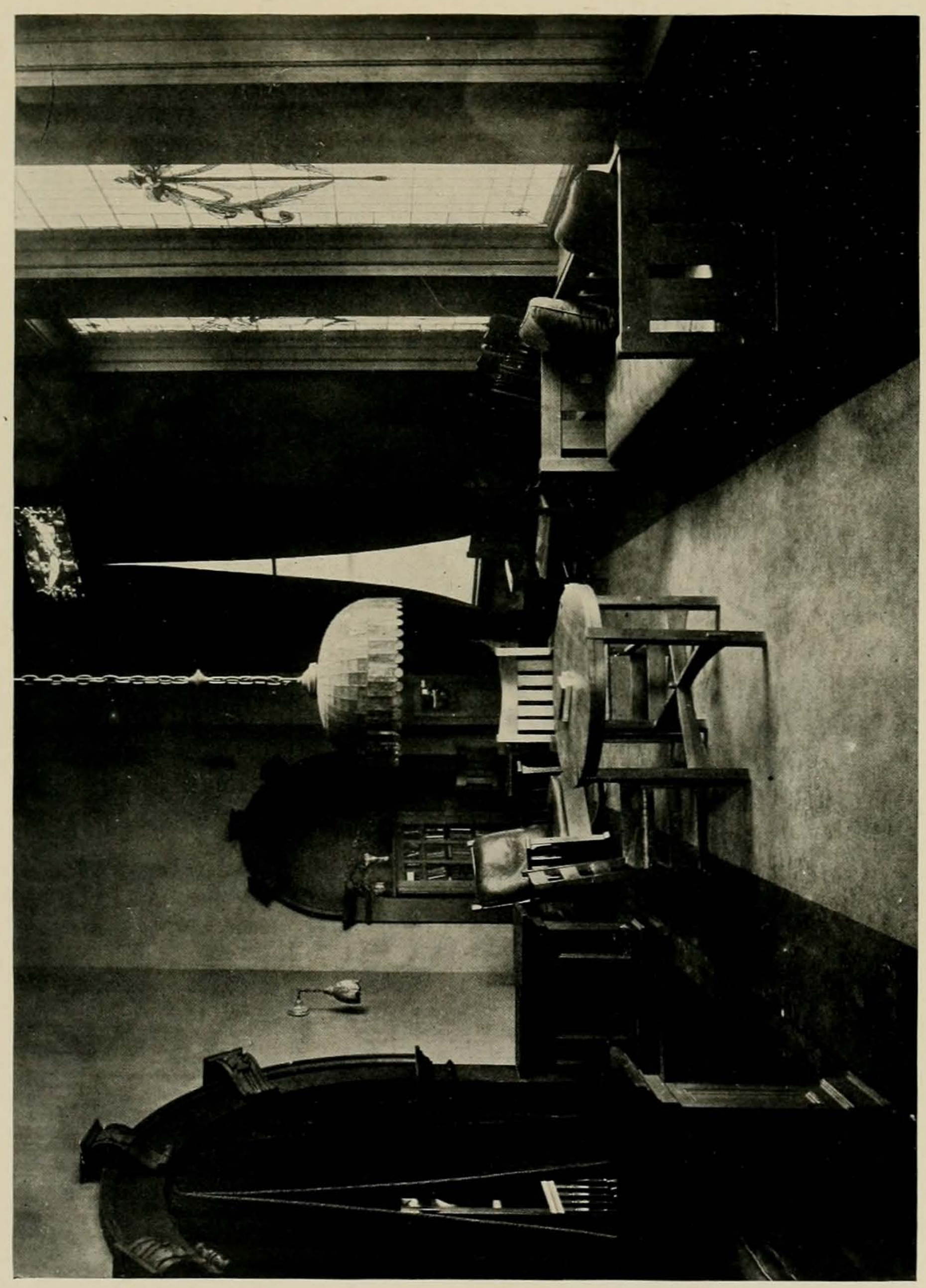


Y. W. C. A. CABINET

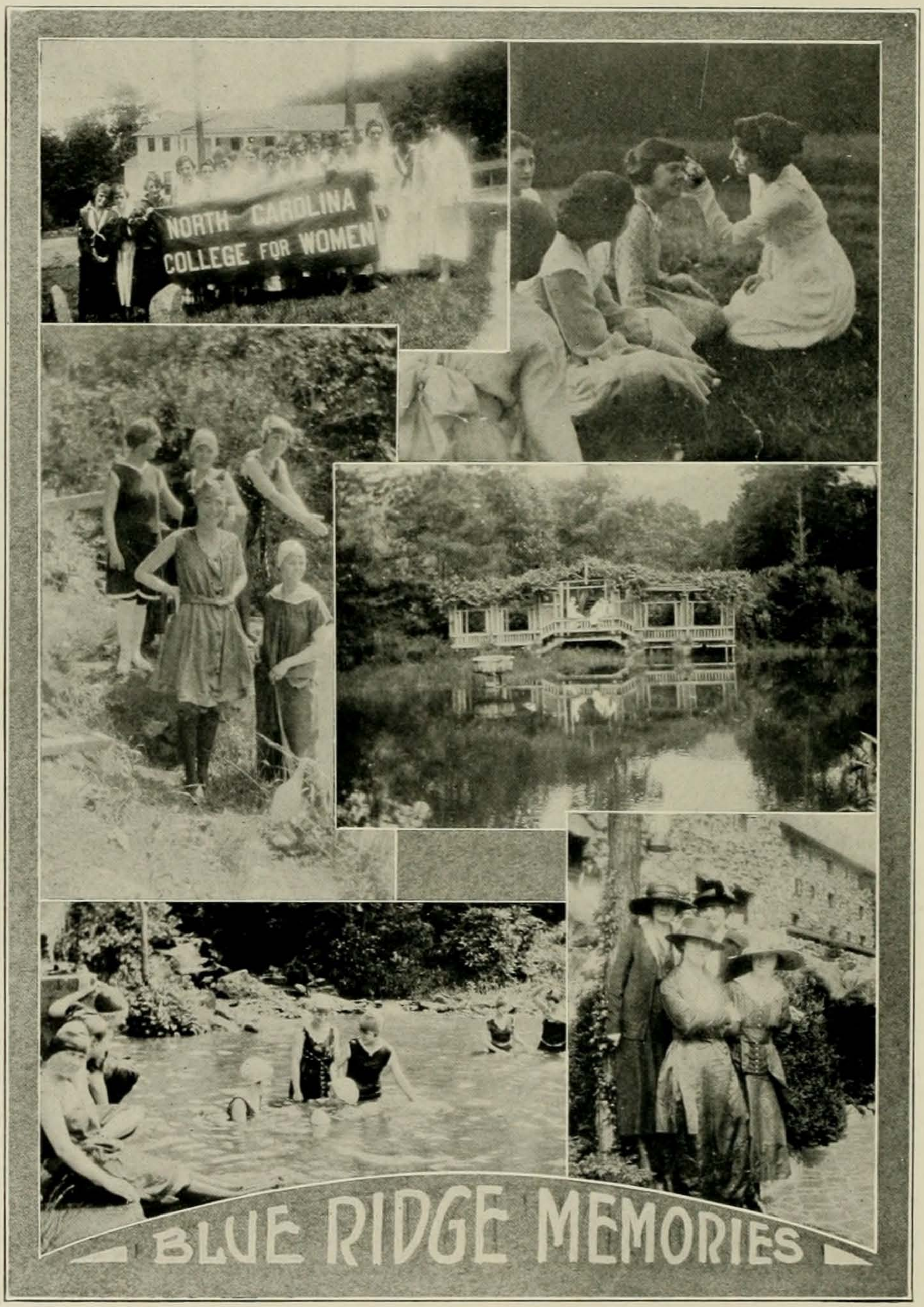
Y. W. C. A. Choir

Members

Minnie Rodwell
Marian Daniel
Lena Williams
Louise Loetsch
Allie Hill Boney
Margaret Bedell
Elizabeth O'Brian
Isabelle MacDowell
Margaret Whittington
Flossie Phillips
Sallie Rodwell
Mavis Burchette
Anne Little Massmore
Kathleen Huntley
Mary Fulton
Rachel Haynes
Betty Hooks
Myrtle Warren
Arminta Aderholt
Gladys Whitley
Gladys Newman
Eva Lee Sink
Susie West
Hazel Stafford
Cornelia Jones
Janie Pierce
Mabel Robinson
Sadie Hunt
Zu Ray
Esther Holden



BAILEY MEMORIAL ROOM


NORTH CAROLINA
COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
BLUE RIDGE MEMORIES

Blue Ridge

WHEN we left the Blue Ridge Conference last June it was with a feeling of sorrow at having to leave so soon the place we had just learned to love. Those ten days were the happiest of our lives—full to overflowing into the night with the best times we had ever had. How we hated to leave the little White Cottage on the side of the mountain, and the sleeping-porch where we had had so many "slumberless parties"! There was the swimming pool, too, and the basket-ball and tennis courts, and how we would miss that singing in the dining room! How nice it would be to sing one last song to Agnes Scott and Randolph-Macon! Just then, from the porch of the Robert E. Lee Hall, Randolph-Macon gave us a last yell, and we rounded the corner of the drive, losing sight of the grounds.

The conference was behind us, and before us lay the summer and, after that, a winter at the North Carolina College for Women. We were bubbling over with enthusiasm to put into practice some of the wonderful new ideas we had gotten. We felt that the famous "Blue Ridge spirit" was ours, and we were anxious to pass it on to others. But we've found that it isn't as easy to pass it on as it is to feel it ourselves. It's a something deep down inside of us which we are able to enjoy, but which is hard to share with our neighbors.

You who look for an inspiration—for an awakening—go to Blue Ridge at conference time and live for ten days in our little White Cottage on the side of the mountain. Be awakened by the bugle to see the sun scattering the mist down in the valley, or climb the mountain before the bugle blows, as we did, and watch the sun come up over High Top. Climb the same trails that we climbed, tell tales around our old stone fireplace, do the things that we did, and get that same Blue Ridge spirit that we got.

L. KERNODLE.

The Student Volunteers

Motto: It is my purpose, if God permits, to become a foreign missionary.

Officers

Annie Belle Williams . . . . . *President*
Miriam Fuller Goodwin . . . . . *Vice-President*
Mabel Stamper . . . . . *Secretary*
Mary E. Haynes . . . . . *Treasurer*

Members

Sue Ervin
Miriam Fuller Goodwin
Mary E. Haynes
Janie Ruth Klutz
Maude Pierce
Theresa Annie Pearson
Gladyse Simms
Mabel Stamper
Annie Belle Williams

Faculty Members

Laura H. Coit
Harriett Graham
Grace Riddle

SOCIETIES

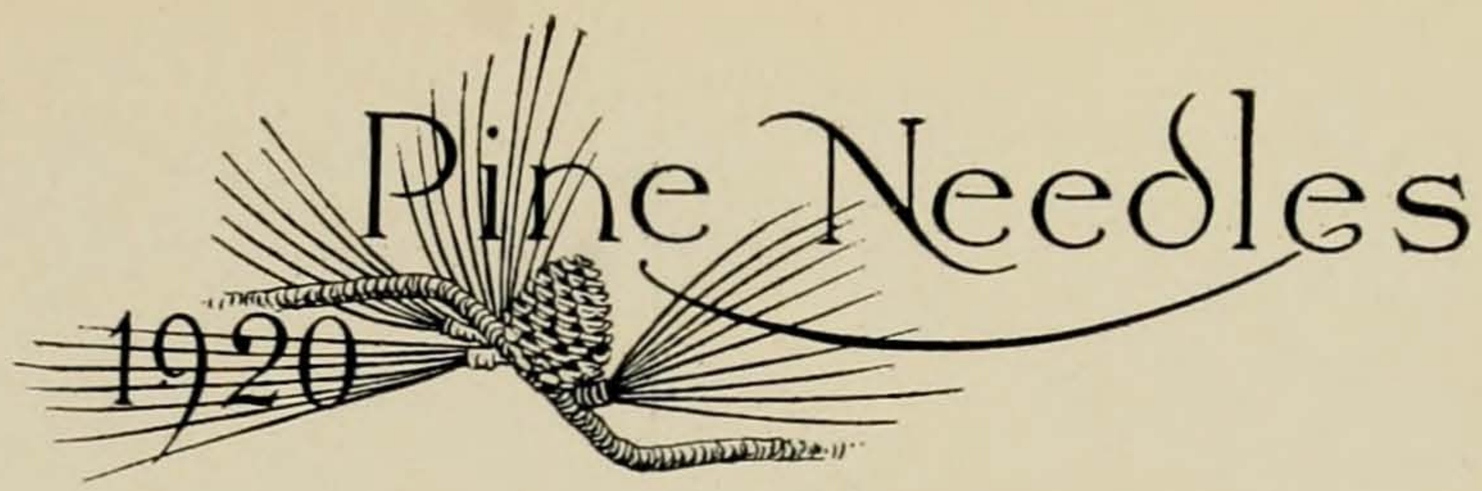
Literary Societies

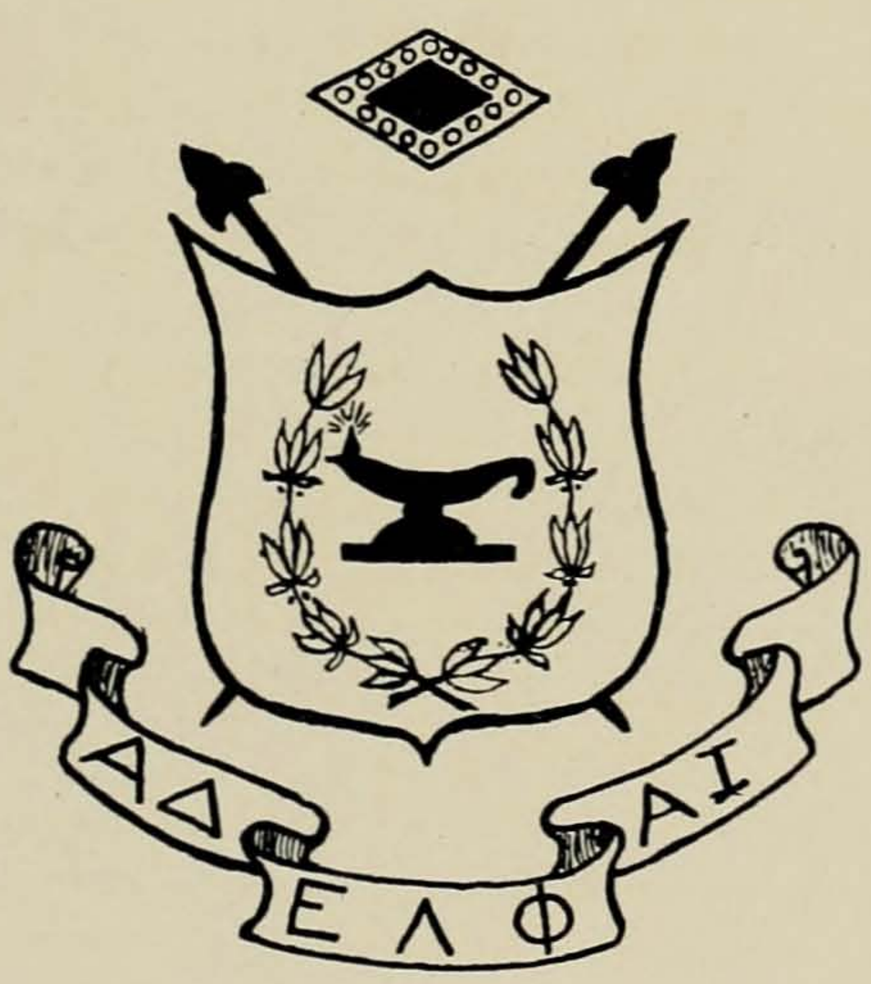
ADELPHIAN, Cornelian! Since the very earliest days of the college these names have stood to North Carolina girls for the best in college life. Intellectuality, good-fellowship, nobility and tenacity of purpose, purity of ideals, and joy in service have found their truest expression through the channels opened by the activities of these societies. So worth while and so lasting has been the influence of these societies upon the student body of the college that both faculty and students have felt that every girl in college should come under its sway in the first few months of her college life and be held by it throughout the succeeding years. Until the spring of 1918 it had been more or less possible to give this equal chance of development to every girl in college, but at that time the student body had grown to such proportions that even with their minutely detailed organization the societies were unable to give to their vast membership the opportunities which they sought to give. It became evident to Cornelians and Adelphians that a sister society must be created, which should be equal to their own in membership, in prestige, and in value to the college and state.

Accordingly, an intersociety committee was appointed to draw up plans for the organization of such a society. Since this is the first public record of these plans, it may be well to outline them in some detail in the form in which they were finally adopted by the two existing societies. Briefly, it was provided that ten Adelphians, four incoming Seniors, three incoming Juniors, and three incoming Sophomores, and ten Cornelians, similarly divided according to classes, should withdraw from their societies and should form the nucleus of the new society. The plans further gave these twenty pioneers permission to use any details connected with the plan of organization of either of the existing societies, but stated that initiation and society secrets should be kept as inviolable as before. In accordance with these plans, the twenty girls chosen by the intersociety committee and approved by the societies withdrew their membership from their organizations and banded together to lay the foundation of a new society, believing that in so doing they were most surely living in harmony with the ideals of Cornelians and Adelphians.

There followed busy days for these builders of a new house of ideals. A constitution was necessary, a name was a vital consideration, a society hall a pressing need, and an initiation was an item fraught with weighty possibilities. When commencement came, however, the solutions of these problems, if not completely reached, were at least in sight, and the Dikean Society, with Bride Alexander of '19 as its first President, was no longer a project but a reality. In October, 1919, there were three initiation days, instead of the traditional two, and at this time the Dikean Society increased in membership with those of the two older organizations.

Adelphian, Cornelian, Dikean! These names today, wherever they are heard, crystallize for the North Carolina College girl all that is best and happiest and most inspiring in campus life.


Pine Needles
1920


ΑΔ
ΕΛΦ
ΑΙ

Adelphian Society Song

Shoulder to shoulder, hearts filled with devotion,
With purpose not aimless, but earnest and true;
United by all of the ties of deep friendship,
We bring, O Adelphai, our homage to you.

We pledge to you loyalty, long and unending,
Loyalty which will be firm, will be sure;
Devotion we pledge you which never can perish,
And love which through all coming time will endure.

With courage undaunted, we'll march ever onward,
Up heights to be won, along paths strange and new;
But, now and forever, one great band of sisters,
We'll be, O Adelphai, still loyal to you.

Adelphian Literary Society

Members

Mary Winn Abernathy
Lyla Andrews
Daniza Arandjelovitch
Grace Albright
Vera Ayers
Ola Angel
Mildred Barrington
Sybil Barrington
Lili Bell
Anna Bernard Benson
Viva Bordeaux
Mabel Boysworth
Annie Bridges
Carrie Burton
Carey Batchelor
Frances Brooks
Sadie Belle Brown
Rachel Barwick
Lottie Burnside
Allie Hill Bonney
Dorothy Burroughs
Mary Alice Brooks
Maude Bundy
Bertie Beaty
Gladys Brooks
Inez Boyce
Janie Bullard
Ethel Blackwelder
Annette Brooks

Mattie Brite
Sarah Cannady
Joe Causey
Rachael Clifford
Catherine Cobb
Natalie Coffey
Charlie Mae Cridlebaugh
Elma Crutchfield
Kathleen Culbertson
Louise Covey
Eva May Clark
Carrie Clark
Sallie Lee Collins
Helen Chardley
Annie Cummings
Collina Caldwell
Marion Daniels
Virginia Davis
Lillian Davis
Charlotte Daughety
Hattie Deans
Joze Dixon
Olga Demitrijevitch
Gertrude Durham
Ruby Dallas
Edna Evans
Mabel Evans
Elseline Felton
Flossie Foster

Mary Fulton
Janie Frank
Grace Frazier
Helen Ferre
Pearl Fulton
Elizabeth Fulton
Mary Ethel Fields
Thelma Goforth
Pauline Greene
Rachael Gross
Irene Garner
Marie Griffin
Maggie Belle Greene
Rachael Haynes
Annie Preston Heilig
Evelyn Hodges
Josephine Hopkins
Laura Howard
Kathleen Huntly
Zelia Hunter
Ruby Hodgin
Helene Hudnell
Virginia Harris
Luta Headen
Eva Hodges
Agnes Henderson
Jessie Hoyle
Eva Harris
Bernard Hawkins

Cornelia Heiss
Pattie Harper
Josephine Hudgins
Madge Hudgins
Stella Henley
Ada Harner
Ethel Icard
Rachael Ivey
Margaret Isley
Jimmie Jones
Willie Lou Jordan
Josephine Jenkins
Katherine Johnson
Isabel Johnson
Lillian Jones
Ethel Kearns
Lillie Kearns
Millie Kanipe
Juanita Kesler
Katie King
Janie Klutz
Marie Kendall
Marie Kinard
Kathleen Kennedy
Rena King
Ruth Kohn
Mary Evelyn Kornegay
Florence Kirkman
Mary Kirkman

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Mary Leary
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Willie Lingle
Mamie Leeper
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Bessie Lephew
Pauline Lucas
Hazel Lawson
LaRue McLawhorn
Isabel McDowell
Jocelyn McDowell
Katherine McLean
Rebekah McLean
Elizabeth McLean
May McArn
Rebekah Marsh
Sadie Moyle
Willie John Medlock
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Anna McDonald
Aline Mulder
Beulah Mitchell
Molly Matheson
Ida Bell Moors
Annie Masemore
Annie Mitchell
Eunice Mann
Ruby Nobles
Carolyn Newton
Elizabeth O'Brien
Irene Perkins
Reid Parker
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Virginia Postles
Della Peeler
Lillie Parrish
Flossie Phillips

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Blanche Parrish
Christine Pollock
Lydia Pickett
Sallie Rutledge
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Alena Rhyne
Carrie Bell Ross
Mildred Roberts
Jean Roddick
Sudie Rhodes
Marion Ramsey
Myrtle Riley
Mabel Robinson
Elizabeth H. Smith
Elizabeth O. Smith
Roberta Strudwick
Aline Saunders
Myra Stone
Frances Summers
Sadie Somers
Nannie May Smith
Blanche Scott
Julia Mae Southerland
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Edna Sands
Mary Sitison
Syretha Sossaman
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Grace Stone
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Louise Shaw
Nannie Smith
Edna Scronce
Sallie Sanders
Manie Speas
Bernice Simmons
Virginia Tinsley

Sallie Thorn
Pearl Taylor
Florence Till
Athleene Turnage
Virginia Terrell
Margaret Tate
Ola Tate
Elizabeth Thigpen
Tessie Lee Townsend
Mary Trundle
Mildred Uzzel
Esther Vinson
Lela Wade
Bessie Mae Walker
Vera Ward
Dorothy Williams
Kathryn Willis
Carrie Duffy Wooten
Clyde Wright
Gladys Whitley
Lena Williams
Gurtha Williams
George Williamson
Bertie Lee Whitesides
Evelyn Wilson
Mary Lou Waters
Blanche Williams
Florence Way
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Martha S. White
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Louise Williams
Irene Woodley
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Susie West
Margaret Whittington
Stella Williams
Katherine Yoder

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Miss Deviney
Miss Harriet Elliott
Miss Gullander
Miss Gibling

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Mr. and Mrs. Jackson
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Miss Mendenhall
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Miss Neal
Miss Ragsdale

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Miss Tennent
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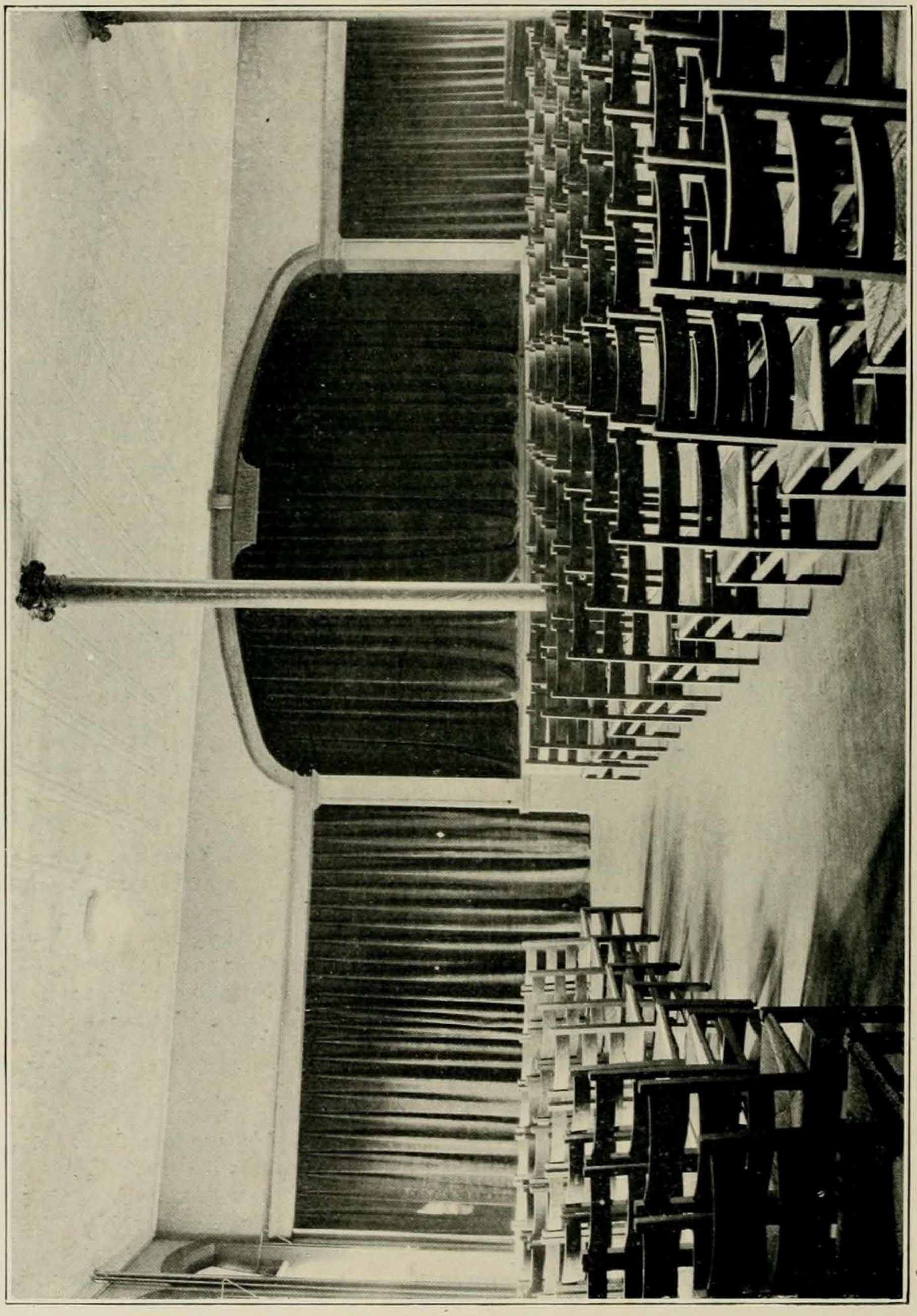
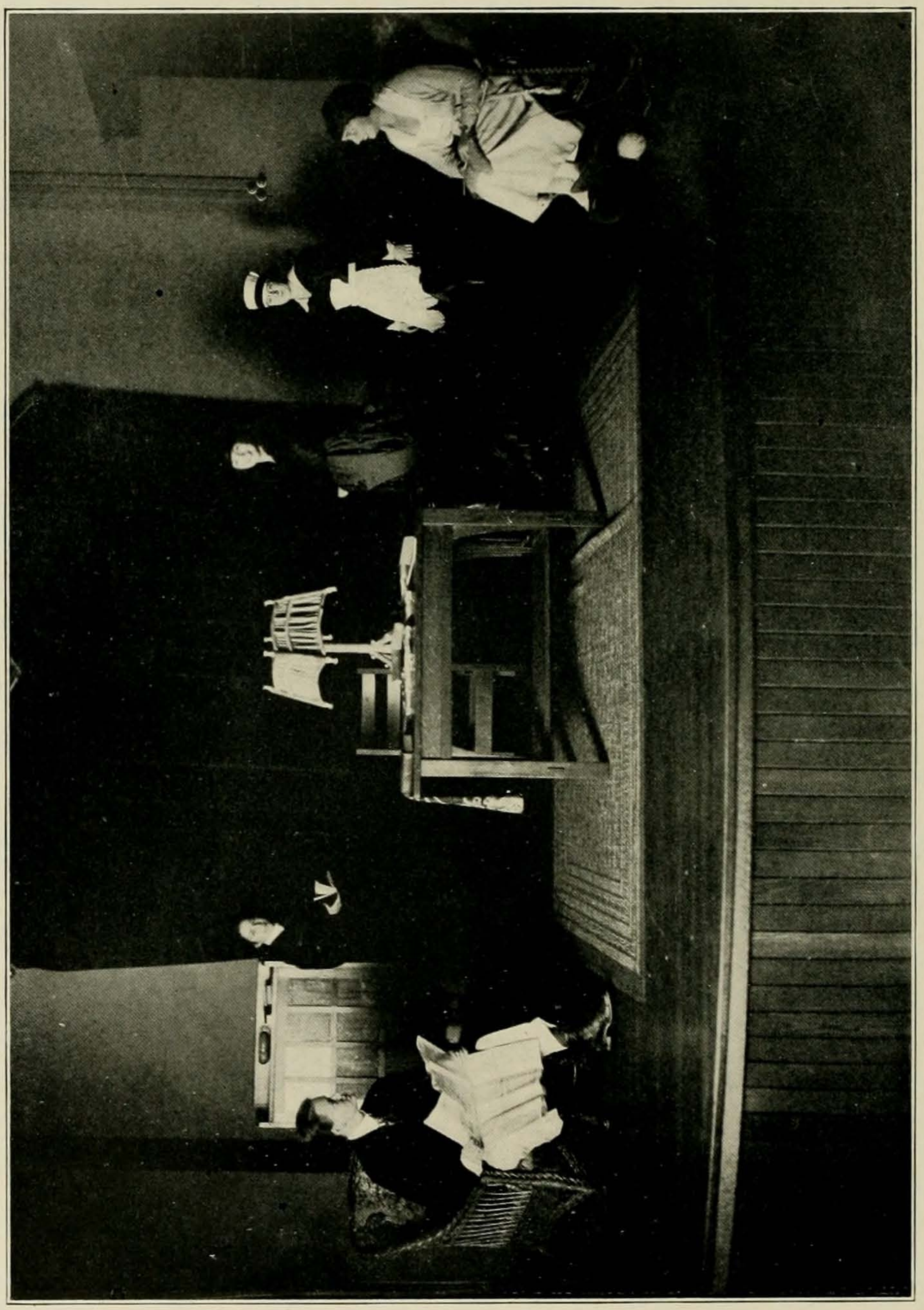
Miss Wilcox
Miss Winfield
Mr. Wright



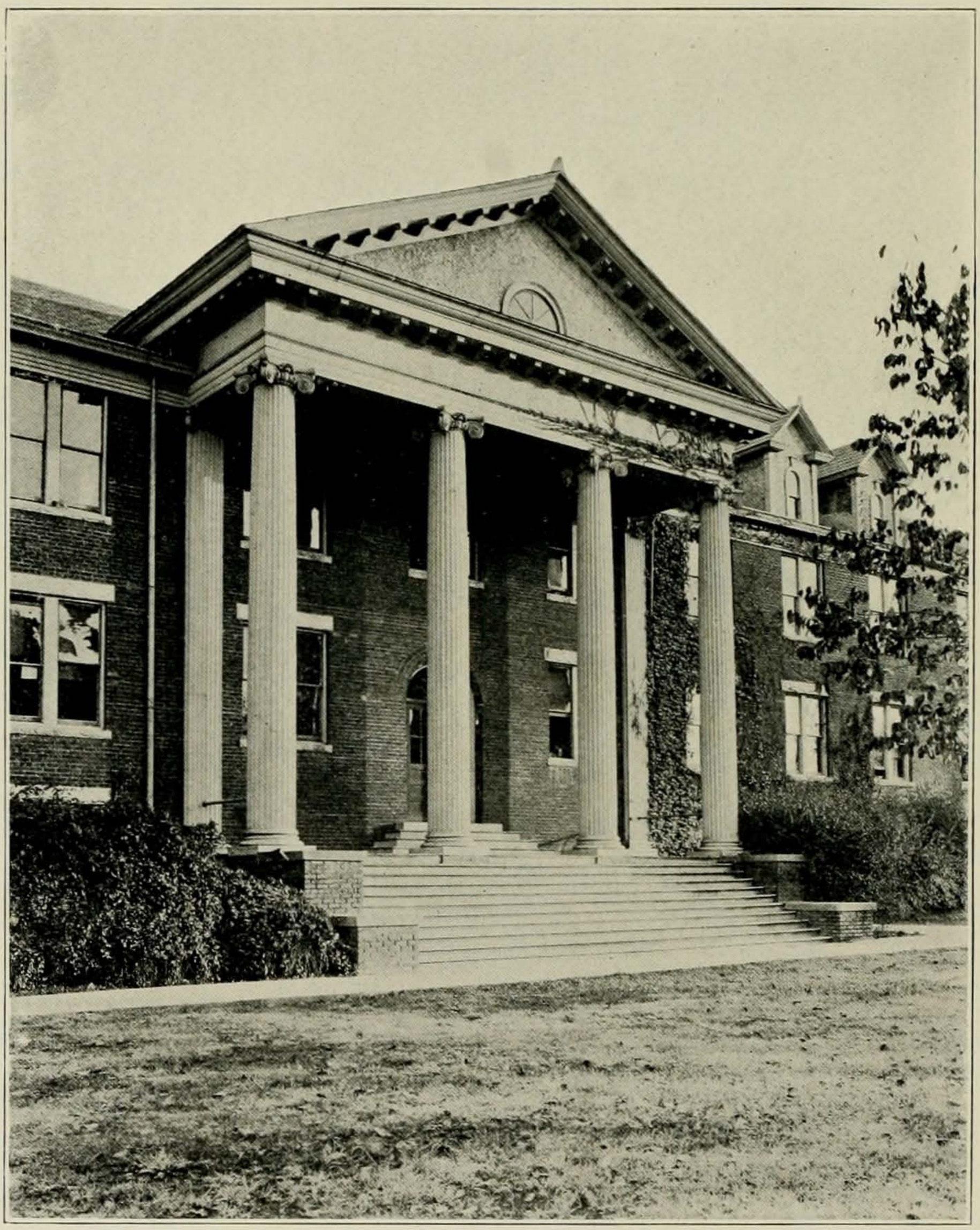
ADELPHIAN SOCIETY HALL

ADELPHIAN SOCIETY OFFICERS

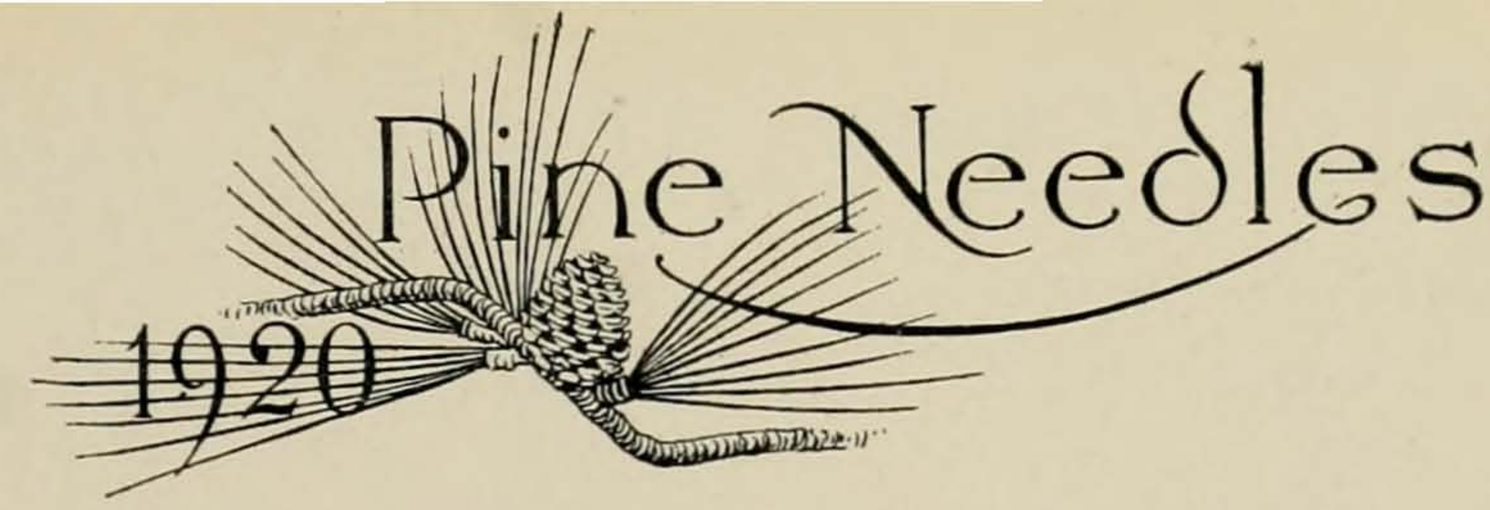


SCENE FROM "A SCRAP OF PAPER"

SCENE FROM "THE FORTUNE HUNTER"



SOUTH WING OF SPENCER BUILDING


Pine Needles
1920

CORNELIA

Cornelian Society Song

In joy and praise, come, let us sing,
With anthem clear and strong,
Let all Cornelian voices ring
In free, exultant song;
Of pride for that fair name we bear—
Cornelia! Glorious word—
To make us gladly do and dare,
Whene'er 'tis thought, whene'er 'tis heard.

We'll onward, upward, ever move,
Our footsteps forward pressed;
Together move in sister-love
Unto the mountain's crest,
To gain the fair, widespreading view
Which round the mountain lies,
And gives us understanding new,
Enlightening our eager eyes.

May Cornelia's name have ne'er a stain
From any daughter's deed.
For her all glory will we gain
And give her honor's meed;
For firm and staunch we e'er will stand
Unto each other true,
And loyal to our noble band,
Hers—yea, her own, our whole lives through.

Cornelian Literary Society

Members

Askew, Helen
Allison, Ruth
Albright, Lois
Alspaugh, Eva
Alspaugh, Christine
Alexander, Sadie
Ashe, Flora
Benton, Mary
Blankenship, Hessie
Boyte, Ethel
Braswell, Virginia
Blair, Mary
Black, Elizabeth
Black, Frances
Baxley, Jessie
Blackwell, Mary
Bender Mary Louise
Brock, Olivia
Bringle, Louise
Batts, Elizabeth
Bedell, Margaret
Bosemann, Mary
Buerbam, Elizabeth
Blair, Margaret

Blouerhand, Martha V.
Bradshaw, Julia
Brown, Charlotte
Burns, Mary D.
Boyd, Sarah
Campbell, Annie
Cherry, Julia
Clarke, Carolyn
Clarke, Jennie Mann
Calvert, Elizabeth
Chanley, Olive
Cross, Katherine
Carpenter, Mabel
Cardwell, Ida
Cackerwell, Estelle
Craig, Nellie
Caldwell, Irene
Collier, Elizabeth
Cole, Minnie
Davis, Elizabeth
Dowd, Lucille
Davenport, Marie
Drew, Bertha
Dawcey, Carrie Martha

Dodson, Della
Erwin, Sue
Exum, Frances
Edwards, Virginia
Erwin, Veru
Enius, Frances
Foust, Mary
Farmer, Lydia
Fleming, Nelle
Fulton, Anne
Foust, Elizabeth
Fleetwood, Hannah Mai
Foster, Grace
Fox, Gertrude
Flurton, Margaret
Foglemann, Bonnie
Glass, Essie
Graham, Annabel
Grubb, Eula
Grigg, Blanche
Gibson, Thelma
Gordon, Nannie
Gaston, Katherine
Haynes, Mary

Helig, Ruth
Hicks, Alleine
Holden, Norma
Holford, Mary
Holloman, Terrence
Holloman, Cleo
Harry, Nelle
Herren, Mary Ellen
Hunt, Sadie
Hooks, Bettie
Hockday, Mary
Hudnell, Mayfield
Holden, Esther
Hairston, Lou
Holmes, Carrie
Harrison, Sarah
Harper, Thelma
Herman, Grace
Harris, Ruby
Hepler, Mabel
Hollister, Margaret
Heines, Thelma
Harris, Margaret
Isley, Mitylene

Jones, Cornelia
Jordan, Patte
Jennings, Eula
Jones, Matilda
Jones, Mildred
Johnson, Helen
Johnson, Bertha
Jones, Helen
Jordon, Ethel
Koonce, Lila Ward
Kincaid, Sarah
Kiser, Alma Lou
Kornegay, Henrietta
Kanipe, Beulah
Kirkpatrick, Wilma
Lamb, Annie
Lineberger, Ruth
Liles, Mary K.
Long, Lillian
Little, Lou
Lupton, Mildred
Long, Grace
Lockhart, Eugenia
Moore, Pauline
McCain, Mary
Murphy, Edith
Midyette, Isabelle
Mellon, Mary
Miller, Zella
Matthews, Mae

Morrison, Lois
Mass, Rosa
Mercer, Carolyn
McAdams, Eunice
Moseley, Hortense
Moseley, Kathlene
Markham, Sadie
Mason, Lucille
Murchison, Louise
Newman, Gladys
Nixon, Mary
Noble, Frances
Noland, Lura Mae
Norman, Vera
Naylor, Whyhua
Poole, Sarah
Plotte, Blanche
Plounk, Elizabeth
Parker, Effie Iola
Powell, Lavinia
Penny, Lyda
Pugh, Gladys
Parrot, Helen
Pratt, Josephine
Presson, Sarah
Pope, Alice Lee
Parkham, Esther
Petit, Katherine E.
Powell, Nell
Rodwell, Minnie

Rankin, Lula
Ray, Sue
Rowlette, Margaret
Rudisill, Mabel
Rodwell, Sallie
Rhyne, Maude
Roberts, Ruth
Stephenson, Settie
Swindell, Elsie
Smoot. Virginia
Scott, Dollie
Sloan, Carolyn
Scott, Carrie
Sapp, Mary Augustus
Smith, Anna Elizabeth
Sparger, Lillian
Stanton, Mary Lee
Stern, Pauline
Straud, Annie
Sinclair, Lena
Smith, Sallie
Sutton, Nora Mae
Smith, Florence
Tabor, Carrie
Taylor, Mary Lizzie
Tilley, Nannie May
Thomas, Sandford
Thigpen, Martha
Thaeter, Mrs. H.
Turner, Oris

Thompson, Edith
Uzzle, Elizabeth
Vick, Ruth
Vickerey, Lucy
West, Hazel
West, Julia
Wilson, Hattie
Wilson, Lois
Wilson, Pearle
Whittington, Minnie
Worthington, Dollie
Warren, Myrtle
Warren, Helen
Watts, Hessie
White, Sarah
Whitley, Katie
Washburn, Mary
Williams, Cliffie
Wood, Virginia
Watson, Challie
Watson, Mary Lee
Whitley, Lizzie
Willis, Leah
Watt, Annie
Wilson, Florrie
Ward, Grace
Williams, Myrtle
Weaver, Maggie Lee
Yates, Annie Lee
York, Mary

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Miss Mary Petty
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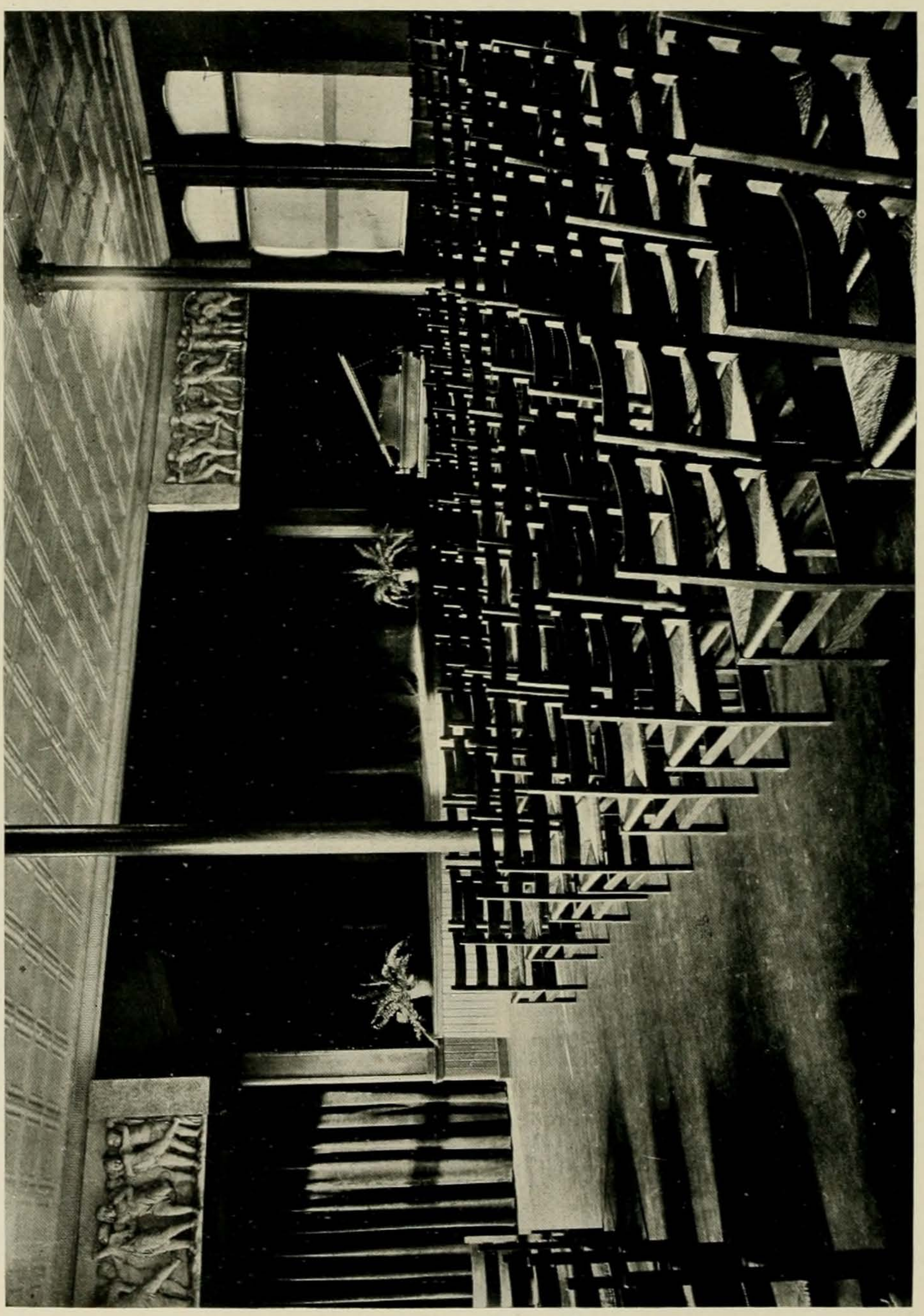
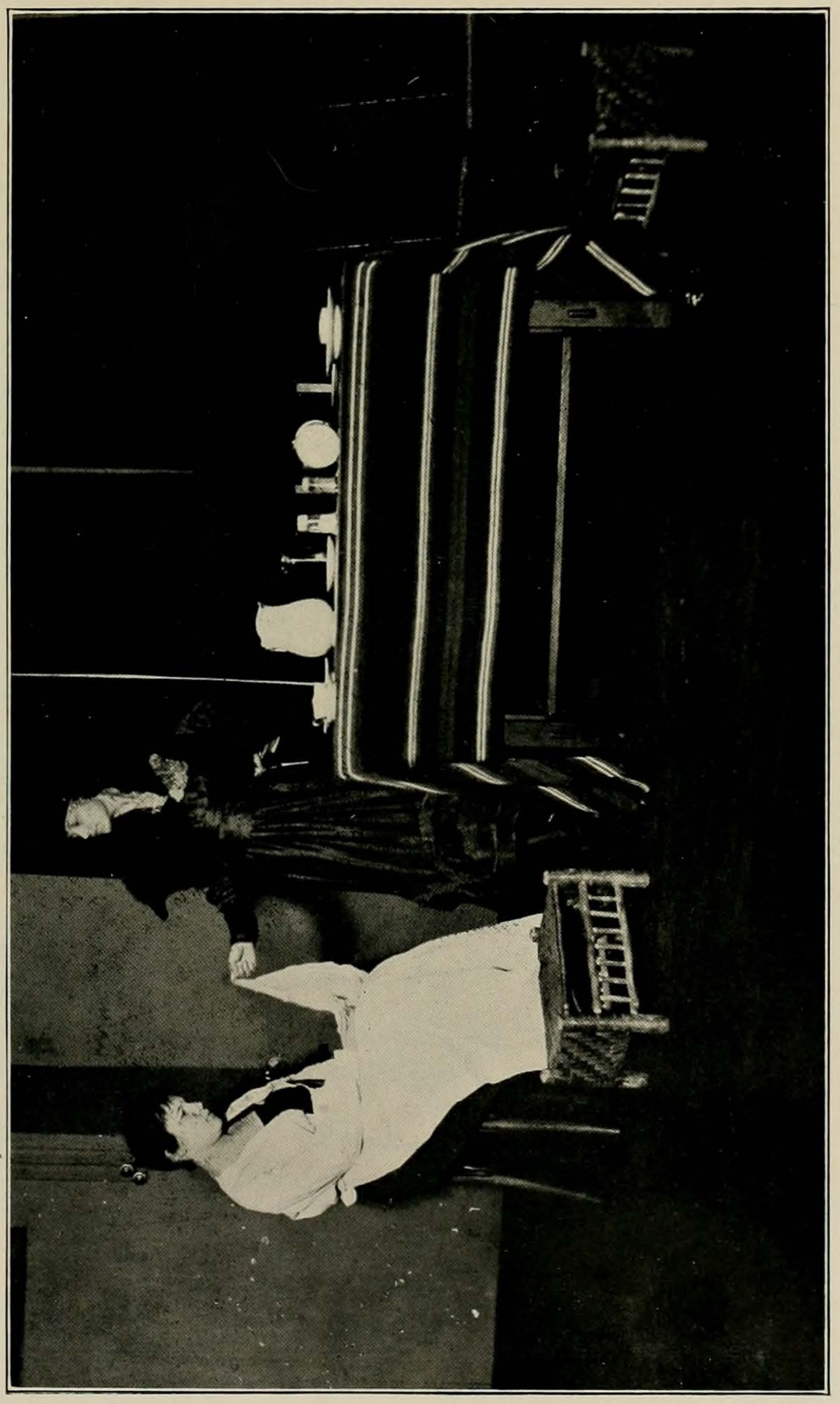


CORNELIAN SOCIETY HALL

CORNELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY OFFICERS

SCENE FROM "GLORY OF THE MORNING"



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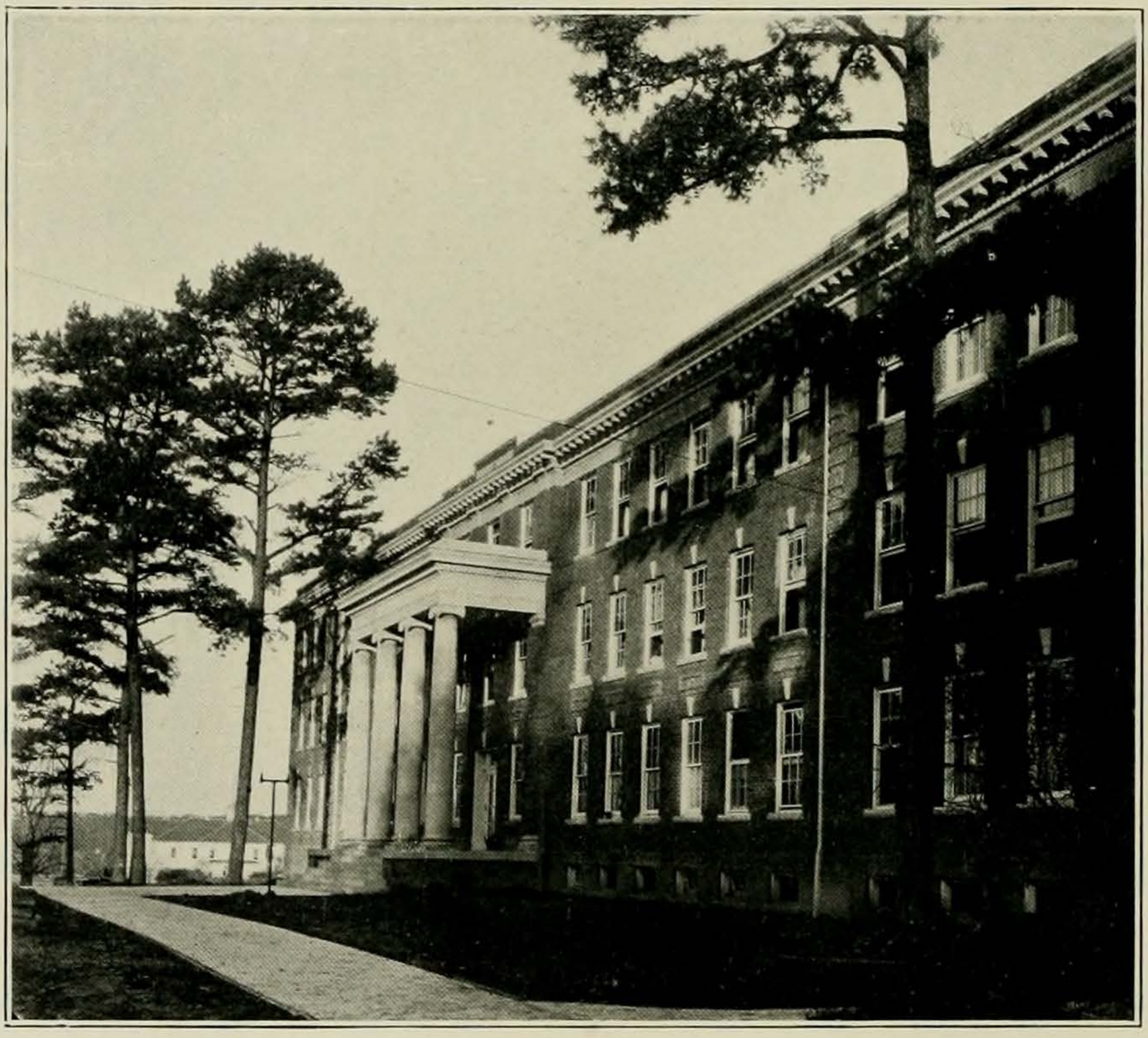
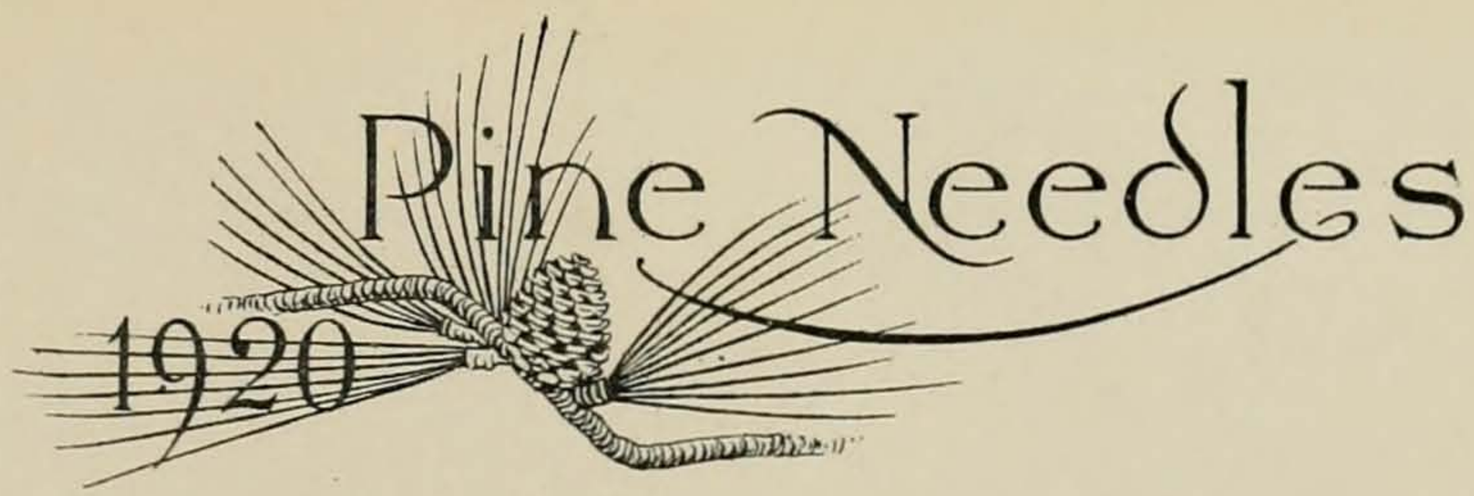
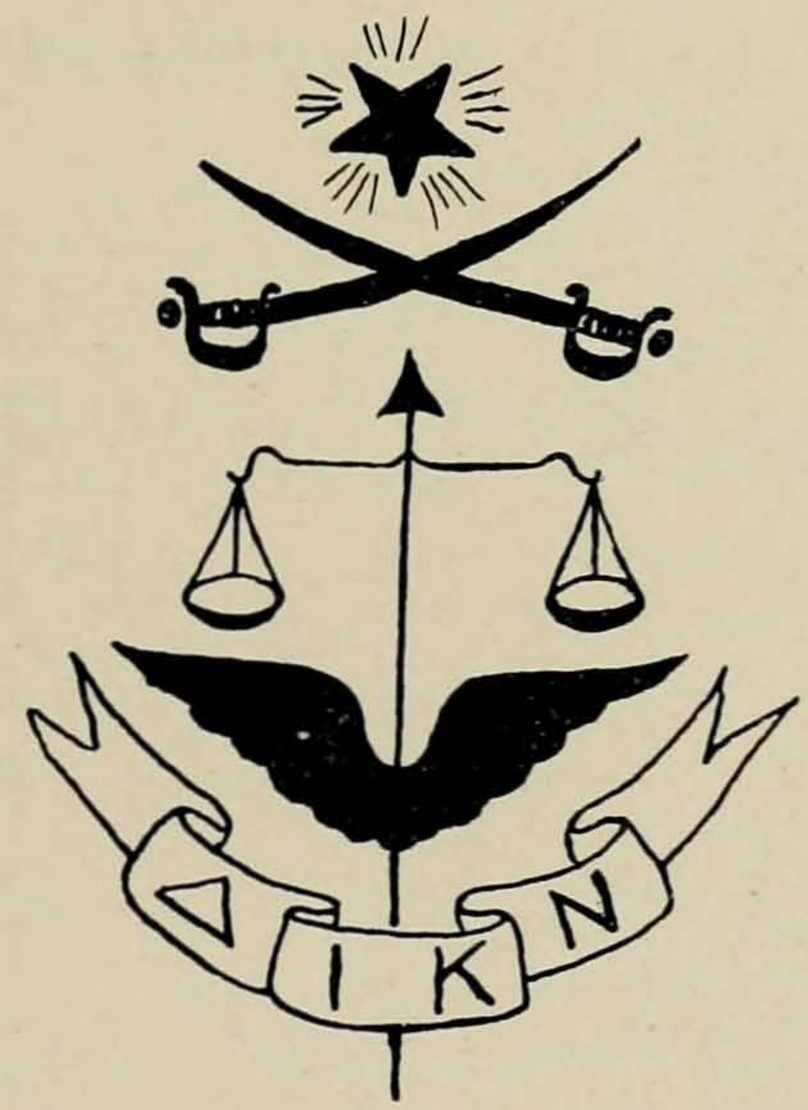


DORMITORY


Pine Needles
1920


Δ I K N

Dikean Society Song

Dike, who speaks with reverberant grandeur,
Through listening portals of true womanhood,
Into thy vastness we come now entrusting
Powers as yet latent with wills hope imbued.
Glad for the toiling, the common endeavor,
Glad for the wideness of ways to be won,
To do for the deed's sake, still keeping the vision,
Trusting secure in the love 'round us thrown.

Stamped with the beauty and light of thy image,
We would go forth with a creative faith,
Builders potential and makers of highways,
Easing for others the paths they may take.
And as the sunset gives place to the sunrise,
After us cometh the child of the dawn
To fashion the fabric of dreams scarce completed,
And serve thee forever, O Light, further on.

Dikean Literary Society

Members

Abernathy, Clarissa
Adams, Ethel
Aderholt, Armenta
Albright, Elizabeth
Alexander, Corine
Allison, Sara
Allison, Mae
Anderson, Stella
Angel, Mattie
†Ardry, Isabel
Armstrong, Mary
Ashby, Lucretia
Bass, Tempy
Barnes, Murrill
Bardwell, Dorothy
Basden, Ruth
Beaty, Janie
Beam, Mary Sue
Bells, Lillian
Bell, Eldah
Biggs, Addie
Bird, Annie
Black, Gladys
Blevins, Clara
Bonitz, Marie
Bostian, Annie E.
Boyd, Grace
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Bradley, Martha
Brawley, Clara
Goodwin, Miriam
Goforth, Emeline
Gray, Eugenia
Green, Hattie
Haigler, Sue
Hall, Annie
Harper, Sarah
Harper, Elma
Harrell, Ruth
†Hayes, Rouss
Heafner, Cornie
Heinsberger, Margaret
Herndon, Mary
Higgins, Ruth
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Hodson, Grace
Holleman, Huldah
Hollemen, Dare
Holten, Beth
Howard, Janie
Houser, Lillian
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Humphrey, Katheryne
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Hunter, Lucy
†Jenkins, Marguerite
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Jordan, Malona
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Pearson, Theresa
Perryman, Ione
Penn, May Bell
Phelps, Pearl
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Price, Branson
Pritchard, Bessie
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Redwine, Jessie
Reid, Dixie
Reynolds, Anne Thorpe
Roan, Abagail
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Rudisell, Joyce
Ruscoe, Grady
Sadler, Maitland
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Shearer, May
Shore, Evelyn
Sims, Gladys
Sink, Eva Lee
Sloan, Christine
Shore, Evelyn
Brake, Beulah
Briggs, Thelma
Brittain, Carrie Lou
Burch, Mildred
Burchette, Mavis
Bynum, Ethel

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Cantrell, Annie
Canady, Agnes
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Clement, Dorothy
Coletrane, Berta
Collins, Lois
Corbett, Mary
Craven, Clara
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Cross, Mildred
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Cunningham, Edith
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Davenport, Esther
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Elliott, Alice
Eure, Mabel
Ferrell, Gertrude
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Gaffney, Elma
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Goodman, Mavis
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Knight, Pearl
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Lewis, Amy
Leonard, Lena
Lindsay, Elizabeth
Little, Lou
Loetsch, Louise
Loftin, Donnie Lee
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Mann, Mildred
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McIver, Janie
McCracken, Beatrice
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McNeely, Sara
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Mizelle, Hazel
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Stroud, Margaret
Sugg, Mary Lilly
Sustare, Annie
Swicegood, Irene
Teachey, Ruth
Thompson, Ora Lee
Thompson, Nelle
Thompson, Alberta
Tilley, Ruth
Tilley, Pearl
Underwood, Jensie
Walker, Sadie
Waters, Ireen
Warren, Sara
Washburn, May
Watts, Rosa Lee
Wells, Lydia
Wells, Rosalee
White, Foda
White, Anita
White, Dorothy
Whitfield, Ruth
Whitley, Lena
Wiggins, Elizabeth
Williams, Oma
Williams, Margaret
Wilson, Sadie
Wilson, Ruth
†Wooten, Lillian Dillon
Warkman, Sallie
Worsley, Hazel
Wright, Marian
†Yarborough, Elsie
Yarborough, Ada

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Miss Lula Smith
Miss Henrietta Langrier
Miss Edieth Blaine
Miss Mary Mendenhall
Miss Evelyn Walen
Dr. A. P. Kephart
Dr. J. H. Cook
Miss Ruth Fitzgerald
Miss Nellie Walker
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Mrs. Chas. L. Vannoppen
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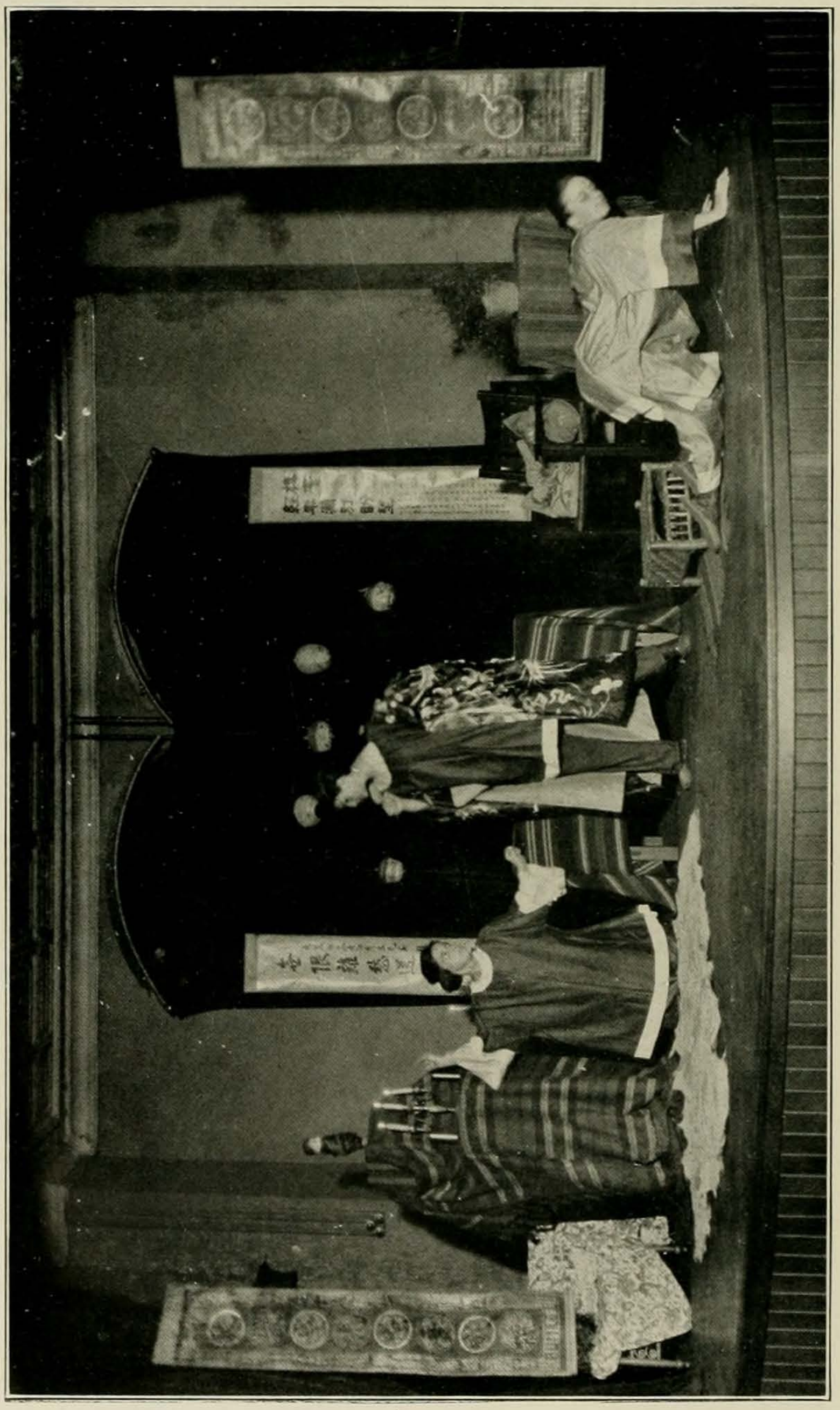
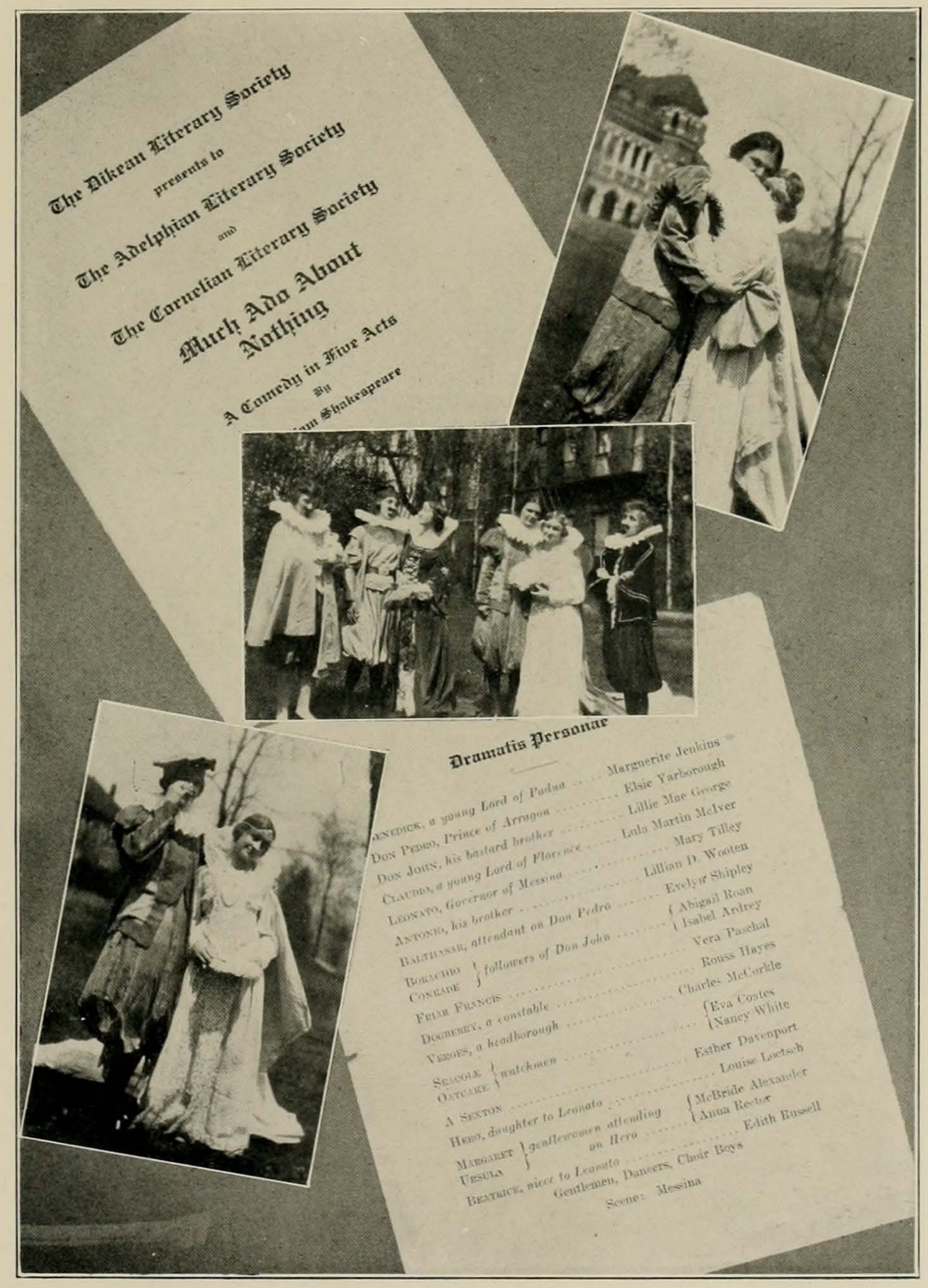
EDITH RUSSELL
MARGARET GEORGE
ELIZABETH ROUNDTREE
CAROLINE GOFORTH
WILLARD GOFORTH
ELSIE YARBOROUGH
MARGARET LAWRENCE
MARGUERITE JENKINS
ISABELLE ARDREY
ROUSS HAYES
LENA KERNODLE
LILLIAN D. WOOTEN
VERA PASCHAL
LULA MARTIN McIVER
EVANGELINE BROWN

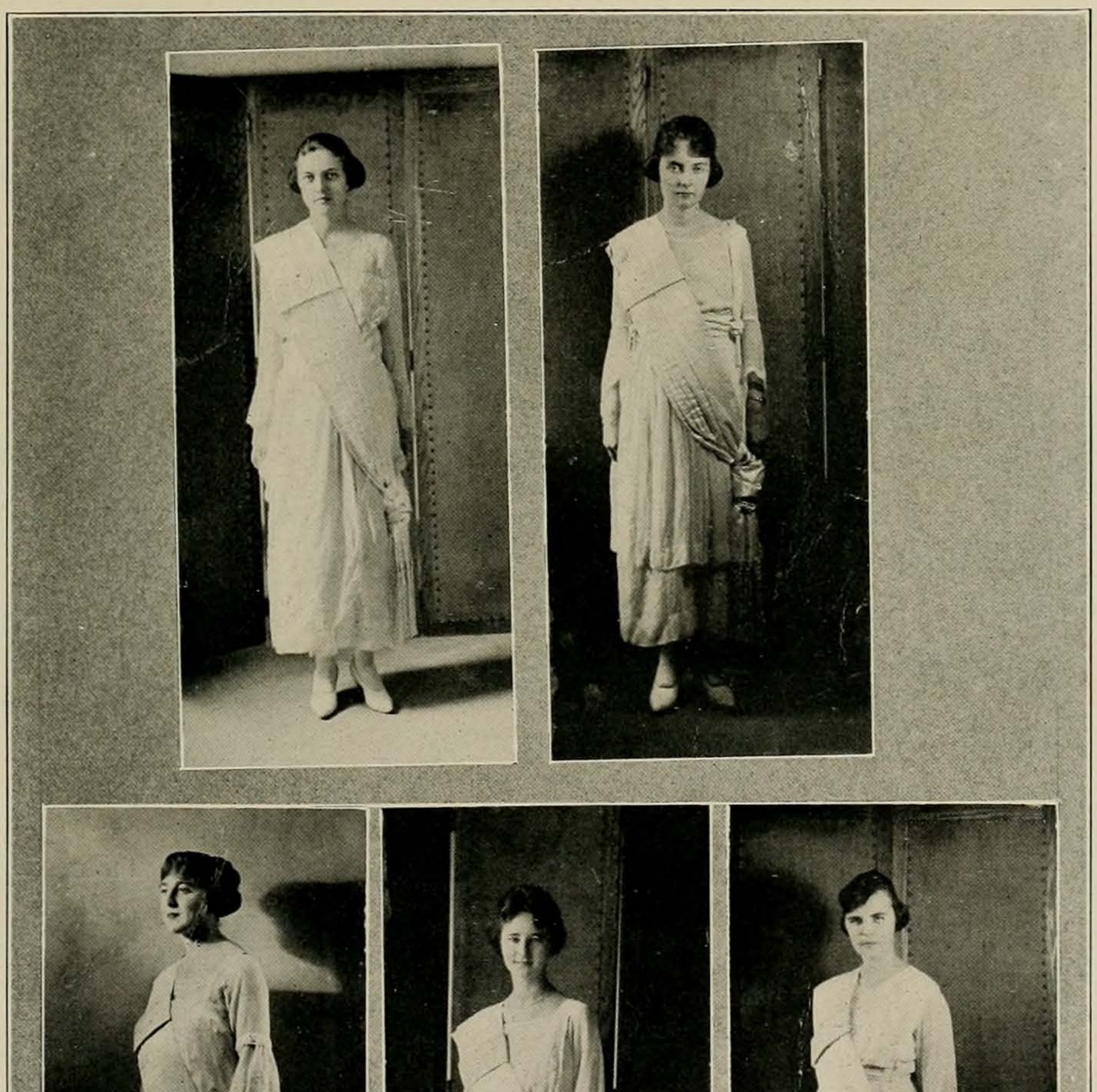


SCENE FROM "THE SWEET-MEET GAME"



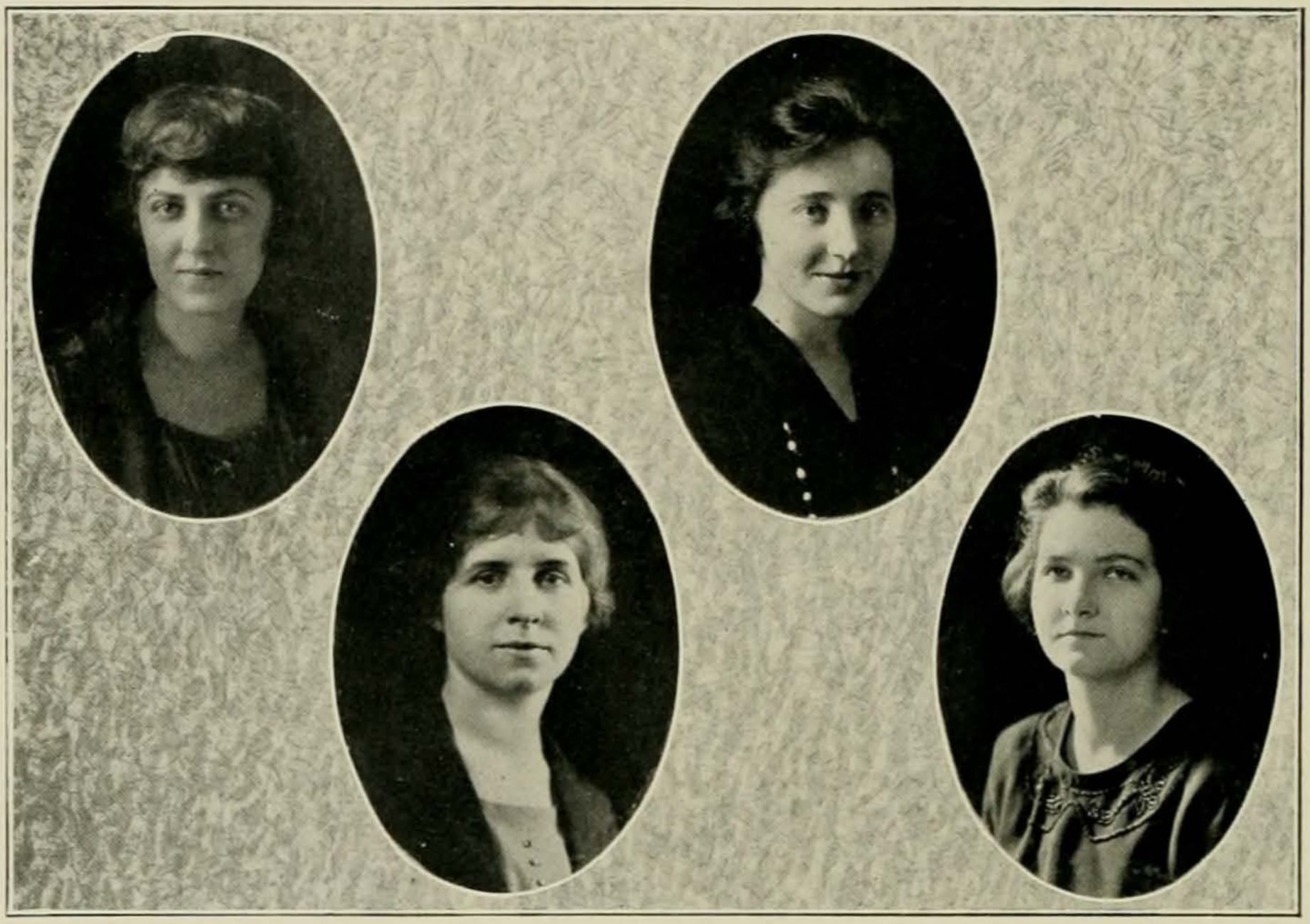
SCENES FROM "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"

MARSHALS



MARSHALS

Pine Needles 1920



Debaters

ADELPHIAN . . . . . *Affirmative*

CHARLIE MAE CRIDLEBAUGH
ELIZABETH O. SMITH

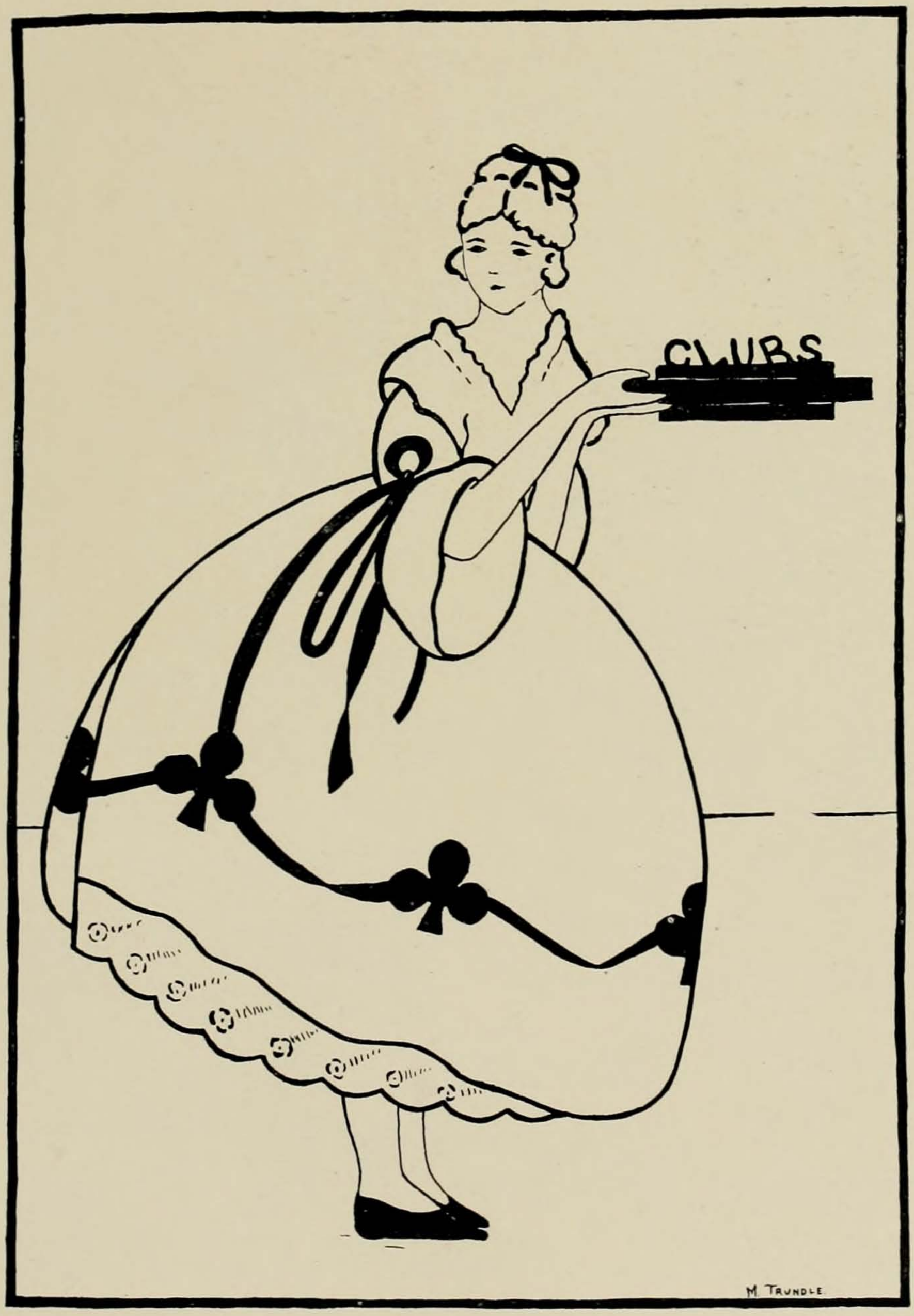
CORNELIAN . . . . . *Negative*

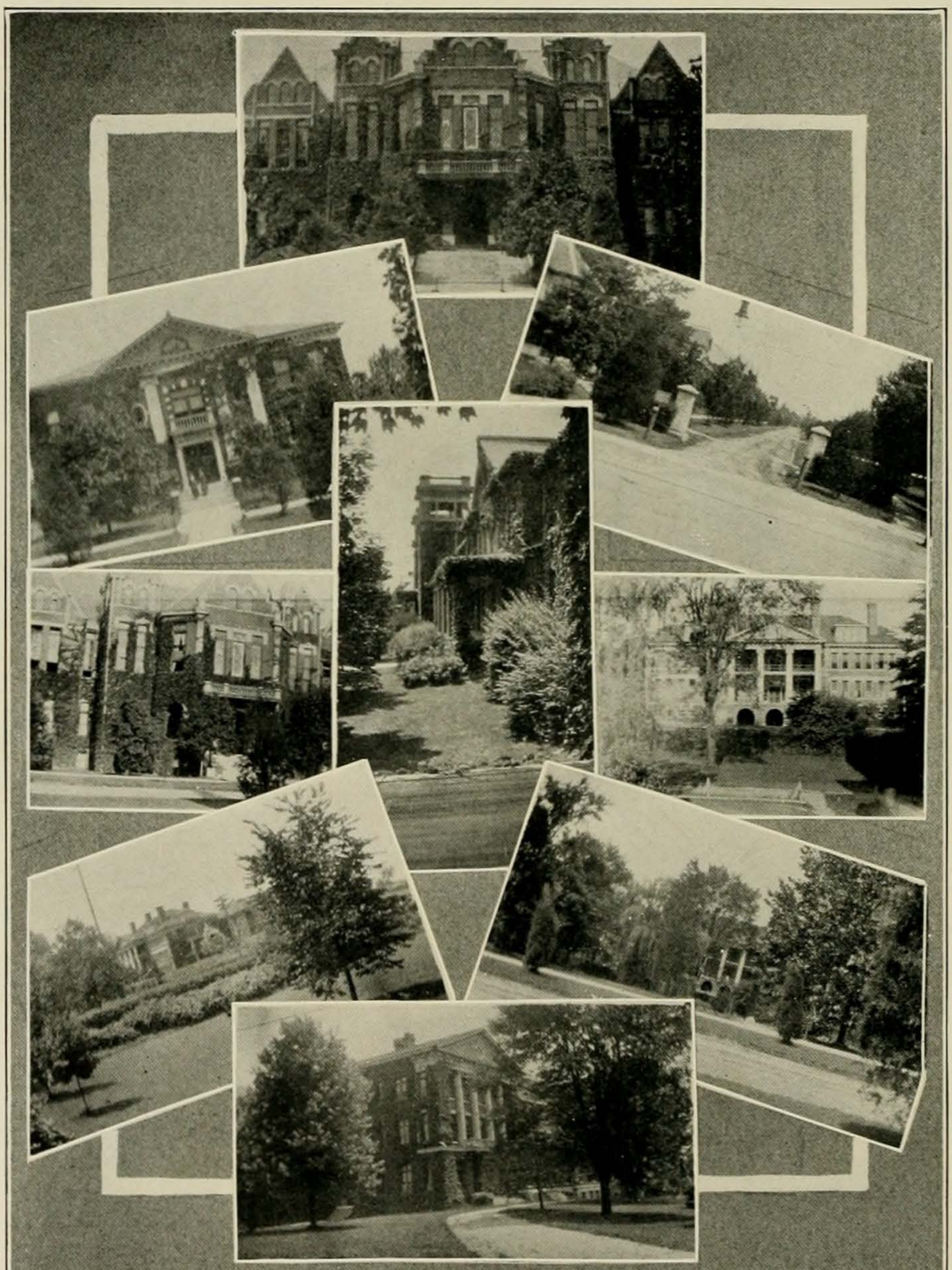
MARJORIE MENDENHALL
RUTH VICK

Query: Resolved, That Congress Should Enact a Law Further Restricting Immigration.

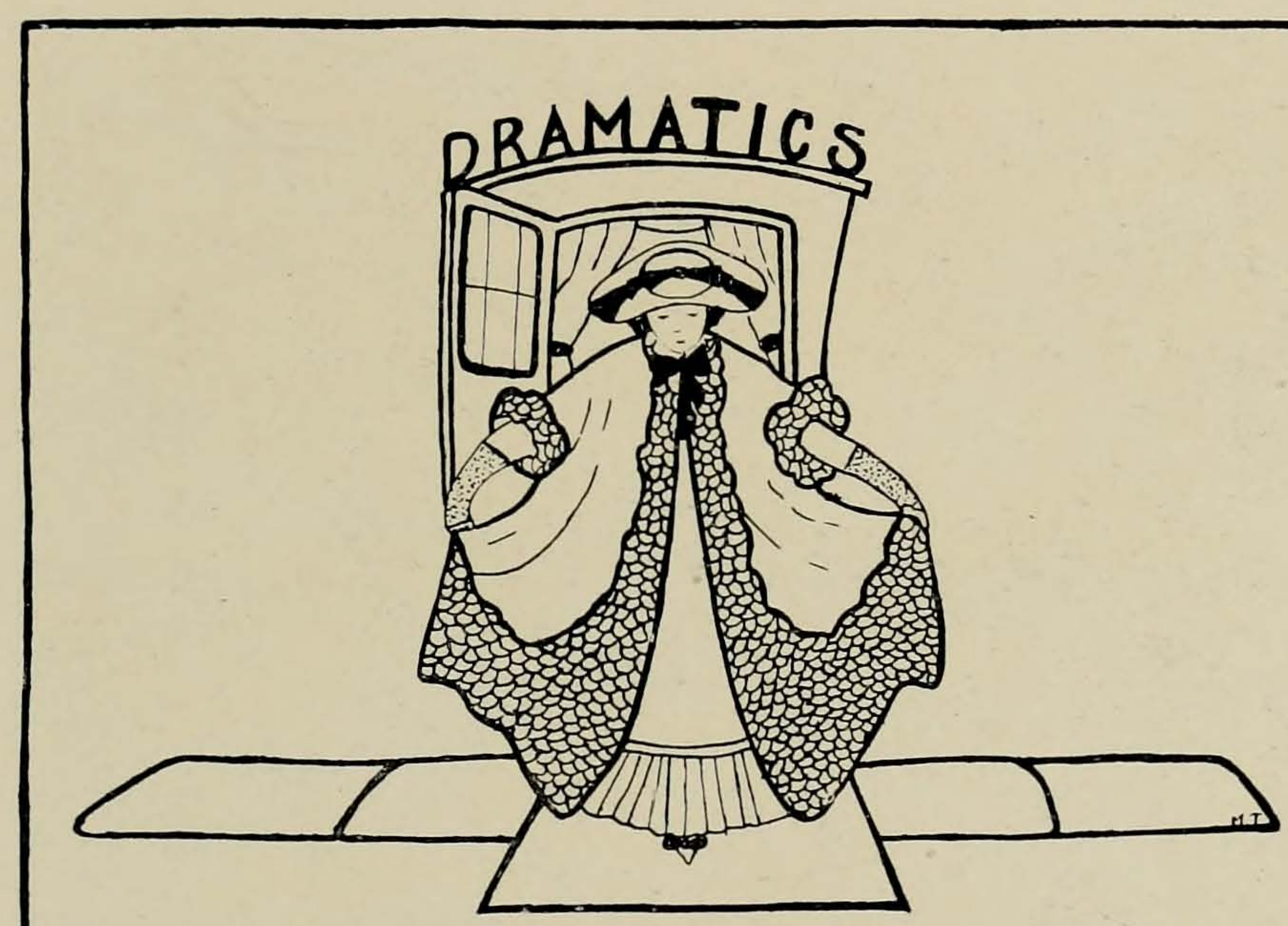
WON BY THE AFFIRMATIVE.

The three societies hold annually a series of debates, one taking place at Thanksgiving, the other at Easter. Last fall Adelphians contested with Cornelians. At Easter the Dikeans meet the winning team.


CLUBS
M. TRUNDLE



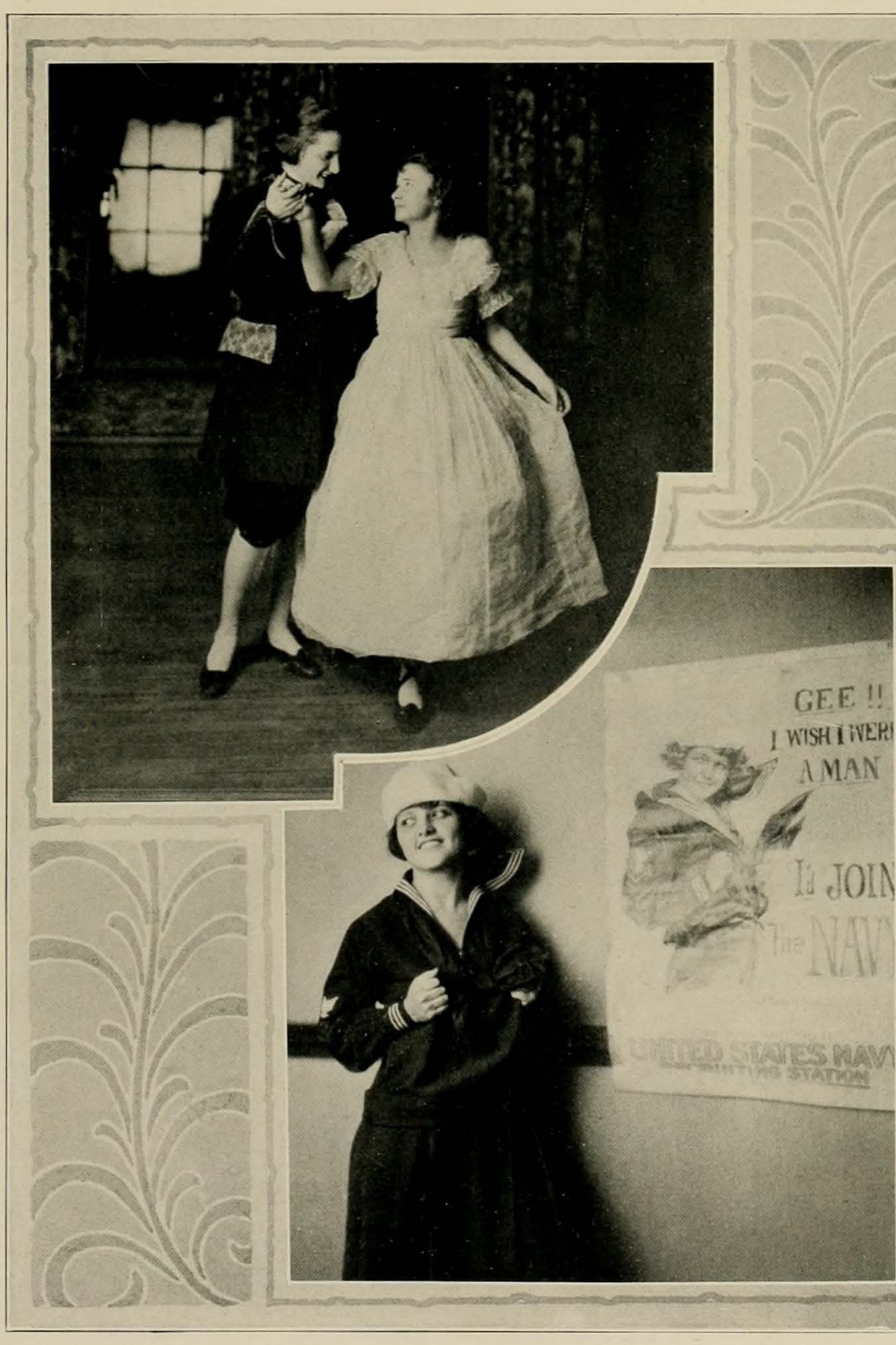
"BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE"


DRAMATICS

COLLEGE DRAMATIC CLUB

COLLEGE DRAMATIC CLUB

SCENE FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT"



"YE OLD COLONIAL DAYS"

"I WISH I WERE A MAN"

SCENE FROM "NEIGHBORS"

MILES STANDISH AND PRISCILLA

MUSIC

NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
GREENSBORO, N. C.
The Messiah
BY
GEORGE F. HANDEL
CHORUS OF ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE VOICES
MISS JEAN WILCOX, Soprano
MRS WADE R. BROWN, Contralto
MR. C. JUDSON HOUSE, Tenor
MR. FEED PATTON, Bass-Baritone
MISS ALLEINE MINOR, Pianist
MISS ELSELINE FELTON, Assistant Pianist
MR. GEORGE SCOTT-HUNTER, Organist
WADE R. BROWN, Conductor
WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 17
at 8:30 o'clock
NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE for WOMEN
GREENSBORO, N. C.
Joint Recital
AURORE LACROIX, Pianist
AND
SAMUEL GARDNER, Violinist
Evening, November 7, 1919
at 8:30 o'clock
Program
Prelude
Mr. Gardner
Op. 13, No. 1
Wind Study
Miss LaCroix
Mazurka
Scherzo
Miss LaCroix and
Amoroso
Gavotte
Etude
The Canebrake
Mr. Gardner
Etude
The Eagle
The Salamanders
March Wind
Polonaise
Miss LaCroix
Mr. Emil Newman at the

COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

Miss Helen Mayer . . . . . *Director*

First Violins
Elva Barrow
Florence Miller
Grace Forney
Myrtle Warren

Viola
Blossom Gene Wilcox

Second Violins
Addie Biggs
Dolly Worthington
Louise Shaw
Omah Williams
Irene Waters

Cornets
Mabel Boysworth
Winnie Smith
May Washburn

Bass
Kathleen Huntley

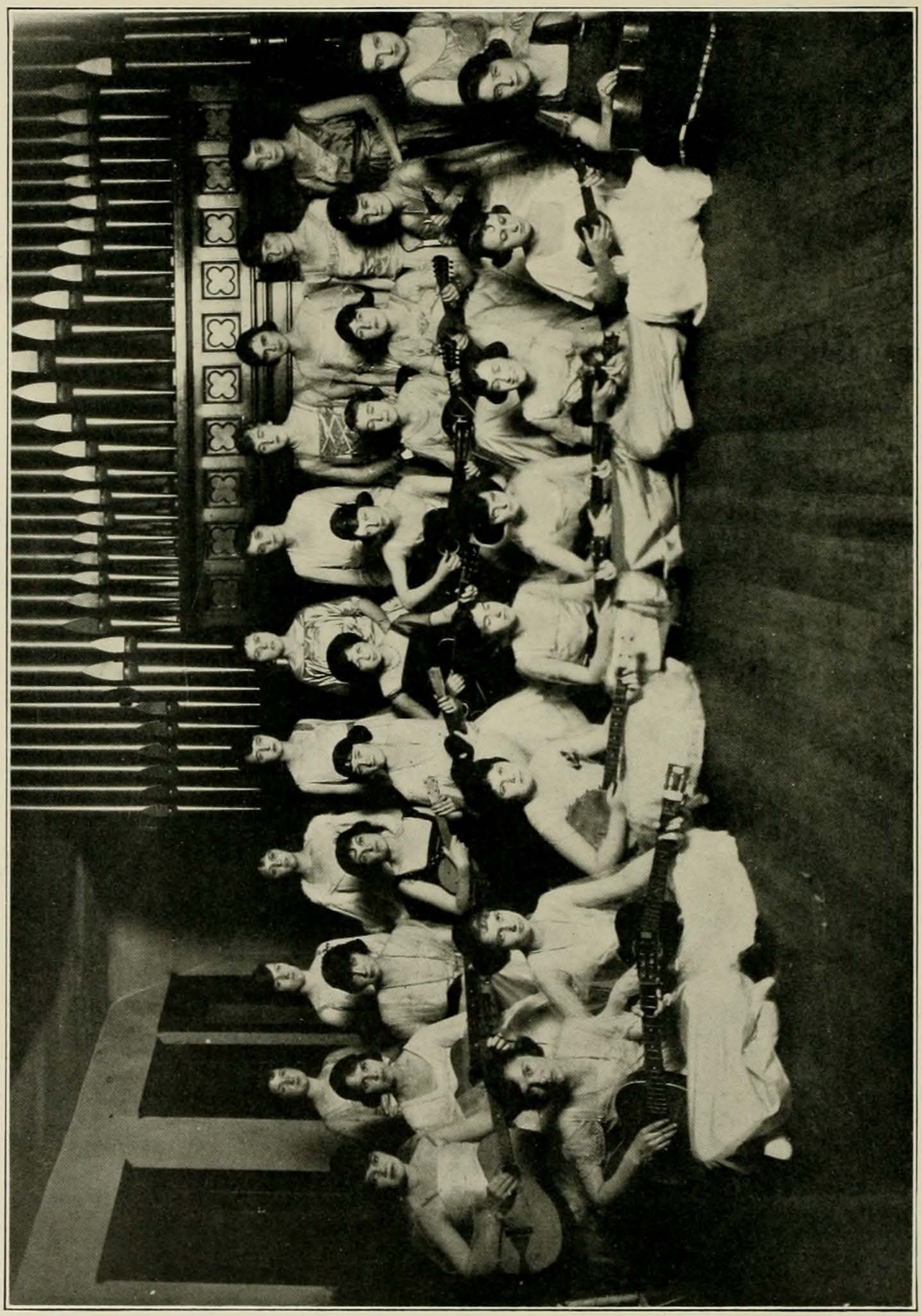
Clarinet
Marie Davenport

Cellos
Phoebe Gaylord
Rena Butler
Agnes Cannady
Elizabeth Foust

Drums
Eva Hodges

Piano
Lillie Parish

Organ
Olive Chandley



COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

Glee Club

HATTIE WILSON . . . . . *Chief Manager*

Ukulele

NORMA HOLDEN, *Manager*
CLARISSA ABERNETHY
VERA KEECH
ELIZABETH FOUST
SANFORD THOMAS
ANNA RECTOR
SARAH POOLE
MAY WASHBURN
MARGARET HOLLISTER
ESTHER HOLDEN
LILA WARD KOONCE
LULA MARTIN MCIVER
ELMA CRUTCHFIELD
LILLIAN D. WOOTEN
ABIGAIL ROAN
EUNICE MCADAMS
CARRIE BELL ROSS
LAVINIA POWELL
MABEL ROBINSON
MABEL STAMPER
OLIVE CHANDLEY

Guitar

ELIZABETH JONES, *Manager*
AGNES CANNADY
ZUE RAY
AGUSTA SAPP
ANNIE CUMMINGS
DOROTHY BARDWELL

Mandolin

SARA HARRISON, *Manager*
GRACE FORNEY
MARIE DAVENPORT
VIRGINIA POSTLES
ALLIE HILL BONEY
HATTIE WILSON
MATILDA LATTIMORE
SARA WHITE

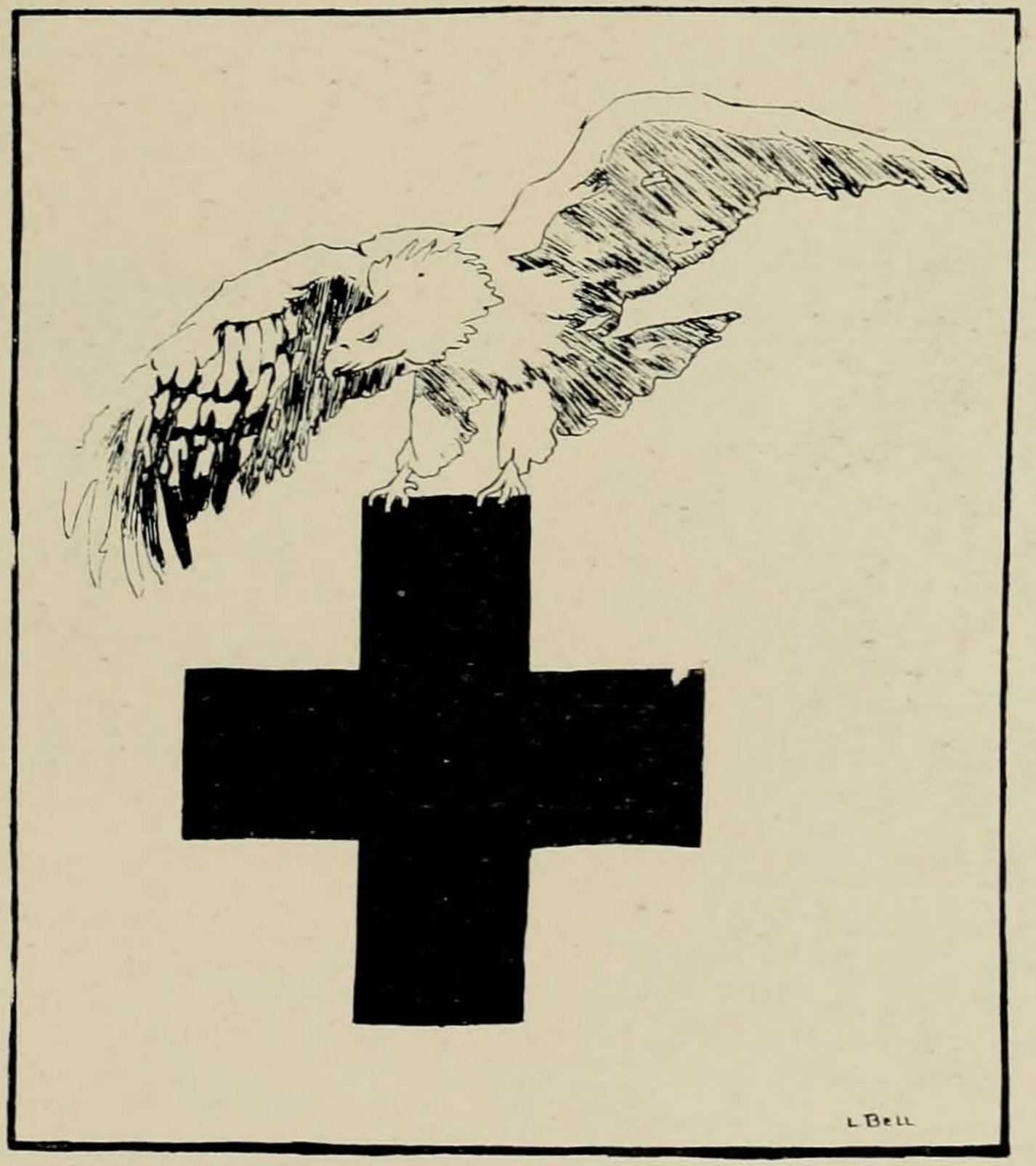
Banjo

HATTIE WILSON, *Manager*
GLADYS NEWMAN
ELIZABETH HOLTON

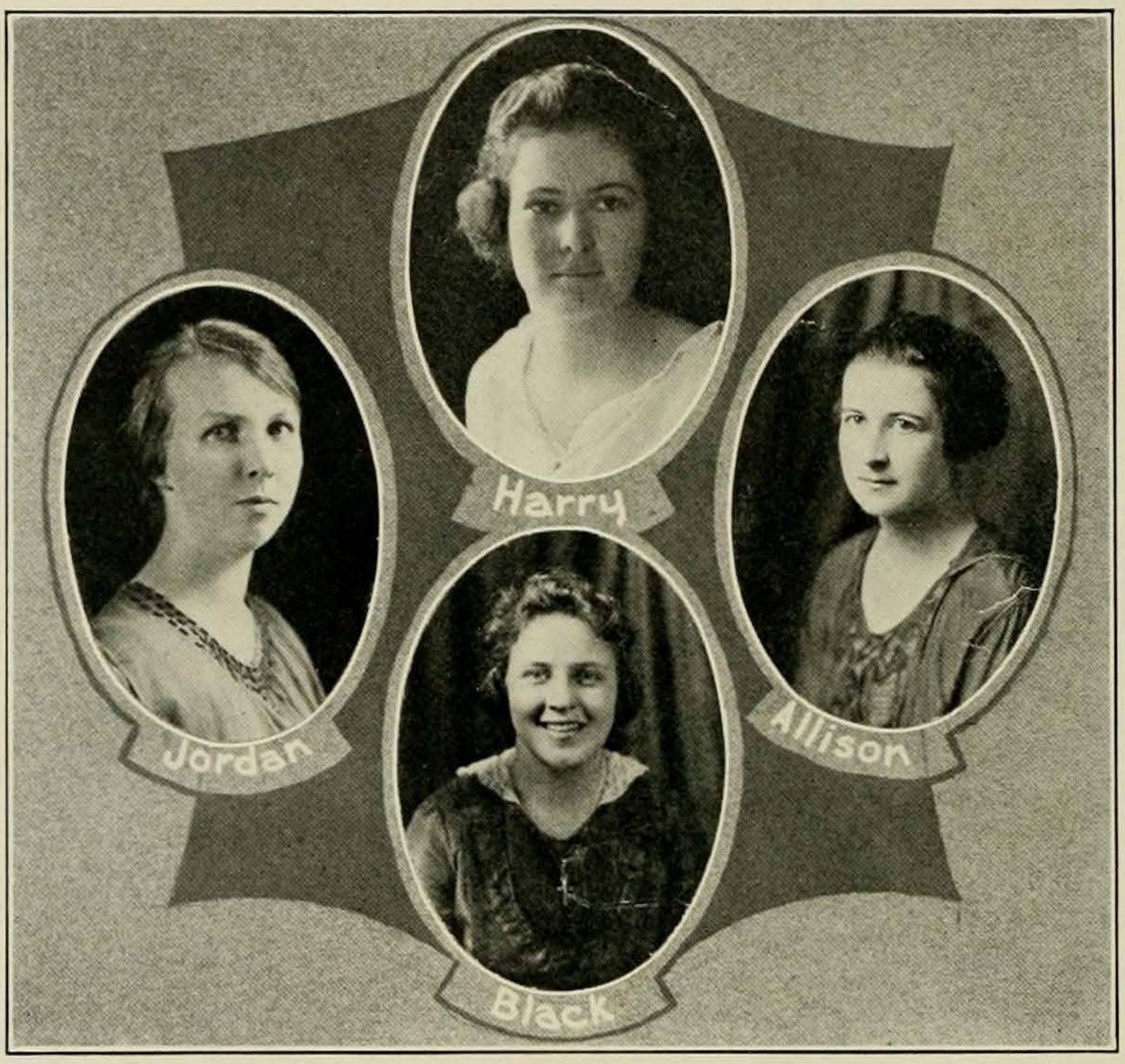
Vocal

LILLIE MAI GEORGE, *Manager*
ANNIE MAE PHARR
GLADYS NEWMAN
HELEN FERREE
MARGUERITE JENKINS
FRANCES BROOKS
JANIE BEATTY
LOUISE KORNEGAY
MARGARET WHITTINGTON
MOLLIE MATHESON
ELIZABETH BATTS
MAMIE SPEAS
SATIE HUNT
SADIE WALKER
SUSIE WEST
MARY WOOTEN
JULIA CHERRY

DEAR TO THE HEARTS OF ALL

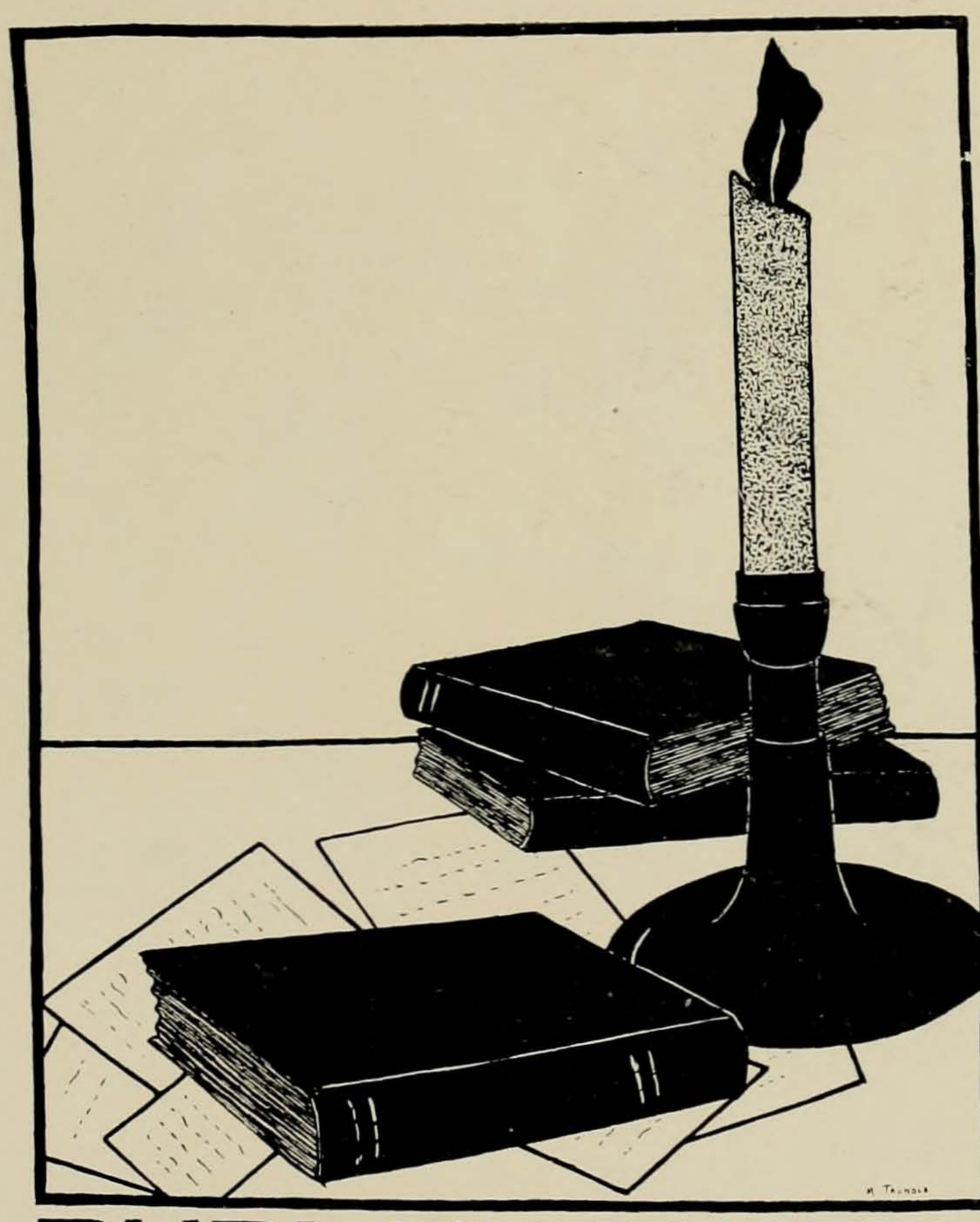


RED CROSS



Red Cross Officers

NELLE HARRY . . . . . *Chairman*
ELIZABETH BLACK . . . . . *Vice-Chairman*
WILLIE LOU JORDAN . . . . . *Secretary*
RUTH ALLISON . . . . . *Treasurer*



PUBLICATIONS

Pine Needles 1920

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Pine Needles

1920

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Pine Needles 1920

THE CORADDI

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE

Published every month, October to June, by a Board of Editors elected from the Adelphian, Cornelian and Dikean Literary Societies.

Terms: $1.00 per year, in advance. Single copy, 15 cents.

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Coraddi

*C*ornelian gives music to my name.
*O*nward pushing always the same.
*R*ugged sometimes is my path—
*A*delphian gives me all she hath,
*D*oing always her helpful part;
*D*ikean adds youth and art,
I mplying fame.

Living

K. WILLIS, '20, Adelphian

Oh, the joy of just a-living—
Just a-taking, lending, giving—
Just the rolling, rollicking way of it,
The beauty of day of it,
Mellowed by hearts throbbing, aching,
Over each new undertaking;
Then the exclusion of every care
By laughter, music, words or prayer.

The Wee Cross

KATHRYN WILLIS, '20, Adelphian

There's a wee bit o' cross in Flanders
That's sma' sae sma' to see,
But it marks a mound o' hallowed ground
That's a' in a' to me.

I am auld, sae auld,
My years would number mony,
But I had a lad who wore the plaid,
And he was brave and bonny.

And he was strong, sae strong,
He crossed the rollin' sea;
For he thought it right to go and fight—
And he ne'er came back to me.

He lies on a lone, black hill top
Where the cauld wind blaws and blaws,
And my heart's laid bare and buried there;
And the wind—it gnaws and gnaws.

But the simmer time will come,
When the blithe birdies sing,
When the flowers will bloom and banish the gloom,
Of ilka livin' thing.

There's a wee bit o' cross in Flanders
That's sma' sae sma' to see,
But God o'erhead will honor the dead
That's a' in a' to me.

The Weavers

SOMEWHERE in the Garden of Dreams, a place of drowsy murmurs and drifting perfumes, among hills that roll ridge upon ridge like the waves of a great sea until they are lost in the pale blue of the sky, is the Castle of the Great Beyond. Like a pearl in its soft luster, the castle stands in a setting of emerald, a setting of trees; weeping willows like silver fountains; many branched elms like gold-green candlesticks; white birches like the rays of the sun. There it is, silent save for the soft tread of many feet and the sea-like murmur of the trees.

Always one could see there the shadows of men, moving back and forth, for the lord of the castle is the "All-Father," and his children are without number.

From his castle every day the "All-Father" sends some of his children down to the Land of Men, where they must learn by experience how to rule in his many mansions. Before they can come back, however, each one must weave his own Garment of Life, by which he will be known on his return, and, in accordance with the manner of weaving, will be either accepted or turned away at the Gates of Eternity. To each one when leaving is given a loom and a ball of thread, Time, uncolored, but to be dyed according to the will of the weaver.

Thus one day two souls set out from the Garden and entered the Realm of Man. Together they began to weave, and always, wherever they went, their paths ran side by side. Gradually, however, a feeling of restraint grew between the two. When the world was locked in the icy grasp of Winter the soul of one felt only the chilly breath of the Frost Monarch, but the other saw the diamond glint of the snow. With the coming of the Spring Maid, the one saw the damp mists, while the other gloried in the new greenness of things. Summer was a time of grumbling for one, while for the other it changed the sands into molten gold and painted the country sides brilliant with color. One hated autumn because of its forebodings of winter, yet the other loved it because of the gay dress of the trees and the crisp tang of the air.

And, strange to say, as the dispositions of the two diverged so widely, the patterns on their looms began to differ in hue and texture. Of him who saw only darkness, the pattern had become discordant and dull in shades; black where there had been a black thought on a gloomy day; sickly yellow for an envious desire; gray for discontentment; violent red for hours wrongly spent; drab for wasted time. The weaving as well had become loose and careless, as the weaver, always hoping to forget the ugliness of the past, wove faster and faster, straining at the thread, until one day the tension became too forced and the cord snapped before the garment was finished. Frightened and dismayed, the owner took the garment to the Gates of Eternity, which open into the Garden of Dreams, and sent it in to his father. The gatekeeper soon came back, returned to him the garment, and spoke to him thus:

"Get thee to yon hut in the wilderness, for so thy father ordereth, saying that thy tapestry is a failure, and thou hast wasted time, a crime unpardonable. He deems thee unworthy to rule in his mansions."

All this time, however, she who had ever seen the beautiful had from day to day been carefully weaving her thread into a pattern of wonderful beauty. It had the sapphire born from the sky and sea; the topaz from the golden sands; ruby from a deed bravely done; white from the glitter of the sun on the snows; amethyst from the violets of spring; opal shades from the flames of rainbow fancies and dreams that lived but for the space of a thought, then passed away. All these she wove, and more, as carefully she put each thread in its proper place. Until one day the thread gave out and the garment was ready to be taken to her lord. Timidly, yet hopefully, she went, and with loving hands spread out the garment before the keeper that he might take it to his master. After one glance, however, the guardian of the gates took her by the hand, led her through the gateway, and, pointing to the garden, said: "Daughter, go take thy abode in the Mansion of Love, for thou hast embroidered the tapestry of thy life with lovely thoughts, and truly hast thou lived."

Pine Needles 1920

We Ain't Worthy

THERE are some scenes too pathetic to describe, for the human heart can not stand the repetition of a story which has once brought tears to the eyes. It is with great trepidation that, even after six months, one musters up courage to give an account of an incident which transpired last November near our college.

Late one afternoon there were seen going across the college campus five threadbare, hungry-looking figures—the sight of which could not but have touched the hardest heart that beats. Of course, we all wanted to know who they were, and what they were doing, so after much earnest inquiry we learned that they were the Hostettors, a poor family living at Pomona in privation and misery. In their tattered clothes, going from house to house begging, they were a picture which no one could forget. The poor mother was almost dead with palsy; one daughter was a deaf mute; another was a little lame consumptive; and the poor blind grandmother, ninety years old, was enough to bring tears to anyone's eyes when one saw her groping her way, guided by a tottering boy of six years.

As they went on their pitiful mission, they went to the back door of each house and with all humility asked whoever met them to read a note, saying: "Hit speaks for itself." The note read:

"Can you turn a deaf ere to the pitiful call of a lowly brother? We are in need of help from such as you. If you has ever felt the crule fangs of hunger you will no that you will be givin to a worthy caws if you give us a bite. A morsel that you will never need is all we ask. Thank you!"

Though they were invited to come in to the fire, their heart-rending answer was always, "We ain't worthy." Could anything be more pathetic than to see human spirits so crushed by poverty and suffering as this? Or if they were given something to eat, even a dry biscuit, their gratitude was so deep and sincere that the donor could not but see the true meaning of "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

As an illustration of their heartfelt gratitude, and an insight into the true character of these people, we quote in full a letter which we chanced to find several days later. It was written to someone who had given them some fruit cake, and it read as follows:

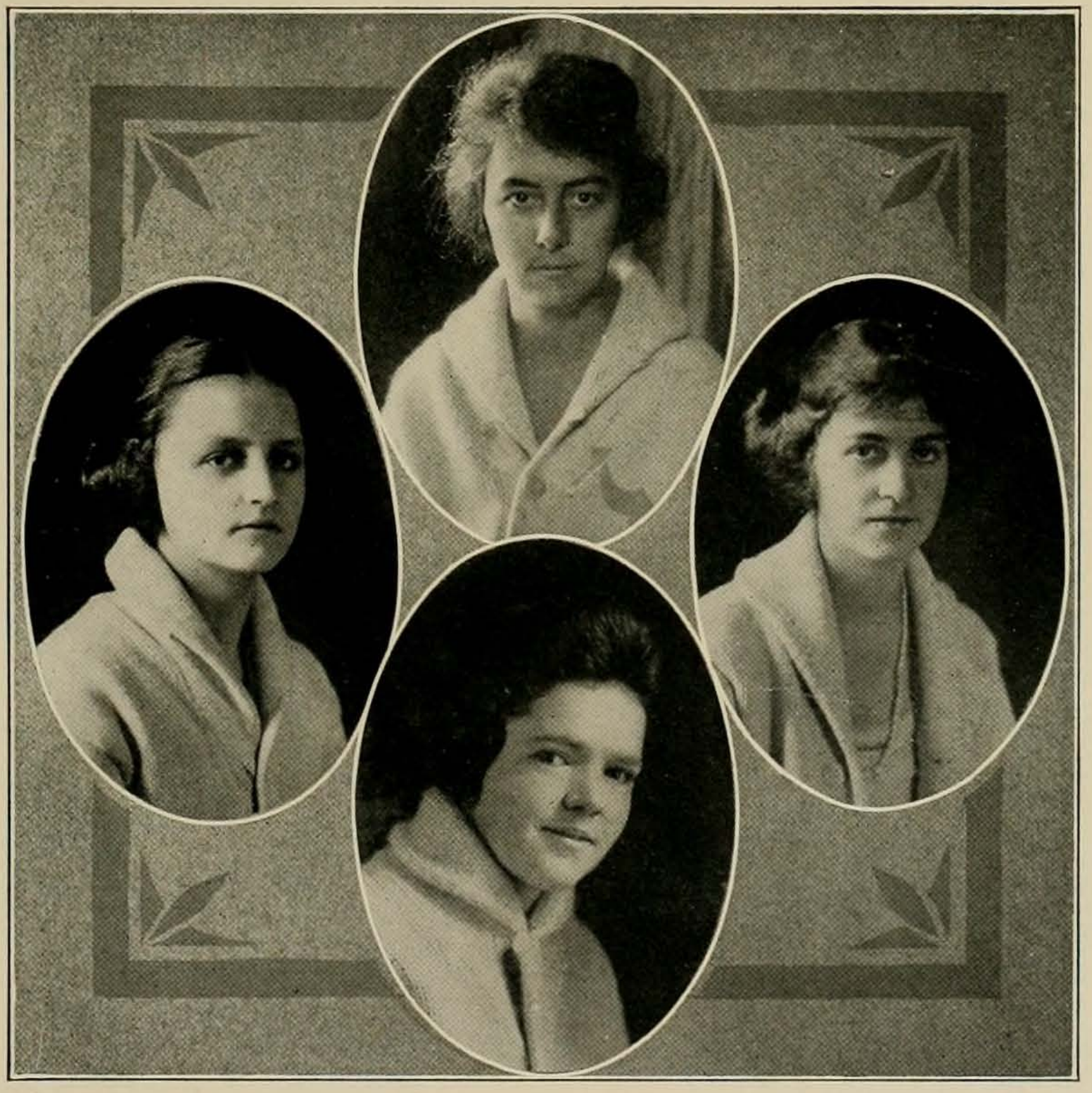
"Dere Mr. and Miss Foust: We think you are very kind, good hearted folks to help us pore starving people that piece of cake you gave us was the first mouthful weed had in nie onto 2 days we live out at permoner but we haint been living there long enuff to git work yet. I reckin you noticed little hirams tooth being knocked out, that was where some mean boys rocked him and nocked it out when he was down town selling papers. He was trying to hope serport the family and we think that it was mighty ugly in them boys to treat hiram that way. Mr. Foust we no you are a fine man and we wish you all would have the boys put in the lock-up. Hiram disrembers there names but you will no them caws they are so mean. We are pore folks but we mean well. To let you no we are alrite I will tell you about my paw. These childrens grandpa was a brave man and fought in the Civil War, and was a corporal or a third lieutenant in General Lee's army and one day was settin hisself on a log and General Lee come along and said, 'Good morning,' and paw he said, 'Howdy, General.' Also we had a boy to die in France and his name was little Willie and one day he was in a restruant eating horse meat and somebody hollered 'wo' and he choked to death! We are very grieved, but we think it is a honor for him to give his life for his country like that. We must stop now, with love and gratefuless— "Yours truly,

"_____."

"We ain't worthy; we ain't worthy." Maybe those pitiful words ring out eternally to those who sent those poor beggars away hungry, for "hunger breeds madness." And not "charity begins at once," and the hungry, yea, the poor "we have with us always," for perhaps—oh, whisper it softly if you see Dr. Foust or Mrs. McIver—you wouldn't have had to break your quarantine to identify this piteous, "unworthy" Hostettors family."

Book IV

ATHLETICS



Officers of the Athletic Association

MARIE RICHARDS . . . . . *President*
CLARA BRAWLEY . . . . . *Secretary*
SARAH POOLE . . . . . *Treasurer*
JESSIE ROSE . . . . . *Critic*

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION CABINET

Pine Needles 1920

Norma Holden
Elsie Yarborough
SENIOR
(Tune, Mr. Zip.)

"Oh, Sophs, you'll have to play, play, play,
Even tho' your team is mighty fine,
The Senior team will win today,
For they stand first in line.
The Seniors will beat you, they's got a rep;
The Seniors will win 'cause they've got the pep.
So Sophs you'll have to fight, fight, fight,
If you hold the Senior team a light."

Agnes Henderson
Virginia Postles
SOPHOMORE

There was a girl-i-url-i-url
What had a stick-i-ic-tic;
She hit that ball-a-all-a-all
An awful lick-i-ic-ic.
She won the game-a-ame, game,
And what is more-ore-ore,
That little girl-i-url-i-url's
A Sophomore.

Blanche Plott
JUNIOR
(Tune, Washington and Lee Swing.)

O! when the Junior team comes out to play,
Why, when the Junior team comes out to stay,
Until the Seniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, too,
And even Specials say
Let's run, run, run, run,
For none of them have chances, not a ray,
While the Junior team is out to stay,
So they must run, run, run, run,
run away, run away.
See—them—go!

Elizabeth Batts
Sarah Harrison
FRESHMAN
(Tune, "O Helen!")

Our team, our team, our team has got the pep.
The Freshman class is going to make a rep:
The win— the win— the winning team will be
The class, the class, the class of '23!

Sanford Thomas
Irene Postles
SPECIAL

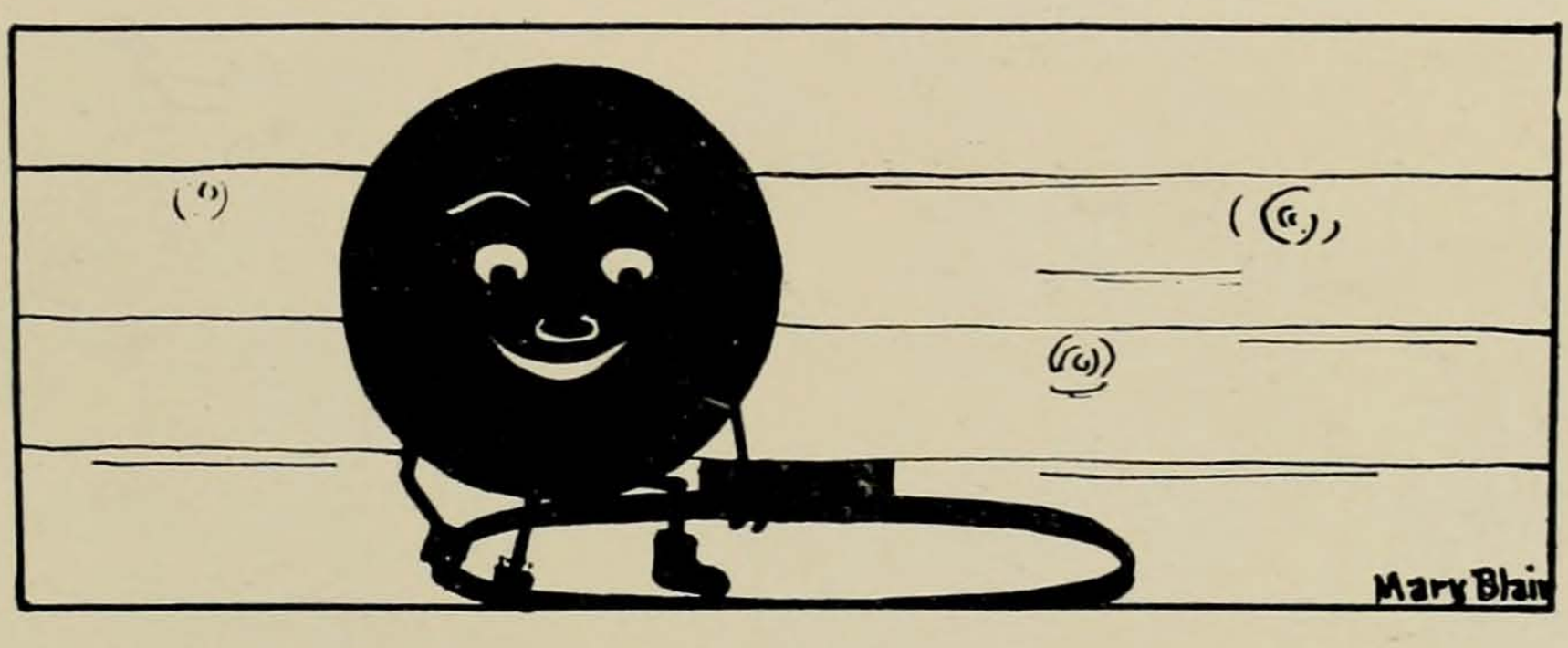
Here's to our Alma Mater,
We love her with all our heart,
Ah, yes we do, you know we do.
Hail to the N. C. College,
There's where we get our knowledge,
N. C., we love you, yes we do.

Lena Kernodle
COLLEGE

We lift our hearts, dear old A. A.
In gratitude to you—,
A tribute to your name we pay,
And love ye pledge anew.
Our memories of happy days
Will go with us forever;
And as we sing athletic lays
We'll stand more close together.

It matters not what sport it be;
We play with all our might,
We work and play courageously
Until we win the fight,
Forgetting all our cares and pains,
We give ourselves to pleasure,
We work our muscles, rest our brains,
And have fun without measure.

COLLEGE CHEER LEADERS



MILDRED BARRINGTON
Sport Leader

Junior Basketball Team

Champion

Evelyn Wilson	*Forward*
Evelyn Hodges	*Forward*
Virginia Davis	*Center*
Mildred Barrington	*Center*
Eunice McAdams	*Guard*
Sadie Moyle	*Guard*

Senior Basketball Team

Ethel Boyte	*Forward*
Julia Cherry	*Forward*
Julia West	*Center*
Pearl Wilson	*Center*
Mabel Boysworth	Guard
LaRue McLawhorn	Guard

Sophomore Basketball Team

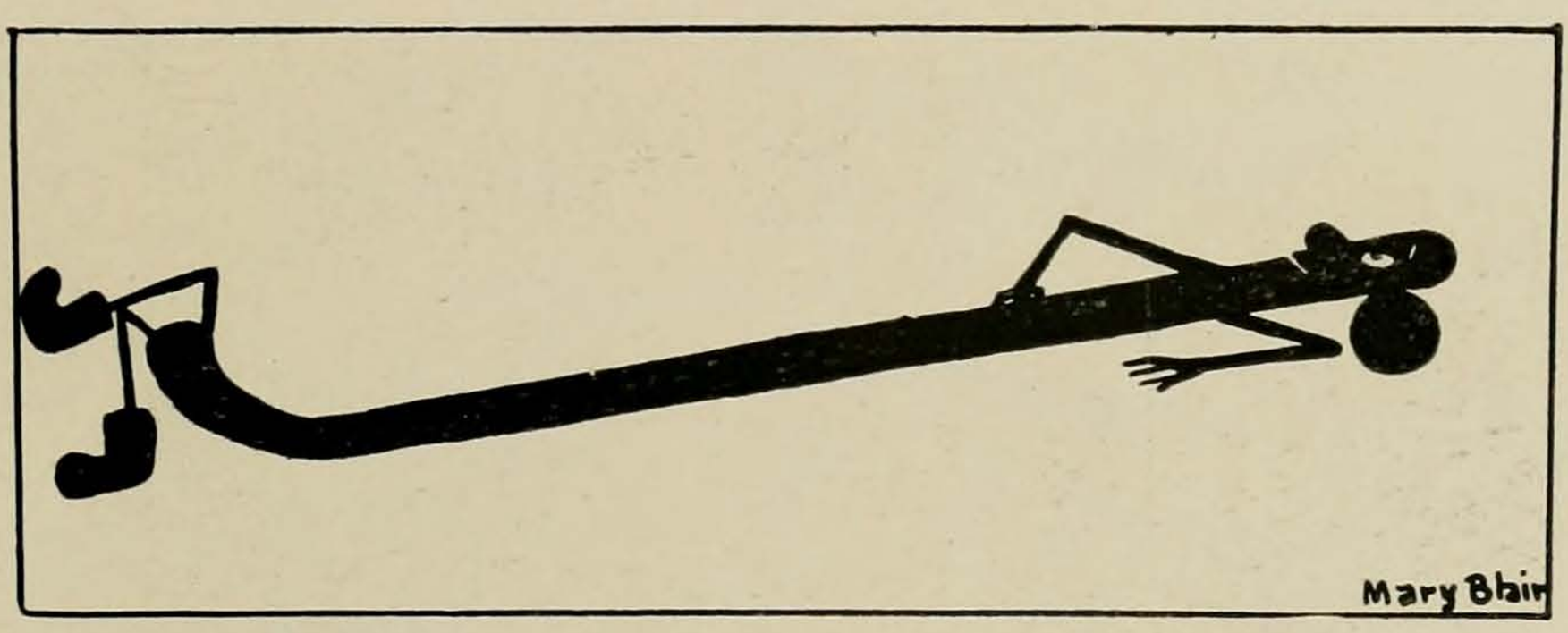
Rachael Barwick	*Forward*
Elizabeth Jones	*Forward*
Branson Price	*Center*
Hannah May Fleetwood	*Center*
Emeline Gogorth	Guard
Joyce Rudisill	Guard

Freshman Basketball Team

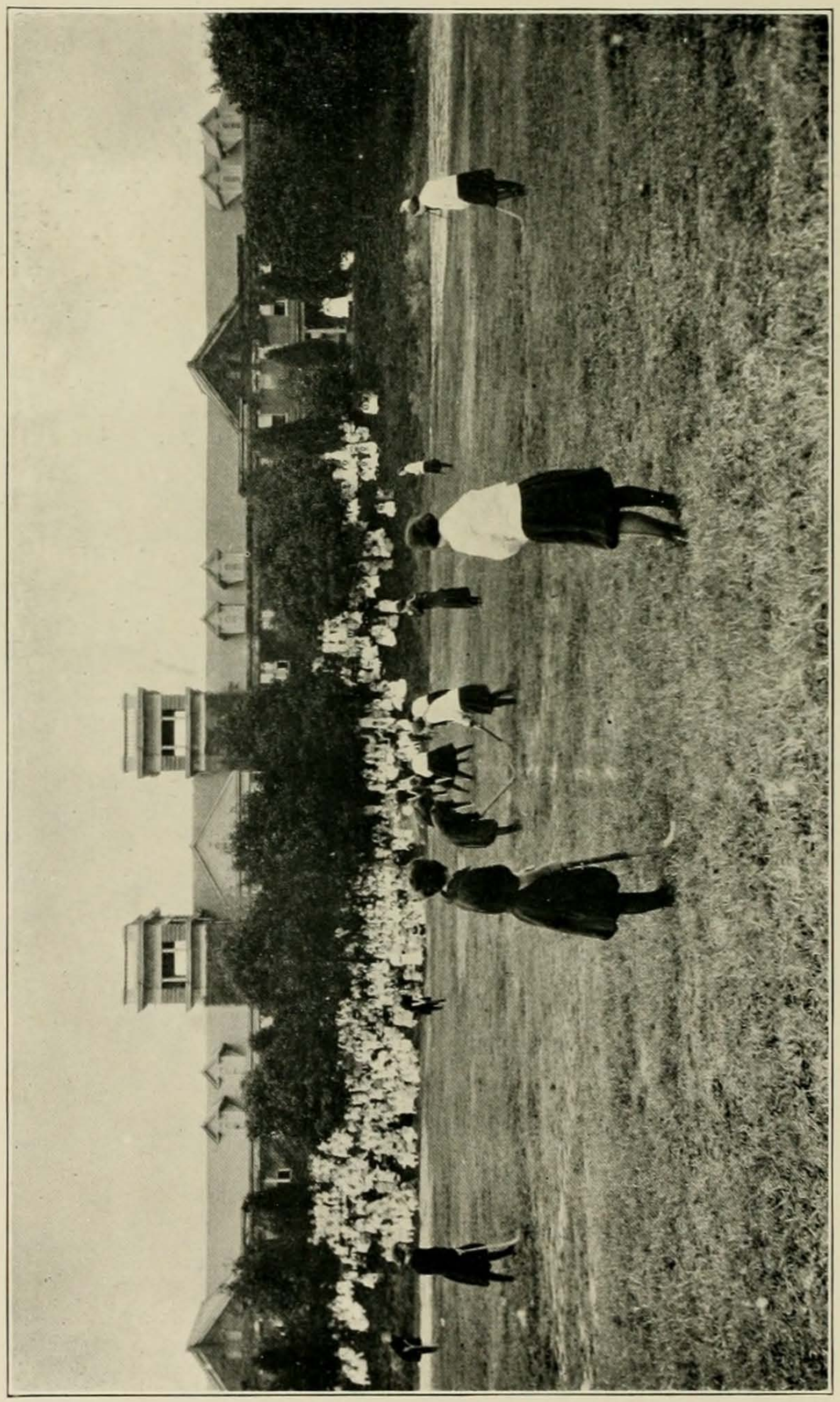
Pauline Stem	Guard
Eva Hodges	Guard
Jennie Wilson	*Forward*
Lizzie Whitley	*Forward*
Josephine Piette	*Center*
Omah Williams	*Center*

Special Basketball

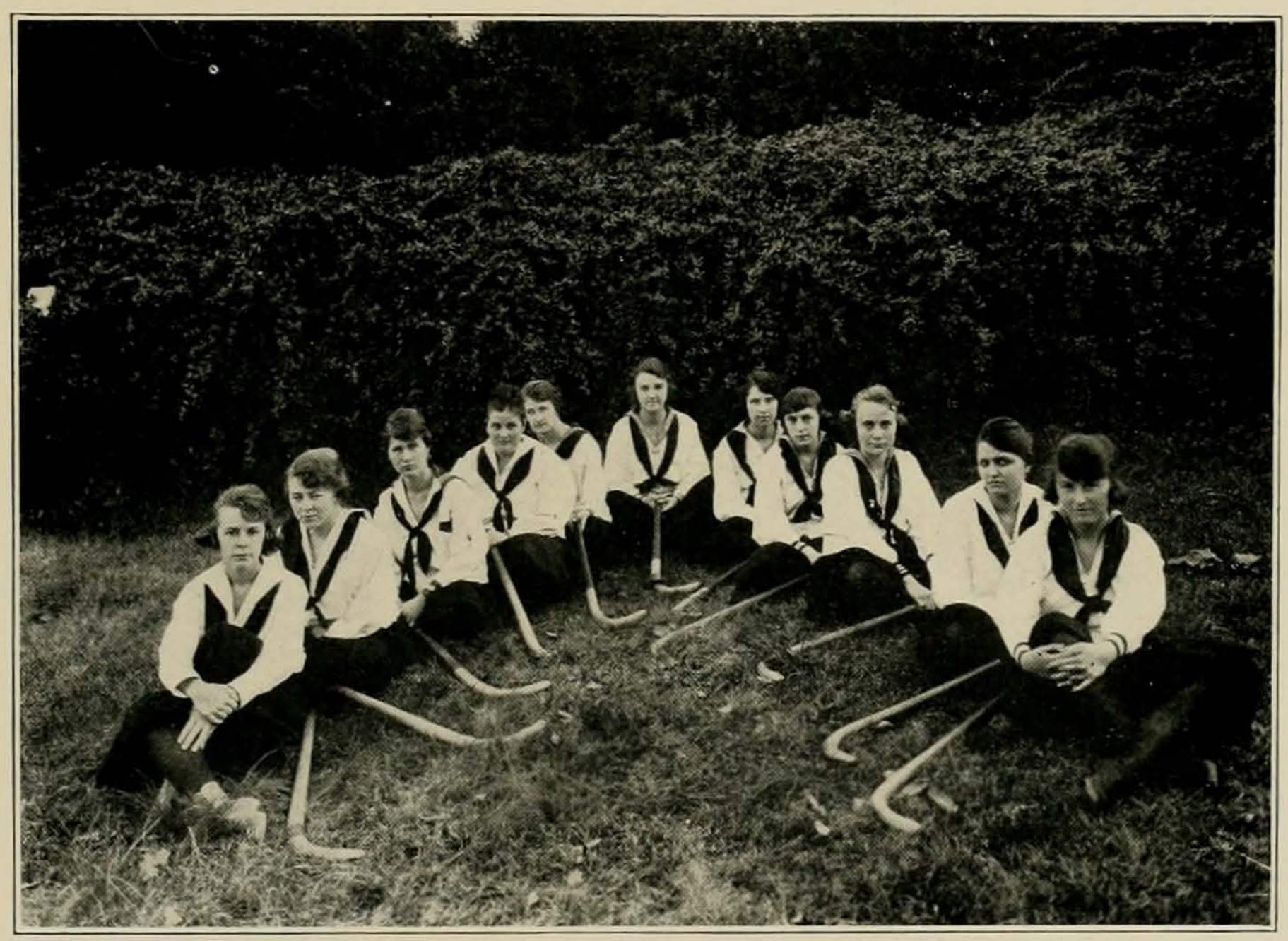
Grace Ward	*Guard*
Rosa Moss	*Guard*
Grace Boyd	*Forward*
Annie Watt	*Forward*
Myrtle Riley	*Center*
Lucy Daniel	*Center*



JOSEPHINE HOPKINS
Sport Leader



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HOCKEY FIELD



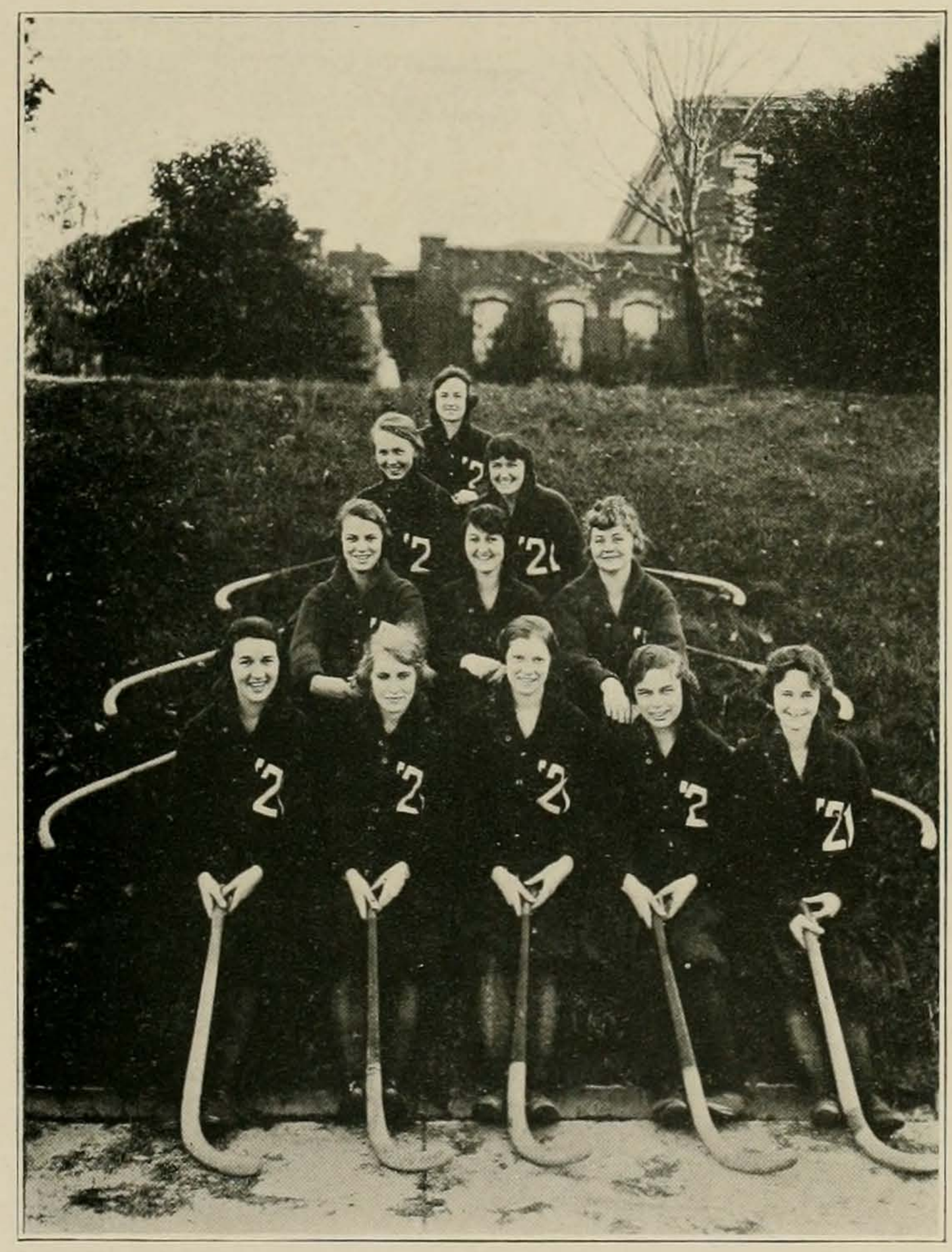
Freshman Hockey Team

Lena Whitley	*Center Forward*
Janey Pierce	*Right Inside*
Esther Winson	*Left Inside*
Ola Angle	*Right Wing*
Jean Roddick	*Left Wing*
Mary Burns	*Center Halfback*
Martha White	*Right Halfback*
Mavis Burchette	*Left Halfback*
Leah Willis	*Right Fullback*
Mary Kirkman	*Left Fullback*
Catherine Gaston	*Goal*

Sophomore Hockey Team

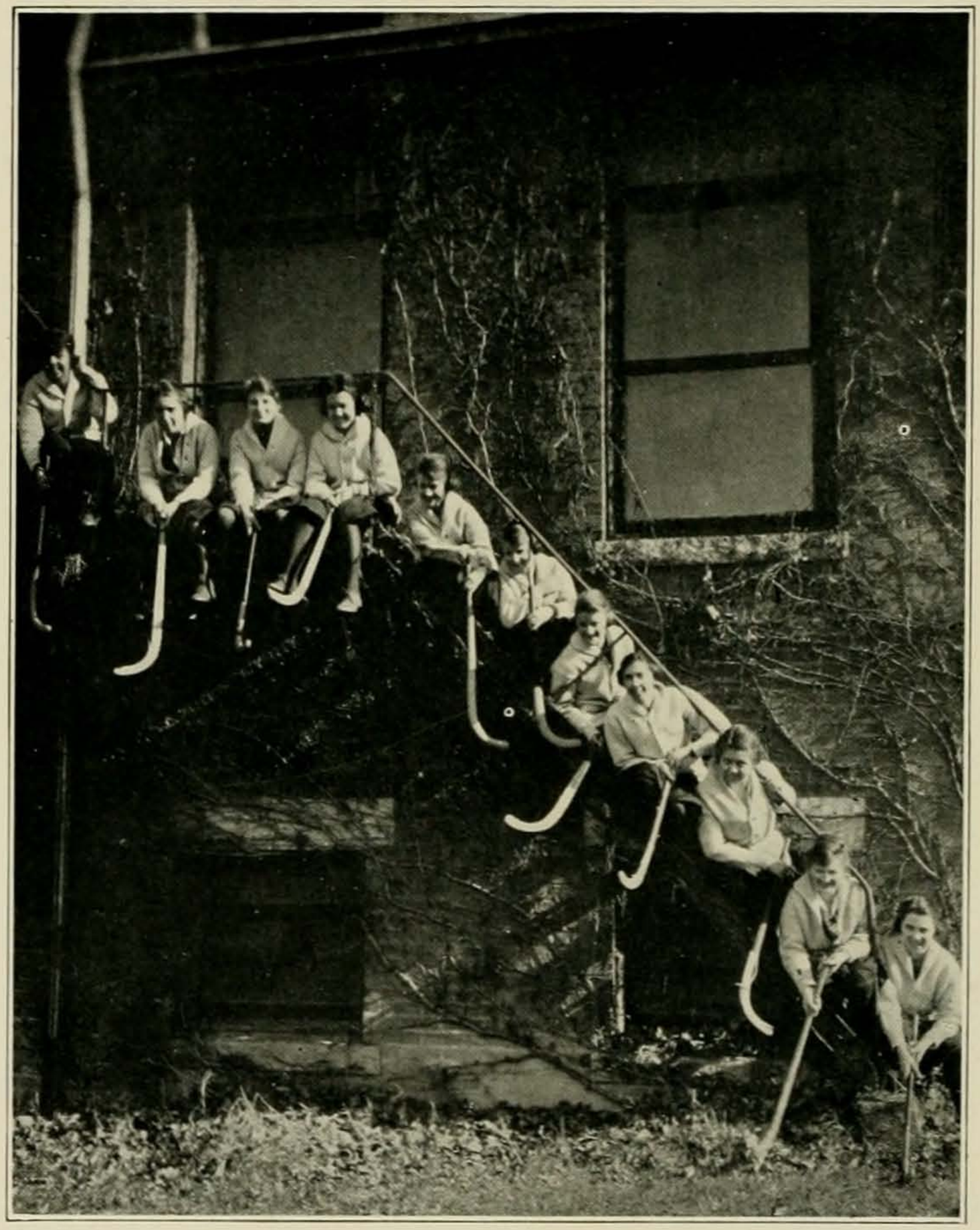
CHAMPION

Hazel Mizelle	*Center Forward*
Ruth Higgins	*Right Inside*
Martha Bradley	*Left Inside*
Ruby Hodgin	*Right Wing*
Sallie Tucker	*Left Wing*
Virginia Postles	*Center Halfback*
Jessie Baxley	*Right Halfback*
Anne Cantrell	*Left Halfback*
Jinsie Underwood	*Right Fullback*
Muriel Barnes	*Left Fullback*
Eva Lee Sink	*Goal*



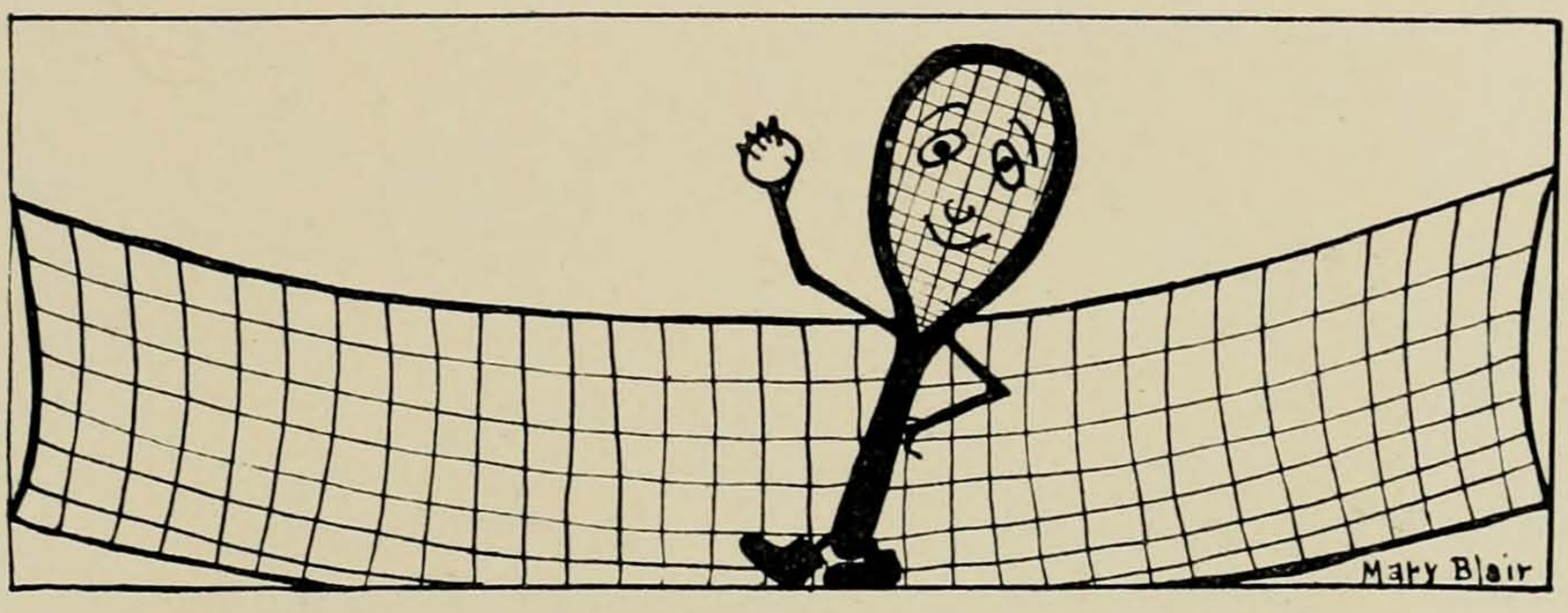
Junior Hockey Team

GLADYS WELLS . . . . . *Center Forward*
FRANCES BLACK . . . . . *Right Inside*
ANNIE CUMMINGS . . . . . *Left Inside*
LENA KERNODLE . . . . . *Right Wing*
REID PARKER . . . . . *Left Wing*
RUTH WINSLOW . . . . . *Center Halfback*
ANNE FULTON . . . . . *Right Halfback*
VERA WARD . . . . . *Left Halfback*
WILLIE LOU JORDAN . . . . . *Right Fullback*
FLOSSIE FOSTER . . . . . *Left Fullback*
EDNA EVANS . . . . . *Goal*

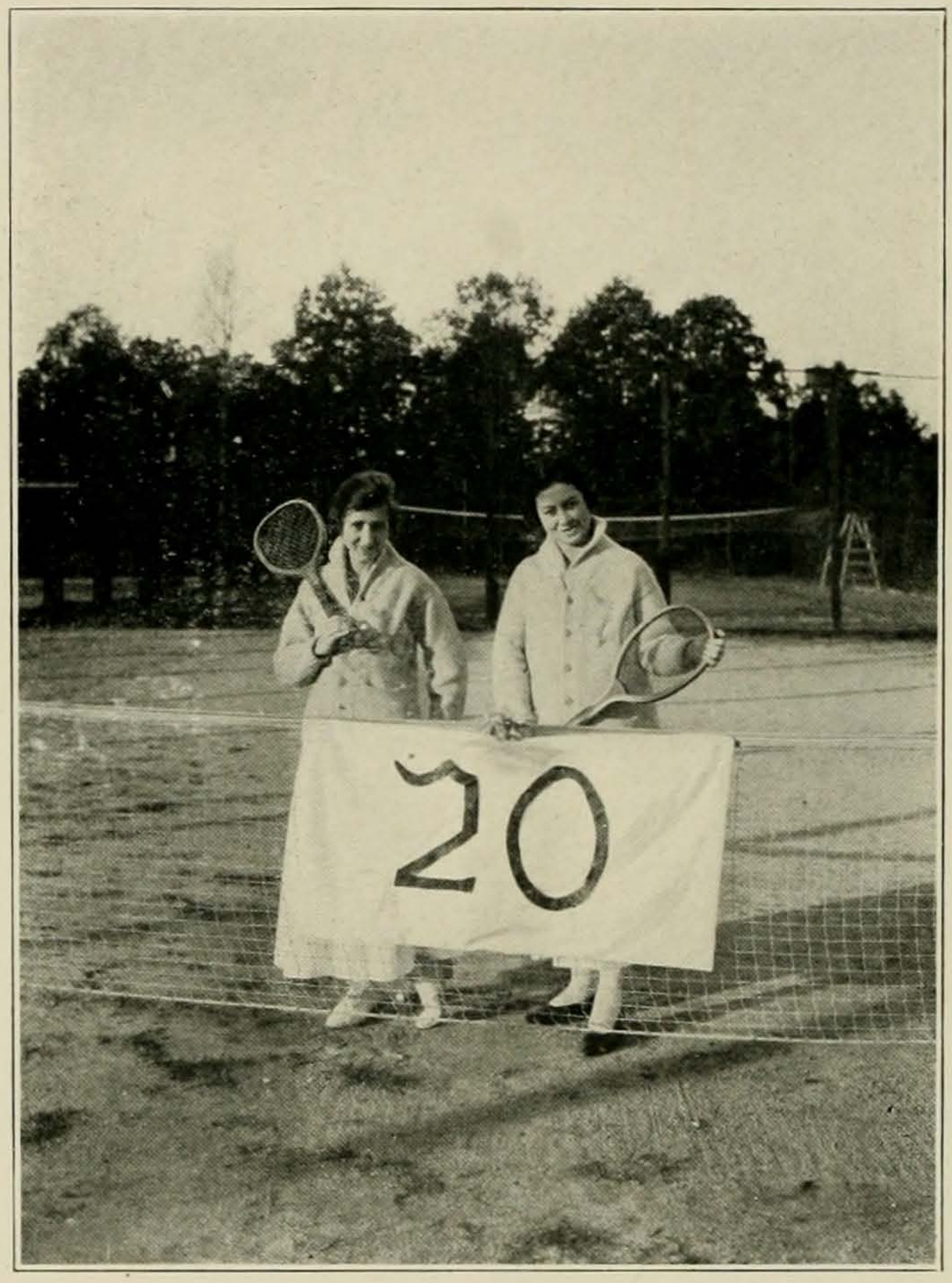


Senior Hockey Team

LELA WADE . . . . . *Center Forward*
HATTIE WILSON . . . . . *Right Inside*
JOE CAUSEY . . . . . *Left Inside*
LYDIA FARMER . . . . . *Right Wing*
MARIE RICHARD . . . . . *Left Wing*
SYBIL BARRINGTON . . . . . *Center Halfback*
ELSIE SWINDELL . . . . . *Right Halfback*
JOSEPHINE HOPKINS . . . . . *Left Halfback*
TERRENE HOLLOMAN . . . . . *Right Fullback*
JUANITA KESLER . . . . . *Left Fullback*
ELIZABETH SMITH . . . . . *Goal*



JESSIE ROSE
Sport Leader

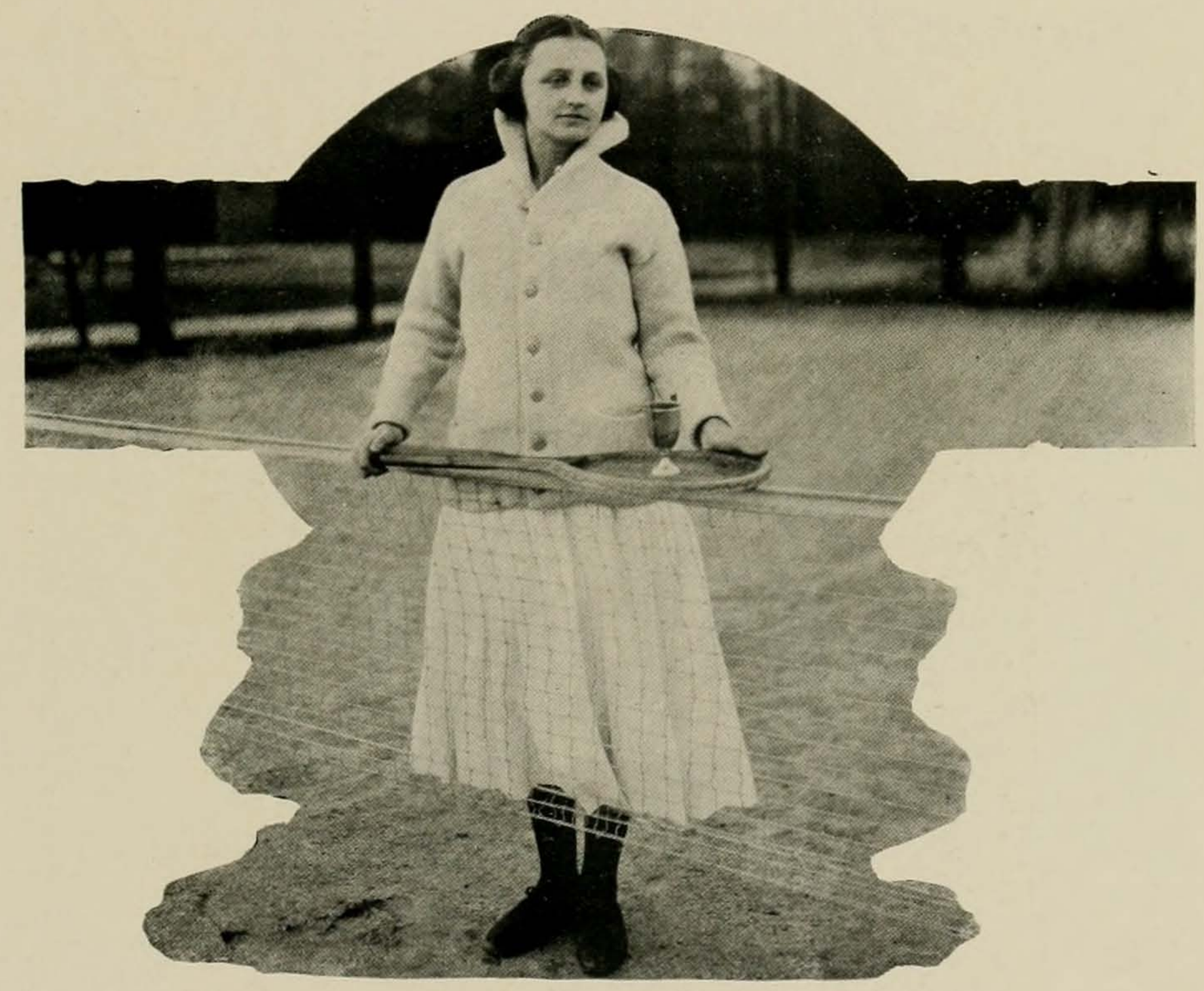


Senior Tennis Players

Champions in Doubles

ELSIE YARBROUGH

HELEN ASKEW



Sophomore Tennis

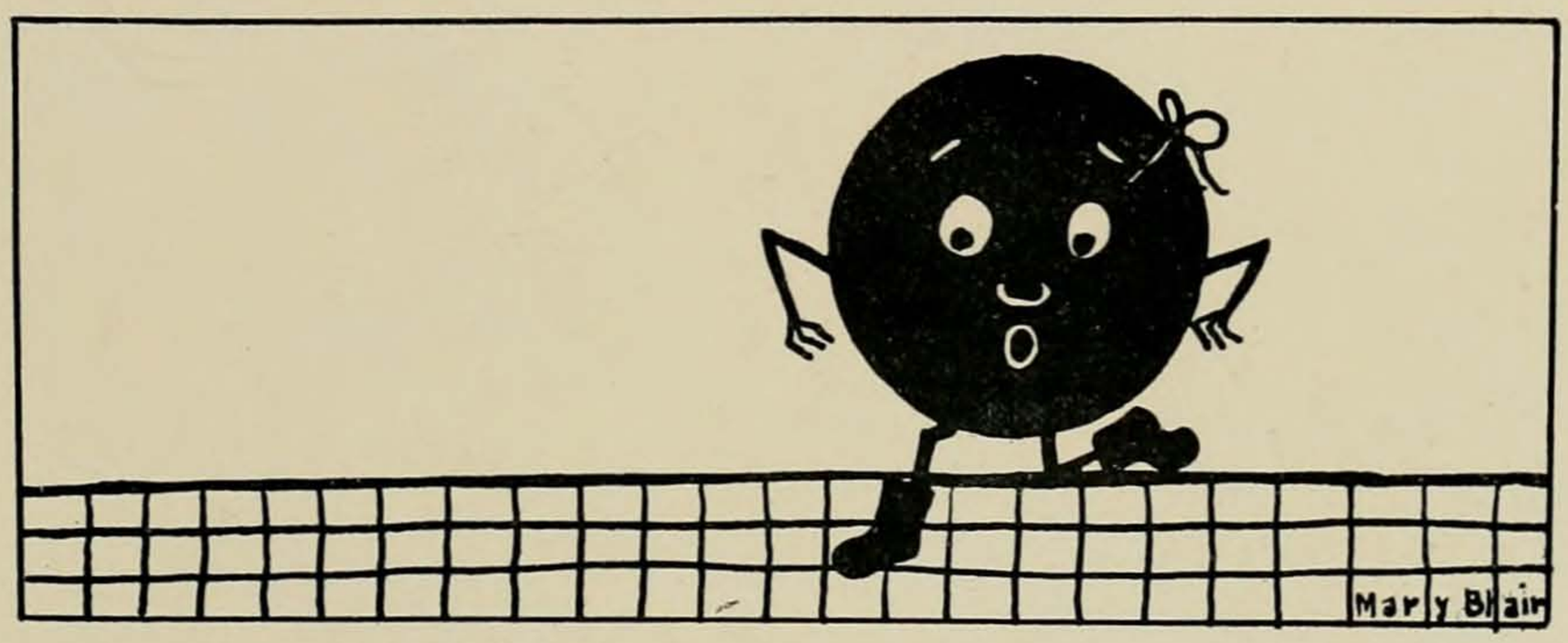
Champion in Singles

Jessie Rose

Tennis Tournament Players

Tennis Group

Helen Askew
Elsie Yarborough
Pauline Stone
Mildred Price
Helen Dunn Creasy
Emo Alspaugh
May Washburn
Anne Reynolds
Jessie Rose
Marie Davenport
Esther Davenport



NELLE FLEMMING
Sport Leader

Senior Volley Ball

Willie John Medlock
Florence Miller
Norma Holden
Rouss Hayes
Mamie Speas
Carrie Burton
Marjorie Mendenhall
Elizabeth McLean

Junior Volley Ball

Mary Nixon
Jennie Mann Clark
Annie Belle Williams
Katherine Milsaps
Isabelle McDowell
Georgie Williamson
Hortense Moseley
Hattie Fox

Sophomore Volley Ball

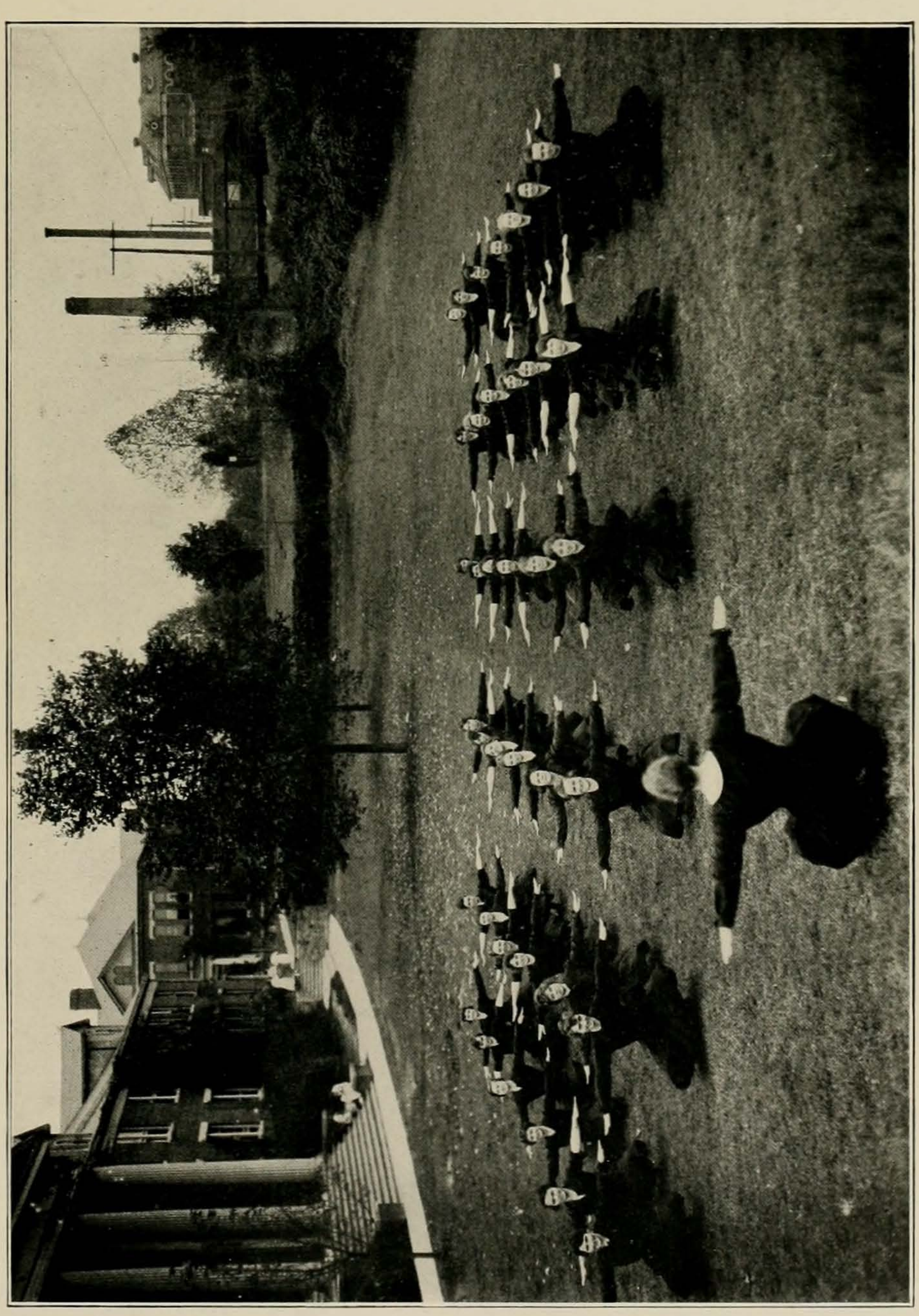
Marie Bonitz
Jocelyn McDowell
May McArn
Hazel Worsley
Katherine Yoder
Lucy Hunter
Margaret Blair
Mabel Carpenter

Freshmen Volley Ball

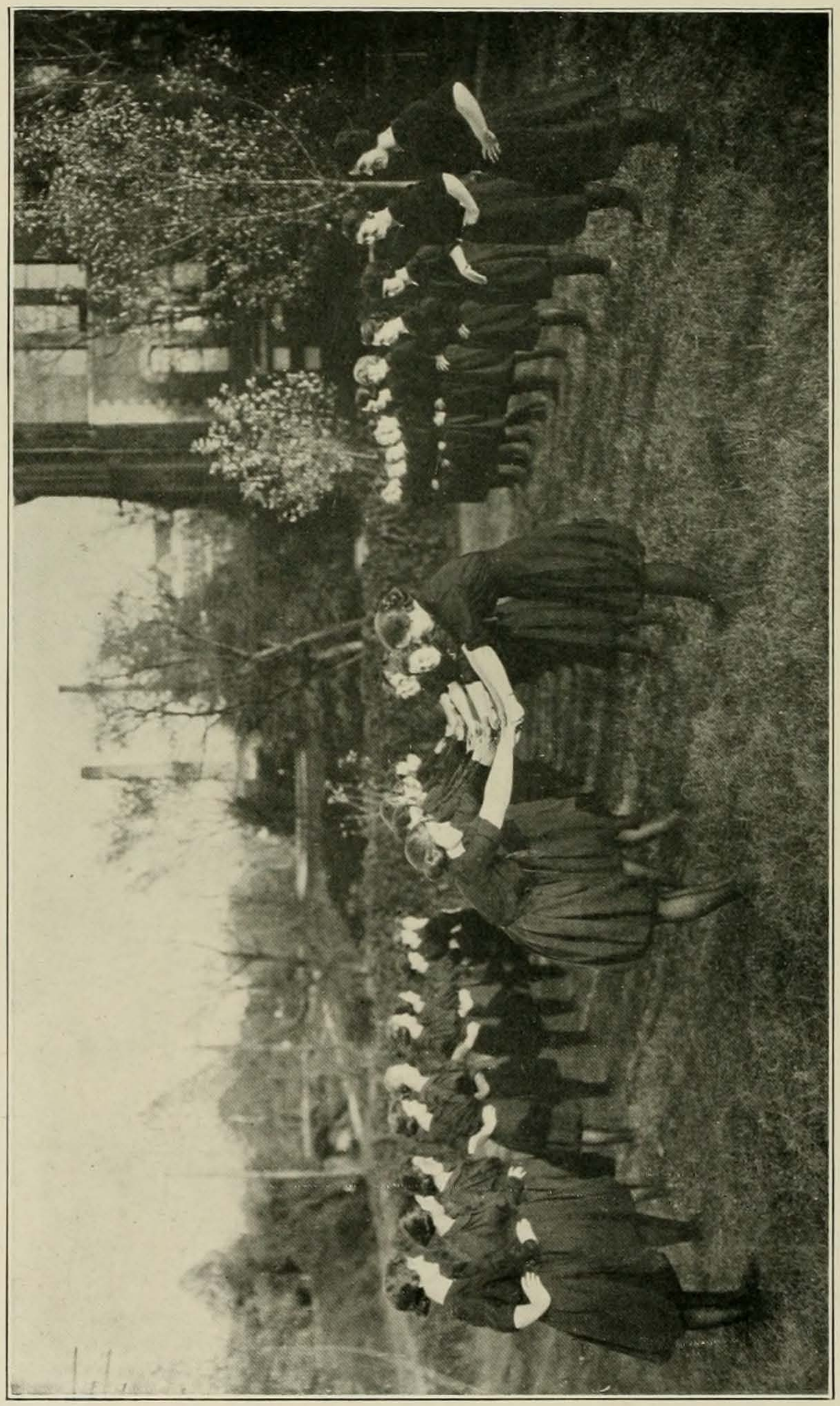
Lavinia Powell	Dare Holleman	Irene Caldwell
Esther Holden	Mary Stilwell	Emma Little
Dorothy Bardwell		Syretha Sossamon

Special Volley Ball

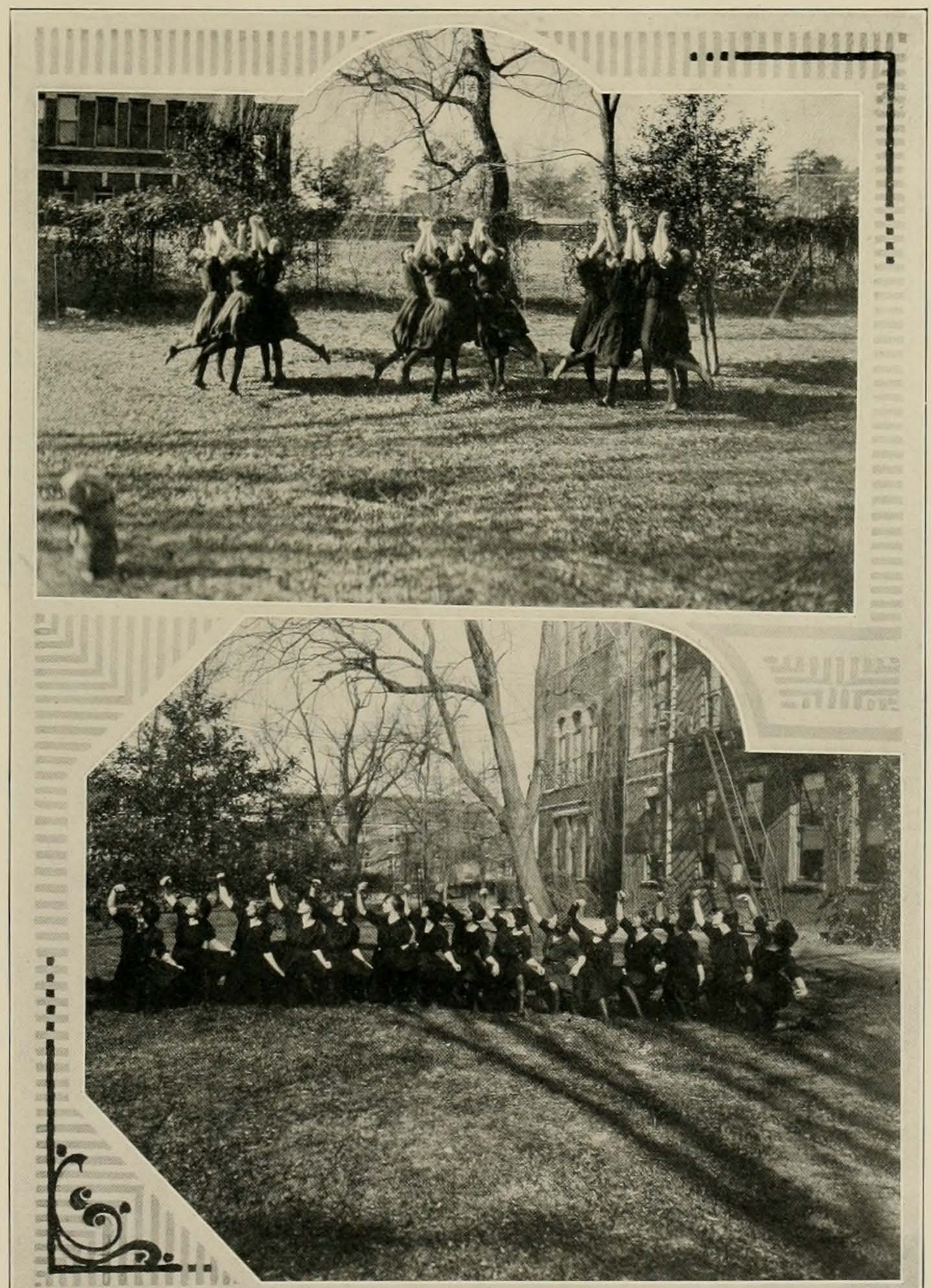
Lois Morrison
Catherine Patterson
Anna Rector
Martha Lassiter
Ethel Jordon
Mona Fortiscue
Louise Gaston
Irene Swisegood



SOPHS AT DRILL



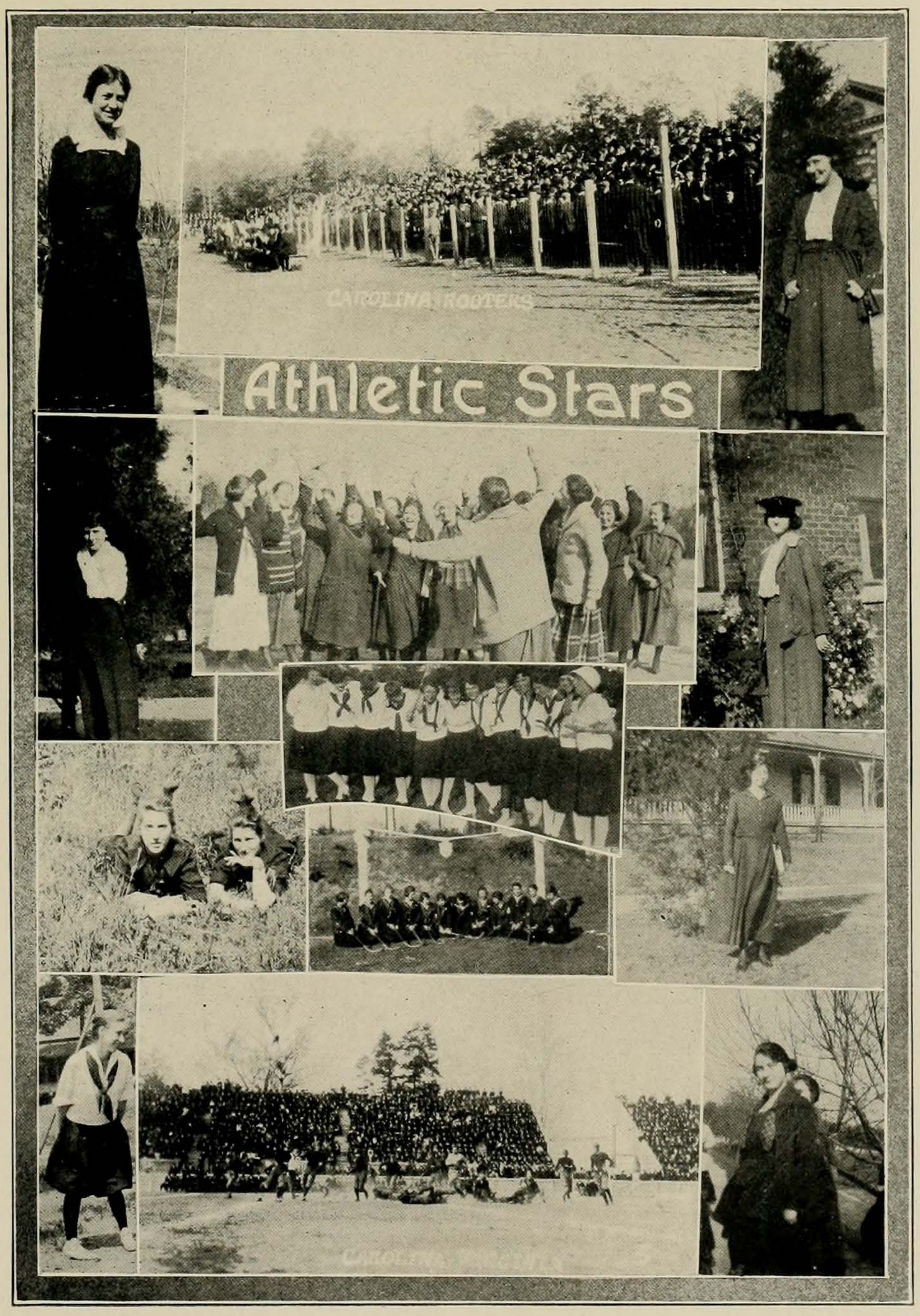
JUNIOR FOLK DANCING



SENIOR ATHLETIC DANCING

"Thou Shalt Not Covet"

The Sophomores' Tennis Cup (singles).
The Seniors' Tennis Cup (doubles).
The Juniors' Basketball Cup.
The Sophomore Hockey Cup
The Field Day Cup
} ?


CAROLINA ROOTERS
Athletic Stars

FACULTY "SPORTS"

Book V

FEATURES

WAR TIME FEATURES

Our College Comes to the Front

YOU never can tell about girls—except in time of a crisis. But, then, look out for them. They're right there on the front, serving, helping, inspiring, and weaving the glorious whole of it into a romantic hue that makes the tired little farmerette, after a long day's work in the tomato patch, say: "Look at that gorgeous sunset! Why, it looks just like a tomato to me." At any rate, you can tell about certain North Carolina College girls—and this is what you can tell:

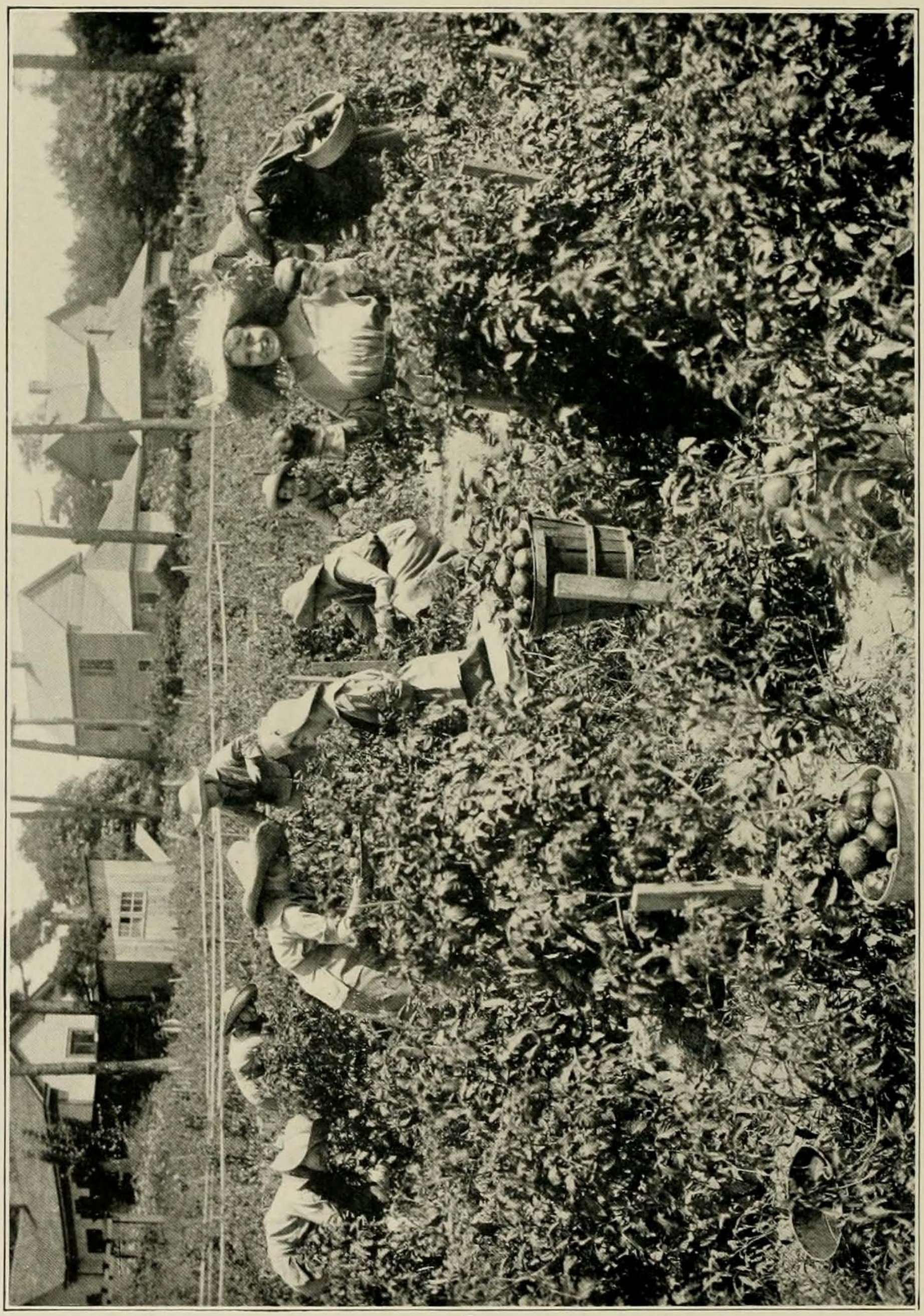
Back in the struggling days of 1918, when food was scarce and farm labor scarcer, the United States Food Administration issued a plea to the heads of all patriotic households which said: "Food will win the war. Save it!" Now, all of our girls had *reasons* "over there" which made them want that war won. So what did they do? Why, just jump right into middies and khaki suits and begin mowing lawns and farming with a vengeance. Planting and spraying potatoes, cultivating tomatoes, weeding and thinning corn—mowing, raking, hauling, stacking! What an inexhaustible bunch! And what a picture in their khaki middy suits, brogans, and old country farm hats! Then, when the fruits of this fine harvest were reaped, new enthusiasm came in with the new supplies, and right away another bunch began canning. Why, the corn and beans and potatoes that were saved by these young patriots would alone have won the war—doubtless.

By this time the entire college had caught the spirit. Everybody wanted to sacrifice, to save for the Red Cross here, to help the little French and Belgian orphans there. Everybody was into the thing heart and soul, and they simply could not devise enough schemes to exhaust their never-ending supply of enthusiasm. They gave to the utmost of their ability—$5,000 it was to help relieve sad war conditions; bandages, socks, sweaters, comfort pillows, and everything that the heart of a patriotic girl could dream was produced.

Nor did this enthusiasm die when college adjourned for summer holidays. The girls were so afire with the desire to win and establish all their wonderful new principles that they went out into their communities doing social service work, educating and helping those made even more destitute by the war.

But just at this intense moment the war came to an end—and there was all that pent-up passion for service still raging in the heart of every North Carolina College girl. Well, what happened? All their great force was turned directly into fields for reconstruction. Efforts were concentrated on bettering rural schools, community uplift, co-operating, educating, and bringing the new vision for the whole world to pass.

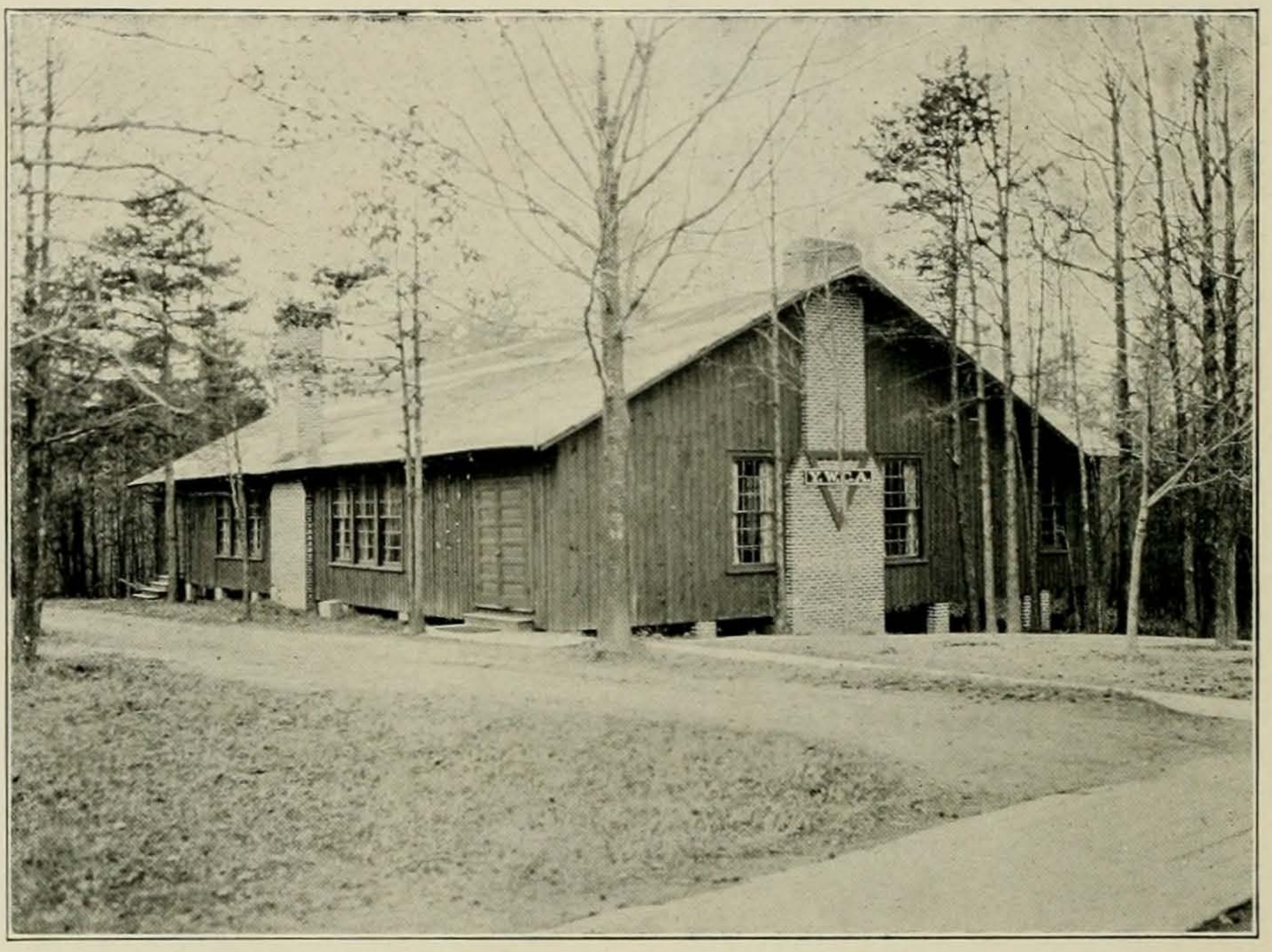
"THE END OF A PERFECT DAY" (?)



THE FRUIT OF OUR TOIL

"FOOD WILL WIN THE WAR"

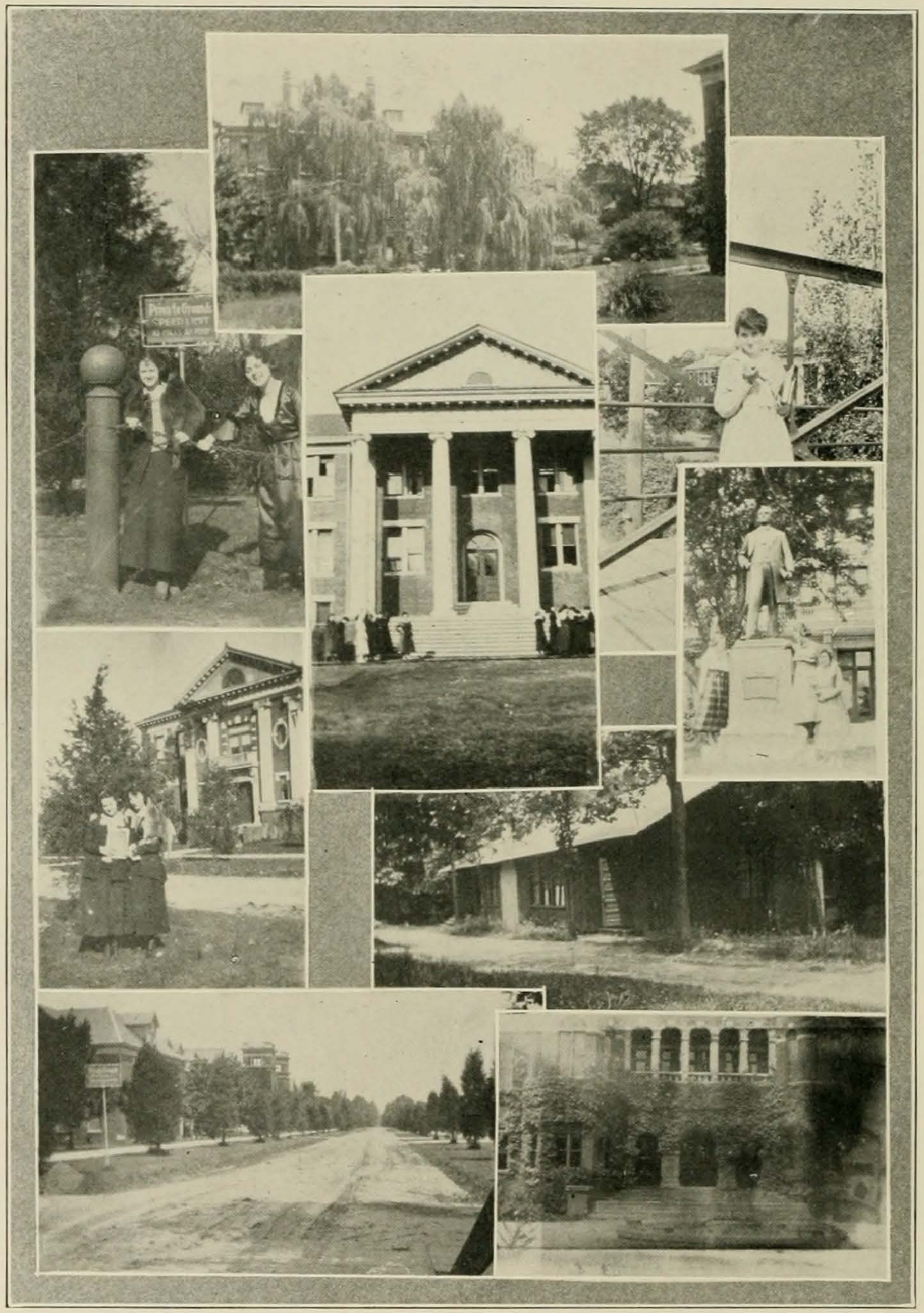
"AND THE GREEN GRASS GREW ALL AROUND"



Our Hut

One cannot serve always, even though one does so for the real love of it and for the adventure back of it. There must be a time when everyone gets tired in mind and heart, when the vision just goes away, and the great stimulus to help others is not present anymore. One wants, then, to think of herself—to take a mental inventory and see just where she stands in her relations to all her college mates. How absurd to think of doing this in one's own room! There must be a place, dear to the heart of every girl on the campus, to fill this mission. These were the thoughts going on back in the minds of a certain progressive bunch of North Carolina College girls. And watch out! When a woman wants anything, she has it. If you don't believe it, just look.

"THESE ARE THE GIRLS WHO BUILT THE HUT"

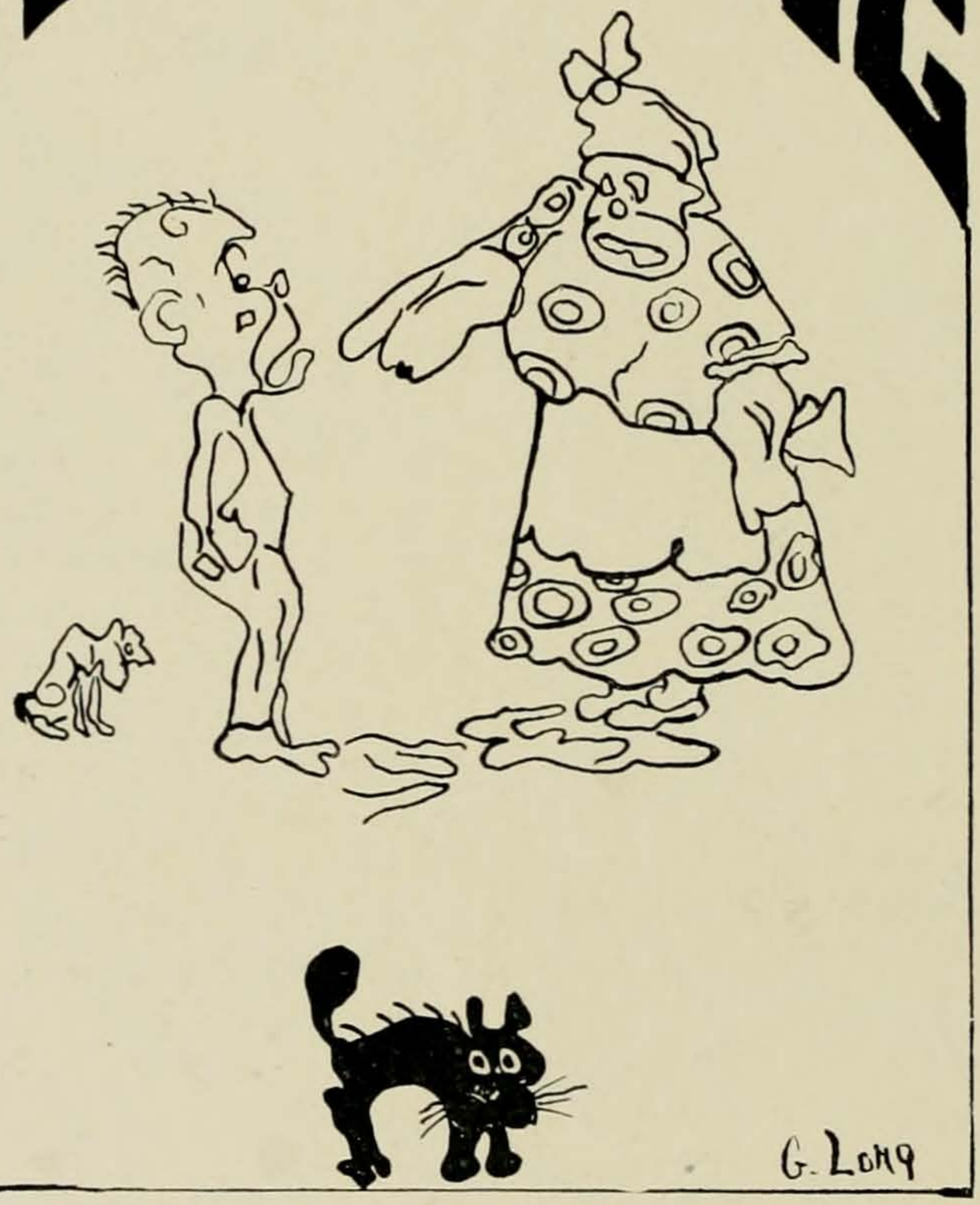


"HOW DEAR TO MY HEART—"

-MIRTHFUL-

MEDITATIONS

DEBATING



Query

If Joe went swimming, would Lela Wade?
If Hortense can read, can Clyde Wright?
If Hattie speaks French, does Christine English?
If Katherine had a party, would Emeline Goforth?
If Lois owned a mill, would Florence (be) Miller and Lydia Farmer?
If Mary was Joseph's wife, was Ethel Adam's?
If people are made of dust, is Agnes Steele and Pauline Stone?
If Frances gets 2's on all her studies, is Mattie Bright?

If Wilson is President, is Katie King, and is Alice Lee Pope?
If Sarah Canady looked in a microscope, would Miss Sey Mour?
If Margaret is a peach, is Pauline Stem?
If the Soph Class went camping, would Sadie Hunt?
If Mary Nixon is short, is Grace Long, Lou Little, and is Allie Hill Boney?
If Mary (is) Mellon, is Allena Rhyne, and would Dela Peel'er?
If a play was written, would Blanche Plott it?
If all flowers would die, would the sun flower?
If Margaret has an automobile, has Rachel Clif(a)ford?

The Hey! Fever

ON the seventeenth of September, 1919, there were probably no more than 300 cases of the hey! fever on the campus, but the disease, being very contagious, soon spread everywhere and there were 800 cases in less than two weeks. The first symptom of the disease is a sickly grin, followed by a wavering of the vocal organs. A sure symptom is a very subdued uttering of the word *Hey!* accompanied by a sweet and simple smile calculated to win the hearts of all who behold it.

The reason the disease is so contagious on the campus of the North Carolina College for Women is the favorable conditions for the germ. The favorable conditions consist of narrow walks, walking periods, crowded walks, and the gregarious instinct found in all human beings. The very embryo of the whole disease, however, consists of the human being's love of fellowman's approval, and, in short, the root of the whole matter lies in the desire of people to be popular. The result is a bedlam of *Heys*, *Hellos*, *Hi's*, *Howdys' and* you-are-the-cutest-thing-in-the-world smiles—a kind of Tower of Babel effect. With the exception of hairpins, there are more *Heys* on the campus than any other one thing.

Such is the range and power of the Hey! Fever, one of the deadliest diseases known to humankind. It rivals Poe's "Red Death."

"Old Memories that Bless and Burn"

Please call to see me to-day at your first vacant period. I wish to see you for a conference.

JULIUS I. FOUST,
President.

Please call to see me at your first vacant period.

MARY TAYLOR MOORE.

Come to my office at my office hours & explain why the Rpt is not made

R Boyd

Please come to the Library at once to See me.

Annie J Petty
Librarian

Please report to me in my office at 7-30 P.M. Friday.

Dr. P. Beall M. D.

Date 10/3/19

Lady.

Please call at 88½ Spencer

on Monday at 7 P.M.

By order of the President

(Signed) L Wilson

English Forty-'Leven

English XL—XI (Forty-'leven)—This course has been planned to portray the growing poetic thought of the campus. The course may be pursued by anyone interested in the subject. Contrary to most rules for advanced courses in English, no prerequisites will be required for the pursuance of the subject. In these days of realism too much attention is given to poetry, and in order to check the growing realistic tendencies we have incorporated two classic prose selections, a criticism of "The Somer Skule Tragedie," and a well-known essay, "Overshoes."

Insomnia

There are lovelorn youths who have restless nights,
    There are guilty persons who cannot sleep;
There are wealthy guys that toss for hours,
    There are sad people who lie and weep;
There are some who blame Coca-Cola,
    There are others who say coffee and tea,
But when I lie awake at night,
There are weenies inside of me!

K. Willis.

I've Taken My Grease Wherever I've Found It

I've taken my grease where I've found it,
    I've boned and I've crammed in my time,
I've had my pickings of hard profs,
    Their treatment of me was a crime;
I've served my term on probation,
    Sneaked out wherever I could;
I've crammed when I thought that I wouldn't,
    And I've crammed when I knew that I would.

Now, I'm not much good at boning,
    For I'm so wooden and slow;
The more I sit and study,
    The less I seem to know.
So the end of it's sitting and thinking,
    And watching for every tree;
So be warned by my lot (which I know you will not),
    And learn about cramming from me.

A Somer Skule Tragedie

'Twas in the mad month of Aprile,
When a' the world was greene,
When four and seven giddie girls
Did watch the movie screen.

'Twas in the happy month of June
When they again did play.
The teacher said, "Beware, beware—"
The girls a' said, "Nay, nay."

REFRAIN

Did watch the movie screen,
Did watch the movie screen;
When four and seven giddie girls
Did watch the movie screen.

The teacher said, "Beware, beware";
The girls a' said, "Nay, nay—"
They came unto a soda fount
And wasted their time away. *Etc.*

'Twas in the month of hot July
Teacher they cam' to see;
And said unto the bonny man:
"Our grades, what might they be?"

'Twas in the merrie month of May
Teacher they cam' to see,
And said unto the bonny man:
"Our grades, what might they be?"

Just then they turned so pale and wan;
And then, when it was dark,
They jumped into the wee streamlet
That rippled through the park.

From out the east, from out the west,
They rode on milk-white steeds
For to come to somer skule
To pay for their wicked deeds.

The tiny waves surged o'er them a';
But one did moan and wail,
For she of a' that bonny crowd
Was left to tell the tale.

With blood-red lips and cherry cheeks
They had the yaller curl;
And silken had they dresses green
That were bedight with pearl.

Above this awful, doleful spot
The garlic grew so strong
To warn the other wicked girls
The end that comes from wrong.

Notes

There are eleven different versions of this popular ballad, the names being "Eleven Foolish Virgins," "The Tragedie of a Somer Skule," "Children Eleven," etc. The setting of this tragedy was probably the campus of the North Carolina College for Women, once called the State Normal and Industrial College. Some authorities think these girls must have been engaged in some industry there. The ballad itself does not say, most of its charm lying in the omissions which leave the imagination of the reader to fill out. These omissions occur in the form of "leaping and lingering" between verses three and four, and seven and eight, no account being given of how the time was spent between the regular session and summer school, in the first place, and, in the second place, no account being given of what their grades were, or what they did to plan the tragedy. In verse three we also see that the word "the" is left out at the beginning of the second line. This is a typical ballad, because it uses both parallel and incremental repetition, and also the dialogue. The latter is exceedingly brief. Willis thinks this is because

the people of that time did little talking by mouth, but did most of it by telephone and telegraph. This ballad is also very effective when sung to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," it is also said.

"Mad month of April"—Mad here probably means foolish. Foolish would not do, says Benson, who is an authority on such matters, because the meter would not be right.

"When a' the world was green"—"A fitting background for the people," says Oliver.

"Movie screen"—Some critics say this was the Isis, and others that it was at the Bijou. Klutz holds to the latter, for she says vaudevilles were given at the other place and the girls were not allowed to attend them. She has an old chronicle with frayed edges (chewed by a yellow dog) that states that the girls were allowed to go to the picture show once a week by using their weekly downtown permissions. This manuscript is entitled the "Students' Hand Book."

"Soda fount"—Either "Greensboro Drug" or "Fariss-Klutz," where sanitary drinking cups were used after the influenza epidemic, thinks Belle.

"Bonny man"—Critics differ as to this being the right word to have used. Farmer frankly says it is an exaggeration, while Hatcher thinks it is immodest.

"Milk-white steeds"—Probably street cars or Fords.

"Yaller curl"—An old woman named Richardson that Benson traveled many miles to see said people of this time often used peroxide or common baking soda to keep their hair blonde.

"Bedight with pearls"—Somers thinks they were either bought at Kress' or Woolworth's.

"Happy month of June"—Happy because June was considered the month of brides. Willis thinks the pathos of this poem is largely due to the girls having to study during this month.

"Wee streamlet"—English teachers say they know that there must have been water of some kind in the park, because in all the Freshman themes that they have unearthed there has been constant mention of a "rippling brooklet," a "streaming rivulet," a "gurgling stream," a "rollicking rill," and a "bubbling brook," in the park.

"One did moan and wail"—We have no evidence that a one survived. The noise heard was probably that of a croaking frog.

"Awful"—A term much used by these primitive people.

"Garlic"—A European plant of the lily family, having a tunicated bulb and a pungent perfume. Somers thinks that onions must have had a peculiar significance to these people, since onions were cooked with everything they ate.

Overshoes

Time was when the worldly wealth of man was reckoned by the vast flocks and herds which grazed on his pasture land. Time later was when his material possessions were estimated by the number of acres of that pasture land which he had been successful in forcing to yield him fruits. At the present time, however,

man's wealth does not depend upon an abundance of cows and sheep and goats; nor yet upon his acreage of beans and peas and onions. Instead, all of his wealth, all of his joy, all of his peace of mind, in the event that he be a woman and dwell in our college home, are hinged upon the simple condition that he be possessed of two bits of water-proofness, molded in the form of overshoes. So eager has the pursuit of this form of wealth become that there is great danger of a rubber famine, and the magnates of the Rubber Trust grow richer foot by foot. The rubbered aristocracy has become so vast, and the rubber marshals, stationed at corners where traffic is thickest, so diligent in putting under arrest the unfortunates who do not belong to this class of bloated bond-holders, that there needs must arise a Voice from the People to protest against such unfeeling oppression of the deserving poor. Such a Voice am I, crying in the Wilderness of mud-puddles. And as it is modern policy to disregard the would-be reformer who can offer nothing to take the place of that which he tears down, I hasten to offer substitutes for the Mighty Rubber. Besides, it is quite the thing nowadays to suggest substitutes.

What better than skates? Besides protecting the feet from wetness, they accelerate one's speed to such an extent that, if judiciously used, they might enable even Mildred to get to Class on time. They also have the advantage of fitting all grades of feet by the simple process of moving a few screws, and so may be temporarily employed by one not their owner without in the least endangering that ingenious person's safety. Or if you wish to remove yourself still further from the presence of that deadly fluid, rainwater, Tom-walkers present an easy and graceful means. These may be made from any scraps of old lumber—strips from one's trunk, secretly detached table-legs, or, in the event that these articles do not come readily to hand, well-preserved tin cans may be garnered from behind the kitchen, to which strings may be attached, and, lo! a perfect rubber substitute! Anon, what say you to push-mo-biles and velocipedes? Perhaps their use would necessitate the creation of a corps of traffic cops in order to protect the lives of the rubbered rich; but when the nation's capital designs to tolerate women's traffic policemen, surely our college community could endure a corps of feminine traffic regulators. At the same time this unique office would add a quaint touch to the college point system. Wheelbarrows, goat-carts, and jinrickishas are interesting possibilities, provided goats may be secured to operate them. Sleds, also, may be used as a means of locomotion to and from class whenever the oft-aforementioned rain shall have turned to sleet or such. Since it is always mentioned whenever there is the least chance that its name will be heard with appreciation, I also suggest Uncle William's cart as a means of assisting the unfortunate poor who are lacking in rubber goods to class. The principal idea in all this preparedness program is, undoubtedly, the avoidance of the vigilant eye of the rubber marshal, and therefore may be turned aside by merely wearing shirts with ballroom trains. These trains may be made from any leftovers and attached

to any ordinary skirts, or may be rented from the pageant room.

Of course, the reading public is to understand that these suggestions are offered merely as suggestions. If, after deliberately considering these ideas, anyone is still perverse enough to insist on attempting to become a member of the Four Hundred and wear overshoes, two illustrations of the dire calamities that have befallen the Wallingfords who have sought to get rich quick in this line may not be amiss. One aspiring lassie, y-clept Marjorie, having attained her heart's desire and acquired a pair of the much coveted article, wore them proudly to a party during the holidays. She absent-mindedly left them on the front porch instead of wrapping them in their accustomed piece of sky-blue tissue paper and swathing them in the folds of her fur coat. When the gaiety was at its height inside, a small mongrel crept upon the porch outside and succeeded in chewing one of the precious possessions to a pulp. Perhaps he thought he had the flu and must needs seek his nourishment through a rubber tube—'tis a possibility.

If you will pardon the personal allusion, the writer of this thoughtful thesis went home for the holidays with the serious purpose of forcing her stern parent to invest his latest dividends in rubber stock. He looked upon her coldly and demanded: "Where's the pair I bought you when you started High School?" and the would-be capitalist departed sadly, resigned to waiting until she should be old enough and wise enough to speculate in Wall Street for herself.

There are some yet among us, however, who still look toward higher things than the mere pursuit of sordid wealth represented by pairs of overshoes, and who consequently invest the hard-earned savings of their life-time in umbrellas.

If

If you can eat zip on your bread and never care a rap,
If you can be sat upon with a smile upon your map,
If you can get around the law and still keep off the pap,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

If you can stomach everything that makes the Hungarian goulash,
If you can find the formula for that which they call fish,
If you can keep a spotless room and suit Mother Boyd's wish,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

If you can make a two and never talk or brag,
If you can rise at six-thirty and never drag,
If you can see them go to the O. Henry and never crave a fag,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

If you forget September when you were both alone,
If you can slam the typewriter with ne'er a sigh or groan,
If you can do all you should and still have time to bone,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

Campus Impressions Given by Various Seniors

N. COFFEY: A long conversation.
A. M. PHARR: No Man's Land.
M. HOLDFORD: A Pouter Pigeon.
L. MCLAWHORN: "A litter ole priss."
V. SANDERS: "Keep Off the Grass."
C. SLOAN: Harnessing Night Mares.
H. WEST: Greenland's Icy Mountains.
ISABEL ARDREY: The Statue of Liberty.
E. BOYTE: "This is a maiden all forlorn."
A. B. BENSON: A bottle of Mellin's Food.
M. KENDALL: "A Hot Dog Without Mustard."
M. W. ABERNETHY: "A Bolshevik from Bolsheviki."
J. CHERRY: "Why?"
S. BARRINGTON: Duty.
M. KINCAID: Morganton.
K. MCLEAN: A Soft Egg.
M. B. PARIS: Theda Bara.
R. HAYES: The North Wind.
A. HICKS: Marguerite Jenkins.
M. RICHARD: Sweet Simplicity.
J. RANKIN: A Jack-in-the-Box.
W. J. MEDLOCK: A sour pickle.

Suppose

Natalie Coffey's tongue were tied.
Rouss Hayes were not Editor-in-Chief of PINE NEEDLES.
Ethel Boyte were a Puritan living in Boston in 1650.
Miss King wore green ear-bobs.
Bessie Lephfew expected everybody to believe all she said.
Marie Richard could neither play hockey nor basketball.
Louise Loetsch was snaggle-toothed.
Julia Cherry acted like Ethel Boyte.
P. Green had red hair.
Flossie Foster should have the blues.
Mary Winn Abernethy were not a preacher's daughter.
Mary Stearns had been born dumb.
Kathryn Willis had Mary B. Paris' dignity.
Virginia Postles could manipulate an X-Ray machine.
Hessie Blankenship could sing like Annie Mae Pharr.
Marguerite Jenkins had never seen Alleine Hicks.
Sally Thorne had no troubles.
Evelyn Shore's hair looked like Mary Kincaid's.
The student body had the privilege of using the cut system.
Marie Kendall was a suffragette stump speaker.

Memoirs of "Laurie"

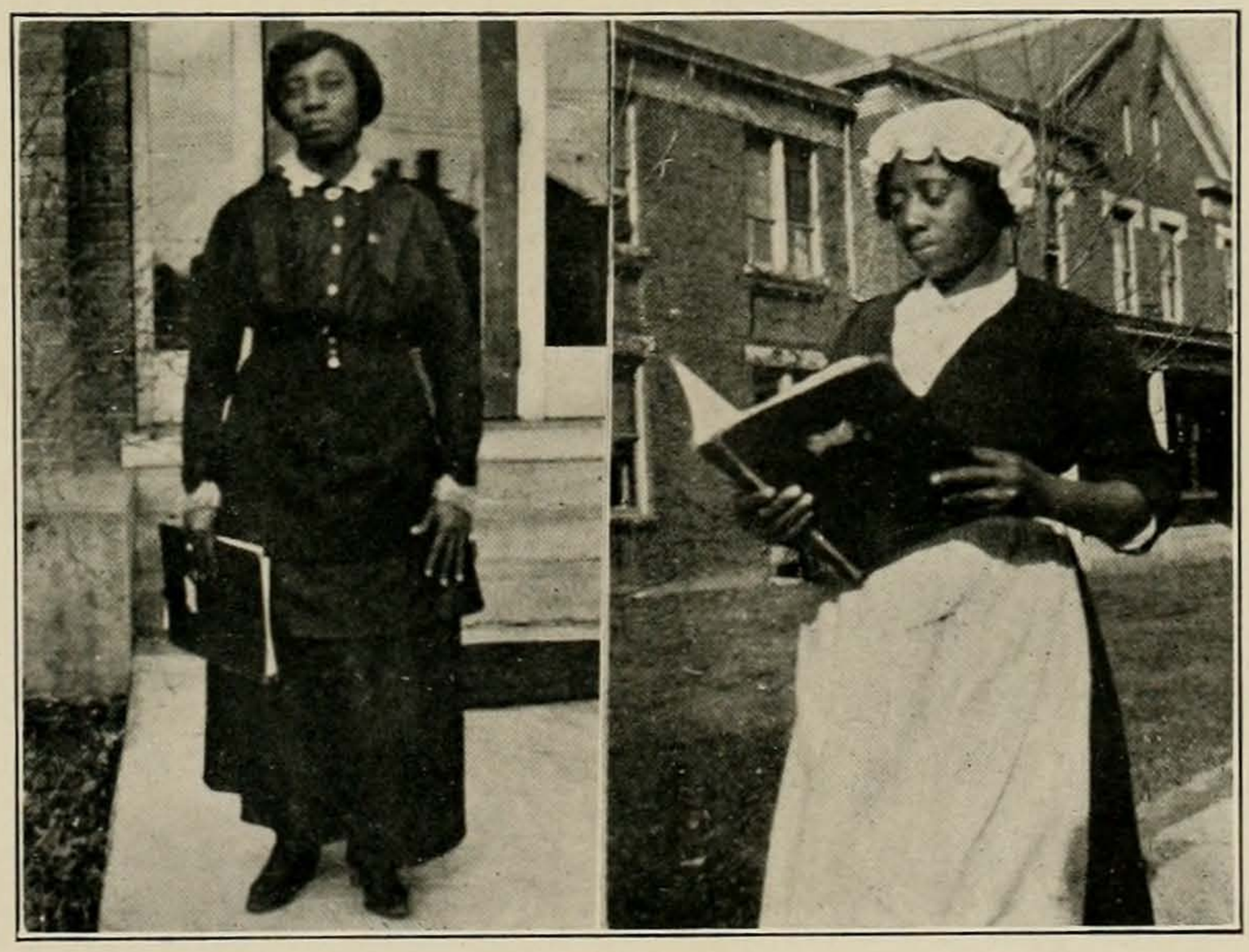
GREENSBORO, N. C., December th3, 1919.

Dear Miss. Mary. Paris—

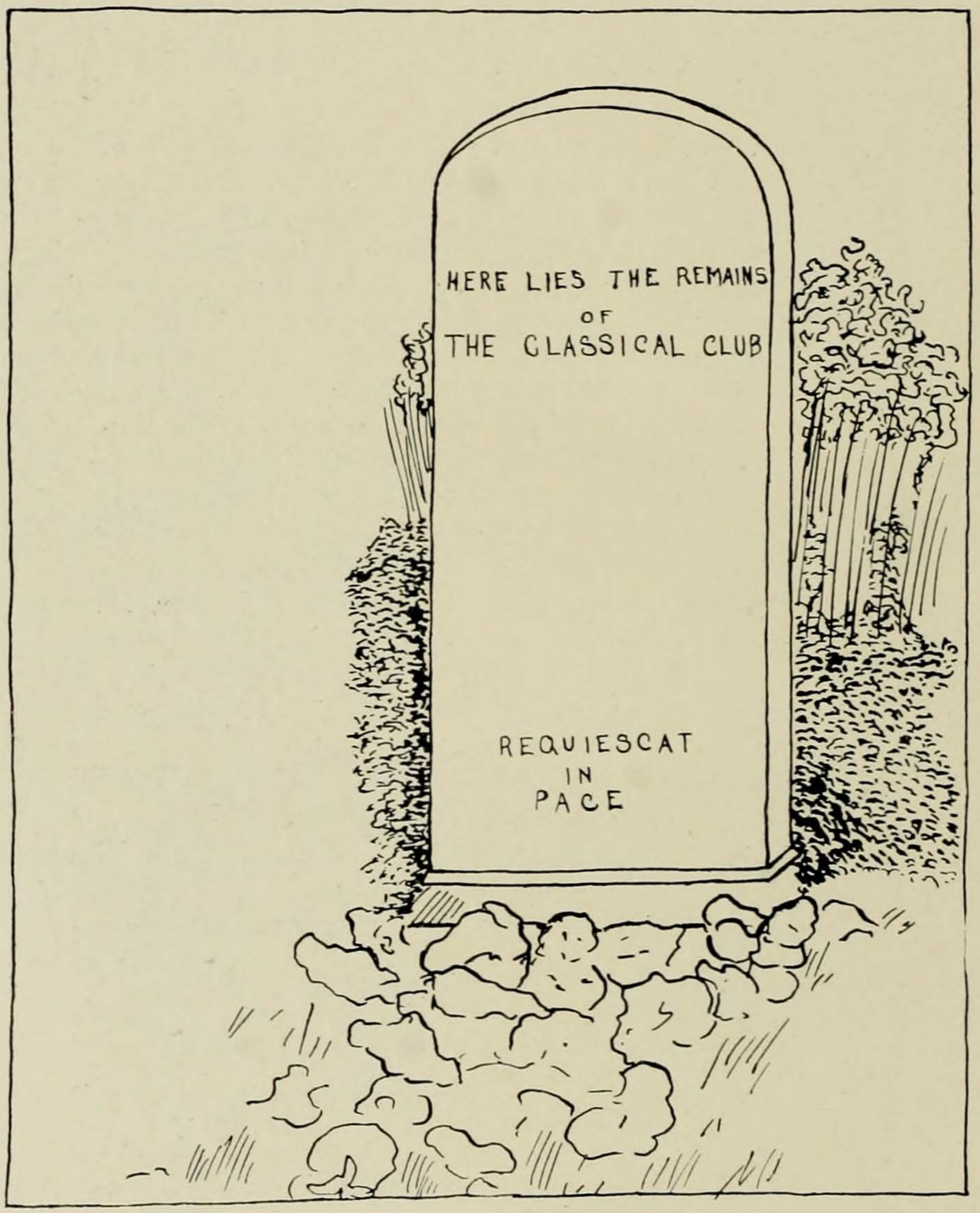
it affords me a great pleasure to write y these few lines. Now Dear love I am assure y did not think I would write these few lines as soon as this. ha: Ha: one thing I do try to do. and that is to be true to every promise I mak. if I can do so with the Lords help. he wants us to be True So people can have confidence in his word because his word is all and all. blessed are the pure in heart for they shall See God. Not any way to inter in the heaven of rest unless we are pure and keep his commandment and love our neighbors as they self and love one another. he hath said in his word prayer is the key of heaven and faith unlocks the door. I am so glad every word he hath said is true. his word do not fail. I presume y are Tired of reading This poor writing However I will endeavor to Write these few lines. I do think y are a good Christian young lady sweet and pure as y can be. Now Dear Sweet love ha: Ha: oh, Dear I will close for this afternoon remain sweet as ever

this is from

LAURA HAWKINS.



LAURA ON SUNDAY AND LAURA ON MONDAY



Chief Mourners

RACHAEL CLIFFORD
ANNA BERNARD BENSON
PAULINE GREEN
LELA WADE
MILDRED BARRINGTON
D. WOOTEN
HAZEL WEST

"YOU WILL NEVER BE THIS HAPPY AGAIN"

The Bicycle Race

IT was on one of those hot, humid days in the middle of the *Somer* with a purplish blue *Hayes* settling over the landscape that the famous bicycle race between five citizens of S——— took place. This will be long remembered as a great day in the life of that town. The whole town came out to witness the races.

The crowd was led by *King Richard* and marshaled by the *Alderman.* After the *Alderman* came the (Garber) *E. Davis* Band playing "The *Campbells* Are Coming, Oho! Oho!" while overhead a little *Martin* was gaily chirping away on the same song. Next came the racers walking beside their wheels. Among the racers, none of whom *Wade* under 200 pounds, were *Mary Winn Abernethy*, *Carrie Tabor*, *Janie Klutz*, *Juanita Kesler*, and *Mary Foust.* The people lined up on either side of the road under *Cherry* trees. Small boys were carrying around baskets and yelling, "Corn on the *Cobb*! Hot *Coffey* and *Hazel*-nuts!" These small boys *Swindell*-ed many people out of their coin. Two of the little boys, *Jimmie* and *Jo*, made their fortune that day and would have cleared more if it had not been for *Owens* so much.

Many funny episodes occurred in connection with these small boys. Two old *Hicks* from the country were drinking hot *Coffey* from a soup *Terrene* when the whistle blew for the races to begin. The whistle so alarmed them that they spilled the hot *Coffey* on *Mary B. Paris'* coiffure, which she had just had arranged at the Beauty Shop in the O. Henry. Consternation followed. Father and Grandfather *Heilig* were there *Holden* the hands of *Ben-son*, *Stephen-son*, and *Wil-son.* Father and Grandfather *Heilig* had a hard time with their sons. The sons begged all day to be allowed to *Kendall* a fire with which to cook the lunch which they had procured from *Haynes* Bros. Once, when Grandfather *Heilig* was not looking, *Ben-son* and *Jimmie*, one of the little boys selling lunches, got into a terrible fist fight. *Ben-son* laid *Jimmie* out.

When it came time for the races to begin, a big gun boomed in the *West.* Then the whistles sounded and the racers started off carefully. They began to get up speed, and all were going along at the same rate when two Fords, a *Clif-Ford* and a *Hold-Ford*, came from the opposite direction, and the racers had to scatter to make room for the Fords. While they were scattering, *Mary Winn Abernethy's* wheel hit a *Stone* and she was hurled 600 yards ahead of the others, but her wheel remained as it was. Everyone was gasping over her safety when *Josephine Hopkins* suddenly exclaimed, "*Mary* will *Winn* the race if she keeps on! She had to be put out of the race for not using her wheel.

The other racers continued, but it was only a short time until a second, namely, *Juanita Kesler*, was put out because she forgot to pedal according to the *Laid-Law*, falling from the wheel in such a terrific manner that *Dr. Ardrey* was forced to send for *Sloan's* liniment at once, after which he had to *Walk-er* up and down to rid her of the stiffness.

Scarcely had *Juanita* dropped out when an immense wagon, *Barring-tons* and *Fultons* of hay, on top of which sat a *Farmer*, a *Miller*, and two *Smiths*, came along and frightened *Janie Klutz* so that she was unable to *Rank-in* the race, thus seeming *Dowd.* In her delirium, which followed the shock she received on being thrown out of the race, she said to *Dr. Ardrey*: "May I *Askew* how *Pharr* I am from *Vickery*?"

The goal was in sight; only two were left to compete when *Carrie Tabor* fell from her wheel, saying: "But more of this anon." In another instant the race is won. *Mary*

Foust crosses the River *Jordan*, the opposite bank of which is the goal. "To the victor belongs the spoils." Even though it was rumored that *Mary*'s success was due only to the misfortune of her opponents, she was presented with a bouquet of Sweet Williams by LaRue McLawhorn, and a *Hatt* adorned with *Pearls* by *C. D. Wooten.*

Just as the crowd, highly exuberant over the outcome of the race, was about to disperse, *Laura* comes up with an invitation to a banquet at the Hotel *Yarborough*, where the Rev. *Willis*, assisted by *M. Jenkins*, soprano, and *C. Jones*, pianist, is endeavoring to reach the people. While he is in the midst of a sermon, little *Hessie* in squeaky tones announces that *Marie Kinard*, because of imprudence in trying to *Wade* across the *Jordan* to reach the goal before the victors, had floated down the river and was found by the *Mendenhall* twins on *Fleming* Island, where the twins had been playing tennis. Hardly had the announcement been made when the *McLean* twins brought *Marie* in. She was a pitiful spectacle, made more so by the sad lack of her golden curls that used to be. Poor little *Marie* had to be amused in some way to make her forget her sad plight. The charitable three, *Marie Kincaid*, *Vie Sanders*, and *Magg Lawrence*, consented to do some pathetic dancing. "The Brook," a dance which they have at last mastered, charmed the audience, as well as the spectators, because of the *Grace* and technique with which it was rendered.

After the interruption the banquet went on. *Miss Mamie Speas* was toastmistress of the evening. Many charming toasts were offered to the racers. *Miss Mary Foust* responded in a most charming manner. The next toast was offered by *Miss Ethel Boyte* to the defeated, in which she said if the defeated ones had been constant users of Octagon soap they would have been prepared to compete. *Miss Mary Winn Abernethy*, who responded, broke down in tears and resolved to use Octagon soap for the rest of her life, instead of Cuticura soap. The waiters at the banquet were, chief, *W. J. Medlock*, assisted by *V. I. Braswell*, *C. Benton*, *L. M. Harper*, and *E. Icard*.

Everyone was having a grandiloquent time when *E. Felton* suddenly skipped over to the piano and broke out into the strains of "Good Night, Ladies."

N. M. TILLEY.

Want Ads

WANTED—Instructions for becoming a model vampire.—B. Lephfew.
WANTED—A chance to make a speech.—M. Goodwin.
WANTED—Chewing gum in large quantities, wholesale or retail.—M. Stearns.
WANTED—Some privileges.—Seniors.
WANTED—A new cart.—Uncle William.
WANTED—A chance to express my youthful exuberance.—A. Henderson.
WANTED—Suitable subjects for gossip.—Guilford Hall.
WANTED—To drop Math.—Freshmen.
WANTED—A spit curl.—Katharine McLean.
WANTED—A ticket for Utopia.—Catharine Johnston.
WANTED—One score in the hockey game.—Seniors or Sophomores.
WANTED—A topic for disagreement.—Scotty and Claudia.
WANTED—An aid to memory.—May Washburn.
FOR SALE—Suggestion for arrangement of coiffures.—E. Shore.
TO LET—One hundred empty-headed stenographers.—E. J. Forney.

WANTED—To know why everybody laughed in mass-meeting when L. Wade said: "If you don't keep this rule, you will be dealt with, with a board"?—M. Lawrence.

TO LET—The privilege of breaking any rule while I am gone to West Point.—L. Loetsch.

WANTED—A class in American Literature that will make an average of a grade of 15 on oral tests.—A. C. Hall.

FOR SALE—"A" excellent vocabulary. Reason for selling, unsuited for scientific pursuits.—E. Boyte.

WANTED—A new philosophy of life to meet with the changing needs of the day.—The Faculty.

WANTED—An explanation and illustration of the meaning of the word *fastidious*. (Note—Webster's definition is inadequate.)—H. West.

FOR SALE—Forty theses against married life.—Miss Mayer.

WANTED—Faces by the Seniors who teach Primary Work. (Note—These faces will be used to complete the rag dolls.)

WANTED—To hear Marvin Cackle Lowder.—M. W. Abernethy.

FOR SALE—Three surplus words from printing the newspaper.—F. Miller.

Spontaneous Wit

Sophomore (to Freshman): "You are beginning French, aren't you?"
Freshman: "Yes."
Sophomore: "Oh, well, you have New Chardenal, don't you?"
Freshman: "No, my teacher is Mlle. Koehler."

* * *

Mr. Hall (to M. B. P.): "Have you ever been in love?"
M. B. P.: "Why, er—er—um."
Mr. Hall: "That's all right; you need not answer. I'll find out for myself when we begin to study 'The Broken Heart'."

* * *

Senior (to Training School boy): "What two parts must a sentence have?"
Training School Child: "A capital letter and a period."

Great Discovery in the Scientific World

The long-sought has been found. The "Missing Link" between the ape and monkey has been discovered by a North Carolina College girl. If the fountains in Spencer had not gone dry, we would never have known that Ethel Boyte was the "Missing Link." While drinking water from a cup, someone noticed Ethel Boyte's hands gripped around the cup in a manner that had never been noticed in man or monkey, consequently, our college has the distinction of having the "Missing Link."

* * *

E. Wilson (looking fondly at a big saucer of ice cream during Sunday dinner): "This is a mountain, but I can move it."

* * *

E. S. (to L. Farmer): "You know my complexion has gone to seed since Christmas."

L. Farmer: "Why?"

E. S.: "My Hinds' and Almond Cream froze Christmas day and hasn't thawed yet, and this is the sixth of January."

* * *

A Suggestion

As to the New Building occupants: Only invalids and chronic sufferers should be confined herein, because, first, the distance from New Building to the class rooms is the proper amount for an invalid to walk; second, the fountains in New Building always run hot water instead of cold, and hot water is a very good tonic for indigestion.

* * *

J. Rankin (to seventh grader in Training School): "What is your opinion of Herodotus as a historian?"

Seventh Grader: "Search me."

J. R.: "I'll search you tomorrow."

* * *

E. B., going home on train crowded with "Carolina boys," felt somebody else's hand in the other end of her muff. She collected her thoughts and said: "Young gentleman, I'll give you just twenty minutes to take your hand out of my muff."

* * *

The Art Room

The Junior Art Room has begun something new. They are selling canned lightning bugs to the music pupils on the third floor of New Building. The Art Room claims that canned lightning bugs are much better than flashlights to light the music pupils from the practice hall to their elevated domiciles.

Miss K. (to P. Gabriel, coming in to ask a permission): "Is your name Angell?"
P. Gabriel: "No, it's Gabriel."
Miss K. (dazedly): "I wonder if I am dreaming."

* * *

C. D. W. (assigning a spelling lesson to seventh grade in Training School): "Children, I want you to look up the meaning of each word in this lesson and write sentences using each word."

Little Mary (the next day, reading sentence with the word *suburb* in it): "Suburb means outskirts; here's my sentence: 'My petticoat is longer than my suburbs'."

* * *

J. J. (putting this sentence on the board for the class she was teaching at the High School: "Dot your i's and cross your t's"): "Now, Johnny, what case did I use there?"

Johnny: "The possessive case."

J. J.: "Correct. Why is it the possessive case?"

Johnny: "Because the i possesses a dot and the t possesses a cross."

* * *

A Senior (on the way to Chapel Hill, being annoyed by E. B.'s ravings): "Go to Guinea, Ethel, and let me alone."

E. B.: "I can't go to Guinea, for I just bought my ticket for Chapel Hill and I only have two cents left."

* * *

Dr. K. (to V. M. S.): "I must apologize for going to sleep while observing you teach English. The room was stuffy, and I had just eaten lunch."

V. M. S.: "Thank goodness, it wasn't I who put him to sleep."

* * *

Why is love like a trunk?
Answer: "If you can't check it, you have to express it."

* * *

What should a maiden do when a man kisses her on the cheek?
Answer: "Turn the other one."

* * *

What is a kiss?
Answer (from experience): "Nothing divided by two."

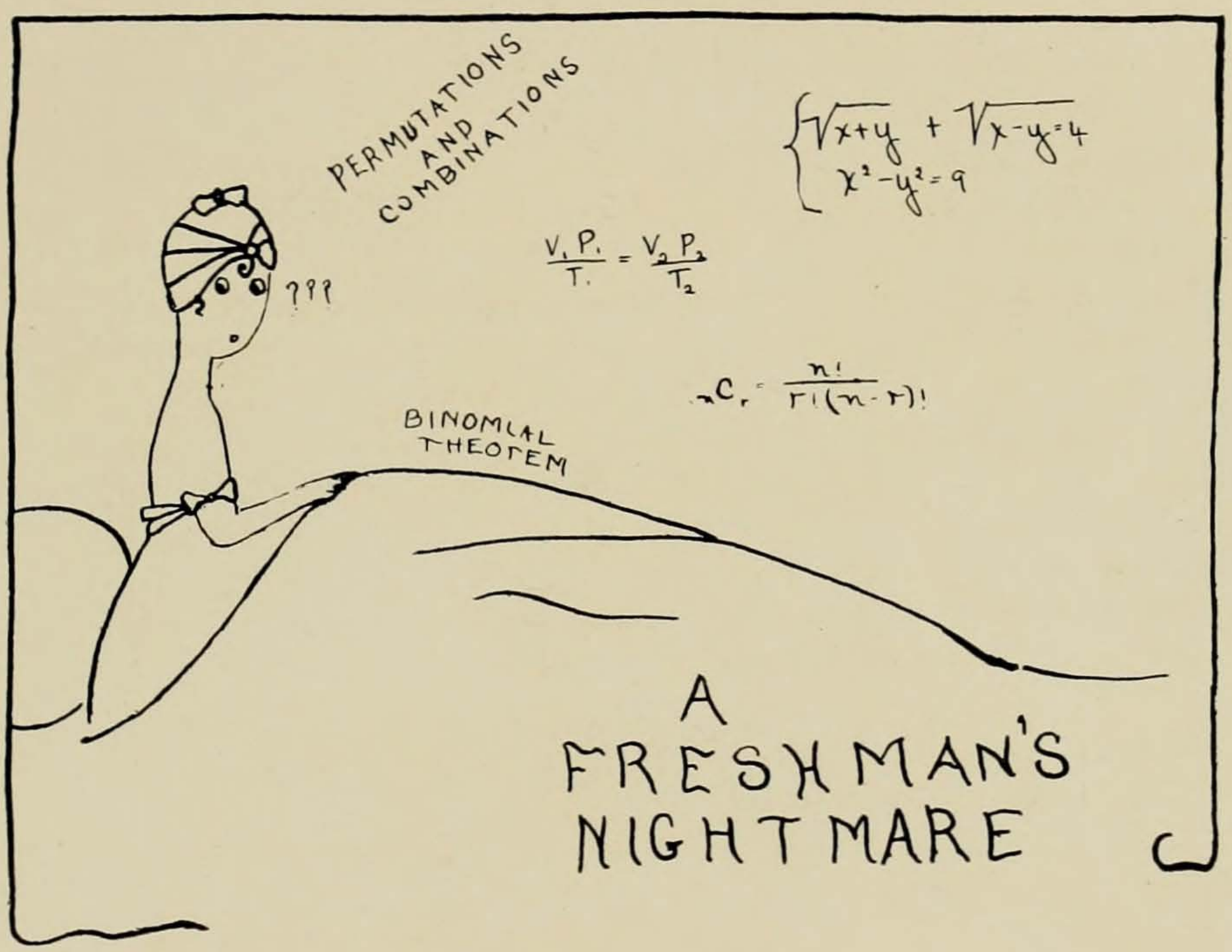
* * *

M. Kincaid (to Training School child): "What are the three kingdoms into which all matter is divided?"

Training School Child: "Animal Kingdom, Vegetable Kingdom, and the Kingdom of God."

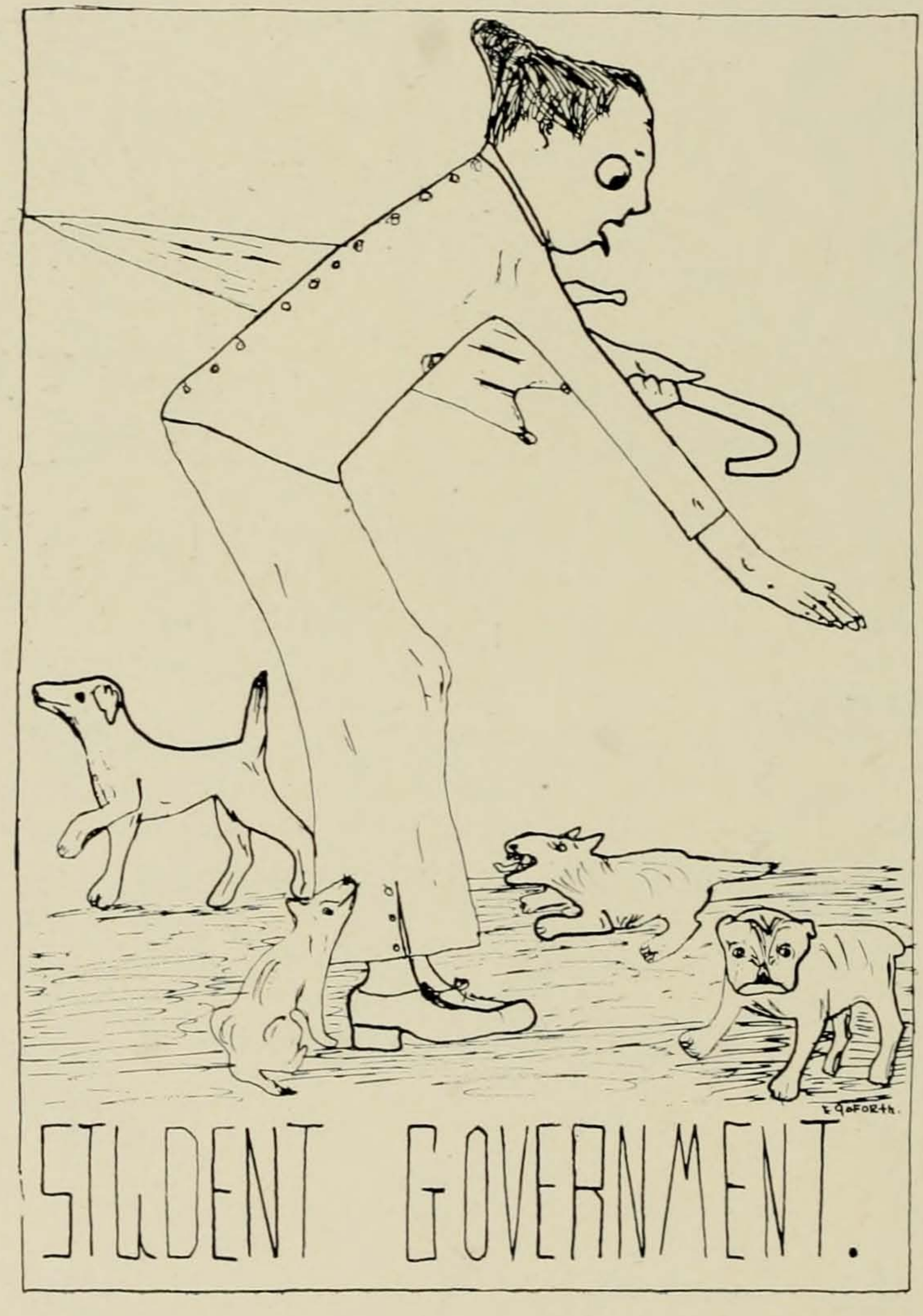
* * *

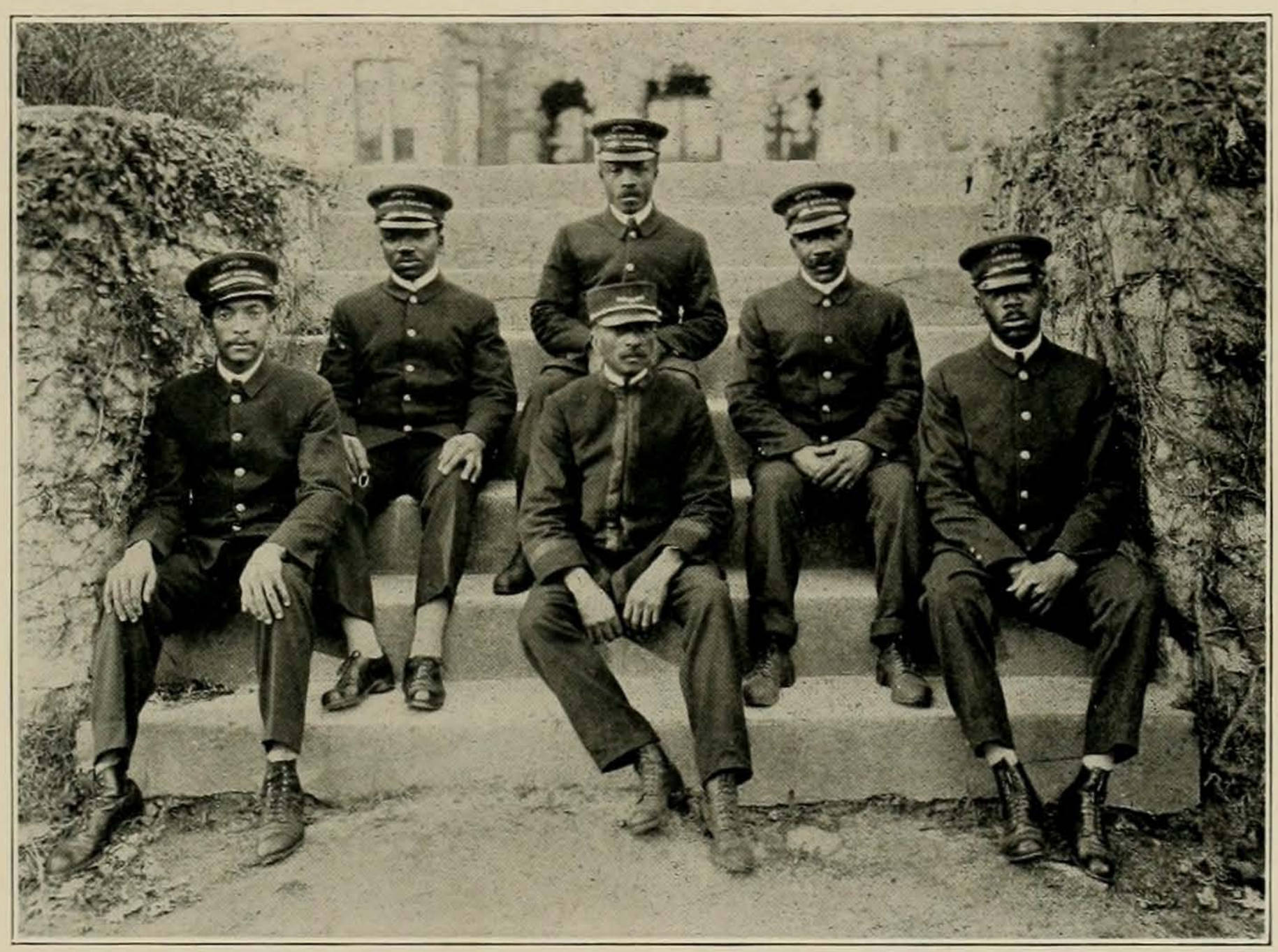
"Why does G. Sims wear black glasses?"
"Because she is too modest to show her naked eye."



Ambitions of the Freshmen

Sarah Harrison	To circumlocute like an ameba
Mary Armstrong	To major in Mr. Hall's English
Thelma Briggs	To have a memory book with everything in it
Mary Trundle	To finish drawings for the annual
Mary T. Peacock	To know everybody in the world
K. Johnson	To talk on forever
Stella Williams	To get there
Rosalie Wells	To be cute
May Washburn	To remember e erything that she should
Irene Caldwell	To report to the Board
Eugenia Lockhart	To improve her condition
Charlotte Brown	To go home


E. GoFORTH.
STUDENT GOVERNMENT.



"A FRIEND IN NEED"

L'envoi

When earth's last kettle is spotless, and the dish-cloths are twisted and dried;
When the oldest grease spot has faded, and the youngest dust germ has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it; lie down for an aeon or two,
With never a shrill alarm clock to set us to work anew.

And those who were neat shall be happy; they shall sit on a cushioned chair,
Each weary and separate Martha, so cumbered about with care.
They shall have real leisure to draw from, with never a hungry man's call,
And feet shall have done with aching, and never be tired at all.

With never a caller to gossip, and never a neighbor to blame,
And no one need scrimp on pennies, or care for her housewife's fame;
But each forever and ever, in a separate star alone,
Shall do the things she has longed to, in time that is all her own.

—Martha Clark in *Saskatoon Phenix.*

THIS IS A "SPECIAL" PAGE

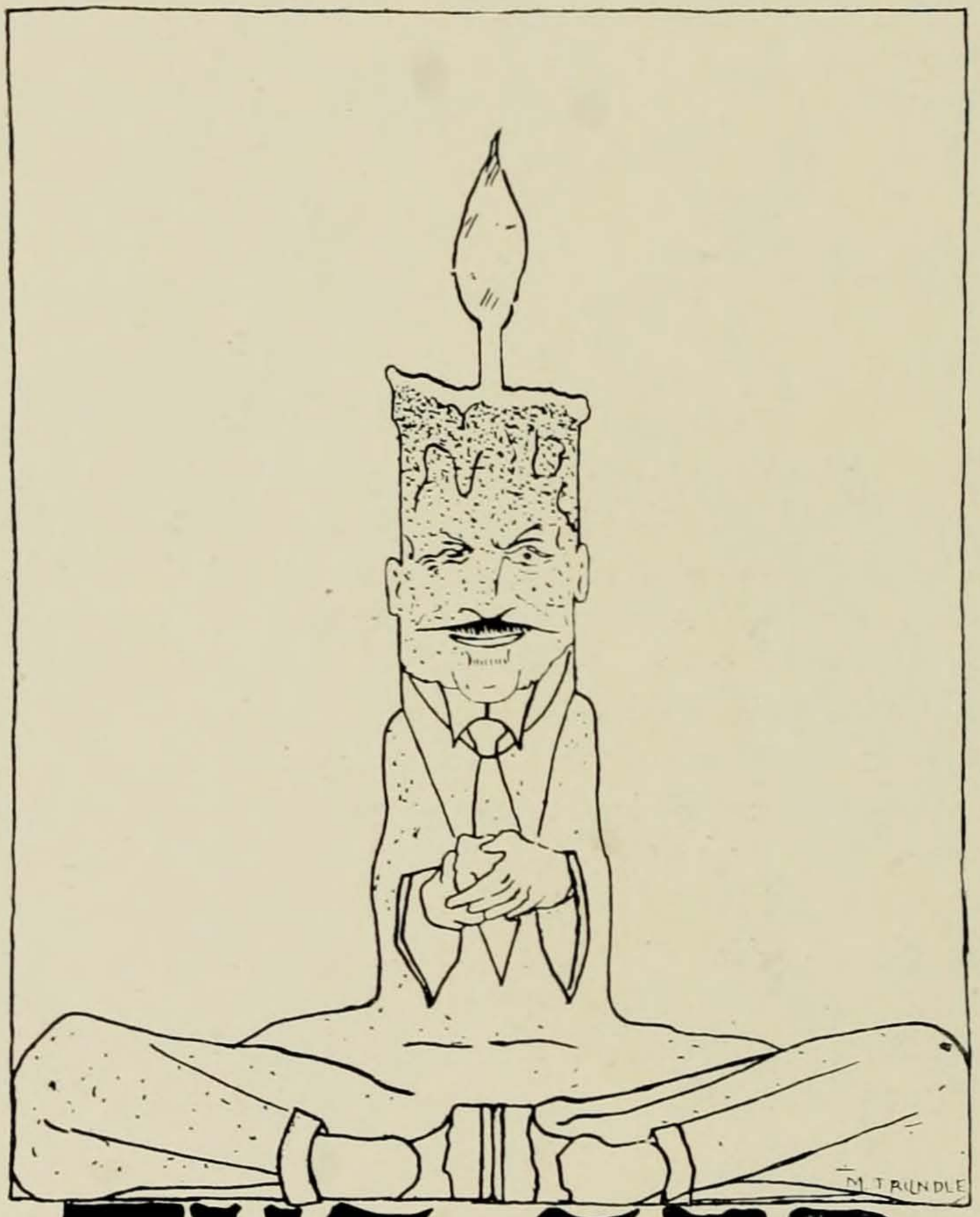
APPRECIATION

WAS "Pine Needles" to be a realization or just a passing thought? Well, if you had overheard Mr. Jackson give the pros and cons, with a rather decided emphasis on the cons, you would have understood why the prospect of having an Annual looked so unfavorable at first. Hope was at its ebb for only a moment, however. We would not allow ourselves to think that our much-desired Annual was an impossibility. We have no doubt in our minds now but that Mr. Jackson's purpose was not to persuade us to give up the Annual but to get us to work more earnestly for it and to prize it more highly once we had it. We thank you, Mr. Jackson, for the incentive to work, and for the great service you have been to us.

Miss Barrow and Miss Langner have also been of untold help and inspiration to the Staff. We hesitate to think what sort of a cartoon book "Pine Needles" might have resulted in if Miss Langner had not shared her good taste in bringing to the designs graceful lines, correct perspective, and harmonizing colors.

To Mr. Thornton is due the perfections and imperfections in spelling and punctuation. We hope that he can appreciate, as much as we, the responsibility that rests on him.

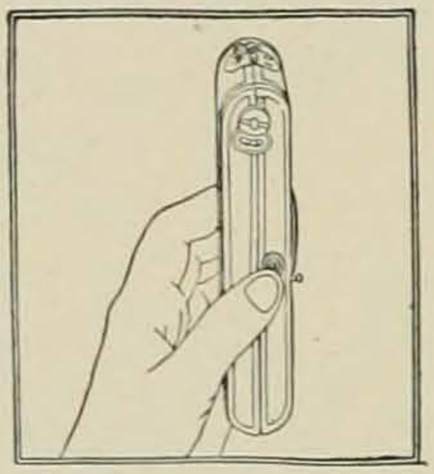
But, let us thank some others. We cannot let you close this book until we have told you that we appreciate everything you have done to help us make "Pine Needles" a reality. To those who toiled with pen in hand, and to those who labored, besmeared with paste, we give a whole-souled "Thank you!"

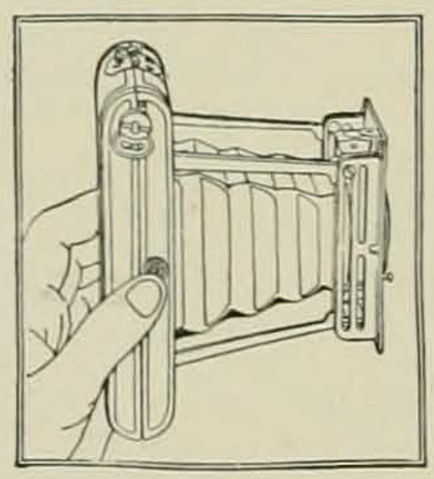


THE END

OS
Nell Williams.

ANSCO
CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM





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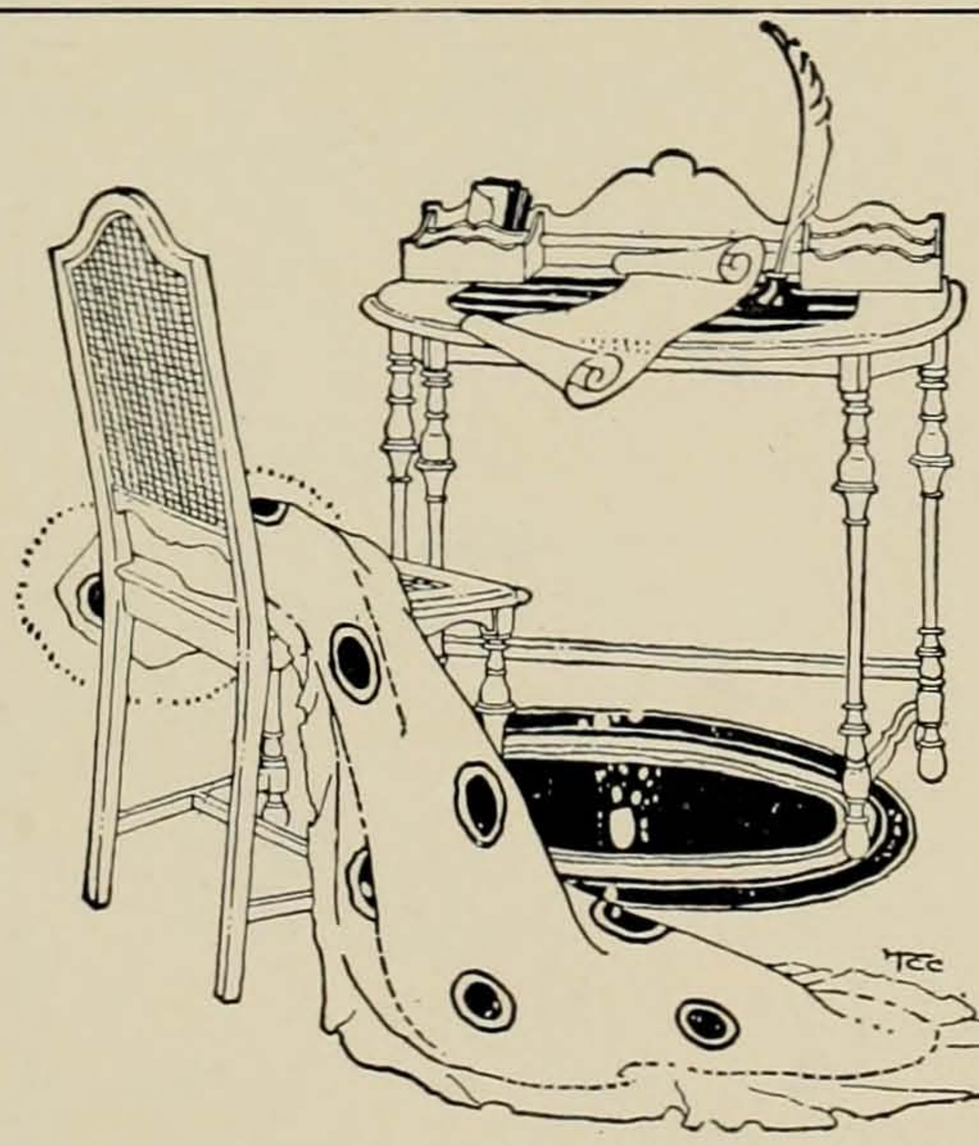

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"Why not get it from us in the first place?"

Rexall Kodaks

Q-U-I-Z

Daly, the manager of a Dublin playhouse, laid a wager that a new word with no meaning should be the common talk of the city in twenty-four hours. In consequence of this, the letters Q-U-I-Z were chalked by him on all the walls of Dublin with an effect that won the wager.

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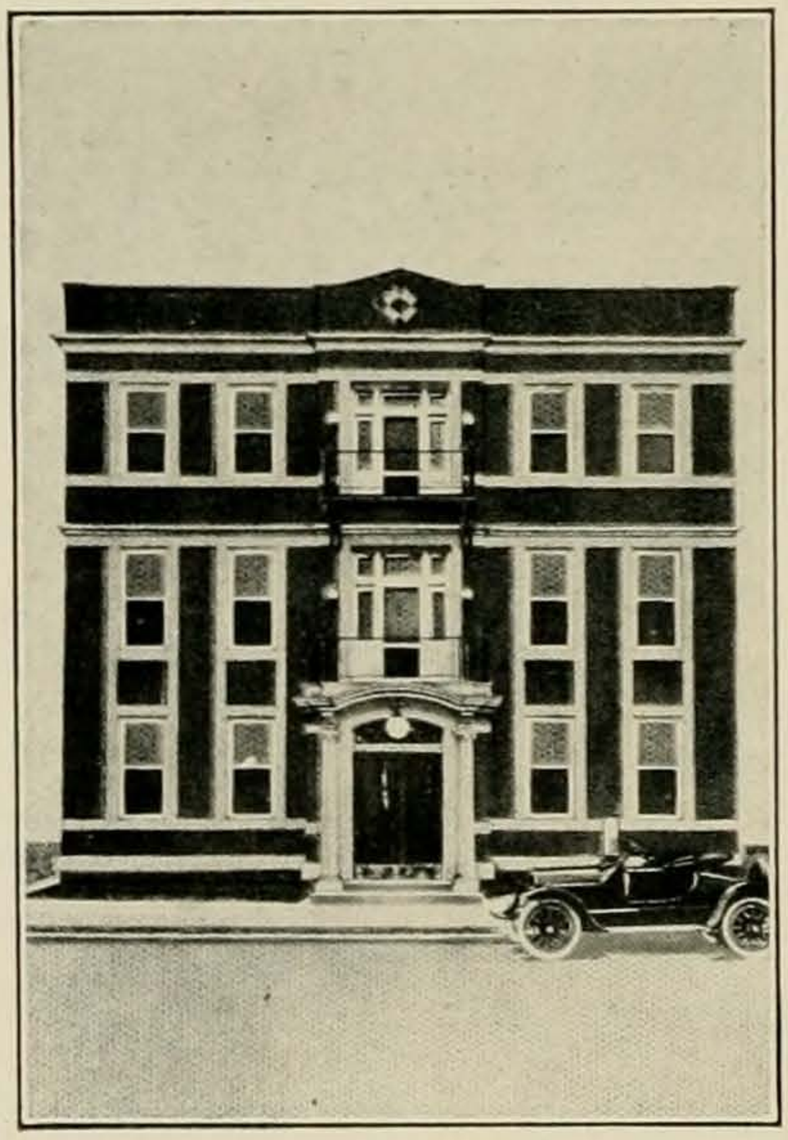

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C. R. REAVES, M.D.
R. Q. REAVES, M.D.

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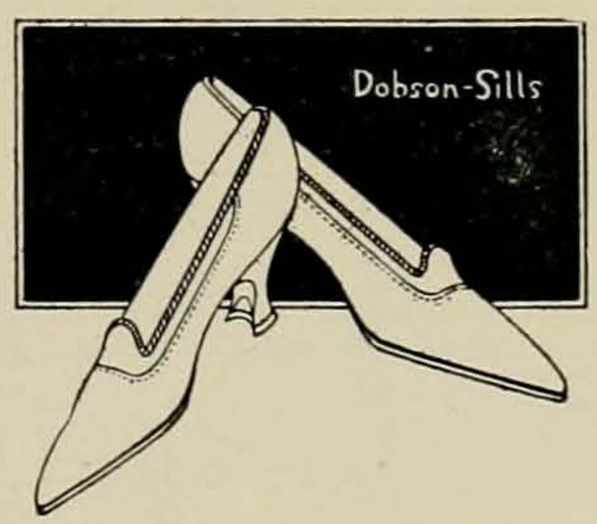

Cinderella returning from the ball would not have dropped this dainty slipped because it clings easily, yet firmly, to the foot. The long, slender vamp and Louis XV heel add grace and beauty to the foot and ankle.

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