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OAK LEAVES

VOLUME 6

NUMBER 1



MCMIX

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY THE
PHILARETION AND ASTROTEKTON LITERARY SOCIETIES

Baptist University for Women

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE STUDENTS OF THE ART DEPARTMENT

Senior Class

MOTTO: "Lofty aims and earnest endeavors"

FLOWER: Daisy

COLORS: Green and White

OFFICERS

MARTHA E. LAWRENCE.....	PRESIDENT
SADIE LOU BRITT.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
MIMIE E. COX.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
HATTIE SUE HALE.....	HISTORIAN
LULA HOWARD.....	PROPHET
VIVIAN G. BETTS.....	POET

CLASS ROLL

VIVIAN BETTS
SADIE LOU BRITT
MIMIE E. COX
UNDINE FUTRELL
HATTIE SUE HALE
LUCY E. HAYES
HELEN HILLIARD
LULA HOWARD
MARTHA E. LAWRENCE
LULIE B. MARSHALL
LOUIE POTEAT
GRACE D. ROGERS
KATHARINE STAPLES
JUANITA WILLIAMS

FACULTY MEMBER

Miss MARY KATHARINE APPLEWHITE



LOUIE POTEAT, WAKE FOREST, N. C.
ASTROTEKTON SOCIETY.
A maid of grace and complete majesty.

Twenty Years Hence

I HEAVED a sigh of relief, on the afternoon of April 30, 1929, as the key grated in the rusty lock of my schoolroom door and the last of my swarthy Mexican pupils disappeared over the crest of the hill. Vacation was here. As I turned slowly from the door a panoramic view of the past rose before me: I thought of all I had accomplished in the twenty years since I had graduated from the Baptist University for Women at Raleigh and I remembered what I had dreamed of doing. Long I stood and pondered, longing to know if I alone of the Class of '09 had accomplished so little. Memories of the day of "Auld Lang Syne" came floating round me, filling me with a great desire to visit the old scenes, to see the old faces, and to dream the old dreams.

For many years I had been a stranger to my native land and it was with a childish eagerness that I turned my face homeward, and to the Old North State. I spent two days in New Orleans, but knew no one in the city. The first day I walked down through the French quarters readings signs, and as I passed one attracted my attention:

MADAME ST'UNDINE.

The Great Fortune-teller. The Palm-reader.

Tells your past, present and future.

Come in. Find out who you are, what you have been and what you are going to be from Madame St'Undine.

"St'Undine!" Where had I heard that name! I passed on by, but that name would not be dismissed. I went back to my room, but that name, strangely familiar, haunted me still. Finally, I decided I would go to see Madame St'Undine. Perhaps to see her would throw light on the strange name and recall some past experience. I went into her tent, told her that I wanted my fortune told. She took my hand, looked at my palm, glanced quickly up at me, and then looked more closely at my hand. Then she said, "Lula Howard, where did you come from?" Undine Fentrell and no other. She had changed much in the twenty years. Few wrinkles marred her face, and few gray hairs could be seen on her temples; her form had lost its youthful slenderness and had gained the corpulency of middle age. Fame and fortune were hers, but they had not been won as she had planned to win them in her college life.

Soon I left New Orleans. As I neared Birmingham I picked up a paper

and began reading. I glanced through column after column in a listless manner, but finally encountered the words, "Miss Louie Poteat, the great advocate of Woman Suffrage, on a tour through the South." I give the article in full:

"DENVER, COL., May 6, 1929.

"Miss Louie Poteat, the distinguished woman suffragist, left to-day on a tour through the South. She will lecture at many points on this trip. Miss Poteat is one of the first Southern women to advocate woman suffrage, and has done much to arouse the women of the South to assert their rights and to demand equality with men."

Well, of all girls, Louie was the last I would have suspected of becoming a woman suffragist, much less of lecturing throughout the country.

Nothing more of importance or of interest happened until I reached Raleigh, early one morning. I was tired, but not too tired to go to chapel, at the University. The old place had changed; new buildings had gone up, a new library and a new auditorium. I was a stranger almost to my Alma Mater. From my seat in the chapel I could see the platform, the faculty, the choir, and the portraits that hung on the wall. Among the faculty I recognized none of my instructors, but Katharine Staples must have become one of the elect, for she now sat among the sages. I wondered why she was dressed in black and why she was teaching now, for I knew she had stopped teaching when she was married several years before. From the people my eyes wandered to the pictures. There was one of Dr. Vann, of Judge Fairecloth, of Mr. Pullen and another of Vivian Betts. I did not know that she had become famous enough to have her portrait in the Assembly Hall. At last Katharine comes. My eager questions poured forth like a volley until she laughingly stopped me.

"Not so fast; I am Mrs. Parkham. Since my husband's death, two years ago, I have been teaching in his place as Professor of Mathematics. I wanted something to do and Math. has always been my hobby.

"Yes, that is a picture of Vivian Betts. You knew that she became a well known poetess. Since her death a few months ago her poems have been all the rage. Her picture was painted by Martha Lawrence and given to the college. You didn't know that Martha was an artist? Well, she is and her portraits and pictures are known far and wide. Yes, she is in New York now.

"Hattie Sue is in New York also. You didn't know it? Well, where have you been? She is a great actress now and is starring this season in a play

written especially for her, 'The Past No Index to the Future.' You know she said, when we were leaving, that China was her destination.

"Minnie, Sadie Lou and Helen are all married. Helen was about the only one of the whole class who attained her aim, and that was to marry a football player. She is living in Georgia now. And Grace has become a great journalist. She is on the staff of the *Review of Reviews*. Have you not read article after article signed G. D. R.? Well, the author was Grace Daphne Rogers. In the February number she has written on 'The College Annual as Expressive of College Spirit.'

"Yes, Lucy is teaching near Weldon. No, she never married. Are you going to stop to see her? Make her tell you of Juanita's great feats. Why, she is a famous automobilist, and has just won the cup in the race at Philadelphia."

I was bewildered by the strange fortunes of my classmates. I left the chapel, saying to myself: "This old world has turned 'round since twenty years ago."

While I was in Raleigh, a reception was given at the Governor's mansion to which the public was invited. I always did like to shake hands with the grandees, and I decided this was a good opportunity to meet many of the best people of the state. I didn't think to ask anything about the Governor's wife, and you can well imagine my surprise to see Sadie Lou, the one who always hated receptions, standing second in the receiving line. I was dumfounded, but finally mustered up courage to speak to my old classmate, and to tell her that I never expected to see her wearing such great honors. She looked as if she had rather been anywhere else in the world, and it seemed to me the very irony of fate that had put her in a public position where receptions were everyday occurrence.

From Raleigh I went to Weldon to see Lucy. I did not let her know that I was going, for I wanted to see if she were teaching scientifically, and if she had made practical all those things Miss Applewhite drilled into our heads about pedagogy. I found her in her classroom. She was lecturing one little fellow very severely when I stepped into the room, but the lecture ended as soon as she saw that she had a visitor. Her face lighted with pleasure and her hearty handshake proved that she hadn't forgotten our Alma Mater and the Class of '09. It was Lucy that talked, but a different Lucy from the Senior in college. She had discarded all her frills and furbelows, her rats, and switches and puffs. Her dress was plain and simple and her hair, always thin, but streaked with gray now, was done up in a small knot on her head. Her

face had not changed so much, but the grim, unbending, unrelenting look of the old maid school-teacher had settled there. As I left I wondered what had become of the doctor Lucy used to talk about, and why she had never married, but I did not ask her.

As I went through Winterville I stopped over and spent a few day with Mimie. Mimie had become so fond of our class color while in Raleigh that she decided to change her name to Green shortly after leaving college. I do not doubt that she was happy and had found life worth while. It was good to hear her singing as she went from room to room, busy with her housework, and happy in her home.

This was my last visit. I spent the summer at my old home down in Sampson County. One day I happened to be in Clinton while a farmer's institute was in session there. After I had finished my shopping I wandered into the institute for farmers' wives and daughters, and who should I see speaking to the crowd but Lulie Marshall! She was telling them how to make bread scientifically, and how to cook various things. I could not help but smile to think of Lulie, who had always been interested in history and in research work, as lecturing on Domestic Science. Lulie was the last of the Class of '09.

I had seen or heard from every member of my class. Only one or two had succeeded in what they intended doing when they left college; others had entered entirely new fields of work and had won fame, while others had gone in the same old tracks and had won recognition if not renown. I was the only one of the class whose air-castles had toppled over and whose dreams had never materialized. I could go back to my work with a newer vision, for I knew that old places change, familiar faces become strange and the old dreams come no more.



Y. W. C. A., '08-'09

OFFICERS

HATTIE SUE HALE	PRESIDENT
LULIE DICKSON	VICE-PRESIDENT
BLANCHE BARRUS	SECRETARY
JENNIE FLEMING	TREASURER

The organized work of the Young Women's Christian Association, which was established in our institution in 1901, is carried on by the following committees:

1. **DEVOTIONAL**—With Mimie Cox as chairman and Ruth Williams as sub-chairman, this committee arranges programmes for all public meetings of the Association, including daily morning prayer-meetings, weekly Association meetings on Sunday evenings, and one revival meeting during the season.

2. **MISSIONARY**—With Maude Davis as chairman and Minnie Middleton as sub-chairman, this committee has done much during the past year to create a deeper missionary spirit in school. Over 160 girls have enrolled in Mission study classes; about 35 new books have been added to the Missionary library; and \$150 has been raised for the support of our Missionary to China, Miss Lanneau, once a student here.

3. **BIBLE STUDY**—This committee, with Lucy Hayes as chairman, and Juanita Williams as sub-chairman, works with Dr. Thompson, Professor of Bible, at the beginning of each semester, in striving to influence all college classmen to enroll in Bible classes, which count toward the B. A. degree. For those not in regular college classes, the chairman and sub-chairman each conduct a voluntary class, studying the Life of Christ as given by Mark.

4. **MEMBERSHIP**—With the Vice-President as chairman, and Helen Hilliard as sub-chairman, this committee has visited every girl in college, and extended to each a hearty invitation to join our Association. As a result there are less than a dozen girls in school who are not Y. W. C. A. members. This committee was especially active at the opening of school. Its representatives gave to the new girls a cordial welcome into our midst, meeting them at the train, helping to make their rooms more homelike, and arranging their courses for them. The Membership Committee also has the honor of having established what is known as the Y. W. C. A. book store.

5. **FINANCE**—This committee, with Janie Bivens at its head, at the beginning of the year prepared a budget of estimated expenses for the year, including special objects, such as the Asheville Conference, Missions, etc., and devised plans for raising the necessary funds. They assist the Treasurer in collecting the regular membership fees, approve all her expenditures, and cooperate with the Territorial Committee and National Board in all offerings for general work.

6. **SOCIAL**—This committee, with Grace Rogers as chairman, and Lucy Purefoy as sub-chairman, arranges for several social functions throughout the year, the most important of which is in honor of the new girls, at sometime during the first two weeks of school.

7. **SUNSHINE**—Annie Thompson is chairman and Eleanor Chappell sub-chairman of the committee, which, working hand in hand with the Social Committee, is the very life of the

whole Association. The members of this band visit the girls in the infirmary, those in trouble, write notes of condolence and send flowers to homes saddened by Death's angel, and in general do any deeds of kindness to make sad hearts brighter.

8. INTERCOLLEGIATE—This committee, having Margaret Bright as chairman and Clara Lawrence as sub-chairman, keeps up a correspondence with the other associations in the State, and presents new ideas thus obtained to the Cabinet. The sub-chairman prepares a suitable poster for the weekly Association meetings and for the social functions.

9. MUSIC—Undine Futrell is chairman and Louie Poteat sub-chairman of the committee which, with a choir of about thirty voices, furnishes music for all meetings of the Association.

10. ROOM—The Room Committee has as its chairman Swannanoa Horne, and its sub-chairman, Amorette Jenkins. This committee, besides working with the Social Committee in decorating for social affairs, keeps the Y. W. C. A. sitting room in order and sees that the chapel is ready for all public Association meetings. The ambition of this Room Committee is to start a Y. W. C. A. building fund. It is the purpose of our Association to have a building and a resident secretary, as soon as we are educated up to the idea, and this year's Room Committee has started the ball to rolling.



Astrotekton Literary Society

"He builds too low who builds beneath the stars."



UNDINE FUTRELL
PRESIDENT



LOUIE POTEAT
VICE PRESIDENT



FLORINE PRITCHETT
SECRETARY



ANNIE GARDNER
TREASURER



ASTROTEKTON LITERARY SOCIETY



Senior Basket-Ball Team

OFFICERS

SADIE LOU BRITT		MANAGER
HATTIE SUE HALE		CAPTAIN

TEAM

JUANITA WILLIAMS		JUMPING CENTER
LOUIE POTEAT		ASSISTANT CENTER
HELEN BILLIARD		GUARD
HATTIE SUE HALE		FORWARD
MARTHA LAWRENCE		FORWARD
SADIE LOU BRITT		GUARD
UNDINE FUTRELL		SUBSTITUTE
LUCY HAYES		SUBSTITUTE

A Portrait Exhibit of Famous Women

By Famous Masters of the Directoire Period



MRS. SIDDONS
(after Sir Joshua Reynolds)
*Her noble soul looked out from her
roual brow and effulgent eyes.*
RENA CAMP



MADAME MOLE RAYMOND
(after Madame Le Brun)
*Along with this brightness she has
seriousness; the sister of her guilty,
LUCY PUREFOY*



A 20TH CENTURY PORTRAIT
(à la Directoire, after Tyree)
*As subtle of intellect as she is
lately; a wild pomegranate flower
of a girl.*

GRACE ROGERS



MARIE ANTOINETTE
(after Dumont)
*The royal love in her heart is the
master of the moment.*
LOUIE POTEAU



HON. MRS. ROBINSON
(after Romney)
*Turning upon us as a fœer of coy and
piquant charm.*
SWANNANOA HORNE



OUR SENIORS

Seniors' Troubled Dreams

Lulie



Please let me get to the mirror quick. It's just five minutes till the last breakfast bell, and I know I shall be late. Oh—o—o—o, do get out of my way! It'll take me half an hour to fix these few stringy locks. If I just did have a little more hair! And if it just wasn't quite so straight! Oh! I know I'll never get to breakfast on time this morning.

Oh, Virginia, come here quick! Do look! Is this actually Lulie Marshall? It can't be. Please, do but behold this hair! This is what Herpicide did in a single night. If Mamma could only see me now! Um—m—m. I'm so sleepy! Think of it! Thick, long hair—and—oh, Virginia, its actually wavy too! Would you ever have thought it, and I'm not dreaming either, an I?

Come on; I'm ready for breakfast, and won't Miss Minor and Helen be surprised though! And to think Herpicide did it all.

Katharine

Why, all of you seem to have forgotten that it takes two to make a match. I can't get married and no bridegroom even in sight. What! My dress—my bridesmaids! Everybody here! There now, you've simply got to go up there with me—we can't disappoint everybody. I don't know how this all could have happened, any way. I didn't even know that I was engaged. Poor me, poor me; no more shall I ever get gorgeous chrysanthemums and five-pound boxes of Huyler's.—How in the world is it that I have to give up all my grand old beaux and get *married* and don't even know the man!



Oh, if I could only be dreaming; but that can't be so, for there is Mr.—er—er—a—Mr. ——— la, I don't even know his name—guess I'll find out before I take it for my own! There, I won't marry him either! That'll be a good excuse, for not a soul knows his name—and then—then; oh, yes, I have it!

Elizabeth Vann has a new yellow dress; I'll borrow that! Oh, isn't it pretty? Plump! not quite long enough; but short dresses are stylish these days. Wish the sleeves were a wee bit longer, they pull so under the arms. Maybe I can squeeze in some way, though. There, it's on—and I'm tired to death; but I must hurry on up to the Society hall, for there comes Dr. Poteat now. How I wish my yellow dress had come! Sister Kate, Sister Kate, why did you treat me so!

Lula



Who can write a Senior Prophecy and keep this library quiet all at once? Graceions me!—It's a job, *but* I'm most through now. Only Grace, Louie and Hattie Sue to "recreate." Bet I make 'em do something rash too, so just watch me! Guess I'll— Wh-a-t! Wh-e-re—am—I—going, anyway—wh-ew! Oh—h, I feel so funny, floating way up here so high in the air. Wonder what *is* happening to me and where— Oh, who is this pulling me aside? He looks so old and sober. Gee! but I'm chilly! Why—er, yes, I'll be seated. Sir? You're Josiah the Good? Want to have a reckoning of the library books? How sudden! But, if you can wait—oh, now where *are* those books? I have no idea, not the slightest. Let me think. Reckon! Wh-e-w! Would give my hat to remember, you bet I would! Josiah's awful too! I wish I wasn't here—and *those books*? "Oh, Sir Good Josiah, forgive me this once, this once, sir, and I'll—please, please— Where's he gone? Listen—"Just—this—once—but never—again!"

Louie

Gee, New York at last! My! but I had a tiresome trip! Guess I'll find brother waiting for me at the next corner, for of course I had to get off at the wrong place. Yes, there is is—but, *across the street*. My! how'll I get to him! Please—er—Mr.—er—Policeman—won't you have—'em—to stop—er— Yes, sir, to stop some of those cars, autos and things, so—er— "Why—my—dear—lady, *how*"— but here I see my chance, right between here,—who'd have thought it! Oh—h, what have I done! I'll be a dead girl in one second, I know I will—why don't— Oh, there it is, I'll slide under that Dago's little fruit cart, till that great red thing gets by. My! I can hardly get under this thing—wonder why they have it so little, anyway. Whew! It's gone! Thank the goodness.

