

STUDENT OPINION

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"To start something," and something with pep and general interest is easily done upon our campus these days. The magic words needed to cause a young riot among us are just two—"Wake Forest." Shall Meredith be moved to Wake Forest? No, never, most decidedly not! Even before the vote was taken some time ago which showed the students to be unanimously in favor of staying in Raleigh and against going to Wake Forest, we have known that we girls had no desire to see dear old Meredith carried away from Raleigh.

Although we all agree in not wishing to go to Wake Forest, our reasons for agreement differ. Many of us think to move Meredith anywhere is bad, but to move her entirely from Raleigh, the scene of her history, and where we have learned to love her, is almost impossible. Then we would lose all the advantages that the Capital City offers us. Many here are country girls and have no wish to spend their four important college years miles from a city. Perhaps the feeling which moves the majority of us against the suggestion, however, is, we wish to be independent of Wake Forest or any other college. We feel we are an A-College and a good one at that; and we're capable of standing alone.

But ceasing to try to reason out the whys of our objection, we join in a long chorus of "No's" to the proposition. If the girls have any voice in the matter, it is easily seen we'll never go to Wake Forest.

R. H.

BULLETIN BOARDS OF VARIOUS KINDS

The new bulletin boards which have made their appearance lately are not merely ornamental, but also useful. The class bulletin board on the right of the dining-room door attracts attention from the Seniors' majestic black and red twenty-three, the Juniors' glorious tiger, the Sophomores' frightening witches, to the Freshmen's row of green teddy bears. The B. Y. P. U. bulletin board is on the left of the dining-room door, while near the town girls' room is the "Lost and Found" bulletin board in which, like a department store showcase, are displayed gloves, handkerchiefs, pins, pocket-books, fountain pens and a number of other articles.

The other bulletin boards in Main Building are the usual official and general bulletin boards. A number of the professors also have small ones just outside their class-room door. At the entrance to Faircloth Hall are the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. W. A. bulletin boards upon which are posted Tea Foom advertisements, interesting clippings, the daily papers, and attractive program posters.

With such a variety and numerous bulletin boards this ought to eliminate small lost and found notices and the others which give an untidy appearance to the halls.

BASKETBALL GAME FRESHMEN VS. JUNIORS

JUNIOR CLASS WINS FIRST GAME OF THE SEASON

Quite a number of excited Juniors and Freshmen witnessed the basketball games last Monday. The end of the first quarter found the Juniors in the lead. During the second quarter, however, the Freshmen team gained on the Juniors and both teams strove valiantly in the last half. The game ended with a score of 18-16 in favor of the Juniors. Both teams were cheered heartily by their respective classes, and both are to be congratulated. Well done, Juniors, so far—but watch out, the Freshmen are still strong!

SPEAKING OF CRUSHES

Childish rats—we don't want their adoration,

Mush, and silly adulation,

We don't want that awful slush

Vulgarly known as crush.

What we want is Friendship true,

Not to last a week or two,

But to stay thru years to be

Friendship thru eternity.

Friendship wide and fine and high,

Big enough to fill the sky;

Friendship born of common ways

Living thru all kinds of days

(Dark days and bright days—

Standing them together

For so long as friendship lasts

Who cares about the weather?

Friendship born of mutual taste,

Growing slowly—not with haste;

Friendship bringing smiles thru tears,

Confidence of hopes and fears;

Friendship of an autumn walk;

Friendship of deep, earnest talk;

Friendship helped by good, real books,

Friendship bred on honest looks;

Friendship of a cheery smile;

Friendship fostering things worth while;

Friendship striving toward a goal;

Friendship of the very soul.

—Florida Flambeau.

The newly married couple were just nearing home when the bride started to cry.

He: "Well, dear, what on earth is the matter? We are almost home now and so happy."

She: "But now I'll have to sew and cook, and I can't cook a thing in the world."

He: "Well, my dear, don't you worry, because I haven't a thing in the world to cook."

Soph (coming in Chem. room): "I weigh 160 pounds."

M. Allen: "That's nothing; I weigh 260."

Soph: "You're a big one."

M. Allen: "Huh, I know it."

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THE FOLLOWING SHOULD SUDDENLY CEASE TO FUNCTION AS RHYMES?

1. Fly, high, sky.
2. Above, love.
3. Blue, true.
4. White, bright.
5. Star, afar.
6. Work, shirk.
7. Adore, lore.
8. Today, play.
9. World, furled.
10. Bird, heard.
11. Girl, whirl.
12. Dream, seem.
13. Eyes, skies.
14. Smile, while.
15. Boy, pride and joy.
16. Son, gun.

—Sun Dial.

AND WE THOUGHT WE WERE THE ONLY ONES

This is short,

We know it,

It is insignificant,

We know that also.

Read it, nevertheless.

It is true.

When you start your college life as a Freshman, you think that the highest goal that you can possibly achieve is to be a Senior.

Among the things which you think make the struggle worth while are the privileges that are supposed to be yours when you have gained that high state. As your numerous college years hastily slip by or slowly roll onward, you find that those privileges that you are seeking are vanishing in size, number and importance. Also, that is something over which to ponder—for a good reason too. But worst of all is the great awakening—you are a Senior and the privileges are missing, gone, absent. That sounds as if they were lost in transit. That is not so. They never were.

—Florida Flambeau.

Small boy: "Mother, I want a biscuit and butter."

Mother: "You can't have butter between meals."

Small boy: "I don't want it between meals but between biscuits."

Miss Jessup on English Class: "Miss Foote, finish this sentence, 'While wandering in the sky among his subjects—'"

Newish C. Foote: "Does 'his subjects' mean Latin and Math and things like that?"

V. Bird gazing upon M. Angelo's bust at the chapel entrance.

"Oh, there's Mr. Angelo's bust, I wonder if he's any relation to the Angelos at home."

Pauline Penny spent the week-end in Bailey.



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Edna Askew: "Gladys, what are you doing?"

Newish G. Morrite: "Oh, I'm trying to cut a hole out of my stocking."