



Newspaper of Students, Meredith College

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Thought for the day . . .

"Ye shall know the truth and the
 truth shall make you free."

Action That Will Bring Results

It is encouraging to learn of such action as that recently carried out by the Freshman Class. Unlike too many of the groups, which have complainings caused by some real or imaginary motivation, these students met together and discussed from every angle the privileges that they are allowed. Upon reaching a decision that some changes could rightfully and beneficially be made, they drew up a plan setting forth their ideas and reasons and presented it in the form of a petition to the Student Government Council and then to the entire student body for recognition and approval. The Freshman Class should be commended for their initiative and thoughtful, decisive plan of action. They might well be an example for others who are interested in finding out the facts of the case at hand, determining the advisability of suggesting changes, and above all, deciding on an organized plan of action. It will be thoughtful united action like this example that will bring results!

Why Should You Be Permitted To Vote?

What would be the reaction of the students here if they were told they would no longer be permitted to vote? Possibly every one of the 556 girls would stand up and demand to be extended this privilege. Yet why should we work and fight for a privilege that we do not regard as important enough to even exercise? How loudly we applaud for a favored candidate that we believe capable of holding a certain office. Yet how many of the clapping supporters are conscientious enough to back the candidate they feel is most capable by taking the time to vote? For instance, only approximately 456 of those 556 eligible voters registered to vote. Then in the first election, only 389 of the 456 registered voted in the most important election of the year. The succeeding elections revealed an even greater lack of interest. In the second election, about 346 voted, and in the third approximately 349 girls visited the polls. Students demand the privilege of voting. The privilege, however, entails many responsibilities. We should never demand any right unless we are prepared and determined to accept the obligations accompanying it. What about the 100 girls demanding the right to vote who did not feel even enough responsi-

bility to register. And what right do those who failed to vote have to expect the privilege? Now especially since we are requesting new privileges and changes, we should reflect whether we can truthfully say we will accept all of the responsibilities accompanying changes. If our interest in voting, in selecting the leaders who will guide and represent us, is a fair indication of the way we will react to any privilege once we have gotten it, are we entitled to even more rights and unaccepted responsibilities? The next time you stand up and say "Why can't we have this or why can't we have that?" ask yourself the question, "Have I voted for a leader to help us get these changes?"

What Do Bells Mean?

Contrary to the belief harbored among some of the students here, the last class bell should be a sign for classes to begin. Five minutes are allowed between classes so that when the second bell is sounded, girls should be prepared to begin work, not just rushing in from a 440 dash from the dormitories, day student rooms, B Hive, or other class buildings. Too often, students loiter or wait until the last minute before going to class. There are others, however, who are continually late for Chapel and other classes because they were detained by teachers in previous classes beginning lengthy explanations for assignments only after the first bell has rung. Even as those girls late on their own accord are usually the same ones, so are most of those late for reasons beyond their control the same ones. Perhaps we might all be more acutely aware of the sounding of the bells.

An Open Letter to the Students

To Each Meredith Student:

A month has passed now since Religious Focus Week on our campus. It was a week which should have and probably did change the lives of each of us. However, the extent to which our lives will be influenced for all time is dependent on us as individuals. You received Friday the bulletin from the Continuation Committee, reporting on the questionnaire which you filled out. Along with the topics which you requested to have discussed—some of them new and some to be continued from Focus Week—are provisions for the discussion of them. Won't you consider it not only your responsibility but your privilege to attend these seminars, discussions, and club programs which you yourself have requested? Qualified persons will be here to lead and direct our thinking, and it will be like a small portion of Focus Week all over again. We want our campus to grow toward a higher plane of Christian living. This aim will be realized as each student grows.

Sincerely,
 The Continuation Committee.



Sauntering with Sawyer

by LIB SAWYER

Maybe you have noticed a certain group of girls on the campus, or perhaps I should say mostly off the campus, who dash from the dormitories in the morning in full attire of hat and hose before you are hardly up and are gone most of the day, only to be seen once again as they dash back in time for a late class or for dinner. These mysterious personages are the student teachers of Meredith College and, if you are like I was, you wonder what on earth happens to them during these intervening hours. In fact, my curiosity was so aroused that it became necessary for me to join the ranks to satisfy myself. So now I can share a little of the light with you.

On her first day, the student teacher borrows an alarm clock from the girl in 216 and, with heartrending will power, manages to set it at 6:00 a.m. This act will give time for an extra fifteen minutes of sleep, a bath to wake her up, and a ten-minute deliberation of what to wear. Breakfast seems to have little taste and the post office has no mail, which in itself leaves her ego a notch lower than she believed was bottom, exactly when she needed it most. She is at the bus stop a full ten minutes ahead of the bus and, when it eventually arrives and takes her to school, she finds herself only half an hour before the first bell rings. Phew, we can hear her



Scanty Sketches

By PEGGY HAYWOOD



Me: Helen, where were you born?

Helen: Right here in Raleigh in Rex Hospital.

Me: Did you have a happy childhood?

Helen: Very happy—Twenty-five of us played together in the neighborhood, built houses, and cooked "china-berries."

Me: Did you go to bed at night when your mother asked you to?

Helen: Well, up until the time I learned to read, and then I always had to "finish that chapter."

Me: Did she have a hard time making you eat?

Helen: She did until she found that I loved spinach, pork and beans, pork chops, and chocolate ice cream.

Me: Did you have your tonsils removed?

Helen: Oh yes, I had them out, and also had the usual round of measles, mumps, etc.

Me: Someone told me that you were on the Student Council, in the National Honor Society, the Dramatics Club, and the Science Club in high school. Is that right?

Helen: Yes, but how did they know that?

Me: I'm supposed to be asking the questions! Next, do you like music?

Helen: Ah, yes, especially Brahms and Tchaikowsky.

Examining Honor System

Should the Student Council check chapel attendance was the topic of discussion at one of the weekly discussion meetings of the student body.

One student pointed out that when chapel attendance was checked, students resented it and felt that such checking was destroying the honor system. Another student asked why, then, didn't students resent it when girls cut chapel without signing up for their cut as this was deliberate cheating and a true violation of the honor system.

After much discussion, it was finally voted that chapel attendance be put strictly on the honor system, with no checking for a month, to see just how well it worked. Each girl was to hold herself responsible for her own attendance and for the attendance of others with whom she came in contact. After the month is up, it was agreed to have an "experience" meeting to see if the plan did work.

This motion was brought before the entire student body the following day, and every student voted to accept it. How well has the plan worked?

Me: What about sports?

Helen: Swimming is my favorite. The fish and I get on well together.

Me: What about your telling me some things about yourself so I won't have to drag them out by main force?

Helen: Really there isn't much to tell about such a prosaic person as I (says she, she says). I've always loved to study "animules," especially the ones one has to use the microscope to see. This thing called Life has always fascinated me.

Me (Breaking in): What about "this thing called Love"?

Helen: (grinning) "He" hasn't found me yet.

Me: Excuse my interruption.

Helen: As long as I can remember, I've always wanted to be a medical missionary. I have several scrapbooks full of medical articles. Everything else has been centered around that. When I finish here, I plan to go to "med" school and then to the seminary. After that, I don't know where I'll be sent.

Me: That is wonderful, Helen. Let me wish you luck.

Helen: Thank you.

Me: Changing the subject, but tell me frankly, have you ever had any rash impulses?

Helen: I certainly have, but don't tell Dr. Yarbrough. I've always wanted to drop beakers and flasks and hear them break.

Me: I won't ask you if you followed the impulse. Anything else you like particularly?

Helen: I couldn't begin to name them all. I like people and more people, my roommate and suitemates (ahem!), psychology, Focus Week, pretty shoes, good movies, good conversation, good books—Good gracious, almost everything!

Me (to myself): All of which goes to show you that Helen Hall is one grand person. I won't go into all the details and tell you that at Meredith she was Business Manager and is now Editor of the *Oak Leaves*. Also I won't even mention that she is Vice President of the Little Theater, in Alpha Psi Omega, in the Barber Science Club, and has taught at the Cary Street Mission for three years; because you know all about that. She was just recently elected to the Silver Shield, an honor she richly deserves, for no one has served our Meredith community more. You probably know also, if you know her at all, that she is always ready to help—not only in the big things, but also in the little ones. She has a sense of humor, a sympathetic nature, and is a very lovable girl. But why am I trying to tell you this, since you already know?

she do if this situation faced her, she wondered, as various ones arose.

But strangely enough, after several days of observing her teacher, she becomes restless to have a try at it, sink or swim. Anything would be better than this suspense. And soon she has her chance. Just before she goes to class on this day, she keeps saying and trying to believe that there is nothing to fear, but the odd thing was, however, that she was afraid anyway. Yes, she was afraid; but only until she began to teach, then a confidence arose and she remembered only the students before her and the bridge to knowledge they were trying to span together. It was stimulating; it was fun, and it was hours of hard work.

I don't have to tell you who the student teachers of Meredith are because they are quite distinguishable. One can guess what sort of day they have had at school when they are seen returning on a bus. It is all over their faces. And their patient friends live up remarkably well under the strain of acting as though Johnny's clever remark in school should undoubtedly be published and the flowers which Jane "borrowed" from the Capitol Square to bring to teacher was the kindest deed on record. It has been in my mind sometime how that perhaps the roommates of such student teachers should receive at least a little credit along this line, as they usually have all the student teachers' experiences discussed with them.

So now, when you see the student teacher returning with armloads of papers and flowers from Capital Square, you will have some idea as to how and where she received them. Then, if you care to know the details, just happen to mention the word *school*, in her presence and you will be submerged in data.