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Member of
Intercollegiate Press

Thought for the Day

"O Master, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care."

Two Fold Visit

President Truman's visit to Raleigh last week was a major event for this city. Because of adequate publicity, the people of Raleigh were well prepared to give President Truman an all-out welcome which involved the majority of Raleigh residents and those of nearby towns.

Every newspaper carried articles and pictures about the presidential party, and all radio stations covered every phase of the unusual occasion. Many Meredith students were fortunate enough to see President Truman deliver either one or both of the two addresses he gave while in Raleigh. Those who could not leave school were down at the gate to wave at the president as he drove by on his way to the fair grounds.

Other than the momentary excitement which he caused, Mr. Truman's visit to Raleigh undoubtedly led the way to many discussions and debates over the forthcoming elections. Those of us who have heretofore been only vaguely interested in politics have suddenly been around to active opinions. And so it should be with us in this college, for we each have a definite part in furthering the growth and development of our country by choosing the men who are qualified to run it. The fact that some of us are not of voting age should be no excuse for ignorance as to what is happening on the political front today. We are in the learning stage now and must prepare ourselves to become first rate citizens who can do our share in building a better world by having a clearer understanding of government functions.

It may be another forty-three years before a president of the United States will visit the capital city of North Carolina again. If so, it will be our own faults.

Disease Dilemma

By DORIS LEE

Symptoms: Undue excitement, a super abundance of meetings, a secretive look on many faces.

Diagnosis: Palio and Stunt Night.

Case History: Stunt Night began in 1915 as a group of humorous skits presented by the different classes. The following year another set of skits was produced, this time with the requirement that they be original. From then on the skits were a yearly event with keen competition between the classes. For a long time it was the tradition for seniors to win stunt and either they or the juniors won the silver loving cup which was first presented in 1923. However, the sophomores did win twice, and, of course, now any class might win!

In 1935 Palio was begun by Miss Marion Warner who had seen the Palio festival in Italy, a festival celebrated in Sienna since the Middle Ages. Palio features a horse race whose winner is awarded a huge, elaborate banner. So Meredith appropriated that Sienna celebration and adapted it for herself. Palio was in later years combined with Stunt Night.

Treatment: Annual brainstorms, good hard work, and several hundred pairs of crossed fingers.

Snoop an' Tell

Here we go with all the news that's not fit to print! First on your snob-sheet is our representative of the freshman class, Dot Miller. Could it be possible that he has been glued to that parlor seat for the past weeks? Speaking of freshman (and how many upperclassmen do) Billy Astro must have played Cupid for Jackie Creef—been seeing a lot of a certain SPE since the collegiate party.

Phyll Harrington's latest theme song:
You made me happy sometimes,
You made me sad,
But there was a time, Willie
Your pin made me glad.

Does your hair sag? Has the enamel worn off your teeth? Do you long to be longed? Come to "Flo's Glow Shop"—only three flights up—out of the high rent district (elevator service provided for our patrons). No hair to roll up, no eyelashes to curl, no teeth to brush—it's wonderful! Just look at Katherine Busbee; she no longer has a fraternity pin.

Have you seen your oculist lately? Not all blind dates can be as handsome as those from Davidson escorting Sue Bunn and Pat Boles. While we are on subject of nice-looking men, Miss Street was with one of the cutest we have seen at the State-Carolina game.

Osee is the essence of the hall proctor—no longer may Pat Blackman receive phone calls from Charlotte after 3:00 a. m.

Mrs. Edgerton has posted traffic regulations for route one to the dining hall since Marilyn Mills propelled by Shirley Powell collided with a perfectly good wall. Tourists may view the scene of the accident by passing through first Faircloth, to phrase it in the terms of the prosecuted, "You can't miss it!"

Twinkle, twinkle, little jewel,
Joe was stubborn as a mule,
But Jean told him many things
Now she's got a great big ring!
Best wishes, Jean!
And that's all for now!

D. S. Capers

By SYNONOMOUS With Mud

Department for Receiving Complaints and Making Improvements Meredith College.

Dear Sir:

We all love our alma mater and have few complaints to make. However, there are a few slight improvements we should like in rooms one and two of Johnson Hall: (1) a private telephone, preferably ivory finish; (2) venetian blinds on the doors and windows; (3) velvet drapes and silk marquisette glass curtains on same; (4) an Alexander Smith carpet for the floors; (5) acting bars for the monkeys (they know who they are); (6) two mahogany tables and at least eight chairs to match, Duncan Phyfe, please; (7) velvet covers for our beat-up old couches; (8) five fluorescent study lamps for use by the eagerbeavers who stay out here at night; (9) two orchid plants to replace the wilted ivy hanging on the wall; (10) a hot coffee machine; (11) an air-conditioning and heating unit, also a bottle of Airwick to kill the smoke odor; (12) an adding machine for Lib Kiser (she still thinks 2x2 is 22; (13) an escalator from first floor; (14) an automatic chapel-card-signing-machine; (15) a high quality floor show (Ballet Russe will do) for the lunch hour; (16) and please, please send us two extra large trash cans, we need them bad.

Sincerely,
The Day Students

EXCERPTS
from
XCHANGES

By SHIRLEY BONE

The Meredith student representatives sent to the informal forum at State a few weeks ago made not a bad impression according to the rating given in the *Technician* under the topic *Hats Off Department*. It seems the boys liked the girls' observations that a car is not necessary; it is only the man that counts, (conceited, aren't they!) and that as a rule State men's manners are quite impressive.

Printed in *The Daily Tar Heel* was a news item from Macon, Georgia (UP) telling a psychology student at Mercer University who, to prove her theory that today people will do anything for money, ate a grasshopper to win a two dollar bet. She remarked that it tasted "kind of crisp."

The *Davidsonian* reports that a motion was made in a recent freshman class meeting for all members of the class to stay on the campus for the next two weeks in order to give upperclassmen a chance to get a date. The frosh meeting was closed with the Freshman Pledge of obedience: "I pledge obedience to the Senior Class and the laundry for which it sends, one bunch of rough toughs with the Court of Control for all—freshman!"

The *Technician*, newspaper of the college "down the road a piece"—namely State College, tells of the big contest sponsored by the Monogram Club to pick a "Miss Wolfpack of 1948" for homecoming week-end. She will be chosen among entries from each of the seventeen fraternities and thirteen dormitories. The winner will be judged from the three pictures submitted with each entry—one in a bathing suit, an informal dress, and a formal dress.

Teacher: Why were you late to class?
Student: I don't know, I guess the bell rung before I got there.

* * *

A little girl was proudly showing her playmates her new home. "This is my daddy's den," she said. "Does your daddy have a den?"

"No," was the answer, "he just growls all over the house."

* * *

First Moron: "What color is a ghost?"

Second Moron: "I give up."

First Moron: "Boo."

* * *

Teacher: "Johnny, correct this sentence: 'Girls is naturally better looking than boys!'"

Johnny: "Girls is artificially better looking than boys."



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DAZE

A cold, frosty, pitch-black night was very slowly turning to shades of blue and misty gray as the minutes of the clock ticked away a weird fanfare which heralded the breaking of morning. All of this was physically unaware to me, however, as I lay sound asleep under a mass of covers. My mind was peaceful and happy, and all that had happened to me the day before and any events that awaited me on the approach of this new day were quite unimportant to me now.

Just then a sharp ringing ran through my brain. A quick thought and then I turned jerkily and frightened, only to be relieved by the sight of my roommate turning off the alarm. My mind was still hazy, however. What could this mean? My glance which was met by darkness signified that it wasn't our usual time to get up. A sharp look at the clock confirmed my conviction. What was going on? My roommate dressed slowly and then began to move quietly about the room. Then, like a flash, it all came back to me. Our discussion of the night before unfolded and turned over very distinctly in my mind.

She just couldn't—but, then I guessed that she was going to go through with it after all. It didn't make sense, not after all of my pleading, begging, and reasoning. I tried to succumb to a light sleep and let her do as she had decided. After all, she should be able to make up her own mind by this time. But still, I couldn't understand it. This was all her idea, however, and she must go through with it alone. I wanted no part of it. With this thought on my mind, I dozed off again.

When I finally awakened a second somewhat later, the sun that adorns a beautiful autumn day was peering in the window. I sat up smiling and feeling very carefree. And then I realized my roommate was gone. Her bed was made; the room looked different somehow, and yet orderly. She left everything just as she had planned.

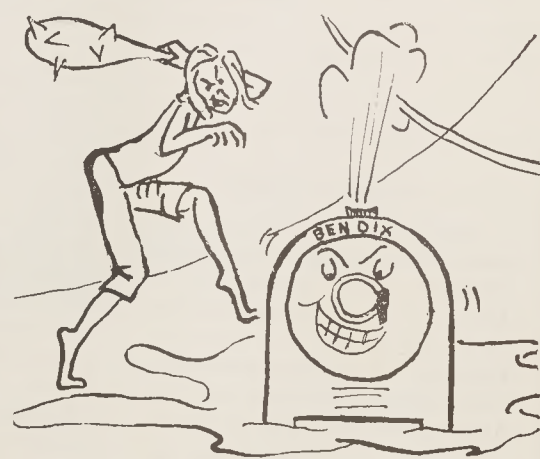
I walked to breakfast slowly. If that was what she really wanted to do, I guess it was all right, but deep down inside of me I was still convinced that it was all in vain and that she would be sorry. As the coming day seemed to be crowding me more every minute, I was soon lost to all thoughts of what had taken place that morning.

It wasn't till after chapel when I had retired to my room that I knew I was right. There on the dresser was a small note which hadn't been folded. The note was all the proof that I needed. I read it once, then twice. If only she hadn't gone through all of that agony, only to have this happen. What could I say to my roommate the next time I saw her? I read the note a third time. I must tell her something. You see, we had received only a C on room check. If only we hadn't left those bottles in the hall! Groan!!
—Donna

Wash Day

or

Twenty-Five Cents and a Headache



Poor frustrated student
Screams and kicks,
Trying to wash
With a "shot" Bendix.