

STUDENT GUILLOTINE?

Why should the Student Government alone shoulder all the responsibility for everything that happens on our campus? In case there is anyone present on this campus who doesn't know—we have an honor system, and if it worked the way honor systems are supposed to work, then there wouldn't be any doubt as to where the responsibility rests.

The student body is constantly complaining about the way the Student Government is used as a police force. Few of us stop to realize that if we did our part then there would be little or absolutely no cause for the "police force." There is no policeman that can patrol every inch of his "beat" at the same time, and if someone sees a burglary, he doesn't wait until the policeman happens to see the burglar.

There is a vast difference in obeying the honor code and in just "tattling," if there is anyone who doesn't know this. The honor code is for all Meredith—it was first proposed in order that Meredith might become a better, more Christian college. It is our bounden duty to see to it that this code is upheld; this aim cannot be accomplished as long as everyone sits around and waits for the S. G. to see what is wrong on the campus, and it can never be accomplished until people stop criticizing the Student Government for failing to complete a job that is every student's duty to complete.

"IT IS BETTER TO GIVE . . ."

A lot of us may get tired of hearing someone say "Please let us have your money for the Unified Budget" or whatever other cause requires our giving out money. In this connection it is well to remember the words of a humble English blacksmith:

"What! Giving again?" I ask in dismay, "And must I keep giving and giving away?"

"Oh, no," said the angel, looking me through,

"Just keep giving till the Master stops giving to you."

Not only just at Thanksgiving should we stop to count our many blessings, but every day. At the beginning of a new year is a good time to resolve to do more of giving, and less of worrying about whether anything will be received.



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Smokey Holler Chronicle

I have a complaint to make to the University of Chapel College committee on manners of the students (if there is such a high-minded group on that campus). One of the dear boys (name withheld because you are probably not interested anyway) recently proved to me that contrary to popular advertising, all Carolina "men" are not gentlemen. To begin with, this particular child at some time or other came out on the losing end of a tangle with a sand-blasting machine. I will not be catty though; beauty is only skin deep. To get to the real issue: after squiring me downtown and generously buying me a cup of scalded chocolate, he walked me to a waiting bus, gave me an old dirty nickel, said charmingly, "See you later," and walked off down the street. Gallant, no? The almost decent opinion that I formerly held of the boys at Chapel College is now merely an opinion that I reserve from publication. I will try very hard not to be bitter about it.

The menu down at Roy's states very clearly that they "grind their own meat." Wonder just what the life expectancy is there?

Take a long loving look at the beautiful girl pictured at the top of this column. This is the last opportunity you will have for said recreation. Ye olde lady editor, whom I have made so many unkind remarks about, is advancing me to a position on the staff where I will no longer be able to make any unkind remarks. This is very sad. I feel sure that every girl on the campus will miss me but excruciatingly. (As you can see, I'm planning to get a job writing obits when I leave Meredith.)

I close with another meaningful quotation from a folk song I know: "Lights in the valley outshine the sun.

Look away beyond the moon."

Dear Managing Editor: I dare you to say anything about over simplification in prose writing. This column is very subtle. Love, Miss Cy Coe.

Some teachers say that the best way to study for an exam is not to worry but to go to the movie the night before. With *Hamlet*, Oscar Levant, the Institute of Religion, etc., all scheduled for exam week, a lot of girls are planning on experimenting.

Look, Ma, I made Dean's List!



Neighborly News

By SUE PAGE

One who thinks our jokes are poor, Would straightway change his views Could he compare the jokes we print With those we could not use!

To Atlantic Christian's *Collegiate* we owe thanks for the following jokes:
Customer: Do you serve crabs here?
Waiter: We serve anyone here, lady.

Professor: It's strange, but the biggest idiots always want to marry the prettiest women.

Sweet young thing: Professor, are you trying to flatter me? And did you know that girls would rather have beauty than brains because she knows that the average man can see better than he can think.

After the Exams

Post office-bound, exams are over, Go little girls with steady pace, Many smiling, many frowning, As girl and grade come face to face! As I wandered, tired, bewildered, Among my friends, some glad, some cowed,

I heard this old soliloquy:
From one who thought out loud:
"How I hate him, oh that teacher, Gives me "F's" all semester long, Marking every paper zero As if my answers all were wrong; Why I picked him I can't answer, I'd have mastered any class, But a maxim with this teacher, Is to flunk the ones who pass. There is just no doubt about it, He has got it in for me. Here's the grades and — Gosh all mighty, I HAVE PASSED! I MADE A "C"! Yes, there's just no doubt about it, And I mean it from my heart. There's no one better than my teacher! I have said it from the start.

From the *Cilfoudian* (with slight changes).

Judge: Are you sure this man was drunk?

Officer: Well, your honor, he was carrying a manhole cover on his head and he said he was going home to play it on his phonograph.

That's All for Now. . . .

AROUND THE CORNER

Round the corner in the religion room is a well-carved chair. Cut deeply enough to defy all sandpaper there are three epigrams—Barbara and Bobby, Louise and Bobby, and Bobby and Sue. Please Barbara, Louise or Sue, write his phone number so that I can meet him too!

Another chair tells the story of an art student's ambition in a short, short story. "ART—Phooey! Let's go, Choo-Choo!"

Thought for a date—two freshmen couples playing cards in Johnson Hall with radio music as the only setting for romance. It looked much better than cozy twosomes though.

Seems as though we'd get smart some day after crawling through books by Plato, Aristotle, Von Germ and Kachoo every day before we get to the lunch line. Watch out for the Fairy Queen if you're in a rush. She's so small no one notices her unless Sir Sigma Chi is with her.

Know what the pet peeve of Dr. Canaday's is? It's to hear someone chew gum and sound like a mule walking in a muddy field.

Cutest thing on campus is to see Mrs. Freund reading her French 21 reader upside down. It doesn't look any different to me either, and my book cover is on right.

Is Hattie Sourapple really an example for Dr. Parker or is he speaking allegorically of someone that we all know—perhaps even you?

The biggest effect that 1950 has had on campus is to put *on campus* all the girls who forgot that it was 1950 when they filled out S. P. slips. What a way to start the new year!

CAROLYN'S CORNER



Don't look so gloomy; everybody else had to come back too.¹ Why, those Christmas holidays are long gone.² Deep down inside, we bet you were glad to get back,³ and besides, we've got a lot to look forward to—exams for instance.⁴ Then comes the vacation⁵ that's really great 'cause exams are over, and there's nothing to worry about.⁶ Next, over goes a page in our loose-leaf notebook, and so begins another semester, and a new batch of resolutions that we decided we might as well wait until February 8 to start.⁷ We've heard some of these resolutions, so we thought we'd just pass 'em on to you:

1. Keep up with all assignments.⁸
2. Stop skipping breakfast.
3. Write more letters.
4. Stop griping about the potatoes.⁹
5. Let Portia face life without our help.

6. Don't break¹⁰ the alarm clock. OK, we almost forgot—Happy New Year!

- ¹ Shucks.
- ² But not forgotten.
- ³ No comment.
- ⁴ Joke.
- ⁵ Three whole days.
- ⁶ if you make the eligibility list
- ⁷ if then
- ⁸ joke number 2
- ⁹ and the stew
- ¹⁰ or throw

I'VE HAD IT!

By MARGIE JOYNER

I even have my doubts about Hadacol being able to get me through exams! Before I know what has happened it will be Monday morning, January 30, 1950—Day of Exams! The alarm will probably go off at the usual 6:30 a.m. (no, I don't work at the State College barn) and I'll yawn only to discover that my teeth are about to drop out—chattering from fear of my first exam of the term.

Have courage, ye frosh and transfers! It only takes three small items to pass *any* exam—you, your pencil, and some gray matter. (A bottle of Hadacol might also come in handy. Be sure to offer your professor some, too, as he might need it when he sees your paper.) The important thing to do in preparation for exams is to study in a *relaxed* manner. This may be successfully done by placing three chairs on top of each other, climbing up to the overhead light in your room and draping your feet around it with your head dangling down. Place your notes on the floor and then begin studying. If you get tired just dive head downward and you'll spend a quiet evening looking at some lovely stars.

Another way of doing relaxed study is by hanging your feet over the closet door and burying your head in a shoe pocket filled with notes to be memorized. You might also try sitting in an open dresser drawer—*very* comfortable and relaxing.

There's no use to worry and fret about exams—they are just a "measure of all you've learned" and a "stepping stone to a more precise way of organizing your material." Isn't it wonderful? Who else has such an opportunity to try to put down everything they wish they knew? I tell you, we're fortunate!

How optimistic can I get? Back to my Hadacol—it's done everything else—can't it take over my brain during exams? Who knows—I may even have discovered the key to wisdom. On to the fray! P.S. I prefer padded cell no. 202 with light coming in through the windows.

Idle hope—to say "I don't know" to a teacher and expect her to pass on to another student without making any comment.