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Guest Editorial

SENIORS ARE GOING HOME!

By DR. ALICE BARNWELL KEITH  
Senior Class Sponsor

Before June has passed, numbers of young women will pack their belongings and step across the thresholds of their southern colleges, some of them never to return. Seniors are going home! Two generations ago their grandmothers were going home. They had no automobiles, no paved highways, no radios, no airplanes, few movies, and less than one telephone to sixty people. Only fifteen per cent of the population could be said to be urban and eighty per cent of the farms contained less than one hundred acres. One child out of every twenty died before it was five years old, and government did not tax people for extensive programs of public health. These seniors went home to houses, not to apartments.

Conditions have changed, but home-going is much the same. The long stored-up anticipation of a joyous reunion with family and friends finds fulfillment in the happy greetings and words of welcome. But soon the scene changes and the warmth and intimacy give way to an unexpected coolness and strangeness. The senior seems to stand aloof and her efforts to recapture the elusive friendliness seem to be futile.

Four years of separation takes its toll, and disappointment and loneliness press in upon her. The old nostalgia which prevailed student days, turning her interest and longing homeward, envelopes her again. But this is nostalgia for the student and faculty friends of the campus, those who talk her language and think in line with her thoughts. The senior is homesick for college.

She must be "oriented" again, this time to home and community. But the task should be neither long nor arduous, because the senior of each generation carries among the intangibles of her luggage the essential aids for this purpose. Four years of separation also pays dividends when seniors go home.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH . . ."

The mighty seniors have been relinquishing their various offices in all of the school organizations to other students who have laid enthusiastic plans for the coming year's work—plans which, if properly carried out, portend great things for the future.

As the seniors who are stepping down from these posts could tell you, a good slate of officers in any club or activity can do practically nothing without good support from each member; progress is made only according to the amount of dependability and loyalty present in

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

Have you heard that Lucifer and Deacon have said they're not coming back to Meredith next fall? It was something about rules—and the absence of things to do on a rainy night, when Roy's is crowded and they've seen all the movies—that made them decide that Meredith isn't the place for them. Maybe it's the spring term papers, spring fever, or maybe it's because little things keep coming up that have consequences they didn't expect.

And there we are again—the little things. Life is made up of them. I think it's about time that Lucifer and Deacon really looked around and saw their life here on campus as a whole, and not just a succession of minor grievances. We all know what we do like about Meredith, and what we don't like; yet I think we could start doing something besides talking.

If more social functions are wanted—really wanted—the classes and the societies made up of the entire student body could plan with their advisers to have them. If it seems as though we are sent out of our home to play, we could make better use of the Hut and of the gym. If there are rules that seem too exacting, the student government can either explain their need or help us to modify them.

We have everything at Meredith to work with, if only we would all make up our minds as to exactly what we want—not just dream, or have fighting whimsies. What we've got to go on now is good. If what we want is constructive and will benefit us now, and those who will come after us, it will be worth a little time and effort that we waste now on mere talk.

Lucifer and Deacon are only cats who can move out if things don't suit them just right, but we are Meredith students who didn't just wander in by chance, and who can't shake off what we have to our advantage already in order to hunt for a place that might meet our every dream. If we're ever going to find what we want in a school, we don't need to look any further. It's here, and it's well worth working for.

Sincerely,  
Sonny Burnham.

TWO STUDENTS HAVE  
NEW JOB: ARCHIVISTS

Patsy Emory and Peggy Benbow, two Meredith College juniors, are at the present engaged in what is, it seems to us, a fascinating study at the North Carolina Archives. This type of work is rather unique, for Meredith is the only college which offers this training to its history majors.

Peggy and Patsy will spend one hundred fifty hours this semester at the archives. Their work is divided into three parts. First, they worked thirty hours in the Hall of History, which gives a pictorial history of North Carolina from colonial days to the present. Here their work consisted of developing pictures and collecting items for the Hall. For their project, Patsy and Peggy planned and executed a display on the history of the North Carolina seal, obtaining their material from the archives.

The second part of their work consisted of thirty hours in the publications department, where they proofread articles for publication in the North Carolina Historical Review, or in one of the many pamphlets which the department puts out. In connection with this, they made a tour of some of the Raleigh printing houses. Their project was the publication of a group of letters of Thomas Jefferson.

At the present time Peggy and Patsy are working ninety hours in the Archives proper. Here they work as assistants in the search room, which contains stocks of filed material. Here their project was the assorting, labeling, and compiling of twenty-four boxes of a Farmer's Union collection.

When their work is completed, Peggy and Patsy will be qualified to work in archives or in a museum.

the followers, not just the leaders. So if you are thinking that your respective club is set to go again for next year towards bigger and better things, remember: progress depends on you.

HERE AND THERE  
IN OTHER PAPERS

By PHYLLIS NOTTINGHAM

Books, Books! Perish the thought! That is what a student at the University of Virginia wanted to do, so I understood indirectly. He checked out a book—kept it and didn't return it until after a long holiday period. A few days later, he found out that he owed the library an enormous sum of about \$500. There goes the shirt off my back, he thought. But because of library rules, the librarian could collect only \$25 from him. Some relief, huh? (Indirectly from victim).

That isn't a suggestion for Miss Baity to raise the fine fee, but the moral of this could be—Please be honest and considerate in taking and returning books!

Voice on the phone: "Miss Pat Dula is sick today and can't come to class. She requested me to notify you."

Professor: "All right. Who is this speaking?"

Voice: "This is my roommate."  
—Respects to Spectator.

At Boston University there is to be a four day Spring Carnival. From their paper, *Boston University News*, I notice that an ugly man contest is on the agenda with other entertainment and fun. What are the boys' schools trying to do—turn us women against the men OR trying to give us this advice—when you see a good-looking man—jump for him?

To the June brides:

"They were single and went walking  
And her heart did skip a beat  
As she stumbled on the sidewalk  
And he murmured, 'Careful, sweet':  
Now the wedding bells have rung  
And they walk the self same street,  
She stumbles on the sidewalk,  
And he yells, 'Pick up your feet!'"  
—Wataugan.

For Meredith: "A woman's college is an institute of yearning."

Thoughts of a Raleighite

By JEAN TAYLOR

On June 5, 1950. . . . Exams are over. Summer is almost official. It's hot enough to be official, that is. . . . I'm ready to head for Ye Olde Swimming Hole. . . . You'd rather go to graduation? What for? Just a lot of long speeches and it's too hot for that. . . . The class of 1950? Are they something special? Know anything about them? Well, they take up a lot of space in the Day Students' room. Yes, they're a fair enough bunch, but we sho' need that space! Bridge, you know. . . . Know anything else? They'll really add life to the schools of North Carolina next year. Gladys Greene, Anne Brown, Betsy Edwards, and Jean White are all teaching that "under adolescent" age. After all that singing of "Where, Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone?" they should be successes. . . . And Kathleen Perry and Elsie Roberts will be pouring all sorts of ideas about worms and things (Biology) into the teenagers of the state. . . . Mary Wright is graduating with a major in English, and will probably teach. . . . Can't they do anything except teach? What do you mean, can't they do anything else? Myra Ruth Stone has had a job at Taylor Food Company for months. Anybody want some potato chips??? Oh, they're versatile, this class. . . . Mary Ann Beale is starting out on a career of social work. Know any one who needs socializing? Of course, there's Jo Snow. Can you imagine anything that she couldn't do??? Pollyanna Gibbs and Yvette Maynard are both planning to do religious work next year. . . . Anybody mention music? This class boasts the talents of Rose Stewart in that field. . . . Putting into practice what she has learned in Home Ec. is Gladys Johnson who will teach Home Ec. next year. . . . The mathematical wizard of the group is Bobbie Ratliff. . . . And for originality plus, this class has Barbara Marshall. . . . Yep, they're all graduating. The old grind won't seem quite the same without them. . . . After all this "blood, sweat, and tears," here it is—almost June 5, 1950.

Barney's  
Blarney



They may have been little—but they certainly were loud! Now that the day when they leave us comes closer, we forget their faults—chaperoning freshmen one night and dating their heartthrobs the next, and condescending remarks about "When I was a freshman"—and remember only their virtues and that no one will ever replace the seniors of '50.

Next year bridge and canasta will trail off in preference to, "Do you remember. . . . The time that Emily reminded us in chapel not to park in front of school longer than was necessary to say goodnight—and the discussion about just how long was necessary? And the way we used to think the day was sunny till Lib Jones' rainy weather hat told us that it was only the diamonds flashing.

Yes, and speaking of rainy weather, how in the world did Mary Ann Beale manage to get her sun tan before the rest of us got a single new freckle? Is it possible that only last semester we stewed on the sun decks before we could sun bathe on the back campus?

It seems like ages and not quite right to walk across campus and not hear Maggie's "Honey Chile" or Addie leading the singing. Who could forget Betsy Mills slinking down the hall or that suite on third Jones that had more than its share of pulchritude with Lib Holdford, Hazel Williamson, and Ann Wooten. And how if you wanted to be sophisticated looking, you took lessons from Dot Childress, Frankie, or Gazelle.

That class really had the talent! Do you remember when Roxy won first prize at the State Fair, and Barbara Marshall was so good that Mr. Reynolds offered a reward for a way to get her back this year? Bunny Harris could really throw those words around if you wanted pictures in black and white. Remember "Carolyn's Corner"? After being proctor on third Stringfield, she needed the right to a corner all her own!

That was the class that won Palio by seeking the golden fleece and finding it in their president, A. G. The year before that, they won Stunt for the second time with their hens and chickens that Jane McDaniels sewed and sewed on till she declared that she was turning into a feather. That was the class that had Jo Snow—the girl with everything.

This reminiscing could go on and on—Betsy and the B.S.U., the crowd in Gladys Green's car, Charlotte in a white evening dress and Virginia in a red one, Winnie from "Virginie," Tommy and her grudge against the dance book, Ellen and her portrayal of the goddess of wisdom, Lib—the Phi who knew all of the Astros' plans, Doris who didn't look like the athletic type, Trip's smile—boy, they surely were smart. They graduated from Meredith!"

