



Sack dresses?

FRAY DAY OR PLAY DAY

By ANN FINLEY

On April 21, Meredith was in rare form. Play Day had arrived, and with it the epitome of the "sack" look. It seems that Stringfield's cheerleaders had brought the new creations from Paris — via the Meredith kitchen — just for Play Day. With jeweled beads from Tiffany's and cloche hats from the U. S. Navy, they created a charming picture of fashion as they led cheers, their high-pitched voices bringing back nostalgic memories of the 20's.

The presence of many talented composers was evidenced by the dorms' songs, although it is somewhat strange that every tune sounded just a little familiar. There was certainly a great deal of information contained in each song. Many people never knew that Eunice Durant was the leader of an Irish clan — or band, for that matter. And I never knew that the girls in Vann could speak only a halted, broken English. You girls must try to correct that accent!

The athletic competition ranged from skinning the cat to pinning the

tail on the donkey. Poor Kitty Bob was very frightened and spent most of the day on top of the highest shelf in the Bee Hive. It seems she was bound and determined to keep her skin. Of course, the horses weren't too worried — that is, until one of them was mistaken for a donkey. Oh, my aching . . . wound! Bridge, chess, checkers, and scrabble were provided for the less enthusiastic sports enthusiasts, while those who were eager to work off some excess winter poundage participated in volleyball, softball, tennis, and hock-sotch.

Threatening weather caused the picnic supper to be served indoors. Mountains of fried chicken covered the tables and were quickly consumed in a Henry VIII manner. There was only one thing missing — finger bowls. The crowd was blessed with iced tea, which was served despite the shortage of glasses.

Well, your roving reporter must now sign off. I shall be around next year, though, to bring you another play-by-play description of the Meredith Play Day.

OBSERVATIONS OF A COLLEGE DANCE

College dances occur with great regularity throughout the year. But, no matter how great their regularity, the major dances in the area produce considerable excitement at Meredith.

First, there is the scramble to prepare for the event. Somebody always forgets to sign the dance book forty-eight hours in advance. "If you don't sign, you don't go" is the rule, but some frantic soul always winds up in the Dean of Students office wailing, "I thought it was one day in advance!" She is completely at the mercy of the powers that be. Suppose, however, that you have signed dance book, S. P. slip, and dorm card. The scramble has just begun. You must collect the gear accompanying a dance. The dress must be pressed, and in the rush it is easy to forget that nylon net melts under heat. Petticoats must be adjusted or borrowed, a major problem. How sad the voice of a girl begging thirty minutes before the dance, "Does anybody have a long hoop?" Then there are gloves and shoes, fortunately a lesser evil than the petticoats.

Finally comes the dance. We arrive in our frothy net creations over taffeta, crinoline, and hoops. If one doesn't stick in the car door with the hoop, all is well; although dance bands are not aware of dance fashion, and you must bop in that antebellum ball gown.

Dances present a good view of college types. Some sit on the sides in intellectual superiority and sneer.

Some dance to everything, staggering out wilted at the end. Couples in LOVE sit in dark corners, rising only to dance the very slow numbers. Always, there is a group with a private party which progresses loudly in the midst of the general confusion until it adjourns elsewhere for refreshments.

Such is a college dance. Isn't it fun?

THE FOUNTAIN

Through the stillness of late evening as I lay in bed thinking of home and the special boy I had left, there came the soft muffled sound of gurgling water. It puzzled me at first. Had someone left the water running in the bathtub?

But the sound did not come from inside; it came from the round stone fountain that nestled cozily in a circle of fir trees and shrubs in the middle of the court. That night in the fall of my Freshman year is the first time I actually remember being aware of the fountain. Since then it has become more and more a focal point for fun and leisure time.

The fountain is known as the Heck Memorial Fountain. It was erected by the Women's Missions Union in 1928 in the memory of Fanny E. S. Heck, who was the leader of the Baptist women's movement for the building of Meredith College.

The fountain means different things to different people as they come in contact with it. It would be safe to say that it has made a lovely background for many an amateur shutterbug. Whether the subject ends up in the water or safely on the rim, the fountain always makes for unforgettable pictures.

To many, the fountain is the one obstacle in their mad dash from the dining hall to the post office or from across court to the Bee Hive. This mad dash proved almost disastrous for many when the walk was coated with ice this winter. A "speed limit 20 m.p.h." or "dangerous curve ahead" sign wouldn't have been out of place!

The literary societies have many times used the fountain for the site of candlelight serenades during rush week activities. Flickering candles and the sound of soft voices make a very impressive ceremony.

Speaking of serenades, which brings to mind our neighboring fraternities: it has been said that many a poor brother, feeling no pain, has found himself sitting in the watery depths!

The fountain has also played an unforgettable part in many of the school functions. The upperclassmen remember how very lovely it looked last year during the junior-senior prom. Flowers floated in the pool and the whole fountain shone with light. The upperclassmen also remember Play Day, when Mr. Turn, the Duke of Play Day, ended up in the fountain. I believe that event was a first, but Play Day is coming around again and you never know when history may repeat itself. The fountain will be full and it's spring!

TERM PAPERS

By MARY ANN BROWN

If you have been very observant lately you may have noticed some or all of the following things: girls pleading with Miss Baity to let them spend the night in the library; shrieks of "Don't!!" as you start to step over papers jumbled in the midst of someone's floor; disgusted "No, I don't want to date a darling rich fraternity boy from UCLA — I'd rather study"; wild-eyed girls looking over the railing on the 3rd floor breezeways muttering "This . . . or arsenic?" You guessed it: Meredith is in the midst of term papers.

During this gruesome time, girls are affected in many different ways. Since term papers are due in different classes at different times (at least that's what you think if you only have one assigned. If you have two or more you discover that your teachers have made unbreakable pacts to insist on their being in the same week, if not the same day). you find girls in various stages of frustration. The milder cases are laughingly talking about "My paper's due a week from Saturday and I only have 10 note cards, ha ha." Others worriedly tell you that "My paper's due the end of this week and I only have 10 note cards, ha (sarcastically)." Then there are the worst cases of all — those who knock you down in the library, in the process scattering several books, many papers, and hundreds of note cards (blank); all the time they are picking things up, they keep sobbing "My term paper is due tomorrow and I only have 10 note cards, my term paper is due tomorrow . . ."

This is really inexcusable. To think that a Meredith girl would be so immature as to wait until the last minute to begin a term paper. There's just no excuse for it. And while I'm on the subject of term papers, let me say one more thing: my paper was due YESTERDAY and I . . . only . . . have . . . 10 . . . note cards. . . .

ART EXHIBIT

(Continued from page one)

work — fashion and interior decoration. She has worked with oils, caseins, scratch board, and pen and ink.

Melba, who is from Lenoir, N. C., has been secretary of the Price Latin Club, has participated in Stunt each year, and has been a member of the Colton English Club, the Student League of Women Voters, and the International Relations Club. The year she has been Co-Art Editor of the *Acorn*. She is now student teaching in the art classes at Josephus Daniels Junior High School

THE EYEBALL

By WHEDBEE

"The beginnings and endings of all human undertakings are untidy . . ." —GALSWORTHY.

Thus a beginning: the highly-exalted Peanut in her last "Fifth Column" ended, "Keep the campus green." We shall do our best and remind her "the grass is always greener on the other side."

Some attentive souls were astounded in chapel by the speaker's remarks on "complainers." He injected that the experienced griper needs little intelligence or religion. An affected enthusiastic freshman leaving the auditorium was overheard toaling to her roommate. "Let's try not to complain for a while." "Complain about what?" came the answer from the dreamy chapel sleeper.

A word for the pessimistic: Adam Lindsay Gordon from *After the Quarrel*. "In a thousand years we shall all forget the things that trouble us now."

Speaking of "troublesome things," as spring comes, likewise comes the plague of term papers. One of the first evidences of the "pest's" arrival is the continually empty ink-well in the library.

A comment should be made on the North Carolina State Museum's *Family of Man* exhibit. These photographs are excellent studies, and we encourage all to take the opportunity to see them. Observe that Raleigh provides excellent opportunities to see interesting and creative works in art.

Who knows? It could happen to anyone—

"Little Willie in the best of sashes
Fell in the fire and was burned to ashes.

By and by the room grew chilly,
But no one like to poke up Willie."
HARRY GRAHAM.

Thus an ending: "Lay me low, my work is done, I am weary. Lay me low." —GORDON.

and plans to teach in Virginia next year.

Patricia, from Corinth, N. C., has been a freshman counselor, a member of the Greater Council of the B.S.U., on committees for Religious Focus Week and Stunt, and corresponding secretary of the Art Club. After graduation, she plans to go into commercial art work.

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