

Living Through the Freshman Year

By PEGGY RATLEY

Now that May 30 is practically here, we freshmen can look back on those first weeks of school with a wise, all-knowing smile. How different that is from the half-hysterical view we took of freshman year during those initial college days when we felt at times that all the world had suddenly caved in upon us. Does anyone remember that eventful day in September when Mother and Daddy left their little darling for the first time at the mercy of the wide, wide world? We turned around to face a sea of so many new people that we knew we could never begin to learn all their names, but we suddenly realized that it wasn't that difficult — we had already mastered the name of the girl across the hall! We had no idea of the perils and pitfalls of college life though, until we began that rather incidental duty of attending classes, and the fact dawned on us one raw, cold morning that maybe those chapel speak-

ers who joked about getting back out into the civilized world were right — we were too confused to be sure. The months between Christmas and Springtime dragged painfully by. The misery of getting up on cold mornings to go to French or biology was unbearable. And the food! Those meals which had seemed so appetizing and varied in September were just one more trial to be borne until we could feast on home-cooking — Mother's home-cooking — again. And worst of all was the horror of having to look at those same dead faces of our roommates every morning of the year. If only we had the peace and privacy of our room at home.

But that was last week. Now we're but a few short days away from finishing our freshman year. The world is bright again! Algebra problems and history maps weren't nearly so bad as they seemed; the cafeteria food has a new zesty flavor. And goodness, how we will miss our irreplaceable roommates! We lived through it!

"Summer Is Icumen In"

By MARY ANN BROWN

Summer vacation is coming — SOON — and Meredith girls are making furious plans — to cram into three short months enough good times, good food, sleep, and . . . work to last through the nine long months of school.

Some students are seriously interested in finding jobs, and these industrious creatures spend hours carrying on voluminous correspondences with unemployment agencies, newspaper want-ad departments, and friends of friends of friends who *might* be looking for someone to tutor their small son in multiplication and division.

Another group here is also interested in finding work, but of a different sort. These girls would like to be something like roving information centers on the French Riviera or assistant switchboard operators in a New York office full of handsome, eligible, rich, young men. This group wouldn't mind tutoring, either — if the son in question were, say, about twenty-two and unattached.

The engaged set does not provide a very interesting area for observation. All they can think about is getting married and living happily after (so who said this wasn't interesting!).

Then there are those girls who are planning to further their scholastic education — by summer school or correspondence. Some of them are ambitious; some of them are looking for something to do; and some of them are fighting the battle of hours and quality points. Of course, some girls are really not so interested in summer educational plans as they wish professors to believe. They collect reading lists and project advice, but they don't really intend to lose sleep getting anything

MEREDITH'S RECORD MANIA

By SUSAN LEWIS

If you have seen much of Meredith College, you have some idea of the mania which has increased rapidly in the past year on the campus — the mania for record collecting. Two definite areas, the dorms and the post office, are evidences of the widespread epidemic.

A look in the little postal box windows at the end of each month reveals better than every other box containing a bulletin from the Columbia Record Club. A glance at the number of 12" thin packages delivered to the college postal station confirms the theory that Meredith boasts a musically-inclined (or at least *interested*) student body.

One need not accept the fact simply on the evidences found in the post office, however. The real proof is to be found in the dormitories, which abound in musical sounds and, specifically, in the rooms of the mania victims. There, better than 55 per cent of the rooms contain record players of various descriptions, and each of these rooms contains an average of seven to eight long-playing albums and around twenty-five 45 RPM records. (This conclusion is based on a survey made on an average hall on this campus. On this hall, two rooms were found to contain over 100 "45" records, and one had a total of 247.)

Instrumentals and popular vocals (listed in the Listening and Dancing category in the Columbia Record Club) head the list of choice in LP albums. Jazz and Broadway musicals and motion picture albums vie for second place in the students' buying choice. Proving that today's young women are capable of appreciating something in the musical realm besides rock-and-roll, classical music enjoys an unusual popularity on the campus, with one in every six albums being of the classics.

Those not fortunate enough to own a record-player have a radio in order that they may not be deprived of the latest platters. Several of the "have nots" on the hall surveyed are saving to buy a hi-fi set in the near future and succumb to the affliction taking its toll on campus.

Meredith is, indeed, a victim of the mania for collecting records, and — oh, excuse me, I've got to check the mail to see if my album has arrived.

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done. Word to the wise: professors have long memories and have been known to ask for progress reports.

Last, but not least, are those girls who plan to loaf and who don't mind telling you so. They are going to come back to school in the fall tanned, and well-fed, and without circles under their eyes from getting up too early in the mornings (let's just not discuss when they plan to go to bed).

If all these plans *are* carried out, it might be a good idea not to do anything you wouldn't want spread around Meredith next fall; 'cause from the looks of things, there's going to be a Meredith girl just about anywhere and everywhere you look. It seems as if everyone is grimly determined to have an enjoyable and (ahem) profitable summer. Knowing us, we most probably will do just that.

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WEEK ENDS AT "FOREIGN" COLLEGES

The discussion of the college dance in the last paper provoked thought about another collegiate phenomenon—the practice of spending week ends at "foreign" colleges. The trouble involved is considerable, but apparently the end result is worth the struggle. Great fun is had by all.

From the Meredith end, the problem begins with defining a week end. People planning to visit the "foreign" college always wish to depart on Thursday afternoon and return early on Monday. The reasoning behind this desire is sound—such timing keeps class-cuts straight with one cut in each class. Unfortunately, Meredith authorities do not follow the reasoning but rather say, "A week end is a week end is three nights." So, one must choose between Thursday and Sunday night. That is most frustrating.

Next comes the question of what clothes to take. There is always a dance in the vague background of the plans; in fact, the dance is the excuse for the whole week end. Unlike local dances, it is of minute importance and serves merely as a logical explanation for taking a week end. Even so, the dance idea makes it necessary to take an evening dress which will be crammed in the trunk of some boy's car and crushed into the space around the spare tire, wrenches, and suitcase. For there is your suitcase, another crisis. Should you take two pairs of bermudas? Should you take a cocktail dress? Is it going to rain? (Of course it is, so take the raincoat.)

With the packing settled, there is nothing to do but wait for departure. While you are waiting, you can remember the items that you forgot to pack and run to the third floor to get them. You can consider the two quizzes on Monday and two unwritten term-papers due Tuesday. The images in your mind become so gruesome that the arrival of your week end escort is the only thing which saves you from complete hysteria.

GOING HOME

By JUDY SCAGGS

Well, fellow Meredith students, the time has come once more for us to clean out our rooms, pack our clothes, and head for home. For some it may be for the last time, but for others — well, Meredith College will see them once again next year.

Only those who have been at Meredith College at this time of the year before know the real job we have before us. Let me give a brief run-down of what's ahead.

When the day to go home arrives, you will find that although you've been packing things for a whole week, you still haven't gotten everything ready. You will begin to wonder where everything came from and why you bought that black skirt in the first place. You will find cans of soup and bottles of shampoo which are easier to throw or give away than to pack. As you look around the room that last day, you discover things which have been lost since the first day you came to school, things which belong to the girl across the hall, and things which should have been thrown away a long time ago but were always kept. You will take a last look in your closet (very careful not to get into it because one never knows when a mouse might scamper out) and find that everything is gone except several hundred coat hangers which you *know* the girls will need next year!!

After you take your last look around — trying hard to remember if you have gotten everything and remembered the things which you are supposed to do — (leave the room clean, store your chest of drawers for next year, take your key to Mrs. Whilden, sign out on S. P. — oh, so many things to remember!!) — you will finally say good-bye to your room, to Meredith College, and to a school year which has been filled with happiness, sadness, and class assignments!

May I wish everybody good luck on her packing and a happy vacation!!



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