

Coed Views - Old And New

By Peggy Keith

(Editor's Note: Peggy hails from Amsterdam, Va., and is a rising senior at the University. In the following article she gives her views of what it is like returning to Carolina as an old Coed, or senior student at the University.)

No welcoming committee? No band playing "Welcome Home" (well, for nine months anyway!) "This'll never do," I, the Old Girl, murmured to myself. I didn't know I was calmly murmuring the prize understatement of the year. Now that time has healed those sad wounds, I can gayly, even laughingly, tell of the first day (Sept. 10) back at the Hill.

The tale won't take long. In brief, it was this—no one was here! No, that statement isn't quite true. Many girls were here—not many compared to the number now present, but many compared to the number of males then present.

As I look back, the thought occurs to me that this situation was perhaps fortunate. For, in our efforts to impress the new coeds, those present were soon reduced to paint-smearing, dirty-faced, jeans-clad individuals.

I reached one important conclusion immediately. Carolina just isn't Carolina with Aggies, Harry's, the Porthole, etc., closed, with about three lonesome cars in big fraternity court, and with no Tar Heels strolling the campus. They tell me the football team was here, but they go to sleep at ten anyway. The crowning shock for people like me, who hadn't been here since June, was the new face on the Curvè Inn and the Thing that's happened to the Durham run. However, just as these things, while temporarily sad, have their brighter side (on completion of the new road, the thirsty can leave Chapel Hill at 8:45), so do all the other tearful points I've mentioned.

Now I can really appreciate seeing all the people again. It gives you such a nice feeling of belonging to walk down Franklin and meet so many familiar faces. Graham Memorial is busy again; the old hangouts are open; and all the new faces make life that much more interesting. (Though I do wish boys would quit looking through me and saying, "Where are all the new girls? We want to meet the new girls!")

It's good, too, not to have that little sinking feeling we got last year, on walking into the maze that was registration at Woollen Gym. I felt almost like a "wheel" as I breezed through to get my football passes and, incidentally, class cards.

Since everyone is beginning to stop wandering around and Carolina is her wonderful self again, I'll take my tongue out of my cheek and say what you all knew I was going to say in the first place. It does feel like coming home, and we're very glad to be back. Maybe Thomas Wolfe was wrong, maybe you can go home again.

Musicians here's your call. The University Band needs more members. Director Earl A. Slocum reported yesterday. Tryouts are being held in Hill Hall 106 the remainder of the week, he says. The first band rehearsal is tonight, 7 o'clock.

HOW TO STUDY

A discussion on how to study will be held for freshmen today in the Y.M.C.A. office at 4 p.m.

By Wanda Philpott

(Editor's Note: Wanda transferred to the University this fall from the University of West Virginia. In her article she relates typical impressions of a new coed's first days at Carolina.)

"So this is Carolina." Like probably every other would-be coed, these were the first words that entered my mind when I caught my first glimpse of the "ivy colored halls" of Chapel Hill.

There was little time, however, to mull over this intriguing little passing thought. First was the more immediate necessity of charting my way through the seemingly impenetrable forest that loomed ahead and somehow locating the dorm which was to be my home for the next two (if I'm lucky) years. What was this vast forest? Later, after one of the many campus tours, I learned it was the Arboretum. As my compass had been left at home, I was happy to learn also that not all the campus is covered by so dense a foliage.

Finally I found the dorm. On entering I was confronted by a multitude of strange faces, great stacks of bags and trunks, and an atmosphere of general chaos. A few girls, noticeable because of their yellow ribbons labeled "adviser" and airs of composure, were attempting to correct the situation, so I approached one. Advice was something I assuredly needed at the moment, and needed badly.

In less time than it takes to think I was hustled off to my room, assisted in my unpacking, and introduced to a horde of fellow sufferers (none of whose names I could remember at first): By this time my distressed parents had left, probably with the feeble hope that very soon their daughter would be happy and ad-

Introducing

Mrs. Robert H. Wettach Dean of Women Students

By Nancy Burgess



MRS. ROBERT H. WETTACH

justed. And so began my first day at Carolina. . . .

Happy I am, and adjusted I'm not . . . quite. But I'm well on the way thanks to the well planned orientation program that began almost the minute I arrived. One doesn't have to be completely adjusted to Carolina, however, to realize that she has found a second home here.

It is impossible to keep from being filled with the Carolina spirit and fitting in with the Carolina way of life. The immediate friendliness of everyone more than compensates for those first moments of confusion, and I feel certain that every new coed like myself has found Carolina to be everything she expected and much more.

Such were my impressions as a new coed, and today, after less than a week in Chapel Hill, I am proud to say, "I am a Carolina Coed."

campus life directly related to women I think the Dean of Women should represent the point of view of women students with the administration," she stated, "and coordinate efforts of other persons who deal with women."

Her own daughter is a graduate of Connecticut College and Katherine Gibbs, and her son a John Hopkins graduate. Another son, John Wettach, is a sophomore here at the University; her husband, Prof. Wettach, teaches in the University Law School and formerly served for nine years as Dean of Law School.

Dean Wettach admits that she likes people "from kindergarten all the way on up," and says she will continue teaching her own pre-school group of children each morning as she has done for 22 years.

Until a short time ago, Dean Wettach taught in the University Psychology Department and also served on the YWCA's Advisory Board. She believes the University offers an excellent balance between studies and extra-curriculars, which should help the student in his life here.

In sorority work the Dean has also been active and was national president of Zeta Tau Alpha for six years.

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