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LIVING IN 1936

The most serious problem confronting a Meredith girl for the year 1936 is the business of living. What this year holds in store for each of us is a mystery, and we must stake our lives on it. If Upton Close was right in saying that to Americans there is nothing in life worth living for, because we feel there is nothing in life worth dying for, it is our own fault. We must make life valuable and worth dying for by giving to it a goal and some definite end. For what purpose are we living? Do you have a purpose? Is your purpose, cause, ideal, or whatever you choose to call it, worth living and dying for? Let us ask ourselves these questions.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick has said, "If we had a past and a present only, we might learn all about the past and adequately assay the present, and so live in certainty. But our lives are three-dimensional. They have a future tense. Life is a continuous adventure into the unforeseen and the unforeseeable. If therefore, one would get at the creative core of a man, one must find out, if one can, on what ideas and ideals, what aims and purposes, what manner and philosophy of living he is hazarding his life."

You are going to live one way or another in 1936, and you are going to succeed or fail. Whatever the consequences may be, the making of your life this year lies in your hands.

STUDENT RESPONSIBILITIES

Recently two important matters have been called to the attention of the student body. One matter concerns chapel behavior; the other pertains to observance of the light-bell regulations. The cry has been made time and time again that we be treated as college women, but it sometimes seems we do not behave as such.

An alumna, who was present at a chapel period several weeks ago, was so surprised at the conduct that she was forced to admit she had never seen such disrespectful and noisy behavior exhibited among college women anywhere. The criticism was sincere and was made because the alumna was interested in Meredith.

The chapel period, which is held for the purpose of devotion and praise, has come to be a time for conversing with one's friends, laughing, and causing general confusion. We can get no more out of a devotional period than we put into it.

Disregard for other's rights in chapel is also indicative of the attitude some of us have taken toward the regulations concerning light-bell. The rule was not made to deprive us of a few extra hours work or play, but was inaugurated for the protection of others' rights and the good of each one of us. The student government is doing its best to cooperate with the student body for the good of all. Unless each of us cooperates and backs up the student government's efforts, nothing can be achieved that is worthwhile.

Breaking a rule is not the proper way to go about getting it changed. As long as a certain rule exists, obey it. If we want to change the rule, we must prove to the authorities that we are capable of using light extension without abusing the privilege.

Open Forum

Dear Editor:

Among the many things stressed by the administrators when we first register as freshmen, not the least important is punctuality to classes, to meals, to bed. We have modeled our lives to bells and clocks. We have budgeted our time. Our hours and minutes are all accounted for. We have done our very best to conform to the hours that we are asked—nay, commanded to keep. We do not object to this. We realize that such conservation of time is necessary in a full routine of curricular and extra-curricular activities. But we wish to make a plea for cooperation. Since literally every minute of our time is taken up, can not the officials and professors help us by either keeping their office hours, or leaving a message of some sort as to when they will be available for consultation or conference? When we have only a certain small amount of time in which to see an official or professor, and we go to their offices at the posted time and no one is there, we lose valuable time waiting and wondering when or if they will come. Finally we have to leave, without having done what it was necessary for us to do, or having any idea when we can get it done. May we make a plea for cooperation?
M. J. M.

Dear Editor:

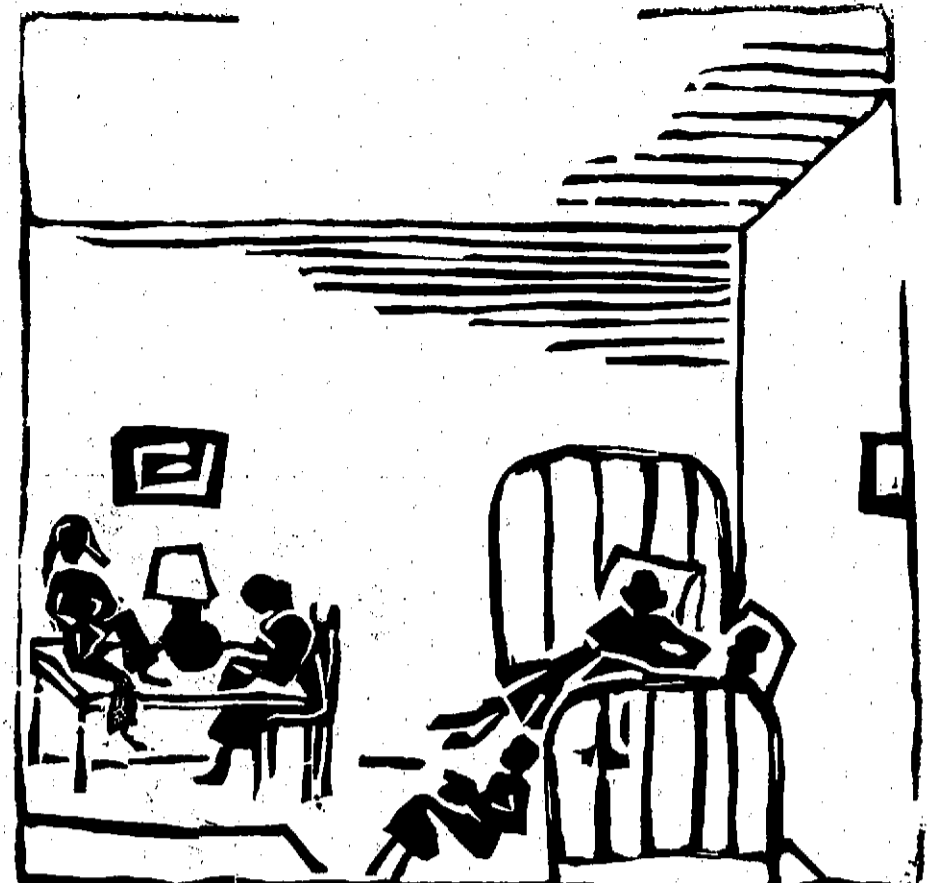
A recent visitor (an alumna, by the way) made, on departing, the uncomplimentary, but nevertheless quite true, statement to the effect that nowhere before had she observed such irreverent, unladylike chapel conduct. Such a thing could not pass unnoticed—it was called to the attention of the student body by a justly irate and reproachful S. G. president. Said student body was properly subdued—nay, one might say crushed—but not for long.

To the S. G. president, the exasperating thing about the whole business must be that the student body cheerfully agrees that she is right. It is disgraceful—even the worst offenders have ceased to deny their guilt—they rather seem to glory in it. They admit that it looks terrible to visitors. They even admit (these are the worst offenders, you remember) that their conduct is unforgivable and should not be tolerated—and go right on whispering, giggling, making faces, and exchanging notes.

Well—then it seems that the only thing to do is to get down to Fundamental Causes—work, say, from the particular to the general—from the concrete to the abstract—or something. Take, for instance, S. G. chapel, because that is the only period when this shocking behaviour is not in evidence. Attention on those occasions is, one may say, breathless—especially during the reading of the misdemeanors and "misdemeanors." Now just why should this chapel period be different from any other? The magic secret lies in the fact that the students are interested.

Then why should not all chapel programs be interesting, if that would achieve the so much to be desired result of breathless attention? Surely there are enough interesting people and organizations on our campus to make 30 minutes a day (if we must go to chapel five times a week) entertaining. Enjoyment of Miss Allen's recent lecture on oriental rugs was general—surely some other members of the faculty could be persuaded to talk for a few moments on their hobbies. Many of the faculty, as well as some of the students, are widely traveled—wouldn't they tell us about it? And the organizations—the I. R. C., the Colton English Club—nobody "cut up" at the Horace program put on several weeks ago by the Classical Club. And what wonderful programs the music department could give! Few

Worry! Worry! Agon-ee-e-e



of the students tire of hearing Mr. Spelman play the organ or Miss Armstrong the violin. Why by the time these sources were exhausted it would be time to start again!

Chapel conduct is bad, but all the verbal spankings and "jacking's up" in the world won't do any good if the students are more interested in misbehaving than in what's happening on the stage.
K. W. S.

SEVEN THOUSAND STUDENTS IN VOLUNTEER CONVENTION

(Continued from page one) Dixie's Colors to their height in a most brilliant and inspiring address.

Other features of the Convention included plays at Keith's Theatre, International teas, New Year's Eve party, watch night service special musical programs, denominational group meetings, state meetings and banquets.

SENIOR CLASS DECIDES ON SPEAKER FOR COMMENCEMENT

(Continued from page one) among which are The Miracle of Me and Pen Portraits of the Twelve. At the present time, Dr. Clausen is pastor of the First Baptist Church in Pittsburgh.

Dr. Poteat was on the campus last year for the week of deeper spiritual thinking, and all who heard him were greatly helped. He has spoken at many nation-wide conventions, and during Christmas vacation, he was one of the most prominent speakers at the Student Volunteer Convention in Indianapolis. He, too, is author of several widely-read books—Jesus and the Liberal Mind and Rev. John Doe, D.D. are two of the most popular.

ON GOING ASTRAY

By KATE COVINGTON

"Your knot," said Mary Johnson, with scorn and a mouthful of peanut butter, "was your only virtue." I was crouched under the table. Not from fear, but the hairdryer simply wouldn't reach any farther.

"What I can't understand," she continued gloomily, "is why you did it. Your knot," (as if struck by a new idea), "was your only virtue." Then she climbed off my bed where she had been lying on a hat, a term paper on the revenue situation, and Helen's empty goldfish bowl, and left the room. But she returned for a parting thrust. I thought it was a parting thrust, but after she had said viciously, "you dolt!", she spied my rye bread and stayed to make herself a sandwich.

I thought that my position warranted a little interest in the matter, so I said, "What's a dolt?" whereupon Mary Johnson bent over and practically hissed, "a fool." She says she didn't hiss but I like to believe she did. It sounds vitaler. Then she reached down and patted the bobby pins sticking around, and said, "Ringlets! Ringlets—as I do live and breathe!"

It was then, I think, that I burned off one of my ears.

"Who wanted you to cut it?" exasperatedly.

"It was a decision of my own," and I lowered my eyelashes. (Mary Johnson says I haven't got any, but it's a matter of opinion.) I thought to overcome her with a quiet serenity, unfaltable by scorn and grossness of spirit. But then suddenly her manner

changed and she quoth:

"I'm going to call you Rebeccah. I hope you don't mind."

"Rebeccah? Why Rebeccah?" I was aroused. And when I'm aroused, I am invariably aroused.

"Because I read a book once called The Shorn Lamb and the girl's name was Rebeccah," she informed me.

From then on she adopted new tactics. She took three fingers, placed them on my head, and whirled it around, contemplating me, with her tongue in her cheek. Then nobly, and as if after deep thought, she said, "There's only one way. You must turn to a spiritual realm, and there find solace and peace."

"But—" I began, but she stopped me.

"By seeking truth, and being especially sweet and helpful you may find redemption. Until then—" she left off, unfinished. Somebody had yelled that the Bee Hive was open, anyway, and Mary Johnson wanted a coca-cola. I could tell.

Her mood changed once again at the door, however, and she said during the time a draft was blowing away our furniture, "Since you lost your mind, I mean your knot, you've changed your whole outlook on life. Well, goodbye, Daniel!" Later they told me she had decided to call me Daniel Boone because he was scalped too.

I maintained that I won out, but folks are beginning to look dubious when I quoth blithely that I'm—er—letting my hair grow out. Anyway it's made a feature.