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"OUTRAGE"

(From the News and Observer)

I should like to express my opinion of the outrage now being perpetrated upon the teachers of Raleigh who voted in the recent election for the school supplement — that of having their integrity questioned. When the teachers registered, they stated that they had fulfilled the residence requirements for voting. Now to be called to the witness stand and grilled on whether or not they resided in Raleigh four months and in North Carolina a year previous to their registration, is an insult to their honor. Surely it is enough to make them wish they were not residents of such a place.

I am not alone in being very indignant over this discrimination against the class of people who have always been preëminent for their high sense of honor.

MARY J. SPRUILL.

The Meredith faculty is righteously indignant. To be subjected to the humiliation of being grilled on the witness stand is enough to rouse the ire of anyone whose reputation for integrity has never before been questioned. But it is not those who — in the interests of good citizenship — voted for the increased school program who should be humiliated. They spent time and effort in doing something which would be of no personal benefit whatsoever — but it was something which no forward-looking, openminded, public-spirited citizen would have failed to do. The real humiliation and embarrassment should be to those officials who, in an effort to defeat the increased appropriation for education in North Carolina, are making themselves ridiculous by questioning qualified voters.

STUDENT SUPPORT

We have been thinking a good deal about sincerity lately. In her *Journal* Katherine Mansfield says that nothing one writes, or says, or thinks, or is, amounts to anything at all unless he believes in it with all his heart. Thus it is with our student activity. We have got to believe in our officers, and in their ability to meet the responsibilities they have accepted. With our confidence and trust in them, they can do much toward making the coming year not only a successful one, but a happy one, as well. A little fearfully they are taking over the duties which will be theirs. Much is expected of them. Theirs is the decision as to whether the coming year at Meredith will be a success or failure, from the standpoint of student life. However, they will not, and cannot succeed without the co-operation of the entire student body.

The campus is divided into many units, each unit into individuals, all going to make up the whole. It is up to each one of us, as members of any functioning organization, to do our utmost to make the coming school year, 1936-1937, the most pleasant and profitable one in Meredith's history.

M. J. M.

THE STUDENT SPEAKS
 An Open Forum for Student Opinion

At the close of this term the Meredith students, particularly those interested in athletics, look back with a great deal of gratification over the progress which has been made in the athletic program in the last nine months. Recreational facilities have been expanded to an amazing degree—considering the length of time it usually takes to get such innovations underway. Former Meredith girls had to be content with basketball, hockey, tennis and little else. Now they may engage in such activities as horse-back riding, golf, ping-pong, croquet and various other sports as well. The result has been that a greatly increased number of students has been reached by the athletic program with consequent benefit both to the school and to the students themselves.

The increased facilities and opportunity for sports instruction have been largely due to the efforts of Miss Marian Warner and it is to her that the Meredith girls should give a vote of thanks for the progress made in athletics this year. The Athletic Board has cooperated with them in every way, as has the rest of the student body.

Not only has the work of Miss Warner resulted in the added pleasure of the present student body, but it will certainly serve to draw new students to the college next year. A well-rounded athletic program has as much to do with a girl's choice of a college as almost anything else.

A step forward has been taken—let us not go back.

MARGARET KRAMER.

Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! Wouldn't you like for your Alma Mater to stand for the best of everything? To my mind one way to make a reality of our hopes along that line would be for us to make a tradition of giving a Greek drama. If we give a classical play at commencement, students, alumnae, and our friends from far and near might well be proud of our achievement for achievement it is to re-create the vibrant actions of ones whose names live forever on the lips and in the hearts of educated men and women. You object on the grounds that it is too big an undertaking? Of course it is big, but that just gives us a greater opportunity to prove our mettle. What a glorious affair we might make it with all departments cooperating to make it the supreme production of the entire college!

A STUDENT.

Meredith Faculty Members See Greek Play At Randolph-Macon

"The Suppliants," by Aeschylus, the twenty-first Greek play to be given by the Greek department of Randolph-Macon Woman's College, is reported to have been a great success by Dr. Helen Price and Dr. Florence Hoagland, who attended the production, given May 9.

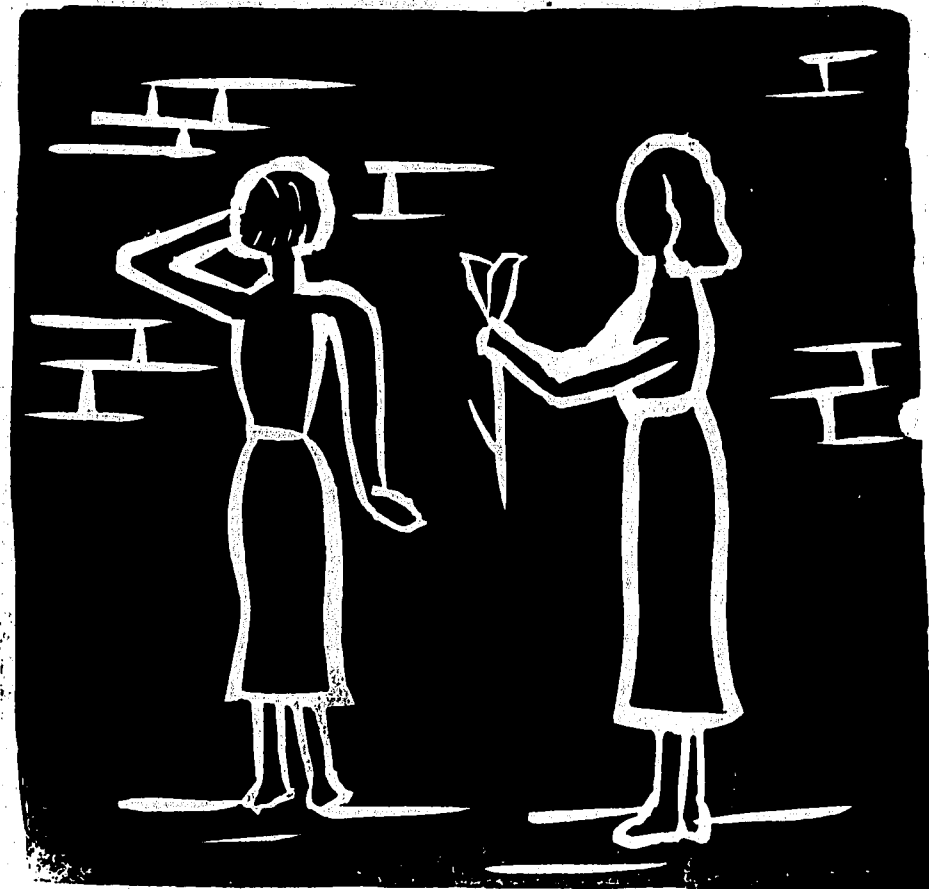
The play was given in the original Greek in the College's outdoor theatre. Miss Mabel K. Whiteside, head of the Greek department directed the play. She was assisted by Miss Violet Older, Professor of dancing.

Representatives from most of the eastern states were present. Those alumnae who had taken parts in preceding years were especially enthusiastic.

The obviously lyrical passages of the chorus were sung and accompanied by dance movements, and the rest was spoken by the individuals. In some cases, the actresses had over 400 lines, which were given without a flaw.

The first Greek play to be given at Randolph-Macon was in 1909. Most of the productions have been chosen from the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides, and comedy has been twice presented.

"A LILY, SYMBOLIC OF OUR FINIS"
 By RUTH ABERNETHY



EXEUNT WITH FLOURISH
 By KATE COVINGTON

"Mary Johnson," I began, coming upon her somewhere between the Arts Building and Freshman Dormitory, "I have another song for our *Society of Unimportant People*."

"What?" she asked without excess interest.

"I offer you congratulations," I replied.

"It seems to me," Mary Johnson said gloomily, "that you were talking the last time I saw you."

"There's only one more feature for this year," I continued, "I've something real clever. Go right ahead."

"You can't use my name any longer," she said drearily.

"Why not?"

"Half the faculty and students don't like it. They are getting bored and won't read your column," she was very tender.

"Elegant!" quoth I, "Now it'll be very exclusive."

"I won't have my name taken in pain," said Mary Johnson, and tried to catch a lightning bug to the extent of holding out her hand gracefully.

"But when there's a definite trend to a bunch of stuff folks will remember it longer." It sounded big.

"Yeah—remember it like the winter all the family had itch," she said with more scorn than glamour.

"I don't care, I'm going to finish out the year with them!" I was stubborn.

"I'm a mote in our readers' eye," said Mary Johnson, and I wondered vaguely whether it would not be best to forsake my career and take up something non-committal like advertising brickbats or dormer windows with views.

"Mary Johnson, have you any serious objections to my continuing to brighten a few dull lives with such ecstasies of joy and sweet communion of fellowship?" I breathed with gusto. After all, too much of a thing's enough. Even columns. And especially column's folks don't like.

Mary Johnson began humming *Put My Little Shoes Away* and didn't answer. Its a new habit she's got. If you ask her a question that she doesn't know how to answer, or sees no reason for answering, she ignores you. She got it from the play in which she took the part of a character described as "sloven in body and mind." "It appeals," said Mary Johnson, "to my delicate sensibility."

"Why don't you write your last one on our club, since man nor beast can turn you from the course you will pur-

sue? The Society of Unimportant People! S. O. U. P.!"

"Slogan—'Are you a second Fiddle?'" I came out of my shell.

"Motto—We Do Our Part Wrong!" Mary Johnson went on.

"Songs—'I'm Going to Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter?' and 'I'm Nuthin' but a Nuthin', and—"

"Louise thought up an elegant poem! It's by Emily Dickenson and begins 'I'm Nobody, who are you?'"

"There's one thing about it, Mary Johnson. We had Reason with us."

"What's the Reason?" she asked.

"I mean everybody's important—got big offices except us. We are—"

"Also Pans," she quoth.

"We ought not to have a roll book or officers or meetings—they'd be important."

"No refreshments, either?" It was gloomy-sounding, so I voted to answer that later.

Then she said, "Let's make the *Oak Leaves* sponsor us so we won't have any needless expenses!"

I'm not one to balk at nobleness in man or animal.

"What are you going to do this afternoon?" I asked her.

"Look for the crook."

"They brought it out a couple of weeks ago," I said. One stumbles on these things occasionally.

"Oh," said Mary Johnson.

"Well, what are you going to do today?"

Twenty minutes later she got around to answering me.

"Nothing."

"Me, too."

"I know," she amended, "we might go to the Sigma Nu House and sit on the porch and rock."

"Yeah," I answered with a sigh, "we might."

And speaking of sudden death, Professor L. A. Clousing of Northwestern University is making interesting studies of carbon monoxide poisoning in automobiles. He stopped 200 cars at random on the highways and discovered one out of 20 had a dangerous concentration of the gas in the air breathed by the driver. He said the gas will cause drowsiness and sleepiness and will slow down reactions, although the driver will never be aware of his condition.