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Thought for the Day . . .

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us.

Psalms 90: 17.

The Lasting Victories

"But the real and lasting victories are those of peace and not of war," Emerson has said. This fact the world seemed to realize when on Tuesday, May 8, V-E Day was celebrated by the freedom-loving, the peace-loving nations. Our services here at Meredith such as the inspirational V-E Day chapel program and special prayer offerings were representative of services held by all peoples. Each of us possibly had an individual reason for rejoicing over victory in Europe, yet we were all united in thanksgiving and gratitude to God for what was accomplished. We must all be united in asking His aid in our efforts for total victory; but even more so we must pray that He will guide and direct us in establishing a lasting peace, so that those who have died to make victory possible will not have died in vain. Let us realize the importance of and strive to achieve the lasting victories of peace.

Chapel Delinquency

Chapel delinquency has been a frequent topic at council meetings for the past year and much time spent attempting to find a suitable solution for the problem. Rather drastic steps have been suggested for bettering the situation. Students too have had opinions on the subject and one frequently hears such comments as "Why don't they have better chapel programs if they want better chapel attendance?" "Seems to me they're accentuating the negative trying to find a punishment for delinquents." "I wish they would have more musical programs" or "I wish they would let students give the programs and take more part in them." . . . And why don't we have more student participation in chapel!

Meredith students are the speakers, lecturers, linguists, sociologists, musicians, dramatists, writers of tomorrow . . . why not let them demonstrate their talents on the campus before the student body? What better opportunity could they have for receiving a taste of what tomorrow holds for them and at the same time serve to put chapel programs on a more common basis with student interests. Perhaps the reason for non-attendance is not lack of interest, but on the other hand "accentuating the positive" is worth a try at least.

Sauntering with Sawyer

by LIB SAWYER

Ah ha, so you thought this column was going to be gushing with graduation. Well, just to fool you, I'll try not to let you find any more gush in this than you can find in the fountain.

You see, graduation is something exciting perhaps, the first year with thoughts of digging up that glorious life you left buried behind you and scaring your parents to death with all the knowledge you gained; but after you have been here for years and years, you'll find that the ending of a school term doesn't impress you in the least. Why, you probably won't even know it's time to pack up until the professor says, "Well, we'll have our examination next class period." Even then the "old hoods" just yawn and say, "Well, whaddaya know, another year seems to have slipped away, so I guess we'll have to throw our things together and get out of here."

So do you blame me for not writing about such a common and inevitable thing as graduation? Now a much better topic would be something romantic like Meredith in the Spring. Yes, that's what I'll write about—Meredith in the spring—It's easy to tell when Spring has come at Meredith. Somehow we're always the first to know it and even the birds take their cue from us. Maybe they hear the choir practicing for graduation. You know, they sing at commencement and march in before the seniors, wearing robes that so resemble the coveted caps and gowns that they must get a taste of the thrill they will have when their own zero hour arrives.

Then the real thing marches in (the seniors, of course) and creates what must be a psychologist's paradise with all sorts of mixed emotions written on their faces. Some are expressions of relief and disbelief; some of sublime happiness; some of sadness, and all with just a little reluctance no matter how anxiously they reach for the old sheep skin.

Oh, but graduation wasn't going to get into this, was it? Now let's see—oh yes, Spring.

I suppose one of the greatest contributions of Spring is flowers. I'll never forget when we were Sophomores and went daisy-picking. We rose early in the morning; donned the sloppiest clothes we could muster and rode streaking down Hillsboro in a pick-up truck, without hose! On we rode till we found a lovely field of daisies that could easily have competed with Wordsworth's *Daffodils*, I'm sure. When the driver dumped us out, we scurried about cutting daisies and singing as we cut until both our hands and throats were equally sore. But we never stopped until the truck was quite overflowing with these evidences of Spring.

Then came the taming of these wild daisies for the task they were meant to perform in the afternoon. This brought out the artistic side of the class and, when Class Day exercises began, the daisy chain was ready to entwine the class in glory.

Oh, oh—graduation slipped in again. What was it now? oh yes, Spring.

You know, spring has always been a symbol of beginnings. New life is evidenced everywhere. New resolutions are made about how much you're going to do now the weather is so inviting; new ambitions crowd lesser ones aside, and optimism has priority. For Seniors, this is undoubtedly the greatest Spring of their lifetimes thus far. It is the beginning of a bigger, more responsible life; and they meet it with all the nourishment of their past experience, drawing on it, as the tree takes water, to furnish themselves a benefit to others.

For the rest of us, Spring also means these new ambitions and determinations, and also the will to make our reservoir of knowledge adequate to meet our needs when we get the ole cap and gown itch.

Yes, Spring is certainly here and, well, I might as well admit it, so is the thing that is on minds of each of us—graduation!

Parting Repartee of the Seniors

"The four years have been an experience which I shall never forget."—Betsy Watson.

"It seems impossible that my four years at Meredith are nearly over, but I'm sure I shall never forget the happy days spent here."—Nelda Ferguson.

"I'm happy and unhappy at the same time. There must be some mistake; it can't be time for me to graduate."—Lois Edinger.

"This can't be the end of four years at Meredith! It's a wonderfully sad feeling."—Milly Thornton.

"I must be in the wrong column. Is there a Junior column around anywhere?"—Annie Catherine Barden.

"A graduate of Meredith College! It doesn't seem as if the time has come—but I am still a Meredith girl!"—Lib Dark.

"It isn't half as funny to leave as I thought it would be four years ago. I hope they don't limit alumnae visits!"—Anna Lou Toms.

"Just a day ago—A Freshman—now a Senior, reluctant to leave, but one who will be looking forward to returning."—Cleo Glover.

"No time at all since I was a Freshman! Now I'm a Senior and graduating. Imagine that—I can't."—Jeanne Fleischmann.

"It seems impossible that four years could have passed so quickly. I will always be grateful for the many friends I have been privileged to make during this time."—Ruby Lyon.

"Four years have passed so quickly but these years have left me valuable experiences and wonderful friends."—Ruth Lyon.

"Gee, I hate to think that my four years at Meredith are about to come to an end, but I do have so many pleasant memories to take with me."—Janie Cash.

"Meredith is about as dear to me as my own home. I shall always be grateful for the fine friends, the happy experiences, and the many opportunities for growth which I have had here."—Elizabeth Murray.

"Yesterday I was a prospective student; tomorrow I will be an alumnae

of Meredith College. One sentence cannot express the meaning of my today."—Laura Frances Snow.

"Gee! I can hardly realize that the end is so near.—The song we sang at Palio our Freshman year expresses my feelings—'Rah! Rah! Rah! It's Meredith for me'."—Veronica Britt.

"I hardly realize that graduation is here and our class is leaving Meredith. I will always remember my friends and the many memories of my college days."—Carolyn Bass.

"These past four years were so long when we looked toward them, and are now so short in retrospect. I wouldn't have missed them for the world."—Laura Ellen McDaniel.

"God made you Meredith, that's why I love you! I shall always cherish the associations and friendships made during my stay at Meredith."—Lillian Humphrey.

"These four years have been wonderful and I shall miss Meredith dreadfully."—Mary Currin.

"As I leave school this year, it is not with regrets but rather with a deep appreciation and love for all the friendships, associations and memorable experiences that have come from four large years at Meredith."—Evelyn Ray.

"I'm surely going to miss these girls for I think they are tops."—Christine Webb.

"I never expect to find finer girls. I feel indebted to the faculty members who have guided me through these four years."—Mary Catherine McIntyre.

"I'll miss all the friends I've made while at Meredith."—Laura Frances Peck.

"To these stately buildings, my respect; to my guiding teachers, my deepest thanks; but to you my schoolmates, my very best wishes."—Louise Sander-son.

"My best wishes throughout life to all my classmates—they're a swell bunch of girls."—Margaret Long.

"It is the friendliness of the Meredith Campus to which I will most hate to say good-bye. But I know that friendliness will be a characteristic of Meredith generations to come and will be

CATTY-GORY

Hello! . . . Yes, this is the Snooper Sleuth of the Effective Detective Agency. . . You say the school closed this week and some young men were seen heading toward Raleigh? H-m-m-m, so that is why Edna Lou Lamb has been getting girls to change Library hours with her. "Doug" Aldrich, I believe his name is . . . must be one of those Louisville men. Maybe I'd better see Virginia Highfill too; she might be able to give us the "low-down" on one Seminary student. . . . No ma'm, I don't believe Kitty Montieth could help. Harold didn't come with the others. . . Oh, service men, too? Well now, Ruby Lee Spenser can give you some "info" on a certain Army pilot. . . Oh, but I'm afraid that wouldn't do; why all the girls know about Lutz's man. . . No, it seems like I heard her say that you can't find anymore like him. Now Liz Shelton probably knows where you could locate one. Ed is in Germany but, recently, she has been showing a uniform around.

You say Lady Macbeth didn't have a thing on Barbara Stevens so far as her sleepwalking scene goes. Could that sparkler she got during Jr.-Sr. weekend still be having its effect? . . . And I heard Miriam Batten is still keeping that N. C. Stater well occupied, and Frances Erod doesn't seem to be doing so bad along similar lines. Gen Hinton is doing her part by the navy there, too.

Let me tell you what a wholesome good time those smart Sophs had at their party—but perhaps it would be a little difficult to be bored with 94 cadets on all sides! "Goat" Holcomb really makes a hit with them—but you ought to get her to tell you about that post card she didn't buy. There's more to that incident than a mere post card! I heard tell of one cadet who rushed in and joined the choir, he wanted to come to Meredith so bad—well, to Fran Thompson, anyhow! what? . . . Didn't you happen to pass through the parlor Saturday night? It was a feast for the eyes to see all those navy overcoats and hats draped over chairs, tables, and any other available object (not human.) That statue guarding one corner of the blue parlor was even graced with a cap of navy blue, perched at a jaunty angle over her left eye! . . . Lucky Edna Lou Lamb? Ditto Hilda Austin, Mary Currin, and Betty Lutz. They've all had company recently, and it's my deduction that a good time was had by all. . . Yes, I'll try to find out about Willa Grey Lewis and Madge Futch comparing notes on Willie's telephone call from the far West Coast, Liz Shelton in the breakfast line absorbed in reading a Smith line, Nancy Harris stepping out with that man from Duke, and an interested Wake Forester requesting an introduction to Mitzi Roddick. . . Remember, "we detect what you don't expect." Goodbye!

the first thing I meet when I return."—Betsy McMillan.

"Friendships made while at Meredith, a walk to the gate in the cool of the evening, vespers in the Grove, picnics at the Chimney, classes in the Arts Building, working in the dining hall, the fountain in the court, May Day, Palio, Pause for Power in the Rotunda, Religious Emphasis week, these events shall be part of my memories of Meredith."—Hazel Grady.

"It is hard to realize that our four year stay at Meredith is drawing to a close. I'm sure none of us will ever forget our many happy days spent here."—Eleanor Loftin.

"I'll treasure the pleasant memories of Meredith throughout my life."—Mary Lou Bullock.

"I shall never forget my life at Meredith. It holds many memories for me."—Horty Liles.

"I may be leaving, but I'll always carry part of Meredith with me."—Dorothy Bowman.

"This is a great moment and I'm really looking forward to graduation. We have much to remember and much to forget, but I know I shall never forget my college days."—Isabel Dillon.

"I wouldn't give anything in the world for the wonderful acquaintances and the experiences I've had here at Meredith. It means much to me!"—Betty Cuthrell.

"Meredith has meant much to me and has given me much in the past."—Evelyn Britt.