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## Thought for the day . . .

"We are labourers together with  
 God."—1 Corinthians 3:9.

## Blind Voting . . .

Why is that elections at Meredith seem so cold, so dead, so uninteresting? Why is it that, with almost an entire Thursday's chapel-time set aside for discussing the candidates up for a certain election, only two or three out of 500 students contribute anything at all to the discussion? Could it be that no one is interested in or concerned about what girls are elected to fill major campus offices for next year? Well, hardly! The only guarantee we have for a successful coming year is getting the right girl in the right office with the right spirit to see it through. And it's up to the rest of us to see that she gets put into each of those offices.

But what of these dull election-discussions? And what of this "blind voting" that everybody admits takes place at almost every election? If students don't know enough about the candidates they're voting for, why doesn't somebody tell them what they want and need to know?

We have the opportunity for remedying those problems in our Thursday assemblies. We know we can get up and "campaign" for our candidates or ask questions about their abilities and qualifications. But few of us contribute anything of the sort. Instead of real information about these potential leaders, we hear something like this: "Well, she's my suite-mate, and I think she'd make a very good president." Or, "She's one of the best girls I've ever known, and I'd like to see her elected."

They're very pretty speeches; but now, in all seriousness, do those statements have anything at all to do with whether that girl is suited for the office she is being considered for? Then what do we want to hear about her?

Well, first of all, we want to know what training and experience in that and related fields, both here and elsewhere, she has had. Then, we need information concerning her leadership ability; the interest she has exhibited in the school and in this particular phase of the school's work; her dependability—real evidences of it; her character, ability to work with other people and to get things done; and finally, something of the other jobs she has done well. In short, we need to know definite facts, everything we can, about her, in order that we may vote intelligently for the candidate best fitted for the job. And we must depend on you who are

## Fashion Frieze

by HELEN FRANCES CRAIN

The line is simple, the direction is straight, and the goal is quiet sophistication in the pre-spring season apparel for the young deb. All the way from the broad-shouldered manish figure, which the extra padding provides, to the length of the skirts, which is definitely increasing, the trend is toward cool simplicity. Yes, women's fashions are certainly attempting to give the feminine figure a tall broad-chested, slim-hipped Vogue look. The extra padding, the straight, wide, shoulder to shoulder lines, the smooth unbroken lines from neck to outer shoulder edge with no sleeve seam, and the simple neck lines all lengthen and strengthen the shoulder horizontal. The long lines are kept simple by the buttonless straight openings of the tailored suit jackets, the vents in the sides and front of the hemlines, and the varying pin-stripe patterns which are so very popular in this season's tailored wardrobe, and which promise to be equally as good in the spring season, with increasing variation and novel attractiveness.

Belts, wide and narrow, cut the slender waist line in dress and coat. And as the length of the dress increases, the length of the topper for this season has taken a turn to the dapper fingertip length. And its sleeves, as well as those of the dresses and suits, are highlighted by cuffs, wide, narrow, of varying color, brocaded, or studded. Those sleeves that aren't wide, loose, and cuffed are gathered, tight, and cuffed. The use of gathers is about the only subtle attempt at superfluity and decorativeness.



A young looking fez to be worn back and straight is shown at the left as pictured in the December issue of *Junior Bazaar*, new fashion magazine. The clip right on the edge of the brilliant red thick felt is an important fashion point.

The fashion repertoire is just beginning to include here and there a few of those peace time fabrics which have so long been used in every way except for "My lady's wardrobe." Not only are the old favorites—the crepes and that incomparable material called nylon—beginning to reclaim their position in woman's world, but there are some newcomers to the field. There is a heavenly new soft rayon wool crepe fabric that is between a flannel and a heavy weight woolen, that is capable of some beautiful new impossibilities in style. Dresses in contrasting color harmonies are quite good made of this material. With all the simplicity and straight lines, however, use is being made of the growing supply of these fabrics—gathers in the skirts, wide wing sleeves, cut in the same length with the blouse so that there is no seam, the added length of the skirts, the broad kimona sleeves and cuffs, and capes, are all requiring and demanding more material. The gabardines and other twills seem to be still holding their own very well, except that we hope for still better qualities before very long.

Shepherd Checks are almost reigning supreme in sport and semi-sport wear, and new browns and greys and a new "cold-weather" white are ruling the color chart. In color, in line, in goal, the trend is away from decoration. The newest models in headgear are free of so much frill and frivolous fuss. Unhindered by all that fluff which seems to be the conventional feminine trade mark, the chic young lady of 1946 is setting a new pace in the world of fashions.

"in the know" about them to help us decide.

So make this a point of obligation and opportunity, won't you?—that if you know of fair reasons why this or that girl should or shouldn't hold this particular office, that you'll say so! That's what these Thursday morning times are for. Why don't we use them to get the right girls elected to the right offices—now!



## Sauntering with Sawyer

by LIB SAWYER

Maybe I am the only pessimist around here but often, when I try to do a thing like write a thought or play music or make a certain tennis stroke, this discouraging fact usually raises itself—why, that has already been done before by someone, and much better than I could ever do it, too. So why bother, I wonder. This world has been turning around quite long enough for every original idea to be extracted twice.

But still, some one is forever urging young people to create something new for mankind. And we want to shout back at them, "How can we create when everytime we start to play a piece of music, the image of Paderewski forms itself before us; how can we attempt to write a verse above the immortal Shakespeare; how can we struggle through a laborious game of tennis without thinking how very simple this would be for Alice Marble while it is so hard for us?"

How can we compose a piece of music when everytime we strike a chord, hundreds of wornout melodies come pounding into our heads, drumming out all originality and converting our piece into a copy? Or how dare we put our ideas into words only to see, before long, the identical idea mocking us from another author's paper and in more eloquent words by far? How can we be original when man in the past has used up all the natural resources of ideas? What creature on earth, or off of it, hasn't had some sort of ode written in its soul!

And then, I read a poem, and this alone held more logic than all my bick-

## "EXCHANGING"

"How hard do I have to hit it to knock it into the water?" asked the nervous mayor's wife at her first launching. —Tar Heel.

Traffic cop: Use your noodle, lady! use your noodle!

Lady: My goodness! Where is it? I've pushed and pulled everything in the car. —Pfeiffer.

## Scanty Sketches

by RUTH VANDE KIEFT



They're really very expressive—those blue eyes fringed with the dark eyelashes! Whether serious with perplexity, glowing with purpose, or twinkling with mischief, those blue eyes reveal the varied moods of their owner. She is none other than Flora Ann Lee, one of our most popular campus personalities.

Flora Ann, it appears, was a well traveled young lady at the advanced age of eight years. By that time she had already lived in five different states—North Carolina (she was born in Greensboro while her family was passing through town!), Ohio, Georgia, South Carolina, and Nebraska. When she was fifteen her family settled in Raleigh. She attended Needham Broughton High School, and from there came to join the ranks of Meredith students. Now she keeps the path through the east grove of the campus worn thin with her continual trudging back and forth from home to school.

Although Flora Ann says her future ambition is to "set the world on fire," she has made an excellent beginning right here on our own campus. As Vice President of the Student Government Association and President of the Silver Shield, she has contributed much to the ideal and practice of Student Government at Meredith. Clear thinking, hard working, and efficient, she is a leader of student opinion. She is an English major, a member of Kappa Nu Sigma, and Sigma Pi Alpha. She is never to be seen without a certain blue appointment book, which, it appears, is imperative to her maximum efficiency!

Flora Ann has another side, however—shall we call it her "Flossy" side? ("Flossy" is the pet name given her by

erings before. I began to discover that creativeness consists, after all, of putting two known facts together in just a little different way. And, on this basis, there are many more things to put together today than ever before because we know man's past experience plus our own. With this sort of logic we should be more creative than any peoples before us.

Then again, I seemed to forget that Shakespeare was not born a master, but made himself into one the hard way for man has not yet found an easy way. Does it not seem true that men become great by sticking to some difficult task just a little longer than another, but long enough to make the difference between mediocrity and great achievement?

Besides, the world cannot live on its past laurels and progress. There must be modern Shakespeares, Rembrandts, Paderewskies, Henry Fords so that, when these artists leave us, we will have coming artists to fill their vacuums, and fill them even a little fuller perhaps.

No, we have no right to be pessimists in a world teeming with adventure, and opportunity waiting to unfold itself, not at our touch, but at our probing. We have only to go a little further, a little longer. To be a Shakespeare? To be a Rembrandt, a Paderewski? Perhaps not, but to develop the capacities designed in us, yes. In that sense we become great. With doubt and dismay you are smitten, you think there's no chance for you, son? Why, the best books haven't been written, the best race hasn't been run, the best score hasn't been made yet, the best song hasn't been sung, the best tune hasn't been played yet. Cheer up, for the world is young!

No chance? Why the world is just eager

For things that you ought to create  
 Its store of true wealth is still meager,

Its needs are incessant and great,  
 Don't worry and fret, faint hearted,  
 The chances have just begun.

For the best jobs haven't been started,

The best work hasn't been done.  
 BERTON BRALEY.

her intimates.) This side is characterized by the almost devilish light the blue eyes can reflect, and the sudden peals of chromatic laughter that frequently escape from between the red lips and white teeth. "Flossy" loves life—she likes to go to dances and have good times, and her natural fun is irresistible.

Flora Ann likes pretty, frilly, feminine clothes, and is especially fond of blue and lavender. Last year her attractiveness won her a place in the May Court. She dotes on different kinds of earrings, and they do look stunning as they peep out from under her dark hair.

In spite of her ultra-femininity, Flora Ann has a distinct athletic streak. She likes to display a picture of herself standing on her head, and insists that she was the expert of the tumbling class when the picture was taken! She also has a decided flare for softball.

In this Baptist world Flora Ann is a firm Methodist. Last year she was President of the North Carolina Conference Methodist Youth Fellowship, and she is still active in church youth activities.

Flora Ann has great plans for the future. She would like to become a journalist after she graduates, and beyond that she has hopes of doing something in the field of government. Her great ambition is to be a senator, although she dislikes underhanded politics and red tape. She has an interesting hobby of collecting important headlines of newspapers, and she is an aware world citizen.

But her one consuming interest is people. She likes to talk with others, hear what they think, and help them if she can. With her high purpose, charming personality, alertness and ability, she should go far in her ambition to "set the world on fire."