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Thought for the day . . .

But a lie, whatever the guise it wears,
 Is a lie at it was of yore,
 And a truth that has lasted a million
 years,
 Is good for a million more.

TED OLSEN.

"We Lift Our Hearts to Thee"

Looking for the best in life is a desirable trait. It means that a harsh, critical attitude cannot exist. It implies that we are seeking ideals and evaluating them properly. Sometimes criticism may be valuable in destroying the bad. Many of us, though, are inclined to criticize everything we meet—our friends, our food, our schools, our homes, our teachers, our classes, but rarely ever ourselves. We create, first within us, then next around us, a stir of dis-sension and dissatisfaction. We do a great deal of talking and gossiping, but we leave action to others. Looking about us at Meredith, we can easily see many things to love. Nobody can forget the fun of waking at four to pick daisies for a big sister class. Nobody can forget the thrill of seeing seniors dressed in their caps and gowns. Nobody can forget caroling in the cold, gray morning just before Christmas holidays. Nobody can forget the competition of Palio. Nobody can forget the easy comradeship of play day—even a rainy play day. Meredith is not a Utopia, but what place is? And who would really seek living in perfection? Still, there are thousands of things we do here that we can never forget, things we will remember with full hearts some day. If these are happy college days that we must look backward on in the future, why not look at them now with joy? These days are part of us today but only memories tomorrow. Loving Meredith is in us all.

A Beginning and an End

Commencement is really a beginning and an ending. It is the end of another semester, another year, and the end of what we call "our formal education." It is the beginning of a new adventure, a new life. Crowded into one short weekend are so many activities that we hardly realize the import of the affair. We take part in step singing, watch the long file of sophomores with daisies, hear the commencement recitals, and listen to a sermon and a final address. The weekend is crowded with full experiences. For the underclassmen there is the knowledge that many idols

of their hearts are leaving—the May Queen, the class president, the Big Sister. For the teachers there is the feeling that another student is leaving with some preparation for life. For those who have been called seniors one whole year, there is the regret at life's fleeing joys, yet anticipation of new hopes and expectancies. Another year, another June—another commencement to begin new adventures and to end old studies.

"Sumer Is Icumen In"

Long hot days and lazy cool nights—These are our dreams of summer. Time to read and to think, to relax and to throw off the restrictions of routine. Yes, there will be more than three months of time. How will we spend our time? For some of us, there will be summer jobs to train us. For others there will be more school, but still, school at a different pace. For others there will be work at home mixed in with a great deal of play. The important thing in summer is the diversion it brings to us. Perhaps we have no definite jobs planned. Still, we do not have to remain idle. Hot days are good opportunities for reading things we've meant to catch up on for so long. They are good times to study what is going on in the world today and discover the needs of peoples everywhere. They are good times for plotting our future courses, for thinking seriously about goals. Leisure time means a chance to slow one's pace, and it means that the race might be better run when we once pick it up again. We can plan for a new year during the summer. Then too, we must include wholesome fun to make us healthier and happier, better integrated personalities to start anew in September. Summer is almost here.

Letters to the Editor

(Editor's note: Recently, it seems, there has been a reign of criticism all over the campus. We have tried to print the news as it was without any attempt at all to criticize any factor here at school. In the midst of all of this criticism, we were happy to receive this letter expressing gratitude for Meredith, and we are inclined to believe that it well represents the feeling of many of Meredith's daughters. We print it here with the hope that we will always realize the untold number of gifts that we have received from our Alma Mater.)

Dear Editor:
 When we walk down that auditorium aisle on June 3rd, I'll feel like singing "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow," not just because it's graduation day, but because some of the happiest memories of my life are all wrapped up in those last four years spent at Meredith. And I'd like to say, "Thank you, Meredith College, for all you've given me!—for all that I've learned that I didn't know before, the math, the English, the art, the music—everything those patient teachers have tried to teach me, those teachers who have been friends as well as professors—for the best friends I've ever had, girls I'll never want to lose track of—for the picnics, tennis games, hayrides, the dates, and all the fun I've had socially speaking—for hard tasks and problems and the help to see them through—for the spirit—for the light of Meredith, the Christian way of life which seems to sum everything all up. I realize now that the prophet Kahlil Gibran was right when he said, "Love knows not its own depth until the hour of separation."

Liz Shelton.

Book Review
 By Jeanne Trentman

THE BLACK ROSE

By THOMAS B. COSTAIN

Thomas B. Costain, author of *The Black Rose*, was until he was fifty-five years old, a well-known newspaper and magazine editor in Canada. He had always had the desire to write, and now in his later years has written *For My Great Folly, Ride With Me*, as well as *The Black Rose*. All three of these have been historical novels.

The Black Rose is a wonderful, exciting love story during the thirteenth

Anthology of the Week
 New, Comprehensive, Unabridged

(Reviewed by Jean Bradley)

NOVEL

One should title it *Look Homeward, Angel* . . . that's what every one of them is doing, looking homeward. One can see it in eyes and in mail boxes and in laundry bags and in a surplus of it-won't-be-long-now eagerness. One hears fragments: "the 12:05 train," "and Steve will be there," "new swim suit," "Virginia Beach," "in summer school," "good sun tan," "at Blowing Rock," "'til August," "Why don't cha' cum' see me," "camp in the hills," "New York, probably," "ten more days. . . ." And one knows. The angels are looking homeward!

POETRY

"Senior Psalm"
 Rain on May Day.
 Rain on Play Day.
 Please, sun,
 Reign on Class Day.

ESSAY

Dear Music Students:
 Spring has sprung!
 The windows is ris.
 We wonder where any silence is?

We live on the east side of Jones Dormitory—definitely not the east side of heaven. In fact, if we can't have some silence during study hour, we shall probably end up on the east campus of Dix Hill. We shall appreciate your moving yourselves and your horns, vocal chords, and violins to the east side of the music building. (We are taking for granted that the pianos are already there.)

With deepest appreciation,
 Jones East-siders.

SHORT STORY

She had waited a long time. Now she looked and looked and looked. She found herself every place that she was. She smiled and smiled and smiled. She felt the leather of its padded back. She looked at the slick white pages inside where all of them would sign, and she was very pleased. It had come and she liked it.

JEAN BRADLEY.

DISC DATA

Have you heard the latest records? Well how do you like them? For the last month some of the best popular records sound mighty like—not a rose—but a new jargon. For instance "Cement Mixer" by Phil Harris is what "hep cats" call "strictly solid" or "on the beam." Then there's another interesting as well as fascinating little ditty, "Dark Town Poker Club." Phil Harris and his band have really done some work on this arrangement. But let's not stick to one man. Randy Brooks, a young band leader we're sure to hear more about, has out a hot recording of "The Thunder Rock." Listen carefully you "Rug-cutters." Do you like it? Well, now let's look at some smooth tunes, tunes you like to dance to and croon. "The Gypsy" is one in this group, and it is definitely easy on the ears. Now a question, "Where Did You Learn to Love?" You may not want to answer, but you'd enjoy listening to this mellow arrangement by the old Maestro, Tommy Dorsey. We shouldn't stop here in this mood, so let's hear Sammy Kaye's "Laughing on the Outside" for a final theme. Now that you've heard a few of the newest recordings how about keeping up with them?

POEM

If Little Riding Hood lived today,
 The modern girl would scorn her.
 She only had to meet one wolf,
 Not one on every corner.

"Time On Your Hands"

What are your summer plans—working traveling, or just plain loafing? If you are wondering how other girls are planning to spend the next three months, here are some examples.

Ruth Van de Keift, "My family has a beautiful, brand new trailer, and we're going to travel through the Rockies and the Northwest. I want to clear some of the dust out of my brain at Pike's Peak or the Grand Canyon."

Jean Branch, "I'm going to be a working girl this summer. Although I don't know exactly what it will be like, I have an office job at a department store."

Elsie Corbitt, "For the first part of the summer, I'll be just a beach bum.

century. Mr. Costain consulted over 500 books, documents, and diaries and then, wove authentic details around his characters.

Walter of Gurnie, the main character, leaves Oxford in 1273 with his blonde friend, Tristram Griffin, for Cathay to seek the many riches and the great new ideas of the East. Walter and Tristram have many breath taking adventures on the road to Cathay with Authemus, a rich, fat, powerful merchant; and with Byan of the Hundred Eyes, a great general of Kublai Khan's army. They both fall in love with Maryam, the daughter of an English crusader, and help her escape from slavery.

"EXCHANGING"

How Old Is You?

Two little colored boys were talking and the first says, "I'se five, how old is you?"

The second replies, "I don't know."
 "Well, do you git dat funny feelin' when you's aroun' girls?"

"No," said the other thoughtfully,
 "Ah don'."

"Then you is fo'."

There was a young singer named Hannah
 Who got into a flood in Montana
 As she floated away
 Her sister, they say,
 Accompanied her on the piano!
 —The Daily Illini.

What supports a strapless evening dress? "Moral support and that's all."

Women's faults are many;
 Men have only two—
 Everything they say
 And everything they do.
 (Ed. note: That's so true!)

Teacher: "Johnny how would you punctuate the sentence—'Mary went in swimming and lost her bathing suit?'"
 Johnny: "I'd make a dash after Mary."
 —The Rebel.

Then I would like to travel; and what time is left, I'll probably spend working for my Daddy."

Isabel Britt, "For six weeks, I am going to be a counsellor at Crabtree Girl Scout Camp, partly to get the experience of working with young people and partly to get a good sun tan. After that, I'll start looking for a teaching job."

Doris Harris, "I have a job at the Bell Telephone Company. I also want to do something exciting, I don't know what, but I just can't spend three months away from school without something exciting happening!"

Eleanor Lockamy, "I intend to swim, and swim. We live just nineteen miles from the beach, and I want to spend the entire summer there—but I probably will end up mowing the lawn!"

Dot Loftin, "I'll probably play for the church, but I don't need to plan anything because there is always plenty to do at home."

Lucille Sawyer, "My graduation present is a trip to Boston to visit my brother and sister-in-law. I may go by plane, I hope! After that, I'm coming back to summer school at Meredith to work for my B.M."

Obra Fitzgerald, "For the first two months, I'll be at Ridgecrest, working on the staff as a counsellor. The last month I'n gonna spend loafing at home in Cynthiana, Kentucky."