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Associated Collegiate Press

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Thought for the day . . .

"Take therefore no thought for the
 morrow: for the morrow shall take
 thought for the things of itself. Sufficient
 unto the day is the evil thereof."

—MATTHEW 6:34.

Examinations

Examination time has sprung up again
 in the midst of our normal school life.
 Before Christmas, it seemed like a mil-
 lion years until we would have to begin
 worrying about exams, but after the
 holidays, we realized that there was
 really no time at all to tie up those
 loose ends of our learning. One more
 week, and they will be here. It is too
 late now to begin worrying because the
 only easy way to prepare for an ex-
 amination is consistent study through-
 out the year. For some of us, these
 exams will be the first college exams
 we have ever experienced, and now they
 seem like a real ordeal. But for the
 rest of us who have been here longer,
 these exams will be just another mile-
 stone in our college progress. We should
 meet them gladly because they repre-
 sent new experiences throughout the
 semester. Afterwards, there will be a
 chance to make a new start, to change
 old routines, old habits for new ones
 in a new semester. Meet these exams,
 then, glad that they are here. View
 them as only a small part of college
 life, not as a major catastrophe. After
 all, your work every day is more im-
 portant than one exam. If you do not
 do as well as you know you can, re-
 solve to start anew and use the exams
 as a lesson. The examinations should
 help us to become better students in
 many ways. They should help us to
 review subject matter, but they should
 also develop in us a favorable attitude
 toward college work.

Students Everywhere

With this week, the drive for funds
 for students across the world closes. The
 appeal was met with generosity because
 of open minds and open hearts.

The stories of extreme need in foreign
 countries are not merely tales to appeal
 to our emotions. They are facts that
 should startle our minds into conscious-
 ness. Our complacency has been all the
 more deplorable because we do live in
 a place free from want and deprivation.

A year ago last November, 44 dele-
 gates met in London to establish an
 international organization for education.
 Basically the UNESCO was a union of
 nations which agreed to found a policy
 of mutual trust and understanding in-
 stead of distrust and suspicion. The
 delegates decided that peace must be
 constructed in the minds of men. They
 set up as goals five points:

1. An international student exchange.

2. World-wide exchange of books and
 educational materials.

3. Exchange of ideas throughout the
 world.

4. An attack on the illiteracy rate in
 so-called backward countries.

5. Aid to devastated nations of Europe
 and Asia.

These goals are far reaching and high.
 If they are met, they will bring about a
 real peace in the world.

The drive for student funds that has
 just closed should at least impress
 American students with the importance
 of the movement. The money will not
 only insure schooling for young people
 in other lands; it will insure the
 emergency of worldwide peace and
 brotherhood.

Benjamin Fine, education editor for
 the *New York Times*, wrote recently an
 article called "A New Force for World
 Peace" in the publication of the As-
 sociated Collegiate Press. In this article
 he states:

"Few schools remain in Poland,
 Greece, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia,
 Norway, Belgium, China, France, have
 been badly hit. The status of the
 schools in the occupied lands such as
 Germany, Austria, Hungary, is beyond
 imagination. A generation is growing
 up in Europe that is being denied all
 types of educational facilities. De-
 pressing pictures were painted by the
 delegates of schoolless children, of non-
 educational opportunities, of a dearth of
 educational equipment and supplies.
 The Nazis recognized the importance of
 education. They shot or imprisoned
 most of the teachers, burned the school
 buildings, closed the universities. . . .

"Education will no longer be confined
 to our own borders. Education will go
 forward, regardless of differences among
 nations, among races, among peoples.
 Education has finally broken through
 national boundaries and has become in-
 ternational in scope. That concept may
 lead to a lasting world peace."

Forecasting for 1947

Here it is 1947—a whole new year
 before us—a year for each of us to
 strive for the goal he aims for, yet never
 seems to obtain.

What are some of the things that
 need attention?—Let's notice them.
 There's that intangible thing—school
 spirit. We show a great deal more of
 it than some people, but—couldn't we
 show it at other times than Palio and
 Christmas? Couldn't we let the admin-
 istration and faculty realize that we ap-
 preciate them as much during the whole
 year as we do on special occasions? Why
 not make that one of your "I resolve
 to . . .?"

Let's not stop there—have you noticed
 what lovely rooms some of the girls
 have? Don't look so hurt! it doesn't
 take money—the answer is "elbow
 grease" and a little time, and you have
 as much of those as anyone else.

Speaking of time—have you heard all
 the practicing from early til late? Those
 music students have really been keep-
 ing their resolutions (or are they pre-
 paring for the fast-approaching "fatal
 week"?) Well, what about your usual
 resolutions? Are you really going to
 try to study more, to pay attention on
 class, and to do each day what you can
 instead of putting everything off til the
 very last minute? You are? That's
 good!

Each person sets his own standards.
 Why not make yours the best that there
 are? Here's wishing you luck!

"EXCHANGING"

Limping Limericks

A tutor who tooted a flute
 Tried to teach two young tooters to
 toot;
 Said the two to the tutor,
 "Is it harder to toot, or
 To tutor two tooters to toot?"

A wonderful family is Stein;
 There's the Gert and there's Ep, and there's
 Ein.
 Gert's verses are punk,
 Ep's Statues are junk,
 And nobody understands Ein.

A mother received her college son's
 bills and was discussing them with her
 husband. "Look dear," she said, "it's
 the language that costs the most:
 Scotch, fifty dollars."

Bradley's
RETURN

It was cold. Freezing cold. I detest
 being cold. And there I sat. Being cold.
 I sat frozen for six hours and fifteen
 minutes. Frozen in a contraption packed
 with every noise and smell the driver
 could collect a ticket from.

Regardless of a certain song, I have
 no love for a Greyhound bus. Absolute-
 ly none. Particularly one headed away
 from home. Particularly one headed
 toward where I am now.

And I am here now. I started realizing
 that the minute the bus roared through
 poor, silent little sleeping Cary. The
 driver, possessing a contorted sense of
 humor, blew that cow-sounding horn
 and announced to all Meredith girls
 that the "Raleigh City Limits" sign was
 a mere sixty yards away. The last burn-
 ing symbols of a happy holiday freedom
 got stamped out.

The taxi. The ride here. A gate.
 Term papers, rules, eight-thirty classes,
 examinations—making ghoulish gleeful
 faces behind the welcome smile.

The stairs. Three flights. Down
 again. Forgot to sign in S. P.

Johnson Hall. No mail. Hello. Did
 you have a nice Christmas? I'm certain
 you did. So good to be back. *Did I say
 that?*

Terribly sleepy those first two weeks.
 Ached at the sound of music. Lonesome
 for a leathery taste. Bright light couldn't
 open my eyes.

Because of my inglorious condition
 few things registered. However, one
 by one certain facts began to stand up
 and call attention.

I found out that practically everyone
 was wearing an engagement ring or a
 frat pin or wandering around with
 matrimonial prospects in view. More
 people are withdrawing from the used-
 to-be-crowded "Irritable Old Maid's
 Club."

FRAN (am being paid not to print
 nick-name) THOMPSON is wearing
 KEN's diamond and constantly cheer-
 ing for Navy. Understand she deposited
 no less than \$3.45 in the newly estab-
 lished HARMONE, THOMPSON, WAL-
 LIS and WISHART Bank-withoutness,
 whimper. Rates not waddlers of his love

Couldn't help noticing the lovely tan
 JEAN DICKENS brought back from
 Delray Beach. Bet it pleases JOE, too.

Noticed how hesitant NANCY RESCH
 is in art lab now. 'Fraid of getting paint
 on that ring. Nance says that being a
 Charlestonian diamond, it's extra-
 special.

Heard CAROL MARTIN's exciting
 stories about the Gator Bowl doings.
 Jacksonville must be quite the place—
 with State there for added attractions.

Found out that EVELYN CRUMPLER
 and JERRY BURGESS and LIB ZIM-
 MERMANN . . . not one, but ALL . . . are
 wearing rings that say, "I belong to . . ."

Saw AGNES PARNELL with eyes
 aglow for DICK and Atlanta. There's
 a promise on her third finger, left hand.
 And VIOLET HUNDLEY is wearing a
 stone thrown by ENNIS.

Heard about NELL PROCTOR's vaca-
 tion trip to Richmond and WADE.

Stumbled over CHRIS CREECH with
 a huge spotlight going up and down
 third Jones. Finding the frat symbol
 off that Kappa Sig bracelet she's sport-
 ing.

Was just as excited as JUNE PAT-
 TERSON about her going home with
 RAY to meet the somedaysoon inlaws.

Continually finding a man in the
 library with DORIS HARRIS. Am told
 he's BILL and, regardless of last name,
 is NOT a brother.

Think BILLY must be Santa Claus,
 giving EDITH STEVENSON a sweet
 ring AND a KA pin.

Couldn't help laughing when I heard
 that VIDA YAO gave DR. CAMPBELL
 an opium pipe for Christmas! We would
 appreciate it if MISS RHODES would
 report any unusual antics to the Ad-
 visitory Committee.

Saw the lovely diamond FARMER
 put on RUTH WYATT'S I'm-gonna'-be-
 married finger.

Was sympathetic when ESTHER
 HOOKER announced that BOB wouldn't
 return from Mexico City till March.

Resolved—to seek an Eligible.

Any girl can be gay
 In a classy coupe;
 In a taxicab all can be jolly;
 But the girl worth while
 Is the girl who will smile
 When you're taking her home on the
 trolley!



Saluting a Leader—

By LA VERNE HARRIS

The charming Meredith girl who has
 been described by Raleigh folks as a
 typical Southern belle with all the
 beauty that the phrase implies, is
 brown-haired, blue-eyed Dorothy Sin-
 gleton, President of the Junior Class.
 This brainy gal has such a large field
 of interest (varying from play produc-
 ing to her Sunday school class of five-
 year-olds) that to pick out only one of
 her talents would be impractical, for by
 doing such you could hardly present an
 accurate picture of such a versatile girl.

A major in sociology with great in-
 terest in psychology and history, Dot
 plans to take a post graduate course in
 sociology at Carolina and perhaps go into
 social research. Her literary interest
 being great, she particularly favors the
 romantic poets Wordsworth, Shelly, and
 Keats, but seems to hold the Russian
 novels as her conversational "pets."

All out-of-door sports attract Dot, but
 she is noted for her tennis. For the

REPORTER VISITS

(Continued from page one)
 Other likes are a delicious Mrs.
 fried chicken, both popular and classi-
 cal music, "anything blue," and roses.
 It might be safely stated (but strictly
 off record) that perhaps her greatest in-
 terest lies in a certain "fella" named
 "Bonnie" who also is studying sociology
 at a near-by school.

As to what she thinks of her class, Dot
 said without hesitation, "I've enjoyed
 being President of the Junior Class be-
 cause it has so many talented members
 and has shown such a fine spirit of co-
 operation."

Terrapin Tails

Miss Phyllis Cunningham's hobby, a
 turtle collection, contains everything
 from a tiny lapel pin to a large red
 leather turtle purchased at The Cradle
 Shop in town. She began the collection
 when she was a student at the Uni-
 versity of Illinois. She was a member
 of the Terrapin Club, a swimming or-
 ganization whose emblem was a turtle.
 With her emblem, Miss Cunningham
 received, for perfect attendance in the
 club, a silver pin in the shape of a turtle.
 With the pin and emblem she began
 her hobby and began to gather other
 turtles.

She has found various kinds of turtles
 made of many different materials. One
 consists of seven "cat eye" shells,
 another of larger sea shells. One is a
 green floating candle and she has
 another green turtle made of plaster of
 paris. A soap terrapin, Reapo, reaps
 Miss Cunningham's company in the tub,
 and there is a brass paperweight turtle
 for her desk. She has several lapel
 pin turtles and glass ones. Two of the
 collection have wiggling heads, legs, and
 tails, a pottery creature made in Mexico,
 and a wooden fellow with designs
 burned into his back and legs. The lat-
 ter of these almost caused his owner
 to lose the services of the maid, who
 once thought him real when her dusting
 caused his head, tail, and legs to stir in
 life like motions.

Miss Cunningham's collection has be-
 come an interesting hobby and the
 turtles are unique additions to her room.

Editor's Note: She has a turtle-necked
 sweater, too.