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THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

If ye continue in My word, then ye are My disciples in deed.—JOHN 9:31.

The Same Old Story

Faculty and students alike were mutually and spiritually awakened last week by an excellent team of Focus Week speakers, who concentrated on showing that religion is a vital factor in all of life—and a factor that works. Chapel services were devoted to this theme of "Religion at Work in Life". Classes buzzed with discussions about it. Faculty members worked it into relationship with their subjects. After-meeting parties found it the main topic of conversation.

That was last week. The team members were here then. They could answer our questions, stir our thoughts within us, and cause more questions to arise. Now what? The team members are gone. Have we turned again to the time—worn out of gossip parties and classes where a question about religion would not only be "out of place" but seriously frowned upon? Or have you ventured out on a new highway where the Christian religion is the center of life by which we may come to know its fullness? Each one of us must answer the question for herself. Is the right answer *your* answer?

Stop and Consider

That time of the year is here again during which the student body elects the members of the college whole who will represent them in the various phases of our life here. This fact, above all, is one that we must keep in mind as we vote, particularly since the trends of the school's policies seem increasingly to depend on, and be affected by, student opinion. Consequently, it is essential that the student leaders for the coming year be, as always, a representative group—a group which actually knows, evidences, and is a model of the general consensus of student opinion. These representatives must not only be student opinion, but they must have the ability to voice that opinion in the right manner, with forethought, tact and without selfish interests. It is important now, especially, that they be the medium between the radical and the conservative viewpoints and that they express these views accordingly. Therefore, in the following election weeks it is necessary that we all keep in mind the importance of, and the effect on us, now or later, that these elections will have.

I Don't Like People...

... who watch me so closely while I eat that I have an uneasy suspicion that they are going to ask if I have ever read Emily Post.

... who say, "May I borrow your pencil, your sweater, your life's blood? I'll give it back tomorrow." and then tomorrow comes, but not the pencil, the sweater, or the life's blood.

... who cry on my shoulder after telling me that the boy I dated two nights before is the one great passion of their life. It makes me feel like Jezebel with the new look.

... who tell me how I should have played a hand of bridge after setting me five tricks doubled, or people who invariably make grand slams out of hands I wouldn't dare open on.

... who tell me I look like my great aunt Kate's half-brother Jim. Jim was known as Scarface and spent twenty years in Sing-Sing for strangling his mother-in-law.

... who ask if I have seen a certain movie; and when I tell them no, I'm going to see it tonight, proceed to give me a play-by-play description of the plot.

... who gossip about people I don't know. It's no fun being catty when the victim is a perfect stranger.

... write things like this and expect other people to read them.

SPOTLIGHTING
A DAY STUDENT

By SHIRLEY HURWITZ

Today's spotlight is focused upon Mary Evelyn West, one of our senior day students. A mild-mannered girl and blessed with an unusually sweet disposition, Mary Evelyn is easy to "spot" with her long chestnut-colored hair and blue-gray eyes.

This modest Religion major informed me that she began her long career of education in Charlottesville, Virginia. She graduated from grammar grade school in St. Petersburg, Florida, and a few years later received her diploma from Needham Broughton High School in Raleigh and a similar document still later from Mars Hill College. With no reflection on the institution, Mary Evelyn wistfully hopes to "slip out" of Meredith the latter part of May with another diploma!

While at Mars Hill, Mary Evelyn was a school marshal, vice-president of the Scriblerus, the English Club, secretary of a Literary Society, president of a B.T.U. and president of a Sunday School class. This year, she is a counselor to thirteen day students ("and all top-flight freshmen, too," she smilingly stated).

One of Mary Evelyn's chief joys is the charming quartet of kittens at her home. (Note the mercurochrome-tinted scratches on both hands!) This busy day student also enjoys reading "Freckles" and "Ella Cinders" and oftentimes ends a long day by listening to Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Scheherazade* or reading Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment*. ("That is," as she hastens to add, "if I've devoted enough time to Shakespeare and Browning!")

Seriously speaking, however, Mary Evelyn's chief interest lies in the MBC (Miracle Book Club). She sincerely asserts that there are many fine opportunities to be found in our fair city, among them the MBC (another plug!), of which many of us fail to take advantage.

Mary Evelyn admits that one of her marked weaknesses is her insatiable (quote!) love for travel. But, she also greatly enjoys poster and scrapbook making and, at the present time, is "playing around" with Debussy's *Clare de Lune*.

Her pet language (besides English!) is French. "Of course," she asserted, "this has nothing to do with the fact that I lived with the Cagion French near New Orleans last summer for several months while doing Home Mission work."

As to the future of the girl who answers to the nickname of "Poochie", it is quite evident that she intends to go to school for the rest of her life; or, as she aptly puts it, "as a teacher, perhaps, eventually—a teacher of the "Miracle" Book; that is, the Bible."

Portrait of Senorita Lucy Ann Neblett y Richards

Are you taking Spanish or any other language taught in the department here? Then I'm sure you've seen Senorita Neblett. Senorita Lucy Ann Neblett y Richards was born in Matanzas, Cuba. Her parents were Methodist missionaries there and were originally from Tennessee. She received her elementary and high school education in a variety of places among which are Matanzas, Chattanooga, and Nashville, Tenn., Houston, Texas, and Havana, Cuba. Her college education included work at Whitworth in Brookhaven, Mississippi, at the University of Texas, graduate work at the University of Mexico, masters at University of California, and later the University of Havana.

The Senorita had originally planned to be a missionary to Africa. While at college she was impressed by a discovery of ignorance, which was so prevalent here in our country—ignorance of the Spanish language and Spanish countries. Because of that reason she decided to teach Spanish. In her courses she tries to teach not only grammar and a reading and speaking knowledge of the language, but she teaches geography, history, social customs, foods, and folk songs of the Spanish. She has taught at the University of Chattanooga, John B. Stetson (and she never wore a Stetson hat!—her own words), University of Florida, University of California, Brenau, Whitworth College, and Elon College. One of the reasons Senorita Neblett came to Meredith was that she was interested in teaching in a college which not only put an emphasis on scholastic standing, but also on the religious life of its students.

When you come to know this charming dark-haired, dark-eyed senorita, you too will discover—as the students in our classes have—that she has a sense of humor. She was active in tennis, basketball, drama, and glee club. Her interests now include reading, sewing, cooking, and dancing. She likes Spanish American music and folk dancing. Her hobbies are collecting pottery and table linen, playing the piano, and she loves picnics and outdoor meals. The Senorita likes to wear informal cotton dresses, suits and evening dresses. Her favorite food is sea food especially lobster.

Senorita Neblett said that her greatest disappointment was that she couldn't find an apartment, but she said that living in a dormitory was very pleasant. She would like to have one floor of one dormitory for students who pledge themselves to speak Spanish only.

As for what she hopes to do "some-day", Senorita said that she planned to start a Spanish table (at lunch) in the dining hall before March first. Just now she is considering the possibility of taking a group of Spanish students on a two-weeks trip to Cuba in August.

Exchangin' Aroun'

Reading through various papers out of the overwhelming stacks an' stacks of weeklys, monthlies, bi-monthlies, etc., that accumulate in the publications room, your editor sees that Focus Weeks are also being held right now at Greensboro College, Clemson College, and at Wake Forest. . . . From the *Boston University News* comes an idea that might be worth doddling over: Disillusions for 1948—(January) start of new semester; gonna knock off all A's and B's; I know I can do it. (February) Better catch up—this course is rolling along (March) Hmm, those C quizzes aren't so hot. (April) Getting way behind here—better dig in and get up to date. (May) If I can only get a passing mark—I know I can do it.—

From the *Gamecock* of the University of South Carolina comes this comment on modern life: Us moderns (It might possibly be a pun on U.S. Moderns?) "In older days, the lover cried, in burning words and brave, 'Oh, darling, be my Queen, my Bride—and let me be your slave.' But nowadays, he murmurs over cigarettes and brew, 'Say, when you get your divorce, will you (puff) marry me?'" . . . Headline and sub in *The Carolinian* from Woman's College in Greensboro—"Davidsonian invites W. C. girls to submit humorous essays—Tell the Men What's Ailing Them and Their Brothers: Win Ten Silver Dollars"—my, but they're getting objective.

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ASKS YOU

Did you notice that "new look" all over the campus last week? And I don't mean skirt lengths, either. Did you check how those drab, early morning faces came to classes brightened by lipsticked countenances which smiled sweet affirmatives as a masculine voice boomed away? Question-mark spines straightened up into lady-like postures which poised themselves, intently awaiting the next startling fact. And why all the uproar? No reason, except the simple fact that Meredith has just experienced a whirlwind week with men (bless their hearts) who were all over the campus, dining hall, and classrooms. The novelty of having new breakfast conversationalists for a change was enough to make one struggle down to chow line by 7:30. Even pancake taste good when the company is entertaining. . . . And then, if Miss Meredith hadn't reached a sublime state of mind at this stage, she could feast on all the magnificent thoughts that were expressed throughout the day of that n'er-to-be-forgotten week of inspiration. And did you notice how chapel attendance automatically picked up last week? Must have been those wonderful addresses supplemented by the "company atmosphere" which prevailed and helped vary life for those tired chapel attenders. . . . All in all, it was a great week, and the profoundest thought right on down to the wise-cracking of Warren Carr was welcomed with zealous enthusiasm.

Aftermath of Focus Week

Religious Focus Week in its actuality has come and gone, but the spirit will remain indefinitely as it makes a direct imprint on the life of the students. A great deal of work had proceeded the week, and the schedule of week's activities kept one rushing madly from one place to another. But Focus Week is not merely the external planning that goes into it and the meetings that occur during the week. It is concerned with the personality of the individual and his development as a religious person.

The week gave us the opportunity of knowing outstanding people from various places, and at the same time it has helped students to know other students—their problems and outlooks. A spirit of unity is felt because of an awareness of God to some degree in every person's life and the common experience of being bothered by this God even when we do not want to recognize it.

After the week is over we feel physically tired, and there is temporarily a feeling of let down. But this does not necessarily mean that Focus Week has ended. The objective has not been to radically make a change that can be seen now, but it has been to stimulate a person to think about those things that are basic in life—his personal relationship to God. After we have settled down to everyday living, many of the ideas that we have heard will take form and begin to mature. It may take a while to see the significance of some of the things that have been said, but it indicates a growth in a person's spiritual life. Just because Focus Week has come to an end and the team members have left does not mean that we put religion aside again. Perhaps the weeks that follow are most important; they will determine the value of Focus Week. We have been stimulated to think as we have been confronted by new ideas, made more aware of the demands Christianity makes on a person, seen the necessity of an adequate relationship to God—the foundation that life is built on. Thus the spirit of Focus Week continues—

MARJORIE WILSON.