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Entered as second-class matter October 11, 1923, at postoffice at Raleigh, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Published semi-monthly during the months of October, November, February, March, April, and May; monthly during the months of September, December, and January.

Subscription rate, \$2.00 per year to students. Alumnae membership associational fee \$2.00, of which \$1.00 covers a year's subscription.

Member of  
Intercollegiate Press

Thought for the Day

I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

JOHN 11:25.

Opposition or Cooperation?

In times past many schools and colleges have been considered mainly as institutions of learning, where books and their contents have been of primary importance. Educators now realize that of equal value to students of college age is the knowledge of and experience in full social living. We are no longer being trained merely for post-college days, but for the present, as well. Therefore, the college of today becomes a community, wherein the members of the student body are the citizens.

As citizens in a democratic country, the students are citizens in a democratic school. Any intelligent person comprehends the importance of law and order in such a society—not as hindrance to social privilege, but as an asset to such. Regulation is privilege; without law there is no order.

As democratic citizens, too, the members have the opportunity of setting up their own standards and regulations by which to live. Observation shows that there will be as many different opinions on a particular issue in a society as there are citizens who make up that society. Consequently, majority agreements must be concluded; compromises must be made; the majority, as well as the minority, must adjust itself to the situation.

There are few colleges which allow students complete freedom in social regulations. The Board of Trustees and the administration reserve the right to fix arbitrarily certain principles, parts of the philosophy of the group, by which students under their jurisdiction must live. Is this power justifiable, in view of the foregoing discussion of democratic living in a college community? Perhaps not, in the strict sense of the word. Does this mean, then, that it is the fault of the college administration that democracy is not put into practice more completely on the campus? Not entirely.

Before students can exercise the privilege of complete freedom in choosing their own paths, they must prove themselves capable of wisdom in discretion, of clear thinking and broad-mindedness, and of the formation of an ethical philosophy of social values. Most college-age students are sadly lacking in this development. Until that maturity is



reached, college authorities will continue to make decisions for them.

In a recent campus-wide controversy in which a change in college policy was being discussed, the students here showed to a great extent their advancement in the direction of maturity. Working together, the students gathered pertinent information and specific facts concerning the opinion and practice of the student body in the matter; they formulated arguments stating the conclusions of the group; the representatives presented orderly, but forcefully, the opinions to the proper authorities. Positive action was taken.

Some say that the students won the battle. There was no battle. The students and trustees, hearing all sides of the question, worked together cooperatively and reached a mutual agreement. It is only when like procedure is followed and similar relation between the two groups is established that the age-old problem of students versus administration will be altered. Future satisfaction in such issues depends upon the adoption of the conception, on the part of both groups, of students and administration working together rather than in opposition.

SPOTLIGHTING  
A DAY STUDENT

By SHIRLEY HURWITZ

One of our "newer" day students and a member of the young married set is Mrs. Barbara S. Peck. Barbara hails from Lancaster, Penn. She joined the ranks of the non-resident students last September at the beginning of her senior year.

After attending grade school and high school in Lancaster, Barbara went to Connecticut College for Women in 1942. Here she majored in Child Development and minored in English. In her senior year she left Connecticut because of an eye infection and spent one year at home.

During her three years at Connecticut College, Barbara served as chairman of the Mission House, worked in the New London Day Nursery, and took part in dramatic work. For two summers Barbara worked as an attendant in a mental hospital in Philadelphia and as a counsellor in a camp for underprivileged children in Massachusetts.

Very much interested in her marital status, this reporter inquired as to the time of Barbara's "final step." She laughingly replied that she was married in September, 1946 to Ray Peck of Lancaster, who graduated last June from the University of Pennsylvania and is now studying textiles at State College.

Confidingly, Barbara admitted, "I feel as though I am an expert on apartment houses. I've lived in four different ones." At present Barbara and Ray are living in a well-ventilated garage apartment on Bedford Avenue. With a twinkle in her eye Barbara sated, "My husband says that I cook more assignments than I do meals, but he doesn't complain."

When asked about her new home, Barbara quickly replied that she is devoted to her new Alma Mater and thinks that Raleigh is a wonderful place to live.

At Meredith Barbara is majoring in English. She is a member of the Colton English Club and has written several articles for the *Acorn*. Her other interests include tennis, horseback riding, ice skating, and skiing. However, she

Confidential Tip

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.—(ACP)—Here's a confidential tip to the girls—men like daring dresses only on the other fellow's girl—not theirs. That was the essence of opinion expressed by a group of collegians, who served on *Cosmopolitan* magazine's male-tested fashion jury at the Stork Club, New York.

"Believe it or not they voted consistently for gowns with some covering over shoulder or upper arm or with narrow shoulder straps," Kay Wister, fashion editor of the magazine declared. "The completely bare shoulder decolletage was something delightful to them—only on the other fellow's girl."

"Generally the boys approved of dresses that had a sophisticated but not too exposed look," Mrs. Wister said. "In fact it's a look the boys pronounced 'dreamy.'"

One of the winning gowns was described by Mrs. Wister as, "a royal blue crepe that bared the shoulders but covered the arms completely. The skirt with sophisticated hip-line drape tapered to a narrow hemline, but was slit to allow plenty of freedom for dancing."

Spring Shouldn't  
Have Come

By DORIS LEE

I'm a little callous about spring; at that time of the year everyone else falls in love, but I only get term papers to write. But inasmuch as a step around the corner will bring us into a headlong collision with this season, and out of respect to those who are already discussing Easter bonnets and quoting, "In the spring a young man's fancy . . ." I feel moved to give a brief, but cynical glimpse of love and poetry—love, because everyone else is in it and poetry, because it's so easy to quote. Here is a poem dedicated to men in general.

Gentlemen I love one like you  
Caring little for your IQ.

And some sage advice to the same:

Never be a wastrel lad  
Never fool a maid;  
Make of honor a business  
Make of truth a trade.

Do thou as I tell thee, lad;  
Be the best of men!  
And girls won't write of thee in verse,  
Nor think of thee again.

Even the poor old professor falls in love and dabbles in the poetic by addressing his love as follows:

Candor compels me, pet, to say  
That years my fading charms betray.  
Tho' love is blind, I grant it's clear  
I'm no Apollo Belvedere.  
But after dark all cats are gray.  
Love, it is night!

And here is one every woman will understand:

The man she had was kind and clean  
And well enough for every day.  
But, oh, dear friends, you should have seen  
The one that got away.

And:

Four be the things I'd been better without.  
Love, curiosity, freckles, and doubt.

But in case spring and love have passed you by, or if you're another victim of unrequited love, just remember:

Razors pain you;  
Rivers are damp;  
Acids stain you;  
And drugs cause cramp.  
Guns aren't lawful;  
Nooses give;  
Gas smells awful;  
You might as well live.

dislikes baseball games in the summer, but loves football in the fall.

After graduation Barbara has very definite plans. She hopes to be connected with some nursery school educational program; but, mainly she wants to have a family.



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ASKS YOU

Have you noticed those taunt, anxiety-stricken individuals who creep down to lunch every day and wait nervously in line? They stand there and writhe in pain as they spend their last moments consoling each other in English, for soon all conversation will be "solo en espanol." Yes, life for the Spanish students has taken a drastic turn. Here's a play-by-play description of the lunch hour from the time they conga into dining hall until they are carried out by a few faithful "amigas."

First student: "Well, kid, "Now Is the Hour." . . ."

Second student: "What do you mean? This is D-Day, meaning disaster, that is. . . ."

First: . . . "Think Miss Lou would let us sneak back in the kitchen and eat with the hired help?"

Second: "Naw, that won't do any good. We might as well go ahead and face this thing."

First: "But all of a sudden I'm not hungry any more. Let's go on back up to the room and forget about lunch. . . ."

Second S: "Will you be quiet and stop mumbling! If we're going to make any impression at all we'd better master a few of those Spanish phrases. Where is that list we made out last night?"

First: "Here it is. I'll call out some of them and you concentrate."

Second: "Oh, it's too late now. We've already gone through the line. Take your tray and let's go on over to that table with the sign that says "Aqui se habla espanol."

First: "Well, o.k., but you've got to promise to start talking first. I can't think of a thing to say."

Second: "Buenas dias, Senioritas! Como estais?"

Group: "Muy bien, y tu?"

First: "(Why doesn't somebody say something? This suspense is killing me! Think I'll get out that list of words and see if I can sneak a quick glance at it without being seen. Let's see now, which sleeve did I put it in. . . .)"

Second: (These potatoes sure could use some salt, but I don't know how to ask for it in Spanish. . . . Ugh!)

First: (Well, here goes nothing). "Tienes Hambre?"

Group: "Si."

Second: (Well, that was a lenthly bit of conversing! May-be we ought to try singing a verse of "LaCucurache" 'er something. . . .)

First: (Well, now that I've finished eating I can leave. Ye gads! I don't know how to say "Excuse me, please"! What'll I do! I just can't get up and walk away! . . . What'll I do? Oh, this is awful. There goes mi amiga kicking me under the table again. Guess it's my turn to say something. . . . Well, I'll just say a couple of Spanish-sounding words and make a quick get-a-way.) "Ahem, er, ah, duh . . . hasty lumbago, bones and matches, Tabasco sauce, Vincent Lopaz. Adios! and a tasty banana to you all. . . ."

As our "dos estudiantes" take off in a cloud of Spanish "palabras." One can hear them mumbling something about quality points, indigestion, and the Bee Hive for lunch tomorrow.

Exchangin' Aroun'

The celebrated poet, Robert Lee Frost, who spoke at Carolina last week, according to the *Daily Tar Heel*, was past his thirty-fifth birthday before he published his first poetry—that book containing twenty years of writing. (encouragement to young hopefuls).

In the classified section of the *Technician* of State College is the following ad: "Notice: Miss Shirley Carroll of Charlotte had a grand time at the Engineer's Brawl. (Yes, your slip is showing, Miss Carroll.) M. L. M."