

CLUB NEWS

The sixteen seniors majoring in business were guests Monday evening, January 10, when Dr. Estelle Popham, of our business department, entertained at a dinner party at her apartment in the Cameron Court Apartments.

A very delicious meal with all the trimmings was served by Dr. Popham, who admitted she had worked hard with the preparations because she knew several of us were taking the bride's course this semester. She chose as her helpers the engaged girls in order to give them further practical experience. Special treats of the meal were the pickles which came from Missouri, Dr. Popham's home state, and were canned last summer by her. Marie Wilson was eager to get the recipe for the dessert, and Dr. Popham jokingly told her all that was required was a can opener.

Later in the evening, Becky Lynn Griffin presented Dr. Popham a green fitted make-up kit as a going-away gift from the seniors.

After a very interesting and informal evening of rare stories and tales, we returned to Meredith, happy about the gay evening, but sad because we knew Dr. Popham would not be with us next semester. We are going to miss her in our department, but we wish her great success in her new work at Hunter College in New York City.

—The Senior Business Majors.

ALPHA RHO TAU

On the rainy evening of January 5, the Alpha Rho Tau members gully-washed their way into the hut and held their fourth regular meeting of the year.

They were greeted by a fire and an invitation from advisers Mrs. Ream and Mr. Reynolds to experiment in finger-painting. After a due number of finger-painted dead dragons and storms-at-sea were completed, the members decided to try their luck in the progressive drawings suggested by vice-president, Marjorie Joyner. The drawings were progressive in that each of the ten members present had a share in every composition. Among the more successful of the resulting composites were: *Feathers in the Fog*, *Rain Storm*, *Dream Man*, and the award winner, *Blind Date*. The prize-winning qualities of *Blind Date* were generally attributed to the wealth of personal experience which went into the picture's make-up.

It is hoped that at the next meeting of the Alpha Rho Tau more students from various departments will be able to attend since the only requirement exacted of the club members is that they have a genuine interest in art.

GRANDDAUGHTER'S CLUB

An annual event on the college calendar is the coffee-hour given by Miss Mae Grimmer in honor of the senior members of the Granddaughters Club. The coffee was given after dinner on January 4, in the faculty parlor. The guests were greeted by the hostess, who introduced them to the receiving line composed of Jennie Lou Newbold, president; Rose Marie Yarborough, vice-president; Dorothy Sadler, Doris Thomasson, Marie Wilson, Jean Gaddy Freeman, Nancy Hall, and Katherine Lewis.

The table was covered with a lace tablecloth, and a bowl of red carnations flanked by red candles was the centerpiece. Mrs. L. A. Peacock poured coffee and was assisted by Anne McCrack-



Above is the official 1949 March of Dimes poster, which will spark the annual drive against infantile paralysis. The poster girl is Linda Iris Brown, 4, of San Antonio, Tex. Linda, left, was a victim of the 1946 polio epidemic. Now she plays actively and rides her tricycle like other girls. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis will conduct the March of Dimes from January 14 to 31, 1949. The Junior Chamber of Commerce will sponsor Raleigh's campaign.

Williams Opens First Exhibit

Those who have resisted entering the "closed" art gallery, finally saw on Friday evening, January 14, the best work of Marjorie Williams in her graduating exhibition.

Although it was her first exhibit here at Meredith, Marjorie has shown her work at the Woman's Club in Hendersonville and at the North Carolina State Fair where she won a blue ribbon. Marjorie's exhibit consisted mostly of portraits and pastels.

Marjorie has always shown an interest in art. She was greatly influenced by her grandmother and her sister who now paints portraits. Marjorie started her study at Mars Hill where she was art editor of a campus publication for two years. She continued her study at the University of Miami before coming to Meredith. At Meredith, Marjorie has been art editor of the *Oak Leaves* and has done some art work for the *Acorn*.

After graduation, Marjorie is moving to Germany and hopes to continue her art work there.

MRS. MACMILLAN

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growing up in the medical world that polio was not as contagious as had been previously thought. One of her greatest aims, this polio leader said, is to allay some of the great fear of the disease so that the work for its eventual elimination may continue.

en, Barbara Pearson, Addie Elliott, and Nellie Bostic.

Guests were members and former members of Miss Grimmer's counsel group, officers of major organizations, members of the Granddaughters' Club, and all resident faculty members. Around one hundred guests attended.

MARGARET WEBSTER COMPANY PRESENTS SHAKESPEAREAN PLAY

On Monday evening, January 17, at 8:30 p.m., the Margaret Webster Shakespeare Company presented *Hamlet* in the Memorial Hall, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Margaret Webster is well known for the excellence and vibrancy of her productions. John Mason Brown in the *New York Post* says of her directing, "It is at all times original and with an invention which can only spring from a profound comprehension of the text. In scene after scene it ignites the action with a fire which I, for one, have never seen equaled."

Margaret Webster's productions are now made available for the first time across the land by S. Hurok who has put into practice his theory that the best in entertainment should be provided for the greatest number of people.

A chartered bus carried a group of Meredith students to Chapel Hill for the performance. Miss Catherine Hilderman was in charge of arrangements.

ODE TO A BORROWER

I think that I shall never see
The dollar that I loaned to thee.
A dollar that I could have spent
For varied forms of merriment;
The one I loaned to you so
gladly,
The same which I now need so
badly.
For whose return I had great
hope,
Just like an optimistic dope;
For dollars loaned to folks like
thee
Art not returned to fools like me.

—The Spectator.

A Reporter Interviews Dr. Edwin McNeill Poteat

By BEVERLY BATCHELOR

"Just what is the purpose of this visit, Miss Batchelor? Are you a member of the F.B.I.?"

A distinguished, tweed-clad gentleman with a trim mustache and penetrating eyes ushered me into his newly-acquired office at Pullen Baptist Church.

"I'm a little skeptical," he continued, settling himself behind the desk and motioning me to a chair opposite him, "about what will happen in the next few minutes."

I'll admit, until that moment I had been skeptical, too—more than skeptical—but the charm and self-confidence of Dr. Edwin McNeill Poteat soon dispersed any qualms that I might have felt.

"What is the underlying motif of all my writings?" he mused in answer to my first question. "All my books, all my poems are simply enlargements of my own Christian philosophy. To be brief, each separate work is an attempt to bring to some problem the Christian imperative, all problems being under the scrutiny of Christian obligation. Assuming the underlying force of a life center in God, I concentrate on the ethical teachings of Jesus and what they mean in life today. For example, an unpublished novel of mine involves, basically, the race conflict. The daughter of an East Indian native, being in love with an American engineer, must combat the problem which society will force on her, her husband and, primarily, their children if they marry. My *The Social Manifesto of Jesus* involves the economic problem; the *Centurion* is the story of conflict between love and duty. We are living in a tension-conscious age, and we can best meet the resulting problems by a study of how He met the tensions of the last few days of His life."

"As for immediate stimulus," he continued at my prompting, "the New Testament, the gospels especially, is my primary source. More superficially, however, I recall one particularly interesting situation. At a theater one evening in New York, waiting for the curtain to rise, I began to scribble a sonnet on the back of a program. I wasn't especially interested, but somehow it grew into two poems, one of which was published in the *Saturday Review of Literature*."

"But do you enjoy writing, Dr. Poteat," I questioned, "or do you find it laborious?"

"Writing is hard work," he smiled disarmingly, "and anyone who says it isn't is a phoney. But," he hastened to add, "it is most enjoyable. Writing is like being in love. Perhaps you want to think of other things, but somehow you can't get away from thoughts of your sweetheart. Get an idea for a book or a poem, and it plagues you until it comes through in some satisfying way. I spent two years writing *Centurion*. Ideas would come to me in the middle of the night. I was obsessed with it. When I had finished, I went down and read the complete work to Mrs. Poteat. There was nothing to cry about, yet, when I stopped reading, I felt that I must cry or 'bust'. I cried like a baby. Someday I want to write an article on the psychological factors of writing. It would make an interesting study."

"Do you find it necessary to do much revision on a work of this sort?" I inquired.

"An author," he explained gently, "never stops revising. Each writer probably thinks his style best and wants to keep

polishing up his work. He is never satisfied."

"Which of your writings did you enjoy most?"

He considered my question thoughtfully for a moment, then answered, "Certainly I got most satisfaction out of *Centurion*. You see, I was very much in love with the heroine; she was my wife! *The Last Reprieve*, my most recent publication, wrote itself in fourteen days. I got a certain amount of satisfaction from the fact that it immediately evoked a good deal of favorable comment from those who read it."

"I suppose that the next question in order," I continued, "would concern 'advice to young writers.' Have you any?"

"The only way to write is to write. Writing takes patience and time, and this is an impatient world. That makes it doubly hard. Next, I'd say learn the English language; make a word say exactly what it means. People today don't talk or write carefully. They make a 'you know what I mean' suffice when all they need to do to find a suitable word is to pick up a dictionary. I'm a great believer in dictionaries, by the way. One should be discriminating about anything he writes or says. Take letters, for example. People don't write letters anymore. They dictate them to their secretaries, and their secretaries can't spell, and the receiver can't read, and . . . well, you see what a cynic I am about this whole affair." He sat up with an air of finality, carefully put his hat on, and began gathering mail which was scattered at random on his desk.

"Thank you so much, Dr. Poteat," I exclaimed, correctly interpreting these gestures as a dismissal.

"You're welcome," he smiled broadly.

SUCCESS EVALUATED

This world of cut-throat competition and dog-eat-dog in which we find ourselves today sees us sending cheers up to the person who has triumphed and won in the battle of rivalry.

It is the man who has won the most power over his fellowmen, the man who has obtained large numbers of possessions, the man who has the greatest notoriety that we pay homage to, and stand admiring his successes.

To the man who has triumphed over his fellowmen, whether it is a success of athletics, grades, money, position or possession, goes the world acclaim.

But how many have risen only by pushing a fellow man down? Is the person who has won the "A" the one to be admired when he refuses to aid the friend with the "D"? Is the person who has won the advantage at the other person's expense the one to extol? Is it the man who has won who needs encouragement?

Not to be the apple of the crowd's eye, not to be the object of flashy newspaper copy, but just to be a person who has done his very best and has seen the other man walk off with the prize and win the goal is deserving of admiration.

To try one's best and miss the mark, to give all and receive nothing, and still face life with cheerfulness, kindness and optimism is a triumph. To rejoice in another's success and be happy in knowing that he has done his best is the real sign of victory.

The sin is not in missing the goal; the sin is in not trying.

—The Graphic.

George Pepperdine College, Los Angeles