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Member of Intercollegiate Press

Thought for the Day

Then let us smile when skies are gray, and laugh at stormy weather! And sing life's lonesome times away: So—worry and the dreariest day Will find an end together!

ACOUSTICS vs. REFINEMENT

It was an appreciative and attentive audience that listened to the joint concert given in our college auditorium on the evening of March 9. That is, until about mid-way of the program when all the attractions ceased to be on the stage.

It seems that there was a gentle whispering which started slowly and reached its ugly climax when some unthinking student produced a raspy "Whew!" which was quite audible over a large part of the auditorium. Giggles and lengthy comments added to the clamor as it became harder and harder to hear the sincere efforts of our two guest artists. During the latter part of the program confusion became even more complex when whole rows of students noisily rose and marched out.

Anyone who was present at the concert will without hesitation agree that many Meredith girls acted in a way unbecoming to a person of college level. Some criticism concerning our concert etiquette are indeed in order if any improvement in courtesy is desired from the students as well as by the students.

The fact that attendance is required at a concert or lecture should not in the first place develop a sinister attitude in what would otherwise be an extremely gracious audience. Secondly, as long as she is seated, every listener is directly responsible for maintaining a respectful and polite attitude no matter what her criticisms of the program may be. To those who find the entertainment pleasing, it is a profound annoyance to have to tolerate petty comments and sounds from others which detract so much from the concert.

In the very near future all concerts and programs will be presented from the stage of our new auditorium with all its new aids for distinct hearing. Until that day comes, why doesn't Meredith do with refinement what acoustics have failed to do?

A DAY AT A TIME

Shall we try something new? People usually "go for" making changes. But we do not actually try this one: living only one day at a time. At this time of the year, term papers loom very near ahead of us; mid-term tests pop up, and sometimes they do just "pop" up; all those book reports of great length and untold millions of collateral reports are due; and as an evitable addition, most

of us have year-round spring fever. Of course these bogey-men would look a great deal smaller if we did not have a thousand and one meetings to attend and were not engaged in many extra-curricula activities. Looking ahead to prepare for the future can be very helpful. That fact no one would deny; but lying awake at night worrying about all the tasks before us is not building up a reservoir of the strength we need to accomplish these tasks.

The phases of life which we think of most are the ones which are of life concern to us. We spend much time and effort thinking of getting good grades, but we fail to spend that effort thinking of the lessons which would in turn achieve for us those good grades. In the words of Jesus we read, "Therefore do not be anxious about tomorrow, for tomorrow will be anxious for itself. Let the day's own trouble be sufficient for the day." If we plan our work well one day at the time, the weeks, months, and years will pretty well take care of themselves.

Yes, I know, you've heard this advice before. Why not try it?

B. B.

Vocare

By BEVERLY BATCHELOR

One of the most difficult problems which Christian youth face today is the problem of vocation—what it means, what it demands. The word, itself, is derived from the Latin Vocare—to call—and in its original meaning is a "call" from God.

Everyone has a vocation in the original Hebrew Christian meaning of the word. We see this truth in the lives of Old and New Testament characters. Jesus said, "Not my will, but thine, be done." By five or ten A.D., however, the Roman Catholic Church had limited the word; only priests, monks, and others in the organized church have a vocation, they said. During the Reformation, however, Luther and his followers broke from this position, proclaiming that every "maid that sweeps the floor" is "called" of God; that is, she has a vocation, and she can express that vocation through her job. In the hundred years that have passed since that time, we have completely secularized the word; now the job is the vocation. In the twentieth century, sweeping the floor is Luther's maid's vocation, not following Christ.

But how do these facts raise a problem for Christian youth of today, you ask. For an answer, it is necessary to probe back into basic assumptions.

Today's Christian stands in two positions, one of which he must accept. First, he faces the stream of thought which measures success in terms of the number of "things" one can accumulate; and, since the ambition is to be successful, it is necessary to place ones main emphasis on, not his Christian vocation, but the job; for the latter will pave a way to the acquiring of material wealth—success. A man or woman who takes this position thinks of his Christian vocation as something to be tacked on to his daily life. He is a teacher, engineer, or what have you first; and, if following Christ doesn't stand in the way of "success," he will answer his vocation. The Christian youth has grown up in a world in which this trend of thought is predominant; he has been led to feel that the only person with a vocation (in the Christian sense of the word) is the man whose job is directly connected with the organized church. When he begins to understand the second—the Hebrew Christian—position, problems begin to present themselves.

The Hebrew Christian trend of thought considers success in terms of whether or not what one does furthers or thwarts God's purpose. Such a position shifts the emphasis from the job to the Christian vocation, for the Christian, too, wants to be successful. He understands that he has had a very special "call" from God and that his job is but a channel through which this vocation can be expressed. The Christian youth, then, finding it necessary to choose one position or the other, is faced with a vast problem; one more vast, perhaps, than he sometimes realizes, and he is called upon to think through seriously the stand that he should take.



DAZE

Let's see now . . . three, four, five, no—five and a half days. I can hardly believe it, but I just can't make up my mind—Miami Beach, Lake Placid. Then there is always Bermuda and Sun Valley. But when you come right down to it, there isn't any place as wonderful as home to spend spring vacation.

Everything is really buzzing and humming around here now. Just can't help noticing all those beautiful new sparklers being displayed on the third finger left hand. Weddings of former classmates are offering attractive week-ends for many students, too.

If you notice some beautiful streamline figures roaming the campus, it won't be new students, it's just the proud results of diets and exercising that some freshmen are engaging in. They tell me oranges for breakfast, lunch, and dinner are very, very tasty. Hmmm!!

The Glee Club tour seemed to have been a big success. Everyone had a fine time anyhow.

The art classes are having after-hour get togethers on Wednesday nights in the art department. The gatherings are called the Workshop. Come down and join us sometime; everything is strictly informal.

The senior art and music majors are busy with their graduating exhibits and recitals. Good luck to them all.

I've reserved a few lines to congratulate the new Twig editor, Sally Lou Taylor. Best wishes in the busy year ahead of you.

Well, guess I'd better run along now. I have to wake up my roommate. She's still dreaming and drooling over that autograph of Leonard Bernstein that she got at the Civic Music Concert.

See ya after vacation,

DONNA.

Underneath the Arch

By SARAH G. SADDLEOXFORD

(We take pleasure in announcing the addition of a new and talented staff member, Miss Saddleoxford, who is fondly referred to as a cube reporter because she's such a blockhead. In this her first column she will present some of her first impressions of life at Meredith. Take it away, Miss Saddleoxford!!! Sarah, will you please put down that Greek dictionary and start your column!)

Uh, yes—Thank you, child. It's just that these few days I've been at Meredith have convinced me that I don't know the right things. It's these bull sessions that I've overheard that floor me. You know what a bull session is—where one discusses everything under the sun by moonlight. (Strikes me as being a very corny definition!)

I was so eager to see the "suites" that all the girls have here. I was expecting a twelve-room abode overlooking a gorgeous view of the great out-of-doors. Instead, I found myself crumpled into a one-room affair with adjoining towel!

However, I have found that all the quaint little campus traditions are more than enough to pacify my injured pride. Just the other day I was initiated into the T.S.C. (Tomato Sandwich Club). From all I gathered it is some gay cliché of girls that perform the sandwich-eating-ritual at noon everyday. I'm quite sure it has some underlying significance which outsiders fail to see. . . .

I was walking through the parlor the other night, and I saw many girls who were neglecting their studies by dating. Of all things! To those girls I'd like to pass on a sage bit of warning as was told me by my great-aunt Penelope Parsnip. She said (and take it from one who knows!):

Love is like an onion:

You taste it with delight, And when it's gone you wonder What ever made you bite. . . .

C O L L E G E

D. S. Capers

By SYNONOMOUS WITHMUD

This week's little literary gem is dedicated to all those who survived a recent psychiatric terror shown at the Ambassador. Greetings from your local Snake Pit (Room, oh, excuse me, Ward 2, Johnson Hall).

After many people noticed the striking similarity of character types, we renamed dear old Skonk Hollow after the movie of the aforementioned name. You have seen Sweet Georgia Brown Mims, I'm sure. Since our lovely little cell has no new rug, she cuts her act on the bed next to the window. We have Hester Ballenger too—a little more garrulous than her movie prototype but still ghastly. Then we have our friend I-Am-The-First-Lady-of-the-Land Woodward. Quick somebody, give her a bobby pin! There is also I-have-the-Hope-diamond Gaddy but Paranoia Jordan and Dementia Praecox Wilson are fighting her for the title. Our gay little establishment has a few types not emphasized in the movie; for instance, I-have-a-Brain-Tumor Helms who is only slightly psycho, and Delusions-of-Grandeur Todd who has a Chapel Hill complex to help foul matters up. Our only serious case is that of a tall blond who works in the asylum library—she has an inferiority complex about her eyebrows.

It's really not as bad as it sounds so please do not send any sympathy cards. Visitors without food or weeds not welcome.

P. S.: Resemblances to anyone you know or yourself is purely intentional.

EXCERPTS from XCHANGES

By SHIRLEY BONE

Some fellar by the name of Clownin' McJerk had a complaint to make in the last issue of The Pilot about the unreasonable schedule of classes in college. He said that the "place has been run backerds. . . . The Teechers allways have classes in the daytime when everbody is so sleepy they caint set up, an then they doant have any classes at night, whin everbody is wide awake and ready for ennythang." Besides, to add a comment of our own, we at Meredith even have light bell and can't play bridge 'til two-thirty, but just have to toss and turn restlessly all night listening to the rats!

Wonder if Dr. Cannady would like the definition given of Trigonometry in The Collegian "when a lady marries three men at the same time."

Some interesting and amusing comments and suggestions for improvements in the dining hall at Carolina appeared on the cards provided for this purpose by the manager.

- 1. "Stop putting gasoline in the tomato juice."
2. "Roses are Red Violets are Blue I like my rolls hot How do you?"
3. "Salisbury steak wasn't very good tonight. Never is. Cashier overcharged me three cents. Habitual. You're Getting Rich!"
4. "Good biscuits. No complaints."
5. "Wouldn't it be possible for you to get some jam without seeds? I've lost four teeth already!"
6. "The improvements are wonderful."

"THE LITTLEST ANGEL"

