

Where Are You Going, Greatheart?

"Where are you going, Greatheart?" All over the United States there are thousands of "greathearts" going out into the world from the colleges and universities. For years this generation of our youth has been told that the day was coming when they would have to take over the nation, run it, and make it great. That day is here! It is the modern youth who must make out of the chaos that the last war brought on the world some sort of order and workable understanding among the nations of the entire world.

Wherever the "Greahearts" in the graduating classes of America go, they must constantly bear in mind that they are the people to whom the world is looking for guidance. Europe's youth must build, but theirs is a job of rebuilding more than new buildings. Before they can begin to go forward they must go backward and redo so much that the devastation of war undid. America's youth can pick up, go on, and prepare a way for the rest of the world's youth to catch up.

Pick up the challenge yesterday's youth flings toward you and bear it forward triumphantly. Make in your life a greatness and teach it to grow and prosper that when you are on the threshold of the world you can say, "where are you going, Greatheart?" and know that wherever it is you are headed it will be forward!

Why Don't We Do This More Often?

All of the students who missed the plays presented Society Night missed a rare treat. Both of the societies presented top-notch performances, but the freshman class production stole the show for the evening. When the curtain was dropped on that production there was many a damp cheek in the audience. A fitting tribute to a grand production. What a shame that we limit such entertainment to only two or three evenings a year.

A Good Recipe

For better or for worse, as the well-known saying goes, another year of school work is about over. Another year of work and play done with varying degrees of concentration and with varying results in personality development and goals accomplished. It is our sincere wish for you that this year has not been wasted; that you as an individual have discovered the right amounts of study and extra-curricular activities to make your personal recipe for college life achieve the balance needed.

That necessary balance of work and outside activities is too often weighted too heavily toward one side by many of us; it is very easy for any college student to over-emphasize one side of his life and neglect everything else. We hope that you have made real progress this year and, moreover, have given at least some of your time to help your class and the college as a whole progress also.

If you should have a few hours of lazy meditation sometime during this summer, try to evaluate honestly your life here at Meredith during the year. If you have told too many weary committee chairmen that you "just don't have the time" to serve because you haven't done last week's assignments yet, you may have some trouble in later life if you manage to graduate. And neither you nor Meredith will be much better for your long stay here.

It is our sincere hope that you will have an enjoyable summer, however you may choose to spend it, and that next year will be the first of a bigger and better fifty years in the history of the college. Whether next year is a good year of expansion, or just an average year, it will be because you have done your part in making it so.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

The Day Student Seniors have asked us to thank our class for the corsages which they received on May Day along with the resident Seniors. This cheerful expression of love indicates the usual spirit expressed toward the Day Students.

Sophomore Day Students.
P.S.: Our Seniors are graduating also.

CAROLYN'S CORNER

We can usually tell when school is just about out, can't we? Everybody ('specially the seniors) starts getting a little sentimental. You know how it is. The teachers you've "kinda" griped about all year suddenly get to be nicer; "You're the Queen of Our Hearts" makes a few more chill bumps than usual appear; you get to where you don't mind the mud too much. Yep, they're all sure signs that May 31 is almost here, and it's time to start wondering what next year will be like. We began believing that next year can't possibly be as wonderful as this year 'cause things just won't be the same without

"LIB" CHERRY running around in her white baseball cap with her famous words, "What it is?" tagging along behind her,

without that feeling that the sun surely is bright today, and then realizing that it's only BARBARA SWANSON'S third finger, left hand floating by,

without "BOBBIE" RICHARDSON and MARIANNA WORTH standing behind the lunch counter and their great big smiles giving the cabbage and cauliflower a better flavor,

without an excited "KITTEN" ASHCRAFT announcing that "Ted's coming next weekend,"

without "LIB" CANTRELL speaking those victorious words that make at least 99 44/100 per cent of the student body envious—"My husband,"

without two streaks flashing across the campus that turn out to be "MARTY" DAVIS and PEGGY PATRICK on their way to somewhere,

without the performances of HAZEL ELLINGTON, "DOT" PATRICK, BESS RUPPELT, and BETTY BROOKS in chapel on those days of all days—Thursdays during elections,

without some do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti, do's coming from 2nd Faircloth and 3rd Vann—JENNIE LOU NEWBOLD and NANCY HALL, of course (we're braggin', not complaining).

without our two very special May Day beauties — JEANNE DICKENS and EDITH COOPER,

without "VICKIE" HARRELL and her sewing box containing all those interesting articles—wonder why the initials on all of them are V.H.T.?

without all of you SENIORS!

No, things won't be the same. Meredith won't be half as nice without you, and wherever you go, remember you're being missed!

CAROLYN.

THE OTHER SIDE

As chairman of the sophomore committee to arrange for the flowers for the seniors on May Day, I was informed by both the senior and sophomore class presidents that the corsages were to be given only to the resident seniors or those who actually attended the breakfast on Saturday morning.

Since the flowers were given out to those who came to the breakfast that morning, only those who attended received their corsages from the sophomores. This is definitely not an oversight but merely a misunderstanding on the part of many of us. A day student member who helped on the committee to fix the flowers seemed to understand the reason and regard it as logical.

We as a committee are sorry that this misunderstanding has arisen and wish to take this opportunity to assure everyone involved that any oversight was purely unintentional and is sincerely regretted.

ANNE McRACKAN,
Chairman, Flower Committee.

YEARS AGO

By BARNEY SCHEITLER

The commencement program in 1900 was:

- Sun. Evening.....Missionary Sermon
- Mon. Evening.....Elocution Recital
- Tues. Morning,
Address to Literary Societies
- Tues. Afternoon.....Art Reception
- Tues. Evening.....Society Reception
- Wed. Morning.....Commencement Address
- Wed. Evening.....Annual Concert

In 1902 the Baccalaureate Sermon was added, and in 1905 the first Class Day was held. The Seniors gave a parting gift to the college and another to the junior class. The Seniors also raised the class flag on the campus flag pole, planted ivy, and adopted a class tree.

The class of '25, which was the last class to graduate from old Meredith, reminded the incoming senior class of their responsibilities of "setting precedents which all the succeeding classes would follow and beginning the new traditions of what is sure to become one of the greatest Southern Colleges."

The tradition of senior tables the last six weeks of school meant more to the seniors of '27 than to the ones of '49. The night that some of our mothers were escorted to their own tables by their little sisters was also the night that began the senior privileges "of coming to meals late, coming in from 'uptown' late and keeping their lights on as long as they wished at night. Two seniors may go riding in the afternoon with friends without a chaperon; two seniors with friends may go to the show at night unchaperoned; and many other privileges (such as breathing perhaps) hitherto unenjoyed by them may be exercised."

In the 1924 issue there were several good editorials which are adaptable today.

After exams are over, good times are in session for three months so: "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may." Senior facial expressions are worth watching these days.

Maybe it is well to be a senior and maybe it isn't but most freshmen rather prefer the former.

Neighborly News

By SUE PAGE

B's

(With Apologies to Joyce Kilmer)
I think that I shall never see,
an "F" as lovely as a "B".
A "B" whose form is gently pressed,
upon the front sheet of my test.
A "B" that on my report card may
Induce the folks back home to say:
My, how smart that child must be,
To make such grades at M.H.C.!
A "B" that represents the toil,
Of countless nights and midnight
oil.
"F's" are made by nuts like me,
For only experts make a "B".
From Mars Hill Hilltop.

That pretty well expresses the feelings of most of us, but still there is a bright outlook for the unintelligent ones according to the *Tiger*—"A dumb girl is a dope, a dope is a drug, doctors give drugs to relieve pain, therefore, a dumb girl is just what the doctor ordered."

Have you heard about the little moron who thought that a mushroom was a place to pitch woo?

And while we're on the subject of morons, there is the little fellow who thought that a Doctor of Divinity was an expert candy-maker.

"Drink broke up my home."
"Couldn't you stop it?"
"No, the darn still blew up."
Tiger.

I understand that there are a few Yankees on this campus who don't understand the popular use of the word "you-all." So as a public service your columnist prints the following poem:

Little Billie;
Pair of skates;
Hole in ice;

Girls faults are many,
Boys have only two;
Everything they say,
And everything they do.



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HERE IT IS, YOU-ALL

"Come, all of you from other parts,
Both city folk and rural,
And listen while I tell you this:
The word 'you-all' is plural!

"When you say 'you-all must come down',
Or we-all shall be lonely',
We mean a dozen folks, perhaps
And not one person only.

"If I should say to Hiram Jones,
For instance, 'you-all are lazy',
Or 'Will you-all lend me your knife?'
He'd think that I was crazy.

"Now, if you'd be more sociable
And with us often mingle,
You'd find that on the native tongue
'You-all' is never single.

"Don't think that I mean to criticize,
Or act as if I knew all;
But when we speak of one alone
We-all say 'you' like you-all."
Univ. of Ga. Red and Black.

If you don't understand now kindly sign up on the door of 110 Jones for a conference.

At this time of year many college papers carry features beginning, "In the spring a young man's fancy turns, etc." Feature writer of the *Furman University Hornet* presents different ways in which campus men are affected by the season:

"There is the 'Bard' type who, when smitten by spring love, breaks into flowing verse. From the head of one such ailing student we have this little ditty:

I love you from the top of me head
to the bottom of me heel,
There ain't no proper words to tell
you 'zactly how I feel,
But if I finds I'se been a fool, and
you don't love me too,
I know darn well, I just can't live,
So I'll turn into a Shmoo.

"Also seen on the campus these days is the 'Stag jump' type. A professor, meandering into Science Hall one morn, observed an example of this type sliding down the bannister. When he asked the young gentleman the reason for his behavior, the reply was, 'Odd, did you say odd, doctor? You see, I'm in love. And I just feel so loose.'

"With this the young man bowed gracefully, did three back flips out the door, and when last seen, was floating over the stadium on a pink cloud. The professor picked up his pipe.