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THE PLEASURE OF LEARNING

Did you ever stop to think how mar-
velous studying is? Did it ever occur
to you that you are one of the very
few privileged persons who are able to
spend four whole years studying and
learning? Many students regard the
time spent in classes and the library
as boring hours of suffering. To have
as one's chief end the acquisition of a
diploma affords a student relatively
little pleasure. On the other hand, a
student with the idea that learning is
one of the most desirable and most ex-
citing occupations in the world cannot
fail to enjoy every day of the four years
spent in college.

Stop for a moment and think what
a favored position you are in this year.
Think of the millions of young men and
women who would like to exchange
places with you. Think of the millions
who have never had the opportunity of
spending even one year pursuing knowl-
edge—a pursuit which can afford you
pleasure too wonderful to describe. Re-
latively few people attend college with
no motive other than the accumulation
of a mass of factual information. Many
students place reasons other than the
assimilation of knowledge at the head
of their lists.

Of course many advantages, such as
prestige and position, come to a college
trained person; even monetary returns
may be greater for a college graduate
than for a non-college graduate. These
advantages are fine and desirable, but
the sheer joy of learning is the advan-
tage which far outweighs all others.
The discovery of some interesting fact,
obvious or obscure, can bring delight to
a person with an inquiring and inter-
ested mind. The person who has such a
mind has a source of pleasure which
can never be measured.

If you have a tendency to regard your
college life as a dull and monotonous
existence, give your attitude some
thought. You have privileges not given
to many; be grateful to your parents, to
the founding fathers of Meredith and
to the Baptists of North Carolina for
the opportunity which you have of at-
tending an institution of high scholastic
standing which is based on Christian
principles. Think about your position of
priority in the world today and be
thankful to God and to the men and
women who are giving you these years
of pleasure in learning.

—Miss Fannie Memory Farmer.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

This speaks for itself.

To a Cockroach: On Seeing One On
My Coat in the Closet (1949).

Ha! Whare ye gaun, ye crawlin var-
mint?

Your impudence won't help you now.

I know you dine divinely on my gar-
ment,

But wait till I get a broom, wow!

Ye ugly, runnin', blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by senior and junior,
How daur ye set yor foot upon it—sae
fine a coat!

Gae somewhere else—like down the
tunnel!!

Now haud you there! Ye're out of sight,
Under my shoe, so snug and tight;

Na, faith ye yet! Ye'll be no right.

Quick, bring some poison—

We'll get ye yet, ye cursed roach!!

Will apologies to Robert Burns.

Love and kisses,

Brilliantine.

Dear Editor:

It came to my attention recently that
the reason so little effort to replace our
"temporary" classroom buildings has
been made is that the student body has
complained so little about these build-
ings. If this is the case let's get behind
our desires and make our complaints
louder and stronger.

These buildings are just as much a
disgrace to our campus as the old
auditorium and the gym. They are in
awful condition, and in view of the
Raleigh fire department's program con-
siderable attention should be given to
them as possible fire hazards. How
could all the girls in one of those
buildings clear out in "record time"
with only two exits? The science build-
ing in particular should be replaced by
a building constructed to insure the
safety of as many students as possible
in case of fire or explosion. A well-
seasoned, wooden building is hardly the
place to keep chemicals with safety.

Something should be done.

Sincerely,

Alice Gordon Tuttle.

GOT THE SNIFFLES?
READ THIS AND LIVE

Did you take antihistamines this sum-
mer? "Horrors!" you say; "I'd be dead
if I had!" But you might have, believe
it or not—and not by mistake in sum-
mer school, either. Antihistamines are
being used to cure hay fever and other
allergies. But the cure of hay fever and
allergies is not the main duty of
antihistamines on our campus; we use
them to combat common colds.

Antihistamines are a numerous
group of drugs that were developed
during the war, and now that they are
in their third year of civilian use, these
drugs are effective against common
colds, hay fever and itches, and other
similar allergies. Our infirmary has
antihistamine drugs for use by Meredith
students.

If these drugs are taken within the
first few hours of cold development,
leading doctors contend that the cold
will be stopped and cured. For that
reason, our infirmary is deviating from
its usual rule of keeping office hours; a
student may report to the infirmary
any time that she feels a cold coming on,
and antihistamine drugs will be given.

In the half-month of September that
Meredith students have been back in
school, 29 cases of common colds were
reported to the infirmary. This new
change in administering drugs imme-
diately is designed to reduce the number
of colds on the campus; the infirmary is
to be commended on its progressive at-
titude and type of service rendered to
the college and its students.

Bettie Yates,
College Health Chairman.

Neighborly News

By SUE PAGE

The dear old Clemson "Tiger" comes
through with a couple of "funnies" just
in time to go to press, such as:

Hygiene Prof.: "Never spit on the
floor."

Student: "Why, does it leak?"

And also, may I add:

"Well, Doc, was my operation a suc-
cess?"

"Sorry, old man, I'm St. Peter."

From my own files come the follow-
ing:

A tree toad loved a she-toad
That lived up in a tree.

She was a three-toed toad was she.
The two-toed tree toad tried to win

The she-toad's friendly nod,
For the two-toed tree toad loved the

ground
That the three-toed tree toad trod.

Try saying that some morning while
you're eating your Wheaties!

I throw this little "poem" out as an
aid to all men in their never-ending
struggle to understand the fair sex:

Surrender

Why can't I say, "I love you, dear?"

I can't seem to surrender;
Instead I say, "That awful tie!"

When you are being tender.
Why can't you see that I'm a fake

And being just too silly,
And hold me tight until you made

Me say it, willy-nilly?
But no—you only let me go.

You're gentle and dismayed, too;
I like to give, but don't you know

That women must be made to!
Sometimes the look within your eyes

Will take away my breath;
And then I wish you'd shake me hard,

And scare me half to death.
I'm human, not a goddess, throned,

I don't wish to be prayed to;
Why won't you do as you're inclined—

Don't be so darned afraid to!!

SMOKEY HOLLER CHRONICLE

Well girls, here it is, the latest glop
from "Smokey Holler." I mean glop,
too. Everybody did interesting things
last year, but this year they just sit in
the library and study. What a resoltin'
development! Of course things get live-
ly once in a while when Barbara Bal-
lenger (B. B. eyes) starts snapping her
horsewhip around. Look chum, put it
away; we can't keep that room but so
clean. You're not so hot yourself, kid;
nobody else sells other people's old
books. Who are you to run our lives?

Our little old newly-wed Betsy
Jordan Goldston has it rough too, or
rather her husband does. Poor girl stays
out here in the home-ec lab so late that
she doesn't have time to cook anything
but grilled sandwiches for supper, poor
girls.

Smokey Holler has worried about
peeping-toms recently. Seems that the
men who were fixing our windows
were extremely interested in what was
happening on the inside. Many thanks
to the man that invented window
shades.

Aw heck! Why don't you quit reading
this thing right now—I mean how much
can you take of this stuff in one dose?
Try me next issue—I promise something
big is going to happen, even if I have to
blow up Johnson Hall with my cap
pistol.

I quit,
Miss Cy Coe.

JANGLING JINGLES

I look at the dorms, and what do I see?
What on earth could the matter be?
The buildings are empty it appears to
me—

Why, everyone's out at the Corn
Huskin' Bee!

Most of us over in Vann
Wear heels, hose, and hats when we
can, (ha!)

But we don't mind too much
Donning bluejeans and such
'Cause the Corn Huskin' Bee's close
at hand!

You'll be sorry
If you wait—
Saturday
Is much too late...
Corn Huskin' Bee

CAROLYN'S
CORNER



Now that Rush Week is over we can
all settle down to our strivings toward
the eligibility list, our dates (?), our day
dreams, and our thinking (?).

I wonder

why there's such a rage for hillbilly
music all of a sudden. It couldn't all
be in preparation for the Corn Huskin'
Bee, could it? At 'most any time one
can walk through the court and hear
"Groundhawg" coming from one
radio, and "Slippin' Around" from
another. The one to top them all
though, goes like this: "Roll the patrol
wagon closer to the curb; Grandma
can't step that high." Perry Como
doesn't have a chance competing
against Ernie Tubbs and Eddie Ar-
nold!

I wonder

why Maggie Leatherman wants any-
body who has a candle (just any kind
of candle) to please let her have it. I
think it has something to do with the
ring she wears on a chain around her
neck. If you get the connection, you're
good.

I wonder

who will win Palio and Stunt?

I wonder

how Dr. Johnson's new kitten likes
its name? It's called "Gerund," and
it has two brothers whose names are
"Participle" and "Infinitive." They
remind me of three cats who are next-
door neighbors of Sue Page down in
Georgia. Seems that they bear the
names of "Surly," "Goodness," and
"Mercy." I'll never know why I
christened my kitten "Pat." It sounds
so unoriginal!

I wonder

how much longer it will be before the
student body starts singing "White
Christmas" every time we feel like
singing. I'll give us just two more
weeks.

I wonder

If all the freshmen had as much fun
at home last week-end as I did my first
week-end at home? I wish I could
find the one who brought so much
food back that she had to leave her
clothes at home. I'm hungry!

Bye for now,
Carolyn.

