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Count Your Many Blessings

The moon rises silver and bright above the shadow of lighted dorms. Voices lifted to God in song, in laughter, and in conversation echo through the court. And over all the Spirit of Meredith sits with her sceptre raised and reigning from it are serenity and love.

At this season set aside to count blessings, remember this Spirit and thank God for it. There are things about Meredith that all of us are prone to complain about, but if these things were set side by side with the things we love and cherish about Meredith, how far behind the complaints would fall.

The world is torn by distrust, dishonesty, war and peace in the minds, hearts, and nations of the world. All over the world people who during the years of war thought that by this time they too would have something to be thankful for are still finding it hard to be thankful for anything. It is the spirit that grows at Meredith and her sister and brother institutions that will give to the world the thing that it needs to make all the people over the face of the earth thankful.

Take advantage of all the things that Meredith offers. Get the most out of them. Use them! They were given to us that we the youth of this nation to which all the world looks might somehow see a way to bring peace and eternal thanksgiving to the world.

God planted in the hearts of the Baptist people a desire to make "the hand that rules the world" a more capable hand. Out of that desire grew Meredith. Be thankful for the fulfillment of that desire, and after the prayers of thanksgiving have been offered, add prayers that the advantages Meredith offers may be taken up and carried forward that the end for which they were created may be fulfilled.

Letters to the Editor

An Open Letter to the Baptist State Convention:

As Thanksgiving Day grows closer, one just naturally thinks of things that all of us have to be thankful for. It was very fitting that on November 15, just ten days before Thanksgiving, Meredith had a reception that brought to mind the people who make possible many of the things that we just take for granted.

A reception at Meredith is almost a

weekly occurrence, but this one was special. The guests attending and the people greeting them were the people who had and have an active part in making Meredith the school that it is. The guests were the delegates attending the Baptist State Convention, and they were greeted by the faculty and administrative staff.

Presiding at the tea were Mrs. Charles Brewer, wife of a former president of the college; Mrs. J. G. Boomhour, wife of the former dean of the college for 35 years; Mrs. L. E. M. Freeman, wife of the former head of the religion department for 39 years; and Dr. Helen Price, head of the department of ancient languages.

We Meredith students were proud to show them our school, which they had made possible; for it is only human nature to want to show off and be proud of our priceless treasures.

And as the holiday season draws near, the Meredith student body gives thanks to you, the Baptists of North Carolina, for your generosity and kindness.

In sincere appreciation,
THE MEREDITH STUDENT BODY.

Dear Editor,

While the student body is engaged in a clean-up campaign, why doesn't it try cleaning up its manners in the dining hall? Every student should realize that her table manners are an indication of the type of breeding she has had and are a reflection on her parents as well as herself.

The best way to effect this clean-up of manners is to understand what is expected and why. Hostesses preside at tables in the dining hall because they are expected to know how to serve the food, how to keep a generalized conversation going, and how to give a more home-like atmosphere to our one family-style meal.

These hostesses are due as much courtesy as the head of the house is due at home. Therefore, the students at the table should observe simple acts of etiquette such as waiting for the hostess to begin the meal, making her feel welcome at the table, and asking her for permission to be excused.

Such small courteous acts of consideration will contribute a great deal to the spirit in which we approach our meal at the end of the day, and the appearance presented to strangers will improve one hundred per cent.

Let's get behind this and watch the results!
Sincerely,
ELLEN GOLDSTON.

Neighborly News

By SUE PAGE

I see by the Emory Wheel that there is a contest on their campus for the "Ugly Man." Seems they're looking for a local Frankenstein. Maybe we should have a contest here at Meredith, not for the "ugly one" but perhaps for the "unpopular one." Nope, sounds too much like "Fuller Horton Day" at N. C. S.

We are indebted to A. C.'s Collegiate for the following:

There was an old fellow named Sydney

Who drank till he ruined his kidney; It shriveled, it shrank, as he sat there and drank,

But he had a good time of it, didn't he?

The Dean of Women grabbed one of the freshman after coming up late from the parlor. She greeted the freshman sternly—"Good evening, child of Satan!"

Freshman: "Good evening mother."
The Clemson Tiger tells of this story: Colored Preacher: "Brother Jones, will you lead us in a word of prayer?"

Brother Jones: (sleepily) "What dat you say?"

Colored Preacher: "Will you lead us?"

Brother Jones: "Lead? Lead—I just dealt!"

The next joke makes me think of a lot of speeches we have had here—

Somewhat overwhelmed by a eloquistic introduction praising his charm and ability as a speaker, he faced the audience, pop-eyed and smiling eagerly. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I can hardly wait to hear what I have to say!"

The Annapolis Log reports that many a heaving bosom is merely a hope chest.

By way of closing, may I add—

A matron has problems
Unknown to a filly
Such as how to look young
Without looking silly!

Fly High-Enroll Now!

We've even tried Lydia Pinkham's Compound in trying to kill flies!! Still they came in droves . . . in fact Brigadier General Fly and his regiment began their daily buzzing by taking a thorough tour of 219-220 Jones. Not content in simply admiring the pin-up men, they liked the idea of getting personally acquainted with the sleeping occupants. A favorite landing spot seemed to be the nose; or better still, the left ear. All these antics tended to make a morning that would otherwise begin pleasantly start with frantic slaps and yells of "Please go away" or "Let me alone, ye pesky little varmint."

My roommate decided that enough was enough, so with a tear in her eye she stood at the threshold of the door, ready to go out in search for a new fly-free abode. Suddenly I shouted "Eureka!" for I had discovered a solution to the problem of the day!

The answer lies in our FLY FLAPPING FORUM, sponsored in the hope that no other girls will move out because of fly infestation. With a motto of "One hundred killed a day or we'll soon decay . . . on to the fray," we have launched a campaign for members to discover for themselves the secret in getting rid of the unwelcome visitors.

Prerequisites for the course are listed as follows: applicant must have killed at least fifteen flies and mounted them for display; applicant must have strong muscles in right wrist especially; and applicant must own a fly swatter as well as a flit gun.

The course consists of eight lessons which guarantee the development of hidden fly-killing talents. A visiting lecturer adds even more advantages to the course. He is Dr. Squish M. Good, P.C., L.L.T., and P.U., from the University of *Musca Domestica*. With his expert talents being displayed, there should be no doubt as to the marvelous outcomes that the FORUM is able to produce.

Perhaps you, too, are getting ready to move out of your room, but think first and see us about enrolling in the biggest little discovery of your fly-fightin' life. All applications will be honored, but please include at least one faculty recommendation, as we intend to enroll only the most scholarly females in this "search for knowledge of higher skills."

M. JOYNER, Dean of the
FLY FLAPPING FORUM,
219-220 Jones.
WASHBURN, GOODWIN, and
SMITH, Faculty.

CHATTER PATTTER

I'm going to use your knittin' needle—my feet are cold. Darling I am growing old—what are you doing? You're crazy—"birds gotta swim, fish gotta fly." Who's been messin' with my knittin'? Dear Madam—you knit two more red ones. Where'd you go—here you are—darling! What's goin' on between you—this shorthand notebook? "The longest mile is" this is the worse tangle—take it out to right here—now put him here! You know what you have to do to get on that program—if you put on that horse act again? Did you hear the story about the man who was a sergeant in the army and when he was discharged he raised his children just as if they were under him. One day he came home from work and found the window in the garage broken. He lined his three sons up before him and began questioning. He approached the oldest who was about thirteen; "Did you break the window?" "No, sir." "Do you know who did?" "No, sir." "Any comments?" "No, sir." "Dismissed." "Thank you, sir." He approached the next son who was about eleven; "Did you break the window?" "No, sir." "Do you know who did?" "No, sir." "Any comments?" "No, sir." "Dismissed." "Thank you, sir." He then approached the youngest lad who was about three; "Did you break the window?" "Yes, sir." "Any comments?" "Yes, sir." "Well...?" "How can I get transferred to another regiment?"

They've turned off the heat. Now I am confused—well, honey, you're purling!

Ed. Note:
If this doesn't make sense, just try to picture a room full of "gals" who like to talk about any and every thing and then reread it and see if you get the point.



Superior Sophomore

By MARILYN HUNT

As I walk through the dorm I catch a glimpse of a room through a half-open door. No one seems to be inside the room, so I stop to examine it more closely. Goodness! has there been a riot somewhere, or what? Oh, you might know, it's a freshman's room!

From the looks of things, the occupants probably didn't start dressing for church until five minutes before time. The unmade beds are piled with clothes and hatboxes. Aren't freshman messy!

Shoes are scattered on the floor, and a pair of stockings is draped across the back of a chair. And look at that dresser! Clothes are dripping over the edge of the opened drawers; the top of the dresser is covered with cosmetics, bobby-pins, spilled powder, and jewelry.

There is a sewing kit, but do you suppose that freshmen know how to sew on buttons? Well, maybe they do at that. Oh, the poor innocent things must study a little, too, since the desk is piled with books.

The wastebasket over near the door is overflowing with paper. They probably stayed in last night to study. They'll learn!

Well, I guess I should go back to Faircloth and clean up my room, since I could hardly get out of it. Besides, I have some studying to do.

CAROLYN'S CORNER



This will be the first time that some of you gals have been here when the masses depart for a holiday. Let me warn you—it's not easy, but it's fun!

Suggestion number one: One who walks through Johnson Hall the day we go home reading her mail, or letting something other than where she's going have her attention, her neck is in her own hands! Never will I forget last year when my suitemate was on her way home at Thanksgiving and happened to take her eyes off the beaten path! Ooh, wha' happened to her! She stumbled over four suitcases, a hat box, and a typewriter case, and slid into the rose parlor right into the arms of a sailor. I'd hate to think about what would have happened if the sailor hadn't been there. Poor piano!

Suggestion number two: Be well protected when you sign out. . . . If you're not, you'll probably leave wearing the clock for a hat and carrying three S. P. slips in your mouth along with a bashed-in suitcase.

Suggestion number three: For those whose eyes are failing because of too much studying, be sure to wear dark glasses when you go out front! The line of yellow and white taxicabs is rather trying on the eyes—especially if it's a sunny day.

Suggestion number four: While you're at home you might as well get your voice in shape to sing upon your return to school. I betcha we'll sing "Jingle Bells," "Three More Weeks 'til Vacation . . ." and "Hark the Herald Angels Shout: Three More Weeks and We'll Be Out!"

Suggestion number five: Have fun!