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Member of

Intercollegiate Press

A GREAT NEED

Religious Focus Week brought with it no sweeping, changing campus movement—but it did spread Christian meanings of depth and significance into many of our hearts. Through the chapel talks and seminars new sparks of interest and thought were discovered that had never before been recognized; yet we often felt they had been there only waiting for our minds to grasp them.

Perhaps by now only a few of us could recall what some of the speakers actually said, but we can probably describe a new feeling of kinship with Christ and His purpose in our hearts. We have come to understand that the most important things enter our lives through seemingly insignificant channels rather than in out-of-the-ordinary ways.

One great need emerging from this week has been the same one seen each year—that of having a fulltime counselor. All of us realize how many adjustments we have to make in college life, as well as in our vocational plans. No doubt we are tired of hearing about secularistic complexities of our world—yet they are here to face. We, as a denominational girls' school, have an even greater need for a fulltime counseling program on our campus.

We sense the lack of such a counselor as we hear girls all over the campus speak of problems which cannot be dealt with except by a highly skilled counselor, one who can bring us understanding of ourselves in the light of Christ's love. We need a person whose entire time can be spent in helping us untangle some of the parts of our lives, in order that we may become better adjusted persons.

How this situation can be solved is yet to be answered. We may be asking for an impossibility, but let us continue to ask. Let us continue to point out the need for an addition to our curriculum that would do much in making Meredith students become more wholesome and well-balanced girls.

—Margie Joyner.

DISPLAYS FOR YOU

What scores of duties a librarian must perform! One wonders that Miss Baity has time to breathe, let alone do any extra work in the students' interest.

Have you noticed the magnificent displays which are on exhibit in our library? Miss Baity and her associates must spend hours in search of the right clipping, article, or document which will create interest in a particular topic or individual.

Perhaps it was Miss Baity's timely



Through The Smoke And Flame

If you have seen wisps floating out of the keyhole of the day students' room recently, you might have thought that it was a flurry of powder or that it was smoke-tinted by rosy lips. No, it's nothing so ordinary as that. It is the real, genuine stuff that pink clouds are made of, and it was brought into our room a couple of Saturdays ago by Charlotte Taylor in the form of a frat pin. Norma Howard seems to have done her share of cloud walking this past weekend, but we're going to let her tell you why. Jeepers, it must be swell up there on Cloud 8. Tell us about it, huh?

It seems that those little pieces of paper known as letters can get us in such hot water. First, one to all the boys, and now one to a publication. Hang on to your hats for the repercussions in the near future, because it won't be easy to take. (Maybe they forgot to stamp it, and it will be returned. Well, that was just an idea!)

There have been so many old songs that have become popular recently with no apparent cause that we won't try to explain. We'll just tell you that a couple are "Made for Each Other" and "You Made Me Love You." Then there's the new little ditty called "I Want a MAN-sion in the Sky."

Dot Helms' stern expression has nothing to do with her disposition. She's as cheerful as ever. It's just that with her "gold mine" she is scared to smile. Are you afraid of being robbed, Dot, or do you think the glare might blind us?

One lucky girl we know has the nicest surprise of finding new clothes spread out on her bed when she returns from school after her mother has been shopping. We certainly wish that we could find such a nice surprise waiting for us on our beds.

Our orchids and blue champagne for this week go to Roxie Vallas for being such a grand president during this past term. We wish she could be back again, and we want her to know how much we appreciate the swell job she has done.

And now as the Meredith student told her date from UNC: "Good night. It's been nice NOING you." So long, gang.

The New Year in China

By JUNLIN WONG

Our New Year does not begin at the same time as the New Year in this country does. We have another kind of calendar which is later than yours, and the New Year's Day is the biggest day in the whole year. About half a month before the New Year begins, we clean up every little corner in the house and cover the furniture up with some red embroidered cloths, because red means good luck in China.

On New Year's Eve the housewives are very busy in making rice-cakes and other dishes. No one goes to bed except the children. We light up two red

exhibit of articles concerning Robert Ardrey's "Thunder Rock" and the Barter Theatre of Virginia that influenced you to attend their production in January. Perhaps her display on Robert E. Lee on January nineteenth caused you to take more interest in that historic figure. Did you decide then and there to visit Stratford? (There are four days during the year when an admittance fees are required, you know.)

Recently our librarian has had interesting bulletins concerning music and arts. Currently she has displays concerning dictionaries and words. How about looking at them? I'm sure, then you'll doff your hat with me and give a loud "Hurrah for the library staff!"

MARY WRIGHT.

candles, hang up some lanterns, burn some incense, and begin to pray. That is the ceremony of the remembrance of our ancestors. Then we take meals and some drink and a little wine after the ceremony.

Later on we begin to think of those riddles which are written on the paper lanterns. The children wake up very early on the morning of the New Year. In the old-fashioned families the children have to kneel down before their parents to wish them a "Happy New Year" and the parents give them some money, which is put in a red envelope as a New Year's gift. This gift is given so that the child will know how to buy the things that he really desires.

We can hear the noise of firecrackers all during the day. Everyone stops work; even the housewives do not cook. Everyone is ready to welcome the spring and wishes to begin the good days of the new year.

Neighborly News

By SUE PAGE

Limericks always appeal to me in a particular way; perhaps these will be appreciated by you.

There was a young lady named Wright  
 Whose speed was much faster than light,  
 She left one day in a relative way  
 And returned the previous night.

There was a young lady of Worcester  
 Who uscest to crow like a rooscester;  
 She uscest to climb  
 Two trees at a time  
 But her siscester uscest to  
 bouscest her.

A painter who lived in Great Britain,  
 Interrupted two girls with  
 their knitain  
 He said with a sigh,  
 "That park bench—well I  
 Just painted it, right where  
 you're sitain."

Now for definitions:

Oboe: An ill wind that no one blows good.  
 Synonym: A word you use when you can't spell the other one.  
 Sleepwalker: A fellow who gets his rest and his exercise at the same time.

These are different:

Henry: "If a number of cattle is called a herd, and a number of sheep is called a flock, what is a number of camels called?"  
 Harold: "A carton."

Hysteria: Has that florist any children?  
 Deleris: Two—a girl who is a budding genius and a boy who is a blooming idiot.

Clerk: These are exceptionally strong shirts, sir. They simply laugh at the laundry.

Customer: Yes, I know about that, I had some come back with their sides split.

Two psychoanalysts met on the street.  
 One said, "You're fine today. How am I?"

Citadel Bulldog.

She: "How about giving me a diamond bracelet for my birthday?"

He: "My dear, extenuating circumstances perforce me to preclude you from such a bauble of extravagance."

She: "I don't get it—"

He: "That's just what I mean!"

Student's wife: (Intense with excitement) Well, Charlie, what happened when you asked the prof. for a week off?

Student: He was like a lamb.

Wife: What do you mean?

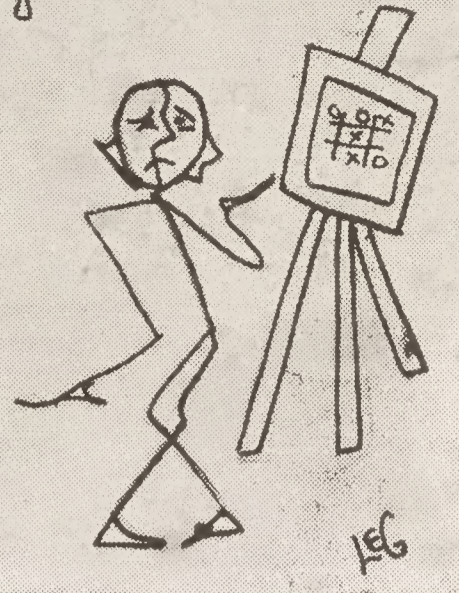
Student: He said, "Baa."

Clemson TIGER.

Then there was the one about the girl who thought she was in love with two sailors, so she put out to sea.

And not to leave the Army out, there was the girl who had several boy friends in the khaki and referred to the relation as protonic.

Art Student: I feel it but I just can't paint it.



POSTURE POINTERS

By Silly—uh—Sally Massey

Mark it on your calendar! On March 6 a week-long quest for an upright person will begin! We will desert our crooked ways and begin to follow a straighter path. Stoopidity will go out with the arrival of Posture Week!

From *Preparations for Posture Week*, a booklet not yet published—and not likely to be, we may gain hints about how to appear at our best. First, says the author, for six days wear a yardstick strapped up and down your back. It will positively prevent slouching unless you get caught in the rain and your stick warps. Second, never let anyone back you into a corner. Whenever you stand talking to someone, search first for a convenient flat wall, and after checking your posture in relation to the wall, continue your conversation.

Last, let your hair grow down to your heels. Mix a paste of red mud, twist your hair straight up into a point on top of your head, using the mud paste, and try balancing that on your head in the one o'clock lunch line rush.

Where could one find three better methods for a straightforward approach to Posture Week?



CAROLYN'S CORNER

"When I was at Meredith, I wasn't preparing for life; I was living!" Mrs. Pearce said that during Focus Week in reference to all the fun she had while she was a student here. It'll be a long time before that statement is forgotten; in fact, I 'spect most of us agree with her! After all—

Where Else

Does George Washington receive such warm greetings on his birthday?

Where Else

Do people bet other people five dollars that they won't wear a wig (or a reasonable facsimilie thereof) to class? P.S. and where else would people lose five dollars and grin and bear it?

Where Else

Is there a George like our George was? (and I don't mean George Washington.)

Where Else

Can girls have imaginary dogs sleep under their beds and not have other girls think the dog-owners have completely lost their feeble minds? (I know of one such poodle who spends half his time on 2nd Faircloth and the other half at Wake Forest. They say that those who really want to, are able to see him. Have you seen him?)

Where Else

Do people have assignments like they do here?

Where Else

Are parties given like ours? Thank you, Faculty!

Where Else

Perhaps I should ask, are there people like us? Fun, I calls it!