

'Now When I Was Your Age'

After reading the umpteenth report on the present state of the younger generation in last week's *Colliers* we feel that our elders are possibly getting a little too nosy in putting us under their microscope.

It's like eating Druthers. After *Time* came out with their so-called authentic report, every magazine had to follow suit and bring to the ears of our elders a deathless article on what makes the younger generation tick. Editors seem to feel that they just can't say enough on the subject.

The eternal question seems to be why don't we swallow goldfish, sit on flag poles and carry hootch in flasks; they seem particularly disappointed when we don't come up with enough radicals to satisfy a comparison with the roaring twenties.

Perhaps the general feeling among "the kids" of today is that they don't want to get lost in the lost generation. A few of us seem reluctant to imitate the insane antics of our elders.

Please don't be affronted if we don't dance on table tops, go roaring off to immortal grid classics in racketsy coon coats and get wildly drunk. Bear up under our childish whims.

We would really like to be left alone to work out our own little plans and possibly with a little luck leave a more settled world than the Roaring Twenties left us.

—Northern Student, Bemidji (Minn.) State Teachers College.—ACP

THE GIRLS BEHIND THE DESKS

By JOYCE HERNDON

There are many people on this campus who deserve much more credit than they receive. The girls who work in the library are just such a group. Have you ever stopped to think what happens to that book or magazine you leave at the circulation desk or in the reserve room? Well, if you haven't, then you don't fully appreciate the work of the librarians. First of all the cards must be put back in the book, then the book is taken to the stacks and returned to the shelf according to the Dewey Decimal system. Magazines are treated the same way, except they must be put in the magazine storage room. Along with these jobs there are numerous others which take both time and effort: cards must be typed for the books in the stacks and the ones on reserve; magazines are stamped as they come in, new books are checked for missing pages or blurred print and marked with the Meredith stamp. Also the assistant librarian must be handy with tape for mending torn books.

One of the things the librarians enjoy and get a lot of fun from is watching people as they go by, and seeing our expressions as we check out books. One could do quite a bit of personality study in the library. There are some who appear quite interested in what they are checking out, others seem rather indifferent, and then there are those poor souls who just have to read that book be-

cause it is required. These people are very easy to spot by their woe-ful and resigned faces.

The busiest time of day for the library assistants is 9:50 p.m. If you have been in the library then you will know what I am talking about. People are hurrying here and there taking a book that must be read by tomorrow, asking questions, signing cards, and dashing out. All this time the librarian calmly does her work and utters not one complaint. Our library assistants are very efficient and are to be commended, but if they ever do have a special group just made to be librarians, Ann Cashwell has told me what they will look like. They will have four hands for the 9:50 rush, three ears for inquisitors, a Dewey Decimal mind, and a charming smile which can be flicked on and off at a moment's notice even in the most exasperating situation. Since I'm afraid these people will not appear for quite a while I think we should be glad that we have the next best thing. Our hats are off to the girls behind the desk. Our assistant librarians this semester are: Mary Ann Braswell, Lela Cagle, Ann Cashwell, Carol Cooke, Joy Curtis, Ann House, Elladene Johnson, Nancy Joyner, Pat Kerley, Virginia Morris, Emily Newman, Sandra Peterson, Polly Richardson, Jeanette Sanders, Jo Ann Selley, Mamie Alice Shutt, Betty Ann Smith, and Thelma Strickland.



CURTAIN CALLS

The Late Christopher Bean, one of the most successful comedy hits of the American theatre, will be presented by the Meredith Playhouse on April 1 and 2. The curtains will open at eight each evening in Jones Auditorium for this production directed by Mrs. Evelyn da Parma. The play, which was written by the author of *They Knew What They Wanted*, *Yellow Jack*, *The Silver Cord*, and many other stage hits, is one of Sidney Howard's greatest hits, having played 224 times in New York, and been constantly revived by theatres throughout the country.

Although the audience never meets Christopher Bean face to face, his spirit pervades the three acts of this comedy about a small town New England family whose lives are completely changed by the discovery that Bean, an indigent artist whom they had taken care of in his last painful years, had actually been a great artist. Remembering him only as an accomplished tippler who, when he wasn't tipping, was daubing paint on canvasses, the simple unsophisticated Haggett family is totally unprepared for the fame that comes their way because—in chicken coops or as roof patches—they have several of Bean's paintings around the premises.

Janice Dennis will portray the part of Abby, the Haggett's maid-of-all work who realized Bean's genius all along, while Mr. Harry K. Dorsett and Cathy Atkins will be seen as the benign Dr. Haggett and his gullible wife, Hannah. Other important roles will be acted by Shirley Harris as Ada, Diana Jones as Susan, Bert Edwards as Warren, Jack Sheffer as Tallant, Jack Fisher as Rosen and Reid Marr as Davenport.

Behind the scenes we have Anne Jane Barbrey, production manager; Carolyn Greene, costumes; Emily Newman, make-up; Violet Overton, lighting; Mary Kiser, tickets; Betty Ball, publicity; Rovilla Myers, stage props; Sally Drake, small props; Jeanne Grealish, programs; Barbara Jean Deans, sound; and Maxine McRoy, set. These committee chairmen do not work alone—there are many girls who are giving of their time and effort to make this production possible.

Here's hoping to see every Meredith "angel" at *The Late Christopher Bean*! To make it more cer-

tain, get a ticket (they'll be on sale shortly for your guests—you are admitted free, you know) and bring along that handsome date!

Exchange Students Speak to Club

At the Home Economics Club meeting Thursday night, March 3, Paul Wagner and Bobby Parker, students from State College told some of their experiences as exchange students. Paul with slides of Brazil and Bobby with some of Ireland gave vivid descriptions of the homes of the respective countries to which they had been sent. Paul, in telling of the conditions in Brazil, made it quite clear that Brazilian women do most of the work, even gathering wood for heating and cooking. With poor sanitation and little refrigeration, housekeeping presents a real problem, and homemakers need educational assistance. Coffee is their chief crop, though they do raise some tobacco.

A better idea about Ireland was gained through Bobby's discussion. He pictured Ireland as an agricul-

MISH'S MESSIN'

This place is really "rockin' along" — especially last week end with all those high school folks over here displaying their musical talents. Every year when they descend upon our campus, and the cherry trees along the drive begin to show their lovely blossoms, then I always feel so much gayer 'cause I know then that spring isn't far away! After a long winter it's a good feeling!

I liked that sign at the dining hall door the other day: "Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday." It's a good thought, isn't it? There's another maxim about tomorrow that is equally true: "Tomorrow — today's greatest labor-saving device." That last is the way I think in the spring when I put off things until tomorrow and head for the outdoors or sleep late or just procrastinate in any way. But then — spring wouldn't be spring without such doings!

A couple of verses(?) which my roommate claims (she probably did) to have heard before:

"General Nonsense"

He stood on the bridge at midnight
And tickled her with his toes,
But he was only a mosquito
And he stood on the bridge of her nose.

"Ode to Teachers"

Now I lay me down to sleep,
The professor's hard, the subject's deep.

If he should stop before I wake
Kick me hard, for goodness sake!

You see—I'm already acting crazy — and spring isn't even here yet! I won't even bore you with my usual gripes.

Good luck on Stunt! Bye, now!

tural country with many crowded villages. He was impressed, however, with the picturesque cottages, the beautiful scenery, and the hospitality of a generous and kind hearted people.



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