

CLEANLINESS IS FINE, BUT . . .

By FRANCES CAUDLE

Great commotion has covered our campus since school began. For awhile peace reigned and then chaos broke out! What caused the commotion and chaos? What is it all about? Let's do some sleuthing and find out.

Down the hall marches a girl with a laundry bag slung over each shoulder, a box of detergent in each hand, and a quarter clenched between her teeth. Her eyes are blood-shot and she darts quick glances from side to side. She reaches the laundry room, gives a sigh of relief that no one is there, and timidly approaches the shining white-enameled box sitting to one side — the automatic washer, what else? Lifting the lid she peeps in and finds someone else's laundry waiting to be removed. Dropping her burdens and setting her feet firmly into the quarter, she proceeds to transfer the other person's laundry from the washer to the plastic-covered basket placed there for that purpose.

After completely dirtying the person's laundry, our friend is ready to begin her own washing. She carefully places her own laundry into the washer and pours a box of detergent in on top.

Now she is really ready to begin her washing, and excitement grasps her. Her fingers begin to shake and her breath comes in quick gasps. She finally succeeds in placing her tooth-marked quarter into the slot in the meter and in pressing the bar to start the time mechanism. Silence!

She is about to panic, but suddenly she remembers the starter on the machine itself. She reaches out to turn the disc when it suddenly falls into her hands in two pieces. Her knees are beginning to knock and she finds it difficult to keep from falling. After several fumbles she succeeds in replacing the broken pieces; and lifts the button which should start the washing. Perfect peace reigns!

Now what to do? She decides to yield to temptation and use force. After a few wild gestures, unrelatable exclamations, and swift kicks, she renews her attack on the disc.

Much to her surprise water begins to pour into the machine! With a sigh she is about to relax when she remembers a few dirty articles still in her room and rushes to retrieve them.

Returning to the laundry room, does she hear the soft purr of washing clothes? What do you think? An unearthly calm hangs in the air. The water has run in and cut off, but nothing is being washed. Perplexed, our friend rushes to the washer and flings up the top. There are her clothes floating peacefully in very dirty water. Her heart sinks in despair!

Stumbling blindly into the hall, she calls for help. Soon the laundry room is filled with chattering girls all offering suggestions — all to no avail. Nothing works and the clothes float serenely.

Our friend now realizes that her plight is hopeless. Someone pushes her laundry bags into her hands. Numbly she rolls up her sleeves and begins to wring out wet soapy clothes. Soon she has two laundry bags full of wet clothes and, under her burdens, struggles to her room.

She has lost her quarter, wasted a box of detergent, and still has a pile of wet soapy clothes on her hands. What does she do? She dumps them all into the bathtub and grimly begins to wash.

Two hours later, a girl with aching shoulders sits back to survey her work. She is wet all over and an inch of water covers the bathroom floor. But on the line and on two clothes dryers hang her clean clothes!

Our questions are answered. We now know why there is "chaos and commotion" on the Meredith campus. The girls all have those "broken washing machine blues."

Snow

"Look out the window." These whispered (but loudly whispered) words registered foggily in my brain as I opened my eyes to see the pincurled head of my suitemate sticking through a small crack in the bathroom door.

"Go away," I muttered sleepily. "The only morning I don't mean to get up and you have to come in here and tell me to look out the window. Go away!"

Instead of retreating in terror, aforementioned suitemate just giggled and repeated, "Look out the window!" Anything, but anything to get rid of her, so . . . SNOW!!! Could this be true, I wondered as I rubbed my eyes in amazement. Was what I saw really snow?

Later in the day I wondered how I could ever have doubted the reality of that expanse of "crystals of frozen water." I happened to be among the unlucky few who attended classes, sliding my way to and from Joyner. My various trips were not made any easier by those groups making snowmen or throwing snowballs. The snowmen people were having so much fun that I felt like finessing all my classes and joining my peer group in healthful outside activity. And the snowball group — well, I wanted to bury them under about five tons of snow (or should I say sand?).

After disposing of my classes — finally — I was free to indulge in all sorts of fun occupations — like sliding down banks, making angels in snow by lying down and flapping wings (I mean arms), eating snow cream, throwing snowballs at unsuspecting innocents (snowballing is either good or bad — depending on which end of snowball one is on), and taking pictures to preserve this momentous event for posterity.

That day was fun. But, as the days went by, the matter began to get unfunnier and unfunnier. All the beautiful snow turned to dirty ice and I made many very ungraceful four-point landings on my way around the campus. Some juveniles could not get over the thrill of hearing one's "uff" when hit in the stomach by a snowball, and I had to spend simply hours trying (unsuccessfully) to deprive them of said thrill.

So now I am sick, sick, sick — of snow. I feel that, although fine for a college campus, Meredith is not a very good place — in — which — to — spend — the — holidays. I want the snow to go — my dog sled somehow isn't up to the 300-mile trek home.

THE BEST EXERCISE IS . . .

By MARY ANN BROWN

Many years from now, when I say to my grandchildren, "I can remember when there were no buses," they will shake their heads in amazement and wonder just how old Granny is anyhow. What they won't know (until I enlighten them, which I will hasten to do, but of course) is that this shocking lack (of buses, that is) occurred in the progressive year of 1958, when I was a student at Meredith College.

It seemed that there had been some confusing disagreement as to money (I never did understand disputes of that nature) and the buses, or the bus drivers rather, struck. Right after Thanksgiving it was, and for over two weeks the city of Raleigh — at least those of us who had no cars — walked. And what with Christmas so near and so many things to do, there was much walking.

After unsuccessfully yelling up and down several halls about a ride, girls would strike out for Cameron Village, hoping that someone they knew would be driving along, would take pity on their plight, and would take them to their destination. If the situation were desperate enough, they hoped for someone, period — known or unknown.

Usually, however, that someone never showed, and the group arrived at the Village, exhausted even before they began to shop. This initial state of exhaustion was bad enough, but the situation usually recurred: return trip, no ride. Never had the Meredith water tank looked so good as it did after those long walks to and from the Village.

What made the situation so bad was the fact that EVERYTHING happened those two weeks. There were lectures and concerts to hear and exhibitions to see. There were ads to get and Christmas decorations to buy. The best movies came all at once — and you looked at your aching feet (or at your aching pocketbook if your feet had already given out) and wondered, "Will I

ever get there?" Well, we got there — somehow. Of course we were often two to three hours late or we went on the wrong day or to the wrong place (and we got more call-downs for being late!) — but we got there.

1958 . . . yes, that was the year we discovered that walking could be fun — which was good since we had no cars. That was also the year we discovered that taxi fare from M. C. to Cameron was eighty-five cents — which was bad, since we could walk no more (and since we had no cars). That was also the year we discovered that it is the thought, not the gift, that really counts — which was good since we had no money left to buy gifts (since we could walk no more and since we had no cars). 1958 . . . that was the year of the bus strike!

SCHEDULE?

Ever wonder what really happens to the people who boast of their well-planned study schedule? If you're like me, you sorta wonder if they really stick to it as closely as they say they do.

Study schedules are excellent outlets or excuses for getting out of something you don't want to do. For instance, if roomie wants you to take her laundry down this time, you can always come back with something that'll kill her, like "I've got to study."

I've got material proof in one case that a study schedule proved a complete menace in the situation. A perfectly marvelous game of bridge was most rudely interrupted by a girl who had to, of all things, study. She said she had completed her seven minutes, twenty-six seconds free time for the day. Good for her! She's got seven minutes more than I do.

Really though, girls, I think the idea of a study schedule is fine if you can find one you can absolutely stick to. I always seem to have to alter mine because of more important things such as letter writing, most important shopping trips, and, best of all, HIM.

DON'T LET HER DO IT

It is not that I am any stickler for neatness. In fact it is not even that I am an admirer of neatness per se. But, after so long a time, my room gets so cluttered that even I can't stand it. When this state of mind (desperation) is reached, something must be done — something, for instance, like cleaning up the room.

When this joyful occasion arrives, roommate is hysterically happy. It's not that I am against her cleaning up the room — oh, no, I'm all for it. But it seems that I can never find time to be particularly helpful. I'm perfectly willing to shove my junk behind and under my bed; but as for this move-furniture - sweep - behind - clean-mirror type cleaning, I have no time for such.

But, back to my tale of woe. Last night, in a fit of madness, I suggested that we clean up. My suggestion was greeted like a sure winner in the search for a way to end poverty; and I hardly had my mouth closed when roommate began piling things in my direction. "Hang this up, why don't you. And it's no wonder you never have any clean socks — they'll all be buried in that junk behind your bed. Ah, ha! Here is that library book I've been getting notices about for weeks. Honestly!" and on and on.

This tirade — for tirade it was despite its completely and sincerely happy tone — lasted throughout the two hours it took to get our room what roommate considered really clean. (Her housekeeping leaves much to be desired, believe me; but it seems as if she gets upset about the mess sooner than I do and therefore is in a worse panic when we start cleaning.)

This is meant as a friendly warning to those of you who, like me,

are happy in an atmosphere less than spotless. Do everything in your power — short of violence, of course — to keep your roommate from a cleaning spree. She will throw away all of your most prized possessions. She will misplace all the most important papers you had "catalogued" by your special system — confusion. In short, if she cleans up, friend, you are lost. Believe me, I know!

DR. COOPER ATTENDS MEETING

Dr. Harry E. Cooper, chairman of the department of music, attended the annual meeting of the National Association of Schools of music in St. Louis, over the Thanksgiving holidays. Meredith has been accredited by NASM since 1940.

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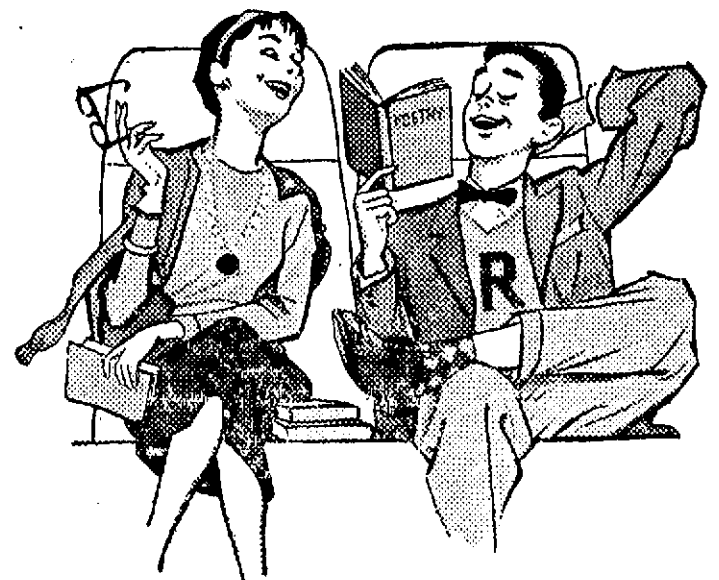
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