

To Each Her Own

By FRANCES CAUDLE

"Just leave all my things where I've left them and I'll put them away Monday morning before my English X exam."

With these words a carefree girl leaves her roommate and room on Friday afternoon and departs for a week-end blast at Carolina. She is a platinum blonde and is decked out in a smart outfit that looks decidedly collegiate. Even her luggage is plastered with stickers from Duke, Wake Forest, Carolina, State and West Point.

Didn't we hear her mention a faint word about exams? She must not be very worried about exams if she's taking off for Carolina. She must have studied for at least two weeks before now and have gotten all her material well in hand. Let's not worry about her since she seems to be doing all right. Let's find out about her roommate seated at the desk.

Now, here's another picture. This girl looks as if she were in the last stages of malnutrition and it's definitely been two weeks since she last combed her hair. Her small dark circled eyes are hidden behind horn-rimmed glasses, but she stares fixedly at the history anthology before her. Her words to us are "What am I doing? Are you nuts? Exams begin tomorrow and I've just got to make at least one 'C'."

Now we have a picture of two people at the same threshold, but they seem to be approaching from two very different roads. Maybe we need to find out something about the events leading up the present time.

The blonde, whom we shall call Gloria, has really gotten an education her first semester in college. She can tell you the names of every fraternity brother in any fraternity within a three-hundred-mile radius. She can't spell the names, nor could she write any of the brothers a readable letter; but she's in there pitching. She would tell you that her studies do not worry her in the least. "After all, one must know something about the world if one is to latch on to a three Cadillac mil-

lionaire." Her parents would tell you that Gloria is doing very well in college. She's had two proposals and has only been on strict campus three times so far. "Grades? Why she has assured us that her grades are far above the average so we expect an excellent report from the college president."

That other being, whom we shall dub Gwendolyn, is not acquainted with one fraternity brother. She doesn't even know that fraternities exist outside Webster's dictionary. But, our "Einstien" can give you from memory, a complete list of the countries of the world and knows the name of every character in *The Odyssey*. Gwendolyn would let you know that she's very worried about those exams. She doesn't have time for frivolities right now because her grades aren't "too good" and she's got to keep that scholarship. Her parents would tell you that Gwen hasn't made a complete adjustment to her studies as yet. "We are hoping for the best and expecting the worse."

Now we've briefly seen our two young ladies through one semester of college. Let's step ahead about three weeks and see if things are still the same.

The dorm room is still the same and both girls are in the room, but one is going out the door. Who is it? Why, Gwendolyn, of course. She made Dean's List and her parents were so overjoyed that they presented her with a new wardrobe and their blessings. Now she is off for a full attack on the faternity houses.

Wait? What about Gloria? That couldn't be she sitting at the desk! But, it is! Unfortunately, Gloria's grades weren't quite what she had expected. In fact, she practically had no grades at all. Her parents received quite a jolt when grades arrived. Consequently, Gloria must study and study hard before she gets back her sticker covered luggage.

It tears your heart out, doesn't it? Every story must have a moral and ours is no exception. Here goes: "Live, love, and be merry, but don't forget that every dog has his day!"

LAUNDRY LAMENT

By nature, I am not a very tidy or a very organized person. I have a tendency to leave things lying around and to leave things undone. Occasionally, however (usually late in the night after many hours of study) the condition of my room becomes too much for me to stand and I make a solemn resolution to do better. This resolution being made, I fall happily into my unmade bed, glad to think that in the future things will be different.

Morning comes all too soon and, after angrily choking the alarm clock, I ruefully remember my reformation. To back down at this point, I feel, would be an admission of weak character; so out I hop. Determined to do this right, I take all the cover from my bed and make it up — carefully. About this time, roommate sleepily raises her head and quizzically inquires, "Why did you make up your bed? Today is laundry day; I don't see why you never remember." I don't see why I never remember either; but it never fails. So what do I do? I take my sheets, etc., off and fold them. Later in the day I will take them to the laundry, get my clean sheets, and put them on the bed. Making up a bed twice in one day is just too much — I will have put out my bed-making energy supply for the week and the rest of the week the bed must remain unmade.

It seems that all my good intentions come to naught. Last week I offered (another resolution, I offered) to take and bring the laundry for the suite. Merrily tripping down to the basement, I tripped — with somewhat less than merry results. After deciding that no bones

were broken, I discovered that four sets of sheets, pillowcases, towels, and washclothes were strewn along the stairs. Several trying minutes later (have you ever tried to locate in a hurry nametags on eight sheets?) I had listed four sets and picked up four sets.

My suite was singularly unsympathetic and fussed about my having taken so long. After everyone had finished remaking her bed someone, starting to put up her towels, shrieked, "There are not my towels! (suspenseful pause) These are not my sheets!" A check proved that the four sets of laundry taken from the basement belonged to four people other than the occupants of my suite. By then the laundry was closed and my suite held me personally responsible for our lack of sheets. (Owners claimed those we had.)

I warn you, don't try to be helpful or efficient — it doesn't pay . . . especially where laundry is concerned.

Rain: Pro and Con

By MARY ANN BROWN

Back in the earlier years of my education I learned that the windy and rainy season in India is called the monsoon. I never thought that I would be able to observe a monsoon season first-hand; but that was before I came to Meredith — a monsoon area in all but name. From mid-fall until spring it rains and the wind blows. Some weeks the weather is better than at other times and we have a few non-rainy days. Why, once my sophomore year it only rained three days out of seven. Unbelievable, isn't it?

This almost - incessant rain has both advantages and disadvantages. If one happens, by some stroke of luck, not to have early morning classes, the rain makes sleeping late even more of a joy (that is, if one — by some other stroke of luck — is able to sleep through the early morning noise). To send a roommate and suitemates off to 8:30 classes in a downpour, knowing that one can go back to sleep . . . ah, that is one of the pleasures of college life. The rain also helps when it comes to breaking a date which was made in a moment of madness or when fatigue prevented the invention of a good excuse. "I'd love to go, but I've had this perfectly beastly cold all week and I'm just afraid to go out in this rain. Maybe you'd give me a rain check on it. . . ." This is an answer which is absolutely safe. There is no possibility that said boy will be able to find a rain-free week-end; and that cold could prove to be very persistent. Another advantage of the rain is its help in deciding what to wear. Since one must always wear a raincoat, what goes under it will seldom be seen and is thus relatively unimportant. And so long as it rains the socks issue is likewise unimportant — rubber boots are very hard to see through.

Of course the rain has many disadvantages. If one has curls which are allergic to rain, Meredith is not the place to come to school; one who insists on coming here must resign herself either to permanent seclusion or to permanently straight hair. It does no good to buy pretty hats — unless they are water repellent; it does no good to plan a picnic — unless you have a tent; it does no good to go to phys. ed. — unless you can manage a horse, a tennis racket, or a golf club with one hand . . . the other must be free to hold an umbrella.

It is said that girls look back fondly on their college days, remembering the dates, the friends, the classes. Meredith girls, too, remember these things — AND THE RAIN!

The Music Box

By MARGARET HURST

Those of you who did not see *Don Giovanni* do not know what an enriching experience you missed. Mr. Blanchard takes particular delight in discussing the presentation with all who saw it. The girls certainly all fell in love with the hero, and the piano students received a great deal of insight into the real Mozart. Next time, maybe those who doubted the greatness of the

show will listen to the advice of our wise professors.

The chorus, with new members this semester, worked with enthusiasm during Religious Focus Week. Evidently their work impressed some students, for several girls have asked if they could still join. This writer is very proud to be associated with such a group and hopes that you appreciate their efforts to give you a good performance.

The Light Touch: Mumps hit one member of our department — hope she will be the only one . . . a beautiful diamond for the one and only senior music major . . . freshmen looking forward to the meatballs they heard us sophomores rave about . . . Miss Swanson's approval of our disgust with our harmony results — a healthy sign, she says . . . Ensemble sang at the Chamber of Commerce banquet, a big affair in Raleigh.

...BACKSTAGE...

By SUE MATZNER

In January the Playhouse voted to give "Cry Havoc" for the Spring production. The play required twelve women, and since only eight tried out, the Playhouse took emergency action and voted to give "Ladies in Retirement," a lively, unusual play by Edward Pency and Reginald Denham. Fortunately, only six women and one man were needed.

The action occurs in the home of Lenora Fiske (Marilyn Pruette), a retired actress living in a remote house with her housekeeper, Ellen Creed (Sarah Helms). Their only company is Sister Theresa from a nearby convent, played by Barbara Sue Johnson. The plot is complicated by the arrival of Ellen's two simple-minded sisters, Louisa (Sue Matzner) and Emily (Zelma Greene) and their nephew, Alfred Feather, a fugitive from the police played by Carl Whiddon. The maid, Lucy Gilham (Wanda Newell), adds to the confusion.

Students are urged to sign up for backstage committees. Lists will be posted on both bulletin boards. Also, EVERYONE is invited to the production, March 20 and 21.

State College Fine Arts Festival

The North Carolina State College second annual Fine Arts Festival will continue through Sunday, February 22. Tonight at 8:00 in the College Union ballroom, the Village Players will present "The Four Poster." At the same hour, the film,

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