

## Privacy

By Pat Rierson

When I was making plans to come to college most of my thoughts centered around the room I was to have. I thought that at last I would have some privacy. What would it be like to have a room in which you could read and study without having a little brother run through playing cowboy and Indians? And how would I feel to be able to put something down without someone's disturbing it? I thought I would find out when I came to college.

After being here almost six months I am still searching for answers to the same questions. Privacy is the unknown quantity in the problem of dormitory life. Whenever I sit down to study or read, girls decide to come visiting. First come my next door neighbors, telling me that their H.T.'s smiled at them in history class. After I cruelly put a damper on their good spirits, they leave and rush to tell someone else of their good fortune.

Next comes the borrower. At the end of a long conversation in which she tells me that she's spent all her allow-

ance for this week and is in desperate need of something, she leaves with a dollar and an outfit for the next day.

Now to get back to my book, I think. But no, fate has something else in store for me. The hall crier rushes in to inform me that Miss Biggers is on her way to check rooms on our hall. My roommate, who usually does the cleaning, is in class, and I frantically dive for the broom and the duster. I succeed in getting the room half clean and myself in a very bad humor by the time Miss Biggers arrives. After she leaves I pick up my book again thinking, "Oh well, C- isn't so very bad."

This time I get two paragraphs read before I am disturbed again. My "ole lady" comes in from class with all the latest campus gossip. Since I must know what's going on, I listen attentively and occasionally add a word here and there. A few others join their bull session and before we know it the bell for chapel has rung. My book remains unread, my lessons unfinished, as I wonder what has gone with the morning.

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## Mode Majestic

A fair and fickle mountain  
Put on a different colored dress  
Each hour of the day,  
Saving the brightest of all  
Until the sun who came to call  
Had kissed her farewell.

—By Phyllis Ann Gentry.

Pictured above are the newly elected members  
Front row: Hilda Mayo, Nell Hunter, Genie Jo