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of Meredith College

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EDITORIALS

A thrilling end to an exciting holiday was provided by a band concert rendered by the Wake Forest boys on Thursday evening, October 17th. Although the boys had lost a football game to N. C. State that afternoon they were still in the best of spirits, and proved themselves excellent sportsmen in the face of defeat. Peppy tunes by the band and yells by both boys and girls filled a pleasant half-hour. The climax of the serenade was the Alma Mater of Wake Forest.

HURRAH FOR THE FAIR!

It is good to have fairs! We make this statement for several reasons, for we feel that fairs serve several useful purposes.

In the first place we get a holiday. Therefore, thanks be to North Carolina for her kindly consideration of that number of her daughters who live at Meredith.

In the second place, a fair is a novelty. It offers an opportunity for seeing and doing something different from what we do every day in the week—studying (we doubt the wisdom of putting this first), shopping, or seeing movies. Of course we realize that the most of us attend such occasions more than once in a lifetime, but, even so, our visits are so far apart that they still hold a certain degree of originality.

Our third reason for liking fairs is that they give opportunity for contacts with people with whom we ordinarily have nothing to do. People of all classes and conditions of life are to be found in the crowds, and observations of the persons around you are fascinating.

The above, we realize, are perfectly, utterly selfish reasons for liking a thing. There are other advantages we might mention—as the opportunities created for education of the people to improvements that have been made and improvements that they themselves can help to accomplish, for the spread of a feeling of brotherhood among the citizens of the State, and for an excellent opportunity for advertising. But anyone who attends public functions where

STUDENT OPINION

Br-rr-rr-ring! For those students vainly endeavoring to sleep late on Sunday mornings, bells, by themselves, are not so disturbing, but together with a conglomeration of other noises—running water, banging doors, clattering heels—inevitably provokes one from the depths of slumber. Then, after a period of comparative quiet, in which the sleeper has finally succeeded in returning to that blissful state of oblivion for which she is sacrificing her breakfast, the growing noises herald the return of the early risers from the dining-room. Chasing down the halls, regardless of the would-be sleepers, someone rouses you again just in time to hear your next-door neighbor's response to a query concerning her selection of apparel for that day. Presently someone else stations herself directly outside your window and, in painfully audible tones, proceeds to discuss plans for the day with a friend on the floor above. Finally they reach the difficult decision as to whether or not they will attend church, which bus they want to catch, and whether or not the mail has yet arrived. The suggestion of mail stimulates the minds of all those within hearing radius and immediately a dozen voices tune in on different stations to ask so-and-so if she minds looking in box number "this," which has such-and-such a combination. By that time sleep is entirely out of the question. One might as well have arisen at the first bell, for all the additional sleep she received. Undoubtedly, those who create such a disturbance on Sunday morning do not intend to be inconsiderate, but the effect is to the contrary, as each person who is optimistic enough to attempt late sleeping on Sunday mornings will heartily agree.

BRAWN VERSUS?

From the general interest and participation in athletics on our campus one would think Meredith a rest resort for semi-invalids. As a means of spending an afternoon, "shopping" and the movies have infinitely greater attraction than a set of tennis or a game of basketball. Though quite a few of our students have acquired more than the number of points necessary for a State monogram, by hiking—up and down Fayetteville Street! It must be rather discouraging for the girls who go out for basketball to see only the two teams present at an inter-class tilt—the natural spectators having gone to the drug store!

Admittedly, the scholastic pursuits of the college are sufficiently exacting to keep one fairly well occupied, but after strenuous work, strenuous play is almost essential, for occasional diversion increases power of concentration; so, why neglect the physical improvement that should parallel mental development? Too, on the athletic field one becomes acquainted with schoolmates in a way that is possible in no other channel. Then,

they enliven the program with patriotic addresses can recite these reasons by rote. Therefore, in closing, we are glad of the fair!

as an adventure in human nature, as well as a hygienic measure, most of the girls would find some branch of athletics both profitable and pleasurable.

ESPECIALLY DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO WOULD BE MODERN

I walked a mile the other day! (Exclamation of horror from all my readers.) Yes, honestly, I did; no one of the hundreds of passersby offered me a lift in their automobiles, so I walked a mile.

I enjoyed my walk, too—believe it or not. Of course I would have enjoyed it much more if I hadn't worn my spike heels and a much-too-heavy coat. Nevertheless, I enjoyed it.

As I strolled along, soon I began to notice the amazed glances that were being given me by those riding by in automobiles. The city dwellers as they sped along in their high-powered cars and the farmers rattling by in their two-by-four Fords both gave me looks of scornful disdain, but I just laughed and laughed.

And, do you know, in all my mile of walking I met less than a half-dozen other people who were "out hoofing it" too? I got to speculating on this and I began to wonder if sidewalks, after all, hadn't become a needless expense. Then my speculation progressed a step further, and I began to wonder if, in this day and age when people are taking to the highways, and to the air, they wouldn't eventually forget how to walk and just become entirely locomoted by machinery. But here in the midst of my speculation I was interrupted by the "beep-beep" of a bovine-like horn, causing me to step back quickly and allow the car(?), which was one of the State College species, to pass.

I resumed my walk and soon became aware of the fact that I was being closely watched on all sides, as if I were some rare and unusual spectacle. So queer a thing it was to see a fairly sane-looking individual out walking that the little children stopped playing in their yards and came rushing out to the sidewalk with mouths agape to watch me pass by. One couple who were just entering their house left the door wide open and stood and stared at me until I had passed by.

Now, I can't say that I was exactly embarrassed at all this disturbance I was causing. In fact, it was rather interesting to be the center of so much attention. But I was becoming rather disgusted with the rest of the population. Some of the people, I noticed, gave me pitying glances, as if to say, "Why, you poor creature! Must have had your car stolen." Again I laughed and laughed, 'cause I knew I didn't have a car to get stolen.

Presently I reached my destination, and as I entered the house the first thing that greeted my ears was, "Why on earth did you walk?" With an exasperated remark about "walking on earth because there wasn't anything else I could walk on," I resumed a cold silence and withdrew in an extremely dignified manner into the next room. Now, I ask you, why can't any human being who wants to go for a little stroll do so without becoming the object

(Continued on page 3)

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