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N. S. F. A. TO THE FRONT

Student leaders the nation over will convene in Boston, December 28, for the Tenth Annual Congress of the National Student Federation of America. The program is yet unannounced, but the questions to be brought before the assembly have been made public. These, we note with a great deal of interest, are of vital importance to students everywhere

They include questions dealing with the censorship of undergraduate publications, the place of intra-mural athletics in the college program, and the much-talked-of problem of military training. A significant topic is: Should students be restrained from participating in public political controversies and demonstrations as long as they keep within the public law?

Other questions center in public affairs such as the administration of FERA student relief funds on the college campus, the coördination of federal activities for youth into a single unit, and the entrance of the United States into the World Court and League of Nations.

We await eagerly the conclusion to be reached by the students of America on these far-reaching issues.

AFTER 1934 YEARS

"Peace on earth, good-will toward men" was the message of the angels to a barbarous and unbelieving world. Rank militarism in the guise of Roman armies stalked the then-known earth. Brutal Roman emperors took pleasure in gladiatorial shows, which often enough were at the expense of human lives. The weak met constant oppression from the strong and accepted it as their appointed lot. Peace was scoffed at and world brotherhood unknown.

During the past 1,934 years, the world has experienced varying periods of progress and decline. The present age of enlightenment, the modern enthusiast is inclined to look upon as the last word in the history of human progress. We have, to be sure, made vast strides in the direction of moral consciousness, but how far have we advanced toward the Christian ideal of "peace" and "good will?"

Militarism still dominates the world-horizon. Italy is ruled by iron-handed militarism; with the recent regimentation, the youth of the land is drawn more closely than ever before into its snares. Germany in the hands of Hitler is equally militaristic.

Greater emphasis, it is true, has been laid upon the value of human life. No longer do we delight in gladiatorial combats. But society today fails to provide adequately for all of its members. Community Chest drives go unsupported; the needy, unclothed; the hungry, unfed. This year in Raleigh, unless more liberal contributions are made to this enterprise, many families, who have hitherto received governmental aid, will go unprovided for.

And so the Christian kingdom of peace and fellowship has not yet been fulfilled. If this promised kingdom is ever to come on earth, the world must turn once more to the life and teachings of him who came that we might have life, and have it more abundantly.

Open Forum

The League of Nations and the Student

Why shouldn't all students everywhere be interested in anything that will further the cause for peace? For the last few days there has circulated to a limited extent on our campus a paper which, if signed by one, signifies that the signer is strongly in favor of the United States' joining the League of Nations. This paper will be presented with the names of thousands of other students to Mr. Roosevelt—thereby revealing the real interest and concern of those of us who in such a short while will have the responsibilities of national and international life so solely left to us. "In a world as dark as this, why blow out the only light there is?" A. T. B.

B. S. U. Notes

The B.S.U. Council has sent a shower of Christmas gifts to Takomi San, Meredith's adopted daughter. We are proud of our little Japanese girl. Even if it is late, she will appreciate a card or letter from every Meredith girl. Why don't you make her heart merry by writing her about your own Christmas celebration? Here is her address: Miss Masako Tokami San, Seimam Gikwin, Fukuoka, Japan, care of Mrs. C. K. Dozier.

Did you miss the "Womanless Wedding" presented by the Wake Forest boys the night of the Big Party? That was the climax of a very gala occasion!

Th B.S.U is sponsoring the sale of Tuberculosis Christmas seals. There are girls on each hall of every dormitory who are selling them. Won't you buy? The Woman's Club in Raleigh is giving the B.S.U. 10 per cent of what they make out of the Christmas seals. Won't you buy yours now? Remember—just 17 more shopping days!

Have you noticed certain girls on the campus looking very happy? Maybe they are the ones who went to St. Luke's Old Ladies Home and gave a Sunshine Program a few Sundays ago. They were so gladly received and had so much fun eating stick candy with the ladies and talking that they brought back more sunshine than they carried.

B. S. U. FELLOWSHIP WEEK

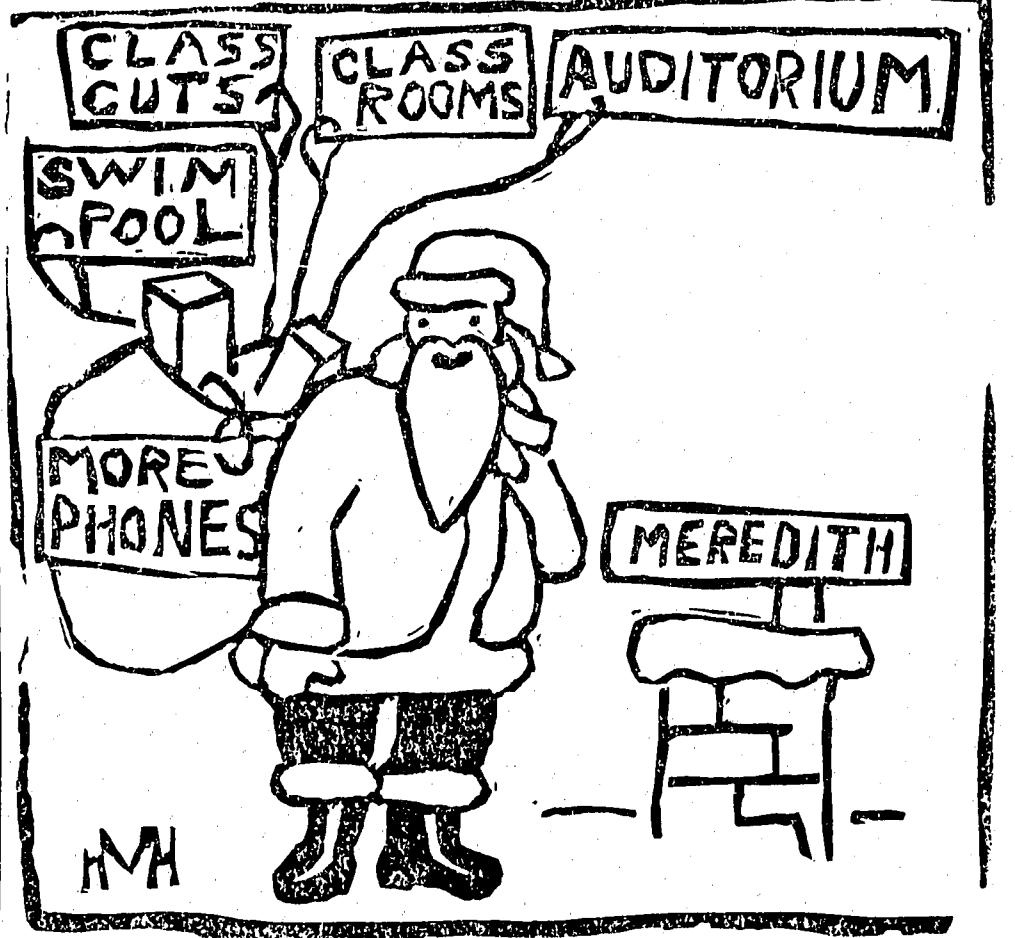
(Continued from page one)

and "Palestine," Mrs. F. C. Feezor. These speakers all made one realize the need of world fellowship and the ways it could be accomplished.

On Saturday the students presented a program about Lottie Moon, a missionary to China. Ann Bradsher told how she gave her life sacrificially in spreading the gospel in China. It is in her memory that the W. M. U. established the Lottie Moon Christmas Offering, which goes to missions all over the world. The W. M. U. of the Southern Baptist convention has as its aim \$150,000 (one hundred and fifty thousand dollars) this year.

A fitting climax for World Fellowship Week is the pageant to be presented at Sunday Night vespers. It will be a Christ pageant which will give the life of Christ in scripture, hymn and tableau. The birthday of Christ is a fitting close for this movement because He is the hope of all nations. At the close of the pageant Miss Marguerite Mason, Student Secretary of the Baptist Student Union will give a Christmas challenge. Following this there will be the procession of gifts while all girls place gifts on the altar for Christ.

Do You Believe in Santa Claus?



The Night Before Christmas Holidays

By KATE COVINGTON

"Anybody can go to bed, but it takes a man to get up," and it takes a squadron of new green Meredith frosh a law on the night before the Christmas holidays begin to stay up. I know!

The first hour or so we raced around getting everybody's address and promising to write, singing carols in colorature, delivering daintily-and-not-so-daintily wrapped parcels, returning books and alarm clocks and brown shoe polish and slickers, looking at the grand kitchenette utensils Miss English presented, and sucking the peppermints the house presidents passed around.

A gang assembled in our suite and everybody all at once began musing where she'd be, with whom, why, how, and if so, exactly twenty-four hours later. We grew rowdy. There was a weak suggestion from the next room that if we wanted to go caroling the next day, it would befit us to stop—but the heed was a wild yelping bleating forth of "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" from us. Exactly who started it, and exactly what the significance was is unknown. But we all have our shortcomings.

The next few hours we resorted to an earnest attempt at packing, mingled with violent races up the corridors in bathing suits, and gallant rig-ups consisting of sheets, old costumes, pillowcases, pine cones, and funny papers, probably thinking we were the cutest things that ever hit Meredith.

For a while after ten-thirty the noise we made sounded like one of the seven wonders of the world, influenced mainly, I think, by the realization that ordinarily at that hour all would be dark (and as quiet as the house president, vice president, and three hall proctors could make it!) We stood up on our

beds and tried to see who could bounce the highest; we colored the pictures in magazines; we raced to see who could scream the loudest; we ran from imaginary sounds after hearing a half-dozen blood-curdling ghost stories; we cut out paper dolls; we talked and sang and waxed hilarious.

After midnight the gaiety began to wane a little. The laughter grew a little less loud, the carols sounded a little less like football pep songs. The sky was black, a cool wind blew against the windows. Someone read Dickens' "Christmas Carol," and then "The Other Wise Man." Several heads drooped to be straightened guiltily a second later.

At two we heated soup and made toast and hot coffee and couldn't have enjoyed it more if we'd had butter for the toast, and cream and sugar for the coffee!

At three-thirty we were all ready to go. We had donned our tams and coats and were waiting to face the world with a song—yeah, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing." We serenaded Dr. Brewer and the rest of the school before we left in the big buses standing out in front. Mr. Spelman directed the carols. We toured the city, stopping at house after house to sing the Christmas songs. It began to drizzle. The sky was dark. There was just a slight listlessness in the singing. Everybody was sleepy. The gaiety had subsided. But a few gallant ones got off at every stop and sang bravely. They tried to scorn the sleepers into action but it was all in vain. They simply couldn't take it.

At seven-thirty the whole crew rolled up the oyster-strewn drive, tired and damp and sleepy; and in a most ungraceful manner staggered into the dining room.

Son Has Pleasant Memories of Meredith

(Continued from page one)

to a boy and he went out and made the boy leave.

"Didn't she finally marry that boy?"

"Yes, I believe she did."

That was a very serious offense in those days.

"Well, do you remember how you used to go down the halls singing "No, Not One?" Sometimes you weren't sure about the tune, but you knew the words. You had more personality than almost any person I have ever known, "Son." You were always doing some-

thing for somebody. Aren't you enjoying resting?"

"Oh, no. I want to be doing something. I want to have something to do."

And then Miss Parker and I pleaded with her to sing "No, Not One," but she was determined—"not today."

Finally, reluctantly I decided that I had stayed long enough. I would have liked to have talked to "Son" much longer—but I did the next best thing—I went and looked at the portrait of her in her nurse's uniform which was painted by Miss Mary Tillery and which hangs in the faculty parlor—not that Meredith needs a portrait to remember Son by.