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IN DEFENSE OF THE STUDENT

Perhaps there can never be perfect understanding between faculty and students—certainly nothing approaching that, in spite of conscientious effort on both sides, has been achieved in the present system. In the larger university the effort has ceased. The average student is as strange to his professor as any chance passerby. But in the smaller college, where education is still largely "spoon fed" to the students, they and the faculties are each still vainly trying to adjust themselves to the habits of thinking and attitude toward study of the other. The fault lies with neither group, or both—that is why the adjustment is so difficult.

The attitude toward study is where the main difference of opinion lies. The student, because of his youth and "bumptousness," cannot but think that his professor lays undue stress on scholasticism—that he expects too much in the way of research, and detailed study. On the other hand the professor is apt to grow cynical about youth and allow falling short of the ideal he has set up for his students to dampen his ardor for teaching.

One of his main cries against the student is that he is no longer interested in the cultural courses he is offered. The professor points to his small classes in philosophy, in advanced languages, and literature in contrast to the overcrowded vocational classes. He claims that the student cares only for the course that will bring money to his pocket when he is through. Practical courses and specialized studies are his whole thought.

The professor is partly right, but in defense of the student, may it be said that the existing social order is more to be blamed than he. He reads constantly about the millions of unemployed. Under the impression that it will spur the student on to greater efforts, the chapel speaker holds forth on "Ph.D.'s on relief." The student reads appalling figures that show how low a percentage of college graduates secure positions. Is it any wonder that in a sort of frenzy, he dashes out to sign up for the most technical courses he can get? He is convinced that he's got to be better at something than anybody else if the world is to think him worth a living, so he picks out that something and forgets all else in a mad effort to learn everything about it. The art, and literature, and music courses are for rich men's sons—he must stick to his machines and microscopes and find in them what joy he can. Three hours a semester spent in feeding his soul (much as he'd like to) means three hours less knowledge of how to feed his body.

It may be on this very ground that someday faculties and students will become a little more tolerant and a little more understanding of each other. Together, perhaps, some system can be worked out so that cultural and technical training can be combined.

Or maybe it'll become easier to get jobs.—K. S.

Open Forum

Dear Editor:

There is something vitally wrong with a student body which does not support student activities in which all are invited to participate. The proportion of students who attended the excellent presentation by the Little Theatre several nights ago was surprisingly small. The proportionate number of faculty members was much greater. Whatever else some of you say about our faculty, they certainly support our student activities. The small student attendance at "Scrooge" is a manifestation of something deep and underlying among our students the presence of which, unless it is done away with, will spell disaster for what we are pleased to term our "School Spirit!" Frankly, we don't have any such thing if our loyalty is measured by our support of student affairs.

Those who attended Sunday school last Sunday (attendance was voluntary, so most of you may skip this) learned that without coöperation a group can never attain to its highest degree of development. We expect people to think well of our institution, but we ourselves don't betray much co-operation and devotion on our parts.

Even if we can not be appealed to from any other standpoint, then for the love of heaven consider it from a purely selfish one, if that will bring results. Many of us, not many weeks hence, will be walking the weary way of job-seekers. No employer wants an employee who can't or won't be loyal. And our attitude toward our school will play a large part in our securing our positions. There is something which people recognize as fine in loyalty.

Meredith is what it is partly because of the scholastic standards which it measures up to, but it is what is also because of what we as students make it by our loyalty to what it is and what we hope it will be. The college exists for the students and not the students for the college. What it is we make it. Let's revive our spirit, freshen our devotion, and increase our loyalty!

M. H.

Dear Editor:

From all evidences I think we have yet to wake up to the fact that John Dewey was right when he said, "School should be life and not a preparation for life." If college is to guide—and that should be its primary purpose—then it ought to guide the students in the same sort of responsibilities which they are to shoulder when they leave school. Instead of doing this, responsibilities are taken away from us in order to prepare us for responsibilities. A queer inconsistent school system I would say. I willingly admit that there are some students who, in their first years of college life, need a degree worse than guidance. But then, too, there are reform schools. Nevertheless, even the worst, with the right kind of help during the first years of college, should be able by her senior year to use her own discretion in her activities. I do not mean to assert that seniors should be "foot-loose and fancy-free." Even the most democratic government does not provide for that. However, I do mean that seniors are capable of knowing just how foolish it is to be "foot-loose and fancy-free." That is the point! If they don't know, then the school administrators have failed to perform their duty.

We want to live while we are in school. A mere acquaintance with the activities in which we will take part when we get out of school is not enough. The logical sequel to this would be to live the same life when we finish college as we have practiced while there. What a far more suitable word practice is than that seemingly hopeless word preparation!

We're Off!



Girls can't be expected miraculously to become women on the day they march down the aisle for their diploma or even in the following three months. They are women either when they are seniors or they never will be. A set of restrictions covering trivial matters will be about as much help as the proverbial row of pins in bringing about such a miraculous change. I conclude then, that seniors should be treated as women. I dare say that they will respond as such. If they don't—but I have already intimated that we are not running a reform school!

D. D.

TWO JUNIORS ELECTED TO SILVER SHIELD

(Continued from page one)
ular elections from the junior class,

the society has the privilege of receiving two more seniors who seem to have qualified themselves. In this manner, transfer students may have the opportunity of membership.

PAGEANT TO BE PRESENTED BY SOCIETIES DECEMBER 17

(Continued from page one)

- A PageDorothy Crawford
GalahadCarolyn Parker
BedivereSusan Emma Sloan
GarethIrene Tuthill
TristramKatherine Martin
PercivalAnnie Elizabeth Coward
ModredCatherine Johnson
Three Damsels.....Elizabeth Davidson
Catherine Canady
Mary Jane Lindley
Another Damsel.....Dorothy D. Browne

On Having "Arrived"

By KATE COVINGTON

Last week I got put on the staging committee for the Phi-Astro Christmas pageant, as I loped up to the Phi hall (with abandon) to be on time for the first practice so they could see I had the spirit of the thing at heart, etc. Later Mary Johnson accused me of having racial prejudices because I passed her without speaking.

When I arrived I saw a sophomore getting a running start and sliding half-way across the room on a little rug, a faculty member looking worried, somebody evidently trying to out-tune the piano, and both society presidents looking wan and pensive. They decided to read the cast aloud, wherein the magic carpet business ceased; the piano player changed from Pagan Love Song to a little number that sounded like a cross between Smoke Gets in Your Eyes and Blue Danube; and the faculty member looked about gleeful.

King Arthur made a bee-line for the most comfortable seat on the stage and sank down. The Three Wise Men were clad respectively in bright red twin sweaters, a brown polo coat, and a knitted suit; and acted a bit shy at first, although afterwards they rallied round like a B. Y. P. U. social. One of them got tickled and with the Virgin Mary nearly broke up practice. The angels clamped on, a bit bewildered by it all. King Arthur made grimaces and craned his neck, the better to view the script.

"A great desire stirs me," quoth he, flinging his arms out like Anthony honorablizing Brutus. There was a bit of a pause because Sir Garreth

was telling one of the angels about a new permanent—a crocronole too!—and didn't recognize the cue.

"Can you blow a trumpet?" asked the faculty member, looking a trifle anxious.

"No," replied Sir Garreth, two of the Wise Men, the Virgin, and somebody on the costume committee.

Sir Percival was tired; and tried leaning on the piano, King Arthur was practicing some kneeling he had to do in the next act. The Virgin got cold and went away for her coat.

"Where's Lancelot?" asked the faculty member in dismay.

"Taking a seven-thirty," one of the angels announced, looking up from a passage of economic conditions she was reading.

I sat still, not daring to say anything. (Being several yards away from the nearest person.)

"The Wise Men rose and went on their way," was read, whereupon not only the wise men left, but one of the angels, Sir Gareth, and the entire costume committee walked gently (but firmly) away.

I made some marks like the effect of alcohol on the heart in my notebook, and shifted my position.

Mary Johnson was waiting outside for me when it was over. She wanted to go with me to the library and play fit-tat-toe with me while we studied.

"Did you hear about our last Scrooge practice," she asked with a grin, and when I said no, she went on, "Ignorance wasn't there. She'd gone to an Art Lecture so I took her part, and—"

"Yes, yes," I smiled approvingly, "things happen like that. Go on."