

# The Twig

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## EDUCATIONAL TRENDS

At a recent chapel period one member of the faculty outlined the five present educational trends which have perhaps the greatest significance for society at large. Following are the trends in the order presented:

1. Increased participation of school administrators in politics.
2. Affiliation of schools with other organizations for the protection of civic rights.
3. Maintenance of pupil's right to learn.
4. Increased stress on student self-direction under sympathetic and competent guidance.
5. Greater emphasis on conduct, character, and personality rather than on subject matter.

In spite of the increase in the number of schools and educational opportunities and the enormous sums of money spent on education in the last ten or fifteen years, our American educational institutions have failed to increase the student's intellectual and moral activity in the same proportion. American students do not equal those of Europe in intellectual attainments; furthermore, their moral sense and obligation is still greatly disregarded or neglected by the schools. If our schools are headed toward a change for good, it will certainly be welcomed and much needed.

As citizens and leaders who are helping mold the lives of future generations, the educational administrators should certainly take a definite stand for clean politics. They should do what they can to put the most efficient men in office, regardless of party prejudices. The cooperation of every man and woman connected with any educational institution in Raleigh was certainly needed recently when the issue for the school supplement was voted on.

Educational leaders are right in trying to maintain academic freedom in practice as well as in theory. Our teachers should not be compelled to take oaths of allegiance, nor should they be restricted in the expression of convictions in the classroom.

Not only should a teacher be granted the right to give all points of view on an issue, but he should also see to it that the pupil is given a chance to learn what is essential for him to know. A pupil should be taught that which will be of the greatest value to him in the end. In this respect many current educational systems have completely failed. Too many schools are concerned with the temporary, lesser good alone, rather than the permanent, greater good. Here is an example of what happens in some state educational systems:—A girl going into the public school teaching profession for a few years spends a large part of her college life studying methods which she expects—*maybe*—to use for a year or two until she can marry. In most cases of this kind the girl does not have sufficient background in the strictly liberal arts field to enable her to be the most efficient teacher possible. How about the years following those of one's early teaching experience? When selecting courses one should not forget the years to come. Why is it unnecessary for the college professor to be learned in pedagogics when such knowledge is required of public school teachers? Why is it that a great many—mind you, not all of them but a large number—of our public school teachers are quite limited in knowledge outside their particular, narrow field? Why is it that the majority of our high school graduates are poorly prepared for college?

Under "sympathetic and competent guidance" our students may develop a sense of duty and a respect for responsibility by being

allowed greater self-direction. An attitude of irresponsibility is spreading rapidly among our people, and such an attitude is dangerous and degrading. Too often, however, in trying to stress self-direction, the school fails to give the proper attention to the academic work.

The last trend is no doubt the most important of all. It is true that subject matter is valuable only as it develops character. Subject matter should be a means not an end, to the happiness and efficiency of the individual. The question is which subjects will best enable us to develop character. Students must be stimulated to greater intellectual and moral activities if we expect them to continue growing.

Alexis Carrel estimates that one out of every twenty-two persons is confined in an asylum sometime during his life. Our civilization is making individual better physically fit, but the strain and stress is increasing mental degeneration. Dr. Carr says that at the present rate about one million of all the students in our schools today will at some time be confined to a mental institution. What are schools going to do about this appalling situation?

Yes, we do need to place more emphasis on personality and character. The problem lies in how we are to do it. Students must be taught the value and way of attaining a solitude in which they can find themselves. They must have stability—physical, mental, and spiritual. They must aim for greater intellectual acuity and moral strength with which to meet life face to face without breaking under the strain.

## "WHERE SHE STOPS NOBODY KNOWS"

Eliminating the bottle-breaking, I shall proceed to launch this column in my own individual racy style without accompanying fanfare. And, my dears, did you hear, that is they say that a gentleman was inquiring the number of Miss Mary Tillery's room. The astonished girl learned that he knew the number all the time as he had just come from there.

Our own Flora-Dora is not upholding the honor of the school. At the recent Southern Conference Basketball tournament, in a triangular affair involving Washington and Lee's star guard, Meredith was nosed out by Sweetbriar. Of course, a few little things like a seven-year start by Sweetbriar, were handicaps, but at that a whiz like our own Flora-Dora should have overcome that. Too bad Norman Iler graduates—I'm afraid you've lost your chance, Flora. After eluding her Wake Forest swain, Ruth Daugherty finally connected Earl Carson, Washington and Lee forward. These two Danville, Virginia products got along famously.

Spring and junior-senior! Banquet, not dance, that is. Problems accompanying even the most momentous events and this year's banquet is especially fecund. One dubious damsel wrote the following imperative note: "Dear—

You are a plain person, so I shall speak to you plainly. Are you or are you not coming to Junior and Senior? If you aren't, let me know for I know someone else with a tux who will be glad to come. His name is \_\_\_\_\_, and he reminds me of you because he

## Let Yourself Go!

By HELEN MONTAGUE HILLIARD



has a mouth like a squashed watermelon, talks all the time and never says anything. If you are coming, all right, I just want to be sure I have someone at the affair.

Annie."

Dot Hodgins' disease is contagious. As Dot's marriage date approaches, one of her best friends, Kate Covington, no less, announces she is ready for the venture. Is it definitely November, Katie, or are the plans tentative as yet with you and Squinty?

Tommy Herring didn't fare so badly in her recent automobile accident as some may think. A broken pelvic bone, six weeks in a cast, and missing

the last semester are indeed calamitous, but flowers and telegrams from Oak Ridge certainly go far to alleviate the disaster. And any girl could tell you that flowers in the spring cover a lot of deficiencies on his part.

Mr. Canady kept the wires hot a recent afternoon. There are organizations and organizations but Mr. Canady has secured membership in the prize. The gist of his telephone conversations were:

"Don't forget the Sunbeam meeting at four o'clock."

And so, until I have the chance for more prolific ferreting, I remain,  
 Snoopily yours.

## Infirmiry Notes

By KATE COVINGTON

Dear Mary Johnson,

I miss you oodles. Phyllis said everybody's disagreeing over what you've got. Why don't you make up your mind?

I'm on class. The Fond Beauty just asked whether we could take old legends seriously or not, and Virginia got real bright and replied, "Possibly—and possibly not." Sorta definite, eh what? I'm getting borerder and borerder. We just learned a cute little number about how myths start, but the tale began with the Civil War, and ended with a couple of Germans thrown in, so I guess it's not important. Not very, anyway.

There goes the bell. The weight of centuries—

Tomorrow.

I meant to finish this before I got in an argument about earth-worms, and waned away. I wrote an ode. You'll love it. It has not only glamour, but pomp. I put in plenty of azure skies, and threw in a whole battalion of spring posies extra.

Have you decided whether it's mumps or a wisdom tooth yet?

You and I are getting that book together without Virginia. She got sorry for somebody who was buying one alone and is getting a new one with her. Tender.

It's almost time for dinner—I guess you're getting cream tomato soup and capsules. More fun.

Love and mashed potatoes,

K.

Tuesday morning.

My dear Lotos Flower,

Mary Johnson, my heart is breaking. There is a perfectly tremendous rain, and such dandy weather to catch pneumonia in. I wish you were down. We might amble out. I suggested walking to the bakery to somebody, but she turned out to be only a fair

weather friend. I couldn't budge her with a pick ax.

We have company. She's bordering on being red headed. Rather mousy, though, and a Communist, I'm thinking.

Well, I've gotta vamoose. Any tender messages to deliver?

Unbend and get well. Test week is centuries away.

Your'n,

K.

Hail, ye,  
 This is a tender missive saying that when ye went up in th' heights, I didn't know it was permanent. I am growing paler and wanner with each passing moment.

Are you waiting for summer or can I count on you emerging with the next nice thraw-out?

I went to the drug store today and sat at the last table where you get a bird's eye view of stuff to make your hands tender and sweet, the cash register, and the Rental Book Shelf. On the shelves I saw some titles that nearly annihilated me. *The Lovely Bride*, *Fascination*, *Love's Ecstasy*, *The Tempted Woman*, and a dainty looking little number called *Love's Labour's Won*. Holy Mackerel!

I've gotta amscra down to yon Arts Building and battle with the saints. Be my hallo'ween.

K.

Dear Mary Johnson,  
 My luve is like a red, red rose. They tell me you're convalescing. Helen says, "Gee, that's tough."

Do you still get sprayed with flit? Have you lost your hair? I shall feel called upon to wax very disappointed if you ain't a mere shadow of your former self or something. When are yoose coming down?  
 Ever thine,

K.