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Substance of Things  
Hoped For

The prevalence of the Expansion Program ideas embodied in the Palio and Stunt festivities of last week-end indicates that Meredith students, in spite of the "merger" damper on school activities, still look forward to the "substance of things hoped for"—a bigger and better future Meredith College. Juniors at Palio represented money bags and carried future Meredith buildings; Sophomores upheld that their Alma Mater was still the "Queen of Our Hearts"; Freshmen by their large numbers, indicative of what coming years have in store for our school, represented the old woman who "had so many children she didn't know what to do"; and finally, Seniors in their winning stunt came forth with their "treasure" of Meredith expansion plans—all the substance of things hoped for. The applause that arose when these plans were unfolded is representative of Meredith feeling toward the proposed merger and can be summed up in the words of Dr. Helen Price, who at Palio last week-end, said, "I hope we have many, many more Palios right here in this same spot!"

Duplicate Copies in Library

Not many Meredith students have gone to the reserve shelves in the library and not been able to finish their studies because of lack of enough copies of the books which they needed. This is because our library abounds in duplicate copies. In the history alcove alone there is an average of 15 duplicate copies of certain books—an average of approximately one copy to each student in a particular history class. Other reserve shelves also boast of several copies of certain books. All this has made it possible for classes to turn away from the traditional study of one book and to branch out to study, as their texts, a widening number of books, thus becoming acquainted not only with one author and his opinions but with numerous authors in the field. In such a way do we have a more complete education.

Thoughts of the Times

Last Tuesday, November 7, was an American citizen's day and at that time many Meredith students exercised their right of franchise for the first time, being then free and 21 years of age. How well this privilege of voting was used depended on each individual as she weighed the soundness of both sides of the political question to come to her final decision. Did you who voted use this privilege to the best of your talents and ability?

How many Meredith girls sported red feathers last week as an indication that they were upholding the cause of the United War Fund? Not many did at first, it is true, but a realization of what the organization stood for caused many to rally forth and add their contributions to the cause.

Book Reviews

**Travelers Rest.** By Margaret S. Dickinson. Boston. Christaper Publishing House. 148 pages. \$2.00.

The essays that make up this little book are unusual in their origin, being spoken by a house, Travelers Rest. With a proud possessive air, the house speaks of its various occupants through essays that play on every phase of life—work, honesty, education, children, social life, charity, courage, religion, and the home.

Through the spacious frame structure, the author makes clear her faith in the permanence of the basic fundamentals of human nature, and her own philosophy of life is clearly outlined throughout the book. Doubtless, there will be many that will disagree with her opinions, but there will be an even greater number who will find themselves facing certain facts with a guilty conscience.

*Travelers Rest* is a quotable book, simple and direct, but it would be much more readable if the author had mastered some of the most essential principles of the English language.

HILDA WILSON.

**The Unashamed Accompanist.** By Gerald Moore. New York. The Macmillan Company. 84 pages. \$1.50.

This book is truly an inspiration in the field of accompanying. It is primarily addressed to anyone who may be tempted to make accompanying a career, but any musically inclined reader will find it extremely interesting. The main purpose of the book is to produce a greater appreciation of the accompanist and to give a wider conception of his work. The book abounds in wise advice and might well become the accompanist's "Bible."

Gerald Moore, the author, is a professional pianist and was born in England in 1899. He has toured the United States and Canada on several occasions. He made Toronto, Canada, his residence for several years and, in that way, he knows Canada and the U. S. rather well. London has been his headquarters for the past 20 years and he has toured all of Europe. He has accompanied scores of famous artists. Mr. Moore's time is fully occupied by concert work, radio work, recording, and lecturing, and he is considered by many to be one of the world's greatest accompanists.

This is truly a book of great value to accompanists. It discusses all important phases of the art from the first practice to the final performance. It is a delightful book which will make any accompanist proud of his calling.

BETSY JEAN HOLT.

DAFFY-NITIONS

Wolf: A member of the male species who devotes the best leers of his life to women.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cactus: Geranium with bayonets.

\* \* \* \* \*

Barracks: A crap game with a roof.

\* \* \* \* \*

Instinct: That which tells a girl whether to take her roller skates or not when she goes to ride.

SLIPS OF THE LIPS

"... and don't sit for hours on end."

Advice.

"Hi Jean."

Healthy-minded individual.

"What else did she say to look up besides romance? I have romance, romance."

Anyone recognize it?

"... take a ladder..."  
By some teacher the day after  
Hallowe'en . . . ??

"... and she said that we were not to eat between meals. But I don't eat between meals anyway . . . I STUDY!"  
Tsk, tsk . . . someone's working too hard.

"This apple is awful . . . tastes like poison!"  
??

"My father was Scotch; my mother was Bourban; and I'm just a little high-ball."  
Student teacher problem.

"I always thought that Palio was a disease."  
A Freshman, of course.

"And woe to the girl that has as her theme song 'I had a man'."  
More advice.

And here are some words from the wise that happened along one day:

Once wantum.  
No gettum;  
Once gettum  
No wantum.

COMPLAINTS

I want to be where you is,  
Instead of where I be,  
Cause I are where you is not,  
And it ain't the place for me!

I used to think the world was just,  
But now I think it isn't . . .  
For you has gone where I is not,  
And left me where you isn't.

If ever we get together,  
I hope we never part,  
For if we does, I know, my dear,  
That it will break my heart!

Contented in this world of ours,  
And yet there's one complaint . . .  
You has gone where I is not,  
And left me where you ain't!!

SHE SNOOPS TO CONQUER

Ah-ha! At last that day is here again. "That day?" you say. Well—the day that marks the end of happy days for unattached men. For once again Sadie Hawkins Day is here, and the girls who haven't been bold enough to take advantage of leap year find their courage rising and their hopes reaching almost unobtainable heights as the Sadie Hawkins Day Race draws near.

Of course, some of the last year's "Available Joneses" are no longer in circulation. "Daisy Mae" McMillan has taken one Ed. T. off the list—got his fraternity pin in fact!

Myra Miller seems "to have the situation well in hand," the situation being a certain Marine named Sam—marrying Sam maybe—well, it's not a bad idea, is it Myra?

Fay Champion seems to have Hairless Joe—well, Joe anyway—writing some sweet letters from Paris.

They say "love makes the world go 'round"—maybe that's why Bobby Owen is acting so dizzy lately. But she can depend on a certain little Med student at Duke for any medical treatment she needs.

Duke doesn't mean a college to Virginia Whitaker. It means a certain young man whom she eliminated from

the Sadie Hawkins Day Race—he's from Louisiana, isn't he?

"Moonbeam" Sprinkle is hot on the trail of Martin—aren't you Faye?

Irene Frye says she'll be right on the starting line when the gun goes off. I don't know who she'll be chasing, but I'll bet she catches someone.

Several of the girls have been practicing running for weeks. Marilyn Spiers has worn out two pairs of track shoes, it's rumored, and Evelyn Straughan has nearly ran herself to death.

Emily Olive is wearing Captain's bars. Is the race over for you, Emily?

Dot Bruton, who was that good looking Lil' Abner who came to see you last week-end? And you are chasing "Walter, Walter, Lead Me To the Altar"! These women that chase two men in this time of man shortage.

Well, I think I'll hang my close on this line. Wish I could report more thoroughly on Meredith-Patch (well, what's the difference in that and Dog-Patch? We have lots of dogs here).

I've gotta go practice running a little—Sadie Hawkins Day, ya know. So—this is ye olde reporter, Droopy Snoopy signing off 'till next time. This is the end, as any fool can plainly see! See?

Panorama

By Elizabeth Davis

[By invitation of columnist Lib Davis, the column this week is written by Jimmy Wallace, columnist and circulation manager of the Tar Heel, University of North Carolina.]

"LISTEN STUDENTS"

By Jimmy Wallace

Mergers are as characteristic of America as the corner drug store. For purposes of education, however, the merger is by far the more dangerous, because, inherently, it necessitates a loss or a change of identity. When such a mechanical process is applied to education, it fails, because education, per se, cannot be so manipulated.

Many ramifications have developed out of the recent discussions concerning the merger of Meredith and Wake Forest. The principal side issue has been the desirability of a co-educational institution.

The real issue, however, lies in the general principal of mergers. Even if a merger were advantageous in this particular situation, as a matter of principle it would still be a step in the wrong direction. The proposed merger is merely the reflection of a general trend which has become quite pronounced in America during the last 50 years. Perhaps a cursory examination might yield some unexpected results.

Note: American Tobacco, R. J. Reynolds, Liggett and Myers, Alcoa, Westinghouse, General Motors, Du Pont, Ford, United States Steel, American Telephone and Telegraph, and Standard Oil. These are just a few. With the coming of modern industrial methods came "big business," absorption, and expansion. And what has happened to the "little businessman?" He has disappeared. He has become amalgamated into the "efficient" and expanding colossi known as big business.

But what connection, if any, does all this drivell have with education and the proposed merger? The answer now becomes apparent. America is trying to commercialize its educational program as well as its productive program. Production may obviously be increased by specialization; ergo the giant corporations. But, that is where the parallel ceases. It is entirely conceivable that an automobile may be constructed in an assembly line. Each of dozens of workers may perform some small operation on the product as it slowly moves by; and, presto, when you push the third valve down, out comes a Chevrolet with white sidewalls and a "C" card.

Fortunately, most teachers are not the automatons who work on assembly lines, and, equally as fortunately, most students do not resemble (either mentally or physically) the interior of a 16-cylinder engine. In other words, education deals primarily with persons (except in some schools with excellent football records) and therefore it must be a personalized process. A small school, if it possesses a good faculty, is conducive to such an education. Students attending such schools as New York University and the University of Southern California receive about as much attention as the British give to the people of India.

Good education demands an unfettered mind WITH which to think, but a mind situated upon a firm foundation FROM which to think. The student will have to do the best he (or she) can with the former, but the college must provide the greater part of the latter. That is where tradition comes in. Undoubtedly, every brick now comprising Meredith College could be moved to Wake Forest, but there are no moving vans in existence which are equipped to transport intangibles. In fact, tradition is neither transportable nor transferable. One school in this state tried a transfer, but it failed.

All the people who are sincerely interested in education hope that the day will soon come when politicians and athletic managers will stay in their own bailiwicks. Those bailiwicks are not included in a respectable academic program.

Meredith should stick by her guns, and, if necessary, be as demonic as some of the deacons.

Author's note: I consider it a rare privilege to write this column for THE TWIG. It is my hope that I have not abused your indulgence.—J. W.