



Newspaper of Students, Meredith College

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Student Government?

Is Meredith's a student government? The answer to this question is up to the individual students themselves as they make our government at Meredith a student governing one.

A student government doesn't mean one in which the faculty dictates what is to be done, nor is it a government in which a chosen few decide the issues at stake. Ours is a representative student democracy since the students themselves elect the girls they wish to represent them in problems that come up before the Council.

The familiar slogan, "Write your congressman a letter," applies in our American government because our representatives in the Congress of the United States are far away, and this is a means of contact between the representatives and the people. But Meredith citizens can do even better than that in their government—they don't have to write a letter to their representatives, they can see and talk with students on the Council. In most cases, the representatives live just around the corner from you and me.

Not only can Meredith girls send their opinions up to the Council through their representatives but they have a chance to "air" their own views straight from the shoulder. How many times has president Marty said at student chapel, "Now, is there any discussion?" And how many more times has silence reigned when this question was asked? Those of you who argue that Meredith's is not an entire student-governing association forget that you've had plenty of opportunity to put in your "two cent's worth"—a practice that would make of our school a true student government. Goodness knows, the Student Council itself wants your opinions, they beg for them. Neither Marty nor anyone else on the Council wants to be a dictator!

If you don't want to sign your chapel slips as such or if you think it best to study late some nights, say so, that's your privilege, your opinion, isn't it? Of course everyone's whims and fancies can't be attended to but if enough people find it difficult to follow certain regulations, say so, for that's one way to ferret out the weaknesses that lie in our organization. It isn't wrong to say what you think but it is wrong to hide your actions and to be dishonest about them.

So the next time Marty, or anyone else, asks for discussion, give it to them and to the rest of the school. Give both the pro's and con's on whatever the subject may be. In that way, Meredith would have a true democracy—one governed by the students themselves.

Four More Days!

Four more days! The main thing isn't the fact that it is nine more days until Christmas Day itself, but the primary interest around Meredith now is that four days more remain until our Christmas holidays.

"Holiday" to students means a rest from the usual rush to get up at seven o'clock in the morning, a cessation of class efficiency, and a stop to the study-cramming that goes on from week to week. Instead, as we check off the calendar days until the nineteenth, "holiday" connotes fun, recreation, rest, and pleasure.

The fact that "holiday" originally meant "holy-day" never enters our minds. The Christmas season doesn't merely mean a time for last minute Christmas shopping or a time for party-gatherings, but it means a spiritual remembrance of the great truth that Jesus, Christ Eternal, was born—a saviour, something of heaven on earth, sent to make the world a better place in which to live and also to show to the world that a great after-life exists for those who are willing to strive for it. If one stops to consider what the world would have been like if Jesus had never been born, she would be ashamed of what "holiday" had previously meant to her.

"Holiday" can be made a "holy-day" for those who, more than ever now in a world of strife and uncertainty, realize the full significance of Christ's birth which took place many centuries ago.

She Snoops to Conquer

"Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Tra la, la, la, la!" Whee! Christmas greetings and Happy New Year. You know this season just gives me more wim, vigor, and witality than anyone ever dreamed that Aunt Susie could have. The better to snoop with, my dears. Ah, yes, and speaking of snooping, whoever that was singing "Jolly Old St. Nicholas, lean your ear this way" must have forgotten that "yours truly" is Santa's representative and she knows when you come in early. She knows when you come in late. She knows when you've had a telephone call and when you've had a date. "So you'd better watch out."

All of which reminds me that Santa had better do more watching out for himself or else he'll be having some big wedding bills to pay. Yes, sir, I just can't get over little Nellie Thompson and Evelyn Little getting real wedding bell for Christmas, and I've heard rumors of a similar happening for Rachel Fleming. How some girls do rate! Incidentally, I heard, too that a certain young man had completed about 90 missions and that a certain young lady was keeping her fingers crossed and working on a wedding dress. Well, what about it, Peck, is Santa bringing you another ring for your third finger? Santa's being extra good to Mildred Jenkins this year because he's letting her husband come home for Christmas. He's going to be there about the 19th.

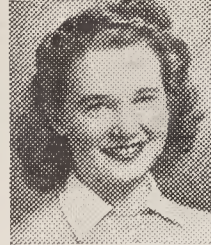
I'm not right sure that all I've been hearing about Wake Forest is purely brother-sister. It seems that some of our fair angels are making week-end trips over in that direction. What about it, Bobby, and Betsy, and Evelyn?

By the way, Lib, what about that young preacher-man from Durham that I've been listening in on? And you, Pat, how about sharing the wings you've been acquiring. It's not fair for any girl to have two pair especially when one is from a good-looking marine. A certain good-looking soldier named Keith sent his wife a recorded message the other day. What I heard of it was mighty sweet.

And now for the lowdown on the administrative staff. My carrier pigeon just brought in a report from Texas stating that Charlie was expecting a visit from Miss Brown for Christmas. I hear it's going to be an airplane trip down. He must be pretty important.

Yes, siree, you'd better watch out because I'll be traveling with Santa on the 24th just so I can keep an eye on all you Meredith girls. Just hope I can start the New Year right.

Yours 'till the eve drops,
 Aunt Susie.



This week's column is contributed by Miss Vici De Voe, columnist for "The Carolinian" at W. C. U. N. C.

"IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU"

By VICI DEVOE

It's gotten to the point where it isn't even funny anymore. Every vacation, every spare chance they get, friends and relatives at home breathe hotly on my neck and shout, "And what are you getting out of your college education?" Usually I smile and murmur something trite and inane, but their inquiries are sharper of late, so comes the revolution! I will attempt to categorize, synthesize, and catch the eyes by setting down a few bits of deep knowledge gained from four years as a liberal arts student.

Knowledge Gleaned Freshman Year

1. The amoeba is a little animal full of all sorts of plasms. It can change its figure quicker than the DuBarry Success Course.
2. Woolen socks should not be sent to the college laundry unless you want to give them to a baby niece.
3. The arboretum is not a place where trees and shrubs are cultivated for scientific and educational purposes.
4. Coca-Cola can be kept cold by placing it outside the window during the colder months (if you don't live on the first floor).
5. The best roommate is one who doesn't fit into your clothes.
6. A box of food from home and a number of males with friends is your ticket to popularity.
7. An umbrella is not needed in the rain—a kerchief, hat, boots, and reversible serve equally well.
8. A blouse worn with a suit need only be pressed down the front.
9. It is wise to ask the height of a girl's date when swapping card dances.

Sophomore Year

1. Eighty per cent of college men are wolves and drunkards.
2. Time can be saved by taking a bath and doing your laundry at the same time.
3. General Grant was a lousy president.
4. Natural nail polish on soap, lipstick on door knobs, cold cream on mirrors, nutshells in beds; can raise a lot of hell in a dorm.
5. Extra funds can be procured by telling your parents you have to buy a new French book.
6. An intelligent expression and a few pertinent questions will boost your mark in a course.

MEREDITH MEMORIES

School, like people, is remembered by certain features, customs, characteristics, that go into making up its personality in the same manner that people's personalities are formed and in the same manner that they became individuals. Schools, like persons, possess traits that go into making them different . . . small things . . . things to be remembered long after a student has left, to be gone over and over again in dreams and letters and reminiscings. They are the things that old students talk about when they chance to meet again in later years. They are the things that when put together may mean Meredith.

Meredith is a small unit of that which composes America . . . that way of combining all things and all people into making something worthwhile. Meredith is her students . . . day-students, resident-students, "rebels," "yankees," and all the others. She is Palio in all the gay colorful merriment that goes into making up a traditional holiday . . . she is columns and many steps, a dome, green grass, oaks, cars parked in front leisurely basking in the sun . . . teachers and students alike rushing to get to class on time . . . day-students slipping into class a few minutes after the bell, cold in the winter with red noses and kerchiefs and with boots and umbrellas on rainy days.

She is the athletic tournaments and the physical exams. She is the Twig, the Acorn, the Oakleaves, and long

Panorama

By Elizabeth Davis

7. The Spaniards and South Americans do not speak Spanish alike.

8. An appetizing sandwich can be made from raw onions, mayonnaise, and sardines.

9. Quick notes to friends can be scribbled in class in an appearance of taking notes.

Junior Year

1. Eight hours sleep is not necessary for an adult.

2. It is possible to eat breakfast and get to class in 10 minutes.

3. NaCl is another name for table salt.

4. All college men are wolves and drunkards.

5. Good marks are not made by disagreeing with the professor's opinions, thoughts, and theories.

6. You can present a fairly healthy appearance by powdering the circles under your eyes.

7. A steak dinner is more important than the looks and personality of your escort.

8. Milton wrote something about Adam and Eve.

9. Black coffee will keep you awake for two hours at a time.

Senior Year

1. Shubert never finished one of his symphonies.

2. A roaring fire is not necessary for toasting marshmallows. A pointed pair of scissors and a match will do just as well.

3. It is possible to sit up all night and type a 5,000 word paper, thinking it out as you go along, and get "B" on it.

4. Six hours sleep is not necessary.

5. A quiet nap can be indulged in in a lecture course by turning your eyes downward in an appearance of taking notes.

6. Time can be saved in the morning by taking your hair out of the curlers on the way to the John.

7. A uniform does not necessary mean that a man is an officer and a gentleman.

8. Long black gloves with an evening dress give quite a glamorous effect.

9. Professors get pretty huffy if you cut their class more than once a week.

Of course there are always some people like Phi Betes and honor roll students who glean a lot more from the books, but then I never was a studying fool. May my friends and relatives and all concerned about what I've gained from college, rest easy. And may Uncle Willie, who left me \$2,000 for my college education, not roll over in his grave.

hours spent in preparing these. Meredith is Dr. Freeman running to catch the bus . . . the breathless silence of students about to enter Dean Davis' office after the "D's" and "F's" have been posted for mid-term and the relieved expressions when there are none . . . Meredith is Mr. Dorsett driving up in his small blue car and emerging with a huge multi-color umbrella on a rainy day . . . Meredith is the "Beehive" at lunch-time and all the incongruous sounds from the music department on the way there . . . she is the persistent reassurances of Mr. Carlton and the "ping" of the nickles as they are dropped and the "ping-ping" of an occasional dime as heard from the library or the day-student room . . . the bus drawing out of the drive and turning and perhaps stopping to wait for a late student who cuts across the neatly-trimmed lawn in front of Johnson Hall.

Meredith is the nostalgic moanings of the freshmen and the bitter comparisons and reminiscings of the transfers . . . and the later pride shown by them in their new Alma Mater. Meredith is the conferences and the close relationships between the student and teacher.

Yes, Meredith has a soul, a great, warm, friendly soul which, like all souls, is made up of intangibles.