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THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

The whole secret of abundant living can be summed up in this sentence: "Not your responsibility, but your response to God's ability."

E. STANLEY JONES.

The Spirit of Focus Week

One of the most inspirational set of activities planned at Meredith is that in the spring of each year when Religious Week is observed. There is something about the spirit of the week which cannot be matched. Little things such as the smiling faces of the team members, the wholesome fellowship at social gatherings, and the small part each of us plays in executing the plans laid out by the committees are essential elements in the spirit as well as the more obvious purposes.

The addresses at the morning and evening worship services are full of thought-provoking questions which become evident in informal discussions; the seminars provide opportunity for discussion on interesting subjects led by persons competent in those particular fields; the classroom work is enriched by emphasis of the integration of all subject matter fields with Christian principles; the personal conferences aid in the solving of particular problems.

The team who is to visit our campus this year has been chosen carefully. The members represent many phases of life activities and interests and are particularly concerned with student thought and action. The general chairman, along with the director of religious activities and the individual committees, have been at work for several weeks in detailed planning for the week's activities. It is the hope of the committee that each student will realize fully the opportunities provided during the week and that through wholehearted interest and participation that much benefit will be derived.

Virtue Versus Vice

One aspect of Christianity that doesn't always receive proper emphasis is the almost incalculable good it does for those who practice its virtues. Many people have the false idea that religion is a sort of burden. Shakespeare did a superb job of expressing the blessing of religion when he wrote, "The quality of mercy is not strained. It droppeth as the gentle rain upon the place beneath. It is twice-blest. It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

Shakespeare and wise men throughout the ages recognized the wonderful practicality of religion in the lives of men. Virtue has as its rewards such real and lasting dividends as peace of mind and bodily health. Vice, on the other hand, usually pays off in enslavement, torment or disease.

An Average Day In the Life of a Day Student

7:10 a.m. Rise, hastily dress.
 7:30 a.m. Hurriedly gulp down breakfast.
 7:44 a.m. Rush out of house; dash down three blocks to bus stop.
 7:55 a.m. Whoops! Just made it!
 7:55-7:56 a.m. Wild sprint across capitol square to beat that bus around the block.
 7:56½ a.m. Pant . . . whew . . . ugh . . . squeeze gently now, please. Yippee, made it. . . (General conversation from beginning of Hillsboro Street to Meredith)
 "Hold your books, kid?"
 "Thanks. Just kinda prop open that one on top, will ya? Yeah, the religion book. Gotta quiz this a.m."
 "No foolin', he did? When? Wotta character!"
 "Ah! Lookee here, Mary's diamond! Isn't it beautiful, girls?"
 "G'mornin', Dr. Freeman; no, please keep your seat. These (ugh) books aren't heavy at all!"
 "Push back, girls. (Driver speaking) Let's make room for just one more (as a horde of fifteen pack in.) Ah, c'mon; even sardines can do better than this!"
 "Hey, Sam! (turning up drive) can you pick up Dot and Bunny—Huh, please? Gee thanks."
 8:20 a.m. Reach college.
 8:20-8:25 a.m. Glimpse notices on Johnson Hall bulletin boards, dash upstairs to Day Student Room. Any mail? Oh, an "invite" from none other than Miss Baity herself! Gee, guess she really wants to see me; this is the second invitation I've received this week.
 8:25 a.m. Was that the bell? Hurry! Honestly, girls, why not try out for the relay race over at State? We could really give those boys some competition.

Why, my timing is improving daily.
 8:30-1:00 p.m. Classes.
 1:01 p.m. Now for a hearty, wholesome, delectable meal. Lessee, what's the Bee Hive got today? Umm, fritos or potato chips? Sandwich. Nabs. Bottle of milk. What, no milk today? Well, make it Tru-Ade orange, then. That's all, thanks.
 2:00 p.m. Goody, no p.m. classes today! Guess I'll study for a while in the library. Huh, drive down to Wilmont with you? Sorry, gotta study. Well, all right. Just for a few minutes.
 5:00 p.m. Off to the library! Hmm "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Yep, I kinda like that. "A thing . . ." that Keats was quite a guy. . . .
 5:50 p.m. Br-ring! Library's closing. . . . Well, I did get something accomplished. Let me see, now; Byron said (or was it Shelley?) No, Wordsworth, that's it Wordsworth said it: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." See, I did learn something after all.
 6:00 p.m. All ready to go home. How nice; there's the bus waiting for me. Better dart through Johnson Hall; that's a little shorter. Happy day, I made it. Yipe! Almost forgot; today is Monday; chapel card's gotta be signed, or else; Driver, just one minute, please. I forgot sumpin'. Not even for one little minute? O.K., refund my nickel, please. . . . That's gratitude for you!
 7:00 p.m. Reach home at end of "usual" day. Tired, but happy!
 7:30 p.m. . . . ? a.m. Will I never get this home work done? Wonder where all my "free" time went today? Oh, so what if I get just four or five hours sleep? Four years of this, and we'll all be rugged individuals!
 —Shirley Hurwitz.



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ASKS. YOU

What have you got to say

In reply

To that maddening cry

"Aren't you glad to be back?"

Well, seems like our much-dreaded exams have come and gone, and here we are sitting right in the middle of another semester. Believe me, it would be wonderful if the novelty of a brand new schedule weren't so confusing. And then there's the tender thought of comfortable mornings spent sleeping 'till noon disrupted by the clanging of the bells, bells, bells which start their serenade (?) at seven a.m. on the dot. Nothing quite like pouncing right out of bed and getting in a quick half hour's work before breakfast. In order to exclude all insinuations of insanity, you hastily explain to your "roomy" that you've just got "to write this breakfast before Shakespeare summary and get to that 8:30 class." And then comes that last feeble dash to the P.O. before falling back into classroom subconsciousness. (The less said about the P.O.? the better. . . .) You probably ask yourself why in the world you don't get more sleep for this holiday hangover and these road-map eyes have got to go.

But then that good old bell has sounded off by now and you're ready to start the long trudge back to the room. After mustering up a last spark of courage, you cautiously put your delicate little number nines in one of the many gullies that flow by the class buildings and patiently wait for the tide to sweep you away . . . but luckily you brought your Jiffy-Water Wings today so you can swim up to the dorm without too much exertion. If you still have strength enough to climb the steps to your room, you can always hang your water wings on a chair by the radiator to dry, crawl back in bed, and pretend that this made existence is all a horrible dream.

Confidentially, it ain't!

How Do YOU Read?

How much do you read? No, I am not referring to the comic section or the sports page. I am talking about newspapers as a whole, weekly and monthly magazines, and other similar periodicals, and of course, books from the library.

It is a well-known fact that the person who has the most misconceptions, prejudices, and warped opinions is usually the least read. The person who knows the facts is cautious in forming opinions. He is not narrow-minded or dogmatic. He thinks clearly before stating his views.

The ignorant person can tell you everything about everything. He does not have to refer to books for his knowledge, he gets it by hearsay, by rumor, or by fabricating it from his own mind. Lacking initiative in reading about some matter, he eagerly pounces on some rumor and rides it for all it is worth.

The well-read person, like the educated person, is humble. He knows that he cannot be an authority on everything. He considers each problem squarely and honestly, and makes no snap judgments. He reads both sides of the question and forms his opinions intelligently.

The next time you read a newspaper, look at the front page carefully. There might be something there that interests you, that clears up some misconstrued idea that you may have, and proper knowledge of the facts might save you embarrassment and criticism. Make it a habit to read one of the weekly newspapers. They have the news in condensed form, and they offer many and varied opinions on all matters. When you do reading for a class, don't breeze through with the idea of "getting it off." Try to get something out of what you read. It might surprise you, but some of those books are actually very interesting. (McMurry War Whoop, Alilene, Texas)

ment, torment or disease.

Anyone who is interested in breaking bad habits but doesn't feel equal to the task ought to find an incentive in the rich rewards that accompany virtue as compared with the highly dubious profits that are reaped by vice.

Editors Note: The above editorial is quoted from *The Aquin*, St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minn. and is thought particularly appropriate at this time.

One professor at Indiana University puts it to his students straight.

He said, "Of course, you people are entitled to your own beliefs." He stopped and smiled gently. "But it would be much more diplomatic if you all would agree with me."

Impresario

A Book Review By Virginia Campbell

Recently published in 1946, this entertaining story of the great Hurok and the article he has presented to millions of people is a rare opportunity for every music lover to meet and know the stars of yesterday and today.

Not only is the story of Hurok's rise from a Russian emigrant smuggler to the position of one of the greatest concert managers a fascinating one, but also his close relationships with his proteges make this book unforgettable.

A hero-worshiper from the start, Hurok first wanted to present Chaliapin, the great Russian basso to American audiences. He had formed the Van Hugo Musical Society in Brownsville, a section of Brooklyn, after having worked at a variety of establishments; but he was not able to persuade the artist to come to America. Instead, the violinist Limbalist was presented in Carnegie Hall to a full house. Successful engagements followed, and he soon was presenting Madame Schumann, Heink, Eugene Tasaye, the coloratura, Terrazzini, and others at the Hippodrome.

After a break with Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic, Chaliapin did come to America; and under Hurok's management, he was first presented to a dazed public in *Boris Goudonov*. From this point, we follow this great musical figure in many successful concerts from coast to coast and abroad.

Next we meet Pavlova, dancing to the music of Tschaiakowsky at the Hippodrome. Hurok had rehearsed his speech in both Russian and English but was mute in her presence. The accounts of her performances in Jackson, Mississippi, where a whole new stage had to be built, and in Montgomery, Alabama,

where the roof leaked, lend a very human touch.

The book continues with personal incidents, often amusing ones, in the lives of Isadora Duncan, dancer; Glazonov, Russian teacher; Alice Warkova of the Ballet Russe; Toumanova, prima ballerina; Marian Anderson, Jan Peerce, Rubinstein, and other magnificent artists.

It is only natural that "Impresario" should have a great deal of atmosphere. One can feel the tension of opening nights, especially after Hurok's account of how the costumes for a ballet were not finished and the frenzied "pinning on" which occurred just before the rising of the curtain.

There is much wit, both in Hurok's own remarks, and in those of the artists. Rubinstein quipped that a Sunday afternoon broadcast with Toscanini would warm him up for his concert at Carnegie Hall that night. The reader will smile again at Hurok's statement that a certain great producer was "almost God to me, or at least Saint Peter."

The significant effect of this book is its picture of the human side of the artist. Hurok, though humble, evaluates them without the prejudice which would come natural to a producer and manager. He relates incidents which portray each star as a person, and not as a distant point of admiration. Very few people know that Marian Anderson once sang with her foot in a cast, cleverly concealed by the flowing train of her dress, and supported herself by leaning very lightly upon the piano, because she would not disappoint her audience. An incident such as this increases appreciation and understanding of those who have risen to great heights in the world of music.