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Associated Collegiate Press

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Thought for the day

But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gently, and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy. JAMES 3:18.

"The Old Order Changeth"

This year's TWIG staff completes its work with this issue. The two issues to appear in May will be produced by the newly-elected staff. It seems like only a short time since that last May when we began our work filled with fear and trembling, yet endowed with a great many hopes and ambitions. As the year slowly passed, we saw many of our hopes fulfilled, but also the year brought us failure in other plans. Originally, we set forth two main objectives. The first was to voice truly student opinion. We had hoped to express the ideas of various groups on the campus. Our second objective was to develop an interest in the paper by making the paper itself interesting. We decided that news, even important news, is not ever very newsy if it is dull reading. Still, the year has passed, and as we lay down our pencils and close our typewriters, we feel a deep regret that the year is over. Now that we have had a whole year's experience, we believe that we could begin to improve our paper and develop that interest that we so earnestly sought during our work.

However, we feel quite satisfied in turning our work over to Margaret Moore and her staff. The new editor has a wealth of enthusiasm and new ideas. Her sincere interest is fortunately accompanied by accuracy and executive ability. Heading up the business staff this year, she has given many of us a foresight into her possibilities for the future. The paper has been successful financially. The March report showed that the Twic has in the bank approximately \$600.00. In addition to this account, we hold in reserve a savings bond. So we predict that smooth sailing will be in store for the new editor. Our work is done; we hand it on to another staff for another year and wish for them even more luck and more fun than we have had.

A Worthwhile Playday

One of the happiest occasions on the spring calendar at Meredith is the annual faculty-student playday. It is an afternoon that is full of fun as well as free from classes. The enjoyment, though, is only a small part of the worthwhileness of the day. Playday gives students an opportunity to establish a better relationship with their teachers. It gives all of us a chance to ask a teacher a question without raising a hand. And it means, too, that we can

see our instructors as athletes as well as scholars. Too often, we are prone to think that they spend their time preparing quizzes and grading papers. During playday performances, we can change our minds. Indeed, it was fun to watch the faculty softball team, whether we were defeated or not. And it was interesting to see a student match abilities with a teacher on the tennis court. Even the informal picnic supper Wednesday was a delightful affair. Let us hope that this important event will continue to be a part of the school calendar.

Letter to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR:

Let me say, in reply to another letter in this same column, several issues ago, that letters do not have to be signed if they're printed. It all depends on the policy of the paper and the editor involved. The author of that other letter already referred to, said that she believed it only cowardly for anyone to sign a letter by any unidentifying name. To cite an example of a creditable newspaper that does print letters without names, I should like to refer her to the New York Times. This paper prints a letter with an anonymous name if the editor knows himself who wrote the letter. Any paper should welcome worthwhile contributions from sincere writers. And I do not consider anyone a "coward who lacks backbone" to refuse to sign her name. Nothing would please me more than to see some real debates on real subjects discussed in this column each issue. Do you, editor, always know who writes you letters?

Sincerely,

Anonymous, despite jeers from others.

Editor's Reply:

Yes, always. In fact, the writer always discusses her issue with me. I, too, should like to see this column revitalized, whether the columnists wish to sign their names or not. Of course, the incoming editor will form her own policy concerning the letters in this column. However, it seems to me that if a letter contains anything worth printing and worth reading, the writer's wishes could be granted.

DAY STUDENT DOPE

By JERRY WINFREE

Someone once said there is no past or future, only the present. But I often wonder. . . . Before the Junior-Senior everyone was making big plans for the awaited week-end — talking about the new dress they would wear or the man they had asked to come. Now that the event has passed, the conversations are still of the Junior-Senior and about dresses and men, but not of one's own dress or date. It is of Jane's date or Sue's dress. Yes, the joys of women are in the past, present, and future.

There were some who had several events to attend Saturday, 19th. For instance, Denny Burchard and Hurbie went to the Engineer's Ball as well as the Junior-Senior.

Love vs. Knowledge

The library has proved a profitable place for more than obtaining book knowledge. Marguerite George finds it is a place for meeting young men and getting a ride home. Love finds a way.

Have you heard that Doris H.'s steady has moved to Cary? The power of some women.

Lillian Swinson has changed horses in the middle of the stream—from State to Wake Forest. We wonder why.

Among our Day Students we have a champion. Mary Riddle, a bowling champion, is to participate in the National Duck Pin Bowling Tournament in Washington, D. C., soon. Good luck, Mary.

Ernestine Clark, Gladys Green, Marie Wilson, and yours truly are among the group of girls taking Senior Life Saving at St. Mary's. The comment of most girls is that it's rough.

We hear that Jerry Burgess Mangum has been cooking meals every day for her newly-acquired husband.

Anna Hungerford plans to attend summer school at Meredith the first quarter and Carolina the second quarter. We wonder since when Anna has been so interested in her studies.

Then there is the problem of job hunting. Girls are putting in their applications for positions all over the State.

Ernestine Clark has been giving flower demonstrations lately. What does Ernestine know about flowers is the big question of the week.

Turn Over, Mabel

Wait a minute—don't stop reading yet. This isn't going to be an article about "Mabel, Mabel, sweet and able." It's all about bathing beauties—sun bathers. You didn't know the season was here? Well, best you remember. You know what sun bathing is, n'est-ce-pas? That's right. It's the art of absorbing the rays from the sun in small amounts to produce the desired shade of tan on the epidermis. Believe me, it is an art, for underexposure nets no result, while too much sunlight leads one to suspect a kinship with the lobster—a boiled one. Sun bathing in North Carolina has a limited season (but for Beard's benefit it's unlimited in Florida) from approximately the last of March through the month of September. Where do we go to take sun baths? Well, it depends on where you are — besides that, your allowance or salary might affect the "where." But if you're one of the lucky girls who go to Meredith College, worry no more, my dear—your "where" is solved! You go up to third floor and hope or rather fight—in a lady-like manner—for enough space to plant your carcass. The sun bathers fall into three categories—blondes, brunettes, and red heads. They usually wear shorts and halters or bathing suits, which fit beautifully and cover the subject neatly. For equipment—these bathing beauties use several towels or a quilt to lie on and a bottle of oil—usually olive oil or baby oil—to speed the process. And to keep you from thinking there's no work going on here, I must tell you what you'd see if you went up to third floor. You'd see some studying going on; then you'd see the bridge sharks and the loafers (that's for me!). So then you lie there until some friend of yours reminds you that it never pays to be one-sided—no indeed! not in this age . . . so Turn Over, Mabel!!

Dear "Cindy"

It is five-thirty and it is Saturday morning. Saturday. Any every-other-Saturday from September to April. Your roommate is sleeping soundly. You can hear her. Five hundred other little girls are sleeping soundly. You wish you were. You yawn and give the faithful typewriter a desperate biff. You say this is one hulluva life. Cold, rainy, windy, or warm. Always early.

It is then five-forty and you think that you had better get to work because your candle burned down at one-thirty last night and you didn't get very much done. Of course the column was due Friday. What will Martha say. But you weren't in the mood. You couldn't find anything to write about and what you found to write about you couldn't print. Who wants to get a friend or two shipped.

The typewriter is getting heavy. You shift it to the left knee and push the pillows up behind you. q w e r t y u i o p. A typewriter, second row. How inspiring.

You think about your triumph in the last issue. You asked them. They wouldn't tell you. You wrote about it then. They won't speak to you now. You decide to turn intellectual and write book reviews.

You look at the sun. It's coming up. It's climbing over Raleigh. You get up, too. To brush your teeth. It isn't fair. Not having coffee.

You look at your roommate and she is so comfortable that you want to swift kick her for being that way. You are suddenly ashamed. She can't help it. You repent. And almost pray. But you don't because you remember that the Lord doesn't advocate one's tending to other people's business. But this is business. That's why you got up so early. There is a gossip column and you have to write it.

Dear Cindy:

This is only the getting started. This isn't the writing. The spying or the pencil-gnawing. The fast, the sudden inspiration killed by a frowning blue pencil. This is the start. The late drive. Don't look for it. It has fun finding you.

Saturday-after-this I shall promptly smile at five-thirty a.m. and know that somewhere across the court "Cindy" is hunting and pecking on the old typewriter. I shall enjoy sleeping twice so very much as ever.

Advice. Audit all your courses next year. No time for books and tests. Stay out of the sight of the English department. They like punctuation. Stay beyond the grasp of the dean's office. You like them to like you. Keep the column as charming as "Cindy" is.

It's yours. I give it to you. The fun, the fuss, the fight of it.

From BRADLEY.

collection is intended for the heathen." —Ex.

* * *

It was a blustery winter day when a man wearing a new wig came along. Both hat and wig promptly blew off into the street and a boy somewhat dumbfounded, picked them up and handed them to their owner.

"Thanks, my boy," said the man. "You're the first genuine hair restorer I've ever seen." —Clipped.

* * *

Baptist (to Methodist): "I do not like your church government. It has too much machinery about it."

Methodist: "Yes, but then you see, it doesn't take near so much water to run it."

* * *

"Who's calling?" was the answer to the telephone.

"Watt."

"What is your name, please?"

"That's what I told you. Watt's my name."

A long pause, and then, from Watt, "Is this James Brown?"

"No, this is Knott?"

"Please tell me your name."

"Will Knott."

Whereupon they both hung up.—Clipped.

* * *

Wife (reading from a pamphlet): "A large percentage of accidents occur in the kitchen."

Husband: Yes, and what's worse, we men have to eat them and pretend we enjoy them.—Copied.

Freshman Frolics

By KATHLEEN FAULCONER

Most every class member played a big part in the Junior-Senior Saturday night and did a mighty nice job of helping their big sisters give the affair. About thirty girls, after some persistent recruiting by Betsy Ann Morgan, waited on tables. Freshman beauties, Shirley Parker, Dot Childress, Doris Concha, Bunny Harris, and Emily Stacy, donned Meican garb to "mill" and add to the "atmosphere." The evening's entertainment was handled by Mary Lee Rankin, who directed the laughable "South of the Border" takeoff on Samuelo Beard's Mexican Moonglow. Emily Pool played "the character" and performed on the violin (?) as well. Cindy Renner, Marilyn Whittaker, and this reporter were the "three hot tamales, who had come to say—" Mexico City's version of "The Honeymoon She is Over" was cast with Marguerite Leatherman as Blanchita and Lib Holdford as Juan. Pat Phillips accompanied the show on the piano, and Frances Lee Meadows did commercials. Betty Moore was responsible for what scenery there was.

* * *

Our drama-enthusiasts Sally Lou Taylor and Chris Williamson have won roles in the Spring production of the campus Little Theater.

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Crooking season has found very few class members participating, although Shirley Parker, Lou Dobbins, Mary Lee Rankin, and Pat Phillips have been the most loyal to the cause. These four got into a predicament one night hunting for the second clue, however. They got back after the gates to the dorm had been closed and had to go hunt up Mr. Edwards to let them in. None of that stuff for Lou, ya' betcha. She calmly climbed up the lattice of the porch and was all tucked away by 12:15 when the other gals got the gates open!

* * *

Frosh performers in the recent student recital included Joyce Bandy, Pat Phillips, and Joyce Kennedy.

"EXCHANGING"

A grumpy old cynic in church said when the collection plate was passed to him, "Not a cent. I do not believe in missions."

"Then," replied the alert usher, "won't you take something out? This