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Thought for the Day

"For yesterday is but a dream,
 And tomorrow is only a vision;
 But today, well lived,
 Makes every yesterday
 A dream of happiness,
 And every tomorrow a vision of
 hope."

To Seniors

This the final issue of THE TWIG is dedicated to all the seniors who will be graduated on May 31. It is our inadequate way of saying that we'll miss you, especially in September when the rising Senior Class steps up into your place.

Do not quickly forget the friends and companions who wish for you the happiness which will surely be yours, but take with you the memory of them as you go forth in life bearing always the heritage and christian training which Meredith has taught.

Each graduate receives with her diploma an invisible challenge to lead a happy, successful life in which she will rely greatly on the guidance received during her four years at Meredith. That life will be an inevitable reflection of the aims of the college. In answering this challenge, each girl will accept greater and wider responsibilities as she assumes her rightful place in the world of today.

To Underclassmen

With the passing of each day we find ourselves closer to the end of this school year. To many there is a feeling that this last semester has slipped by in record breaking time. Some can hardly believe that examinations are in order.

To many there must be a slight regret that we have let so many opportunities pass us by. The memory of hastily done assignments and poorly covered material must bring out feelings of guilt in more than a few members of the student body. Wasted time spent carelessly and extravagantly cannot be recalled and invested more wisely. By now, grades have been made and there is little we can do to change them. We

How's Your Balance?

When it comes to balance, the man on the tight rope has all the answers. He knows how to hold himself so well that even on a thin wire he can walk better than some people can with both feet on flat ground. Most of us would be at a total loss when it comes to tight rope walking, but we could all take a few hints from the expert on balance that could be put to use in every day life. Nearly everyone leads an unbalanced existence: we complain too much and fail to even the complaints with hard work to correct what we think is wrong; we go to a movie or a dance and fail to balance it with a few hours of honest-to-goodness study; someone does us a kindness and we fail to even the score by doing someone else a kindness too; we read a best seller and ignore the heavy volumes on the library shelf; or we forget that for one afternoon spent sleeping or playing bridge, another should be spent developing a hobby, out making new friends or discovering new places. Too many people lead a one-sided existence; the energetic person forgets leisure, and the leisurely person forgets energy. The all too popular theory that life should be all or nothing at all is a poor maxim to live by. The too busy person will burn out; the too lazy rots out; the safest and sanest person takes his cue from the man on the wire and keeps his life well balanced.

D. L.

Results of Leap Year?

By ANNE STOWE

This summer will be quite busy for our Meredith girls. Some will be going to summer school, working, or going on houseparties; but quite a few will be getting married. Congratulations and best of luck to all of you:

Lorene Adams and Henry Albers, last of July, Citadel Square Baptist Church, Charleston, South Carolina.

Sunshine Bellamy and Bob Harper, June 19, First Baptist Church, Scotland Neck, North Carolina.

Christine Bordeaux and Bill Farrior, June 4, Wallace Baptist Church, Wallace, North Carolina.

Grace Brown and John Woody Boone, Jr., June 26, Baptist Church, Murfreesboro, North Carolina.

Doris Carroll and Buster Currin, August 14, Myers Park Methodist Church, Charlotte, North Carolina.

Elizabeth Colvard and Bruce Cantrell, mid-summer, First Baptist Church, Star, North Carolina.

Jean Gaddy and Don Freeman, September 7, First Baptist Church, Raleigh, North Carolina.

Earline Harris and J. C. Edwards, last part of summer, Drexel Baptist Church, Drexel, North Carolina.

Barbara Johnson and David Parnell, June 11, Benson Baptist Church, Benson, North Carolina.

Becky Lynn and Sam Griffin, August 27, First Baptist Church, Greer, South Carolina.

Margaret Morris and Chester Parker, June 12, West Durham Baptist Church, Durham, North Carolina.

Harriet Neese and Jason Sox, June 12, Grace Episcopal Church, Lexington, North Carolina.

Jane Sanders and Gilbert Benson, June 19, Four Oaks Methodist Church, Four Oaks, North Carolina.

Mabel Sperling and Bob Jones, in August, New Prospect Church, Shelby, North Carolina.

Mary Virginia Warren and Bill Poe, August 26, First Baptist Church, Charlotte, North Carolina.

Cathe Wishart and Austin Swallow, August 28, Shelbourne Falls, Massachusetts.

Elizabeth Zimmerman and Boyce Sinh, June 18, First Evangelical and Reformed Church, Lexington, North Carolina.

must be satisfied to accept the grades we have made.

Or must we? Why not then resolve to make next year's work an improvement over all you have done this year? Acquaint yourself with the importance of doing each daily assignment with a high degree of thoroughness. Create a real interest in doing everything to the best of your ability, and see the remarkable change that will come about. It is the duty of every student to realize the many opportunities before her and to take advantage of them. Plan to come back to Meredith next September with a renewed spirit for learning.

College Daze

By DONNA WALSTON

One afternoon I was suddenly awakened from my dreaming by a loud clatter at the window. I opened it, and whom should I see but a small figure who revealed herself as curiosity, a messenger of Pandora. In her small hand she bore a gift for me from her mistress—a sparkling key to the treasure chest of memories and thoughts of the graduating seniors. Curiosity's bubbling personality overwhelmed me and soon I could hardly wait to take a peek at the contents of the treasure. It was like gazing into a crystal ball. First the thoughts of Helen Finch showed she was going to miss the girls at school who were so friendly, the Civic Music Concert, and the Little Theatre. And where can she ever find an alarm clock to compare with the morning bells. . . . Fran Alexander's deliberations appeared to be centered around the writing she wants to do in the future. I hope it will take the place of all the work she has done on the *Acorn*. . . . The meditations of Margaret Moore brought out the fond memories of the fun she had working on THE TWIG; she will never forget the girls and the fun of dorm life. . . . Lib Hardison seemed content to leave studying behind her and search for the Land of Nod.

For a moment everything was hazy, but then after tugging very hard we managed to drag out a few revelations that only time knew of. Even curiosity was beside herself with laughter after she brushed the cob webs from some memories. I don't think Sunny Bellamy will ever get rid of the sniffles she caught when she was exposed to weather between two doors as a poor little freshman. . . . The recollections of Miriam Powell still hold a place for the time that, as a sophomore, she nervously and very embarrassingly introduced her roommate to a member of the male sex as Mary "Death" Thomas. Then there was the reference to the time Pat McNeil, Betty Davis, Carolyn Gay, and Hiawatha Lupo preferred swimming to the formal opening of the college. At least a broken hot water pipe in the bath-tub turned their rooms into a swimming pool. The steam didn't help their clothes any, either.

The chest had a silver lining, and at the very bottom we could still see the reflection of Mary McCoy's red face when she was a sophomore. Seems she had been going with a fellow for about five years. Everyday brought a sweet letter from him. Much to her dismay she lost one of these bits of fondness, but Shirley Powell, finding it and wanting to return it to the rightful owner, put it on the bulletin board. You can imagine Mary's surprise when she crowded through throngs of people only to find it was her letter that was attracting all the attention.

After hours of fun we had at last finished our explorations. But the memories and thoughts didn't take wing; instead we put them back in that precious chest and locked it securely where they will be forever kept.

Highland Fling

Meredith will have representatives among the highlands this summer, when Dr. Mary Lynch Johnson and Miss Ione Knight, a former member of the Administrative Staff on our campus, make a tour abroad. Most of you remember Miss Knight, the sister of Carolyn Knight, who is now receiving her M.A. degree in English at the University of Pennsylvania.

"The Newfoundland" will be the ship carrying our travelers across the ocean; it is scheduled to sail on the fourth of June from Boston. Going by way of Halifax and St. John's, Dr. Johnson and Miss Knight plan to spend the summer in England and Scotland. These two ladies have an interesting project which they hope to carry out while abroad. They shall try to retrace the trip taken by Dorothy and William Wordsworth through the highlands in the year 1803. Dorothy Wordsworth recorded the trip in a journal and this account shall be followed. Dr. Johnson has visited abroad before, once on a trip through Europe and again as a student at Cambridge.

Dr. Rose was to have been a third party on this journey, but due to illness in her family, she will be unable to go.

Wishing you both a most pleasant and entertaining visit, we await your return with eagerness.

Exams!

Exam time has rolled around again, and Meredith's once carefree, now worry laden population have begun preparations for that biennial period of industrious but usually poorly organized, cramming. Advice concerning the intricacies of proper "reviewing" has as usual, been confusingly profuse. One authority advocates the plenty-of-sleep, plenty-of-food, plenty-of-play method, throwing in an "Oh yes! Review a little, too" as an afterthought, while another old-timer, having already survived three exam periods, suggests that the eager student have boxes of food sent from home in order to free other-wise occupied mealtimes for extensive study, that church cuts be saved for exam week, and that all dating during that crucial period be forgotten. Still another experienced personage plans a quiet, restful week, preceded by calm, well-organized review for us. Because of such divers opinions as to where's and how's of cramming, students are thrown into a dither and usually end up playing too much, eating too little, dating at the wrong time, studying at the last minute, sleeping on class instead of at night, and flunking all exams. Moral!

The more you study, the more you know

The more you know, the more you forget

The more you forget, the less you know,

So why study?

Hortense Hix

Dear Hortense Hix,

I am a young girl of thirty and a freshman at Meredith College. What I want to know is should I go on with my college career or should I throw it up and go back home to Maw in Chickenwannaneck? This year I have been campused since October first. I am failing everything I am taking and have no quality points. However, I have 2,500 A. A. points collected in three fields—thumb-twiddling, parlor-wrestling, and hog-calling. Also I have become adept at halo polishing. Those things tarnish so quick! If I go home Maw will make me marry my dumb boyfriend Ebenezer and settle down to plowing again. Please Miss Hix, what should I do?

Sincerely,

Thillfyme Gottonovofski

Dear Thillfyme,

A student that is talented enough to win so many A. A. points should by all means remain in college. Even though you are failing everything don't worry. I'm sure that your dean will overlook such an unimportant item. No girl who can wrestle, call hogs, and twiddle her thumbs ever failed to receive her diploma. A girl that is smart like you are, so young to be a freshman in college, should not tie herself down to a plow and a dumb boyfriend. That would be heartbreaking. By all means go ahead and get your A.B., your B.S., and your Ph.D., and your A.F.C. (Angel First Class). One day you will probably become the first lady mayor of Chickenwannaneck. Don't let anything hold you back in your rise to fame and fortune. Best of luck.

Hortense Hix

"There is a time to be born, and a time to die, says Soloman, and it is the momento of a truly wise man; but there is an interval between these two times of infinite importance."

—RICHMOND.

Exchangin' Aroun'

By SHIRLEY BONE

According to *The Albamian*, down at Alabama College during Crook Week, at which time, I gather, the seniors rule over the juniors and make such little requests of them as to read to them, to sing, dance, make up beds, iron, etc., one of the underdogs was heard to say that knowing her senior's room, she'd hate to have to clean it up, while her classmate stated that she'd hate for the "seniors to be sweet instead of their usual selves." Never let such statements be made of our dear seniors! Instead we might borrow from *Queens Blues* and admit that their leaving creates a vacancy which we doubt if we'll ever be able to fill exactly.

(Continued on page 3)