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Associated College Press

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Member of  
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Thought for the Day

Take thou our minds, dear Lord, we  
humbly pray,  
Give us the mind of Christ each passing  
day;  
Teach us to know the truth that sets us  
free;  
Grant us in all our thoughts to honor  
thee.

The College Spirit

Along with the other student organ-  
izations, this paper joins in extending  
to the new students a hearty welcome.  
We are happy that you have chosen  
Meredith as your new home, and will  
do everything possible to make your  
stay here a pleasant one, and to prove  
to you that Meredith has all the good  
things you've heard about—and more  
besides.

In spite of its wholesome spiritual,  
cultural, and social atmosphere, some-  
thing is still lacking here. This missing  
link is the interest and coöperation  
which you must contribute to campus  
activities in order to benefit the college  
as well as yourself. You must not be  
content to lead a passive, inactive  
life here. You will find that those  
who are happiest are the girls who  
have fallen into the spirit of Meredith.  
The girl who finds joy in every class  
and who refuses to make a drudge of  
assigned work is the one who receives  
the greatest reward. That reward man-  
ifests itself in a habit or reflex which  
teaches her how to enjoy the common,  
ordinary things in life. When college  
days end, and history collateral and  
English themes are a thing of the past,  
this habit of enjoying and getting the  
most out of life will still be with her.

In addition to helping yourself, you  
have the opportunity of helping con-  
ditions around Meredith as a whole. The  
more girls who link themselves to the  
activities, the interest and aims of col-  
lege life, the more real—the more vital  
these things will become to all of us this  
year.

England

By ELLA ADAMS

The closing of school last June proved  
more than just the start of another sum-  
mer vacation for Dr. Mary Lynch John-  
son of our Meredith English Department  
and Miss Ione Knight, former secretary  
to the Dean of Women here; for on June  
4 they set sail on the cargo boat. *New-  
foundland*, headed for the isle of Eng-  
land. Emergency rationing coupons,  
especially provided for tourists, were  
given to them on their arrival in Eng-  
land. These coupons allowed them to  
purchase almost anything available, de-  
spite a scarcity of soap, towels, and  
wrapping paper. On their first night in  
England they spent the night in Knuts-  
ford of Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*. While  
in London they attended, among others,  
performances of "As You Like It," and  
"The Rivals" in modern dress. In Edin-  
burgh they saw Lawrence Olivier's  
"Hamlet", and attended a music and  
drama festival. After four weeks in  
England, they left for Scotland.

In Scotland, where they retraced the  
journeys of William and Dorothy  
Wordsworth, Dr. Johnson says that they  
saw many more small villages than in  
England. They were charmed with the  
rustic simplicity of these small High-  
land towns and pleased to find the food  
even better in Scotland than in England.  
After six weeks there, they took the  
*Newfoundland* again, bound for home.  
A slight skirmish with a hurricane  
proved of momentary excitement. They  
reached home on September 9.

D. S. Capers

By SYNONOMOUS With Mud

Faster than a speeding snail; more  
powerful than a jellyfish; able to leap  
small ditches at a single bound . . .  
Look! Out on the road . . . it's a cow, it's  
a horse . . . No, it's *Bettie Love Raines*.  
That gal has gone and bought a new  
Indian motorcycle with trimmings. She  
rides the thing side-saddle so she'll look  
like a Meredith girl!

Add to the list of crazy people all the  
girls who are taking algebra this year;  
five to be exact. They are responsible  
for the agonized groans you hear on  
second flo' Johnson Hall.

Dear - One - Without - Name, the next  
time you snitch my Math book over-  
night I shall get revenge . . .

Thar's - Something - Strange - Goin' -  
On - Hyar - Dept: Why does *Lillian  
Gaddy* run the other way when I tell  
her there's a man waiting for her? And  
by the way, Lillian, whose DeSota con-  
vertible is that? Could the initials be  
C. S. W.? . . . What does *Roxie Vallas*  
carry around in that suitcase? Call-  
down cards?

How can *Barbara Todd* entertain so  
many rivals in the same bridge game?  
Who is that new steady *Marie Taylor*  
dates every weekend . . . how do *Nita  
Ballenger* and *Mims* have so much fun  
when they double-date . . . after months  
and months *Marie Wilson* and *Anne  
Tongue* are dating the same two cars . . .  
Who is *Anne Marie Morton's* "Some-  
body"?

Well, that's the three-oh mark for  
now. P. S., thanx to my Girl Friday,  
*Gwen Woodard*.



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DAZE

Well, since the lines have finally  
dwindled, the dizziness of Rush Week is  
wearing off, all pockets are empty from  
buying books, and the rains have come,  
everyone seems to be feeling at home  
once again. All of the old habits have  
been taken out of hiding and dusted  
off, and everything is ready for another  
year.

It seems good to see all of the old  
familiar faces along with all of the new  
ones. There are really some cute fresh-  
men who are full of spirit and sparkle.  
But maybe those frat pins some of them  
are sporting have something to do with  
it.

The summer must have developed or  
at least temporarily brought out some  
hidden art talent in the students. If you  
don't believe me just look at the messy  
(oops! I mean) beautiful oil painting on  
the wall across from the gallery.

Did you ever gaze out from String-  
field Dorm toward the tennis courts and  
think you were dreaming? That's no  
mirage — it's a real convertible whose  
owner is Miss White, new riding in-  
structor.

Just how busy can one girl get? A  
certain sophomore was so rushed with  
her schedule, she couldn't even find  
time to go to the Dean's office to drop a  
course.

I'm still puzzled about the rumor I  
heard the first day of school that a new  
swimming pool was being built behind  
the school. I haven't had time to investi-  
gate yet.

Oh! Oh! There goes those hunger  
pangs again. Guess I'd better close and  
head for the dining hall. See you later.  
DONNA.

Parable  
For a  
Meredith Girl

There once was a farmer who had  
three hens: a trio of comfortable, moth-  
erly creatures with dull red feathers  
and bright red combs whose names  
were Betsy, Emmy, and Mary Lou. Now  
the farmer wanted to set his hens so  
he put ten eggs in Betsy's nest, because  
she was the largest, five in Emmy's,  
but only one in Mary Lou's because  
she was just a tiny bantam hen. Both  
Betsy and Emmy sat dutifully and con-  
scientiously on their eggs, but Mary  
Lou was a more disgruntled soul. She  
could not understand why the farmer  
had given her only one egg when the  
others had so many. How could she be  
expected to balance herself on only one  
egg? Two would have been much bet-  
ter and three would have done beauti-  
fully—but one! Mary Lou kicked the  
egg to a corner of her nest and went  
back to eating corn and flipping her  
tail feathers at the new rooster. At the  
end of the proper length of time, Emmy  
and Betsy both had beautiful families  
of puffy, yellow babies, but all Mary  
Lou had was a rotten egg, which prob-  
ably explains why Betsy and Emmy  
are still happily scratching for worms  
down on the farm while Mary Lou will  
be next Sunday's dinner.

And what about you Betsys and  
Emmys and Mary Lous of Meredith?  
What will you have at the end of this  
year—a flock of newly hatched and  
growing ideas, hopes, and ambitions—  
or just a rotten egg?  
D. L.

making up one bed at Meredith is bet-  
ter.

Sarah, the only one of them who  
dreaded seeing fall and Meredith start-  
ing, needed a vacation from her vaca-  
tion. She attended Wake Forest Sum-  
mer School and took advantage of all  
opportunities, if you know what we  
mean.

We would advise you, therefore, to  
make good use of your winter vacation  
'cause spring'll roll 'round again soon.

RUSH WEEK HANGOVER



Baggy eyes and broken backs  
And all degrees of pain;  
Untouched lessons by the stacks,  
As Rush Week's gone again.  
So sing we praises by the score  
And settle down to rest;  
No more Rushing door to door  
To make ourselves a pest.  
Decision Day was all great fun  
And thrilling as could be;  
The Phis beat the Astros  
But fatigue has beaten me!

Finally, let it be known that this is  
your paper—the newspaper of the stu-  
dents of Meredith College. It is our pri-  
vilege to present it to you twice monthly.  
The great mass of work such as report-  
ing, typing, proof-reading, and the  
thousand-and-one other little jobs, we  
do because we like to, and because we  
want to serve you. Let us know you read  
THE TWIG, at least. Our greatest satis-  
faction this year will come in knowing  
of the interest you take in this paper,  
and in the manner in which you show  
that interest by your comments, let-  
ters to the editor, features, and general  
campus discussions.

Exchange

By SHIRLEY BONE

From THE ALABAMIAN comes  
some good advice for freshmen handed  
down by the seniors, juniors, and sopho-  
mores.

- 1 Have a good time but study along  
with it.
- 2 Make friends and be friends.
- 3 Study.
- 4 Don't miss anything because it's  
all good.
- 5 Classes are what you make them.  
If you don't like them, it's your own  
fault.
- 6 Keep an equal balance between  
your social and academic work.
- 7 No matter how frequently the  
knocks come, be determined to keep  
your chin high and try again.
- 8 Above all, don't get discouraged  
your freshman year.
- 9 Bring a raincoat.

Perhaps the freshman music students  
will appreciate this pun from *The Pilot*:  
Miss Miller: Now remember, Audrey,  
be careful crossing the street, because  
if you don't B sharp you may B flat.

222 and 223 Faircloth

By BEVERLY BATCHELOR

According to the members of one of  
the most distinguished suites on  
campus, 223 and 224 Faircloth, going to  
school is a cinch after a grueling sum-  
mer. "Since September 13," they ex-  
plained to us, "we have been resting  
up from vacation," and after a few  
moments of conversation, we were in-  
clined to think that they need it.

Magdalene Creech, better known as  
"Mag", who spent three hot months  
this summer slaving in the office of the  
clerk of court, was elated over return-  
ing to school "with nothing to do but  
take a few English courses (Literary  
Criticism, among other things), edit the  
*Oak Leaves*, and date Fuller," she told  
us, "I can take life easy for awhile."

Barbara Swanson, or "Bobby" be-  
sides fulfilling her duties as Student  
Government President, is studying  
child welfare, and finds it a lot simpler  
than her summer task of counselling  
five seven-year-old children. Bobby  
says that she enjoyed her job as coun-  
selor in a girl's camp very much; how-  
ever, no men, many little girls, much  
work, and early hours, is a combination  
that would get even our sturdy Bobby  
down. It did!

Virginia (or "Puny"), the third  
member of the suite, tried domestic life  
this summer. She cooked, sewed,  
washed windows, scrubbed floors, and  
so on. We agree with "Puny" that just