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Member of Intercollegiate Press

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 organizations, 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, something is still lacking here. This missing link is the interest and cooperation 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 manifests 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 conditions around Meredith as a whole. The more girls who link themselves to the activities, the interest and aims of college 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 summer vacation for Dr. Mary Lynch Johnson 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. Newfoundland, headed for the isle of England. Emergency rationing coupons, especially provided for tourists, were given to them on their arrival in England. These coupons allowed them to purchase almost anything available, despite a scarcity of soap, towels, and wrapping paper. On their first night in England they spent the night in Knutsford 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 Edinburgh 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 Highland 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.

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 students of Meredith College. It is our privilege to present it to you twice monthly. The great mass of work such as reporting, 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 satisfaction 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, letters to the editor, features, and general campus discussions.

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 overnight 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 convertible 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 "Somebody"?

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

Exchange

By SHIRLEY BONE

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

- 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 summer. "Since September 13," they explained to us, "we have been resting up from vacation," and after a few moments of conversation, we were inclined 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 returning 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" besides 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 counselor in a girl's camp very much; however, 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



C O L L E G E

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 freshmen 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 Stringfield 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 instructor.

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 investigate 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, motherly 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 conscientiously 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 better and three would have done beautifully—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 probably 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 better.

Sarah, the only one of them who dreaded seeing fall and Meredith starting, needed a vacation from her vacation. She attended Wake Forest Summer 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.