

OPEN LETTER TO STUDENTS

With this issue the present staff turns over its positions to a new staff of enthusiasts. It has been a great pleasure to serve the student body and the entire staff has enjoyed their tasks. The going has not all been easy, but most of the time it has been fun. We only hope that we have served you in the capacity in which you wished to be served.

The policy of the paper has been to present the college as it truly is to you, the students, and to the other readers whom our circulation reaches. All phases of its life—the good and the bad. This effort has not always met with success but each of us has been improved by the experience.

We turn over our office, our desks, our sheaves of paper, our pencil stubs and worn out rulers, our worries and our satisfactions to a new staff. The work will always be hard and the duties many, but with a little co-operation from you the new staff will present you with a paper far exceeding our efforts. Help them and encourage them as you have us and make the TWIG of next year truly the "publication of the students of Meredith College."

The 1949-50 Staff.

LORD, I WANT TO BE A CHRISTIAN!

Nine weeks ago today, what should manifest itself as the greatest week in the life of any Meredith girl drew to a close. And yet, if the week had any significance at all this close must be only a physical one, just as any Friday draws any week toward its end.

The messages during Focus week were presented in every style and manner; messages of enough varieties that there should have been one to touch the heart of every girl on this campus. Don't, therefore, allow our campus life to slip back into its old routine. It is each girl's responsibility to take up the message that she received and carry it forward that in the days, months, and years to come Meredith will be known everywhere for the truly Christian way of life that is carried on here.

Don't fall victims to the easy way of life, but back up, through the rest of this year and all the years to come, all the pleadings your heart made during that week; and if you felt the cry inside, "Lord, I want to be a Christian," don't let it die out to whimper; and if it has begun to die out, renew it; keep it strong and let the rest of your fellow men know that you have cried, "Count me in," as the curtain goes up on a new act of the drama of your life!



Through the Smoke and Flame

If we can see through the smoke, maybe we will be able to find out what is going on in the Day Student's Room. There's the perpetual bridge game. "Don't look in my hand, you goon . . . Have you got the queen? . . . Yes—I mean—wouldn't you like to know? . . . Wake up and play . . . We made one . . . Down two . . . It can't be my deal . . . but it is . . . I'm going to New York next weekend . . . Yeah, and I'm going to China in May . . . Let's throw in this lousy hand . . . Deal again."

Is that prone figure on the couch one of our crew? Those feet don't look familiar. Besides, she is studying and that can't be true in here. She's memorizing something. "Breathes there a man with soul so dead. Who never to himself hath said . . . uh, has said . . . Let school go on, I'll stay in bed . . ."

Are we having a football squad next fall, or is that huddle just a discussion of last week end? "Bill said . . . and then I said . . . and then he said . . . and then I said . . . But let me tell you what else . . ." Well, anyway, no matter what who said, "there is no conversation," so they tell me.

Hey, duck. You might get hit with that proverbial whip she is carrying around in her hand. "But that is just a snack . . . honest, it's not my lunch . . . it's cold in the other room . . . crowded, too . . . Confound it, I won't leave this room no matter what you say . . . Blackmail, huh? . . . Okay, you win."

As usual, the subject of lunch is pretty popular around the room. "Are you going to Roy's today? (pd. adv.) . . . See ya at one o'clock . . . There's no where else to eat (not pd. adv.) . . . Maybe she'll give us a ride today since it's been paved . . . I'm tired of rocks in my shoes . . . Your head, too, don't kid us . . . My shoes were full of rocks from walking home last night . . . I thought Johnny had a car . . . That was what I meant . . . I'm starving."

There goes the bell for class. "Where are my books? You don't study enough to know, do you? . . . Does anybody know the exact time? . . . There's the last bell . . . let's cut . . . it's not too late . . . Come on, it's never too late for anything . . ." Whew, peace in the library at last.

Problem of the Year Is Finally Analyzed

We heard last fall that pay phones were to be installed on every hall. To prepare ourselves for the new arrival, we began to stuff our glass piggy bank with nickels.

It seems that the stork (Family Martinus, Species Zeno) has been too busy to bring the little bundle of joy to our hall or to any other hall, but our nickels are being devoured by other strange animals. The Biology Department has analyzed these creatures and has sent us the following report which we deeply appreciate:

Animal number one (which has been taking a large portion of our nickels) belongs to the Phylum Drinkum. Because of its effect on the human organism, scientists have placed it in the Class Burpis. Its hard exoskeleton is characteristic of the Species Machinus and the blood content associates it with the genus cokus.

After much controversy, the Biology Department classified the other main nickel devourer. It was somewhat difficult to catch and study this animal because of its rapid movement, but the authorities were able to inspect it at the periodic stops which the animal was found to make. It is a member of the Phylum Transportatium, Class Busis. Because of its complex structure, the genus and species of this animal are as yet undetermined.

Now that we have solved the mystery of the missing nickels, we're beginning to accumulate more nickels in our piggy bank. Now we would like to know where our pay phones are.

Here and There

By SUE PAGE

I have an "opinion" from the Old Gold and Black which is probably shared by some Meredith lassies. Late hours aren't too good for one. I've found that this is true, But though they aren't too good for one They're wonderful for two—

Looks like the readers of the Guilfordian have a situation similar to ours. Anyhoo, I quote a paragraph from their paper. "We like the strategy here. . . They didn't just mount any light of those porches. These are bright enough to give 'long-standers' sun blindness and third degree burns." If she says good night quite coldly And in the dorm she trots It might be halitosis Or two thousand mighty watts.

The Clemson Tiger sports cosmopolitan anecdotes this time and so we take their hint:

Cairo, Egypt

"I had a rather rotten date last night."

"You did? What did you do?"

"I spit it out."

There were other countries mentioned but for reasons of the censor we will leave them out—especially France.

The Citadel's Bull Dog tells a sad, sad story.

Joe didn't listen, look, or stop. So they dragged his flivver to the shop.

It took only a week or two To make the car as good as new; But though they hunted high and low They found no extra part for Joe.

Little cuts from classes, Little slips marked late Makes the student wonder If she'll graduate.

Now I lay me down to rest; Before I take tomorrow's test If I should die before I wake Be thankful; I'd have no test to take—

In college days I must confess, I've often heard it said: "The biggest block to one's success Is usually one's head."

. . . Did you take a nap? . . . No, is one missing?

Whether you think so or not it is true! The last three additions to this merry column came from the TWIG—1925 issue!

And don't forget the most popular songs of the week—Be sure to hear them on the hillbilly hit parade:

- 1. "I Got Tears in My Y'ears"
2. "Petticoat Lever"
3. "If I'd a-Knowed You Were a-Coming"

Spring Housecleaning

By BARNEY SCHETTLER

Spring is come. The grass is riz, I wonder where My fellow is!

No doubt about it! Spring has come. Proof that "in the spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love" is seen reflected brilliantly from those symbols of undying love on those lucky, lucky girls' fingers. There seems to be an epidemic of announcements that "we're that a-way about each other." Perhaps the thing most needed at Meredith is a course on "How to Get Your Man and Hold Him." There seem to be a number of able teachers available.

For those who decide to bystep romance for the present, the vocational guidance program is just the thing. It's time to sweep out those dusty tentative plans and get a clear view of prospective careers and their advantages. Who knows? Maybe there is a future president hanging around preparing to be a trail blazer in woman's equality.

The sunshine is calling everyone from their scholars' cells and the term papers are due next week. Who can resist the lure of having the earliest suntan? By rationalizing, one may justify her laziness by sunning her blankets at the same time she takes her sun bath. Confuscus was wrong, though, when he said that a watched pot never boils—but then perhaps broiled is the better word.

Spring housecleaning usually pre-

CAROLYN'S CORNER



"We are starry-eyed and vaguely discontented Like a nightingale without a song to sing."

That is, some of us are starry-eyed because some of us have said "yes," and consequently are wearing those beautiful diamonds on that certain finger! Then some of us are vaguely (!) discontented 'cause we don't even possess a frat pin! But our time will come, so it might as well be spring.

"But how can we have spring fever When it isn't even spring?"

Well now, that's a debatable question. The time of year tells us that it is spring, but the weather tells us sometimes that it isn't. But having spring fever is fun, and it's a good excuse for a lot of things!

"We're as restless as a willow in a wind-storm;

We're as jumpy as a puppet on a string."

These lines of the song might be reserved solely for the freshmen as they sing the "term paper blues." 'Betcha the rest of you were nervous when you did your first ones too, remember? But I'd rather have spring fever than remember!

"We haven't seen a crocus or a rosebud, or a robin on the wing."

I'm not so sure about the crocuses, but I can tell you about the rosebuds and the robins. The only rosebuds around here so far have been the ones in the Easter corsages. Probably some more will appear for Junior-Senior. The only robins-on-the-wing I've seen have been those flying back to Florida after listening to Sam Beard's weather forecasts.

"But we feel so gay in a melancholy way . . ."

'cause it's almost graduation time. But we won't talk about that, because we don't want the seniors to be too melancholy during their last six weeks of gaiety!

"It might as well be spring."

cedes company. Of course, at Meredith, there is always company which is the best reason why there should always be housecleaning. State is doing its bit to help by carrying off stray paper dolls, why don't we do our part by putting waste paper in the garbage and empty coke bottles in the containers? O.K., don't do it, and you'll find that your feet will stumble over scattered rubble even if your head is in the clouds. There's still poetic justice!



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Entered as second-class matter October 11, 1923, at postoffice at Raleigh, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Published semi-monthly during the months of October, November, February, March, April, and May; monthly during the months of September, December, and January.

Subscription rate, \$2.00 per year to students. Alumnae membership associational fee \$2.00, of which \$1.00 covers a year's subscription.

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