

A PAT ON THE BACK

Judging from the experiences of the four candidates recently nominated for freshman class president, Meredith is proving itself attractive to prospective freshmen not only because of its academic and denominational standards, but also because its students recommend it to high school students in their home towns.

When college students, out of no sense of compulsion, urge their friends to come to their school, that recommendation is the highest tribute that can be paid an Alma Mater. For students must live and work in Meredith on the student level, and their opportunities can best be explained by other students. Meredith deserves a round of congratulations.—N. W.

RUSH WEEK—SO WHAT?

Rush Week has again come to its climax. Both Phis and Astros have caught the spirit of the week and are exerting themselves to the fullest. One would think that the weight of the world depended on the decisions made by the freshmen today. Will the class of 1954 be a Phi or an Astro class? Uppermost in the mind of Meredith this question has remained. So what?

What do the societies really mean to the Meredith students? Turning the question around, what do the Meredith students mean to the societies? The societies could serve a central purpose in the life of the campus. They could serve to draw their members closer together as a social group. They try. However, eventually they meet the needs of only a few girls. Why? Is it the inherent fault of the societies?

Everyone gets very enthusiastic about her society—during Rush Week. Then most of us tend to settle down and forget whether we're Astros or Phis. Why can't we manage to carry over a little of this enthusiasm into our college year? Why can't we put a little more effort, a little more spirit, a little more sparkle into our societies? Our officers are doing a good job. A few of the faithful are helping. They're trying to revitalize the social program of the societies. Are you helping? Or must it always be "Rush week—so what?"

—J. T.



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THE TWIG is the college newspaper of Meredith College, Raleigh, North Carolina, and as such is one of the three major publications of the institution—the other two being *The Acorn*, the literary magazine, and *The Oak Leaves*, the college annual. Meredith College is an accredited senior liberal arts college for women located in the capital city of North Carolina. It confers the Bachelor of Arts and the Bachelor of Music degrees. The college offers majors in twenty-one fields including music, art, business and home economics.

Since 1921 the institution has been a member of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. The college holds membership in the Association of American Colleges and the North Carolina College Conference. Graduates of Meredith College are eligible for membership in the American Association of University Women. The institution is a liberal arts member of the National Association of Schools of Music.

Letters to the Editor

To the Student Body:

I am sure all of you are conscious of the fact that we have a freshman-transfer counselling group here on campus; but "it has been so long" since you upper classmen were freshmen—you may have forgotten what this phase of your college career gave you.

It is a pleasure to announce that we have a separate system of counselling for our transfers and freshmen this year. In the case of the former, they meet only during the first semester, because we feel that these upperclassmen have been oriented elsewhere and therefore need only to learn of the honor code, the Meredith traditions, and extra-curricular activities.

As for the freshmen, there will be an entire year of counselling for them, in which there will be included the material presented to the transfers, and, in addition, material on how to study, manners, and an introduction to different fields of concentration. We consider counselling a very vital phase of college life and want all students, new and old, to be aware of its existence.

HELEN BRUNSON,
Chief Counselor.

**HERE AND THERE
In Other Papers**

By PHYLLIS NOTTINGHAM

I could always begin this exchange column with a precise introduction. But I'm not. I'm only going to say that we wish you all (no Southern accent intended) especially you new gals, a successful and happy year.

I was just glancing over some old issues of the TWIG, when I came across this poem. It seems problems here at Meredith are about the same through the years, especially for freshmen. Anyway, here's the poem:

"Since schools to teach one this or that
Are being started every day,
I have a plan, a notion pat,
Of one which I am sure would pay.
'Twould be a venture strictly new,
No shaking up of dusty bones;
How does this scheme appeal to you—
A regular school for chaperones!

One course would be to dull the ear,
And one would be to dim the eye,
So whispered love they'd never hear,
And glance coquettish never spy;
They'd be taught somnolence, and how
Ofttimes closed eye for sleep atones;
Had I a million, I'd endow
A regular school for chaperones!

—TWIG.

There's crying need in west and east
For graduates, and not a source
Supplying it. Someone at least
Should start a correspondence course;
But joy would scarce o'er run the cup
Of maidenhood, my candor owns,
Till some skilled mentor opens up
A regular school for chaperones!"

—TWIG.

Freshman: "Is he dumb? He can't even tell Galsworthy from gallstone!"

Another freshman: "And who was gallstone?"

—Appalachian.

Women were made beautiful and dumb.
Beautiful, so the men would love them;
Dumb, so they would love the men.

—TWIG.

Well, see you next issue. By the way, if you are receiving some college newspapers that you think may not be on our exchange list, drop by and let us in on them too.

Day Doins'

By DOTTIE

Men may come and men may go, but we older day students (who feel close kinship with the babbling brooks in that we go, or rather stay, on forever) give a big welcome to our new freshmen day students and transfers.

Yes, we're growing and coming out at the seams, 'cause we're a big family with many big plans for the future. The old home town has contributed to the Meredith enrollment this year freshmen Jacquelyn Morris, Ruth Champion, Lucy Staton, Anne Brigman, Barbara Moore, Pat Eberhart, Elva Forbes, Jeanette Pool, Peggy Sue Bales, Peggy Kirvy, Pat Bass, and Nancy Apple.

And from surrounding territory we have some early-rising freshmen—Margaret Edwards, Verna Willets, and Marian Flowers. Don't worry, girls; soon you will be able to rise before dawn has cracked and catch your three busses to school sound asleep.

We have, too, a host of transfers who are day students this year; many of them are old friends from the first grade. Glad to see Ann Hoots, Mars Hill; Mary Dunn Whisnant, Florida State University; Bobby Anne Hall, Averett; Betty Shields, St. Mary's; Barbara Daniel, Duke; Marilyn Morrisette, W. C.; and Alma Brigman, Salem.

Then there's our "Mrs." department, which includes Mrs. Caroline "T" Childress, from Converse; Mrs. Martha Upchurch Martin, St. Mary's; Mrs. Barbara Horner, Carolina; Mrs. Eugenia Atkinson, University of Mississippi; Mrs. Gertrude Taylor, Mars Hill; and Mrs. Margaret Munford, Durham. We also have now as day students, recruited from the ranks of residents, Mrs. Macklyn Mackie Humphrey, and Mrs. Ina Gresham Murrell. Our graduate student is Nurry Anne Nixon, who was graduated from W. C. last fall.

The news from the champion long-distance runners (those of us who have acquired a speed of 35 m.p.h. or over from bus running these past years) is good, too. Martha Stough has a diamond from Mark; Betsy Goldston has a new collie pup, Goldie Lee, who is the day student mascot; and "B. B." Ballenger has a new skirt that all of us are signing up to wear. Remember, I'm next.

See you again,
DOTTIE.

**ANGELS INVADE DEAC-LAND
BY SPECIAL INVITATION**

In the past, Meredith has accepted much from Wake Forest — dates, flowers, candy, frat pins, diamond rings! We even have a few girls who are anticipating plain gold bands from handsome young deacons. Just before September 30, 1950, however, our brother school decided that all past gifts just couldn't be considered sufficient. "The bond between us must be strengthened," they said. "What we do must be for all Meredith girls from all Wake Forest students, and the nicest gift we can think of is to let them see the 'big team' play—free!" Meredith agreed unanimously.

As soon as Dr. Tribble and Dr. Campbell had made all arrangements, three hundred and seventy-five young ladies set out in special busses for Baptist Hollow, thrilled beyond measure at the prospect of seeing Wake Forest trounce Richmond (they had no doubts). Not one mite of disappointment slipped into the week-end, either. There they were—sitting right beside the student section, yelling just like the WFC cheerleaders had instructed them the preceding Thursday. How can people pity Meredith for not having a football team to yell for? They just don't know the kind of brothers Meredith has.

Let the little white angel you'll probably be seeing in Johnson Hall before long continue to remind you of this renewed friendship, as we hope a can of paint and the lingering aroma of chrysanthemums will remind the Deacs. Two schools are better than one, and together we can't be beat.

**Barney's
Blarney**



The most accurate sign of fall has been given! The weather may be freezing or burning; baseball or football may be king for a day; and lunch menu may be either soup or cold plate. Still, when "Our Best to You" plays "The Things We Did Last Summer," everyone knows that fall is here.

School is here also, but it's not the same as ever. The freshmen have realized by now that Hospitality Week-end wasn't designed to show the duller side of college life—not that life at Meredith is dull, but not all of it is made up of social week-ends.

Seniors have to keep pinching themselves to realize that this year is their last, until some youngster respectfully answers, "Yes ma'am." Then there's the junior who walked from a class worrying because she was the only one taking the course who wasn't an upper classman!

Teachers have their problems, too, weird as the statement may seem. For example, Dr. Canady found that he couldn't just count heads to see who was present. From the back of the room came a request to "change my name to Mrs. Martin, please."

All those who didn't know what "brotherly love" was found out at the Wake Forest game. The day was rather dark and dreary, but certainly not the welcome which Meredith has been giving out with, from the looks of hitch-hikers from Wake Forest. There's nothing like a good family fellowship!

Perhaps the Meredith family will get back together now that Decision Day is almost here. Whatever the outcome of tomorrow's momentous happenings, the best thing about Rush Week is that everyone makes the right decision.

And here is my ending—a definition of time:

The longest five minutes at Meredith is from 12:20 to 12:25 in a Saturday morning class; the shortest is from 11:25 to 11:30 on a Saturday night.

NEW DEAN OF STUDENTS

(Continued from page one)

with the class of 1950, as secretary to the director of public relations; Mrs. Margaret Dyer, assistant dietitian; Miss Ruby Harkins, assistant nurse; and Mrs. C. S. Sawyer, assistant house director.

College Doctor

In the infirmary we have Dr. William J. Senter. He attended Campbell College, Wake Forest College and the University of Maryland. He interned at Grady Hospital which is connected with Emory University.

The new laboratory assistant in the biology department is Mr. Robert Brown, a graduate student at State College. Another recent addition to the staff is Mrs. Sara Wilson Ferrell, who is secretary to the registrar.

