

**THE GREAT DIFFERENCE**

In another week the annual celebration of Founders' Day will be here again. Perhaps this year we will stop to think more seriously of its true meaning. Founders' Day, of course, literally means the day on which we stop to think of and thank the people who founded the institution. But there are others to thank — those whose gifts throughout the years have helped build and maintain Meredith College also deserve our warmest gratitude.

The most significant item of the whole commemoration of Founders' Day is a simple grammatical fact—the placing of the apostrophe. This position indicates that there was more than one founder; upon this fact rests the history of Meredith and the Meredith spirit of today. For the spirit of Meredith is the embodiment of the hopes, gifts, and prayers of many people of small means who gave all they could that this college might exist. Meredith did not come into being as a result of one rich man's endowment; therefore, there was more true Christian spirit from the hearts of more people that went into its founding.

The all-important question which should be in the hearts of all Meredith students now is "Are we worth it?" Are we making the college into something its founders could be proud of, or would they feel, if they saw it today, that their efforts were in vain?

Yes, another Founders' Day is approaching, but its true significance does not lie in the fact that such a day is set aside for commemoration. The true criterion of our feeling toward those founders is what we are willing to build on their foundation. They started it, but it is up to the students of today to make something worthwhile from those beginnings, and to see that the sacrifices of our founders will not have been in vain.—Sally Melvin.

**A FRESHMAN'S "WEEK"**

How long is a week? At the beach seven days pass as quickly as seven hours. A week-long houseparty barely begins before the time for departure is at hand. A week can be much longer however. Only a few weeks ago I entered Meredith College and began a way of life different from any that I had ever before experienced. Parties, lessons, new friends, bells, dorm cards, meetings, letters, and a hundred other things have combined into a pattern that no longer seems strange or new. Times seems to lose its relationship to the past and future.

My first few weeks at college can be measured, not in days and hours, but in the changes that have taken place in and about me. I do not know how long a week is. Maybe it is one hundred and sixty-eight hours. Maybe it is the time that is required to grow up.

—Melissa Matthews.

**AN ACID TEST**

All of us believe in democracy, we say. But do we really? A democratic society, whether it be a nation, a city, or a school, involves more than liberty and freedom to do as we desire. Do we ever stop to think that our freedom ends where our neighbor's freedom begins? This principle is as true in a community such as Meredith as it is in national life. If we accept the freedom of a democratic society we must accept the responsibility which accompanies it.

Many of us are inclined to forget that we have a responsibility to the other members of our school community. Unthinkingly, we commit many acts which encroach on the liberties of others. We're having a party, so we forget that others are trying to study or sleep. We're busy when it's our turn to answer the phone, so we let someone else do our job. We're in a hurry, so we break line in the dining hall. We let our freedom interfere with the rights of others.

Perhaps now as never before we are faced with this question of our freedom and its accompanying responsibilities. We have obtained an extension in the time of our dating privileges. We can merely accept this and forget it—or we can accept it as a challenge. We can show that we are mature enough to receive greater freedom. Can we meet this responsibility? Do we really believe in democracy?—Jean Taylor.

**Letters to the Editor**

**"UNIFIED" OR NOT?**

Dear Student Body,

For many years it was the plea of Meredith's student body, "Please stop these constant solicitations for money. Every other night there is a collector at my door asking for a quarter." It was not that Meredith students were opposed to contributing their money for worthy causes, it was just that they were tired of continuous begging. Some believed if they could make their donations in one payment they would be happier. From these protests and suggestions the idea for a unified budget was conceived.

Much work was required to set up the machinery for the unified budget system, to select a committee, to work out a basis for assessment, and to collect the money. Last year was the beginning, there was no constitution. No one was sure that the goal could be realized; but Dr. Cannady, Dr. John Yarbrough, Mrs. Marsh, and Lib Jones tried, and the outcome was favorable if not complete. The faculty met their goal 100 per cent. The students failed to meet theirs. There were doubts as to whether the system was agreeable or workable. It is necessary for everyone to do her part or else the whole budget plan will fail as the assessments are made on the basis of complete co-operation.

This year you have accepted the plan again, and it stands as the rule until rejected. Many of you did not vote for this budget, but a majority of your friends did. I hope each of you will realize your responsibility of abiding by majority rule and will support this system. I know that the individual assessment seems large and knocks a hole in your allowance, but it isn't considered to be greater than you would choose to give to charitable organizations in a year's duration. This is not a matter of your giving. I'm sure each of you would make contributions to the drives. This is a matter of organization and system. Let's all support our choice and meet our obligations in the spirit of service, remembering we live as much as we give.—Patsy Emory

**ORCHIDS TO THE S. G.!**

Dear Editor,

"Pooh to our Student Gov't. Council! They're nothing but a bunch of sharp-nosed, prying-eyed monitors whose goal is to catch every student in at least six mistakes each semester. They never do nothin' for the student body and I'm sick of the whole bunch!" Do you ever hear that said on the Meredith campus? Have you ever even thought it yourself? You can bet your life the answer's "No!" And you can find many reasons that explain why the answer would be negative.

Of course the first point that pops in our minds would be the new privileges the council just handed to us on a silver platter. Wasn't that thrilling?—but let's remember for a moment that Margie didn't just up and suggest the new hours to the council, who immediately passed them and presented them to us. Remember—and be grateful—that the 'Pres.' took the suggestions made by members of the student body, then worked with them in the council until they were ready to be taken to "Higher Councils." In thinking on this let us realize that we owe it to both councils to abide strictly by these rules—using but not misusing them.

Aren't the transfers happy (for the second point)? It was very depressing for them, after having been in college for one, two, or three years, to have to live within freshman privileges, so they looked over the situation of the student body and its student council and realized that they'd get immediate attention for their proposal. And they did!

We're happy, too, with pencil sharpeners, better call-down system, telephone in day students room, and the like.

I'm thinking of something else, dear editor, and am wondering what we're going to do about it. That is—our behavior in chapel. We can do something about it, you know, and without too much trouble on our part—just a little thinking every day about 10:30. A little thinking and a great deal of quietening down to give attention to the speaker! It's the only polite thing to do! And its

**Day Doins'**

By DOTTIE

Dear Everybody,

We day girls have a phone now. Just call us anytime; we always welcome any communication, especially from handsome State b---, "Oh, a call for me? Probably some good looking — h-e-l-l-o-o-o, yes, Mother, I'm sorry I forgot; I'm come right home and feed the pigs."

The other day I walked into D. S. No. 2 and found everybody in a dither—a most unusual situation. With one hundred people all talking at one time, I found it rather hard to follow the trend of conversation. I did find out that "Dimples" Copper, Kitty Pool, and Honey Parker attended the Carolina homecoming game last week; that Daphne Stephenson had a fine time at the Wake Forest-Clemson game; and that Charlotte Taylor and Hilda Beck had a lot to talk about concerning the State-Virginia Tech game. Babs Todd was still remembering the fun she had at the "Shoe and Slipper" at Duke, while Anne Brigman and the cheering squad were rehearsing the cheers for State's next game.

In a comparatively unpopulated corner of the room, I thought I saw Eleanor Cothran, "T" Childress, Marilyn Rosser, and Doris Anne Atkins studying, but I put on some glasses and saw that in reality it was Betsy Miles, Connie Byrne, Jackie Norris, and B. B. Ballenger. Sensing the utter impossibility of such a situation, I discovered that I had on Joann LaRue's glasses.

Knowing that now I was just about at the end of my rope, I put on my own glasses and went to the library. When I saw "Duck" Hall, Martha Martin, Jean Leonard and Anne Hoots beating a fast retreat to D. S. No. 2 to phone the eye doctor, I found that I didn't have a chance; for the "Good Old Mountain Music," "Hysterical," "Bridge," and "I Am to Be Pitied Most of All" societies were holding their daily meetings simultaneously.

Some days it does not pay to get up.—"Oh, a telephone call for little me? It's probably some handsome TK—yes, Mother, I know they are starving; I'm coming right now—"

See you again, Dottie.

**HERE AND THERE**

In Other Papers

By PHYLLIS NOTTINGHAM

The old saying "things improve with age" surely applies to Meredith. Isn't it grand that we have later hours? Now Meredith girls won't have to come tearing up the drive from Roy's to make it by the 10:30 deadline.

Not only are good things happening here at Meredith, but in Wisconsin a professor of sociology suggested that the school set up lakeside benches for love-making under supervised conditions. But both the dean of men and the dean of women rejected such a proposal. Too bad—now the prolonged "goodnight" must take place in front of the dorms.

Meredith and U. N. C. have at least one thing in common—the latest "uke" and songs. At both places, students can be found strumming out the hillbilly "On Top of Old Smokey," as well as various others. Girls, you just aren't in the know, unless you own a "uke."

Over at Wake Forest, the girls let the males know how it feels to walk up a street with a pair of eyes following their every step. About seventy-five cords lined both sides of the street the other night just before supper time. A few brave males ventured down the middle of the street — only to be whistled at, yelled at, and followed with many pairs of eyes. The thing that really got the boys was the girls yelling "Chicken! Chicken!" However this treatment was of little value, for after the girls had gone back to their dorms, males lined up the streets (as usual) until movie time.

Borrowed from "The Tiger" of Clemson is the following joke:

A clever man tells a woman he understands her. A stupid one tries to prove it.

a good way to show our Student Government that we appreciate them—and want them to keep working for us! —Shirley Bone.

**Barney's Blarney**



Noticed all the bags and hags lately? It doesn't matter. No one could look fresh as a daisy after marching in the gray dawn for weeks. And then, of course, there's the freshman who has four mid-semester tests next week.

All this hurly-burly would have been avoided for one class if they had not discarded one suggestion. They would be warmer too if they wore long black flannels and filed up the drive as "Night." Aw! who minds a few goose pimples.

"Stringfield Roof Garden — which rose do you want to speak to?" Someone on third thinks highly of her hall and uses the telephone for publicity. Someone on another third floor has a lower opinion of her hall-mates. Hey! We're "Angels," remember!

Will someone please tell the boy friend of a primary education major that painting pictures and reading "The Farmer in the Dell" are only part of her homework? He only laughs at her when she says that she has to study.

Did you ever think that you could go to the movies and see the whole show without starting at 6:30? Last Friday night everyone was so dilirious about staying out so late that the proctors had to go out and tell them that it was eleven o'clock. Now those girls know why the extra five minutes was called "grace."

Lots of people come to college in order to have a leaving-place for the week-ends. Life for the others is usually one continuous week-end!



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