

A CLEAN SLATE

Well, here we go again, girls, on a new semester. All of that fast cramming and those "I-never-heard-of-this-before" exams are over. How did you come out? Were you pleased with the results? If not, now's the time to do something about it.

Maybe you weren't too proud of that D on English or that F on math. One of the nice things about exams (and I'll admit they are few) is that you have a new, clean, little slate on which to start all over again when they are over. Oh, I know, you don't have to worry about exams for another whole three months. But remember how quickly last semester slipped by? And the best way to keep from worrying about that "day of reckoning" coming up in June is to start balancing your books now.

Have you ever had to make an extemporaneous speech? Well, if you're no better at it than I am, you know what a helpless feeling you get when the fatal moment arrives. You keep saying to yourself, "If I had just had time to make an outline." Have you ever seen an actor play a part without first learning the lines? Neither can you play a successful role in our production this spring if you don't start learning your part now. Sure, your social life is mighty important. I think it's just as important to develop your social life as well as your intellectual life, but remember to balance the scales. And you'll be terribly glad you turned down that date to study for that big test when those papers are returned.

And incidentally, this advice is as much for me as it is for you, for I've found out that although Hadacol can cure almost everything, it isn't half as good for exam fever as several doses of study taken at regular intervals for three months preceding the attack.

D. C.



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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

IMMATURITY

Dear Editor,

In the January nineteenth issue of THE TWIG there appeared a very timely letter to the editor about eighteen-year-olds voting. The author of this letter was very well informed on the facts, and she also presented her material so that anyone would be able to understand her point of view. I am also very much in favor of permitting eighteen-year-olds to vote. In the same issue of THE TWIG there appeared, however, a poll on this vital question in which some very "immature" answers and reasons were expressed against this measure.

The state of North Carolina will, according to its law, send an individual of the state to public school until he is eighteen years of age. This seemingly shows us that the leaders of the state think that an individual is capable of taking care of himself after reaching this age. The majority of the youth of North Carolina are on their own after eighteen and only a small percentage finish college.

In one of the negative answers in THE TWIG the author said: "The average eighteen-year-old doesn't have enough education to vote; he should know more history and government in order to vote intelligently." I would like to know where these people who can not continue their education are supposed to learn more about history and government. They do have newspapers which they will read as much at eighteen as they will at twenty-one. In high school they are at least presented the idea of government and are more interested in it while it is fresh in their minds than after they have been "out on the world" for several years.

Another opponent of this measure said she doesn't feel "... that the average eighteen-year-old knows enough about the political side of his government and its good and bad participants to be allowed to vote." If the student would look at the matter she would realize that very few persons know the good and bad participants as the bad do their best to appear good and unless one is on the inside of the "participant's" group one has very little way of finding out such things. The best we can do is take both sides, no matter what our age, and decide which to us is the better. This is the problem that faces all ages, and surely by the time one reaches eighteen years of age he should be able to make up his own mind on matters. If he can't, it is certainly time he was made to.

The most often mentioned reason for not favoring this bill was "immaturity." Immaturity is a problem which faces us from the time we hit high school and continues with us through life. There are many adults today who are faced with the problem of immaturity on certain subjects. I agree that one becomes more mature usually upon the completion of high school and either begin working or continuing studies. This, however is because students are away from home where their parents very rightly had carried out the duty of giving parental advice and care. Voting is a privilege which would strengthen and speed up this process of maturing.

Sincerely,
Peggy Benbow.

**HERE AND THERE
In Other Papers**

By PHYLLIS NOTTINGHAM

In a recent issue of the Davidson newspaper appears a crop, or should we say rash, of jokes about students and professors. One of these goes like this:

Jack: Wonder where he got the idea he's a professor? Everybody hates him. He doesn't have any idea of how to teach. He starts off on one subject and then veers to another. You can't keep notes.

Harry: Yeah, I flunked too.

And, along the same lines, another one:

Teacher: Bill, it gives me great pleasure to mark you 85 on your final exam.

Day Doins'

By DOTTIE

Letters are nearly always welcomed by their recipients particularly if they are of the type usually written by attractive members of the opposite sex. There are also letters of the type that came to all of us about two weeks ago, but they are horses of another color and are unrelated to our present pursuit.

Although the rumor has been around that looking over another's mail is not quite sanctioned by the Federalists, it is interesting to note the kinds of letters that some people receive. For instance, "Gup" receives long fat ones from the northeast and Barbara Todd receives letters of manuscript weight and length. There is one series of letters received, the contents of which are so singular in their subtle quality that they must be shared. Without further ado, here are its contents:

Dear (the name must be omitted here to prevent fictitious embarrassment),

Please send back my frat pin, also the piece of coat that was snatched off with it. I'm cold.

—Ethelburt.

Dear

Please forward the pearls and diamond you neglected to send back in my pin. Their absence makes a draft through the pin. I'm still cold.

—Ethelburt.

Now we must turn to other matters, since the rest of the day students have their mail sent home. They foxed me.

If we already weren't convinced that mid-winter is here, we need only note the dances described by that name that are going on everywhere. Virginia Waldrop and Joanna Wilson were attending the ones at State, while Barbara Todd, Mary Jo Shaw, and Secunda Parker journeyed to Carolina for last week's affair. Daphne Stephenson went to mid-winters at Wake Forest last week.

Other news is that we've lost three of our number to the ranks of the residents—Connie Byrne, Jean Leonard, and Bobbie Anne Hall; however, we have gained some new members—Louise George, transfer from Mars Hill; Sugar Riley, special student from State; and Betty Lokey, graduate student from Carolina.

Back to mail before we go. Several others receive lots of letters these days too—daily post cards from the library.

See you again,
Dottie.

Bill: Well now, why not make it 100 and give yourself a real thrill?

At a college named Cooper Union recently, an English professor declared that it would be "morally wrong" for him to advise reading the classics in this noisy time of entertainment by machinery.

"If you tried David Cooperfield," he declared, "you would get restive; you would think of all the other things you might be doing more consistent with your daily environment—looking at television, listening to the radio, going to the movies." No comment!

From the Clemson "Tiger":

"Don't you know better than to point an empty rifle at me?" growled the officer.

"But sir," the recruit answered, "it isn't empty!"

The Northeastern "News" in Boston has offered a few tips to students who want to be a success in college. Tips include:

"Look alert, take notes. If you look at your watch, don't stare at it unbelievably and shake it."

"Bring the professor newspaper clippings. Demonstrate daily interest and give him timely items to mention in class; bring in any clippings at random."

"Laugh at his jokes. You can tell... If he looks up from his notes and smiles expectantly, he has made a funny."

"Ask for outside reading. You don't have to do it. Just ask for it!"

A PROCLAMATION

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Hear Ye! inasmuch as there are numerous male

**Barney's
Blarney**



Exams are over. Pollyanna said that she misses all the free time she had during them.

Registration is over. Pollyanna said that she really enjoyed the long hours in line, for she got to know the girls around her so well.

Classes have started. Pollyanna said that she was glad that she didn't hear about cuts not being counted the first week until after she got out of class Saturday, because she might have been tempted to sleep Saturday morning.

Required concerts have started. Pollyanna gushed that she was so glad because she just loved "culture"!

Valentine's Day flew by on the tips of Cupid's wings. Pollyanna gave a watery smile and said that she was glad she didn't get any candy because she didn't want to add calories to her hips, and red roses would have given her fever. Besides, she just loved comic valentines!

A required lecture is tonight. Last week Pollyanna said that she was so glad to finally have something different to do on dates, especially something to do on campus because she hated going into the cruel world.

But Pollyanna isn't going to the lecture. Pollyanna has ceased living here; Pollyanna has ceased being glad; Pollyanna has become deceased.

Some people just don't like being glad!

creatures on the Appalachian campus who daily refuse to take advantage of their dating prerogative, and inasmuch as the present APPALACHIAN staff agrees with past staffs that something should be done to give the females a break, we do hereby, in the interest of both sexes on this campus, proclaim the week of February 12 through February 18 as "S. P. Week," during which time all students (and faculty members) are expected to conform to the rules and principles set forth at the instigation of this time-honored custom.

We issue this proclamation in the belief that every person, male or female, has at sometime wished that his or her situation in life were changed. What man has not wanted, if for no other reason than a financial one, a girl to escort him around? Or, on the other hand, what girl has not longingly said, "Yowie, how I'd like to latch on to that hunk of man!" Thus it is that we proclaim "S. P. Week" in the hope that it will temporarily serve as a panacea to the present repressed longings on the part of various and sundry individuals, and thus do we call attention to the rules governing such courtin' conditions.

1. No boy under any circumstances must ask a girl for a date. She'll ask you if she really wants to date you.

2. Every girl is asked to date some fellow at least once, if for only a meal in the cafeteria. (Think of all the poor guys who might be neglected!)

3. All show fares, soft drink expenditures, etc., will be paid by the girls. This sounds hard to do, but it's what every man does all the time.

4. Men, don't get the big head if a girl asks you for a date. She is probably trying to kill a little time.

5. Women, don't monopolize only athletes and the present campus heroes. There are lots of other guys around.

6. Everyone is requested to help enforce these rules by a frequent check-up on his neighbor's social affairs.

7. All dates may be made anywhere and under all circumstances, inclusive of the fact that some of the males may be in the company of their "steadies."

8. The term "S. P." may be technically taken to mean "secret passion" but this publication is not responsible for any deviation.

9. All activities will naturally conform with college rules and regulations.

—"The Appalachian."