

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

What has happened to our "Rah, Rah, Rah, It's Meredith for Me" spirit? Is it possible for six hundred twenty-five girls to spend nine months of a year in constant touch with a place and not feel a loyalty and a closeness with each other and with their school? Perhaps we are too close to the everyday problems and disappointments to see the real value of our position. Perhaps we have heard once too often that "these are the happiest years of our life" and we have answered bitterly (silently of course, for one must respect her elders) that it is easy to think that others' problems are not as hard to bear as one's own.

It's time we quit feeling sorry for ourselves because we live in a "cynical" age. If we want a better school, it is up to us to get it. We don't need a football team to play Notre Dame or an All-American basketball team to have school spirit. School spirit existed long before extra-curricular activities were thought of—such things as Junior-Seniors, play-days, little theatres, and publications came as a result of school spirit and did not cause it. It may be true that one gets more out of rooting for Wake Forest or State than she does rooting for her class at Palio, but that could mean that her date gets more fun from rooting at Palio than he does at his school.

If we do not have anything to do on campus, is it not our fault? Who can we blame but ourselves that we no longer have "Sophs Day Off" and the odd and even classes' traditions? Maybe some people consider them silly, but are they any cornier than Carolina's Junior Class Straw Hat Day or the Senior's barefoot day?

Naturally it does not take as much work to go to some other school and enjoy their stunts as it does to struggle here against disinterest, a flat pocket-book, and sometimes even ridicule, but you have more when you are through. Not just a few reminisces of the fun that we used to have in school, but maybe we will even have a right to say that we can do a better job of the world situation than our parents did. It's starting at the bottom of the bottom, but even Superman and MacArthur had to practice a bit at first.

—Barney Schettler.

"THAT WHICH IS AIMED AT"

Success is a word which the English teachers tells us is abstract. How then can one say that another is truly successful? Webster defines success as being synonymous with "prosperous." Here we take issue, but we do agree with Webster's second definition, "having achieved that which was aimed at."

Recently the Twig received the rating of First Class. In that the old staff of THE TWIG aimed constantly at being a better voice of students of Meredith College, we would say that in so doing they have achieved success.

The new staff of The TWIG wishes to express its delight over the First Class rating which it has "inherited." The staff would like also to extend a word of thanks to all of the old staff members who have so graciously offered their assistance to any member of the new staff in helping them to face the problems, trials and tribulations involved in publishing a campus newspaper.

The staff would like to extend a special note of thanks to Nancy Walker for a job "well done." Nancy, throughout this year of school activities, has been a leader, organizer and friend.

May each member of the old staff always achieve "that which is aimed at" and always be successful.

—Jeanne Ramsey.

GRIPES AND GRUMBLES

They find fault with the editor;
The stuff we print is rot;
The paper is as peppy as a cemetery lot;
The rag shows rotten management;
The jokes, they say, are stale;
The lower classmen roller;
The upper classmen rail;
But when the paper's issued
(We say it with a smile),
If someone doesn't get one,
You can hear him yell a mile.

Unknown.

Letters to the Editor

VOCATIONS WEEK

Dear Editor:

Here is proof again that our faculty and administration are intensely interested in seeing that we students receive the very best training possible for our future careers. They meant to see in Vocations Week that every one of us had an opportunity to hear about several fields from the experts, people who knew from experience.

Certainly those of us who had not yet made up our minds about our fields of concentration were helped through the daily group discussions with guest speakers and conferences with the faculty. And too, for others who had already chosen their life's work, valuable suggestions were made about types of jobs within a given field.

Mr. Dorsett and his committee deserve a great deal of praise for their excellent job of arranging and coordinating the week's schedule of discussions and conferences. And it's up to us, the students, to tell them how valuable Vocations Week was to us individually, so that we may be assured that a similar program will be arranged next year.

Yours truly,
Jo Cole.

SWIMMING POOL

Dear Editor,

Guess what I found—an article in a back issue of THE TWIG about Meredith's new pool. Just see what the article said: "... The lovely green grass makes quite a lovely background for the white concrete pool. The shed which once covered the pool has been moved back of the pool for future use for recreation and parties. To make the setting even more lovely, the shed has been painted white to match the pool. The pool is still incomplete and many improvements are to be made, such as putting lights in the pool and in the shed. . . ." The article continued with utopian plans like these: "... a sand floor is being used at the present time, but as soon as possible a concrete floor is to be put in so that ping-pong, shuffleboard, and other games may be played." Still more plans included a furnace in the shed (in case of cool weather or rain), diving boards, tables, umbrellas (for socializing) and bushes (I mean hedges, of course) for added beauty.

Please don't think I am ungrateful for our pool as it is, for I am quite glad we have one—I've been out enjoying it several times, but if you please, I think there is room for a great deal of improvement. The only socializing I've seen going on beneath the shed was that done on one rainy day a couple of months ago by some of the horses.

I don't know very much about how Meredith acquires things like ping-pong tables and shuffleboard sets, but the next time the occasion arises, could some one please speak up in behalf of the pool?

The issue of THE TWIG from which I quoted was dated October 7, 1949—uh, dear editor, *tempus is fugitin*—please could something be begun soon?

Sincerely,
Bobby Rice.

ADVICE FOR GIRLS

Never make dates with biology students;
They enjoy cutting up too much.

The football hero is all right;
He will tackle anything.

The tennis man is harmless;
He enjoys a racket.

Watch out for the baseball man;
He hits and runs.

Be careful of the dramatics member;
He usually has several good lines.

Don't play cards with a civil engineer;
He's a bridge specialist.

Always let the band members talk about themselves;
They enjoy blowing their own horns.

Keep away from the track men;
They are usually fast.

Unknown.

—Selected.

Views From Other News

Many of the North Carolina colleges, as has Meredith, have recently elected officers for the coming year. If the picture of Glenn Harden appearing on the first page of *The Dailey Tar Heel* a few days ago was used in her campaign for the editor of that paper, there is no wonder that she won a two-to-one majority over Don Maynard. We hope she can attract some good information into the University paper.

While the juniors and seniors at Meredith were enjoying the "Blue Moon" as the banquet theme, the Appalachian upper classmen were feeling the glamour of Hawaii. Say—I wonder if the dance forms were in keeping with the theme of the banquet?

The Theta Chi will hold a contest at Chapel Hill for the "ugliest man on campus." He will get an all expense paid date for the evening of April 27, a gold cup, and other prizes. How humiliating the parallel would be at Meredith!

That ancient old college stand by, padding, can produce some rather comical answers when University (North Carolina) students run short of knowledge. According to a friend who's a sociology professor, these are culled from recent exams:

- "A Caucasian is a politician who attends a caucus meeting."
- "A young person who steals for fun is a jubilant delinquent."
- "Rural life is found mostly in the country."
- "An Open Shop is beneficial to the working man because he gets more fresh air that way."

"The Tiger," Clemson's publication, has thrown a pearl that might be directed at the rising juniors and seniors on our campus.

A man in uniform: There's the guy that used to complain about how chicken some of the upper classmen were when he was a freshman. Now he's so bad that he's growing feathers instead of hair.

His companion: That's the way it goes, Mac. The more they complain about the privileges that the upper classmen have, the more they abuse them when they get them. Give a guy a few buttons and a little authority if you really want to know what kind of a person he is.

COMMUTERS' LINK

Before I ever seriously considered coming to Meredith, I heard girls saying that there was a problem of getting the resident and non-resident students to work together. So I entered Meredith with some dread, I must admit. I must even admit that I had what is known in the better circles as a "chip on my shoulder." Well, I don't know whether we've just got a finer group of girls on and off the campus than they had before, or whether all I had heard before was a rumor, but I do know that I have not seen the problem of which they spoke.

We will all have to admit that there will, of necessity, be a thin line drawn between the two groups because of the inability of the non-resident students to enter 100 per cent into the activities of the school—those 11:00 p.m. meetings and those 7:30 a.m. practices are a few. Then too, the home life of the day students has a tendency to divide their attentions in respect to taking an active part in campus activities. I hope these need not be excuses, but may serve as explanations.

With the progress that has been made before and the hopes for the future, I know we all would like to see a better participation by both groups in working together in harmony for the betterment of our school. These can be mere words or they can be backed by actions so that they will mean something as we make our plans for the coming year.

—Barbara Ballenger.

Fooling Phyllis

Let me congratulate Barney on her excellent job on this column of the past year. I hope that I'll be able to follow along her footsteps. Writing a column should be an easy enough job—or so I thought—but gosh, what a surprise! The seconds of the clock are ticking off and there is a deadline to be met. The keys of the typewriter keep my roommate awake and she keeps complaining—with an occasional pitch of a book. But really, it is great!

Now that Junior-Senior is over—umm-m-m turkey and all the dressings, and May Day on its way, graduation is just around the corner. Shall there be joy or tears? We will miss those gay seniors, with all their dignity and grace. In fact, we will miss everyone for the summer. No longer will the bells be sounding with the ringing of the telephone and the bellowing shouts; at least, not until next year. I wonder who George will peer at during the holiday?

Since I have been at Meredith I have made some careful observations and have come to the following conclusions:

- You can always tell a senior by her dignity and poise,—
- You can always tell a junior by her jollity and noise,
- You can always tell a freshman by her green look and such,
- You can always tell a sophomore, but you can't tell her much!

Since most of those term papers, themes, and book reports are almost done, the sun offers a special invitation to the Meredith "Angels." However, one boy, sitting on the porch between Jones and Johnson Hall, said, often giving the passing girls the "once over" glance, "Gee, and they call them 'Angels?' Looks like they are some of Satan's specimen!" He just didn't realize what an insult he had paid to those who have struggled so long to get that oh-so-beautiful lobster red color. Besides, haven't our professors said that anything worth while is worth working for? Well, you could just turn the saying around. Couldn't you?

Bye!



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