

ON VOTING

Register today! Your vote can change the world!

Have you seen these words around Raleigh recently? Have you ever stopped to think what they really mean? The average American citizen thinks voting is just one more item on his list of humdrum things to do; that it is his duty to vote but it really won't mean too much in the long run. Yes, says the registrar, your vote is one in many, but what would happen if your attitude existed among all American citizens? Do you think our government could operate successfully with such an indifferent public? Suppose you lived behind the Iron Curtain, where you had no choice as to who your leaders were going to be? Do you think those people care who will dictate to them? Now, they have been in servitude so long, they act like puppets and probably wouldn't know what it meant if they had the chance to vote. And what about women before they got the right to vote? Women said that since men had made such a corruption of politics, they should at least be able to try to change conditions. But now what? Women today have equal voting rights with men, but some don't even think it is worth it to go down to the polls for even a few minutes. It was shown in the last national election that only 65 per cent of those eligible to vote exercised their power. You might be right in thinking that one vote won't change anything to any noticeable degree, but collectively those 35 per cent of non-voting citizens could!

Meredith students who are able to vote have a big responsibility now and also when they go out in their communities to encourage others by their interests and actions to exercise their voting rights. As future citizens, we should accept this responsibility gladly, realizing that the world can be changed by our votes!

J. L.

ON COMPLAINING

Don't you think we do a lot of unnecessary complaining? It seems that the soup has too many vegetables, the

teachers are too unreasonable, the chapel speakers are too boring, or it's too hot to live. Aside from the fact that it's too hot to have hot coffee for Sunday dinner though, don't you think that we could replace some of our griping with a little appreciation? After all, we're grown up enough to be assuming adult responsibilities and learning to face things as they are.

I heard the other day of a college graduate who resigned her teaching position after teaching only two weeks. She quit because she had to make her own fire every morning. Are we that helpless? We might as well learn right now that life isn't always a bed of roses; we might as well learn to make the best of what we have. Life's a lot happier when we do our part to make it so, and it can be mighty miserable when we spend it complaining.

D. P.

ON CRAMMING

I'll never do this again, if only I live through the night! Next year. . . Next year, sure, but what about this year, this week, these exams? Oh well, I'll get by. I always do. A few sleepless nights are worth a C on a course. Don't you agree? And if I can do it, why not? Enjoy yourself; it's later than you think. That's my maxim, and it's a good one too, until exam time. Then, it's really later than I think. So—I try to learn a semester's work in one night. Tomorrow morning I face an English exam. Tonight I try to push and to force into my sleep-clogged mind dull, blunt facts, and abstract comparisons and interpretations—just for tomorrow. During that math exam today, my coke-drugged brain simply refused to

remember all the formulas I so hurriedly memorized last night. Maybe there is something to this "study-as-you-go" technique. But, really, my mind just isn't used to take in bits of information. It thrives on masses of material. Masses! Boy! Will I have to cram tonight. Twelve o'clock. Guess I'd better start. What to do first, that's the question. Sleepy, and this early! A coke should pep me up, though. Gee, I didn't realize there was so much to learn. I'll never do this again. I am going to study next year—every day. Umm . . . maybe I'd better be honest with myself. Next year the same motto will rule my life: Always put off until tomorrow what you can do today.

Is it a hopeless situation?

S. P.

ON FRIENDLINESS

Friendliness is a common word—one used to cover many acts. It may be just a smile at a lonesome child or it may be the act of lending one's best evening dress for a big affair in another's life. Occasionally slurs are cast at it; someone may be described as "over-eager" or "just a big flirt" when actually she is being nice in the only way she knows. Sometimes people take advantage of it and begin being friendly only when your best-looking date is present. Those beau-snatchers are easy to spot, though. They drool on you over him! This summer will give Meredith Angels a chance to prove that they really are as friendly as their reputation. So brush up on those Ipana smiles which have been darkened by term papers and dire thoughts of exams, and finish this year up as a friendly year.

NEWS FROM OUR NEIGHBORS

By LOUISE EDGE

These last days of May, with the summer vacation to look forward to, are happy days for Meredith angels. But there is something a little sad about May and the closing of school, as this poem from *The Appalachian* indicates:

Arcadian drifts of bygone Mays
Return in ever-thronging ways,
Calling back in retrospect
Dream-enshrouded yesterdays.
Along the rose-aisled paths of green,
Moss-flanked brooks of shade serene;
Testing deep, Pierian,
Childhood's brief, enchanted dream
The May Day festival held sway,
The Prom, the Senior Play;
A diary would be cherished
Long after graduation day. . .

Initials carved upon a bark,
An arrow through, that pierced the heart;
Would time efface the letters there,
And lead us far apart?
The hour at dusk passed all too soon,
And with it all our life's regret;
Perennial May passed on to June,
But memories linger yet. . .

The closing of a college year should also be a time for evaluating what has been accomplished during the year. In order to do this, one should have an understanding of what education is. The

following paragraph, taken from an editorial in *The Appalachian*, gives a good description:

"Education isn't just exposing people to facts they do not know, but it is the changing of the whole individual. An educated person talks, acts, and thinks differently. Therefore, we might conclude that we cannot be educated in a hurry, and no one is educated until there is evidence of intellectual stamina. Let's look up the word *intelligence*. It comes from two Latin words, which taken together, mean 'to choose or discriminate between two or more things.' The word *college* means 'a carefully selected group of persons, selected pre-

(Continued on page six)

Bobbye's Banter

Generally speaking, I would say that, of two general types of music fans, there are corresponding terms that, when uttered, have marked effect on the respective hearer and speaker.

To the suave, sophisticated gentleman who constantly is dressed in a tux and white shirt, and going to a symphony concert, nothing could produce a more vivid shade of red upon his elevated countenance than the casual mention of jazz! He will swear by Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms that a more outrageous defilement of the realm of music he has never encountered! On the other hand, he may refuse to recognize the horrid concoction of inharmonious confusion so much as even a fifth cousin twice removed to true music. In either case, Mr. Penguin Sophisticate is moved only by the crashing cymbals, tender violin, and majestic music of the concert hall. He is impressed by the elderly gentleman with long, white hair streaming over his ears that occasionally flies helter-skelter in congruity with his windmill-like arms. And even to spell out softly the letters B-o-o-g-i-e, will cause this music lover to turn ostrich, find the nearest record shop cubby hole, and recover his shaken composure gradually to the soothing strains of "Ritual Fire Dance." But there is another side to the story—ah, yes indeed! There is the newly-developed species of homo sapiens known as the *cat*. Not to be mistaken for the four-legged feline creature also named, this unusual sprout from the tree of mankind has actually the same physical characteristics as his opposite, previously described. The differentiation lies chiefly within, although I must not fail to mention marks of distinction. Pegged trousers, duck-tailed hair cuts, loud-colored jackets frequently accompanied by T-shirts, dangling key chains, and a "got-the-world-by-its-tail" attitude will identify this specific creature. A slight mention of Strauss waltzes and Debussy compositions will bring forth from this person an outthrust hand, palm downward, a sneering countenance, and usually a brief comment which might be "Square" or "Corn" or "Longhair." But speak of King Size Poppa, Sax

(Continued on page four)



Member
Associated Collegiate Press

EDITORIAL STAFF

- Editor.....Doris Perry
- Assistant Editor.....Joan Langley
- Managing Editors.....Bobbie Addy, Marjorie Blankenship, Nancy Brown
- Photo Editor.....Elinor Averde
- Art Editor.....Ann Bruton
- Music Editor.....Betty Miller
- Sports Editor.....Lorrette Oglesby
- Columnists.....Bobbye Rice, Alyce Epley, Charlotte Taylor
- Reporters.....Allen Hart, Celia Wells, Becky Calloway, Ann Ipock, Louise Edge, Joyce Stephens, Leah Scarborough, Evelyn Boone, Georganne Joyner, Ruth Jeanne Allen, Beth Morgan, Nancy Hall, Barbara White, Betty Smith
- Typists.....Joyce Phillips, Janne Dawson, Mary Ann Casey, Joyce Brown
- Faculty Sponsor.....Dr. Norma Rose

BUSINESS STAFF

- Business Manager.....Venetia Stallings
- Advertising Manager.....Shirley West
- Advertising Staff.....Marjorie Stewart, Shirley McLean, Sara Mangum, Jane Campbell, Pat Allen, Joan Haithwaite, Peggy Bennett
- Circulation Manager.....Janis Witherington

Entered as second-class matter October 11, 1923, at postoffice at Raleigh, N. C., under Act of March 8, 1879. Published semi-monthly during the months of October, November, February, March, April, and May, monthly during the months of September, December, and January.

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

Dear Students,

Did you hear about the raid some Carolina boys made on one of the girls' dormitories? Did you know that Carolina may have Saturday classes next year? Did you know that in recent student polls it was found that Campbell students are, by a large majority, supporting Olive for governor and that Cornell students want Pogo for president? Did you know that THE TWIG receives papers from about twenty colleges and universities telling all this and other news?

Because we think you would enjoy reading these papers, THE TWIG staff is inviting you to come by the publications room on first Jones and read them anytime you like. You will find the papers on the long table just inside the publications room. Come in and find out what's happening among other students.

The Staff.

