



Mr. and Mrs. Simmons

Simmons Family Indispensable To Meredith Campus

By JANICE MORGAN

"Is the mail up?"
 "Can I put in four sheets and six towels?"
 "But my room is cold!"
 "This mattress has got to go!"
 "Is the cute little doggie hungry — humm-mmm?"
 These "familiar quotations" should bring to your mind not only a person, but a family! Yes, you're right, it is the Simmons family — all six of them! Oh, you didn't know there were six! Well, of course, you know Mr. Harry Simmons, the friendly man who is the college maintenance supervisor. Mrs. Simmons you're undoubtedly acquainted with as the patient manager who takes your piles of dirty linen and also puts those precious, and all too often rare, letters in your post office box. Three more members of the family are "Jeannie," "Bennie," and "Bootsie," the three Simmons youngsters. "Bootsie" and "Bennie" might resent being classified as youngsters, for they are fourteen and ten respectively, but Jeannie, the cute little five-year-old girl that all of us have seen, still fits into that category. Now the sixth member of this family is fast becoming the object of more affection than he knows what to do with. His name is "Brownie," but he'll come running to "Doggie," "B.H." (this mysterious symbol means Beehive!) or occasionally an off-key whistle. yes, he's the little brown dog with the "waggle" tail. In accounting for his frequent visits on campus, Mrs. Simmons remarked, "The girls pick him up over at the barn — our home is nearby — and bring him back with them from their riding lessons! I never know where he'll be next."
 Winnabow, a small town on the coast between Wilmington and Southport is the home of the Simmonses. Both Mr. and Mrs. Simmons attended the same high school and it seems they started dating when she was in the tenth grade! (This sounds just like some couples we know!) They were married the year after she graduated from high school and in 1948 they came to Raleigh. Mr. Simmons first worked on the campus when the music building was being built, and he became maintenance supervisor the year after the building was finished. Mrs. Simmons first worked on the campus in 1950, when she started running the laundry. Aside from the laundry and the post office, she also keeps Mr. Simmons' books.
 The most important thing in the life of the whole family right now is the new home which they are building themselves. This reporter blithely asked if Mr. Sommons was doing all the work himself, and Mrs. Simmons' reply was, "Don't leave me out! My knees are sore from nailing down roofing all day Saturday!" It is indeed a family project! They expect to have the house finished by next summer, even though their busy 6:00 to 5:00 day only allows them a small amount of spare time to work on the house. Mrs. Simmons explained

At Christmas

By MARY ANN BROWN

We see . . . girls rushing in at 6:15 with loads of packages . . . frenzied knitting to get those "last five rows" done on a certain sweater . . . people haunting the library to get those term papers done . . . dreamy and hopeful looks when some girls are asked "What is HE giving you for Christmas?" . . . doors that look like Christmas cards . . . room-mates dodging each other in stores to keep presents hidden . . . people pouring over the "gift selection" pages of the magazines in the Bee Hive. . . .

We hear . . . snatches of "Jingle Bells" at odd hours of the night and morning . . . with dismay the things suggested for us to do "in our spare time" over the holidays . . . sounds of male voices and think "Oh, joy, another serenade!" . . . some of the most "contemporary" arrangements of Christmas songs . . . with disgust that State goes home the 14th . . . "How can I ever get my shopping done when I have to go on campus Wednesday?" . . . desperate calls about rides home. . . .

We say . . . that we're going to save our money for next Christmas and that we're going to do our shopping in July . . . that nobody studies just before holidays and who are we to be different . . . that we refuse, positively refuse, to get out of bed before noon one single day . . . that, since our money has almost run out, our parents had just better appreciate "thoughtful" gifts . . . that we won't study, so why load down some poor boy's car with unnecessary books . . . that right after your dad has been pleasantly surprised by your gift is a good time to prepare him for that "D" you just may get. . . .

We feel . . . that we'll never last until the 19th . . . like crying when Dottie plays Christmas carols after Sunday dinner . . . like laughing when an earnest freshman tells of all the work she is going to do during Christmas . . . like jumping off the 3rd floor breezeway when we think of all the things to be done before we can go home . . . that we might . . . most probably . . . have a . . . wonderful Christmas!

that building their home is a lot of worry, but that they have made it their hobby and enjoy having wiener roasts and relaxing and having a good time while they work. Building one's own home is indeed a fine "family project," and we feel that we are very fortunate in having such a fine family as part of our campus life.

Among The Trustees

We Visit Mr. W. H. Weatherspoon

All Meredith seems to have a newly awakened interest in a group of people known as "the trustees" — an interest other than fried chicken in the dining hall, that is. THE TWIG is beginning in this issue a series of articles on these men and women of "the board."

The board of trustees of an institution is that body responsible for the financial operation of the institution. It is also called upon to pass on any major change in policy — such as a new department or dancing on campus. Mr. W. H. Weatherspoon, a senior member of Meredith's board, says trusteeship is purely "a labor of love." The aim of the board, he says, is "to try to help in the operation of the college, working in close co-operation with officials and faculty."

For the past two years Mr. Weatherspoon has served as executive vice-president and legal counsel for Carolina Power and Light Company. Leaning back at his desk on the fifth floor of the Insurance Building, he smiled at us shyly as he said, "I just hate even to tell you how long I've been a trustee of Meredith. With the exception of one year, it has been forty years now."

One of a family of five boys and two girls, he graduated from Cary High School in 1903 and went to Wake Forest, where he worked his way through college by representing a men's clothing store and a steam laundry, and working in a bank. As business manager of *The Student*, he sold ads to railroads, and in his "spare" time he directed a Boy's Club for sixty boys.

On graduating from college in 1907, Mr. Weatherspoon began a law practice in Laurinburg, N. C. There he also married a Meredith girl, Matilda Jane Sutton Lee. In 1911 he was elected to the state legislature in which he served two regular sessions and one special session. In 1928 he moved to Raleigh to become the law partner of Senator Josiah Bailey. In 1931 he became vice-president of Carolina Power and Light Company's board of directors. He has also served as a director of the First National Bank of Raleigh and of the First Federal Savings and Loan Association, as president of the Raleigh Chamber of Commerce and of the Raleigh Lions Club.

Once an avid horseman, Mr. Weatherspoon gave his horse to Meredith when he quit riding. He is also quite fond of golf, fishing, hunting, and flowers. His garden at 1010 Cowper Drive furnishes him with boutonnieres practically the year around.

In discussing recent "events,"

Mr. Weatherspoon said that he is not "too much concerned" about the investigations of the Committee of 17, appointed by the convention to look into college affairs. "They will see that the colleges are doing the best job possible." As for dancing, he says "that should have been left to the trustees." Will Meredith ever become co-ed? "I don't believe so," he says, "for two good reasons — we lack the money and the space."

Mr. Weatherspoon is an interesting man who makes us eager to meet other members of our board of trustees in the issues to come.

CONTEMPORARY SCENE

(Continued from page two)
 around the world. Besides some charming little books on Japanese drama, art, and garden, is another book on *The World of Abstract Art*, priced at \$8.50.

To move on to lighter literature, Charles Addams has a new book of cartoons, *Nightcrawlers*, delightful as only Addams' humor can be. (Recommended mainly for his devotees.) . . . Vladimir Dudinsev arose to heroic proportions in the eyes of the free world by writing *Not by Bread Alone*. This book is a Russian scientist's criticism of Soviet communism, and his search for justice. . . Ernest Jones has written the third and final volume of *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud*. While heavy reading, this book would be of interest to any thinking person—psychology students? . . . There are books from England—*The Fine Art of Reading*, by Lord David Cecil and *On Poetry and Poets* by T. S. Eliot—excerpts from both of which have been used in this column. Another book should be mentioned here, *Leftover Life to Kill* by Cailin Thomas, wife of the deceased Dylan Thomas. This is the story of the love of a wife for a great literary figure, who, perhaps, because of his enthusiasm wore himself out too soon. Caitlin Thomas in this proves herself to be a writer of some merit. . . . The giant of American architecture has recently published a discussion of his seventy-year career, his principles and architectural philosophy: *A Testament* by Frank Lloyd Wright. . . . And one final suggestion for that arm-chair historian *The Reformation*, Vol. VI of the historical series of civilization by Will DuRant.

Astros Win in Volleyball

The day of the volleyball tournament brought an exciting afternoon of competition for the Astros and Phis. There was quite a bit of cheering heard within the gym doors between five and six as the two society teams, wearing their colors of purple or yellow, contested for the championship. The Phis cheerfully congratulated the Astros who claimed a well-earned victory; and the yellow and purple left the gym together feeling a wonderful unity.

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The Fifth Column

By PEANUT

"The pig, if I am not mistaken, Supplies us sausage, ham, and bacon.

Let others say his heart is big—I call it stupid of the pig."
 OGDAN NASH.

It seems that the upperclassmen have once again revived that undesirable refrain, "Hark, the Meredith 'angels' shout . . .!" Will we never protect the sensitive ears of our first-year-girls? Anyway, let's try this version a few times, mainly because the melody is more in accord with the words — "All the Meredith angels shout, 'One more day till we get out.'" The tune will be sort of like that "Super Suds" jingle, if you will recall it.

Most probably the English department finds students who have difficulty using the Webster book. It may help to explain early that the dictionary is in alphabetical order. . . .

Perhaps you read the enlightening article recently published on the engagement of Jayne Mansfield concerning mainly the possible effect said engagement (for marriage, incidentally) would have on her career. If you did read the article, you were attracted, I am sure, to the summary thought, "Will rock spoil success hunter?" In a word. . . .

For you who enjoy hysterics derived from silly nothings, try this little riddle — What is purple and yellow and dingle-dangles from the ceiling? Answer: A purple and yellow ceiling dingle-dangler. (of course)

Concerning the mark of 100 made in Hebrew by a graduate of Southern Seminary, one man said, "Not even a Hebrew could do that."

The Senior Class has become a true organization on campus, having assumed Greek initials now — S.I.A., or Seniors in Alliance — not to be confused with another order under similar letters.

The members of the Chorus send a suggestion to Mr. Blanchard, their favorite male conductor, that he, too, practice enunciation so that he may properly pronounce *glowry, high-yest, and siglfkn*.

FOR AN AFTERNOON WALK

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