

# The Twig

Official Organ of The Student Body  
of Meredith College

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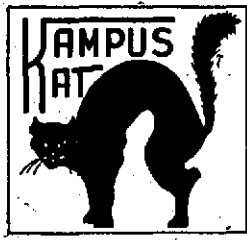
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## EDITORIALS

### For the Love of Books!

Forty-five, fifty, fifty-five, sixty! Good! Just enough "cash" to go to town, go to a show, and go to the "Cally." And then, on the one-forty-five bus every afternoon, especially Saturday, there are girls and more girls, all desperately clutching their "free" tickets (plus twenty-five cents) to take them in either the State or Palace Theatre. What would happen if there were no movies to attend once or twice a week? For one thing, if we were to spend part of that time in reading, perhaps the grades on the comprehensive English tests would range from 50 to 90, at least, instead of from—to (to get these statistics, consult Dr. Harris or Dr. Johnson!) Most of these books with which we should be familiar are in the library and can readily be obtained as they are *always* on the shelves. But, even at that, our knowledge of books in general cannot be broadened as much this way as if we owned some of the most widely known books ourselves. Did you know that for less than the price of two movies (including car fare) we could buy one good book—by a good book meaning one that we may read and re-read, and with each reading derive more pleasure than from the last. What a contrast with some of the pictures we waste our fifty-five cents to see and which we remember about two days—or until we see another! If the purchase of a truly good book could be substituted "once in a blue moon" for one of these bi-weekly visits to the theatre we would surely be enlightened on literature a little more than we have proved to be at present. Let's try it!

M. C.



## THE KAMPUS KAT

I was tempted to hand in a blank paper this time with only a very meek little signature at the bottom of the page. What ever thoughts I may have had would have been too chilly for utterance. I could almost be a Pole cat, but I could not decide whether North or South. (There is really no sense to that statement.) But, this cold wave nearly made a "permanent" out of me.

In other words I was nearly frozen stiff and I haven't thawed out very much as yet.

Whatever may be the weather, I can always let my curiosity keep me warm. But this time there has not even been a mystery to solve. Very dolefully and mournfully I must sign myself this time.

With warm wishes for warmer weather.

The Kampus Kat.

### Class Loyalty

I wonder how many of us feel that we supported our hockey teams as we really should have. It's always easy to sit back and let the "other fellow" go out and do the boosting, but if the "other fellow" feels the same way, who will support the teams? Its nice to stay inside on cold days, but it was just as cold to the players, and they needed us to help them fight. They fought to win honor for their class—for your class and my class—and the least any of us could do would have been to give them some encouragement. If we think we "fell down" on our job during the hockey season let's "make up" for it by supporting our basketball teams. The season opened Monday and there will soon be some thrilling clashes between classes. Let's give them our support!

E. M.

### Sonnet

As an imperfect student on a class  
Who with fear sits trembling in his chair,  
Just like a car that's nearly out of gas,  
Whose mind of lessons is entirely bare;  
So I, for fear of being called upon  
To tell what I was long supposed to know,  
Sat looking through the window at the sun,  
O'ercharged with tho'ts of things a day ago.  
Oh, let my books be then my substitute  
As they alone hold what I ought to know,  
For who with a week-end and theme to boot  
Can ever hope to make a decent show?  
Oh, read the joys that in my mind doth pass,  
And grade by these when I must come to class.

### Wouldn't It Jar You?

We must have the worst handwriting on the staff. Last week the printer used "smile" for "simile." Yes, we admit it made us smile—and the Pagan city, when Ripon is a Christian city "if there ever was one." Did it jar them? We wonder.

Speaking of day dreaming (this feature is our excuse for day dreaming), a certain sophomore in answering roll call in Religion about a month ago absent-mindedly said "Come in." Did it jar Dr. Freeman? No, he didn't hear it.

Speaking of steam coming from our mouths (since we're a regular factory, according to Dr. Winston), suppose we let out these long, shrill whistles like a factory one several times a day! Wouldn't it Jar you?

We've been compiling statistics of professors lately. One father's profession is "railroading." Wouldn't that Jar You? Another sells fertilizer and then real estate. Wonder if there's any connection between the two? There ought to be.

Our soph class president, as well as many other folks, has a fad for "hating with a passion." From Salem comes this: "Bishop Rondthaler hates moving pictures with a passion—a Purple passion." Personally we prefer red or crimson.

Did you know St. Mary's and Peace girls weren't supposed to go off Fayetteville Street? Meredith girls weren't allowed to once—for fear they'd buy wieners and disgrace the college. Wouldn't it jar you?

Ye honorable editor came in the office to pay her annual fee and very trustingly gave us \$10. She was the only person who would trust us. Are we so criminal in appearance? We ask you?

## EXCHANGE

She: You're like the sea.  
He: So restless and powerful?  
She: No, you make me sick.  
Rotunda—Farmville, Va.

A Queens College student won a \$50 prize in a national essay contest put on by the W. C. T. U. The Queens' Blues speaks of "our hearts being warm with enthusiasm for the winner." Wonder whether she'll lend her money?

People used to search their family trees for their ancestors. Nowadays they search them for their offspring.—*Virginian-Pilot*.

From the Creek Pebbles, Campbell College, we learn that Dr. Harris made a talk on "Reading and Writing" at the meeting of the Epsilon Pi Eta last week.

State College's most famous co-ed breaks into print again in a "pie" story. The story is head 3. 1416 (Page Mr. Canady). It seems J. V. H. Andrews lost

a bet with Paget, her English prof, on the election and had to give him a cherry pie. She's in the cartoon and editorials as a result. Such is fame!

Eight sophomore co-eds at Duke received pins in the shape of a D for scholastic achievement, for athletic attainment, and leadership during their freshman year!

The Carolinian has an interesting historical supplement this week which is compiled partly from the old Carolinian files. Greensboro High Life.

### SCRAMBLED ADVERTISEMENTS

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