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ACHIEVE TRANQUILITY

College students are so advice-ridden that they seldom heed, if indeed they hear, the admonitions of their elders. The faculty is paid to dispense advice and it does it—but it's all too often lost in the rush for the door when the bell rings. But said students would be surprised sometimes if they knew how funny and how worthwhile some of those lightly tossed aside phrases are. Dr. Brewer's Friday (January 24) morning chapel message for instance!

He was talking about being in a hurry—a timely topic, since this last was exam week. The thought of his message was this: It's so easy to get in a hurry, to try to do so many things at once that one gets in a sort of frenzy of haste with the result that nothing is accomplished properly. Dr. Brewer's advice was to slow up—do one thing at a time, and avoid confusion and a shattered nervous system.

There's nothing the college girl needs to learn how to do so much as to achieve tranquility. A calm, well-ordered existence is the only one that affords a great deal of satisfaction, although the average student thinks she's not getting the most from life unless she's constantly dashing breathlessly from one thing to another—she's not properly "developing" herself unless she learns how to do such a variety of things that she'll be fitted to fill just about any place into which life could possibly fling her.

But the world doesn't need women who can "do things" (that seems to be the criterion of good to the modern college graduate) as much as it needs a little calmness and a little placidity.

There's not enough serious relaxing done—not enough just sitting. It's not stolid just to sit once in a while—it's sense.

K. W. S.

OPEN FORUM

For the past two or three years THE TWIG has endeavored to establish an Open Forum column that would really function. This year there have been several contributions by the students, and it is hoped that this is indicative of the students' desire for public expression of their opinions.

The purpose of the Open Forum is to publish student and faculty opinions and criticisms. If you have a suggestion that you think might be instrumental in getting some improvement or change carried out, why not let others know about it?

One of the principal aims of the National Student Federation Association for the present school year is that of obtaining more freedom of the press in college publications. Through the Open Forum every student and faculty member on the Meredith campus has an opportunity of publishing any suggestion, opinion, or criticism. THE TWIG staff is particularly anxious to have constructive criticisms presented.

Contributions should be signed with initials and handed to the editor not later than four o'clock on the Monday afternoon that the paper is made up.

Exchanges

"A priceless asset to Coca-Cola's claims department is Perry Wilbur Fattig, Curator of the Museum of Emory University (Atlanta, Georgia). When a customer says he was harmed by something he found swishing around in the bottom of a Coca-Cola bottle, Curator Fattig stands ready to eat what the customer did. Most cases concern drowned bugs and Curator Fattig has convinced many a jury that creatures drowned in carbonated beverages are harmless. For Coca-Cola and other soft-drink makers he has eaten over 10,000 such creatures, including grasshoppers, crickets, snails, toads, caterpillars, earthworms, salamanders, beetles, praying mantes, stink bugs, kissing bugs, bumblebees and poisonous Central American centipedes. Once he added a flair by eating a black widow spider alive, and recently when the company was sued by an infuriated Coca-Cola guzzler who claimed to have found glass in his drink, Mr. Fattig smiling proudly at the judge, crunched and swallowed 16 small pieces of glass." —Readers Digest.

Sympathy

THE TWIG staff extends sympathy to Mary Catherine Walters of Creedmoor, N. C., in the death of her mother.

Do You Know?

Hair dressing is not a topic of discussion on the Meredith campus alone. The following appeared in The Lamron, of the Geneseo State Normal School, Geneseo, New York.

How many of us are concerned with the back of the head? We look before and after and see not the back of the head. It's an old saw but it still cuts to the core. Can you answer that question frankly—no?

Most of us are conscious to the extent of realizing that there are two sides to everything, even our heads.

And if you don't believe us ask some of our fairer sisters.

Why even the very economic structure of our nation depends on the fact that even though we don't see the back of the head, others do.

We've some statistics to flaunt which have been most scientifically computed.

Do you know that the United States leads in the buying of tin, lead, iron, zinc, aluminum, for this very reason?

Do you know that nine out of every 10 normal students wear enough hair-dresser's hardware each night to keep Mussolini happy or the rest of his life?

Do you know that if all the hair curlers in Geneseo were placed end to end, they would stretch for 763 miles?

Do you know that if all the bobby pins were melted and poured into a mold, we could make another statue of liberty?

We dare say many are astounded by these cold, hard facts but that's our purpose—to keep the public informed. Just remember when you buy a hair-curler, you're keeping the United States on the tin standard at least.

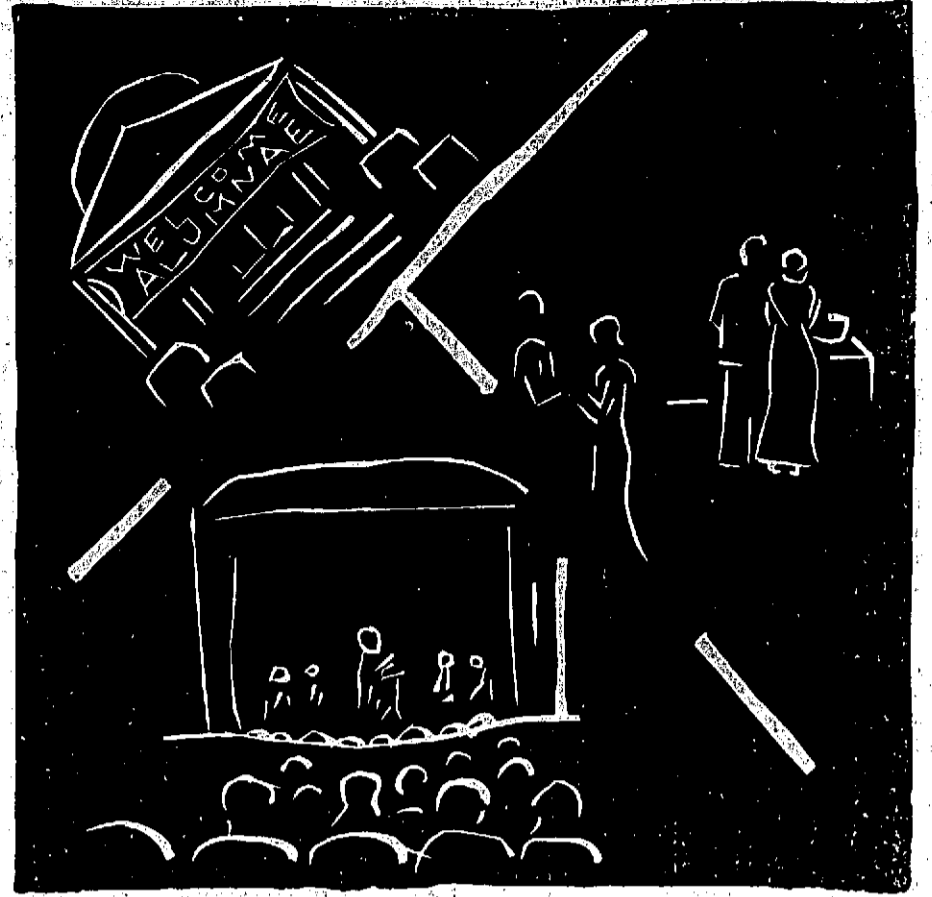
ONE ACT PLAYS DECIDED ON BY PHIS AND ASTROS

(Continued from page one) land, sponsor of the Little Theatre, will direct the plays. The banner, which is awarded on the basis of staging, costuming, and acting, was last year won by the Astro Society. The society which wins the banner three consecutive years becomes permanent possessor.

The presidents are expecting a great deal of enthusiasm and interest to be shown this year, and want to urge all the members to come to tryouts.

New members of the Little Theatre will be announced at the presentation of the plays on the evening of March 6.

1899-1936



Dr. Kincheloe of Rocky Mount To Be Founders' Day Speaker

(Continued from page one) cal number will be rendered by the Faculty Trio, composed of Miss Armstrong, violinist, Miss MacMillan, pianist, and Miss Wagar, cellist. Miss Rowland will present a vocal trio, composed of Rachel Leonard, Catherine Johnson and Marion Wallace. This annual Alumnae Broadcast will also have Miss Hazel Martin, an alumna, to slug. After a message from the alumnae organization, Dr. Brewer will deliver a

short address, and the program will conclude with the singing of the Alma Mater.

S. G. Reception

At the college in the evening, a formal reception given by the Student Government will conclude the day's activities. Members of the Student Government council will make up the receiving line, which will form in the library at eight o'clock. From the library the guests will pass to the society halls where they will be entertained with music and refreshments. An orchestra has not been decided upon as yet.

The Magnificent Obsession By KATE COVINGTON

Mary Johnson has obsessions. I suspected it one time before when she told me with a perfectly straight face that my life was what I made it, but I laid it to glandular disturbances or respiration.

It was up in the Phi Hall one night that I found out definitely. Mary Johnson had ambled by my room after supper with an impressive-looking book that had some nice pictures in it, and startled me into saying I'd go upstairs with her and study.

The Phi Hall was warm and extremely comfortable. I had been repeating things about "types of drama" in a snuffly whisper to myself, and Mary Johnson was working wonders with King John and the Magna Carta. I think it was King John. It may have been Madame Curie. Suddenly Mary Johnson landed her book with a resounding noise and said:

"I have obsessions."

Just like that. Simply, "I have obsessions." Nothing elaborate, no explanations. I have always admired Mary Johnson ever since we got suspended half way up the big water tank and were scared to budge either way. It was Mary Johnson who discovered we were just five rungs from the ground. It was noble Mary Johnson who made the first move.

I read a book once about a man who had obsessions and used to go down stairs a half dozen times each night to see whether he'd locked his front door. So, mingling in the sweet communion of good fellowship with Mary Johnson, I said:

"The door's locked. Don't you worry."

She looked at me rather queerly and said, "What?"

So I repeated: "The door's locked."

"What are you talking about, thou worm?" she asked me.

But I knew it would be better not to

dwell on the subject while she was in such a state, so I said gaily:

"We could sing hymns and entertain the folks in the library, but they always tap the little bell; so I'm afraid they wouldn't like our gallant refrain!"

To which remark my companion eyed me and said:

"Why don't you study?" She truly did. But I realized tenderness would be the best resort, so I said:

"Don't you want to lie down here on the soft a little while?"

"Are you completely losing your feeble mind?" she asked me.

"The door's locked, Mary Johnson." I almost entreated, because I wanted her not to worry.

But she ignored me entirely. For a few minutes we didn't say anything and then she said:

"You know, when I'm scribbling, purely for my own benefit, just scraggly notes, I have to go back and put in every 'and' and 'the' if I leave one out! Everytime I vow I won't and then it haunts me if I don't, so I have to go back and do it!"

I realized silence was best so I didn't say anything.

It began to get a trifle chilly and Mary Johnson said:

"This is third floor. Rather bad jump, don't you think?"

For a moment I was terror struck! Was it as bad as that?

"Mary Johnson! Listen to me! You wouldn't—!" Then I grew calmer, and said:

"You're going to be all right. You just need some sleep. Obsessions or no obsessions, you—" And Mary Johnson answered:

"My goodness, worm, you don't think I'd actually—! Goodland! But how are we going to get out? Are you sure the door's locked? It must have been—"

"Oh, no! I didn't mean this door!" I cried out.

And explain as I did, I never could get Mary Johnson to stop grinning.