

Play in Two Parts

The stage is all set now—old members have begun their activities of the year, officers have taken up their duties, halls have been cleaned of the summer's veneer of dust, and ultimately, new members have taken their places beside the old ones to carry on one of the oldest traditions of Meredith—participation in Philaretian and Astrotekton Literary Societies.

Join the Church

After visiting around in the various churches in the city for four Sundays, new students will soon be making their choices of the churches they wish to attend for the remainder of the year.

One cannot stress too much the importance of each person's choosing the right church to join. To obtain true meaning from our church attendance we must make the decision a right one for only ourselves.

Inconvenient Bus Schedule

From the standpoint of a day student, the city bus schedule to and from Meredith College is an inconvenient one, indeed. First, let us hasten to say that the day student truly appreciates the kindnesses of bus drivers in waiting for her when she is seen trying to catch a bus that runs only every half hour.

It appears that the practice of the arriving of the bus at Meredith just before class time is satisfactory, but the question is raised, why couldn't the bus remain there until students are dismissed from class and could board the bus then instead of waiting another half hour?

It is not assumed that this is an ideal solution, for there may be many unrealized flaws in this proposed solution. Certainly, however, some degree of satisfaction could be reached by mutual agreement of the parties concerned in order to remedy the situation as it now stands.



Newspaper of Students, Meredith College

Member of Associated Collegiate Press

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Entered as second-class matter October 11, 1923, at postoffice at Raleigh, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Published semi-monthly during the months of October, November, February, March, April and May; monthly during the months of September, December and January.

WE SAY . . .

[With this issue of THE TWIG, we begin a column of letters to the editor about comments pertinent to Meredith life and activities. Opinions expressed are strictly those of the writers themselves. Any and all are urged to write in their ideas, whether favorable or unfavorable, on subjects. So, let's have your comments, students.—EDITOR'S NOTE.]

DEAR EDITOR, Do you want to know the things that gripe me most on Meredith Campus? The first one of them is the noise that people make on their way to breakfast on Sunday mornings, especially since I am worn out from student teaching and can sleep on Sunday mornings.

And another thing—speaking not only from a personal standpoint but also from a professional point of view (It's my job to look after certain articles belonging to certain phases of the social life at Meredith), I do wish people would return things they borrow when they say they will return them and in at least some resemblance of the condition in which they obtained them.

Another thing that gripes me (This is a very touchy subject, but I hope you will bear with me while I express my opinion), is the fact that counselors, parents, "big sisters," and officials responsible for this phase of the girls education have overlooked the necessity of explaining to the new students and reminding the old students of a few courtesies which are expected of any young lady of culture and refinement.

There is one other little but very important item that should be mentioned on this subject of manners. I know that we hail from all parts of our country, and I know that we all are used to eating different things in different ways. Part of us may have used chopsticks and part of us never have used anything more than our fingers.

I guess you think I'm a regular old sourpuss, don't you, Miss Editor? Probably the reason why these things have come out so unmercifully is that this is Sunday and I have been on the bad end of a whole lot of bargains today.



Panorama

By Elizabeth Davis

Once upon a time one of the proverbial little morons was standing on a street corner right in the middle of one of his usual dilemmas. In one hand he brandished a wicked-looking dagger; in the other, a sharp-shooting, left-handed revolver—trying to decide whether to "cut down the alley, or shoot up the street!!!!!"

Our Freshman and transfer students, up until last Saturday, have been faced with a puzzling problem just about as confusing, though possibly not so amusing. For one mad week they have stood on a bewildering "corner," trying to decide between Billy Astro and Phi-do the Bear as their patron saint and mascot.

Freshmen declare they've never had so much attention in their lives. Rushing from both Phis and Astros was so relentless and convincing that such scenes as the one in front of the Dining Hall Saturday morning seem almost to-be-expected. Standing in the "receiving lines" at either door before breakfast, we turned around just in time to see one poor girl, dressed in a yellow skirt and purple sweater, being pulled in two directions at once by Phi and Astro enthusiasts tugging at either hand.

Bursar Martin made quite sure of his perfect impartiality that morning. Neither side could sway him one way or the other, nor prevent his choosing the safe middle course and walking complacently in at the front door between the two for his breakfast.

Big sisters, campus leaders, and influential old-acquaintances all made the new student's choice a difficult one.

And one thing that complicated matters even more was deciding about the relative "future interests" involved in choosing between the State College wolves at the Phi show and the Ensign ushers at the Astro wedding.

We have heard, confidentially, that some decisions, even at the last minute, were made on the basis of such trivial considerations as which color better suited the chooser's clothes-and-complexion-tastes, because of equally convincing arguments and "salesmanship" from both societies. But interest ran so high, and pressure was so intense, that some freshmen actually lost sleep over trying to decide Friday night.

We don't have to have the mad fever of rush week all year long. We don't want, as S. G. President Jeffries perfectly phrased it, "a house divided against itself." But we do have to have real, active membership and cooperation from September to June, and then some.

*Kindly contributed by J. L. C., Wake Forest College.

She Snoops to Conquer

Whew (puff, puff) I'm all tuckered out. This last week has been so-o "rushy"; it's just left me breathless. You know I'm not as young as I once was. And how some of these gals do rush—or should I say are being rushed. Those Freshmen—beats anything I ever saw.

Have you noticed several of these gals church and could not help seeing the looks on some of the townpeople's faces as they viewed the actions of the Meredith passengers; I ate in the College Dining Hall and many of the things I mentioned were particularly noticeable; I chased all over the campus for an hour looking for a key which should have been returned two days ago.

Blushing when I realize that I am so guilty of these things too, I remain, A Hopeful Gal.

floatin' up in the clouds so high you couldn't even pull 'em down? You guessed the reason—furloughs. Yep, Helen Wallis' Billie, and I don't mean Bill Astro, was home, and Jean Godwin and Jesse were together for a few days.

The pig-skins are on the fly again. Did you see all those gals leaving last week-end for Carolina—Betsy Paul Yelverton is doing her part in bringing Meredith and Wake Forest in closer relationship—she hasn't missed a game yet.

As bad as I hate to do it, I'm afraid I'll have to confess I've missed something when I didn't get myself pinned up—after infancy I mean. Have you seen that gorgeous Sigma Chi pin the last year's Freshman class president is wearing?

I couldn't believe my own little ears when I heard about that luscious red convertible filled with three real live officers, think of it, that escorted the Meredith Sunday Special all the way from church up to the—I believe it was half way up the drive that the bus stopped in order to let out three girls who wanted to catch up on their morning exercise.

Gracious sakes alive, it's nearly nine o'clock! I'll have to hurry and close, for I must retire for the night. My beauty sleep, you know. Well, at least I can dream, can't I?

Man-less I remain Your Spinster Aunt, SUSIE.