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. Lights have been turned on and cameras have begun clicking ready for the final action to take place throughout the remainder of the school year. But, herein lies the problem, for much enthusiasm is fostered while rushing the new girls for prospective members, in the preparing for the final act itself, but after the stage is all set for the actual play to begin, the play often does not go on, or if it does go on, it does so with little applause or enthusiasm from the backing workers and audience. Invocations are now in order, the time is ripe for accomplishment. Let's make Meredith literary societies really mean something. The play must go on, and well!

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. Sunday, October 22, is the day set aside for this purpose.

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. She appreciates the fact that buses are certain to arrive on the campus around five minutes before classes begin, but she does not appreciate the fact that the bus leaves the campus just before she is dismissed from class when she would like to board the return bus to town.

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? Certainly, other passengers along the route could adjust their waiting to a few minutes later with little trouble. 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.



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. Of course, they won't realize the necessity for this needed rest until they become seniors and then they will be sorry they did this to me.

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. In fact, I would be willing to leave off the last two stipulations if they would only RETURN them at all. I know it's asking an awful lot, but I wish people would abide by the old proverb, "He who borroweth from his brother should also returneth to his brother.'

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. For example, seniors have priority only on the underclassmen's bus seats and not on the older town people's and faculty or those in the Negro section. It will be well for all students to remember to give these people the respect and courtesy due them. Loud talking, singing before the other passengers have left the bus, appearing to be too interested in the unescorted eligible males and breaking the sign at the front of the bus which reads "No talking to driver while bus is in motion" are some other misdemeanors of which Meredith girls are almost inevitably guilty. Makes me blush to think of it, Editor, but it's SO.



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, lefthanded 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. In some rare cases, a few of them decided long before Decision Day. But the vast majority of the other victims wavered back and forth between the two up until the very last minute. One girl was even heard to remark in desperation, "I'm thinking seriously of forming a society of my own, it's so hard to decide."

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 tobe-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. Had it not been for the intervention of several slightly more practical-minded souls, there might have been a tragic outcome. But thanks to their rescue. iust in the nick of time, she was allowed to make her own choice. Finally she shrugged her shoulders, heaved a terrific sigh, slipped out of her Phicolored sweater, and tripped gaily off toward the Astro entrance to the Dining Hall.

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. And Mr. Edwards quite sensibly exhibited an Astro tag on one lapel and a Phi-sign on the other all day long.

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. (And it wasn't just the Astro goats outside their dormitory windows that kept them awake.) It was a serious matter with them-something to be entered into with a purpose, and for the rest of their four years here. That is as it should be. Their interest and enthusiasm is a challenge to old Phis and Astros. Listenif freshmen and transfers—new students, in other words-are so concerned over societies and their worth, it seems definitely up to us upperclassmen to do something about making these societies they've so hopefully joined, worthwhile and genuinely deserving of their interest. We've heard hints and suggestions from various sources to the effect that societies aren't quite "what they're cracked up to be." What we're all hoping this year is that students are going to take it to heart and get busy building Phi and Astro traditions back up to what they used to be on Meredith Campus. It can be done—and if anybody wants to know who are the people to do the job, the answer could not possibly be other than "us"-the record-breaking, tops-all-around student body we have here this year.

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. Societies ought to be vital on the Meredith Campus-stimulating and real and genuinely worthwhile, as they were originally intended. That isn't idealistic, wishful thinking. It isn't even daydreaming. It's simple, down-to-earth fact, and absolutely possible-IF we want it that way. Do we?



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There is one other little but very im-

portant 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. Finger bowls have always been in order for some of us but not for others. But whatever we have been used to, we must put it behind us and take up the same form of life if we are to live here together in harmony. There are certain basic requirements which are expected from all diners at the Meredith tables. The Dining Hall is no circus and extremely loud talking, yelling from table to table, scrambling for seats, scraping of chairs before the last amen, and unnecessary making of announcements are a few of the more noisy offenses of which almost everyone is guilty. Table conversations should include everyone, and it is the duty of the hostess to see that no monopolies are maintained. As well as having various duties to perform the hostesses are also given certain privi-leges. They should be followed as to the time to begin eating each course, the first serving included, and they should be asked for the permission to speak to girls at other tables, to leave the table, and all orders to the waitress should go through their hands. I'm sure everyone will receive more enjoyment from their meals if there have been no discourtesies at the table.

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. I was awakened at eight o'clock by seemingly unnecessary noise in the hall when I had planned to sleep a little longer; I rode on a noisy, crowded bus both ways to



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. 'Phone calls every night and dinner dates every Sunday. Poor upperclassmen, their day will come-just wishful thinking. But of course there are those lucky ones like-well, I saw Don with a mighty handsome Captain Sunday.

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. So I just decided to write and tell you all about my woes. I hope it is my own mean disposition and not the things Meredith girls have done or are doing which made me feel this way. Next time I'll write and tell you how nice they are and I hope I can include these suggestions for improvement which I have mentioned as some of their strongest points. It's late, and I must get to sleep so that they can wake me up pretty soon.

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

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

floatin' up in the clouds so high you couldn't even pull 'em down? 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. Veronica Britt's man was here too. I hear Jean Witherspoon plans to go home soon-couldn't it be just too wonderful if some one could get a furlough and come to see me. Them days have gone for—

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. Wonder if any red convertibles, or even a thing on wheels would take notice of my daily walks?

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.