



Newspaper of Students, Meredith College

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Thought for the day . . .

"The significance of man is not in what he attains, but rather in what he longs to attain."

Sand and Foam, Kahlil Gibran.

Society Spirit . . .

Rush week is over. Decision day with all its festivities, display of emotionalism, display of colors, display of genuine loyalty to one's chosen society now remains a memory in the minds of freshmen, transfers, and, yes, the old girls, too. To everyone (until now) societies have been the talk of the campus, the leading organization on the campus. But, for how long? The future conduct of each Astro, of each Phi, is vitally important to the well-being of the societies.

What does a society mean? For what purpose was such an organization created? What do the words "Astrotekton" and "Philaretian" represent, connote, and mean literally? What is the motto of each society?

We old girls have taken precious minutes out of the new girls' first few weeks at college to rush them, to boost one society or the other. They, as we all should, feel at this point now that society is a big thing. It is all inclusive. Is it all purposeful?

It is recorded that the societies are fully entitled "Literary Societies." That means that a group of girls twice a month come together for the same purpose, to add to their literary knowledge. A bit of fun is interspersed with every gathering, too, but the chief purpose is, as Mother Astro puts it, "to bring out the talents of her daughters." At meetings, they say, debates, singing, lectures, and fellowship comprise the programs. The handbook states that such activities occur, but do they? Are the talents of the members displayed at all? Or does the president preside, the secretary read the minutes, and the group adjourn?

Facts of the terrific let-down after rush week in past years in society spirit would truly startle the 214 new Phis and Astros. Heretofore the idea seems to have been that through rush week the whole student body makes up the two societies, but after that the president has it to herself. We, the old girls, get the new girls to go Astro or Phi, but at that point we let the president entertain them the best she can and we wash our hands of the whole business until rush week once more rolls around. The kind of society that makes for isn't worth the time and effort expended.

What is basically important is the renewal or creation of a society spirit that extends on and on. If one is to be proud of her society, she must work for that society, cheer it, and support it. The old adage that a chain is no stronger than each of its links is over-used, but under-valued. The tasks before us are to "build among the stars" and to establish "Plain living and high thinking."



Sauntering With Sawyer

by LIB SAWYER

Don't ask me how I happened to get the notion of writing up the life and loves of the Meredith College postoffice. The culprit responsible must have been the date this column is due which is drawing too close for any degree of comfort and without bringing with it any sort of idea. Desperation brings this.

One of the library's keenest competitors in this field of knowledge is the Meredith College postoffice. Through its boxes pour information from all over the world, and it has the jump on the library in the fact that hardly any of its information is dull. I asked the P. O. if it wasn't thrilling to see into the private lives of so many students plus all their friends and relatives, and the P. O. just gave a groan and said, "Hrrumph, here, see for yourself." And with that, plus a few magic words that I couldn't quite catch. I was transformed into the P. O. itself. And if you saw me walking around that day, you will be surprised to know that you were really seeing the postoffice. Well, there I was, a postoffice, and I have never been looked into more in my life.

Perhaps the worst problem a P. O. has to tolerate is the early hours. At about 6:30 a.m. I was awaked abruptly and fed a breakfast of letters—big letters, little letters, thin letters, and postal cards. I really enjoyed it after over-

coming my resentment at such early hours, for most of the meal was luscious, although a little mushy in parts.

After I was completely satiated (in other words, stuffed full) I settled back to digest some of the information and, incidentally, try to discover the meaning of that groan in the second paragraph. Some of the things I read and couldn't do a thing about!

One maiden of misfortune had just slipped a card into me telling a certain home-town boy that yes, he could come up for the week-end; that she would save it all for him, just before opening her box which held the startling information that a soldier—a pretty intimate friend also, I gathered—was flying all the way from California to see her then. What could I do?

Then I had to helplessly stand aside and see an indignant girl mail a sizzling letter to, well you can imagine who, for not answering her letter, while all the time I knew his answer was to be put up in the next mail.

And you would be surprised at the number of girls here that one sailor addresses as "the only one."

Then there are the freshmen who write home nightly to the effect that they are already indispensable to their school and as popular as they come. Why every night this week hundreds of

underclassmen have stormed into their rooms from 10:00 p.m. 'til light bell. "And don't worry about my not being dignified nor showing my training, Mother," they say, "because all the professors call me Miss.....!" Oh, if I could only talk!

By around three o'clock I had become quite empty again and then, to my delight, I was filled to capacity again, that is, all except one small portion which was this writer's box, of course. She never gets any mail.

But the worst catastrophe that occurred that day happened when both box mates of box... ignored a package slip, each murmuring in turn, "I wonder why in the world she doesn't get her box. It couldn't possibly be mine this early in the year." As the mystery novels say, little did they know that at that precise moment, one of those little cats around here was stealthily approaching the box of said number with intent to molest contents, which it did. Since I, unfortunately, only live on literature, I could just helplessly bid a fair fried chicken farewell.

Now I don't really mind the early hours and I even rather enjoy the mushy desserts; what breaks my heart is the helplessness of it all, so when the real P. O. returned, I likewise groaned, "I have seen it for myself."

PHILOSOPHISMS

Women! A woman's heart like the moon, is always changing; but there is always a man in it.—Punch.

God made woman to save man by love.—Mrs. Browning.

A man of sense can love like a mad man but never like a fool.—LaRochefoucauld.

To write a good love letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written.—Rousseau.

Love has power to give in a moment what toil can scarcely give in an age.—Goethe.

Time flies and draws us with it. The moment in which I am now speaking is already far from me.—Boileau.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.—Walter Scott.

God gives sleep to the bad, in order that the good may be undisturbed.—Saadi.

Advice is like snow: the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind.—Coleridge.

When a man is wrong and won't admit it, he always gets angry.—Haliburton.

Everything keeps its best nature only by being put to its best use.—Phillips Brooks.

A boy was once asked what love was. He thought for a moment, and said, "Love gives smooth answers to rough questions."—Mrs. Balfour.

Be not angry that you can not make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.—Thomas A. Kempis.

The Tar Heel.

MUSIC MEMOS

Not so long ago there was a popular song "Chattanooga Choo Choo"—Remember? Now we have another train song traveling the country entitled "Atchison, Topeka, and The Santa Fe" and it's by Bing Crosby too! This song has been recently recorded with "I'd Rather Be Me" on the reverse side. "Along The Navajo Trail" is another Crosby record with the Andrew Sisters. Dick Haymes has recorded several tunes that are rapidly rising to the top. They are "Till The End of Time," "Love Letters," "I'll Buy That Dream," and "Some Sunday Morning." Kay Kyser has recorded "Can't You Read Between The Lines" with Jerry Colona's "I Cried For You" on the back. Getting away from the serious mood for a minute we have that popular jive "Five Salted Peanuts" by Tony Pastor and orchestra and "Goosey Gander" by Woody Herman. With the military atmosphere still around "Bell Bottom Trousers" continues a favorite. These tunes and many others can now be bought at your favorite record shop.

CATTY-GORY

MUCKRAKER'S SURVEY

Dear Folks, (here, there, everywhere,)

I learned that big word in Sociology class today and just couldn't wait to inflict it on some poor soul. It means "to dig under the surface and get out the dirt," so here goes!!!!?

I was leaning out the window of Jones Hall ('course you ain't s'posed to do that) and heard Carol Bray-ing down the hall (she ain't s'posed to do that either) that Wall Something of T'other was on the phone. (Rita, I wonder how he got on that phone.) Rita passed Dot Cooper, still starry-eyed after Joe's visit, as she ripped down the hall to answer the second call from "W.W."

Eight by ten sounds like lumber, but it's the picture dimensions of the man in Irene Holland's life. Hal believes in quantity and he shore don't want to be forgotten.

Somebody went to Campbell college Sunday and has never come down from the clouds. Kitty, who iz-e?

I understand Rita Britt is hung in the phone booth. No bodies been able to get a call to second floor String—for days.

"The lights have come on again" for Ginner Warren. Her Capt. Bob is not only in the States but is coming to see her very soon. All our good wishes go to you Soph President!!

Red letter dates October 13, and Oct. 27—first is to be a celebration by L. Glenn with a guy named "Bill."

The 27th is Mary Lou Sawyer's day—a date with a favorite friend.

Eva Kitchen Edwards is no longer "Blue." Lloyd called from Scotland Neck and she got the Bug again.

The Marine(s) seem to have the situation well in hand with Charlotte Bowman—Good work Boones Mill!!! Will it be Slick or Nick?

After all this chit-chat there are a few news items we are all glad to learn.

Harriette Murikami has found the bracelet she lost—the one Hunch gave her. Then too, we join with Doris Allen and her sister, Martha, in their joy over the return of their brother from overseas.

Yes, we are glad to learn that the water has receded in Tennessee Walker and Gen Boyd's suite. In fact we are glad to learn that all the freshmen are feeling better. It's hard freshmen, but if it isn't hard, it isn't worth your time.

As one dear professor told her class, "Courage is not the absence of fear but is the conquering of it."

Remember, whether it's PHI or ASTRO, you can't go wrong, at Meredith!

Philosophically yours,

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

So we can't understand why the freshmen look so worried, act so depressed, and accomplish (what some people call) so little.

Suppose we review the situation of a new student. First of all, the long drawn-out orientation program: before the freshmen can hang their curtains, they take this sort of training and that sort of training. They stand in line to register. Everybody gives them a party. After they live through this life time of meeting after meeting, classes finally begin. Yes, there are many sighs of relief when school really starts.

But look at the condition of the freshmen when they begin to attend classes. Are they adjusted? Are they happy? How can anyone be who has gone through such a training program. Maybe they feel like army recruits.

Then what happens during the next week—this thing called "rushing." Their lives are not their own. From 7:00 until 10:45, they are constantly interrupted and constantly confused. How can they have studied any at all?

Orientation and rush week are fine. However, it seems to me there's a slight discrepancy somewhere. It is granted that there are 24 hours in a day. If the hours which they are awake are filled with orientation, rushing (and later on stunt and palio), will somebody please tell me when the poor kids have time to study? Yet the faculty expects miracles, and the students are besieged with long, long assignments.

Result: Groups of freshmen in nervous anxiety, unnecessary homesickness, and many other maladjustments.

There is a remedy to this ailment—why not be a bit more understanding—more tolerant in assignments and wake up to the fact that Meredith is teaching her students—out of the classroom as well as in it. Don't forget this outside teaching takes time too.

F. W.

(Editor's note: Letters to the Editor is to be a regular column of THE TWIG, if enough interest is shown. Anyone, faculty and students, is eligible to participate. Write about what you wish and address the letter "To the Editor.")

ODDS AND ENDS

Teacher: "Johnny, how would you punctuate this sentence—'Mary walked on the beach in her new bathing suit.'"

Johnny: "I'd make a dash after Mary."

A returned soldier says he saw a bed in England twenty feet long and ten feet wide. Sounds like a lot bunk.