



Newspaper of Students, Meredith College

Member Associated Collegiate Press

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Thought for the day . . .

"And we know that to them that love God all things work together for good, even to them that are called according to his purpose."—Romans 8:28.

Will Discussion Series Prove Successful?

The plan for having extra student meetings in the Auditorium each Thursday night, which was outlined in chapel February 7 and is now being executed, may prove to be the successful solution to many disturbing problems here on the campus.

The feeling is practically unanimous that the regular student assemblies have proved inadequate, not only from the point of view of a lack of time, but also in that students have been unprepared for well-thought-out discussions. Issues have been brought up and a feeble attempt often has been made to settle them in the remaining five minutes before the bell rings. The short period of time plus the fact that topics for discussion were not always known beforehand have often resulted in hurried remarks by students who were completely in ignorance of the facts of the issues at stake and in the employment of the techniques of persuasion more than informative discussion. These sessions, however, at least have shown that the student body has many questions which it hopes can be clarified by openly airing them before the entire group and having all the facts shown on both sides. The students feel that group discussions prove constructive, the degree of constructiveness depending, apparently, on how they are carried out. The organized discussions led by interested well-informed students as proposed in the new plan should prove very helpful. Especially does the suggestive list of topics seem well chosen, for surely some of the more serious misunderstandings have arisen about such topics as "the honor system," "the relationship between the honor system and the student government," and "the responsibilities of students in a student government." Complaints and issues frequently have been hurled at the Student Government Council over which they have no jurisdiction. Later questions come up as to why these issues are not settled because their authority is not completely understood.

These Thursday night discussion groups should prove beneficial to everyone at Meredith who is interested in thorough, intelligent treatment of questions raised and who is interested in helping erase some of the now existing misunderstandings. Every student should feel a certain responsibility in making them a success, for their success or failure will represent the student body, will reveal whether it is capable of carrying on orderly, rational, and democratic, group discussions.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

I was very interested in the letter appearing in THE TWIG of Jan. 18 asking if we still have an honor system at Meredith. It was asked if we can still have an honor system and check on students and if the honor system is "merely floating around in the minds of idealists."

The honor system at Meredith, as defined by the Student Government Association Constitution, means that each student conforms her conduct to the Meredith standards of honor, fulfills her responsibilities to the Student Government Association and to the college, and sees that others do likewise. Each student when coming to Meredith accepts this definition of the honor system and is expected to carry it out. When, however, it becomes known that students are not living up to this honor system, it becomes the duty of the Student Government Council, as the elected executive body of the Association, to see that the honor system is enforced.

Why is it necessary to enforce the honor system? First would be the goal of ultimately achieving an honor system upheld by each student. Second, the honor of the whole group must be protected from being destroyed by a few of the group who consistently break it down. When the honor system is constantly abused, some means must be taken to correct that abuse and to keep the whole system from collapsing.

I am not saying that checking is a good way to enforce an honor system; it is a very poor means, distasteful and unpleasant to everyone. The Student Government Council has tried checking this year in only one field, that of chapel attendance. The honor system has been given a chance to work without checking in every other field of student government, smoking, wearing hats and hose, etc. How well do you think it has functioned?

What other means besides checking could be taken to make the honor system work? The only means I can think of is a wholesale education-towards-self-government program that would bring each student to understand and uphold their part in the honor system. Perhaps the student discussions now taking place will help do this.

The honor system functions only as each student makes it function. It is



Sauntering with Sawyer

by LIB SAWYER

I think I'm supposed to write about Valentine's Day; but valentines remind me of hearts, and hearts remind me of love for somebody, and love for somebody reminds me of getting to them, so I believe I'll write about buses.

Buses have been defined as those vehicles which carry from 50 to 200 passengers (mostly in the aisles) not to their destination but to some isolated spot for approximately a 6-hour rest period, preferably in the small hours of the night because of that dreaded occurrence known to all of us as a breakdown.

I doubt if there is a better way to study this phenomenon than to follow one of its passengers through a trip—sort of the participant-observer method, they call it. Let's take that college girl over there with the red hat.—Um Hum, she must be from Meredith. We'll name her Unit 'cause that's what they call a case study I found out.

We'll just have to imagine how she

simply what we make it, and the honor system will live for us as we live it.

Flora Ann Lee.

Dear Editor:

In a letter which appeared in THE TWIG recently, there was a discussion on "Why the library couldn't be opened on Sunday for those students who wished to read the periodicals." May I suggest that we do have a place on the campus where students may read magazines on Sunday or any time they wish. This place is the Baptist Student Union Game Room.

In case you've never seen this room, it is located across from Miss Baker's office. Among the periodicals there are Life, Century, Readers' Digest, New York Times, Between the Lines, and others.

Besides good reading material there are games. In case you didn't know, this room is a wonderful place to entertain your date. We hope very soon to have a new record player and records for you to enjoy. Doubtless, there are many other places on the campus where we could find entertainment, if we would just look around.

Sue Betty Chapman, Publicity Director of B.S.U.

Scanty Sketches

By BETSY HATCH



The power of suggestion is amazing! And to that very power we owe the presence of Ruth Vande Kieft at Meredith. Acting on what she says was "the best suggestion anyone ever gave me," Ruth decided to come here when her parents moved to Raleigh.

Ruth was born in Holland, Michigan, and she's really Dutch. (Her father came from the Netherlands when he was five.) When she was six, her parents moved to New Jersey and she remained there through high school. Ruth attended school at Calvern College in Grand Rapids, Michigan, her first year. That summer she joined her family here in Raleigh, where her father is a service men's pastor. Then came that wonderful suggestion, and Ruth became a day student sophomore at Meredith.

Her reception here was a nice surprise to Ruth. Although she knew no one, everyone was very friendly, and soon she came to love the south. Now only occasionally does she have homesick spells for the north.

The best way anyone could ever picture Ruth Vande Kieft would be to say she's very blond, has a merry smile and a low chuckle, and loves kelly green (in

which she looks very nice, incidentally). Her interests are quite varied. She likes to write and sing. Ruth has composed some very nice poetry, and her pet writers are Hardy, Sandburg, and Keats. But music is her favorite pastime. She enjoys symphonies very much; the composers she particularly likes are Beethoven, Wagner, and Debussy. As to movies, she prefers a good drama or a musical comedy that doesn't pretend to have a plot. Two of Ruth's loves are bracelets and chess. She has lots of bracelets, but she never wears them; and she simply dotes on a good game of chess. Ruth likes to talk; she enjoys a discussion about anything from Platonic love to Liederkranz cheese. As to foods, she adores Southern fried chicken, fish foods, and cheeses, but she misses the hard rolls from up north. And Ruth can cook! Once when her mother was away she cooked all week-end for twenty-five soldiers!

Not only can one see Ruth's versatility through her likes but from what she's done in school, also. She is in the orchestra and the glee club. She's a member of the Silver Shield and Kappa Nu Sigma. Last year Ruth was swimming manager for the Athletic Association and vice president of the Day Student Council. This year she's president of the Day Students. Ruth's getting her major in sociology and her minor in English—and incidentally, she's a dean's list student.

Not to omit another interest—"Chuck" is in Pearl Harbor, and there are a couple of boys overseas yet. That's all she will say.

As to plans for next year, Ruth hopes to do post graduate work at the University of Michigan or maybe Red Cross or social work.

got here at the station, but if she is like most college girls, it went something like this. After a class that almost never ended, she dashes out to a cab that isn't there and which, when it does arrive, has to pick up at least four other passengers before heading in the direction of her bus. But if she has already bought her ticket and can find it, she still may have a chance to squeeze on the bus.

Phew, she made it, and is now merging into her very close neighbors in order to enable the driver to get the door closed and with her on his side of it. Her neighbors happen to be several dyed muskrats sewn together and draped across a lady who proudly regards them as mink. Muskrat or mink, they tickle one's nose who is as close as our college friend, Unit. But because of her excellent courses in rhythms and modern dance, she miraculously managed to keep on both feet except, of course, for and sudden stops or corners which inevitably resulted in a mass of mangled muskrats and herself.

But with traffic out of the way and the highway stretching ahead, she began to feel more at ease. Then, you guessed it, at the first crossroads a tingle signaled the driver to stop and the passengers in the aisle to file out for, you guessed it again, it was next to the last man in the bus who pulled the cord.

With one man less, Unit and the little muskrats had breathing room once again, that is, until an old, old man took his place, accompanied by two crates of baby chicks whose peeping the driver was forever mistaking for the bell.

But fate finally came around to her side and Unit stole a seat right from under the eleven aggravated muskrats. Ah, how good it felt—now to sleep—sleep. However, the gentleman with whom she was seated began holding up both ends of a conversation which resulted in his dramatic recitation of some of his own poems whose rhythm conflicted with the mighty snores of the man behind them and the noise of the bus; in fact, with everything. The poet explained kindly that he only rode the bus to read his poetry to those fortunate enough to sit by him.

Happily, the bus didn't collapse for another forty miles; the lucky passengers only waited a little over an hour in the cold, and they were on their way again. But, counting the hour wait in the next town in transferring to another bus, precious hours at home were lost. Unit was not lucky enough to get a seat this time; but then, she really didn't expect one since the bus was full when it came and she didn't have a fighting chance.

After thousands of stops, exits, re-entrances and starts, she saw in the distance the lights of her own home town and forgot in a second the trouble she had had just to see that sight.

And the last we hear of Unit, after she has run to her Mother and Father with hat sitting obliquely on her head and coat dragging behind, is her Mother saying, "Why darling, you look all in. They must be working you too hard at that old school."

"EXCHANGING"

Scottish football yell. "Get that quarterback."

Freshman: A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer. Sophomore: No wonder I flunked.

"I should like to know how long girls would be courted?"

"The same way as short ones."

The Lenoir Rhynean.

"Every time I kiss you I feel a better man."

"Well, you don't have to try to get to heaven in one night."

"Now tell me what is the opposite of misery?"

"Happiness!" shouted the class in unison.

"And sadness?"

"Gladness."

"And the opposite of woe?"

"Giddap!" shouted the enthusiastic class.

The Lenoir Rhynean.