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Member of
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Thought for the day . . .

"When we are collecting books, we
 are collecting happiness."

VINCENT STARRETT.

On Religion

Religious emphasis week has been over for seven days now. The thought most encouraging about the observance was the fact that it touched almost every student in one way or another. Even those girls who are not active in the Baptist Student Union work were intensely interested. Quite often, one could hear a girl saying, "I love that man." It was indeed a trite statement, but it was expressive of the interest and enthusiasm aroused by the speaker. Of course, there were various reasons for the success of the week—careful planning, thought and study on the part of the leaders, cooperation of both students and teachers. But most of all, the success, I think, was due to the able leadership of the main speaker. His excellence was met by an appreciative assembly. First of all, he spoke on a level that would appeal to a college group. His talks presented obvious facts, not mere emotional appeals. Then too, the speaker had extremely practical services twice each day. For the average college student or even the average person, it is easy to change one's ideas enough to accept a real faith, but it is difficult to know just where to begin to make that faith work in this business of life. Many other personal attributes helped to make the speaker more interesting—his sincerity, his attractiveness, his humor, his understanding, his appeal to youth, and his compelling ideas. It is rarely possible for one man to have so many desirable qualities. Let us be thankful for this influence on the campus.

Which Group Is Yours?

There are many ways to group individuals. There are family groups, school groups, social groups, interest groups, and on and on. One way to divide Meredith girls is found in their usefulness to the college. In general there are four main groups here. There are those girls who spend their time and concentrate all their efforts on their class work, improving themselves, and developing as individuals. They are quite serious about their work, not only for the good grades, but for the value they receive. Then there is the group made up of girls who try mainly to participate in student activity—in Student Government or club work. They are seeking to improve various organizations by their participation. A third group strikes a happy medium, working hard at both class

work and extra-curricular activities. How they find time, no one knows, but they seem to do a good job of both. The last group, where most of us fall, is made up, sad to say, of girls who contribute nothing to the school. They're here because of chance, or parents, or almost anything. They don't care about their work, complain about the organizations here, and refuse to help improve them. If you are satisfied with your status, remain there. But if you would like to belong to another group, only you yourself can make the change.

Letters to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR:

Why don't we students get wise to ourselves? Why don't we realize that if we expect even to pass our work, we can't run out every night and afternoon? Some few members of the student body do have the perseverance and good sense to do the necessary first, leaving the unnecessary to be done later or left alone. We simply must realize that there are a certain number of activities on campus that are required, besides merely studies, and these must be attended. When it's boiled down, we must perceive that extra extra-curricula activities aren't too important. Then, too, we ought to learn that some homework naturally is going to take longer than some other. We ought to see that our faculty understands our position and knows how long it is going to take to get the job done. Some petty excuse such as, "I couldn't get the book"; "there weren't but three in the library, and it closed last night at six." is inexcusable unless the class has over, say fifty members. Another thing is this misunderstanding assignments; just lately this has been the plea of at least three classes I have been in—even going so far as to have every single member of an entire class come up without an assignment or with the wrong one! Where do we spend our time? Let's wake up and live!

A STUDENT.

DEAR EDITOR:

Recently there have been appearing in THE TWIG letters to the Editor written by students who evidently are too cowardly to sign their names. If what they have to say is worthy of being published, and is their honest opinion, why should they oppose signing their name? Why should you, the editor, even lack the backbone to print such anonymous letters? We are lucky to be living in the age of freedom of speech and freedom of press. We have that privilege of freedom; why don't we make use of it? I think that Meredith would be a better college if the students had the backbone (I won't say courage because it doesn't take courage to speak your convictions) to say what they think and voice their opinions publicly instead of griping to their friends, writing anonymous letters, and being worried because someone might not agree with them.

Sincerely,
 OBRA FITZGERALD.

Parody

By the shores of Coca Cola
 By the shining big sea, Soda,
 Lived the Moxies in their wigwam,
 With Sapolio, their Chieftain,
 And with Pontiac their prophet.

Dark behind them rose the forest,
 Rose the dark and gloomy forest,
 Rose the prophylactic forest.

In the lodge of old Sapolio,
 With Unceda, old and feeble,
 And Victrola, more than mother,
 Lived the warmest of the maidens,
 Musterole, the purkist chiclet.

All the young men sought to woo her,
 And sweet Must'role smiled upon them;
 Smiled, but left them unrequited.

Then from far Socony mountain,
 From the heights of Texaco,
 Came the young chief, Instant Postum.
 Mightiest hunter of the forest was he;
 Of a superb strength and beauty.

But for Musterole yearned Postum;
 No pyren could quench the fire
 That she kindled in his bosom.

Through the fields of ripe Wheatena,
 Through the Shredded Wheat they wand-
 ered

Saluting a Leader

By LA VERNE HARRIS



Don't let the sophisticated pose fool you, for John Drake's sense of humor and friendly personality have been described by many as "just wonderful!" With her twenty-four hours a day usually completely filled with things that must be done, Joan has developed an amazing capacity for directing and working on activities in a systematic way. And if you doubt that she is quite a busy girl, see if you can top this—

As a senior, Joan is vice president of the Student Government, which is no small job; for in serving in this office, she acts as editor of the handbook, chairman of the Point System Committee, student chairman of freshman orientation, and chief counsellor. After three years of work on the Bee Hive committee, she was elected this year as its chairman. Joan is captain of the basketball team, and also loves swimming although she confesses that she doesn't dive very well—"just falls in frontwards and backwards!"

After graduating from Meredith as a sociology major, Joan is hoping to enter the Hartford, Connecticut, Institute of Living, a psychiatric hospital, where she will become a psychiatric aid. Of course this is her main interest at present—unless "Gene" (a Phi Delt at Carolina) whose pin she is wearing, takes first place. Ranking high among the things she enjoys are poetry—especially Shakespeare, semi-classical music, and "all kinds of Food." She also added, "I enjoy doing impersonations of people—especially Dr. Patrick!"

Rewarded for her earnestness and hard work, Joan has been elected senior superlative "Most Popular," and was chosen as one of the nine seniors to be entered in "Who's Who in American Universities and Colleges."

Meredith will miss Joan Drake, and thinking of the short time she has here, she admitted, "I'll be glad to have a chance to see what I've learned at school, but I'll really miss the girls and college life."

"Brother Jones," said the deacon,
 "can't you-all donate some small contribution to de fund for fencing in the cullud cemetery?"

"I dunno as I can," replied Brother Jones. "I don't see no use in a fence around a cemetery. You see, dem what's in there can't get out, an dem what's out sho' doan wanta get in."—Ex.

* * *

"How many students are there in the university?"

"About one in every five."—Clipped.

* * *

You've heard of the Suicide Blonde who dyed by her own hand.

To the Big Rock by the river;
 By the flowing Seltzer water.

There beneath Palmolive branches,
 They did pluck and eat the Grape Nuts,
 There he wooed her; there he won her.

Small Post Toasties came to bless them;
 Gold Dust twins and Wrigley's triplets.
 These and other Indian legends
 Filled the wigwams with their laughter.

At the Moment . . .

we find
 MADGE FUTCH becoming more and more excited about a wedding day that's getting closer and closer . . . spring holidays certainly are convenient things. . . .

we find
 comments left and right, yes and no, prompted by the terrific JOHN and JENNY REMBERT exhibition of paintings and drawings in the art gallery. . . .

we find
 students offering extra-beautiful smiles when greeting Dr. ROSE, the unanimously elected "Lamp-lighter of the Grove. . . ."

we find
 LETHA BULLOCK wearing the loveliest kind of a new ring . . . the kind that sparkles and means all those wonderful things. . . .

we find
 BETTY DAVIS whirling about from night to night with Raleigh's favorite young gentleman of distinction. . . .

we find
 HARRIET NEESE and JASON still excited after the Southern Conference Basketball tournament. . . . H. is a guard on our own varsity team, ya' know. . . .

we find
 hang-over laughter from "the" party of R. E. Week . . . those faculty impersonations were really rare . . . after five minutes of close contact with a DORSETT cigar, DOT HOWERTON practically acquired the habit. . . .

we find
 hidden meaning in the line, "Keep from us the temptation of any mortal love," in the ASTRO play, AZTECTA. . . .

we find
 DOT McWILLIAMS traveling the well-beaten path to the University of Virginia . . . they say that all education is "goal-directed". . . how 'bout that, J. FULTON?

we find
 two of our favorite tall blondes eyeing the same tall, handsome basketball player on that tremendous State team . . . still ahead, FLO' MOORE?

we find
 DOT SINGLETON wearing a brand new PIKA pin . . . with "love, Bonnie," Wake Forest, and station wagon significance. . . .

we find
 KATHRYN PARKER using a good many Junior privileges on one of the most attractive State gentlemen we've seen this year . . . AUSTIN is the name?

we find
 LIB HARDISON remembering the State Midwinter Dances . . . understand that "BLACKIE" is SPE and just her kind of man. . . .

we find
 WATHA' LUPO still talking about those exciting tournament games . . . isn't basketball a lovely excuse for S. P.?

Day Student Dope

The latest pastime in the Day Student Room is bridge and rook. One may walk in during lunch hour and see the Day Student with food in one hand and cards in the other.

The question of the week is: Why is Anna Hungerford so interested in the library and its hours at night?

Glendon Burchard is still walking on clouds after a quick trip to Washington, D. C. with Herbie.

Have you heard that Dot's husband, Alfred Bowman, is having nightmares—about bears?

Bessie Lee Humphreys, Peggy Wilburn, Agnes and Marie Taylor, Kat Perry, and Gwen Woodard were seen last week at a Square Dance at Pullen Park.

"True Love never runs smooth" eh Jane McDaniel and Brantley?

Rosa Deans, Bessie Lee Humphreys, and Dot Bowman were some of the lucky people to go to the tournament at Durham.

Mary Riddle changes seats ever so often while riding a bus—why can't she sit still?