

Guest Editorial

Recently the Meredith College faculty and students were asked to fill out a questionnaire concerning Religious Emphasis Week in order that we might get a clear view of what the week meant to us as individuals and as a whole community. One of the most significant and revealing questions asked concerned the students' evaluation of the week. Looking back over the inspiration and guidance received during that week and realizing improvements that had come into our spiritual lives because of that inspiration, many of us found that the week was of priceless value, and as best we could, we wrote down our feelings concerning it. I wonder if now we have already begun to lose sight of those values and ideals that seemed so clearly established only six weeks ago.

I should like to recall a few of the evaluations that were placed upon Religious Emphasis Week. Many of the ones I shall mention seem to me characteristic of the feelings of a good number of people rather than of one only.

"I discovered that I needed religion." Herein realized a need common to every individual, and even though some of us might have realized the need before, there is not one of us who has reached the summit of its fulfillment. Unremittingly, every hill we climb reveals a higher hill beyond. Great Christians like Dr. Cranford can show us a hill in the distance and the need for climbing it, but we alone can climb that hill.

"I realized that Christianity should influence all phases of life." Should this belief be daily renewed and hourly acted upon by the students of Meredith College, the Christian spirit and the Gospel of Jesus Christ would spread farther and faster than any of us can possibly conceive. Such an ideal is as possible as the development of radar or atomic energy, but it can only be realized by action coming from deep convictions of consecrated Christians.

"It showed me the beauty of an ugly world." That beauty we have realized should not leave us with the passing of Emphasis Week. In reality the ugliness is not the world's in a sense. The world is a magnificent and beautiful creation of Divine Hands that has been smeared by the selfish and inadequate judgment of man's free will. But though man has failed again and again in many of his struggles, there has always been a beauty born of God within his soul to combat the failings. If we can keep our eyes steadfastly upon that beauty we can remove the blots that sometimes so overshadow the portrait of life that we become embittered at its ugliness.

"I realize my responsibility to others as well as myself." One of the chief causes of the dissension and turmoil of our world today is selfishness. I seek happiness for myself, not realizing that happiness will die if it is not given away, for it is through making someone else happy that we can find it for ourselves. I seek comfort for myself, not realizing that the greatest comfort comes in bringing comfort to someone else, comfort of body or comfort of spirit. I seek eternal life for myself, not realizing that my life is of little value unless there is something in it that will shine brightly enough to illuminate the life of someone else.

No one can climb my hill, no one can perpetuate my spiritual growth, no one can give me away . . . but me.

FRANCES ALEXANDER.

Essay on Man

Man is what woman marries. Men have two feet, two hands, and sometimes two wives, but never more than one collar button or one idea at a time. Like Turkish cigarettes, men are all made of the same material, the only difference being some are disguised better than others. Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes—bachelors, husbands, and widowers. An eligible bachelor is a man of obstinacy surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three varieties—prize, surprise, and consolation prize. Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, and common sense; faith, hope, and charity . . . mostly charity. It is a psychological marvel that a soft, fluffy, tender, violet-scented thing like a woman can enjoy kissing a big, awkward, stubbly-chinned, tobacco and bay-rum scented thing like a man.

If you flatter a man, it frightens him to death, and if you don't, you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end, and if you don't, he gets tired of you in

Saluting a Leader

By I.A. VERNE HARRIS



"Sorry I'm late, but I was seeing Dr. Campbell about having longer Thanksgiving holidays!" That's our Fran! Bursting into the room and bubbling over with plans of all descriptions, she was suddenly listening to a new idea about the Junior-Senior, of which she is chairman, being interviewed, and giving away dream pictures of "certain fellas" to her friends—all at one time, yet doing it all with enthusiasm. "I've always been too independent," she confessed "wanting to do everything for myself, and then getting all involved. It makes Ken so unhappy!" And who is Ken? The grand Annapolis guy that she's going to marry in two years and two months, or "the day after he graduates."

When Fran finishes school, she wants to become a researcher in the field of political science in the Library of Congress. She has worked there for the past three summers and is majoring in history as preparation for her work. It will be an important job, but then Fran is used to important jobs. She is now secretary of the Student Government and State vice president of the B.S.U. In the past she has held such offices as Freshman Class President and Second Vice President of the B.S.U. Her versatility extends on into the field of sports; for during this season, she carried away the championship title in the single badminton tournament.

Admitting her worse trait, Fran (or F. B.), recognizes the ability to keep money. On a recent trip to Charlotte, where she spoke in a colored university on "Women in Government," she was dismayed to discover that out of her remaining \$3.50, \$3.49 of it must go for a bus ticket home—not even a nickel left for bus fare when she got here!

As president of the S. G. next year, Fran hopes that there will be a greater representation of all different groups and opinions throughout the student body; and with one of her irresistible laughs she added, "In reply to Long John, the S. G. will see to it that we have debating teams!"

Wife: "Darling, I saw the sweetest, cleverest hat downtown today." Knowing Hubby: "Put it on; let's see how you look in it."—Ex.

the beginning. (What's a girl to do? The question is "to be or not to be!")

If you wear gay colors, rouge, and startling hats, he hesitates to take you out. If you wear a small brown toque and a tailor-made suit, he takes you out and stares all night at a woman in gay colors and rouge and a startling hat.

If you are the clinging vine type, he doubts whether you have a mind. If you are the modern type, an advanced and independent woman, he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are surly, he longs for a playmate. If you are popular with other men, he is jealous, and if you're not, he hesitates to marry a wall-flower. If you please him, he seldom mentions it, but if you displease him, he never fails to tell you about it—especially if you're his wife.

But they are mighty handy to have around the house! "Ain't that just like a man?" ANONYMOUS.

Fair and Warmer

I had come back but I was very bored with being back. I had come back but no one else had come back. I did not really mind being back but I did mind being back alone.

O they looked here. They looked very much here. They were being physiologically sincere. But they were every one of them showing an obvious amount of moral duplicity. And they didn't seem to care. Furthermore, they talked about it in indecorous little whisper-patterings. They wrote about it on the fronts of their notebooks and in the margins of their texts. They penciled it on their desks. They carved it in the sand with sticks. They looked it in their eyes and answered it in class.

They got to be abnormal. But you would have thought it normal for them to be that way because all of them were. Abnormal people complicate things. I find the normal reasonably complicated and interesting enough.

As I said, I did not really mind being back and being back, I wanted to keep not minding being back until I got somewhere else. But these far-away people. What was I to do with them. Why were they that way. Something had to make them that way. All winter long every little girl's attitude had been dull but present and then all of a sudden every little girl's attitude became sharp but absent and there is no class that has taught anybody anything about how to be that way. They just are.

I thought. I thought. I thought a great deal about the why of it all. After I thought, I knew. It was only logical. Spring. Spring caused it all. Fair and warmer spring. Naturally. The crocuses and the hyacinths insist. The court, lovely enough before, is now our own Sun Valley. Best we don't go rhapsodic, but merely continue to observe those that have been victims of the fever. Shall we launch now, exigencies of space importunately nudging, into a discussion of this particular emotion that spring seems to have aroused?

A great number of students, having found the other part of nature's primitive division necessary, are now pressure-grouped into the legal class. Together are Madge (Futch) and "Weenie" Norwood, Jerry (Burgess) and Bill Mangum, Dot (Massey) and "Doc" Ankers, Ruth (Greene) and John Walton.

Those who have acquired, since the fair and warmer weather began, a visible means of support sparkling on third-fingers, left-hands number into the multi's, the latest being: "Goat" Holcomb and Everette, Jean Parker and "Rad," Marcelene Simmons and James, Margaret Wilson and Bill, Glendon Burchard and "Herby."

The greater majority of students seem to be suffering from the sensation of being watched by somebody who is not far off. The fleeting blush, the every-fifteen-minutes trip to the doughnut shop, long walks, pale smiles, poetry, white hyacinths, and "Clair de Lune" are a part of every one of them. I shall not bother to name them. You know them. They are behind you in front of you, beside you, and maybe you. They are the ones who are the most not here.

One cannot overlook the R.W.As. All ready, willing and ables. They are here but are never on the campus. They know the Greeks, the Manmur boys, the Soda Shop crowd, and they have been in Stoney's once too. They are mostly Freshmen and immature Sophomores. They wear reds and yellows and purples and oranges—all at once. They have judged every State, Wake Forest, Dook, and Carolina man in the young moonlight and the one they have chosen for theirs is yours. There is no cure for them but I sincerely believe that one of these days they will meet their equal—a staunch member of Sigma Epsilon Chi.

Perhaps my sympathies are imperfect and my experience inadequate, but I ask you, Am I these brothers' keeper? —BRADLEY.

"EXCHANGING"

A little boy was carrying home some eggs from the store and dropped them. "Did you break any?" asked his mother when he told her of it. "No," said the little fellow, "but the shells came off some of them."—Ex.

* * * Hotel Guest: "I can't stand this food. Call the manager." Waitress: "It's no use. He won't eat it either."—Ex.



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Thought for the day

"How happy are those who early take their true measure, who choose wisely their vocations and make careful and sufficient preparation for them, who recognize their opportunities, improve them and chart a true course. . . . This is the mountain range of humanity from which arise the peaks that are seen across the ages."

H. C. WATTERS.

Point System Changes

Printed in this issue of THE TWIG are the changes in the Point System passed by the committee. They have been carefully worked out, and each student is asked to read them with consideration. Some of us are prone to think that we get little opportunity to voice our opinions in campus affairs. This committee, however, has been open to suggestions, and if there were few suggestions, it was because there was a lack of interest on the part of girls who were not members of the committee. Usually those of us who declare that the state of campus affairs is determined by just a small group are those who sit back without any effort at interest or cooperation. So, it appears to be our own fault. Don't just take a list of rules, a list of changes. Study them carefully, decide if they are worthwhile, and then do something. If you like them, abide by them. If you don't, start an active campaign to change them. But don't let the campaign consist of back-handed remarks.

A Spade Will Work If . . .

Ever since the first Friday when the chapel seats were assigned, there has been a general complaint about the new plan. The whole student body has referred sarcastically to the so-called honor system just installed. It was a drastic step, this business of assigning seats to assure that there would be an audience at the chapel programs. But, in spite of all of our complaints, we must admit that we brought the gale upon ourselves. We did have an honor system. Many of us said, "It just won't work." In a recent issue of Reader's Digest, an authority was asked if the UN would work—He replied with another question, "Will a spade work?" This honor system would work if there were only enough girls who believed that they could make it work. A spade will work if someone makes it; an honor system will work if someone makes it. Perhaps it is too late to return to chapel attendance guided by a free conscience. But we still have a chance to prove whether we can make our honor system work or not.