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Member of  
Intercollegiate Press

## Thought for the day

"The only way to have a friend is to be one." RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## "Newspaper of the Students of Meredith College"

It is with a renewed spirit and determination to develop the TWIG as a good student paper that we, the staff of '47-'48, begin our work with this issue. To Martha and the out-going staff, we are indebted for the boost they have given us as we undertake our new responsibility. We feel a sense of pride in having been chosen to replace a staff who, within one year, has made remarkable progress toward making the TWIG an outstanding student paper. Their realized goals of voicing truly the opinion of various campus groups and of developing real interest in the paper itself are the foundations upon which we base our policy for the coming year.

We, the TWIG staff, are but a small part—a very small part—of the Meredith student body. If the paper is to live up to its slogan, "the Newspaper of the Students of Meredith College," we demand the support of each of you—support by interest or support by written contribution.

We wish to create through the paper a real interest in student activity by presenting appealing news and feature stories and by the development of an active Student Forum. Through the Associated and Intercollegiate Press bulletins and by exchange with other college papers, we wish to expand our interests to include the thoughts and the actions of groups on other campuses.

There will be a special effort made by the staff to maintain the high standards set up by the TWIG in the past—"To do all within our power to be accurate in our reports, fair in our judgments, constructive in our criticism, and motivated by the highest and best interests of the student body and the college as a whole."

We accept the responsibility given us; you, too, as a Meredith student, must feel a sense of personal responsibility in making the TWIG your paper.

## "Towards International Consciousness"

In November, 1946, a momentous conference was held in London, at which the constitution for the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) was written. In the preamble to the constitution, it was stated "the peace must there-

fore be founded if it is not to fail, upon the intellectual and moral solidarity of mankind." For the purpose of a truer and more perfect mutual understanding among the peoples of the world, UNESCO resolved to develop and increase means of communications between them.

In response to the efforts of this organization has come from Albert Arffmann and the International Committee of Columbia University a plan affording to the students of the world an opportunity to realize the aims of UNESCO. According to the plan, we, the students of America, will accommodate a group of foreign fellow-students, who come to our country for the purpose of study. Rather than study of the formal classroom type, their activities will include observation of our customs and institutions supplemented by a series of forums of topics important to an understanding of our culture. This opportunity for young men and women of varied cultures to live together for several months with the common purpose of coming to a mutual understanding of the diverse ways of life will surely go a long way in binding nations together in harmonious cooperation.

If the plan is to be successful, we must organize on a national scale those students who are willing to undertake the responsibility of being international hosts and in turn to travel abroad to study the culture of foreign lands.

There are untold difficulties in venturing forth upon such a plan, but with the support, the right kind of spirit, and stick-to-it-iveness of the colleges and universities of America, the plan may become a reality. In the words of the author of the plan, "If we succeed in our aims, our chapter in the World Book of History would be of tremendous significance." The plan has been presented for consideration to students all over the country; your replies are awaited, for only when we become internationally conscious enough to back such a plan can there be hope for its success.

## Student Forum

In reply to numerous questions about the policy of the TWIG, concerning letters to the editor, we should like to make clear at the beginning what that policy shall be. Your letters are not only accepted for consideration, but are welcomed and urged. A general policy of the TWIG is "to voice truly student opinion." Only through your cooperation can this be possible.

There are unlimited topics of campus concern which need intelligent and thoughtful consideration by those who are school-spirited enough to feel this concern and to express their opinions for publication. The TWIG editor will publish letters with or without names, provided the author's identity is known by the editor.

In the past, the letters to the editor have been characterized largely by complaint. If you have a justifiable grievance, surely you have a logical and reasonable plan for remedying the situation. This, too, should be presented. If you have an opinion, express it; if you wish to criticize, make it constructive criticism. The TWIG awaits your letters.

## "While the Cats Are Away"

Sixteen members of the Student Government Council, who had no earlier plans for April 27-28, went on an overnight trip to Crabtree Creek. The girls left here in cars (imagine that!) and arrived at Camp 3 about 3:30 p.m. As soon as the blanket rolls were dropped on the floor, all of us made a dash for the pier to get in the sun (it was too cold for swimming). On the way to the pier our path led us through the ball field, which we thought was empty. When we got to the field we saw several boys playing softball—They spoke, we spoke, and (we saw their girls who were lying around in the sun) then we went on to the pier. After the shadows had covered the pier and the sun wasn't doing anything for any of us, we decided we would ask the boys to let us use half of the field (it was a large field and they weren't using all of it anyway . . .). Instead of that suggestion being carried out, another took precedence. We would all play against the boys (Eddie, Leo, Whitie, and Pete), who—just to be fair—batted left handed—and still beat us! We quit—quite defeated—but still laughing at the

## Saluting a Leader

By EMILY POOL



Martha Hamrick

Tall, attractive, brownette Martha Hamrick, 1946-47 TWIG editor, has been a valuable and versatile Meredith student. Her interest, willingness, and ability have made her very active in college affairs, especially those of the Little Theater, choir, Kappa Nu Sigma and the TWIG. Her offices, in addition to being editor of the TWIG, have included TWIG business manager and both president and accompanist of the choir. (By the way, while on the subject of M.M., Martha's music, it might be well to mention that in addition to pianoing, she also warbles a not too mean soprano tonsil and chells around a bit with the cello.)

When it comes to likes, Martha has oodles of them, but she especially mentions baseball, which she says she just loves.

Also at the top of her "I like" list is summertime because it brings hot weather in which Martha thrives best and also "loads of fun" trips to the beach. But despite this feeling towards summer, Martha says that one of the things she enjoys most is school. She hates to see it out! The thing she dislikes most in people is insincerity, and that she really dislikes.

In January Martha received her A.B. degree with a major in public school music, and this semester's end brings her a B.M. in piano.

Next fall the graduate school of music of the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, Mich., will have among its students Martha Hamrick, Raleigh, N. C., working on her master's degree in piano.

Good luck, Martha, and thanks for being what you have been for the TWIG and Meredith!

beautiful run Helen (what direction next?) Wallis made.

Our supper, prepared by aspiring cooks—or should I say housewives, consisted of hamburgers with all the essential trimmings. The next order of the day—when our dishes (paper ones thanks to some nice individual) were disposed of was a "musical." It's amazing what competition frogs can give, their noise drowns out everything else. Oh, well, we didn't really want to sing. After that session we played games until we began to be tired and somewhat sleepy. All the blanket rolls seemed inviting and we headed for them, but then began the "round robin" of how girl met boy . . . very interesting comments. . . . Finally long after light bell (near 4 a.m. as best I recall) things quieted down and from then until 6:30 (rising bell rang early) we had some much needed sleep. After cooking our own breakfast, we dashed all our equipment back into the trunks of the cars and rushed back to Raleigh and to Meredith! All of us had fun, but here's what we want to know: How much did the mice play while the cats were away? Huh?

## RASPBERRY IN THE MORNING . . .

My genuine Swiss alarm clock (alias Baby Ben) lifted its little-white face from my bed table (converted suitcase) and released its daily morning raspberry.

I crawled from my feathered bed, which all reminded me that the feathers were still dripping from the hole in the seam, and I glanced into the mirror. After scrubbing the reflecting object with soap, water, and a kleenex, a face began to materialize. It wasn't a beautiful face. In fact it bore a slight resemblance to a face I once saw behind a "Don't feed the animals." Just as I was about to thumb my nose at it, I realized that it was Friday. Praise the lord and pass the plasma. Bradley told me there'd be days like this.

Immediately I threw myself into the waste-paper basket after a piece of paper to write my column on. I chewed a blunt end on my lapiz . . . si, si, (Beatrix is awake) and tried desperately to escribir. (Bea, go back to sleep.)

For some odd reason I couldn't think of any "who's who" or "who saw who with what man in Wilmington Sunday afternoon?" to write about, so I gave up and went to breakfast.

After the grits and whatever goes over it, I gulped down my Borden's "Hemo." Man, now I'm living. I glanced at the wall clock. It said twenty-five minutes of nine.

"My, how time flies," mutters this poor cub. Snatching my books, a tattered copy of the *Daily Mirror*, and the number three-feature comic book of "Anardo, Phantom Ape of the Jungle" (the trash), I make a bee-line for the majestic portals of the Arts building.

Chile cancarne and hot tomares. My first class is Spanish. Entering the class (one, two, three, kick) I dash to my seat, throw down my libro de Espanol (whatever that is) and sit down.

"Hm," I sigh, watching the other students busily doing last night's homework, "wonder why everyone is working so hard? Are they turning over a new leaf?" (Doctor Smaltz's Cure-all guaranteed to turn over new leaves. Puts the turn in turnips. In fact, Dr. Smaltz guarantees it will turn your stomach.)

Glancing at the blackboard I see that there is some strange language written there.

"Manuel was very popular in a small bar." Er-r, restaurant.

Our little friend Arbo chirps up from the back of the room that she cannot see the words.

"And why not?" queries the teacher.

"They're too close to the blackboard." At which someone runs and opens a window.

Before anyone has a chance to look up the first word in the back of the book, the teacher hurries up to the blackboard, peels off the words and gently places them in an oxygen tent that they may survive for the next period class.

"Now, about last night's homework," the teacher begins. "How far did you get, Clementine?"

"She got as far as the sink. The castanet cut her hand," dribbles sweet Arbo from the last seat on the last row.

"That's too bad," comforts the teacher. "For tomorrow on page twenty do sentences on to five-hundred . . . the odd numbers."

So, there it is, Margaret, my excuse. (Listen in for the next installment and find out if Margaret accepts the excuse. Will Cindy lose her job so soon? Will the TWIG go to ruin?)

Here I am with ten hours of Spanish homework to do and a column to write. It reminds me of a saying I used to say:

"Good dependability in anything gives you a spiritual lift, and it's something worthwhile living with. Man does not live by corn bread alone."

Before I get into the long dissertation on culture (who mentioned anything about roast pig?) let's stop right here. Cindy.

## "EXCHANGING"

An Indiana coed left a list with a roommate — to avoid confusion, she claimed. It read like this:

If I get a call from:

Mort: I have a guest for the week-end.

Bob: I've gone to Naptown.

Squeezy: Gone home. Don't ever expect to be back.

Richard: I'm in the library. Come on over.