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Member of Intercollegiate Press

Thought for the Day

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.—PSALMS 122:1.

Enthusiastic Loyalty

For countless years, college administrators and students have been concerned with this thing called "school spirit." Every college strives for a program which will encourage and promote a real, living campus spirit—a spirit which is felt not only by the students, themselves, but one which shows through in their activities.

Of course, school spirit is not entirely positive or entirely negative. There are all degrees of spirit on different campuses and on the same campus from day to day and from year to year. These fluctuations are to be expected; it is the total picture with which we should be concerned.

The usual conception of school spirit is that of a group working together with an active, ardent interest in a particular project. Webster states simply that school spirit is "enthusiastic loyalty." This loyalty, then, if it is to promote true school spirit, must be loyalty to the school, not to one particular activity or interest.

Schools which sometime seem to have an abundance of school spirit are sadly lacking in such after the football season is over. Are we at Meredith to be found letting that spirit which was so much a part of Rush Week die a gradual death now that the suspense of who-will-join-what-society is over? If the spirit dies, it was society spirit, not school spirit. The real test of school spirit is whether or not that enthusiasm carries over into each project—giving life to the activities which seem doomed

to failure and taking a new slant on those activities which do tend to create interest.

School spirit cannot exist where the group becomes stereotyped and reluctantly falls into the same rut year after year. There must be creativeness in all activity if it is to promote school spirit to any degree.

"But," you say, "what is my part in bringing about on the Meredith campus this spirit that all of us desire so much?" Maybe the answer to the problem lies in the fact that we don't actually desire the spirit, but find it easier to follow the pattern of those who went before us.

Remember that enthusiasm, creativeness, and loyalty, the keystones of school spirit, are contagious. Once the spark is set off, that spirit will cover the campus if we but keep uppermost in our minds those simple words of Webster—enthusiastic loyalty. Let's prove during this year of '47-'48 that a living school spirit can and will reign here.

Guest Editorial

"The old order changes, yielding place to new."

Perhaps this thought passed across your mind, as it did mine, last week when Dean Baker gave us those brief but entertaining glimpses of student life at Meredith through the years. Perhaps you, too, were startled to a realization of the rapidity with which change occurs—this in spite of the fact that you think at the moment you can name a half dozen regulations that you consider sadly out of tune with the times.

I wonder if any of us ever stops to consider that we may be the ones who are out of tune, that just because we wish to do away with something "old fogey," it does not necessarily follow that such change is for the best. The best music we hear is often very old. There is just a faint possibility that we are the ones who are tone deaf, and cannot appreciate the pitch or quality of the strains about us.

In the light of this, it behooves all of us to listen carefully to the complete ensemble before we pipe a too loud and jazzy note, and to ask ourselves this question before we ask others for innovations. "Is this change the best for the concord of the group, or am I substituting my own impulses for my better understanding of what constitutes good life?"

As citizens of this community, we are participants in a way of life that is idealistic, the essence of which is Christian love. To the extent that we are conducted toward change by this kind of love or "creative goodwill" for each other, to that extent will life here approach the ideal in beauty and harmony. Time doth convey to ground both foe and friend, And each thing else but Love, which hath no end.—Watson.

GLORIA MAYER, President, Baptist Student Union.

STACKS OF PLEASURE

Everyone of us knows what a good place the library is for study, but have you ever taken time out to use it just for sheer enjoyment? The library itself, let alone its contents, is appealing and interesting. For instance, have you taken time to read the inspirational inscriptions in the dome? And did you know that two of the portraits there are of Meredith's former presidents, Dr. R. J. Vann and Dr. C. E. Brewer? Take an interest in the surroundings as well as the contents.

As for the latter, countless adventures

Letter to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR:

The other Friday night a touching tribute was paid the Barter Theater. When that splendid company, leader in the decentralizing movement in the American theater, brought Oscar Wilde's scintillating comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest" to our own front door, they played to a full house—of empty seats.

It is a sad commentary that Meredith College and the city of Raleigh, both of which pride themselves on appreciation of the so-called cultural side of life, should have given this example of the American theater art at its best such a slap in the face. The enthusiasm of those who were there could scarcely make up for the echoes at the back of the hall.

It is, of course, unfortunate that the Music Department should have had a conflicting attraction that same night, but even that circumstance is not enough to warrant this flagrant disregard of a great privilege.

Perhaps if the Barter Theater ever returns to Raleigh—and we would not blame them if they never set foot in the place again, whether singly or as a company—it is hoped that more will take advantage of an opportunity for which they would stand in line for hours in New York and brag about later. We know that those of the faculty and student body who did go enjoyed a superb performance of a brilliant play.

ESTHER GREEN.

await you in the stacks of fiction and periodical rooms. Of special interest are the current books, such as Lydia Bailey, The Miracle of the Bells, East River, and B. F.'s Daughter, in the rental collection. Another current attraction is the display on North Carolina as featured in Holiday magazine. The B. S. U. display table always catches an eye, also. Stack of pleasure may be found in the library. Try to enjoy them.

Our Twig

I didn't know what I had in store for me when I went to the library for a history of the Twig. I found back in the stacks seven big, long, heavy green books, each full of the Meredith newspaper since its beginning. These I lugged to an empty table and sat down to turn back the years in the pages of the Twig.

In April of 1921 the Twig made its debut. The first copy is not found in the bound volumes, but the second is there. The same heading was used then as is being used this year, but the pages were smaller. This early edition was filled with a long article about an Intercollegiate Press Association meeting, an account of an entertainment for seniors, a recital announcement, editorials, and other small items. Most interesting was a column written after compulsory Sunday School and church attendance had been abolished. It seems that the students kept going to church for some time, but gradually the number decreased. In the "Student Opinion" column the author stated, "The question rests with the student body alone."

An advertisement of possible interest was from the California, then a fruit store. The California then claimed

Spotlighting a Day Student

Cute, green-eyed, brunette Jerry Miller has been a valuable member of the Meredith Day Student Body for the past two years. Serving as the second vice president of the non-resident students during her sophomore year, Jerry has now been promoted to first vice president. She was also secretary of the Sophomore Class last year, reporter for the Home Economics Club, and typist for the Twig. This year Jerry is the advertising manager of the school paper.

A home economics major, Jerry just loves to cook, especially fancy dishes like chow mein, chop suey, and plain Boston baked beans. She enjoys the theater, dancing (she performed in the Opera Festival held in Raleigh last summer), knitting (mainly socks for Larry), and just being around friends.

To prove the last point and to show her love for people, I'll tell you a little story about Jerry. She went to spend a week end with her grandmother during the summer vacation and remained six weeks! She had only one pair of sandals, a pair of shorts, blue jeans, and one "Sunday" dress. Nevertheless, Jerry loved every minute of her extended visit. Because her grandmother firmly believes in the old saying, "Early to bed, early to rise," etc., Jerry cheerfully arose at 5:00 a.m. and retired at 8:00 p.m. every day and night for forty-two days! Once, though, they digressed from the usual procedure and had a picnic on the beach at 10:00 p.m.—complete with moon 'n' everything!

Such is the life of one Jerry Miller, who hopes to intern at Cornell University as a hospital dietitian in the near future.—S. H.

"Bestest ice cream" and "The place with the musical air."

When the Twig was first organized it was published weekly, and the subscription price was \$2.00 annually. In the fall of 1922 the price was raised to \$2.50. In 1923 larger pages were used for the growing paper. In the earliest issues there were no pictures in the Twig, but in the second 1927 issue there were two pictures of Meredith students. After this edition, there were usually several pictures in each issue.

In the September 23, 1927 Twig, there appeared a front page welcome to State and Wake Forest boys. It said, "Is there a more thrilling time than the time when dear old Meredith opens her doors to the students once again? Yes, there is one more, and that is when State and Wake Forest fling wide their doors to the hundreds of boys." On the same subject in a January 1928 issue, we find in the joke column:

"Leon: And when you go back home I want you to think of me every evening at nine o'clock, darling.

Lois (absently): Make it 9:15, can't you? I promised to think of that nice Wake Forest boy at nine."

In the March 1934 Twig, a sweet attractive girl, Norma Rose, was pictured as the president of the rising Junior Class. The paper stated, "She has, so far, the highest average in the Sophomore Class."

As time went by, our paper grew in size and content to the Twig as we know it now.

