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Member of

Intercollegiate Press

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might.
 PHILLIP, BROOKS.

“As Much As Your Heart Tells You”

As the MARCH OF DIMES campaign opens on the campus, each of us should stop to think just what the drive is for and what it should mean to us.

There are many worthy organizations which appeal for contributions. None is more worthy or profitable or closely connected with the democratic principles of Christian living than is the organization called the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. The organization was not founded on mere pity or a purely emotional basis. It was founded by one who had been a victim of the disease, but who rose above his suffering and handicaps to become one of the country's greatest presidents and leaders in humanitarian movements. President Franklin Roosevelt, through his wholehearted interest and support in the campaign, made possible a means whereby each person can experience in a small way the joy that he received in helping those who suffered as he did.

There are none of us who have entirely escaped the influence of the disease. Some have been affected directly; others have seen members of their family and friends left crippled. We at Meredith should have a sense of personal responsibility in making this drive an inevitable success. We have witnessed here the undaunted spirit and promise of those victims of infantile paralysis who have been a real part of our campus life. In a recent year one such student graduated with the highest honors in her class. That others, too, might grasp something of that spirit in spite of their handicaps, the organization was founded, and the opportunity for contribution is given.

The question may be asked, “How much should I give?” The answer should be, “As little as a dime—as much as your heart tells you!”

Student Forum

When the editor and her staff accepted last spring the responsibility of publishing for the Meredith students a paper worthy of those who assigned that task to us, we began our work by setting forth in the first issue, on May 9, 1947, the general aims and the editorial policy to be followed in so far as possible during this school year.

It might be well to restate and emphasize at this time one important part of that policy—that concerning student forum. Letters to the editor 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 the cooperation of those who are willing to give thoughtful and intelligent consideration to current campus affairs and to express their opinions for publication may this goal be realized.

It is by no means the purpose of the TWIG merely to offer an opportunity for a wholesale, public display of any grievance that may come the way of an individual student. Nor is it the policy to publish letters of criticism, unless those letters are just and constructive. It is the duty of the editor and her staff to judge the fairness and possible effectiveness of letters submitted for publication regardless of their own personal opinions.

There will be those of you who disagree with what is published. It is your privilege and duty to write a letter of reply, expressing clearly your own viewpoint rather than maliciously criticizing the author of a certain letter or the TWIG itself. For a well-rounded picture of the situation, we need your ideas, too.

The TWIG is not the paper of the staff, but of the college as a whole. Make it yours by support in interest and in contribution.

For your convenience, a box has been placed in the publications office, 3 Jones, for editorial, feature, and news material. All articles thus submitted must be signed for the convenience of the staff. Letters will be published with or without signatures provided the identity of the author is known by the editor.

SPLINTERS FROM THE TWIG

Editor's Note: Some ingenious member of the TWIG staff of 1933 devised the following paraphrases:

As Meredith inclines so is the TWIG bent.

It's an ill wind that blows from the chemistry building.

A book in the hand is worth two in the library.

A dumb biology student gathers no moss.

“Early to bed and early to rise,” a new Meredith student cries.

Spoiled things come to him who waits. Make hey-hey while the moon shines.

Meredith keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

A little neglect may breed mischief; for want of an hour's study an A was lost; for want of an half-hour of study a B was lost; and for want of any study the student was lost.

Never leave going to town if you can go today.

In class one would pay very dear for a whistle.

Council members have big ears.

A word to most wives can never be brought in.

Constant chatter wears away many an evening in the parlor.

Drive thy car. Let not a back seat driver drive thee.

I'd walk a mile for a camel but I sho' wuld rather have a car.

Look before leap year!

Classes cut may not be mended.

A hard beginning makes you miserable until the ending.

One head is better than none.

Halitosis is better than no breath at all.

Freshmen can't be choosers.

New brooms sweep clean, but your room won't get clean without any at all.

This hitteth not the iron nail on the head, it hit my thumb nail instead.

Brooks run on forever and I'm not a brook.

Everybody's Doin' It

By DORIS LEE

Maybe its the after effect of the holiday season, but everybody's doing it. Doing what? Well, for one thing everybody, or just about everybody is getting married. E. J. Andrews and Jean Maddrey took the plunge during our all-too-short Christmas vacation. Anna Hungerford has the date set for February 7, and the student body is cordially invited.

Everybody is writing term papers. Whether the subject is on the Elizabethan theater or art in the nineteenth century, the note cards, outlines, worried looks, and ink stains are still there. And everybody has that morning-after look in the morning after a laborious night spent in the hurried, last minute writing or copying of that blessed term paper. People never will learn to write papers ahead of time, so they must rely on the sustaining power of the ninth hour rush: black coffee and the consolation that it can't last forever. Everybody is wearing a diamond; everybody, that is, except the members of the Little Hopeful Club who haven't got around to it yet. A new engagement ring is now an everyday occurrence around here. It is getting so a girl isn't safe without her dark glasses.

Everybody is worrying about exams. This is the time of year that makes kindred souls of us all; movies and boy friends and dances are forgotten momentarily; husbands and parents are neglected in the pursuit of knowledge for at least two weeks. Every conversation always contains at least one line that goes like this: “I've just got to make a good grade on that exam!”

And everybody is planning a big post-examination week-end before the beginning of second semester. It's like taking a deep breath between falling out of the frying pan and landing in the fire. Then it starts all over again; but it happens to everybody—why worry?

SPOTLIGHTING A DAY STUDENT

By SHIRLEY HURWITZ

Generally speaking, the day student quarters constantly emits sounds of activity and ceaseless chatter; however, some of us day students possess more “retiring” natures! A modest member of our set is Frances Durham Moore, a quiet and efficient student, who manages to get a great deal of work done while the rest of us are rather busy—talking!

Frances is an English major. (Perhaps this fact accounts for her studiousness!) Her related field is history. When asked about this combination of subjects, Frances smilingly replied, “I am planning to teach them both after I graduate from Meredith. I also want to do graduate work in English—sometime.”

This earnest junior is now secretary-treasurer of the Colton English Club. This is another combination that keeps her quite busy!

Although school and studies take up a great deal of her time, Frances still finds free moments for outside activities, such as reading (just for pleasure!), playing the piano (“or trying to,” says Frances), and eating just anything—but, especially chocolate.

Frances also likes pretty clothes and the color lavender. (Note her favorite sweater and her skirt.) She loves to watch baseball games and, believe it or not, does not mind rainy days at all!!

RINGS 'N' THINGS

Let's talk about rings—what rings? Why all these beautiful diamond engagement rings! We have seen quite a few since the holidays. And from listening to the conversations about it all, the girls who have them are very happy (they don't even seem to mind the thoughts of coming exams!) A few of the girls knew that they were getting their rings when they went home, but some of the others were very pleasantly surprised. These rings—some solitaires and some with several stones—are the loveliest we've seen and the girls who wear them are proud of them with good reason (just take a look at some of them—you'll see!) In case you don't know all the girls who got their rings during the holidays, we'll tell you who they are and who the lucky men are. Let's start with the upperclassmen. Harriet Neese has her ring from Jason Sox. Chris Bordeaux has hers from Bill Farrow, Jr. Grace Brown has her ring from Woody Boone and is as pleased about it as can be. Eunice Andrews came back all aglow because Connell (whose last name is Smith) was home, and she was wearing his ring. Kitten (to be called Harriet when she's 60) Ashcraft still beams when anybody mentions Ted (Samuel Ross) Morris and her diamond. Marjorie Wall and her Robert A. Liles had a wonderful holiday, and Marjorie came back to school with a lovely ring. Lib Colvard started her



JANE S.

APOLOGY

In Memory of Elmer, the rat Who Lived in 204 Jones Dearest Elmer,

This is a letter of apology. I have been so mean to you all year that I want to talk to you now, wherever you are.

To begin with, I'm sorry I threw that shoe at you the other morning, but 5:30 a.m. is just a trifle early for you to start your noisy little investigations. And I want to take back all those harsh names I called you. Your ears weren't floppy, and I didn't mean to call you a rodent. Elmer, you weren't really a rodent. To tell the truth, you were one of my very best friends, for who else would get up in the cold, gray dawn with me to help write my term paper? You were so cute. . . . But why did you insist on hiding my note cards? And was it necessary to look at me so hard and squeak every time I yawned?

But, Elmer, I shouldn't be complaining after all the fun we've had together. Remember the day you hid in my closet, and when I opened the door you jumped out and all but said “Boo!” to me? And how I had to beg my roommate for half an hour to come down off the dresser. I'm so sorry, Elmer, but she just didn't like you at all. I've tried to tell her what a wonderful little friend you were, and how helpful you could be, but she still shrieks at the thought of you.

But now you're gone, and I miss you so. Just think, I'll have to face life without ever ever having you answer that one great question in my mind!

Why there can be a mouse in the house, But no mice in the hicc . . .

So long, Elmer. I'll never forget you.
 JANE.

Exchangin' Aroun'

Get out from behind that post! In the *Daily Tar Heel* the story is told of a student in college never to be forgotten by the author. He went in class one morning with lessons unprepared. He had spent the night before in social activity. There was a post in the classroom in front of his seat. Feeling guilty, he tried to hide behind it. The professor noticed it, singled him out by saying, “Come out, Mr. . . . You'll never make your mark behind a post.—Which leaves us with a worthwhile thought.

They say in the *Chanticleer* from Averett College that in a discussion by veterans, so-called co-eds, about women: “Intelligent women alienate men if that intelligence forces men to assume a secondary role—or ride in the baggage car, so to speak. A man's egotism is his armor, Aristotle or Henry Wallace or somebody; the smart girl plays on that like a piano; statistics show the technique seldom fails. Make 'em feel big.”

From Queens College, the *Queens Blues*. I see that Laura Stroupe, who was a freshman here in '44 has been chosen for the Senior Class as a May Court representative.

MARY LOUISE.

holiday off right by getting her ring from Bruce Cantrell the day we started home, and Fran Hollis got hers from Paul Wilson. To prove that upperclassmen don't have a thing that they can't have, the freshmen had several members of their class to return with rings—real diamond ones—Katherine Busbee got hers from Carl Yates, Lolita Saunders received hers from Robert Lee Walker, Patsy Emory is wearing the ring she got from Emmet Perry and Peggy White has hers from Ralph. Our best wishes to all of them. And now we see what the Old Year rang out and what rings there are in the New Year.

E. M. S.