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Member of Intercollegiate Press

Thought for the Day

"Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be humbled; and whosoever shall humble himself shall be exalted." ST. MATTHEW, XXIII:12.

OBJECTIVELY SPEAKING . . .

Tomorrow marks the official beginning of exam week here at Meredith. It will be a trying time for many, as it will bring with it its usual air of tension, worry, and dread.

There are many students right this very minute who are perhaps disgusted with the utter lack of progress that they have made this semester, and who are just about ready to question the real value of a college education. It is moments like these that tempt one to stop school, give up books, "take to the hills," or seek some practical job which doesn't involve pop quizzes, term papers, and other deplorable tasks.

Then is college a worthwhile way of spending four precious years of youth? Is our time here at Meredith actually equipping us for the life that lies ahead? Will finding the square root of two, for example, do us any good as far as making us happy, well-adjusted citizens of tomorrow? The answer then to this issue of diligently studying and not realizing or seeing its immediate results is indeed tormenting to the best of us.

Those who know from past experience tell us that any efforts we make today toward educating ourselves are ones that will be repaid many times. General Dwight D. Eisenhower once said that "educated people are free people". Then it is the duty of students to seek higher learning in order to develop a system of rational thinking which makes for rational living. The petty problems we deal with in our everyday college lives will show us the way to logical thinking and will make us better citizens in a better civilization.

TO THE STUDENT BODY

THE TWIG editor asked for a few remarks concerning the modification of the hat rule. In writing this editorial several reflections come to my mind. To begin with, as every Meredith student knows, this modification is in itself not a big thing, though it is in the process of proving its worth. But behind this relatively unimportant alteration of rule lies something deeper, that is, a marked advancement in broadmindedness and understanding. A group of students after carefully considering the matter, concluded that there was a real and practical need for some change; actual investigation and more thought furthered the idea that there was a basis and a reason for a change; therefore in

conjunction with the Student Government Council and faculty committee on student government the recommended changes were made. The fact that there was need for a change is important, but more important still is the cooperation shown behind this effort for a modification of the rule. The first and perhaps most important step in the success of the change lay in the excellent compliance of the group with the rule as it stood. This attitude was, in all probability, responsible for the results since the breach of a rule by no means insures its revocation. In the final analysis then it is evident that the way of approaching a thing from the angle of thinking, planning, and submitting has a better result than the method of rebellion.

MAXINE BISSETT, President of the Senior Class.

Angels, That Is

By MARJORIE JOYNER

How distressing can a situation get? I've been walking under the shadow of the Angel Farm water tower for almost three semesters, but no wings have sprouted yet! After all, you're also an inhabitant of the Angel Farm so that makes both of us angels whether we outwardly show any ethereal characteristics or not.

Perhaps you, too, are wondering just how Meredith acquired its famous nickname. When you hear those cows mooing at State College barn, or those roosters crowing in the early morning hours, there's no need for explaining the last word of the title "Angel Farm." We're strictly country gals without the ham and grits for breakfast. In fact the very campus mud we plod through used to be the farms of Tucker and Pulley — and they used to have pigs!

The word "Angel" is the difficult word to understand. I'll have to admit that wings would be very handy in getting to town, but having no musical ability, I would probably have trouble with the harp-playing. Even without these two popular characteristics of angels, we still manage to be called by the name — and why?

It seems that the State College boys used to call Dr. Charles E. Brewer, a past president of Meredith College, "Uncle Charlie." Instead of saying "Uncle Charlie and his Meredith girls," they began calling the past student bodies his "Angels." That still doesn't tell us exactly why the name was given, does it?

As a tribute for receiving such an illustrious cognomen, representatives of Wake Forest and State have graciously painted the water tower each year for us. Several harrowing experiences have almost resulted, but always with the same beautiful letters being skillfully inscribed — "Angel Farm." Last week the annual paint job was again done by a Wake Forest delegation. As we lift our eyes to the tower each day, we can thank the heroes of the past as well as those of the present for giving us our secretly cherished name of "Angels."

Exams



EXCERPTS from XCHANGES

By SHIRLEY BONE

Thumbing through the many issues piled in the exchange file, I noticed that in the "Question Box" of the Shaw University Journal, a subject pertinent to all college campuses was discussed — the general spirit prevalent on the campus. Incidentally, there are some good opinions stated by the students of Shaw concerning both the friendly spirit of loyalty and love that is present, and the advances toward cooperativeness and vivacity that should be made.

Betty Brooks, by virtue of her being managing editor of THE TWIG, was given space in "News Briefs" of her previous alma mater's paper, The Hill Top. When at Mars Hill, Betty was 1946-47 literary editor of the annual, the Laurel.

Gathering information from Dick Morgan's column, "Other Colleges Say," of the Davidsonian, the male in question having obtained his data from the Daily Tar Heel (full credit must be given for each item, you know), I find U.N.C. students are required to check their pets before going to class, unless, perhaps the dog is of high pedigree; then they get permission from their instructors to allow the animal to attend class.

Speaking of pets — is your man well-dressed according to the fashion of today as presented in the Appalachian? Does he include in his wardrobe cloth-of-gold sport shirts with three-quarter length sleeves, Picasso pink sweaters with plunging necklines, polka-dot suspenders, ties, and garters, and hats like homburgs, except the brim snaps down in front? If not, you'd better tip him off to these styles and to the "new smaller edition of the popular pantalla designed especially for casual campus smoking."

D. S. Capers

By SYNONOMOUS Withmud

This column is dedicated to all those who will fail exams next week. After carefully considering the question of what to do upon failing, we have the following ideas:

- (1) If you are talented you can join the circus, perhaps as a water boy.
(2) If your interests lie toward the great outdoors, you can write eben abhez for complete instructions on "How to Be a Nature Girl." This way you can forget your troubles in the forest primeval, but watch out for the wolves — the forest's prime evil.
(3) If you like the smell of good food and the pleasant jingle of money, we think you could open up a hamburger stand on the highway to Mexico City. Incidentally, if you meet a handsome Latin, ask him if he has a friend for us . . . pass the chile to me Willie.
(4) If you are bitter about this thing, you can have a burning of the books. This is a sweet, child-like form of recreation. If you have a few extra touches like background music, you can charge admission.
(5) If you are really desperate, we can suggest several bridges and at least one water tower you are welcome to jump off. This is the out-of-this-world treatment.
(6) More elaborate plans may be obtained at cost from our office in Johnson Hall.
(7) Hope you won't need them.
(8) We plan to try all of them.
(9) Good luck!

Next, Please

Who got a ring? Really! Is it pretty? After Christmas I imagine you were asking these questions.

The senior class had more girls to receive rings than any other class. They are to be congratulated. Lela Butts, Mary Lou Culler, Lena Glenn Highfill, Carol Martin, Orea Mauney, Betty Sinclair, and Joy Vinson are the proud wearers of these diamonds. Not to be forgotten are the junior, sophomore, and freshman classes. Santa did not forget them either. Don't miss seeing Sally Lou Taylor's or Betty Jo Tysinger's ring.

To go on further, Helen Brewer, Dolores Oliver, Eliva Ray Hawes, and Lola Peele have sparklers, too.



C O L L E G E

DAZE

Now let's see — was it Shakespeare or Chaucer who discovered America? And what does the nervous system of a frog have to do with the law of supply and demand? How in the world did I ever get this abstract design for the answer to that math problem? Oh well, when my parents ask me how I did in school this semester, I can always assure them I learned to play bridge and how to get a free coke out of the coke machine. Why doesn't someone invent an organized way to study for exams?

Such problems of confusion may be worrying some students around this time, but others can still look at the fairer side of life. At least a certain 3rd floor of one of the dorms thinks highly of their place of residence. I was very surprised the other day when I called there to hear a clear voice ring out, ".....roof garden."

I'm sure the art department was relieved to find out that the horse that got away from the contest was safely returned and securely tied — thanks to Mr. Reynolds.

If anyone has any extra safety pins, please see Kathy Deane — seems it is rather difficult to play hockey with your jeans falling down to your knees.

This column sends out a willing hand to Fran Altman with her retiring schedule. Really Dr. Mac, as long as Fran doesn't snore when she sleeps in your class, it shouldn't be too disturbing.

The mystery of the week — was that really an ash tray that was seen in the parlor recently?

Well, it's time to close for now. See you next semester. DONNA

Headaches

By MISS FRUSTRATION OF 1949

Heartaches may be a mighty pretty song, but just about this time of year my theme song is Headaches, 'cause headaches are what I've got. January at Meredith makes twenty years at Sing-Sing look like a fool's holiday, and before I have to put my strait jacket back on, I'll give you three good reasons:

1. The teacher who greets you on the last class session before exams with the cheery statement: "I've got a teensy little assignment for you to turn in when you come to take your exam. Read the first three volumes of the Encyclopedia Britannica; write a 3,000 word summary, and outline Einstein's theory of relativity."

2. Then there's the teacher who says, "Your term papers will be due tomorrow." You thought you had three more weeks and haven't written the first footnote.

3. And of course, there are those delightful exams which really put the aspirin dealers in clover. There is also the popular little two question variety: the first question which says write a brief summary of all you have learned in this course; the second question asks what do you plan to do with the knowledge you have acquired? This year I've got an answer for that one: drop dead. Next on the list most likely to land you in the insane asylum are true-false questions.

For: Who doesn't love a true-false test? If you don't know the answer you can always guess.

Naturally all of them will be worded something like this: "The grass in Death Valley is green." If you put "true," the answer is, silly girl, there's no grass in Death Valley. If you put "false," worse yet because all grass is green.

See was I mean? You just can't win, so why not quit now? You can't pass anyway, and think of all the agony it will save you.

Professor: "Well, what did you think of this course?"

Student: "Well, sir, I thought that it was a very all-inclusive course. Everything that was not covered during the year was covered on the final exam."