



Member

Associated Collegiate Press

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Member of Intercollegiate Press

Thought for the Day

For, lo the winter is past;
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land;
The fig-tree ripeneth her green figs,
And the vines are in blossom;
They give forth their fragrance.

—Song of Solomon.

A LAST WORD

With this our last issue of the year, the old Twig staff is preparing to turn over to new hands all its multitudinous responsibilities concerning the TWIG. As the old staff moves on, there come to mind the happenings and experiences of the past years and how they have affected us.

Along with the constant rushing and minute tasks of our work, there has been time enough for considering all the joy we have found in presenting each issue of the TWIG. Our rewards for the year's work have been renewed with each issue as it comes out. The few people who make up the TWIG staff have found how much fun it is to cooperate and work together for a common good. Those girls who worked on the staff must have loved it, for even at its best it is at times very trying. The spirit of permanency and contribution which one receives from doing such work is in itself inspirational.

To the new staff we pass on the hard work and headaches of working on the staff next year, but also, we wish for them the same sense of pride in the accomplishment which each issue of the TWIG represents.

Next year's staff can be justly proud to be successful in surmounting the obstacles which are met in the difficult task of transforming reporter's copy into a finished newspaper worthy of time spent in perusing it. We of this year's staff hope that the TWIG will continue to be a reflection of student opinion and events on the Meredith campus, for it is in such college newspapers as ours that the American spirit of a free press is carried on.

To you the TWIG staff of 1949-1950, then, we say "congratulations and the best of luck."

"I won't marry you and you know why."
"I can't think."
"Yes."

The Pilot.

A Campus Need
A Guest Editorial

When asking a visitor who has remained on the campus for at least a week and has learned to know many students about problems he senses as being serious, the need for a counseling program has been the answer in several instances. Students and faculty are aware of this also and yet Meredith is not distinctive in this need; for persons constantly connected with colleges report that an adequate counseling program is one of the greatest needs on all college and university campuses.

It is a program that is extremely hard to arrange for various reasons. Finding a counsellor who has had an adequate background and training and who could fit into a situation such as ours is no easy task. But finding a person to fill that capacity does not insure the ready response that should come from students. In setting up such a program, the student must take the initiative, as one can seldom be helped until he realizes he has a problem that needs guidance and will then go to a person capable of helping him.

Realizing the incompleteness of such a program on our campus, there are, however, many opportunities of which students do not take advantage. Those who are in doubt about their major field of work and what they are planning to do after college should attend the "Group Conferences on Choice of Vocation" that have been scheduled. The faculty committee that is working on this is planning to give personality, vocational aptitude, and other such tests. Students would be benefited greatly if they would plan their entire course of study with the head of the department as soon as they decide on their field of concentration. There are members of the faculty and administrative staff who have been trained in the techniques of counseling and they can and do render a valuable service to many students.

However, there is little doubt that we need a program of counseling aid and that we are moving much too slowly in that direction. It remains with the faculty and students to become more sensitive to personalities around them and demand that together we work toward a program whose service would far exceed our campus as students take their place in the active affairs of our world. The first step in such a plan may well depend on the sincere response the students make to the vocational conferences that are to be held and if that reaction is adequate, further developments might open.

—MARJORIE WILSON.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

Nearly everyone will work for the things he believes in; but it appears that the champions of theatre art are becoming extinct at Meredith. The reason for this unfortunate lack is, of course, the inadequacy of dramatic arts courses on the curriculum which fails to attract those students interested in theatre.

This situation, itself, is ridiculous at a "Liberal Arts" college, professing to present accomplished young ladies to society. Not only is some familiarity with the theatre necessary to a cultural education; but also, in specialization, the importance of drama should be recognized.

If an adequate drama department existed at Meredith, never, on two successive years, would one production represent the entire output of its Little Theatre.

Perhaps one would be justified in saying that students interested in drama can very well go to school somewhere else; but, when the other art departments are so far above average and the spirit in them so congenial, it seems a pitiful waste to let the oldest of the arts deteriorate.

Surely, there would be enough of a following for a speech and drama department to justify its establishment. Why don't the authorities consider the problem (one definitely exists) from this point of view?

Name Withheld by Request.

A paratrooper is a soldier who climbs down from a tree he never climbed up.

The Seabag.

Underneath the Arch

By SARAH G. SADDLEOXFORD

Well, here I am again! Cluttering up a perfectly good column with some very bad thoughts. . . .

I've really been a busy little beaver lately. I've been attending all the receptions, teas, etc. around here, and have found that if one eats enough lime ice one is apt to turn green!

As I was peaking over my punch cup the other night, I saw one individual amusing herself by licking the salt off the nuts instead of eating them. What a mild and peculiar form of refreshment! Then, too, I had an exciting time watching people sweat it out in trying to talk when they had both hands filled! Maybe that's why there are so many conversation-lags at receptions. . . .

Speaking of conversations, how about the introductions that are made in reception lines. I was caught in one similar to this the other night:

"Mfhjklm," I would like for you to meet Zllopski, one of my very good friends."

"How do you do?"

"Now what did she say your name was, dearie? I'm a little hard of hearing tonight it seems."

"Well, frankly, I don't know. . . . That's the first time I've ever been called that. (Forced laughter) But, Deah, you may call me Sarah. . . ."

"Thank you, Sarah. Now I'd like for you to meet Mr. Bcotypkplsti. . . ."

. . . and on and on it goes, far down the line. Sometimes I think I need a hearing aid.

Last week on Pan American Day, our language club, Alpha Pigma Sty heard the brilliant author and lecturer Miss Bessie Mae Smoocho who spoke on "Travelling Expenses on a Slow Train to Chile." The meeting concluded with the singing of the club song, Conchita, Marquita, Lolita, Pepita, Juanita, Rosita Lopez.

And I think that's a charming enough note on which to end our little visit. Besides, gotta chase down and get my morning cup of toast and piece of coffee. Tra la!!!

EXCERPTS
from
EXCHANGES

By SHIRLEY BONE

Glancing through the latest editions from the printing press this week, I found some mighty startling changes in college policies and current trends. For instance:

Cecil B. De Mille, the renowned movie producer, has accepted the position of director of the Elon Players for the 1949-50 season, when he will produce Erskine Caldwell's Tobacco Road, Somerset Maugham's Rain, and Getting Gertie's Garter, plus scores of others—so says the Maroon and Gold!

And have you heard that Winston Churchill is to be the new president of UNC, having been appointed by Governor Scott? The Daily Tar Heel reports that President Harry S. Truman, who was present at the dinner for the alumni of the University, "leaped to his feet, vaulted the speaker's table and was the first to congratulate the new President." Applause followed.

The date on the papers quoted above was, of course, April 1, 1949. There were also other choice tidbits I might leave with you. Bride's Book of Mary Baldwin carried the caption "Faculty Gets Looped as Usual at Drunken Brawl." A notice appeared in the same paper "Sign your name as you wish it to appear on your marriage license on the poster on B. Board immediately."

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- April 23—Junior-Senior Banquet
April 28—Jeanne Dickens, Art Exhibit
April 30—Susan Graham, Graduation Recital
May 7—May Day, Society Plays

A young theologian named Fiddle, Refused to accept his degree. "For," said he, "it's enough to be Fiddle, Without being Fiddle, D.D."



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DAZE

Everyone seems to be strictly under the weather as is plainly seen on the breezeways which are being draped by many multi-colored torsos as of late.

Flash! Flash! A startling crash occurred in the art department last week when Mr. Reynolds very cordially invited the painting class to take a peek into "the mystery room." What really amazed me was that we didn't even have to take an oath of secrecy. But I'll never tell what I saw, never fear.

The Meredith girls had better get on the ball because it seems that some other fems are beating our path to State College. In fact they're even doing us one better—even attempting to look over the dorms.

From recent reports it appears that the students are in favor of more concerts or should I say more performers like Mr. Johansen. (Musical ability is a minor detail.)

Saturday night is the climax for all of the juniors' hard work. Hope everything works out fine for the junior-senior, and here's wishing everyone a big time.

The archery classes are very happy now that the "missing" target has reappeared on the field. Thanks boys!!

Well the sun feels fine for toasting so guess I'll move along. See ya under the rays.

DONNA.

Ode To a Drive-In: Roy's Dedicated To Roy

OWNER OF SAID PLACE

I
Filled with gastronomic joys,
Ergo wot we hite thee "Roy's,"
Complete with chocolate pie and boys.
Down the walk and 'cross the field
For our regular noontime meal.

II
If you see a red star, dear,
No communists you'll have to fear,
You really shouldn't shed a tear,
List to what I have to say
That means you won't have to pay.

III
Sparkling glass and shining chrome
Decorate our second home.
They have meat without a bone.
The juke-box here has lovely music.
If you have the nickle you can choose it.

IV
The service here is sometimes slow.
That's because its crowded so
If you would like to be some thinner
This is the place to get your dinner.

V
I'd like to continue in this vein
But I just ran out of blood. (open the window).

—Synonomous withmud.

SO TIRED



you don't say, professor!