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Our Chinese Policy

The news of the fall of Chungking, the new capital, to the Chinese People's Army, seems to have created scarcely a ripple in the West. The fall of the Nationalist Government has been now for months a foregone conclusion. It might not be worth mentioning at all except for the fact that it brings closer the time when the western states will have to adopt some sort of policy with reference to the new regime.

Should the new government of China be ignored, as though it did not exist at all? Should the polite fiction be maintained that the Nationalist Government still is China? Should we intervene financially on behalf of the old government and give it a new lease on life, hoping thereby to strengthen the cause of democracy in the Far East? Should we send in the Marines and tell them to clean the matter up, preferably before we sit down to Christmas dinner?

It is difficult to ignore anything as large as China. Either from the standpoint of territorial size or population it is a fact that cannot be easily overlooked. It would be difficult to maintain the fiction that the Nationalist Government still is China, when their retreating armies feel their fleeing heels trodden upon by the advancing soldiers of the People's Army. Financial intervention, we have become convinced, would be merely more money "down the drain," which might momentarily postpone but could not alter the eventual outcome. As for the Marines, armed intervention would have to be on so staggering a scale that we should turn back aghast at its cost. Furthermore, we should probably never be able to withdraw, once in. Precipitate action in the Far Eastern situation might easily drift into a third world war, which neither Russia nor the western states are anxious to bring about.

Why should we not stop deluding ourselves and face the actual facts? What we are afraid of in the New China is the possibility that its policies will be dictated from the Kremlin. There is genuine basis for this fear. Mao-Tze-Tung, the new leader, was trained in Moscow, and gives evidence of having learned his lessons well. But Mao-Tze-Tung is not China. Whether he will ever be able to secure the dictatorial control over that great country which would enable him to determine alone its policies is a question which is not yet answered. The strongest factor in warding off such an eventuality would be to keep the door to the West open, at first in trade, and, as circumstances justified it, to establish diplomatic relations. Why should we not counter Kremlinism in China with friendliness and sewing machines?

—LILLIAN PARKER WALLACE.

Letter to the North Pole

Dearest Santa:

We know that it isn't too early to get our requests in for Christmas, but there are several greedy souls at Meredith who want to get their request in early so that they can get early delivery. Could you, oh please, make an exception and help these girls out, for they have been so, so good. The day students aren't hard to please. Just see that each and every one gets a fraternity pin. They don't care about the size or shape just so there are enough to go around.

Tin cans are all the Home Ec girls want. And really, Santa, you can't refuse them, for they are all prepared to give you a helping hand by changing the empty containers into the cleverest gum-drop trees, candleholders, vases, and ornaments to give their Christmas trees that touch of distinction as Mrs. Steinger taught them.

One unhappy freshman wants a broken leg so that she won't have to highland fling another step—which really isn't very practical, but she thinks that it will be worth it. Take pity on the poor little rich girl who put all her allowance in the red money collector for the swimming pool fund and now wants the key to Miss Rhodes' lost-and-found box so that she can do her Christmas shopping there. She also wants—if it isn't too much trouble—the mates to the earrings as she hates to give odd ones away.

However, Saint Nick, the angels who need and want your help most are the ones who weren't able to give thanks on Thanksgiving 'cause the lights of their love blew a fuse one way or the other. Please do the necessary repair jobs so that they will have a merry Christmas. If you don't, an engineer from State is going to need two new front teeth as a certain sophomore is tired of waiting for him to make up his mind about whether it's love or it isn't.

Miss Grant is willing to compromise and let you give Mr. Martin a new horse if you'll see that she gets a new blue rug for her reception room. She's had so many visitors since the nine-weeks grades came out that the old one is getting threadbare. Oh yes, Gerund wants a bright red ribbon so that he can keep warm.

If you will only give us what we want, we will be the most angelic angels ever. We'll wear our halos tightly pinned on every time we go to town; we'll make our dorm cards so neat that you can read them without your specs, and we'll turn our lights off as soon as the light bell rings! Please make our Christmas merry and bright by granting these requests, and we won't ask for snow.

With nylons filled with love and candy kisses.

THE LITTLEST ANGELS.

Neighborly News

By SUE PAGE

The Rider News tells of a none-too-prosperous London clergyman who reluctantly accepted the offer of a commercial firm to supply his congregation with free books containing the standard hymns with the stipulation that a little advertising might be inserted. When the books arrived the minister was overjoyed to find no advertising matter at all. But on the following Sunday morning he was horrified to hear:

Hark! The herald angels sing
Murphy's pills are just the thing
Peace on earth and mercy mild
Two for man and one for child.

The Clemson Tiger came out with some exquisite ones this time. Leave us enumerate.

She: I'm thirsty.
He: How about a glass of water?
She: I said thirsty, not dirty!

Any girl can get a fellow to kiss her if she just uses a little "come on" sense.

Announcement: To get something from this course you must know three things: What the book thinks, what you think and what the professor thinks the book thinks.

Have you heard where devils go to get new tails? To an ABC store where they retail spirits.

And then there is the cross-eyed teacher whose complaint was that she got her pupils mixed.

Did you hear the new hit song, "My Russian Laundress Won't Iron Curtains"?



Smokey Holler Chronicle

Another week, another column, ho, hum. I was going to let you read between the lines, but ye olde editor, who is every inch a lady, nixed the idea. What was the point of that sentence? Read between the lines and you will know.

Really, this writing deal is pretty rough. They tell me to do a gossip column, but please no names. Walter Winchell uses names, why can't I? If I could use names I could tell you about JoAnna Wilson's clunky love life, or about Barbara Todd's acute Carolinitis, but I can't, so why even mention it?

Maybe no one will object if I write about the night watchman. Meredith has really made progress on that score since September. From a lonely little man who sneaked around in shadowy corners to a bold, fearless Hercules who totes a real honest-injun smoke-pole, that's real progress. Also, he is no longer an ordinary night watchman, oh no, he is now a special officer of the police force, and he can arrest anybody who doesn't have a purpose. (Now what boy ever came out here without a purpose?) Really, though; the night watchman is one of my very favorite people.

Here I sit in the publications room, desperately racking my brain for any little thing to say. Ye olde lady editor and managing editor, who is not a lady, are not very helpful. They think my column is my problem. Ha! I think I will use this column to tell fairy tales in. How would you like that? I know some gooduns. Speaking of fairies, I wonder if Tinker Bell ever found Peter Pan? I hope so. Something just walked into the room; I'm not sure what, but it looked a little bit like a student named.....—no names, please. I'm getting so silly that I'd better quit, and besides, I'm getting tired of looking at the homely faces of ye olde editor and the managing ed. Please permit me to close with a heart-rending quote from a song I know:

"Down among the budded roses,
I am nothing but a stem."
Touching, ain't it?

Love,
MISS CY COE.

P.S. From the above sentence it is probably most apparent to the reader that the newest trend in prose-writing is toward over-simplification!—Man. Ed

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE STUDENT BODY

As you may have read from the story on the front page, this newspaper received a second class rating again this year. Although second class means good, we can and will do better than that, if more coöperation is given and more work done by one and all.

Coöperation is a high-sounding word which is becoming rather trite; but by it we mean simply this: that if all members of the staff and the students as a whole will work harder and better the TWIG could win a first class rating next year.

It is all too easy to blame late stories and poorly written copy or a forgotten assignment to too much studying; students always get done what they want to get done. Meredith may well argue that it has no school of journalism and that we are mere amateurs in comparison with large universities whose publications are published by well-paid, trained staffs.

Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that any work done on student publications is donated time and often thankless effort, THE TWIG looks to the new year for improvement. Can we count on you to help us?

CAROLYN'S CORNER



'Twas a night around Christmas, when all through the dorms,
Not a creature was stirring, 'cept a few bookworms;
The socks were all hung on the radiator with care
In hopes they'd be dry when morning was there.
The freshmen were nestled all snug in their beds
While nightmares of English tests danced in their heads.
Roommate in my nightgown and I in her red number
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's slumber.
When 'way down the hall there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Across to the door I flew like a flash,
Pulled off the doorknob, ran off in a dash.
The moon, on the breast of imaginary snow
Gave a luster of mid-day in a dismal glow.
When what to my wandering eyes should appear
But an object in a tree; we tremble with fear!
With an old beat-up hat, and a mask awfully large,
I knew in a moment it was no one but George.
More rapid than eagles the hall proctor came,
And she whistled, and shouted, and called us by name:
"Now Sally, now Betty! now, Julia and 'Nita!
On, Jeannie! on, Nancy! on, Ellen and Rita!
To your rooms hurry on, get quiet on the hall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away, all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane, fly
So ran the students and with the hall proctor's sigh,
All quieted down; once more there was calm.
George got away—the nightwatchman's qualm.
Then in a twinkling, I heard lots of noise:
The running and whispering of four college boys.
As I looked out the window and was peering around,
They were running on tiptoe, down the path with a bound.
Gold and black were their colors: Wake Forest no doubt
I wondered what all the commotion was about.
A bucket of paint they carried with care,
And a flashlight cut sharply the still night air.
They hid in the bushes as they heard some brief sounds;
It was only the nightwatchman making his rounds.
I watched them no farther; they were soon out of sight.
It was easy to guess what was happening, all right!
The water tank once again would be climbed,
And I said to myself it was pretty well timed.
How long before morning? I couldn't wait to see!
"N.C.S." would be blotted, leaving "W.F.C.!"
A blink of my eye, and a nod of my head
Soon gave me to know I was practically dead.
Lack of sleep, I remembered, makes not for good work;
I climbed in my bed; turned over with a jerk,
And pulling the covers up to my nose,
And giving a nod, I knew I'd soon doze.
But I had to admit, it wasn't an odd sight,
For here at Meredith, it's all in a night!