

LEND ME YOUR EARS

How fortunate Mark Antony was that he did not make his famous plea to an auditorium filled with Meredith girls. The plea would have fallen on barren ground, for it seems that we are most unwilling to "lend" our ears to any speaker we have.

The chapel period is not a time-out for inspiration in the middle of the day; it is a time-out to catch up on knitting, do last-minute studying, write letters, or visit with the girl in the next seat. Maybe most of us do not realize that the visibility from the stage of our new auditorium is just about perfect. The speaker can see everything anyone in the audience does. How would you like to speak to a group where all that you could see was bowed heads and knitting needles?

It would be most interesting to know just what our campus visitors in chapel think of us—we who consider ourselves such grown-up, mature people. The truth of the matter is that they probably think us rude, crude girls and would like to teach us a few of the rules of etiquette that we all should have learned to abide by in our childhoods.

Think it over! Are you guilty? Well, try "lending" your ears for a few days and see if you don't find the program of a little more interest than whatever you usually do.

"Right in Our Own Backyards"

The criticism that Meredith does not offer to its students enough social life and opportunity for getting an education outside of books and studying has been voiced often on our campus—so go the complaints of students of every class. Yet—and this is a cause for real groaning—the college choir can present a carefully planned concert of Christmas music on a Sunday afternoon, and the Barter Theatre of Virginia can present a well-known play in professional style, and Meredith students will not trouble themselves to walk over to the new auditorium to see and hear them.

It is to be supposed that the sixty members of the choir had friends; it is also to be supposed that any student who wished to see the Barter Theatre play could beg, borrow or steal the small sum of ninety cents to see a play like "Thunder Rock"; yet more townspeople were in our auditorium than students on those two occasions, and on others like them. If the citizens of Raleigh are interested in productions given on the Meredith campus enough to attend, it well behooves more Meredith students to look into the matter. Could you be missing something that the latest show downtown on the same night cannot offer?



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Entered as second-class matter October 11, 1923, at postoffice at Raleigh, N. C., under Act of March 8, 1879. Published semi-monthly during the months of October, November, February, March, April, and May; monthly during the months of September, December, and January.

Subscription rate, \$2.00 per year to students. Alumnae membership associational fee \$2.00, of which \$1.00 covers a year's subscription.

Member of

Intercollegiate Press



"Through the Smoke and Flame"

Wake! For the students, who scattered into flight
By grades before them from the class of fright

It can't be plagiarism because that isn't a quotation from anything I've ever heard. We are back again and as awake as ever with the possible exception of a few of us who can't seem to get back on schedule with the bus (and guess which one is late!) and another one of our number who goes dashing off to Phys. Ed. when there ain't no such animal on her schedule that day.

We haven't lost our inspiration that was drummed up for us the last day of exams by the small bonfire at the foot of the drive. (A kibitzer wants me to remark about giving the drive a hot foot, but I wouldn't dare.) We just regret that there wasn't more combustible material—at least one blue contribution from each D. S.

If you are in our den some morning and see the girls looking under the couches and behind the sofa before uttering a solitary word, don't think we've lost our heads, that it's room check day, or even that we're victims of dirt-o-phobia. We're just checking a current rumor for truth so that there won't be any blackmail in this town.

Overheard at a bridge game: "He broke the date because he had promised to help his roommate study for some quiz or other. I guess greater love hath no man than he lay down his date for a friend." Well, YOU may feel that way.

Next week I promise to organize this column to make more sense and even struggle with the grammar, but 'til then it has been

Neighborly News

By SUE PAGE

The latest issue of the Watauga (N. C. State's mag, as everyone knows) has come out with quite a surprise in jokes.

Did you hear about the cow who ate Kentucky blue grass and moored indigo?

And there are various others you get from collegiate magazines and papers, such as these:

He: "Are you fond of nuts?"
She: "Is that a proposal?"

—Clemson Tiger.

Professor: "Gentlemen, order!"
Student: "Make mine french fries."

Personnel manager: "How long did you work in the other place?"

Applicant: "65 years."
P.M.: "How old are you now?"
A.: "40."

P.M.: "Well then, how is that possible?"

A.: "I worked overtime."
—Elon Maroon and Gold.

At Davidson, according to the Davidsonian, this rule applies:

"Late to bed
Early to rise
Keeps your roommate
From wearing your ties."

Customer: "I'd like to try on that dress in the window."

Clerk: "Sorry, lady, but you'll have to use the dressing-room."

If any of you students take papers from other colleges which the Twig does not, let us in the exchange column in on the jokes. These jokes may prove invaluable, as witness this one:

"Advice to the thin:
Don't eat fast!
Advice to the fat:
Don't eat, fast!"

We also have the following sad, sad story:

"The night was growing old
As she trudged through the snow and sleet;
Her nose was long and cold,
And her shoes were full of feet."

And have you noticed how much brighter than people machinery is getting to be?

ESCAPE, 1950 VERSION

If the noise in your hall gets too much for you, or more specifically, if third Jones gets you down, it's necessary to go 209 steps; only 177 steps will take you away from the voice majors of second Vann. It takes a little more effort—281 steps—to get away from all the gaiety on third Stringfield.

Get away to where? Why, the library of course—the place where you go to avoid the noisy roommate when there's a big test the next day; the place that's chock-full of those interesting books which are carefully devoured for collateral—where you can always be found when that long distance phone call comes through, or when a term paper is due the following week.

Besides serving these and other social and academic purposes, the Meredith library holds other attractions. No, not the men who occasionally drop in. The primary purpose of a library is to provide books, remember? Did you know that our library contains lots of the latest novels and non-fiction which can be taken out for only a slight fee?

So you don't have the time to read the newest books? A teacher once told me that the more you have to do, the more free time you will have to do such things. We're still trying to figure out that one.

But let's get back to the library. Have you ever noticed the exhibits by the door leading back to the stacks? Stop and look it over the next time you're in the library. It's more interesting than you might imagine.

Are you wasting money on magazines? Believe it or not, all those magazines can be found in the library. Look at the selection in the periodical room soon—no charge for the reading.

In a borrowed book we found a note scrawled in the margin of a page, saying that a feature should have a happy ending. In this case, the happy result can be a visit for strictly pleasure and enjoyment to the second floor of Johnson Hall. It's not too many steps, no matter where you live!

CAROLYN'S CORNER



(With apologies to Eugene Field)
The anxious girl and the boy from State,
Side by side in the parlor sat;
'Twas half-past ten and (what do you know!)

Nor one nor t'other was ready to go!
The gold-framed mirror and the piano bench

Appeared to know—it was a cinch—
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(I wasn't there; I'll simply clinch
What was told to me by the piano bench!)

The boy from State asked, "Some'p'ns wrong, now?"

Under her breath the girl said, "And how!"

The air was littered a minute or so,
With bits of words you wouldn't know.
While the gold-framed mirror against the wall

Turned with its face out toward the hall,

For it always dreaded a parlor row!
(Never mind; I'm only telling you
What the gold-framed mirror declares is true!)

The piano bench looked very broken
And wailed, "Oh dear! What words are spoken."

But the anxious girl and the boy from State

Declared that this was their last date,

Employing every name and word
In the awfulest way you ever heard—
It's true! Honest-to-goodness I'm not jokin'!

(Don't fancy these are merely hints—
I got my news from the piano bench!)

Soon then when it was ten-thirty nine
The parlor was quiet and all in line;
And some folks think unto this night
They had no reason for that fight!

But the truth about the matter lay

In this: he visited on a certain day
But didn't bring a Valentine!

(The gold-framed mirror has told me so,

And that is how I came to know.)

The S. M. U. Campus says: You can't kiss a girl unexpectedly. The nearest you can come to it is to kiss her sooner than expected.

The Iowa State Lantern reports that the last time one of the fraternities sent their curtains to the cleaners they received a letter from one of the fairer sex:

"Dear Sirs: May we suggest that you procure curtains for your windows. We do not care for a course in anatomy."

The boys immediately wrote back: "Dear Girls: The course is optional."

