

DICTATORSHIP OR DEMOCRACY

A surer sign of spring than the first robin on the campus is the beginning of the weekly meetings of a group called simply the "Nominating Committee," whose work will make itself known in subsequent weeks by the presentation of many candidates for the various offices which must be filled. Just who are the students who serve on this committee, you may ask, and why cannot nominations for these offices be made in open meetings of the student body without such long deliberation?

The answers to these questions are as simple as they are democratic: the students working on this committee, whose chairman is the college chief counsellor, are the major officers who must choose and consider with care those who must fill their positions adequately next fall. Included in this consideration are the names of all students who are felt, after due deliberation, to be qualified for the office, both in character, leadership, and previous experience.

"Dictators," you may think at first, "who are naming their successors and leaving out others who deserve to run for office." This accusation which, to do credit to the campus, is seldom heard, falls rather flat when you realize that in each organization there are surprisingly few students whose work and qualities of leadership justify nomination for office. The committee must therefore sift names to find even two candidates to run for each major office. The choice in each case is then left up to the vote of the student body as a whole.

An explanation at this point is due the freshman, whose ballots count as only half-votes; this lowering of vote value is not a reflection on your voting intelligence, but a recognition of the fact that having been on the campus only a little more than one semester, you have neither participated in extra-curricular work nor have known other students as long as the sophomores or upperclassmen have.

"But," you may still argue, "wouldn't it be easier to discuss the merits of the various nominations in student body meetings, rather than to restrict discussion to a chosen committee?" Having to consider all sides of every possible question in an open meeting would not only be time-consuming but would also embarrass the candidate whose name is under consideration. Such a practice would in time lapse into a popularity contest between candidates whose previous experience would have little or no bearing on the voting.

The work of the Nominating Committee on the campus, then, is a sincere effort to present the best two candidates for the students to elect to each office to be filled by popular vote; if in any case students feel that a candidate worthy of office has not been nominated, student petitions may be filed. In most cases, however, the major officers who work on the committee are well aware of the merits and value of every member in their respective organizations, and make their nominations accordingly.

N. W.

A CONTINUED GROWTH

Two weeks ago last Thursday, many people think our committee began its work. In a way they are correct if they consider that work begins when a committee meets, for not once during that significant week did the five of us get together in an official capacity. Nevertheless those "many people" mentioned above are wrong—for we were hard at work from February 19-22.

One cannot look back over that week without considering the capable "undercover work" done by Sally Massey and her large committee. Everybody appreciated the special music by the choir and Miss Donley which helped so much in creating a worshipful atmosphere for the services. There were many others—too numerous to name—without whose help the week would have been less effective. Dr. Adams himself was, of course, the most outstanding contributor. Those who heard and responded to him must have felt that here was a dynamic Christian personality well worth knowing. This fact was evidenced by the large number who came to him for personal conferences and who left these conferences with a clearer understanding of the applica-

Letters to the Editor

"CLOSED MINDS"

I wonder . . . are Meredith students merely a group of "philistines," resisting all attempts to broaden our scope, to increase our cultural experience, and to enliven our intellectual curiosity? Are we in college to defy advancement along these lines? It seems to me that a student attending college merely to sit in class is wasting her time and her parent's money. A college education consists of class work, to be sure, but it also consists of supplementary interest of college calibre. Without this supplementing, our college career is a miserable failure. We do not have a college education. That degree is utterly void of meaning, and we have proved ourselves inadequate. The mind of a college student should be curious, searching, grasping. If it's not, then that mind is fraudulent—a mere pretense.

In high school, the student in many cases, concentrates on having fun and doing the least amount of work possible. After high school we are faced with a decision—one pertaining to the continuance of our academic education or the ending of it. The fact that we elect to go to college is proof that we are interested in education and that we, of our own volition, desire to develop our minds. If this is not true of every student at Meredith, it should be. It follows then, that every opportunity offered towards this desired development should be snatched up and assimilated.

Why, then, are campus groups, endeavoring to bring something of real worth to the students, openly refuted? Why are the members of these groups reduced to begging and imploring their fellow students to attend? Why are the minds of our student body closed—shut tight against anything and everything of cultural or intellectual benefit? I'd like to know why. I'd like to know if Meredith is composed of college students or misplaced high school girls who have no idea why or for what purpose they are attending college.

Diane Newton.

tion of Christian principles to their own problems.

In case some people might not have understood why Religious Emphasis Week was so short this year, perhaps an explanation is in order. Arrangements had to be made for getting a certain speaker far in advance; unfortunately, many unforeseen things can come up at the last minute in such a situation. Dr. Adams found only a few days beforehand that he would not be able to give us a full week. Anyone who knows the large programs which the man carries on in Richmond knows that unexpected events could easily occur which would demand his attention. Thus the week, slow in getting started, seemed to end rather quickly.

Beginning Tuesday morning, Mrs. Ream, faculty adviser, and the five girls composing this committee whose task it was to analyze the program as it progressed, took out their little notebooks and started working. Interested in considering which parts of the program should be continued or modified in later Emphasis Weeks, we criticized the mechanics, the values received, the degree of the accomplishment of the purpose, etc. With the help of Sally and her "committee," we came to some conclusions with suggestions for next year. Perhaps the most obvious one was the better spacing of the hymns for the services.

Another aim of the committee was to decide on some methods by which we could continue the theme "Understanding the Christian Faith" throughout the rest of our school years. Out of the suggestions which we have received came one which we have already begun working on. It was that we obtain books from the Baptist Book Store once or twice during the semester on religious themes. These books would help acquaint us with books, writers, and thoughts in the field of religion.

The real responsibility for "continuations" lies with the individual student who should continue to think about and grow in an "understanding of the Christian faith."

—Carolyn Massey

Day Doins'

By DOTTIE

Though strange to relate, it might be possible that there are some non-conformists in our fair community who are provoked to mind insanity everytime they turn on their radios to hear some news, a little good music, or some just plain jazz, only to hear the ominous hum of the gathered crowd and a sports announcer describing in vastly dramatic tones how some near-sighted basketball player has made a basket with one of the opposing team's heads. While there is no doubt that a large segment of our population listens to these accounts, (all well and good) at the same time it is hard to imagine why they need the simultaneous descriptions or perhaps it gives the game a three-dimensional quality. Somebody ought to pass a law.

Oh yes, today's complaint reminds us that several people got to see some of the Southern Conference games, notably Kitty Pool, Mary Whisnant, Lucy Staton, and Joanna Wilson.

Last week's beautiful weather gave several of our members spring fever, a strange phenomenon producing marathon walks to town in the nice spring air, lively bouts at jumping rope, and several vigorous games of indoor hopscotch, ultimately terminating in sore muscles, aches and pains. Several of the d. s. girls have formed an intermural hopscotch tournament. It is understood that one has to "jump around pretty good" to produce any threat of rivalry for our competing champions—so one of them declared as she fell in a heap.

It would seem that approximately "4/3" of our d. s. population is doing student teaching; Mrs. Taylor, Marilyn Rosser, Becky Stevens, Cora Lee Sawyer, Betsy Miles, Anne Marie Morton, Joanna Wilson, Eleanor Cothran, and Macklyn Humphrey. This situation has changed topics of conversation from "My Last Date," and "How Can I Do This Homework" to "Undone Lesson Plans," "Day by Day Descriptions of Reading Groups," and "You Should Have Seen My Little Willie When He Crossed His Eyes and waved His Hands in My Face!"

It comes to our attention also that the Mrs. Club had "a time" at their valentine social. Barbara Horner, Marilyn Rosser, "T" Childress, Alice Champion, and Helen Norwood, all with husbands, were among those present. The club serves not only as a point of exchange for hints on how to combine housework and homework, but also as a social organization. Orchids to them.

Well, I must go find my piece of glass, as the hopscotch tournament is about to begin.

See you again, Dottie

HERE AND THERE
In Other Papers

By PHYLLIS NOTTINGHAM

With spring just around the corner, and, on some days, running in the other direction, other colleges in the state are also busy with spring elections. "The Daily Tar Heel" has been breaking into a rash of headlines recently over the disqualifying of most of the candidates nominated for campus offices in Chapel Hill, because of an academic requirement clause of their new elections law which demands a "C" average during the last three quarters of work.

Constitutional arguments are hot over the question, so all Meredith students, whose eligibility by a "C" average is an old tradition as a requirement for office, are duly warned not to chuckle over the naive attitude of Carolina students. Carolina will reach the liberal rules of Meredith in due time.

Down at Clemson the cadets have held an election to find out the favorite school—girls' school, that is—of the student body. Limestone led in popularity, with Winthrop, Coker, and Miami trailing in that order. Six votes were also received for Citadel—a significant trend of opinion, no doubt.

And, from the "Appalacian," Employer: Yes, I advertised for a good strong boy. Think you can fill the bill? Applicant: Well, I just finished whipping the nineteen other applicants outside the door.

Barney's
Blarney



Spring is here! The sportcasters have quit worrying about basketball and concentrate on which southpaw rookie is going to be striking out what veteran outfielder. The fashion editor is gushing that "Milady will be wearing frivolous veils and flowers in shades of blushing bridal pink to luscious sophisticated royal purple." (That's a description of a "hat".) Little boys forget Hopalong Cassidy for Buck Rogers, as their kites swirl higher and higher.

But one doesn't need these "signs of spring" at Meredith. Like an epidemic has struck, ordinary, sensible girls become wistful bundles of energy who don't want to do anything remotely constructive. Slow walks to the gate in the lingering twilight take the place of after-dinner gab-fests. The porches are crowded every night with boys waiting for their dates rather than just on week-ends. The sun decks began to blossom with optimists anxiously looking for sun rays. Blondes get blonder, and brunettes get light streaks—sun comes in bottles now.

Dignified seniors forget their troubles and skip along as gay as the little girls that they student teach. Sneak into a room, and one is likely to catch the occupant trying on last year's bathing suit to find out how much she can eat for supper. No one wants to wear that "old" suit that she got for Christmas another time. Fashion magazines become the most popular magazines on the hall if bridal magazines aren't counted.

On days like this, someone should tell those people in the library that it isn't doing them a bit of good to sit and look at pages when their brain is filled with the world outside. Don't stay there. Spring is here!



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