

Importance of the Honor Code

Did you ever happen to think of what Meredith would be like if we did not have the honor code? Or what kind of persons we would develop into if we had never heard of an honor system—at school or at home?

These matters and many others of the same sort were brought out vividly a few days ago when the student body signed the honor code after a week of talks on the subject of honor and many private discussions. We were brought face to face with the meaning of it and our responsibility towards it after signing.

Of course, signing a slip of paper doesn't mean that you haven't previously been following an honor code of your own. It is simply a rededication of a promise we had already made to ourselves whether we realized it or not. For most of us, it has been a way of living ever since we can remember. Certainly you were brought into contact with it when you entered Meredith as a freshman or as a transfer. It may have never entered your mind that a fellow student wasn't honest in his social and academic activities. Suppose the proctor system were in practice while tests and exams were taking place. Wouldn't you feel as though you were being treated like a child who couldn't be trusted? We would not only have the proctor system in our academic work but it would mean that it would carry over into our social lives. The places we went, and those we went with, would also have to be governed by someone else.

If each one of us has our own honor code—a code which we think is helping us to live a fuller, richer life, we do not need to sign anything because it is already there. We should be glad that Meredith has given us such a heritage.

This honor system really works! And it can continue to, if each girl will do her part towards making it.

J. L.

Significance of the Classroom

The loud jangling of the bell proclaims the 8:30 hour and in a very short time half the student body has trekked down the path to the classroom buildings and settled down for class. But are their minds really focused on the class discussion? In far too many instances they are not. The girl who sits with pencil in hand and eyes fastened on the face of the professor may be thinking about the topic under discussion but it's much more likely that it is thoughts of Bill or John, a big weekend or some other unrelated subject which claims her attention. She sits there bored stiff for fifty-five minutes simply because she won't let herself get interested in the class and she feels just a little guilty about those other thoughts.

The same difficulty is present in the preparation for these classes, homework. Of course, many students just don't bother with it. Their time is taken up with more important activities. There are club meetings, athletic practice, and dates which can easily fill in the hours left over from classes, if one allows them to do so. May I ask which, homework or activities, should properly be used to fill up the time? Then there are those whose consciences bother them if they completely neglect their homework. So they go through the process of preparing for each class. During the time they spend in this process one thought is foremost in their minds, "I've got to get through in a double hurry, so I can do something else. To read an assignment for the pleasure in it is almost unknown to most of us. We read it as quickly as we can so that we can say that we read it. Have you ever thought that some of those assignments might be interesting?"

Now let's put the blame on someone else, our teachers. Maybe the classes aren't interesting enough. One can't criticize an unoccupied mind for wandering. For instance, it is terribly hard to keep one's mind on a class in which the professor lectures for the full hour in the same sleep-inducing voice. A lively discussion is necessary to snatch the mind back from the forbidden thoughts of Bill or John. The same trouble is present in the homework problem. For



The Night Has A Thousand Eyes

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

In our world today it is very important that we as young women be interested in public affairs, particularly in those that pertain to our national and local governments. I think a very good way in which to become acquainted with these affairs is through our campus organization—the Student League of Women Voters. In this organization we strive to get a better understanding of the policies and practices of our national and local governments and also to gain insight into some current political problems. Through this organization one may become a more intelligent voter and a more enlightened citizen.

One of the projects of the Student League is sending a delegation and a bill to the North Carolina State Student Legislature. Perhaps many of you do not know about the North Carolina State Student Legislature. It is made up of student delegates from any college or junior college in North Carolina, and it convenes in Raleigh in the state capitol building each year for a three day session. The Student Legislature is modeled after the North Carolina General Assembly as to proceedings and law. Each college sends three delegates to the Senate, and the delegates in the House are determined according to the enrollment of the school. These delegates occupy the Senate and House chambers in the Capitol. From these representatives the officers of the Legislature are chosen. Each college may introduce a bill of state interest in the Legislature. These bills are discussed at great length and are then voted on. The bills that are passed are recommended to the North Carolina General Assembly for their consideration. The Legislature stirs up interest among the students that are interested in public affairs. Any student may attend the session of the Legislature and in doing so, I am sure, would become more familiar with the procedure that is used in our national and local government. It is of vital importance that we take advantage of this opportunity while we are in college. The women of our world today are no longer taking a back seat in affairs, but are entering into many activities.

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example, the assignment of excessive memory work is not conducive to eager preparation, because many students think it absolutely pointless since they forget it soon. If we think the trouble is in the teacher or her methods, why don't we make suggestions to her. Maybe she is at her wit's end to find some way of getting her passive students to come alive.

We the students need to examine the standard of values and maybe revise it a bit. Are we here primarily for a good time with the hope that we might absorb a little knowledge on the side, or are we here primarily to get knowledge and secondly to have as much fun on the side as we have time for after studies.

L. O.

Views From Other News

ONE FOR THE DICTIONARY

President Dale Gramby of Salem College opened the 1951 term with the definition of a college girl.

"Between the gawkiness of early adolescence and the dignity of full womanhood we find a delightful creature called the College Girl. She comes in assorted sizes, weights and ages, but all College Girls seem to have the same creed: To enjoy and profit from every second of every minute of every hour of the day; to delay doing classroom assignments and term papers; to anticipate mail and forthcoming week-ends; to engage in bull sessions.

"College Girls are found everywhere on the campus, and sometimes off—on the floor, on tables, under tables, up and down the steps, piling books here and there, walking on the grass and parked in automobiles.

"Mothers love them; younger brothers tolerate them; other girls envy them; college boys glorify them; Heaven protects them; and the faculty is divided on the matter.

"A College Girl is Truth with polish on its fingernails, Beauty adulterated only by blue jeans, Wisdom with a scarf around its head, and Hope-for-the-Future once a fraternity pin appears.

"A College Girl is a composite—she has the energy of a pocket-size atomic bomb, the irresponsibility of an overnight guest, the curiosity of a cat, the lungs of a dictator, the imagination of a Paul Bunyan, the gullibility of a yokel, the enthusiasm of an evangelist, the fault-finding of a taxpayer, the friendliness of a salesman and the ingenuity of an inventor."

The Maroon and Gold
Elon College.

A TEACHER'S CREED

Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow;
Slam it in, jam it in,
Still there's more to follow—
Hygiene and history,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry—
Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in—
What are teachers paid for?
Bang it in, slam it in—
What are children made for?
Ancient archaeology,
Aryan philology,
Prosody, zoology,
Physics, clinicology,
Calculus and mathematics,
Rhetoric and hydrostatics—
Hoax it in, coax it in,
Children's heads are hollow.

Rub it in, club it in,
All there is of learning;
Punch it in, crunch it in,
Quence their childish yearning
For the field and grassy nook,
Meadow green and rippling brook;
Drive such wicked thoughts afar,
Teach the children that they are
But machines to cram it in,
Bang it in, slam it in—
That their heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mould it in,
All that they can swallow;
Fold it in, hold it in,
Still there's more to follow.
Faces pinched, sad and pale,
Tell the same undying tale—
Tell of moments robbed from sleep,
Meals untasted, studies deep;
Those who've passed the furnace
through,
With aching brow will tell to you
How the teacher crammed it in,
Rammed it in, punched it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed it in, carressed it in,
Rapped it in, and slapped it in,
When their heads were hollow.

Anonymous.

Fooling Phyllis

Well, Rush Week is over—whew! But golly, wasn't it fun? Congratulations Smitty and you Phis! Both societies did great jobs and are proud of their new girls.

I guess the time has now come for all good men to come to the aid of their country. Does that seem irrelevant to the Meredith curriculum? Well—look again and change a few words. Now is the time for all good angels to come to the aid of the numerous tests we are now having. Sound familiar now? And does this? What was it that discovered America? Shakespeare? No, Chaucer via his pilgrimage to Canterbury—no, it must have been—well, I can't help it if I don't know. Why can't there be tests on bridge or canasta, or the latest shows? Boy, then I could tell my folks I learned something! Wouldn't it be wonderful if that system known as the testing one had never been invented? What a life—and especially with everything going on now.

By the way, have you been to the State Fair? There's absolutely nothing like it! Teddy bears, dirt, rides, dirt, shows, dirt, and more dirt. It sho' is fun, though.

Say, there's an awful lot of hillbilly music and loud calling going on. Oh, yes, the Corn Huskin' Bee is not far off. So swing your "padner" and call those hogs—ah ha! Let's go!

And last, but not least, here is a contribution from one of the stronger sex.

"I think that I shall never see
A girl refuse a meal that's free;
A girl with hungry eyes not fixed
Upon a cake that's being mixed;
A girl who doesn't like to wear
A lot of junk to match her hair;
But girls are loved by guys like me
'Cause doggone if I will kiss a tree."



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