

MISS LATTIE RHODES

For the past two and one-half weeks, someone has definitely been missed at Meredith. She is Miss Lattie Rhodes, who for thirty-one years has served as Dr. Carlyle Campbell's secretary and as one of Meredith's finest friends.

Since her sudden illness, it has been strange not to see the neat little lady with the graying hair and sparkling eyes bending over her flower garden, experimenting with some new delicacy in the kitchen, or typing busily in the president's office.

The latest report on Miss Rhodes is that of her "decided improvement." At the first of this week, she was transferred from Rex Hospital in Raleigh to the home of her sister, Mrs. W. T. Crump, in Scotland County near Wagram.

Well-loved by both students and the administration, Miss Rhodes has long personified Meredith's spirit of helpfulness and friendliness. Certainly no one has been more interested in the general college activity than has Miss Rhodes. Her "other love" is her church work. For many years, she was superintendent of the intermediate department at Tabernacle Baptist church, later becoming a charter member of Forest Hills Church, where she has held various offices. Before coming to Meredith, Miss Rhodes was on the administration staffs of Coker college in Hartsville, S. C., and Judson college in Marion, Ala.

Each member of the college family sends her heartfelt wishes for a speedy recovery to you, Miss Rhodes, for "no one can type faster, cook tastier waffles, or cultivate prettier African violets than you."

EVERY GOOD AND PERFECT GIFT

"Every good and perfect gift is from above and cometh down from the Father."

There was a sunset the other day. It was scattered over the glowing sky with splendid colorings. There was the music of rain, the dew like glittering gems on slender blades of grass, the sound of wind singing in the pines, and glorious autumn days when every tree was dressed triumphantly. There were stars "blossoming in the infinite meadows of

Heaven." They came from the Father. Did we think Him for them?

There was a talent the other day. Perhaps it was reflected while one sat at the piano or pulled a bow across the strings of a violin to create beautiful music. Perhaps it was the talent of making people happy, of building a home, or of speaking words of faith and love. But whatever the gift, it came from the Father. Did we pause to thank Him for it?

There was a Book the other day. It contained wonderful words of life. The lines seemed sealed with the hand of God, for it told men how to live. Its truths gave Light and that Light brightened the pathway of Life. It came as a guide from the Father. Have we thanked Him for it?

There was a place the other day—the place of prayer when "Heaven's matchless power, responsive moved to our insistent plea." It came as a beautiful gift from the Father. Did we thank Him for it?

Yes, there were so many things the other day—a mother's love, a father's selflessness, a baby's precious sweetness, churches lifting their spire as if to point men up to God. There was the Christ, the unspeakable Gift from the Father who so loved the world that He gave the world a Way to follow, a Truth to know, a life to live. Have we thanked God for Him?

Miss Janet Robinson,
Bible Instructor, Central
High School, Charlotte, N. C.

PSALM 100

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing.
Know ye that the Lord He is God; it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are His people, and the sheep of His pasture.
Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise; be thankful unto Him and bless His name.
For the Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting; and His truth endureth to all generations.

COMMUTERS' LINK

Maybe It's The One They're Looking For—

Thanksgiving's with us again, so hand us the hatchet and bring out the bicarb; or, in the case of us day girls should we say, "drag out the dish towel and roll out the vacuum cleaner," cause our mamas always decide to do spring or fall or winter house cleaning, as the case may be, when we have our holidays.

You boarding students are lucky; when you return home after a half semester's hard plugging, families are overjoyed to see you and never think of requesting chores; but when we go home announcing, "Hey, I'm home for the holidays!" we are greeted with, "Oh, it's you, again, and just in time to cook dinner, and when you finish that you can—etc., etc., etc." Seriously, we all have a great deal to be thankful for; the pleasant, playful gripping we are light-hearted enough to do not being the least.

Our number is not daunted by thoughts of impending slavery. We are still the social butterflies, what with the round of parties, football games and the like. A new twist to the social event has come into our midst, former day students who are working and living in various parts of the state have been staging week end entertainments for those of us who still remain to do battle.

This week's ten-dollars-worth-of-good-advise part of our column is dedicated to college fashions and to those of us who have long been troubled about what to wear. While thumbing through a fashion magazine called "Clabber" or "Clutter" or "Goiter" or something of the sort, our attention was called to the fact that the college girl often has a hard time choosing suitable clothes for various functions from her wardrobe. Well, except for the freshmen who have new clothes, this problem is nothing. One simply has a M.W.F. dress and a

Views From Other News

LINES TO A DAUGHTER

One of the things you really should know
Is when to say "yes," and when to say "no."
There aren't any textbooks; there aren't many rules;
The subject's neglected in orthodox schools.
You can't be consistent; there's often a reason
For changing your mind with a change in the season.
You may be quite right in accepting at seven
Suggestions you'd better refuse at eleven.
Say "yes" to the bashful young man at the dance,
"No" to the man who's been living in France,
"Yes" to a walk in the park in the rain,
"Yes" if he asks for a chance to explain,
"No" to all slacks unless you're thin,
"No" to that impulse to telephone him,
"Yes" to a baby, and "No" to a bore,
"No" if you're asked if you've heard it before.
"Yes" to a Saturday, "No" to a Monday,
"Yes" to a salad, "No" to a sundae,
"No" if he's misunderstood by his wife,
"Yes" if you want it the rest of your life.
Remember, my darling, careers and carresses
Depend on our choices of "noes" and of "yesses."

"The Tattler"

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

Today in America, Thanksgiving does not seem to have the meaning it once had. We seem to have drifted away from the true meaning of Thanksgiving. It could mean only this to us—a holiday and a visit home to see the family. Or it may mean a few days without classes, a football game, or a turkey dinner with all the trimmings. Do we really remember why we celebrate Thanksgiving?

The pilgrims and the Indians were the first to celebrate Thanksgiving here in America. For them, it was a day in which they could offer praises to God for all the bountiful blessings He had given during the year. They did not have too much clothing and food, but they were thankful.

We have so much to be grateful for here in America. We, as students, should offer our heartfelt thanks for the privilege of coming to school, for our families who are sending us, and for the many things that are often taken for granted. Let us in our hearts remember what Thanksgiving really means. May we say with the Psalmist, "Let us come before His presence with Thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with praises."

Sincerely,
Susan Ratliff

T.T.S. dress and considers herself well dressed—or dressed, shall we say. Someone, however, pointed out once that by wearing M.W.F. dress, and T.T.S. dress on W. and T., one could seemingly have a large wardrobe, as far as people in M. and T. classes were concerned—This will not work if the same people are in both classes.

Before, we, in our confusion, discover a new atomic formula, let's discuss the perfect dress for class—something bag-like and bulky with a hood so we can hibernate when cold, color-black for wiping up ink stains and for sinking into obscurity in when called on to recite, and equipped with large pockets for books, Kleenex, Balogna sandwiches and the like.

"Timely Tip," never wear bright colors to class. You will be called on more. One girl of our acquaintance wore a screaming pink sweater to class one day and recited seven times; whereas, in her "old black thing" she was able to dream the hour away.

It is easy to remake clothes so that no one can recognize them—take that black blouse with the thread-bare

Fooling Phyllis

Ah—vacation time has at last rolled around. Didn't it seem as though today would never get here? Golly, I can just smell the turkey cooking now. Won't it be good to get home away from all the work to just eat and sleep until our big hearts are content? Um-m-m. But wonder how long it will take us to get homesick for Meredith again? I'll let you in on a little secret—it won't take too long a time for me to be wishing I were right back here—strange?

In rambling through some old papers I ran across this and thought I might pass it on to you gals.

"MEN"

(With apologies to Shakespeare)

Men are what women marry.
They have two hands, two feet,
And sometimes two wives, but
Never more than one idea and
One collar button all the time.

Making a husband out of a man
Is the highest plastic art known
To civilization. It requires science,
Sculpture, common sense, faith,
Hope and charity.

If you flatter a man, you scare
Him to death. If you let
Him make love to you, he tires
Of you in the end;
And if you don't, he tires of
You in the beginning.

If you believe everything
He says, you soon cease to
Interest him, and if you argue
With him in everything, you
Soon cease to charm him. If
You believe what he tells you,
He thinks you're crazy, and
If you don't, he thinks you're
A cynic.

If you wear gay colors, rouge
And startling hats, he hesitates
To take you out; and if you
Wear a little brown suit, he
Takes you out and stares at
Women in gay clothes, rouge
And a startling hat.

If you are the clinging vine
Type, he doubts whether you
Have a brain, and if you are a
Modern advanced and
Independent woman, he doubts
Whether you have a heart.

If you are silly, he
Longs for a mate, and if
You are brilliant, he longs for a play-
mate. If you
Are popular with other men,
He is jealous, and if you
Are not, he is afraid to marry
A wall-flower.

THANKSGIVING DAY

We give Thee thanks, O Lord!
Not for the armed legions, marching in
their might,
Not for the glory of the well-earned
fight

Where brave men slay their brothers
also brave;
But for the missions of Thy sons who
work—
And do Thy ask with joy, —and never
shirk,
And deem the idle man a burdened
slave:
For Thee, O Lord, Our Thanks!

We give Thee thanks, O Lord!
Not for the palaces that wealth has
grown
Where ease is worshipped—duty dimly
known,
And pleasure leads her dance the
flowery way;
But for the quiet homes where love is
queen
And life is more than baubles, touched
and seen,
And old folks bless us, and dear children
play;
For these, O Lord, our thanks!

Robert Bridges

front and the pleated sleeves, who would
ever know that it was once "old reliable"
black pleated skirt, reversed?

See you again,
Dottie.



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