

PRACTICE GOOD MANNERS

"Your manners are always under examination. . . ."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

"Like all manners, table manners should not be put on and taken off from day to day. They must be an inherent part of the whole man, an expression of his whole personality, an indication of the kind of man he is."—Vogue's *Book of Etiquette*.

It seems that all the talk about (and emphasis on) manners, especially those at the table during Social Emphasis Week, didn't penetrate. Many students still show that they could stand some further improvement. This necessity for a continued drilling on table manners has been brought out into the open by the visits of the faculty members to the student tables. Embarrassment on the part of guest and hostesses has been apparent in incidents where a few at the table didn't know the do's and don'ts of proper etiquette.

Apparently, the only way to achieve good manners is to cultivate them, and, as the quoted material says, they can't be put on and off at will. Our college dining hall is as much a training point on campus as the actual classroom, if used as such. Observe those who seem to have perfect manners; read rules on proper etiquette; and practice what you learn, for "Manners are the happy ways of doing things."—EMERSON.

CAMPUS LEADERSHIP

It takes a lot of responsibility to be a leader. It takes even more to be a follower. The government runs the country; the people make a nation. The parent guides a house; the family makes a home. Even so, the Student Government directs student life, but the students make a college.

The first requirement of a good leader is that he be the servant of the people. If there exists a laxity in voting, a half-interest or total ignorance in the selection of candidates, or a strong tendency to be influenced by political machinery, a weak government results. Weak leadership means no leadership, for the selfish desires of a select few, dishonest

corruption, and loss of power that can cripple the populace, results. Strong leadership is proof that all followers are working together as small, individual units to create an overall pattern of unity. When an election is preceded by a serious study of the candidates, a knowledge of the constitutional principles that govern an election, and the whole-hearted support of citizens conscious of the charge placed in their hands, a weak, tottering leadership could not possibly exist.

So it is true at Meredith. Few small church-affiliated colleges have as strong student government as there exists here. Student leaders make and enforce regulations and strengthen the college community. Because the students elect the leader, it is her responsibility to uphold the trust placed in her by her student followers.

Without the leadership that is practiced today in all phases of college life, the Meredith campus would be in complete chaos. There would be no honor system. Honor would have free reign, or would be placed within the watchful eye of the administration. There would be no Student Government. Students themselves would have little voice in the government of their college community. There would be no organized sportsmanship, such as is practiced by our present Athletic Association. There would be no orderly halls, no publications, no social regulations, and no campus-wide religious program.

The future of our present orderly system lies in the hands of average Miss Meredith. She has met her responsibility admirably by electing such competent leaders as Janet Stallings, Pat Smathers, and Bess Francis to fill the three major offices on the campus—the presidency of the Baptist Student Union, Student Government and Athletic Association. She has placed her confidence in their sincere effort to keep the campus running as smoothly and effectively as it has in previous years. We are proud that she thought seriously of the responsibilities required of these officers to choose the calibre of leadership that she did last week.

More elections lie ahead. More leadership is needed. And, what is more important, more responsibility is being placed on the average student. In her hand lies the success or failure of her college system. It takes the vote of all to obtain the desired result.

COMMUTERS' LINK

As I blindly staggered toward D. S. No. 2 last Monday morning, a strange noise stimulated my ears and finally registered in the proper place in my brain. Music, the good jazzy kind! It couldn't be. The Day Students are quite talented in the arts; of course the uke being the outstanding accomplishment, but this sounded like an orchestra of the best sort. All of a sudden I realized with a chuckle the reason for so many "flunks" last semester; those little "dickens" had been spending their nights taking music lessons, and now were ready for a full fledged concert. Not being entirely satisfied with my rationalization, however, I opened the door. You have to open it anyway to get in, you know, although it has been tried the other way.

Through the smoky haze I detected a group of my fellows huddled around some object yet unknown to me. If they are responsible for the music, they certainly are a tight compact clump, I thought. I boldly pushed my way through the assembly, and there in the middle was non other than a radio. "It plays?" I asked, for I had seen newer models. At the same time tears of gratefulness flowed from my eyes and seeped down my cheeks. It played; it was ours to have and to hold 'til death do us part. The odds seemed a bit unfair as far as the radio was concerned. Ah, yes, emotions ran high and tense at that moment, and we were so stirred that we gathered in a circle and sang two choruses of "Rah, Rah, Rah, It's Meredith For Me," at the end maintaining a moment of silence.

Oh, boy! no more studying, no more bridge (I immediately regretted these last words for I was forthwith pinned against the wall by one stronger than I with an "ace of spades glare" in her eye), no more nuthin' except listening to my favorite programs, "Mr. Trace, Keener than Most," "Pa Smerkins," and best of all, "Truly My Romance." My mad brain twirled and whirled. Yes, I would even cut classes to be loyal! I laughed fiendishly as I thought of what the school was unknowingly doing to its academic schedule.

A knock interrupted my contemplations. Deathly silence fell. It always falls when some one knocks on the door for we know that an alien is without the portal. It was alien all right, someone from some place called the library. We had seen only one other person before from the library; a senior day student who was told she could graduate if she could tell the color of the walls. She didn't make it however, because they painted them a different color before she reported back, the tricky scoundrels!

The noise of our rejoicing was disturbing the student in the library. We immediately told her we didn't mean to disturb the student, and showed her our new radio. She said, "That's

Fooling Phyllis

With Palio just around the corner, I imagine that all four classes are bustling about to see if they can't get that final touch to make their class the winner. Good luck to each class and may the best group win!

However, in spite of all our rushing, each of us ought to take time out to consider this campus' biggest problem—the dining hall conduct. I don't think any of us would be proud for our mothers to eat with us amidst all the loudness and terrible manners. Certainly, I am as guilty as the next person, but I would like to see a lot of reform made. Don't think for one moment that I am in favor of a silent meal, or a stiff one, but I would like to see us improve so that we may be seen as we would like others to see us—not as others see us now.

Now that my preaching is over, let's turn to a brighter side of campus life. And with all due respect, I dedicate this poem to all the roommates on our campus.

Who always borrows, never lends?
Your roommate.
Who brings about her low-brow friends?
Your roommate.
Who breaks the furniture and the lamps?
Who uses all the postage stamps?
Who corresponds with movie vamps?
Your roommate.
But who's a constant pal to you?
Who overlooks the things you do?
Who knows and loves you through and through?
Your mother.

And to you student teachers, here are some boners that I picked up. Have you gotten any like them? "Three results of the battle of Saratoga in the Revolutionary War are that some were killed, some were wounded, and some weren't hurt at all."

"A woman's brain weighs almost as much as the human brain."

"Beowulf was the mother of Uncle Remus and another Roman boy whose name I don't remember."

"A gargoyle is something you swallow when you have a sore throat."

Praise be! But they are not half so bad as the definition I heard a member of the opposite sex say about women. He said:

"Girls are like newspapers—they are worth looking over, but back numbers are no longer in demand."

Aren't we women always getting slammed from the would-be humorists?

nice, but I've seen one before." We were sorry that we had not something more startling, but most of them graduated last year. Things have settled down a bit now, but we still look reverently now and then over our bridge hands at our new find.

Charlotte Taylor.



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Since 1921 the institution has been a member of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. The college holds membership in the Association of American Colleges and the North Carolina College Conference. Graduates of Meredith College are eligible for membership in the American Association of University Women. The institution is a liberal arts member of the National Association of Schools of Music.

Views From Other News

THIS, TOO, IS GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP

"The good sport of the athletic field is easily recognized. We enthusiastically applaud her fairness, her generosity and her ability to be a good loser or a gracious winner.

"On the campus, honesty in scholastic effort, whether in preparation of work or in examination; subscribing to the mores and regulations of the college, with sincerity and forthrightness; this, too, is good sportsmanship. Cheating in a game is looked upon with disgust. Is it sometimes condoned in the classroom? The rules of the game protect and free the player.

"The dormitory is essentially a group working and living together; a team co-operating for the good of the whole. The girl who respects the needs and rights of another to study without disturbance; the girl who is thoughtful in her use of the radio, the girl who is considerate in regard to borrowing—she asks permission first, returns the article promptly, and in good condition—she also, is a good sport.

"To take an active part in student government, to co-operate with student leaders, to respect the democratic choice of an opponent for dormitory or college office—acceptance of the decision gracefully, and without rancor—this, too, is good sportsmanship.

"Opportunities for sportsmanship—good or bad—are ever present, on the campus, at home and in the community, as well as on the athletic field. Let us try by relating and comparing experiences, to work for better sportsmanship everywhere. Let us recognize and applaud good sportsmanship wherever we find it.—*Sportlight*.

Student Survey Reveals Music Shows are Radio Favorites

By LORETTE OGLESBY

When Meredith College students were asked what radio programs they listened to, in a recent survey, it was found that almost 100 per cent listen to "Our Best To You" over WPTF, at 11:05 p.m. every night. They like Jimmy Capp's program because it offers good music in variety, because it features requests through which they can keep tab on their friends, and because it comes at the most suitable hour of the day.

Although mysteries, on the other hand, are most detrimental to the preparation of any assignment, many girls listed them as their favorite programs. Some of those mentioned are "Counter Spy," "Mr. District Attorney," "This is Your FBI," and "Richard Diamond."

As for the news broadcast, a comparatively small percentage of girls listed it among the programs which they listened to regularly. When they do hear the news, it's usually the eleven o'clock news. Very few girls get the early morning broadcast.

Ball games are relatively popular with the girls, but they'd much rather see a game. For games, many girls tune in, only for the last few minutes because, like mysteries, games aren't very conducive to study.

A relatively small percentage of girls like to hear "My True Story." Even a smaller per cent make an effort to hear "Lone Ranger," "Ma Perkins," and continued stories.

Most girls enjoy "Theater Guild," "Hollywood Theater," and "Mr. President," but few listed them as programs to which they listen regularly.

Many girls who have no particular favorites among the radio programs say that they often turn their radios on, with no attention to station or time, and listen to whatever happens to be on the air. Girls who have favorite programs also do this, as can be evidenced by the loud voices of disc jockeys and the beat of popular tunes which greet one on any hall, in any dormitory on the campus.