

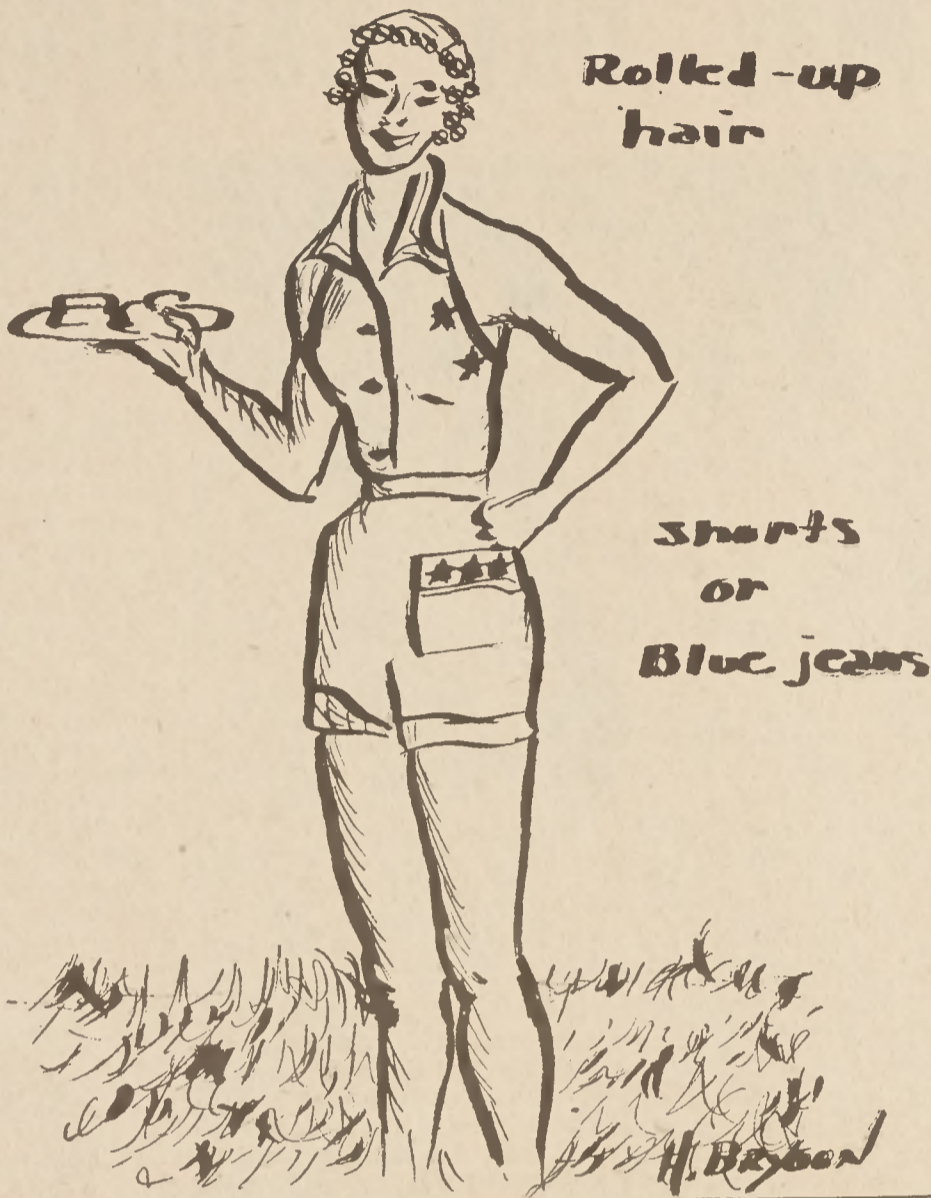
WHY INTEREST WEEK?

Vocational Interest Week. What is it? Of what value is it? Just where does it fit into the life of the Meredith student? This week, brought to our campus filled with the thoughts of vital interest to many students presented by speakers well-informed in their respective fields, is one in which the choice of a vocation rises into the limelight. It emphasizes the question: What vocation will we choose? During this week we may discover some hidden interest heretofore unnoticed and unsung that will point out the way to a life-long vocation. In our lives we have drifted complacently along thinking, "Well, someday I'll decide what I want to be in life." But that someday never seems to arrive. We forget the sage statement: "What we are to be we are now becoming." The time for decision is rapidly nearing, and it is only through discussion of various jobs that we begin to understand them better. You say you think that you are interested in newspaper work. Only one trained in the thorough school of experience can point out the advantages and disadvantages of the work that lies behind those startling headlines. Or if you have always liked religious or social work or think you might like to teach music to eager young minds, the help given by one already employed in that field may prove invaluable. Of what value is vocational interest week? We hardly know, for returns do not appear immediately in tangible form. They may be shown weeks, months, or even years later when a former Meredith student says, "I really don't know why I chose this work. I think I first realized that I was interested in it one week at Meredith—Vocational Interest Week, I think it was. The speaker told us just what the work was, and I thought I would like to do it." Then the value is apparent. Learning what the occupational duties are, the job-openings, financial opportunities, the training required, and returns in the form of personal satisfaction and enjoyment, all of which help students in their all-important choice of a life's work—therein lies the value of Vocational Interest Week.

Leah Olive Scarborough.

What we hope ILB SCENE on the Meredith campus

time: supper, SAT. 5:30 P.M.
place: inside court
characters: students, faculty
plot: to eat picnic-style
outcome:



Bobbie's Banter

I assume that a good time was had by all who participated in Playday. From all reports I would say so, at any rate. In fact, I don't see why we don't have a work day, too. (All readers who are working on practice sets, term papers or unknowns—please put down your weapons!) What I mean to say is that I think it would be fun to take a half day off for campus fix-it day. We could start with our rooms. Maybe give a prize to the room with the greatest improvement. Should this plan take root, I'd like to suggest that a television set be the prize.

You may laugh at that, but here's something really funny, overheard in Shakespeare class. "I think something horrible should have happened to Iago. I mean, I know he died and went to Hell, but I think he should have had some horrible torture or something."

In a sociology class last week we were being told the difference between *status* and *role*. It seems that one's *role* decides whether they're the type person to pop bubble gum on the street or the type to pop it in the seclusion of their room. *Status* is determined by how much bubble gum one can buy with money or prestige.

I really can't resist passing one of Dr. Johnson's favorite anecdotes on to you. It seems she noticed an amusing artistic effort on a desk top. It was composed of a single tombstone at the head of a grave. On the stone were scratched the words—"Here I died—waiting for the bell to ring."

I think I'll end this noise except for saying that the Government would clear up a lot of debts if they'd only put a 20 per cent tax on the wages of sin.

LETTER TO STUDENTS

As long as there are no perfect people there will be no perfect school campus, newspaper, or group relationship. The TWIG, however, through the years has taken courageous stands which might influence and challenge its readers. Despite criticism and discouragement, our campus journalists have tried to analyze local situations and formulate ideas and opinions.

An elected campus editor is a democratic way of being assured that leadership represents the sentiments of the majority of the student body. As a member of that important student group this individual is placed in a position of responsibility and leadership.

She must assume the thankless job of recording campus activities for permanent reference, of striving to keep grammar and English fundamentals in accordance with Meredith standards, and of reworking materials slated for publication. She has the heart warming experience of working with co-operative staff members who will stop at nothing to see each issue become worthy of school pride.

The Meredith student body has already expressed an interest in a sound campus paper by electing a new editor who is capable of fulfilling the responsibility of the task and displaying the leadership which will be required of her.

With the backing of a dependable staff and an alert student body, Doris Perry can and will use the TWIG to spread "lux" in keeping with the best Meredith tradition.

J. R.

Ed. Note:

Editing a paper is no easy job, as Joan and I have discovered from one issue's experience. We need and welcome ideas and suggestions from you.

NEWS FROM OUR NEIGHBORS

Spring is bustin' out all over Meredith now—notice the tans, the cotton dresses, the plans for beach trips. Getting that tan is apt to be a problem, particularly for those who simply can't find time to lie out in the sun and those whose skins won't do anything but burn and peel. "The Belles" of Saint Mary's pictures spring thus:

- "Sunbath
- Neglected math;
- Legs oiled
- Blankets soiled.
- Idle chats
- Such cats!
- Peroxide
- Curls dyed.
- Bangs cut
- Tut, tut!
- Spring's sprung
- Fever's brung!"

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," and what does a young woman's fancy turn to? Why, men, just as in the other three seasons! But men—what are they? "The Belles" says

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 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.

To get serious for a moment, an idea for a session of private thought each

week has been advocated by Beverly Baylor of the *Daily Tar Heel*. An evaluation of the difficulties of putting the idea into practice are in the editorial, which follows:

ON RECAPITULATION

Every student should add a weekly afternoon of private thought to his extra-curriculum.

The main purpose of education is to teach people how to think.

From Monday until Friday, students are filled with a conglomerate of facts on various subjects. This fact-gathering process is valuable, but it does not stand alone. If we are not able to weave this objective matter into everyday situations for the purpose of formulating opinion and creating for ourselves some general philosophy, education's mission is lost.

Professors do not allow time for such assimilation. A lot of instructors are leaders of the Marathon Union and put their workers on a 12-hour day with overtime at night required.

Perhaps this general student-thinking strike could be remedied if union leaders would set aside one day a week for free assignment.

Everybody needs a catch-all day. We need time to do a little reading. We ought to be able to borrow a few hours from graduation requirements in order to plan and direct our lives.

The problem is this: Too many students are drowning in facts with no channels for an S.O.S. (Significance of Subjects).

Currently it's not the quality that counts. It's the points.

I close with this little thought from the *Bold Venture* — hope it never happens to you!

He walked her to the front door.
 She whispered with a sigh,
 "I'll be home tomorrow night."
 He answered, "So will I."



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The TWIG is the college newspaper of Meredith College, Raleigh, North Carolina, and as such is one of the three major publications of the institution—the other two being *The Acorn*, the literary magazine, and *The Oak Leaves*, the college annual. Meredith College is an accredited senior liberal arts college for women located in the capital city of North Carolina. It confers the Bachelor of Arts and the Bachelor of Music degrees. The college offers majors in twenty-one fields including music, art, business and home economics.

Since 1921 the institution has been a member of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. This 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.