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 Meredith College is an accredited senior liberal
 arts college for women located in the capital city
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 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 Sec-
 ondary Schools. The college holds membership in
 the Association of American Colleges and the
 North Carolina College Conference. Graduates of
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 the American Association of University Women.
 The institution is a liberal arts member of the
 National Association of Schools of Music.

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FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS

Did you know that Polio is getting worse in about the same proportion that March of Dimes research is getting better? While scientists this year were discovering that gamma globulin provides marked protection against paralytic polio, the disease claimed more than 50,000 victims.

Some of the statistics state that of every one hundred individuals stricken with polio, fifty recover completely, thirty recover with no disabling after effects, fourteen may be severely paralyzed, and six may die. But statistics are not cold when it is remembered that they reflect human suffering. The helpless child who is snatched from the company of his playmates and encased in an iron lung is no less a pitiful little figure when his number is multiplied by hundreds. When statistics indicate that at least 7,000 polio patients were at some time dependent upon iron lungs to sustain the breath of life during 1952, the extent of human needs becomes evident.

Through the March of Dimes, the desperate needs of the nation's polio victims were met with an efficiency that blunted the striking force of the epidemic. If there was more polio, there was also more help. The astronomical numbers that told the story of polio's heaviest attack told, at the same time, a tale of man's greatest effort to assist the stricken.

Never before did so many polio patients receive assistance from the March of Dimes in a single year. Polio made history in 1952. But so did the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

THE TWIG is only one means of increasing your awareness of the value of this campaign being conducted January 2-31. But through it we hope to gain your help in the winning of this war against the only epidemic disease still on the increase in America. May we count on your support?

J. L.

Letters . . .

Dear Editor,

When the student body outruled Palio last fall, there was much speculation as to what its successor would be. Although some people wanted a modification in the annual event, most people were ready for a change. Nearly everyone agreed at the time that something should take its place immediately.

With another whole semester looming before us, it seems as if we have ample time to begin planning another project. Taking a look at the calendar, however, we realize that four months pass very quickly. This student thought of an idea for a project that possibly could be used. She is passing it on to you for what it's worth. She is calling your attention to it with the hope that you, too, will write in suggestions to THE TWIG or bring before the AA board.

Recently in English sophomores have been reading the miracle and moral plays, products of the first English drama. Originally an outgrowth of the Catholic Church, the plays were incorporated by the Guilds, which presented them mainly to advertize their businesses. The plays, while based on a religious or moral purpose, contained human pathos and droll wit, often bordering on "slapstick." Every year English villagers looked forward to the "Festival"—the day when the Pageant Wagon rolled into town. The Guilds took pride in preparing for their Festival days, nailing together the Pageant Wagon with the main platform representing Earth and dwelling places for God and the Devil on top of the roof and beneath the floor, respectively. Everyone attended those plays on the village green where free entertainment was accepted by a welcome audience.

Now, here is the suggestion. Why couldn't we Meredith students dust off

our English literature books and consider putting on a miracle play in Raleigh? With perseverance and imagination, it shouldn't be too difficult a feat. The project, to succeed, would demand the co-operation of each class. Almost every individual interest and talent of Meredith students could be used. English and art majors together could map out the publicity. Speech and dramatic students could practice the colorful English brogue. Home economic majors could sew, while business majors could handle the financial end of it. And everybody could spare a Saturday afternoon with a paintbrush or hammer and work on the Pageant Wagon.

Then, we could find our own "village green" in one of Raleigh's beautiful parks, turn back the clock to early Renaissance times, and present our own "Festival."

Presenting the Pageant Wagon would have a two-fold purpose. First, it would be a different project for Meredith students—one that would unite the classes, promote college spirit, and give us a greater appreciation of our English heritage. Then, too, we would be adding our part to Raleigh culture. We attend so many of Raleigh's functions. Perhaps this could be our way of acknowledging the numerous invitations we received from Raleigh organizations that remember to include us in their cultural events.

At any rate, when spring comes, a Pageant Wagon, duplicating the original one as nearly as possible, could capture the enthusiasm of the Raleigh public, as well as be beneficial to ourselves. A miracle play cleverly presented would not be forgotten by any of us.

Sincerely,
A Student

NEWS FROM OUR NEIGHBORS

By LOUISE EDGE

Are you losing quality points for over-cutting class? If so, maybe you're in the same boat as students at Smith College, Massachusetts, where a recent poll showed that students had three reasons for cutting class—studying for exams, dull classes, and (for Saturday classes) out-of-town weekends. The poll also showed that sophomores do more class cutting than other students; 58 per cent of this class are out at least once a week. But don't be too consoled in finding others are cutting class, too, for as the *Sophian*, student newspaper at Smith, commented, "The reasons or excuses for missing class reveal neither maturity nor responsibility. The most frequent excuse, studying, shows, if not a poor value judgement, at least a lack of planning. The dull class routine is even more ridiculous."

Are you getting call downs for coming in late? Then what do you think of this idea from the *Idaho Argonaut* of the University of Idaho: "It seems a

completely ignorant rule to set a time for college women to be in. Why not give them a chance to show how mature they are? It isn't that co-eds want to stay out until the wee hours of the morning. They merely want to be treated like mature college women. Many girls have said they wouldn't stay out until the last minute if they knew they didn't have to be in." I guess the co-eds there have more reason to complain than we do, though, as they have to be in at 10:30 and are "watched over like inmates in an institution."

The *Sullins Reflector* of Sullins College gives an encouraging little thought in an article that says that a noted bacteriologist has reported that kissing is a harmless pastime. The bacteriologist, who made a study of the germs of the human lips, says that almost all the germs transferred by a kiss are the type that do not cause sickness, and that kissing is perfectly harmless, "irrespective of the frequency or how long the contact lasts."

When you get completely buried in books, cramming for exams, here's a little item that might brighten things up for you. Psychologists at Georgetown University say it may be possible in the future for students to study in sleep! All you'll need is a dormiphone—a record player with an automatic repeating mechanism which has a built-in loudspeaker, an under-pillow speaker, and an earpiece. The idea is that while you sleep the dormiphone repeats your lessons to you through the night, grinding it into your subconscious. Maybe they'll have this thing perfected before the next exams, girls!

Did you know . . . If you had started on January 1 in the year 1236 and spent ONE MILLION DOLLARS EVERY DAY of every year since that time, it would still take you until May 8, 1953, to spend as much money as the U. S. Government has collected in taxes since World War II ended.

Maroon and Gold—Elon College

Bobbye's Banter

Now is the time for all poor students to begin to get the d. t.'s With black-faced exams and complacent professors to stare you in the face, you have to take one of three alternatives: Lock yourself in the room and study furiously, give it all up as a hopeless cause, or pretend you're an "A" student and try to fool the examiner into thinking you're cool, calm, and collected.

The first choice gives you a feeling of "Well, at least I tried." The second is all right except for the fact that you face the same problem each year at exam time. The third is a good way to rid yourself of superfluous quality points. The best thing to do is go by your dusty, unused study schedule, and stop writing letters in class. That way you'll get on dean's list and won't have to worry as much hereafter. Of course, you can sit around and groan and worry about it, and then you won't have to worry about anything *except* the hereafter.

I know people who have a Student Rogues Gallery started. The first "exasperado" is captioned thusly:

Listless Lot's always inquiring
 Things prof. has just ceased expiring;
 And when she's not napping,
 She's irrelevantly yapping.
 Please tell her that Woolworth is hiring.

There also is smarty-pants Sue
 Who raises her hand at a "Boo."
 She expounds until dawn,
 While the rest of us yawn.
 If found, please return to the zoo.

And then there is dear nobby Nettie
 Whose noodle nods *yes*, ever ready.
 With her assenting nods
 Yeses measured by rods,
 To the prof. her consents are quite petty.

Also there is gad-about Gail
 (Class progress as slow as a snail)
 Her mind's other places
 With other peoples faces.
 If she graduates, all sing All Hail!

There are others in the "Rogues Gallery," but I'll save them for another time when my column is too short.

I discovered an amazing thing the other day. A guy named Webster has collected a lot of words together and gives meanings and a lot of other stuff about them. But I became really interested in a section in the back that tells the meanings of names. Here are a few:

Ann—grace
 Frances—free
 Carolyn—stony, virtuous
 Lucy—light
 Louise—famous
 Mary—bittersweet
 Virginia—pure
 Elizabeth—consecrated to God
 Penelope—a weaver (sure enough,
The Odyssey)

Then I browsed around in the book and discovered I'd been saying horrible things about people. I'd been saying what a *cute* boy I had dated, and ran across the word *cute* in the dictionary—and lo and behold, it's derived from *acute*, a word I usually associate with angles and appendicitis, and it means "dainty!" Don't anyone tell me I'm nice anymore, because *nice* means "demanding close discrimination." I was unwittingly accurate in saying a test I had was awful. It was indeed "awe-inspiring"—I was dumbfounded!

There is quite a rattle-brained Miss,
 Who said, "Enough of all this."
 With a fountain pen punk
 And a column of junk,
 To Doris she said, "Here, try this."