

Editorials

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

Classes again! Old students, isn't it wonderful (in a way) to be back? New students, isn't Meredith a good place to be? Even better than you expected, maybe. The beginning of another year! To say it's time for all of us to make new year's resolutions would be to make a rather trite statement. However, it actually is that time. When the new year comes around we'll be too far gone in the first semester's work to help ourselves by reform and the time till beginning of the second half of the year will be so long that the resolutions probably wouldn't last till then. Why not make them now?

May I suggest several possible ones for you? First, resolved to obey as many S. G. rules as possible. Aha—Wouldn't you know someone would mention rules. They're just a big nuisance so far as most of us are concerned. Even the latest arrival has been put to some inconvenience because she was afraid to break a rule. Of course, they're continually getting in one's way. And isn't it fun to go home with tales of misdemeanors behind the back of the S. G.? Sure is.

From another point of view though, Meredith is a good school as evidenced by the fact that we chose it, and we can make the whole set-up run more smoothly by keeping in line. Shall we?

Second, resolved to enter into campus activities. You don't really want us to spend more time on campus than is necessary for classes and a bit of studying. Yes, I do. There are so many wonderful activities going on. (sentimental senior). No, really, you can work for A.A. monogram points, work in B.S.U., take part in departmental clubs, help with Playhouse productions, etc.—all things you'll probably have only your four college years to enjoy. Oh, please do save some time to keep up relations with Carolina, Duke, Wake Forest, and State. We don't want to be anti-social. Just keep the campus and non-campus stuff balanced.

Third, and last, resolved to keep a decent academic record. One fact is well known—we are not all interested primarily in academic matters. That is as it should be. But for our own individual self respect, we'd hate to flunk out. Agreed? There's a big difference in the person who seeks endlessly for knowledge, merely for the sake of having it and the person who learns as a means toward an end, the living of a fuller life. The latter kind is the type person we all admire and would like to be like. Don't neglect the most important part of your college life. Thus ends the "sermon" of a senior.

PENNY-WISE AND POUND FOOLISH

A college education is one of the few things a person is willing to pay for and not get. In our money-conscious society, the bargain table is the most popular place in a store. Many inhabitants of the District of Columbia spend the night before Washington's birthday on F Street in order to buy a typewriter for ninety-nine cents, a television set for five dollars, or any of the other "give-aways" that the first customers may get on this day. All of us like to think that we are getting more than we are paying for, and all of us hate to think that we are getting less than our money's worth. Who is not outraged when he pays dearly for two pounds of meat, only to find, upon examination, that at least a pound of it is fat? Yet parents are willing to sacrifice their comfort to send their children to college with the understanding that they are not to allow studying to interfere with their pleasure or health. They place more emphasis on the things a college education connotes, such as close friendships, athletic events, and the finding of a mate, than on the academic education that is denoted by the phrase "college education." They are willing to get for their money something that does not even serve as a substitute, a wasting of time that does not compare with an education as favorably as fat does with meat. It is paradoxical that we, who as a nation are so penny-wise in most things, should be so pound-foolish in a matter so important as a college education.

Anne Parr

LETTERS TO EDITOR

Dear Editor:

Not only as a humble personal tribute do I write this, but also that the freshmen, who never knew the late Mr. Zeno Martin, might know something of what he has meant to us who did.

That he well filled his capacity as bursar, we all took for granted, but his constant, father-like geniality to us college girls supplied a need of which we were perhaps not aware until the sad loss. There was a certain steadfastness about the omnipresence of his large frame and smiling face which we now sorely miss. To me he was not unlike Homer's Nestor, with his silver hair and easy-flowing speech and, to use Homer's epithet, as a "tamer of the horses."

We who took horseback riding especially will remember his genuine interest in the horses, the many breakfast, supper, and Sunday afternoon rides he kindly gave us.

Yet with all his duties, official and those he took on himself, he was never too busy for a grin and greeting to all he met. The bursar can be replaced, but all else that Mr. Martin was to us is of a priceless nature.

Celia Wells

Dear Editor:

"It's just now and then," stated the 'Farmville Enterprise,' "that you meet as charming a fellow as Zeno Martin, former business manager of Meredith College." And it's just now and then that the loss of one administrative staff member is felt so deeply by the students of Meredith.

Since our return to school for the fall term we've been continually reminded of his absence. His jolly greetings and chats in the dining hall during lunch hour, his interested presence at the stables and the horse tales he used to tell, his offers of "a ride up town" when one had waited ages for the bus, his happy smile displayed everywhere and all the time for everyone, and last, his ten years of efficient handling of the business end of Meredith—all these we miss more than we can say.

Perhaps a new person will soon

ALUMNAE NEWS

By BARBE WHITE

After a summer of happy experiences of varied nature we are back at the "Farm" and already up to our ears in work. But we remember our sisters who are no longer here, and will no doubt welcome this news as to their locations and careers.

Graduates of the class '53 have found a variety of careers. Among those teaching are **Carolyn Brady** at Rural Hall, **Adele Buening** in Ithaca, New York, **Bess Frances** in Waynesville, **Mary Ann Godwin** in Washington, **Betsy Brooks McGee** in Angier, **Doris Perry** in Washington, and **Ellen Westmoreland Smith** at Fort Bragg where her husband, Bill, is stationed. In the field of television we find **Elsie Williams** who is on the staff of WNAO-TV in Raleigh. Also in Raleigh are **Betsy Cannady** and **Bernice Day** ('52) with the State Department of Archives and History. **Janet Stallings** and **Jean Dula** are doing graduate work at the Southern Baptist Seminary in Louisville, Kentucky. At the Department of Defense in Washington, D. C. may be found **Allen Hart**. Ensign **Kitty Barbehenn** is stationed in Great Lakes, Illinois where she is soon to become Communications Watch Officer.

Graduates of the class of '52 also found their way into a number of interesting fields. **Jeanne Ramsey** is Teen-Age Program Director of the YWCA at Waterloo, Iowa. **Mary Evelyn Brown** is back at the Carver School of Missions and Social Work. As you know, **Martha Holland George** and **Marilyn Morrisette Upchurch** are working in the Meredith Library, and **Dru Morgan** is manager of the campus Bee Hive. Among those teaching are **Anne Crech Freeman** in Raleigh and **Marie Edwards** in Hampton, Va.

The fine institution of matrimony has claimed many of our graduates. To start at home we find **Joanna** (Continued on page three)

be found to fill the position Mr. Martin held. But we who knew him feel his "place" can never be completely filled.

L. Oglesby

Mish's Messin'

Well, hi there! I suppose that by this time everyone is all settled down and hard at work—I suppose, that is. Although I enjoyed the summer vacation, it's good, and I think nearly everybody will agree with me, to be back.

Since you freshmen have been welcomed a million times, I'll only say I hope you're all getting along fine. If you're having troubles, don't sit and brood about them—go see your big sister or counselor. They'll be glad to help. So much for the advice.

I was rummaging around in some things Bobby Rice wrote and came upon the following:

"People who live in glass houses—shouldn't."

A rolling stone surely gets in everyone's way.

Birds of a feather must have an awful time with so few clothes.

Lie down with dogs and they'll feed you dog food.

A whistlin' gal and a crowin' hen aren't rare nowadays.

An apple a day will keep fruit growers busy.

Pulled up by own bootstraps—where was he going?

It's an ill wind that blows.

A bird in hand is kind of silly, anyhow.

Too many cooks spoil.

Too many irons in the fire make it go out.

One bad apple—stinks."

One note about chapel—I'm enjoying it more. Our manners have certainly improved. Fewer people are late, and I know the speakers appreciate our quieting down so soon. Hope this sort of behavior continues and is not just a temporary condition that will be forgotten as the year progresses. Let's show the faculty we have a few manners, anyway.

I was striving to learn some German the other night, but I couldn't concentrate, so I recorded some of the conversation (?) that was passing to and fro. My room-mate was doing math and in the next room several people were chattering all at once:

"Let's see now—the modal auxiliaries are formed by . . ."

Unidentified person wanders in—

"Are you still making tom-toms?"

From the next room:

"That looks like poodle cloth!"

Grumbling room-mate:

"D is equal to the square foot of—oh, heck, I'm hungry for a milkshake!"

"Poodle cloth is much better."

Someone calls: "Telephone Eleanor."

Result: mad scramble out door—

one tom-tom on floor.

"I like your blouse and skirt, Mary."

"I declare, they look just like tom-toms."

"Wollen, mussen, konnen, uh . . ."

"Whoopee! I have a date!"

Room-mate dances around room while I gather up myself and German and take off for the library.

A typical night of study in 304 Brewer.

People are always kidding me about my nickname, "Mish." Some folks think that's my real name. Well, it isn't—but still I've heard some good versions of it. The other day I heard the best one yet—I was talking to a freshman, and after I had told her my name, we talked a few more minutes. Then I said, "Well, goodbye. I'll see ya later." She answered, very seriously, "Goodbye, Mush!" I've forgotten her name, but I want her to know that I didn't mind a bit. I've been called lots worse things than "Mush."

Well, be good, and study hard. Be seen' ya.



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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.

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