Is Huskin' Worth It?

"Cornhuskin""—Is it worth the trouble? In the middle of the semester, when tests are flying thick and fast and Stunt is already taking all the evenings after nine, who has time for the expenditure of more energy on such things as costumes, cheers, and class songs?

We don't have to look hard to find people who feel this way all the down and up the roads and through time they are practicing for Cornhuskin'---or even Stunt or any of the other fun "productions" that are Meredith traditions. However, we also don't have to wait long to hear the answer to the question. When we are in the middle of a class song or a hysterical laugh at dignified professors bobbing for apples, we know the answer.

Cornhuskin' and Play Day and Stunt are fun. No matter how much we gripe about time being precious, we are lucky that Meredith has kept these traditions, for they play a big part in fostering at Meredith a school spirit that is unusual for a girls' school of this size. It is good for us to compete class by class, for we make friends as we work together. In addition to the fun of working in friendly but determined competion as we watch whatever entertainment is presented, we almost always discover that are no more, and the stars are again classman will attest, have quite an people we see in class every day can do things we never dreamed they could do. We are surprised at our own originality!

As long as our activities continue to be of the caliber they are, we must answer that they are worth the time we spend on them. In a society where most of our entertainment is brought to us as we passively sit and watch, it is good that we can not only give our own entertainment, but *enjoy* it.

Cornhuskin' and Stunt will be perhaps a larger part of our education than we realize. As we take our places in community life and become involved in church, school, and clubs we will be contributing a great deal to their activities if we take with us the kind of spontaneous originality which has delighted us here.

H. J. M.

When Do We Begin Living?

What's life? Is it just an hour, a day, a week, a month, or a year? Or is life confined to greater periods such as our pre-school, elementary school, high school, college, or adult years?

While the tendency of human nature has and will probably always be to think that a better time is to come or has passed, such a feeling seems to be exceedingly great during the college years. Why read the newspaper, whose pleadings to indulgent fathers listen to news on the radio, or look at the leaves as they turn in autumn? have paid off in a trip and a day We're not being quizzed on them, are we? Why help on Stunt, at teas, or away from school-some are city at church? We're not being graded on the energy we put forth on such people who feast their nostalgic eyes activities. Why attend concerts, lectures, plays, football games, or take on country cooking exhibits and on an interest in civic issues? We're in college, and that makes us different farm products that remind them of from others. Why live during our three or four years of college? We'll other days. have plenty of opportunities when we graduate.

College for the majority is not "the best years of our lives," as our elders put it, but rather a period of void between our high school life and either our married or occupational life that is to follow. It is a dormant stage in which we consider ourselves separated from normal life. Oh, sure, we say that we're learning and that we have the rest of our life to live. But life, it does not seem, is meant to be lived in spurts. Do we spend in a flirt with death, so does life go so much time preparing for life that we never really get around to living? Each day is gone after twenty-four short hours and can never be relived fair, the circles meet and combine except in our memory. What will our memories of college years be? Will and entwine and together, form a day night, they will suddenly appear we learn only too late that they were also a part of life that was worth huge "melting-pot" of the true Spirit at breakfast with circles under their living?

L. K.

MERE DITHER By RACHEL DAILEY

Cars sparkle like a multitude of diamonds on the hillside, and individual gems dribble in and out

among the others slowly winding the drives like so many looselystrung necklaces.

Fireworks burst in heightning brilliance-red and green and blue, thrilling white, shaky little balls of fire that dance to die at once. Momentous beauty, hesitant and muffled explosions that rock the atmosphere, excited gasps and screams and "oh's" and "ah's" re-echoing across the campus. And then they themselves with no man-made wonders to rival their light.

Honky-tonk music and the rasping calls of barkers drift tautingly through a window to tempt the student. Visions of cotton candy in its pink froth, candied applies dripping with sweetness, ice cream covered with nuts, and all-day suckers appeal to the "little-girl" in every big girl's heart.

a community of thousands of very her classmates are responding, this individual persons whose every-day activity is the unusual for us. Some are hardened and brittle, weathered persons with rawhide hearts. Some are tender children whose eyes search out their like among the teeming crowds. Most are visitors-good country stock who visit the exhibits, take notes on the livestock, and talk with the officials—college students who are living it up on a precious | night out—young people, teenagers,

And as the ferris wheels dressed in neon lights grind on, and as the merry-go-round horses rise and fall to the strains of a mechanical calliope, and as the Hell-Drivers thrill the crowds as they circle the track on in its individual circles, but at the of the Tarheel State.

Whispers, Stares, and Secrets Mark Preparations for Stunt

By Joan McGranahan

Just as every human comes into the world with the instinct to succeed in life, every Freshman Class enters Meredith with the desire to win Stunt. This desire blossoms into instinct during the following three years until in the senior year it becomes not only an instinct but a necessity to prove to underclassmen that previous experience has paid off. Stunt night is barely a month away; and as the days between now and then tick off one-by-one, excitement and even tension will build visibly. The freshmen, as any upperexperience in store for them.

Chairmen Are Confident

The Stunt chairmen now have a look of blithe optimism about them. Their committees are filled with willing workers and the willing workers with extraordinaryily original and funny ideas. Just the other day the freshman chairman. Harriet McLeod, was reported to have said At closer range, the State Fair is to an upperclassman that by the way year's frosh are sure to break the tradition that the Freshman Class never wins Stunt.

The sophomore chairman, Ellen McIntosh was even more confident when she made this statement: "The Sophomore Class is going to be nonconformist and has no doubt as to who is going to win. We hope that the seniors won't be too disappointed when our president receives the cup."

Barbara Blanchard and Brenda Corbet, co-chairmen for the juniors, are so busy with their class's preparations that no one has seen them lately. But the other classes may be sure that they are out to lead their class to recapture the victory it experienced last fall. Rachel Daily, the senior chairman, just smiles assuredly when asked about Stunt.

Chairmen Will Grow Despondent

But watch these girls. They will be the first to reflect the feelings experienced by their classmates. About a week or so before the fateful Frieyes and a deadpan expression.

With Apologies to the Authors

Each will chose an uninhabited table in the corner at which to play with their food-they will be too tired to eat it. What has happened? The committees, once so ardent in their devotion, are running down, or every costume came out of the dye vat a different color. Who knows, really, except those who have entered their numbers?

Conversation Becomes Secretive

But the chairmen are not the only girls who are excited about the annual event. Conversations at meals begin to be carried on with an air of military secrecy about them. If an enemy-a member of a rival class-should happen to approach, talk immediately ceases, and hostile looks ensue. Then there are always the slips of the tongue which add to the tension and let the cat out of the bag concerning some class's plot. Just the other night someone was heard to ask her chairman, "How did the script committee hit on the idea of (censored)?" in the presence of members of another class.

Scripts Will Be Rewritten

Finally the night comes when the faculty criticizes each stunt. The next day it is not uncommon to see pinned in the most obvious place on the Johnson Hall bulletin board anxious notes reading such as this: 'Emergency meeting of the —Class script committee at 5:00. All (underlined) members please (written in all caps and underlined several times) be there.

By seven o'clock after much blood, sweat, and tears, the stunt has been whipped into shape. The exhausted actors go through their paces which the director has succeeded in making their second nature. The cup is presented, and it is all over but the shouting and dining hall bell ringing carried on by the winning class.

But with all mistakes, slips of the tongue, work left undone, classes cut, tests barely passed, and what have you, this unique pageant has long been an institution.

CARTOON CONTEST Sponsored by THE TWIG

All entries should be turned in to the editor or put in THE TWIG room on First Brewer by November 9. Entries should be done on solid white paper in black ink. The name of the winner will be announced in the next issue of THE TWIG, and with the owner's permission the winning cartoon will be printed.

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	THE TWIG is served by National Advertising Service, Inc., 420 Madison Ave., New York 17, New York.	

By Carroll Hicks	GONE WITH THE WIND
THE EGG AND I—We both made	Chances for a date at <i>that</i> house
it for breakfast.	again! WAR AND PEACE—Rush week
PARADISE LOST-Two chances	and decision day.
for dates on the same night.	KIDS SAY THE DARNDEST
PARADISE REGAINED—At least one of them called back.	THINGS—Ask some of our stu- dent teachers!
TOMORROW WE REAP—Test- time.	NO NORTH OR SOUTH—Maybe so, but ah still know a Yankee
GREEN MANSIONS-Houses on	when ah see one!!!!
fraternity row?	THE SPY—Hall proctors.
YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN	ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN
Unless you get there before your "D" or "F" slip!	FRONT—Now that the freshmen aren't being serenaded any more.
THE HIGH AND MIGHTYSen-	THE IDIOT—Evidently, the author
iors graduating at mid-semester.	of this article!
A TALE OF TWO CITIES-State-	
Carolina game.	Meredith's Faculty
A NIGHT TO REMEMBER—That	MIGICUILII S I AUUILY
first—and last—blind date!	Ry Dr. Irg O. Jones
first—and last—blind date! INFERNO—Infirmary.	By Dr. Ira O. Jones
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ND PEACE—Rush week vision day. AY THE DARNDEST S-Ask some of our stuachers! TH OR SOUTH—Maybe ah still know a Yankee h see one!!! -Hall proctors. ET ON THE WESTERN **T**—Now that the freshmen being serenaded any more. OT—Evidently, the author article! dith's Faculty Dr. Ira O. Jones ose to the occasion after a ell. Some of them Stumpf. nts, especially the Greene None of them can resist . So far as I know, each Eads lunch, or Downs it oose. There is some Deyt functioning after "Allen ner that allows no argument. Fearful, yes. Thought-pro ntinue.

BOOK PICTURES MAN **IN HOPELESS STATE** By Marcia Davis

Anthem by Ayn Rand is the powerful story of Tomorrow's world. It can be called the tale of feudal lords and serfs projected into a future that has no past, perhaps a bit unrealistic, but not enough to be read comfortably.

Anthem is the story of one man against a society of monsters: ptember 12 the Meredith human beings that have no individuality at all. Agreeable or not the hight and proud as a Pea- idea, the picture is fast becoming ed classes with the ringing one of daily American life and is most certainly one of future "American-Communist" life.

Written by the mind of Equality 3-0321, the main character, one begins to feel in reading, his own sense of futile group-desires. The group e Goff, some eating of ideal expanded to inhuman levels, some dribbling of Lem-ea, and Allen all, they have ridiculousness of today's "Keep-upe of it. What else they may with-the-Jones's" attitude in a man-

vell it might, for the situa-becoming Grimmer and handle Anthem can best be describand it would not be Pru- ed as a book too raw and real to read, and too true to ignore.