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### Successful Week

Religious Emphasis Week was indeed a success.

Meredith students and faculty have a much broader view about their religion now, thanks to the superb leadership of Dr. Edward Hughes Pruden while being the chief speaker at our annual worship week.

The subject, "Your Religion," was thoroughly discussed from all points of view—its courageousness, honesty, adventurousness, unselfishness, resourcefulness, and concerning many other aspects of vital Christianity.

The fact that the subjects discussed and the activities carried on during the week were varied enough to reach every kind of person is proof of its continued success on the Meredith campus. The theme of the week touched vital issues of all persons' religion; also, representatives from all organizations on the campus took part in leading and carrying on the week's plans, thus aiding in the carrying out of the idea of "your religion," *your* including numerous types of persons.

Someone stated that last year's Focus Week when a team of speakers were present on the campus was just a stepping stone in the introduction of Dr. Pruden to Meredith, which fact made this year's program even more effective.

Whatever it was that made the Religious Emphasis Week of this year a success—whether it be as a result of the capable leadership in planning for the occasion or as a result of the speaker's dynamic words—all deserve credit.

As Dr. Pruden himself said, here's hoping he will be given other opportunities to finish his college course at Meredith, this year, his second, being his sophomore year. Truly, Meredith's Religious Emphasis Week "accentuated the positive" in vital Christianity which is needed today.

### Learn to Write Letters

Correctly written letters mean a lot to employers choosing from among applicants for positions. Meredith seniors, as a continued favor for them, are extremely lucky to have Dr. Estelle Popham, head of the Business Department, to help them write letters of application to prospective employers.

Classes for such business letter writing will soon begin. Seniors who take advantage of this opportunity of learning correct methods of correspondence will be thankful for this knowledge not only in satisfying immediate needs but also in the using of such knowledge in future business dealing as more and more Meredith girls go into "career work."

## FILING BACK

Headliners in the files of THE TWIG

December 7, 1923—

Miss Harris (on Literary Criticism class): "Miss Herring, have you a question?"

S. Herring (eagerly): "Yes'm. How long is it till time for the last lunch bell?"

February 10, 1928—

When the "Y" store committee and the B.S.U. cabinet members met together Friday night for the purpose of deciding on a new name for the "Y" store, they found themselves confronted by a monstrous task. . . . However, after much deliberation, the "B-Hive" was finally selected as the most appropriate.

January 15, 1932—

Observing a tradition started in 1924 the Meredith faculty has begun work on "Alice in Wonderland" in preparation for the presentation early this

spring. The play was first given in the spring of 1924. . . . The play was such a success that the faculty decided to give it every college generation for the entertainment of the student body and friends of the college.

According to Miss Ida Poteat, head of the art department of Meredith College, there is a committee now working on a plan to secure credits for the studio work in the art department just as is done in the laboratory work in the science courses, so that the art students may receive an A.B. degree with art as a major.

March 19, 1938—

The members of the freshman basketball team were declared champions after a series of intra-mural games, having defeated the senior team by one point in the fastest and most exciting game of the season. This was the first time the seniors had been defeated in basketball during their college career.

## SHE SNOOPS TO CONQUER

Well, my little chickadees, here we go again. Let's dish the dirt, huh? After all, I always say, "What's life without a little 'interest' in folk's goings on?"

I was telling Lib Davis how my corns hurt the other day when all a sudden, her eyes went glassy and I knew she was thinking about "Preacher" Greene. So I left in disgust to find some one whom I could talk to. The first one I ran into was Evelyn Ray.

"Evelyn," I said, grabbing her by her new permanent, "what do you think of the European situation?"

"What European situation?" she asked, "I'm worried about my little flier. He's in India — WITH ALL THOSE VEILED WOMEN AND DANCING GIRLS!"

What could I do? She didn't want to talk either. So I walked to Johnson Hall, held the door open for Mrs. Wallace and her snazzy new plaid hat. Without much hope, I rushed to my postoffice box, but Hubert hadn't written. But Jessie Leigh got nine letters—imagine nine—and all of them were from George. I couldn't be mad though, cause she looked so-o-o-o happy.

Then, though it was none of my business, I crossed over to Miss Rhodes' office to see who had received flowers, and there was a box for Miss Keith. In her own words, "It's flowers tonight and candy last night."

I looked at folks at the bus stop and recognized Doris Thompson. "I'm going home to see Forester," she shouted before the bus pulled away. And I spotted Lucille and Sallie Ray on their way to see "certain people" at Mars Hill. (Speaking of Mars Hill, who are all the boys Pat King knows up there? Sure would like to have her little red book.) Gosh, and I can't even get anyone to talk to me.

Walked by an alcove and saw Francis Ward and her marine. It looked quite interesting, but I guess I wasn't supposed to stay longer than ten minutes while I discussed the principles of tap dancing. They didn't seem too interested for some reason. Folks are just rude almost about not listening to me. I saw Bunny a couple of days ago, and

tried to carry on an intelligent conversation about the nutritive benefits of Wheatamin tablets, but her mind was on her man, 'cause all she would say was "Roger."

Ran into a bunch of folks going to Chapel Hill Saturday. You can't convince me that Watson and Cutrell got so slicked up just to look at drawings. And did you see the pin Helen Frances was wearing?—"Somebody" really has good taste.

I dare you to ask Nancy about that (and I quote) "darling guy at Annapolis." She is strictly a one-man woman, and oh, how she does rave about his precious letters. But Connie Godwin is the opposite. She has more men thinking "he" is the Number One Fellow in her life—oh to be ultra-glamorous like some folks. Gosh, looks like the only dates I'll ever get are blind ones, and then I wish I were—blind, I mean!

Terry always has good-looking lieutenants flocking here to see her. Sometimes there are so many that she has to take refuge in the infirmary. Some people are just the cat's whiskers—for three nights—lucky girl.

Been keeping my ear to the ground about Sarah and Bill. Frankly, I just don't think she is 'specially interested in him now that "other interests" have come to light. And I heard about Winifred and Hobbs—seems that Winnie has lost interest.

Ran into I.L.S. in the auditorium, and before I could tell her about the latest discovery of Herman N. Gooch, she shouted, "Guilford's coming this week." See what I mean? Nobody wants to chat—except John Peele. I just happened to overhear a telephone conversation. Made me think Charlie is having some competition about Jane.

Gotta trot, kids. I have to read that article about the migration of the grey, spike-tailed swallow. After all, I always say, "Reading broadens." And so does Meredith food. Anyhow, look me up and we'll have a snappy discussion about the relation of isoclene to poracina in the making of radio tubes.

See you next issue,

COUSIN ALBERTIE.

## REMEMBER THESE SONGS?

Someone has said "Music hath charm" and how well we realize this at times . . . when we are tired at the end of the day and soft, sweet music seems just the thing, or sometimes when we are in a cheery mood there's nothing like music to match the mood. There are other times, too, when the strains of some half-forgotten song comes filtering back from the past bringing with it a flood of memories that always seems to accompany old songs, and we wonder why they have stopped writing songs like these.

Speaking of these old songs, remember those real "oldies" like "You Can't Have Everything," "Venie, Venie," "Music Goes Round and Round," "Organ Grinder's Swing," and "The Umbrella Man"? Along about this time the Andrews Sisters first began making a name for themselves with their version of "Bei Mire Bist Du Shein."

Remember the summer when we were all dancing to such songs as "Coconut Grove," "A Tisket, a Tasket," "Dipsy

Doodle," "Deep Purple," and "Cathedral in the Pines"? There was also "Flat Foot Floogie" about this time, and remember learning to do the Big Apple to Tommy Dorsey's "Marie"? A couple of summers later such songs as "Music Maestro, Please," "This is My First Affair," "Nice Work if You Can Get It," and of course, Cole Porter's "Begin the Beguine" were popular.

Then there was the rather severe winter when Glenn Miller's "In the Mood" was all the rage. Also about this time "Careless," "My Prayer," and Bonnie Baker's "Oh, Johnny," were top-pers on the Hit Parade.

The following summer brought such hits as Glenn Miller's "Tuxedo Junction," "Well, Alright," and "Beer Barrel Polka" by the Andrews Sisters.

There was the time, too, during our high school days, when "Deep in a Dream," "Two Sleepy People," and "Small Fry" with Bing Crosby doing the vocals were all the vogue.

A few years ago perhaps you recall,

## Panorama



By Lib Davis

Forward March!! Inevitably the days go by—busy weeks followed by busier weeks, happy week-ends giving place to still happier ones—always the atmosphere of looking forward to something better. It's an ill wind, you know, that "blows nobody good." And these vigorous March winds are certainly lively enough to blow us all a lot of good.

March originally was the first month of the year. When the calendar was changed and March lost out to two others ahead of her, she still retained her distinction of bringing the first day of spring, the joyful, hopeful, forward-looking season.

The first two days of March, for us, "blew in" the last part of one of the best things we have had on our campus lately—the repeat visit of Dr. Pruden, a favorite Focus Team member from last year for our Religious Emphasis week. What better beginning for a new month! What better challenges than those he brought us so forcefully for getting a new slant, a fresh start, and a clearer focus on our own immediate futures.

One bright green spot to look forward to in March is St. Patrick's Day on the seventeenth. If there's that "something in ye Irish," you'll be out on your knees among the clover leaves searching for those four-leaf clovers that look so much like shamrocks and are supposed to bring their finders luck.

It may be that you'll need that luck on six-weeks' tests and grades that aren't so far off, too. Or maybe it's luck you need in getting your favorite candidate through in these spring elections. We have already had three good ones. We are looking for the rest of them to be just as good.

The name of March was derived from Mars, the Roman god of war. No matter how deeply we bury ourselves in books and studies; no matter how infatuated we are with spring and all the accompanying beginnings of things; no matter how excited we get over the prospect of approaching good times—we still can't get away from the stark reality of the war that has been raging for three successive Marches. Our boys are still over there, and we know something of what they're going through. We don't know what spring will bring to them, but it's a "cinch" it won't bring most of them home for Easter. That's a time when we all like to be at home. But we have agreed as a student body to give up our holidays that week-end, and most of us are planning to spend our Easter here. It's a wonderful spirit. We're glad Meredith girls are unselfish enough to do at least this very small thing in cooperation with war emergency requests. That, too, is a beginning. There will be other things we will be asked to do. We are going to meet them all with even more of an attitude of cooperation and willingness.

We won't "beware the ides of March." Instead, we will look forward with a great deal of eagerness and anticipation to what is ahead. That's one big part of our glorious heritage as Americans—the prospect of a happy future, if we do our part to preserve our heritage. It's worth it.

### After the Ball

After the ball was over,  
 Jennie took out her glass eye,  
 Put her false teeth in a tumbler,  
 Stopped up her bottle of dye,  
 Stood her peg-leg in the corner,  
 Hung up her wig on the wall,  
 And that was left went to slumber,  
 After the ball.

—ANON.

too, all those Spanish songs such as "Marie Elena," "Yours," "Green Eyes," and "Amapola," and also the catchy lyrics of "Hut-Sut Song." About two years ago, do you remember singing "Blues in the Night," "I Don't want to Set the World on Fire," and "Tonight We Love"?

Yep, those were the good old days, all right, and each song brings back memories galore. But today's songs will bring back different sorts of memories.