



Newspaper of Students, Meredith College

Member
Associated Collegiate Press

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Thought for the day . . .

"He who cannot forgive others breaks
 the bridge over which he must pass
 himself, for we all need to be for-
 given."—Lord Herbert.

"The old order changeth"

With this issue, the new "Twig" staff
 begins its work. It is with a mixed emo-
 tion of hope and fear that we under-
 take our project for the coming year—
 hope that this paper will continue to
 grow as a worthy publication and fear
 of our own limitations. We should like
 to continue the policy of the retiring
 staff in endeavoring to print news as it
 is and to represent the students here at
 Meredith. We hope to be fairminded
 and unprejudiced. Thus we take up
 our new duties, saluting those who have
 just completed a successful year, and
 looking ahead to newer goals.

Links in Learning and Life

With two more weeks of class work
 to follow, we must be binding together
 the frayed ends of our study. Concen-
 trated attention can alone produce a
 review of a course before an examina-
 tion. It is not too early to begin definite
 work on exam preparation, and our
 thoughts should be based on a clear in-
 sight into the needs of the future. In-
 stead of dreading the last week, we
 should face it with the knowledge that
 we are completing another part of our
 education for life. Each link in our
 learning is important and should be
 mastered well. Let us realize that these
 examinations will soon be behind us and
 their scores will be forgotten. But the
 things we learned that will be valuable
 in life will become important. Let us
 meet the days, then, squarely, realizing
 that today is our only preparation for
 tomorrow.

Destroying Force Against
Force

Our student body is emerging now at
 the end of this school year from a period
 of change and unrest. We are beginning
 to quiet down to classroom activities
 once more. We have made many changes
 lately at Meredith. The committees on
 regulations have sought and won many
 decisions. Perhaps some of this change
 is good; time alone will tell whether
 we are mature enough to evaluate the
 new privileges rightfully. One disap-
 pointing aspect of the whole situation
 was the apparent struggle between the
 faculty and the students. When the

teachers are here to guide us, it seems
 paradoxical that we should view them
 as an opposing force with which we
 must struggle. Many of those on the
 faculty are very personally interested
 in us, our welfare, and our happiness.
 Let us, then, review our attitude to-
 ward them and make still another
 change. They are working with us, not
 against us, for a better Meredith and a
 better student body. Since we have re-
 ceived many new privileges, let us re-
 solve to use them wisely and work for
 a true spirit of coöperation with the
 faculty.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

Here it is—another week-end. Classes
 are over until Monday morning. Per-
 haps we should stop working so we
 can have the week-end free—free to
 "take in" a little social life and forget
 the trials and tribulations of books and
 exams. What shall we do? We could
 look in the newspaper for a good movie;
 we could go bowling; we could go out
 to dinner for an appetizing meal; or—
 what else is there to do? Oh—we could
 date in the Meredith parlors.

All of our social activities take place
 off the campus, it seems, except the last
 one mentioned. The opportunities for
 interesting week-ends are very limited.
 Is it impossible to have planned social
 events on the campus every week-end
 such as other colleges plan? It would
 mean a great deal of work for some-
 body, but if the entertainment were ap-
 pealing and snappy, it seems to me it
 would be worth the effort made on
 somebody's part.

The gym could be converted into
 a bowling alley, or badminton nets
 could easily be set up or ping-pong
 tables could quickly be placed in the
 corner. Then there's the auditorium.
 Most of us like to square dance, and
 where could we find a better place? Co-
 operation is far from unknown when
 the various classes sponsor a square
 dance and have to "clean up" the audi-
 torium afterward. The hut—the one
 building Meredith can point to with
 pride—is never used for anything ex-
 cept monthly meetings or a reception
 once in a while. It would be wonderful
 if the hut could be open, not only on
 week-ends, but all day every day with
 up-to-date periodicals, games, cards, re-
 cords and the restful chairs and atmos-
 phere. It would be somewhere to go and
 relax between classes or somewhere to
 take dates in the afternoon. And why
 not date in the hut at night?

The two parlors and the alcoves are
 crowded to capacity. Why not decorate
 and use the social rooms on the first
 floors of each dormitory for meeting the
 dates, dating, and telling the dates good-
 night? I'm sure the girls would coöper-
 ate by keeping their shades pulled down.

We dream about the many things we
 would like to see at Meredith. We even
 go so far as to concoct an ideal school.
 We do a great deal of criticizing and
 talking about the many things we would
 like to convert into more delightful (?)
 pastimes. It seems that that's about as
 far as we get. Why not ask for and carry
 out plans for entertaining week-ends at
 Meredith? LUCY NORVILLE.

A Glimpse Into the Future

Ah!! What is this I see?? Ze crystal
 ball show a vision—ze place, Meredith
 —ze time, September, 1946—ze people,
 many strange faces.

If you'll hover over a crystal ball or
 try your luck at cards, though our
 vision's a little hazy, we can, perhaps,
 catch a glimpse of the year ahead. On
 the formal opening of school, when
 those Seniors appear in their caps and
 gowns, you'd think from their dignity
 and suppressed glee they were receiving
 diplomas instead of ushering in a new
 year. This is the year they've been
 waiting and working for, for three
 years. The Big Three, Helen Wallis,
 Virginia Highfill, and Jean Griffith have
 matters running with the greatest of
 efficiency with each organization work-
 ing for the benefit of the students, fac-
 ulty, and school. It's a big year for the
 Juniors, too. They're Big Sisters now,
 you know. The Sophomores, too, are do-
 ing their bit in helping the new students
 get acquainted with Meredith. Speak-
 ing of new students, there are more
 from out of the state than ever before.
 You see, many of the North Carolina
 schools added a twelfth grade, which
 meant no high school seniors in many
 of the schools. So, those strange faces

Can't-Be-Buried Tales

Chauceredited by Jean Bradley

INVENTORY

Whan that Aprille with his shoures
 sote bathed every veyne of perced May
 in final droughte, he punched his time
 card, of which vertu ye olde Zodiac
 proudly noted the social security level
 of every holt and heeth. Impressed war
 he at the policies of the maidens at
 Meredith College, better known to him
 (State, '06) as the Angel Farm. Amazed
 war he at the number of insurers con-
 cerned with their social welfare. In
 that seson on a day he did confront the
 pins of Delta Sigma Phi, Sigma Chi,
 Beta Theta Pi, Sigma Pi, Kappa Alpha,
 Sigma Nu, Pi Kappa Phi, Pi Kappa
 Alpha, and the "A" of the Army. He
 saw diamonds ranging from carat to
 carats on many an I'm-to-be-married-
 soon finger. Compliments to the "Van-
 ishing Male" he thrust, and to them a
 bit of goode knowledge left: "It takes
 the wide-awake man to catch a dream
 girl, yonge sonne."

TABU

Smale fowles may maken no more
 melodye among the flora of the campus

and the corner of the post office (both
 famous in their own right). Now longen
 folk to goon on pilgramages, and dates
 for to seken straunge strondes. . . .

SPECTACLE

When Zephirus eek with his swete
 breeth and the sun did shine with a new
 violence, inspired war the angels fair to
 bronze themselves and to blonde their
 hair. In technique goode are they
 skilled. One puts a blanket on the porch
 between the dorms and loudly acclaims
 (by means of an 8" by 12" sign) "This
 place is mine." Then slepen they al the
 night with open yē, to be certain that
 no sly friend devywe owned space or
 that the rain doesn't drench one's
 Mother's best Chatham. Alarm clocks
 make sure the maidens erly do rise, to
 take their place and wait till heat from
 whyte to rede to bronze them turne.
 Me thinketh it not acordaunt to resoun
 in what array that they a are inne—
 humanimals, clad in dresse as when this
 lyfe they first bigan. To liven in this
 delyt is ever the thought of complex-
 ious whyte.

Making Music

Rachmaninoff: *The Isle Of The Dead*,
 Op. 29. Minneapolis Symphony Or-
 chestra, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conduc-
 tor. North of the Bay of Naples there is
 a little island which has been dedicated
 to the dead. Here burial places have
 been hollowed out and here the dead
 may sleep, the quiet broken only by the
 calls of birds and the lapping of the
 water against the shore. Choosing night-
 fall for the time, Arnold Böcklin, the
 artist, created an eloquent painting of
 this scene, full of the stillness and
 mystery of this strange place. Sergei
 Rachmaninoff, the great Russian pianist
 and composer, found in this mystic pic-
 ture the inspiration for a great tone
 poem, *The Isle of the Dead*. Dimitri
 Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis Sym-
 phony Orchestra have unfolded all of
 the deep emotion and insight of this
 score in a truly wonderful performance
 which has been faithfully recorded.

Piano Music of Liszt: Gyorgy Sandor,
 piano. Gyorgy Sandor, the brilliant
 Hungarian—American pianist, made his
 Columbia Masterworks debut in April.
 For his first Masterworks set Mr. San-
 dor plays a program of Liszt, at whose
 music he excels. In addition to being
 the greatest pianist of his age, Liszt
 wrote a wealth of music, much of it for
 the piano. Unfortunately many of his
 scores are so difficult, few pianists are
 able to cope with them satisfactorily.
 Mr. Sandor, an acknowledged master of
 Liszt's music, plays *Sonata Quasi Fan-
 tasia, Concert Etude No. 2 in F Minor,*
Funerailles, Liebestraum No. 3, and
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 15. Surmount-
 ing the technical obstacles with ease,

"EXCHANGING"

It Could Happen Here!

Prof: "What made you late to class
 this morning?"

Frosh: "There are eight of us in the
 room and the alarm was only set for
 seven."

"I guess I've lost another pupil," said
 the professor, as his glass eye rolled
 down the kitchen sink.

The Colonade.

Willie, in a fit insane,
 Thrust his head beneath a train.
 All were quite surprised to find
 How it broadened Willie's mind.
 The Dairy Tar Heel.

A bachelor is a guy who didn't have a
 car when he was young. Pelican.

Newton's thirty-third law: The dim-
 mer the porch light, the greater the
 scandal power. The Technique.

An Indian named Shortcake died.
 That evening his friends came to bury
 him but his squaw objected. She said,
 "Squaw bury Shortcake."
 The Daily Tar-Heel.

Gyorgy Sandor brings out all of the
 inner feeling and poetic beauty of the
 music. Here is an album for every col-
 lector of piano music and every student
 of the instrument.

WHAT DO YOU THINK . . .

QUESTIONNAIRE

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT WAKE FOREST COLLEGE
 MOVING TO WINSTON-SALEM?

- Dorothy McWilliams Norfolk, Va. "It might be bad for Meredith girls. No men—no dates"!!!
- Jean Griffith Lexington, N. C. "I think it's a wonderful idea."
- Idalia Oglesby Hamilton, N. C. "I think it is a wonderful opportunity for Wake Forest."
- Edith Stephenson Pendleton, N. C. "I don't think much of the idea because I think that Wake Forest will lose the spirit it now has if it becomes a larger school. (I have other reasons, too!!)"
- Ruth Summerlin Chalybeate Spgs, N. C. "I think it is a good opportunity for Wake Forest but a great inconvenience for the Meredith girls."
- Mitchell Lee Varina, N. C. "I think that there should be a great deal of consideration and thought given before any move is made. I think it should be weighed from every angle. Men with deep visions should be the ones to make the decision."
- Jean Brothers Elizabeth City, N. C. "I'd move all the way to California for that much money."
- Fay Baker Raeford, N. C. "I hate to see them leave, but they can't afford to lose all of that money"!!!
- Geraldine Brown Winston-Salem, N. C. "Sounds good to me, because I'm from Winston. It won't be so bad if we have a few more boys in Winston-Salem."
- Ruth Weathers Raleigh, N. C. "The corner in front of my house each night would be dead without the noise of the boys hitch hiking their ways back to Wake Forest."

in the crystal ball were from North,
 South, East, and West—far and near.
 The official calendar in Miss Baker's
 office is so crowded that the vision in
 the crystal ball is too blurred to read.

One last thing, though, is quite dis-
 tinct—Meredith students are striving
 harder to promote school spirit, to keep
 the honor system, and to deepen their
 spiritual lives.