

Published Biweekly as the Official Organ of the Student Body of Meredith College

KATHERINE SHUFORD.....	Editor
FRANCES PITTMAN.....	Associate Editor
MARY JOHNSON MACMILLAN.....	Associate Editor
KATE MILLS SUITER.....	Business Manager
HELEN HILLIARD.....	Assistant Business Manager
MARY JANE LINDLEY.....	Assistant Business Manager
ELEANOR EDWARDS.....	Managing Editor
FRANCES TATUM.....	Managing Editor
DOROTHY LOWDERMILK.....	Managing Editor
RUTH PURVIS.....	Typist
RUTH ABERNETHY.....	Art Editor
KATE COVINGTON.....	Feature Editor
EVA WICKER LASSITER.....	Typist

Reporters

ETHEL KNOTT	MARGARET GRAYSON
LILLIAN POE	MILDRED ANN CRITCHER
VIRGINIA REYNOLDS	ANNIE ELIZABETH COWARD
MINETTA BARTLETT	JEAN LIGHTFOOT
DOROTHY GREEN	JANE YELVERTON
	MARY STEWART

Entered as second-class matter October 11, 1923, at Postoffice at Raleigh, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 11, 1923.

Subscription Price.....\$1.50

IT CAN HAPPEN HERE

Not long ago THE TWIG received a communication from a girl who is at the present time a student at Meredith. This communication contained information that will startle some of THE TWIG readers, but will no doubt be familiar to many.

Perhaps it has never occurred to many of the Meredith students and faculty that here, where student government functions so successfully, that the problem of cheating could assume very serious proportions. Certainly in council records cases of dishonesty in connection with classwork are in the minimum. But the actual case is that a good many of us have deliberately shut our eyes to a fact that has been evident longer than we dare admit.

Said the student referred to above, "... information from a reliable source and based on evidence which was too obvious and convincing to be doubted indicates that a certain rather prominent and popular girl passed a test by means which were more foul than fair. I think the sharpness of my surprise was mostly due to the fact that I had formerly respected the integrity of the girl in question much more than I could ever respect her intellect for making ever so good a grade. . . . I am reminded of a sort of resentment which I cherished for one of my teachers some twelve months ago. My only quarrel with this otherwise excellent professor was that he was too suspicious. I saw no reason why he should stick around so closely when he was giving a test; and it positively made me mad to hear him admonish us, as he often did, to keep our eyes on our own papers. But this is only half of my reminiscence, for I also recall the very occasion on which I relented and forgave my teacher for his sins of suspicion. The incident which produced this liberal change of heart in me happened in the class of a teacher who was my perfect ideal, for in addition to her other virtues she trusted her pupils implicitly. The teacher popped a "pop quiz" on the board, left the room, shut the door and was gone. Textbooks and notebooks flew open all over the room. Some private discussion was provoked by questions of particular interest. And that is all except this: that the test was passed by all and the class as a whole congratulated at the very next meeting by the teacher on the splendid improvement which it had recently shown."

Need more be said? It can, and does happen here, and each of us who is cognizant of that fact and does not report it is just as guilty, under the laws of our student government, as the girl who cheats. But there are few of us who are willing to sacrifice friends and popularity for the sake of carrying out to the letter a rule of which so few approve. The aforementioned student said, "I believe it is considered a part of our school honor to report any such cases as the ones mentioned to the proper authorities, and as I do not believe that the proper authorities exist outside of the consciences of the persons involved, I am not willing to put myself in the position of possibly having to report them, upon compulsion, to the improper authorities. . . . But I am still wondering what we can gain if, in order to get a grade, we momentarily throw off the inhibitions which honesty and honor lay upon us, thus taking one little step in the prostitution of our mental and moral integrity."

Frankly, the purpose of THE TWIG in bringing to light this by no means unknown situation, is to provoke comment on the part of those who feel that the problem is deserving of serious consideration. Our open forum and editorial columns are at the service of all who wish to offer suggestions as to how such a situation can best be dealt with.

Seniors Win Cup Second Time

(Continued from page one)

Luke to propose to her. Thus "cod liver oil from the cod fish" was assured. Other characters were: Jabez Codwallader (Ruby Barrett), and Bessie (Kate Covington); voters: Mary Johnson McMillan, Mary Fay McMillan, Mary Fort Carroll, Susie Saunders, Flora Kate Bethea, Sarah Griffin, Dorothy Prevost, Margaret Blanchard, Carrie Bowers, Lucille Cates, Ruby Faire James, Rose Lee, Betty Kichline, Ruth Abernathy, Virginia Reynolds, Mataline Nye, and Peggy Perry; posse: Dorothy Prevost, Sarah Griffin.

The sophomore stunt which won second prize had its setting in a prison cell. Those in the prison cell had been guests at a party at which the host was murdered. A seance was held between the wife and her murdered husband who revealed the identity of the murderer. The lighting and sound effects attributed a weird atmosphere to the play. Lightning and thunder and the sound of rain and wind were produced throughout the stunt. The cast of characters was as follows: Burke, Dorothy Rouse; Mrs. Carter, Mary Jane Lindley; Mrs. Fada, Catherine Johnson; Mr. Dolan, Minnie Anna Forney; Ellen, Annie Elizabeth Coward; Paula, Lucille Johnson; Trotter, Pauline Stroud; Guard, Charlotte Peebles.

"All Dolled Up," the stunt presented by the Junior Class, was a fantasy in a doll shop. Dances by the Dutch couple and Spanish couple and a drill by the tin soldiers were given to cheer up Martha, the old-fashioned doll, who was lonesome because her friend, George, had been sold. Although Jack did his best to make Martha happy without George, he had to give it up and returned to Babe, a girl of his type. At the close of the stunt George was returned and to show their happiness Martha and George sang a lovely duet. The characters were: Toy shop keeper, Charlotte Wester; Martha, Old-Fashioned Girl Doll, Margaret O'Brian; George, Old-Fashioned Boy Doll, Jennie Reid Newby; Babe, Modern Girl Doll, Jane Yelverton; Jack, Modern Boy Doll, Mirvine Garrett; Rag Doll, Dorothy Howard; Tin Soldier, Lillian Poe; Tin Soldier, Carolyn Parker; Dutch Girl Doll, Kate Mills Suiter; Dutch Boy Doll, Emily Bradsher; Spanish Girl Doll, Dorothy Horne; Spanish Boy Doll, Hazel Bass; Mammy Doll, Nancy Powell.

The freshman class presented a take-off on "Macbeth." The case of characters was as follows: Mack Betty, Iris Rose Gibson; Mrs. Mack Betty, Minetta Bartlett; Mr. Dumpcan, Frances Spilman; Mrs. Dumpcan, Doris MacNeill; Mack Duff, Betty Pickford; Blanket, Sara Cole; Maid, Lee Ann Taylor; Shake-Your-Spear, Carolyn Andrews; Witches, Betty Vernon, Ella Eddins, Elizabeth Everett.

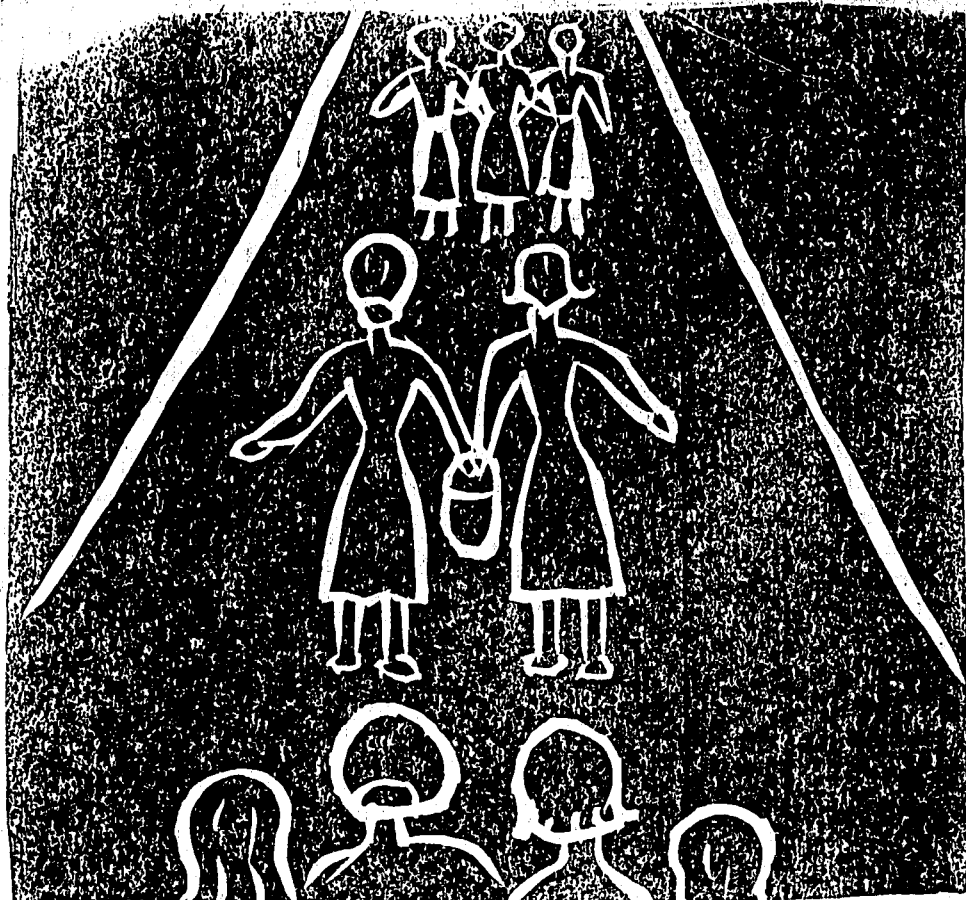
NINE FORMER A.A. PRESIDENTS HONORED AT DINNER

Martha Messenger, president of the Athletic Association and general director of Stunt Day, entertained at dinner Saturday evening, November 14, in honor of the nine past presidents of the association who returned to the campus for the event.

The following officials were present: Katherine Liles of Goldsboro, class of 1936; Mae Marshburn of Wallace, class of 1935; Ruth McCurry of Day Book, class of 1934; Pat Abernethy of Raleigh, class of 1933; Velma Webb of Mount Airy, class of 1932; Mrs. J. I. Wagner of Gibsonville, class of 1921; Katherine Matthews of Raleigh, class of 1918; Mrs. A. T. Seymour Sr., of Apex, class of 1911; and Mrs. J. Wilbur Bunn, of Raleigh, class of 1910.

Other guests who were present were Mrs. Sorrell, Miss Warner, and Miss Grimmer.

I Think You Have Something There



"A LOAF OF BREAD--And Thou"

By KATE COVINGTON

Mary Johnson has come into her inheritance, all of which consists of an acre of land far away surrounded by woods, surrounded by sand, surrounded by mosquitoes, surrounded by youthful abandon.

We, together with six other pioneering souls, were pushing forward late one tender Saturday afternoon back of the college in quest of some spot to wax culinary.

"When did you find out about your acre?" I inquired enthusiastically.

"This summer."

"What on earth are you going to do with it?" asked Mirvine, juggling eight apples, two pounds of weiners, and a couple of dopes.

"It's mortgaged," said Mary Johnson sadly.

"Mortgaged!" exclaimed Annabelle with feeling.

"I had to mortgage it to pay taxes," Mary Johnson said.

"Ask her how much taxes were," I prompted Little Binder, who was poking people with the weiner forks.

"How much were taxes?" asked Little Binder.

"Fifty cents," said Mary Johnson.

"Aren't you afraid to have such a responsibility at your age?" I was solicitous. That is, I think it was solicitous. It may even have been apurtenance.

"I have a guardian over my estate," explained Mary Johnson.

"Is he a lawyer?" Charlotte wanted to know.

Pinkie Rose and Betty had just reached the part about can you get back in of a current musical selection and interrupted us blithely to find out whether or not we would enjoy some little woodland wanderings, thereby landing near a watery brink.

The gladsome processional pushed on.

"How are we going to find our way out of here when it gets dark?" asked Annabelle, who was limping rhythmically.

"This curve looks like Park Drive, and my Aunt Mary lives on Park Drive," said Mary Johnson.

"I suppose," Mirvine inquired, "that we can expect your Aunt Mary to loom up from behind a tree with a torch and a map of the city if we get lost?"

"If we get lost somebody can run back to the college and telephone."

"Maybe we ought to drop matches along the way," I suggested, kicking the leaves with the flappy sole of my shoe.

"Lighted," added Mary Johnson. When we reached the stream, Mary Johnson sprinted over the little bridge to be Horatio whilst the rest of us gathered wood and hunks of trees. I was emerging from a leafy bower with a tree when somebody tactfully suggested that we weren't exactly anchored there for the winter.

Mary Johnson was quite entertaining. First she told the joke her father brought home from the State Baptist Convention; then she emoted a bit over her mortgaged acre. Annabelle offered to tap dance the next time she came. Charlotte knew all about Girl Scouts, and laughed in crescendos. Little Binder and I got entangled in the marshmallows. Mirvine emitted her Stunt Song about giving the girls a break and nice physques. Pinkie and Betty sounded like a choral society celebrating Armistice Day.

"If we burned up the woods, do you guess Miss Steele would let us come to the fire?" asked Charlotte hopefully.

A spark flew up. It rose high above the pines.

"Step on it! Step on it!" cried Mirvine, watching the treetops.

"It's out now," said Annabelle, languishing.

By the time we had stamped out the fire gracefully and departed on our homeward way, it was pitch dark.

Mary Johnson swayed a pure boulder trying to get back in the path from which she had drifted on the second portion of a Christmas Cantata she was rendering alone.

"Speaking of your inheritance," I began, "What do you intend—"

"I wasn't speaking of my inheritance," said Mary Johnson, "I was singing."

MEREDITH NEEDS

This item will be inserted in each issue of THE TWIG in the hope that some generous patron of the college will supply the need. This week's "need" suggested by Dr. Harris.

THE WORKS OF MILTON, 18 volumes. Edited by Frank Allen Patterson, and published by the Columbia University Press. Price, \$105.