



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

FRANCES TATUM ..... Editor  
 DOROTHY LOWDERMILK ..... Associate Editor  
 MARY MARTIN ..... Associate Editor  
 JESSIE CURRIN ..... Managing Editor  
 KATHLEEN MIDGETT ..... Managing Editor  
 BETTY PARKER ..... Managing Editor  
 MARY JANE LINDLEY ..... Business Manager  
 CAROLYN CRITCHER ..... Assistant Business Manager  
 SADIE MASSEY ..... Art Editor  
 DOROTHY GREENE ..... Feature Editor  
 EVELYN LASSITER ..... Typist  
 LUCY NEWELL ..... Typist

Reporters

MARY STEWART ..... VIRGINIA COUNCIL  
 JEAN LIGHTFOOT ..... BEBE DICKENSON  
 CAROLYN ANDREWS ..... NORA BINDER  
 GERALDINE TUTTLE ..... IRIS ROSE GIBSON

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

EDITOR'S NOTE: It is with much enthusiasm that the new staff takes over the publishing of THE TWIG. We appreciate the confidence placed in us and sincerely hope that we may not fall short of your expectations. We hope that when you read your paper you will read it with the idea that it is the medium for the expression of your ideas and your activities, and that you will feel free to express your opinion in the columns of your college newspaper.

WHAT GAIN?

With the coming of the close of the present school year many of us stop to ask ourselves the questions, "What have I accomplished during the past few months? What have I received from daily contact with the faculty and students? What do I have to show for the time I've spent here?"

We probably began the year with many enthusiastic plans for our activities, and set a higher goal than we have realized. It is nothing to regret if we have not attained standards we set for ourselves if we have really tried to attain them.

It is not unusual to overhear comments made to the effect that one has received little from her school life. But if you investigate, you usually hear such statements made by those who have put nothing into their college life. The passive element in our college group is the reason for the lack of the longed for college spirit. We are not paid dividends from bonds we have not bought and paid the price for. There are classes we complain of being boring, but it is probable that if we analyze the situation we will find that we have contributed nothing to the class. It is possible that we have sat on the back seat, figuratively speaking, and accepted without question, because it takes too much effort to question, the ideas of others. How many of us are willing to let others do our thinking for us. The various activities on the campus mean little to us if we have lent no aid in making them active activities.

Do we have anything to show for our year's work besides grades, and notebooks, such as they are. Grades are only external and are of little value in making life adjustments. The idea that grades are the only determinant of achievement is a false one, and one we had better forget if that is the single aim towards which we are working. If we have learned anything about how to live in a co-operative group, we have made a great advance. If we have learned to make our own decisions, or have learned to form our own opinions, and draw our own conclusions, we have made a good deal of progress since the beginning of the year.

"QUIET HOUR"

One of the rules with which the student body is not in sympathy is that regarding "quiet hour" on Sunday afternoons.

It seems to me that to expect students to abide by this regulation is asking a little too much. It would seem that the aim of a normal college life would be not to make it in such decided contrast to the life of the average college student at home, and I am sure that no girl is required to remain in her room for two hours on Sunday afternoon. When this ruling was made, no doubt it was worthwhile and practical. But one thing many fail to realize is that this is a changing world, rules made for students of even a decade ago are not applicable to the student body of today.

I am not advocating abolishing the rule just because it is not enforced, but because it is an impractical and unreasonable one.

"WHENCE DEPARTED SPIRIT"

Listening to the recent comments of several people on the campus, we have been led to wonder if that something usually referred to as "Meredith Spirit" has not either departed from the campus completely or else been so individualized as to be hardly recognizable. It has been obvious to quite a number of the students lately that interest in school activities is decidedly on the wane. We have wondered at the cause of this decrease and have not been able to find a definite solution. We have made several interesting speculations which we pass on to you for consideration.

The neglect of the sports program by the majority of students has caused considerable worry among those especially interested in sports. It seems quite probable to us that an answer might be found in the maxim "competition makes the game more interesting." If this saying be true, then it is no wonder that student attendance at basketball games, and other such games, is so small, for who can get excited over one class playing another, or who wants to side with one dormitory against another. In a school as small as ours where everyone knows everyone else, there is little class feeling and consequently, almost complete indifference to interclass contests. Why can't Meredith play St. Mary's or Peace? Such inter-school contests not only would tend to produce a now sadly lacking feeling of friendship or even acquaintance among these schools and us but also would tend to stimulate feeling for our own school.

In regard to the lack of interest and activity in the literary societies on our campus, we have again been led to ponder upon a cure for the inattentiveness shown them. It seems to us that more competition again would be helpful. When there are only two societies and every girl in the school is expected to join one or the other of the organizations, there is naturally little to arouse rivalry. Perhaps a third such society would enliven the situation. The fact that the terms Astro-tekton and Philaretian mean nothing to people outside the radius of Meredith (and little to those within the college, except as a source of enthusiasm and a who-can-spend-the-most-contest at the first of school) tends to destroy interest while one is a student and completely annihilates any society feeling after graduation. Why not use the societies as a sort of "new ground" for the discovery and development of talent along the lines of declamation, debating, and so forth.

Still another neglected organization on our campus is the Baptist Student Union. At the recent installation services, there were a very few girls present. Participation in such services as the BSU holds is really a more personal and vital matter to the students than any of the others. After all, no one can take another's place in matters of religion. It does not seem fair to say that only those attending the various meetings of BSU organizations are interested in religious activities. Yet one is inclined to ask what the rest of us substitute for these meetings, and when, or if, we satisfy our needs for such contemplations and studies as our religious activities offer.

All of this supposition gets us nowhere. It is entirely up to us as the students of Meredith College to revive the interest in campus affairs. We offer you these observations now that you may think upon them during the summer months. It is the earnest wish of the staff of THE TWIG that each student will return next fall with a renewed determination to take part in campus life and a zest for really living a well-rounded life while at Meredith.—M. M.

President for a Day

By SADIE MASSEY



AN INCIDENT IN MY CAREER OR TALKING THROUGH MY HAT

By DOROTHY GREENE

I had just been elected president of the United States. Of course, my political and social obligations as well as my campaign speeches had kept me pretty busy, so I was quite ready to go off on a fishing trip and rest for a while before I ousted my rival candidate from the White House. And then—something happened.

On the wharf I met a crowd of reporters and photographers, and after I had spent fully ten minutes in smiling jovially and waving gaily first my right hand and then my left, and after I had nearly fallen off the dock twice because I was obliging enough to put one foot in my yacht and the other in mid-air as though I was on the point of setting out—or in, I spied a reporter from THE TWIG. She was exceedingly well-mannered (Meredith girls always are!) and so hadn't shoved herself up to the front. And partly because I liked the way one of her curls hung over her ear, and partly because she had a nice nose, but mostly because she came from my Alma Mater, I decided to grant her a special interview.

Wherefore we went down into my cabin and I fortified myself in preparation for her to start firing—and guess what she asked!

She asked, "How much of Meredith do you remember?"

Well, I hadn't been out of school so long, in my own estimation (just thirteen years, for thirty-five is the youngest you can be to run for President although Congress had considered making an exception of my case ten years before, but the bill was blocked in the House of Representatives).

I said, "I remember lots. But the thing I recall most clearly is the girl's radio across the court. It saved our having to turn ours on."

She said, "Oh yes! I think the same girl is there now, only she doesn't ever get the program we want."

I said, "I would complain to the management, that gross thoughtlessness."

She said she thought so too. Then we started on another track.

"Do you remember the telephone?" she asked.

"Dear me! the telephone. I never got a call—except sometimes, and then I wasn't in and didn't have a nickel to call back."

"How about the mail boxes?"

I beamed upon her my most delightful smile (the one my admirers call the Gandhi Grin) then I bragged a bit.

"I memorized our whole hall's box numbers and combinations." She took notes diligently.

Then she was so much impressed with this that she asked for a picture of me, not the regular newspaper cuts such as those of George VI or Einstein or John D. Rockefeller, but something more personal like those of Clark Gable and Nelson Eddy in *The Modern Screen*. So I gave her one of my baby pictures.

She got up to go, so I could leave New York in time to eat supper under the Statue of Liberty. At the door she turned around and smiled one of those Meredith "personality" smiles.

"What is your dearest memory of Meredith," she asked.

"Plums," I said with an ecstatic expression. "Canned plums and grits."

DR. HUBERT POTEAT IS SPEAKER AT ANNUAL STUDENT G. BANQUET

The annual student government banquet was given at the Woman's Club, Friday evening, May 17. Both the old and new members of the Meredith and Wake Forest Student Councils were present.

Instead of the usual toasts that are heard at banquets, jokes and riddles were given by members of the councils. Bill Stanback, president of the Wake Forest Student Government Association for 1937-1938, presided.

Dr. Hubert Poteat was the speaker of the evening. His subject was "Student Government." The origin of student government and pre-student government days at Wake Forest were included in his talk. Dr. Poteat advocated student government and pointed out that student government had made great progress since its beginning. After the banquet there was a theater party.

Sympathy

The members of THE TWIG staff wish to extend sympathy to Bruce Kitchin in the death of her father.