

# THE TWIG

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## "Happy Birthday!"

Many years ago most of us, either in the Primary department of Sunday School or in kindergarten, learned to sing "Happy Birthday" to dear Susie at a suggestion from "teacher." Then proud little Susie marched up and sat in a special chair with blue ribbons on it. Sometimes Susie dropped a penny for each year in a piggy bank.

What has this got to do with us? Well, history repeats itself; and now, after all this time, this childhood custom is still holding forth at Meredith. The only differences are, now nobody tells us when to sing and we do not start at the same time; nor do we even know to whom we are singing most of the time. Another slight difference is that children's voices sound sweet, usually.

If this singing "Happy Birthday" is expressive of our cravings for music, let us suggest we have someone to play the piano at dinner every night. If this fails to satisfy us, let us suggest that we get someone to ring the gong, ask all children having birthdays to come forward and sit in a special place, then direct us as we all sing together. Maybe we could even get a piggy bank.

Seriously speaking, we do think this singing in the dining-room should be stopped. Not only does it interrupt meals, but also it seems silly to visitors. So let's try to express our good wishes in another way and "put away childish things."  
—M. M.

## This Is Serious

With the thought of another world war threatening us more than ever, it is up to us to do some serious thinking and to use our influence to prevent such an occurrence—we, the college generation, whom it would affect more than anyone else.

On every side we hear that we are just building up to another 1917, with all the horrible consequences. What is the purpose of the news reels which show the horrors being enacted in China? To build up sentiment in the hearts of the American people, a thing that is so easy to do. Don't we have sense enough to recognize propaganda when we see it? The newspapers work up the feelings of the people for the Chinese through numerous photographs and glaring headlines which emphasize Japan's aggressive action overseas. Japanese maneuvers are not to be excused or defended, but what will it gain if the United States or European nations take sides in this conflict? It just means furnishing more "cannon fodder."

You may reply that we must protect American interests in China. But, as was stated in a college newspaper recently, "Our business interests and missionaries over there are guests—they have no rights." We have been told by one recently come from China, one who knows more thoroughly the situation there than we do or may know by depending on the newspapers and newsreels for the information, that "China's expectation and hope is that we remain neutral."

Let's facet his question sanely. We have all to gain by staying out of this conflict and much to lose by entering it.

## Bells, Bells, Bells

A frequent inquiry of new students and visitors to Meredith is "What are all the bells for?" And now starting on our third year here we are still unable to answer the question. We, too, tried asking old students about the constant noises, but we always got vague, indefinite answers. Now we are about ready to doubt that anybody can explain satisfactorily the purposes of all the bells that are so annoying.

The bells in the dormitories are fairly reasonable (if you overlook the needless noise they make on Sundays) since they help get us to class on time. But what puzzles us is the reason for insisting on punctuality in class and then wasting several minutes of each class time by clanging bells at least four times during the hour.

We have heard two arguments for ringing the bells so frequently. The first of these is that the music students who are practising need something to time themselves by. We have heard criticisms of music students, and we have heard blame for a lot of things put on them; but we can not believe any body needs eight bells to realize one hour has passed. Two bells at the hour and two at the half-hour should be sufficient.

The other defense offered is that the teachers like to be warned a few minutes before the class is over. From all reports the majority of the faculty members had rather not have the warnings than to have their classes disturbed by the bells. Therefore we are tempted to believe that this argument doesn't have much ground on which to stand.

We would like to hope that we could soon get a more melodious and less disturbing means of ending classes. However, if we can get rid of the useless bells and reduce the number to four an hour, we will be satisfied.—M. M.

## Dot's Dashes

By DOT LOWDERMILK

Well, I can't find anybody to get up a bunch and chaw gum with, so I'll just settle down for a while and tell you a few things that may NOT be found elsewhere in this paper.

Pinky Rose wouldn't call on me in chapel to tell about the football practices, so I'll just tell her public about the kind of life she's been leading. She was so late coming in one night (I'm not saying from where) that her suite just became disgusted and locked her out. I don't blame them for not allowing any but respectable people within those walls. Margie Thomas was kind enough to spread a blanket and pillow in the hall just outside the door for her. She has no statement to make at the present writing.

From all reports, the Wake Forest-Meredith party last Saturday night was quite a success. If all the boys in Wake Forest look like those who were here, I think it would be a good thing if they'd consolidate the two institutions right away! Did youse gals see that Gantt lad from Lynchburg? What we'd like to know is whether or not he has a regular girl back home. David Morgan and Ray Liles surely did have the music going "round and round" for a few minutes in that group singing. Judge Walden had his hands full keeping order in the Rat Courts. E. P. Pearce and John Ezell seemed to be enjoying the occasion. I saw Caesar Herrin talking to the assistant dean. Yes, the new one!

"I am but a lowly worm." A freshman happened to be entering a door at the same time Mr. Riley was, so naturally Mr. Riley held the door open for her. She was so overcome she turned to him and said, "Mr. Riley, you needn't hold it open for me; I'm just a freshman."

Josephine, the maid on our hall last year, is in New York studying now. We surely do miss her—she always knew plenty of good jokes.

Did you see the display of flowers and sympathy cards addressed to the S. G. on the door of Frances Spilman's suite? It was quite touching. I wonder if that suite agrees with the freshman who defined strict campus as being a time when you can't do anything but eat and go to classes!

Advice to young'uns: In working your garden if you can't tell which are the plants and which are the weeds, a sure way to find out is to pull 'em all out, and if they come up again they are weeds.

Dashes: F. O. and N. M. B. have a congenial friend. . . There won't be a State Fair this year on account of the merry-go-round broke down! . . . Tat Hamrick is wearing a sure enough "sparkler" on her third finger. I wonder what Louise Daniel did with the one she used to wear. Guess she put "Jack's in the box." Kathryn Aldridge finds it embarrassing to write the Wake Forest B. S. U. president and ask him when it will be convenient to come over for a business meeting. . . Five boys asked Mary Gavl for a date Saturday night. (Mary, I'll be in your room tonight at 10 o'clock to go to the B-Hive for telling all three of the people that read this column about your popularity!) . . . Margaret Love's suite and the suite across the hall had a written invitation to march across the court to pay the dean a

## The Professor Thinks

By DR. EDGAR HENDERSON

The present editors of THE TWIG, with commendable alertness and progressiveness, are introducing certain changes, even innovations, into our paper. Not the least promising of these is their plan to include in the regular make-up of the publication a space in which faculty members selected by the editors will offer such ideas, suggestions, and constructive criticisms as seem to them worth presenting to the students, alumnae, and constituency of Meredith College.

The students already had their "The Student Says." Now, with that fine sense of democracy and fair play and genuine tolerance which ought to characterize a free press, the editors seem determined to offer equal privileges even to down-trodden faculty members. Henceforth the faculty will have a corner all its own. Just what caption it will bear, I do not know myself. Consequently, I shall look with great curiosity to the next issue in order to see just what label will stand above these pioneer remarks of mine, honored with the privilege of opening up this unexplored Northwest Territory, so to speak. And I shall hope that my colleagues who will come after will make this new territory one of useful civilization.

## CHITTER CHATTER

By DOT GREEN

Seems like the birthdays around Meredith are getting pretty numerous around here (we mean the real ones!)—what with Margaret O'Brian, Kathleen Jackson, Edna Earle Coggins, Nora Binder and oodles of others all getting a year older overnight. Did you get any of the birthday cakes?

Did you go Astro or Phi? Which-ever one it was, isn't it fun? The saying is, you only live once, and you can only do your deciding on Decision Day once, but they vow that any Meredithite, from the freshmen to the alumnae, always have a series of goose-bumps and chilly spines every year around that time.

Never let it be said that Meredith girls aren't cute, on account-a because there are several brand new diamond rings being flourished around these here halls on the third fingers of some folks' left hands. Don't crowd, girls—but don't miss any of the excitement.

It's an art to get up five minutes after the last bell for breakfast has rung and get down to the dining-room fully clothed and at least in a semblance of a right mind before the doors are closed. There's nothing like a little sprint early in the morning to get up an appetite.

And of course, the stunts! We understand that every class has theirs all written and the scenery all made and the practices all perfect. At least that's the impression they try to give. All of us have our eyes glued to that cup. Wha-he, wha-ho! Meredith; let's go!

A sad time of the school year is now upon us, when all of us have to stay away from the B-hive so we can pay our budget fees and B. S. U. dollars. You'll see everybody start studying real hard so they won't be allured by those Coca-Colas and Hershey bars.

Hold everything till the next Twig—and if you hear any news, tell everybody you see about it, and add "local color" to it.

Little call. . . Meredith surely did turn out to yell for Carolina last Saturday. There must have been a reason for that. . . We didn't know Virginia Penny belonged to the Lonely Hearts Club until last week, when she received a letter from an unknown "Soldier" at Fort Bragg, who wanted to correspond with her. First it's Sailors, then it's Soldiers. Bring on the Marines! . . . "Doc" Covington was on his way to "Hahvahd" and came by to fill a date with a blonde. When she got to the parlor she couldn't find him because he was so completely surrounded by former "suit-resses." Can't you imagine the "Frostie" atmosphere it created! . . . Dot Haywood and Alice Bruton sang about five verses to the "Maple on the Hill" at the Phi Fair Monday night. They certainly could rival the Tobacco Tags. . . Simms as if Mirvine was Al-most stood up Sunday night. . . Ask Emily Bradsher why they play "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," so much in England. . . You can get someone else to figure all of this out for you, too!

## "CURRENT EVENTS"

By SADIE MASSEY



## MR. and MRS. DIOGENES

By LOUISE BASHFORD

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. and Mrs. Diogenes will be in every issue sponsored by Dorothy Greene and Louise Bashford.

### "Jill, Be Nimble"

The old tin tub was just big enough to hold Diogenes' feet, and as he sat soaking them he listened with one ear to the words of Mrs. Diogenes.

"Now, dear, you know you'll catch cold going out in this wind. Besides, Meredith is a girls' school, and it's a woman's job. Why don't you start looking for that honest man again. There may be one now. Of course, I know there wasn't ten years ago."

"But, my dear," Diogenes started. "Oh, well, if you insist, but I still think that only a woman will be able to find out why the Meredith girls are so nimble. There, don't forget Bessie; she's about worn out, poor lantern."

With his head full of these words and bent on finding the one thing that makes Meredith girls quick and nimble, Diogenes pulled the door to, fumbled down the steep narrow steps and out into the night.

The very first place to stop that caught his eyes was the "Parlors" sign. Pulling out of his pocket a bright checked cap he replaced his hat.

Reluctantly, he changed the tobacco in his old curved ox-head pipe to a straight narrow stemmed one. He couldn't help but chuckle as he said to himself, "They will at least think I'm from the alumni of State."

Girls passed and passed; some even making fun of the "freshman with his lantern," but Diogenes was still puzzled.

The night aged, soon the light was out, and Diogenes was left alone with Bessie, disappointed but determined to put this hunt through if he had it to do in the daylight. So he wandered out into the grove and found a comfortable spot to doze.

Up before bell time he hastened to the shabby by the dining hall. Pushing his way in it he found a refuge from all eyes.

Girls came from "C" dorm; Girls came from "D" dorm; Girls came from "A" dorm; Girls came from "B" dorm; And Diogenes began to feel better.

"There must be a spot like this near the classrooms," he questioned himself. He found it by the arts building. Eighty-three, ninety-three, ten-thirty lived and died. Lunch time gave Diogenes a chance to slip away.

"My, you've been gone a long time. Did you find it? Are you hungry? What is it? Stop peeling that potato long enough to tell me. What does make them so nimble?"

"My dear, you should have found out on your trip. It's very simple, it's those new super de Luxe shoes, the ones with the rubber bottoms.

## Teaching Seniors!

By ANNE POTEAT

I imagine the habitual reaction that first comes to the teaching senior is one of fear and trembling. My first trip to Hugh Morson certainly affected me in that manner, and I did not feel any better when I was told that the first boy I saw was at least six-two and was only a sophomore! Too many of that brand, thought I, would turn me to jelly.

My first duty as a "teacher" was to correct a set of test papers on Chaucer. By the time I had corrected twenty-five of said papers, I had gotten beyond the stage of caring whether one person had Chaucer married to the Queen of England, or not. I did arouse sufficiently to chuckle hysterically (if one can do such a thing) at one person who said, "One of Chaucer's characteristics is that some of his poems don't make sense!"

Observing is really an interesting occupation, especially when one is engaged in analyzing character by gazing at the back of the heads of one's pupils. I can't wait to start teaching so I'll know what my pupils look like from the front. Sitting in the back of the room has its advantages, however. Notes fly more frequently in the back than they do in front; and that is always an intrinsic part of school life. It has always been a wish of mine to be able to intercept a note, but so far I have been unsuccessful.

The other day the teacher asked one of the boys in the class what Sir Walter Raleigh wrote. The answer was a trifle astounding, because the boy said Raleigh wrote the first three books of *The Faerie Queene*. When the teacher corrected him with as straight a face as possible, the boy jerked his thumb toward a friend(?) across the aisle and said, "Well, he told me," as if that settled the question, notwithstanding the fact that the informer is one of the dumbest in the room. When the teacher reiterated her correction, the boy subsided, muttering, "Aw, he framed me; he must o' framed me."

By the time I start teaching I have an idea that I'm going to use my pupil's words to express a similar thought, "I've been framed."

## OFFICERS ARE CHOSEN FOR SCHOOL YEAR '37-'38

Tuesday, September 28, the officers of the choir were elected. These officers are: President, Mary Leigh Farnell, of Parkton; vice president, Pauline Stroud, of

## 'Drive Safely' Course Offered in Hi Schools

In an attempt to inaugurate "drive safely" courses in the public schools of North Carolina the Highway Safety Division and the Department of Public Instruction cooperated in the movement and sponsored a series of institutes the first week in October to advise principals and teachers how to conduct such courses.

Pupils will actually operate cars within the school grounds at some schools and at others instruction will be confined to motor mechanics and safety principals.

"The pupils of today are the drivers of tomorrow," said Major Arthur Fulk, head of the safety division. "We hope to be able to start elective courses on safe driving in every high school during this scholastic year."

Dr. J. Henry Highsmith, director of the division of instructional service is working with Major Fulk on the program. Automobiles to be used in laboratory work, which will be supervised, will be obtained by parent-teachers associations in some communities. The children will not be allowed to drive on the highways as it is against the law for persons under sixteen years of age to drive on public roads.

Speakers for the institutes held for the teachers include Dr. H. J. Sack of Columbia University and Miss Marian Telford of the National Safety Council and Major Fulk.

Kinston; secretary, Margaret Lanier, of Wallace; and treasurer, Virginia Council, of Raleigh. The choir has begun rehearsals for the program given annually each Christmas. This organization is under the direction of Miss Ragna Otterson.

## Duke Professor Author of October Book of the Month

Dr. Joseph Banks Rhine is the author of the October selection of the Book-of-the-Month, a distinction that is among the most coveted in the field of literature.

Dr. Rhine is a native of North Carolina, and is at present professor of psychology at Duke University.

The title of the book is "New Frontiers of the Mind." It is Dr. Rhine's first full-length account, to the general public, of the research work he has been carrying on during the past seven years at Duke University on extra-sensory perception, a faculty of knowing objects and events independent of the five senses.

Numerous magazine and newspaper articles have been written which dealt with the research carried on in the Duke parapsychological laboratories, and the work in telepathy and clairvoyance has attracted the interest of visitors from many parts of the world. The book has an initial circulation of about 150,000 volumes.