

THE TWIG

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With Regret

Once again we are almost at the close of another school year. It is the time when those of us who will be left behind truly feel our loss at the leaving of the seniors. Especially will the new members of the staff miss those of the old as they depart.

We know that we shall feel lost at first, but we shall endeavor to do our best and shall always have before us the remembrance of your fine spirit of work and cooperation as a guide.

And now as we take over our work we wish to say that it is with regrets that we see you leave us, but with best wishes for the future.

To the Students

We realize that we have a hard job ahead of us, but we are willing to do at least our best. The previous editor and her staff have set a very good example for us and we shall have to exert an extra effort in order to measure up to their work.

It is with some misgivings that we assume the task of editing your newspaper, but we are eager to be of help to the students in any way toward building a better school. We know that the pleasure and advantages which shall come to us will repay us many times for any worries and troubles we may have in the coming year.

Now any college paper is a voice of the students. Without you and your fullest cooperation, we are helpless. With you, we desire truly to make this paper "the official organ of the student body of Meredith College."

You Are the More Highly Endowed

College students, you are the more highly endowed of the present generation.

By being in an institution of higher learning one has a better opportunity of making a success of life. The individual, if he avails himself of the opportunities at hand, can live a fuller, richer life. Almost anyone can exist, but the person who really lives is the one who expects to gain something from playing the game of life, and in view of that expectation, puts something into the game.

Opportunities surround us every day, but, all too often, we let them casually slip away, seemingly not realizing that we will, in all probability, not have that opportunity again.

One of the most obviously neglected opportunities of the college students here seems to be that of failing to attend the entertainments provided for by the college. Granting that the entertainments are fairly well attended there are still many who are losing fine chances of enriching their lives by the knowledge and experiences of others. Let us become just a little more keen to the values of such programs.

And, then, just being in school is an opportunity many people envy students. It seems a little unfair when the more fortunate ones fail to make a "go" of school work.

To play a winning game in life requires long, untiring efforts on the part of the contestant. One must not expect success at one attempt.—From "The Tecu Echo."

Heaven Is Our Home

Frank Knox, publisher of The Chicago Daily News, brought the glad news to the American Publishers' Association that motion picture producers had promised to stop portraying newspapermen in an unfavorable or "untrue" light. And that, presumably, is a great victory for the press. But suppose the motion picture producers in a simple request based upon reciprocity should ask the promise of the newspapermen to regard movie actors only in a favorable light. Such a treaty of peace might sweeten and lengthen the days of newspapermen, movie actors and their bosses. But that it would serve any others is much to be doubted. Certainly when Mr. Knox seeks a pretty portrayal of his craft he intimates that the craft can't take it. And if newspapermen can't take criticism or caricature or downright distortion of themselves they have become a thinner skinned breed than they used to be.

It takes all kinds of newspapermen to get the news and make the papers, and whatever character a movie gives a figure of the craft it will fit somewhere. No sensible man believes that the depiction of a newspaperman in a movie as crook or bum is supposed to indicate that Colonel Knox and the thousands of other excellent gentlemen who somehow got into this weird way of making a living are all crooks and bums. But when a publisher as prominent as Colonel Knox feels it necessary to get the movies to portray newspapermen in the sweetest way, somebody may wisely wonder if the whole works does not need such a histrionic whitewashing.

The whole thing would be a silly business if it were not for the fact that what the publishers are getting is a form of censorship instigated by representatives of the press for the benefit of the press. And that is not silly. It is folly: The sad folly of a man loud about a free press but blind to the dangers of putting bonds on a free theatre.—From "The News and Observer."

Idle Minutes

When I told Dot Lowdermilk that Kay had asked me to try to substitute for her column this week, I thought she would go into hysterics. At first it sort of hurt my feelings, but then after reflecting a minute on her sense of humor (she laughs at everything from Mary Martin's appetite to the jokes in her own column) I decided to let it go at that, and left her playing peek-a-boo behind a newspaper.

Far be it from me to be anybody's adviser, but let me advise all of you to go to the Ambassador theatre next week to see "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." If I can cause anyone to see it who has not already planned to do so, I shall feel that I have done my Girl Scout "daily good deed." There is a confession coupled with that suggestion, for I am one of those stubborn people who had declared at the beginning that I would not spend two hours of my valuable time looking at any such foolishness. But then after the papers began to play it up and I'd had to read the entire story (to say nothing of cutting out a fifty-two piece wardrobe for Snow White, who in reality only had two dresses), to the little boy next door during Easter, I decided that I had to see it. If I had not seen it I would always have to be on the defensive because people like

Dot Lowdermilk would always be saying "What, you didn't see Snow White?" etc., etc. So I went, and people, I had the surprise of my life. "Sis" Bell and I enjoyed it so much that the people in front of us missed half the show, turning around to see whose children were being so rowdy. It's really worth your time, so don't miss it.

Personally, I don't like stories about spinsters, because they are usually very nice people — in fact, they are a lot nicer than people who publish jokes about them. (I wouldn't be saying all this just because I am one of the two single damsels left from a crowd of fifteen who graduated from high school three years ago.) But anyway, the other day one lady asked a maiden lady what she would like most in a husband—brains, wealth, or appearance. The maiden lady snapped back, "Appearance, and the sooner the better!" Just like that.

You know, a funny thing happened at the Student Convention last week. Mirvine told one joke after another and no one in the audience even smiled except the Meredith girls, and they nearly died laughing. Don't tell Mirvine (Melvine, I believe she calls herself), but Bill Stainback made some crack about stooges; of course he was wrong because we can't help it if we are ticklish.

The Traditional Daisy Chain

By HANNAH LACOB

"He who laughs best, laughs last." So join in, freshmen, now it's our turn! The sophomores might have given us a thorough going-over on "soph-day-off," but what we went through is a mere nothing in comparison to the inconvenience these old friends of ours are going to suffer. But please don't let me keep you in the dark. I'm talking about the Meredith Daisy Chain, of course! And to you who still don't know what it's all about, a word or three of explanation. . . .

A daisy chain is a long rope completely woven of daisies; hundreds, thousands, or even millions of them. The more daisies, the more chain, and, incidentally, the more work for the sophomores. On class day, while freshmen, juniors, and seniors are still enjoying sweet sleep, the suffer-mores have to get up in the wee hours of the morn (five o'clock, to be exact) and start plucking daisies and weaving them into the chain. But this is not the worst of it, more is yet to come. For five or six weeks prior to class day, they have to be outside at 6:45 every morning except Sundays to practise something about which I'll tell you later, if you don't know

what it is already. Six forty-five! The best hours of sleep spent in practising! What people don't go through for the sake of traditions!

For you see, daisy chains are traditional. They are an important element in every woman's college. College wouldn't be college, sophomores wouldn't be sophomores, and class day wouldn't be class day without them.

On class day quite a ceremony is held around this chain. The seniors, in whose honor the whole program is given, march into the grove and are seated. After which their little sisters, bearing the daisy chain on their shoulders and singing all the while, march into the grove. Following the exercises, the sophomores, still carrying the daisy chain, proceed to the steps of the Administration Building and form the numeral forty with the daisy chain. (Here's where all the practising comes in.) They make a very lovely picture standing there with their "bright and smiling" faces shining out, and their pretty white dresses fluttering in the breeze. They're oh, so tired! but happy for the privilege of partaking in the daisy chain, just as we freshmen will be next year.

"An Old Pair of Shoes"

By FREDA CULBERTSON

"I burnt my gym shoes because they were so sissy."

At these words I pricked up my ears to hear what the sleepy-eyed hostess across the table was talking about the bonfire of the night before—when every senior was privileged to destroy by conflagration the article (except it be flesh and blood or under the jurisdiction of the trustees) that had been the bane of her existence for four years at Meredith.

Last summer when I tossed them out of my trunk, Dick (brother) took one look and let out his intolerable horse-laugh. "Oh, gosh, is that what college has done for you? What are they — anyhow?" He side-stepped to keep a certain black object from contacting his left ear and I decided that the sizzling of 1940 would have to be a little sissier.

I sat back and listened and agreed beligerently. "Sissy, that's what they are. Do you see how Mrs. Sorrell ever picked up such a foot gear." Mr. Greek (That's in brackets in Webster's Collegiate dictionary) says that 'gymnas' means naked. Yes, bare of all beauty and preposterous strings that had to be tied twice, puckered toes and soles that would be cardboard if they didn't last as long. Then across before my eyes visions of juicy black leather sizzling in a red hot fire in the spring of 1940.

Those gym shoes, those gym shoes have cost me enough trouble to deserve sulphur flames, "with time out only for intermittent visits to the frigidaire. Embarrassing moments: To get to gym with your shoes on the wrong foot; or to discover that one shoe is your room-mates; to walk through the library with their proclaiming in no hushed tones that they need oil. And speaking of squeaking, whenever an uncalled for noise is heard in the dead of the night Dolly turns over and says, "Now, what? Have we an intruder (for instance, a mouse)? Is the radiator having convulsions? Or have your gym shoes merely decided they would be more comfortable on the other side of the closet?"

Those are times when I smell brain leather again. But — maybe it is age and being more set in my ways — I begin to dread the parting period. If Dick doesn't find out what lovely pockets the leather would make for sling shots, I think I will just keep them to show my grand-daughters what Meredith was like when I was there. I have a hunch that 1940's bonfire won't go hungry without my contribution.

Teacher: "Now we find that X is equal to zero." Student: "Whee! All that work for nothing."—Ex.

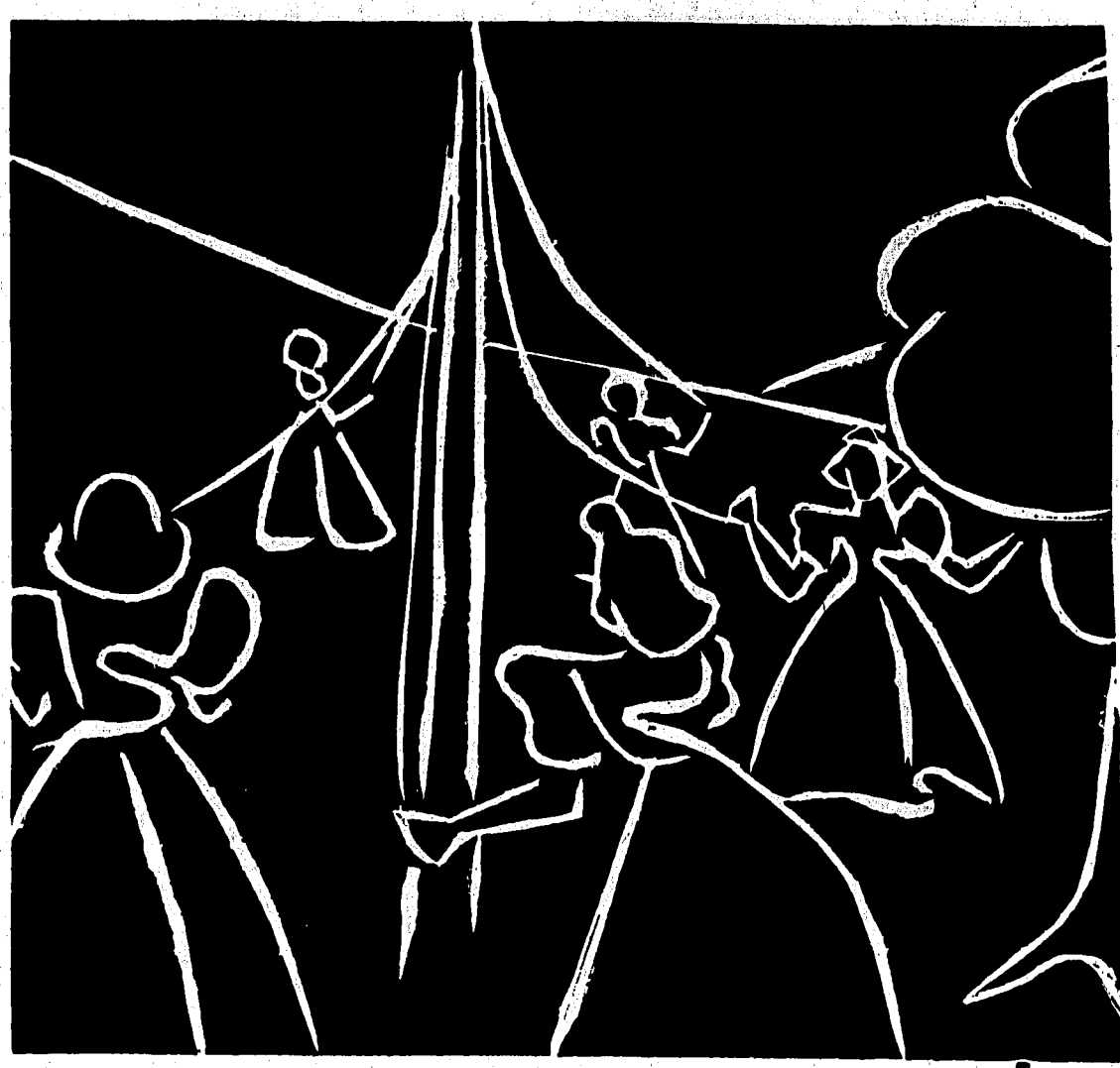
OPEN FORUM

DEAR EDITOR: I've noticed quite a number of little blue and pink slips being left at many doors these days and I haven't heard any rejoicing over the contents. A week campus doesn't exactly appeal to any of us. This week we had a little inducement to go to chapel (not that I think Meredith girls need inducement to go to chapel) and everyone seemed well satisfied. Mr. Geohagan, from the Wachovia Bank, gave us an interesting talk on banking (money talks you know). Mr. and Mrs. Alden got more applause than I ever thought five hundred Meredith girls could make. Knowing that there are to be such programs in chapel make it dangerous to miss one. I'm for better chapel programs and less campus-ing!

Yours truly, EVELYN LEVINE.

THE MAY POLE

By JANE THOMPSON



Hail, Aestivation!

By FREDA THOMPSON

It was one of those warm spring days when the sparrows were cutting up in the ivy outside the window and the rows of white iris swayed gently and the freshmen were flitting about the gym like a flock of canaries. I threw myself on Dolly's bed and stared vacantly at the clouds.

"I am going to aestivate this summer."

"Oh, what!" Dolly put down her novel and came to with a start. "Aw, you know, hibernate in the sunshine, with a straw hat over my face, like a Georgia ducky when the corn needs hoeing and the watermelons are almost ripe."

"You talk right foolish," was the only reply, and volume one of Love is Enough continued to be preserved. Dolly always discourages my more noble adventures.

"But, my dear, you don't understand," I tried it again. "You see, aestivation was originally one of nature's greatest plans. I am sure

she designed it especially for the convenience of college students. It means that you can put your mind in cold storage along with your best mink coat and Woolworth mittens and proceed to enjoy the summer. Lots of people aestivate after a fashion, only some insects and a species of frog had sense enough to carry out the plan in full. That is why when Noah Webster defines aestivate he says that it is peculiar to entomological beings. I guess he didn't know anything about the frog. Now, this frog, he fills himself up with water—"

Somebody's book on the other bed slammed. "Enough said. I get the idea and will give the matter more serious consideration when I get through hibernating." And a door banged behind Dolly and Love is Enough.

I reached a long arm to the book case and pulled out a catalogue. Yep, there it was. Monday, May 30. Commencement — of aestivation.

CONTINUED ELECTIONS OF MINOR OFFICERS

Continuing the annual elections, the student body has chosen the girls they thought capable of assuming the responsibility of the minor offices for the year 1938-39. The remaining Student Government members are as follows: Jane Washburn and Aileen Snow, House vice-presidents of Jones Hall; Maxine Morgan and Virginia Lee Watson, House vice-presidents of Faircloth Hall; and Evelyn Lane and Edna Earle Coggins, House vice-presidents of Stringfield Hall.

The following girls were chosen to serve on the B. S. U. Council: Blanche Johnson, Enrollment vice-president; Jessie Currin, Social vice-president; Dorothy Devault, secretary; Helen Canady, treasurer; Theresa Wall, Poster chairman; Betty Brown McMillan, reporter; Sara Cole, Music director; and Juliette Martin, Day Student representative; Frances Lanier is to serve as president of the Y. W. A. for the coming school year. Freida Culbertson has been chosen as Service Band president. Margaret Jane Childs, who served as assistant manager of the B-Hive this year, has been given the managership for the coming year. Mary Matthis Turner will serve as Denominational president in the Council.

Ella Eddins has been elected as vice-president of the Athletic association. She has been very active in the sports offered at Meredith for the past two years. Ellen McIntyre and Juanita Stainback, who have been outstanding in the college sports, have been elected as secretary and treasurer. Carolyn Critcher was elected as business manager of THE TWIG with Nancy Bradsher as her assistant manager. Evelyn Mershburn will serve as assistant editor of the paper, the managing editors being Sarah Hudson, Evelyn Levine, Cora Burns and Helen Jones. Jane Thompson is to be art editor.

Iris Rose Gibson will serve as business manager of the Acorn with Helen Canaday as her assistant. Olive Hamrick was elected as assistant editor of the publication. There are two editors from each of the three following classes: Senior, Betty Thomasson and Dorothy Byrum; junior, Nora Binder and Freida Culbertson; sophomore,

Alice Chandler and Nina Lou Rustin. Katharine Kaimar, Dorothy Green, Virginia Speer and Carolyn Langston were elected as Art, Poetry, Book Review and Exchange editors, respectively.

The following have been elected to serve on the Oak Leaves staff: Photographic editors, Virginia Speers, Minnie Anna Forney; associate editor, Carolyn Andrews; senior editor, Dot Reich; junior editor, Bebe Dickenson; sophomore editor, Betty Brown MacMillan. The assistant business managers are Catherine Scott and Sarah Hayworth.

A member of the Philaretian Literary society cast her ballot for the following girls as officers of the society since no other nominations were made: Sarah Cole, vice-president; Leette Smoak, secretary; Frances Spilman, treasurer. Blanche Johnson was elected by the members of the society for chief marshal. The senior marshal is Thomasine Herring, and the junior marshal is Bebe Dickenson. The Astrotekton Literary society

has not yet chosen its remaining officers and marshals.

The members of the student body elected Anna Lee Johnson of Apex as college marshal. There were three nominees for this place, Lois Avant, Theresa Wall, and Thomasine Herring. The remaining elections will take place soon.

MRS. MAYES BEHRMAN SPEAKS ON MARRIAGE

Mrs. Mayes Behrman of Greensboro conducted a series of lectures on marriage as a vocation from April 19-23. She was here in connection with the Vocational Emphasis Week. She spoke four times, each time taking up a different phase of marriage. She lectured informally and students asked questions and contributed to the discussion. She spoke of the necessity of compatibility, and also of the relation of religion to a happy marriage.

She also talked on the subjects of engagement, courtship, and marriage.

Defeat isn't bitter if you don't swallow it.—Reader's Digest.

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