

THE TWIG

THE STAFF

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Table listing Reporters including Rosanne Barnes, Mary Foster, Dorothy Bell, Agnes Freeman, Marjorie Burrus, Virginia Greene, Edna Earle Coggins, Carolyn Henderson, Ernestine Hogwood, Dorothy Roland, Juanita Stainback, Theresa Wall, and Virginia Watson.

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Welcome, Alumnae!

Today is what we consider as homecoming day for the Meredith alumnae, and the TWIG staff takes this opportunity in behalf of the student body to welcome you back to your Alma Mater.

Every time students pass the bulletin board in A Dormitory they have to spend a great deal of time searching for any new notices which might have been posted.

Not only is time wasted but the bulletin board presents a very untidy appearance. I should imagine that guests coming into the dormitories and seeing these boards the first thing, would think that our whole organization was "out of order" too.

I'm suggesting that we set aside a bulletin board especially for the faculty and have those in A and C dormitories strictly for student notices.

In view of the fact that next Friday is Armistice Day I feel that every student should stop and think of world conditions. No longer can the youth of America ignore the vital problem of keeping peace; it concerns us too deeply.

- 1. Limitation and progressive reduction of armaments.
2. Economic reconstruction with the assurance of justice to all peoples as a basis of international well-being and stability.
3. Adherence to the basic principles of international law as the guiding and governing rules of conduct among nations.
4. Abstention from the use of force in pursuit of national policies and from interference in the internal affairs of other nations.
5. Collaboration in the freest possible intellectual exchange among the peoples of the nations.
6. Support of international cooperation in such ways and by such methods as may be practicable and as advance and do not contradict this program.
7. The equality of all people and races is basic to the securing of a peaceful world order.

"BETWEEN YOU AND ME"

It's not a political matter, but I know one that certainly ask Ana Louisa about her "league of nations."
How to win friends—inquire as to how Louise Dickie works her system of sitting on the end of the row at church.
I understand that Margaret Jane Childs has "Ben" progressing nicely.
If you see Minetta Bartlett, just yell, "Watch out," and she will know what you mean.
Jane Washburn's week-end was quite complicated, but she managed it wonderfully well.
Virginia Council would walk "Miles" and "Miles"—but not for a camel.
I know one girl that was certainly pleased over the Carolina-Duke game.
Here's a bit of advice! Don't send your roommate or a good girl friend down to see your date if you can't fill it.
Ask Iris Massey about her class under Mr. Boomhour.
Do you remember studying in history about William, the Con-

Idle Minutes

By VIRGINIA VAUGHAN

Today is the last of October and I see it go with regret. To me this is the most beautiful month of the year, and this year more beautiful than ever.

OCTOBER

The thought of old, dear things is in thine eyes,
O month of memories!
Musing on days thine heart hath sorrow of,
Old joy, dead hope, dear love.

I see thee stand where all thy sisters meet,
To cast down at thy feet
The garnered largess of the fruitful year,
And on thy cheek a tear.

Thy glory plows in every blade and leaf
To bind the eyes of grief;
Thy vineyards and thy orchards bind with fruit
That sorrow may be mute;

A hectic splendor light thy days to sleep
Ere the gray dusk may creep
Sober and sad along thy dusty ways,
Like a lone nun, who prays;

High and faint—heard thy passing migrant calls.
Thy lazy lizard sprawls
On his gray stone, and many slow winds creep
About thy hedge, asleep.

The sun swings farther toward his love, the South
To kiss her glowing mouth;
And Death, who steal among the purpling bowers,
Is deeply hid in flowers.

Would that thy streams were Lethe, and might flow
Where lotus blossoms blow.
And all the sweets wherewith thy riches bless
Might hold no bitterness!

Would, in thy beauty, we might all forget
Dead days and old regret,
And through thy realm might fare us faith to roam.
Having no thought for home!

And yet I feel, beneath thy queen's attire
Woven of blood and fire
Beneath the golden glory of thy charm
Thy mother heart beats warm.

And if, mayhap, a wandering child of thee,
Weary of land and sea,
Should turn him homeward and from his dreamer's quest
To sob upon thy breast,

Thine arm would fold him tenderly to prove
How thine eyes brimmed with love,
And thy dear hand, with all a mother's care
Would rest upon his hair.

Here and There Among the Exchanges

By EVELYN LEVINE

So many interesting things come in from the exchanges that we feel selfish keeping them to ourselves.
Through this column each time I wish to pass on to you the best of these. Hope you enjoy them as much as I have.

If you've heard this one, stop me. It came from an exchange.

Professor (to freshman): "Please tell me, what has become of your ethics?"

Freshman: "I traded it in long ago for a Hudson."—Ex.

And did you see all the publicity that Mr. and Mrs. Louis Trunzo received from the Wake Forest Old Gold and Black—their pictures on the front page. Mrs. Trunzo is our own Blerne Wiley, ex-'40.

And while I'm on the Old Gold and Black I might mention the publicity that Margaret "Frosty" O'Brien got from the "Spotlight." Incidentally, the pre-med exams are being given at Meredith soon in case any of you gals have suddenly decided to study medicine.

Meredith also got its share of publicity from the Technician lately when its "Roving Reporter" asked our worthy opinions on such subjects as what we thought of State College boys and bull sessions!

Dr. N. Y. Gulley, of Wake Forest, deserves our sincere thanks for so nobly defending us from our cow hazard. The same goes for Mary Betty Brown McMillan for her contribution to the worthy cause.

This little note of consolation appeared in the G. C. Collegian:

"Girls, there's a certain young boy that frequents the campus, and if you haven't dated him yet, don't give up hope; he'll get around to you."

So they have one, too!

Because I have been accused of not having the proper amount of senior dignity I would like to add this little bit of wisdom (??) I ran across the other day.

"Dignity is a narrow, unstable bearing which mental spindleshanks try to stand upon when they have no other support."

The following little note appeared in the Los Angeles Collegian:

"A professor in one of the eastern schools gave his reasons for classifying women as angels—they are always up in the air; always harping on something; and they never have an earthly thing to wear."—L. A. C.

Could this possibly apply to us? Because my column will be principally read (I hope) by the fairer sex I'm handing down some advice especially for you.

Advice for the Women
Keep away from track men—they're unusually fast.
Never make dates with biology students—they enjoy cutting up too much.
The football hero is all right—he'll tackle anything.

Would, in thy beauty, we might all forget
Dead days and old regret,
And through thy realm might fare us faith to roam.
Having no thought for home!

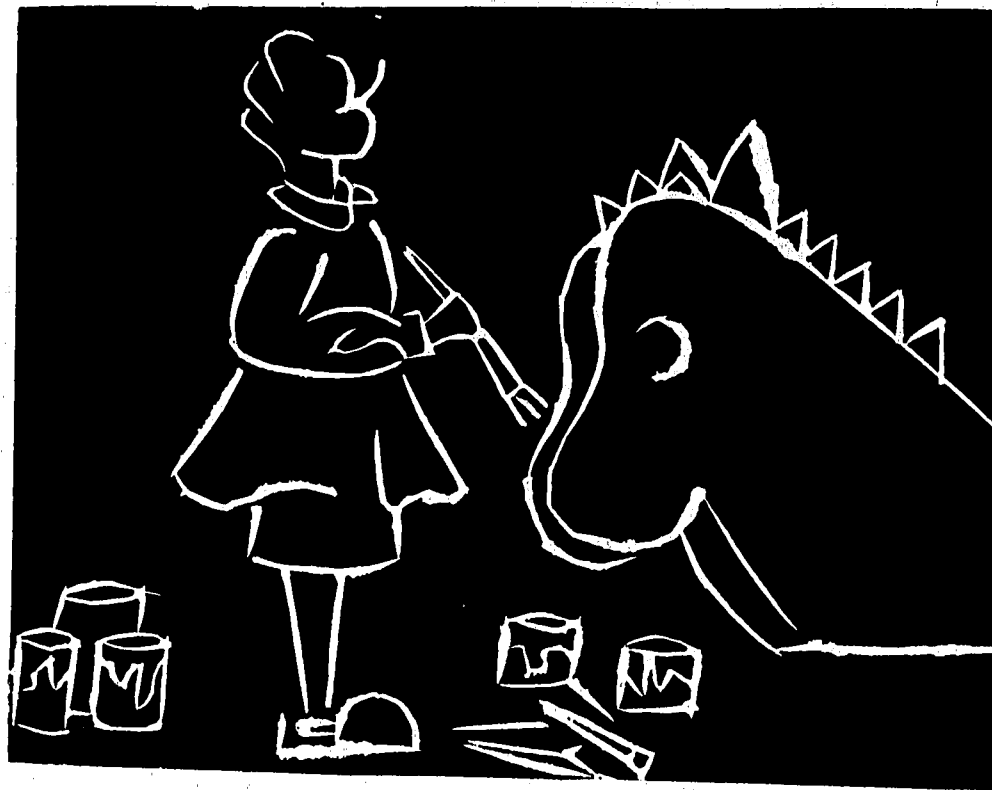
And yet I feel, beneath thy queen's attire
Woven of blood and fire
Beneath the golden glory of thy charm
Thy mother heart beats warm.

And if, mayhap, a wandering child of thee,
Weary of land and sea,
Should turn him homeward and from his dreamer's quest
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Thine arm would fold him tenderly to prove
How thine eyes brimmed with love,
And thy dear hand, with all a mother's care
Would rest upon his hair.

DRESSING UP DOBBIN!

By JANE THOMPSON



as you can, from wherever you happened to fall.

(The above rules should be practiced every morning.)
Section B (Rules of less importance)

- 1. Plan to run out of gas at least five miles from a filling station.
2. Start to the picture show in a neighboring town and, (by the way, this town must be at least eighteen miles from your own), when you're about six miles outside the city limits run over a nail or some glass, if you haven't already had at least three blowouts.
Guaranteed that you'll have the heartiest patch of corns and callouses on your hands, knees and feet in seven counties; also, that at the end of six weeks or maybe a month you'll be at least five pounds underweight.

Ghosts 'Round Meredith

"And the goblins'll get ya ef ya don't watch out"—(quote "Little Orphan Annie") was the watchword 'round Meredith when Halloween staggered in this time.

Woo-woo—ghosts (nearly everybody) hobgoblins (especially Miss English), cowboys (one—Dot Willson), Dopey (Dot Crawford), Jack and Jill (Marietta McLendon and Mary Gwin Oliver), little girls (of 10 years ago) Lucy Rogers, Mary Gray Pippin, and Mag' Holland), clowns (Mary Jane Lindley and Dot Corbett), even Greek gods (Blanche Johnson and Lois Johnson—ah, me), terrific Turks (Carolyn Critcher and Coca Burns) and even the gypsy in Kay Midgett's soul was brought out and so on and on into the night—(yawn, yawn)—well anyhow, they all gathered down in the dining hall for a regular Halloween fancy dress dinner on Monday night, October 31.

Perocious jack-o'-lanterns on each table furnished a flickering light and a lot of atmosphere, and autumn leaves served as further table decoration. Cornstalks and pumpkins scattered around the room and on the floor carried out the idea.

Peanuts (crunch-crunch) were on the tables, and pretty soon there were peanut shells to add (?) to the floor decorations.

The menu consisted of a fruit cocktail and a main course of fried chicken, carrots, sweet potatoes and pickled peaches. Apple cider (slurp-slurp) served as the drink, and for dessert, doughnuts (smack-smack) and ice cream with a pumpkin (in ice cream) on top of it.

Dot Pender and Virginia Council by request furnished piano music. Dot specialized in "I Cried for You," and "Hark, the Sound—," while little Council swung out with "Satan Takes a Holiday."

Oh, bitter woe—like all good things—was finally ended, but of course you can't eat your Halloween dinner and have it, too, etc. Miss Marian Ball, dietitian, and Miss Margie Stallings, assistant dietitian, were given a real ovation by everyone.

ANNIVERSARY DINNER IS GIVEN DR. BREWER

On Friday evening, October 28, in honor of the forty-seventh wedding anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Brewer, the faculty members who live on the campus instead of dining at small tables for eight as they usually do, sat at a large central table in the college dining hall and enjoyed a regular college dinner with the Brewers. A beautiful white and green wedding cake lent a festive air. As Dr. and Mrs. Brewer entered the dining hall all the students sang their congratulations. Dr. Brewer responded with a few words of appreciation.

Scared? Congratulation!

By VIRGINIA SLUDER

"Gee whilkins! I'm scared stiff!"
Every day of our lives we hear someone say that, and it isn't always a freshman! Not by any means. In fact, the older we get the more able we are to be afraid!

If you ever get scared, I am proud of you! It means that you have something in you that will push you on to great things. A person who has never been afraid has no imagination. And a person, especially a student (and aren't we all students?) without imagination is worse than an automobile without a motor and gasoline to run it!

Now, of course, I am not talking about what people call fear; that is, the kind we think we feel when we report to an especially important 8:30 class after we've taken a 10:20 date the night before, and on top of that helped ourselves to a light-cut to make coffee. That isn't real fear—that's only a feeling of guilt. It's our consciences repenting because our minds are somewhat warped for a moment.

The fear I am referring to is the fear that is related to reverence. In fact, at times it is reverence! Remember the times you've had to call on your mind and hands to create something? At the start you were a little scared, weren't you? Good! That's the fear I'm discussing! Robert Henri insists that everybody who has any respect for painting feels scared

when he starts a new canvas. Musicians admit that when they begin on a new recital they feel scared—in superlative terms! Writers twist in their chairs, and nearly push the keys of their typewriters out of place—so scared they are. As they begin their careers, even teachers feel a little shaky about the lower limbs—and their hearts beat faster! Everybody who is anybody is scared—scared they will not curve a line right, they will make natural a note that should be flatted, scared they will not interpret correctly, scared they will not give the pupil the thing he needs! Fear is a wonderful thing! It keeps us on our toes!

You haven't really lived unless you've told and listened to ghost stories: The lights look dimmer than they really are (and that's saying a lot), the clock sounds like a tractor, steps in the hall sound like those of ghosts instead of girls, everybody gets into less space than it ordinarily takes for one person, the door opens—and everybody screams! That kind of fear is to be respected—it's fine and dandy. It at least proves that imagination is in full swing. Keep it up, and more power to you.

Don't let anybody make you afraid of being afraid. If you possess that fear that is like reverence and courage, hang on to it for dear life. It will spur you on to that goal you have set for yourself.

Annual Stunt Night To Be Held Tonight By Meredith Students

By Meredith Students

(Continued from page 1)
class having the largest percentage present for the events of the afternoon will also have reserved seats.

When the curtain is drawn on the freshman stunt, the chief marshal will lead the judges to the decision room. While the judges are making their decision, awards will be made to the winners of the various events of the afternoon.

Pauline Davis of Winston-Salem, class of 1937, who directed the alumnae sports activities of the afternoon, will present a cup to the winner of the student-alumnae events of the afternoon.

Mr. Tyner, chairman of the judges of the afternoon events, will present cups to those winning in the Pallo, the horse race and the bicycle race.

Dr. Cooper will present two awards, one of \$5, which will be awarded to the girl who has written the best class song. The second will go to the class that has sung its song best.

After the decision has been reached by the judges, Colonel Harrelson, chairman, will present the cup to the president of the class having the best stunt.

The presentation of each class stunt is under the direction of the class president.

Mary Martin, of Lexington, is director of the senior stunt. She is being aided by the following, who are chairmen of the designated committees: Costume, Mary Lee Ernest; program, Dorothy Reich; makeup, Pauline Stroud; staging, Edith Freeman; properties, Blanche Johnson; scenery, Katherine Kalmar.

The junior class president, Dorothy Green, of Danville, Virginia, is being aided by the following committees: Costume, Nancy Brewer, Mary Lanier Seagraves, Dorothy Bell, Amy Catherine Myers and Madge Glazener; lighting, Cora Burns and Kathleen Jackson; scen-

ery, Sarah Olive, Dorothy Butler, Virginia Sluder and Evelyn Marshburn; makeup, Betty Vernon and Virginia Sluder; properties, Edna Earle Coggins, Bebe Dickerson, Frieda Culberson, Ruth Martin and Virginia Lee Watson; program, Mary Ester Williams and Carolyn Andrews; stage manager, Aileen Snow; and directors, Carolyn Critcher and Minetta Bartlett.

The sophomore class stunt is under the direction of Helen Byrd, of Bunn Level, president of the class, and Rachel Poe. Those on committees are: Staging, Catherine Scott, Jeanette Parker and Martha Jane Goodman; properties, Rosanna Barnes, Marjorie Burrus and Ernestine Hogwood; programs, Hannah Jacob; scenery, Nancy Bradsher, Jane Thompson, Josephine Pittman, Murelle Howard and Frances Grayson; lighting, Juanita Stainback, Mary Tilson Edwards and Sarah Hayworth; makeup, Marietta McLennan, Betty Fleischman and Annie Laurie Parker; costume, Mary Frances White, Helen Whitehead, Willena Schoens, Alice Falls and Paula Karl.

The freshman stunt is under the direction of Mary Elizabeth Holloway, of Durham, president of the class, and Marysia Chmielinski. On committees are: Staging and scenery, Dorothy Funderburk and Elizabeth Pruitt; costumes, Sue Rodwell and Gretchen Fanney; makeup, Dorothy Evans; script, Rowena Daniels, Marysia Chmielinski, Daphne Pegram, Lunelle Geer, Lucy McNeely, Ellen Ann Flythe, Katherine Kerr and Virginia Elliott.

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