

# THE TWIG

Published Bi-Weekly As the Official Organ of the Student Body of Meredith College

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Entered as second-class matter October 11, 1923, at Post Office 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 .....\$1.70

## To Miss Ida—

She sat before an easel. She would paint. She said, in colors soft and warmly blent, With brushes sensitive to her intent, The radiant portrait of a living saint. Her brush moved easily, without restraint, And soon the face appeared in lineament And then in colors exquisitely faint. When she was finished, eighty years were spent.

Consummate art. No hint of selfishness Cast its dull shadow, not the slightest trace Of pride or fear, of grief or bitterness Dimmed the soft rapture of the lovely face. She rose and laid the brushes on the shelf, And looked; and lo, the portrait was herself!

Thus Dr. Edwin McNeill Poteat, nephew of "Miss Ida," has made a word portrait of her. And in the heart of every Meredith girl will live the memory of this beloved teacher. Meredith and "Miss Ida" have become synonymous. Her gift of love and beauty to all of us can never be measured. She was the friend and adviser of every girl, and to her we owe in a great degree the spirit of friendliness and helpfulness that we find on our campus.

Although she lived more than four score years, she remained young in spirit, and a source of constant pleasure to all who came in contact with her. The words of the poet, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," truly fitted the spirit of "Miss Ida."

She saw beauty in everything, and had the great gift of showing it to others.

Her rooms, full of her souvenirs and collections of works of art of all types, were a place to which both teachers and students loved to go for a friendly talk and an inspiration always.

It seems impossible to imagine our campus without the gentle presence of "Miss Ida," but her spirit will always seem near, for love and gratitude to her will never die here.

"Miss Ida" has given us an ideal of the "life beautiful" that we may always keep as "a star to guide us."

## Those Grades Again!

Now that examinations are over, and the gripes and the snow have both nearly left our campus, one great blight remains. Give up? If you'll listen and not too closely you'll hear some very familiar phrases—"I know I flunked that course"—or (proudly) "I didn't crack a book all semester"—"She made A's on everything"—"How will I ever break the news to mother?"—and so on indefinitely.

The comment has been made by a number of outsiders, that grades at Meredith seem to be considered entirely too significant. Of course there is honor to high scholarship but the difficulty comes in the danger of losing sight of the purpose behind our study, in the consideration of how high a score we may gain as a reward for our knowledge.

Almost all of us are guilty of these proverbial "grade gripes" now and then. There are several types of offenders, let's see which category you may fall in:

1. The student who worries everyone with her grade troubles, is positive that she will fail everything, and then is listed on the first honor roll.

2. The girl who does not study the entire year, and then cannot understand why her grades were so poor.

3. The student who lives to make all A's, spends all of her time on her studies, and weeps if she makes a mere B.

4. Those who boast that they never study, when everyone knows they do.

Do you find yourself in here? If not, you are an ideal student, one who studies well, but not constantly who wants to do well in her courses, but not for the honors involved and one who does not inflict her grade difficulties on others. Watch this after you've seen Mr. Boomhour!

# TAKES and MISTAKES

By HELEN MACINTOSH

For the past few weeks this column has been bringing you the talents of individuals, and exchanges have been neglected, so with a new year in view and exams over, students reflect, "I wish I could invent a pill which would instill knowledge by swallowing."—Florida Alligator.

New Slang Department: These are the latest slang definitions developed by Ohio State University students:

Campus glamour boy—male with \$5; campus glamour girl—coed with a late model car; dive—any place with a neon sign, an orchestra and a college boy; swing—any disorganization; friend—anybody who will loan you money; acquaintance—anyone who has loaned you money; civilization—a collection of modern inconveniences.—A.C.P. in *The Belles of Saint Mary's*.

## SKIT FOR BABY SNOOKS

"Hullo, da-ady."

"Hello, Snooks."

"Whatcha readin', da-ady?"

"Newspaper."

"Why, da-ady?"

"To get the news. Now run along, you're in the light."

"I'm sorry, da-ady. . . (Silence.) . . What does it say, da-ady?"

"It says 'Finns hard pressed,' but you wouldn't be interested, Snooks; now go play."

"But I like fish, da-ady."

"I didn't say anything about fish."

"Aren't fins on fish, da-ady?"

"Snooks, go play."

"Aren't they, da-ady?"

"No."

"Why not, da-ady?"

"Because they are people—the Finns, are fighting the Russians."

"O-oh. . . (Silence.) . . What are they fighting for, da-ady?"

"The Finns are fighting the Russians because the Russians are fighting the Finns, just like if we get into war it will be because somebody is fighting us."

"Why, da-ady?"

"Nobody knows, but if we go to war it will be because somebody is fighting us because we only fight to defend ourselves."

"Who wants to fight us, da-ady?"

"NOBODY!"

"Then we aren't going to war, da-ady?"

"Yes, we're going to war. No! SNOOKS, WILL YOU KEEP QUIET?"

"... (Silence.) . . Did you read all that in the paper, da-ady?"

"YES, it says a lot of things about train wrecks and murders and the stock market going down and Hitler making a speech. Now please, will you go away?"

"Who is Hitler, da-ady?"

"Hitler is a man who doesn't like us and so we don't like him. Here is a picture of him."

"Ha, ha, ha."

"What are you laughing at?"

"He's cute, da-ady."

"He is not cute and he wants a lot of land to make Germany bigger."

"How did the United States get so big, da-ady?"

"SNOOKS! . . . It was born that way. Now are you going away?"

"Yes, da-ady. . . (Silence.) . . Why aren't people born that way, da-ady?"

"OOH! Come here, Snooks."

"Bye, da-ady."

—Tulane Hullahuboo.

## THE STUDENT SPEAKS

(Editor's Note: The following column consists of contributions, which we welcome, but which are not necessarily the opinions of staff members.)

Dear Editor:

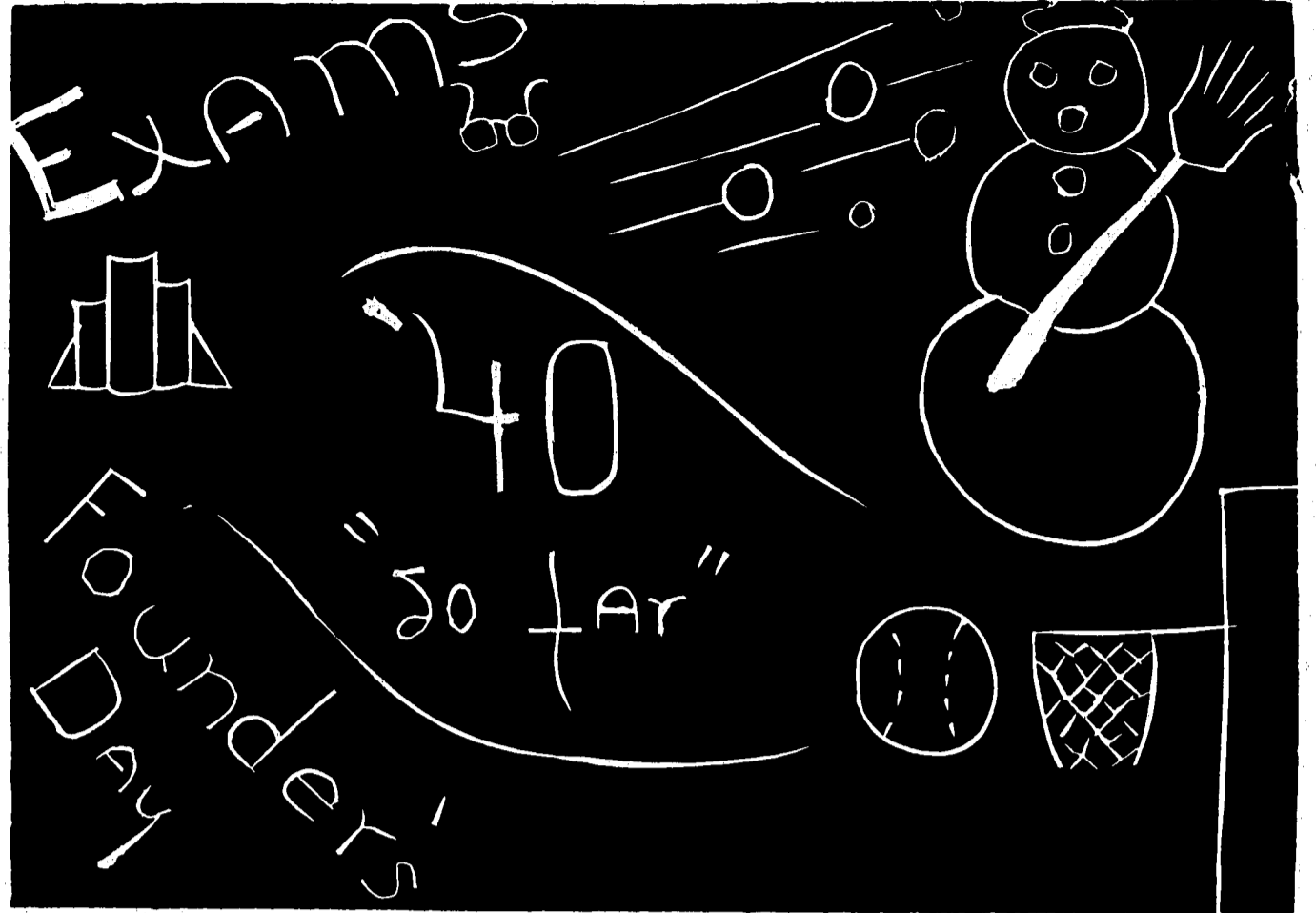
It is holiday for us all. The agony of the last two weeks and exams is over! What a relief. Now we can forget all those dates and facts. We have time to read all those books we stacked on the shelf for next semester. If we had a chance we might "smell the wall" as Dr. Harris calls dating around the Rotunda. Again we can contribute to the support of buses, movie houses and the ten cent stores in Raleigh. We can resume study on every college student's major—extracurricular activities. We might even begin to get our money's worth out of the library. We have, as the song goes—time on our hands.

Well, while we do have so much time on our hands, let's do something with it to help Meredith. We all gripe about the dating situation. Well, then, let's suggest something to improve it. We all want a chance to have a date, and on a date we want something to do. We all know that the situation calls for improvement, and yet we wait for someone else to get an idea.

At this time we might offer congratulations to the junior class for the Saturday night food jamboree to be held for dates in the Phi Hall. That is one idea. Haven't you one, too?—E. E.

# STARTING THE YEAR WITH A BANG!

By "BEP" PRUITT



## SPORT SCOOPS

By CATHERINE CHIFFELLE

Brrr! Ole Man Winter certainly gave us the cold shoulder this past week. In fact, we've almost arrived at the point where we can say that the Eskimos have "nothin' on us." We've all seen a few pairs of skiing trousers walking around—with girls inside—a definite proof that it's cold. Then, of course, if you still don't think it's cold, you must remain resigned to the fact that you are a cold-blooded fish of some sort.

The first indication of snow found many girls throwing snow grenades at one another. In one of these battles, I take the liberty of saying that Miss English proved herself to be an entirely too-accurate marksman, as some young ladies will affirm.

After the storm had subsided and the snow was wet enough, snow gentlemen and ladies appeared on all parts of the campus. Although most of the figures do not rival, or pretend to, the Chapel Hill work of art, still they were recognized as snow figures of one sort or another.

To cap the climax, Lady Wind whistled around Pullen Park so effectively that some of Meredith's girls found skates and tried their skill. From all I've heard, there isn't very much ice skating in this section. Am I correct in thinking that there were a few who could not sit down for a week?

This snow and cold weather certainly opens the sports field. Several girls found that the hills near the B-Hive and Allen's Pond were good for sledding. They cleaned off the rusty runners and had a grand time.

These are all of the cold weather sports I saw or heard of, so far as out-of-doors goes. But the indoor sports are coming along. Here at Meredith basketball holds the sport-light.

Last Monday evening the freshmen and juniors practiced at 6:30 and 9:30, respectively. On Wednesday and Friday at the same time the sophomores and seniors practiced. There were a number of freshmen out, and (a hint to the other classes) they look good! The juniors, it is rumored, look pretty cocky (they were last year's champions) and the sophomores claim that there will be some surprised juniors around here in a little while. And listen to this: The A.A. is trying to do something about the poor lights in the gym.

Well, badminton isn't confined to the sunny seasons. The equipment is to be rigged up so that we can play in the gym.

Saturday night—that's tomorrow night—you're invited to take your dates to the Phi Hall. The ping-pong table will be there, and the juniors plan to sell hot dogs. Everyone is invited.

Well, this about rounds up this week's news. Come out and support your class in basketball and enjoy the Phi Hall tomorrow night.

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## B. S. U. Notes

By LUCY MCNEELY

### The Big Wigs Are Coming To Town

Everybody's planning these days for courses, week-ends at home, and when the big party's to be. The N. C. State B. S. U. is planning too, for something about which every Meredith angel should pluck up her wings and take notice. The "Big-Wigs" are coming to town. No, they're not like the Munchkins or the Fuzzle Wuzzles of Africa, they're an even more select group than these: they're the officers of the State B. S. U., and they're coming to town Feb. 2 for a Planning Meeting for the coming year. The meetings will be ushered in by a get-together of the officers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Crouch Friday night, Feb. 2. This will be followed by conferences all day Saturday. Then Saturday night there will be a Dutch Supper in the State cafeteria, an open forum for all who wish to attend, and an informal party will be given for these officers by the local B.S.U. officers. Headquarters for these meetings will be at Pullen Memorial Baptist Church, and services in connection with this will be held there Sunday morning. At 3:00 Sunday afternoon a concert will be given in the Meredith auditorium. The local B. S. U.'s are in charge of this. Vespers will be held at Peace College at 5:00. Because of these services there will be no regular vespers at Meredith Sunday night. Those who wish to go to Peace for vespers will be given an opportunity to sign up. Plans for Sunday evening have not as yet been completed but there will probably be a service at First Baptist. The Meredith B. S. U. would like to take this opportunity to invite all Meredith girls to come to these meetings, and also to welcome those ten girls from other campuses who will be staying with us during this time.

And now who are these Big-Wigs we've heard so much about? These are their officers and colleges. The State Big-Wigs are: president, Harold McManus, Wake Forest; vice-president, enrollment, Bob Ankers, State College; social, Margaret Brice, Duke; devotional, Malsie Castlebury, E. C. T. C.; secretary-treasurer, Elizabeth Tucker, Meredith; reporter, Orville Campbell, Carolina; magazine reporter, Katy Ruth Grayson, Woman's College. Other "Big-Wigs" are, of course, presidents of the different college B. S. U.'s. They are: Carolina—Frank Ledbetter who is from Robbinston; Wake Forest—Harold McManus from Sanford; E. C. T. C.—India Hill from Benson; Campbell—Jack Gross from Roanoke, Virginia; Woman's College—Kathryn Rimmer from Statesville; N. C. State—Jarvis Adams from Asheville; Louisburg—William Spence from Elizabeth City; Peace—Lena Rowe and Meredith—Ella Eddins from Long Island, N. Y.

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## Suzy Snoop Says...

Well, girls have you heard this one? Yes, it's about the Sigma Nu. In fact, it's in front of it—a well-built snow-man. A let down—no, it isn't. Just wait until you hear what I've to say. Well—uh—being interested in the opposite sex—I—uh—made friends with the snow-man. He not only was made of scooped snow, but he knows the scoop at Meredith. Here goes—don't let it bite your nose—

MacIntosh's friend from Rochester does a pretty good job of writing "Takes and Mistakes." Friends remember—this isn't he.

Is it a "Newsom" body with Betsy Powell?—"Parker," quarrel, then "Gibson" to Eddie Lawrence—sounds reasonable to me. Nancy Brewer was certainly "howled" over the other night—

Take Janie's and Aggie's advice and get them accustomed to the school—they escorted two Tar Heels into the dining room Sunday—Just to look at "him" is enough for Frances Kidd. Why is the gift from Nolan to Marietta Price so secret until June? Your guess is as good as mine—

Do you like chicken—take a wing—Cora Burns really takes Brisey's just in case Mary Lee Oliver wins the race in capturing Cochrane—

Whoops!—all the way from New York—Bill calls Betty Vernon—must be love—Hazel Falls' "Don" been dating quite a "Britt"—Joy Dunn has one and another to spare—make friends with her girls—it might be your chance.

Why is Sarah Phillips dodging Kappu Sig? Edna Earle is still singing, "I'm just wild about Harry."

Norman's gold bracelet shines on the arm of Ruby Rogers—what's the matter with Bob Goldberg?

WDNC, radio station, calls the attention of Virginia Council—it's beginning to drop out of the ark, but Anne Huffman still clings to "O, Johnnie."

Why are all these false diamonds (10c store stuff) being worn—can't you get the real stuff girls—it's Leap Year.

Golly—if Clutzel didn't really drop over—it was good news for Sarah Hudson, Minetta Bartlett, and Eddie Bell Leavell—why the long faces Dickie and Mack—even

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If yours didn't come—maybe the others could spare you a couple of their brigade.

Sara Olive gets the goods, but doesn't give a hang about the giver—Becky Patterson, "Watkins" the matter "Cary" you make up your mind? "Goss"—is he really for Dot Bell!

Jack—Alec—stop, think and call them the right name—boys don't like being called the other guy—Ask James Lashley if he likes dimples?

It might be advisable for Marietta McLennon and Marie Sugg to remain at Meredith during the week-end—I hear boys nearly worried the telephone girls to death this past week-end asking for them—

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