

THE TWIG

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It Depends On Us!

It has been a custom since time immemorial for students here to complain of the social regulations. We delight in watching outsiders' mouths drop open when we tell them in exaggerated form how "mistreated" we are.

One of the main arguments has always been, "Well, if we're old enough to be in college, we're certainly old enough to take care of ourselves!"

This argument sounds very reasonable until an innocent bystander watches the large majority of us in action. Perhaps one place we especially show our childishness is in the classroom. Teachers may ask the simplest question about what is happening in the world today, and be met with the blindest of looks. Although most of us take the newspaper, few of us bother with the front-page news. We're too concerned as to whether L'il Abner will wed Daisy Mae or Patches will leave Ella again. Of course, we've heard a slight rumor that four or five European nations are throwing mud on one another, but it really doesn't concern us. We show our true age by the way we keep the restrictions we do have, for a great number of us know what it means to be "on campus." We are equally revealing in our actions on the buses, in the dining room, the parlors, and in our own rooms.

However, there are a number in our group who show their ability to "take care of themselves." If they can do it, all of us can. If we want more privileges, let us show ourselves capable of using wisely and well the ones which we have now.

We are college women, and when we prove it to those who regulate our privileges, no doubt they will entrust us with new ones!

—MEREDITH!

Chapel—For the Fine Arts

The evident enthusiasm of the student body for the musical chapel program last Friday gave a definite indication as to the type of chapel we not only enjoy, but from which we derive something of real value.

Anyone coming out of the auditorium after the program would have heard favorable comments on all sides, and for several days those students taking part were complimented.

We are fortunate in having an unusually fine music department, and nothing is more interesting to the rest of us than hearing music made by the talented students in our group. Not only that, but we are hearing fine selections and learning to appreciate their beauty. Good music is something of which we can never tire, and since chapel is a devotional period, what could be more inspiring than to make it a time dedicated for the most part to the fine arts?

Not only could the music department contribute, but programs put on by the classes in dramatics, and the art department, could be very valuable to all of us.

—MEREDITH!

War and the College Student

American college students are being asked what their attitude toward war is. Nearly everyone in the country hates the very thought of a war of aggression. But opinion is divided on a defensive war. Aside from the question of how many of our far-flung economic frontiers we should defend, there is the question of defending freedom and justice here in "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Since war talk has seized this country a growing number of students and their adult associates are convinced that the young people of the nation should

be willing to die for the great principles of freedom and justice in the world. Other students for several years past as well as in the present have been saying that they see no cause for dying to force freedom and justice on a world that does not value them. They would rather live.

It is said that every new generation believes it has the cure for the world's ills. We would hardly dare say we can cure the world's war sickness. But in ages past man has killed and been killed. Later he wanted peace, a sort of "not war," in which to live and let live. Since 1918 there has been a desire, in some nations at least, to live and help live.

Here in America, we have life—and freedom and justice. We have seen what they mean. That's why American college students object to dying for freedom and justice. They would rather live to bring them to other nations. They are beginning to see that that is the only way to safeguard them here.

—Exchange.

—MEREDITH!

Why Live?

The question came to me when I began reading the book Life: A Psychological Survey, what's the use of it all? After reading the book I believe that I have found the answer.

In order to live one must attain some little degree of success; one must know a little something about the community in which he lives and the people who live about him; he must have a time for recreation, a time for work and a time in which to think. In having these times, he must know how to use them to the best advantage. It is good for him to keep in mind the wonders of his age and he should be able to appreciate this twentieth century in which he has a minute place to fill. If he does not do all this and more, he merely exists; he does not live.

It is said that when one is on the top of a tall building he has a feeling of superiority, a feeling of largeness that he does not have when he is on the same level with his fellow man in the street. It is like being on the top of a tall building when one suddenly discovers that life, in spite of its awesomeness, mysteriousness, and that feeling of smallness that it gives you when you think of these aspects, that life is worth living because of what you as an individual are able to put into this world of ours. No matter how small a part you may play, it's a part and it's not how great a success you achieve in the eyes of the world, but the success you achieve in your own eyes. Though we think of ourselves as useless and unnecessary, don't forget that there are people who depend upon you, people who love and respect you, yes, and people who hate you; there are little ones who look up to you and imitate you.

Don't forget that in order to feel that you have a place in life, that you have attained in small measure success, you cannot sit idle and let life come to you. You must get up, meet life half way, understand as much as you can, and that you don't understand, do not act as authority, keep still until you have learned.

All this may seem a little high sounding and a little ideal, but after all life is something that everyone does not enjoy—you have to learn how. It's time someone did a little towards helping people to learn how to live.

—The Alabamian.

—MEREDITH!

TAKES and MISTAKES

By HELEN MACINTOSH

Good morning, Meredith girls. Today as usual we hope to bring you a little beggled, borrowed or stolen humor from the rags of other seats of high learning. With Easter and home and "The One" only five weeks away. I think we are all fit material to indulge in a few good laughs (if the following quips will do that thing.)

From the column of "Change and Exchange," Alabamian, come these.

A patient in our insane asylum was trying to convince the attendant that he was Napoleon.

"But who told you that you were Napoleon?" inquired the attendant.

"God did," replied the inmate.

"I did not!" came a voice from the next bunk.

There are three classes of women—the intellectual, the beautiful, and the majority.

—Tom-Out.

Frosh: "Say, what do you repair these shoes with?"

Cobbler: "Hide."

Frosh: "Hide, why should I hide?"

Cobbler: "Hide, hide! The cow's outside."

Frosh: "Let her come in. I'm not afraid."

—Rammar Jammur.

Joe (to doorman): "Call me a taxi."

Doorman: "O. K., you're a taxi."

Teacher: "Can you give me an example of wasted energy, George?"

George: "Yes, sir, telling a half-raising story to a bald-headed man."—Rammar Jammur.

The Hi-Po from High Point, N. C., tells us: FOR MODERN GIRLS

I see young sinners in the streets; Sleek and smart—sophisticates. I do not know them when we meet, The girls whom my son dates.

But one and all they turn aside, For this reason if no other, And favor me with talks and smiles, Because I'm my son's mother.

But I'd like to warn young women all, Small town, city or hick— If you want 'his' mother to really fall For you, don't lay it on too thick.

Prof: "Oxygen is essential to all forms of life. Without it existence is impossible. Yet it was only discovered a hundred years ago." Freshman: "Gosh, professor, what did they do before it was discovered?"

Mary Baldwin girls have a little to say about a few things. How much do you agree? I'd Rather Not Hear Any More About—

"Gone With the Wind" . . . goldfish swallows . . . "Gone With the Wind."

Nothing Bore Me More Than—

banquet speakers . . . tea with cream in it . . . people who talk French to waiters who speak English . . . other people's home movies . . . other people's dreams . . . slow bridge players . . . Major Bowes' amateur programs . . . noble people . . . Hawaiian music . . . being always a bridesmaid, never a bride . . . boys who talk of other girls . . . a joke I've heard before . . . any woman speaking on the radio . . . re-exams . . . antique hunting . . . wormy apples.

I Definitely Do Not Like—

Hitler . . . high heeled shoes with sox . . . Shirley Temple . . . raccoon coats . . . affected people . . . cigarette holders for men . . . blind dates (unless he's cute) . . . cigars . . . moustaches . . . girl break dances . . . Harvard crew cuts . . . wooden shoes . . . letters marked "Personal" but aren't . . . dirndles for anyone weighing more than 90 pounds . . . Peroxides . . . headwaters who tell you what you want to eat . . . morning radio programs . . . watery scrambled eggs . . . early classes . . . lab . . . short letters . . . the days we don't get apples . . . receiving lines . . . no flowers for the dance . . . the rat system . . . gummy home-comings.—Campus Comments.

Converse College (has a good paper) tells about:

THE IDEAL MAN

A man who shoots a flattering line—without laughing.

A man who tells funny jokes—only once.

A man who won't believe just anything—unless you want him to.

A man who is totally indifferent toward girls—except you. —Parlez Vous.

A rather slim little book called Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing, by Samuel Hofenstein, holds a volume of little pieces amusing, interesting, and a few very worth while ones. Specimens:

If you love me as I love you, We'll both be friendly and untrue.

Your little hands, Your little feet, Your little mouth— Oh, gosh, how sweet!

Your little nose, Your little ears, Your eyes, that shed Such little tears!

Your little voice, So soft and kind, Your little soul, Your little mind!

When you're away, I'm restless, lonely, Wretched, bored, dejected; only Here's the rub, my darling Dear: I feel the same when you are here.

And now when you write that "Ideal Man," why not end up with one of Confucius' sayings: "If you don't want to get left, write."—Not so good, huh?

Well, anyway I hope you enjoyed "Gone With the Wind." Goodbye.

—MEREDITH!

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.]

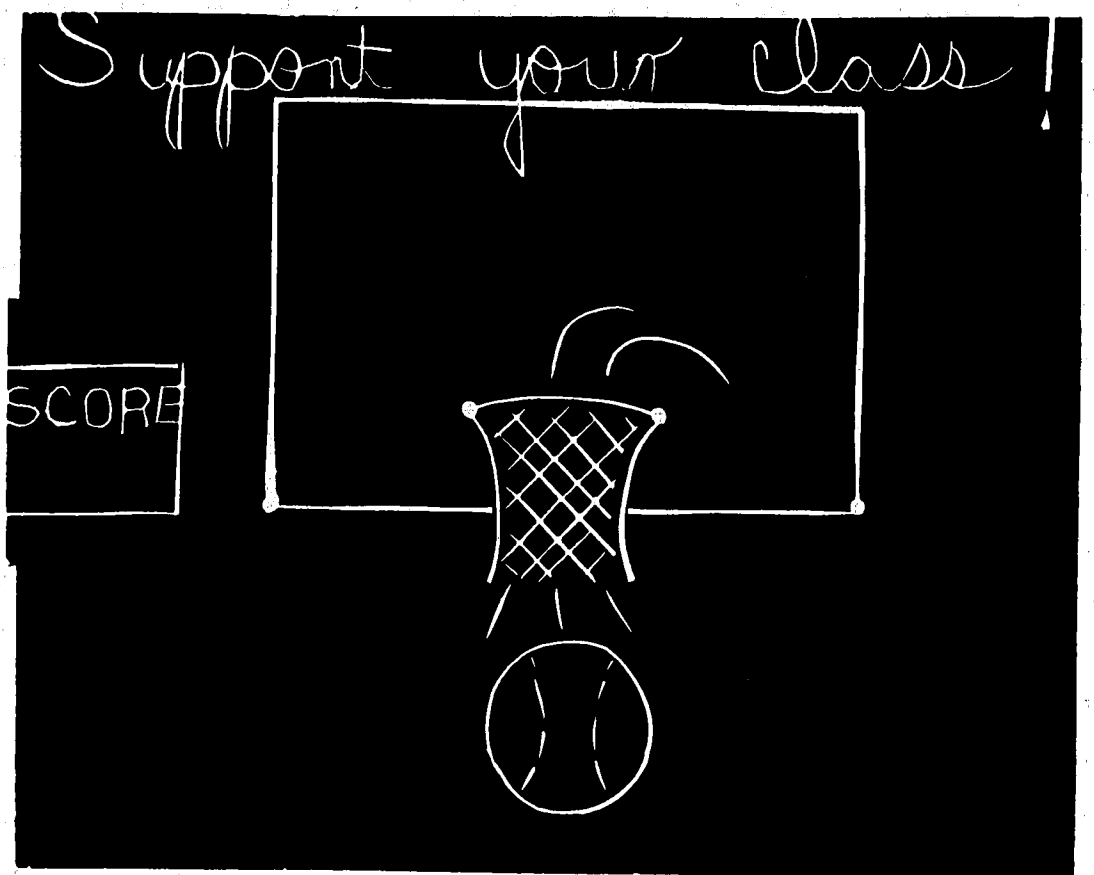
Dear Editor:

We appreciate the good intent behind the lecture committee's choice of speakers; however, we would appreciate it more if the speaker were limited as to time. We were bored at having to listen to a man read aloud for two hours while we sat in a cold room. We had to stay awake because it was too cold to drift into a warm daydream.

As college students we are anxious to hear men and women who are renowned in their fields tell us something about their work, but we want something that is of vital value to us if we are expected to listen to it.—C. P.

KEEP THE BALL ROLLING!

By "BEP" PRUITT



B. S. U. Notes

By LUCY McNEELY

Now that exams are over and everyone is well started in the new semester, the B.S.U. menu calls for some nuts to be cracked, aims to be reached, and meetings to be attended. We hope you find these nuts to your liking.

Those of you who attended the B.T.U. study courses last year will be glad to hear that it's almost time for them again. There will be two meeting periods each day from March 4 through the 8th, one from 5 to 6, the other from 6:45 to 7:30. The books and teachers will be Fields of Service in the Church, by Corzine, taught by Dr. John T. Wayland, pastor of the Temple Baptist Church in Durham; Church Music, by Reynolds, taught by Miss Helen Sharp; Planning a Life, by Watters, taught by Mr. James Sapp, assistant pastor of First Baptist in Raleigh; Building a Christian Home, by Martha Boone Leavell, taught by Mrs. Carl M. Townsend, and The Baptist Training Union Manual by Lambdin, taught by Mr. James Morgan, educational director of the First Baptist Church in Durham. There may be another book taught but this is, as yet, undecided.

February 27th there will be a B.T.U. officers' meeting.

February 29th the World Fellowship Group will meet. The time, 6:45.

March is Home Mission month, and some one of the many, many clever girls on the campus thought of a very clever and novel way to contribute this year. Each girl is asked to contribute a penny for each year of her age.

A LOOK BACKWARD

The high light of the conference held at State for the State B.S.U. leaders last week-end was the concert held in our own auditorium Sunday afternoon. St. Mary's Glee Club sang. Among their numbers were "Ave Maria" and "Sanctus." The Shaw University Glee Club also sang several selections, one of which was a favorite spiritual. The State College Glee Club, organized only this fall, sang among others "Lift Thine Eyes." Anne Huffman played a violin solo and Virginia Council an organ solo. The Meredith Choir closed the program with the "Hallelujah Chorus."

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Suzy Snoop Says...

As one brake said to the other one, "Hi, draulic." Since it's sorta cool today I thought you'd like to have some good warm snoop with plenty of crack-ers. (Some boss, eh joke?—I've heard of people getting shot for less than that.) Here we go again, girls, so hold your hats and hang on while I snoop to conquer.

In February a young girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Mid-winters, Med dances and what have you. Many of our neighboring institutions will be brightened by the radiant and glamorous appearances of the Meredith omph girls. Ann Sheridan has nothing on us. In fact, I hear some of the girls take as many as six glamour pills a day. Now do you wonder at the far-reaching influence of our belles. (Well, you girls should feel better, 'cause I have certainly done my best.)

Oh, happy days for some folks, but for Janie Parker, she wonders if there is a Ray of hope left or should we say a hope of Ray left. We hope, we hope, we hope. . . Butler is going over Duke Hospital way this week-end—does you have Ricketts, child? . . . Lila Ruth says if boy want girl to love him he must be patient, and that is exactly what Bill did—had to break his leg, practically, but it certainly worked, eh Lila Belle? . . . Just because Venus doesn't have any arms you didn't have to try and lose one of yours, Sue. . . Welcome to Polly and Margaret, those two cute new gals. Hope you like us as well as we like you. . . Esther Thaxton received a long-distance call from Tyrone Power 'other night (heh! heh!). . . How was he, Esther, or are you still ignoring him? He is such a tacky feller. . . "Pluffy," why don't you pick on somebody your size, you big brute—little Allen certainly gets bossed around a lot, poor little thing. . . That certainly is a pretty pin "Dimp" is wearing. 'Course she's had it a long time, but it's just one of those things I never knew till now. . . Sara Cole just can't make up her mind whether to be Frank about the whole thing or would you rather have a Bill, and I don't mean the first-of-the-month kind, either. . . Jane A. is torn between two loves, She doesn't know whether she wants to blow Bubba's or knock off into the Cralg, but sweet-child,

'By,

Crackie.

P. S.: We wish to express our appreciation to the writer of last week's gossip column in The Technician for his suggestion. Having looked over an unusually meager crop of "gleanings," we suggest in return that he "Rowe" his own canoe and not in the stream of journalism.

HILKER BROS.

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