

The Twig

Published by the student body of
Meredith College

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HOW MUCH ARE WE GAINING?

How much are you able to do? If we channel our energy its steady flow will accomplish more than it is possible to estimate. If we are overwhelmed by the number of things which we feel are necessary to do, and there are still more things we would like to do, then our energies, instead of being channeled, left to their own course, flood the fields without creation of power.

How much would you like to be able to do? Our Student Government President has been heard to use this apt illustration—it is like running down the hall to pick up some marbles which are scattered there; but on the way we drop those which we already have and must run back to recover them.

Perhaps we are using our time and vitality to recover lost marbles while at the end of the hall are marbles which we never reach.

By turning our energies in our direction, in the direction of our goal, what achievements may we not accomplish?

GIVE IT ALL YOU'VE GOT

Come on out everybody! Your class is planning to come away with the cup Stunt Night, and of course it will be the winner in the Stunt Day activities. Won't you join your class-mates? They need your talents, your help.

But there is something else of greater importance which your class-mates need, which your school needs. In the eager competition between classes there develops a sense of group loyalty and a feeling of partnership in the larger body of students as a whole. In your individual integrity and earnestness the spirit of the school develops.

Come on out for Stunt Day; we need you!

IT'S ALL IN FUN

The most exciting time of the Meredith school year is now upon us. Stunt week is the time when all of us forget everything in our efforts to make our own stunt and our palio the best ever. One moment we are thrilled to death, and the next so scared we can't even breathe. But in spite of it all we are all having a wonderful time as we sigh, "If we can only win. Wouldn't it be wonderful?" Yes, it would, but the sad fact is that we can't all win. Only one class can do that, and the other three can only have the satisfaction of a job well done.

Stunt is important. We would be the last people in the world to deny that. It is important because it gives all of us an opportunity to do something on our own. We are given a job to fill, and the final responsibility rests on us. There is no other source to which we can go. Stunt is important because it gives us a glorious chance of working together with the girls in our own class. We get to know them better, and to realize that they too have talents we never dreamed of. Our group loyalties are heightened, and every girl has the feeling of being a vital part of what is going on. Stunt is important because it should help us to develop good sportsmanship, through participating in the keen rivalry between the classes.

Too often we have fallen down on this last point and bad feelings which were hard to overcome were allowed to develop. In our enthusiasm for our own brain child, we lose sight of the fact that to the other class theirs looks even brighter. This year let's don't let anything like that happen. Let's do our own job well, and leave the other fellow free to do her own just as she likes. And then if we win, well swell, and if we lose, which three-fourths of us will, well, any way, it's all in fun.

Collegiate Creams

By MARTHA ANN ALLEN

According to Psychology, we at last see ourselves as others see us when we look at our picture. However, you'd never be able to convince some of us that after the wholesale picture taking for the annual. It reminds me of that little limerick which ran something about pitying those who had to look at your face, but you really didn't mind it yourself because you were behind it.

* * * * *

Pitching woo is indeed a glorious pastime: But there's only one thing wrong with this social set-up

And that is: With

Conditions as they are—

Nobody can ever get a chance

To prove it."

CAMPUS COMMENTS, Staunton, Va.

* * * * *

And as for another good reason why Meredith students should not smoke, it keeps us out of a lot of legal trouble with insurance companies. In glancing through THE PARLEY VOO of Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C., I noticed this: "Girls must not duck cigarettes on the floor. The insurance company inspector has notified the college that if there are any further evidences of this practice, the fire insurance policy will be taken away . . ."

* * * * *

Everywhere I turn someone is saying to another member of her class in hushed tones—"Have they come yet? Did our cast get approved? Will you work on palio plan tonight? Don't you think our idea is just simply perfect?" There seems to be bubbling excitement on campus this year about palio and stunt, despite the fact that our brother college is running us some close competition that week-end with home coming. Dr. Price with her review and preview of palio in chapel the other morning really put the idea across that palio is individual to Meredith. If you missed chapel that morning, you missed a treat.

A PARODY ON TREES

(Girl's Version)

I think that I shall never see
A boy who quite appeals to me;
A boy who doesn't flirt and tease;
A boy who always tries to please;
A boy who doesn't ever wear
A slab of grease upon his hair;
A boy who keeps his shirt-tail in;
A boy without a silly grin.
These fools are loved by girls like me
But I think I prefer a tree.

(Boy's Version)

I think that I shall never see
A girl refuse a meal that's free;
A girl who doesn't ever wear
A lot of doo-dads in her hair—
Girls are loved by fools like me,
'Cause who on earth could kiss a tree?
THE LANTERN, Gaffney, S. C.

The Vogue magazine is sponsoring a contest, "Prix de Paris" which is aimed at discovering college girls who have a flair for fashion reporting and ability to write. The contest is open to the members of the senior class. First prize is a year's job with a salary on the New York staff of Vogue; second, a special "Vanity Fair" feature writing award, and cash awards in addition. The contest is based on four examinations and a short article. Further information may be obtained from Carolyn Abbott, Vogue, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Do these lines suggest anything to those of you who attended a chapel session recently?

In a tree that swings
Sits a bird that sings
Knowing that he has wings.
I am sad and I am lonely,
I'd be happy now if only
Something manly would appear
And take me places for a year.
I'm a senior; I was seen
Around last year—though not a 'queen'.
And I would never try to wrest
A pin from anybody's vest.
I don't want an ardent suitor
I'm not after gold, or loot'er
Promises or diamond rings—
I'm happy with platonic things.
I don't specify a hero—
Yes, his P. Q. can be zero.
Why don't senior ever rate,
They ask so little of a date?
And they can go out alone!

Groveling In the Dust

And what do you think about the Wataugan's (of Stetts College) idea—the editorial staff wants to organize a dating bureau in collaboration with Meredith. Especially benefited would be the freshmen councillors who have to import glamour talent.

Have you met the Queen of Sheba? Everybody fell in love with her at the B. T. U. weiner roast for the freshmen and transfer day students. In case you wonder, Sheba is the tri-colored cocker spaniel of Dr. and Mrs. Norman Price.

Last week end Flo Hewett's two men from W***ake Forest and —ashington got mixed up, but she straightened them out.

Life isn't all a bowl of cherries at a boy's school—take State—the boys actually have to wear ties to class and coats to town. The little darlings.

If you ever run out of parlor games, call on Carolyn Duke, who plays Bingo.

We all know that Shirley Butler gets around, but did you know that she's gotten back to Raleigh—another home-town boy makes good.

Oh heck, Mildred Futrell has to buy her ticket to the Wake Forest-State game at the gate because she waited and waited and waited some more for a free one, but it isn't Christmas yet.

Somebody had better watch that suite on 3rd. floor A. They may all fly away with the wings that the suite sweet spread around.

Wonder how the "big brother" situation between Lib and Dopey is coming?

The epitome of a good hall proctor is one who wakes up in the middle of the night and carries food to her worse charges.

Don Gilkerson has charm, personality, or something to cause anybody to hitch hike 250 miles. Did he get here?

The French say "Roses are red, n'est-ce pas," Ballinger of State says "Roses are red, ain't it?" O. K., ain't it.

Lytt Tingley has a wonderful talent for bringing in food for the Twig staff. (Paid political advertising.)

Vivian Jeffries—our first and only Admiral—because she went to Sea. (C.)

Consolation seniors—if you undertake to teach for a living, it'll be only 40 years till you can retire on a pension. Whoopee!!! Also, angels, don't forget —preachers and morons are all in the draft's fourth class.

SYMPATHY

We Extend Deepest Sympathy To:

Mrs. Gertrude Royster Sorrell in the passing of her husband, Robert Lee Sorrell, on July 30. Mrs. Sorrell taught in the physical education department from 1905 to 1941.

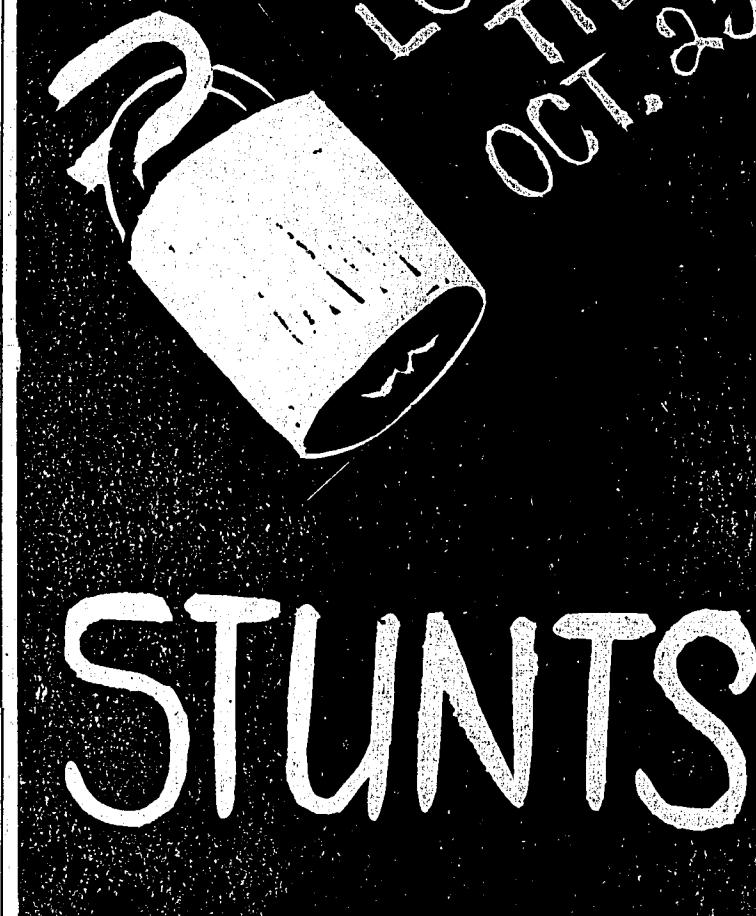
Louise Maynard Massey (Mrs. P. F.), ex-'20, of Zebulon, Lillian Maynard, '39, and Edith Maynard, '25, of Apex, in the passing of their mother, Mrs. W. D. Maynard, of Apex on August 27.

Mrs. Lessie Upchurch (Mrs. M. G.), ex-'02, of Apex, in the death of her son, Dick, in an auto accident.

Anne Murray Epperson (Mrs. C. A.), '39, of Raleigh, in the passing of her father, Edward Murray, on October 1, at his home in Raleigh.

Mattie Macon Norman White (Mrs. P. E.), '21, of Hertford, in the passing of her husband, the Reverend Philip E. White, at Kweitch, Honan, China, following an operation for appendicitis-peritonitis, on September 11.

Mabel Kenyon Davis (Mrs. A. C.), '31, of Raleigh, in the instant death of her father, J. H. Kenyon, caused by auto accident on October 13.



—BEVERLY ANNE MONEY

The American Scene

To the Editor:

Adolf Hitler repeatedly asserts that he is creating "a new order." The Government of Japan has created a "new structure." Mussolini has proclaimed a new era.

These grandiloquent announcements, along with rapidly moving events, have led some persons—even in America—to believe that an irresistible wave is bearing us to a future that will be very different from the present. By such people America is considered decadent and outgrown.

However, America itself has long been conceived as a new order. It has been called a "promised land." Almost 40,000,000 people came here from abroad to start life anew.

Is that picture of America, so long retained on both sides of the Atlantic, wrong? No, it is not wrong. America comes nearer to being a new order than any society man has established on a large scale, in modern history. In many respects, America is what men of the past saw in their visions.

Men have had two outstanding desires: bread and freedom. Better stated, they have struggled for material advancement, equality of opportunity and full scope for spiritual attainments. Those things, masses of men and women have come nearer finding in America than anywhere else at any time.

In the United States, 56,000,000 church members, belonging to 256 sects or churches, worship as they choose with no police or statutory restrictions of any kind, except those relating to decorum. Such complete religious liberty, on so large a scale, and such moral self-respect among so many people, did not exist before America was founded.

Any American at any time can call a meeting practically at any place to hear a discussion of any subject, within the bounds of public morality. A dozen decades ago such freedom in most parts of the world seemed impossible.

No fewer than 40,000,000 copies of 2,000 newspapers, one or more appearing in almost every city of the land, are distributed daily and not one is subjected to government censorship. The most resourceful dreamers of Utopia could imagine no greater freedom than that.

America has 31,566,000 people in schools. Most attend free public schools. In some states more than 85 per cent of all youth attend school until their eighteenth year; in one state, 96 per cent.

To such an attainment, yesterday's makers of new orders hardly dared aspire.

A mark of all the old orders is

that information, a knowledge of world affairs, and the inspiration of culture were available to a very small part of each social group. America has almost twice as many radio sets as it has families. The news of the world, the music and high thoughts of the world can be brought to the very hearth of most Americans.

Ages long men dreamed that swords might be beaten into plowshares and the nations live together in peace. Since 1784, with the exception of one period of one period of civil strife, all the United States have maintained harmonious relations with one another. Approximately 132,000,000 people of twoscore nationality origins, living in 48 separate states, with completely autonomous governments, co-operate without armed coercion. Such a thing on such a scale has never been attained before. To Old World peoples, ever burdened by millennial strife, this aspect of America's new order seems nothing less than a miracle.

America has also given material aids with a lavishness that surpasses the fantasies of ancient men. And America gives these rich material treasures to a far larger proportion of her children than has ever been the case in any social group of such size.

Yesterday most working men were their own burden bearers. On their own backs or by the strength of their own shoulders, they carried timber up steep slopes to make mountain fortresses or raised stone pyramid peaks. Today in America's new order, every worker has at his command force, equal to ten horses. That is the average.

Yesterday man had a lever, a pulley, an inclined plane, a sickle, a bow to twist his lathe and a few other tools. Today in America's new order each worker has tools worth \$2,519. Mighty enough to pick up locomotives, precise enough to split gossamers!

In 1914, an Austrian archduke made a visit to the provincial city of Sarajevo. It was a memorable visit, and the automobile he used is preserved in a Vienna museum. At that time it was a wonderful machine, which only archdukes and a few of his richest companions could afford. Now most of America's families have automobiles that make the archduke's car look like a hayrack.

America, one must regretfully admit, has not fully realized its ideals and still allows injustices to exist. It is only at the beginning of its new order.

But a picture of ordinary American people, on an ordinary day, at

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Stunt Day

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will ride "Fortitude" for the seniors, Marguerite Ward, "Bony Parts" for the juniors, and Genevive Chiffelle, "Flying Jenny" for the sophomores.

At 3:30 are the sports of Alumnae versus Students. Elizabeth (Beth) Perry and Mildred Ward and committee are working with Sara Hayworth, '41, to promote basketball games, badminton, tennis, horse shoes, croquet, ping-pong, and archery contests.

At 4:30 on the steps the classes sing under the direction of Doris Jane Bordeaux, college cheerleader, an original song, written by a member of the class. Dr. Harry E. Cooper and committee judge the songs and after stunt present five dollars to the girl who wrote the best song. Announcement is made after the song contest as to which class had the highest percentage present at palio—that class gets reserved seats for stunt night.

Clowns for stunt are:
Senior—Bertha Marie Harrell
Junior—Mary Frances Kerr
Sophomore—Betty Knowles
Freshman—Mary Elizabeth Angel.

Judges of Palio are: Mrs. Lillian Wallace, Dr. Helen Price, and Dr. Clayton Charles. Small tin cups are given to the classes winning palio contests.

At 6:00 the A. A. board is entertaining the past presidents of the association at a dinner arranged under the leadership of Sarah Jackson, social director of the board.

Gretchen Fannely, college marshal, and Virginia Lancaster are to direct traffic at palio and usher at stunt.

Stunts begin at 8:00. Sale of tickets is in charge of Elizabeth McNeil. Publicity chairman is Beverly Ann Money. The stunt committee to approve stunts and dress rehearsal of Oct. 23 are Dr. Julia Harris, Miss Ellen Brewer, Miss Annie M. Baker, and Dr. Clayton Charles.

Chairmen for writing of stunts are:
Senior—Ellen Anne Flythe
Junior—Gerry Couch
Sophomore—Virginia Ayers
Freshman—Mary Catherine McIntyre, Nola Ferguson.

Freshman stunt is being sponsored by Carolyn Duke, vice president of the A. A., and Elizabeth Brownlee, Amelia Pruitt and Catherine Chiffelle.

Judging the stunt are Mr. C. M. Edson, chairman, Virginia Council, Dr. S. L. Stealy, Mrs. J. Wilbur Bunn, and another to be elected by the Senior Class.

All the girls, although not required to attend these exercises, are expected to cooperate with their classes to make the day an overwhelming success.

Student Assembly

(Continued from Page One)

Meredith plans to introduce two bills into the legislature. One bill is on Education and is sponsored by Cleo Baucom, the other on Electricity, sponsored by Virginia Green. Several other students will be delegates from Meredith.

IRC Meeting

(Continued from Page One)

with national and world political and social problem, are located in the ante-room of the library which balances the freshman reading room.

November 14 is the day of the next meeting of the club. At the last meeting Rachel Fulton, program chairman, led a discussion on war possibilities between the United States and Japan. Other officers of the club are Evelyn Hampton, president; Katherine Kerr, vice-president; and Myrtle Peterson, secretary, with Mrs. Lillian Parker Wallace as faculty adviser.

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