

The Twig

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FOR A TURKEY DINNER, OR—

It is a common indictment of our college generation that we are trivial. We are assumed by our elders to be interested in nothing more important than football, and casual campus clothes.

Thanksgiving is approaching. Have we any feeling of gratitude or any thoughts of our own good fortunes, or do we see the approaching holiday simply as an opportunity to go home and assist in devouring the fatted calf? What are we thankful for? A turkey dinner, or a way of life?

Why should we be thankful? We have a term-paper to write; thousands of pages of parallel to read; a quiz in economics; our wonderful week-end has disappeared in thin air. Why should we be thankful? Everything is in such a mess; nothing we do gets anywhere; and there's just too much to be done!

Why should we be thankful? We should be thankful that we are in school, having an opportunity to develop our potentialities; to strive to come a little nearer to our ideal.

We should be thankful that we have parents who have made so many things possible for us, and who have equipped us with the courage to face the future unafraid regardless of what it may bring.

We should be thankful that we live in a land where we have freedom of thought and action, and a bright and shining ideal of peace and freedom, where we may go to bed at night with reasonable certainty that our world will not change violently before dawn.

We should be thankful that we have a God, and a faith that give us peace and security, and a promise of eventual victory.

We should be thankful, and
WE ARE!

★ THEY

"They say—"
 "They want us to do it."
 "They won't let us."
 They, They, They—

Day in and day out the third person plural pronoun is used and abused. We mouth, we fuss, we fume about *they*, but we never know who *they* are. In fact we probably don't even care who *they* are because they provide us with a broad and expansive target at which to fire.

Often we refer to parts of our student body as *they*. The very term in the way we use it is vague, indefinite and mysterious. It does not include anybody in particular, but may so easily include everybody. *They* as a term, by its very vagueness is dangerous. Nobody is responsible for what *they* do, because nobody is a part of *they*. *They* talk; *they* are quoted, and what *they* say causes more damage and more disruption to harmonious and successful group living, than the combined efforts of the more definite parts of us can repair.

Almost daily we refer to the Student Council as *they*, forgetting in a real sense they are a part of US. This group that we call *they*, are not set apart. They are a part of us, elected by us to carry out the tasks that we can not do effectively ourselves because of the unwieldiness due to our numbers. They are attempting to serve us, and to accomplish the goals to which we aspire. Student government is group activity—it must always be ours—with each person feeling that she is a part in it and has a responsibility for it.

They is used to refer to the faculty and administration, particularly when we disagree or misunderstand. We may not always agree with others, but they too have a right to their opinions, and a reason for their course of action. If we are interested at all in a matter, we should be interested enough

Collegiate Creams

THE LOVE OF AN ANGEL

Just because we didn't put out a paper last week, maybe you think our hearts weren't in it. Mine wasn't! I had been playing a puss-in-the-corner solo since October 23. But now the duration is over, and while I'm not sure if I came out victorious or not, at least it's over. I'll grant you, I tried had enough to find out, with little success. It seems that HE had made a previous engagement to be filled while I was home . . . and he wasn't.

After spending months trying to turn a "summer romance" into the real thing, I'm still wary. None of you heart-breakers would like him probably, but so what! He's not good looking; he doesn't whisper sweet nothings in my ear; he's not rich; he's not a democrat; he's not Phi Beta. In fact, that list almost talks me out of Egbert. Gee, I wasn't going to tell you his name, but now that it's out you might as well know I have a pet name for him instead of that unearthly mess: Egg-face. I can just hear him sighing, "Call me Egg-face, darling."

I met MY LOVE on a blind date, and he made me feel so revolting that when I met him on the second blind date I didn't remember him. After that, we decided that fickle fate followed us and we might as well join life's parade.

Since Egbert came to college, life hasn't exactly been the same. Sometimes I have a feeling that his interest field is widening, but when I question him about his actions he always sweetly says that everything he does is just a part of his education . . . I wish education wasn't so broadening!

During the quarantine Egbert was awfully sweet to me, writing, sending candy, magazines, and calling — but I have reason to believe that all of those actions weren't out of the goodness of his heart. Just exactly why I think so, I can't say, but I am almost sure he has a guilty conscience.

Last week end when I was home and asked him about what he did without me those two weeks (because I thought he would hardly be able to stand it) he always changed the subject to how much I had gained since he last saw me.

Anyway, Sunday night Egbert and I rode on the bus together back to school, and he broke down and told me how much he had missed me and how wonderful it was going to be coming to see me in the Meredith parlors from now on. I might have reminded him that he used to want to go out everytime we had a date, but Egbert is so sweet and I know he was thinking that he wouldn't have to talk to anyone but me if we stayed in the parlors.

Monday morning I had such a time paying attention on class, and so would you if your mind had been on Egg-face. I didn't get an engagement ring like some folks did, but that will come in good time and I'm a patient soul. If I pass any of you up on the street or anyplace, forgive me; if I look sick, don't bother to tell Dr. Lane, she couldn't help me, because my ingrown toe nails are all cured, my sliding toupee is back in place, my false teeth are O. K.—besides, I just fortified myself with one of Chick's hairless hot-dogs.

WARNING TO BLONDES!

According to a recent army report, blonde hairs are being used by the United States Army for use in technical apparatus such as gun and bomb sights. The Army is enlisting the aid of patriotic blondes to turn over their surplus hair to the Government. Do I hear any offers?

to know the people who properly are concerned in it.

For our own sakes and for the sakes of others we must be informed as to the identity of the various *theys* against whom we rail. A matter when given definiteness, and specificity often presents possibilities of solution that beforehand seem impossible.

They have existed always. They always will, but let's make an honest effort in so far as possible to find out who *they* are. It often throws a different light on matters.

Purely Personal

We can't understand the Biblical inclination of Madge Allen, that cute little transfer from Mars Hill. Friday night at dinner she discussed David's marvelous friendship, and on Saturday evening, she mentioned John's having a vision. Rather puzzling.

News Flash: Josie's John Martin is coming up from Atlanta Sunday. He let her know by Special Delivery-Air Mail. Now she and Mildred Futrelle won't be wanting those two tickets to Georgia for some time yet.

Mary Garvey gathered in a number of things this weekend—to wit — that delicious orchid and pen and pencil set.

Now, faculty, do you think it was exactly cricket to sneak out the last night of quarantine while we girls rejoiced in the parlors?

Dilly seems to be checking these days—not only as a part of her S. G. duties, but with a purely personal interest in the co-activities of Suzanne, other brunette, and one G. Whitehead.

We never thought the day would come when Jimmy Hamrick and Frank Faucette would desert the freshmen. We've noted with alarm all this fall that they're dating juniors regularly. The question is—Are the boys or our freshmen slipping?

Betsy Savage's motto seems to be "while the cat's away, the mice will play." Anyway, she wasn't exactly moping this week end while Hub was in Boston.

Chiffelle would like to know who tears down her helpful little notices about big heels, noise and sech. This little bird won't tell.

Best wishes to Mary Wynn and congratulations to Francis, The Meredith parlors are improving.

Speaking of attentive males—Ellie Mae White had plenty of flowers, candy, and things to while away the gloom.

Too bad Martha Ann couldn't go to the Student Legislature—bet the secretary missed her.

Wonder if Rosetta Purvis's week-end at home was as wonderful as we hope it was.

Isn't chemistry a fascinating science when you have the right instructor, Betty.

Ducky Justice's high school friends are an adventurous lot—circus men and magicians to mention a few.

Shall we protest or agree with the campaign to rename our neighbor college. What shall it be, N. C. State or Carolina Polytech? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

One of our sociologists is rumored to have said thus: "Meredith girls aren't boy-crazy—they're more interested in studying." A new light on us.

We don't know much about Gerry Couch and her man, but he is from Wake Forest.

For any particular pointers on possum hunting, see Sara Mull, the Sadie Hawkins of Shelby.

How about Margaret Webb and Paul? They have up a case.

One of Vivan Tulburt's last year's men called to congratulate her on her engagement that he heard announced on a street corner.

Oh here's to Wake Forest—Dot Rowland, and Cleo Baucom are about the latest to begin chirping our dear brother institution's praises.

Ah ha—Somebody is trying to

"TIME OUT OF MIND"



—Beverly Ann Money

OVER THE FOOTLIGHTS

By Dorothy Roland

Now that everyone has satisfactorily forgotten about the Summer Theatres we are ready to dig into the winter season of shows. Meredith's presentation of *The Cradle Song* marks the opening of the drama season here. While in New York the "oldies" which are still around include such favorites as Clarence Day's *Life with Father*, *The Corn Is Green* starring Ethel, that grand lady of the Barrymore family. *Panama Hattie* is still in demand after more than a year's showing; and of course there's the hilarious murder contest still being waged in *Arsenic and Old Lace*.

Broadway has an eye to the future, too, and among those to appear soon we see friend Shakespeare's *As You Like It* in a revival with Helen Craig as the lovely Rosalind. Helen Hayes will soon appear in Maxwell Anderson's *Candle in the Wind*. Our next Mrs. Malaprop will be none other than Mary Boland in a revival of *The Rivals* under the direction of Eva Le Gallienne. Shakespeare seems to be even more in demand this season, and we'll soon see Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson in *Macbeth*. Mr. Evans has only recently come from a brilliant performance with Helen Hayes in *Twelfth Night*.

We Southerners always like to see our own gift to the World of Drama, Tallulah Bankhead, in the limelight. She will star next in Billy Rose's production of *Clash By Night* written by Clifford Odets.

From all appearances New York will have a most interesting and successful season this winter, but if you would like to get a little closer home, we can take a look at the coming production of the Raleigh Little Theatre. During the week of December 8, George Kelly's Pulitzer Prize play, *Craig's Wife*, will be presented. Poor Craig will once again suffer the cruelties imposed by the selfish Mrs. Craig. The play has long been a favorite with American audiences; so we're all eager to see what our talented amateur group will do with it.

work Gibbs into a dither about a certain Foreman.

Rumors are thick and fast — The latest is that the gym is going to be open on Friday and Saturday nights for bowling, ping pong and sech.

Never say Meredith gals don't make dates with boys. Did you see the parlors the night we got out of quarantine?

"The deadly germs in kisses hide, Even at the price the cost is small 'Tis better to have kissed and died, Than never to have kissed at all!"

—Pine and Thistle

Lucky Forecasts It's Duke 2-1

Hello! This is Zodiac, Jr., I am going to let you in on some heavenly secrets.

If I said the stars favored Carolina over Duke Saturday, the planets would rock in horror. Cheer up, Carolina fans, anything can happen in football these days, I hope. Remember the big upset last year? Nope, that Rose Bowl bound team will massacre those Tar Heels, I do fear. Jr. predicts the mighty Clemson eleven to take the Deacons in spite of Polanski: That Marshall upset has not been forgotten. 'Tis rumored that Georgetown will be victor over the Wolfpack and Washington and Lee over Davidson.

During the "Turkey Days," Meredith will see State bow to the powerful Duke. The tower chimes of Carolina will toll the loss of the Virginia State game. After the Furman combat, spirits will run high for Clemson, but the dampened spirits of The Citadel Cadets after their defeat from Davidson is inevitable.

Zodiac, Jr., has other duties to perform. One of which is to investigate the reason the moon shone brightly at Meredith during the involuntary exile. Bye now — I must get busy.

The Drama season is indeed opening with a bang, and though we would like to take all that it offers, we are looking forward to our own share of it here on the campus and out in Raleigh. After all, what has New York got that we can't produce about as well?

"Is this a picture of your fiancée?"

"Yes."
"She must be wealthy."
—HI-PO

GOOSERY RHYME

Jack and Jill went to the dance, A-drinking rum and porter. They got so drunk they did some things They really hadn't orter.

—Sheaf

This comes from a well-known young people's lecturer: "Now I sit me down to sleep The lecture's long; the subject's deep.

If he gets through before I wake, Somebody kick me for goodness' sake."
—Carolinian

—Ward-Belmont Hyphen

"She said she'd be faithful to the end."
"Say, that sounds good."
"Yeah, I'm the quarterback."
—Rammer-Jammer

Dame Fashion Speaks—and How!

Dearly beloved readers, this is Mademoiselle Glamour, your style and beauty correspondent, reporting to you.

Do you want long fingernails? No one wishes for her nails to resemble claws, but every girl desires them to be long enough to tip her fingers beautifully. Here are some hints from my own little lavender book. Don't dial telephones with your fingertips; use a pencil or your knuckle for dialing. Use your hands with care; and when manicuring them, take time to do a neat and thorough job. Above all, don't be a fingernail chews.

Christmas is coming soon enough. If you can knit or crochet, be a good little miss and make your gifts this year. You can obtain economical and detailed patterns for anything from long torso, turtle neck dog sweaters to extremely chic evening sweaters. To girls who send glamorous poses to the best beau—remember to hold your lips slightly parted when posing for your portrait. You'd be surprised how much better your mouth will look. This is the advice of a famous photographer's model.

Cold weather is here and cold legs also. Why don't you try a pair of the new gaily-colored, full-length wool hose? I admit it would take a daring lass to attempt to wear them, but I am sure that some Meredith girls are willing. Speaking of stockings, have you tried cotton mesh in place of silk or nylon. The mesh are very small, and the hose of this material cannot be detected from silk mesh.

Well, dear readers, I must toddle on now. See you later.

THE PROF RAVED ON (to be sung to tune of "And the Band Played On")

The class closed their text books, and also their eyes While the Prof raved on, The slam of the doors, never halted their snores

As the Prof raved on. But the course was so boring, the text so abhorring,

That the Prof's jaw soon dropped in a yawn, With a glassy-eyed stare, fell asleep in a chair,

While the class slept on. —The Bradley Tech

He rocked the boat Did Ezra Shank; These bubbles mark

o o o o o

Where Ezra sank! —Pup Tent

She doesn't drink She doesn't pet; She doesn't go to college yet.

—Florida Flambeau