

# The Twig

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## Today Is Stunt

Today is Stunt. That means a lot to every Meredith girl, past and present. Stunt is one of the most important events in our college year. To make this a success all of us have been giving of our brain and of our brawn for weeks.

Once before we were ready, but it had to be called off, but now at last the day is come. Costumes are made, grease paint is laid out for use, the last frantic rip in the scenery has been mended, and even the hero's speaking voice has returned. All that can be done, is ready. Only a matter of hours lies between some class and victory, and the rest of us and defeat. But that is not the important thing. It is still up to us to make Stunt Day, 1941, a huge success. All the careful preparation, all the hard work may still be wasted, unless we do our part. Having done all else that we can do it is now our part to insure today. We can do that by supporting all the day's activities with our presence, and even more important with our interest.

It may be cold for Palio, but reserve seats are marvelous, and your class will make a much better showing if you have a big crowd. Who minds the weather, anyhow?

Then there is step singing. You may not know your song very well, but you have time to learn it, and again there is safety in numbers. It will sound a lot better when all of you are singing together. Come to Stunt. Be proud of your own. It's clever. And then enjoy the others. If you win, well, enough said, and if you don't, it's been fun, now hasn't it?

Come on out, girls. Give it all you've got, and it'll be all you hoped it would.

Today is Stunt.

## "Je Ne Parle Anglais"

I speak Spanish, French, German, and other modern foreign languages. No spakee Engleesh. This column, corner, or what have you, then, supposedly will contain a smattering here and there from all these languages, which are taught on the campus. Just a "leetele bit."

But in case there should be more than the average 'non-linguistic major' can comprehend at the "primer" dose (or dose "primer") the first item of interest will be in English. "France Still Lives" is an editorial printed in the New York Times on May 17, 1941. This article pictures very vividly the struggles through which France before has come through unscathed. It expresses, not the hope, but the assurance that France will survive and be better for all of it. It traces—aw, read it yourself, and here it is:

### FRANCE STILL LIVES

(New York Times—May 17, 1941)

There was once a France, corrupt, betrayed and cowardly, that was saved by a peasant girl. There was once a France saved by soldiers who were not well armed or well trained, but who were singing a new song that would not let them go anywhere but forward, though all hell was mobilized to enslave them again. There was once a France

# Collegiate Creams

## VOICES THROUGH THE AGES

By the time students reach college age, they should have some definite opinions concerning existing conditions in the world today, and begin to formulate solutions to the problems in their own minds. One social problem which vitally concerns us and yet is hopelessly disregarded is that of the negro situation. Many of you will say just as I did, "What situation? I think they are of an inferior race, and hold prejudices against them which were begun by my grandfathers, but that has been going on for centuries."

Perhaps we have held prejudices for centuries, but as we recognize difficulties, then is the time for a solution. What basis do we have for these feelings—environment, race, tradition, or a lack of knowledge?

The book, *12 Million Black Voices*, by Richard Wright, gives a story of the negro in America that is soul-stirring. The book tells of "how the Negro cried for joy when he was made free—and then learned better; of how he fled the cotton fields for the beckoning opportunity of the big cities—and then learned better." Wright as a young negro man demands for his people the right to have a share in the growth of this country.

The script is supplemented by the best photography work ever presented in a book of this type; the pictures themselves tell a story of the odyssey of the American negro.

What race is justified in saying that it is superior to another? Are we fair to our black brothers?

## RECORD PROPHECIES

The other day while down at the record counter down town, I asked the sales girl what she predicted for top notch record sale before Christmas. This is what she told me, and I pass the suggestions on to you with my personal recommendations. In keeping with the coming Christmas season, "The Shrine of St. Cecilia" by Monroe and his orchestra puts you in a restful, peaceful mood that seems to say to you, "Come visit the Shrine yourself." Glenn Miller and his Orchestra score another hit in "Dreamville, Ohio" with Ray Elberte selling you on the town with smooth vocals. Jo Stafford and the Pied Pipers present "Embraceable You" under the baton of Tommy Dorsey, not T. Dorsett.

## LET THE ANGELS SING!

Angels seem to be figuring quite prominently in the Christmas ideas for the season. A pair of tinkling angels for the mantel, which are a girl angel in a peach robe with white, and a boy angel (ever see one?) in blue and white, each housing a concealed genuine Swiss Music Box which plays Christmas tunes.

Of if you like angels in pairs for the table, try a pair of adorable angels made of wax who hold wax Christmas trees to light the Christmas table.

For the top of the tree, make a shimmering white angel with ruffles and wings of humble paper doilies and painted face.

Then, won't the people of Raleigh be pleasantly surprised when many Angels appear singing Christmas carols at their door steps just before Christmas?

that lost a war and paid a ransom but nevertheless remained free and French. There was once a France whose soldiers laid their bodies down many thousands strong in front of the fortress of Verdun so that an enemy of the French people and of their civilization might not pass.

There was once a France where liberty had sprung in fire and glory out of a long suppression; where men wrote, painted and composed in a very ecstasy of new freedom; where, for the humblest, life was an art, decent, civilized and individual, which had humanized its cities, wedded tradition with a quick appreciation of all that was witty, precise and novel, made itself a place of pilgrimage and a second homeland for all who loved the fine, the delicate, the genial, the penetrating, the mellow aspects of human existence.

That France has been misled, conquered and silenced. Strangers of her own blood and of alien blood may now speak for her in Paris. But that France lives. She has the allegiance of her people though they cannot proclaim it. She has, as ever, the respect and admiration of the free nations, not least our own. No act or word of her temporary lords of misrule will make us think of her as the less our friend. She will rise stronger and

# Purely Personal

Take a lesson from Dae Steele Bullock, girls—learn to play tennis and maybe you'll get to join some mighty cute Stetts college professors in a game one of these first days.

D. J. is awfully glad Norwood has been discharged from the Army because there he was in Texas and now he's at home.

Scallions to the girl—not a parlor hostess—who forgot all about Larry Phillips calling on Theda Hopkins Mon. night. Incidentally Theda was at the concert, but Larry waited and waited for a long hour before he gave up hope and left without ever finding out what had happened.

Go to Ridgecrest, dears. Mebbe you'll have the good fortune of Cornell Brunt, who after all is going to sponsor for an Art Ball at the University of Alabama this week end.

Sociologically speaking Meredith must be terrifically overcrowded—we have more than one person per room.

The amount of mail Mary Snipes gets everyday must keep Dot and Olive awfully busy putting it up.

We've been going at faculty children all these years, but now we can go at the most recent addition—a faculty grandchild. Mrs. Marsh's grandson, Richard LeRoy Greaves III. He first saw the light of day two hours before his parents' second wedding anniversary.

And speaking of glorious Thanksgivings, Nina and Bill must have found out what the words mean if the gleam in her eyes means anything.

How some of our faculty do get around "on business." Wish my "business" required my appearance at every State College dance.

Here we've been thinking all this time that Anna Ruth Dixon was a nice temperate girl, but she's been drinking cider by the gallon that Ronald Gyles sends her every so often.

Anybody who can date next door neighbors on alternate nights and keep them both happy is good—Eloise, how do you do it?

The dirtiest and most sacrilegious joke in the *Tar and Feathers* was sent in by the good B. S. U. editor of the *Daily Tar Heel* which, incidentally, has some awfully good columnists.

Cute chaperones who get birthday cards from the boys they chaperone.

Seen at the Civic Music Concert together: Addie and Jack, Kitty and Margaret with cute boys; Sue and Roy; Iris and Gill, as well as a lot of other steadies.

Raney complains her room—Betsy's old one—has the walls covered with "Hubs."

The suite of Beddingfield, Lasister, Futrell, and Parker would like to know who made pie beds for them. They think they know who, but they'll really be surprised when they find out.

Confidentially, we ought to warn the soldiers to travel in groups of 4's because after all when they come out to Meredith you never can tell who'll pick one up—aye, Alice Justice?

Margaret Hine and Tom Chiffelle were having an awfully good time over Thanksgiving.

Emily Post had better look to her laurels because she has an understudy in the form of Hezzy Porter, who has become quite a fanatic about the subject of table manners.

better loved from these days of her tribulation. Our hearts and our hopes are with her. We are committed to do all we can to help her strike off her chains. For no world in which France is under the heel of an oppressor is safe or kindly to us.  
Well, auf Wiedersehen!

# FROM THE FRONT

Washington, D. C.,  
November 25, 1941.

My Dear Sister,

Today, it seems a multitude of events have taken place. First I had decided some few days ago to take an hour or so from my work to buy myself a top-coat. When I was almost ready to leave the office, Mr. Miller, our personnel man, called me into his office and informed me that my appointment had been signed by the President and only a few minor Civil Service details were left before I would be instated as Junior Executive Assistant, some title, eh kid!

You can imagine how proud I felt when I walked out of his office. Just as I passed my desk the phone rang and it was "Nick". He says, "Greetings, Old Man, you are notified to report for induction November 28, 1941, at 7:15 a. m." Again, I say, you perhaps can imagine how I felt. Here I am in the process of being assigned to a \$26,000 permanent job, and then being given official notice that after November 28 I will be making \$21 a day once a month.

I was hoping to have you spend a day or so of your Christmas vacation with me here in Washington so that you might get at first hand what is being done in our Nation's Capitol. It has been wonderful here, working in daily contact with the leaders of our Defense Program. Men who are big in every respect and have so much to offer and believe it or not, expect so little.

It perhaps doesn't seem quite fair for me to be forced to go just when I am on my way to bigger things, but I feel that I must go. I am going with the idea that I developed working for O. P. M.—that the harder I work the farther I will get, who knows, I might match my grandfather's "Captain".

Please let me know how you and all of Meredith are coming along, and I will keep you informed on my progress "In the Army".

Love,  
CROW.

Meredith College,  
Raleigh, N. C.,  
November 26, 1941.

Dear Crow,

I guess I hadn't realized just how near the drafting business was to each of us until my "baby" brother had to follow the crowd. Anything I can say seems so useless beside an issue as big as one controlled by the Government; it would be just like telling the teacher you knew the answer even if you didn't have sense enough to put it on paper.

Perhaps I am a little sister, but I can give you some good advice that will fit anywhere you go. Be your best self always, and if you

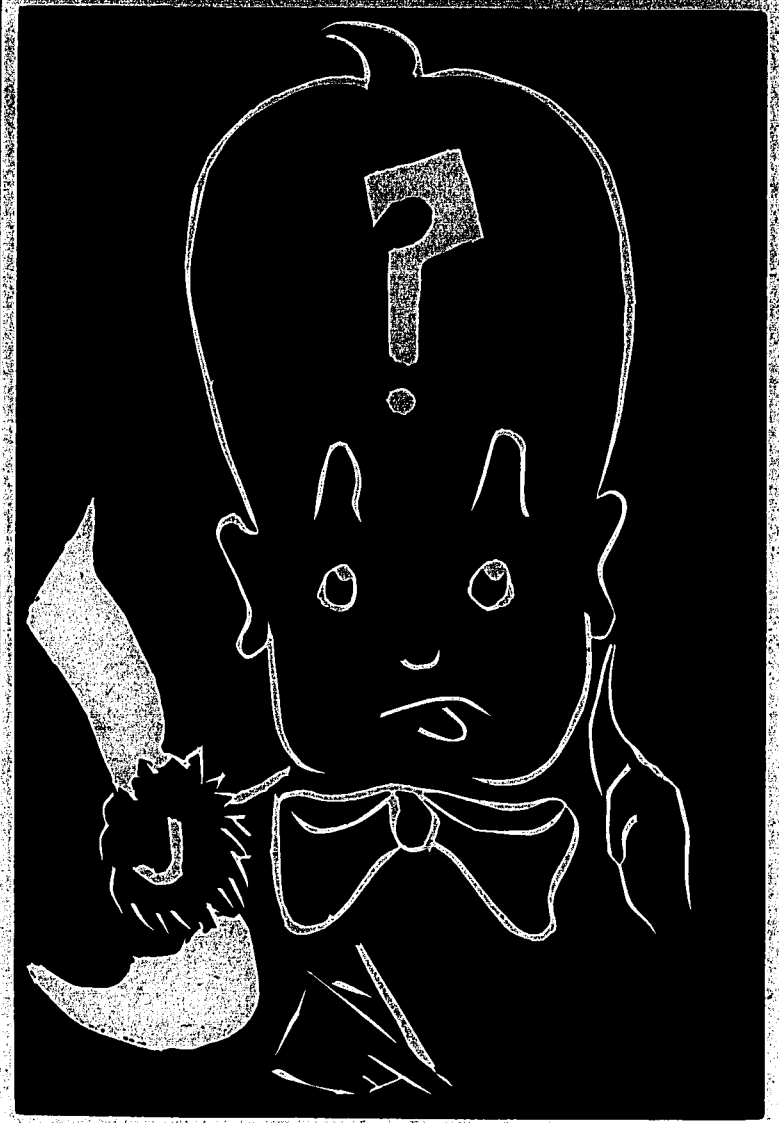
The Navy and Mary Lib seem to be getting along all right—Anyway, his name is Bill Todd.

After all, Cornelia Handley didn't fly home for Thanksgiving holidays. Maybe her newly sprouted angel's wings weren't strong enough.

Sutton and Vivian just adore Wake Forest and their mutual man there.

They say that a certain S. G. member is so conscientious that she took her cards to the concert to check while she waited. Admirable devotion to duty.

Miriam McGregor's Thanksgiving was a week late, but, boy, oh, boy, was she glad to see him.



—Beverly Ann Money

## THE FIFTH COLUMN

Two very important conferences are going on today, one in Washington, the other in Berlin. Upon the outcome of one depends the outcome of the other, but at this writing, which will determine the other is uncertain. The Berlin conference is to renew the anti-Communist pact between Japan, Italy, Germany and the smaller countries. In view of Japan's pact with Russia and her present quarrel with the United States it is questionable if she will sign. The conversations of Cordell Hull and Karusu may determine the Berlin Conference or the Berlin Conference may cause Japan's resistance to stiffen to the U. S. The Ambassador has hope of a "fighting chance," but the emperor's recent statement seems

go in with the determination to get the most out of Army life, then you will:

Since you have just been drafted, some of the girls would like to follow your life as a typical Army draftee through your life there, so if you don't mind your letters may be made slightly public. We feel that we don't know enough about the real life of the Army, and you certainly will be in a position to tell us all.

Love,  
YOUR SISTER.

to deny even this chance to keep out of war with the U. S.

The allies Germany and Japan seem to be working together to keep the U. S. aroused about both and rendering it harder for her to decide her more pressing enemy. She must, however, decide soon and prepare for one or the other.

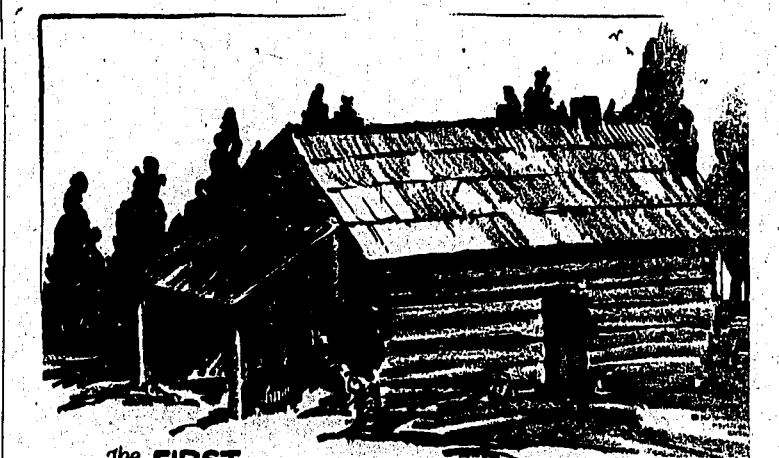
The domestic seem with all the strikes in ever-increasing numbers is not too helpful at the moment. The minimum price battle still rages in Congress. Defense maneuvers occupy the people's attention. The force of a war on the situation, what it would do, we cannot determine yet.

## Bundles for Britain

Miss Baker recently received a letter from the Janet Murrow Chapter of Bundles for Britain. The letter invited Meredith to participate in a drive in which every college girl in North Carolina is being asked to contribute one garment to British girls who are doing war work.

Winter clothing consisting of shoes, over-shoes, coats, sweaters, caps and woolen socks are especially needed in Britain during this crisis. It has been asked that all articles donated be clean and in good condition so that the clothing will be ready to distribute immediately upon its arrival in Britain.

The need is great, the opportunity to serve is great, so let's do our part and make Meredith one hundred percent in this drive.



The FIRST FRATERNITY LODGE IN AMERICA—BUILT AT KENYON COLLEGE (OHIO) BY DELTA KAPPA EPSILON—1852!

CREW RACES STARTED THE FIRST INTERCOLLEGIATE RIVALRIES. IN 1852 THE LONG SERIES BETWEEN HARVARD AND YALE BEGAN!

LUCKY 13 COLGATE UNIVERSITY WAS FOUNDED BY 13 MEN WITH 13 DOLLARS AND 13 PRAYERS!

