

# The Twig

Published by the student body of Meredith College

## Editorial Staff

CORNELIA HERRING ..... Editor  
 LYTTON TINGLEY ..... Associate Editor  
 RACHEL FULTON ..... Managing Editor  
 MATTIE IRENE BAUGH ..... Managing Editor  
 LORRAINE CHAPPELL ..... Managing Editor  
 KATHRYN SUTTON ..... Managing Editor  
 MARTHA ANNE ALLEN ..... Columnist  
 ELIZABETH MILLER ..... Sports Editor  
 VIRGINIA GREENE ..... Music Editor  
 BEVERLY ANNE MONEY ..... Cartoonist

## Business Staff

ELIZABETH COLEMAN ..... Business Manager  
 GERTRUDE HARDISON ..... Circulation Manager  
 CATHERINE POWELL ..... NANCY JOHNSTON

Entered as second-class matter October 11, 1923, at Post Office at Raleigh, N. C.; under Act of March 3, 1879.

## The Old Order Changeth

"I'd rather be a Could Be,  
 If I could not be an Are!  
 For a Could Be is a May Be,  
 With a chance of touching par  
 I'd rather be a Has Been,  
 Than a Might Have Been, by far,  
 For a Might Have Been has never Been,  
 But a Has Been was once an Are."

The first of the installations for next year's officers was held early this week. A new group of Could Bes are becoming Ares, and the Ares are becoming Has Beens. To those of us who are acquiring the Has Been status the feeling is tinged with sadness. Last year as we became Ares we had such high hopes, such shining ideals, and such firm determination that we were going to do our jobs as they had never been done before. We were eager to be up and at them, because there was much to be done. There is still much to be done. As we look back on the year's accomplishments we are disturbed to see how little we have done, and how far short of our own goals we have fallen. We have lost a great deal of the spirit that characterized us last spring, and we have gained many things we did not suspect existed. Many things have changed, and to a large extent they are little better than when we found them, yet in the long run little things matter a great deal.

We cannot say "It is finished." It is not. Our jobs have not been for a single year, but are a part in an endless stream in which all that changes is the personnel. The job is not finished. Here is a new group of Could Be's ready to become Ares with shining eyes and high hopes. They will take over, and perhaps they—

There is a great deal to be done in the few weeks that remain to us. As we change places with our successors we must be careful that they are given all the help possible in order that they may fulfill their jobs in the best possible way. Cooperation can make things so much easier for all of us. The task that remains is to wind up our portion as well as we can, and to aid them in getting off to as good a start as possible. We can't quit now. We still have work to do. It is different, yes. The new Ares have work to do, too, and may they be diligent in order to be successful, for after all, the thing that matters is not the office held, but the way it is filled. That is the test.

## We Are Not Alone

People are busy these days, believe it or not, studying. Yes, it is time of the year that there is a great deal of accumulated parallel that has to be read, term papers ad infinitum that have to be written. All this requires work, and a great deal of this work has to be done in the library. The open reserve shelves are a big help, but with that many people together in a small room, it is necessary to be considerate of other people. We ought to spread our materials over as little space on the tables as possible, and by all means to take it easy as we stalk around in our three inch heels. They make noise.

We are not alone in the dormitories, and we even work there, sometimes. Voices should be kept reasonably quiet, and radios should be turned down. Of course we are only human, and are going to want to cut loose and have fun some times, and lots of times usually, but to be trite there are times for all things.

Co-operation is essential to successful group living, and cooperation should have as its basis interest and consideration for the other people involved, and they should have it for you in return. Little things make so much

## Collegiate Creams

By Martha Ann Allen

"... All alike and yet so different." That was the way I ended a little article I wrote for the *Acorn* on my impression of Meredith girls when I was here for Hospitality Week-end before coming to Meredith (the only thing I got in that magazine for nearly a year). As I sit here and try to analyze a Meredith girl after being one for nearly two years, that same phrase returns to my mind. But what is the significance of that word, "alike"?

I believe I can best explain it by telling of an experience I had last week which was in part like many I have had these past two years. At a shoe store down town I was being fitted for a pair of shoes when the clerk said, "You're a Meredith girl, aren't you?" I admitted that I was, then asked why he thought so, after first looking myself over to see if I had any tags on. His reply went something like this, "Well, there's just something about you Meredith girls that makes me know you the minute you walk in the store. You girls don't try to put on and pretend you're something you're not. There is a naturalness about you that college girls in general don't have."

And perhaps "natural" is the key word to "alike". We have learned that we are our best selves when we are *OURSELF*, not some affected personality. There is where Meredith comes in—in molding that *SELF*.

Despite our passing peevish about things here at school, so much of Meredith has gone into our growing-up that it has become a permanent part of us. It is difficult to point out characteristics, that are Meredith-born because they seep in so gradually.

We recognize the same qualities in alumnae that we see in girls in school. They have an appreciation of life and of people; they are reluctant to reject anything at its face value without first examining the basis of the situation.

When you enter Meredith you are given choices in practically everything... the type of friends you choose, your plan of attack for college in general, your interests, the type of person you want to be. If we make the wrong choice, we wake up to the fact and have the opportunity to change. You are accepted for what you are, not for the school you came from nor the amount of wealth you have. A girl must first prove herself worthy, then the sky is the limit.

There are so many things about Meredith that will always be popping up in our store-house of memories. Those last nights before holidays and the way we loosen our enthusiasm and politely go wild; the way the campus brightens up in the spring when the flowers begin blooming; trudging to class in rainy weather; having to get mail general delivery because the box rent got over due; going in to see the Dean about difficulties—all these things, but more too. Some of the greatest friendships we will ever form are formed right here and now, not only with students but with the persons who make Meredith "tick". We live so close together here that we have to learn to know people, and know them well. Out of that knowledge grows an appreciation that will last.

As in every college generation, there are those among us who will make their mark and become well-known; however, not for one minute will they forget Meredith and the friendships formed here, or even casual acquaintances.

There are people here who are as much a part of the institution as the fountain and the gate. They don't come from any particular classification of folks—they are males and females; they are faculty, administration, or other employees; they are students and alumnae.

If we should walk into the outer office of the president and not see Miss Rhodes sitting there or hear her call that she would be with you in a moment, the place wouldn't be the same; it would be empty as far as we were concerned. And while we're waiting for her we usually wander over and examine the many flowers she keeps on the table back of her desk chair.

When we sit on Mrs. Wallace's history class and hear her tell about the changes taking place in the world, events take on a new meaning for us. We know that she is just as young as we are any day in the week, and enjoys living to its fullest.

difference when people have to live in close contact with numbers of other people. The little things are what cause the wear and tear on our nerves and are hard on others and on ourselves. After all, we are not alone!

## Purely Personal

Nothing like spring—and with spring comes golf, and with golf—well, there is Nan Davis and Mr. Dorsett. Some fun!

Flo and Giraff had one heap big time over at Carolina. They want to go back quite bad. Yeap. A date per hour isn't to be sneezed at.

'Twas a big week end if the excitement at church is any indication. After all, do mere dates make any difference if you have flowers for the Sunday after Easter?

What a perfect friendship; but he went home with the present still in his pocket. Too bad it had to be purely platonic.

Florida is nothing like them tans that came back.

Silence is golden. There ought to be more of it.

As soon as we go on daylight savings time our dates will leave at sundown. Just what we wanted! Maybe! Nothing like Meredith girls and the chickens.

Blondes and the Bee Hive — Bees in his Bonnet—and all with a Harvard accent, and a line, and haircut.

What about the Nazi pie? It's not so good.

It's a blue Monday when your last chance gets married, but after all "men are like streetcars."

We still wonder what all those men are doing in the Oak Leaves.

Shirely, wat d'ya mean by ducking the chances of a good friend's romance?

Meredith and Wake Forest glee clubs should sing together more often, shouldn't they, Anna Lou?

Teeny, where have you been lately — to another Sociology club party?

Incidentally, we've heard Winnie Davis singing "Oh, how I wish they'd make this army coed" around here lately.

It will never seem right to me to ride up the Meredith Drive and not see Mr. Hamrick's car parked right in the middle, ready to drive off the minute he has to run to town for something.

What would the boys do without Mr. Grogan around to entertain them while they are waiting to come in the parlor or waiting for a bus? He probably knows more inside dope than any other person around here, especially about the crook.

And crooking reminds of the many unique traditions here. Some of them we say are out-dated and people are no longer interested, but there is an empty feeling in our lower abdomen when we think about their being taken away. Remember those cold mornings of Christmas caroling, or the many hours in secret conferences figuring up stunt and palio ideas. With the change of times, it is true that many of the activities that we think of in connection with Meredith will have to be modified to suit the schedules of the students, but we are going to miss them.

Now we spend so much of our time at places other than Meredith while we're in school here, because we feel that with the changing color of the place of girls in the world today that we must. Meredith will naturally change with the times, but at least we're in on the generation that will see the change become effective and know that we can viv-

## Book Reviews

The Keys of the Kingdom

A. J. Cronin (Little, Brown)

This is the story of a good man. When he was a child, the parents of Francis Chisholm wanted him to become a priest; but he was orphaned and sent to live with an aunt. She continued the plans for his becoming a priest and sent him to begin his studies. He was never reconciled to this act until his childhood sweetheart turned out badly.

Finally ordained a priest, Father Chisholm began his life which was to be filled with conflicts with the rockribbed doctrines of the Catholic Church. He was never willing to accept unquestionably everything as handed down by the church. If he had not had a friendly superior, perhaps he might even have been excommunicated. However, really he was doing great deeds in helping his parishers as he went his way. Once he even exposed a false miracle.

When he was shipped to China to take charge of a "thriving" mission, Father Chisholm's work really began. The mission was a wreck, and there were no true converts. The last half of the book tells the story of his building of the mission even though there were many mishaps, such as when his new chapel collapsed or when the Protestant missionaries arrived. Still, he succeeded to his way of believing after years of labor. An old Buddhist friend came to him to be baptised as a Christian. He had watched Father Chisholm through many years and was so impressed that he was willing to worship the God that Father Chisholm represented.

In spite of his service, his superiors attempting to be rid of him, sent an investigator to find fault with him. Instead, the representative realized he was looking upon a great man.

Storm

George R. Stewart (Random)

Maria was a storm. She was given her name by the Junior Meteorologist as he watched her birth in mid-Pacific. He watched as Maria grew to majestic proportions and became a composite of torrential downpour and blizzard. Maria was a god send to many; but before she had finished, she was vicious, having killed some in the rain and a flood and having frozen others in the snow. Finally, Maria vanished. But she had been a good storm—Maria.

## Exchange

And to Carolina's *Daily Tar Heel*, we can only say, "You said it."

### THE LOWDOWN . . .

It is alleged that a schoolboy in Kansas wrote the following, entitled "An Editor."

"I don't know how newspapers got into the world, and I don't think God does, for He ain't got nothing to say about them in the Bible. I think the editor is the missing link. I read about, and that he stayed in the business until

idly remember Meredith as it was in another girl's time.

Above all, we will remember those many nights we have spent sitting up in bed till all hours and talking about the future and what it holds for us. We don't know we can't know, but we do know that whatever it is, Meredith will play its part in the shaping of that future.

The End



—Beverly Anne Money

## Joint Recital Intercollegiate Given Here Sports News

The Wake Forest Glee Club came to Raleigh on Friday evening, April 17, to share a program with the Meredith College Glee Club in the college auditorium at 8 o'clock.

Miss Ethel Rowland directed the Meredith girls' numbers. Thane McDonald directed the Wake Forest Club members, and the combined chorus was directed by Mr. McDonald and Dr. Harry Cooper. Accompanist for the Meredith College Glee Club was Miss Durema Fitzgerald of Raleigh, and soloists were Miss Virginia Greene of Shelby, and Miss Geraldine Dawkins of Raleigh.

The following program was presented:

- Lo, a Voice to Heaven Sound-ing, Bortniansky.
- All Through the Night—arr. Ringwald.
- A Spirit Flower—Campbell—Vipton.
- One Old Ark's a-Moverin', arr. Barthalamew.
- Have You Seen but a White Lily Grow—Old English.
- The River—arr. Delaney.
- Ho-La-Li—arr. Yuvass.
- Fidelin—Brahms.
- Slumber, Beloved One—Ravel.
- April—Buchanan.
- O Beautiful Jesu—Stainer.
- Ye, E'en as Die-the Panes — Cowen.
- Onward, Ye Peoples—Sibelius.
- Song of the Viking—Fanning.

The same program was used at the Wake Forest Baptist church, Wake Forest, on Tuesday evening, April 14.

after the flood, came out and wrote the thing up, and has been kept busy ever since.

"If the editor makes a mistake, folks say he ought to be hung, but if a doctor makes mistakes, he buries them, and folks don't say nothing because they can't read Latin."

"When the editor makes mistakes, there is a big lawsuit and swearing, but if the doctor makes one there is a nice funeral with flowers and perfect silence.

"A doctor can use a word a yard long without him or anyone else knowing what it means, but if an editor uses one, he has to spell it."

"If the doctor goes to see another man's wife, he charges for the visit. If the editor goes, he gets a charge of buckshot."

"Any college can make doctors to order, but editors have to be born."

Love and basegall are running a close race for first place now that spring has sprung. But the sports page is no place for love—or is it?—so this article is catering to the sports side—baseball, track, and tennis.

That inevitable Big Five that pops up in basketball, and whatnot, is back in town raring to-go, namely, Carolina, Wake Forest, Duke, N. C. State and Davidson. So here goes a flash in a flash on each of these teams (baseball) and their star players. (1) N. C. State—Coach Doc Newton has been through both the thick and the thin with the team winning 20-4 against South Carolina and losing 4-5 with Wake Forest on the openers of the season. Ray Hardee is the steaming fast pitcher who necessitates as equally good catcher, of which there ain't none. (2) Wake Forest under the coachship (not courtship since our column is for sports only) of Murray Geason won over State and lost to Elmira of Eastern Conference. (3) Carolina—Even Bunn Hearn's pitching discovery, "Monk" Whiteheart, failed to win over the Hanes Knitters of Winston-Salem, after the build-up of defeating both Maryland and Virginia Tech in inter-collegiate competition. (4) Duke—Still with the title of "Unbeaten," except with Virginia Tech, that says as much as is needed. (5) Davidson—One of the first games was played with Durham Wednesday afternoon. (The reader knows more than I do at this point about the outcome that is still in the future for me.) The week of April 12 was a big one for the Big Five teams who—well, you know the rest and the winners. I still don't for the above reason.

The two old-time rivals, Duke and Carolina, will meet in their annual track dual meet at Durham this afternoon. Also State clashes with Catawba today, hoping to win with their versatile discovery, who hails from Brooklyn, N. Y.

With the tennis teams—Carolina played Catawba Monday and State Wednesday. Davidson met Duke Wednesday. State played Citadel Friday.

All I can say now is—consult your local paper for further details—which you will certainly need in order to find out about these abstracts given.