

The Twig

Published by the student body of
Meredith College

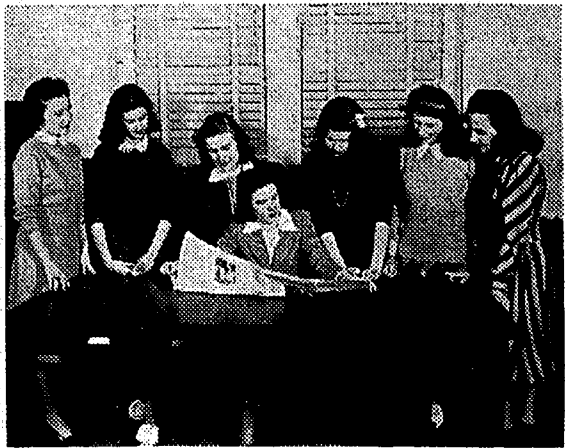
Editorial Staff

CORNELIA HERRING Editor
LYTTON TINGLEY Associate Editor
RACHEL FULTON Managing Editor
MATTIE IRENE BAUGH Managing Editor
LORRAINE SHAPPELL 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.



"WE SAY ADIEU"

The time has come, the walrus said
To talk of many things,
Of shoes, and ships, and sealing wax
And cabbages and kings.

The time has come, when this year's *Twig* is finished, and we can only look back to see what we have done, if anything. We have enjoyed working on your paper, and we hope that it has pleased you occasionally, and at least in part. We have attempted to please you in our news coverage, and in the features which we have included. Many of the things we have hoped to do, have proved themselves impossible, but perhaps some other year the *Twig* can have them.

In the course of the year, the debt which had been hanging over the *Twig* has been paid in full, two hundred thirty seven dollars. This has necessitated certain economies, but we hope that you feel as we do that it has been worth it.

The position of the press has changed somewhat in the last year. Our nation is at war, and with this war have come curtailments on our treasured freedom, and added responsibilities in the realm of formulating public opinion. The college paper is not free of this simply because of our isolation. We, too, have a part to play which will of necessity become more important. But because conditions are changing, democracy is no less precious, and no less to be desired in the school community and in the nation at large. It must be guarded, and participated by every member of the group if it is to be successful, and to continue. Progress in democracy will by its very nature be slow, but it is our task to see to it that there is progress.

Before we say adieu, we would like to thank all those who have aided us by their cooperation and support this year, our advertisers who make our very existence possible, and specially our advisor who is so ever on the alert to give us every assistance in any difficulties in which we may become involved. And to the new staff, may we say that there is much to be done to make the *Twig* that paper all Meredith would take pride in. In this venture we wish them luck.

Last spring we stated our platform in our first issue: "As we begin our term of office we promise to the students and alumnae of Meredith that we will do all within our power to be accurate in our reports, fair in our judgments, constructive in our criticisms, and motivated by the highest and best interests of the student body and of the college as a whole, so that the *Twig* in a very true sense may become *vox populi*."

We make no comment upon our outcome, but simply say, "so mote it be," and now

ADIEU!

Collegiate Creams

As heads of organizations on campus this year are retiring, they have many interesting incidents to relate as part of their experience in the capacity of the leader of some organized Meredith group.

Ellen Ann has a definite impression to carry with her of Little Theatre work, "My fondest memory of Little Theatre work is not connected with the presidency especially, but goes back to the days before that when I was among those who labored far into the night on scenery for 'Pride and Prejudice.'

"I remember one night when we had worked hours and hours in the clamminess of the basement, hammering on nails and fingers, mixing smelly glue, and getting paint-spattered from head to toe until we were ready to faint away from sheer exhaustion. We realized that we had worked past light bell and were probably the only people awake on the campus—the basement was still and silent. Suddenly we heard footsteps, slow and deliberate, down the dark narrow tunnel—closer and closer—until there stood before us a figure that beckoned mysteriously for us to follow to the dark still kitchen. There, much to our amazement, we were handed cold pork chops, rolls and left-over pie, and no food ever tasted better! When I am a complacent alumnae with a substantial income, I shall make a gift to the college and dedicate it to that Benefactor of Woman-Kind, that Angel of Mercy, Mr. Grogan."

As president of the senior class, Nancy Nuckols has her tales of woe, "Being a class president is certainly a privilege and a pleasure and for the most part it's lots of fun. Once in a while, however, it has its drawbacks. Take for instance those mornings I give up the last five minutes of sleep in order to run to the P. O. before breakfast for that extra special letter. One peep—the box contains two fat pieces of mail and the trip has not been in vain. But what is pulled out but two pamphlets addressed to Class President, one containing the latest thing in caps and gowns and the other a list of plays for the class to sponsor. Then there are the phone calls which you're sure are the ones you've been waiting for, only to pick up the receiver and find it's the 'ring man' who is indeed a nice person, but—well, you know the kind of let-down feeling that comes when you find out."

We are well aware of the fact that the *Oak Leaves* is out and tag it as extra-special, but little do we realize some of the situations Martha was in before it came out. "Since the main part of the annual work is that of taking pictures, it is only natural that some of the most interesting and most trying experiences of the editor should be connected with this phase of the work. By this time of the year I can look back and laugh at some of the things that were at the time soutry. For instance, imagine my disgust one night when I went to a girl's room to find out why she had not returned her proofs about three weeks before. Her reply was, 'Why, dear, I was just standing here looking at them and wondering when you were coming for them!'"

Evelyn Hampton has put the International Relations Club on the map, so to speak, this year. In her capacity as president, she has covered quite a bit of territory attending conventions of the organization and has many memories of them. "Being president of the I. R. C. this year has been fun! Of course it has been a great deal of work too so much that at times it seemed that the wisest procedure would be to stop going to school and be president of the club only. It is hard to say what has been the outstanding experience—there was the Assembly in Charlotte on International Night, the banquet, and the Southeastern Conference in Atlanta. I suppose the hour in Atlanta when the invitation for the Conference to meet in Raleigh next year was being made and voted on was on the most exciting single happening, not only for this year but for many years."

The B. S. U. president, Elizabeth Tucker, thinks she got to know Meredith pretty well during a certain two weeks of this past year. "When introduced to the freshman class as 'Chaplain of our Camp' at the beginning of the year, I had no idea that quarantine would soon make the phrasing a partial reality. The attempt to cooperate with other campus organizations in ironing out difficulties and providing a balanced life of work, play and inspiration for two weeks without outside help was a combination of trying, instructive, and enjoyable effort, to say the least. I'm sure I shall not forget the two weeks in which four hundred of us got better acquainted

(Continued in column five)

Purely Personal

Well, girls—this war situation is getting to be serious. If things get much worse, I'm afraid that our supply of men will be so limited that you girls will be forced to choose between "kiddies" and "grandpaps." In the meantime, "Suzy Snoops" will continue her vigil — keeping watch over the few men who still prefer guard at Meredith rather than with Uncle Sam.

When asked how many "ones" there are in a chromosome, Myrtle always insists that there is only one. Then I hear her softly sing "I've Got It Bad and That Ain't Good."

Mr. Grogan almost had a date in the parlor Saturday night, eh, Rosetta?

The trio "Runt," Mary and Rivers, has suddenly become a lovely duet. After all, though when you're in the Navy, you do business with Uncle Sam. Poor Runt!

Isn't it pathetic that Tulbert missed a good ole ball game the other day, because of the lab she couldn't persuade the teacher to have. Better luck next time, Johnny.

Well girls—the funniest thing ever. Helen Royal is buying her clothes in the Panama Style.

Dilly—I hear you are a regular "library fein." Too bad light cuts aren't "takable" up there.

Bells and more bells! One would never know that Adelaide and Kemp used to sing "I Get Along Without You Very Well." All I can hear now is "You Taught Me To Love Again." Personally, I don't get it—do you, Ven?

What's all this gossip about Iris sharing her date Saturday night? Bill, nice work if you can do it!

Well—you know the J-Senior is getting too close for comfort, and I hope everybody has a date. If you don't—remember that you had better grab while grabbing is good.

There seems to be a dearth of gossip. Maybe all of us are like the girl in the little gem we found floating around.

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

Night after night I sat home alone
Without a single thing to do...
Sure, boys came—but soon were gone,
And in the beginning—only a few.

I knew something was wrong
with me,
But what it was—I couldn't tell...
Perhaps I served the wrong brand
of tea,
Or over indulged in onions and
kale...

I "Listerined" my breath each
night,
And I "Luxed" all garments, too.
My teeth should be a little bright,
So "Colgates" was the thing to
do.

"Rhy Krisp" was my daily food,
And "Lifebuoy" baths I had,
"Murine" to make my eyes shine
good—
I went in for every fad.

All this has finally put me wise,
And I'm ready to admit—
You can't buy charm as advertised—
You must be born with it...

F. HEWETT

Book Reviews

Jack Gerber, head of Columbia's shortwave listening station, estimates that his staff records 200,000 words daily in eleven foreign languages. Listening to that many words of propaganda from the Axis powers means that 90 to 100 broadcasts are covered each day. About seventy of these programs are of fifteen minutes length. Most of the foreign broadcasts run from five to ten minutes although there are but three of half-hour length. About 250 Ediphone cylinders are used daily to record this Axis propaganda. These recordings are synopsized and analyzed for use by CBS news analysts and press services.

Behind these statistics lies a story of cunning and trickery employed by Berlin and Tokyo to attract the attention of American listeners. For example, Tokyo now prefaces its evening propaganda shows with musical selections such as "Old Black Joe" or "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean." Having caught the attention of listeners with these old favorites, the Japs start reciting names of American prisoners of war.

The Nazis use a different brand of trickery to gain listeners. A favorite Berlin device for attracting an audience is the singing of popular American tunes. After singing the first verse which is familiar to most Americans, the Nazis then sneak in a political parody.

Tricks like these keep the members of the listening post on their toes. Each new trick is noted down immediately by the staff and saved for reference and comparison.

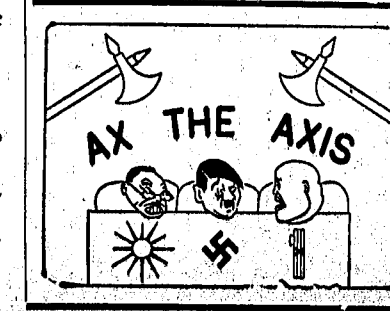
On the staff of Columbia's short wave listening stations are employees able to translate not only French, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Russian but also Arabic, Hungarian, Ukrainian, Bulgarian and Afrikaner. CBS translators are also able to understand numerous dialects of the previous mentioned languages. In any tongue it's still propaganda and the listening post is ready to handle it.

Glenn Miller, airing his "Moonlight Serenade" from Hollywood dedicates each broadcast to saluting an American campus. Wednesday, April 29, he threw the spotlight on St. Bonaventure, New York; Thursday, April 30, Marquette University at Milwaukee received his salute; and Friday, May 1, his honor spot was Connecticut's Marot Junior College.

Nelson Eddy, actor-singer of radio and screen, is the star of "The New Old Gold Show," a series from Hollywood which had its premiere on Wednesday, April 29.

Hedda Hopper, Columbia Network's thrice-weekly radio columnist, has put on the auction block to aid War Bond Sales the baseball bat carried by her late husband, De Wolf Hopper, during the several thousand times he recited the famous poem, "Casey at the Bat."

The Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, under the direction of Howard Barlow, began its sixteenth consecutive season Sunday, April 26, with a "Free French Program" on which Eugene List, now a private in the United States Army, was piano soloist.



—Beverly Anne Money

More Creams

(Continued from Column Two)

through an attempt to live under stress. Maybe we should try it again sometimes.

The girl, Cornelia, who you always see with her nose to the ground for news, has her own ideas about being an editor. "A great deal of ink has flowed out of my pen since I first began to use it, about this time last year. I have indulged in much writing, and the things that can be said aren't important. In the diversity of things that have happened, the mistakes that have escaped my watchful eye, the scoops that weren't, and the old jokes we've told, it's been for you, because it's still, opinion to the contrary, YOUR TWIG."

The president of a Society is naturally the person who remembers most about affairs connected with rushing. Ann Barrow says, "The 'little thing' which I will remember happened to me in connection with 'Billy Astro.' I have always been very fond of him, since adopting him my freshman year. It had to be a case of real devotion, however, when Dr. Cooper asked me to have our pictures made together. That was the first time I had ever held a goat in my arms."

Dickie was rather upset over an experience she had as president of the Education Club one night, "Mr. Edwin Gill, State Commissioner of Paroles, was scheduled to talk to us on 'Crime in Relation to Education' at one of our meetings. Behold, when he got here, where was the Education Club—waiting patiently in the dining hall for the dormitories to be searched for some lost article. It was with a mingled feeling of amusement and embarrassment that I introduced him to the girls that night."

Rachel Lovelace would probably have screamed if anyone had mentioned the word, TRUCK, to her last week; let's find out why. "Gee, one truck, two trucks; now we only need six more. Let's see, we've called all the transport companies, trucking companies and lumber companies. Whee, it's hot! Here's a possibility—a funeral home. The number is 2-5056. 'You say you have nothing but closed trucks? Well, I guess the juniors and seniors at Meredith, along with their dates, are not quite ready for the hearse yet. Thanks, just the same.' The vision of a picnic faded from my mind, in its place came one of

boys and girls in evening clothes at a banquet. Yes the Junior-Senior would have to be changed from an informal affair to a formal banquet."

The names Bep and Phi just naturally go together, but Bep thinks that anyone's name who has ever been a member just naturally goes with the name, Phi. "Since becoming president of the Phi, I have received numbers of letters from former Phis which have given me an unequalled challenge, but better still are the letters which I have received from new Phis which have furnished unbounded inspiration. There seems to be something about the Phi Society which 'gets in your bones' and leaves an undying interest for the Society in the hearts of the members."

Frances Moore as president of the sophomores had a rather unique experience one day — "The most unusual experience that I have had as president of the sophomore class was that of attending a luncheon meeting of the Civilian Defense Council Executive Committee. The main purpose of my attendance, so far as I was concerned, was to give them a check on behalf of our class which we decided could be put to a better use through them than in a party. After hearing the discussions concerning the black-outs, the salvage, and the sesquicentennial, I realized that I was with a group of intelligent, patriotic citizens who were doing a great service in organizing the community. These workers seemed to consider their work not only a duty but a pleasure."

The Monogram Club has undertaken a new project in which Virginia Lancaster as president has led the way. "The most significant incident of my work with the Monogram Club this semester occurred April 22. As Meredith's first donor to the Rex Hospital plasma bank, I gave 3.5 pint of blood. Yes, I will have to admit that I was scared, but afterwards I realized how silly it was to fear something that proved so small and — to me — less painful than a mosquito bite. There was nothing to fear. The clean nurses in their still white uniforms and doctors made me feel perfectly at ease. This incident, I suppose, affirms the fact that we fear the unknown. Realizing the shortage of plasma not only in our vicinity, but also on the Coast, proved an incentive to the Monogram Club for an 'encouragement drive' on the campus. This drive is to further stimulate others to become

(Continued on page four)