

The Twig

Published by the student body of
Meredith College

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To Know All Is to Forgive All

If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me.

If I knew you and you knew me,
As each one knows his own self, we
Would look each other in the face
And see therein a truer grace.
Life has so many hidden woes,
So many thorns for every rose.
The "why" of things our hearts would
see,

If I knew you and you knew me.

—NIXON WATERMAN

What Now?

We have often been informed that every human project must go either forward or backward. There is no stagnant standing still. We the incoming TWIG staff, are endeavoring to enlarge upon the present platform "to 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 the college as a whole, so that the TWIG in a very true sense may become "vox populi."

Realizing that a newspaper striving to attain these ends may still hold little vital interest to the students, we plan, in the year 1942-43 to give Meredith a TWIG "busting into bloom"—eternal springtime. In order to do this, to make our paper more of a preview than a review, the wholehearted cooperation and sincere enthusiasm of the entire student body, faculty, alumni, and administrative officers is necessary.

What one gains from an activity is determined by how much one puts into it. We are expecting a great deal. Not all plans reach maturity, for "the best laid schemes of mice and men often go askew." However, we, the incoming TWIG staff, realizing fully the increasing responsibility of the press, do solemnly pledge to make "the twig sprout." All creative suggestions will be appreciated!

Collegiate Creams

"There's absolutely no doubt about it," we say, "World conditions are perfectly awful!" —And with that we smooth our ruffled pleats and walk away! When we're the person making this remark do we actually know what we're talking about? Are we positive that we aren't just parroting somebody else in a vague sort of way? Why don't we, when we walk into breakfast (maybe that's a bit early) or lunch, quote the morning headlines and stir up a little intelligent and constructive conversation that gives our mind and seven others an opportunity for stimulation? 'Tis all very well to comment on Susie's new dress or Peggy's "victory" hair-cut, but aren't we making ourselves a trifle dull and uninteresting by living in the same conversational plane day by day? —All right, we say that we don't want to face reality, that we'd rather talk about something more pleasant than this blessed war business—but how, just plain how in the world, with conditions as they are today, can we sit idly by, neglecting to read our newspapers and hurriedly twiddling the radio dial to a super dance band the minute a news broadcast comes on? It just isn't being done this season! War is just enough we don't seem to realize it, and evading the issue—meaning the future history books that are published serially in the papers day after day—isn't making us the good participants we should be. Yes, we salvage our paper, our tooth paste, containers, old rubber goods, and the like but that in itself isn't enough. We drift along week in and week out, going to classes and attending other activities with little apprehension, if any, for vital present day needs. Do we ask, "How's the situation out in the Far East?" "What is France's next move with the tricky Laval manipulating Vichy? Is Russia to launch a new spring offensive?" Or is it, "How in the world can I go to the beach this summer if the German subs don't stop playing around out in the Atlantic near the North Carolina coast?"

This entire news set-up is an acute issue. It seems strange that we Meredith girls don't take advantage of our freedom of speech and press except to criticize a few officials about whose business we know exactly nothing! We're in a pitiful plight. As intelligent (yes, intelligent) young women enrolled in Meredith College, we should strive to be on the "up and up" when it comes to news. Who said that ignorance was bliss? That guy had the wrong slant on bliss, at least for us. To read the paper isn't difficult; it merely requires a few minutes applied religiously each day. We could easily convert those few seconds which make minutes and ultimately hours, into a time for acquainting ourselves with what's doing today, here, there, and everywhere, in a concentrated effort to broaden our mental scope. It's not impossible. Why don't all of us try and see!

The whole purpose of democracy is that we may hold counsel with one another, so as not to depend upon the understanding of one man, but to depend upon the counsel of all. —Woodrow Wilson.

He who gives up the smallest part of a secret has the rest not longer in his power.—Jean Paul Richter.

Purely Personal

Goodness, girls, I really hate to do this to some of you. But you and your talkative friends have been swell—thank you so much and all I can say is, "Keep 'em talking." This job's a cinch with all the campus popularities telling their business to the world. By the way, if you have been a good little girl for the past couple of weeks, then you will stop right here—go no farther. You'd probably be bored. Like the rest of us. Oh, when I see all these Meredith gals running to the Bee Hive like it's the last resort — and coming out with these drinks full of colored matter and carbonated water, it reminds me to tell you that it has been said that heaven sent us soda water as a torment for our crimes. And we're angels, remember? ?

It's still a mystery as to what became of all those Lucky Strikes that these students got last week. I've heard they all went up in smoke—some joke, no? And "Ruff" says she was going to give her carton to Ralph. . . She did. It was empty. . .

Wonder if Dickie ever got to talk when she received her call. You see, she was being framed just a little on account of she has that feminine habit of telling all the friends' friends what the friends wanna tell themselves. . . You get the idea, and after all—an idea isn't responsible for the people who believe in it — and Dickie's not responsible—at times. . .

And speaking of calls reminds me to remind you fortunate young lassies to make yourself visible when you're expecting a call. It's no fun for the girls who answer the phone to chase all over the campus for you. After all, they aren't getting paid—with love or money. Also it's questionable as to whether or not some of us are dating gentlemen. If you aren't you'd better keep it to yourself or the competition'll be really keen. Don't get me wrong, chums—I'm referring to the unpolite callers on the phoners.

'Tis rumored 'round that Miss Ellen Ann is 'bout to haul in a big catch. . . Wish she'd tell us what to use for bait. He's really okay. And her roommate seems to be doing all right with that Sutenfield lad. Just a lotta fun, eh, Jean?

Willa Leigh was surely keeping that soldier all to herself the other day. He couldn't have been a brother—not from that angle.

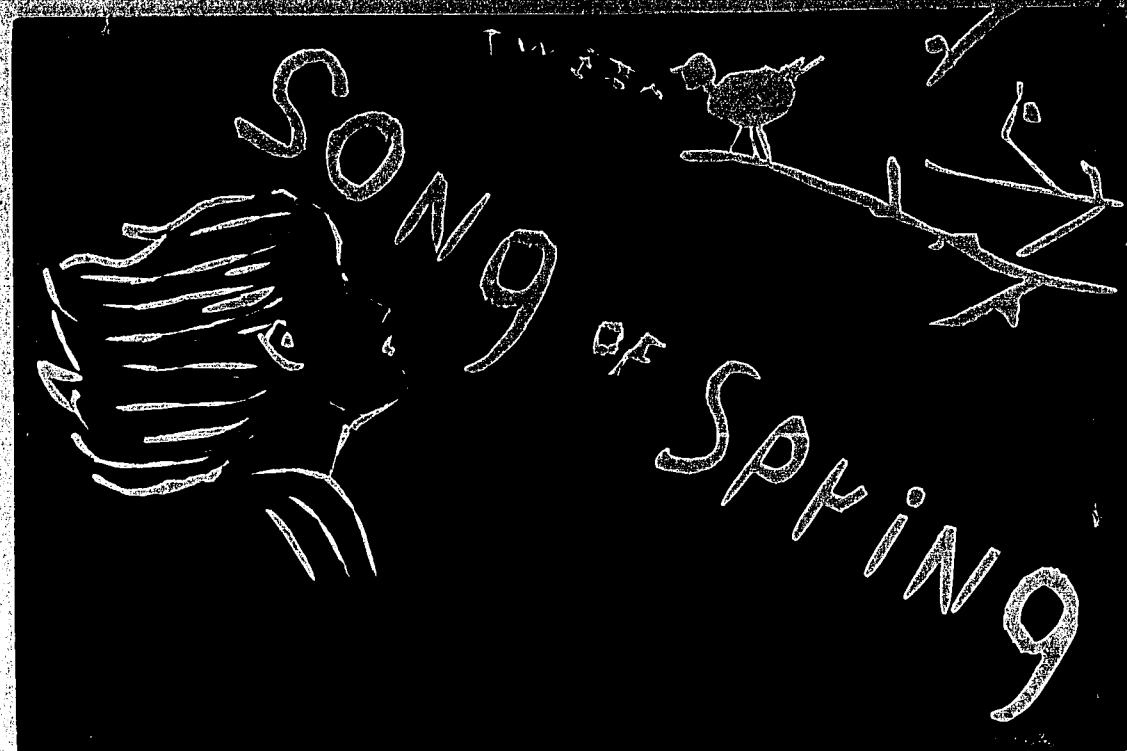
Shirley B.'s been singing "There's Something About an Old Lover," and straightaway comes the name of Jimmie J. After all she's said. . . Who said boys had the most fickle hearts?

When will "naughty Nan" learn that a liar should have a good memory? Also someone should inform her that fraternity pins and safety pins are entirely different in cost and meaning. She evidently hasn't realized that yet.

Some one told me about the May Queen either coming in or going out so early in the morning with the doctor. Her case seems to need no diagnosis. Fanny Buck, he's some fella, huh?

And did you see Cleo B. with that man of hers at the concert last week? They were both giving their undivided attention—to each other.

I guess who ever said, "Bury me on my face, for in a little while all things will be turned upside down" knew what he was saying. Lib Riggs wants the Germans to be the pineapple in this upside down cake—and somebody pops up with "what kinda cake?"



—Beverly Ann Money

New Staff

This issue marks the taking over of the in-coming TWIG staff which is as follows:

Editorial Staff:

Editor, Lytton Tingley; managing editor, Kathryn Sutton; associate editor, Fannie Memory Farmer; associate editor, Sue McNeely; associate editor, Betsy McMillan; Feature Editor, Priscilla Clair Nance; Columnist, Marty Jeffry; cartoonist, Betsy Watson; music editor, Betty Knowles; sports editor, Dae Steele Bullock.

Reporters: Virginia Bailey, Rosetta Burns, Mary Frances Kerr, Carolyn Bass, Mary Elizabeth Johnson, Flo Hewitt, Kathleen Clarke, Rachel Strole, Frances Moore, Madge Allen.

Typists: Ann Carolyn White, Heidi Caison, Annie Merle White, Winnie Davis Turner, Isabelle Dillon.

Business Staff:

Business manager, Gloria Anderson and Doris Jean Leary, Margaret Hollis, and Carolyn Kenyon; circulation manager, Laura A. Brown.

Advisor: Dr. S. G. Riley.

Bad to Verse

Mr. Owl dressed up
To visit his love.
When out he came
And looked above,
The rain was falling
Thick and fast, too.
Mr. Owl mourned,
"To-wet-to-woo."

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

Speaking of the Jr.-Sr., the Juniors have found out that they aren't the power houses they used to be. Many of the girls found that boys could make excuses, too. How 'bout it, Duke and Flo? Sorta maddening, huh?

Now ain't Aunt Marion the happy one—or is it Tuck? And Marion, did you mean it when you said that baby was pretty?

Iris and that Bill friend of hers are surely hard to get along with. Or maybe they enjoy making up every other day. It must be something pleasant involved somewhere.

Harriet Early talks quite a bit about Jimmie. It'll be nice to see him. Why don't you have him up here real soon? Also in that suite is quite another bit of gossip. . . You see, M. Ward is asking Jack Baldwin to the banquet tonight. Nobody knows why. Not even Ward. And there's Dilly with Jarvis. How sweet. . .

Ann Dean Tucker seems to know everybody. Well, I said seems to.

There's more that I wish I had time for. It will be nice for some of you to know that "after love, book collecting is the most exhilarating sport of all." And have fun at summer school—please do.

Fifth Column

In spite of all that we may or may not do, it is impossible for us to ignore the war. It has affected us at Meredith much too deeply. No self-respecting person, however, would wish to forget it, for it is a job in which each of us must do her part.

Many seniors felt the war last week when they suddenly, or maybe not so suddenly, realized that all their eligible dates were treading the sod of Texas, New Jersey, or other undesirable places — as far as the Junior-Senior banquet is concerned. The whole school has felt the effects of the war on the soft drinks such as Coca-Cola. Some may say that these effects are good, but the Bee Hive waves a frantic objection. Rationing rubber tires has and will affect Meredith, particularly in the parlors. The statistics on the increase of parlor dates might be interesting.

Seriously, however, Meredith has tried to "do her part in defense." The blackout test found Meredith ready, for she had already formed her plans. Faculty and student wardens performed their jobs well, and all on the campus cooperated. As a result, Meredith had a completely successful blackout. A course in civilian defense and a course in first aid were taken by many here, both students and faculty. Students have signed up to give their own blood to the blood plasma bank, an important and necessary service. Just last week pledges were signed by Meredith students and faculty promising to buy systematically defense bonds and stamps.

Meredith has felt the war, will continue to feel it, but Meredith will live up to her responsibilities. Perhaps if any good can come out of a war, the good will be in learning to cooperate with one another with the city, county, state and nation. If we can carry the spirit of wartime cooperation into peacetime, who knows what great forward strides our country might make?

Oak Leaves New Staff

(Continued from page one)

Virginia McGowan, Sr. Bus. Mgr.
Margaret Hine, Senior Bus. Mgr.
Katherine Sutton, Junior Bus. Mgr.
Adelaide Charles, Junior Bus. Mgr.
Beverly Ann

Money, Sophomore Bus. Mgr.
Doris Jean

Leary, Sophomore Bus. Mgr.

The incoming staff:

Rachel Lovelace, Editor
Anne Ray Kramer, Asso. Editor
Florence Olive, Senior Editor
Margaret Hollis, Junior Editor
Margaret Jordon, Sophomore Ed.
Rosetta Purvis, Photo Editor
Adelaide Charles, Photo Editor
Dorothy Boone, Art Editor
Katherine Powell, Business Mgr.
Virginia Bailey, Senior Bus. Mgr.
Elizabeth Coleman, Sr. Bus. Mgr.
Dae Steele Bullock, Jr. Bus. Mgr.

New Rules

The following changes in the Constitution of the Student Government, which will go into effect next year, were announced in Chapel Thursday, May 7:

(1) Seniors will be allowed to go out alone at the beginning of the year.

(2) Sophomores will be allowed to ride to and from their destination before 7:30 in groups of two.

(3) Freshman will be allowed to take their evening engagements on or off campus, but one of the evening engagements must be on the week end.

(4) Sophomores will be allowed to take their evening engagements at their discretion.

(5) Chaperones will be allowed to date with freshman when chaperoning.

(6) The parlor will be open from 3:00 to 6:00 on week days for dating, and from 2:00 to 4:00 on Sunday provided the girls will meet their dates, for there will be no hostess present during that time. However, there will be a hostess present 4:00 to 6:00.

(7) Juniors will not be required to return to the college until 10:55 p. m. on Saturday.

(8) Juniors will be allowed to attend dances unchaperoned.

(9) Hostesses in Raleigh will not need to telephone invitations into the dean's office.

Miss Greene Gives Recital in Voice

(Continued from page one)

company by Miss Peggy Royster Jones of Raleigh.

Her program included the following selections:

Nymphs and Shepherds . . . Purcell
My Lovely Celia Munro
Rose Softly Blooming Spohr
Se Florindo e fedelle Scarlatti
Maman, Dites-Moi Bergerette
Je Sais Attacher des

Rubans Dvorak
"Lieti Signor" from Gli

Ugonotti Mayerbeer
Die Lotoblume Schumann
Du Best Wie Eine

Blume Schumann
Ungeduld (Impatience) Schubert
Hebrew Melody Achron

Songs My Mother Taught

Me Dvorak
Will O' the Wisp Spross
The Early Morning Peel
Carmena Wilson

This recital was open to the public. Marshals for the evening were James Greene of Shelby, brother of the vocalist, Miss Doris Cline of Shelby, Miss Betty Lou McClure of Shelby, and Miss Gertrude Mills of Goldsboro.

Immediately following the program, a reception honoring Miss Greene was held in the Blue Parlor.

Ida Mae Pettigrew, Jr. Bus. Mgr.
Betty Cuth

rell, Sophomore Bus. Mgr.
Shirley Dicken

son, Sophomore Bus. Mgr.

HISTORY IN 1941

Historians will be hard put to it to find a year more packed with drama than 1941. Greece, Libya, Crete, the invasion of Russia, Pearl Harbor—crisis and climax of world-sweeping import followed in swift succession. Against the tragedy of events presented daily in the newspapers, the best of stage plays competed with difficulty. In some measure this situation is reflected in the Pulitzer awards for the year.

The Pulitzer Committee joined with the Drama Critic Circle in finding no American play worthy of a prize. At the same time the newspaper awards appear to loom with more than their usual importance. The prize for editorial writing has more than once in the past been awarded for some tour de force of word arrangement which seemed to many thoughtful newspapermen less worthy than the total impact of other work which enlightened and moved large bodies of opinion.

This year the award goes to

Geoffrey Parsons of the New York Herald Tribune, not only for his consistently distinguished writing but in recognition of "an outstanding instance where political affiliation was completely subordinated to the national welfare and a newspaper firmly led its party to higher ground." This refers to the fact that the Republican Herald Tribune has vigorously supported a Democratic President's foreign policy and has played a part second perhaps only to Wendell Willkie's in rescuing the Republican Party from isolationism.

Giving the prize for reporting of national affairs to Louise Stark of the New York Times is a well-merited reward for sound, fair, accurate but unspectacular work in the difficult field of labor relations. The award to Margaret Leech for "Reveille in Washington" recognizes the merits of what amounts to a new kind of history writing which combines vast research with journalistic vitality.

—Clipped.