

# The Twig



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## Every Bit Counts

"Twenty-seven 25c War Stamps will pay for one blanket. The blanket you pay for may go to Iceland, Alaska, or elsewhere—snug sleeping comfort for an American soldier somewhere.

"Twenty 25c War Stamps will pay for one bayonet. One bayonet to serve between yourself and a Jap.

"Two 25c War Stamps will pay for enough fuel to power a destroyer for one mile. Destroyers move fast when a submarine is spotted and your Stamps may help save your own life."

Every bit counts. We are asked constantly to invest our money in War Bonds and Stamps. We, as students, have contributed to the attainment of the college goal in the United War Fund Drive; we have sold magazines to raise money to buy bonds; we have co-operated in Women of War Week by purchasing stamps.

But this is not enough. We need to invest still more. Few of us have large enough allowances to enable us to buy all the stamps we would like to buy.

But we could always cut out our Christmas cards and Christmas presents, along with superfluous cokes. Better still, perhaps, we could help ourselves, our government, our stores, and our numerous shoppers by getting a job during the three weeks we are allowed for the holidays. Yes, I said Job—spelled with a capital "J."

No clerking is easy. Clerks are about as scarce as the second cup of coffee at the Town House.

But clerking can be fun. It can alleviate the crowded shopping conditions. It can be made to pay ready cash. And most important of all, the pay can be turned into Stamps.

Just remember that \$5.00—twenty 25c War Stamps—will pay for one bayonet. One bayonet to serve between yourself and a Jap.

So, Happy Clerking, and Merry Christmas.

## Thought Questions

1. Why during an all-out war effort is it necessary to convert civilian industries into war industries?
2. How do price control and rationing help each other?
3. Why is it necessary to have public support of rationing measures?
4. Why may different storekeepers have different price ceilings?
5. Why is it important that our civilian population should make use of their full allowance of meat under the Share the Meat program?
6. How can substitutes be used for critical materials? How does substitutes tend to create shortages in the substitutes?

## Club Reporters

The activities of the various clubs on our campus are very important. *The Twig*, as the voice of the students, should print accounts of the organizations' activities.

Each club has, or should have, a reporter. We are asking that these reporters read the *Twig* bulletin board announcements and turn their material in by the date set.

# Purely Personal

The teapot is brewing with Christmas joy, especially for Mary Catherine McIntyre, for she hopes Santa will bring her a Donald Duck. "Pitt" wrote to Santa Claus the day after her super duper house party and gave specific directions to bring her a ticket to Charlotte—from the sounds of him, "Pitt," he sho' must be a killer.

Santa got mixed up on his dates and came early to see Harriet and Betty Jean Donly—brought them frat pins. He also stopped by to see Miss Cameron on that trip, too—a dream of an evening gown made its debut at State!

All Jeanette McDaniel is hoping for is a Merry Chris-mas. Isabel Dillon has asked for "Pecks" and "Pecks" of O'Henry's in her stocking. What's the matter, Isabel, gotta sweet tooth?

Bobby Green and Laura Frances Peck told Santa Claus that they wanted him to bring them "Deep in the Hearts of Texas" or "A Pair of Silver Wings."

Santa has promised to bring Betsy Watson the book of *The Love of ARTS Appreciation*. Sara Jackson didn't believe in Santa Claus until the red roses came.

Wonder why Anna Lou Toms keeps sending specials to Santa asking for "prunes"? Chris and Fanny Bell haven't started "Dreaming of a White Christmas" yet; it seems that *Lohengrin* comes first.

Santa has asked us to tell Betty Cuthrell that he is confused—she makes too many *Turners* without signals. Don has asked Santa Claus to bring her her favorite flower, Sweet William.

We hear that C. Creech has asked Santa to bring her a cup of coffee with her sugar, "Oh Johnny." Santa, Horty Lyles has already started P. King at her Christmas presents.

Hip is playing Santa Claus this year to some lucky guy. We want to see that picture before he delivers it.

Santa sent his reindeers on a special mission to see Milly and guess what They *Donned* her with white flowers!

Well, Dilly, what do you want for Christmas? Santa hasn't heard yet—but could it be a leatherneck?

Fashion note to State College—peroxidizing the hair is the latest in male fashion. But then, maybe he looks better with red hair. What about it, Liz? And say—don't you miss him now, that he's in the army?

Speaking of Liz reminds us of her cutie room-mate. Did you have fun on that week-end, Peg?

Don't we wish Thanksgiving came more often—say, about every Thursday. We who weren't fortunate enough to go home certainly enjoyed having the faculty and their families with us for dinner. We wish they would come more often.

That bright light in the Science Building is only Butch returned from the week-end. After much postponing, she finally got to see her Eddie—and is she happy! (Well—wouldn't you be?)

And have you noticed what social butterflies our B.S.U. council has become? State College on Monday and Wake Forest on Saturday. Be careful, girls, you'll get your wires crossed.

Mary Lib Corbett sent a letter to the North Pole three weeks ago asking for 'most anything, such as a pair of parallel bars and a broken record.

'Fess up, Audrey and Elizabeth! What do you-all want Santa to bring? Although you haven't said, we have a pretty good idea!

Betty Lutz, we are sorry "*Lardy*" is gettin' scarce, but maybe Santa can get Uncle Sam to let him send you some, anyway; 'cause it IS Christmas!

You had better hurry up, all you others, and write your letters to Santa Claus! Anyway, here's hoping he brings you just what you want, and that you have a Very Merry Christmas, but don't forget to do your Christmas shop-lifting early!

Last minute news just come in—

The big story of the week is Iris Culler's beautiful diamond, third finger, left hand. The date is set for December 31, the wedding to be solemnized in the High Point First Baptist Church. Iris says she's already bought her wedding gown—how she could stand to keep it a secret even for a few days is more than we can see.

Anyhow, after Christmas Iris will be a day student, living next to Hellen Royal Cooke. It's getting to be a habit around the campus—first thing you know we'll have a "Married Girl's Club." Best wishes and all the happiness ever.

And, again, Merry Christmas to you all, and may Santa bring you a diamond, too, or just a man. Just take your choice.

# Collegiate Creams

I cannot cook, I cannot draw,  
I don't resemble Venus;  
I cannot sing, I cannot write,  
I guess I'm just a genius.  
—Arizona Kitty Kat.

He kissed her on her ruby lips,  
It was a harmless frolic;  
And though he kissed her only once,  
He died of painter's colic.  
—Yellow Jacket.

"The Chinese make it a rule to settle all debts on New Year's Day."  
"Yeah, but they don't have Christmas the week before."  
—Pup.

Drunk: "Who yuh shovin'?"  
Also Drunk: "Dunno, what's your name?"  
—Pup.

Director of Glee Club: "Mr. Jones, you don't have a very good range."  
Jones: "That's right, sir; I ain't cooking with gas."  
—X-Change.

Suspicious: Have you had any stage experience?  
Ambitious: Well, I had my leg in a cast once.

Strip teasers lead dog lives because they are always shedding.  
—Log.

A professor who comes two minutes early to class is very rare—in fact, he's in a class by himself.  
—Epitome.

"Where are you going to eat?"  
"Let's eat up the street."  
"No; don't like asphalt."  
—Maroon Bee.

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue;  
Whenever it rains,  
I think of you—you drip.  
—The Mag.

A sugar daddy is a form of crystallized sap.  
—Pup Tent.

Little spots of powder,  
Little dabs of paint,  
Make a girl's complexion  
Darn well what it ain't.

"I would like some alligator shoes."  
"What size does your alligator wear?"  
—Selected.

Germany wants to buy glass bottom boats at Catalina so Hitler can review his fleet.  
—X-Change.

"Eavesdropping again," said Adam, as his wife fell out of a tree.  
—Yellow Jacket.

Love is desperate,  
Love is mad.  
Love is futile,  
Love is sad.  
Love's a sorrow,  
Love's a curse;  
But not to be in love  
Is worse.  
—Wataugan.

Daffinitions:  
Chlorine—a night club personality.  
Barium—what you do to a corpse.  
Nitrate—special price on telegrams and telephones after dark.

Walking along on a frosty morning, Billy noticed his breath on the cold air.  
"Look, mother," said he, "I am dusty inside."  
—The Tiger Rag.

# Modern Girls Have Nothing On Romans

(By Associated Collegiate Press)

If the Roman empire had been as permanent as the lipstick that was used by Roman School girls, we would still be talking the language now used only at the head of fancy diplomas.

For the Roman girl went two steps further than the modern woman. She not only dyed her lips instead of using a temporary coloring, but she used a variety of colors, usually green, purple, or sometimes red.

The startling theory of lips to match the color of the tunic was revealed by Dr. John J. Geise, professor of history at the University of Pittsburgh.

Further, Dr. Geise said, if the women didn't like the color of their hair they changed it. Blondes were at the highest premium.

You don't have to go down to the five and ten, Dr. Geise said, to get face powder if you do as the Roman girls did. All you have to do is go down into your cellar, open up a can of white lead and then rub it over your face. If that doesn't suit you, smash up some of little sister's black-board chalk and rub it over your face. The Romans used both.

The college girls who appear in open-toed shoes from which protrude toenails lusciously covered with red paint have nothing on the Roman lassies. It was common practice not only to paint the fingernails but also the toenails all shades of the rainbow.

Then there was the ancient "mascara," Dr. Geise added. It was nothing more than manganese, burnt almond, frankincense, or one of many other eyebrow shades.

# Record News

Ever heard Glenn Miller's "Moonlight Becomes You"? Skip Nelson and The Modernaires harmonize to set off the muted trumpet effect. Bing Crosby with John Scott Trotter and his orchestra also have recorded a beautiful arrangement of this new hit tune.

According to *The Technician's* commentator, R. D. Gripton, Vic Schoen, about whom we don't hear much, is one of America's top-notch arrangers. His arrangements are built on a Dixie-Land style with a solid brass and clarinet background. Vic Schoen, with his own recording orchestra, has accompanied many top artists, being one of the main reasons for the Andrew Sisters' year-round popularity.

"Holiday Inn" songs are getting dizzier and dizzier as they go round the turn-table bends. But "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" and "Be Careful, It's My Heart" are still holding prominent places in the disc spotlight.

Charlie Spivak's "There Are Such Things" lives up to his reputation to the sweetest trumpet. The Ink Spots with a typical piano background come up with a new angle on "Mine, All Mine, My My."

Sammy Kaye's "Miss You" with Allen Foster making you realize how lonely you really are and Glenn Miller's beautiful "Dearly Beloved" are still number one favorites around this campus.

# Superlatives Elected By Senior Class

At a recent meeting the senior class elected superlatives. After deciding on the superlatives to include, the following girls were elected:

- Most attractive—Sarah Mull,
  - Most versatile—Geraldine Couch,
  - Most original—Flo Hewitt,
  - Cutest—Kathryn Sutton,
  - Wittiest—Doris Cline,
  - Friendliest—Marguerite Ward,
  - Most stylish—Jeanette McDaniel,
  - Most intellectual—Elizabeth Brownlee,
  - Best all around day student—Mattie Irene Baugh,
  - Most athletic—Kempie Knight,
  - Miss Meredith—Carolyn Duke.
- The superlatives' pictures will appear in the feature section of the 1943 annual, the *Oak Leaves*.