

The Twig



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Dear Susie Shortshort:

"Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow" seems to be your motto (and that of nearly everyone else) these days. Procrastination is the slickest and most accomplished "thief of time." You realize this. But procrastinator that you are, you put off doing something about "putting off."

"Oh, I'll do that tomorrow!" is the most frequently heard of your trite little speeches. But it never seems to dawn on you that "today is the tomorrow you laughed at yesterday."

A week from now you have a big paper due. And true to form, you'll wait until the last minute to start.

This letter, Susie Shortshort, is to inform you that you're the world's worst "putter-offer" and that you'd better heed this advice and get busy!

Sincerely yours,

SUSIE SHORTSHORT.

Ed. Note: The above letter is printed at the request of quite a few campus procrastinators. It might be well if we all read it for its moral and if we all attempted to practice the helpful suggestion it sets forth.

We are proud

of our Meredith College honor system. We're even prouder of the way it works.

Some honor systems are honor systems in name only. Some poor council member is always having to police the premises and snoop around to keep the unmindful students in line. But here on our campus, the situation is one of true democracy. We're all innocent until found guilty. That is, no one goes around trying to pin something on us. We live from day to day in an easy freedom that is generally conducive to our cooperating with the Student Government Association.

But this semester, we are apparently lax in one very important phase of our college life—Chapel.

Students, if numerous empty seats were sufficient convicting evidence, are certainly not attending this required session as regularly as they are asked.

Something had to be done. The Student Council discussed the matter and placed before the student body three possible procedures. We chose the plan by which we would be granted a trial period, after which time, if we had not again proved ourselves worthy of the trust placed in us, the problem would be acted upon at the discretion of the Council.

Already, there has been a marked improvement. We are again putting into practice the theories that we admire and love. Thus far, our test flight—this trial period—has been a success.

But the finest thing we can do is to live each week just as if it, too, were a test week. Then, and only then, can we really be practicing what we preach—a true honor system.

A student wishing to enter

the WAVES or SPARS should contact an office of Naval Officer Procurement located in the Healey Building, Atlanta, Ga.; N. C. State College, Raleigh, N. C.; University of South Carolina, Columbia, S. C.; The Center, Charleston, S. C.; and Lynch Bldg., Jacksonville, Fla.

Applicants should obtain a certificate from the dean of the college stating that the applicant will graduate on a certain date and an endorsement from the committee. Letters are being mailed to accredited colleges explaining the procedure and asking appointment of the committees.

Upon graduation candidates must submit transcripts of their college records and those accepted will be sent to Smith College for training. Those who fail to qualify will be discharged, or, if desired, transferred to enlisted status.

Purely Personal

Here we are again—with part of the "cream of the crop." The only explanation we can give this time is Spring! Spring, the period of transition from the cold of winter to the heat of summer—and the first day was begun by a covering of white snow on the green grass and yellow flowers!

Something must be said about the State Junior-Senior. The "eyes and ears of the world" witnessed the ring ceremony with pride for her Alma Mater. Really, Meredith was well represented. It would take too much time (save all spare time for war work) and too much paper (be conservative) to list every girl there, and anyway I might forget a couple or so. So, please patient readers, be content with the ring ceremony summary. An ex-Meredith student began the rites and Nan ended it. All we have to say is that Willie and Charlie were excellent. Practice really does make perfect!

Some of our Meredith lasses are really going around in a daze since the army has dwindled State's pack down to the present number. Poor Willa Lee and Lois! But Ruby Lee, Marjorie, Jessie and Gertrude are taking on the Air Corps cadets over there.

Mary Lib, does that picture of the Air Corps guy help pass away the hours?

Jane, don't forget there's plenty of studying to do besides studying life.

Even though Madge Allen says she "doesn't get around much anymore," she's leaving Friday and staying 'til Wednesday—and from all latest reports she's definitely planning to see that man from Black Mountain.

On Friday, Fay Chandler left school to prepare for the big event of April. She's marrying that Doctor you've heard so much about. Best wishes to you both!

Maybe some of you saw him over here at the Carolina Glee Club Concert, but Kathleen sees Glen about every week-end.

Old friends pop up and become good friends, don't they Minnie Lou? For example, George.

Dot, we're going to miss seeing that blue convertible waiting for you—bet she'll miss Thurnan.

No matter whether it's "Miss Flora Belle," "Miss Flo," "Mr. F. B.," or "Miss Flossie Hewitt," she's really been getting some queer mail recently. She has such a beautiful smile that she gets false teeth impressions; she acts so funny that she gets booklets on epileptics; she loves pets so much that she gets booklets on the care of dogs. Really, if this mystery keeps up for long, it'll be necessary for the "unknown sender" to send a booklet on "The Mind and Mental Adjustments."

Connie really gets tons of mail from our armed forces.

Hannah Savage and Norman still seem to be doing O.K.

S.O.S.—Frances Moore just came in with a ring—third finger, left hand—lucky boy! that Lieutenant from Camp Davis! Best wishes Frances!

Genevieve Hinton has really been having some swell week-ends visiting her brother in Wilmington. Seems like Lieutenants at Camp Davis are making life happy for Meredith Juniors.

D. Cline, what's all this I hear about Bob's coming every other week-end?

Gracie is a "school marm" now! Instead of merely coming to see her the other day, Archie came to see what her school "children" showered upon her.

While John Thompson waited on one end of the line, the recipient of the call, little Trina Reid, notified her floor by loud yells and numerous somersaults that her man was in town. When she recuperated and picked up the receiver to start her chat, she heard only the operator's voice. What could have happened to John?

When a man will come all the way from Wake Forest and wait in the parlors four long hours for Mary Katherine Nelson, it must mean something!

Severn fell asleep during biology lecture and landed on the floor, thus awakening the rest of the class.

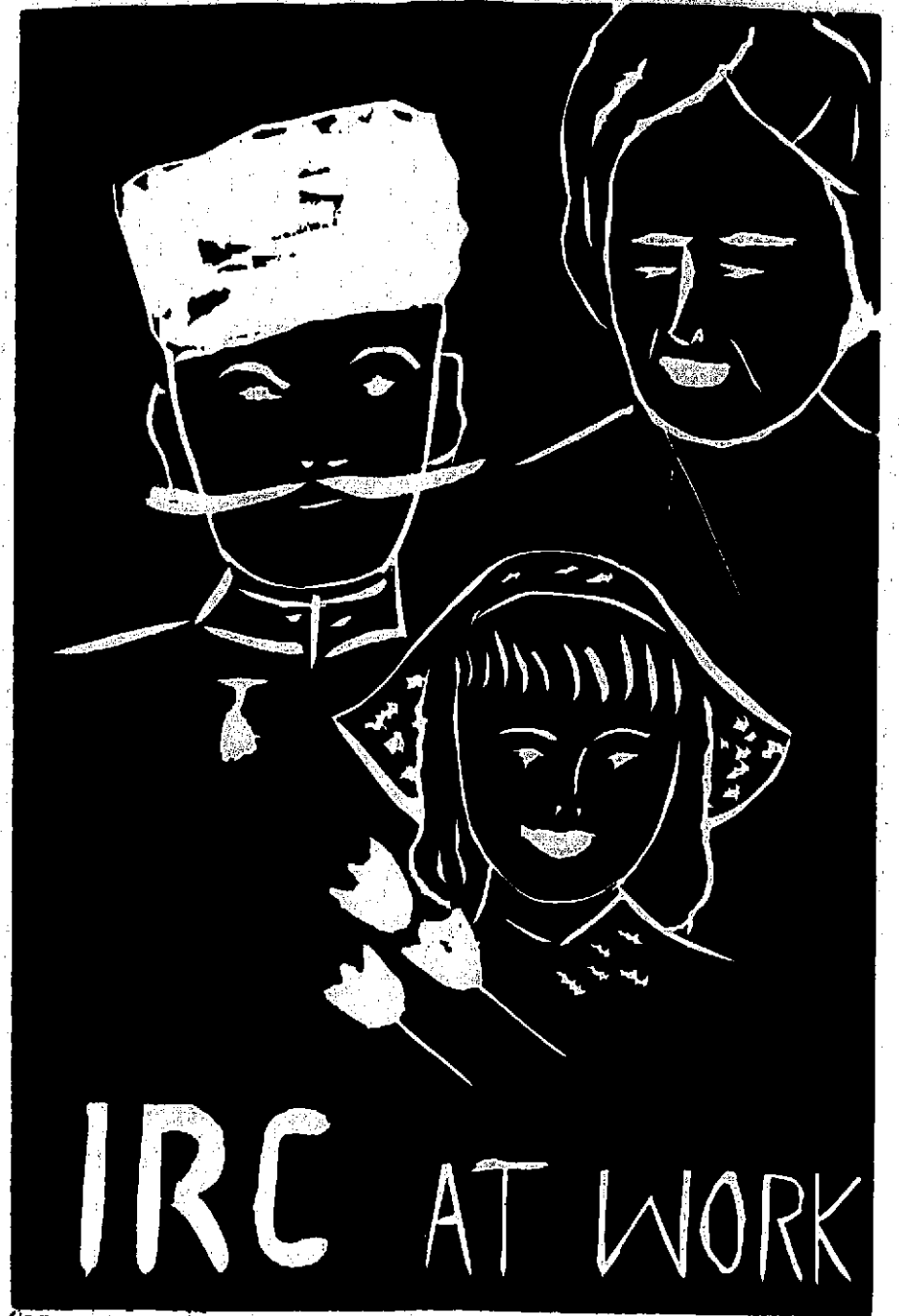
There is quite a case around—McNeill versus Cal-loway—they do make a stunning couple.

David, Connie Brunt's friend uses his time wisely while waiting for her arrival. We watched him read half a book before she showed up. What kept you, Connie?

Big Jim no longer has a "Crutch." C'est la vie!! And Watkins has definitely decided that it is no longer Marney.

It would be safe for us to say that the new man might be Sullivan, but then, this is a speedy world!

We give Hoyle credit for buying the record, "Don't get around much anymore" for the Misses Reid, Brooks, and Chiffelle. But enough's enough—so, so long for now.



Cartoon by Betsy Watson

Little Theatre Enters Dramatic Tournament

The Meredith College Little Theatre is presenting a one act play, "Finders-Keepers," by George Kelly, at the North Carolina Dramatic Tournament Association, at Chapel Hill, Saturday night, March 27, 1943. Both high schools and colleges are participating in the tournament. Our Little Theatre production will be entered in the Senior College group. Posters also will be entered in the play poster contest.

This play which the Little Theatre is presenting, "Finders-Keepers" was given on the campus March 23. The cast consists of Nan Davis as Mrs. Aldrid, Mr. John Rembert as Mr. Aldrid, and Betty Rose Prevatt as Mrs. Hampton.

ELECTIONS FOR 1943-44 HELD

(Continued from page one)

Carolyn Allen, of Cherryville, N. C., has been elected president of Jones Hall, the other candidate being Sarah Hope Moore, of Marshville, N. C.

Dorothy Arnsdorf, of Savannah, Ga., has been unanimously elected president of Faircloth Hall.

Virginia Ayers, of Tocon, Ga., has been unanimously elected president of Stringfield Hall.

Mildred Thornton, Long Island, N. Y., has been unanimously elected third vice president of the Baptist Student Union.

Helena Baker, of Norfolk, Va., has been elected president of the YWA, the other candidate being Richie Harris, of Raleigh.

Rachel Strole, of Chadbourne, N. C., has been elected director of the Baptist Training Union, the other candidate being Elizabeth Shelton of Washington, N. C.

Olene Sinclair, of Clinton, N. C., has been unanimously elected president of the World Fellowship Group.

The two upper class presidents are Ann Ray Kramer, senior, of Elizabeth City and Hortense Liles, junior, of Goldsboro.

DR. HARRIS SPEAKER AT CLUB

Dr. Julia Harris, English professor at Meredith, was the guest speaker at the Literature Department of the Raleigh Woman's Club on March 12. She spoke on the subject, "Shakespeare's Comedies." She pointed out that the comedies of Shakespeare may be used as a test of the civilization of a period.

THE LITTLE MORON

Have you heard about the little moron who went around saluting all the refrigerators? He didn't know which one was General Electric.

Have you heard about the little moron who was sick and cut off his left leg and arm so he would be all right?

Have you heard about the little moron whose doctor told him that he was going to die? He spent all his time in the living room.

Have you heard about the little moron who took a ladder to the party because he heard that the drinks were on the house?

Have you heard about the little moron who flooded the basketball court? He heard the coach was going to send in a sub.

Have you heard about the little moron who said everybody was crazy over him? He lived in the basement of the insane asylum.

Have you heard about the little moron who was made backwards? His nose ran and his feet smelled.

Have you heard about the little moron who cut off his arms so he could play the piano by ear?

Have you heard about the little moron who cut off his arms so he could wear a sleeveless sweater?

Have you heard about the little moron who heard the quarter of his Income Tax was due March 15? He sent the government his twenty-five cents.

Have you heard about the little moron who took a quart of whiskey to bed with him so he could sleep tight?

Have you heard about the little moron who took a yardstick to bed with him so he could see how long he slept?

Have you heard about the little moron who moved to the city because he heard that the country was at war?

Have you heard about the little moron spelling teacher who put the test on the board?

Have you heard about the little moron who went to Meredith?

Miss May Crawford, who was associated with the college as professor of piano and theory for 20 years, 1922-1942, died of a brief heart illness on March 19 at the home of her sister, Miss Lillian Crawford, 8 Bryant St., N. W., Washington, D. C.