

# The Twig



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## Think First!

One of the privileges of a democracy is the right of every citizen to hold office. Here at Meredith all of you who have a certain scholastic standing are potential office holders. At this time of the year, many of you have been or will be nominated to fill certain positions. When you are nominated you may feel honored and accept the nomination without thinking first just what the one who fills the office will be expected to do. You don't seriously consider the inconvenience that holding the office will cause you. Perhaps next February some friend will come, but you will have some duty to perform in connection with the office to which you were elected this spring. Maybe you'll think, "Oh, well, somebody else will do it if I don't. It's not very important anyway." In doing this you will be forgetting that that "somebody else" might want to do many things besides your duty. She may be busy and not have time or she may not be able to do your job as well as you can. Think about such things as this and make up your mind that you will not let pleasure come before duty.

At Meredith there are a large number of offices and thus many who fill minor positions receive little recognition after they are elected. If you hold one of these offices, you might decide that it really doesn't matter anyway. Your office is insignificant and nobody knows or cares what you do or don't do. If you think this, you are wrong. Every office is important or it wouldn't exist. What you do in a little job will show what you can do and how dependable you are. If you do the little tasks well, you will perhaps be given a greater one later. Every girl who holds a big office began in a little one.

Don't feel that you simply must have forty points or you will be an utter failure. If you are offered some job you may not be interested in that type of work, but you think that you'd better accept because if you don't you might not be nominated for another position. The chances are that you will. It's better to wait and work on some council or staff in which you are really interested than to go half-heartedly into some other work. Too, if your scholastic standing is barely enough to make you eligible for office, it's better not to hold forty points. Your academic work is what you really came to school for, and though extra-curricular activities teach you much and provide a form of recreation, it is more important that you make enough quality points to graduate than that you hold offices of many kinds and have a long list of activities under your picture in the annual. If you have too much outside work, you might never get your picture in the annual.

You most likely will not be nominated unless you are fitted to fill the position. When you are nominated, by all means accept if you will have the time, and if you are willing to put yourself out and really work. It's a lot of fun to work on some enterprise if you feel that you are not falling down on the job. Resolve this spring to do your best next year, and don't forget your resolution next spring when the task may be a drudgery at times. It's up to every office holder to see that her part of the machine is kept running. The office is an empty honor unless you accept the responsibility and work which goes with it.

## Neighborly News

Gordon Carver, Senior V-12 and star basketball player, has been elected president of student government at Duke University.

*Duke Chronicle.*

The *Old Gold and Black* will be edited by Betty Stansbury next year. She succeeds Martha Ann Allen, the first girl ever to edit the paper.

*The Old Gold and Black.*

Boston University was the first college in the country to build the freshman science course around aviation, and the army has turned over some trainer planes, no longer suitable for flying, to the University for study in the science classes. The assembling is being done by student volunteers from the science and mathematics classes. Boston University is one of 17 colleges in the United States that offer scholarships, donated by United Airlines, for teachers of aeronautics.

*Boston University News.*

The N.R.O.T.C., Marines, Coast Guard, and V-12 on Duke Campus have organized a social club called the Fleet Club.

*Duke Chronicle.*

State College enrollment hit a new low in enrollment with only 525 students registered for the spring semester.

*The Technician.*

When asked to write a brief essay on the life of Benjamin Franklin, a girl wrote this essay:

"He was born in Boston, traveled to Philadelphia, met a lady in the street, she laughed at him, he married her, and discovered electricity."

*Lantern.*

Her expression is so sour that when she puts her face cream on it curdles.

*Lantern.*

Prof.: What is the most potent poison?

Student: An airplane. One drop and you're dead.

*Lantern.*

Man (in trolley car): Sit down, won't you?

Absent-minded Old Lady: No, thank you, I'm in a hurry.

*Lantern.*

Phyllis: What do you say to a tramp in the park?

Mary: I never speak to the horrid things.

*Lenoir Rhynean.*

A hard drinking flyer

Was Cadet Benny Penny

He went up in his plane

Aund took one drop too many.

*Lenoir Rhynean.*

"The night school doesn't seem to do John a bit of good in English," said Clara of her boy friend. "He still ends every sentence with a proposition."

*Lenoir Rhynean.*

College Student: What's the charge, officer?

Officer: Petting in the park.

Student: There's no law against that, is there?

Officer: Then make it "exceeding the speed limit."

*Lenoir Rhynean.*

This happened in East Tennessee recently: A soldier whose sweetheart had been worrying a lot sent her a telegram reading: "See 1st John 4:18." The operator by mistake left off "1st" and the telegram as she received it read simply: "See John 4:18."

The telegram broke off the romance.—*The Progressive Farmer.*

(You may look up the references in your Bible if you want to find out what the mix-up was.)

Hiking in the woods, they suddenly realized they had lost their way. "I wish Emily Post were here with us," said one. "I think we took the wrong fork."—*Wall Street Journal.*

"Some mothers have been giving Blank's Medicine to their children for eighty-five years," according to an advertising blurb heard recently over the radio.—*The Christian Reader.*

"Oh, oh, how terrible!" cried the professor, as he finished reading the note left behind by his daughter who had run away to get married.

"Well, it could be worse," comforted his wife. "After all, Joe's a nice boy."

"But," moaned the professor, "she spelled 'eloped' with two l's!"—*Friends Intelligencer.*

Scotchman: "I want to rent a horse."

Riding Master: "How long?"

Scotchman: "The longest you've got. There'll be five of us going."

*Friends Intelligencer.*



Cartoon by Mary Elizabeth Bryant.

## Hello, Folks

May I tell you my tale of woe? I'm the most hated thing on the Meredith campus. Nobody loves me. I get blamed for everything. Every time somebody makes a mistake she says it's my fault, when all I do is listen to her and do what she tells me. I'm the cause of more call downs than the March wind blowing hats off, the spring weather making girls forget it's ten-thirty, and those dreaded required meetings all rolled into one. Who am I? Why, haven't you guessed? I'm your dormitory card. Yes, I lead a hard life. I am rudely awakened out of my peaceful afternoon nap in the upper berth, scratched hastily upon, jammed with my back practically breaking into the lower berth, and all the while I can hardly hear myself think for the screamings about how the bus is about to leave. Oh my! And then at the end of the two weeks, I get added up, fussed at (spelled with a C) by my owner, the hall vice president and the presidents of the dorm. I get my skin scraped off, and my face marred by red and blue pencils. Then after all that stress and strain I go to rest in that final resting place where all good little cards go, a place as peaceful as Montlawn, Miss Baker's office. That's my life cycle, folks, hard, but true; but after thinking about it who else gets in on as much dirt around this school? My, my, and the tales I could tell you! Yes, after considering the facts, did you know that Rosemary M. had her dreams come true last week-end when her Lieut. came?

Another girl that has been going around in a daze is Doris H., all because of a little thing called a furlough.

Hannah H. is keeping the Bell Telephone Co. from going broke, so I hear. They say she got three long distances in one night.

I thought for a while that the ASTP departures would cramp quite

a few girls' style, but it seems that a few were left, and Claire and Peggy were the benefactors.

And then of course there was the Junior-Senior. Oh my, and what a night—stars, soft breezes, a nice romantic movie, and even pie a la mode for dessert. And from what I hear the juniors are to be congratulated for a successful evening.

Charlotte and Virginia had dates all the way from Louisville, Ky., and they had quite a time. Don's William was here, and of course many others. And by the way, didn't Dean Davis do well as Al Cavanaugh?

Did you see Ann Kramer and suite, each bedecked with gardenias. Did their dates get together, or just what?

May I recommend Jean Griffith's orchestra to you, as one strictly on the beam, but then how could she go wrong with a saxophonist like Etra Page.

And what really did my heart good was to hear about the number of civilians of eligible age still in the vicinity. I didn't know there were so many but they sure did look good.

Lib McNeill is getting in practice. She went to see her future in-laws on Sunday.

And then we mustn't forget Genevieve Hinton. She waited for two years to see Hal, but the day finally came, and we're glad to report her Lieut. is fine and expecting to be out of the hospital in short order.

Well, folks, that's all I have time for now, but this last word of warning: Treat me gently, for I may be the difference between a big week-end, or hated campus.

Your ever present pest,  
D. C.

P. S.: I overheard a remark that Dot Shealy is happy—you can hear her beaming. Thurman and that familiar blue convertible have been in town on furlough.

FOR CLOTHES THAT ARE GOOD-LOOKING

COME TO  
EFIRD'S

FOR THAT EASTER OUTFIT