

The Twig



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Hospitality Week-End

Have you invited someone to come to Meredith for hospitality week-end? If you haven't done so, it's not too late. All of us want Meredith to be filled to overflowing next year and if we invite a friend to come to Meredith hospitality week-end we shall be doing a large part in seeing that our wish will come true. Mr. Satterfield is doing a wonderful job in getting new students, but we shouldn't expect him to do everything. Those of you who came to Meredith before you entered remember what a good time you had and the impression that everything made on you, so do the same thing for a prospective student. It takes very little effort to entertain a girl this week-end because entertainment is provided by the college. May Day is, of course, the main feature of the occasion but there will be the society plays, a party and other entertainment.

Maybe you don't know a prospective student and so you think that that excuses you from any responsibility. Well, it doesn't. If you don't know a girl to ask, you can help some other girl entertain her friends. Some know several high school girls who would like to come but they can't find room to have them all at the same time. Inquire around and find out who needs help in entertaining the week-end of May 6. Don't fail to do this soon. If you have already invited someone, all right; but if you haven't done so yet, remember to get an invitation from Gloria and send it off right away. You will be glad you did when you see your visitor here as a student next fall.

Last Issue of Old Staff

It seems almost impossible that this is the last TWIG which the 1943-44 staff will issue. We feel that it was only yesterday when we began our new TWIG jobs with a very uncertain feeling about the whole thing. We know that we have made mistakes and we ask your forgiveness for our shortcomings. Betsy and her staff will, we are sure, do a much better job next year than we have done this year, and we wish her the best of luck in it.

Certain members of the staff have received little or no recognition for their work. They are the reporters—Mary Currin, Lois Edinger, Doris Tulburt, Ruth King, Miriam Small, Fay Champion, and Elaine Simpson, and the typists—Dorcas Stanley and Mary Susan Crump. In every issue of THE TWIG, you see the names of the associate and managing editors, the feature editor, and others, but you never see the reporters' or typists' names. However, we could not give you a TWIG without the help of these girls and they have done an invaluable work this year.

Though at times things have seemed discouraging and we have felt that we were not doing our job well, we have enjoyed it most of the time, and we hope that you have gotten some enjoyment from THE TWIG this year.

Every member of the old staff wants the person on the new staff who takes her place to know that we are glad to help you in any way as you get out the two May issues. Don't mind asking us and if we can help, we shall be happy to do so. We have come to feel possessive toward the Meredith newspaper, and though we turn it over with a rather sad feeling, we do so with the knowledge that it is being put into competent hands. We all wish you the best luck possible in your new work.

Neighborly News

The V-12's at Duke recently requested that the girls not wear sweaters to the dances because of the work involved in cleaning their uniforms. The girls were asked to cooperate at the recent Fool's Day Frolic by wearing cotton dresses.

Duke Chronicle.

The Naval Air Cadet training program at Lenoir Rhyne is being replaced with a WAVE Training Program. They will occupy all of the girls' dormitories, and the civilian girls will live in the fraternity houses since no men are expected to enroll next year.

Lenoir Rhynean.

The registrar at Lenoir Rhyne really believes in doing everything he can to insure the happiness of the students. Grades were not sent home until after the Easter holidays in view of the fact that when grades precede the students' arrival at home, the holidays for some are ruined. And, as a regard for their hard work and to encourage all students to strive for better grades, those on the "A" honor roll will be given "voluntary cuts" in all classes. In the past, class absences have been limited for all students regardless of their scholastic abilities.

Lenoir Rhynean.

University of California has established a record of putting 50,000 students through war courses in 21 months.

A. C. P.

Some girls have legs that have no equals, but others have them that have no parallel.

Lenoir Rhynean.

First Old Maid: "I shiver every time I think of a handsome man kissing me."

Second Old Maid: "And here, I've been thinking you had St. Vitus Dance all these years!"

Wataugan '42.

Shay, buddie, call me a cab, willyah? Sorry, I'm not the doorman. I'm an officer in the Air Corps. O. K., call me a plane. Gotta get home.

Lantern.

Boy: What's that gurgling noise I hear?

Girl: That's me trying to swallow your line!

Tiger Talks.

The way to keep your feet from falling asleep is not to let them turn in.

Old Maid.

"We'll have to rehearse that," said the undertaker, as the coffin fell out of the car.

Old Maid.

Two men were seated together in a crowded street car. One of them noticed that the other had his eyes closed.

"Wassamatter, Bill," he asked, "feeling ill?"

"I'm all right," answered Bill, "but I hate to see ladies standing."

Old Maid.

"I'm glad to meet you," said the Hindu.

"Charmed, I'm sure," said the snake.

Lantern.

"So you think I should put more fire into my editorials?" the writer asked.

"No," said the editor. "Vice versa."

Lantern.

The difference between a Scotchman and a canoe is that a canoe tips.

Lenoir Rhynean.

The Sultan got sore at his harem,
And invented a scheme for to scare 'em;
He caught him a mouse
Which he loosed in the house.
The confusion is called harem-scarem.

Lenoir Rhynean.

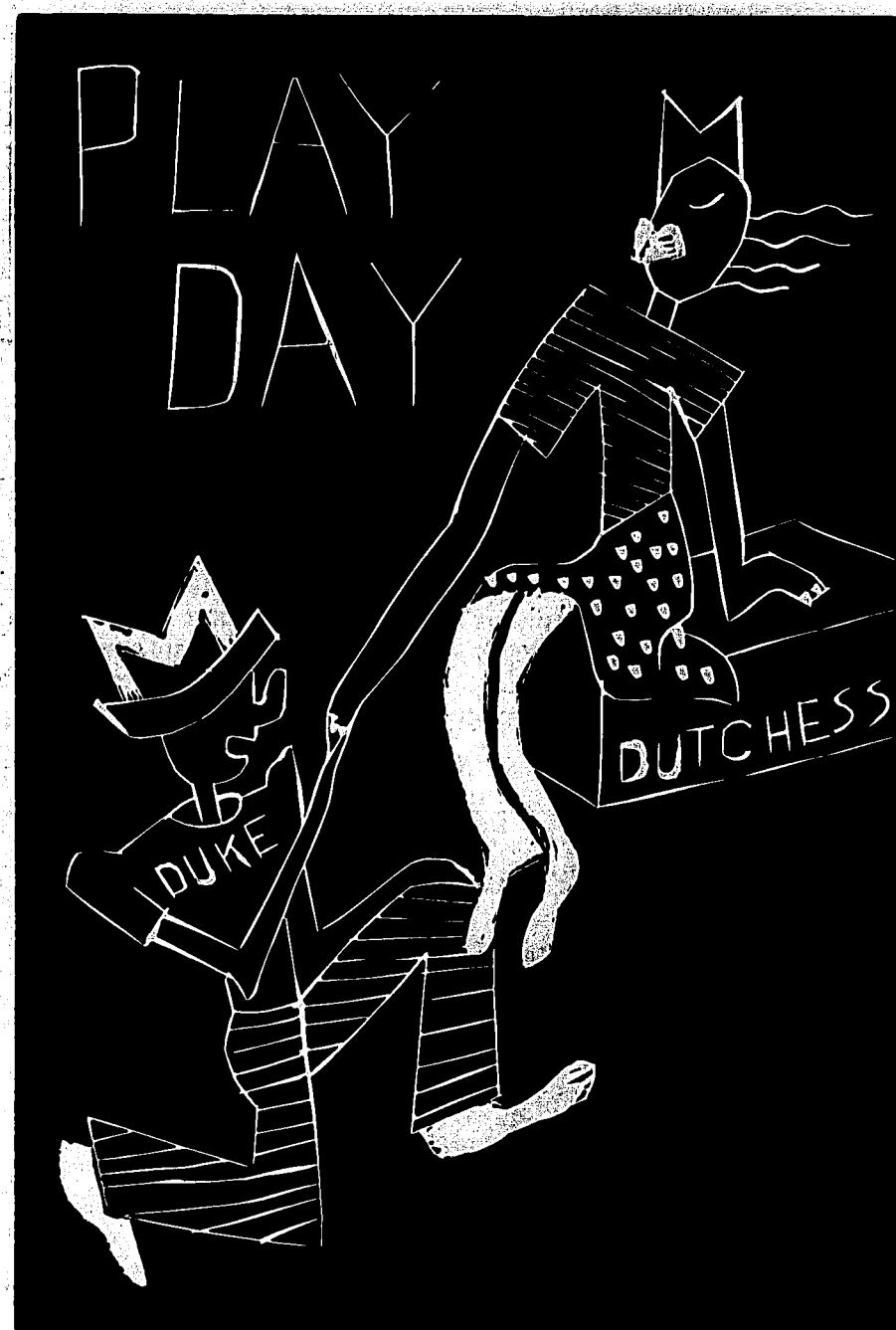
As things stand now, the folks' car will either have to be retreaded or retired.

Duke Chronicle.

A freshman went to Hades
To see what he could learn:
The devil sent him back
Labeled, "much too green to burn."

Hilltop.

No matter how hard we dig and toil
Till our fingers are sore,
Always some poor fish is sure to say
"I've heard that joke before."



Cartoon by Mary Elizabeth Bryant.

"Say, lissen, Brenda!"

"What is it, Cobina?"

"Honey, I ain't never been so sick and tired of any place in my life as I am of this hotel. Don't tell nobody, but I got us a room at the YMCA when I was out this morning."

"But, Cobina, that's for men!"

"Well, dearie, how long does it take you to get the point? A girl has to look out for her interests these days!"

"Cobina, don't you tell nobody, but I've found a better place. The other day I was trolling in the Meredith drive, and . . ."

"Brenda, trolling means fishing!"

"That's what I said. I was trolling in the Meredith drive, and out there even a girl like me gets a bite now and then. But, Cobina, the things I heard!!! If you'll promise not to tell a soul . . ."

"Dearie, you know you can trust me. Go on—tell me. I'm simply panting with curiosity."

"Lissen, do you know Alice?"

"Of course, I know Alice. Why, that year I was at Leavenworth, Alice and I . . ."

"Oh, shut up! This Alice is a girl at Meredith. I hear she's in love with a certain soldier—and it ain't David neither, it's a new one! But you ain't heard nothing yet. Cobina, it's tragic what trouble a girl's eyes can cause. Gloria broke her glasses and couldn't see well enough to read her letters from Harold!"

"Gee, Brenda, why didn't ya read 'em to her?"

"I offered, but she gave me a funny look and said she wasn't that blind; I don't understand, do you, Cobina? But, anyway, more girls out there are getting that married look. Stop tittering. I don't mean what you think I mean. The other day Lib McNeill hit herself across the nose with a tennis racquette. They say some ensigns took one long look at her downtown Saturday night and remarked, 'She's married!' Cobina, we ain't been hit in the face with a tennis racquette, but nobody tries to pick us up."

"Don't get off the subject; for if I like anything better than men, it's gossip."

"Well, speaking of ensigns, I saw Mary Lou Nance with a tall Navy number the other night. Gee, wouldn't ya think a girl who's engaged could be satisfied? This week-end I heard Catherine Powell went home with Gene to Jackson. Love in the spring must be so wonderful. You should have seen the flowers and corsages at Meredith on Easter. I never seen so many flowers since the time I went in the florist to pay for

them flowers I sent you that time you was in the hospital. You remember, the time you was so busy watching an Army officer in the S&W that you got hit by the revolving door?"

"Oh, Brenda, shut up. You're always reminding me of that. How about the time you offered to entertain the shut-ins at Alcatraz, and the warden said even then men didn't deserve a fate like that!"

"Why can't you let bygones be bygones? The way them Meredith gals attract Duke men is beyond me. Take Helen Frances Crain for example—I saw her out with Paul Friday night. I'm a vulture for culture—Why can't I attract college men? My phones are so busy at Meredith, particularly in Jones Hall, that long distance calls come in even after light bell. I hear a call came in from Davidson so late the other night that the doors were locked on first floor and Jean couldn't be reached. Too bad she didn't get to talk to Whit. Gee, Cobina, I'd either move to first floor Jones or tell him to call earlier. You know, they really teach our boys to be observant in the Army these days. Sunday morning Judy, Ginny and Gen were walking through the park in Capitol Square and some lieutenant remarked, 'This is some peach orchard!' Why don't men say things like that about us?"

"If you had blond hair, maybe they would, dearie! Brenda, I hate to interrupt but I see three sailors coming into the lobby. They're kinda weak looking though, but who wants to be choosey?"

"Hush and straighten your wig. The weaker the better, I say. They can't take care of themselves that way! Gee, Cobina, I can hardly wait till we move to the Y!"

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