

The Twig



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Neighborly News

We heard of a gentleman lately who said he was sure his wife was an angel because "she was always up in the air, usually harping on something, and never had anything to wear." Wonder if that's the idea some people have about us "angels"!

There's another college here in the South that seems to have the same idea as we about May Day this year. We discovered from the *Alabamian* that Alabama College, in Montevallo, is using the United Nations theme for the annual festivities, the College Glee Club and Dance group participating in the exercises. The ceremony includes the crowning of the Queen and the presentation of a cup to the senior class's "Best Citizen."

Dr. Edward Hughes Pruden, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Washington, D. C., led the Religious Emphasis Week on Wake Forest campus beginning on Monday, April 24.

Old Gold and Black.

Old Gold and Black announces that there are fifty-four candidates for degrees from Wake Forest this June, thirty-seven of which are for B.A. degrees and the others, B.S.

We read an interesting article in an April issue of the *Boston University News*, in which Professor Warren T. Powell described his experiences with Japanese students while teaching English at the Middle High School, Atsugni, Japan, in 1910. The following paragraph is quoted from his remarks in the article:

"The Japanese students take the matter of academic failure with great chagrin," he declared. "They look upon failure with such horror that many have been known to commit suicide. Because of this fear of poor marks, the Japanese government has forbidden the students to go up to the volcanoes that appear on the countryside, fearing that they might throw themselves into the craters."

There is more to this submarine warfare than appears on the surface. —*Young People.*

"What did Samson die from?"
"Fallen arches." —*Young People.*

"That young man of yours," said father as daughter came down to breakfast, "should be in a museum for living curiosities."

"Why, Father!" exclaimed the young lady in tones of indignation. "What do you mean?"

"I noticed when I passed through the hall late last night," answered the parent, "that he had two heads upon his shoulders." —*Young People.*

And that puts us in the mood for this choice bit of wisdom from the *Hilltop*:
Dear Moron:

I just sat down with pen in hand to write you a letter in pencil (excuse typewriter).

I don't live where I lived before I moved to where I live now. When you come to see me, you can ask anyone where I live for no one knows.

Heard you were coming back later. Why don't you come now? I wish we were closer apart.

We are having more weather this year than we had last year.

My aunt Nellie died and is doing fine; I wish you were the same.

I started to Memphis to see you when I saw a sign that said "This takes you to Memphis." I got on the sign and sat there for three hours and the thing didn't move an inch.

I am sending you a coat by express. I cut off the V-buttons to make it lighter to ship. If you want them, they are in the pockets.

If you don't get this letter, let me know and I will mail it to you.

Our neighbors' baby swallowed some pins, but they fed him a pin cushion, and everything is all right now.

I would have sent you the money I owe you but didn't think of it until I sealed the envelope.

Sincerely,

Me.

P.S.: Enclosed you will find a picture but for fear of losing it I took it out.

Did you hear the one about the two kittens watching a tennis match? One of them turned to the other and said, "My mother is in that racket."
—*Maroon and Gold.*

After this leap year, for some girls I see only two chances, a slim one and none at all.
Creek Pebbles.

"Will you join me in a bowl of soup?"
"Is there room in it for both of us?"
—*Young People.*

sibilities. Yet they enjoy their offices, and do not find themselves social outcasts because they can't go to town every other night.

After all, doesn't this boil down to the old question of freedom? A person in the United States may have all the four freedoms, so long as he or she does not infringe on the rights of another. That should work here also. A girl may be free to use her time as she wishes, so long as she does her best for her classes and takes the amount of responsibility which she is capable of taking, so that everyone on the campus will have an equal amount of freedom.
—A GUEST EDITOR.



Cartoon by Grace Patton.

Campus Chatter

Now May, the month of *fleurs* and clear skies, has arrived at last and with it a flock of adherers to the axiom that in the spring, young people's thoughts lightly turn to love. The Meredith gals and their admirers are surely upholding this tradition most strongly this year.

In snooping around the campus I find that two of our midst are now flaunting sparklers, namely Marjorie Blum and Margaret Webb. More power to you, girls!

The girls around the Meredith campus were orchid-abounding all this last week from the looks of things. Ensigns and orchids went together for Ruby Lee Spencer. Betty Rose had an aftermath of her recital sporting her orchid around. And the McIntyre-Webb suite was "fleury" indeed with their orchids.

Although Gloria is no longer a Miss, she spent last week-end in Miss., seeing her Harold.

First Floor Jones seems to have become an orthopedic clinic—what with Isabel Dillon and Kitty Johnson making their way by the means of crutches. Seems to me as if they merit a blue ribbon for their valiant efforts.

Beryl Reynolds, who incidentally was crippled for a while, and Lib Carter had a fine week-end from what I hear, because South Carolina came up to see them.

The Crime Class that went through the State Bureau of Identification were welcome guests there because the guide who showed them through seemed to like finger-printing the girls! Incidentally, Kitty, that was some "12 o'clock class" you had to get back to—since when did classes start wearing soldier uniforms?

Evelyn Straughn had practice in walking down an aisle last week-end when she was bridesmaid in a local wedding. And did all of you hear that audible sigh that Teeny Rozar let out when the Lt. spoke of Maxwell Field in chapel the other day? Genevieve Hinton played nurse when she went to see Hal in the hospital the other day. And Liz Shelton graced the fair city of Charlotte when she went to see Hal.

Speaking of May Day, here's a tribute to our May Queen Judy. She has now, by the means of a snapshot being taken of her last year, been elected "Pin-Up Girl" of an overseas squadron, selected from other snapshots and pictures of girl friends of the boys.

In getting out this, the first issue of *THE TWIG* by the new staff, quite a few boners have been pulled. Dr.

Johnson (meaning an article written about her) has been referred to as being one and three-fourths inches long. We also "put Miss Brewer together," but what we really meant was that we wished to combine two parties given by her into one article. A headline—which incidentally is no easy job to make—read as follows: The Simms Are At Home, which no doubt would have released valuable information for our readers if we had allowed it to pass.

We are wondering if Pat doesn't like the Air Corps just a wee bit, we gather from the looks of the wings she sports around.

There will be quite a few June brides and June weddings from what I hear—Marjorie Valentine, who now has a diamond will be married then, and also Beverette Middleton who will be married right after graduation. Mary Lou Nance is still in the hoping stage.

One of our old girls who stepped off and got married is Carolyn Kenyon Worrell, who is now back home in Raleigh again since her Tom has gone overseas. We hope she doesn't miss Mississippi too much.

Fay Champion is all up in the air because her Joe whom she hasn't seen in about a year is coming home at last. Fay plans to go back to her old home in Anderson, S. C., so that she can welcome him back good and proper.

Ensigns seem to dot ye olde Meredith campus rather frequently now that Mary Davis, Betsy Watson, Eileen Hoggard and others have them on the string now.

Also Lts. are pretty prevalent because Rosemary M.'s man comes over quite often from Camp Butner and brings with him another Lt. who is really attracted to Rosemary's brunette roommate.

Back to ensigns again, we sure did like seeing Liz H. sitting in church the other Sunday with no less than three of them, and I heard that men were rationed.

To Betty Lou Deaton, teepee's do not mean a kind of Indian tent but a certain young fellow named T. P. Redmon, who is now down Alabama way.

And now as the typing paper slides through the roll and shows that the end of the paper is in sight, we want to end this epistle with congratulations for those lucky people in our midst: Mrs. Wallace who has recently passed her last test before receiving her doctorate; Betty Miller who has received a scholarship; and Miss Kramer who has received her fellowship.

Succeeding With Success

The phrase, "Succeeding with success," seems to be a fallacy, but when one stops to think, the thought occurs that indeed those who have truly succeeded—those who are truly great—are those who have "succeeded with their success." They have not let the honor of their office overshadow the responsibility of it, but have kept their feet on the ground with their eyes on the stars.

Many Meredith students have recently been elected to offices on the campus. They should not feel that their job is done the moment they are elected, but should look ahead to their responsibility in taking it and in meting it out to others. Then the student would have succeeded with his success in being elected to office.

Eligibility To Hold Office

Over 500 students enrolled in Meredith College and only 267 are eligible to hold office.

That means that about one hundred capable girls in this school are letting the few who are eligible take all the campus responsibilities. The one hundred use their leisure time, of which they have plenty in the last analysis, off the campus or doing something which does not help their grades or the girls whose lot it is to take the campus responsibilities.

There are approximately 210 offices to be filled—too many for which to pick 210 separate, suitable leaders from the number who have a C average. Consequently, one girl, if she can hold any office at all, will probably find herself bogged down with the maximum of forty points which have come from having a five-point position here, a ten-point one there, and on up. The result is that all of her leisure time is taken with fulfilling the duties of all these minor offices; in fact, one girl was heard to remark that she had to rise early to study, in order that she might create a little leisure time to work on what is rather ironically called "leisure time activity."

What is so irksome about this situation is that it could be remedied. We often hear, "Oh why all the fuss about grades." Perhaps there is a bit too much stress on that phase of study—especially when it is the difference between an 86 and a 93, or a B+ and an A—, but when a C average is the only requisite to having her name on the eligibility list, a girl should be willing to work for a C average.

This criticism does not apply to the girl who tries and fails. She should be admired for trying, and she probably gains something by the mere effort. This does not apply so much to the girl whose name is not on the eligibility list, yet who takes a part in campus activities, for there the choice is between grades or participation, and is more or less up to her. This aims criticism at the girl who just lets all go hang, because her chief aim in life is to have a whirl of a good time and that in the easiest way possible. She must stop to realize that by her actions she may be forcing another girl to give up seventy to eighty per cent of her leisure time to take the responsibilities which she herself could and should shoulder well, if one or two more hours of her time each week were spent in some useful pursuit on the campus.

These girls must think that campus offices are rather boring, or exhausting, or useless, and that a girl just cannot get anywhere if she stays around on the campus, studying, checking cards, or planning club meetings. However, look at our major organizations officers. Are they warped? How many think that they do not budget their time and use it all rather than waste it. Another argument comes up. "But they're all brilliant. They don't have to worry about grades." These officers don't ever get what they don't work for any more than anyone else. Some of the girls on this campus hold forty points and a C average by the skin of their teeth, simply because they have to divide every minute of their time between their two types of respon-