

# The Twig



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## "Best of Luck Always"

In less than two weeks, many Meredith girls will be finishing the college episodes of their lives and will be going out into the world to seek their fortunes. It is needless to say that great opportunities lie ahead for college women both during war time in taking places of fighting men, and in the post-war world in helping to build a better world spiritually and physically. It is women like Meredith College graduates who will be better able to perform duties because they have come from a school which has fostered in them culture, religion, tact, friendliness, and countless other needed characteristics. They've done a good job here at Meredith—which is truly indicative of what they will do in later life—thus deserving a "best of luck always" wish for them in their future undertakings.

## Student Government

(ED. NOTE: We print here a copy of the speech made by Marty Jeffries, incoming Student Government president.)

Little did I think when I sat in chapel listening to Addie Davis, then to Carolyn Duke, and this year to Gloria, that I'd be here today, addressing you as your Student Government president. When I think how rapidly time has passed, a frightening sensation comes and it's a little difficult to face the reality that time brings.

Even though "the old order changeth, yielding place to the new," we can hardly accept the new without giving thought to what has preceded us.

Student Government here at Meredith is progressing. Although the going is at times rough and slow, we are definitely making progress. Perhaps the change is so gradual that most of us fail to recognize the difference, but when an old handbook is compared with our present one, a great change can be observed.

A still better standard of measurement is the student body, which, after all, comprises the government association at Meredith. When each of us, as a student and fellow citizen, accepts her full responsibility and realizes that living in a community with three or four hundred other persons presents a true challenge to everything in her which is right and good and worthy, then we won't even talk about what student government is and should be, We'll Know!

Everything is a matter of character, even the most trivial things, the petty rules which seem so difficult to understand. Realizing, of course, that every community must have some rules by which it is governed, I think that it is not asking too much to abide by the seemingly unimportant in search of the ideal. Anything that is worth having at all is certainly worth striving for.

The councils which you see before you today are Meredith girls—freshmen, sophomores, juniors, seniors—representatives whom you have chosen to act as your executive committee. We are not a penal body that meets once a week to pass judgment; we are your council and the council is for you and your protection.

Please know that we want you to come and visit our meetings whenever you wish—I feel sure that you would understand the links in our student government chain more clearly if you would come.

Primarily we consider three things; the girl, the student body, and the school. Of course we're too young and lack the experience necessary to make us infallible, but we try to be as fair and honest about things as we know how to.

Gloria has been a splendid president; not even marriage has upset her equilibrium and keen sense of values. She and her council have given to all of us and to Meredith more stepping stones to real self-

## Neighborly News

By LIB DAVIS

Maybe it's because it's spring. Maybe it's because the month of weddings is so near at hand. Or perhaps it's just the way we're built. Anyway, because we like them (in occasional doses), we dedicate these lines to — you.

All the world I've sorted out  
Into classes—two—  
Folks that I can do without—  
And you.

Selected.

Falling in luv is like falling down stairs.  
We never can tell exactly how the thing waz did.  
JOSH BILLINGS.

Absence of love affects the same  
As winds opposed to fire—  
Extinguishes a feeble flame  
And blows a great one higher.  
ANNE FINCH.

Your letters help a little bit—  
Each page is full of charms.  
But, darling, that's not quite enough,  
'Cause letters don't have arms.  
—Selected.

## THE GRAMMAR OF A KISS

A kiss is always a pronoun because it stands for "it." It is masculine and feminine gender mixed; therefore, common. It is a conjunction because it connects. It is singular because there is nothing else like it. It usually is in apposition with a caress—or at any rate, one is sure to follow. It is a preposition because it governs the objective case. However, it is not an adjective, because it cannot be compared; but it is a phrase that expresses strong feeling.

Kissing a girl is like opening a jar of olives. The first one is always the hardest. After that—  
—Selected.

## YOUNG LOVE

Within my bed the whole night through,  
I turn and turn—and think of you;  
And wonder, when we met today  
If you said what you meant to say;  
And what you thought I thought you meant,  
And were you sorry when I went;  
And did you get my meaning when—  
And then the whole thing through again!  
I only hope that somewhere you  
Are sleeping very badly, too.

T. GARRISON.

"Well, of all the nerve," she said, as she slapped his face. "Don't ever try to kiss me again."  
"All right," he replied meekly. "If that's the way you feel about it, get off my lap."

To you I am only part of a crowd.  
To me, you are all of it.

—Selected.

My longest journey anywhere,  
In water, earth, or sky,  
Was from closed door to empty chair  
The night you said goodbye.

—Selected.

Jones was sitting with his wife behind a palm on a hotel veranda, late one night, when a young man and a girl came and sat down on a bench near them. The young man began to tell the girl how pretty and lovable he thought she was.

Hidden behind the palm, Mrs. Jones whispered to her husband, "Oh, John, he doesn't know we're here, and he's going to propose. Whistle to warn him."

"What for?" said Jones. "Nobody whistled to warn me!"

—Exchange.

"Well, I got the license today."  
"OH, GEORGE!"  
"I mean my pilot's license."  
"Oh, George."

## MOOLIGHT DREAMING

Late last night in the soft whisperings of the wind I could hear your voice saying things I love to hear you say. Though you are far away, you seemed so near. As springtime comes, I gather in a few memories and dream of the day when we shall be together again—the two of us—the day when we will make all our plans and dreams come true. Until that day I'll be waiting for you—and you alone.

—The Columns, Louisburg College.

student government. We have reached a higher level from which we can step to those heights, yet unknown.

I realize the responsibility and confidence which you have placed in me and I hope, that with your help and coöperation, I can live up to your trust.

I'm happy to welcome the new council to its duties and my hope and prayer is, that through our experience with Student Government next year, we shall find real happiness and a deeper meaning of Meredith College.

# GRADUATION



Cartoon by Grace Patton.

## Campus Chatter

This business of being a reporter will be the death of me yet! And I thought my sins had really caught up with me two nights before May Day. Here I was sneaking around through the halls having the time of my young life gathering up all the stray bits of gossip floating around, peeking through key-holes—as you know is characteristic of all good gossip reporters—when suddenly I caught a big whiff of something burning. Before I knew what was happening there were people racing from their rooms in hair-curlers, pajamas, and down the stairs to the outside. After I gathered my own scattered wits enough to fight my way through the smoke, described by a survivor the next day as "knee deep," I realized that Meredith was on fire! Of all the exciting times—four fire trucks, and most of State College here at Meredith in the dead of the night. Some girl ran all the way back up to third floor for some money she remembered having in her purse, took the money out, replaced the purse and ran back down. I've been wondering—State College or the fire!! Seriously though, here's what one of the local papers said about the way in which the Meredith girls conducted themselves during the fire. We're mighty proud of this tribute:

### WELL TRAINED

Students at Meredith College early yesterday morning had a chance to prove that their fire drill and air-raid training had been successful.

When the fire alarm sounded at 12:20 a.m., after smoke began billowing out of Jones Building, the students quietly filed out on the grounds. Several trucks from the fire department responded to the alarm, and firemen discovered that the smoke was coming from an electric motor in the elevator, which had stuck. There was no blaze.

Members of the fire department yesterday commented on the fine way the girls conducted themselves during the alarm. "They appeared to be well trained," Chief W. R. Butts stated.

Anyway, I remember lots of things I discovered before all the excitement broke out. For instance, did you know that Viola Hoyle had resorted to writing books during her pastime? They aren't for publication, however; you can ask

her why. She writes some every night until there is so much that she has to send it in a box to "Bolo."

Of interest on the campus is the announcement of the engagement of Miss Pauline Baise, secretary to the bursar. Her engagement was announced at a party given at "The Hut" on last Saturday afternoon, the party being given by Miss Lattie Rhodes. Incidentally, Miss Baise is the twenty-ninth faculty or staff member to leave the college and get married since Miss Rhodes has been here.

Did all of you see Miss Donley sporting that orchid around? And Etra Page also was wearing a "Mother's Day" corsage, which although we're sure it wasn't sent for that purpose, happened to be sent out on that day.

Looking through a key-hole on Jones Hall before that fateful night, I saw Lib McNeill making plans to go to see Dick the other week-end. And through another I saw Sue McNeely dreaming of the week-end when Eddie was to come.

Gracing the dance floor at the Spring Finals at State College last week-end were Eileen Hoggard and Minnie Lou Gower, and also one of our favored faculty members, namely, Miss Warnick.

We're awfully sorry to hear about Cat Powell being in the hospital, but all of our best wishes are with her. One who has just returned from an appendectomy is Flossie Ledford, and we were reminded the other day that no mention has ever been made in this column about that well-known couple together—Flossie and Howard.

Overseen the other day was J. Williams making wedding plans. It certainly is wonderful to dream about it, isn't it?

Lib Moore, who incidentally had a mighty wonderful time in Richmond the other week-end, is looking forward to this summer when she will be an official at a summer camp. And now that summer and jobs have come into the conversation, we are mighty glad to hear that Judy Bryant and Minnie Lou Gower will be working at Carolina Power and Light Company this summer.

On the last page of my snooping notebook I find this item—About the—"oh so wonderful, sigh," picture of Frankie Sinatra which was proudly given as a birthday present to one of our Stringfielders. So, watch out for ye olde snooper, because you never can tell—I might snoop you down even in the summer.