



Newspaper of Students, Meredith College

Member

Associated Collegiate Press

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**Yours To Hold High . . .**

Ring out the old staff, ring in the new! With this issue of THE TWIG, we of this year's staff bid adieu to our present positions and hand over the torch to the newly-chosen TWIG staff which is to edit the two May issues.

As we look back over the path travelled we see more clearly both the happy moments and the then-seemingly unhappy ones we've experienced. Somehow, the difficulties of our anxious times seem unimportant as compared to the joys we've had working together to make up Meredith's newspaper staff.

As is always true of all projects, we have had many dreams for the TWIG—some of which have been carried out, some only half-way, and others not at all. The statement that one should never criticize anything until he or she has experienced the conditions surrounding the project, has never been brought out so clearly to us as now.

Plans we have made often have seemed in the light of certain conditions not to have been feasible to be carried out—which fact is true of our hopes which haven't or only partly have been realized. In fact, a much better TWIG would have been produced this year if we had known at the beginning of our career as much about the work as we do now.

Uppermost in our dreams this year has been to make THE TWIG a true "newspaper of the students of Meredith College," as our slogan goes, thereby raising the prestige of the paper. As for aspirations we have possibly attained, we hope that they have helped to make THE TWIG a more informative and more pleasurable organ of news for all of you students.

But all of our dreams we have realized wouldn't have been possible without the splendid coöperation of every member of the staff, and I, as editor, have been grateful for such excellent work as the group has rendered throughout the year.

To Jewell and Martha, as editor and business manager for the coming year, and to their staffs, we wish to give the best backing possible. With you, if you should experience any hard bumps, we, who have faced such too, sympathize and would have you to continue your work undismayed. We extend the best of luck to you as you strive to carry out your ambitions with regard to THE TWIG, and we hope that, in addition, you find it possible also to carry out the plans we have failed to achieve. "To you, we throw the torch; be yours to hold it high."



*Panorama*

By Lib Davis

"Finishing up" always carries with it several rather mixed emotions, conflicting ideas, or whatever you'd like to call them. It means the end of a job well-done or otherwise, and the consequent feeling of sadness or joy, reluctance or relief at giving it up, regret (sometimes?) over its incompleteness or unworthiness, and always the looking forward to something new to take its place—something bigger, broader, better, to be built on top of the work just done.

That's the case with many of our activities connected with the completion of this one more semester of school. We must look at three phases of the job we're doing, but we must be sure that these three looks we take are appropriately different from each other to accomplish what they are needed for.

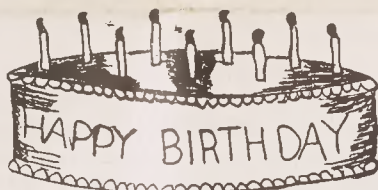
First of all, there is the swift, yet revealing, glance over the "past" of our work. We have to see what we have done in order to know where we stand now. We have to see quickly the faults and inconsistencies that need to be corrected, and put them down as "musts" to be taken care of before the final end. Those few tests and assignments we somehow forgot to make up, that research for our term paper we had meant to get behind us by this time, those people we were to have seen before a certain time, the little project our committee was supposed to have been working on—all these loose ends we must find sometime somehow to catch up and tie in with the finishing of the job.

Then comes the investigation of the startling reality of the present—the summation of the exact state to which our past has brought us, and the comparison of the picture of what we have actually accomplished with that of the work we cut out for ourselves in the first place. When we face ourselves

with the question, "Have we kept up with the pace we set ourselves to?" we can get a pretty accurate idea of the kind of worker we are, and of whether we can "take it" when we take this next look into the future.

This is the long, steady and unflinching survey (not merely a gaze at it, but an intent examination) of what lies ahead, and which is absolutely necessary to the successful completion of whatever it is, big or small, relatively important or not, that we are trying to do. To some of us, it's a direct (though not without difficulty), comparatively smooth road to a goal that is easily within sight and reach—because we've pulled through the hardest and most undesirable part of the trip. Others of us are almost overwhelmed by the immensity of the barriers we have to leap before we reach that last smooth, straight, final lap. For all of us, however, whether the end of this next five weeks' period marks the end of a college career or merely the completion of one of the "milestones" in it, at least this one goal is near enough, in point of view of time, that we can locate it clearly in the distance. The difference lies in the routes we have to take to reach it, and the question as to whether we're "man enough" to go all the way. We've determined our course by thirteen weeks of "busy-ness" or play; we have now before us the five weeks that are left, to do with as we will. The decision as to whether they will get us where we're going rests with our determination to make them count for the fullest and best achievement of the purposes we made at the beginning.

"The road ahead is what we've made it, Building on the best we've done. Crooked, straight or hard—we've laid it; Ours the choice, if lost or won."



- April 1—Margaret Garner.
- April 2—Helen Wallis, Mary Catherine McIntyre.
- April 4—Faye Buhr.
- April 5—Joyce Wilson.
- April 7—Jean Maddrey.
- April 8—Dorothy Stell.
- April 9—Jacqueline Witmer, Virginia Campbell.
- April 10—Etta Hooper.
- April 11—Ruby Greene, Mary Vinson.
- April 12—Virginia Goldston.
- April 13—Mattie Rea Franklin.
- April 14—Deleano Hall.
- April 15—Rachel Strole, Mary Kathryn Monteith, Zella Woody.
- April 16—Martha Grey Murray.
- April 17—Lois Edinger.
- April 18—Julia Fleming.
- April 19—Jean Olive.
- April 20—Shirley Reva Hurwitz.
- April 21—Hattie Ward, Hepsie Lane Utley, Helen Bedon, Joyce Thomas.
- April 22—Gwendolyn Krahnke, Jay Davis, Betty Davis, Pearl Grigg, Marie Mason, Christine Kornegay.
- April 26—Vernona Rhue, Emily Knott, Mary Pierce, Jacqueline Bussey.
- April 27—Anne Hood Hughes.
- April 29—Geneva Witherspoon.
- April 30—Carrie Rouse.

**She Snoops to Conquer**

The Junior-Senior banquet last Saturday night was quite a gala occasion. The "Angel Farm" really turned co-ed for the evening. And you know what! I hear some girls saying that if they had their way they would change the name to M.W.O.M. (Men and Women of Meredith).

Betsy Watson was "ex-courted" by a handsome Lieutenant from the Army Air Corps. They looked at the "birdies" and "vice-verse"!

Ruby Green is whole heartedly in favor of merging Meredith with N. C. State as long as the ensigns are there.

Horty Liles' date couldn't get here in time, but Horty looked so beautiful she would have shown any man up—with the exception of Lt. Max—Ho Hum!!

Let's drop back and see what the sophomores and freshmen have been doing. Yes, girls—Percy finally arrived and Jean Griffith is the first girl in the history of Meredith to "pole-vault the water tank"!

Helen Wilkerson, Laura Stroupe, and Ginny Campbell entertained some mighty cute sailors in the parlor last Sunday. I presume they were discussing "post-war plans"?? Mad, doc?

"Bunny" has read another book! It is "How To Win Friends and Influence People." It must have contained a waffle recipe—just ask Dr. Harris!

Ann Oglesby went home this week-end, and William happened to be there. What a STRANGE coincidence!

That's all this time girls, but I'll be back.

Doubtfully yours,  
Aunt Susie.

**FILING BACK**

February 15, 1924—

The Committee on Bonds for New Meredith offers a Prize of value and of future revelation, to the Meredith girl, who writes the best "human interest" story. . . . It is a chance to do your best for the cherished "New Meredith"!

October 24, 1929—

The official chaperones have recently been appointed for this year. Each year the faculty appoints six girls in whom they place implicit trust to act as chaperones on all the occasions for which chaperonage is required.

October 31, 1931—

The annual B.Y.P.U. party between Wake Forest and Meredith was given Saturday night and was declared to have been one of the best socials ever given at Meredith. The program carried out the idea of a track meet, and the refreshments were even related to the idea.

October 16, 1943—

Pst! You'll be hearing quite a bit about her from now on. She's the new president of the freshman class and she hails from Kinston, North Carolina. Yes, her name is Nancy Gates and in high school, they tell us she was secretary of the freshman and sophomore classes. . . . And oh yes, she's slightly interested in Carolina.

**S M I L E T A L K**

**I Love Geography Best**

Maine is an island in Asia,  
France is a river in Spain,  
Cocoanuts go on a mountain of snow,  
And crocodiles come from Chicago.

Silver is mined in a mill,  
Grass is quite rare,  
The equator is square.

Utah is east of Brazil,  
Kansas is full of volcanos,  
Deserts are carved with rain,  
China is bordered by Norway.

Texas is south of Peru,  
Persia is a sea,  
And Vermont's a tree,  
I adore knowledge, don't you?

Switzerland is right on the coast,  
Knowledge you see, fascinates me.  
But I love geography most.

I love geography,  
I love geography,  
With rapture the pages I turn,  
I love geography,  
I love geography,  
Because it's so easy to learn.  
—Hayes Barton Seventh Grade.

It was during the Civil War. An officer in the Union Army was talking with an old southern Negro.  
"Uncle," he said, "you know, don't you, that this war between us and the Rebs is largely on your account."

"Yes, sah," answered the old man. "At least, that's what I done heard 'em say."

"Well, you crave to have your freedom, don't you?" continued the northern officer.

"That I does!"  
"Then why haven't you joined the Army yourself?"

The Negro scratched his head reflectively. Then his eyes lit up as he thought of an explanation.

"Boss," he answered, "did you ever see a couple of dogs fighting it out over a bone?"

"Yes, many a time."  
"Well, was the bone fightin'?"

—Irvin S. Cobb.