

KITTY BARBEHENN ACCEPTED BY NAVY

By BARBARA WHITE

"What next!" was the phrase on every lip as the exciting news about Kitty Barbehenn passed from suite to suite throughout the campus with the speed of electricity. It was on the eve of February 11 that this history-making event occurred; Katherine Anna Barbehenn with due solemnity and dignity did solemnly swear that she would bear true allegiance to the United States of America, and that she would protect her country against any enemies whomsoever, and she did further swear that she would obey the orders of the President of the United States of America and the officers placed above her. Then on April 28, Kitty received the thrilling news that she had been accepted for ROC-Two, Reserve Officers' Candidate Program.

Just what does all this mean, you ask. To be specific, it means that Kitty will spend two summers of six weeks, basic training at Bainbridge, Maryland. Just to give the reader an idea of life in the Navy, a look into the future provides the answer. July and August of this summer will find Cadet Barbehenn busy from reveille to taps on a split-second schedule. Daily routine will include muster, meals, morning quarters, classes, shots, and drill, with linen exchange, inspection, and pay line thrown in to break the monotony. After this, the now Ensign Barbehenn will have two busy years as a member of the United States Naval Reserve on active duty, one of which may include advanced education or graduate work. Kitty is considering work in the field of cartography and convoy routing, or possibly per-

sonnel work; however it is probable that the Navy already has a big future planned for her.

As for vital statistics, Miss Barbehenn stands five feet and four inches high, has blond hair, blue eyes, and handles a wicked paint brush! Among her favorite hobbies are sailing, sewing, and meeting people. She hails from Plainfield, New Jersey. She attended the Hartridge School for Girls, and Radcliffe College before coming to Meredith. Her curriculum at Meredith includes a major in art, and minors in history and Latin. Membership in the I.R.C., Folk Dance Club, and Art Editor of the *Oak Leaves* are to be found among her extra-curricular activities. And, of course, this list has recently been expanded to include Monday night with its Reserve meetings. Meredith has good reason to be proud of its contribution to the armed services. And the best o' luck to you, Kitty Barbehenn!

GWEN HORNE

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life of every Meredith girl. Each edition of THE TWIG of that decade was chucked full to the brim with articles on these subjects.

Oops! I almost forgot to add that you as a Meredith girl of the 1920's get your TWIG every week, but now as we journey back to the present year of 1952, I'm sure you'll agree that the waiting of another week for our TWIG is worth it because I think our 1952 TWIG is better than ever!

Before I really do forget, let me point out something which goes to prove that times may change, but certain things remain the same. Advertisements in the early TWIGS were different, I agree, but many of them were advertising wedding dresses and invitations. So you see, girls, the early Meredith girls had nothing on us!!

DAY STUDENT DOINGS

By CHARLOTTE TAYLOR

We've heard so much about the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. lately, that I would like to give a bit of publicity to the P.P.P.P.P. This stands for the People Putting Prunes on Party Plates Union of America, and consists of that unoriginal little group of dinner party hosts and hostesses who delight in decorating all their salads with an over-sized variety of the common raisin. These people openly declare that they are unorganized, but I have always insisted that they have clandestine meetings and conspire against their innocent guests.

Several weeks ago, I was fortunate enough to be invited to the meeting of P.P.P.P.P. Local No. 5, which was to change my attitude toward prunes. I arrived with my friend, Gertrude Blatzmore, who is a very active member of the organization. The meeting was held in the back of an old warehouse, merely to add a bit of subversion to the occasion, so said Gertie. We entered the dingy room and took our seats near the back. Over the rostrum was a large sign in red letters which boldly declared, "Once a Prune, Always a Prune." I chuckled at the cleverness of the slogan, but was stopped dead in my tracks by what stood beneath it. It seemed to be a rather squat little figure that was completely dominated by two big bushy eyebrows that waved gently back and forth in the breeze from the open window. Two cold, beady eyes stared steadily at me, reading my every thought.

I clutched Gertie's frail arm

with an iron grip, and as she winced and turned grey, I whispered in a choked voice, "Gertie, I don't think IT likes me," pointing a trembling finger at the figure. "Oh, him. That's our new president, John L. Prunewhip. He's harmless if he takes a fancy to you, but he sure swings a mighty left if he doesn't." Instinctively I knew she meant left eyebrow. At that moment the monster called the meeting to order.

"Fellow Prune Lovers, let us stand and sing one verse of 'I'll be Eating Prunes Always,' accompanied by our genial pianist, Miss Blatzmore." Gertie scurried toward the front and plunked down on the piano; she then picked herself up and sat on the stool. I must confess I was touched by the fervor of those voices raised in triumphant song. Cheers and clapping followed as Gertie blushing found her way back to her seat.

The old and new business was carried out with minor mishaps. The dues were raised with the swish of an eyebrow, and not a murmur was heard. A bit of confusion was caused by one broken-down debutante who insisted on relating the enjoyment she received shooting her prunes on the salads standing in the kitchen door and using the new beanshooter she got for Christmas. No sooner had her friends succeeded in quieting her than another lady told of a member who had turned traitor to the Union and served apricots instead of prunes on her salad plate. The loyal members screamed "Down with the traitor," and one little man caught himself before he lost his head

BSU Council Visit Beach Weekend

On Friday, May 9, the retiring and incoming BSU Councils went to Morehead for a weekend of fun and Christian fellowship. The group gathered to discuss the activities of the old year and to formulate plans for the coming year. The retiring council advised the newcomers on matters of improving the present program, and the new council members spent time setting up goals for next year.

Incidentally, these girls soaked up quite a bit of sun, as witnessed by the peeling process which occurred last week.

STUDENTS CHOOSE JOBS

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and Mary Evelyn Hensley as religious workers with the State Baptist Board.

Emily Boone will spend the summer working at a hotel at Virginia Beach as a waitress, while Millie Green will bask in the sun as pool life guard in Tarboro. Nancy House will become well acquainted with her hometown while selling one-volume encyclopedias.

Not to be overlooked are the girls for whom there will be no change in work, those spending their summers in summer schools; Pug Blalock at Duke, Trevah Garrett at Carolina, Emma Jean Maddrey at E.C.C. Many more belong to this group.

Summer is always fun, whether spent at home loafing, or away working, or in school — shall we say, studying?

IF YOU DON'T LIKE HORSES, YOU SHOULD LEARN TO LIKE THEM, ADVISES INSTRUCTOR

By MARJORIE BLANKENSHIP

Most kids love horses. Few, especially if they hail from a city, get the chance to ride in early years. Then some of them come to Meredith College where, thanks to Mrs. Miriam Todd Hitt, instructor, Ann Bruton, student instructor, and Zeno Martin, college bursar and horse fan, they get the chance not only to ride, but to ride correctly and safely.

Most girls sign up for the course with mixed feelings. Donning their jeans and plaid shirt and breaking a switch from a nearby tree, they head for the stables. There, warily eyeing the little steel things which they come to know as stirrups and solving the mystery of the double bridle, they receive their first instruction in riding. After mastering the preliminary lessons of mounting and dismounting and after conquering the momentary feeling of hydrophobia when first sitting on top of 1100 pounds of animal, they have scheduled workouts in the ring, learning to walk, trot, pace, and eventually to canter. Then they put this skill to use on the trails. At first it was necessary to control everything from fear of the first fall to holding one's feet steady in the stirrups, but the ensuing months proved fruitful. The girls were mighty proud when Mrs. Hitt, surveying her new crop of

and yelled "Down with Prunewhip," a terrorized look on his face.

Well, that's about all, except for the inspiring message given by President Prunewhip on "Why I Like Prunes." As we walked home through the starlit night, I knew I had changed. I could never be anything else but a prune. Come over to dinner some night and see!



By BETTY MILLER

There really is music in the air at Meredith! If you don't believe it, just take a stroll over towards the Music Building—just any time you take a notion! I was reading a joke in the *Etude* the other day which fits the situation perfectly.

The bass Lablache and the baritone Tamburini possessed enormously powerful voices. Rossini, known as a wit, wrote from Paris to a friend in Italy: "Lablache and Tamburini sang the duet from Bellini's *The Puritans*. I need not tell you anything about their performance — you must have heard it yourself."

If you have been anywhere near the Music Building lately, you know what I mean. All day a medley of songs, (not always blending) can be heard. At night, recitals, recitals, and more recitals! On Friday evening, May 2, Linda Swann, Barbara Harper, and Louise Stewart gave a joint recital. All three of these girls are studying to be Public School Music teachers.

On May Day weekend, the chorus gave its annual spring

concert under Miss Beatrice Donley's capable leadership. On Monday night, the music fraternity on campus, Sigma Alpha Iota, gave a Modern Music Recital. I was a little surprised at the apparent lack of interest in modern music. There certainly could have been more people to support the fraternity.

Jackie Creef gave her graduating recital May 10. Angerline Whitfield gave her piano recital May 13, Elsie Williams gave her graduation recital in organ May 14. On May 17, Faith Frye gave her graduating recital in piano. Pat Sullivan, a transfer student from Florida, gave her voice recital May 21.

I also read a joke in a new magazine out — *Repertoire* — which I'd like to pass on to you. "She plays the piano with a great deal of feeling — feeling around for the keys." (Of course this could apply to no one on our campus.)

I would like to congratulate Miss Donley, the head of the voice department, for being the dedicatee of the 1952 annual.

A worthier person could not be found. She well deserves the honor.

the Horse Show. In the summer, most of the horses are taken to Blowing Rock to participate in more horse shows and the equitation program at Camp Yonahlossee where Mrs. Hitt is director of riding.

It is impossible to attend one of Mrs. Hitt's riding courses without having some of her enthusiasm for the sport rub off on you. Conducting her classes as informally as possible, her side comments add as much color to the instruction as does her actual teaching. "If you don't like horses, you should learn to like them," she warns her students. "Your husbands will probably like to ride. This also applies to golf. I don't want any of you to end up as golf widows." However, she doesn't have to give her students a pep talk, for they work hard from pure enjoyment, judging by the loss of excess weight and the hard muscles and tanned faces.

Mrs. Hitt has been riding since the age of three. During this time she has broken horses, ridden professionally for eight years, and taught riding for twenty-two years. Before coming to Meredith eight years ago, she rode professionally, covering the southern circuit with cities such as Clearwater, Miami and Jacksonville, Florida; Atlanta, Georgia, and Greenville, South Carolina. When asked if riding is her main interest in life, she laughingly asserts, "No, but it runs a close second to my twenty-two year old son, who's an Ensign in the navy at Memphis."

In addition to the regularly scheduled classes, the girls have organized a Hoof Print club, which functions purely for the enjoyment of riding. Besides planning extracurricular riding excursions, the club occasionally sponsors a gymkhana in which the Meredith students challenge the town students in games such as tag (which is identical to the milder version, (Continued on page four)