

Bobbye's Banter

Any topics discussable may be discussed here, and you can never know what will crop up in this corner. Everyone is settled into a something that is called routine and the campus whirligig is whirling. My brain was whirling the other night—I suppose you've run into this problem, too. In an earnest attempt to make some sense out of some confusing scenes of Shakespeare, I read and re-read while my industrious roommate undertook the task of assisting two music education students. Here's a sample of the composite my brain formed from the prattle and print:

"Now what news?"
 "What flat is after G?"
 "Barbara, where are you?"

The muffled voice of my roommate came back, "In the closet." At this point the hall door opened, admitting the head of Lib, who airily remarked, "Sh—I'm in love!" and withdrew again. Cheshire cat fashion. The conversation resumed. "How do you spell browsing?" "No 'z'."

"She gave us sixteen of the things."
 "I don't think there are that many."

I sighed and turned to Shakespeare again. "Our late King Richard, being infected, died."

"See there? She's got 'em too!"

"I want a coke when somebody goes for 'em."

"A flat minor. One, two, and a half."

"G. I got it."

"Well, are there seven flats in the minors?"

"And you shall say indeed it is the time . . ."

"We talked about seances in history today—let's have one!"

I looked up, gravely announcing, "Got to get this king killed."

My roommate announced, "Got to write a letter."

Then, the seance-instigator agreed, "Oh, well, we don't have a card table anyway."

This ended one of many episodes in the study life of 221 Vann.

When and if you are confronted with such a situation, grin and bear it. It really is fun.

A serious note: Busy signs aren't used frequently, so please respect them when they are.

La solon de Senoritas Swanzy Wells has come out of mourning. Chaunticleer, their parakeet, died, but now that time has lessened their sorrow, they are planning to get a new bird. His name will be Phoenix, in order that he may be eternal.

As I fiendishly scribbled marginal notes beside passages of Henry IV, I came across several lines which I'm sure Shakespeare intended to be lifted from his ponderous volumes and placed in THE TWIG as a personal word to you. Here's one:

"The happiest youth, receiving his progress through, What perils past, what crosses to ensue, Would shut the book and sit him down and die."

I can see him now grinning through his goatee, (or whatever it is) and chortling to himself, "And if they don't believe it, wait till exam time."

Have you heard anyone mention Dorothy Parker's book, *Not So Deep As A Well?* It's a riot, and it's good to read at odd times during the day. It is a

Adventure and Excitement Characterize Trip to England

By MARJORIE BLANKENSHIP

Last summer many Meredith girls were reminded of the friendship and interest the faculty has for them when they received postcards from the three Meredith teachers who were traveling in England, Miss Mary Lynch Johnson, head of the English department; Miss Norma Rose, Professor of English; and Miss Leslie Syron, Professor in sociology. The postcards contained enough foreign flavor to transplant a Meredith girl's mind for a few minutes to the land of Dover cliffs, towering spires, ruins of medieval castles, and charming country villages.

When the faculty members, together with Miss Ione Knight of Chapel Hill, embarked on an Irish freighter that carried them first to Nova Scotia and then on to Dublin, Ireland, they began an 88-day adventure that carried them over a great part of Ireland, England, and Scotland.

When most of us think of traveling abroad, we think of it in terms of a pleasant—but expensive—dream. However, the faculty members disproved these former ideas of traveling abroad with the accounts of their own economical trip. Their baggage consisted only of one small traveling bag apiece. Because they were "traveling on a shoestring," they hiked much of the time and were thus able to see much of the natural, unspoiled beauty of the English countryside that escapes most tourists. Many of the nights were spent in youth hostels and with English countryfolk.

"That is except for one twist of fate that added immeasurably to our summer," Miss Rose added quickly. "We were passing through the small country village of Somerset on our way to see a fifteenth century church at Stogursey. The day was hot, and having eaten our standard lunch of bread, cheese and tomatoes, we wanted to stop for tea. As we passed down the street a woman stuck her head out of a window and invited us in for tea. This, in itself, was amazing, but there was yet a greater surprise. We had not been there ten minutes before our hostess, who had received her Ph.D. from Heidelberg University in Germany, offered us the keys to her winter home in Hampstead Heath in London. We all agreed that any suppositions we had heard about the English people's being cold and unfriendly were certainly squelched by this incident."

They had no set schedule, but rather chose to travel at will. Sometime these excursions led them to well-known tourist spots such as Stratford, Dickens' home in London, and Saint Martin's church in Canterbury. Other times they traveled through little villages made famous in the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge that remained untainted by the last

collection of poems that will definitely appeal to you. I've included a sample for proof:

Résumé
 Razors pain you;
 Rivers are damp;
 Acids stain you;
 And drugs cause cramp.
 Guns aren't lawful;
 Nooses give;
 Gas smells awful;
 You might as well live.

few centuries. In these remnants of a past era in England, many of the peasants cottages with their thatched roofs and brilliant beds of tuberous begonia resembled those printed on our childhood picture puzzles. Most these villages equalled the quaint charm of Clovelly, a town that allowed no vehicles and employed donkeys to carry wares up and down the steep, narrow cobblestone street.

"Standing on the terrace at Windsor castle and looking across at the spires of Eton rising near the river Thames was one of our most impressive memories," Miss Syron recalled. "Because some of Eton was bombed by Germans aiming, no doubt, at Windsor Castle, the contrast of the old and the new brick is quite interesting. Although Eton was not in session, we did receive an insight into the school boy's life at Winchester. There, the boys living on campus are required to wear black academic gowns. The other students living in the Master's Houses wear straw hats with ribbons differentiating the class standing. We saw the dining hall just as the square, scrubbed boards were being placed in preparation for the evening meal."

When asked about Oxford and Cambridge, Miss Syron answered that Cambridge, because of the quiet calm and the small town surrounding it impressed her much more. "Oxford was somewhat of a disappointment," she said. "The busy town of 40,000 people intrudes on the peace of Oxford. The university is made up of many separate colleges, it is necessary to pass through heavy traffic before entering the seclusion of another campus."

The tour held personal highlights for each in the party. For Miss Johnson, one of these highlights was renewing a friendship with Mrs. Thompson, the housekeeper of James Barrie's home in Kirriemuir, Scotland. Miss Johnson particularly enjoyed the trip down to Land's End, the southwestern point of England. The beautiful area, which develops into England's majestic white cliffs, is rich with the folklore and legend of King Arthur. Another highlight of the trip for Miss Johnson was visiting Saint Martin's Church in Canterbury, which contains many Roman bricks, and the shrine of Thomas à Beckett.

For Miss Syron, one of the most beneficial points of the

Home Ec. Club Enjoys Weiner Roast

The special emphasis of the Home Economics Club this year is to be on the home. With the motto, "Foundation of Stone," the club plans to think of the various aspects of family life which make the home a real "Foundation of Stone." For the month of October, the theme has been family social life. In keeping with the idea of "Hearth Fires," the first meeting was held at the chimney on October 3. Laying aside all the cares of the day, the members donned their jeans to roast weiners over the open fire and to enjoy potato chips, slaw, doughnuts, and tea. As darkness began coming on, everyone gathered around the fire in true family fashion to sing together some old song favorites.



By BETTY MILLER

Music is in full swing now. From 7:30 in the morning until 10:00 at night, you can hear pianos and voices competing—with the organ coming out on top every time.

The tea which Sigma Alpha Iota gave the new students turned out very nicely. The students who couldn't come really missed some delicious punch. We asked Mr. Pratt to help us wash the dishes afterwards. He said he would if we'd go teach his piano lesson. When we agreed to teach it, he backed down very quickly, though.

Here's a definition I read in the *Instrumentalist* which you might try on Miss Weyer:

Opera: Where a man gets stabbed in the back, and instead of bleeding, he sings.

The MacDowell Music Club, under the leadership of Estelle Waller and Mr. Pratt, has become affiliated with the Music Teacher's National Association as a student chapter. This is probably the only chapter in

trip was the visit in London to Toynbee Hall, the oldest settlement house in the world and the forerunner of America's Hull House.

"Although my field is sociology, I gained a great deal of knowledge of English literature by traveling with the three English teachers," Miss Syron laughed. "I was not in favor, however, of their poetic desire to see the sunrise on the Thames when I heard that the appointed hour for getting up was four o'clock. However it was well worth it when we saw a regiment of colorful guards pass along the embankment. Another unique experience we had an hour later that morning was visiting Covent Garden, a London market, already bustling with trade for flowers, fruits, and vegetables." Miss Syron's interest in sociology also prevailed in Winchester. "While the others were busy admiring the spires of Eton from Windsor Castle, I was trying to figure out where the Mudlark

North Carolina. Miss Axworthy made the recommendation last Wednesday night at the monthly club meeting that they join, and everyone voted to accept it. After the business, those present were treated to a half-hour of Debussy's music. Those of you who weren't there, come and join with me next month.

Saturday night the Albeneri Trio opened the chamber music series for the year. This Trio is supposed to capture every audience by a perfect performance. According to a folder issued by the Raleigh Chamber Music Guild, even people who consider Chamber Music high-brow and esoteric will like this trio. By the time this issue comes out, we'll know whether to agree with the folder or not. The next group in this series is the Alden Quartet, which is scheduled for November 8. Maybe the Albeneri Trio will have made you like Chamber Music so much that you'll be at the Alden Quartet. Who knows. . .

FORMER STUDENT SPEAKS AT BUSINESS CLUB MEET

The Tomorrow's Business Women had a successful meeting this month with Miss Barbara Todd, a recent Meredith graduate, as the speaker. Miss Todd entertained the group with her talk on the enjoyment and the advantages of being a business major. Helpful advice about getting along in the office was given the students. June Eller, club president, recognized Miss Nellie Ellison as the new sponsor for the organization. Edith Bradley, program chairman, served cokes and cookies during the informal discussion which followed Miss Todd's talk. All business students departed with anticipation for the beginning of their business careers.

could have entered the forbidding chambers of Queen Victoria."

Miss Syron was also interested in the Roman lighthouse, Pharos, which is located

(Continued on page four)

FRESHMEN SEE RAY OF HOPE THROUGH MAZE OF TESTS

By BETTY HOCKADAY

"What is it with these tests?" A slang expression, yes, but so typical of what is constantly uttered around Stringfield and Third Vann these days. Now that we freshman have been completely orientated into the Meredith way of life, we are discovering that tests, unfortunately, form a very definite part of it. Needless to say, we had the first round of the dreaded "brain busters" last week.

No matter where you were on campus, you must have seen a biology book with a worried expression behind it, or religion notes popping out wherever two or more freshmen were together. And let's not forget history! "Were Sophocles and Socrates the same person?" seemed to be a favorite cry, coupled with the usual blank expression. The halls were echoing, also, from the practicing feet of the folk dance students.

It's safe to say, I think, that any Spaniard, Frenchman, or German would have shuddered at the treatment given to his language during this time, but we believe that practice sometimes makes perfect. If the music students still have that dazed look in their eyes, it's only because triads have proven a little too much for them. Now about English and math. . . I think most freshmen would say, "Let's not go into that!" and you certainly couldn't blame us. You just try writing a few thousand English themes and algebra problems a week, along with an occasional test, and I dare you to say that you still get eight hours of sleep.

In spite of all the frightful nightmares we've had concerning big red "F's" most of us freshmen are beginning to see a ray of hope. There are seniors at Meredith, we've discovered, so we know there's a chance for us.