

WHO HID THE SHEPHERD'S CROOK?

By MARY ANN BROWN

Near the card catalogue a few weeks ago was a well-worn object which looked like, and was, a shepherd's crook. Those students unfamiliar with Meredith tradition may have regarded it with amazement, if not horror, and wondered just when Meredith College maintained an agriculture department—with sheep! That crook, however, had nothing to do with the poor little animals who have lost their way, but rather with an exciting Meredith tradition.

In 1906 Miss Caroline B. Phelps, the teacher of dramatics, gave the crook to the senior class to increase class spirit. She had come to Meredith from Adrian College in Michigan, where such a use of a crook had been successful. Hidden by the seniors before the opening of school each year, the crook was the object of many hours of junior searching. When the juniors found it they were allowed twenty-four hours in which to re-hide the crook, and then the seniors began to hunt. The class in possession of the crook at the end of the school year had "won," and their colors were tied to the crook and carried on Class Day. If the juniors were in possession when the time limit expired, the seniors had to carry junior colors, which they topped by a big black bow of mourning. In the fall of 1913, crooking was abolished when the faculty ruled that the crook had succeeded to well and that class spirit was turning to ill-will.

On Class Day, 1929, the crook was again presented to the incoming seniors, and crooking continued until after 1948, when it was dropped because of lack of interest.

In its heyday crooking was characterized by anything but lack of interest. The juniors began to look for the crook when they came back to school in September, and any hour of the day and almost any hour of the night might find juniors or seniors searching busily. The crook had to be hidden between the highway in front of the campus, the railroad on the right, and the roads at the left and back. It could not be

under lock and key; some part had to show at all times, and if hidden out of doors it had to be protected from the weather. Each class tried to find an unusual place to hide the crook, and usually they succeeded. Once it was hidden on a rafter of the breezeway; another time it was tied to a furnace pipe in the tunnel; it was hung from trees and hidden in the wheat field, then near the highway.

The wheat-field episode was one of the most exciting in the crook's history. Each year the college president was host to the seniors at a formal dinner in the dining hall. One year while the seniors were at this dinner, two juniors were seen going toward the field, supposedly to see whether the crook was still safely hidden. The rumor immediately spread to the dining hall that the crook was in the wheat field, and soon the field was filled with seniors in formal dresses and heels, and juniors determined to protect their hiding place. In the struggle which followed the crook was broken, and had to be mended.

To the rules governing crooking were added two which showed the extent of crook enthusiasm and ingenuity. "The crook may not be taken by force and no one may be physically interfered with in searching." "The crook may not be hidden in or on any roofs." (!)

Crooking became a problem when girls began to spend more time looking for the crook than on more important things like sleeping and studying. Searching was then confined to six weeks in the spring, and clues were hidden to help the class that was looking. The clues were in code, and sometimes all the clues could be found and none could be de-coded. Then the crook would remain hidden, to be taken out of hiding at midnight on the first Saturday night in May by the president of the class which had last hidden it.

A shriek in the middle of the night, a mad rush to a rumored hiding place, exultant juniors or seniors on Class Day . . . these things were characteristic of Meredith tradition at its most exciting stage.

Alumna's Play Is Recognized

Bernice Kelly Harris, a graduate of Meredith in 1913, has frequently been mentioned in the TWIG as one of the college's outstanding alumnae. It is with particular pleasure that we can again recognize Mrs. Harris for another achievement. It is her three-act play, "Yellow Color Suit," that has drawn attention to Mrs. Harris recently. This play is the story of the four elderly Gay sisters. The story first appeared in the form of a short story in *Collier's Magazine* in 1945. It was later elaborated into the story "Hearthstones" and now is making its appearance as a play. The play was first produced in the Seaboard High School auditorium which was filled on the opening night with interested playgoers from the Roanoke-Chowan

area. It was also produced at Chowan College at Murfreesboro on April 10 and at the State Drama Festival in Chapel Hill on April 12. The results of the judging of the plays at the festival were not known as the TWIG went to press.

Mrs. Harris is no new writer. Her first book, in fact, was a collection of plays: *Folk Plays of Eastern Carolina*. This was followed by short stories and numerous novels. Her first novel, *Purslane*, won the Mayflower Award in 1939. Mrs. Harris was the first woman to win the award. Her new play has received several favorable reviews, one of which appeared in Margarette Wood Smethurst's column in *The News and Observer*.

Dr. Tilley Attends Meetings

Dr. Ethel Tilley has recently returned from the University of Tennessee, where she attended the annual meeting of the Southern Society for Philosophy and Psychology, April 17-20.

On May 4, at a meeting of the North Carolina Philosophical Association, she will read a paper, "The Aesthetic Aspect of Hegel's Treatment of History."

Miss Brewer Gives Tea

Each home economics student was eager last week to get her name in the little blue tea pot outside Miss Brewer's door. The tea pot served as an invitation to a tea given by Miss Brewer Saturday afternoon at her log cabin. This tea has become an annual occasion every home economics student looks forward to.

Found a Summer Job?

By ANN FINLEY

Girls, have you decided on a job for the summer yet? If not, I'd like to make a few suggestions which you might like to follow up. There's one job which I know of that pays wonderfully well; let me see . . . I think it's about thirty cents a month, and one must admit that that's pretty good, considering what teachers are paid these days. However, this is not a teaching job; it's a stewardess' position on a cruise ship. I'll have to admit, though, that the cruise goes a little farther south than Havana; in fact, it goes all the way to the South Pole. But just think of all the magnificent sights you'll see: polar bears, snow, icebergs; and if you're like me, you haven't seen any snow (what's that?) in ages. Think it over, you could do worse.

Another interesting occupation which I heard about was feeding the lions in the Barnum and Bailey

Circus. With this job you'd be in New York in the summer and Florida in the winter. Of course, I must tell you that it's a rather dangerous occupation, but who would mind the loss of an arm if one could spend the winter in Florida? Another important part of the job is its pay—all the horse meat you can eat.

I'm afraid I've about run out of suggestions, but I do have one more. I found the ad in *Consumer's Guide*, and that's just what the job is, guiding around obese people who are too busy consuming food to watch where they're going. It is strenuous, and the benefits are not very good; but maybe one of those gargantuan eaters may turn out to be a millionaire; who knows?

Well, that just about wraps it up. If you do decide to look into one of these jobs, though, let me know so I can wish you Bon Voyage! Bonne Chance! or Bon Mangeant!

ADVICE GIVEN ON WRITING TERM PAPERS

The long, scholarly dissertations familiarly called term papers required for the B.A. degree, requires a certain amount of mental and physical discipline, not only to have them written on time but to have them written, period. This discipline is acquired through certain processes not unlike the Islamic religious ritual and containing a good deal of stoicism, stiff upper lip, and typing paper. On the day that the paper is assigned and especially in the class, it is extremely important to "set" the mind while the flesh may be temporarily overlooked since after fifty-five minutes, it is usually numb anyway. This "set" is acquired by enumerating all the reasons why you should write the paper—like hating to flunk, doing something hard, becoming an authority on some subject, improving the intellect, and all the other bunk you can think of. It has been proved time and time again that if such a list is repeated often enough, the lips will learn to form the necessary words without any help from the brain, which is usually working in reverse and only trying to make things more difficult. The importance of this trained reflex cannot be overlooked since Pavlov proved that if you ring the bell long enough, the dog will spit.

Through the coming days, other certain reflexes must be learned, but the lip service must be continued also. In the morning, face the sunrise and repeat forty times, "I like to write term papers." At sunset, face west and repeat, "It must be done," since enthusiasm is likely to fade

during the day. After this, the reflex of beginning must be learned. Put typing paper in the machine, gather the necessary materials such as note cards, and then stand at the door and practice the flying leap from door to desk. With enough practice you should be able to cut one or two seconds from your time, but don't worry if it never equals the time it takes to jump from desk to door because the motivation is not exactly the same.

The next step is essential to the whole process: learn how to make good, strong, black coffee. The best method is to double or triple the usual recipe, depending upon the length of the paper. Usually double strength is enough to curl your hair, but for a permanent, triple strength is desirable. Strong coffee should sustain you in weak moments of sleepiness.

At this point a warning should be issued. If in the few days before the mighty dissertation is due, you begin to feel shaky in the knees or dry in the mouth, and your mind clutches as such excuses as poor eyesight or total blindness, inability to read and write, or other such silly stuff, don't worry. Four years of research have gone into these experiments and for the most part they have proved sound. In the meantime, however, it is assumed that some research has been done.

The Fifth Columnist

By PEANUT

Boy, it surely does feel great to have a real home to call my own. What I mean is that at last I'm in a regular perch. From now on, my nonsense will appear at this same place each time and with the same title—that's me, "The Fifth Columnist." This is the fifth column. See what a clever new editor you have.

What with spring here hitting full force with that potent fever spray of hers, I'm finding that my mind is wandering to matters of more importance than the matters usually considered important—play days, sleep, sun bathing, long walks, and love—yes, love! How I do love my roommate . . . my buddie.

While my mind continues on matters in a light vein, may I insert a word of welcome to "Raisin"—the mostly human dog who keeps house for Dr. Lemmon and Dr. Syron. She made a recent appearance at Play Day and seemed to feel right at home again. Raisin, incidentally, has been banned from our campus by her owners, who don't want her to become too attached to Joyner Hall—they don't want her to know what she's missing.

Well, now you have had a look at the type of "poor pen" you will have to tolerate for a major part of next year—unless you act quickly. Report all complaints to the editor's desk or consult my business manager—that strange "Mr. X."

Herndon Presides At State Meeting

Joyce Herndon, president of the North Carolina Home Economics College Clubs, presided at the Carolina Home Economics Club Work Shop held recently at Flora Macdonald College. Other Meredith Home Economics Club representatives were Jeanne Tong, who participated in a panel, "Our World Neighborhood"; Faye Chandler, president-elect of the Home Economics Club for the next year; Marcia Allen, vice-president elect, and Miss Brewer, state advisor of college clubs.

The workshop program stressed the contributions home economics could make to our world organization. Program speakers included Miss Carolyn Covington, Raleigh's Community Ambassador; Mrs. Anne Ray Moore of the N. C. Department of Education; and Miss Lorna Langley, president of the N. C. Home Economics Association.

Deft Definition—The difference in drama and melodrama is that in drama she throws him over, and in melodrama she throws him over the cliff.

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