

The Twig

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EDITORIALS

At this glad Commencement season, it falls to our lot to write our last editorial. This issue of the Twig, dedicated to the Seniors, is the last to be published by the present staff. We do not intend to make apologies for what we have done and for what we have not been able to accomplish—for the plans we, as budding young editors made in the joy and bliss of our ignorance of editorial duties, made and failed to carry out.

We greet our alumnae, our trustees, our friends and parents. We are glad to have them with us, and we are proud to have something to show them, we have never had before, namely, *The Twig*. And although this may be their first introduction to Meredith's weekly newspaper, we are sure it will not be their last. Many new and wise plans have been made for the coming year by the incoming editor and her capable staff. The size of the paper is to be increased to five columns, with an occasional extra sheet. One column is to be given over entirely to the alumnae. Through it, they will be able to keep in closer touch with each other. Especially in the towns which have or are planning to organize Meredith Clubs, we hope the old Meredith girls will subscribe to *The Twig*. Financially too, we have been put on a firmer basis. The price of *The Twig* has been raised to \$2.50, has been put on the budget, and the budget made compulsory. So *The Twig* is gradually becoming a worthy representative of the new Meredith and we hope will soon rival any college newspaper in North Carolina. Thus, we, the old staff bequeath all our worries and joys to the new staff, and wish for them and all new staffs to come, "God-speed."

DETAILS OF COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

The Commencement exercises which will be held from Saturday evening, May 27 to Tuesday morning May 30, promise to offer several new and interesting features. Every student, and especially the Seniors, has been working hard to make this our very best Commencement. Dr. Brewer has been working unceasingly to attain speakers of worth and note, and has not failed in his efforts. The program is as follows:

SATURDAY, MAY 27:
8:00 p. m.—"The Piper"
Presented by the Senior Class
SUNDAY, MAY 28:
11:00 a. m.—Baccaureate Sermon
A. PAUL BAGBY, D.D.
Wake Forest, N. C.
8:00 p. m.—Missionary Sermon
A. PAUL BAGBY, D.D.
Wake Forest, N. C.
MONDAY, MAY 29:
10:00 a. m.—Class Day Exercises
11:30 a. m.—Society Day Exercises
4:00 p. m.—Annual Art Exhibit
8:30 p. m. Annual Concert
TUESDAY, MAY 30:
11:00 a. m.—Commencement Exercises
Literary Address
HENRY CHURCHILL KING, A.M., D.D.,
LL.D., Oberlin College

The caste for the "The Piper" is as follows:
Strolling Players

The Piper EVELYN BAILEY
Michel—The Sword-Eater LILLA EARLE DOWELL
Cheat—The Devil BERT MOORE
Other Strollers

RUTH GIBSON BESSIE HART
CLAUDILENE SYKES

Men and Women of Hamelin

Jacobus, the Burgomeister ANN ELIZA BREWER
Kurt, the Syndic CAROLYN MERCER
Peter, the Cobbler MARY LILY BLALOCK
Hans, the Butcher ELIZABETH JORDON
Axel, the Smith HELEN HOLMES
Martin, the Watch JUANITA ARNETTE
Peter, the Sacristan MADGE HEDRICK
Anselm, a young Priest NELLIE MAE JOHNSTON
Old Claus, a Miser HETTIE HUGGINS
Town Crier CLAUDILENE SYKES
Veronika, wife of Kurt BEATRICE NYE
Barbara, daughter of Jacobus MARY TILLERY
Wife of Hans, the Butcher WILMA DURHAM
Wife of Axel, the Smith SARAH NOOE
Wife of Martin, the Watch MINNIE HOLLOWELL
Old Ursula ALETHEA FELTON
Wife of the Crier KATHLEEN MATTHEWS

Children

Jan BETH CARROLL
Hansel LUCILE INSCOE
Ilse KATHERINE BROWN
Trude EDNA WALLACE
Rude EVELYN SENTELLE
Prude JUANITA ARNETTE
Patsel BETH HUNTLEY
Sudi RUTH COUCH

The program for the annual concert is as follows:

Chorus—Gather ye Rosebuds Andrews
Song—Thou Brilliant Bird David
BEULAH ROWLAND
Piano—Nocturne, op. 8, No. 1 Gummann
Caprice espagnol, op. 37 Moszkowski
BETH CARROLL
Song—Red, Red Rose Cottenet
PAULINE PATTON
Organ—Scherzo-Symphonique Debat-Ponson
CAROLYN MERCER
Song—Rain Curren
FRANCES WHITE
Violin—Valse Triste Sibelius
MARY BROCKWELL
Piano—On Wings of Music Mendelssohn-Heller
BETH HUNTLEY
Song—Cavatine (Queen of Sheba) Gounod
HELEN HOLMES
Organ—Offertoire D Major Batisto
JOSCELYN COX
Chorus—When Evening Casts her Shadows
Round Bayley

LARGE NUMBER OF THE ALUMNAE EXPECTED TO RETURN TO MEREDITH

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by organization, and so organized they are with Mrs. Gertrude Horn Wagstaff, President; Flossie Marshbanks, Vice-President; Carmen Rogers, Recording Secretary; Mamie Carroll, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. W. S. Wyatt, Treasurer; Bertha Carroll, Secretary of Meredith Clubs. Then, too, there is the special good news that any one may join who has ever been to Meredith, graduate or not.

There are actually Alumnae Headquarters, too, which may be found by going down the North corridor of first floor main building. Alumnae, just take a peep in and sign your name and address in the Alumnae Register. Don't forget it, for we want to keep in black and white the memory of your visit, and remember, also, that the Hospitality Committee, composed of Mary S. Steele, Mary Lynch Johnson, Janie Parker, Mamie Carroll, Eva Dean, Ruth Goldsmith, and Carmen Rogers, are at your beck and call. So, Alumnae, Meredith welcomes you—her President, her faculty, her students. We give you a hearty handshake and welcome you home.

PROPHECY OF '22

The last breakfast bell and fifteen minutes after, and a sleepy-eyed Senior came stalking in and sat down. Instead of "Goodmorning" her first words were "O look at the daisies on the table. Commencement is nearly here."

"Yessiree, and we ought to wear daisies in honor of the event,—break off one everybody."

"Yes," answered the late comer "and I'm going to tell my fortune by one too. He loves me, he loves me not—"

"Humph, your Sophomore days were the time to tell your fortune by daisies. Better try the man in the moon. Maybe if you sit in your window tonight and stare at the moon, the man will come down and tell you your future."

"O maybe he will. He certainly ought to do that much, for us—he's our mascot. Oh, and maybe he'll tell me all of yours, too. Want me to ask him?"

"Yes, yes, please do" was the chorus that arose.

"I'll certainly sit in my window tonight and converse with the man in the moon. I'll tell you in the morning what he tells me."

You may be sure an interested, if somewhat incredulous, crowd of girls waited next morning for the arrival of the prophet. She came in very late, of course, and refused to tell a word about her adventures until she had been served. But at last her demands were satisfied, and she began, "You may not believe me, but I went to the moon last night and talked to the man there. Right after light bell I crawled up on the window sill, and I sat there till I felt so

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