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Miss Rosa Paschal Writes Of Her Travels In Europe

Some Red-Letter Days Of Her Journey

Ever since Mae Grimmer's letter came asking me to write some travel notes for the *alumnæ TWIG*, I have been trying to decide what specific thing to write about. I chose Geneva, which is certainly of unusual interest just now, and is so cosmopolitan that a notice on a sight-seeing bus is written in five languages. I next chose Berlin, where last summer I had a guide who talked about his experiences during the war and the revolution which precipitated the armistice. Again, I decided on Vienna, after Paris the most beautiful European city I've seen. I played with the subject of St. Peter's or Notre Dame, of interesting castles, guides I have had, English gardens, historic spots in Florence, shopping in Paris, the contrasts in Italy before and after Mussolini, the reasons why everyone should take Miss Ida's course in Art History as a preparation for an European trip, examples of how a knowledge of history vivifies travel and vice versa, certain historic spots made famous through literature, such as "The Merchant of Venice," "The Statue and the Bust," "Kenilworth," "Romola," etc. Whatever I chose, something else enticed me. The result is I'm omitting any account of art galleries, cities stored with centuries of history and present-day interest, cathedrals, castles, ocean voyages. I'm just enumerating some of the days which members of my travel groups count as red-letter days. It would be interesting to see the list Conductors Carmen Rogers, Madge Daniels, or Anne Eliza Brewer would make. Mine is as follows:

1. The day on the Rhine with its magnificent scenery and world-famed vineyards, its medieval castles, some of them in ruins and some used at the present time. The first time I had this trip a group of people sang a setting of Heine's "Lorelei" as we passed the legendary, craggy bluff which bears this name.

2. The Grand Corniche Drive when we go up and up the road which hangs high above the Mediterranean, and descending on the other side arrive at Monte Carlo. Sometimes we are literally in the clouds.

3. The Amalfi Drive, when for one portion of the way we have the mountain crags on one hand and the blue Mediterranean on the other, and for another portion both sides of the road lined with vineyards and groves of tropical fruits.

4. A night in the hotel which was formerly the Cappuccini monastery, where a delicious dinner is served on a vine-covered balcony by waiters with such old-world courtesy that one can easily feel she belongs to earth's elect. The beauty of the outlook over the Bay of Salerno on a moonlight night and the desire to get an early morning look

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Former Student Tells Of Graduate Work

Cornell University,
Ithaca, N. Y., Feb. 5, 1930.
Dear Alumnæ:

We have a very persistent (I really mean hard-headed) Alumnæ Secretary. She writes to poor graduate students asking for contributions for *THE TWIG*. She sends reply cards for use if the requested articles are to be forthcoming. When the cards are not returned, she takes it for granted that all is well and that the articles are on the way.

I'm one of those hard-working students she wrote to. She asked me to tell what I'm doing. At present I'm trying my best not to wring the neck (mentally, of course, for fortunately we are separated by many miles) of a certain Alumnæ Secretary.

Let's see—tell about Cornell? No use! The best I could do would seem mild to those who know the place, and to those who happen not to be familiar with it, the same words would seem the fabrication of a wild imagination. I will say only this, for the benefit of those who may some time be here: the general direction to any place is, "Go up the steepest hill you come to, not stopping till you get to the top." No further directions are needed; you just naturally stop and rest, after which you decide you may as well go down again. Oh, yes, we have snow practically all

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Lois Johnson Writes Of Trip To Britain

Thomasville, N. C.,
February 2, 1930.

Dear Alumnæ:

Our secretary has asked me to write a letter about my trip to Great Britain last summer. I realize that five-months-old news is pretty stale; so I am asking you to blame her and not to call me an ancient mariner for trying to compel you to listen, at this late date, to the story of my adventures.

I had five beautiful weeks, rambling around England and Scotland. I went with only one cousin, and we were not attached in any way to a party. I have no desire to injure Carmen Rogers' or anybody else's business, but I am heartily in favor of independent travel—at least in Great Britain.

We landed in Plymouth, in the extreme southwestern corner of England, and made a leisurely trip up into the heart of the highlands of Scotland; so we felt that we covered as much territory as possible in the five weeks we were there.

The first thing that impressed me after we landed—in fact, before we landed—was the tidiness of the whole country. The hillsides were all covered with such neat patch-work fields—one green with growing potatoes, one russet with the stubble of har-

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE TO FORMER STUDENTS

Dr. Brewer Gives Aims for the College

I am glad of an opportunity to send greetings to the Alumnæ of Meredith College, as well as to other friends of the institution. I am glad to be able to report that we are in the midst of a good session with excellent prospects for the future.

We are trying to maintain the traditions of the College and hold the worthy place among the institutions of the country which has been secured through the experiences of the 31 years of operation. Efforts are being put forth to improve our buildings and grounds and also to develop our curricula to meet the needs of those who are coming for instruction and training.

We cannot lose sight of the fact that Meredith College is a Liberal Arts institution primarily, but it is of great importance to be able to connect this liberal culture with the life of

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GREETINGS TO OLD GIRLS

(Dr. Richard Tilman Vann was president of Meredith College from 1900-1915.)

My dear Old Girls:

Please suffer this address, with the understanding that "old" does not indicate age, but endearment. In the opening of another year I'm sending greetings and the hope that your years may be multiplied. But this is not wishing old age upon you now or ever, but rather a lifelong youth. I grew up with the impression that old age and longevity were synonymous. In every man of many years I looked for signs of infirmity and senility:

"A crook was in his back
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh."

I assumed, of course, a backward look, lagging interests in life, loss of sympathy with youth and a wavering faith in men and things.

But I've long since come to question—yes, discard those impressions. Of course in bodies like ours, we must expect gradual failure and ultimate dissolution. But in spite of unfortunate heredity and the natural toll exacted by relentless infirmities, by a tolerable observance of sanitary laws and a decent respect for our bodies, while we may not defy old age, we can delay its triumph. Gladstone said he did this simply by giving every morsel he ate 32 bites. Remember he was still prime minister at 90.

As to mental faculties also, we must concede something to time. But here too we have often observed how masterfully proper discipline and right living have set back the dead line.

But in the spiritual realm—in experience and outlook and sym-

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Standards of Meredith College; Maintain Quality Student Body

Miss Smith Mentions New Scientific Books

February 3, 1930.

Dear Mae Grimmer:

In replying to your request for a letter, will the Meredith family excuse me if I address this chiefly to those who were students during the period 1908-1918? In the January, 1930, issue of *Current History* Wen Ying Peng writes: "Within the last 20 years China has probably gone through more changes than all the changes during the previous 20 centuries. Not one but several great historical revolutions are taking place simultaneously." While China may take the first rank in this, we are all aware that the changes in our own world have been elemental and complex, so that if we have not met since the old Meredith days we feel that we are separated from those years by a span far greater than the number of years would indicate, and that we are entering a new era that seems to be marking the beginning of another great epoch in the history of life on this planet.

After several years of study and research work in Raleigh, New York, and Boston, I was called to Converse College in 1924 to substitute for a friend who was ill, and from there I came to Greenville Woman's College, where Miss Paschal is Dean—to take charge of starting a department in Social Science. Before this I had become deeply interested in some phases of the more recent psychological studies, and in these years here I have been continuing these studies, as seemingly all of the recent books, particularly in sociology, are permeated with these theories. During these years my mind has constantly gone back to our work together at Meredith, and I have long wanted to send you a few thoughts of what these changing times are meaning to me.

First, it is a great time to be living; second, life is change and to live vitally we must adapt to the changed conditions; third, in judging what to retain and what to let go, and of the new what to accept and what to reject, it needs a fine sense of discrimination, and a measuring rod of real values. We are getting some help from the recent studies of the need for an impersonal emotional attitude toward work and toward life. One needs to learn how to organize and redirect the feeling side of life; to be full-grown one needs to be emotionally mature. In group living there is also the difference, as Charles Ellwood says, between public sentiment, founded on emotion and prejudice, and public opinion, brought about through thorough discussion and leadership.

The Annie Payson Call books

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We'll Have To Run Fast To Stay Where We Are

By DR. MARY LYNCH JOHNSON, '17

Since the days when it was weighted with the name of Baptist Female University—a name which would cause any college to stagger—Meredith has striven unceasingly so to shape its entrance requirements and its curriculum that its work might rank with that of the best institutions in the State.

My first impression of the importance of reaching and maintaining a high standard I received from Miss Elizabeth Avery Colton's insistence that the salvation of Meredith lay in its rising above the ranks of the mediocre. Its goal was membership in the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Southern States—a name to conjure with. Membership therein at first seemed to everyone but Miss Colton to be as unattainable as communication with Mars, and to be totally unnecessary to Meredith's well-being as a college. The chief interest for the students lay in the fact that the Southern Association was an excellent means of avoiding too deep a probe into our ignorance in sophomore English, as Woman's Suffrage was in Dr. Dixon's physiology. You alumnæ of those days will remember. But as for being admitted! Did not the Southern Association require an enormous amount of endowment, teachers with formidable degrees, and more volumes than our library ever dreamed of having? Did it not demand 14 units when that word was no more intelligible than Sanskrit to many of the high schools? Did it not frown upon the preparatory department, which had then just as many students as the College proper? And would the Baptists of North Carolina support a college which would not admit all the students who wanted to come, however lacking they might be in quantity or quality of units?

But one by one the difficulties proved to be not insurmountable. First, Dr. Vann, then Dr. Brewer, with the trustees, managed to secure sufficient endowment, an adequate library, and the proper number of degrees in the faculty. Like the dog's tail, by inches, the preparatory department was cut off, a year at a time. And Baptist girls and their parents, with some of other denominations, too, recognized the value of the work that was being done—whatever hardship it might work for poorly prepared students. The girls came, bringing as many units as possible, and making up the rest. In the fall of 1921, Meredith was admitted to membership in the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Southern States. It was the day we long had sought. Dr.

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