

The Twig

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WE'RE NOT MUDDLED

It would seem that the admitted triteness of the idea that youth is going to the dogs would prevent its being used so frequently as a theme by our elders. As a topic for conversation and writing it was thoroughly worn out on the very generation which now attacks it with so much gusto. But every year there arise new prophets who say the same thing their fathers said in different words. It's becoming pretty boring, but it still arouses a spark of protest now and then.

A recent issue of a popular magazine carries an article entitled "Our Muddled Youth." The author, a well known journalist, claims to have gained his information from a "country-wide survey of Young America." He undoubtedly is sincere, but a member of one generation cannot view dispassionately the members of another. He is bound to be influenced by his own youthful experiences, which, he admits, are different from those of his son, and to interpret the youthful viewpoints he gathers in the light of the standards of his own generation. It is not youth that is muddled, but our journalists who "survey" it.

The theme of the article is this, "Youth is in a quandary. It knows what it does not want but it doesn't know what it wants." This partly true and decidedly harmless statement the author uses as a springboard from which he plunges into a sea of misstatements concerning his "youngsters"—"Youth believes that it is cheated. It is becoming grievance-conscious. It uses adolescence as a soap-box from which to proclaim a new freedom. . . . In the alphabetical era youth seeks to join the letter parade. . . . A big section of youth wants to lay its burden on the lap of the government," and so on, through several thousand brilliant words. And then, to forestall any comeback, he says, "Youth is increasingly inclined to blame its elders for its plight. In fixing this responsibility it gets no inspiration from and takes no count of the courage and fortitude that have sustained so much of the matured generations throughout the depression travail."

He was right in saying that youth is inclined to blame its elders for its plight. Everything about living this generation knows, it learned from the preceding one. Our fathers flatter us if they imagine that we think enough, and think so independently, as to have launched ourselves on a new and hitherto untried way of life. We've been sneered at as the unadventurous, undaring generation, so it isn't likely that we're much of anything except a bunch of copycats, just as our fathers were and our children will be.

Youth has copied, in so far as it can, the "courage and fortitude of the matured generation," but it is a lot easier to exhibit those traits if the calamity was of your own doing, rather than caused by the stupidity of someone else. Certainly the cause for the depression can't be laid at youth's door. If we seek to join the alphabetical parade and lay our burdens in the lap of government (through the innocuous organ known as the NYA) we are simply copying our fathers, who don't get enough from the WPA or the veteran's bonus or a pension from an eighteen year old war to send us to school. As for proclaiming a new freedom from the soapbox of adolescence, our elders flatter us again if they fancy that we are intelligent enough to proclaim anything new and different.

But the most maddening thing the author had to say was, "This 'So What' which runs so persistently through the youth refrain is a significant contrast with the 'Let's Go'—the keynote of the predepression years." Contrary to the author's conception of it, "So what" to the younger generation is not an expression of jaded cynicism, but an honest skepticism about the out-moded traditions and beliefs of a sentimental generation. "Let's go!" But where?

Dollar-chasing? That's about all that expression meant, and the younger generation is not ashamed of questioning an aim as mundane as that. "So what?" stands for real values and should be written with a question mark, not an exclamation point.

"Our Muddled Youth" is no more muddled than youth has always been and always will be. It would help if the elders would stop condemning, and at least give us a chance to work things out for ourselves. *Maybe*, if we try hard enough, we can have as big a war and bring ourselves as big a depression as they did.

B. S. U. Notes

Echoes from the mountains of Ridgecrest, the summer assembly grounds of Southern Baptists, drifted down to Meredith College during the regular Sunday vesper held at 6:30 p.m., on September 27, 1936.

The Ridgecrest theme was carried out all through the program. As the girls gathered around the campfire in the grove, a violin played softly "Holy, Holy, Holy." Miss Edna Frances Dawkins, president of the Y. W. A., of Meredith College, then took charge and read two verses of scripture from the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm, "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills."

Afterwards four girls made short talks telling the various things which Ridgecrest had meant to them. Each discussed a different phase of the experiences there, Catherine Aldredge taking the topic, "Ridgecrest Brought Me to a Closer Relationship with God." Then Mataline Nye spoke of the great personalities who took part on the program, and Rachel Leonard told something about the study courses offered during the conferences. All at Ridgecrest was not study and seriousness, and a glimpse of the fun and fellowship found there was given by Ruby Barrett.

Other girls who had visited Ridgecrest then had an opportunity to tell what they had found that had meant most to them.

Following a prayer by Miss Mildred Kichline, all the girls joined hands, forming a Friendship Circle, and sang Taps.

Among those from Meredith who spent some time at Ridgecrest last summer are Helen Garvey, Theresa Wall, Barbara Behrman, Louise Daniel, Carolyn Parker, Betty Kichline, Margaret Bullard, Mataline Nye, Catherine Aldredge, Elizabeth Nanney, Agnes Kale, Rachel Leonard, Eunice Shields, Mae Marshbanks, Ruby Barrett, Margie Thomas, and Margaret Lanier.

Welcome, New Girls!

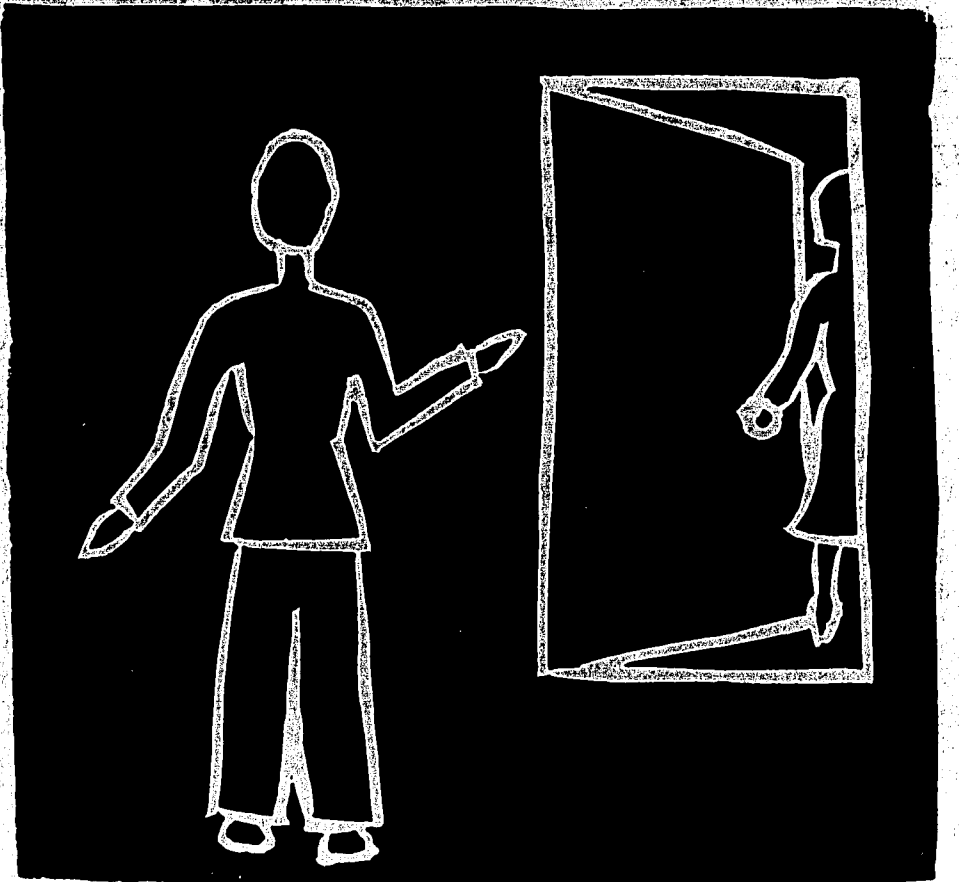
THE TWIG staff takes this opportunity to welcome to Meredith all new girls. Call on us at any time we may be of service to you.

Eight New Faculty Members Take Up Duties At Meredith

(Continued from page one)
Ohio, violinist, is an important newcomer to the music faculty. Mr. Alden received his Bachelor of Music degree from Oberlin College, Ohio. He has played for several summers at the Chautauqua School of Music, Chautauqua, New York, was a pupil of Reber Johnson, a former concert master of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and was assistant to his teacher.

Mrs. H. N. List, 1227 Mordecai Drive, Raleigh, will fill the newly created position of director of the Little Theater and instructor in dramatics at Meredith College. Mrs. List, who headed the speech department last year at Tennessee Wesleyan College,

"---When We Must Say 'Adieu'"



Emancipation Proclamation

By KATE COVINGTON

Recently I have been crossed in love. Not exactly crossed, perhaps, but spurned, nonetheless. Being a woman of less natural resources and more ardor I fain would grow pale and emaciated and Bohemic. All of which has its drawbacks.

It all happened a week ago. Until then I had been the light of his life, I took it. On looking back, maybe that was the trouble. I had wanted a little touch of drama when it ended, me saying, "Go, Arthur, it is best thus!" or "Farewell, my Arthur!" Him saying, "How can I leave, my Only One?"

That was back in the Days of Our Devotion, as it were. At the bitter end, when we were midway between arms and raw dynamite, Arthur told me quite pointedly that I looked like a Stoic singing *Dinah* on all fours. I did things with my eyebrows and departed immediately by way of a door which I slammed almost before I got out in my entirety.

I woke up on the morrow with a broken heart. I wondered vaguely about breakfast, it being fitting in such circumstances to languish.

Walking to the bakery in the afternoon I played ignobly with the idea of waiting a day to begin waning away. And acted accordingly.

By Friday I had definitely decided that it would crush Arthur a lot more if I grew fat on his embarkment.

The next day I was torn between facing the world with a smile and wearing the new little black number I got for autumnal winds.

Now that I think it over I hardly lid Arthur justice Saturday afternoon. Tommy called that he had two tickets to the football game and what was I going to do about it? I formed a treaty with the memory of dear Arthur and departed to help Tommy yell for his Alma Mater, having been informed that the best cure for a broken heart is another.

Sunday I went to church and lost myself in a lovely rust suit two rows down. I think she must have got it at Taylor's.

The next day I stopped eating again. We had peach pickle.

The day following I decided on a life of celibacy. My roommate said, without emotion, "You can always have a career. Like me." Not being one to pass up such a noble gesture, I made up my mind definitely to a career.

One near and dear—not so dear as close at hand I have since divined—ambled in my abode on the same day and said pleasantly, "I saw your affair of the heart last night. He was leading around a beautiful blonde."

I closed my eyes. I was crushed. I thought vaguely, I ought to try my hand at a sonnet. I passed my hand slowly across my brow. In sorrow.

At the Theatres

Three new milestones in motion picture production are established by "Ramona," feature picture at the State on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, featuring Loretta Young and Don Ameche at the head of an exceptional cast including Kent Taylor, Pauline Frederick, Jane Darwell, Katherine De Mille and John Caradine.

One of the year's outstanding cinema achievements, "Ramona" sets new standards in the fields of color, scenic beauty and romance.

Produced entirely in the new per-

fect Technicolor, Director Henry King and Art Director Duncan Cramer handled their pallettes with the greatest of care and the finished result is the most beautiful and natural hues ever brought to the screen.

Scenic beauty is represented by one of the loveliest vistas in the world—the San Jacinto Mountains in California—where the outdoor "shots" were photographed.

Selected short subjects complete the program.

Athens, Tennessee, received her B.A. degree from Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Georgia, in 1933. She also studied three years at Tennessee Wesleyan and took private lessons in dramatics and piano at Cavek Conservatory, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Another new instructor is Miss Louise Lanham of Spartanburg, South Carolina, who fills the vacancy in the English department left by Miss Eliza-

beth Foster who is continuing her graduate work at Yale. Miss Lanham, who received her Ph.D. degree in English from the University of North Carolina this past year, also has her M.A. degree from the same institution. She has taught at Randolph-Macon Women's College, and served as dean of women at Lander College, Greenwood, S. C., and at Columbia College,

(Please turn to page four)