

The Twig

Published Biweekly as the Official Organ of the Student Body of Meredith College

KATHERINE SHUFORD.....	Editor
FRANCES PITTMAN.....	Associate Editor
MARY JOHNSON MACMILLAN.....	Associate Editor
KATE MILLS SUITER.....	Business Manager
HELEN HILLIARD.....	Assistant Business Manager
MARY JANE LINDLEY.....	Assistant Business Manager
ELEANOR EDWARDS.....	Managing Editor
FRANCES TATUM.....	Managing Editor
DOROTHY LOWDERMILK.....	Managing Editor
RUTH PURVIS.....	Typist
RUTH ABERNETHY.....	Art Editor
KATE COVINGTON.....	Feature Editor
EVA WICKER.....	Typist

Reporters

ETHEL KNOTT	MARGARET GRAYSON
LILLIAN POE	MILDRED ANN CRITCHER
VIRGINIA REYNOLDS	ANNIE ELIZABETH COWARD
MINETTA BARTLETT	JEAN LIGHTFOOT
DOROTHY GREEN	JANE YELVERTON
MARY STEWART	

Entered as second-class matter October 11, 1923, at Postoffice at Raleigh, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 11, 1923.

Subscription Price\$1.50

NEW TWIG STAFF

With a feeling of regret decidedly tinged with relief, the old staff turns the publication of THE TWIG over to a new one. It has been valuable experience for all those who have coöperated in putting out this year's Twig and we are grateful for the opportunity of participating in this campus activity. Although we know our achievements to be small, we value the year's work for the pleasant relationships it has fostered and the fun it has given us. Every member of the faculty and student body have co-operated remarkably well in this activity and the staff is indeed grateful.

If the columns of THE TWIG have sometimes waxed a little dull, somewhat foolish, or a trifle vituperative, we beg your forgiveness for ourselves, and indulgence for next year's staff, who will, being human, undoubtedly make some of the same mistakes. We trust, however, that they will not be so numerous.

It has not been an uninteresting year, if an uneventful one. Happenings recorded in THE TWIG have been of the same order as those of former years, but a few changes have set this apart in some measure. Chief among them is the bare shadow of a more liberal spirit in regard to social regulations—it is the changing, not of actual rules, but of a rather elusive attitude which is undoubtedly felt by hopeful students as well as doubtful faculty members and has been brought about by a more assertive student council and by changes in the administration. There has been too, a more progressive program adopted as to increasing the student body for coming years and although many violently disapprove of the manner in which it has been done, the fact remains that a more practical view has been adopted. A hockey field has been built (an activity which is perhaps not so valuable in itself as in the fact that it shows what can be done by an energetic group of students), new courses have been added, and some old ones have been eliminated. Not all of these changes meet with the approval of both faculty and students, but none can deny that the motion is forward, rather than backward.

THE TWIG is proud of the year's progress Meredith has made, and the old staff turns over its duties to the new with the best of wishes and the fervent hope that it will see next year even more good come to Meredith than has come in this.

The members of the new Twig staff are as follows:

FRANCES TATUM.....	Editor
DOROTHY LOWDERMILK.....	Associate Editor
MARY MARTIN.....	Associate Editor
JESSIE CURRIN.....	Managing Editor
KATHLEEN MIDYETT.....	Managing Editor
BETTY PARKER.....	Managing Editor
MARY JANE LINDLEY.....	Business Manager
CAROLYN CRITCHER.....	Assistant Business Manager
SADIE MASSEY.....	Art Editor
DOROTHY GREENE.....	Feature Editor
EVELYN LASSITER.....	Typist
LUCY NEWELL.....	Typist

Reporters

MARY STEWART	VIRGINIA COUNCIL
JEAN LIGHTFOOT	BEBO DICKENSON
CAROLYN ANDREWS	IRIS ROSE GIBSON
NORA BINDER	GERALDINE TUTTLE

A BEETLE'S EYE VIEW OF MAY DAY

The beetles in the grove were particularly excited. As a matter of fact, they hadn't been able to sleep a wink all night—but after all, a beetle always has insomnia on the thirtieth day of April in a year that just follows Leap Year.

These particular beetles, however, had a particularly good reason for being particularly excited. Not only was it May Day, but it was May Day at Meredith, and to be a beetle in the grove when it is May Day at Meredith is the apex of a beetle's paradise. On this particular May Day at Meredith there was to be a particularly gorgeous May Day festival. A Mother Goose parade—no less—and a Brown May queen. These beetles had never seen a brown May queen before; so who can blame them for being particularly excited.

The parade, too, was going to be a panagora of parades. One of the beetles who live by the gym had met one of the beetles who live in the grove half way in the grass circle at the end of the drive and had told the most fantastic tales imaginable about what was going to happen. Little Boy Blue was going to wake up and perform a dance while he looked for his—er—live stock, and Jack-be-Nimble was going to jump over his candlestick—right before everybody, and all of the four-and-twenty blackbirds were going to be baked in a pie (actually!) and then were going to come hopping out to trip the light fantastic in true black-bird fashion. Besides that, Simple Simon was going to be there, buying pies, and Mary Quite Contrary was going to water her garden, and Jack and Jill were going to go up the hill, and of course the May Pole dancers were going to be there and lots of others too and—

The beetle who lived in the grove never heard what was going to happen next, because the beetle who lived near the gym turned up his toes to the daisies and expired. The excitement had proved too much for his heart.

The beetles who live in the grove buzzed in anticipation. They even forgot to knit their beetling brows (an astounding phenomenon) and they hurried around with most un-beetle-like smiles on their faces. Even the old beetle grand-daddies waxed gay and became as giddy as they had been in their youth. One of them even aspired to crooning Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" but gave it up when he discovered that even its own mother wouldn't recognize the tune.

The hour approached. The beetles arranged themselves in the trees so they could see everything. The baby beetles' bonnets were straight. The papa beetles' shoes were polished. The mama beetles' dresses were starched. And then what happened! Haven't you heard?

Dorothy Green.

COMMENTS

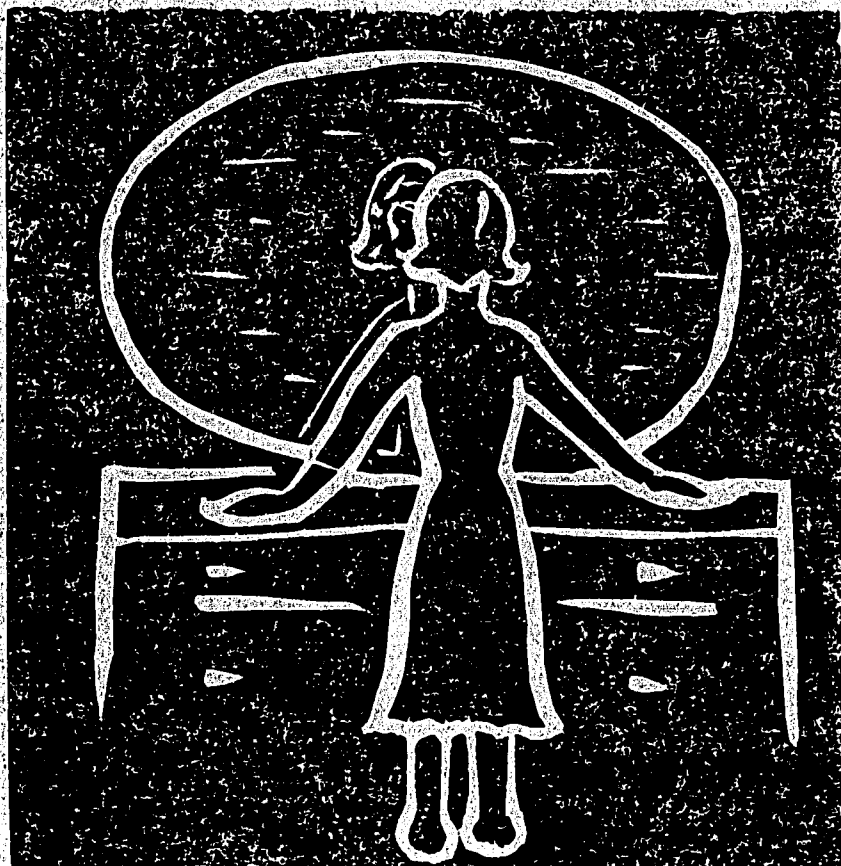
Elections. . . . The Meredith student body is to be congratulated on the spirit in which the recent elections have been conducted. With the election of officers at other colleges we note much complaint by the students as to "rotten politics." The relative quietness of the elections is not, I think, indicative of an indifferent attitude but is indicative of an unprejudiced attitude and a desire on the part of the students to conduct fair and orderly elections.

Lecture. . . . The enthusiastic and favorable comments made by the students in regard to the "required lecture" Friday night is evidence of the truth of the statement made some time ago in THE TWIG that interesting programs sponsored by the administration would be appreciated by those attending. We are all for more programs of this type. . . .

Privileges? . . . One of the most dis-

"I Am Beloved . . . I Am Beloved . . ."

By RUTH ABERNETHY



Alack, Alack

By KATE COVINGTON

It has not been so long since I read a most remarkable formula for beauty. A well-meaning lady says, "Forget what your looking-glass tells you, but say to yourself a dozen times a day, 'I am beloved.' No woman who actually believes that she is precious in the eyes of another can walk ungracefully, or live without charm." I told this to Mary Johnson and she maintained a definite calm whilst we ironed it out.

In the first place, if we stopped the whole of twelve times a day to say, "I am beloved" it would take a lot of valuable time. Mary Johnson said she would continually lose count and could never be sure at the end of the day whether she'd said it twelve or thirteen times. On the other hand, if you forget once, you'd have to start all over. Twelve times a day for seven days is eighty-four. That means you'd go around saying, "I am beloved" thirty thousand six hundred and sixty times a year, with a few extra thrown in for leap year. If you have ever tried saying something over and over again you remember you came out the wrong end. It's very likely that if you start out saying, "I am beloved" for sweet beauty's sake, you will end up with some such tender phrase as, "Ham's blood." If "Ham's blood" can make your step sprightly and your hair glow, I'll have to hand it to the lady.

Then, too, it seems a bit weird to wander around muttering something nobody can understand. On the other hand, you can't very well explain, "I beg your pardon, but I'm just saying a few tender words to myself so I'll get a nice walk and a lot of charm."

If you're taking a trip with friends it would really be rather brazen to interrupt a discussion of landscape to say you were beloved, when it would probably mean nothing at all to them except to make them look at each other with well-felt alarm.

figuring and childish practices noted on the campus this year is that of writing on the walls in the buildings which were repainted not so long ago. We keep howling for more privileges, and complaining because we are treated like children when our actions indicate that a great number of us are not grown yet. How can we expect to be treated like people with discretion when we don't use any? . . .

Murals. . . . Much commendation is due Effie Rae Calhoun, a member of the senior class, who is painting the murals in the Senior Parlor. These

Another place where you'd get into trouble with such a program would be at home. My grandmother was a dear lady and she used to say, "Pretty is as pretty does." But even my grandmother would be upset if I shot in the house one day murmuring, "I am beloved." Heaven only knows the steps the other members of my family would pursue.

There's another little phrase of the formula which needs inquiry. That's this, "Forget what your looking-glass tells you," business. It would seem to me a pretty hard thing to live under the delusion that I didn't have freckles. Anyway, I know I'd take it hard if some day I were to draw forth my compact to touch up my nose a bit and suddenly realized the blatant truth. It's like the kinds of folks Mary Johnson studies about who think they're Louis Philippes and Joan of Arcs and George Arlisses.

Worst yet, it certainly has all the earmarks of rugged conceit. If I were to think I was beloved I would hate for anybody to know about it. If I loped about gleefully murmuring anything like that I have an uneasy feeling that in less than the nineteenth I'd be run out of town.

You ought to remember the Golden Rule, whatever you do. How would you like to hear someone awfully close to you panting "I am beloved" twelve times a day, eighty-four times a week, and thirty thousand six hundred and sixty times a year? Mary Johnson tried it out on Virginia but something went askew and Virginia saw black. I'm perfectly sure Virginia didn't think she walked any better.

That's about all. As a last touch I would like to point out that if I went around saying it that much I would get as dizzy as anything, and whoever saw anybody look beautiful while reeling? Mary Johnson and I both think the whole thing's a gag.

will do much towards improving the appearance of the parlor as well as being valuable in the portrayal of college traditions. . . .

Town Girls. . . . This year more than ever the town girls have been included on the staff of the various publications. This will no doubt lead to an increased interest in college activities by those who do not stay on the campus. Heretofore the town girls have expressed the opinion that they felt they did not have an active part in campus affairs.—F. T.