

The Twig

Published by the student body of Meredith College

Editorial Staff

CORNELIA HERRING Editor
 LYTTON TINGLEY Associate Editor
 RACHEL FULTON Managing Editor
 MATTIE IRENE BAUGH Managing Editor
 LORRAINE CHAPPELL Managing Editor
 KATHRYN SUTTON Managing Editor
 MARTHA ANNE ALLEN Columnist
 ELIZABETH MILLER Sports Editor
 VIRGINIA GREENE Music Editor
 BEVERLY ANNE MONEY Cartoonist

Business Staff

ELIZABETH COLEMAN Business Manager
 GERTRUDE HARDISON Circulation Manager
 CATHERINE POWELL NANCY JOHNSTON

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

GRADUATION

All of a sudden, it closes down around you like a summer storm; all enveloping; all absorbing; then, just like the storm, it goes quite suddenly, leaving you out there in space; high and dry. I am speaking of graduation; something you look forward to in a vague sort of way from the first day you register in a college; a goal you set for yourself to be reached in four years.

What you have heard or seen of other graduations shapes your ideas of your own; and you expect to pass through a panorama of caps and gowns, white dresses, invitations, diplomas, daisy chains, and all the other dressings that accompany graduation exercises. But . . . you don't. The tide of things gets stronger and sweeps you into a whirlpool of emotions you never dreamed of experiencing. Nothing was ever quite like this . . . nothing will ever be again. You want to graduate . . . but not exactly. You want a diploma . . . a job . . . but do you? For the past sixteen years you have been attending school during the winter months and playing during the summer months. Now . . . no summer vacation, no fall registrations, no school clothes to buy . . . but there will be . . . no home work, your own income, more clothes, new faces. That hurts . . . the new faces. All the old girls you've been passing daily on the campus, in schoolrooms, in halls . . . they'll be here next year . . . not you.

But you . . . oh yes, you are left high and dry . . . no strings, no goal . . . just yet. But you the graduate will start wedding your foot in here and there and finally your foot will fit and the job is yours. All your months of student teaching will rush in to protect you. The friends you have made and the things you have accomplished will tell their story. You will have set another goal. The world will be yours, and the cycle will begin again. Another goal . . . another set of habits . . . another reluctance to leave . . . and some call it life . . . but your way of life after the diploma will not be too different from your way of life before the diploma . . . you shaped that long ago. Meanwhile, all the beautiful haze of graduation is before you, a senior. For a few days it will all be your show, with you the leading lady. And the gracious lady that you have become will be continuing to take bows from now on. . . .

—D. B.

CULTIVATION

The heart must always keep
Alight, apart,
A place for sowing seeds
When fine thoughts start.

The heart must always keep
Familiar, known;
A place for reaping fruits
When thoughts are grown.

—Mary E. Adams

RETORT CORDIAL

A socially prominent hostess once persuaded Oliver Wendell Holmes to attend a tea at her home. When he arrived, she introduced him to all her most important and impressive friends, proudly hoping that Dr. Holmes would notice and admire the intellectual quality of her social circle.

When Dr. Holmes rose to leave, the hostess asked him hopefully, "Well, Doctor, what do you think of the afternoon tea?" Instead of the admiring praise which she had expected, the Doctor answered her question very briefly.

"It is giggle, gabble, gobble and git," he said.

Collegiate Creams

Alack and alas! A columnist is given too wide a range. She can write about anything from the moon to the optical isomerism of a glucose solution (if you're interested in the latter, see Dr. Yarborough or Miss Kramer). The time is ripe for a discussion of exams, the problems which they present, or the glorious feeling we'll all have when they're over, but somehow that subject gets enough emphasis without my getting into it. . . . Graduation isn't far off and we could plunge into the congratulations, heart-aches, and fond memories that will accompany the 1942 commencement exercises. But that's an old story too, and we'll get enough of it by the time it's all over, so we'll leave it here. . . . Vacation will be rolling around before we know it and what we're going to do is of vital interest. Wow, it seems to me that everybody is headed for summer school either here or at Wake Forest; a few studes are planning to take in Carolina or Duke. Perhaps we're feeling the need to get work off for next year, make up some that we slipped up on this year, or maybe we're going to play around and mix vacation and studies on a wider scale. . . . Somehow that strikes a pleasant note somewhere. . . . Too bad about the beaches—how're the chances for mountain climbing this year? . . . It's rather like somebody said: "The climbing's all right, but it's a mighty fer piece to hike from here." No gas, no tires, and one-half pound of sugar. Oh, well, we can take it. . . .

It's funny but I keep thinking about all the things a freshman experiences. We may have had our green spots but it seems to me that those green spots have afforded us more pleasure than anything else imaginable. We may have been right dumb and foolish last September but methinks we've improved and learned the ropes pretty well.

The thought of being a sophomore and relinquishing our dorm (Stringfield Hall) to a batch of new girls brings a pang of regret and a little envy on our part. This business of being a sophomore entails a little more responsibility because the excuse, "I'm just a freshman; I didn't know," won't be of much good next year. Freshman orientation seems rather like a dream but I do mean a pleasant dream and not a nightmare. No longer do we wonder who that girl over there is or crane our necks to try and figure out who that other old student could be. Now we know that Addie Davis was one of them and that Sarah Jackson was social "chairmaning", and was the other. Of course we wondered about Lib Tucker, Anne Barrow, Bep Pruitt, Margaret Martin, Rachael Lovelace, and Carolyn Duke, but now we are wise even tho' it took time. . . . Nothing was as confusing to us as was registration day and all those rather stern and rather formidable (we actually thought that then) professors lined up in a row ready to give the advice which we needed so very badly. . . . Gad, but it was terrific, and now we can sit back and reminisce with the best of 'em. The new annuals help a lot in bringing back things that we'd forgotten, even in this short time.

All of the oldness of the school has been absorbed in us and has made us better folks, we hope. Aside from the oldness and tradition, the pride and joy of the campus, THE HUT, has been partially furnished and things are looking just wonderful. Everything down there presents such a friendly and homey atmosphere that it makes me feel better just to go down there and look around. Oh, for the sizzle of a steak about so thick on the grill. . . . That is definitely the place for steak fries and little parties. We're bound to take grand care of THE HUT, for we have all to gain and nothing to lose. . . .

ESCAPE

I opened the book and there lay words
Like the windy flight of startled birds;
Words as stark as the sweep of a sail
On the green lagoon when the moon is pale.

For a dream-swept hour my homesick eyes
Drank deep where forest rivers rise,
While wolf-packs padded with stealthy tread
Up and down in the back of my head,
And gray loons flapped their wings and rose
From the sedgy bog where the marsh grass
blows.

I closed the book and laid it aside,
But the gate of my mind was open wide,
And I, a truant, wild and fleet
Fled through it down the narrow street,
Spurning the walls—the locks on doors,
Laughing at windows, scorning floors.

—Elizabeth Barr Haas

Purely Personal

The freshmen party must have been just one big good time—for further information ask Lulu Bell and Cliff.

Fay and Jimmy looked mighty happy over at the Hill last week end—could it be love? . . . ?

And as for Carolina, didn't a lot of Meredith girls look happy "Over There"? . . . How about it, Nat K.? . . . ?

There were some sorta nasty cracks in our column last issue—maybe we should apologize — or should we? . . . ?

Duke and her William really enjoyed Hamlet last week end and I don't mean Shakespeares' "glamour boy" either.

That good looking picture of that good looking senior in Sunday's paper gives a lot of us that old-maidish feeling already, and here we are just in the fresh bloom of youth.

We'd really like to get the low down on the Princeton Pin Betsy W's been sporting since Easter—he must be wonderful to rate such a smile when ever it's mentioned.

Seems like this year has flown by, but a lot of water has run under a lot of bridges this past winter; just ask anybody!

What blond from State has practically become a permanent fixture of the Rose parlor this winter—just stroll through any old Sundaynight and you'll find him and Horthy discussing the situation.

Wonder why it was so hard for the Juniors and Seniors to get dates for their banquet when those green (?) freshman had enough, and then some, for their hay ride?

When we asked Jane P. if it is true about her new Lexington love affair she says, "Speck" so."

What have these Fort Bragg boys got that State boys haven't—Isabel D. and Margery P? . . . ?

Who's worried about exams? Everybody! . . . !

Wit's End

Oft in the stilly sight
I work upon a paper.
My memory has no light,
It's vanished in a vapour.

I feel like one
Who treads alone,
Some banquet hall deserted.
All else have fled,
I'm almost dead,
My effort all exerted.

Thus, in the stilly night
I cease to think of merits.
Sad memory fails with light
To bolster my weak spirits.

When I remember all
The friends, so lightly sassy,
I've heard around me call
They've finished their last essay.

The smiles, the cheers
Of girlhood years,
The words of joy then spoken,
But for myself
I weep in stealth,
My cheerful heart is broken!

Thus in the stilly night
While others softly slumber
I feel I've lost the light
And couldn't be much dumber.
Bryn Mawr College News

Halls To Be Called Correctly

Recently a campaign to call campus buildings by their proper names has been underway. Instead of going to the Administration building, we go to Johnson Hall. A dorm is Jones Hall; B, Faircloth; C, Vann; and D, Stringfield. The project is being backed by the entire student body who think that A, B, C, and D sound too much like wards in an asylum or penitentiary.

Book Review

The White Cliffs, a long poem by Alice Duer Miller, is a beautiful picture of the English people, their strength and loyalty, their courage and endurance. The story is appropriately centered in wartime England. Susan Dunne, an American girl from New England, is visiting in London and falls in love with an Englishman. She marries him a week after England entered the first world war, and goes to live with her mother-in-law while her husband is in France. In moving words she describes the uncomplaining staunchness of the English mother, whose heart could not forget for a moment her boys in the trenches. Susan bears a child who must be named Percy because "the eldest is always called Percy, dear," and her joy seems to be complete when John, her soldier-husband, comes home on leave. When the Americans come over to reinforce the Allied defense, she is confident that the dawn is coming after the dark night of war. After the declaration of peace, news comes that John has been killed.

Because her son is heir to his father's country estate, Susan continues to live there, and as time goes on she becomes more and more a part of England. Her son is brought up true to English tradition as his father was before him. When war comes a second time and Susan must face the probable loss of her son, she begins to wonder if the fight is worthwhile. She realizes that the English people are as liberty-loving as the Americans are, and traces the feeling of both countries to the same source when she writes the following lines:

And were they not English, our
forefathers, never more
English than when they shook
the dust of her sod
From their feet forever, angrily
seeking a shore
Where in his own way a man
might worship his God.
Never more English than when
they dared to be
Rebels against her—that stern
intractable sense
Of that which no man can stomach
and still be free,
Writing: "When in the course
of human events. . . ."
Writing it out so all the world
could see
Whence come the powers of all
just governments.
The tree of Liberty grew and
and changed and spread,
But the seed was English.
I am American bred,
I have seen much to hate her—
much to forgive,
But in a world where England
is finished and dead,
I do not wish to live.

Miss Miller's descriptions of the English scenes are real; her descriptions of the people, magnificent. Her style is simple, concise, and stirring. The poem is worth reading if only for the lump it will bring into your throat. If it makes you more conscious of the true spirit of England, it has served a worthy purpose.

Colton English Club Hears Miss Baity

On Thursday night, May 22, the Colton English Club met, ending a year of accomplishment. Miss Baity was the speaker. Most of the work has been done on the Browning Room on second floor in Jones Dormitory. New curtains and a new lamp have been bought to put there. Several weeks ago a book campaign was conducted. Twelve dollars and 25 books were collected. Each dormitory gave their books to one certain person. Nancy Johnston for A, Dot House in B, and Doris Jean Bordeaux had charge of the faculty. Also a readers' group and a writing group were started.



Contributed by the American Society of Magazine Cartoonists.

Alpha Psi Omega Day Officers

The Alpha Psi Omega, national honorary dramatic society of Meredith College, held its regular meeting in the Astro Hall, Wednesday, May 12, at 9:30 o'clock. A brief business session was held in which officers for the coming year were elected. They are: President, Helen Scarborough; Vice-President, Annie Mary Matthews; and Secretary-Treasurer, Bobbie Green.

The main feature of the evening consisted of the traditional initiation of the following new members: Bobbie Green, Dorothy Roland, Betty Rose Prevatte, and Evelyn Bowers. After this, a salad and cake course was enjoyed by all present.

Sociology Club

The Meredith Sociology Club had its annual picnic in the hut on Thursday, May 7. Boys from the Sociology Department of State College were guests. The entertainment was in the form of group singing. Hot dogs, marshmallows and lemonade were served. Dr. and Mrs. Sanford Winston were guests. Mrs. Winston is the faculty advisor of the club. Dorothy Riggs is incoming president.

Senior Class Gift

The Senior class presented the Hut committee with \$25.00. The money was made by the seniors answering questionnaires concerning opinions about silver patterns. Each senior was paid 25c by the Consumer's Research, and the money was combined to make the gift to the Hut.

Ode to Myself

Which reminds me of a little ditty I heard the other day:
"When they passed out the ears,
I thought they said beers,
And I said I'd have two large ones.
When they passed out the noses,
I thought they said roses,
And I said I'd have one large red one.

"When they passed out the looks,
I thought they said books,
And I said I wouldn't have any.

"When they passed out the brains,
I thought they said trains,
And I missed mine; ain't I a mess?"

—Carolinian

Education Club

The Education Club held its last meeting of the year and the officers for the following year were elected. They are as follows:
President, Gloria Watson
Vice President, Kathleen Thompson
Secretary-Treasurer, Frances Cox

Day student officers have been elected. Mattie Irene Baugh was chosen president; Virginia Melvin, vice-president; Ethylene Bryson, secretary; Emily Olive, treasurer; Betsy McMillan, reporter; Margaret Lassiter, chairman of house committee; Ruth Wyman, Student Government representative; and Marjorie Valentine, social chairman.

Christine Webb will head the sophomore class for next years as president. Other officers are Carolyn Creech, vice-president; Doniphon Gilberson, secretary; Heidi Caison, treasurer; Anna Catherine Barden, as Student Government representative; and Mary Catherine McIntyre, as health representative.

The junior class officers are Virginia Ayers, president; Anne Ray Kramer, vice-president; Mary Hill, treasurer; Mary Lib Wilherston, health chairman; and Eleanor Vereen, secretary.

President for the senior class for next year will be Elizabeth Riggs, Katherine Sutton is vice-president. Others are Virginia Bailey, secretary; and Mary Frances Kerr, as treasurer.

Here, Say, Is Bit of Hearsay

Men are what women marry. They have two feet, two hands, and sometimes two wives, but never more than one dollar or one idea at a time.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes: husbands, bachelors, and widowers. A bachelor is an eligible mass of obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three types: prizes, surprises, and consolation prizes. Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest forms of plastic art known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity. But the greatest of these is charity.

If you flatter a man, you frighten him to death. If you don't, you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you wear gay colors, rouge, and a startling hat, he hesitates to take you out. But if you wear a little brown hat and a tailor-made suit, he takes you out and stares all evening at a woman in gay clothes, rouge, and a startling hat.

—Carolinian

The U. S. Employment Service is working on plans for handling the recruiting of women for farm work in areas where the usual labor supply may be short this year.

Our Job Is to Save Dollars
 Buy War Bonds Every Pay Day