

HOUSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA FEATURES ANIA DORFMANN AS PIANO SOLOIST THURSDAY

Efrem Kurtz, musical director and conductor of the Houston Symphony Orchestra, which will present a concert in Memorial Auditorium on February 22, under the auspices of Civic Music Association of Raleigh, has conducted opera, ballet, and symphony orchestras on six continents.

The tall and friendly maestro is now an American citizen, but he was born in Russia and his western career began rather inauspiciously in a railroad cattle car when he was forced to flee the Russian revolution in 1917.

Kurtz first visited the United States as principal conductor of the famed Ballet Russe. Successful guest appearances with symphony orchestras in this country soon led to invitations from South America and Australia. When the Ballet troupe toured Asia and Africa, Kurtz was invited to conduct the principal orchestras on those continents. He estimates that during his twenty-odd years as a conductor, he has directed more than 300 different symphony orchestras.

An expert linguist, Kurtz speaks five languages fluently (English, French, German, Russian, Italian) and thus has no difficulty in transmitting his verbal directions to his cosmopolitan orchestra.

The celebrated pianist, Ania Dorfmann, who will appear here on February 22, at Memorial Auditorium, enjoyed a brilliant career in Europe before coming to the United States. Her appearance shortly after her arrival here as soloist with the NBC Symphony in Carnegie Hall at the request of Arturo Toscanini established her as an artist of the first rank. Since



Ania Dorfmann

then, she has toured throughout this country in recitals and as soloist with all leading symphony orchestras. The 1950-51 season added the Houston Symphony to a long list which includes the New York Philharmonic Symphony, the Boston Symphony, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and the Chicago Symphony.

Born in Odessa, Mme. Dorfmann began her study of the piano when she was a young girl. After making her debut in her native city at the age of eleven, young Ania went to Paris to study under the celebrated teacher, Isidor Philipp. At fourteen she returned to Russia for a visit and found herself in the midst of the revolution. Years of hardship followed before she had an opportunity to return to Paris.

Her concert in Liege, Belgium began her formal career. Other appearances on the Continent followed and soon Mme. Dorfmann was one of the leading piano virtuosi of Europe.

NEW STUDENTS MOVE ON CAMPUS

Riding in on a cloud of snow and ice, second semester brought various changes in the campus life here at Meredith—as well as new subjects and new schedules, new students.

Up on third Faircloth Martha Ware and Lois Johnson are new dormitory students who are living in 319. Martha, an education major, is from Holly Springs, and Lois, a home economics major, comes from Clayton, N. C. Down below on second Faircloth Linda Swaim, a public school music major from Buies Creek is rooming with Jean Leonard in room 213.

Also located on second Faircloth is Pat Roberts, an organ major from Lenior, N. C.

In 314 Stringfield is Bobbie Addy from Arlington, Virginia. Bobbie is a freshman and plans to major in home economics. Verna Willetts has moved into 109 Vann. Verna is undecided, but thinks that her major will be education. Connie Byrnes, a history major, is up on second Vann in room 212. Connie's home is at Fort McClelland, Alabama. Bobbie Hall, from Roxboro, N. C., is now living in 317 Jones. Bobbie is a piano major. Bernice Day is back with us after recovering from her accident last fall.

The heartiest of welcomes is extended to each of our "new girls on campus!"

DEDICATION

This "letter edged in black" is most respectfully dedicated to the many Meredith students, who, in the interests of higher learning, eagerly supported the recent production of "Romeo and Juliet" by their conspicuous absence. May the numerous and sudden attacks of amnesia which set in after the unanimous vote to support the project soon abate.

VICTIMS FINALLY REACH SUNLIGHT AFTER ESCAPE FROM THE "BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA"

By MARIE EDWARDS

Or maybe you call the infirmary the dismal attic of Faircloth or the hall of forgotten men. Some old familiar faces are again appearing on the campus; victims of such epidemics as mumps and flu have staggered down into sunlight once more. Long, weary days they have gazed down from the fourth floor at happy, carefree students on their way to class. Incalculable numbers of pills, glasses of orange juice, and thermometers entered their unfortunate mouths. Days dragged into months, and could easily have developed into years in the maddening quiet. With their return to civilization interesting (well, at least heart-rending) stories are told by the "mumpers."

Mary Lou Booker flatly stated that everything connected with her sojourn was "tragic." She supplied the descriptive title for this feature. The gist of her sad story was that she never had the mumps in the first place. From her long stay in the bed Mary Lou reports that the only thing accomplished was a knowledge of how one makes a hospital bed. Mary Lou's entrance into the infirmary did bring a ray of sunshine into someone's life—that of the long-termer Sarah Cox.

Since their ailment was the same and they were both "deadly contagious," Sarah and Mary Lou became roommates, temporarily. Sarah served seventeen days in sick bay; she didn't mind, especially when she felt rather "mumpy," but after the first days the novelty wore off. From then on I have it on good authority that she hung out of

the window by her "toenails" and avoided the bed at all costs.

Cut off from the outside world so cruelly, Mary Lou and Sarah attempted to carry on cross-court conversations from their high windows. Infirmary curfew rings at nine so at night they carefully waited until the nurses retired and then broke out the canasta deck. For exercise they rolled each other up and down in the wheelchair. One Saturday they decided "enough was enough" so on came the clothes! The nurses discovered their little plot as they started for the door, so our heroines bravely hid in another room. After a frustrated search and almost a call to the dean's office (to report cases of mumps on the loose) the nurses sighed with relief when Sarah and Mary Lou gave themselves up. Toward the end Sarah says the doctor never bothered to come see her; when he finally dismissed her, she was sure he must have been sick himself.

"True Confession"

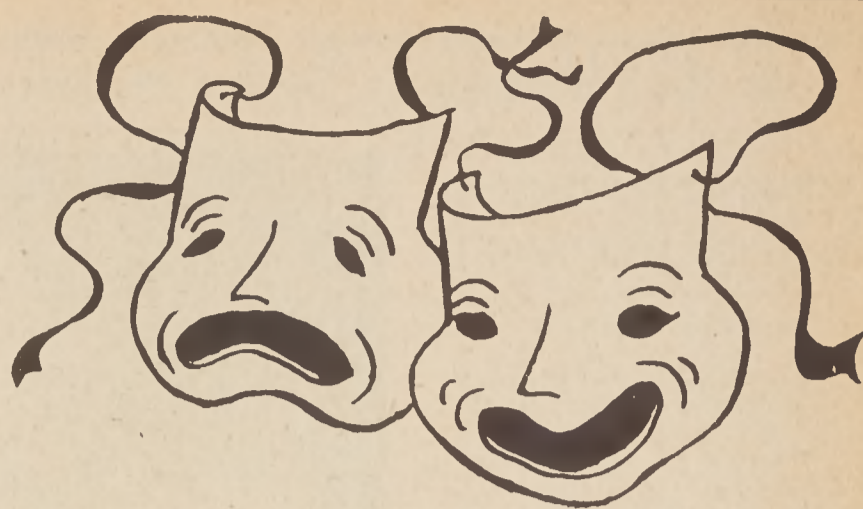
My high temperature had the medical profession baffled! I made my first mistake when I glibly said, "Oh, yes, I know Sarah Cox, Mary Lou Booker, and Anne Moore (she had the

measles). At fifteen minute intervals they looked and poked for symptoms, and I could see the tears come to the doctor's eyes when nary a measles or mump came to light. Finally the verdict was flu and they brought out the penicillin needle. Need I say more?

Of course to weaken you generally (so you will be meek and behave) the soup treatment comes, tomato, chicken, split pea—surely they'll run out of cans.

Yea, the infirmary is a nice calm place to study for exams! Yea, if you can squeeze it in between orange juice, pills, shots, the rest hour from two to four, and the nine o'clock light bell. Of course other people have company but you are alienated from society with a temperature or the mumps. Visitors from the outside world wave from a safe distance, real chummy like.

Man is fundamentally a social creature and he soon craves company. Once the little ladies in white caught me in my wanderings (you meet the most interesting people in the halls); they ushered me back to bed, (Continued on page four)



BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS

By MICKY BOWEN

Although "Detective Story" could not be acclaimed as a hit of the season by Raleigh Little Theatre standards, it nevertheless was a competent production and afforded a good evening's entertainment. The sets and lighting, in fact, the general atmosphere, were well created and the cast had some fine moments. The show as a whole didn't seem to hold together as well as the ones done earlier this year, unfortunately, but this fault may be due to a rather shallow script. The spirit of theatre at Meredith was surely in evidence and did itself proud, however. Our favorite leading man, Bill Hoffman, gave a very good performance, as well as Barbara Marshall, class of '50, and spouse, Tom.

We were very fortunate in having the Playmakers on our campus this week, in their road show of "Romeo and Juliet." Probably the most inspiring thing about their beautiful performance was the fact that the actors were, after all, only students like ourselves, working, for all their glamor, at this business of formal education.

Alpha Psi Omega is giving Meredith an incomparable opportunity, on February 27, to see the sort of thing a professional actress must be able to do. It is bringing Miss Cornelia Stabler here to give a program of interpretations that has been acclaimed all over the nation. Miss Stabler is often called "The One-Woman Theatre" and her ability to create unseen characters is probably unequalled in

the dramatic world. Her program takes the audience into a kind of theatre workshop and, to quote "Variety," is "Scintillating . . . Witty . . . Most entertaining." The whole student body should enjoy seeing this unique show.

Speaking of coming attractions we must also include Raleigh's next play, "The Madwoman of Chaillot," winner of the circle award of 1948-49. The play made theatrical history when it opened, but is singularly hard to stage and has a cast of forty. Brooks Atkinson called it "pure gold," and the *Herald Tribune* lauded it as "sheer theatrical magic." The production is up to the ambitions of the past seasons and should bring out the best in local talent.

Also in the category of future events is our own spring production, to be held late in April. The chosen play, "The Silver Cord," has only four feminine parts, all of them quite difficult. The play was a hit on Broadway and has exceptionally good dialogue. Try-outs will be held in the near future, so watch for the announcement.

According to the Hastings "Collegian," one of the students at that school conducted a one-man survey to see if professors actually read all the term papers required in a course. He inserted a paragraph in some collateral notes stating that he didn't believe teachers read what pupils write, and asking the professor to underline the paragraph if he read it. The paper was returned—unmarked.

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