

Don't Stop Now

This is the time of year in which we find ourselves in a political never-never land. The present officers have never felt more old-shoesh; the new officers are now merely waiting until May when they will take over their jobs officially. The high pitch of enthusiasm that elections brought has spent itself and we have now slipped back into our old routine jobs with very little of the vigor that we started with.

Throughout this year there has been a fine attitude on the Meredith campus. Students have worked closely and well together. We would particularly commend the student government in the strides they have taken in developing a more healthy atmosphere as well as making the ever loved rule changes.

School spirit is so nebulous a thing that it is difficult, as well as rather ineffectual, to discuss. Nevertheless, in our present lazy state, words are in order. Spirit may be interpreted not as the "Yeh for our side" variety, but as individual responsibility for the particular area in which one works. The success of the activities in a school depends upon the willing and conscientious contribution of every member of the community.

Although faculty members, staff, and the student body must work together in this area of fostering a better spirit, perhaps the burden of the responsibility lies upon the shoulders of the student officers. There remain six weeks in which this year's leaders are in charge. For the new officers it is a time of preparation. The responsibility should be shifted gradually in an attempt to avoid the almost inevitable jolt that accompanies the change. This is a vital and important time in the life of our school. Don't let Meredith down now.

N. J.

Little things mean a lot

Experience has shown us that, as the song title so aptly puts it, "Little things mean a lot." Especially is this true with girls, and it seems that it should likewise be true on a girl's campus.

Noise on the halls after 11:15, letting the telephones ring their heads off, leaving lights on all day, strewing cups and papers all the way from the Bee Hive to the room, being overly high-schoolish at dinner time, breaking into meal lines—these are all just little things, but if you stop to consider the other people involved, they mean a lot. Just because you and your suite decide to dance a Mexican Hat Dance at 12:30 on a Saturday night doesn't mean that no one right under you needs a good night's rest. Just because you know the phone call is not for you doesn't mean you have no responsibility to answer it when you're not doing anything important. Just because the school has plenty of money (you think) doesn't mean it wouldn't soon go in the red if every girl left her light on all day. Just because there is someone delegated to clean the grounds doesn't mean you should make his work harder by your little carelessness. Just because you feel light-hearted in good company doesn't mean you should overdo it with "This is table 42. Where is 43?" One person breaking in line doesn't matter much, but it could become an "everybody does it" type of thing.

No one is qualified to preach. We are all guilty somewhere along the line, but perhaps Meredith needs a theme song—"Little Things Mean A Lot."

N. M.

Lou's Remarks

By LOUISE WHITE

Since time began, students have "burned the midnight oil." Taken at face value, feverish academic activity at late hours would seem to denote feverish desire for knowledge. To the casual observer, the twentieth century college student poring over his books at three a.m. might well be the modern counterpart of the medieval scholar who isolated himself from the bustle of the world and devoted his life to the pursuit of knowledge and the contemplation of Heaven.

Such a picture of modern college students is ludicrous. True, it is the image that we like to conjure in the minds of other people. We become so adept at perpetrating the "midnight oil" legend that more glib parents are heard to say, "Poor little Susie is working so hard that she never has time to eat, sleep, or write home." We stay up so late that we stagger to morning classes and collapse in our desks where we fight sleep for an hour, no matter how exciting the lecture. Even so, we do no extra work; rather, we barely skim by. For such a situation, there must be some explanation. Some people claim that their brains are keenest from midnight until dawn. They should take care to have all afternoon classes. But, the main reason we must stay up all night in order to be half prepared, is lack of will power. As long as there is a single excuse to talk, make phone calls, eat, or go to town, we do such things. It is only when we are confined to our rooms by school rules that we begin to study. So, we study late, not because we are so enthralled and eager but because we did not begin until there was nothing else to do. The just punishment comes when we sleep through the class for which we stayed up all night feverishly preparing.

CURTAIN CALL

By SUSAN MOSS

The cast of "The Silver Cord" takes the stage next week at 8:00 in spite of. In spite of what, you say? Be your own judge: last fall in the midst of that Asian flu epidemic, plans had to be cancelled for the production of "The Silver Cord"; members of the cast were taken ill. The Playhouse decided to try the Sidney Howard play once more for the spring production. Tryouts were held and a new cast chosen; rehearsals began and everything was running smoothly. Then came the news: a member of the cast had the measles. For a while it seemed as though the misfortunes of last fall would repeat themselves. Fortunately, however, the measles were the three-day variety and full rehearsals were soon under way again.

So the curtain will go up on "The Silver Cord" in spite of.

The current Raleigh Little Theatre production "All My Sons" by Arthur Miller will be presented next week, so don't miss it.

The impressive "All My Sons" received the Drama Critics' Award for the best new American play of the season when it opened several years ago on Broadway. Many have said that Mr. Miller was preparing himself for the successful "Death of a Salesman" when he wrote "All My Sons." But all will agree that few dramas in contemporary American theater have packed as much power and have had as much to say as "All My Sons."

This play calls for a refreshing change in settings as it pictures a rather realistic backyard scene. The action occurs just after World War II and offers some excellent scenes for actors and audiences alike.

FROM THE Contemporary Scene

By MARGARET PARIS

The appearance of George Eliot's *Adam Bede* in 1859 marked a change in the focus of writers; this change of focus was from action to motive, from the outer experiences of characters to the inner experiences. Much later — in the twentieth century — James Joyce carried this focus even further than the many writers which fall between him and George Eliot; Joyce introduced the "stream of consciousness." This method of writing has been described as the description of the private world of the artist through the characters about whom he writes, a world "the public world enters very much as a lizard might creep into a cave." Although Joyce observed characters and events outside himself and translated them into characters and events in his private world with a degree of objectivity or detachment, his works become not descriptions or narrations but the very lives of those about whom he writes; his books are more the innermost thoughts of the characters than an unfolding of their experiences.

The jump from England's George Eliot and Ireland's James Joyce to southern America's William Faulkner is a large one; however it is interesting, and certainly not impossible, to see how Faulkner fits in this tradition begun by Eliot and added to by Joyce, particularly as Faulkner is one of our regional writers of notable fame. Yet Faulkner is more than a regional novelist, it has been said "he is the observer and critic of a doomed but tenacious civilization; his imaginary world is all of the South cherishing the relics of a lost age of glory." Faulkner writes of the South; however, his characters, drawn from certain southern environs, become universal personalities through the penetrating insight of this author. The significance of his writing is evidenced by the fact Faulkner has been awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature.

New Orleans Sketches by Faulkner has just been published. These are not new sketches; in fact they are among the first published works of this author. They were first published in either *The Times-Picayune* or in *The Double-Dealer*, a famous New Orleans literary magazine of the Twenties. These sketches are not to be read for the same reason one reads Faulkner's later and better works; for these sketches represent the efforts of a beginner, and sometimes these efforts almost fail. These sketches can be read for the same reason the earliest plays of Shakespeare are read: to see the development of a writer in theme as well as style. Faulkner used certain themes and devices in these sketches that were later to become central in his work. Mr. Alfred Kazin, author and literary critic, has

Musical Notes

By JOYCE SKILLMAN

The coming of spring always brings an increase in the number of recitals on our campus. Among the highlights of our music are recitals presented by members of our music faculty. The first of these was a piano recital by Mr. Pratt, head of our piano department, on March 12. I am sure all of you who attended this will agree that it was a fine program, and will be looking forward to the next faculty recital. Another excellent performance which recently occurred on our campus was the last concert of the Chamber Music series. The date of this recital was March 7, and the performers were members of the Koeckert Quartet from Munich. This quartet, touring America for the first time, presented a very fine program of Haydn, Hindsmith and Beethoven.

This evening, March 14, an organ recital will be presented by Margaret Slate in the small auditorium at 8:00 p.m. Margaret is a senior organ major and will present an excellent graduation recital, I am sure. I hope many of you will be able to attend.

Congratulations new S.A.I. pledges. On Monday night March 10, Gail Newton, Kay White and Rebecca Scott became officially pledged to the fraternity. These girls are all piano majors.

The Triple Trio has been doing more traveling recently. On March 3, the group presented a program in Wilson for the Rotary Club of the city. A trip to Tarboro for another Rotary Club meeting is in their plans for the near future. They appear frequently right here in Raleigh, also, at such things as the S.A.I. Fashion Show and a Lions Club meeting. Because of the many engagements for the spring, the group has added three new members. With the addition of these girls, Betsy Lane, Lee Pass and Angeline Norris, the name of the group has been changed to the Meredith Ensemble. They will appear under this name for the rest of the year.

said this about *New Orleans Sketches*:

"Many of the principal figures in Faulkner's work are the marginal, wretched and even outcast types of Southern society. The great writer's combination of strength and compassion that one sees in his portraits of Benjy in *The Sound and the Fury* and Joe Christmas in *Light in August* is suggested here in the tenderness of a bootlegger toward an idiot brother who was calm only when he held a narcissus in his hand, in a French veteran adrift on the streets of New Orleans, in a young tramp of supernatural gentleness, in a desperate Negro steve-

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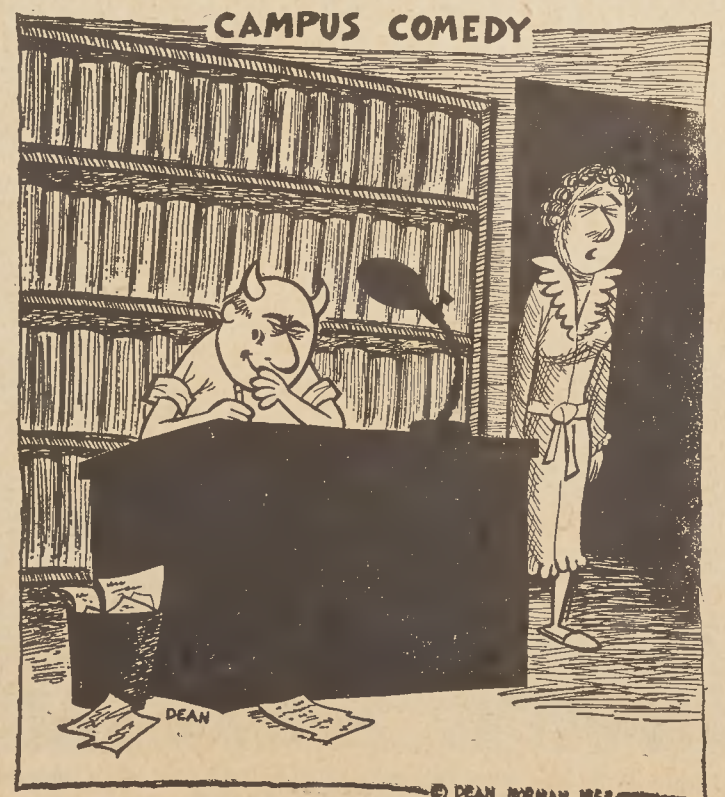
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Are you going to stay up all night making up those test questions?