

# IT IS OUR RESPONSIBILITY

On our campus, there seem to be two distinctly different ways of expressing discontent with existing conditions. There are those girls who recognize a problem but first analyze their own part in creating it before offering thoughtful criticism and diligent effort to rectify the situation. Then there are those girls who acknowledge that a problem exists but disclaim all responsibility either in creating or solving it. Yet they make others miserable with their incessant caustic comments on the College world. Unfortunately, more of us are in the latter group than are in the former. Our recent dining-hall disturbance concerning the iced-tea glasses is a trivial but illuminating example. All we did was make a great clatter to express our annoyance at having to drink hot coffee on a hot night. Nobody bothered to attempt to find and return the many glasses that have been removed from the dining hall, nor did we consider expressing our opinion in a lady-like, adult manner. Such an attitude is detrimental to the school, because it affects all areas of college life where any problems exist. We can never do much about changing the fraternity rules, class cut system, or Sunday school attendance requirements until each member of the student body forces herself to assume a personal responsibility in removing the necessity for restraint.

## Why Have Tradition?

This week end there will occur an event which is traditional at Meredith—the celebration of May Day, with its several facets—the serenading of the May Queen before breakfast by the Sophomore class, the early “sit-down” breakfast, the Horse Show, and the crowning of the Queen. Within the last month, there have been other events which are likewise a part of Meredith, an integral and important part of our life here; and these events such as Play Day, the Junior-Senior, and the Big Sister-Little Sister Breakfast are also labeled “traditional.”

We are heard often complaining because we must use our time in preparing for the events and in attending them. These complaints are usually made before the celebration, for afterwards we admit that the time and effort were worthwhile. I believe we have admitted this worth to ourselves by the over-whelming Student Body support of this year's May Day.

We have moved forward in our realization that a tradition is not our tie to the past, but our tie with the past, for the purpose and hopes of those before us are becoming ours also.

## Salutation

The 1958-59 staff appreciate the financial, grammatical, and journalistic success wished to them by the staff of 1957-58. We wish for ourselves another success—success in measuring up to the high standard set for us. May these first journalistic efforts appear more substantial than is the confidence of those responsible for them.



MEMBER

Associated Collegiate Press

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor.....Louise White  
 Associate Editor.....Annabel Ray  
 Assistant Editor.....Bobbie Conley  
 Managing Editor.....Ann Finley  
 Music Editor.....Margaret Hurst  
 Drama Editor.....Sue Matzner  
 Feature Editor.....Mary Ann Brown  
 Sports Editor.....?????  
 Photographer.....Ann Caldwell  
 Columnists.....Margaret Paris, Cynthia Denny, Nancy Whedbee  
 Reporters—Shirley Lee, Linda Jenkins, Jane Johnson, Peggy Ratly, Susan Lewis, Rebecca Scott, Anne Britt, Carole Deaton, Judy Scaggs, Frances Caudle  
 Faculty Sponsor.....Dr. Norma Rose

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager.....Erlinda Hilton  
 Advertising Manager.....Joyce Ann Foster  
 Circulation Manager.....Linda Jenkins  
 Mailing Editor.....Diane Stokes  
 Chief Typist.....Harriett Hill  
 Advertising Staff—Rose Daniels, Betty Stanford, Carolyn Johnson, Shirla Griffin, Betsy Moore, Liz Millikin, Edie Bowen, Babs Howard, Carolyn Jones  
 Typists.....Susan Sanderlin, Peggy Jernigan, Phyllis Williams, Elsa Cooler  
 Faculty Sponsor.....Miss Lois Frazier

Entered as second-class matter October 11, 1923, at post office at Raleigh, N. C. under Act of March 8, 1879. Published semi-monthly during the months of October, April, and May; monthly during the months of November, December, January, February, and March.

THE TWIG is the college newspaper of Meredith College, Raleigh, North Carolina, and as such is one of the three major publications of the institution—the other two being *The Acorn*, the literary magazine, and *The Oak Leaves*, the college annual.

Meredith College is an accredited senior liberal arts college for women located in the capital city of North Carolina. It confers the Bachelor of Arts and the Bachelor of Music degrees. The college offers majors in twenty-one fields including music, art, business and home economics.

Since 1921 the institution has been a member of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. The college holds membership in the Association of American Colleges and the North Carolina College Conference. Graduates of Meredith College are eligible for membership in the American Association of University Women. The institution is a liberal arts member of the National Association of Schools of Music.

Subscription Rates: \$2.95 per year

THE TWIG is served by National Advertising Service, Inc., 420 Madison Ave., New York 17, New York.

# From the ARTS

By MARGARET PARIS

It has come to this writer's attention that a certain type of book is being neglected, necessarily or unnecessarily, in the classrooms as well as in the personal reading of students. This is the book concerned specifically with an art-drama, architecture, painting, sculpture, writing, the dance, music, etc. It is the general survey books that are necessarily used in the classroom, but to the exclusion of much useful information and valuable writing. Therefore, this column proposes to survey some of the books of the past as well as of the present, dealing with a particular art or with the arts in general, for, as a whole, the aesthetic appreciation of Meredith students has not been fully developed.

Architecture seems a perplexing subject when approached by the laymen; this is understandable as the architect must complete from four to seven years of college training, then two or more years of apprenticeship before he becomes registered and recognized as an architect. However, these facts should not discourage the layman from learning to appreciate good architecture, for architecture is as much an art as music or painting.

The pioneer in modern American architecture is Louis Sullivan. The life of this man, from 1856 until 1924, his many ideas, one of which is form following function, produce what is considered to be one of the most significant contributions to twentieth century architecture. Louis Sullivan has not only left the memorable structures, such as the Wainwright Building in St. Louis and the Prudential Building in Buffalo, New York, for which he is famous but also some valuable writings. Louis Sullivan was able to express his ideas and concepts in words as well as structures. Two books by Mr. Sullivan have come to this writer's attention. *The Autobiography of an Idea* is Sullivan's

own account of his early years. It was during these years that the formulation of his theory of modern architecture occurred. This writing can be compared to Sullivan's architecture: simple, clearly defined, all ornament contained and controlled. Sullivan is neither overly modest nor overly praiseworthy about himself. His life was more of ideas than of facts; his writing is of the same nature: the facts of his life are skillfully blended into the stream of his ideas.

*Kindergarten Chats and Other Writings* is a series of essays. The "plot" of these essays is based (fictitiously) on discussions between Sullivan and a graduate of one of the architectural schools of the day. The interest is centered in the unfolding in the pupil of those natural, spontaneous powers which have been submerged and ignored during his academic training. As the ideas are simple and elementary, the title *Kindergarten Chats* is appropriate. Sullivan has approached architecture in the true spirit of democracy: that of freedom and creativity. These essays, therefore, become an appeal to the broad intelligence of the layman seeking to understand architecture as a plastic art and to gain a clear view of its social basis as an art of expression. Included in *Kindergarten Chats*, besides essays on particular architecture structures, are the essays: "On Poetry," "The Art of Expression," "The Creative Impulse"; in several of the essays Sullivan's own poetry appears; in this poetry one finds echoes of the same spirit that is in Whitman's or Sandburg's poetry. This book is written in a literary manner; it is free of technicalities, concentrating rather on basic ideas and ideals. Both of these books are valuable, not only because they were written by a great man about himself, but also because of the artistic merit of his writing as well as his concepts.

# The Music Box

By MARGARET HURST

As your music reporter for next year, let me say that I am happy to be working on the TWIG staff and hope that I can keep you somewhere near as well-informed of the happenings of the music department as Joyce has done this year.

To backtrack: The senior piano majors and Mr. Pratt can all be proud of the fine recitals that were given in the past two weeks.

And speaking of recitals, there are more to come. Clara Hudson is giving her voice recital tonight in Jones Auditorium. May 13, Becky Murray, contralto, and Mary Frances Powell, pianist, both public school music majors, are presenting their graduation recitals. Both of these are going to be very good so I hope you are planning to attend.

Although most concerts given here are by soloists, we can consider ourselves fortunate that Raleigh attracts many group concerts. One of these groups is the North Carolina Symphony Orchestra which will appear in concert Wednesday night, May 7, at 8:30 in the Josephus Daniels Junior High School Auditorium. The program will include the following: Carnival Overture by Dvorak, Schumann's Symphony No. 4, the Mozart Piano Concerto (K 271) featuring Sahlmann as the soloist, and Firebird by Stravinski. Especially since this group is composed of North Carolina citizens, we should support it.

## BACKSTAGE...

By SUE MATZNER

It seems a little early to think about next year but if anyone in the student body has any suggestions for a play for next November the Playhouse would appreciate them. The plays are given for the student body so, naturally, the Playhouse would like to please YOU.

All the members of the Playhouse should be very interested about the when and where of the next meeting. It is to be a hot dog roast at the Chimney. The new officers will be in charge of the preparations which include not only food but entertainment as well. Watch the bulletin board.

The idea of giving a play in chapel like the one last Wednesday is something we hope to see repeated in future years.

You sunbathing loafers with plenty of time will probably be interested in finding something to do with these sunless nights. The Raleigh Little Theater is giving *The Matchmaker* by Thornton Wilder May 6 through 11. See you there.

# DENNY'S DOODLES

By CYNTHIA DENNY

Spring is filled with the loveliest sounds — tinkling ones as crystal droplets fall through soft, sun-filled air to sparkling dissolution in a stone basin; murmuring, hazy ones as two good friends, Leaf and Wind, greet each other after long separation; sad, haunting ones as birds call through gathering dusk. But, fellow inhabitants and followers of Spring, you do not need to be told of these — for you hear them readily. It is necessary, rather, that you be warned of the increasing, yet inaudible tramping of many marching feet. Beware! THEY have returned — the terrible THEY who greedily welcomed you in the days past and held brief, possessive reign.

So quietly did THEY make their return this week that when the leader suddenly shouted, "Company, halt!" I jumped. How efficiently his troops surrounded the chocolate bar, lifted it and carried it to the dark recesses of the closet. (I suppose the impertinent creatures devoured it — I did not rise to follow, but at recalling their earlier capers.)

From the storehouse of freshman memories, their enraptured faces rose as THEY sat inside the cake tin among the ravaged remains of a once-glorious chiffon. In the spring honest pride in accomplishment reigned supreme among them as THEY sat upon our rearranged furniture. A great feat indeed, for ones so small. And so the account could go on and on.

But to be practical, what to do about ridding the warm months of them? Flaming gasoline across their usual paths? No, some might object. Spraying of DDT? "Flit"? Too untidy. (Better minds than mine no doubt have been exhausted in search for solution.)

In the end, the realist detecting the tramping must modify his ode to run thus: Hail, brightest Spring, brighter of golden days with whispering breezes, budding leaves, happy birds — and ANTS.



I guess I'll come back. I didn't get engaged this year.