

# THOUGHTS ON COMMENCEMENT

Commencement week end is upon us again, if we can see it through the cloud of final exams, unfinished papers, and schedule problems for next year. Every year the graduation week end, filled with speeches, receptions, white dresses, diamond rings, joy and sadness, makes each of us stop short and survey our school experience. For the senior, it is a time to reminisce, to be happy for the good things and to put to profitable use the many mistakes made. It is her last opportunity to view the world from the shelter of a college campus. For the junior, it is a time of "fear and trembling." The fact that three-quarters of college life is over stares one in the face with a stern glance of reproof for wasted hours and complete lack of direction. It is a time for a junior's one last resolution to give her love and energy to the school and drain every intellectual resource open to her. For the sophomore, commencement is the beginning of her upper-classman years, the years when she is no longer "just a student" but the years when she will help in the direction of student affairs. With the seniors' leaving, her class moves up one step in the shouldering of responsibility. For the freshman, graduation still seems an improbable possibility. Yet, it is an event which ties her closer to the college, for she has been here a year and is, like the sophomore, taking a step up the ladder of responsibility.

So it comes each year—a moment to take stock of our use of time, a moment to realize that life moves ever forward whether we choose for it to do so or not.

## Our Wish for the Seniors

Others will tell you of your great responsibility to the human race. Others will wish you success in career, graduate work, and marriage. All that is left for us to say is that we will miss you more than we like to think about, and that we wish you happiness in every endeavor.

## BEST WISHES

THE TWIG staff expresses its wishes for a good summer to the faculty, staff, and administration. To those of you who are not returning next year, we say that we will miss you and hope that your new endeavor will be successful and pleasant.

## TO RETURNING STUDENTS

To the returning students we wish the best summer ever. May you realize all your plans for the season, be they plans for money-making or sun-bathing. May you return in September, all aglow with enthusiasm for study and possessed with a sharp eye for TWIG news.



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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.

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# A DIGRESSION FROM THE ARTS

By MARGARET PARIS

I had intended to discuss E. E. Cummings (in his older age, Mr. Cummings had consented to let his name be spelt with capital letters); his new book *Ninety-five Poems*, which will be published this fall; and the delightful evening I spent several weeks ago at Duke University, listening to Mr. Cummings read some of his earlier poetry and some of the pieces to appear in his new book; however, it is the privilege of a columnist to discuss whatever he pleases. For this reason, I shall not pursue the discussion of Mr. Cummings' excellent poetry, except to urge attention to the publication of *Ninety-five Poems* next November. My digression is more editorial than literary in tone and content. I am deliberately stepping on no one's toes; if any reader feels that I am, then I will be satisfied that she read the column as it applies to her. The reading by Mr. Cummings first caused this feeling to arise; a little reflection emphasized my feeling: namely, that many "cultural" events in Raleigh and surrounding areas, even on our campus are neglected by Meredith students. A wave of protest greets this statement, but this protest consists mainly of guilty excuses by those who feel that 15 or 16 hours per semester plus the required outside class work is enough for anyone. To be a bit facetious only to make the point, I have observed that the numbers of Meredith sun-bathers is far more than the number present, for example, at the English Department's last free movie (on London and the life of John Milton), or at the Art Department's showing of *The Art of Renoir and Picasso* earlier this semester. This is not even to mention the concerts on our own campus (music majors are necessarily excluded from this point of criticism) and those at St. Mary's and the N. C. Art Museum—Sunday afternoon, girls, right off the main bus line! Not everyone can afford Chamber Music tickets or Little Theatre memberships; however, a gap in our college education arises when we by-pass events on our own campus or in Raleigh. These movies and concerts—oh, yes, the art exhibits at the Museum, of being in the city of Raleigh and the N. C. State College Union, too—are a part of the wonderful opportunities of going to a school such as Meredith, where the faculty, at least, realizes that an education must not be confined to the classroom.

It is unfortunate that Meredith cannot get leading figures, such as Mr. Cummings, to speak, but I wonder what the attendance would be if the lecture were not required. The auditorium on the Woman's Campus of Duke University was almost full when Mr. Cummings spoke there; it was not a required function. . . . This is perhaps a disadvantage of a small school; however, this does not excuse poor attendance at what is sponsored here on our campus.

(Humor: I shall be at the door next time to take the roll!)

# THE EYEBALL

By WHEDBEE

"It's much too hot for reason and far too warm for rhyme"  
 ASHBY-SERRY

Recently a class was discussing controversial topics of moral and ethical nature. When the professor asked for suggestions one Helen White replied, "How about cursing, I think that would be fun . . . I mean interesting . . . I mean. . ."

In this time of Sputniks and Vanguard's racing overhead and in the age of the frantic rush to the moon, it was somewhat refreshing to hear the opinion of the eminent astronomist at the Kappa Nu Sigma lecture as he spoke of the green-cheese race, "The only advantage, I see, of man's landing on the moon is to reduce by one the number of crackpots on earth."

"There was an old man of Tarentum  
 Who gnashed his false teeth till he bent 'em.  
 When asked for the cost  
 Of what he had lost,  
 He replied, 'I don't know, I just rent 'em.'  
 HINDLEY.

In chapel, the student leader requested that the student body rise while singing the morning hymn. An old and weary senior, faced with the inconvenience of standing, mumbled, "Morning or 'Mourning' Hymn?"

"Lord God of Hosts be with us yet; lest we forget, lest we forget." Some student confused this prayer when he scribbled at the bottom of his test paper, "Lord God of Hosts was with us not; For we forgot! For we forgot!"

In this last issue we bid farewell to all and especially to those who don the cap and gown. "I'm sure no human heart goes wrong that's told "Good-by — God Bless You."  
 EUGENE FIELD.

# The Music Box

By MARGARET HURST

Spring was filled with graduation recitals! Pat Long closed the students' series with her most successful organ recital Saturday night. Another organ recital was presented Monday night through the combined efforts of Miss Swanson and Miss Haeseler. I dare say, that the members of the first-year theory class were the most enthusiastic students in the audience.

Three new members were initiated into Sigma Alpha Iota Monday afternoon, May 12. Congratulations go to Kay White, Rebecca Scott, and Gail Newton for this achievement.

The Light Touch: The big question in the Theory 2 class was "Will we ever get that free cut?" Now we know. . . . Why hasn't someone been busy trying to interest Dr. Cooper's young, handsome, and unmarried son. . . . The Music Department will miss Mr. Turn next year. Our good wishes go with him. . . . The pianos have been tuned — at last! . . . Will Betty Jean ever imitate Miss Swanson in front of her? Miss Swanson would enjoy it.

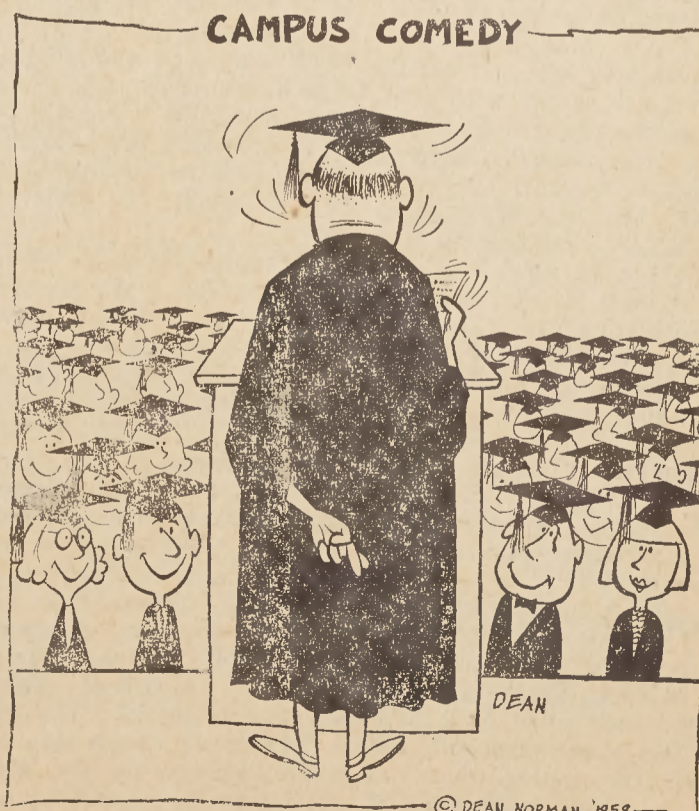
As the lid of the music box is shut for the summer months, those of us who are returning will remember with pleasure the superb performances of the talented seniors. We will be inspired as we think of Kay, Peggy, Clara, Pat and all the rest, and will wish them success in their future endeavors.

Pat had gone downtown to take advantage of Raleigh sales, and I was in the Beehive eating, since I had no breakfast and one more class to go, in which it is most necessary that I look bright-eyed! . . .

The Playhouse is looking forward to a big year and hopes the graduating seniors will attend its productions. It is especially sorry to part with some of its own members who have been so faithful and contributed so much to drama on our campus. Best wishes to you all!

## WHAT, NO DOODLES?

The author of "Denny's Doodles" was not carried off by the greedy ants of her last column, but her enthusiasm for writing newspaper columns was crushed by a landslide of term-papers quizzes, and projects. So, if anyone sees the erring author lurking behind a pile of note cards, tell her that the other members of THE TWIG staff, while they sympathize, deplore the loss of a good column even for one issue. Tell her that *F's* may come and go, but THE TWIG goes on forever.



... and I am confident that the future of the world will be in capable hands.