

EDITORIAL

Is "Thank You" a Part of Our Vocabulary?

When the college year approaches its close, all of us begin to reflect upon the joys that have been ours throughout its busy days and weeks. How fortunate that in reminiscence all traces of our disappointments and pains are erased. We feel grateful for innumerable things as we think about a school year that has passed. But, unfortunately, our thought all too often ceases at this point. Surely the feeling of gratitude welling up in the human heart is an experience to be desired. But those who were instrumental in our happiness may never know of our appreciation unless we give expression to what is in our hearts. Perhaps you are thinking at this point that sentimentality and fawning are advocated. In trying to express our feelings we all too often overlook the best means, seeking instead, elaborate ways. Is satin always more desirable than gingham? Is any expression of gratitude more meaningful and yet simpler than a sincere "Thank you"? College friends have been a source of joy to us. They have encouraged and inspired us, and, at the same time, have made us see the lighter side of life. They have performed services far beyond the call of duty. We are grateful for them and for what they have done, but they may never know unless we say, "Thank you." College teachers have given us new insights. They have opened doors to unknown worlds, broadened our interests and abilities. They have given us a vision of those fields "white already to harvest," inspiring us to be diligent laborers, laborers worthy of their hire. We are grateful for their leadership, their influence, and their inspiration. Can they know this if we do not say, "Thank you."? We have parents at home who have made this year at college possible. We realize that often they have given us advantages at considerable sacrifice to themselves. They have believed in us and encouraged us, secure in their bright dreams of our success. Our hearts are flooded with gratitude for this sacrificing, this faith and trust, and this ambition. Will our parents know about our gratitude unless we say, "Thank you."? Surely we do not think, as has often been laid to our charge, that all these joys that have been ours during this now rapidly waning college year have been only what we deserved, what the world owed us. We must realize that if we should receive only that which is due us we should be "of all men most miserable." We are grateful. Let us not be content to be grateful in silence. Let us make "Thank you" a vital part of our everyday vocabulary. Our joys will be the fuller for so doing.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Perhaps you haven't been conscious of what has been happening, or maybe you have, but for one reason or another, have failed to do anything about it. It concerns dating. I would like to strike out against the excessive kissing and petting that takes place on first dates. This kind of date tends to follow closely the cheap literature, smack of the Hollywood romances, and seem really to be that "love at first sight" sort of thing that you have always dreamed of. Everyone does it whether they like the partner or not. And why not?

After much consideration, I for one am ready to try to put an end to so much excessive kissing and body contacts for these reasons: In the first place, I feel that such dating procedures are not becoming to Christian young people. Secondly, if this reason does not affect you, I feel that you should have some concern about your conduct and responsibility as a Meredith student. As a citizen of this college community each of us has a duty in seeing that Meredith's reputation remains as high as possible. Thirdly, we should consider what effect such practices have on society. I am willing to take a stand against these conditions. Are you?

Children of Faculty Body Enliven Faculty-Student Play Day

Everybody at some time or other longs to be a child again — just for a day. On Playday April 23, this wish was granted, with no strings attached, to everyone in the Meredith family. There were card games, ball games, swimming and horseback riding to verify the invitation to Playday. But even more than that, the campus was enlivened by the faculty children setting the mood for a real Playday with their marbles, hopscotch, and relay races. Any student could challenge the youngsters. But if she found herself getting beat by these invincible veterans of the Game, she could always find entertainment by talking to and watching them.

There were Stephen and Jeffrey Blanchard, for instance, — serious opponents of Frances Carr and Nelia Edwards at marbles. Nearby, their father, Edwin Blanchard, voice instructor, was engaged in hopscotch with his pupils, while his wife and seven college girls watched Baby Carolyn in her carriage.

Jeffrey, six, and Stephen, seven, like having a baby sister "all right," they guess — and they're sure they like Playday at Meredith 'cause "Daddy only plays with us on Saturdays." Both serious-faced youngsters felt dutybound to scrutinize each marble carefully as their audience grew, stopping only now and then to grin encouragingly under blue and brown caps at Frances and Nelia.

Chip Reynolds, nine-year-old son of Douglas Reynolds, head of Meredith's Art Department, was another Playday enthusiast. The blue-jeaned, tee-shirted boy was a familiar figure around the card tables set outside Vann. "Sure I like Playday," he said. "Wouldn't pass this day up for anything — 'cause I like to play cards." Then he added hopefully, "Wanta play Old Maid with me?"

Out on the playing field at four o'clock, Danny da Parma, eleven-year-old son of Mrs. Evelyn da Parma, dramatics coach and English teacher, was deciding that he liked Playday "pretty good." A softball player himself, he was watching every hit, pitch, and catch with a critical eye. He refused, however, to tell which side he was pulling for. "Can't do that," he said firmly. "Either Dede'll get me or Mother'll get me." Then, as Mr. Wendt made his record hit into the archery field, he yelled, unthinkingly, "Gosh, I'm 'fraid the faculty's got it now!"

Also watching the game was Mrs.

Harry Dorsett, who had brought Harry, Jr., eleven months old, and Jennie, two, out to watch their father, an instructor in Education, play ball. The children failed to catch their mother's enthusiasm, however, and momentarily stole the show from Daddy.

Perhaps nobody enjoyed Playday as much as the Roger Crooks who had taken the spring holiday as a family outing. It was just a year ago that Dr. Crook, religion professor, left Playday to take his wife to the hospital. On April 23, 1953, Jonathan Crook was celebrating his first birthday at the Meredith picnic. So happy was he when the student body sang "Happy Birthday" to him, he started crawling over to the assembled students in appreciation.

However, Jonathan's two-year-old brother, Joe, stole the show. A colorful figure in his red pin-striped suit, he did not let college antics spoil his appetite. He remained placidly eating his supper in true picnic fashion — one whole slice of meat in one mouthful followed by one whole doughnut in two mouthfuls. His bliss was interrupted when he viewed Daddy for the first time in his potato sack preparing to take off in the sack race. None of his persuasive whinings could keep his father from leaving him.

Throughout the entire picnic, David Crook, three and one-half years old, showed little concern for his younger brothers. Instead he joined the McAllister twins, Carol Peacock, Milton McLain, and the Vaughn Collins and Yarbrough children in watching the picnic rendition of the "Bunny Hop," led by Lillian Leary, with "Senorita" Neblett pulling up the rear.

Little Bonny Huckabee, dressed in pink, was one of the brightest attractions at the picnic. Hoisting her up high, Mrs. Huckabee, instructor of Spanish, was making sure that Bonny didn't miss a trick, as she explained excitedly, "See 'em putting potato bags on their legs? They're gonna run that way, Bonny!"

Any child would anticipate an afternoon of playing climaxed by a picnic supper. There was plenty to occupy them all on Playday — everything from chasing the assortment of campus dogs to reviewing Meredith students on their old childhood pastimes. But perhaps their greatest thrill came from finding 600 unexpected playmates eager to share their fun.

Mish's Messin'

By MARGARET ANN ENGLISH

Ho-hum! Am I tired! Well, now that Playday is over, I will spend the next week recuperating, as will many other Meredith girls. From the way the faculty won contests, though, it looks as if they will declare another "playtime" any day now. I have decided to take croquet lessons (if there are such things) or do something to improve my game, because I intend to beat Dr. Rose next year.

I hope everybody mustered up enough school spirit (around here it is sometimes hard to find) to cheerfully give some money to help pay for Patsy Bland's trip to Texas. When such a fine girl as Patsy thinks enough of us and her school to take the time to attend a Student Government Conference that will prove invaluable to her next year, then we should give her our whole-hearted support.

Notice to all upperclassmen! The following item is taken from the "Freshman Section" of Mish's Own Etiquette Book: "In the spring of the year it would be considered very bad taste to mention the subject of term paper to a freshman. The aforesaid subject is likely to cause the freshman to become very excited and turn a most striking shade of purple."

Since Vocational Emphasis Week, I have had trouble deciding whether to become the owner of a radio station, the chief German interpreter at the U. N., the world's worst pianist, or a librarian in the Library of Congress. Seriously, though, I have heard many people say how much they got out of Vocational Emphasis Week. The talks by people of various vocations can certainly present new job possibilities, especially to those girls who haven't definitely decided what they want to do.

Don't be disturbed by those people you see wandering around the campus with such worried expressions on their faces. They're not failing everything; they just can't decide who to invite to the Junior-Senior.

You're probably wondering why I haven't mentioned something about the wonderful girl who wrote this column last year. Well, since she didn't want me to say any fancy, flowery things about her, and I can't think of any bad things, I just won't say anything.

Doesn't the campus look lovely these days? At night when everything has settled down, the fountain sounds so peaceful. Remember the cherry blossoms? Even though they are all gone now, it is hard to forget their beauty. Here is part of a little poem by Alfred E. Housman about them:

"Loveliest of trees, the cherry now Is hung with bloom along the bough, And stands about the woodland ride Wearing white Easteride."

MUSIC RECITALS PLANNED (Continued from page one) spring, is planning her recital for May 18. Jane will continue teaching as she has done this year.

Carolyn Brady of Raleigh, gave her voice recital on April 18. She expects to teach next year.

On April 27, four public school music majors gave a group recital. The four girls plan to teach after graduation. They are Sarah Smith Watson of Whitakers, Dorothy Brigman of Rowland, Estelle Waller of Mount Olive, and Peggy Earp McManis of Richmond, Virginia.

All recitals are held in the Meredith College Auditorium at 8:00 p.m.



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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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