

To a New Staff

It is the time of year for us "old-timers" to step down and turn the TWIG over to new blood. At such a time there are many things that can be said. I could be very sentimental, and certainly I am, at leaving behind something that has meant so much to me this year. I could hand out advice to the incoming staff, or I could use this last chance to present my pet peeves. The important thing now, however, is not my feelings or advice, but the TWIG itself. The TWIG is not a creation for editors and staffs to enjoy; it was created for all the students and faculty at Meredith. Consequently, let's push the sentiment aside and see what is ahead.

Individually, contributors to the TWIG will be forgotten, but what they contribute—ideas, plans, hard work—will be left for the next group of workers to build on.

Any college newspaper should present a challenge to its staff and an opportunity to all students. To my staff, may I say "thanks" for accepting this challenge; and to Mish and the new TWIG staff, here is your opportunity and your challenge to carry the TWIG forward.

Spring Slump

As you have probably already discovered, April is a particularly dangerous month for that condition known as the "spring slump." As the weather gets warmer, all sorts of outside activities suggest themselves, and the inevitable happens. We stack our books in the corner more and more frequently and confidently declare that May is ages away and that catching up will be no problem. In the meantime, our grades take a downhill plunge and our professors begin to look at us reproachfully. As a further complication, those weekends which we have carefully earmarked for concentrated studying are suddenly filled with interesting other possibilities, and a struggle begins between duty and pleasure. If, as it often the case, the latter wins, we wake up on Monday morning feeling slightly desperate and solemnly resolve to do better in the future. The future, it seems, is May. The rest of the story is old and familiar. There is always the last minute rush, the resulting wear and tear on nerves, and more solemn resolutions. The moral, of course, is to keep up with your work and to keep your sanity.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor:

They're at the posts! Some one hundred rooters wait breathless for the outcome . . . the gates are opened—off they go! They pour out in frantic mobs to what? No, this isn't the Storming of the Bastille or even the Kentucky Derby; this is the dining hall of a certain college for young ladies in eastern North Carolina, on any Wednesday night or Sunday noon.

Really, it's no joke. Here we are, grown women, ranging in age from seventeen to twenty-two, and we can't even act like civilized human beings, for fear we won't get a chance at some of that lovely starch we're always griping about. And we don't stop at galloping and gobbing; we just can't seem to stand calmly waiting for everyone to come in so we can offer an astoundingly short thanks to God for the blessings of the day—no, we just must get those plates around and our coffee cups filled, so we won't have to wait long to start throwing the bowls of meat and potatoes at each other.

Maybe I've exaggerated some—but not much. The point is this: something has to be done about our conduct in the dining hall before we can ever expect to be treated like the intelligent young women we so violently insist that we are, rather than the half-starved animals we have shown ourselves to be. Let's prove what we can be, shall we?

Interested Observer

EDITOR'S NOTE: I have heard many comments about our dining hall behavior, and I am publishing this letter because we need to hear what it says. However, we prefer for you to sign your letters and hope that you will do so from now on.



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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.

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Breakfast Beauties

(From ACP Parade of Opinion)

Men, if you've ever wondered how your future wife will look early in the morning, you should get a job as a waiter at one of the women's dormitories.

First there is the type of woman who gets partly dressed for breakfast. She appears with a scarf tied around her pin-curled hair, wears slippers that she donned as soon as she jumped from bed, wears no lipstick or makeup whatsoever. . . .

Boyish-cut hair styles are a definite advantage for dormitory women. You see, no combing is necessary before you go to breakfast.

However, many of those with flowing locks don't bother to conceal their bobbypin artistry in the morning. They meander into the dining room with hairdoes that look like barbed wire swinging in the breeze.

Enough of hair fashions. Let's consider make-up now. Whoever invented lipstick should be given an honorary Nobel prize. Without this soft rouge, all women would look like newly discovered Egyptian mummies. I don't mean to discredit mascara, powder and rouge.

Makeup should be applied carefully and meticulously to look natural. Perhaps women wait until they become more wide awake to tackle this morning chore.

Then there is the actual dress. One woman appears daily in a West Liberty sweatshirt, navy blue skirt, and slippers. Another has a habit of slipping on a skirt over her pajamas. Footwear consists of slippers or just plain socks with no shoes.

The only wideawake people in the dining room are the waiters, so if you want to get a first hand look at a situation to be encountered in your future life, get a job as one in one of the women's dormitories.

FACULTY

(Continued from page one)

and Miss Grimmer will have croquet well under control. Dr. Mary Yarbrough and Mrs. Collins will be taking on any bridge champs . . . and so down the list of faculty names. At the volleyball and softball games the students will meet stiff competition.

It is also predicted that we will have 100 per cent participation by Meredith students! How else can we beat this faculty group that is constantly the WINNER in our Playdays!

Students Take Part in B.S.U. Conference

The First Baptist Church of Lexington, North Carolina, will be the host church for the annual BSU Spring Officers' Planning Conference, April 22-24. The program begins at 7:00 p.m. on Friday evening with the theme "Baptist Distinctives." Dr. Culbert G. Rutenber of Eastern Seminary in Philadelphia will speak about "What Baptists Believe." The devotional periods will be led by Dr. E. M. Poteat of Raleigh. Dr. Stewart Newman of Southeastern Seminary in Wake Forest will discuss "The Role of Baptists in Modern Christendom."

Meredith students are taking an active part in the program. Nancy Drake, Joyce Hamrick, and Marjorie Jackson are serving as ushers.

Shirley MacLean and Ann Tunstall have planned the Installation Service to be participated in by the new state officers on Sunday morning. Shirley Spoon has charge of the fellowship hour on Friday night. Shirley MacLean and Nancy Young will be conference conveners. Anne Parr is Meredith's nomination to the new state council for the office of publicity director. There will be 24 Meredith students attending the Conference, both retiring and new council members.

CHORUS PRESENTS

(Continued from page one)

spring concert consists of four madrigals: "How Merrily We Live" by Michael Este (arr. by Holst); "The Nightingale" by Thomas Weelkes (arr. by Leslie); "The Silver Swan" by Orlando Gibbons (arr. by Manney); and "Matona, Lovely Maiden" by Orlando di Lasso (arr. by Saar).

Three French numbers comprise the second section: "Le Rossignol" by Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco; "Si tu le veux" by Charles Koechlin; and "Chere Nuit" by Alfred Bachelet.

Randall Thompson's *Rosemary* cycle is next, consisting of four

MISH'S MESSIN'

It is with a mixture of sadness and joy that I undertake to write my last column — sadness because I have really enjoyed poking nonsense and a few solemn ideas at you for the past two years — joy because the girl who is taking over will perhaps revive this corner somewhat! So don't be too jubilant that I'm leaving, 'cause I'm really not, you know, as I fully intend to haunt you next year — although I'll be writing (if you call it that) under the guise of editorials. You're not escaping me after all!!!

Since this is my last column, I don't think I'll gripe as I usually do, although I certainly have seen some crazy things going on around here lately. Oh, well, 'tis spring — and people always act nuttier than usual at this time of year. The spring weather is nice, isn't it, or rather wouldn't it be nice — that is, if it would ever stop raining!!! The other day — the day we got back from spring holidays, in fact — I overheard one freshman tell another, "Well, just like I thought — it was raining when we left and here it is raining when we get back!!" I think we'd all agree to that, but believe it or not, Easter Sunday was a beautiful day in Raleigh — which proves that *sometimes* it is nice. So, don't give up hope.

Now that Vocational Interest Week is just over, I hope that we all profited from it. We're lucky to have such a program set up and the more we take advantage of it, the better it is for us.

In the midst of these very rushed days, when one brief glance at the college calendar is sufficient to assure one that this Meredith College is indeed a busy place, it is to be hoped that we don't become so immersed in sun-bathing and other extracurricular activities that we forget our studies.

Well, the days of Mish's-Messin' are over, so I'll take my leave and let another, who will undoubtedly be more capable, take over. 'Bye now!

A Hillsdale College sorority scheduled an informal party recently starting at 5 a.m. and extending until 9 a.m.

The coeds called for their dates in the wee hours of the morning, entertained them with a floor show, danced to recorded music and then served orange juice, doughnuts and coffee.

choruses for women's voices: "Chemical Analysis," "A Sad Song," "A Nonsense Song," and "To Rosemary: on the methods by which she might become an angel."

Following this are: "Hymn to the Night" by Richard Donovan; "Balloons in the Snow" by Jeanne Boyd; "What a Plague are Women" by Gerald Kechley; "Wake Thee, Now, Dearest," a Czecho-Slovak Folksong arranged by Deems Taylor; "Bread Baking" by Bela Bartok; and "Fog" by Louise Stone.

The concert closes with "Music" by Gardner Read and "The Magic Hour," also by Gardner Read.

CURTAIN CALLS

By PAT ALLEN

We're coming into the home-stretch, angels, and before we know it, the school year will be at an end. The *Playhouse* has had a good year; its officers and members have worked hard, but you have helped it to be what it is today, too.

We've carried out many plans; we have grown, but we haven't carried out all of our plans and we haven't finished growing! This

year's president, Anne Jane Barbrey, has done a commendable job, and hats off to her! Many thanks, too, to Mrs. da Parma, our adviser, director, and guide, for the hours she has spent in helping us.

It is a good feeling to know that next year the *Playhouse* will be in good hands with Cathy Atkins holding the reins as president. Let's give her our support and wholehearted co-operation during the coming year. Good luck!