

Hockey Team Wins Over St. Mary's

By CATHY YATES

Meredith College's hockey team ran up against some stiff opposition Monday, November 7, when they met the Saint Mary's team, but that didn't stop those "Angels." At the end of the first half the score was 0-0. In the second half, however, both teams rallied with Hilda Myers scoring the first point and Saint Mary's scoring on the next play. For a while it looked as though the game would end in a tie, until, in the last forty-five seconds, Mary Edna Grimes came through for Meredith with another tally. The game ended: Meredith 2, Saint Mary's 1. Though Saint Mary's didn't get a single bully—thanks to the superb playing of Amorette Bryant—they had a very strong defense which was hard to get through, and both times that their defense was broken, Meredith scored.

Players were: Dale Caspari, Hilda Myers, Amorette Bryant, Betty Vance, Nancy Bunting, Barbara Browning, Mary Edna Grimes, Anne House, Annie Laurie Kee, Sandra Stancil, and Cathy Yates.

Substitutes were: Tommy Bass, Faye Williamson, Carol Inscoc, Kathleen Matthews, Joan Madre, and Kay Johnson Cone.

Dance Team Makes Favorable Impression

By PAM HARTSELL

It all began with a long, tiring, back-breaking, muscle-cracking, yet most enjoyable dance lesson at 11:00 a.m., Wednesday, November 2. The "it" refers to our first acquaintance with Mr. Lucas Hoving and Lavina Nielson, the celebrated dance team, who are also husband and wife. After an hour and a half of vigorous exercise, techniques and discovery of muscles we didn't know we had, ninety-one tired girls were dismissed to "drag" themselves to lunch.

Indeed, we had not seen the last of these fascinating people, for we were eagerly awaiting their concert that night. Betsy Greene, Margaret Tucker, Eunice DuRant, Marilyn Greene, and I were fortunate enough to meet Mr. and Mrs. Hoving backstage at 6:00 p.m. and accompany them to dinner (supper to most of us). When we went into the auditorium, we found the dancers, along with Mr. Joy, their stage manager, discussing the lighting effects which they planned to use for their concert. After some deliberation and the changing of Lavina's shoes, we organized our little group for the march to the cafeteria, which was followed by our "grand entrance" into said place. To our great joy (umm, sounds like Shakespeare), we learned that we were to sit at the round table, which is reserved for special guests, you know; however, it was painful to have to tell Mr. Hoving that I didn't drink coffee, because there were only seven cups on the table and eight people to be served. (Incidentally, the bread and water was delicious.) As we talked with the dancers, we learned a few of their deep, dark secrets. For instance, Mr. Hoving is from Holland, while his wife was born and reared in Missouri. She never eats anything except bread and butter before a performance, but her husband helps himself to seconds. I asked this charming lady if she spent a very long time in "warming up" before the curtain goes up. She assured me that she could not dance well if she warmed up any longer than two minutes before a performance; however, Mr. Hoving saves at least thirty minutes for this procedure.

If there are any pessimists who seem to think husbands and wives should not work together, they should spend some time around this happy couple. They were most affectionate and thoughtful of each other; in fact I shall never forget Mr. Hoving's pet name for his wife—"Honey bunny." (Try that one on your guy.)

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Hockey team preparing for the game.

A. A. Board Announces Winner of Tournament

Congratulations to Joan Morris, our new "Robin Hood" for 1955-56. Joan took first place in the Archery Tournament. Rovilla Myers placed second, and Becky Murray was third.

Congratulations are also due to Annette Gossett, Archery Manager, who did such an excellent job in making the tourney successful.

The awards night for the Athletic Association will be November 21. At this time the hockey and volleyball varsities will be announced and various persons who have been outstanding in other fall activities will be recognized.

Don't forget Good Posture Week! It begins November 29th. So chest out, head and shoulders up, girls!

Don't forget Stunt—tonight at 8 o'clock.

In case you haven't seen the notice on the Johnson Hall bulletin board, here is a way that your society can win this year's honors in athletic competition. The contest between the two societies will go on all year, and every sport offered for intramural competition will be included. The society having the most points at the end of the year will be recognized on Society Night. The winning society will also receive a cup on which will be engraved the



Joan Morris, Archery Champion

society's name and the year in which that society won. The cup will be passed to the other society when it, in turn, becomes winner.

And here's how you get those points:

Winner of team sport competition—7 points.

Winner of individual sport: 1st place — 5 points, 2nd place—3 points, 3rd place—1 point.

Society having most spectators at each game—3 points per game.

Attendance at practices—1 point per player per practice.

"Medea" Lauded As Great Success

By RAY ARNOLD

The lights grew dim. Then they were out — a-i-i-e the cry of Medea was heard — the play was on. What a wonderful play it was! The Meredith College Playhouse presented Robinson Jeffers' adaption of Euripides' *Medea*, November 11 and 12.

First presented in 431 B.C., *Medea* was based on the Greek legend of the adventurer Jason who went to seek the Golden Fleece in a barbaric country on the Black Sea. Medea, a princess in that land with the power of a witch, aided Jason in obtaining his prize. Medea returned with Jason on his ship "Argo" to his homeland and bore him two sons, only to have him renounce her for the daughter of Creon, the King of Corinth. The theme of the play is the revenge of Medea.

The title role was played magnificently by Margaret Tucker with great feeling and tremendous power. Margaret as Medea kept the audience on the edge of their seats during the performance. A senior, Margaret will be missed by the Meredith Playhouse. However, she plans to do graduate work in dramatics at the University of North Carolina so we are hoping to see more of this talented actress.

James R. Osbourne, an AFROTC Instructor at North Carolina State College, played the ill-fated and

tragic Jason. This man with a lust for power was well portrayed by Mr. Osbourne, a veteran of the Little Theatre and recently seen in *Death of a Salesman*.

The versatile Ted L. Daniel of WPTF played the part of Creon, King of Corinth. Ted is an active Little Theatre member and recently starred in *Sabrina Fair*. We are greatly indebted to this fine actor for his excellent performance.

Kay Elizabeth Johnson was cast in the part of the nurse. Kay gave a wonderful and convincing performance. We can expect more from Kay, a sophomore who was seen last year in *Quality Street* at Meredith.

The three women of Corinth, Eliza Culbertson, Diana Jones and Pam Hartsell, set the mood of the play with their symbolic movement. They performed these difficult roles with extreme grace and a great deal of poise.

Aegeus, King of Athens, portrayed by Maxwell Warlick, was the only likable and the most pleasant character in the play. Mr. Warlick was seen in the same role at the Raleigh Little Theatre in 1950.

Janice Earle Dennis played the tutor and Harriette Seals the slave. Attendants to Medea were Jean Puckett and Carolyn Laine. The children's roles were played by David and Joseph Crook. They were little angels — lovable and very appealing.

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New Faculty

We Welcome Miss Carrie Warren

By BARBARA SNIPES

Miss Carrie Lee Warren, our new physical education teacher from Centerville, Mississippi, is an added attraction at Meredith that the girls will never forget. She can be distinguished by her cordial smile, patience, and encouraging words on the field of play.

Her first year after graduating from L.S.U. with a degree in physical education, Miss Warren taught in Oroville, Washington. She has had a Teaching Fellowship at the University of Texas and has taught in New Orleans, but she seems to be partial to Washington. (That's where she learned to ice skate.)

When I asked Miss Warren why she decided to come to Meredith, she said, "Girls and boys all over the world need to be taught. Meredith is a fine school, and it seems to be a wonderful place to teach."

She thinks the girls here are friendly and quite "nice." In fact when she's feeling low, she walks across campus, for the girls seem to cheer her naturally.

Miss Warren's hobbies are reading, playing golf, and going to



Miss Warren

movies—also she's "crazy" about ice skating.

Her interest in the students can be seen in her willingness to help a girl in any way. She believes that education can be fun if girls know someone is "pulling for them."

Welcome to Meredith, Miss Warren — we all love you!

Ah, Dissonance!

By "MUTT" LAYNE

Are you tired of being an optimist? Do you sleep too well at night? Are you getting bored with all your spare time? Well, may I recommend that you begin student teaching. I'll personally guarantee that in practically no time at all you'll be a changed woman. Let me tell you some of my experiences (if you get frightened easily, hold on—its gets pretty gruesome!).

The scene is in the office of the principal. I am sitting with several other adults (all right, so I'm a dreamer!) in the office of the principal when a specimen of "homo sapiens" measuring 7 feet by 5 feet charges in, panting and flexing muscles at a rapid rate. "Hi!" he screams to one of the other adults, "I'm on the football team this year, but I'm sure gonna work chorus in, too!" He pants out. Now, I have no particular antagonism toward football teams, but I have never heard a football team give out with anything even vaguely resembling Fred Waring. It really has worked out very well, however; my boys can get a quality slightly above Neanderthal level when I allow them to sit in a split-T formation.

While walking blithely (this was before class) down the school corridor, I was hit suddenly by a miniature tornado in the form of one "V. Lobster" whom I immediately recognized as one of my very favorite campers from the summer before. The reason I distinctly remembered him was because of the fact that he "escorted" me from the campfire site to the Counselors' Lodge one night by the gentle persuasion of a scout knife wedged in my backbone. Aren't I fortunate to have such a dear child in my 7th-grade music class?

All my students love me, however. They are all extremely concerned for my health, rest, and happiness. For example, one delightful 8th-grade male suggested that I take a year's vacation "in Alaska, Miss Layne"! They just can't do without me — it's pathetic!

We're giving a Christmas concert (Yes, we are, too, if I have to use Simon Legree tactics!) Seriously, if anyone reading this article knows of any logical manner to work "Rock Around the Clock," "Seventeen," and "The Yellow Rose of Texas" into a Christmas program, please contact me. I promise a reward.

We had an impromptu minstrel show — once! If you think "Blackboard Jungle" was exaggerated,

you're wrong. Rhythm instruments and 40 cannibals just don't produce perfect harmony — no matter how hard one has applied the psychological principles of motivation (I'm trying for an "A"). Another experiment that proved almost fatal to the cause of MUSIC was an attempt to teach Spanish folk dances to 8th-grade boys who each possess (and I'll stake my "A" Certificate on this), along with powerful lungs which operate all times except at singing period, three feet and completely disconnected arm joints.

Ah, but the supreme experience comes when one is observed. If you have never seen a student teacher under observation, here are some sure tips by which they may be recognized: the skin is extremely pale with beads of perspiration very pronounced upon the forehead; the eyes are dilated and tend to stare straight ahead with a rather "mad" look; the body trembles at regular intervals and the knees co-operate to give out sound effects similar to a voodoo drum-message; words come out of the mouth, but they are mostly unintelligible except to other student teachers. Most of us student teachers may be recognized by the haggard looks and bloodshot eyes that we carry around with us nowadays.

You know that I am being satirical. Of course student teachers have problems — and so do any other teachers. How dull life would be if we didn't! But it's wonderful — that feeling you get when the whole class asks to "sing it again," or when two little boys beg to carry your books to your next class, or you answer a question and see the respect in the eyes of the questioner, or you reassure a shy child that "he can do it" (and he does!), or you laugh with your class over some silly joke — and you love them all, worry about those who just can't seem to do it, cry when you feel so incompetent to be called "Teacher," gripe about your lack of facilities or supervision, and feel like a million dollars whenever they yell "See you next week, Miss Layne!" Yep, you ought to try it!

Where Meredith and State Meet

ROY'S