

## WHY PUBLISH THE TWIG?

"Why have a newspaper when the news must always be stale?" is a question that has been asked often in recent weeks of the new staff. The question is a legitimate one, and it deserves a thoughtful answer.

The TWIG is, if nothing else, an official record of campus activity. Since 1921 it has recorded comprehensively the big and little happenings of Meredith. We learn, from old papers the traditions and important changes, the fads and humor (peculiar humor, to us) of the students, and the trends of thought in college policy. Perhaps in 1977 the students will read of our escapades and laugh. Our escapades at least will be recorded! The file is a valuable one.

The TWIG, however, is not primarily concerned with writing history. It tries, as far as it is able, to give complete and timely news service. Its most significant contribution is its function as a voice of student opinion. There are many good things on the campus that should be recognized. There are many things that should be changed. If the TWIG is to offer criticism of college policy, let it be "constructive" criticism. Only by offering workable suggestions will criticism be effective. A mere open forum in which complaints are aired often does more harm than good.

The editor is incapable of getting an idea of the attitudes of students alone. Your letters of suggestions and criticisms of the Meredith community will be welcomed and thoughtfully considered.

## PLAYDAY IS A GOOD THING

Play Day makes me want to give three cheers for Meredith traditions. (Corn Husking, Christmas Caroling, May Day, and Junior-Senior make me feel the same way.) The tennis courts, the riding ring, the playing fields, the court—all reflected the friendly spirit that prevailed. Students and faculty came and went—worn-out, hot, and steaming but happy in a feeling of comradeship. Studies were neglected while that intangible thing we often talk about and sometimes do something about was the major of everyone. It was a family outing for Meredith. It was a time for letting down of hair, for wearing of bermudas, for bridge games that didn't have to be sandwiched in. It was a time for competition which did not tear apart but only brought together. I dare say that no one on the campus really begrudged the freshmen their victory. We only envied them their spirit. A round of applause is due to the A.A. sponsoring the event and to the dining hall for the delicious picnic supper. A good time was had by all—the best fun, of course, going to those who participated most enthusiastically.

## THANKS

The new staff wishes to take this first opportunity to offer the staff of 1956-1957 a sincere thanks. Thank you, Julia, for putting into the TWIG the things we wanted to see. Thank you for speaking decisively in your editorials. Thank you, Nancy, for making the hole that the newspaper is in no bigger, and for keeping a conscientious and accurate check on the books.

We appreciate the work (we know now how much work) the entire staff did throughout the year to continue a tradition of which we can be proud. It is our hope to work in the coming year as creatively and conscientiously as they.



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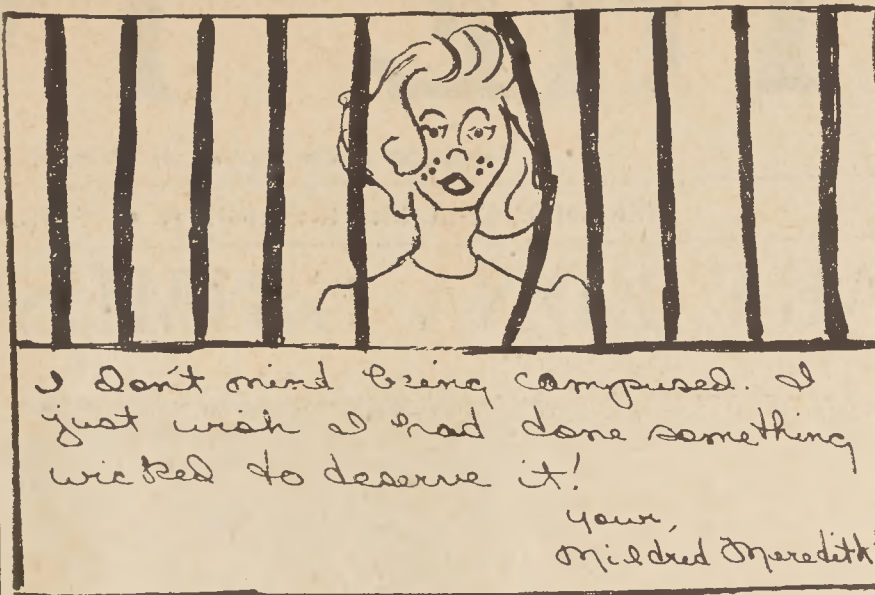
THE TWIG is the college newspaper of Meredith College, Raleigh, North Carolina, and as such is one of the three major publications of the institution—the other two being *The Acorn*, the literary magazine, and *The Oak Leaves*, the college annual.

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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## THE GREEN ROOM

By SUSAN MOSS

The stillness of the summer night is disturbed only by the sounds of soft, dreamy music that drifts to the ears of the two people standing motionless on the moonlit balcony.

This may be the scene you'll witness this summer when you see summer theatre. Little Theatre groups are at work in many towns and communities and will welcome your support and your participation during the summer. If there is no Little Theatre group near you why not help begin a campaign to form one.

Summer workshops and playhouses in pleasant surroundings provide entertainment by professional actors. The Flat Rock Playhouse at Flat Rock, N. C., the Parkway Playhouse at Burnsville, N. C., and the Ocean Forest Theatre at Myrtle Beach, S. C., are just a few of the places that provide enjoyable performances for the theatre-goer and jobs for the budding actor or behind-the-scenes worker.

North Carolina, an initiator of the outdoor drama, has three excellent shows this summer. "The Lost Colony" will begin its twentieth year on Roanoke Island near Manteo. At Boone, "Horne In the West" tells the story of Daniel Boone and the settling of western North Carolina. The story of the colorful Cherokee Indians is told in "Unto These Hills" at Cherokee. All the dramas are within comfortable driving distance.

Wherever you are, take advantage of the many opportunities to enjoy summer theatre.

For an evening happily spent don't miss the Raleigh Little Theatre's current production, "Teahouse of the August Moon," May 3-8.

Does a wife make or break her husband's chances of advancement in business?

This is the theme of "Lady Fingers," the play to be presented in chapel Friday, May 17, by the play production class. The Glenn Hughes play is directed by Miss Peg Gorsage with Virginia Jones as student director. In the cast are Kay Eliza-

beth Johnson, Frances Johnson, Edith Johnson, and Susan Moss.

A word of thanks is in order to Donnie Simons, who has capably written the "Green Room" column this year.

## MUSICAL NOTES

By JOYCE SKILLMAN

The first note I'd like to talk about is very musical, and that is my predecessor, Pat. I'm sure we'll all agree that if anyone lacked information about the musical events on our campus for the past year, it was merely because she didn't read this column. Good job, Pat, even with the competition from "Peanut" who seemed determined to get her material from your department.

On April 23, the SAI's pledged several of the music majors into their fraternity. These girls are Harriet Herring, Glenda Pressley, Ruth Young, Barbara Smith, Pat Corbett, Julene McPhaul, and Sara Lawrence. Congratulations, girls.

I hope many of you have been taking advantage of the good music we've been having in the form of recitals. Becky Miles and Julene McPhaul, two public school music majors, gave their senior recital on April 19 in piano. Marilyn Green gave her senior recital in voice on April 26, and Kay White and Nancy Wallace presented a junior piano recital on May 1. No one can say that we haven't had contrast in our recent recitals, for in addition to the piano and voice performers, two other juniors went through the same agonizing experience in organ. I feel that I am rather well qualified to use that adjective since I was one of them. However, I was lucky enough to have Margaret Slate as my recital-mate and morale booster. There are several more recitals on the agenda for this year. One of especial interest will be the piano recital of high school senior, David Pinnix, a special student of Mr. Pratt. David, the son of the Rev. and Mrs. L. C. Pinnix, has been awarded a four-year piano scholarship to Oberlin Conservatory on the basis of recordings submitted to the competitive scholarship committee of Oberlin. I hope all of you will come to David's recital on May 7.

## LOU'S REMARKS

By LOUISE WHITE

After four semesters of observing Meredith life, I feel qualified to diagnose the most prevalent disease of the student body. The illness is not fatal, but in the final stage, its sufferers wish they were dead. The disease has certain pronounced symptoms. At first it gives the patients a sense of living in unlimited time. Therefore, those afflicted play bridge for hours, date every night sun bathe each afternoons, and have gab sessions at midnight. When the disease has progressed for several weeks, an odd thing happens. The patients wake up one morning to discover that six weeks have flown by in the

night. No longer does time stand still; it gallops by in six strides. At this point the symptoms change and the patients begin to look haggard. Trips to the library take the place of bridge games and sun baths. There is no contact with the outside world and hence no dates. Busy on the doors discourage gab sessions. Life is horrible and relief comes only when that term paper is written. For such symptoms there is only one diagnosis—PROCRASTINATION. Since one case of procrastination does not give students immunity, some bright science major could concoct and sell prevention pills with great profit to herself.

## Magic Moments

to make you think of the hope of beauty.

By KAY ELIZABETH JOHNSON

The beautiful is not a physical fact, beauty does not belong to things, it belongs wholly to the human esthetic activity, and thus is a mental or spiritual fact.

—WILDON CARR.

Have you ever sought the beautiful—either for yourself to have or to look upon? Emerson tells us "There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behaviour, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us." Each of us would like to be surrounded by the beautiful—landscape, people, thoughts, just everything. But often we don't recognize the lovely things around us. There is a story of a young artist who wanted to paint the most beautiful thing in the world. Upon returning from an exhausting trip all over the world, he found the object of his search in the beauty of his own backyard. So often we do not see the beauty around us.

August Strindberg has moved into the irrational land of fantasy in dreams in his poetic drama, "The Dream Play." It seems an incongruous vehicle for presenting the hopefulness of beauty, for it deals with a panorama of the agonies of humanity, the futile absurdity and the mockery of human struggle to find meaning in life. Yet this play in its whole arrives at the promise of beauty.

The Poet, who is represented as the heart, has a dream in which the daughter of Indra descends to earth to see what life is like. With the unreality, the sudden changes, and incongruities of a dream, she is shown the suffering of humanity. Strindberg himself says, "The characters split, double, multiply, vanish, solidify, blur, grow clear. But one consciousness reigns above them all—that of the dreamer; and before it there are no secrets, no incongruities, no scruples, no laws." Everyone is either an oppressor or oppressed. The daughter of Indra meets the Officer (who represents the body), the lawyer (the mind), the Glazier, and the Poet who is the only one who has some freedom from the cares of life.

This play with all its representation of trouble and hurt is full of lyric beauty and tenderness. The compassion of the daughter of Indra breaks through the wretchedness of the struggling humans. The picture arising in the mind throughout the play—according to the stage directions—is that of huge hollyhocks behind which stands a castle crowned with a bud, which at the play's end blossoms as a great chrysanthemum.

## EGGS SERVE BREAKFAST

Have you ever had breakfast with a mad hatter, the queen of hearts or a family of eggs? (the girls who served were dressed as eggs, by the way). If you are a junior or a freshman, you have, for those unusual characters were special guests at the Big-Little Sister breakfast on April 19.

On that recent Friday morning the big and little sister classes met at the chimney for some early morning entertainment and a hearty breakfast. Each big sister was presented with a bunny corsage as she entered, and then everyone scrambled for a vantage point from which to watch the fun. A take-off on the mad tea-party from "Alice in Wonderland" shook the last traces of sleep from all eyes and gave our odd characters the spotlight. Perched in a tree, Jane Matthews, *alias* the Cheshire cat, smiled madly; while the frustrated March hare, Larnette White, attended a faculty tea with the Mad Hatter, better known as Patzi Sams. Angeline Norris was a pert blonde-tressed Alice, and Peggy Martin was quite regal as the queen of hearts.

After a bit of group singing came the climax of the event—breakfast.