

WELCOME TO NEW STUDENTS

A new arrival is ever an exciting event in the experience of any family group, regardless of the frequency of its occurrence or the nature of the group. After the inevitable period of anxious, eager anticipation comes the fateful moment of recognition and announcement: "This is it." The significance of the event, yet to be determined, is not in the fact that something new has been added; rather, that something new is in the process of being formed and that, in this process, the character of the family is being re-formed—of possibly incalculable benefit to all concerned.

So, here at Meredith. Our family, anticipating your arrival, has prepared—adequately, we hope—both itself and "the farm" for your reception. We have given you a sincere smile of welcome, have introduced you to the family as presently constituted, and have shown you the estate on which you are to live and work as a responsible member of the family.

Although this orientation, identification, and commitment must continue throughout our life as a family together, we believe that we can now get on with the serious business of living and working as a unit. To you we pledge the tolerance, the confidence, the co-operation which we, in turn, must expect from you.

Let's go.

CARLYLE CAMPBELL,
President

SHALL WE DANCE?

The big issue at Meredith this year is the question of dancing on campus. The decision of the trustees last spring allowing dancing on a limited basis, and their vote to continue it this fall has caused a reaction throughout the state that the administration was wise enough to anticipate, but one that the students did not expect.

We are confused that such protests have been made because we, the majority of us Baptists, have come from homes that have allowed dancing ever since we have been old enough. It doesn't seem logical to us that Meredith allows its students to attend dances off campus without being criticized, when a dance chaperoned by Meredith faculty and administrators causes a verbal attack by opposing Baptists. The poll taken this summer of the feelings of alumnae and patrons was overwhelmingly in favor of dancing on campus. While we feel certain that those Baptists—evidently a small percentage—who so strongly disapprove sincerely believe that dancing is morally degrading, we do not understand.

We are disgusted that some of the letters written to our state Baptist papers have shown thoughtlessness and have spoken of the "evils" of dancing in an almost vulgar manner.

We are afraid that we will be denied the privilege of dancing, and because we are, we have become indignant. We *resent* the fact that the State Baptist Convention assumes the power to transcend the decisions of those whom it has appointed and should have confidence in to make the policies of the school. The trustees are a representative group of Baptists, coming from all parts of the state. Surely they are better able to decide what should and should not be than is the entire Convention. We realize the debt we owe to the Convention, but *we* who are vitally connected with the school must be the ones to insist on social as well as academic freedom.

More than anything, however, some of us are appalled that such a stir can be caused over the situation. The problem of dancing can be important in that we are fighting for a principle. Unfortunately, it is the immediacy of the question—the actuality of dancing—that concerns us most. Our generation, not to mention our parents' generation of Baptists, has other, more important issues to consider. How can we, as intelligent students, let so insignificant a thing as "shall we dance?" claim our energies and attention when there is in our nation Little Rock and Oak Ridge?



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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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Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

We have found, in our rather meager experience, that life seems to be composed of minutiae—tiny "rare moments," glimpses of truth, fleeting visions and momentary insights . . . these are the essences, crammed in unexpected hours and minutes . . . these are the essences which, fully perceived, have the capacity to reveal the Essence. . .

And such a "rare moment," such an insight was given us—Friday chapel service. There comes a time when we are stymied, we cease growing because we cease thinking, examining, and questioning the validity of the "accepted idea." A man like the Rev. Mr. Finlator is sent—with an insight—a prophet to his time. We owe very, very much

to this man of God, to this man of new courage—for he speaks what he, through commitment and response *and* thought, believes.

And he is not afraid to buck those who would make of Meredith College a cloistered, flawless, holy thing in itself and would segregate "the Meredith girl" from *Reality!*

There is grave danger that the "Protestant" uniqueness be lost and swallowed up in the very thing against which the original "protest" was made—a hierarchy of "holy" men, a segregated, segmented life.

Rev. Mr. Finlator . . . and a tiny moment of truth, a tiny moment—but such a vital, awakening insight. Thank you, Sir.

Jane Stembridge '58

P.S. As for the stand on the dancing question—a 21 gun salute!

FROM THE Contemporary Scene

It is only fair to any reader to give him an idea of what he may expect from a piece of writing. In this issue of the TWIG this column takes the form of a preface or introduction to what will be discussed here for this year. As the heading implies, this column will be devoted to brief discussions of contemporary trends in prose, poetry, and drama.

To establish a foundation from which to discuss ideas, I have chosen a short selection from Lord David Cecil's *The Fine Art of Reading*. This author suggests an approach to literature, both classical and contemporary, in the quoted passage:

"We have to learn to understand and accept the language of the author's temperament—to school ourselves to look at the world from his point of view while we are reading his books. This is much the hardest part of our training, for our own personal feelings are so much involved in it. Have we not temperaments of our own which may well be different from his and possibly antipathetic? Are we to treat these disrespectfully? Pride, the sin of Lucifer and literary critics, rises to outraged protests against so humiliating a proposal."

One might answer Lord Cecil's questions and thereby agree with his point by saying that to accept an author's point of view or scope of vision is the responsibility of the reader. The reader may not agree with or even like the point of view, but if he is to understand and to grasp a writer's thought, he must project beyond the self and see the world through the author's eyes.

M. Paris

MEREDITH HAS AIR OF LEISURE DURING SUMMER SESSION

Summer school was morning classes, hot afternoons spent at the pool, and supper in the dining hall devoid of its throngs of girls. It was the library, empty much of the time, vacant dorms, and picnics in the court. It was Spanish to translate, algebra problems to solve, themes to write, and books to read. It was singing to the accompaniment of ukuleles in a suite down the hall, and a bridge game in another suite. It was study and fun. It was a time for making new, and re-establishing old friendships. For some, it was the beginning of college days; for others, the end. For all it was a challenge. In truth, summer school was the combination of many things.

Musical Notes

By JOYCE SKILLMAN

The coming of a new school year always brings changes, and the music department is not to be left out. Most of the observant people on campus have probably noticed that this year, for the first time, the chorus will be under the direction of Mr. Blanchard. Speaking for all the members of the chorus, we welcome you, Mr. Blanchard, and are looking forward to working with you throughout the year.

The new year also brings new students to our campus, and I am wondering if all of these new members of our community are aware of the many advantages offered by the music department. There may be even a few old students who do not realize that we have a record library, located on the first floor of the music building and open to everyone on the campus.

This library contains many fine recordings which students will find useful for both enjoyment and study. Recently redecorated by the MacDowell Music Club, the library is quite attractive as well as spacious. I hope that everyone will take advantage of this collection. I also hope that everyone will take care of the materials. Carelessness, such as stacking L P records which are scratched easily, and leaving the phonograph turned on, cause much damage to the equipment. This year let's all use the record library, but in addition, let's all take extra precautions to be certain that we are using it correctly.

IN APPRECIATION

"*Dum spiro, spero*" — while I breathe, I hope. These words, the motto of her children's Latin class, were frequently recalled by one of Meredith's faculty members, but on September 29, 1957, the life of Dr. Elizabeth H. Vaughan came to an end. To those who knew her, her passing was a sorrowful experience, although not an unexpected one, as it was the climax of a long illness.

Dr. Vaughan came to Meredith in the fall of 1950 as the head of the Sociology department, which position she held until her resignation last February. While she was studying in Switzerland on a leave of absence from Meredith, a medical examination disclosed the illness from which she was never to recover.

To her students she was more than a teacher—she took a personal friendly interest in each one of us. We shall remember her not only for this, but also for her cheerfulness, for her benevolence, and for the indomitable courage with which she faced the world.

In behalf of her students, may I express our most sincere appreciation to a woman who gave so much of herself to Meredith College.

BARBARA NESBITT.

Lou's Remarks

By LOUISE WHITE

Most Meredith girls go through a weekly metamorphosis—a cycle which goes from Sunday night until Friday night. From bedtime on Sunday until Monday morning the Meredith moths are in the cocoon stage, drugged by sheer exhaustion. Still, the brutal fact remains that social life and its aftermath must be interrupted by classes. So the moths crawl wearily from their dormitory cocoons and stagger out to breakfast and class. They are indeed an unsightly group with barely washed faces, half-combed hair, dangling shirttails, and vacant expressions. Such appearance is probably due to their newly-hatched state and their inability to co-ordinate well. The bad thing is that day after day they remain in this immature stage. They absorb little from life around them unless it comes from other baby moths. They wander around the dining hall, the classrooms, and the library in their Monday morning oblivion and sloppiness. Only on Friday morning is there any rustling of wings or uncurbing of antennae. Until night the movement is almost imperceptible, but by seven o'clock the rustling becomes a roar. Doors slam, lungs expand, brains turn over, and the Meredith moths at last enter their brief period of beauty. In an hour's time they flit off into the night, groomed to perfection in glowing colors with antennae tuned to the slightest vibration. But alas, the adult stage lasts only two days and Sunday night the lovely moths climb into their cocoons to begin another

cycle. Since the whole world does not adhere to this schedule, it is feared that Meredith moths miss much that can be gained from other creatures from Monday through Friday.

