

PROFESSORS ARE PEOPLE

One of the many projects of our busy little school is to "establish better faculty-student relationships." The idea, everyone agrees, is all very well and good; it is an area that needs improvement. However, we have come to a sad pass when improving relationships must be organized. Take, for example, these faculty-student teas. They are fine in themselves, but there can be no amount of teas or any other function that will make the students and faculty feel friendlier toward each other.

Too often we students think of the faculty as some Thing whose shell must be cracked by toilsome and united effort. The professors do not, and should not, want to be chums with the students. Socially, we live in different worlds; academically, however, we are merely on different planes, and surely the planes are within speaking distance.

Of course we have tremendous respect for our teachers. They have attained what we, in some degree, are still working toward. But respect should not include frigid smiles and discussion of only-those-things-pertinent-to-class. Meredith is a community small enough to know many people well. When we have the opportunity to acquaint ourselves with those who are really cognizant, it seems foolish to miss the chance.

It is difficult to classify any particular group of persons. One cannot generalize realistically about the Student or the Professor as a type. Taken individually, however, professors are not faculty, but people. Also, most of them are very nice people. N. J.

WE APPROVE

The task of feeding over five hundred girls three meals a day and planning those meals on a limited budget in so far as possible to suit the tastes of so varied a throng must indeed be a tremendous job.

This doesn't concern freshmen and transfers who have no way of knowing, but honestly upperclassmen, don't you think the food in the dining hall is just a little better this year than it has been in the past? Aren't you finding it a bit harder to complain? Does not the sight of a cream puff dessert inspire you to praise? Perhaps occasional complaint, being only human, is justified and expected from a college student, but when something is good, what then...? What makes us forget that the little words "thank-you" are not out of style even for a Meredith girl. Mrs. Hunter is the new dietitian's name. N. M.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

There is a time and place for every clutch, but it is not at five of eleven and on the breezeway. I'm not objecting to a goodnight kiss, but couples in wildly passionate embraces can be very embarrassing for a girl on her first date.

What must visitors, coming to our campus for the first time, think after seeing such unladylike displays of affection? If dancing is a "tool of the devil" these embraces would make up his complete workshop.

All of us complain about not being treated as adults. In order to assume more responsibilities and obtain more freedom, we must first prove ourselves capable of accepting our role in an adult society. Headless display of affection is certainly no mark of maturity. SALLY NEWTON.

Lou's Remarks

By LOUISE WHITE

It is eleven-fifteen on a Meredith dormitory hall. The mail has been taken down, the hall lights have been turned off, and the hall proctor has complacently retired to her room. According to the Handbook, everyone else has done likewise, and studious silence prevails the campus. That is according to the Handbook. In common practice, eleven-fifteen is the moment when noisy activity really begins. People begin to sneak up and down the halls. If they could sneak quietly, it would not be too bad; but unfortunately, they slam their doors and race madly down the corridor. Scarcely has the reverberation of the first slam and the thud of big bare feet ceased when a second door slams and youthful

voices rise in unrestrained laughter. Gaiety is fine, but must it be saved for midnight? Apparently Meredith wit reaches its peak at the witching hour. Of course, everybody does not roam around yelling and slamming doors, because there is another way to add to the confusion. People can bathe. Cleanliness is a virtue, but running water in and out of tubs can shatter Handbook peace and hall-proctor complacency to bits. The proctor cannot often trap the roaming ones who are loud but sly. However, the sound of rushing water and gurgling pipes can be traced to its source, so the conscientious proctor adds to the racket by thudding down the hall to give call-downs. Strange as it may seem, the people under, over, or beside the laughter, water, and thuds may be sleeping or studying. But then, such people must be social misfits who are not college material at all.

FROM THE CONTEMPORARY SCENE

Before the October issues of *Esquire* Magazine are thrown into the wastebasket or filed away in an obscure place, for this magazine cannot be considered to contain the best in writing or reading, I would like to call attention to a post-mortem piece of writing, published for the first time by *Esquire* (October). *Welcome to Our City* is a ten-scene play by the late Thomas Wolfe. This play was the first complete work that Wolfe tried to sell. After a four-months period of waiting, Wolfe received word that the New York Theatre Guild would accept his play for production if he would make certain revisions. Wolfe agreed to make these revisions but later came to realize that a change in the play would be a change in its spirit and message. In his own words: "I have written this play with thirty-odd named characters because it required it, not because I didn't know how to save paint. Some day I'm going to write a play with fifty, eighty, a hundred people—a whole town, a whole race, a whole epoch. . . ." The play was put away, and Wolfe turned his attention to other things, namely the writing of five books before his death and enough manuscript pages to yield posthumously four more.

Welcome to Our City does contain many difficulties as far as stage production is concerned; however these difficulties do not detract from the literary merit of the play or the genius of its writer. The very interesting side light of this play is its prophetic theme: the tensions caused by Southern segregation. Writing this in 1922, Wolfe was able to foresee the inevitable "Battle of Status Quo" between the Southern whites and Negroes. A Thomas Wolfe devotee or even casual reader will be at home in this play. The setting is Altamont (Asheville) during the '20's, when "Boost For Greater Altamont" and "100,000 by 1930" were the mottos for progressive growth. Mr. Henry Sorrell, Governor Preston Carr, and Joseph Bailey, the same characters who made brief appearances in *Look Homeward, Angel*, are not only magnificently created as representatives of this era but also just as magnificently are dissected, each to become briefly aware of the futility of his mottoed life. Mr. Rutledge and the Negro Johnson, two more of the main characters, begin the battle with gentlemanly agreements about who shall have the homestead once owned by Rutledge's family and now owned by Negro Johnson. More characters, more shallow, unrealized lives and more mounting tension lead to the outbreak of a civil war within the town. It is the unconscious struggle for assertion—supremacy for the white versus equality for the Negro—that forms the plot of the play. The characters are men with shallow convictions but with fanatical dedication to their shallow convictions. A frightening reality is presented: in 1957 these roles are too easily filled by members of our society.

With the publication of this play an important, yet unpublished, side of Thomas Wolfe comes into full

view: his strident protest against the prejudices of his native South. This protest comes, "carrying with it all the vibrance of Wolfe in his youth, the artistic mistakes he would admit but ignore, the frightening urgency of a compulsive writer who realized even then that he would never really find the time and space to write all the words that had to be said."

Welcome to Our City: a necessary, effective protest, but more—a study of personality against personality by the subtle ridicule of Thomas Wolfe. M. PARIS.

CURTAIN CALL

By SUSAN MOSS

How much claim does a mother have on her grown sons' lives? This is the question dealt with in the Playhouse Fall Production, *The Silver Cord* by Sidney Howard, being presented November 8 and 9. Mrs. Phelps, a disarming, middle-aged, over-possessive mother, tries desperately to keep her two sons, Robert and David, bound to her by the ties of filial love. The younger son, Robert, is engaged to lovely young Hester, and David has just come home with his new bride Christina. Determined to hold on to her sons, Mrs. Phelps battles with Hester and Christina for the independence and lives of Robert and David.

Rehearsals are well under way for the cast and committee heads have been appointed by the president of the Playhouse, Katie Joyce Eddins. Remember, any work you do on this production onstage or behind the scenes entitles you to full membership in the Playhouse and begins your accumulation of

Musical Notes

By JOYCE SKILLMAN

The Civic Music program on October 15 was attended by many of our students. The performing artist was soprano Metropolitan star, Milanov. One of the interesting things about her program was the performance of several songs composed by her accompanist.

The S. A. I.'s have been making plans which sound as if they will be kept quite busy this year. The programs for this month include the pledging of new members, and a joint program and musicale with music fraternities from East Carolina College. Other plans for the near future call for some hard work on the part of the members, for they plan to re-decorate the S. A. I. room very soon.

The Triple Trio seems to be having trouble keeping its members healthy long enough to have a rehearsal. This group, composed of Clara Hudson, Angeline Norris, Jo Anne Penny, Nancy Perkins, Peggy Bone, Joyce Skillman, Margaret Slate, Jacqueline Harrison, and Becky Murray, will give their first performance of the year for the Four-H Convention in Raleigh on October 27. This group will also appear at Meredith on the program for Stunt Night.

It has been observed by some students that three of the senior music majors seem to have regressed back to grammar school music. Lest someone fear a recital of songs about squirrels, kittens, witches and spooks, let me clarify the matter. When you hear Nancy Perkins, Becky Murray and me singing about the above subjects and blowing on tonettes and pitch pipes, we are merely practicing for our student teaching lessons, not our senior recitals.

points needed for Alpha Psi Omega, the National Dramatic Fraternity.

Television is here to stay, the Theater Owners of North and South Carolina have finally admitted. "TV is inevitable—it's here—we've got to get along with it," one movie exhibitor conceded. This gentleman's ancestors no doubt sat on the Cave-man Council and declared, "Women are inevitable—they're here—we've got to get along with them." Then, fearful lest he wake his mate, he tiptoed cautiously and meekly in the cave door that next morning after a night out with the boys chasing dinosaurs.

I agree with Mr. Theater Owner and Mr. Cave Man that TV and women both have firmly fixed places in our society. But I do not intend to

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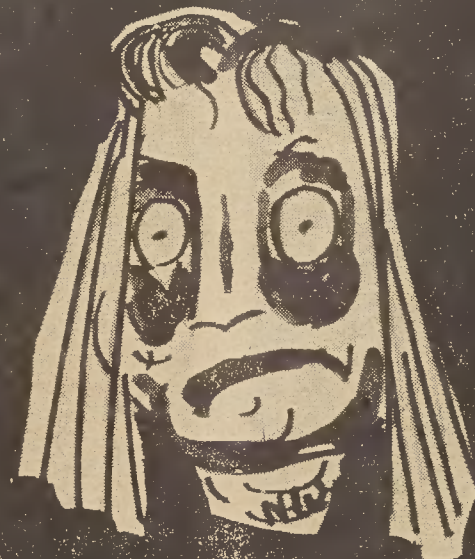
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Since 1921 the institution has been a member of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. The college holds membership in the Association of American Colleges and the North Carolina College Conference. Graduates of Meredith College 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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