

Miss Swanson Honored

"Oh, I like to cook, read — in fact I'm open to suggestion," remarked a blue-eyed, vivacious lady as she tightened, with a paper clip, the screws to a wobbly desk drawer handle. The person to whom I refer is Miss Jean Swanson, whom the freshmen and sophomores know as the undisputed ruler of "I, IV, V, I Land," better known as music theory. Others on the Meredith campus will remember that she recently received the honor of being made a Fellow in the American Guild of Organists, while the members of Christ Church are proud to claim her as their director of music.

Miss Swanson may be new to some of us, but to the Meredith seniors and faculty she is not. Last year Miss Swanson viewed the world from a different point of view both locale and occupation-wise. For she, on a Danforth Teacher's Grant became a student at Union Seminary in New York City and did further work on her doctor's degree in sacred music.

During her stay in New York, Miss Swanson chose to live at the International House with graduate students from such countries as Lebanon, India and Holland. Her friendships with these people were among the highlights of her year in New York.

When asked the things she did and saw in the eastern cultural center, her reply was not unlike an answer a Meredith student might give when asked about her own extracurricular activities. It seems that she, too, was hampered by a lack of free time and a limited supply of legal tender. Perhaps this is a universal characteristic of students. But she added that she did get to see several Broadway plays, as well as to attend the Boston Symphony concerts and the opera "The Magic Flute." "The Magic Flute" made a particularly lasting impression on Miss Swanson, for



MISS JEAN SWANSON

as she put it, "I had a lovely view of the orchestra." From her perch, which was in the fifth balcony and parallel with the stage, she caught an occasional view of a performer who happened to wander downstage, and she peered right down into the orchestra pit. Don't ask her how she liked the performance!

As in the case of most people, Miss Swanson returned to the Tarheel State with her own opinion of New York City. "It is a city which contains some of the worst and best," stated Miss Swanson, "but I would suggest that every young person visit New York sometime between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. New York is foremost in our nation in creative ideas and thinking and would be particularly inspiring during those years."

We take this opportunity to welcome back this very vital and interesting person and to say that we hope everyone on the Meredith campus will have the opportunity of meeting her.

WAY BACK WHEN

By MARY ANN BROWN

If you had been a student at Meredith in 1906 you would have found it a very different place from the Meredith of today. In the first place, it didn't get to be Meredith until 1910; it was the Baptist University for Women.

When you decided to come to Meredith, you would first have had to meet the entrance requirements — certification of four years of high school or academy learning, including a thorough fundamental knowledge of Latin or Greek, French or German, literature, composition, mathematics, history, and science. You would have consulted the Classification Committee before registration, and at registration you would have been assigned subjects. You would have paid a fee of around \$200, plus special fees, unless you were a member of the Club. The Club lived in the East Building or one of two cottages; the members waited on tables and did their own cooking, thus being able to save about \$55. The rest of the college was housed in a building which looked like a very modified version of the Biltmore House.

After you had moved all your "junk" to the campus, located a few blocks from the capitol, you would have settled down to study in whichever school you had chosen: arts, philosophy and science, elocution, music, art, or business.

You would have risen at 6:45 a.m. and retired at 10:15 p.m. with NO extra time after the retiring bell. You would have been a member of the Honor Division if you were a freshman or sophomore and the Self-governed Body if you were a junior or senior and the faculty committee thought you capable. As such, you would have been controlled almost exclusively by the student government, because "only

incorrigibles are dealt with by the faculty."

You would not have received packages or express except at the discretion of the lady principal, and you would not have sat in the window or used the telephone. You would not have gone to the postoffice or drug store without permission or entertained guests in your room "under any circumstances." Even day students stayed in the parlors. You would not have stood, talked, studied, or loitered in the corridors of first or second floors during class hours.

You would have been "requested" not to walk in East Raleigh, on Fayetteville or Hillsboro Streets, or in the near vicinity of the railway shops or depot. Your parents would have been instructed not to expect to be met at the train when visiting, and not to send food boxes, which were looked upon as "the frequent cause of sickness or impaired digestion from the consequent irregular eating at unseasonable hours."

By present-day standards you would have been somewhat socially handicapped because "any student found communicating by word or sign, beyond simple recognition, from any part of the building or grounds, or elsewhere, or making clandestine engagements with any man, will be reprimanded, demerited, suspended, or expelled."

You would have had a sense of humor, though. Your *Oak Leaves* would have included the usual annual contents and some rather different things . . . from the "Guide Book Directory for Baptist University for Women" (Definitions like "Faircloth Dormitory, chief characteristic, 3 by 5 feet") to tongue-in-cheek regulations ("All damage to college property done by the students will be charged to and settled by the different members of the

"I Wonder . . ."

By PAGE SINK

Thirty years from now — 1987, and Meredith College will still be, well, Meredith College! With a few minor changes of course. Let us project our minds into the future and think seriously about Meredith College of 1987.

Perhaps by that time we'll have our science building — and a new gym, new dorms, a new cafeteria, a highway through the stables, and, yes, even a lack of a rotunda. Hmmm — let us not wander too far. Anyhow, we'll have a science building — and probably 1,500 students to use all these modern facilities. And perhaps we'll have some really drastic changes — like another contemporary course in English literature, and maybe socks in Cameron Village.

Our daughters will be at Meredith in 1987, and will laugh uproariously at our crew neck sweaters, pointed toes, and gamin haircuts. They'll say "Oooh, Mother! How Daddy ever married you I'll never know." And we, recalling vain postoffice vigils, will bake a batch of toll-house cookies to send to daughter. At Christmas time we'll be hearing "Please let Santa bring me a satellite." So we'll call Miss Fleming (some things just don't change) and ask about the satellite rule. She'll say that because of a lack of take-off space, only seniors are allowed satellites, and they use the new highway Number One for a runway. "After all, it really belongs to us!"

There will be the same problems, with a little different coloring. For instance, the Student Government will be arguing the merits of taking week ends at fraternity houses and the Student Body will be saying, "Absurd and ridiculous! How archaic can you get." And the faculty committee will say "Absurd and ridiculous! What will the Convention say?" And the Convention will say, "No dancing!"

The Meredith handbook will read: "Each room is equipped with built-in beds, dressing tables, bureaus, desks, hi-fi sets, television sets, and one bookcase. Each girl will have a telephone, and by simply dialing 1, she will promptly get

room service. There will be maid service from eight to five each day except Sunday and valet service from three to nine each day except Sunday. Television sets must be kept off during study hours — 6:30 - 7:00 p.m. (Talk about Science Fiction!) This is a little far-fetched, isn't it? After all, our mothers slept many a night away in these little iron bedsteads, so why shouldn't our daughters?

There will be many factions on campus, political as well as social. The Far-Leftists will talk of Sputnik with sentiment, will order tomato juice with a twist of lemon in the Hive, and will stage dancing exhibitions in the court. The Far-Rightists will talk of the little Russian pooch named Laika with sentiment, will order Pepsi's in the Hive, and will faithfully claim that there are only eight Muses — Terpsichore never existed!

The history department will hold its archive classes in the ruins of Rome; the English department will sponsor a day-long excursion through the Hebrides, and the sociology department will take the classes to a critical tromp through the bushes of Australia for a look at the primitives — all back by six-fifteen. Girls will hum stanzas of "Teddy Bear" and say "They used to write the sweetest songs!" Frank Sinatra, Tony Bennet, and Elvis will join Rudy Vallee in the old-timers division, and people will speak of progressive jazz as "the primitive beginnings of America's own art form."

But some things will never change. They'll still have fried chicken on Sunday and eight-thirty classes. Our daughters will wear fraternity pins and tell us tales of serenades. George will still pay his nocturnal visits to first Stringfield. The trees in the court will still turn their blazing gold; the fountain will still have chewing-gum wrappers in it. Our daughters will fuss about chapel; our sons will fuss about "those idiot slips, the girls have to sign." Dot will play her radio and make delicious coffee. And we'll all sigh, and remember, and say, "This younger generation isn't so bad after all."

Contemporary Scene

(Continued from page two)

I should imagine myself to be an island Greek of 2,500 years ago. What matters is the experience which is the same for all human beings of different centuries and languages capable of enjoying poetry, the spark which can leap across those 2,500 years. The critic to whom I am most grateful is the one who can make me look at something I never looked at before, or looked at only with eyes clouded by prejudice—who can set me face to face with it and then leave me alone with it." As to the fallacy of "explanation by origin" Mr. Eliot says: "I am even prepared to suggest that there is in all great poetry something which must remain unaccountable however complete might be our knowledge of the poet, and that is what matters most. When the poem has been made, something new has happened, something that cannot be wholly explained by anything that went before. That, I believe, is what we mean by 'creation'."

And now to fit Mr. Ciardi into the picture. Recently (*Saturday Review*, Oct. 19, 1957) Mr. Ciardi rose to the occasion as defender (and, thereby, interpreter) of modern poetry. "The occasion" was an article written about the failure of modern poets by the late Lord Dunsany in the same issue of *Saturday*

faculty," and "Students are urged to visit every room on their hall during study hour."

You would have behaved very differently from the Meredith girl of 1957.

Review. I will bypass the opportunity to comment on the illogical and entirely emotional approach that Lord Dunsany used in ridiculing modern poetry; however, I do recommend both the article by Lord Dunsany and the one by Mr. Ciardi. Incidentally, Mr. Ciardi found it necessary to defend a mutilation by Lord Dunsany of some lines from *The Waste Land* by T. S. Eliot. To some more pertinent points of Mr. Ciardi concerning modern poetry: modern poetry cannot be intelligently approached and certainly cannot be understood with the prejudice of absolute rejection. "No art form can be approached with indignation. . . . There are, as I have already noted, lunatic fringes attached to modern poetry . . . as there are to every period and parish of art, but the existence of such fringes is no indictment of the center." In a general discussion of modern poetry, these two points are perhaps the best of those Mr. Ciardi makes. Modern poetry and, for that matter, any modern art form cannot be entirely successfully judged by the contemporaries of that art form. This is true for several reasons. First, at the time a particular art form, such as modern poetry (unquote), is popular there is so much bad expression of this art form intermingled with the good expression, that perspective is hard, if not almost impossible. Second, the layman or self-appointed critic tends to judge the entire movement by a small sampling, usually expressions which are nearest and most convenient to

SIX MEMBERS ADDED TO STAFF

In addition to the regular members on the staff here at Meredith, there are several new members.

New on the dining hall staff are Mrs. Hunter, head dietitian, who is originally from Washington, D. C., and was recently employed at Stuart Hall College in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania; Mrs. King, assistant dietitian from Ithaca, New York, who was head dietitian in a hospital there; and Mrs. Mimms, the dining hall hostess, who comes to us from Canada and was formerly employed at the Y.M.C.A. in Raleigh.

A new addition to the library staff is Mrs. Helguera from Onancock, Virginia. Before accepting a position here at Meredith, she was employed as the gifts and exchange assistant in the library at U. N. C. in Chapel Hill.

A Meredith graduate of 1957, Doris Allen, now Mrs. Harry Litchfield, Jr., is another new member on the staff as secretary to Miss Grimmer, alumna secretary.

Mr. Deyton's new secretary is Miss Mary Gilbert Cole. She is from Carthage and has been at Meredith since October 9.

STUDENT LEGISLATURE HELD IN RALEIGH

The 1957 North Carolina State Student Legislative Assembly convened November 7, in the Hall of the House of the State Capitol.

Approximately 250 student delegates from twenty-four colleges attended the three-day session. Those attending from Meredith were Anita Farris, president of the Student League of Women Voters; Anne Fuller, Martha McIntyre, Becky Surles, Shirley Strother, Pat Maynard, Janice Barger, and Peggy Joyner. The girls presented a bill stating that the state should provide for each teacher to have five days sick leave during the year with pay.

Mr. Ed Rankin, secretary to the Governor, and Dr. Alphonso Elder, president of North Carolina College in Durham, addressed the opening joint sessions. Congressman Harold Cooley, of Nashville, spoke at a joint House and Senate session Saturday morning.

him. A good example of this second point would be our own campus literary magazine. (As a staff member I feel no unfairness in any adverse criticism.) Any person who rejected all modern poetry because he couldn't understand or didn't like what appeared in the *Acorn* would be premature and immature in his judgment. Very little really good modern poetry appears in the *Acorn*; yet this is not to say that what appears does not represent the best creative efforts of Meredith College students. And this is not to say that no really good modern poetry is being written.

If a person is sincerely interested in investigating contemporary poetry, he will hardly find it all unintelligible or unmeaningful; and he certainly will find it just that if he approaches it with a "gritted teeth" attitude. As the times change, new art forms arise to express the new times. Those seeking creative expression may feel that the old forms or even the existing forms are inadequate for what must be said. This is not to say that the old forms are not good and have not expressed greatness. And new forms in themselves constitute no grounds for immediate rejection. *On Poetry and Poets* includes some thoughts which show the necessity for one of the "new forms" of modern poetry: "It would be a mistake . . . to assume that all poetry ought to be melodious, or that melody is more than one of the components of the music of words. Some poetry is meant to be sung; most poetry, in modern times, is meant to be spoken—and there are many other things to be spoken of besides 'the murmur of innumerable bees or the moan of doves in immemorial elms.'"