

THE TIME OF BEGINNING AGAIN

Even the cliché, "All I know is what I read in the papers," does not reach the truth among the majority of our students. The fact is that very few of us bother to read the papers. Neither do we take the time to listen to worthy news broadcasts or generally keep abreast of current affairs. It has long been a sore spot with the college that while we students rank fairly well on national tests in most fields, we fall sadly behind in current events.

The trouble is that we don't take time with things outside of our immediate realm of activities. If we take the paper we are more often aware of the doings of Dennis the Menace and what goes on in the "Good Morning" column than anything else. If we listen to the radio it is the "five minute summary of late world news." If we pick up a new book it is either *Caleb My Son*, which is short, or parts of *Peyton Place*, which are spicy. Louis Armstrong, because he is more date-worthy, receives a better following than Louis Untermeyer. In defense of our laxness we plead time until we remember the last three hour gab fest with the suite; then we plead mental fatigue, which, according to the psychologists, is non-existent.

The unfortunate thing about it is the fact that we don't really want to be "out of it." If we don't know what's going on chances are we will try to pretend we do. Our schedules are busy, and it does take effort to keep aware, but it isn't an impossibility.

Next week we will be employed in only the necessities of eating, sleeping and cramming for exams. Then, with a sigh of relief, we can clear out the conglomeration of classes, special reports and work hours to rearrange them. Now is our chance to talk the suite into subscribing to the paper, to begin to listen to the morning news as we dress for class, and to learn how to pronounce "camus." It is for us a blessed time of beginning again. Let's make the most of it. N. J.

Letters to the Editor....

To the Editor:

Upon entering chapel the other day—along with all the other days—the noise which reached me at the door was ear piercing. This noise didn't subside until the person presiding had been standing for several minutes and for what seemed to her, I am sure, almost an hour.

Especially on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, something must be done to eliminate the fuss and bother of getting to one's seat.

Something on the order of the following might help:

Could the speaker wait a few minutes longer before going to the stage?

Could classes be dismissed a few minutes sooner on those days?

Could late comers sit in the balcony? Or

Could we try *stopping* our conversations the moment we enter the auditorium?

The latter, I am sure, will keep the noise from reaching the ears of the speaker and would lend to a more worshipful attitude.

Let's give it a try and see how we like it!

BARBARA HAZELWOOD

To the Editor:

The recent demonstration in the dining hall was most impressive—embarrassing, to say the least. Before this, we had *supposedly* proved ourselves to be mature college women by our reaction to a much more perplexing situation. How is it that we let such a petty annoyance—a result of our own negligence—cause us to act so thoughtlessly?

MARTHA BONE

Lou's Remarks

By LOUISE WHITE

It is a scientific fact that every hour contains sixty minutes and that every day contains twenty-four hours. The strange thing is that, while this simple fact holds true throughout kindergarten, grade school, and high school, science goofs when college days arrive. It is impossible to convince a Meredith student that she has as much time in January as she had in October. There are just not as many working hours.

In October, classes proceed as usual. Lessons are assigned, papers are written, and term papers rear their ugly heads. Still, there is time to spare — time for bridge games

and dinner at Gino's — time for listening to records and going to the movies. Then January descends after a long October-like interval and the flurry of Christmas. And when January comes, time goes. There is no time to eat, sleep, or go to class, much less to run around town having fun. Meredith girls do the very same work that has been assigned all semester, and in the meantime the hours disappear. It would be interesting to sit up one night to see if there is not some January monster who crawls from his lair each year and gorges himself on the precious time of college students. Surely he must exist, and if he could be captured, what a cheer would go up! A losing race against time is seldom fatal, but it leaves scars upon the runner.

CURTAIN CALL

By SUSAN MOSS

Look Homeward Angel, adapted from Thomas Wolfe's novel by Katti Frings, is the newest hit play on Broadway. Many novels lose their identity and force when they are transferred to the stage, but Wolfe's novel survives because its primary contribution is a group of "magnificent characters," *Time* declares. No attempt has been made by playwright Frings to preserve all that is in the novel. The play is a simpler, smaller piece, yet vivid and impressive, critics say.

Mrs. Frings, a tousle-haired mother of two children, first became interested in Thomas Wolfe about ten years ago. "He was a playwright who didn't know how to control himself," she maintains. "His characters are tremendously theatrical in the sense of depth and perception. More than that, he seemed to know so deeply what his characters were feeling—a great help to me."

Look Homeward Angel as a play is less autobiographical than the novel. Eugene Gant, who represents the youthful Thomas Wolfe, is not so much the protagonist as the rather self-centered novel would have him. He is more just a part of the fascinating, believable Gant family. Jo Van Fleet is extraordinarily good as the well-meaning, family-exploiting mother. The drinking ruin of a father with a sense of values for all his violences is adequately portrayed by Hugh Griffith. Eugene, the young Wolfe, is splendidly played by Tony Perkins.

The play conveys the idea that youth is a bursting of bonds and a simultaneous bondage to dreams for almost every true writer.

The Silver Chord by Sidney Howard will be the Spring Production of the Playhouse. The three-act drama explores the problem of an overly possessive mother who refuses to let her two sons marry and live their own lives. When the eldest son, David, brings home his new bride the bitter conflict between mother and daughter-in-law begins. There are four parts for women and two men's roles. Tryouts will be held at the beginning of second semester. *The Silver Chord* will be presented Friday and Saturday nights, March 21st and 22nd at 8:00 p.m. in Jones Auditorium.

IN MEMORIAM

The student body experiences deep regret in the death of Patricia Ann Martin, a member of the freshman class from Greensboro, who was fatally injured in an automobile accident on December 30.

Having lived only four months on the campus, Pat had made a definite contribution. Her influence was felt by all those who knew her, and her classmates do not find adequate words to express their deep feeling of loss. THE TWIG extends sincere sympathy to her family and friends.

Musical Notes

By JOYCE SKILLMAN

The next concert in the chamber music series will be on January 31 in our auditorium. The Amadeus Quartet from London will present the program at 8:00 p.m. This will be a very fine concert, and I hope all of you who will be here between semesters will attend.

The Triple Trio has a very busy schedule for the near future. On February 3, they will journey to Burlington to sing for the Rotary Club Convention. The group will sing on our own campus at the Fashion Show to be given by the SAI's on February 28.

I hope everyone will try to attend the senior recitals this year. One of the public school music majors, Lynn Corbett, will give an organ recital on February 7, at 8:00 in the Recital Hall. Many months of hard work go into the preparation of these recitals, and anyone who attends will be well rewarded. So let's mark the dates on our calendars, and make a point to be there and back up these girls.

ANY OLD BOOKS?

Something new under the sun in the form of Meredith's first book auction is to take place Tuesday, February 11, at 5:00 p.m. The purpose of this unusual auction is to raise funds for the Colton English Club, which is sponsoring the event.

Anyone having books of any kind to give for the auction is asked to get in touch with Frances Johnson on Second Brewer — please.

Jean-Paul Satre sense."

A book, *On the Road*, published last September and called by the *New York Times*, "The most beautifully executed, the clearest and most important utterance" made by a younger writer, by Jack Kerouac can be mentioned here to further explain the Beat Generation. Significantly, *Newsweek*, January 13, 1958, mentioned Kerouac as one of the few writers under forty who have attracted national attention. Author Kerouac has used the term "beat" to describe the young Americans about whom he wrote, those "mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved." He says that the Beat Generation is basically a religious generation; however, as they are "mad to be saved," it is the extremes which satisfy them, and this includes the sanctity of monasteries as well as the criminality of narcotics.

Perhaps, Kerouac may be con- (Continued on page four)



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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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