

STRENGTH OR WEAKNESS?

Recently there was an editorial in *The Daily Tar Heel* concerning the merits and effectiveness of the Honor System at Carolina. The editor said, "If the Honor System is a symbol of Carolina's greatness, then the editor would really hate to see what is a symbol of Carolina's weakness."

We have an Honor System at Meredith, and we believe it is a symbol of our greatness. This system is the basis for all our actions, academic and social, both on and off the campus, and we adhere to its principles. We are not so naive as to believe there are no violations of the system—there are, and there will continue to be—but for the most part we uphold our personal honor and that of Meredith.

Within this college generation there has been an increased emphasis upon the judgment of the individual and the removing of many rules which specify in detail what is or is not acceptable. This trend will put a greater importance on each person's interpretation of the Honor Code and her willingness to abide by it. We have shown in many ways our readiness to accept increased responsibility. The Honor System will continue to be a symbol of Meredith's greatness.

A. R.

Proper Interpretation

In the preceding editorial, our assistant editor has rightly stated that the increasing of student responsibility brought about by the decreasing of the number of specific rules has placed greater emphasis upon the importance of each student's understanding the Meredith honor code. In an ideal situation, there would be no need for any rules. A statement of college policy and universal acceptance of the honor code would be the only necessary limits set for student conduct. With every lessening of the number of rules, the college comes nearer to this goal.

There have been, however, certain misunderstandings concerning the interpretation of the Meredith honor code. Some students seem to think that the honor code implies a "big brother is watching you" situation among the student body. Actually, the opposite is true. It is the honor code which makes "big brother" unnecessary. If we accept an honor code, we watch ourselves. We do the watching beforehand, making any rule problem non-existent. Another misconception is the idea that if one signs the honor code, she thereby places herself in the role of an informer. Students have said that they will abide by the principles of the code but that they refuse to turn in offenders. Thus, they do not sign. Such an attitude is wrong on many counts. In the first place, when one comes to a school, she accepts the standards of the institution and is thus pledged to uphold them. Fear of loss of popularity should not deter one from the exercising of her responsibilities. Second, it is doing nobody a favor if we allow rule infraction to go unchecked. The offender will no doubt continue to break rules and ultimately be forced to suffer a much heavier penalty than if she had been stopped the first time. The other students are not receiving fair treatment if the honor code is not upheld by all. The code loses value with each incident that breaks it. Last, why is it necessary to become so upset about a situation that may never occur? It seems the height of conceit for a student to think that she of all the student body will be the only one to adhere to the code if she signs it. Also, if she is truly interested in seeing that honor is upheld, she must be openly allied with the cause. Else, she will have no grounds for the discussion of the problem, nor will she have any right to criticize the existing order. She will not be a part of it.

L. W.

DENNY'S DOODLES

By CYNTHIA DENNY

Spirits rise; morale is lifted
Gone the winter's gloomy pall.
Exultation! Life is glorious!
We respond to springtime's call—
Spring is here!

Spring brings new life to all the world
New hope to all the land.
The world responds like magic
To this touch from God's own hand.

New life from the old comes up all about
When springtime returns again—
Old dreams are reborn and hope is renewed
Once more in the hearts of men.

As we look about from one part of the campus to the other, buffeted by the wind, we think of the million and one things we must do—papers, tests, reports, *ad infinitum*. Throughout all our activities, have we paused and quietly thought to the coming of a new season? The "miracle of growing things pushed up from darkness"—silver-gray promises of foliage, green spears above brown earth, pale buds reflected in blue pools—shows us the old is past and the new is come. Nature is young again, fulfilling her dreams of yesterday, hitherto locked in darkness. So may we be born again; so may we cast off the Past's grip and, being new, fulfill our missions. This, nature's message of Hope and Renewal of life, is also the message of Eastertide.

A Point to Ponder

A professor from a nearby college recently stated in a social science class that America has no national culture. His remark raised a storm of protest from the students whom he was addressing. It is an interesting point to consider. If there is an American culture that is distinctive,

as the students argued, what is it? If there is not, as the professor stated, what do we have? Are our art, music literature, ideas, and ideals merely a hodge-podge from everywhere, or have we ceased to be a group of frontier pioneers and become a nation culturally as well as politically?

Seen Around Campus

Budding trees, blooming daffodils, and violets behind the dining hall. Members of the faculty who have enough energy to teach all day and play tennis at lunch hour.

Freshmen feverishly working on term papers and upperclassmen calmly saying "later."

Student teachers learning to print all over again.

Physical education methods people staggering around after two hours of first grade games.

A scramble among the new officers for people to work in the various campus organizations.

The huge new bulletin board in the post office.

People chuckling over the new Monster and Contemporary cards in the Bee Hive.

Scarves being worn to ALL events because of the wind.

People wondering where and whether to wear socks—DECISIONS!

Seniors wandering around since elections saying, "Already we're has-beens."

An irate student who took one of her white shirts downtown to get another just like it and was asked by the clerk, "Is it grey or white?"

People from the east side of the dorms who are sleepy all day because the sun rises earlier and earlier.

Sunday morning paper-snatchers standing in the hall asking, "Who takes the paper who is not here this weekend?"

...BACKSTAGE...

By SUE MATZNER

Congratulations to Lelia Davenport on being elected Playhouse President for '59-'60. I am sure the members of the Playhouse look forward to next year under her capable leadership.

Congratulations are also in order to the new members of the Playhouse who have worked on the spring production. They are Harriett Hill, Lee Pickard, and Liz Milliken.

There will be no March Playhouse meeting due to the members' working on the production. Speaking of the production, we again invite all Meredith students and their friends to "Ladies In Retirement." Every-

THE EYEBALL

By NANCY WHEDBEE

every soul resident
In the earth's one circus tent.
Vachel Lindsay

Helen White seems to come up always with the most "profound" thoughts. While running eagerly, expectantly to a chapel service, someone inspired by their previous class remarked, "Everyone must have a religion." Helen ventured, "Yes, that's true . . . I'm a Buddhist." Her companion remarked, "Well, I'm a Hindu, and because of this sinful, gay existence I'm leading at Meredith, I'll probably be reincarnated as a monkey in my later life." Helen obviously converted agreed and with great introspection, glancing at herself from toe to top uttered, "Yes, as a matter of fact I'll probably be a cow . . . Holy Cow! That's pretty much what I look like now!"

I SAW A MAN

I saw a man pursuing the horizon;
Round and round they sped.
I was disturbed at this;
I accosted the man.
"It is futile," I said,
"You can never—"
"You lie," he cried,
And ran on.

Stephan Crane

Noticed the fads that sweep our cozy little campus from time to time? Bridge never seems to die, and now especially with the advent of professors teaching the game its addicts should increase. Someone remarked after the announcement in chapel of the bridge courses, "With my bridge classes how will I ever find time to prepare my assignments in my little pastime?"

When one of the departments gave a tea, several students brought their knitting. After the conversation, which at one moment had centered on uprisings of the people in *Tale Of Two Cities*, someone less enraptured with the knitting trend mumbled, "This place is beginning to look like the French Revolution!"

From Carl Sandburg:

LIMITED

I am riding on a limited express, one of the crack trains of the nation. Hurling across the prairie into blue haze and dark air go fifteen all steel coaches holding a thousand people.

(All the coaches shall be scrap and rust and all the men and women laughing in the diners and sleepers shall pass to ashes.)

I ask a man in the smoker where he is going and he answers: "Omaha."

. . . Too many of us go around just picking blackberries."

"Tootle"

one likes a murder mystery and this one really is unusual. See you there!



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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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The Music Box

By MARGARET HURST

Several members of the Chorus, upon request by Miss Donley, agreed to sing in "The Messiah" sponsored by the Raleigh Music Club at Tabernacle Baptist Church on March 15. Mr. Allen Bone, professor of music at Duke University, directed the performance. Singing in the group, which performed the Easter portion of the work, was really an experience for the girls who took part in the presentation.

Junior recitals are coming up soon. March 23 is the date set by Barbara Armstrong, soprano, and Janice Morgan, pianist. Barbara Smith and Ruth Young, both organists, will give a joint recital also this spring, although no definite date has been set yet.

The Lighter Touch: The Music Department welcomes the new Garis baby, Meredith Carey . . . Miss Swanson's birthday party at Balentine's included her sophomore theory class, Miss Donley, and Mr. Clyburn . . . Congratulations to the SAI pledges; it is a real honor to be chosen . . . Mr. Clyburn has the Junior Piano Ensemble this year . . . Dr. and Mrs. Cooper went to hear "Aida" at the Metropolitan Opera a couple of weeks ago; it was Mrs. Cooper's birthday . . . Sylvia Maynard is trying to teach the wee ones to sing at school these days!

