

Welcome

On behalf of the student body of Meredith College, we welcome the high school seniors who are visiting on our campus as guests of the college this week end. Your plans to come to Meredith next year are of great interest to us because we will be sharing with you the work and the play involved in college life. Because this is, for many of you, your first opportunity to meet our administrative staff, our faculty, and our students, we want you to make the most of this week end.

Meredith College is rich in traditions, one of which you are being introduced to this week end—our May Day. This and others you will come to know during your Meredith life; we hope you will come to love them as we do. In your first year here you will experience the competition and fun between classes involved in such things as Stunt Night and between dormitories, faculty, and day students in Play Day. As sophomores, you will be given the privilege of "helping" your Big Sister class, with whom you will become close friends. Those of us who make up the present student body must pass on to you the joy we share here in our common experiences.

For this particular May Day week end we have attempted to dip into as many phases of our campus life as possible and, by so doing, to give you a sample of what your college years will hold. As we welcome you, we do not forget that privilege and a responsibility is ours during your stay. The many of us who are your hostesses will have a chance to get to know you and your interests. We will try to present a true picture of our college and its activities to you. We look forward to the coming school year as ours to share.

L.E.H.

Transition

Old officers have stepped down and the new officers have moved forward to try to take their places. For both groups and for the entire student body this transition period is of necessity and at best a difficult time. Plans made many months ago remain to be carried out while new and future plans must be begun. Old officers, relieved of the burden of responsibility at last, find themselves curiously at a loss and face the problem of helping without hindering. New officers, anxious to prove worthy of responsibility but oftentimes overwhelmed by the newness and magnitude of it all, must fight their way out of confusion and keep their organizations running smoothly. This transition period can be successfully met only if all concerned work with patience, sympathy, and understanding. Old officers will advise, but must resist the temptation to take over and get things done quickly; new officers will not hesitate to ask for advice, but must not try to avoid the responsibility which has become theirs.

The new officers are just now realizing how much work must be done to maintain a successful college organization. It is fitting that we all pause at this time to consider what part we play in making campus organizations successful and just what our responsibilities are. By our votes the campus leaders are selected. It seems therefore that we have the responsibility of supporting these leaders. This responsibility of support does not eliminate the possibility of disagreement. No leader, no matter how dedicated or how popular, will be always right, nor should she expect to be. It is her duty to select—with the help of her associates—the best of possible ideas; and it is up to her fellow workers to provide support for the plans she, with their help, selects. The new officers have the encouragement and best wishes of their predecessors; they must also have the support of their co-workers.

M.A.B.

Music Notes

By ANNE SHARPE

As the year draws to a close, the music students are busily preparing the pieces that they will play for exams; the juniors and seniors are ready for the last recitals; and the chorus is preparing for the commencement concert. On schedule for this program is "Serenade" by Franz Schubert which will be done in German. The alto soloist for this work will be Miss Jean Grealish, a former Meredith student. We are looking forward to working with her.

Recitals

All of us were impressed by the excellence of Gunnar Johansen, who played here in a concert on April 20. It was indeed unusual to hear an entire program of contemporary music. A program of American music is scheduled for the SAI recital on May 5. May 15 and 16 will bring an opportunity to hear more of our own students in their recitals. Glenda Pressley, Ruth Young, and Barbara Smith will give their junior recitals on the 15th, and Sylvia Maynard will play her senior recital on the following night. Support your friends and classmates with your attendance at these recitals.

Overheard in the music department: Gail raving about Mr. Johansen—Voice students and their accompanists trying to find a minute to go over those exam pieces together—People begging, "Let me go over my piece just once on the 'big organ'"—Teachers dreading exams (that's a change!).

THANK YOU

The 1959-1960 Twig staff wishes to take this opportunity to offer the 1958-1959 staff our sincere thanks for a job well done. We appreciate the work (now we know how much work) they did to put out THE TWIG and we hope to prove worthy successors.

Denny's Doings

Gratitude

Sweet is the breath of vernal shower
The bee's collected treasures sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of Gratitude,
from "Ode for Music"
by Thomas Gray

Spring has placed her delicate treasures before us, wrapped in soft airs and silver rains, and bidden us think on them. What evidence they are of the Master's care in the past, lifeless under snow and sleet, what surety against dread leanness. And here is more than concern for bare necessities, else why the fragrance of the flower? The flash of emerald in insect wing? The birdnote? These gifts lavished beyond necessities lift our thoughts beyond the usual round. Eyes newly-opened by the prodigal season focus on the deeds that might go unnoticed otherwise. One turns to human beings and finds due them, known and unknown, that freely given and expressed appreciation which is gratitude. Gratitude for those who perform manual labor that one's time may be free for study, who labor over stoves and steam that food may be available. Gratitude for those who give of time and fingers' skill that one may be queen in a gown of lace. Gratitude for those whose genius touches the divine chords inside, giving them release by conceptions of the beautiful—those who essay the immortal through pigment or stone, through reed or string, or through the direct instrument of the mind, literature.

How pay this debt? How evince this grace? Give over thought and eye, hand and voice to love for them, and the way will be clear.

THE YEAR IN RETROSPECT

By NANCY SHEARIN

We're remembering.

We're sprawled across an orange and green plaid bed-spread reminiscent of nine months of popcorn oil and MY SIN and eye-drops and suntan lotion and tears—watching a spider wind its leisurely way to the top ruffle of an organdy curtain—and remembering.

We're freshmen remembering our first fraternity party and our only "A" in chemistry. We're sophomores remembering the Germans at Carolina and the Junior-Senior at State. We're juniors remembering a ring—a class ring or a diamond or both. We're seniors remembering everything at once. We're all remembering a year of important things, and even the very smallest remembrance has become important in being remembered.

We're remembering September and a panting, perspiring West Virginia business executive who waited to help heave one end of the trunk of a South Carolina farmer's daughter to third Stringfield. We're remembering a petite size-nine transfer who had to pin a hefty roommate's size fifteen skirt around her when she lost her closet key the second week of school.

We're remembering snow-cream made in our coffee-pot as soon as a faculty member who shared her unstuff had dusted the Meredith campus, and how we wondered whether all those delicious little black specks were coffee-grounds or dirt.

We're remembering how spring "Joy to the World" extra loud at one faculty member's home, because a little boy in the apartment next door had his nose pressed against the frosty window and Christmas in his eyes.

We're remembering a staff member who played a hand of bridge with three of us who didn't have a date one Saturday night, and a faculty member who shared her umbrella with a freshman caught up-town in a sudden storm.

We're remembering how spring came to Meredith on a dark, cold morning when a dreamy-eyed girl who couldn't learn logarithms went to trig class with a violet in her hair. We're remembering when another Miss pointed out a shivering February robin beside an ice-glazed mud-puddle, threw her French book into the sky, shouted, "It's spring!" and wore a cotton skirt to dinner.

We're remembering the war—no, not the Civil or Spanish-American—but the war with the giant ants who moved into a hole in the bathroom plaster. It took dozens of cologne-soaked kleenexes to convince that army that we wouldn't share the tub half and half with them.

We're remembering music. There's always music at Meredith, even if we discount radios, T.V. and hi-fi sets, and piano majors. We're re-

membering the 6:00 a.m. train whistle and the 6:30 crackle of radiators. We're remembering the fountain's splash at midnight, an accordion's melody in the prayer garden at dusk, and a suite-mate's flute practice all afternoon. We're remembering the rhythm of four typewriter in one suite the night before freshman term papers were due; the roar of electric hair-dryers guaranteed to have a sophomore's curls perfect for HIM by 8:00, even though she went swimming without her bathing cap; and the hum of vibrators warranted to remove ten pounds painlessly and without a diet before the Junior-Senior. We're remembering the night watchman whistling "Rock of Ages" and the dormitory maid singing "Dixie" and the pigeons cooing in the April rain. We're remembering alarm-clocks and car horns and telephone bells and the wonderful unforgettable music of those screamed congratulations that we'd complained about all year—the night WE got pinned.

Yes, we're remembering, and suddenly there isn't room enough to breathe. Suddenly we are choked between laughter and tears as we watch this year's oft-repeated "How long?" slip away from us leaving behind like the clinging web of a vanished spider—a hundred thousand echoes of "Remember when?"

Seen Around Campus

Play Day Duke and Duchess dampedly reposing in the fountain.

Girls studying (?) in the library stopping to watch the baby pigeons outside the balcony window.

Tennis serves being practiced up and down 1st Brewer.

Relieved freshmen smirking while upperclassmen feverishly fight term papers.

May Day practices in the court.

Red crepe paper streamers on every Faircloth bulletin board.

People trying on odd sun glasses in the Bee Hive.

Second semester SENIORS on the verge of serving campus.

Student teachers leaving for the week end, every week end.

German 1 students reading fairy tales in the original Grimm.

Club picnics in the hut and at the chimney.

Seniors saying, "At this point, I know how much there is to learn."

Girls in the first aid course looking for victims to practice on.

Suites being furiously cleaned "so those visitors won't know we live in the midst of chaos!"

Juniors gazing at college rings with a "Can this be happening to me?" expression on their faces.

Birds already building nests in the eaves of the new building.

The green grass, the green trees, and the flowers—at last it's Spring.



"Tell your brother to go in the house for his drink of water."



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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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