

THOUGHTS AT COMMENCEMENT

Are we bogged down in the trivialities of school or do we see our places in the total purpose of Meredith College? Too often we become so involved in details that we completely overlook the purpose for which we are working. As we look back on the year just ending, it is not hard to see the weaknesses in what we have done and the needs we have failed to meet. And with each September come fresh ideals, for we cannot live in the Meredith College community without finding some direction in our lives. These ideals may concern a specific job on campus for which we are responsible or they may relate us to our school in general. Ideals are far more difficult to put into practice, however, than they are to create, as has been our painful experience through one, two, three, or even four years. We realize that our organizations must make a significant contribution to life at Meredith *next year*, but will 1959-1960 be this all-important *next year*?

An education, as the founders of Meredith saw it, is far more than the memorization of various sets of facts. Every concert we attend, each class activity in which we participate, and all of those informal sessions held in the dormitories late at night are vital parts of our education. It is to this purpose that Meredith College is dedicated. Now we must look beyond ourselves, enveloped as we are in the trivialities, and see our place here. Then, as our time comes, we will graduate, better able to realize our contributions to the community in which we are living because we have been a part of this purpose.

L.E.H.

Music Notes

By ANNE SHARPE

With senior and junior recitals behind them, the music students are busily preparing for their exams and for the performances they will make during commencement week end. A treat is in store, for Jean Grealish, a Meredith alumnae, is to be the soloist for both Friday night and Sunday morning. On Friday night the chorus will accompany Miss Grealish as she does Franz Schubert's "Serenade" as the finale of a varied recital featuring piano, vocal, and choral selections. On Sunday at the Baccalaureate service, Miss Grealish will sing the solo of Robert Elmore's "I Will Bless the Lord," accompanied by the chorus. The chorus will also sing "Canticle of Wisdom" at the graduation exercises on Monday morning. We are eagerly anticipating these performances and are working hard to make them good ones.

Some of us are planning to attend the piano clinic that Mr. Pratt will hold here on our campus during the month of June. There will be a great deal accomplished in the days, and all of us wish Mr. Pratt well in this endeavor.

Overheard in the Music Department: Wails of "I just can't play my piece—what am I going to do???? . . . Joan Cope trying to get girls to work in the Music Office . . . Much talk about the new piano course that Mr. Clyburn is going to teach next fall . . . Everyone listening to the tape of the Chorus Concert . . . Miss Swanson's theory class voting on exam dates . . . Miss Swanson muttering about spilled coffee and spoiled sophomores . . . Nancy Carr telling about her wonderful summer to come at Interlochen Music Camp in Michigan.

TO THE SENIORS

On behalf of the rest of the student body, THE TWIG would like to express congratulations and best wishes to the seniors. You have been and will be told again that "the world outside" is different and difficult. Those of us who have worked with you are confident that you will be successful in your future work; we hope to be able to carry on the plans and the spirit which you have left. We bid you goodbye and good luck.

Seen Around Campus

Seniors humming "Pomp and Circumstance."

Mad scrambles through the State College Student Directory for possible rides home.

Discouraged study-ers who have given up—and gone to the pool.

Last plans being made for those summer weddings.

Determined stunt chairman making sure they have committee heads NOW!

Sophomores who *just don't know* how many daisies they will have to gather.

Business-like requests to "please change my address to the following:—"I'm not going to have to pay for four unheard-of records *this fall*."

Chorus members impressing suite-mates with their German.

Freshmen who can rest in the thought that they *did* live through it.

Girls saying, "I'll see him June 27, July 17, and then *not til September*."

Those strawberries in the dining hall . . . wonderful!

Miss Grimmer getting ready to add over 100 new names to the alumnae list.

Everybody's curls being slashed to almost-no-hair.

Hunter Hall!

Bewildered faces mirroring *It's Exam Time*.

The Present . . . Perfect

By NANCY SHEARIN

A pair of eyes start up from a thick red book and a pink mouth stretches in a lazy yawn. A beckoned roommate schuffles over and glances at the indicated picture and sighs: "Man, wasn't it wonderful! I'll never forget. . . ." They are off then—two girls reminiscing of boy friends and Rush Week and Stunt and May Day.

Across court, a pair of eyes glances at the clock and blinks wistfully as a girl tumbles off a bed bringing an assortment of bobby pins and tweezers and wrinkled clothes with her. She jolts her roommate from her history book with a shout: "Hey look! I've found it. Isn't this wedding gown just divine?" And two heads are bent over *Modern Bride*, and two girls are dreaming of bridesmaids and split-levels and sterling and husbands.

Two merry eyes dance in a mirror plastered with men and old dance bids and next year's schedule cards. These are young restless eyes—brown or blue or gray—in a face that's tan or pale or freckled. And we who belong to these eyes—we who are squashed between memory and dreams—stare at the glass, and wonder and try to fathom what we are.

We are laughter—soft caressing laughter shared by two when lights are low. We are infectious, lilting laughter that makes our whole world (Class) burst into little shooting stars of laughter. We are left-over silly giggles—the wonderful laughter over nothing at all that's not quite lost yet. We are arms thrown up at morning, mouths curved wide—laughing at the lovely, lovely world.

We are tears—wet, stinging drops that splash down hot to dry cool and salty in a dimple. We are tears that rainbow during the hush after Beethoven's UNFINISHED and cloud after a phone call from home—all the thousands of tears that dissolve into snuffles and hiccups and finally sleep.

We are love—love for things at least six feet tall; love for crew-cuts and crew-neck sweaters and football jerseys; love for pizza and perfume. We are love for a child in Belks who's crying for his mommie and smearing a chocolate bar in his hair; love for the smile of a stranger on the city bus; love for a professor who lets his class leave two minutes early.

We are fear—fear of gnat-sized bugs and pop quizzes. Our fear is the pain of jerking awake too early, too tense because of a 9:30 seminar report; it is the hurt of a caught breath while Latin papers are being handed back.

We are prayer—rising, soaring, almost-asleeping church prayer and a quick "please God" before an English test and "thank You" in the dark closeness of night. We are bowed heads at noon and lifted heads at dusk; we are faith.

We are beauty—a tiny part of the whole beauty of rough pebbly beaches on week ends and hot cracked cement on Saturday afternoons. We are the brush-stroke in a Rembrandt and the satin of a pink ballet slipper. We are part of the smell of hot bread and clean linen and freshly cut grass and sticky newsprint and the smell of rain against a window screen. We are old musty books and slick new-smelling books and ink-splashed stationery. We are part of a crimson sun behind Joyner and morning's purple tree shadow on a red brick wall. We are the wren busy at nest building and the hammers of scaffold climbing workmen.

We are what someone has lightly called "tomorrow's past" . . . a pair of eyes . . . girl . . . stranded between last fall's dance bids and next year's schedule cards; between a pile of old text-books and a crisp application blank. We are the present—the now, but what are we? Tomorrow's past? Yesterday's future? How we wonder what we are. But oh, how glad, how very glad we are to be just this.

BACKSTAGE

By LEE PICKARD

The Playhouse has tried very hard to produce plays that would be enjoyable, and a lot of time and hard work has been put forth this year. I am asking for more participation next year. The plans have already been started which will be decidedly different from this year's program. *Midsummer Nights Dream* and three one-acts, which are to be chosen in the fall, are two things the Playhouse is planning, and it's a big undertaking! I believe it deserves the attention of all at Meredith. There will also be a new addition to the stage: a new back curtain or "cyclorama," gray in color.

The Playhouse invites any suggestions as to its improvement and will next year try to please and entertain as it has always tried to do. We ask for any suggestions as to the plays you would like to see. Thank you.

The Diary of Ann Frank has had very favorable reviews and we wish to congratulate the Raleigh Little Theatre for its work.

Meredith Recognized At Science Meeting

Becky Surles, senior science major who has served this year as president of the North Carolina Collegiate Academy of Science, was awarded a "distinguished service" key at the Academy meeting May 1. (Continued on page four)



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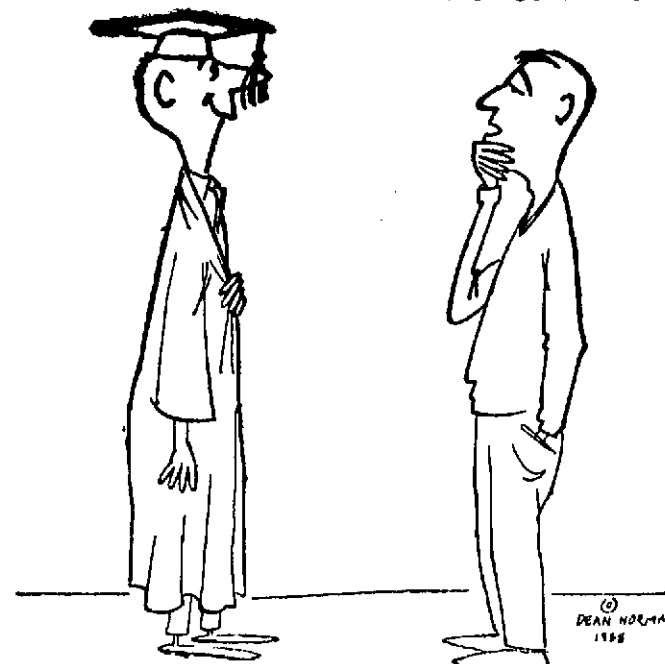
Meredith College is an accredited senior liberal arts college for women located in the capital city of North Carolina. It confers the Bachelor of Arts and the Bachelor of Music degrees. The college offers majors in twenty-one fields including music, art, business and home economics.

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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CAMPUS COMEDY



"WELL, I THINK YOU'RE WEARING IT BACKWARDS, BUT LEAVE IT THAT WAY—IT SORT OF SYMBOLIZES YOUR ENTIRE SCHOLASTIC CAREER."