

THE ESSENCE OF ORIENTATION

We are the student body of Meredith College once again. As we mature, the composition of this student body changes. Or does it? Do we not find here on our campus people with the same needs that Meredith students of the last generation had? Familiar objects and faces are here for many of us, but we must remember that they may not be so familiar to the new students. As we go about our own affairs, each of us may pass up an opportunity to help someone see Meredith as we know her.

During the week of orientation, we made an effort to acquaint the new members of our student body not only with our grounds and buildings, but also with the purpose under which we live here. If we are unable to uphold that purpose each day, orientation programs are useless. Within the next two weeks both Phis and Astros will be made acutely aware of their responsibilities. However, it cannot end there.

Graduates of Meredith are often known for their good relations with those with whom they work. This ability should be traced back to our relations here on campus, for it is here that we learn through the vital experiences of these years. Together we study, we work, and we play. Some day we shall find to our surprise that for too many of us togetherness was miles apart.

L. E. H.

Rush . . . a time for reflection

Societies have long been a part and a significant part of life at Meredith. During their early years the societies were so important, perhaps, because girls had little and infrequent contact, relatively speaking, with the outside world. Yet today, with more trips to town and more visitors than girls of the past could have imagined, societies are still important. Why?

Perhaps in a school like ours—a school with, for instance, no football team—societies give the student something to be for—society spirit instead of school spirit, in a sense. This is true, at least in part, at Meredith. Here there is class spirit, certainly, in intramural competitions, a Cornhuskin, at Stunt. But there seems to be no Meredith spirit of the sort most of us experienced in high schools: the thrills of just belonging, the joy when any aspect of school life went well or was praised, the intense sorrow when a team lost or a project failed.

No, Meredith spirit is a spirit apart, examined rather seldom and then most often in private, brought to light usually only at times like Commencement and when one meets a prospective Meredith freshman who is a bit leery of this whole college experience. Meredith spirit is seldom discussed; but it is always present, surprising us when we do examine it with its depth and intensity.

So society spirit is, in a way, a substitute for the enthusiasm and excitement which we often think of as school spirit; but it is also much more. Society spirit can be a wonderful experience—a group of girls drawn together by a binding but intangible bond, a group working happily together toward common goals, girls who have chosen their society and who are eager to share it with others.

The activities of rush week begin this afternoon. For six days members of each society will be trying to represent their society at its best. We must all remember that society membership carries with it other responsibilities beside making posters and paying dues. Astrotekton and Philaretian are what we make them. Their ideals are set up and the ideals of both societies are outstanding. How well these ideals are fulfilled depends on each and every one of us. For, after all, the society is its members.

M. A. B.

Music Notes

By ANNE SHARPE

Music notes are in the air again this month singing out a welcome to the sixteen new girls who have joined us as freshmen in the music department. We wish them much success as they begin hours of practice and the five daily theory classes.

While we have been away this summer, others have been busy lining up some excellent musical opportunities for us. The Chamber Music series, which is held here on our campus, offers us four programs as does the Civic Music program. We are indeed fortunate to have so much good music accessible. Take advantage of the opportunity.

Overheard in the music department: Mr. Pratt exclaiming over the wonderful Civic Music program that is scheduled for this season—Joan Cope trying to get the music office straightened out—strains of newly begun organ and piano works—the “kaw-kaw’s” of voice students—Miss Swanson telling about her summer job as a camp cook—rehearsals of the new chorus.

Denny's Doings

By CYNTHIA DENNY

What to share with you in this first column of the year? Thoughts on study? Or leisure time? Or art? Or literature? No, none of these, for with the sounds of the court reaching through the calm air of night, memories come, and resolutions, and hopes.

Now the past three years intermingle and become one with the present in the soft splashing of the fountain, the hearty sound of laughter, the jangling of the phone.

Only yesterday I studied in the history alcove where the penny-bright freshmen now sit. Only yesterday I diagrammed that same sentence that has been left on the board. Only yesterday I wandered to art and biology on paths that will soon be overgrown and unused save in the dream walks of those who can remember.

Pardon so much of self, but with these pictures of the past so vivid, the realization comes that this is the beginning of the last, the final year. It is the last; but now is the beginning. Perhaps you, whatever your class, make at a beginning, resolutions. For college, such resolutions as, to enlarge horizons by study, to fulfill duties well, to use leisure time wisely.

As many and varied as we are, so are the hopes that rise. We hope for the blessings of true friendships. We desire scholastic ability. We wish positions of leadership. Whatever our highest hopes, may our reachings upward enrich us, and through us, others. May this year, first, middle, or final, send us out bearing light, Meredith's heart.

Seen Around Campus

Children's lit students carefully and hilariously doing collateral—*Horton Hatches the Egg*.

Seniors already in a stew about “next year I'll have to get a job!” Pigeons taking a sun bath behind Johnson Hall.

Biology students “appreciating” Meredith's trees.

Girls marking off on calendars the number of months, weeks, and even days until they will be walking down the aisle.

A new and smiling face behind the Bee Hive counter—Mrs. Ruth Gower.

Trees beginning to turn, already! Stunt committees hopefully assuring themselves that November is a long way off.

Seniors who are making it their responsibility to see that motion picture studios make a profit this year. Five in one week is the present record.

Many people at breakfast.

Eyes In The Back of My Head

By NANCY SHEARIN

You remember her. Though her names are legion, she is usually prefixed by “Miss” and identified with the word “battleax.” Somewhere back in the pigtail days of some forgotten September, she stood before you and me and thirty-nine other reluctant little scholars and boomed these immortal words in a voice admirably suited to hog-calling:

“Well, children, summer is over!” Remember the effect? Remember how quickly that first day of school excitement changed to dread? As Miss Teacher boomed on about “the wonderful and grand adventures in learning we will have in third grade this year,” we withered and wigled and entirely missed what the great adventure was to be. Our young bodies fresh out of faded bathing-suits and flip-flop sandals revolted at the threat of those lingering words: “Summer is over.”

After the “tumult and the shouting dies” at Meredith—when all the diamonds are envied; when the affected accents have worn off; when all our clothes are either dirty or too little; when State fails to come through on Saturday night; when we are dazed with half a dozen collateral lists and quizzes—that “summer is over” feeling gets us. We droop our little heads like that celebrated “last rose” and become resigned.

What to do?

We could call mama (collect), or throw something or scream or eat. Any of these would provide temporary comfort. But if we really want a cure—there is only one prescription. That is a dose of hindsight.

I wonder why it should be unforgivable to look back in September; why autumn has an air of New Year's resolutions wafting through it. Is there any harm in recollecting a long rugged beach, a cheery smile, a snatch of song, a glint of sun-gold occasionally? Are we not “throwing jewels to the swine” when we blithely let summer go?

Whether we worked or played; whether we went to Russia or *Sleepy Hollow* this summer—we found or learned or created something that we will need before nine months bring summer back to us again. It is something (dare I say it?) that we won't find in calculus or ancient history this year. Call it contentment, or adventure or solitude or peace—or a hundred different names. Summer will answer to them all.

True, September is a month of challenge—a month of beginnings. It is “forward into battle” now, but there are times when those naughty eyes in the back of my head are caught in a wicked wink and the occurrence somehow manages to coincide exactly with my off-key, inappropriate rendition of SUMMER-TIME.

ed. notes

The TWIG regrets to learn of the illness of Miss Sally Wills Holland, a member of the English faculty for the past four years. We miss seeing her in the classroom and around the campus. Miss Holland's address is 2205 Staples Mill Road, Richmond, Virginia. We feel sure that she would enjoy hearing from Meredith.

Dr. Campbell, both in his speech to the new students and in his chapel talk on the opening day of classes, clarified for many of Meredith's students—new and returning—just what Meredith's purpose is as a college and where we as students fit into the plan. To appreciate the best that is Meredith makes one realize how valuable are our opportunities here.

The extra five minutes between 9:30 classes and chapel make it easier to get to the auditorium without puffing for breath. What will they do when the proposed dorm goes up beyond Faircloth? It's a long way to Joyner and Hunter from there.

Mrs. Dorothy P. Greenwood of Raleigh has been added to the English faculty. Mrs. Greenwood has been with us before, and we welcome her back.

Orientation Week found many

counselors and group guides putting in some extra study time. This year's freshmen are really alert and inquisitive. Remarked one group guide: “Life is moving faster than it did when I was a freshman.”

Wanted:

THE TWIG is in need of a photographer and a cartoonist. Anyone interested in either of these positions is asked to leave her name at the TWIG room on first Brewer. If the door is locked, just drop the note through the slit in the glass. Experience is welcomed, but not necessary.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

It has long been TWIG policy to invite the members of the student body to contribute their opinions on various matters through letters to the editor. Letters must be signed, though in certain cases names might not be published. Letters may be given to any member of the editorial staff or may be left at THE TWIG room on first Brewer. THE TWIG does not guarantee publication, but all letters will be given careful consideration. THE TWIG is “the newspaper of the students of Meredith College.” As such we have a place for student opinions. We invite you to contribute.



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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



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