



A Lesson

It has been a long year for colleges and universities across the nation. It has been a year of change, of revolution, of turning aside from the old ways of doing things. For many colleges these processes have been quiet, orderly, and usually have involved reasonable changes that are beyond no one's comprehension.

But for other institutions, and of course by far the most publicized ones, the changes have not come so easily. Students march, riot, run nude across the campus, barricade the school president in his home, seize the administration building for use as a community love-in, camp-in, and wreck-in. They burn the student union and classroom buildings, ransack the school newspaper office if that organization dares cross them, hold faculty members and administrators for ransom, and if the police are called in to clear the area, yell "Brutality" or "fascist swine," while in turn continuing to destroy campus property and perhaps keep their fellow students from continuing their education.

We do not agree with nor can we condone the actions of these "students." There can be no excuse for the willful destruction of others' property, no matter how well-founded their grievances. In fact, we question the validity of student demands which name the complete demise of any and all rules which tend to keep them from "doing their thing." No governing body, be it national or state government, or Board of Trustees can be expected to grant so many liberties and privileges to students who insist on throwing a temper tantrum and burning another building whenever things don't go their way.

What these students are working(?) for is, in a word, anarchy. They are very willing to destroy, but unwilling to make plans for replacing what they destroy with something else. And any sensible creature can realize the results of such a lack of government—especially as it was so graphically pictured in movies like "Lord of the Flies."

In reviewing current campus unrest, eminent historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., defended student agitators on a late-night TV show by saying that students *have* to burn and riot to get anything accomplished in way of change. It's sad, he noted, but it has to be.

We take issue with Mr. Schlesinger's remarks, for we know otherwise, from our own observations here at Meredith. This year has meant many changes, both social and academic for this school. And yet, not one of them was brought about by rioting or burning. Students, bringing their requests before the Trustees, found a body of men and women eager to hear and to act on these requests. Faculty and administrators continually have shown their willingness to cooperate with student wants and needs. Nor have these needs been unreasonable, but have reflected just and due consideration by student government leaders and the student body as a whole as to the appropriateness of changes.

Students at Meredith College have most of all, however, shown their willingness to *work*, even slave, for what they want—not by staging dramatic protest marches, but by sheer brain and leg power in endless committee meetings, discussions and studies. And, with a few exceptions, students have shown the still greater attribute of waiting patiently, realizing that nothing good happens fast. True, the changes are not through coming; but one must realize the tremendous progress of the past year in order to recognize "student power" in its finest form.

What is in the offing for colleges across the nation in the next year? More burning and demonstrating? We can only hope that dissatisfied students everywhere will find a lesson in the story of Meredith and thousands of other schools like her—schools where students have "learned to labor and to wait."

RBM

Quit Gripping!

Have you got a gripe? Do you have something you want to say? If you do, why don't you write a letter to the TWIG and express your opinion?

Communication is important to any meaningful group. It is the only means by which constructive progress can be made. If you have an opinion, don't tell only your suitmates or friends. Nothing is accomplished by simply rehashing the subject among a few people. Write a letter to the TWIG! Who knows—a number of people may agree with you! Even if there is disagreement, at least you have lit a spark somewhere.

Much has been accomplished during the past year by students and faculty members who have been interested enough to speak out. Let's keep it up!

ERB

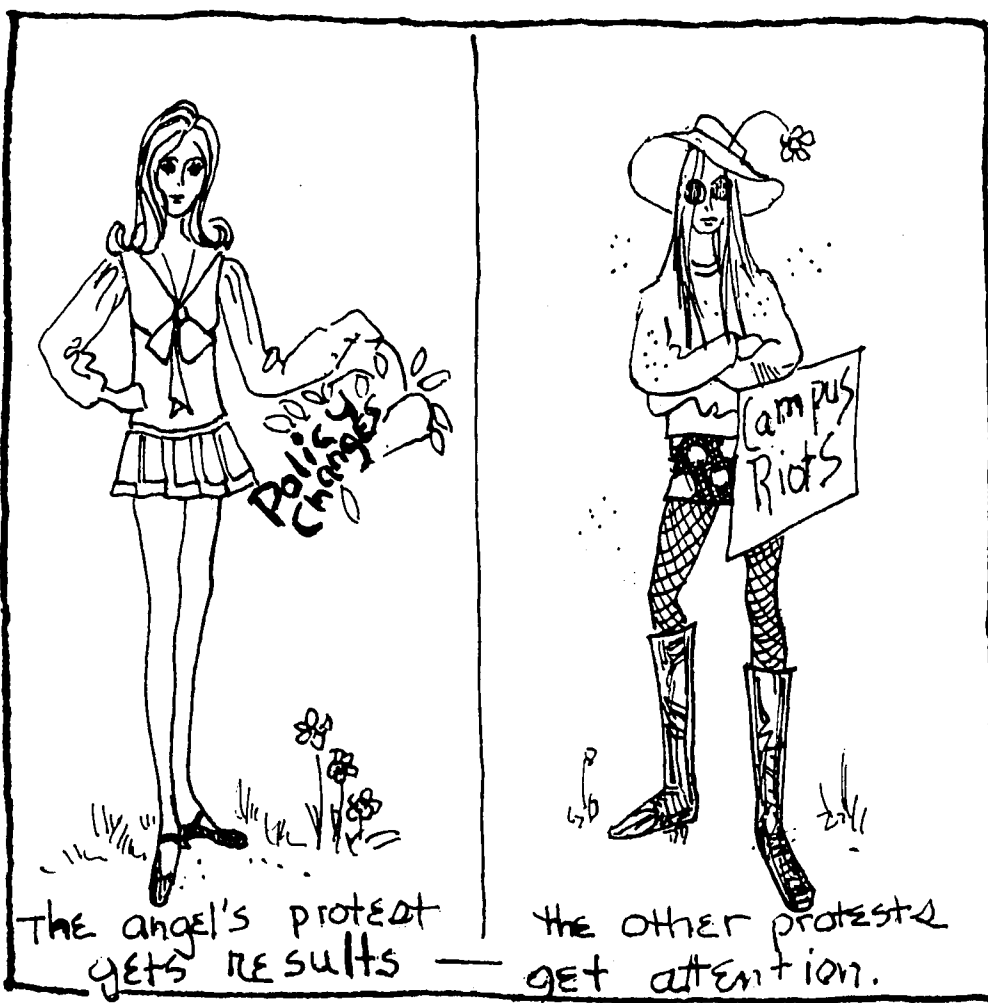
EDITORIAL STAFF

- Editor.....Brooks McGirt
- Associate Editors.....Emma Ruth Bartholomew, Janet Morris
- Managing Editors.....Susan Soloway, Debby McShane
- News Editor.....Helen Wilkie
- Feature Editor.....Abigail Warren
- Copy Editor.....Nancy Ausbon
- Assistant Copy Readers.....Paula Tudor, Linda Haddock
- Cartoonists.....Rita Caveny, DeLena Williams, Dail Dickson
- Snoop Scoop.....Becky Brown, Lura McCain
- Columnists.....Percy Beane, Donna Williams
- Reporters.....Kathy Oliver, Emory Farris, Alice Forney
- Edith Whitley, Suzanne Pomeranz, Ann Goodson, Susan Van Wageningen, Martha Stephenson, Nancy Barnhill, Carolyn Harrelson, Ann Bryan, Patsy Brake, Nancy Watkins
- Faculty Sponsor.....Dr. Norma Rose

BUSINESS STAFF

- Business Manager.....Cathy Moran
- Advertising Chief.....Ellen Webb
- Mailing Editor.....Ruth Talton
- Circulation Chief.....Lynda Bell
- Typing Chief.....Joyce Little
- Faculty Sponsor.....Dr. Lois Frazier

MEMBER Associated Collegiate Press. Entered as second-class matter at post office at Raleigh, N. C. 27602. Published semi-monthly during the months of October, November, February, March, April and May; monthly during September, December, and January. THE TWIG is served by National Educational Advertising Service, 18 East 50th Street, New York, New York. Subscription Rates: \$3.45 per year.



Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

First, let me suggest a heading for what I have to say, viz., "When a chapel is not a chapel or how to cut chapel without really trying." Actually my remarks are really a long-overdue response to student contumely in these pages (cartoons, quips, and sweet-smelling bias), faculty contravention *ipso facto*, and the general antipathy of our quasi-community concerning chapel.

A chapel is not a chapel when it has become the all-too-convenient whipping boy for illegitimate and frustrated grievances. Most of the gripes I have heard are woefully inaccurate, e.g. (1) "Chapel lasts an hour three days a week. Last year it was thirty minutes five days a week. Now we only get three cuts (last year four) and still spend more time in chapel." For the record, on only a few occasions did the period extend to the full hour (REW celebration went longer). The policy statement handed out at the beginning of the semester indicated clearly that "about half of the period will be used for most occasions. This should allow time for brief relaxation and refreshment after chapel. Some meetings, however, may require the full time." Actually, most of the assemblies were twenty to thirty minutes in length. Moreover, two additional "cuts" were granted during the year.

(2) Some others have said: "The quality of chapel is lacking (bad news)." This is a difficult accusation to handle because of individual tastes. Certainly many would agree that chapel this year has presented a variety of offerings — from wigs to warfare, drama to Spizzwinks. The record shows that *students* had a hand in planning and/or participating in more than 60 per cent of the total chapel offerings this year — including the wigs and diamond "demonstrations." Who then is really responsible for the quality of such programs? (Incidentally, if the quality of chapel could be gaged by such dubious measurements as length of applause or frequency of Tom Parramore's attendance, we could well count this past year an overwhelming success.)

A chapel is less than a chapel when it caters to a double-standard requirement for the attendance of its congregation. Students are *required* to come; faculty are only *expected* to be present. Such requirement is troublesome to the community if it is arbitrary, and such expectation is demeaning to all if it goes unfulfilled.

A chapel is more of a chapel in

an educational institution when it is a forum for ideas rather than simply an ersatz preaching station. Of the 28 religious type assemblies this year, only one offered a preacher qua preacher. The others attempted to explore in depth, and sometimes through humor, the condition of man, the nature of God, and the call to commitment. Experimental forms of worship were introduced (with the use of banners, balloons, folk and contemporary music)....

In fact, unless I miss my guess, the top chapel presentations for 1968-69 would probably include: Grady Nutt, John Howell (REW), the "celebration" (REW), Tom Dunn (chaplain, Central Prison), and JOT (cartoon character) — all religious offerings.

Finally, the way "to cut chapel without really trying" is to miss or default the opportunity to shape, or at least contribute to, what can be the most meaningful time of the week. Perhaps Bernard Shaw's statement is apt here: "Some look at things as they are and ask why 'why?'; others see things as they could be and ask 'why not?'"

Sincerely,
Charles B. Parker, Jr.

Looking Back at Commencement

May 24, 1921

"On Thursday night, ten o'clock, May 12, all the Seniors gathered around their festal board and enjoyed for the last time an exclusive feast prepared for them by their good Fairy Godmothers, Old Mother Hubbard and The Old Woman Who Lives in a Shoe. One would have thought that they were a group of fairies themselves; for they presented a very bewitching picture in their gay kimonos. However, those who witnessed this gala occasion knew from the way the coconut cake, punch and other goodies disappeared that they were forty-three, very hungry mortals. After the feast they sang their thanks to the donor of this treat, and with happy hearts disappeared to their respective places in dreamland."

May 26, 1922

"Commencement time and the Alumnae! Why, of course, for whoever heard of a decent Commencement without Alumnae? If such a thing ever happened, it can not claim the honor of belonging to Meredith's history, for just as sure as Commencement time rolls round, these old walls of our *Alma Mater* wipe away tears of loneliness, put on that blissful mother smile, and say to us who are here, "Children, your older sisters are coming back, my children who have gone far from home; rejoice with me at their return and give them a loving welcome'."

May 22, 1925

"It is with mingled feelings that we view the approach of this commencement, because it will in all probability be the last one that will take place in what has been our home so long. Next year Twenty-six will march through the daisies and ivy in quite different surroundings from these. Twenty-five should feel honored at being the last class to finish on the old site, no less than Twenty-six because she is to be the first class to go out from new Meredith."

May 6, 1927

"The May Days are swiftly passing, and examination time is fast approaching. . . . With Senior exams looming upon the new horizon we feel Commencement fast approaching. However, according to the seniors, many things yet remain to be done. Let's all *put in* and help them!"

— Movie Review —

'Charly'-a Genius?

By DONNA WILLIAMS

Charly's room is so bare that a viewer would not hesitate to call it stark, but he appears not to notice. Perched on a stool before a child's easel-type blackboard, he seems unconcerned by the insufficiency of the light emitted by the single suspended bulb. He screws his face up, sticks his tongue out, and writes laboriously — TUESDAY—WIRK —KLINIK—with backward S's and N's.

Charly is an adult physically; mentally, he is hardly mature enough to realize he is different. He knows there is much he needs to learn, but fortunately, he cannot comprehend the extent of his deficiency. Without such anesthetic oblivion, it is doubtful that he would have attended night school so regularly, completed his assignments so diligently, and faced his teacher so cheerfully.

It was the night school teacher who took him to the clinic. She and her fellow psychologists helped, but the most hope that Charly had ever received was offered by a white mouse named Algernon. Would the same operation that enabled Algernon to untangle the maze at a fantastic rate have any effect on Charly?

"Moving" is a word that is used too frequently and indiscriminately, but I believe few will disagree when I say that its use in describing "Charly" is more than warranted. A beautiful love story is but a part of an absorbing plot. The characters, particularly Charly and his teacher, are human, yet inspiring. The entire film is enhanced by lovely and graphic photography of Boston. A "recommendation" is not enough to suggest how much I enjoyed *Charly*, and believe that there are few who won't.

The opinions expressed in the editorials and columns of the TWIG do not necessarily reflect those of the administration, student body, or the entire newspaper staff.