



# A Small Matter of a Cyclone Fence

Returning to Meredith this fall, we were first struck with the sight of the newly-erected cyclone fence which now circumvents the campus. And no matter what the intended purpose of this addition to campus landscape, its symbolic significance, we have come to feel, is quite a different thing.

We fear that some students will use the new fence as just another excuse to fall victim to the "Meredith isolation syndrome."

For the uninitiated, the Meredith isolation syndrome attacks students—generally in their Freshman year—with the following results: lack of enthusiasm, lack of concern for either school or outside community—in fact, no concern for anyone but self. Many students never recover from the initial attack of this dread disease, but remain cloistered in their rooms or in the library or the classroom buildings and never venture to take part in any other activities throughout their four years of college life. And, frankly, such a life must be pretty unexciting.

The isolation syndrome is not a disease particular to the Meredith campus; don't misunderstand us. It attacks students everywhere and with no regard for race, sex, or social class.

But the job of eradicating the disease must begin somewhere—its spread must be checked. And where better than at a relatively small school such as ours.

So—and these words are addressed primarily to freshmen, but other classes need not feel exempt—help stamp out the isolation germ! Begin with yourself and get involved. When you are called upon to help your class for Cornhuskin', Stunt or whatever, DO get involved and DO be enthusiastic. Help tutor a child, read to blind children at the Blind School, or help someone find himself at Dix Hospital. Write for the TWIG or help publish the *Oak Leaves*. All these opportunities and more are available to you.

Don't—and we repeat—don't do what too many students at Meredith do: sit around, doing nothing and complaining about how "shut off" from real life Meredith is. These same students could find "real life" in the community of Method, just across the street from our campus, if they would just take the trouble to get off their seats and do something about it.

Perhaps protesting students have the right idea—we do not and will not condone their methods—but at least they have become involved and in a big way.

You may not have to involve yourself in such a "big" way, but at least do your share. After all, as we are constantly reminded, "Life is just what you make it."

Make your years at Meredith mean something—do something—anything—if it helps your school and community.

And don't let the small matter of a cyclone fence make you a casualty to the isolation syndrome.

RBM

# Look at the Bottom

Right now—look down at the bottom of almost any page of this issue of the TWIG. If you're like many girls, your eyes merely skip quickly over the advertisements you see.

If that holds true for the majority of Meredith girls, then an entire section of your college newspaper defeats its purpose. There is a widespread misconception that the ads are there solely to fill space whenever there may be no news.

On the contrary, the TWIG staff solicits these advertisements from Raleigh merchants who feel that such publicity will be good for their business. They feel confident that their ads in our newspaper will show us how much they want our patronage.

It is our opinion that such good faith on the part of the merchants obliges us, wherever possible, to give our business to them. This will not only establish good relations between college and business but also aid students in finding bargains and conserving their money.

Therefore, we urge you to take advantage of the good will offered to you by these businesses. Patronize the stores who advertise in the TWIG.

JKM

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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.



## Looking Back

### ... at the Opening of School

September 27, 1941

"On Tuesday the freshmen received pecan rolls with the invitation to 'Roll along and be an astro.' This procedure was followed the next day by the presentation of doughnuts along with warning, 'We'll doughnuts if you don't go Phi!'"

September 23, 1933

From President Brewer's welcoming message:

"Get acquainted with your teachers and also your fellow students. Such acquaintances will ripen into finest friendships that will bless you throughout life."

September 16, 1927

"The formal opening exercises of Meredith were held Friday morning in the chapel. It was indeed an important occasion for the seniors, as they made their first public appearance in their caps and gowns."

September 21, 1928

Sketches from Frosh Exams: wrong answers on handbook tests: "—Victrolas may be played from 2:30 a.m. till 7:45 p.m."

—The worst major offense possible, in my estimation, is to kiss a boy.

—The honor system is a system by which the honors are divided up so that no one girl will hold too many offices.

—Since I am too young to have dates and callers, and since I am already used to being carefully chaperoned, I have not bothered to learn many of those things for which there is a serious punishment."

September 26, 1930

"The first three nights after their (the freshmen) arrival were filled with parties given in their honor by the Senior, Junior and Sophomore classes."

# The Perils of Percy

By PERCY BEANE

I was supposed to write a funny column on "orientation," but frankly, I can't remember anything funny about orientation week. Nevertheless, the week did offer some unusual experiences, which could only have happened to me.

The word "matriculate" is familiar to you by now, but the first confrontation with this word can be frustrating. As an example, I was on my way to Johnson Hall to matriculate, when an elderly family friend called to see how I was weathering college life. Explaining that I had to complete matriculation and couldn't talk, I hung up. To my surprise and horror and a get well card stated that "with modern technology doctors will find a cure for my disorder and I would regain my voice eventually." Slightly hard of hearing, she misinterpreted my explanation and thought complete matriculation was a throat disorder.

Never to be forgotten about Orientation Week is "The Mixer." For many of you it was a new experience, just as it was for me. When I walked out into the courtyard and surveyed the situation, I recalled pictures of the 16th century slave markets in India where hundreds of maidens were put on display for the sheiks to choose and purchase from. Half-way expecting some 20th century Sultan of Bagdad to come up and inspect my teeth and muscles, I crossed the court to take refuge at

the refreshment area. There I was accosted by this boy who had an uncanny resemblance to Lurch of the *Adam's Family*. Thoroughly discouraged, I relocated myself next to a group of young Prince Charmings who within five minutes were joined by a bevy of beauties called Sophomores! Needless to say I left, and left alone.

Maybe your experiences haven't been quite as frustrating, but you don't look like Twiggy, sound like Carol Burnett, and invite trouble just by breathing either!

### — Movie Review —

# "A Nice Girl..." A Fallen Angel

By DONNA WILLIAMS

"A most unusual love story" seems to have become the motion picture industry's newest "catch phrase." However, the advertising men, in their almost universal use of this recent brainchild, seem to have neglected to apply it to the film most deserving of such a title—"A Nice Girl Like Me."

The plot of this movie, a "love story" in itself, includes, as a subplot, a satire on romantic tales. This strange combination effectively illustrates the film's theme—that romantic ideals are nonsense; love is where you find it and what you make it.

However, the film uses some rather blunt methods and indiscreet scenes to shatter the audience's romantic ideals. Such scenes are mitigated, as the heroine's mind wanders, by beautiful photography of the escape she would seek, were it possible; nevertheless, a fairly tolerant and liberal attitude is required on the part of the audience.

The film's most basic weakness lies in its "credibility gap"; certain aspects of the plot and dialogue lack realism. However, occasional flashes of dry humor, and the aforementioned beautiful photography do much to compensate for its flaws.

This writer enjoyed "A Nice Girl Like Me." Barbara Ferris is a charming heroine in her portrayal of what might locally be referred to as "a fallen angel." I feel certain that anyone whose viewpoint is sufficiently liberal as not to be offended by the film's shortcomings, could also pass a very pleasant evening viewing this movie at the Village Theater.

### CONCERTS AND LECTURES SCHEDULE 1969-70

October 13-14: Lucas Hoving Dance Company

Convocation—October 13

Concert—October 13 and 14 8:00 p.m.

October 20: 82nd Airborne Division Chorus (Fort Bragg): Convocation

November 17—Earl Wilson, Lecturer 8:00 p.m.

February 4: National Opera Company

Convocation

Opera—"The Italian Girl from Algiers" 8:00 p.m.

March 2: Dr. Peter Bertocci  
Lecture: Convocation

March 10: Distinguished Faculty  
Lecture—Dr. Sarah Lemmon  
8:00 p.m.

## Meredith Playhouse Announces Schedule

Is there a Sarah Bernhardt within you? If so, Mrs. Ruth Phillips, may be able to help you.

Tryouts for two one-act plays were held on Thursday, September 25 in Jones 202.

The first play to be cast will be "An Infinite Deal of Nothing!" This is a crazy comedy which requires four girls to play four rather zany characters, according to Mrs. Ruth Phillips, dramatics teacher here. An over simplification of the theme would be "All work and no play make Jill a dull girl."

Tryout time was from 7:00 to

9:00 or by special appointment with Mrs. Phillips, ext. 265.

The second play to be cast is being done in conjunction with the University Players of N.C. State.

There will be an organizational meeting of all girls interested in the Meredith Playhouse at 9:00 on September 30 in the parlor on first Brewer. Anyone interested in any phase of play productions for the semester is urged to come. The rest of the play productions for the semester will be determined and last minute casting will be done for the first two plays, says Mrs. Phillips.

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.