

THE TWIG

Meredith College

October 9, 1969

Once Upon a Time...

Once upon a time, not so long ago (three years to be exact) there was at Meredith a time of day dreaded by students and faculty alike—the half-hour set aside five days a week for the purpose of CHAPEL.

This was a sad time indeed for those who were forced to attend this part of each day's activities and it was even a sadder time for those whose job it was to provide for the half-hour with some form of entertainment or instruction. There was just no way to find enough interesting speakers and programs to fill up every one of those 75 half-hours each semester.

And so — through no fault of those in charge — chapel became not a time for entertainment, instruction or inspiration, but a time for sleeping, studying, writing letters or gossiping with friends.

These activities continued—yea, and worsened—as new ideas in the chapel system were tried. Only three chapel periods were scheduled a week; the honor system was used for recording chapel cuts and many turned out not to have much honor after all.

And chapel continued—hated, abused and misused—an odd wheel. What all this is leading up to is that the changes in chapel this year are most welcome to those of us who remember what it's like to hear a different boring minister five days a week! We have nothing against ministers, understand, but three times a week!!

But now, with liberalized attendance policies which reduce requirements by one third, we feel that chapel really has something to offer the Meredith community.

For one thing, the chapel stage offers unlimited possibilities for new experiences. There are chances for students to see and hear things they might never otherwise have discovered.

For instance, how else could Meredith girls have had such a perfect opportunity to hear Mrs. Elizabeth D. Koontz express her views or have witnessed and perhaps become involved in a real way with a jazz worship or had the opportunity to talk with and ask questions of school administrators in a relatively informal exchange?

Of course, some will say, "Oh, well, if it wasn't required then we couldn't mind going to these things." We doubt it, for we remember non-required concerts, lectures, etc., where only a handful of students bothered to bestir themselves for the occasion. And we remember well Gerald Goodman, the harpist troubadour who appeared here last year. Very few students planned to attend the performance when it was first announced—and it was not until Mr. Goodman, in a chapel appearance, strummed his harp and launched into the first few notes of "Shenandoah" did many students decide that here might be something worth seeing or hearing. Mr. Goodman, by the way, performed for a full house that night, thanks to his introduction in chapel that day.

Or would many have gone to a non-required concert to hear Jean Grealish, a Meredith graduate and an operatic star, perform. And yet, the balance of chapel-attenders found themselves enthralled or at least interested in Miss Grealish's presentation.

Required chapel also provides an opportunity for people to get to see each other—in fact, one of its expressed purposes is to "foster community."

And this it does, we feel. At chapel, you are part of 1,000 others, most of whom you can see all at once—it is a time for pep rallies, for class spirit, for signing, for feeling "togetherness." In fact, one day this year, we overheard one girl make the following comment to a friend: "I never get to see you except in chapel."

All chapel needs is a chance — and this is what the Meredith student body can give it. Suggest programs you think might be interesting, and if you don't think a particular program is really wonderful, at least have the common courtesy to study quietly or sleep. Or better still, listen anyway.

Just think—you might've had to go five days a week. RBM

Mud-Slinging Time

Pay a visit to the new dorm these days, and you will either sling mud or be slung by it. As a result of the recent rains, the new dorm often gives the impression of being the Red Sea by day and the Black Sea by night. The new carpets, on the other hand, appear to be the Painted Desert. Even

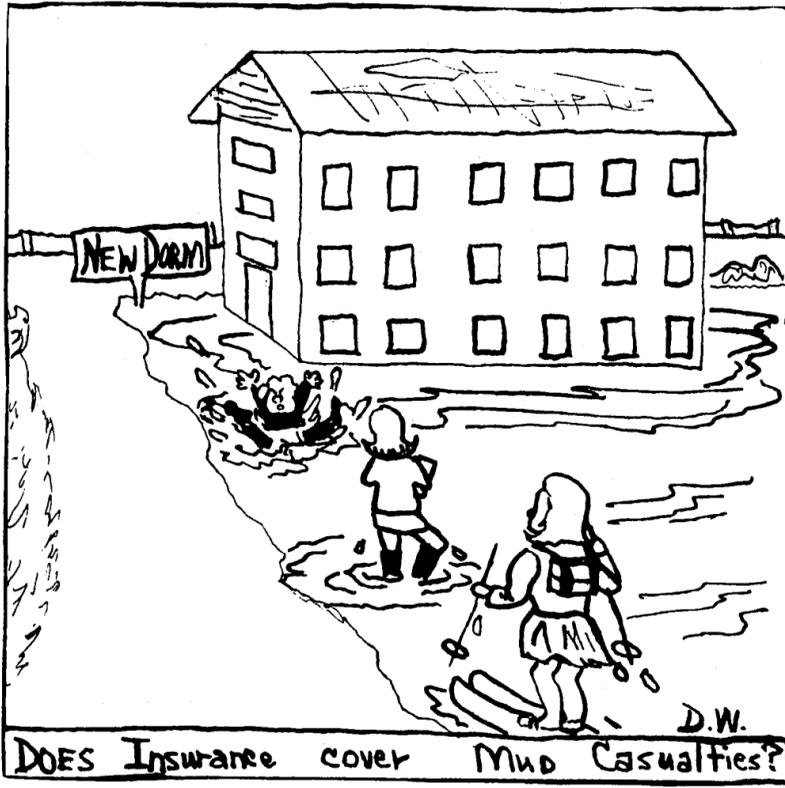
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Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

This article may not be of interest to the majority of the student body, but I think that it should be presented to those who are interested.

The Meredith College stables have been under changing management for the past two years. Mrs. Mary McKay Edwards, Miss Donna LeRoy, Mrs. Lila Bozick and finally Mr. Luke Huggins have been the managing heads.

I have been a student here only under the management of Miss LeRoy and Mrs. Bozick. Last year when I was a freshman, I enjoyed the riding very much. I felt that I was given much attention and concern. I also felt that I would receive as much results as I put in effort. I worked at the stable cleaning tack and assisting in teaching classes. I often did work for which I was not paid simply because I felt that I was receiving a type of education in return.

This year Mr. Huggins is the head of the equitation department. Mrs. Bozick is assistant head. Mr. Huggins is teaching the saddle seat section. Mrs. Bozick is coming only one

day per week, on Monday, to teach hunt seat equitation. On this one day, she is trying to teach both Meredith and Peace students. There are only a limited number of horses that can be used for this purpose. I contend that it is impractical to expect any instructor to try to spread her instructional attention among as many students as she is having to do. It is also impractical to expect the horses to withstand the strain of so much concentrated work after having only been lightly worked during the rest of the week.

I feel that it might be a highly practical solution for the administration to examine the situation and student opinion, and consider the solution of asking Mrs. Bozick to come for an additional day during the week. I know that I, for one, am perfectly willing to talk with the administration about this. I hope that others will be stirred to interest and will see me about the situation. I would like it also to be well understood that I am in no way extending particular criticism of the rest of the department.

Sincerely,
Kathy Oliver.

"A Funny Thing Happened...":

Roman Version of "Laugh-In"

By Donna Williams

He wasn't really on his way to the Forum; the truth of the matter is, Erronius was going around it seven times. The poor man wasn't really as unintelligent as he seems though. The soothsayer had told him to circle the seven hills of Rome seven times in order to exorcise the ghost in his house. Poor Erronius had no way of knowing that the soothsayer wasn't really a soothsayer, and the ghost wasn't really a ghost.

Nor was Erronius the only confused character; chaos reigned everywhere. However, any member of the audience fortunate enough to know Latin had a distinct advantage in the universal attempt to unravel the plot, for the author had used Latin names to provide clues. Domina and Hero are the two salient examples. Miles Floriasus is a perversion of the Latin phrase for "glorious soldier." (The hint here is that he was the only one who thought so.)

However, Latin isn't entirely necessary. Mr. Harry Dorsett, as

Domina's henpecked husband was named Senex. Simply remove the N and either E and you've learned all you need to know about his characterization.

Having had the privilege of working with almost all of the cast in past presentations, this viewer was not surprised at the quality of the acting. Harry Callahan's excellent sets and clever costumes added to the author's use of classic comedy techniques (e.g., prologues, addresses to the audience, masquerades, etc.), to produce an authentic Roman atmosphere.

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM is a fun play. The music is clever, the characters are excellent, and the action is lively. However, the most powerful punch of all is in the lines. Terse, well-delivered, and utterly hilarious, any one of them could have been lifted from a Roman version of "Laugh-in." Prologus and his cohorts have certainly fulfilled their promise: "morals tomorrow, comedy tonight!"

though the dorm is plush on the inside, the surrounding grounds leave much to be desired. The new brick walkway and steps seem to be a mud hazard rather than a convenience. Upon entering the new dorm at night from the lake parking lot, one has the choice of chancing the pitch-black steps or chancing the circular drive and being struck by a passing car. When is something going to be done to improve traffic to our campus's latest addition?

ERB

The Perils of Percy

By Percy Beane

I remember now, it was this time last year when after seventeen years of being an "unexciting brunette," I decided the time had come to find "the real me" and discover if "blondes have more fun." At first I thought I would have "it" done professionally, but after careful consideration, I concluded that anyone with even limited intelligence could become a "vivacious blond." Of course, this would be a mission undertaken in utmost secrecy — my mother firmly believed that the reason for Sampson's defeat was not that Delilah cut his hair, but that she "Clairoled" her own tresses.

I proceeded to the local drug store to choose "the product," but when I arrived I faced another obstacle: the newest hair coloring products they had were labeled "Do not use after April 15, 1952" — the year of the Henna Rinse! Driving to the next town, I sought a brand which would lighten gently, just like the sun. I found one and once at home I barricaded myself in the bathroom in hopes of walking out an hour later "an exciting blond." Within 10 minutes after the application I had become a contender for the title "Miss Red Head of the Year." I made Lucille Ball's hair look something along the lines of washed out — the black eyebrows added to the vision of loveliness reflected in the mirror.

I had to hide my foul deed, so I conned the neighborhood's Little League Baseball Captain out of his cap for two dollars (he's the one who conned me!). Seeing me in the baseball cap with Ramseur Junior Rams written on it at the dinner table was enough of a shock to dad. But when he demanded that I take the cap off and he saw the fiery tresses, he nearly had a coronary.

At the end of two weeks I had a lovely quarter inch growth of black hair down the part and around my face. I looked like I had the first stage of some scalp disease. My parents insisted that I return to my natural color, so I bought some Raven Rage dye. As easy as I became a red head, I became a burgundy head. Unfortunately, burgundy was "out" last year, especially for the hair. In a panic, I called my best friend. She suggested clorox. I mixed a solution of clorox, peroxide and water and saturated my hair and scalp. The only thing that came out was my hair, and the only change of color was my scalp—now geranium pink.

In desperation I called my hair dresser and she said come in in two weeks and she could "fix" it. I suffered through stares and stifled giggles those two weeks. When Betty, the beauty operator, saw my hair she said, "The hair condition isn't bad, if you plan to use your head as a broom." After 6 hours, she got my hair back to "almost a natural mousy brown."

To celebrate I decided to go swimming at the new municipal pool. I was the first to hit the water, and the only one whose hair turned green before everyone else's eyes. They watched my hair transform from "almost natural mousy brown" to "very mossy green." For the remainder of summer vacation I suffered through such comments as "Hey Mom, look at the girl with the green hair." And I managed to survive not going out of the house, because I was a "tinted woman."

And do you know, the other day some old lady came up to me and said: "Have you ever thought of being a blond? You would be so lovely with light hair!" So take a flying jump, lady!

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