

THE TWIG

Meredith College

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Why?

Imagine this scene: A Meredith student, laden with books and other study equipment, walks into the Carlyle Campbell Library, ready to spend a busy night studying.

And what does she find—empty shelves!

Just a made-up situation, you may say. But the sad truth of the matter is that if books continue to disappear off the shelves, the picture may very well come to pass, and sooner than you think.

At last report, over 20 books were missing from the circulating library stacks. Eleven books had been removed extra-legally from the reserve section of the library. Statistics such as these make us wonder about the student body of the college. Either some members of that group are kleptomaniacs—compulsive stealers—or most probably they are just too selfish to take others into consideration. After all, any girl who finds it beneath her dignity to sign her name to a card must have some basic problem. The same holds true for the girl who feels it absolutely necessary to walk out of the library with the one reserve book provided for a class of 30. Or what about the girl who last spring not only refused to sink so low as to check out 12 library books, but who then could not be bothered to carry them back and merely chucked them into a trash can.

And these are the same girls who are constantly asking for more privileges—both social and academic—on the grounds that they can accept responsibility. We doubt it, when they cannot even be trusted to sign a library card properly!

Perhaps the privilege of open reserves and open stacks means nothing to these students who insist on abusing the privilege. Perhaps they would rather Meredith adopt a system like N. C. State where the stacks are closed and books are brought to the user by the library worker.

Or perhaps they would rather be frisked on the way out of the library for concealed books.

Really girls: signing your name is not at all that hard. A first grader can do it. You have to do it every time you write a check, or when you get a marriage license, or when you hand in a paper. A few more times a year will not hurt you. And it might help others.

RBM

Flying Fickle Finger Of Fate

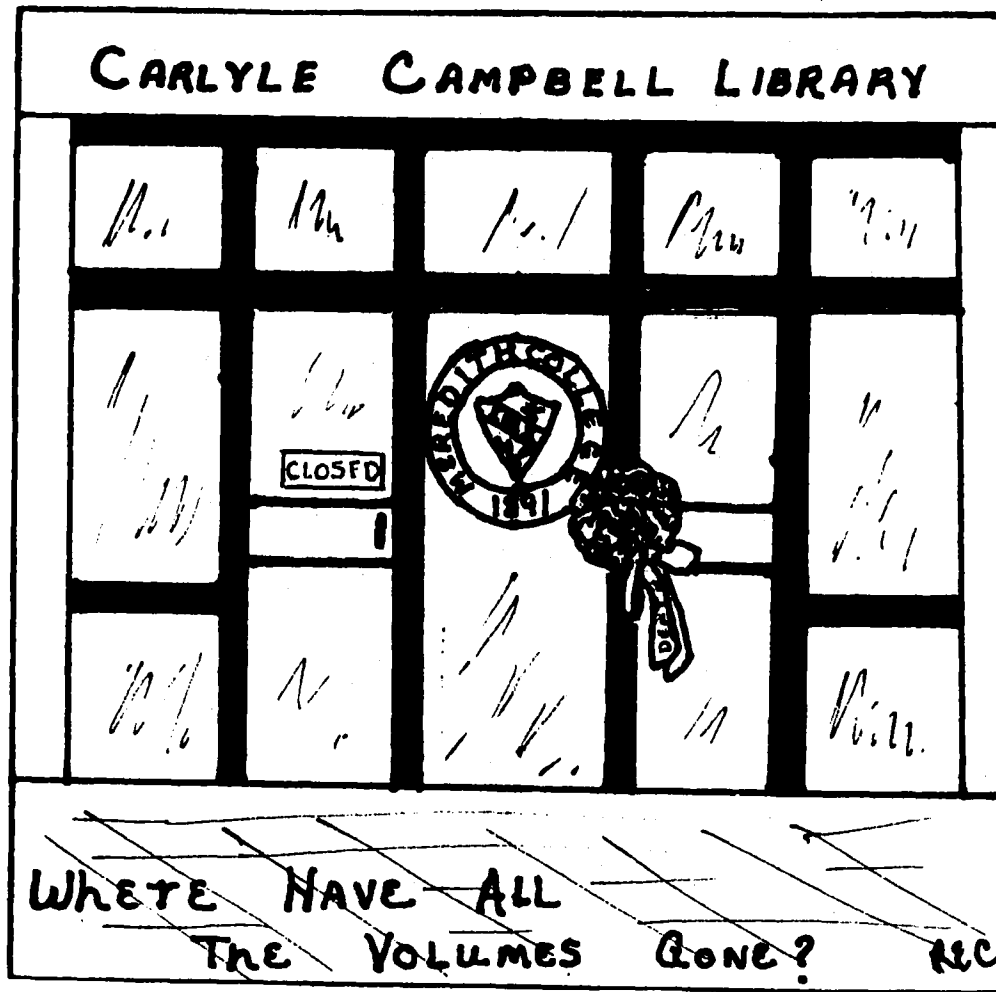
The scene is the Meredith College cafeteria, Tuesday at the lunch hour. Hungry girls wait patiently in the long line for their chance at the trough. From the east end door, a long-haired girl dressed in ragged blue jeans saunters in, her cap pulled jauntily over her left eye. Paying no attention to the end of the line, she strolls to the front, laughs loudly and breaks in. Meanwhile, the rest of us behind her are seething—why should one girl get the privilege of breaking in when everyone else must wait? Why, too, is she free to wear slacks to meals when the rest of us can't? Apparently "what we have here is a failure to communicate."

The girls who are represented by the one above are a very real problem on our campus. It isn't just because we are opposed to wearing slacks or breaking in line—there probably isn't a girl here who hasn't done one or the other or both! What we are against is the fact that this girl has flagrantly refused to abide by the laws set up for everyone here. She feels she is exempt from these rules for some special reason. Other species of this particular class are the bedroom-slippered curler head or the raincoat-covered nightgown wearer. At any rate, whatever the colors of their plumage, these birds don't realize that we mean you—yes, you!!

Agreed—we'd all like to see changed the rules about slacks and curlers in the cafeteria on weekends. No girl in her right mind actually enjoys changing out of her comfortable khakis just for a meal. But until these rules are changed, that's the way things are and that's the way they'll stay for a while. And if you think that this sort of protest is going to change the minds of the wardens here, you've got another think coming, girl! We didn't get the drinking rule passed by getting drunk, did we?

So, for those pig-headed individuals who refuse to have patience and wait for the rules to come to pass, a great big "Flying Fickle Finger of Fate" to you! You don't know a good thing when you see it!

JKM



The Perils of Percy

By Percy Beane

NOTE TO MY READERS: I was racking my brain — that void space between my ears — for a topic for my column this time, when an idea occurred to me. Many of you have read my columns before, but actually, you don't know who I am. So I decided to do an article about me, and call it "An Exposé on Percy."

When I asked my roommate what I should include in my exposé, she said, "Put stuff about yourself that no one would ever think about you doing." I replied, "Like What? Know what she said? (Get this for a cut.) "Not Much."

Not willing to let this get by without some retaliation, I promptly attempted to flush her lavalier down the toilet — it was still around her neck at the time.

Once avenged, we began discussing old times and the crazy stunts (How's that for a plug for stunt, Mary Turner) I've pulled in my time. What follows are the printable ones.

A good place to start is at the beginning, my childhood. I was the reason for my mother becoming prematurely grey. You see, I was a tomboy at heart, and I was always doing things to frighten my relatives and neighbors. I'll never forget the day I walked into the kitchen, where Mom was cooking supper. In my little hands was huddled my tiny, new pet. I was stroking his teeny ears and head when Mom noticed what I was doing. I opened my hands to show her my new "playmate" and she immediately fainted. My new pet was a baby wharf rat I had found in the woods! Needless to say, Mother was less enthused about "Baby Mousy" than I.

One incident would be enough to make her want a refund on her offspring; but she had perseverance, and as the years went by my escapades progressed. I stopped bringing home rats and snakes, and moved on up to bringing home strangers for supper. The first and last guest we had like that was a rehabilitated convict who just happened to be thumbing through town when I invited him for supper. After that, I received a stern lecture about strangers which I can almost feel today.

Mom and Dad comforted themselves with the thought that I would grow out of it when I got into high school; at least then, there would be other things to take my mind off of mischievous deeds. Poor things, I was still up to my old tricks. The first week of school of my freshman

year I was sent to the office for "participating in disreputable activities." What actually happened, the boys and I were sitting in back of study hall, shooting dice for nickles. Dad, being the Scout Master of the Boy Scouts, was embarrassed when they got the report. It doesn't look good when the Scout Master's only daughter is caught gambling with the Eagle Scouts during school hours.

That too passed, and the folks were just a few years older and a little more grey-headed. As you probably guessed, I was getting a reputation of trouble-maker. At the beginning of the school years, home-room teachers would draw straws to see who would get stuck with the "Monster."

The best one I ever pulled was in the fall of my junior year. We had moved into a new neighborhood, directly across the street from the town busy-body. Every night when I would come back from my dates, her spotlight would be trained on my front door, almost like a Broadway spot. What was so disgusting is that it had taken me two years to convince Mother and Dad that they were running up the light bill when they left all the lights on the front side of our house until I came in.

So the neighborhood "Mafia" got together to discuss the problem and came up with a surefire solution. Since it was near Halloween and our town was noted for more tricks than treats, we decided to play our own trick. One of the gang's uncles had a tractor, so we thought it would be nice to learn how to operate one — in HER front lawn under the cover of darkness.

Halloween night rolled around and we put on our masks and readied ourselves for the "mission." — rolled out the tractor and started it for us, and we each took turns making furloughs in her begonia beds! Funny things about her losing her four year winning streak for the best begonias that year . . . must've been the begonia beetle!

There are more stories, but by now you've got the general picture. Actually, I'm really not all that mischievous; I just rise to the occasion so to speak. Really, I could talk all day about the nice things I've done for people. Why, just the other day I . . . Never mind, it wasn't funny anyway. So long until next time.

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

— Movie Review —

"Finian's Rainbow" A Political Satire?

By Donna Williams

There were not many people who went to see "Finian's Rainbow." This reviewer went because of a vested interest: having been in the play, she naturally was curious to see the film. The comparison was interesting.

Regardless of the scale of the production, two factors emerge as the play's outstanding aspects — its music and its characters. Actually, these factors are interrelated. For example, one can better understand Og, the leprechaun, after hearing him sing "When I'm Not Near the Girl I Love, I Love the Girl I'm Near." Sharon, the heroine, also has a musical tale to recount, telling why she "looks to the rainbow." The audience can feel the homesickness overwhelming her, as she wonders "How Are Things in Glocca Morra?"

On the surface, "Finian's Rainbow" seems a fairly tale type musical, but the film possesses more depth than most people believe. This show is a political satire, whose particular target is the "American Dream." The meaning is brought home through short, clever lines, especially in the discussion of the "McLonergeran theory of economics." For example, Finian discusses his theory with his daughter Sharon, asking, "What makes America different from Ireland?" To her reply — "It has more Irishmen" — he retorts, "Don't get political."

What he meant was that it has more millionaires. "But, Father, are there no poor in America — no ill-housed, no ill-clad?" "Of course; but they're the best ill-housed, and the best ill-clad in the whole world!"

Sounds as if they know what they're talking about, doesn't it? Don't miss this one!

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to acknowledge the excellent chapel performance of the folk musical, "Tell It Like It Is." Having worked with this musical previously, I can well appreciate the hours of rehearsal involved for this program. Certainly a special recognition should be given to Annette McCormick, the Director, whose apparent enthusiasm and joy permeated those who sang, accompanied, as well as those who listened.

Also how wonderful it is to see girls participating in programs for the sheer enjoyment of doing so. For in their efforts, they are recognizing, perhaps for the first time, their own special talents and seeking opportunities to use them for a better community. And isn't this one of the most valuable goals Meredith can instill into its students?

Alma Jo Hall
Library Assistant

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