



March 25, 1970

For the Sick

The phone rings on a Meredith dormitory hall, as it rings on every hall every day. After five minutes or so of the phone's continuous ringing, a student probably clad in slip and curlers, saunters forth in answer to the tones.

"So what's so special about this scene?" We can hear you ask. "It's something that must happen a hundred times a day on this campus. What's all the big deal?"

The "big deal" is simply this: when the young woman described above lifts the phone off the hook to give the traditional salutation, she will not say "First String" or "Second Vann" or "Third Brewer" or any of the normal greetings. She will say, "Second Infirmary."

Next year to the second floor of the infirmary will be the "home" for twenty freshmen; in fact, a hall proctor has even been elected to serve on this hall.

Our question is, "Why?"

Why does Meredith feel obliged to accept more students than it can comfortably accommodate in the dorms already constructed? Why must these freshmen spend their first year at Meredith or at least the first semester in the infirmary?

We realize of course the necessity for accepting more and more freshmen in order to bring the total number of dorm students up to 1,000. But must this increase be done so that some freshmen will be forced to live in the infirmary? After all, the seventh dormitory isn't finished, much less started yet; therefore, it will be at least a year before students can even think about living there. These arrangements must also be quite inconvenient for the nurses and the students who visit the infirmary as patients. As we all know, girls' dormitories rarely attain the quietness associated with a hospital. We can imagine how bothersome such a situation would be for an ailing student.

We realize, of course, as one school official has noted, that Meredith hates to turn away applicants when *next year* (1971-72) there will be plenty of space to accommodate them. But this is not *next year*—we are talking about 1970-71. Surely it can be seen that this situation is far from ideal for all concerned.

Nor is this the first time this situation has arisen. An elite few of the class of '72 have had the dubious privilege of residing in the infirmary. One time, granted, the distinction was "cute," it was a conversation piece, it was fun, it made minor celebrities out of the infirmary residents. But twice smacks much too loudly of larger schools and over-admittance for our taste, although we are confident that the situation will be corrected for good after next year.

Let us hope so; and let us leave the infirmary for the sick.

RBM

The Perils of Percy

By Percy Beane

Somebody warned me the other day that the information I have published in the TWIG recently could prove to be inpurious to my dating and general social life. I wish they had told me that six weeks ago rather than the other day. Now, I'm committed! Already my dates are asking me when I'm going to characterize them and put them into my column. One especially conceited young man actually had the nerve to request that I publish his name and phone number when I get to "telling them about what types to look for!" Frankly, I think he's the type who would make enemies at a friendship club, and I said as much, costing me future dates! That's what being honest will get you! Beware of it!

Now that I've told you how to meet men, how to get presents out of them, and what types to avoid, you're probably feeling pretty confident. But the most important information I have saved for last. At one time or the other, we have all

had a blind date. Occasionally blind dates work out nicely, but frequently they don't.

Therefore I shall devote this column to advice on what to do if you get stuck.

The warning signal tells you that your date is a zero. Automatically the turn off system begins to function—you look away, frequently, search the room for back exits, go to the ladies' lounge—you do everything you can to keep from having to talk to him. Chances are, he is doing the same thing. That's really lucky believe it or not. At least when he doesn't like you, you don't feel like you have to be halfway nice. But the biggest problem is when the blind date is really impressed with YOU. You can tell if he is. When you look around the room every few seconds, he asks if he can help you look for whomever you are searching. As you leave to go to the ladies' room for the sixth time in 30 minutes, he tells you it's probably a virus. In short, he completely overwhelms you with his

gentlemanly ways and it makes you sick.

What can you do? You can do one of three things: (a) You can go to the bathroom once more, wash off your makeup, mess up your hair, and come back and tell him that it is a virus and you're sick. Suggest that you feel unbearable and just *know* he is miserable being with you. Then ask him to take you in. Sometimes you may run into some difficulty. Once I had a date who stopped at a grocery store, bought some Pepto Bismol and gave it to me. In fact, he made me drink it so I would feel better. And you know that stuff is bad enough when you're really sick, much less when you're okay!

(b) You can simply duck out the back way, and call a taxi to come get you. Good luck on pulling this one off, though.

(c) You can tell a sympathetic looking boy who doesn't have a date your predicament. Promise him you'll write his next essay if he will do you a favor. Then get him to pose as your best friend who flew in from California or somewhere distant just to see you before he goes into the service. Let him walk in the door, hug you, and yell and scream like long lost friends. Then tell your date that you want him to meet "old Joey" and make it a threesome the remainder of the evening. This works beautifully unless by some unfortunate bit of luck the two boys have already met.

As you can see there are numerous methods of "misplacing" your date, all of which have worked very well for me.

Now, you each have a wealth of information on how to handle the opposite sex. So good luck and happy hunting!

Letters to the Editor

THANK YOU

Dear Class of 1972:

We, the Senior Class, want to thank our Little Sisters for the wonderful Champagne Flight Wednesday night. It was so sweet of you to do something for us and we all thoroughly enjoyed it!

Thanks again,
Class of 1970

APPRECIATION FOR EDITORIAL

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on the editorial and the letters in your latest issue. As an Alumna-at-Large, I was concerned over the absence of the girls from Founders' Day Exercises. Your appeal to responsibility was just right.

Mrs. R. E. Pomeranz
Sanford, N. C.

A Last Look at Basketball

As the basketball season comes to an end, it is interesting to take an overall view of what happened to the Meredith court aces.

As of the last game played against State, the team's final record was 10-4. Most of the games played and their final scores are as follows:
St. Augustine 29-11
Mt. Olive 51-27
Duke 35-25
Peace 45-28
Peace 52-30
State 47-23
ECU 38-52
State 38-22
Tournament (March 12 and 13 at Duke)
UNC 50-43
Duke 27-33

Percentage wise, the statistics are

as follows: The team as a whole hits 50% of the free throws. From the floor, the team score is 30%.

The team practiced this season every night for approximately an hour. All of the local games were played in the gym at Leroy Martin Junior High School. The players include Freshmen Cece Evans, Linda Ehrlich, Susan Coleman, Shirley Whitehurst, Kaye Bullock, Kathy McNeill and Sue Stamey; Sophomores, Mary Alice McGee and Mary Ann Osborne; and Juniors, Nancy Newlin, Beverly Easter and Nancy Watkins.

Kathy (Pistol Pete) McNeill is the highest scoring player with a total of 178 points. Ranking second in points division is Nancy Newlin with 125 points.

— Movie Review —

Realities of Life?

By Donna Williams

Anyone who has followed the TWIG's movie reviews this year must understand by now why this reviewer would be attracted by a movie entitled "The Happy Ending." The title refers to the common American misconception that everyone who is anyone gets married and lives happily ever after, staying young and in love for the rest of their lives.

Jean Simmons is a housewife who has failed to seek out her own identity before marriage. So, after 16 years she feels as though life, and her marriage, have gone sour. "We're not happy," she complains. "I can't live with him and I can't live without him," she laments. What I would like to know is, how typical are her "solutions" to her problem. Do many bored American housewives try drugs, suicide, running away, alcohol?

My escort commented "That's all so typical—I'm glad someone finally made a movie about it." And it is. The businessman, the housewife, the teen-age daughter, the telephone, the reducing salon . . . I dare you to tell me you're not familiar with them.

The casting is excellent. Jean Simmons really resembles the woman who plays her mother. John Forsythe and Lloyd Bridges help round out a well-selected group.

Dialogue is sparse — flashbacks and other such techniques are used instead. The movie becomes difficult to follow at times because of the wandering of the characters' minds.

"The Happy Ending" has just had a four-day run at the State Theater, short, especially considering that Jean Simmons received an Academy award nomination for her performance. This reviewer would be inclined to guess that it will return soon. Watch for it.

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