

THE TWIG

Meredith College
March 25, 1971

Inquiry

By Phyllis Willetts

Apathy: lack of interest or concern; listlessness; indifference. Thus Webster defines it. Most of us here at Meredith don't need to be told the meaning of the word. We've heard so many sermons on the subject that, if we didn't know the meaning of the word to begin with, we could have certainly deduced it from the context of the sermons. We may know the meaning of the word by now, but the context of the sermon hasn't changed, and there's still need for its delivery.

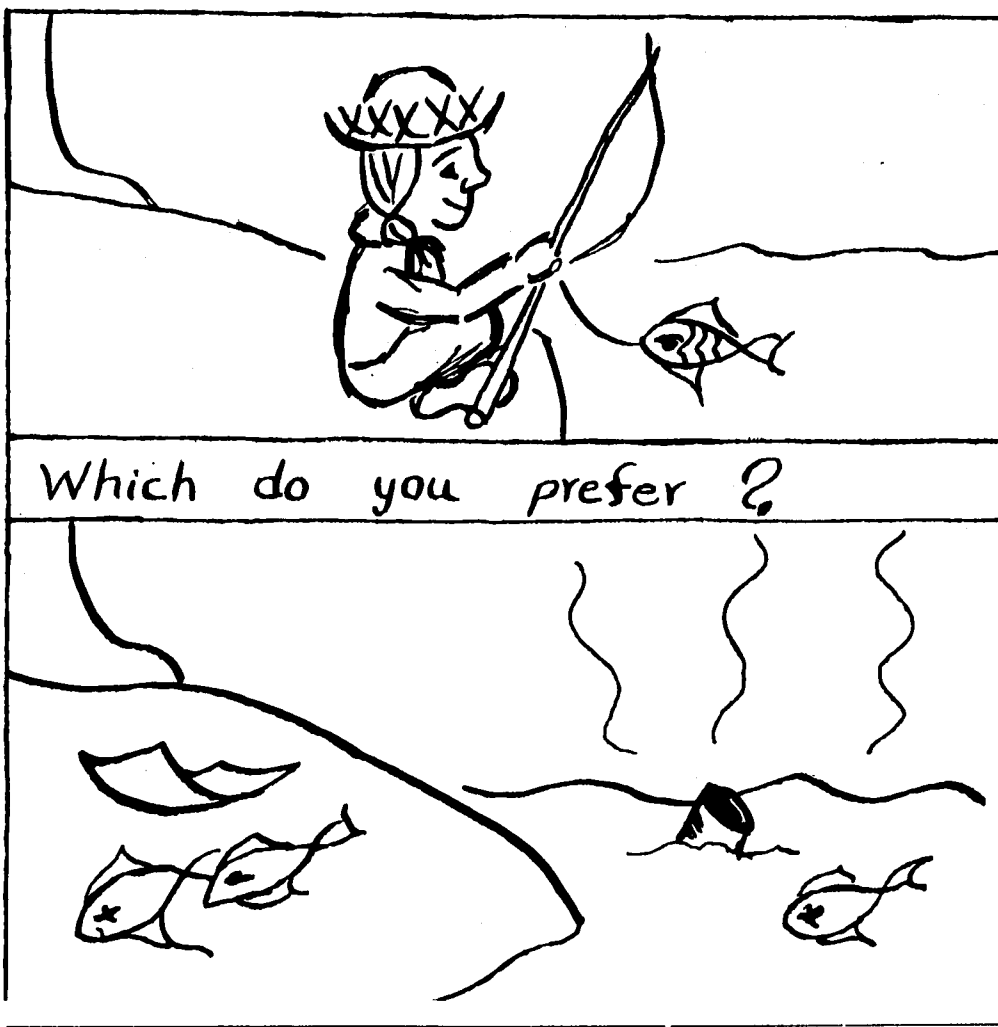
Student government elections are over and the leaders we have elected for next year will undoubtedly be good ones. But, as always, there is the question — why wasn't there more response to the need for candidates. There are still three upper-classmen hall proctors needed, and for some major offices there were only one or two candidates.

We at Meredith have an opportunity that few women in colleges or universities have. When women elsewhere are clamoring for the right to occupy positions of leadership, we have the privilege and responsibility of governing ourselves. It would be easier to understand the apathy on the part of the students if the positions of leadership were merely token offices. But all students who have witnessed the changes that have taken place at Meredith over the past few years should by now be aware of the part the legislative board has in initiating reform. So why aren't more people interested in being in this position?

Maybe you don't feel your talents lie in the area of leadership, there are still ways to make yourself heard. When opinions are asked for, voice yours. When committees are needed, volunteer to serve. If changes aren't being made rapidly enough to suit you, tell one of the leaders. Don't gripe to your roommate about the way things are. Write a letter to the paper. And when student leaders plan activities to benefit the student body, either participate or suggest something better. Our leaders for next year are good ones, but they can't lead a group of half-asleep students anywhere. Let's, shake off our apathy, make Meredith the kind of place we want it to be — and eliminate the need for periodical sermons like this one.

THE SPIZZWINKS ARE COMING!

On Friday, March 26, twenty Yale men who call themselves the Spizzwinks will entertain our campus during the chapel hour. You sophomores, junior, and seniors needn't be reminded of who the Spizzwinks are, but to you freshmen, they are a uniquely-talented singing group that tours to Florida every spring, stopping at Meredith when our schedules permit. The Yale Spizzwinks began in 1914 as a rival to another Yale group of singers, the Whiffenpoofs. Taking their name from a legendary insect, the Spizzwinks met on Wednesdays and became a band of serious musicians. Today these musicians blend the past and present with a repertoire including traditional ballads, folk, classical, jazz, and show tunes. Meeting before the the school year, the group practices in the summer and rehearses an hour a day during the year. Once you hear them sing you may want to purchase the records which they will have on sale. Singing their way from coast to coast, the Spizzwinks have entertained in the most well-known clubs. For three months they were at the Mermaid Tavern in Stratford, Connecticut, stayed a week at the Jamaica Playboy Club, sang two weeks at the Ponce Intercontinental Hotel, and performed at the Governor's Mansion in Albany. The Spizzwinks will be on campus March 25, 26, 27. They will be eating in our cafeteria and would probably enjoy having your company.



Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

After an interview with the Meredith Admissions Office, the prospective student remarked that she had never gone through such an ordeal.

The somewhat nervous, overly anxious high school senior (this being her second interview with the office) was grossly intimidated through the use of "leading" questions thrown at her by the distinguished staff member. Furthermore, the staff member more than once made a quite false statement about the overall Meredith student body saying "... Meredith students KNOW the world issues and the questions to ask and are searching for the answers. . . ."

Unless she was referring to questions such as "I wonder who I'll be dating this weekend?" or "Do you think Dr. Heilman will pass voluntary chapel attendance?" or "Dr. Rose, why can't we study *Catch 22* this semester?" then Meredith students aren't concerned about world issues. In general, I would state that Meredith students are probably the most apathetic conglomeration of girls in the nation. I sadly include myself in this conglomeration.

However, the apathetic condition of the Meredith community is not the matter at hand. At present I am concerned with the problem, that if the staff member tries to create this false impression of our community (being actively involved and concerned with the world problems etc.) to one prospective student, what will stop her from doing it to everyone??? Granted, the small college needs to be sold, the enrollment needs to be raised, etc., but doing so by these means is NOT good public relations.

It might be interesting to note that the particular student mentioned above left her interview, decided not to go to Meredith, and enrolled the same day in a more prestigious university. One week later she received her acceptance letter from Meredith.

Sally Davidson

Dear Editor,

Since we came to Meredith, we have witnessed great changes in the physical shape of the college, the Carlyle Campbell Library, the Weatherspoon Gymnasium and the Bryan Rotunda, to name but a few. Their usefulness to the college and their beauty as features of the same are indeed great.

After such fine examples of development, I cannot understand how anyone could have been so foolish as to permit admittance to the campus of our newest acquisition — namely the loudspeaker on top of Jones Auditorium. The blaring music which it provides before worship services is anything but rejuvenating for our spiritual selves.

"What a Friend We Have In Jesus" can be a beautiful hymn of inspiration, but issuing loudly from what looks and sounds like a fire siren makes it lose all its value. To be quite explicit, the newest "advancement" of Meredith College makes the college sound like Christmas in the mall at North Hills!

If the new sound system was meant to enrich our spiritual lives, I am afraid it has failed miserably. There are many things which would be beneficial to all members of the campus community, such as lights on the steps between Brewer and New Dorm, lights and a sidewalk between Jones and New Dorm and lights in the court. We fail to see the benefit of such a system and would like to be informed of its purpose.

Connie Kidwell
Cely Kiley
Chris Fecho
Linda Ball

UPCOMING CONCERTS

- March 26, 8 p.m.—Mary Ann Bess Recital
- March 27, 8 p.m.—Patsy Johnson Recital
- March 28, 3 p.m.—Lynn Moore, Piano Recital
- March 28, 8 p.m.—Bonnie Sue Barber Voice Recital
- March 29, 8 p.m.—Ellen Barney Voice Recital and Joyce Lindley Piano Recital
- March 31, 8 p.m.—Ann Goodson Recital
- April 1, 8 p.m.—Mary Elizabeth Bradley Organ Recital and Deborah Dillard Voice Recital
- April 4, 3 p.m.—Lavinia Vann Piano Recital
- April 5, 8 p.m.—Anne Lynch Organ Recital

ANNOUNCEMENT

Becky Freeman has won five dollars for her suggestion that the cafeteria label each food selection for the convenience of both students and cafeteria staff.

SENIOR ART EXHIBIT

Chris Barker Calvert, Sharon MacTaggart Huss, Lyn Middleton and Abigail Warren present "Concoction," March 26-April 7 in Joyner Gallery.

Anti-Pollution—Not Mere Rubbish

Old Glory waves, almost hidden in a cloud of smog, and the "hours of splendour in the grass" are continually being disrupted by an increase in the trash. America has seemingly taken on a self-persecution campaign as evidenced by the steady rise in everything that can erode, clutter, smother and choke.

Something has to be done or we will succeed in wiping ourselves off the now polluted face of the earth. Becoming concerned, though, means doing more than merely saying "I care." Immediate action must be taken, and, to borrow from an old song, the place to begin is "in your own back yard."

We have passed beyond the stage of platitudes. "Stash your trash" and "Every litter bit hurts" fall on ears lulled into deafness by a multiplicity of clever phrases produced by our age. Few of us need a course in "The Appreciation and Use of the Garbage Can." As a purportedly civilized and intelligent people, we need to put our abundance of knowledge to work.

Trash cans for instance are meant to be used, and a majority of actively dissatisfied community members can do much to persuade industry to cut down on the deadly waste that factories belch forth into our air and waterways.

Our only alternative to action is to sit and to watch ourselves eventually eaten away by apathy and pollution.

Somewhere buried beneath drink cans, rejected shoes, soggy newspapers, and struggling for life in this asphyxiant mist that hovers about us lie greener pastures, but these pastures, like fresh air, clean lakes and rivers, and good health, are on the brink of becoming obsolete. We must act now—or prepare to "waste away."

NBA

Traffic Safety

A number of students recently expressed concern for their safety when the Wade Avenue extension of Highway 54, which runs directly behind Meredith is completed. Most of our students trade regularly at Ridgewood Shopping Center, and trips are most frequently made on foot, necessitating crossing the Wade Avenue extension. The increased traffic when the extension is completed will increase the hazards.

We called the traffic engineering department of the North Carolina State Highway Commission to see if a traffic light could be installed at the intersection of Wade Avenue and Ridge Road to facilitate our crossing. Ned Bevins, a member of that department, told us that such a light was planned for the intersection and it would be put up when the extension was completed.

RAW

Valedictory

Mark Twain once said that he did not approve of long-winded, tear-stained valedictories because in them a person who had inflicted himself on the public for too long already cried for over a column and annoyed the readers just that much longer.

I have decided to take Twain's advice and refrain from crying over this last TWIG of the 1970-71 staff. I am not ever sure if such tears would be ones of sorrow or joy—probably both.

I would like to thank all those who worked faithfully on the staff this year. I especially appreciate the help of my suite, Nancy and Abbie, who always "came through" for THE TWIG.

Best wishes to Susan, Anna and the 1971-72 staff!

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