

Guest Editorial

A SERIES OF MEANINGFUL EXPERIENCES

Religious Focus Week is made up of many details: Committees, teas, seminars, addresses, classroom discussions, posters, announcement, professors who approve and professors who don't approve, students who get inspired and walk around with Niebuhr under one arm and Kierkegaard under the other, students who get excited about it and o-o-oh! and a-a-ah! about the good-looking men, and students who think the whole thing is a waste of time. There will be early morning committee meetings, men at breakfast in the dining room, pause for power at noontime, men returning thanks at dinner and "men on the hall" discussions late at night. Many details and much "busyness." . . . What holds it together? Back of it all there is a purpose; there is a plan.

The theme this year is, "The Christian Faith in Our World." Our world is a needy world, badly in need of the Christian faith, which we often proclaim so glibly or brush off so indifferently, take for granted, or assume that everybody understands it and carries it around with him. Do you really understand it? Can you explain it so succinctly that immediately you can convince another of its importance and inevitability?

Dr. Wesley Shrader is asking some thought-provoking questions, such as, "What is the difference between religion and philosophy?" "What is the difference between science and theology?" "What is the difference between faith and belief?" "Give three characteristics of faith."

Do you know the answers? Do these questions suggest further questions to you? Do they stimulate any curiosity on your part? If so, you are becoming a part of Focus Week. You are an inquiring mind seeking greater understanding, greater understanding of the Christian faith and its meaning in our world.

Focus Week is not a series of addresses on stereotyped topics imposed by visiting theologians. On the other hand it is a series of experiences, sug-

gested by students, through which you may go on looking for meaning and purpose. It is a quest; it is a journey into the minds of others where you may find new insights and new interests which will express themselves in enthusiastic social action.

During Focus Week Dr. Brimm will ask you what your pattern of human relations is. Can you tell him? What is your conception of "the brotherhood" of man? Do you operate within a non-prejudiced pattern? Southern Baptists, as well as other churchmen, have taken a definite stand in regard to Negro-white relations. Do you know that pattern? Do you practice it? You are practicing some pattern by the way you live every day. Maybe it would be a good thing for you to think through your pattern of human relations in regard to people at home and people abroad to see if you are living what you proclaim as your Christian faith. That, too, is one of the purposes of Focus Week. Within the purposing is the hope that you will get a deeper understanding and that you will dedicate yourself more sincerely to a way of life consistent with that understanding.

Teas, seminars, classes, conferences . . . yes, but beyond these are curiosity, study, analysis, understanding, genuine worship, inspiration, dedication. All of these are in the design of Focus Week. What actually happens is left with you.

Billy Ruth Pruyn,

Meredith Baptist Student Secretary.

Classroom Boners

Collected by CELIA WELLS

Everybody enjoys a good joke on someone (else) in class. One in a biology lab was at Alma Brigman's expense when, alarmed at the brown markings on the skeleton's ribs (to indicate some respiratory organs), she asked Mr. Brown if it was caused from smoking.

Grace Pow, habitually late to an 8:30 a.m. class under Dr. Harris, answered in kind to Dr. Harris's ironic innuendo as Grace strolled in at 8:35 a.m. "Grace, has the bell rung yet?" "No ma'm, I don't think so, but I think it's about time for it."

Art appreciation is a course one should speak up in, according to Mr. Reynolds. "Silent John" Betty Carter was always afraid to say anything out loud but toward the end of the year she ventured an opinion to her neighbor. Mr. Reynolds urged her to come out with it, and when she did, hopefully expecting praise for her first remark, he snipped, "I wondered if you were ever going to take that pencil out of your mouth."

Well, I've enjoyed these boners at the expense of others, but I'll be noble and relate one at my expense. Dr. Johnson asked me a question about *Utopia* and I began referring to my notes (on little 2 x 2 reference slips supplied by the library) which were supposed to be in form of a large chart. I was embarrassed for Dr. Johnson to see them but she was so amazed she made me hold them high for the whole class to enjoy, they being second, she said, only to the Lord's prayer written on the head of a pin.

Letters to the Editor

To The Editor—

Since chapel conduct has become a major issue in this year's college problems, it is my hope that the entire college family will follow the example of the freshman class by trying to improve student behavior.

Discussions during class meetings concerning the types of misconduct and their solutions can lead to a good airing of personal feelings and, in the course of discussion, reveal the answers to the problem. The presentation of the freshman chapel skit on January 17 showed an endeavor to discontinue the totally unorthodox scenes that can be readily observed from any seat in the auditorium and the platform. Don't any of the other classes or organizations have a few good ideas that could be compiled into a "biting" poem, prose reading, or drama? Or how about some illustrative photographs and paintings? Surely the spirit will move someone.

The tardiness problem may soon be

COMMUTERS' LINK

Dilemma On Viewing One's Diploma

In the words of a certain Fayetteville Street linen establishment which has been "closing out" for nigh on to two years now, "This Is It!" This is it to at least three day students who will, in about a week's time, receive the coveted sheepskins; and, for the first time, view the world beyond with mixed emotions.

The only emotion associated with this occasion heretofore has been that of untainted joy when the blessings of a future including a job with pay, no 8:30 a.m. classes, and no homework, have been contemplated. But, standing on the threshold of a future which is very rapidly becoming the present, one is seized with a nostalgia edged with fear (as incredible as this may seem to undergraduates). Nostalgia concerning itself with lunch at Roy's, bridge games remembered for the free conversation, not the excellence of the game; numerous gab and song fests, little classroom successes and failures, some of the latter being really amusing now; the overcoming of seemingly insurmountable obstacles in the embodiment of term papers, exams, and whole courses; bus rides twice a day, or those occasions when there were rides to be had with friends and go-home dimes to be spent on delicacies at Eckerd's—all these, little things, but integral threads of the fabric of which the college life is woven.

Fear—that we have in common with all fledglings who are pushed from the parent nest to fly or to provide dessert for the cat. Fear that comes from contemplation of that first day in that first classroom in which one finds herself the teacher; or that first day in that office when one discovers that she is a private secretary; the fear that comes when one finds that she is Miss Jones and not Babs or Dot or Lou any longer, thoughts that lead one to the conclusion that bread and clothes come in direct proportion to one's ability to earn them. Life won't consist of the cloistered security one respects and loves that comes from going to class, getting homework, going to chapel, and taking exams; there will be food bills and rent money and bosses and school boards.

What about college friends? Will we lose that indescribable kinship with them? Twenty years hence will we see girls with whom we have shared our most precious secrets and remarks, "I went to college with her, but I don't remember her name?" And most of all, will I succeed?

Fears that dissolve with first successes, progress being the only alternative; and were we not beset with these same fears upon graduation from high school?

And now for the last ten-dollars-worth-of-good-advice part of the column, dedicated to those who remain.

First, go to the library.

Second, stay in the library.

Third, don't leave.

Fourth, but don't forget to drop into D.S. Number 2 once in a while. What you learn here, you'll retain; in the words of Max Shulman, author of *Bare Foot Boy With Cheek*, "What care I for meaningless alphabetical symbols? I came to college to get a well-rounded personality." And that's what we day students all have!

Goodbye for ever,
Dottie.

solved by either locking the doors or inaugurating a "late-comers" section in the rear of the auditorium to be specially checked. This idea doesn't appeal to me very much and I'm sure there are others that feel the same way. Why not speak up in class meetings and put your ideas to some use? Any freshman class officer will be glad to lend an ear, too.

Thus far there has been no drastic change in our behavior, but orders from the high command demand a polite, mannerly conduct *post-haste*. Each one of us is concerned—that makes it everyone's job. One college problem coming up! Let's smother it.

Sincerely,
Mary Lane.

Fooling Phyllis

Exams and registration are now things of the past. Classes have started—and here we are! But then, we dreamed of it even before we reached high school. Even in our early years, we dreamed of college. Oh—but yes, we would go to college some day, and that day seemed so far off, so far off that we detested the pigtails or the long curls, and the starched cotton dresses and pants that matched—marking us as mother's darlings. We couldn't wait. High school came and brought with it anticipation for the day college would be real. And then, almost before we realized, high school was a "has been," college, a reality.

College!

And now that college days are here, yes, almost over for a good many of us—what about those days? Have they fulfilled all the dreams and anticipations we had once thought? Are we doing all we can to make our college days important in our course of living? Are we growing educationally, emotionally, spiritually, and socially? Think about these questions. The time is never too late to begin to fill our childhood dreams of college days. And no matter what we dreamed of and asked of our college days, I hope they have yielded enrichment of life because, in spite of all our negligences, we have worked some and can say, "I have some friends." That, to me, is college!

If you have a little poem book, and poems you collect, then I'll be instrumental, if these you will select. Surely these are not my own, for I am not a poet, I got them from an old TWIG, and I'm sure you all will know it!

With apologies to Shakespeare.

"To study, or not to study:

That is the question.

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to make A's and B's and the honor roll

Or to take C's and D's by having a good time and

By so doing to forget it. To review, to cram

Some more; and by to cram to say we stuff

Our heads with unimportant facts That college is known for; 'tis a situation

Devoutly to be avoided. To review, to cram!

To cram; perchance to flunk. Aye, there's the rub!

For in cramming, what good can come

When we have played one whole semester

Must give us pause. There's the respect That wakes calamity of examination days.

For who can learn in one night what

Should have been learned in eighteen weeks?

Who can think clearly the next day after

Having been up all night, drinking coffee

And smoking cigarettes? When he himself might study

occasionally

And retire early on the eve of the Eventful day and come prepared with

Sense rested and acute.

Who can bluff professors in thinking he

Knows something by his eloquent pen and words?

Who can fill in what an empty head doth not know?

Except for that fatal blankness which Falls over us and from which no

one

Can come out of at the decisive moment.

Thus cramming makes dunces of us all, And thus the moral of this story is,

Prepare faithfully from day to day your assignments,

And when the roll is called up yonder you'll be there."

Bye!



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