

GUEST EDITORIAL

(Editor's note: The following is part of a letter which Dr. Mary Lynch Johnson received from LeGrace Gup-ton Benson, a 1951 graduate of Meredith.)

I have had almost two years for my college days to boil down into their essence. In that time, I have gone through such various stages as the initial shock and regret of leaving, cynical comparisons with what, at the time, I thought to be more favored institutions, and finally to at least the beginning of a true evaluation.

Since 1951, I have had opportunities to talk with and in many cases become close friends with graduates of colleges and universities as far-flung as Se-wanee and Greece, Hartford and Lima. Our conversations were not so much directly concerned with the various curricula as they were with art, poli-tics, religion, music, history, social re-lations, literature, or what have you. In all this, the educational background of each individual was eminently ap- parent to me almost from the moment he or she first spoke. Mine probably was as clearly evident to them, and I sincerely hope I held the tradition of Meredith in a favorable light. Incidental- ly, it is not at all difficult to tell a small liberal arts college graduate from university graduates, and I am glad Meredith is one of the former.

Making comparisons between any two institutions is unavoidably super- ficial for one of my limited years and knowledge. I know you will read what I say in that light. Superficial as it is, it is also a natural consequence of that evaluation I spoke of: comparisons are inevitable. As a quick glance at my record discloses, I was not an unusual student. I may have been on the Dean's List once; but there are, unfortunately, some "F's" and "D's" also, all averag- ing out to a record that just barely enabled me to enter graduate school. And yet, in spite of that, I feel I have cause to be grateful for the education I received in those four years.

I have come in contact with grad- uate students who know less of our lit- erary heritage than many foreign students do. There are those who remember the significance of 1776, but are ignorant of the meaning of the term "Jeffersonian Democracy." Many of them have a vague acquaintance with the Bible but fail to see how west- ern civilization is largely based upon its teachings. Hardly any of them are aware of the majestic interplay of his- tory, religion, philosophy and the arts. Fewer still realize that a college edu- cation is not the culmination but mere- ly the beginning of knowledge in any area.

It is not theirs alone the blame. Much of the responsibility rests right in the heart of the many institutions which granted and are granting them their degrees. Too many colleges and univer- sities have slacked down to the point where they offer students what they want rather than what they need. At one university, for example, it is not necessary to know a single Greek or Latin word in order to do advanced study in the classics of those two languages. I am grateful that Meredith does not follow such a pattern.

I never thought I would be thankful that I had to write a seven hundred and fifty word paper on "Dante's Inferno and Milton's Hell," or read three hun- dred and fifty pages every six weeks as history collateral, or study furiously for a final in Christian Ethics; but I am. Over and above that, I hold in near reverence the fact that in every course I was taught to its fullest advantage not so much memorization of details, but more *how to think* — how to use that intelligence with which God en- dowed me.

Living in a community of young women students, the invaluable "ex- tra-curricular" companionships with faculty members, the emphasis on a living Christianity — all of these con- tributed to the goodness of my educa- tion. My only regret is that I did not take greater advantage of these things.

I have not well succeeded in telling you all that my years at Meredith con- tinue to mean to me. It is impossible.

Letters . . .

To the Editor:

Officially the World Student Service Fund drive is over at Meredith. But the spirit behind our gifts should not be forgotten. Our sympathetic under- standing must grow; we must feel our responsibility to participate in our age. Presumably we, as students, as prepar- ing for leadership, and we have vast opportunities for this preparation. We have seen and responded to the idea that "Tomorrow's Leaders Need Our Help Today." Students in many parts of the world do not have books, equip- ment, housing, and health facilities; but they are striving (probably much hard- er than we) to become their countries' leaders despite their difficulties. When we fail to help them we are not only hindering their leadership, but also fail- ing to make ourselves into the kind of people who can be good citizens and worthy leaders.

The response to the drive was very good in spots and heartbreaking in others. A few girls were not willing to give anything. It hurts to know that we can be so complacent as we face the needs of other people. A committee of about thirty girls worked hard, and they are to be commended highly for the splendid job they did.

If anyone receives an inheritance and would like to give a dollar to W. S. S. F., we will direct it in the proper channels.

Sincerely,
Pete Hampton

Kupo, Korea
January 25, 1953

Dear Miss Editor,

A bit of news for your paper from a long way off is in this letter, and when you receive this, we hope it is clearly understood that this is by no means a threat, but a promise! We hope you'll print it, for we were proud of it before and shall be again. Your paper spoke of it once; let's hear it again.

A joint meeting was held recently in the battery command post of a firing battery in Korea with the subject for discussion being Meredith College's water tank. Having learned that the U.S.M.C., "our home," has been painted over, we voted to repaint it on your water tank. We hope that you are in favor of our decision. All surviving members of the former "painting party" were present except one. He has returned to the states to "recon" the job ahead.

Due to Korea, we have lost some of the original team, but the remaining and returning members will carry out the decision. Five are still here, two gone.

Until we get home, may God bless you and protect you.

Very truly yours,

Sgt. "L"
Sgt. "P"
Sgt. "E"
Cpl. "F"
Pvt. "G"

P.S. Sure was a job finding stamps. Usually we write free with our names, but naturally, that's no good.

NEWS FROM OUR NEIGHBORS

A student poll taken by the Associ- ated Collegiate Press showed that other students across the nation are pessimis- tic about the situation in Korea and peace between Russia and the United States. When students were asked if they thought the Korean War would be over within six months, eighty-two per cent voted "no;" when asked what they thought the chances are for a peaceful settlement of differences be- tween Russia and the United States, fifty-four per cent of the students said the chances are poor. The students that do think there is a chance for peace pin their hopes on a civil war in Russia, Soviet fear of Western power and U. S. "patience and diplomacy."

If you feel peeved at your professors after exams, maybe you'll want to join a club started by a columnist for the *Plainsman* of Alabama Polytechnic Institute. He calls it the "I Hate Profes- sors" Club and here are a few of the simple rules:

1. Be late to all classes at least half the time. When entering a classroom late, glare at the professor and insinuate that he started the class ten min- utes early.
2. Talk to one or more of your class- mates in a whisper just loud enough for the instructor to hear you, but not loud enough for him to understand the words.
3. Fifteen minutes before the end of the class hour, begin to stack your books neatly, put on your coat and look expectantly toward the door. Keep one eye on your watch throughout the entire period and the other eye look- ing out the window. If a window isn't handy, stare at the ceiling from time to time.
4. Laugh at everything even remote-

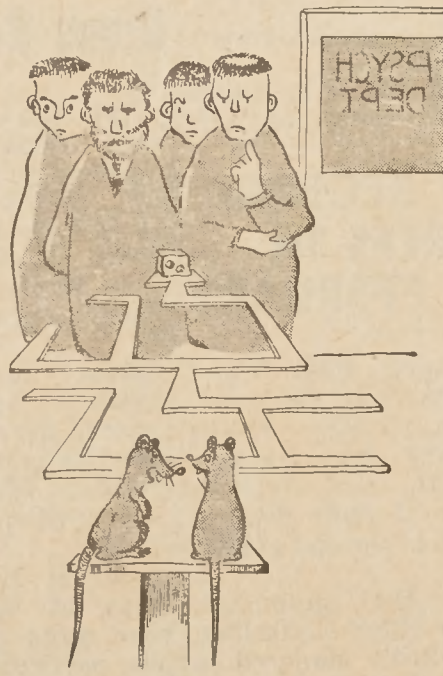
Each graduate will know it. The pity is that one cannot possibly know how valuable the experiences at Meredith are until the entire four years can be seen in retrospect.

ly amusing, except your instructor's witticisms.

5. If you must ask a question, be sure that it is completely off the subject, or one that the professor cannot answer.

The usual number of fraternity pins are still popping up at Meredith. I wonder if anything happens around here like what happened to a boy at North- western. A classified ad in the *Daily Northwestern* read: "Lost . . . Beta pin. Last seen on a westbound Alpha Chi. Finder may keep pin; please return girl."

If you're a great fan of the State basketball team, maybe you get peeved with the referees sometimes. Perhaps something like this should be done: Basketball fans at the University of West Virginia are being passed out "sportsmanship" sheets at the games, in a drive for more humane treatment of referees.



"All for a lousy piece of cheese!"

Bobbye's Banter

Well, we can start all over again now. In case you haven't heard, the latest word is "I'm *really* going to study this semester." It takes some people, me, for instance, an amazingly long time to realize what they're here for. At last I've decided to buckle down. This time I really mean it. No last minute flurries of cramming for me this spring, no midnight oil burning before a term paper is due — boy, does this sound good!

Cupid has really had his hey-day. Quite a few girls came dashing to their rooms on Valentine's day with florists' boxes and candy boxes. Theresa got pinned on Valentine weekend, and Phoebe Barnhardt was queen of the Mil- itary Ball. Besides, Kay saw Ralph for the first time since he's been in the army.

Here's some doggerel on how to lose friends and induce enemies:

Former friend, I assure you
Nought will appease me;
Nothing you say now
Ever can please me.
No love, I can tell you,
Is there from my heart sent
(She's the girl who's been knocking
my major department!)
You can criticize Stalin,
Or rave about grades,
Or even trump your partner's
Poor ace of spades,
But *you'll* never have love — no,
Not from *my* heart sent
As long as you're knocking my ma-
jor department!
And so now, arch enemy,
I wish you would go.
My temper is rising—
Please, don't you know—
The first word you uttered,
Sent enmity—



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