

In Memoriam

"Brief were my days among you, . . .
 "And though death may hide me, and the greater silence enfold me, yet again will I seek your understanding. . . .
 "If aught I have said is truth, that truth shall reveal itself in a clearer voice, and in words more kin to your thoughts. . . .
 "For life and death are one, even as the river and the sea are one. . . .
 "For life goes not backward nor carries with yesterday. . . .
 "By the same power that slays you, I too am slain; and I too shall be consumed. . . .
 "And I say that life is indeed darkness save when there is urge, And all urge is blind save when there is knowledge, And all knowledge is vain save when there is work, And all work is empty save when there is love:
 And when you work with love you bind yourself to yourself, and to one another, and to God. . . .
 "You shall not dwell in tombs made by the dead for the living. . . .
 "And thus your freedom when it loses its fetters becomes itself the fetter of a greater freedom. . . .
 "But if in your thought you must measure time into seasons, let each season encircle all the other seasons,
 And let today embrace the past with remembrance and the future with longing. . . .
 "His might binds you to the earth, his fragrance lifts you into space, and in his durability you are deathless."

THE PROPHET—Kahlil Gibran

Each of these lines of poetry reminds us of one loved by many, mourned by most, respected by all. Because of his death, this Christmas season may be a bit more solemn than those light, gay ones of past years. Yet it is good perhaps that we can think more deeply this year about what Christmas really means—not tinsel and holly, not getting and giving, not rushing and pushing. Christmas is a promise of life, of freedom, of love for all mankind. In his policies, our late President believed that the things embodied in Christmas were the things for which we as a nation should strive, not just for two weeks out of the year, but for fifty-two.

Let us not forget, in this season of joy, that there is one family whose Christmas may not be as happy as it might have been. John Fitzgerald Kennedy has been mourned, he has been praised—let him also be remembered. May that for which he stood become reality and not just empty phrases.



NO LONGER CHRISTMAS VACATION... A'S ON ALL MY EKANS ... AND A LIGHT BLUE STING RAY... ANON.

Letters to Editor

Dear Editor:

The chapel service on Monday, November 25, was evidently much approved by the administration. Yes, we should "carry on." True, the hour of memorium and eulogy was over and we must pick up our burdens. Literally, classes would be held on Monday afternoon during the funeral services of the late President.

And so the student body went to class. Between classes I dashed to Johnson Hall on an errand. Many of our administrators were "carrying on their work"—before a television set. Though school children in Raleigh were allowed to view the services on televisions brought into classrooms, the Meredith student body sat in class. And the administration "carried on."

Barbara Radford
Class of 1964

wonders if Meredith students are really interested in current events and world social and political issues or just popular world figures. The author may be amazed to know that Mr. Tran Van Tung, the secretary general of the Vietnam Democratic Party, spoke at the very same college union as did Madame Nhu. Where were the Meredith students at that time? Perhaps Mr. Tung is not a glamorous figure, but he is a very probable candidate for president of South Vietnam. One gets the impression that the average Meredith student has a superficially enthusiastic appreciation of international affairs without understanding what is really happening. After the lack of attendance by Meredith students, Mr. Tung could hardly have been advised to visit Meredith College.

Sincerely,
Myron R. Williams
UNC-R

Dear Editor:

I would like to comment on the superfluous article which appeared in the TWIG and was reprinted in the November 6, 1963, edition of the Technician. The reprint read as follows: "the ambiguous reception of Madame Nhu at State College made us appreciate the fact that Meredith College would possibly have treated the visit of a foreign dignitary in a different manner. . . . We would like to think that Madame Nhu would have received a more courteous reception if she had accepted an invitation to speak at Meredith."

Perhaps the writer of these words has not been enlightened. An ambiguous reception was hardly the case. This writer did observe a very orderly and respectful reception of Madame Nhu. There was absolutely no throwing of objects at our guest as was the case at Harvard.

Let me point out that many of the programs presented as State are cordially open to Meredith students. For obvious reasons Meredith College simply cannot substantiate the wide variety of cultural program as those at State. I see no reason why the author feels that Meredith College has to assert superiority in the art of receiving guests, and would think that she would be grateful to have Meredith's limited programs supplemented by the wide variety of programs at State.

Since many of the programs at State are open to Meredith students, the success and good reception depends in part on the participation of those same students. However, one

Dear Editor:

The President of the United States has died. His funeral was held for all his family. This includes his immediate family, all Americans, and the world.

Had we been attending the funeral of a loved one here in Raleigh, no one would have dared to request that we leave in the middle of the services. This would be unthinkable—to come to one in his hour of grief and concern and jerk him away, to deprive him of his last look at his loved one before his bones are interred.

Yet, the students of Meredith College were so treated. John Fitzgerald Kennedy was "our" President. We loved him; it is as simple and concise as that. We, as it is only natural, wished to be present when his funeral took place. But this privilege was denied us. Our President left us, but we were not there. Why? We were not deprived of something that happens every day, of some enjoyment, of a mere television program. We were deprived of the opportunity to pay our last respects to the President of the United States as his body was lowered into its resting place.

Perhaps we should just let bygones be bygones. But some feelings have to be expressed, especially when they concern what we feel is injustice. Surely it was not right to jerk us from the middle of a funeral to attend class.

An incident such as this is distasteful and disheartening. It cannot be righted—only regretted.

Kent Thompson
Class of 1966

Moody's Moods

By SUE ELLEN MOODY

For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven:

a time to be born, and
 a time to die;
 a time to weep, and
 a time to laugh;
 a time to mourn, and
 a time to dance;
 a time to keep silence, and
 a time to speak.

Ecclesiastes 3:1, 2, 4, 5, 7.

The Hebrew people recognized the necessity for change in behavior. Life does go on, but let us not be so caught up in the web of living that we forget that death is a part of life. It is the one sure destiny of man from the moment he draws his first breath. Mourning is our means of expressing honor for the departed and sympathy for the bereaved. When the deceased is more than an individual, mourning is also necessary for a readjustment and a re-evaluation of one's life — past, present, and future. John Fitzgerald Kennedy was more than an individual. He was a symbol of the western forces, the energy of youth, the drive of democracy, and the steadfastness of justice. When he was felled by his assassin, another man took his place. This man, in so doing, lost his individuality and became the symbol. But the exterior was new; the people needed to readjust, to move their eyes to another face, tune their ears to another voice, and add their support to other arms. This could not be done swiftly, for change was not expected. It would have to come slowly, for the people had lost their balance. They had to move slowly to regain their balance; they had to move slowly, for their heads were yet turned in giving a last, sorrowful farewell.

Why must we do less on our campus? Why is it that our shock and sorrow was misinterpreted. Why was it impossible to believe that we students were lost and wandering, unsure of the hard reality we faced for the first time? In such a crisis, do we not have time to mourn with the rest of the world? We must make time in the future, lest we forget, lest we forget.

Christmas

I am the Christmas spirit!

I enter the home of poverty, causing palefaced children to open their eyes wide, in pleased wonder.

I cause the miser's clutched hand to relax, and thus paint a bright spot on his soul.

I cause the aged to renew their youth and to laugh in the old, glad way.

I keep romance alive in the heart of childhood, and brighten sleep with dreams woven of magic.

I cause eager feet to climb dark stairways with filled baskets, leaving behind hearts amazed at the goodness of the world.

I cause the prodigal to pause a moment on his wild, wasteful way, and send to anxious love some little token that releases glad tears—tears which wash away the hard lines of sorrow.

I enter dark prison cells, reminding scarred manhood of what might have been, and pointing forward to good yet to be.

I come softly into the still, white home of pain, and lips that are too weak to speak just tremble in silent, eloquent gratitude.

In a thousand ways I cause the weary world to look up into the face of God, and for a little moment forget the things that are small and wretched.

I am the Christmas spirit!
E. C. Baird



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