

# We Will Be No More

Where are we, the youth of America, going? Where will we take our country? All civilizations up to this era have flourished, some longer than others, and then declined. Is America now in a period of decline? There are many signs which might indicate that a decline is more real than many of us may wish to admit. An excellent example might be the recent failure of the United States in the Olympics, held in Austria. Our great nation, having recently experienced a period of emphasis on physical fitness under the direction of the late President John F. Kennedy, suffered a crushing defeat in Austria and ended up in eighth place in the games. Another example of American loss of power on the international scene can be seen in our recent failures in the United Nations. At the close of World War II, the United States was the leading power in this organization. Today we are fast becoming a secondary leader. The vote that we could once count on has dwindled to the point that there are barely half of the members of this world organization behind us on many major issues.

Not only are we loosing in the international race, we are loosing out at home also. We are loosing out intellectually. If one scrutinizes the American educational system as a whole, one can see that training the mind to perform any intellectual task set before it has taken a backseat to training the person for a technical skill. The emphasis on science means that thousands of robots are graduated each year. Thousands who can build a bridge, a new weapon with which to destroy the world, a rocket ship which may reach the moon before one that Russia builds, but only a few hundred who can think and dream. This does not imply that we need to become a race of dreamers, but certainly the idealist and the intellectual have a place in society. There must be some imagination in order to keep a country going.

We the American youth lack imagination. We lack the imagination to entertain ourselves and therefore must be constantly entertained. The recent fad sweeping the country at the present time is "The Beatles," next month they will be replaced by some other fad. Progress and change can be good, but we have made them a gospel which is threatening to enslave us in chains as strong as if we were bound by inertia to constancy. American youth are moving faster and faster each year, caught up in a wind of change—or rushing to God knows where. To our perdition? Perhaps. Unless we catch something of the glimmer of hope that the American Negro has recently caught in his fight for freedom, unless we as the children of a gilded age discover something to preserve that age there can be no America for the future. There can only be a mob as there was in ancient Rome crying for "bread and circuses." And then the barbarians will replace us, assimilate us, and we will be no more.

A. F. N.

# The System

Many students were made keenly aware of the effect of the revised room check system this week as points were accumulated by students for untidiness in any of the nine areas listed on the Point System blank. Not many of us like the idea of having our rooms checked at undesignated times, nor do we like to be told to clean house. Yet, actual evidence reveals that this matter cannot be left to the discretion of individuals because we are too apt to "leave it as is"—for months.

Consequently, the check exists as a measure to right irresponsibility. The immediate effect of the revised check system on students meant complaints for some, resolutions for others, and a good room-cleaning for the majority of us who wish to avoid a twenty-five point total.

M. K. P.



MEMBER Associated Collegiate Press

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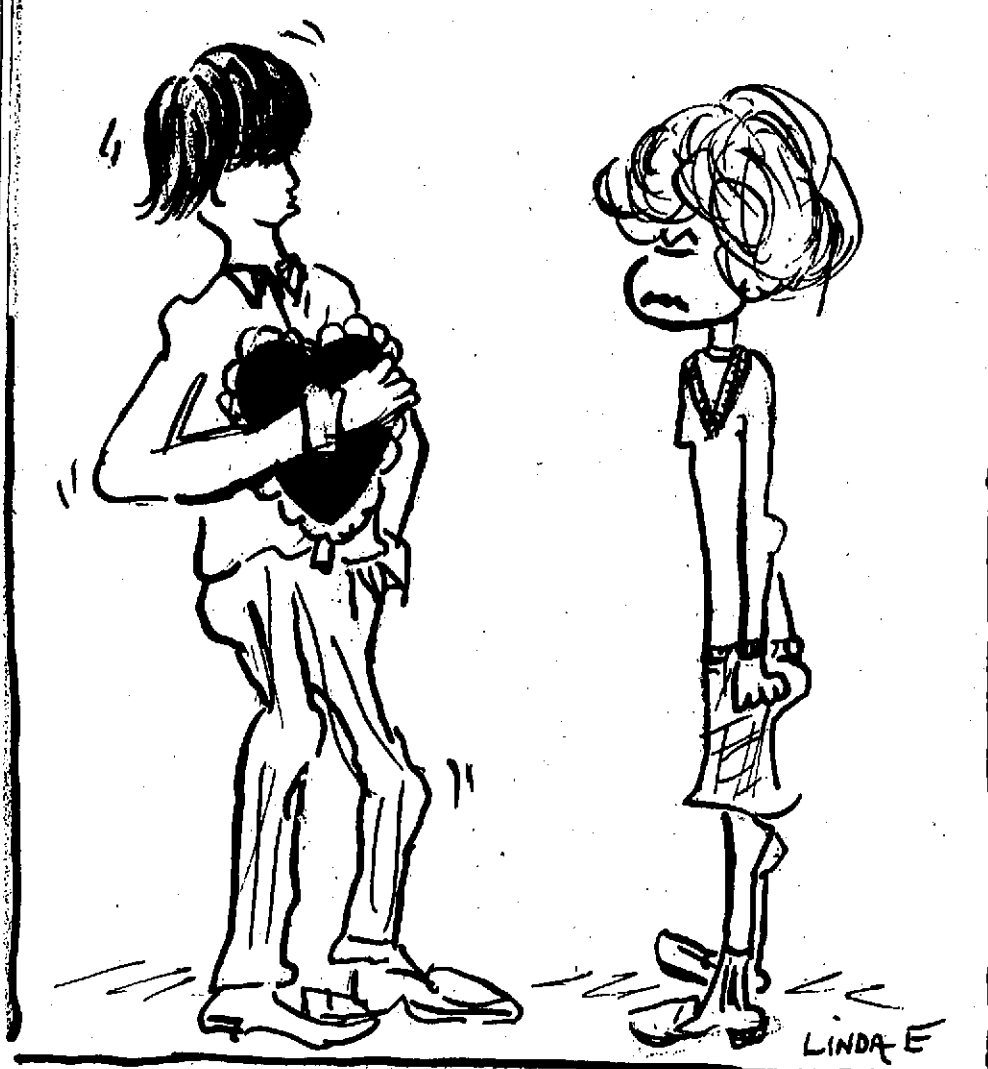
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It's over here, RALPH!!!



# Letters to Editor

### Editor's Note:

The English department received the following letter from Kappie Weed, a 1963 graduate of Meredith, who is now serving in the Peace Corps in India.

January 23, 1964

Dear Everyone,

I was especially excited to find from Miss Knight's letter that little Suthi Joseph is in Madras! I plan to spend part of my May vacation in that city, which happens to be only about 500 miles down the coast from Visakhapatnam. I'm looking forward to meeting the little boy.

I mentioned that I'm finding it difficult to justify by name my month's vacation from December 24 to January 21. But officially it was all perfectly legal. Indian schools close three times during the year instead of only once for three months. October gave us two glorious weeks in Hyderabad; December sent us to Delhi, Nainital, and Calcutta; and May 1 through June 16 will (hopefully) see us in Madras and the hill stations (cooling areas) thereabouts.

But let me tell you a little about my December through January holiday. We first had a three-day jaunt with the American Cal-Tex people here, during which they climaxed an exciting visit with an eighteen-pound U. S. turkey.

After leaving there, we journeyed to Hyderabad, where we joined forces with the remainder of our group and all traveled together to Delhi for a three day seminar, which ended on the first of January. Then we were on our own! Margery and I drew together all our forces and talked three Indian boys, whom we knew in Visakhapatnam and who were visiting in Delhi, into taking a whole carload of us to Agra to see the Taj Mahal. We left on the second. On the way, we saw a number of interesting sights, including a famous tomb built to Akbar, one of the old Mogul rulers of India. Then, finally, we arrived at the Taj. I had heard so many people say that it was a let-down that I was almost expecting one. We drove up to a huge red building, called the gateway to the Taj. The building has a gigantic stone wall jutting out from its sides and, I think, completely encircling the front area of the grounds of the Taj. Protection for the back area of the Taj is taken care of by a lovely lake or river,

I'm not sure which. At any rate, we walked through the gateway, and there — like a spectacular star on a moonless night — was the Taj Mahal. I cannot describe it further! That was in the afternoon. That night we went back in an attempt to see it in the moonlight. Unfortunately, the gates were locked, but we made a huge fuss outside the squares of darkness that resembled windows, until, finally, the gateman — with a bribe — let us in. Again I cannot describe it, except to say that never in my life has anything I have seen given me such a feeling.

On the fifth I left Delhi and made a trip to Nainital, a hill station about 200 miles above Delhi. It was very lovely — a resort-looking town situated right in the Himalayas. It is built around a lovely lake, on which we took romantic boat rides and dreamed of Scandinavia.

And then came the big thrill: we arrived in Calcutta on January 10, just in time for the Hindu-Muslim riots over the rape of the lock in Kashmir. I won't try to describe the city itself except to say it was exactly as I expected — six to seven million people crammed into a small area, where the only consistent law is the law of the jungle. We made our beds in a small, dirty room (funds were limited) in a building that didn't even have a name and was located in the center of one of the most trouble-plagued spots. On the night that we arrived a man was stabbed not fifty yards from our room. Curfew was announced all over the city for three of the four days we were in Calcutta, but yours truly was too excited and curious to stay in hiding, so I went out often — alone, since my companions were much less curious and much more frightened. I could never tell all that I saw. There fires all over the city; mobs were killing people everywhere; riots were too big and powerful to be stopped. Finally, the army came in, and on the last night I was there, I witnessed one man with a hole in his chest being dragged out of the darkness by two policemen, one fire that took twelve hours to completely destroy a whole city block, huge truckloads of armed soldiers whizzing around corners and through alleys, and 100,000 panicky, homeless faces awaiting

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# Moody's Moods

By SUE ELLEN MOODY

Chapel time, and the usual blab by BSU girls about Christianity, and of course, money. They are always asking for money! Why can't they just get it from the school funds, like the AA or SGA? Why do they always collect? Now they have really got themselves in a jam. The BSU wants to send a girl to Korea. The BSU has promised to contribute \$1,200 towards the project. Guess where the money is supposed to come from! You and me buddy, are the chief victims in this "drive for goodness." Why should we contribute from our allowances for another Meredith girl to get an expense free vacation to Korea! No, Korea isn't fabulous, but let me remind you that Hong Kong is just across the water!

Why should we support L I S T E N, a typical BSU project? There is no pat answer to this question. L I S T E N was started because students were aware of the suffering of other peoples, or at least they were aware of it ten years ago. More recently, however, the Peace Corps and foreign aid have taken the burden of aiding the less fortunate. There is no real need for a project such as L I S T E N to minister to the less fortunate. The facilities of L I S T E N are so limited that it is like a drop in the bucket. It would be better to stop such an unimportant project. Or would it? This writer is no great advocator of missions, but there seems to be a need for missions in a world such as ours. We mean the slender, well-dressed, college-educated world of self-satisfied "Good people." We need missions in Meredith's complacent campus more than in Korea. Perhaps we should change the whole goal of L I S T E N. It would be more beneficial, apparently, if we made our aim to awaken students, making them once more aware of the needy of the world. At present the needy, however, seem to be right here! If we could make ourselves aware of our complacency and realize our need for compassion, we could then aid others out of our love for others. We need to get that beam out of our own eye before we can get the grain out of our brother's.

Can the BSU sacrifice towards the need for love among ourselves first, so that we might then love and sacrifice for others?

# Three Students Make Trip to Union Seminary

On the weekend of February 7-9, a group of Meredith students, escorted by a Southeastern Seminary student, traveled to Union Theological Seminary in New York. These students attended a conference entitled "Christian Vocation for Women."

This group consisting of Nicky Childrey, Phoebe Lassiter, Anne Pepper Poole from Meredith and Cliff Clarke from Southeastern joined students and adult leaders from the eastern half of the United States in a weekend slated with forms of fellowship ranging from theological discussions to singing Negro spirituals.

Friday night, the assembled group listened to Helen Irvine who spoke about the world of drama, art, theology, and literature as being a world of fragmentation, non-communication, and de-humanization. Following Mrs. Irvine, Dr. Lehmann, a faculty member at Union, spoke on the Biblical passage "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God." The main emphasis of his speech was that man should focus on Christ and thereby his field or vocation would be broadened.

Saturday the group toured New York City.

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