

Rejection Still Question

Several months ago THE TWIG requested that some reasons be submitted concerning the Baptist State Convention's rejection of two proposals providing financial aid to Baptist colleges. At a discussion group during Religious Emphasis Week some attempts were made; however, this particular group closed the session feeling the bases for rejection very weak.

As background information two characteristics of the Baptists were pointed out—anti-intellectualism and suspicion. Dr. Robert Seymour revealed that a large percentage of the Baptist ministers have not had seminary training. He further stated that the Baptists were a little suspicious of those outside their denomination. Thus, the Baptists would naturally object to having "outsiders" on the boards of trustees.

Further discussion revealed that Wake Forest's motive for presenting the proposals was to get more money to become a university. It is at this point only that substantial reasoning can be found, for the state needs good liberal arts colleges. However, this reasoning alone is not a strong basis for turning down aid for all seven Baptist schools.

Also pointed out in the discussion was the fact that the proposal for federal aid was not even discussed, but automatically rejected. This action seems to be a rather narrow-minded way of handling issues that involve so many students.

Finally members of the group posed the question as to where else money may come from to support the colleges. The answers included taking more money out of Baptist pockets to go into the Convention or raising the tuitions of all the colleges. Does such action seem fair when there is money already at our fingertips?

CVA

Thanks for Improvements

During the past few months, all have probably noticed the change of face that Meredith is undergoing. In September new shrubbery produced a new look around the campus. The Bee Hive and Hut also felt the workmen's hammers, and over Christmas recess the worn black floor covering in Johnson Hall was replaced by much needed new tile.

Yet the improvements were not for looks alone as both dorm and day students will testify. Not only was the day student lounge refurnished and remodeled, but the study room was converted into a room that is now conducive to study. New desks, new lighting, and carpeting were added to create pleasing surroundings.

Likewise the dorm students are grateful for the new furnishings now being moved into the rooms of Vann, Stringfield, Faircloth, and Brewer. These improvements came not a minute too soon, for students have long been handicapped by poor bedding, inadequate lighting, and uncomfortable desks.

To whom does the credit go for these improvements? They may possibly be the result of the efforts and plans of many over a period of time. It is also probable that Meredith's business manager, Dr. George Silver, has played a major role in these renovations. Since coming to Meredith, he has shown a keen sensitivity to the needs of students and has taken advantage of every opportunity to improve the college facilities. For all these the Meredith students are grateful and wish to express their gratitude to Dr. Silver for his efforts.

BJC



Buffaloe Junction

By NANCY SUE BUFFALOE

Hail to thee blithe Roachie, Poteat's symbol true! We would have a better life if it weren't for you.

A general emergency from a conflict of cultures exists within the halls of Poteat; certain little beasties seem to have usurped our entire domain. The usurpers can be easily identified within their respective groups of the huge, healthy American factions and the slight, sophisticated German ranks for those of you who prefer the Continent. All the enemy are clad in black or brown and vary in length from a fraction of an inch to three inches. Latest sources have reported these roachies reading our books, sitting on our desks, primping at our mirrors, as well as resting in the more private recesses of our bathrooms! Only yesterday did I wake up with a new bedfellow who looked as if he were really smashed. These new uninvited roommates have established themselves so closely upon our hearts that one can only wait with fond anticipation for that day when in the presence of that special date, suddenly a dear roachie crawls from the neck of her dress. What does one say at this time of rapture — "Orkin, come quickly!"?

Apparently peaceful coexistence is impossible for our two cultures, for I have even heard rumors of mass murder for our little roomers. Perhaps, however, we as a social-minded society could rid ourselves of these intruders by means of an old social tradition. Poteat pleadingly proposes a coming out party for its roaches.

Life in These United States

Reprinted from *Readers Digest*

When we moved into a house in a small suburban community, we feared we would be at the mercy of every repairman in town. It was with trepidation that we called the local plumber for a sizable job on our sewer. Some two months later, we had not received the bill, so I called and left a message. No reply. A month later, I called again. "Look, Mac," the plumber said when I finally got him, "I also happen to be the president of the bank. I know you just moved in, and your balance isn't too big. When you get it built up, I'll ask for some of it."

I overheard a man asking for cigarettes in a drugstore. "Would you mind making up a carton of mixed brands?" he asked apologetically. "You see, I want to stop smoking, and I'm trying to find a kind I don't like."

Our neighborhood merchants sponsored an essay contest on how to improve business in the U.S.A. My teen-age daughter's effort brought her first prize — a transistor radio. As she was happily looking it over, she noticed it had a tag: "Made in Hong Kong!"

One day several winters ago, I arrived at the small factory where I worked to find the furnace broken down. We were sent home and were told that those who wanted to return after the furnace was fixed would be called by phone, and the company car would pick them up. Since I didn't have a phone, I left the number of the family that lived above me.

Two hours later, my upstairs neighbor came looking for me, pale and shaky. She handed me a note which read, "The heat is on. We are sending someone to get you."

It was our good fortune to entertain a group of foreign teachers. I was telling them about the classes in woodwork my son had attended, and I brought out a small chest about the size of a shoe box to show them. While they looked at it, I left the room to prepare coffee. Suddenly I heard them involved in an animated conversation. When I came back, they were examining several large, pink, plastic, roller-

type hair curlers — which I had forgotten to remove from the chest.

When they saw me standing in the doorway, the man with the best command of English said to me, "I was explaining that these are what the American housewife wears to market."

Students at Iowa State University proved once and for all that the computer just can't replace human calculations. They held an "IBM Mixer" dance, where each student fed his vital statistics and interests into a computer and was then paired off with a member of the opposite sex who, the computer said, was most suited to him.

Imagine the chagrin of one coded who ended up with her twin brother!

On a weekday afternoon in New York, a man carrying a large suitcase stopped in the middle of a busy block and proceeded to gaze skyward. He remained motionless, and a small, curious crowd collected, all scanning the sky for something unusual. At the opportune moment, he bent down, opened the suitcase and began to peddle his wares — binoculars.

Every time he had a day off, my young doctor friend and his wife went skiing. Since I knew they were having a financial struggle, it was a mystery to me how they could so regularly afford to spend the eight to ten dollars for the ski-tow tickets. One day I asked his wife how they managed it.

"Oh," she said, "it's simple. John receives a free pass because he is a doctor. And I inherit the ticket off the first casualty carried into the first-aid room."

I had given my second-grade class a lesson on magnets. As a follow-up, I passed out mimeographed sheets with this question: "My name starts with M, and I pick up things. What am I?" Imagine my surprise when ten of the youngsters wrote, "Mother."

The nicest compliment I ever had came from a complete stranger.

A friend and I had gone to an Italian restaurant for pizza and coffee. We sat for about an hour, talk-

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Funds Are Raised For Negro Colleges; Progress Made

America's privately - financed southern Negro colleges are contributing an increasing number of outstanding men and women to society, reports a December *Reader's Digest* article, "Negro Colleges: Their Product and Promise."

Author James Daniel notes that some seventy of these colleges today have an enrollment of about 40,000 students. Among their graduates have been such distinguished Negroes as educator Booker T. Washington, scholar W. E. B. DuBois, author James Weldon Johnson, singer Roland Hayes, Judge Thurgood Marshall and the Reverend Martin Luther King, 1964 winner of the Nobel Peace Prize.

Fund-raising

For the past twenty years fund-raising for thirty-two of the Negro schools has been carried on cooperatively by the United Negro College Fund, founded by Dr. Fred Patterson, then President of Alabama's famed Tuskegee Institute. To date the Fund has collected forty-six million dollars for its member colleges, contributing to each a maximum ten percent of expenses.

Using an incentive method under which the more an individual college raises internally the larger the share it gets from funds raised by the U.N.C.F., the Fund has stimulated substantial increases in financial support by Negroes for Negro colleges. Last year Negro individuals and institutions contributed \$1,500,000 to the colleges. A number of other U. S. college groups have copied the Fund's innovation of joint financing, the *Digest* notes.

Academic standards among Negro colleges are rising rapidly, the article states; graduates find ready admission to top graduate schools

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