

THE TWIG

Meredith College
January 15, 1970

The Real "Impudent Snobs"

A couple of months ago Vice-President Spiro Agnew referred to the leaders of the anti-war demonstrations as "impudent snobs" and immediately created a storm of controversy and a roar of protest and indignation from those at whom the epithet was directed. Apparently most people do not take kindly to being characterized as "impudent snobs."

However, this editorial really has nothing to do with the group attacked by the Vice-President; it concerns another group right here on the Meredith campus—a group of really important impudent snobs known as "tray leavers."

One can observe these individuals at every meal—they are easily recognizable by the insightfully refuse they insist on leaving behind—trays laden with dirty plates, glasses and silverware and crumpled napkins.

These individuals create problems in several ways: first, the abandoned trays are ugly and do nothing to improve the appearance of the cafeteria; second, they clutter up table space which now must remain useless until a harried employee can carry the trays away; and thirdly, these students are a problem in and of themselves—mainly in understanding what possible motivation they might have.

We are not certain why they feel obliged to walk out of the cafeteria, leaving their used trays behind them. Perhaps they are lazy. Perhaps they think it gives them a feeling of power. Perhaps they think they are protesting, although what they think they are protesting escapes us at the moment. After all, there is no oppressive rule commanding them to carry their trays back, no preposterous punishment waiting to fall on their heads—only a simple request by an over-worked, underpaid cafeteria staff to help them out a little in their thankless job.

But these individuals are just too discourteous to be bothered with the concerns or needs of others, no matter how little trouble such a courtesy would mean for them.

And talk about snobs! After all, they must feel they are somehow a notch above the many other students who take their daily meals in the cafeteria, most of whom conscientiously return their trays and dirty dishes to the kitchen area without feeling somehow slighted of their civil liberties or robbed of their dignity as the Meredith's "impudent snobs" obviously must.

"Impudent snob" is a very descriptive phrase, but not a particularly flattering one, and we can imagine that the tray-leavers will find the name rather insulting. Good. We planned it with that result in mind. We can only hope that they will be insulted enough to make them quit leaving their trays.

RBM

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Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor:

Just before the Christmas recess I received several expressions of dissatisfaction with the changes made in the school calendar for 1970-71. It is appropriate, I hope, to use your column for a reply.

Early this fall the Instruction Committee, composed of Faculty and students, was asked by the College Council to investigate the feasibility of adjusting Meredith's calendar so as to complete the fall semester before Christmas. (This is not a tri-mester system.) This was prompted by the same change being effected at North Carolina State University. The Council and the Committee concluded that this could be done without serious disruption of the campus life, both social and academic, and that the advantages of coordination with North Carolina State University far outweighed any disadvantages. The coordination of our calendars is essential if we are to maintain a working relationship with NCSU in the Cooperating Raleigh Colleges so that students can take courses at both schools.

But, furthermore, the concern expressed by students this fall about the holidays seems to indicate the domestic peace is somewhat jeopardized when students are deprived of their accustomed close relationship with students at NCSU on those occasions.

Many of the points made in the letters from students certainly are valid. Many of them, I think, can be

overcome. I am sure that the Meredith traditions of celebrating Christmas will continue and that, in spite of examination, joy will still permeate the atmosphere, the "angels" will still sing, and the campus will make "merrie" as we hail the birth of Jesus and the holiday season.

Sincerely,

Allen Burris

Ode to Exams

(Reprinted from The NCSU Technician)

And it came to pass, Early in the morning toward the last day of the semester

There arose a great multitude smiting the books and wailing.

And there was much weeping and gnashing of teeth,

For the day of judgement was at hand.

And they were sore afraid, for they had left undone

Those things which they ought to have done,

And they had done

Those things which they ought not to have done

And there was no help for it.

And there were many abiding in the dorm

Who had kept watch over their books by night,

But it availed them naught.

But some were who rose peacefully,

For they had prepared themselves the way

And made straight paths of knowledge.

And they were known

As wise burners of the midnight oil.

And to others they were known as "curve raisers."

And the multitude arose

And ate a hearty breakfast.

And they came unto the appointed place.

And their hearts were heavy within them.

And they came to pass,

But some to pass out.

And some of them repented from their riotous living and bemoaned their fate.

But they had not a prayer.

And at the last hour there came among them

One known as the instructor; and they feared exceedingly.

He was of the diabolical smile, and passed papers among them and went his way.

And many and varied were the answers that were given.

For some of his teachings had fallen among fertile minds, while others had fallen flat.

And some were there who wrote for one hour, others for two;

But some turned away sorrowful, and many of these offered up a little bull In hopes of pacifying the instructor.

And these were the ones who had not a prayer.

And when they had finished, they gathered up their belongings

And went their way quietly, each in his own direction,

And each one vowing to himself in this manner:
"I shall not pass this way again."

The Perils of Percy

By Percy Beane

I hope you all had very Merry Christmases and happy new years. From the looks of all the new diamonds and pins, someone evidently had a good holiday. Maybe next year will be my year to join the ranks, but I have my doubts.

Now with January 1 came a new year and a new decade. I have made several predictions for the 70's concerning men, women, and Meredith College.

In the future I see Meredith admitting its first male dormitory students. According to my crystal ball, the tentative date for this new development is the fall term of 1972

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— Book Review —

Dorsett's Book: "A Treasure"

(Dorsett, Harry K., *A Variety of Edens*, Raleigh: Edwards and Broughton Company, 1969, 161 pp.)

Neither you nor I can find much time these days for reading — I mean good reading. Between boys and text books, our minds grow tired, our time is scarce.

However, there is a book you should squeeze in. *A Variety of Edens* is a collection of short stories written by Meredith professor, Harry K. Dorsett. Each story is a treasure well worth every short minute spent in reading it.

In reference to some other authors, Dorsett wrote, "They had been directed by the desire to write beautifully of happenings lovely." The same should be said of Dorsett.

The author claims that he is a "frustrated writer." Yet the short stories in *A Variety of Edens* are not the products of a man's frustrations. They are masterpieces of human insight into the emotions of others. They are the genius of an unconfined imagination. The 22 stories are short; their plots are simple. However, the characters are strong, their lines clearly drawn, their thoughts exposed in detail. Each character, almost someone you can touch, is the work of a master.

The stories are about people you know — little boys and little girls, men and the women they love, women and the men they adore, and

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