

THE TWIG

Meredith College

February 12, 1970

Why Have It?

"Why have it?" you may have asked. "Why emphasize religion any more than it already is at Meredith? Why bother with Religious Emphasis Week?"

If you have asked these questions before this week, we hope that by now you have found the answers.

We live in a busy world and all too often we get so wrapped up in our courses, our dating that we tend to take our religion for granted—to let it just slide by, unnoticed, while we go through the paces of our everyday lives, never thinking of it.

That is why there is a Religious Emphasis Week at Meredith—to provide a resting place from the college grind of books and quizzes—and to give students a chance to think.

There have been many opportunities for thinking this week. "The American Dream" Monday night; dorm discussions at night; chances to chat with Grady Nutt in the Coffeehouse after hearing him in chapel; the multimedia productions. All these activities planned by REW chairman Mary Stuart Parker and her co-workers were designed to make those participating think.

The key word here, however, is "participating." No matter how promising REW planners could make the week's events, there was no way they could force students to take active parts—to think, naturally, but also just to come—just to show some sort of physical commitment by taking the effort to leave their rooms and books.

Tomorrow will mark the end of Religious Emphasis Week for this school year. We hope that you have let it mean something to you, that you have attended and listened and thought—about yourself, your world and your life.

REW can not answer all the questions, but hopefully it has started you asking them. And that, in our opinion, is what real religious response is all about.

RBM



The Perils of Percy

By Percy Beane

Passing through Greensboro the other day, I noticed a middle-aged man wearing a business suit standing on the side of the street. The funny thing was that he was holding a sign which read in bold lettering—"Fuzz Ahead!" I can sympathize with that man. Since the day I received my operators license, my driving career has been interrupted at least twice yearly with various stalwarts of justice. However, in the last six months I have experienced three confrontations with the darlings of the highway department.

The first time I "locked horns" with the State Patrolman, was a few weeks before I came back to school this fall. I was sitting in our family car, minding my own business and talking to some of my friends. The car was parked in the parking lot which, incidentally, was nearly vacant. Naturally, since I was talking I did not notice that a car had pulled up on the other side of me and that car was barely a hair's length way from my door. Deciding to get out of our car and join the people in another car, I just opened the door to get out, still talking and not paying attention to the man next to me. Blam! Scrapeeeeeee! Crunch! I had opened our car door on to the door of a new patrol car and the patrolman was sitting in it! Frantically, I examined the damage which fortunately was only minor — a six inch gash just below the chrome part. The party in the other car calmly got out, looked me straight in the eye, and said, "Why did you do that?" Then louder, "WHY DID YOU DO THAT TO MY CAR?" I did the only thing any red blooded American female could have done at a time like that — I cried. Anyway, the patrolman said to forget it and he would see me later. He did. Exactly one week after I had sliced a hole in his car, he stopped me on the highway, blue light and siren going full blast. Just ask me if I was embarrassed. He came over to the car, asked me for my license, and then cracked up with laughter. At that moment, my uncle and aunt happened to drive by, gaping at their niece who was pulled over to the side of the road by a patrol car. I had big visions of them flying home in time to call my parents and tell them that I had gotten a ticket. But the joke would have been on them, because Jerry wouldn't have given me one. Oh, you're probably wondering why I called him Jerry; if you have been stopped as often as I have, you would be on a first-name basis with the State Patrolmen too. But what happened to me last Monday was the incident to end them all. Driving down here to register, I became thirsty. I stopped at a little roadside market and bought a Coke in a can. Not wanting to waste time, I decided to take it with me and drink it on the way down. Pretty soon after I got under way, I looked up in the rear view mirror in time to see a familiar car — you guessed it, Freddy himself. I checked my speed and continued to drive as before, listening to the radio and drinking my Coke. At that precise moment an even more familiar sound pierced my ears — Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa. I pulled over with grace; I'm used to it by now. The man walked up, I handed him my license. I know the ritual by heart. Then he began the lecture: Miss Beane, may I have your beer? Now Miss Beane, you should know that our highway statutes do not allow drinking and driving. Alcoholic beverages slow down the thinking processes. May I have your beer, Miss Beane. You were drinking, now, weren't you. Looking my most innocent self, I reached under the seat and produced one emp-

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Looking Back

... At Rush Week

October 10, 1929

"Since the founding of the Astro-tekton, and the Philaretian Literary Societies there has always been a Decision Day for the benefit of the new girls, who on that day choose the society which is to be theirs."

October 13, 1934

"Under their respective colors, gold for the Astro's and purple for the Phi's, the old members stationed themselves in double lines. Amid much cheering, the new girls made their choice, marching through the lines of the society to which they desired to belong. At the end of the lines, each 'Baby' Astro and New Phi was given her society colors."

October 12, 1935

"The old Astros and Phis woke the 'New Girls' with songs and yells.

As the girls came into the court, they found in addition to the Astro goat, a bear cub, Phi-do, the new mascot for the Phi Society."

October 8, 1938

"Excitement died down for a while but was renewed at Chapel time when the Astro plane was heard circling over the campus. After several circuits over the school had been made, miniature paper planes were thrown from the air. They fell over the court and between dormitory A and the Auditorium. On these were written the words: 'Be an Airstro!'"

October 3, 1952

"Hear those voices so persistently ringing, 'Mother Astro, Mother Astro' or 'Behold, O Philaretia Fair...'"

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor and Fellow students of the United States:

Will you join with us in helping this nation to know that millions of college students are loyal, concerned, positive Americans who with dignity and courage commit themselves as individuals to FAITH in our great nation, its people, and its leader?

Our "PROJECT FAITH" movement calls upon students of all political persuasions to rededicate themselves to the principles which have made this the greatest country in the world. We do not believe WAR to be the solution to the problems facing humanity! We recognize that our society has problems which must be solved, reforms which must be effected, improvements which must be made; therefore "PROJECT FAITH" calls upon individuals to commit themselves to contributing to the continued improvements of our society. As individuals reaffirm and rededicate themselves to this nation and its goals, progress can continue.

PROJECT FAITH

We, as American citizens, are aware of the need for reaffirmation of faith in our country. We accept the challenge to seek solutions to problems and urge others to reject the negativism that divides and destroys. While we recognize the right of dissent, we also recognize the need for our nation to have in time

of crisis one national voice. In response to the call of the President for a "voice" from the Silent Majority, we express the following:

(1) We endorse the principles of our government which have made this country the greatest in the world.

(2) We have faith in the ability of the American people to recognize problems and seek solutions in a positive manner.

(3) We do earnestly feel that we must exercise an intelligent degree of faith and trust in our National Leader in times of this and other national crises.

We reject NEGATIVISM because NEGATIVISM offers no solutions! NEGATIVISM divides and destroys! NEGATIVISM depletes energy which should be expended in creative constructive endeavors!

Join with us by forming "PROJECT FAITH" groups on your campus and seek as many individual endorsements as you can on your campus and in your community, for the preceding STATEMENT OF FAITH. Any organization or individual who will carry this "torch" on your campus please contact immediately:

Mary Lynn Whitcomb
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"PROJECT FAITH"
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The opinions expressed in the editorials and columns of THE TWIG do not necessarily represent those of the administration, student body or the entire newspaper staff.

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