



Meredith College

December 10, 1970

A Little Checking Now, Less Trouble Later

Several weeks ago students, faculty and administration went through the seasonal grind of pre-registration. In January we will complete the process and receive cards to enter another semester on the road to graduation.

At this time before registration is completed and while some "free time" may be found during Christmas, it seems well-founded to offer students a word of caution and a plea for self-education on the Meredith curriculum and requirements for graduation.

Our professors, frequently overworked, are taxed to their limit during advising days. Having to push so many conferences into so short a time, the advisors amazingly manage to straighten out most of the schedule complications. To make this period easier for them and to help mistakes or matters overlooked in the confusion, every student should see to it that she completely understands the requirements for graduation in the catalog she is using. If she is interested in education and her department does not have a copy of the requirements, she should obtain the booklet, "Requirements for Certification," which the registrar and many professors have, and be fully aware of the requirements in her field. With this information, she should plan her four-year schedule and, with her advisor's help, check each semester to see that requirements are met and that courses are offered at desired times.

More must be done, however. The student should regularly check with her advisor to see that courses which she had planned to take in the future have not been changed, switched to a different semester or dropped entirely. Such things happen and often trap unwary students.

Another problem occasionally found is with placement scores for classes. If there is any doubt or real conflict between the student's ability as she sees it and as the scores show it, the student, professors and the registrar should settle the question. This may mean camping in some offices and may be annoying, but it is better than finding out four semesters later that the course you did not have to take, you must now face.

Another suggestion: go to the registrar, preferably at the end of your junior year and at least during the first semester of your senior year to be sure that your schedule meets all the requirements.

All of this is a warning. It may be trouble and effort to figure out everything needed to graduate and get course schedules checked and rechecked, but it is all much better than coming to the end of your four years of work and being told, "I'm sorry, you have not met requirements for graduation (or certification)."

"I'm sorry" is all they can say then. The problem is yours, the student's. It is your responsibility to take care of yourself.

RAW



Inquiry

Christmas Is . . .

By Phyllis Willetts

Christmas can be the loveliest time of the year, or it can be one of the most trying times. For some, it has come to mean a party season, complete with glittering clothes and beautiful people making merry. For others, it's a time to come home to the family, and enjoy a togetherness there is seldom time for.

Christmas is musical programs, midnight mass, special dinners, faces glowing in the candlelight, red and green and gold decorations.

Christmas is irresponsible college students feeling responsible for their hungry and homeless brothers in East Pakistan and all over the world.

Christmas is the rush of shoppers. It's wanting something special for someone and not being able to afford it. It's giving what you thought was second best and seeing that the fact that you bothered at all is more than enough.

Christmas is missing someone who is far away and can't come home. It's wanting peace on earth more than ever.

Christmas is the celebration of the birth of One who came to show this troubled world what love is really like. It's realizing once again how far we are from the ideals He preached. It's wondering why we don't always have the joy and peace He was born to bring.

Here's hoping that Christmas won't find you doing one good deed and then forgetting all about others. May Christmas be a time when you have the time to find peace within yourself and the opportunity to share it with others.

first of a series

the lonely humperdink with yellow stripes

by anna vaughan

the story of the yellow-striped humperdink, the humperdink is a lonely little fluffy animal. he is lonely because he is alone. he lives in a pretty green field with lots of flowers and stinkweeds. there are also wild onions in his pretty green field. the little humperdink loves to eat the wild onions in his pretty green field. maybe that is why he is alone. the yellow stripes on the lonely little humperdink are very pretty. the places between the stripes are not so pretty. in fact, they are ugly. the lonely little yellow-striped humperdink is very self-conscious about the ugly places between the yellow stripes. he tried to erase the ugly places between the yellow stripes with his kneaded eraser but nothing happened.

the lonely little yellow-striped humperdink decided then that the ugly places between the yellow stripes made him an individual. none of the other humperdinks even have yellow stripes, they have blue stripes, and green stripes, and purple stripes, and orange stripes, but no yellow stripes. they do not have ugly places between their stripes because they do not have places between their stripes. they are very funny looking humperdinks. these funny-looking humperdinks live on the other side of the stream from the green field with flowers and stinkweed and also, wild onions.

news to my dad. He took it like a trooper.

As of this writing, the R. Z. is back at her favorite spot behind Poteat with new tires and a lovely, dent-free back. I guess the only good part about the whole incident is that it made a lovely subject for my overdue column. But that's a rather expensive column.

Letter to the Editor

Sartre's NO EXIT

Dear Editor,

I wish to use the columns of THE TWIG to thank the College Committee on Cultural Affairs for bringing to Meredith the Lyric Players and the Hudson Drama Group with their production of Jean-Paul Sartre's *NO EXIT*. Here we had an evening of good theater . . . a play of profound meaning, well performed, and interpreted so as to bring the audience face to face with some of the basic questions of human existence. Like Dante the Pilgrim, who plunged into a 14th Century Hell and saw Paolo and Francesca blown about by the winds of passion, we too experience the same symbolic retribution in which the punishment is the condition of the sin itself, as we see in the struggle between Garcin, Inez, and Estelle. Unlike Dante, who escaped the frozen pit of Hell and pressed onward and upward to the mysterious, beatific version of God, Sartre would leave

us in our Hell of people, tell us to "get on with it" and accept the fact of existential despair. But does he, really? I don't think so. Certainly, the surface meaning is despair; the door is locked; the bell won't ring; and man is locked in with his tormenter; people are Hell.

But there is a strong undercurrent of Hope, but if not Hope, then a desperate plea for Love. The door opens but man *will not*, indeed, cannot desert his com-patriots in the earth. There is NO EXIT from the demands of community. Here is the glory of human existence. Here is what makes man human. Here is an affirmation of man, perhaps not of God as in Dante, but surely of man who finds himself in a Hell of people and still seeks to make something better out of the situation. Heaven, perhaps? But whatever it is, "let's get on with it."

Sincerely,

Allen Burris
Academic Dean

The Perils of Percy

By Percy Beane

I am convinced that somewhere an evil gremlin exists who lies in wait for me, looking for any opportunity to clout me with the big stick of bad luck. In fact I call him Old Cloutie!

For instance, several weeks ago on a dreary, rainy Thursday I set forth on a journey to Socialite City, U. S. A. — Ramscur. This trip was purely for business purposes, however, not pleasurable ones. The Red Zoomer (the name of my new car) desperately needed a new set of tires. The tires were as slick as glass, and they caused the car to fishtail wildly on damp pavement! My dad was insistent that those tires would come off before I had a wreck. Therefore, I was on my way to outfit the R. Z. with a new set of treads. Just as my passenger and I were leaving the campus, a deluge of rain began. Lasting for nearly ten minutes, the rain looked like it would never stop. When it did, though, the sun came out and shone brightly as ever. Jane, my co-pilot, commented that she hoped we wouldn't have any trouble with the tires, and I assured her that trusty Beane had complete control of the situation. After all, I've had enough wrecks before to know what to do in that situation. Somehow, she

didn't seem so confident in my agility and dexterity in the handling of a motor vehicle. We had just come up the access to the main highway, when the R. Z. started to cut some crazy capers — she veered first from left to right, then back again. I had barely gotten the words, "Jane, we're skidding," out of my mouth, when my little machine made a 360 degree turn in the middle of the highway. Not only did she do one, she came in for an encore! All of a sudden, this giant concrete abutment jumped in front of the car and bit out a piece of the back as we went around for the third time. We stopped. I jumped out to survey the damage. Instant nausea. Then hysterical laughter. Don't ask me what was so funny, but the whole incident was so ironic and morbid, we cracked up.

We must have looked pretty ridiculous to those passing by — two girls standing beside a car with the back chewed out, laughing. No wonder no one would stop. People would slow down and peer at us as they whizzed by, but seeing no blood or detached appendages they would accelerate. I suggested that Jane scramble under the car so someone would take pity and stop. Finally, a salesman did take pity on us and screeched to a halt. He then carried us to Ramscur and there I broke the

THE TWIG staff wishes everyone GOOD LUCK on their examinations!

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