



**ARE WE RESPONSIBLE?**

There is a tendency among college students to voice opinions about nearly everything, to work with these opinions in some sort of action capacity for a brief time, and then to fall back into an oblivion of passivity or of non-active criticism. At Meredith, it appears that we are approaching a stage of oblivion not particularly in the political or social action realms, but rather in the aspect of everyday life.

We complain about various conditions at Meredith, yet there are several personal aspects which seem to lack attention. We claim to be responsible young women, aware of problems such as pollution, aware of the right of others to express themselves. Yet, day after day we clutter the student union with ketchup plates, wadded-up candy wrappers, and sticky paper cups. Cigarette burns are appearing on the new chairs, as well as chocolate stains and mustard marks. And in the chapel programs, the right of speakers to be heard is being squelched by the whispering balcony, the newspaper readers, and the studiers.

It seems extremely inconsistent to voice responsibility and maturity in some areas and not exercise it in others. Mature young women know what to do with their trash; there are waste cans provided to take care of such matters. Similarly, mature young women know when to show courtesy to chapel speakers. Responsibility does not merely mean being politically and socially aware; it also means applying that awareness to daily life. It is time to ask ourselves if we are truly responsible or, "are we slipping?"

JFS

**Letter to the Editor**

Dear Phis,  
 "We ourselves must change to master change. We must re-think all of our old ideas and beliefs before they capture and destroy us."

Robert Kennedy

Many of the Meredith Community have questioned the purpose of the societies as they now exist. Begun as literary organizations, the societies have passed through various stages with recent emphasis being on service projects. Built on tradition, the societies need reviving. Though I am president of, and loyal and "true BLUE" to, our Philaretian Society, I will be among the first to tell you it needs redirecting in order to survive.

What was the Phi Society?  
 A service organization and a pseudosisterhood.

Who are the present members?

A majority of Meredith students, a minority of which participates in rush, a smaller minority of which participates in the service projects.

What have we done this year?  
 The Phis have collected toil-

et articles for Dorothea Dix, contributed to the Multiple Sclerosis Foundation, had parties for the C. P. children, done volunteer work at the C. P. Center, and raised \$631.00 for the Center. Most important, we began the year with a re-thinking of our old ideas.

What is the Phi Society now?  
 It is still a service organization; however, it is now a real sisterhood. Fellowship and involvement are being promoted as the goals of our sisterhood. Phi means work, fun, and friendship.

We must work together to re-evaluate and redirect our society. By becoming more of a sisterhood, we can make Meredith life fuller and richer.

Who will be the members?

Not a disinterested majority, but those who want to be members. In the past, students have felt an obligation to join a society. Now we want active members whose ideas and participation will make the society system on this campus more relevant. Within the next few weeks, you old Phis will be given the opportunity to recommit yourselves; in order to main-

tain your "membership" in the Phi Society, it will be necessary for you to rejoin. It is my hope that each of you will seriously consider the purposes and goals of the Phi Society. If you are apathetic, please don't join; however, if you are concerned and feel that the Philaretian Society is an important and meaningful part of Meredith, and that you can be an active Phi, please rededicate yourself.

What will we "new" Phis do? Our motto is: "For this is the journey that men shall make, to find themselves."

By our continued involvement in the community and our increased involvement with each other on our campus, we will indeed find ourselves.

Mary Marvin Johnson  
 President, Philaretia Society

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 Everything comes  
 to those who  
 wait, but they  
 have to work  
 while they wait.  
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**KILPATRICK.. A MEMOIR**

By HARRY K. DORSETT

I am a teacher. What a beautiful thing to be able to say! To be a teacher is to be searching, always and everywhere, for some one to teach me. My search has not been unrewarding; I have found many excellent teachers and one truly great one: William Heard Kilpatrick.

My first superintendent had studied with Kilpatrick; it is probably more accurate to state that he had "got religion" at the shrine. So I must go and immediately. Thus, in 1922, I hurried to Columbia University.

Along with Scarlett O'Hara Kilpatrick came out of Georgia. As the son of a Baptist minister he went to Mercer University, a Baptist institution. Then he entered the Great Profession. As a grammar-school principal he became controversial by doing away with report cards and never punishing his pupils. When he returned to Mercer to teach Math he stirred up more controversy by admitting that he did not believe in the virgin birth. After a three day theological trial before the trustees of Mercer he was forced to resign. On the summer of 1900 he went to Cornell. More from a sense of curiosity than real interest he took a course in education. There, for the first time, in a brochure "Interest As Related to Will" he met John Dewey. His commitment to Dewey was total and unshakeable; he gave up teaching math so that he could teach young people who would teach children.

Then on to Columbia where, at last, he found a permanent home. Here, without any restraint, he was able to attack a whole herd of sacred cows in education. During a period of 28 years he taught 34,000 graduate students. These students have remade education as we know it in the United States, especially in the elementary school. He was known as the "Million Dollar Professor" because of fees turned in by his students. His books were translated into seven languages. His students would not permit Columbia to retire him when he reached retirement age. He held fast to his ideas until his death in 1965 at the age of 94.

Kilpatrick was a handsomely distinguished man all of his long life. He was obdurate in resistance to ordinary erosions of body; at 80 his image of himself was a lad of 20. He

was smooth-skinned, with delicately modeled features. His hair was silver and he never lost it. His raiment was impeccable, with a preference for blue. His gestures were poetic. And what exquisite hands! He was always courtly; this was integral to the kind of person he was. His voice was violoncello; he never raised his voice. There was even a kind of style in his breathing. His gait was leisurely but positive. He was a moving projection of a way of living and teaching. I used to wait, on the other side of Amsterdam Avenue, in order to observe him walk down the street with Miss Ostrander. He called Miss Ostrander "his helper" not "his secretary", married her after his wife died when he was in his eighties. He was, truly, the kind of teacher a class always falls in love with.

At Columbia Kilpatrick was a part of The Holy Trinity - Dewey and Thorndike completed The Trinity. Just to be in an institution with Dewey and Thorndike placed one in a privileged atmosphere; to chance upon either one on campus, in a corridor, or in men's room left one in glowing exultation. But, in my book, neither Dewey nor Thorndike could teach. Dewey mostly lectured in his twangy New England voice. I recall, at the conclusion of one of his lectures, his saying "I think I understand what I've been talking about a little better now." Thorndike often read from one of his books. Imagine that, from a man who knew more about learning than anyone who has ever lived. Thorndike was more interested in research, from what makes a chicken peck to what makes Scarsdale a good place to live. Dewey was dedicated to writing, was an avid believer in democracy and change based on research.

Kilpatrick taught philosophy and method. I took all of his courses. Before Kilpatrick I thought philosophy was an ivory tower activity, with only elderly goateed practitioners. From him I learned that I was a philosopher, that there are nophilosophical absolutes, that criticized experience is the final test. I had never looked at method critically, thought it was concerned with remembering what the textbook and teacher said.

How did he teach? Although some of his classes had over 500 students he never lectured, maintained that lecturing was talking in someone else's

sleep, that it was often inane, vapid listening to what one already knew or would never need to know - a kind of endless flow of articulate noise while others sat and licked their chops. In the beginning there was a clearly defined and completely accepted purpose of the course. The role of philosophy was to give direction to teaching, to know where we are going in education. Method was the best and most expedient means of getting there. Academicians often thumb their noses at "method" courses and those who teach them. How ridiculous! Everything well done involves method. His courses were divided into large units. Varied ideas of eminent people were available to read. Pertinent issues and problems were to be cogitated individually and then discussed in a small group every day before class met. In class there was only dialogue; the student came to class prepared to engage in dialogue - in case he was not prepared he was to write a note to Kilpatrick stating why he was not prepared on that day. With a seating chart before him (the roll was checked each day by Miss Ostrander) Kilpatrick directed questions to specific students. Their responses were always treated with respect. Out of this dialogue the excitement of learning. Classes always began and ended "on the dot." I never knew Kilpatrick to miss a class; nothing was so important as the meeting of a class. All tests were objective, newtype. There were not grades on tests; you knew what you missed and answered correctly. I always made C's on his courses. I can't even remember the names of some courses on which I made A's.

In one of his courses I wrote a paper on Kant's dictum: "So act as to treat humanity, whether within their own self or some other, as an end withal, never as a means merely." I was concerned with applying this principle to all facets of living. He listened attentively to my youthful enthusiasm to transform the world with this thesis. My Memory of this conference is as vivid as if it had happened yesterday, even though I have not been entirely successful in getting people to treat others as "an end withal."

The sheer power of an idea. But what a person teaches involves not only his ideas but

the phrasing and articulation of his ideas. Reaching into the crannies of my memory I find certain words that have remained.

"Full living in the present is the best way to prepare for the future." We live fully when we enter wholeheartedly into activities that are worthwhile and see them to a successful conclusion. We are too much engaged in the pastime of looking back or looking ahead. It is entirely possible that these are the good old days we will miss in 1980. Children need to taste the fullness of life every day in the wonderful world of childhood. This is bound to influence our social order; the world will be saved when people live decently day by day. Having fun together is most important in the world of childhood. Through the years when I deposited my own children at school my departing words were "have fun today", words given with the hope that on this day there would be a conspiracy between teachers and pupils to have a good time together.

"Growth and indulgence." We grow when we move toward a purposeful, worthwhile goal. Indulgence retard this movement. Instant gratification of whims and caprices is often indulgence. Looking at violence and brutality on T.V. and in movies and reading about it in so-called "comic" books is a kind of indulgence. It is bound to influence our children toward becoming violent and brutal. Saluting the flag and pledging allegiance to the flag can be a kind of indulgence. Studying and learning to live the bill of rights in our constitution is

bound to lead to growth in its best sense.

"Treat the student as he is with reference to what he may become." There are no fit and unfit, but fit for something else. For better or for worse we are all stuck with our foolish, fumbling selves. A sparrow cannot soar like an eagle but he has wings sufficient to get around in his world. We often underestimate what a child can really do: he seems to have a thin portfolio of assets until we get to know him. We must keep in mind that every child has his own way and own rate of learning. A child is always going somewhere. Oftentimes he is not sure where he is going. Sometimes his going is not in his best interest, present or future. He needs creative self-direction. Kilpatrick had a vaulting image of children and a passionate concern about their destiny. The sacredness of a child's personality was inviolate, utter reverence was due him because he was a child. To hurt a child in any way was a real, basic sin.

"Subject - matter is a means to an end, not an end within itself." We live in a society that worships grades and test scores. There is even an organized group whose members include only those with I.Q.'s about 140. Last year one of my students completed 15 years of straight A's and no experience of life; naturally, she is going on to graduate school. We make a fetish of subject - matter. I once heard of a teacher who asked, "Is the earth flat or round? I can teach it either way." We have too many tea-

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