

THE TWIG

meredith college

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA 27611

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The TWIG welcomes comment and will give prompt consideration to any criticisms submitted in writing and signed by the writer.

**EDITOR'S
CORNER****Give The
President A Break**

As I was listening to W.Q.D.R. the other day I happened to catch the program "94 Seconds." This program involved a reporter stationed at Crabtree Valley Mall who asks a prepared question, usually one of general public concern, to passersby and then records ninety-four seconds of answers to the question.

The question for the day on the program that I listened to went something like this: "Since the day of his inauguration, Ronald Reagan has taken over one hundred days of vacation. How do you feel about this?" Naturally there was a variety of answers, but I was disappointed to hear that almost every person questioned felt strongly that one hundred days was entirely too much vacation time for the president. Obviously these people had not considered how many working hours the President of the United States actually does put into his job. Not only are there the regular eight hour days of office work, but we must also take into consideration the late hours of entertaining dignitaries, cabinet members, and anyone else who receives the privilege of visiting the White House, the early morning flights to everywhere, and the endless number of what must become tiresome lunches, brunches, teas, and breakfasts with people who are constantly asking for one favor or another. Add to this the twenty-four hour a day pressure of fulfilling outrageous expectations, trying to help settle disputes between other countries, and every other pressure that comes with forming a more perfect Union, establishing Justice, insuring domestic Tranquility, providing for the common defense, promoting the general Welfare, and securing the Blessings of Liberty.

Of course I cannot speak for anyone else, but I could not handle pressures like these with a three hundred and sixty-four day a year vacation.

Ronald Reagan has been in office now for almost two years. His vacation time will probably average at the end of the year about sixty days per year, about three times that of the average full time worker who clocks in at 9:00 a.m. and clocks out at 5:00 p.m. (usually to go home and forget about whatever mistakes he or she has made that day because many of them will go unnoticed and uncriticized).

I would like to see more people give credit to President Reagan (and any President) for the hard work and long hours he must dedicate to his job rather than begrudge him the comparatively little time he does not. I agree with McDonald's Ron, you do deserve a break today.

ELC

by Joan

So here we are. Some for the first time, others for the second, third, fourth, or fifth (?) time. Yes, for some reason we continue to fork over hundreds of dollars to receive the tortures of upper academia. We, the students of the world, continue to return to this world of consuming the cafeteria's mystery dishes, living with constant weariness after numerous all-nighters, attending classes with women who could care less how they look, signing your life away to get into a room you pay for (even though this community

But Why?

thrives on a code of honor), and competing with a thousand-some-odd other individuals in every area from dating as many men as possible at once to achieving the perfect GPA.

Why is it that so many people continue to return to this insanity? Is it simply the thrill of figuring out the cafeteria's newest concoction or the satisfaction that comes from wearing the same disgusting sweatshirt for an entire semester?

Some contend that a return to this world is mandatory -- according to the rules of Mummy and Daddy. These individuals seem to feel that they must abide by Daddy's word and return to English III for yet another go at it. But, as long as Daddy is willing to pay for the venture, the field trips to Crazy Zacks and Frat Row provide hunting grounds for prospective dates and help make the difficulties of academic life bearable.

Other individuals, usually those who seem to enjoy self-inflicted punishment, return to find out if English above the three hundred level is really as difficult as rumor claims. (These same individuals are often discontent with the usual eighteen hour course load and choose to dispense an additional one hundred-plus dollars per credit hour in order to be challenged to the maximum.)

Still other individuals return for reasons falling somewhere between these two extremes. Daddy's urge to seek self-improvement, personal desires to find a fine young man who is tall enough to

dance with, and the thought that the knowledge to be gained can really be helpful, inspire these persons to attempt another semester in the realms of academia.

Many contend that individuals of this third group will benefit more from their education than people of either extreme. Intent concentration on academic pursuits leads to the "all work and no play, make Jane a dull woman" syndrome, while little or no attention to academic endeavors leads to a shallow-minded individual with distinct air-headed tendencies. Yes, by devoting time to all areas of personal growth, the social butterfly can learn enough to take care of herself in this world of wolves and initiate interesting conversation. She will be pleasantly pleased with the new depth in her life and will probably find that fine young male prospects actually respond more positively.

Much to the over-dedicated student's dismay, an emergence from behind walls of books and papers can actually enhance educational careers. Knowledge obviously gains purpose and applications when it is used and expanded during the course of interactions with the real world. All things considered, a conscious attempt to combine all areas of life during this time of growth and education will be to the student's benefit by producing a well-rounded individual capable of meaningful contributions in all spheres of society.

**CAMPUS
SCENE****Letter**

To The Editor:

I am presently incarcerated in the Washington State Penitentiary in Walla Walla, Washington. One of our most important goals for rehabilitation is to have or gain correspondence with the outside world.

I am twenty-nine years old and six feet, three inches tall. I have chocolate brown skin with a deep ebony tan, midnight black eyes, a goatee and an ultra black natural.

My interests are many: from dancing and romancing to a more subtle tempo such as reading, sports and traveling. I received my Associate of Arts degree from Walla Community College in June, 1981. I am currently taking correspondence courses from the University of Washington in Seattle. Among other things, I am an aspiring lyricist and poet.

Correspondence would be very important to me. I will answer all letters.

Sincerely yours,
Johnnie E. McGill, 257153
P. O. Box 520
Walla Walla, WA 99362

**"NO
MORE
MR. NICE
GUY"**

"I'm not my old lovable self when I'm around cigarettes. I get real cranky. So I want all you smokers to quit once and for all. And who knows? You might even put a smile on my face."

American Cancer Society

This space contributed as a public service.

Please Write!

Have a problem or concern? Need to get some steam off your chest, or praise someone for a job well done?

You have come to the right place! THE TWIG welcomes letters to the editors and contributions of columns to the editorial pages.

All contributions should be typed, double spaced, and are subject to editing.

Column writers should include their majors and hometowns; each letter should include the writer's name, address, and telephone number. Unsigned letters will not be printed.

Bring letters and columns by THE TWIG office, 107 Barefoot or 223 Faircloth.

Speak out and be heard!