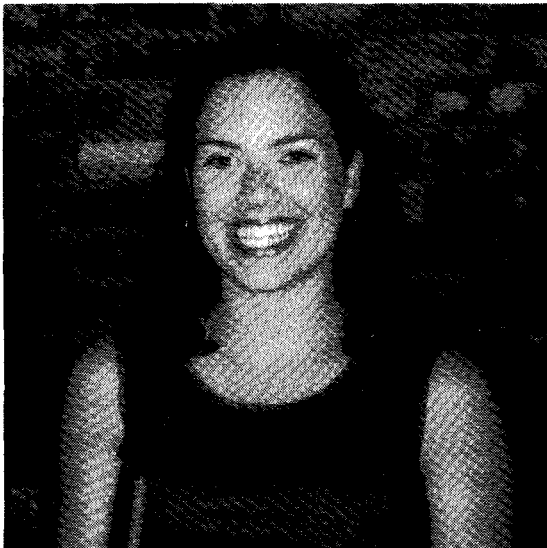


## Angels that serve

The Herald's weekly column on service at Meredith

NINA BORUM  
Staff Columnist



Service is something that comes naturally to sophomore Elizabeth Loftis. She has been a very active angel at Meredith with many extracurricular activities, but service is a big part of her life. Loftis was drawn to Circle K (a college service organization) because of its worthy objectives of service, leadership and fellowship. She feels that Circle K does a great job of meeting these objectives.

Being a part of the Circle K club has allowed her many opportunities to do what she does best. Loftis, along with about 40 other college students from local universities, gathered at the Durham Good Samaritan Inn last Saturday. In participating with the Circle K monthly divisional project they planned to assist in landscaping. Unfortunately, the weather did not permit so they decided to organize and sort donated toys for three hours. These toys will be available for parents who cannot afford Christmas gifts for their children.

The director of the Good Samaritan program left a

positive impression on Loftis. He told her about how he had once found himself in great need of a Good Samaritan. After his hard experience on the streets he commented that the spirit of God lead him to the Samaritan Ministries and he has been involved for several years now.

Loftis says that this experience was fulfilling because she knows that children will benefit from her three hours of work. Christmas holds a special place in her heart and she feels that all children should experience the joy that Christmas brings.

Loftis plans on taking advantage of future volunteer opportunities with the Good Samaritan Inn. According to her "it was a very positive experience and the people were so grateful" Loftis encourages others to think of volunteering with the Good Samaritan Inn.

"The workers there love what they do and truly lend a helping hand to those in need. It was a great experience," stated Loftis.

If you are interested in volunteering with this organization, visit <http://www.durhamrecruitment.org/> for more information.

*If you would like to be featured in this column or if you know someone serving the community contact Nina at 760-2121 or [BorumN@meredith.edu](mailto:BorumN@meredith.edu).*

## Pulitzer photograph exhibit gets good review

ROBIN MACKLIN  
Contributing Writer

I was told beforehand that the exhibit would be "moving", but that did not prepare me for the emotional journey of NC State's Pulitzer Prize collection that spans five decades. As my friend and I rode the elevator on the way to the exhibit, we met a young woman with two children in tow. We asked if she had seen the exhibit yet and she said she had, but that it was unsuitable for the kids to see. I estimated her children to be about six and eight and wondered if she was being overly protective of them or if the photos were really that graphic.

We didn't follow the order of the exhibit, so we hit the '80s section first. There were scenes that I clearly remembered from my childhood, such as Baby Jessica being retrieved from the well and German teenagers with mohawks and chisels hacking elatedly away at the Berlin wall. As we wandered through the section, memories flooded back to me of some of the most traumatic events of that decade, moments that shaped our Nation and those around us.

If you ask anyone who knows me well, I do not cry very easily nor very often, but over half of the exhibit made my eyes water and at times my knees to buckle. Just looking at the human despair in some of the photos made me want to reach out and touch the people in them, hold them, save them from themselves. One of these was entitled "The Graveyard" by Michael duCille, a photographer who spent a significant part of his career chronicling

the lives of drug addicts. His photo was of a beautiful black woman holding a smoking crack vial. It was heartbreaking. A second photo depicted a tiny African girl curled in a ball of despair on hard packed dirt. She had been crawling toward the food center and was having trouble making it there. Behind her crouches a vulture, waiting for her inevitable death. The photographer had been instructed not to touch any of the people to avoid contracting disease, and he honored this instruction at the time but always regretted it. A few years later, he committed suicide.

There are some uplifting photographs, but even they are tinged with sadness. John H. White's "Life in Chicago" captures two children running and laughing across the lawn that stretches in front of their home—the most notorious housing project in Chicago. Another beautiful shot is of the four-woman team from Nigeria after winning the Bronze cup for a track and field event in Barcelona. Their faces are so animated and ecstatic, hugging and laughing and cheering each other, but it left us disquieted. You would never see Americans celebrating so much for the Bronze, if anything they would be disappointed.

Another fascinating theme that I noticed was the numerous photographs containing an American flag, though not in the way you might think. Everyone has seen the infamous "Old Glory goes up on Mt. Suribachi" by Joe Rosenthal. There is a statue depicting the same in our Nation's capital. The picture shows American soldiers planting the flag after a long hard struggle. Now

look at another "Old Glory" photo. In this picture, taken in front of Boston's City Hall, a group of white Boston University students circle a white male flogging a black male with the American flag. No one tries to intervene. Look at the wall to the right and you'll see another group of confused "patriots". This shot is taken of a protest against busing black students into white schools at the beginning of the desegregation effort. Protestors hold signs with the American flag on them, flanked by slogans such as "Segregation is American". The flag shots left us wondering if any of the people in these photographs know what that flag really stands for. Did they ever look back and recognize the contradiction?

I looked around at the faces of the exhibit's visitors. I saw a mixture of impassive, sad, confused, shocked and angry visages. Some visitors even brought their children. One boy, about ten or eleven years old was staring at a picture that had almost made me sit down and weep. His face was contorted with shock. I could tell what he was thinking— who would do such a horrible thing to those children? The photograph was a group of Vietnamese children, about the boy's age, running down the road naked and screaming. Their clothes had melted away when the napalm hit. Will the parents of this boy explain to him America's involvement in that horror? Or any of the others depicted?

See Pulitzer

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