

Knitting Season Opens...

By DORIS LEE

The girls are at it again! The yearly knitting siege is well underway at Meredith. This fact makes needle and yarn salesmen rub their hands in glee and professors pull their hair in despair. Mere books and term papers can't compete when there is knitting to be done.

This year argyle socks seem to be tops in the busy needle society. Lib Taylor is an expert on knitting argyles, which she says are very simple to make; but the process looks much too complicated with all those different colored bobbins of yarn to get tangled up. Mollie Fearing is busy with another pair of socks—this time, blue ones. How she can knit in class and still make A's is hard to understand. Another knitting woman is Mary Beth Thomas, who is now making a yellow sweater.

It seems that knitting is a very complicated affair and any girl who can classify as an expert is regarded as a second mother by the beginners, who are on their first socks or mittens. A dropped stitch is a knitter's nightmare, and to get one back on the needle involves an oversupply of patience and a crochet hook.

Why is there so much knitting on the Meredith campus? Does it satisfy a creative urge or just a desire for new clothes? Some girls are ambitious enough to make Christmas presents of socks, mittens, scarves, or sweaters. Others say that it gives them something to do with their hands; but if that is the case, it would be an even better idea if the boys took up knitting, too. Whatever the reason, Meredith students still continue to knit and gather in groups to discuss their work, like proud mothers exclaiming over their children.

A Reporter's Report On Santa Claus

Mr. Santa Claus came to our fair city of Raleigh Wednesday afternoon. The merry old gentleman arrived this year by helicopter. It seems that he is getting modern on us, coming by air all at once. I had a rather difficult time even getting an appointment to see him. He had numerous dates to keep with our governor and various members of his party, so we of the press with our notebooks and pencils began to get worried.

There was an enormous crowd waiting out at Devereaux Meadow for the first glimpse of the helicopter. It was rumored that he might possibly have come with eight reindeer (two have gotten too old to travel much more, but he is getting a new herd in training), but somehow or other he left them down in South Carolina with a farmer and got in the helicopter to come to Raleigh.

As soon as he landed, all reporters rushed up with flash bulbs clicking; this landing was one of the most important news events in Raleigh in a long time. With my elbows sharpened, I wedged toward a wisp of red and white cap bobbing above the sea of heads, and finally reached Mr. Claus. Pulling on his jacket with a decisive jerk, I succeeded only in starting a rip in his white furry trim. Everybody, including me, got pushed toward the big, long limousine. Just before getting into the car, Santa turned around and said, "Hello, everybody," followed by my feeble, "Hi, Santa."

From the landing site, he motored uptown where he boarded his shiny sparkly float. Again, I was determined, eager to ask him some important question. (Questions that are dear to the hearts of all Meredith girls—well practically all — and requests to make too.) This time, however, I had just placed my foot on the float, preparatory to

Today's Fashion Queen



GLADYS GREENE

In the brisk coolness of late fall, Gladys Greene radiates beauty and charm against a pale sky. In contrast to the fading amber and dark reds of autumn, the cocoa brown of her English riding pants with kelly green waistcoat from a picture of vividness and vitality. With the outfit she wears a soft white blouse with high pointed collar and luggage brown boots. A shepherd checked jacket in rich browns, greens, and whites completes the habit. "Old Town Girl" from the Meredith stables approves, as you can see. ("Old Town Girl" is a blooded mare belonging to Zeno Martin, college bursar.)

LITTLE BROWN LADY WALKS AGAIN

Have you ever crossed the deserted court on some dark night and had the sensation that a weird something was standing behind the bushes that surround the fountain? Have you ever heard a strange tapping or singing when you thought yourself alone in the classroom building studying? Or perhaps you've even seen a brown figure slipping from hedge to hedge or gliding across the court in the shadows when you knew perfectly well there was no one there. If you have, then you may be one of the few to have seen "The Little Brown Lady," Meredith's legendary ghost.

Those who have seen the ghost give different accounts of her appearance. Some picture her as a fairy-like object in a long brown shawl floating rather than walking. Others say that she is bent, dressed in brown with a brown fringed shawl over her head, and carries a walking stick that taps as she walks. One person maintained that the ghost was once seen sitting on the porch of Dr. Brewer's home swaying and singing something like "After the Ball." The brown lady has been known to talk, but those who have heard her can never remember what she says, only that her voice is bird-like. According to the reports

getting upon it, when all at once I found myself lying stretched out, eyes streetward. This frustrating process went on all afternoon, up one street and down the other (my pumps were howling for new soles), I would just catch up with the parade just as it was going around the other corner. At about five forty-five p.m., I was sure I had him; now he was mine — the parade was over, the crowd was going, the notaries were parting company. But, all at once, out of the clear sky, right down came a sleigh, complete with reindeer — picked Santa up and whisked him right off. Now we will just have to wait 'til Christmas Eve to ask the vital question: Is an engagement ring practical? M. L. M.

of those who have seen her, there is nothing in the appearance of "The Little Brown Lady" to create terror, yet many Meredith girls have been terror-stricken by the apparition.

Why does the ghost haunt Meredith? There are many explanations, but the one which seems to be generally accepted is this. According to tradition, the East Building of Old Meredith was once the fashionable home of an extremely happy family. There were four children in the family—three girls and one boy. The two older girls, one noted for her beauty and the other for her industry, lived proper lives, and married at the proper time the proper men. The youngest daughter was a happy, fun loving girl, always dancing and teasing her older brother, who was very stern with her though he loved her a great deal. Because she was not so pretty as her sisters, the youngest's chances for marriage were considered slim, a fact which bothered her not at all until one day when she met

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"T'WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE . . ."

'Twas the night before Christmas holidays and all through the dorms, not an angel was sleeping, and it wasn't because the hall proctors were away, either. Each year at Meredith, the last night before the Christmas holidays, students burn the midnight oil, not because we want to peruse Plato or Aristotle, but just because we want to have fun. We have parties on each hall that last into the wee hours; we visit; big sisters and little sisters have a long talk—the nicest one since the night before Decision Day; and everyone forgets books. (Or is that unusual?)

The festivities officially begin in the dining hall with a formal Christmas dinner. Santa Claus comes with his pack loaded. After dinner parties are given by organizations and groups of girls—parties, parties, parties. And on they go. Just ask anybody. It won't do any good to plan to study, because, take it from a veteran at these things, it will be impossible. This year we will probably go carolling at 10:30 p.m., and then — well, I guess it's up to you.

Of course, we have classes next day, but what difference do classes make — until after Christmas anyway? Have fun!
MAG.

Meredith Cash Plans Exhibit

The Senior Art Exhibit of Meredith Cash will open on January 9 and will be on display through January 19. Included in the exhibit will be sculpture and paintings in tempera and oil. Meredith has studied under Miss Kay Erwin, John Rembert, Clayton Charles, and Douglas Reynolds. She has previously exhibited her work at Person Hall in Chapel Hill, at Greenville, at the State Art Gallery, and at the State Fair. Meredith will graduate at the end of this semester.

Little Theater To Sponsor Play By Barter Group

Mark Monday night, April 5, 1948, on your calendar, now as the date to see "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." The Barter Theater of Virginia will return to the Meredith campus on that night for a second production here during this school year. The performance will be sponsored by the Meredith Little Theater.

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