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Member of Intercollegiate Press

Thought for the Day

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

ISAIAH 9:6

THE SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS

Each year as we find ourselves entering the Yuletide season, we again feel an inner longing to find the true Christmas spirit within our hearts. Often we fail in our search because of unwillingness to remove the cloak of selfishness which covers our real selves.

The Christmas spirit is a feeling of love for our fellow man. It holds no prejudices, class distinctions, or racial pride. It stands for the highest things in life — Christian ideals.

If we celebrate Christmas as the birthday of Christ, we shall not be found lacking in the Yuletide spirit. Our primary thoughts will not be self-centered yearnings for the new suit or radio we want, but thoughts of striving to make someone else happy even if it means sacrificing some of our own happiness.

Every Christmas brings a new challenge for open hearts and minds to receive the blessing of what Christmas truly symbolizes. The challenge is not easy to accept, for it brings hardships along with joys. Are we willing to dedicate ourselves to the task of upholding the true Christmas spirit this year?

M. J.

SOCIAL APATHY?

The Yuletide season fast approaches us here at Meredith. Each day brings us nearer to that long-awaited day when we shall be off to spend Christmas holidays with our families.

In the busy jam-packed schedule of our lives here on campus, it is very difficult for us to spend time planning socials to herald the Christmas season.

It seems that we are too busy with routine activities to donate any free time to organizing a decent Christmas party or social. The parties given by the different halls of the dormitories are so hastily and inadequately planned that they have little to offer toward real entertainment.

The formal dinner to be held on December 16 is more of a step in the right direction, for it includes the entire student body. However, this event is little more than the usual formal dinners. Club parties and caroling perhaps conclude the list of events leading up to Christmas.

Facts prove then that Meredith has

little time for welcoming the Christmas season or stimulating the true Christmas spirit. Most of the events in the past have shown hazy planning and very little ingenuity.

As for a solution to the apparent "social apathy" which exists at this time, much can be said. Primarily, what is needed evidently is more gatherings and events which involve all students. These events could be worked out carefully and planned well to insure their success. Also, why not include dates which we won't be seeing again 'til after Christmas when invitations to these events are issued!

The awful neglect and utter lack of enthusiasm which is manifested at this time of the year is appalling. So let's stop saving celebration exclusively for December 17 and after and make our pre-Christmas days here at Meredith include all our college friends.

D. S. Capers

By SYNONOMOUS Withmud

Dear Santa Claus,

We have been good little girls since last Christmas, having come in on time from dates and also not having indulged in any of the pretty little voices we love so much. We would like for you to bring us the following things: Marie Taylor Ballenger wants a Boa constrictor (don't ask me why); Anne Tongue wants Jimmy all tied up with ribbons amongst his shining curls (how sticky can we get); Doris Lee wants a pair of bed-socks to keep her warm at night ("I'm different," she says in a wee small voice); Eloise Brittain wants a maid to take care of her darling little son; for Gwen Woodard you can leave some ear-stoppers for her mother (please, ma, let me stay out a little later); and Santa, please leave the day students a telephone and some good lights in room two.

With all our love,

The Day Students.

Snoop an' Tell

Christmas can't be far off according to all the presents the student teachers are getting from "their children". Most unusual gift so far is the huge box of fruit which was bestowed on Eleanor Lockamy just last week.

Lib Weston and Jean Ferebee have recently been added to the lucky "engaged" set. Hmm . . . must be getting their rings early to avoid the Christmas rush. This column promises to list all new "Ring-getters" in the next issue. Happy hunting over the holidays, girls!

Speaking of holidays, we're still get-

Back To Civilization

By SHIRLEY POWELL

T'was the night before freedom
When all through the hall
The nosiest creature was Marjorie Wall.

The stockings were hung by their snags
with care
In hopes that St. Nicholas would bring
a new pair.

The students were nestled all snug in
the parlor
While Miss Pratt's accent made Mac
holler.

Diane in her kerchief, with blankets
galore
Had just settled down for a long winter's
snore.

When out on the lawn there arose such
a clatter
She sprang from her bed to see what
was the matter.

Away to the window she flew like a
flash
Tore open the shutters—threw up the
sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-
fallen snow,
Gave a luster of midday to objects
below.

When, what to my wondering eyes
should appear,
But Tyrone Power bringing Christmas
Cheer!

A handsome young driver, so lively and
quick,
I knew in a moment a modern St. Nick.

What Makes It Merry?

By DORIS LEE

That good old American Christmas like so much of the good old American way of life is just another melting pot of customs and traditions from many lands. Let's look at a few of those physical things that add to the Christmas spirit.

The Tree: This familiar symbol of Christmas came from Germany more than 400 years ago when Martin Luther saw a pine tree against a star-lit sky, took it home, decorated it with candles, and so created the first Christmas tree.

Caroling: St. Francis of Assisi visited a tiny Italian village at Christmas time, where, using a real baby and animals he reproduced the Nativity, and then with his followers, sang the story of Christ's birth—the first carol.

Candles: In Ireland a candle in the window was a symbol of friendship. Such candles were said to have guided Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem. Today candles shine from homes as a token of good will.

Santa Claus: When the Dutch came to America, they brought with them their patron saint of children and Christmas, St. Nicholas, who was gradually adopted by all Americans as Santa Claus.

Mistletoe: This happy plant was worshipped by the Druids of Great Britain as the symbol of love and purity, and is still used today to further the purpose of love.

Seals: Christmas seals originated with a Danish postal clerk who first sold them to raise money for charity.

The Christmas Spirit: As universal as Christmas itself, it can be supplied by anybody, anywhere, anytime of the year.

ting reports from all occupants of the wild, chartered bus to Charlotte over Thanksgiving. Beth Horde missed the bus, but still had a rare time getting home. Kitten Ashcraft was voted the happiest one on the bus, even though she stood up most of the way!

Pat Blackmon seems rather confused as to just where her love interests are these days. Will it be Charlotte or S. C. Pat?!

To Gazelle and Mimi: Tsk! Tsk! The telephone calls some people get!

Overheard in an economics class:
First Student: What do you think of the Taft-Hartley Bill?

Second Student: Oh, I definitely think it should be paid!

And with that crude example of wit (the half-variety), best we make like Cassidy and HOP-ALONG . . .

Toodle!



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DAZE

When cheerful warbling voices in the dining hall start counting the days until Christmas, and spoons keep time on the glasses to the tune of "Jingle Bells," then it's a sure sign at Meredith that old St. Nick is just around the corner.

Big plans are already in progress for Christmas caroling. (I never could figure out why I didn't get on that bus that went to State College last year). Then there's the formal dinner and all the hall parties, to say nothing of the private "doings". The sophomore class is planning another get-together on our last night before vacation. It did sound funny when someone suggested 2:00 a.m. as the time, but that all important eve when a curfew is definitely taboo just isn't to be laughed at.

But amid all the last minute hustle and bustle that secret yearning must keep popping up in everyone's mind. I did some snooping and tried to find out the first thing some were going to do when they reached home for the holidays. This is what I found out —

B. J. Hedgepeth said she was going to pick some magnolia blossoms. Humm??? Nancy Hefner insisted she was going to knock herself out swinging on a star whistling "Dixie". This sounded like New Year's Eve to me. These rebels!!! Dot Cutts intends to grab herself a partner and start jitter-bugging. Jane Murphy wants to look over the house and see what new changes have been made. Mary Jane Utley is going to ask her daddy when he started smoking. Anne Cannady was definitely headed for the Hilltop. For further informations on this just inquire from any person living in the vicinity of Oxford. I thought Jean Miller really had the right idea when she said that she was going to start looking for dates.

I haven't thought much about what I'm going to do first. My main concern is how I'm going to get there. From the way things look now it might even be via carrier pigeon. Guess I'd better move along; gotta call up the local pet shop.

Merry Christmas, Donna.

"PIN MONEY" BEGAN AS NEW YEAR GIFT

It all started back in the time of the royal Stuarts of England when gift-giving on New Year's day was in fashion. Gloves were considered appropriate gifts for most people, but if a gentleman had saved a little "extra", he gave the money to his wife or sweetheart for pins which were very expensive at that time.

The Practical One



More rapid than eagles his coursers
they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called
them by name:

"Now Chrysler! now, Buick! now, Cadillac!
and Lincoln!
How grand can you get; my eyes were
a'blinkin'—"

To the top of the porch, and Johnson
Hall
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away
all.

As I drew in my head and was turning
around
Carolyn Ballentine was Duke station
bound.

But Mary Lou Culler squealed with
delight
Because Jullian Rogers was her "oh,
holy knight!"

Her ring how it twinkled! his dimples
how merry!
Francis H. reached Christmas Isle by a
marital ferry.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly
old date
But don't laugh now, it was all Nell
could rate.

She was dressed all in fur from her
head to her toe
Although Charlotte dolls for Buddy no
mo'!

This reporter wishes for our vacation
flight,
—Merry Christmas to all and stay out
all night—

Christmas is a time for giving
Gifts that are both cute and gay;
To you, dear roomy, here's a new one,
With hopes it will be used today!