

REFLECTIONS ON CHRISTMAS 1951

One night nearly two thousand years ago an angel appeared before some shepherds keeping watch over their flocks, and the angel sang of the birth of a baby, a child who would be the Saviour of the world, a child who would bring peace on earth, and good will to all men. And the shepherds went to see the babe, to worship him and to praise God for His gift to mankind.

So through the centuries man has celebrated the birth of the Prince of Peace adding, age by age, to the great store of customs and traditions that make Christmas the most joyous day of the year. In fact, we, as a nation go out of our way to make Christmas the "gayest" day of the year. We put up the merriest decorations, trim the brightest trees, give the jolliest gifts, and go to as many gay parties and dances as can be packed into the twelve days of Christmas. For the brief holiday season we are overflowing with benevolence and good will. We thrill to the strains of Handel's great masterpiece, "The Messiah," we read the immortal "Christmas Carol" by Dickens, and we go to church on Christmas Eve and reverently listen to the telling of the Christmas story as recorded in the gospel of St. Luke.

Lasting Sincerity?

Then what? The day after Christmas the glow is too often gone, and we lose sight of the fact that Christmas, in its true meaning, is a way of life for all days of the year, not just one. What is the principle upon which Christmas was based? "Love." "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son . . ." and when that Son began his ministry, he based all of his teachings on love. The cry comes, "But we do love. We love our parents and our friends and . . . and . . ." However, we forget that the love Jesus taught was wide and altruistic instead of narrow and personal. In the words of Henry Van Dyke, you can "keep" Christmas always if you "are willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the Blessed Life

which began in Bethlehem 1,900 years ago in the image and brightness of the Eternal Love."

International Goodwill?

To this many would say, "But why should we love the Russians and the other Communists whose only aim is to kill our men and to rule the world?" That is where the true test of our Christianity comes in. We must remember that all of the Russian people are not just waiting for the chance to attack the United States or any other country for that matter. We must remember that on December 25, whether they are celebrating the birth of Christ or not, there will be many Russian girls dancing with their sweethearts just like American girls, and wondering whether they will be together that time next year or whether the boys will be far away fighting for what their dictator says is right. Hidden deep in many Russian hearts are the words of Dostoevski, "Hell is the suffering of those who do not love," and of Tolstoi, "Where love is, there God is also," and these people are hoping and, yes, praying for deliverance from their lives of terror and hate.

And today in Korea thousands of American boys and boys from other free nations of the world are fighting to save this basic principle—that all men are created equal and are entitled to a life of peace free from dominance by a tyrannical dictator. Is this principle not worth fighting for? Can we lose with God on our side?

This Christmas let's hold fast to the teachings of Christ and promise ourselves that we will "keep" Christmas in our hearts every day of the new year.

Bobbie Addy

COMMUTERS' LINK

Dear Santa:

As far as I'm concerned you can go back to the north pole and evaporate. The next time I write you a letter, you'll know it. In fact, and I wouldn't say this without cause, I'm beginning to have my doubts about you. (Children under twenty one please ignore). For instance, do you remember back in '07 when I asked for a doll with real hair? Well, you can just come right back and get your old pop corn ball; I won't have it. And what about last year when I asked for a fur coat? In the words of an old song, "that new fur coat you brought me just got up and walked away."

Heart Broken.

P.S. How about a new car next time?

At last it happens! A poem has been written to day students. The writer prefers to remain at large, but here goes—

All's Quiet in D. S. Number 2

Just the night before Christmas vacation,
All through the hall,
Day students were scribbling term papers,
No laughter at all.

One girl with her note cards,
Another with ink,
Some others doing short hand,
No one slept a wink.

Some read collateral, and some finished themes,
They all drank black coffee to keep them from dreams.

Student teachers were struggling to meet the demands,
For they all had to hand some good lesson plans.

And there were some girls with big books in their laps,
They were busily doing the year's history maps.

For this was the night that had finally come,
When all work not finished just had to be done.

(All the work assigned for this semester, that is)

Enough of that—
Gotta go mail my letter to Santa, see you again,
Dottie.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Students:

By now all of you are counting the days until Christmas vacation. You are deciding what you will give your roommate and your suitemates and how much you'll pay for that boyfriend's gift. You are writing home lists of things you'd like your parents to give you. Thoughts of Christmas trees, turkey and cakes and pies, dances in gay new formal, and the possibility of a white Christmas are floating through your mind. You are also thinking of the fun you'll have staying up all night the night before we go home for Christmas holidays. You have probably given very little thought to the real meaning of Christmas.

What does Christmas mean? It has come to mean a street bright with colored lights and attractive windows rather than suggesting a single light, the star of Bethlehem. It has come to be associated more with Santa Claus than with the Christ Child. Indeed, Christmas is more suggestive of a Calliope playing "Jingle Bells" than of angels singing "Glory to God in the Highest."

Let us not misinterpret Christmas. Let us remember that it is more than a holiday. It is a holy day. Doris Perry.

Views From Other News

KEEPING CHRISTMAS

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

—Henry Van Dyke,
"The Baptist Student."

Southern Industrial Revolution

(Editor's note: The current fad of the wearing of imitation confederate hats and hand painted confederate ties as well as the display of the confederate flag has stimulated many to think seriously of the advancements of the South during the last fifty years. Recently "Time" magazine made a study of the current industrial revolution in the South. With the southern student in mind "Time" has permitted student newspapers to use the information gained in this study.)

"The Old South, the land of cotton, sharecropping and mortgages, is the fastest changing region of the U. S. Since the beginning of World War II, industry has invested billions in new Southern plants, put 2,000,000 Southerners on new, steady payrolls, and stated the dynamics of history's first enlightened industrial revolution.

The big change came with express-train momentum, but it was a long time getting started. By 1920, the South's industrial revolution had begun—but in the ugly classical pattern that was set a century before in the textile mills of England. In the '30s, this classical agony of industrial birth came to a halt. The New Deal put a floor under wages, a ceiling on hours and gave organized labor enough encouragement to worry Southern mill owners. More and more industries discovered that well-paid employees did better work and bought a lot more of everybody's products.

Industry draws industry. Each new payroll gave the South more money to
(Continued on page three)

Fooling Phyllis

Congratulations to you juniors for finding the crook. Let's hope that the seniors won't be as smart as we were!

Ah — Christmas is just around the corner — and speaking of the holidays, I found this poem in an old TWIG so I'll pass it on.

'Twas a night around Christmas, when all through the dorms,
Not a creature was stirring, 'cept a few bookworms;

The socks were all hung on the radiator with care
In hopes they'd be dry when morning was there.

The freshmen were rolled all snug in their beds
While nightmares of English tests danced in their heads.

Roommate in my nightgown and I in her red number
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's slumber.

When way down the hall there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Across to the door I flew like a flash,
Pulled off a doornob, ran off in a dash.
The moon on the breast of imaginary snow,
Gave a luster of mid-day in a dismal glow.

When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But an object in a tree; we tremble with fear!

With an old beat-up hat, and a mask awfully large,
I knew in a flash it was no one but George.

More rapid than eagles the hall proctor came,
And she whistled, and shouted, and called us by name:

Now Jody, now Betsy, now Weasey, and Julie!
On Pender, on, Lee, and on, Evelyn and Doolie!

To your rooms hurry on, get quiet on the hall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away, all!

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
So ran the students and with the hall proctor's sigh,
All quited down; once more there was calm.

George got away—the nightwatchman's qualm.
Then in a twinkling, I head lots of noise:
The running and whispering of four college boys.

As I looked out of the window and was peering around,
They were running on tiptoe, down the path with a bound.

Gold and Black were their colors; Wake Forest, no doubt
I wondered what all the commotion was about.

A bucket of paint they carried with care,
And a flashlight cut sharply the still night air.

They hid in the bushes as they heard some brief sounds;
It was only the nightwatchman making his rounds.

I watched them no farther; they were soon out of sight.
It was easy to guess what was happening, all right!

The water tank once again would be climbed,
And I said to myself, it was pretty well timed.

How long before morning? I couldn't wait to see!
"N. C. S." would be blotted, leaving "W. F. C."!

A blink of my eye, and a nod of my head
Soon gave me to know I was practically dead.

Lack of sleep, I remembered, makes not for good work;
I climbed in my bed; turned over with a jerk,

And pulling the covers up to my nose,
And giving a nod, I knew I'd soon doze.

But I had to admit, it wasn't an odd sight,
For here at Meredith, it's all in a night,
Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!



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