



Member

Associated Collegiate Press

EDITORIAL STAFF

- Editor.....Doris Perry
Assistant Editor.....Joan Langley
Managing Editors.....Marjorie Blankenship, Nancy Brown, Becky Calloway
Feature Editor.....Ann Ipock
Art Editor.....Ann Bruton
Music Editor.....Betty Miller
Sports Editor.....Lorette Oglesby
Columnists.....Bobbye Rice, Alyce Epley
Reporters.....Celia Wells, Louise Edge, Joyce Stephens, Leah Scarborough, Evelyn Boone, Georganne Joyner, Ruth Jeanne Allen, Nancy Hall, Barbara White, Betty Smith, Pat Eberhart, Mary Whisnant, Betty Hockaday
Typists.....Joyce Phillips, Janne Dawson, Mary Ann Casey, Joyce Brown
Faculty Sponsor.....Dr. Norma Rose

BUSINESS STAFF

- Business Manager.....Venetia Stallings
Advertising Manager.....Shirley West
Advertising Staff.....Mary H. Askew, Barbara Bullard, Becky Barnhardt, Martha Snow, Barbara Propst, Sara Mangum, Peggy Bennett, Nancy Carpenter
Circulation Manager.....Janis Witherington

Entered as second-class matter October 11, 1923, at postoffice at Raleigh, N. C., under Act of March 8, 1879. Published semi-monthly during the months of October, November, February, March, April, and May; monthly during the months of September, December, and January.

THE TWIG is the college newspaper of Meredith College, Raleigh, North Carolina, and as such is one of the three major publications of the institution—the other two being The Acorn, the literary magazine, and The Oak Leaves, the college annual. Meredith College is an accredited senior liberal arts college for women located in the capital city of North Carolina. It confers the Bachelor of Arts and the Bachelor of Music degrees. The college offers majors in twenty-one fields including music, art, business and home economics. Since 1921 the institution has been a member of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. The college holds membership in the Association of American Colleges and the North Carolina College Conference. Graduates of Meredith College are eligible for membership in the American Association of University Women. The institution is a liberal arts member of the National Association of Schools of Music.

Subscription Rates: \$2.45 per year

THOUGHTS ON CHRISTMAS

By Members of The Twig Staff

What Are You Giving God for Christmas?

Are you giving God anything for Christmas, or have you in your hurried shopping forgotten Him? Most of the time we give presents to the family, to our friends, and to someone whose name we have drawn in a certain group. Does that mean we don't give God a gift because we don't care or love Him enough? Oh yes, we do love Him, but when it comes to giving Him a gift — well, that's a different thing, you say.

Why should we give Him something? It isn't necessary, is it? Do other people do this each Christmas? We never hear them talking about their gift to God. But God loved us so much that He gave His only Son to save us. In turn, Jesus gave His life that we might live and live more abundantly. Remember the song, "I Gave My Life to Thee"? What have we given to Him?

What can we give? We can't get Him a necktie or a pretty handkerchief. That's absurd, of course. Yet, there is something we all can give if we want to. The gift doesn't have to involve money, but it may cost us something nevertheless. It may mean sacrificing something we cherish very much. Jesus gave His life for us; why can't we give our lives to Him? Is that too hard? Is it even possible to show enough gratitude to someone who has, say, saved your life from drowning? Wouldn't you always feel indebted to that person? You can't give your life to that person for what he has done for you, but you can give it to Jesus. He has

NEWS FROM OUR NEIGHBORS

Christmas holidays are drawing near, and the news from other colleges is sprinkled with Christmas plays, caroling, and the like. Yet it seems that many schools (Meredith included) are even getting ready for spring. Yes, May Courts are being selected. The lucky G. C. gal is Sara Fonville.

Speaking of queens, Sullens College has just elected a candidate for the Mason-Dixon Debutramp Club. Is it an honor?

Getting back to Christmas, the Salemites have just officially opened their Christmas season with their participation at Winston-Salem's traditional Moravian Candle Tea, which was held from 3 p.m. to 9 p.m., December 3-6. The main purpose of this tea is to open the historic Brothers' House, across from Salem Square, to the public.

On Sunday morning, December 7, the Greensboro College glee club left for its seven day winter tour of the state.

Campbell students really have reason to celebrate. By January 1 their new \$140,000 gym will be ready for use. The building, which has a seating capacity of 2,000, will not be complete in every detail, however.

Wake Forest students may or may not have reason to celebrate. Mid-semester grades were just issued, and to quote one fellow as he looked at his

grades, "Variety is the spice of life."

The Davidson boys participated whole-heartedly in the Red Cross Blood Drive December 10-11. Not a bad idea for all of us to consider.

The Elon choir presented its twentieth annual performance of Handel's Oratorio, "The Messiah," on Sunday evening, December 7. On the following Friday, Saturday, and Sunday (December 12-14), the singers will present this oratorio five times during their annual pre-Christmas tour of eastern Virginia.

Mars Hill has had a recent addition to the student body. Her name is Susie C. Kim, and she is from Seoul, Korea. Nineteen-year-old Susie plans to be in America six or eight years, and two of these years will be spent at Mars Hill, where she is taking a pre-medical course.

To close this column here's a little poem taken from a November issue of the Elon newspaper, Maroon and Gold. I'm sure it applies to each and every one of us during this Yuletide season.

"Now that a candidate has won (Your choice or mine And you're content or I'm content, And everything is fine.) Let's get to earth again, Cool bloodstreams that are popping, In lesser heart strain that is known As our Christmas shopping."

done the greatest thing that can ever be done for us. He has died that we might live.

If you are not a Christian, why not surrender your life to God and become a member of His church and kingdom? If you are already a Christian and feel that you haven't given your all, do so this Christmas.

You ask if there are not other ways in which we may give to God. What about giving money in and above the tithes, and giving our talents in time and service? What about doing all our work a little better?

Still too much to put in your present? Can't afford it right now? All right, you decide what it will be. Maybe you'll conclude that you won't give anything, not this Christmas. No need to worry about that present. Say it's silly — I guess it all depends on who the most important person is in your life. But we do usually give to the person or thing we love and live for, don't we?

Nancy Hall.

Christmas Joys

What is that strange warmth and glow that brightens all our faces and even our voices when someone says, "Just five more days and we'll be home for Christmas"? What is the magic of those words? Is it just that we'll be home? I don't think so, for we go home at other times too; but it's that we'll be home for Christmas. No other season is so dear to us with its joys and festivities. In reality the true joy of Christmas lasts throughout the year, but we especially rejoice at God's gift to man now.

We here at college early turn our thoughts to, "How shall we decorate our room for Christmas," and we bustle about in a flurry of activity of gifts and bright bells and ribbons until in some quiet moment we pause to think of the true significance of Christmas and why we have it at all.

Then perhaps in that same quiet moment we think back over Christmases past to all the things we did. It all began with trudging through the woods and searching for a big green cedar tree that would fit into our living room. Once the tree was set up, it did look so lonesome until we trimmed it and finally spread gifts underneath. In other parts of the house holly and ivy appeared, and those holly berries were so convenient for sneak attacks when sister wasn't looking. I remember how the family gathered on Christmas Eve to

read the Christmas story together and share the thankfulness we all felt with those we loved best. And that Christmas dinner! That delicious baked hen (we called it turkey) that was such a golden brown and the fresh tenderloin that haunted us all afternoon, because we just couldn't eat any, were nothing compared to the trimmings that went with them.

We always went caroling on Christmas Eve and came home to find hot chocolate waiting for us. Oh, how cold it was that night — and that reminds me — we go caroling here at Meredith too. Well, that quiet moment is over and I come back with a jolt to the bustle about me. I think, though, from that moment spent in quiet thoughts, I have a deeper appreciation for the blessings we enjoy and understand more deeply the joy to man on that first Christmas night so long ago.

Leah Scarborough.

Christ in Christmas

"Joy to the World! The Lord is come. Let Earth receive Her King."

The month of December has rolled around once again and with it has brought the wonder of another Christmas. Signs of this glorious day are everywhere. Strains of "Silent Night" and "White Christmas" drift through the halls . . . the crackling of tinsel and the rustle of wrapping paper . . . scarlet ribbon . . . the tantalizing smell of freshly baked fruit cake . . . holly berries and mistletoe . . . misty Christmas tree lights twinkling through the windows. All these and many more are signs that the birthday of Christ is near. Yet, stop just a minute. True, these are signs of Christmas. But what is the true sign of Christmas? Surely there is something more to it than exchanging gifts and eating plum pudding!

Christmas spirit may be defined in one little four-letter word, Love—Love for God and for our fellow man no matter what color or nationally he might be.

We all know Christmas Day has been set aside as the day of celebration for the birthday of Christ, but how many of us know that this true spiritual celebration is being over-shadowed by man's desire for material things.

Let's remember as we sit around the fire with our loved ones this Christmas Day to thank God for his bountiful blessings. Let's put Christ back into Christmas.

Ann Ipock.

Bobbye's Banter

So now it's Christmas time again. For the most part it will be a merry Christmas for us; yet think once or twice during the holidays that there are those for whom Christmas will not be so merry, even in our own country. Sometimes I think God must get a bit discouraged with his images. Here we are commercializing Christmas, thinking only of who got what from whom. Oh sure, we know that Christmas is the celebration of the birthday of Christ, but it seems to me that the fact is sometimes pushed back — way back — in our minds, and other concepts of Christmas to the foreground in our thought. Read "Christ in Christmas" elsewhere in this issue.

Required concerts, next topic. I'm not trying to shift the reasons for poor conduct at the concerts, but I know I could keep a lot quieter and less restless if something were done about the heat. It's really very uncomfortable to have to sit in a hot, stuffy place and try not to annoy other people with your squirming. Couldn't we please have the heat turned on about half an hour later than it has been previously? Heaven and winter help the chorus when they give their Christmas program in that furnace! Having many things better which I could have done, I devoted some portion of my free time to composing verse which you might find interesting:

A girl that sits in class today Right next to me just writes away And half asleep tho' I may be I cut my eyes to better see And spy as plain as words can be "I love Jim" and "Jim loves me."

I think, my soul, asleep I'll fall If upon me he does not call But if he does, O, me is woe I'll have to answer "I don't know."

For Dr. Cannaday

To and fro fore class he goes You'd think a cramp was in his toes. No wooden chair will he abuse He never heard of said chair's use Except if therein student sits And writhes and squirms with fidget fits Poor victim of precarious station Now must hear interrogation Which will no doubt induce complexes She did not know her y's and x's.

My little cousin is always pulling these on me: "Bobbye, do you know why not even a mouse was stirring on the night before Christmas?" At this point I have learned it is better to say, "No, Why?" "Well, for heaven's sake, have you ever seen a mouse big enough to hold a spoon?" He may be president some day, with a brilliant mind like that.

Guess that's about all I can rattle off now — have a Merry Christmas and happy holidays, and get all the term papers, books, and required readings off while you're home, because exams are hot on holiday's heels.

What can you do to make Christmas merrier for someone else?

Scholastic Goal

(From the Varsity News, University of Detroit)

I serve a purpose in this school on which no man can frown— I quietly sit in every class and keep the average down.

(From The Carolinian)

Now I sit me down to sleep, The lecture is long; the subject's deep. If he gets through before I wake, Somebody kick me, for goodness sake.