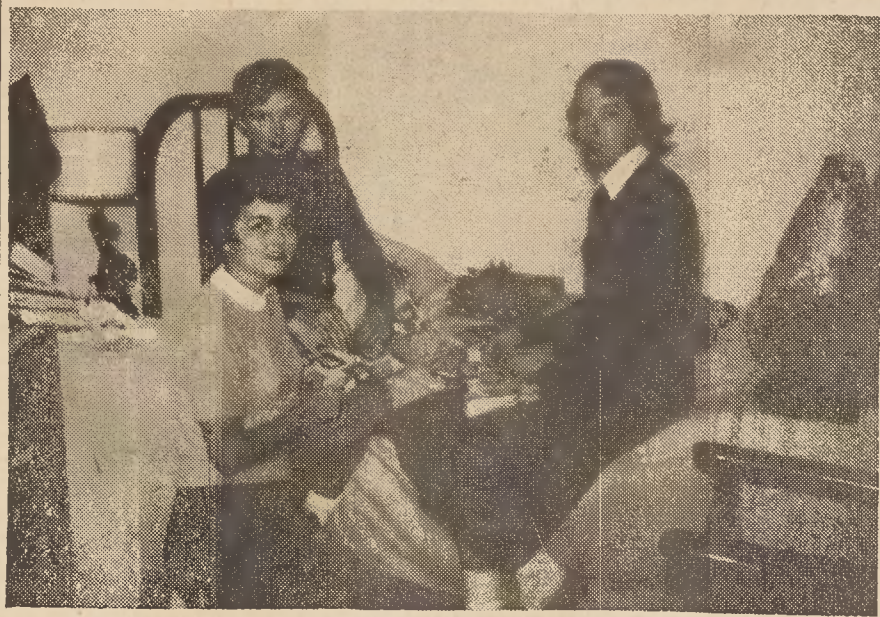


Christmas Spirit High as Students Make Holiday Plans

Mish's Messin'

Somebody dug the following poem out of an ancient copy of a TWIG and since it is Christmas time again, I'll reprint it. Think you'll enjoy it. Sorry I couldn't find out who wrote it.

" '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 was 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 trembled with fear!
With an old beat-up hat, and 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 quieted down; once more there was calm.
'George got away'— the night watchman's qualm.
Then in a twinkling, I heard lots of noise:
The running and whispering of four college boys.
As I looked out of the window and was peering around,
They were runnig 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 night watchman 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! Happy New Year!



Getting packages wrapped for Christmas are Virginia Williams, Ruby Britt, and Sue Wilson.

Most of us are planning to spend a very, very, merry Christmas in our own homes this year, but a few are going to have very special holidays. Plans include travel, parties, reunions, and weddings.

Going north during their vacation we find Ann Middleton, who is Washington bound, and Gertrude Bridges, who plans to visit in Norfolk. In the opposite direction we see Susie Walker headed for Atlanta, and Francis Parker and Thelma Strickland looking forward to their trip to Florida. Betty Jean Davis looks west to Iowa, while Bobbitt Clay is making a special trip to Texas to meet her future in-laws. Daphene Mayton is traveling to Crestwell, N. C., to spend the holidays with her sister.

Kay Marshall and her Grey are going to Charlotte to attend the Charlotte-Citadel Club Dance with Nancy Corzine and Charles Skidmore. Jenny Capps is going up to Shelby to visit Dot Dover. We hear Dot is having a big Masquerade Party, and several Meredith girls will be going up. Verna Wooten and two of her New Bern friends are having a big formal dance to which Annette Lee, Liza Culberson, Barbara Churchill, Kitty Holt, Janet Fulcher, Genny Capps, Sara Lee, Susie Walker, and several other Meredith girls are going. Sylvia Schanck and Corinne Lowery are planning to party at the beach.

Pat Allen and Mish English are especially looking forward to the holidays because their boy friends will be home after a long, long time, and Elladene Johnson will be with her Carolina boy.

Of course, the happiest Christmas holidays will go to our brides — Carolyn Wood, and Carolyn Riddick. To them, our heartiest congratulations.

And, oh yes—Cathy Atkins is going to write a term paper.

KIM SPENDS

(Continued from page two)

splits, pop corn and movies. How could she?

Kim doesn't know much about dying. She has a hard time figuring out why some of her playmates have suddenly "gone away." Her childish mind can't understand why others— young and old—can go away from her little world and she can't. Everything comes hard for Kim.

She doesn't know that the only reason most of them are dying is because of a lack of medicine. Words like diazone, propone, and DDS mean nothing to her. She doesn't know that these "big words" could bring her about fifty more Christmases.

But others know. They know that they can't get enough of it to treat any but a few of the cases. They know that there just isn't enough to go around; that as a result, the curable cases—like Kim's— become incurable by the time they get the medicine.

But Kim can't see the vicious circle. She doesn't know that her mother and father might be with her still if they had had those "big words."

I told Kim that maybe, as a Christmas present. I could get some people in the United States to help her and her friends; to send some of those "big words"; to send food and clothing.

I told her that someone might even be able to send some toys for her and for the other children. I promised to get her some things from that world that she has never known. I didn't have the guts to say otherwise.

After all, it's Kim's last Christmas.

Editor's note: Anyone interested in helping Kim and the other citizens of the "forgotten town" may send articles of clothing, food, toys or donations to: Public Information Office, Headquarters, 7th Transportation Port Command (C), APO 59, c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif.

Meredith Angels Send Letter to Saint Nick

Hark the Meredith Angels shout! One more day and we'll be out! For sure! Yes, these wonderful words are on everybody's lips, but I can't imagine why? After all, what's going to be in the various towns during the holidays that we don't have here? (It doesn't take long to decide, does it?) The girls are pretty excited for some odd, unknown reason, because surely as December "rolled around" this year, they began dragging suitcases out of closets to begin the dreadful job of packing. (It must be a long one too!)

Well, let's see now. We've planned our hall parties, pulled out long flannels to go Christmas caroling, packed our clothes (they've been packed for quite awhile) finished Christmas shopping for our classmates, and last of all we've made exciting plans for those glorious days at home. But wait! Have we done everything we need to do? Do you know what we've completely let slip our mind? Writing dear ole' Saint Nick. (How we forgot that I'll never know.) Guess we'd better get that letter started before it's too late, for Santa might just forget about us Meredith girls in the rush.

Dear Santa:

We Meredith girls are hoping you'll remember us on Christmas Eve this year, because we've all been "good," sweet, little angels. (We live on the angel farm you know.) Really, we're law abiding students, for we don't visit fraternity houses without permission, go to Johnny's, Cooper's, Mann's, or don't even wear socks further downtown than the Varsity Theater. (Aren't we good?)

We realize, Santa, that it isn't "exactly" possible for you to carry fur coats, cashmere sweaters, and cars for all of us in your "little" red sleigh. (It would be nice though) but try to remember us in a few, small, considerate ways such as: Bring us a package of unlimited privileges and unlimited weekends. If possible, we'd also like to have additional, unlimited class and chapel cuts. (Wouldn't that be a "fine" present?) Give us a week or two at home during semesters instead of those terrible exams scheduled. Bring the school new clocks which will wait for all girls to sign in before they strike the dreadful call-down time. Since these will be quite a large package, we'll just ask for one more thing—a package of heat for the ice-cold rooms (so that we won't have to grope our way through icicles), and a bag of cold wind to cool the hot, stuffy rooms.

Dear Santa, please consider us obedient girls, and please "be good to us" in these few wishes and desires. Don't forget to help make this Christmas and New Year the

happiest ever for the teachers, students, and workers at Meredith College in Raleigh, North Carolina. (We're all looking forward to having a wonderful time during the holidays.) Please don't pass over our houses without stopping. (But don't leave any switches when you stop either.) Thank you, Santa Claus.

Sincerely,
The Meredith Angels

Kappa Nu Sigma Holds Coffee Hour

The Meredith College chapter of Kappa Nu Sigma entertained the faculty and staff who are members of Phi Beta Kappa, Sigma Psi, or Kappa Nu Sigma, at a coffee hour December 8. Guest for the occasion was Dr. Sankey Blanton, President of Crozer Theological Seminary in Chester, Pennsylvania, who had spoken to the student body in chapel. Dr. Rose, sponsor of the group, presided at the coffee table.

Members present were Betty Ball, Ernestine Cottrell, Leah Scarborough, and Carolyn Wood. Faculty and staff attending were: Dr. Campbell, Dean Peacock, Dr. Wallace, Miss Axworthy, Dr. Tilley, Dr. Mary Yarborough, Miss Hafner, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Garner, and Mrs. Marilyn Upchurch.

History Department Active in Fall

On November 11-13, Dr. Wallace and Dr. Keith attended the Southern Historical Association meeting in Columbia, South Carolina. They also attended the N. C. College Conference at Winston-Salem. Dr. Wallace is Secretary of the Co-operative Research Committee of this organization.

The week-end of October 31, several members of Dr. Keith's colonial history class were privileged to travel to Williamsburg. They stayed at the Randolph Patton House (somebody slept in La Fayette's bed), visited the capitol by candlelight, toured the Governor's Palace, visited Bruton Parish Church and other points of interest. Those making the trip were: Dr. Wallace, Dr. Keith, Betty Smith, Barbara Poole, Alice Fay Franklin, Violet Overton, Meredith Buffaloe, and Cathy Atkins.

Dr. Lemmon presided over a conference of faculty members of the Social Studies Departments of Baptist Colleges which she and Dr. Wallace attended at Mars Hill, N. C.

At the October meeting of the N. C. History Club, Dr. Keith was elected to the council of the club. Dr. Lemmon read a paper on Talmadge at the same meeting.

Societies Send Greetings

ASTROS

Each year at Christmas the Astros open their hearts to the children of St. Agnes hospital, and send a small delegation over to the children's ward with gifts for all the children. We are planning to go there next Friday afternoon. Already, the Astros are pouring in with gaily wrapped gifts hoping to brighten up Christmas for the sick children.

For our December 8th meeting, we journeyed to the Hut for a delicious spaghetti supper. Loree Keen was in charge of the preparations, and we all agreed she really knows how to make spaghetti. Earlier this year we went down to the Hut on a Saturday night for an over-night party there. Those who didn't poop out until the wee hours enjoyed bridge, hot chocolate, uke playing, and gossiping. Miss Cunningham came along too, to catch up on the latest gossip. The two big fires kept us plenty warm, and most of us found enough cushions to soften up the floor. It was really fun.

To each and every one of you, the Astros would like to wish a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! See you in '55.

PHIS

The Phis got together and held a big meeting; Decided to send forth a Thanksgiving greeting To someone who needed a helping —small bit That just in a gay, wicker basket would fit. Decided to do the same 'bout December At Christmas. The Phis found it good to remember

That giving brings blessing and joy to the heart.

(They wish they could make it an every-day art.)

The meeting proceeded; discussion came fast;

New plans were evolved as well as some past—

The Phi Fashion Show is a date to note well

(They're getting some help from J. Powers, 'hear tell!)

The month, February; the date, not yet set,

But Valentine's Day is a near guess, I'd bet!

But I'm looking ahead and forgetting that I

Should remind you (that is, if you are a Phi)

Of December 15 and the fun we all had

In Society Hall — the party was mad!

At a "pajama game" where we laughed and ate,

Enjoyed a program and stayed up late.

May the Phis say "Merry Christmas" to one and to all

And "Happy New Year" from Society Hall!

DR. TILLEY READS PAPER AT MEETING

On December 13, Dr. Ethel Tilley flew to Mexico City, Mexico, to attend the Second Inter-American Psychological Congress, which is now in progress at the National University, and to read a paper on "Creating Mind Set in a Student Beginning the Study of a New Language."