

# To Celebrate Christmas . . .

As the air becomes more biting, the wind more chilling, as the leaves become less tinted with a glaze of gold and red, the fields less misted in the morn'g but frosted, a voice within almost all of us takes up the annual cry of Christmastime.

Brown leaves flutter along city streets intermingling with torn pamphlets which tell of Butlers bargains on footwear or the A. & P.'s gigantic yuletide fair of foods. Bits of tinsel fall from the across-street decorations and slide across the iceslicked sidewalks.

The big artificial Santa Claus is laughing in the toy-shop again, and the cigarette companies are all advising us that THE gift this year is a carton of cigarettes. The greeting card companies again sell great quantities of emotions by the card, and lovely decanters may be had practically free along with a fifth of bourbon.

We proceed about our everyday business until it is completely permeated with the smell of evergreen and the thought of butter-roasted turkey. Soon we find nostalgic words returning to our vocabulary—Santa Claus, reindeer, stocking, and mince pie. The mundane cares of our daily existence are replaced by worries of what we must buy for Great Aunt Martha, and whether Jimmy will or will not give us a present.

It's Christmas—the turbulent season of commercial hey-days—the season to be celebrated in the traditional way. We must send Aunt Ellen a book of Dickens and cards to all the people who have stagnated on our inevitable lists, and, of course, we must be home with the family for Christmastime. To celebrate Christmas—the time for exchanging gifts, decorating trees, and attending parties—merry, merry parties. Christmas receives a bigger build-up than the opening of a Broadway show; it has more sponsors than Arthur Godfrey; everyone is in favor of Christmas—or at least its celebration.

Then, finally, the stockings are hung, the turkey basted, the children asleep; the last-minute frenzied details are attended to; the feverish pitch of human emotions lies hidden behind the closing department store doors, and a red and green splotched newspaper is tossed across a wind-blown, blackish, deserted snow-slopped street, until it flaps itself across the face of a statue in the Catholic church yard. The statue is of Christ.

LIZA CULBERSON.

## A CHANGE IS NEEDED

Dear Editor:

After some thought about the matter many students do not think a rule requiring class attendance at Meredith is good. I agree.

In the first place the students on entering our college should meet a situation where the accepted attitude is that every student goes to her classes. They should be expected to be in class every time it meets unless they have a good reason. Instead they are told that they may cut each class three times. Some immediately conclude that it is part of the Meredith way to be absent from every class three times. Sometimes without reason students feel that they are obligated to take the last cut. Many seem to enjoy this opportunity and take full advantage of it. This situation led one professor to remark sarcastically, "I wish you'd tell the freshmen next year that one of the requirements for passing this course is not their being absent three times." In short the system seems to me to stimulate more absence than attendance plus a poor attitude.

Second, it does not give students who are wise enough to come to Meredith for instruction credit for mature judgment when it implies that the majority of its students would not realize that they will learn more in class (of what will determine their grades) than out.

Third, it would save a great deal of everyone's time—students, faculty, and administration—now wasted in calling rolls and clearing up mistakes. The minutes wasted in such dull, mechanical, and juvenile roll calling puts a damper on the classes.

Last I, with others, stoutly protest the penalty of deducting quality points for absence from class. The college does not give quality points for physical presence in classes. Grading is generally established on the basis of material covered. If a student fails to cover some of that material she has acquired her own penalty. Why should she be penalized in addition to missing what went on in the classroom?

In closing, I suggest that restrictions controlling class attendance be lifted beginning next semester. Treated as adults I think the girls would respond as adults.

LOIS DOBSON.

## Let Us Prove Our Maturity

It is encouraging to know that real consideration is being given to the matter of required class attendance. Both faculty and students are discussing the problem, and many believe that we are ready for a change.

Undoubtedly there are many faults in our present system. In the first place, it is far too involved, with a series of cuts, double cuts, third cuts, and excused cuts which require intricate record keeping. Does it not seem a bit absurd that such complicated means are necessary for college students, to insure that each one is present in class the proper number of times?

Also, there is injustice in the system; for a number of exceptions are being made at points where the rules seem too strict, yet those students who do not ask for an exception must abide by the rules, whether strict or not.

We seriously believe that Meredith juniors and seniors are mature enough to handle the responsibility of class attendance. Why not make a trial and see what the results in class attendance would be? Why not allow all seniors complete freedom in class attendance for one semester—even this spring semester? We are confident that Meredith students would prove their maturity.

## SheNANigans

By NANCY JOYNER

I declare. The people in this school are the silliest crew ever I laid my eyes on. Especially around Christmas. You begin to wonder whether it's Christmas spirit or spirits that we have. Take, for instance, tonight. What did we hear but Dr. Tilley bellowing out at the lecturer "Talk louder, please," in a very musical voice, interrupting the poor man and getting him all flustered. Besides that, Mr. Reynolds made the profound statement that we have an art department in the school. Have you ever?

This malady isn't confined to the faculty, unfortunately. I'm convinced that my hall would win the prize for idiocy if ever such a one were given. (Maybe the *Nuisance and Disturber* will pull that as their next contest gag.) Tonight as I was wandering aimlessly around the hall

— I'm afflicted, too — Joan Peacock told me the thing I should put in the paper is the fact that her roommate, Marilyn, talks in her sleep — all the time. What's more, Katherine Renfrew came up with the brilliant suggestion tonight at the hall meeting that we accompany our carol-singing with ukes. It would be different.

Of course, second Faircloth doesn't have a monopoly on silliness. Second Stringfield runs us a close second. Did you know that on their bulletin board there is the sign, "When you feel dog-tired at night, maybe it's because you growled all day."

Oh, well, if I may paraphrase I'd say, "We may be silly, but we have fun." I kind of like it this way.

Oh, yes, Merry Christmas, everybody.

## Dear Santa Claus

Dear Santa Claus,

This year, instead of writing to you as I usually do — asking gifts of fruits, nuts and candies for myself, I want to ask in this letter for the little things that my friends at Meredith need. (I will send you the list of things I want in the large envelope, as I usually do.)

First of all, dear Santa, I want you to see that everyone from Roanoke Rapids, and Halifax . . . and Four Oaks . . . and Lynchburg has a way to get home for Christmas. This is very important, so try to do it, please.

And Santa, bring the switchboard operators a person to sit on every hall — put there just to answer the phone in a hurry, because the switchboard operators are such very nice people.

Santa, will you also please bring the Colton English Club a set of new, ready-made curtains for the browsing room, so that they won't have to stay here and sew during Christmas holidays. They need to go home real bad.

Oh, and dear Santa, there is something very special that a nice person needs — would you mind bringing Miss Baity a special room where she can lock all those people whose interest in the library lies in the joy of talking loud and hanging mobiles from the light cords. I think that she would like that present.

Now, let me see . . . I know! Please bring a special set of magazines to the Bee Hive for all those people who like to tear out little bits.

Now, jolly ole Saint Nicholas, there is a special, special something that the Art 59 class wants more than anything — enlightenment — enlightenment to reach Nirvana. Now Santa, this present will mean a lot to them, so try real hard to reach it for them.

Poor Santa! Please don't get angry with me for asking for all these gifts, but it seems that my

friends need so many things to make them happy this Christmas. You see, it's been a hard year. Now let me see . . . bring Dr. Rose some apples. I must be more specific. Bring Dr. Rose eight big red apples.

And while you're bringing the apples, put in that little secret for the freshmen that always seems to help them through the *Odyssey*, science labs, math problems, light cuts, and other little worries. Bring them that secret because they are so special and so nice.

And poor, dear, tired Santa, please listen to the few more requests that I have. Bring the religion department a live sea scroll to replace the Dead Sea Scroll. Bring all those people with straight hair a special set of very deep immaculately placed waves. And please bring the Meredith Angels in the cafeteria a new and better "getting out" song.

Well, I guess that's my list for this year, Santa. I hope it isn't too much to ask, but Santa, I believe in you!

"Peanut"

## Day Student News

By GWEN MADDREY

Day students are busy these days preparing for Christmas. Heads are getting together about plans for the annual day student Christmas party. Each year it has been our custom to spend a sleepless night full of shivering from the cold, playing bridge, and just chatting in the hut the night before we get out for Christmas holidays. This year the party is promising to be more fun than ever with the following girls working it up: Pat Houser and Nancy Nylund, refreshments; Hazel Wiggins, entertainment; Donna Elington, Christmas presents; Annette Graham, decorations; Peggy Holland, arrangements; Nancy Hunter, publicity, and Janie Moore, clean up. Miss Helena Williams will join in the fun with us. With the exchange of our cute and silly Christmas remembrances, this year will go a prize to the giver of the most original gift. We invite any prospective day students to join us after the Christmas caroling.

### Calendar Adds Interest

An added attraction in the day students' room this year is our monthly events calendar, which is the creation of Linda Wall. For a reminder of campus events stop by the first day students' room and take a peek.

### Day Student Joins Dorm Students

One of our freshmen, KoKo Shaw, has moved on campus to Vann dorm. Our loss is your gain, gals.

### "Mrs. Club" Plans Party

Day students who are privileged to hold the "MRS" degree already have been planning Christmas events also. On December 17 the "Mrs. Club" will have a party with their husbands at the home of Norma Riffe. The officers of the club are Peggy Holland, president; Marlene Caulberg, vice-president; Norma Riffe, secretary-treasurer; Bobbie Ann Brown, program chairman, and Erlene Hogan, social chairman.

P. S. See to it that everyone everywhere has a happy Christmas. Make everyone happy . . . please.



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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.

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"I'll surprise him for Christmas!"