

The Twig

Official Organ of The Student Body of
Meredith College.



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Editorial

No more staff meetings on Tuesday night, no more trips to the printers, no more search for information, no more writing of articles, no more "putting out" Twigs on Monday night, no more receiving of Twig on Friday, for the staff has heard it rumored that "Santa" will soon be here. Thus, with this issue, the Twig staff lays aside its official duties and directs all its attention towards preparation for old "Santa's" visit.

To every member of the Faculty, to every girl in the student body, to every one of its readers, THE TWIG sends its heartiest Christmas wishes. You have been most patient with us during the past months; we are hoping to be able to give you better service during the coming year. Lest they should sound too much like the New Year's Resolutions, which are proverbially broken, we refrain from making public our intentions for the New Year. So, without further message, we sign off for the year 1927, wishing for each of you—faculty, alumnae, student body, friends—one and all—a "very merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." We will meet you again January 14, 1928.

"THE SUBLIME—TO THE RIDICULOUS"

It was the night before Christmas holidays. Two Seniors sat calmly in an orderly room and discussed the days to come.

"Really," drawled one, with an air of bored indifference, "what all the rush's about I simply can't see. Purely a matter of going home and having a good time for a while. Then school again, of course. Such is life, you know."

The other stifled a yawn. "Really, my dear, it's simply preposterous the way some of these people talk and run around. You'd think they were really going to do something. We might as well go to bed, don't you think? I'm all packed. There'll be none of that last minute stuff for me."

Time passes. In the busiest section of a town a big orange bus drew up to the curb. With true Senior dignity two Seniors nonchalantly descended. They greeted their families with mild enthusiasm. "So glad to be home." "School becomes a trifle boring, don't you think?" "Oh, not so tired. The trip was as good as one could expect." "Surely, let's go right home. I should rather like to sleep a bit, don't you know?"

Casually they stepped into the waiting cars and were whisked away.

On the night before the holidays two Freshmen dashed wildly down the hall, flung open the door of their room, and rushed excitedly in. The room looked as if the proverbial cyclone had struck it. Clothes were dropped over chairs and beds, papers, ribbons and "things" were scattered over the floor. One piece of gay, red ribbon was caught in the tumbled hair of one of these Freshmen and hung rakishly over her eye. Things were chaotic, excited, disordered—anything you wish. Neither girl heard the others wild jabbering, for each one was too busy raving over home, parties, boys, presents, people, everything and anything.

Late, late in the night Mr. Newsome on one of his nocturnal rambles, was startled by exclamations in a second floor room. "Honey, I'm so excited I can't even breathe, much less pack." "My goodness! This time tomorrow. Whoopee."

Again time passes. As a great white bus drew up to the curb in a busy town, bystanders saw an elderly lady frantically grab her hat, heard some one gasp, "Hey there. Wait a second, can'tcha?" Then, before their amazed eyes two girls hurled themselves out of the door. Each held a black hat bag. From one bag there dangled something decidedly resembling a feminine garment of apparel. From the other bag there struggled forth one black silk stocking and two tan ones. The owners of these hat bags and articles precipitated themselves into the arms of waiting families. Almost in their excitement they clutched the bystanders. Almost—but not quite. "Oh, I'm just tickled purple." "Thrilled to death, honey. Aren't you?" "Sho-

JUNIOR PLAY

On Saturday evening, December 17, in the Auditorium, members of the Junior Class will present a dramatic version of *The Birds' Christmas Carol* by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

In this little play we see the daintiness and pailty of the tiny Invalid Carol of the Big House offset by the blustering character of Mrs. Ruggles (who was a MacGill) and her seven little Ruggleses who live in the rear. These two extremes are brought together in a lovely story which is full of the spirit of Christmas.

MY FIRST CHRISTMAS (Told by a Puppy)

MATILDA HOLLEMAN

I awoke one morning to find myself in a basket with the lid shut down securely. It was stuffy; my body ached for want of stretching; a sensation of fear came over me as I listened to the odd noises around me. What could this all mean?

Soon the lid of my basket was cautiously opened. I heard a voice cry, "Oh, goody, goody, it's a puppy." Then a little hand reached down, picked me up, and placed me on a table.

Being by nature curious, the first thing I did was to gaze around me. The table on which I stood was in a big room and strange enough, in one corner stood a lovely tree, the like of which I had seen before outside, but never in a house. Five girls were watching me with eager eyes—why I could not say.

After I had taken the milk which they very considerably offered me, I underwent the trying ordeal of having a red ribbon tied around my neck. I did not like this a bit and tried to interfere by pushing it away with my paw. I was rebuked by a few exclamations, "you naughty puppy! What a rascal he is!"

The rest of the day I was spoiled and petted by my young mistresses. When night came, I was laid in a soft-cushioned basket, and told, "go right to sleep, you spoiled Christmas puppy." I lay awake trying to puzzle out what they meant by calling me "a Christmas puppy." My conclusion was that probably there was a day when puppies could be spoiled in every possible way, and that it was this day that was called Christmas, and the next thing I knew it was morning.

is mighty good to be home!" "Let's go home—and eat!" "Whew—ain't it grand?"

So—from the sublime and dignified Senior—to the ridiculous (?) but enthusiastic Freshman!

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