

# The Twig

Official Organ of The Student Body of  
Meredith College.



Entered as second-class matter October 11, 1923 at Post Office at Raleigh, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879.  
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103 Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 11, 1923.

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Subscription price.....\$2.50

## Editorial

### CHRISTMASTERIA!

Just five more school days! What do we care about eight more shopping days? We are going home in five more days for two whole weeks!

In the atmosphere of the Christmas season we can easily visualize Christmas trees, dolls for little girls, Santa Claus, the wise men and the Christ Child lying in a manger. This last scene fills us with the longing to do something for Him.

As the heading of the editorial shows it is a mixed up one. We are only trying to wish you a *Happy* Christmas and a *Merry* New Year because you have exams to look forward to!

Seriously speaking now, we hope that these will be the *happiest* and *most pleasant* holidays which you have ever spent.

### ARE YOU GOING TO PLAY SANTA CLAUS?

Suppose you did not have your Santa Claus to look forward to? There are many girls at Samareand who will not have a stocking filled by the old gentleman dressed in red unless you fill a stocking! It does not take much money to fill one but it takes just a little Christmas spirit, love and time. We are going to fill these stockings just as we have been doing for years, and our lives will be a little sweeter for having done so.

## BITS O' NEWS

Miss Harris has had as her guest, Mrs. W. H. Hapgood, of Virginia, for several days. She is leaving today.

The latest news from Miss Welch is encouraging; she is improving.

Dr. Brewer has been sick for several days. By the time our paper goes to press we hope he will be out again.

Miss Edith Culler spent last week-end visiting her cousin Miss Marie Rowe, in Durham.

Miss Matilda Holleman spent last week end at her home in Durham. She had as her guests, Misses Elizabeth Apple and Annie Marie Jackson.

Miss Ruth Truesdell spent the week end at N. C. C. W.

Miss Alice Dowd had as her week end guest Miss Ruby Newbold of Portsmouth Va.

## NOTICE!

THE TWIG has collected the list of the Christmas addresses of our faculty for the benefit of the students and Faculty.

The list will be posted on the Student Government bulletin board.

## MRS. JUDSON PERRY ENTERTAINS

Mrs. Judson Perry was the charming and entertaining hostess of a small group of Meredith girls and State College boys, at a birthday party given Saturday night in honor of the Misses Lena Stevens and Ruby Washburn.

Many interesting games, amusing conversations, and music afforded lively entertainment.

Delicious refreshments consisting of Angel's Delight, cake, and delicious candy, were served.

## How Our Great Grandmothers Spent Christmas—Stage Coaches and Snowbound

A long time ago a little girl asked her grandmother to tell her a Christmas story. This is the story she told her, almost verbatim.

When she was a little girl, grandmother lived in a place in Virginia called Leatherwood because of the large number of leatherwood trees. It was in the winter of 1857 that grandmother, her father, her mother, three brothers, and a sister decided to visit some friends and relatives in a nearby city. They were to stay a week or two, including Christmas day.

When the eventful day of their departure came, the ground was covered with snow, and it was still snowing when they started, for they would not allow a few snow flakes to break up such a delightful trip to which they had been looking forward for so long a time. Before this, they had always traveled in their own carriage with their own coachman sitting on his high box. But, joy of joys, this time they were to ride in a stage coach, with the driver sitting high up on the top of the coach. He had a bugle on which he occasionally blew several loud blasts, which made the horses rear and prance and cut many funny capers. It was all little grandmother could do to keep still and not prance and dance with the horses.

Soon the clouds grew dark, the snow came so thick and fast that the driver could hardly keep his horses in the road. The sound of the bugle was hushed. It was such a blizzard as not

## Merry Christmas

MATILDA HOLLEMAN, '31

I

'Tis just four in early morning,  
When skies are cold and gray  
The snow-cover'd world is sleeping  
Just waiting for the day.

II

Just then we hear a whispering  
A tread upon the stair  
Two little spirits are coming  
See the fire glow on their hair.

III

Are these St. Nick's helpmates,  
That come the socks to fill?  
Or are they God's own angels  
With a message of good will?

IV

Do tiny elves come stealing  
And to the babies sing  
And do these spirits of heaven  
Sweet lullabies to them bring?

V

Smiling faces peeping at the door  
Shy little eyes smiling through  
When the first gay little sunbeam  
Smiles against the curtain blue.

VI

Boughs of holly and mistletoe  
Bring reality to the day  
To decorate for dear old Santa  
To cheer him on his way.

VII

In the big old Christmas cedar  
Shines the tinsel in the sun  
As it greets us all with welcome  
"Merry Christmas—everyone."

even the oldest inhabitant had seen before. Soon the horses stopped at a wayside inn. The passengers found that the driver was almost frozen to death. With much difficulty they loosened him from his elevated seat. With icicles hanging from his hair, beard, and clothes he really seemed to them "more dead than alive." Grandmother, who had been wrapped so snugly did not even get cold. The next morning quite a few of the passengers insisted on trying the road again, especially Grandmother's family as they were very anxious to reach their destination in time for the Christmas celebrations.

It began to snow again soon after they set out. The snow drifts became so deep that they could travel hardly a mile an hour. Finally they reached a little cabin, where they decided to spend the night.

The next morning grandmother a high-spirited woman, decided that she could not possibly remain in that house another night. So they hired a wagon and team and went on a few miles farther. It had taken them so long, however, that it was almost night fall. After much digging and shoveling, they came to a very nice, roomy-looking house. They were taken in, and after about a week at this place, they ventured out again, this time, on horseback, as no vehicle could yet travel.

Of course, with all this delay, they were too late for the many pleasant things that might have been theirs had it not snowed so hard.

Grandmother ended her story in the following words:

"The saddest thing to me is that my ride in that stage coach was cut short, and that bugle—I can hear it now in fancy, and whenever I really hear a bugle, it puts new life into me."

"So you're out of school again, old fellow?"

"What did you do this time?"  
"Graduated!"

"Mathilda's a girl that could have married anybody she pleased."  
"Then why is she still single?"  
"She never pleased anybody."

"What keeps the moon from falling?"  
"Oh it must be the beams."

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