

The Twig

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CHRISTMAS GIVING

This year, as has been particularly true for the past few years there will be many for whom Christmas will be just another day unless someone makes it different for them.

It is only through the people who have been more fortunate that these may receive the love and message of that one whose birthday we celebrate.

During the Christmas time many gifts and messages of cheer will be sent to people in all sections of the country. Perhaps we shall be asked to contribute something in the carrying out of some of these projects. If so, your giving will bring to you one of the greatest joys in life. In this giving one may remember the words of Jesus "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

TRY BASKETBALL

Everyone is familiar with the idea of the well rounded person as developing mind, body, and spirit. When the statistics concerning the number of people taking part in hockey during the past season were read at the awarding of the letters it would seem that the Meredith students have not neglected this important side of their life.

Basketball practice started this week. For those who have not engaged in any sport we would urge that you go out for basketball. There will be class teams and championship games just as those which were held in hockey.

Congratulations to Juniors! Winning the Hockey Cup this year was a real honor. As statistics show that over a hundred were out during the past season and all of them did good work on the various teams. The organization and team work which your hockey squad showed has won the admiration of the school.

KRYPTIC KOMMENT

In Regard to Holidays

As for me and my house, I'm glad the faculty saw what a rush and scurry two sets of holidays right close together can put us in. Here from beneath my avalanche of term papers, tests, and reports, I've been trying to keep an ear open for something amusing to tell you. But all I've been able to catch are echoes from Thanksgiving and plans for Christmas. And, maybe I heard wrong, but it "kinda" sounded as if the Christmas festivities were coming more as an anticlimax to those of Thanksgiving than as something we've been looking forward to all fall. One big set of holidays in the fall and another extra long set in the spring sounds good to me—gives one something *big* to look forward to, you know.

And Before the Holidays

As I said, I haven't heard a thing amusing first hand, but the Old Dutch clock looked very wise as she told me that she heard:

Miss Harris: "Put this sentence into Shakespearian English—"There comes a bow-legged man."

"Poodle" Barker, very dramatically: "Behold! What is this that approacheth me in parentheses?"

Dr. Johnson: "And for tomorrow, please memorize one of Wordsworth's sonnets."

Mae C. to Dot M.: "Do you suppose it'll be a very long one?"

Now, don't tell me you've heard these before. They're straight from the Old Dutch Clock. Anyway your Kryptic Komment Kolumnist wishes you a very MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A boner—but a thoroughly logical one—was committed by a freshman at Agnes Scott college in Decatur, Georgia. In the course of a literary conversation, she made some remark about "A Dissertation Upon Roast Pig." When asked who had written it, she answered promptly, "Bacon, I think."—Swarthmore Phoenix.

The members of the TWIG staff and student body extend sympathy to Mae Campbell, editor of the TWIG, on the death of her grandmother.

Due to a surprising increase in enrollment at Louisiana Tech, certain students at the institution are being deprived of the privilege of attending assembly programs for the next three months. The auditorium just won't hold them all.—Duke Chronicle.

TWIGLETS

Speaking of Christmas and gifts, we know of one store in Raleigh which doesn't advertise in THE TWIG but has as big a trade as it can handle, including 100 per cent of Meredith, we believe. What is it? Miss Ellen Brewer, if she will permit the publicity, calls it her "red front gift shop!" Guessed it? Woolworth's? Right! Count on Miss Ellen to be original.

And speaking of advertisers, we have one which advertises "Quick Service and Good Food" and lives up to that excellently, but they had a misleading sign up the other day, "half-fried chicken!"

And now that the new year is on its way with celebration and confetti, did you hear about the Meredith senior who went to Alfred Williams' book store in search of the confetti and asked for "spaghetti?"

One of the newest "boners" found in an exam paper is the statement that "the whole world is in the Temperance Zone except the United States."

Late one afternoon during the past week, three girls stopped outside a window in Faircloth to serenade one of the inhabitants. They sang "In the Evening by the Moonlight;" and, receiving no applause, they called for

"Eleanor." Eleanor was not home. The moon was out, but it wasn't far enough into the evening for it to be moonlight. Come back tonight and sing Christmas carols and maybe you'll have better luck.

One night about 11:00 two white sheeted figures (two girls in one sheet) passed the windows on the outside of Faircloth and disappeared into the night. Two years ago we wrote a story about the real Meredith ghost, the "little lady in brown," inviting her to call on us; but she did not accept the invitation. And so, the other night, we at first hoped she'd sent some friends to call—until we heard very characteristic Meredith laughs. But we still wonder who they were and why.

The junior class president, who is also a Chemistry lab. assistant, was in the latter capacity seeking the other assistant, and called out a nickname to a figure not clearly seen at the other end of the room. Imagine her embarrassment when Sam, the janitor, said "what was that you said to me?" It reminds us of the distinction we ran across between the old fashioned and modern girl. The old fashioned girl blushed when she was ashamed. The modern girl is ashamed when she blushes. Which was the junior president? Ask her!

Letters to Santa Claus



Dear Santa Claus:

We are very thoughtful little girls; so instead of your bringing us something for Christmas, we are going to give you something to give some other school. It's a nice, big, old chain that hangs on the gates. Maybe other schools will not want it either, and if they don't, you can keep it to pen your reindeers up with.

Sincerely,
The Student Body.

Dear Santa Claus:

We have been very good little freshmens and we have did everything that the upper classmen's have told us to. We have got up all the lessons that we have had time to, and we have not fussed about our hard assignments. We think we are just about the "swellest" bunch that Mr. Meredith ever got to come to his school, and we know that all the students are proud to

claim us. Therefore, we think that our class should have everything that we want for Christmas, including three weeks holidays (that is, if we want it).

With love,

The Freshmens.

P. S.—Santie, if you have room along with the other things, won't you please bring us some of that "sox-appeal" that the upperclassmens have.

The Freshies.

Dear Santa Claus:

Please bring me 400 girls that will keep their bathtubs scrubbed clean.

Miss White.

Dear Santa Claus:

Bring some new excuses for missing classes. I am tired of hearing the old ones.

Miss Grimmer.

Dear Santa:

If you have room, please bring all the Meredith girls some mail. It is one thing that they always enjoy and need.

The Postmaster.

Dear Santa Claus:

Please leave a barrel of "red-ant killer" in the freshman dormitory. That much if not more will be needed.

The Occupants.

Faculty Members Tell of Santa Claus Beliefs

When THE TWIG reporter asked Dr. Brewer when he first discovered that there was no Santa Claus, he said that there still is a Santa Claus, "not the same kind we believed in as children, but there is a Santa Claus." Miss Ellen agreed with her father, adding that she believed in the children's kind of Santa Claus a disgracefully, unbelievably long time. In her characteristically clever style, she said that if she had been given a Santa Claus intelligence test she would have rated as a moron. It was a great shock to her when she did discover that Santa Claus was Dr. and Mrs. Brewer. Miss Rhodes agreed, also saying "Santa Claus is just as fine as he ever was, and he'll never grow old."

Miss Price and Miss Yarborough couldn't remember when they ever had believed in Santa Claus. Miss Price said that she knew who he was but kept it to herself, particularly not spoiling

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HOCKEY SEASON OF '33

CLOSES WITH AWARDS

(Continued from page one)

"Speck" Harris.

Juniors: Katherine Davis, Martha Davis, Ruth McCourry, Vara Lee Thornton, and Ella Lee Yates.

Virginia Garnett, president of the Junior class presented the hockey stick which was given by the Junior class to the most outstanding hockey player in their little sister class, Mildred Eaton.

Pat Abernethy then awarded the hockey cup, which is a new addition to the athletic trophies. This was given to Katherine Davis, manager of the Junior team, which went through the season undefeated.

The following is a summary of the season:

	Won	Lost	Tied
Juniors	4	0	0
Seniors	2	2	2
Freshmen	1	2	1
Sophomores	0	3	1

The highest scorers of the season were Martha Davis ('34), scoring 10; Vara Lee Thornton ('34), scoring 8, and Pat Abernethy ('33), scoring 7.

The other trophies which are awarded by the Athletic Association were then shown and explained to the student body. These trophies include the basketball and stunt cups, now in the possession of the class of '34, and the individual trophy which is awarded each year to "Meredith's Best Athlete."

Athletics are taking a leading place in the extra-curricular life of the campus. Over one hundred of the students, or, in other words, nearly one-third of the student body went out for hockey!