

The Twig



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Keeping Christmas

By HENRY VAN DYKE

Romans 14:6: He that regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord.

It is a good thing to observe Christmas day. The mere marking of times and seasons, when men agree to stop work and make merry together, is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by the great clock of humanity which runs on sun time.

But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas day, and that is, keeping Christmas.

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you and to think what you owe the world, to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow-men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas.

And if you keep it for a day, why not always?
(Ed. Note: This article by Henry Van Dyke is far superior to anything that we could write, so we have reprinted it here.)

Caroling

We're in luck, kids, we can go caroling this Christmas. We're to arise at four o'clock Thursday morning, don all the clothes we can find, and dash to the kitchenettes for cocoa and doughnuts before we leave. The buses—if we get them—will be here at four-thirty on the dot, so be ready to leave by then.

Those of you who have never been before have a treat in store. There's nothing quite like singing carols just as the morning begins. All in all, we'll visit about ten places—the hospitals, the prison, the orphanages, some of the faculty homes, the governor's mansion and the broadcasting station.

There'll be a list to sign on the A.A. board for those who intend to go, so be watching for it. P. R.

The Christmas Spirit

Some people think Christmas is simply a time for gift giving, but there is far more in it than that. At Christmas-time there is a feeling which cannot be explained. It is just as though Christ were all around us—just as though the angels were still singing, "Peace on earth, good will to men." This Christmas there will be fewer gifts, and more people will be sad; but Christmas will still have the same feeling. And in the end there will be "Peace on earth, good will to men!" ROBERT EZEKIEL COOPER, Age 12.

Neighborly News

By EVELYN RAY

'Tis the week before holidays,

And all through this place

Not a creature appears without a smile on her face
The calendars are marked by the students with cheer,
In hopes that December 16 will hurry here.

Just think, two and a half weeks of fun with all the trimmings ahead of us! All that sleeping, eating, playing and other stuff we've been planning. Incidentally, we do have about 19 days; that is, 456 hours, or 27,360 minutes, or 1,641,600 seconds. But don't be like the little moron who thought everybody was talking about his cousin in the Air Corps when they said: "Time flies." I do hope that every one of those days down to the LAST MINUTES WILL BE FULL OF JOY FOR YOU!!

From Wake Forest:

There will be no basketball at Wake Forest this year because of lack of players and the army's occupation of the gymnasium.

Exams started for this term on December 9. Seniors who are graduating at close of this term were exempt from finals if they had a "B" average and the professors' approval.

The Phi Society received a twenty-dollar donation recently from an unknown person. The letter was post-marked Winston-Salem. (Its sister society accepts donations also, no?)

Copies of the *Howler* for 1943 will be placed in cars of trains which pass through Wake Forest. There will be eight copies of the annual in eight different cars of the railroad, which goes from Florida to Maine. The purpose is to enlighten strangers to the part of the country about Wake Forest and to advertise the college as well as bring back memories for those alumni who travel in these cars.

For the first time in its history, Wake Forest will on December 20 award M.D. degrees. Heretofore medical students have had to take their last two years at other schools. There will be no formal graduation exercises, but those who prefer to wait until June may do so. *Old Gold and Black.*

Girls at Lenoir Rhyne have established a baby-tending business. They are hiring themselves for a small fee to tired mothers who desire a few hours away with assurance that their children are in competent hands. *Lenoir Rhynean.*

At N. C. State, they've had the same trouble with film that we've had. They could not get enough to photograph all the student body and will use some of last year's proofs. *Technician.*

The recent co-ed ball at Duke was a girl date affair. The boys were really kept in suspense as to whether or not they would receive bids and some who thought they were A-1 with a number of girls only rated a stag bid. The Navy V-12s were allowed liberty until one a.m. for the dance. *Duke Chronicle.*

We Who Speak Latin

Perhaps you have seen the information on art, which was recently on the vocational bulletin board. Each department will have charge of this bulletin board for about two weeks and at present the ancient language department is supplying the information. In connection with this we reprint the following from THE TWIG of February 11, 1940:

"We Who Speak Latin," by Frieda Culberson.

We Who Speak English is the title of a new book on the market. Now of course, everybody is willing to admit the truth of the statement that we speak English, at least, a tolerable brand of English. But why come forward with such words as "We Who Speak Latin," when Latin is a dead language that nobody speaks? Or do they?

Did you know that only twenty-five per cent of the words in the English language are of native sources, that is, from Anglo-Saxon? The other seventy-five per cent come from foreign sources, French, Greek, Latin, and others. Since French for the most part is a form of Latin, you can see that the bulk of our words are of Latin origin. The backbone of our language is the simple Anglo-Saxon words that we have yet, but the words that make it full and expressive we owe to the staunch old Romans and to the Greeks.

Learning to read is a process of learning to perceive quickly the exact meaning in a group of letters. If we have only a faint idea of the meaning of a word, we may get along without referring to Mr. Noah Webster, but at the same time we may miss half the sense of the passage. Stephen Leacock says that if reading is the vitamin A of education, arithmetic vitamin B, and so on, then Latin ought to be able to squeeze in somewhere not far down the alphabet, for the study of a language that is the background of ours enables us to become the masters, not the servants of language.

What is a carnivorous animal? What is a genuflection?

So, you see, we do speak Latin after all, and that is why some people still find it profitable to study Latin.



Cartoon by Mary Elizabeth Bryant.

Letter To Santa

Marydith Collitch
Dogpatch
December 11, 1943.

Dere Sandy Claws,

This just put you up to date on the doin's uv the Marydith hoomin females, so's you all will know which uns is naughty and nice and whether to bring 'em a bundle of sticks or bags of rice!

To begin with, Peggy Parker don't need no flowers, bein' as Richard has jest sent her a dozen red roses. Love! Love!

Charlotte Huneycutt ain't in a posishun to be askin' fer much, 'cause she's just come back from Noo Yawk—a-seein' her Jim! A right fittin' present in itself!

In case you find it hard a-locatin' Mary Martin, I kin tell you that she'll be on her way to Wyoming! Do ya s'pose you kin git out thet fer?

Ann Ray wants some contrapshun—I think they call it a Dick-ta-phon! And of she don't git it, she'll be pow'ful Cross!

Don't bring Peggy Haywood one of them thar make-up kits. She jest had a birthday and Billy sent her a sho' nuff nice 'un.

Yo' probably heerd that Gloria is going south to see Harold. Just see to it thet nobody gits her reservashun, and she'll be happy.

Ah'll tell ya right hyar that all Jean Chessen is askin' fer is a box uv "Whit"-man's candy. An' I'll betcha her sweetmate, another Jean, will be the first to "Rip" into it.

Ah myself thinks thet Sue McNeely and Rita Paez has been seein' c'nuff o' them lootnants from Goldsboro, but yo' might's well let 'em Seymour uv Johnson Field. (Specially roun' Christmas-time, eh Rita?)

Bein' as how Helen Frances is a Lady in Retirement, her leisure time during the holidays might be made more better by a radio and a certain announcer!

On yo' way frum the Noth Pol, yo' kin stop by Alaska and fetch Hilda Wilson a 'gagement ring. It will save shu leather, bein' as it will conserve on trips to de post office!

I'm hopin' you kin get all this in yo' pack, and still not be too enormous to get down each and every chimbley! Pleas remember us to Mrs. Sandy Claws.

Rispeckfully yo's,

DAISY MAE.

P. S.: Yo' kin jest leeve L'il Abner in my stockin'!

SPORTS NEWS

Laura Frances Snow was prize winner of the archery tournament which ended last week. The prize, consisting of arrows, was presented to her Wednesday, December 8.

Badminton has become a full-time A.A. activity. It started Tuesday, December 7, and will be played on Tuesday and Wednesday from 5 to 6, and on Thursday from 7 to 8.

Has your horseback riding permission come? Monogram Club members will be in the gym every Monday through Friday from 1:20-2:00 and 5:00-6:00, so that you may sign up the day before you wish to ride. This will enable the stableman to have the horses saddled when you arrive. The seventy-five cents fee must be paid when you sign up; as you know the horses must have their vitamins, too. Girls must ride in pairs, preferably with an experienced rider, if you are inexperienced. There will be posted on the bulletin board in the gym, a list of roads recommended for riding. You may ride any time before six o'clock.

Will you please report yourself to Miss Peterson if you can play a guitar, banjo, bass violin, fiddle, or an accordion. The Folk Club is seeking such folk instrument musicians.

Merry Christmas

from

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