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Christmas Prayer

Let Christmas not become a thing
Merely of merchants' trafficking,
Of tinsel, bell, and holly wreath
And surface pleasure, but beneath
The childish glamor let us find
Nourishment for soul and mind.
Let us follow kinder ways
Through our teeming human maze
And help the age of peace to come
From a dreamer's martyrdom.

MADELINE MORSE.

Spirit of Christmas

Once more the year has gone 'round,
and we approach the Yule season—the
season of joy, and friendship, and good-
feeling. We feel about to burst with the
great gladness of it all, and the most
blessed wish in any language is on every
lip: "A Merry Christmas!" Pushed into
the attic of our minds, and almost for-
gotten, are the wickedness and evil and
pain and suffering which curse the world
and make "Merry Christmas" a hollow
mockery. There is no peace on earth;
there is no good-will toward men.

Basically, what this world needs is a
year-round spirit of Christmas. By that
we do not mean the gifts, the carols,
and the mirth, but rather, what lie
back of them. The message of Christmas
is a promise of peace, of happiness, of
all that men hold to be good and ideal.
That the promise has not been fulfilled
is because mankind is not ready for it
nor worthy of it.

And yet we say, "What can I, a mere
individual, do?" Search your heart and
the answer will be there; for it lies
within each of us. Only through each
of us, as individuals and as world brothers,
can the promise be brought forth to
bless the earth.

And so—A Merry Christmas—and
may you carry it with you through the
year to come.
E. C. G.

How Far to
Bethlehem?

How far is it to Bethlehem? Is it three
thousand miles—or more? Is it too far
even to imagine that you might ever
visit there? Or is Bethlehem just a far-
off city, which exists only in the pages
of a geography book or as a chance word
in a Christmas story?

Have you often heard people remark,
"I wish the Christmas spirit would last
all year?" But do they really want this
spirit to last, or is it the adventure and
excitement, the delectable things to eat,
the festive decorations, and the gifts—
everything that breaks into our "hum-
drum" way of life, that is wanted? The
true spirit of the Christ who was born in

that little town centuries ago would
make such a great difference in the lives
of people today that it is safer just to
talk about it. If the spirit of giving, self-
lessness, and service to others were really
desired in this secular age of ours,
would it not really prevail? Don't we
usually obtain the things we want very
much? But think what it would mean!
The whole *status quo* would be dis-
turbed; wars, controversies, arguments
would cease; peace and harmony would
exist in all the world. Men would be re-
organizing their lives in the light of
God's purpose. Wouldn't it be danger-
ous?

How far is it to Bethlehem? Too far?
Too far for most people, but actually
the road to Bethlehem lies down the
main street of your home town, through
your back yard, through your heart. It
is the Christmas spirit that takes you to
Bethlehem.
B. S. C.

Guest Editorial

Last week a boy asked me why stu-
dents go to Training Union. I immedi-
ately thought of that verse which has
inspired so many Christian students,
"Study to show thyself approved unto
God, a workman that needeth not to be
ashamed, rightly dividing the word of
truth." *II Timothy 2:15*. The primary
purpose of the Baptist Training Union
and of similar organizations in other de-
nominations is to train young people as
church members and Christian leaders.
Sunday has been set aside as a day holy
unto God. Where else could it be better
spent than at Training Union in study-
ing the Bible, the basis of our faith, in
worship, and in prayer? There one
learns to speak more convincingly as a
witness to the power of the Saviour.
There one finds fellowship with youth
of high ideals. I could name dozens of
happily married couples who met at the
church. In Training Union one learns to
look for a Christian solution to social
problems. One learns to deepen his loy-
alty to the church, the institution for
extending His Kingdom. The doctrines
of the church, its organization, its lead-
ers, and its missionary program are stud-
ied. The Training Union leads the stu-
dent to live the principle of stewardship
of time, talents, and service. Why not
attend Training Union this Sunday
night?

DOROTHY SINGLETON.

Exchangin' Aroun'

WITH JANE LASSITER

Did you know that Meredith College
is the proud Alma Mater of a profes-
sional model? Miss Marjorie McPhee-
ters is the well-known, beautiful, but
intelligent girl referred to in this case.
Marjorie received her B.S. in home eco-
nomics and then went on to the Wash-
ington School of Fashion, where she
was graduated in 1945. Marjorie was
photographed for Capital Airlines,
Washington newspapers, and leading
department stores. During the summer
Marjorie accepted the position of
Fashion Coördinator and Model with
Bon Marche in Asheville, where she is
employed at present.

Seems like the Barter Theater is play-
ing all around these parts, but some-
how hasn't hit Meredith with its pro-
duction of "Twelfth Night." It was pre-
sented at Wake Forest a little over a
week ago, and at Guilford College on
November 17. Other recent dramatic
productions are "Peg o' My Heart" by
the Dramateers at Mars Hill College,
and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
by the Pierrettes of Salem College.

Seen in *The Daily Tar Heel*:
3:00 p.m.—Jim Serrion, Rendezvous
Room, Graham Memorial; three hours
of unrehearsed music.

My, how I'd like to latch on to some
of that jive. . . .

I was slightly more than floored when
I read this from the *Leon High Life*, a
high school paper from 'way down in
Tallahassee, Florida:

Willie stood on a railroad track,
He didn't hear the bell.
And I know where you think
Willie went,
But he was on the other track.
Oak Leaves,
Meredith College.

So help me, it's the truth! If you
don't believe it, look on the desk in



Letter to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR:

There is definitely something wrong
with a dining hall which pays a man and
two women to see that the Meredith stu-
dent body is well fed, and then half of
the food which is served is returned to
the kitchen untouched. This food is not
returned because there is a surplus, but
rather because the meal is neither well
balanced nor well prepared. It is very
seldom that we have a meal which a
student can call good, but we do
have some which prove that it is possi-
ble. Something must be done about this
situation; and, in my opinion, it must
not be put off! Our fathers pay enough
money for us to be well fed, and they
expect it to be so. This lack of the prop-
er food undermines the health of the
students; and in turn, hinders them in
their studies and other activities. This
lack of decent food in the dining hall
causes girls to spend much money in
other places, trying to fill up on knick-
knacks. This is not only paying twice
for a meal, but also this kind of eating
habitually is bad for one's health.

Also while complaining about the
dining hall and its food, I will say that
I think that a student should be allowed
more than two cookies for desert—often
one vanilla wafer and one fig newton.
The pancakes which we are often given
for breakfast are good, but the syrup
which is given us to eat with them is
definitely bad. Many girls fail to eat the
pancakes for this reason. Along with this
comes the small pat of butter that is
rationed to us. The government no longer
rationed butter, so why should the
school ration it—and especially in such
small pieces.

The bag lunch idea for Sunday nights
is fine; however, the lunches themselves
are inadequate. Who in her own home
would make a sandwich of two pieces
of bread, a piece of cheese—both dry?
I could go on and on about first one
thing and then another, but what I'm
mainly trying to call attention to is the
dire need for more appetizing, better
looking, and more well-balanced
meals.

It is not just and fair for us to have
to pay a lump sum for food which we
cannot eat because of the way it is
planned, prepared, and presented. Not
only are students complaining of the
food, but guests in the school have asked
me why the students put up with such
food as they were then eating. Stu-
dents!!! I'm not advocating a strike for
better food as many colleges have re-
sorted to, but I am advocating that the
Meredith students demand better food!!

MARIE SNELLING.

the Publications Room! I'm afraid our
reputation for humor is slightly on the
putrescent side.

That's all. . . . JANE.



J
A
N
E

ASKS YOU

Just what do you think the Senior
Class should leave as a gift to the
school? There seems to be a great
difference of opinion on this matter.
For instance, the other day I overheard
two girls discussing the situation while
standing in line for breakfast. Having
just ruined a pair of nylons, one vio-
lently suggested that new snag-proof
chairs be given to the dining hall as
well as to the library. To which state-
ment the other Slim Susie replied that
she would be eternally grateful if the
Senior Class would have cushions made
for the seats in our all too "temporary"
auditorium. Since going to chapel seems
to be quite the rage this year, why not
make it at least comfortable.

I grant you that the above men-
tioned suggestions are desperately in
need of fulfillment. However, it occurs
to me that for all practical purposes we
could use a first class launderette around
this place. Not meaning to put a certain
well-known Wilmont establishment out
of business, may I ask just why can't we
have an automatic washer or two on
campus? I'm sure that with the benefit
of an operator's manual we could all
catch on to the complicated procedure
in less time than it takes to say "Super
Suds Does Everything." Anyway, it's
worth a try. Just think of all the time
and effort we'd save with an automatic
washer, to say nothing of alleviating
red, rough hands, bent backs, and house
maid's knee.

As long as we're dwelling in the prac-
tical realm, let us hereby suggest that
Mr. Edwards and his crew round off a
few corners around here so that people
coming from one o'clock classes will
have a better chance of reaching the
dining hall without constant fear of
head-on collisions. As things stand now,
we leap into the dining hall and limp
out. . . .

SPOTLIGHTING
A Day Student

In searching for my subject for to-
day's column, I found myself running
across the field behind the Hut; and
there strolled Doris! As is her daily
custom. Doris Lee was taking her "con-
stitutional" walk through the short
route home.

Jogging along beside her, I attempted
to interview one of our most active
day students. Doris is a sociology major
and hopes to do social work in mental
hospitals after she graduates from Mere-
dith. Last year, Doris was a freshman
counselor, class editor of the *Acorn*, and
a reporter for the *Twig*. She is now As-
sociate Editor of the *Acorn*, feature Ed-
itor of *THE TWIG*, and archery manager
on the A. A. Board.

This blue-eyed brunette's other ma-
jor interest lies in *The News and Ob-
server*, where she works in the morgue.
In this connection, Doris hastened to
add, "I deal with 'dead cuts,' not dead
bodies!"

At present, the morgue is just flood-
ed with radio men, who are using Doris's
working quarters as a temporary loca-
tion until the new radio station is com-
pleted. As a result, Doris is gaining first-
hand information on how to run a radio
station!

Among her numerous "likes" are
swimming, eating (on which she spends
half of her money), embroidery, read-
ing, listening to the radio (especially
Red Skelton), and playing bridge. She
has even won a few games of poker!
Added to her list of "likes" are tall men
—no particular man, just men in gen-
eral! And, if they are brown-eyed and
have long lashes, that is all the more
reason for liking them!

Blessed with an unruffled disposition,
Doris usually manages to squeeze out
of tight spots. Recently, while driving
"leisurely" down Hillsboro Street, this
amazing junior was approached by a po-
liceman, who insisted that she was—
well—er—, speeding! By smiling sweet-
ly and acquiring that "frightened" look,
Doris accomplished her purpose — no
ticket! Instead, the policeman looked
rather sheepish — while Doris sped on
her way.
H'S