

I WISH YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Every Christian nation has made of Christmas time something beautiful, made of the Christmas festivities something especially its own. And in every country except ours, Christmas is a strictly religious festival—as indeed it should be. Scandinavians scour their houses and hang paper streamers, let the children seek out their little hidden gifts, go to church through starlit fields of snow at midnight, and scatter grain for the birds' Christmas. An Italian Christmas is not complete without the revered "praesipio," and Spaniards go to midnight mass on the "noche buena." Bavarian children look forward to painted toys and gingerbread menageries. In Holland they carry the great Star of Bethlehem on a pole through the streets. French children find lucky coins in the big Christmas cake and little cakes with sugared Christmas child on top. In Tyrolean villages they sing lustily and happily on Christmas Eve. South of the Danube there is feasting, all seated on a straw-strewn floor, and on Christmas day great oak trees are felled and children sing to cows in their stalls for milk to bathe a new-born Babe on the birthright of "The Little God."

And here, in America? We exchange washing machines, checks, and mink coats; our pianos are silent and the radio sings our Christmas carols for us; no fragrant scents come from our kitchens days before Christmas—we are too "emancipated" for that—and our children give us Christmas lists, instead of cherishing what we might give them of our own volition. They, and we, are poor indeed. We Americans have lost the art of simple happiness. We have forgotten what the true spirit of Christmas really signifies.

When I wish you all a Merry Christmas, it is the simple joy and the spiritual beauty of a peasant Christmas that I am wishing for you. May your "presents" be less and your happiness greater. From my house to your house—a kindly, sincere hope that this Christmas may more nearly approach the lovely, holy thing it should be—in your house and in my house.

—Jean Austin.

Our Greatest Unexplored Resource

A statement credited to one of the women elected to Congress in the recent election should be of interest to Meredith students.

Mrs. Martha W. Griffiths, five foot five and one half inch Democrat, who will represent the 17th Michigan district when Congress convenes January 5th, says, "The greatest unexplored resource of this country is woman's brain power."

As students at Meredith, we can be proud of the part this institution has taken and is taking in the higher education of women. From its earliest days its first emphasis has been on sound scholarship and the important contribution that a small liberal arts college can make to the cultural life of a state and nation.

APPRECIATION FROM A FRESHMAN

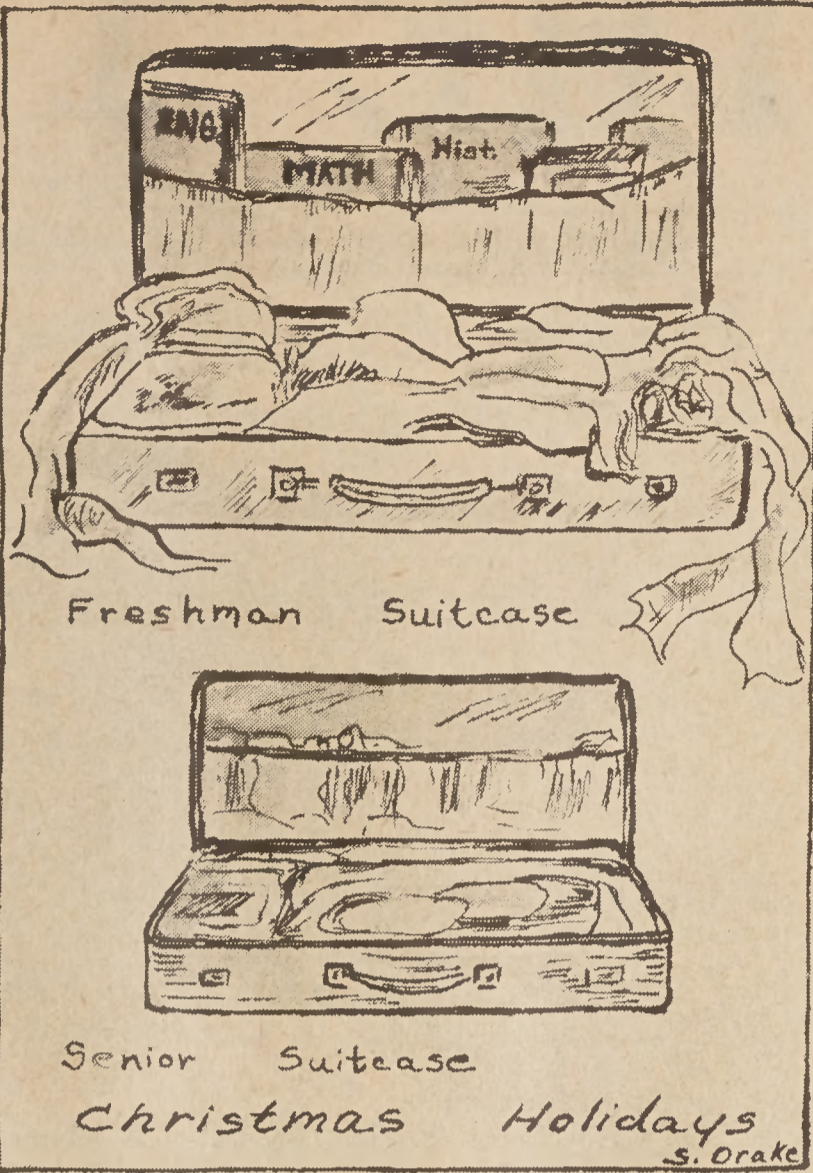
Dear Editor,

With the joyous occasion of Christmas vacation being so near, I would like to express my appreciation, and, I am sure, the appreciation of many of the students here at Meredith, to the Student Government, the Athletic Association, the Baptist Student Union, other individual organizations, and to the school as a whole, for the many nice events planned for the student body during the Christmas season. Just to mention a few: the Christmas concert, the playhouse production, the Christmas banquet, the caroling, the hall parties, the decorations around campus, the special chapel events, and many more!

These things have truly added to our Christmas spirit, and we all appreciate your kindnesses!

Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, and we'll see you back in time for exams!

—Patsy Barrett.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

Well, here it is almost Christmas time and, of course, everyone is looking forward to Christmas at home. Just think of all that food upon which we may gorge ourselves! Many times we think too much of all the presents we will receive and give and all the delicious food we will eat during the holidays, and somehow forget the real meaning and importance of Christmas. The real significance of how Christ was born and what he was to do for us gets pushed into the background by the commercialization of the Christmas time. Let's try to think more of the meaning of Christmas as we celebrate it this year.

Mary Catherine Cole.

Editor's Note: Barbe White was a history major at Meredith last year, and is now a graduate student at Columbia University in New York.

New York

November 20, 1954

Greetings to Friends at Meredith:

Here I am at Columbia University as a graduate student in history. Perhaps you would be interested in following briefly the career of a graduate of '54 in her new life in New York City.

Barbe highly recommends graduate school to all Meredith girls. Consider several aspects of this life. I am living in a dorm for graduate women which houses over four hundred students coming from sixteen

Kim Spends Her Last Christmas In Korean Leper Colony

By PRIVATE JIM DEMPSEY

Editor's Note: This article was written for and published in The Daily Californian, Berkeley, by a former reporter who is now stationed in Pusan with the Public Information Department of the 7th Transportation Command. He is a June, 1953, graduate of the University of California, with a major in journalism. This article came to THE TWIG through the ACP Feature Service.)

Today I made a trip over muddy back roads to a leper colony located about 10 miles outside of Pusan. Seeing is believing, they say—and I saw.

I saw what few human eyes have seen. I saw the tailings of humanity. I saw 1,600 of the saddest people on the face of the earth.

There are a lot of nasty places in Korea, but this one really takes the cake. Here human dignity has hit a new low. Scantily clothed, underfed and housed in shacks, these people have nothing to live for. They are truly "the forgotten people."

They live in the mountains, away from civilization. It is a little town—the town with no name, Korea. It's very peaceful there. You'd never know that 1,600 people are dying.

Take six-year-old Kim Sook Ja, for example. She's a healthy-looking girl. You'd never guess that this will be her last Christmas. Of course not—how would you know that the

dread disease is systematically going about its deadly work inside her frail body.

Kim doesn't know either. She just plays with a raggedy doll someone gave her. She doesn't know that what took away her mother and father will soon take her. She plans to see Santa Claus many more times.

And who has the guts to tell her otherwise? Who has the guts to go around to 400 other children and tell them that they'd better play hard while they still can—that they had better hurry and live fast, because leprosy won't wait.

But even in her last days, Kim doesn't have it easy. Life is hard, even for a six-year-old. She lives in a small, crowded room with five or six other people. She spends her nights on a straw mat, searching for warmth that just isn't there. What chance has a straw mat and one worn dress against a bitter Korean winter?

Her play is confined either to her well-worn raggedy doll or the mud puddles. No one ever comes to see her, nor can she go see the world she has never known. She must stay behind those big red and yellow signs that say: "Keep out—leprosy—keep out."

The only people Kim sees are those five or ten "sick people" that come to the gate of the town each day. They never come in. There is no room. They must go back to Pusan to spend the rest of their

foreign countries all over the world, from Puerto Rico and Hawaii, all of the forty-eight states and the District of Columbia. Needless to say, this is a delightfully cosmopolitan atmosphere. My meals are served in the dorm, and the food is quite good—so much so that in spite of my efforts to acquire a Dior silhouette I am gaining weight. Although I haven't much time to watch, we have TV in the dorm—all the comforts of home!

Listen to my schedule, girls, and then make plans to join me. I have two classes each on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and then am free for the remainder of the week. Of course, Thursday, Friday and Saturday are free to read history, write papers, and do research. On the other hand, these days may also be used for sightseeing, trips through the art galleries and museums, browsing in the libraries, and for lo-o-ong week-ends. But then, whoever heard of a grad leaving his books to do such an unscholarly thing!

Some of my happiest hours are spent in conversations. Barbe frequently becomes so engrossed in such exciting conversations that she forgets to eat, and these discussions may last well into the wee hours of the morning.

Other diversions are to be enjoyed. There are the many little specialty shops tucked away in the Village (Greenwich Village). Barbe has spent some hours in the maze at Macy's—the dime store where you may buy furniture, groceries, imported perfumes, or have your hair styled. And yes, the subways—over a period of some months, after many times having ended up in unknown regions at odd hours of the day, Barbe has finally learned to get about in these formidable underground passages, and now has become quite proficient at reading the Times while hanging onto a strap in the Broadway 7th Avenue Express!

New York is many personalities. If one can learn to be quite philosophical about its dirt, noise, crowds, and confusion, one can enjoy its colorful complexity. The city at night can be brilliant and gay, or mysterious and frightening. One can feel terribly alone in the midst of the bustle of Times Square, yet one can find the City warm and friendly. The endless miles of buildings can at times become a huge concrete prison but one can look again and see it as a magnificent three ring circus, an artist's palette, or a reservoir for the psychologist's study, depending on one's mood.

All this to say that Barbe finds life as a graduate student in New York tremendously interesting and infinitely rewarding.

She thinks often of her friends at Meredith, and enjoys reading THE TWIG which helps to keep her informed of life at Meredith. She was especially interested in a recent article concerning the student views on the Supreme Court Decision on Segregation, and was pleased by the liberal attitude represented. Let us work toward that time when the entire student body at Meredith will come to hold such views, to approach the matter with an open mind and reflect what positive results this can bring about in the South.

Barbe White,
Class of '54.

agonizing days. Even Kim is better off than they.

Hunger also plays a big role in her little life. Most little girls her age get about six handfuls of rice a day. Kim gets four. And it's barley, not rice. Second grade barley at that. She doesn't know that outside her little world that type of barley is fed only to horses.

The people sometimes grow a few vegetables but there is never enough to go around. Kim eats her barley, and for her, it's the only food in the world. She doesn't know about ice cream cones, banana

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Meredith College is an accredited senior liberal arts college for women located in the capital city of North Carolina. It confers the Bachelor of Arts and the Bachelor of Music degrees. The college offers majors in twenty-one fields including music, art, business and home economics.

Since 1921 the institution has been a member of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. The college holds membership in the Association of American Colleges and the North Carolina College Conference. Graduates of Meredith College are eligible for membership in the American Association of University Women. The institution is a liberal arts member of the National Association of Schools of Music.

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