

GUEST EDITORIAL

The Heart of the Year

December with its celebration of the gift of Christ makes peculiar demands on us whose lives are cast in September-to-June years. The month does not mark for us an ending. It is rather for us the heart of the year, bringing an opportunity to affirm afresh our membership in the communities in which we have been called to stand.

In our kinship with the families which nurture us can come a renewal denied to those who refuse to venture. Growing pains there may have to be. There ought also to be some live evidence of our awareness that the true learner can always be recognized as an increasingly grateful, helpful human being.

Of the fellowship of this College we in these days can seek to be more nearly worthy. To have entered into a heritage of faith and scholarship, of prayer and learning, established in affection and in shared values, led by those who are both wise and good—who can claim to have deserved so much?

It is in the perspective of the community of believers that all our Decembers find meaning. When lesser callings fail us—as we ourselves in the nature of things in this world of space and time so continually fail the best of those by whom our way is blessed, we are not forsaken. Here is the healing companionship in whose presence we are constantly judged and restored.

In the seasons ahead promised by the gladness of this Christmas, may we show forth something of the forgiveness and the joy and the love of Christ. It is here in this place, and not in some other, that just now you and I can, if at all, do these things.

Maxine Garner.

It's Our Move

We who are Baptists have been considerably disturbed by the furor caused by the Baptist State Convention. The dancing question is not particularly important, although no amount of legislation will induce us to believe that dancing *per se* is in any way "demoralizing." Repercussions of the convention are important, however. We do not like the light which publicity has placed our denomination in. We will not have Meredith put in the same light.

We believe our college to be ethically as well as scholastically sound. We have implicit faith in the integrity of the faculty and administration. As we recognize and appreciate the parenthood of the State Baptist Convention, we are convinced that the principles governing this institution are in complete accordance with basic Baptist beliefs and that there can be no real grounds for criticism.

While the appointment of the committee of seventeen is somewhat damaging to our pride, it is really a matter of little concern to us. We invite the committee to come and see for themselves just what it is that is good about Meredith. Then we suggest that the Convention turn the directing of the college back to the trustees, who have acted always with sincerity and intelligence.

Next week we will be going to homes scattered in all parts of the state. We will be meeting people with varied opinions of the issues that have called attention to Meredith. Let's tell them—nicely—how we feel.



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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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They Call It "Merry"

By PAGE SINK

Once upon a Christmas Eve a certain old cynic heard jingle bells ringing and said, "Bah! Humbug!" And all the Christmas lovers in the world turned to him and said, "Why, you old fool! You don't believe in Santa Claus." Pretty soon the old cynic was eating turkey and plum pudding, giving crowns to errand boys, and feeling Christmas from his wig to his shoe-buckles.

Christmas means different things to different people: to old cynics it means "bah" and "humbug"; to rich little children it means a yard-tall doll with high heels and earrings or an electric train that runs from the living room to the kitchen and back again; to poor little children it means a new sweater and three pairs of socks; to rich Mrs. Woorstvansmitch it means a long list of all "my dahling friends whom I can't neglect"; to Santa Claus it means eleven and three-fourths months of tinkering in his workshop; to the Reverend Mr. Johnson it means hours behind closed doors in a frantic search for an inspiring Christmas sermon with a new slant. And finally, to Meredith girls, Christmas means those wonderful fourteen days of complete bliss after three weeks of worried bustle.

For worry and bustle we do! We come back from Thanksgiving chock full of plans and Christmas spirit and good intentions only to be met by an avalanche of "little things

that must be done." Presents to buy for the suite, the little sisters, for the hall party, for extra special people—and a mere pittance to squeeze them out of. Two parties to plan and five to go to. A panel discussion and a term paper due within a week of each other. Three big tests, six papers, and innumerable pops to contend with. A pair of socks that must be finished before the fourteenth, a book that lies temptingly by the bed, and that incomparable worry over what to give Tom. All to the tune of "Peace on Earth, Good will toward Men." We even begin to look forward to classes because that's the only time when we can just sit . . . and rest . . . and not run around somewhere. By the time the holidays arrive, we are completely drained of Christmas spirit, so we go through the mere motions of Christmas. Yes, Christmas at Meredith can be described as a worried bustle. We forget all about the Christ and the angels and just run around doing things, and sleeping through chapel.

Perhaps the old cynic saw people like us when he said "Bah! Humbug!" Perhaps we need a tiny little boy with a lame leg to say to us, "God bless you every one." Perhaps we should not look so hard at the artificial Christmas trees and the gigantic bottles of "Intimate" and try to get the plum pudding and the manger scene into our perspective. Perhaps we should think a little about this Christmas business.

Musical Notes

By JOYCE SKILLMAN

The air of suspense and excitement, the jittery nerves of some few students and the haggard look of overworked fingers telling of many extra hours of practice could reveal only one thing—the near approach of a senior recital. The graduation recitals for this year will be off to a fine start with public school music majors. These girls—Molly Sloan, Carolyn Holliday, Lee Pass, and Peggy Yancey—will present a piano recital in Jones Auditorium on December 13. All students are invited, and I hope you will take advantage of this opportunity.

Doors Are Decorated

By LYNDA EVANS

At last, Christmas is here!

Yes, it seems that our campus is going all out on Christmas decorations. Hardly a door remains un-garnished! The dull panes are now frosted with artificial snow, cotton, angel hair, or tinsel. It's a sight to behold when you encounter Santa driving his flying reindeer across the panels of door in the guise of a housetop. A gala tree fashioned of Christmas cards may cover a whole door. Again, a door may be draped with fluffy angel hair or cotton and scattered with multicolored shining balls. Hanging on some panels you may see wreaths of holly or greenery strung with paper chains or popcorn strings. Attached to others are stockings filled with Christmas ornaments or paper baby angels swinging from a holly bough.

All these various and sundry decorations that greet you as you stroll through our halls this week are meaningful to us. These are the ways that the girls behind these doors have chosen to say to you MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Lou's Remarks

By LOUISE WHITE

In addition to being the most intelligent, the most poised, and the most beautiful college students on the face of the earth, Meredith girls are also the world's best grippers. The student body has several standard complaints such as "We have too much work," "The food is bad and getting worse," "The infirmary is horrible," and "Why don't we take a month for Christmas so we will be out with State, Duke, and Carolina?" Such complaints as these should be eliminated. For one thing, everybody has heard them two or three thousand times. Also, they are not entirely based on fact. There is plenty of work to be sure, but Meredith is a COLLEGE. The food may not be like Mama cooks, but Mama is catering to the wishes of one family, while the dining hall is balancing calories and vitamins for six hundred people. The infirmary may not closely resemble heaven, but what place does when you have the flu?

The individual gripes are harder to eliminate than the universal ones. Personal complaints range from "Why do I have to take P.E.?" to "I have so many dates that I call everybody I date by the wrong name." If these problems are real, people could at least stop talking about them constantly.

I realize that superiority in every field of endeavor cannot be avoided by Meredith girls, so the only thing to do about the griping and complaining is never to attempt it. This is one field in which perfection is not commendable.

FROM THE Contemporary Scene

By MARGARET PARIS

With the approaching season comes the problem of Christmas gifts. Several question marks could well represent the frame of mind of most shoppers—students particularly? This column would like to make a few suggestions for, not only appreciated, but valuable and lasting gifts. I hesitate to use the word "books" for fear the readers will stop right here—read no further. However, before you readers close your mind to this suggestion for a gift, let me briefly defend books as gifts. In our television-emphasis age, with pleasure and entertainment desired in the quickest, "easiest" manner ("I'm too tired to think, let me relax!"), books are not as popular as they were fifty years, even twenty-five years ago, when fewer people knew how to read and appreciate good literature. We have not forgotten how to think, but, perhaps, we have forgotten the enjoyment that comes from reading other people's thoughts and experiences. Yet, pleasure reading is not term paper research, but *pleasure* that is similar to pleasure in conversation with people. The advantage of reading over conversation is that authors usually express themselves more clearly, in a more interesting way than does the average person.

With sincere hopes that the idea of books as gifts will not be laughed off, I would like to offer a few suggestions for gifts that a person can keep a lifetime and never tire of. My suggestions are limited to contemporary works; however, many centuries have produced other books which are just as delightful, just as current (human emotions are always the same).

The December 1, *New York Times Book Review* is devoted almost exclusively to lists of books, Christmas gift suggestions. I would recommend this to everyone for a more complete coverage than this column. And why not begin with art books? Every person has some interest in some type of art. The State Art Museum Book Store in Raleigh, managed by a Meredith graduate, offers an excellent selection in art books, priced from \$.50 to \$30.00. Besides books concerned with particular painters or centuries, there are many delightful books on the general subject of art. *The Dictionary of Modern Painting*, edited by Fernand Hazan, priced at only \$6.95 includes complete information on every aspect of modern painting—terms, processes and artists. In this book are 270 full color and 80 black and white reproductions from museums

(Continued on page three)



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"Man, that 'Silent Night' always gets me in the Christmas spirit!"