

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Full realizing the danger of further butchering a well-hashed subject, let us consider once more the "true Christmas spirit." Everybody likes and heartily approves of holiday gifts, parties, and relaxing from the strain of class and homework. Even so, there is danger that in our "getting and spending," partying, and relaxing we will completely overlook the cause of it all. On the other hand, we can become so fed up with tinsel and bells that we say "Bah, Humbug" to the whole season. Either approach is wrong.

First we must realize that all the celebration of Christmas began as a human attempt to recognize a divine gift. Christmas is complete and perfect in itself, but the early Christians wished to add their bit and prove their thankfulness. Of necessity, pagan tones were given to the celebration from the beginning. Christmas was mingled with Roman brawls, Anglo-Saxon superstitions, and practices of every other pagan group which was converted to Christianity. Hence our commercial gift-giving and gay partying are only another "tribal" addition to the basic Christmas reality. We should be able to take American Christmas customs for what they are worth and relate them to true Christmas as smoothly as we do the German Christmas tree and the Druid mistletoe. Nothing should be allowed to overshadow or outshine the divine love which is Christmas.

Bitterness at what man has done to the divine should not, however, make us give up the whole thing. Our Puritan ancestors tried to do so by outlawing Christmas celebration because it was pagan in practice. Time has told that their attempt was a failure. It is encouraging to think that Christmas lived in America not only because non-Puritan groups celebrated it, but also because all people wished to give recognition to the coming of Christ. It seems unlikely that celebration with no conviction beneath it could survive, for people can celebrate any time. In our disgust at Yule-tide corruption of the perfect, we should realize that the work of centuries has made Christmas and us what we are. Instead of giving up and secluding ourselves, we should endeavor to enjoy what is good in our customs, remembering always their source and significance in relation to the true meaning of Christmas.

L. W.

We Thank You So Much

THE TWIG staff wishes to raise a rousing cheer for the dining-hall staff, the maids, and the janitors. Neither snow, slush, ice, nor the prospect of three-mile walks have deterred them from coming to Meredith to work on the mornings when we have blizzards. Because of the fortitude of these people, we have had food, scraped sidewalks, and no puddles in the halls. THE TWIG joins Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Walters, Mrs. Whilden, and Mr. Belcher in admiration and thanks.



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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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THE EYEBALL

By WHEDBEE

From Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Tree*.

"And I do come home at Christmas. We all do, or we all should. We all come home, or ought to come home, for a short holiday — the longer, the better — from the great boarding-school, where we are forever working at our arithmetical slates, to take, and give a rest."

From Whedbee

"Oh, there's no place like home for the holidays." It's all in the way you look at things:

We know Christmas is here when we walk down Meredith halls and see the doors of rooms covered with holiday cheer expectant of the season's spirit and the omens of fifty-cent fines for excessive tape and thumb tacks. One eager roomie had placed her blue wrapping - paper background on her door and was waiting to complete her decor by adding the figures of the three men from the East bearing gifts, when in her puzzlement she yelled to her roommate, "Hey, where do I put the three wise guys, anyhow?"

How the Beasts Keep Christmas

At midnight's stroke,
In barn, in stall,
Kneel all
the dumb folk.

Meekly bow
In reverence, then,
The silly hen,
The horned cow,

For a breath's space.
An ass and ox
Makes, each, his box
A kneeling place.

Even the dark
Forest peoples
Hear the steeple's
"Hark! Hark!"

And glory wheels
Through den and lair.
Beside the hare,
Fox kneels,

Till all on earth
of fur and feather.
Praise together
Christ's birth.

The when or why
Can none recall.
Yet kneel all.
And kneel I.

PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

A thought from T. S. Eliot good for any time of the year:

"A liberalised or negative condition of society must either proceed into a gradual decline of which we can see no end, or (whether as a result of catastrophe or not) reform itself into a positive shape which is likely to be effectively secular . . . the Anglo-Saxons display a capacity for diluting their religion, probably in excess of that of any other race."

What is this CHRISTMAS anyway? have a merri one. . . .

WHY NO DOODLES

The campus is without any "Denny's Doodles" in this issue of the TWIG because we have been without Denny for several days. Denny took it upon herself, asking no special permission, to retire to her bed with flu. Nobody can quarrel with our witty writer about her collapse before the virus, for she could not be enjoying her enforced absence from class through the snow, campus confinement, and a closed Roy's.

However, the TWIG staff hopes that Denny is putting her days in bed to good use and is creating many "Doodles" for subsequent issues. For instance, she could discuss: "Why I refuse to have flu when others do," "The snow I saw but never felt," or "Chicken noodle

soup and TV vs. snow cream and studying." Many of the world's greatest works of genius were created by people who were not in the peak of health at the movement.

Also, THE TWIG feels compelled by conscience to tell Denny that her possessions have been borrowed in her absence. One of her bootless buddies has used her red boots during the snow, and her record player is marooned on Faircloth Street. However, both boots and player are in "status quo ante bellum" condition.

Surely, you, the readers of the TWIG, will agree that all this chatter is a poor substitute for "Denny's Doodles" and will join us in our welcome - back - to - campi - party for Denny.

The Music Box

By MARGARET HURST

With concert season over for a little while, I have room to tell you a little more news directly from our department. As you know, the members of the music faculty spent a great deal of time and effort on the booklets which were given out in chapel to help us form a well-rounded acquaintance with the great music of the ages. I know of no other such information available to students; and even if you can't seem to find time to listen to the various records now, I hope you will use the booklet as a guide as you build your classical record library. If you already have a large selection of good records, won't you give the booklet to someone you know who will put it to good use?

The Lighter Touch: birthday surprises for Dr. Cooper and Miss Haeseler . . . grumbles resulting from the pre-Christmas or Sophomore slump — faculty members trying to get to the root of the problem . . . talk of quitting, which is only talk (we all have troubles at some time or another) . . . choosing the pieces we know best — and sometimes the only ones we know at all — to play for exams . . . looking ahead already to the Spring Concert . . . the Ensemble making its Christmas rounds . . . students learning new recipes from Miss Swanson — something called Swedish meatballs . . . Miss Swanson learning Swedish along with her other accomplishments . . . music students walking to Cameron Village in the snow! I suppose we are a little bit crackpots!

Don't Forget!

When you leave for the holidays, remember to:
Lock rooms—

Magic Moments

By KAY JOHNSON

For each ecstatic instant
We must an anguish pay
In keen and quivering ratio
To the ecstasy.

For each beloved hour
Sharp pittance of years,
Bitter contested farthings
And coffers heaped with tears.

EMILY DICKINSON

Where is the heather? Is it only the lilac twisted in the hand of the Inane? Do you hear "The Voice" breaking the wonder of the forest stillness? There must be heather! Otherwise there is no Hope or Love or Joy.

E. Dickinson is right in her poem. The joy is always balanced — and paid for — with pain. It is hard to realize that joy can only be fully appreciated through comparison with pain. Why, though, must it be so hard to see the "ecstatic instant" when it comes? Why does Time efface the joy and leave the bitterness? Where is the answer? One should not bog down in the quagmire of disgust and hate. But we wait as Time trickles with the trend making no attempt to trim the thoughts which tear into threads our regard for all things outside ourselves — and even our own self-respect.

The woman named Tomorrow
Sits with a hairpin in her teeth
And takes her time

And does her hair the way she wants it

And fastens at last the last braid and coil

And puts the hairpin where it belongs

And turns and draws: "Well, what of it?"

My grandmother, Yesterday, is gone.

What of it? Let the dead be dead."

"Four Preludes on Playthings of the Wind" — CARL SANDBURG.

The heather and the jonquils are dead! But there is Tomorrow — no matter how cruel. And heather and jonquils bloom again — though not in the same place or way — but with remembered bittersweetness.

- Lock closets—
- Close windows—
- Disconnect all electrical appliances—
- Leave the radiators on—
- Dispose of all Christmas decorations—
- Cign SP slip and dorm card—
- Have a Merry Christmas!

Campus Comedy



"I DUNNO, I JUST CAN'T GET INTO THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT. MAYBE IT'S 'CAUSE I'M FLUNKING HALF MY COURSES."