

LOOK FOR DEEPER MEANING

In the December 14 issue of *Time* there is a thought-provoking prayer used as the Christmas advertisement of the Bankers Trust Company of New York. We might do well to consider the words of the prayer as citizens of what is known as a Christian nation. This is the prayer:

"There is goodwill in the hearts of men at Christmas. There's a warm welcome for the neighbor—a deep desire for friendship between nations—a determination to achieve lasting peace. Clouds scud along the horizon, sometimes building up to brightening thunderheads. Angry voices thunder without reason—and threads, like lightning, break and crash over the people's heads. Yet the eternal stars are there—stars of Hope, of Faith, of Love—now dimmed or hidden by the clouds—now breaking through with a clarity and brilliance and strength that will not be denied. May these stars be seen and followed by the wise men of all nations. May they light the path to peace. That is the Christmas prayer of the people."

For some time now we have sensed that the real significance of Christmas lay beyond the ideas we held as children, important though they were to us then. We have seen ourselves and those around us get so involved in the bustle of last-minute shopping and the task of decorating the house that we almost forget — forget to be thankful. Christmas is a joyful season, but we must be careful not to forget why we are joyful.

Up until a couple of years ago, one of the churches in our Raleigh community held a living nativity scene during the week before Christmas on the lawn beside the church. As a background to the scene, in which members of the church participated, there were both Christmas music and a narrative. Entire families in the neighborhood would walk to the church to see the nativity, as well as those who saw it from their cars. Those of us who have stood in the crowd watching could not help but come away with a deeper conviction that the true meaning of Christmas lies in the hearts of men—whether they live in our nation or elsewhere. L.E.H.

IT CAN HAPPEN HERE

The fire on the campus Sunday night should have made it clear to all of us that fire prevention deserves a definite place in the life of our college. The fire drills, the reminders about over-loaded sockets, the cautioning remarks about half-smoked cigarettes—these are important and not just words and activities created by those in authority to take up more of our "leisure" time.

The Raleigh Fire Department soon had the fire out; and, though there was a definite loss, the fire could have been much more serious. Had the Sunday night fire been somewhere besides in a storage shed, would the outcome have been the same?

When we must get up in the early morning for a fire drill, or when we leave the classroom buildings during a daytime drill, few of us stop to think that what we do as such a drill may determine what we will do in a real emergency. The purpose of such drills is to make our reaction to a given signal automatic; so that at the signal we will be able to act calmly and sensibly, without indecision and without panic.

No one expects college girls—or anyone else, for that matter—to get up before breakfast for a fire drill without a little good-natured complaining, but we are old enough and supposedly mature enough to recognize the importance of fire drills. The administration should be able to count on our co-operation. After all, it is our lives they are trying to protect.

M.A.B.



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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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Music Notes

By ANNE SHARPE

All of us were really filled with the Christmas spirit after hearing the very lovely music presented by the Chorus in the concert Sunday afternoon. It was indeed inspiring.

Two senior recitals will be on schedule immediately following the holidays. Harriette Sutton will give hers in Jones Auditorium and Sylvia Meade will play in the Hayes Barton Methodist Church. Both students will be performing on the organ.

Members of the organ class were privileged to hear a most helpful and informative lecture on wedding music last Tuesday. Miss Haeseler presented much new music for our consideration.

Miss Ruth Jewel of the State Department of Public Instruction spoke last week to the music methods. All of us were amazed at her vivacity, for after several rounds of games, songs and rhythms, we were exhausted.

Overheard in the music department: Christmas carols echoing from the practice rooms . . . student teachers practicing on each other . . . Miss Haeseler telling about her new coffee making . . . Margaret and Mr. Blanchard in deep discussion. . . .

DENNY'S DOINGS

By CYNTHIA DENNY

The hurry and scurry, the excitement of the Christmas season is with us. It's "Up with the tinsel and the wreath! Out with the jingles and the tunes! Down to the town of smiling merchants!" And comes a period of exuberance and festivity.

The tree, the wreath, the top-most star, will be taken away. The carols will fade from the lips.

The Message, the eternal Glory of Christmas, however, does not fade. As it is conveyed in every art of true giving, so it rests in the heart as Love, bringer of Joy and Peace to all.

A Christmas poem from early days:

It was a most Holy night
For on it was born a King
The world to save.
From the Virgin's face shone a glorious light
As she looked upon the Holy Babe

Angels came in a sacred throng
Led by a Seraph, singing a song of a Child
Who would save the world of its sin,
Who would open the Doors of Heaven and let Mankind in;
Who shall ease the troubled soul, and teach Man
Right from wrong.

The universe, shepherds, wisemen and kings
Rejoiced, as the angels voiced their song on high
Of the Prince who someday would die
Upon the cross, which would send its Message through the whole wide earth.
Praise be to God for Emmanuel's birth!

Seen Around Campus

The lovely Christmas trees in the dining hall, in the Blue Parlor, and on the front lawn.

Industrious and relieved students finishing up term papers before the holidays.

Christmas brides on cloud 9 — except for the thank-you notes.

Student teachers really enjoying the Saturday morning sleeping.

The confusion of trying to shop and go to school at the same time.

Many people at the Chorus concert.

Some very ingenious door decorations.

THIS AND THAT AND CHRISTMAS

By NANCY SHEARIN

Since anything said on the subject of Christmas this late in the season is apt to be anti-climatic to the pre-Thanksgiving Christmas parades, the early snow flurries, the somewhat worn carols and the early Christmas shoppers—I'll just drop my gifts to you here at the door:

A snow-star for your hair;
A Santa amile to share;
A lick of sticky striped peppermint;
A breath of orange and pine—
These little gifts of mine,
Wrapped up in love and peace,
to you are sent.

Now then, "Christmas is over, and business is business." The business at hand is a brand new year, 1960. Nope! Let's not talk about resolutions; frankly I never keep them. I believe I'll pay my respects to the New Year in short order too:

Baby New Year,
Bring a candle
Cold and blind—
Are our dark lands.

Little New Year,
Do not stumble—
Men of Earth
Can't help you stand.

Tiny New Year,
Hear our crying—
Stop by heaven;
Warm your hands.

Let's go on. Shall we talk about the 1960 presidential campaign? Exam? We could discuss income-tax returns, but who has an income? At this rate, it'll soon be next Christmas. Maybe we should have talked about Christmas anyway and said again all the things that somehow never really become conventional or trite.

And we're right back where we started—where everything we believe in started — Christmas — a magic word for children of every age and land. How fortunate are those adults who childlike get a gleam in their eyes and a "thrill of hope" in their hearts even after they're too old to know that Santa can indeed come down a two-foot wide synthetic chimney, and that the cattle do kneel on Christmas Eve. If I could send one gift to you and to a child in Russia and a doctor in Switzerland and a soldier in France—that would be it—"A thrill of hope," beginning in Christmas and warming our hearts and our world throughout the New Year.

ed. notes

The three lovely Christmas trees on campus were given to the college by Mr. Herndon, the night watchman. We all certainly think the trees are beautiful and we appreciate his thinking of us in such a way. Thank you very much!

Miss Sally Wills Holland has left two eighteenth century chairs to the Alumnae House. Miss Grimmer says the chairs are "exquisite" and invites us to come and see them after Christmas.

The "Campus Comedy" this issue might seem to be more appropriate for May or June, but with so many Christmas brides on campus we felt it would have meaning now. Best wishes to you all.

Speaking of Christmas weddings, the editor wishes to inform the public at large that living through the wedding of a roommate and the wedding of an associate editor — all at the same time — is quite a shattering experience.

Student teachers are beginning to make promises — or threats, as you wish — about how they are going to bring up their children. It seems they have come in contact with a few children that do not fill the

description of "the perfect child to teach."

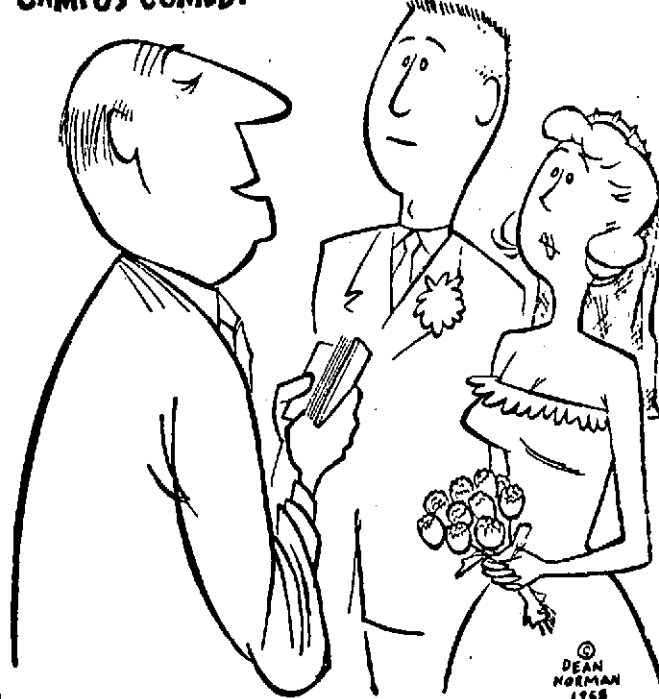
The various doors around the dorms show that Meredith has some original thinkers among its students. A sure way to raise fallen spirits is to take a walk up and down a few halls — the Christmas spirit will come and you'll feel much better (if you don't get homesick instead).

Almost every bus coming back from up-town brings Meredith girls with their arms full of packages. Roommates find it very difficult to shop for each other and even more difficult to invent logical stories when caught with "the goods in hand."

We were all very excited to read about the new dorm which will be built in the immediate future. Meredith is definitely growing; but it is good to see that a college can grow without losing its academic standards and without losing the "feeling" which makes its students value it so highly.

The TWIG would like to wish every one a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Don't work too hard during the holidays — because exams begin three weeks after we come back. And on that merry note we say adieu. . . .

CAMPUS COMEDY



"DO YOU PROMISE TO LOVE, HONOR, AND TYPE THY HUSBAND'S TERM PAPERS?"

Counsel groups having Christmas parties.

Pre-occupied girls humming "I'll Be Home for Christmas."

Freshmen planning to take several suitcases home for the holidays and seniors boasting (or bemoaning) that they will need only one.

Overly-optimistic students planning to accomplish much while they are home.

Suites having a hilarious time trying to keep presents a secret.

First grade student teachers discovering that Christmas excitement is catching, but definitely!