

Freshman Breaks

"You a freshman?" she queried.

Surmising the inquirer with a haughty toss of her head and a disdainful eye the young lady thus addressed replied, "Not on your life, greenhorn, I'm a senior, S-E-N-I-O-R, in case you don't know how to spell it." And giving her skirts a delicious little swish she walked away over the campus.

The greenhorn groaned inwardly and flopped down on the gravel walk; books and all. "Another break," she sighed disconsolately, "another break which makes the hundreth, no, about the millionth, perhaps nearer the billionth, one that I've made since I landed at this place called college."

And remaining where she had fallen the greenhorn proceeded to relate her experiences a la Samuel Johnson style affecting a mournful monotone, while to me has fallen the task of becoming a second James Boswell.

"Well, upon my arrival the first day whom should I bump into (pardon the verb but every one seems to float around here like so many atoms and electrons making a collision rather conceivable) but the student government president. Tall, her beautiful teeth flashing, and her red lips and dusky eyes sparkling from their dark setting, I presumed that the college authorities had imported a Spanish senorita to entertain the new students as they arrived. Accordingly by way of greeting I said, "Adios," that being the only word in my Spanish vocabulary at my command.

"Adios," echoed the supposedly Spanish senorita blankly.

"Yes, adios," replied I eagerly. "Aren't you an imported Spanish senor-i-ta?"

"No, I'm (the student government president?"), answered the Spanish senorita, and I meekly followed her to my quarters.

A BREAK!

Suddenly out of the lull came a fearful sound. Merciful heavens, was the college on fire? Rushing madly down the stairs—one flight, two flights, would I never reach the first floor—I ran headlong into a big, buxom lady.

"Where's the fire? Water! Water! Here, help me to disintegrate this fountain. Stop standing there so dumbly, you don't want the college to burn down or up, whichever it is, do you? And my first year, too!"

"The college burning, my dear? Why that's only the gong for lunch; you have fifteen minutes yet before it is served. **ONLY ANOTHER BREAK!**

Lunch time came and as I entered the dining hall the dietitian seized me and marched me to a table at which a group of elderly ladies were

seated. "Hmn, beastly weather, isn't it?" I remarked by way of beginning a conversation. The lady to whom the remark was addressed turned to me, "Yes, I heard that you could buy watermelons two for a nickel. I certainly would like to have an ice-cold one now."

Stupefied I slipped into my place wondering what relation that could possibly have to my inquiry. Never mind, probably a hallucination of the brain or simpler still brain fever.

"Do you like to read?" I began again this time addressing my remark to the lady seated at my left, and who, in turn, answered, "I hope we have chocolate ice-cream for lunch today for I do love it!"

My head swimming I finally blurted out, "Have any of the faculty of the music department arrived, particularly Mr. Battin (incidentally I gave the "in" the French nasal sound)?"

"Yes," a resonant voice reached my ears, bounded on the drums and slowly filtered into my sawdust. "Yes, Mr. Batt—IN (wow, that hit unusually hard) has arrived and I, the head of the piano department, also."

While I was trying very unsuccessfully not to display my discomfiture another voice followed close on the proceeding, "My dear, may I introduce to you some of the members of the faculty? This is the librarian —." I gave one look, the lady to my left! "And this is—." [The voice trailed off into oblivion, the food lost its savoriness and the person called me waded into unconsciousness.

ANOTHER BREAK!

And now only last evening, after being here for almost a week, I was in the dining hall waiting on my tables (My, how one has to slip and slide to fill up those starving maniacs). During a spare moment I picked up a book lying near, "Modern Contemporary Criticism." After glancing furtively around and finding nobody looking, I peered beneath the covers and was lost to this mundane existence.

"Hey, pst—t-t-t," someone called softly across the hall, but I failed utterly to rouse the book-worm. "Hey, snap out of it and give us some food!"

I ran to the poor little Armenians, in the meantime my face had become crimson, and seized manfully the knives, forks, spoons, plates and glasses carrying them to the side table. At last I returned triumphantly to the table exclaiming, "Now, what will you have?"

"Have?" chorused the occupants. "First of all, we would like to have something to eat out and with!" **ONLY ANOTHER BREAK!**

But in the distance I see a spectre looming. It comes nearer; ah, it is I in S-E-N-I-O-R garb gazing pitifully and amusedly at the fresh-

man as he breaks through new and green pastures to forage.

And Samuel Johnson picked up her books and herself as well and wended her way to classes leaving poor James Boswell to record her remarks which has been done faithfully, truthfully (?).

Gift of the Class of 1930

The following is a list of books purchased with money donated to the Library by the Class of 1930, for the use of the Departments of Art, Music and Philosophy and Psychology.

ART

Atherton, *Immortal marriage*; Cartwright, *Botticelli*; Cockrell, *Introduction to Art*; Derwent, *Goya, an impression of Spain*; Drepperd, *Early American prints: Eastern Art*, an annual, 1930; Faure, *History of Art*, Volume 3: *Renaissance Art*; Faure, *History of Art*, Volume 5: *The spirit of the forms*; Fischer, *The permanent palette*; Foster, *Fun sketching*; Gronau, *Leonardo da Vinci*; Hueffer, *Holbein*; Kent, *Wilderness*; McMahon, *Meaning of Art*; Marquart, *Circles and squares*; Munro, *Great pictures of Europe*; Phillips, *Technique of the color wood-cut*; Poore, *Art principles*; Poore, *Conception of Art*; Poore, *Pictorial composition*; Powers, *Venice and its Art*; Richards, *Art in industry*; Rutter, *El Greco*; Sparrow, *Gospels in Art*; Sparrow, *Women painters of the world*; Stimson, *The gate beautiful*; Strunsky, *King Akhnaton*; Sturgis, *How to judge architecture*.

MUSIC

Bauer, *How music grew*; Chicago symphony orchestra, *Program notes*, 10 volumes; Dawson, *German life in town and country*; Du Moulin-Eckart, *Cosima Wagner*; Dyson, *The new music*; Finck, *Musical laughs*; Flower, *George Frederic Handel*; Gilman, *Stories of Symphonic music*; Henderson, *Story of music*; Lavignac, *Music dramas of Richard Wagner*; Matthay, *On method in teaching*; Matthay, *Problems of agility*; Rolland, *Modern music*, a quarterly review, November 1924—date; Rolland, *Musical tour through the land of the past*; Wolzogen, *Thematic guide through the music of Parsifal*.

PHILOSOPHY AND PSYCHOLOGY

Anselm, Saint, *Proslogium, Monologium, Cur Deus homo?*; Aristotle, *Categoriae, De interpretatione, Analytica priora, Analytica posteriora*; Aristotle, *Physica, De caelo, De generatione et corruptione*; Aristotle, *Meteorologica, De mundo, De anima, Parva naturalia, De spiritu*; Berkeley, *Works*; Chamberlain, *Immanuel Kant*; Dashiell, *Fundamentals of objective psychology*; Dodds, *Select passages illustrating Neoplatonism*; Erdmann, *History of*

philosophy; Fichte, *Vocation of man*; Hegel, *Philosophy of fine Art*; Hyslop *The great abnormals*; Fox, *Educational psychology*; James, *Psychology*, 6 copies; Jung, *Psychological types*; Kant, *Critique of practical reason*; MacCurdy, *Problems in dynamic psychology*; Miles, *Alcohol and human efficiency*; Murphy, *Historical introduction to modern psychology*; Parmelee, *Criminology*; Roth, *Spinoza, Descartes and Maimonides*; Seashore, *Introduction to psychology*, 4 copies; Sidis, *Multiple personality*; Taylor, *Aristotle on*

his predecessors; Wolfe, A., editor, *Oldest biography of Spinoza*; Worth, *Patience, Hope Trueblood*; Prince, *Case of Patience Worth*.

Raleigh Beauty Shoppe

109 1/2 Fayetteville Street
RALEIGH, N. C.
Phone 2006

Artistic Hair Cutting for Ladies. We Specialize in Arnol Scalp treatments. Eugene and Frederic—Permanent coloring and all other forms of Beauty Culture.

DeShazo's School of Beauty Culture

127 Fayetteville Street Raleigh, N. C. Phone 2153

Offers you complete work in Beauty Culture. All branches of service given by both Student and Professional operators

IN OUR SCHOOL

Shampoo and Finger Wave	50c
Shampoo and Marcel	50c
Manicure	35c
Permanent Waves	\$4 and \$5
IN OUR SUPPLY	
Shampoo and Finger Wave	\$1.25
Shampoo and Marcel	\$1.25
Permanent Wave	\$10.00

ANNA BELLE SHOPPE, Inc.

122 Fayetteville Street

Formerly Kassels Ladies Shop

We are showing exclusive styles in

Coats, Suits, Dresses, Evening Gowns and Wraps

and a beautiful line of

Millinery

all very reasonably priced

Frocks from \$5.95 up to \$6.50

Coats \$16.50 up to \$69.50

Hats \$0.00 up to \$5.00

Your Visit to Our Shop Will Be of Great Value to You