

The Twig

Published Biweekly as the Official Organ of the Student Body of Meredith College

KATHERINE SHUFORD.....Editor
FRANCES PITTMAN.....Associate Editor
MARY JOHNSON MACMILLAN.....Associate Editor
KATE MILLS SUITER.....Business Manager
HELEN HILLIARD.....Assistant Business Manager
MARY JANE LINDLEY.....Assistant Business Manager
ELEANOR EDWARDS.....Managing Editor
FRANCES TATUM.....Managing Editor
DOROTHY LOWDERMILK.....Managing Editor
RUTH PURVIS.....Typist
RUTH ABERNETHY.....Art Editor
KATE COVINGTON.....Feature Editor

Reporters
ETHEL KNOTT MARGARET GRAYSON
LILLIAN POE MILDRED ANN CRITCHER
VIRGINIA REYNOLDS ANNIE ELIZABETH COWARD

Entered as second-class matter October 11, 1923, at Postoffice at Raleigh, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879.
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 11, 1923.

Subscription Price.....\$1.50

THE EXTRA THINGS

Last week the Civic Music Association held its annual drive for members, offering them the best in music coming to Raleigh during the winter months. This week Miss Virginia Branch, of the Meredith College Music Faculty gave a piano recital in the college auditorium. Josef Hoffman, world renowned pianist, recently gave a recital in a neighboring city.

The Meredith College Library contains valuable and worthwhile books on every imaginable subject, besides the best of current fiction.

The Library also takes some magazines called *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Monthly*, *A Review of Reviews*, *Time*, *The Forum*, *The Reader's Digest*, and scores of others, bringing to the campus contemporary fiction, criticism and editorial comment.

An art exhibit was on display recently in the college parlors. The pictures were excellent prints of sketches by living, well-known American artists. Another of these exhibits will be shown later in the winter.

Perhaps too much in recent years the phrase, "Lessons aren't everything," has been quoted to educationally aspirant freshmen. Likewise to educationally aspirant sophomores, juniors and seniors. By now we are all pretty thoroughly agreed that lessons aren't everything. Now, apparently another fallacy is confronting us, growing out of the advice given us to minimize lessons, class discussions, and other trivialities to their rightly infinitesimal place on the college campus. A balanced ratio must be worked out by each student individually, giving proportionate time to academic work, recreation, and certain other activities which go to make up a college career, as such.

Although, as we have all, no doubt, been told our education continues all through our lives it is a recognized fact that how we spend our time in college, during our formative years, directs the course of our knowledge and further learning in the years to come. The years in college will in all probability constitute the most concentrated "dose" of education most of us will ever receive. It's up to us to do with them what we will.

After we have proportioned our time, giving lessons, and rightly so, the biggest part, there will be, besides actively recreational time, valuable hours for our disposal. There are so many lovely and worthwhile things which we can become acquainted with, and have, and enjoy all the rest of our lives. This winter in Raleigh will witness a wealth of the nation's finest artists in several fields. Whether we take advantage of these opportunities to hear the best and loveliest of entertainment is up to us. It is also up to us whether we let them slip by unnoticed because we hadn't the time, energy, locomotive power, or whatever it takes to attend them.

No, lessons aren't everything, and neither are campus extra curricular activities, and neither are music concerts, art exhibits, and worthwhile books, but it takes each of them to make a well-rounded college student, and after it's all over, we'll be wondering ourselves which was the most important, and be mighty glad we did what we did in any of them.

M. J. M.

The Student Speaks

An Open Forum for Student Opinion

DAY STUDENTS' PROBLEMS

I was asked the other day if day students have any problems, to which question I now reply, yes.

For one thing, we do not receive notice of the activities which go on but are not posted on the bulletin boards. I always try to look carefully on all the bulletin boards every day and I know a good many of the other girls do, too. Among other things, I do not believe we were notified of the Junior Class meeting at which a decision was made as to what kind of jackets to have. We have not yet been told anything about them—officially—except the price and when the deposit is to be made. This is no slam on the Junior Class—I just happened to think of that example first. This may seem to be only a small matter, but then we do really like to feel a part of the organization and social life of the college as well as members of the classroom.

For another thing, we should like to be better represented in the Student Government. If I am not mistaken, we have only one representative for about a hundred girls, which number, I believe, is not quite proportionate. We realize that many of the problems taken up in the council do not affect us, but then there are many others that do.

Then there is the question of "Big Sisters." While some of the town freshmen have Big Sisters, many others do not. I recall that I did not have one and I always felt that I had missed something, when I would hear the resident students speak proudly of theirs. The day students do not need them so much as the others, I know, but I believe they appreciate being thought of in that way.

On the other hand, we do appreciate the cooperation which you have given us. We always receive *The Twig* and *The Acorn* promptly, both of which we enjoy very much. We appreciate the resident freshmen's entertainment of the town freshmen. And your consideration of us in the matter of chapel excuses when the hour of chapel is not convenient to our schedule means much to us.

Jean Lightfoot.

The Twig Regrets

THE TWIG staff wishes to offer a profound apology to the public in general and the English faculty in particular. Several issues ago the glaring error "the Reverend Gardner" appeared on the front page. Reprimanded, the staff swore that such a thing should never happen again. But alas for resolutions—the last issue carried the same error in a headline. The staff wishes all and sundry to know that carelessness in proof-reading, not ignorance, caused the catastrophe, and that it won't happen again—if we can help it.

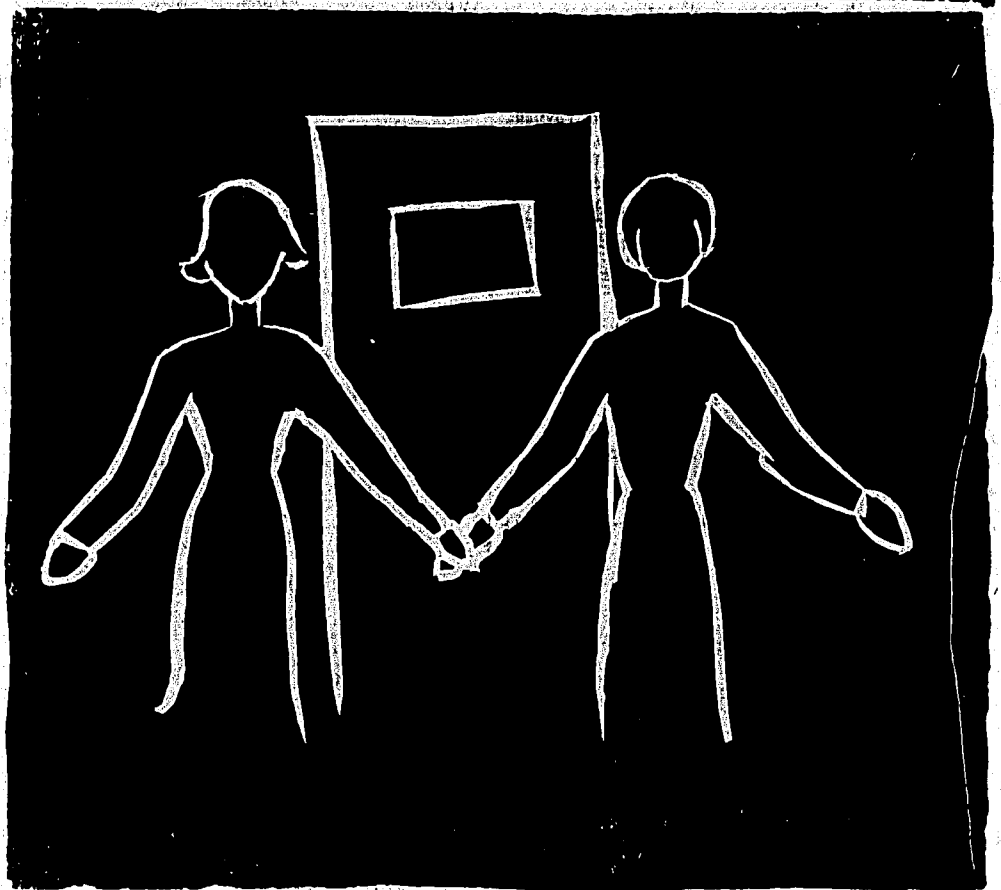
We trust that the raw, shattered nerves of the English faculty will soon become normal, and that the professional reputation of that body will be restored by the subsequent issues of THE TWIG.

The Staff.

Freshmen Handicapped

Distracted girls, running dizzily around, murderous looks cast at elated whisperers, regretful (I doubt it!), but, nevertheless relieved faces at the sight of hopeless countenances of members of other classes—these have been the order of the last few weeks. Stunt night, crowning event for class rivalry, is now upon us, and, prepared or not, our time has come to display talents and fruits of labor. Upperclassmen have been trudging the streets and pouring over manuscripts ever since (Please turn to page four)

No Apple Pie



Minnie The Moocher

By KATE COVINGTON

"Come with me to Aunt Mary's this afternoon," said Mary Johnson, and we can eat apple pie and walk."

"We—er—can eat apple pie and walk?" I repeated, dazzled.

Nothing of particular note occurred on the way except that a bus driver saw his duty only too clearly about our riding all the way on our charm alone. He even failed to make allowances for whose aunt we were going to see. When we got off, we ran two blocks and down to the third house in the third row chasing a woman who had a bunch of tulips in her hand, only they weren't tulips. On second thought, maybe they were tulips, but not quite as floral as one might hope, having run unceasingly for going on three blocks. Making clever remarks, we passed on.

It was comparatively early when we reached the house. Mary Johnson rang the bell and we waited. She rang it again and waited. Then I rang it and waited. Pretty soon we were both waiting.

By and by the door was pulled open by a colored maid who wore purple and chewed without purpose. She held a book which she read unemotionally, also unceasingly.

"Is Aunt Mary here?" asked Mary Johnson brightly.

"Naw," said the colored creature, turning a page and looking noncommittal.

"Is she in Raleigh?" Not quite as sparkingly, perhaps, but with consideration.

"Naw." She chewed on and on.

Mary Johnson looked more like her forefathers at sea, and suggested, "She's coming back this afternoon?"

"Naw," said the maid.

I felt it was only natural that I add a little something to the conversation. "When is she coming back? Do you know?"

"Naw," she fingered a page, stopped chewing, and began again.

"Did she leave any message?"

The door was swinging back and forth against portions of her feet, and she gave it an unconscious whack before replying "Yeah."

"Get that down," I said in an aside to my Mary, "We don't want to forget it."

"What was the message?" I inquired charmingly.

"Tell the man when he come t' look 'n' see where the knock in the kelinator's at."

I yawned. "You—er—have something there." I said to Mary Johnson. She looked at the vision of loveliness before us and said rather hard, "No message for me?"

"Naw."

"Where'd you say she was?"

"I can't say." She chewed this out.

"Well, tell us," I commanded.

"N' Yawk." Simple, just like that.

"Did anybody go with her?" I asked.

"Don't tell me. Let me guess," said Mary Johnson.

"Yeah."

"Uncle Roy and the boys?"

"Yeah."

"Well when she comes back, tell Aunt Mary I came to see her. Will you?"

"Yeah, Y' any kin to 'er?"

"Naw," said Mary Johnson.

"What's that you're reading?" I asked the girl. She held up a thick volume entitled, *Genuine Antique Furniture*, by Arthur de Blas.

"Dear . . . dear . . . aren't you afraid you'll come across something you won't understand?" I queried.

"Naw," said she.

The door slammed as we turned down the steps.

"Er. . . No apple pie," Mary Johnson remarked.

"Naw," I agreed.

At the Theatres

In "The Great Ziegfeld," opening at the State Theatre Tuesday for five days, motion pictures have picked up the torch where the late Florenz Ziegfeld laid it down and have succeeded in out-Ziegfelding the great Ziegfeld himself.

"The Great Ziegfeld" has everything that a great musical picture should have.

During this engagement only the feature will begin at 11:15, 2:20, 5:30 and 8:40. A news completes the program.

Three new song hits, all authored by Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz, Broadway's rhythm kings, are featured in "Under Your Spell," the tune triumph starring Lawrence Tibbett, which comes Sunday and Monday to the Palace Theatre.

They are:

"Under Your Spell," "Amigo" and "My Little Mule Wagon."

Lawrence Tibbett's supporting cast includes Wendy Barrie, Gregory Ratoff and Arthur Treacher.