

THE TWIG

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Procrastination

Everyone is familiar with such expressions as "Procrastination is the thief of time," or "Don't put off until tomorrow what you can do today," or again, "There's no time like the present," and yet a common fault among all students is that of postponing unpleasant duties until the last moment.

We speak with consummate distaste of anyone who would consciously associate with an enemy of society, and yet each of us is guilty at frequent intervals of encouraging this stealer of time, and especially of accomplishment.

How frequently we hear fellow-students or ourselves say plaintively that class work has been allowed to accumulate until it is almost impossible to make it up now; especially was this true during examinations, when most of us faithfully promised to perform tasks as we came to them, instead of leaving them until some vague hour in the future, to be done in such haste, due to the loss of time, that the result is a poor or incomplete job.

All of us realize these things, we discuss them at great length and yet, as a rule, when pledges of future industry are made in our hearing, we laugh, because it is almost a certainty to us that they will soon be forgotten.

In reality, this problem of procrastination is one of the greatest and most serious, that we as students are facing, for in it lies our opportunity for success or failure in the future. It is not a group problem, but one to be fought individually, for it involves such matters as ambition and will-power.

A glance over the careers of persons who have contributed most to our present culture, shows ceaseless industry and the amount of some of their accomplishments seem almost unbelievable to us, for instance in the case of such notables as Shakespeare, Moliere, and Edison. Applying this principle more closely to each of us, we successful students are those who have conquered this only human desire to delay distasteful tasks, and that each of us is capable of winning out in the same manner.

It has often been said that the desire to win is half the victory, and since each of us is anxious to overcome procrastination, and to banish this insidious thief of time from the Meredith campus, let us keep in mind the old adage, "It's the early bird that catches the worm." With this before us, we may start this new semester, tackling each duty as it presents itself.

Last week Meredith received a greatly needed improvement in the form of two bronze plates on the stone pillars at the gate. They have "Meredith College," inscribed on them in letters large enough to be seen from the highway.

Some form of identification has long been needed at Meredith and we feel that it is the sentiment of the entire student body that is being expressed when we say to the college, "Thank you for this valuable improvement."

It does, however, seem a shame that no longer than one day after these plates were installed that two students, "Dorothy" and "Lucy," should take it upon themselves to write their names upon one of the plates. We feel that this was not exactly the best method of expressing their appreciation and that such an act was the result of an oversight on the part of these girls. This is a common fault here at Meredith. A little thought and care on our part is all that is necessary for our being instrumental in making our campus one of which to be proud. Shall we strive for that from now on?

We realize that none of the organizations on our campus function just as we would like for them to, and criticism from the students as to how they would like to see them helps in making our organizations more useful to us. After all, every organization is for the benefit of the student body, and the ultimate aim of each is to better serve every person and to aid in making a better college. These organizations need the co-operation of every student in our school, and they will never get very far without it. Constructive criticism—criticism that shows the fault but then attempts to correct it—is the kind we need. We notice that many people criticize our B. S. U., Athletic Association, our societies, the publications, but these same people never get any further than saying, perhaps, there's just nothing to the societies, or that the B. S. U. never helps them, or that they think the publications do very little for the school, or that our athletics are unimportant. If these people would attend the society meetings and let the president know what kind of programs they liked best, or become a part of the B. S. U. by attending meetings

of its various organizations, and have the kind of meetings they desire, or go out for the different sports and get some spirit between the classes, or contribute articles to The Acorn and write Open Forum letters to THE TWIG, instead of just finding fault with these organizations, they could be improved. What we need is more student cooperation in all our organizations.

Few of us ever stop to realize the importance of sleep in our lives. It is impossible to have good health without an adequate amount of rest. According to the infirmary, many of the illnesses are caused by a lack of rest resulting in a tired, worn-out condition. The infirmary force is doing all it can to protect our health and improve it, but it can do very little without our cooperation. Many girls say that even if they go to bed early, it is impossible to go to sleep because of the noise around ten o'clock. Many of us, returning from the library, or basketball practices, or on our way to the B-Hive or a meeting, make a great deal more noise than we realize—never thinking that anyone may be sleeping. If we would all, even after study hour is over, be as quiet as possible as we go up and down the halls, our school would be much quieter. The proctors on the halls can't maintain quiet during this time without our aid. We must realize that without proper rest we are unable to do our best in our work, and although we have a great deal that must be done, we should get a sufficient amount of sleep.

We Who Speak Latin

By FRIEDA CULBERSON

We Who Speak English is the title of a new book on the market. Now of course, everybody is willing to admit the truth of the statement that we speak English, at least, a tolerable brand of English. But why come forward with such words as "We Who Speak Latin," when Latin is a dead language that nobody speaks? Or do they?

Did you know that only twenty-five per cent of the words in the English language are of native source; that is, from Anglo-Saxon. The other seventy-five per cent come from foreign sources, French, Greek, Latin, and others. Since French for the most part is a form of Latin, you can see that the bulk of our words are of Latin origin. The backbone of our language is the simple Anglo-Saxon words that we have yet, but the words that make it full and expressive we owe

to the staunch old Romans and to the Greeks.

Learning to read is a process of learning to perceive quickly the exact meaning in a group of letters. If we have only a faint idea of the meaning of a word, we may get along without referring to Mr. Noah Webster, but at the same time we may miss half the sense of the passage. Stephen Leacock says that if reading is the vitamin A of education, arithmetic vitamin B, and so on, then Latin ought to be able to squeeze in some where not far down the alphabet, for the study of a language that is the background of ours enables us to become the masters, not the servants of language.

What is a carnivorous animal? What is a genuflection?

So you see, we do speak Latin after all, and that is why some people still find it profitable to study Latin.

Hear Ye

By FRIEDA CULBERSON

A challenge has just been thrown to us. Someone has just told us that we Southerners are intellectually dead, especially Southern girls who never read anything but the society page of the newspaper and who don't know there is a war in Spain. Of all the insulting remarks!

We know there isn't an ounce of truth in it. At least we don't want to think so. Still it won't hurt us to be reminded that it can happen here. And what are we going to do to ward it off?

Every magazine and newspaper you pick up today has its share of book reviews. Though a review of magazine articles is a risky thing to attempt, that is what we are going to do. There is too much good material that comes into print every month and slips quietly onto a shelf in the back periodical room without even getting its share of attention. Since February issues are only now coming in, we will confine ourselves to the January issues.

The number one article we would like to point out is Elliot Janeway's "England Moves Toward Fascism" in Harper's Monthly in which he explains how England's gradual loss of world trade and subsequent

armament program is moving her toward economic Fascism, if not to political.

Next is S. K. Padover's "Unser Amerika" in Forum, telling of plans for a world-wide German Reich, including all of German descent, even in our own America of which they claim for themselves in the title "Unser Amerika." Mr. Padover bases his article on a study of the German press.

A third is Eleanor Roosevelt's "Keepers of Democracy" in the Virginia Quarterly Review, which she states that the fear of Communism may drive us right into the arms of Fascism, and warns us to beware of names and face the facts.

Last of all for variety since these all seem to be on the same general theme, we recommend "Heaven Lies About Us" in the Atlantic Monthly a bit of autobiography by Howard Spring, author of one of our most popular new books, My Son, My Son.

If you have trouble choosing good articles, there is always the list of "bests" chosen by a council of librarians, in the periodical room.

Is there a motion that we accept the challenge and show that we are intellectually wide-awake?

Between You and Me

1. I don't know how you feel, but I know how I feel about this nickname business going around the campus. It's the thing now to call someone by their most disliked nickname. If you want to know who got it all started, I can tell you. It was the president of the student body, Mildred Critcher. . . I think Mildred is a pretty name, don't you?

6. We Meredith girls don't have an R. O. T. C. but we can "stand attention."
7. One girl was brave enough to try a week-end at Carolina the second time—I'll bet she had a swell time, and I don't mean the mumps—or diphtheria either.
8. We may not have a golf course, but there is a regular foursome on this campus. . . It is Dot, Bill, Eddie, Jack.
9. Margaret Jane says that she is going to marry a doctor—until she finds one I guess her roommate will oblige her.
10. Virginia Lancaster has some serious interests at State. I hope it doesn't "Brake" her heart.
11. Doesn't Alta look domestic in the practice house? I bet she wishes it weren't a practice house.
12. Since Doris Ray has gone home there will be a "Wall" missing around here.
13. Jane, is that a swagger coat or a sweater you are wearing?

MIDWINTERS

By JANE THOMPSON



What Is Your Surname?

By CORINNA SHERRON

Have you ever thought about just how popular your last name is; not only here on our campus but over the entire nation? After having read a part of H. L. Menchen's American Language, I realize that the last name most popular in the United States is not so well known here on our campus. We have only two Smith's on our list of students; yet throughout our country it is by all means the leader. The name is of old English origin and means one who works in metals. It has been connected with these essential activities of life down through the ages.

The next best known name in the United States is quite well known here at Meredith. Six Johnsons appear on our list. They may be interested in knowing that their name came to this country from England and its popularity is largely due to the changing of unfamiliar odd names to such a familiar name by immigrants. That is to say, all Johnsons do not have English ancestors.

The most popular surname here on the campus is Green. It is not as well known over the entire na-

tion as a lot of other names. The name is a color nickname of French origin, and may be referred to as a costume name first used during the Middle Ages. The name Brown is also a nickname. It can be traced back to medieval days in Scotland.

Thirty-two Irish eyes go smiling around here every day because we have sixteen names with the prefix of "Mc" or "Mac." Of course, some of these lassies are Scotch, but they are not a bit "scotch" with their smiles.

It is impossible for me to close this article without mentioning a few of the famous names that are represented here on our campus. All of us who study or have studied History and English should be very familiar with Adams, Aycock, Poe, Taylor, Cooper, Buchanan, Lee, Jackson, Wilson and Davis. It is necessary for me to mention Johnson here too, for, even though it is a very common name, it is also a famous one.

Outside all those mentioned are the majority of students whose names are all their own, or perhaps shared with only one or two other students.

Here and There Among the Exchanges

By EVELYN LEVINE

With all due respect I dedicate this to all the roommates on our campus.

Who always borrows, never lends? Your roommate.

Who brings about his low-brow friends? Your roommate.

Who breaks the furniture and lamps? Your roommate.

Who uses up your postage stamps? Who corresponds with movie vamps? Your roommate.

But who's a constant pal to you? Who overlooks the things you do? Who knows and loves you through and through? Your mother.

—Plainsman. I don't know where this got started but I got it from the Alabamian.

READER'S DIGEST

(If you can!)
The Book Shelf
Fiction (Stacks, please)
Look Homeward, Angel — and sign out before you go.
My Son, My Son—Sorry, lady, he isn't around here.
Little Women—Hi Cappa Cap-pa.
Rich Man, Poor Man — Henry Ford and college professors.
"On Borrowed Time"—Ain't we all?
And speaking of "My Son, My Son" I'm sure you heard of the lady who asked the librarian for "Oh Boy, Oh Boy." But there's the Meredith sophomore who wished to know if I enjoyed reading "Two Sons." (Incidentally, I did.)
Did you know that "College Bred," or the "Four Year Loaf" was the title of this year's campus musical at Wesleyan University.
Stop me if you've heard this one.
First Newsie: "My dad is an Elk, a Lion, and a Moose."

Second Newsie: "What does it cost to see him?"—Ex.

Something new in the way of proposals.

A St. Olaf College lad and his lassie were watching a recent football match. The fellow turned to the girl and said, "See Ose out there? He'll be our best man some day." Whereupon the fair young thing blushed prettily and replied, "Oh, darling, this is so sudden!"

Then there was the shy young thing that said, "How would you like to be buried with my people?"

To Dick McPhail, who wrote "Gleanings" a few weeks ago, I'd like to say that if he hadn't been residing at State College so long he may have been well up enough on the times to know that South Carolinian's DON'T eat syrup on their rice every morning 'cause they don't eat rice every mornig.

Have you ever noticed how women get slammed from every side from the would-be humorists. (Don't admit it if you haven't.) Here are just a few examples.

Exams are just like women—This statement is quite right: They ask you foolish questions, And keep you up all night.

—Gazette. Most all girls have impromptu complexions—they make them up as they go along.

Girls are like newspapers—they are worth looking over, and back numbers are no longer in demand.

Women are like: A book — always bound to please. An auto—needs choking ever so often. A train—often gets off on the wrong track. A party platform — subject to change without notice. A stove—often needs a new lid.

A bed spring — cannot be squelched.

Callous—It takes hard work to get it, it hurts when you have it, but you sort of miss it when it's gone.

—Mountain Eagle. I guess they hadn't heard about the bride in Chicago who, after the fourteen inches of snow fell in fourteen hours, arrived at the cathedral on a milk wagon two hours late.

That's what I call loyalty, or love, or being hard up, or something.

The following student dictionary was found in the Argus News.

Man—The only animal that can be skinned more than once.

Girl—A luxury that only the rich can afford.

Books—Things that are lugged around the hall for exercise.

Teachers—Horrible people who drive students insane by their constant nagging.

Classes—A place to go when you can't think of anything better to do.

Ink — A fluid with which to write notes.

Dates—Place . . . and expense. Hall—Lover's lane.

Blackboard—A decoration for the wall.

Erasers—Articles to be thrown around by senior boys.

Tests—Time to get a headache or have a grandmother die.

To it I'd like to add this definition of teachers found in the Teo Echo.

Teachers—A mob of mobilized maidens meditating matrimony and teaching while they wait.

Just another slam at us maidens. Then there is the practice teacher in science who asked a child at lab to name five kinds of bugs. The bright one recited, "Lady, bed, love, fire, and jitter." (This happened at Alabama College).

Which reminds me of the person who wanted to know if a jitter bug was an insect. The reply was, "No, a jitter bug is only a person who acts like one."

SING ALONG Get Out of Town—Not unless ma sends my permission.

Two Sleepy People — Oughta drink postum (then they'd be asleep).

Hurry Home — Yeah, pa, if you'll send me some dough.

—The Alabamian. May I add: I must See Annie Tonight—To get a key for my room.

While a Cigarette Was Burning—Two weeks campus.

Monday Morning—No chapel. Angels With Dirty Faces—Use Octagan soap and save the coupons.

Here's our poem of the week. With apologies to Mother Goose. Lucy Locket lost per pocket, Kitty Fisher found it, Ne'er a penny was there in it, Good gosh, she's broke as I am.

Those who read etiquette books to make themselves better fitted for that important social event should take a lesson from the book of experience of a Chinese student at the University of Michigan.

To acquaint himself with the niceties of American society, this student memorized phrases from one of Emily Post's volumes. His first chance to use his new knowledge came at a recent reception

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