

THE TWIG

THE STAFF

KATHLEEN MIDGOTT Editor
Business Manager
NANCY CRITCHER Business Manager
NANCY BRADSHIER Assistant Business Manager
Business Staff: MARTHA CARTER, MARGORY THOMAS, SARAH POPE
Associate Editor: EVELYN MARSHBURN
Managing Editor: EVELYN LEVINE
Managing Editor: HELEN JONES
Managing Editor: CORA BURNS
Managing Editor: SARAH HUDSON
Cartoonist: JANE THOMPSON
Feature Editor: FREIDA CULBERSON
Typist: EVELYN LASSITER
Typist: MARY MCPHAIL
Typist: VIVIEN JEFFREYS
Typist: EVELYN CURRIN

Reporters: ROSANNE BARNES, MARY FOSTER, DOROTHY ROLAND, DOROTHY BELL, AGNES FREEMAN, JUANITA STAINBACK, MARJORIE BURRUS, VIRGINIA GREENE, THERESA WALL, EDNA EARLE COGGINS, CAROLYN HENDERSON, VIRGINIA WATSON, EDWINA LAWRENCE, ERNESTINE HOBGOOD

Entered as second-class matter October 11, 1923, at Post Office 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



How About It?

We are indebted to the B.S.U. and the S.G. this year for securing Dr. Adams to lead us in our week of deeper spiritual thinking. It has been a privilege and certainly a pleasure for us to listen to his friendly heart to heart talks each morning and each evening in the auditorium. I'm afraid we have taken the "Religious Emphasis Week" in the past too literally. We are inspired by the impressive messages brought us during that particular week and resolve to live better and deeper spiritual lives—but, alas, the very next week finds most of us back in our old rut again and the religious emphasis really only lasted one week. It is so easy to forget the resolutions and testimonies we made—so easy to slip back into our old way of thinking. Let's make this Religious Emphasis Week merely the beginning of a deeper, more meaningful religion in our lives—one that isn't exhausted in one week, but one that is real and everlasting. Dr. Adams has shown us how to be a Christian. Let's be one!

Paint

Have you ever thought about what wonders a little paint will work? You know, of course, what we have in mind. The college has actually gotten around to giving the halls of the Science and Arts buildings new spring coats. We've seen very few people turning up their noses at the odor, which all goes to prove that we appreciate what is being done for us. It looks a thousand times better. The more you get the more you want—or so they say—and now we are anxious to see all the class rooms looking as clean and fresh as the halls, laboratories, art studio, and a few of the class rooms. We spend most of a day in those rooms and we are all for them being a little cleaner. This would certainly encourage us to make them more attractive and more conducive to study. Paint not only brings about miracles in appearance. Who knows? A coat of paint might preserve those rooms for our children to complain about in editorials!

Between You and Me

Hear ye! Hear ye! This honorable court convenes to try the following cases:
Dozier vs. "Piggy" Stroud—alienation of affection—victim—Mort Brown—material evidence—ring on defendant's hand. Verdict—guilty. Fine—plenty of Jack.
Richard East vs. Betty Clingan—grand larceny—evidence—heart of former found in possession of latter. Verdict—guilty. Penalty—dating in Meredith parlors.
Anna Louise and Ella vs. parties unknown for sending Valentine candy and flowers and omitting cards—case dismissed due to insufficient evidence.
Meredith girls vs. all friends (?) who sent Valentine form telegrams—all alike. Verdict—guilty. Penalty—indifference.
Little vs. Coggins for attending the Military Ball at State. Evidence—full confession by defendant. Penalty—undecided as yet.
Students vs. Critcher and Tuttle for disturbing the peace on Sunday afternoon by riding in a tan sedan. Evidence—at least 50 witnesses. Penalty—ask us, too, next time.
Sam Hayworth is on trial for indecision between a blonde and two brunettes, all at Meredith. Court recommends an immediate choice and failure to comply is likely to result in a fine of all three of the aforementioned parties.
Geddie at Davidson vs. Annie Ruth Cassin for resisting all attacks on heart. The defendant refuses to talk, but has been dating the party of the first part for three years. Case dismissed due to insufficient evidence.
Freshmen vs. Ann Barrow for gaining a monopoly on the telephone. Verdict—guilty. Penalty—no parlor dates on Monday nights.
Krochmal vs. Culbertson for distracting his mind from his studies. Penalty—to continue going to basketball games with the former.
Fuller vs. Rogers—grand larceny of heart. Evidence—phone calls, dates, etc. Verdict—defendant fickle. Penalty—fine of Eddie Batson.
Myrtle Peterson vs. Donald Britt for embezzlement of time over week-end. Penalty—returning time

And Here We Are!

By VIRGINIA SLUBER

But, then, we dreamed of it even before we reached high school. At one time or another in every girl's life, she thinks only in terms of dreams and things, of cabbages and kings. And so let it be. But even in grammar school we dreamed of college. Oh, but yes—we would go to college some day, and that day seemed far off, so far off that we detested the pigtails, or the long curls, and the starched little gingham with hair bow and bloomers to match that marked us as grammar-school-mother's darlings. We just could not wait. But high school came and brought with it hope for the day college would be a reality. And then, almost before we realized high school was a "has been," college was an actuality. College! Ah, exactly what we had lived for. What fun it would be to just know we were off at school. With fond anticipations we selected and packed each thing we would need—and a lot we would not need. Carefully we folded the skirt that would surely be the talk of the school, and lo, we did not think of it as a mere skirt; it was a dream of strolls across a sun-bathed campus, or a wind-swept classroom building's lawn. And that peach of a sweater was not a sweater; it was the forecast of long, brisk walks or bicycle rides. That soft, little woolen meant trips to town, and the sophisticated velvet was surely meant for afternoon teas and Sunday coffees. But the pajamas! Midnight parties, and all-night hen sessions, and, of course, nights when sleep would be the most welcome thing in the world. Of course, there were visions of warm nights when soft evening dresses would add sparkle to the campus life, and cold nights when taffeta would rustle up a little interest. Then, too, there would be books and studying and teachers, fun and frolic, and noise and quiet times. Anyway, it would be college, the long-lived-for college days. Now that college days are here, yes, almost over for a good many students—what about them?

lose their glamour because reality outshines them, so beautiful it is. We have rushed at such high speed through our college days that we did not know we were learning, grasping, and achieving. We did not realize that new worlds were opening to us. But in the silence of our rooms, or the grove, or the garden, we awake to the fact that we are not the same little know-all high school senior; we are coming to ourselves, and finding that we really have a "self." We begin to feel better, for we haven't wasted so much time, after all. The very fact that we had to get up each morning and do something, big or little, whether we wanted to or not, has kept us going forward even when we felt we were losing ground. We know we have grown, emotionally, mentally, spiritually and socially. Then, in our thoughts, we begin collecting the things that have contributed to our growth. We cannot actually put our fingers on most of these things, and yet we know in general that those things were just books and people. Books and people. People, mostly, if you please, for the books would not

Fifty New Books Given Library By English Departm't Recently

Recently the English Department contributed some money to the library and ordered some new books. These books are very interesting. Some are biographies, fiction and non-fiction books. Among the non-fiction books are: Three Guineas, by Virginia Woolf; Out of Africa, by Karen Blixen; On Contemporary Literature, by S. P. Sherman; Collected Poems, 1909-1935, by T. S. Eliot; Beneath Tropic Seas, by C. W. Beebe; Half Mile Down, by C. W. Beebe; Illusion and Reality, by C. St. J. Sprigg; Azeel's Castle, by Edmund Wilson; Studies in Humanism, by J. W. Mackail; Collected Poems, by E. A. Robinson; We Married an Englishman, by Ruth Hoffman; Achievement of T. S. Eliot, by F. O. Matthiessen; Coming Victory of Democracy, by Thomas Mann; Heroes of Thought, by J. M. Murry; Zucca Venture, by William Beebe; Jungle Peace, by C. W. Beebe; New Party, by R. P. T. Coffin, and Queen Victoria's Daughters, by E. F. Benson. The biography books that the English Department ordered were: Be Loved No More, by A. B. Tourtellot; Gentleman of the Old North Region, by C. S. Snyder, and I Swear by Apollo, by W. E. Aughlinbough. The number of fictions exceeded the other books. These are: And Tell of Time, by Laura Krey. Towers in the Mist, by Elizabeth Goudge. Down in Lyonsesse, by Mary Ellen Chase. As the Earth Turns, by G. H. Carroll. Handsome Road, by Gwen Bristow. Deep Summer, by Gwen Bristow. All This and Heaven Too, by Rachel Field. Start of the Road, by John Erskine. Young Doctor Galahad, by Elizabeth Seifert. Garland of Boys, by Gwyn Jones. Elizabethan Tales, edited by E. J. O'Brien. Man's Hope, by Andre Malroux. Residential Quarter, by Louis Aragon. Buccaneers, by Mrs. Edith Wharton. My Son! My Son! by Howard Spring. Buddenbrooks, by Thomas Mann. Death in Venice, by Thomas Mann. Joseph and His Brothers, by Thomas Mann. Joseph in Egypt, Vol. I, by Thomas Mann. Joseph in Egypt, Vol. II, by Thomas Mann. Stories of Three Decades, by Thomas Mann. Young Joseph, by Thomas Mann. Crippled Splendor, by Evan John. General's Lady, by Esther Forbes. Roots in the Sky, by Sidney Melier. Rebecca, by Daphne Du Maurier. Anacassis and Nicolette, Anonymous. Moby Dick, by Herman Melville. The Joyful Delaneys, by Sir Hugh Walpole.

Here and There Among the Exchanges

By EVELYN LEVINE
If you have a little poem book, I set down any old stuff—
And poems you collect, Like this:
Then I'll be instrumental.
If these you will select.
The robin stood in the wet grass.
He could not sit
Because
He did not wear waterproof pants.
He was looking for
A luscious, wiggly worm
That spent his days in
Deep thought and silence.
The worm would not come out
Because
He knew his head
Was safer underground
And he did not want his neck stretched.
Now these are not my own.
Although I'm quite a poet;
I got them through exchanges—
I'm sure you all will know it.
Sunday Sonnet
The brazen-voiced alarm clock greets the day
With clamor loud enough to wake the dead;
Well, let it ring—this is my day to stay
In bed.
Who is Silvia? What is she
That all our swains commend her?
Wealthy and desired is she;
Her father such money did lend her
That she might have company.
Is she kind and is she fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Money doth to her bags repair,
To help love to his blindness;
Love, being helped, inhabits there.
Then to Silvia let us sing
That Silvia is excelling.
She excels each moneyed thing
In her own set dwelling.
Her telephone let's ring.
—Parley Voo.
On Modern Poetry
I like this poetry modern;
I do not have to care a darn
About the rhyme.
For I can write in any style
And change it every little while,
And when the going gets too rough,

For with great wide eyes they see
Glimpses of themselves as the seniors
They some day hope to be!
The sophomores will be gay and sweet;
They'll care for you best of all,
Because—and there is a reason—
They were filling your place last fall.
M. S. in Alabamian.
Mary made an angel cake,
For her darling Harry's sake.
"Harry, you a piece must take!"
This she meant.
Harry ate it every crumb,
Then he heard the angels hum,
Calling softly, "Harry, come."
Harry went.
Please, Professor
I think that I shall never see
An E as lovely as a D;
But if my grade should lower fall,
I'll never see a D at all.
Fair Warning
The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year;
'Tis time to toil by midnight oil—
Exams are almost here.
With Apologies to Shakespeare
To study, or not to study:
That is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to
make A's and B's and the honor roll
Or to take C's and D's by having a
good time and
By so doing to forget it. To review,
to cram
Some more; and by to cram to say
we stuff
Our heads with unimportant facts
That college is known for: 'tis a
situation
Devoutly to be avoided. To review,
to cram;
To cram; perchance to flunk. Aye,
there's the rub!
For in cramming, what good can
come
When we have played one whole
semester?
Must give us pause. There's the
respect
That makes calamity of examination
days.
For who can learn in one night
what
Should have been learned in eight-
teen weeks?
Who can think clearly the next
day after
Having been up all night, drinking
coffee
And smoking cigarettes?
When he himself might study occa-
sionally
And retire early on the eve of the
Eventful day and come prepared
with
Sense rested and acute.
Who can bluff professors in think-
ing he
Knows something by his eloquent
pen and words?
Who can fill in what an empty
head doth not know?—
Except for that fatal blankness
which
Falls over us and from which no
one
Can come out of at the decisive
moment.
Thus cramming makes dunces of
-us all,
And thus the moral of this story is,
Prepare faithfully from day to day
your assignments,
And when the roll is called up
yonder you'll be there.
—By Ernestine Harrison of Glen-
ville, W. Va., State Teachers
College.

WAKE Drug Store

For SERVICE
Call 228

BEST EATING PLACE

THE RALEIGH DINER
Opposite Sir Walter Hotel

DUKE UNIVERSITY

SCHOOL OF NURSING
DURHAM, N. C.
The Diploma of Graduate Nurse is awarded after three years, and the Degree of Bachelor of Science in Nursing for two additional years of approved college work before or after the course in Nursing. The entrance requirements are intelligence, character and graduation from an accredited high school. After 1939 one year of college work will be required and two years of college work thereafter. The annual tuition of \$100 covers the cost of uniforms, books, student government fees, etc. Catalogues, application forms and information may be obtained from the Admission Committee.

Support Your Society

This is an era of contests. Every body is eligible. You don't have to time you pick up a magazine, you write on any special subject, so that means you are free to choose one you read that a certain soap company you know something about or are is giving away ten new cars every week for six weeks to those who interested in yourself. Then think how much fun it would be to display such a medal to your children and grandchildren. Perhaps they can wear the medal back to school and say proudly to envious classmates, "Oh, that belongs to my mother. She won the Minnie Jackson Bolling or the Carter-Upchurch Medal when she was shaving cream." All this is to say nothing of the thrill of being recognized on Society night by having your name announced with a flourish and getting to march down the aisle and have the prize presented in its gilt and velvet box. So start now! Get your ideas in line, for the essay that may bring you glory and renown. Remember the rules! 1. In length, the essay should be about 3,000 words. 2. The subject must be submitted to the essay committee of your society for approval by April 1. 3. All essays must be handed in, typed, by May 1. (May the Best Man win.)