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It's Up To Us!

All of us in future years want to be proud to say that Meredith is our alma mater, and we want our diploma to be valuable. It is up to us to set and uphold high standards while we are here. Meredith can only be what we make it, and it is our duty to take this responsibility. If we want our school to continue having a high scholastic rating then we must all do our best in all our work. We must eliminate all dishonesty and all the forms of cheating. Every student would like for her diploma to mean something when she goes to apply for a job or when she goes to a university to do graduate work. Our school now rates high, scholastically, and we want to keep this rating high. Many of us think that the little things are insignificant and that it doesn't matter if we slip up, but each of us must accept our responsibility and do our part in keeping and improving the standard of Meredith. We want our college to be among the best. It's up to us!

Here's To This Year's Officers!

As the time rolls around to choose student officers again, most of us find ourselves recalling last spring when we chose the ones who are now filling important positions on our campus. These girls have faithfully performed their duties for nearly a year now, yet few of us realize what a large debt of gratitude we owe to them. When they were elected congratulations were showered on them from all sides; doesn't it seem that praises should be even more in order now that they have nearly completed their duties? Have you ever stopped to think what a large contribution these students have made to our school year? It is through their efforts that all of our traditions have been carried on, our school spirit molded, our social life made more attractive, and every aspect of college life improved. It is due to the time, thought and energy of the student officers that this year has been one of the smoothest, and best of all of Meredith's forty. So let us not forget these students who have more than fulfilled the hopes we had for them last spring, and when the elections are over, let's congratulate the old officers as well as the new. For a splendid job, officers of 1938-39, "an orchid to you!"

S. H.

Why Ring the Bell?

We have had many improvements on our campus lately, but there is one thing that we have overlooked. Every time we have a speaker in chapel he is rudely interrupted by the grating sounds of the bell. After it has rung, someone goes and disconnects the bell. Don't you think it is too late then to bother with disconnecting it?

We suggest that the speaker be told before he begins his talk exactly how much time he is to be allowed. We feel sure that he would finish his address in the allotted time and would much prefer to do this than to be interrupted about five minutes to eleven or eleven o'clock by the ringing of the bell.

OPEN FORUM

Editor's Note: We have received the following letter in response to a request for students' opinions on various subjects. We sincerely hope for more in the next issue.

Dear Editor:
There is one thing that goes on over our campus about which I have heard very little discussion, but in my mind there is some question as to whether we should

do it or not. The thing I am talking about is keeping the Bee-Hive open on Sunday.

I realize there are two sides to the question, and those who think we should open it on Sunday have good reasons for thinking so, but it is strictly on the ground of principle and influence that I question it.

We are asked not to go to the drug stores on Sunday. Last week I asked one of our college authori-

ties why we could not go and she said simply because we did not believe in desecrating the one day out of seven that God has hallowed. I am glad that those who are here to guide us, earnestly try to create and strengthen within us that respect and sacredness that we as Christian girls should have for the Sabbath. I do think, however, that we as Christian students are not very consistent with their efforts. We refrain from going to the drug stores on Sunday, but we come back here and rush to the Bee-Hive. If we are staying away from drug stores simply for the principle of not commercializing Sunday, why won't the same principle work on our campus that works up town?

I think it would not be a very pleasing sight to the people of Raleigh to see all of us going to the drug stores on Sunday morning. If

we were turned free to do this, we would soon hear a howl from those who are interested in keeping Meredith true to Christian standards, and well we might. About the only difference I see in going to the Bee-Hive is that we do one out where everybody can see us and do the other out on our own back campus where no one can see us except students.

I wonder if we are justified in opening the Bee-Hive simply because a religious organization on the campus sponsors it. It doesn't seem very consistent to go to an inspiring religious service on Sunday night and go by the Bee-Hive on the way to our rooms.

I know there are very few who agree with me, and I should like to hear what some other students think about it.

—RUTH PURVIS.

Between You and Me

Rain! Rain. Rain. But still Meredith girls take off for the week-end and for the dances, basket-ball tournament, etc.

Many a Meredith Lass attended the mid-winters at the different colleges. The freshmen get around to all the dances. Daphne Pegram, Frances Buchanan, and the Currin sisters were over at the State dances.

The upperclassmen favored hearing Blue Barron, Tommy Herring, Margaret Jane Cheek and Eunice Brooks Quinn were some who were dating Wake Forest boys.

More dances—Ag dance over at State. Aileen Snow was one of the sponsors. Also Virginia Lancaster says she had the most fun she's ever had.

Lots of Meredith girls were disappointed in the outcome of the Tournament games. What happened to Wake Forest? Yeah, that's what everybody wants to know.

Dot Butler will take a train any time. Have you decided whether or not you're going to the Duke dances yet, Dot? I'll bet Ben won't let you travel alone any more.

Helen Sams was right excited over that Taylor boy coming down from Davidson over the week-end. Dot Crawford certainly is inter-

ested in the Coastal Plain baseball league players. Dot, is Mulvihill going to play for Goldsboro this year? What's he doing in Detroit now, anyhow?

Frances Batchelor, do you still think Sloppy's all right? Some girls in Goldsboro do, too, I've heard.

One day Jinny Watson is counting the days until Easter and Jim, and then she's trotting over to Duke for a basketball game and now she tells us she's going to the ministerial banquet at Wake Forest. Do you still keep Jim's picture dusted, Jinny?

By the way, Ella Eddins is going to the banquet with Clarence Godwin. Clarence kinda gets around with Meredith girls. Jessie Currin and Jean Beddingfield will be along, too.

Nancy Brewer is planning a little jaunt up to Philadelphia the weekend of the Junior-Senior. She just can't take it. Nancy, have you had any telephone calls from there lately?

Margaret Jane Childs won't go to see "Zaza" because she says she is already disillusioned enough. What's happened, M. J.?

P.S.: Stick around until next time and we'll have some poetry. Just let spring come around and so does rhyme.

Here and There Among the Exchanges

By EVELYN LEVINE

The following excerpt appeared in the *Campus Cat*. Maybe it's not so out of place here.

"At least you could smile when you read these jokes. Your grandfather did."

And while we're discussing jokes, if you're just a little curious about where they come from, here's a life history of a joke. I hope it will be a little enlightening.

Life history of a joke—
Freshman thinks it up and chuckles gleefully.

Five minutes later tells it to a senior who says, "Yea, heard it before."

Six minutes later senior repeats it as original effort.

One hundred years later professors use it to put their classes to sleep.—Log.

One of the high school students was overheard whispering to his friend on a date:

"Before I heard the teachers tell The dangers of a kiss, I had considered kissing you The nearest thing to bliss.

But now I know Biology
And sit and sigh and moan,
Six million mad bacteria—
And I thought we were alone!"

I always knew "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

Do you have trouble getting up in the morning? Well, why don't you do something about it? It's being done every day. Just listen to this:

William Edwards and Howard Unruh of Ohio State University have perfected a super-gadget that operates something like this: When the alarm clock winding stem turns and the alarm rings, it winds a string, which turns on the gas and pulls a stick out of the window, closing it. When the window falls it pulls a string attached to the light switch, turning on the radio at the same time.

For further details, see Kay Midgett, she's been trying to rig up one ever since she found out about it.

Don't give up, girls. Get a load of this. The following ad appeared in the job wanted section of one of the papers. It was sent in by Marlan Jewell, 25-year-old brunette of Edgeworth, Pa.

"Job wanted by lazy girl, educated and good-looking."
Replies included two marriage proposals, "mash" notes and a few

that seemed to be bona fide job offers. I guess she was too lazy to investigate.

"The Seven Points"—or, "Why I Never Joined a Sorority":

1. I wanted to think for myself and not be led around by a bunch of sisters.

2. I never went in for women's organizations at home.

3. I didn't want a bunch of fraternity boys calling on me at night.

4. I never danced with a man in my life and didn't want to start.

5. I didn't like the idea of rooming with one girl for a whole semester.

6. I didn't look well in sleeveless, low-cut gowns.

7. I am a male.

—Exchange.

Did you know that thirty U. S. colleges use crimson as their school color? Thank goodness for maroon and white.

The majority of the Wellesley College freshmen have indicated that they prefer home-making as a career. Well, Meredith girls don't exactly admit it, but take a look at the number of girls that are taking home economics as their major or the number of juniors and seniors who took the "bride's course" last semester. (Of course I took it so I could live alone and like it.)

Wallflowers at the University of Tennessee don't know whether to be sad or happy.

Dancing taught "in 10 easy lessons" is the latest activity of the physical education department. BUT the instructor has made it clear that those who "have no rhythm, no spirit of the dance, and those who just can't be taught to dance," are barred from entering the class.

So it seems that if you're a Tennessee student and a wallflower because you have a hard time with your dancing, the last place you want to go is the University's dancing class—where only those having natural grace are welcome.

For the first time in 42 years the St. John's University (Minn.) students went without potatoes for dinner recently. What a record! It does look as if they could have waited for the fiftieth anniversary, though.

And Northwestern University is offering a special series of lectures

on how to fill out income tax blanks. I wonder if they teach you how to get the income.

The *Technique* says: "It's an ill wind that has halitosis." And if anyone should know, it's the *Technique*.

You have probably heard of the student who went to school several years and lost so many hours by cutting classes that he came out in the hole, but here is an authentic case in which the collegian actually broke even for one semester.

It seems that a Texas Technological College student enrolled for a total of 11 hours. Finding that his load was too heavy, he dropped one of these. When the semester was over he had flunked nine more and received so many cuts that he lost the one he had passed. And so he was back where started, even with the college!—Davidsonian.

A student in a New Zealand had flunked in Latin. In the quiz the student was called upon to give a written translation of the verse below. There are Latin scholars reading this who will be moved to tears:

"Isabili. Heres ago,
Fortibus es in aro,
Noces, Mari, Thebi trux,
Vatis in em pax a dux."

After weeks of effort, the student came forth with the following. It is not surprising that the instructor read it to the class:
"I say, Billie, here's a go,
Forty busses in a row."
"No," says Mary, "they be trucks."
"What is in 'em?' "Packs o' ducks."
—The Springhillitan.

Mr. Owl dressed up
To visit his love,
When out he came
And looked above,
The rain was falling
Thick and fast, too.
Mr. Owl mourned,
"To-wet-to-woo."

The University of Illinois has adopted a point system for rating its coeds. Each coed falls under the following system:

"Zero for telephone calls from other girls. (This is just, because girls are very catty.) 2 points for a letter from the boy friend back home. 5 points for local male telephone calls. 7 points for long distance male telephone calls. 8 points for week-end dates. 10 points to the girl if she attends a major dance. 15 points for a bid to a fraternity dance. 35 points for a legitimately or illegitimately secured fraternity pin (limit, 3 per week).

"If a girl averages 75 points per week she has to be in two or three different places at the same time. If she gets a score of 50 points you are wasting your time trying to get her. A real queen gets 45 points. 40 is good, no use denying it. 35 points indicates possibilities. Faint hope at 30 points, but under 25 . . . maybe the girls and professors will still like her."

What next, girls? for further details read your bi-weekly paper.

Half of Co-Ed's Time Used Up In Talking

New Orleans, La., Dec. 10—(AP)—Newcomb College girls spend as much time every week talking as they do studying a survey shows.

Betsy Bres, a junior, found, after checking among fellow-students, that every week they use up

LET'S PLAY!

By JANE THOMPSON



We Who Speak Latin

"There's no sense in rattling the dry bones of a dead language. This is an age of progress. We want to go forward, not backward," say some of our present-day educators. Then they go investigate the biological evolution of man to see why he has developed into the being he is, why he jumps if you hit him, and how he has developed the mind he has.

At the same time they seemed to think that the language given them to talk and the literature to read "just grewed," like Topsy. They countenance the geologist who burrows down in the earth to find how centuries old the world is, the zoologist who studies prehistoric animals and concerns himself with the development of the modern horse. They give courses in the history of education from the earliest times that they might have a background from which to work.

But they still think it all wrong to study classical languages, from which comes not only a large part of our vocabulary, but the very fundamentals of grammar found in our own language and needed for an exact usage of it.

No supporter of classical studies believes them a cure for all evils.

But he believes it foolish to neglect any phase of the past history of man.

Without a knowledge of antiquity there is a blind spot in anyone's knowledge of literature. Literature is a succession of books from books and ours traces its ancestry much more clearly to the comedies of Plautus and Aristophanes, to the histories of Caesar and Herodotus, and the poems of Virgil and Horace than to *Beowulf* and *Deer's Lament*.

It is all very well to say that thought should come spontaneously, that genius should be free and easy. Even Emerson advocated that, but he did not advocate building a house on sand, for he knew that thoughts could not come out of the blue. If this age expects to create anything worthwhile in literature, it may need to do some intellectual pump-priming, even to the extent of reading a little Cicero and Catullus, and to get some perspective on the subject. One Gertrude Stein is enough for any generation.

If it is advantageous to understand our social and political and economic heritage, why is it not to understand our linguistic and literary heritage?

21 hours poring over books and 21 hours in conversation.

And here's how the girls accounted for the rest of their time:

Eighteen hours in class; 14 on dates; 56 sleeping; one, just waiting for people; 12 hours and 15 minutes eating; three at meetings such as the student council and sororities; two hours and 55 minutes putting curlers in their hair before going to bed and taking

them out when they get up, and the rest of the time going from one place to another, playing games and deciding which dress to wear.

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