

THE TWIG

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Suggestions for Exams!

Observing the deep concentration that is being spent on books at this particular time, everyone can see that examination week has come again. Some seem to doubt the need of exams and have the opinion that they are not true estimates of a semester's work. Of course, a teacher with a set of questions answered in two hours cannot find out everything one has acquired in the course. The object of a final check-up, however, is not to test the number of facts mastered; it is to see how well a student can organize her material and see that particular course as a whole. But whatever opinions are held on the matter we do have examinations, and we should try to do the best we can on them.

While we are in the midst of this important week which only comes twice a year, we need to remember some rules which are not concerned with the taking of the exams but deal with the preparation for the ordeal to be followed. First of all, it does not pay to sit up all hours of the night to cram a little more for the exam scheduled for the next morning. Again, see if better work cannot be done by continuing to eat the regular three meals a day. Do not worry is the third in this series. If calmness is maintained a student will find that she really can accomplish more than she could otherwise. Remember that if one girl does not have an exam on the fourth day, it does not mean that the girls in the next suite are not studying for one. They will appreciate this consideration if the busy signs as well as the regular study hours are observed. Although the major emphasis in this article seems to be concerned with how to study, exercise and fresh air really help a dull mind. The time is here; try to follow the advice given, then, you be the judge to decide whether it is good or bad.—M. V. G.

MEREDITH!

Be It Therefore Resolved

This is 1940. It's new year, and as numerous persons have already observed, it is a very good time to make resolutions. Of course, the best time to make up your mind to reform is just whenever you decide to reform. Most of us tend to get in the mood to be good when we're home under the influence of our families and in the spirit of the Christmas season. But somehow the actual day of beginning again has a way of being put off till we get back to college, and then it is forgotten in the hustle. When exams are over, however, and the new semester begins, an excellent opportunity is offered to all those who think that they "should make a resolution about something."

After the usual resolutions to work harder, grumble less, and get more fun out of life have been taken care of, why not try something different? Resolve to make up your own mind (and quit making up other people's). Try setting aside a small part of your allowance to spend for just plain foolishness. Have at least one good laugh every day. Keep tabs on Brothers Adolph and Joseph in the library every day. Write the kid brother or sister once in a while. Make some sort of a resolution and then stick to it at least until June, and probably by that time it'll be so much of a habit that you won't be able to stop.—*Campus Comments.*

MEREDITH!

A Plea To Our Elders

"I shall finish college in June. My classmates and I will have reached the culmination of four years of insurmountable desires—both our own and those of our parents and friends.

"Many nights have been spent in wondering—where will I work next year? Will I get married? How much money can I expect on my first job? Shall I take the first position offered me?" Many, many thoughts have winged through our crowded heads.

Everything that spells freedom to the college graduate piles up and suggests what we may think to be the true path to success.

We know the world does not owe us a living. No! We're willing to work long and hard. We're eager to share the responsibility that belongs to every American citizen. We know we can't set the world on fire. Too many things have molded our lives into paths of practicality for us to lean toward the spectacular. We're content to do our own jobs well.

The depression caught us—the war babies—and played havoc with any security that might have been ours. We know security to be as ethereal a thing as the democracy our fathers fought for in the great war. Our universal prayer is Peace—Peace as a cornerstone upon which to build our lives. We ask no greater gift of the older generation.

We know that we are lacking in the experience of our fathers. Is our ignorance a crime? Be sure that we will look long and well at any measure that suggests war. We don't blame you for the last one. You were only misguided, and a little foolish. But don't feed us Democracy and Patriotism on postage stamps and baby bonds—they turn to gall.

Yes, we do love our country. To us, the United States is the greatest country on earth. We never fail to thrill when the flag goes by. "The Star Spangled Banner" makes us catch breath and thank God for a country like ours. What we want is peace for a long enough period to build permanently—for God.

There are three classes of us: Those who wish to marry, those who wish to work, and those who wish to continue study. Will you let us do it? It is in your power. Shall our husbands, our employers, and our professors fall prey to the same destruction that roamed the earth twenty odd years ago?

Before God, we say to you, the Older Generation, that if the Four Horsemen that fertilize the battle fields, fill the hospitals, and overwhelm the cemeteries, ride once more—you will have to go. You have been kind to us in your way. You gave us our education for living, but you may have failed to give us life if you send us to war.

—*Alabamian.*

MEREDITH!

War Great Opportunity For 'Women's Rights'

Of late various magazines have been carrying articles relative to alleged discrimination against the fairer sex in the matter of jobs. The pros and cons on the question: "Should women work?" have been argued ad nauseum. Net result, as far as we can observe, is that the numerous femmes continue to struggle along with their varied occupations as if nothing had happened.

But with the outbreak of a war which is due to last for a long period of time, it might be well asked whether Europe is due for an eventual Amazonian rule. With all the able-bodied young men on the several fronts, the seven seas or in the air, it remains for the "sweet young things" to carry on in civil occupations formerly held by their masculine protectors.

When hostilities finally cease, it remains to be seen whether the damsels relinquish their war created authority or reduce the battle scarred veterans to dishwashers and nursemaids.

—*Exchange.*

MEREDITH!

THE STUDENT SPEAKS

[Editor's Note: The following column consists of contributions, which we welcome, but which are not necessarily the opinions of staff members.]

DEAR EDITOR:

The S. G. is doing a thorough job of making Meredith a better place, but they can do nothing if we do not help them.

The suggestion as to noise in the halls is a very timely suggestion and I think that each one of us will benefit from it. Yet the success depends upon us. Suppose, for a change, the students cooperate without force and make Meredith a pleasant place in which to live.—R. M.

Surprise! A contribution from Ana Luisa Anglade. She says it was found in a library book published in 1898.

INTRODUCTION TO FRESHMAN CLASS

The Freshman is a necessary evil like castor oil, only more so.

I don't know who is responsible for the Freshman, but I bet he's sorry.

There were no freshmen in the Garden of Eden.

There are two and one-half kinds of freshmen—good freshmen, bad freshmen, and the parsons.

All freshmen are popularly supposed to be green but all freshmen claim they are not green, which proves that some folks is color blind.

Freshmen are usually not allowed to carry cans, for fear of consequences, which is French for sophomores.

Last fall, the freshmen kicked the consequences.

Some people claim that the freshman was made by Nature. They will have to be careful or Nature will bring a libel suit.

Blessed is he who invented anti-toxin. Who will invent anti-freshman?

A boy in love with a freshman is like a yaller wasp loafing round a hop toad—which is generally unhealthy for both.

Mathematics is the balm of freshmen, espe-

cially if he likes them well enough to take them over again.

The freshman allus improves with age, like a green apple and some girls I know. Thank you, Ana.

MEREDITH!

TAKES and MISTAKES

By HELEN MACINTOSH

The Burning of Rome

(By Mark Choo Choo Twain)
 Vunce upon a time a long time ago, ther vas living in the Roman Emporium a little boy about so high, by the name Nero. Now the old man vas wanting to call the kid Zero, 'cause he didn't know too much; but the old lady objected and the old man gave in like all good husbands should, and they tagged the little kid Nero.

Now, to make a short story long, some kids is born with a silver spoon in their mouth, but little Nero was born with a Roman candle in each hand and, oh, boy! gee whiz! by golly! hot dog! what a mean passion that kid had for making fires. Every day when the nurse took him roller-skating in the royal courtyard, she tried to feed him animal crackers and milk, but little Nero only cried for fire crackers and gasoline.

One day when little Nero's father, who was the Emporium from Rome, vas playing a wicked game of monopoly with the royal coachman, little Nero tripped gracefully over the carpet and cried out to his father in a soft, crooning voice: "Papa, I would chew the fat mit you on a subject which is most important to your Royal Highness. Did you said what I hear?" "Okay, kid!" said the old man, "Shoot and make it schnappel, 'cause I ain't in the humor for cheap gags." "Vell, vat I was going to telling you vas dese, vas dose, vas dum, when I should be getting to be a big man like Jack Dempsh, could I please burn down the Coliseum, huh, father, huh?" "Okay, if it gives you pleasure mine little man, but be sure the sparks don't spilling your new polo suit." "Okay, kid!" said Nero and he slipped and fell from the window out.

Now one day when little Nero vas reaching himself about twenty-seven years from age, his ole man thought it would be a good idea if he should learn how to read and write. But, little Nero had bigger and better ideas. He wanted to becoming for himself a moosiclan. So he went to Europe and he studied hard for a long time and pretty soon he vas playing the second ukulele string in the Roman Sympathy Orchestra. And oh, boy, what a mean string that kid could tickle. He could play "The Rhapsody in Blue . . ." and in seven other colors.

Little Nero vas going all over Europe playing Sunday night concerts on Tuesday afternoon, until one day he received a telepatch from the palace saying that the old man vas having tough breaks mit his health. He had Flat Feet, Dropsy, Measles, Tomato Poisoning, Falling of the Room Rent, and Ple a la Mode in the Grand Central Terminal, but outside from that he vas akoy. Then vun day he received a telepatch saying that the old man had passed away. "Aha!" said Nero, "now I can make myself the Emporium from Rome."

So he went back to Rome, and vun night when the cabarets vas whooping it up and the speakeasles vas talking louder, little Nero grabbed his cigar-lighter, jumped on his bicycle and started out to burn down the Coliseum. The first place he came to was the town's biggest asbestos factory and dat vas his volst enemy. As usual his cigar-lighter vasn't working, and he had to go back to the Palace for matches. Pretty soon little Nero had the whole town burning up nicely, and he climbed to the highest mountain peak and started to sing and play on his little ukulele "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," and for an encore he played a symphonic disarrangement of "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

Now the moral of the story is the voids from Shakespeare. He who would steal me of my pocketbook would get only 98 cents, but he who would steal me of my good name I wouldn't give him two weeks booking in vaudeville.

Backword

This new edition of The Burning of Rome aims to present the tragedy not only as a piece of literature to read, but also as a distorted lesson in history. The editor has tried to meet halfway—and in an inhuman way—all the disinterested students actually feel in studying Roman history.

For this dynamic masterpiece no great authorities have been consulted (which you can readily see). Yet, with all due respect to scholarly authorities, this edition derives its information from the editor's remarkable imagination.

For further details, consult your local newspaper.—"Bus" Hanna.

This is a contribution from way up in good old New York State. Memorize and tell it to the boy friend. I'm sure he'll be entertained(?)

And here's a contribution from Flo Hewitt: Who am I . . . to dream of you, To dream of our happiness together. To plan foolish things that can't come true, And want you for mine—forever.

Who am I . . . to love you so, Your love and your honor I've never earned. There's only one thing I'd like to know—Who am I . . . as far as you're concerned?

For Sam's gal? You know very well I would!

Little fishie in the pool Why you swim there like a fool? Why don't you ever leap and play? Cause your master's gone away?

Fishie, I'm in deep water too, And I'm feeling just like you. But I manage to laugh once in a while and you can't even give a fishie smile! See yuh!

Campus Leaders



EDNA EARLE COGGINS

"That makes me perfectly furious!" She is always saying that, but one look at those big brown eyes (which are just one of her claims to fame), is proof enough that she never means any such sayings.

Edna Earle Coggins was born September 26; 1919, in Inman, S. C., and is she proud of it! (Well, wouldn't you be?) She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Coggins, of Inman, and has one brother and one sister, both older than she. (But she isn't the least bit babyish. . .)

This Edna Earle of ours is a "Night Owl." She sleeps in the daytime so as to save her nights for going out, for listening to the radio, or for partaking in bull sessions, and Edna Earle does love bull sessions. You may have guessed by this time that sleeping is her hobby of all hobbies. She sleeps on and on, and adores it, but just the same she jumps up when the last bell rings. You see, she doesn't dare miss breakfast; we might have grits! Honestly, it would break her heart to miss the pleasure of partaking of her favorite South Carolina dish.

And speaking of eating, she is one person who will never stand to see the producers of chocolate go on a sit-down strike. Oh, boy! Just mention Toddie House chocolate pie and watch her purr! And whenever you see her B-Hive bound, which is often, you may rest assured that its high time to start dipping out the plain chocolate ice cream. . .

She's crazy about so many things, including *Here-Comes-the-Sun* roommate, that it would take all week even to begin to list them, but you are now going to learn her pet peeve: She simply cannot endure having to wait—for a bus, for a program to begin, or for you! But she really should not mind even waiting if there's a piano handy, for she can play that instrument something wonderful, and no kidding, Butch. But anyway, if you ask her to go to a movie (and she adores movies, mind you), don't keep her waiting!

Edna Earle is the most expert punner you ever saw or heard tell of, and you don't have to hang around long to find it out. Bebe wouldn't be at all surprised to hear her pulling one in her sleep! Her individuality is always cropping up in all kinds of ways. Why, every time she washes her hair she arranges it in a new style, of her own creation, by zingo. And she is simply nuts over turbans that are different.

This cute child, who has always been one of the cutest things out, has a major in math and history, and is planning to teach. She has been active in so many things (and sleeps so much, too!) that everybody wonders when she ever studies, but when the honor roll is made up, she's always on it.

Although Edna Earle is president of the senior class this year, she still has time to indulge in a good many campus activities—but that began her freshman year when she was elected secretary of her class and a member of the B-Hive Committee, of which she is now chairman. She kept up her activities and her junior year was treasurer of the Astrotekton Society and on the Student Government Council and the Twio staff. This year she is, in addition to the other things mentioned, a freshman counselor, official chap-erone, and is listed in *Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities*. You surely don't need to be reminded that she is an active member in several clubs here on the campus. And believe you me, we weren't kidding when we elected her the cutest girl in the senior class.

It is of general interest that Edna Earle just won't leave the table at mealtime until she has taken just one last little sip of water! Let's drip out on that.

The University of Cincinnati recently received a sandstone fragment bearing amphibian footprints 250,000,000 years old.

Suzy Snoop Says...

Attention, ladies, Walter Winchell's secretary, Miss Anne Aesthetic, is bringing to you the latest news in the air or ether some old news warmed over.

Before the gossip begins I just want to remind you girls that 1940 is leap year, so all you Daisy Maes can go out after your Little Abners hand and foot. Remember, life begins in '40. Begin early and avoid the rush and more power to you!

Wake Forest turned out many Santa Clauses this Christmas. Ask Eddie Lawrence, Betty Baldwin, Margaret Bunn and Rachel Poe about what was in their stockings. Another young Santa Claus really offered a nice make-up to Janet Hobbs. Nor did Janie Parker get left out. Hoo-Ray for Santa Claus! Edna Earle also got a little Christmas present!

Ask the hall proctor on third floor A, why she is getting Gray lately. (It took me Ayers to get that one up.) And we're going to have to Jake our junior class president up to see what's been going on lately.

It has been rumored that Virginia Lee Watson lost her appetite at dinner before the last Colton English Club, and it could hardly be due to indigestion. Also, her roommate is still pinned down, I hear.

I wish we could get Grayson to be Frank with us about this Christmas affair. Oh, Sarah Parnell found an Acer waiting for her when she got home for the holidays. What we'd like to know is whether Minetta has a new beau or is it still Jimmie? And why did Critch talk about Easter Christmas time. You're rushing the season, Critch. And why does Margie Thomas like out-door sports so well that she's thinking about being a Gardner. Must be for some Guy. Also, why does Esther Meigs want to drop the subject about Skinny?

"Oh, Jonny" is certainly the theme song of Rachel Maness and she doesn't moon about it any more.

Mary Lois has been having Paulpitations lately over a Freeman. Also, we bet Aggie will Earnheart trouble during exams. Lest we forget, let's remind Florence to keep re-Feating about her love to-Morrow.

And now, I must turn artist and draw this column to a close.

"Gone With the Wind" leads freshman book preferences for the second year in succession at Massachusetts State College.

Barnard College this year has the heaviest student body in five years. Average weight of its members is 126.6 pounds.

University of Wisconsin scientists are conducting research on fossils that date back to 199,998,000 B.C.

To aid in eliminating fumbles, University of Illinois glidders wear jerseys that have strips of "stickum" cloth sewed on.

Since inauguration of an unlimited cut system, Williams College reports a steady improvement in the grade averages of seniors.

Yale University is collecting a special library of written materials dealing with the wars now in progress in the world.

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SPORT SCOOPS

By CATHERINE CHIFFELLE

If I'm not mistaken, I think that all of us would be interested in a general outline of next semester's athletic activities. First of all, however, I'd like to tell you about the immediate happenings. Right after we stop the present nose-grinding and get back to normal, basketball practice will start. Another activity will be the life-saving course to be given at the State College swimming pool. The course will probably be given around two or three times a week. Mary Gwin Oliver, manager of swimming, will be able to tell you about it better than I; so if you would like to take this course, see her for additional information. This will be the only time that the swimming pool will be available; therefore you'd better look into it.

Now I should like, as I said before, to give you a brief outline of the athletic events for the coming semester. Basketball, managed by Rachel Lewis, will have its season between the dates Jan. 29 and March 1. This will be followed by soccer, which lasts from March 4, through April 5. Corrina Sherron manages soccer. Tennis starts April 8 and runs through the end of the school year. Sarah Hayworth has charge of this sport. Two tennis tournaments are held annually, singles and doubles. At the end of the tennis season, cups are given to the winners of these tournaments. Baseball is another sport which will be active at the same time as tennis.

Badminton, ping-pong, etc., are just naturally active all of the time. Warm weather will find the following sports being played. Golf, managed by Nora Binder, will start. There will be a professional golfer, who will instruct all of those who are interested, here at the college gymnasium. Rowena Daniel and archery will appear. Spring will also find horse-back riding active under the management of Harriett Salley. Margaret Martin will find her kettle and the hikes will step right along. The Athletic Association will try, if the weather stops being bad on Sunday afternoons, to start the step singing movement.

This is a brief, but, as you can see, rather a full outline of the activities of this coming spring. Here's a wide range of sports from which you can choose and have a great deal of fun; or perhaps you are not the least bit choosy and intend to go out and have fun in all of them—good! Anyway, look them all over; all are guaranteed to give each and every one a good time.

It looks to me (how about you?) as if a busy time will be had by all.

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