

The Twig

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Where's Our School Spirit?

School spirit? I wish there were another term for that which most of us don't seem to have. But there it stands, or rather, doesn't stand. In all our projects we sit down in the middle. We step aside for others to take the lead—and since we all step aside, we get no where. Why, for example, don't we already have the logs for the cabin out here? Are we really interested? Yes, but we don't want to crack the nut. We want the goody. We don't want to work!

And a sad state of affairs this is. And sadder it will be. When we thought that the hut was a thing of the immediate future, we schemed and worked as well as could be expected of us. But now since the cabin seems a little further off, do we hear that buzz of interest? Apparently not. We have not enough forethought, foresight, or what have you, to look forward to the coming day. We want the hut now. We can't wait. We think only of the present.

Well, then, there's nothing to do except WORK! Share and share alike! It might, you know, be worth the trouble. And it would show some people that we can have "school spirit!"

What Are Grades?

What do marks mean to you? What does a grade mean to all of us? Are we willing to let our knowledge and our ability to think be measured by such more or less partial figures and letters? Why do we let jealousy of grades wreck not only our friendships but also our very lives? Why?

We aim for a high mark, a passing grade, often thrusting aside the purpose of college life. We don't bother to make bosom friends, to broaden our views of life, to be able to take an impersonal stand on any subject, to be open-minded and unprejudiced. We "spot" teachers, study, and "push" for grades. All is wrangling.

But all this distastefulness could be removed, I'm sure, if a better and more impartial system of grading were installed in this college. A system that would enable one to pass or fail—no "in-betweens"; a system that would classify the marks as very satisfactory, satisfactory and unsatisfactory! And why doesn't this institution, showing all the promise that it does, aspire to the use of this modern advancement in grading? Why?

TAKES and MISTAKES

By LYTTON TINGLEY

LOGIC

What is a double petunia?
Well, a petunia is a flower like a begonia;
A begonia is a meat like a sausage;
A sausage and battery is a crime;
Monkeys crime trees;
Trees a crowd;
A rooster crowed in the morning and made a noise;

A noise is on your face like your eyes;
The eyes is the opposite of the nays;
A horse nays and has a colt;
You get a colt and go to bed and wake up in the morning with double petunia.
—Johnnie Vivando's page in The Baptist Student.

"So you're a salesman! What's your line?"
"Salt."
"I'm a salt seller, too."
"Shake."
—Exchange.

WARNING!

Two white marks
Across the hill.
Two white marks—
And then a spill.
Two skis up—
Head in the snow,
Scramble up and off they go.

Two red cheeks—
They're riding high.
Two more spills,
A blackened eye.
Two more falls—
A broken nose.
Two more falls
But on he goes.
Two white sheets,
And then a head—
Those who ski
Will land in bed.

They have devised a process of making wool out of milk which must make the cow feel sort of sheepish.

"You should work hard and get ahead."
"I've got a head."

She was only a taxi driver's daughter but you auto meter.

THE PERFECT MAN

There is a man who never drinks nor smiles,
nor chews nor swears,
Who never gambles, never flirts,
Who shuns all awful snares—
He's paralyzed.
—Alabamian.

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Dandelions are yellow,
Carnations are various other colors.
—Alabamian.

A young theologian named Fiddle
Refused to accept his degree,
For, said he, "It's enough to be Fiddle
Without being Fiddle, D.D."
—Jester.

A freshman informed Dr. Price on a Bible quiz that Jesus was criticized because he associated with "Republicans and sinners"—and that on the eve of election. (By the way, when is the next election???)

To the Frosh—
Don't let sophomores scare you. After all, a sophomore is only a freshman who has paid tuition twice.
—Marion College Journal.

He called his girl Geometry, she was so plain and solid.
—Marion College Journal.

Fact: The Greeks are some fighters.
Comment by Mussolini: "I came, I saw, I concurred."
—Alabamian.

A skeptical man was Bill Treeter
Who wouldn't believe his gas meter.
He pulled out a match,
And gave it a scratch.
"Good morning," he said to St. Peter.
—Old Maid Magazine.

AN ANCIENT DITTY

Ever heard it? Well if you haven't, you're going to now:
"The horses run around, their feet are on the ground
Oh, who will wind the clock when I'm away?
Away?
Go get the axe, there's a fly on baby's chin.
A boy's best friend is his mother. His mother.

Looking out a window, a second story window
I slipped and sprained my eyebrow on the pavement. The pavement.
Feed the baby garlic, so we'll find him in the dark.
A boy's best friend is his mother. His mother.

Lookin' through a knot hole, in pappy's wooden leg,
Why do they put the shore so near the ocean?
The ocean?
Go get the Listerine. Sister wants a bean.
A boy's best friend is his mother. His mother."
—Carolinian.

ROMANCE

"I have drawn the curtains close
And from my easy chair
I stretch my hand towards you
Just to feel that you are there.
I vow, as I view you sleeping
Life's comforts shall be your lot
For I love you dearly, Flossie,
You're the best hound dog I've got."
—Kammer Jammer.

TABLE TALK—
The technical name for snoring is sheet music.
Then there's the little duckling who was terribly embarrassed because his first pants were down.
Making love is like making pie. All you need is crust and a lot of apple sauce.
—Ward-Belmont Hyphen.

Teacher: Take one out of ten and what do you have, Tommy?
Tommy: Pink toothbrush.
—Pointer.

THE TWIG

Suzzy Snoop Says...

We've had visitors in town this past week—came all the way from Syracuse to make a call on a Southern Belle. Alice, you tell them how to do it. Gee! He was cute! But here's a balance in population. Some come and others go. Now "Aggie" and "Eddie" have gone to Davidson to dance with Charlie and Joe to Will Bradley's music.

Now when home town folks get together there are good times to be had by all. Hannah Ruth and Christine are really making us believe there is more rhyme than rhythm in that idea. It seems that one of the fellows used a job as an excuse to be near Hannah Ruth and the other thought of school and Christine.

Seems to me there is something awfully attractive about Sundays and church at Hayes-Barton. There's something about a beautiful blonde tenor and a rosy-cheek brunette. But Laurie and Lila Ruth are running the information bureau on that score. Ask them. Do any of you know why our little transfer, Ruby, likes Boone-Isley so well. I know that every time I see her there I see a "Dandy" red cub convertible outside. There is some connection, believe me.

Have you heard what the Meredith girls can do to the Wake Forest Kappa Sigs? Quote—Take them or leave them—Unquote. I thought that was all over, Hazel, especially since "Fortune" has been knocking at your door.

Flo Hewitt likes literary stuff. That stuff includes the young Washington author and the book he's writing. Wonder how much he tells her about that when they travel back and forth between here and Washington?

Who was that pretty blonde with two-inch eyelashes that called on Phillips the other night. That gal got more compliments on him than the new dress she wore.

There's one girl in school that makes a lasting impression. Ask Mary Lois about the one she made at Carolina and the swell results she's getting.

Golly! I'd hate to think that every letter I wrote to one "Certain some one" had to be censored! Poor Gretchen. She has to put up with that as well as all the jokes and stories about the life of a sailor.

Hear that there are a couple of sponsors for Wake Forest Mid-Winters in our midst. Jane Allen for Jim Early and Evelyn White for Paul Bullock. Speaking of Evelyn, have you heard about the awful time she's having keeping her men straight. Well, it seems that Paul has been pretty hard hit by the competition he has been getting lately.

When you get down to the "L's" in the alphabet you get down to the girls who get more telephone calls than a bird has feathers. Lena and Leette are the ones we have on mind. I think it's State and Carolina that do most of the calling.

Suzanne likes uniforms and music as well as the rest of us—or maybe better. Hers is more specific—and settles down on the Hickory band whose music and uniforms make her heart beat faster.

Summer school romances don't fade as quickly as you are often inclined to think. Bob has returned to Betty from Annapolis. That romance is in full bloom with no possible chance of fading because it's held together with a pin.

I hear Tuck is sick. Nancy, did the man in chapel scare you when he began to talk about sick people being dangerous and scoundrels? Well, I suppose no more news is good news to you girls who are holding your breath for fear that I might tell on you. But there's always another edition of THE TWIG and with it comes more gossip.

Until then
I remain your Little
SUZZY.

AMERICA'S CRIME PROBLEM

By DR. ALICE BARNWELL KE' TH

Probably next to the question of how to avoid paying an income tax, America's greatest peace-time worry is the prevention of crime. Aside from the worry there seems to be no close analogy in the two problems. The payment of the tax is personal, but the prevention of crime is dissociated from the average person's feeling. He rests in the assurance that he is neither a criminal nor responsible for the control or the prevention of crime. There is no quarrel over the seriousness of the question; no denial

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

By CATHERINE WYATT



SCHOOL VACATIONS

By the American Youth Commission

The commission, of which Owen D. Young is chairman and Floyd W. Reeves is director, has been studying school vacations, among other youth problems, for the last five years.

This September the commission's representatives asked that summer-vacation question of a selected group of young people ranging from fourteen to nineteen years old. They had been attending the three junior work camps established by the Associated Junior Work Camps, and had a brand new idea of what a summer vacation could be like. They had spent two straight months of their vacation at work—and I mean work, six to eight hours a day of good stiff grind. And all but eight of the fifty-eight of them had never before in their lives done a tap more serious than occasional household errands. They all said they had a "swell time," and meant it.

If you think they were fooling, let me tell you these people not only didn't get a cent for their work, but paid \$125 apiece for the privilege of doing it. They hadn't merely enjoyed an active healthful vacation in the open air, free from boredom and full of novelty. They had been taking a valuable course in sociology first-hand. They had learned something of how "the other half" lives and works. They had rubbed elbows with poverty for the first time. They had seen something of various fields of work, and tried them out themselves. In some instances they had begun to get an inkling for the first time of what kind of work they might

serve as enforcement officers of the state laws as well as of local ordinances. Consequently we have a system though originated when transportation was by ox carts and horseback yet continuing when the automobiles and the airplanes have almost annihilated distance. When the criminal makes his escape in these modern conveyances the local officer, limited to county lines, is certain to be out-distanced before he can overtake the culprit. And little is being done to assist the officer. The incredibly small counties of the eastern coastal areas bear testimony to the failure of citizens to enlarge boundary lines which would at least give the enforcement officer a more even chance in his race to capture the criminal and at the same time reduce the expenses occasioned by the existence of numerous unnecessary local governments. Politicians argue that these local units keep government in the hands of the people. This is true only so long as the local units serve the needs of the people. The increasing number of federal and state officials is an index to the failures of the local agencies. When local communities fail to control their own lives the door is opened for the entrance of a centralized authority, which the American pioneers had sought to escape.

The maintenance of the ideals of the founders of the American republic is the responsibility of the citizens of the republic. They are responsible for sentiments which prohibit or encourage crime. The boy or girl who broke a speed law or out-witted a "cop" and was allowed to boast about it; the rich man who stole large sums and escaped unpunished to return to dominate the society which he had defrauded; the victims of poverty who were denied the necessities of life; the crushed spirits who found no aid for a better life are testimonies of the failures of "good" citizens to prevent America's great crime problem.

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want to pick permanently for themselves.

One of these camps was at Pine Mountain Settlement School in the Eastern Kentucky mountains, among a fringe of the western "Bloody Harlan County" residents. These people are separated from the outside world by unbroken ridges.

Here high schools boys and girls at the work camp can study rural slums, with their housing and other problems.

Pine Mountain Settlement School is a vocational high school for the youth of the region. As it depends on private funds, donated labor is a boon. Thirty per cent of the pupils remain at the school part of the summer to "work out" tuition costs. This is one reason why the school is an ideal place for a work camp. It gives two widely different high school groups a chance to swap experiences and ideas.

The second work camp was at Andover, N. J., where the Hudson Guild Neighborhood House runs a farm as a recreational ground for under-privileged children, young workers and needy families with children. Many improvements were needed at the farm, and provided plenty of jobs for the paying work campers. The setting gave them contact with agricultural life and pursuits. And it is near enough to industrial areas to make exploratory trips possible.

Camp Stepney, the third work camp, was on a ramshackle farm in the Northern Connecticut hills, taking New York slum children for summer vacations. Here was plenty of repair and construction work for the work campers, along with a taste of rural life. And again a variety of industries lie within easy reach for day trips.

The chances for constructive work at these camps stir the young people's imagination.

The work camp promoters do not claim a definite plan for vocational guidance or training. But the scheme does give the campers a chance to explore the work field in a variety of fundamental working skills. Carpentry, plastering, concrete work, masonry and farming were all sampled by each boy and girl in these work camps this last summer. It seemed to give them all a new sense of being worth something in the world as they worked to help others less lucky than themselves.

The camps were in a measure self-governing. Camp Stepney in Connecticut was most successful at it. The members called a "good and welfare meeting" to establish simple regulations for the camp's operation. They divided the summer's program into five sections—for social affairs, athletics, field trips, log and executive responsibilities—and elected committees to plan the activities of each. An executive committee was made up of the chairmen of the other committees, serving with the staff as an advisory council.

At all three camps the summer workers got some experience in the working of democratic government and in organizing social activities. In all these various ways, real social problems, real work and real living are made the major elements of the work camps.

At Pine Mountain the young camp workers found violations of the rights of free speech and assembly and interference with labor's right to organize. They found hillside land that would produce for only three years before the soil was washed away. They learned from actual clinic work that many of the diseases harassing the mountain people could be prevented by proper diet and other simple necessities that these people did not have. They found that only one of every ten children there ever finished the eighth school grade.

From the New Jersey camp, field trips were made to the world.

—Continued on page 3.