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Editorial

We can veritably say that being on The Twig Staff is a stepping stone to fame at Meredith. Nearly all of the 1929-30 student officers have held important positions on The Twig Staff.

The weekly Thursday afternoon recitals, which are held by the Music Department, are unusually enjoyable. The girls who participate in these musical entertainments show technical skill as well as talent. Everyone is invited to come hear the Thursday afternoon recitals. If you have that afternoon free at any time, you are sure to find pleasure and profit in a musical program composed of vocal, piano, violin and organ numbers.

The program for the 29th semi-annual meeting of the N. C. Collegiate Press Association is in the making. One feature is to be an address by Miss Nell Battle Lewis of Raleigh. This promises to be the best and most beneficial Press meeting ever held. It will be at Greensboro College from the 18th to 20th of April.

It certainly is a relief to be a Senior when the Junior-Senior Banquet date rolls around. Juniors, we appreciate you!

THE OAK

Some will think that April has come too quickly this year because we named last year's April Fool Issue, *The Oak*. Although we called attention to the fact that we felt that we were justified in doing so.

Again we feel that we can rightfully call *The Twig* by its new name, perhaps for the issue only, at this time. Although *The Twig* is the youngest of our college publications we can say that it is not the weakest.

There is no doubt that the newspapers are the most widely read North Carolina College Publications. They are also the most influential publications of the collegiate world. The college newspapers hold a large place in molding student opinion and they should reflect student ideas and judgments.

On account of the two reasons just given we feel that we are justified in calling, at least this issue of *The Twig*, *The Oak*.

A GOAL

The quantity of news this week necessitated the printing of a larger *Twig*, and we are able to do so on account of the cooperation of our Business Staff. Our Business Manager is a splendid executive, and without her ceaseless efforts we could not have published *The Twig* this year. She has had two efficient assistant business managers to help her. We congratulate them.

We hope this *Twig*, called *The Oak* for this issue, will give the 1929-30 Staff a vision of a more prosperous and excellent newspaper. Better English and more interesting content, as well as a larger paper, are goals toward which we are striving. With the splendid cooperation of faculty and students, we are going to reach our standards of attainment.

Open Forum

Telephone Courtesies to Schoolmates

There seems to be a certain group of girls in each dormitory who monopolize the telephone. No matter what hour of the day it is if they do not have class they lounge in the rocking chairs at the telephone. This is perfectly all right with me, but when some of the other girls get a call those at the telephone booth do not bother to call them for fear their talking will interfere with the message that they expect to get from some fraternity house.

I, and a few others of the student body, may not be so important as to get a phone call every night. I do not try to carry on business over the telephone, but the few calls that I do get I surely want to receive.

When the phone rings, one of the select few sitting at the telephone answers it. If the person wanted happens not to live on the first floor or happens not to be passing by she gracefully puts her hand over the mouthpiece and waiting a few moments, gaily says, "Hello, I'm sorry but Mary isn't in her room; she has gone to the B-Hive or to the library, I guess. Call again."

Then I have missed my call and the only way I ever find out about it is to receive a letter telling of it, or to find it posted, or else have some one say "You got a call during study hour last night." And study hour was not even near when the call came.

Courtesy, self respect, and the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you" should cause those who answer the telephone to make some effort to notify those who are called.

M. E. H.

On Getting Down Town

If there is one thing I hate more than any other it is being jammed against the side of a bus or against the elbows of another girl. However, I seem to be in the minority. Just witness the scenes at the busses and street cars on Saturday afternoon and Sunday mornings! They appear more like hand-to-hand encounters with an enemy than like civilized young ladies getting a conveyance for a trip down town. The scene is really laughable when it is considered from a distance. There are blue hats, green hats, red hats, brown hats, and black hats seen only as a surging mass; impatient feet stamp the ground (or neighbor's toes) in their eagerness to be placed on the steps of the car, faces are lined from straining and pushing; and voices are hoarse and harsh from shouting for a friend to save a place in the car. But students usually fail to see the comic side of the occurrence; their vision is cut short by their neighbor's back or elbow. And only a few faculty members standing out of range of the multitude and waiting patiently for the tumult to subside see the situation in its true light.

NEW SHOE STORE OPENS HERE

Pollock opens new slipper salon at 114 Fayetteville St. The South's most beautiful shoe shop, featuring the season's newest patterns and materials at one price, \$6. This shop is one of the few operating that offer exclusive college shoes at the above price. You will find chic slippers for street, dress and campus. One visit to this shop and you will at once realize what it means to the college girl. We offer such service as free telephone, packages checked. Meet your friends at Pollocks, "The Shop Ahead."

On Writing a Theme

(From *Salemite*)

'Tis midnight! (Not on the ocean, but on the first floor of Clewell). Not a "Steegee" is in sight—and such noises! Slams, bams, hoots, shrieks, squeaks and other articles! I am calmly sitting at my table making a brave attempt at writing my theme entitled "Spooks and Their Shadows," which I had put off for a whole week. The desk light throws a ghastly gleam on the face (white-spotted with zinc ointment) of my roommate, who has surrendered herself to the enfolding arms of Morpheus (a trite expression—2 points off). Just as I am about to embark upon a flight of literary composition, a loud shriek nearby raises the roof of the building. I and a few other inquisitive ones rush down the hall only to find it was Jerry emitting one of her healthy sneezes, which end like warwhoops. I re-enter my "boodwan" and try once again to invoke the Muse of Inspiration. But all in vain, for about that time I hear a loud, mysterious whistle which sounds as though it comes from the front of Main Hall. I peer out my window and see a fat, dark figure stealthily creeping down the street. Breathlessly I watch the figure creep along, gradually approaching the building and going around it! Without moving a muscle (all thoughts of my theme having taken wings and flown away) I wait till the man returns. Then I discover that I am no detective after all, because the man is a real policeman. (I can tell by the brass buttons on his coat).

Taking all my powers of concentration in hand, I return to my room and start re-reading the only sentence I had written on my theme: "Spooks are not very often seen, but they may often make known their messages by a series of knockings; a person who as a medium may often thus interpret the direful messages of the spirits." Just then I hear a long, doleful-sounding siren "who-o-ing" down the street, which signifies the approach of either the ambulance or the firetruck (and my instinct warns me that it is an ambulance). I sit perfectly still, not daring to move while the ambulance passes by, and the sound of its siren faintly dies away. At that crucial moment a knocking sound disturbs my pleasant thoughts—a knocking on the pipe right behind me. My first thought—that the person in the ambulance has died and his departed soul is trying to communicate with me. With my bedroom slipper I knock back, and then breathlessly wait for the message to be communicated. A shout from the "Steegee" in the room above is my only answer and it in an unspooklike tone: "Lights off down there. One o'clock."

So in a martyred manner I cast aside my pen and paper for a more pleasant occupation—sleep. After all my manly (pardon—no—manly efforts), my theme still remains a thing of the future with only one sentence on which to exist. Oh—whaddaicare! 'Cause—

"I think that I shall never dream A thing as awful as a theme, A theme whose maddening titles pass Before me in a jumbled mass; A theme that looks at me all week And often haunts me in my sleep; A theme that may all year engage A group of sp's for each page, Upon whose margin commas lie, And other marks that never die, Rhymes are made by folks that dream,

But only a nub can write a theme." (With apologies to Joyce Kilmer.)

—SARAH GRAVES.

ALUMNAE ENTERTAINS FACULTY AND SENIORS

(Continued from page one)

lege, Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Brewer, Mrs. M. B. Koonce, Vice President of the Raleigh Chapter, Miss Grace Lawrence, Dean at Meredith, and Miss Caroline Biggers, Assistant Dean, Dr. Dixon Carroll, Miss Gertrude Royster, Mrs. F. J. Ammons, Miss Anne Eliza Brewer, and Miss Madeline Elliott, Student Secretary at Meredith.

Those who invited the guests into the dining room were: Dr. Lane, Mrs. A. F. Duckett, and Mrs. W. L. Wyatt. Serving the delightful tea and sandwiches in the dining room were: Mrs. R. E. Page and Mrs. LeRoy Allen, Miss Emily Cheek, Miss Caroline Mercer, Miss Eleanor Lane, Miss Virginia Branch, and Miss Mary Farrier. Hostesses in this room were: Mrs. C. O. Abernethy, Mrs. Frank Parker, Mrs. J. G. Vann, Miss Mary Tillery and Miss Nell Paschal. Mrs. R. N. Simms and Miss Ida Potent poured tea.

The whole club house was beautiful in its lovely decorations of yellow and lavender, the colors of the two Societies at Meredith. Jonquils and hyacinths were used in profusion.

Miss Mary Lynch Johnson and Miss Olive Pittman were at the door as the guests left.

Contests Between Societies on Society Day Well Distributed; Was a Day of Many Features

(From *The Chowanian*)

The contests between the Lucalian and Alathenian Literary Societies March 7 were unusually interesting. Honors were well distributed; teams were well matched. The basketball game, song contest and readers' contest were won by the Alathenians; the debate, by the Lucalians, with the Alathenian speaker winning the medal for the best individual work.

The day's program attracted a good attendance. The reception following the debate was a brilliant affair.

The program follows:

11 A. M.—Basketball game.
3:30 P. M.—Song contest.
3:40 P. M.—Readers' contest; "A Wedding," John Kirkpatrick, Inez Parker, Alathenian; "So's Your Old Antique," Clare Kummer, Bettie Walter Jenkins, Lucalian.
7:45 P. M.—Society rooters.
8:00 P. M.—Debate: President, Jean

(Continued on page four)

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