

The Twig

Official Organ of The Student Body
of Meredith College

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EDITORIALS

This issue marks the beginning of a new year in the history of our college paper, THE TWIG. And we are hoping that, with the interest and coöperation of the entire student body, this is going to be one of the most successful years the paper has ever experienced.

In this very first issue we want to express our appreciation to the firms whose courtesy makes the paper possible. And we appeal to every student and ask that she patronize our advertisers. No doubt there are many girls who patronize the firms whose ads appear in our paper; but unless they mention the fact that they are from Meredith, the firms may never realize it. When you are in stores down town, mention the fact that you are from Meredith, and that you noticed their ad in our paper. The stores who give us ads are the ones that are really interested in Meredith, and as a student body we want them to know that we appreciate their interest.

Our ideal for THE TWIG this year is to make it more of a weekly news paper for the school than it has ever been before. And we want the students to feel free at any time to make suggestions, contribute material, or show in any way that they are interested in the paper.

MONCRIEF-BOSTICK

Rev. and Mrs. Wade D. Bostick, of Wake Forest, and Pochow, China, announce the engagement of their daughter, Oreon, to Rev. Adiel Jarrett Moncrief, Jr., of Atlanta, Ga., son of Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Moncrief, of Decatur, Ga., the wedding to take place October 7.

KAMPUS KAT



Meow! Meow! Well, hello—here I am—the Kampus Kat. You may be hearing from me every week or so. It all depends on how much news I can get my whiskers into. And also—just so you don't say "Scat" to me. You have no idea how it injures a feline's dignity to have some one shout "Scat." Well, catnip! It's all in the day's travel.

You know, I see a lot just snooping around here. You needn't think though that just because I'm a cat I have to be catty. Indeed, no we cats have our standards. But there is one thing I must say. What the idea of it is I can't quite see, but there's a whole crowd of people here they call "Freshmen." I must admit that I don't know what it is all about. It seems they are quite wild and have to be trained. You know how it is with the young, I'm sure. I have often heard slighting remarks on the vocal ability of my family, but I must confess that the way some of them howled around made the fur stand up on my neck. It occurs they do have their uses, however. They are not particularly decorative sometimes but they make quite efficient door stops. Poor things! I'm beginning to have quite a purry feeling for them. I imagine sometimes they feel as I do when I'm "scatted." I think I shall sing to them some night. Good music is always a comfort.

Well, yours till they give me
Vanishing Kream,
THE KAMPUS KAT.

REFLECTIONS OF A FRESHMAN

"I want to be a senior
And with the seniors stand,
A fountain pen behind my ear,
A notebook in my hand.
I wouldn't be a king,
I wouldn't be a president,
I wouldn't be an angel,
For angels have to sing.
I want to be a senior—
And never do a thing."
"And with the seniors stand."
We, the "green" freshmen would make our introductory bow to our senior classmen and faculty by sitting down when we should have been standing, thus not giving the proper respect due the faculty when they marched out of the auditorium. Oh! For a cherished place among the seniors—so obviously at ease.

From the amused, questioning, and squelching glances, we became—only too late—aware that we were not observing and upholding the college traditions, which we found were the worst things in Meredith we could break. However, you can count on us to do all the breaking necessary!

When I first came to register, I felt anything but green; for, although I had heard of "those awful things" called upperclassmen, I had apparently not heard enough. One often has a queer hobby and—even though I knew I was a freshman—I thought, at least I tried to think it perfectly reasonable and safe to use green ink, as I have quite a liking for loud things. (Yes, quite proper that I should!) I was signing my B. S. U. card with as much dignity as one can using green ink, when all of a sudden one certain senior remarked: "My, but that ink is quite appropriate, little freshie! Gurr! My blood boiled, and, of course, in the wrong way; for my face turned a bright crimson. If I had not paid my thirty dollars, I believe I would have "picked up" and departed straight for home; but even freshmen who use green ink can't lose thirty dollars—so here I am living to narrate this wild tale.

It seems I am not the only one who makes breaks about green; for, when I went to see about gym, the physical education teacher informed me we would use green suits—this party wonders if this was a break on her part, or merely part of the freshman treatment.

I have heard of freshmen mistaking seniors for freshmen, but never have I heard of such a thing as a freshman giving the appearance of a faculty member. Nevertheless, being unusual and plenty "freshmany" I have been trying to avoid mistakes, thus making all the more! While I was gaily skipping very undignifiedly down the hall, I met a most dignified young lady, and she asked me a very legitimate question, which required an affirmative answer, and being in a most accommodating mood, I answered "Yes, Mam." Sad to relate, I was so pleased with myself for doing the right thing for once. It seems all of us (even in the best of families) have disappointments with greatest regularity and I recall that mine was due then—the so-thought faculty member was a freshman!

I've always been told that when one goes to college she just naturally calms down. Well, I doubted it all the time; and now that I'm here, I am thoroughly convinced the old adage is merely a saying. How could I be expected to be serene and angelic when I've had seventeen years of experience the other way? They even resort to calling us Miss — to try to improve our dignity, but I fear they will have to try another method. I still can't get used to being called

Miss —; and when that audacious term is used, I just stutter around and try to answer as intelligently as possible under the circumstances—but all I manage to utter is "B—b—b—eg, pa—don!"

What *would* we freshmen do without letters from home—especially the very kind ones from our "true loves." I, for one, was so excited over a letter from my "special" that I was walking very nonchalantly down the corridor. Some of us have an abominable habit of reading aloud when we are unusually excited. I was so absorbed in my letter, I did not notice anyone near me. However, all of a sudden, I heard someone say: "My dear, when are you coming and pay some attention to your big sister?" Being so shocked at the fact that a junior was condescending to speak to little me, I could only pronounce the phrase which I had just read in my letter: "Yours as always!"

FREE!

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ADMIT ANY MEREDITH COLLEGE
STUDENT TO SEE AND HEAR
(Matinees at STATE Only)

S-T-A-T-E

MON.—TUES.—WEDS.
ANN HARDING IN
"HOLIDAY"

With
MARY ASTOR and ROBT. AMES
Also
NOVELTY ACT AND NEWS

THURS.—FRI.—SAT.
Harold Bell Wright's

"Eyes of the World"

With
JOHN HOLLAND

Also
LAUREL HARDY COMEDY
AND SOUND NEWS

P-A-L-A-C-E

ENTIRE WEEK
CHARLES "BUDDY" ROGERS

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(All in Technicolor)

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