



Official Organ of The Student Body
of Meredith College

BLONDIE MORSE.....Editor
LOIS HARTNESS.....Business Manager
ELIZABETH BOOMHOUR.....Assistant Editor
MARY LEE.....Managing Editor
PRUE CHOATE.....Managing Editor
EDWINA MARTIN.....Managing Editor
ELIZABETH HARRELSON.....Asst. Bus. Mgr.
LOTTIE BELLE MYERS.....Asst. Bus. Mgr.

Reporters

DOROTHY MERRITT MARGARET BRIGGS
SALLIE COUNCIL MARTHA SALISBURY
MAE CAMPBELL ELEANOR HUNT

Entered as second-class matter October 11, 1923, at Postoffice at Raleigh, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879.
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 11, 1923.

Subscription Price\$2.50

EDITORIALS

CHAMPIONS

The Freshmen are the champions—the champions of the Meredith hockey teams! What a good beginning for the “Greenies!” But, this is just the beginning of what the Freshmen are going to do. The hope that we may only be able to prove our worth and capability in all the phases of campus life. We feel that we have already started out right, and we are confident in believing that we are going to keep up the fight and be successful. May we?
M.W.

Wake Forest Paints Soph Letters on Tank

Former Soph spirit was literally painted over this weekend when the big Wake Forest-Meredith “32” was erased forever from the tall water tank on the back of the campus, and also from the sight of Meredith’s present Junior Class. It has been an annual custom for Soph representatives from that institution and also from State College to paint their numerals on Meredith’s most extreme height.

From below many enthusiastic Sophs viewed the work. The two Wake Forest boys high up in the air painted to the accompaniment of cheers and spirited yells. In the background several Juniors saw the “32” upon which they had gazed for a whole year slowly disappear, to be replaced by a “33” of equal size and color. When the State Sophs wend their way to Meredith laden with red paint buckets and brushes—then the very last trace of “32 Soph Spirit” will depart and the “Spirit of 33” will reign.



THE KAMPUS KAT

Well, purrs I, twirling my whiskers, what shall I write this week? Of course there’s this sudden smash into society that occurred this weekend. But, since it happened far from Meredith I know little about it except the exclamations and explanations I have heard here. There may be society cats—but so far, I’m content with the simple life.

Speaking of the simple life—well, a little variety now and then applies to cats as well as men! Thanksgiving Day brought a holiday to the people

here, and I felt I could pause for awhile and gain a little much needed rest. You’ve no idea how I have to keep on my toes around here and keep my eyes open to find out all that’s going on. Well, this day I paused in earnest—took a cat nap and then sweet spirits of cranberries! How I ate! I hardly recognized myself after dinner. I’m still feeling drowsy—(pardon the yawn!) If I go out tonight I will probably be in a somnambulist state!

Yours on the verge of another yawn,
The Kampus Kat.

As Broadcast From Station M-E-R-E-D-I-T-H

“Over the river and through the woods
To Grandfather’s house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.”

That is the song we used to sing upon Thanksgiving days; but different now are the tunes you’ll hear if you peep into college ways. Just listen around a bit today at the talk going on about—for yesterday was Thanksgiving Day, and, oh, the joys it brought! “Did you have a good time?” You’ll hear one ask. “Oh, grand!” the other replies, “I got home by six o’clock Wednesday, for you know that bus simply flies! And was I glad to see the folks! Mother and Dad and all. And oh—let me tell you—Jim came down, and I’d not seen him all this Fall! But what did you do? Did you have heaps of fun?” “Well, I should say I did! I went to the game in Charlottesville and, hon, went with Jack and “Bun”! and then on two others we listen in as they stop to talk in the hall. By their faces I think they must have had the loveliest time of them all. Yes, Mother and Father and Sister came, and I had the most glorious time! Your brother came, I believe you said, and took you up to the game? And another is saying, “Yes, I stayed here, but I had the most wonderful day—just full of surprises and all of it perfect in every single way. The Thanksgiving service at seven fifteen just started the day off right. My mother and father were here for the day so ’twas perfect from morning till night.” Yes, and then beside all this so many nice things were done. Those boxes we took to those needy homes made it happier for everyone.” And so with the thrill of autumn air, and the joys of family, friends, a bit of unselfishness, pleasures as great as scarcely a day ever sends, we surmise ’twas

Wouldn’t It Jar You?

Our soph English teacher (whose name always finishes the smile “as proud as a—”) has the lovely habit of opening each class with the request, “Get out a piece of scrap paper please.” The latest one of these little daily dozens brought out some more very interesting facts. Sir Walter Scott wrote “The Sketch Book,” and Falstaff was a character in *Hamlet*. But these are nothing in comparison with the statement that “Adam Bede” is an “Ecclesiastical History.” Shades of George Eliot! What does the Venerable Bede think of that? Did it jar him? We ask you.

Twig headlines state that “Meredith Girls” will give recital, and the article is concerned with the faculty trio recital, we wonder if they took it as a compliment or did it jar them slightly?

Dr. Winston, in telling of all the many processes which are carried on in the human body, says we are really living test tubes, and this surprised us, that with all the manufacturing activities which go on we don’t have steam continually pouring out of our mouth and nose. Wouldn’t that jar you? It did the class.

One of our sentimental sophs fell in love with the eyes of the Pagan city horn blower as seen in a picture which was passed around English class among others of England. Sir Martin Frobisher also seemed to have appealing eyes. We’re reminded of “Minnie Cheevy.” Wouldn’t It Jar You? It would have the original of the picture.

We wonder what our six known readers think of our column’s being quoted in chapel. Wouldn’t It Jar Me? I didn’t know the column was that famous.

a fine Thanksgiving, a wonderful holiday, when everything seemed to go just right “in the finest sort of way.”

EXCHANGE

Here’s a modern dictionary from the *Queens Blues* of Queens College:

College—where one spends several thousand dollars for an education and then prays for a holiday to come on a school day.

Banana peel—a standing invitation to sit down.

Modern girl—one who can meet the wolf at the door and come out with a fur coat.

Kiss—man’s first cooperative movement.

Soup—loose hash

Grasshopper—a dull lawn mower.

No Flowers Please

Geoffrey of Monmouth, Layamon, and Malory give excellent pictures of carnations in English society.

Plagiarism is using words not in the dictionary.—*Virginia Intermont Cauldron*.

Seniors at Agnes Scott College celebrated “Little Girl Day” recently. How about doing it here?

Raise a slab for Fannie Blister, She thought she could pass on the grades of her sister.

Empty Mail Box: “Blessed are they who expect nothing for they shall not be disappointed.”

Our five favorite exchanges in order of preference: *The Carolinian*, *High Life* (Greensboro), *Salemite*, *Wa He Journal* (Walla Walla, Wash.), and the *Chronicle*.

Live and Learn: There are 14 boys enrolled at E. C. T. C.

Some things we like—the jokes in *The Rotunda*, the pictures of the college in the *Chowanian*; the feature, “Thoughts While Sitting,” in the *Salemite*, the editorial page in the *High Life*, and *Cut Naps* in the *Carolinian*.

MEREDITH TRIO GIVES ARTISTIC RECITAL

The program of chamber music presented by Misses Charlotte Armstrong, Alverda Rosel, and Martha Galt, in Meredith College auditorium Sunday afternoon, November 23, was heard by a large audience including a number of townspeople. This was one of the series of faculty concerts presented on Sunday afternoons by the music faculty of Meredith College.

The concert, a very enjoyable one, was opened by three movements from Mozart’s “Trio in G. Opus 16,” in the second movement, “Andante” with its quiet melody and variations of theme being the best of the three movements.

Mendelssohn’s “Andante Con Moto Tranquillo,” the rendition of which was characterized by delicacy and beauty; and Schubert’s difficult “Scherzo” made up the second group of numbers.

The last group, composed of modern compositions, was perhaps the most enjoyable of the three, and was brought to a climax by “Autumn and Winter,” a brilliant composition from “The Seasons” by Glazounow. “Water Fall” by Venth and “Melodie in D” by Faure were the other two attractive numbers in this group.

FROSH VICTORS OVER JUNIOR-SENIOR TEAM

(Continued from page one)

Thornton	Thornton
L. Inside	
Rozar	Elam
R. Wing	
Warren	Morrow
L. Wing	
Hester	Blanton
R. Halfback	
Yates	Gore
C. Halfback	
Strickland	Norris
L. Halfback	
Stratton	Doggett
R. Fullback	
K. Davis	Sorrell
L. Fullback	
Arnette	Collie
Goal Guard	

MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT THE “CALLY”

CALIFORNIA FRUIT STORE

STUDENTS’ HEADQUARTERS SINCE 1900

“STATIONERY”

KODAKS AND SUPPLIES

Memory Books, Albums, Poems, Loose Leaf Books, Fountain Pens

JAMES E. THIEM

125 Fayetteville St. Phone 135
RALEIGH, N. C.

J. C. BRANTLEY, Druggist

AGENT for

ELIZABETH ARDEN’S TOILET PREPARATIONS

MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT OUR FOUNTAIN