



Official Organ of The Student Body of Meredith College

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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

APRIL 1

It's April the first, and we make no apologies for anything that might happen. You may read anything, hear anything, believe anything! It's a day of make-believe, and you may try to make any one believe anything you wish.

THE WORM TURNS

"Plunk! Plunk! Plunk!"—so sounds the last bits of dirt that are falling on the graves. The mourning crowds are standing around the cemetery with bowed faces. Ah! How sad is the occasion. The rain is falling, and the wind howling. Still no one wants to leave—especially the fair ladies [if any one can be called fair at this mournful time, in due respect to the dead] that are standing to one side in a group that resembles Meredith participating with greatest gusto in the mournful and dreary celebration.



THE KAMPUS KAT

Ah! is a dramatic word and is to be uttered this time in deep and melancholy tones. For, it is sad that on so festive an occasion there should be a note of sorrow. This is the note. I suppose you have all heard the expression "It sounds like a dying cat!" Well, that is just how this note is supposed to sound—and you may wail if you wish—or you may make some catty remark appropriate to the occasion. Nevertheless, O Gentle Reader (If you will pardon the phrase) the Kampus Kat is dead—gone—departed and any other phrase to imply withdrawal from this sphere. Whether he will survive the experience remains to be seen. It is the seventh time—so nothing very new. Still a change is not

to be scoffed at, and whether he will return or not is a matter to be questioned. If he should return he might remain discreetly silent and ponder on the unknown. Silence is not always a sign of dumbness.

But, I fear I grow too voluble when the occasion rightfully deserves tears—or at least the Kampus Kat would appreciate them. So, as all tales must end, and mine has come to an unexpected conclusion, I bid you a fond and far farewell, hoping that from among the spirits of departed Kats you will hear, now and then perhaps, the familiar purr of one who still calls himself

Your continual critic,
The Kampus Kat.

College. The most aged and popular citizens are dead. No more will their bodies adorn the tables, ground, and bottles. Sad is the fact that these celebrities will never be caressed in an adoring manner again.

No wonder the entire community is mourning and weeping and gnashing its teeth—the noted earth worms are dead, and no more are their bright and shining faces to be seen at Meredith College!!!

Great Explosion in Chemistry Laboratory

None of the great explosions which happened in the dangerous battles during the World War can possibly be compared with the explosion which occurred in chemistry lab a few days ago. The class was performing an experiment which called for the use of nitric acid. Before entering the lab, Miss Yarborough instructed the class to be very careful, for this acid would explode when heated too hot and would eat up anything which it touched. Mary—a pale, demure-looking

little creature was almost afraid to enter the lab after learning of the dangerous liquid with which she had to work. She began her experiment, however, working very carefully and slowly. Just as she was heating the solution in her test tube a girl working nearby called to her to borrow her eraser. Mary reached to hand it to her and as she did so the test tube which she was holding came in contact with the flame. Pop! Crash! Bang! went the tube and the nitric acid shot in every direction. Mary and several of the girls near her were injured by the hot acid. They washed their faces and hands as quickly as possible but the brown stain would not rub off. One of the girls cried, "Oh! Mary look at your nose." Mary quickly opened her vanity and to her astonishment and grief there was a brown spot on the end of her nose as big as a quarter and many small ones covered her entire face. Mary began to cry uttering between her sobs, "Oh! What will John think when he sees me. I will just have to break that date." In a short while she felt one of her sleeves loosen and fall off. Soon large

SOCIAL COLUMN

Miss Ruth Starling, a student at Meredith College, motored to Raleigh Saturday evening to attend the movies.

Miss Anne Simms has been elected Meredith Court Jester by the popular vote of the student body at Meredith College.

Miss Kathleen Durham is away for several days, as she is competing in the cross-country races.

Misses Irene Thomas, Susan Layton and Mary Barber have just returned from a tour of the Orient. They were traveling on board the Titanic—fourth class.

It is of exceeding interest to the students and faculty of Meredith College that Miss Elizabeth Stevens, Class '32, has received several offers to go into the movies as a leading lady in "Campus Frolics" as a result of her portrait, which appeared in the Wake Forest Annual.

FAMOUS SAYINGS

Helen of Troy: So this is Paris!

Columbus: I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way.

Queen Elizabeth: Keep your shirt on, Raleigh.

holes were eaten in her dress and hose. Then she realized that the acid was eating up her clothes. Her dress began to fall to pieces little by little and the way in which her clothes fell from her body would equal a game of strip poker.

As soon as Miss Yarborough heard the noise she ran quickly into the room followed by Dr. Winston. They both demanded an explanation but upon seeing Mary's frightened face, flicked with brown spots and her threadbare clothing, did not have the heart to question her further. With lips trembling and eyes downcast Mary said, "I am so sorry but I could not help it." Immediately she gathered up her books and ran out of the lab crying, "No more chemistry lab for me."