

The Twig

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of Meredith College

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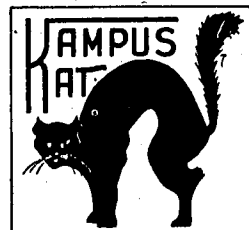
EDITORIALS

CONQUEST

She came, we saw, she conquered!—even a hard boiled newspaper reporter! Who? Miss "Dick" McConnell. When the B. S. U. Council members and others who had known Miss McConnell at Ridgecrest and other Baptist meetings praised her so highly, and even "raved," skeptical Twig reporters who hail from Missouri waited until they had something on which to base their judgment. No "pop" judgments would do about so talked about a personage. Two chapel talks and private talks with individual students make good grounds for proof. The campus as a whole have been conquered—not by a tyrannical Caesar, but by an outstanding personality. She began her unconscious campaign with her talk, "Ships of Personality." All except the extra cynical and argumentive agreed with no reluctance. Her Ridgecrest talk made even the usually unenthusiastic "wake up and take notice." If every Meredith girl who wants to could go to Ridgecrest, there'd be nearly a full hotel of Meredith girls alone. And can she whistle? It reminds one of the Whistlers' Club which once existed on the Meredith campus. Their motto was, "It's not permissible, but it looks kissable." Meredith College acknowledges the truth of the previous reports. Miss McConnell is "O.K." Here's hoping for "more of the same" now and oftener.

"THE EARLY GIRL GETS THE COURT"

Spring has come at last, and that means tennis; and, changing an old adage slightly, "the early girl gets the court." These pretty days the courts come to life about six o'clock in the morning, and there is always a waiting list. If



THE KAMPUS KAT

Last week—having just received from one experience with the unknown—I was almost scalped. Braves—as I learned they were called—descended upon me in paint and feathers and seemed bent upon using me as a trophy of the hunt. I escaped with no serious injuries and a curiosity that still wished to know why the occasion for such a wild trampling up and down the court. I couldn't decide at first. I stumbled—if a cat does—over people on benches and was nearly trampled by high heels—or broader, flatter ones. But—while my escapes for a while left me haunted by Indian whoops and visions of feet descending upon me—it is all a thing of the past and I learned that it was in

you don't believe it, just ask the girls who room on the outside of Stringfield Hall; if anybody knows, they should, because they are awakened every morning by the noise on the courts.

Some of the girls are just out for the mere fun of it, but some of them really mean business, and there is going to be some competition in the approaching tournament. Just look out for Mary Bess's wicked serve! She sends the balls over the net so fast that you can hardly see them; and "Dot" Davis may be little, but—well, watch her play tennis just once!

Martha and Katherine Davis, Alice Stratton, "Spec" Harris, Kathleen Durham, Kitty Makepeace, and numerous others are plenty good, and from present appearances, the tournament will be anything but boring.

EXCHANGE

S. Lockwood: I hear you flunked English?

E. Parkinson: Yes, Miss Johnson asked for an essay on "The Result of Laziness," and I handed in a blank paper.

The origin of the Grand Canyon has been discovered. A Scotchman touring the West dropped a dime in a prairie dog hole.

The kid who had never seen the country before sees a spider spinning a web between two tall weeds and yells, "Pop, come see this bug putting up a wireless."

such a way the Juniors decided to entertain the Seniors!

In spite of the fact that there is still some time for school to continue, there is a certain spirit of finality which is beginning to pervade this place. People speak of my last this and my last that—But most of all I hear a certain group which has been relegated to a certain section of the dining room speak of "the last six weeks." With this phrase goes "Senior privileges!" What that may be I do not know definitely—but it sounds fine. And purrs I—the more the merrier—they need it—'pon my soul!

But as all things must end so must this—

So—yours for a gay old time—

The Kampus Kat.

E. C. T. C. had an April Fool issue that was as bad as ours—"Henry Ford Donates \$5,000,000 For Building New Smoking Room," is an example.

And you should have read the write-up of May Day in the Queens-Chicora April Fool issue. White cheese cloth and red mosquito netting for clothes—how's that? The Coker College *Periscope* has a blank space on the front page of their April Fool issue which is labelled "Dr. C. as he looked addressing faculty meeting in his plea for the passing of the smoking privilege."

From the Little Rock *Tiger*: There was once an old man from Peru,
Who always would visit the zoo;
A monkey he spied,
And he cried and he cried,
"My long lost dad from Peru."

S. B.: You're a fool.

K. M.: Well, you're the biggest fool on the campus.

Dr. H.: Girls, girls, you forget I'm here.

E. P.: Did you get a haircut?

D. M.: No, I just had my ears moved down.

And now we know why they say amen instead of awoman—because they sing him instead of hers!

The Scotch song—"The best things in life are free."

The saccharine song—"Ain't she sweet?"

The hunter's song—"Oh, how I miss you tonight."

FACULTY NOTES

Dr. Brewer spent Thursday evening in Henderson.

Dr. Brewer was a visitor at the Hocutt Memorial Church in Burlington.

Dr. Charles E. Brewer spent Tuesday and Wednesday of last week in Frederick, Maryland, where he was attending a meeting of the Junior Order.

Miss Hesta Kitchin spent last week-end at her home in Scotland Neck, N. C. She was accompanied back by Misses Pauline Kitchin and Ruth Leary.

Misses Ida Poteat and Mary Tillery attended the Southern States Art League Convention held in Savannah, Georgia, last Thursday and Friday. Miss Tillery exhibited a painting, "Snow in North Carolina," which was a very beautiful view.

Miss Mary Jane Spruill was a Lillington visitor during the past week-end.

Miss Mary Crawford had as her guest Saturday night, Miss Bernice Stringfield of Asheville.

Miss Richie Anderson visited Miss Dorothy Rowland in Rocky Mount Sunday.

Misses Martha Galt, Doris and Mary Tillery motored over to Chapel Hill, N. C., where Miss Mary Tillery entered the following pictures in the Professional Artists Club: "The Portrait of Tommie Tucker," "A Landscape—March Morning," "The Red Sweater," and a few drawings.

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Biology Club Has Interesting Program

A most interesting program was presented at the Barber Biology Club April 16, at 6:45 o'clock. Helen Middleton was in charge of the program, which was as follows:

"In Defense of Insects," Mary McAden; "A Collection of Sulphur Butterflies," Ruby Lee; "Pine Barren Pixies," Mary Lee Howell; "A Collection of Moths," Margaret Broughton.

In the brief business session preceding the program, a discussion was held relative to the annual gift of the club to the department. A bird or life history chart was decided upon. At the close of the meeting the president announced a call meeting for the following Thursday evening for the purpose of electing next year's officers. The new officers will have charge of the May meeting.

Misses Lena Barber and Ida Holliday, guests of Miss Charlotte Armstrong, went to Charleston, S. C., last week-end to see the magnolia Gardens.

Misses Carolyn Peacock, Mabel Yarborough, Alverda Rosel, Alice Keith, and Mrs. Lillian Parker Wallace, accompanied by young gentlemen professors of State and Wake Colleges enjoyed an outing last Friday night at Lassiter's Mill, where they cooked their dinner.

"Poor Jake, the coffin maker, got too ambitious."
"Too ambitious?"
"Yep! He's all wrapped up in his work now!"