

The Twig

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of Meredith College

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EDITORIALS

DOWN WITH CLIQUES

Webster says that the term "clique" is generally used in a bad sense, so we hesitate in saying that we have cliques on our campus and say, rather, that there is always a natural tendency for people of common interests to form exclusive sets or coteries and consequently miss much real pleasure and benefit that would come from a wider circle of friends. This is not meaning that the many little "crowds" on the campus are unfriendly but, instead, that they evidence a narrow range of friendship on the part of those concerned.

Obviously, there is no better opportunity offered for exploring the interesting realms of human personality than while at college; and those who prefer to go "like Juno's swans, coupled and inseparate," unless they make other friends, will deprive themselves of much in their college career of broadening their interests and outlook, and of the foundation of friendships that will be so highly prized in the years after college. A human personality is such an interesting thing, and the thrill one feels after "finding" a good book is experienced even more strongly with the "discovery" of a new friend.

Then why not widen our circle of friends? Sitting next to us in our classes may be girls whom we have regarded as "closed books." Think of what we may have been missing, and remember that "One can't always tell by the cover

Just what is inside of the book."

THAT OLD SOCIETY SPIRIT!

"Well, what's going on here?" thought Mr. Sun as he loomed over Meredith "never have I seen Meredith girls so energetic.

Usually when I come up the campus is one of the most deserted places in Raleigh and today—well, something extraordinary is going to happen I know!"

And old Mr. Sun was perfectly right, for this is what he saw! On the dining room steps a crowd of girls were standing around the bell. In front of freshman dormitory another crowd was grouped. These were the two societies—the Astros and the Phis—and they were awaiting the ringing of the rising bell. It was cold and they had been waiting a long time but still they persevered. (Perhaps they had a streak of the determination and perseverance of the little match girl.)

These two groups had been silently watching each other's movements for a long time and were still glaring hopefully at one another.

Suddenly the bell rang and the air was filled with ungodly sounds—

Zip! Boom! Bang! And the freshies woke up! Girls marched up and down the halls yelling and singing. Firecrackers were shot and all noises "makeable" were made. The poor little freshmen were afraid to venture out. They were frightened by the howling mob, especially of the bloodthirsty sophs. They had heard many tales about the sophs and believed them capable of anything from revolution to persecution. It seemed that the former was being enacted and it was in fear of the latter that they were afraid to go to breakfast. After a while, however, some of the bolder members of the green horn class ventured forth and when the remaining meeker ones saw that they suffered no physical hurt they timidly followed.

"A-S-T-R-O—Astrotekton!" came from one end of the dining room, and at the other end came the response—

"P-H-I-L-A, Philaretia!"

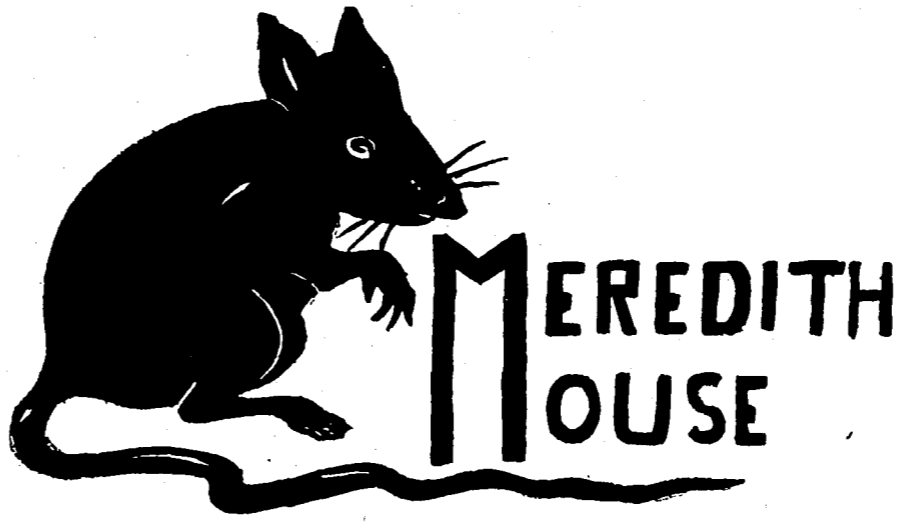
The freshies clapped and they were happy because they knew that before the sun set again they would have pledged themselves to their favorite society.

"Well" chuckled old Mr. Sun, "They seem to be happy. What fun it must be to be a Meredith College girl. They really live!" And he turned his attention to something else because he had lingered too long.

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling.

The society editor of the local daily swirled around in her chair and viciously eyed the cause of interruption in her poetic flight on the ecstasies of a spring day. When all the world's a lover And boys are merely buzzers.

"I've a notion to let you ring until Gabriel blows his horn," she said. And eventually she did continuing her poetic fancies thus



A-s-t-r-o! P-h-i-l-a! Now, if I may, I ask you, have you ever heard those before? (Just a rhetorical question to which I surely shan't wait for a reply). Really, I fear this little mouse would be reduced to a mere shadow if she were compelled to lose as much sleep all the time as she has lost the past few weeks. Being a well-trained sort of person, I always retire at nine and sleep in the mornings until 7:30. But woe was me! Every night last week I was awakened from my peaceful slumbers at exactly ten by the wildest, most terrifying shrieks ever heard. So startling were they that I dreamed about firecrackers and cute (?) little goats the rest of the night. (Rest, did I say? Surely there was none for yours truly!) And singing! Ill declare unto you, I learned a whole line of one song (is there such a thing as the law of frequency?) It went something like this "Astro, Mother, Astro." There was another song that I heard just as often, but it was too lengthy for this feeble intellect to retain any of its import. And then, right on the heels of this song I thought another war must be in the process of being heralded. Speaking of noises! They were awful to the

When all the world's a lover And boys are merely buzzers, My soul to heights unknown flies

And plucks angels' harps in the skies.

"I'm, not so bad, not so bad," she sighed to herself. "Such rhythm, such unusual expressions and such a unique rhyme scheme—why who knows, I'm likely to be awarded the Pulitzer prize for my poetry, or probably I'll be made associate editor of POETRY instead of society editor on this two by four country newspaper where genius is not even recognized much less appreciated," she ended sniffing her nose, and casting vicious eyes once more around the shabby, little office of THE MORNING SUN where the baldheaded star reporter sat at his disheveled desk strewing papers and hitting typewriter keys absent-mindedly, where the managing editor sat slaying copy with a red pencil, where the file hooks groaned under their burden of miscellany, and where the AP lines ticked monotonously.

cars, and just when I KNEW I'd be the next victim in this cause for—well, most anything—I discovered, to my great relief, that it was another way the Phis had of saying, "Freshmen, we are here!"

And Wednesday morning! Sweet spirits of stardust! There was such a conglomeration of firecrackers, Billy goats, and yells that one just couldn't be sure what it was all about. (I'm not the raving beauty I once was, mousically speaking—loss of one half hour of sleep!) Anyway, Society Day (in case some of you have not discovered what I've been attempting to describe) was a howling success! And how!

And ere I make my exit from the scene I must mention another Society Day. It's a totally different kind, they tell me, and it's going to be at the Brother Institution. Another person said it was Wake Forest Society Day and that Meredith will be a lonesome place that certain Saturday. I'm all at sea! Where is the Brother Institution? It is in Raleigh? Oh, but maybe it isn't for me to know and maybe I'm just a—

Meddling Meredith Mouse.

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, rang out the 'phone more sharply.

The society editor grabbed pencil and pad, rushed to the 'phone and jerked the receiver down all the time muttering, "Probably that dame who has called up here approximately a half dozen times this morning to insert names she omitted in her party list she sent in. Pity she suffers such lapses of memory. Oh, hello (this very sweetly)——"

"Hullo, yourself, what's up this morning that you can't answer this 'phone when you're supposed to?"

A wry grimace—the printer's devil of all people. Well, she'd show him who was who, the very idea of yelling through the receiver like that and insulting her with such a remark.

"I was indulging in one of my inspired moments and soaring away into poetic sublimity, saphhead."

"Huh, poetic sub-sub-sub—

"Poetic sublimity, only, of course, you don't know what that

means. I shall be a great poet some day and then you'll be sorry that you weren't more considerate of my genius. Why, I'm going to be editor of POETRY magazine shortly."

The printer's devil whistled softly under his breath saying, "Ye gods, that woman and her poetry, which, to my notion, is rotten. Hey (this in the receiver to the society editor), snap out of it, and dash off a lead to a story on the societies of Meredith College. Poetry or no poetry, genius or no genius, we've got to have a corking good lead right away."

"Since when have you given me orders?" came the querulous demand.

"I ain't giving you orders, young miss, I'm only relaying the orders for McDougal, managing editor, and you'd better step on it for he's on the war-path," and bang went the receiver.

The society editor perched her specs more sedately on her nose, patted her mouse-colored wig and wrinkled her pug nose preparatory to extemporising, and incidentally reminiscing, for she had once been a Meredith girl.

"Societies at Meredith College, Rushing period, a variety of entertainments, Mother Astro and P-H-I, P-H-I, P-H-I vying for the new girls, decision day, yells and tears, and then initiation, bruises and bumps, luminous faces. What an experience for any new girl to look forward to. There, that's concise and precisely to the point. Hey, you (calling to the office boy) shoot this down to the linotype man."

An interval of a few minutes, then the poetry and the methodical chewing of gum resumed their sway on that second floor office of THE MORNING SUN.

ASTRO GOAT WINS VICTORY DECISION DAY OVER DOG

(Continued from page one)

we feel thy horns upon us" instead of hands. Not only the dog, but all passersby avoided the goat until he calmed down.

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