

# The Twig

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## EDITORIALS

Today we are recalling to mind the personages who have made our college possible. This day is set aside to pay tribute to those Baptists whose untiring efforts and splendid sacrifices made for its establishment and endurance. With the coming of this Founders' Day there is a deep appreciation on the part of the Student Body not only for those who planned the establishment of Meredith, who inculcated the noblest of intellectual, social, and religious ideals, but also for those who in this year of financial straits are giving their very best support and cooperation to the advancement and development of the institution we as students are grateful. To those who in the first days of Meredith's history gave their support and to those who carry on the nobly set goals, we pause on this another Founders' Day to pay homage.

COLLEGE SLANG UNORIGINAL  
SAYS DEAN OF SMITH COLLEGE

Northampton, Mass.—There was a period when college students used to set the pace in creating new slang words and phrases, but now they seem content to imitate, according to Dean Marjories Nicolson of Smith College. Dean Nicolson told Smith undergraduates at chapel this week that they were a generation behind the times in the matter of slang which, she said, was accepted as a natural part of language even by scholars, because it was pungent and brief. The same old words prevail throughout the country, she declared. Until students can devise something better than "Okay" and "KO," they might just as well use "yes," the Dean advised.

## Freshman Reflections on Founders' Day

Five o'clock!  
And a story yet to be written on "Reflections of a Freshman on Founders' Day." And the deadline is 6 p.m.

Just one hour to hatch a readable tale—about two hundred words—what a break for a new reporter and particularly for one who does not indulge in the art of reflecting! Besides how can one write one's reflections when Founders' Day has not yet been experienced? Anyway, let's begin:

"As I sit here at my window looking out over the campus of Meredith College I begin to wonder about the significance of Founders' Day."

Rap, rap. (Stage direction: That would be a knock at the door.)

"Come in! . . . Hello, have a seat." (All this without looking up to see who the visitor is.)

"Well, can't you see anything except that pencil and paper?"

"No, what do you want?"

"Can't I come to see you without wanting something?"

"Maybe, but you're always hungry or want to know where assignments are, or even assistance in your work."

(Bank! that door is probably saying things.)

Now let's see. Where was I? Oh yes—"the significance of Founders' Day. My mind travels back and I see a picture of life in the late '80's. A few men and women daring, stalwart, courageous, are thinking of establishing an institution for the higher education of females of North Carolina. Unthinkable! Outrageous! Women educated!"

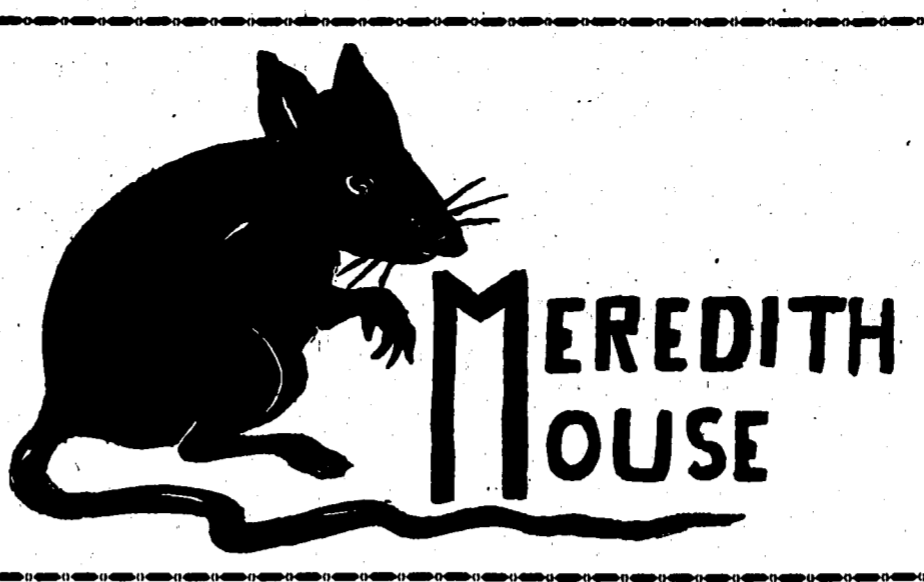
Five-twenty. Merciful heavens a conference at five-ten! (Intermission of about fifteen minutes while the poor absent-minded author chases over the campus to make excuses to a furious prof.)

Well, that's over, now to return to Founders' Day. "So that must be the significance of that day—paying homage to those far-sighted perceptive people who made it possible for us women of the twentieth century to have the advantages and privileges of college training."

Quarter of six! There goes the dinner bell! Time to go sling hash and break dishes, and the story scarcely begun!

"Hm—a holiday Friday too. Not so bad. Glad they established the school if only to give us a holiday to celebrate the founding of it. Dr. Kitchin of Wake Forest to speak, and music, and a reception. Sounds like a festival. Wonder if there will be many here, and what they'll do to us poor freshmen?"

Four more minutes to go. The story reeks of Noah's Ark. Think I'll go ask the editor for an hour's grace, my sawdust won't function as rapidly as that



*A very funny thing happened the other day. I heard somebody talking about "Founders' Day" and that this college was founded in 1899. I thought that these buildings hadn't been here except since 1926, and that even at that, they had not been accidentally "found." Well, as it turned out, it was all a matter of a mouse not knowing her English—and I realized that there was a difference between "found" and "fnd." Anyway, today is Founders' Day; and, since you'll doubtless hear the history elsewhere, I shall not give my view of it. Suffice it for me to say that Founders' Day is a great old day, and it just takes a Founders' Day every year to make you love your Alma Mater more and more. I'm hoping this will be a fine day for you all—students, faculty and alumnae!*

*Now I'll "turn backward, turn backward" in my musing and*

*put in a word about what, to most of you, is past history now. Exams. are over, and the time has come when new notebooks are bought, last semester's notes are either in the waste basket or on the shelf awaiting a chance to be used in connection with another course, and new leaves, both literally and figuratively, are being turned. It's a great life, and here's hoping for you that all those resolutions to make not lower than B and not more than A will materialize!*

*Before I leave you let me say I'm hoping everybody is going to do her part and help the worthy cause of the Seniors, who are sponsoring the very excellent concert by the Duke University Musical Clubs. The reports are that it's going to be a fine entertainment; you can't afford to miss it!*

*Faithfully yours,  
The Meredith Mouse.*

of the other staff members. But it would consume my four minutes by the time I walked across the campus, up three flights, down three flights, across the campus again. And suppose she wouldn't grant me the hour's grace.

Oh well, probably I'll be able to reflect on Founders' Day. "The significance of it, the holiday attached to it—now I wonder what those Founders would say if they were to come back here on Tuesday, see this modern educational plant and system? "Maybe I'll see some and ask them.

And here endeth my nonsense, but its by a nonsensical freshman so what more could you expect? By this time next year, however, I'll wager I'll know the ups and downs of Founders' Days, past, present and future.

## OCTAGON SOAP COUPON CAMPAIGN ORGANIZED

(Continued from page one)

see that is carried on with pep and enthusiasm. The goal for the students is to collect one hundred thousand coupons by commencement. This means that each class is responsible for twenty-five thousand coupons. If this goal can be achieved the students will have done much toward reaching the one million coupon mark, which is the ultimate goal.

The captains elected are Pauline Cagle, Hallie Mae Rollins, Mary Frances Underwood, Helen Privette, Erma Ragan, Ruth Sample and Edna Wilhide from the senior class; Ellen Hinckley, "Speck" Harris, Sara Herring, Annette Donovan, Lois Sawyer, and "Jo" Broadwell from the junior class; Emily Miller, Evelyn Barker, Eleanor Rozar, Sarah Elizabeth Vernon, and Ella Lee Yates, from the sophomore class; and Dura Jones, Elizabeth Roderell, Elberta Foster, Loretta Nickols, and Virginia Browne, from the freshman class. The captains for the towns girls are Lucile Johnson, as president; Lina Spence, Mozelle Goodwin, Evelyn Weathers, and Mary Ruffin.

## MANY REUNIONS OF ALUMNI TO OBSERVE FOUNDERS' DAY

(Continued from page one)

ton, Dunn, Durham, Edenton, Evergreen, Fayetteville, Florence, S. C., Gastonia, Henderson, High Point, Kinston, Lexington, Louisburg, Louisville, Ky., Lumberton, Madison, Monroe, Mount Airy, Mount Gilead, New Hanover, Conn., Norfolk, Va., Raeford, Rockingham, Sanford, Scotland Neck, Shelby, Statesville, Thomasville, Wadesboro, Whiteville, Wilmington, and Winston-Salem.

## U. D. C. Announces Prize Essay Contest

The United Daughters of the Confederacy announce a \$250 prize given by the late Miss Mary Lou Gordon White of Nashville in memory of her brother, Dr. Gordon White, for the best story of real literary merit founded on the life of early colonists in one of the Southern States, to bring out in fictional form contribution made by this section, to the making of American history. Half of the prize is to be paid the writer when the judges have made their decision, and the other half, on the appearance of the story in a well known magazine.

The contest was held last year but has been continued, though nearly 100 manuscripts were submitted, since none, in the opinion of the judges, five leading literary critics and authorities on the short story, had the outstanding qualities requisite for this award.

Mrs. John H. Anderson of Raleigh, N. C., U. D. C. historian general, is in charge of the contest. Rules are as follows:

The story must be original and must never have been published.

The story must not exceed 6,000 words in length.

All manuscripts must be typewritten, double spaced.

A contestant may submit only one story.

The story must be submitted under a pen name, with the author's real name and address and return postage enclosed in a sealed envelope. This envelope must bear on the outside the title of the story and the author's pen name.

All stories submitted, including the prize winner, remain the property of the writers and will be returned after the contest is decided.

Manuscripts must be submitted before June 15, 1932, to Mrs. John H. Anderson, 707 West Morgan Street, Raleigh, N. C.

Announcement of the prize winner will be made at the November 1932, convention of the U. D. C.

Judges are to have the right to continue the contest if no story of real literary merit is entered in the contest.

Book Agent: "You ought to buy an encyclopedia now that your boy is going to school."

Prospect: "No, let him walk the same as I did."

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