

# The Twig

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## Editorial

Since we won't be here when this issue comes out it strikes us that now would be an excellent time to say lots of things we've wanted to say for some time. But the point is—we have to come back, and there is really no telling *what* would strike us then!

Stunt night, like everything else does, has come and gone. THE TWIG offers its heartiest congratulations to the Class of '26 for the STUNT presented. We use capitals because the chairman of the judges did in his presentation speech.

And what about that speech anyway? It was one of the cleverest we have ever heard, but did you ever dream of a man standing up before such a crowd of women and congratulating himself of a chance to keep them waiting?

The World Court is about the biggest thing in collegiate circles now. How many of us are as well up on this as we should be? By all means read the account of the conference at Duke as given in Y. W., and keep up with the syndicated articles as they appear each week.

Miss Susie Herring, Meredith's first alumnae secretary, has returned from her first trip, and brings us a message in the Alumnae column. All success to her in her work!

What about the freshmen? Aren't they the cleverest you've seen yet? Last year the Sophs didn't do much. This year they did less, and next year—well, we believe we're safe in predicting that they won't find out anything!

The above is based on the statement that "what happens twice happens thrice," which brings to mind the Freshmen programs. Besides the fake program which the sophomores got, they distributed another faked one along with the sure-nuff ones. Have they discovered a gold

mine, or has a rich uncle left them a legacy?

The music seniors aren't the only ones who can give recitals. The Home Economics are coming to the front with a series of "graduating recitals" that appeal to even more of the senses than does music.

Did you notice the step-ladder that was carried in Saturday night? At first we thought that it was to be used to bring down the president of the winning class from the upper spaces! It is also rumored that certain members of the class sat up all night with the cup in the midst of the group.

The height of our desire has always been to be captain of a championship football team. But as it is, we have to take our thrills second-hand from the side lines just now. We're holding our breath until after the games of this week, as we dare say most of the other colleges in the State are doing.

Reporters for this issue: Mabel Andrews, Crys Davis, Mary Love Davis, Leone Warrick, Annie Bell Noel, Pauline Sawyer, Mary Rodwell Hunter.

### BLESSINGS OF SECLUSION

There is nothing like seclusion. When one is blessed with a poultry disease such as the chicken pox she has a world of opportunities opened to her mind which is well protected under a mountainous surface. The first opportunity she meets is one of controlling her emotions and her temper. To be able to smile when the complexion begins its eruptions, to be able to sing as you ploddingly place one foot before the other in climbing the third flight of stairs on your way to the infirmary, and to be able merrily to prepare for a two week's nap while Sou delivers her welcome address is an accomplishment worth while. What a wonderful training it is to be able to remain in a small room on the fourth floor while the greatest occasion of the year takes place on the second floor! It is grand to be strong enough to appreciate the chicken pox on Stunt Night.

Then think of the opportunity of missing classes. Where is the girl who would not pat herself on the shoulder (if you had a bad case, the patting would be omitted) when she reclined on her couch and remembered hour by hour that she was escaping taking pages of class notes or even missing a dreadful quiz? Right here I think there is an opportunity for cultivating an optimistic outlook. If you are an optimist you forget that you will ever be called upon to reproduce anything the teacher says in your absence.

In some cases an opportunity is pre-

## Alumnae News

"I used to go to Meredith. Is Sou still there? Bless her heart!"

"Do you still sneak up the fire-escape to see the sick?"

"I haven't heard anyone mention the stage curtain in years. Don't tell me it's not in agonizingly working order. We once thought it wonderful!"

These are just some of the questions asked during the peregrinations of an alumnae secretary. First of all they ask of Old Meredith and then they ask of the New.

"What's the furniture like? Are they really going to move out at Christmas? What??\*!! Not real hardwood floors? Catherine, did you hear that? I hope you're truthful, but I doubt it!"

And the funny part about it is that we really haven't any *old* girls—they all seem to stay young. They "simply despise" or are "perfectly crazy" just as we all are—Aye! so are we all of us!

But here's the point. Everybody's doing things! The classes are simply going over the top in the way they're responding to this furniture program. Personally I think the class of '24—Ha! I knew that 'ud get you. Well, we'll see. We'll see.

Meantime several ( ) [space left for endearing adjectives] dear souls of our own number are giving a *whole room apiece*. I haven't asked for permission to publish these names for fear modesty would prohibit. But here goes:

Maude Davis (Mrs. J. W. Bunn).  
 Madge Daniels.  
 Ella Thompson.  
 Ella Parker  
 Janie Parker  
 Ethel Carroll (Mrs. Squires).  
 Bertha Carroll  
 Mamie Carroll.  
 Beth Carroll.  
 Susie Herring.  
 Bernice Hamrick.

And

who shall be the next?

### Simpli Teribl

"Why do you weep?" I sed,  
 For tears wer in her ize;  
 She lukt up timidly  
 Quite taken by surpris.  
 Then thro her faling tears,  
 A tender smil revealing,  
 She simply pointed to  
 The onyons she was peeling.

sented for physical enjoyment. Nothing is much more comfortable than to stand erectly after you have reposed for many hours on a cot whose only failing is its brevity.

May I repeat? There is nothing like seclusion.

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