

# The Twig

Member North Carolina Collegiate Press Association, Official Organ of The Student Body of Meredith College.

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## Editorial

Yes, we will admit that we were truly cut off, but it has given us a chance to play the news for another week! And anyway, we hoped all along that the N. C. C. P. A. would be postponed.

The silver lining proves to be the fact that we did find it out in time to stay at home and not go wildly over, only to be cut off all around because no one could expect further permission to try the same stunt again.

With the Sophomores in the throes of sonnet writing we expect to see quite a number as follows:

Sonnet to a Football Player.

Sonnet to a Weinie.

Sonnet to a Week-end Trip to Wake Forest, Chapel Hill, etc.

You see, they are to follow the advice as given, "Look in thy heart and write."

We haven't heard from the petition for Saturday instead of Thanksgiving Day, but it ought to get through, because we signed it twice.

This thing of being a Senior gets better and better. It is said that the Senior rings are to be shipped this week. Can't you imagine the elegance that will be called forth when they drink from a glass or cup? We mean the Seniors drinking, not the rings.

With the unusual number of week-end slips that were written this week you might have thought that those of us who stayed here would be rather at a loss, but it proved quite the other way. With the help given by Mrs. Cooper and Miss Welch, the Spirit of Hallowe'en reigned supreme in both dining rooms.

Did you go to Chapel Monday night? If you didn't, you missed

something decidedly worth while. Read the account of it, and watch for the series of articles on the World Court that will soon appear in the Twig.

Strange to say, Stunt Night draws nearer and nearer. It is feared that some of our monthly grades have also become stunted during the process, but they come nine times a year, while Stunt Night comes only once.

The Publications Board at Chapel Hill is threatening the Editor of the Tar Heel because the publications are not delivered promptly. We shall hasten to the rescue, because ours came quite promptly. In fact, its promptness was what saved the Board from having eight-at-the-time uninvited guests.

What about our Chapel conduct? The most perfect order we ever saw was during similar exercises at an institution for the feeble-minded. We're not saying anything else. You can draw your own conclusions.

When the chaperone goes out on the porch during the dates and states that the Dean says the girls must have something around them we ask you, what does it mean?

We were asked to write an editorial on the weather. We don't believe however, that our opinion would have any weight in the case. No, we take that back and register a most earnest and heart felt plea, for sunshine. You see, we feel that way because something we said last week is having a response. We mean that matter of cooperation.

We are proud of the fact that Meredith had the largest delegation at the Student conference at Chapel Hill. That goes to show that when we do things, we do them well. Meredith also furnished the pianist, while members of our Student Body and Faculty were on the program for talks.

### WHAT ABOUT IT?

Think of it! Eight girls with the best looking clothes in school, all curled and rouged and manicured within an inch of their—pocket-books and all eight ready to leave for the Press Association the next day. All the above statements are correct for the majority of each girl's wardrobe was most probably borrowed. And in truth,

they were really ready to leave for the Association on the twenty-ninth, thirtieth, and thirty-first.

But on the morning before the departure, one of the party received an ever welcome exchange; in short, The Tarheel. Now was the time to look thru' the paper which was to be the host for the occasion, and find what plans had been made for their entertainment. Each page was carefully perused, but no mention of such an affair could be found.

"Well!" she thought, "That seems to be the coolest welcome ever put forth!" A few more minutes of careful thought brought the idea that there must be a colored gentleman in the supply of winter fuel for the open fire place. And, after consultation with others, and a hurried 'phone call, the joker was found. The Association had been postponed two weeks, and, because of undue negligence on the part of—well, we'll be nice and polite, and place all the blame on Uncle Sam!

But, we ask you, can you picture, gentle reader, eight undefeatable Meredith girls landing in the midst of Chapel Hill two weeks ahead of time? Where would they have gone? Who would have fed them, and where might they find room to rest their weary heads? And can you picture their return to Meredith foot-sore and bedraggled, and—the consequent wrath which they would have wished to vent on a certain gentleman who would most probably have had quite a time convincing them that the whole blame lay on the U. S. Government?

But we will overlook all this for this time, provided our reader will overlook our joyous recounting of the treat in store for this week as related in last week's Twig. For now we have both verbal and written proof that the Association is to be held the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth of November, and we do not intend to even pack our bags until the morning of the twelfth, for fear that another equally important epistle from Pres. E. G. Moore has gone astray. That is all, but we wish to ask the sympathy of all in the tragedy so narrowly averted, as well as their rejoicing with us at the again proved fact that "all's well that ends well."

Reporters: Mattie Lee Eagles, Dorothy Dunning, Mabel Claire Hoggard, Crys Davis, Francis Harris, Ruth Loudermilk, Katie Dail, Gladys Brown.

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