

The Twig

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Editorial

To Thanksgiving—and what it means to us, we dedicate these columns of THE TWIG.

Who is it that doesn't get a thrill at the thoughts of Thanksgiving? To the child Thanksgiving Day means a holiday; lots of company, all the aunts, uncles, and cousins for miles around; a big dinner, turkey, cranberry sauce, cake (six different kinds); and just a day meant for fun and frolic!

To the High School girl or boy, Thanksgiving is looked forward to because it means a big time. It is just the season for festivities, such a good time to have a party! No school on Thursday or Friday, a fine time for a week-end automobile trip, or to have company yourself.

To the college girl—what does Thanksgiving mean? Turkey and cranberries taste just as good as they did ten years ago. A holiday, getting out of three or four classes (some even lucky enough to miss a Lab.), is always welcomed with open arms. But doesn't Thanksgiving, and *shouldn't* it mean more to us than just a holiday? We are old enough to realize the true significance of the day, to love and appreciate its true meaning and celebrate it accordingly.

Two years ago those interested in Meredith had only the "new site," with great hopes and vast possibilities to be thankful for. Last year their dreams were coming true; much was visible for which to give thanks, but many obstacles were still to be overcome. This year—we are here. New Meredith

is ours to be enjoyed for the first time on this holiday. Shouldn't ours be a wonderful Thanksgiving Day?

THANKSGIVING

As the days grow cooler and the fading leaves fall from the once gorgeous trees and the wind blows threateningly, there is one thing alone that we can think of—Thanksgiving. The word itself brings peace and contentment. Thinking of it, it is almost impossible to be unhappy.

Then, too, our thoughts turn towards home, the biggest thing for which we can give thanks. Perhaps we are planning a trip home for Thanksgiving Day; the very thought makes us happy. The more unfortunate girls whose homes are too far distant to reach in reality make expeditions there in imagination. Again we smell the tantalizing scent of baking that pervades the house. Again we eagerly watch the mixing of cakes and behind turned backs slip bites of tempting goodies. Again we hear the long blessing, all too conscious of the turkey that lies before us. Again we cuddle before a roaring fire, holding a book, but too surfeited with dinner and happiness to more than open it. Even more perfect than a real trip are these imaginary ones for nothing can mar their happiness.

Thanksgiving, besides pleasant thoughts, brings solemn ones. We think of all the things we have to be thankful for, of the great things first of all. We think of our mothers and fathers, our brothers and sisters, our friends and acquaintances. We think of the beauty of the world and the happiness of our daily lives. We think of more personal matters; we are thankful for curly hair or a straight nose. We are thankful for an unexpected good grade on a hard subject. Above all, and all in all, we are thankful for the God to whom we give thanks.

THE THANKSGIVING GAME

Why does everyone like to go to a ball game on Thanksgiving? Three things are necessary for a perfect Thanksgiving Day: a church service in the morning, a dinner much larger than we could possibly eat, and a football game in the afternoon. The first two have always been the customary events of the day, but in the last few years, the football game has grown in importance until it has become the thing to which we look forward from the time school opens. The fact that we have a holiday is,

of course, exciting, but its importance is forgotten in the thrill of the game.

It is difficult to see why we enjoy one of the games so much. The weather is always cold, and the rain comes down in a fine mist on our new bonnets bought for the occasion. If the game is at any distance from the school, by the time we reach the park, we are damp and our noses, our fingers, and our toes are like lumps of ice. The windshield of the car is covered with a fine mist, and driving in the congested traffic is difficult. At the entrance we are jammed into a crowd of men pushing from all directions and are carried bodily through the gate. Our breath is squeezed out of us, our hats are knocked awry; our shoes are stepped upon; and, to add insult to injury, our noses are rubbed shiny by gesticulating elbows. The hunt for the seat is discouraging. The people on the front rows seem always to arrive first, and we must pick our way over them smiling a polite "pardon me," if we step on a laprobe or a coat. Our seats reserved for weeks ahead of time are always found to be on the top row and invariably back of the goal posts. Perched on one precarious plank with no place for our feet, no plank against which to lean, we are entirely miserable. The wind whistles around our ankles and the cold rain sifts down our upturned coat collars. There is either a fat man smoking a strong cigar, or a lady with an umbrella in front to cut off the view of the field.

The game in itself is always a disappointment. We are too far off to follow closely the progress of the game. The players seem to struggle around on a slick muddy field all to no avail, for the score is usually 0-0 or about 35-0 at the end of the game, either score being highly unsatisfactory. The final whistle is followed immediately by a wild rush for the gate and a desperate effort to be in the first car out of town. Needless to say, we are blocked by other cars and go all the way home at a snail's pace, blinded by headlights, damp, cold, and hungry. We always vow that we will never go again, but the next year we are to be found in the same old place. I wonder why it is.

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