

The Twig

Official Organ of The Student Body
of Meredith College

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EDITORIALS

BLESSINGS ON THEE, WHISTLER!

Of course you're the loser if you are engulfed by this so-called affliction—crepe hanging, moaning over the fate that is yours. You'll always find ample reason for being gloomy; there's every day a subject for those who delight in the art of pessimism.

The more admirable attitude toward this whole affair is cheerfulness. A "school girl giggle" is more to be preferred than wailing and gnashing of teeth. The person who whistles is the one who will be the most successful.

The sunny perspective is more contagious than mumps. It's a blessing to be near one who is happy in the number and difficulty of school duties that fall his way. If you whistle, your neighbor will whistle, and next your neighbor's neighbor.

Be sure you're not oppressing the world by being what Noah Webster called "one who holds the metaphysical doctrine of pessimism." Here's to the one who beats the kettle singing, even if it is up to its neck in hot water! Sing and you'll be happy!

State Fair holiday October 16! How glad we are to hear the word "holiday." We can stand the tests and hard lesson assignments for this week because we know that "Behind the cloud the sun is still shining." It is a custom at Meredith that Thursday, during the state fair week, should be given as a holiday.

This holiday is very beneficial of all students, especially the ones who are taking a Home Economics Course. Everyone likes a rest from the strain of college life. The State Fair affords recreation which we greatly enjoy. It is very interesting to see the exhibits from different

ATHLETIC NOTES

Black eyes, bruised ankles, sore noses, skinned shins, and various other ailments common to football players have been found among the fairer sex players in this seasons popular game—hockey.

Bruce Gore, flashy senior star, has not been practicing boxing but just had a little accident during a snappy practice. Emily Miller, a promising freshman player, is nursing a bruised ankle while several other members of the team have sore noses.

The moral: Don't let a few things like broken or bruised limbs keep you from going out for hockey. Its all a matter of "the survival of the fittest." So if you're fit come out and we're sure you'll survive. And what's more you'll be a heroine, my lassie.

The Tennis Courts are full practically all the time and questions have been raised as to "when the big event is to take place." There is to be no "big event" any time soon, however,—the girls are playing for pleasure! This interest in tennis seems to center particularly in the freshman class and by noting the best workers from this class, one may well expect to hear from the following girls in the tournament next spring: Ella Lee Yates, Alice Stratton, Katherine Davis, Martha Davis, Josephine Arnette, Grace Carr, and Mary Bess VanLandingham.

Misses Lottie Belle Myers and Arie Miller spent the week-end with friends at N. C. C. W.

Misses Elizabeth and Nancy Hester spent the week-end with their parents in Goldston.

Miss Madaline Elliot, student secretary, left Sunday to be away until October 12. She will be at the State Teachers' College in Troy, Alabama, until October 8 after which she will go to Judson College in Marion, Alabama, and stay until October 12.

counties in the state. The exhibition of canned fruits and vegetables as well as various materials and fancy work is enjoyed by the girls interested in courses along these lines. Not only do we enjoy the Fair but also the Wake Forest and State football game which is often played on this day.

We, the students of Meredith College, wish to extend to the President and Board of Trustees our heartiest appreciation and thanks for making it possible for us to have this holiday.

TAKE A HIKE

How do you spend your spare minutes every day? Why not take a hike? Now that the weather has turned cooler, a brisk walk is more fun and will make you feel better than anything else you can do.

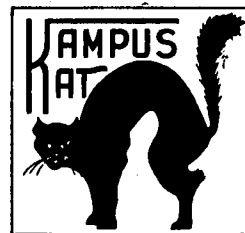
For the benefit of the new girls, I might say that there are just lots of nice places to go for a walk. One especially that I am sure everyone is acquainted with by now is Allen's pond. This is only about a quarter of a mile just back of Meredith and has always been the favorite picnic ground for Meredith girls. Mrs. Allen has been very kind in allowing us to spend our leisure hours in the beautiful woods around her home.

"Take a walk every day for an hour or two at the rate of two or three miles an hour," says Dr. Carroll, "and you'll find there's no better exercise that you can take." Since Meredith is so fortunate to have such a wonderful location with so many places to walk, let's give it a try and take a hike every day.

MARGARET BRIGGS.

He: "What would you say if I asked you to marry me?"

She: "Nothing. I can't talk and laugh at the same time."



THE KAMPUS KAT

I'm feeling kittenish this week. It may be this crispy sun-lit weather we've been having these days, and it may be these moon-lit nights. At any rate, I have been feeling quite frisky and adventuresome this week and have gone prying into all kinds of queer places that I usually do not risk getting into. (Of course you know that I always have to pay peculiar attention to that very wise remark, "Curiosity killed a cat.") But in case I should wander from my tale, I was snooping around one night and I found myself in a place called the Pub. Office. Several of these human creatures were in a line. Every now and then one of them would receive a few pieces of paper and utter the strangest sounds. A speculative expression would appear on their faces and they would seem to be struggling with some deep emotion. Then they would either clutch the papers frantically to them and dash from the room, or else they would hand them to some one with them and make strange noises much resembling an over-grown purr. "Goodness," one of them said, "I

look as if I had been on a week's spree." Another said, "If I look like this I had better go jump in the lake. (I have here suppressed a strong desire to make a "catty" remark.) There were various remarks passed upon the aesthetic qualities revealed in their own features—rather the lack of such. I have a faint suspicion that remarks of the same nature would not have been appreciated if made by their companions. They (meaning the companions) usually replied to such remarks of disapproval with long drawn ecstatic cries of "Oh, it's go-ud!" Or something that sounded like that. I have really been disturbed all the rest of the week by these remarks. These humans I always find amusing but their actions this time were positively disconcerting.

One thing that I said has made me think a bit. You know that I told you last time that I had lost six of my lives and had to be very careful of my remaining three. I have been meditating upon the time I lost my first life. It was a bewildering experience. You see, I had never died before. After the third time one becomes rather used to it, though you still have a feeling of suspense, for you never can tell what it will be like next time. But I must not become philosophical. It always gives me a wise expression that my friends think supercilious.

Pardon me if this letter has been what you insist on calling "catty." But, according to this modern psychology of which I sometimes hear a little one must not curb one's instincts.

So yours till I can snoop around and scratch up some more news,

The Kampus Kat.

Jean's

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