

The Twig

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THE STUDENT AND THE ATHLETIC PROGRAM

It's a foible of human nature to want more than you have, however much or little that may be. And it's likewise a common failing to announce in no uncertain terms those wants to the world at large.

The Meredith student body is no exception. It has done, we believe, perhaps more than its share of what is popularly known as "griping" about this and that—and in particular about the athletic program and the athletic equipment. And in no other field of student activities has the administration—for the last two years, at least—been more generous.

Let us proceed to enumerate our blessings. Last year a director of recreation and athletics, as able in her field as any other member of the faculty, was employed. She labors unceasingly, but it must be pretty discouraging work. Perhaps twenty-five per cent of the students respond to her efforts to interest them in some phase of athletics. Her work has made it possible for the Meredith girl to ride horseback, play golf, and receive individual instruction in tennis. These are all "one-girl-sports"—she can participate in any number of group activities, such as basketball and hockey. And it would be interesting to know just how many students know that the A. A. has provided a cabin within hiking distance for the sole purpose of giving the students a place to go for picnics, weiner roasts, and like recreation. Anyway—nobody takes advantage of it.

In view of this survey, then, it would seem that Meredith has as well-rounded athletic program as any girls' school—with the exception, perhaps of swimming, and facilities for that will doubtless be available in the near future. It appears, then, that this increase in athletic opportunities would bring a proportionate decrease in criticism on the part of the student body. But such has not been the case. Perhaps it's just habit, but the majority of the students go on blandly ignoring the opportunities that simply scream to be taken advantage of, and complain that there's nothing to do and that the A. A.'s lying down on the job. Such an attitude indicates no failure on the part of that organization, nor on the part of the administration, but merely the lack of energy and the complaining nature of the student.

There is an unusually active athletic board this year. Few chances have been missed to add to an already full play program for 1935-36. All that is needed now is the cooperation of the student body—and it doesn't get it. The tendency is to take it all out in talking and in feeling injured because "there's nothing to do around this place but study." Oft repeated phrase—and what a silly one! Every Meredith girl has a chance to participate in several of ten or fifteen sports, ranging from ping-pong to basketball, and it's her own fault if she doesn't take advantage of them!

K. W. S.

A BROKEN RECORD

On Tuesday night, February 25, the seniors lost their first basketball game, having maintained a perfect record for three consecutive years. The record is one of which the seniors might justly be proud. Not only have the members of the team been good players, but they have also proved themselves good "sports" as well. The senior basketball team has won for itself the reputation of fighting for fair play and a good game. The class has shown real sportsmanship even in losing to the sophomore team. Congratulations, senior team!

Exchanges

The other day Dr. Sledd was walking in one of the sloppy ruts (known to you as campus walks), and a student approached him and cautioned him as to the danger of the rut. Dr. Sledd told him: "If Dante were alive he would put these walks in hell."—*Old Gold and Black*.

"The Scholastic" tells the sad case of the English prof who received a theme without punctuation marks, and died trying to hold his breath until the last page.—*Goucher College Weekly*.

A book entitled "Man, the Master," has been published recently. Fiction, of course.—*Crow's Nest*.

A Harvard zoologist risked his life to enter his burning home the other day. He was after a set of corrected exam papers.

It was at an inter-collegiate basketball game. After the last whistle, a rooter for the losers strolled up to the referee.

"Well, where's your dog?"

"Dog? I have no dog."

"Well, you're the first blind man I ever saw without one." And strolled off.—*Watch Tower*.

COURT DECLARES MEREDITH BLAMELESS IN SILVER CASE

(Continued from page one)

medical and hospital attention, this being done as a matter of sympathy and without any admission of any legal liability whatsoever to the plaintiff. That such fund will not be paid to the plaintiff until she has attained the age of twenty-one years and has executed a full release of any and all claims on account of the injuries suffered by her. The court finds and adjudges that she will be 21 years of age on the 15th day of February, 1936.

4. That this disposition of the claim and action of the plaintiff is for her best interest and is thoroughly known to and approved by the Court.

5. That W. M. Silver, the father of the plaintiff, Lois Sallie Silver, has voluntarily come into court and made himself a party to this action in his own right, and that it is considered and adjudged that there is no liability to him on the part of the defendant and that he shall not recover anything on account of the injuries suffered by his daughter, Lois Sallie Silver, or the expenses incident thereto, and that by this judgment he is barred and estopped to assert any claims in connection therewith.

HEREUPON it is further considered, ordered, adjudged and decreed by the Court that the Plaintiff, Lois Sallie Silver, By Her Next Friend, W. M. Silver, is not entitled to recover, and shall not recover, anything whatsoever of the defendant Meredith College, and that the defendant Meredith College go hence without day, and that this action be dismissed.

A legal precedent was set in the decision that charitable corporations are not responsible for the negligence, if there should be such, of its employees, and that none of its funds or properties would be subject to sale under execution. It was in endeavoring to reach a conclusion upon this matter that the counsel for both sides occupied themselves at the opening of the case. The early settlement precluded the calling of the witnesses.

The modern idea of roughing it is to do without a heater in the limousine.—*Akron Beacon-Journal*.

SPRING

By HELEN HILLIARD



Dissertation On Oyster Shells

By KATE COVINGTON

I had a cold but Mary Johnson thought it was love and suggested we go out and walk it off. By using all our natural resources as well as honest application, we got as far as the grove and sat down on one of those white stone benches that make you feel like an obituary.

A nineteen thirty Essex lumbered up the driveway on all fours.

"From here," said my Mary, "we can view humanity as it stalks abroad."

"A real picture of the present. Life, that is," I continued for her, watching the Essex make a right angle swerve in trying to avoid some of the road.

"For example, just passing us now is an old alumni and her enveloping action. She has come back to show the family her dear Alma Mater, and to instill ambition into the hearts of the multitude." Mary Johnson eyed the back of the Essex as it rounded the curve in front.

"He," I added, "is a real estate agent. He just beat Smith on a deal that gave Atkinson the old Caulder place and . . ."

"And wife has a new fur coat. Seal, mind you. And dish-water hands."

"The old school has certainly changed," she's quothin', "and Daddy, did you forget to turn off the cabbage?" I said in a high tone, with a nervous twitter.

"Wait a minute, George, does my hat look all right? Tell me the truth now? I wouldn't have them to think . . ." Mary Johnson was saying, when another car crackled up, and her attention changed.

"A bald headed man, as I do live and breathe," she said.

"And look at her. She's sorta plum colored," I continued indicating the person on his right.

"Little brother on the back seat with the dog. He doesn't want to see sister anyway. She was home Christmas. Why did he have to come? Mother, kin I stay in the car? Kin I, Mother?" finished Mary Johnson.

"Boy, watch this!"

A big anonymous vehicle was doing deep knee bends among the oyster shells. It contained an assorted group who seemed to have a new outlook on life from the minute they passed the gates. Entirely new.

"Sunday school picnic." Said Mary Johnson dismally.

"Maybe it's a band of temperamental marathon walkers refreshing their memory," I suggested with a crick in my neck.

A big spindley Overland grumbled along as it came up, and the man who looked as though he had one intent drove it busily.

"He has come to get Susie Jane . . ." I began, but was interrupted.

"Who has an afternoon class on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Chemistry lab, I'd say." Mary Johnson murmured, but I stood her down that it was History. Somehow he favored the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, though it may have been *Columbus, the Gem of the Ocean*.

A dry cleaning truck came bouncing up by the regular bus.

"Go get 'em, Kentucky Belle!" screeched Mary Johnson. Together we were the appreciative spectators.

"That boy on the bus looks like a Heaven sent message to Mohammed," said Mary Johnson.

"Which one?" I asked.

"The one sitting by Love's Little Gift of Roses," she informed me quietly.

"Oh, yes," I answered, "he does."

"This," said my sweet companion, "is Nature's Masterpiece." An anemic looking Ford, painted in gray streaks with a peculiar reddish green cast, and a noticeable lack of doors, hood, and other accessories, trickled merrily along.

"Maybe," I suggested, "it's a presidential campaign."

"Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address*? No." She shook her tresses, and looked more closely.

"Perhaps," I tried again, "it's the shortest distance between two points."

"No doubt." She answered wryly (but with subtle glamour.)

The concoction (for concoction it was) sprinted along. It was drawing nearer.

"It seems full of compassion," I quoth.

"Naw, I believe it's Aristotle's Theory of Tragedy," objected Mary Johnson, sympathetically.

Suddenly there was a loud sound of putting on hydrophobic brakes.

"Hello, ole thing! Youse gal, howdy!" boomed a gangley creature with petunia hair.

"Friend of yours?" asked Mary Johnson slyly, as I stood up.

Glamouring hesitatingly over to the contortion, I whispered miserably,

"Oh, Lawd, it's Google . . . at the beach . . . last July."

"Yeah, summer romance. I know," Mary Johnson said blithely, while I smiled alluringly and greeted Google. . . .