

# The Twig

Published by the student body of Meredith College

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Entered as second-class matter October 11, 1923, at Post Office at Raleigh, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879.

## Will They Return

"Will they return to graduate?" is the question college authorities throughout the nation are asking as students leave their campuses to become soldiers.

The challenge of this question — answered too often negatively following the last war—is being met positively by the University of Iowa with a far reaching plan for financial assistance to former students who will return to study after war service.

Enthusiastically applauding the Iowa plan and urging its adoption throughout the country, James Ward, Coordinator of College Activities of the Division of Youth Activities of the Office of Civilian Defense, declared: "The Iowa plan goes a long way towards solution of one of the knottiest student problems arising from the current war situation. It is hoped that other colleges and universities will consider their plan thoughtfully."

"If similar plans are adopted on other campuses, thousands will be brought back, and the shock (of rehabilitation) will be cushioned," commented Loren Hickerson, columnist for the Daily Iowan, college paper.

The program calls for gifts of not over \$200 to each returning student in need of assistance. The money is to come from a fund made up of voluntary contributions of 10c a week from each student still on the campus. About \$10,000 is expected to be collected in this manner this semester. Administered by the Committee on Student Aid and audited by the University treasurer's office, the fund will be invested in U. S. Defense Bonds.

Requirements for the \$200 gifts to returning students include at least six months' service in a U. S. armed force, attendance at the University of Iowa from October 15, 1940, to the time of induction or enlistment, and maintenance of graduating grades during this time.

Originator of the plan to help post-war University of Iowa students is Francis Weaver, 22-year-old law student from Mason City, Iowa, who believes that his plan has already gone far in raising morale of those students now in school who are likely to be called into the armed forces.

## Believe It or Not

Are we asleep? What is the matter with us? Do we care or what? A great many things of importance are going on on our campus, but none of us seem to care or to think that they make any difference. It is true that our attention is distracted to some extent from our usual campus activities by the gravity of the world situation, but even so, we have no reason for losing track completely of what is going on around us. The recent student government election serves as an excellent illustration of our tendency. In the student body meeting which was held in accordance with democratic principles for a discussion of the candidates for the office, not one single comment was made. It is true and commendable that there was no mud-slinging, but are we so depraved that we do not care to discuss or have nothing to say except when we say something unkind? If this is so, our plight is indeed deplorable.

All of us should be keenly interested in the student elections which will be held every week until they are completed. It is important that we elect the most capable and desirable girls in the opinion of the majority to these offices. This cannot be done unless the majority will express its opinion by voting. We pride ourselves on being democratic, but democracy is not a one-sided affair. It gives

(Continued on column seven)

# Collegiate Creams

(The column this week is written by Neil Morgan, editor of The Student, the college magazine at Wake Forest.)

We "Guest" columnists under this masthead are at a disadvantage. We're laboring under the illusion that Scoop Martha Ann is even temporarily out of something to say. And that's something that neither we nor our possible readers actually believe.

But illusion or no illusion, here's a chance for a Wake Forester to get a little off his chest on the alleged relations of North Carolina Baptists' so-called brother, and sister schools—if there are any, and if they are, respectively.

And right offhand, let's understand each other. If opinions are expressed and events discussed herewith don't bear striking resemblance to the same—living or dead, it won't be lack of co-incidence. It'll have been the censor's scissors.

Now we've got three or four ex-Meredith gals over on the Deacontown campus. There's Helen Crutchfield, probably first of the immigrants—and Beth Perry, who writes with a Wake Forest-sealed pencil and is featured in the photo section of our February magazine—and a Bunn girl—somebody tell me her first name. It's Crutchfield, Perry, and Bunn on our faculty roll-books, and it takes fellows that get around to find out first names.

Everybody likes that trio, and they seem to enjoy life here. Everybody's tickled pink to have them.

Here's another point which, believe it or not, has a bit of relevancy to the subject. There's a war. Wake Forest has been the only Baptist all-man college in the South. That means Wake Forest hasn't got co-eds or grad students to fall back on when most of us guys go to the Army. That means when our enrollment started heading for Davy Jones' locker last semester, the trustees got worried, decided that 107 years of tradition was a small matter, and ditched same by throwing Wake Forest open to junior and senior co-eds.

Just about the same time, Meredith got worried, started adding defense courses, fell in line—as Wake Forest and Mars Hill—with the government's request for 12-month education, and appears to have decided on a separate summer school. Then a few Meredith folks, it seemed, failed to see the necessity of Wake Forest's trustee action, and thought that when Deacontown became co-ed, it was a thrust at Meredith.

Folks that sit back and talk are anxious to find something to talk about. So ugly gossip got started that Wake Forest was trying to cut Meredith's throat by stealing you gals. Goodness knows, we want you! But not that way. And those gossipers decided Meredith's summer school was a last-ditch retaliatory move of strategy on your part. Of course, they didn't stop to find out that this had been talked over between President Campbell and Dean Bryan early in December.

Even Tom Bost cut loose for his share of the rumors by throwing in his Greensboro Daily News a story about possible union of the two colleges soon to come, saying that Meredith might be for sale to a reasonable bidder.

All these things were said.

Well, gals, we at Wake Forest don't profess to know how you feel about these things. We'll just tell you how we feel.

Wake Forest is in a bind during this war. So is Meredith, and everything and everybody else. The silliest thing we could do would be to talk ourselves into believing we're in competition with each other, cutting each other's throats.

As Dean Bryan put it: "Sure, Meredith girls can come to Wake Forest—if you want to!" But the co-eds the College is especially bidding for are those from other schools,

One Wake Forester said the other day: "Meredith may always be a right small school that has a sorta hard financial time of it. But she'll never die. Baptists couldn't do without her."

Wake Forest will welcome any of you that come. But we'll be just as happy to see you keep Meredith in the groove. Regardless, let's quit imagining a hen fight between us. It just ain't so.

# Purely Personal

Valentine's Day has just gone by, but it'll be remembered a long time judging from the number of red and white satin heart candy hearts lying around. It's going around that Nan Davis accumulated 9 lbs. of candy. Anyway, that's her story—what's yours, Morning Glory?

The Twig staff was mighty disappointed the night it went to press because its new staff member failed to show up. From the Technician of State College, The Twig learned that Scott Ferrabee is spending all his extra-curricular time working for The Twig. We're mildly curious to know whom he belongs to.

Local girl makes good—from all reports Marty Jeffrey's did right well at the Carolina dances the week end of the 14th. In other words, she got a big rush.

Say—we need help. Maybe it'll take a coordinator from the O. P. M., but we know of more than three people who would like to see all the clocks in this school running on the same time—A feat that hasn't been accomplished this year.

Weren't those gardenias a couple of returning week enders sported pretty?

The whole school must have cut last Saturday. Take a look at the list. Dances must have been swell this week end. Some of the freshmen got mighty big rushes we hear.

The basketball enthusiasts are having quite a season this year with all the games going on. Don't get too excited you State, Wake Forest, and Carolina Fans.

Why is the Annual collecting pictures of all the boy friends in school? It's a great mystery.

The "steadies" who are members of Alpha Psi Omega seem not to be too happy over the prospect of entertaining enzymes—hand-some or otherwise.

This month's Wataugan has had quite a circulation at Meredith. Interesting. We wonder why.

A draft scare almost hastened the ringing of wedding bells for Mary Wynn and Francis, but luckily—or unluckily — a deferment put the wedding off.

Mary Catherine McIntyre got some beautiful roses from somebody one day this week end.

Remark — Connie Ross and Natalie Karlin have spent two week ends in a row at Carolina lately. They ought to be able to guide a tour of the place.

Telegram—to Willa Lee Joyner—quote—"You're lovely, you're divine, you're all that I want for my Valentine—unquote—Clarence.

Nina Yelverton went to Boone for a week end, but not to view the mountains. It's like this—Bill works there and they're engaged. Did you have fun, Nina?

A new development that looks as if it will further friendly relations between Wake Forest and Meredith is the case of Sara Mull and Pat Geer.

Even though the first performance of the Man Who Came to Dinner was exclusively for service men—our assistant to the dean was there—How? She went with a soldier boy.

Our mild sins are denied us now—even Coca Colas are rationed.

Such is life — one of Evelyn Hampton's ex-flames has up and married — somebody else.

# BOOK REVIEWS

Blue Ribbon Books  
New York  
1926

Bromfield Louis  
Trilogy  
1. Green Bay Tree  
2. Possession  
3. Early Autumn

This series of novels deals with the same group of people, but in each case they were treated from a different point of view, and centers primarily around a different heroine. The last book takes place somewhat later than the first two which were treating with almost the same period of time. It is an interesting trilogy but leaves you feeling unsatisfied in the ending in each case.

Green Bay Tree deals with a wealthy young girl, Lily Shane, who decides she will not marry the father of her unborn child and goes to Paris to have the child and make a home for it. Her younger sister, Irene, becomes an embittered religious fanatic because of her sister's action. Lily's unflinching charm and generosity and her enormous wealth insured her success in making her home respectable for her son and herself throughout her life; Lily Shane and her whole family are somewhat overshadowed by the mystery of John Shane, her erratic father, now dead but forgotten.

Hattie Tolliver tries throughout Possession to do what many mothers try to do, possess her children. One by one they escape, especially Ellen whom the book follows very closely, but finally she gives her child to her mother to appease her. Lily's home she offers to her cousin, Hattie. This is an interesting psychological novel dealing with a possessive woman and her talented, independent daughter who bewilders yet pleases her mother by success.

Early Autumn is connected less than the other two with the Shanes and Tollivers though Lily's son plays a somewhat important role. This shows the acceptance, rebellion, heartbreak of a group of people forced to fit a mold upholding a tradition; they never realizing that they are not really descendants of the Portlands but descendants of a wild young rake and his beautiful cousin, and their lives are spent reconciling their environment and heredity with the wild blood in their veins. The environment breaks them and molds them to its will.

Edman: The Viking Press, New York, 1940, Philosopher's Holiday.

Edman is a professor of philosophy at Columbia University where he has taught for a number of years. He loves teaching and he loves philosophy. The first chapter of this truly delightful book apologizes for not writing an autobiography. Instead, he has a number of chapters each dealing with a person, incident, or a feeling toward a subject. One chapter is on music, another on a sailor-philosopher, and others he has met on his travels. He mentions former teachers and former teaching in two chapters.

The book may sound some what rambling but it does not read that way. It is well written, and charming, the kind of book to pick up and read for a few minutes or an hour. It is a pleasing but not a demanding book.

## State Sociologists Give Program Here

Members of the State College Sociology Department presented the program for the Meredith Sociology Club Friday evening at 6:45. The meeting was held in the hut and was followed by a short social hour. Dorothy Lane is president and Dr. Ellen Winston is the faculty adviser.



## Scatterings

How the other half live!  
This poem taken, from Carolina's Daily Tar Heel, gives an interesting glimpse of elections on another campus. Perhaps you'll be interested—

### DAY OF A POLITICIAN

At last the season has arrived  
(And this time may it be short-lived.)

When politics  
Sweep the campus thru and thru,  
When all the tricks  
Of candidates are used on you.

And so to warn you humble voters,  
We write to tell you of these hopes

And of their way;  
We'll take you all from dawn to twilight  
Throughout a day  
Of politics. We'll touch each highlight.

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The clock doth ring; the morning breaks;  
At last the sun doth shine;  
The politician leaps from bed  
To wash his hand in brine.

His hand thus toughened for the day,  
(Each time he feels it lesser,)  
He goes to class; for practice there,  
He talks with the professor.

10:30 bell! He runs like mad  
To join the voting folk;  
He finds a prospect at the Y,  
And buys the lad a coke.

With drink in hand, he wanders round  
Amid the lowly masses;  
He kids the co-eds, slaps the back  
Of everyone he passes.

The mid-morn job is done, and so  
The next ordeal is lunch;  
Lenoir's his choice; his motto is:  
"A vote for every munch."

The Tar Heel office finds our lad,  
With much felicity,  
In conference with Scoop and Myer  
To get publicity.

The Grill is where the moguls dine;  
(Ye Gods! They're such a bore.)  
He eats there ne'er the less to gain  
Election votes galore.

The next stop is the Lower Quad;  
He goes from room to room,  
He shakes each hand; tells each his joke;  
This may decide his doom.

## Voters League Works Hard

The attractive posters, notices, and reminders which have been distributed before each election have been the work of the Student League of Women Voters. The club has taken over the publicity for elections and the handling of the polls during elections. The publicity committee has as its chairman Dorothy Boone and those working with her are Martha Ann Allen and Annie Ruth Caison. The entire board of elections, which is selected by the nominating committee, is comprised of members of the club except the freshman registrar.

As an incentive to encourage students to participate in all of the elections, the organization is sponsoring class competition. Recognition is given the class who has the highest percentage of those registered who vote.

## Believe It or Not

(Continued from column one)

us a great many very desirable things, but it in turn expects certain services from us. One of the most obvious and important of these services is that of voting whenever an election is held. Voting is a privilege, yes, but it is also a duty of every qualified citizen. How you vote is your own business, but that you vote is the concern of us all. The polls are open for a sufficiently long time, and are so located that it ought to be possible for every girl to vote without being inconvenienced unduly. Before you go to vote, find out who and what you are voting for. The Student League of Women Voters is doing an excellent job of publicity for the elections, and so not knowing that the polls are open is no excuse. Let's come out next Thursday and vote, and act like we are still here. We are, you know, and we are even interested, believe it or not!

The night grows old; he's nearly done;  
A single chore remains;  
He drops in on the party boys  
To tell them of his gains.

Tired and weary, wan and pale,  
His hand a mangled mess,  
He kneels beside the bed to pray  
And all his sins confess.

And thus the politician's day  
Courses on its merry way;  
At last it's thru.  
But if you think his lot is tough,  
Look who has to take his stuff—  
The fool is you.