

# The Twig

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## "EDUCATION FOR DEATH"

"Tell America that young Germany is in deadly earnest." Those words, shouted at me by the Nazi Minister of Education, take on more significance every day.

Hitler's educational system is an even greater menace than his army or his Luftwaffe. If and when his present fighting force is beaten, then behind the military array we will see a younger army, even more fanatic than the soldiery. This army too must be vanquished before Hitlerism will be destroyed.

But merely admitting this fact will avail little unless we are spurred to find the weaknesses in our own educational system; unless we search for the antidote to the poison that Hitler's schools and their graduates are pumping into the veins of the world.

American education has always been an education for life. We have emphasized and encouraged a broad cultural basis, even for those who are to specialize in trades and professions, believing that knowledge of many things makes for more joy in living. Our methods are now being seriously challenged. Hitler's youth shouts that system is decadent; it points scornfully at our lack of enthusiasm, lack of discipline and seriousness. We do not teach devotion to a cause, it says.

If we are to combat the spirit of German youth with own spirit of democracy it will have to be a rejuvenated spirit, a spirit as fiery in its concentration as Naziism is in German schools. Hitler is making Nazis with every means at his disposal. We must consciously work to make democratic Americans. He is preparing boys to die as soldiers, girls to bear more soldiers. We give boys and girls freedom and democracy and life, but we do not, as we should, train them to realize the benefits of these gifts and the obligations which go with them. Hitler is making fanatics. We should make believers. Our democracy, our heritage of freedom, is worth getting a little excited about. When I hear American students mumble the Oath of Allegiance to the American Flag as if it were a tiresome nursery rhyme, I ask myself if we have any spirit at all.

"Let me die for Hitler," cried the German boy. Our slogan must be, "Let me live for America!"—Reader's Digest Book Review of Gregor Ziemer's *Education for Death*.

## WE ARE AT WAR

Day in and day out we are constantly reminded of the brutal fact that we are at war. We are aware that it already affects us in hundreds of ways and will affect us in countless more. Also we are constantly reminded that we must all do our part.

Most of us are willing to do what we should do, but it is difficult to determine just what our part is. If we were given something big, obvious, and exciting we would all rush forth to do it, but the problem is not so simple. No specific task is laid out for us. There are no strict rules as to what we should and should not do, and yet we are expected to be busy in our nation's behalf. What is our part? It is our part to do our daily tasks to the best of our ability. It is our part to keep ourselves physically fit. It is our part to question the sort of a world we will live in after the war. It is our business to study as we have never studied before, for we cannot know what will be demanded of us in the days ahead, but we can do our part—that is to be ready to face and to do whatever comes. That is our bit.

## FIFTH COLUMN

While Congress worries about pensioning themselves off, Singapore falls and the Far Eastern situation becomes more and more acute. Instead of immediately committing ha-

# Collegiate Creams

By MARTHA ANN ALLEN

## This Fascinating Faculty of Ours

As students, we fail to realize what busy persons our faculty members are until we begin inquiring into their doings; then we're amazed. It is little wonder that papers aren't handed back graded as soon as we think they should be, for our teachers live outside of Meredith as well as inside it.

Take the Aldens for example: They have a full schedule of recitals and concerts through the Spring. On March 20, they are giving a joint recital with Miss Dorothy Phelps, and playing as one of their selections, "Partita," by George Henry, North Carolina composer who won first prize with this composition in the national contest of the Federation of Music Clubs last year. On April 16, they are playing at the State Music Club Convention in Charlotte, accompanied by Miss Phelps. Then too, they are planning concerts with the North Carolina Symphony Orchestra of which Mr. Alden is concert master, for the Spring. He is also music director of the Chamber Music Guild, made up of leading musicians from this part of the State. The Guild is working on three programs to be presented at the Raleigh Little Theater this Spring.

Going from one sort of figure to another, our mathematically minded Dr. Canaday, reports that he has recently had one more task removed from his shoulders, mainly that his thesis, "The Sum of the Divisors of a Polynomial with Coefficient Modulus 2" was published in the December issue of the *Duke Mathematical Journal*. I have heard of professors who required all students majoring under them to read their thesis. Wonder if that will be the case here?

At present, Mr. Tyner is particularly interested in the Family Life Education Program for Raleigh. He is chairman of the Central Sponsoring Committee for that group. The purpose of this relatively new undertaking is a community program of education which tries to help individuals achieve more satisfying home and family life. Mr. Tyner especially urges his student teachers to take a part in programs offered by this group.

That person whom you are likely to see bending a critical ear when you speak is probably none other than Miss Bailey, just wondering if you had a good voice for recording. She has been "plodding the pavement" in Raleigh for quite awhile now trying to find a recording machine that met ALL the qualifications, and at last that decision has been reached and the order has been placed. Soon speech students will be making recordings of their voices to send out as applications for jobs—a personal interview by mail. Miss Bailey is working on a paper, "Criterion for Selection for Interpretive Reading" for publication in the *Quarterly Journal of Speech*. On campus, she is busy with the group which is entering the national extempore-discussion contest at Duke University.

Mr. Charles DeWolf LaMond is tremblingly awaiting a notice from the Selective Service Board saying that he either is, or is not temporarily deferred. He figures that if one woman can keep one man out, five hundred girls should at least carry some weight with the Board. On being questioned about what he thought Meredith girls were going to do without him, he sadly admitted, "I just don't know."

As mentioned in connection with the Aldens, Miss Dorothy Phelps is preparing for her recital March 20. She is to be a judge at the capitol district contest of the State Federation Music Contest. On April 21, she is playing with the Raleigh Piano Ensemble.

Mr. Charles gave a lecture Friday, March 6, at the Southeastern Art Association Convention on "Methods and Materials for Teaching Sculpture in Colleges" as the keynote speech for the sculpture division. He is on the "Arts in Colleges" panel at the North Carolina Education Association Convention the last week in March. Also he is working on the Art Exhibition Committee for the Raleigh Sesquicentennial Celebration, April

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ri-kari in six weeks, the Japanese seem to be prolonging the process for years by consistently advancing. With the Burma Road threatened seriously, the Chinese\*and Dutch fight valiantly. The great Eastern leaders, Ghandi and Chiang Kai-Shek meet, and the English give way to the onrush of the Japanese. Australia is left open to attack and the situation assumes a more critical aspect.

# Purely Personal

Meredith girls are confirmed old maids. One of the practice teachers had a student who has an engagement ring.

Archie certainly seems to be taking the limelight away from Miriam's *Philadelphia Story*.

To whom it may concern: Namely, those who've been complaining: Who ever heard of a gossip column that wasn't biased? After all, we label ours as *Dirt*.

Well, here goes—

It's comforting to know that we'll be dearly loved when we're alumnae and can cast glory on the Alma Mater. It makes being just students easier to bear.

Maybe one reason Sue Rodwell has renewed her interest in dietetics (hospital?) is a doctor in New Orleans. Incidentally, he's writing a book.

The Junior Class undoubtedly will go down in history for its casualness. But it comes to a heck of a note when a quorum cannot be reached, particularly at a required class meeting to elect a class president. But if at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

Mr. LaMond is wondering if Mr. Dorsett will be able to handle us when he's gone. How about it?

Speaking of vested interests did you hear the plugs *The Twig* gave the newspapers in Crime the other day?

We see by the papers that the man who came to dinner is going in the army, so Mr. La Mond will have company. Baker Wynn will be missed by the boys who saw him get up and walk on chairs. The Army is lucky to get him, we'd say, and so says Mrs. Wallace.

Grace Kirtland seems to be indulging in a great deal of study of psychiatry.

That was a cute convertible the Sigma Pi Alpha girls rode back from their initiation in with the cute fraternity man.

To keep two stringing or not to seems to be the question with Lilbourne.

We know somebody who knows someone who has four new tires.

The court side has been getting more heat than the other side for a couple of days—it's wonderful.

We'll have wonderful tales to tell our grandchildren about the hardships we're suffering having to get up before dawn in the cold.

Why, oh why does every organization that rates an inch or two of space think it has the duty of censorship? We think it's nice of *The Twig* to give them publicity.

Gleanings and the other exchanges were all political this week and didn't furnish us with dirt. Maybe we should follow suit; after all, we're having elections too. Maybe we should rake up some dirty politicking.

All the new pictures people are showing off. Shirley Rutler's sprouting a new one. Speaking of pictures, if you mean pictures of men, take a look at Shinghop and D. J.'s room. Some collection.

Did a week's campus and no Bill make you awfully, awfully unhappy, Anabel?

Bonnie Lee White we hope finds the State College Cafeteria one of the nicest places in town to eat her Sunday lunch.

That man Dr. Winston certainly interests his class. He's on

## BOOK REVIEWS

Nazi concentration camps do not disturb some people. P. G. Wodehouse, British author, is living proof of this fact. Captured in the fall of France, Mr. Wodehouse has been interned in a concentration camp ever since. Now he has sent a new book, *Money in the Bank*, typical of Wodehouse whimsy. This is not a great book or even a best seller, but it is delightful reading.

The story of lady explorers, impoverished lords, American gangsters, tangled romances, and a vase full of lost diamonds is jumbled in the usual Wodehouse manner. Of course everything ends well as it always does in Mr. Wodehouse's books.

We truly recommend this book for an afternoon's reading. It has been published as a serial in *The Saturday Evening Post* and now as a book by Doubleday and Doran.

Also we would like to recommend two other books to you. We consider them two of the best of books of the past year. Read Jan Valtin's *Out of the Night* for a "horrific" picture of Nazi Germany, and read A. J. Cronin's *The Keys of the Kingdom*. The latter volume relates the history of Father Chisholm, a truly good man.

In the environment of Greenwich Village and Westchester County—sophisticated community that it is—Ann Miller Downes portrays the course of a marriage wrecked by the wife's ambition. Her excellent portrayal of a perhaps distasteful subject—certainly one cannot class it as an escapist subject—is *Angels Fell*, published in New York by Stokes.

When Stephen Blyth first saw the girl he married she was standing behind a weatherbeaten fence on an Iowa farm; her arm encircling two bulky cabbages. She had managed four years of college, helping her father on the farm in vacations. Apparently because Irene was golden-haired and wistful-eyed, Stephen rescued her from the cabbages. He took her to New York and to the house where he and his uncle kept a book shop.

Capable as she was beautiful, Irene settled into domestic life at once, but began to seek "the right kind of friends", friends that in time gave Stephen the business advancement she hoped for, which would take him away from his books into something supposedly more lucrative. She was continually taking stock, to see how far they had come up the social ladder, if the friends they had made would help them in the right direction.

Sweetly, but with so deliberate strategy she asked for more and

the way to becoming a campus legend with all his "cute" sayings and doings on class. They can regale you for hours on end with anecdotes about him.

What's this about the "Anti-Long-Shot" society that has been formed on the campus? For further detail see Vivian Tulburt or Eleanor Gibbs. By the way, Gibbs played a pretty good floor game at the Junior-Senior game Tuesday night. If you don't believe it, look at her knees, elbows, and black eye.

Cooky Williford's motto seems to be "Turn about is fair play." How does it work, Tee?

Let me ask you something, Nettie Lewis—do you enjoy going to Durham so much because of the new choir director?

One of the nicest surprises that's been lately belongs to Virginia Stafford. It all happened because Bill dropped in to see her three weeks early. Quote from Virginia—"He had on his over-seas cap and looked wonderful."



## We Are Lazy

All spring we have been criticized by ourselves and by others because we have been taking so little interest in the things that are going on on the campus, that is if the campus elections are indicative of our general trends. Perhaps this criticism that we are not interested in false, shall we say that we are not sufficiently interested. This is more nearly true, we are interested but not interested enough to do anything about it, except to talk a little some time when we are comfortably settled down in a bull session.

Why are we like this, for the malady has affected the entire student body. It is our business to be interested in what is going on here at Meredith, and who are to be our leaders for next year. It is our business to know what is going on in the world around us. All too soon we are going to be out in it; and it isn't going to be too soft a cradle for our slumbers. We are here to learn what it is all about, at least in part, that is if we aren't too disinterested. We are always saying that it would be fun to take long walks or for the gang to go out together, but we never do. Why? It requires too much effort. We haven't what it takes to overcome our natural inertia. But you say we do study. Yes, we do, because if we didn't something might happen to disturb our repose, and so we study just enough.

All this has been going on too long, and there is no time like the present to do something about it. Start getting ready for those tests six weeks ahead, and purely incidentally we might find something we were interested in, and really put out the effort. Read that book you have been looking at longingly in the library. A change of material will do you good. We do know how to read, you know. Do some thinking. We ought to have some opinions, and even convictions. Let's do something. Now we are LAZY!

more—a house on the Sound, the "right" school for her children, a party good enough for her friends, who naturally were of the right kind.

She had no hesitancy about the dropping of friends who did not measure up to what she required, though to do her justice, she was a dutiful wife and mother until the crisis came and ambition o'erleapt itself.

Stephen, music-loving, bookish, secure in his consciousness of his

## UNITY

The multitude which does not reduce itself to unity is confusion; the unity which does not depend upon the multitude, is tyranny.—Pascal.

Individuals, as nations, unite harmoniously on the basis of justice, and this is accomplished when self is lost in love—or God's own plan of salvation. — Mary Baker Eddy.

Our doctrine of equality and liberty and humanity comes from our belief in the brotherhood of man, through the fatherhood of God.—Calvin Coolidge.

Whoever in prayer can say, "Our Father," acknowledges and should feel the brotherhood of the whole race of mankind.—Tryon Edwards.

Jesus throws down the dividing prejudices of nationality, and teaches universal love, without distinction of race, merit, or rank.—Geikie.

## Useless Information

The College of Idaho is located at Caldwell, Idaho.

Kowloon Bay between Hong Kong and the mainland of China.

The first cotton mill in the U. S. was built at North Beverly in Massachusetts in 1789.

The "Magic Valley" is in the State of Texas. The Rio Grande River flows through it.

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition was held at Seattle, Washington, in 1909.

Balsam Cap is the highest elevation in New York State. It is in the Catskill Mountains and is 3,700 feet high.

inherited breeding, cared but little for the things that meant so much to his wife, but yet struggled to give her what she wanted. With the crash of '29, however, retrenchment was necessary, and Irene did not find herself able to give up the position she had created for herself. A divorce came, followed by a glittering second marriage.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Downes is not so accomplished a writer as Wolsey, who gave her a title when he wrote Cromwell, "I charge thee, fling away all ambition: By that sin fell the angels . . ." Her portrayal of Irene is well worth reading, but is entirely two-dimensional—entirely objective is Irene's treatment by Mrs. Downes.