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Intercollegiate Press

A GREETING FOR OUR GUESTS

Welcome, high school students, to Meredith for Hospitality Week-end!

It is one of the many traditions at Meredith to ask as many friends of "angels" as we can squeeze into the dorms to visit us on the week-end of May Day for a bit of hospitality. That is our name for seeing that you high school girls get a glimpse of life at Meredith, which includes its work, dormitory life, and, of course, its fun and frolicking. It is designed primarily in the hope that, in this new association, we can become better acquainted. Believe it or not, we want to know you, what's been happening back in our old alma maters, what you've planned for next year and the next.

Meredith has been eagerly looking forward to this week-end the whole year, for there are many exciting attractions in addition to the long looked-for May festival. The horse show, which is comparatively new to the college, is a special treat, just preceding the May Day ceremonies. Also, there will be a Glee Club concert, vespers sponsored by the Sigma Alpha Iota, the Little Theater plays, and a host of other attractions which we know will be enjoyable to visitors and students alike.

So come out and enjoy yourselves! Meredith extends a hearty welcome to you all, and we hope that you will open your arms to receive your share of our good ole' southern hospitality!—J. L.

"SPRING IS SPRUNG"

When you see a girl with a red face (see cartoon) these days, it isn't that she's blushing or has gained a souvenir of a man-made sunlamp. It's only the return of mistress spring to our campus, bringing the warm rays of sunshine to beam alluringly on the sun porches. Girls who favor that fair face take heed!

In addition to this glowing sign, spring also brings a beauty to the campus, lost for all the long winter months. There is the grass so soft to the feet, the budding trees, the violets that mysteriously grow in many dorms, the fountain that sparkles in the court.

Don't forget the larger pool though—this is just its freshman year. The pool, with the tennis courts and the soft ball field, is always a good prescription to take when suffering from that annual disease of spring fever, which seems to be in epidemic form. When the day is over, we hear once again the sound of voices singing in the court at vesper time and realize that amidst all this spring pageant He is with us still. Now that May Day is here, we hope that all our visitors to the campus will be so inspired that they will return next fall to see the campus from another point of view.—A.H.

Thoughts of a Raleighite

By JEAN TAYLOR

April has come and gone, and May with its warm, almost hot, days is here. Basketball season has become a memory. . . . They're playing baseball now, and Dick Dickey doesn't play first. It's time to put on cottons and take off socks. . . . We feel very much like grandmother must have felt when she was told she no longer had to wear her long woolens. . . . The joy of summer time steals over us. Life is really wonderful! We wonder how we'll spend the summer that stretches bright and lazy before us. Summer school? I hope I never see another book. Carolina? That's a thought. Have you got a job for the summer? Oh, you're going to soak up sunshine. . . . About this algebra. . . . Only four more weeks of school. . . . Walk home with you? I'd love to, but I live in Cary. . . . Term papers? I'll finish them up next week. . . . Wasn't the Junior-Senior fun? I saw her dress. Did you notice her date? Wow!

Raleigh will be lonesome this summer without school. State or Meredith? Depends on your point of view. . . . I vow every spring I'll never go back to college, but by July I'm ready for school to open. Of course, I never admit it; what does Meredith mean to a Raleighite? Buses? Playing bridge on the bed? Chapel cards? Classes, perhaps? Something else? Rain on Monday? Friendship, maybe? Home away from home? All of these and more. . . . Too hot to think. . . . April has come and gone.

HERE AND THERE IN OTHER PAPERS

By PHYLLIS NOTTINGHAM

Spring has surely busted out all over—even with the bugs and dry weather. Speaking of bugs, I must pay final tribute to one who has passed out of the picture.

To a Caterpillar I Have Just Stepped On  
Gadzooks, poor caterpillar, I beg your pardon,

I had no idea we were sharing this garden.  
Your path through the flowers was so dreadfully faint,  
And my treading so haphazard, that now you ain't.

The weight of my body and the sole of my shoe,  
Have not been at all advantageous to you.

Your beautiful coat has been flattened and ripped,  
And the rest of your organs are torn and adrift.

Alas, what misfortune! That you, of all creatures,  
Should be marked by fate for the loss of your features.

For, if you had not chosen to roam under me,  
At the end of next winter, you would have been free.

You see, poor caterpillar, please pardon my groan,  
A butterfly's happiness would have been your own.

On summer's flowers you would doubtless have bounded,  
Had you not met me and been endlessly grounded.  
—Spectator.

Another spring thought—dances! And what is more exciting? Nothing, that is, if your date is a good dancer. *The Contact* reveals that there are as many different kind of dancers as there are of canned soup. But in general, all dancers fall, yes, fall, into one of these four classes: Jitterbugs, Sharpies, Smoothies and Bashful Beans. Maybe, girls, they will try to hit a happy medium somewhere among the four. Let's hope so!

I notice from the *Daily Tar Heel* that there is a contest for the ugliest man on campus. I hate to think what he will look like! (And with all that material to choose from, says a State fan.)

Right from the dictionary — at any rate, halfway from it: Bride — a hit-and-miss situation: if you don't make a hit, you remain a miss.

Golf—a game wherein a little white ball is chased by men too old to chase anything else.

Wedding—a funeral where you smell your own flowers.

—*Boston University News.*  
A last bit of advice: if you ever get in hot water, be nonchalant—just take a bath.  
—*Spectator.*

ASTROS, PHIS MAKE NEEDED CHANGES

There was a time when the Astro and Phi societies were the only organizations on our campus, but now there are clubs representing every phase of academic life. This fact was considered by both societies, and it was decided that, since there are other clubs to serve literary purposes, the Philaretians and Astrotektons need not be termed literary. In a meeting of the presidents and vice-presidents of the societies and a group of the faculty, the need for a change was discussed. It was decided that the societies would be social rather than literary. The names of the societies have been changed to simply the Philaretian Society and the Astrotekton Society.

The Phi constitution has been rewritten for the first time in several years by Peggy Benbow. The new aim of the Phis, as stated by Maggie Leatherman, this year's president, is as follows: "To seek to advance within each member creativeness for personality development by providing experiences for such development." Next year's officers were elected at a meeting on Wednesday night, April 26. They are as follows: Virginia Jones, president; Dot Fisher, vice-president; Betty Jo Smith, secretary; Sally Clark, treasurer; Pat Smathers, sergeant at arms; Betty Yates, chief marshal; Marguerite Smith, senior marshal; Asha Farior, junior marshal; and Ann Horton, sophomore marshal.

"To promote more society spirit and more campus spirit is the aim of the Astros," stated Sonny Burnham, next year's Astro president. Astro officers for the coming year are Sonny Burnham, president; Diane Newton, vice-president; Jane Luther, secretary; Martha Sue Smith, treasurer; Doril Williams, sergeant-at-arms; Frances Anne Estridge, chief marshal; Billie Smith, senior marshal; and Ruth Cole, sophomore marshal.

On May 10, the Astrotektron and Philaretian Societies will hold their final meetings for the year 1949-50. At this time the two societies will have their formal, candlelight installation services for the new officers. Both groups look forward to a prosperous year with their very capable new officers.

And they will work together after Rush Week to provide recreation, training in public speaking, and acting as hostess.

TO OUR READERS

The calendar has brought us almost to the end of another school year, and with the passing of time comes another staff of writers and ad-getters to give you the TWIG. We of the new staff would like to hear from you, the students—we solicit your views on what is good on our campus, as well as what you think could be improved.

If you feel stirred enough to write a guest editorial for our columns, we will welcome your contribution. Letters to the Editor, too, are not hard to write. Try your hand at it the next time you find yourself saying "This could be done better," or "We should thank them for that."

Education Can Be Fun

"Let's be science majors," all the girls are saying. "We'll be willing to slave just to get to go on the annual Beaufort trip to visit the Duke Marine Laboratories."

After extended scientific investigations, the lucky group discovered rare and interesting specimens of plant and animal life—especially animals in Phylum Male, Class Marine. One investigation of this important phylum led to a tour of one of the marine boats that had docked for the week-end. Each girl was given a lively assignment as usual, but this time it included a real marine! All were royally entertained.

Saturday the members went on a true biological tour to a tiny island. Dr. John Yarborough obligingly played "horsey" for all the girls and carried them through the water to the boat. Mrs. Kelman even got to ride. Dr. Kelman must have been elsewhere at that time!

Some of our prominent scientists need more experience. Several girls tenderly picked up a large, live jellyfish

Barney's Blarney



Writing a column is terribly hard to do. At first glance, it seems so simple—you think "I could do that easily, and wonderfully well." Then you sit and look at the blank paper before you as the clock ticks away in your ears, and soon you start writing "bromides" like these. A start is a beginning, anyway, and who knows on what note it will end.

For instance, I could recall that Dr. Harris said in a chapel talk awhile back that there is always one right word to give one's meaning, and while substitutions may be used, none will fit as well as the exact word. My vote goes to Dr. Campbell as the man who always has the right word!

Last week-end some dates were wordless at the banquet when they discovered that freshmen also attended the Junior-Senior as helpers for the Big Sisters. The ferocious Lucifer (alias Geoffrey Chaucer, the cat) stole the show when he escaped from Judy Moore, his tamer. Wild animals just naturally go to a circus, whether they're invited or not.

Did you hear about the girl who went to a meeting that was posted on the bulletin board—and found that the meeting had been very interesting when it had been held the year before?

Life, however, is full of injustices. You know who got those adorable garters that were given away at the Phi Fashion Show. Brides-to-be never get left out, but, if you're only hopeful, all you ever get is just encouragement.

I want to give all my hope away by joining all the Meredith students in hoping that all the high school students wandering around have a wonderful time this week-end. I know that State is looking forward to helping us entertain them!

Meredith has just received a valuable addition to its staff. Due to the foresightedness of Miss Cunningham, we now have a frog stationed at the pool to demonstrate the flutter-kick. With that—I leave!



unaware, of course, of its power. A fiddler crab had a nice meal from one finger.

They did find, however, that they could be good housekeepers. The members took turns at K. P. duty in their week-end cottage, and, when they packed up to leave, floor, windows—everything—was scientifically gleaming. Sunday Atlantic Beach was taken by storm, and frozen girls enjoyed splashing in the water.

What could be more fun or more educational than a trip such as this one? See why I've decided science is THE THING?