

# A GLANCE BACK - - -

By A Freshman

Feebly, I take my pen in hand to attempt recording an impression of my first year in college. As I grope through the fog of fast-piling-up memories, I see that the year has been a series of exciting events mingled with streaks of homesickness and disappointment.

It all started on a bright day in September when I wearily dropped my bags, boxes, trunks, hatboxes, and other assorted parcels on the bare bed of the bare room I was destined to call "Home." Then started a period labeled "Orientation" which I will never forget or recover from! I raced madly from third floor to basement to Arts building to Roy's (for nourishment) back to third floor, managing to get completely lost once an hour. How confused can one poor freshman get?

Close on the heels of this (with brief interludes of classes and assignments) came Palio. Although a dozen people had tried to explain fully what it was all about, I still had no idea what was coming off until the afternoon arrived. I'll never forget the feeling of joy and pride which I experienced as I took my place with my classmates, all singing lustily, "The Class of '53."

Fall moved rapidly into winter, bringing with it basketball, get up into a cold room. The problem of chaperones on Saturday night, however, continued. Christmas came and went, and we were left admiring new fur coats and diamonds, acquired through the generosity of Santa or the boy friend. Then exams were upon us, bringing that lump in the throat commonly known as fear, late lights, and coffee. Fortunately, we survived.

With the new semester came that wonderful feeling of knowing what it was all about, the excitement of going out without our long associate, the chaperone, and Spring. Believe me we took advantage of that! With the first ray of sunshine the porches were packed with eager-beavers for that tan. The glow of red faces proved (or disproved?) the result. Certain other unforgettable incidents came with spring. May Day, with its beauties, Student-Faculty Playday, when one found out that they really were human, and now — exams are almost upon us again. This college freshman sees it all as just one vicious circle—but isn't it fun?

—Pat Smathers

## An Open Letter to the Home Economics Club

I hope everyone of you has seen the unique invitation to the Tea at the Cedar Chest tomorrow afternoon. If you have not seen it, just lay THE TWIG aside and go look on the Home Economics Department bulletin board. (It's worth the trip!)

As she does each year, Miss Brewer will entertain the Home Economics students, at a tea, at her delightful cabin, the Cedar Chest, tomorrow afternoon from 3:00 until 5:30. From one who knows, these teas are the real highlight of the year.

Following the tea, the seniors are looking forward to the traditional supper given in their honor.

If you have heard much about Miss Brewer's cabin, but have not actually seen it, don't miss your opportunity tomorrow afternoon.

See you there—  
Jane McDaniel.

By A Senior

Usually the theme of a "looking back" article is either "What I Would Do If I Could Live Through That Period Again," or "What Such and Such a Something Has Meant To Me." I'm not sure there's a legitimate way of avoiding these two themes, nor really any reason to avoid them; but somehow in a backward glance at my four college years I do not feel marked regret nor particular nostalgia. However, lest I sound calloused or ungrateful, I hasten to describe my sentiment at this time as gratitude inseparable from respect.

Naturally I have regrets and naturally later on I will become aware of other choices made in college which should not have been. Then along this line I am thankful for those mistakes, that I can recognize the mistakes, not to back-track and correct old errors, but to grow up from them. Therefore, though I will doubtless say, "I wish I had studied," I would actually, even having come through, study no more, or maybe could afford to study even less, if I should go through college again.

But, as to my college life as a whole, I have no regrets. I am quite sure I should choose Meredith again and I should major in English. It is impossible for me to say exactly why this is so, since I do not want to be as vague or trite as to merely remark "I am fitted for life." I am not really sure I'm fitted for life in all the impressive connotations of the word, but I'm sure that at present I'm not fitted for anything other than life; and, for some strange, wonderful reason, I find myself on the eve of leaving college, with no real plans after June 5, but with an insuperable curiosity and an abnormal optimism at prospects of the proverbial cold cruel world.

I am not sad to be graduating. I shall miss the Meredith personnel, but I realize that it would be unwholesome to desire a perennial college life. College for me has been sufficiently "collegiate," even though I haven't been a coed; and I feel most grateful of all for the roundness of my four Meredith years. I know that wherever I had been for the past four years, I should now be 21, both biologically and chronologically, but, I thank Meredith (in every sense of the word) for turning me out sane and happy. —Emily Pool

## Seniors' Plans For Next Year Revealed

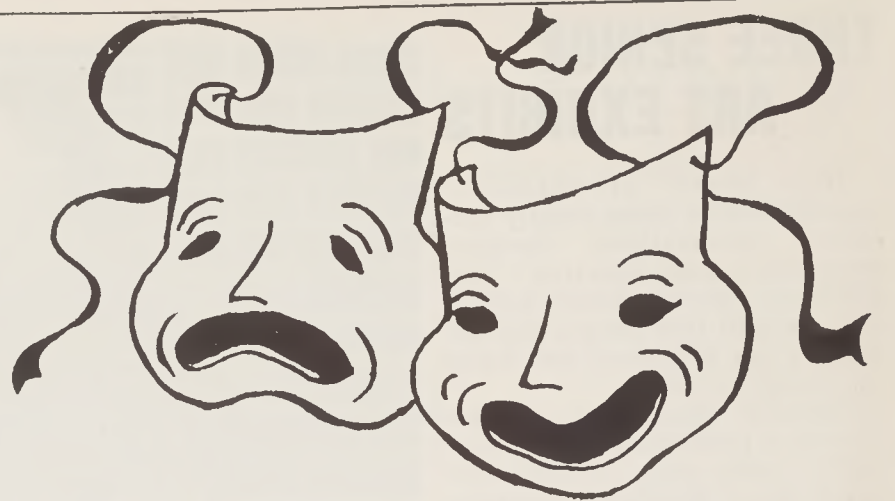
'Course now the big question is—what are those mighty seniors going to do after they get a arm hold on the sheepskin in June! What good has all this book learning done 'em? And how's the Highland Fling going to help contribute their daily bread? Four years is a long time spent between the post office and the library and the dormitory. But that honored crowd on second Faircloth is about to show off their laurels to the outside world.

'Course now, the diamond ration seems right high. Wonder how much influence that course "Marriage and the Family" has been having. Such folks as Jed Daughtridge, Hazel Williamson, Gwen Wilson, Addie and "Lib" and dozens of others are going to be charming brides. Our retiring editor, Sally Lou Taylor, plans to live near William and Mary after her wedding and work in the college library.

'Course now, as usual, there are going to be right many school-marms in the graduating class. Dot Childress and Betsy Mills will be tending to the youngsters down in the grades. Bert Wilson plans to teach up ways in high-school and so does her roommate, Winnie Fitzgerald. As of next September just refer to Martha Lou as "Coach Stephenson"; she'll be working on a high school physical education staff. Ingholene Narron is going to be handing out speed tests instead of taking them. Won't those children have a hard time calling Maggie "Miss Leatherman."

'Course now, everybody won't be getting that teaching degree. An energetic science major, A. J. Tuttle hopes to enter the employ of the state department of Hygiene here in Raleigh. Sunday mornings will be pretty important to Orlena Jamerson if she decides to become a church music director. Ellen Goldston wants to enter the retailing field. A budding genius seems to be Bunny Harris; she hopes for a position on the staff of *Vogue* or *Seventeen*. Want a letter taken? Naomi Bennett will be a most capable secretary.

'Course now, all the seniors don't plan to burn up their books in that final bonfire. Hardly! Some folks still have that desire for knowledge gleaming in their eyes. Futhur schooling seems the answer for Emily Pool and Betty Moore; but they aren't sure just what or where. (Continued on page five)



## BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS

By MICKY BOWEN

Although fall is the natural harvest time, the artificial living of a college community leads us to take stock of a year's accomplishments (if we're fortunate enough to have our deeds fall in that category) in the spring. While the buds are bursting and the rest of nature is making appropriate responses to the season, we're forcing ourselves to

add up the score, which is, after all, probably a good practice. It usually fires us with ambition for the next try because we feel we couldn't do any worse. So, we're all for a quick backward look, but with a definite emphasis on the future.

The Meredith Dramatic Organization, (bored with L. T.) we hope, has broadened out (Continued on page four)

## Schedule of Summer School Courses Offered in 1950 Session Are Listed

Registration for the 1950 summer school session at Meredith will take place on Monday, June 12, in the library at 2:00 p.m. Courses in the fourteen departments offered in this session will continue on Tuesday, June 13, and continue for six weeks until examinations on July 21.

During this six weeks a student may earn a maximum of six semester hours of credit; that is, she may carry two courses.

In the art department, Mr. Reynolds will teach beginners' painting and an art education course. The first and/or second semester courses will be offered in general biology, taught by Mrs. Kelman, in the biology department.

Miss Bell will teach child and adolescent psychology and the principles of education course in the education department; in English the first semester of both freshman and sophomore English courses are being offered, taught by Dr. Rose. Mrs. Betty Johnson will teach the geography of North America course for three hours credit.

Dr. Wallace will teach a course governing three hours credit in government during the session, as well as the first semester of the freshman history course in that department.

In the mathematics department, Dr. Canaday will be teaching college algebra and general mathematics, and trigonometry if there is sufficient demand for it.

Organ, piano, and voice lessons will be available during summer school. Mr. Wilmot will teach the methods course in public school music for grade teachers; Dr. Cooper will teach the course in music appreciation this summer.

Dr. Park will teach general psychology and the psychology of adjustment in that department; Dr. Crook will teach the six-hour course in freshman religion.

Principles of sociology will be taught during this session by Mrs. Betty Johnson; in the modern languages department, both freshman and sophomore courses in Spanish will be offered by Dr. MacAllister.

## The Edwards & Broughton Co. and Plant Personnel Say

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