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Member of
Intercollegiate Press

Thought for the day

"Never despair. But if you do, work on in despair."
EDMUND BURKE.

The End—Yet the Beginning

To the seniors, who leave our campus as students in only a few days, the TWIG staff dedicates this issue as a small token of appreciation for the campus leadership, companionship, and ideals maintained by the class as a whole during their stay at Meredith.

The diplomas obtained on June 2 will signify the end of four years of successful academic pursuit—four years of class work, of the rush of campus events and extracurricular activities, of the close contact with hundreds of students on a common mission, of the instruction and wise counsel of the faculty and administration.

Yet, for the class of '47 it is really the beginning. Each graduate gains a new title—Alumna of Meredith College. With that appellation goes distinction and a permanent love in the heart of each for her Alma Mater.

For the seniors, it is graduation to new and higher responsibilities in the world of today. It is inevitable that the fate of each is determined in part by the four years spent as students at Meredith. To each graduate goes a wish that June 2, 1947 will mark the real beginning of new and better relationships in life founded on the individual's experience while at Meredith.

A Vote of Thanks

To Dr. and Mrs. Harry E. Cooper, we of the TWIG staff wish to give a special vote of thanks. For many years Dr. Cooper has given willingly and generously of his time and effort in taking pictures of campus activities—making possible through photography an extensive record of Meredith events.

To Mrs. Cooper, who assists her photographer husband, we extend an equal measure of appreciation. In the files of the News Bureau can be found prints or negatives of hundreds of campus events, and Mrs. Cooper is always considerate and helpful in finding for us just the picture we need most. Without this vast collection of pictures, made possible by the true interest of Dr. and Mrs. Cooper, we should have been unable to publish the feature section in this issue of the TWIG.

We are sure that the administration and many campus organizations wish to join us in our appreciation for the real service to the school that the Cooper's render in this field.

"That Superior Bracket"

It won't be long now! A mere matter of weeks and I'll be qualified to enter that superior bracket of wisdom—the sophomore. But there's a rather sad thing about graduating from the classification of a freshman. You no longer see the indulgent smile of the seniors when you do something wrong—their whispering by way of explanation for your blunder (which they no doubt have been guilty of countless numbers of times) "she's a freshman." There's a musical ring to the word "sophomore," however, and it's much more impressive. I wonder how many of you have experienced the feeling I have so often when you meet somebody new. "A high school gal, huh?" Quite incensed, the reply comes a little too casually to be natural, "High School?" Hardly! I go to Meredith, a raise of an eyebrow, "Really now? and what year are you out there?" Like a puff of wind your collegiate college girl expression is gone. "A freshman," you reply. "Just a freshman." Such a downfall of emotion I experienced only the other day. I was sitting out in front of the school licking my nickle ice cream cone, and at the same time eyeing (disinterestedly, you understand), the occupant of a sleek convertible. I was close enough to hear his remarks, but much to far away to be seen, until suddenly I heard a long drawn out whistle. Straightening, I glanced up demurely only to see a sophomore walking by. "Now there goes a slick chick," I heard him say. And then he added, "Boy, that kid's ice cream looks good." That was almost too much to bear; but I continued licking my cone very much like a cow licks her blocks of salt, and said nothing—only dreamed of the day to come when someone will say, "Check that classy soph coming!"

LAVERNE HARRIS.

"The Month of May is Comen"

That fro my bokes maketh me to goon,
But it be seldom on the halyday,
Save, certainly, when that the month of May is comen,
When that I hear the smale fowls sing,
And that the flowers gynne for to spring.
Farwel my stodye, as lasting that season.
(with apologies to Chaucer)

True, May brings with it the proverbial May-basket, but there's another kind of basket making its appearance on our blossoming campus these days—the picnic basket. Here, there, and everywhere, everybody is getting "the urge"—the urge to move out into the wide open country and commune with nature. The trees dare us to observe their startling greens with a closer look, and every wild flower holds a secret delight that tempts the nostrils as no "Tabu" or "Strawhat" ever could. There are delightful picnic spots all around the campus and in by-ways and lanes. The picnics of the year were officially begun by the Play-Day picnic in the court. Dr. Johnson selected the chimney for a lovely get-together for English students via hamburgers, etc., followed by the Granddaughter's Club picnic at the same place at a later date. Other picnics of the various clubs include that of the Education Club and the Home Ec Club. Clubs are not the only picnic-minded institutions, though, for the Freshman and Sophomore classes journeyed out to Crabtree Creek and Allen's Pond to play soft-ball and dangle toes in the water. Horse-back riding groups, it is rumored, are dashing out to the stables a whole hour early for class with brown paper-bag lunches to carry on a trot (or will it be a canter, Miss Boggess?) out to Boone's Pond. Hardly a week-end passes without plans being made by certain groups of students, intent upon observing the beauties of the great open, (with dates, of course and a lunch basket between 'em). So during the summer months ahead, let's all make a wish for rainless weekends, and may every picnic day be blessed by Old Sol!

M.L.M.

DOORMAN: (at fraternity meeting);
Who's there?
VOICE: It is I
DOORMAN: No school teachers allowed.

HE: When I sat down to play the piano, they laughed.
SHE: Why?
HE: There was no piano stool there.

Day Student Dope
By SHIRLEY HURWITZ

Congrat's Nell and Mary Evelyn! Hope you have a wonderful summer in Louisiana and Texas. And speaking of Mary Evelyn, we understand toll-house cookies are simply "too-too-yummy"—mm—mm. How about a sample, Mary?

Love really brings out one's "spiritual" self—eh, Anna?

Ouch, these corns and bunions! That's what we "willing" (?) messengers get as a reward for delivering those tender pleas from Johnson Hall to the D. S. Room. Really, Gwen, can't you two come to some sort of agreement? After all, it is Spring!

Oh, these big-hearted girls! It's always "open-house" or "hospitality week-end," eh Janie?

'Tis true that the trip to Chester was purely for business but, then again, it did have its "lighter" moments, h-mm, Margaret?

Yep, the Colony is certainly living up to your word, Lillian. A bonus should be in store for such faithful campaigning!

Muscles flabby? Need slenderizing? Then why not join the early group (8 a.m.) that takes its daily dash (in record-breaking time!) to make the "you-know-what" as it rounds the corner behind the city P.O.—Ready girls? Synchronize your watches... we're off!!

Intending to build? Need a new layout for the home? Let talented Lily and hubby, John, draw up the blueprints! Oh these husband-and-wife-teams, what won't they try next?!

The Day Students have been pretty well represented at the State dances lately. Seen at the most recent affairs were Doris 'n Jim, Dot and Alfred, Ruth 'n Don, and we also caught a glimpse of Anne, Gwen, Marie W., and Lillian with their beaux of the evening.

"Driver, can you please tell me how to get to Dix Hill?" Such was the query asked "Sam" by the anxious Nell recently. She and her cohorts, Lily and Doris, had to gain admittance (just for the afternoon!) Alas, the entire class was accepted!

Is there a mechanic in the house? The Misses Gaddy and Lee contend that the cars break down every time at the most inopportune moments! Tch, Tch, girls—why complain?

Let's Go Back

Let's pretend we're moving back the hands of time—how much? Why four years, of course. It's just to make a nice article—really. Some of the seniors interviewed gave us what they would do if they could live their past four years again.

Nancy Gates said first that she would arrange to meet Angel Shields on her very first day here 'cause Angel is an angel—no kidding! Then Nancy would start majoring in primary education, would sleep late in the mornings, yet would not wait 'til the last minute to get up her work. She said she would arrange to participate in athletic and religious activities to a greater extent. The words "greater extent" reminded her of food—which she wouldn't eat between meals and before bed.

Then a senior, who is so well known that she need not be named (nice way of keeping her identity a secret) said that she would take vocational tests to see what she was fitted for and then plan for the future. Miss X would go to Mount Holyoke her last two years (wonder what that Yankee air has that Raleigh doesn't?) and she would spend more time on her social life—making sure to choose Duke men—not those State Wolves.

Then Vicky Manty said that she would have come to Meredith her freshman year so she could have enjoyed knowing the wonderful people she's met here longer—and acquired more of a Southern accent. She would have attended more club meetings since she thinks they add more interest to academic life. Last of all Vicky would have seen more of North Carolina while here—she has yet to see the mountains, Duke University, and the State College Cafeteria!

When we saw Peggy Parker she said with that "open the door" look in her eye—"I'm satisfied."

Then came the inspiration to see room-mates Doris Allen and Jean Wither-spoon. Doris and Jean agree that they would room together if they could re-trace their college years. Doris said she

Stuff 'n Junk

HAVE YOU NOTICED: How friendly Mr. Dorsett is... how surprised Miss Cunningham looks when her marching classes accomplish that "to the rear march" together... what a perfect model of good behavior Obra Fitzgerald is... the beautiful floors in the parlor... the gleam in Jean Griffith's eye... the tennis courts at 6:30 a.m.... how hungry you get that last hateful period before lunch... Anne Josey's "you are so right"... Goat's good-looking man...

JUST ONCE IN MY LIFE I'D LIKE TO SEE: The Mardi Gras... Joyce Bandy without Bob... an ugly boy working in the Do-nut shop... a Republican president... Fran Thompson's handsome Ken... a State man without a red sweater, ruler in his pocket, or a book under his arm... Marilyn Whittaker with long, black hair... mail in everyone's box... a May Day when the sun shines...

I HAVE FORGOTTEN ALREADY: Christmas vacation... how to drive... a rainy day in a jeep... my first column... the days when the railroad was on time... the thrill of a romance... how a freshman feels her first week at college... the days when you could talk on the phone for half an hour... Sam Beard...

I SHALL NEVER UNDERSTAND: How second semester goes so fast... why the sun deck is crowded... registration... why reflections in a spoon are wrong-side up... why Duz does it... the difference between a gametophyte and a sporophyte... how Shirley Powell gets so tan... why we have a Dell, but no mountain... a Humphrey, but no Bogart... a Hall, but no corridor... a Poole, but no lake... why, one can't get an outside line... How I can run on forever like this... Cindy.

"EXCHANGING"

ANGRY CUSTOMER: (tossing a package on the counter)

Makes washing a pleasure, does it? Does the washing while you wait, does it? It's the little flakes of soap that—

GROCER: Madam, one moment, please. This is not soap.

ANGRY CUSTOMER: Not soap? Not soap?

"No: Your daughter asked for a half a pound of grated cheese and a half a pound of soap flakes. This is the cheese."

"My stars! And last night, I made a pudding."

MR. GREEN: Is it true that the wild beasts in the jungle won't hurt you if you carry a torch?

PACIFIC VETERAN: It depends on how fast you carry it.

Bachelor: Sometimes I yearn for the peace and comfort of married life. Married Friend: So do I.

would have had Ruth Martin for her hairdresser all four years, would have refused lots of blind dates, wouldn't change much—except... She would have gone to Mt. Olive her freshman year and met that Caro - ooh—that's not the way it's spelled—cute is what we want—that cute man! Jean seemed to think that was a good suggestion—so good that she would do almost the same thing. She would have met Leo at Wake Forest her freshman year. She would have roomed on second floor Faircloth, and—this is important—Jean would be sure never to date a Pika—especially the president of such!

Pat Rhue regrets not coming to Meredith her freshman year. She said that she would have dated State boys more and would not have dated just one boy. Because she's such an "eager beaver," Pat would have started taking sun baths in February. However eager she might be about getting a sun tan, this li'l gal is definitely not so anxious to work harder or get up earlier. In fact, it shouldn't be done—not by a business major.

Dot Maness made one revealing, yet startling statement. "If I had my time to go over I'd live in one building—not two. I'd rent a room in the music building."

Now you've seen what some of the seniors would do if they could relive their college days—Well, start thinking—you might have your chance, too!

SHIRLEY.