

ALUMNAE COLUMN

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MORE ABOUT COMMENCEMENT

Our plans are just about complete, and we trust that yours are too, for the great event of the year. You have gotten most of the information that you need from THE TWIG of two weeks ago and from our President's letter. But perhaps you would be interested in a few more details. Our preacher this year is Dr. Solon B. Cousins of Richmond, Virginia, and the speaker for Tuesday morning is Dr. A. W. Beaver of Rochester, N. Y. Those who have heard these people say that we have a great treat in store.

The alumnae luncheon will be served at the Mansion Park Hotel (old Main Building) as announced previously, and the tickets will be one dollar a plate. Mrs. Bunn is planning a great time, and you cannot afford to miss it. We want to urge all the reunion classes to plan for a special part on the program.

Some time ago we published in this column the words of the old society songs. We are giving you the new one today. Won't you clip them and bring them with you or memorize them so that you can join heartily in the singing at commencement?

PHILARETIA

Behold, in shining raiment dressed,  
 She stands; in silence bow,  
 High honor sits upon her breast;  
 A white flame blazes in her breast,  
 And stars upon her brow.

Look up and listen while she speaks,  
 In solemn tones and slow.  
 She points to raidant mountain peaks;  
 Where morn reveals her first grey streaks  
 To weary souls below.

She calls us to her house of light  
 Beneath her azure dome;  
 "Come daughters, walk with me in white,  
 Above the glooming realms of night,  
 Build here your highland home.

Let Virtue feed her vestal fire  
 Within each holy fane.  
 Let fearless Truth with flaming ire,  
 Consume the breath of base desire,  
 And rule without a stain."

Lead on, O Philaretia fair,  
 Lead upward day by day,  
 Thy violet banner in the air,  
 Thy daughters all will highly dare,  
 Brave mother, lead the way.

SONG OF THE ASTROTEKTONS

See thy children, Mother Astro,  
 Sisters of the gold and white,  
 Bow before thee in thy beauty,  
 Thankful for thy wondrous light.  
 Now we bring our girlhood treasures,  
 And we lay them at thy feet—  
 Waiting for thy benediction  
 And thy bidding, always sweet.

Chorus

Astro, Mother Astro,  
 From the mountains to the sea;  
 Astro, Mother Astro,  
 We have come in love and gladness  
 To be led by thee.

Now we feel thy hands upon us,  
 Hands so loving and so strong,  
 That the touch fills every daughter  
 With a purpose and a song.  
 Lift your heads, ye Astro maidens,  
 Look into her starlit eyes,  
 Then go forth to life and duty,  
 With a zeal that never dies!

Astro, Mother Astro,  
 With a love that grows not old;  
 Astro, Mother Astro,  
 See us rally 'round thy banner,  
 Dear old white and gold.

WAKE FOREST WINGATE BOYS ENTERTAIN MEREDITH WINGATE GIRLS

In response to an invitation from Wake Forest Wingate Club to the Meredith Wingate Club at three o'clock sharp a bus sent over by the boys arrived at Meredith and a happy group of sixteen girls, with Misses Lawrence, Welch, and Horne, set out for Wake Forest.

On the way, songs, yells and joyous laughter told of light and happy hearts.

When we reached Wake Forest the boys were waiting for us at the homes of Professors Carrol and Jones. Very soon we found ourselves strolling leisurely over the lovely college campus, stopping now and then to get a snapshot. From the campus we hiked to the club house where some of the boys had a large fire burning for roasting weiners. Then salad, pickles, deviled eggs, sandwiches, lemonade, dixie cups, marshmallows and hot coffee were served.

After eating heartily of these good things, we gathered around the fire and sang our *Alma Mater* and other appropriate songs.

Then, taking plenty of time, we walked back to the campus where the bus was waiting to bring us back to Meredith.

Every one felt that the time had been all too short, but after trying to tell the boys what a delightful time they had given us, we left almost reluctantly.

Mount Gilead, North Carolina,  
 April 26, 1928.

My dear Mabel Claire:

Never since I left Meredith College in 1924 have I seen a copy of THE TWIG which did not give me an undefinable thrill. To be sure it is a means of keeping the so-called *old girls* in touch with the college. I have always enjoyed it if for no other reason than that; but this is to say that this has surely been, so far as I can tell, a banner year in the life of THE TWIG. There has been an atmosphere about it this year that has not been there before. Good as the incoming staff may be, they surely have a task before them; i.e., to keep up to your standard. The April Fool number was nothing if not original and puzzling. Imagine my chagrin when at school where I first saw it, I upon seeing the headline about the President's coming, exclaimed, "Oh, Coolidge is going to Meredith!" Only to read further and be informed that the students dressed in white and maroon were to greet him. Nor is that half the story. The birthday issue is also especially interesting. I've read and enjoyed every line of it, as I'm sure every alumna has. It is another sample of the year's prayers that have meant most to us who are in a sense on the outside.

I'm wishing for you the measure of success in your next year's work, whatever it may be, that you have had in editing THE TWIG. And again may I say, "congratulations to you."

Sincerely yours,  
 FRANCES HAYWOOD, '24.

Woman (in book store): I want a book for my son; something useful, enlightening, and not on modern life.

Clerk: We carry a complete line of notebooks, madam. —*Colgate Banter.*

THE SWAN SONG

The old order ever giveth place to the new, and so the months have rolled around and the time has come when the former members of THE TWIG staff must step aside for the newly-elected ones to assume their places. It is with mingled feelings that we are put out of the race. We are happy to see you start in, filled with enthusiasm and hope; we are sad to know that there is no longer an opportunity to serve the paper, and indirectly the college, to which we are so devoted. The staff of 1927-28 has given its very best efforts toward making THE TWIG all that it should be—the measure of success which we have attained must be determined by the readers.

Before being enrolled in the ranks of the "old girls," however, I am taking this means of publicly thanking all—individually and collectively—who have contributed towards making THE TWIG "bigger and better." To the *student body*, for its patience with us when the paper failed to appear on the exact day, or when it failed to reach every subscriber, we are greatly indebted. The cooperative attitude of the alumnae has been a source of inspiration to us. The occasional letter received, expressing satisfaction with the work of the staff, have been landmarks during the year. They have been read and reread, and have gone far in atoning for the drudgery of our tasks. Members of the faculty have been kind in their remarks concerning our efforts, and both faculty and deans have been ready and willing to help when called upon, we appreciate this.

For Misses Ellen Brower and Nettie Herndon we have reserved an especial place in our affections. The willingness with which they have worked with and advised us deserve a handsome reward, though we can only say "I thank you." For the members of the out-going staff, no words of commendation would be in any measure

sufficient. The entire success of the paper during the past year is due to your efforts. The spirit of loyalty and cooperation with which you have worked each week for nine long months is noteworthy. Individually, you have done more than I could have asked or expected; as a staff, you have been ideal. All that I can say is, may the incoming staff cultivate the same spirit which you now possess. Good luck to you!

MABEL CLAIRE HOGGARD,  
 Editor 1927-28.

We have named the chicken we have on Sunday Napoleon because it is so much bony part.

Annie Mildred: Where'd 'ja get the car?

Annie Bell: Graduation present from the pater.

A. M.: Quite a surprise, I suppose.  
 A. B.: Gee, yes! He never will get over it. —*Purple Parrot.*

Do you use tooth paste?  
 Gracious no! None of my teeth are loose!

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