

**Alumnae News**

512 West Laurel St.,  
Ft. Collins, Colo.,  
Feb. 15, 1926.

DEAR FOY JOHNSON:

Indeed I do remember you, Foy, and "avec plaisir," as Miss Young was wont to teach us. I wonder where Miss Young is now?

I shall be glad to write a letter for the Alumnae Column but you know, dear, it is dangerous to get one of a reminiscent tendency such as mine is.

You know I entered Meredith the first year of its founding, and there are joys and worries incident thereto that I could discourse on for pages at a time. However, I'll try to cut it short and you are at liberty to cut with a vengeance whatever you see fit.

I wish I might see Margaret Bright. I did think so much of her. While my husband was in Chicago a few years ago, he ran across a brother of Stephens Carrick, who said he remembered me from hearing Stephens speak of me. Did you remember her? I think she was from High Point or that vicinity. I often get really hungry for the Old North State and the many friends I left there years ago. Nothing so warms the cockles of my heart as an interview with some old Meredith girl. Catherine Vernon, Mary Vernon's sister from Wake Forest, was out to see us this summer and what old "gab fests" as we did indulge in! If you ever come Westward, be sure to look me up. Mrs. B. F. Kaupp of 212½ Newbern Ave. is a very dear friend of mine. Her husband is connected with the A. & M. faculty. If you run across her, do tell her that you knew Margaret Ferguson. She knows Virgie Edgerton Simms, too. Mrs. Kaupp is a communicant of the Episcopal church. Her daughter is a stenographer in some office in Raleigh.

What does your husband do? Mine is Bacteriologist for the Experiment Station. We have two girls, one twelve who is in first year High School and one five who will enter Kindergarten soon. We love Colorado with her wonderful scenery and her charming summers and cold, icy winters. The winter sports are invigorating, and we have one Texan here who has learned to skate as well as ski since he came, and he is forty-eight years old, too.

I will try to send a donation for the Twig, too, I am a member of the American Association of University Women since THE TWIG announced that Meredith graduates are eligible.

I am so glad you wrote me. It is good to get in touch with some of the girls again.

Ever lovingly yours,  
MARGARET F. SACKETT.

**JOKES**

Son: Now that I have my degree from college, I'm looking for a large field in which to exercise my talents.

Father: Well, the forty-acre field is about ready to plow.

Tommy: Paw, what is the Board of Education?

Mr. Figg: In the days when I went to school it was a pine shingle.

Can you string beans?  
No, but I can pepper mints and kid gloves.

Porter: How would you like to sleep—head first or feet first?

Voyager: If it's all the same to you, I'll sleep all at the same time.

M. Oliver (at table): Pass me the nacl. Estelle White passed her the salt, it means milk.

S. Oliver: You fool, nacl don't mean salt it means milk.

Mr. Riley: Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

Bertha Barnwell: At the bottom, sir.

Advertisement in a rural New England Weekly: Wanted—a steady, respectable young man to look after a garden and care for a cow who has a good voice and is accustomed to sing in the choir.

Grace: I saw twenty girls get up and leave the table today.

Katy: What for?  
Grace: They were through eating.

Ruth: What would you call a man that hid behind a woman's skirts?

Geneva: A ghost.

"Tobe, I'm sorry to hear your wife has left you and gotten a divorce."

"Yessum, she done gone back to Alabama."

"Who will do my washing now?"  
"Well, mum, I'se co'ting again and I co'tes rapid."

Annie Belle: How do you tell the age of a turkey?

Mabel Claire: I can always tell by the teeth.

A. B.: Teeth! Why, turkey has no teeth.

M. C.: No, but I have.

Casey (rolling up his sleeves): Did you tell Riley Oi was a liar?

Murphy: Oi did not, Oi thought he knew it!

Two cats were about to have a duel. "Let us have an understanding before we begin," said one.

"About what?" asked the other.

"Is it to be a duel to the death, or shall we make it the best three lives out of five?"

Mildred A.: I want to do something big and clean before I die.

Sara O.: Wash an elephant, then.

Alberta H.: I hear that Louise McComb plays basketball. Do you know what she plays?

Madeline Moore: I think she plays backward.



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