

Alumnae News

DEAR AUMNAE:

The all-important Book of Etiquette fails to prescribe the correct manner to be used in welcoming a person to her own home. Under the circumstances, then I resort to our own potent vernacular: "You all please come in and make yourselves at home. We're just so proud to have you."

Do you know that in this wonderful new home for our Alma Mater there is a whole suite—an office and Alumnae guest-room all *our own*. Ain't it wonderful? And that just *begins* to show how very, very proud She is of her elder daughters.

Now the point is: who'll be the first to register her name in the guest-book? I think if I were going anywhere at all, I'd invent some sort of excuse to go via Raleigh just to have that signal honor. Or perhaps I'd come to Raleigh just for that purpose. Anyway, you may always know that the latch is on the outside—we want you to come, and come often.

Of course, now, for commencement a mere Guest room will be wholly inadequate. There are rumors of rooms, however, that make me feel confident that this year's reunion will be the best yet. So instead of "Do your Christmas shopping early," I advocate, do your commencement planning early."

We want you to come and see your college. We want you to thrill at that possessive pronoun. We want you to see what Real Dormitories we have. But most of all we want you to feel that exalted exultation that comes as you stand in the center of our beautiful library and read those immortal words: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free" and "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ." With such a goal, and such a foundation, is it possible to predict the future of our beloved Meredith?

Welcome, then, to your own Old-New Meredith.

Sincerely yours,
SUSIE HERRING,
Alumnae Secy.

JOKES

Mrs. JONES: And how many evenings will you expect off each week? I never give more than two.

NEW MAID: I'm afraid that won't do, ma'am. You see I'm a debutante this season.

MAWANDA

Hair that was meant for caressing,
Eyes that were meant to ensnare,
Cheeks that were made just for blushing,

Eyes that alone make one care,
Smiles that enslave one forever,
Gestures made just to entice,
The whole of her made just for loving,
But a heart like a block of ice!

"How much are your rooms?"
"Two dollars up to seven."
"How much are they at six in the morning?"

Madeline E.: Goodness, I'm tired.
Chrys: Of what?
Madeline: Of Gym.
Chrys: Well, why don't you kick him?

Julia Moore S.: Who was it that debated with Carolina at Chapel Hill about the World Court?

Frances: Oxford College.

Julia Moore: Oh, I thought it was some boys from England.

Me: I'm so sick, I'm about to die.

She: Well, why don't you? Laverder is becoming to blonds.

Me: Everybody else says that green is becoming to blonds.

She: Nope, I saw you when you first came to Meredith, and it wasn't so becoming!

LEARN TO SWIM

The young son came running madly into the house and dashing over to the bookcase, he began throwing volumes right and left.

"Where's that book tellin' how to swim?" he cried.

"What do you want with it?"

"Pop needs it. He just fell in the river!"

She: Is it true that blonds marry younger than dark haired girls?

He: Sure—the lighter the head the sooner they tie up.

Crys. D.: What school is it you go to all your life, study hard, and then never get a degree?

Martha L.: I'm afraid, Crys, you have me.

Crys.: Sunday school.

Mary H.: Just to think, every time I breathe somebody dies.

Clarissa P.: Better try Listerine.

Our idea of a dumb-bell is the sap who tried to start the cuckoo clock by putting in bird seed.

Samson had the right idea about advertising. He took two columns and brought down the house.

God made the country, but it took man to make the country club.

Man going into a building where there is a slot machine and, telephone booth side by side drops a nickel into the slot machine and jumps into the telephone booth and picks up the receiver.

Telephone Operator: Number please.

Man: Number nothing, you drop that chewing gum and be plenty quick about it.

Girls look short in knickers but men look longer.

Charles: What in the world is a metaphor?

Mary: To keep cows in, stupid.

Happy B.: If I was born in an aeroplane, what nationality would I be?

M. L. Cheek: Skyterrier.

Happy B.: No, Airedale.

Lottie Mitchell: What time is it?

Alberta Harris: Ten to.

L. M.: Ten to what?

Al. H.: Tend to your business.



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