

Problem Number One for New Year Peace Am I Dreaming?

At last, 1946, the year dreamed of when shoes, tires, meats, and canned foods are no longer rationed; boys are returning home, and new cars, radios, electric appliances, and many other conveniences are appearing in the market.

In the midst of this personal gratification, one has the tendency to forget that peace has not been completely won.

The last shots of the battles have been fired, but the last battle hasn't been won until a united peace is a reality gained through co-operation and friendship of all peoples.

Then during 1946 may we all be sober-minded enough to let history record two outstanding events of the year: WORLD PEACE AND WORLD PROSPERITY.

Susie Wobbles

Prizefighter.....

Our stalwart hero, Kenneth Batts, must be practicing to be a second Joe Louis. If you don't believe this, just take a peek around a corner someday when he thinks he is alone. What do you call it, shadow-boxing?

Can that corn.....

First guy: "Don't you think she has a peaches and cream complexion?"

Second guy? "Yeah, yellow and fuzzy."

Strange Fragrance.....

Miss Farmer has at last solved the mystery of the wonderful sweet smell pervading the room after first period math. It seems ninth grade boys have been using something like "First Breath of Spring" on their hair.

Off the Beam.....

The other day I met Dee Stone anxiously pacing the hall. Answering my query as to the trouble, he replied, "I sent Mr. Weaver up town after some groceries at activity and

here it is fourth period and he hasn't returned."

Synonym Dept.....

Outstanding books for high school: Green Dolphin Street--Intense; Tomorrow Is Forever--Brilliant; The Turnbells--Unusual; Leave Her To Heaven--Gripping.

Remarks....Gleaned around.

"A ninth girl has BHS' nicest figure"

"Gregory Peck reminds me of Lincoln only he (G.P.) has more character"

"Christmas, ah.....three glorious weeks in which to sleep late".

"I can't begin to tell you" how much journalism is to me.

Oloha Oe.....

Well, I'm about at the end of my foreign language scope. SO LONG!

Thought for The Month

GET YOUR BUNDLES TO THE
CLOTHING COLLECTION DEPOT
T O D A Y!

MR. WEAVER: Anyone who wishes to may go up town without getting permission.

MISS JOHNSON: Boys and girls, you may all talk at once if you wish. I'm sure it will disturb no one.

MISS FARMER: We won't have algebra for awhile. It's so easy that it's boring.

MRS. FARMER: Please do not study too hard. It is injurious to the mind.

MRS. FINCH: You may put up your sewing, girls. I am going to teach you a new Jitterbug step.

MRS. LASSITER: There will be no home work for tomorrow. Too much practice isn't necessary to develop speed and accuracy.

MRS. MORGAN: We won't have that test today. I will give you another night to study it.

MISS DARDEN: Let's sing a song, as I know you all get tired of history every day. I know I do.

MR. TAPP: You may use any kind of seed corn you can find to plant. Any seed will make just as many bushels per acre. B.B.

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