

HOW JOSEPHINE WON THE HOCKEY GAME

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Josephine Salem. But she was not a little girl; she was a big, husky, out-of-doors girl. Now there have been many Josephines in history but there was never a heroine as Junoesque as our Josephine.

Before little Josephine grew to womanhood she had many wonderful dreams of going to College and becoming the idol of her classmates by her prowess in This or That. As she grew older, she worked feverishly to become a great athlete because her own great talent was for sports. A smart girl was our Josephine!

When Josephine came to Salem she worked harder than ever and finally made a place for herself on the grass beside the Central School hockey field. It was a very special place. No one else ever sat in it; in fact, no one else could—they were all too busy playing to sit down.

Eventually the Great Day came around and Josephine awoke at the break of day to take setting-up exercises in order that she might fit herself for the great work that lay in front of her. She knew it was great and that it did lay because she had a premonition.

When the whistle shrilled its piercing cry, Josephine's heart fluttered in her capacious chest and she leaned tensely forward.

"Goose-grudge, goose-grudge," she muttered under her breath.

It was a charm that never failed! All that was necessary was to glow at the person you wanted hoo-dooed and something would happen—the severity depending on the ferocity of the muttering and the intensity of the glower. Because Josey was of a kind-hearted soul she softened both to a mild mutter and a gentle glower. At first nothing happened—the game went on and on and on! The score was 0-0. There was tension in the air.

Suddenly a scream rent the firmament. All was not well—in fact, something was seriously wrong. A scream sounded its ghostly wailing; there was a grinding of brakes and a screaming of tires as a shiny white ambulance jerked to a stop at the curb. Two white-garbed Adonises hopped out, slung a snowy stretcher between them and rushed to the scene of the accident. The battered player was placed on the stretcher with special care for thibog toe upon which some meany had stepped.

Now is your chance, Josephine! In a glorious haze she dashed out, only to rush back for a stick. Eventually the game began again. The ball was carried down towards The Goal Post. All went well until Josephine got the ball and with high glee whammed it towards the goal.

"A goal, a goal," she yelled. But no! It was not a goal and Josephine was so upset that from the graceful pinonette she was doing she fell, grasping at nothingness, in front

CONFETTI

"Friends and fellow revelers! What would this party be without confetti? I ask you, sit down and confront the question face to face. Without these dainty, twisting, many-colored bits of perishable delight what could this party mean in our life? Friends, I say to you that a party without confetti would be like a piano with no keys, a birthday party with no cake, a problem with no solution, a fountain pen with no ink!"

"And slinging my toga over my shoulder with gusto, and holding my disgusted chin high in the air, I prance from this surging crowd of unappreciating followers of Dionysus. Ah! How my blood runs fast through my body as still with my chin held high, I rush down the street wending my way back and forth between more morsels of that ever-rising loaf of human life. People! People! Will they never cease to appear? Everywhere I turn, there are more. What good are they all? No use, however, to start on that! I am still perfectly indignant that mere people should not appreciate fully that charming addition to our lives—confetti! The word itself is sweet to my lips. Dear, happy, flitters! Weep not that you are first, ethereal and then trodden under foot. I will be your defender. . . . And—"

"No I haven't lost my mind—This is merely an overdose of Bowers Ball and Latin Oratory! I can't remember how they became connected in my mind. I guess it's all right, though just forget it. I'll go with you to Morgantown if you insist. You do really like confetti though, don't you?"

NOW PLAYING AT THE CAROLINA

Call Her Savage with Clara Bow is playing at the Carolina on Monday Tuesday and Wednesday. Clara Bow, in her comeback, plays the role of an untamed Western girl who returns home to her Indian lover after an unhappy life in the East.

The Conquerors with Richard Dix and Ann Harding is on Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

We hear rumors of a very select club founded on this campus by our three thus far unclaimed bachelors. Mr. Oster has vainly tried to force himself into this elite group, but the membership is definitely restricted to free men. The charter members have developed a secret language wholly unintelligible to those unfortunates who are excluded, and they seem to be bursting with secret pleasures.

of the goal-guard's feet. But swish—and the ball went through the posts and because the goal guard could not get around the rather large Josephine in time, the game was won. Cheer, cheer, cheer, for Josephine!



Christmas And May It Be Mighty Merry

Greetings dames and damsels—another Yule has rolled around, and we're as enthusiastic as babies about it! Because we have the grandest collection of knick-knacks and doodads for Christmas giving—and the most ravishing gowns, and wraps, and furbelows for Holiday wearing that—well—we know that we're ready to make this the jolliest, merriest Christmas you ever had!

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