

NATIONAL BOOK WEEK IS NOVEMBER 13-18

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

Who hath a book Has friends at hand And gold and gear At his command And rich estates, If he but look, Are held by him Who hath a book. In addition to the volume, *Historical Doubts As to the Execution of Marshall Ney*, by James A. Weston, on Marshall Ney, the library now has another, *Marshall Ney Before and After Execution*, by Smoot. This book was presented to the library by Miss Lawrence.

Either of these books, or both, should be particularly good to follow up, especially in view of the interesting talk made by Dr. Romthaler in chapel several weeks ago on "The Disappearance of Marshall Ney".

There's here a young gent named McEwen, Who once in his youth came nigh ruin. On a two story shack.

He was stranded—alack— Now fear of high spot's his undoin'.

Have you heard of those five girls who rode to the end of the street car line and had to walk back?

SPRING OR AUTUMN?

Without doubt, all observant persons and all those touched to any extent by nature and its beauties, have been gladdened in the past few weeks by the brilliancy of the Autumn colors. Some must have delighted in the ivy on the Church as one portion became a lovely shade of red which blended itself graciously into the mellow old bricks. Many were doubtless captured by the loveliness of the enormous beautifully shaped tree—a gorgeous yellow—in the lower athletic field. Miss Anna's yellow, white and pink chrysanthemums and asters vividly claimed the attention of others while some watched with eagerness the ivy on the Alice Clewell Building and the trees in the Square as from day to day they offered to the eye, varied and beautiful colors. Trees near the pergola and the 1193 Memorial steps attracted equally admiring attention and, even now, the willow tree to the side of the Louis Wilson Biting Building, is being watched.

Just as the full beauty of Autumn was about to fade there came a promise—a sign of Spring, of youth and loveliness—as though to cheer the trees, the ivy, and the foliage, and to remind them of renewed beauty in several months. For, in Dr. Romthaler's mother's garden a pear tree and tulips blossomed in all their delicate beauty, delighting and gladdening many.

Camel Factory is Visited and Described

Salem Girls Greatly Interested in Mechanics of Enormous Business

A pungent and stifling odor of hot tobacco swept out as the door of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company swung open to admit the members of the Industrial Group of the Y. W. C. A. from Salem College. It was not the product in itself that was interesting but the great mechanical skill and the vivacity of the manufacturing process.

Passing through the plant one could see, even in minute details, that the people of this great manufacturing concern thought, lived, and dreamed their product. In the office the lamp shade bore the standard Camel Cigarette emblem, a Camel among pyramids and palms. Here and there were small metal ornaments featuring the camel. Throughout the building ads of Camel for a period of several years were displayed. The snappy phrases of past days, which have been forgotten by the general public, hang there as a record of what has been achieved, and to spur someone on to a new thought. The workers wore small appliquest camels on their smocks or shirts.

The astounding part of the Reynolds Plant is the great rapidity with an almost uncountable number of cigarettes is turned out daily. Speed, speed, and more speed seems to have been the motto. In this plant there are four hundred machines and each one begins and finishes from eight hundred to one thousand cigarettes every minute.

The machinery is so compact and covered that it is almost impossible to get a definite idea of how the work is accomplished. The process appears more mystical than real. Within a few feet a jumble of wheels and magnets suck in tobacco and a long, unending strip of paper, and pop out stamped cigarettes ready for the cartons.

Every step of the process is completed within one large room—even to the making and printing of packages, wrapping in cellophane, placing in cartons, and stamping with the N. R. A. symbol. Then the boxes are passed on by means of belts to the shipping room to get out on the market as that "fresh cigarette". At this time the festive Christmas carton was being used for packing.

The last impression of the factory was a big Camel made from the brown tobacco that goes into the cigarettes.

Maria Garrett says that the little red cherries we've been having in the dining room are too young to be out of the can.

NEWS FROM MR. McEWEEN'S DEPARTMENT

The Psychology club is having its initial meeting on Thursday night, November 9th at 7:00 in the recreation room of Louisa Biting building. Dr. Wingate Johnson, a prominent local physician, is to speak on Endocrine Glands and after the talk the club members will be installed. The public is cordially invited.

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"Because Chesterfields are milder.

They've got plenty of taste and aroma to them but they've got mildness too!

"I smoke Chesterfields all day long

—when I'm working and when I'm not, and there's no time when a Chesterfield doesn't taste milder and better.

"I'll put in a good word any time for a cigarette like Chesterfields—they're mild and yet they satisfy."



Chesterfield the cigarette that's MILDER the cigarette that TASTES BETTER