

I DARE SAY

That you are as tired as we are of having people come up and say: "Do you know who Yehudi is?" Well, we heard the answer the other day that ought to settle the matter for all times. Yehudi is the man who makes rimless glasses with invisible lens for the little man who wasn't there to read in between the lines of unwritten law.

That you would have giggled too when the transfer innocently asked: "Doesn't Miss At ever wear stockings?"

That Dr. Carpenter's wife (the lady who purchased the tie) had something to do with his mentioning the interest our Student Body would probably take in Medical students come next year — At least we hope so, for don't we all like to labor under the illusion that our feminine wiles are subtle and comparatively unknown to MAN.

That you'll be interested to know that a local paper announces that Billy Coan might run for Mayor in 1941. We've had plenty of Mayor's sons including Billy come tooting down to Salem but wouldn't it be too cute for words to have Miss Lawrence chase the Mayor out of Louisa Biting at 10:30 P.M.

That Orchids should go to Mr. Cohen for presenting a trophy to be given to the student winning the Speech Contest, but most of all he should be congratulated for encouraging that form of Art. It seems to be one that somewhere in Salem's 169 years of existence has been lost but happily resurrected this year.

That here we go back on the subject of men again, but honest to goshumpin's gotta be done about it. The marines or the army er sumpin' must be getting all the men, but there was a sad scarcity of such at the dance Saturday nite and mighty few invitations are going out for the forthcoming one. A horrible thought just struck us — Girls! You can't be losing your powers!! Maybe we all should oughta try L. P.'s famous compound.

ROCKS AND ROSES

Alias

Has-Been Beaux and Arrows

Alias

"He Who Lives In A Glass House . . ."

Miss Jill Nieremburg announces the pinning-up of her room-mate Miss Jane Harris to Mr. Apie Means of Kappa Sigma Means of Davidson. The event took place last Sunday. For further information watch your local papers . . . Little Miss Moffit is counting the days till the Duke-Tennessee game. Everybody watch the left hand when she gets back — 'cause she might be taking the vows . . . Copie and Dobbins seem to be the apples of little Willie Cohens eyes. The baby blue eyes have it all right. Marian Burvenick's pictures come with the cutest labels! . . . Polly Herman is flit-flitting about the fifth. Could it be that her James is causing all the excitement? Martha Bowman is still kicking after the Davidson trip. And you know we heard she didn't get in till 7:30 Sunday morning. Bet she didn't have to go to church that Sunday. Wonder what Harry would say if he knew Patterson still cultivated Bob. Bet he wouldn't like the expensive birthday presents . . . or would he? . . . Third floor is calm again now that Happy Sink has gotten a Yes out of Bob for Oct. 5th. 'Tis leap year y'know — so don't miss your chances gals . . . Johnnie Moore was tootin' around in new Packards last week. Seems her lover was in town. She wouldn't have liked him in the horse & buggy era I becha . . . Phil Utley burst into print not long ago in fall fads and fashions. Must be a photogenius — she . . . Orchid O'Brien has taken up with the army; we hear she's off to Clemson to sponsor a dance. Hope you live up to your name . . . And little Lena Winston has been cross with Kyle again . . . why don't you give the poor lad a tumble . . . Cile Nuchols and Lyle Glen are all agog about conscription. Guess they'll just have to apply as Hostesses for the Date Bureaus Roosevelt's promised . . . Ashburn's Chuck left this morning and she actually said she felt relieved. Have you noticed the new badge she's wearing, though? It ain't a Willkie button . . . Libby Nelson bought two new ensembles for the Davidson function last week. Salem was well represented . . . Isn't it amazing how quiet, how quiet, Julie Read can keep about the June week at Annapolis? What's the matter has he got a club foot 'er something? — Hear Aileen Harrison made a hit with her Wake Forest man — One hit and two errors . . . Avis has announced that Dick is the one.

What's this about Nan Stone writing her cutest brother at Duke asking for Male . . . Guess Myra is real frilled that Haroldteen made the varsity. And have you met the learned Stoic of the Drama class? She knows all about Greek & Roman drama — and really loves it! — In case you haven't — She's "mighty lak a rose" . . . Ewen is still planting the Sigma Fu pin . . . why don't you tell the girls about it — huh? . . . They stayed for breakfast Sunday noon — when he had a luncheon date with Esther Alexander. He is the polo shirt and slacks that escorted Esther's new fall outfit to toast and coffee.

P. S.

A Junior transfer was really giving her date a good-night smooch the other night after returning from a week-end; right in the middle of the street. Now far be it from me to object to a good-night smooch, but why couldn't they have got on the sidewalk. It would have been so inconvenient had a "fire truck" come along.

Due to conditions utterly beyond her control, Mot Sauvain was unable to get away Sunday. But the day did not pass uneventfully, because Stuart Oglesby called; they exchanged mutual disappointments, and things weren't so bad. Love will find a way, but Mot was so down in the dumps, she insisted it needed a road map.

Martha Bowman and Lib Nelson had a marvelous week-end in Davidson; but were soooo late getting back. Yeah, I know you missed the bus! Little Yelverton was really having date trouble the other week-end. Unlike the rest of us, she had too many. It's swell having Aubrey Simpson back again this year — our favorite co-ed. But Ceil is seeing a yokel fellow quite a bit. (If a law suit results, I'll say the "y" was a typographical error.) Harverson Smith's brother, Dick, says that Harv's engagement hasn't been entered in the books yet.

Who said I wouldn't take a crack at my self? Well, here's to the stinko that said wearing my pin on my pajamas was childish — if you had one you'd probably wear it in your nose!

The popularity poll for Lehman (the telephone sheet) shows Nuchols leading Sauvain by one call.

If Dr. Willowby is limping, it is the result of a lot of leg pulling. A "Lehmanite" is responsible.

SCOOP OF THE WEEh:
I'm sorry the personalities in-

FASHION'S FROLIC

ALICE IN ANCHORLAND —

Alice was getting pretty fed up with all this walking all over town with her sister . . . her stupid, stingy sister that wouldn't buy anything but bargains. And all of a sudden as Alice walked along — up popped a red rabbit with pink ears who scampered by her, sat down on his haunches in front of her, pulled a sundial out of his inside pocket, and murmured in a sad, sad voice,

"Ah, he said — ah . . ."

And Alice moved closer.

"Ah me."

To this Alice added her own "Ah me" — and with an understanding smile the rabbit gathered up her bundles and the two set out together. And in no time at all — Alice and the rabbit (whose name, it so happened was Lancelot) were discussing Philosophy.

"It is my opinion," said Lancelot in a thick British accent — "It is my opinion that beneath every stone there grows a rose . . . that every cloud has a gold lame lining — and all that sort of rot."

And Alice listened with every inch of her skinny body and her stringy hair. Suddenly Alice saw looming up before her a dreadful, dreadful "thing" — all hammers and nails and splinters and boards.

Then the rabbit's voice took on a sepulchral sound —

"Enter here," said he.

"You will see —" he said. "You will see what — I — mean." His words took on great portent . . .

involved cannot be devulged at this point, but watch for the most startling developments in a case concerning a most attractive Freshman after the Carolina-Tulane game. I will print all the dope I possibly can, but not yet!

Orchid of the week — to Ceil Nuchols for her remarkable remark about how the Seniors look in their "owl suits."

Stink-weed of the week — To Betty Holt for her crush on the piano in the game room. Did you just lease it, or buy it out-right?

and suddenly with a great whoosh! — the rabbit named Lancelot disappeared.

"What to do! What to do!" said Alice.

"Here I stand

On foreign land

Here I was led

By a rabbit, red."

And suddenly some unseen hand drew Alice into the dreadful doorway —

What was this? Fairyland? What are these bright walls? — These shining mirrors? With an hysterical step Alice started out in bewilderment.

"Hello" — she said to the man who dashed by her.

"Hello" — he said — and stopped.

"Where am I? In New Zealand or Austria?"

The man looked at her sincerely — and spoke.

"This is neither New Zealand nor Austria. This is the Anchor Store. Come in and buy your Fall clothes. Just make yourself at home.

"Ah," thought Alice. "Ah. How my stupid, silly sister would like it, should I buy her some clothes —" And so Alice started out.

First there were pajamas — Alice found some blue silk ones — smocked at the yoke and on the pockets — "butcher boys" for \$1.95. Then bedroom slippers — washable and fleecy, tres bon marche, in all colors with tricky heels and toes.

Next she found a sport suit — long jacket — covert cloth — and flaired skirt for only a trifle — And to go with it a wash silk shirt \$1 or \$2 with long sleeves and high neck — and wonderful with it — The high-light of the entire store — plaid wool socks — to the knees . . . of red and green and a green jockey cap — both for \$1.00.

The next department caused Alice's hair to stand on end with delight — beautiful dresses for only \$7.95. Alice couldn't decide between a dark blue corduroy skirt and light blue flannel skirt — and a smoky grey tailored wool dress — fly front, long sleeves — and

swingly skirt — finally she bought them both and flew on to find a coat. She paid in the twenties for this — a covert cloth topcoat — nice over her suit — mannish and neatly tailored. And for a hat — a bunny woolen turban — soft and neat perfect with wool dresses and sweaters (\$1.95).

From away in the distance Alice heard her stupid sister's voice calling louder and louder,

"Alice — A-lice — A-lice!"

Alice grabbed up her packages and darted out of the store. As she passed the evening clothes she snatched and darted on with a "less than thirty" dinner dress — princess lines — black crepe appropriate fullness and a wonderful looking jeweled collar around a high neck.

Alice darted out of the door, and past the scaffolding. Her stupid sister caught her outside and nearly shook her teeth out until she saw all Alice's wonderful clothes.

"How — why — who — where?" But Alice didn't say a word. She just sat and thought about the red rabbit who talked of roses under stones and gold lame clouds and all that rot —

"How true," said Alice, as she pasted her Anchor sticker on her new Anchor luggage (dark blue with cream leather edging) and packed up her new clothes for school.

school.—(E. S. C.)

T. B. or not T. B.
That is the question
Consumption be done about it?
Of cough, of cough.

—Anon.

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