

FASHION'S FROLIC

LIL RED RIDING-HOOD

This the forest primeval, the murmuring pine and the hemlock . . . and who should come stomping across the field but Dostoevsky, the wolf.

"Ah," croaked he from the depths of his esophagus, "Ah, what a delightful day for eating people or pigs or even anything. Ah."

And the trees rustled with horror and the humming birds hummed in loathing at the dreadful attitude of Dostoevsky. And Dossy leaped on toward whatever lunch he might encounter.

But who do you think was coming thru the forest primeval at that very moment? You're right . . . Little Red Riding Hood! And she was just simply tearing along in her new fall clothes on her way in town to go shopping (any similarity to the Red Red Hood who visited her grandmother is entirely coincidental).

And Dostoevsky saw her when she was still far, far away and so with beast-like haste he screamed to her.

"Hallo, hallo there Red Riding Hood . . . wait for me . . . wait for me I'm afraid of these big dark woods."

And L. R. R. H., being a kind hearted li'l creature waited.

"Hello Mr. Dostoevsky," said she, "Hello."

"Where are we going?" said he.

"I'm going shopping," said she.

"That's what you think," said he.

"Ha ha . . ." said she (weakly).

"Ha ha," said he.

And the next thing Little Red Riding Hood knew she was fit to be tied . . . and fried . . . by Dostoevsky. But because he was a gen-

tleman . . . as it were . . . he poured her out a highball.

"To what shall we drink?" said he.

"To me because it's my birthday . . . the nineteenth of October," said she.

And Dostoevsky writhed and screamed out and tore his hair and did all sorts of disconcerting things.

"Ah misery, today is my wife's birthday too, and I had forgot! Oh what to do what to do?"

"Why not go to Cravens and buy her some new clothes," suggested, you know who.

And so, arm in arm, off they tore to Cravens . . . causing no little stir in the city streets as well as in the store. But at Cravens they are always cordial and soon the wolf had made friends with every clerk in the store.

"Show us the woiks," said he.

And this is what he saw:

A baby blue flannel dress, beautifully tailored with a leather belt and a stitched fly-front. (Dosty coughed with relief when he saw the price tag.) Then there was a super super suit. The price was only \$50 for a black wool princess style dress and a wonderful jacket of caracul with a matching pill box hat and a muff. At L. R. R. H.'s suggestion the next buy was a \$5.95 natural gabardine skirt, a red gabardine shirt and a perky red skull cap and matching bag for no more than a good song.

I think maybe this is enough," murmured our hero, but just for good measure he threw in a gorgeous blue heavy hand knit swater that was only \$6.95.

"What a nice store," shouted Dosty a little later.

"Yes, isn't it," answered Little Red Riding Hood as he ate her up.

—E. S. C.

are planning a big week-end at Mullins—one last fling to bid the boys goodbye before the army gets 'em . . . Esther's red roses were duly appreciated Sunday, even through half-closed lids at the break of dawn . . . They tell us that the Froshies took Statesville by storm Sunday and the Sophs by a landslide Monday night . . . Mary O'Keefe saw Joe at good ole Bluefield . . . Betty W.'s trip to Raleigh must have been an ultra-success on accounta that little unidentified pin she's been sporting around . . . Hitler Club—see Martha Stonestreet for further details . . . Louise Totherow visited Goldsboro last week-end. P. S. A letter came Monday . . . Charlotte Denny returning from a four-day birthday celebration captivated a fellow train passenger with—of all things—her shorthand book! . . . We're all for declaring a national hamburger week and dashing down to the Toddle House for campaign materials . . . Mildred Kelly's sudden interest in horses couldn't be tall, dark, and handsome, could he? (and we don't mean th' horse!) . . . What's this about Burgess' phone call every day at 1:45? . . . We haven't heard the details yet, but Sammy Pou did all right with that Wednesday night dinner engagement . . . Lilly Sutton, Lena, Sara, Mary Louise, Paschal, and Sprunt still wonder if life can ever be the same after Carolina last week-end . . . Hedy McLean's man is in the army now! . . . Kelly Ann, do ya hafta wear green when you sit on the front row during the lecture series? Dontcha know Mr. W. is color blind and likes red? . . . Holbrook's Jack has gone, but maybe he'll fail out at the Air Corps! . . . Bowman is all aflutter about Friday night—Wee Willie's coming! . . . Johnnie's week-end riding was kinda a let-down after beginning this semester in a Packard—or was it a Ford? . . . Eddie, what's this about your "misfortune" last week-end? . . . Faith seems to have forgotten Wake Forest completely . . . Dorothy Mullen went to the Dog Show—with a man! . . . Jenny Linn's week-end at Forest City will be heaven in itself—"nit-wit" is coming down from the mountains . . . We still maintain that nice it be to have cute frans, it's even nicer to be cute oneself—er somethin'; so maybe we'd better cease these meditations ere we become depressed.

P. S. It's "June" in October, but Patty got the hug . . . Eleanor H. shooting archery every after-

I DARE SAY

That we ought to say something about the Draft registration last Wednesday for the comment has been muchly. One girl wrote her B. F. "I hope you registered today. I'd hate to see you drafted, but I'd hate still worse to see you in the Federal Pen." And then everyone's heard that one about naming the new baby at the Jones' Weatherstripping 'cause he kept his daddy out of the Draft.

That one hardly knows whether to laugh or cry at the National Broadcasting Co's new program in which British children evacuees talk with their parents at home. That program has everything—drama, humor, pathos, and occasionally a person who just won't talk.

That a running competition is being held by the Day Student's new radio (tuned strictly to the Jive) and Miss Read's ducky little putter forth of the higher art in Music.

That this is the place to quote from a recent issue of THURSDAY: "Superfluity. — The shock of its life was had by THURSDAY when the SALEMITE, that uniformly excellent publication, began its first creaking and groaning for 1940. The editor is Katharine King of Leaksville, a personable young lady who comes around each Thursday to knock together her paper, after ours is put to bed. THURSDAY'S relations with the SALEMITE are, we hope, casual and cordial, with a certain degree of friendly condescension on each side. But on the occasion of the first issue of the SALEMITE this year, the editor came in and picked up our phone and called her advertising manager. "Lissen," she said crisply and uncompromisingly. "We have too many ads, and not enough space for news. Tell me what we can leave out to get the news in."

That Dean Vardell nearly stole the show with his improvisation in chapel last Wednesday.

That you'll be interested in knowing that Little Jack Little is bringing his boys to Winston in the near future.

That you could kick yourself for not taking your knitting to Memorial Hall last Tuesday night.

noon with Mr. Holder . . . B. Lasley is two-timing Robert, Jack K. being the other man . . . if it isn't the draft it's New York . . . Maybe we'd REALLY better stop ere we become depressed . . .

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ROCKS AND ROSES

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

When we come to the end of another week and sit alone (we do mean alone!) with our thoughts, it's always nice to know that our pals, comrades, etc. still get around. Take for example, Mary Alice, who decided to give Salem a break and finally tore herself away from Washington. Incidentally, what's this about the "crossed arms" rifles? . . . Rumor has it that a Senior and a Froshie are chewing the rag over a lad from Statesville. And he's only seventeen at that! . . . Kitty and Mary Lib have been about the happiest people around

since their little Charlotte escapade last week. Say, Mary Lib, you're supposed to have a broken heart; what about B? Marge and Mickey



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