

FASHION'S FROLIC

THE BEAR NAMED NEWMAN

Once upon a time not so long ago there lived a bear named Newman. And Newman was a very intelligent bear, who lacked but a few things that would make him quite witty. And one of these was common sense. Newman had so little common sense that he didn't even know that he was a bear . . . in fact Newman often wondered what in the world he was.

As a matter of fact the poor bear worried so much about what he was that he never even took the time to ask anybody to help him out. But one day Newman conceived the concept that he would make a name for himself in order that he would thereafter know what he was.

And so one day Newman met the king in the forest. And the first thing he said to the king was: "Hello."

And the king said: "Hello."

And Newman said: "Do you know what I can do?"

And the king said: "No. What?"

And then Newman told him that he could spin spaghetti into gold. And the king was so happy that he just busted out crying fit to kill. And because his budget was having a terrible time, he hired Newman to work day and night spinning spaghetti into gold.

And so Newman equipped himself with all sorts of swords and kettle drums and paring knives, and he even rented himself a workshop . . . and the great day finally came when Newman was to set to work . . . and Newman sat . . . but to his horror he suddenly realized that he

knew nothing whatsoever about spinning spaghetti into gold. And Newman practically went crazy and he bit his nails and tore his hair and did all sorts of nerve-racking things but it didn't help a bit. But finally Newman got a hold on himself and thought.

"At least I can sew . . . perhaps the king will spare my life because I can sew . . . perhaps."

And so Newman set to work and he made the cutest things you ever saw.

First he made some pajamas. They were fireman's red with high neck, long sleeves and FEET. They were brushed cotton and the warmest things in the world.

Then he ran up a \$30 suit. It was in hunter green woolen, affitted jacket buttoned all the way down the front and it had pockets and a muff of leopard.

With glee Newman took up the needle and graduated into undies. The results were g-i-r-d-l-e-s. And they were blue and white checked woolens, slim and tight and warm as toast for a football game.

Then Newman was so happy he couldn't stand it and so he outdid himself in a black taffeta evening dress . . . pinafore it was . . . with a beautifully tailored white taffeta shirt. (only \$10).

At last with quaking heart Newman went to the king and showed him the clothes.

"Marvelous," spoke the king, "much better than gold." And then, "You are a splendid seamstress."

And Newman giggled with joy and glee and he skipped about in a frenzy and shouted,

"At last I am something . . . I am a seamstress!"

And Newman lived happily ever after.

—E. S. C.

DEAREST MAW

Do you know what I've just this minute decided?—that I don't see how I ever even graduated from kindergarten! Honest-to-gosh, Maw, there is absolutely no excuse for any one school being so hog wild about giving six weeks' tests all the time. For the whole week I've been stumbling out of one test into another, and its gotten so that I can't even tell from the question what subject I'm being tested on. Of course, some of my teachers think it's six weeks' test time every class; so that really doesn't phase me in the least. But I do wish that they'd pick some other time for all this stuff instead of picking the very time that I haven't but one thought in my head—Fall Germans! You know what I'm going to do, Maw! I'm going to write time on the bottom of my next quiz so the teacher will think the bell rang before I got a chance to finish—and then I'm going to have my hair done. Don't you guess it'll be all right just this once if I have a vegetable dye put on my hair, Maw! Really it's so mousey colored, and I do so want to be real glamorous this week-end! I just thought I'd tell you in case that filthy little Tom Jones sees me in Chapel Hill and feels it his duty to tell you that I dyed my hair. And if he tells you anything else, Maw, just don't believe him because you remember how he used to run to you about how I was stealing oranges off the Smith's back-porch when I wasn't even NEAR the Smith's.

Now I 'spect I'd better go see what the general score is on that next quiz. But I'll write you as soon as I get back from the Hill.

Love and kisses,
Janie.

Nancy! If the date of the dance is changed one more time, methinks some of the gals around here are going to have their dates around their necks—maybe that's where they want 'em, who knows—Guess you know about Flora going to Wake Forest this week-end, but do you know about the little favor she's going to do for Kat Lineback? Bettie Anne's still starry-eyed from last week-end, and who could blame her—Virginia is a wonderful place, especially when a hunk of it comes down this way. We understand Lizzie Johnston, Jr. had a fine, upstanding time at Davidson last week-end, and we also understand that she's quite pleased about the date of the dance being changed. This is the question: Does Enie look like Tony or does Tony look like Enie? I've heard it both ways and still don't get the point—who brought that up anyway? Well, be good—keep your eyebrows plucked and keep count

I DARE SAY



That Dr. Rondthaler's Bible class is certainly well attended these days.

That we wouldn't mind staying in Chapel two hours on Wednesday if we could hear Mr. and Mrs. Jensen sing duets — and just the way they look at each other — ah! All that applause was a good idea girls — if it had only worked — somebody always weakens, tho.

That Music Hour on Thursday afternoons is most definitely something which more Salem students should attend. It is really worthwhile, and after all your own classmates are there to play for you.

That Louisa Biting Building should oughta be turned over to the Freshmen on week-ends. After all there are seldom more than five or six Seniors occupying said building.

That everyone seems pretty well satisfied with the change in date of the dance — which, you gotta admit, is a surprising thing in itself.

That I don't know what the Senior singers would do for altos if it weren't for the enthusiastic support of Kelly Ann and Babbie.

That we wish, when things get hectic,
And everything seems vain,
This world were antiseptic
And wrapped in cellophane.

of your cuts (I could count mine on the fingers of a pair of mittens).

P. S. We sho' miss "Sam, the sandwich man" over at the drug — Anne Bennett's off to State this week-end, Chubby Hayes goes to Homecoming at Wake Forest. Sprunt, Paschal, Bousseau, Kat. Smith, Spach Ferrell go to Fall Germans at Carolina.

JUNIOR JAMBOREE!

Listen my friends and you shall hear
Of the Junior Jamboree we're having here.
October 26 at 8:30 o'clock,
We'll begin the dance right on the dot.
For 15c you can bring your date
To Biting basement, and don't be late.
All stags can come for just a dime
And we'll all have the best of time!

STUPIDITY

We heard of a girl who was so dumb that she was fired from Woolworth's because she couldn't remember the prices.

Oscar, the world's dumbest mechanic tried for three weeks to buy a single file.

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

Salem has gone political. Salem has gone so political that Miss Frankie Tyson (Willkie rep.) has been entertaining seeds of young male politicians who hope to have the Salem angles presented before their various civic organizations. The Wise Man's Club has caught her out; and we think she ought to go. They might teach her a thing or two.

The week-end will find Katharine King, Duddy Jones, and Myra Blunt at the Carolina Fall Germans. We hear that Myra's taking it in with her varsity football fellow. Just make him hold that line . . . Journey's end is lovers' meeting—for Bobbie and Harry—we hope . . . Moffit has taken home her perculator this week-end to grind up the J. F. Goodman coffee beans . . . Young Hanes of Mullins is home from the tobacco wars and so our Lyell has a new skip in her walk . . . we hear that Mary Wilson and Jim are doing up the week-end together—A dance, some dates, to church — then back on Monday morning. We just hope they don't get down in South Carolina territory . . . It's tempting you know . . . The week-end will find Dobbins in the home of her prospective in-laws. Her Frank really believes in doing things right. We hear he jumped on Pegases last week-end and frew from Washington just to keep a date. He's the kind to have . . . Our little Trayhame has finally gotten her ducks in a row—and so to Roanoke Rapids. She has things fixed up with her fellows from State . . . Hope she doesn't get snowed under . . . 'Mongst those making up the Salem cheering section at the Carolina game this week-end will be Louise Hartsell, Sassy, Mot, Betty Winbern, Cootie, and Bootsy. We're well represented c moes verdad! They've all promised to yell for our restrictees . . . Johnnie Moore hasn't found the Packard sales very profitable; so

she's on the loose again. All ready have these soulful brown eyes captivated Mr. Lindley of the filing cabinet Lindleys. We just hope he doesn't lock your heart in one of those strong boxes . . . Sally is quite the romancer these days—and her abode reflects her mood. On her wall we find with illustrations: "It was a big night for Pete. Trying to love Pete was so good." . . . Jane Harris ISN'T see-Apple this week-end . . . And Esther . . . she isn't seeing Marvin . . . she is contemplating in his stead going to Chapel Hill in Katie's place who sprained her largest toe last night . . . we submit as the Ideal Salem girl the following for the approval of all—perhaps . . .
Hair — Louise Paine
Eyebrows — Lelia Sullivan
Eyes—Dobbins
Nose—Mary Best
Mouth—Mary Louise Rousseau
Complexion—Margaret Patterson
Figure—Ceil Nuchols
Legs—Lyell Glenn
Hands—Thorne Clark
Clothes—Betsy Moffit
Personality—Wendell Wilkie
Policies—Frankie Tyson
Loyalty—Jane Harris
Vivacity—Eddie Baugham
Versatility—Franklin D. Roosevelt.
Wit—Jill Nierenberg
Come-Hitherness—Mot Sauvain

In addition, she must incorporate the better part of Flemish BcnD brickwork, sugar bread, and best of all, a voice dramatic — from whom-ever it may belong.
PLUS
Day-Student
Flowers

Have you heard Margaret Holbrook's philosophy of life? It's "men are the root to all evil." Hope she doesn't get Jack "up in the air" about it. A little bird says Nancy McClung's heart is way out yonder in "Californy"—Watch out for Ann Sheridan,

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