

FASHION S FROLIC

POLYOKI AND THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Polyoki. And gee but Polyoki was a little devil. As a matter of fact he was such a sorry little fellow that his mother had given serious consideration to drowning him in her little pail in the back yard. But she abstained from such an act because of the criticism that she feared from her neighbors.

But poor little Polyoki was such a simple lad that I don't think he ever realized how thoroughly disliked he was. But Christmas was drawing near, and Polyoki was about to crack up to know what Santa Claus was going to bring him. His childish intuition for some reason told him to look for said present in his mother's closet.

So one day Polyoki set out to look. Now this took practically all day. Polyoki looked through the old negligees and the laundry bags . . . the letters and the worn out stockings. Finally he came across a great seed . . . twice as big as his head. He took it out and beat it around on the floor but nothing happened . . . So Polyoki said to himself . . . "This must be my Christmas present. I think I will hide it until Christmas myself."

So Polyoki took it out and buried it beside the front door and then he went to bed.

Early the next morning he got up and looked out of his window and what did you think? There stood a great fir tree all decorated for Christmas . . . and it grew from the spot where Polyoki had planted his seed.

Polyoki looked at it in amazement.

He saw that it touched the sky . . . in fact he couldn't even see to the top. And so, since he was a husky fellow he started to climb the tree. He climbed for seventeen days and nights and finally early the eighteenth morning Polyoki reached the top and found himself in front of rows and rows of pretty shops.

In one shop he saw dresses and he went in. There he saw the most beautiful evening dresses in the world and he bought the prettiest for his little sweetheart . . . Kathleen. The dress was white rayon net with drop shoulders, a huge skirt and yards and yards of ruching ruffles. (1)

In the next Christmas shop he saw just the thing for his mother. It was a taffeta dressing table skirt all ready to snap on and it was only \$9.50. (2)

The next purchase was for his little sister Fanny. For her he bought a quilted reversible housecoat. On one side it was blue and on the other side it was all white. It had a huge skirt and was washable. Only \$3.98. (3)

Now there was great Aunt Mimie to think of. Finally he found a present for her . . . A Helena Rubenstein keyring . . . equipped with a tiny mirror and three lipsticks. (4)

With that Polyoki slid down the tree back to his own front yard. There stood Mamma Polyoki with her pail of water. Even the beautiful new Christmas presents couldn't appease her wrath and she frowned Polyoki right there.

1. Lord and Taylor—about \$20.
2. W. and J. Sloan, N. Y.
3. Ideal.
4. Sosnik's—about \$1.00. (These may be ordered by mail).

DEAREST MAW - I DARE SAY

As much as I used to say my prayers when I was little, it DOES look like God wouldn't send all the rain at one time. You just should see me, Maw—I look positively revolting—you'd lie down on the floor and DIE to see what has happened to your child through three whole days sopping up all the water from the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans combined! From here I anticipate a perfectly jolly time at Chapel Hill this week-end what with this onslaught washing every bit of glamour paint off my face and de-comphing my clothes and settling down in my shoes so it'll be sure to give a Grade A case of double pneumonia and absolutely taking the last atom of curl out of my hair. I can just see my hair right now—drooling in one nasty little mess all the way down my spinal column! Caesar be praised! All week I've been trying to protect this last trace of curl; so by now people have decided that I've moved into this kerchief-rain-hat head-gear permanently. And seriously, Maw, I'm scared to take it off now for fear that my poor locks will all drop out when they're untied. But anyhow Rudolph will be there to pull me out of any puddles I might sink into.

Did I tell you that we had quite a rousing to-do up here last week-end? Archie breezed over from Duke since he had me down for the Duke-Georgia Tech business the week before, and we had a grand time except that he put one of his size 12's on the hem of my favorite black evening rag, and just tore the very h— out of it. All in the way of compensation though, he came across with his fraternity pin and now I just don't think Rudolph will understand because I've got his too and I can't very well tell him that all the buttons are off the front of my night shirt and I've got to pin it together with SOMETHING and THAT'S the reason I accepted another fraternity pin. However, I'll let you know how it all comes out in the next letter.

Love and kisses,

Janic.

What is the attraction that draws Polly Evans and Martha Hines to the "Y" functions on Saturday night . . . Who is this new flame of Anatonette Barrow's . . . Who is this Jerry Webster you're going to Carolina with this week-end, June? . . . And talking about a girl who gets all the men's hearts—Frances Burgess . . . Ann Benn is going off to State this week-end . . . Have fun, D. B. . . Mary Worth how are Blake and the poems coming? . . . We wonder why Ruth's interest in Davidson has increased so much lately? . . . Carrie Donnell had quite a time looking after 2 boys Saturday night . . . How do you do it, Carrie? . . . We would really like to know the details of how Mary Louise celebrated her birthday . . . Daphne Reich and Paul . . . Louise Totherow and John Mark . . . We would like to know who Sara Byrum's cute date was . . . Lella Gray, you'd better stop wearing that diamond on your left hand, people might get the wrong idea . . .

Diamonds sparkling in the sun Tell the world of "the only one." That's all, folks, the gossip's done.

WELCOME

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I really don't mean to be dull, but ain't the weather been awrful?

That at Senior Picnic 'tother night Sarah Linn almost stole the show from the hamburgers.

That although Miss Turlington's raincoat really does look like a nightshirt, some of us could have made good use of it this week.

That magazine salesmen get slicker every year.

That the latest organization on the campus is the select club of "Appreciators of Dr. Vardell's Improvisation At the Close of Chapel." They invariably remain standing in the rear of Memorial Hall until he has concluded and then applaud vigorously. Latest opportunity for the functioning of this group was on Wednesday last when Dr. Vardell obliged with a parody on a Nursery Rhyme.

That if one didn't know one could always tell the season of the year by looking at Dr. Bondthaler's boutoniere, or has somebody said that already . It does have a sorta familiar ring about it.

That Salem's new radio program should really be quite a success considering all the talent we have on the campus. Kelly Anne could give a delightful talk on "Geography of the United States," faculty members could sing, and Sally Emerson could discuss "How Best to Consistently Break the Laws of Gravitation in Order to Lie Prone on the Hockey Field."

THEATRE CALENDAR

CAROLINA

Mon., Tues., Wed. —
"Spring Parade"
Thurs., Fri., Sat. —
"Knute Rockne"

STATE

Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. —
"Dreaming Out Loud"
Fri., Sat. —
"Boys of the City"

FORSYTH

Mon., Tues. —
"Maryland"
Wednesday —
"New Moon"
Thursday —
"Ann of Windy Poplars"
Fri., Sat. —
"Sandy Gets Her Man"

COLONIAL

Mon., Tues. —
"One Million B. C."
Wednesday —
"Banjo On My Knee"
Thursday —
"Way of All Flesh"
Fri., Sat. —
"Billy the Kid, Outlawed"

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CAROLINA

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When sleep has 'closed my eyes,
And all the silver stars have fled
Across the empty skies.
With half a hundred other dreams
To charm the night away,
Why do you trespass in the dark

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Well — the dance is on one end of our long-distance line and Duke-Carolina is on the other . . . we've three minutes to go and no stuff overtime — number please — No.'s 9115 and 2-0312 with 2-1998 busy in the meantime grant last per missions . . . wishing John and Moe and Harry and all the non-descripts up on ye ole campus with our mad Marys, and serious Sallys and jolly Janes, the dean's troubles consisted of good night boys an "No, not 'til four" — on the near-est end it in "When is the permission coming," "Is he a nice boy," and "be in on time Sunday."

"Hello darling . . . yes practically all of caroline is off to the wild wilds of Caroline come tomorrow. What? Oh yes . . . Marvin is already here — promptness set by Esther's good example last week-end . . . Millie has at last consented to go to ye ole Alma Mater — now she'll maybe wear all those nice new clothes that have been hanging in the closet since September . . . oh and by the way did you hear about Ciel Nuehols? You did? How about all those Greek emblems? Should she flip a coin, yes? . . . and talking of flipping a coin, maybe that's what Dee Dixon should do, in all fairness . . . Honestly, my sweet, it's really funny how some of those lassies are too spoiled after previous "experiences" to go to either Davidson or the Hill — Anne Ewing after fast and fury at Virginia, Marge McMullen whose Clemsonite calls at nite . . . Libby Nelson who responded to Cauble a bit too soon . . . Polly Herman who has just heard the absent—since—August voice . . . Dobbins who, Frankly speaking, has her interest localized . . . Adair Evans who is looking over the fence toward State . . . Sara Linn who has already gone over the fence in the same direction . . . oh, darling, sweet music for one Lucy who got a red Pontiac for her birthday . . . my my! speaking of music, it seems that Katie King tried to play

a duet on two instruments at once with dischord as a result . . . dischord is also being found among another member of the same suite over in senior, one Babbie and her Harry — we give up though, trying to keep up with latest developments . . . have you heard the latest? It's reported that Miss Bodie is questioning Sir Cupid. who! who! where are Hugh? . . . I've just got to stop, darling . . . really dear, they're such sweet girls here at school, could you believe it, there was no snaking at the dance last week . . . What? oh I won't listen to such stuff . . . and idle gossip, that's all . . . well, goodbye, I'll be seeing you soon."

Two minutes overtime, Miss — I'm sorry—

DAY STUDENTS

The surprise of this week was the marriage of Phyllis and Linville. She really did keep it to herself. The best of luck to you, Phyll! . . . Seen at Claude's in the wee small hours after the dance Saturday night: Lucretia and David Reid doing "La Conga" . . . Lib Johnston is trucking off to Davidson again this week-end . . . More power to ya', gall! . . . Seen at the S. G. dance Saturday night: Barbara Lasley with Jack Kenner, whom she thinks is wonderful . . . Betty Anne White and Dick Cobb . . . Not doing bad . . . Kathryn Linsback with Bill Durham . . .

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