

FASHION S FROLIC

HEPI NUYEER

It was a cold snowy night, Hepi Nuyeer sat cuddled on the sofa in her library looking sadly at the fireplace. Hepi was at that time of life when Santa Claus has become a myth and the Easter Bunny is the only thing left to believe in. And Hepi was miserable . . . no Santa Claus . . . no north pole . . . no reindeer . . . poor Hepi was just about to crack up when suddenly she heard a noise—psft psft cack scrr scrr and lo and behold there stood Santa Claus right in the middle of the fireplace. First his feet . . . then his legs . . . then his shoulders . . . gee what a physique . . . and then ffft and there he stood.

"Hi babe," said he in a most insinuating manner.

"Greetings," responded Hepi Nuyeer coldly, knowing within her heart that there wasn't really a Santa Claus . . . as only a girl of nineteen can know such a thing.

Then Mr. Claus dropped his sack full of toys, poured himself a drink and sauntered to the sofa . . . dropping idly down beside Hepi.

"Gee," he said, what a sweet stocking you would fill. Now I

know what I want for Christmas." Hepi backed off.

"What a wonderful monster thought she . . . and how I dislike him."

With a coy smile she looked at him.

With the twirl of his mustachio he looked at her. Then suddenly that little something happened and psuss . . . Santa Claus had his Christmas present.

Then things began to happen. And with a whoosch Hepi found herself scooting up the chimney with Santa. Then followed a wild ride . . . first to Jacards where they left a pile of beautiful new evening dresses . . . then to Montaldos and they stuffed the stockings full of tiny watches studded with rhinestones . . . and on to Sosniks with a bundle of marvelous cowhide luggage . . . and last of all to Teagues with a pack of pastel wools. Gee what a Christmas Hepi had and gee what a Christmas Santa Claus had too.

And now Santa Claus has agents to do his work and he and Hepi just sit in their igloo all the time and . . . and Hepi believes in Santa Claus again.—E. S. C.

SALEM STYLE SPORTS REVIEW

After a long night of worry followed promptly by a day of hard travel, we finally pulled in Philadelphia. In the midst of our excitement, the time of night was completely forgotten; so we started out, as true mountain gals, to see the city. After rushing from place to place a group of weary, tired, sleepy (and the like), people returned to room 541, Benjamin Franklin Hotel. Of course, you know, five girls cannot get to sleep before an hour of chatting, hence tempus fugits . . .

Looking into Wanamaker's window, as we hurried by on our "tour" Friday night, aroused our curiosity to the highest degree so we were on our way down there bright and early Saturday morning. Two hours were spent Christmas "looking," but we were scared to spend a cent for fear we might lose our train tickets home . . .

Back to the hotel for blankets and "warmies" . . . Off to the stadium! . . . Seated, but not settled, and anxiously awaiting the time for the Cadets and Midshipmen to march on the field . . . Suddenly loud cheers gathered and exploded from the 102,000 spectators, as "A" Company of the Cadets Corps entered the field through the East gate. As the tall, handsome nephews of Uncle Sam marched up the field and fell into formation, cold shivers ran up our backs. After seeing that, the game wasn't really important, to us, anyway.

The hours between 5:15 P. M. and 9:15 P. M. (game over to train gone) have never passed so quickly before. After saying good-bye to the Cadets at the station, two lonely, two, too happy girls, looked at each other and said, "The end of a perfect time. Oh gosh! Day after tomorrow is Monday morning!" —B. B. and M. O.K.

SEEN ALL OVER THE CAMPUS—

WANTED: AMBULANCES ALSO SEEN: Cans with slots in the top the size of a coin of large or small variety.

SEEN TOO: Too many students passing these cans by.

Let's be gay while we may And seize all love and laughter. I'll be true as long as you But not a moment after!

JUST ROSES

Ho! Ho! We're rubbing our hands together with glee, 'cause we've got some mighty choice little bits for you all this week . . . F'r instance Dorris Shore came in Monday with "stars in her eyes" after that trip up to Pennsylvania and Moravian College—a few more visits from Alex and Rosa Lee will be weighted down with sparklers . . . Chubby was mighty excited over that phase call from way up in the mountains considering her heart is s'posed to be elsewhere . . . Seems like everything we have to report is good news this week so we couldn't fail to mention Margaret Holbrook's happiness over Jack's return . . . To top it all Margaret Voss has finally found her preacher! . . . Whatever did happen to Dot Mullen's man in the convertible—and just, why, isn't Jimmy coming this week-end, Margie Dull? . . . Another thing is puzzling us—did a certain flyer from California have anything to do with Ruth Ashburn's refusing that engagement ring? . . . Here are a few things to watch for at the dance—Eenie and Slimy, Mary Lou and Duke, and Eugenia with the man from Lexington . . . It's "let's change partners and dance" with the Rousseau-Vogler-Paschel threesome . . . Last but not least we want to report that we've just heard of a certain Junior, who is snaking another Junior's Wake Forest man—such a lack of class spirit.

He told the shy maid that he loved her; The color left her cheeks; But on the lapel of his coat It stayed for weeks and weeks. —V.M.I. Cadet.

I DARE SAY



That the teachers certainly have been piling the work up on us. If anybody groans they all say, "Wouldn't you rather get it done now than have it hanging over you during the Christmas holidays?" But woe is us — we're working ourselves to death — s'pose we'll just loaf after we get back in school 'til exams — yeah!

I really don't know what happened to the organ in Memorial Hall, but I'll be willing to guess that it froze up — what with the weather being the way it is and all.

That it's a very fine thing that the Juniors didn't have any hockey sticks available when they had that meeting last Monday night — they were that mad!

That even if we had time to read there wouldn't be much light reading available, for the magazines are stocked up with gift suggestions and likewise the newspapers — even "Thursday" went back on us. What I want to know is if anyone ever found just the right thing to give Aunt Susie or the neighbor's little brat from a list of Gift Suggestions.

That someone ought to give Mr. Kenyon a full hour in chapel sometime. We really enjoyed that little talk the other day.

That Lees-McRae College up in them thar hills has secured much publicity for themselves 'cause some A. J. Correspondent misunderstood the fact that students got Phy. Ed. credits for hikes taken on Possum hunts. He sent out stories of the general nature that Lees-McRae offers courses in Possum Hunting. He could misinterpret Salem's well-meant hikes as a course in Intelligent Sightseeing.

NOTICED

To all interested, it may be reported that mothers' little helpers all over the campus are progressing nicely with their knitting of baby jackets. As Esther Alexander put it, in a letter to a "friend" — "No — for the Red Cross."

Yelverton: (Gazing with a sad, sad gaze at the black board): "How long may we have, to take this test, Dr. Ancombe?"

Dr. A.: That depends on how much you know, Miss Yelverton. Some may write just one minute.

McCoy: Huh! I'd stay two minutes just for spite.

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SOSNIK'S

ROCKS AND ROSES

Alias

Has-Been Beaux and Arrows

Alias

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

Senior Salemites are planning big things for the week-end. A look at the first page, 7th column, will give a few of the bold details, but what goes behind this is a different matter . . . At the dance we'll find three SAMS, each a story, all his own — Nell — reminiscent; Burp Belcher — laughing, having changed three times; Katie — fairly silent . . . at the party after the dance are expected several couples whose names, on request, we must not mention. With all the silence, SOMETHING must be brewing . . . sho' is funny the story we heard about a young lawyer friend. After calling one girl and finding her busy he named four other prospects . . . One was Millie Kelly, whom another man-about-town called this morning, very subtly asking for a date Saturday night. She didn't leave any doubt in his mind

that there was a dance Saturday night to which she was taking a date . . . Sally, Pete thinks it so-o-o sweet of you to take a suite-mate's brother to the party-party . . . Heard at 12 P. M. Wednesday night, Esther's sleepy, be-colded voice fixing it up with the coal-miner . . . Conspicuously absent from public affairs this week-end will be one Eliz. Dobbins, who is expecting a doctor-friend-caller . . . Which reminds us that her roommate Margaret has also been enjoying an enforced absence of society this week. Too bad, what with Bob leaving and the like . . . Early-Bird doesn't trust those town girls as far as she could throw a certain one. That's the reason she called David again, no doubt . . .

The middle way, the golden "mean," the bourgeoisie—in other words, the Sophomores and the Juniors and Freshmen could not possibly be as silent as they seem — just look here at their activities — how unjust—

We DID hear though that Sammy Pou represented the class by being out to lunch with eight upper classmen today . . . That Don Baker is finally coming to the dance with Ewing . . . That Cell made a hurried trip to the infirmary when she was about to be "invited" to live in Clewell Building when accused of abusing "The Lemon's" 'phone privileges . . . That Jano talked for a half hour 'way after twelve . . . That Martha Bowman's date got sick at the wrong time . . . That a certain Sophomore is taking active interest in getting a Senior's alleged boy friend a date for the dance . . . That that's all . . .

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