

ROADWAY AND MAIN STREET Ibsen, Shmibsen, She Said; Confide With Me Everything

By BILLY ROSE

I recently read a magazine piece entitled, "What's Wrong with Modern Marriage," in which the author opined that the divorce rate would drop like an over-ripe apple if the average wife showed more interest in her husband's business and hobbies.

Well, mebbe so, but you can't prove it by my Uncle Charlie and my Aunt Frieda. . . .

Charlie and Frieda are a couple of oldsters who have been living in a four-room flat on the East Side almost as long as magazines have been printing articles entitled, "What's Wrong with Modern Marriage." Ever since their nuptials, they've had at least one argument a day, and when they stop scrapping that's when I'll start worrying about them.

I remember an evening back in the days when I was knee-high to the

Allen Street curbstone when Aunt Frieda came home from the movies with an air of unwavering nobility.

"Charlie," she said tensely, "how is business at the shop, good, bad or fair to the middle?"

"Eh - peh," answered my uncle. ("Eh - peh," I hasten to translate, means that things being what they are, if a man breaks even he can consider himself a runaway success.)

"Eh-peh" is no answer," said Frieda. "I am sick of living in a doll's house."

"I see," said Charlie. "Tonight in the nickelodeon was showing Nazimova in 'A Doll's House' by Hymie Ibsen."

"Ibsen, Shmibsen," said Frieda. "You can't push me out of your life. Confide in me everything, come thick or thin."

"This I'll confide," said Charlie. "When I come home from the shop I'm tired out like a dog. Bad enough I live through the day without it should repeat on me like radishes."

However, with my Aunt Frieda, like Columbus, there was no turning back. She kept picking away until Charlie itemized the day's doings—everything from punch-in to punch-out.

BUT THAT WAS only the beginning. The payoff came a few weeks later when Charlie was fixing to attend his weekly pinochle session. "I want you should teach me how to play," said Frieda.

"Pinochle!" said Charlie. "Always you are saying pinochle is for loafers and no-goods." "I ain't saying different," said Frieda, but pinochle is your passion and I don't want it should take my place in your life."

Now, my uncle was a broad-minded man. When women began to bob their hair, his comment was, "They want to ventilate their necks, so let them." But pinochle—well, that was another matter. Nevertheless, he knew better than to balk his wife outright and, as he explained the game to Frieda, all the while thinking bitterly of the

coffeehouse session he was missing, a plot began to hatch in his head.

Next evening he was home early with a bag of wool and knitting needles. "Frieda," he said, "how you make a cable stitch?"

Half an hour later he was in the kitchen tasting the soup. "It needs a pinch paprika," he said.

"You're giving me point-outs how to make soup?"

"Who's teaching? A woman cooks and shops, a husband should similar cook and shop. How much you pay for cabbage?"

"Five cents a head." "At Fuzarri's on Avenue A, is four cents."

FRIEDA DROPPED a handful of cutlery in the sink. "Fuzarri's is six blocks away."

"So what? The exercise will do you good."

That Saturday night, Charlie persuaded a couple of his cronies to come over for a pinochle session and put up with his wife's playing. At 12 o'clock Frieda said, "I can't keep my eyes apart. Maybe you could play three-handed."

"What kind pinochle player stops so early?" said Charlie. "Deal!" And at 3 a.m., Frieda was dealing them as if they were bricks.

Sunday, Charlie put on his best tie. "Today I go with you to see Theda Bára," he said.

"Is not necessary to go with," said Frieda. "I got a date with the ladies."

"Where you go, I go," said Charlie.

Frieda, afraid Charlie would laugh at Theda's amatory exercises and humiliate her in front of her friends, pulled down the flag.

"Marriage is not simple a ball and chain," she said. "You go your way and I'll go to Loew's."

Charlie moved in for the kill. "No more schmoose about the shop?"

"If no more cable stitches."

"No more pinochle?"

"If no more tasting the soup."

"You got an agreement," said my uncle.

And they've been fighting happily ever since.

HOPEWELL

Mrs. Otis Jones, Mrs. Guy N. Jones and Mrs. Guy H. Jones were shoppers in New Bern on Wednesday.

Mrs. Frank Maides has returned from a visit in Portsmouth, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Meadows and children, Paul, Jr., and Barbara Dean, of Cherry Point visited Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Meadows during the past week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Holland and children, Gene, Jay and Eddie, of Midway Park, visited Mrs. Holland's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Eubanks, during the

past week-end.

Mary Lynn Maides recently spent several days with her aunt, Mrs. Leland Morris, of Stella.

Mrs. B. E. Wooten of New Bern is spending some time with her son, Earl, and his family.

Mrs. Otis Jones visited friends at Midway Park Saturday night. She was accompanied by her son, Esley.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Jones and children visited Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Melville at White Oak Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Daniels of New Bern spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Guy N. Jones and family.

Otis Jones and Guy N. Jones were business visitors in New Bern Wednesday.

Mrs. Albert Meadows and daughter, Christabell, visited Mrs. Dennie Trott of Hopewell last Sunday.

Mrs. Annie Mae Holland of Midway Park visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clemmie Eubanks, of Hopewell, Thursday.

Miss Sarah Dudley of Hopewell, who is a senior at Maysville-Pollockville High School, visited Camp Lejeune along with the other seniors last Thursday.

Beulah Riggs of Hopewell was in New Bern Tuesday on business. She also visited a friend Mrs. Leona Moore.

Henry Riggs of Hopewell and Harold Brown of Maysville went on a fishing trip to Queen's Creek Thursday.

Coolidge Riggs of Hopewell, after getting a job in New Bern, is now living with friends there.

I. T. Riggs and family of Lee's Chapel visited relatives at Hopewell Wednesday.

Mrs. S. E. Brown and her son, Harold, of Maysville, and Beulah Riggs were shoppers in New Bern Saturday. They visited relatives also.

Maysville-Pollockville basketball team, Letha Trott, Dot Jones, Thelma Gerock, Bobby Hargett and Dollie Trott as forwards, and Melba Banks, Beulah Riggs and Nancy Banks as guards, were issued uniforms Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayward Rouse

of Pollockville visited friends at Hopewell Thursday.

Terry Jones of New Bern visited Mr. and Mrs. Clemmie Eubanks of Hopewell Thursday night.

Lot Collins of Hopewell visited his sister, Mrs. D. W. Smith, who is in Kinston Hospital, last Sunday.

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