

THE CUB

VOLUME II

Tuesday, May 8, 1947

NUMBER VIII

CHORUS TAKES HONORS

Why Women Hate Blue, Gloomy Men Monday Merely Reflect Emotional Struggles

The material used in the following article is fictitious and any resemblance to the truth is purely coincidental.

Somebody once said, "The trouble with women is men," and there is much truth behind that statement. Men are all the time muttering "women, women, women," under their breath and, it is true, women may not understand the atom bomb and what makes a car run but these things are equally balanced by the goons who call themselves men. Here are some of the most undesirable:

The boy who has delusions of every girl he meets falling practically on her face the moment she sees him. Of course, he is a combination of several handsome male movie stars and he never forgets this fact. He never realized girls date him only when they are desperate, but thinks every girl is just trying to date him!

Then there is the character who tells you all about his other loves, which he likes, what he likes about them, and all about his past Don Juan activities. You naturally are definitely depressed.

The boy who won't talk is another pet peeve. You talk and talk about everything you can think of but the only answer you get is a grunt. Naturally, if when entertaining him with your gay chatter, you stop for a breath, you are labeled a definite bore! Of course, we don't like the kind who talks about himself all the time, but even that is better than the one who doesn't talk!

Everyone wonders if some boys will ever learn fingernail files were made to be used and not just looked at. We are sure that gardens could be grown under a few of those nails!

About the worst is the drip who takes you to a party and leaves you while he talks to the boys or—some other girl! Will he ever learn? After all, you don't want him following you around like a shadow but it would be nice to glimpse him a few times during the evening!

We could shoot the boy who never buys us anything to eat. All Please turn to page six

Monday is a day of gloom and groans to some people. Why can't Tuesday be the first day of the week? So what should you do on "blue Monday?" Among other things, don't wear blue. Certain colors are known to produce certain emotional effects.

Red, for example, symbolizes courage, generosity, and vigor. If you want to spend your day being charming, controlled and cool, wear maroon. The day on which you sport a new orange sweater will be a day of action and friendliness. You also will show a marked love of life.

On the day of a big test, wear yellow, since it promises to loan intellectual power. You won't need to copy, either, because self-reliance is an added boon. By the way, maize also encourages imagination. Watch those answers.

So you are a liberalist—then green is your color. You may even be a hero because calculated courage plus tolerance accompany liberalism. And if you want to appear older, drape yourself in blue-green which supposedly brings forth maturity, capability, and discrimination.

Self-satisfaction and laziness are sure signs that either you or your best friend is wearing purple. Brown denotes obedience and deliberation. Gray will keep you in a calm, restrained state.

For all you little innocents, white brings out the best of naivete, innocence, and trust. A turn-about-face brings to view the ladies of mystery and sophistication who should shroud themselves in black.

The idea is: certain colors produce psychological effects on yourself or on another person. But, beware of the person in purple with green polka dots! He may be dangerous.

Of course, one could resort to dark glasses or goggles and see all the world as a nondescript conglomeration tinged with green or amber.

Orchids & Onions

ORCHIDS AND ONIONS

1. Boys and girls glee club for their fine performances at Greensboro.

2. Band for their fine performance at Greensboro.

3. Baseball team. Here's luck to you.

4. The girls that put on a fine show in the Follies.

5. The Little Theater Group for their fine performance.

7. Mr. Smith and his fine work with his musicians.

ONIONS

Why we haven't got any to toss around this week. You know they're kinda scarce.

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And high hope.

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Homes where living will be the expression of everything

That is good and fair.

Homes where truth and love and security and faith

Will be realities, not dreams.

We are the Future Homemakers of America

We face the future with warm courage

And high hope.

Boys and Girls Receive Rating Of 1

The New Bern High School Glee Club left Thursday morning to go to Greensboro. They arrived at W. C. about 4:00. They had a rehearsal that afternoon and then the rest of the day was free. The next morning they met at the Student's Building where they rehearsed for 1 hour. At nine o'clock they went to the auditorium where the contest was started. All of the students enjoyed the music that was presented. That afternoon the mixed choruses met and were judged. The New Bern High School Mixed Chorus received a rating of 2 plus. At four o'clock Friday afternoon we left for home where we arrived late that night. Mr. Smith said that he was well pleased with the work that the chorus did this year and he hoped for a better judgment next year.

BAND RECEIVES HIGH RATINGS

The New Bern High School Band left the high school building at 6 a. m., April 23rd. After a long trip the band arrived in Greensboro at 11:30. Immediately after dinner, the band reported to the Student Auditorium. The Band started the afternoon contest. After playing "The New Colonial March," "Eroica Overture" and "Melody A La King," the band adjourned to the Y hut for sight reading. Later in the afternoon we found we made a 2. Although we did not make the rating we hoped for, we still are one of the few bands in Eastern North Carolina to make a rating so high.

Did They Itch?

Dressed in her father's trousers
A silly maid, one day
Went and eloped with a fellow,
What will the papers say?
Read then the startling headlines
(Such one the whims of chance)
That sprang next day from the presses
"Flees in Papa's Pants."

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Teen Age News

Avast there, you swabs! This is ole "Salty" Salter ready to shoot you "Pollywogs" and "Shellbacks" (you're a landlubber if you don't know what they are) the breeze and scuttlebut about all ye doings at the Korner. Did you shipwrecked victims (boy some of them looked like it too) have a big whoopee at the Shipwreck Party? Glad to hear you did! Just imagine boys—there wasn't much cuttin' in, was there?? Well, more special events are coming up all the time. No grass grows under our feet! No siree!

And have you non-members of the Dancing Club seen some of our grade A & B pupils shakin' a mean foot lately? Well, you should because the present teachers expect to start taking a few lessons from them pretty soon! No doubt about it, they're really on the ball! Come out and see for yourself on any Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Just in case some of you have forgotten or perhaps didn't know, I'd like to retell you the purposes of the Teen Age Club. Follow carefully now for they are for your benefit:

1. To encourage good, clean, wholesome living.
2. To provide social entertain-

ment for our youth.

3. To promote better understanding and good will between the youth of the city and county.

4. To formulate and execute plans for the entertainment of our youth.

We try to do these things with your help and in case you didn't know it, we've had over 4,000 participants since Sept. 1945.

This is your club so lets all help to improve it for future Gremlins and Gremlinettes. How about it??

Well, I've got to beat feet and meet . . . the deadline. So long people!

Eddie "Salty" Salter

P. S. A very bright spotlight goes to those wonderful performers in the New Bern Follies of 1947. You all were swell!

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9th Grade News

By O. V. Rowe, Jr., and Edward Hill

The Freshmen are planning to have a party the last of this month or either the first of May. Each section has organized a committee to do different things in planning the program. All ninth graders are invited to attend the party with their dates.

Genie Owen, who has been an active member of New Bern High, has moved to Florida with her parents. As you probably know, Genie was the Freshman secretary. I am sure we will all miss her.

Marlyn Roberts has moved to China with her parents. She came to New Bern High last year from Cherry Point. Her father, who is a captain in the Marines, has just lately been transferred to China.

We are happy to say that we have a new student at this old school. She is Aileen Edwards from Vanceboro. We understand that she played on their basketball team last season. We sincerely welcome her to good ol' New Bern High School.

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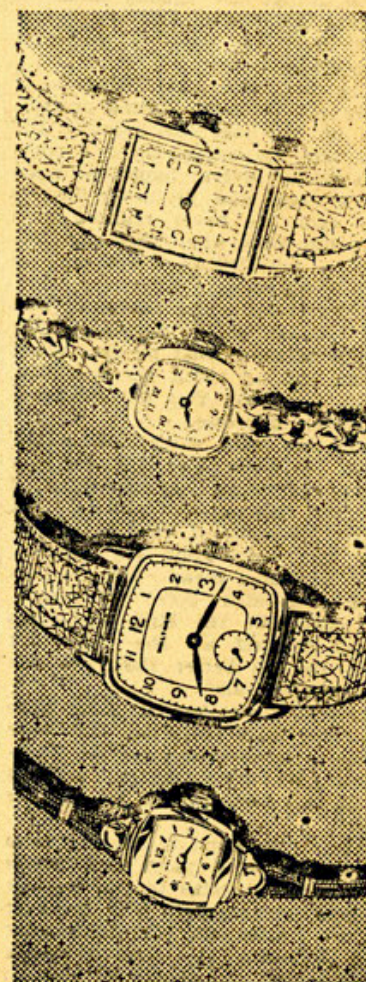
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Here's Looking at YOU

BY JOE BRUMMEL



Well, fellows, we are on the home stretch. We observe the telltale activity about these halls of learning which invariably marks the last weeks of the closing term. Expectant grads, with grades verging on limbo, are making the usual frantic dash to get safely over the hurdle. Even undergrads are suddenly cramming.

As the philosopher puts it, "It's the time of year when sap runs high, and it's not all sugar maple."

Being an undergrad at this season is tough. The lofty seniors look down their noses at lower classmen. Juniors they consider too adolescent to notice, and they plainly want to crowd sophs and freshmen right back into the cradle. Whatever that diploma is for, it is clearly NOT awarded for diplomacy.



A question more important around here than who serves on the atomic commission is that of who will carry off class honors in scholarship—who will be the 1947 "whoozits", from the king of athletes to the knave of jive. And while you are about this business of handing out orchids, may we humbly suggest a place in your hall of fame for the "best dressed man in the class."

Looking back over the weird wardrobes that have graced our classrooms, campus and study hall for four long years, we shudder with dread as we visualize that heathenish get ups may chase up to receive those sheepskins on Commencement Day. So, in a face-saving effort on behalf of student body, faculty, parents and girl friends, we offer a final plea for

more conventional garb on this all-important occasion.

Did we hear an ear-thumping whoop? We hasten to reassure you. We certainly do not mean that every last one of you should step forth in a blue serge double breasted suit, like the one dad sported in the twenties. On the contrary, at some of those mysterious class seances, held behind locked doors, you can vote with perfect propriety on something quite informal. But it still should be civilized. You can even wear jacket and slacks on the great day without looking as though you were headed for the ball park or a clay pigeon contest.

Here are some ideas of what's what for grads and undergrads for commencement and class day activities.

—Doubled breasted suits of blue, oxford gray or lighter gray.

—Chalk striped suits of flannel or worsted.

—Gabardine suits, olive drab, beige, blue, gray or summer brown.

—Dark blue jackets with lighter blue or gray slacks.

—White shirts, please, oxford or broadcloth, with cutaway or button-down collars.

—To be quite in the groove, bow ties—and the newest wrinkle in these is the horizontal stripe.

Now, during commencement week, there will be many and diverse goings on. For these social high jinks—and for vacation days ahead if you expect to keep in circulation, you will need:

JACKETS—please not the plural—"informal" loose fit for sports wear, double breasted for general wear. These may be of tweed or novelties. Neat checks are a favorite, glens, and larger plaids—not too conspicuous.

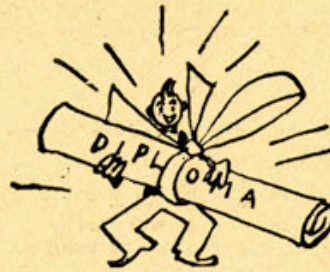
SLACKS—of flannel, gabardine, worsted, tropical fabrics.

NOW ABOUT COLORS—Blue and gray check jackets "go" with gray or solid blue slacks. Brown and tan check jackets are right with tan or beige slacks. Oxford gray "mates" with any color.

If you have a special yen for blue keep in mind that there are other shades besides navy. This year the preference is for the new brighter marine, and medium light blues. Browns, too, include the copper clan and the green family gives you the popular olive hues.

QUED:—You need no longer beef because the "gals" have exclusive claim to colors. If you are not convinced get an eyeful of the new sports shirts. Here's color

on the loose—solid shades, figured fabrics, tartan plaids, candy stripes. But a word of caution. Better lock that dresser drawer if there's a teen age sister in your family.



You can go all out for color, too, in the matter of neckwear—both bow and scarf variety—the latter in challis and foulards in gay summertime two-and-three-tone combinations.

O, so you are prejudiced against ties? Well, prejudice, my friends, is just being down on something you're not up on.

So, if know-how on how to dress is a course you have flunked in the last four years, commencement is a good time to commence brushing up on the subject. It's one branch of education you are going to need and need badly all the rest of your life.

So long.

Joe Brummel

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Key Hole Kid

Well fellows and gals, here I am back again this week to give you the dope about what's going on around ole New Bern High school.

Say have you noticed how free and independent Cyril has been acting this week. Well, he certainly has a reason to be. Mildred is off on her summer vacation. (Boy, did she need one.) They say, "When the cats away, the mouse will play. (The Rat)."

Seems a new beam of light has shone in Biz's life. Peggy seems to have the big boy under her light. Keep a 'shinning, boy!

Has anyone noticed a marked difference in Sonny G. Could it be the way Pat has been running around. Don't let it get you down old boy. Things could be worse.

Guess Kitty has been too busy with the annual recently to notice Oscar. But he certainly hasn't been neglected, has he Flossie?

Armstrong sure has got it bad over Thelma recently. If he don't watch out he'll be as bad as Crisp. He even walks her to the bus at lunch.

All of you students that saw the Follies the other night had better take notice. That was really good acting on the part of Milt and Peggy. In fact I'm not so sure it was acting. You'd better watch out Milt, she seems to know a lot about how to master a man.

I noticed Francis in that wedding review the other night. Keep your eyes open Anky and don't sign any papers without reading them first.

Of course you all know the Crisp's are doing all right. Well, that's to be expected.

Ivan doesn't seem to be hitting too good recently. Wonder which it is, Frances or Mr. Whitehurst? He's really a good boy though.

Wonder if Ann Edwards ever found her a "sweetheart?" She should, they're pretty easy to get.

Have you heard kids, Clint ain't married yet. It seems while Peg is away he's sorta had his eye on Doris again. Boy that's the end of everything.

Well, kids, guess it'll have to be the end of this too. So be good (Joke Son) and Bye Bye.

Kilroy

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A Hit and A Miss

Sonny to Pat—Together Again.

Cyril to Mildred—All by Myself

Sue to Wesly—My Buddy.

Bev to Dot—We'll Always Be Together.

Oscar to Flossie—Stars In Your Eyes.

Frances to Ivan—I'm Lost Without You.

Ann E. to N.B.H.S. Boys—Oh Johnnie!

Bill to Ann—You Two Timed Me One Time Too Often.

Milt to Peggy—Pistol Packing Mama.

Jane to Tommy—I Love You Truly.

Pat C to Carolina—Why Don't We Do This More Often.

Lucile to Jimmy—Anniversary Song.

Marie to Hilton—Put Your Arm Around Me.

Ankey to Francis—O' Promise Me

Peg to Thelma—With All My Heart.

Brantley to Mary Kate—Tea for Two.

Brooks to Mary Alice—Together

Irene to James—Sweetheart of My Dreams.

Trials of An Athlete

I'd gone four weeks without the stuff when the craving hit me. It was like a blow to the head and my mind was filled with visions of a tall cool frosted glass. I went on in this manner for a week thinking of it, constantly. Finally it was too much for me. My weakened mind snapped. Out of the house I crept, pausing before a glaring neon sign advertising my desire. Before I knew it I was in a dimly lit booth in the rear of the establishment being confronted by a waitress. Should I or shouldn't I? She brought me a small one. The coach never found out I had that Malted.

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Junior News

Are you prepared? Well, you'd better get ready cause there's something coming up soon that's pretty important. The Junior-Senior. The most important event of the year next to the N. B. Kinston Football game.

The Program Committee is busy finding some way to entertain which thus far has been very hard to do.

The Junior class also voted on the waitresses for the banquet, and from the looks of things there'll be a right cute bunch of Soph's to feed us.

The waitresses are:

Lib Hill

Catherine Wike

Joyce Smith

Katherine Maxwell

Margaret Dunn

Neta Whitty

June Bullard

Patty Brinson

Sue Harmon

Patsy Shipp

Pat Hall

Well, so long kids, I'll be seeing you at the banquet.

Senior Girls Hi-Y

Yes! Yes! These gals are sure buzzing these days. Of course you've heard of the Shipwreck Party being sponsored by the Hi-Y's. Well we had a finger in the pie too!

We certainly have been having a nice selection of poems and programs (that's a joke son!) No kidding the poems have been swell and as for the programs these little bees stay so busy that we hardly ever have time for one. (Program that is.)

Last week was tres' important. We decided to give toward the World Youth Fund. Many suggestions were made as to raising more moolah.

The meeting was adjourned and Hi-Y benediction was given.

Be seeing you next time.

Reporter—Nancy Venters

Culture-Charm

C's of Gracious Living

Culture is a prize possession within the reach of everyone. Webster defines it as "the training of the mental or moral powers . . . a particular type of intellectual development." To be cultured, a person should be well versed on the many subjects, closely associated with moral and intellectual growth. Culture and charm are found together. If you gain one, you've acquired the other also. A person who is well-developed intellectually and morally, is usually a good illustration of both C's. Wear culture and charm as you do your clothes. See if they aren't a perfect fit.

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Have you ever milked a cow? There's nothing like it for sore fingers, a stiff neck, and an aching back! It is one experience I wish I had never experienced. My relationship with the bovine species will never be the same again.

After chasing the others out of the barn, so that no one could laugh at my feeble efforts, I approached Bossy with determination, which gradually turned to fear, as I realized the size of the gentle creature.

Deciding that it would be best to make friends before proceeding with operations, I cooed, "Nice Bossy, sweet Bossy." Then hopefully, "Bossy likes to be milked, doesn't she"? Not receiving an answer, I decided we were friends and balanced myself precariously on my one legged stool. Ouch! I didn't stay seated for long! In my nervousness I had the thing upside-down.

Finally, I got myself settled, put the bucket where it would do the most good, and confidently began operations. I squeezed; I pushed and pulled—all to no avail. Bossy kept eyeing me so reproachfully that I decided someone else must have milked her already. Gathering up my apparatus, I proceeded to the next victim, leaving poor Bossy in peace, with only a horrible memory to give her nightmares.

Now, being a veteran I approached "Blue Bell" with more confidence. She was smaller than Bossy. Placing myself and my pail in the correct position, again I squeezed and pushed and pulled. Again, no results. Disgusted with the stinginess of cows in general, I flicked "Blue Bell's" tail out of my mouth and tried a more gentle approach. Just as my fingers were becoming stiff and num, and "Blue Bell" was getting bored with the whole affair, a thin stream of milk hit the bucket! Heartened by this small success, I persevered until the bucket was half full.

Then "Blue Bell," who was accustomed to a milking machine, decided that she didn't like to be practiced on. Giving me a look of venomous hatred out of the corner of one big brown eye, she lifted her dainty foot and knocked it gently against the milk pail. I could swear she grinned at me as the results of my labors flowed over the hay.

Moral of the experiment: It is much simpler to get milk from bottles than to extract it from cows.

SENIOR NEWS

Buzz, Buzz, all over the school—but not in the twelfth grade. The students are all studying intensely to become the Einsteins of tomorrow. Big Joke, Huh. Well, believe it or not, the twelfth grade had 15 on the last six week's honor roll. Doing pretty good, aren't we.

The haven for all seniors is the High School Hut. Many a short recess has been spent in luxury—hamburgers and cokes. We extend our appreciation to the women and girls behind the bar.

Something big will break loose soon. That is, the Jr.-Sr. In preparation many Seniors are trying their hand at song-writing. Let everyone write one now.

Now for a little gossip—Attention Hens.

A certain blonde bombshell from Cherry Point has really been taking up a lot of Billy R.'s time lately. Hasn't she Billy.

Things are pretty hot lately between "Tincy" G. and Sam T. What's the matter Buddy, losin' your technique.

That boy with the "good disposition" had better watch it or there will be wedding bells plus a blonde.

Girls, are you aware of the haircut king. None other than Tommy Gooding. Cute, isn't he.

Some "Pigs" are pretty blind aren't they Christine R?

Something new has been added. Bell and Quinnelly.

Attention STAGS. Jr.-Sr. is approaching. Prepare!
Billy Vendric

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Boy's Hi-Y Party

The Boy's Hi-Y held a weiner roast at Green Springs last Saturday night. The party was started off with the "eats" (as usual). After the party had gotten underway Cyril Edwards and Bill Kelly who were at the head of the program committee had a few jokes rendered in a very fashionable order. Then there was a "Tall Story Telling Group" and boy you should have heard some of the stories that were told, (I don't believe half of them). Ah yes we have forgotten to tell you about the wonderful meal we had. At the table there was "franks," cole slaw, pickles, and other spreads to be spread. We mustn't forget those ice cold "cokes" should we. While all of the story telling was going on there was a nice big fire for everyone to sit around, or should I say lay around some of those lazy boys. After a while the crowd around the fire seemed to die away and to tell the truth they didn't return until it was time to go home. The party was called to an end with the singing of "Taps."

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Femme Fatale

Have you seen those strange unearthly creatures shuffling around through the halls? No, they aren't boys with Prince Vallant bobs, they're the sweet young things known as teen age girls, boby sock-ers, there's no end to the names they pick up.

They go around in mouldy blue jeans with half of their limb sticking out of a huge wrinkled sack, which gives that much desired 11 1/2 inch ankle. The limb of a lovely lady is not to be scoffed at, but when it is protruding out of the big brother's gym socks, it resembles one woody toothpick. One outer dimensional darling had a huge three-inch safety pins pinned on the rolled up cuffs of her jeans. When I queried her on the subject, she became indignant and said they were absolutely the newest fad.

And the shoes, they are perfect agony. Usually they are last year's loafers or moccasins, with all the seams ripping and only about two sizes too large. They give that luscious floppy look of a mouse in a rowboat. Some fun, the latest thing you know.

I'm only a mere male, but one thing that is slaying me within 2/3 of my life is, "Where do they get the white shirts?" The male population dearly cherishes a white shirt, while the femme dishonor them by leaving the tails out and messing them up sufficiently so they'll be a sub for grandma's feather tick. They are so flattering to the feminine figure too. They make their pretty heads look like a pimple on a pyramid.

And the parent, what do they think of their sweet ladylike daughters? Mother exclaims in horror, "Oh not my angel, dressed like a refugee." And pop, he gets a kick out of it (unless it is his extra-special shirt). He gleefully shrieks, "That's my baby, yesree." And other familiar phrases of our maters and paters.

Well, you think maybe they are real ladies after all, with soft sugary voices? Oh no, there goes your lovely dream. Here come Slug McGlug, voted prettiest girl in the class. Her voice? Wait and see. Oh, oh, she's spied her gal pal, about three miles down the hall.

What's That—A Hat?

It wasn't fat

It was far from that
It looked like a mouse in disguise;
But when the ladies did chat
They said such a hat
Could be chosen but by the wise.

Hair that's a mat

And looks like a rat
Has slept there, and not in a bed
It doesn't hide that,
Not this silly hat
You hardly know it's on her head!

Now I as I sat

Gave yours truly a pat,
As I thought of a way to O're rule
The wearing of a thing
That's certain to bring
To light, that a woman's a fool!

Plug your ears, bud, unless you want to be deaf for life. So she lets out with a soft melting roar. "Hey Stinky, c'mere, Butch and Stubby want to see you." Butch and Stubby are just two more of these dainty creatures in the category of modern women. Try again brother, and better luck next time. Well, I for one hope they change their style, but after all, they are the only ones who can dress like a tramp, be in style, and get away with it. Modern women? No sir, not for me.

The End.

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WOMEN HATE

Continued from first page

right, so we had our supper, we always eat! Who can't?

Finally we have the boy who wears a grind. You know the type we associate with horn-rimmed glasses and loads of books. He probably even does research on why no one ever accepts a second date with him!

So those who mutter "women, women, women" under their breath please note, "The trouble with women is men" and women will never be perfect until there are no men!

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