

Here's Looking at YOU

BY JOE BRUMMEL



The other night over at our house a bunch of us got into a hot argument and came up with an idea. The confab centered about the question of just what adds up to correct dress.

The viewpoints put forth were as varied as those that crop up at a United Nations pow wow. Bill, who was slopping around in tired green corduroy slacks and a sad blue sweat shirt, declared "comfort is the thing." Cliff, who was resplendent in canary colored flannel pants and a maroon plaid sports jacket, insisted that snappy "color" is the answer. And so it went. It appeared impossible to draw up a blueprint of the well dressed young man!

Finally Jim, the senior stooge, went out into the hall and came in with the mirror. "Here, you wise guys," he bawled, "look into this! Each one of you just get a candid close-up of yourself! There's your blueprint of a well dressed young man!"

You should have heard the whoops and guffaws, as each fellow actually saw himself "as others see 'im." When the hilarity had died down, we decided we'd really got something. Since difference of opinion is what makes horse racing, why not let each chap state his own case—actually tell the world what he considers to be

a "well dressed young man?"

And since we know from experience that you sluggards won't exert yourselves except under strong incentive, we have decided to make his airing of your ideas worth while.

We will hold an ESSAY CONTEST on the subject—that's what we will do. And we are going to make substantial awards to the guys who come forth with the best dope. The grand prize for the winning masterpiece will be one of Uncle Sam's \$500 Savings Bonds. No fooling!

Of course there is no use starting this essay contest now, because this is June, and you've all got a bad attack of vacationitis. But just you watch this column next October. We shall then make



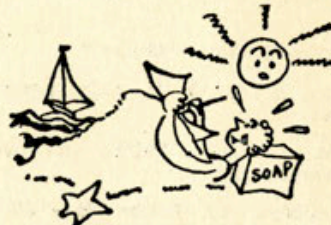
formal announcement of this contest with full fanfare. Meantime, if you want to get in on it, it won't hurt you to start thinking about it now. A little mild exercise of your brain cells may ward off total collapse from the heat during those sizzling days ahead.

And, speaking of sizzling reminds us that it wouldn't be amiss right here to offer a few modest suggestions on the matter of wearables which may help your drooping spirits to cope with scorching sun and wilting humidity. You will want—

Slacks and Shirt Suits. Have them in cool fabrics—rayon, linen, cottons. There are new rayons said to be wrinkle proof which come in light shades, in stripes, checks, plain colors and herringbone patterns.

Shorts and Shirt Suits for sports, sunning and beach sprawling. Have them of gay printed cottons, cotton twills, line and linen type fabrics.

Shirt and Jacket combinations. Shorts and Beach Coat combinations.



Cool Separate Slacks in neutral or high colors, including yellow and mustard tones.

Sports Shirts of the "in and out" variety. But remember this fashion doesn't mean that you should prance about with your shirt tails floating like the Flying Dutchman's. It calls for a special style shirt that's a jacket when it's "out."

Tee Shirts in open, porous mesh weaves are great for comfort.

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GOODYEAR TIRES AND
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Things Always Happen to Me

I don't see why I always have to get sick on the wrong days. A few weeks ago when I had two tests coming on the same day, I hoped and prayed that I would have just a little fever. But no. On that fateful morning I awoke almost cheerfully until I remembered those two tests, and then racking my brain, I could find no symptoms of any kind—no sore throat, no fever, and no aches or pains. So what happened? Yesterday morning I awoke thinking what a perfectly lovely day I had ahead of me with practically no homework, when a horrible feeling hit me. My throat was raw; my head ached; every inch of my body was sore; and I felt as if I were burning up. In other words the "flu" had caught up with me.

A parade consisting of the doctor, thermometers, pill, and more pills arrived a few hours later. Why are doctors always so-ominous? He plopped a thermometer into my mouth, grabbed a wrist, and sat there looking sad, almost as if he were at the bedside of a dying friend. After a session of poking at ribs with a very cold steel affair, he took the thermometer out of my mouth, looked at it, looked at me, and said, "Ah-humph." From the look on his face I fully expected an ambulance from a funeral home to come any minute. Then he took my mother aside, whispered a few words, gave her some pills and said to call if I got worse.

After he left I was foolish enough to think I would have some time to myself in which I could suffer to my heart's content. Of course, I was wrong again. As I tried to get a little sleep, I found that I had to start taking pills. There were literally millions of them, and whenever it looked as though my mouth might be empty, the thermometer was promptly popped into it. I figured out how to fool them though. Whenever no one was looking I took the thermometer out of my mouth and read it. I wasn't really dying after all.

Definition of a Boy

After a male baby has grown out of long clothes and triangles and has acquired pants, freckles and so much dirt that relatives do not dare to kiss it between meals, it becomes a BOY. A boy is nature's answer to that false belief that there is no such thing as perpetual motion. A boy can swim like a fish, run like a deer, climb like a squirrel, balk like a mule, bellow like a bull, eat like a pig, or act like a jackass, according to cli-

A Hit and A Miss

Jack to Patty—"Sooner Or Later."

N.B.H.S. to Neal—"Where You Been So Long."

Peggy R. to Hugh—"Who's Sorry Now."

Pig to Thelma—"Guilty."

Sara B. to O. V.—"It's Lovin' Time."

Jim to Sandy—"Falling In Love Is Wonderful."

Guinivere to Bobby B.—"Who Cares What People Say."

Ray to Peggy—"Together Again."

Buddy to Tincy—"I'll Be Around."

Frances to Ankey—"Too Late, Too Late, to Ask Forgiveness."

Harry to Dot—"It's Been A Long, Long Time."

Peggy A. to ?—"Someday He'll Come Along."

George to Marry Alice—"Surrender."

Frances to Leo—"I'll Walk Alone."

Elizabeth T. R. B.—"Why Do

matic conditions. He is a piece of skin stretched over an appetite. A noise covered with smudges. He is called a tornado because he comes at the most unexpected times, hits most unexpected places, and leaves everything a wreck behind him. He is a growing animal of superlative promise, to be fed, watered, and kept warm; a boy forever, a periodic nuisance, the problem of our times, the hope of a nation. Every boy born is evidence that God is not discouraged with man.

Were it not for boys, the newspapers would go unread and a thousand picture shows would go bankrupt. Boys are useful in running errands. A boy can easily do the family errands with the aid of five or six adults. The zest with which a boy does an errand is equaled only by the speed of a turtle on a July day.

The boy is a natural spectator. He watches parade, fires, ball games, automobiles, boats and airplanes with equal fervor, but will not watch the clock. The man who invents a clock that will stand on its head and sing a song when it strikes will win the undying gratitude of millions of families whose boys are forever coming to dinner about supper-time.

Boys faithfully imitate their dads in spite of all efforts to teach them good manners; a boy, if not washed too often, and if kept in a cool, quiet place after each accident, will survive broken bones, hornets, swimming holes, fights, and nine helpings of pie.

You Do Me Like You Do."

Barbara B. to Charles—"For Sentimental Reasons."

James to Irene—"For Me and My Gal."

Pebble to Jean H.—"Someday, My Love."

Skinner to Jean S.—"Together." Louis to Clinton—"Why Don't You Do Right."

Peggy to Johnny—"Miss You." Ed to Jo Anne B.—"I'm In Love With You Honey."

Tommy to Ann—"Nancy." Ivan to Anne—"Night and Day."

Roy to Nellie—"You Wore a Turtleneck."

Bill to Cholly—"We'll Meet Again."

Students to N.B.H.S.—"Summer-time."

Never the Life Of a Newsman

"Up and at it!

On the ball!"

Ever will be

The newsman's call.

Night or day

You'll see him go

After a scoop

Through rain or snow.

He tries to sleep

But never can

'Cause when big news breaks

It's, "Get it, man!"

Tired and haggard

He sits up nights

Rewriting, rewriting,

For something bright.

When big society

Comes to town

He then becomes

A snoopy hound.

He peeps through keyholes,

Listens through walls

And has to tiptoe

Down the halls.

Political speeches,

For hours on end,

He must listen to;

He must attend.

He's a nervous wreck

When the day is through,

But he can't rest—

"There's things to do!"

It's "Up and at it!

Stick to your gun!

That's not the way,

This is how it's done!"

It's a rugged life,

It's a thankless field.

To your writing talents

Don't EVER yield!

COMPLIMENTS

of

BYNUM'S

DRUG STORE

New Bern, N. C.

Out Our Way

Greetings to you Jacks and Jills and to you future Joes and Janes of Gremlin Korner (I hope!) As you probably know, this is the last issue of The Cub so what do you say we make the best of it! I'd sure like to be here to write this column again next year but seeing as I won't, I hope that the '48 reporter of Teen Age News has many very interesting things to write about for you and enjoys it as much as I did. It's what YOU do at the Korner that makes this column, so make it even better next year!

Looking back through the school year we can see that we have had several big occasions (besides the numerous other meetings and Sat-

urday night "shindigs") that were exceedingly successful and were participated in and enjoyed by very many. Some of these "swell-elegant" times were (1) The Horse Show, which is the only one ever been given here (2) The Halloween Party, a big time for all and (3) the recent Jr.-Sr. Prom, that once-in-a-life-time for Seniors. (Sure hope you enjoyed the orchestra, The Ambassadors of Swing, and the Grand March). I imagine that the Korner of '48 will have even more "big times" so more power to next years club!

Here I would like to say that there is no way, shape, form, or fashion that I can express my appreciation to Mr. Orcutt, Mrs. Roy Tucker, Miss Betty Lawrence, and Mrs. Hubert Tolson for what they have done for the club this year and the time and effort that they have put forth on our part. I don't know what we would have done without the help and advice that they gave us. And not to be left out are those every helpful members of the P. T. A. There is nothing we can do or say to those people that were continually trying to better our club except to say, "Thanks a Million!" and give them our utmost co-operation in the club in the years to come. I know that you agree with everything that I

have said here so three cheers for each and every one of them! A big pat on the back also for those members who helped make the club a success by serving at the Snack Bar and providing entertainment for the others and other helpful services.

As I said before, I don't think that we will have any regular Saturday night meetings during the summer vacation but we might be able to have some informal get-togethers each week if you would like to do so. Let me have your opinion on this matter any time before school closes. YOU are the club!

Before I go, I would like to wish the 1948 Teen Age Club, its members, and its officers, all the success and luck that is possible. EVERYONE give it your best! So long!

Eddie Salter

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I wash my hair with just "that thing."

To have it shining smooth.

I brush my teeth with "what's its name."

So, now I'm in the grove.

I wash my face with that "darn stuff."

To make it radiantly clear.

I take a bath most every day

To avoid whispers in my ear.

I wash out all my pretty things

In that miraculous stuff—

Now, they never, never will wear out

Or fray out at the cuff.

I shine my shoes with you-know-what

So, I'll not be a "dud."

But on the way to school, you see,

There are big puddles of mud.

To keep my hands so smooth and soft

I use some goeey stuff,

But when I'm through with dishes

They're about three times as rough.

I buy a dress that's advertised

As "sure to get a date,"

But then, I see four more or so,

Just as sure as fate.

I read the magazine that says

"Be the Life of Every Party"

But when my escort brings me home

He says, "You were some smarty."

Now, don't you really understand

Why I am so confused?

For I don't have a prom date, yet,

And there's nothing left to use.

THE PARISIAN

THE BEST
IN
WOMEN'S APPAREL
New Bern, N. C.

The Band Stand

By JOE KLINE

The spirit of turmoil is now over since the contests are over. All the band has been doing lately is sigh-treading new music.

Another performance on the band program for the remainder is a concert for "The New Bern Rotarians." Several selections to be used on this program are, "The Merry Widow Waltz," "Pavanne," etc. This will be the band's last public performance of the year.

Being this is the last edition of "The Bear Cub," we shall revue the accomplishments of the band for this school year. They are:

1—The band receives a 1 rating in Greenville, during the district contest.

2—Receives a 11 rating at state contest in Greensboro. (The highest rating received in eastern North Carolina).

3—New Bern High School Band sends five members to the "North Carolina All-State Band" in Greenville.

4—Band takes part in a "very successful" spring concert.

5—Band travels to nearly all games with the "champion" New Bern High School Football Team."

6—The band goes to Chapel Hill to perform at the Carolina-V. P. I. Football Game.

7—The band journeyed to Wilmington to perform in the Shrine Parade.

8—Plus all of these, the band received sweaters for the first time in years.

Thus you see, the band has not stood still this year. The only sad occasion the band will have to undergo this year will be the losing of the following musicians, all by graduation (I hope):

Emily Farmer, Christine Register, Harry Jacobs, Thomas Gooding, Ed Posta, Albert D. Brook, III, Horace Hill, Jo Anne Bratcher, and Hubert Tolson.

Since the beginning of the publication of the "Bear Cub," we, the paper staff, thought you would like to know what your band is doing, so, until next year by now—

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9th Grade News

By O. V. ROWE, JR. and
EDWARD HILL

Well, students, here it is just about the end of the school term. Won't be long before exams come your way. Don't you wish you were one of those lucky ones who will be exempted?

Mrs. Bullard, the librarian, has been quite ill at St. Luke's hospital for the past month. We are glad she is now able to be out. Mrs. Johnson had taken her place as librarian and General Science teacher. We sincerely thank Mrs. Johnson for teaching us while M-s. Bullard was away.

Altha Jane Mitchell, daughter of Major Mitchell, stationed at Cherry Point, has left for Hawaii.

The following people were on the honor roll for the past six weeks:

Room 9-1: Sara Blaylock, Alice Conners, Sidney Epperson, Johnnie Ausley, Thomas Coston, Roy Cahoon and Jackie Burnette.

Room 9-2: Katherina Hagan, Dorothy Hawkins, Winifred Gunner, Ann Ipock, Janice Holland, Nevin Leary, Bobby Helms, Forney Hoke and Edward Hill.

Room 9-3: Sandy Donaldson, O. V. Rowe, Jr., Connie Ormsby, Peggy Lee, Frances Martin, Mary Posta and Teresa McSorley.

Room 9-4: John Trader, John Scurlock, Zilda Small, Polly Watson, Shirley Salter, Sarah Tisdale and Frances Ruddock.

8th Grade NEWS

By MAREA KAFER

We have on our honor roll this month the following students:

Section A—Marea Kafer, Irene Bryan, Emalou Harman.

Section B—Carolyn Everhart, Elizabeth Gilliken.

Section C—Oma Faye Tingle, Patsy Rivenbark, Betty Joe Blanchard, Helen Whitty, Mary Kate Flowers, Earline Dixon, Patsy Taylor, Sally Gresham, and Agnes Barden.

Section D—Dollie Bray, Doris Grantham.

Mrs. Turner's class had a delightful weiner roast a Camp Battle a few weeks ago. Each invited a guest and fun was had by all.

Miss Mortons classes had a swimming party at Four Points, Thursday, April 15, 1947. After they finished swimming they had a picnic. Everybody was there and they had a grand time.

Orchids & Onions

Well, here we are back again to give out some Orchids and maybe a few Onions.

This week Orchids go to:

(1) The Junior Class for giving such a swell Jr.-Sr.

(2) The teachers and students that put all their time and energy into the banquet.

(3) I think we ought to give Orchids to those fellows and girls that are going to graduate June 11th. So here's a whole armful of Orchids to the Senior class. Lot's of luck to all of you.

(4) All the people that don't criticize the "Bear Cub" so much. After all you have gotten it every month, so please don't run it into the ground. We didn't give out any Onions the last time, but don't you think Onions should go to:

(1) Teachers that are planning to give a hard, long, and terrible exam.

(2) The students that gripe all the time about lessons, teachers, and test. Well, that's all for now so goodbye until next year.

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