

HOCKEY BEGINS SPRING SPORTS

Senior-Soph Victory Celebrated at Banquet.

On Monday afternoon, April the eleventh, a comparatively small but enthusiastic crowd witnessed the inter-class hockey game on the upper back campus. This was one of the most interesting athletic events of the year in that it marked the inauguration of an annual hockey game, which is put on a par with those of basketball and tennis. The keen interest of the spectators, many of whom had never seen the game before, was evinced by the zest with which they applauded the splendid playing of their respective teams. The final score of 2 to 1, in favor of the Senior-Sophomore team, bears witness to the close struggle by which the game was won. Quite a few representatives of the faculty and administration were present, but the most appreciated was Dr. Rondthaler, because of the two sleepless night he spent to be on hand, as well as the fact that nothing would be the same without him.

At two-thirty the two sister-class teams came on the field and entered upon a close contest for goals, with Miss Snider, playground director of the city schools, as referee. The first half of fifteen minutes, was over all too soon with one goal scored by the Junior-Freshman team, only against stiff opposition, and none by the Senior-Sophomore. After a "between-halves" of ten minutes of rest mingled with oranges and lemons, the two teams took the field again for the final struggle. In the first few minutes of the second half, it seemed as if there were to be no more goals made, so well did the goal-keepers and full-backs of both teams "play up". But in the midst of the half, the Senior-Sophomore team scored one goal, and soon afterwards another. Just as they were about to score still another, someone on the sidelines called, "Thirty seconds more." It excited both teams but in entirely different ways. The Senior-Sophomore team lost their goal and the Junior-Freshman was well on the way to tying the score when Dr. Rondthaler called "Time up!" The spirit of both winners and losers was extremely commendable, as they filed down the hill to "exist" until the banquet at which the Varsity team was to be announced.

The "line-up" was as follows:

Forwards: Senior-Sophomore, Moore Jordan, Sprinkle. Junior-Freshman, Parrish, Harris, Chandler.

Wings: Chinnis, Reeves; Brown, Rhodes.

Half-backs: Whitaker, Warren, Templeton; Gill, Archbell, Russell.

Full-backs: McKemie, Zachary; Smith, Holt.

Goal-keeper: Haves; Hunt.

Moore was easily the star of the game, for she "got every single tip-off" her opponent in the "bullies." Warren, too, did good work in her "backing-up" of Moore. Splendid work was done by all the others, but the best was that of Archbell, Harris, Chinnis, Sprinkle and Templeton.

HEARD AT SALEM

Miss Bartlett, in chemistry class: "What does sodium become when placed in water?"
Alice Lyerly: "Wet."

We're all back again and glad to—er, that is, we're feeling fine.

Wanted by the Junior Class: Men who won't kick (us over) for the Junior-Senior Prom.

Grace Shepard was riding on the train with a young man.

"Is the hotel in Wilmington, American or European?" he asked.

"Neither. It's Hotel Wilmington."

Theodore Rodman: "Betsy, I'm going out for track. Are you?"

Betsy Dillard: "Well, how in the land do you play track?"

Heard from the tub room. The voice of a freshman who has waited one hour for a tub: "Ah, I'm a stranger here—within a foreign land."

If you can criticize another girl's looks, while you're gazing into the mirror,—go to it! Most folks haven't the heart.

On her way back to Salem, Betsy Dillard was approached by the negro porter: "Does you want me to brush you off, ma'am?"

"Indeed, no. When the train stops, I'll get off."

Mary Blythe: "I hate men. They're utterly despicable."

Mary Bradham: "Do you know— at Davidson?"

Mary Blythe: "Yes. Do you know him? Isn't he adorable?"

Harriet Uzzle attended the opera the other night. We heard her conversation at the door.

"Would you like a box seat?"

"Of course, if I can't get a chair."

"Who would 'a thought it." Miss Manson, explaining the mechanism of the brain, placed a hand on each side of her head and began:

"Now, this woody structure."

And she wondered why the class didn't "take in" her explanation.

Mary Pfohl: Miss Bartlett, will you please excuse me ten minutes early to attend a funeral?"

Miss Bartlett: "Well—y-e-s, this time, but you shouldn't allow social duties to interfere with lessons."

Salem Freshman to Carolina Senior: "If you can make two words out of 'enough', I'll give it to you."

Sophisticated Carolina Senior: "One hug."

Miss Manson to class: "Name the complimentary colors."

Pattie Turner: "Paint and powder."

Carolina Freshman to Salem Senior: "I could learn to love you."

Salem Senior: "You haven't enough money for the education."

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BOTANISTS GO PIC-NICING!

"Botany Lab" interwove play with work on Wednesday afternoon, April the thirteenth, when Miss Bartlett's class, accompanied by Miss Harn, all armed with the holiday spirit and various mysterious baskets, motored out to Old Town for a picnic. Upon arriving, the quaintness of the town suggested that an exploration would be both profitable and enjoyable. The first thing on the program was the observation of the surrounding hills and dales from the steeple of the antique Moravian church, which was the first to be established in this section of the country. Then, as that superior station was changed for an inferior footing on Mother Earth, the class remembered the need of making their herbarii, and immediately began hunting for any plant not found on Salem campus. As this was a hard task, and required a minute inspection of the premises, there was an unanimous move for "eats", when they once more gathered together. A huge bon fire was made, and while "weinies" were toasted, Bethea-brewed coffee sipped, and the proverbial ice cream cones,

cakes and pickles, so vitally necessary for a successful picnic, were consumed, the sun sank further and further beneath the horizon. As they parted, everyone agreed that the "thirteenth" had broken its record, and expressed the hope that it would happen many "agains."

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