

FEATURES - FEATURES

JUST CHATTER

It may be her red hair or just her fatal charm — but whatever "it" was, Agnes Lee Carmichael had four Oak Ridge cadets paying her homage last Saturday.

We couldn't find out who came to see Front Huggins last Sunday, but judging from her smile, they must have been pretty swell.

Catty trucked over to gaze at Kentz last Sunday and Prog Sisk was sporting a mighty ritzy pin after seeing Bruce.

And speaking of letters — Betty Sanford was the happy receiver of a Special Delivery Air Mail last Monday — a special is news, but when it comes to air mail — well.

Kelly Ann Smith and Peggy Jones were sporting dates over the week-end. How 'bout them, huh? All these freshmen seem to be cute girls — more power to them.

Who does Ella Joyner Brame write every night? Yea — Charley!

Who is that Florida Fly who is buzzing around Culis' heart? We hear he's a dream in a uniform.

What "Branch" has Bonnie's heart been hung on? It's a Citadel product, if anyone would care to know.

Imagine Virginia Bruce's surprise when she asked for permission to go out on a date, and got the following answer: "My, my, these Winston-Salem boys certainly are fickle!"

Edith Binder is STILL in love. 'Nuff said.

Secretly, we think there is something interesting in Anne Mill's past. She goes in for simple jewelry.

Not "Cross" any more, are you, Felicia?

If you know a man named George, don't show him to Tootie Powell, that is, if you still want him. She's death on 'em.

Are you going to the next game at Duke, Grier? C'mon be Frankie with us. We're pulling for you. You know we might need a good orchestra up here some time.

How is your romance in New Jersey affecting your pocket book, Pinkston?

Little Sisters, if you don't lay off of certain Junior's men in the persons of N. E. Perry, Poopy Fulton, Boots Heath, Bobby Brown and Walter Crump the Juniors might harass you instead of the Sophomores. For best results, kindly read this line out loud.

There was a Myers-Thomas reunion last Saturday. Need we say that there was only one member from each family present.

Miss Fearing's overseer called her out of the Library the other night to report that the calf had not yet arrived. Important business to call all the way from Windsor, don't you think.

Were all the men in Greensboro worth the price you found you had paid when you arrived back in school, Peggy Bowen?

Tonnage it is still Harry? Look out gals, he is coming this week.

Annette McNeely will be only too glad to give new students advice on how to look your best and the proper etiquette to use when being the belle of the game, Football games, we mean.

A Mutt, a Moon, a Martha, leads to romance in any language. Maybe Martha McNair will tell you that a rumble-seat helps—but definitely.

Forrest was a preacher necessary? More power to you.

TIME ON YOUR HANDS

Say, do you feel often that you have time to spare? If so, here are a few suggestions that you might like to take advantage of. If you're interested in the Y. W. C. A., why not tell the president that you'd like to join and help in furthering the work? And what about athletics? Tennis is something that every young girl should learn to play. If you already play, how about trying out our good courts? If you don't play, there are several girls who would gladly teach you. Just speak to "Miss At" about it. Then there will soon be golf offered for those who are interested. It's really a great sport! Before long hockey will be in full swing. I know you don't want to miss hockey practices. Then how about hiking or horseback riding? They seem to be very popular among college girls everywhere. If you've not athletic, then why not get interested in one of the clubs at Salem — such as the Math Club, French Club, Latin Club, etc. They always have fun, giving picnics and having all sorts of parties. Last year the Latin Club even went on a house-party to Roaring Gap. You'll really be missing something if you don't join one or more of the clubs which interest you (Of course, you have to make a certain grade to enter, but that won't take but six weeks or more of work — and I promise — you will be well rewarded). If these outside activities don't suit you, then scout around and find one that does because I certainly haven't named all of them. We would hate for time to hang heavy on anyone's hands at Salem.

WATCH THE SALEMITES GO BY!

Just a few pointers, girls, so that you'll be sure you're I. R. S.-ing all the time.

- 1. Skirts are short this year — 13 1/2 or 14 inches from the floor, but, if your hips are big, better wear them 12 1/2 or 13.
2. Now, I'm sure you've heard that any color is tops so long as it's black.
3. Everything is going up this year — hats have peaks, shoes are built high, and prices are going up, too, so watch your budget.
4. Don't worry 'cause you can have only one dinner dress. Just buy one with a jacket, and you have a whole wardrobe.
5. Some smart sales clerk will doubtless tell you that you need dresses to wear to class (she's probably trying to sell you a dress), but don't be fooled. Sweaters and skirts are still "musts" for everyday.
6. Yet, you do get tired of wearing the same old thing. How about a wool dress with a small white pique collar?
7. Remember that even if your hands are soft and white, gloves look much better when worn rather than carried.
8. If you're just a little shabby about what to wear, read a good fashion magazine, and, of course, you can always keep your eyes open and watch things other people wear. By "other people" we mean Salemites, you know.

A squirrel looked at a freshman; Then his mother's gaze did meet: "Yes, darling," said his mother, But that's not the kind we eat."

To a man who would make the most of his abilities and opportunities, every day of his life is a school day.

Best wishes, is all right for somebody, but how do you feel since you have to send 'em to Georgia Mae, and some other woman, Dot Wyatt.

We suggest that "The Miller's Daughter Mary Anne" be changed to "The Miller's Son Bill," as a favor to Lizzie Trotman.

Peggy Jones may seem young and innocent, but, even so, don't rob the cradle, Peggy.

SARAH ELIZABETH STEVENS

It doesn't seem necessary to introduce as well known and popular a girl on the campus as Sarah, even to you new girls, for you have probably found out that she was one of the seniors who worked hard this year to make your first impression of Salem a happy one. Upper classmen are already familiar with her wavy tow-head, her sparkling blue eyes, and her beautiful, clear skin. Sarah's friends appreciate her cheery smile and exceptionally slow drawl.

When I asked Sarah what she liked most, her answer was typical: "At this point I'd like to sleep a while, but that isn't important. I suppose eating is my favorite hobby, but you can look at me and tell that!" When questioned as to particular food preferences, she sighed, "Why, the very word "food" itself! I can think of nothing better than Angel cake — right now. At present, those delicious doughnuts across the street are about to drive me insane."

"I tell you what I like," she added, "and that's mail, and I haven't had any for six weeks." (Isn't there a particular letter you're looking for, Sarah?) In the male line, the lady prefers blonds. She values highly sincerity in everyone.

"I tell you (favorite expression) what I really do like, to get down to business," Sarah graciously offered. "I like to read. I like to mess around with a piano, but never did anything with it. I like to ride, but who girl doesn't? My favorite color is blue — I run it in the ground. I like the movies, and I adore the Civic Music Concerts."

Sarah seems to think every summer is the best. During this past summer, she spent ten days at Blue Ridge, and vacationed also at Myrtle Beach and at Virginia Beach. She says that she had a "fine time writing letters." Most of all, perhaps, she has enjoyed being back at Salem with all the grand girls. "It's the cutest bunch of girls I've ever seen," she said in reference to the freshmen, "Not only cute, but fine."

"My present worry," she said, "is the Y. W. C. A., but I enjoy the work." And you have proved yourself capable as president already, Sarah. We appreciate your efforts.

Sarah was born in Plymouth, N. C. on December 26, 1918. She has lived in Smithfield and in Wilson, and has lived in Fayetteville for the past twelve years. Sarah is a member of the German Club, a member of the Psychology Club, was a member of the freshman commission her first year at Salem, was a member of the "Y" cabinet last year, and says that the happiest moment of her life was when she was asked to join the Scorpions. She is majoring in English and minoring in Economics.

certainly have a good beginning (meaning that Arnold was among the male visitors Friday night.)

Haven't forgotten that I asked you last week who was tops — Johnny of the Big Apple or Bill of the Citadel, but, Tweak, we are just dying to know who holds sway over our fair editors heart. Be a good girl and satisfy our curiosity.

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CHATTER AND PATTTER

Now that Blount has passed the bar, he and Martha can begin talking business. I think they began last week-end when Blount came up to see her. Anyway, he stayed long enough for them to talk about something serious.

Is Frances Alexander "forsaking all others" to go back to her old flame of high school days?

Cornelia didn't see John in church Sunday, but that's because she was sitting on the wrong side of the balcony.

Ask Peggy Brawley what a full moon and a telephone call, all at once, does to one's nervous system. Just ask her, I wouldn't dare. Besides, she's already told me.

Well, Howard finally came through, an asked Frances Cole for that date. Do we have to go through all that again?

Profustest apologies and etcetara to Virginia Lee for all the cracks about the Bahnsons. She went to the game in Greensboro last week-end with Tommy Wilson.

Meredith ought to be ashamed of herself for doing things to George's eyes. Now the poor soul has to wear glasses.

Ginny Carter has been expecting a long distance phone call for two nites, and if we have to go through all that again tonight, we'll all go hog wild.

We hear that Santa Claus is coming to Kingsport this year in an airplane. It's a long time to wait, Helen, but patience will be rewarded.

Will that certain boy be able to find Peggy Brawley now that she's moved into the dormitory?

Billy's writing Janie on some new stationery. It's now "Carter and Carter," Attorneys-at-Law. Doesn't that thrill you, Cleo?

Wonder why Pauline wanted to wait until seven o'clock the other night before going to the show with "us girls."

'Too bad you couldn't go camping Sunday evening, Lois, but rules are rules, and we must remember I. R. S.

Orchids to you, Salem seniors, for having such a big attendance at the game Saturday night. I spied Meredith and Georgie (by the way, what happened to Doo-l, thought I saw him up here Saturday afternoon). I also saw Marian and Ginny Lee out with the Wilson brothers.

Other seniors "among those present" were Becky Brame and "friend," Lou Preas and escort, Cornelia and Mr. X, Jo and Richard, Millie Troxler, Ginny Carter, Dot Burnette, Fanny Cole and Leila Williams.

The "love bug" seems to have nipped Leila good and strong. She certainly was thrilled to pieces when that certain Johnny from the Hill called her Tuesday night. A little birdie told me that he will be Salem bound this week-end.

Guess you'll keep third floor busy answering telephone calls that got to be a habit last year, Jean. You

MARGARET MARIE SHOP Announce Their Removal To 223 W. FOURTH ST. LARGER QUARTERS THE SAME COURTEOUS PERSONNEL TO BETTER SERVE YOU Complete Fall Selections Now Ready

MISS GRACE LAWRENCE

Miss Lawrence, and she really does not mind if we call her "Lany" behind her back, was born in Salisbury and has always had her permanent home there. She went to the Salisbury school for girls and upon being graduated, went immediately, as teacher and student, to the Woman's College of North Carolina. Perhaps we should explain here that Miss Lawrence taught at W. C. at the same time when she was a student. Columbia University seems to have an affinity for Salem deans, at any rate Miss Lawrence was a student at Columbia after she left Greensboro. And as most of you know she was Dean of Women at Meredith College for four years before coming to Salem.

To those of you at Salem who are "new girls," we will tell you that Miss Lawrence is usually seen in distinguished but conservative clothes — and blue usually predominates her color schemes. I believe that Miss Lawrence has had some where a bit of Greek ancestry, because she, like they, believes always in moderation. She even likes moderation in habit forming, for she says herself that she doesn't like "too much rigidity of habit." She gives this as her reason for changing her works so much. We find that although conservative, Miss Lawrence does very much dislike anything prosaic. This is more than evident when we discover that she is an ardent reader of Edgar Allen Poe and, indeed, of all good mystery stories, or stories which deal with the unusual in any form. Two other "genie" which appeal to her are biographies and poetry. She also likes the movies.

Like all true southerners, our dignified dean likes fried chicken — and waffles! But she's been keeping something from us — more than anything else, she actually dotes on huge dill pickles — not little ones but those big ones that are usually found in enormous jars. Miss Lawrence says she doesn't pretend to like French pastries, but thinks that the doughnuts across the street are unequalled.

Miss Lawrence says that she does not have enough musical education to really appreciate the classic compositions; however, she does like music of the semi-classic type. It is typical for her to say that she does not like jazz a bit — because "I can't tell one tune from another!" Although she does like a good symphony orchestra best, there are her favorite instruments such as the harp, organ, and violin respectively.

Like most of us, Miss Lawrence too has a hobby. She says that at the moment, however, it is just an idea. At any rate, that idea or hobby is a cabin called "Tuck-a-way Lodge" near Swananoa. Then too, she's going to take a year off sometime and spend it in the British Isles.

Perhaps the most outstanding thing about Miss Lawrence is that she reads a college girl's mind like a book. Quite often she can say "yes" or "no" before you even finish a question — and she's practically infallible when its a question of what you ought to do, or what's good for you.

With all the dignity of a duchess, she can be as funny as a crutch. It is only natural that all Salemites love her!

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