

FEATURES - FEATURES

HERE TODAY BUT GONE TOMORROW

There is a tragic streak in my life. I have a front false tooth that jiggles up and down. It is unbelievable that such a little tooth could cause anyone as many painful, embarrassing hours as it has caused me. I have lost a false tooth in public four times: once in the lake at camp, once in a private swimming pool in Winston-Salem, once in Paris, and once on a street in Winston-Salem.

To begin with, I lost my permanent tooth when I was only eight years old. Children will play pranks, and one hallowe'en night my brother and I went out to pin door bells in the neighborhood. I pinned the door bell of a crabby old woman, whom I disliked very much. I ran swiftly down the steps to the walk and on to the gate. When I reached the gate, I found to my horror that dear brother had locked me in, and he had no intention of letting me unhook the gate. My only resort was to jump the fence and jump I did, but instead of keeping my equilibrium, I found myself sprawled on the side walk with a front tooth gone.

The pain of having the tooth knocked out was enough, but the mental pain that the false one has caused me since, far surpasses the physical pain. Let me give you an example of real embarrassment. I said before that I lost one false tooth on a street in Winston-Salem. It pains me now to think of it! One Friday night I saw one of my friends, who had just returned the famous Georgia Caravans, parked in front of the drug store. I had not seen him since he had returned; so I leaned far out of the car window to yell, "Hello." When I drew my head in, I was minus a front tooth. Imagine my embarrassment. I mustered up enough courage to tell the people in the car about it. We turned around immediately and went back to the scene of tragedy. I hunted for hours, but in vain, I climbed into bed that night toothless and sick at heart. The dentist told me the next morning that he could not possibly have a new one ready until Monday. Why had I had to use my "spare" in Europe? I was desperate, but my desperation reached its height when I received an invitation to the Saturday night dance on the roof garden of the Robert E. Lee Hotel. I had to find something to fill that empty void. I finally decided on using paraffine. I got a piece off one of Mother's jelly jars. I chewed it up and molded me a tooth. To my joy it stuck fairly well, I went to the dance and had a wonderful time. Of course, the paraffine tooth was about ten shades whiter than my natural teeth, but the lights were dim and nobody noticed it. I had to excuse myself only once to go out and mould me a new tooth.

In spite of the fact that everything turned out all right that time, one of my ambitions in life is to have a tooth cemented inside my mouth.

ON PICTURE HANGING

"Well, darn: If I wasn't such a lady, and I knew how, I'd 'cuss' like a sailor! How many hours did I spend last night standing on tottering chairs, balancing on the window sill, hopping from chair to dresser, stretching my arms, wrenching my back, putting a crick in my neck? Didn't I nearly go cross-eyed trying to measure space with one eye closed? Didn't I nearly throw my brain cells into a complete collapse trying to figure out an interior decorator's viewpoint? Didn't I struggle desperately for the artistic touch? Heaven knows, didn't I try to make my room look charming, and inviting and cozy?"

And didn't I make an honest effort to apply Mr. Snavely's new tape neatly and cleverly? Well, who could be neat or clever when she is positively enveloped in endless yards of that gummy concoction. Sticky, sticky, everywhere — I get the gluey mess thoroughly woven in and out all the fingers of one hand, and in an attempt at recovery, find the other hand all wrapped up. It sticks to e pictures; it sticks to the mirror;

SALEM THROUGH A CO-ED'S EYES

Reminiscing, along with rheumatism and other symptoms, is often said to be sure sign of old age. However, only by this soothing and pleasant past-time can this veteran of many Salem classroom battles and truces recall Salem through the eyes of a Freshman co-ed.

There has always been an element of self-consciousness, yea, and even of fright, connected with the registration and breaking in of a Salem College co-ed. The overwhelming majority of comely damsels who surround him every minute of the day are actually a terrifying aspect to him during this "trying period." He literally clings to his few friends, and former casual acquaintances become veritable comrades to whom he cleaves in this time of distressed embarrassment.

Registration, in the opinion of an "oldhead," should really be eliminated for the poor defenseless male candidate. What with the thousands of blanks upon which "Miss" must be changed to "Mr." and the quizical and often amused glances from the surrounding gallery, registration is enough to discourage a modern "Richard, the Lion Hearted."

The ordeal of registration over, he has his first class to face. Sometimes, if he is unusually fortunate, he is blessed with the presence of a fellow-sufferer, but more often he has to go it alone. After a few minutes he begins to feel that evidently he has changed into a grotesque freak of some sort, because, surely the girls would not stare at him in such a manner if this were not so.

But the moment of supreme embarrassment usually occurs during one of the first language classes of the year, when, rudely awakened from pleasant early morning lethargy (particularly prevalent in the fall of the year), he hears his name being read from the roll as "Fraulein Campbell" or "Mademoiselle Houts." This caps the climax! Although the teacher always apologizes sympathetically (after the tittering has subsided), and corrects the mistake with a soothing "Herr" or "Monsieur," he endures the rest of the day with bowed head and bruised courage.

Gradually, however, he tries his wings and finds that these strange, beautiful creatures, are not so bad after all, and that a few of them are actually friendly.

After the first few weeks the tension begins to disappear. The co-ed begins to feel that the girls are really his sympathetic partners; his teachers become real friends to whom he looks for inspiration and help. At last he realizes that all of his embarrassment was a product of his frightened imagination. Where before embarrassment and curiosity confused him, a general friendliness prevails.

Salem, through the eyes of a co-ed soon to become an alumnus, presents a transformed picture. Long ago cleansed of all imagined embarrassment, he is heartily grateful for the most cherished associations and friendships of his life and for the opportunity for education of the highest possible standard.

—F. C.

it sticks to pennants; it sticks to me; it sticks to books; it sticks to everything except the wall!

After a hard night's work at home-making, what could be more heart-breaking than to wake up with a Salem pennant nicely plastered on my face? Then, when I finally remove the glue from my eye, I see that every single one of my carefully hung pictures has fallen, leaving only a little wad of Dennison Cellophane tape to remember it by. With my beautiful Venetian print and my Woolworth bargain in ruins, I am tempted to hurl the tape out of sight. One glance at the motto on the container, "Sticks securely" is the final straw. When I wind up my arm to give my most powerful pitcher's curve, however, the tape slips, and I'm stuck from head to foot! Well, well — well, darn!!!

PERSONALITIES

MISS EVABELLE COVINGTON

The person with the soft, gentle voice, kind and ready smile, and the willingness to do anything for you—that is Miss Covington. Those of us who have been so fortunate as to have had classes under her cannot help but yield to her charm and easy manner, and whether we were interested in economics when we went in, we were when we came out, for that her chief interest and she makes you feel it is yours.

Miss Covington loves, first of all, people. She loves to be with people, and there is little time that her apartment is not full. She especially likes college girls — has been on a college campus since she was 16 years old, and was Dean of Women at W. C. U. N. C. and Meredith before coming here, which accounts for her understanding of girls.

Next, she loves cooking — and she likes to cook unusual foods. She is always fixing a dainty dish to take to a sick friend. Then, in the same line, she loves to sew and to grow flowers. In fact, she says she likes everything except washing.

She enjoys reading, but has little time for anything except books about economics and politics. Political and current happenings are her special interest, and she reads many magazines and newspapers. She even reads the ads in the papers. She admitted, however, that she likes detective stories — they are her recreation.

Candy is her favorite food — Any kind of candy. Says her fondness for candy almost disproves the law of diminishing utility. If you've ever been to her apartment you know how much she likes flowers. And her friends always send them to her. For that reason her apartment is one of the brightest spots on the campus.

Bridge is one of her favorite pastimes, and she likes to have small groups in to play.

When asked if she was a music addict, Miss Covington laughingly replied that she liked to listen to music, but knew nothing about it. She seldom turns on the radio.

Walking is another recreation. She thinks nothing of walking 7 or 8 miles — and she also likes bicycle riding. In her home in Monroe, N. C., she indulges in this. She proudly tells about the time someone dared her to ride 7 miles after she hadn't ridden for quite a while but she did it, and wasn't a bit sore afterwards.

Before she decided to teach, she thought about being a lawyer or going into real-estate. But she loved college girls and therefore, decided to teach. Even today, though, she likes to draw houseplans. Just for fun. There isn't a single subject taught in college that she doesn't like, and she's taught practically everything. Her students love her for they know they can go to her anytime with their problems and she will stop whatever she is doing to help them.

She has received her B. A. and M. A. degree, and is Head of the Sociology and Economics department here. You can find her, outside of classes, in her kitchen, or on her sun porch of her apartment, a delightful place.

GETTING ALONG WITH FRESHMEN

Freshmen are queer people. One minute they are as unaffected and modest as a violet, and in the next instant they become so amazingly superior that even Methuselah would feel young and immature.

In their rarer moments of charming bewilderment, we upper classmen find it easy to be gently and understanding, consoling and gracious; but when they don their aloof manner, we dare not voice a suggestion for fear of being scorned. However, first impressions are always important; so for the first few days it is quite necessary to adopt a "ches-

ON BRUSHING TEETH IN THE DARK

Eleven twenty and I have one-half of one Math problem to finish before lights out, everybody. Have you ever been in such a situation? If not you really should fix one up sometime, it's loads of fun. Here I sit with my ducky little curls cork-screwed all over my head being held secure by Robert pins, yes, here I sit feverishly concentrating at the rate of six mistakes a minute. Suddenly the lights blink, the radio hic-coughs — 5 more precious minutes! Then again, before I've barely made (o) (h) - (a) (h), the radio this time practically chokes, me with it, and I hear the Proctor serenely clicking down the hall leaving darkness behind her. She reaches my door, pauses, something snaps — she goes on. I wait breathless a moment, then stop and think (imagine that!) not having brushed my teeth, I summon forth all my will power to cope with said circumstances. I call to mind the radio announcer who has just said that less than two-thirds of the American people possess tooth-brushes; and, having the general betterment of the race in mind as well as having a perfectly good tooth-brush on my shelf, I decide to do the noble thing. Sneaking along quietly in time to the room-mate's snores, I stumble over the usual things one stumbles over in the dark, and finally reach the cold haven of the sink. Groping being the next step — I grope around above mentioned shelf, find the good ol' colgates (I hope), and my goodly tooth-brush, (I pray), and do a pretty fair job of smearing paste on brush (I think). Then the exasperating hunt for the faucet, the precarious trip from faucet to mouth, hoping paste will remain intact, and finally that finishing flourish after a sufficient number of trips from faucet to mouth, etc.

The room-mate gives a snort, and I fall into bed, feeling proud of my successful escapade in the dark, to dream of that marvelous contribution to society — the tooth-brush.

"hire"" grin and yell "Hey there" at everyone you meet. In other words, surpass even the "Cheerful Cherub," for if once you allow a sad or disgusted expression to flit across your countenance, you are immediately labeled as a "gripe," "flat-tire," or some other equally undesirable term.

One important point to impress upon these creatures is the fact that we upper classmen, especially the sophomores, are very nearly sacred. An attitude of awe and reverence must be assumed in the presence of such high dignitaries. This feeling of humility must not be turned into fear or hatred because someday they will rise to our own level and be equals. It is also very well to let them know that an extra cigarette or stick of gum is nice to have around, for even we illustrious ones are sometimes forgetful.

But after all, freshmen are human. They are just as anxious to make good impressions on us as we on them so maybe if we condescend less and fraternize more, we won't have to bother with getting along with them. Our mutual respect and affection will become natural.

Yet — freshmen are queer people.

K & W RESTAURANT

422 N. Cherry Street  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

MONDAY - TUESDAY  
JACK BENNY  
MARTHA RAYE  
IN  
'College Holiday'  
WITH  
BURNS & ALLEN  
FORSYTH

ODDS AND ENDS — MOSTLY ODDS

What besides the usual Duke, Carolina, and Davidson pennants fill up space in the average college girl's room? If you would observe the odds and ends in the rooms at Salem you would probably find enough to fill a zoo, a photo album, a freak side show and still some left over.

It would take years to enumerate the different kinds of pictures here, but I think we have the best display of a Rogues Gallery from Maine to Florida. The twelve-inch square picture which Martha McNair recently acquired is very handsome, also the men in Tux's of Betty Margaret Gillespie and Nancy Cline. Of course, boys in uniforms always take the eye — such as the one of Jessie Skinner, Louise Jackson and quite a few of our young Freshmen.

Animals come next. Have you by chance seen the fuzzy wuzzy dog of Bette Tillon or the long legged Georgy Porgy dog of Sarah Pinkston? Mickey Mouses are Virginia Bruce's specialty — because they remind her of the true one. Donald Duck is also well represented in many rooms. Lucille Stubbs is a wonder at drawing Donald.

Emma Brown Grantham's headless, armless, legless Charlie is a sight to behold. So is Annette McNeely's turtle when it stays at home. By the way if anyone finds the turtle please return it to its owner as she is greatly perturbed. McCarty's Mexican paraphernalia takes up nearly all the room space according to her room-mate. Jane Alice Dilling kindly shares with Anne Newborn the ownership of Joey and Penny — two ducks. A red checked elephant inhabits the room of Frances Klutz and Grace Gillespie — also pictures of two goodlooking boys. Ella Walker Hill reluctantly claims a very dumb cat and dog — "Unworthy of being called such." Also in the same room are Louise Norris's two dogs and a cat — real thorough-breds too. Christine Dobbins' four gold fish have now reduced to two

— the real cause of their death is still unknown. Christine also has a monkey (acquired at the fair), and a bushy fur dog.

All the above is an unofficial census. Please send in data and a official census will be taken maybe!

'Tis A Feat To Fit Feet



HINE'S  
WINSTON-SALEM

I. MILLER SHOES LEAD THE PARADE

SOSNIK'S

OUTDOOR FASHIONS  
Sweaters  
Twin Sets  
Skirts  
Blouses  
Jackets

MARGARET MARIE SHOP  
223 West 4th Street  
Next To Kauffman's