

FEATURES - FEATURES

PERSONALITIES

DR. PEARL VIVIAN WILLOUGHBY

Because of her supreme dignity, because of her profound intelligence, and because she is Dr. Willoughby, head of the English department, a freshman may be slightly afraid of her. When the freshman has had her for a teacher, however, that fear becomes admiration and that awe becomes love.

Dr. Willoughby describes her childhood as "rather bookish," but she tells some charming anecdotes. Even from the time she was four years old, she has been dramatically inclined. When she and her little cousins enacted plays and skits of every variety, Dr. Willoughby always managed to secure the leading role. Two of her greatest disappointments were the discoveries that a grain elevator does not go up and down, and that a dressed pig does not wear an attractive, little coat and hat.

Dr. Willoughby says that she majored in universities. After attending the University of Minnesota for a year, she went to Stanford University where she enjoyed the delightful climate for two years. She was graduated from the University of Indiana as a history major. She carried as many as thirteen hours of history in one semester, and when, in her senior year, she worked in graduate seminars, she thought that she was "quite a big girl, then." She had a "change of heart" and did her graduate work in English at the University of Virginia.

While Dr. Willoughby was living in Knightown, Indiana, her chief diversion was Indianapolis. In 1909, she moved to Charlottesville, where she has been living since. Dr. Willoughby taught in the high school there and later at Davenport College in Lenoir, North Carolina, before she came to Salem. This is her fourteenth year here.

Dr. Willoughby likes legitimate drama, but is not particularly fond of moving pictures. She could see a good play every night of her life and be happy. She likes to play bridge. Although not athletic herself, she loves the out-of-doors. She takes most of her exercise, however, in an automobile. She is fond of music, but she can not bear jazz, which she does not call music, incidentally. She says that if she could live in a land where there were no saxophones, she would be sure that she was in Heaven. Other of her chief destestations are split infinitives and dangling participles.

She is not particularly food-minded. She seldom remembers what she had for dinner, but I have noticed that she likes her breakfast bacon crisp.

Dr. Willoughby confesses that she is composed of about three-fourths printer's ink and that she is like Kipling's British soldier who liked it all. She spends eight or ten hours each day reading. She thinks that a person has an opportunity for remarkable extension of experience through reading. She is interested in almost every kind of writing — science, history, drama, poetry, and fiction. She has had many favorites. During her twenties, she was ardently in love with Browning. In more recent years, Shakespeare has replaced her earlier interest. Sophocles is a person to whom she returns frequently. As an English novelist, she likes Dickens, while she considers Joseph Conrad one of the greatest artists of the Twentieth Century. She is also interested in the subtle psychology of Edward Arlington Robinson's verses. And that only starts the list!

It is easy to understand why Dr. Willoughby likes to laugh heartily with people and to laugh genially at them. Girls affectionately call her "P. V." behind her back, and I don't believe that she would object. One of the most frequent student comments is, "She has the most de-

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ELOUISE BARRY SAMPLE

And she simply cannot bear to be called "Ellie." Often in my domicile directly over that of "Tweak" and "Janie" I hear a shout: "And don't call me 'Ellie!'" Then I know that someone is teasing Tweak again. It is unusual for Tweak to become irritated because she has one of the best dispositions I have ever seen, and I'm not throwing nose-gays! Anyone would have to have an even disposition to have a birthday on December 25. To me that would be the "bitter end," but strange as it may seem that is when Tweak came into the world.

I know that almost everybody wonders why Eloise is called "Tweak." Well, it is really very simple. When she was a little girl she used to go around tweaking people noses — especially her brothers. Everyone began to call her "Tweaker" but now for convenience sake Tweaker has been reduced to "Tweak."

I don't believe it possible for anyone to be more homesick than this "chick" was when she first came to Salem. Sh-sh this is really a secret, but she used to take icy showers to get rid of nostalgia. There is no accounting for some things, it seems. It is typical of "Tweak" to do something unexpected though. Some people say they don't swear and don't like to hear other people use profanity. I'm speaking from experience and I know "Tweak" never indulges, and she really does not like to hear other people swear.

It is only natural that a double major in English and History would tend to make a person's tastes run toward historical novels — that's "Tweak's" favorite literary "genre." But don't be too awed, she really does like to read the "Cosmopolitan" and "Good-Housekeeping" and go to the movies.

Like a true Floridian, "Tweak" loves fruits. Her favorites are avocado pears and kumquats, not to mention ice cream — particularly chocolate. She likes hockey and basketball and has been on varsity for both. Then too, she has a definite affinity for sports clothes — as well as Citadel dances. We understand, too, that one William, has a spot in his "heart of hearts" for Salem.

Everyone knows that "Tweak" is Editor-in-Chief of the "Salemite." Incidentally she has done worlds of good for the paper. It was her idea to have another page — and lots of other ideas which have been good.

It is not necessary to describe "Tweak," you already know she has an open heart-shaped face with brown eyes and chestnut sort of blond hair. Perhaps you don't know that she has an analytical mind, as well as a great deal of imagination and wit. Her executive streak comes out in her smooth management of the "Salemite." As Christmas nears, "Tweak" approaches her twenty-first birthday and after June rolls around — well Salem will lose another of its best.

HOW BEAUTIFUL — WITH SHOES

I'm going to the show. This I decide a week ahead, for it's a great occasion for me. I conscientiously turn over the reasons for and against the idea, even going so far as to write the pros and cons on my blotter during a period of musing. Why enumerate them — you know 'em only too well. However, my main ones were a cute pair of new shoes I was just itching to wear, and an insane desire to see once again my screen hero — Stuart Erwin. The day arrives, I sling the dirty brown saddles under my bed and put on luxurious new hose and my new shoes, then clambering on a chair, I squint into the mirror and let out a Martha Rayeish — Oh Boy!! But

AROUND THE HALLS

Speaking of halls, or were we, well anyway, some of ye Salemites think that the halls were meant for waste baskets. You know, just the place to throw every thing that their room won't hold. Maybe some one ought to enlighten them on the subject. After all no one likes to get broken field running practice when she is rushing to get that long awaited phone call.

Sighed Bill Fulton the other day when she was looking forward to dating one of those too, too, clever Wilson twins (I don't know which one, cause I never can get 'em straight), "Just think what condition I'm going to be in after a four and a half hour laboratory!" We could say something with the same idea but a little different wording but we have to pass the censors.

Things we want to remember — Mary Thomas wondering up and down the hall when the lights went out Tuesday night casting a ray of light with her little electric lantern. Just a little ray herself, that is Mary Thomas.

Mooresville and Davidson were the lucky towns, pardon us maybe we should say cities, that harbored our own Annette McNeely the past weekend. How is everything now, did you get things straightened out?

You shouldn't get worried when it is only eight o'clock and Soone has not showed up, Tootie. He will show up if he isn't called out of town on business and expects to get back in time.

How do you feel about Peace, gals? Do you want your brothers, fathers and sweethearts to go out and become a hero or would you rather have 'em where you can love them. Somehow a medal doesn't have much sex-appeal to me. But what about you? All answers will be answered in your next week's Salemite, that is, if you ask and answer them!

Latest romance—Katherine Snead and Thomas House beating it out Saturday night.

If you're trying to get a new idea about redecorating your room, take a good look at Rosalind Duncan's walls. Her current heart throb drew her all the touching scenes in the courtship of Johnny and Poke.

Frances Watlington, you had better get your Shakespeare under control before you start spouting it out. It is B. not P.

Mildred Minter and Doris Taylor had an interesting visitor Tuesday night. Are you slipping, Doris? He was only doing his job.

Mary Turner wishes her little Ed. would learn another adjective. She's tired of hearing "beautiful."

all can never go perfectly — in passing the desk I whack over the ink, (the dear roommate left the top off), then a slow drip, drip does its work and I change my hose. Next, I break two teeth out of my comb, and mash my one beautiful long fingernail in the drawer. Why, I think, oh why did I try to do anything unusual like going to a show.

Finally, having launched myself, I sail across the square, find a bill in my box (blank, blank), and in a queer mood start the long trek up town. After two blocks my happy spirits return, then — thud — I drop my purse, breaking my sweetest compact (Charlie's birthday present to me). Another half block and I turn my ankle — bricks! Hobbling slowly onward toward my goal, I hear a sudden "Hello there," and from the corner of my eye see a nippy looking roadster slowly keeping up with me. I thrust my veiled nose into the air and hobble on. A short, persistent "well," makes me look around and who should it be but my sister's husband from Maple Town. I sink, exhausted, into the lovely seat, thus taking a load off my burning feet, and swear never again to attempt to walk eight blocks in new shoes.

CHIROMANCY

(Palm Reading To You)

By Ivy Hixson

"We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure; and such doubery as this is beyond our element; we know nothing."

Whether fortified or challenged by these words, come venture with me into the realm of the occult — that fascinating, fun-producing realm of fortune-telling. Beyond the province of reason (or perhaps not wholly so!), let us make merry with unverifiable phenomena... and fanciful presumptions. Since the desire to learn what the future has in store has persisted throughout the history of civilization, scan quickly with me the sphere of chiromancy, that ancient art of predicting or telling fortunes from the lines of the palm.

Perhaps chiromancy had its origin in the ceremonies of the medicine men — the diviners and priests of very primitive times who sought to determine the good and the bad omens. As early as 300 B. C. the Chinese attempted to explain their "feng-shui" on this basis. Later, the Chaldeans, Assyrians, Egyptians and Hebrews made extensive use of chiromantic readings. Plato, Aristotle and Ptolemy, the philosopher, cultivated the art as did Galen and Hippocrates, the students of medicine. In the Delphic oracles and the Sibylline leaves the Greeks and Romans doubtless borrowed much from the divinations of the chiromancers. Although Juvenal, in the second century A. D., condemned those young ladies who "presented their brows and hands to the seer," yet the theory that "coming events cast their shadows before" gained momentum. Scholars in great numbers were lured into the realm of predictive studies.

It was in the Middle Ages that chiromancy was practiced and accepted most seriously. Supported by such scholars as Albertus Magners and Paracelsus it quickly reached a most highly developed form. With the invention of printing, colossal figures of hands carefully diagrammed and interpreted began to appear in many books. The year 1700 boasted ninety-eight volumes on the subject of Chiromancy. With the addition of Biblical evidence in the 18th century every detail of the palm was brought under a formal set of rules which required only a mechanical interpretation.

But no sooner was Chiromancy recognized as a highly developed interpretative science of the hand than it began a rapid descent to the present level of a "hocus-poecus to mystify the gullible." Today, as Palmistry or mere Fortune-telling, it numbers approximately 100,000 professed interpreters. In our own country, by Americans alone, about \$1,125,000 is paid out each year for such a look into the future! This in addition to syndicate services of 500 newspapers! In cafes and beauty-parlors, along roadsides, and even in various circles of officialdom strange and surprising discoveries have been made concerning the extraordinary activities and influence of those who attempt to interpret "furious fortune's fickle wheel."

But for a more delightful (and perhaps more satisfactory) view of this strange and fantastic art, call forth your keenest predictive powers and gaze into your own hands. Distinctly individual is each of them, for no two human hands, not even one's own two, are exactly alike. (Thus the more recent palm-printing rather than finger-printing!) The left hand shows natural endowment; the right achievement. Note carefully the thumb — said to be the strongest determinant of the entire hand. Is it large and bulbous, or firm and stiff? Or rather, is it slender and flexible, tapering to a thin round end? Hereby you may find a

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HERE COMES THE BAND

Kay Kyser, who is probably the most popular orchestra leader in the south, has returned to the "old home-stead." Kyser followed Joe Sanders into the Black Hawk. Many of you will remember that it was there Kay began his big-time career in 1934.

During the past summer season Glen Gray's Casa Loma boys broke some sort of record for miles traveled. They covered about 16,000 miles, most of which while riding in a \$40,000 air-conditioned, double decker, sleeper bus. Not a bad way to travel, at that.

Jimmy Dorsey opened for an indefinite stay at the Congress Hotel in Chicago, October 21.

Some of you remember Seymour Simons when he was so popular five or six years ago — He's again broadcasting. The "Knock, Knock, May We Come In, Please" Maestro has a commercial for C. B. S. on Sunday afternoons at 5:30.

Diek Jergens, the latest baton swinger from the coast, has caught on fast. He went to the Peabody in Memphis for two weeks and ended by staying six. Eddie Howard, the band's ace vocalist, is somewhat of a Skinny Ennie. If you haven't heard him, try C. B. S. Monday night at eleven.

Benny Goodman has added a third negro to his group. He comes from Earl Hines orchestra and will be used as an arranger and possibly will make the famous Goodman "quartet" quintuplets.

Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey were born in Pennsylvania and began their musical careers early due to their father being a conductor. In 1933 they organized the Dorsey Brothers band in Detroit which lasted until 1935 when the brother act was dissolved. Jimmy went with the original group, but Tommy with his trombone and the best of the ability remained in the east. Here he organized his now famous band — the best of the sweet swingsters. There are fifteen in the group whose average age is 26. Edith Wright, the famous female vocalist is about the best looker among band soloists.

The best record buy of the week is played by Samuel Kaye.

Rambling thoughts — There is a Carmen Lombardo Club with nearly 700 members . . . Ella Fitzgerald's reording of "If You Ever Should Leave" gets me . . . Roger Pryor is the fourth generation of his family to have bands . . . Delta Sigma Phi has more well known orchestra leaders than any other fraternity. Kay Kyser wrote the Pep Song for University of North Carolina . . . Kemp's band was twelve years old in September.

The Latch String is Always Out At The CARTERETTE To Salem Girls From 8 A. M. Until 9 P. M.

I. MILLER SHOES LEAD THE PARADE

