

FEATURES - FEATURES

SIDE GLANCES

Modern etiquette! How many of us know the correct time and place to use it? Just to show you that all of the Salem girls are not etiquette breakers just listen to this. Frances Turnage had a terrible time at the dance Saturday night remembering who to introduce first—the girl or the boy. After much contemplation she decided that you introduced the girl to the boy. She did this all evening and had a wonerful time. One's personality is expressed in a handshake. For example McCarthy extends a boneless-hand which resembles a spray of sea-weed.

I went to the show the other night with Nancy Cline, Eve Tomlinson, and Jane Bradshaw. We had more fun talking out loud, rattling paper, chewing gum. It was more fun than the picture. Caroline Cresson and Virginia McNeny were sitting two seats in front of us and every time some good music was played they started humming. Sara Stevens and Charlotte King caught up with their gossip at the same show.

Esther Alexander and Katherine King are wonderful at whispering. They can do it the longest and loudest of any two people I know. Ann Cook loves to nudge and pat people on the back while talking to them. It's O. K. if you have any breath left when she finishes. Laughter is an enjoyable quality in anyone. Laura Emily Pitts certainly has a hard time making herself laugh. Mary Lee Salley runs her a close second. Christine Dobbins is always trying to imitate a tooth-paste advertisement.

Leila Williams, Fanny Cole, Dot Hutaff and Jo Gribon love to play bridge. They always fight for partners since all are ideal partners. In case you don't know what an ideal partner is I'll tell you. It's one who never fails to criticize or to make you aware of your mistakes but on the contrary never recognizes a good maneuver on your part and never gives you credit for it whether you win or lose the hand. Long chaty conversations over the telephone adds to any one's enjoyment if she is waiting to use the phone. Jean Knox in this respect is a sunshine spreader—especially when talking to Ted.

Clothes are to us what fur and feathers are to beasts and birds. I'd hate to see any fur or feathers resemble some of the clothes we wear. Too many peculiar combinations are worn here for me to mention each one. A few of them are last year's brown and white shoes, ankle length skirts, all sorts of stripes and plaids, loud socks, etc.

Alertness at the table is one thing very few of us have. Nell Holt has more than any one I know. Promptness is one quality we all have — we break our necks to get to the dining room on time — especially if we are wearing socks to dinner.

Spring vacation isn't far off so here is a good tip. Nothing makes a better impression on your fellow travelers than one carrying disreputably broken-down bags and cluttering numerous carry-alls and bundles. Time does not allow me anymore time to enumerate other acts of modern etiquette, but look around and find some for yourself.

LATINIBUS(?)

Pueribus kissibus
Sweetea girlorum;
Girlibus likibus,
Wanta somorum.

Girlibus pateribus
Enter parlorum;
Kick pueribus,
Exit duorum.

Nightibus Darkibus,
Nonus lamporum;
Jumpibus fencibus,
Pantibus torum.

—(The Hawk).

DOPEY MICK

Dopey Mick rides again! He churns round and round through the water at a terrific speed, spouting water like a steam engine blowing off steam. Then he slows down, finally stops and sleeps in the sunshine. Dopey is a little nervous about baring his bulk on the water's surface to whatever may come. He remembers with a shuddering spout the time he was mistaken for an island, and used as a camping place all of one night. Also there was another reason not to nap in the sun. He had heard rumors that old A. Jab, whose leg had caused Dopey a previous spell of indigestion, was hunting him. But Dopey Mick had not been caught yet, so he probably wouldn't be. After several hours of dozing he suddenly woke up to the sound of jazz music. With a tremendous splash and lashing of his tail, he turned. Giving himself up to the primitive rhythm of the music, he flashed about, leaping up and down in the water. Suddenly everything darkened around him, and without warning a great hairy leg came down upon him, pinning him to the bottom of the bowl — A. Jab, the cat, had caught him. There was no time now to take another piece from A. Jab's leg. Luckily the leg withdrew as quickly as it had appeared. Dopey Mick gurgled a sigh of relief and began nursing his wounds where the claws had jabbed into him. Another danger was immediately upon him, however. He saw Googoo, the two year old, and Seashell, age six, bearing down upon him in full sail. Googoo was armed with a safety pin tied on a string, and Seashell had a small frying pan. Here end the adventures of Dopey Mick, the gay gold fish.

DAY-DREAMING

I've always thought that when I made my first million there were a lot of things I wanted to do for Salem, or rather, I've thought of some things that a lazy person might like to have here. Such things as elevators for Alice Clewell and Louisa Bitting, or perhaps escalators, I haven't decided which yet.

I would like to have lights in every closet, or at least furnish each person with a flashlight, so that she could find a shoe that had been pushed to the back, or see to pick up the towels that had fallen on the floor.

Then there would be an escalator coming up from the gym, and one to the Academy, so that we wouldn't be puffing and blowing so much when we got to classes.

Writing pads on the tub room doors in Alice Clewell wouldn't be such a bad idea either, so that you could sign for a tub between 10:00 and 10:30. And I would furnish the dining room with paper and pencils on Sunday morning for the seniors when they try to remember everyone's box number.

Also there would be telephones in each room, indirect lights, plenty of towel racks, and a cabinet over the basin to hold all your queer bottles. Of course, breakfast would be served in bed if you didn't want to get up for it. And all you'd do would be to ring a bell and a maid would come in with it, pulling down the window and turning on the radio too. In fact, any time you wanted a maid just ring a bell. (It would help to have some that could work math, write French sentences, etc.). And they'd always press your dresses, make up your bed, and do other odd jobs.

There wouldn't be any classes 'till 10 o'clock, and there would be some one to take a cart around with such things as candy, sandwiches, etc. Sort of a combination of Wee Blue Inn and the "Y" Store on wheels. And our laundry would always be brought up to our rooms.

I might wish for the teachers not to give us any home-work — but it's only a wish, so what's the use?

CHATTER & PATTTER

Ginny, we were surprised to see you around the dormitory Monday night. What happened? Did Bill leave for Hot Springs a day early? Or did you get stood up?

Jean Knox seems to have a case up with Ted Smith. "Oh, but is it Love," Jean? From what I hear you have something there! Don't let your roommate (that blonde siren), answer your phone calls when you aren't here. You know she has a very remarkable "gift of gab."

By the way Ole Snoopy Sue (that's "me"), noted a fine exhibition of heavy courting in senior parlor, Sunday night. Could it be love, or just the environment.

Miss Alexander, if you please, is touring down to Carolina this week-end to be "one of those present" at mid-winters. Just can't wait girls, to hear all about it.

What third floor senior rushes to the house phone every time it rings? I won't keep you in suspense, it's "Miss Jones." She has been dividing her time between a promising young lawyer and a tobacco magnate.

It seems that Pauline won't play unless it's a Reynold's man. Anything's better than being an old maid school-teacher, eh Polly?

Could a certain young man down at State be the cause of Becky's being in a bad humor for the last two weeks? Maybe you should have gone to Carolina for the week-end.

Mr. Finley was courting in Bitting.

Even if Tom Jones does hail from "Dook," Babe O'Keeffe approves. Miss Tweak, what do you say?

Extra! Extra! McColl of Salem will be "at home" Saturday night to McCall of Carolina.

SLIGHTLY DUSTY

Ella Joyner is the power house in ye Salem halls. Did you know she gets a Special every day and sometimes twice a day? To say nothing of posies. Clap hands Ella, here comes Charlie.

The love bug has started biting people early up here. Maybe Bonnie thinks she is still in Florida. And doesn't she wish she were. You know it. Have you watched her face when the gang sings "Violets" in memory of dear Billy and the S. A. E. Chapter in general?

Was the concert worth missing F. L. To call, Bill? Or isn't it anything any more since it is such a habit? We're just jealous cause no body called us all the way from Tennessee.

Tootie's week-end must have been complete. She passed Geography and George came up. Some fun.

Many was the heart that beat a fast tatoo when the handsome Jay-Cees helped with the book moving. Too bad they are such book worms, girls. What's the matter? Since when can books succeed in bringing out the men when Salem gals don't. We must be slipping.

We can't help wondering if absence is making Miss Evelyn's heart grow fonder for some one else.

Patty Parted brought back a handsome picture of a piker. Pardon me I mean Pi Kappa Alpha.

PERSONALITIES

LOIS MORGAN

Anybody, whose favorite movie idol is Donald Duck, should not only be interesting but amusing as well and Lois is. Of the ten or fifteen people I've interviewed for "The Salemite," Lois has been the frankest in her responses. I asked what she liked to read and she said: "Anything I don't have to read." But really, she particularly likes some poetry, such as Coleridge and Whitman. Her motto for living is expressed quite candidly as follows: "I wanna eat and sleep and have somebody to scratch my back." "That's not bad!"

So you see that beneath the modest quiet dignity that is typical of her, Lois is loads of fun and a grand person. This comes out again in another amusing remark she made: "I never have flunked any course except the math my brother taught at Lenoir-Rhyne." Lois was at Lenoir-Rhyne for two years. For both those two years she was a member of the dramatic club there and was a class officer in her sophomore year.

Her suite mates tell me that she's fairly tidy and hates to write letters, but the weakness of the flesh makes her love to get letters.

Lois says her self that she does not like people who don't have a sense of humor. She isn't overly fond of jazz, and doesn't very much like to go to church. If there is a hobby in her life, that hobby is the meticulous consumption of "hot fudge sundaes."

In twenty years, Lois has managed to acquire two nicknames — "Muggins" and "Springtime," and to travel in forty-six of the forty-eight United States.

Lois was born in Raleigh and lived there for three years and moved to Salisbury, where she's lived since, attending Boyden High, Lenoir-Rhyne — and thence to Salem.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

A year ago this time the Athletic Association gave a dance celebrating the opening of the new gym — it was February 6th, to be exact.

The goal set in the fund for the proposed new library was already passed, through contributions of the different organizations in the school. Miss Grace Siewers had given us the plans and descriptions in expanded chapel that week.

Mid-winters at Davidson and Carolina attracted quite a few Salem gals. To Carolina went Martha Rawlings, Kate Pratt, Betty Bahnson, Mary Lib Walston, Helen McArthur, Julia McCorkle, Virginia Lee and Jane Kirk.

To Davidson went Blevins Vogler, Lizzie Trotman, Frances Alexander, Mildred Troxler and Mary Thomas. Also Mary Woodruff, Lou Preas, and Bill Fulton took in the dances at V. P. I.

Dr. Raymond Haupt of Bethlehem, Pa., conducted a four day conference on spiritual life for youth, sponsored by the Y. W. C. A. My tYpust is on her vacation My tryst's awaw fpr a week, My trputd us in her vacarion Wgile these keys pley hude and seej.

Chroes:
Bren Buck, bting bzek,
Oy, brung beej nub Onnie to me to me;
B8&ng, b4xj, be-ng, bicz,
Oj brong brsk m— beInio-Imx,
Oh Helk!
dabit-dabit-dabit &(!***#!
—Exchange.

First Student: "Let's cut classes today and go to a show."

Other Student: "Can't do it. I need the sleep."

DR. LUCY L. WENHOLD

Dr. Wenhold has lived in many exciting places. In the first place, she received all of her preliminary education here at Salem. As a little girl, she loved to ride horseback and to write poetry. About writing the poetry — she says it was never a striking ability and has ceased to exist.

She received her degree from the University of North Carolina. She has studied in both France and Spain. Dr. Wenhold likes all languages but likes Spanish best because, as a child she studied French and German, but had no opportunity to learn Spanish. And there you have perhaps the keynote to her personality; she always wants to do the impossible! Just now (no references to impossibilities, either), she is doing research work in South Eastern Spanish Colonial History.

Dr. Wenhold has lived in Pennsylvania, the tropics, the West Indies. Of all the places she has lived, she says, "I like the tropics best because they are lovely and it is never cold there. My supreme passion is hatred of cold weather!" Her other chief dislikes evidently consist almost entirely of canned peaches and spinach.

Aren't we thrilled to find anyone as smart as Dr. Wenhold, who genuinely likes good detective stories and is honest enough to admit it? She says that at bottom she is a romanticist and she loves stories of adventure — literature, I mean. For pure entertainment, she enjoys Joseph Conrad but when she reads for entertainment she is not very critical.

Since 1928, Dr. Wenhold has had charge of the Modern Language Department at Salem. We already know something of her life here. Since she is interested in animal psychology and since she is particularly fond of dogs, she has two big collies. We know how suddenly she can turn from the black-board to startle us with a question; we know how she rocks on her toes by the radiator; we know how she searches in vain with her foot for the missing chair rung; and we know how nothing is too much trouble for her to do if it helps us. Because we nickname the people we like the best, we have given her the most ridiculous name of all, "Dr. Wucy."

HOW TO WIN AT BRIDGE

1. Pick up your cards as dealt. You will be ready to bid ahead of the others.
2. If your hand is rotten, mention it, it will guide your partner in his bid and play.
3. If your partner bids first, don't hesitate to raise. He has to play it.
4. Never hurry. Try several cards on a trick until you are sure which one you prefer.
5. Occasionally ask what is trumps. It will show you are interested in the game.
6. Don't show lack of interest when you are dummy. Help your partner out with suggestions.
7. Walk around the table when you are dummy and look at the other hands. Tell them what cards are good and how many tricks they can take if they play right.
8. Talk about other subjects during the game. It makes for good fellowship.
9. Feel free to criticize your partner. He will do much better as a result.
10. Always trump your partner's tricks. Never take a chance.
11. Don't try to remember the rules. It is confusing.
12. If it is a money game, always stop when you are ahead. It will leave a lasting impression and folks will remember you.
13. Always explain your plays, particularly when set. It shows your acquired knowledge.