


FEATURES-SOCIETY

CHATTER

Frances Walker has a lovely voice. At least we hope J — thinks so, too. . . . The freshmen are highly elated with their first hockey victory over the sophs. Let's hold on to Pris Dean, girls. She's a bird! . . . Davidson is a wonderful school. Now which John is the one, Pee Wee? . . . Marie spent a lovely week-end at Chapel Hill. Was "Chink" the same old boy? I'll bet he was! . . . Eleanor and Sarah have a wonderful time on the second row in Bible every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings! . . . Who is Johnny, Mary Alice? . . . These freshmen who always get mail from the Duke No. 1 players. Do you just write them a fan letter, Miss X? . . . Wow! Tom McLean met Katherine King and within five minutes he had made a date for the dances this week-end. She has since received a special and a telegram. . . . Too bad about your misunderstanding with Pete, Margaret. It would have been awfully nice to have the orchid and the date. . . . Esther Alexander really meant to get a cute date last week-end. She asked a friend at Davidson to tell the boys not to judge her by the picture in the annual. How was your luck Esther? . . . Mariam Boyd has been all atwitter since receiving that special Wednesday. We guess it's love. . . . We wonder why Babbie has been wearing that white carnation every night. Are you that way about him, Babbie? . . . Emma B. is expecting a mysterious visitor Sunday. We're keeping our fingers crossed for you hoping he'll blow in from the Salisbury way. . . . Worthy, can't even Kelly keep you here this week-end? . . . Three cheers for "Wilson" building! Martha had a date Wednesday night. . . . Looks like several of our senior glamour girls are having a tug of war over the "orchid boy." . . . Po Peggy Bo seems to be the Kallie Foutz in her suite. Write to "Mademoiselle" for 10 easy lessons, and John will be calling you next. . . . Maudie's going home this week-end. What's the attraction? Quit blushing! . . . Instead of telegrams this year, Turnage has been demoted to specials. Couldn't 10 words say it? Some can say it in 3. . . . John's got Mary going to musical lectures these days. This must be an "intellectual" friendship! . . . Mary Turner isn't going back to Davidson this week-end. She is staying here to learn all about the tobacco business Saturday night. . . . There's a rumor around the campus that Kate has false teeth, and is worrying about them because they don't fit! . . . F. L., how's the rice crop this year, and where is that camera. That's all right, we still love you.

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MAID-OF-HONOR



Mary Thomas, recently elected Maid-of-Honor for May Day is caught by the cameraman.
 —Journal-Sentinel Staff Photo.

IT'S THE TRUTH — By Nancy Suiter

We've always heard that, sometime or other, the truth would come out. Well, it came out this week, right out through the door of the Annual office — all wrapped up in our picture proofs. We looked at the truth, and if we didn't like it, we didn't recognize it. We simply said "That picture doesn't look like me." But all of the "It-doesn't-look-like-me's," the "I-look-like-who-shot-Lizzie's," the "My-hair-doesn't-look-like-that's," the "You'd-never-know-that-was-my-neck's", couldn't alter the fact. And the fact was that they were our likenesses. No doubt, to some the truth was very pleasing. To others, the pictures — it was hardly the truth — were pleasantly surprising. As one girl said they were what you wanted them to be: "I just love my proofs. I'm going to have some pictures made up. You'd never know it was me!" But how disappointed the rest of us were when our pictures looked like us! Like the old negro woman in Mr. McEwen's story, we wanted to be "what we ain't." And when we said to someone, "My picture's awful," and they said "Why, it looks exactly like you," we were stung to the core. But then we remembered — It's the truth that hurts.

STICKS DOWN By Lyell Glenn

Our English guest was really holding forth Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. If it hadn't been for the Salem sense of humor well — we would have been in a bad way: Here's a typical conversation overheard on the hockey field this week:
 3:30—Now darling, keep your stick down. Remember that, always down. Down I say on the ground.
 3:40—Who is that in the purple thing waving her stick in the air? You, dear child—aren't you the one I told to keep her stick down? Well, keep it down then, silly. The ground is not going to hurt it.
 3:50—You over there — you clumsy thing in the purple top. Can you hear me? If I see that stick up just once more! Keep it down, down, down I say
 4:00—Stupid, stupid, stupid — are you afraid to put your stick down? Well —
 4:10—You poor demented nuts — you might as well put 'em down — now. I'm as stubborn as you are. We'll just stand still 'til every

JUST BEFORE THE DEADLINE By Melba Mackie

Mary Davenport, star reporter of the "Salemite," has run out of ideas for once in her life. So she wants me to write one of those literary two-headed calves — a feature story — for this issue. The deadline is thirty minutes away, so please excuse me, dear readers (Yes, both of you) if I seem to hurry. Now, let's see, I could write about the folk-dancing, Miss Appleby's excellent, though somewhat abrupt tutorage, Mr. McEwen's grace and poise. But could I fill up the required amount of space and would my feeble wit suffice? I doubt it. Perhaps an article on the faculty's cars would do. (That was my stock subject in high school). There's Mr. Holder's newly acquired Packard roadster and Dr. Anselme's Plymouth. I could ask them what their mileage was, but they, no doubt, have more important matters to consider without being annoyed by the press. Maybe a serious feature would serve the purpose more adequately — the number of books in the library, the age of those antique reading tables, a discussion of the newspaper and magazines which the library subscribes to — but that's been written too many times before. Aha! I have it . . . An advice-to-the-lovelorn-column. But what could I tell the Salemites about that? Nothing — so there's another subject to discard. The repercussions of Salem's visit to Davidson might serve. For instance the dignified junior who drew the freshman who said "Yes ma'am." And then there was Mary Sue Wall who is getting romantical letters from down that way. The increase in the sale of Davidson stickers and penants at the Book Store has been noticeable, I hear, too. The funny part of it is that there are several girls who can't even remember their date's names, try as they may. After all, that's stale now, so it wouldn't be at all appropriate. Mary is yelling for her copy now, so I'll give her this. Any complaints may be addressed to Miss Davenport at her usual hang-out, South Hall.
 Melba Markie.

single person has her stick on the ground. You little elephant — put your stick DOWN!
 4:20—*!?!*! , ; ; ! * ? . * . * ! ; ; ! ! ?
 4:30—Oh — you cockeyed Salemites!

I DARE SAY....

The campus seems to have quieted down a bit since the excitement of last week-end's trip to Davidson and the I. R. S. Dance. It's a good thing, too, because some of us were beginning to feel that classes were incidental.

Salem's representatives to the Press Convention held at Durham last week report that they spent a very delightful and instructive three days. Edith McLean, especially, seems to have come home, brimful of ideas about advertising and a lot else.

If you had your pictures for the annual made right after that hard test or the day before you had your hair curled, we sympathize with you for we know just how you felt when you looked at those proofs the other day. You probably don't look like that picture anyway; we know, though, how carefully you're going to examine that face in the mirror just to be sure.

"Oh, to be in Education 215" sighed many, many Salemites when Mr. McEwen toured off last Monday accompanied by most of the class to hear a lecture at Duke University. Duke seems to be playing host to Salem girls a lot lately — both collectively and individually.

Tall, dark and handsome Jack Watkins (who, for the benefit of underclassmen, was a freshman with the class of '39) was here Tuesday. Her only comment about the dignified Seniors was that she refused to be impressed. She can remember the skating parties on third in Clewell and the Saturday night sessions. Some people's memories are too long!

Mary Turner, how much money did you say you won on the Davidson game?

The general feeling concerning the game Saturday is that there ought to be more week-ends like that and more hosts like Davidson. In fact, the Publicity Department should distribute circulars to Annapolis, West Point, Harvard, Penn State, Carolina, Duke, etc., saying we are open to any bids!

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