

FEATURES FEATURES

BEAUX AND ARROWS

DAY STUDENT

I wonder what is so mysterious about "Dottie's" red roses . . . Holbrook, we hope your troubles with the cuts committee will soon be straightened out in regards to your trip to V. M. I. next weekend . . . Betsy is having a hard time with the "Carolina Buccaneer" these days . . . Josie, why so many "Fitful" glances toward the bleachers at the game Tuesday night? . . . Hedgecock, what about having your own private telephone installed in South Hall . . . Telegrams made up the valentine contributions from Moravian to Salem College; among those receiving them were Mabel Pitzer, Helen Lineback, Jane Hire, and Catherine Bronson.

FRESHMAN

Everybody is talking and thinking Mardi Gras now — we saw one of our most sophisticated Freshmen trying on a regal costume the other night — wow!! . . . There were many broad smiles last Tuesday — St. Valentine, you know! Did you notice Hattie Crystal, Ann Fischell, Ann Shankle — nice going gals! They say Bootie received roses — dear ole' Vic. . . Tough luck, Fitzzy — maybe he will call again! Hopel! . . . Three cheers for our cheer leader, Pat Mitchell. Rah, Rah, Rah — Wish Jack could witness a freshman game . . . It's a shame Marie wasn't here to receive Chink's telephone call Tuesday isn't it? Anyway he called . . . We wonder which Frank sent Copie her gardenias . . . How was the candy William sent, Nancy? . . . Jo Brill has finally recovered from getting Freddie's candy a day late . . . We hope Pat Barrow does not turn into a comic valentine. She only got six of them . . . Bootie only got six of them.

SOPHOMORE

Reports from Saint Valentine's Day are now in order. From the looks of things, Second floor fared very nicely; red heart-shaped boxes were too familiar looking by the time the day was over. Lib Dobbins was the envied person with flowers from "him". Flowers mean true love, don't they? Steve came across, too, didn't he, Nell? And they tell me Lyell Glenn's big box of candy was from Carolina. Maybe it was from Spencer? Kelly and Katherine's Citadel telegrams came late in the day — but better late than never. Betty Gilliam's room looked like a candy store advertisement. So did Mildred's until — who did it, girls? That was a pretty dirty trick, any way — Another picture of T. V. A. came with some fish. Patty heard from the long-lost Rippy today. Thank goodness!

JUNIORS

The Juniors were quite popular on Valentine day. Louise Norris and Eve Tomlinson received flowers. Frank Huggins, Grace Gillespie, Mary Jo, Ida, Agnes Lee, Katherine Ledbetter, Kathryn Troxler, Libby Winget and Anne Mewborne received candy . . . Sarah Ruark's best valentine was when she learned that Trent was coming to the Mardi Gras . . . Louise Jackson, what's this we hear about you "taking over" Rosalind's ex-? . . . Chubby Hayes caught the bride's bouquet and a very attentive groomsman got the ring in the cake at a wedding last week — oh, oh — we'll be reading your mail, and the papers, Chubby!!

SENIOR

We hear that some of the comic valentines received on third floor

NEWCOMERS FOR 1939

Designs from the Riviera preview our American summer beach styles: A two-piece playsuit in Oriental floral pattern worn with a large straw hat . . . A pianofore frock with amusing braid trim . . . A dressmaker bathing suit completely lined with rayon jersey . . . Sports frock in monastic silhouette . . . A formal evening dress in an East Indian print worn with a headband of the same print . . . A citron yellow jacket with flirt red pajamas . . . A short jacket, of quilted wool worn with a silk print dress . . . white sharkskin slacks and jacket worn with a plaid blouse and sash . . . pleated ballet skirts . . . toweling tennis dresses and bathing suits . . . Fuchsia-and-white striped wall-paper blouse with pottery buttons to match the pale blue linen shorts . . . dark blouses with light skirts.

Newcomers for 1939: Soft bangs and curls that you brush up and even fluff a bit if you're not feeling up to sleekness . . . Deep oval necklines that you fill in with necklaces of jewels . . . Starched nursemaid collars calling for spanking — white accessories . . . A pink and green color scheme, or perhaps geranium-red combined with navy-blue, or perhaps a yellow, coppery, or tobacco tone punctuating black . . . The extended waist that slithers well down over your hips . . . The dinner-dress that is a sheath turning you into a slender black candle . . . a dinner-sweater of white chenille with sequins . . . An angling little white sailor or a straw sailor brim with a crown entirely of veiling — wound round and round like a spool . . . A Turban wholly of pink-and-blue dotted veiling, layer after layer, and ends of it drawn mistily around your throat . . . Pastel tweeds in mauve, pale green, blue, or yellow with one deep resounding color for accent . . . checks and rainbow plaids allying a score of shades . . . A long, loose town coat in sand, beige or grey-and-white stripes, over a dark dress . . . An Oriental looking evening dress with gauze-like draperies of white jersey not falling sinuously . . . Shoes with geometric heels . . . Two six-inch gilt hair pins to pin your plaid taffeta turban . . . Bloused silhouettes . . . Purple cosmetics . . . Lumber jackets . . . Elastic bodiced dresses.

Senior were very fitting (especially one in 304, and we don't mean Martha's!) . . . ask Worthy if she believes in the maxim "an old flame never dies" . . . was Turner's really a valentine, or a hang-over from Christmas? . . . Mary Lee, if we were practice teachers, I'll bet we'd get thirty valentines too! . . . Rainy weather is good for flowers, the florists think. Ask Fan about it . . . of all the seniors' telegrams we've read today we haven't seen an original one yet. These are typical: "If I were seven and you were nine, I'd say: 'Please be my valentine.'" and our old favorite "Roses are red and violets are blue, sugar is sweet, and so are you" . . . To Bill goes the honor of receiving the most "intellectual" valentine — "The Plays of Eurpides." . . . Louisa received the most original ones: Ferdinand The Bull and a white panda from Hahvard! (Tut, tut!), also and airmail special this week (what about the marines, Louisa?) . . . If anybody get's hungry, come over to senior and help us eat our "lonely hearts" candy . . . Mac got a nosegay from a "pseudo-intellect" he sounds smart enough to us . . . Tootie, what have you got to show for yourself after a whole week at the University of Virginia? News flash! F. Watlington refused a date this week, our snoopers heard (don't ask us where) . . . Bob McArthur used Tootie's ticket at the concert Saturday night, and he's been called, "Marjorie" ever since.

HE DELUXE EDITION

Man is a paradoxical creature. Or at least he must be if he lives up to requirements stated by Salemites in answering last week's questionnaire "How Does He Rate With You?"

In answering the first question Salemites — with two exceptions — agreed. He does not have to look like Tyrone Power to get along with the ladies. One desperate damsel says she will even take a man who looks like Charlie Chaplin! But if looks don't count, a neat, well-groomed appearance does — definitely. Salemites are insistent upon that. Many requests were made that a man dress well. Though he need not be a clothes horse, he should not spoil the impression of the handsome couple by wearing dirty collars and crumpled ties — after she has spent three hours dressing!

What kind of faces do the girls prefer? They like 'em honest. Glamour apparently has no appeal, for in the counting, sophisticated and playboyish types lagged far behind. One voter prefers hers dissipated (Maybe she has a mania for reforming!). As for the intellectuals, they'd better hide behind their books and forget about the women, for they received only four votes in their favor. A frank, pleasant, not-too-handsome face wins the vote.

Ladies don't prefer blondes — at least not at Salem. Brown eyes, brown hair (nice if curly, but not necessarily so), take the lead, although the race is almost nip 'n tuck — the difference being one vote. Red hair came in for a very feeble share.

Thumbs DOWN on mustaches! That's unanimous — and includes bristly beards too. As for height, the ideal man is preferable on the up and up. Tall, taller, extremely tall — were the answers. One voter wants him 6 feet 5 inches; another, "as tall as Diek," (paging Diek!). There were a few lowbrows, however, who asked for 5 feet 8 inches, 5 feet 10 inches, 5 feet 11 inches. About half the voters absolutely refused to go out with men shorter than themselves. ("Helpless-little-me lines" don't go over with little men!)

Intelligence is required. A brain is preferred to a build ten to one. The majority of Salemites prefer a man of the same intellectual level as themselves, although many would like for him to be more intellectual — or to think he is. A few desperates will take men of less intellect as a last resort. One (who is the genius?), says she will have to take one of less brain.

What shall he talk about? He'll sit in the parlor of Alice Clewell and talk about books and music. When he has exhausted the subject there, he'll turn to literature and then to latest song hits. Finally he mixes a smattering of politics with chatter on top orchestras and the movies and occasionally he gets around to art — So the votes say! A few honest souls prefer him to talk about: (1) Me; (2) Love; (3) Me; (4) Love; (5) People; (6) Me; (7) His Interests; (8) Love.

A boycott on apples is to be expected anyway — according to the votes. For the chosen profession for this deluxe edition is medicine. Salemites prefer that there be a doctor in the house. Next eligible is the lawyer and straggling along behind are the merchants, bankers, chemists, engineers, journalists, sailors, and Fuller Brush Men.

Not all women are gold-diggers. Salemites ask that he have only a comfortable amount. A few are indifferent to the whole question, and one young romantic is willing to live on love and a dime. From twenty to twenty-five is the preferred age although about half of the voters (seniors?) like the "older man" — twenty-five to thirty. All agree that he must be several years older. Further proof that all women

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I DARE SAY

Absolutely the funniest story of the month is the one Jo Rand, Jessie Skinner, Frances Turnage, Mary Lee Cowper and Mary Farmer Carlton are telling about their field trip for Sociology which they made to the Salem Home. They called before to set a time and the lady who answered the phone was slightly deaf. She understood that the girls wanted to present a musical program. When the girls visited the Home they were amazed to find each old lady in her best bib and tucker waiting expectantly in the sun parlor to hear some music. Much confusion resulted when the girls flatly refused to play the piano or to sing. How much value they received from that social service work is for you to estimate!

Poor Mr. Snavelly complained last week that he was the lone, lone male in the Book-store and that his life was made miserable by all those women over there who picked on him.

Have you ever seen type-setter's swearing? Usually, it is the job of the poor proof-reader to cut it out, but some of it is so priceless that we can't help mentioning it here. In last week's "Salemite" in the first proof there was a line which ran like this:

"Unfortunately, the idea is prevalent that the Order of the Scorpion is an honorary fraternity. y klomryltz ? ! ! () ' ' ! ' ' ! ! ! It is not . ! * ? ? * !"

Oscar was in rare form that day!

Another bouquet is thrown today to the girls who sat on the stage at the recital by Kirsten Flagstad. Such lady-like posture and still, dignified composure of the ones on the front row is to be praised!

A suggestion to the ones in charge of the Salem girls who sit on the stage, if they ever do again: Wouldn't it be less confusing to the eyes of the audience and detract less from the gown of the artist if the girls on the stage would all wear black or all wear white dresses?

Katherine King and Esther Alexander report that their lizard "Dagonit" is loose — calling all lizard-catchers!

Sanford's presence at the Sophomore-Senior basketball game last Tuesday night seems to have inspired Josephine's pre-game free shots. Suggestion: At the final game invite the big moment of each member of both teams and we really would see some playing!

A modern version of the Good Samaritan story was seen at the afore-mentioned game. Those who saw Mary Worthy Spence stop to pick up, with one hand, little Sallie Emerson (whom she had knocked over in flight), while passing the ball with the other will know what I mean. We expect Worthy to be the lady even in a basketball game.

Marie Fitzgerald has a young friend who is working at his first job — putting in water works in a small town down near Raleigh. When it rained all week she was sure that he had done something wrong and every morning we hear her entreating him, "Oh Dick, please get out your textbook and start all over again!"

Mary Turner Willis tried on a lovely spring (tra la la) dress up-town one day last week. Its only decoration was a bunch of cowbells hanging at the neck. Mary Turner didn't buy the dress "Those darn cowbells rang everytime I changed my mind," she said. And, after all, it is a woman's prerogative!

FIREMAN, FIREMAN, SAVE MY COAT

Who could be blowing their horn so loud at this hour, and who could be ringing the door-bell so insistently? These were my first thoughts when I first heard the fire alarms in Clewell and Biting, then slowly light came as the horn across in Clewell continued to blow with a loud growling sound. I finished a paragraph in the letter I was writing, leisurely got up and stretched, fussed a bit and yelled at the roommate. She yawned, got up and we stood in the doorway trying to remember how to fix the room. Finally we turned on the radio, struggled into our coats, shut the closet doors and went out in the hall. We got into the stream of traffic and were finally lined up under the willow tree. The horn in Clewell was still blowing, lights were on everywhere and the building was being vacated.

We stood in a little bunch, thinking of those comfortable beds we had left. Finally the captain decided to call the roll, except she didn't have it with her, so she called it — hesitatingly, from memory. It went something like this — "Peggy? — that's Peggy Bowen, er, Tootie? is Tootie here? — Oh, she's out of town. Louisa, Glenn? — let's see — oh yes, Peggy Rogers?, V. B.?

— where's V. B., is she here?" and so on. After an age we trudged back into Senior, and climbed in bed rather provoked that there hadn't been a fire to make it worth our trouble.

Next day there was talk of someone sleeping through the alarm and someone else dashing in to waken the sleeper, another tale of someone smelling smoke, grabbing her fur coat, and running! Let's have a Drill every night — they're such fun!

DUKE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF NURSING DURHAM, N. C.

The Diploma of Graduate Nurse is awarded after three years, and the Degree of Bachelor of Science in Nursing for two additional years of approved college work before or after the course in Nursing. The entrance requirements are intelligence, character and graduation from an accredited high school. After 1939 one year of college work will be required and two years of college work thereafter. The annual tuition of \$100 covers the cost of uniforms, books, student government fees, etc. Catalogues, application forms and information about college requirements may be obtained from the Admission Committee.

HOSE

New spring shades have arrived
Arden Farm Store
Lovely silk hose only .50c a pair
JUST OPPOSITE SALEM SQUARE