

ROCKS AND ROSES
Alias
Has-Been Beaux and
Arrows
Alias
"He Who Lives in a
Glass House . . ."

SENIOR

"Two big packages from Davis" for Eve Tomlinson," and we all rushed in to see what had arrived. And did we look on in delight and terrific amazement as Eve pulled out precious pieces of a complete layette for a teensy baby! . . . We are told that Charlie Wade at last swallowed his pride enough to come to Louise's recital, but we've heard of no subsequent developments concerning the Songbird and the Man . . . And speaking of recitals, we've nearly decided that it's worth all the agony of majoring in music to collect the lovely gifts that we've seen in Helen Savage's, Creson's, Ledbetter's, and Norris' rooms lately; and Tuten's turn to display her collection is to come next week . . . What with both Harris and Harrison on the loose, Norfleet is having some competition for the attention of the Photographer, but so far she's doing more than well at holding her own, thank goodness . . . C. C. is home from Yankee-land, and Mary Jo beams; for the present she declares once more that she IS in love . . . Gracie and Louisa, as the two main folks of May Day, certainly made last week-end enjoyable for all of us; and we'll make a bet that Louisa enjoyed it plenty too—she has a brand, spankified new frat pin, you know . . . Libby Winget has been seen in the company of one Jack Alexander, formerly presumed to belong to Louise Jackson. But when Louise loses one man, she sets right out for another; did you notice the snaking on Misery's blond at the Saturday dance? Tut? And it didn't take much eavesdropping to hear Misery laughing at the "glamorous" freshman who announced that she just can't get the creature off her mind, she dreams about him at night, and she's going to marry him Golly days! . . . Henny, we'd like to cast a vote for your man at the dance as one of the very finest; we liked him plenty much . . . Do you suppose that, if we made psychological inquiries and investigations, we could find out why Margaret Morrison ALWAYS gets the giggles when Gam calls her; She's right sensible ordinarily, and we're almost positive that one man can't be THAT funny EVERY time . . . Poor Ida; or should we say Poor Bill? Our one hope is that Ida is getting through with her illness and ailments now and won't be in and out of the hospital after Bells Ring . . . That was a nice, sweet, gentle, long-distance phone call in which we heard V. Mc. and Doug participating one night this week . . . We shuddered a little over the week-end at sight of the returned alumnae; let us wish and wish hard that next year, if we return en masse on any occasion, we won't affect the senior class with the saddening atmosphere with which we were affected this May at sight of the "relics of the past."

JUNIOR

The Jrs. are taking best advantage of these last spring days at Salem—both the missionaries and the Anti-Y girls are going on house-parties . . . Can't help noticing, though, that the Anti-Y's are predominating for once . . . We feel that Patterson got cheated in the figure Saturday nite, bet she was disappointed after she'd crushed conventions to wear her frat pin even on her May Day dress . . . Millie caught all eyes in the figure with her handsome Julian . . . Wonder when Katharine's going to join the hiking club at Salem . . . She should since she can go on such long ones with Agnew . . . Orchids to Gladys for all the work she did at the Wee Blue for May Day, and to Sarah

Personalities On The Campus

— AND THIS IS ALL. Although there are personalities around every corner and under every Salem tree we feel that we had better leave them as they are — undisturbed, at least as far as this column is concerned. Better to perish willfully than by the cruel stroke of "the little reader who wasn't there!"

—Editor's Note.

DOROTHY McLEAN

The thing about Dot is her good humor. Of course, that is only one of many good traits, but it is the thing that strikes one first. Then, on proceeding to ask the standard interview questions, one finds out that Dot is taking a Home Economics course and plans, when Salem puts in a triple major in interior decoration, dramatics, and home economics, to major in those subjects. Dot likes to go to bed late and get up late, which is a contradiction of the old adage—she's very healthy. She enjoys all social gatherings, especially after eleven thirty.

Dot hails from Lenoir, but spends a large part of her summer in Montreat. For references to good times, see those who have descended upon the McLean's in their summer home.

If you happen to be one of those few who don't know Dot, just listen for a pair of very squeaky shoes and then look for one who bears a decided resemblance to Hedy Lamarr. Dot upholds one of the best mottos for success, "Don't Worry."

Linn for her faithful practicing . . . What's this we hear about Sassy and Winston relighting the flame . . . Rodwell has a new pin—Sigma Chi, it is . . . Those trips to Carolina turned out alright for her . . . We hear the trip to Carolina turned out fine for all . . . We hate to think, though that the girls won't be with us next year . . .

SOPHOMORE

Since the Freshmen are now practically Sophomores, that accounts in part for the fact that the "youngest gals" shine this week.

FRESHMAN

From this point hence I shall refrain from making any remarks, however naive they may seem to me, because I just never can tell what kind of trouble I'll find myself in as a result. Therefore I shall hereby present a fashion postlude from the May Day dance; and if anyone has any objections, just step outside and we'll settle it man to man—without the kindly supervision of the faculty . . . White was very much the thing Saturday night with Terrell in an accordion pleated skirt and shirred boice of silk jersey . . . Peggy Somers in a rhinestone girdled net . . . Little Yelverton in starched dotted swiss . . . Lib Reid in pique splashed with red geraniums . . . Aline Slamel in eyelet lace gathered at neck, sleeves, and waist with turquoise ribbon . . . Louise Miller, in a square necked lace . . . Ewing in an off the shoulder net with gold brocaded bodice . . . Barbara Hawkins in black taffeta and white organdie . . . Then to relieve all the white we saw Carol Barber in yards and yards of Roman stripes with a long sleeved, off the shoulder blouse . . . Ceil Sypher in lime ice organdie with starched white lace bows scattered over the circular skirt . . . Mot Sauvain in dainty blue chiffon . . . Dorothy McAdams in a bolero jacketed blue net . . . Betsy Cooper in an off-the-shoulder navy dotted swiss . . . Eddie Baughn in dusty rose net skirt and varicolored top . . . Mae Knott in a colorful cotton print . . . And oh heck—they're all hanging in the closet now!

FRESHMAN

Since the Winston-Salem ball club has been going full swing every night at Glenn Miller time, even the gossip has taken on a three-strikes-you're-out attitude . . . Vogler, I hear—got at least to first base with Aubrey—but that just makes him more desirable, eh Ceil! . . . According to that philosophy, Rousseau

EVE TOMLINSON

Black hair and blue eyes are an unusual combination, and Eve (who has the blackest hair and bluest eyes in merry Salem) is an unusual girl. Extremely original, she can always think of interesting ideas; extremely capable, she can always manage to carry them out.

Eve is a Home Ec major and very much interested in things Colonial—houses, china, silver. She sounds very domestic to us, but she insists she's going to teach next year.

Her likes are many and her dislikes few. She loves clothes, especially when they're light blue. She likes to read "good books," but she's not much for sports—except horseback riding, which she adores. Her tastes in music are varied, for she enjoys both symphonies and Glenn Miller. Her very favorite hobby is dancing, and she's just as good at that as she is at everything else she does.

Between her "children" (Eve is practice-teaching now) and her job as assistant May Day chairman, Eve has no time for loafing. But she takes time out for an occasional cigarette and the easy comradeship of the "Smoke House." And she's never in too big a rush to blush (yes, really) about one Lenoir-Rhyne alumnus!

Eve is a real Salemite and proud of it. And she's "a wonderful sort of friend for a girl to have."

should be sorta jubilant about the hit Ike made with the frosh . . . Ewing's dating average was only .333—she finally had John over . . . And Hughson has made it a home run—home to Woodberry and Henry . . . Neat scored an all time high in getting the perverse Ed to bless us with his countenance . . . The perennial Bahnsen's are managing this week-end—will it be ball, Aggie? . . . Then, too, Mararuth lopped into right field in the grand final of the May Day figure—Norwood was watching from the balcony . . . Bowen is the over the fence expert, she chalks up a telephone call every night . . . Cootie is getting knocked out of her position by the beautiful but dumb rookie named Roebuck—don't worry Carlotta you'll find a man who prefers brains to the other charms . . . Weeza wins the ball game, though, with that big Carolina week-end, she is planning just to be goodie and remember I. R. S. . . . Let's all pray that it rains every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday at 9:00 p. m.—we'll take our rain checks on the week-end.

DAY STUDENT

The "wonder" week-end is over now (wasn't it thought?) and we're all settling down to some good bull-sessions about it. Buzz Buzz! Round about by hook or crook or stool pigeon, we find that—well, first of all—glimmers here and yonder:

E. Sue Cox seen at the Picadilly surrounded by a host of handsome males, especially by one Emmett Howe. And then spied out in front of the potent Clapp's house (as the night pushed on) Helen and Doug with Anne and Gene. And they didn't look bored. And a glance of Lilly and Foyle every now and then showed the two of them appearing to be hitting it off fine. Anyway, she's headed Chapel Hill way, come finals! O. K.!

Some budding interests are beginning to blossom forth: Sunshine Sams casting her ray of light upon one Lo-man? Yes! And 'tis said Paschel and Rousseau certainly enjoyed their week-end with Skipper and Ike. Wow! Next we find that Miss Morris definitely has interests of a prevalent character down

I DARE SAY

That credit for the bon mot of the week should go to Mr. John Mason Brown. However credit for which one I would hardly dare say. I still wake up to find myself laughing in the middle of the night or class at one of his numerous witticisms.

That that is a very cute picture of some of the lads and lassies (taken at the May Day Dance) which appears in this week's "Thursday," howsomever, it must have been a shock to the "mill girls" to see two boys decked out in full regalia and two in plain slack suits.

That those of you who didn't go riding last Sunday and see the sign stretched across the walk on First Street missed a treat. In foot high letters it went something like this: Come Visit Our Little Love Nest JUST MARRIED and We're So-o-o Happy Mr. and Mrs. Odell Sapp. Mrs. Sapp attended Salem and her sister Janice Raney graduated from here last year. Evidently either she or her husband have friends who might be called practical jokers.

That congratulations are in order for our May Court and the pageanters for braving the cold and for putting on a warming show. Concerning the court, as ugly ones are apt to say that that was one time they had to suffer for being beautiful.

That we haven't heard Dr. Rondthaler mention them yet, but that our aesthetic sensibilities are sufficiently well-developed after several years at Salem to comment on the beauty of the tulips at Selected Dairies. They are a sight which you can well feast your eyes upon even if your diet or pocketbook won't permit indulgence in a milk shake.

That one of the most popular spots on the campus now is the swimming pool. Incidentally it's much the best place to get a sun-tan. There's something about the glare and the water which really makes ole Sol do his stuff.

THREE BROWN HOURS

The grey, pin-striped suit could have fit better had not the man inside it gained about five pounds since last year. In the conventional place sat a maroon polka-dotted—with white tie which at present sat at an up-left angle. In the left breast pocket was a white handkerchief—the thought was nice, but after frequent exits from pocket to wipe a frenzied, red brow of owner, it retained little of the hot-off-the-ironing-board look. The man's long fingers were brought to an end by clean, short nails—the man's long fingers also made up two quite versatile hands—hands that one moment were calm and still, while the next they were doing their best to keep in step with the rapid fire speech coming out about three feet up. On closer range the grey, pin-striped suit maintained little of its original personality. It was brown, not grey; zig-zagged, not pin striped; plus the added quality of having a blue zig-zag that matched the wearer's R. Taylor New Yorker drawing eyes. (Just a coincidence though—no doubt about it—the matching quality, that is!) The nose suffered from no lack of quantity—but it probably suffered from Salem's sun at mid-day on back campus! The nose with all the usual surroundings wagged back and forth incessantly during the hour.

The black tux took off the extra five pounds seen in the morning. The black tux was much more becoming than was the previously discussed suit.

Post Script: John Mason Brown does all his serious writing lying flat—not sitting in the conventional manner!

REVELATION

By Sonia Novak

If man is made in God's own image, then
 How wondrous God must be! If man portrays
 His Maker, in the wonder he conveys
 With chisel, sounding string, and brush, or pen,
 What sacred revelation lies! For when
 His tools are most remiss, the end outweighs
 Their incapacity, and, sure, gainsays
 The rankest seeming failure in his ken!
 So—seeing, hearing—who can doubt love's link
 With such divinity? Love proves how true
 Its goodness and its mercy are! To snik
 Into the tenderness of peace; to view
 With understanding, is, at once, to thnik
 Of heavens sweeping boundlessly and blue!

TAKEN FROM THURSDAY
— We're Interested Too

THUMBNAIL SKETCH: He's young, he's dark; he's popular; he's independent in manner and in means. He always has breakfast in bed, and he throws pillows at anyone whose unpleasant duty it is to wake him up. Three guesses is all you get.

SAVE THIS COUPON

All girls having any friends they desire to keep home from the war, please sign name and address of said friend, and give coupon to MISS BETSY HILL. Without charge she will gladly shoot each friend through the right foot. This method has previously proved most satisfactory.

Name _____
 Address _____

GRADUATION DRESSES!

At the
IDEAL DRY GOODS CO.

Wake Forest way! "The Orchid" (O'Brien) seems certainly to be cultivating her latest flame—get going gal—hear he's pretty nice. Say, this Charlie Spough must have sumpin on the ball—two interests has he and vice-versa—Phyllis and Sarah! What caused Libby's heart to skip a couple of beats when she dated that blond fellow other day. Couldn't have any bearing on the old love, could it? Oh well—think I've scooped up enough for this time—see you—Fearless Ferdinand the Bull.