

# SOCIETY 'N SUCH

## STUFFING FOR THE HEN

(With apologies to Sauce For The Goose).

When the new staff took over the editing of the Salemite, your editors put their very wise heads together—as it becomes all editors to do—and emerged at the end of five minutes and exclaimed as with one voice "Ah ha, a column!" Thereupon they descended upon your correspondent and named him columnist they specified not at all whether "the column" should be something a la Lippman, or Winchell or Dorothy Dix. "Just a column," they said. "You could air your sentiments." But, seeing the utter impropriety of such, I decided to give serious consideration to the Present Situation, which is not the war in Europe nor the third term, but refers to the possibilities of which is something worthy of contemplation in itself—Salem's being in the beginning stage of a metamorphosis.

Well, what startled me into awareness was the conspicuous disappearance from the bulletin boards of certain consummate notices to the effect that bare legs would not be tolerated on the campus. And then, whether by witchcraft or magic, someone engineered permission for the girls to splash about in the pool on a Sunday afternoon. And they do say that, when the hedge grows enough to conceal us from the public eye (which has an uncomfortable way of flattering our egos with too much attention) we shall have tennis and golf of a Sunday. Now I say that any enterprising newspaperman, in spite of the fact that he does not have access into the Inner (circles where-in things are accomplished, cannot afford to ignore such as this.

The fountains were dripping this week. On inquiring the occasion, I saw Dr. Rondthaler escorting people of trustee-like aspect about. I hid behind a bush but couldn't hear a word. Mr. Brant Snavely and Dr. Downs have been doing the campus but they don't talk very loud either. One simply passes by and wonders what goes on there.

Wednesday, last, Margaret Patterson and Patty McNeely in education class were obviously not honoring Mr. Owens with their attention, but were thoroughly engaged in renovating the handbook. It's not that we don't think the handbook needs renovating, it's just that we practically broke our necks and jeopardized our passing marks in education trying to see what they were writing.

What ever it is that Reece Thomas and Eugenia Baynes are wagging their sagacious heads about, we hope it goes through. We hope, too, that those two girls who were sitting so casually—to all intents and purposes absorbed in a contemplation of the clouds—outside Bitting basement, wherein the Student Council was passing judgment last Tuesday afternoon, will be somewhat more successful next time and will let us know if "anything happens." Meanwhile the public is cordially invited to use this space to suggest any ideas or express any sentiments that have been lying dormant—or have been suppressed by circumstances, as the case may be—these many months.

**FRENCH CLUB OFFICERS**  
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## ROCKS AND ROSES

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### SENIOR

Even when we promised not to say a word about it all, Betsy and Jane Alice wouldn't tell us what "it all" is . . . We think Libby Winget should pay part of the current phone bill because she may be found doing her share of the using of the instrument 'most any day right after lunch . . . The rest of the clan seem determined that Gracie shall make up her mind "which?"; guess they must figure this is their last chance to find out who's the choice one . . . Watson was so overwhelmed when she took Pou's maccall that her every sentence was a series of "yes, sir's" . . . What for was "Beany" in such a hurry to leave the supper-table Thursday night? . . . Night-school is over; Charles is back . . . Several long-distance calls from S. Car. on Thursday seemed to be fixing up a special fine post-exams week-end for Eve and Agnes Lee . . . Graduating recitals are finished; and we know five boarding seniors who are mighty relieved and have fine right to be mighty proud . . . We're all for more of them humping ridin's in Jane Kirk's luscious car and more gardeners like Miss Anna to invite pansy-pickers . . . Why can't we tell all we know? (Oh, you say we can, huh? Nope: moral ethics won't let us.) We know a nice, gory piece, and we can say no more than "You're gonna lose your man if you persist in attending alone all the social affairs of the week."

### JUNIOR

We just want to warn Coley not to get in any more bull sessions about the opposite sex for we hear she nearly passed out after the last one. Dear, Huck's arms are still waiting . . . The Oak Ridge long distance the other night was as much a question mark to Kelly Anne as to the rest of us. Another one of the young lady's hidden charms comes to the light! . . . Salem is going to be as well represented at Carolina this week-end as at Davidson a few weeks ago. Of course, without "our" Patterson, but Sarah Linn will hold the fort down. And by the way we have reason to believe this affair of Sarah's is something to be looked into . . . No one can say we haven't got social strings, what with Teenie's Jim hitting the headlines in the College Bazaar. Teenie says he didn't have a date but when we count four of each it adds up to couples . . . Dobbins jumps from one extreme to another—one night it is "man-about-town" Coan and the next night a

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## Personalites

What was said last week still applies!

—Editor's Note.

"Harry Reynolds High School" . . . From all reports Esther should have gone on the house party last week-end if for no other reason than to instruct her roommate before and after each nap . . . Sassy's at it again. We knew it would come after the May Day display of eyes. This time it's Bob Glenn . . . Mildred, you might just as well retire to the library from now on for Dick Simpson has gone to Myrtle Beach for the summer. He won't even know now if you do get behind locked doors . . .

### SOPHOMORE

So they tell me "Fitzzy" figures "since school is almost over and the summer is well on the way, I guess I had better get in TOUCH!" (Girls, I think she meant TUNE, but one never knows does one—ah, sweet mystery of life!) Carolina seems to hold good times for us all, some time during our young lives. I dare say that Edith and Herrman won't be able to study come reading day, or take on exam come Wednesday—that place just gets the best of you somehow! Mickey, they tell me "Chick" was oh—so sweet last week-end. Here's to this summer and more fun with him! Marge just can't wait 'til summer when she can go home for the wedding, say "hello" to everyone and come back down south. "Ze good ole summer time!" Reece is now a recognized member of ye ole 'smokehouse—even tho' she hasn't acquired the habit as yet. More power to ya', keed! Marcia, how was the water Tuesday night—just another aftermath, huh? We were surprised not to see your friend Peggy along with you. Ruth and Sitto were talking to a car from Tenn. the other afternoon. Won't be long now girls! Me thinks Martha was pleasantly surprised last week-end at Duke. Fairly good time, eh keed! A girl is getting to be a mighty good English student, when she can't read a poem without seeing if the meter is ok. Girls, meet "Hosie"! Is that Emily's influence or Mrs. Downs' dear? Har, we are very sorry about your piece of bad luck for this week-end. Maybe "Sandy" will call the whole trip off—and Salem won't be quite so unbearable in preference to Carolina. Ruth, your fans want to know why you insist upon not playing baseball with Johnnie. Come now, no holding out on us! We understand that Leila, "Babe," and a few others like the game very much. Yes, there were many Sophs moving around very "easy-like" last week-end after the skating party Friday night. Did you notice "Hedy" McLean's graceful fall and "come hither" look? It was ready good, gals! Well, girls, since exams are nigh on the way, and there is work to be done—take care—and remember—the summer is yours to live for and I can't say anything to your friends in the "gossipy" way each Friday until September comes rolling around again. "Remember I. R. S., girls—and toodle-de-dee, you new JUNIORS!"

### FRESHMAN

Ho hum — lazy day. This is real.

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## I DARE SAY

That I should start off with a Dear Readers, this being the last Salemite for the year, sort of drivel. Howsomever, the boss says we have a six page paper this week and I guess you'll be having a lot of other stuff to wade through.

That it seems as though the points system is causing a lot of trouble this year. I never did know who's job it was to worry about said system, but there's a whispering campaign going about that many exceptions have been made to the rule. The consensus of opinion this year seems to center around the idea that there are plenty of girls in school so why give all the jobs to just a few.

That many more shows as good and as enthusiastically greeted as the Colored Help Show will be the downfall of the Old Chapel. Some say the cheering and stomping of feet could be heard inside Home Moravian Church with the organ going full tilt.

That the holding over of "Rebecca" afforded the best alibi of the semester. One could come in at almost any time of nite and blame it on poor long-suffering "Rebecca."

That I hope you all have a nice summer with lots of suntan, Moonlight nites and the like with few mosquitoes and blistered backs.

## CLOTHES TO BE

(Continued From Page Four)

derriere let's all wear cotton petticoats. When the wind blows—old fashioned nainsook is much more fetching than last winter's pink satin. Don't pay gobs for these cute things—because they are to be had for a smigger or less if you're a good shopper.

Also for the wierd fad collections—there is the new parasol—guaranteed not to be waterproof. The cutest is red and white polka dot to match a white sharkskin semi sport with the same polka dot belt.

That leaves one important item—bathing suits. There seem to be more of them than ever. The sharkskins are neater. The cottons are baggier. The lastex are lighter—and they are all prices. But honestly I can't rave over them until some good firm invents false legs—guaranteed to make toothpicks look like

ly no time to make scoops on the latest dir-er gossip about the Freshmen. Don't you agree? (Thanks.) Well, any girl who rates a beautiful corsage of red roses, when it aint even her birthday, must have something there. What say, "Frannie?" . . . And Jane threw away time and studies to swing over to Davidson for that eventful week-end. If you notice "I. D." (Miller, don'tcha know!) acting sort of queen-like a lord admiral or somethin'—don't worry, she's only practicing up for that Sophomore—Freshman Day next year. (Umm, poor things, and they were so innocent!) Time teaches, tho', doesn't it girls?

Heard on the campus:  
Fuzzy Wuzzy was a little bear  
Fuzzy Wuzzy had no hair  
Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't so fuzzy  
Wuzzy!

Will someone bring a glass of water? "Biddy" C. is having convulsions—(or is that her form of hiccups?) Mmm these people who just pick up and go to Carolina for the Junior-Seniors! Meaning, of course, "Weez" H. and "Cootie" C. (Don't worry gals, our time will come.) That week-end "up thar" in the mountains was bliss (or was it blisters) for Ann and Aggie W. P. S.—Note the sunburn, please. 'N have you see Carol's picture of Bill? I strongly advise her to hide it (or him!) you understand, of course? Wonder what Henry has to tell Kitty every nite on those phone calls?

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yule logs—or vice versa). As soon as I discover any of these wonderful things I'll let you know. Until then, no bathing suist for me!

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