


PERSONALITY ON THE CAMPUS

LAWRENCE KENYON



He's young, he's entertaining, he's Lawrence Kenyon—he's also, by the way, married.

What you should know about him is found on page one.

During his first two years of college, Lawrence Kenyon played football; but he preferred an open field—so he switched to track and got his letter from the mile and two miles. He now enjoys tennis and golf with Messrs. Holder and McEwen. He likes dancing, too—with his wife. And he can make an artist out of anyone who'll cooperate.

Last Monday at 8:00 A. M. Lawrence Kenyon was married; last Monday at 10:00 A. M. Lawrence Kenyon was vaguely reading notes to an art class. He's known his wife for two years and refused to say that he loved her at first sight or that he even believed in the stuff, all of which looks suspiciously like

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a love-at-first-sight romance. Anyhow he made sure that she was a good cook and a good house-keeper before he married her, although he doesn't seem to know whether her hair is sort of blondish or kind of reddish.

Mrs. Kenyon arrived here Sunday and approved of the apartment selected by Mr. Kenyon. Maybe Christmas they'll take their honeymoon.

You'd like to know that Lawrence Kenyon has a collegiate air about him, a grand low voice, a perpetual cloud of smoke from his pipe, and a regret that he had no cigarette to offer me during the interview—which took place in the art studio! He sits high up on a stool with feet on desk and pipe in mouth—occasionally offering suggestions to his students whom he will probably call by first names as soon as he learns first names.

—occasionally offering suggestions say that we're really delighted to have the Kenyons at Salem; and that we hope they'll become as permanently a part of Salem as is Main Hall.

MORE ALUMNAE NEWS

(Continued From Page Four)

artial course there.

To continue her study of voice Louise Norris is returning weekly to Salem for lessons with Clifford Bair. Christine Dunn is studying violin intermittently this year with Miss Read. Miss Dunn also is teaching music in the public schools of Rich Square.

Among the 1940 graduates who are teaching this year are: Carolyn Creson, Elizabeth Carter, Frances Huggins, Frances Kale, Frances Kluttz, Katharine Ledbetter, Helen Lineback, Margaret Morrison, Elizabeth Norfleet, Mary Joe Pearson, Betty Sanford, Helen Savage, Louisa Sloan, Eve Tomlinson, Kathryn Troxler, Gladys Gibson, Mary Catherine Walker.

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"JUST YESTERDAY"

(Quoted from the 1917 Student
Government Handbook—courtesy
of campus secretary)

1. Students may visit the drug stores upon the approved list but always accompanied by a teacher chaperone. (Take me out, coach! Take me out!)
2. We do not wish the girls to receive men callers. Occasionally there are exceptions, but such a call must be with a written permission from parents. The caller must be received in the college parlors under chaperonage of the President's wife. (!!)
3. No communication of any kind with the OPPOSITE SEX will be permitted either going or coming from Main Hall. This includes note-writing, conversation, or recognition of any kind. (Ma! He's making eyes at me!)
4. Week-end visits away from town will be permitted at the discretion of the office upon written permission from parents and provided that scheduled work is not interrupted.
5. "Call hour" is over at 9:50 p. m.
6. Driving or riding is permitted twice a month at the discretion of the room teacher with a chaperone approved by her.
7. All lights must be out at 10:00 p. m. and students must report to their rooms at 9:50 p. m.
8. Sunday visitors (only members of the student's family) will be received at the College Parlor from 4:00 to 5:30 p. m. (Did this say 1917? Students, it's a wonderful world!)

SALEMITES IN
LIMELIGHT

"Who's borrowed my "Mademoiselle" and where is my "College Bazaar?" have been constant cries on campus this fall as Salemites hasten to see the pictures of two Salem students featured in these popular magazines.

On the College Board page of the September issue of "Mademoiselle" is found a picture of Evelyn McCarty, taken by Mr. Oerter when "Mac" was a student here. (Congratulations, Mr. Oerter, on your photography!)

One student was heard to say — "I always say a subscription to "Mademoiselle" is one of the ten steps to popularity on the campus."

Margaret Ray, sophomore, had the exciting experience this summer of posing as a model for the full-page picture in the Bazaar. After an interview she was called to the La Guardiari airport to pose for a picture — the one seen in the August issue of "College Bazaar."

FASHION'S FROLIC

Or "Cinderella"

Once upon a time, etc., etc., etc. . . . and the man married again a widow with two daughters who were as cruel as they were well dressed, etc., etc., etc. And the way they treated Cinderella was simply ridiculous, what with all the ashes in the fireplace, and having pumpkins turn into stage coaches or what not. It was all very disconcerting to a stupid child such as she.

Really you would think in this day and time there would be no sense in wearing dresses made out of potato sacks and old kitchen towels. And sure enough one day Cinderella caught a glimpse of her ugly self in the mirror —

"Could this be," she said, "Could this be the reason," said she further. "Could this be the reason that I am shunned — as it were? Could this be?"

And what do you think? That night there was a great light and a great brandishing of wands — and — guess who? — Godmother! Who, for want of a better name we shall call Blanche . . . for who would want to be called Blanche except for a distinct want of other names?

Blanche took one horror-stricken look at Cinderella and said, "Good (Censored!) you can never go to the ball like that, etc., etc., etc." (Of course you all know about that distinctly inferior ball that Cinderella wanted to go to for some ludicrous reason).

Well Blanche sat down, rolled up her sleeves, took out a bottle of magic from the back of her watch, and set to work.

First — from a light bulb she drew: a luscious pair of bedroom shoes, marked I. Miller \$5.95 (exclusive with Sosnik's). They looked just like bunny fur but were washable. And to go with them — a blue flannel nightie — verra, verra cheap — long sleeves, wooley buttons, and verra nice lines.


Well, Cinderella grabbed those and hugged them to her flat bosom — while Blanche produced an evening dress — oh dream of love — and a starched lace blouse. To black velvet pinaflore with ruff go over it — for about \$30 — was a baby blue cloth coat — full length — fitted — flared — with beading on the shoulders — and a chinese coolie neck-line. Then came the glass slippers — high (3½ in.) silver heels, and the rest rhinestone studded — hand made and guaranteed not to pull the stockings — hold tight, Dwight — they aren't but \$30 with an I. Miller label.




Wiping the stardust out of her eyes — Cinderella snuggled closer. This time feats were performed with a football . . . out came a \$20 Montaldo's suit of natural camel's hair . . . stitched collar, pocket, cuffs — hunter's green knee socks were next . . . a green skull cap with a feather two feet high. Best of all were the gloves — from Saks Fifth Avenue — they were wrist length boasting a wooden heart — Engraved on one side was the name Cinderella and on the other — Prince Charming. In the pocket of the suit was a note — For the cutest shoes in town — try Joyce' Packets.

Cinderella looked with adoration at Blanche as she packed up her (Continued on Page Six)

HISS THE VILLAIN!



"Now I have you in my power!" hisses the villain. "I'll get you yet — me proud beauty!" (Hiss!) You are invited to hiss the villain and applaud the noble hero in THE VILLAIN. STILL. PURSUED HER, playing at the Forsyth Theatre next Friday and Saturday. Will sin succeed? Will right triumph? Come, HISS this wolf in sheik's clothing in the comedy "meller" drama THE VILLAIN STILL PURSUED HER. Alan Mowbray has the villain role, and Anita Louise is the heroine he pursues. Hugh Herbert essays the part of a famous philanthropist and reformer whose "cure" saves victims of intoxicating beverages from ruin. Buster Keaton is the nick-of-time friend who always manages to interrupt the villain's perfidy, while Richard Cromwell is the young hero whose thirst almost gets the better of him. Billy Gilbert is the master of ceremonies.



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