

I Heard It This Way...

Beyond all doubt the most hilarious circus that's been on this campus in many a day was put on by the Juniors and Seniors last Monday — time: 1:30 — place: old chapel — occasion: to dance or not to dance? Everybody stood up and spouted off about how ridiculous everybody else's opinions were. Many tempers were lost, and many people revealed themselves in their true light — Babe Bralower recited her last week's editorial — Coco McKenzie stood practically in a class all her own by making sense — Margaret Leinbach advocated still more confusion by three sets of votes — Dot McLean pulled an excellent Mark Antony. But the very high spot of the day was hit by one Miss Casserole who, face red and arms waving, popped to her feet and shrieked down a suggestion for secret ballot. "SECRET BALLOT!" she cried, "We'll NOT have secret ballot! If we believe a thing hard enough, we can STAND UP for it!!!" Thus voting against Jr.-Sr. took place with a show of hands — only eight of them. And after all that stink, too!

Frankly this business of clapping for a religious speaker is about to floor most of us — it simply goes agin the grain! Isn't it possible to show our appreciation without all those whistling an carrying on demonstrations? If we've got a lot of stored up steam, we can get it out of our systems more appropriately at the State than in chapel.

Then there's the tale about the lass who was studying in the tub for a philosophy quiz. Somehow, it seems, the book got all involved with the water; and the lady in question was next seen dripping over an ironing board — pressing each page as she read it.

There are a few of us who would really like to know just what grudge the laundry people are holding against us. It's always breathtaking suspense, upon getting our laundry back, to untangle our clothes and find out which of our favorite shirts they've chosen for jerking buttons off and ripping sleeves out. But the most fun of all is anxiously tearing into our laundry bags to see just which articles they've picked out to leave unwashed. It's wonderful — especially that slip they returned to me this week pressed into a hard, round wad.

P. S. — I forgot to say that Junior-Senior will be waged — on the eighteenth of April!

COMIC VALENTINES

(And the arrow through these hearts is sharpened!).

To Ceil and Mary:

The South has long preserved traditions,
The which to mar will earn perditions;
Do not continue such a fallacy:
"DO NOT DISTURB's" ruin hospitality.

A Subtle Plea to the Faculty:

Though students have asked the same questions for decades
There's a wee chance we'll vary (in ego we bask):
Please don't answer questions you know we are asking,
But listen and answer the questions we ask!

To Turner, Goldberg, Seville, and a few hundred others we could name but won't:

It doesn't require a good deal of perception
To know your aversion to brooms;
But wouldn't you once make a minor exception
And manage to tidy your rooms?

To the Seniors: (Last but not least!).

Seniors lead! is a well-know fact, but spare
A moment, gang, the problem is: lead where?
The "Y's." in dutch — to the rescue all! — A pity
The farthest lag behinds reside in Bitty . . .

COLLEGE FASHION SURVEY

The college girl and her sweater-skirt ensemble is fast becoming as traditionally American as the cowboy, his boots and saddles, DESIGN FOR LIVING'S C. B. I. (campus bureau of investigation) agents reported today.

College women spend 75 per cent of their waking hours in a sweater-skirt outfit, they further elaborated. Cardigan or slipover, long or short sleeves, "V" or crew necklines, one rule is steadfast — sweaters must be plain.

Querying co-eds at Cornell, Temple, U. of Syracuse, Bryn Mawr, Texas U., Smith, U. of Vermont, Oregon State, Michigan State, Iowa State, U. of Colorado, Kansas State, Iowa U., and Barnard, C. B. I. agents discovered that Miss Average College Girl spends \$240.33 a year on clothes. Texas beauties, however, have the fattest pocket-books — they spend \$768.

Campus feet are the same as ever in saddle shoes. But moccasins are owned by 50 per cent of the girls. Saddles, pumps and the Cinderella "evening" slipper complete a colle-

gian's shoe shelf.
The stocking shortage or the troublesome "nick" in nylons, is no concern of DFL'S Young Moderns. They cut stocking bills in half by baring legs in ankle socks despite wintry blasts. A good number of the girls call time out from patriotic "bundling" to knit their socks. The average college girl, however, vetoed the knee length type now on the market. Only 6 per cent wore them. Twenty-six per cent rate the rubber bot functional and sensible for rainy campuses.

Diekeys are definitely "in," but big hats collect dust on closet shelves. Bandanas, beanies, hods, baseball skullies, calots, stocking caps, pill boxes, baby bonnets, berets and ear muffs are "in the know," C. B. I. agents reported.

They noted, in addition, that southern lassés are all for the off-feminate formal, while eastern and north western college gals rate the dinner gown and evening skirt-sweater combine, "super duper."

The Shelf Behind The Door

Interesting things came to light as we cleaned this week (as when do they not!) There's a nasty rumor around for instance that Stella said no to Jonathan because . . . well because . . . but anyway she gave the Swift gentleman the go-by. (Even we have to draw the line somewhere about what we can print and get away with!) Take Sara Henry for instance, that's always safe, Sara's the little gal who came off with five boxes of Valentine Candy! An unsuspected glamour girl in our midst — bet even Betty Corden couldn't beat that record. And in the opposite extreme we heard Mary Tenille casually drop a remark about having competition — and from a woman of forty. Wow! "Happy" Sink left yesterday for Rutgers, so excited she could hardly see straight. Is he the steel-eyed brunette hanging on the wall, Happy? The one you're so "Platonic" about?

Seville is planning a big week-end for herself — and with Stoney's man — it seems that Boots will be in Statesville and maybe Pat too. The "sargent" doesn't seem worried though — maybe this is one of those ideal friendships you hear about.

Wonder why the Presbyterian girls are so anxious to go to church on Sundays now? Couldn't be anything to do with the handsome Dr. Mauze who's a recent fixture there, could it?

What's happened to that Crow-Campbell romance we've heard so much about a few weeks back. And while we're on the subject of faculty — there are plenty of people who'll be glad to see Mr. Holder back at Salem permanently. We saw him in the dining room Sunday.

Normie, did you run into a door or what?

Bobbie seemed a little disappointed in her blind date. She'd been told she had a wolf — and he didn't even hold her hand — and after getting all ready for a struggle too!

Traynham gets our vote for the most rabid Spivak fan on campus. She and her pals parked herself down at the show for four hours. And Bralower's ambition is to take over the show, band and all. Band-leader Bralower — how's that for billing.

NOTICE

A black velvet evening wrap with a bunny fur hood, belonging to Frances Crowell has been misplaced. Frances has the one that was gotten by mistake. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of the evening wrap, please see Frances Crowell, Alice Clewell, Room 331.

RADIO PROGRAM

Saturday

- 2:00 P. M. — NBC Metropolitan Opera Company presents Aida.
- 5:00 P. M. — CBS Symphonic Concert.
- 9:00 P. M. — Hit Parade.
- 9:30 P. M. — NBC Symphony Orchestra.

Sunday

- 3:00 P. M. — CBS New York Philharmonic Concert.
- 3:15 P. M. — H. V. Kaltenborn.
- 4:30 P. M. — CBS, The Pause That Refreshes, Albert Spaulding.
- 5:00 P. M. — CBS, Family Hour, Gladys Swarthout, Deems Taylor.
- 9:00 P. M. — CBS, Ford Sunday Evening Hour, Eugene Normandy.
- 10:00 P. M. — CBS, Take It Or Leave It.

Husband: Darling, this steak tastes like burnt leather.
Wife: My, what strang things you've eaten in your life!

Watch for the Little Red Man.

Poet's Corner

SANCTUARY IN THE MODERN MANNER

Allegro
(Flippantly to you . . .)

I have my back against the wall
that's true,
And life perhaps is more than I had
thought
To fight, a foe that days and hours
renew,
Displays his skill with tricks I've
not been taught.
He doesn't know, of course, that if
I won,
It's easy terms I'd make and be
content,
(I want so little — and so much!)
but none
He couldn't grant with ease and
small repent.
Yet we shall go on fighting, he and
I,
Honor's involved and he will not be
beat;
I for my own poor will and private
lie
Find somehow strength to fight —
but if retreat
Seem more in order at my back a
breath
Of cool dark air consoles — there's
always death.

WHY?

Ring out the glad tidings! Ring them out! Let every bell peal on this glorious day, February 20, 1942. Whistles shrilled mighty blasts. Horns honked. Trolley cars trolleyed down the tracks. In unison buildings bowed their approval. Everyone was ushering in this long-expected day.

Midst this pleased environment throngs lined the streets. Salem College suspended classes to celebrate the occasion. For once the entire student body was experiencing 100% co-operation.

People, exchanging quick glances, began muttering all sorts of unanswerable questions. "What is this unique sight that everybody's anticipatin'! Why is everybody gaping at the passing spectacle?"

Everyone knew the Salem College orchestra, after two minutes of consultation had agreed to play for the event. It seemed to be as anxious as the rest.

The musicians, clad in their gym suits, added the "Joseph coat" effect to the scene. This greatly enhanced the beauty of the gaudy festival.

Next in the procession appeared the most joyful of all creatures the students of Salem. When the band swung out "Flat Foot Floogie" the Salemites trucked up and down 4th Street shouting: "I gan ya a ham bone las' week." They felt the freedom of convicts whose chains had been unclamped . . . A terrific burden had been lifted from their chests.

A flag-bedecked hearse, distinguished by a screaming siren, followed the students. The driver, zig-zagging from side to side, sped thru the streets. On each side of the vehicle this sign was plastered: PUBLIC MENACE WITHIN. GRAB YOUR NEIGHBOR AND JOIN THE FUN.

Everyone along the way was tripping the light fantastic. There was laughter mirth, and glee. Weeping, gloom, and melancholy did not prevail here.

But WHY??? Just this — it was February 20 — Katherine Manning was dead.

The glossy ibis, never before noted north of Florida, was found this season at Orton Lake, North Carolina.

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