

**THE MAN**

(Continued From Page One)  
took him to the library and his first act, after complaining because neither of his two books was on display, was to swipe a quarter from Patricia Woltz — and he swore he didn't give it back!

He's the most enthusiastic man we ever met. He wanted to see everything and to know all about everything. He was amazed at the size of the big sycamore down in the Dell, and wanted to know if there were any larger trees in the state. We had him convinced, until Casserole put in her two cents. "Why," exclaimed Miss Casserole, "Indian Oak near Windsor is twice that big." The question was settled.

Mr. Cousins said that he could appreciate our old buildings and antiques, because his mother is an interior decorator. He had a wonderful time looking at the old text books in Main Hall's reception room.

One of his main interests seems to be the organ. We were walking toward the grave yard when we heard the peal of an organ from Memorial Hall. Then suddenly, we noticed that our guest was no longer with us. When we turned around, we found him being lured toward the side door of the auditorium. By the time we got inside, Mr. Cousins was leaning over the organist's shoulder punching buttons. She gently gave way, and Mr. Cousins assumed the helm for some real barbershop harmony — from "The Sidewalks of New York" to "Hungarian Dance No. 2" — and he wasn't bad at all!

Finally, we dragged him away from the organ and up to the cemetery; he talked, however, about organs the whole way; so we surrendered and took him to peer at the old organ between Main Hall and the Church. He was intrigued; but we couldn't find out what made the thing tick, and it was time for him to go back to the hotel anyway. The last of the organ episode was that Mr. Snavelly planned to send the old organ instead of a regular lecture fee.

After the lecture, Mr. Cousins piled in a car, and headed for the station to catch his train. He had in his pocket seven cents — Nothing more! (Maybe he bought cigarettes with the rest of the library quarter.) Everyone was quite concerned — except Mr. Cousins — for there were only ten minutes before train time and with only seven cents — well, finally, a fortune was amassed — just big enough to buy a ticket and to tip the porter. Mr. Cousins was having a wonderful time.

Norman Cousins is handsome, entertaining, and stimulating. Once you've met him, you feel that you have known him always. Incidentally, he's married and has a three-months old son.

By Frances Yelverton

**JOHNSIE BASON**

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modern numbers, "Could I forget?" by Chretien; "Jeune fillette" by Dalayrac; "To a Young Gentleman" by Carpenter, and "Shepherd! thy demeanour vary" by Brown. These numbers were characterized by charming interpretation and contrasts. Johnsie displayed her lyric voice to excellent advantage, and made an equally lovely and attractive appearance.

Assisting on the program was Elizabeth Johnston, junior piano major from Winston-Salem. For her first group Elizabeth played the Chopin "Impromptu in F sharp major, Op. 36." She displayed a lovely tone quality, and performed with ease and poise. Her second group opened with the quiet but difficult "Intermezzo, Op. 117, No. 1," by Brahms. The lovely inner melody was emphasized with due clarity and with skill, the quiet mood maintained throughout. The last number of the group was the colorful and modernistic "Etude in C minor, Op. 2, No. 4" by Prokofiev, which was enthusiastically received by the audience.

Miss Laura Emily Pitts provided excellent accompaniments and did an exceptionally good job in transposing two of the numbers.

The recital was a fitting climax to this year's graduation events, and it is with expectancy that we await another season with next year's artists!

**ARE YOU HOARDING SUGAR, LADY?**

Mary L. Glidewell  
About this sugar rationing — the most graphic thing I could say about it, I guess, is that one certainly meets the most unusual people.

For instance, there was Princess Rose Jane C—. The Princess, before she had finished registering, had given me that inside glimpse into her private life, which I am sure few people have enjoyed. It seems that Winston-Salem en toto knows her. She can charge things at Montgomery Ward and at Sears-Roebuck. Besides these interesting little tidbits, I dragged from her the fact that she has paid for two cars. She found my pen to be one of the worst she had ever used, swore she did not have grey hair, and told me that she "knew damn well her eyes were green."

Well, as one may see, the Princess was quite a character — but she couldn't touch Early J—. Early called me "Gillie," and made me want to educate the masses. After signing his name laboriously, he announced in proud tones that "he never went to no school; he just picked up writing." When he left he took my heart with him — and I ain't just kiddin'. Early was sweet.

Moses Lewis had a wife with brown eyes and black hair. "she was dark complected and had two pounds of sugar." Moses 'lowed as how he couldn't read; and when I read him the criminal code, his sole remark was, "Lawd God, Lady, I got six pounds."

I could delve into many case histories such as Minnie Bright who was 4'5" and had a son who was "reeel" tall — about 5'; but why deny it — certainly the most interesting episode of all was that tall blond child named Bill. When I had questioned him in the regular manner and found that he was 6'2", weighed 185 pounds, and had blue eyes; I asked him right proper like if he had any sugar. I guess some people must regard sugar in a different light from that of the government . . . his answer was: "Honey just what do you think?"

**ANNUAL CLOTHING EXHIBIT**

The annual clothing exhibit was held Thursday afternoon at five o'clock in the old chapel. Honorable mention should be given to all of these manequins as they not only made the dresses but also modeled them. Among the first year students who made a smock, a silk dress, and an evening dress were: Margie Moore, Becky Nifong, Barbara Humbert, Yvonne Phelps, Josephine Gerson, Fran Goodwin, Patricia Woltz, Marilyn Strelow, Adele Chase, Edith Walker, Molly Roseman, Harriett Ritter, Kathleen Phillips, Alyce Stevens, and Betty Black. Fran Goodwin's yellow street dress made a striking background for her hair; and Marilyn Strelow's tan gave her cunning dress the final touch to a smart outfit.

The third year students which included: Sara Bowen, Ethel Stevens, Goldie Lefkowitz, Flora Avera, and Marguerite Bettinger designed a suit or coat, and an evening dress. We see our future dress designers in these girls.

**PICNICS HERE AND THERE**

The fireplace on the hill served as the scene for the Latin Club's picnic this year instead of the usual trip to the Yadkin River. The members and two sponsors, Dr. Smith and Miss Hixson, met at five o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, May 13. Refreshments were furnished by the members and traditional "Porei in Vestibus" (Pigs in Blankets) were served.

Members of the Home Economics Club accompanied by Mrs. Meising, Miss Crow, and Mrs. Ball climbed into a truck for a hayride to the Yadkin River on Friday afternoon at five o'clock. The club held a picnic at the farm of Mrs. Meinung's sister, Mrs. Griffith. Club members were warned to look out for the swan on the farm, "Oakmere," near the river. An outstanding item on the menu was ham.

**COMPOSITION PRIMER**

(Continued On Page Four)  
music suited the words, which described a forlorn little girl who — alas — is neglected by her Pierrot. Agnes Mae Johnson played three piano compositions, entitled "Mystery," "Reverie," and "Spanish Dance." The dance was outstanding for its rollicking and carefree rhythm. "Mystery" was especially interesting to ye olde critic because she happened to possess some inside information about the piece. Said composition was inspired by the mournful drip, drip, drip of Agnes Mae's shower on a dark and silent night. Ah me, the powers of music! It soothes the savage breast and even glorifies the prosaic drip of a shower bath!

Johnsie Bason contributed a "March Caprice" which was played by Agnes Mae on the Piano. The piece, as its title suggests, was a cheerful parody, unlike the usual thundering military marches. Johnsie's presentation of her song, "A Young Mystic" was excellent.

Alice Purcell's compositions were outstanding. Her "Capriccio" for violin, performed by Elizabeth Swinson, was a delightful piece with an interesting accompaniment. "Al-Purse" played two piano compositions, "At the Fair" and "May Frolics," which were vigorous, strongly rhythmic numbers that soon had the audience enjoying vicariously the pleasures suggested by the titles. The listeners were quite pleased with Alice's work, calling her back for well-deserved extra applause.

Margaret Vardell's work was fascinating. Her first piece was for the organ and was entitled "Caravan." And a beautiful job she did of conjuring up visions of burdened camels plodding along a desert at sundown. One could almost hear the dusty sand slipping between the cloven hooves of the weary beasts. (Here's hoping camels have cloven hooves!). Margaret's voice composition, "Mountain Snow Fall" was sung by Annie Hyman Bunn. The accompaniment and melody both united to give a good representation of the thoughts in man's heart in

**THE LECTURE**

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two entirely different interpretations of the news. Mr. Cousins had two newspapers which were printed on the same day to illustrate his point.

Mr. Cousins pointed out that fifth columnists use propaganda as one of their most powerful weapons. They try to make the public feel that the enemy is without and within, that nothing can be done to check the enemy activity. It happened in Norway and in France . . . it can happen here. Hitler began by organizing a third of the people, for he realized that a well organized minority was stronger than a disorganized majority. Mr. Cousins said that this same sort of thing is being done in America today by Joe McWilliams who promises to protect the industrialists from the labor unions, demands that labor unite, to withstand industrialists . . . and offers to protect the middle class from them both.

To close his talk, Mr. Cousins repeated some of the answers that Hoboken children gave to identification questions:

"Hitler is a point in a polo game."  
"Blitzkrieg is the President's favorite horse."

"Mussolini is the name of a Chicago gangster."

"Propaganda is the name of the eldest member of a family of geese."

"Stalin is something you want people to think you're doing when you ain't doing nothing at all."

All in all, Norman Cousins was a most entertaining speaker and a pleasant personality to end our lecture series for this year.

**WINGS?**

(Continued From Page One)  
. . . if there is fire in your blood but butterflies in your stomach, we expect you to become plane spotters and ground crews. For your interest and so that you may take an active part in home defense, we offer you for the year of 1942-'43 a course in flying. All it needs now is your approval . . . Do you want wings?

the face of winter's cold. Since the song was in the modern idiom, there was no danger of its becoming sentimental, a danger which a less skillful composer might have encountered in treating the same theme. Margaret's piano composition was an extremely modernistic piece entitled "The Parrot" filled with sophisticated dissonances and delightful surprises and revealing Margaret's incomparable sense of humor.

The recital showed what could be done with an idea and a few sheets of music paper. (Of course, those girls would tell you there's more involved than that, however). It was a soul-satisfying occasion.

And now it is with reluctant steps and slow that my thoughts come down from the realms of beauty in music to plod once more the sordid path of term papers. Ah me! Those charming little note-cards!

**RETROSPECT**

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forget Reece? induction service? white dresses? tears? These are the memories merged in a kaleidoscope among our private ones: what he wrote, the crack she made. When this year had become, an instant in memory's quick shuffle, these are the things that will bring it back to us . . . vivid, real . . . treasures to have and to hold. And now, on to new memories and new growth . . . having known the best, the finest.

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