

Women of the Week

BARBARA WEIR

There she is! Coming out of Park Hall — the small girl with the lilt in her step. Hear that laugh; it fairly rings. By the way, let me introduce her to you . . . Meet Barbara Weir.

Doesn't she fascinate you? To begin with, science is about the most important thing in her life; so naturally you've already guessed that she's a science major. But don't think that she sticks strictly to scientific subjects! At math she's a whiz — and; and in spite of all her regular work, this junior Winston-Salemite takes time out for an extra mechanical drawing course.

You'll notice when you talk to her how easy the conversation goes. That's due to Barbara's versatility. The young lady has quite a varied extra-curricular life. You'll find her at home with either a badminton racket or a hockey stick. She loves to swim and is plenty good at bowling.

Her friends can tell you she's a v. k., and to prove it, they elected her to hold Junior Class money bag. Do you remember her singing Christmas carols with the German Club? Few people know her musical ability, but Barbara has a wonderful way of making the piano respond to her touch. She might easily have been a music major; then look what the science department would have missed.

To look at her, she is just an ordinary girl; but to know her, she is not "just an ordinary" personality. Those grey-blue eyes will intrigue you. Watch them sparkle with enthusiasm and honest-to-goodness sincerity when she talks.

Deep down in the bottom of her heart, Barbara has the desire to some day be a research chemist. And so help me, this day student can do it. You can say "I knew her when."

The next time you see her, she'll speak to you, and you'll be acquainted with a girl you'll never forget.

BETSY STAFFORD

Remember the entertaining news reporter who held your attention with her witty remarks in "The Little Prison?" . . . the one who modestly thanked you when you complimented her on her splendid performance? Yes . . . that was Betsy.

Although she enters wholeheartedly into other activities, Betsy is a business student who takes her work seriously. But she made modestly confessed that she's much more at home when she writing or playing her piano favorite. We, of Clewell, can vouch for her musical ability, for any night we hear raucous voices from Sister's House way, accompanied by Betsy at the tiny organ, screeching "Flat Foot Floogie."

And her human interest stories entrance us all. Cept only once in a long while, someone, other than Jean Hodge, the roommate, gets an opportunity to listen to that clear, soothing, speaking voice weave a tale round some actual experience.

No matter what her interest, when others are concerned with anything, Betsy considers herself last. A person to whom we can always confide our innermost secrets, she is ever ready and eager to help. Or if we ever happen to feel disheartened with life in general, her remarkable sense of humor boosts our spirits. So if you don't know her, go over sometimes; we've stamped our O.K.; and, like Pertelote, we've learned from experience.

Martha's Musings

Well, all we've got to say is the men's colleges certainly are making hay while the sun shines what with State having a dance every week-end, Wake Forest, Citadel, and Davidson. By the way, this week-end's dance at Davidson makes just about the ninth "last dance for the duration."

Off to that will be NORMIE, CAROLYN, GRETA, FARMER, BRANTLEY, EDITH, LONGEST, MOTT and KHACKY L. P. S. Normie will represent Salem, and Sutt, in the 4-F figure—well, Scabard and Blade figure, anyway.

Golly, the army must be raising the monthly salaries these days—what with Bobby calling MAC five dollars' worth in one night.

Can you blame PEGGY WITHERINGTON for being disappointed when she didn't see the Lt. at the O'Neal's. But, Peggy, you must remember, rules are rules.

We asked HELEN ROBBINS why Cohen calls so much and found it was "just to talk." Now if it were love, we could understand this patronizing the Bell Telephone Co.—but—just to talk!

They have asked LIB GRIFFIN and BIDDY CRESS to please pay their enrollment fee at State—it is only fair.

Have you heard that Gene doesn't believe in 3c letters? No sir! Nothing less than a special delivery air mail for SUZANNE!

We want to welcome PEGGY BURNETT who is a member of the W. A. V. C. to the campus this week-end.

Isn't ANNE HOBSON looking well? — only one example of Madame Kemp Kelly's butchering — I mean barbering. There were ten others.

Ah, spring (it don't mean a thing to us) but you perhaps noticed SIS and Jack, JOYCE and Andre, SEVILLE and Ed, JULIA and Breck, PEGGY and Phil, COOTIE and George, and could we forget FRAN and Bob?

And there was "Ace," up to see DOUTHIT. Watch out for these "Aces" (Vergil) — they're dangerous. If you don't believe me ask your big sister.

CEIL could not have been happier than she was this past week-end when she finally made that much talk-of trip to "Philly." And, of course, experiences during the trip hit a new high.

And Martha's gonna' hit a new low if she doesn't stop this rambling and slamming. See you people.

—Martha.

DON'T SQUELCH THAT TAPEWORM

There's nothing like spring — even the slightest tinge of it — to give that certain lift — even without the tonic. It must have been the first warm day that gave us the dreadful urge. How I wish we'd never gotten the idea of coming out beautiful with the trees, but we did. We sat around and tore ourselves apart. The immediate decision was that something had to be done. The ultimate decision was that a complete job of stream-lining was to be brought about by the drastic means of starvation and back-breaking exercise.

The agony was on. Early mornings weren't bad because we didn't even mind mincing lightly over breakfast. During Chapel there was a loud rumbling that was definitely not intended as accompaniment for the speaker. By 12:10 we were not only miserable but embarrassed. At lunch it was a matter of literally tearing ourselves away from the eclairs. Up town we trotted in hope of disconcerting our animal cravings. It didn't work. We found ourselves pacing mournfully up and down before the bakery. We dashed madly towards supper like starving wolves only to weep bitter tears over the chocolate pie. Every night we ruined the effects of our bath by actually scrubbing the floor with our weary bones. We had difficulty with the steps the next morning.

Was it worth it? The scales said no. Our friends politely said nothing and our enemies — We were happy. We were going to eat again. Phooey on diets. We said it and suddenly we spied a calendar. It was the first day of Lent, and we should give up something—being nice to the roommate, stomping over Miss Byrd after 11:30, cigarettes — life couldn't go on without these. We're on again and this time it's a matter of conscience. Let's hope it's not it which loses.

PARODY ON PARAGONS

Blue Monday! We struggle into our 11:15 English Literature class hoping to have the monotony of our schedule broken by some of those "intelligent" Eng. Lit. scholars—could it be the front row? After fifteen minutes of explanation by the Professor, we launched into a discussion of the Seven Deadly Sins as pictured in the Faeri Queene. Endeavoring to aid her poor scholars, the Prof. suggested that we remember these sins by the word "pewlagns." Then out of clear sky she innocently inquired if any one felt that she had one, at least of these-er- "vices."

It was still as a pin; then suddenly the second chair occupant said "No."

Still nobody spoke; so, stifling her laughter with difficulty, the Prof. answered, "No, . . . then I'm afraid you've missed much, Miss J. . ."

One morning while Professor was explaining Wordsworth's philosophy a little difficulty arose in the matter of drawing circles (no doubt those Juniors and Seniors who have passed Eng. Lit. are well acquainted with that "sea of eternity" and "brief span of life"). Standing at the board was the Professor, quite unnaturally flustered. "I just can't seem to draw a circle, I've never been able to!"

Then the seventh chair on that front row—Miss H—, offered a brilliant solution. "Why anyone can draw circles nicely with a piece of string held in the middle with one hand, and the circle drawn with the chalk tied on the other end."

"Oh, nice, Miss H—! Suppose you draw our circles for us for the next few classes."

But, alas! Monday came, and Miss H— had no string; Wednesday she had none. And to this day our circles are lopsided.

But occasionally the people be-

ANY DAY THIS WEEK

The day began with a dreary drizzle, and as we stumbled through the half-light to breakfast, we wished the bottom would fall out, and it would really rain. There was something so completely miserable about the half-hearted effort of nature today. The tiny new grass shoots were drowning in the soggi-ness, and the Spring we had hailed just two days ago seemed lost forever. The willow sagged and sighed uncomfortably through the gray-dim fog, and six-week tests loomed again. There wasn't enough light in the smoke room — too smokey in there, and the cigarettes tasted foul. We went to classes in a condescending way, and begrudged the professors a third of our poor, over-worked minds. There was no butter for lunch, and the news from the war-front was disheartening. We complained. We thought and talked of ourselves as "the" lost generation. We let the chill of the rain seep into our very being, and became steeped in nostalgia. We were restless — the library was far too dull — we went to walk.

We found a new place — a tiny rustic bridge over a swollen stream. It was quiet except for the slow drip, drip from the bare wet branches, and we were very unhappy. We forgot today and tried to look ahead into a dark tomorrow. Then the sun came out — funny, that it should just then. Slowly, unwillingly the world began to dry out — the dripping stopped. A bird, somewhere, dared to sing. The beams piercing themselves through the fog made miniature spotlights for the gay dances of the insects. We laughed. We talked of the new spring shoes we couldn't buy. We found a flower. We took off our kerchiefs and coats. We started back to school, and as we walked we sang. "Bill, Bill, Bill, why did you lie?" in raucous voices.

Strawberries and Cream

When I first arrived at college, I proudly considered myself an "Invincible Louisa" determined to live my life as usual in America, and to let life "over there" take care of itself. I wanted no part of it. I had had nothing to do with the beginning of the war, and felt sure that I could do nothing to end it. Therefore, immensely pleased with myself, I made college life, enjoying the new war song hits, the cartoons and quips about the Axis, and the deeply stirring patriotic movies that were flooding the theatres. But all the while I sneered at this display of propaganda.

One day I stood in line hours in a cold-drizzling rain awaiting a bus for home, only to realize when it finally came that I must be packed in and stand up the entire way. I allowed myself a taste of revenge that day as I silently cursed the Axis. But even this was unable to disturb my convictions, and I prided myself in believing that nothing could change my attitude, since it was not my war.

However, I reckoned without the tiny old lady whom Fate placed beside me in that crowded bus. I shudder now, to think how long I might have gone on with my stupid convictions, had not that blessed old lady sat beside me throughout my trip. A lopsided piece of felt adorned with one faded rose clung perilously to her tiny gray head. A shabby spring coat did its best to hide the small mended places in the dress the woman was wearing. And yet, despite her shoddy appearance, there was such a warm glow on her wrinkled face, that I was surprised and horrified to feel my eyes filling with tears. Angrily I pulled my coat a little closer, and turned my face to the outside window trying to visualize a happy week-end at home.

Then I heard a soft humming, and turning around I realized that the tiny old lady was humming, "There's a Long Long Trail A' Winding." On seeing the astonished look on my face, she paused, and said, "I am sorry, and I do hope I haven't bothered you, but my Jim who has gone to fight always liked that tune, and he always said — but then you don't care what my

MUSICIANS PRESENT ORCHESTRA RECITAL

When the string orchestra presented its annual concert Monday night, a large enthusiastic audience turned out. The orchestra, directed by Miss Hazel Horton Read, presented an interesting and varied program.

The concert opened with the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner," arranged especially for the orchestra by the orchestration class. The orchestral numbers on the program included Geminiana's "Concerto Grosso in G minor," the familiar "Pavane," by Ravel, and Thomas Dunhill's "Hosanna." The playing indicated skill and artistry as well as excellent preparation.

Fourteen year old Barbara Ann Benson gave a brilliant performance in the playing of the first movement of Mendelssohn's "Violin Concerto in E minor." A pupil of Miss Read's for only three years, Barbara Ann shows remarkably mature interpretation and facile technique. She played the difficult concerto with exquisite tone and feeling.

Of particular interest was the "Pavane," arranged for harp, string orchestra, and piano, which opens with a lovely melody by the cello. The harp, used only in this selection, added much to the program. The modern composition, "Hosannah," contains a lilting folk tune representing the common people celebrating a religious festival and ends with various instruments chiming inspiring church bells.

Noteworthy was the excellent performance of the piano accompaniment by Laura Emily Pitts, pinch hitter for Lib Johnston, regular accompanist.

Members of the orchestra include: Elizabeth Swinson (concert master), Barbara Ann Benson, Lelia Ann Graham, Rose Ellen Bowen, Katherine Fort, Margaret Winstead, Mary Idelia Benson, Eugenia Shore, Ruby Wolfe, Laura Emily Pitts, and Hazel Newman.

The entire performance showed diligent work and talent on the part of both orchestra and director.

Jim always said."

To my amazement I realized I did care what "Jim always said," and I begged the little old lady to tell more and more. Her gnarled, work-worn hands clasped and unclasped nervously in her eagerness to talk about her son. From the light in her eyes I knew that the boy meant the world to her.

Talk and talk she did, first eagerly, then sadly about her son from his childhood until the day he entered the army. "He always said that when he got back, that we would sit down at a table of 'strawberries and cream' — just Jim and me."

With that statement she uttered a tiny sigh of deep contentment, and her mouth played around with a shy smile. She no longer seemed shabby; in fact, her entire appearance was regal. Eagerly I pressed her for more . . . "And then what happened. Do you hear from him often? Is he expecting a furlough soon? By the way, where is your son now?" I smilingly asked her.

She looked at me before answering and smiled gently.

"Where is Jimmy now?" she said. "Jimmy was killed at the battle of the Solomons, four months ago today."

I left the bus as if in a dream. Surely my hearing was faulty. That woman so brave, so courageous, talking and laughing about her son as if he were living; as if he were going to be away only a short time; as if he were on a vacation!

When I finally regained my sense, I wanted to cry and laugh, and more than that to do something really worthwhile! I had given so little! I begged and implored those in charge of War Relief to permit me to do something, anything! I haunted the Red Cross offices, I tried to buy what I thought my share of War Stamps and Bonds, knowing full well that none of this could in any way atone for the time I had lost. But "inside" I felt better. I am still earnestly striving in some way to deserve and to win my "strawberries and cream!"

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