

I Can't Wait....

(Continued from page 3)

not gray. "This red's pretty," she murmured.

Mr. Burroughs raised his eyebrows at the clerks. Carol was looking at a flame red jersey dress with splashes of flowers on it. She tried it on and tripped across the store, turning to admire herself in the shining mirrors.

"Don't you think this is more my style?" she asked me. The clerks just stood watching her with tears in their eyes. I knew they were thinking about Andy. Embarrassed, I got Carol out of the store as quickly as possible. But she had the dress in a box under her arm.

Down the street we dropped in a drugstore for a coke. "I can't wait to wear this dress," Carol said excitedly. "I'm so tired of all the old things." She pulled out a cigarette before she went on. "And I'm tired of people looking at me and feeling sorry for me. Those fools in there, in the store, they acted like I didn't have a right to buy a pretty dress! And they cry all the time!"

I wasn't sure what I should say. This was the first time Carol had talked about herself since the night she received the telegram. Finally I looked straight at her and said, "Andy was a fine boy. Everybody here loved him, and they haven't forgotten him. You must realize that."

"Of course they loved him," she said, leaning over the table. "So did I! God knows I loved him. But that's over now. He left and he's not coming back. I can't just wait all my life for him. I'd die!"

She looked suddenly exhausted. Probably the influence of the family and her town, his town, too, I thought. She leaned back and sighed, "Gad, I'm tired. I wish I never had to do anything else as long as I live".

"A night's sleep is all you need," I said. "Let's get out of here."

The rest of the week-end was fairly quiet. We talked with her family and saw a few friends and Carol didn't wear the red dress. Maybe that was just a passing fancy, I thought. Once when Dad had been sick in the hospital, Mother and I had gone out for a

big dinner and a show, a sort of celebration just to make up for how awful we felt and how scared we were.

I did not see Carol until the next week-end when Bob and Ted came up in a jeep from Camp Curry. A friend had gotten Ted a blind date with Carol. When I saw her, a queer sort of feeling came into my throat. Carol had on the red dress with the flowers splashed all over it, and there was the old glint in her eyes. It was the glint that had made Andy say, "She's got a spark of the devil in her. Look at those eyes!" Carol was out for a big time that night. There was no doubt about it.

The four of us rode out to Larry's place so that the boys could stock up on their beer. It seemed that beer was scarce at Curry. After a few bottles the boys were gay enough so that I could just sit back and listen. But Carol, I noticed, wasn't going to sit back. A cargo of energy seemed loose inside her, and she was beating out the rhythm of the music on the table. "Did you say you wanted to dance?" she asked Ted.

The two glided away from the table, Carol's head resting on Ted's shoulder. It was good to see her happy and lively again, except I kept seeing Andy. Then I hated this Ted person and I hated Carol for dancing with him.

They came back to the table arm in arm. "Let's go to ride," Carol said. "It's not every day we get to ride in a jeep." She was teasing Ted.

"O. K.," he said, and the boys moved to the door to pay the check. As Carol and I stepped out onto the terrace, I noticed her face. It was flushed from laughing and dancing, but the sadness was there again and the light was gone from her eyes. I heard her take a deep

breath as she looked into the darkness. Then she turned and stamped her foot impatiently.

"Why don't those dopes come on! I don't want to stand here all night," she said.

Ted came out and lifted Carol into the back seat while Bob and I climbed in front. We rattled down the drive and onto the highway. Because of the noise of the motor, I couldn't hear what they were saying, but once I looked around and Carol was in Ted's arms. She was looking at him with that expression which she always reserved for Andy. Then Ted kissed her.

When we reached our dormitory, Carol said goodnight and went upstairs immediately. I lingered until the boys left and then went up to Carol's room. She was standing in the closet kicking off her shoes and tearing at her clothes. Throwing a robe around her, she staggered past me. Tears were streaming down her flushed cheeks, and she fell sobbing on the bed. "Leave me alone!" she screamed.

—Mary Ellen Byrd

ENGRAVED

Invitations — Announcements
Calling Cards — Stationery
H. T. HEARN
Engraving Company
632 West Forth Street

WELFARE'S DRUG STORE
SERVING SALEM GIRLS
THIRTY-TWO YEARS

K. & W. RESTAURANT
422 N. Cherry St.
PHONE 6022
YOUR KIND OF EATING PLACE
Winston-Salem, N. C.
Close Cover Before Striking Match

SALEMITES
UP TOWN MEETING PLACE
THE ANCHOR CO.
"The Shopping Center"

KRISPY KREME
Doughnut Company
Different — Tasty — Satisfying
"The Original Greaseless Doughnut"

PICADILLY GRILL
415 W. 4th Street
The most up-to-date Restaurant
in the South
Corner 4th at Spruce

236 N. Main St.—Winston-Salem
Paschal Shoe Repair Co.
We Also Dye Shoes Any Color
"Best In Our Line"
219 W. 4th St. DIAL 4901

Seized and Uncensored

In the hustle and bustle of May Day elections and Thanksgiving holiday preparations there seems to be lots going on among Salemites. Take those numerous Rocky Mount gals for instance—Jean Griffin is taking off for home to see Ed. Thought you weren't in love with anyone Jean! And then take Nancy Barrett and Anne Critcher. They don't even have to go home, 'cause Adam and Howard are planning to head toward Salem this weekend to see them.

Over in Senior we hear that Betty Jean has a chance to go to New York this Friday to see Bobby. Sort of a surprise wasn't it B. J., but we hope everything works out so you can go.

Luanne says there's nothing like the Pacific to add glamour to the home town boys—she should know. Mary Ellen has her word to put in there too. She says there's nothing like flying, and especially when planes stop overnight in Winston-

Salem. The required house meeting in Bitting last week turned out to be quite enjoyable. It was a surprise birthday party for Jane Frazier. Happy Birthday, Jane, even if it is a little late!

Last weekend supplied its share of good times, so we hear. Julia was off to Chapel Hill as usual, and Helen had a ride home and back, the lucky gal. Margaret Williams took in the V. M. I.—Clemson game and dance, but she came back with the news that Morris Field has it all over Clemson. Marie Griffin didn't have to go anywhere, because Russ came to see her.

We hear that Adele and Julia have quite a bet in the offing — sounds interesting! And how is the "Great Profile" these days?

The officers of Home Economics Club have not reported total net profit of the Gingham Tavern held Saturday night, but they took in forty dollars, which sounds like a big success!

Efird's Dept. Store

430-432 N. TRADE ST.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

At Moderate Prices
Quality Merchandise

CAVALIER CAFETERIA

Good Food
Reasonable Prices
West Side Court House

WELCOME
SALEM STUDENTS
SPORTS' WEAR SHOP

★
THE IDEAL
MAIN FLOOR

TWIN CITY DRY CLEANING CO.

612 West Fourth St.

ARCHIE'S RADIO SERVICE

24-Hr., Reasonable Service
858 W. 4th St. Phone 2-1290

VOGLER SERVICE

Ambulance—Funeral Directors
Dependable for More Than 85 Years
DIAL 6101

Arcade
FASHION SHOP
4TH AT TRADE

PIN UP YOUR HAIR
WITH A SILVER BARETTE!
from the

THE SALEM BOOK STORE
is rapidly dwindling
SHOP NOW!

FOR FINE LINENS
AND HANDKERCHIEFS
VISIT

WILLIAM McCALL'S
ART LINEN SHOP
422 W. 4th St.

INDEED I PREFER CAMELS! SUCH DELIGHTFUL FLAVOR—AND EXTRA MILDNESS!

YES, CAMELS ARE BLENDED TO GIVE STEADY PLEASURE

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

TRUST YOUR OWN TASTE AND THROAT...

● After all, your own taste and throat are the real judges of cigarette enjoyment. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette is best for you...and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your throat and taste thoroughly.

CAMEL