

i wee beastie

i don't know why i ever started living in this art lab but now that i've stuck around here for a spell i like it a lot and my home next to the wastebasket is as comfy and as cozy as any modern mouse (this is me) could desire i am surrounded by the arts and already my friends say they see a great change in me a great leap toward culture really i never nibble at picture frames 'cause my artistic yearnings have reformed me i sleep all day and then at nite i come out and rummage around only i'm always careful of those contraptions those palettes 'cause one time i had been visiting a friend over in the cooking lab and you know how parties are especially with friends so i celebrated my new home and was so angry but when i strolled home i tripped and landed on a squashy oil paint and i had to borrow mr evett's turpentine but i still looked frightful with a pink tail and yellow ears last nite the moon was bright so i had plenty of light to study one of these abstractions (which is a piece of paper with lots of lines and all over it) and i studied and studied it was very pretty and almost looked like my favorite kind of cheese with all those holes which reminds me i'm sorta famished there's a stag party over at mr welfare's and i never refuse an invite so toodlooooo

Backstage Bits

by Peggy Davis

"Even though we look unreal on the stage, we have real problems," confided Alicia Markova lifting her net skirt and revealing a damp mesh stocking that hung limply on a muscular leg. "Keeping tights dry is most difficult."

"The greatest classic ballerina in history" flashed her beady brown eyes through false eyelashes two inches long and graciously answered the naive questions of two inquiring Salemites after the performance of the ballet ensemble Wednesday night, November 14.

Markova thinks Southern audiences are "marvelous." Because they have less ballet, they are more "appreciative." "Their appreciation is genuine," says Anton Dolin, her partner, noted dancer, and choreographer. Both enjoy work with the small ballet ensemble as they consider it the "essence." When they complete their present American tour in April, after four weeks at the Metropolitan, they will begin a South American tour and may later go to London.

Dolin, whose real name is Patrick Healy-Kay, talked incessantly as he signed autographs. He never moved the cigarette that seemed to be magnetized by his upper lip, but quipped with his bottom lip, "I don't mind signing autographs. I worry about when I won't be asked to sign." We watched his as he wrapped a small bottle in newspaper and tissue paper and finally put it into a felt drawstring bag. The precious article, we found out, was the glue which he puts in his shoes when he dances and often puts in his clothes to secure them.

Then there was Joan Engel ("that's my right name!") who lost her shoe so gracefully in the Chopin Valse that it seemed a part of the act. A short, platinum blond, she looked no older than the interviewers who asked how it happened. (She said nervously that this was only her third performance with a ballet company.) She pulled from the bottom of her trunk a bag containing fifteen pairs of toe shoes and said, "I would have to take the one pair that would come off." "Tuff," we sympathized.

As we were leaving we met Jack Gansert, a Frenchman who danced the part of Chinaman in the Nutcracker Suite. He yelled through his dressing room door, "I not only speak English, but I do laundry too."

We walked across the stage, dodging descending eyes and shouting stage hands, past open trunks full of "gaily deceiving" costumes and rows of pink satin toe shoes. These were "real people with real problems."

New Home Ec. Teachers Tell of Hobbies, Interests



Miss Hewitt

We have another tennis fan in our midst this year and you tennis fiends better watch out because I can bet that Miss Jane Hewitt, the new clothing teacher, can wield a mean racquet.

Small, brunette Miss Hewitt thinks that Salem is grand; the girls are very unusual, and nice to work with. When asked for the outstanding impression she said, "Why everybody says it, but it is true—Salem has such a friendly atmosphere."

Her list of schools is long and impressive. She graduated from Marion Junior College and Virginia Polytechnic Institute and from there went to Radford. Although she looks as if she might still be in college you can see that she has quite an education behind her.

Along with tennis her likes include semi-classic music. When she mentioned her next like I could understand why all the Salem girls like Miss Hewitt, because it was none other than the old stand-by, bridge. Of course she likes clothing because she majored in that and really knows her course.

When I asked for her dislikes, she thought for almost five minutes, and finally came out with, "Why I can't think of anything I dislike except headaches. You clothing students take heed of the maxim about not being a headache to your teachers."

If you are ever up "about" the clothing lab, drop in and see what the soft-talking Virginian Miss Hewitt thinks about a good, fast game of tennis or of bidding five no-trumps.



Miss Hedgecock

"But I don't like people who write for newspapers," was all that she would tell me in answer to a request for an interview. Finally by slipping up on her and blocking all exits I cornered Miss Elizabeth Hedgecock, the vivacious new home economics teacher.

By this time I was so overcome by such energy that I had completely forgotten all questions one should ask in a successful interview. She came to my aid by solemnly announcing two very impressive statements: "I was born. I am still living."

There is a lot I found that can be inserted between those two statements. First of all, Miss Hedgecock is a graduate of Salem College, class of '39—and she says it feels as if she were back home. She did her graduate work in dietetics at the University of Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia Hospital. As a side interest she studied law at night school—so don't try to argue with her. Now along with her work as faculty member she is writing a book about foods which she hopes to have published this spring.

When asked about her dislikes Miss Hedgecock says that she doesn't look at things with a negative attitude, so therefore her dislikes run only to such things as an aversion to penny postcards. Her lists of likes could go on for pages with her first love of Strauss waltzes leading. Next would be food—all food—"the ultimate of good living." She also likes Shelley and has a decided fondness for funny (ha ha) people. In her spare time she likes to design Christmas cards.

So there she is—Miss Elizabeth Hedgecock—probably in the middle of the practice house living room singing songs, telling jokes, and thoroughly enjoying life.

Nov. 30—8:30—Cradle Song.
Dec. 1 — Westminister Fellowship Picnic.
Dec. 2—"Messiah" at Methodist Church.

Things To Come

Nov. 26—Classes resume at eight-thirty.
Dr. J. S. Guy speaks to the Lablings at eight in Memorial Hall.
Nov. 27—6:45 French Club.
Nov. 28—6:00 Hockey Banquet.
Nov. 29—4:00 Music Hour.
8:30 Cradle Song



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Dots and Dashes... Girl Scouts Offer Careers

By Henrietta Walton, Ann Dungan, Mary Bryant.

Salem is all in a dither over the extended Thanksgiving holidays . . . the telegram from Davidsonians to Salemites—quote: "If you are living for this week-end—die. Homecoming called off because of flu." . . . Libby Peden and her Lt. Commander . . . The letters to Barbara Ward from her blind date . . . those jam sessions in Davy Jones Locker . . . Mary Turner's visit from Art . . . Marion and Carol planning a trip to Due . . .

The song writing contest . . . who will be Victory Queen??? . . . the improvement an orchestra brings to a dance . . . and a juke box to Davy Jones Locker . . . Peggy Watkins and her enthusiasm . . . winter here at last and Louise Dodson's prayers for snow . . . Mary Price's trip to Washington, D. C. . . . the anticipation of all for the treasure hunt . . . the hockey players' trip to Greensboro to clash with G. C., and Guilford . . . plans for the I. R. S. Christmas dance . . .

The spirit added by the class cheerleaders . . . Sara Coe's confinement to the library during dinner . . . Roberta's quarrel with Penn . . . the hockey champs and their smiling faces . . . Julia's "short" evening dress . . . the hard working cast of Cradle Song . . . the enjoyment derived from Miss Hewitt's classes . . . the orchids still being worn . . . the volunteer hospital (Cont. to page four)

(Editor's note: This is the first in a series of articles on careers for college women. Watch for the next one.)

by Joanne Swasey
Girl Scouting as a career—well, I never had thought much about that before. After hearing Mrs. Haley from National Headquarters tell us a little about it on Monday afternoon, I think I'll stop and look the situation over.

She said college graduates could come right into professional Scouting even though we had never been Scouts or Leaders. We can go into a job such as field secretary in a city or community headquarters directly from college or whenever we get ready to go to work.

The ability to meet people easily and the love of variety are two essentials for professional "Scouters," according to Mrs. Haley. Two days are never the same—one we may be conducting a volunteer leadership training course in the office all morning and spend the afternoon at a meeting of all the social agencies in town planning our cooperative work. Another day may find us at a Camp Council meeting discussing our plans for the coming summer's camp session and later at a troop meeting planning a more active Girl Scout Activities Program for that troop with its leaders.

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