

Shophound Shops For Week-end

by Betsy Long

Illustrated by Ione Bradshaw
Shophound felt like sprucing up for the Duke-Carolina week-end with a brand new evening dress from down stairs at Montaldo's. It's black moussline de soie, no sleeves, tight bodice, and where the voluminous skirt starts to flare at the hips, there is a wide band of yellow ribbon with a black bead design on it. Same floor, same store: another evening frock of pale, pale blue taffeta with a folded pepum in the front. It's sleeveless, too, but has wide straps and V-neck line.



Have you been wearing the same evening wrap for years? S. H. went to Teague's and picked out two handsome ones. One is red, the other is black. Both have black velvet buttons, are long, and the black one has a hood.

For that "new" experience, you need a new hair-do. "Jack" at the Anchor, (he's upstairs), will more than satisfy you with the latest coiffure styles, straight from Antoinette. If the new hair calls for something to

hold it up or keep it down, some very artistic evening combs are down stairs in the same store. Some are fancy, some plain, according to what you crave for the evening.

For the evening bag and gloves you'll need, Shophound suggests you try the Ideal. Gloves are nice and long, and in all colors. There are some beautiful bags in black, white, gold and silver.

Over at Sosnik's perfume counter, Matchabelli and Schiaparelli have their brands in the popular "Duchess of York" and "Shocking." The bottles are attractive and in all sizes. You will be delicious all evening!

Let's see—oh! The evening handkerchief! William McCall has just the one—a lacy thing, which is very beautiful and delicate.

'Bye for now! Have a good time!

Dots and Dashes

(Continued from page 3)

workers and their new arm bands
Jean Griffin's short visit from Beau Stack . . . Snookie, Molly, and Mary Jane with handsome dates . . . Hallie and Peggy with their brothers from Davidson . . . Marilyn Watson's Thanksgiving house-party . . . the false alarms concerning Alice Chile's baby brother . . .

Barbara Folger's visit from the preacher . . . the dreamy eyes of the students returning from the Episcopal Tea at the home of Mrs. R. J. Reynolds . . . and the proud beam in Luke's eyes when she heard that Mrs. Reynolds complimented her hat (worn by Snyder) . . . Doris Little and her plate of peas . . . Mary Jane Snaveley's "out of this world" date at the dance . . . packed bags waiting for Wednesday to come . . . Happy Thanksgiving!!

Miss Lewis Hates Teaching

by Margaret Fisher

The short, energetic lady strode across the room with her hand outstretched—Miss Nell Battle Lewis. Her short, waved white hair fell over one side of her forehead, and her quick, inquisitive eyes shone as she smiled.

Miss Lewis graduated from Smith College and until recently has taught at St. Mary's. She remarked on the increased freedom in the life of the college girl today. As a whole, the increased freedom of college girls is good, in her opinion. Too much freedom, however, she thinks is not advisable. "When I was in school I could not see that," she said. "My girl-hood was very much undisciplined." With a note of experience in her oratorical voice she commented, "College should prepare a girl for life, and life is a school with its own restrictions."

As one of her most interesting law cases, Miss Lewis told of her defense of sixteen young girls from Samarand, State Reform School. "These girls had set fire to two buildings and were charged with arson—a capital offense. That's our 'civilized' state!" she exclaimed. Modestly she stated that it was simple to change the charge to "attempt to burn property" and limit the sentence to a one-to-five-year period. Then she continued with several observations on the case. "If I had been more experienced then I should have had all the girls examined as mental cases. This case was an education in the undercurrents of society of which we are usually unaware. All these girls were mental cases affected by their backgrounds and environments," she added with a thoughtful, earnest expression.

At present Miss Lewis writes a column for the Raleigh News and Observer. She has made this a column of comments on every subject. "My chief aim is to express an honest person's opinion—or one who tries to be honest," she adds.

Miss Lewis has also written a book on the teachings of Jesus, with comments on his prayers, parables, and the Sermon on the Mount. She is now working on a book of all the teachings of Jesus and comments for the general reader. "People want a spiritual anchor. Religion has become clouded with formalities of the churches. War has accentuated spiritual hunger and people have found that materialism is not the answer." She explained

Dance Vignettes

by Peggy Davis and Martha Boatwright

Mid flash bulbs, tripods, films, and double exposures, we managed to get a camera-eye view of Salem's first post-war dance.

Definitely in focus were Barbara and Harvey, Lou and Harry, Jane and Mac, Sophia and Bill, Polly and Harry's Friend, and Meredith and Henry Welfare.

Mr. Goodrich arrived early and so did Martha Walton. From the balcony where he sat with eight or ten couples (maybe it was Mart and George, or Alice and Jimmy, or Mae and Don), he got the prize shot of the evening. Entranced by the orchestra, Martha stared at them so intently that her tangle got footed in the light cord and she fell flat on her face with derriere levee.

Bill Hackney and Carol Gregory were coming down the receiving line just as Mr. G. got a formal shot. Dr. Rondthaler grasped Bill's hand, and quipped sternly, "William, where's Bill?" The amazed look on Bill's face dominated the picture.

And perhaps one of the most amazed faces photographed was Little Bunny's when she tapped the shoulder of a tall sailor and found that it wasn't Thornton Hood; it wasn't even anyone she knew.

The dim lights (weren't they wonderful?) made it hard for our ubiquitous photographer—Avis Weaver, too. You see, she couldn't—she didn't wear her glasses. To make a short story longer, she looked the floor over, but couldn't find her date.

Lying on his back, the prostrate photographer got a super shot of Lois Wooten when the Moment of Realization came: the music had stopped and quite casually she locked hands with her partner and looked up to shoot the usual line. Her jaw and hand dropped. Her partner was Mr. Evett.

For Salem's contribution to Vogue mag, Ray snapped Miss Julia in her latest—good advance publicity for the ballet ensemble.

"Brother" West and his harem posed for a crowded close-up.

Against the backdrop of stardust and moonbeams, the white orchids of Jane Jeter and Mary Patience made a striking picture.

One so striking that Mr. Goodrich and his helpers packed up and went home.

that even in school the Bible courses always interested her most.

Miss Lewis is no longer teaching. "I enjoy knowing the students and working with them, but I hate the. And emphatically she declared, "I had rather plow a huge field any day, than go through that routine."

A Warning To School Teachers

(Editor's note: Mary Lou Langhorne, '45, sent this letter which she clipped from the Texas Outlook—says it expresses her sentiments exactly. She's teaching in a primary grade—had no idea she's ever stand in front of a class room until school opened this fall. Next issue we'll present the other side of the picture.)

Dear Superintendent:

"I appreciate your kind offer of a job for my girl. She had her heart set on being a schoolteacher, but I talked her out of it. Teaching school is too much like being a preacher's wife. It's a high call-in', but people expect you to give more'n they pay for.

"You take the teachers here in town. The only difference in them and Christian martyrs is the date and lack of bonfire. They were hired to teach and they do it. They teach the younguns that learn and entertain the ones that fall on their heads when they were little but that ain't enough. They are supposed to make obedient little angels out of spoiled brats that never minded nobody, and wet nurse little wildcats, so their mothers can get a rest, and make geniuses out o' children that couldn't have no sense with the parents they've got.

"But that ain't the worst. They've got to get up shows and plays to work the school out of debt, and sing in the choir, and teach a Sunday school class, and when they ain't doing nothing else they're supposed to be a good ex-

ample. "They don't get no pay for three months, and can't pay their board or buy decent clothes, and on top of everything else they can't hold hands comin' home from prayer meetin' without some gossipy old sister startin' a scandal on them.

"I'd just as soon be a plow mule. A mule works just as hard, but it can relieve its soul by kickin' up its heels after quittin' time without startin' any talk. I appreciate your kind offer and may the Lord have mercy on you, but my daughter is not interested.

Yours very truly,
Mary's Mother.

Bonds Buy Mercy Ship

by Virtie Stroup

And why must we buy bonds and stamps in this Victory Loan Drive? Let us take you behind the scenes and show you why it takes \$6,000,000 to convert a liner into the S. S. Republic, an army hospital ship.

The S. S. Republic is the second largest hospital ship and embodied within it are the most modern improvements which make it comparable to the finest of land-based hospitals. This vessel is equipped to carry a total of 1271 patients, 49 medical officers, 57 nurses, 237 medical attendants, and 281 civilian

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GIFT GESTURES FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Salem plates in lovely new design and colors; the sweet-scented loveliness of a Mary Chess Sachet; the fun of a Gay Nineties Cook Book with its dashing moustachio book mark; exquisite ceramic costume jewelry . . .

A roomy tobacco pouch, a good briar pipe, handsome leather billfolds, cigarette boxes and cases, a warm wool scarf or lap-robe for the games, or an imported wool bathrobe . . .

Real Moravian Christmas Cakes, beaten biscuits, Winkler Tea Cakes, Pecan Fingers, homemade jellies in most luscious assortments . . .

The "Treasure Aisles" are overflowing with Christmas Gifts for all at

ARDEN FARM STORE

Across the square from SALEM COLLEGE

SALEMITES GO TO

WELFARE'S FOR

SANITARY FOOD

Ham or Egg Sandwiches, Devilled or Plain AND the Best and Biggest Milk Shakes in Winston-Salem

Registered Pharmacist

GOOCH'S

"THE STORE ON THE CORNER"

Come over to see our Menu—

We have everything that's good to eat for that "IN BETWEEN SNACK"

Some of our specials are:

Cream Cheese & Olive on Nut Bread, Ham-Bunn, Hot Fudge Sundae on toasted Pound-Cake, Walnut Fudge Tarts, Frozen Pineapple Juice

All Kinds of Salads, Soups, Sandwiches and Fountain Drinks

"Ben" and Kathyne Roberts
Proprietors

Now that the boys are coming back, this holiday should be terrific! Especially for the smart gal who wears a twinkle in her eye and yummy clothes from

SOSNIK'S

O'HANLON'S DRUG STORE



AT THE BUS STOP