

Secrets And Systems Stack Salem Library

It all started when cigarettes went up to nineteen cents a pack—I found myself working in the library. Let me hasten to explain that working in the library does not consist of sitting behind the desk and reading popular fiction.

Those signs, "Please do not shelve books," do not apply to me. It's all squat, all stoop, all squint while I put the books in their proper places. There are also numerous systems to master and many records to keep, the workings of which, I feel are my duty to pass on to the unsuspecting public. For instance, those colored clips on each card Mean Something: the color is a quick indicator to tell what day a particular book is due. In my estimation, the color for each day has a significance. What could be more appropriate than blue for Monday? Toward the end of the week "things" are looking rosy; Friday's color is pink. The librarians must want to keep tabs on the envious, unhappy people who spend week-ends on campus; Saturday's color is green. Those somber black signals, for such are those little colored tags called, show that the faculty have overdue books!

Taking Stock

Have you ever been peacefully studying in the library and noticed a librarian "casing the joint"—eyeing every member in the room? This process, "taking the count" occurs every hour on the half hour. In this way, the number of people that use the library is recorded. This number, eager beavers, is far too low. If you want the faculty to think you are applying yourselves this year, get out of the smokehouses and write your letters in the library. If you want to be sure not to miss your friends come to the library during the "peak" hours: eleven-fifteen, three, and eight.

Reader's Choice

The circulation of books is another record, accurately, meticulously kept. The librarians know exactly how many books on Fine Arts, the Social Sciences, Biography, and the classifications of the Dewey Decimal system are taken out of the library in a day. Without the power of a prophet, I can tell that parallel for philosophy has been assigned; a total of twenty-nine philosophy books went out in two days last week. Last Tuesday, there was one Salemite interested in Useful Art; one such book went into circulation. Freshmen book reports must be nearly due; twelve fiction books went out earlier this week.

The library has a card for every student on which is recorded the title of every book she takes out. You can tell a man by the company he keeps. You can tell a Salemite by her card the library keeps.

Upstairs, Downstairs

In addition to supplying the smokehouses with cigarettes, (I haven't time to smoke the cigarettes myself!) I have lost several pounds running from floor one to floor four finding uncounted people, and displaced books, and, contrary to all previous experiences, have been the fly in the ointment of these smooth-running systems.

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Taylor Floats In Salty Lake

by Carolyn Taylor

If the reader will think back two issues of the Salemite, she will remember that I was last seen lost in the Rocky Mountains, somewhere near Colorado Springs.

From Colorado Springs, we traveled through the Royal Gorge, on our way to Salt Lake City, Utah. I can't say I saw much of the Royal Gorge as it was misting rain and all I could see from the train window were bare rock walls and a muddy stream which my friends tried to convince me was the Colorado River. After passing through the Gorge, we traveled through a valley bounded on either side by mountains. Janie and I bought a book with pictures of these mountains in it, and spent the afternoon rushing from one side of the train to the other, arguing in loud voices as to which mountains were which.

This smooth riding was all too short, and by dinner we were again shifting up and down hills. (I shall always remember trying to eat chicken fricasse while looking out the diner window at a sheer drop of 400 feet.)

Mormon Mecca

To my great surprise, we arrived in Salt Lake City, with no pullman cars lost. We were immediately greeted by a towering seven-foot giant who called himself "Shorty", and who also said he was our guide. We climbed into buses and chugged off to see the Mormon Mecca. We visited Utah's Capitol building, which is by far more beautiful than any I have ever seen—it is finished

Powers Agree

(Cont. from page one)
tine frontiers.

UN On The Spot

This action calls for a very important decision in the UN as to what sort of a police force to have in Palestine when plans for the partition are completed, and during the interim period. Somebody is going to be unhappy and start tossing bombs around or killing people with machine guns, instead of going out to the Dead Sea to drown his sorrows; so the need for a police force will be imperative.

I've got my fingers crossed that the Two Powers will be able to settle this problem down to its fine points, without too much friction, too much bloodshed, or too much power politics. If this is accomplished the hope of the people of the world that the United Nations can do what it purposed: keep the peace, will be considerably strengthened.

If the editor lets this go by, I would like to take another column inch to say that some headline writers are illiterate and that, if anybody bothered to read my article of last week, I wished to leave the impression that U. S. taxes were not supporting communism, but rather, attempting to counteract the spread of communism.

(Ed. note: We hope that Janie left the impression in spite of our illiteracy.)

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Boney Foresees New Creations For Week-end

Salem has been the scene of much activity this week, with everyone dashing around trying on evening dresses, buying those new cocktail dresses for the tea dance Saturday afternoon.

Of course, your old fashion editor would like to go snooping this week, but that seems to be a little unfair. I guess I'll just have to wait with the rest 'till Saturday for the fall showing.

I did however find out that Claire Phelps has a smooth new copper satin for Saturday's dance.

Joy Martin has a very striking new wool. The top is chartreuse with high neck and cap sleeves, but the skirt is simply yards of electric blue. Sounds very good looking.

Mary Louise White has the best looking new fall outfit. A smart forest green wool suit, buttoned on the side with matching green hat. Definitely the newest thing in suits.

Bitsy Green has a new palomina satin for the tea dance. Gracefully draped neckline and harem skirt.

Tiens, guess I'd better dash, see you next week, after I see all the chic fashions of this weekend. Come on and cooperate; drag out your unique-est ensembles so I'll have lots to write about next week.

So long—

Boney

inside with marble dug from the Utah hills. In fact, everything that went into the building was home-grown. (Readers will remember that this was the site of the governors' conference last summer.) At noon we attended an organ recital in the Mormon Tabernacle, which is near the Mormon Temple. No-one is allowed within twenty feet of the Temple unless he is a Mormon "in good standing". It is a beautiful structure, very much like Duke University Chapel, but larger.

On To Salt Lake

In the afternoon, we rode to Salt Lake City. The lake is located about ten miles from Salt Lake City, in the middle of a large, barren, salt flat. We hurried right in the lake. Everyone has heard of the strange buoyancy of Salt Lake. We had been told, also, that the water was like molasses, and impossible for swimming. The buoyancy is certainly strange, indeed—it's an odd feeling to sit down in water and stay on top. As far as being impossible for swimming, we found it the same as any lake, only your feet stay out of the water and you can't kick. The water is too salty for pleasure, and we soon left.

We had dinner that evening at the Roof Garden of the Hotel Utah, in Salt Lake City. All I remember about the meal is unpleasantness, as I hadn't had time to bathe after my swim and was still encased in a layer of crystallized salt. Squirming and scratching, I consumed a four course meal and left for the train station and Yellowstone Park.

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"What Stuff"

by Nancy Carlton

G: Pinky, what in the world is all this stuff on my bed?

P: What stuff, Genny?

G: All these little pieces of paper. What does "M. D. fls." and McCall cl. woman" mean? I'm going to dump it in the wastebasket.

P: Wait! Don't! Don't you dare! Here. Give 'em to me. That's my very life blood—the stuff for my Salemite article! Jo Patterson spent hours telling it all to me. And you want to throw it away!

What does this "M. D. fls." mean?

G: Well, all right, all right. But

P: Stupid! Mary Davis got four orchids in seven days and a dozen roses the eighth day. And the next means that Margaret McCall got some gorgeous roses from the cleaning woman.

G: Why?

P: Ask her. Its real complicated. Do you want to hear the rest?

G: Yes. I want to see you translate M. B. fall—Elaine Peg."

P: Miriam Bailey and Elaine McNeely wore the same color coats and kerchiefs to the Duke-Carolina game. When the cheerleader fell on Miriam and Mariam was carried out, Peg Gray was moaning, "poor Elaine", and picturing an invalid roommate. Miram's broken ankle is mending in Salem infirmary and she will be hobbling back soon.

"P. and F. pin" means of course Page Daniels being pinned to Fred last week-end. "Long e.—Deena" is just a little note about Deena and Johnny's telephone conversation. Sorta long. Do you want to hear more?

G: Sure. But hurry. It's almost time for supper.

P: Well, Louise Hecht had a blind date week-end before last and went to Chapel Hill with him last week-end. Nice. huh? Mary Jane Trager and Molly Darr have been bit bad by the chain letter bug.

G: What is "kn. arg. m."

P: Will you quit reading over my shoulder? It simply means that everyone is knitting and that Mary Wells Bunting, Elaine Singer, Dot Massey, and Janie Morris are knitting argyles. 'Cept maybe I won't put that in. How in the world would you spell argyles?

G: Good question. Who's knitting sweaters? That's easy to spell. SWEATERS.

P: Connie Neamond has started the front of the white sweater. She had a little trouble with the 168 stitches she put in the back last year. Anna McLaughlin is knitting a white one too, and Candy Untiedt is making a yellow angora one.

Let's see. The back of this match has the dance stuff. Be sure toportant. Well, you figure it out.

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Leach Speaks To Faculty

The Faculty Group for Research and Creative Work will have its first public meeting in Louisa Wilson Bitting living room on Monday night at 7:30. Mr. Robert Leach will read a paper on "Colonial Nantucket."

Mr. Leach's paper, "Colonial Nantucket", is a study in community, with emphasis upon proprietary land, and consequent social conflict. It is one phase of the book that he is working on at the present. Mr. Leach spent the summer at Nantucket conducting his research.

Miss Jess Byrd is the chairman of the faculty research committee. The purpose of the organization is to promote research among the faculty. Other committee members are: Miss Baynes, Dr. Wenhold, Miss Shamburger, Mr. Leach, Dr. Barnwell, and Mr. Bromberg.

Mowery

(Continued from page one)

good at the Highland fling and the French minuet!

Understandably, she's well versed in current political and social developments in China and smiles expectantly when you speak of her going back.

In the meantime she'll teach plant biology, physical geography, and a chemistry lab. On Saturdays, when, you may be griped to know, she has no classes, she may write to her two daughters or crochet. Oh, she's an unusual woman—have you realized it yet?

have your picture taken with your date at the dance. Some of the dance dates will be—oh, it isn't quite time for supper. The clock must be fast. Jo Patterson and Sunny will be there, Martha Scott and Bob (her mother forgot to send the hoop for her evening dress), Sally Hamilton and Lewis, Mary Louise White and George, Genny Beaver and Tom (see! You're in there, too.) and Virginia Coburn and Raymond. Lila Fretwell, Jan Ballentine, and Clinky Clinkscales will all be dating Anderson, S. C. boys.

Well, that's it. Let's go eat.

G: There's just one thing I want to ask you. What is Gf. H. one Li.

P: I really don't remember. And that is probably the most important. Well, you figure it out.

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