

SALEMITES SOCIETY

ALPHA PHI KAPPA

A lovely banquet was given at the Robert E. Lee Hotel on Saturday the eighth by the Alpha Phi Kappa Sorority. The members were seated at a large table beautifully decorated in yellow and white. In the center of the table was placed a large bowl of giant chrysanthemums. Each pledge wore an attractively arranged corsage of lilies of the valley, pink roses and baby chrysanthemums. They were presented with silver compacts bearing the Greek letters of the sorority, and with book ends and stationery upon which the seal of the sorority was engraved.

The following inactive members were present: Mrs. John Hunter, Winston-Salem; Mrs. Ernest Robinson, Concord; Rosa Caldwell, Concord; Jenny Brown, Concord; Penelope Cannon, Concord; Letitia Currie, Winston-Salem; Lucy Currie, Davidson; Adelaide MacAnally, High Point; Mary Duncan MacAnally, Winston-Salem; Ernestine Hayes, High Point. The following active members were present: Mary Gwyn Hickerson, Millmont; Ward, Mary Myers Faulkner, Edith Kirkland, Dorothy Thompson, Caroline Brinkley and Margaret Ross Walker. The pledges present were: Mary Elizabeth Meek, Mary Alice Macmen, Frances Caldwell, Lenora Ridge, Catherine Morgane and Adelaide Winston.

celebration there: Annie Koonee Clark, Virginia Long, Mary Stuck, Margaret Maxwell, Nancy Cox, Lucielle Hassell and Eva Hackney.

Frances Smith is spending Sunday in Rural Hill.

The following girls are spending Sunday at home: Billie Deaton and Virginia Long, Statesville; Lucielle Dunn, High Point; Nellie Cates, Burlington.

Wilhelmina Wollford has as her guests in Charlotte, Martha Davis, Eloise Garrett and Dorothy Etheridge.

Ruth McLendon is spending Sunday with friends in Mt. Airy.

Ella Lee Tally is visiting in Reidsville this week-end.

A number of girls are at home for the week-end: Anna Preston and Eleanor Forman, Charlotte; Eleanor Idol and Adele Hicks, High Point; Mary Ayers Payne, Taylorsville; Mary Neal Wilkins, Dallas, Millmont; Wanda Concord; Sara Humphrey, Goldsboro; Corrine Jones, Nashville; Glion Hall, Burlington; Mary Katherine Thorp, Fries, Va.

Mary Gwyn Hickerson and Alice McRhea Caldwell are at Annapolis for the week-end.

Charlotte Grimes is spending the week-end at Duke.

Agnes Pollock is visiting in Thomaspolis Saturday and Sunday.

Lida Baker Williams is spending this week-end in Greensboro.

Louise Lassater is the guest of Mary Neal Wilkins, in Dallas, for the week-end.

haps Yale's bowl—for a fifty yard gain and a touchdown while the cheerers cry, "Whooper, Pat's man has got the ball."

As for an education I require that he be able to read, write and sign checks against his papa. As for dancing, I absolutely require that he be able to do anything from the minuet to the breakaway. However, I will be satisfied with My Man if he is only a combination of George Washington, Otto Wood, Stan Laurel and other of my heroes.

III

I have searched far and wide but never have I seen anyone to fill the description of "my man"—and there are doubts that I ever will. In my mind I see a tall, strong figure, with broad shoulders, with his head chopped off—it might be taken for a brick wall. His deep blue eyes must talk to me; his high cheek bone must always have the dash of red, that all touchdowns have. His high forehead and long sideburns must be a striking resemblance to some rare Greek God. His dancing ability, I could not ask to be better than the breakdancers of Eastern Carolina. In his face, he always holds for me the expression, I love you. His talking deep blue eyes never say, I doubt you. The more he associates me with candy, the better I'll like his nuts and chocolate. I have spent most of my young life, catching the eye of some sport model, some football player, Zita Zita, D. K. E. or S. A. E., but in vain I'm trying to find the one to be my ideal man. But, yet there is one that I stopped to look at better a second time. He was tall, broad shouldered, stern and had a good face, but as I followed the lines of his body his feet were placed firmly on stone and on this stone read: "In memory of Our Confederate Boys." And it is just my luck for him to have been a Confederate boy.

Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a man, six feet, three, four or maybe two feet tall. I can see him now running down Elon's football field—or per-

haps to have a great big car that will carry me ever so far. Let him have great big eyes, that will give little girls like me the shys. Now about clothes, that matters most, cause of his clothes I'll like to boast. Remember, Santa, money doesn't matter much, cause if he loves me, I'll live on bread and mush.

SOPHOMORES WIN FROM THE SENIORS

(Continued From Page One.)

quicker, though, that they only rested a moment, then hopped up with very unfortunate expressions on their faces. (The field, by the way, was slippery.)

The game was played at a great disadvantage on account of the wet field but the Sophomores seemed to find conditions rather favorable at that, for they won the game by a score of 6 to 0.

Book Review

THE SUN VIRGIN

(By Thomas Dixon)

Into the brilliant civilization of the Inca Empire bursts the daring band of Spanish Freebooters under the leadership of Francisco Pizarro the swindler. The intruders capture the Inca monarch, seize the palaces and temples blazing with their gold and silver, and destroy at one blow the civilization of twelve million happy prosperous people.

Two romantic figures meet in the foreground of the scene—Yna the beautiful young virgin of the Sun, and Alonzo de Malina, the dashing young Spanish cavalier, the spy and Ambassador to the capital of the Inca Empire, whom the Incas believe to be a god-man. The story deals with love for him, and her desperate effort to win his love, through all the breathless adventures of accusation, imprisonment, escape, intrigue, loyalty and treason which crowd the life of that romantic age.

In the portraits of the great Spanish explorers in their ruthless quest for gold and for possession of the New World; in the quarrel between Pizarro and De Soto, the discoverer of the Mississippi; in the clash between the fierce individualism of the alien conquerors and the highly developed communism of the Incas, we see the sources of those historical trends which have built the nations of North and South America. Mr. Dixon has steeped himself in the legends and the records of the time. He shows how the south was settled by men mad with lust for gold, but the north by pioneers who came to bring riches from forest and soil. Thus one planted the foundations of a powerful nation, but the other bent his efforts to plant the seeds of death and destruction in the far flung empire of Spain.

They call him Luke because he's not so hot.
—Cajoler.

Our idea of a real guy is the Scotchman who went to Niagara Falls alone on his honeymoon, because his bride had seen it.
—Virginia Reel.

"How did you learn to walk the tight rope? Just pick it up your self!"
"Oh, no—it has to be taut."

Chicago Cop: "Watcha shootin' that guy for?"
Gangster: "None of yer business."
Cop: "Don't get smart now or I'll run you in."
—Goblin.

Adam was toiling home at the end of a hot summer's day, carrying his shoe and hat, while little Cain trotted beside him.

On reaching the Garden of Eden, little Cain passed through the pailings and said: "Gee, pop, I wished we'd been here."

And pop replied: "We did once, until your mother ate us out of house and home."
—Annapolis Log.

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DANCE

You are not like the others; When I dance with you, the crowd seems still and far away . . . Your feet reveal a mystery As the waxen floor flows by.

We do not talk, we two; With words the spell is broken. To dance and dance and dance is all. We know our joy is brief And the dance of life is short.

To the turbulent glee of the music, We move in a world of our own. Your gentle softness, superbly suggestive, Is youth that calls to youth on . . . 'Till the dance of life moves on.

QUALIFIED

The police have arrested a man who has a mania for tearing buttons off people's clothes. We shall be surprised if he does not receive a tempting offer from our laundry.

Country Bumpkin: "Do you know how high these buildings are?"
City Slicker: "Now, I never priced them."

Stude: "See that guy there? He's going through college by caring for a baby."
Ex-Stude: "He's lucky. I got kicked out for the same reason."

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PERSONALS

Kathleen Arrowood, Catherine Lyerly, and Daisy Lee Carson are spending Sunday in Greensboro.

My Ideal Man

Editor's Note: Here are descriptions of "My Ideal Man," written by different types of Salem girls. Read these and guess who wrote them.

I

After studying math, I have figures on the brain, hence, first of all, my ideal man must have a good figure, of which there must be at least six feet, or don't we call it physique: when it's on a man? To top off the physique there must be quite a bit of gray matter—in fact, enough of that quality to enable him to carry on a conversation about Flemistocks with Uncle Ullric or to trace his ancestry to Casar for Cousin Cora. Finally, on top of that gray matter must be black hair, preferably curly. Just below the forehead one must be able to discern two eyes, out of which the specimen under consideration must be able to see all of my virtues and none of my faults. The man who aspires to be my ideal must permit me to win all arguments and acknowledge my superiority on all matters that I know of all things, he must never take my arm when we cross streets or go up steps!

II

My ideal man is a mixture of Eli nor Glyn's "Hi" man, Zane Grey's bad boy from the West and Horatio Alger's "boy who rose from the slums of New York to the top of the Washburn Building," spiced up with the Drabney Brownly brutes of the football world. He must radiate, not heat but personality. He must be at least six feet tall so that I can walk by his side his height, not my width will be noticed. My man must have black wavy hair and deep blue eyes (not Ben Turpin.) He must wear his clothes well and look like the original model of Kuppenheimer's advertisement.

He must be indifferent to other girls as I have a very jealous nature. I can see him now running down Elon's football field—or per-