SPORTS

Spring sports have much to offer those who take advantage of them at present. The volley ball season is well under way, and those who have gone out have had an hour of healthy fun each afternoon.

Baseball will begin soon. Those who have this sport in charge are waiting for warm and bright weather before calling the first practise.

A long horseback ride with a picnic supper at Clemmon will take place Saturday afternoon. Much interest is being shown in plans for this, and a large number of riders are expected to attend.

SALEM ORCHESTRA PRESENTS CONCERT

(Continued From Page One.)

particular appeal to the audience, who enthusiastically demanded a repetition.

Miss Read conducted throughout the evening with authority and precision, giving a very musical reading of the scores.

MRS. SCHAWALBE HEARD IN CHAPEL

(Continued from Page One.)

ever busy her life may be she never seems discouraged, for heroism is a great element in the Alaskan woman's character. She entertains, and diverts herself in card playing and in participation in the village mid-winter fetes. These are dramatized stories handed down from generation to generation, all set to weirdly fascinating music.

The mission's goal is to take a betterment of conditions to Alaska by using the Christian life as a medium of release from the Esquimo's religion of fear. To release them from the fear of the medicine man, witches, to clean and organize the homes and to better life in every way is the church's and Uncle Sam's highest aim. The United States has introduced two school systems there; the territorial system for white children, and the federal system for the native children. "Fairbanks" the most northern college opened in 1922, has proved a wonderful success in advancing conditions.

Mrs. Schawalbe acknowledged the privileges and pleasures of a Christian life, beneficial and serviceable as compensation enough for any and all hardships of the frontier. The Esquimaux, inscrutable but worthy of help and aid, have much native intelligence and training which makes labor worthy. There is joy in helping to develop a frontier and in introducing and bringing Christ to and among these Alaskan people.

LOST and FOUND

LOST—One S. A. E. Fraternity pin. Finder will please return to Lyda Womelsdorf, Lehman Hall.

LOST—A Home Economics note book, belonging to Virginia Tomlinson.

LOST—A gold link slave braclet. If found please return to Pat Holderness, 322 Alice Clewell Building.

LOST—A "New Handbook of Composition" by Woolley and Scott. The finder will please return to Lucy Woolwine, 211 Clewell Building.

LOST—One small pocket book Gray, with flowers painted on it. It contains one bill and some change. If found please return to Carrie Braxton, 212 Alice Clewell Building.

FOUND—A fountain pen. Owner will please see Mary Martin.

FOUND—One black and white Shaeffer's fountain pen. Owners will please see Virginia Bass, 326 Clewell Building.

PERSONALS

Elizabeth Marx, Grace Martin, and Catherine Schlegel are attend Greensboro this week-end.

Nellie Gordon an Lucile Patterson spent Friday at their home in Pilot Mountain.

Nona Raper and Virginia McCrary are in Lexington for the week-end.

Daisy Litz is spending the week in Madison.

"Pat" Holderness is in Tarboro for the week-end.

Eleanor Idol is in High Point this week-end.

Charlotte Grimes is a visitor at Duke University.

Eloise Vaughn, Carrie Mae Stockton and Mildred Fleming are attending the Educational Conference at Raleigh.

Edith Leake is at her home in Mount Airy for the week-end.

Wanna Mary Huggins is visiting in Leaksville.

Billy Philpott is spending the week-end at her home in Rocky Mount, Va.

Lily Marshall, Margaret Smith, "Bet" Miller, Elizabeth Cox, Eleanor Forman, and Anne Rogers are spending Sunday in Greensboro.

Elizabeth Little, Elmira Hearne, and Isabelle Cox are spending Sunday in Albemarle.

Mary Clark and Mary Looper are spending Sunday at Queen's College in Charlotte.

Alice Caldwell and Lucille Dunn are spending Sunday at their homes in High Point.

Adele Hicks is spending Sunday in Candor.

ON HAVING RED HAIR

"Where did she get that red hair?" is the question sympathetically asked my mother as long ago as I can remember by the friendly neighbor, who was secretly praising Allah that her Mary's hair was black. As an answer my mother went into a long, uninteresting story about heredity, while I inwardly contended that if I ever found the source of my affliction, I should willingly return every red strand. At that age I did not realize the sad condition of being bald-headed.

I grew up under the strain of what seemed to me repulsive nicknames, suggested only by my red hair. To a timid child the sound of "Red-head," "Red," and "Strawberry blonde" was demoralizing. When the boys discovered that I hated my hair, they insisted upon teasing me about it. During high school days I became so used to being called "Red" that I unintentionally answered to that name.

If there is any advantage in having red hair (they say there is good in everthing), it is that red hair makes a person easily distinguished in a crowd. On the dance floor a boy never has a hard time finding his "red-headed" girl. On the beach a father with red hair is always seen more readily than any other one. Since red hair is either very pretty or very ugly, it makes a girl unusually attractive or utterly disagreeable looking. I am the latter type of girl.

Although I have always wanted to wear a crimson dress, because of my dislike for too much of the same color in a small space, I have never had the nerve to wear red.

I am not particularly an admirer of babies; nevertheless, I have a suppressed longing to wear the shade of pink in which proud mothers dress their children. Often I have thought of sneaking away from everybody I know and dressing in a complete red outfit. I have, however, never dared to attire myself in this manner, for I dread the regret that will come with looking in a mirror, (my womanly curiosity would force me to look at myself.)

Along with old age I associate red hair streaked with grey. Why was I not a lovely blonde so that with my fading beauty people could mention, "Silver threads among the gold?" Although I am not so sensitive about my hair as I once was, I still dislike it. I would not feel natural with any other color hair; therefore, I have never seriously thought of dying my tresses. When everything around me seems dark and gloomy, I can always find something bright—my red hair.—*Mary Alice Beaman.*

SINGING IN THE BATH TUB

"I know a way to cure the blues,
As sure as anything
Just turn the bathtub water on,
Then get in and sing."

"Oh Anna, come let's take a bath, I'm unhappy and I believe a bate will clear me up." This statement is the cry which is often heard on the first floor of the Alice Clewell building about eight o'clock every night. After grabbling our towels, soap, and washcloths, we depart to the tub-room to drown our sorrows in bubbling hot water. With the first splash we become cheerful and immediately burst into song. The proctor, (whose ears are very keen) coming in says: "Sh-sh- you all are making entirely too much noise in here."

"Oh pooh," one of us says, "I wish I could bit her. Let s sing."

Since the compartments in the tub-room are very small, when we begin to sing, we think we have powerful voices. (Others think we have "powerfully" annoying voices.) In the midst of singing "Saint Louis Blues," we forget the words and fill in with hums. While we scrub our necks vigorously to the rhythm of our songs, the soap bubbles dance over all the water. If we are happy, we become almost hilarious, but if we have just taken examinations. Our songs have a melancholy tone. I think we try hard to get dirty, so that we can stay in the bath-tub for a long time. As soon as the ring appears around the tub, we realize the end of our bath is near and sighing, reluctantly we get out of the tubs.

We have chosen as the theme song for our Bath-Club, the popular song, "Singing in the Bathtub." The song expresses exactly the feelings of our Water-Babie's Choir.

"Singing in the bath tub,
Happy once again.
The ring around the bath tub may be unpleasant to see,
But the ring around the bath tub
Is a rainbow for me."

Once a singer, who had a wonderful bath tub voice tried to sing in public; he was a failure. One of his friends suggested that a bath tub (with a screen around it, of course) be put on the stage. The artist got into the tub, forgot his audience and sang as he had never sung before. Soon he overcome his stage-fright and was quite able to sing out side of a tub.

Although those who are not taking baths at the same time that we are think that there are many disadvantages to bath tub singing, we shall always maintain that a bath is the cure for almost any ill, especially the blues.

—*Frances Caldwell.*

Advertising Smoke

"Ter keep frum gettin' too dad blamed fat," says Farmer Wayback frum Rabun Gap, Ga., "th' wimmen an' gals down my way reaches fer a Spud 'stead ov a Sweet Potato!"

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Intercollegiate News

Students of the senior class at N. C. C. W. have elected Christie Maynard, of Wilson, May Queen. Members of the May Queen's court also elected were: Peggy McCluer, of Tarboro; Jean Harvey, of Grifton; Minnie Gordon Cahoon, of Plymouth; Margaret Dill, of Beaufort; Nell Culler, of Kernersville; Lorine Davis, of Winter Haven, Fla.; Sara Chrisman of Charlotte; Annette Rudisill, of Crouse; Glenn Boyd McLeod and Margaret Crews, of Greensboro.

We see by the *Old Gold and Black* that 33 Wake Forest men have served or are now serving as presidents of colleges throughout the South in seven Southern States, Pennsylvania, and China.

Freshman Cap Burning was held last Friday night but not at Salem this time. Freshmen, don't get worried about the Sunday hat. At State College last Friday night the "lids" were released from the Freshmen and, forced by a brilliant bleacher fed flame and three roaring fire trucks, the caps, like old beer stoppers, blew off with a sputter. Approximately 600 freshman caps were discarded and tossed upon the flames. Three fire trucks sirened to the scene in answer to a false fire alarm.

The Golden Chain, ranking senior honor society, held a reception in honor of State College Coeds Wednesday. It is an expression on the part of the leading seniors that State College favors Coeds.

Gus Tebell, coach at N. C. State College, has resigned to accep a position at Virginia.

We notice that the *Technician* is taking a straw vote for student prohibition views and ballots containing the following questions have been published: 1. Do you favor the repeal of the 18th Amendment? 2. Do you favor the modification of the Volstead Act to permit the sale of light wines and beer? 3. Do you favor the continuance and enforcement of the 18th Amendment and Volstead Act? We are interested to hear the results. What do you think?

Glennie Paul of Beaufort, N. C., has been elected May Queen at Meredith College. She is also president of the Senior class, president of the Glee Club, and accompanist for both Glee Club and Choir.

Irene Thomas, of Rocky Mount, has been elected Student Government President.

Phi Beta Kappa extended bids to prominent Davidson Seniors. Those who received bids are: J. L. Brown, F. W. Johnston, W. G. Gavock, W. B. McGuire and F. D. Miller.

Followed His Nose

Patterson sustained serious cuts about the fact and head and several teeth were knocked out. His nose was being driven north.

—*Indiana Paper.*

COLONIAL
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
TED LEWIS "IS EVERYBODY HAPPY?"
The king of jazz in a new pep picture with Ann Pennington, Alice Day and a chorus of beauties.

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