

**SOCIETY**

**DR. AND MRS. RONDTHALER ENTERTAIN JUNIORS**

During the past few weeks Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler have had the Juniors, both boarders and day students, as their guests for dinner. These dinners have been most enjoyable for the Juniors, and we trust, for Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler.

It is delightful to dress up in one's best, go to some one's home—especially when the some ones are Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler—have a delicious dinner served in style by a butler in starched, white coat, and have lots of jolly conversation besides. Dr. Rondthaler seems to have no limit to his stories, (you would be surprised, and maybe shocked, to see him tell on himself), and Mrs. Rondthaler is all that a friendly, interesting guest could be. As for the Juniors, they have a delightful feeling of superiority, and recall with amusement the time that they, as poor, timid, green young Freshmen, were dinner guests of the Rondthalers. Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler, in a most subtle, engaging manner, make them feel as if they are landmarks and that the school truly could not get along without them. After dinner there are sure to be some amusing and interesting books to look at and more entertaining conversation. Just one more thing—and this is a secret among the Juniors—was it not you, Dr. Rondthaler brings out the old family pictures! He himself told us that when all other means of entertainment proved absolutely futile, out came the pictures as the last straw.

**PERSONALS**

On Saturday night a number of the faculty and students will attend the wedding of Miss Cam Boren (29), which will take place at seven-thirty o'clock in Greensboro. Among the guests present will be Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler, Miss Riggs, Miss McAnally and Mr. Campbell. Elizabeth Leake also plans to attend the nuptials.

Babe Hyde will spend the week-end with her sister in High Point.

Virginia Tomlinson is visiting Mrs. Carswell in Winston-Salem this week-end.

Grace Brown is visiting her aunt in Greensboro on Sunday.

Rosalie Smith and Tommy Frye are in Pilot Mountain for the week-end, visiting in Tommy's home.

Emily Moore plans to spend Sunday at G. C. with Miss Julia Martin.

**MISSES WILLIS ANNUAL PRESENT GRADUATING RECITAL**

(Continued from Page One)

haps the most delightful of all. The dramatic scope of her voice showed up well in "Aria-Addio" from "La Bohème" by Puccini. Other numbers of this group were: "A Lovely Maiden Roaming" by Branscombe; "Over the Steppe" by Gretchanihoff; a mysterious love song; and "Five Feet" a musical cat-in-the-hat by Gibbs. She closed with "Villanelle" by del Acqua, a song that abounded in cadenzas which she, unaccompanied, sang very artistically.

The concert came to a brilliant climax when Miss Willis, accompanied by Mr. Vardell at the organ, played the Allegro movement of Beethoven's "Concerto in C minor op. 27." Miss Willis played several long solo passages, and throughout the composition, as in the entire program, her technical capabilities and her fine musicianship were evident. The rubrics for the evening were: Misses Mary B. Williams, Wagna Mary Huggins, Elizabeth McClaugherly, Tommy Frye, and Rosalie Smith.

**SALEM WAS HOSTESS TO LARGE EASTER GROUP**

(Continued from Page One)

The guests of the college were most appreciative of the privilege of visiting in the dormitories. The following were guests of the College:

Manchester, N. C.—Mrs. C. Murchison Fairley.  
 Fayetteville, N. C.—Mrs. T. J. Gardner.  
 Asheville, N. C.—Miss Starr Adams.  
 Baltimore, Md.—Miss Mary Greenwood.  
 Baltimore—Dr. H. C. Davis, Mr. Carroll Davis.  
 Kinston—Mrs. Marian Gallup, Mrs. Annie Fulton.  
 Charlotte—Mrs. F. C. Roberts, Miss Margaret Roberts, Miss Emma Malbone.  
 Meredith College, Raleigh, N. C.—Miss Lena Barber, Miss Catherine Allen, Miss Lattie Rhodes.  
 N. C. W. W., Greensboro, N. C.—Miss Myra H. Butler, Miss Lottie Duncan, Miss Verna Wilborns, Miss Frances Stubbs, Miss Agnes Cox, Miss Emily Davis.  
 Leonor, N. C.—Mrs. W. G. Haymaker, Mrs. E. G. Haymaker, Charles Haymaker, Martha Haymaker.  
 Selma, N. C.—Mrs. G. F. Briets, Miss Miriam Briets, Mrs. W. T. Woodard.  
 Bristol, Tenn.—Misses Elinor Arns, Blanche McClelland, Emily Rogers, Nita Bumgardner, Margaret Glessner and Ruth Masenling.  
 Charlotte, N. C.—Miss Lida Moore, Massachusetts—Miss Lydia Dodge Moore.  
 Georgia—Miss Virginia McLaws, Berkeley, California—Miss Florence H. Robinson.  
 Sweet Briar, Va.—Miss Miriam Weaver.  
 Newark, Delaware—Miss Louise Cunningham.  
 Berlin, New Hampshire—Mrs. H. L. Dyer.  
 Southern Pines, N. C.—Miss Madge Rockley.  
 Pilot Mt., N. C.—Mrs. R. A. Frye.  
 Davidson College—Miss Bonnie K. Shelton, Miss Johnnie Shelton, Savannah, Ga.—Mrs. I. F. Olbriest.  
 Wilmington, N. C.—Mrs. E. M. Kenly, Mrs. Nellie Rose, Miss Edna Wilkins.  
 Baltimore, Md.—Miss Elizabeth Sherwood, Miss Marie Mattingly.  
 Durham, N. C.—Miss Mildred Sherwood.  
 Kansas City, Mo.—Miss Florence Winslow.  
 Asheville, N. C.—Mrs. M. F. Malloy, Mrs. C. M. Platt.  
 Taylorsville, N. C.—Mrs. H. Coleman Payne.  
 Enfield, N. C.—Miss Irene Pitts, Montgomery, Ala.—Miss Mary Mullen, Miss Evelyn Matthews.  
 Birmingham, Ala.—Miss Annie Mallory.  
 Tuscaloosa, Ala.—Mrs. T. J. Maxwell.  
 Southern Pines, N. C.—Miss Doris Eddy, Miss Florence Kane, Miss Virginia Kane, Mrs. Howard Butler.  
 Glen Ridge, N. J.—Miss Mary G. Lombard, Miss Julia E. Lombard.  
 Newark, N. J.—Miss Clara I. Curtis.  
 Bloomfield, N. J.—Miss Anna Baxter.

**SECOND CHOICE**

"Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling-a-ling!" The Louisa Biting Building telephone peeped forth its insistent request to be answered. Silence. Three floors full of girls waited expectantly, each girl visualizing the face of her "One-and-Only" and hoping and praying that she might hear His Voice in a second or two.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz!" The house-phone rang, and before it had a chance to ring again, Third Floor, almost in its entirety, dashed toward it in a mad scramble. Bets, a large girl, won out in the maneuvering contest: "Third floor... okay. Thank you, Miss Green is the popular young lady."

There was many a "Gangway," "Give place to Madame Queen," "All hail to the Powerful One" and much bowing and scraping as blonde Liz Green made her triumphant way to the third floor telephone.

"Hello, Oh, how've you been, Bob? Fine, thanks - congratulations on beating Georgia last week-end." They said you played a great game... Yeah, Oh, tonight? Sorry, I'd love to, but I've already got a thing, something. You guessed right, Alice is coming. Sorry. Call me again sometime. Bye."

The receiver clicked on its hook, and the attractive recipient of the phone call walked in stately manner down the narrow hallway, bowing graciously to those less fortunate ones lined along the walls. "Dear me," Liz said in mock condescension, "it's too bad you girls aren't a bit attractive."

Before Liz could reach her room, a tall slender Junior ran down the hall and accented her at her doorway. "Hi there, Liz. Guess what's just happened. The funniest thing ever. I want to tell you all about it. You know, Johnnie called me and—"

"Oh, do come in," Liz reluctantly invited, making a grimace at the other girls who were giving Carolyn the "silent razberries." And so she did. "We might as well go inside and listen to her blab as stay out here in the hall and hear her broadcast it through the door." Pat remarked, leading the third floor "gang" into Liz's room.

The girls grouped themselves around the cozy room, some reclining on the downy sofa, some sitting on Carolina and Davidson pillows, and some squatting Indian fashion on the rug.

"Well, commence-uz!" parleyed out an ex-Carolyn.

"Ha, ha, it's the funniest thing. You'll die laughing. The expression on her face!" burred Carolyn.

"Whose face?" questioned Pat in a threateningly patient tone.

"Little Janie Allen's, of course. Ha, ha, ha. It's too good to keep. You know, Jane is just crazy about Johnnie. Well, Johnnie called me up to-night and wanted me to have a date with him. I didn't give him one, though, 'cause I already had one with Pete, and besides, J. D. and Carl and Jim had called me for dates tonight, too.

"Well, Janie's room is right next to the telephone, and I know she heard me refuse Johnnie a date. Anyway, he called her in about two seconds and asked her for a date to-night. Just to be sure that she knew he asked me first. I called Johnnie away from the phone and told her that he'd asked me first. And do you know that that little fool looked at me with her face just as white as Miss Lawrence's bedspread, and with her eyes burning and said never a word. She turned right around and told Johnnie that she would be delighted to date to give him a date.

"Now, have you ever heard of such a thing? And did I laugh, I told her again when she left the phone booth that she was second choice, and do you know she said, 'Parlen me, please.' Busy, and walked right by me. The fool, she can't even get out of school for her date 'cause she's an underclassman. She gave him a date and she was second choice.

"You know, I never would be second choice. In the first place I wouldn't give a boy a date if I knew he had asked somebody else before me. And in the second place, no boy

would ask me after he had asked some other girl. They have too much respect for me. No, I'm not joking (as she saw Pat openly give her the razberries.). They really do have too much respect for me to do that. They know I would be humiliated to death. Not a boy I know would do that way.

"Now, Bill yesterday asked me for a date Sunday night week. How 'bout that for power? And I have my two nights out for next week already dated up. Jim told me that he—"

As Carolyn raved on, Pat, Liz, and the others listened with smirks on their faces to the prattle of this girl. They were forced to listen, or, at the least, to be silent, for the beautiful Carolyn's whining tones killed the other conversation.

The telephone rang; twice in succession the house phone buzzed. Miss Daisy appeared on the scene calling "Miss Carolyn Brooks has a telephone call, is she up here?"

Carolyn strutted out to the phone and talked "goo goo" baby talk into the telephone. Behind her the door to Liz's room slammed shut, in dignant girls raised a furor of protest against the domination of Carolyn—her bragging, her many dates, her humiliation of poor little Janie Allen

an underclassman. There was just time for a plan of vengeance to be made by the angry group before Carolyn once again graced the company with her presence.

"It was Bob." Many pairs of eyes met one another instantly, nodded understandingly, and removed themselves. "He's the cutest thing; plays tackle for Carolina, you know. He was marvelous in last Saturday's game with Georgia. By the way, Liz, you used to go with him, didn't you? I believe I saw you out with him last Wednesday night. Too bad; you've lost your power, I guess. But I always go for football men, you know. It's just my line."

Many expectant pairs of eyes turned toward Liz, looking, pleading, hoping, almost begging for the other conversation.

"Uh—yes, I did use to go with Bob a good deal. You would have to cut me out, though, Carolyn. Football men are your line, sure enough. That's the loveliest outfit you have on. Did you buy it at Sosski's?"

Expectant eyes grew angry, then disappointed, and finally admiring, as they centered on Liz's calm countenance. The moment of vengeance had passed.

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M. P. MARTIN - IRENE MCGUISTON - YVONNE WAGONER

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**Salem College**

8:30 P. M. — Memorial Hall, April 16, 1932

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**SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY**

**IVY AND TREE PLANTING OCCURS WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6TH**

(Continued from Page One)

and the trees were planted near the Louisa Biting Building—close to the place where the seniors spend their last year at Salem, and where their last and perhaps fondest memories of the school linger.

Tree Planting which has become a traditional event at Salem College is one of the most touching ceremonies of the year,—far-reaching in its traditional feeling; full of symbolic meaning in the deep seeking roots and the spreading branches of the tree, in the affectionate clinging of the ivy; impressive in the simplicity of the ceremony which for many has an inimitable charm and an inexpressible majesty; unfailing in its bringing of memories of the past and aspirations of the future.