

# NOT NECESSARILY SO

## ABOUT SENIORS

Kate Alexander went home last week-end to see her family and incidentally — Spurgeon.

Virginia Gough got hit in the head with a big bad baseball.

I'm not sure, but I think Cordelia went out to the Slaver's.

Well, Carolyn, did you have a good time at the Junior-Senior at Carolina? From all appearances I judge you didn't miss a thing except sleep.

Annie Klootz went home, which isn't of particular interest, but I had to use up this last line.

## ABOUT JUNIORS

Why does Cramer stick close to home and the telephone these nights from 6:30 to 8 o'clock? To get up a game of bridge, of course!

Meredith's been singing, "How come you Doo me like you Doo Doo Doo?" to Virginia Lee ever since Lee came back from the Hill last week-end with an extra added attraction over her heart. We guess Fred is singing "I know what to tell my heart, but what will I tell my friends?"

Virginia Carter came back from "Duke" with circles hanging around her chin. Now, that's funny . . .

Get Lou Preas to tell you.

When Millie came back from Burlington not even laryngitis could keep her from talking about Bob — it must be love.

From "Cleo's" dreamy looks the week-end in Raleigh must have been up to par. Billy was there — enuf sed.

Salem's own Madame Satan had the look of the morning after when she returned from the Bowery Ball with Mr. Satan (Ed Armfield to you).

'Tis rumored that Nick of the telegrams was there in person to wish Mary McColl "Buenos Noches." Tell me, Mary did he make anytime.

Judging from Tweak's beam "the white uniform in the peppermint car" must have arrived in Bennettsville after all.

About sunrise as viewed from Mountain Lake! Or would that be telling too much Lou? Alright, let it go — I didn't say a word.

Jo Gribbin's hit a new low in strategy these days. She barged into the Davidson tea dance in her old blue gunboats.

Better watch your step, Peggy Brawley, I saw Lila Womble riding with Charlie the other day.

Do you all think that Frances Cole is the silly and talkative type or the sweet and romantic type? She can't decide which it's better to be since she had a date with Ned Heefner. Briggs and Leila think it's better to be silly and talkative — but, then.

Max did come to Salem last week-end; in fact, he came twice: first, to get Mary, and second, to bring her back.

Martha O'Keefe has been keeping things from us—Blount gave her a Phi Gam bracelet on Mother's Day. And I wouldn't be surprised if he didn't give her something else — if you know what I mean — and I think you do.

Sisk and Wolfe spent the week-end on the campus, but they must have had fun because when Monday came around not one lesson had been prepared.

Why the long face, Leila! Maybe your Citadel Bill will get here yet.

Felix was in Mocksville, last week-end need we add that Pauline was there too.

The two second floor blondes (Lib and Sara) took off for Ansonville, and a big time was had by all. Was there a Christian there?

The High Point Shieks must have been present with such three charming Salemites — McClung, Scott, and Briggs in town.

Becky we hear that you didn't do so badly by yourself this week-end. How's Bob?

## ABOUT SOPHOMORES

We hate to keep on saying things about the past, but we must make a remark concerning the bleary eyed gals who slumped down to Davidson the past week-end. If you asked one of them if she had a good time she most likely just mumbled and proceeded to get a very very far away look in her eyes and a dying cow look on the rest of her face. Please note that we are getting soft hearted and didn't make any unflattering remarks concerning looks and names and not to mention for the world the slight circles under glamorous eyes.

Ah but is it love? We don't care to go so far as to write what we hear in the air, but even Sammy Kay and Junior-Senior at the Hill couldn't keep Mary Thomas' little Dickkey bird away from her on Mother's day.

El Ivy has been having right nice luck we hear paddling her own canoe. Or was it some other kind of boat and someone else who was doing the paddling?

Caroline Pfohl really made a hit with her romeo in Davidson. In fact such a smash hit did our little blond sprinter make, that the greek god is getting in good with the family by peace offering, seeds of red roses. Hats off to him. Did it do him any good with you, Caroline?

Our own Annette was unable to truck the light fantastic in far but not so distant places but just to prove that she has the knack of being remembered and we mean it in a great big way she dragged not one nor two but three letters out of the box on Tuesday and they all had the preacher's postmark. How do you do it Annette, maybe you have that subtle allure they all love.

Why has Glen Griffen suddenly taken such a fond love to take off for home? Could she have some darker reason for all the week-end lately.

Yours not so truly recommends a Home Ec. course for Maude Battle. Maybe ink eradicator does all right in the library but on dresses it ought to be diluted if the color is to be preserved. Don't weep over lost color, however, the best of intentions get us in the opposite direction sometimes.

Maybe you are just dern cute Frances Watlington, rating two Davidsonians for Dinner Saturday night. Tough you were on restriction Peggy and didn't get in on the fun. Maybe Chapel has its compensations after all.

All this dedicated to you stuff so early in the morning is getting us down. Even we can't tell just exactly what the out come will be.

Roaring Gap this week-end, but Jack forgot he couldn't eat his pie and have it too.

Mary Grier must have left Clemson in a mighty big hurry. Her date was supposed to put Mary, quite contrary on the bus and some how or other he must have had too hard a night, cause he didn't show up and someone else had to say his farewells.

Do you listen to the radio on Tuesday night from eight til nine? If you do pardon us, but we'll be listening, will you? I hope, I hope, I hope.

## ABOUT FRESHMEN

For some reason, third floor was unusually quiet last week-end. Maybe it was because Judy Deveraux was warming up Elkin. Anyway, it is rumored that she painted the old town red.

Two fair damsels quite handsomely represented the Alma Mater at Carolina at the frolic—namely Elizabeth Norfleet and Ruth Doerschuk. Ruth wasn't overly enthusiastic, however. What's the trouble — wasn't Buddy up to par?

The Three Musketeers deserted us last week-end for V. P. L., Davidson, or Salisbury. Can't you guess? Gillespie, Crisp, and Klutz!

Thrills and heartthrobs — Walter called Bonnie Sunday night and was third in an uproar! Things must have brightened up. We hear they were having domestic troubles.

B. Hatt was the guest of Jane Boren last week-end. Hope Gastonia was sporting more men than Winston-Salem.

Girl scouts are coming back in style. We hear that a bunch of cuties got together and had a weenie

roast Saturday. Those onions truly smelled good, girlie!

Germaine Gold trucked down to Albemarle with roomie Lib Winget. If "ohs" and "ahs" mean anything they certainly must have had one swell time.

Someone has been whispering it around that a new Chevie coupe has come into the possession of Eva Johnson. Some people have all the luck.

Lost! One Bennie Goodman! Please everyone start scouring the Radio Guides! Betty Mountcastle is about to lose her mind!

Marjorie Crisp and two upper classment were slightly stranded at Davidson when no one showed up to meet their bus. Said Marge of her date, "I always suspected he was slow. But he's been knowing when I was coming since Easter and it seems to me he could get here by now."

Summer has come again and with it the good old "Sol." One only has to look around into the sunburned and freckled face to see which of the Freshies are turning into bathing beauties. Let's all go down and get blistered girls. It'll do you good and help you too!

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