

PERSONALITIES

NOT NECESSARILY SO

MR. A. T. CURLEE



SARAH SHORE

"Please spell my name with an h!" It is only on this point that the mascot of the Senior Class, Miss Sarah Shore, aged seven and a half, is likely to be insistent. She is justly proud of her name, which was handed down to her from her great-grandmother, Sarah Williams Shore. And we are sure the original Sarah Shore would be proud of her present namesake.

Sarah has large blue eyes and brown hair. She is now attending Miss Dalton's Primary School, and is finishing the second grade. Next fall an ambition of long standing will be fulfilled when she enters Summit School, the same one where her older brother, Bobby, who is nine, now goes.

Next to a Rankin's treat of either paddle pops or ice cream cones, Sarah enjoys spending her time out at the Shore's farm on Polo Road. Lately she has taken up milking, and will probably soon be an accomplished milk-maid, as she already is a horsewoman. She rides often at Mr. Anderson's, and therefore is rather indignant when, for safety purposes, her family insists on having her own white pony led around the farm, instead of her riding him alone. The animals at the farm are all interesting to Sarah, but especially fascinating is the newest acquisition, a mule colt.

Outdoor activities, however, do not take up all of Sarah's interest. This year at school she stands right up at the top of her class in the number of "library books" read. For each book she receives one star, and now she has quite a collection of them. At home she prefers to be read to, and every night she and Bobby hear first a Bible story, then after their prayers they hear some other kind of story.

Of all the days in the year, next to Christmas, August 31st is the best. This is not only her birthday, but also her father's, Mr. Robert Shore. They have two separate cakes with candles, and a double celebration.

Whenever things are not going quite to suit her, Sarah "speaks to" her father about them, reminding him that "Remember, we are twins," and he can't very well refuse any request a "twin" makes. This is just more proof that besides possessing charm, this young lady knows her way around.

"It can't be done," murmured the young lady.  
 "What can't be done," asked the policeman, who was pulling her out of the wrecked car.  
 "Smoking a cigarette, using a lipstick, and driving the car at the same time," she said.

Mr. A. T. Curlee, advisor of the present senior class, was graduated from the University of North Carolina in Mathematics in 1926. He received his Master's degree there in 1927. Mr. Curlee taught at the University until 1929, when he came to Salem, where he holds the position of Head of the Mathematics Department here.

Mr. Curlee is very fond of sports and the out-of-doors. At Carolina, he proved to be the not so proverbial football hero. In his senior year, just before the final game, he dislocated his knee, but he played in the game, nevertheless!

He likes golf and tennis, and especially swimming if he can find a beach. Mr. Curlee says that for himself, basketball is too strenuous, but he thinks that the beauty of the teamwork can not be surpassed in any other sport.

Mr. Curlee likes to read when he has the time. He considers modern, historical novels, if well written, to be well worth reading, as well as entertaining. He is fond of good poetry and likes philosophy, if it is not too deep.

He eats most anything, and claims that he is not hard to please. His present hobby is gardening.

In 1936, Mr. Curlee married Miss Eloise Vaughn, who teaches German at Salem. Mr. and Mrs. Curlee live on Pennsylvania Avenue, just off Country Club Road, but Mr. Curlee threatens to leave town after the publication of this article.

It's your own problem in addition. Add a slow drawl, a dry wit, a patient disposition, and his other characteristics you already know well, to about six feet, and you have a hundred per cent Mr. Curlee.

FACULTY ENTERTAINED AT COUNTRY CLUB

Tuesday evening at seven o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Bahnson and daughter, Betty Bahnson, entertained at a dinner the faculties of Salem College and Salem Academy at the Country Club. The lower floor of the clubhouse was decorated with yellow and white flowers, carrying out the school colors of the college and Academy.

After a delicious dinner of four courses was served, Mr. Agnew Bahnson, Jr., entertained the guests with pictures he took on his recent trip to Europe.

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Flash! We just heard that Seniors Neely and Sherwood are taking off for the "high seas" this week-end.

These Salisbury girls (meaning the Klutz sisters), must be some kinda power to be the cause of their true loves speeding to Salem at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and being fined ten dollars by a traffic cop.

Marianna and Lou treated some seniors to a free meal Sunday night. There were thirteen of them -- wonder who the thirteenth was?

Helen, who is this Cloude you've been haering from? Are you sure you haven't gotten the Jr. and Sr. mixed? Maybe those seven easy lessons are beginning to take effect.

This dirt digger has been trying to find out what the deep, dark secret in Ginny Neely's life is. None of the seniors will "let the cat out of the bag." Let's make a guess. Is it Mr. Peabody?

This little birdie spied Sara hurrying to the telephone Tuesday night. The reason was a long distance call from Washington.

Well, Mary, I hear you got the proverbial telegram from Nick this week-end. Too bad he couldn't come. Better luck next time.

In spite of exams Janies' Billy is headed this way Saturday night. Better make the best of it, Janie, from what I hear you won't see him again until August.

Ethel has had the "D. T.'s. (that's another word for the jitters), for about two weeks. What's the reason?

Our apologies to Mr. Alice in Wondarland for having mistreated him so. This gent from V. P. I. came down to see Mary last Saturday and went back Sunday and passed (!) his exam that afternoon. The source of his ability is P. H. (Power House) Woodruff.

Papa D. is coaching Briggs in Baseball instead of French. In class, the other day, when Briggs reported for the 3rd time that she hadn't read a book -- Mr. Downs said, "Three strikes and you're out."

When Lou Preas told Mac not to come last Sunday, she didn't have

any idea he'd take her seriously. Anyway, that's her story, and she's stuck with it.

What the first floor gals need are more windows to catch more Bahnson's and Cohen's with. (Doesn't that burn you up, Billy? I know somebody will show it to you!)

Frances A. was all excited over a letter from Chapel Hill today, but it turned out to be a letter of welcome to Summer School to her and her room-mate.

Personal--Dear Wee Willie, thanks for the tip on Columbia and it's a happy thing that you kept quiet about yourself. However, you're not the only little birdie that can talk. With love,  
 Lula and Tweak.

Dorothy H. professes a hate for red-headed people, but she was seen fluttering them long eyelashes at one Sunday night.

SPORTS SLANTS

Couch Tennis Champion

Lowry Riding Queen

Tuesday afternoon, Willena Couch for the third time became Queen of the tennis courts at Salem. She defeated Louise Frazier in the final game with a score of 6-1, 6-0. The match was really much closer than the score indicates as there were very few love games and few games

with scores lower than 30 all. Frazier played a hard game but Couch really defeated her in court strategy.

Our May Queen has another crown to add to her collection. Monday afternoon she again won first place in the annual college horseback riding meet held at the Polo Field and was awarded the silver cup which goes with the blue ribbon for first place in the advanced class. This is Cordelia's third year as Riding Queen of Salem.

Second place in the advanced group

went to Evelyn McCarty. Cramer Percival took the third award and Jane Boren the fourth.

In the beginners class the blue ribbon went to Peggy Warren, Frances Alexander was given the red ribbon for second place and Betsy Fearing won the white ribbon.

After these two major events, the riders indulged in a gymkana. Several interesting and novel stunts were presented. Ask Mary Worthy Spence or Peggy Warren which is the best end, or side, of a horse to get on without stirrups.

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