

FEATURES - FEATURES

PERSONALITIES

BY WILLIS AND THOMAS

MR. EDWARD HOLDER

MR. EDWARD HOLDER, CITIZEN OF FORSYTH COUNTY, CROSS EXAMINES PROF. HOLDER, SALEM COLLEGE

Mr. H. — Since you have always been your past, I think I have a right to find out what has happened to you now that you have started teaching in a girls' school. The last I remember of you was at Guilford College, where you were studying history under Dr. Ansecombe who is now head of your department at Salem, if I heard correctly.

Prof. H. — You heard correctly, but there is quite a bit you haven't heard, so where shall I begin?

Mr. H. — Begin in 1929 when you were doing graduate work at Carolina.

Prof. H. — I received my M.A. in History there and went to Kernersville to teach in the high school. That should not be very startling to you because you know that I have always wanted to be a teacher, especially since everyone in my family has taught. From Kernersville, I went to Charlotte and then to Charleston, W. Va., to work with the Atlantic Greyhound Lines. In 1936, I came to Winston-Salem and began teaching history at the college — and there you have the story of my life in a nut-shell.

Mr. H. — But that isn't all I want to know! Do you still like the same kinds of people, the same books, the same things? Would you still like to be more than one person so that you could not only teach, but study architecture and music at the same time? You always were an ambitious fellow.

Prof. H. — As you know, I like best the people that I know well. I like to work with young people and want to get personally acquainted with my students. Strangely enough, I like for them to discuss the lesson, but I seldom give them an opportunity. Originality is something I like in everybody.

Mr. H. — Didn't you use to be interested in journalism? Have you written anything for publication lately?

Prof. H. — Not since I left college. The newspaper though is still one of my favorite reading materials. I like romantic fiction, biographies, and travel books, but I do most of my reading in histories.

Mr. H. — You ought to write up that last fish story you told me! By the way, have you been on any good fishing trips lately?

Prof. H. — I haven't, but that's not my fault. One of these first days I am going to take a year's leave so that I can do everything I want to — play tennis, hike, swim, go sailing and canoeing, and go surfing and troling. I would not mind seeing a few football games, especially the Duke-Carolina. As long as this vacation is to include everything I like, maybe I had better mention here that I would also like some music — any music except Hill-Billy stuff.

Mr. H. — I honestly hope you will be able to take that vacation some time, but what are you planning to do in the near future.

Prof. H. — The "nearest" thing I am planning to do is teach and since that is the bell, I believe I had better begin doing that thing right now.

ALL TOGETHER ONE, TWO, THREE

We the Freshmen of this college Wish to thank and to acknowledge The Sophomore Class for what they've done To make us suffer for their fun.

As we wet woeful wenches weep, We sing steadily songs of Sophomores sweet, Surging steeply, steadily, skyward Forever let this be our byword Sophomores! Sophomores! Sophomores!

MARGARET BRIGGS

Hair—Brown Eyes—Blue Complexion—Fair Height—5 ft, 3 1/2 in. Favorite color—Blue Home—High Point. Religion—Quaker Talent—(special one)—Quaker. Favorite expression—"Oh, I doubt that." Favorite sports—Walking and tennis. Favorite food—Apples. Favorite Orchestra—Mark Warner Likes—Mississippi Suite in Park Avenue Fantasy. Men—She likes Cocker Spaniels Books—Any kind of humor books Loves Bob Benchley, L. B. White and Corey Ford. Secret desire—To play a harp Ambition—Would like to get up programs to run Dorothy Gordon and Ted Malone off the air. Philosophy—Believes in moderation in everything — even moderation. Known as—"Briggs."

Little is needed to say about the girl who is the very capable chairman of May Day this year, for we all know her by her frankness, candor, sincerity and puns. She is always busy. Most anything new and original around here can usually be traced to Briggs. She loves walking, but never walks — always runs. Her drawings are known and liked all over school, and she says she must be an artist because of her temperament. Talks in riddles, and has no patience with those who can't and won't. Says in High Point they just let her talk.

We'd never get through if we went over everything she's done since she's been here. Being president of the Junior Class last year was just another one of those things. Suffice it to say that she would do anything in the world for you, and is one of Salem's best girls.

PRIVATE LIFE OF A SALEM COOK

"I think that Salem girls are the finest in the United States. I have never found any other group like them." These words were spoken by Russell, the chief cook of the Salem College kitchen. After working here for twenty years he says with a broad smile that he still likes the work. Russell proved this by telling us that this summer he refused a job with better pay. He has become too attached to his work here to leave. Just for a vacation though in the summer he works at the Albemarle Hotel at Virginia Beach.

Russell is a home loving person. At night he is entertained by his four children, one of whom has entered college this year. His favorite outdoor sports are football and baseball. When asked what he liked to do in his leisure time he replied, "I like to just sit around outdoors and watch the people go by." He goes to Sunday School and church every Sunday and is trustee of the Baptist Church and president of the Baraca Sunday School Class.

Russell not only is a good cook — he looks like a good cook. He wears a white suit, and a high chef's cap. He likes to please the girls at Salem — even outside of his regular hours. He hesitated a minute when we asked him to tell us his favorite people on the campus, and then he said, "I wouldn't like to say — but I think Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler are mighty fine."

Russell remarked that he has been looking forward to a new kitchen here for the last fifteen years and hasn't seen it yet. So here's a toast to Russell and his hope for a new kitchen.

SEZ PEONY

Dere Ma, Rite now I is so confused as to whether I is here or whether I ain't, that I is scared to look in the mirror for fear that maybe I ain't. I am taking a very peculiar subject called Fillosophie, and the book says that we aint real or sumthing cause when we ain't in a room how do we know that the table we seen in there is still there. Ain't that the silliest thing you ever heered of! Where do you reckon they think that table has went! I wuz jest about to catch on to what it wuz all about, but when I ast the teacher if it wuz like when one nite we have chickens in the barn and the next mornin' we ain't got none, everybody laft so I guess I wuz wrong agin. If I ain't found out by Christmas whether I is here or not, I think I will drap the gosh-awful thing.

Ain't this here weather jest rite for football games! Lorenzo tuk me to the one Saturday an I had the most exciting time. I have dun forgot the team we wuz fur, but anyhow it lost. It weren't our fault though cause we nerely yelled our lungs out to the players to incourage them. We had to stop saying "Fite, fite, fite" cause every time we says it, two men in front of us who musta had too much home brew jumped up and started hittin' at each other. They soon knocked each other out and the ushers ha dto tote them out. I know there musta been a million peoples at that game on when you stops to consider it thas lots of people jest to see some overgrown brutes chase one pore little ball all afternoon. Lorenzo wuz real sweet to me an 'even bought me 3 hot dogs fer my supper. He's takin me to the fare next week but he's done said I had ea eat fore I went.

Buleve me, I certainly is glad I is no longer a freshmen. I wuz one for nearly 3 years an now that the sophomores is initiating them, I have decided that is wuz wurth the extra studyin' I done them last 2 years to git me out of my Freshmen Term.

Pa writ me about whut a wunnerful trip he had to the American Legion Convention in New York City. He shore did raise Hallylulia and frum whut he said I guess he hisself nerely tore the city up. I listened t othe parade being broadcasted over the radio one day and when the announcer said a man in overalls had sejt hit him in the eye with a plug of tobacery I knew it couldn't be nobody but Pa. Later on he said another gentlemen had jest been found ridin round the park on a mule an I knew both of them wuz granpappy. Hope they is both recovered by now.

Don't fergit t ohoce them petunias under the back window so they'll be purty next year. I'll write agin soon.

Luve, Peony.

P. S.—I jest looked in the mirror and I is there, so maybe I can stay there till next time. I'm a hoping so anyhow.

"DEAREST FAMILY,"

One Salemite reported that another Salemite had sighed, "That moon, and no male! There oughta be a law —" What the girl really said was probably "No mail" (male would be too much to hope for!)

If for no other reason, I would love Christopher Morley for his views on "Unanswering Letters." My mind is a storehouse of clever letters. I constantly go about mentally jotting down catchy remarks, interesting bits of gossip, poetic phrases, and neat puns that I shall use in my next letter to the family. "Which reminds me. I must write to them soon," I say, "— very soon. Bless their hearts!" The fact that I somehow never get my splendid thoughts on paper seldom bothers me. When I hear a funny joke. I think, "Dad would enjoy that; I must remember to write tomorrow." But when tomorrow comes, I only have time for a note. "I'll wait until tomorrow," I rationalize, "when

"I THANK WHATEVER GODS MAY BE—"

For my understanding room-mate. She doesn't talk at that time when silence is truly golden — before breakfast! I admire people who have the energy to turn on the personality plus idea on an empty stomach, but, mind you, I said admire, not appreciate. No, far be it from me to argue with your "Mother Nature;" I agree that nothing is lovelier than a bright, sunshine morning when the birds are chirping and the dew is pearly, but why, oh why, discuss it when nothing could be quite so beautiful as one more hour of sleep! For that girl who wakes up fresh as a daisy, looking like Miss America, an incessant line of chatter may be acceptable, but since aluminum curlers, a greasy face, and puffy eyelids are not provocative to poetic thought, one glance in my mirror makes me want to say: "Leave it to the poets!"

But I can't say it. I can't say anything — not when my whole head is resting on my eyeballs and my mouth feels like an incinerator. Isn't it strain enough on the constitution to throw the limbs into a skirt and sweater and make breakfast in five minutes without having to be gay and chatty? Who cares at 7 a. m., what sweet nothings Joe College whispered in your ear last night? Who wants to hear your latest pun when, at the last moment, your only clean pair of stockings has sprung a run? It just isn't funny!

The very worst of all roommates, however, is the playful type. She's the gal who has not learned the art of waking a person soothingly, and gently. She's the kind who will jump at you like a squirrel, landing right in the pit of your stomach to tickle your ribs or tweak your nose. Perhaps she will start that "one for the money." nonsense. More than likely she'll turn on the radio — full blast. Can't she understand that even Benny isn't a Goodman before breakfast? "Remember Me!"

Now, my roommate in one move has me out of bed; we are dressed and on our way; neither of us, realizing the other's rather not bonnie best disposition, has spoken a word. Later, with our faces washed, our teeth brushed, and our tummies full, we turn to say a pleasant, "good morning." Thus, is is a good morning, and peace is preserved. Blessings on thee, Roommate.

I shall have time for a nice, long, newy letter in which I shall tell the family all the happenings." When tomorrow arrives and I have time for a longer letter, there seems to be so much to say that I don't know where to begin. "To write a really good letter takes meditation." I muse until the bell rings, offering a perfectly good excuse for further procrastination. The next day, a beautiful sunset reminds me how much I love my mother and that perhaps I haven't told her for a long, long time. "But that's so hard to put in words," I think, "I just can't do it now. Someday I shall, though."

At the end of the week, when my post office box is still empty, I begin to wonder if my family still loves me. After all, they haven't answered my letter. When did I write — Tuesday? No, Thursday, Friday, no. Well, surely I did write, I told Dad that amusing thing, and told mother how much I loved her. Or did I write it? Heavens, no! It's been over a week since I wrote! I'd better dash off a card to them before mother calls to know whether it's ptomaine poison or just influenza. And the card goes something like this:

"Dearest family, Apologies for not having written. Haven't had a moment. Am well and happy. I might remind you that it's the end of the month and I'm broke. Write soon. Tomorrow, I shall write you a long, newy letter—"



CHATTER AND PATTTER

Seen on the floor trucking on down at Davidson Dance. Betty Bahnsen, Mildred Minter and others. Ye olde scribes weren't there, so we don't know what the femmes wore or who else represented Salem. Oh yes, we remember hearing tell of two more. McCarty and Bonnie Ray.

V. B. Davis will be going home next week-end we spect. She could not get things quite under control last time. Good luck, V. B.

Mary Lee Salley had her sister, Frances, up to visit her this week-end. We were real glad to see Frances again. She said a tenth-grade boy she teaches persists in making eyes at her.

Mary Thomas, Kate Pratt, and Mary Turner attended the State-Carolina game, Saturday afternoon. They had a most enjoyable time, according to all reports, and Betsy Fearing must have been over-anxious to see the game — or something — if she was willing to ride down to Raleigh in Kate's rumble seat all by herself.

Do you know what Helen Smith's middle name is? If you do, maybe you can set acertain Vanderbilt law student on the right track. Last week it was "Marie," this week it's "Roberta."

Ginny Lee reports a big week-end just around the city. Sounds like "I'm Falling in Love With Someone."

Wonder how much Pauline's temperature went up Sunday night when Felix called her down at the infirmary."

From all reports, Becky, the blind date you had last week was pleasing to the eye and soothing to the ear.

No wonder Jean Knox jumps every time the house phone rings — it's usually for her.

Some boys are dumb enough to try to get a date with more than one girl a nite. Ask Frances Cole and Jo Gribbin about it. They compared notes.

George Ashby had Martha out to put her stamp of approval on some- (Continued on Page Five)

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