

FEATURES - FEATURES

SALEM POME CONTEST

Last week the Feature Staff announced a Pome Contest. For the benefit of those whose memory is a little hazy, we reprint the contest rules.

The rules of the contest are as follows:

1. All pomes must be original.
2. The pome does not have to be what is known as "true poetry." It may be merely rime.
3. All manuscripts must be written in ink.
4. A prize will be given for the best pome.
5. Ribbons will be given for:
 - a. The best pome submitted by a student.
 - b. The best pome submitted by a faculty member.
 - c. The most original pome.
 - d. The funniest pome.
6. All manuscripts are to be left at the "Salemite" office, or are to be given to any member of the Feature Staff.

These two pomes have been submitted. Where's your pome girls?

PICK UP YOUR CARDS

rodent-like I skirmish and dip
what? what?
into your affairs
of blistered heart and acid lip
who? who?

parrot-like I laud and promote
hear! hear!
the drowsy gray owl
with acute ear and silent throat
hail! hail!

woman-like I simply cannot
my dear! my dear!
practice my rosy-lipped
Theory of tending just my varied lot!
aha! aha!

oh. can you?

ON PRACTICE TEACHING

Behind the desk I sit a-glowing —
Outside the rain is patiently showering.

Down my back there goes a shiver
The students stare — I start to quiver.

My voice is trembling foolishly
My words are tangled outlandishly.

Nothing I seem to say makes sense,
And Johnny Brown on mischief is bent

If that child dares to ask a question,
I know I'll faint at her suggestion.

What was I saying — 1603?
That doesn't mean a thing to me!

"Tempus fugit!" — that may be so,
But I talk a life-time, while ten minutes go—

Oh how the seconds drag along
I wonder if I'll ever hear that gong.

A "certificate" I'll never need—
My interest has gone to seed.

I knew that lesson on "Hamlet" today—
Those naughty children scared it away.

This teaching gag may be for some
But nothing has ever left me so glum.

TO WRITE OR NOT TO WRITE

Here it is almost time for my article to be in, and I can't even have idea one 'bout which to write. I have ruined one perfectly good manicure, even if I did do it myself, trying to get inspiration, but all to no avail.

What, shall I do? In desperation, I even started to have a poll of the hall and find out what the gals wanted to read about, cause after all, this frenzy is for you. But then the quiet hour bell rang and I didn't want to get another call down cause that would put me on restriction. So, you see that was definitely out.

Started to write a little sweet article telling all you readers what a naughty, naughty thing it is to throw things out of third floor windows. Shame, shame everybody knows your name 'cept those who really should know. Or maybe that is always the way things go. The ones who should know about some happenings are always the last ones to find out about them. Aren't some of you thanking your lucky stars for that. Hope I haven't scared you too much.

Read some pretty good advice in the Citadel Bull Dog. Here it is for you in case you missed it.

ADVICE TO GIRLS

1. Keep away from the track men; they are usually fast.
2. Never take dates with biology men; they enjoy cutting up too much.
3. The football man is all right; he will tackle anything.
4. The tennis man is harmless; but he enjoys a racket.
5. Watch out for the baseball man; he hits and runs.
6. Be careful of the dramatic man;
7. Don't play cards with a civil engineer; he is a bridge specialist.
8. Always let the band member talk about himself; he enjoys blowing about himself; he enjoys blowing his own horn.

If you would like more information on any of the above occupations of the other sex, perhaps you could get Bonnie Ray to tell you all about the track man. That is if you haven't already heard about S. A. E. Billy. Or perhaps Miss Burlington would give you an insight regarding the biology man. Mary Charlotte Nelme would be only to glad to tell you a few long good stories about football men. We suggest that you ask little Evelyn McCarty whether or not she agrees with the remark made concerning tennis players. You can ask almost any of the Home Economic gals what they think about the band boys. From what we have heard some of the band boys did a good job of blowing up at the roof when Miss Katherine Hanes entertained the Davidson Band and several other guests. Just a few others though. You can inquire of Louise Preas to find out about the dramatic man. Tonnage or Virginia Lee might give you a few pointers on the baseball men. But to save our necks we can't find some one to refer you to to find out about civil engineers.

NOT NECESSARILY SO

What was the cause of so many unhappy faces Tuesday night? I wonder if it was because the Davidson Band played here that night and didn't have time to come out to school. At least that was the story told.

How is Bill now, Fanny? Even though Troutman isn't so far away, he really may be very busy. And you have Jack in the meantime.

Twins are fine — Tootie and Glenn think so too — especially when they like different ones. But it's a different matter when room-mates start entertaining. Ask Glenn about it.

Too bad Becky you have lost your umbrella at this time of year when there is so much rain. Maybe it is not the loss of the umbrella you mind but just the thought of losing something he gave you.

Imagine Mary Turner Willis' embarrassment when after the I. R. S.

CHATTER & PATTTER

Jean, you certainly were rushing the "promising young lawyer" (Mr. Blackwell to you, girls) at the I. R. S dance, Saturday night. I hear that you and Winfield have a common interest.

Helen Smith touched off to Tennessee for the week-end. How could you bear to be away from Winston-Salem that long, and leave your tobacco magnate to the wiles of these Salem girls unprotected?

I hear that the maid of honor and the May Queen co-operated this week-end in entertaining each other's dates.

Hi, duchess! (meaning Miss Cole of the I. R. S.). It seems that your gracious smile and charming manner has entitled you to an evening with that "promising young lawyer" who appears to be the "Apple of every senior's eye."

Tweak's Citadel Cadet came up to see her this week-end. Perhaps the song "An Old Flame Never Dies" applies to the romance. You know Bill has been coming to see Tweak since her freshman year!

Millie went to Burlington for the week-ends. We wonder if it was homesickness or the desire to see Bob. Come on 'fess up, Millie!

Leila, a little birdie tells me that you and a certain Mr. La Roque have become quite friendly! Seems that your Carolina man has keen competition! Maybe he realizes it — anyway I hear that he is coming up this week-end.

dance last Saturday night Lillian Parks asked her about Mills. Mary Turner said with a very straight face that she didn't know whom he dated.

The hit of last week-end was Annette's Courtney — tall, blond and handsome. No wonder Annette beamed all week-end. All the girls who met him greatly approved of him; so now Annette it is up to you. How was the Greensboro trip?

Anne Johnson was on the go all week-end. She went to the Home Economic Conference in Salisbury on Saturday, and then home on Sunday with Mick, Bill and Manuel.

"SEZ PEONY"

Dere Ma,

I jest dont know whut this place is a kumin to! We is had 3 dances in this here one month of Februarie and I kin hardly believe it. The one last Saturday night wuz fer the out-of-state gurls and when I wuz ast where I wuz from, I said, "Pumpkin Center" and since they didn't want to embarase me by asting where that wuz, they jest let be kum anyhow. Tomorrow nite, the freshmen is giving a Cherry Blossom Ball fer the juniors and we is all a lookin' forward to a elegant time. Glad i'll know who I'm a dancing wid this time like I didn't know at the Maskerade. Me an Cornflower is taking Willie and Jonathan if they ever gits here. They is a plannin to drive over frum Puketown in that air vehikle of ther'n an since they kant leave there til they tend to the hoses and cows an gather the eggs, they probably wont never make it over here fore way after supper time.

I show is glad Valentine is over! I didn't know I had so many sweeties until all them boxes of kandy an them purty lacy paper harts started kumin in. Hiram sent me a box of different kolored taffey an Abe sent me a box of them pretzels like you eat with beer, only we kant have no beer here. I didn't get but one bunch of flowers an thy wuz about half ded. Luke sent me a box of fresh home grown vegetables which I

HERALDING SPRING



A spring dress of lightweight wool in brilliant plaid of green, lavender, black and gray, trimmed with chiffon velvet. The peasant influence is emphasized in the puffed sleeves, the basque waistline and the lacings on sleeves, at neck and waistline. Posed by Rose Stradner, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star.

FROM A MAD HOUSE

College has been most beneficial to me; and I offer this essay as proof of the veracity of my premise. And even if the reader thinks in all sincerity of conviction, that my premise is false, the least he can do is to read my point of view, and respect it for what it is worth. (That's a compliment, readers, I'm crediting you with discrimination, a most admirable trait, they tell me!) Now I must hastily apologize for the unwarranted defensiveness which I have displayed, and continue the development of my premise. Listen to this: although already the practical value of my college training has been extensive, my most perceptible gains do not manifest themselves tangibly, but intangibly—for it is in my reasoning ability that I have progressed. Now I do not say this with the smug, self-satisfied complacency of a Freshman who thinks as she did when she graduated (or was graduated, whichever the case may be) from preparatory.

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thot wuz real nice of him. The basket ball turnement is going good now and we is all plezed wid the way its a kuming along. Tis too bad tho that the freshmen is such a punie little bunch or maybe they'd have a gooder chance to win. As tis now, anybudy kin jest neok 'em out'n there way and run clean over 'em. They is giving 2 keeps this yere — one to the A team and one to the B team. I is on the XYZ team but maybe we kin win a ribbin. The truble wid me is that I jest kant git my feet up offin the flore. It aint my fault that I is 6 feet tall an wey 175 pounds an jest kant rase myself into the air with much eze, but the gym ladies says I kan't never be a good player till I lerns to do that. I is over i nthe new liberarie trying t orite this letter, but there is so many gurls asleep round me that I kant hardly konceentrate. This shore is a nice place to sleep only I always drap off with a book in my hand an if my techer sees me, he kalls on me a olt the next day. Hant nothing much really happened up here that I kin write you about. Had a fire drill tother nite an I got so excited that I fell flum down the steps. Has got to go kurl my hare for the dance. Love, Peony.

A Chinese emperor, who established a zoo near Peking about 1100 B. C., called it an intelligence park. Father: You are very late, Johnny. Johnny: I was kept in Daddy. Father: Why? Johnny: I didn't know where the Philippines were. Father: Well, in the future just remember where you put things.

"Does my practicing make you nervous?" asked the man who was learning to play a saxophone. "It did at first when I heard the neighbors discussing it and making threats, but I'm getting so now that I don't care much what happens to you." Joan: Have you ever had a lesson by correspondence? Jim: Yes, I don't write to girls any more.