



FEATURES - FEATURES



I AM PUBLIC ENEMY

It's spring! Girls have begun to swarm to the P. O. after supper and that's a sure sign. In the meantime, our young women's fancies have not lightly-seriously, turned to thoughts of spring cleaning.

I am a criminal. I am Salem's public enemy number 1. I have proved a disgrace to the old home town. I have shamed my so superior (and not so superior) ancestors. I have committed the unpardonable sin. I have dropped a match on the floor of the Green Room!

Imagine my surprise when I stumbled in after breakfast prepared to wade my weary way through Camel ducks, empty cups, paper, etc., to catch that last drag before chapel when I meet the Gold Dust Twins on guard. At least I suppose that's who they represented. They glowered like Nazi officers as they saw my match drifting to the floor. "Pick that up—immediately!" they greeted me in their best before breakfast temper. "And one penny fine—for new curtains!"

Instead of the usual trash I saw a shining expanse of clean floor, marred only by one pecan shell, for which some erring soul paid dearly with half her remaining allowance.

I bumped my head on innumerable artistic attempts—warnings I mean. All the posters looked like a strike parade.

"Let's clean up the Green Room" (With an "I dare you not to!" air).

The attitude seems to be that paper and trash belong in the waste basket and cigarettes in ash trays. A new screen, towel rack and soap have spurred us on to better and cleaner days. I am trying to redeem myself by joining the Old Dutch Cleanser girls. I may not have any random thoughts of love, but no one can say I haven't the Spring Spirit.

HAVEN'T YOU DONE THIS?

I stood on the dreary corner waiting for the bus, thinking only of how tired I was. Somehow my mind wandered, and I awoke with a start as a long, gleaming roadster, driven by a handsome young man, stopped directly in front of me.

"May I take you somewhere?" he asked.

I was so tired I answered, "Yes, thank you; I am going home."

The air ran like cool streams of water through my hair, and suddenly I was no longer tired. This young man's niceness, his good looks, the beautiful car all jolted me out of my usual state. We talked, and I became very gay and charming. The more we talked the better we liked each other, and when we started laughing our friendship was a settled matter. Finally we had come to our block.

I said, "Thank you very much for the ride."

"I've enjoyed this a lot," he said. "May I come and see you some time?"

"Yes," I said, "I'll be glad to see you."

"Well, if that's the case, how about dinner this Saturday night?" he said.

Excitedly I answered, "That will be lovely," and stepped out of the car onto the sidewalk.

His face, his car seemed to disappear suddenly, and I was standing back on the same old street corner, waiting for the bus. Oh, why must I be the girl to whom romance never comes, who is always dreaming on street corners!

CHATTER & PATTTER

There was a man in our Bible Class yesterday, and I don't mean Dr. Rondthaler. It was young George Stark Norfleet. You guess who was responsible.

Somebody has been diamond mining lately, and one of the rocks ended up on a certain senior's finger, but Lou says she doesn't mind! Worse luck, it's on the wrong hand!

Did you see the sporty pink zipper that Millie and Bob were sporting Sunday? They really cruised around in it too. Millie was all smiles too—Could it have been Bob or the car.

Girls, if you want one that's faithful, I'd advise a trip to North Wikesboro. They really grow 'em right up there — just ask Ginny Carter and Jo Gibson.

But the exception to that rule is one Jack, so Becky says. But she's got the last laugh now because the bee in the N. C. bonnet began buzzing over around Asheboro.

And speaking of Asheboro, what's Marianna got that I ain't got? Don't tell me, let me guess—no, it wouldn't be that, but one thing is Dickie, and that is something!

Have you noticed the gleam in Martha's eye? It crept in yesterday while she wasn't looking, but while she was talking to George over the phone. Yep, he's back, and for three months. Now Martha never will get those 40 things done! By the way, I hear another lawyer has his eye on you (look out Blount)!

And what's more, Briggs, if you don't stop making breaks, somebody's gonna make you break.

Edith's Joe came up for the week-end. There's a case of true love, if there ever was one!

PERSONALITIES

They're nothing unusual, everybody's got 'em, and of course they're all quite different. You find a smoothie, a go-getter, a la-de-da, a sophisticate, a walking tooth paste ad, a harum-scarum, a gold-digger, a clothes-horse practically everywhere you go; and a college campus is where you are sure to find all these, plus many more.

Just look around; right here we have every one of the above types. Of course we can't definitely pigeon-hole personalities since each one consists of so many different qualities, but here let's think of them according to outstanding characteristics, or is it oddities?

Mentioning a few of our smoothies, there's Millie Troxler, Meredith Holderby, Virginia Lee. Among our harum-scarums are Jackie Ray, Forest Mosby, Dot Baughm. Our la-de-da's are numerous: the Senior set, Peggy B., Jackie Ray, Eve Tomlinson. If you ever try to count the go-getters here start with these: Margaret Patterson, Mary Turner Willis, Mary Woodruff, the McNeelys, Mildred Minter, Jo Hutchison, Dot Hutaff—and on and on. For the cute type, there's: Frances Klutz, Kelly Ann Smith, Anne Johnson, Lelia Williams, Mary Woodruff. In the crazy-funny class might be put: Elizabeth Carter, Virginia Hollowell, Elizabeth Sartin. For the jolly-good-fellow type, think of: Cramer Percival, E. McCarty, Virginia Hollowell. For the sweet type, there's Nancy Suiter, Elizabeth Tuten, Edith Rose. The studious ones: Well, you know 'em.

Now you carry on. Pick out somebody to fit these: the fastidious type, the vivacious type, the boring type, the silly type, the athletic type. Then there's the narrator, the cigarette fiend, the movie-goer, the complainer, the critic, the flatterer. We have them all and more.

Is it the spring or Dickie's wisdom teeth that promoted calls from Columbi, S. C., for Marianna on Sunday and Monday nites?

Big and strong Ray seems to have acquired the new name of "Jay" for Weak and Willin' Dot. It sounds funny to me, and Dot evidently thinks it's funny too because she laughs everytime it's mentioned.

When Janie signed out for Raleigh last week-end, she said she was going to see her sister, but we know who she was really going to see — Billy came up to meet her.

Meredith Wingfield Robedoe (?) Holderby now holds the title of Heavy Weight Champion of Senior Building since she beat off seven males the other night trying to explain that she "couldn't go."

From all I've been able to gather, Helen Smith is doing a tall piece of courtin'. You all know his name so I won't bother to mention it.

It seems that Millie and Bob had some small misunderstanding the other nite, but everything's cleared up now — even Millie's chin.

Sisk (pronounce i as fire) sho' was embarrassed the other day when she took "the girls" out for a spin. It really was a spin, two — in fact, they haven't quite recovered their equilibrium yet.

Truth will out, Sarah Stevens! What's there between you and the young doctor?

Frances Cole is a pyromaniac from way back — a pyromaniac is a nice name for fire-bug — she even burned a cake the other nite and then tried to explain it by saying that that was he way all good Englishmen ate their puddings.

What's all this about Lee going to Maine and cruising up and down the coast? The last time I heard, she was going to Europe. But, then, a woman does have the privilege of changing her mind.

It seems that a certain Mr. Coble is giving the well-known rush to one of our fair-haired seniors— Marianna Redding by name. She looked like a vogue model when she stepped out with him Sunday.

Babe O'Keeffe's George is back in town. Guess it will keep second-floor busy answering your phone

Cornelia's Mister X should have as his theme song "Mean to Me." Be a little sweeter next time, Corny, and maybe he will bring you back to school instead of letting you ride the bus.

Pauline has been in a good humor since her return from Mocksville. A little birdie tells me that Felix was home for the week-end. Just put two and two together and you'll get the right explanation!

Ask Becky Brame why she is so anxious to go home this week-end.

What blonde senior stepped out Sunday with the "personal property" of one of our prettiest freshmen? Moral — don't go off for week-ends when we have sophomore swings, because while the cats away the mice will play!!

Mary Thomas had a grand time with Dick Sunday. From all reports I think she was flying high. She surely did look good in new dress and bonnet.

Twins are very popular here. Ask some of the Junior girls about them.

POETRY CONTEST

PEGGY BRAWLEY SUBMITS BEST POEM

It gives the Feature Staff of "The Salemite" pleasure to announce that the best poem entered in the Poetry Contest was by Peggy Brawley:

The tow'ring clouds ascend the azure skies  
To catch the ardor of the sun; and height  
On height of craggy softness seems a bright  
Refulgent flames that glows and dies,  
But when with pallid splendor the full moon's rise  
Bestows a silver shimmer on the dusky night,  
There comes a marvel like a swan in flight —  
A magic that the burning day denies.  
Who wills to move in systematic ways  
And to concern himself alone with obvious earth,  
Should watch the changing skies and come to know  
Our destinies as varied as the girth  
Of heaven, where panoplied the stars amaze  
As they in white and misty spirals glow.

Honorable mention goes to Emma Brown Grantham for her sonnet:

I think that I shall never be in love,  
Like bats and all who fly on high  
Like pilots soaring freely far above.  
Like vines that twine together till they die.

I think that I shall never be absurd  
Like carefree youths who grasp at every chance,  
Like sailors rash of whom you've doubtless heard,  
Like gigolos who sway with each new dance.

But when I fall in love 'twill be like this:  
Like slender ships seen skimming over waves,  
Like leaves that float to earth in docile bliss,  
Like Junior's slow sweet smile when first he shaves;  
For true love is the outgrowth of the soul,  
And makes of tiny parts a lovely whole.

Honorable mention also goes to John Downs, Jr., for his poem:

A little boy, one day,  
Went out of doors to play.  
And there he saw a bear  
Who had the longest hair!  
The bear was old and gray  
And then he tried to say:  
"Good morning, little fellow,  
And how are you today?"  
The little boy was quite surprised  
Because the bear had big huge eyes.  
He then ran home to tell his mother,  
But on his way he met another.  
He looked at the bear as hard as he could.  
The bear ran off right into the wood.  
The little boy turned to run right home.  
But at his feet he saw a gnome,  
Who said to him "Come go with me,  
And pretty flowers you will see."  
The gnome led him into a garden  
And as he sneezed said, "Beg your pardon."  
The flowers and jonquils and everything all  
Jumped up so high and up so tall.  
They grew and they grew and they grew and  
they grew  
'Til the boy and gnome climbed up, it's true  
Not to the land where the giants grow,  
But to the homes of the gnomes you know.

Too much skating was the cause of Louisa limping this week. She and Glenn went out to practice Saturday and that was when Louisa first slipped up. The next time she went skating she fell again on the same knee. I wonder what tripped her — her skate or John?

Ada Lee Utley went home and to the Wake Forest dances last week-end. By the way she is a good little messenger — ask Skinner and Caroline.

Bob and his German friend were here Saturday. Margaret and Sarah were all smiles. Mary Graham and her date were in that crowd too.

Did you see the boys from Knoxville? They were worth getting excited about. Margaret, Betty, Esther and Josephine thought so too.

The two Libs of first floor have been seeing quite a lot of Hughes and Jimmie. It's great for room-mates to be popular.

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A CONTINUED STORY

WHEN?

Contest Dates —  
Now to March 25  
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