

FEATURES - FEATURES

THE ART OF SLEEPING IN CLASS

The professors have been complaining about the bad technique of sleepers-in-classes. They have suggested reference to the great amount of research work done in this field. The best authorities denote two main types of sleepers-in-classes.

The first and less polished one sleeps deliberately, on purpose, and makes no attempt to conceal the fact. This he does by simply sliding down in the chair, so that he is almost parallel with the floor. His feet are propped up in the seat of the chair in front. His head is thrown back, and when his mouth falls open emitting loud noises it is a sure sign that he has been able to attain the object of every student's desire, sleep-on-class.

The other type of sleepers-in-classes attains his art only through much practice and experience, only the cleverest and most subtle people being capable of it. This is the type which the professors think is the type worthy of Salem students' cultivation. Such a student sleeps without being noticed by his fellow students (he seldom can take in the professor, however), quite a feat. He props on one arm, placing his hand on his forehead so that his head is slightly bent and his eyes are hidden. It is very good if he can manage to hold his pencil as if he were taking notes. This means added difficulty, however, because he must not only keep his propping arm from slipping as he goes to sleep but also his pencil.

The students have a return request to make of the professors. Will they please conduct their classes in the quietest tone possible, never exciting the students by lists of parallel reading or assignments of term papers, so as to allow them as much time for practice in the art of sleeping as possible.

— APRIL FOOL —

CUPID'S ARROW STRIKES HOME

It has recently been revealed that one of our seniors eloped with Gus Somebody whose surname we have been unable to discover. The secret was uncovered only after hours of hurling gruelling questions at the adamant Lu Satterfield, who finally confessed that he married to Louisa Bitting building about one o'clock on the night of March 24th when he heard a loud rip, resembling the sound of material splitting. This noise turned out to be the tearing of sheets, worn thin from too frequent laundering. From these a rope had been made, suspended from the third story to about a yard from the ground; down this was plunging a girl with a handsome black suitcase in hand. The young man below caught the latter, waited for the former to jump, and the two dashed off. Mr. Satterfield's excuse for not waylaying them was that he was struck dumb by the agility of the girl and durability of the sheets.

The rest is only rumor, but we've heard that a preacher by pre-arrangement awaited them in the square at Dillon, S. C. After the ceremony the groom found to his dismay that he had left his money in his other suit; so the couple were delayed an hour. For the preacher demanded as his fee that Gus teach him to imitate Borah Minnevitich. A further rumor is abroad that the happy couple are on their way to Pike's Peak for an isolated honeymoon.

— APRIL FOOL —

He: "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?"

She: "That was no lady, that was my wife."

—Pitt Panther.

— APRIL FOOL —

He: "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?"

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—Michigan Gargoyle.

THEY SAY THAT —

—Hannah Teichman has been getting a lot of mail from Hartford, Connecticut, lately. These northerners certainly have a great attraction for Hannah!

—Harriette Taylor has become so sleepy lately that she can't even have a date—we wonder why?

—Miss Cash mistook one of Catherine Brandon's letters from Bethlehem the other day for a Harmony paper. Maybe it's harmony for you, Cat, but not for Miss Cash.

—Betsy Reece has planned for a gala affair for Easter. Here's hoping it won't take her away from school.

—Helen Lineback was observed reading a short story last week entitled "The Minister Who Kicked the Cat." Some of us believe that this short story is merely the introduction to a long story for Helen.

—Mary Baldwin is very fond of those good Scotch popsicles—in fact, we have a record of her having eaten four at one time. But Mary's little rival from Charlotte can eat a dozen at a time!

—Willena has broken the rules of the club that she and Butch have just formed. What are you gonna do with her, Butch?

Sarah Masten was caught for speeding Sunday night. We wouldn't have thought it of you, Sarah!

— APRIL FOOL —

FASHION FLASHES

Every year fashion designers, for both men and women, are greatly influenced by some important historical event, which sooner or later shows itself in their creations. Last year Wally and Edward did their part to make crownless hats, gold crosses and the Wallis blue color leave their imprint on the world's garb. Cleopatra, the World's Fair, Virginia Dare, and Salem's May Days have all had their share in making the public clothes-conscious, but this year, the dynamic production of "Helen and the Trojans" far surpasses anything yet in deciding what the well-dressed men and women of this modern world will wear. Here are a few brief observations jotted down by your fashion commentator at a recent style show, in which the Greek influence was dominant.

The most popular materials will be certain goods and bed spreads; those with ruffles and candle-wicking holding the lead as favorites over the plain drapes and yo-yo quilts of last season.

Royal purple, sky-blue, pink, and burnt-orange yellow, with touches of silver and gold, are the predominating colors.

Hockey tunics are having a run of great popularity among the men, especially when worn with a shoulder drape of contrasting design. Their wide acclaim is probably due to the ease with which one can "Big Apple" and go through windows when attired in one. Women's clothes have less shape than usual, and are worn extraordinarily long.

Shoes seem to be on the downfall. In fact, there is nothing left of them except the soles, which are held on by gaily colored ribbons, twined daintily round and round the calf of the leg.

Hats show an even more bizarre tendency than shoes. The conventional derbies are still good for men, but the women are beginning to show an interest in a crownless and brimless creation, which is worn low on the forehead just above the eyebrows, and greatly resembles bands of ribbon. Hair is being styled to go with the hats, and is really quite becoming to most of the women.

Further trends are expected to develop soon. In the meantime if you want to be a woman of the hour, take a tip from your fashion commentator, and "Watch the Greeks go buy."

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AT RANDOM

BLANK VERSE

IS IT TRUE?

As usual Martha McNair had an unexciting week-end. Of all people to call her Friday night was Tom Hood. And then Saturday night Don called. To top it all off she had to go out in town to spend the day Sunday.

Quite a few Salem girls went visiting last week-end. I overheard one say that she had been asked so many times that she just couldn't refuse. Frances Watlington went to Lenoir with Edith McLean, Carolyn Pfohl went to Mayodan with Anne Johnson, Nan Totten and Mary Lee Salley went to Mebane with Frances Kale and Jessie Skinner and Virginia Bruce Davis went to Charlotte with Peggy Rogers. All reported a terrible trip.

Maud Battle was so excited Saturday night. She had a good reason, too. A long distance telephone call from New York City would make anybody happier.

Louisa Sloan has put away her skates and is trying to learn to talk. John is such a good debator.

Mary Turner Willis' finger has improved so rapidly that she will not wear the bandage next week. This will be of great interest to all of her friends.

Mary Grier didn't do anything exciting all last week except attend classes. She didn't have a date all week long, but she has her fingers crossed for one in the near future.

Frances Turnage has had a date every night this week. I wonder how she gets by Miss Lawrence? One or two night she had had more than one date; so she kindly invited her friends to help entertain the boys.

OR IS IT APRIL FOOL?

SENIOR GOSSIP

From my third floor window I spied our debonair Mr. Bahnson assisting Miss Piper (Ginger to you) into his powerful motor vehicle.

Charlie called Peggy the other afternoon, and she refused to talk to him because she was in the middle of one of Shakespeare's plays.

It took Cornelia eight months to decide that B. B. is the man for her. Guess you'll be running around the table!

Becky went out with that TALL George Ashby. Martha, look out. You know Becky goes in for tall men!

Looks like Colin's turned the tables on Cornelia! Is your face red?

Billy came all the way from Washington to see Janie, but she'd gone out with Winfield. Just so he's in the law profession!

Jo Gibson says she's off men for life—Richard included.

Fanny Cole says she's going in for ruffles and baby talk. Luck to you!

Mary Woodruff has become ultra-sophisticated. She is donning Oxford glasses and acquiring an English accent!

Lou Preas who has no marriage prospects is looking mighty blue because she fears life as an old maid!

April Fool!

— APRIL FOOL —

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—Colgate Banter.

CLOTHESLINE FALLS ON THIRD

C. C. C. Called To The Rescue



CENSORED



GARDEN SNAKE ENDANGERS LIFE OF SALEM GIRL

Miss Louise Preas, well known to her classmates as "Lou," found, upon entering her room in Louisa Bitting Building, a small, flat box addressed to herself. Momentarily elated at the prospect of an unanticipated gift, Miss Preas rapidly cut the cords and wrappings of the package and discovered a box. As she lifted the cover from the box she heard a faint rustle — an eerie sound which made cold chills go over her spine. Still unsuspecting of the thing that was about to happen, Miss Preas completed the removal of the box top and to her amazement and blood-curdling horror, a small green garden snake reared its ugly head and leered at her. Miss Preas was petrified, and only after some minutes could she voice a sound so ungodly and terrified that the inhabitants of Senior building came down the stairs in torrents, literally. After Miss Preas was removed from the scene in an ambulance, Rob, one of the colored help, was called into grapple with the monster reptile. Rob trembled with fear when he saw the serpent quietly "snaking" its way about the room. Finally Rob, fearing for his own well-being and good health, struck a mighty blow to the reptile's head. This blow was so terrific that it not only shattered the snake's head, but also completely destroyed the floor of Miss Preas' "boudoir," even damaging the furnace for the building which is directly beneath. "Great multitudes came, so great was the fame" of Miss Preas and her garden snake.

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—Notre Dame Juggler.

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