

FEATURES - SOCIETY

POSTSCRIPTS

After a stony silence of three weeks, Mr. Wharton condescended to take Mary out to dinner and the show.

These long-distance affairs aren't so bad after all, are they Millie? But Huber's not a bad rat while the cat's away.

No sooner does John Watlington get back from winning an oratorical contest in Florida than he calls Frances A. for a date.

Billy O'Brien came all the way from Durham the other night to see Lou. We call her "Elec" for short — you guess why.

Frances Cole's favorite song these days is "It's The Dreamer In Me," and her favorite line from the song is "please be sympathetic, when I get poetic."

Jo Gibson courts 'em all the way from North Wilkesboro to Whiteville, and Wednesday night it was Ken from Burlington.

Lee's having a coupla dates with a Mr. Smart this week-end. Is he cute, Gin?

The two proverbial birds were killed with the one proverbial stone last week-end by the (not proverbial) Marianna, meaning that she saw both Seavy and Dickie.

What's this we hear about Eleanor Sartin and Agnes Lee getting mixed up on their dates Saturday night? But then, all those Oak Ridge boys are cute, so what's the

difference.

Could the reason that Kathryn Troxler was so excited about going home last week-end have been because "Petie" was going to be there too?

Tillie went to vespers last Sunday evening. From the tune that she was whistling, and the embarrassed look on her face when she appeared before the "fellow vespersers," one would never have known she was in her right pew.

Does Sam Orr tell all of the girls the same thing, and is he always, generous enough to allow his dates to darn his socks? These are the questions Mary Turner wants to put before the house.

Edith Binder's theme song from now on will be "Robert, Robert, won't you name the Day."

What was the excitement when Edith B. walked up on third. Did you happen to look at the third finger on her left hand? Wish everybody could radiate like that.

Seems that Peggy and Joe are having smooth sailing these days. We all wish them luck.

Dot and Margaret have struck a snare. Bets being placed as to which one is going to give in first.

What is all the V. P. I. trouble. Girls, don't you know you can only hold one man at a time.

Helene seems to have done pretty well. She got roses for the dance and specials since then.

AFTER JUNE 6 — ?

After graduation — what then? Well, after commencement exercises Sara Stevens is going home to eat and sleep for a few weeks before she starts making money — "Because," she says, "I'll probably, next fall be teaching some brats the difference between a noun and a verb." . . . And Cramer Percival is going to teach, too. In the meantime, she will be sunning herself at Carolina Beach . . . Jean Knox just can't decide on whether she had rather take a business course or continue with Sociology . . . and Cornelia Wolfe doesn't know yet whether she will be teaching school or taking art, next winter . . . Frances Alexander is going to play at Wrightsville Beach this summer and is going to Europe next winter . . . Jo Gibson is going to Europe this summer, and next winter she will buckle down to a business course . . . Marianna Redding just doesn't have any plans . . . But Margaret Briggs is burning with ambition. She is going into advertising, but first, she is going to stay down at Beaufort this summer and work up a temperament. She says, "next fall I'll go out and face this cruel business world. I'll get my start around here, and then, I'll go to the big city — unless, of course, I get side-tracked." . . . And then, there are these school "marms!" — Lois Morgan, Becky Brame, Peggy Brawley, and Helen Smith. Helen has already signed her contract to teach in her own home town! . . . But you can bet your last penny that Pauline Daniel isn't going to teach school. She hasn't any definite plans, but she thinks that she may be working as a dietician next fall . . . Dot Burnette really hasn't thought about the future yet. She will start off by teaching, but says there is no telling how she will end up . . . More school marms: Martha O'Keeffe, who plans to teach two years in Virginia. If by then she still doesn't have a prospect, she is going to work on her master's degree in history. Martha will probably make history, but not

the scholastic king! . . . Frances Cole also is going to "settle down to a placid life as an old maid school teacher" . . . We're not so sure that life for her will be as placid as all that! . . . Millie Troxler is going to teach for five years — and after that she hopes to get married. Maybe she's saying five just to be modest . . . Lelia Williams is going to be different. No school teaching for her. She will keep house and play mother to her little sister while she is taking a business course and looking for a job . . . Virginia Lee is going abroad this summer, and then to the University of Pennsylvania to get her master's degree in biology or else go in training for laboratory work. Lee said she was definitely to be in Philadelphia . . . Janie McLean is going to take a rest cure and "hope that my dream comes true." No need to ask what her dream is. She looked very sheepish when questioned. Which brings up the subject of Virginia Carter. Virginia is a little bolder. She is going to play this summer and get married in January . . . Mary McColl is going to take a business course in Columbia, S. C., and also play . . . Mary Woodruff refuses to tell. First she says she doesn't know. Then she says she never tells anyone her plans. But she adds, "I may tell the day I graduate." She did give this hint though. She is going to do just the things she has wanted to do and hasn't been able to do. "And are they glorious." . . . Meredith Holderby has the right idea. She is going to "catch on to the tails of my fleeting youth and have a good time!" . . . Virginia Sisk says "Secret, can't tell!" well, well, . . . M. M. Johnson says "Time will tell." . . . After Europe, Edith Rose doesn't know what she will do. Who could? . . . Laura Emily Pitts is going to school in New York, the Big City. Then — ♪ . . . Laura Bland is planning a summer of "mountains, horseback riding, and travel." After that, probably a B.M. here at Salem next year . . . Lois Berkey is another who won't tell . . . Martha Coons beams with "Carolina knew you when!"

DAY STUDENT DOINGS

We hear Lizzie's theme song this past week-end was "If I had the Wings of an Angel." Tish, tish, Lizzie.

Blevins certainly is dividing her time between Carolina and Duke. More power to ya, Babe.

Lib Lambeth seems to be an authority on young men who come to work in Wiston. Ask her about her date the other night.

Did two of our Winston-Salem S. A. E.'s stay away from Junior-Seniors at Carolina this past week-end just to play bridge Saturday night? How about it, Betty and Dot?

Wonder how Julia and Joe got on last week-end. We're hoping for the best.

Martha wrote a nice, long letter to Rob the other day. West Point seems to get them.

Dot is already setting the exact hour when she will leave for Citadel next spring — Here's hoping she gets there!

Catherine Harrell and Charlie had such a good time at the picnic that they didn't show up at the dance Friday night.

Nancy seems to be doing right well with Bill (from Salisbury). He spent Saturday night in Winston so he could see her. Also we hear he wanted her to go back with him to meet his mother.

Two to be listed as getting their male back: Mary Ann Paschal and Sue Forrest! Nice work we call it!

Ask Mary Davenport the last name of Charlie from Oak Ridge.

Where did Margaret Holbrook get those dark circles under her eyes? It couldn't have been at Carolina, could it?

Coons said Carolina was swell while it lasted.

Mary — exactly how did you treat Mike at Carolina?

Betsy was all smiles last week-end. Hilary was at home!

Those High Point boys must be entertaining. Ask Virginia Taylor and the Lanning sisters how much fun they had on their trip to the mountains Sunday.

graduate work!" Is graduate work all you expect at Carolina, Martha? . . . Willena Couch and Naomi Cates are two more who are going to teach, they hope . . . Weasel Frazier will play this summer and teach at Old Fort next year. Nice work, Weasel . . . Anna Wray Fogle and Josephine Gribbin "don't know" . . . Ruth Dickieson and Louise Grunert will join the teachers . . . and Virginia Griffin will act as councillor at Camp Betty Hastings during the summer, and "if the fates are kind," teach next winter. . . . Florence Joyner is going in for extractions. She will "help dad pull teeth this summer, and may be in line for a teacher's check next October." . . . Mary Louise McClung is going out into the Big, Hard Business world. First, though, she is going to take a business course . . . Ernestine Martin sums up the situation in two words: "get married." . . . Jane Nading will teach . . . Ann Nisbit is headed for Curtis Institute . . . Summer school and travel in the U. S. are what Elizabeth Piper is looking forward to . . . Anna Leak Scott and Mary Douglas Tennin complete the list of would-be teachers . . . Well, girls, good-luck. And we'll be saying "we

IN OUTDOOR FASHION SHOW



JOURNAL-SENTINEL STAFF PHOTO.

Featured in the outdoor fashion show held Friday afternoon by the clothing classes of the Home Economics Department were Germaine Gold, Pauline Daniel, and Betsy Reece.

HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT GIVES FASHION SHOW

Climax of Year's Work In Clothing Classes

Powder puff muslin, new acetate rayons, dotted swiss, new pique weaves, marquisette, swagger broadcloth, and that old stand-by—linen were only a few of the interesting fabrics which figured in the fashion show given by the clothing classes of the Home Economics Department Friday afternoon.

The showing took place on the lawn in front of the Lizora Hanes Home Management House, where a large semicircle of seats was arranged. As the model walked out of the house and around the circle Doris Taylor of the music school played selections on the harp and Mary Thomas explained the type of costumes represented. Eighty-three garments including sports frocks, informal morning dresses, coat suits, formal and informal evening dresses were shown in the order in which they would naturally be worn through the day.

Girls in both the beginning and advanced classes modelled. The latter have been working out original (Continued on Page Five)

PARAGRAPHS

Early Morning Drama In Three Parts:

Nan's alarm clock woke her up at five o'clock. She woke Frances up and Frances in turn woke Edith. The three yawned and looked at each other. Nan went back to bed; Frances rolled over and pulled the covers up and Edith passed quietly into her earlier state of oblivion.

Dramatic Moment:

Time: 7:30 P. M. Tuesday.

Place: Miss Lawrence's Office.

Characters: Miss Lawrence, a Junior.

Junior: Miss Lawrence, is it all right if I go to the show with Joe X.

Miss Lawrence: Yes, have you time?

Junior: I'll make time, Miss Lawrence, I'll make time.

Tillie Hines really might develop her voice under Mr. Bair if she is going to sing in public places again as she did last Sunday night. That song was what our Dean might not call a "Sunday song," either.

Not a single violent disagreement occurred when the rising Seniors drew for suites in Louisa Biting Building Monday night. Nan Totten was so excited her hands were trembling when she drew and Peggy Rogers practically brought the roof down with her jumping and clapping when she drew a good room. Other than that the meeting was dignified and orderly — you know, just like those rising Seniors always are.

Jo Gibson will be glad to tell you about the high school boy who rode back to Winston-Salem from Chapel Hill in the car with her. He told her all about his philosophy of life and his theories about the world to come. Jo must not have any theories, because she was strangely silent and, also, was half-asleep.

It would be a good idea to leave out all your test papers marked with good grades so that Miss Turlington will be impressed when she grabs up one on which to write "Horrible room. Have ready for inspection at 2:00." So far, the only papers she has found in certain rooms are those aftermaths of nightmare-ish quizzes which one thinks are hidden away and which one wants desperately to forget.

A novel a day for a whole week! Why have so many of our classmates gone in for such a deluge of reading? And how