

FEATURES - SOCIETY



I DARE SAY.

'Tis smart this day to have skirts positively shaggy with the hairs of shedding angora weaters. If you don't believe me, look around you any cool day at the skirts of the Vogue-ishly clothed Salemites.

Virginia Bruce Davis has a "Sig" jacket with all the seniors names and addresses written on it. Awfully clever. And have you seen her scrap book? Did someone say that seniors are just four-year old freshmen?

Last Sunday night's Vesper service was an unusually beautiful one, don't you think? There was something about the glow of the candle light and the sweet dignity with which the new President of the "Y" made her apt simile that will prove a true inspiration to old and new girls at Salem?

Our budding composers in Dean Vardell's composition class are really straining their ears to hear inspiration in the air. Edith McLean's composition, she thought was beautiful, until she sensed there was something vaguely familiar about it — she had remembered too well her freshman exercises.

Congratulations to the one who asked Mary Turner last Monday to announce the time of Hitler's speech. We are all vitally interested in the foreign crisis, but it is so easy to miss such important speeches if we are not reminded shortly before. Thank you!

Nan Totten's little wire-haired terrier, turns a sassy nose towards Alice Clewell from the window where he stands. No insult intended, Clewellites!

Did you know that the old bell which orders our days has a name? Mrs. Jones, our delightful alumna of class of '91, said that she named the bell for her class. It was named "Old Rouser," and very appropriately, too. Let's call the bell by its name. It has been neglected so long. The bell is really woven into the scheme of things at Salem; we all have a certain feeling about its faithful service and I'm sure we all think it deserves being called by its four-decade-old name.

Wanted: A cute short boy for Anne Johnson, who gets so tired of looking up and getting cricks in her neck. Reward offered.

A LITTLE GIRL COULD STOP A WAR

By Eleanor Sue Cox

It was a clear crisp autumn day. The trees looked like pale misty clouds in the distance, then they were blue like ice covered Christmas trees, and closer they were green intermingled with orange, red and brown — rich and gay in the late afternoon.

The sky was blue — the soft, clear blue of a baby's eyes, and in the west there were streaks of clouds — white clouds, then yellow and orange then blue clouds, all glowing and bright. And in the midst just above the pale misty clouds of trees a great ball of fire threw its rosy glow over the sky and earth in a heavenly light.

A little girl stood, her brown eyes gazing amazed at the wonderful sight. She didn't move. She was a tiny little girl — about nine. Her brown hair was short and shiny with a little orange ribbon fastened on each side with a bobby-pin. A brown and orange plaid dress just reached her round sunburned legs and was partly covered by a little brown sweater. The collar of her dress rippled over the neck of her sweater. She was a nice little girl — you knew that by her clothes. And she was a kind little girl — you knew that by the shining radiance in her little face as she gazed in awe

at the flaming sunset.

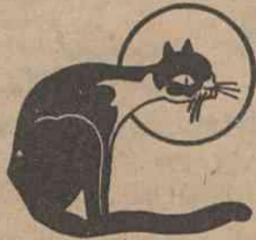
If you could have been there you might have heard her when she said, "Dear God, I've said my 'now I lay mes' all my life and I know you don't like to be bothered with so many prayers but I'm afraid, God. I heard Daddy say there was going to be a war where they shoot everybody that goes. I don't understand exactly but I have a brother, God. He's twenty and so big and strong. He carries me on his shoulders and sings to me and he just loves my dolls and we just talk, and he's the sweetest brother in the whole world. He's in college now and he's so smart — the smartest boy in college and everybody loves him — I do the most of all. Please God, don't let them kill my brother."

Then the little girl turned away happily as the big golden sun sank slowly beneath the trees and left the sky all warm and golden and peaceful in the dusky evening light.

FOUR SENIORS STUNG BY SCORPIONS

Four girls from the senior class were stung Wednesday by the Order of the scorpions. The girls receiving this honor were Emma Brown Grantham, Marian Sosnik, Mary Worthy Spence, and Josephine Hutchison.

THE CAMPUS CAT



We can't decide whether Frances Walker was happy or sad when she came back to us Sunday. How about it, Frances?

We understand that Frances Heldreth (and other Sophomores), are worried about inviting "him" to the dance because of all the darling freshmen. We also notice that the freshmen are not worried about their dates!

It's fun to be fooled, but it's more fun to know. What about those pills Adele takes to meals with her?

Did you see the "classy" car that Lib Nelson and Sallie were riding in Sunday afternoon. It's rumored that it belonged to some "sleepy" Yanks from Pennsylvania.

Wonder if Catherine is pitching over Georgia Tech for Mt. Airy?

Did you see Betsy Spach's "man-with-the-hair" that she took to the Junior Jamboree?

If you wondered what all the noise was on first floor of Clewell Sunday afternoon, it was only Nancy O'Neal receiving the news that Bill Juke was in town.

Ask Mabel what she was doing out on Stratford Road, Sunday night.

Holbrook, when are you going back to Raleigh?

What's this we hear about Ruth Templeman being invited to Georgia Tech? Tell us how, Ruth.

Ida Lambeth has been down in the dumps since Bill went back to Maryland.

Ella Walker, who was that certain man-about-town you were with Sunday night?

Sara Harrison was seen again — going out to dinner with that handsome man from Charlotte.

Wonder why Howard didn't ask Anne for a date Thursday night. Gam asked Felicia for one. School's out for Anne, I guess.

P. S.—Extra-curricular activities for Anne have much to do with a boy with a little green car.

Tootie liked the picture of her horse — but so did someone else — or was it Tootie's he wanted. Anyway, he got it, he got it!

Felicia supplies the onions and Tootie the bread and Seniors do no dating the night they make it into sandwiches.

Anne Whaling, Jessie Skinner and V. B. Davis, dated Davidson and Danville, respectably last week.

Why was Peggy so excited last Sunday? Because she has a date this Sunday. Watch this column for later comments upon the situation.

Jane Davis went to the game Saturday and when she came home she knew the score — not of the game but of how she stood with Warren.

Mr. Daniel is coming Saturday to take the campus views for the annual. He is coming before break-

THERE'S NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN, BUT UNDER THE MOON — AH-H-H



MAUDE BATTLE Guest Feature Writer

It seems that every time I pick up a magazine I am confronted with such statements as: "Allure is the thing which men desire" or "Do your lips sparkle in the moonlight" (that goes with the ad that discusses the merits of a gardenia like skin), or simply "Be glamorous." Now, some things I may have; but one thing assuredly I have not — glamour — and about once a year I decide that glamour is just what I need.

Inwardly I say, "I'll analyze myself." This, it seems, is always the first step. Even a prejudiced eye like my own can see that a few little things like figure (I am five feet six inches tall and weigh — well, that's my business), face and feet are out of the question. By the time I finish the elimination there's nothing left to work with. If I had a glass eye I would be so busy trying to be coy with the other eye that I wouldn't have time to enumerate my defects; or, if one leg were wooden, no doubt that would bring an individual glamour — yes, a very individual glamour. (Unfortunately, though, I'm a perfect specimen — physically.)

Glamour! I've heard that one can pencil her eyebrows into semi S's, get a black satin dress and a red cigarette holder, wear no rouge and gobs of lipstick, — and while I'm almost on the point of doing it, somehow I have a vague feeling (it may be only imagination), that my mother would not approve.

Apparently I cannot be Venus de Salem. I have no parlor tricks. The girls on the third floor of Biting will hardly contradict me when I say I cannot sing. I can name the major Greek gods, recite the sons of Jacob (they're really helpful for cross word puzzles), imitate a Hawaiian guitar, and quote a little — oh, a little, little Shakespeare. Ah me! to have lived only twenty years, three months, and twenty-nine days, I find life very complex.

The problem of glamour was too great for me. Thus I asked thirteen Salemites for a ways and means to glamour, and the thirteen replied in one voice, "that certain something . . ."

I should have thought of this before! Perhaps now you'll understand if you see me doing peculiar things at peculiar times in peculiar places that I'm merely practicing. Now that I think about it, I'm glad I haven't that wooden leg after all.

fast. Even at that hour Peggy says she will be available to lend atmosphere.

Who does Tootie's brother think is the prettiest girl at Salem? Hint: L. L. S.

The Senior quartette, with Miss Lawrence supervising in the second floor hall of Senior Building, even at this moment is struggling breathlessly over their version of Carolina's Alma Mater. You Freshmen would scarcely recognize your advisors during these contortions. Practice hours have not been scheduled yet but I'm sure there will be an opportunity for all to hear.

NOTHING

By Jackie Ray

Do you ever stop to think just what you mean in replying, "Nothing," to the question, "Whacha' doin', or whatcha' gonna do?" It seems that "nothing" is a good word that applies to almost anything, and more than often it is used without much thought on the answerer's part. If we paused for a moment and concentrated upon the real meaning of the word "nothing," maybe we would not use it quite so often. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, tells us that "nothing" means a "nonentity," and we know that a nonentity is a person or thing of no account. Who wants to be a nonentity or even do ano nonentity? Maybe the reason for this answer is that we are merely lazy and it's not worth the trouble to say, "I think I'll go twiddle my thumbs a while." "Nothing," could be substituted for these words very easily, but the fact is, the person never means that she is actually going to do nothing at all. After all, if she wants to twiddle thumbs, and does twiddle thumbs, she is twiddling thumbs and there is no "nothing" about it!

A NEW PERIL IN SENIOR

By Mary Lee Salley

I sniffed, I snorted, I gasped, I choked as I rushed into the hall on third in Senior. All the upstairs seniors were crowded in the hall sniffing. I fully expected Frances Turnage to get down on her knees and bark like a blood-hound. The odor of something burning or singing was all over the place. We advanced various theories as to what it could be, considering among other things, burning love letters, hair being curled with an iron, spontaneous combustion in somebody's closet, burning shoe leather, a hot victrola record, someone thinking for a change. None of our theories held true.

Suddenly Mary Turner steamed out of her room clad in an asbestos coat, her head swathed in a wet towel, a flashlight in one hand and a bottle of cologne in the other. She was the picture of a courageous firefighter. Miss Lawrence joined her and together they made a systematic investigation of Biting and the surrounding grounds with no success. On their return, Fire Fighter Willis attempted to convince all that there was no immediate danger, that the time to start worrying was when the flames began licking at your now evening dress. At such time each girl was instructed to open her window, stand in front of it and take ten minutes deep breathing exercise after which she should, if not already unclothed, array herself in her most beautiful nightie, roll up her hair, cream her face and get out of the building as quickly as possible walking with calm dignity. After these instructions the girls went to their rooms to meditate for the next half hour on what possessions they wished to save. Some decided on Philosophy notes, others, as usual, on pictures, while some sat down and compiled a list of the things they wished to leave — junk accumulated from three years in college. After this procedure, each girl soaked a 12x24 inch towel in cold water for five minutes and placed it on the foot of the bed. This completed preparations, but by this time the smoke had cleared, leaving no burning timbers and, by this time you probably realize this isn't all exactly true. There is, however, an element of truth in it — we did smell an acrid odor which we later learned came from a nearby burning incinerator.

"Some men thirst after fame, some after money, some after love."
"I know something all thirst after."
"What it that?"
"Salt herring."