

FEATURES FEATURES

BEAUX AND ARROWS

SENIOR

Since when did Louisa change her address to 308 Park Place, Charlottesville, Virginia? . . . Why did Griffo come back from home with such a long face? He must have been out of town . . . Felicia traded big ring for little ring last week-end . . . That reminds us: Senior dorm was quieter last week-end than ever before. For awhile Tootie held the building down by herself . . . Was it worth a Bill to get to Greensboro, Tonnage? . . . Martha reports that she played bridge with her family the first night she was home. Ha, ha, ha . . . Forrest says she's going to write Dorothy Dix to find out how to keep her man. Why doesn't she save herself the trouble, and just ask Bill, or Martha, or Jane? . . . Ask Mac her recipe for coffee. We hear that the flavor is delicious!

JUNIOR

Sarah you seem to have done very well for yourself — wasn't it two dates within a week? . . . Mary Ven, Lib Norfleet and Ella Walker are looking forward to spending the day with Louise in Durham Sunday . . . Katherine don't feel too bad about not hearing from Bernard for a whole week — after all Philadelphia is a long way off . . . Fanny is going home this week-end. We wonder if "Doc" is going to be there . . . Sarah Ruark it was too bad you couldn't go home Saturday — We hear Henry was very disappointed.

SOPHOMORE

They say Kelly Anne's theme song these days is "I Get Along Without You Very Well." Keep at 'im, Kelly he's worth it. In the meantime, Dick's awfully attractive . . . Wonder if Frankie and Harry got home all right? . . . Sue Forrest is still writin' initials on her notebook — mostly C's and S's. What could those letters possibly stand for . . . English Lit. has us all bothered this week. Revolution and Romance, 'specially Romance, are all very fine in a way — but still — . . . Anyone wanting to see Jackie Ray will find her by the telephone booth (mostly in it), any night from 6:30 to 7:00 . . . Katie King has two invitations for next week-end and can't decide between 'em (namely, Citadel and V. M. I.). It must be nice — more power to you gal.

FRESHMAN

Mary Adams certainly was surprised when "Mule" come to see her last Sunday night . . . We wonder if Marguerite Bettinger was as excited over her two callers as the rest of the girls on her end of the hall were . . . Emily Neese must have had a grand time at Wake Forest. It certainly sounded as if she did. . . . Lucile Paton and Jenny Lind certainly rate. Dates for basketball games!

DAY STUDENT

Calling all cars — calling all cars — 1937 Pontiac Coupe — license number 58-487 — last seen at the bus station, Winston-Salem, N. C. — if seen, please notify Jane Kirk. . . . Seen at State last week-end — Estelle Hatfield and Elinor Trent . . . Sarah Burrell has been getting a lot of letters from Furman University recently . . . Holbrook was very excited when she returned from V. M. I. because she held hands with Wayne Morris . . . "Butch" is contemplating getting an ex-member of the "Man-Haters Club" to come down and give a lecture to the club. . . . Ask Lena if she thinks absence makes the heart grow fonder; she dated Bill Petree last week-end.

THE DETHRONED QUEEN

By Frances Angelo

"You certainly look contented. Why are you sitting so peacefully out here in the hall?"

"Me? Oh, I'm waiting for someone with an umbrella to come along. You think I'm going to run out in that rain and go to gym? Not me. I'd cut first."

Presently, down the steps of South Hall comes the queen — the girl with the umbrella. Trailing her, come the ladies in waiting — for the umbrella.

Arriving at the door they meet the complacent gym-suited girl patiently and cheerfully waiting for a piece of an umbrella.

Then confusion. "We can't all walk under this cellophane lampshady shelter."

"Oh, shucks, I always forget my umbrella when it rains. Isn't that silly? I even left my bandana at home! Woe! Woe!"

Pouring rain — positively pouring.

Five brave lassies start out on the run and settle the argument by leaving only three for the umbrella, and three people for one umbrella at Salem is quite a desirable arrangement — except for the two-on-the-outside.

So — off start the three, laughing leliriously. For a few steps, everything is fine. Then the two-on-the-outside, spying the five running friends, gloriously free, unhampered by an umbrella, dash forth from the girl with the umbrella.

"Who wants to bother with the old thing anyway. They don't do any good. We get there lots more quickly this way."

Surprised, the lone sheltered girl with the umbrella walks on.

"MACBETH"

By Marion Norris

There must be millions of alarm clocks in the world and I am sure that there are many like mine, but strangely enough, I have no objection to any of these clocks except one. This particular clock lives in room 326 and, unfortunately, belongs to me. My neighbors have named it "Macbeth" because "Macbeth doth murder sleep." I have heard that there are rising bells at Salem which start ringing at seven o'clock in the morning, and yet I sleep peacefully through these bells. But when "Macbeth" starts its morning work, my sleep is rudely disturbed and I am not even allowed to finish my dream. I am compelled to stumble across the room and put a violent end to the ringing or bear the disgusted looks and sleepy, accusing eyes of my roommate.

Alarm clocks must have an interesting history. I think they must have started as a means of torture in medieval times probably people were seized and thrown into wet, dark prisons which were bad enough, but, as a climax, the poor people were tormented by alarm clocks. Or these instruments of horror might have had their beginning during the era of the persecution of Christians. When a lion refused to dash madly into the arena and devour everything in sight, the persecutors might have turned on an alarm clock to incite the savage beast to rage. Yet their origin might have been more recent. Maybe there were alarm clocks on the island of Elba which encouraged Napoleon to escape from that place. Whatever their beginning was, I am sure that it was brought about by someone who had kind feelings toward no one.

It is late and I must wind my clock and go to bed, with the origin of alarm clocks still unknown to me. I set my alarm and climb in bed, but I cannot sleep. Who invented alarm clocks? Could it have been a German? Was that the cause of the World War?

INTO ETERNITY

By Reece Thomas

She sat there stiff and erect. Her heart was thumping madly, and in her eyes was an unuttered supplication. Beads of perspiration formed on her brow and trickled slowly down the side of her face. She clutch wildly at her chair and waited for the blow to fall. Outside a dog barked and chased a squirrel across the damp earth. Oh, if only she were free again — free as those two, released forever from these walls!

A clock somewhere ticked away the precious minutes. For a moment she glimpsed into eternity and saw her life spread out before her. Suddenly a maddening "Plop, plop, plop!" of gently falling objects echoed through the room. She clenched her teeth and suppressed a scream which tried to force itself into being. Then all at once she knew there was no hope; she stole herself for the moment and waited.

As the invisible clock struck the half hour, she took a deep breath and held it determined to show no signs of defeat. The "plop, plop, plop!" continued steadily with few interruptions, then it became slower and slower and ended with a feeble "plop!" She trembled with relief, and her cares vanished for another week — without comment the English instructor had passed blithely by her essay and had gone on to the next poor victim's paper. Ah, ecstasy!

THEY SAY —

By Nancy Suiter

They say — they said — and forever they will be saying — "Who wants to play bridge? Somebody come play bridge! Just for ten minutes! Somebody simply has to play!" . . . "Answer the telephone. Don't you know it's my call?" . . . "Somebody change the record, please" . . . "Everybody come look out the window, quick!" . . . "Eunice come fix my hair!"

And Eunice says, "Ye gods and little catfishes!" And Louise says, "Now, Prof. I just wanta tell ya." Patty says, "You silly little thing," but Cherry exclaims, "Isn't that cute?" And Mildred breezes in with "How 'bout that little job? It just rocks. I thought I'd just poop out." Babbie says, "You ain't lying, chicken." And when Mazie McGee says, "Dee-arie, it isn't a word of it so. You know it isn't dee-arie," Dobbins answers, "Of course, dee-arie, of course."

When Esther says, "Sally done it," Katherine says, "Oh my goodness," and Lyell puts in her "toi-toi!" Hilda Mae says, "I hate to do it but I'll pop you good," and Alice replies, "Bud, you know it."

"Here Bismark, come on Bismark," calls McCoy. "If you ain't a card!" cries Chubbie. And, "Ah daddie!" says Kelly Anne.

And they all say — now and for all time, "Meow, meow, scat cat!"

FASHION DETAILS

Coats: Types — Basque-waisted, full skirted . . . Loose, full . . . Flaring coats that can be worn belted . . . Belted, full fronts . . . Top-coat with pleated front . . . Double-breasted tweeds . . . Fitted — back coat not meeting at front . . . Long straight coat, slightly circular 8-inch border around hem . . . Artist's smock type . . . Boxy top — coats.

Coats: Sleeves — Wide sleeves

MORRIS SERVICE

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I DARE SAY

Those of you who did not read Stuart Rabb's and Pete Ivey's squib in their "Pass the Peanuts" column in last Saturday's "Sentinel" certainly had better run and look it up. Mary Thomas did!

For the Salemite Staff members, particularly: If you are wondering what sent several staff members into convulsions at the last meeting, you should look at the second picture from the right on the bottom row on the bulletin board of room 17.

"Reader's Digest" enthusiasts please ignore this paragraph. In the latest issue is this tale: O'Grady Sezz, a student once at Columbia, while waiting for a conference with the late professor Brander Matthews killed time by autographing scores of books from the professor's book-lined office. On the fly-leaf of "Don Juan" he wrote, "To my friend Brander — without whose help this book could not have been written. Affectionately, Lord Byron." In "Sonnets From the Portuguese" he inscribed, "In memory of our nights in Capri. Yours in letters of fire" — Elizabeth Barrett Browning (After Brander Matthews' death the books were snapped up by collectors at an enhanced value). Don't let this put ideas in your head even if you do have to wait in Dr. Willoughby's office for a minute or two.

These plutoerats Peggy Rogers and Ann Whaling rode from Memorial Hall after Chapel to the Library for a class this morning.

PURSERY RHYME

If you like your Mother Goose up-to-date, you should appreciate this timely version:

Sing a song of Europe
Highly civilized.
Four and twenty nations
Wholly hypnotized.

When the battles open
The bullets start to sing;
Isn't that a silly way
To act for any King?

The Kings are in the background
Issuing commands;
The Queens are in the parlor,
Per etiquette's demands.

The bankers in the counting house
Are busy multiplying;
The common people at the front
Are doing all the dying

—Isaac R. Sherwood, in An Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Beginning next week the Juniors members of the Salemite Staff will edit the paper as has been the custom for the past few years. Those who will serve as editors are Sara Harrison, Sara Burrell, Geraldine Baynes, Helen Savage, and Frances Angelo.

hanging loose . . . Leg-o'-mutton . . . three-quarter . . . Very full, held in tight at wrist . . . Straight, plain, square shoulder.

Coats: Necklines — Collarless . . . Antelope or velvet collar . . . Blue fox lapels . . . Scarf with silver fox puffs . . . Tucks around neck loosening in gathers in front . . . Openwork and hand-work, scallops, embroidery . . . White pique bands or bows on coats to match dresses.

Coats: Waists — Basque-waisted . . . Wide antelope sash . . . Extremely full, belted in . . . Fitted.

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HOSE


New spring shades have arrived
Arden Farm Store
Lovely silk hose only 50c a pair
JUST OPPOSITE SALEM SQUARE

JUNIOR JAMBOREE
SATURDAY NIGHT

The Junior Class is having a jamboree Saturday night, From 8:30 to 10:30 in the Recreation Room of Louisa Bitting. Admission is ten cents a girl, or fifteen cents a couple. Now is your chance to hear all the latest pieces. Refreshments will be sold.

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by Richard Hudson

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