



**FRIDAY, THE THIRTEENTH**

In a few more hours, Friday the thirteenth will be over. We hope you didn't have any bad luck — but then maybe you aren't superstitious. Most people at Salem are. We noticed on Wednesday when a ladder was stretched across the sidewalk in front of the Sister's House, that many Salemites and two faculty members took to the street.

We searched the Library high and low to find something about the origin of the superstition surrounding Friday the 13th, and we could find nothing for this little column except the fact that people have been superstitious concerning Fridays since the Middle Ages when Friday was the hangman's day. All the criminals with the death penalty were saved until Friday when they were hung en masse. This idea of thirteen doesn't need any explanation. Thirteen is just thirteen, and it's simply unlucky. So, don't let any black cats cross your path until Hallowe'en. We'll be seeing ya in a witches' costume then.



**YOUR HOROSCOPE TELLS — BIRTHDAYS**

October 14 - 20

You will face defeat time after time and "keep smiling." You are often shy and nervous in company, and you dislike traveling because of its risks. You are ambitious, and if you direct that trait rightly it will help you to accomplish great things. You are highly excitable.

- October 15 — Sara Henry
- October 18 — Jennie Linn, Aline Shamel
- October 19 — Reece Thomas
- October 20 — Agnes Colcord, Sallie Emerson

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**"A," "B," "C" Books**

Austin, Texas — (ACP) — A new wrinkle in literature evaluation — grading books by warfare's standards — has been uncovered here by Donald Coney, University of Texas librarian.

The National Library of Edinburgh, Scotland, according to Mr. Coney, now rates its books and manuscripts "A," "B," and "C," with an eye to preserving its most valuable material in times of war.

"A" books are to be protected against air raids "at any cost," "B" books, if possible. "C" books constitute the others, Mr. Conby said.

"It appears that the Scots have devised a novel use for "C" material. Presumably in times of stress they could be spread thick on the library roof to ward off aerial bombs."

**BEAUX AND ARROWS**

**SENIOR**

Does any one know those three cute seniors whom even blind dates stood up for the dance Saturday? Too bad those same boys can't even come to the Swing . . . Who was the young banker that Virginia Breakell read her physiology assignment to Sunday . . . More power to the girl The love-bug certainly does get around — even Louise Norris was seen hand-in-hand with Winston Sunday . . . More power to the girl who can get a man down to a dance one week-end and a bid to V. P. I. the next; for reference, see that Tazewell gal . . . Sara, could Allen be the reason for turning down that very eligible Bus-man Thursday night? . . . Did any one happen to see Lib Norfleet getting excited in the P. O. 'tother day over a package that turned out to be only a Sears-Roebuck catalogue? That old tennis department at S.-R. Co. comes to us highly recommended by Miss Norfleet too, by the way . . . Needless to mention — Louisa's trip to Charlottesville; it's just another item in her crowded schedule . . . Ella Walker, wouldn't it be simpler just to go to Roanoke each week-end? . . . Frank, Tommy is really getting to be another one of those Salem traditions, eh? . . . All those who didn't rate Dirt this week will have a glorious opportunity Saturday; we hear all the co-eds are coming to the Swing (Take notice, Miss Watson!) . . . It's rumored that Ann and Jane Alice are concocting elaborate plans for the coming week-end in Gastonia. . . All the seniors' hats are off to the record-breaker — Klutz got three different long-distance calls while she was at the show Tuesday night . . . Eve must be scared of some senior snakes. Why else did she suddenly ask Jimmy to the senior dinner after Miss Lawrence's little conference?

**JUNIOR**

Flash — The New 1940 "Sweet-heart of Sigma Chi" — Teenie McGhee. Come on McGhee, tell us how it feels!!! . . . Wonder why "Babbie" and "Coly" felt so bad when Huck and Harry walked in last Saturday night with flowers! . . . Mildred, the Student Government sends you their personal congratulations for becoming a member of the council. They said you should have let them know ahead of time; the show was almost too great!!! . . . "Oh! me! Oh my! What shall I do. Doesn't anyone have a suggestion to offer." —quote M. Patterson after last week-end . . . "Early-bird" we hear your pulse jumped a beat over Nell's Kentucky-Colonel. . . . Kat, King, how does it feel to get caught in a "little white fib" after breaking a date. It must have been rather embarrassing . . . Why was Patty all smiles after last week-end? It couldn't be love in bloom, could it? — oh, no!!! . . . Going home on the same bus Saturday, October 14th, Nell, Esther, Kelly, Patterson, Nancy S., Lee, Patty, Babbie, Earlybird and Colie. Some poor bus driver is in for an awful beating. Wonder, what kind of flowers he likes . . . McCoy, was that Fred Astaire with you at the dance Saturday nite? If it wasn't, it was a mighty swell decoy for him! . . . If Nell doesn't soon get rid of that boil on her nose, she's gonna have a nervous breakdown. She's tried

**Short Story**

Short Story: She is a married woman but for some time she has been having one of those affairs . . . he wanted to give her a nice present, but was fearful lest her husband grow suspicious . . . finally he thought of a scheme . . . he bought an expensive diamond bar pin, took it to a pawn shop where he pawned it for \$10 . . . then he took her the ticket and gave her \$10, telling her to tell her husband that she found it and that she was going to go down and see what it was for and if it was worth the price she was going to get it . . . her husband said there was no need for her to make a special trip because he went by that pawn shop every day, so she gave him the ticket, congratulating herself because she was going to have the pin and at the same time keep the \$10 . . . next evening the husband returned home, tossed his wife a beaded bag, told her that was what the ticket called for and that it set him back \$3 . . . she was furious, but could not, of course, say a word . . . two days later she went to her husband's office to get some money and there sat his secretary wearing the diamond bar pin!

everything but Dr. Bullock's itch medicine. May as well try that, Nell. It can't get any redder!

**SOPHOMORE**

Mary Wilson, your date last week reminded us of Viking come to life How about a Greek God next time? . . . Have you seen the lovely Salem ring Jo Brill is wearing? She won't be wearing it long, however, for she has promised to give it to "somebody else." . . . What's this we hear about you and Jim Vogler, Copie? . . . Rumor wants to us the sound of bells, Dollie. Can they be wedding bells? . . . Orchids to Martha and Paton for those gorgeous orchids at the dance . . . Johnnie Bason has hanging in a conspicuous place in her room the athletic award of a certain boy from the University! How dew you dew it, Pohnsie? . . . Why did Lenoir High lose to Reynolds High? Our guess is that Lucy and Dot McLean, who were sitting on the players' bench, took the boy's minds off the game! . . . We suspect that Wyatt enjoys all these conferences because she loves to have her way with the ministerial students. Tell us how it's done, Wyatt. . . . Pat Barrow came back glowing and excited after her week-end spent at home amidst the Davidson and V. M. I. boys. . . . It appears that Edith thinks her roommate's brother is much cuter than an Oak Ridge uniform. We think so too. . . . At the dance we found the head that fits the Riverside cap owned by Fitzey . . . What! No date at the dance, Roberta Kate? After all your offers to the Freshmen!

**FRESHMAN**

On again — off again — 'ats me! Ready! let's go! . . . Who was Polly's hee-foot date for the dance? Woo-woo!!! . . . That long-distance call certainly did heal the ailing Miss B. Cooper last nite! . . . 'S a pretty sweater you have, "Mott" —Where'd you get it? We wanta know! . . . Some men are pests, aren't they, Mararuth? Better beware, they're awfully nice, too . . . These week-enders get me — such as — I. Hartsell! Lucky people! . . . Adele certainly is happy of late! We wonder — (or do we?) "Jingle Bells" — umm. . . . Who's been calling "Lindy" so much lately? Don't worry — we havent found out. . . . "Phil" Utley is getting mighty religious lately. What's this about a male welcoming committee at the church. (Um num), now I see! . . . Who's going to be left here with me while every one else goes home this week-end? Make yourselves at home fellow sufferers! . . . Speaking of your talk, Ann H., on "Why Men Prefer Blondes," it seems as tho' the women do, too. Ahem! Don't shoot. . . . Ever noticed a hungry tramp press his nose against a cafe window and peer in temptingly? — you ought to see a Freshman when a male goes by!!! . . . That week-end was quite profitable, Jeanne

**I DARE SAY**

That plenty of girls have red faces this week after having danced in the Student Government Council's no-break. These girls and their escorts who were not supposed to be on the floor seemed especially conspicuous.

That many holders of Contemporary Theatre tickets had a time deciding whether or not to see the picture "Golden Boy," since the same play is coming here on the series. Of course it wouldn't have hurt us to stay home one night and study, but we decided it would be fun to see the picture and compare the two.

That the saddest tale of the week is about Sue Forrest who shed tears in the rain Thursday morning 'cause they couldn't play the finals of the tennis match and consequently she would have no story for the sports page. Sue must be a real newspaper woman, 'cause she cared very little for the match in which she was playing, but only for the story for the sports page which she edits.

That we wish to call the special attention of all Sophomores and students of English Literature to the following excerpt from the column "Pass the Peanuts" which appears nightly in the "Twin City Sentinel.

"Miss Margaret Tufts, who teaches Chaucer in her English classes at Lees-McRae College in Banner Elk, told her pupils to write a modern poem in the style of the immortal Geoffrey. Considering the wisdom of her assignment, she decided to dash off a few lines herself. The result came to us on the back of a post card the other day:

When that Octobre with his frosty morning  
Makes 8 a. m. seem just at dawning  
When all the trees are red and yellow  
And harvest moons and apples mellow  
And pigskins are tossed among the nations,  
And college boys are aggregations,  
Than longen folks to be collegiate  
And seek the gridiron most immediate  
Where they themselves once made the headlines,  
Or scribbled notes and dashed away before the deadlines.  
We hope this doesn't give Mrs. Downs any ideas. We can't even speak the lingo much less write something like it.

That the funniest story of the week concerns Dr. Rondthaler. It was broadcast over both local station in a speech made by Mr. Robert Hanes. We haven't space to tell it here, but we do say that if you didn't hear it it would be worth your while to get someone who did to tell it. Incidentally we wonder who the Freshman in the tale could have been. Very Sassy, we're shocked! We strongly suspect that Mr. Hanes made the whole thing up, but it is funny.

Cowper. Pretty pin, too!!! Agree? . . . Was that an exciting phone call 'tother day, "Demon of the Courts" McCoy . . . You'd never guess who's been receiving so many air-mail letters lately? Louise M. could answer that (if she already hasn't) . . . off again a'long!

**DAY STUDENT**

What's this we hear about a feud between a junior music student and one of our own May Court attendants? May the best gal win! . . . How about that Yankee who wired an acceptance to the dance when he'd hardly been asked and when he'd only seen the girltwice in his life . . . Even tho' Peg moved away from the old home lawn, she's neither lost nor forgotten. Ask her who her Sunday dinner guest was! . . . We prescribe a very strict diet for Rosa, she's getting entirely too fat. Gained 3 pounds in 10 years! This will never do! . . . Martha Hine had better stay off of this vanilla ice cream and carbonated water diet. Confidentially, it's not so good for one. . . . It looks like Sara is using the I. R. S. dance to patch up a little matter that arose during State Finals last year. . . . Lillian, what's this we hear — something about two or three specials tied in blue ribbon, and there are only six for a lifetime and why did the whole family read the one last Sunday? . . . It looked like the real thing between Chubby and Lancet at the dance Saturday. What about those other three men Chub. One of them has written her 40 letters in the past six weeks — figure that up! . . . We hear Mary Louise was a little dubious about having Jack write Mary Ann a special and then call her long distance, from Chapel Hill. After all Mary Louise, he was only checking up on you and there should be no doubts in your mind after Saturday nite . . . We hear Janet Tucker has a new man in Lexington and incidentally, Jane, didn't we see you going in a certain side show at the fair? . . . By the way why didn't Rosalie ask the one and only to the Saturday dance? We hear he calls her every night. . . . V. Summer really had the men lined up for a Saturday's dance 3 of 'em and all some of these well known "men about town."

**TO SERVE YOU**

To those of you who are quite new and may not know just how to go about the things that college brings to puzzle you, we offer this: you can dismiss from mind your care and let us share your problem; here is a form-note which you may quote to save yourself the wracking strain of always trying to explain your numerous activities and financial necessities

Dear mom and dad: I really am so sorry that I did not write you long before, but truth to tell, just now my stamina is low, for every night at length I pore o'er all my lessons, for my aim in college life is to acquire great intellect. In packing up before I came I left a bit of my attire, so please direct the following at once to me: (this is filled in according to personal need. Of course I miss you constantly and there is no one down here who can supercede you in my heart. Oh, by the way, I saw the cutest little dress at the "Ideal" — I know you'd like it, mom. Oh, say, if you should feel industrious it would be real nice if you could send a cake or two, for working night and day makes us so weak. Well, guess I'll close. I have to make a class right now, so I shall say good-bye. Next week I'll write again; till then, my love — P. S.—I shall await a note from you. P. P. S.—A check would be quite welcome too.

—Lenny Betscher.