

BEAUX AND ARROWS



SENIOR

Chalk up one more score for Win- get. It seems that Monday night it's the concert with Bill . . . K. Led- better really needs Clarabelle to keep her company these nights. Why doesn't Bill Blair bring her back? . . . What has Greensboro that Win- ston hasn't for Louisa — a Van Landingham? . . . Margaret Morri- son has been awfully calm about her two recent dates with Gam Bates . . . Why the change in Klutz's plans concerning Raleigh this week- end? . . . Watson tells us that "they're for the annual contest" but we honestly wonder. She was very enthusiastic at Music Hour on Thursday — was it the contest? . . . Thursday nights, Baptist choir, and Winston men are a pretty good combination, eh, Louise? . . . Did the Southern Gentleman substitute all right for the Yankee guy Saturday night, Sandy? . . . So Lib Norfleet has taken over one of the "Bach- elors," eh!

JUNIOR

"He may not be a football hero," but he most has to be this week-end to play a part in a Sale- mite's heart. All the good Duchesses (Cole, Carr, Early, Sauvain, King, Dobbins, McGeehe, Boyd, Suiter), are plotting heavily against the Tar Heels (Patterson, McNeely, Warren, Rodwell, Smith, Glenn, Alexander, Kerns, Pope, Tyson, Kelly). . . . "Huckleberry" still writes 'em short and sweet — need we say to the point? . . . Mildred Kelly, still says she'll see the game from a fireside position; we wonder? . . . Lyell, we thought things were settled now, but after last week-end all your Junior sisters are puzzled. How's about telling some of us how you do it? . . . It's rumored about that Esther will have "hellzapoppin" in Knoxville Thanksgiving . . . Several

of the lassies are getting to the root of the matter in hot bull sessions up in room 201 . . . "Two Blue Orchids" is having trouble of her own here lately, but we think she'll win her point in the last act — (for further details see your local news pulp) . . . Sarah Linn is off to show State's Pi Kap's a thing or four this week-end . . . They do say that steak is delicious after football battles. Where there's smoke, there's fire (sounds like a Pabst ad, yes?) . . . Oh, yes, 2-4-6-8, pack your clothes and don't be late! See you Monday morning — maybe!

SOPHOMORES

Who tore down the decorations Saturday nite. Everybody certainly would like to know — didn't Frank look good in the tux, child? . . . Mary Wilson, have a good time sleeping Sunday morning . . . R. K. certainly did "take a liking" to a certain star she couldn't reach Sat- urday nite — how does it shine now? O-o-o-h, Helen! . . . Lucy, isn't it fun to dance with all the dates — particularly two or three all nite. How ya' coming? . . . I declare, Some people's children — did you hear that Carolina beat last Saturday, Mickey? What's a football game, tho, when a South Carolina man visits Winston- Salem! . . . Lenny, we are all for that "Tarzan scream" you've work- ed out so well. It's a peach! . . . Believe it or not by your gossip- er: Herrman, Turner, and McGeehe made a 15 minute trip to Miami early Tuesday morning bringing back warm weather and sun with them. Merry Christmas!!! . . . Is Floyd really coming, Betsy? . . . I hear that Burton and Avalon are planning to cook Saturday night. More fun! Don't burn the water, girls!

FRESHMEN

The Freshmen are just too cute for their own good these days. Six issues of the paper wouldn't be suf- ficient to cover even a fraction of what they did, but we can start now and save what we don't have time for until a less exciting season. Al- most everyone had dates for the dance who were obliging enough to offer themselves for the game too: Doris Nebel with the Davidson drum major; Eddie Baughman with Alec who showers her with Carolina jew- elry; Irene Cooper with her Caro- lina Walter; Frances Neal with a Durham man whose appreciation of nail polish was a matter of pro- found anxiety; Agnes Colcord with Theodore, of course; Carlotta Carter with Betsy Cooper's Carolina brother; Lib Jackson with Harry of whom Hino might not approve; and about the best mess of the week-end was Jane Morrow with Carolina Robert and Davidson Dick to be torn be- tween . . . Betsy Cooper was elated no end because her mother came heh! heh!), and that Sammy was here from Cincinnati was of second- ary importance . . . Catherine Cress and Jeanne Cowper double-dated last week-end, and consequently there seems to be a reversal in correspon- dence now . . . Louise Miller was sub- ject to all sorts of exclamatory re- marks until she explained that he was only her handsome brother . . . Phyllis Utley has lost all faith in manhood at this point because one of her ex-admirers has become a married man . . . And finally, if you want to hear a grand story, ask Agatha Walker to tell you about go- ing on a day's visit to Grandmoth- er's and forgetting that the day end- ed on Saturday instead of on Sunday night.

Now if you're as sleepy from reading this as I am from writing it, we're both ready to call it quits. But save your strength — there'll be more next week!

WELCOME

To Piccadilly Grill, where you may drop in any time for a sandwich or a feast.

Piccadilly Grill

415 W. Fourth Street

IN WHICH WE SEE THAT KNOWLEDGE IS AC- QUIRED IN LITTLE WAYS

By way of illustrating the mental metamorphosis brought about by college life, we offer a few of the points which contribute to the crea- tion of the well-rounded mind. No matter what course you may take, you cannot graduate from Salem without knowing:

That chiffon streamers have no place on a tennis court;

That brick walks and high heels are not a particularly happy com- bination;

That the condition of the banking institution depends upon the credit of the governmental bond;

That she who buys saddle shoes and buys also white shoe polish is a snob and an outcast;

That the important fundamental to remember in the treatment of a cold is R-E-S-T, Rest;

That as public irritation number one, mosquitos, termites, and small gnawing animals are put completely in the shade by that most loathed of all man-made devices, the alarm clock;

That during the feudal era, every Polish noble's dog's tail wagged over the estate of the Polish noble next door.

And of late it has also become pretty definite that you will also know Hymn 591 in the Moravian Hymnal.

By Lennie Betscher.



YOUR HOROSCOPE TELLS —

November 18 - 24

Possessed of great tact, you can have much good influence over weaker persons if only you will exert yourself. You are a hard and conscientious worker when the labor interests you. You are, though, impatient of restraint and hate interference, often making mistakes through ignoring good advice.

November 20 —

Katherine Swavely.

Betty Anne White.

November 21 —

Mary Worth Walker

Josephine Perry

GOOD MORNING

By Elizabeth Weldon

As I stumbled over the bricks, I looked down at my new dress and jacket and at that unmistakable sign of spring, shiny new saddle shoes; I felt as bright and glistening as the ew ivy budding on the Sister's House and the varicolored blossoms in the pansy bed. I smoothed my new permanent with one hand, reached in my jacket pocket for a letter with the other, and, unconcerned that I had not studied for my three classes, I hurried to breakfast.

I look at my watch. 8:10 a. m. I do have to hurry. As I stumble across the bricks, I glance down the driveway at the mist over the hockey field and bury my head further in the collar of my coat. Something crackles underneath my foot. It is a brown shrunken leaf. Ugh! How dirty these saddle shoes are! I struggle with my icy fingers to re- tie the knot of my kerchief. I feel disappointed in something I dreamed last night. Now I remember; I thought spring had come.

It was their first target practice. The officer had worn his army pa- tience thin over these guardsmen. They just would not fire volleys. In disgust he finally bellowed, "Fire at random." A rookie from Duck Hill yelled: "Which one is he?"

Early to bed and early to rise takes the neighbors by surprise.

I DARE SAY

That a great many Salem girls liked it no more than the editors of Carolina Buccaneer to have 4,000 copies of said magazine destroyed. It seems that the editors tried to put out an unusually wicked number (that must have been sumpin'), and the Student Government objected. Result: a bonfire. Comment: Fire to stop fire.

That Carlotta Carter "had something there" when she, wiping her brow after a futile attack on her lessons, bemoaned her fate and said, "I knew I didn't know much when I came here, but I didn't know that I didn't know this much!"

That some of us are going to have to change our tune from "Shoot the Liquor to Me, John Boy" which is archaic now to the latest tune called "Shoot the Sherbet to Me, Herbert." Jive, Yeh, Man!

That Miss Read told us the best joke we've heard in a long time. It seems that the joke originated on this campus from Betsy Hobby, who was sitting at a Park Band Concert behind two old ladies who were having quite an argument over the title of the selection being played at that particular moment. One insisted that it was an Air from Bee- thoven, and the other maintained that it was "something" from Brahma. Since there were no programs one of the old ladies volunteered to go out and find out what it was from the bill-board in the lobby. When she came back she said, "We were both wrong, Letty. It was a REFRAIN FROM SPITTING." Of course, Betsy, must have just laughed and laughed, and laughed, 'cause she knew better — she takes Music Appre- ciation.

That Miss McNally has a remarkable talent for fixing up displays. Her original ideas and clever execution of them are evidenced in the library tables these days in observance of Book Week.

That we have always wondered at the rather copious notes which Mrs. Randolph takes on class. Now we've solved the mystery, and intro- duce to you Salem's newest writer of Fillers for News-sheets:

Cause and effect she's always linking;
A neat and tidy mind she has; with care
She pigeon-holes her thinking.
A prognosis she asks of a love affair.

He says "It's been a lovely night,
A perfect time, complete and whole and ended."
But days and days will she cajole
"Forever be this rare delight extended."
Most women always stretch the soul!

That we have never heard such wails and moans as surrounded the Annual Office when the proofs were handed out. All we can say is that it must be a sign of conceit for people to be so disappointed in their own images. Or on the other hand are all those exclamations merely attempts at modesty?

That the faculty is at it again Mr. McEwen asked a girl in class if the necklace she had on wasn't from the ten-cent store. He had the grace to blush, however, when she haughtily replied that it came from the Fiji Islands.

A Houn' Dog or A Rabbit?

"It's better to be a houn' dog than a rabbit," said Ol' Man Mose to Li'l Abner when Abner wanted to find a way to keep from being caught on Sadie Hawkin's Day. And he's right about the matter, too. You know, you could save yourself ear- loads of trouble by taking Ol' Man Mose's advice. You may think that just because he's an ignorant old mountaineer that he doesn't know what he's talking about, but he has plenty of wisdom tucked away under his shaggy hair.

"But how can that proverb apply to me?" you might ask.

I'll show you. What do you do when you haven't had time to study any of your homework? You prob- ably go up to your teacher and tell her (or him), "Oh, Miss Knowman, I just had so much to do that I haven't had time to study my lesson today." Or you might just sit there with a stupid expression on your face and wait for her to find it out — believe you me, young lady, that's one sure way of being called on to recite.

Now what you ought to do is to put that brain to work and "beat her to the draw" (as Mickey Rooney would say). Don't give her a chance to find out just how little you do know. The best way to avoid this misfortune is to ask her ques- tions before she has a chance to ask you — to pester her before she can pester you. If you have five min- utes before class it might be well to make a list of questions to spring on

her. But for Pete's sake don't let her know you are doing it purposely. You can, if you are skillful enough, spend an entire period just by ask- ing her questions, and she won't have time to give you that pop test she had planned or to make you translate.

A still better way of putting off the evil moment is to find out what is the instructor's pet subject — all teachers have one — and you can be sure that nine times out of ten she'd rather spend a period talking about something that she likes outside class than about the lesson, which is likely to be boring. And I'd advise you to listen to these digressions, oo, because you never know just how eccentric a teacher is apt to be and just what question she will ask on the exam.

This adage can help outside of class, too. You've probably had ex- tremely annoying moments (to speak mildly) when you discovered that someone had borrowed your comb or your lipstick and forgot to return it or misplaced it. You can cure them of this habit pretty quick- ly (particularly you South Hallians). All you have to do is borrow from them first — paper, pencils, ink, fountain pen, books, anything you can find. Take all of your things home where they'll be safe and then sponge on somebody else before she gets a chance to do the same to you.

Now can't you see how much safer and how much more fun it is to be a houn' dog than a rabbit? Or is it?

Eugenia Baynes.

You're the last man I expect to marry.
How many are ahead of me?

You may be a fine, upstanding, re- spectable citizen, but a banana skin doesn't care.

It is called a finishing school on account of its effect upon papa's pocketbook.

It was shortly after Thanksgiving Day that someone asked the little boy to define the word appetite. His reply was prompt and enthusiastic:

"When you're eating you're 'appy; and when you get through you're tight — that's appetite!"

I play the piano just to kill time. You certainly have a fine weapon



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