

I Heard It This Way...

Judging from the way that Martha Bowman and Mary Wilson Wall looked on Monday morning, Saturday and Sunday at Chapel Hill must have been great fun.

Festivities at Salem Saturday night were fun, too . . . there were pretty dresses, a quantity of men, a floor show . . . and the music stunk.

One day last week a cute young lass was found curled up in a most comfortable chair in the library trying to go to sleep. It all turned out that the "whole of Alice Clewell" was so noisy that she could not sleep in her room.

Senator Reynolds' fifth marriage has caused quite a sensation. In one of the eastern North Carolina papers the enquiring reporter asked opinions on the matter . . . one of his answers was, "Be dogged if I know WHAT to think! (Amen, brother, Amen!)."

At Sophomore court the other night the high spot of the show was when the woin toined and the freshman really did miss the eggs. By the way — did you hear one of the freshmen ask excitedly, "Who's Deel Bukles?"

Incidentally on the Please-may-we-entertain-our-Sunday-dates-at-the-movies question the answer is . . . NO!

And did you know Salem has a draftee learning how to fight for Uncle Sam? Mr. Higgins suggests that we all get together and write him letters because he is shy.

MISS VEST TELLS OF TRIP

"Buenos dias, señoritas! Como esta usted?"

Miss Vest has been walking around with a happy flush to her cheeks and a new shade of bright red lip-stick, since her sojourn in Mexico this summer. Doing her part to establish friendly relations with our neighborhoods to the South, Miss Vest spent seven weeks studying at the University in Mexico City. Included in her curriculum was Spanish of course, Spanish literature, and history — all conducted in Spanish. Her pronunciation has now been polished to such an extent that she can rattle away at a rate of speed terrifying to her students. This year she is teaching in her classes, spoken Spanish rather than the Castilian, and is laying emphasis on conversation.

Miss Vest tells of an amusing incident that occurred when she was attending a tea for citizens of the United States. On being introduced to Ambassador Daniels, that worthy dignitary from Chapel Hill, she mentioned the fact that she was from North Carolina and Ambassador Daniels did nothing less than throw his arms around her neck and embrace her! It would appear that even ambassadors get homesick—or was that just an excuse?

Raving over the charms of Mexico City, which she described as a mixture of the quaint and the cosmopolitan, Miss Vest says that of all the entertainments she was most thrilled by the bull-fights. No, she was not too upset by the goring of the bulls, although it was "pretty nasty". Apparently she has a stronger stomach than most American señoritas who describe it on awful agony with screwed faces and indications of nausea. But according to Hemingway, those persons are lacking in the elemental, basic qualities, so maybe Miss Vest has the right idea.

Anyway, it contributed to a happy summer, which will have to last her through the dreary winter months, until next spring. Then she is planning to pack her bags and turn again Southward.



Martha's Musings

The Freshmen's nightmare is now over and they have been duly initiated into the Student Government by the Council — with the kind aid of the Sophomore class. This year's freshmen, we'll have to admit, are the best sports of anybody in the school — and they're pretty clever, too. I still can't understand how that one freshman didn't step on the crackers. I think the cleverest act was the presentation of the venerable old Chinese prayer said by five kneeling freshmen with their backs to the audience. For the benefit of those who weren't there, I quote it in full:

I know my heart,
I know my mind.
I know that I
Stick up behind.

Stoney was very good at impersonating Dr. Randthaler.

The even-tempered Dr. Willoughby got a bit ruffled over her Shakespeare's class last Wednesday. They were studying "Romeo and Juliet." In the scene where Romeo declares his love for Juliet there is a dialogue between the lovers in sonnet form. Dr. Willoughby read to the end of the sonnet, concluding it by saying:

"And what happens here, anybody?"

Deep silence —
"For goodness sakes, don't you know? Why he kisses her, of course!"

Innocent little ladies!!!

There's just one thing I want to know now, and that is why has Jean Hefton resolved to be good from now on?

Golf seems to be quite popular with the faculty these days — and speaking of the faculty, I wonder when they are going to "let down their hair" again and attempt another dramatic production. It's been about four years or more since their version of the Greek and Trojan was entitled "Paris in the Spring."

We're still hearing echoes from the party that the seniors gave the med. students weeks ago. Eleanor Hutchison, you remember, took a med. student to the Stee Gee dance, and from all the reports I have been able to gather, she had quite a bit of competition. But all's fair in love and at dances.

Poor Marion Norris has given out of shirts to wear this warm weather, so she can be seen any day strolling about the campus with her "petticoat" on — and Peggy Garth is sporting her daddy's raincoat — at least, that's what Pinky Harrison calls it.

NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page One)
place in the storn realities of a Wyoming horse ranch. Then, offered a colt, Ken chose an outlaw; the story tells of his acceptance of responsibility and of his devotion to the wild filly he tamed. Horse lovers will accept it.

ONE RED ROSE FOREVER

M. A. Jardon

This story revolves around the life of "Baron" Stiegal, whose name is perpetuated in that glass which is one of the most beautiful products ever made in the United States. Stiegal was a man of great passions, of a temper to smash all obstacles. He loved fine glass, but he also loved beautiful women and great music! When one of his fierce desires came into headlong conflict with another there was forged the tragic pattern of momentary triumph and eventual loss that marked his life. Although he was twice married and had the belles of Philadelphia at his feet, the woman he really loved, Diane, eluded him. He ends his industrial career in a debtor's prison, but in the end he found a kind of humble and unexpected happiness. This swift historical romance is set against a rich background that has not yet been over-exploited.

Poet's Complaint

How do you do, sniff, sniff
I'll let you come in if
You don't chew gum or "jit"
And this floor isn't a place to spit
Young man, don't dance chin to chin
Or you might not come to a dance again
And of course you mustn't smoke
Some chaperon might up and choke
Remember don't hold your partner to tight
To spectators that doesn't look quite right
Well, come on in. I'm locking the door
So you and your date can go out no more.

Hey, Geanie, I thought we weren't going to have a figure dance. By what I hear, we had too much figure at that dance.

ECHOES FROM BITTY'S

The Stee Gee dance caused quite a lot of excitement in Bitting — and plenty of anxiety, too. Just ask Marion and Lucy if you have any doubts about the punctuality of Fort Bragg men. Did all of you see the lovely corsage Polley's blind date sent? Nice fellow! And we have heard that the girls had quite a week-end in Chapel Hill. Glad the aspirin did some good, Mary Wilson. We have always used tomato juice. And did Martha go along just to catch up on her sleep? Jenny Dye's playing "tit for tat" and it's working very well. Bill was here for the dance, and she's going to Davidson this week-end for Homecoming. Question: Why does Johnnie go home every week-end? Could it be an ATO? Peggy and Jennie continue to do very well as far as Wake Forest is concerned and Marge is not doing too badly either — as we all noticed at the dance. And why is Mickey going home this week-end? She hasn't made any definite statements yet. Vi gets in a rosy haze when anyone asks her about Atlanta

— just try it and see. Since when did week-ends start lasting through Monday night, Chosson? How's the home town boy doing in Winston, Button? Is this the beginning of a new romance? Back to rosy hazes — just ask Fitzy about California — but you'd better exit before she really gets started.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.—Keats

On the theory that colleges should teach students to use their hands as well as their heads, Dartmouth College has established a student workshop.—A.C.P.

Hunter College students voluntarily withdraw from school when they fail to meet minimum standards.—A.C.P.

The training of America's parachute force goes forward, jump by jump.

The Black Sea area may prove a cemetery for German hopes of world conquest.

JULIA'S SALEM

Synopsis

Modern Julia is waiting on the front campus at mid-night for "the first Julia" who attended Salem five generations before; and who, according to family legend, always welcomes Julias back.

"Is that you, Julia?" Julia whispered hoarsely.

"Hello, Honey," a soft and quite voice replied, "sorry I was late, but Miss Ames made me change beds with Lucy Marshall and I thought I never would reach the door! Old Knuckle-bones had a toothache tonight and she kept groaning and moaning and rolling around in her bed . . . most scared me to death — come out into the light and let me see how you are dressed, they do seem to get queerer and queerer every time I come . . ."

Julia peered closely at the smiling face, it seemed real enough and except for the vague glow around her whole figure, she could have been any young girl dressed for a masquerade. I wouldn't be me, she thought if I weren't suspicious, but—

"Don't you know you're dead?" she blurted.

A sudden shadow obscured the glow in the first Julia's eyes, she turned away a little and said wearily, "I don't understand, I never do. And I can't explain. None of the other Julia's have understood either. You, see, I'm still at school, at Salem I mean, I don't remember that time even, when I was so sick, when Miss Ames actually cried and wrote a letter for me to my mother . . . all of that hasn't happened — except on this one night—and I never

remember this night when I go back until the next time . . . I don't know why or how, unless—"

"Unless," Julie continued for her, "unless there were two Saloms both existing together, side by side, unknown to each other—the first, your Salem, and the present, mine—we might pass each other a hundred times a day and not know it . . . the girls in Sisters now may be sleeping in the same rooms with your friends may be actually touching hands in the dark . . . why, it's fascinating!"

"There are eight girls sleeping in my room right now, thank you just the same, and that's quite sufficient . . . let's not try to figure it out, it's fun anyway—" and Julia swished her ruffled skirts about her and settled herself comfortably on the warm grass.

"Be careful, somebody will see us!" Julia warned.

"Who, pray tell!" Julia laughed lightly. "What do you see?" And then for the first time Julie noticed that surrounded as she was by the same mist of light, the campus, the street, everything, had faded away leaving only herself, Julie, and little Julia in a clear circle beyond which was simply—nothing — endlessly.

"We are meeting between time" she said slowly, "where time has ended and not yet begun again—we are in the void that exists in a single instant, a timeless instant, when the world has stopped turning on its axis and takes a long, deep, breathe before whirling onward to another generation . . ."

ward to another generation . . ."M.G.
To be continued

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