

I Heard It This Way...

This week has at least proven that we students are more or less democratic in our belief in freedom of expression. The unhesitant statement was made by an art student that the Acropolis was, as far as she was concerned, most ill planned. (This is one instance, dear reader, in which the ancient Greeks fell short of perfection) And a student of literature, when asked if there were beauty in a manure pile, alertly replied, "Well, it all depends upon what you see in the manure!"

While we're on the subject of literature, we might as well add that last Thursday's American Lit. class was grand fun. The class was all absorbed in discussing Poe's horror stories — when suddenly sirens screamed, whistles blew, motorcycles tore up and down the street, and backfires backfired!! (Sound effects through the courtesy of Uncle Sam's army in transport).

Dr. Willoughby's main complaint about the Shakespeare test papers was that her students insisted upon dragging in all the information they'd ever heard of in connection with the gentleman in question. But Dr. Willoughby wasn't at all impressed . . . instead she merely stated that said students were working toward their own destruction because they never finished the questions she did ask. And we have very definite information that ONE person who did this got the answer to the question right, and all her extraneous material WRONG!

Our vote for the best sport of the week goes to Dr. Smith. At the Latin Club party, Dr. Smith drew a slip of paper asking that the person who drew that particular slip sing like an opera star . . . so Dr. Smith, noting that opera is usually in Italian, put her two Italian phrases to music and carried on.

"THE SHELF BEHIND THE DOOR"

Salem campus is buzzing with excitement these days. All preparations have been made for the dance and even Katherine Traynam has her date straightened out — both of them . . . plans for the football game have hatched too and Frankie Kilby is going with a State man . . . Ginor Foster and Craig have been singing "We Three" about last weekend but it all came out in the wash—Ginor got a letter today . . . Doris Nebel is still holding "hears interest" at Ga. Tech—more power to you! . . . Poor Kemp — her man's in the army now . . . What would Sarah Bowen do without the "huzzer" on second . . . rivals by Peggy Bollin . . . we hear that Nancy Downes is hearing from John again —(Goodoh) . . . Adair had a "prosperous" weekend of last — Ladd was home . . . If anybody saw a Greek God walk thru the Smoke House Saturday — it was Stoney's Bruce . . . Blanche Hudson really made the "catch" of the Presbyterian banquet so we hear . . . D'you know who asks the most questions

ECHOES FROM BITTY'S

Star seniors this week are Mary O'Keefe and Martha Bowman who have been lured north of the Mason-Dixon line to take in the Army-Notre Dame game and "other sights." Also Vi Erwin who is going to Atlanta for the Duke-Tech game. And here is Dee Dixon back from Fayetteville with a Fort Bragg convertible, and we don't mean a jeep car. Talking about a good time Lib Weldon must have had a super-perfect weekend. Anybody that can miss three buses and a train. We are going to have to charge Marian Norris extra on our living room — a different man every night. The casualty list from the Presbyterian banquet Tuesday night hasn't come in yet. Betty Winborne says these houseparty reunions are all right. Dot Sisk had one of those Fayetteville "good times." By the way Fayetteville supplied Jenny with another Bill this week-end.

in Salem! No your're wrong — now you've got it — K. Fort — Well, I'll be snooping on you — Bye!

Watch for the Little Red Man

JULIA'S SALEM DISAPPEARS

Julia leaves Julie
Julie had an idea that the girls of old Salem Academy never got to see a man. Much to her surprise, Julia pops out an engagement ring, "But it cost me two hair-ribbons and my next winter's evening dress to do it."

"We sit in the balcony at church on Sunday you know, march in two by two in alphabetical order, and I should have been way in the back and never get to see anyone. But Carolyn Hunter who is supposed to be right on the front row was more interested in clothes than anything else and I bought her place from her. She's been green from envy ever since."

Julie still didn't see. Sitting on the front row of the balcony and getting engaged to somebody had absolutely no relation that she could think of. Of course, she sighed, to herself, she always made Bob sit in the balcony at the movies — that was supposed to give him the idea of how thrifty she was and so on, but so far it hadn't worked.

"He would always sit just far enough down that he could look up without attracting attention", Julia continued, "and one day as we were leaving he slipped a note in my hand. We wrote notes back and forth for about three months

and I never had talked to him when one day they told me at school I had a cousin to see me. After that he used to come almost every week and we'd sit in the parlor and talk. When he proposed though he had to write me a note again, Miss Sonderland always sat so near we couldn't even whisper, so he pulled out a pencil and wrote it on his cuff. And when I nodded I thought he would burst! He kept glaring at poor Miss Sindy as if he'd like to give her a sleeping pill or something."

"Well that's one way to get your man," sighed Julie, "I wish someone would tell me how to get mine! Bob thinks I'm so sensible and sane he'll have to be at least forty and a multi-millionaire before I'll even look at him. The dope can't understand that I've worn holes staring at him already."

Gradually as she spoke, vague shapes and forms that marked the trees and buildings of the campus were materializing from the rolling blanket of mist that had surrounded them. Julia rose reluctantly and looked down at Julie, "It's almost time to go back, honey; I sure have enjoyed talking to you, probably because I did all the talking. Do you want advice?" she laughed suddenly—"Just get caught getting back in the dormitory and tell



Martha's Musings

I hope I never see another week like this! It has been a hectic time for everybody concerned — and on top of all the tests there also took place a Presbyterian banquet, an Alpha Iota Pi party, and a play in Greensboro starring the Lunts. They say that half of the girls didn't appear at the banquet and the party — but when you've got a chance to see the Lunts, then test or no test—you just drop your books and go to see them and trust to fate—who usually turns against you in such instances.

Salemites liked the photographers so much that they called them back for more picture taking this week. And the inside story of just exactly who went after them and where they went is rather interesting. You see, the annual editor had to make a trip over to the Wake Forest Med School (I wonder why this always seems to find its way into "Martha's Musings"?) to see the photographers (1) (The question mark is to signify not that there is a doubt that the worthy gentleman is a photographer, but to show doubt about the fact that this was the only reason that the annual editor went to the Med School and took with her—of all people!—the "Salemite"). The trip was quite informative. It seems that the two got inside "dope" on a fresh corpse (not very scientific but it will do) which had been cut up that very morning. For further information of just what else goes on at the Med School—just see Carrie.

Mr. Archibald Rutledge's address started quite a bit of talk last Tuesday in the Student Center about whether love must be morally good to be great. I would say no. My reason? One of the greatest and most immortal loves of all times—that of Tristan and Iseult—is certainly no example of a "moral" love. If Mrs. Kenyon or anyone else desires to take issue with me she or he has a perfect right to do so. But the subject of love is a bit out of the range of this columnist because of limited experience.

Just what happened to the sign outside of the Student Center advertising "Demonette's Den" giving requirements for entrance. Perhaps the best requirement was the one which read: "No real musicians allowed." If any one with even a pretended knowledge of music could have heard what was coming forth from the old "dinning" hall he would have gnashed his teeth. (Of course by my use of the masculine I don't mean to be limiting it to our two male music students alone.)

What has happened to the hockey season? Since last Saturday everything seems to have slumped. Aren't we going to have any games this year? I'm afraid that much of the class spirit will die away without class competition in hockey.

them why you were out. Bob will never believe you sensible again!"

And with a quick swish of her billowing skirt she turned and ran across the campus. As Julie watched, she saw her pause for an instant and wave as if to a friend in a window, then she disappeared inside Sisters'. If I followed her now, would I find her there, sleeping peacefully with her eight-roommates? Julie mused. She is there, old Salem is there, Salem today is superimposed on her Salem . . . so she probably is sleeping quietly, I wonder what Emily Harris would say if she knew of this strange roommate?

Then turning to go, she echoed Julia's laughter — to get caught and tell them she was seeking, and had found a ghost . . . No, Bob wouldn't think her sensible then!

The End

Watch for the Little Red Man

Poet's Complaint

SOPHOMORE STRUGGLES WITH CHAUCER

There's just one guy I'd like to sock.
Clue: he wrote about a hen and cock.
Because of him for hours I sit
Cramming in my English Lit.
He had a beard. He thought himself funny
If he were alive, I'd say to him,
"Sonny,
It's all right to lisp, it's O. K. to stutter
But is it necessary for every word you utter
To look like Chinese and sound like Greek?
When I say your words I twist my beak.
I wrinkle my forehead, I distort my pan.
Chaucer, you're just a crazy man!"

FOUND — A PHYSICAL EXAM

One finds all sorts of papers, books, and letters in the Student center. Only yesterday I found Eleanor Hutchinson's physical examination card:
Name—Eleanor Hutchinson
Date—She doesn't date.
Class—She ain't classy.
Age—Reconstruction age.
Weight—Wait on me.
Height—Up to no good.
Chest measure—Cedar chest — no hope.
Hip measure—Hip! Hip! Hooray.
Posture—Bent on her purpose.
Spine—None.
Feet—A foot little girl.
Injuries—Broken engagement.
Operations—Aw, cut it out.
Date of vaccination—no date, a fig.
Skin—You love to touch.
Other illnesses—"Pow" itus.
Appendicitis—What do you think she is — a book!
Eyes—The "ayes" have it.
Ears—Merry Christmas and Happy new 'ear!
Nose—It really smells!
Sinus—Sinus Major.
Teeth—True or false?
Gums—Peppermint.
Lungs—Left hand lung.
Heart—Hearts are trumps (or thumps).
Blood Pressure—Blonde pressuro.
Signed—Dr. I. I. Complains.

Watch for the Little Red Man

DAY STUDENT MEDITATIONS

Nancy McClung ought to be getting excited about going to the Army - Navy game, but we don't hear a lot . . . Why? Is there some one else? Rose is asking if all the states are having the same Thanksgiving. What possible difference could it make, Rose? Eugenia what in the world were you doing over at the Med School Monday? If Royal doesn't hurry up and come to Winston, Carrie will be a nervous wreck. Conrad better watch out, Barbara is still talking about the soldiers who stayed at her house. Eleanor H., are you thinking about becoming a newspaper reporter? Well, please stop trying to fool the Day Students then. Swanie will be here this week-end. Happy, Antoinette? Lucile, why didn't you go to the football game with Homer? What is this we hear about Millie pining away? With all those med students at your house, can't you do any good? We didn't know "Baby" Baynes hated school so much, but the other day I saw her up on top of Main Hall trying to jump off. Why, "Baby"? Ruth O'Neal, who in the world is Alvin Brown? Sebia and Mary T. surely do work those Med Students over time. Mary's convertible is always at the school or at the College Pharmacy. Betty Brietz is still that way about Roger; however it's nothing compared with last year.

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