

I Heard It This Way...

Brethren, if you all think the Civil War quit in 1860 or whenever it was . . . you just don't know! For the past week sound effects of bitter war-fare have been pouring forth from the comp. class. With the Yankees drawn up on the first row and the Southerners on the last three rows, the business gets under way. To date one of the best remarks of the battle came from Mary Boylan about the "tourists and things" that horde down from the North. It's great!

And speaking of sounds from classes . . . have you ever had the misfortune to wander past South Hall between two and three on Monday, Wednesday, or Friday? Without a doubt the MOST racket can come out of the music appreciation place. It seems that the vic is in such a foul state that the students can't distinguish a record of the "Hut-Sut Song" from one of Mozart's "Requiem."

Dr. McEwen had a marvelous opportunity at the dance last Saturday to use the new rhumba and conga steps he learned in dancing school . . . and did you see the rush he got? When we looked his breaks were coming faster than he could snap his fingers. We thought that the dance, by the way, was one of the best we've seen in Salem . . . great swarms of people invaded the campus, everybody looked grand, and the music was wonderful . . . but the punch! Well . . .

Without doubt the finest thing that's happened in many a day is the announcement that we're FINALLY taking action toward getting a literary magazine for Salem. Isn't it STUPENDOUS? Will you not forget to save whatever good you write and submit it to the staff when the time comes?

Blackouts are nothing new on the Salem campus . . . just ask the Lehmanites what invariably happens on test eve. . . ANY test eve! Statistics prove that a fuse will be blown every other night between the hours of ten-thirty and eleven; so, at ten-thirty, the inhabitants of Lehman Hall lay aside their books . . . take up their candles . . . gather in the downstairs hall . . . and hold forth vocally on, "Follow the Gleam."

Oh how I wish we might smoke in our rooms! It behooveth me to leave, but I shall be forced to bundle into my coat and trek toward the Smoke House for a much delayed 'lift.'

P. S.—Why doesn't somebody tell us who the dear little red man is?

"THE SHELF BEHIND THE DOOR"

Ed. note: Those unenlightened few who think Salem girls are not acutely conscious of the national emergency just don't know the half of it. Along with knitting and first-aid work, Salem girls are helping things along by—but look through the shelf for yourself:

Well all the Bitty's stayed in the roosts this week and in different ways helped with national defense problems . . . Among the Seniors helping the cause were Leila Johnston and Agnes Mae Johnson who dated army officers . . . Among the Seniors helping with defense in colleges (V. P. I. boys) were Jennie Linn, Peggy Garth, Lib Weldon and Lucy Springer . . . one Senior, Dot Sisk, wandered from the roost to State College and helped in defense by saving electricity . . . Morale of civilian life was kept up by the rest of the Bitty's who went to dance; namely Martha Bowman, Betty Barbour, Dot McLean, Nancy Chesson, Louise Bralower, Edith Horsfield, Allene Harrison, Jennie Bunch, B. Bettinger and Marie Fitzgerald.

Those who are being careless of today's grave defense measures are: Marion Norris who constantly receives phone calls (each ring costs circuits of electricity); Mary W. Wall and Dee Dixon who received two orchids for the dance (each orchid would buy a sweater for the little Russians); Mary O'Keefe for wasting Joe's gas (each gallon could be used for airplane fuel); Mickey Craig and Polly Herrman who denied civilians their personalities at the dance; and Reece Thomas who has been wasting electricity.

Next week end as the Bitty's warden to Fall Germans at Carolina, to Duke-Carolina game and various points South, please remember Salem's part in the national emergency.

It's a mystery why Yvonne Phelps is always bubbling over—Wonder if it's Bob? . . . Why does Julia like High School football—could it be the coach? . . . Mill's always making wise cracks, wonder if she ever studies . . . We wonder if Ann Page and Sara Lou McNair found the other half of V. P. I. . . I bet Ruth O'Neal had fun at the State-V. P. I. game Saturday . . . We were sorry that Katie Wolf's date from Duke couldn't come to the dance. . . Why does Peggy Eaton get so many letters from Fort Bragg, and have you noticed how they're addressed? . . . Ann Souls had quite a time the other night—the driver didn't suit so she drove herself . . . Rousseau's telegrams come as usual. Laura, Mary T., and Sebia seemed to have enjoyed the Square dance the other night. Camp Hanes and aviators are all right together eh, girls . . . It does seem strange that Margaret Stauber knows her way quite well around Winston—especially the road to Park Inn. . . Marlena furnishes oodles of fun for her groups . . . Mary L. Parks and Beeson seemed to have had fun at the soldiers dance Saturday night. . . Mary Lucy, Mary Alice talks about John and Bill respectively.

We noticed that—Sara Hester is always studying at school,

that a certain Salem hat is said to be at Oak Ridge and we are missing a hat on Betty Goslen's head,

that Totherou never studies on Tuesday nites,

that Stovall was busy all last week-end,

that Johnnie Saylor always wears a cheery smile,

Frances Krites didn't lose Murphy or the blue Pontiac.

Salem girls are really going to town—and we mean the Big Town, (Winchell, take notice.) Lib Read's dated up for West Point and Nancy McClung is all set for Harvard. But the tid-bid of the week is Bobbie Whitter's coming descent upon Princeton

By the way, what member (feminine) of the musical faculty, dressed in green, did some beautiful open-field running at the dance to cut in on Margaret Vardell's

Poet's Complaint

Let's do our little bit for defense!
What's this about? It seems kinda dense.

What fence? Barbed or picket?
And what about soldiers? It sounds almost wicked.

And what's Chinese Relief got to do with this?

The other morning I was sleeping in peaceful bliss

And was awoken by a horrible noise
Then somebody said, "We must help our boys."

Soon someone made a fine suggestion.

It tickled me so I got indigestion.
"Help them with first aid."

Was the funny remark from one fair maid.

That Chapel was one more howling affair.

Every Salemite should have been right there.

Instead of taking a cut so's not to be bored

It was so funny even Dr. Howard roared!

soldier from Massachusetts? Beware of the Little Red Man!

Phil Hill has gotten her sisters married off, is she going to begin on her brothers now or is she nominating herself for the next candidate? We know the superstition about the one who catches the bride's bouquet but what hidden fate is awaiting the gal who drops her orchids into the swimming pool? Goldberg get out the cards.

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GREYHOUND LINES



This is the Little Red Man Watching You



THIS IS A SNAKE



THIS IS THE RED MAN WATCHING A SNAKE

This horrible creature is a Salem Snake. It goes to all the dances at Salem and slithers around to the boys making sly remarks about the girls who brought them. The Snake is happiest when it is making eyes at the dates of its best friends.

Were You A Snake Last Week?

YES?

NO?

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