

I Heard It This Way...

Mr. Kenyon. It seems that somebody swiped all his pipes and cinnamon balls and left notes that would eventually lead him to his most cherished possessions . . . and instead of going ahead on the little treasure hunt, he went to all the trouble of tracing the typewriter used in the notes. After detecting the criminals, he flatly refused to play . . . but stated that, if said articles weren't returned to him, he'd simply present a bill for new pipes and c. b.'s to the persons in question. So the affair is now at deadlock for the p.'s in q. refuse to return the missing items. Meanwhile people have been bewildered by the display in Main Hall . . . and we suspect that the c. b.'s are most rapidly disappearing.

We do love the quick action taken on the five-day-school-week idea . . . gosh, it'd be wonderful!

Everybody has been so preoccupied with term papers and six-weeks' and general gruel that there haven't been any election riots. Why doesn't somebody stuff the ballot boxes so we can have one final big stink over the matter?

Reece is absolutely marvelous. After chapel Tuesday, most of us just wanted to crawl off in a hole and die . . . one junior even went downtown and bought a hat, after having gone bare-headed for three years. Seriously, why don't we give our honor system a try?

Now, if you will excuse me, I shall betake myself to bed to make faces at my term-paper . . . ain't they the WORST???

In history class the other day, Dr. Anscombe dragged out a tiny little globe to demonstrate just why Australia is referred to as "down under." Meanwhile he got engrossed in something else, and tucked the globe into his pocket so as to leave his hands free for gesticulation. When he got back to the Australia issue, he reached in his pocket . . . and what do you know? The globe was stuck. He twisted and tugged and carried on for the longest kind of time but it wasn't any use . . . so he just rared back and hollered, "I've got the world in my pocket, and cant do a thing about it.

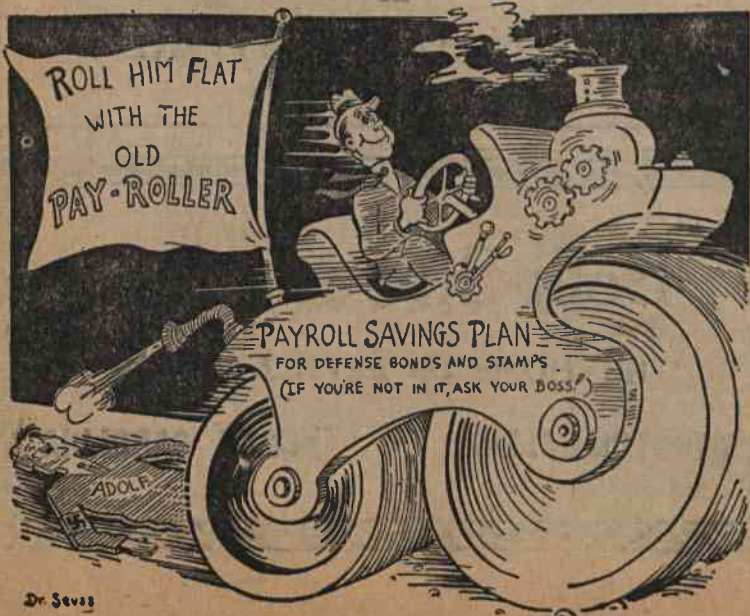
For the biggest heart on the campus, we nominate Katherine Fort. Rumors drift over from the Lehman way that the other nite during a great seige of term paper writing, she tipped silently into each room and deposited two coca-colas to serve as the pause that refreshes.

Le Coin Francais

Cette semaine dernière il a fait du vent et il a plu. Selon le vieux proverbe, ces deux, apporteront peut-être les fleurs de mai. Déjà nous pouvons voir les premiers signes du printemps. Les pensées brillent sur notre campus, et les arbres ont des boutons qui deviendront bientôt de belles feuilles vertes. Les asphodèles et les crocus fleurissent. Les oiseaux sautillent sur les arbres et chantent. Cependant même quand il y a beaucoup de signes du printemps, l'hiver est encore avec nous. Mais bientôt le printemps sera ici. Donc nous pouvons quitter nos vêtements d'hiver et mettre nos calicots et nos robes d'indienne. Le printemps est assurément en train de s'annoncer. Nous attendons avec inquiétude son arrivée.

—Leila Sullivan.

IT'S EASY THIS WAY



MENTAL OR PHYSICAL?

Dot MacLean

Well comprehensive exams are over and no one is any better off—least of all Salem.

After many weeks of anticipation, and several days of intensive study, I filed into the old chapel promptly at 2 o'clock because I did not want to get locked out. Into seat 5 row 4 I pranced, and to my amazement, I found that I was expected to sit on one of those famous antique back breakers (one of those designed for Salem girls in 1772 to keep skirts from wrinkling). I sat down arranging my feet flat on the floor and sitting up straight according to directions in health books. I was ready.

With precise directions, I was handed a little masterpiece. (At this point I want to compliment the faculty on the ease and grace with which they distributed the booklets).

At the signal "Go" I yanked my red seals off vigorously to see what the whole thing was about (imagine sealing those little books when Salem practices the honor system).

Book I Part 1 — Physics — naturally I was in my glory because my mind just works physically.

Part 2 — Chemistry — Now I distinctly remember taking chemistry because I got 40c for my old chemistry book. Well I think that I made zero on this section because the half I guessed will probably even up the half I got right (incidentally all those guessed wrong counted against me).

Part 3 — Literature — If this was a general literature, I was glad that I didn't have to take a specific one. The quotations to be identified I could have easily given the credits to any of the great men listed (after all no ideas are original).

Part 4 — Fine Arts — This group was a relief to music and art students but, as for me, I was still ringing average and beginning to wonder if I had a talent. To the question "who was the waltz king?" — I searched vainly for Paul Whiteman's name, but couldn't find it.

Art section — what a relief! Here I could actually guess without any knowledge to confuse me.

Time up "Fifteen minutes will be allowed to finish up for extra time and no credit deducted."

Recess — the most disconcerting fifteen minutes I ever spent. I learned that every thing that I knew was right was absolutely wrong. (Take a note — avoid all crowds tomorrow at recess).

Book II — Verbal Factors — I vaguely remember seeing words, words and more words which may have been Chinese. (I would suggest including a vocabulary course in Salem's curriculum).

Time up — I picked up my remains and plodded to the dormitory where I quickly put my inferiority complex to bed.

Tuesday afternoon — I was late and to my disappointment the doors were open.

Book III — Mathematics — Knowing nothing whatsoever about mathematics, I set to work measuring angles with my pencil and on problems with my deductive powers.

Book IV. General — Since my major was too much for the Carnegie Institute, I was forced to take a general exam. According to directions I must use deduction. What a shame — I had used up all my deduction on the math test.

Question 1. If one ant goes up a hill 1 inch in 1/2 minute and rests 1/2 minute but while resting slides back 1/2 inch; and the other ant goes slowly up the hill 1 inch in 1 minute without resting when will the ants reach the top (if they're going up the hill to Reynold's High School they may still be going).

This was fun I was whizzing all along — guessing and guessing.

Question 25 — If you are strictly guessing problems and you have 2 choices out of 5 questions, what chance do you have of getting them correct? (I was smart here because I left it blank — now the graders will think that I knew the others).

Five-thirty — I must go get ready for the teachers' banquet. Too bad I couldn't explain to the Carnegie Institute.

Murmurs In The Hall . . .

By the way, who is this man (two of them, in fact) that come back every week to see Mary Ellen.

Bowen, how is Joe, I mean, or Stuart.

Well, if it's not Roy it's a wedding, so home again goes Kemp. This makes the third week-end, consecutively, and don't think for a minute that she might not go home the next week-end too.

What with six letters in one day and telephone calls every 5 minutes, well, the rest of the seniors may as well give up, eh, what, Babe?

I suppose everyone has "smelled" Lucy's new perfume that Chuck sent.

We were wondering if Sisk was coming in at all last week-end.

Have you heard the joke about the little moron who stayed up all night studying for a —? well, I guess everyone has heard that one. You've all heard the ones that are, shall we say, eligible for print.

Well, I did hear that Sue's Gene is getting a little nervous with the fighting coming so close home.

I also heard that Louise and Ceil are still doing all right down Carolina way — K. A.'s to be exact. And Happy is forever trying to call Rutgers. And there's this week-end, so Mary will see Addison.

Frankie reports that N. Wilkesboro was the big-time town last week-end. Here was one male at home. And who do you think dated him? Why, Frankie, of course.

NO PLANE RESERVATIONS

And then there's the story about no plane reservations. Too bad, Eddie.

A peep through the keyholes of Sisters' is a bit gruesome this week. I've never seen anything particularly appealing about Biology notes and Latin books, but like all brave soldiers we're fighting through (or do we get through? — that remains to be the question). Speaking of the educational world.

Clo was completely "Robbed" last week-end in Charlotte — and he got away with it too!

It's a bit "Windy" around Fran Goodwin these days. By the way, Fran, how did you happen to get the cream of the Davidson crop?

EX-TEACHER'S LOVE!

Bittsie, it isn't every day that a little girl wins the love of an ex-teacher, and now that you have his picture it seems that the road leads to success. May we extend our best wishes for happiness always.

That romantic "Power" has enamored Mary Floyd to the extent of a swoon, even more than walking through the arch with Paul.

Mary, honey, don't you cry, Andy will be back by and by.

It seems that Chemistry and first aid have made a conflict with Struvie and John. Better get a better schedule Struvie.

The excitement must have been too much for John W. (Davidson) when Betty G. accepted his frat. pin because he's in the hospital now.

CARBON-COPIES . . .

Carbon-copy letters are the latest fad — ask Harriet Sutton and Joan Blue.

Speaking of V. P. I. "Stu" Snider and President Strohm have heart throbs there also.

Edith Walker has a wisdom tooth and an engagement ring.

"Bull" says "thanks," girls for the make-believe phone call" cause Henry came after all.

The long awaited arrival of Nona Lee's Don is going to take place this week-end. Joyce Carpenter's Don is heading up this way too.

Due to Iceland — no V. P. I. for Scotty this year.

Mac from Penn. came through with a watch and phone call for Adele Chase's birthday — Adele, the girls on third are still "tipsy" after the cake soaked in wine.

Dottie Stadler has gone into photography business. Glad you wore the bandana anyway.

Donning, your brother's band friends come in handy, don't they?

E. Hearne, don't believe fortune tellers 'cause Paschall wouldn't shoot you a line — maybe?

Wonder why "Babs" Humbert,

CHAPEL FORECAST:

March 24: —
Freshman Dramatic Club —
Old Chapel.
March 26: —
Dr. Rondthaler.

B. Grantham, and Mary Yow take long walks every night after dinner!

PASTIMES

Pastimes on third — breeding mice, putting mustard on doorknobs, having water and powder fights, cutting hair, and yelling: Whate a life!

Seems every Freshman gets a letter from Davidson now — except Mildred Garrison who's being true to Paul.

Could it be that Lucile Smoot, K. Phillips, and Formy-Duval sleep in their classes for they never go to sleep at night.

Nancy Johnston broke the record. She took the longest freshman week-end — Saturday until Tuesday night. Is Bill worth it?

Marilyn's sick name is "Stink Low" (Try calling her that and you'll get bashed.)

Can't understand why Frances Jones will never eat "Campbell products" — do they remind you of Bill?

Are "True Romance" magazines required for Freshman English?

We "Warren" Flanagan that he would "Burney" her heart.

ABSENT-MINDED

Seems no one in Salem College can remember what color hair God gave them.

P. Nimmoicks and Edwin had a big fight at Kappa Sig House mid-winters.

So the fortune teller says to Society — that it will be a blond, Hazel, not a brunette — that Mary will START acting — that Mary Lib is going to marry that brunette this year, family or no family — P. S. Mr. Fortune Teller, Nellie hasn't heard from Gene yet and Angela can't make up her mind which blond. What will he tell Billy — will her dreams of Tom come true? Will Justine Weaver's calls from Blacksburg be explained? Maybe he can help Edie — Puerto Rico or Fort Bragg, that is the question.

BITTINGITES

Since the Senior jamboree the Bittingnites have had plenty of topic for conversation. The under-classion showed up to add to the gaiety and well the seniors seemed to be having fun. Leila feels qualified to drive an army tank now — Well, didn't she have fun with a certain Davidson thrashing machine. Her theme song for the next two days was "Doesn't somebody have any Sloan's Liniment?" Marge was there, too, and her "Bill" of fare was mighty keen. Lib Waldon was a good ticket collector and seemed to be enjoying herself. B. Winbourne we glimpsed playing good Samaritan (as was Dot McClean) and Jennie Dye was having a wonderful time — Wyatt was in gay mood and Doris was flitting here and there apparently in good spirits.

Not at the jamboree but having fun was Agnes Mac — she did her entertaining in the living room of Bitting.

Sunday was Mary Wilson's busy day — she had a visitor on campus — mighty fine!

CHINESE

Fitzy is having a time with her correspondence these days and even the Chinese are interested!

Edith is still enjoying the Com pany of a certain medical student.

Polly stepped out Saturday nite — another Bill in the column.

Mary O'Keefe was seen chatting — yes — with Joe — in Bitting living room.

Alice took off for Salisbury and came back with practically a trousseau — Johnsie, Marian, Betty, Mary, and Martha were also among the week-end taker offers.

Ho-hum — Bittingnites are surely enjoying themselves these days.

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