

Women of the Week

MARJORIE MOORE

"Well, to tell you the truth, there's a lot about Marge that you can't put your finger on. There's something unusual about her personality, something hard to explain, but something very real."

So said one of the many girls on the campus who have come in contact with Marge.

In looks, Marge is a tall girl with sandy red hair and humorous eyes. The impression of her is one of quiet willingness to help, and a genuine interest in you, of all people. The humor in her eyes is oftentimes quite hidden by a pair of large spectacles perched precariously on her nose. But once the gleam and sparkle is discovered, you can never forget it—and you always look for it.

We who live with her in Sister's House love her for the unflinching "little things" she is forever doing. Marge will offer at the slightest sigh all her store of serenity, kindness and good humor to help make a woeful world seem brighter. Or—if more material things are required—she will offer anything from her evening shoes to her precious pan and hot-plate. Even when she has food, Marge never hoards. She declares open season for scavengers until every crumb is gone.

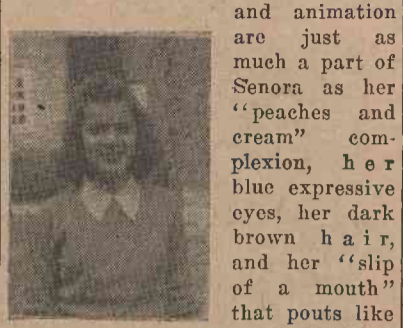
She studies, does Marge, but not in the frantic cramming fashion that the rest of us do. She seems to absorb all she learns, to keep and to ponder over. Often you may catch her dreaming blissfully with such a secretly wise little smile on her face that you long to sneak into her thoughts and listen.

In a crowd Marge hasn't much to say. She's affable and ready to be accommodating—especially when a trip to the Toddle House is mentioned. It is rumored that she can consume perfectly enormous quantities of pie.

Marge is quiet—but sturdy. That "something" about her, which may be generosity or dreaminess, is just as indestructible as air. She is unobtrusive and won't come to you—but all who have come to her, love her.

SENORA LINDSEY

The sound of hurrying feet in the hall; a short, quick tap at the door; and in burst Senora, bubbling over with joy and vitality. Loads of pep and animation are just as much a part of Senora as her "peaches and cream" complexion, her blue expressive eyes, her dark brown hair, and her "slip of a mouth" that pouts like a bad baby.



Senora is sincere, straight-forward and honest in all she does and says. And she says a lot; for the conversation never lags or becomes boring when Senora is around to take over. When she speaks in that breathless, excited voice of Olen, the boy-friend who calls from New York and sends teddy-bears; a flame lights up in those sparkling, blue eyes. But when she speaks of Tarboro and her German-police dog, Tony; a dreamy, far-away expression fills her eyes—and Senora is lost in another world.

Senora is blessed with having one of those rare combinations of being very feminine and very athletic. In basketball, which is her favorite sport, she cuts quite a figure on the court. Tennis and swimming appeal to her just as much as basketball does.

Her interests are many and vary from "hen-parties" in her cozy, home-like room to studying in her favorite chair in the library. Right now, Senora is very much interested in the field of journalism, and fancies herself a scurrying career woman scooping a story, or pounding away on a typewriter.

No one could find a more loyal and true friend, in this understanding girl who always lends a sympathetic ear to troubles. We see in Senora a girl who is to be looked up to, admired, and respected.

Library Entertains Friends With Party

If you were one of those who couldn't get in the browsing or main reading room last evening it was because open house was being held at the Library by the members of the directorate committee of the Friends of the Library honoring members of the Fourth Civil Service Regional Office; Office of the Directorate of Flying Safety and their civilian membership as well as the faculty members and administrative officers of the Bowman Gray School of Medicine.

Mrs. Rondthaler, Mr. and Mrs. Weinland, Miss Siewers, and Miss McAnally helped the committee receive. Student library assistants served refreshments and acted as guides to the newcomers to the city.

—WOMEN—

lasting freedom. Theirs is the opportunity to work with sterling young people who give great promise of leadership . . .

—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

It is a foregone conclusion that all of our young men, as the Manpower Commission has said, "are destined for some branch of the armed service." This being true, where will the educated leadership in the future be found? Is this not the opportunity, nay, the tremendous responsibility of our young women?

Considering, therefore, that it is the responsibility of young women who are in college to remain until their work is completed, and realizing that this is not only a personal responsibility but also a patriotic duty, the women of Salem are still anxious that they might make an immediate and direct contribution. Agencies and methods whereby such contributions might be made have been established at the College for some time. They include First Aid courses, Red Cross sewing and knitting, buying of soldier kits, volunteer work through the Defense Council, regular buying of war stamps and bonds, et cetera.

Your response, as students, made in such immediate contributions of time, energy, abilities, and money, have in some respects been gratifying to your Government as well as

See—WOMEN—Page 4.

—RECITAL—

est which is so scarce these days. He played "Novelette" in E Major by Schumann. Margery Craig had us guessing all the time—when we thought her Menuet by Vierne was finished, and we had almost begun to applaud, she'd begin a new theme. But we liked its oddity. Annie Hyman Bunn stole the hearts of everyone in the audience the moment she began to sing "Pace, pace, mi Dis," by Verdi. Marion Gary was an individualist by the fact that she carried a muff that matched her beautiful golden dress. She sang a most unusual number—"Pastorale," by Stravinsky. The highlight of the program was the "Concerto in D Minor," by Rubinstein, which was played by Margaret Leinbach and Dr. Vardell. Margaret's technique and interpretation was unsurpassed. Others taking part on the program were Jane Garrou, singing "Impatience," by Schubert; Olive Johnston, singing "Ave Maria," by Mascagni; and Elizabeth Johnston playing "Capriccio" in B Minor, op. 76, No. 1, by Brahms.

We departed, delighted over the program, and glad that we had come—the rain and all.

BEDTIMERS \$1.95
As Seen in
MADAMOISELLE
BELCHERS, Inc.
NISSEN BLDG.

ENGRAVED
Invitations — Announcements
Calling Cards — Stationery
H. T. Hearn Engraving Co.
632 W. FOURTH STREET

SALEMITES
UP TOWN MEETING PLACE
THE ANCHOR CO.
"The Shopping Center"



Hey Babes,

Well, this being the "Merry Xmas" issue of the SALEMITE (and your reporter thanks heaven for the brief respite to come) about all the news available is: "What can I give Joe?" or "What on earth does one give a boy in the army?" Well, I suppose it is a problem and perhaps a few suggestions will help you people out. But seems to me as I sit here in class trying to think of some nice little something that nothing comes to this ole beat-up mind.

Now, there's always the picture that doesn't take up much space and is always appreciated. Who knows? It might bring many a happy memory in a time of despairation and despair.

Then there's stationery—either as a subtle hint or just as a nice remembrance.

Oh, really, this is too much for me—think up the gifts yourself—I've got troubles of my own.

I'm afraid we'll have to retract our statement about SUE, Jake, finis—you know, 'cause guess who called Sue last night?

HOBSON is smiling again, thank goodness. She at last got a check from home, but she'll still take in washing for a little added stamp money—Room 207.

Imagine ADAIR'S surprise when she arrived in Charlotte and her nice-looking date's face was all scarred and marred—by a chemistry mishap, you understand.

Beware of Davidson! If you don't believe me ask Khackey T., the slave.

And speaking of Davidson we wonder what Salem would do if Wilbo didn't get the urge to see MOTT every week and bring all the boys with him.

SEVILLE is mighty happy these days 'cause Ed's in N. C. once again. And besides, she only has to put 3c on that letter per day now. Mercenary, I call it.

Has anyone ever seen a more frigid reception as NANCY JOHNSON

gave her date last week-end? I shivered for him. I certainly hope they will soon get on SPEAKING terms, anyway. But it was a gay week-end.

Imagine JUNE BROWN'S embarrassment when she made the remark that six weeks in the cess pool was great—and there stood Mrs. Rondthaler. Guess the moral of that store!

Switches in the stockings of the faculty members who gave us all the work they could, and orchids to those who postponed our tests—especially MRS. SPAUGH and MR. HOLDER.

In spite of a wall of indifference, Pete persists and if you ask WOOTEN it's a darned good technique.

We'd like to thank MR. WEINLAND for his excellent talk to the upperclassmen Wednesday night. Most enlightening, to say the least.

Yes, I know, I'm supposed to gossip, but I've got too much of the "good will toward men" spirit. Besides, if I can finish my term paper this p. m. I'll only have two more to go before Dec. 15. Goodbye and a Merry Christmas to all.

—MARTHA.

VOGLER SERVICE

Ambulance Funeral Directors
Dependable for More Than 84 Years
DIAL 6101

TWIN CITY DRY CLEANING CO

DIAL 7106
612 West Fourth St.



Immediate Delivery

MONOGRAMMED PLAYING CARDS

\$1.15 Double Deck
\$1.39 Double Deck

SALEM BOOK STORE

We Even Xmas Shop

Christmas is coming, and the geese are skinny, and this year this po'chile hasn't got a penny . . . and doggonit, I have all of my Christmas shopping to do. I read in a magazine some suggestions, so I guess that it wouldn't hurt to pass a few of them on. I'll disregard price, because everybody isn't poverty stricken and financially embarrassed like I am.

Well, for brother who has his first tuxedo . . . a sister can merely add the accessories . . . such as button-naire, cuff links, stiff shirt (not stuff shirt), silk scarf, and black silk (am I kidding?) stockings . . . and if he has trouble keeping his socks up . . . give him a pair of garters. For your friends (of the all fair and feminine sex) anything will do . . . specially earrings and sophisticated perfume for the sophisticate . . . kerchiefs and novelty stockings for the outdoor girl. "Undies" . . . mainly pants, sissy slips, and other such articles . . . for the definitely feminine type. For the plain, ordinary girl, . . . lipstick—light for the brown-eyed Suzie, and dark with more of a purplish cast for the "Blondie." All make-up is great.

No, Mother hasn't been forgotten. Of course you'd like to give her a house and lot; but the government has a building priority this year . . . so you'll have to settle with odd pieces of silver or china, a picture of your's truly, bag and gloves that she wouldn't buy because she's trying to be conservative, maybe a house coat and slippers. Along with Mother we too think of Daddy . . . Men are human impossibilities. Give daddy a pipe . . . Keywordie's are nice . . . cartons of cigarettes for you to bum, give him your service, a mess jacket, also your love, house slippers, your attention, new hunt-

ing boots (the old ones are more or less dirt ridden now), and as usual . . . ties, socks, handkerchiefs and such trite articles. . .

Now for the one-and-only . . . if he hasn't a picture to show the boys in the camp . . . send him one. I think he'd like gloves, a sweater, engraved (or printed) stationery, a cigarette lighter and case . . . this is all in case he is in A-1. Now if he is in 4-F . . . the only suggestion I have is a cane.

I don't know why I write this . . . you'll buy what you want anyhow; but just remember that it is the thought behind the gift rather than the gift, and it is more blessed, even in war times, to give than to receive . . . Merry Christmas!

Joe Palooka says—



"Hey, youse folks, don't forget to go over th' top with that 10% by New Year's!"

10% for War Bonds every pay day!