

SPRING FEVER

(By Barbara Humbert)

Have you ever had that ole feeling? When the dorm windows are all flung open and radios blare forth from all of them? When a gentle breeze silently tosses your organdy curtains and a warm sun creeps in your window? And there you—in skirt and sweater wishing you could wear a fresh new cotton dress—sit at your work. Before you are three books to be read, a term paper to complete, and a notebook to recopy. You struggle through the Eng Lit, cause the class is on Wordsworth and you may hear an occasional bird "sing" in his poetry—if you read deep enough. Then you tackle the trig—that's awful 'cause you'd much rather be counting the loves of this spring than stupid figures. The breeze gently mixes the sheets of your term paper; so, encouraged by glad voices without, you decide to do that tomorrow. The note book can wait too 'cause the sun feels so warm. After dreaming about the coming week-end and that special date with Bib, you slowly thumb to the assignment in your History book. You read pages and pages of History, and, when you look away for the last time, you have completely and thoroughly learned one thing: Spring is here, and that ole fever has got you, Lady!!!

—Opera—

(Continued From Page One)

been invited to a supper and a masked ball for Prince Orlofsky's by his friend, Dr. Falke, a notary. Dr. Falke bitterly remembers an embarrassing jokes played on him by Eisenstein after a drunken party. (Falke became so drunk that he completely passed out. It was a masked ball and he was dressed as a bat. Eisenstein left Falke lying in the street all night. The next morning Dr. Falke awoke to find people standing around him jeering. From that time on he was nick-named The Bat). Dr. Falke now plans his revenge by inviting Eisenstein to the masked ball, intending to have Rosalind trap him there. Eisenstein readily agrees to postpone his trip to prison. After Eisenstein leaves, Alfred comes back and sits down to supper in Eisenstein's dressing gown. The prison director comes and by mistake arrests Alfred, who chivalrously accepts the uncomfortable situation.

Act II opens at Prince Orlofsky's villa. Eisenstein is there as Marquis Renard. Dr. Falke intends to stage a play called "The Revenge of a Bat." The prison director is present as the Chevalier Chagrin. Rosalind, disguised, discovers her husband, charms him and gets his watch. She also finds Adele enjoying herself in her mistress' clothes.

Act III takes place at the prison. The prison director, still feeling the effects of the party, is told that Eisenstein is in cell 12. Adele and her friends come to see the director (as the Chevalier, of course) also comes about getting on the stage. Eisenstein to see the director. The girls are put in cell 13. No one knows how much the other knows. The situation becomes too much for everybody when Eisenstein discovers the state of affairs between Rosalind and Alfred. Dr. Falke finally clears up the whole mess by calling in Orlofsky and his guests and explaining his little jokes. The Bat, he says, is avenged.

Women of the Week

ELIZABETH GUDGER

You couldn't stay on Salem's campus very long without knowing Gudger, as she is called by her friends. She's that blue-eyed, peaches - and - cream complexion, brown-curly-haired heart breaker from the "Land of the Sky."

She ranks ace high among the Strongites because of her pleasing personality, wonderful disposition, and, most of all, for her sincerity. Gudger has many friends, and is always ready to lend a hand to one in trouble. She laughs when you laugh . . . she sings when you sing . . . she's down in the dumps when you're down in the dumps—but she will come through every time to cheer you up.

Gudger has a time and a place for everything. She is conscientious about her studies. She enjoys a good game of bridge after supper, and is game every time for a John Payne movie. She likes horseback riding, swimming, and tennis.

Her favorite boy's name is Bill (She has one at Caroline, Davidson, STATE, and Wake Forest, and also a few more in Uncle Sam's services by other names.)

When Gudger gets excited, her roommate says she is a regular floof. She flits around slinging clothes here and there, and poor Luanne doesn't know whether to catch or dodge. But Luanne takes it as a grain of salt. She says that it is impossible to get mad at Gudger, no matter what she does.

Gudger's favorite food is fried chicken and chocolate pie, and eating is one of her chiefest pastimes. Occasionally, on Sunday night you'll find her haunting the Toddle House for chocolate pie.

Well, we could go on and on about Gudger; but I'll stop by saying that she is number one on the hit parade, not only this week but always in the Stronghole.

JANE LOVELACE

Did you ever try to describe a person who has a "sugar and spice and everything nice" personality? One who is so swell that you can't express exactly what you mean? Well, that's Jane Lovelace . . . one of the girls that the Freshman class can proudly boast of, and Henrietta, North Carolina's pride and joy. She's a luscious brownette with dark eyes and clear complexion.

Easy going — sincere — understanding, just a few of her friendly traits. She is the sort of girl who can make a hermit feel ashamed of missing all the good things of the world.

How to find her? Simply go up to the familiar third floor of Alice Clewell and listen. Presently you'll hear voices crying, "Don't stop now, Jane. Please play some more"; and then you'll listen to gay music of an accordion drifting down the hall. Following your ears, you'll go down the hall until you see girls surrounding a laughing Jane . . . begging her to play anything from "Home on the Range" to "Beat Me Daddy." Besides playing the accordion, Jane is also interested in voice.

But she isn't always a light-hearted lassie with nothing on her mind except playing accordians, for she can be serious, too. She's as smart as a whip and knows how to do things in just the right way. Being able to keep a cool head in times of an emergency, brought her the position of an air raid warden. And, believe it or not, Jane loves to write letters . . . especially to Carolina!

For a real understanding friend, look up Jane Lovelace . . . Satisfaction guaranteed.

—Music—

bussy's beautiful composition "En Bateau."

Have you ever heard anyone pour their heart into a song? That is just what Peggy Eaton does when she sings, and it gives us a thrill. She has something a great many musicians do not have. Her rendition of Wolf's "Silent Love" was really a treat.

The piano trembles, shakes, and pauses for a rest. Has an earthquake begun? No, it is just Catharine Swinson playing Rachmaninoff's "Polichinelle." A splendid ending to an enjoyable recital. (Nancy Ridenhour)

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Telegrams, specials, and phone calls all remind us of the big dance this week-end. The girls seem thrilled. LIB BERNHART is more excited than anyone we've seen . . . yes, it's Joel. JENNY J. is right behind her . . . could it be Bill??

Off to Chapel Hill goes GEACHY wondering frantically what the outcome will be. She's going with the president of the "Y". All of which reminds us of NORMIE—Davidson's so-called "Y" queen. It must be wonderful to see the reformation day by day . . . kinda' like the clay in the potter's hand.

And off to Chapel Hill—not with anybody's "Y" president — goes P. T. TRAYNHAM. We eaves-dripped further to learn that even CEIL is contemplating abandoning her hermit life for a like-wise fling at K. A. fun . . . just to see that fidelity doesn't get her into ruts.

Coming back from the Hill last week-end were seen two wilted roses—rose STONE wearing a pea green skin, and rose MANNING looking considerably the better for wear.

Pretty clever are Washburn, Port, and Lacy. The telegrams seem to have done the trick. It all turned out well.

Also enjoying the Davidson dances were HELEN McMILLAN, SUE WILLIS, WINK WALL, HELEN THOMAS, and ADAIR EVANS. From the reports these girls brought back, it must have been lots of fun!

STU had quite a time at the State Masquerade Ball . . . some disguise her date was wearing . . .

KAKA SCHWALBA and Ted seem to be very serious—at least the frequent letters indicate this.

SARA HENRY seems to be doing well at the Med. School . . . and BOBBY, too. We hope the dance is good!

Where to spend this week-end has been bothering JANE GARROU quite a bit. Dates can cause a lot of confusion—can't they?

There's one person the government needn't worry about supporting their V mail. MARY EWIS

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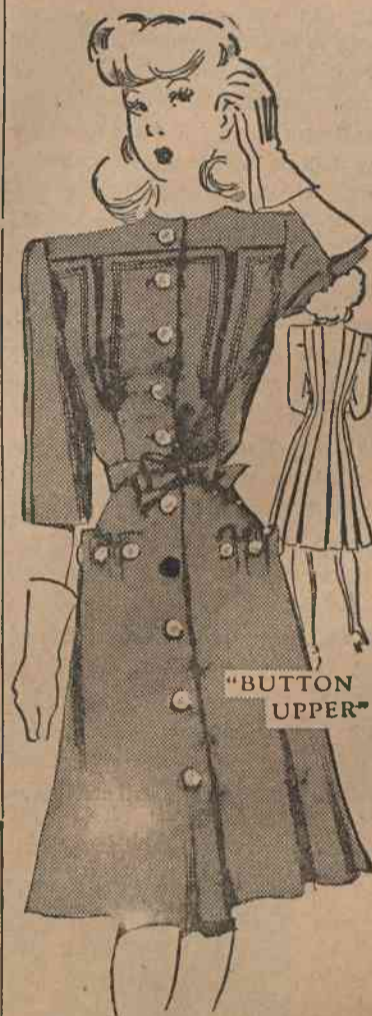
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