

Women of the Week

ACHSAH ANN SHORE

Pivot and shoot. One crisp shot's as good as another, if you happen to be named Achsah Ann Shore. If you haven't had the pleasure of getting to know Achsah, we suggest you start a get-acquainted campaign immediately—particularly if you're in search of an understanding friend. If you are simply wild about bright colors, particularly red, then you already have something in common with Achsah.

A tilted nose sprinkled with freckles, lively blue eyes, an athletic figure, and long brown hair is the general impression you get at first glance. A second look reveals a warm smile and sincere interest behind those impressive eyes.

Achsah is a business student and may frequently be seen patiently pouring over that little black book so familiar to many of us—Gregg's Shorthand.

While many of us promise ourselves daily that this is positively our last cigarette, Achsah only smiles; for she has yet to smoke her first one.

If you're athletically inclined, you can really appreciate Achsah's ease on a basketball court, but even if you know nothing about the game, you must have noticed her expert team-play in the student-faculty basketball game.

In case you've been groping for

MARIANNE EVERETTE

Maybe you have been sitting around when in walked a petite blonde and quietly sat down. This must have been Marianne Everette. She is a tiny blond from Fayetteville. I just don't know how to describe her to you . . . all I can say is, think of the old saying "Still water runs deep." That suits her to perfection. If you are around her for just a few minutes, you'll think how shy and shallow she must be; but the first impression is definitely wrong. Marianne's mind runs along deep subjects, about which she can talk very intelligently.

Deep subjects isn't all that Marianne thinks about . . . she is quite an artist, quite a lover of nature, and an appreciator of good music. She is always ready for a good time, a good laugh, or a good joke . . . and on every occasion has a heart of gold to throw into the merrymaking.

I am almost speechless . . . just let me say that to talk to her is to know her; and to know her is to love her; because she is a great girl, a good friend, and a kind of girl that one likes to know.

a come-back when Achsah's in a teasing mood, we suggest you mention Lott Mayberry. If that doesn't cause a blush, you might as well give up.

—TRANSFERS—

horseback riding and all sports except swimming, which she hates. She also likes to travel and to see new places. She's an A.B. student. Look for that new face with the blue eyes and brown hair, combined with a short stature . . . and there you'll have Anne Brown.

On third floor Clewell lives that tall, good-looking freshman who has reminded so many of us of Doris Nebel Beal. Her name is Margaret Riddle, and she is from Pensacola, N.C. Margaret is an A.B. transfer from Mars Hill and is planning to come back next year. She likes tennis and swimming and is especially fond of music.

Ann Neil of Knoxville, Tenn., is a sophomore transfer from the University of Tennessee. She has also been to Ward Belmont. Anne rooms with Mary Eaton on second floor Strong. Her favorite sports are tennis and horseback riding, and she likes to play bridge and dance. She likes smooth, slow, soft music and "adores" Harry James orchestra. She dislikes candy (that accounts for that trim figure) and of all things has read *Gone With the Wind* six times!!! Ann is small and has brown eyes and brown hair and looks totally unlike the sciene major that she is. She says she loves Carolina, but believes she likes Tennessee boys best.

Last, but certainly not least, is the junior representative among the new students. She is tall, blue-eyed, brown-haired, Dorothy Leonard from Hickory. Dorothy transferred from Lenoir Rhyne and is an English major. She rooms in 205 Strong with Betsy Collitt. These two were roommates at G.C. their freshman year, and should be getting along fine now. Dorothy is very fond of the Marines, for her "some-one special" has been one for three years. She likes most sports (none in particular), movies, and bridge. She, too, sings high praise of Salem and says that we have "the friendliest crowd of girls I've ever seen. I fell as if I had been here for 'years', or should we say at least another year.

Salemites, look up these new girls and get to know them. We're sure you'll find they're grand additions to our school. And to you new Salemites, welcome! We're proud to have you here with us.

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—CARNIVAL—

side to look in on one of the gaily decorated booths. But what an array—should I go into the Hall of Mirrors and see myself as others see me, or should I go into the Fortune Teller's Booth and find out if he loves me? No, I will go to the real, live, Snake-eating Woman's booth and see what she had for dinner. But gee, I will never get around to the Fishing Pond booth or the Guess Your Weight booth! I know, I will go to see the World's Famous Animal Act, and just see if those monkeys and camels can really dance — and that's free, too! Sara says the German Club Booth will be really unique, and I can't wait to go there and throw darts at the poster of Hitler. Boy, will I aim at his monocle, the bull's eye; so I can get a prize. And then, I believe I will meander down to the French Club booth, where they have the most adorable street cafe; and select some cool, sparkling drink from the French menu — I just know that the different organizations on the Salem campus are working hard at decorating these picturesque booths, and the organization having the best booth deserves a prize! My goodness, I had better powder my nose, for I hear a rumor about a carnival queen being elected at one of the booths and crowned that night. I'll be so glad that I saved up my energy and my money to come to the "Y" Carnival; for each nickel and dime that I give will go to the World Student Service Fund and besides, think of the rip-roaring good time that I'll have!

Lost and found columns of Tokio newspapers are crowded these days. Every time an American buys a War Bond, the Japs lose face.

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Martha's Musings

What Martha's musing about most of all this week, and what she finds most amusing is this Davidson-Salem clique which combines on the average of twice a week. First it's PEGGY and Ben, then CAROLYN takes Peggy's place. It's Rail and JOYCE one day and SIS and Rail the next. Then it's neither one—but LITTLE BUTCH. Oh, there are others, too numerous to mention, and Martha wants them all to know that she's praying for no cat-fights.

Valentine's day was not the most profitable seen by Salem College. But as far as Martha's been able to gather both the GARTH girls sported flowers from unknown admirers. CACKY Waltzer had an orchid but not from the young gentleman with whom she had a date. Wasn't that a shame. KAKA also had flowers, as well as LIB BERNHARDT—a dozen red roses. 'Course, there were probably others and we apologize for not mentioning your names, but that's what you get for keeping your business to yourself.

JULIA GARRETT is at last giving Carolina the break its been asking for and is going to mid-winters. Also going are JOYCE WOOTEN, SIS SHELTON, and CASSEROLE. Old Martha wouldn't mind being in these girls' shoes.

MILDRED LEE and JEAN FULTON will tread the well-known path to V. M. I. this week-end.

KEMP'S proverbial wedding will really take the Salemites away from school this week-end. Not to mention the fact that V. V. and SEVILLE are to be bridesmaids. Here's hoping you girls will not always be a bride's maid and never a bride—and from the looks of things there'll really be a fight for the bouquet.

It is rumored that snakes could be found in abundance this past week-end at the dance. That's what a shortage of men will do for you. Among those most "snaked on" was JENNY JENKINS. She is wondering how she'll ever hold him with those sophomores wondering the same thing. By the way, JENNY, MAC McLENDON, WARLICK, and LIB WILLIAMS will represent Salem this week-end at State.

NANCY SNYDER came back from the U. of Va. tired but happy. Fact of it was she didn't even see a bed the whole week-end. What fortitude!

Well, here's saying good-bye till next time and also if you don't tout your horn you won't get in the gossip column.

Snoopingly and snoozingly,
—MARTHA.

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—HO HUM—

trance of the student team. After succeeding in getting the score keepers over to the blackboard where STUDENTS and FACULTY were duly written down, the game commenced.

The first quarter was given largely over to boxing up, pushing, and mumbering on the part of the faculty players . . . and to calmly expert passing and playing on the part of the student players. Due to the overwhelming presence of the great, the students found that Really-play-it-right McNeely had scored a goal . . . but in no time at all, the students were granted their first in a long line of foul shots. And with keen accuracy, Achsah Ann Shore shot the first in a long line of gorgeous goals.

From that point hence, the game belonged to the students . . . the main reason for which was probably the fact that Keller Kenyon couldn't reach high enough to really get to work on his forward, Witherington.

With a score of 7-3 in favor of the young'uns, the second quarter was launched . . . but it was quite some time before the faculty could be cajoled into getting up off the ball. When the whole team was finally put on its feet, there was a bit of furious passing hither and yon . . . R. T.'s chief contribution being to stand quietly aloof waiting for stray balls and falling down over the backs of any passing opponents. It was during this quarter that See Averill, complete with knee pads, was forced to leave the scene of action.

At the half, with a score of 12-3, Nurse Stewart glided gleefully out to administer morphine to her suffering team which laid prostrate on the floor. At the half also, Killer violently conferred with Really-play-it-right about how to block student stampede . . . and freshly spirited students displayed their over-abundant talent at the baskets.

After the sounding of the whistle, the faculties patted the faculties on the backs and resumed position on the court. There was nothing spectacular about the third quarter except that R. T. fouled pleasantly out; and Killer, in response to malicious student commands, shot from a hedged-in spot on the center of the court . . . and made it! To further aid the effort, the other player on the faculty team (Really-play-it-right) shot a basket and pulled the score to 15-7.

During the fourth quarter, the same continued until a total of 27-12 had been compiled for the students and faculty respectively . . . then the whistle blew; and Maid Crow wheeled a tea cart of pink cookies and Pepsies onto the court for general celebration by the poor old broken-down faculties. It was a grand game . . . and, as has been said before, revenge is sweet!

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—OPERA—

ter member of the Philadelphia grand mood. He's the only char-Mr. Vanderlung and the opera Co. started out in 1938. He has always sung. At 12, his voice was "going down"; and at 15, he was a bass. He studied to be a commercial artist, and later to be a violinist. He won a scholarship to the Curtis Institute in 1936, and decided to become a singer . . . because "it seemed to be the easiest." By this time, he was well surrounded; so "pardon me"-ing our way through the crowd, we took a fond farewell of Mr. Vanderburg and left him to the autograph hounds.

We could never catch David Hacker — he was always on "the other side of the stage!" But we did see Sylvan Leven (pronounced Sylvan Le-vin in six-eight rhythm.) He was the little man who brought so much music out of the orchestra. When we asked him about himself, he looked at us blankly and then turned to his wife and asked what he had done except study for ten years. His orange-haired wife didn't encourage him any, so he said "Tell your paper this is an American Co. for the American people."

There could not be a nicer group of young opera stars anywhere. Each of them seemed filled with real enthusiasm for the opera, the music, and life in general. And to the little cross-eyed scenery man—thanks for running an interviewer's interference!

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