

# JUNIORS MASSACRE SENIORS IN THIRD GAME OF SERIES

Those poor seniors try hard and are superb hockey players, but they are a farce at basketball. In the game Thursday, the seniors suffered another defeat at the hands of the juniors by the score of 14 to 7. Sarah Sands, Betty Moore, Mary Ellen Carrig, Mil Aver, Mildred Butner and Lawson played for the juniors. Carlotta Carter, Ceil Nuchols, Coco McKenzie, Barbara Whittier, Phillis Hill, Mary Lib Rand, Mot Sauvain, and Cecelia Ann Castellow tried for the seniors.

As "See" Averill said, "the gym looks just like a colored church, got all of the audience working." They were made to keep score, keep time, and do everything but referee. Between doing all of that work and laughing at Casserole, the comic of the game, everyone was in a very weak condition when she left.

The seniors had the ball first, and Carlotta Carter, taking a beautiful shot, made the first goal of the game. Betty Moore immediately followed with a goal for the Juniors and Lawson dropped in a foul shot to put the juniors in the lead 3-2. Sauvain made another foul on Lawson and the juniors led 4-2. Casserole in her very naive manner broke up the games seriousness by taking a beautiful leap through space, hoping to stop a ball en route, but her opponent calmly stood and watched her sail by. There was more play, but no more scoring in the first half.

With Ceil Nuchols taking calisthenics during half time—Casserole stretched out flat apparently dead, the spectators started a stiff

competition in original cheers. The junior rooters were the loudest but when the Seniors issued something on the order of acka-daka-chi, acka-daka-chee, that was the crowning blow. The referees started the game immediately to keep the players from tearing their hair and escaping.

The second half started with Casserole running to the wrong end of the court to get the ball. Upon seeing her mistake, she tripped gracefully back with scarcely a blush. Ceil finally got the ball for the seniors, but promptly hit Barbara Whittier in the head with it. Luckily it bounced back and she passed to Coco, who tied the score, 4-4. Despite beautiful guarding by Nuchols, Lawson was able to make another shot and the juniors went ahead 6-4.

The fourth quarter began with a goal by Carrig and the juniors led 8-4. Another by Lawson raised the score to 10-4, but Coco fought hard and brought the score to 10-6. A foul shot by Carter raised the score to 10-7. A goal by Carrig brought the score to 12-7 and a last minute goal by Lawson gave the juniors the victory 14-7.

The juniors came out in one piece but Ceil, who played the last quarter in her bare feet, found she shouldn't have, and Casserole acquired a horrible wound on her leg caused by somebody's fingernail. For further details see her. She will be delighted to show it to you if gangrene hasn't already set in.

## —JULIA WINS—

place . . . and it was obviously anybody's game.

In the last eight hours of the drive, however; those who'd been holding out, came across . . . came across with some four hundred dollars for the lass with beautiful, beautiful black hair and exquisite olive complexion! And so the queen was crowned.

All in all, the SALEMITE has handled \$1,720.00 in bonds and stamps . . . with votes amounting to 52,804 for Miss Garrett, 38,208 for Miss Nimocks; 27,470 for Miss McLendon; 23,555 for Miss Sullivan; 17,071 for Miss Fulton; and 12,976 for Miss Turner. Translated to bonds and stamps, that amounts to: seventeen \$25 bonds, six \$50 bonds, nine \$100 bonds, and one \$500 bond . . . one \$5.00 stamp, twenty-six \$1.00 stamps, two 50c stamps, six hundred and thirty-eight 25c stamps, and five hundred seventy-one 10c stamps.

There's your story . . . a grand queen and a grand record of sales. The SALEMITE offers its most grateful thanks to each and every one of you!

Curricula ae being expanded in occupied Holland. According to Het Nationale Dagblad of Utrecht, one of the first pro-Nazi papers in Holland, the Burgomaster of Harlem has supplemented technical courses—with classes in national socialism. (A. C. P.)

## —SALEM BOOSTS—

which to him is more than a mere formula . . . nobody ever goes to sleep while he is talking!"

And Frances Neal: "He is undoubtedly the most dynamic man I've ever heard speak. He creates a spell with his ideas which carries both him and his audience into an unknown world of thought and imagination."

"He discussed problems about which we were all interested . . . love and marriage and modern religion. He was just as frank and understanding as one's best friend . . . definitely not a stodgy," according to Ceil Nuchols.

Sarah Henry declares: "He was here my first year and each spring since I've been hoping that he would get back before I graduated. And so I was more than pleased to hear that he was returning. Because he's the most dynamic speaker I've ever heard, I intend to hear him every time he speaks next week."

The schedule of Dr. Hart follows: Monday, 7:00 p. m. in basement of Biting, (all talks other than chapel ones, held here at 7:00), talk on "A Faith For History's Greatest Crisis;" Tuesday, "The Meaning of Ever-Betsy Stafford, one of the girls living and Marriage In Wartime;" Thursday, "To Drink or Not to Drink;" Friday, 5:00p.m., "Can We Have A World Brotherhood."

The entire Harvard university one-mile relay team has joined the armed forces.

## —NEWMAN SCANS—

ganized a branch Red Cross unit.

By January, 1918, we had completed 140 three-yard rolls, 1326 gauze rolls, 4 abdominal bandages, 14 triangular bandages, and 36 four tailed bandages. In addition to knitted sweaters, sox, and scarfe, we sent 45 comfort bags to headquarters.

We had to give up many of our pleasures. Among those "given up pleasures" was our Salem paper, "The Ivey," which was not published in 1918, but read to the student body in the Library on "Ivy nights." These papers were copied later by hand and bound together in a leather folder.

November 11, 1918, the Armistice was signed. The war was over! It was a glorious yet a sad day. All of us at Salem marched in the Armistice parade — led by our three flags — the U. S. flag, the service flag, and the flag of the Red Cross.

Now it is 1943 and we are again at war with the foreign powers. Our situations are similar to those of 1917, yet much more serious — but it is as true today as it was in 1917 "that the United States must give until it hurts." Food shortages have begun to appear. Casualty lists have been sent back. From Europe comes a wail from starving homeless millions. Think carefully — what will you do to help "

## —LUCY HEADS—

though she doesn't play hockey or basketball, she can always be found at the games cheering her classmates on, giving them chewing gum, and yelling her lungs out from the bleachers.

There she is folks — from Brat and Rat to Class President to Student Government President — our own Lucy Farmer!

# SAGA OF OSWALD AND THE QUEEN

Once upon a time there was a monstrous, big, beautiful, heroic cockroach who lived in the basement of the Queen's castle in Iceland. Now this cockroach, whose name was Oswald, wasn't like just any old cockroach. Oh, no! He had great, gorgeous, pink, downy feathers instead of conventional sleek black ones. And he had tremendous, shiny, purple toe-nails instead of conventional dull brownish ones. In fact, Oswald was definitely not a conventional cockroach . . . you never saw Oswald sneaking up between the castle walls to scare the beautiful Queen Tootsie Belle! While all the other cockroaches were going conventionally about their lowly activities, Oswald squatted right there in his luxurious apartment between the cheese boxes pinning his proud and noble heart out for a single glimpse of the Queen.

But finally one day, Oswald felt that he could bear it not one minute longer. He had lost his appetite, he had caught the nervous jerks, he had quit shooting craps with the boys . . . he had even lost interest in brushing his gorgeous pink feathers a hundred strokes each night!! But the worst thing of all was that he let things which had previously delighted him suddenly become most odious. The fragrance of his apartment, for instance: Oswald felt that if he had to sit there whiffing the Roquefort cheese on his right and the Limburger cheese on his left much longer, he would surely upchuck! But all poor Oswald could do was sit there starving for the sight of lovely Queen Tootsie Belle. So late one night, when all his fellow roaches had retired Oswald

dragged forth the Morse Code outline book, and dotted and dashed his very soul out on to the water pipes.

Meanwhile, upstairs, Queen Tootsie Belle was busily engaged in her nightly ritual. She was a wise queen, and she realized that the realms prestige depended upon her own illustrious glamour. She, therefore, took great care each night to roll her long, glossy, red wig up on tinted toilet tissue. And while she sat facing her glamour in an elaborate mirror, she harkened to the strange, irregular noises on the royal water pipes. "But," she sighed heavily, "Our Majesty is perhaps deceived; for, after all, there was that last little toddy." So she dismissed the matter lightly, and languidly roused herself from her dainty dressing table. She was strolling gracefully across the spacious medieval clamber, when her silver sandaled toe caught on the white bear rug and threw the charming Queen flat on her royal puss. Now unquestionably Tootsie Belle was the most renowned woman of glamour since the Trojan Helen; but the last half century was beginning to take its toll somewhat . . . and then, too, even the coachmen suspected Belle of hitting the imported moonshine pretty hard. Does it seem odd then that Iceland's gracious Queen had to bide the night on the spot which she landed? As she lay there squirming toward her marijuana weeds, she listened to the tap-tapping on the water pipes and thought that Prince Brother John was trying to eat corn on the cob

again. Little did she dream that the tap-tapping was a soulful message from the royal cellar.

Meanwhile Little Oswald grew more and more wan, more and more bored with the other roaches, more and more inclined to drink, less and less inclined to eat . . . and least disposed to come down to his own little earth between the cheese boxes. He couldn't forget his hopeless passion for Queen T. B. So as he lay there with a Zombie in one hand and an apparition in the other, he decided to abandon Morse Coding on the water pipes and to take more active measures. If only he had a carrier pigeon, he might write the Queen letters she could understand . . . if only he could write. He toyed with this idea for quite some months and thought it pretty terrific. But Oswald wasn't dumb. After a while, he too saw the drawbacks in the scheme. He sighed heavily, inhaled the gentle breeze that skipped westward across the Limburger cheese . . . and fainted prostrate on his whiskers. This sort of thing went on for months and months. Oswald lay there cooking up one lousy scheme right after another until finally one day, he decided to give up scheming and concentrate on drink.

Several months passed with Oswald prostrate in the royal basement . . . and Queen Tootsie Belle prostrate in the royal bedchamber. Eventually, however, someone missed Queen Tootsie Belle; for she hadn't been seen since that fatal night of bear rug fame. The mystery of the missing Queen was checked into . . . and good Queen Tootsie Belle was discovered there on the granite floor. So a great derrick was constructed by which the Queen could be transferred to a spot more befitting her illustrious glamour! . . .

(Ed's note: This thing goes on and on, but now's as good a time to stop as any—adios.)

—(C. J. N.)

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