

Women of the Week

BETSY CASTEEN

A lot of people call her "cocky," so I called her "cocky" to her face to watch her reaction . . . a fire-cracker might just as well have exploded. "I am not cocky," she shouted, "I just have an inferiority complex I have to hide!" Those who know her feel that she certainly makes a successful cover-up . . . strutting along, tossing her feet forward and her head backward.

If you've ever played dolls and had a favorite that you could throw around and have it always bounce back at you as good as new—you had a replica of Betsy Casteen. She is adorable from the tip of her dirty saddle shoes to the top of her curly copper-colored hair. Always with a twinkle in her blue eyes, she can be as pert as a clown; and it's impossible to get offended . . . all one can do is laugh, which makes her all the more violent.

She is from Leakesville, N. C., but spent most of her holidays in Greenville, N. C., to be near her current heart-throb . . . that is until he joined the Air Corps. And if you've ever been fortunate enough to double-date with her . . . wow! Ain't love grand?

But why should anyone tell you about Betsy Casteen? She is everywhere from the basketball court to the smoke house . . . you might even catch her studying now and then. The smoke house is her main place of existence, however; and if you ever see a loud green plaid skirt, red sweater matching her hair, and something sticking up behind . . . that's Betsy. If you need a lift or a bit of fun, go over and talk to her. She will be glad to oblige—providing you don't call her "cocky."

NANCY SNYDER

She moves about just as if she were a puppet on strings—meaning that if anybody was ever loose-jointed, she is. Certainly this is a compliment; for everyone will tell you how nice it is to have Nancy collapse all around you and just chat—oh, for any length of time. She has discovered the secret of the good conversationalist—namely, that of making you think that the story of your operation is the most thrilling, and etaoi shrdl emfw emfw interesting bit of gossip she has ever heard. The odd part of it is that she is interested—genuinely and thoroughly interested in what you have to say.

Nancy is a Home Ec major—and is apparently rather fond of the color red. It seems that in a recent clothing exhibit, she swung down the aisle in three costumes—all a fire truck red. Suffice it to say—her's is not a retiring personality.

Even though not addicted to the weed—Nancy is one of the more frequent visitors to the Smoke House. Almost any time of day, you will find her there folded up all over the floor—enjoying hugely whatever is going on around her. Of course when the love-of-her-life-Randy was here, she sat on chairs—but that was because Randy found it too hard to get up from the floor.

The only time Nancy's company is in the least painful is on those Monday mornings after a visit to U. Va. and Randy. Her conversation is still as bright as ever—but she grows such deep brown circles around her eyes that it is quite distressing to look at her.

However—disregarding such off days as the ones above—it is quite easy to say that Nancy is one of the best people in the world to be around.



Ah, spring! You'll have to admit it's a pretty wonderful season . . . except, of course, for a few dark clouds like classes, term papers, oral reports and school in general. But if it weren't school to fuss about it would probably be the WAACS or the WAVES.

What a miserable week-end NORMIE spent on restriction—but we hear that Miss Turlington had other ideas about Normie's week-end.

And speaking of the week-end, wasn't Ben Washburn the most peculiar-looking person trying to hide those two blankets under his coat Sunday afternoon?

Could we have missed ADAIR'S Ladd this week-end? I guess a young man's fancy do turn even when he's in the naval air corps.

MAC MURRAY declares that nothing could be more perfect than the way her schemes to get to see BOBBY are working out. It's the weather what's doing it.

Now what's Allen Sawyer got that Bill Jake ain't? We say nothing, but what does SARAH HENRY say?

We were beginning to worry about BECKY CANDLER—after all, Mrs. Beal was her roommate; and well, you know, we were just kinda worried.

Did everybody see KHACKY WALSER with Doc? Looking mighty happy.

We're wondering why Addison Hawley doesn't register here—but then he's securely registered with Uncle Sammy.

And then there was Noyes here to see EGG-HEAD GRIFFIN. The Army's really taking them.

There's nothing like getting two and three letters from George, is it BET? And it was rumored that the flame went out.

DORIS LITTLE returned from Chapel Hill last week-end with broad grins and some marvelous news for KHACKY T. Who am I kidding?

CARLOTTA is operating these days—George one night, Tony the next—but never Virgil again.

MARY BOYLAN'S ideas about this war are really changed . . . 'specially since her three best bets are married. But at least she's seen Sterling Hayden.

MOLLY BOSEMAN did get the sweetest letter. Yes—"Precious jewels come in small packages."

Another sign of spring is the crowd on the athletic field playing softball. And speaking of softball this is the proper place for Martha to limp to the room and massage her aching muscles.

And that romance of FANNIE NEAL'S is on the wane. He lacks, she has decided, that "certain subtlety."

JEAN FULTON has cancelled all plans except Roanoke ones for awhile because of a certain brown-eyed Trinkle person.

Also from Sisters' comes a great wail which has been traced to MARY MILLER who can't get the g o sign from papa for those wedding bells.

Co-ed Fry has dropped off to just ordinary courting now—could be the Clewell anti-bench committee got 'im.

Bye.

SOME PAGES FROM A SENIOR'S NOTES

(Mary Best)

It's a process which they call education. Some folks get it and some folks don't. It takes at least four years in concentrated form to get any recognition; in which four years every student is exposed to at least 600 hours of taking notes. As we said, some folks get it . . . some folks don't.

MYTHOLOGY: Results of extensive scholarship have proved that the identity of Homer is a complete mystery. He could have been a whole crowd of folks—or then again, he could have been Homer. Since about twenty cities claim him, he was probably several guys named Homer. He made a lot of mistakes in the I. and the O.—but that doesn't really prove anything 'cause a lot of writers do (exactly what I don't know) *%&!*@#&: (%&f and endless other profundities prove that you have to be a scholar not to know who Homer is—though it doesn't really bear on the poetry at all. Miss F—has not read her lesson—I can tell by the way she is pretending to concentrate. The radiator is also deeply moved by this discussion—or perhaps just by a poke from Hampton. Look up the story about Hephaestus and Ares—Note: it is very obscene. The O. is a better story and is really more artistically done—it has unity of time, character, etc.; but the I. is greater anyhow (subject to debate and probable exam question). Saved by the bell. Note: please read all the assignment next time—it ain't such a strain that way.

POLITICAL THEORY: The framers of the Constitution were nothing but a crowd of rich men who married rich women, which only made them richer. John L. Lewis certainly keeps a brew brewing. If capital can organize, so can labor; though some daddies don't think so. If wages are raised, prices must be raised—and then wages must be raised again, which is really a bad thing but can't be helped. There are three economic factions in America—the rich, the poor, and the poorer. If you bought a bond for \$75.00, you would feel gypped if you couldn't get but \$2.50 for it.

AT THE THEATRES

Carolina—
Mon. - Tues.: Shadow of a Doubt with John Cotton and Theresa Wright.

Wed. - Sat.: Arabian Nights, a technical film starring Jon Hall and Maria Montez.

State—

Mon. - Tues.: Night Mare.

Wed. - Thurs.: The Boogie Man Will Get You.

Fri. - Sat.: Idaho.

Forsyth—

Mon. - Tues.: Now Voyager, starring Bette Davis.

Wed. - Thurs.: A Yank at Eton, with Mickey Rooney.

Fri. - Sat.: Palm Beach Story, with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea and Rudy Vallee.

Note: bonds are very unstable—don't buy any. The federalists ignored the Rousseau-an democratic ideas because they really weren't the least bit democratic (the F's, not R). Sleep, where is thy sting? Note: look up that quote about sting—this ain't right. Alexander Hamilton had a lot to do with the whole thing. Pvt. Joe Lee, Camp Lee, Lee-de-Lee-de-de. The framers, like some other people, thought that what was in their heads was law, but that is not the case.

ART: Whistler was born in America so we claim him, though he painted in England and was influenced by the Japanese. The impressionistic art is a weak thing because it doesn't have any lines. Note: Whistler's mother (Why doesn't somebody jerk that chair out from under her?) The design is planned with light patches and dark patches. Another picture, another patch-work—really great art! Ruskin should have stuck to literature. Do not be emphatic about disliking anything, you might be wrong—instructor's wisdom! Whistler's mother again. Note interesting pattern. See K. about going to town. Does Kelly green really look all right with navy? Note the high sky line copied from the Japanese. At the same time that Neo-classicism was going on, so was romanticism. Whistler's real value is controversial—and isn't everything?

BROADCAST

be performed. Marian will sing her song entitled "Smells", a most unusual name for a very entertaining song. Her piano composition, "Tomcat", is most subtle, even in its rather straight forward manner.

Margaret Leinbach will likewise have two compositions on the program. "Circus Day at Pumpkin Center", her piano solo, is care-free and humorous in vein. Contrasting in Mood is her vocal composition, "Snow Toward Evening," a lyric impressionistic number. Marian Gary will sing both vocal numbers and Margaret will accompany.

Also featured on the broadcast will be a two-piano number played by Lacy Lewis and Dr. Vardell. This "Suite in Canon Form," by Arensky is written for two pianos and is one of the outstanding numbers on Lacy's recital program which takes place Monday night.

The broadcast is a most unusual and interesting one and you are all invited to be present at Memorial Hall, Sunday evening.

WEEKS

be a definite and stimulating increase in American writing. Being editor of the Atlantic Monthly, necessitates his being on the lookout for new writers. At the present he is particularly interested in discovering a new American humorist. "Humor used to be an American characteristic," he says, "but something has happened to us these past ten years, for today there certainly is not enough of it to go around. I have been on the search for a new American humorist, some one who by making us laugh at ourselves will give us a refreshment we can't otherwise possess. Someone who will do for our generation what Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Mr. Dooley and Will Rogers did for theirs."

Mr. Weeks states also, that good short story writers have become fewer and fewer. He presses the importance of getting more "sweetness and light" into the writings of short stories. He does not object, however, to humble stories of the degraded personality if they are told skillfully and realistically. On the other hand, Mr. Weeks says that "poetry, which is clearer and more meaningful" is definitely on the increase.

But She's Nice —Have a Weed?

Great Hoppin Hortense but this politicking is wearing me down to a grease drop. I have passed out so many cigars, cigarettes, and chewing gum that I fell like a night spot gal. Hoarse—that's me. I've just plain talked myself black in the face for my candidates. If ya don't believe me, just please tell me why I nearly landed on the stage Tuesday morning to sing with the rest of them fine folks. Politicking—that's what done it.

And talking about slapping people on the back, I've been on more backs than a new sweater in the dorm. Funny thing—when I slap folks on the back I always get a rise out of them—in the form of a blister—doggonit!

After a whole week of politicking, I can pump palms like a representative from the Ajax Plumbing Company. Hmmn believe I'll give up the hectic life of a politician and start demonstrating pumps.

Have you ever heard of a stuffed turkey? What about a stuffed shirt? Hold your hats kids—when the next ballots are tallied you are going to hear of a stuffed ballot box—and also of a young lady with the stuffings knocked out of her.

Yours truly—the politician
Oh well—Tally-ho!

YOU DON'T SAY!

Los Angeles, Calif.—(A. C. P.)—That the lay world has small idea of the developments in chemistry and what the war will usher in is indicated by Dr. G. Ros. Robertson, director of the chemical laboratories on the Los Angeles campus of the University of California.

Whereas in 1883 only 15,000 organic chemical compounds were known, in 1936 the number rose to 350,000, and there are now more than 450,000.

"Undoubtedly large numbers of compounds are known to industries but are still being guarded as industrial secrets," says Prof. Robertson.

Each arrangement of atoms found in organic compounds is absolutely precise as to number, weight and volume of constituent parts, and represents a chemical compound. A single combination, therefore, may occasionally represent a new ten-million dollar industry."

The Very Same Spring From Two Viewpoints

JUST A GAY COTTON CAN CHEER THE DAY

(Peggy Nimocks)
It's spring again and blossoms of love are bursting into beautiful flowers of romance. The milk tastes like onions, and the flies are flitting in and out the window. And where does this get us? . . . to the point where we're all insanelly impatient for spring vacation. At this stage of the game, the campus uniform is unusually interesting: some are trudging about in saddle shoes disguised in ink and filth and winter sweaters not disguising the room-mate's size forty box as well as their own thirty-two; and form-erly, supposedly pleated skirts. On the exceedingly springy days, May emerges in her new spring pinafore or a ragged one which somehow managed to bear up under last summer's rare and tear . . . and on her little tootsies, she displays bright un-rationalized play-shoes. Then, just as the summer rags are inventoried and donned, comes that true and dependable Winston weather . . . storm clouds, rain, and thunder. Some acclimate themselves to the shift of season with real decent looking, if somewhat dirty, rain coats . . . but some swathe themselves in the shower curtain plus the gardener's hat pulled down over the eyes, and sally forth into the weathers. And on their feet are found the most unique of all apparel . . . thigh boots, wooden shoes, and beach sandals. Then, of course, you can't miss the gym divisions . . . spots of black, red, and white lurking beneath rain-coated surfaces. Nor can you miss those brazen lassies who enter into the world in

ONLY TERM PAPERS PRODUCE SUCH PAIN

(Rosalind Clark)
Do you all of a sudden look down and find your ears scraping the ground? Do your beautiful cup-like eyes have big dark saucers under them? Do your friends ask you if you have T. B.? If you have these symptoms, you are suffering from a severe ailment called term-pap-eritis. Beginning symptoms may occur maybe six months before actual outbreak, but you will never realize it has got you in its grip until too late. The age group it usually strikes is the college age group. Although many things have been done to try to put down the dreaded ailment, nothing has succeeded favorably yet. The cause for the ailment is not definitely known, but there has been much discussion about it. The actual time that term-pap-eritis lasts is about six weeks and then it suddenly clears up although the effects will usually last much longer. Its marked effects on the body are: a fevered brain, gnawed fingernails, and general weakness. Groups usually get it together instead of separate people because it is so contagious. Only one remedy has been found that is very satisfactory. If taken in large doses, it is usually more effective. It is called Spring Vacation.
merely unmentionables . . . plus top-coats. Late in the afternoons the cute girls, the ones with dates, come bouncing out in love . . . ah, but the spring inspires love! . . . and cleaned spectators.
So goes the bright spring day . . . and so goes the collegiate uniform!