

Presenting....

MILDRED GARRISON

You've heard her, you've seen her, and if you don't know her, you'd love to!

From Glen Alpine comes this slender, gay gal with the big brown eyes. She's a member of the Junior Class and a primary education major. Living in Lehman and rooming with Frances Jones, she's just the gayest one. Her interests are many and varied. They run from singing children's songs to lovin' the Army Air Corps. And in between come jitterbugging, bicycle riding, bridge, and just plain dancin'. And don't forget clothes — she's always neat and colorful. Loves bright red! And black Chesterfields.

Garrison always has a cheerful word and a wide grin for everybody. There's always a word on the tip of her tongue which usually develops into something funny. Right now she's reciting, "You gotta fan it, babe; you gotta fan it 'til the cows come home." Still Garrison has her serious moments. She always worries about grades, but she gets by on a wide margin.

Never failing to enjoy herself, Mildred is forever the life of the party.

CAROLYN CAUBLE

Carolyn, who is a Georgia crackler with the tar of ten years on her heels, has the quiet, lazy way of a Georgian with just enough vigor of humor, friendliness, and spontaneity to spice her personality.

"Cauble" grew up — for eleven years — in Atlanta. When her family moved to Winston-Salem, she attended Summit School. She graduated from Salem Academy and St. Mary's, then came to Salem last year as a Junior. Her main scholastic interests are English and Home Ec. Her courses in "pie-making" are going to come in very good, for she is going to be married in December. The fact that Carolyn intends to finish the school year and receive her degree while "keeping house" points out her versatility and ability.

Her sense of humor is an open, naive one, which draws many devotees of pure fun and good nature. "Cauble's" marvelous disposition is a direct indication of her unselfishness and friendliness.

Have you seen a blond, blue-eyed girl with a smile on her face, a twinkle in her eye, and a dreamy look as if she were already fitting slippers and baking biscuits? That's Carolyn!

FILTH COLUMN REPORTING:

It was Saturday night and all along Third Floor Clewell not a creature was stirring—not even a freshman.

Yep, it really looks like all the class of '47 took off last week-end. All came back laden with food and telling glorious tales of their "wonderful" trips. Marguerite Worth is a "shining" example, for everytime you ask her about last week-end, she beams from ear to ear. Maybe it has something to do with the owner of the fraternity pin she got the other week-end. "Little Red Walton" practically ran the legs off of the Juniors trotting over to the P. O. for the numerous cards she sent them from Morganton over the week-end. We hear there was really a "hot time" in Wilson when Maria Hicks, Mary Hunter Hackney and Bet Hancock hit the old town again.

Everybody wasn't homeward-bound, though. Among those attending Davidson home-coming were Ellie Rodd, Akey Kincaid, Ruth Maxwell, Emma Mitchell, Nancy Ridenhour and Betsy Thomas. Frances Sullivan, Adair Evans, and Mae Noble hurried home to Charlotte Saturday so as not to miss anything happening there over the week-end. What's this we hear about Sullivan taking a trip out to "cowboy" land next spring???

If you saw a fast streak pass you Monday, it was only Mamie Herring running to the telephone, for Tommy phoned her he was home on a six day furlough. She was equally surprised when he showed up the next day just before she was to leave for home.

A gay time was had by all at the birthday party given for Molly and Jenny at Reynolds Grill Monday night. They really had a time "slinging out" pieces of the birthday cake. Molly was "glowing" all night over a dozen red roses she got from an ensign in California.

It's a good thing a certain Med Student—Dr. P.—dates girls in different dorms or he might get into a lot of trouble. Gudger, where is that picture of Don you use to have by your bed? It's not now tucked

"Strong Are Thy Walls" We Sure Are Glad

A call of distress from second floor: "Halp! Give me a quarter, somebody. I haven't got enough money for my long-distance call," or a piercing shriek from third floor: "Somebody shut that door — it isn't summertime anymore, you know." Where this is coming from? — Hattie Strong Dormitory, of course. The gorgeous place where are at least two windows to every room, soft mattresses that sink to the touch of a finger, big mirrors in the halls for the last job of inspection, not to mention a few other hundred conveniences.

Favorite pastime of idle moments is drinking water (cold, too, from the coolers in the middle of the halls; favorite pastime of idle hours little nourishment from home. (Why little nourishment from home. (Why yes, I'll have a third piece, thank you.")

After lunch and dinner, a well-worn path leads to the downstairs smokehouse where Strong's own little bunch gets together for weed puffing and poker playing. It's complete with up-to-date devices, such as electric lights.

Sometimes it's even quiet (especially when everybody's gone home), and it is possible to get to sleep before "lights."

Maybe something typical: Frances Elder and Meatball getting in a mellow jitterbug mood; Jo Hollar shower-serenading; Marguerite Mullin — "my test tomorrow"; Twistie and her art (good plus); we three — Boaze, Yount, and Sherry; Edie — "Think I'll go to sleep now."

Maybe it isn't the biggest, but it surely isn't rationing on life. Just ask one of the girls who live here.

THINGS I LOVE

Chocolate candy, clean, white milk, A new black dress that rustles like silk, The laugh that's in my roommate's eyes, Telling my brother little white lies; A bell ringing clearly through the mist, The look of a girl that's just been kissed, Moonlight streaming through the trees, Blonde hair blown by a summer breeze;

Plenty of time for a mid-day coke, Telling my mother a shady joke; Swimming when the sun is hot, The faltering steps of a tiny tot; Getting the mail that comes from home, The blaze of lights from the Capitol's dome, Tall trees budding green in spring, The fun we have at Community Sing, White stars twinkling from above— These are a few of the things I love.

—Bernice Bunn.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes." It's cheaper.

RAY W. GOODRICH PHOTOGRAPHER

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CLOSETROPHOBIA?

Students of psychology who wish some firsthand information about claustrophobia should consult Mrs. Theodore Rondthaler. Hurrying out of the dining room last Thursday, Mrs. Rondthaler rushed to the telephone booth in South Hall, slammed the door behind herself, and asked the operator for County 7230 (that number which always brings her hubby's voice). Everything went well—the conversation was as thrilling as usual—until she turned to leave and found herself a prisoner in the two-by-four cubbyhole which houses the secretarial department telephone. It was then that the first symptoms of claustrophobia appeared. "Why had Professor Owens ever taught such things in the Mental Hygiene class? — If she had never heard of claustrophobia, it would never occur to her to have it. — What was there to fear? — Why didn't the place have more fresh air in it? — Where were the girls? — Would they never come? — She would 'phone her hubby again; may-

be his voice would reassure her. 'Line busy.' Footsteps at last, many of them. The key? Where in the world was the key? — Oh, yes, in the silver box on the desk. — No! Well, maybe in the desk drawer. How in the world could a bunch of fifteen laughing girls, all looking at once, expect to find a little old key in a little old silver box. — If only Miss Hauser would come, she could find it."

Sure 'nuf, she did. The prisoner was freed. And the moral of this tale is, "Don't slam doors!"

P. S.—Mrs. Rondthaler, still suffering from claustrophobia at 5:30 p. m.: "Wonder what I would have done had nobody come along to let me out? — spent the night, I guess."

Lucile Newman, suffering from nothing at 5:30 p. m.: "Why, Mrs. Rondthaler, you could have used the telephone to 'phone for someone to come up and let you out!"

The moral of the postscript is, "Use your head!"

away deep in a bureau drawer, is it???

Mary Frances seems to like the name George. That's the name of the "little man" seen with her Sunday night, but she didn't look quite as happy as she did a month ago when she was with "another" George. Wonder why Mary E. Byrd likes to bowl on Monday night???

Jo McLaughlin really got a sarcastic letter from down South Carolina way the other day. These people that cuss you out on paper when you can't defend yourself!!! Sauls is just counting the days until Thanksgiving and Lamour-Glamour's furlough.

Dot Leonard really looked like she owned a florist Sunday, with two corsages for her birthday. Congratulations to "Mot" Sauvain whose engagement to "Wilbo" was announced Sunday.

So until next week at this same time, I remain your Fifth column correspondent, Snoppy Spy, who is reminding you that there are only 30 more "schoolin' days" 'till Christmas — don't give up hope — yet!!!!

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