

### FILTH COLUMN REPORTING:

Well, where were the seniors last week-end? They really hibernated—what with the Med School party, Betty Moore and her Harry here, Charlie and her Ray, the huge open fire, and a few to home. Of all the seniors we find that Mary Jane Kelly made the best impression—Sd called twice last night. But the one who made the best impression with the seniors was Ed Chow from Chungking. Especially did he impress V. V. and he really looked quite smitten when getting her signature.

Plans are coming forth for the Dec. 4th I. R. S. dance, and there may be a chance of getting the High Point cadets. The most excited person in this school is Helen McMullan—Bud is coming home. Also excited was Tap Swinson with her new pictures of Bob— from Australia. Sue is looking forward to Thanksgiving and Washington and seeing Jake—sounds like fun. Ella Lou has on display a wonderful picture of Harold. You'd do well to see it, and in color, too.

Citadel bound this weekend are Sarah Merritt, Helen Robbins, Barbara Watkins, Edith Longest, and Helen Thomas. Did you hear of Helen's wire to John? "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead to Citadel." Have a good time, girls. (And were we surprised when we heard Bill and Edith had broken up!)

The greater part of Lehman is heading for Chapel Hill and the Duke-Carolina game this weekend. Betty G., Peggy N., and Formy are among those included. Formy has recently been dealing with a handsome Lt. from Camp McCall—no go, tho he did try to get in touch with her over the entire weekend. And how about that last good news from Paul, Garrison?

Also Carolina-bound this weekend are K. Manning, Polly Starbuck, K. Traynham, Sebia Midyette, Ann Barber, Doris Little, Betty Harris, Julia Garrett, Martha Sherrod, Lou Stack and a few more were probably overlooked (and we'll miss Nancy Kenny, too, while she's away).

Congratulations to Bobby Hawkins, who will say "I do" in December.

From the day students we learn that McNair has a bid to the Med dance already! Why isn't she bringing Ben to our dance? What was Phyllis Hill's big problem last Monday night? Having trouble Kitty trying to decide which Med student to ask to the dance? How is Mrs. Park walking around without a heart since it is sailing the seas? What's this we are hearing about "The Three Unconquerables"? They are taking the town by storm. We wonder what's so interesting in Norfolk for Juanita Miller lately. It seems that a certain boy from V. P. I. has been seeing Louise Taylor every weekend. Who said men were scarce? From all reports, Kitty Angelo, Nancy Hyatt, and Louise Totherow had three sets of dates last weekend.

We hear that this year's freshman class is full of those things commonly known as "snakes"! Among the latest of these are Bernice Bunn, Light Joslin, and Mae Noble. Light visited Frances Elder last weekend and in the course of the visit politely (?) took Frances' man! Winston-Salem's "Sonny" can't make up his mind between blonde Mae Noble and brunette Sally Boswell!!! As for Bunny, she isn't quite sure how she stands, so she'll have to save it for a later date!

Those sad looks on Patty's and Betty's faces are all because Tommy and Henry are "in the army now." Too bad, girls, but now you know how the rest of us feel . . .

That bracelet Carol Gregory is flashing around is really good-looking. Now she can't make up her mind—is it Joe or Jule? Or is it Billy? These girls that can take their pick . . .

Alice Carmichael's call Monday night all the way from New York caused quite a bit of excitement. If you ask her what he wanted she nonchalantly replies, "Oh, just a date for Christmas Eve!"

Ticka Senter's face is still bright after weekend at Duke. Marguerite Worth and Billie Rose Beck-

### Hello Dear—

"The reason I have not written is that I have been on an exhaustive, and exhausting, visit to London. Yes, the Yankee Doodle went to London. The attendant preparations for, and recuperation from, my trip kept me from writing as I should have.

I had to arise at the ungodly hour of 4 a. m. to leave, so you can imagine, with that as a starter, what the rest of it was like. I believe I saw everything of major importance the fair city has to offer. I made a pretty close examination of some places the names of which sound something like this: Picadilly Circus, Trafalgar Square, The House of Parliament, Westminster Bridge, Westminster Abbey, St. James Park, Buckingham Palace, The Tower of London and about umpteen dozen other places. I spent some time in St. Paul's and Westminster.

Altogether I should say that I walked upward of 800 miles in a couple of days. That is a modest estimate, as my feet are still sore. I don't regret a bit of it though. I covered that town like a blanket. I couldn't get very close to No. 10 Downing so I didn't get a glimpse of "Winnie." It's really a nice town for all its age. It doesn't impress one as being as big as it really is.

You seem to be having a wonderful time back in those dear old States. Keep the good work up. One can never tell when something might happen and end those things. Some day I will be back to enjoy those things with you. You write of doing the simple, natural little things that are far removed from here at this moment. A horseback ride, a movie, dinner at home or in a nice place somewhere, or just browsing through a day lackadaisically, all done without the knowledge that you've got to be back in camp by 11 p. m., would be wonderful. Just keep right on living like that. I want you to keep in practice so you can teach me how when I get back. I daresay I've forgotten."

erdlite are planning big things for their weekend at Carolina which begins tomorrow. Billie Rose doesn't go anything but B. M. O. C.'s—she dates the president of the freshman class at Duke, Ben Flowe . . . Speaking of freshman presidents, our own Prue Coyte is expecting a picture any day now from, shall we say, her "big moment."

We all mistook Betty Bell's mother for Betty's sister. They really look like twins!

Mary McIntyre and her roommate, Jean McNew were, without a doubt, the happiest persons on third floor Sunday night . . . they both got calls from their favorite "fellows."

Ellen Brannock seems to have forgotten her "one and only" paratrooper . . . she's all out for the Navy now!

Shel Liles must have been excited Friday . . . she missed her hometown by thirty miles, and had to go all the way back!

Now, seriously, we must ask that all girls without dates stay out of the living rooms over the weekend. The campus is literally buzzing with activity. Remember, stay out of the living room—go only to the basement of Clewell, by the way—and visit the "Gingham Tavern."

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## What's In a Name?

(Mary Alice Neilson)

Once upon a time there lived on Mt. Mitchell a Young boy named Richard who was very puzzled—he didn't know which he wanted to be: a soldier or a Farmer. What a Riddle! So he decided that the best thing for him to do was to visit both an army Fort and a farm and then make up his mind as to which he liked better.

As he approached the military camp he noticed that a big Stone Wall surrounded the place. He climbed over and saw inside over 2000 soldiers Manning the Garrison. How Noble of them, he thought. Outside the recreation room he saw a wonderful Bollin alley but right in the Senter there were several men in a huddle Casteen dice. (D'orton do that, he warned himself). Richard watched the camp activities for the Longest kind of a time and decided on the whole the men were very Ernest about their work and Merritt the praise of all. "Weir all for you," he Holler-ed as he bade farewell to army life, "but it's not the job for me."

The family rejoiced when their son came home from the venture. "Howell you look," they all exclaimed—except his sophisticated sister who immediately asked, "How do you like McNew hat?" (She Hicks as she says "my"). How do you like the lace on it? I just Love-lace!"

It wasn't long, however, until our hero's feet began to itch again and he started on his trip to the farm.

As he walked along the country Rhodes, he met a Barber, a Taylor, a Miller, a Weaver, and a man named Jones. They all advised him to go West. Wooten you take their Council? Richard took it for what it was Worth and went Joslin on his way, Whittle-ing as he went. After a while he became hungry. He Tucker last Swift look at the Nichols in his pocket and bought some Herring and a Bunn. This satisfied him enough to climb the big Hill ahead of him—even though he could have eaten a ton—a Fulton.

He came to a beautiful country

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Lane covered with Redfearns, Brown Reids, and green Moss. Underneath a tree he saw a Loving pair, Adams and Eva. "Ah Love," Richard gasped, "Holder tight."

Further on he saw a rabbit. When he realized what striking Furr the creature had, he started to Chase him with his Rodd—but the rabbit was Slye and hid with the Coons and Daniel in the lion's Denning.

Richard noticed every Byrd that flew by, he it Robbins, Mock-ing birds, or Crow-ells. As he was walking on the Shore by the lake, he saw a beautiful White Swann.

At last he came to the farm. The Farmer, with a Steele Hamer in his Hand, was tying a Bullock near the Hayes Stack. "Great Scott, I'm glad to see you," he Clapp-ed. "I need all the help I can get to raise bigger and better crops for our fighting men. Go down that Hall, turn to the Reich, and get a pair of overalls out of the Garrett."

Our friend, happy to have chosen his life work, now feels like a New-man.

Moral: Please, no Moore of this. It's Hackney-ed. It ought to be against the Law.

(Any reference to persons living or dying at Salem College is Avera strange incident.)

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### BUSTLE OF BITTING

Voices calling from third to first about a telephone call; symphonies and jazz issuing from neighboring rooms; lights all night; studying and bridge games; serious bull sessions and un-seniorish shouts—all this makes up "Bitting."

Probably the most frequent remark in Senior is, "Let's go to bed early tonight." This is usually said when the senior groans as she looks at her haggard countenance. As one senior aptly put it, "I'm so tired of looking at my bags every morning!"

By night this wise saying has been forgotten, and after the heavy studying (?), Bitting lets down her hair. There is one group of seniors that really goes into that in a big way—they make themselves into modern Cleopatras (c. f. — Senior class stunt '42) and parade through the building, not infrequently bumping into dates — other people's I mean.

The parties in "Bitting's Bottom" are for all of Senior, given at the slightest excuse of a birthday. After cokes and crackers, the crowd starts singing. The favorites right now are, "It Can't Be Wrong," "Power in the Blood" and "Minnie, the Mermaid."

Actually, it is whispered, the Seniors are already turning to their second childhood. Imagine anyone playing "London Bridge" in the middle of the hall, at midnight!

Finally the building is quiet, and the worn-out senior sinks blissfully onto her "double spring" mattress only to feel her solicitous roommate pull her out of bed with "Let's go down for a cigarette!"

Settled at long last, the roommates begin on the ever-important subject — men; what they think of so-and-so's date and that she certainly can do a good paint job. He just didn't appeal to them, anyway! (Bitting's favorite song right now is, "My Ideal." It's so "true to life!")

And, being seniors, their minds at times, do run in serious channels, so some nights roommates discuss jobs, religion, and the various values of different teachers.

Around two a. m. senior building is really quiet, only to hum again at seven a. m. with the groans of "Just look at my circles! Let's go to bed early tonight!"