

Presenting....

PAT CROMMELIN

If you hear a merry voice whistling "How Sweet You Are" (words slightly off-key) re-echo down the busy hall of third floor Clewell and gradually fade away into the shower room, you may be fairly sure it belongs to Pat Crommelin.

Pat, of the shower voice, has twinkly brown eyes, long brown hair with bangs, a heart-warming grin, and a friendly manner. Born in West Orange, New Jersey, she later moved to Park Ridge, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago. She graduated from Main Township High School there.

Art is her first love. To art students she is a familiar sight, sketching busily in her blue jeans and pushed up sweater sleeves. Asked what else she likes, Pat sighs plaintively, "Food." She is a field for peanut butter and cheese crackers—says she ate so much peanut butter the night of Sophomore Court that she became quite attached to it. She likes Frank Sinatra but belongs to the society of non-swooners.

Pat's disposition seems charming and naive, but behind those beguiling eyes lies an intelligent mind and a sympathetic and understanding nature. She is so naturally gregarious that living at the end of the hall is a trial to her and she insistently invites all of Salem to come up and see her some time, any old time. It is a familiar scene when Pat appears at your door, meanders over to the bed, and plops down with eagerness to begin an engrossing conversation.

She has no particular plans for the future, but is dreaming right now of a white Christmas up North. This captivating Yankee loves the South, however, and boasts that she is rapidly catching on to its mysteries.

These things I like—

- the man in the moon with his silly face
- gurgling sounds a little babe makes the enfolding darkness of the night golden sun and its radiant light
- the smell of hot biscuits and country ham
- the whistled tune of the colored boy, Sam
- cheer of a happy, smiling face
- the scolding I get for trumping an ace
- bell like laughter of a Juliet
- talking to friends unexpectedly met my sequin dress all shimmering and gold
- radio programs from study time stole red and orange leaves of early fall
- the joy of finding a lost golf ball eating an apple while reading a book
- snow lightly falling, and ice on the brook
- Santa Claus, holidays, folks, sleep and night—
- Sum it all up and you'll find—I like life!

—Mary Ernest.

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ANNE HOBSON

Surely, you haven't missed her, that tall dark-headed senior from Salisbury. From the wild tales of her experiences there, you can tell she really loves the place. In fact, she spends every spare week-end at home. At the least excuse she will go into a lengthy humorous tale about her family.

Hobson, as she is called by her friends, is that senior who had the brass to announce to the girls at her table that they were to dress for dinner on the following night—and they did it too. Anne is around five seven and has dark brown naturally curly hair and brown eyes. Her walk is quite characteristic of her. She loves good looking tweed suits and when she dresses up she is capable of looking quite good. Anne is easy to get along with and good natured. In fact, if you ever need a fourth in a bridge game she will nearly always play. She knows her cards too.

Hobson is forever broke and doesn't mind admitting it. She will even go so far as to wash your sweaters for a little extra "dough re mi." Thanksgiving she played "piggy bank" in person and asked for "only pennies please," so she could get home.

If you are ever lonely and down in the dumps go to see Hobson and she will talk it right out of you, for she loves to get in bull sessions and spends much of her time in the Smoke House indulging in the "Art of Conversation."

She knows exactly what you're talking about now when you mention sugarcorn, hominy and scuppernons.

Her statement to the press—"I'm just a twerp down South." Enchanting is the word for Pat.

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FILTH COLUMN REPORTING:

Well, Thanksgiving is gone and we now have the Christmas holidays to look forward to. Helen McMillan spent a whirling time in New York and West Point, second time this year. More power to you! Katherine Traynham and Lib Bernhard went to State over the week-end and report that the dance was almost "prewar" in character.

Betty Harris' holiday didn't stop Sunday what with that crowd she took home with her. Sue Willis returned from Washington all aglow with news of Jake. Gloria Holmes, Meredith Boaze and Vawter Steele took in Wake Forest and had a wonderful time, but then they usually do at W. F. It seems to us that Julia Garrett's sympathies are transferring — is this the third of fourth weekend with Phil? Marguerite Worth is still excited over her trip to Raleigh.

Mae Noble spent most of her time with Thacker while in Charlotte and seems mighty pleased about the whole thing. Of course, we couldn't have missed V. V.'s shining countenance—beaming about her trip to Athens. And were mighty sorry Dot didn't get to go. Bill was sorry all week-end, too.

Margaret Winstead keeps up the morale of the seniors—at least SHE has dates. Mac and Lea went to Anderson to take in the wedding of a friend. Everybody's doing it! Did you get a glint at Mot Sauvain's ring over the week-end. It's really beautiful.

Also welcome home to Cootie, Nancy Lewis, Mildred Lee, Franny Yelverton and Mot. We'll all be alumnae someday. Virginia Gibson went to Suffolk over the holidays and it seems an Ensign up there is very interesting. And who hasn't heard of Ella Lou's and Nellie's trip to Ft. Bragg? Katherine Fort went to a dance down there during the holidays—ummmmm.

"Meatball" got the surprise of her life Sunday night when she got back and why not after that telegram? Butch and Jimmy spent Thanksgiving together. Looks like a silver goblet, after all! Wink Wall and Senora showed Tarboro how we R. S. on holidays. From the looks of the infirmary everybody had a big week-end, every bed was filled by Sunday

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night with some upstairs. Things are looking up for the dance... we nominate Jones of 2nd floor Biting as date bureau. So far she's supplied ten and applicants are still pouring in—telephone 2-0312. "Tap" must have turkeyed too much for she didn't return until Wednesday night. And Hobson is still gone. Turkey? Calls from Tennessee are beginning to be a habit with "Booty." I guess that's consoling after an old flame engaged to the other girl.

An orchid to Teau—and we do mean that literally. And after all those letters in one week. My, My. What was the cause of that hilarious trip downtown Sunday, Ellen? It must be true that "an old flame never dies." Receiving Buck's picture may have made a hit with "Hack" but Don ain't struck out yet.

It is not "home sweet home" for Heitman. Come Christmas, she's Citadel bound. The campus won't seem the same without paratroop boots. What's Annabel going to do while Bill is away on maneuvers? Coit—At last!! And he's coming Saturday!

Big dating in the Day Student's center. Say what Henny?—You too Kityy? Do people 'spose to run around laughing when dates don't come. Quit grinning Bunny. Airplanes are wonderful inventions, aren't they, Helen Robbins? I'm for blind dates—me and Betty Bell. Fag keeps coming back since the last dance. Margaret West has a big date for Saturday night — but for the dance? Personally I like the

moonlight too. Speaking of Thanksgiving — Beskwith really had fun. His fur-lough sho' was timely. Jean Youngblood has been walking on pink clouds since that cablegram from Frank came. Every Salem girl has three inalienable rights—"Life, liberty, and pursuit." If you won't take our word for it, ask Janie.

Mary Lewis went to many a U. S. O. dance over the weekend. Frances Musgrove is dating one of the numerous Marines this weekend but not the one. Grace Lane is being mighty quiet about her V. M. I. weekend, but she does say it was fun... Did you see Midshipman Joslin at the A. A. Banquet?

"Charlie" Watson reports that she enjoyed her trip to Virginia very much. Have you noticed how disappointed Norma Rhodes is when there isn't a letter every day from Dixon?

Mary Ernest just received an answer from the "love letter" she had to write at the command of a sophomore—Wonder why the West Pointer delayed in answering? Laura Hine and her Med. student can definitely be classified as "staedies" now.

Totherow says she is looking forward to John's coming home. What's gonna happen to her other fellows?

The news of the week is Aileen's cablegram from Ed—well and happy! Congratulations. And so we'll say goodbye until after the dance when we are sure there will be some choice bits to be reported. Sayonora. (See Betty Moore for Translation).

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