

FILTH COLUMN REPORTING:

Between flowers, candy, and Valentines piling in—and plans for the up-coming dance this week-end, this has been quite a busy week. Have you seen all the flowers that are decorating the rooms?—Margaret Riddle's beautiful red roses, Greta's yellow ones, Betty Harris' two boxes of the lovely things, and loads of others. And, of course, you heard about Frances Sullivan's "orchids and roses" which are permanent! Marie Griffin, Betty Bell, and Emily Harris were proudly displaying their orchids.—Marie's Van brought her ters and Martha Boatwright were ker and Martha Boatwright were also among those with flowers pinned on their coats as they trampled through the snow to the I. R. S. Tea. Just everybody got Valentine candy which is kinder hard on those of us who are trying to lose a few pounds.

The campus was really minus last week-end. Girls left for every direction—but especially for Statesville and the Seville home—Must have been quite a week-end with Mary Jane Kelly, Lucy Farmer, Becky Howell, and Seville all in one house, Lois and Julia were off to Carolina again; his time for the N. R. O. T. C. dances. Polly journeyed to Salisbury to see Ed and returned wearing pink camillas and a wide smile. Kackie Traynham went toward Raleigh and the State dances. The object of attention in the dining room last Friday was certainly Lou Stack's lieutenant—we don't blame her. Virginia McMurray took off early this week for an extended week-end at home—the reason—one Bobby Frazier is home on furlough. That explains everything.

Dot Hensdale really had everything happen to her at once last week. Friday her sister, Frances, became the bride of Lt. Von Autry P. S.! Dot's Jake was home on furlough at the time. Molly Boseman was pleasantly surprised Saturday to hear that Buck was home, and she was even more surprised when he turned up with those gold bars on his shoulders. Chase went up to New York for the week-end didn't waste any time on the trip, for as a result she has enough medals to win a scrap drive contest, and he (the name is Wimpenny) is coming down here Friday to see her.

Among those going to Davidson this week-end for the dance are Helen Thomas, who is sponsoring, Kay Whittle, Luanne Davis, and Rachel Merrith. Have fun, girls!! Over in Senior, Adair Evans is blossoming forth with pink carnations from overseas, and she has some peculiar colored sweet peas, too

Hear that Phylis Hill is taking everybody's man to the dance . . . Heaven help you, Phylis!

By the way, Mil Avera certainly does love nice black, spooky archways—especially near churches. Must be her wandering spirit!

Geachy really raked in for her Valentine birthday—two sets of flowers—from Captain Dick!

Mary Formy-Duval must be glad play practice is here again. Can't say as we blame her.

How does Marguerite Worth manage to go home so often these days? It must be nice . . .

According to Mr. Weinland's report, the academy did rather well with the men situation at their junior-senior. That ought to be a challenge, girls!

Strong's really growing with five new members added to the "Daughters"—"Bit" Norwood, Kay Whittle, Janet Johnston, Nancy Kidenhour, and Joanne Swasey!

Wonder who's calling Rosie Clark so much these days?

Betsy Meiklejohn is certainly stepping out these days with a handsome lieutenant from the Flying Safety. We heard it's just friends of friends—the other friend Mike?

Identification bracelets always identify usually two things. Mae Noble is sporting a mighty potent one from a native Winstonian at that. What' up, Mae?

Liz Young, we sho' do like Alex and his convertible!

Of course, the "3's" can't let one get ahead of the other. Margaret Yount is still glowing over that

Clubs Meet This Week On Campus

RIDING CLUB

The riding club became The Stirrups Club at a meeting in the Day-Student Center Wednesday night.

Club dues were collected and plans were made for a hay-ride later in the spring.

Members played "Pin the tail on the donkey" and a guessing game of finding the "barrel" and the "chestnut" on a horse.

Mr. E. L. Anderson and his son, E. L., Jr., answered questions about the various types of horses and their care.

FRESHMAN DRAMATIC CLUB

The Freshman Dramatic Club under the leadership of Mrs. Robert McCuiston, the new dramatic director, has started production of the play, "A Maid Goes Forth to War." It is the story of Jeanne D'are.

The cast for the play is Jeanne D'are, Light Joslin; Isabelle, Jeanne's mother, Jane Mulhollim; Mengette, a friend of Jeanne's, Bernice Bunn; and Marie, mother of Mangette, Coit Redfearn. The play will be presented in chapel in the near future.

LATIN CLUB

The Alpha Iota Pi held its meeting for the initiation of new members Tuesday night in the recreation room of Louisa Bitting Building.

The new members entertained the club with a radio skit, given in Latin. A game of Latin lovers was played, and Nellie Seewald won the prize.

After all new members had been thoroughly initiated, Majorie Reavis presided over the cutting of a huge heartshaped cake. This was served with Russian tea and nuts.

Eleven new members were taken into the club: Betsy Meiklejohn, Molly Boseman, Billie Rose Beckerdite, Edith Hunt Vance, Jane Angus, Bottie Cheatham, Geraldine Purcell, Lucile Newman, Lucy Scott, Margaret Styers, and Margery Martin.

BENEFIT BRIDGE

The Junior Class gave a benefit bridge party Saturday night, February 12, in the recreation room of Strong Dormitory.

Red and white score pads and tallies in Valentine designs decorated the tables. Refreshments of ginger ale, cookies, and nuts were served to seven tables.

Peggy Nimmoeks won high score prize, and Mary Ellen Carrig carried off the floating prize.

last week-end at Carolina. And Medcith is stepping out to the Med dance.

We have noticed by a phone ring, and a happy face, and news that June Reid is excited over the Med dance, too.

Prue might not have gotten a Valentine from Dick, but oh, that Special!

Jo Hollar just got out of the infirmary, but that doesn't account for all the flowers.

"Meatball," why didn't you bring your date over to the smokehouse last week?

How's it feel to be off restriction now, Shef?



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Students Review "A Tree Grows"

What are Salem students reading in their lighter moments? One book your reporter sees them carrying around is *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*. I peeped into some book reviews of these readers and here is what some of them say:

This book is timely because of its emphasis on American ideals of democracy, freedom, and education. It is a picture of an America where any immigrant's son or daughter—may become president! Katie says of education: "Education! That was it! It was education that made the difference! Education would pull them out of the grime and dirt." Francie's grandmother says:

In the old country, a man is given to the part. Here he belongs to the future. In this land, he may be what he will, if he has the good heart and the way of working honestly at the right things . . .

The democratic current flows under the surface throughout in the realizing of this principle. *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* is not the usual war novel—dramatizing the dilemma and glorifying the soldiers and the women behind them. The patriotic element is handled extremely subtly and is no issue or motive in the novel.

In Brooklyn there grows a tree with umbrella-like branches and pointed green leaves. It grows among crowded tenements, from the midst of trash heaps, and from cracks in cement. It grows richly without sunshine or water, and wherever its seed falls, it makes a tree which struggles to reach the sky. This tree symbolizes for Betty Smith the life of her heroine, Francie. She is writing about a group of people who get about as little nurture as the tree, seemingly have nothing to live for, and yet, like the tree, do not want to die. She is writing about a people who through their intense struggle for life itself become strong . . .

The child Francie is a combination of the Nolan and Rommely traits. She has the violent love of beauty and the weaknesses of "Papa" and the softness and wisdom of Katie . . . From her grandmother Rommely, Francie inherits the art of story telling, a powerful imagination, and a mystical belief in everything. Francie has all the exuberance of life and love for children of Aunt Sissy—Aunt Sissy who is bad about men but who is good because "Wherever she is there is life, good, tender, overwhelming, fun-loving, and strong scented life." Besides being a child of the Nolans and Rommelys, Francie is also a distinct personality, influenced by books, a brown bowl, and a tree. *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* is not (Continued on Page Four.)

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BECKY HOWELL

At approximately 11:00 o'clock every night a lank girl dashes through the halls of Bitting, efficiently locking doors and snapping out lights. This done, she hastens to her room, sinks happily to bed and sleeps peacefully until a groggy suite-mate appears at 7:30 to close the windows against the morning chill and arouse her none too gently. This sight, familiar to Bitting, presents Becky Howell in her most characteristic moment - characteristic in that it reveals the two extremes of her personality.

The first of these extremes is energy. Whether she is surrying about her room to bring order from chaos or hastening to the library under the weight of those five pound-five dollar textbooks her vitality is at once noticeable. It is a vitality well spent, as a obvious when one observes the order pattern of her life. But there are times when even vitamin B fails, and far be it from Becky to resist the charms of a cozy nap on a rainy afternoon. Indolence we call it jestingly, and perhaps a little jealousy for Becky's love of ease—the other extreme—is merely the outward manifestation of an essentially serene philosophy of life. Her philosophic calm is by no means incapable of frequent upsets but the errors of yesterday are invariably so much water under the dam, and the possibility of future misfortune is tomorrow's problem.

Though Becky is tall and slim, she is not out of place in Bitting's "short hall" (second floor to you) which bewails daily its five foot-three inch average of plump womanhood. She may often be found draped carelessly in an easy chair predicting the triumph of the Free French (with a capital, if you please) or extolling the virtues of Jrogresive education (without the capital). Or perhaps she will gaze pensively past the group of merry girls and through the walls if she is indulging her romantic tendency to ponder the long ago and far away. Her romantic bent, however, is not to be over-estimated. It is balanced by a down-to-earth common sense and the dreamy expression may only mean that she is revelling in the thought of every English major's Utopia-fifteen minutes with nothing to do.

Becky's energy and simplicity, her

HELEN PHILLIPS

Surely you have seen her. She is that tall brunette junior with the big brown eyes, winning smile, and that very gentle manner. She can usually be found in the Smoke House of Clewell. She likes bridge and is always a ready hand for a fourth.

Helen likes people and is a good mixer. A stranger to us at the beginning of the year, this W. C. transfer made friends in a hurry. Impressed by her dignity and poise, the I. R. S. Council elected her its secretary and treasurer.

Helen does not talk much, but when she does we know she has something to say. Being a doctor's daughter, she likes to argue about medicine, especially "Socialized Medicine." She will defy anyone who says that any good will ever come of it. From her experiences when driving for her father, around North Wilkesboro she should know how people feel about doctor.

Helen is a very conscientious student, having history as her major. Just ask her anything about the world a thousand years ago, or a thousand years to come, and she'll tell you enough at least to start you thinking.

There is a serious doubt that Helen will ever use her teacher's certificate in history, however. She is a talented artist and modestly comments every now and then that she wants to "do something with her art." Often she can be found sketching one of the girls. "Slow but sure" is her motto in her drawing. Swimming is Helen's favorite sport. She likes chocolate cake, ice cream, mountain apples, pretty earrings, and slinky brown dresses. She has a special interest in a certain "Bob" at West Point.

We have become so used to having Helen with us that we wonder what the juniors did without her!

intelligence and her subtle wit that is betrayed only by the twinkle of an eye—all these have combined to make her a Dean's lister, a prominent figure in campus affairs, and a favorite with her class. If her reserve makes her difficult to know on first acquaintance, her loyalty and her dry humor makes her friendship well worth the effort.

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