

TWITTER

RADIO STATION KNOW — ALL WITH LATEST BULLETINS, WAR AND OTHERWISE:

Jean N. really had the time of her life when Frank's leave was extended over the week-end.

We hear that "Meatball" is really planning a big week-end in Richmond with Ed.

"Dunc" had a big time in Salisbury when Marshall came to pay his respects to the family.

Mary Hunter was really flying high last week-end with a second loopy.

"Goon" suffered a bad case of competition when "Bear" invaded Albemarle last week-end. Ask "Ticka?"

Irene had a little trouble in Rocky Mount when "Little Man" tried to beat Bo's time!

The three letters Liz got from Mike who is in France really did "spread joy up to the maximum"!!

For details about soldiers from Hollywood, Cal. see McGee.

Fair hears from Matt nearly every day now. Not bad, Fair!!

Ask Lil Campbell why certain people call her pickle?

Hey "Honey"! Nancy Moss, to you! And Margaret West—"Blessings on the little child."

Umm—that University of Va. must really be some glamorous place—Ask Helen P., Sue L. and Mary G.

"It's 3:00 o'clock in the morning"—and Henrietta, Greta, Senora, and Margaret are still playing ping-pong—with six boys? I wonder—

Bells, bells!! Bunny's got that frat pin of Pell's!

Finally the Carr ran into that hunk of Ham.

Peggy Sue, you won't find bell-bottomed Sunny under that table. Take it easy, he'll soon be here!

Jean Pierce has to study!!! Tell that to Bob Hope—er, I mean Bob Holt!!

Page Daniels is good at sewing buttons on navy coats!

R.R. Ring! Hello? Just a minute. Little Bit, it's Tom again.

Sorry I can't predict the future MARIANNE—guess this news will be stale by the time you read this—two weeks from now.

How does that K. A. Sweetheart song go, Senora?

Lucky Mary Holt. Slater this week-end, and next too.

Seen and heard: Folly Starbuck and Ed.

Who is David, Jean?

And Hatley did Mr. Campbell ever get that picture for Skeet?

Yep—Peggy Gray took Elaine and Alice home—so they just set back and played setback with Gene all night!!!!

Boatwright keep an eye on Mary Ann and Sarah Clark at Woodbury. And why did Catherine B. buy so many, many valentines?

Oh Boy, oh joy—D's had a letter

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rom Roy!!!
Peggy W. does give a——for Duke Univ. (at least for next week-end).

Vicious circle—or triangle or—Brad, Jane Jeter, and Brad's mother.

Whew — Whew — (whistle) Anne Critcher and Howard in the bus station!!

Dream Girl—that's Gudger in more ways than one. Have fun in Chapel Hill! And more power to Betsy Boney. She's also going there the 10th.

Speaking of queer letters—ask Jo about philosophies of life and Luanne about "entangling alliances." And Molly how does it feel to get three in one day?

Say, Sauls when are you going to make that announcement????

Adele has a knockout of a brother-in-law.

Flash—get Anne Carter to tell you how it's done on a bus . . . And what happens to Nancy Hills when you mention Tom??? Nothing?

Ding-dong—the sound of the gong. This is station KNOW-ALL.

Broadcasting from Don't you wish you knew. I now turn you over to—but wait—the latest news bulletin

—A lot of real good juicy gossip—More goes on than meets the eye—

You're slipping losing your grip, Stee-Gee, and if you don't know I'm not going to tell you Tee-Hee . . .

Well s'long. See you Spring Vacation in New York, Salemites!!!!

Sara Bowen Gibbs is enjoying the work as assistant to a pathologist at Duke University, while her doctor-husband interns at Watts.

Engaged—Ex. 1945
Nancy Lewis to H. Garland Fendergraft
Yvonne Phelps to Eston Robert Caldwell Jr.

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GOOD HAY

by Lou Stack

The day it happened I was feeling fine. I hadn't done a thing out of the ordinary, see? I was standing there in my stall just eating my hay. It was good hay—a little bit dry, but good hay. Now, the minute I heard Ed coming with the bride, I knew something was up, see? Ed's the man that looks after me and the boys around the barn. Well, I kicked the side o' the stall and gave my buddy Omaha the eye. I figured those Salem girls must be coming out again.

Yep, b'gosh, and I just had time to get me a swig o' water after Ed saddled me up. By that time, Omaha, Fred, Billy, Queenie (!), Bird—in fact, all the fellows had turned out for this party. I think I must have seen the station wagon first, 'cause my groam certainly whined out first. Before the wagon had stopped good, the doors had opened, and about a dozen girls tumbled out. I heard one o' the girls say something insulting about the perfume we used around here. Humph! maybe it ain't Chanel No. 5, but I like this fresh country air myself—even if it is a little hard to detect around the barn-yard.

Well, the girl they call Betsy came to claim me. She's about the only one of them that recognizes the class in an old farm plug like me. I like the way she says June, too—that's my name, y' know. Betsy and the other girls wriggled into the saddles—I have to snicker every time I hear them say they're "mounting" a "horse"—humph! they ain't "mounting" no more than we're "horses".

Then just about the time Betsy and me were ready to hit the trail, Molly says we better run around the ring a little. Just keeps us running in circles, that lady does! She knows more about a horse than I do, and I used to live next door to one! Well, we were running around in our usual sleepy-time rhythm when I noticed that the girl in front o' me was doing some kind of fancy circus stuff, see? She was riding ole Billy, though, so I guess she sort o' had to do something fancy the way he was cutting up. I heard Betsy laugh and say something about Greta.

It reminded me of the day the little blonde—Helen's her name—
(Continued on Page Four.)

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PEGGY JANE BLUM

As one enters the library, she glances up to catch that contagious smile and friendly greeting which always chases the gloom away. The smile belongs to blonde, Peggy Jane Blum. "P.J.", as she is known, enjoys her work in the library immensely.

"P.J." is a day student; she is a freshman representative to the legislative board and a freshman proctor. A graduate of Reynolds High, she was a member of the National Honor Society, the Girl Reserves, the basketball and tennis teams. Tennis is her favorite sport with basketball ranking a close second. This year she is finding math her Waterloo, but since she is not the type to give up, she will finish it with flying colors.

Like a sailor, Peggy Jane has a sweetheart in every port. She admits that her "Special," who will soon be sent overseas, is in the Infantry and is from Florida, the land of orange blossoms. Speaking of orange blossoms, "P.J.'s" ambition is to get married eventually, but at the present she is interested in the field of medicine. At Salem, she is taking Medical Technology.

Presenting



SARAH CLARKE

If you ever walked into a room on third floor Clewell and found about twenty people sitting around, I'm sure you would find Sarah Clark right in the middle. Sarah is that five feet two inch blonde freshman that hails from Reidsville, and who just loves crowds . . . "Why, if I had to be by myself I think I'd go crazy," she says.

Sarah's favorite sports are playing tennis and dancing. When asked what her hobby is she laughed and said, "Just say smooching!"

The biggest thrill in her life was when she was elected as a drum majorette in high school. She would rather "strut" in front of a band than anything else she can imagine.

Next to strutting she likes boys. She says she just can't make up her mind between Woodberry Forest, the Navy, or the Infantry. Since the Woodberry dances are drawing nigh she's leaning in that direction at present.

Because she loves children, Sarah plans to major in elementary school education and then have a kindergarten all her own. But, she admits, "My real ambition is to marry and have sixteen children!"

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