

Presenting



RACHEL PINKSTON

Dear Susie,
I have just come back from a smoke house chat with Rachel Pinkston. You know Rachel—that tall, slender, senior from Fayetteville. In Fayetteville she is known as "the little Pinkston," being the youngest of six children. (Three brothers and two sisters, who incidently are ex-Salemites). At Salem she is known as "Pink".

Rachel is another one of the fortunate Economics and Sociology majors. She makes wonderful marks, but is not the studious type by any means. A-matter-of-fact, she's one of the most versatile girls of the seniors. Frequently (but not too!) you'll see her in the smoke house making a grand slam, and smoking a Camel. The next minute you might see her buried in a cozy corner with a best-seller on her lap. And to watch her "trip the light fantastic" you'd know that dancing is one of her favorite pastimes. But let me tell you, Susie, she's also a swift basketball player if there ever was one! And she feels equally at home on the badminton or tennis court.

Next year P. S. (post Salem) Rachel will don a Red Cross uniform, and she hopes to go overseas. During her four years here at College she's been on Stee Gee, the Y cabinet, A. A. Council, active in Red Cross work, and a member of Who's Who. Don't you think that those are ample (even superlative!) qualifications for her future career? I do!

Well, Susie, I've given you a verbal description, and I'm enclosing a snapshot so that you can get a glimpse of Rachel Pinkston.

Till we meet again—
A. C.

Announces Engagement

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Kincaid, Jr. of Lincolnton announced Sunday the engagement of their daughter, Alice, to S/Sgt. J. Everett Ayeock. The wedding will take place in June.

Alice came to Salem two years ago as a transfer from Greensboro College. She will graduate in the Secretarial Class here this year.

Sgt. Ayeock is from Charlotte, N. C. and is now stationed at Grand Island, Nebraska in the Ground Crew of the Army Air Corps.

Alaska

(Cont'd. from page 1)
oil, snow and berries.

Southwestern Alaska . . . Mrs. Schwalbe's home is in Bethel . . . is beautifully ornamented with flowers in summer. In the autumn there are lovely sunsets. Mrs. Schwalbe described the brilliance of the stars and other beauties of God's nothern creations. These stars and the northern lights were a relief during the dismal winter of '42 and '43 when the country was under strict black-out rules.

Johnny Nelson is the Alaskan orphan whom Salem girls support with their various gifts. Mrs. Schwalbe described Johnny as a short and fat jolly little fellow.

Mrs. Schwalbe expressed the great need for teachers and missionaries in Alaska. She urged Salem girls to consider this field in planning for the future.



SOPHIA BOWEN

Following in the footsteps of her sisters, Sophia Bowen, in September 1944, enrolled as a member of the freshman class of Salem College. Although she is a true Winstonian, Sophia is a boarding student; she lives in Clewell, where she, with her charming personality, has endeared herself to the other residents.

Sophia has chosen to major in Home Economics since she wants to make that a life long hobby in partnership with a certain local freshman who is a member of the Beta Fraternity at the University of North Carolina. This accounts for her frequent trips to the Hill.

It is often said that one cannot do two things at the same time and do them well, but Sophia has proved that that statement is false. She does loads of visiting on third floor Clewell and at the same time make first rate grades in her academic work!

Vidette Bass from Wilson and Susan Spach of Winston-Salem are new students this semester.

Vidette graduated from Saint Mary's and attended Atlantic Christian College last semester. Susan is a graduate of Reynolds High School and attended Ward-Belmont last year.

Marian Markland of Winston-Salem is the latest addition to the Salem student body. Marian went to the University of North Carolina last summer, and transferred here from Meredith College in Raleigh which she attended first semester.

Club To Hear Miss Green Tonight

Miss Green, from a downtown department store, will speak to the members of the Home Economics Club tonight at eight o'clock in the Lizora Hanes Practice House.

Her subject will be "Spring Fashions" and she will demonstrate with pictures from fashion magazines. Refreshments will be served.

Alpha Iota Pi, the Latin Club, will have a Valentine meeting Monday, February 12, at eight o'clock. New Latin students have been invited to join the club.

Nowdays the ocean seems to be a large body of water entirely surrounded by trouble.

—Enka Voice

All other pleasures and possessions fade into nothingness before service which is rendered in a spirit of joy.

—Gandhi

Beautiful young people are accidents of nature. But beautiful old people are works of art.

—Marjorie B. Greenbie

THE WORLD'S **Safest** INVESTMENT
WAR BONDS

TWITTER

Ah, love, love! It makes the world go around . . . and especially at times like this, with the Valentine dance tomorrow night! And what an event that's going to be!

Helsabeck's Jack will be present, as usual, and as always there'll be plenty of "snaking" done. At the same time Garrison keeps it all in the family by asking Paul's little brother, Betty Grantham's having O. W. up for the big affair. And, glory! Have you heard about the mess Hazel Watts is in?

Betty's "Dieko" is, also coming down before he leaves for overseas. Have fun, kids!

Carolina will be represented in a big way at the dance . . . mainly by those ever-present Zetes. This time it's Phil, "Huggy Bear", Pell, Ab and Jimmy.

And that Duke Glee Club.—Gee, girls, all this and heaven too!

But amid all this gaity there's tragedy in Sisters . . . Betsy's Ed can't make it, and Liza's Pete has a previous engagement — with the Army, it seems. But Mary Holt's still happy. Ricky, one of The Ones, is coming all the way from New York to see her.

Didja know that the paratroops stormed Society last week-end? 'N if you don't believe me, just scream, "Geronimo!" and watch the reaction.

Those U.S.O. affairs are some kinda O.K., aren't they, Jean Youngblood? (For further information, just check her date for the dance.)

These Salem gals! This weekend it's Henny and Betsy Boney, and they're off for Chapel Hill.

Guess Jean Pierce can be herself again now that David's call has finally come through. Right, Jean? All the Seniors say they're looking forward to next week for Sut's wedding.

So 'till then, so long, and have fun this week-end!

Miss Knowles Talks About Etiquette

"You are judged by your actions; the school is judged by your actions," said Miss Helen Knowles, dean of Salem Academy, when she spoke to a group of Salem students in the day students' center Wednesday night. Miss Knowles was presented by the I. R. S. council as a part of their program for the improvement of campus etiquette.

Miss Knowles began her talk by enumerating the qualities of a well-mannered person. Kindness, she said, is the most essential quality, and then self-control which gives one poise. In explaining the rules of table etiquette, for both formal and informal dinners, Miss Knowles was assisted by several academy students who demonstrated the "do's" and the "don'ts" at the table. Besides table etiquette, which she emphasized, she also offered several suggestions in regard to conduct at dances and on dates.

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Getting Along With Men

by Effie Ruth Maxwell
There is only one way to get along with men. You must twist them firmly around your little finger and keep them there.

Older men are usually much easier to bring under control than younger ones. Wide-eyed glances, a few bits of flattery flung in now and then, and a pretense at great interest in the thing nearest his heart, be it beast, bank, or grand-child, is generally sufficient to bring a man over forty in line, and you must not under-estimate the importance of these older men. They probably will not invite you to the Spring Dances at dear old U. N. C., but a ride back to school, a box of candy, or chance remark to Papa that he has a charming daughter are not to be scorned. If fate should send this older man to your best beau with a word of praise, then you are indeed lucky—unless, of course, your best beau is the jealous type, in which case it would be well for you to devote all your time to him.

Regretfully I turn to younger men. I say regretfully because I do not have much to advise you, not because I do not like younger men but because I know that tricks employed for old men work here only in a moderate degree. The young ones are too wary. They see right through your methods. Therefore your watchword should be subtlety.

Every case should be studied

separately as no two boys are alike and each requires a different attack. Refraining from mixing your attacks will keep you on your toes, but it is very worthwhile because the minute you try a forward approach on a backward boy you are sunk.

Another difficulty in getting along with boys is following their moods—and as far as I know they all have them. To be a gay young thing around a boy who just blew out two of his dad's automobile tires is definitely wrong. You had best help him find out how to get new ones and then gradually remind him of the humor in life—the time you ripped off the back fender of your dad's car, say. The humor must always be at somebody else's expense besides his own — and preferably yours.

May I suggest that you start your finger-twisting with your male relatives. This will give you good practice and also keep you occupied so that you will be satisfied with a minimum number of non-relative young men. Only those girls with unusual endowments are able to keep more than three or four boys well-spirited around the fifth digit—and the majority of us are without those unusual endowments.

Getting along with men is a long and arduous road which should be traveled in dainty high-heeled shoes. In case I ever get to the end and become a real femme fatale, I will let you know.

Josephs Talks

Continued From Page One
solved, strict censorship enforced, and concentration camps established. "Remember the first days of Hitler when people laughed him off," was the challenge of this straightforward lecturer. Eagerly and sincerely, and with that spontaneity which held his listeners' attention throughout the entire lecture, Mr. Josephs answered the various questions asked in the open forum.

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