

The Light Goes Out!!

by Coit Redfearn

"I don't see how so many girls live in here because this dormitory looks so little from the outside, yet everytime I come, girls are just spewing in and out." This was only the taxi drivers comment as sixteen of us came filing out of Clewell to go give the bride-elect a big send off.

This began the evening of Tuesday, February 19. We went to the K and W for dinner and in here again did we file—single file that is—carrying bags and hatboxes until the other customers thought we were going upstairs to camp for a week. By the time we had finished dinner, an entirely new crowd had come in downstairs and once more we went through leaving them to think we had already camped up there a week. Remembering Miss Vest's entrancing step at the faculty play, we decided to use it as a means of locomotion through the bus station to the taxi stand. By the time the first girl was going out of the front door the last girl was coming in the back door."

and what sewing circle do you suppose this is from," and "you name it and I'll feed it" were the comments of the spectators that could find utterance, while the others only stood with their chins gently resting on their chests. Then we were off for the train station. Engine 577 came in and easily fitting "old 577" where "old 97" should be, we thrilled to the engineer so much that he asked us aboard—and aboard we went. Somebody even had impudence enough to ask if he furnished marshmallows with his fire. Then to climax it all, he moved the engine three whole feet while we gaily waved goodbye to a completely astounded, flabbergasted, and dumbfounded army captain who couldn't decide whether we were really crazy or had too much of the "spirits" of the thing.

The pullman was the next thing that caught our eye much to the consternation of a bedfuddled Yankee conductor, who vainly asked for tickets as fifteen girls trampled by to put up the bags, try out the berth, and raise havoc among the then—wide—awake passengers.

By this time Mr. Campbell had arrived with his flash bulbs and camera. This led to a general hubbub and a free—for—all as we faced the camera and waved goodbye to Light—who was at our backs. Of course, quite a crowd had gathered around now laying bets on whether we would be sent to Dix Hill, Morganton, or just back to Salem.

But suddenly it was 10 o'clock, and the train disappeared as the last lines of "Anchors Aweigh" and "Here Comes the Bride" were finished.



MRS. MALCOLM A. SELIGMAN-

Adele Chase Weds Alan Seligman

The marriage of Miss Adele Chase of Scarsdale N. Y., to Mr. Malcolm Alan Seligman of Scarsdale was solemnized at Sherry's on the afternoon of February 18. Reverend Dr. Lawrence Schwartz officiated.

The bride was escorted by her father, Mr. Samuel M. Chase. She wore a princess gown of ivory satin, made with a heart-shaped neckline edged with seed pearl embroidery that had embellished her mother's wedding dress, long sleeves, and a full skirt terminating in a train. Her veil of old Brussels lace, belonging to the bridegroom's mother, was attached to a Juliet cap of seed pearls. She carried white orchids.

Mrs. Robert Seligman, sister-in-law of the bridegroom, was matron of honor, and Miss Jean Chase Nathan, cousin of the bride, was maid of honor. They wore Empire gowns of pale blue satin and chiffon, and carried yellow freesia and mimosa blossoms.

Other attendants were Miss Molly Bosenan of Rocky Mount, N. C.; Mrs. Harold Jacobi, Jr. of Buchanan, Va., and Miss Anne Bordon of Hartford, Conn. Empire yellow chiffon gowns were worn and delphiniums and mimosa blossoms were carried. Lynne Jacobi was flower girl.

Robert Seligman was best man and the ushers were James Chase, Jerome Levitz, Harry Wessel, and Charles Goldsmith.

Mrs. Seligman graduated from Salem College last June. Mr. Seligman attended the University of Pennsylvania before enlisting in the army. He has recently been honorably discharged after two and a half years in the psychological Warfare Bureau in Europe.

Filterings

Step right up—come right in and let us gadgetize the future for you! "Oh, now it is raining and I don't have my raincoat." This is the typical saying of today, but—raincoats of the future may be carried in a woman's pocketbook, and they fold into packages little larger than cigarette cases.

Speaking of pockets, maybe you have room for the future ten ounce pocket radio with a reception comparable to that of the usual five tube receiver.

That typewriter been dirty lately? Well, someday you'll insert a sheet of paper which has a narrow strip of sticky material; set the ribbon on neutral and type away at "now is the time."

Nylons, nylons! Pf-g-h! Nylon is now made into other things besides stockings, ladies' underwear, dresses, and curtains. Why, take that nylon cup that will be available soon. It can be dropped on the bathroom floor without damage, and can be sterilized in boiling water or steam.

Magnetic force takes away the drudgery of stirring by hand. Just ask Mr. Higgins to show you a steel magnet enclosed by glass placed in the bottom of a flask. The liquid is stirred by the magnet as it follows its magnetic field. A science major would say "It really saves the 'elbow grease'!"

Science does the dishes: here's news for those who will have dirty dishes to worry over. An electric dishwasher sprays the dishes, glasses and silver, washes them, rinses them twice, drains itself, and even shuts itself off. It's a lazy man's world when the lazy man's dishes can be done in a matter of ten minutes.

My gads! Even electric fingernail files. Ho Hum! Just name it and the scientist will make it.

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I just love:
Perfume—"it makes 'em smell goot"
Bob Hope and Dagwood
J. Bell
Milk shampoo (Celopatra, move over)
Helen Sprull
A clear autumn day
Sally Hamilton
Clothes
That Garrett woman (Surprise!)
Peanut butter
A glass "Menagerie"
Orchids (who doesn't?)
Nancy Snyder
Banana Pudding
Eva Martin Bullock
Happy people
Betsy Long
A warm, windy day
Helen Reynolds
Mid-night snacks
Rocking chairs
Majorie Conrad
Banana Splits
Tweeds
Mary Farmer Brantley
Molasses
Red Irish Setters
Ann Douthit
Out-of-doors—"It just smells good and gives me a good feeling when I'm in it."
Home—"A place where they'll have me if nobody else wants me. It just represents security, love, something stable that a big wind couldn't blow over."
Dancing—"A nice way to have fun with boys. If I do it myself, it's

something irresistable in rhythm plus the joy of developing some little muscle."
Rosalind Clark
I just can't stand:
High heels and hose—"They cramp my style"
Canaries—. . . "such a nuisance"
Ann Douthit
To wear kerchiefs—"They mash my hair."
Nose drops
Mary Farmer Brantley
Spinach
Impracticality
Betsey Thomas
Drips in the night
Marjorie Conrad
Abstract paintings
Mary Lillian Campbell
Murder movies
Margaret Ardrey
Flights of steps
Eva Martin Bullock
Goldfish—"uncompanionable"
Anne Dungan
Castor oil
Nancy Snyder
To be called "darling" in public
Guy Lombardo's music
Julia Garrett
Colds—"Interfere with one of my habits—breathing."
Roads with big holes in them—"Joshes my equilibrium. The person driving gets mad and then there's a silence—A silence means no talking and I like to talk."
Rosalind Clark

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