

Lewis Novel Hits Salem; Readers Give Opinions

Looking Backward

45 Years Ago

REVENGE

I stood on the bridge at midnight, And the clock was striking the hour: The hour rose up indignant, And struck back with all its power.

The Hesperian

A great many industrious girls are making spring shirt waists.

The Hesperian

The girls are organizing Tennis Clubs, Basket-and-Base-ball teams and intend having some gay old times during this beautiful weather.

The Hesperian

The Walk to Kernersville

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rub-a-dub-dub! Salem Academy Walking Club!

The Hesperian

40 Years Ago

Grace Siewers, '07 is attending school at Columbia University.

The Ivy

The modern Priscilla's are again busy with their needles and are giving new stitches to the school.

The Ivy

The first amusement of the year came in the middle of September when the ladies of the Alumnae Association gave their annual "Gose Party".

The Ivy

On Tuesday morning, October 15, Dr. Clwell took the school for the regular Fall Walk up in Winston around the Court House square.

The Ivy

Tiny sat upon a pin But showed no perturbation For some of her was genuine, While some was imitation.

The Ivy

Margaret Lentz left for her home in Salisbury in April. (Ed. note: Will she get there by June?)

The Ivy

Through the kind invitation of Miss Adelaide Fries, the members of the Junior Class attended a very enjoyable lecture given by Mr. Peel in the Palm room of the Zinzendorf Hotel, April 3,

The Ivy

The Editor is out Out of ideas, out of news; Out of clothes, out of shoes; Out of all things—just about— Thanks to those who will help us out.

The Ivy

35 YEARS AGO

Mending Each Friday afternoon provides a "mending hour" when in company with the teacher the girls repair their own clothing, following into the too often unknown mysteries of plain, every-day darning, patching, the sewing on of buttons.

THE SOCIAL BOOK

Press Certainly no wholesome girl should spend over two hours out of twenty-four upon things pertaining to dress.

With apologies to the poetry department:

What makes this life so beet-ual? What cause, the general turmoil? Why, Novel's gone intellectual— We're reading: Kingsblood Royal.

To get a few opinions on the latest product of Sinclair Lewis, who seems to have taken the English Department by storm lately, we timidly approached our first victim, Aggie Bowers—timidly, because we had stopped her out in a drenching rain. But Aggie was not angry. She was not even impressed. "Just another book," was the enlightening answer, and Aggie placidly ambled on.

Next day we looked for someone who might be more expressive, and found her in Peggy Gray, who sits next to us in Shakespeare. "Whud-daya think of Kingsblood Royal?" we scribbled irreverently in the margin of Othello. And this is what she said:

"I don't know. It's very moving. I can't look the maids in the face! I get awfully mad in places—furious. I believe it's running my blood pressure up."

Just by accident we ran into her again that night. Second interview, same person:

"I've changed my mind. It just makes me curdle. Not the issue, but that fellow! "He's—!"

Well, comments could continue in this crude vein, but we've quoted enough. Next week this column will discuss what you enjoy reading.

(P.S. This is a column of the people, by the people. Any resemblance of opinions expressed to our own are probably intentional).

by Peirano Aiken

We shall in future reserve the right to pass judgement upon any garment which may violate the standards of simplicity and appropriateness.

30 YEARS AGO

Dear Miss Tellumwrong, Enclosed find my photo. Do you think green would become me and could I use a veil well? Debutant.

Dear Miss Debutant, Green is just your color and the sooner you get a veil the better. Tellumwrong

THE IVY

How Athletics are Influencing Dress This movement has already gone further than many of us realize as in some of our Western normal schools practically every young woman appears in trousers on Saturday and almost no bikes or outings are taken in any other costume.

THE SALEMITE

Salem Girls Entertained ... Victrola Music was furnished (Continued on page six)

Day's Doings Daze Doer

by Betty Page Beal

The shrill bell for "Quiet Hour" rang, and immediately all noise ceased in the hall. In a small room, our Salemite heroine, who will be called "The Slave", for obvious reasons, put on her horn-rimmed specs and settled down on a nearby Beautyrest to begin studying. Thoughtfully, she arranged her books around her, and closing her eyes, reached out to choose one.

"Hooray! It's algebra! Now I can work all those thought-provoking problems." She carefully paused to see what effect those words had on her room-mate. As expected, her "roomie" laughed with derision and continued reading her parallel book, Have Hopes, Freshmen or How Rats May Avoid Extermination.

The Slave opened her math book, gazed casually at the problems, and then suddenly remembered with a start that she had not written HOME for a week.

Many minutes later, she licked the envelope and announced: "I've got to go to the post office! Wanna cum?"

The trip to the P. O. was uneventful except for the man who tried to run her down near the stop-light. She barely escaped and lay panting for breath at the curb where she had jumped for life itself.

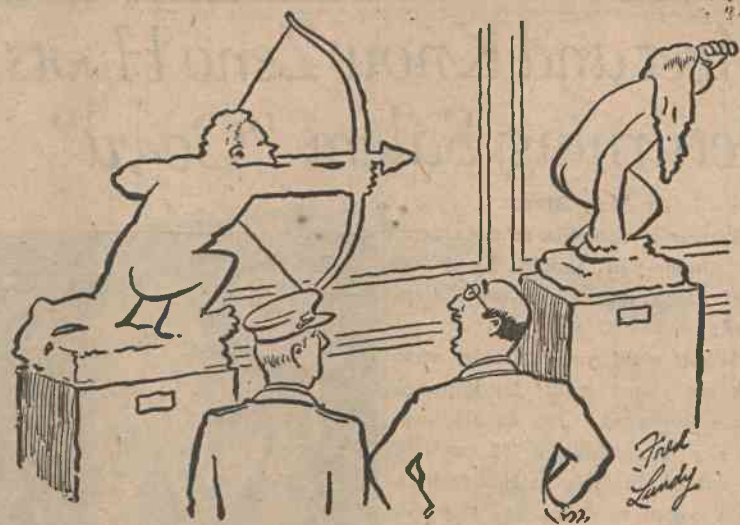
As she crawled back to school, our heroine, weak and feeble, decided that the only thing that could make her forget her terrifying experience would be "a smoke".

As she strolled through the Cozy Corner, sounds of gay laughter and the music of "Near You" issued forth from Davy Jones' Locker. When she went in, groping her way through the blue haze, she saw "Playgirl" and some of her buddies in a bridge game. "Wanna play?" said playgirl. "Guess I'd better go and etudier le francais. She dramatically flicked her fag and sidled away.

As she heard the bells chiming 10 o'clock, The Slave had dim recollection of homework, but quickly forgot as her "podner" bid "Four No Trump"—Salem system.

Upstairs, at 11:30, after a brisk walk to Gooch's and the inevitable hike to the P. O., The Slave was confronted by an ominous array of books.

"Gosh", she screamed, "I'd for-



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"I think one of these statues should be turned around"

To Eat Or Not To Eat

CON

by Frances Gulesian

A week ago, I got busy and worked up a few little tricks to speed up the Breakfast Line, but I was frowned upon as usual

By arranging a complicated series of hidden wires and loose bricks, I fixed up a trap door before the front step in the dining hall which took care of a respectable number of eager beavers. And then there was that aerial, which I strung up over the cafeteria. Every morning I would come swooping down on my little bicycle and snatch up a box of corn flakes before the unsuspecting maid could stop me.

This would have worked out all right if I had liked corn flakes, but that's life. Oh, there were many other things that drove Miss Lytle wild—passing out propaganda leaflets on "The Evils of a Good, Heartly Breakfast"; and organizing a small string orchestra to play Brahms' "Lullaby" so that everybody would go back to bed . . . but that's a thing of the past.

Now I have other plans—be sure to come to breakfast Thursday.

gotten about my biology test, and all that algebra—". As she uttered these words, the lights blinked on and off several times. When her room-mate came in the door, she heard a piercing scream, and saw The Slave fall to the floor, muttering about vague formulas and the eating habits of amoebas.

PRO

In order to alleviate the breakfast line and enhance our own lines, WE, the Undersigned, have adopted the following resolutions:

1. Not to eat any breakfast.
2. Not to eat any food between meals. This particularly applies to the "danger" hours, which are around 10:30 a. m., 4:30 p. m., and 9:30 p. m. Cheese spreads, peanut butter and cokes will be particularly frowned upon.
3. To quench any irresistible desire, we may indulge in a lemonade or a small piece of fruit.
4. To attend all meals, indulging in a small amount of everything and no seconds except for greens.
5. To be reasonable and realize that parents may occasionally slip and send us food. In such cases, a house meeting will be called and we will chew on the problem.
6. To abide by restrictions and do it cheerfully. Anyone seen looking morbid, discouraged or unhappy will be Frowned Upon.

Signed:

Frances Gulesian, Shirley Baker, Fan Piper, Joan Carter Read, Elizabeth Leland, Mary Lib Weaver, Ann McKenzie, Eloise Baynes.



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