

## Carter Says 21 Is Fun; Trouble Too

by Joan Carter Read

Twenty-one years old, those magic words which imply maturity, free will, independence from parental orders and all those other wonderful things might be fine but I wouldn't know. Although I have reached this august age, no one will believe me, so I get none of the benefits and all of the disadvantages.

When I was within one day of hitting this high mark, I did two things which seemed of great significance at the time. First, I got a job so I could feel somewhat self-supporting although that was hard on sixteen dollars a week. Then I burned five shoe boxes full of old love letters. After that I felt as if I could start this new life of mine with a comparatively clean slate.

The great day dawned and I, dressed in my most tailored cotton suit, spotless white shoes, immaculate gloves, and an excuse for a hat, set off for work. While I waited for the bus, I remembered to get some cigarettes. As I reached across the counter for a pack, a cop strolled over and said "Sixteen?" Thinking he meant the price of the cigarettes I blithely said, "No, fifteen." "Sorry, you have to be sixteen to buy them in this state." Drawing myself up to my full five feet, six inches, I informed him coldly that I was twenty-one, a junior in college, and a newspaper woman. He apologized profusely and to make up for it gave me a ride to the office in a squad car which was a hard-to-explain impression for me to create on my first day.

As if things were not bad enough, that day my boss decided to nickname me "little girl" which was insulting from an age angle and ridiculous from the physical point of view.

The same day at lunch I decided to fend off some chatty individuals at the counter by reading *The Atlantic Monthly*. One man, however, was undaunted as he brightly inquired if I were attending the high school summer session down the street. In what I thought was a chilling manner I informed him that I was a career woman, but instead of being impressed he just chuckled and murmured something to his companion about the younger generation.

I'll admit that by dinner time I should have been resigned to my fate but I was positive that nothing more could happen. To help me celebrate my parents took me out to a swank club for dinner and for what they thought was the first time, escorted me to the bar. Sure enough as soon as I ordered a whiskey sour, the waiter stared at me and finally asked the usual question, "Twenty-one?" This time Dad vouched for me, but my face matched my roses; while my date, who was still twenty, hawed and guzzled without being questioned.

And so it went all summer long. I have no advice for fellow sufferers with a "baby-face"—all I can say is I'm getting ready for twenty-two—it couldn't be worse.

## Huggins Is Beauty Queen

Becky Huggins, former Salemite now in school at the University of North Carolina, was crowned Queen of Tobaccoland at the Coronation Ball of Durham's annual Merchants Association Tobacco Festival last Friday night. Lyndon Hobbs, Becky's escort, reigned as king of the Festival.

Becky, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vic Huggins of Chapel Hill, won the beauty contest sponsored by the Durham Merchants Association. She and Elizabeth Lyons, also of Chapel Hill, represented that town at the three day festival which was climaxed by a 50 unit parade down Durham's Main Street last Saturday morning and a square dance in the City armory on Saturday night. Becky attended Salem for two years and transferred to the University this fall as a junior.

## Women Of Distinction



## Tho' At Night They're Homeward Bound These Girls Make Our Wheels Go Round

\* If anyone thinks that day students\*

### Ione Scans Melodrama

by Ione Bradsher

THE PARADINE CASE is a whodunit which introduces new European faces to the U. S., and can be typed as a "mellow-drama". It is strictly a courtroom drama. Its producer, David Selznick, who has turned out some excellent movies ("Gone With The Wind," "David Cooperfield," "Rebecca") and some not-so-excellent ones ("Duel In The Sun"), has used his name to advertise the new talent in the film. The newcomers are: British actress, Ann Todd, suave Louis Jourdan from France, and sultry Alida Valli from Italy. The latter is to be known to the swooning public as just "Valli" which is certainly conducive to mystery and intrigue.

The main idea of the story is: Did the beautiful Mrs. Paradine murder her blind husband or was it done by her lover, Louis Jourdan? The defense attorney, Gregory Peck, believes her innocent, but by the time he begins to suspect his client is more "sinner than saint" he is supposedly infatuated with her. This occurs to the knowledge of his devoted wife, Ann Todd.

There is no expense spared in the all-star supporting cast. Charles Laughton plays a sadistic judge with sinister realism, while his wife (Ethel Barrymore) gives a brief portrayal of a woman mentally dominated by her husband. Charles Coburn as the family solicitor, and his precocious daughter, fill the gap in the subplot which at times is most confusing.

More than half of the screen play is devoted to the trial of Mrs. Paradine and involves more talk than action. Alfred Hitchcock was again superb in creating suspense and maintaining it for a long-delayed climax.

The Paradine Case is one of the season's outstanding films and in many ways is eligible for Academy Awards.

aren't an integral part of life at Salem they should talk to Frances Reznick, Ruth Morgan, Jean Padgett or Ruth Van Hoy. These four full-fledged Salemites are among the most active students on campus.

Everyone knows Frances Reznick is off-campus vice-president of Stee Gee because she presides in Chapel once a week. In addition to this office she is also Chairman of Day Students, president of the Latin Club and a reporter for the *Salemite*. With all this she still finds time to attend ten classes. (She audits three.) In her spare moments she listens to Beethoven and Mozart and spends Saturday nights with a certain John Brown.

Ruth Morgan says "English literature is my pet although I'm a science major and spend most of my time in lab." As Stee Gee treasurer Ruth is the girl who takes care of the student budget. Since she is also vice-chairman of the Day Students' House Committee that means she has part in planning teas, dances and all other functions sponsored by the local girls.

Jean Padgett, who is getting an A. B. in piano, doesn't have to worry about a recital but she has a lot to do with her English minor. Last year she was a Senior Marshal and this year she serves Salem as secretary of the Day Student House Committee and vice-president of the I. R. S. She spends her time fulfilling these duties and practicing in Memorial Hall.

Ruth Van Hoy's altruistic tendencies lead her to a major in sociology. She says that "sociology and Selfridge" are her favorites along with mental hygiene which she has a personal interest in. She has little opportunity for her favorite past time, "shooting the bull," since she is treasurer of Day Students, vice-president of the Junior class and a member of the German and Latin Clubs.

These four Day Students give much of their time and energy to Salem but unanimously agree that they "love it."

### Sisters' Girl Stay Single

by Winkie Harris, Sybil Haskins

"Erected in 1785—the structure has lost none of its original charm—was the home of the single women"—Perfect description of Sister's House as it now stands, (and we hope will remain standing until May, 1949).

The Sisters themselves may be found at any time in their newly-decorated smokehouse where Sis Honeycutt controls the piano (that is when she isn't gazing longingly at Dick's picture and muttering sweet nothings meant for his ears alone). Her roommate, Cathy Schiff madly draws pictures on the wall of clams, oysters and what have you, in preparation for her biology.

The spacious ballroom at the south end of the dorm is occupied by three gracious idiots, namely Hines, Beal and Justice. The only way they live in complete harmony is to follow their motto of "Never to bed early and absolutely don't rise."

Only two of the freshmen have had the fortune to land in our dorm, Joyce Clark and Jane Kugler. However, they've quickly learned all our fancies and foibles, even the words to "Good-bye My Lady Love" and "Worried Man". Their only complaint is that the three girls in the room next door are too much in love! Rixey lives in the post office, just waiting for that letter; Lee can't make up her mind between Carolina and Carolina; and Sybil is continually asking someone to mail her letters to Pete.

The Sisters too, are exposed to culture. Frances Horne, our budding musical genius, has taught us all the fundamentals of Medieval Chinese music.

There is one person who cannot be left out in any discussion of this ancient building, "Hersh". She can always be found in our smokehouse, messing up the card table with her endless games of idiot's delight.

At night time, as darkness descends on our happy little group, fifteen little throats utter their nightly "The lights aren't working again!" (Strictly fuse trouble, though).

Perhaps this little ditty will serve to show you just how we feel about living in Sister's House.

To make your life at Salem complete, You have to live in this antique.

## Folderol Teaches and Is Troubled

by Tootsie Gilespie

Young Folderol, scratching her big toe with her little toe, lay languidly in bed and had delusions of grandeur, for today she went to the Smorgasbord School for Delinquents to begin her practice teaching. She got up, did a pas de deux with her toothbrush, dressed (obviously) and went to the Inner Sanctum for her last minute briefing.

Said Miss Grapejuice, "Now remember, these children are going to place their confidence in you. They will look to you as a friend, a companion, yea, even a playmate. You must not break faith with them. You will have a part in the shaping of their young personalities, they will learn the principles of right and wrong from you. You must gain their friendship and their admiration and the going will be easy from then on. Good Luck!"

Folderol stood at attention, clicked her heels and bolted out the door, fired with expectancy.

The next half hour saw Miss Folderol slithering in the door to her class room, meeting four hundred and thirty-three expectant eyes.

"Hello, children. I am Miss Folderol."

"Yah, yah, Folderol! Lookit 'er. Yoo hoo, teacher!!" and three b-b shots hit her in her left groin.

With her leg in a sling, young Folderol began again.

"I'm sure all of us are going to have a lovely time together."

A hulking brute lunged at her from behind and poured a bottle of ink all over her Toni.

Looking blue, she crawled under her desk and tried once more.

"We shall all be one happy family, I know."

Three apelike creatures went into a double formation and playfully let her have it between the eyes with a .45.

At a signal from the leader, Pandemonium broke loose, a trapdoor fell open and Folderol held on for dear life. (Pandemonium was a slobbering idiot with a disjointed knuckle who had developed an inferiority complex and was trying to be noticed.)

Young Folderol, panting heavily, ground her front teeth and tried to remember what Miss Grapejuice had told her.

One young thing crawled up to the front of the room and nuzzled gently against her I. Millers with the crepe soles. Taking this as a friendly gesture, Folderol patted the young thing on the top of the head and gave her an all-day sucker, only to have it dipped in strychnine and handed back to her.

After lashing the class to their respective seats, Folderol rested her leg on the blackboard ledge and proceeded with her lesson, promising that when the occasion first presented itself, she would secure the largest cement block in captivity, tie it in a sailor's knot around Miss Grapejuice's neck and toss her into the channel.

The lesson went something like this:

Q. What great man would you like to be?

A. Baby Face Martin

Q. What do you think is the most important utility?

A. The police station.

Q. What do you like to do in your leisure time?

A. Tie me old lady to the bed post and give 'er thirty-three with ' whip.

Q. Do you have any brothers and sisters?

A. Did have until Ma sent 'em to Duke in a bottle.

Q. How much is two and two?

A. Four of a kind.

And so, our young teacher, a gun in her hand, backed out of the class room at the end of the lesson and ran all the way back to her own school, where she ran into Miss Grapejuice telling another Innocent: "Now remember, these children are going to place their confidence in you. They will look to you as a friend, a companion..."

Folderol cast a glance toward Mecca, crossed herself twice and went to give up the ghost.