

Homecoming Brings Bands And Formals

By Jean Calhoun

It's Homecoming time! Big name bands are winding their way to college campuses as college gals begin the theme of "Will I be asked?"—and if so—"What will I wear?" Pan Hellenic Council President. Dick Stockton announced that Elliot Lawrence and his orchestra were on hand to make sweet music for the Davidson Homecoming Oct. 12 and 13. Lawrence, a top pianist, came straight from an engagement at New York's Paramount Theater. Much music and much dancing was the project of the Davidson lads and the delight of their lady companions. The theme of the dance was "Blue Hose." Music was available for the formal dance Friday night, tea-dance Saturday afternoon and informal dance Saturday night.

Long Will Play

The orchestra of Johnny Long will woo the campus of U. N. C. for the Fall Germans Nov. 2. Only one dance will be given because of the poor attendance heretofore at the Friday night dances. Saturday will be the big day, for after the football game between Carolina and Tennessee, guys and gals will trip the light fantastic in evening dress. This dance will be Long's first appearance at the University campus since he hit the big time. A German Club member announces, to Carolina for one of the Ger—"Long has been wanting to come mans for a long time and we have finally brought him due to many student requests."

When a Negro law student at "The Hill" returned a season football ticket book because he had been seated in the colored section of Kenan Stadium rather than in the student section, things started buzzing. Action started in small groups and new religious organizations, solons and athletes have come forth protesting segregation of Negro students. The segregation ball is being thrown back and forth, as a large number of students voting or voicing an opinion seem to believe Negroes should have the same seating privileges as other Carolina students.

Yale vs. Housekeeping

Yale students like dancing. Yale students like Homecomings, but Yale students are unenthusiastic about housekeeping. Since last Spring, when 80 maids were fired in an economy move, Yale dorm rooms, minus the feminine touch, have been getting ankle deep in dust. One of the house inspectors, while checking the dorms for cleanliness, observed that few dust pans and brooms were in evidence despite the offer of the University to sell them to students at cost. Apparently Yale students are "too concerned about higher education" to worry about dusting under their beds.

Lovelorn

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to resign his position.

Revealing.

You see, I'm usually wrong. Even though I don't belong to a union for love-lorn advisers, I would like to offer my shoulder for any of you who have problems. If you must make a choice between three fraternity pins or if your roommate is taking all your dates away from you, my services are here. I remain, pantingly awaiting your problems.

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Baby Boy Makes Three In Hobbs Household

by Ann Hobbs

Judy and I had just reached the age where we could live in the same house without getting into a brawl every few minutes. Our fights over who would answer the phone when it began ringing were a thing of the past—now we sat still and let mother get up and go. We even set up a system so we could tell which movie star belonged to whom. Judy collected women, and I collected men.

The Hobbs family had settled into a quiet peaceful rut, and Judy and I, at least, was content to stay there. Then it happened!

At 11:30 a.m. on February 2, 1946, I was fourteen, Judy was eleven, and Walter Jr., our brother, had been in this world approximately one hour. Judy and I sat on the living-room sofa frowning up at daddy who stood in front of us grinning from ear to ear and looking a little too large for his vest. We all were pleased at the new arrival, of course, but Judy and I were also worried. Naturally, a new baby being born into the family was not an unheralded event, but—a boy!! The Hobbs just didn't have boys. In the whole clan we had only one male cousin, and he was so distantly kin that he hardly counted.

After we had recovered from the initial shock, Judy and I began to change a few of our plans. First, we had to compose a new name. We had to come to that awful combination after paging endlessly through our movie star books. We thought "Sylvia" was "sweet", and "Diane" had a "mysterious" quality. Mother and Daddy had always abruptly changed the subject when "naming the baby" came up. Not at all abashed, Judy and I delved again into our movie stars and decided on "Clark Newman" as a very distinguished name for a new brother. However, the matter was taken out of our hands. We had decided on "Sylvia Diane" when our parents had "Walter Jr." put on the birth certificate before the baby came home. We were disgusted.

Next, something had to be done about the bassinet. We couldn't help its being painted pink, but we decided the pink blanket would surely have to go. We pooled our money and found, after much shopping around, that the only blue blanket we could afford was in Belk's Bargain Basement. It looked warm enough to us, so we bought it, placed it proudly on the bassinet, and gave the brand new pink one to the maid. She had a month old niece. Mother's only

W.S.S.F. Drive

(Continued From Page One) centers, drugs and medical equipment. The third part of the program furnishes tools of education, books and laboratory equipment.

The fourth point provides ways of meeting together and thinking together through conferences and seminars.

The last division covers meeting the need of people to accept citizenship in a united world. Under this refugees and displaced persons are awarded scholarships to study.

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comment on all our "fixing" was a slight choking sound when we told her how generous we'd been with the pink blanket—a gift from the preacher's wife.

Everything now settled to our satisfaction, Judy and I waited impatiently for mother and Walter Jr. to come home from the hospital. We wanted to see our new brother and have mother home so things would get back to normal. Ah, foolish youth! There hasn't been a "normal" moment in the Hobbs home since Little Walter was carried in bawling at the top of his lungs.

However, after five years of living with Brother, Judy and I extend our sympathies to all our female producing kinfolk. Sugar and spice are sweet, but snakes and snails and puppy dog tails are much more fun.

Ga. Alumnae To Meet

The Atlanta and Decatur Alumnae will meet Oct. 22 in the home of Mrs. T. E. McGeachy, of Decatur. Dr. and Mrs. Gramley, Miss Lelia Graham Marsh and Miss Ivy Hixson will attend the meeting.

Dr. Gramley will attend the inauguration of Wallace M. Alston as president of Agnes Scott on Oct. 23.

The Salem College Alumnae Club of Winston-Salem will hold its first fall meeting in Memorial Hall at 8 p.m. Oct. 25. Mrs. Dallace McClennan, the new president, will preside at the meeting. Mr. Hans Hiederman and Mr. Edwin A. Sawyer will be guest entertainer and speaker respectively.

Rat "Privates" Bring Laughs

Rat Week officially opened on Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 1:30 p.m. in Old Chapel. The theme of this year's Rat Week is Army Life. At the Wednesday meeting the freshmen, who are known as "privates" to their sophomore upperclassmen were given orders by Generals McGlaughon and Turner.

All around campus there are shouts of Air Raid at which the freshmen must fall flat on the ground. The first eighteen lines of Canterbury Tales must also be memorized and repeated at the order of a "General".

On Wednesday, at 9:30 p.m., the "generals" were entertained with skits by the "privates" in Davy Jones. Manuevers were held on the athletic field at 5:15 p.m. today. At this time the "privates" showed their ability in military tactics and techniques.

The freshmen are garbed in tow sacks which are camouflaged with leaves and other products of nature. Their "helmets", under which all hair must be concealed, are recognized as shower caps. The formal attire which must be worn to dinner is the above plus a flat shoe and sock on one foot and a high heeled shoe and stocking on the other. At all times the "privates" must carry cigarettes, candy, and chewing gum for their "generals". They must also be equipped with straight pins with which they pick up cigarette butts.

The "privates" are not allowed to wear any makeup whatsoever "as it is not in keeping with their status", says General McGlaughon.

Today Rat Week will be climaxed with "Rat Court-Martial" at 7:30 p.m. in Old Chapel.

Peggy Gray, Jack Sharp To Marry

Have you ever wanted to be a farmers wife? "He is a farmer, and I suppose that will make me a farmer's wife—something I said I would never be, in my childhood;—" writes Peggy Gray of her fiance to Miss Lelia Graham Marsh.

Peggy will marry Jackson (Jack) Askew Sharp sometime the first of the year. They will live in Harrellshirle, North Carolina after the wedding.

Peggy is a Salem graduate of the class of 1948. She was also president of her class.

Last year she acted as field representative for the Public Relations Office. She visited cities and towns of the surrounding states and she also made personal visits in the homes of prospective Salem students. She attended College Day Programs of near-by colleges, still looking for new students.

Since then, she has been the guest of honor at many club meetings, at which she has told of her trip and showed pictures that she took.

She will be in Winston-Salem on October 20th to take part in Ann Souther's wedding. She will again show her European pictures.

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