

Empty

By Eleanor McGregor

The room is still and empty this afternoon. The cold plastic chairs and couches sit in their places—stiff and vacant. Sunlight coming through one window makes white squares on the scratched unpolished floor. The continuous knock, knock of the radiator is the only sound in the stillness. The sound remains but, like the monotonous ticking of a clock, it is no longer heard.

The radio and the grand piano stand in their corners, silent and lifeless, saving their noise for tomorrow when the room will be full again. And I sit here in the emptiness, watching the layers of cigarette smoke rise, settle on each other, shift, then rise again like grey waves on the sea. I sit here remembering the room as it was yesterday.

It was full of people then—gay, shouting, dancing, laughing girls. And loud fast music. The radio played jazz, and the piano tried to out-do it, so that the people dancing in the middle of the floor had trouble deciding which noise to follow. They danced furiously, and the room was hot and full of smoke—not wavy layers of smoke, but one huge stifling cloud.

The couches were full and alive, too, then—alive with girls who laughed at the dancers, laughed at each other and shouted back and forth. I sat on the couch and laughed with them, and I went to the middle of the floor and danced to the loud, fast music. I loved the gaiety and laughter and unrest.

This morning I came to the same room and watched the same people doing the things they had done yesterday. But now the music was no longer fast and gay—only noisy and harsh and discordant. The shouting and laughter hurt my ears; the dancers' feet scraped the floor like sandpaper. The smoke choked me. I couldn't breathe, and I wanted to get out.

So now, as I watch the squares of sunlight on the floor and the layers of smoke making waves in the air, I am thankful for the emptiness and silence. Still I wish for yesterday when I could dance and laugh and hear music instead of discord.

Choral Group To Perform

The Salem College Choral Ensemble under the direction of Paul W. Peterson will present a program of sacred music March 2, at 7:00 in the Mount Airy Moravian Church.

The call to worship will be read by Carol Stortz. Ann Evans, Furney Baker, and Peggyann Alderman will sing solos. Dr. Dale H. Gramley and Rev. Edwin A. Sawyer will make short addresses.

The Choral Ensemble will close the program with "The Lord Bless You" by Lutkin.

Just A Minute

Patience is the ability to idle your motor when you feel like stripping your gears.

The real problem of your leisure is how to keep other people from using it. (Note: leave town).

The most momentous question before this country today is, "How much is the down payment?"

Woman's tears: First successful fluid drive.

Tomorrow others will come into the room to watch the dancers and listen to the music. It will hurt their ears, and the smoke and heat will choke them, too. Then they will understand, as I do now, that the big whirling room is as empty as it is this afternoon.

You'll Get Him Yet!

By Anne Lowe

A boy is a very curious thing When you want him quiet he wants to sing,

When you want him happy, You'll find him sad

And when you want him mellow You'll find him mad.

A girl doesn't expect much of a boy—

Candy, a ring, a call, a toy.

She doesn't ask much or require Much of her heart's only desire,

Just lovin' an' letters an' maybe a kiss,

Some of those things no girl Should miss.

So don't give up hope, girls.

Don't cry or don't fret.

Just raise up your chin

You'll get him yet!

Campus Shots

Ann Miller and Edna Wilkerson with their new pins . . . Nominating committee meetings . . . "Maybe-we'll-get-there-yet" expressions on the seniors' faces . . . Shopping trips to town . . . Beth Coursey saying "one more week" for the last three . . . Betty Parks looking slightly harrassed . . . Emily Warden, Ann and Lil Sprinkle building a snowman in the square . . . Marcia Skinner and Betty Jean Smith in the Red Cross truck . . . Sophomores playing in the snow . . . Juniors just playing . . . Bessie Smith leaving town every weekend . . . Bermuda expectations . . . Miss Byrd entertaining the authoress . . . Barbara Lakey confined in the infirmary . . . Alabama girls looking out the window Tuesday . . . Jane Smith being elected president of a fraternity . . . Red noses, sneezes, coughs and penicillin tablets.

Mademoiselle Holds Contest

Mademoiselle magazine is holding a college fiction contest for women undergraduates. The contest ends April 15, 1952. The stories submitted must be from 3,000 to 5,000 words long. Each contestant may submit as many stories as she wishes.

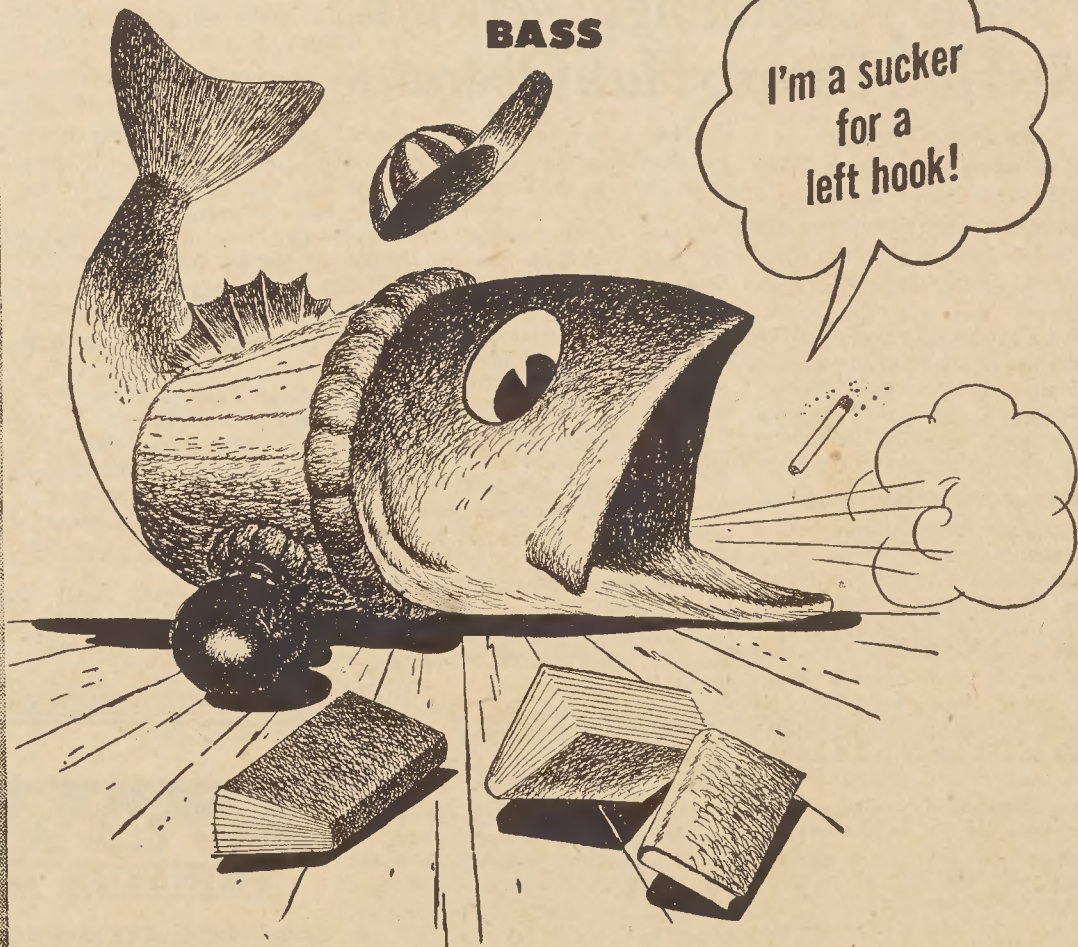
Stories that have appeared in undergraduate college publications are acceptable but only if they have not been published elsewhere. The \$500 prize will go to each of two winners for serial rights to their stories and publication in August, 1952 College Mademoiselle.

***** Scandal is something that has to be bad to be good.

Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

No. 35..

THE LARGEMOUTH BASS



Always a sucker for attractive bait, our aquatic brother went off the deep end and got caught on the quick-trick cigarette hook! But he wormed his way out when he suddenly realized that cigarette mildness can't be tossed off reel lightly. Millions of smokers have found, too, there's only one true test of cigarette mildness.

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