

Ann Compares Dance Of Romance, Orchids, Lover, To One Of Sore Feet, Roses, Husband

By Ann Helsabeck

Having taken marriage for almost a whole semester now, and being entangled in the blissful state myself, I do hereby presume to give you lovely spinsters a few well-chosen words of advice: if you love moonlight, dancing and romance—stay single. If you love the guy and have a fairly well trained sense of humor—get married. To illustrate my sage remarks I shall now take a true case history—mine!

Prepares for Dance

Last year two weeks before the Christmas Dance I began industriously to spend my father's bank roll. I bought a new dress, shoes, hose, undies, jewelry, cosmetics, and perfume to match. On the big night I took fully two hours to dress, and descended the spiral staircase of Strong feeling like the Queen of Sheba.

I was met in the date room by Bill and an orchid. I was properly impressed by the posey, but it was the card enclosed that set my heart "a-tingling." It read something like this: "To the sweetest, most beautiful, most adorable, etc., etc., etc." (You know the type—same old mush.)

During the dance, Bill refused to dance with anyone else. We floated through every single number with Bill complimenting my hair, my dress, and even the scars on my face—quote, adorably cute, unquote.

When the dance was over, we parted with a last lingering look and a promise to meet early the

next morning for breakfast.

Ah, romance!

And now we come to this year. Since we hadn't danced since our honeymoon five months ago, Bill was finally coaxed, brow-beaten and threatened into being delighted to take me to the Christmas dance. Punctually two weeks before, I began conscientiously endeavoring to spend my husband's bank roll. I didn't do too well. Reason? Example.

Me: "But, Bill, the only dress I have is that old pink and green one. The taffeta is stained and the net is all moth-eaten. Besides I wore it last year, and think of all the times I've worn it since then."

Bill: "Well, since you've worn it so often there must be a lot of sentiment attached to the dress—it's perfect for our first dance as marrieds. (Male logic.)"

Big Night Arrives

Then came the big night. After doing the dinner dishes, I sewed a button on Bill's tux, tied, cussed, retied, cussed, etc., his bow tie, and saw that he was properly attired. Then I dressed while he went to the closet for our coats. Two minutes later, fully dressed, I was ready to go, but Bill had a surprise for me—flowers. Ignoring the roses, I began frantically to dig

through the paper grass for a card. After informing him of what I was hunting:

Bill: "Why in the world do you need a card? Who else would send you flowers?" (Male common sense.)

At the dance, as we stumbled through the first number, Bill said softly: "Honey, remember last year when I refused to even look at another girl?"

How sweet of him to remember. Mooney-eyed, I replied softly, "Yes, dear."

Honeymoon is Over

"Well, this year I wish you'd pass me around a little. Some of these Freshmen are O.K.!"

Smiling as all young wives should, I said, "Certainly, honey"—and stomped on his toe.

The rest of the evening we danced twice more. The other numbers Bill was being "passed around" or was sitting one out—his toe hurt.

Home at last, Bill collapsed in the nearest chair—completely pooped.

Finally mustering enough strength, he muttered happily: "You know, I enjoyed this dance even more than last year's."

I managed to keep a straight face long enough to turn my back, and then I heartily agreed with him.



Betty Lou Kipe Tells Plans To Wed. Bob Watkins In June

Mr. and Mrs. Horace S. Kipe of Watchung, N. J. have announced the engagement of their daughter, Betty Lou, to Robert Allen Watkins of North Plainfield, N. J.

Betty Lou graduated from North Plainfield High School, attended Oberlin College in Oberlin, Ohio, and is now a senior organ major at Salem.

Bob graduated from North Plainfield High School and from Bucknell University. He is now em-

ployed by Dupont, Inc. in Martinsburg, W. Va. as a chemist.

The wedding will take place in Plainfield on June 27th. June Kipe, Betty Lou's sister, will be her maid of honor. Others from Salem who will be attendants are Loma Faye Cuthbertson, Norma Williams and Neva Bell.

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