

# Jean Describes Homeward Trip

By Jean Calhoun

The marines swarmed, not like flies, but like little children pushing shoving to be near a tale spinner. They swarmed in circles from the large red and yellow buses to the ticket office where the fat pimply-face girl gave them information. They flocked to the room marked MEN and drifted in a colored blur to the cluttered soda fountain. It was hot and they sweated. They smelled as they swarmed and sweated.

And I was going home.

### Man Sits Beside

Beside me was a man with a wrinkled face and long dirty finger nails. His slightly shaven face was tilted. The scene before him was not tilted, however, for his blank white eyes saw nothing. He spoke slowly to a teen-age girl in a red taffeta dress. The girl did not look at him, but listened dutifully.

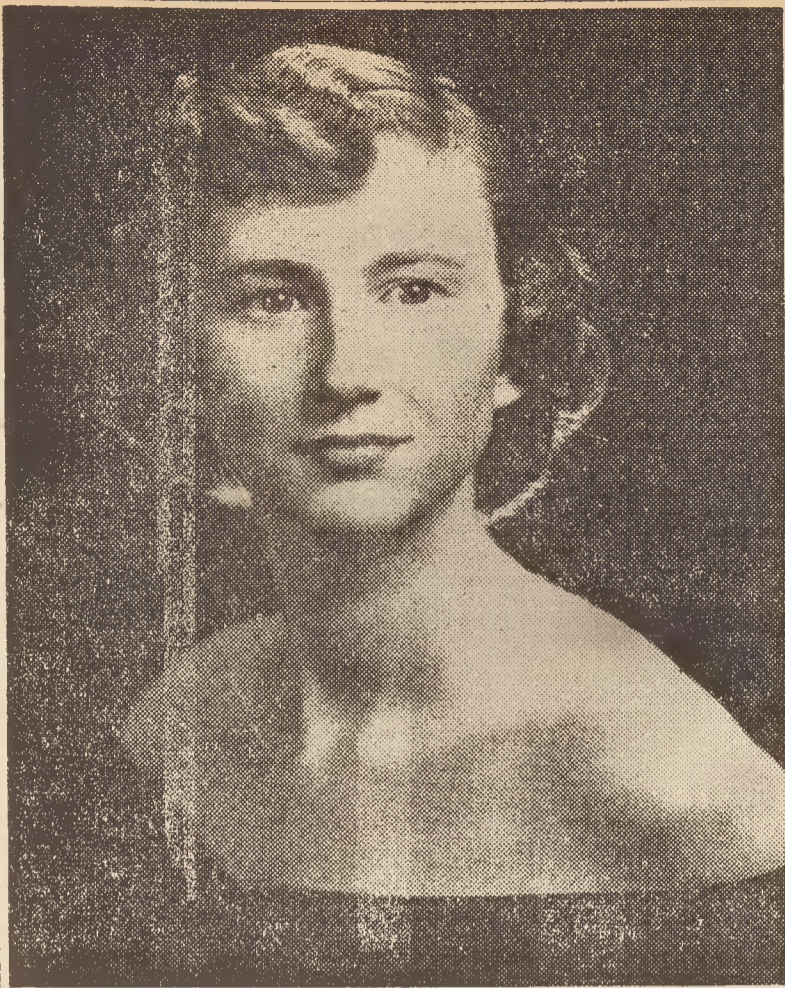
"I used to work in Missouri." His tone of voice was as dull as his sightless days. "Worked for a man that bought foreign mules and sold them to farmers. Great big brown mules. Sometimes they'd break out of the pen, and then I'd let the white horses out. You know, those stray mules would follow the horses right back to the pen. I've seen a hundred of them in line behind four white horses. I could see them then with these white eyes. I could see." The girl in red, responding to the call of the loud speaker, said "goodbye" to the old man without turning to look at the white eyes.

She, too, was going home.

### Women Talk

Two large women in black dresses tried to discover things about each other that they could tell their farmer husbands at supper when they ate greasy pork chops and cornbread. The fatter one said, "My Momma didn't have no education. None at all. Now, both my girls finished high school, and Momma knew a lot more than they do. A lot more." The other woman, whose face was covered with deep scars, related how her scared face came to be. "If Momma hadn't poured water on my burning head, I'd have been blind today." Mothers omniscient and omnipotent.

I was going home to see my mother.



# Lucy Harris Plans To Wed Henry Poleson On June 13

The engagement of Lucy Boyd Harris to Henry M. Poleson has been announced by her mother. Lucy is the daughter of Mrs. George Harris and the late Mr. Harris.

Henry is the son of Mrs. W. O. Poleson and the late Mr. Poleson of Selma, Ala. He is a graduate of Auburn College.

Lucy is from Henderson, where she graduated from high school.

She is member of the Junior Class at Salem, softball manager for the A. A., a member of the Canterbury Club and an active member of the basketball, softball and hockey teams.

The wedding will be on June 13. The couple plans to live in Burlington after the wedding.

# Symphony To Play

The Civic Music Association will present the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra at 8:30 p.m. on Monday, March 2, at Reynolds Auditorium.

The program for the evening will be as follows:

- Fanatasia and Fugue in G minor ..... Bach
- Concerto in F ..... Gershwin
- Soloist: Sidney Foster
- Symphony No. 4 in F minor Tschaikowsky

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# New Fashions Are Unusual

By Eleanor Johnson and Connie Murray

"And the rains came—" And with the rains, the budding of the willows, and the croaking of the crocuses, the foremost thoughts in the minds of Salem girls are once again turned to Spring Fashions. In vogue this season we find the long, swathing rain coat, better known as "five-o'clock-gym-class-cover-all." Perhaps the most stunning cover-all is that worn by Miss Louise Fike as she enters the dining hall.

Coming into fashion on the athletic scene is the unique neckwear introduced by Miss Momo Palmer. This new piece of jewelry consists of a lanyard and whistle.

Tobacco-tan Salem jackets, particularly those bearing the numerals "1953," have become increasingly popular as the season for spring cleaning approaches. On the masculine side of the fashion picture, we notice in the local bistro the spotless white aprons of the proprietor.

A new fad rules in the matter of wearing apparel for late evening calls: the rolled pajama (also adaptable for late breakfasts, 8:30 classes, and infirmary calls).

For a preview of casual wear for play rehearsals Mrs. Joan Jacobowsky is noted in the ever present blue jeans and plaid shirt. Along the casual line we see Miss Emma Sue Larkins' casual pocket book, usually stuffed with casual casualties, casually slung over her shoulder.

The new Italian (prison) print consisting of large black and white stripes is the feature of all aspiring literates, such as that worn by Miss S. J. Calhoun and frequently borrowed by Miss Sue (B. P.) Harrison.

And for that crowning glory don't forget to add one quart of peroxide to each quart of shampoo. For the best results see Miss Donald (is it natural?) Caldwell.

# World Peace

(Continued from page four) be Stalin's death. He feels that might cause a Russian break-up, "if it should please the Lord to take him from us."

One of the stoppers in the peace battle in Korea is the exchange-prisoner problem. He commended Eisenhower for not returning to Korea 45,000 prisoners of war. He added sarcastically, "prisoners of war who did not want to return to Communist Paradise." How could we expect to get deserters in the future, he reasoned, if we send them back to certain death?

He warned that if resistance to Communist forces be belated there will be no resistance at all. "Those who prefer comfort to freedom will soon lose both," he quoted.

The Republicans, he replied in answer to a question from a man in the audience, are beginning to learn the realities of life. Tariffs cannot be lowered without harmful results. "However," he said with a shy smile, "I'd rather have the Republicans in power forever than have a depression."

In speaking of the situation in Berlin, he said frankly, "Any attempt by Communists to take Berlin should be treated as an act of war."

The only thing worse than war, he cited, is slavery.

Douglas, a marine veteran, later praised Salem as being a beautiful place. He directed much of his attention during the informal question period to the girl in "the gallery". (Approximately 150 Salem girls were seated in the balcony of Memorial Hall.)

When questioned later in the evening about how he was elected in Chicago, a city often thought of as having a corrupt political system, he replied with his shy smile, "Remember I'm a politician, too."

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