

# McNeely's New Office Is Biggest Thrill Of Her Life

By Bessie Smith

The headlines of this week's **Mooresville Tribune** will probably read "Hometown Girl Makes Good." Mooresville is the home of our new Student Government president, Alice McNeely. Madam President's big blue eyes sparkled as she said, "This honor is the biggest thrill of my life. Honestly, uhmmmm, I can't believe it yet."

Our new president is quite versatile. She can blow a trumpet, twirl a baton, raise dogs, or play any kind of sport.

She was the freshman representative on the Y cabinet, treasurer of the Y her sophomore year, secretary of the Sophomore Class and a Feature Girl. She worked on the **Salemite** her freshman and sophomore years.

This year Alice is a member of the Student Government, junior editor of the **Sights and Insights**, president of her class, secretary of the Y, a marshal, and a member of the I. R. S. and the Scorpions. Alice is also a Dean's List student and a member of the Honor Society.

Alice is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. McNeely. She has one brother and two sisters and comes from a long line of **Salemites**. Both of her sisters attended Salem



Alice McNeely

and one of them, Mary Frances McNeely, was May Queen in 1945.

Alice is a sociology-economics major and a religion and French minor. She is not sure what she wants to do, but would like to raise dogs if she could make a living.

At present her main male interest is at a Maryland Dental School so the future might consist of helping to pull teeth.

# Sally Gurgles, Then Curses, About Weather

By Betsy Liles

"Oh, spring! Oh, this lovely Winston-Salem weather!" gurgled Sally Salem as she threw up the window in her room. Sally knew it was spring, and here for good, too. Miss Anna's pansies were beginning to crop up, the weeping willows were sprouting and Mr. Campbell was nurturing little bugs and insects in the lily pool.

"Everything is growing, even me," sighed Sally. It was true, she had to admit. Sally was oozing with a winter spread of fat, adding pounds to it each day. For awhile, she had tried to diet. She lugged her scales down to the dining hall and stood on them as she ate so she would be sure not to overcede her measley few ounces, but alas! to no avail.

But now, Sally consoled herself, she had a motive—spring—and she threw herself to the floor and started pumping and bumping feverishly. Her roommate strolled in, gasped and then pushed a spoon in her mouth.

"Sthoth thit!" snarled Sally, spitting the spoon out. "I am doing my exercise. Spring is here, and you know who's what begins to do you know what!"

"Men, shmen!" grunted Sally's roommate. It's evident she hadn't atuned herself to the spring air, Sally consoled herself.

Slipping into her peasant blouse

and drapping her counterpane around her like a Roman toga, Sally sallied forth barefoot to the lily pool with a book of poetry. As she arranged herself on the edge of the pool, she opened her book of poetry and smiled out in the general direction of the flag-pole.

A thought struck her, and she walked backwards to the pansy garden, plucked a pansy with her big toes, and then sauntered back to the lily pool. "Heh, heh! I know Miss Anna couldn't have caught that!" She arranged herself again, with the pansy between her teeth and now smiled out towards Bitting.

Suddenly Sally felt something tugging at her skirt, and turning, she let out an agonized scream. It was one of Mr. Campbell's insects gnawing on her skirt which was floating in the lily pool with one lone frostbitten lily. Wringing out her skirt, Sally posed again, and began to read a few poems out, carefully rolling her r's and sissing her s's. It was beginning to grow a little chilly.

"Mmmm," commented Sally, "this Winston-Salem weather is unusual." She tied her skirt up tent-like around her and huddled inside. "The forces of nature will not bat me down!!! I hope."

The weather was turning colder and colder. Her toes were an awfully interesting color now. Sally decided to go in.

Mr. Gorsuch was shuffling through the ice to sprinkle sand on the walks when he noticed Sally crawling slowly to the dorm. Roommate put Sally to bed with a hotwater bottle and four blankets. When Sally finally thawed out, she made a brief statement "Cursed be this Winston-Salem weather!" She then opened a box of reduced Valentine candy and contributed to the winter spread of fat.

# Practice House

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to see what it was.

As soon as I opened the door to go in, I heard a crash. It seems the girls forgot to put water in the pot of coffee and the handle and spout fell off as soon as the pot got hot. The girls thought it was funny until they found out that the pot belonged to Miss Hodge and then it wasn't so funny.

Just talking to those girls gave me an idea. I would take several courses in home ec. "But now I must go," I told the girls, "I want to try that new recipe you gave me." And as I started home I thought how nice it would be that soon my children would have well balanced meals, my house would be neat and clean and perhaps my husband would come home.



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