

## Pale Polly Dreams Of Life Under The Sun; Finds Circumstances And Sun Against Her

By Bobbi Kuss

### A Salemite's Prayer

Please make tomorrow's sun  
shine bright,  
That it will tan my legs so  
white;  
Please make tomorrow's sun  
shine fondly,  
That it will turn my hair quite  
blondly;  
Please make tomorrow's sun-  
shine feel  
Real hot—but please don't let  
me peel!

"Pale Polly" just couldn't concentrate on Dr. Ringer's exaltations on St. Septemberine this morning. It wasn't that she didn't like St. Septemberine, but with the arrival of March she'd caught a terrible disease. It wasn't the usual spring fever; it was much worse. Miss Smaller had diagnosed it as cerebral solitis—sun on the brain! And—"Pale Polly" certainly had all the horrible symptoms.

### Sunshine Vs. Classes

She looked at her watch—"only ten minutes till the bell rings" thought she! In the meantime she gazed from her own anemic looking legs to the rosy ones of her arch-enemy "Infra Red" across the aisle. Oh how she envied "Infra" who'd been a pantheist all day Sunday and had gotten a head start on all those who'd gone to church instead. "Infra" also had more foresight in arranging her schedule. Her classes were at 11:15 three times a week and she could get out in the sun before anyone else. 'Course she was a Senior and didn't have as many classes as "Pale". To make things worse "Pale" heard the strains of "You Are My Sunshine" come drifting through the open window. Oh, why didn't that bell ring!

### Sun For Lunch

Dr. Ringer was still droning on about St. Septemberine's theory of pre-destination. The only destination "Pale" could think of was the sunny bower of bliss—the swimming pool. Her roommate, "Ultra-Violet", had even promised to save her a place on the cool cement. Finally—could it be?—yes, it was—the bell!

She jumped up and dashed out the door barely hearing Dr. Ringer's assignment—something about reading "The City of—", but "Pale" didn't wait to hear the end. It was 1:00 and she was pre-destined for the swimming pool.

She rushed down the steps of Plain Hall and up to her room on second floor Clawell. Everyone else was going to lunch, but "Pale Polly" donned her briefest suit and raced down to the open basement window. "Out, out and into the Sun" sang her heart—and at last she was there.

"Pale" looked around—"bodies, bodies everywhere and not a spot to lie". "Ultra-Violet" had just climbed over the wall to go to lunch and "Infra-Red" who'd beaten her to the pool, since Fitting dorm was so close-by, was staking out a claim on the last available sheet. "Anemic Annie" and "White Willie" were actually the only ones left by the pool. However, all the others had put "out to lunch" signs on their blankets and she simply couldn't find a place.

Finally "Dark Dot," her best friend, returned and gave her a spot half-shaded by some overgrown ivy. It wasn't the best place for a sun bath, but at least only her legs were shaded. She poured on some "Rapid-reddening" lotion and settled down for her first sun bath of the year. Here she was at last—her dreaming in Dr. Ringer's class was now a reality.

### After Lunch Rush

All was not as she'd dreamed though. Lunch was over and suddenly hordes of girls began piling over the wall. No one seemed to see her half hidden in the ivy and about five pairs of feet shuffled over her. Someone knocked over her "Rapid-reddening" and her hair was rudely introduced to a new kind of shampoo. She crawled under her blanket every time someone gave the warning that Mr. Spinster was walking by. Soon the lotion on her back began to boil in the hot sun. It became quite a trap for stray bugs flying in and out of the ivy. She was terribly uncomfortable, but thoughts of how that new white jewelry would look

with her beautiful tan-to-be spurred her on. Finally she fell asleep to the chants of "4 spade bids" and "someone cut the radio on, on first floor".

"Pale" awoke with a start. The clock was striking five and the "cool" cement was hot and deserted. She shuffled slowly over the broken glass on the far side of the pool, climbed through the basement window and back up the stairs to her little ivory tower.

### Tomorrow's Another Day

She went to dinner that night with a sunburned pattern of ivy leaves on her fair skin. They turned practically green as she listened to all the compliments on "Ultra-Violet's" beautiful tan. She couldn't even enter the heated discussion at her table on St. Septemberine since she'd not listened in class that morning. "Pale" was definitely in the last stages of her disease, but just as she was sinking into the depths of despond the dining room door opened and in walked "Infra-Red"—she was peeling!

"Pale's" every outlined ivy leaf glowed brighter. All her suffering was worth the sight of "Infra's" peelings. "Hope sprang eternal" as she thought of tomorrow with the "Place in the Sun" vacated by her "friend Infra"!

## Deans Suggest

The deans have suggested that students sign out early for Easter between Wednesday, March 25, and Saturday, March 28.

If a student wishes to go any place other than home, she should write for permission now, so that it can be put on file in the dean of students' offices.

They have also suggested that those who plan to return for the Easter services secure tickets from Miss Tesch for Easter morning breakfast at 5:30 a.m.



Newly elected president of the Y. W. C. A., Jean Edwards and Sights and Insights editor, Carol Glaser discuss next year's plans. Jean is from Raleigh and Carol is from Charlotte.

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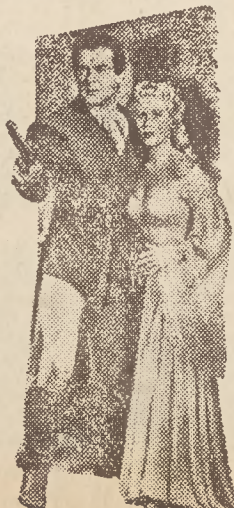
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