



Nancy Blum

Salem's Valentine Is Chosen For Poise And Friendliness

By Betty Tyler

With an ear to the phone and a hand drawing a heart, we find our February Girl of the Month, Nancy Blum.

Picked for her charming good looks and her love of life, Salem's Valentine is one of popularity and friendliness.

An active member of the Freshman class, Nancy is a member of this year's May Court, the IRS council and the Home Ec. club.

"I'm a home ec. major and just

Campus Shots

Argyles being knitted in Bitting Junior's S. S. regime . . . Connie's special diet of steak and potatoes . . . Nancy Ziglar's new Brodingnag room . . . Joyce and her seven KA's from Carolina . . . Jane Brown's strange foot . . . Helle Faulk joining the "argyle club" . . . Seniors sleeping late on Tuesday and Thursday . . . Julia Poe's pen pal . . . Bonnie Hall still thrilled by Hal . . . Did everyone go to the lingerie sale Wednesday afternoon at a down-town store? . . . Marilyn's Charlie much impressed with Salem on his first visit here . . . Phoebe's new dog tag . . . The new L E Phi sorority . . . Day's Hawaii Hula club . . . Dean Sandresky giving a special smile for camera-enthusiast Ann Crenshaw . . . The return of Mildred—and her car . . . The "fire" in Jo's room . . . Betty Brunson finally got the "pie" . . . Currin sporting a pin (Ask her where she got it) . . . No more Tom's . . . Excitement over Carolina Germans, Davidson midwinters, and Bowman Gray Dance . . . Mary Jim's new hair-cut . . . Fanny and Gertie's date with the same boy on the same night . . . Home Management girls expecting a baby . . . Jean experimenting with omlets . . . Those 8:30 blues . . . Jodie's slippery deal . . . Edith Howell's new roommate . . . The sudden demand for Valentines . . . Seniors "living it up" Saturday night . . . Peggy Horton's extended vacation culminated . . . Kate's "peanut" for February . . . Mary Alice's most embarrassing moment while singing "You Made Me What I Am Today" . . . Miss Horne's extended visit to the infirmary . . . Lizanne's "precious angel" on his way from State . . . Joy to be in the world "Shaggy Hair" contest on Mars . . . Ginny hauling Monty's wardrobe back from VMI Midwinters . . . Nancy toasting bread at 350 degrees . . . Faye always winding up with Wake Forest KA's . . . Dottie's bridge playing? . . . Joan's dancing exhibitions.

love it," says Nancy, "but as yet don't know exactly what I plan to do when I graduate. I might teach, but that's still a long time off!"

A native of Winston-Salem, Nancy is boarding in Clewell in order to be a more active member of campus life.

When asked her favorite sports, she said that she loves "swimming, horseback riding and bridge—if you can call bridge a sport. I'm not too good at any of them," was the modest answer, "but love them all."

One of Nancy's main interests is an air force pilot in Texas who is also from Winston-Salem. Could that be Texas and a guy named Bill on the phone, Nancy?

With such poise and easy friendliness she should go a long way in her next three years at Salem.

So—congratulations as February's Girl of the Month, Nancy . . . You're off to a fine start!

Salemmites To Add Their Names To Hall Of Immortal Lovers

By Alison Britt and Betsy Liles
Men and women and the Apple Disease are fascinating subjects which have challenged writers of all the ages.

Since we feel deeply about men . . . and women . . . and lovers, we would like to praise those immortals such as Cleopatra, who conquered Anthony and Caesar, and Little Orphan Annie, who could never grow up to conquer any men but crooks.

Therefore, readers, close your eyes, chant softly, "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby," and think of the immortals . . .

JOHN AND MARSHA . . . Marsha was clever in gaining her man. In the most suggestive tones, John would question "Marsha?" And all Marsha would answer was "John?"

Marsha's strategy was shrewd. Since John could never pin her down to anything and since he loved to hear his name (as all males do), John was quickly won, and theirs was a lasting but questionable romance . . .

STAN AND STELLA . . . In "Streetcar Named Desire", you probably scrutinized well this romance. Stella's tactics were similar to Marsha's. From the street, Stan would yell up "Stella!"; then Stella would race down yelling "Stan!"

She would clutch his torn undershirt, then mutter, "Stan!", while he muttered, "Stella!" We suppose

By Maggi Blakeney

On this month's cover of *Harper's Bazaar* is a smoke-violet suit, one of the manifold colorings a tweed investment could take this spring. I only hope your father looks well in this color, for surely he would turn smoked violet upon receiving the bill for your investment. It is priced near a mere one hundred dollars. Aha, but my friends—for this divinely low price the short, sharp jacket opens to a blaze of a yellow blouse and lining.

Topping this little number is a print-wrapped planter's hat. There is nothing one needs more on this college campus than a print-wrapped planter's hat. I suppose one could use such to shade one's delicate complexion from the blistering Carolina sun. To add a further touch of sophistication is a great leather carry-all by Ronay, just the thing for those week-ends at Chapel Hill, Wake Forest, or Davidson, and also a little fur companion bag by Colblentz. Oh, yes, and there are "cropped gloves"—by whom I don't know.

This commentary is not to frighten you, my lovelies, but merely to give you a look ahead—an eyeful of small dynamic changes in style which are tonic revelations to anyone wearing them—that is, according to *Harper's*.

It is said that good design, of its own nature, is full of news and vitality. This year good design consists of the sharp, spare body-sculpturing line. I wonder what they purpose to do with those of us who are of the round, abundant type? Perhaps the new line which gives wide release to shirts was dreamed up for us not so spare of body. There are many new colors—just pick one; one will do—and bold, brilliant prints fashioned into blouses and dresses to suit all tastes.

One must have a printed cotton shirt. "The kind of blouse he loves to see you in", says *Harper's*. Now even I know most men prefer sweaters. In order not to be too warm this summer, however, get yourself a "bold" printed cotton shirt, or if you prefer one piece outfits, the shirt waist dress is also very good this season.

"Smashing polka dots" are extremely stunning this spring. A princess style polka dot dress is a must for the completed spring wardrobe. But let me warn you—don't wear it Sunday morning after a big Carolina party. Girls have been "black-balled" for much

her secret was that she mended his old undershirts and kept him supplied with beer.

HEIDI AND DON JUAN . . . Lord Byron describes in poetic phrases how Heidi and Don Juan feasted and wined on a tropical isle until Heidi's father came home and chased Don from the island. Heidi was so upset that "she lay her down and deed." Aren't men bother?

MARILYN AND JOE . . . Here is a true picture of the aesthetic side of love. We can hardly wait until T. S. Eliot writes a ballad about their tender and touching romance . . . their sweet glances cast at baseball games . . . and Joe's final marriage to Marilyn when he realized time was passing as he gazed at the calendar.

ELIZABETH AND PHILIP . . . The fogs of London could not hide Philip when he proposed to Elizabeth in front of all Parliament as well as the Prime Minister. If you think you have trouble finding a secluded spot in the date room, think of these two immortal lovers.

MAGGIE AND JIGGS . . . Jiggs' case is the frustrated lover who denies all for love, even corned beef and cabbage. He endures all for love, even Maggie's voice lessons and her cloptomaniac brother. But Jiggs utters not a whimper, except when Maggie's rolling pin

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Cropped Gloves, Polka Dots And Bright Shoes Are The Sensational Fads For A New Spring

less. If you wish to be conservative in your polka dots, then try one of the short jacket suits lined in polka dots with a scarf to match.

Now for the bold brilliant prints in dresses. One dress that particularly impressed me was one of splashes of red and black on white surah. Then again, there is that little dress with flecks of red accented by red piping or a bright red stole. "Crowded bonticals", "spatter patterns of color", on most any material are extremely important for your spring investment.

There are splashes of prints in scarves to brighten dull beige or navy blue suits and to keep fur coats from tickling your neck. Get a pair of shoes to match any color in the print that you choose, and there will be no question of your spring taste. Don't forget your "cropped gloves."

If one prefers bright-colored shoes, there will be a host of them on the market this spring. Most of them are flats, to go along with the long-legged Americans on the move. For us five-footers who date six-footers, there seems to be little hope. We are out-legged, out-stepped and can't even hear what our date has to say to us. Better stick to the same old last year's shoes, I guess, or try some of the striking high-heeled colored sandals with these "bold prints".

Now, lovelies, there are four distinct coat styles for spring. There is the thirty-two inch narrow, flat

tweed which leaves out all "hippy Hannahs". The twenty-seven inch "dear of a coat" for all shapes is still good, but be sure that it is one of the new "craggy" textures. The fitted jacket is still good, so don't give that last year's suit to the maid; dress it up with a bold printed scarf.

The last but newest in the coat line is the fitted bolero. Brief, precise and fitted at the hip bone are its standards. Now if you cannot find your hip bone, it's best you don't buy one of these jackets. Under these brief bright-colored jackets of "raggedy", "crumbly"-surfaced wool, one should wear a deep-necked, brief-sleeved dress—tiny sleeves no more than three inches.

For a line really favoring the young and vice versa, try one of the flowing close-to-willow-waist dresses, released widely below it (the waist), with at least two nylon taffeta polka dot petticoats underneath. The dresses, however, must fit with "nary" a wrinkle about the bodice; fit smoothly until released below the waist.

To complete the outfit, choose a wide-brimmed sailor, but if you don't like the wide-brimmed sailor or the cloche type planter's hat, then try one of the tiny straws to be perched as a bird about to take flight on the forehead.

So you are really interested in smartness. Then take a look at Harvy Bevin's walking stick cost—

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Man Or Flea?



By Mary Anne Raines

A sad thing happened last Valentine's Day—

While Cupid was aiming, I got in his way.

He pulled the string on his bow, and a dart

Went zooming through space and lodged in my heart.

Oh bitterness, oh gall, oh woe is to me!

The arrow that hit me was meant for a flea.

That was as bad as it ever could be,

Because I'm a little puppy, you see.

So I fell in love with a flea on that day—

I never had the heart to chase him away.

There were many times I would like to have scratched—

But my flea and I had become too attached.

One day while carrying the flea on my back,

He fell to the floor and slipped through a crack.

I never have seen him since and I'm glad

'Cause a dog in love with a flea is sad.

So let me warn you, when Sunday comes 'round,

Be sure that it's really love that you've found.

When you're being romantic, just think of me—

And be sure you're in love with a man, not a flea!