

## Emily Stake's Etiquette Corner

By Emily Stake

Many girl readers have requested information on how to receive a date when he calls for you. This column will be devoted to the proper method of handling a male on a date.

When your date arrives at your house you must express your gratitude to him for coming. On informal occasions a nod of the head will suffice, but on formal occasions, curt "hello" is best. I say that because we must not be lengthy in our welcoming, must we?

After the boy is invited into the house, which is not absolutely necessary, it is proper to offer him tea. Boy's appreciate these courtesies from girls and welcome "a refreshing change of pace." A suitable substitute for tea, which should not be served to minors, is water. Many a delightful evening can be spent discussing Plato, Socrates, and other contemporary novelists over a glass of water.

When affronted with the problem of stepping out for entertainment, many girls suggest a quiet place with a good atmosphere. The Metropolitan Opera in New York is a good form of entertainment for young teen-agers. Of course, it is light entertainment. More serious fun can include archaeology, paleontology, sculpture, anthropology or medieval architecture lectures.

After you have enjoyed yourselves, it is time to get home. At the very latest, a young girl should be in by six-thirty p.m.

If your date has had too much water to drink, it is time to take the initiative. A girl should guide her inebriated date by the arm instead of vice versa. Never, but never, ride in a carriage. It is too expensive for young pocket-books.

If the directions listed are followed to the letter, a girl will have many enjoyable dates and may find herself married to an admirer at the all too young age of thirty-four. So, good luck, girls. Remember, always keep your skirts below your ankles.

## Footsore Ladies Cometh

BY JOHN TAYLOR

"While strolling through the grove one day" is becoming the favorite song of footsore ladies making their appointed rounds for the garden tour. Many of these determined viewers of organized beauty have seen so many houses and gardens that they can scarcely remember their own. Though many are thoroughly sick of tromping around admiring houses, the tour is not all seriousness and contemplation.

One lady, bedecked like a garden herself, laid her flowered hat down in a bare spot! When she returned she found her hat had been watered and fertilized along with the flowers around it.

Another young lady was being extremely careful not to step in any flower beds. In order to avoid one she tripped over a wire bracing a tree and sprawled flat.

A woman rounding the corner of the house observed the woman in her white dress lying there and turned to her host saying "Oh dear Mrs. —, your statue has fallen over." She then turned to the "Statue" again just in time to see it rise and walk off brushing its dress. When last heard from, the woman who had observed this miracle was thumbing her way to New York.

Many interesting conversations can be heard at a garden tour such as this. Unless my ears deceive me, I distinctly heard a woman say, "Oh Mildred, look at that pack of Sandra's." I do not know how many Sandra's there are in this school but they certainly do not run in packs.

## ILLUSIONS

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Looking for a place to do so? Try the senior patio, 'tis bordered by brick walls and offers an exquisite situation. 2) Recently Life Magazine featured an article concerning a mathematical genius who statistically determined a method of beating the "Black Jack Tables of Las Vegas." Well, this ain't Vegas, but it could be your start. Match away your idle moments at the senior patio. Circulation of money has become a growing problem in the United States so give your country a helping hand. 3) As a variety vacationland, visit our senior patio.

Do not be selfish, bring the entire family! Children will love frolicking about in the forest (which is soon to be completed) and floor shows during dining periods will delight the older set.



Greensboro's fairest observe "pack of Sandra's" blooming in the spring weather in the midst of Grimsley's grove during last week's Garden Tour. Methinks they are not observing the flowers but are actually observing one worm chasing another worm. All fled in panic moments later as the worm turned—on the audience Oh, well—they'll get another chance next year.



He works at his mechanics with the very best of men— You've a better man than I am Gunda Din.



But on the other side—it's true!—he's stuffing Holsum in— That's MY Holsum Bread, you rat fink Gunda Din.

by Rudyard Kipling Taylor

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