



Flittin' Around

With SARAH THOMPSON
Visiting Around

Bet y'all can't guess what I've been doing this week. Nope, wrong again. I've turned detective! Sad, but true. Anyway—to get down to uttermost facts, I've been flittin' around examining rooms, and whew—I've really hit some gosh-all messes. I got in one certain room in South and had to back out. Yep! No kiddin', couldn't even turn around. The occupants (you guessed it), Flea and Laura say they've been living off love and "dopes" and the room showed it. (I won't specify just what kind of dopes they mean but I hear they're nothin' to write home about). Some MEN-u don't you think?

But to get back to the rooms—after plunging in and out among bones, stray cold cream jars and scarfs of various colors, I managed to scramble into the room next door and found that the owner was no doubt an artist. The walls were simply papered with pictures of beautiful (?) gals, some of whom I recognized. Virginia Hickman was posed in her usual position, sprawled across her bed with her profile mashed between the covers of the latest movie magazine—quite typical of the average American girl, I thought. Then there were Janet Allen, Margaret Glenn, Bebe McQueen, Flora MacDonald, and scads of others all twisted up in the most heart-rending of fashions. I asked Lela how long it took her to sketch them and she said, "Oh, ten minutes if they don't get fidgety." After looking over all the pictures I decided to make my exit, as time was fleeting and there were hundreds yet to visit.

I was muttering good-byes in my most charming tone when I suddenly found myself landing in a most beautiful backbend with the most adorable little bluebirds beating out "Pop-corn Man" in my ears. No doubt the pose was a beaut because the terrified artist was yelling "hold it!" for all she was worth. I found that the cause of the fall had been due to the misfortune of Lela. Upon nailing the pictures on the wall, she had aimed at the thumb tack but hit only the thumb—so from thumb to bandage and from bandage to my

foot (are you following me?) It was just like that!

After all my most extraordinarily unhappy adventures with Southern hospitality I decided to go North and fare better. There I preyed upon my dear Margie who as usual had a box of chocolates waiting just for me. The victrola was raring to go so down I sat. It's really surprising the way candy does go. Anyway, I noticed an unusually good collection of pennants displayed, as well as a picture gallery of famous men collected during Margie's life history.

Then I felt the desire to know whether or not Lib and Nancy had changed their beds again. "Slap me for a loop" they had! The beds were arranged in a most fascinating and yet wholly annoying position. They were jammed against the window seat. Overhead was a lovely display of articles on an ever-present clothesline, so that when one looked upward she was face to face with anything from Brother Bob's Sox to Aunt Fanny's shawl. It's really quite unusual, I'd say.

Oh, by the way. Lil and Jenny Lynn were having a tangerine sale in their room. Lil's motto, so I hear, is "Sale or Stale"—so they sole! Jenny Lynn ate 15 in 15 minutes and Lil ate 16 in 20. That's what I call eating up your profit!

Finally I ambled on over to Morrison and by force of habit stalked into the famous suite of Queens. This is the suite in which was written the stunt which won the cup, and in which there have been romances, and when I say romances I don't mean dime ones. Ladies—and—well, ladies, I give you, the suite of Miles, Lib, Boots, Jean and Mary!

The walls of this famous suite are adorned with the remnants of past stunt nights and wild parties. The floors are covered with—well, right

offhand I couldn't say—but anything within or without reason. The table covers, which are of red oil cloth, are artistically figured with the names of "eligibles" written in white ink. Among the eligibles are Jack, Martin, David, and Ralph. On the walls, too, are certain New Year's resolutions, all of which have the words nearly, always, or almost. The entire suite is a lovely picture depicting the life of any abnormal Queen's girl.

I firmly staggered back to my own hangout and discovered that I was surely slipping. While examining other rooms I had failed to notice mine. To be absolutely frank, my room is in a most deplorable condition and for the sake of those who wish to enter therein, I will shovel off the walk!

Committees recently appointed by Betsy Springer are the program committee with Virginia Smith, chairman, and Annie Mae Brown, Dorothy Muse, Elaine Suber, and Claire Wishart; the decoration committee, with Elizabeth Harms, chairman, and Henrietta McIver, Jessie Rose Clark, Bonny Cox, and Hazel Adams; food committee, Hannah McNulty, chairman, Dorothy Duckett, Dorothy McCoy, Elizabeth Porter, and Elizabeth Brandon; invitation committee, with Dorothy Alexander, chairman, Marjorie Poole, Elizabeth, and Alice Longenecker; time and place, with Georgie Hurt, chairman, Lucille Gwaltney, and Callie McElroy.

Officers of the class include Anne Fuller, president, Lucille Gwaltney, vice-president, Nancy Raley, secretary, and Martha Stoner, treasurer.

Fashion Hints

As the campus takes on hints of Spring, one's fancy turns to thoughts of new clothes. There is a distinct 1939 character to the Spring fashions. Color will be accentuated. Melting blue, dusty pink, jade green, sun-glow yellow, mauve and lavender will be on the color chart. All of these, however, are soft shades and they will blend together well without the brightness of last season.

For early Spring, light woolen suits and coats are appearing. They are definitely on the sporty side. The "silhouette is square and the hemline is swing." Many bright scarfs and other trimmings will be worn. Hand-stitching seems to be a pet of the season.

Evening dresses are very alluring in their blending of the old-fashioned hoop-skirt with the modern strapless mode. Their billowing folds are enough to make "Plain Jane" into "Dashing Dolly." Queens girls will do their part in making clothes news this spring.

By the way, as a parting shot, you know by now that hair-up and strapless evening dresses are gradually on the wane. But the very latest is the strapless bathing suit. Of course we'll admit that this is getting a bit ahead of the season, but then, you'll probably be amazing your family and acquiring your sun tan in one this summer, so we suggest that you begin now to round out those bony places in your neck and shoulders so you can step right into one when that glorious summer ahead does roll around.

Theme Is Selected

The annual May Day fete presented by the Athletic Association under the direction of Miss Cordelia Henderson, will be presented this year on Friday, May 5, at which time Marjorie Timms will be crowned as May Queen by Sally McDowell as maid-of-honor.

The story which will be enacted by students of the physical education department is based on an old legend that if one plants a garden which flourishes, one's love affair will have a happy ending. The setting will be in an old-fashioned garden. A dainty little lady will plan her garden in the hope that her love affair will end happily. As her gardeners in dark pants and gaily-colored smocks come out to measure off and plant the garden, the little lady goes to sleep and dreams of her garden with bluebells, violets, brown-eyed Susans, and prim precise pinks. Costumes are designed to suggest these flowers. Other characters will include an uninvited poppy dancing gaily among the flowers, a caterpillar and a frog disputing their authority in the garden, and a raggedy scarecrow waving his hands to scare the birds.

The dance patterns and the pantomime for the story are being worked out by the Tuesday afternoon class in rhythmic.

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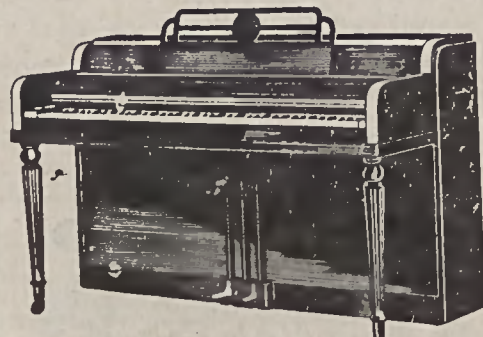
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