

## Mountain Dew-ings — that loveliest of lassies, Mtthinks an awful pall must settle over the younger four hundred of Charles- ton come summer (and go Betty). Also making news for this "col- yum" was Marya Riech getting the maximum of breaks in a minimum of steps.

### At Saluda

By Adulas, August 9th

In the absence of ace reporter, Adulas, Gal Friday (?) takes her rusty pen in hand and vainly hopes to fall not too far shy of the standard set by the aforementioned Adulas.

Woe is me! Just when we were *Shepherding* all our love for the Post Office Service and dispatched a telegram saying "Love" 'n' everything, our "Lamb" apparently found greener pastures outside the fence; or else what price telegram, his letter and our "Shopping Service"?

Dyed-in-the-wool Charlestonian responding to a friend's cherry "Nice day, isn't it?" With a brusque "Don't know, haven't read the NEWS & Courier yet!"

Postal from "Gladys", Mrs. Herbert Cary-Elwes, recently returned to Glendale, Ohio, saying "We all rush for the Bulletin to see what's 'Dew-ing' as soon as the mail arrives."

The "Lady above Reproach" saying that her date snored "All (or maybe she said: 'Part of') the way home from *la Gabrille's*."

Looks like a Wisconsin colleen has something on the ball! Who's meeting who when the Carolina Special arrives in Asheville tomorrow (today)? Careful Charlie don't let smoke get in your eyes.

Seen in the Glynwood—Edwin Clippard of the faculty of U. S. C. "beer"-ing with (no pun, s'help me) Dr. Lesesne Smith, the latter being fittingly fitted out in a *baby* blue cardigan.

Who and whence the mysterious blonde esquiring that lovely dark-haired ladee—the one of the gorgeous smile—on Thursday evening last?

Saluda infants being sumptuously entertained atop Stackhouse yesterday in honor of leedle Miss Cynthia's fifth birthday. (Fairchild, weren't *you* there?)

Having a gay time of it at the kiddie dance—Betty Jean Jackson

Out to Anne's for a "jam session" (grape). Orchids to her for beivell nigh impossible feat of being perfect hostess to stray "grass-hoppers" whilst laying away a winter store like the proverbial "ant".

Man about town, Fairchild Sonner, promising to "tell all" to your present correspondent. Having been frequent guest columnist of the "Dew-ings" himself, he has a nose for news and usually manages to be on hand when it happens.

Blonde and beauteous Mary Lou McCallister happily boarding the twelve o'clock train—object to visit relatives in Columbia—and declaring the heat won't shorten her trip.

Bill Caldwell morosely munching a sandwich to the "chune" of "Wouldst But I Could Kiss Thy Hand, O Babe." Penny for those thoughts, O Bill.

It's good to see "Young Loch-invar from out of the West" again in his natural habitat. You've been missed. Jay, and we're oh so glad you're back.

And so to the square dance. . .  
—E. E. C.

IN SALUDA  
You Can Get  
KALMIA DAIRY  
Pasteurized Grade "A"  
Milk Products From  
H. L. CAPPS'  
STORE