

SUMMER - BEAUTY - AND RETROSPECT

FOR EVERYBODY'S SUMMER

Although most of us after examinations will have the desire never to see a book again, the Salemite presents a list of books for enjoyable summer reading; for we feel that during the summer we will all change our minds about books. The ten most widely circulated books of fiction, according to the Wilson Library Bulletin for this month, listed in the order of their popularity, are:

1. Sholam Asch—"The Nazarene."
2. John Steinbeck—"Grapes of Wrath."
3. Christopher Morley—"Kitty Foyle."
4. Margaret Mitchell—"Gone With The Wind."
5. Ethel Vance—"Escape."
6. Richard Llewellyn—"How Green Was My Valley."
7. Daphne du Maurier—"Rebecca."
8. Lin Yutang—"Moment In Peking."
9. Alasus Huxley—"After Many A Summer Dies The Swan."
10. Robert Nathan—"Portrait of Jenny."

The ten most widely circulated books of non-fiction are:

1. Pierre von Passen—"Days of Our Years."
2. Oscar Levant—"A Smattering of Ignorance."
3. Agnes Newton Keith—"Land Below the Wind."
4. Antoine Exupery—"Wind, Sand and Stars."
5. Carl Sandbury—"Abraham Lincoln: The War Years."
6. Bellamy Partridge—"Country Lawyer."
7. John Gunther—"Inside Europe."
8. John Gunther—"Inside Asia."
9. Frederick Lewis Allen—"Since Yesterday."
10. Adolph Hitler—"Mein Kampf."

For those who do not care to "follow the crowd" or have read all the most popular ones, we offer for summer reading the following list. In this group, although most of the books are light enough for general reading, everyone should find something to suit his taste. Those of fiction are:

- Trygve Gulbransson—"Beyond Sing the Woods," "Wind From the Mountains."
- Thomas Hardy—"Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "The Mayor of Casterbridge," "A Pair of Blue Eyes."
- Leo Tolstoy—"Anna Karenina."
- Somerseset Maugham—"Of Human Bondage."
- Hugh Walpole—"Jeremy," "Fortitude."
- Galsworthy—"Forsyte Saga."
- Edith Wharton—"The Age of Innocence."
- Willa Cather—"Death Comes For the Archbishop."
- Rollvag—"Giants In the Earth," "Sigrid Undset—"Kristin Lavransdatter."
- Marjorie Rawlings—"The Yearling."
- Ernest Hemingway—"Farewell to Arms," "The Fifth Column and Other Stories."
- A. S. M. Hutchison—"If Winter Comes."
- Theodore Dreiser—"An American Traegydy."
- Mary Ellen Chase—"Mary Peters."
- Knute Hamsun—"Growth of the Soil."
- Sinclair Lewis—"Arrowsmith," "Main Street."
- Thorton Wilder—"Bridge of San Luis Rey."

- Those of non-fiction are:
- Lin Yutang—"The Importance of Living," "My Country and My People."
- Anne Lindley—"North To The Orient," "Listen: The Wind."
- Irwin Edman—"The Philosopher's Holiday."
- Vera Brittain—"Testament of Youth."
- For the serious reader we offer these books:
- Thomas Wolfe—"Look Homeward, Angel," "Of Time or the River."

FASHION FROLIC

This afternoon showed bright and warm, as well it should have — for we were all het up over the exhibition of clothes by the Home Ec. students.

Gosh, they looked cute! Avalon Early wore blue sheer wool with dubonnet middle; Dot McLain wore swanky blue wool; and button was gilt-buttoned into Edith Horsfield's rosy woolen number.

Among the entries in the sport-dress sweepstakes were Becky Candler in yellow linen, buttoned up the back; Jeanne Cooper in blue sport silk; Anne Hepburn in printed silk; Libby Jackson in green rayon; and chambrays and pinafores galore—

In the evening galaxy were Anne Hepburn flowering in organdy; Doris and Libby, the long and short of it, in white pique, both crispy, crunchy, and cute. Har Smith was a dream in pale pink, banded with lace; and Hughson was sweet as cherry pie in her red-checkedingham G. W. T. W. number.

All told we were green with envy and you know there were more than two dresses we're gonna borrow (if we go on a diet and use a shoe-horne). To borrow Ilka Clase's parting shot—"Gee — what dolls!"

- W. M. Thackery—"Vanity Fair,"
 Leo Tolstoy—"War and Peace,"
 Willa Cather—"My Antonia,"
 "The Song of a Lark," "One of Ours."
 Joseph Conrad—"Lord Jim,"
 Thomas Mann—"Magic Mountain."

OVERHEARD

"Gosh, you look just like an over-ripe tomato!"

"Hugh, I'd say she came nearer at well-done lobster. I've never seen such a sunburn. Don't say I didn't warn you against soaking up too much vitamin D at once."

"All right, all right! Whose sunburn is this anyway? It doesn't even hurt."

Silence for a moment, then the beautiful calm is shattered by a screech of agony.

"Say, you didn't have to mutilate my poor back you know. That would've hurt anybody—sunburn or no sunburn."

"Well, you don't have to be so horsey; I just took you at your word."

"Aw, you're jealous because you don't have a gorgeous tan like mine."

"If that's your idea of a gorgeous tan, I'll keep my own magnolia-white complexion, thank you. Anyone who'd let herself fry in the broad open daylight; well, that's just all I think of her."

"I hope you don't think I did it for fun, but, then, I don't suppose you ever strain yourself to think."

"I'll ignore that last feeble attempt at wit and give you a little scholarly advice."

"O. K., I can take it."

"Confucius say, 'He who sits in sun receives one of two things—a sun-tan or experience.'"

CLOTHES TO BE

This isn't a fashion review but a little list of possibilities and things I'm trying to eek out of my allowance by omitting meals, and nail polish, and caddy fees.

First, is the light of my dreams—a white evening dress—full white organdy skirt, square neck—practically dirndl-ish but the crowning feature is the sleeves—full, oh, so full and long but tight at the wrists. It's a honey and right in this hot town, too.

Then to the other extreme—a white sharkskin tennis dress. It's very form-fitting with a full pleated skirt and a halter neck. And finally an excellent looking shirt—very tailored with long sleeves and cuff links.

If there are any shoe collections around my choice for shoes of the week is a pair of natural colored leather — with soles two inches thick. The straps across the toes are reminiscent of Mex sandals but are fewer and cooler. Don't look for these unless you are blessed with Garbo feet, because the smallest size is four—which corresponds to fives in other shoes. (They cost practically nothing.)

To go with these look in Mademoiselle for the best looking Terry Robe you ever saw. It's under four dollars, has a wonderful full skirt, wraps around a plenty and has nice shoulders for the needy.

Since Pinafores have everybody agog and since practically every pinafore has obvious divisions an

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SEE AMERICA FIRST OR Hurray For the Stars and Stripes

Now that summer is right here upon us, I have appointed myself to plan an ideal vacation for anyone who has the energy to read the Salemite. I have devoted much thought to this whole thing and I do hope that all of you will take my suggestions to heart because they are really awfully valuable. The plan is to see America first—not by plane, because that's too fast—not by boat, because that's too slow—not by train, because half the scenic value of the west would be lost—but by auto with pa at the wheel, with ma doing the driving, and with daughter in the back seat straddling thirteen suitcases, five hat boxes, one bird cage, one jar of mineral oil, above all, do not omit the mineral oil because it will be most vital before the trip has been completed, and all the other things that constitute the family menagerie.

I want you to leave on July the twenty first—July being such a lovely month for travel what with the heat striving for its peak—and spend that first night in Nashville. You must not stay with friends in the country (all friends live in the country because they fancy that the country is less torrid than the city—heh! heh!), but stay in the very enter of town where the hotels build their windows opening into some other hotel's windows so as to save guests the trouble of having to close windows when it rains—which it never does! The temperature will probably be sufficiently bearable for you to get to sleep by five-thirty a. m. By six a. m. pa will have determined to get on the move before he is forced to succumb to the heat. He will thereupon decide that there is absolutely no point in tarrying long in Tennessee, because he's already seen Tennessee once before and it's too hot there anyhow. Hence to Oklahoma City—after speeding through Arkansas on account of all the strikes which will have prevented your getting even a ham sandwich with which to relieve your ravenous lust for something edible.

You will be intrigued with Oklahoma City the temperature will be 107 degs. when you reach there at eleven o'clock P. M., and all the air conditioned rooms will have been reserved; so you will have the entire night to lie there drowning in your own perspiration, listening to the rhythmical music of the oil pumps just outside the window, and generally enjoying Oklahoma City. Without having winked an eye during the entire night, you will respond to pa's tap on the door at five o'clock A. M. because the mercury is about to spit forth from the top of the thermometer and you will realize the necessity for seeking cooler regions. In the early morning light you will quickly survey the flat expanse of Oklahoma City—its countless oil derricks, its low buildings, and its parched earth—praising Allah that you were spared the spectacle before you had had time to refresh yourself with a good night's sleep. As you leave the hotel you will be presented with a little jar of crude oil from the hotel manager's pump—the pump which was just outside your window! You will be told that a drop of this oil behind the ear of your lover will insure his enduring love—and you down the kind donor's throat he will please refrain from throwing it cause he really means well.

You might just as well not pay any attention to the scenery until you reach Texas—although Texas is little improvement over Oklahoma unless you stop in one of those dug-out places on the side of the road for lunch. You will fascinate by the abundance of ten gallon hats, satin blouses, kerchiefs, high heeled boots, and spurs; but I must warn you that those charming cowboys will probably shoot you if they aren't too busy eating. In the afternoon you will drive through New Mexico and welcome the solitude afforded by the country—to amuse

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SALEM CENSUS

We hereby submit the official census of Salem College, based on a representative group. The census takers are not responsible for any seemingly untrue statements below, for the census has been taken scientifically and calculated mathematically. We further wish to state that if any interesting phases of college life have been omitted it is due to fear of censorship.

Only child	15%
Twins	2%
Girls over 21 years old	8%
North Carolina girls	79%
Red heads	10%
Platinum blonds	3%
Pinafores	13%
Girls over 5' 7"	25%
Girls under 5'	3%
A. B. Students	71%
Music Students	14%
Home Economics Students	10%
Pure Science Students	2%
Business Students	3%
Smoke	49%
Do not smoke	51%
Fraternity Pins	19%
Republicans	24%
Democrats	75%
Communists	1%
Nazis	0%
Girls born out of U. S.	0%
Girls with parents born out of U. S.	9%
Those having eligible bachelor brothers	38%
Those who were High School valedictorians	13%
Pug noses	22%
Freckles	32%
Glasses	66%
Traveled out of U. S.	46%
Never been out of N. C.	0%
Heads of naturally curly hair	39%
Those preferring career after college other than marriage	35%
(We doubt veracity of this statement)	
Those preferring classical music to swing	29%
Those who are or have been engaged	25%
(We didn't ask if it had been announced)	
Those who have not yet been up in an airplane	40%
Those preferring Lawrence Olivier to Clark Gable after seeing both "Rebecca" and "G. W. T. W."	72%