

I Heard It This Way...

So Norman Cousins thinks this column is propaganda, does he? Well it is, but we do wish that he'd left us undetected until after we'd given our pet Bolshevistic theories a fling in print. Incidentally, didn't you find him entertaining? His eyes and the brown tweed he arrived in were both exquisite . . . and we thought it almost incredible that one so young could be a big boy in the Saturday Review crowd.

For those few forlorn individuals who didn't gallivant last week-end, consolations . . . At least the campus isn't likely to suffer another such mass migration soon. Really, you wouldn't believe that any one spot could look so desolate . . . no cars, no men, no laughter, not even a game of gin rummy. Deadly!

About the freshmen and all their spirited flag-raising projects . . . well, all we can say is that we caught them at last! It may all revert to that ghastly week-end business; but on Sunday night, May 10th, let it be known that the flag wasn't jerked down 'til way past dusk. And do you know to whom the sacred duty finally fell, please? . . . to the sophomores. Further, let it be known that on Monday, May 11th, there was no flag at all whipping in the fair Salem breezes . . . and on Wednesday, May 13th, it was seen to drizzle upon this symbol of our freedom. There is no malice in our hearts, Dear Freshman; but the eyes of upperclassmen are upon you . . . and it'd better not happen again!

Our orchids of the week for naivete (hmmmm . . . what a lousy word!) go to Mr. Lawrence Kenyon. Do you know that he had the very crust to stand up there before his art class and state that there was nothing unreasonable about last semester's art exam? Out of what was a class of thirty about, there were FIVE passing grades . . . needless to say, the class ain't that big now. Don't get us wrong, we love Mr. Kenyon and we don't really care if his exams require verbatim acquaintance with everything that's ever been said in class . . . but to come out with a bold-faced announcement like that . . . well, it just beats all! While we're Kenyon-ing, there's a right cute tale out about vacuum cleaner noises that drifted up to the philosophy chamber the other day. It seems that Professor mistook the sounds for an air-raid signal, drew up his face in disgust, and said that he didn't care if they had an air-raid but that it was just a confounded mess to have to hike over to his post. He's wonderful!

What we really liked about the speech contest, aside from the bait that Burvenick threw out about Salem trees, was the prevalence of junior orators cluttering up the stage. Then there was that general cringing among thorough-going Southerners when Barbara Lasley reminded us that there are no first-rate universities in the South. Pardon us, but what's that little prep school down in Chapel Hill?

This, praise Allah (please don't feel like that, too), is the last issue of the SALEMITE . . . no joke, it's been lots of fun propagandizing to you. Please come back next year, and please have a wonderful summer, and please see that I get a decent burial after the art exam. Adios . . . and hasta la vista.

VACATION BUREAU — WE'LL FIX ANYTHING

By Mil Avera

Three more weeks to go 'till vacation time — yippee! Gulp — but what then? Let's see. No tires and two gallons of gas will take us just how far? Nope, can't even go that far — we'll have to save one gallon to come back on. Say, why don't some of you well known gas-bags come to our rescue? And what about you uncompromising folks who suffer from gas on the stomach? We need tires, too. You kids who stay tired all the time please don't be so selfish. After all, it's vacation time and we want to go places and do things. I can just see what our vacation will be like right now.

Let's say, for example, that we're going to the beach. Well, first we must have bathing suits. We go to the store for bathing suits, and there are none of those little jobs to be had — all wool, etc., is being used to make fancy uniforms for "our boys" — oh well there's noth-

ing like knowing the bare facts about our sojourn at the sea shore. Or do you "sea" what I mean? Hum, without bathing suits or any of the other unnecessary, but much desired, objects; we set out for the beach in a wagon — hum — there must be a hitch somewhere. Oh, yeah, I nearly forgot . . . there's a horse hitched to the front of the wagon. We jog merrily along till . . . oops! the horse has balked! Golly, what do we do now? Oh, I remember . . . you have to feed horses sugar lumps to make 'em go. A great lump now comes to the throat — not the horse's throat — but ours, because we ain't got no sugar lumps. Somebody said, too, that building a fire under an old nag would make 'em get-up. Oh . . . that war again! We can't build a fire 'cause all the hot stuff's in the army. Oh, heck, let's turn the buggy around and go home. The beach would probably be blown to bits by the time we got there any way. Why? The Germans are having a house party at the beach and we hear it's really a big blow out!

Martha's Musings



The Salem girls are not different . . . they fall in love, make mistakes, have exciting experiences, and get "stung," "dropped" or whatever you call it. But whatever they do they seem to always keep it from poor Martha! Anyway there's a bright, happy mischievous school year behind us; and a dark future before us. Guess the girls were thinking about exams when they had their last fling.

The campus was really dead last week-end; only a few poor mortals (including Shanghai) remained here. Davidson was honored by B. Grant-ham, G. Foster; while Mot, Stony, Boylan, Suzanne, N. McClung, Loo-sie C. flocked to State; and Shapiro made a lone flight to Carolina to a "house party." The rest either went home for Mother's day or just went. Notable among those gracing the campus was one Margie Ray who was heard to comment that she wished everybody would go on and leave so she could have peace and quiet . . . don't you think we wished it?

A "big time" was had by Humbert, Duffy, Boo, Jane Me., Nancy Moss, Fran, H. Roach, Marion Ful-ton, and M. Moore on a house-party hosted by Emily Harris (Uncle Sam is going to jail Emily for hoard-ing Jap bait — that is if she man-aged to get enough men to go around.) I'm still perplexed as to just how or why Fran burned her date so badly, and how M. Moore managed to catch cold from hers. The dark circles that made us think Monday was a rainy day have been explained by an all-night dip in the lake.

(If you don't like house parties just skip the next few paragraphs, but what did you do to take up print?)

Wilson was bombarded when Dor-is carried home V. V., Lee, S. Lind-ley. Rumor has it that the "har-ems" mamas were 'phoning fran-tically all over the place trying to make the party not too over-bal-anced with girls. And just imagine V. V. next to Pinkio — bet you had to shout for him to hear you.

Jones, Smoot, Carpenter, Flanna-gan, C. Taylor came back from the Buzzard Mountain house-party with sunburn, bites, and their fill of out door life. Have you noticed how they sadly look at increased hip measurement . . .

Maybe it's a quick change in the subject, but who is Lib Weldon's new man? She even goes over to Lehman to talk to him because she says she can have peace and quiet over there . . . If you but knew it Lib, the Lehmanites are matching among themselves as to just who's going to collect for telling your friends in Bitting about the next call.

Happy looks sea-sick after her week-end at Annapolis — Wonder if Art's frat pin is getting too heavy?

Mary Lib Bray got the happiest birthday telegram from Bob Rose (THE B. R. of basketball fame) . . . even though it was COLLECT. Speaking of Kappa Sigs — I think Mot is still liking Wilbur among the many others, and BEWARE Hearne, for Paschal's "line" is just as smooth as he looks.

When a girl spends four consecu-tive week-ends with a boy, she must like him (or want him to flunk). How 'bout it Grantham? Have you heard about the happy triangle? Sutt, Jim Harris, and Humbert? Davidson is really producing some specimens these days — just ask Nancy Lewis — she's all "Frank" about things.

Gudger, it makes you feel funny when a boy asks for any girl in Sal-em College except you for Jr.-Sr. Hope Nancy Johnson and Lu Ann have fun at Chapel Hill this com-ing week-end . . . altho I think I smell a rat.

This space was reserved for chat-ter about Ceil and that five foot

BIRTHDAYS

MAY 18 - 24

- May 18 — Clarina Bevis
- May 19 — Katherine Manning
- May 21 — Ann Mullen, Rebecca Pence, Mildred Garrison
- May 22 — Ann Long
- May 23 — Margaret Winstead
- May 24 — Nell Denning, Jean Blue, Rose Lefkowitz

THEATRE CALENDAR

CAROLINA

Mon., Tues., Wed. — The Male Animal.

Thurs., Fri., Sat. — Bugle Sam.

FORSYTH

Wed., Thurs. — Hello Annapolis.

Fri., Sat. — Blues In the Night.

STATE

Mon., Tues., Wed. — Twin Beds.

Thurs., Fri., Sat. — North of the Klondike.



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