

We'll Miss You, Mrs. Williams

We don't exactly know where to start, Mrs. Williams. We haven't gotten used to the idea that you are leaving us. We can't imagine what it will be like not to see a short, plump little figure, bursting with life, directing our plays and our meetings. Things became alive when you stepped in. The rehearsals took on new meaning to us. (If you can't believe this, you should have seen them when you weren't there).

You have done a lot with and for us. We really have given some good plays . . . remember **Sanctuary, White Iris, Stage Door, Hay Fever** . . . that last was your favorite, wasn't it? But then you always said that each of them meant something special and very different to you. Every play that you selected was one we grew to love and never tire of.

Perhaps it wasn't just the play we grew to love and never tire of. Rather it was a spontaneous, never failing laugh that gave us a great boost before curtain time. It was a head of short brown hair and a novel hat perked on the back. It was those encouraging looks off stage when we stumbled over a line and that genuine "Children, I am proud of you" —after each performance.

We have always felt that we didn't do you justice — that we didn't quite come up to your teachings and expectations. But because of this we worked harder the next time.

Shall any of us ever forget those afternoon teas at your home? We really looked forward to those. For one whole afternoon we were jerked out of a world of care into one of make-believe. We were, for that little while, just what we wanted to be — and you were there — one of us.

Remember us, Mrs. Williams, and come to see us often. We demand that you be there on your stool beside the ropes every time the curtain goes up to give us just that right amount of confidence in ourselves—and in you.

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OPEN FORUM

Have you ever had labs five days a week? Have you ever had to practice every day until five o'clock? If you have, you know what it is to try to get all your library work done and still have time to go up town for the necessary recreation as well as the necessary shopping.

Can't the library be kept open Sunday night to give us an opportunity to do our work the way it should be done? Yes, I know it is thoughtless and selfish, but there are many reasons for this request. Those lucky people who go away for week-ends have to do their work Sunday night. Those who have guests for the week-end have to do theirs Sunday night. Those of us who work hard all week on campus find that Saturday night is the only time we can go out. We can't do our work on Saturday and then go shopping and to a show on Sunday. We can't go anywhere on Sunday. It is practically impossible to study in the dormitory on Sunday night because there is no study hour when quiet is maintained.

When term papers and tests come around, there is a strong need for having the library open all week-end. If you wander through Main Hall Sunday night, you will find a large number of girls studying there because that is the only quiet place they can find. If you listen to the comments in the smoke-house and halls, you will hear girls saying that they can't get the book they're supposed to study, so they will go to class unprepared.

We know that we are not supposed to study or work on Sunday, but as long as teachers continue making week-end assignments, we will be forced to study then. Many other colleges have recognized this need. Why can't Salem?

ARE WE FIGHTING?

December 7, 1943, and immediately to our minds flash the words, Pearl Harbor—December 7, 1941. This war began just that quickly, and without warning.

That shock we received two years ago will not be forgotten—the war is not over. The ones we love are at the fronts of battle now, fighting to preserve our American heritage, the thing that is so inbred in us that it seems innate. Many have died, many more than we realize—they all died fighting. Not once did they quit believing and fighting for the American way of life.

So much has been written that words, though full of meaning, seem trite. Somehow, there seem to be no words that can readily express that tearing, boiling, tumultous feeling within us. It is there, although we may not recognize it now—that urge to fight for the rights of free men to live fairly in a free country and a peaceful world.

Yes, two years ago Pearl Harbor was attacked—it seems that it has been a long time. The way has been hard, but freedom is worth the price. That is why we must fight. Are we college girls of America, really fighting?

A Salem freshman is a girl accepting responsibilities with many emotions. She has her moments of worry, her moments of tears, and her moments of laughter. She worries because she has not had enough experience to be absolutely sure that she is doing the right things and making the right decisions. She cries because she is homesick, because she is sometimes frightened by the vast future she is facing, and because she is depressed or overjoyed by the outcome of her attempts at success. She laughs because she discovers the uselessness of tears, because she is making friends who need her laughter, and because she is aware of the keen sense that life calls for laughter.

—From a theme by Caroline Hill.

Apuntes Espanoles

EL NACIMIENTO DE JESUS

8. Y había pastores en la misma tierra, que velaban y guardaban las vigiliias de la noche sobre su ganado.

9. Y he aquí el ángel del Señor vino sobre ellos, y la claridad de Dios los cercó de resplandor; y tuvieron gran temor.

10. Mas el ángel les dijo: No temáis; porque he aquí os doy nuevas de gran gozo que será para todo el pueblo:

11. Que os ha nacido hoy, en la ciudad de David, un Salvador, que es Cristo el Señor.

12. Y esto os será por señal: hallaréis al niño envuelto en pannels, echado en un pesebre.

13. Y repentinamente fué con el ángel una multitud de los ejércitos celestiales, que alababan a Dios, y decían:

14. Gloria en las alturas a Dios, y en la tierra paz, buena voluntad con los hombres.

S. Lucas 2:8-14.

Don't Quote Me...But---

By Lucille Newman

The laurels of the week go to Miss McNeely who is not only carrying on as Registrar but also as nurse to second floor Strong . . . This flu isn't funny so button up that coat and get plenty of sleep . . . besides the infirmary can't take any more.

Mr. Campbell thinks that F. C. should stand for "Fair and consoling" . . . well now, we personally agree . . . especially since you don't see us over at that so-called Park Hall this year. Speaking of Mr. C. . . you should have seen him Christmas shopping for "his three women" . . . hummmm . . . (sisters and sisters-in-law!!). We hear also that you are an authority on lip stick . . . Mr. C.

There was definitely one bright spot in the week and that was Tuesday's chapel . . . that is the one program that we look forward to year after year . . . it just wouldn't be Christmas without it.

While we are on chapel programs . . . there was Thursday's chapel . . . it was the first time we have heard Miss Read's string quartet . . . it won't be last we sincerely hope. As for the Choral Ensemble, it is always grand.

As long as we are recognizing the music department so generously we may mention that we heard Dean Vardell's "Joe Clark Steps Out" last Sunday night. We told you to listen to W. Q. X. K. for grand listening . . . remember!

Let's jump over to history . . . Mr. Holder we fear, just doesn't appreciate us. Just because we tried to help him he remarked, "I thought I married Libbie so my classes wouldn't have to look after me." Now we ask you, is that gratitude? By the way if any of you are members of the U. D. C. Mr. Holder can give you a lot of pointers . . . Heh, hch!

When you are signing up for next term remember Music Ap. . . it's one grand course and you'll never be sorry that you took it . . . don't let anybody tell you it ain't crisp . . . it ain't!! Wonderful nevertheless.

For "right before Christmas" the atmosphere is mighty gloomy . . . then term papers . . . whew! . . . tests . . . horrors . . . But don't be gloomy . . . just think after Christmas we have exams!!

Good night . . .

KEEP ON
Backing the Attack!
WITH WAR BONDS
* * * * *

IN THESE GREAT TIMES

(This poem was found on the body of Australian soldier killed in battle in 1942. Printed in Junior Red Cross Journal, September, 1943.)

Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of this world's strife
And know that out of death and war shall rise
The dawn of better life,

Rejoice, whatever sorrow fills your heart,
That God has given you the priceless power
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour;

That ye may tell your sons, who see the light
High in the heavens, as their heritage to take,
"When I was young, I saw the darkness take its flight,
I saw the morning break."