

Electing the Vice-President

A petition has passed the Legislative Committee which states that the Student Government Vice-Presidents shall be elected directly after the Student Government President. As this is an amendment to the Constitution, it has to be presented before the student body for approval, and it can be vetoed by the students if they deem it wise.

Think before you vote. Should these vice-presidents be elected before the presidents of the major organizations and the editors of our student publications? We should never vote for a petition only for the sake of making changes. There are reasons to believe that this petition should be voted down and that such a change will not benefit the college as a whole. Some of the reasons for electing the major officers first are:

1. The Off-campus Vice-President has been petitioned to become co-chairman of the Chapel Committee. With the duties of this job divided in half, why give the vice-president precedence over the presidents of the other organizations?

2. Extra time on the handbook does not compensate for making her election before the other major officers. They too have new duties and plans to begin.

3. The duties of the Vice-President are mechanical. The duties of the presidents of the I. R. S., Athletic Association, Y. W. C. A., and the May Day Chairman are such as the girl will make them; therefore we need girls in these offices with the most possible initiative, personality, and capability in order that these organizations may contribute their utmost to the student body.

4. The time required of the vice presidents cannot compare with that required of the editors of the Salemite and the Sights and Insights.

5. These publications are not only for our own pleasure but also represent Salem in the outside world. These editors should be girls who have the ability to publish editions of which we will be proud.

6. The Presidents of the I. R. S., Athletic Association, and the Y. W. C. A., deal directly with and influence at all times the student Body. Our ideal should be to foster a more cooperative attitude and a greater spirit of unity among the students. These offers can do this, and for such reasons should be considered as maintaining precedence over the vice-presidents in the order of elections.

Senora Lindsey

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Bits By Bell . . .

by Jayne Bell

THE IGNORANCE OF SOME PEOPLE!

During my last bus trip, I sat next to a very talkative woman, which is not unusual. She not only told me her autobiography in one breath; she gave me a "peppy" illustrated lecture on "My Son in the Service." It went like this.

"You should know my son, dearie! He's really a good looker. It don't take much to get him wrapped around your little finger, 'cause he likes gals."

I ironically thought what boy doesn't? But I obliged her by asking where he was.

She replied, "Oh! He's out in San Francisco, California. Been there for two years now. He don't write often, and he never says what he is doing. I wonder why he don't come home like the other boys. Seems like I has one of his letters in my purse . . . Here it is!"

What I saw on the envelope was the following:

S/2 William Campbell
U. S. S. Minneapolis CA (36)
F. P. O. San Francisco, California

WHAT THEY'RE READING OVERSEAS

Someone has said that the selection of books one reads is a good indicator of what he is thinking about. If this is so, their thoughts vary from humor to vulgarity.

A boy on the U. S. S. Hornet writes:

"Have you ever read Robert Benchley's *From Bed to Worse*, Don't! His stuff actually makes me laugh so much I have to stop reading it. Then it is hours before I am back to normal if I've read for more than half an hour! By the way, if you want to read absolutely the best and most sensational take-off on college you have ever or could ever come across, get Shulman's *Barefoot Boy with Cheek*. It is great!"

And from the German front lines comes this potent list:

"Thanks an awful lot for your offer to get me books. Right now I am reading quite a few I have gotten hold of. I finished *Yankee from Olympus* yesterday. Am reading *Making of Man* (Neolithic, Java Peking and Piltown men). Also *Prepossessed* (author of *Crime and Punishment*), and several others including *Green Dolphin Street*, *History of Rome* Hanks, *Time for Decision*. Am hoping to get hold of *Forever Amber*."

While we are on the subject of books, I must relate how titles of books can be used for other purposes than titles of books.

The bell of the Alice Clewall phone rang loudly the other day. After a patter of feet, this question was solemnly asked:
"For whom does the bell toll?"

TWO FOR ME

A fascinating French lady visited English 216 the other day. I sat spell-bound while she spoke on numerous subjects. I don't even remember her name, or exactly what she looked like; but I will never forget two ideas she expressed:

1. The average Frenchman thinks that Americans are curious people who have gold teeth, a million dollars, and stay drunk all the time.

2. In order to be a good writer, one must forget himself entirely, and write things that interest other people.

I think we should use idea number 2 as a motto in all compositions!

Now I Lay Me . . .

(The following was written by a day student who, not knowing, once accepted an invitation to spend a night on campus.)

"Now I lay me down to sleep"—murmured I, thankful that my hostess for the night had at last finished her nails. Brother Ben struck out "quarter of". "Quarter of what?" I asked. "Quarter of one," muttered she. "Groan," said I and turned over. As I lay there inviting sleep I thought how very quiet the Dorm was that early in the morning—and soon I was floating around in colored space. There I was sitting on Home Church steeple when all of a sudden there occurred an ungodly crash. Surely I had fallen off the steeple . . . No I was sitting up in bed staring wildly into the dark.

"What was that?" I whispered hoarsely. A yawn and then a very calm, "Lie down. The girl upstairs just got in bed," came from the bed beside mine. Her calmness enrages me for I was sure Salem had been attacked. "But," I sputtered. "It happens every night," I was assured. Reluctantly I crawled back under the covers. A moment later there was the sound from above of a mad rush of bared feet across the room. Silence. Another scramble . . . another silence. After a full five minutes of this the young ladies above me decided to rearrange the furniture—or put the bed back together—we never decided fully.

Somewhere around three-thirty the lively misses on the floor above finally quieted down for the night—from sheer exhaustion we presumed—and I again sought sleep. Alas, it would not come—until ten-twenty (chapel). It was too much. That afternoon I very sleepily refused the invitation to stay another night and drooped home.

—A Day Student

Lament

The announcement that there is to be no faculty-student basketball game this year was received regretfully by those of us who have witnessed this unusual event in the past. Can't something be done? We have heard rumors to the effect that some of the new faculty members have been scared off by tales of Mr. Kenyon's — Lt. Kenyon, U. S. N. now — escapades in the faculty-student game year before last. He broke three pairs of glasses. We are happy to report, though, that extra—special—strong guards for glasses are now available.

We believe in the survival of the fittest. And the faculty-student basketball game is about the fittest tradition we know of at Salem. How about it, faculty? If the men won't help you out, how about a team of just ladies?

The Journalist's Creed

I believe that the public journal is a public trust; that all connected with it are, to the full measure of their responsibility, trustees for the public; that acceptance of lesser service than the public service is betrayal of trust.

The Gypsy Heart

You loved me for a little,
but I could not hold you long,
For your heart is a gypsy heart
that always wanders on.
You'll find some other heart to break
while all I have is this:
Those early Autumn days with you—
the memory of a kiss.

I walk down by the river
and each ripple seems to be
An echo of some word you've said,
a haunting melody.
I pass along familiar lanes
in cool late summer air
To catch the fragment of a song
that you once whistled there.

Must memories always haunt me so—
and always come again?
Or can I find another
who can dull this aching pain?
Your fickle mind must wander on
to find some venture new—
And now I have a gypsy heart,
for mine will follow you.

—Anonymous

